

# Road Memoir : libretto

## EPISODE #9 : "Gravity"

The Woman (sung) :

What is this gravity?  
This magnetism?  
This force of fate,  
This undeniable will  
That pushes us?  
Drives us to survive.  
To keep moving,  
To stand and fight,  
To run,  
To beg,  
To steal,  
To do whatever  
Has to done.  
To get through the night,  
Through the animal dark  
And into tomorrow.  
Into a new land.  
Into a new life.  
Into this singular moment -  
This confluence  
Of our human trajectories.

The Investigator (spoken) :

I searched the press for the day after the attack on the bus - but nothing. The day after that - the same. As days had gone by nothing had been said or written. No reports, not even rumours. A bus full of innocent civilians were killed and it was covered up, erased from the story of the conflict.

If the perpetrators had been left-wing rebels then the government-controlled media would have been all over it but the press silence... surely it could only mean one thing - it was the army who were responsible. The army who had targeted a bus full of women and children bound for a U.N. safe zone. Even by the shocking standards of the war, this represented a new low.

The Woman (sung) :

For two days,  
Through wood and  
Over heathland,  
We have walked.

Avoiding villages  
And towns  
Because strangers -  
Strangers like us -  
Are the enemy now.

Talking somehow,  
In our mix and match  
Patois of words  
And gestures -  
An improvised language  
Which sprung from  
Our mutual desire  
To tell,  
To be told,  
To understand,  
To be understood.

**The Investigator (spoken) :**

I searched the U.N. Records. If it was their bus, wouldn't they have reported it missing? And sure enough they did, a brief paragraph in a transport report - "civilian transport bus reported missing inbound to Safe Zone Echo found to have broken down. Gear box failure. Abandoned." And there it was. In black and white. Proof that back then, as now, even during the conflict, there was someone protecting the army, protecting the Government. Someone re-arranging the story from inside the U.N. From inside the organisation that should have been upholding the truth, safeguarding it.

**The Woman (sung) :**

Through exhaustion.  
Through consuming hunger.  
Through the fear of death or worse.  
We walk on.  
One step after another, after another.  
We walk on, we walk on.

And in the dappled light  
Of those long days of travel,  
His remarkable smile  
Transcending all  
That I have seen,  
And finding within me  
An echo and the will  
To live again.

We step out of shadow.  
We rise from the earth.  
We journey out of wilderness.  
Out of darkness into light.

**The Investigator (spoken) :**

On a map I drew a line due west from the cottage to the safe zone and tried to piece together the route a bus might have taken. I drew a second line up, south to north, from the site of the beach massacre - the final destination of this phone - to the first line, noting the wood and heathland that lay in between. Where they crossed I made a centre point and drew a circle on the map, 10 miles out.