Al fresco for two

TEFLONRABBIT ARTICLE No.305

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Civic responsibility on hold

One business doorway, two revelers and a walkie talkie

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Alcohol can make people do things that they would normally never do. While this often has the potential to degrade into a situation requiring the involvement of the Emergency Services, sometimes it doesn't.

Alcohol *Society* *Scandal* *What is TEFLONRABBIT* *Jeans*

While working in a bar / diner the author noticed that several members of the public who had just exited a lane to the left of the establishment had quite shocked looks on their faces. They were reasonably well dressed couples and groups who were undoubtedly seeking to avail themselves of the many early Friday evening promos in the locale. The club next door had started opening their doors at five o'clock to attract the many city centre workers nearby. The format was identical to the late night offerings but for one conspicuous difference, all drinks (including brand names) were priced at the scandalously low price of fifty pence. In contrast were the patrons to remain in the venue until ten o'clock they would suddenly find that their shot of Absolut Vodka, Aftershock or pint of Lager would suddenly be priced somewhere in the region of five pounds. For anyone looking to let off steam after a busy week at work this is an almost irresistible offer. The club does well despite selling most drinks at a loss because the normal late night patrons arrive to a night which is already in full swing. Normally things wouldn't start getting busy until around midnight when the cheaper priced public houses close.

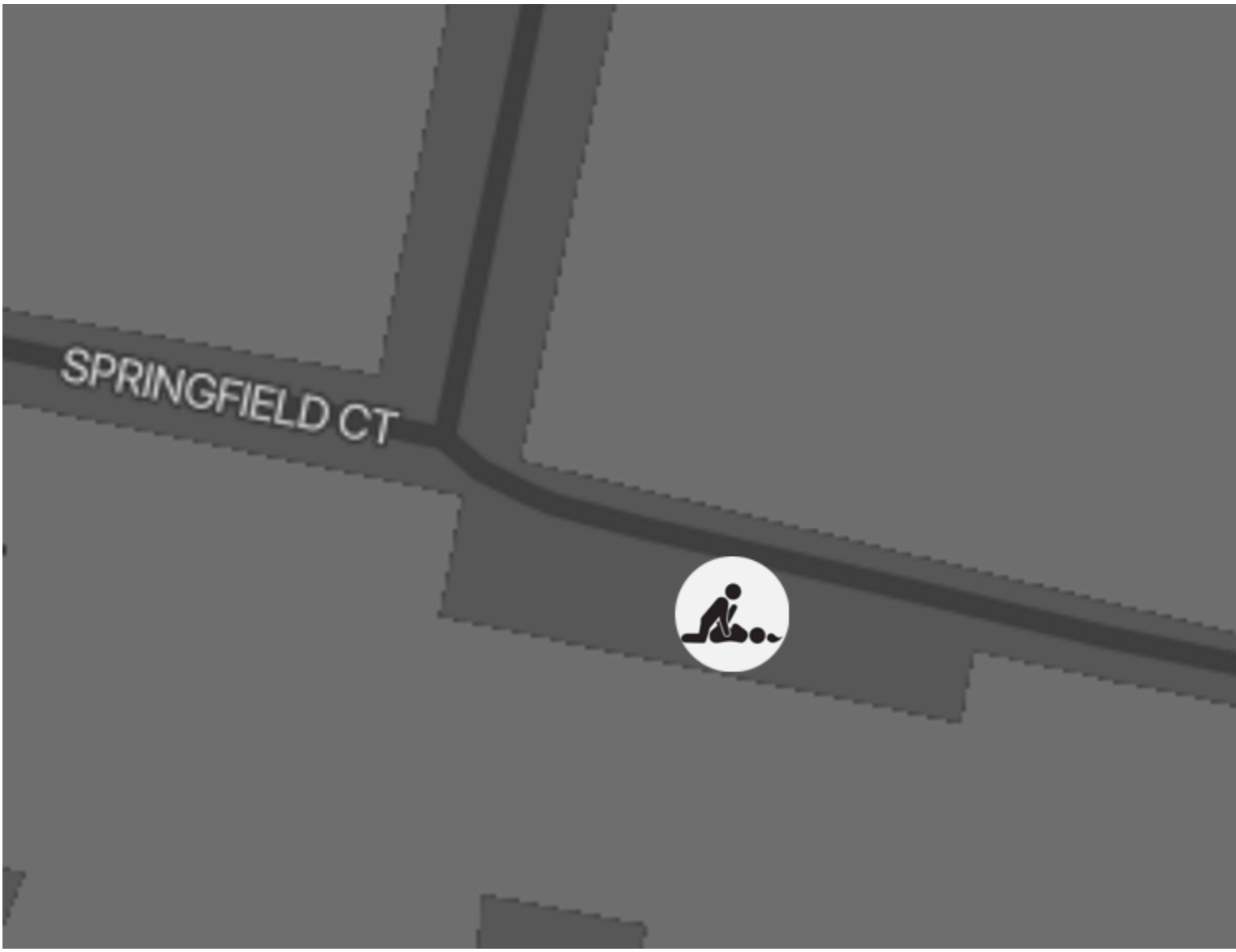
It was clear from the expressions on these peoples faces that they had just witnessed something which was profoundly challenging for their sensibilities. Invariably this would be as a result of witnessing ultra violence and is not an uncommon occurrence. However on this occasion there was something noticeably different about their reaction. In the interests of gaining vital intelligence to head off any unexpected eventualities, the author attracted the attention of one of the stunned pedestrians and inquired as to the reasons for their blatant discombobulation. Somewhat embarrassed, an attractive blonde woman in her late twenties faltered slightly and then said:

> *There's a couple down the lane having sex... like ... in full view of everyone.*

Her air of civic responsibility and general disdain was impossible to ignore and as such the author could only offer a raised eyebrow. Clearly this was not what the lady had expected and she continued:

Someone should do something ... I mean ... it's just not right .... er... is it?

Anyone working in licensed security will have to encounter patrons who have got a bit carried away and behaved in such a manner. However the responsibility is to protect the license because having sex in bars and nightclubs is generally considered to be a breach of licensing regulations. The proprietor is legally responsible for preventing such bawdy antics. However if it's happening outside it's really none of our business and is a matter for the local police, or possibly street pastor. As a result the author simply shrugged and focused on the patrons seeking to enter the bar / diner.



After seeing another dozen or so shocked women and smirking men exit the lane on this balmy August evening, the author realised that he was quite remiss in his responsibility to the greater security industry. There is a custom in the industry whereby should you discover a couple engaging in *making the beast with two backs* or in fact any sexual activity whatsoever, the thing to do is get on the radio and invite all the rest of the security staff to come and have a bloody good look. The venue he was working was a single security operation but had a radio for communicating with the door staff in the nightclub opposite. As such he quickly pressed the talk button and using correct radio procedure informed his colleagues of the situation. Obviously they rapidly exited the venue they were working in and darted across the street, passing the author with smiles of anticipation.

Being a *consummate* professional the author decided not to join them as they hastily traversed the cobbled lane in search of this promised live sex show. Several other workers from various venues joined them and the lane was suddenly awash with

security uniforms and chefs smocks. By all accounts the show was well worth it and the couple were oblivious to their audience. After half an hour or so, one of his colleagues came back round the corner with a broad smile plastered all over his face.

> *Fucking mental big man, that was just .... fucking awesome.... what a night!*

He then went on to offer a description of the scene which featured the couple being both stark naked with jackets and clothes forming a makeshift covering for the concrete floor of the shuttered doorway. Apparently they had even formed pillows out of her cardigan wrapped around her handbag and were utterly oblivious to their increasingly sizable audience. With a full range of positions and unprotected sexual acts, they continued until both had achieved critical mass and then laid down together exhausted in their impromptu urban boudoir. Had the author not been invested in securing the ongoing business of the bar / diner he would have undoubtedly availed himself of such spectacular entertainment. The job can be exceptionally tedious at times and such events really do go some way to preventing the onset of terminal boredom. On this occasion he had to settle for second hand accounts from colleagues in the area.

After two or three salacious reports had been recounted, a couple emerged from the lane with a familiar *far away* look in their eyes. The woman was a wholesome looking lass (who was positively glowing) in her work uniform which clearly indicated that she worked in one of the holiday tour operators nearby. The man was dressed for an evening out with a designer yellow shirt and had slightly shaky legs. They lingered in the entrance to the lane for a moment while they said their goodbyes. Watching them, it became apparent to the author that neither even knew the others name. They kissed and went their separate ways, she heading back into the club with the fifty pence drinks promo and he heading off in the direction of a nearby well known Rock bar.

The next hour or so featured various male workers from the area showing up too late to take in the sights and listening intently while the accounts were relayed second hand. Apparently a disgruntled observer from an office several blocks away had called the police and reported the security staff from the club opposite:

> *There's some bouncers from (name redacted) up a lane watching something they shouldn't be - it's a total and utter disgrace.*

It's not known how many of the couples that had witnessed the show cut their night short and hurried home for some frenzied carnal activity. However the author did receive several reports from colleagues who had enjoyed the spectacle:

> *Fucking pure gave me the horn so it did. Went straight home and pure shagged the wife senseless. Aye she knew it was Hammer Time that night I can tell ye!*

Having remembered the name of the tour operator and identified where it was located, the author always looked in the window whenever passing by over the next few months. Sure enough the entirely attractive young woman was seen sitting at her desk engaged in the usual sales pitches to customers seeking a two week all inclusive to the Dominican Republic or Lanzarote. It seemed somewhat appropriate that those seeking sea, sand and sex should be instructed by a woman such as this, She clearly knew how to have a good time and would undoubtedly represent a qualified expert in this regard. What happened to her partner in street crime is not known. This is probably just as well because he definitely appeared to be putting his wedding ring back on as he headed up the street. He'd definitely had the sex (and who knows maybe even the drugs) and then he clearly intended to get himself some Rock and Roll.

The event may not have represented the most responsible of activities, but the moral of the story seemed to be something along the lines of beware of incredibly cheap drinks promotions on Friday nights. Either that or blatantly be on the lookout for them.