



SÄNDNINGSDATUM: 2013-11-25  
PRODUCENT: Keith Foster

## Script and Word list

*Signature*

### Modern Ghost Stories: Haunting Melody

The practice room was Rob's idea. He couldn't play bass guitar very well, but he did have good ideas, especially about 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, his musical talent was crap.

His dad was a member of St. Peter's church, an old church with fields and a graveyard. He helped us to get the chance to practise in the church's basement. The church thought we would be playing Christian songs, but we do have one song called "To hell and back", so that was almost true, wasn't it?

We were down in the basement, that's me, Rob, Kev on the drums and Charlotte, or Charlie as we called her, doing the singing. I'm the guitarist. So far we had three songs ready and another two half-done. Usually I came up with the chords and Charlie would hum along until we had a melody. Then she would write the 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 statues and the graveyard. What would you say now if a guy in long hair and a beard floated in through the ceiling?" said Kev.

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

We started playing. Soon 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 microphone stand over, but she didn't seem to notice, and soon Rob

**bass guitar** - *bas*  
**especially** - *särskilt*

**talent** - *talang*

**fields** - *fält*  
**graveyard** - *kyrkogård*  
**basement** - *källare*

**half-done** - *halvfärdiga*  
**chords** - *ackord*  
**hum** - *nynna*

**depressed** - *deprimerad*

**floated** - *(här): svävade*  
**ceiling** - *innertak*

**replied** - *svarade*

**joke** - *skämt*

**fitted** - *passade*  
**whirling** - *snurrandes*



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was clapping and cheering her on. Typical!

Charlie sang louder and louder, with no real words, just sounds. She had her eyes closed and she was getting wilder and wilder. It was time for us to stop. So I grabbed Charlie's hand and it felt icy cold. She 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! We have to go," I said. "Keep that melody in your head, we can finish it properly next week." She nodded slowly at me. Rob and I put our guitars in their cases and locked the door behind us. As we walked up the stairs and out of the church, Mr. Greaves the caretaker came up to us through the graveyard. He looked at us suspiciously. I guess he didn't like the idea of kids in his building. We walked past him and laughed as soon as we were through the gates.

The next week we practised our two other songs, "Fly away" and "Clouds of pain". But Rob was more crap than ever and Charlie was, well, she wasn't really with it. She kept singing the wrong tune, that tune she had made up the first night in the church. Rob and Kev began to argue and they went out shouting at each other.

After they had gone, Charlie and I left too, but she went and sat on one of the graves outside. 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 that late, but I had to get home. Luckily, along came Mr Greaves, and he promised to give Charlie a ride home. I said I'd call her later on, just to make sure he knew he shouldn't try any funny business.

The next week Kev, Rob and I were down in the basement. They were friends again 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 see it. Then the door opened and Charlie danced in. She wanted us to play the song she'd written in the graveyard and slowly she began to sing the lyrics she'd written.

**clapping** –  
*klappade händerna*  
**cheering** – *hejade*

**through** – *igenom*

**properly** – *ordentligt*  
**cases** – *fodral*  
**caretaker** – *vaktmästare*

**suspiciously** –  
*misstänksamt*

**crap** – *skit*

**tune** – *melodi*

**argue** – (*här*): *gräla*

**luckily** – *som tur var*  
**ride** – (*här*): *skjuts*

**funny business** -  
*konstigheter*

**on stage** – *på scen*  
**leather** – *läder*  
**gear** – *utrustning*  
**keen** – *ivrig*  
**lyrics** – *sångtext*



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*Look closely into my eyes  
For they are blue as the sky*

END OF PART 1

TIME FOR PART 2

*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 didn't think about 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  
Behind the curtain, over the rainbow*

We played the song six or seven times. Kev soon worked out the rhythm and even Rob played bass without me having to show him where to press down on the guitar strings. A miracle! Maybe God liked our music after all!

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

We couldn't stop playing, until we heard Mr Greaves banging on the basement door, telling us it was time to stop.

As we walked out of the church, still singing the new song, we all started walking among the graves. It was as if we were looking for something, but I had no idea what it was. Charlie wandered almost all the way past the graves, until Mr Greaves came out of the church door and shouted at us to get on home. That broke the spell. He said it was dangerous ground out there in the fields, we might fall into a hole. We laughed.

**closely** – *ingående*

**lost** – *(här): förlorad*  
**echoed** – *ekade*

**curtain** – *ridå*

**rhythm** - *rytm*

**strings** - *strängar*

**halls** – *salar*

**banging** – *bankandes*

**among** – *bland*

**wandered** – *vandrade*  
**past** – *förbi*  
**broke the spell** –  
*bröt förtrollningen*  
**dangerous** – *farligt*



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# ENGELSKAI

Modern Ghost Stories

## PROGRAMMANUS

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

When we arrived there, the vicar was there. He opened the basement and we carried out our gear to where Kev's dad had parked his van. We were all sad, 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, because his wife had gone away a year ago and since then he had been a changed man.

For some reason this made Charlie even more upset and she ran, crying, out into the field past 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 well there that was not covered up very well, 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 words. She'd coloured them in so that the first word in every line of the song was in blood red.

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

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

"Well the words just came to me," said Charlie, who was shocked by his reaction. "When I was sitting in the graveyard that evening. It was like I heard a voice in my head, singing them to me."

**decided** – *bestämt*  
**mess** – *röra*  
**rubbish** – *struntprat*  
**upset** - *upprörda*  
**carry on** – *fortsätta*  
**pick up** – *plocka upp*

**vicar** – *kyrkoherde*  
**van** – *skåpbil*

**for some reason** –  
*av någon anledning*

**well** – *brunn*

**upset** – *upprörd*  
**coloured** – *färglagt*



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Body is all, my body is all  
In my heart you'll find  
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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. Our 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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**suddenly** – *plötsligt*

**literally** - *bokstavligen*