

The  
Ultimate  
Pick Up  
Line

By  
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**The Ultimate Pickup Line**  
**By Matthew S. Thomas**

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This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance between persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

**PREFACE:**

*This is an odd story...and not a story.*

*It is both truth, and fiction.*

*What follows is what one foolish man wrote to one beautiful woman in a quest to win her heart. If it seems not to follow the course of any known written format, it is because the heart follows no known format itself.*

*The heart simply wants what the heart wants.*

*The reader may decide what became of those two hearts...*

*“You are never given  
a wish  
Without the power  
to make it come true.  
You may have to  
work for it, however.”*

-- Richard Bach, *“Illusions”*

## *Introduction.*

It is utterly primal in each of us to dream of love.

For there is nothing like it in the world.

It shapes and shakes and towers and breaks as waves over us all, no matter who we are or what we say against it or for it or in supplication of it. It simply is its own force unbound in the universe, subject to no will save its own.

Newton cannot contain it. Einstein cannot explain it.

In and of itself, it knows no fear, nor takes any prisoners, save those who surrender to it willingly. And those are often the luckiest of all.

This earthquake of a thing is no mere emotion. It is not simply some tingly feeling in our chests, nor any warming of our cockles, our muscles or any other part of us alive. It does those things to us as aftereffects of its power, for it is like the sun in its command of the forces of all that rests inside each of us. Like the sun, it is a raging inferno of power that cannot be stopped, that consumes itself in roaring flames, and as its gentle gift to us all it simply spreads life and heat and light unto everyone as a side-effect worth seeking out.

So this is love.

And so, again, it should be no surprise that each of us dreams of love.

Given that primal potency, that roaring flame inviting us in from the cold, how could we not?

But each person dreams of it in their own way. For each person needs only just so much of that warmth that the Sunlight of Love shines upon us. Most people fear that too much of that bright unrelenting golden heat will melt them whole and leave them charred and empty.

Those people do not know the light of love as some do.

For just a few of us on Earth, just a few now, and a few in the past, there is no fear of the scarring of the light, the charring from the heat, the dying in the heart.

For just a few.

They are no more brave perhaps than the others, and many, many would simply call them fools. These Lovers Unafraid have, after all, died by the dozens in our mutual dreams. Montague and Capulet, Antonius and Auletes, du Lac and Pendragon, Earnshaw and Linton. The dead (of mind or body) number more than their numbers count, for each counts more than one in our dreams and in our minds, this fire of love and fear of surrender is so great in us all. Each of those icons of our hearts let the Icarus of their love fly toward the Sun and each of them lost their wings for it.

But for just a few, there remains no fear.

No fear of the wax melting across those supple feathers. No fear of the charring heat.

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There remains the simple belief that, when surrendered to in its fullest, this primal force of spiritual fusion cannot damage anything at all.

It can only build.

And build it will.

This is the story of a single man, just one of those few, who has no fear.

One who cares not for the ridiculousness of the size of the obstacles set before him, which challenge him to ever even wear the wings of wax, let alone fly into the sun.

One man who sees that light not as something which could harm...but only something which could permeate the flesh and the soul as sunlight breeches leaf and root, and like that gift, that the light of love could only grow the person that it touches.

This is the story of just one man. One man of many. One man of just a few.

Who knows no fear of the light.

And who walks into the darkness of the unknown willingly,

...seeking for the end of the tunnel on the other side.

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### *Cantata:*

**FADE IN:**

**INT. HOME IN MALIBU OVERLOOKING OCEAN - NIGHT**

The scene opens on a living room in an immaculate Malibu residence, home of a famous Hollywood producer. There are a medium number of guests at a party, just enough to fill the place but not so much as to crowd it. The guests are not "dressed to kill", but notable Hollywood celebrities and power brokers are there, along with a variety of un-notables. This is clearly a private party, away from the clicks of paparazzi and the chatter of newsies.

A buffet table is spread along the balcony which overlooks the crashing surf of Malibu just across PCH. A cart by the table offers Perignon, Roederer, Jouet and Cliquot, chilled to perfection.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN enters the deck area, scanning the buffet table. Her hair is immensely long and lustrous, thick, dark and just slightly wavy. She is dressed casually, but nonetheless with taste. Her eyes wander, belying a notion that she could be somewhere else, but she smiles

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and snacks a little and stares in wonder at the beauty of the ocean in the moonlight.

A GENTLE MAN enters the deck area after her, scanning slowly to note that they are the only two out there. The Gentle man is tall, dark-haired, in his mid-thirties, attractive and reasonably fit. The Beautiful Woman turns her head to smile at him, then goes back to her admiration of the ocean and the night. The Gentle Man pours himself a glass of Veuve Cliquot, and then stands beside her, sipping the champagne and enjoying the view as if it is the first moon he had ever seen over water.

GENTLE MAN

That's quite a sight.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Yes. It's priceless.

GENTLE MAN

(Smiling softly)

I'm kind of surprised to see you here. I don't know you or anything, but I would have thought this wasn't your sort of thing.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Smiling back)

It's sort-of not. Two of my really good friends are here, and so I came. Do I know you?

MATTHEW S. THOMAS

GENTLE MAN

No. Sorry. I look a little like someone people recognize, but no, this is my first time. I'm a Hollywood party virgin.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Smiling mightily)

I wish I could tell you it gets better.

GENTLE MAN

I don't know....I'm pretty happy about it. Free champagne. And the good stuff too. Mmmmmm.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I'm just kidding! This is like anything else; it's what you make of it. And if you like good champagne, then you will be happy at all of these kinds of things.

GENTLE MAN

Well, there is more to life than good champagne. But I am of the opinion that there is nothing wrong with good champagne. I am reminded of Bo Derek in the movie "10". She told Dudley Moore that there was "Nothing wrong with turning on and ..." Ehhhhh. Oops.

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BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Laughing wholeheartedly)

"...turning on and screwing to Ravel's Bolero." I remember that line. But actually, I think she said, "WHAT'S WRONG with turning on...". She wanted an answer.

GENTLE MAN

You're right. I can't believe I forgot my "10" trivia. And in Malibu. For all I know this is the same house they filmed a lot of that in.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

You are forgiven. But you still didn't tell me who you are.

GENTLE MAN

Oh, right. Sorry. My name's Matthew. I just weaseled in this gig because one of the producer's friends is a producer friend of mine. I don't really belong here.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Staring off a little sadly)

That's too bad you think that. I think everyone belongs here.

MATTHEW S. THOMAS

GENTLE MAN

Yeah. You're right. That was kind of dumb. I trip over my mouth sometimes. Let me change this. Uhmmm. Hi. My name is Matt. What is your sign?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Wide eyed at the stupidity)  
What is my sign? Are you kidding? That's your pick-up line? You can't do better than that?

GENTLE MAN

Errrrr. Yeah, that does suck. I do have a better line. But it will take quite a lot of time. Are you going anywhere soon?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Glancing around, and nodding)  
I'm here. I'm listening. Give me the line.