

## **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** Callback Audition Sides:

### **TEVYE**

TEVYE: Today I am a horse... Dear God, did you have to make my poor old horse lose his shoe, just before the Sabbath? That wasn't nice... It's enough you pick on me, Tevye... bless him with five daughters, a life of poverty. What have you got against my horse?... Sometimes I think when things are too quiet up there, you say to yourself: Let's see, what kind of mischief can I play on my friend, Tevye? I'm not really complaining – after all, with your help, I'm starving to death. You made many, many poor people. I realize of course, that it's no shame to be poor, but it's no great honor either. So, what would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?

### **GOLDE**

GOLDE: It's almost Sabbath. When will Papa be home? All day long riding on top of his wagon like a prince. Yes, I know he works hard, but his horse works harder! And you don't have to defend your Papa to me, He could drive a person crazy. Shprintza, go bring me some more potatoes. Chava, did you finish milking? Tzeitel, stop complaining about the kind of men Yente finds. A poor girl without a dowry can't be so particular. You want hair, marry a monkey.

### **YENTE**

YENTE: Golde darling, I had to see you because I have such news for you. And not just every day in the week news, once in a lifetime news. And where are your daughters? Outside, no? Good, such diamonds, such jewels. You'll see, Golde, I'll find every one of them a husband. But you shouldn't be so picky... Even the worst husband, God forbid, is better than no husband, God ... And who should know better than me? Ever since my husband died, I've been a poor widow, alone, nobody to talk to, nothing to say to anyone. It's no life. All I do at night is think of him, and even thinking of him gives me no pleasure because, you know as well as I, he was not much of a person... Never made a living, everything he touched turned to mud, but better than nothing. 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.

## TEVYE & GOLDE

TEVYE: Help! Help! Help!

GOLDE: Tevye, wake up!! (Continues, shaking him) Tevye! What's the matter with you? Why are you howling like that?

TEVYE: Where is she? Where is she?

GOLDE: Where is who? What are you talking about?

TEVYE: Fruma-Sarah. Lazar Wolf's first wife, Fruma-Sarah. She was standing here a minute ago.

GOLDE: What's the matter with you, Tevye? Fruma-Sarah has been dead for years. You must have been dreaming. Tell me what you dreamt, and I'll tell you what it meant.

TEVYE: It was terrible

GOLDE: Tell me.

TEVYE: All right, this was my dream...

GOLDE: It's an evil spirit! May it fall into the river; may it sink into the earth. Such a dark and horrible dream! And to think it was brought on by that butcher. If my grandmother Tzeitel, may she rest in peace, took the trouble to come all the way from the other world to tell us about the tailor, all we can say is that it is all for the best, and it couldn't possibly be any better. Amen.

## TEVYE & LAZAR WOLF

LAZAR: Tevye – I suppose you know why I wanted to see you.

TEVYE: 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: Two? What would I do with two?

TEVYE: The same as you do with one!

LAZAR: Tevye, this is very important to me.

TEVYE: Why is it so important to you?

LAZAR: Frankly... because I am lonesome.

TEVYE: Lonesome? What are you talking about?

LAZAR: You don't know?

TEVYE: We're talking about my new milk cow. The one you want to buy from me.

LAZAR: (Stares at TEVYE, then bursts into laughter.) A milk cow! So I won't be lonesome!!

(He howls with laughter. TEVYE stares at him)

TEVYE: What's so funny?

LAZAR: I was talking about your daughter. Your daughter Tzeitel! (Bursts into laughter.

TEVYE stares at him, upset)

TEVYE: My daughter Tzeitel?

LAZAR: Of course, your daughter, Tzeitel! I see her in my butcher shop every Thursday. She's made a good impression on me, I like her ... And as for me, Tevye... as you know, I'm

pretty well off. I have my own house, a good store, a servant... Look, Tevye, why do we have to try to impress each other? Let's shake hands 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 that I would sell for money.

LAZAR: All right! Just as you say. We won't talk about money. The main thing is, let's get it done with. And I will be good to her, Tevye. (slightly embarrassed) I like her...what do you think?

TEVYE: (to audience) What do I think? What do I think? I never liked him! Why should I? 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? If you're wealthy enough, no one will call you stupid... And with a butcher, my daughter will surely never know hunger. Of course, he has a problem -- He's much older than her. That's her problem. But she's younger. That's his problem. I always thought of him as a butcher, but 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.

## **TEVYE & CONSTABLE**

CONSTABLE: Oh, Tevye, I have a piece of news that I think I should tell you, as a friend.

TEVYE: Yes, your honor?

CONSTABLE: And I'm giving you this news because I like you. You are a decent, honest person, even though you are a Jewish dog.

TEVYE: Thank you, your honor. How often does a man get a compliment like that? And your news?

CONSTABLE: We have received orders that sometime soon this district is to have a little unofficial demonstration.

TEVYE: A pogrom? Here?

CONSTABLE: No -- just a little unofficial demonstration.

TEVYE: How little?

CONSTABLE: Not too serious -- just some mischief, so that if an inspector comes through, he will see that we have done our duty. Personally, I don't know why there has to be this trouble between people, but I thought I should tell you and you can tell the others.

TEVYE: Thank you, your honor. You're a good man. If I may say so, it's too bad you're not a Jew.

CONSTABLE: That's what I like about you, Tevye. Always joking. And congratulations again for your daughter.

## **TEVYE & TZEITEL**

TEVYE: Ah, Tzeitel, my lamb, come here Tzeitel, you are to be congratulated. You are going to be married!

TZEITEL: What do you mean, Papa?

TEVYE: Lazar Wolf has asked for your hand...(TZEITEL is upset) Well, Tzeitel, my child, why are you so silent? Aren't you happy with this blessing?

TZEITEL: 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? If 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 & MOTEL**

MOTEL: 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.

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

TEVYE: He also has ears.

MOTEL: I have a match for Tzeitel, a perfect fit, like a glove, made exactly to measure.

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

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: Him? Himself? Either you're completely out of your mind or you're crazy... He must be crazy... 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!! ... You must be crazy!!!!

MOTEL: Please don't shout at me, Reb 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 more than a year ago that we would marry.

TEVYE: You gave each other a pledge?

MOTEL: Yes, we gave each other our pledge.

Where does it stop? Do I still have something to say about my daughter, or doesn't anyone have to ask a father anymore?

MOTEL: I have wanted to ask you for some time, Reb Tevye, but first I wanted to save up for my own sewing machine.

TEVYE: Stop talking nonsense. You're just a poor tailor.

MOTEL: That's true, Reb Tevye, *but even a poor tailor is entitled to some happiness*. I promise you, Reb Tevye, your daughter will not starve.

## **FYEDKA & CHAVA**

FYEDKA: I'm sorry about that. They mean no harm.

CHAVA: Don't they? (he follows her) Is there something you want?

FYEDKA: Yes. I'd like to talk to you.

CHAVA: I'd rather not. (She hesitates)

FYEDKA: I've often noticed you at the booksellers. Not many girls in this village like to read...(sudden thought... extends book HE is holding) Would you like to borrow this book? It's very good.

CHAVA: No, thank you.

FYEDKA: Why. Because I'm not Jewish? Do you feel about us the way they feel about you? I didn't think you would.

CHAVA: What do you know about me?

FYEDKA: Let me tell you about myself. I'm a pleasant fellow, charming, honest, ambitious, quite bright, and very modest.

CHAVA: I don't think we should be talking this way.

FYEDKA: I often do things I shouldn't... Go ahead, take the book... It's by Heinrich Heine. Happens to be Jewish, I believe.

CHAVA: That doesn't matter.

FYEDKA: You're quite right. Good. After you return it, I'll ask you how you like it, and we'll talk about it for a while, then we'll talk about life, how we feel about things, and it can all turn out quite pleasant.

## **PERCHIK & HODEL #1**

PERCHIK: Now, children, I will tell you the story from the Bible of Laban and Jacob, and then we will discuss it together. Alright? (They nod) Good – now Laban had two daughters, Leah and the beautiful Rachel. And Jacob loves the younger, Rachel, and he asked Laban for her hand. Laban agreed, **if** Jacob would work for him for seven years. So, after Jacob worked seven years, do you know what happened? Laban fooled him, and gave him his ugly daughter, Leah. So, to marry Rachel, Jacob was forced to work another seven years. You see, children, the Bible clearly teaches us, you must never trust an employer.

HODEL: That was a very interesting lesson, Perchik.

PERCHIK: Do you think so?

HODEL: Although I don't know if the Rabbi would agree with your interpretation.

PERCHIK: And neither, I suppose, would the Rabbi's son.

HODEL: My little sisters have big tongues.

PERCHIK: And what do you know about him, except that he is the Rabbi's son? Would you be interested in him if he were the shoemaker's son, or the tinsmith's son?

HODEL: At least I know this – he does not have any strange ideas about turning the world upside down.

PERCHIK: Certainly. Any new idea would be strange to you. Remember, the Lord said, "Let there be light."

HODEL: Yes, but He was not talking to you personally.

PERCHIK: You have spirit. Even a little intelligence, perhaps.

HODEL: Thank you.

PERCHIK: But what good is your brain? Without curiosity it is a rusty tool. Good day Hodel.

HODEL: We have an old custom here. A boy acts respectfully to a girl. But, of course, that is too traditional for an advanced thinker like you.

PERCHIK: Our traditions! Nothing must change! Everything is perfect exactly the way it is!

HODEL: We like our ways.

PERCHIK: Our ways are changing all over but here. Here men and women must keep apart. Men study, women in the kitchen. Boys and girls must not touch, should not even look at each other.

HODEL: I am looking at you!

PERCHIK: You are very brave! Do you know that in the city boys and girls can be affectionate without permission of a matchmaker?

## **PERCHIK & HODEL #2**

PERCHIK: Please don't be upset, Hodel.

HODEL: Why should I be upset? If you must leave, you must.

PERCHIK: I do have to. They expect me in Kiev tomorrow morning.

HODEL: So you told me. Then goodbye.

PERCHIK: Great changes are about to take place in this country. Tremendous changes. But they can't happen by themselves.

HODEL: So naturally you feel that you personally have to...

PERCHIK: Not only me. Many people. Jews, Gentiles, many people hate what is going on. Don't you understand?

HODEL: I understand, of course. You want to leave. Then goodbye.

PERCHIK: Hodel, your father, the others here, think what happened at Tzeitel's wedding was a little cloudburst and it's over and everything will now be peaceful again. It won't...Horrible things are happening all over the land... pogroms, violence, whole villages are being emptied of their people... and it's reaching everywhere, and it will reach here. You understand?

HODEL: Yes, I... I suppose I do.

PERCHIK: I have work to do. The greatest work man can do.

HODEL: Then goodbye, Perchik.

PERCHIK: Before I go, (he hesitates, summons up courage) There is a certain question I wish to discuss with you.

HODEL: Yes?

PERCHIK: A political question.

HODEL: What is it?

PERCHIK: The question of marriage.

HODEL: This is a political question?

PERCHIK: In a theoretical sense, yes. The relationship between a man and woman known as marriage is based on mutual beliefs, a common attitude and philosophy towards society...

HODEL: And affection...

PERCHIK: And affection... This relationship has positive social values. It reflects a unity and solidarity.

HODEL: And affection...

PERCHIK: Yes, and I personally am in favor of it. Do you understand?

HODEL: Yes. I think you are asking me to marry you.

PERCHIK: In a theoretical sense, yes, I am.

HODEL: I was hoping you were.

PERCHIK: Then I take it you approve. And we can consider ourselves engaged, even though I am going away? (She nods) I am very happy, Hodel. Very happy.

## **TEVYE / MORDCHA / PERCHIK / MENDEL & AVRAM**

MORDCHA: May the authorities start itching in places that they can't reach.

ALL: Amen.

PERCHIK: Why do you curse them? What good does your cursing do? You stand around and curse and chatter and don't do anything. You'll all chatter your way into the grave.

MENDEL: Excuse me, You're not from this village.

PERCHIK: No.

MENDEL: And where are you from?  
you from?

PERCHIK: Kiev. I was a student in the University there.

MORDCHA: Aha! The University. Is that where you learned to criticize your elders?

PERCHIK: That's where I learned that there is more to life than talk. You should know what's going on in the outside world.

MORDCHA: Why should I break my head about the outside world? Let them break their own heads.

TEVYE: He's right. As the good book says, if you spit in the air, it lands in your face.

PERCHIK: That's nonsense. You can't close your eyes to what's happening in the world.

TEVYE: He's right.

AVRAM: He's right and he's right? How can they both be right?

TEVYE: You know, you are also right.

MORDCHA: He's right! He's still wet behind the ears! Good Sabbath, Tevye.  
(MORDCHA & AVRAM take their cheese orders and leave. MENDEL remains)

MENDEL: Tevye, the Rabbis order. My cheese!

TEVYE: Of course. So, you're from Kiev, Reb...

PERCHIK: Perchik.

TEVYE: Perchik. So, you're a newcomer here. As Abraham said, "I am a stranger in a strange land."

MENDEL: Moses said that.

TEVYE: Forgive me. As King David put it, "I am slow of speech and slow of tongue."

MENDEL: That was also Moses.

TEVYE: For a man with a slow tongue, he talked a lot.

MENDEL: And the cheese!