

Disconnected

By Kavita Mistry

Part 1: Happily ever after.

They were probably the only two people of their little town to appreciate a blackout that night. If it hadn't been for the inconvenience, they wouldn't have connected the way they did that night on the rooftop trying to find the constellations and talking the night away. If it hadn't been for that blackout, Ethan might never have conjured up the courage to ask Eve for her hand in marriage the next night and Eve might not have accepted. It was the most magical night of their lives. A Disney moment brought to life.

But that was then, and this is now, five years later.

Part 2: Please hang up and try again.

Brrrrng

Eve popped her head into the doorway of the living room from the kitchen.

"Could you answer the phone, Ethan?"

Ethan didn't bother to turn his head as he lazily replied.

"Can't you?"

"I'm busy."

Brrrrrng

"What a coincidence! So am I."

"YOU'RE watching TV. I'M cooking dinner."

Brrrrrng

"You're closer."

"Rock, paper, scissors?"

Brrrrrng.

"Nope."

"Errgh."

"Hello?"

"Hey Eve, it's Dakota. Chase and I were wondering if you and Ethan were free to go to the movies tonight."

Eve glared at her boyfriend's blank stare toward the television. The last time they went anywhere together was a month ago at a company dinner at Ethan's office.

"Yeah, we'll be there."

"Great! So how about we meet up there in like three hours?"

"Okay, see ya then"

"Adios"

Eve quickly hung up the phone and stood awkwardly in the doorway again. She couldn't help the feeling of butterflies in the pit of her stomach. She already knew what she was going to hear from Ethan.

"Hey, Ethan, uh, Dakota just called and asked if we wanted to come to the movies so I told her-"

"Look, I don't wanna go anywhere so are you done interrupting my show? This is the second time you've made me rewind because of your incessant babbling."

Eve cursed and left the room. Why do I bother? Where was the old Ethan that she met years ago? Eve recalled the countless nights they would go out, never doing the exact same thing twice. One night it would be Mexican food; the next was Italian and maybe after was some Chinese takeout. But lately it had been Mrs Weatherbee's homestyle TV dinners. Their stove could fall down a hole in the Earth and Ethan could care less.

She remembered the night of the blackout. Did they lose their connection? She couldn't answer her last question, at least not without trying to win him over one more time. Thoughts zoomed around in her head and then it clicked.

They were both going to the movies whether he wanted to or not. She wanted to get the old Ethan back and she had a plan too.

Part 3: Operation Couch Potato

Eve switched on the room light and looked around the office room as she formulated her next move. After closing the door behind her, she swiftly moved to the desk and switched on her computer. She plugged in the fan and the personal heater, turning them on their highest settings. Lastly, she returned to the desk and flicked on the desk lamp switch. The lamp flashed on and instantly the room was black. The only light and sound around her was the faint glow coming from under the door and

"Perfect." She exclaimed. Grinning uncontrollably, she stepped into the hallway and proceeded toward the kitchen.

Part 4: Eve, in the conservatory, with the ...toaster?

Her first move was to casually stroll across the room to turn on the standing lamp. Second came the stereo in the corner of the room- on mute of course. Ethan hardly noticed her. All it was going to take now one more appliance, but nothing loud enough to

immediately attention. *A fan? Kinda loud. Blender? Even louder. Toaster? Perfect.* Eve carefully crept around the room tightly clutching the toaster to her chest. By now Ethan was completely engulfed by the hypnotic moving pictures of the television. He wouldn't have noticed a leopard wearing tutu and reenacting the Nutcracker Ballet in the corner of the room.

Eve gingerly placed the toaster behind a large stack of books and plugged it in. For the second time that night, Eve couldn't control the butterflies in her stomach, but this time, she could feel the impending doom of her failing relationship. *Here goes nothing.* She held her breath and pushed down the knob.

It worked.

“WHAT THE HELL!”

Eve had successfully broken the circuit in the room. She stealthily tip-toed out of the room and loudly entered again, pretending as if she had been in the kitchen the whole time. It was so easy. Too easy.

“Hey Ethan- I think the power just went out.”

“No kidding! The TV just shut off in the middle of Scarface!”

“Haven't you seen that like ten times?”

“So? It was at my favorite part. Anyways, it's probably the circuit. I'll go out and reset it.”

“Uh-no-wait! Why don't you just check another room? Well- just because it's freezing out, you know? Also, the bad weather could have caused the blackout.”

“Good point.”

After living with him for so long, Eve had learned that if he wasn't glued to the TV, then Ethan was on a computer. Completely predictable. He walked right into the office room and tried the light switch and computer.

“That's weird.”

“So, since we don't really have power, wanna go see that movie, by any chance?”

“I guess so. There's nothing to do here anyways.”

They grabbed their coats and shoes and walked out the door. As he turned on the engine, Ethan looked across the street at the opposite house and could see through the window that his neighbor, looking quite inert, was watching TV. He glanced to his right at Eve and pulled out of the driveway.

“When's the movie start?”

“In about an hour and a half, I think.”

“Great. How about dinner?”