



URBAN LEGENDS 3

Manus: Amy Bruford
Efter berättelser av Claes Nordenskiöld
Producent: Claes Nordenskiöld
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Music: Ry Cooder "Brothers"

Voice 1 (Brady Blade): A patrol officer stationed in El Paso, Texas on the border to Mexico would often see the same people crossing back and forth every day. Of course, smuggling from Mexico to the United States is hardly uncommon.

Over a period of time, he became especially suspicious of one man. Every morning, this man would ride his bike across the border. He always had two sand bags in the basket on the handlebars, and often he'd have several small pouches draped across his shoulders, as well.

Each day, the border patrol officer would search a couple of these bags hoping to find out what he was trying to conceal. This went on for about a year without the officer finding anything illegal. He became more and more frustrated, and finally couldn't stand it any longer.

One morning he took the man aside and said: "I know that you're smuggling something. Tell me what! I promise not to report you. I won't even search you from now on. I just have to know."

The man looked around, then leaned close to the officer and whispered: "I smuggle bicycles, sir."

Music: Ry Cooder "Get Rhythm"

Speaker (Ana Nordenskiöld): From Seattle to Spokane, San Francisco to San Antonio – wherever they are told, urban legends are always changing. Hello, and welcome to a new edition of Urban Legends – Urban Legends 3. An urban legend is a story which has usually happened to "a friend -of-a-friend" of the person who tells the story. Or someone read the story somewhere...at some time... It may sound true – it may even be true, but a lot of the facts may have been changed along the way. Our next story is called The Robber's ID, proving that criminals aren't always that smart ...

Voice 1 (BB): A man charges into a convenience store in La Puente, California with



a sawed-off shotgun, demanding all the cash in the register.

As the clerk is putting all the cash in a bag, the robber sees a bottle of Jack Daniels on the shelf behind the counter. He yells to the clerk to put the bottle of whiskey in the bag with the money, but the clerk says: "No. I don't believe that you're 21."

The robber laughs and answers: "I don't give a damn what you think."

But the clerk still refuses. "I need to see some ID. You have to show that you're 21, otherwise you'll have to leave without the whiskey!"

The robber has had enough. He tears out his wallet, takes out his driver's license and hands it over. "See!"

The clerk takes a look at his name, address and date of birth. "I'm really sorry, you really are 21," he says and puts the bottle of whiskey in the bag.

And after the robber leaves the store, the clerk just calls the police and gives them the robber's name, address and date of birth. There you go...

Music: 2Pac "When I Get Free"

Speaker (AN): You almost feel sorry for the robber. That's no easy job... This version of the story took place in California, but often it's very difficult to figure out exactly where a story first came from. Like the old saying: What came first – the chicken or the egg? Our next story actually is about chickens, frozen chickens...

Voice 2 (Claes Nordenskiöld): Scientists at NASA, the American space research institute, have developed a specially constructed canon. It is built to test the strength of windshields on aircraft and space shuttles. The canon shoots dead chickens at windshields to simulate the frequent collisions between airplanes and fowl.

British engineers heard about it and wanted to test it on their new supersonic train, and the Americans willingly lent them a canon.

But when the canon was fired in Great Britain, the astonished experts saw how a chicken smashed the windshield into a thousand pieces. It snapped the back of the driver's chair and stuck firmly to the wall in the back of the engine.



The horrified Brits sent the devastating results to NASA, including the construction of the windshield and begged for suggestions of what should be done.

NASA's reply was short and to the point.
"Thaw the chicken."

Music: 2Pac "When I Get Free"

Speaker (AN): Now you can't think of everything, can you? The next story, once again, involves criminal activity... This time with a surprise ending – The Wild Car Chase.

Voice 1 (BB): As the woman walked toward her car in the big parking lot in Phoenix, Arizona, she saw from the corner of her eye that a man was following her. Quickly she hopped into her car and drove off, but soon she realized that the man had jumped into another car and was chasing her.

She tried to shake him off – up on the freeway, down on city streets, through the business district. But it didn't work. Nothing helped. He was right on her heels.

Finally she drove straight through town to her brother-in-law – a muscular policeman. She prayed that he would be home.

Honking hysterically she raced up on his driveway and luckily he came out.

"That man is chasing me," she yelled and pointed to the car which had stopped at the curb. "He's right over there!"

The policeman walked over to the car, slammed his powerful fist against the windshield and asked what he was up to.

"Take it easy," the man answered. "All I want to do is to warn her about the guy in her backseat."

And sure enough, in the woman's backseat they found a man...with a large knife in his hands.

Music: 2Pac "When I Get Free"

Speaker (AN): One wonders if that has ever really happened? But the truth is that variations of that story do not only exist in Phoenix, Arizona, but also in Great Britain, South Africa, India and the Philippines. And those are



only the variations that *we've* heard about, most likely there're many others ...

Well, we've come to the last urban legend in this program – a freaky one with an eerie ending. We've chosen to call it The School Dance.

Music: Maurice Jarre "The Murder"

Voice 2 (CN): It is time for the annual May Dance at a high school in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. John, who's just gotten his driver's license and his friend Mike decide to go together. They've been able to borrow John's Dad's fancy blue Mustang.

On their way there, they catch sight of a girl walking in the direction of the school, and they stop and offer her a ride – if nothing else to impress her with the car.

The girl is a real beauty and John blushes when he lies and claims that the car is his. She's all dressed up for the dance and introduces herself as Martha. The two guys talk about this and that, but she doesn't say very much.

Since she doesn't seem to know anyone at the dance, she spends much of the evening in their company. And when they dance, John notices that her hands and shoulders feel a bit cold. It's crowded and sweaty on the dance floor, but she says that she's freezing.

Like a true gentleman, John lends her his jacket, which she drapes across her shoulders. But when he tries to kiss her, she pulls away.

It's late when John lets her off in front of the house she's pointed out.

"Let me walk you up," he says.

"No, don't. You don't have to..." she answers.

"Maybe we could get together some time..." he asks.

"Maybe," she says with a smile as she leans forward and gives him a cold kiss on his cheek. Then she disappears up towards the house into the darkness.

The next day John returns to pick up his jacket. He realized that she still had it as he drove away the night before. Now he has a perfect reason to come back. He rings the doorbell and a woman opens.

"Is Martha home?" he asks politely.

The woman stares at him and shakes her head.

"She...she's been dead for two years. Did you know her?"

"But..." John stammers, "We met last night and I drove her back here



around midnight... It can't be..."
"Come in," the woman says. "I'm her mother."

They walk into the livingroom. On the mantelpiece there is a photo of Martha – no doubt the same girl he had danced and fallen in love with, and then driven home the night before.

John sits down in confusion.
"I don't understand..." he mumbles.
"Go to the graveyard," says Martha's mother, "if you don't believe me."

Said and done – guided by very precise instructions – he hurriedly walks towards the grave stone. But not until he is right in front of it does his gaze focus in on the jacket hanging over the stone – *his* jacket....

Music: Ry Cooder "Get Rhythm"