

Connectivity Problems

By Jay Miutz

James stared furiously ahead.

He didn't know what was wrong; it just wasn't working - no matter what he tried.

Lisa wrapped her leg around his and pulled herself in closer kissing his neck, "What's wrong James?" she asked placing her hand on his thigh. She and James had met a few weeks back and things had been quickly escalating ever since. They had made it past group dates and awkward encounters and now he had planned a long night hoping to get some serious alone time. A nice dinner out, a bottle of wine and some lofty promises had gotten her back to his apartment. This was not he needed right now - he looked like an idiot.

"I promise this never happens, seriously...I...I", he wasn't kidding either, sure it had been a while since the last time he had done it but that still didn't explain what was happening. His mind was racing as it slowly filled with conflicting feelings of frustration and embarrassment.

"Come on, come on" he muttered under his breath.

Lisa ran her hands through his hair, "Don't worry about it James - it happens, it's nothing to get all worked up over...maybe you just drank too much or something."

James shook his head in disagreement, "We split a bottle of wine, it was barely anything, just...just give me a minute - I just need a minute." He stared down at his lap; he could feel Lisa pulling herself in closer - of all the nights, why did it have to stop working tonight? He was fidgeting now, trying to figure out the answer to his problem.

Lisa's hands had dropped to his shoulders as she began to gently massage them, "Is there someone you can call? I don't know a friend. Or maybe your brother?"

James let a frown saturate his face, "I'm not going to call someone about this, I just need to focus...yeah, just need to focus." He shifted his weight so he was sitting up with his back pressed against the headboard.

He closed his eyes in concentration.

"Maybe if we try a different..."

James cut her off, "Just give me a second."

"Well what if I try..."

"No, no, no." He whispered through clenched teeth. His brow was heavily furrowed now as if he was trying to lift a huge object. Lisa let her hands slowly slide down his arms, gently caressing them; "Stressing is only going to make it worse, James"

“I know, I know.” He begrudgingly agreed.

“It’s okay James, don’t worry about it, we can always try later, just don’t overthink it, clear your head for a minute.” She rolled away turning to her side.

“I guess I just haven’t done this in a while, I’m really sorry, I just can’t figure it out...” He trailed off in an almost defeated manner as he watched Lisa get up from the bed. She quickly wrapped herself in a blanket and began to walk away. He slid back down onto his back and let out a sigh as he stared desperately at the ceiling.

“I’m going to get some water, we can try it again in the morning when you’ve had a chance to get some rest.” Lisa called out from down the hall.

Great he thought, what an embarrassing end to the evening. In one last desperate attempt James slipped his hands down toward his lap. “Wait...wait...Lisa! I think I got it, it’s working - we are good to go - I told you it worked!” He shouted excitedly.

Lisa made her way back into the bedroom, climbed under the sheets and resumed her position wrapped around him.

They both stared down past his waist at the glowing computer screen that now read”

“You Have Successfully Logged Into Netflix”

Lisa kissed James’s ear again whispering, “I’m glad it worked I would have been so mad if I had to wait until tomorrow to see the finale...”