

**TZEITEL**

Oh, Motel, I thought I heard you.

**GOLDE**

Finish what you were doing.

*(To MOTEL)*

I said later.

**MOTEL**

*(Exiting L)*

All right!

**YENTE**

What does that poor little tailor Motel want with Tzeitel?

**GOLDE**

They have been friends since they were babies together.

They talk, they play ...

**YENTE**

*(Suspiciously)*

They play? What do they play?

**GOLDE**

Who knows? They're just children ...

**YENTE**

From such children, come other children.

**GOLDE**

Motel he's a nothing. Yente, you said ...

**YENTE**

Ah, children, children! They are your blessing in your old age. But my Aaron couldn't give me children. Believe me, he was good as gold, never raised his voice to me, but otherwise he was not much of a man, so what good is it if he never raised his voice? But what's the use complaining, other women enjoy complaining, but not Yente. Not every woman in the world is a Yente. Well, I must prepare my poor Sabbath table, so goodbye, Golde, and it was a pleasure talking our hearts out to each other.

*(SHE starts to exit)*

**GOLDE**

Yente, you said you had news for me.

**YENTE**

Oh, I'm losing my head. One day it will fall off altogether, and a horse will kick it into the mud and goodbye, Yente. Of course, the news. It's about Lazar Wolf, the butcher. A good man, a fine man. And I don't have to tell you that he's well off. But he's lonely, the poor man. You understand? Of course you do. To make it short, out of the whole town, he's cast his eye on Tzeitel

**GOLDE**

My Tzeitel?

**YENTE**

No, the Tzar's Tzeitel! Of course your Tzeitel.

**GOLDE**

Such a match, for my Tzeitel. But Tevye wants a learned man, he doesn't like Lazar.

**YENTE**

Listen to me, Golde, send Tevye to him, don't tell him what it's about, let Lazar discuss it himself, he'll win him over, he's a good man, a wealthy man ... True? True. So you'll tell me how it went, and you don't have to thank me, Golde, because aside from my fee which anyway Lazar will pay, it gives me satisfaction to make people happy, what better satisfaction is there, so goodbye, Golde, and you're welcome.

*(YENTE exits door L)*

**TZEITEL**

What did she want, mama?

**GOLDE**

When I want you to know, I'll tell you ... Finish washing the floor.

*(SHE exits UC. HODEL and CHAVA enter door R, with wash mop, bucket)*

**HODEL**

I wonder if Yente found a husband for you?

**TZEITEL**

I'm not anxious for Yente to find me a husband.

**CHAVA**

Not unless it's Motel, the tailor.

**TZEITEL**

I didn't ask you.

**HODEL**

Tzeitel, you're the oldest. They have to make a match for you before they can make one for me.