



“Peculiar Parables-The Prodigal Alpaca Farmer”

by
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What	A funny skit alternate telling of the parable of the Prodigal Son Themes: Forgiveness, Grace, Love, Second-chances, Parables, Sin, Justice
Who	Daughter Father Prodigal Sister
When	Modern times, in a small village
Costumes and Props	The setting is a remote village, with working class people so simple, used clothes would be best.
Why	Luke 15
How	Sister should be very focused and upset. Father is patient and genuinely misses his Prodigal daughter. Ideally, speaking in accents would help evoke the idea of a more primitive village, but make sure the accents don't target a specific culture. Some of the humorous moments can be cut for time constraints.
Time	Approximately 3 minutes

Scene opens. **Father** is sitting at a table. **Daughter** enters.

Father: Well, there she is! The sunshine of my life. Tell me, to what do I owe this gracious pleasure?

Daughter: It is time for a meeting regarding the family business. We need to discuss the name. I think "Alpaca Slobber Pots" does not accurately describe the healing and regenerating effects of natural Alpaca Spit that we harvest and sell.

Father: *(sorrowfully)* Well, this would be a hard decision, as we decided on this name so many years ago with your sister.

Daughter: *(disgusted)* Ah, Father, do we have to talk about this again? You of all should know why she is not here. It was her decision.

Father: Yes, I know. I know how you feel. But she is my daughter too. You are my sunshine, she is my moonlight. And I think she wants to come back. She is coming to visit now.

Daughter: *(shocked)* What?!?! Father, you must not let her come back! She is a disgrace to our family, to our business, and this small village.

Father: *(sighs)* Must you remind me?

Daughter: Father, she has brought great disgrace when she abandoned us. You! You alone built this business up from nothing! Before you, no one knew about the alternative treatments made possible by Alpaca spit!

Father: Yes. It has brought great help to our primitive village. Even the village idiot has benefited from the natural treatment. *(pauses)* He is still an idiot, but his face and hair beam from our special treatment.

Daughter: Yes! And harvesting Alpaca spit is such a hard work! You developed the specific technique to collect the spit! As little children, you taught my sister and I how to poke and taunt alpacas with sticks *(awkwardly microns poking a stick with "technique")* and the exact moment to hold up the bucket to catch the spit.

Father: It is not easy.

Daughter: Yes! I know, because from children we learned and helped! Alpaca spit is so smelly! And look! I am only twenty-two, and I have a permanent bald spot from the black one who grabbed my hair. *(shows top of head)*

Father: *(looking at her head)* Yes, the black one will not let go of anything he gets his teeth on. Your head looks quite ridiculous.

Daughter: Yes! My sister *does not* have this! She left us to collect, filter, purify, and perfume the Alpaca spit ourselves. She took so much money from us!

Father: But we are still improving. We are now fair-trade, organic, and once we stop taunting them with sticks, we can be cruelty-free as well. Also, she did not take the money. She requested her share and I gave it to her.

Daughter: You also gave her our finest Alpaca with the best spit!

Father: Yes, well we have no car! She needed to get to the great city. She put our banner on the Alpaca as she rode it through the countryside. It was a business opportunity.

Daughter: Did you know she traded the alpaca?

Father: *(disappointed)* She traded him? For what? What could be more valuable?

Daughter: *(standing, places hands on the table to get serious)* She traded the alpaca for essential oils!

Father: *(clutches heart)* Oh no! This is terrible news! *(getting agitated)* These essential oils! They can be so ridiculous! How does one produce oils like these strange things? Do they milk lavender plants? Can you imagine trying to milk the tiny leaves *(uses tips of fingers to mimic milking a leaf)*

Daughter: *(laughing)* Or peppermint oil? How can they milk the candy mints? *(also mimics)* "Oh look at me! Like a Christmas elf I milk the candy!" *(laughs)*

Father: *(laughs)* I am so glad we harvest Alpaca spit. It is a noble work.

Daughter: And we can continue without her! My sister should be here with us, laboring. And yet she has used the money to go to parties. She buys new saddles for the donkeys of her friends so she can be popular. Every day it is a new party and a new gift for someone else. And it has been so long without even a message to you.

Father: *(somberly)* Still, I long to see her again.

Daughter: *(with compassion)* Yes, Father. I understand. If she really wants to come back, she must earn your trust again. She should start at the bottom, cleaning the refuse.

Father: Perhaps you are right. I don't know....

Daughter: Whatever you do, you cannot just hug her and accept her as if her betrayal was nothing. Be her boss until she proves she will not hurt you again. Keep your distance because she has embarrassed you. I don't

even think you should invite her to the Christmas party. She does not deserve to share the imported pizza pie.

Father: I wanted one from New York, but it was very expensive. This one will be from Old York.

Daughter: (*compassionately*) I know you have spent a long time to save up the money to buy it. Think of how many buckets of spit you and I had to collect while she was out in parties and festivals. She did not work, she should not eat the pizza pie!

Father: Yes, that would be just, but I love her so much. (*sighs*) I will try to be stern and make her know of her disgrace to us.

Daughter: You must be like the revered Alpaca. You always say "the alpaca never forgives." You **must** not forgive her. At least not yet.

Father: Very well. Look! She is coming now!

Father sits straight in chair. Daughter stands behind, arms crossed.

Prodigal Sister enters softly and humbly.

Prodigal: Father...I...I have made many big mistakes. I know I'm not worthy of your name or this great business...

Daughter: (*interrupting*) How dare you!

Father turns around to look at Daughter. Daughter gives a look or gesture indicating Father should act.

Father: (*trying to be stern*) Yes.... How dare you..... (*suddenly elated*) ...come into the house without giving your father a hug! (*gets up and hugs Prodigal*) We shall eat the pizza pie tonight! We shall have a family meeting to change the name of the business, and I will even buy you some essential oils. You smell worse than the alpaca spit!

Daughter is visibly appalled.

Daughter: (*yelling*) WHAT? How could you? She must be punished for what she has done! She does not deserve all this! She does not deserve the pizza pie or the family name! She is terrible because she has done terrible things to you! I have given you my whole life and *she* gets the pizza pie?

Father: (*calmly*) I know how this must seem to you. You think of all the pain she has caused. But nothing was greater than the pain of feeling like my lost daughter was lost to me. It was like she was dead. And I am so happy to

see her in my life again, I must celebrate this occasion. Come. There is still much to accomplish together!

Father puts arms around both daughters and all exit.

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