

# **PEARLS BEFORE SWINE**

**By Rod**

*This sketch is based on Matthew 7 v 6. It involves two narrators who do all the talking. Any number of actors can be involved as pigs and the farmer. They need to mime the action as it is narrated.*

## **CAST**

*Narrator A Fairly serious*

*Narrator B A bit of a joker*

*Farmer*

*Pigs*

Narrator A Once upon a time there was an arable farmer. *[Enter farmer]*

Narrator B Did you know him personally?

A Not personally, no.

B Then how do you know he was `orrible? *[Farmer looks surprised]* He might have been good company for all you know – if only you’d taken the trouble to get to know him. *[Farmer nods in agreement]*

A I said ‘arable’ not ‘`orrible’.

B Oh. *[Pause]* What does that mean?

A It means he grew crops. *[Farmer starts hoeing ground, sowing seed, etc]* It’s the opposite of animal husbandry.

B *[Not understanding]* Is it? *[Thinking, talking slowly]* So he wasn’t married to an animal? *[Farmer looks surprised]*

A No, he most definitely was not. *[Farmer looks very relieved]* And nor did he keep any animals on his farm.

B *[Understanding]* Oh right. Now I do understand.

A May I continue?

B Be my guest.

A Thank you. *[Pause]* Unfortunately there was a terrible drought in the land. *[Farmer mimes being very thirsty]* And all the farmer’s crops were ruined. *[Farmer ‘looks’ despairingly at his withered crops]* There was further bad

news for the farmer in that the long-range weather forecast was not good either.

B *[Australian accent. Farmer mimes all the following but is suffering in the heat]* G'day folks. It looks like wall-to-wall sunshine for the next twenty years: so remember SLIP SLAP SLOP. Slip on a T-shirt, Slap on a hat and Slop on the suntan lotion or you'll be more burnt than a sausage off your dad's Barbie.

A Thank you.

B No worries, cobber.

A To continue. So the farmer decided that growing crops was a mug's game. *[Farmer looks fed up]*

B Yeah, only for the pig ignorant, if you ask me.

A Well I did not ask you – and will you kindly not give the plot away.

B Oh sorry, how rasher me!

A *[Exasperated]* Oh for goodness sake! *[Pause]* Suddenly he had a flash *[Farmer looks worried]*

B *[Interrupting]* Can we say that? After all, it is a children's venue.

A He had a flash of inspiration *[B and farmer look relieved]* and he remembered the old adage *[Looks across to B hopefully]*

B  $2 + 2 = 4?$

A *[Slowly]* and remembered the old adage...

B Oh right, "Where there's muck there's brass". *[Farmer has realisation moment]*

A And so decided to buy some pigs. *[Enter pigs noisily. After this the farmer continues to mime herding and looking after the pigs throughout the next piece of conversation]*

B *[Fighting to be heard above the noise]* Excuse me. *[Louder]* Excuse me.

A Yes, what is it now?

B You said his crops were ruined?

A Yes.

B So where did he get the money to buy the pigs?

A Oh, I don't know – perhaps he had some savings or something.

B In his piggy bank? *[Laughs]*

A *[Angry]* Oh look, will you take this seriously?

B Sorry. *[Pause. Then just as A is about to resume]* Maybe he put in for an EU agricultural grunt.

A *[Deliberately, deciding to move on]* It wasn't long before he had a sty..

B *[Interrupting]* That can be nasty that.

A What?

B A sty. I had one once but it cleared up quickly after I went to the doctor.

A Why, what did he do?

B He gave me some oinkment.

A Oh for Pete's sake. *[Pause]* It wasn't long before he had a sty full of pigs and the money began to roll in. *[Farmer mimes receiving and counting cash]*

B The pigs brought home the bacon then?

A Yes, and the farmer was very happy.

B I'll bet he was.

A He was so happy he decided to give his pigs a special present.

B Truffles? Pigs love truffles.

A No, pearls. *[Farmer mimes taking precious stones and throwing to pigs]*

B *[Incredulous]* Pearls! Are you sure you're not telling me porky pies? What use are pearls to pigs. I bet they weren't too chuffed.

- A No, they weren't. They were up in arms. *[Pigs 'find' pearls and get angry]*
- B Trotters.
- A Quite. They were so angry that they rushed the farmer and trampled him under foot.
- B Trotters. *[Pigs rush farmer, knock him over and trample him – making a lot of noise between them. The pigs then exit leaving the farmer 'dead' on stage]*
- A And that is the end of the story.
- B And the end of the 'orrible farmer.
- A And the arable farmer turned pig farmer.
- B I'm sorry to appear pig ignorant – but what exactly is the point of the story?
- A The point of the story is 'Don't throw pearls before swine'.
- B Yes, but what does that mean?
- A Well, the farmer represents Christians and the pearls represent the Christian message – the gospel.
- B So, who are the pigs?
- A The pigs are those people whose minds are so closed that they cannot, or will not receive the Christian message without getting angry with those who deliver it.
- B Oh, so in a sense the farmer represents you and me. And the pearls represent the message that we've just delivered.
- A That's right, we're Christians and we've just delivered the Christian message.
- B So the pigs must be *[Looking at audience]* – out there!
- A Yes, you're right!
- B *[Studying audience]* Do you think they look like pigs?

A I don't know. Some of them have funny noses.

B *[Pointing]* And one has a ring through her nose.

A Well, what do you reckon?

B Feeding time wasn't a pretty sight.

A I reckon we shouldn't take any chances.

B I agree.

A and B *[Rushing off stage as if terrified]* HELP! SAVE OUR BACON! SAVE  
OUR BACON!

*THE END*