

English Champions Autumn/Fall 2018 – November 27, 2018

The pilot episode of Mr Tufty's new radio drama went down very well in the offices of Independent Carpet Radio News (ICRN). It is very likely that they will commission Mr Tufty's new radio drama, but they have requested a second pilot episode before making their final decision.

In this evening's meeting Mr Tufty wants you to rehearse the second pilot episode.

The drama continues in the Tufty Chronicles

Mr Tufty's dining room

Narrator1: Mr Tufty sat down slowly and put the unopened letter in front of him on the dining room table. Henrietta's and Mrs Tufty's eyes slowly turned towards the letter and became transfixed by it. The room became strangely quiet apart from the sound of Falmouth yawning. Mr Tufty started to open the letter.....

Narrator2: All of a sudden, Henrietta leapt up from her chair, grabbed the letter from in front of her father, and sprinted upstairs to her bedroom, banging the door behind her.

Henrietta: (Shouting) I need to read this letter first!

Falmouth: Growl! Woof! Woof! Woof!

Narrator3: Mr Tufty and his wife looked at each other wearily and then slowly walked up the stairs to Henrietta's room. They stood outside her door.

Outside Henrietta's bedroom

Mr Tufty: Henrietta, darling, why don't you come downstairs with the letter and we can discuss it sensibly?

Narrator1: Henrietta could be heard sobbing quietly in her room. Mrs Tufty tried the door but Henrietta had locked it from the inside.

Henrietta: (Angrily) Go away! I don't want to talk to you. You don't understand me. Go away!!

Mrs Tufty: (Sensitively) Darling, its mummy here. Can I come in? Daddy's going downstairs. (Addressing Mr Tufty in a whisper) **Harold**, why don't you go downstairs and let me speak to **Henrietta** in private?

Henrietta: Just a minute, mum.

Narrator 2: Mr Tufty went downstairs, almost tripping over **Falmouth** who was sitting on the stairs.

Falmouth: Squeal! Woof! Woof!

Narrator3: Just as Mr Tufty returned to the dining room, there were three loud knocks on the front door. Mr Tufty walked back into the hall and opened the door. He was surprised to see a police officer accompanied by another man in a smart suit. They introduced themselves as Police Constable **Squires** and Detective Sergeant **Thoroughgood**.

The hall

PC Squires: Morning sir, sorry to bother you. Could we have a quick word?

Mr Tufty: Certainly. Please come in.

Narrator1: Mr Tufty showed the men into his office.

Mr Tufty's home office

DS Thoroughgood: You may have heard, Mr Tufty, that one of your neighbours, Amenpreet Hiran, has mysteriously disappeared. It seems that you might have been the last person to see her and we'd like to ask you a few questions.

PC Squires: (Smiling) It won't take more than an hour or two. We generally think its best to go down the police station so that you are away from distractions. Don't worry about your car. We can pop you back when we are done. Also, I just need to read the following to you: "You do not have to say anything. But, it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence."

Narrator 2: Mr Tufty was completely stunned and completely forgot about the mystery letter that Mr Hiran had delivered earlier. He walked meekly to the police car where the officers bundled him into the back seat. The housekeeper chased after him.

Falmouth: (Following Mr Tufty to the car) Woof! Woof! Woof!

Housekeeper: Mr Tufty, Mr Tufty what shall I tell Mrs Tufty?

Mr Tufty: (Nervously) Just say I had to go to the police station to answer a few questions and I should be back soon.

Housekeeper: (Emotionally) Okay Mr Tufty. Come back soon!

Outside Henrietta's bedroom

Narrator3: While Mr Tufty was being driven to the police station Mrs Tufty was still waiting outside her daughter's bedroom. After a few minutes, the lock clicked as Henrietta unlocked the door. Mrs Tufty went into the room. Her daughter was sitting on the side of her bed. Her eyes were bloodshot and her cheeks were flushed. The letter sat un-opened next to her.

Henrietta's bedroom

Mrs Tufty: I do think we should read the letter as it might say something important. Let's look at it together and then we can go and see daddy downstairs.

Narrator1: Henrietta slowly handed the letter to Mrs Tufty who quickly ripped it open removed a filthy piece of paper. She scanned the paper, dropped it on the floor and screamed.

Mrs Tufty: (Screams)

Narrator2: Henrietta picked the paper off the floor. The letter seemed to have been created from many letters of different sizes, colors, and fonts cut from newspapers and magazines. She began to read it.

Kidnapper's voice: *Mr Tufty. We've got your mistress, Amenpreet Hiran. We want one million pounds in used bank notes by this time tomorrow or you will never see her again. We will deliver further instructions later today.*

Narrator 3: At that moment the housekeeper came running upstairs to tell Mrs Tufty and Henrietta that Mr Tufty had been taken into police custody....

Discuss the following:

1. Mrs Tufty wants the French management team to go to the police station with her and Henrietta to try and get Mr Tufty released and to give the police the ransom note. Prepare a short statement as to what you will say.
2. For what reasons might the kidnapper think that Amenpreet Hiran is Mr Tufty's mistress?
3. Who could be behind this fiendish plot? Will everything be back to normal for Christmas?
4. Could the 'police officers' actually be imposters?

Vocabulary

Fiendish: extremely cruel or unpleasant.

Kidnapper: a person who abducts someone and holds them captive, typically to obtain a ransom.

Yawn: involuntarily open one's mouth wide and inhale deeply due to tiredness or boredom.

Sensible: done or chosen in accordance with wisdom or prudence; likely to be of benefit.

Sensitive: having or displaying a quick and delicate appreciation of others' feelings.

Squeal: a long, high-pitched cry or noise.

Imposter: a person who pretends to be someone else in order to deceive others, especially for fraudulent gain.

Chronicles: a factual written account of important or historical events in the order of their occurrence.

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