

NightClub Stories

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Some tales from the clubs I have worked

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Mystories about working nightclubs are sometimes too fantastic to believe, but as with all mystories they are from personal experiences. Working as a bouncer in a popular nightclub is not as glamorous as one would think. Imagine that you are the only sober person at a large party. You can't drink or dance because you are at work, and every little altercation has the potential to escalate into a major fight. You have to be ready for anything, and I do mean anything. Oh it's a real thrill to be called to the ladies bathroom by a lady who informs you that her chum has passed out on the toilet. I have to enter and physically stand her up - the one who is out cold and basically dead weight. Now the stalls are quite narrow and movement is restricted. So her friend has to slide between me and the wall in an attempt to redress her. She is then slung over my shoulder and carried out firefighter style. Not a ladylike way to exit a nightclub. You would think this is a rare occurrence and you would be wrong. This happened a lot. These ladies purchase a bottle of liquor and consume it in the car before they enter the club, that way they don't have to spend so much money on beverages. Normally this worked, unless they met a couple of men that purchased them drinks for the asking. The previous bottle they consumed is forgotten and intoxication soon follows. At one club we were not called bouncers, the management company thought this title sounded too threatening, we were called floorwalkers. To make us earn our paltry hourly wage one of our duties was to pick up empty glasses and take them to the dish room for washing. So we walked around amid the flashing lights and loud music and collected our empty glasses all the while watching the crowd for potential trouble. I soon learned it is best not to pay attention to all that is happening around you. At this club the back area of this was known as the quiet room. A soundproof wall separated it from the dance floor and reduced the noise level by 95%. Now one night I am walking through the quiet room and see this couple seated on one of the benches. As he is talking to her he has his hand up her skirt and the other is around her shoulder and attempting to get under her blouse, I ignore this. As I am passing I hear him say to the young lady, "I wouldn't talk to you if all I wanted was a piece of ass." I laughed so hard I dropped my tray of empty glasses. He flew off the bench and attempted to punch me, big mistake. His little girlfriend ran to get his buddies. The bartender back there hit the trouble alert button as a large group of his buddies appeared, thankfully the rest of the floorwalkers were also just arriving. It was one of the

worst fights the club had seen in a long time. After that incident I kept any comments to myself. When the colleges up here go on Thanksgiving break there is always a fight. I hear the announcement of "Jack Morgan, call on extension 2.", it is club code for trouble on the quiet room. I respond with two other on my heels. I arrive and see one of my guys flat against the wall with a forearm across his neck. I attempt a double hammer strike on the attacker's scalene's. Explanation time: A hammer strike is making a fist and instead of punching in the traditional fashion, you strike with the side of your fisted hand. Scalene is the long rope of muscle that lays between the top of your shoulder to just behind your jaw. Squeezing it is painful, striking it with a fist can be really painful. That is unless the person is an athlete and has spent a lot of time in the gym doing shrugs and the area is really built up. The hammer strike did nothing, so I used a pressure point behind the ear. He let go and turned on me to charge. I swift front snap to his shin and he went down and was swarmed by a half dozen floorwalkers. I saw one kid attempting to fight my boss. He was thrown to the waiting floorwalkers. I was grabbed from behind by another guy, I dislodged his grip and threw him to a wall. Out of the corner of my eye I see a very pretty girl standing there watching. I turn my attention back to the young man I have pinned, he doesn't look like a trouble maker. I made a quick decision and speak to this college boy. "I am going to relax my grip, you push me away and call me anything you want, but you take her and go." He looks at me. "If you try to do anything other than leaving I drop you right here in front of her," I continued. I relax my grip and he pushes me off. A string of vulgarities follows his walking to his lady and taking her hand and leaving. He comes back the next night and thanks me, seems he got involved cause he was pledging for this fraternity and his brothers were involved. Yes, there is no glamour working as a bouncer.