



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-11-03
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

Modern Ghost Stories: Haunting melody

The rehearsal room was Rob's idea. He couldn't play bass guitar to save his life, but he did have good ideas, especially when it came to style. He said rock music is all about how you look and what you say in interviews, not about the music. Which is good because, like I said, musically he was crap.

Church bell chiming

His dad was a member of St. Peter's church, an old church on the edge of town, surrounded by fields and a cemetery. So we got the chance to rehearse in the church's basement. We had to tell them we'd be playing Christian songs, but we did have one song called "To hell and back", so it wasn't very far away from the truth, was it?

So we were down in the basement, me, Rob, Kev on the drums and Charlotte, or Charlie as we called her, singing. I'm the guitarist. So far we had three songs we'd written and rehearsed properly and another two half-done. Usually I came up with some chords and Charlie would hum along until we had a melody. Then she would write some words, if she was depressed. She could only write when she was depressed.

"So we're under a 500 year-old church, there's no-one up there but the gargoyles and the graveyard. What would you say if a guy in long hair and a beard floated in now through the ceiling right?" said Kev.

"Hello Kurt Cobain?" I replied, and everyone laughed. He was one of maybe three rock stars that Rob had actually heard of, so even he got the joke. And Charlie smiled too, which gave me a warm feeling. I liked it when she smiled at me.

Guitar playing

I sat on a speaker and started strumming my guitar. Pretty soon

a rehearsal room –
en replokal

crap - *skit*

to chime – *att klämta*

on the edge – *på kanten*
to surround – *att omgärda*
a cemetery – *en kyrkogård*

properly - *ordentligt*
half-done - *halvfärdiga*
chords - *ackord*
to hum – *att nynna*

a gargoyle –
en vattenkastare i form av en grotesk figur, vanligt dekorelement på gamla kyrkor

a speaker – *en högtalare*
to strum – *att knäppa på (gitarsträngarna)*



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Charlie was dancing around, humming a melody that fitted the chords. She danced and danced, whirling around with her arms spread out like a ballerina. She knocked the mike stand over, but she didn't even seem to notice that.

Humming

Charlie sang louder and louder, with no real words, just sounds and stuff. She had her eyes closed and she was getting wilder and wilder. I grabbed her hand as she went past me – it felt icy cold. But she stopped, and opened her eyes and looked at me. I loved it when she looked at me, but this time it felt strange. As if she wasn't looking at me, but through me.

“Charlie! It's time to go,” I said. “Keep that melody in your head, we can write it properly next week.” She nodded slowly at me. As we walked up the stairs and out of the church, Mr. Greaves the caretaker came up to us through the old graveyard. He looked at us suspiciously. I guess he didn't like the idea of kids in his building. We walked past him and burst out laughing as soon as we were through the gates.

The next week we rehearsed two other songs, but Rob was more crap than ever and Charlie was, well, not really with it. She kept drifting off and singing the wrong tune, that other tune she had made up the first night in the church. Rob and Kev got into an argument and they went out shouting at each other.

After they had gone, Charlie and I packed up and left.

Humming

Charlie sat on one of the graves. She closed her eyes and just sat there, humming. I wasn't sure what to do. I couldn't leave her on her own in the graveyard like that, but I had to get home.

Luckily at that moment along came Mr Greaves, and he promised to give Charlie a ride home when he'd locked up. I said I'd call her later on, just to make sure he knew he shouldn't try any funny business. Rob said that the caretaker's wife had gone missing some time back,

to whirl – *att virvla*
a mike – *sl. en mikrofon*

to grab – *att gripa tag*

through - *igenom*

a caretaker –
en vaktmästare
suspiciously - *misstänksamt*

to burst – *att brista*

to drift off – *att sväva iväg*
a tune – *en låt*



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and people still talked about it behind his back.

Well, the next week Kev and Rob had buried the hatchet and they were discussing what sort of clothes we should wear on stage. Rob was talking about some kind of black leather gear he'd seen in a shop and Kev was keen to check it out.

Wind blowing

Then there was a gust of air from the door and Charlie swept in. She wanted us to start off with this new song, and she sang the melody line that went with my chords. Then, she began to sing the lyrics she'd written.

*Look closely into my eyes
For they are blue as the sky
My eyes, my heart, my soul but my
Body is all, my body is all..*

It sounded beautiful. I was not aware of moving my fingers on the guitar strings, I was just lost in her voice. The words echoed in my mind. I wanted it to go on and on, and it did.

*(In my heart you'll find)
The secret of my love
Well it's time for us to know the truth...*

We played the song six or seven times, Kev soon worked out the rhythm and even Rob found a bass line without me having to show him where to put his fingers. A miracle! Maybe God liked our music after all!

*The halls of our thoughts are empty
Graves of our love are full*

We couldn't stop playing that song, we played it six or seven times until we were shaken out of our trance by Mr Greaves banging on the door, telling us it was time to stop.

As we walked out of the church, still whistling or humming the new

to bury the hatchet –
att gräva ner stridsyxan

gear - utrustning

a gust of air –
en häftig vindstöt

lyrics - sångtext

to echo – att eka

trance - trans



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song, we all started walking among the graves in the cemetery. We just wandered around among the gravestones as if we were looking for something, but I had no idea what it was. Charlie wandered furthest, almost all the way to the other side of the field, beyond the gravestones, until Mr Greaves came out of the church door and shouted at us to get on home. He said it wasn't safe out there.

furthest – *längst bort*

Two nights later I got a phone call from Rob. He said it was bad news, the church had decided we couldn't rehearse there anymore, because we'd made too much mess. Rubbish! We hadn't broken anything! We met up after school and discussed it. We were all down, we just wanted to carry on with the song and we couldn't do it anywhere else. But we decided to go to the church and pick up our stuff.

When we arrived the vicar was there. We carried out our gear to where Kev's dad would come and pick it up in his van. We were all upset, and Charlie sat on a grave and cried. The vicar asked us what was so wrong. We told him about our song and how much we wanted to carry on. Rob got angry and said it was the caretaker, Mr Greaves, who must have lied about us making a mess. The vicar said we should be kind to Mr Greaves, who had been a changed man since his wife disappeared.

a vicar – *en kyrkoherde*

For some reason this made Charlie even more upset and she ran, crying, out into the field beyond the graves.

"Charlie, come back! Charlie!"

Until the vicar helped us to grab her and bring her back into the church. He told her the ground was dangerous over there, there was an old disused well that was poorly covered over, and you could easily fall in to it. He was kind and asked to hear our song, but Charlie was too upset to sing so she showed him the lyrics. She'd coloured them in so that the first word in every line of the song was in blood red.

disused – *inte längre använd*
well – *brunn*
poorly covered over –
dåligt övertäckt
upset – *upprörd*

The vicar looked at the lyrics, in fact he stared at them, and his face went white.

"How, how did you come to write this?" he said.

"Well the words just came to me," said Charlie, she was shocked by



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what he said. "When I was sitting in the graveyard that evening. It was just like I heard a voice in my head, singing them to me."

*Look closely into my eyes
For they are blue as the sky
My eyes, my heart, my soul but my
Body is all, my body is all
In my heart you'll find
The secret of my love
Well it's time for us to know the truth
Behind the curtain, over the rainbow
The halls of our thoughts are empty
Graves of our love are full
Oh yeah
The halls of our thoughts are empty
Graves of our love are full*

I looked over his shoulder at the piece of paper, and suddenly I understood. It wasn't our song at all. It was someone else's. A message. Literally, from beyond the grave.

Look for my body in the well behind the graves...

This ghost story was written and read by Keith Foster. Sound engineers were Carl Nilsson and Christina Budde Roos and the music was by Nadine and Tanya Byrne. A UR production.

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literally - bokstavligen