



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-10-20
 PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: Take out the trash – don't let it back in!

Someone throwing something in a container

The Friday night was dark, but out at the back of Buyitall Supermarket there was just enough light for Jeremy and Ruth to see what they were doing. Not that they wanted to see, you understand, because what they were doing was pretty disgusting. It was the end of the working day and they were hauling out all the rotten fruit and veg, the unsold fish and meat and salads and throwing them into the container.

It was not a pleasant job, but the two teenagers knew they couldn't complain too much. At least they had part-time jobs so they could earn enough for clothes and movies and hobbies like collecting science fiction movies (Jeremy) and doing acrobatics (Ruth).

"Jez, watch what you're doing with that sack," said Ruth. "I've got my new leggings under this overall, I don't want them stinking of old cabbage." Jeremy playfully waved the black plastic sack in her direction before hurling it into the container. "Well at least that one didn't split," he said. "It did stink though." He slammed the lid of the container shut and waved his hand in front of his nose. "God! So does everything in there. When are they coming to change this thing? It's been here weeks now."

"Johnson said something about a dispute," Ruth replied. "I bet he doesn't want to pay them or something, mean old git." The store manager was well-known for not wanting to spend money, or lose it. He made sure that none of the food was thrown away until the very last minute, before it was totally inedible. There were even rumours that he went around changing the sell-by dates on stuff so it looked ok. Ruth certainly wouldn't put that past him.

But it had been a good day. Ruth had chatted to a couple of good-looking customers and Jeremy had used the store's stapling gun to

a supermarket –
 ett snabbköp
enough – tillräcklig

digusting – äcklig
to haul – att släpa
rotten - rutten
veg (sl. vegetables) –
 grönsaker

pleasant – trevlig, behaglig
to complain – klaga
a part-time job –
 ett deltidsarbete
to earn – att tjäna
to collect – att samla

cabbage – kål
to hurl – att kasta, att slunga

to split –
 att spricka, att gå sönder

a dispute –
 en dispyt, en tvist
a git – (här): en idiot

inedible – oätlig
a rumour – ett rykte
sell-by date –
 bäst-före datum
**She wouldn't put it past
 him** –
 Det vore just likt honom
a staple gun – en häftpistol



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put up some shelves. They sat on the loading bay, behind the shop, eating a couple of sandwiches. The spotlight over their heads covered the concrete ledge they sat on, and just a part of the container standing by their dangling feet could be seen.

Thud

“Don’t kick the container”, said Ruth. “I like the peace out here, after hours in the shop.”

“I didn’t kick it,” said Jeremy. “There must be someone on the other side. Who’s there?”

He got up and peered over the rusty metal box, but it was too dark back there to make anything out. “No-one’s there,” he said. “I guess something inside must have fallen down.” They finished their sandwiches and got up to leave. Ruth locked up the back door of the shop, a bit proud that she still had that responsibility. They waved to each other and left.

The next Wednesday, Jeremy and Ruth were out back. This time they were there a bit earlier, the supermarket hadn’t shut yet but they had been told to throw out some old food anyway. There was a rumour that a health officer was going to pay a visit, so anything that was remotely unhealthy had to go. Jeremy picked up a box of bananas and reached over to drop them in through the hatch into the container. There was a collection of bumps as they dropped inside.

He put down the box and wiped his hands on his overall. “All done?” he asked Ruth.

“No, there were some ready-wrapped lunches to go, they’re just inside. I...” Ruth stopped in mid-sentence. She’d heard something. “There were more bumps Jez!”

“Yeah I know, I just threw a load of bananas in.”

“No, afterwards. After you threw them in there. Something bumped in inside!”

“Ah, that’s just the rotten stuff, collapsing. Must be crap from months

a loading bay – *en lastkaj*

concrete – *betong*

a ledge – (*här*): *en avsats*

to dangle – *att dingla*

a thud - *en duns*

to peer – *att kika*

responsibility - *ansvar*

health officer –

hälsovårdsinspektör

remotely – *avlägset*

a hatch – *en lucka*

a bump – *en duns*

to wipe – *att torka av*

ready-wrapped –

färdiginslagen

mid-sentence –

mitt i meningen

a load – *ett lass*

crap – *skit*



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ago in there now,” Jeremy said, as he went inside. Ruth wasn’t so sure. It hadn’t sounded like stuff falling down, more like something...moving.

Jeremy came back out with the lunches and began throwing them in the container, one by one, like a javelin thrower at the Olympics. He bet Ruth she couldn’t do a somersault and throw at the same time, but she did and got the food in, through the hatch twice. He laughed and said she had won a trip to the movies, but she just made a face at him.

“What the hell are you two doing?” came a familiar, nasty voice. It was followed by a short, middle-aged man in big, thick glasses.

“Oh hello Mr Johnson,” said Ruth, coming out of a somersault. “We were just dumping some of the food.” “My food, that’s *my* food you’re dumping,” said the manager. “Did I tell you to dump it, and play at circuses while you were at it?”

Before they could say a word, he picked up one of the lunches, lifted up his glasses and looked at the sell-by date. “This was fresh yesterday! We can’t throw that away, someone might buy it for half-price! Put them all back, now!”

“Err, even the ones in the container?” asked Jeremy nervously.

Johnson stared at the smelly box for a second, as if he was about to tell Jeremy to jump inside and find the lunches.

“There’s something in there, Mr. Johnson,” said Ruth suddenly. “Something moving in there, it makes noises at night.” Johnson looked at her, then at Jeremy who stood still, scared to say a word. He laughed. “Yeah. Right. Thanks for sharing that. Now get back to work, both of you.” He opened the shop door. Just as they passed through, they heard a loud bump from the container, and a sliding sound as if something was being dragged around inside there. They all looked at it for a second. “Hmm, rats,” said Johnson, and he slammed the door shut.

The day it all went off, Jeremy and Ruth were working the Saturday shift, which meant extra pay for working for a weekend. Towards the

a javelin – *ett spjut*
a somersault –
en frivolt, en kullerbytta

to make a face –
att grimasera

nasty – *otäck*
middle-aged – *medelålders*

to dump – *att dumpa*

half-price – *halva priset*

smelly – *illaluktande*

to pass through –
att gå igenom
to slide – *att glida*

a shift – *ett skift*



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end of the evening Ruth was stretching her tired muscles. She had an acrobatics event the next day, and she needed to be in good shape. Suddenly Jeremy came running in from the back of the store.

“Ruth, Ruth, come out the back! It’s trying to get out!” he whispered.

“What? What do you mean?” she replied, trying to not let an old lady choosing bread hear what she said.

“It’s getting out! The trash thing!” He grabbed her arm and pulled her out through the back door, spilling some bread from the shelves as he did so. Outside, Ruth could see he was right. The container hatch was open and something was sticking out, waving like a snake in a basket. It seemed to be searching for something. Behind her the door burst open.

“What are you two doing? Scaring the customers, knocking down food from the shelves? Spoiling my food, mine!”

At Johnson’s shout, the snakelike thing stopped waving. It was still for a second, then quick as a flash it hit the concrete loading bay and slithered towards Johnson, like an octopus’s tentacle. It grabbed his ankle and pulled. He fell to the ground and slid towards the dark hatch.

Moaning

“Jez, quick, do something!” cried Ruth, holding on to Johnson’s arm. Jeremy turned and ran inside. “Where are you going?” But he came out almost at once. Armed.

“Ok trash monster, let’s see what you got,” he said, and aimed his stapling gun.

“Taste metal, baby!” Jeremy went down on one knee and fired, keeping up a steady stream of staples into the vegetable flesh. Finally he scored a direct hit on what looked like a cabbage head, and the tentacle let go of Johnson and pulled itself back into the container.

“Now Ruth! Before it comes back!” Ruth only had one chance. She took a deep breath, assumed her starting position, then took one, two

to burst open – att flyga upp

to spoil – (här): att förstöra

a flash – en blix
to slither – att slingra sig

armed – beväpnad

to aim – att sikta

to score a hit –
att skjuta träff



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three steps before diving through the air, landing with one hand on the container before twisting her body to grab the hatch handle and slam it shut. She pushed through the bolt to hold it locked and jumped back onto the loading bay.

“Hrrmph,” said Johnson, smoothing down his messed-up clothes.
“Well, you two can take the rest of the day off. With pay, don’t worry! I’m going to phone that blasted container company.”

Johnson stormed off inside. Ruth and Jeremy looked at each other. They smiled.

“Fancy a film?”, asked Jeremy.
“Only if it’s a romcom,” said Ruth.

This Ghost story was written and read by Keith Foster. Our sound engineers were Calle Nilsson and Christina Buddee Roos and the music was by Nadine and Tanya Byrne. This was a UR production.

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a handle – *ett handtag*
a bolt – (*här*): *en låskolv*

to smooth – *att släta*

blasted – *förbaskade*

a romcom –
(*sl.*) *en romantisk komedi*