



Life Sketch:

Lochaim!

- A: (*Singing loudly)* To life, to life, lochaim! Lochiam, lochiam to life!
- B: What *are* you singing?
- A: Oh, I've just been watching that old musical, 'Fiddler on the Roof', and that was one of the songs.
- B: Oh... right... What's it about then?
- A: What?
- B: The song, what's it about?
- A: (Getting gradually louder and more enthusiastic) Isn't it obvious? It's about life, in'it? It's about enjoying life, it's about living life to the full, it's about grabbing life by the bal –
- B: (Quickly interrupting) OK, OK, I get the picture, thank you very much!
- A: **(Speaking slightly sulkily)** Well, you did ask...
- B: I know, I know (*Pause*) Makes you think though, dunnit?
- A: What do you mean?
- B: Well, life? What *is* it all about? *(Gazing out into the distance)* Is it just about coming into the world, kicking, and screaming, growing up and living life to the max, and then popping yer cogs, kicking the bucket, snuffed out of existence as if you'd never been born?
- A: Cheerful!
- B: Or is there more to life than that? Is there a higher power, someone who's interested in us? Someone who wants us to have more than just a brief moment on this world that endless spins around the sun? is there some vast, eternal plan –
- A: (Interrupting) Ooh, ooh, ooh, I know this one! I know this one!
- B: Really? Go on then, amaze me!
- A: It's 'If I were a rich man'!





- B: What?
- A: Those words! They're from that other song from Fiddler on the Roof *(Singing)* Would it spoil some vast, eternal plan, if I were a wealthy man?
- B: (Looking at A disappointedly) I worry about you sometimes, I really do...
- A: Why, what have I done now?
- B: I use my huge intellect to plumb the depths of man's ancient quest to answer one of the biggest questions we need to answer, and all you can do, is sing something from 'If I were a rich man!'
- A: **(Pause)** Well, that's life, in'it?
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