

# MONOLOGUE

## TWITTERVERSE

AN EXTRACT FROM *UNDER THE BLUE BLOOD MOON*

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### AMERGIN

There's a battle raging hard in the Twitterverse. Sides have been chosen, the first shots fired, and almost everyone has picked up their weapon. They wield them indiscriminately and with force.

Some of the soldiers are exposed. They wear no armour, stand tall, and raise their voices high. We watch as they take bullet after bullet, their torsos beaten and bloodied. Soldiers running to hold them higher.

Here, in the Twitterverse, there are more than two sides. And everyone is righteous and angry and sad and joyful... And sometimes sides join forces.

Above our heads the pendulum swings, strong and purposeful, wide sweeping strokes. Some of us watch from the foothills waiting for its power to subside. Some chase behind in its wake trying to keep up. Some leap as it passes by and they take the riders seat. Pushing in on, further, harder, stronger.

There are the fallen. And there is always someone there waiting - to mourn, to excuse, to comfort, to memorialise, to question, to defile, to defame, to decry...

As the pendulum swings by it brings a great wind. And in the gusts and swirls and flurries and wisps and the whoosh are created waves. And we get caught up in these waves. We're moved. We surge forward and on and on and on, until we come crashing onto some sort of surface and we become conscious, even if for a moment, of everything and everyone and every possibility around us... at least until the next swing, the next wave.



And in the larger waves, in the tsunamis, we find casualties that make no sense. What the large white men on Twentyfour hour news channels call collateral damage.

And sometimes these waves create a rip. A wind that sucks some of us backwards. Turns us over, around, examines our bits and finds us wanting. The people on the foothills call out a warning, but we can't always hear them over everyone's noise.

And sometimes, after the wave finds its surface to crash on, while the pendulum is distracted elsewhere, we have a moment, let's call it an opportunity, to stand up, brush ourselves off, and leave the Twitterverse completely. Connect with other hearts in a non-virtual world, where we can see real wounds, hear real cries, and heal real hearts. But only sometimes.

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