

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