

I see. I see very well.

PERCHIK

TEVYE

Well, Tzeitel, my child, why are you so silent? Aren't you happy with this blessing?

TZEITEL

*(Bursts into tears)*

Oh, Papa, Papa ...

TEVYE

What is it? Tell me?

TZEITEL

Papa, I don't want to marry him. I can't marry him. I can't ...

TEVYE

What do you mean, you can't? I say you will, you will.

TZEITEL

Papa, if it's a matter of money, I'll do anything. I'll hire myself out as a servant. I'll dig ditches, I'll haul rocks, only don't make me marry him, Papa, please.

TEVYE

What's wrong with Lazar? He likes you.

TZEITEL

Papa, I will be unhappy with him. All my life will be unhappy. I'll dig ditches, I'll haul rocks.

TEVYE

But we made an agreement. With us an agreement is an agreement.

TZEITEL

Is that more important than I am, Papa? Papa, don't force me. I'll be unhappy all my days.

TEVYE

All right, I won't force you.

TZEITEL

Oh, thank you, Papa.

TEVYE

It seems it was not ordained that you should have all the comforts of life, or that we should have a little joy in our old age after all our hard work.

**Start**

MOTEL

*(Enters, breathless)*

Reb Tevye, may I speak to you?

TEVYE

Later, Motel. Later.

MOTEL

I would like to speak to you.

TEVYE

Not now, Motel, I have problems.

MOTEL

That's what I want to speak to you about. I think I can help.

TEVYE

Certainly. Like a bandage can help a corpse. Goodbye, Motel. Goodbye .

TZEITEL

At least listen to him, Papa.

TEVYE

All right. You have a tongue, talk.

MOTEL

Reb Tevye, I hear you are arranging a match for Tzeitel.

TEVYE

He also has ears.

MOTEL

I have a match for Tzeitel.

TEVYE

What kind of match?

MOTEL

A perfect fit.

TEVYE

A perfect fit.

MOTEL

Like a glove.

TEVYE

Like a glove.

MOTEL

This match was made exactly to measure.

TEVYE

A perfect fit. Made to measure. Stop talking like a tailor and tell me who is it.

MOTEL

Please, don't shout at me.

TEVYE

All right. Who is it?

MOTEL

Who is it?

TEVYE

Who is it?

MOTEL

Who is it?

TEVYE

Who is it?

MOTEL

It's me ... myself.

TEVYE

*(Stares at him, then to audience, startled and amused)*

~~Him? Himself?~~

*(To MOTEL)*

~~Either you're completely out of your mind or you're crazy.~~

*(To audience)*

~~He must be crazy.~~

*(To MOTEL)*

Arranging a match for yourself. What are you, everything? The bridegroom, the matchmaker, the guests all rolled into one? I suppose you'll even perform the ceremony

*(To MOTEL)*

You must be crazy.

MOTEL

Please don't shout at me, Rob Tevye As for being my own matchmaker -- I know it's a little unusual.

TEVYE

Unusual? It's crazy.

MOTEL

Times are changing, Reb Tevye. The thing is, your daughter Tzeitel and I gave each other our pledge over than a year ago that we would marry.

**End**