

#8

TEVYE & LAZAR WOLF

TEVYE: Good evening, Reb Lazar.

LAZAR: Ah, Tevye - sit down. Have a drink. (*Pours drink*) Tevye - I suppose you know why I wanted to see you.

TEVYE: (*Drinks*) Yes, I do, Reb Lazar, but there is no use talking about it.

LAZAR: (*Upset*) Why not?

TEVYE: Why yes? Why should I get rid of her?

LAZAR: Well, you have a few more without her.

TEVYE: I see! Today you want one. Tomorrow you may want two.

LAZAR: (*Startled*) Two? What would I do with two?

TEVYE: Same as you do with one.

LAZAR: I'm talking about your daughter, Tzeitel!

TEVYE: (*TEVYE stares at him, upset*) My daughter, Tzeitel?

LAZAR: I see her in my butcher shop every Thursday. She's made a good impression on me. I like her. And as for me, I'm pretty well off. Look, Tevye, why do we have to try to impress each other? Let's shake hands on it and call it a match. And you won't need a dowry for her. And maybe you'll find something in your own purse, too.

TEVYE: Shame on you! Shame! What do you mean, my purse? My Tzeitel is not the sort I would sell for money!

LAZAR: All right! We won't talk about money. I would be good to her, Tevye. (*Slightly embarrassed*) What do you think?

TEVYE: (*To AUDIENCE*) What do I think? You can have a fine conversation with him, if you talk about kidneys and livers. On the other hand, not everybody has to be a scholar. Maybe I misjudged him. He is a good man. He likes her. He will try to make her happy. (*Turns to LAZAR*) What do I think? It's a match!

LAZAR: (*Delighted*) You agree?

TEVYE: I agree.

LAZAR: Tevye, that's wonderful.

TEVYE: To the both of us.

LAZAR: To our agreement.

TEVYE: To good health and happiness.