

#13

GOLDE, TZEITEL & HODEL

(secondary)

TZEITEL: (*Enters carrying wood for the fire*) Mama, where should we put these?

GOLDE: Put them on my head! By the stove, foolish girl. Where is Chava?

HODEL: She's in the barn, milking.

TZEITEL: When will Papa be home?

GOLDE: It's almost Sabbath and he worries a lot when he'll be home! All day long riding on top of his wagon like a prince.

TZEITEL: Mama, you know Papa works hard.

GOLDE: His horse works harder! ... And you don't have to defend your Papa to me. I know him longer than you ... He could drive a person crazy ... He should only live and be well ... Hodel, bring me some potatoes.

(*CHAVA enters, carrying a basket with a book under her arm*)

GOLDE: Chava, did you finish milking?

CHAVA: Yes, mama. (*She drops the book.*)

GOLDE: You were reading again? Why does a girl have to read? Will it get her a better husband? Here. (*She hands Chava the book.*)

TZEITEL: Mama, Yente's coming down the road.

HODEL: Maybe she's finally found a good match for you, Tzeitel.

GOLDE: From your mouth to God's ears.