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Brad Pitt

by Maureen Marsh

At first she wasn't sure if it was the same person. As he got closer, she began to make out some similarities to the bright shining visage on the dating app. A Brad Pitt lookalike grinning into the camera lens, dimples and mischievous sea blue eyes. This Man kind of looked like him, but a shorter, almost gnome like version. He approached her with arm outstretched for a formal awkward handshake, giving her the feeling that she was about to embark on a business meeting. They made their way to a near by coffee shop and after ordering the coffees, set about the 'business of love and connection.

He seemed shy and shifty. A subtle aroma of stale cigarettes clung to him and she immediately lost sight of her own nervous energy in the immediate onslaught of his. 'Have you met many people from the app?' She enquired, aware that this was the universal, cliched question of all dating app devotees. As he began answering, she became aware of his very quiet voice, sometimes straining to hear him above the noise of the cafe.

The amazing chemistry of their online messaging and the exhilarating promise of his gorgeous photograph, had been replaced with a far more mundane reality. She wondered briefly, what kind of impression she was making on him. Perhaps, he too was disappointed. Almost inevitably, that must be the case, she thought.

And then he began to talk about his ex. 'Oh lord....here we go" she inwardly sighed. He had apparently had a toxic time of it and she had cheated on him, so he ended it and then she stalked him for a while, so he got into Therapy.....yada yada yada....she began to drift off, checking the time on her watch surreptitiously. All dreams of love and connection evaporated... And then in explicably and alarmingly, he began to cry. Small choked sobs evolving into bigger heartfelt sobs. 'Im so sorry' he said ' This never happens' After the initial shock which was somewhat like receiving a glass of cold water in the face, she began to feel the rawness of his emotion cutting through the fabric of the date and stirring a deeper layer within her as she moved over and put her arm around him.

Gazing down at their half finished coffees, she remembered a little wine bar around the corner.

'Perhaps we should get something a little stronger?' She suggested. He nodded enthusiastically and they exited the coffee shop into the rainy evening.

AS they sat down in the bar, he apologised again and she reassured him by recounting her own stories of heartbreak and redemption. He began to relax. They drank, they talked. Some of the online chemistry started seeping out into the interchanges.

'Oh you must think I'm such a twat,' he said.

'Oh yes, total twat' she responded.

Laughter

'I actually didn't sleep too well last night. I was fretting about this date. I feel a bit out of my depth.'

'Yes,' she agreed 'its a bit shit.'

'Its just that I really enjoyed our messaging and you're so lovely.'

Pause

'Sorry, didn't mean to make you feel awkward.'

She was actually riding the wave of his compliment and enjoying the dopamine rush.

As the evening progressed the chemistry flowed back in force. He stopped and lightly touched her hand, leaning in to kiss her gently. She took a breath and he leaned in again to kiss her deeply and heartfelt. As he released her from his embrace, he gazed into her eyes. She suddenly saw him. 'Yes, Brad pitt,' There he was. She could see him now.