



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2012-11-03
 PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

Script and Word list

Signature

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

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. They didn't want to see, you understand, because what they were doing was disgusting. It was the end of the working day and they were taking out all the rotten fruit and veg, the unsold fish and meat and salads and throwing them into a container.

It was not a nice job, but the two teenagers knew they couldn't complain. At least they had part-time jobs so they could make money for clothes and movies and hobbies like collecting science fiction movies (Jeremy) and acrobatics (Ruth). Ruth enjoyed talking to the customers in the shop, and Jeremy's favourite job was putting up shelves with a gun that shot out metal staples. He thought he looked cool doing that, but the shelves did fall down a lot.

"Jez, be careful with that sack," said Ruth. "I've got my new leggings under this overall, I don't want them to stink of old cabbage." Jeremy laughed and waved the black plastic sack at her before he threw it into the container. "Well at least that one didn't break" he said. "It did stink though." He shut the lid of the container 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 for weeks now."

"Johnson said the company that send containers costs too much," Ruth replied. "He's so mean." The store owner was well-known for not wanting to spend money. He made sure that none of the food was thrown away until the very last day on the label. Some people said that he changed the dates on the food sometimes and Ruth could believe that.

They sat on the loading bay. The big metal container stood by their feet. Suddenly there was a bang.

disgusting - äckligt
rotten - ruttan
veg - (sl. vegetables),
 grönsaker
unsold - osåld

complain - klaga
part-time jobs - deltidsjobb

customers - kunder
shelves - hyllor
staples - häftklammor

sack - säck
cabbage - kål

It did stink though –
 Fast den stank
shut the lid – stängde locket

replied – svarade
mean – elak
spend – spendera
label - etikett

loading bay - lastkaj
suddenly – plötsligt



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Modern Ghost Stories

PROGRAMMANUS

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“Don’t kick the container”, said Ruth. “It’s nice and quiet out here, after all the noise in the shop.”

noise - *oväsen*

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

No-one answered Jeremy’s question. He got up and looked over the dirty metal box, but it was too dark back there to see anything. “No-one’s there,” he said.

“I guess something inside the container must have fallen down.”

The next Wednesday, Jeremy and Ruth were out back again. The supermarket hadn’t closed yet but they had been told to throw away some old food anyway. Someone had said that a health officer was going to visit, so anything that wasn’t fresh had to go. Jeremy picked up a box of bananas and began to drop them into the container. He counted the bumps as they dropped inside.

health officer -
hälsovårdsinspektör

**counted – räknade
bumps** - *dunsar*

He put down the box and wiped his hands clean on his overall. “Are we all done?” he asked Ruth.

wiped – *torkade av*

“No, there’s more, I’ll go inside and get it. I...” Ruth stopped talking. That sound... she had heard something. “There were bumps, Jez, more bumps!”

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

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

afterwards - *efteråt*

“That’s just the rotten stuff in there, collapsing. There must be crap from months ago inside there now,” Jeremy said. Ruth wasn’t so sure. It hadn’t sounded like stuff falling down, more like something...moving.

stuff - *grejer*

Jeremy came back with the rest of the food and began throwing it into the container, bit by bit. He said he didn’t think Ruth could do a head over heels and throw at the same time, but she did it and got the food into the container twice. Jeremy laughed and said that she had won a trip to the movies, but she just made a face at him.

head over heels –
kullerbytta / volt

twice – *två gånger*
made a face - *grimaserade*



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“What are you two doing?”, said a familiar, nasty voice.

END OF PART 1

TIME FOR PART 2

“What are you two doing?”, said a familiar, nasty voice.
It was followed by a short man in big, thick glasses.

“Oh hello Mr. Johnson,” said Ruth. “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 doing it? Put them all back, now!”

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

Johnson stared at the smelly box for a second. Jeremy was scared that Johnson would want him to jump inside, seriously.

“There’s something in there, Mr. Johnson,” said Ruth. “Something is moving in there, it makes noises at night.” Johnson looked at her, then at Jeremy. He laughed. “Yes. Right. Thanks for telling me that. Now get back to work, both of you.” He opened the door so they could go inside, but as they did they heard a loud bump from the container, and a sound as if something was moving inside. They all looked at it in silence for a second. “Hmpf, Rats,” said Johnson, and he closed the shop door.

The day it happened, It was a Saturday, and Jeremy and Ruth got extra money for working on a weekend. At the end of the evening, Ruth was in the shop putting bread on a shelf. Then Jeremy came running in from the back of the store.

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

“What? What do you mean?” she whispered back.

“It’s getting out! The trash thing!”

familiar – *välbekant*
nasty - *otäck*

dumping - *slängde*

play at circuses –
leka cirkus

nervously - *nervöst*

smelly - *stinkande*



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Jeremy grabbed her arm and pulled her out through the back door. Outside, Ruth saw that he was right. The container was open and something was sticking out, waving like a snake. It was hard to see in the light, but it seemed to be searching for something. Behind her the shop door opened.

“What are you two doing?”

When Johnson shouted, the snake thing stopped waving. It was still for a second, then quick as a flash it came out of the container and moved towards Johnson, like an octopus’s tentacle. It grabbed his ankle and pulled. He fell over and was being slowly pulled towards the container.

“Jez, Jez, quick, do something!” cried Ruth, holding on to Johnson’s arm. Jeremy turned and ran inside, “Where are you going?” , as the tentacle pulled harder.

Then Jeremy came back. With a staple gun in his hand.

“Ok trash monster, let’s see what you got,” he said.
“Taste metal, baby!” Jeremy went down on one knee and shot staples into the vegetable arm. Finally he hit what looked like a cabbage head, and the tentacle let go of Johnson and went back into the container.

“Now Ruth! Before it comes back, close it!” , Jeremy screamed. Ruth saw that she’d only have one chance. She took a deep breath, got into her starting position, then took one, two, three steps. She flew through the air, before she dived on top of the container, landed on her left hand and closed the container door with her right. She stood up and Jeremy clapped.

“Hrrmph,” said Johnson. “Well, you two can go home now! I’ll give you one hour extra pay! Now I’m going to phone that container company.”

Johnson went back into the store. Ruth and Jeremy looked at each other and smiled.

“So, do you want to see a film?” , asked Jeremy.

“Hm, only if it’s a comedy,” said Ruth. “No more science fiction for me

grabbed – tog tag i

sticking out – stack ut
waving – (här): slingrandes

quick as a flash –
blixtsnabbt
tentacle – tentakel
pulled – dragen

staple gun – häftpistol

staples – häftklammor



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today, thank you.”

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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