

# Road Memoir : libretto

## EPISODE #10 : "Refugees"

The Woman (sung) :

Above the beach,  
A shabby cluster  
Of tents and shelters,  
Wind-whipped  
And hunkered down  
Low within the dunes.  
And in and amongst them...  
People.  
Refugees.  
Refugees like me.

Pushed to the borders.  
Pushed to the edges of this world.  
I see it now.  
As clear as day.  
I am them  
And they are me.

I've been fighting to remain  
The person I was before.  
Fighting to hold on to  
What made me me.  
In a world that is changed  
Beyond compare.  
There's nothing left to cling to.

We're all damaged.  
Ground down  
By our histories.  
Marked by the  
Million steps  
We've travelled  
To get to here.

Look at me  
Wrapped within layers  
Of clothes dirtied  
And torn by travels  
And troubles, lived in  
Night and day.  
My second skin,  
My uniform,  
My armour,  
That no-one looks beyond.

### **The Investigator (spoken) :**

I drove the lanes, criss-crossing that 10-mile radius. Hoping that I might find something around the next corner, over the next rise. But I found nothing and was giving up as the sun dipped into the wooded horizon. This area was shot up pretty thoroughly in the end game of the war and I left the car to walk up a hill that might give a better view of one of the abandoned market towns - the ghost towns - that dotted this county. From the crest of the hill, looking out over mile upon mile of field and wood, village and town, quiet under the pale sky, the gravity of what had happened, what we'd lost, hit me.

Walking back to the car I thought of giving up. Thought of going back into work, facing the music if I had to. But passing through a grove of trees I stopped by a stream and imagined her - on the run, sheltering in some place like this. Injured, scared, hungry. And I remembered General Gow's face on that video - the video that had "disappeared" - his smile as the prisoners were executed. The same smile he wore in courtrooms and press conferences. In parliament. The smile of a man who knows he can get away with anything.

### **The Woman (sung) :**

We are still human.  
We still wish to belong.  
Despite their inhumanities,  
Atrocities, savageries,  
We still do not, still cannot  
Forget what we are.

The song within  
Our hearts still sounds,  
Still calls out, still sings out  
Into the world.  
Beckoning mankind  
With a simple plea,  
A need, a longing  
To belong  
And to be longed for  
In this world.

### **The Investigator (spoken) :**

I couldn't give up now any more than she could back then. Her words echoed through my mind, reminding me what it was that I believed from the start - that somewhere at the end of this journey lay a truth waiting to be uncovered. Back in the car I turned south, toward the coast.