

The Wi-Fi

Comedy · Monologue · 2 min · Male role · Young adult · Beginner

(Sitting at a café, laptop open. He stares at the screen the way you stare down an opponent.)

MOI

Right. You and me, we don't know each other yet. Network "CaféLumière_2". The "2". Never trust a network that already has an ex.

MOI

Password. I type it. You think about it. You think about it a lot, for something with only one job.

MOI

"Connected, no Internet." Beautiful. Connected to what, then? To the idea of Internet? To its memory?

MOI

I slide my chair back ten centimetres. Towards the window. As if ten centimetres could reconcile two beings with nothing in common.

(He lifts the laptop at arm's length, like an offering.)

MOI

One bar. ONE. Nobody move. Nobody breathe. We're almost there, the two of us.

MOI

...Gone. Fine. Waiter! The password for "CaféLumière_1", please. I'm starting my whole life over.

What you can do with it

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