

**EXT.BROKEN HILL SCULPTURE PARK LOOKOUT.DAY**

*AUSSIE JACK SENIOR (AGED 70) IS LOOKING FAR ACROSS THE ARID LANDSCAPE TOWARDS A SMALL GROUP OF NIPPLE-SHAPED MOUNTAINS. HE TURNS HIS FACE SIDEWAYS TOWARDS THE CAMERA.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Ya know, Australia has a vast, mysterious and yet beautiful landscape; so does a woman.

*SLOW ZOOM ACROSS THE DESERT LANDSCAPE TO MOUNTAIN CLOSE UP AS AUSSIE JACK CONTINUES SPEAKING IN NARRATOR STYLE*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

I've explored those stunning mountains and exquisite valleys and spent hours lost in the marvellous bush.

*Jack turns to face camera*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

I'm Aussie Jack. They reckon that I'm the kind of a bloke that's as Australian as a wily kangaroo or a perpetually amused kookaburra. They also tell me that I'm sort of crafty...like a cockatoo!

And I reckon sex is a really funny subject. But I'll tell you somethin'.....blokes...and some sheilas too....need a fella like me to guide them through the many delights of a sexual adventure so that at the end they come away from the campsite grinning....instead of looking like a stunned mullet!

*JACK BEGINS TO WALK DOWN THE TRACK, CONTINUING HIS TALK*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

For instance, you'd have to have rocks in your head if you set off into this deep outback country, with its tough terrain and some really scary surprises, unless you got yourself some prior knowledge on how to survive this intense heat, which is sometimes as hot as hell. Plus the huge amount of energy that you'll use up out here and the fluids that you'll need to keep your water works flowin' and your body properly hydrated.

*Jack sits on a rock AT THE SIDE OF THE TRACK AND LEANS FORWARD with a very serious look on his face*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

No mates, I'm just tellin' ya straight! You won't know what you're getting yourself into if you don't take notice of someone who's been there..... someone like me.....who's walked those mysterious tracks, met those weird creatures, heard the wild screams in the night, got himself lost to buggery in treacherous territory... and has still survived to advise novices like you on how you can have some amazing experiences too!

*JACK STANDS UP, PROUDLY GAZING AT THE DAUNTING LANDSCAPE*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Bloody beautiful!

*A thoughtful look crosses Jack's face and he quickly turns back towards the camera*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

But hang on, you're probably thinking right now 'who's this silly bastard, wanting to tell me about sex when he's most likely never had anything more exciting than a quickie behind a gum tree at the back of some country pub?'

Well, that's just not true, you wankers! I've experienced more wildly sexual sessions than a randy wallaby or a promiscuous possum. And they've occurred in many different positions...in different parts of Australia.

And here's the thing! My startling conclusion is that after having become involved with dozens upon dozens of wonderfully sensual creatures and fulfilled their needs totally, I've found that heaps of men don't really know how to satisfy sheilas!

*FADE:*

**EXT. NYNGAN. JACK SITTING OUTSIDE PUB SURROUNDED BY 3 OLD MATES, (SAME AGE GROUP)-  
BLUEY, JOEY & JOHNNO. DAY.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

You see, I come from this place! It's called Nyngan...and they reckon the local aborigines called it that because it's got plenty of water around it. Well it certainly did back in the 1990s when the whole town was flooded. But it's about 600 clicks, as the crow flies, north-west of the 'Big Smoke', Sydney, in New South Wales, Australia.

And these three blokes can tell you that in our time the only sex education that we got at high school was 'Don't!'

*JACK'S THREE FRIENDS NOD THEIR HEADS QUICKLY IN AGREEMENT*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

But a few of us blokes decided we should expand our learning .....and after a teacher here told me that I had a 'curious mind', I suddenly had a brainwave!

I started a group hell bent on getting a tertiary education.

So the four of us created a regular learning centre of our own! We called it 'Nyngan University'.

*JACK LEANS BACK, FOLDS HIS ARMS AND LOOKS AROUND PROUDLY AT HIS FELLOW DRINKERS.*

**BLUEY**

Yeah, remember what they said about us when we set up the campus in Riley's Old Woolshed?

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Not exactly Blue; I just remember old widow Riley got a bit narky about it all!

**JOEY**

She told everybody we were a curious mob and we would just get up to a lot of mischief!

**JOHNNO**

And she was right! But because she went around baggin' us to everyone, they all started callin' it 'The University of the Curious Mind'.

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Well the name stuck ...and I remember one wag saying, after we had completed our studies, 'they went in curious to know about the wider world and came out insatiable in their quest for even greater knowledge.

I do know that we all learned really interesting things about life in that woolshed....a compulsory part of the curriculum was the social study subject, How To Pick Up Sheilas. Remember?

### **JOHNNO**

I remember, Jack, and I think we did the ladies in this town a big favour by studying ways of approaching the opposite sex so that they didn't have to suffer even more clumsy clots around here, trying to chat them up all the time.

### **BLUEY**

You got that right, Johnno! It was there that we really worked things out by conducting some first-hand research into the odd yearnings of young women. And we had some bobby dazzlers in those field assignments.

### **JOEY**

Of course, we gained a lot of know-how about sexual techniques too.....and our text books included great literary classics such as 'The Perfumed Garden' and 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'.

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Well fellas, one thing I know for certain is that from that firm foundation I ventured forth into the world, seeking to matriculate in the weighty intellectual study of Sex Through The Ages!

#### FLASHBACK:

**INT. OLD WOOLSHED NYNGAN. YOUNG JACK IS STANDING IN FRONT OF A MAKESHIFT BLACKBOARD WITH THE WORDS "ABOUT EVE" DISPLAYED ON THE BOARD. THE YEAR IS 1960 AND THREE TEENAGE BOYS ARE SITTING ON SHEARING STOOLS. DAY.**

### YOUNG JACK

Now mates, if we are going to try to understand girls, we should start at the very beginning.

Cast your minds back to Bible class. We were told that Eve showed Adam her apples; he took a bite and all hell broke loose. They both got chucked out of the garden.

But here's the funny bit.....poor Eve took the rap for causing the downfall of man!!

Well I don't mind a tall yarn, but this one takes the cake. I'll tell ya now! All we hear is that naughty Eve, urged on by a trouser snake or somethin', was the one to blame for their sudden departure from Eden.

Let's get fair dinkum here. If young Adam was so easily tempted by Eve inviting him to enjoy forbidden pleasures, he must have had a design fault of his own!!

So what do we learn from all this?

We learn that women are very different from us blokes.

**YOUNG BLUEY (SMIRKING)**

Yeah, I've noticed that, Jack!

*Low-level laughter ripples through the 'classroom'*

**YOUNG JACK**

OK Blue! Now seriously. From the beginning, the woman has been cast as a very powerful creature and men as weak-willed jokers who are easily seduced.

**YOUNG JOEY**

You mean they can't control their dick, don't ya, Jack?

*More low-level laughter*

**YOUNG JACK**

Actually...yes, Joey! Men always want a root and women, especially at the beginning, just want a kiss and a cuddle. They have something called romantic feelings!

**YOUNG JOHNNO (LOOKING SERIOUS)**

I reckon that's right! This is exactly what nobody talks about! Yeah, we've had the sex talk from our teachers. Well actually it was called a sex education chat by Brother Joseph.....but it was all about biology. Not a word about blokes and their urges or about what girls want. All he really had to say about having sex was 'Don't'.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Blood oath, that's true, Johnno! He scared me half to death, he did!

**YOUNG JOEY**

Me too! He told us with a real glare in his eyes that if we touched up a sheila we'd get her pregnant or worse, our penis might fall off. No kiddin'...that's what he told us!

**YOUNG JACK**

See! That's what I mean....he told us only about the biological facts of life and then added that sex outside marriage was sinful and dirty. Sure he had to tell us about gettin' crabs or what he called 'sexually transmitted diseases'. Fair enough. But the way he put it he reckoned that if we did it, our manly organ could get all droopy and we would be in urgent need of pretty heavy antibiotics! Scary stuff!

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Yeah well it wasn't any better at home either. One day me Dad started stumblin' and mutterin' about how I could catch girls' germs. He was goin' red in the face tellin' me ...but that was his only words on the subject!

**YOUNG JACK**

There ya go...the girl cops it again! Why is it so hard to tell the truth about sex? That's why we have to find out for ourselves.

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

How are we gonna do that, Jack?

**YOUNG JACK (PROUDLY)**

I've got us some text books!

*Murmurs of approval.*

**YOUNG BLUEY (EAGERLY)**

Have they got any pictures, Jack?!

**YOUNG JACK (HOLDING UP A COPY OF THE KAMA SUTRA)**

Well, this one has!!!

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Aw...on ya, Jack! I love pictures!

**YOUNG JACK**

**(HOLDING UP COPIES OF 'THE PERFUMED GARDEN, 'LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER & 'LOVE WITHOUT FEAR')**

Well there's more! This is going to be your homework before we meet again next week! This is a 15th century book - it was a guide to young Arab lads....called The Perfumed Garden...it's a mouldy oldie...like the Kama Sutra.

But no pictures...sorry, Blue! And then there's 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'

**YOUNG JOHNNO (INTERJECTING)**

I've heard about that one. The gamekeeper shags the posh woman, doesn't he?

**YOUNG JACK**

Ah, I think it's a bit deeper than that. Like I said, women have romantic feelings and this book covers that sort of caper. But this is it..I want each of you blokes to have a squizz through the pages of one of these books and write a short essay of what we can learn from it. The last one is pretty much about not doing it unless you marry the girl first..what Brother Joseph was ravin'on about...but it's a sex guide and it tells you about the Rhythm method.

**YOUNG JOEY**

Sounds like a music lesson!

**YOUNG JACK**

Yeah, but I think you'd come away scratchin' your head trying to understand it. Anyway...Bluey..you get the Kama Sutra - don't go blind looking at the drawings! Joey, you get the Perfumed Garden and Johnno you can find out more about Lady Chatterley ..and I'll write up my thoughts on LOVE WITHOUT FEAR.

Well, that's it until next week. Class dismissed!

*BACK TO PRESENT DAY:*

**EXT. VACANT PADDOCK NYNGAN. AUSSIE JACK SNR TALKS TO CAMERA.DAY.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (Aged 70)**

It's a bloody shame, you know, that they knocked down the old woolshed. Of course we cleared our library of its sex classics when we graduated from the University of The Curious Mind....I think Johnno got to keep them. And it wasn't until the 70s that I found a proper sex guide that was of any real help to young blokes working out how to treat a woman in bed. It was called the Joy Of Sex. I don't know if Bluey got to read that one, but he would have understood the pictures in it a whole lot better than he did those weird drawings in the Kama Sutra.

*FLASHBACK:*

**INT. OLD WOOLSHED NYNGAN.FLASHBACK TO YOUNG JACK STANDING IN FRONT OF THE BLACKBOARD WITH THE WORDS "SEX GUIDES" DISPLAYED ON THE BOARD. THE YEAR IS STILL 1960 - A WEEK LATER FROM PREVIOUS WOOLSHED ACTIVITY. THE BOYS ON THE STOOLS ARE CHATTING AND LAUGHING. DAY.**

**YOUNG JACK**

OK fellas, I know you're keen to get on with your reports on those books I gave you....so let's do it! Blue...you tell us what you found in the KAMA SUTRA, mate.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Geez, Jack....I found it all a bit bloody confusin'. I really studied the drawings hard and tried to work out what was happening, but I didn't have a clue what they were doing in some of those possies. I mean I thought you only shagged from the top or from underneath..or maybe from behind...but these randy couples always gave it a bit of a twist.

They were busy throwing the leg over or ...yeah I know...a thing called The Bridge... where the bloke arches over like the blinkin' Sydney Harbour bridge and looks like he's about to do a back flip. But then she jumps on top on his erection. How could he get a kick out of bending over backwards with his hands and feet on the floor supportin' her weight and with his head upside down and looking the other way?!

And they kept talking about Congress...I thought that must have meant that the President was involved. But no, that was their word for shaggin'. And the bloke was able to have several wives!

So maybe he had to change the positions to avoid boredom, I don't know. It seemed a bit out of date, Jack, if you ask me.

**YOUNG JACK**

So did it teach us anything useful, Blue?

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Yeah, it said to bite them! Apparently girls like that!

**YOUNG JACK (INCREDULOUS)**

Are you sure?

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Yeah. It evens tell ya how to bite or not bite women from different parts of the country. And if you bite them too hard, they bite back - anywhere...even bite yer bum!

**YOUNG JOEY**

Hey Blue, does that mean sheilas from Nyngan might like being bitten and sheilas from Sydney mightn't?

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Maybe! But there are also a lot of positions.. about a hundred different sex positions, Joey.

One's called the yawning position and I'll tell you what ..by the time I had tried to work out so many different ways of shaggin' a sheila... I was yawnin' too!

**YOUNG JACK**

Well forget the positions...did they tell you how to treat women?

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Well it said you could smack them! Actually they called it striking...and on different parts of the body!

And it says it's OK for a courtesan to act as a bloke's wife and have sex with him whether she loves him or not, but it warns all the fellas to look out for money-grabbing courtesans.

**YOUNG JACK**

Right, Blue..thanks for that...and that last bit could apply still today in Nyngan. Well done!

**YOUNG BLUEY**

No worries, mate.

**YOUNG JACK**

Now Joey...how did you go in The PERFUMED GARDEN?

**YOUNG JOEY**

Aw, I had a ripper time, Jack. I couldn't stop crackin' up!

**YOUNG JACK**

Well, let's face it, that doesn't take much for you, Joey. When I planted a cicada on Brother Stan's back while he was scribbling on the backboard and it crawled up to his shoulder and stared at him...you just about wet your pants, you silly bugger..and you still cackled for the rest of the day!

**YOUNG JOEY**

Well, that was a riot, Jack. But this 15th century sex book 'The Perfumed Garden', is even funnier than you, Jack!

Some old codger in the last century called Captain Sir Richard Francis Burton was the first pommie bloke who tried to make sense of it and he found plenty of naughty bits.

But I got the giggles when I soon realised that as far as those Arab experts were concerned 'size does matter'. It seems that this Burton bloke was fascinated by the measure of a man too, so his translation describes the plight of a fella called Abbes who had a small and slight 'member' and who was married to a very fat and filthy rich woman. He wanted her money but could not satisfy her 'in coition'.

It took me a while to work out what was meant by that..but it means they just couldn't connect in the cot.

Next, we're told that this Abbes fellow sees a sage and he's told that if he had a 'fine member' he would get rich quick. Then the sage tells Abbes that 'women's religion is in their vulva'. So I cracked up again!

Anyway, sure enough, Abbes doesn't waste any time with this advice and the story goes on to tell us that his dick gets 'long and thick' and that he works 'his tool in quite a remarkable manner'.

Happy ending! He gets his generously proportioned and hugely rich sheila sobbing and screaming during what is called the 'operation'. Geez, back then they must have thought that a good root was an operation!

But I thought about it. I reckon the 'wise man' meant that a woman's vulva is like a temple and good old Abbes would be well advised to go worship there for a while. He apparently did!... and his wife had a long-awaited orgasm and they both presumably lived happily ever after.

Exactly how Abbes remedied the small size of his 'member' is not made clear, except that he followed the advice of the sage. I wonder if the wise man had a secret stash of Viagra and sold it as the Middle Ages answer to the small 'member' malady.

#### **YOUNG JACK**

Seems to me the old sage had a real preoccupation with the word 'member'. Maybe the bloke was a politician, because I've often heard people say that their local member is a real prick!

#### **YOUNG JOEY**

Well this Arabic sex guide is a real ripper! I give the book the 'thumbs up' for the advice that sex partners need to end up pleasing each other. Right on, I say!

#### **YOUNG JACK**

And I say you did a bonzer job with your essay, Joey....telling us what was supposed to be sexually attractive back in those times. Sounds like the ideal woman needed to be, rich, busty and lusty.

And the idea of being sexy must have changed a lot! How did we get from plump, black-haired, full bodied Arabian goddesses to skinny, giggling busty blondes as the ideal sex playmates?

#### **YOUNG JOEY (EXCITEDLY)**

Oh and Jack! The Perfumed Garden guide is definitely giving its 'perfect man' vote to the one with a big dick, quick to harden and able to hold the sperm throttle. It says his member should meet the optimum 12 fingers length test!

#### **YOUNG JACK**

Verrrry informative, Joey...now Johnno...how about Lady Chatterley?



**YOUNG JOHNNO**

Ah, this D.H. LAWRENCE bloke really knew what he was writing about, Jack!

*Johnno turns towards his classmates.*

This is what Jack has been yappin' on about for weeks!

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

Some blokes, like the Nyngan Lunging Lotharios, as Jack calls them, are all the time sayin' how they've shagged all these different sheilas. But, after reading this book, you figure out that these fellas are nothing more than a mob of drongos!

This book shows how having sex with a woman as an emotional experience is what satisfying sex is really all about! These local no-hopers, countin' their sex partners, like they do footie goals, are all brain dead and as emotionally cold as a Snowy River trout!

*Johnno turns back towards Jack with a look of admiration.*

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

This book is a bobby dazzler, Jack! I think it's still banned in Australia so I won't ask where you got this copy, but let me explain what I found in it.

I don't understand all the fuss about the sex descriptions. It's the only flamin' way you can understand what's goin' on.

But here's the short version.

Lady Chatterley...Constance is her fair dinkum name. Well, she's married to this toff who's right up himself...even if the poor coot is in a wheelchair after being injured in the First World War.

But he's seems only interested in the coalmines that he owns...and his writing ...and being pampered by his nurse, even though, as a nurse, he still sees her as being well below his class. What a wanker!

Poor Constance..or Connie, as they call her... is no angel. She's had several affairs with middle-class men, but she found them all to be dud roots!

Now she finds her husband, Clifford, wasted space in bed as well.

So along comes this Gamekeeper, Oliver Mellors, to help out.

He's a bit rough and ready and he's also just back from the army. But he doesn't have the 'drongo' approach to fornication.

And as far as Connie is concerned that's what separates Mellors from the fancy pants herd. She's got the 'hots' for him.

Instead of being like her husband's mates, who are so wrapped up in themselves and their wealth, Ollie is an earthier sort of bloke and Connie feels that he's ready to share some sensual experiences.

And even though at first he points out how the class differences are a problem, he soon winds up in the sack in a forest hut with Connie.

*Murmurs of approval from the class*

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

As well as the sexy bits, the book goes on to mention the pointless, empty relationships of the other characters but Connie & Oliver remain the principal focus of the writer's attention.

It doesn't end well though. Connie gets the rough end of the pineapple. After getting preggers she soon gets shunted off to her sister ....and Oliver is about to be divorced...but the reader knows at the end of the story that no matter what happens the torrid time that Mellors and Lady Chatterley shared is how men and women are meant to love ...and express it through their human passion.

**YOUNG JACK**

Good on ya, Johnno! I reckon we've made real progress with this exercise...now how about us all getting real-life experience. What about us having a field trip?

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Do you mean walking through the paddock?

**YOUNG JACK**

No, Blue! Academically speaking, a field trip is a close-up investigation of the subject. And our course subject is.....?

**YOUNG JOEY**

Sheilas!

**YOUNG JACK**

Correct! By the way the book that I studied was 'Love Without Fear'. I can only tell you that it was scary and it just made sheilas seem even more mysterious.

So any ideas on how we can examine them...in the raw...so to speak?

**YOUNG BLUEY (EAGERLY)**

I reckon we need to take them skinny dippin' in the Bogan river.

*Skeptical groans from the other boys.*

**YOUNG JACK (LOOKING THOUGHTFUL)**

Hold on, you lot! I think Blue's idea is a corker... we'll need one of youse to ask your sister to take her friends down to the river to cool off... totally naked like.

Then we can suddenly show up and offer them some beer.... provided I can convince my older brother to get us some liquor supplies.

*Murmurs roll across the classroom as the group considers this tantalising suggestion.*

**YOUNG JOHNNO (INTERJECTING)**

Joey's sister would be just the one to convince the girls to do it!

**YOUNG JOEY (EXCITEDLY)**

You're right, Johnno! Veronica has talked the girls into some daring stunts before! Remember?

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

That's what I mean, Ronnie's a really good sort and she was the ringleader when that group of girls showed that silly relief teacher, Miss Noonan, that she couldn't boss them around!

**YOUNG BLUEY**

I remember that caper....the teacher was a blow-in from the city and she gave them all extra homework when she overheard one of them swearing as they came into her classroom.

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

Ronnie said she got her knickers in knot when Miss Noonan announced in a holier-than-thou attitude that homework was good for them and said it would keep their minds 'out of the gutter'

**YOUNG JOEY**

Yeah...Sis wasn't gonna cop that for a second. I think it was that small sheila that they call 'Pimply Princess' who gave her the idea. She had spotted one of the local shopkeepers chatting with Miss Noonan that very day and she told the other girls that she thought that their teacher was a hypocrite. She said she had definitely heard the pair making an arrangement for a pasho in the park at 7 o'clock that night.

**YOUNG BLUEY (SMIRKING)**

Dead set..as I sit here right now I can still picture what happened. Ronnie said the girls decided to launch a surprise attack of their own. They waited until the teacher and the storeowner arrived and had settled down to a necking session on a bench in a dimly lit corner of the park.

Then...and this is the part that cracks me up... ten of the girls suddenly appeared on that small mound near the playground..and together they all exposed their rear ends at the shocked couple and shouted all the swear words they could think of at Miss Noonan!

**YOUNG JACK**

Truly? They mooned them and then swore at them?

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Yeah Jack...God's honour, mate! And then Ronnie said they told Miss Noonan that she needed to present a full report of her 'homework' to the principal in the morning!

**YOUNG JACK**

So what happened? The teacher must have kicked up a stink the next day!

**YOUNG BLUEY (LAUGHING)**

No! No way, mate! The prank worked; the teacher realised that she couldn't complain to anyone without admitting to her being caught in a naughty position with the shopkeeper. Not one of the girls had completed their homework the next day, but no one was punished.

*BACK TO PRESENT DAY:*

**EXT. VACANT PADDOCK NYNGAN. AUSSIE JACK SNR TALKS TO CAMERA. DAY.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

After hearing about the 'mooning' mischief I knew Joey's sister was the ideal person to get the girls into 'the Bogan project'. It took about two weeks before the plan was accepted by Joey's sister.

Veronica was a well-developed, very good-looking girl and I soon convinced her with a bribe of getting some free beer for her efforts to have the girls get their gear off to skinny dip in the river.

I was lucky...the weather was as hot as blazes in Nyngan at the time.

Ronnie was selective about which friends she invited to bathe nude though. There were only about six or seven who would take up the 'dare' to strip off and swim naked in the river so close to the town.

Even 'Pimply Princess' who had agreed to the 'mooning' incident backed out at the last moment, saying she had developed a 'summer cold' but Ronnie said that the thought of her teenage acne being exposed was probably the real reason for her last-minute withdrawal.

So it came to pass, as they say in the classics, that this small band of country girls on a steamy Saturday afternoon descended upon a sparsely shaded stretch of the Bogan river to throw off all their gear and step into the murky water to splash about, giggling like the bunch of schoolgirls that they were.

My older brother had reluctantly purchased the beer with the money that our 'study group' had pooled together for the 'field assignment'. He did ask a lot of questions, but he was convinced by my sincere tone that me and me mates were just planning a 'schoolies' party in a picnic by the river.

*VISUAL FLASHBACK:*

**EXT. A TREE-LINED STRETCH OF THE BOGAN RIVER. DAY**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR. (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER RIVER VISUALS)**

Of course, I was careful not to disclose the exact location of our 'special' event. We had tightly coordinated the time and place with Ronnie so that we could get into position before the girls arrived and then we could study at a distance how girls went about stripping.

To be honest, that was a bit of a disappointment. They just took their clothes off, lifting blouses over their heads, throwing off skirts and jeans, and then jumping into the river.

I don't know why, but somehow we were expecting something a little more stimulating. That was the trouble with reading those Playboy articles; they didn't stack up well with reality.

*EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF GIRLS FROLICKING IN RIVER*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR.**

But then we entered into Phase Two of our 'assignment'. It was time to walk into the open, look surprised to find a bunch of sheilas in the nude and offer them some of the beer that we had brought to the river! We didn't expect the squeals that several of them made when we appeared, but we soon calmed them.

*IMAGE DISSOLVE: IMAGE OF AUSSIE JACK SNR DISSOLVES TO IMAGE OF YOUNG JACK AT RIVER*

**YOUNG JACK**

Don't worry...it's OK...we've seen it all before...now, would you girls like to swig some booze with us?

*THE GIRLS BEGIN LAUGHING*

**RONNIE (NAKED TO THE WAIST, SHOUTING)**

I bet you lot haven't seen a girl naked in your life, you bloody liars!

*THE GIRLS APPROACH THE BOYS ON THE RIVER BANK*

**NANCY (A FAIRLY PLUMP REDHEAD)**

Well don't just stand around! Chuck us a few tinnies from the esky! And stop gawkin' at me, Bluey!

**BLUEY (IN A STAGE WHISPER TO JACK AS HE BENDS DOWN TO THE ESKY)**

Geez Jack, I've never seen so many white pointers in the one place!

**NANCY (WITH A HALF-SMILE)**

I heard that Randy man!!

*THE GIRLS REMAIN NAKED AS THEY SIP THEIR BEERS AMONG THE BOYS ON THE RIVER BANK.*

**RONNIE**

OK you blokes now that we've got some booze, let's see what you've got.

We showed you our hidden treasures as we skinny dipped - now it's time for you to show us yours.

*NANCY CATCHES JACK BY SURPRISE FROM BEHIND AND PUSHES HIM FORWARD INTO THE RIVER.*

**NANCY (AFTER PLUNGING INTO THE WATER BEHIND JACK)**

Ok Jack! Time for a little diving!

*NANCY SWIMS BETWEEN JACK'S LEGS, GRABBING AT HIM AS SHE DOES AND SURFACES BEHIND HIM AND PEERS OVER HIS SHOULDER, PRESSING HER BREASTS INTO HIS BACK WHILE LAUGHING INTO THE SIDE OF HIS FACE.*

**NANCY (WHISPERING INTO JACK'S EAR)**

Your turn to dive, Jacky boy!

*JACK DISAPPEARS BENEATH NANCY WITH SWIRLS OF CLOUDY WATER INDICATING THE SEXUAL ACTION OCCURRING BELOW BEFORE JACK SURFACES BEHIND NANCY WITH HIS HANDS EAGERLY EXPLORING HER FRONT.*

**NANCY (GENTLY REMOVING JACK'S HANDS)**

Playtime's over!.....but it was nice!

*BACK TO PRESENT:*

**EXT. TREE-LINED STRETCH OF THE BOGAN RIVER, PRESENT TIME, WITH NO PEOPLE IN SIGHT. DAY.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (LOOKING DOWN TOWARDS THE RIVER)**

Not all members of the 'study group' had been as fortunate as I had been that day, but as their team leader I felt that I had led by example.

Some of the boys did explore certain aspects of sexual attraction but others, I suspect, later exaggerated their experience.

The end result was that everyone cooled off, consumed heaps of beer and by the time we had all dressed, we felt that we had taken some of the mystique out of sex.

Yet, there had been no actual shagging. The conversation had revolved around school, country life and people that we all knew, with just a few jokes about how good or otherwise we might be in bed.

Back in the 'classroom', we had concluded that our 'field assignment' had been a great success, but we had no desire to repeat the event. But we did cover other subjects...such as dangerous places to have sex.

*FLASHBACK:*

**INT. OLD WOOLSHED NYNGAN. FLASHBACK TO YOUNG JACK STANDING IN FRONT OF THE BLACKBOARD WITH THE WORDS "DANGEROUS SEX" DISPLAYED ON THE BOARD. THE YEAR IS STILL 1960 - A MONTH AFTER THE BOGAN RIVER SKINNY DIP EXERCISE. DAY.**

**YOUNG JACK**

You probably think this week's topic, Dangerous Sex, is another talk on the importance of wearing a condom.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

I'm set, Jack. I've been working on the idea of makin' them out of cut down plastic bags, with rubber bands on the end to keep them tight.

**YOUNG JACK**

Well that would really be a good example of Dangerous Sex! Blue...don't!!

**YOUNG BLUEY (CRESTFALLEN)**

Ah, geez....I thought I was being clever...inventive!

**YOUNG JACK**

Inventive? More like insane! Anyway, we will talk about devices as part of this Dangerous Sex lesson..but later!

What I want to talk about is where to have sex....if it's not in the privacy of your own home.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

That's why I'm not gettin' any! I can't do it at home.

**YOUNG JOEY (LAUGHING)**

That's a lame excuse, Blue. Your parents went away to Broken Hill for a whole weekend last week.....you just can't crack on to a sheila to do it with!

**YOUNG JOHNNO (INTERJECTING)**

OK, give it a rest, you two! I wanna hear what Jack has to say.

**YOUNG JACK**

Thanks, Johnno. Yeah well, do you remember Nancy, the farmer's girl who was divin' between my legs on our field assignment?

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Yeah, I thought that was pretty dangerous!

**YOUNG JACK**

No, that was memorable, Blue!

But it turns out that Nancy has been carrying on with Robert Ellis, the bloke that works at the service station.

**YOUNG BLUEY (SMIRKING)**

Did she book herself in for a service?!

**YOUNG JACK**

Well that's not too far from the truth, Blue. She and Bob got themselves into a bit of bother in his car, a few nights ago.

**YOUNG JOEY**

What happened? Did her dad catch them at it?! They reckon he's got a fierce Irish temper!

**YOUNG JACK**

No Joey...but it was only luck that saved Bob.

So, you all must have seen his flash looking car, by now.....you know...the Morris Minor!

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

Yeah it's Cherry Red. But it's about the size of a sardine can.

**YOUNG JACK**

Right! And a dangerous place to give the ferret a run!

**YOUNG BLUEY (LAUGHING)**

Ah..don't tell me those two were trying to shag in his car?

**YOUNG JACK**

Spot on, Blue. The way Bobby tells the story is that he had heard that Nancy was a little more daring than most of the other girls that he knew, so he talked her into taking a spin in his car to a dark, lover's lane location for a bit of a 'pasho'. Well, his tiny vehicle is not exactly made for intimacy. Maybe a pint-sized acrobat might squash herself into the back seat, but Nancy could never be accused of being that.

So there they were, parked alongside some shrubbery close to a few other larger cars with some frisky couples 'making out' in the relative comfort of their rear seats.

But in Bob's tin can of a vehicle, those two were seated very uncomfortably in the driver's and passenger's seat separated by a black gear stick with a tiny brown knob on its top.

So after a few necessary moves, such as Nancy unbuttoning her blouse and Bob leaning over to tug off her panties, Nancy was getting aroused very quickly.

It soon became obvious that Nancy wanted Bob to start touching her pussy; she rose in her seat, clambered above the gear stick and started to lower herself so that Bob had clear access.

**YOUNG BLUEY (ATTENTIVELY)**

Lucky Bob!

**YOUNG JACK**

Not exactly, Blue. Sadly, gravity took its toll and Nancy was unable to support herself as she moved downwards; she landed on the knob of the gear stick!

**YOUNG JOEY**

Ouch!

**YOUNG JACK**

At first Nancy squealed from the shock of something round and hard rubbing against the place where Bob was supposed to have had his fingers. Then, to Bob's enormous relief, Nancy starting giggling. She told him that it actually felt good, but a bit hard. then she asked him if he had any oily stuff.

**JOHNNO (THOUGHTFULLY)**

Of course, she needed lubricant!

**YOUNG JACK**

Exactly, and Bob, being a mechanic, I guess, was always a boy scout when it came to being prepared for sex outdoors and, once he got over his moment of disbelief at Nancy's reaction, he remembered that he still had a tube of KY jelly with a cucumber in a bag on the back seat; he told me he had used them as a dildo and lubricant on Nancy a week before.

So Bob described what happened next. Nancy, although she's not very tall, was a rather scary sight, arched towards the car's steering wheel, with one foot planted on the driver's floor and the other on the passenger's seat and firmly stuck on the knob on the gear stick. Bob got busy, prising her apart to insert two fingers covered in KY jelly over the knob and upwards.



**YOUNG BLUEY (EAGERLY)**

What a cool bloke...what did he do then, Jack?!

**YOUNG JACK**

Well Bob says she became highly aroused and in what he says was a 'kind of a moan' asked him what would happen if he started the motor?!

**YOUNG JOEY**

Fair dinkum? She must have thought it would turn into a huge vibrator!

**YOUNG JACK**

Yeah. But Bob kept his head and told her that the car was in gear and it would bolt forward.

**YOUNG BLUEY (DISAPPOINTED)**

Aw...couldn't he reach the clutch?

**YOUNG JACK**

Well Nancy wasn't giving up so easily. She asked Bob if there was any way that he could make the gear stick throb?! She said it was already making her 'hot'.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Atta girl, Nancy!

**YOUNG JACK**

Well Bob apparently is never one to disappoint a girl, so he considered his options. It was in his interest to bring Nancy to an orgasm on the gear stick, but he wondered if he could do it without causing injury. So he told her to lift her pussy upwards and he'd try to shove the stick into neutral and start the engine!

**YOUNG JOEY**

Did the KY Jelly help her to move upwards, OK?

**YOUNG JACK**

Yes! But she still wanted to feel what would happen, so Bob told her that he would let her know when to lower herself on it again!

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

He must have sounded like a factory foreman shouting orders to direct a forklift operation!

**YOUNG JACK**

Well, Bob says he knew that it could be a risky manoeuvre. Once the knob was clear he jerked the gear into the neutral position, checked it by pushing it sideways and then turned the key to switch on the engine. It sparked to life immediately and Bob says when he could feel the vibrations on the gear stick he told Nancy, she would feel the throb of the engine in the gear stick, but he warned her that he thought the knob seemed a bit loose so she should be careful that it didn't come off inside.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Geez, they were nuts, those two!

**YOUNG JACK**

Well, maybe so...but Nancy went ahead and lowered herself on to the vibrating gear stick knob and was moving it against her clitoris vigorously. At one stage, Bob said he became worried that she might move the stick into gear, but without any clutch action that was unlikely. He says that although it was too dark to see her face, Bob felt her body trembling beside him and then as she released a loud moan he knew the improvised dildo had done its job.

**YOUNG JOEY**

So it wasn't so dangerous after all?

**YOUNG JACK**

Hang on! According to Bob, Nancy then slid back with a thud to the passenger seat with her legs still wide apart and he could see that the slippery knob, made of polished wood had come off with her. He thinks that her sudden jerking at the time of orgasm must have released the knob that then became wedged tightly inside until he removed it. When Bob realised that he could have easily ended up in the local hospital asking doctors to surgically remove the improvised dildo, he told me that he is now sworn off using anything other than a proper sex toy to please a woman. Wise move, if you ask me!

**YOUNG BLUEY**

So, Jack.....is it safer just to use cucumbers as a dildo?

**YOUNG JACK**

Well certainly safer than gear sticks, Blue! And I've heard from my brother that the humble cucumber has always been the 'dildo of choice' for most blokes in Nyngan. Anyway, we'll talk more about that next week!

*FADE:*

**INT. OLD WOOLSHED NYNGAN. YOUNG JACK is STANDING IN FRONT OF THE BLACKBOARD WITH THE WORDS "FARM FRUIT & VEGETABLES AS SEX APPLIANCES" DISPLAYED ON THE BOARD. IT IS ONE WEEK LATER. DAY.**

*The classroom atmosphere resembles a 'show and tell' session as the 'students' display all sorts of garden veggies as possible contenders for bringing a woman to orgasm. Two older men, ex-students, Rodney & Gus, have joined the group. YOUNG JACK is seen selecting a carrot from the array of fruit exhibits. He holds it upright before the class.*

**YOUNG JACK**

This is a fine example, isn't it? But is it phallic enough to please a sheila?

I've invited a couple of sexperts to join us today to give us their opinion. Rodney..or 'Big Rod', as he's known to several sheilas in Nyngan, seems to have a bit of experience in this area. So Rodney, give us the load down on this fruity number as a dildo!

**RODNEY (TAKING THE CARROT)**

Sure, Jack. G'day you lot!

Well you could say that I have made a scientific study of the carrot as a tool for pleasin' sheilas.

Rigorous testing has been applied in several 'clinical' trials. No placebos were used because I didn't have anything that looked like a carrot...except maybe the parsnip, but I couldn't find any in Nyngan.

**YOUNG BLUEY (EAGERLY)**

How was the testing conducted, Rod?

**RODNEY**

As part of foreplay, mate!

**YOUNG JOEY**

Did you find it difficult to get volunteers for this study.

**RODNEY**

Nah, I didn't ask them, mate.

**YOUNG JACK**

OK. Can we just get to the test results for the carrot?

**RODNEY**

Yeah, yeah! Eight out of the 12 subjects tested with the carrot told me it was too rough on their clit!

They all said it was too rigid to use for arousal!

**YOUNG BLUEY**

What about the 4 other Sheilas, Rod?

**RODNEY (RUBBING THE TOP OF THE CARROT)**

Well 3 of them liked it with a condom slipped over the top here and using just the point to rub gently on their clit.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

And the other Sheila?

**RODNEY**

Not so good, mate. She told me to shove it up me arse!

**YOUNG JACK (INTERRUPTING)**

Well, thank you, Rodney....I think we can rule out using carrots.

**RODNEY (EXITING)**

But they're really good if you just eat them, you know.

**YOUNG JACK**

We'll keep that in mind, Rodney. Now, I'll ask Gus to give us the benefit of his experience.

Gus, as you all know, is the son of Tony Caffarelli...or *Caffa*, as we call him...He owns the Nyngan fruit shop. Come out here, Gus!

**GUS**

'allo, maytes! Tank you for dis chance to tella you about *fruita d'amore*!

I hope you visit our shopa...it is filled with luscious fruita for any occasion.

We ah hava leafy vegetables lika de cabbages and cauliflowers and de spinach...all good for getting strong for long love-making, eh?

**YOUNG JOEY (GIGGLING)**

Yeah, Gus...but there's a problem with eatin' that stuff. Isn't that why they call you 'Gas'...instead of Gus?

**GUS**

OK, you can maka yer fun, Joey...but I beta you never use this if you geta lucky any time.

*Gus holds up a purple eggplant that he's taken from the fruit display.*

**YOUNG BLUEY**

That's a whopper, Gus!

**GUS**

So what? You think size doesn'ta matter, Bluey?

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Have you really road tested that thing?

**GUS (ENTHUSIASTIC)**

Yes, yes...on Maria, mya cousin.

**YOUNG JACK**

Ah, Gus...I don't think we should mention any names!

**GUS**

You right, Jack..Sorry, I meant a friend!

She say to me...'Oh Gus...it's a fruita bella ..so big and so smooth!'

**YOUNG JOHNNO (INTERRUPTING)**

But did it work? Did she climax, Gus?

**GUS**

I no understand you Aussies. You mean orgasmo? Why rush? The egga plant is for getting her in the mood. Then we hava some vino and cook the eggplant anda then we eat and wea kiss! Dis is how to make love!

**YOUNG BLUEY**

You I-ties really make a meal of sex, don'tcha?

**GUS (EXITING)**

Si!

**YOUNG JACK**

Alright...time to get down to the nitty gritty. On this table..apart from the carrot and the eggplant that we've heard about, we also have celery sticks, one beetroot, some corn on the cob, a cucumber and some zucchinis.

We don't have any bananas, even though I know they're popular for this application. But they're too pricey 'cos they have to be transported all the way from bloody Queensland!

But when they are available... we still enjoy watching sheilas eat them, don't we?

*The 'students' all grunt in agreement.*

**YOUNG JACK**

So now I'll hold up each of the items here and you can vote with a round of applause for each one you think works best as a dildo.

*Jack holds up celery sticks, one beetroot, some corn on the cob, a cucumber and zucchinis in that order. The loudest applause, with hoots & hollers, is for the cucumber.*

**YOUNG JACK**

We have a winner. The cucumber is the clear winner, followed by zucchinis as second choice.

But before we go this week, as we have two sexperts with us, let's discuss the best place outdoors to have sex.

*Rodney quickly raises his hand.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Well, Rodney..you're probably the most experienced bloke in the room..where d'ya reckon?

**RODNEY**

In the bush, mate. Nothin' like it! Ya can strip...fool around..give her a knee-trembler up against a gum tree...and roll her around in the grass.

**YOUNG JOEY**

Grass on her arse? That wouldn't be comfortable!

**YOUNG JOHNNO (INTERJECTING)**

And what about snakes?

**RODNEY**

Snakes? Not a chance..they pick up the vibrations and shoot through! As for the grass, yeah a couple said they got rashes, but all you have to do is put them on top!

**GUS (INTERJECTING)**

Again, you Aussies rush everya ting! I lika to be more romantic! The girl, she likea to be seduced. So, I take them in my car all the way out to the Macquarie Marshes.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Where the heck is that?

**GUS**

It's about one hour's drive from here. It'sa the bush...but only dead trees full of coloured birds..and standing in water....è *bello!*

**YOUNG JOEY**

So where do *you* do it?

**GUS**

Ah Joe, Joe, Joe. First you hava picnic and she watches the wildlife...funny emus...and many, many birds. She relaxes. She eats. She drinks. She is ready.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

So what? Do you shag her on a picnic blanket.

**GUS**

This shag...it'sa nota nicea word.

Sometimes we make love on the blanket..with the birds chirping...or in summer when the sun is setting.....or I put down the back seat of my station wagon and we do wonderful things to each other there.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

You I-ties...you're all a bit smooth, eh!

**GUS**

We just love de woman.

**RODNEY (INTERJECTING)**

Well we Aussies can be smooth too. Sometimes I tie the woman's hands to the bed. That's pretty romantic, I reckon.

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

I read about that. It's called bondage, isn't it?

**YOUNG JACK**

Yes it is, Johnno and you'd better make sure the sheila likes it before you try somethin' like that!

They call it a fetish and apparently Rodney's right. Some women enjoy the rush of sexual arousal they get from being 'ravished' after being tied to a bedhead. I could never do it though and certainly I'd never let a sheila tie me up. But that's me and probably because I remember being tied to a tree while playing a game of 'cowboys and indians' with three of you lot. It was in the bush right here in Nyngan. Two of you ran off and left me there for an hour before Bluey came back and released me.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

I felt guilty, Jack.

**YOUNG JOHNNO**

Sorry, Jack

**YOUNG JOEY**

Yeah...sorry, Jack

**YOUNG JACK**

Yeah, well...forget it. The past is another country.

**YOUNG BLUEY**

Whadda ya mean, Jack?

**YOUNG JACK**

Just that the past is a long way away...you know, like Bourke is from here.

**YOUNG BLUEY (TRYING TO UNDERSTAND)**

Oh!

*BACK TO PRESENT:*

**EXT. A TREE-LINED STRETCH OF THE BOGAN RIVER. DAY**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Looking back, over the distance of time, in many ways, I think we all matured during our first sex encounter on the Bogan ..but then most of us wanted to enjoy intimacy privately, not as a group.

And in our 'Uni' classroom, even though we were inexperienced ourselves I think we learned a lot by hearing from the sexperts, Rodney and Gus. I know it made us even more curious....ridgy didge, it did!

We all started to mix socially. Several girls seemed to fancy me a bit and I noticed that some girls, mostly older than me, liked to talk with me at parties and, as I had started singing some rock songs with a local band, they often discussed music. You see, first there was a mateship with the sheilas that we met and out of that came occasional bursts of French kissing & stuff. There was one girl, blondish and slightly chubby, who used to linger for a long time on her party kisses. They were kind of inner mouth explorations that startled, rather than stimulated.

A few other girls gave me the drum that they were ready to provide something a little more daring. But I can say that in all situations, a demarcation line was firmly set above the abdomen and wandering hands were halted at that line.

In fact, it was as if the girls had got together and built a sort of 'pubic proof fence' across their waistlines to keep prying fingers above the body borderline.

So it seems to me that even way back then young girls were very aware of the need to remain in control of their emotions, while most us boys, including me, were ever eager to advance further without any due regard to the consequences. It's true that I also know of some blokes who were quick learners in their late teenage years. They came to realise that they could con some girls into sex with smooth talk and with their blatant sexuality. They could entice them with a cavalier attitude that was best described back then as 'bed them, don't wed them'. But for most, their brief affairs became bitter-sweet at best.

Many of these blokes eventually got the message and concluded that what really mattered was pleasing their lover as much as pleasing themselves in any exchange of sexual favours.

Sadly, other jokers learned nothing. They were the blokes who 'bagged' and 'bragged', openly boasting of exploiting the affections of young girls. The real shocker was that so many of those blokes retained such a juvenile attitude into their adult life.

When it comes to sex, some blokes' consideration for the partner's satisfaction is sadly absent. They're like cavemen! Their dick governs their thinking. They just don't get it; they don't understand how to handle intimacy.

Anyway, all this prompted me into asking myself why so many men were missing the point. As I 'graduated' from the 'University of the Curious Mind', I got to wonder whether the sex guides handed down through the ages had any bearing on this pitiable outcome for many men.

I was dating a pretty sheila called Trish at the time, but I knew I'd have to get away from the bush and learn a lot more about life.

So, as I got aboard the train headed down to the Big Smoke of Wicked Sydney I was determined to create my own sex manual.

*SLOW DISSOLVE TO SYDNEY SCENE:*

**EXT.CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION, SYDNEY. YOUNG JACK IS SEEN OUTSIDE THE STATION GAZING UP AT THE CLOCK TOWER. DAY**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS OF YOUNG JACK IN SYDNEY)**

I was eighteen when I first arrived in Sydney.....

And it was only a month after I got there that I had my first prolonged sexual connection with a girl.

*VISUAL TRANSITION:*

*YOUNG JACK is finishing a meal inside a Sydney home*



**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION)**

I had moved to the city to become an apprentice electrician in Sydney and the boss, a surly old sod, had invited me back to his house after work for a bite to eat and to discuss the current job. I don't remember too much about the work discussion, but I do remember that he had his niece, Jill, who was the same age as me, visiting from Coonabarabran, way out in the sticks! It was cold enough that night to freeze a sheep's testicles. So, after the job chat, I was invited to sit on the couch with Jill

**JACK'S BOSS (POINTING TO COUCH)**

Get yourself a possie on the couch, mate.

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS OF YOUNG JACK SITTING NEXT TO JILL)**

So I chose to sit on the couch with Jill, to watch some television. She was a redhead, smaller than me and already slumped back on the couch with a woollen blanket covering her up to her neck.

It was a two-seater lounge so I instantly felt the warmth of her young body as I sat next to her and as she shared her blanket with me.

We talked softly as we watched some idiotic show on television. The boss and his wife had retreated to the kitchen, where I suspected they were both having a swig of Scotch together.

The boss was a big whisky drinker and Jill and I laughed about her stingy uncle not turning on the heater in the room, preferring to save money on electricity from which he earned a good pile of dough. So getting somewhat bored Jill turned to me and mentioned that, despite the blanket, she was feeling a little cold.

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

**JILL**

Jings, Jack...I'm still bloody freezin'....aren't you?

**YOUNG JACK**

Well reckon there's only one thing to do, luv. I better move a bit closer and keep us both warm.

**JILL (GRINNING HER APPROVAL)**

Reckon you should, Jack.

*BACK TO VISUALS WITH AUSSIE JACK SNR NARRATION:*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION)**

Well, I was quicker than a startled goanna shooting up a gum tree - I realised that Jill was seeking a much more personal encounter. She smiled at me as I moved my right hand under the cover to lightly touch her breasts.

I reckon she must have been wearing a cotton pyjama top because I began feeling her nipples starting to grow. At that, she lay right back and sighed softly.

Never let a chance go by, I say. I quickly found the bottom of her pyjama top and slid both my hands under it and up over her bare skin to fondle her properly.

She was lovely; she was still smiling as I withdrew one hand to wet the fingers with my tongue and return them to her nipples, which soon became so hard that I thought she might begin screaming. She didn't, so I slid one hand down under her pyjama pants and felt what I knew would be a nice gingery patch of pubic hair. She looked at me slightly alarmed and slowly swayed her head from side to side.

Well I'm not dense. I knew what that meant! She didn't want me to continue towards my real target.

Being the gentleman I've always been, I withdrew my hand... and continued to caress every part of her breasts.

That got her grinnin' again. But it was too good to last. The boss and his wife suddenly re-entered the room.

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE as YOUNG JACK's boss returns to the room :*

**JACK'S BOSS**

So how's Television?

**YOUNG JACK (SLYLY REMOVING HIS HANDS)**

Ah, it's all that silly stuff they always serve up.

**JACK'S BOSS**

Yeah, I've never liked those cooking shows either. I always say when it gets too hot in the kitchen a bloke should get out.

*BACK TO VISUALS WITH AUSSIE JACK SNR NARRATION:*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION)**

To this day I couldn't tell you what we had been watching ...but that sensual experience I knew I needed to repeat. It was not to be with her though; Jill returned to Coonabarabran the next day and I was never to see her again.

*FADE:*

**EXT. THE NORTH HEAD CARPARK. CAR LIGHTS ARE SWITCHED OFF. DUSK.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

It was a few weeks later as early Spring was warming up the Aussie beaches that I was invited on an evening drive in an old Austin A40 with my mates, Ian and Bryan, and a few girls to North Head - that's a high point in the Manly area overlooking the entrance to Sydney Harbour.

The car was a bit crowded and I was crunched up with a 19-year-old brunette called Kathy. The car was in pretty good nick for a vehicle that had just about reached the Vintage category but its engine was a little tired and it had coughed a complaint as it moved its heavy load up to the parking area, which seemed to be deserted. The city lights across the harbour were mesmerising. They seemed to sparkle as we all sat in the dark admiring the brooding waters and the few boats that came sailing into view.

**INT. AUSTIN SEDAN WITH DIMLY-LIT INTERIOR. DUSK**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

I was also admiring Kathy's flowing long hair and sweet smile as Ian and Bryan started making swift advances to their girlfriends seated beside them. It was OK for the pair in the front because they only had a gear stick between them so they had no problem getting closer to each other.

There were four of us in the back seat. Bryan's girl was partly sitting on his lap and when he began to move his hands up her skirt to remove her panties, the movement forced me closer to Kath.

But no worries there. She was smiling and she had stopped staring vacantly at the scenery; Suddenly she gave me an expectant look as she leaned forward to kiss me. Her lips parted and I took the cue to explore the opening with an eager tongue. Oh, what a heavenly sensation, even if some might say it was inspired by the Devil!

I've never been able to understand why young blokes aren't aware of how to use their tongue in such agreeable situations. I've been told by a few guys that they 'didn't want to push inside her mouth' because they thought they would scare her off. Man, if you're lucky enough to have a woman get hot enough to kiss you, let the passion take over and nature will take care of the rest. Timid tongues will just throw a wet blanket on her fire.

Instinctively, I knew that Kath was getting horny when she kissed me on that memorable night at North Head. Don't get me wrong, there are some 'buts' to this type of circumstance. There are moments that there may be an attraction, but the passion hasn't yet come to the surface. I've learned to be sure rather than sorry.

If she leans towards you, it's easy squeasy. If not, hold your horses ..and wait for the right vibes and then move towards her with your eyes telling her that you find her so beautiful that you want to kiss her. Then gently place one hand around her shoulders and the back of her neck. You've gotta sort of angle your face so that you don't rub noses Eskimo-style or you'll look like a proper dag.

Now, despite all those steamy moments that you've seen in the movies where couples look like they're having a 'mouth meal', simply place your lips on hers and then be alert to all of her responses. If you move slowly enough, you should be able to brush her lips apart very gently. But be careful!

Don't rush this first contact! If she responds by allowing you to open her lips, let your tongue lightly brush against hers. If she withdraws a little, so should you and while softly stroking the back of her neck--a very sensual movement in itself--simply kiss her lips until your brain tells you to take a break. Don't appear too hungry for sex. Respect her right to determine when she's ready for more intimacy.

And! When you move your lips away, continue stroking her neck and gaze into her eyes. No, not like a love-sick moron! Admire her eyes, her nose, and her entire face. And tell her you think she's beautiful. Look at her!! Don't yap too much at this stage.

And! Don't touch any other part of her body while you're stroking her neck...whatever you do!!

One of two things will happen. Either her initial passion will grow and she will move closer for more kissing or she will appreciate your ardour but tell you she would like to take things more slowly.

Let's say you get lucky and the 'petting' has worked well. Kiss exactly the same way as you began. You may be surprised at how much more willing she has become for a more intense pasho.

This is what happened with Kathy all those years ago and she responded to my gentle neck stroking and to a few soft words about her beauty, all the time giving me a searching stare with her soulful brown eyes, which made me feel the truth of what I was saying to her.

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

**CLOSE-UP OF KATH & YOUNG JACK WITH DIM LIGHT FROM OUTSIDE**

*Inside Kath & YOUNG JACK kiss passionately. Jack unbuttons her blouse which prompts more passionate kissing with Jack taking quick breaks to see what he's doing. He deftly releases both breasts from their bra prison and again looks deeply into her eyes. Before long he glances back at her nipples that under his moistened fingers have begun to rise.*

**KATH (SMILING)**

What do you think of my knockers, Jack?

**YOUNG JACK**

Bloody breath-taking if you ask me?! I wanna kiss them.

**KATH (SMILING SEDUCTIVELY)**

Well? What are you waiting for?

*The pair continue with Jack raising Kath slightly higher on the seat so that he can see what he is doing as they go through the full sex sequence of skirt being removed, jeans unzipped and full foreplay involving fingers & mouths and eventual penetration and orgasm.*

*Many comedic opportunities occur as upon hearing Kathy's orgasm it increases the sexual advances of Ian and Bryan.*

*There is the creaking of the seats in front of the car and Bryan and his girlfriend, Mona, in their cramped quarters beside Jack become more physical.*

*At one point Kathy is still delivering oral sex to Jack and he can feel Mona's bum touching his as Bryan pushes into her - providing some awkward but sensual moments for the four people in the back seat.*

*The scene closes with Kath giving Jack a prolonged post-coital kiss.*

*FADE:*

**EXT. MANLY FERRY HEADING INTO CIRCULAR QUAY. AUSSIE JACK SNR LOOKS UP AT THE SKYSCRAPERS. DAY**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (TALKS TO CAMERA)**

You know when I remember all that carry-on at North Head I realise now that Kathy could not have been as innocent as I had first thought.

I had certainly not deflowered a virgin in the back of the A40 sedan that night.

Anyway, I had worked like a navvy over the Sydney springtime as an apprentice electrician, doing some really hard yakka, a variety of wiring jobs around warehouses and office buildings...like the ones around here; I always preferred the office jobs because I got to flirt with some pretty girls who sat with their stockings under wooden desks, often close to the power outlets I was working on!

One larger sized, blonde sheila that I met inside an insurance office near here was very distracting.

*FLASHBACK:*

**INT. INSURANCE OFFICE, 2 MALE LEGS IN OVERALLS PROTRUDE FROM UNDER A DESK WHERE A WELL-ENDOWED BLONDE IS SEATED. DAY.**

*A young blonde woman is wearing a black top with a plunging V-shaped front that had quite a job containing her generous bosom. Her skirt is so short that as YOUNG JACK lies on the floor, wiring a power outlet, he looks upwards and can see her white panties. The woman realises what he is doing and leans over the front of her desk, which had the effect of almost spilling her breasts in front of Jack's face.*

**BLONDE WOMAN (WITH MOCK INDIGNATION)**

I know what you're doing, you know!

**YOUNG JACK (STANDING)**

Um..I'm really sorry Miss...I was just...

**BLONDE WOMAN (INTERRUPTING)**

You were just perverting on my crotch under there! Look, I won't report you to your boss, but come with me. I think we should talk about this!

*The woman stands upright, smoothly tucking her breasts neatly away as far as the top will allow. She beckons to Jack to follow her towards a small office at the back of the room. Jack follows her, expecting her to give him a private lecture on good manners for visiting tradesmen. She pulls the empty mail room door ajar, pushes Jack inside and tells him to sit on the one chair in the small space, which is crammed with old filing cabinets. Jack hears her click the door shut, but doesn't realise that she has locked it.*

**YOUNG JACK (SITTING IN CHAIR)**

I suppose you want to give me a tongue lashing...but how did you guess that I was perverting?

**BLONDE WOMAN (SMILING)**

Did ya really think I didn't know what you would do if I spread my legs under there? Now give it to me so I can get started!

*The young woman moves closer and begins unclipping Jack's blue overalls. She reaches inside and forcefully pulls his exposed genitals close to her mouth.*

**BLONDE WOMAN (SMIRKING)**

This is your punishment for lusting after me, boy-o!

*As she speaks she leans down to the chair where she had shoved Jack and begins lashing his testicles with her long tongue.*

**YOUNG JACK (EYES CLOSED)**

Aw, you really know how to give a bloke a tongue lashing, alright!

**BLONDE WOMAN (TONGUING THE TIP OF JACK'S TOOL)**

Well boy-o, I'm only making you stiff so I can feel you get really hard.

*The woman begins stripping.*

**BLONDE WOMAN (PULLING JACK FROM THE CHAIR)**

Now it's your turn!!

*The woman sits down on the chair completely naked with her legs raised and wide open.*

**BLONDE WOMAN**

**(DRAWING JACK TOWARDS THE TARGET THAT RESEMBLES A DOCKING BAY AWAITING DELIVERY)**

Suck me and then root me! I didn't bring you in here for a nap! Bloody well get that big monster of yours in here now!

*Jack and the blonde engage in wild intercourse until she has an audible orgasm!*

*VISUALS CONTINUE WITH AUSSIE JACK SNR NARRATION:*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS OF MAIL ROOM ACTION)**

It was as if a volcano had just blown its top! Anyway, the enormous trembling was enough to trigger me into action as well. I yelled a bit myself but then I realised how self-conscious you become immediately after having sex with a stranger.

Of course, she immediately started to pull up her panties and get ready for a quick exit. But I remember being really bold; I pulled the panties back down again and embarked on a muff diving expedition; I just didn't want this experience to end. It was then I realised that for women, it's not all over with the first orgasm. She responded by pushing my head closer to its target and she grabbed my hand to stroke her breasts again. She was lost in the 2nd wave ..but then I suddenly realised where we were.

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

**YOUNG JACK (WHISPERING)**

Someone might come!

**BLONDE WOMAN (GETTING DRESSED)**

Well boy-o...that was great!

*VISUALS CONTINUE WITH AUSSIE JACK SNR NARRATION:*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

I still don't know if it was that first full sexual encounter being so exciting that made me so hungry for more or if her parting compliment had set my mind on a path towards an everlasting need for sexual satisfaction.

As I worked frantically on the other jobs in that office to make up for lost time, I did have a passing thought about having just had sex without a condom. That thought sobered me up as I pondered a possible pregnancy resulting from such a rash move. So before I left the office, I wandered back to her desk to do a post-coital check.

The woman I had just savoured appeared totally disinterested in me as I approached her.

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

**BLONDE WOMAN (SPEAKING SHARPLY)**

What do you want?

*VISUALS CONTINUE WITH AUSSIE JACK SNR NARRATION:*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION)**

'What did I want?' What a strange expression for someone who had just given me more than I had ever dreamed of!

Then she took one look at my expression and she knew exactly what I was thinking.

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

**BLONDE WOMAN (WHISPERING)**

Don't worry, Boy-O! I'm on the pill!

*VISUALS CONTINUE OVER AUSSIE JACK SNR NARRATION:*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION)**

And that was it! Home free!

She didn't smile; she bent her head down and proceeded to continue with her paperwork. I suppose you could say that 'the Audience' was over ...and I knew that the Sex Queen never wanted to see or hear from me again.

*YOUNG JACK walks out of the office and meets up with his boss. They are seen chatting together.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION)**

'Oh well', I thought, 'I wonder how Kathy is!' I wandered out of that office almost walking on air; so much so, that the boss wanted to know if had I completed the job that I been sent to do there.

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

**YOUNG JACK**

Oh yeah, I did a bang-up job, mate.

*FADE:*

**Ext. Small suburban home. YOUNG JACK is seen approaching the house. Day.**

*VISUALS OVER AUSSIE JACK SNR NARRATION:*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION)**

It was getting towards the end of summer before I got to explore my sexuality fully once again. All the time since that happy encounter at the insurance office, I couldn't help but think about Kathy, the girl who gave me my first fellatio experience; I was more than ready for another oral adventure with her. Kathy lived with her father, who was often away on business, selling kitchenware.

It was holiday time and I knew that Kathy would be at home alone so I called by late one afternoon after finishing work.

I knocked on the front door of their weatherboard home for about five minutes before I heard some stirring coming from the back of the house and getting closer along the hallway. There she was; somehow she looked more mature than I remembered her from our previous night of passion. Her long brunette hair was now cut shorter and she was dressed in a dark top and floral skirt. She had always had a winning smile and she flashed it at me as she greeted me at the door.

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

**KATH (SMILING)**

Haven't seen much of you lately

**YOUNG JACK**

Ah...No! Been a bit busy!

*Kathy reaches out for Jack's hand and pulls him forward.*

**KATH**

I want you inside! Dad's away for the week!

*Kathy leads Jack along the narrow hallway, pulling him closer as they get inside the house. She stops to give him a welcoming 'Kathy kiss'.*

**KATH (SMILING SEDUCTIVELY)**

I wouldn't mind picking up where we left off, Jack. How about you?

**YOUNG JACK**

Um ..yeah.....that would be good.

**KATH**

Well I've just finished doing the washing up and cleaning the kitchen, so follow me to the bathroom!

*They proceed down the hall to the back of the house. Kath walks in front of Jack and Jack admires the curves of her behind swaying ever so slightly in front of him. They enter the bathroom and Kathy reaches over to turn on the shower. She turns to Jack, dropping her vocal pitch and speaking in a half-whisper.*

**KATH**

Could you soap me up in the shower please, Jack?

*They both undress within seconds and Kath moves her tall frame into the tub and places it under the warm water that begins cascading down across her breasts and perky nipples. She hands Jack the soap.*

**KATH**

Start anywhere you like!



**YOUNG JACK**

Turn around for me, Kathy.

You know, love.....calling you Kathy somehow seems odd to me...you know, it sounds a bit like a kid's name..and yet here you are standing naked before me and you're such a beautiful young woman!

Kath, your body is so exciting; so as I soap you, I want to explore all of it.

*Jack is gently kissing the back of her neck as his hands begin moving down her spine and spreading outwards. She moans so very softly in response and then Jack runs his hands all the way down on either side of her body until they reach the tops of her thighs. She pushes slightly back against his body.*

**KATH (URGENTLY)**

Jack, that was a truly romantic speech...but mate....I need your bloody fingers right now!

*Kathy allows Jack some time to explore her body and then grabs him by the penis and hurries him off to her bedroom where she immediately positions him on the bedcover and begins her tongue work on him before straddling him on the bed. She throws back her head and sits on Jack's hard penis.*

**KATH**

Thrust up, Jack! Do me, while I ride you!

*Kath pushes towards Jack's face with her bosom, getting steadily more and more excited.*

**KATH (SHOUTING)**

Now, grab them and keep thrusting!

*Jack reaches out with both hands and squeezes the fleshy mounds while thrusting even harder. The orgasm is powerful. Then Jack rolls over towards the edge of the bed, about to stand. Kath suddenly grabs Jack by the penis again.*

**KATH**

No Jack, I haven't finished with you yet!

Jack, I know you're not feeling passionate right now, but if you just play with me for a while I'll show you something that will give you a lot more pleasure as well.

*Kath patiently guides Jack towards her vagina and shows him how to gently massage her clitoris.*

**KATH (SOOTHINGLY)**

Now, just do whatever you want with me--play!

*Under Kath's guidance Jack is shown how to use mouth and fingers to give her a second orgasm more powerful than the first. As she squirms with the intense feeling she drags Jack on top of her with both her hands pushing his penis towards her vagina. She has a third release and this time both orgasm simultaneously.*

**FADE:**

**EXT. BRIGHT RED VOLKSWAGEN DRIVING NORTH ALONG PACIFIC HWY WITH YOUNG JACK AT THE WHEEL. DAY**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION)**

Anyway, that night with Kath, followed by several more bouts of unbridled sex before I disappeared, driving north to Queensland, taught me a great deal about a woman's sexual needs.

As I drove I thought a lot about what's needed to become properly informed about women. After all driving from Sydney to Queensland gives you plenty of thinking time.

You see I was starting to figure it out. I had started to understand how women feel about love and romance, without focusing on just sex itself.

There are many males who never achieve that; they home in on getting as many 'conquests' as possible and think that they know it all after bedding a lot of young women but never feeling the beating of young hearts. Their peers even encourage them by asking them 'why settle for one, when you can have lots?'

Crazy thinking, guys! Blokes have to learn how to slow down as they rise to the occasion. I was learning the real facts of life...the facts of *love*, if you like!

*DISSOLVE TO BUSH AMATEUR STAGE PLAY:*

**INT. NYGANESQUE-STYLE BUSH THEATRE STAGE WITH YOUNG PLAYERS ACTING OUT SCENARIOS DESCRIBED BY AUSSIE JACK SNR. Day.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

Remember puppy love? That happens when boys gawk at a good sort and do nothing.

*Boy on stage is holding flowers behind his back as a very attractive girl walks by him and he can't summon the nerve to even speak to her.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

Yep, bloody painful! And remember infatuation? That's when you go so ga ga over a sheila that your feeling for her is palpable. I mean it's joyous beyond belief. You can't believe that you can feel so good about another human being. Better than you feel about yourself; you'd even give up drinking with the boys if you could win her over!

*Young man on stage, brushes aside large beer and rushes after a very attractive woman with his arms outstretched.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

Am I exaggerating the feeling? I don't think so.

You see, mates, infatuation is really a polite word for an emotional addiction. Songwriters don't help much; they just confirm the diagnosis - you are 'hooked on a feeling'.

*Young man reaches girl; she turns and he sweeps her into his arms and holds her tightly.*

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

Yes it feels good! It means that you want to be with that person more often than is possible, you want to kiss her passionately more often than is comfortable and you ache for any hint that could suggest that she is as bonkers about you.

*Actors on stage continue to pet passionately and then they part through different exits but keep opening and closing doors, meeting up with each other and kissing.*

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

If you have ever been in love, you will be ticking off every part of this, because every serious love affair begins with infatuation. If that's not there, you're missing out on a 'fine romance', let me tell ya.

*Curtain closes on previous scene and reopens to young man on one side of the stage, combing his hair and plastering it with a pomade. On the other side of the stage the young woman is casually painting her nails and toes in very girlie fashion.*

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

So then comes the romantic stage where a bloke tries to please a girl. He grooms himself more than he has ever attempted to do before; he tries to establish frequent communication and sends gifts and flowers. Is this some evil scheme to seduce her? Not necessarily, even if that may be part of the outcome. But genuine infatuation leads quite naturally to showering the woman with various displays of genuine interest and growing affection. It's a bit like having to spread an entire feather span and strut your stuff, as the male peacock has to do!

*On the stage, actors act out the scenarios being described.*

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

During our first romantic approaches we soon learn to slow down. If the woman is also interested she will be expecting these displays, but like most soft creatures she can be scared off as if there's a fox approaching the hen house. Too much attention can give rise to panic; too little can ring alarm bells. So romance then enters its awkward stage for the average bloke. Both parties will be getting advice from family and friends. 'Don't rush things, dear,' Mother will suggest to her daughter, while Father will usually smile benignly.

'Don't let her think she's the only fish in the sea,' older males will advise, winking and nudging their hopelessly smitten friend.

The truth is that applying the brakes on both sides until you get to know more about each other's real self is a good strategy. Rushing into intimacy while on a natural high is no less dangerous than driving your car at high speed while under the Influence of drugs or alcohol. You are not fully in control of the situation and you are risking your own welfare and that of another person!

So enjoy your state of romantic infatuation, see her as much as it feels comfortable for you both and learn about the person with whom you are sharing these emotions. Even if the relationship doesn't progress the way that you initially feel it will, you will lose nothing by allowing yourself to delve into another person's thoughts and feelings on all manner of things. Slowly explore each other's mindset and aspirations. If you find a match, you will probably become lovers.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE NYGANESQUE-STYLE BUSH THEATRE AT END OF PERFORMANCE. AUSSIE JACK SNR TALKS TO CAMERA. DAY.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

So we come to those three little words..... 'Let's have sex'. Sounds like a bit of alright, doesn't it?! But if the bloke's been living under a log up until then, how does he learn how to satisfy a woman?

Look! If you're learning tennis, playing golf, trying to get your tongue around a new language, training to fly a jet, just about everyone will tell you that practice makes perfect.

But who dares to say *that* to young men and women seeking better sex lives? I do!

Otherwise, they learn very little because they have received no information on what women need and what they really expect from surrendering themselves to a fella's sexual approach.

A few blokes may get lucky when they find a woman who is willing to tell them after unsatisfying sex what they were doing wrong. But why should such an important part of our self-development be left to chance?

Of course, you have to take precautions!

That's not to say that young blokes should go and try to hump every sheila they meet. That's as outdated as the phrase about young men needing 'to sow their wild oats'. People who persist with that advice are only planting corn.

Because how corny it is to suggest that wild promiscuity will do anything more than create more unwanted pregnancies, ensure that chauvinistic attitudes become entrenched in the minds of young men and shatter the emotions and aspirations of young women. The difference is that I am suggesting that both young men and young women should get involved with their prospective sexual partners and consider each other's needs.

That was my burning ambition as I headed to Queensland....to get more practice and find out what sheilas really want from a bloke.

*Dissolve back to road journey:*

**EXT. BRIGHT RED VOLKSWAGEN ARRIVING AT BROADBEACH QLD WITH YOUNG JACK AT THE WHEEL. DAY**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

Queensland is a sunny, very relaxed kind of place. During summer the temperatures climb so high that you just have to get your gear off; it's just too hot to stay dressed. Perhaps that's the reason why I found people to be very adventurous in their attitudes towards sex. Whatever the reason, when I got a job doing some electrical work on the Gold Coast, I discovered that Surfers' Paradise could just as easily have been labelled Swingers' Heaven. I was actually living further down the Gold Coast at Broadbeach while working on a big project redeveloping Surfers' Paradise as a residential area adjacent to the tourist mecca that it had already become.

**EXT. BROADBEACH QLD. DAY**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

Broadbeach residents were a little more subdued than people at the northern end, but the beach lifestyle was similar--a heady mix of sun, surf and sex. I guess when you head to the beach and find everyone looking so relaxed and half-naked it's hard to avoid chatting about pleasant activities such as your sex life. I mixed with people in their late twenties and early thirties, some married, some not and also some working and some being paid to spend most of the day on the sand by collecting unemployment benefits through Australia's generous welfare system. 'Dole bludgers' became our constant taunt to that mob.

It was on one of these occasions that I noticed Sandra, a 30-something, stylish woman with tousled blonde hair and a lithe, tanned body sunning herself, lying face down and topless, beside a group of friends. I knew a bloke in the group so I skipped over the hot sand to the edge of the large blanket where they were all huddled, chatting about their favourite subjects--booze and sex. I was introduced to my mate's friends and they continued to talk openly about the 'fun night' that two of the blokes had had at Sandra's place the night before.

My mate, Jeff, sipping on a beer was the one who mentioned her name at which Sandra turned on her side to face us. She seemed not to care that all the men immediately surveyed her breasts, which were rather small, but nicely shaped.

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

**SANDRA (INDIGNANT BUT SMILING)**

Jeff! That was a private party!

**JEFF**

Well, I was just praising your performance, Sandy!

**SANDRA (CASTING A GLANCE AT JACK)**

Well we should repeat it tonight.

**JEFF**

OK, How about I bring my mate, Jack, over for a drink tonight.'

**SANDRA**

Good idea! I look forward to meeting you then....Jack.

*Sandra flashes one final smile and then rolls back on to the sand to resume her sunbathing.*

**EXT. YOUNG JACK & JEFF ARE DRIVING JACK'S VW. DUSK**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

Sandra lived close to the beach so I picked up Jeff at about 8.30pm so that we would arrive well after most people in Broadbeach would have completed their weekend dinner. In fact, weekends in Queensland were so leisurely that often the people we knew used to start with a late lunch in the early afternoon and just keep drinking and eating into the evening without any set times for a sit-down meal. It was called 'living on Queensland time'.

**EXT. FIRST FLOOR BEACHSIDE APARTMENT BROADBEACH QLD. EVENING.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

Sandra's apartment, on the first floor of a small block, was nicely furnished but otherwise it was quite modest.

*Sandra opens the door with a large yellow towel draped around her body.*

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

**SANDRA (CASTING A GLANCE AT JACK)**

Sorry boys, I've only just taken a shower! Hmm, it was great!

Anyway, I've been looking forward to meeting you, Jack.

C'mon..let me show you the view!

*Sandra motions to Jeff to follow as she leads Jack to the balcony to admire the coastal view. She ushers him to a colourful deck chair and sits in the chair next to him, allowing her towel to part slightly to reveal a brown thigh.*

**JEFF (GRINNING)**

So here we are, a threesome.

*Sandra flashes a mock annoyed look at Jeff and then offers the men a beer as she takes one from the table herself.*

**SANDRA (OPENING A BEER)**

Well Jack, Jeff's already told me that you're really a bushie...but I bet you're big. How big are you?

**YOUNG JACK (LOOKING SELF-CONSCIOUS)**

Big enough, I guess.

**SANDRA**

No, not that, you silly boofhead...how TALL are you?

**YOUNG JACK**

Oh yeah, sorry. I'm about 184 centimetres or 6-two..in the old money.

**SANDRA (SMILING)**

Yeah! Well I like big blokes!

**YOUNG JACK (SHYLY RAISING HIS BEER)**

Cheers to that!

**SANDRA (LAUGHING)**

You're cute! Well, you'll find everyone is very relaxed up here, mate.

Not like where I come from. I had a high-powered secretarial job with a law firm in Melbourne before I saw the light and escaped up here.

Honest to God those people were so closed up it was sending me stupid.

Up here people are more relaxed, more open and ready to fulfil their desires.

*As Sandra talks she swishes her towel to open it a little wider as if to illustrate how she is feeling freer, living in Queensland.*

**SANDRA**

They reckon they have more culture in Melbourne, but a conservative society to me is like living in a prison with everyone watching your every move.

**YOUNG JACK**

I think I understand where you're coming from, Sandra. Melbourne sounds a bit like the bush town where I come from. They all know what you're doing and if it doesn't meet their standard, they frown upon you.

It gets a bit claustrophobic at times!

When I drifted to the Big Smoke...Sydney...I noticed that people there did more as they pleased...probably because nobody was watching..and they didn't care anyway.

Maybe there's also a connection between warmer weather and people feeling free to enjoy themselves.

**JEFF (ANNOYED)**

Hang on, you two. I originally came from Melbourne and I had a fantastic life there...great restaurants..fun parties...the lot!

**SANDRA**

Keep your shirt on, Jeffrey! We can all make do, wherever we are. I'm just saying ....

For instance, I couldn't take you two to bed in Melbourne without causing my friends to gossip about it for weeks.

*Sandra throws back her long hair so that it falls loose over her shoulders.*

**SANDRA**

Up here, they don't care. So many are having group sex anyway, it's almost an epidemic!

**JEFF (ANXIOUSLY)**

Anyway, have you two finished your drinks?

**SANDRA (GIGGLING)**

I noticed last night that you tend to rush things, Jeff!

I hope you're not in such a hurry, Jack.

*Sandra bends over towards Jack and strokes his jeans. Jack's only response is a shy smile.*

**SANDRA (WITHDRAWING HER HAND)**

Oh, maybe you're shy!

**YOUNG JACK (NERVOUSLY MUTTERING)**

No, I'm not shy, Sandra....But I haven't had group sex before.

**SANDRA (MISCHIEVOUSLY)**

Group sex? That's not what you're going to have, Jack!

I'm just inviting you and Jeff as two friends to come to bed with me and pleasure me. Don't worry, I'll be generous as well!

*Sandra laughs and then heads inside the apartment.*

**SANDRA**

Time to shower, you blokes, I'm off to bed. Don't keep me waiting too long.

**INT. THE DOORWAY TO SANDRA'S BEDROOM WITH JUST THE LIGHT FROM A SMALL LAMP ON A BEDSIDE TABLE. EVENING.**

*Jeff and Jack wearing towels walk through the open doorway to the large double bed. Sandra is sitting up slightly, with most of her body hidden by a white sheet; she smiles as each of the men go to different sides of the bed, drop their towels and begin to slide the sheet off her.*

*VISUALS WITH AUSSIE JACK SNR NARRATION:*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (RESUMES NARRATION)**

Well, all I can tell you is that it was a corker of a sex session. There's no other way I can describe it. And as nervous as I was, I can't say that I was prepared to take a back seat at this event. After all it was supposed to be a threesome, so I did my bit.

It was quite odd at times, certainly after the busy foreplay which was probably similar to one of those 4-handed piano recitals!

And then when it came to deciding who should perform first in the main arena, I couldn't help thinking that blokes should work out an etiquette for that kind of thing. As Jeff and I approached it, I wondered 'who gets putting privileges here?'

*FADE:*



**EXT. BEACH SCENE. AUSSIE JACK SNR STROLLS ALONG THE GOLDEN SANDS. DAY**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

In Queensland I had several similar experiences, mostly with another bloke and a woman participating. I think that was the combination for about 4 of the threesomes. The only time I had all women to pleasure was with a group of three women who invited me to be the only male in a sex session that they had planned as a bit of fun. Howzat? I had a harem!

*AUSSIE JACK SNR looks out to sea for a few seconds and then turns back to face the camera.*

Thinking back, it seems that these women .... all more than 10 years older than me ....had just selected me for a sex romp 'with the girls'. The idea started when I was at a Christmas party with an office group inside a factory where I had been doing some wiring work. A dark-haired Aussie woman, in her forties, had approached me after a few drinks and told me that the party was almost over and she and her two friends-one an Italian from Sydney and the other a German visitor to Australia-were going back to her place and they would like me to come along. I didn't really know anyone else at the party, so I agreed.

*Flashback:*

**INT. YOUNG JACK ENTERS AUSSIE WOMAN'S APARTMENT AND SHE KISSES HIM IMMEDIATELY. EVENING**

**AUSSIE WOMAN**

Are you ready for some wild sex?

*The Italian woman doesn't wait for an answer; she starts undressing Young Jack. The two women start kissing his body and the German woman then joins them. An intense orgy follows in the bedroom, including a lesbian episode between two of the women which startles and mesmerises Jack.*

**EXT. AUSSIE JACK SNR APPEARS ON THE BALCONY OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM PEERING INSIDE..HE TURNS AND SPEAKS TO CAMERA. EVENING**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR.**

So this was the Queensland chapter of my post-graduate sex studies.

I couldn't wait to get back to Nyngan and share my knowledge with the blokes back home!

**EXT. NYNGAN PUB. YOUNG JACK SITTING OUTSIDE PUB SURROUNDED HIS 3 MATES, - BLUEY, JOEY & JOHNNO. DAY. *Flashback***

**BLUEY**

Geez, Jack! I wouldn't know where to look if I was goin' down on a sheila and another sheila wanted to move in on the action! What was that like for you?

**YOUNG JACK**

Ah, I guess I blinked for a second....but it was OK, Blue!

To tell the truth I was kept pretty bloody busy with those three sheilas, it was just all part of my sex study in Queensland.

**JOEY**

Was that the wildest sex thing you did, Jack?

*YOUNG JACK takes a big swig of beer, sits back and wipes the froth from his lips, obviously deep in thought.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Well, if you mean numbers; there was only one larger group sex involvement I had during this experimental stage of my sex life;

It was more formal though!

**BLUEY**

What? Do you mean you had to dress up for it?

**YOUNG JACK**

No Blue. Hardly! It was a 'club' thing... not a home orgy..like.

*The three other men put down their beers and lean in closer towards Jack to hear what he is about to explain.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Well they have this sex club in Brisbane, you know, the Queensland capital. It was different from any of the clubs I'd been into before...not like the RSL club and the Tennis Club sorta thing.

**BLUEY**

What? No pokies?!

**YOUNG JACK**

No, Blue. They played a different type of pokies there. It was a club where people go to have sex with whoever they like!

You know, I wasn't completely inexperienced at this caper. When I first moved to Sydney I learned a bit about...um..deviant sex practices.

In Sydney a few people I knew used to hold huge house parties and at the end of the night they'd throw the keys to their own home on the host's table.

And the other party-goers would pick up someone else's keys. Then the owner of them would come forward and the husband or wife would walk out with the person who picked up their keys!

They all ended up shagging someone else's partner. And then next day they'd go back to their own home.

OK, so most of those couples knew each other but they wanted to experiment sexually for a night with another partner.

But mates, in Brisbane the club was a palace. Mirrors, hot tubs and playrooms where a dozen people could do every conceivable sex thing that we've ever heard of.

**BLUEY**

Did they all have keys too, Jack?!

**YOUNG JACK**

No, Blue. They paid at the door to join the fun. But they had bar and private rooms and single men and single women could come in as well!

Of course, they were told to have protected sex.

**BLUEY**

Does that mean they had to....

**YOUNG JACK (INTERRUPTING)**

No, Blue. They didn't have to have bodyguards..they had to wear 'Frenchies'....condoms!

**BLUEY**

You're real clever Jack! You know what I'm gonna say before I even say it!

**YOUNG JACK**

I'm just intuitive! I've known you blokes a long time.

**JOHNNO (THOUGHTFULLY)**

You certainly have, Jack..and you've been a good mate to us all. And it seems like you've been living the life of Riley with those adventures in the city.

**YOUNG JACK**

I noticed that you haven't had much to say, Johnno..but you've always been a good listener. I should tell you blokes something important. I reckon I won't be doing any more group sex stuff for a while.

I know some American studies say that some married couples who are constantly horny have been able to spice up their sex lives with threesomes, foursomes and other forms of group sex. But I think those older randy rabbits who do that are all very secure with each other to begin with and they're just sex mad!

Horses for courses, but really I think it's mainly for younger people who are still experimenting with various forms of sex.

**BLUEY**

Won't ya miss it, Jack?

**YOUNG JACK**

Not really, mate. What I've learned from these encounters are some very useful techniques of sexual stimulation for the future, but the danger is that a bloke could become addicted to needing more than one sexual partner, along with the multiple orgasms, but I reckon it complicates your life.

**JOHNNO**

That's interesting! Do you mean that too many partners make it hard to choose a wife?

**YOUNG JACK**

What I mean is that people change as they mature. Sex alone, polyamorous or monogamous, is not enough to provide what I think most human beings want from life; as the old song goes, to love and be loved in return. The reality is that one day most males will no longer be satisfied with groups and they'll want someone special in their life; the question is by that time, will anyone want *them*?

The old French idea of a *ménage à trois* is definitely a turn-on for many men; it does dazzle the imagination a fair bit. But think about it. What if Harry is arousing Sally when Larry suddenly emerges with a more creative technique that gives her a bigger orgasm?

Who does Sally thank? And who gets putting privileges? Should they flip a coin as to who goes first? The etiquette must be bloody confusing!

Thankfully, I believe that these sex experiments almost always come to an end naturally and without intervention by the moral authorities of our society at all. They should bugger off and worry about more pressing issues.

In a nutshell, I think most blokes and sheilas eventually want long-term partners and even though they may have experimented in their youth, as they mature they seem to seek stable relationships and happy families.

But experience counts ....if you know what you're doing. So fellas, I hope you three know what you are doing?

The three mates mutter and nod their heads in agreement, indicating that they're all sexperts.

**JOEY**

But you're not givin' up sex altogether, are you Jack? You're not gonna become a monk ...or worse still...a unicon?

**JOHNNO**

You mean a Eunuch, you silly bugger! You've been castrating too many sheep, Joey!

*Sniggers erupt around the table.*

**YOUNG JACK**

There's a good reason for me coming back here to Nyngan. I got a letter from an old flame. Do you remember Trish Nolan?

**JOHNNO**

Of course, you two were the town's favourite sweethearts....they reckon you were joined at the hip! Why did she write?

**YOUNG JACK**

That's the weird bit; she didn't really say. Mum must have given her my address. She was just askin' how I was and how I was feelin'. I didn't get that at all. We broke up so long ago...we were just kids then.

**JOHNNO**

OK, but you do know you broke her heart by buzzing off to the city in your search for a more exciting life.

**YOUNG JACK (ANGRILY)**

Hold it right there, Johnno. This was settled between me and Trish and we both agreed that we wanted different things. She wanted to stay and become a teacher and I wanted to give city life a try. So we split! I hadn't heard from her, so I thought she was happy doing what she wanted to do.

**BLUEY**

So you came back 'cos you've still got the hots for her, eh?!

**YOUNG JACK (DISMISSIVELY)**

BLUE! SHUT UP!

**JOHNNO**

But Jack, you should know that Trish and a 'blow-in' called Pat Woburn are an item lately.

**YOUNG JACK (WORRIED)**

Really? How serious?

**BLUEY**

Ah, don't sweat, Jack. He's not her type. Dead set, he's a proper bull artist...and a bloody arrogant bastard to boot!

**JOEY**

It's true, Jack. He swaggers around town as if he owns the place. He's a truckie from Dubbo...you know.... a smart-arse city boy!

**JOHNNO**

Fellas, do I have to be the only one who's fair dinkum in this group? Jack...yes all that these blokes say is true...but it doesn't matter. I hate to tell you this...Trish seems to like him...maybe even more than that.

**YOUNG JACK (SOFTLY)**

OK...I've got the picture, Thanks for saving me from making a donkey of myself. I'm seeing her tomorrow.

The group falls silent...with all resuming their beer drinking, except Jack who gazes away from the table.

**EXT. OUTSIDE NYNGAN HIGH SCHOOL. A TEACHER APPROACHES YOUNG JACK AS STUDENTS EXIT FROM THEIR CLASSES. DAY**

**YOUNG JACK (ARMS EXTENDED)**

Trish! What a sight for sore eyes!

*The teacher, a good-looking woman with blonde hair tied in a bun, gently pushes Jack's arms down by his side and extends her hand, while looking around at the passing students.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Oh sorry, Trish. I forgot about your new status as School Principal!

**TRISH NOLAN (SMILING)**

Well some things about Nyngan haven't changed since you've been gone, Jack.

**YOUNG JACK (LAUGHING)**

Like the Bush Telegraph! It would be working overtime I suppose if I suddenly hugged the High School principal in front of all the kids!

**TRISH NOLAN**

Something like that!

**YOUNG JACK (OPENLY ADMIRING TRISH)**

Well you haven't changed either, Trish! Unless.....yes, I think you've become even more beautiful!

**TRISH NOLAN (DIVERTING HER EYES)**

Thank you, Jack. You always knew how to flatter a girl. But I'm a woman now. So shall we drop by the cafe and talk about old times over a coffee?

**YOUNG JACK**

Isn't that a bit public for talking about our old times?

**TRISH NOLAN (LAUGHING)**

What on earth did you have in mind, Jack?

**YOUNG JACK**

Well there's still plenty of daylight left. I thought we could take a drink and a snack and go down by the Bogan and chat.

**TRISH NOLAN (SMILING)**

Aw, poor Jack...the riverside romantic. You know, dear Jack, old times are just that..old...from the past!

**YOUNG JACK (DISAPPOINTED)**

OK. Can we just sit down somewhere private and you can tell me about your life now?

**TRISH NOLAN**

Fair enough, there's no one in the park at this time of day. Let's sit on the park bench and have a natter. But don't look so downcast!

**YOUNG JACK**

I'm sorry but your attitude seems so....

**TRISH NOLAN (INTERRUPTING)**

..distant, Jack?

**YOUNG JACK**

Well, yeah! Sort of.

**TRISH NOLAN (SOFTLY, WITH SERIOUS TONE)**

Well you put that distance between us, Jack.

**YOUNG JACK**

But Trish, we agreed.....

**TRISH NOLAN (INTERRUPTING)**

..agreed that Nyngan and me weren't enough to satisfy you, Jack.

**YOUNG JACK**

Trish, at that time we both wanted different things.

**TRISH NOLAN (TEARY)**

All those years and not one letter from you..saying that you missed me. Do you realise how much that hurt me, Jack? Do you have any idea of how much I needed you to ask me if I could join you?

**YOUNG JACK (REMORSEFUL)**

I'm sorry, Trish. I just thought I needed to explore the world a little and let you get on with achieving your goals.

**TRISH NOLAN (REGAINING COMPOSURE)**

Don't worry, Jack. It took a long time but I'm over it. I know what you've been up to. That bush telegraph can make long-distance calls so easily these days. You've had plenty of women in your life, from what I've been told.

**YOUNG JACK (DEFENSIVELY)**

Who told you that?

**TRISH NOLAN**

I've got a friend who's got contacts all over Australia and he checked up on you.

**YOUNG JACK (ANGRILY)**

That bloody Washbourne joker you're carrying on with?!

**TRISH NOLAN (ANNOYED)**

I'm not carrying on ...and that's not his name anyway!

**YOUNG JACK (COMPOSING HIMSELF)**

Sorry, I didn't come all this way to argue with you, Trish. Why did you write that letter to me?

**TRISH NOLAN**

I had an important decision to make and I wanted to know how you felt about me. But it doesn't matter now.

**YOUNG JACK (SPEAKING GENTLY)**

I'm in love with you, Trish.

No, I haven't been a monk while I've been away...but I'm still the same person..just a little more experienced than I was..and wiser for it, Trish. In the letter you asked how I was feeling..and I'm telling you now. I love you, Trish Nolan!

*Trish suddenly loses control, breaks into tears and runs away towards her home. Jack realises he shouldn't follow and sits alone on the park bench.*

*FADE:*

**INT. YOUNG JACK SITTING INSIDE THE PUB AT A CORNER TABLE SURROUNDED BY HIS 3 MATES- BLUEY, JOEY & JOHNNO. NIGHT.**

*The three mates are listening to Jack finish explaining what had happened when he met up with Trish earlier in the day.*

**YOUNG JACK**

...and then she ran home cryin'.

*The men sip their beers in silence for a few seconds.*

**BLUEY**

Don't worry, Jack....she'll find out about that Woburn bloke before long. He's a big mouth and I reckon he's just playin' her along.

**YOUNG JACK**

I don't know, Blue. She seemed pretty defensive when I mentioned him. And he's obviously dropped my name deep in the mud with her.

**JOEY**

Yeah, but Jack. She's not the only sheila he's been seen with.

**YOUNG JACK**

Whadda ya mean, Joey?



**JOEY**

Well, I haven't seen it myself but Doris the barmaid here told me that every time he's in town and when Trish is busy doing school work ..like exam marking, he comes in here, gets stonkered and leaves with the town tart, Judy Wogan. Judy's here already...over there.

*Joey points to a redhead in a low-cut floral top and very tight jeans, dancing with an old shearer to the music from the bar radio.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Oh blimey..she's not too choosy, is she? That old codger can hardly stand up, let alone dance.

**BLUEY (GIGGLING)**

It's funny she loves dancin' and so everyone walks past her singin'"Hey Jude"

**JOEY**

Yeah, but she doesn't care; as long as they pay for her drinks, she latches on to them...she's the Town Bike!

**YOUNG JACK**

Doesn't this bloke from Dubbo know that?

**BLUEY**

That's what I said to Doris who told me about Pat Woburn and Judy. She told me that the locals are joking around saying the pair should open a late-night dance studio and call it Woburn and Wogan!

**YOUNG JACK**

How come nobody's told Trish about this?!

**JOHNNO**

Jack, she wouldn't believe it anyway. I think the truckie's got her well and truly conned, mate.

**YOUNG JACK**

Yeah. I noticed that today...and he's been bagging me all the time to her.

*Joey notices a short, but good-looking guy entering the pub and he nudges Jack.*

**JOEY (EXCITEDLY, BUT WHISPERING)**

Speak of the Devil! That's him!

*Jack follows the direction of Joey's glance as Pat Woburn approaches the bar.*

**PAT WOBURN**

G'day Doris! Give us a schooner with a head, Darls! ....You're looking very summery tonight, luv!

*Doris ignores his remarks as Woburn leans over the bar to look at her bosom as she pours the frothy beer from the tap.*

**PAT WOBURN**

I feel a big session coming on, Darls. Anyone interesting around to talk to?

**DORIS THE BARMAID**

Interesting? Since when have you been picky, Pat. Where's Trish, anyway?

**PAT WOBURN**

That bloody school...it keeps interrupting a man's love life. She's got some kind of parent meeting to attend. Probably some brat has been caught wanking in the toilet block. They haul the parents in and tell them their kid is disgusting. (LAUGHS)

**DORIS THE BARMAID**

Well, they all have to learn how to behave, Pat.

**PAT WOBURN**

Yeah, like me!

**DORIS THE BARMAID**

How long do you think you can get away with this?

**PAT WOBURN**

With what?!

**DORIS THE BARMAID**

Matey, all the bar flies here know about you and the Wogan woman.

**PAT WOBURN**

Yeah. Well she's just my playmate, when Trish is busy. And if any of these deadbeats try to cause me any trouble, I have mates who will deal with them...and they know it. Now where's Jude?

**DORIS THE BARMAID (POINTING)**

She's just worn out the old bloke over there...should be ready for you by now!

**PAT WOBURN (MENACINGLY)**

Doris..don't you go giving me any lip either. It's a long dark walk home when you close up!

*Doris glares nervously at Woburn as he puts his beer on a table and swaggers over to Judy Wogan and grabs her close to his body on the dance floor.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Unbelievable. What a sleaze bag!

**JOHNNO**

But dangerous, Jack. Don't start anything.

*Jack rises from the table, walks determinedly towards the couple dancing. Jack towers over Woburn as he taps Judy on the shoulder.*

**PAT WOBURN (reacting ANGRILY)**

Who the fuck do you think you are? You can't cut in...this is not a school dance, you stupid bastard!

**YOUNG JACK**

Wooooooo! Such language..and in front of a lady?

*Loud laughter erupts throughout the bar room.*

**PAT WOBURN (MORE ANGRILY)**

You bloody moron. She's no lady..she's a whore!!!

*The onlookers sense a conflict beginning and become silent.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Does Trish know that you dance here with a woman that you call a whore?

*Woburn raises his fist, but it's blocked by Jack who twists it behind his back.*

**PAT WOBURN (YELPING)**

Let me go, shitface...or you'll be very sorry. And what do you know about Trish?

**YOUNG JACK**

I'm an old friend of hers.

**PAT WOBURN (REALISING JACK'S IDENTITY)**

Ah-ha...so you're slack Jack.. who ran away to Sydney ...and Queensland where I have a mate ...Jeff...who's told me all about you, slack Jack.

Trish is going to be very upset with you Jackie boy when she knows you've come to town starting trouble and bullying poor me, when I was just being a proper gentleman and dancing for just a minute with a woman who couldn't find a partner for just one dance.

Woburn breaks free from Jack's grip as it's loosened.

**PAT WOBURN**

You don't stand a chance Big Boots. No one here is going to dare to tell her any different because they know I have mates to deal with them if they do.

And she would never believe you, because she knows everything about your sex capers...so go back to your playmates, lover boy!

**YOUNG JACK**

While you're in such a talkative mood tell me what your intention is with Trish. Are you going to dump her when you have no further use for her?

**PAT WOBURN**

As if you can talk....after the way you dumped her! The whole town knows about that, smart arse!

**YOUNG JACK (GLARING)**

If you hurt her ... I'll find you and finish this.

*Both men walk back to their tables.*

**BLUEY (PROUDLY)**

You really told him, Jack!

**YOUNG JACK**

But he holds the Ace, Blue. Trish believes him, not me.

**JOEY**

Well, she'll have to find out pretty soon.

**YOUNG JACK**

I don't think it will be soon enough.

**JOHNNO**

I'm not so sure, Jack. He has his mates...but I also have mine....in Dubbo!

**EXT. DUBBO HOUSING ESTATE. JOHNNO IN A BAD DISGUISE AS A PRIVATE DETECTIVE AND BLUEY & JOEY IN EVEN WORSE DISGUISES AS HIS COLLEAGUES, ARE KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR OF A PUBLIC HOUSING HOME, WHERE 3 MOTORBIKES ARE PARKED ON THE LAWN. DAY**

**BLUEY**

Are you sure, we should be here, Johnno? Bit spooky!

**JOEY**

Yeah, I'm shakin' to bits!

**JOHNNO**

Just hold yourselves together guys and look tough...I'll do the talkin'!

*Bluey & Joey nod their heads and attempt a tough pose. The door opens and a tall, muscular, heavily tattooed Biekie appears in the doorway.*

**BIKIE #ONE (AGGRESSIVELY)**

What do you jokers, want?

**JOHNNO (RESPECTFULLY)**

G'day! Sorry to disturb you. We're looking for a truck driver who lives somewhere in this area to give him some good news.

**BIKIE #ONE (SMIRKING)**

What kind of good news? Has he won Lotto?!

**JOHNNO**

No, but it does look like he's come into some money and doesn't know about it.

**BIKIE #ONE**

Has he now? How much money?

**JOHNNO**

Lots!

**BIKIE #ONE**

Well maybe we can help you deliver it to him...you're not coppers, are youse?!

**JOHNNO**

No, I'm just a private eye...I've been hired to find him...and these are my assistants.

**BIKIE #ONE**

OK then. I'd better call *my* assistants..... Hey, fellas get your arses out here for a sec!!!

*The bikie moves out on to the veranda, with the first Bikie standing toe to toe with Johnno and 2 large men who look like clones of the first Bikie take up positions marking Bluey and Joey who are standing beside Johnno.*

**BIKIE #ONE**

This bloke's apparently some kind of private dick who's lookin' for a local truckie who's got a stack of money comin' to him

**BIKIE #TWO**

What's the Truckie's name?

**BIKIE #ONE**

Yeah! This bloke you're lookin' for...has he got a handle?

**JOHNNO**

Yeah. His name is Patrick Woburn and he lives around here.

**BIKIE #THREE**

You must mean Wobbly Woburn....if you ask me he mostly lives in the pub.

**BIKIE #ONE**

Yeah ...now I know who you're talkin' about...a real ponce...but his missus is a good sort. She lives just down the road in that cream house. Number 10. Poor woman is married to that wasted space!

**JOHNNO (SURPRISED)**

Are you sure Woburn's married?

**BIKIE #ONE**

Course, I'm bloody sure...are you calling me a liar?

*The first Bieke raises his fist in the air and the other two bikies grab Bluey & Joey by their collars.*

**JOHNNO**

Hey, calm down...I'm just surprised that this Woburn character could be married and to a good sheila.

*The three bikies calm down and resume their normal positions.*

**BIKIE #ONE**

Oh, I get it...you're wondering how a scumbag like him got hitched up with a bonzer sheila. Well she only married him because he put her up the duff!

**JOHNNO**

Well, I'd like to have a chat with her.

**BIKIE #ONE**

OK, I'll let you.....provided that you promise me that if there is really any money coming to that piece of shit you'll make sure she gets the lot! Right?

**JOHNNO**

Right! I was hired just to find Woburn.....but I can promise that if there's any money to be handed over, she'll get it.

**BIKIE #ONE**

Right, that's settled. But if you don't do as I say, you'll be sorry.

*Johnno begins to turn away and his two mates follow. The bikies walk close behind them as they head to the lawn where Bluey admires the gleaming frame of one of the bikes. He turns to Bieke #2 and walks towards the bike.*

**BLUEY**

That's quite a chopper! Look at those raised handlebars!

**JOHNNO (SHOUTING)**

Blue! Get away from that bike!!!!

*Bieke # 3 steps forward and grabs Blue by the shoulder.*

**BIKIE #THREE (MENACINGLY)**

Don't even think of it, mate. The last bloke who touched my bike was a neighbour...and he ended up having to have his face rearranged!

**BLUEY**

Why? Did he have an accident?

**BIKIE #THREE (SMIRKING)**

You could say that!

**BLUEY**

What did he need? Plastic Surgery?

*Johnno quickly escorts Bluey away from the bike.*

**JOHNNO**

Sorry, guys. Blue's just a bit slow on the uptake sometimes. He's always getting the footie rules wrong too.

*Bikie # One suddenly steps forward towards Johnno.*

**BIKIE #ONE**

Do you guys play football? Which code?

**JOHNNO (PLEASANTLY)**

Rugby League! We just about invented the game.

**BIKIE #ONE**

Well hang on. Youse might just be able to help us...we helped you find what you wanted. Come inside for a few minutes, I wanna talk footie with you!

*Bike # One heads back up the stairs. The three mates look at each other with incredulous looks, but Johnno motions Bluey and Joey to follow the Bikies inside the house.*

**INT. INSIDE THE UNTIDY BIKIES' HOUSE. DAY**

*Bikie#One ushers the three mates to a torn couch where they sit side by side, bearing an uncanny likeness to the 3 stooges. Bikie#One takes a wooden chair and pulls it up in front of the puzzled trio. The other two bikies bring a tray of beers from the fridge and throw each of the trio a can to open.*

*Bikie#One is the first to speak.*

**BIKIE #ONE**

So guys, I'm Gunner..and I'm the leader of this gang. We're called the DUBBO MFs. Well that's the short version of our name.. because typical media ..they don't print the bloody truth.

**BIKIE# TWO**

Yeah...the mother fuckers!

**BIKIE #ONE**

Anyway, we're sick to death of the way the media treats us. All the time sayin' that we're all deadbeats, fightin' rival gangs, rapin' sheilas and causin' heaps of trouble. Bloody liars!

We only do a little bit of all that!

Anyway, we're in regular battles with a small, do-nothin' bunch of Bikies up the highway at Narromine. They're called the Narromine Ninjas.

The Narromine Whingers would be a better name for them 'cos they're all the time whingin' about how a big gang like ours is always pickin' on a smaller bunch like them. You see, it's a small town mob..and we're a city gang.

**BIKIE #THREE**

Well.. they should stay home and hide behind their mummies. Dropkicks.

**BIKIE #ONE**

Now, Shaky..enough of that. Remember? We've decided to change our public image and this time we'll give them a fair chance ...on the football field! And boys..that's where you come in.

**JOHNNO (THOUGHTFULLY)**

How can we help?

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

Well, this has been organised for about 5 weeks..and tomorrow, we will be playing a Rugby League match against the Narromine Ninjas, here in Dubbo!!!

**JOHNNO**

So you reckon by sorting out your differences in a game of League, you'll be able to change your image?

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

Too right. This will make those media types sit up and take notice! You know, we ride bikes, fair enough. We play up...we go to kegs..like!...and all this sort of business.....Well, actually we play up quite a bit, yeah.

But instead of stagin' another blue with the Ninjas and bashin' a few heads in....we can do all that on the footie field.

And before you go and take care of that Woburn matter, I just want to run our game plan by you....and see what you league players think of it.

**JOHNNO**

Well first up, how long has it been since you played a game of league?

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

Me?! Oh the last time that we played the Walgett Wombats. We beat 'em 35 to 5!

*Gunner's right-hand man, Biekie #2 (Carno) whispers into his ear.*



**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

Oh! S'cuse me, 36 to 5!.....field goal come into it! Now we play the NINJAS tomorrow and the WOMBATS are comin' to watch.....and they would be our third biggest group of bikies..... Anyway, that would be my opinion!

*There is a sharp knock on the door and Shaky escorts 2 more gang members inside*

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

Ah, G'day! Grab a beer from the fridge..we're just talkin' about tomorrow's game with these three League players!

*The two new arrivals grunt at Gunner and get their beers and stand against the wall, listening.*

**JOHNNO**

So, how good is your line-up, Gunner?

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

I think our line-up is good enough.....um, unbeatable!....there you are!

**JOHNNO**

And tactics?

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

Well, we've been trainin' pretty hard. We've got a couple of very good forwards...and we're also goin' to use our back line and defence.

**JOHNNO**

So, do you have any of your star players here now?

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)(POINTING TO SHAKY,THE SMALLEST OF THE GROUP)**

Yeah! There's our half-back.....er, sorry..five-eight..Shaky!.....a good five-eight...got a bit of a gut on him, but a good five-eight!

*Gunner looks around for another key player and his eyes settle on one of the new arrivals.*

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

um, half-back..Winky.....a good half-back.....I mean, a good half-back, y'know!

*Gunner casts his eyes and they settle on the second of the new arrivals.*

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

um, also our star centre..Maverick, here!

So anyway, the training didn't mean completely breaking off beer drinking, but for a bunch of alco, no-hoper, motor bikies, I reckon we're pretty fit!

**JOHNNO**

It all sounds pretty good, but who's gonna referee this match?

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

Referee? Oh... Graham! We call him 'Carno' because he used to get up to a few tricks.

*Bikie#Two (Carno) steps forward.*

**BIKIE #TWO (CARNO)**

It'll be a fair game!

*(LOOKS SHEEPISHLY AT THE GROUP)*

I don't know these blokes.

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

Yeah! He was once one of our boys, but he's legit!

**BIKIE #TWO (CARNO)**

I'm legit! .....And there'll be no cheating..... And the scrum will be the biggest factor in the game!

**JOHNNO**

But I reckon you'll have your work cut out for you, keeping the game clean.

**BIKIE #TWO (CARNO)**

I might....yeah, I might... but the five-yard rule and the scrums will be the biggest factors in the game, I reckon.

**BIKIE #ONE (GUNNER)**

Well, I can tell ya this. There'll be no off-field fightin'. It'll be a tough game, but I know we'll beat 'em tomorrow.

And I can tell you're pretty impressed by me and me mates...so ya better get off now..and make sure you sort out that Woburn dope and look after his missus... for me.

**JOHNNO**

Yeah, I know I can speak for all of us. We wish you the best of luck tomorrow, Gunner. It's a great idea. And I can promise you that Pat Woburn will be in for a nasty surprise!

**EXT. NYNGAN HIGH SCHOOL. PAT WOBURN IS CHATTING WITH TRISH NOLAN AT THE SCHOOL GATES. DAY**

**PAT WOBURN**

So Trish. How about it? I reckon you know me well enough by now...how about I have a sleep over at your place tonight?

**TRISH NOLAN (DIVERTING HER EYES)**

Look, I know you've been really patient, Pat...and I guess it's time we took our relationship a bit further. But are we really going to make it together? I mean, you're away a lot..and I have quite a workload on at the school....

**PAT WOBURN (INTERRUPTING)**

You worry too much, Trish. Of course, this is what I want...never been surer! Eventually we can settle down and it'll be terrific!

**TRISH NOLAN**

Really, Pat?!

**PAT WOBURN**

I swear by all that's holy to me, Trish. You can trust me.

So I'll grab some things from the truck and see you at your place at 7..and we'll have a few drinks to celebrate ...then what happens...happens, eh?

**TRISH NOLAN**

I guess so, Pat. I'll see you then!

*Woburn leaves. Trish walks into the shopping centre. She is about to enter a supermarket as YOUNG JACK walks out and almost bumps into her.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Trish! I've been looking all over town for you. We have to talk!

**TRISH NOLAN**

Jack, I can't talk now....I've got to get some things and then make dinner. Sorry.

**YOUNG JACK**

But this is urgent, Trish. There's something I've got to tell you about that Woburn bloke!

**TRISH NOLAN**

Jack! Just leave me alone! I don't want to hear anything that you've dreamed up about Pat! He's coming over tonight and I've got to be ready.

I waited too long for you..and now I know that Pat and I are right for each other. I think tonight he's going to ask me to become engaged to him.

So don't you try to spoil things for me again, Jack!

*Trish walks into the supermarket and heads down an aisle. Jack follows but is blocked by a stream of people exiting. He chooses the wrong aisle to follow Trish but sees her in the next aisle through a row of packs of toilet rolls. He stands on a trolley and peers between the toilet rolls.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Trish! Don't do it! He's not what you think he is!!

*Trish's aisle is crowded with other shoppers who stare at Jack's face peering through a gap in the toilet rolls, much to Trish's embarrassment.*

**TRISH NOLAN (ANNOYED)**

Jack! You look ridiculous! Go away!

**YOUNG JACK (PLAINTIVELY)**

Please Trish, just listen to me for a second!

**TRISH NOLAN**

No! Nothing you can say can make me change my mind! Get off that silly shelf!

*Trish turns her back and walks on, leaving Jack peering at six bemused shoppers. Soon Jack moves with the trolley down his aisle looking for another gap on the top shelf. He finds one with a gap between some smaller boxes. He jumps on the trolley and raises himself to the top and sees Trish approaching, followed by the same six shoppers.*

**YOUNG JACK**

Trish, I'm serious! You have to know..Woburn's a con-man!

**TRISH NOLAN**

And what are you, Jack? A Saint?! You sound and look totally desperate. So go find another woman and break her heart.

*Trish reaches into the boxes beside Jack's face and takes out a packet of the product (that Jack can't see) being displayed. She hands him a pack of condoms.*

**TRISH NOLAN**

Here, with your track record, you'll probably be needing these!

*Trish rushes away to the check-out with her bundle of food for her dinner date, to the sound of applause from the six other shoppers. Jack's head slithers slowly down below the boxes.*

*FADE:*

**EXT. OUTSIDE TRISH NOLAN'S HOUSE, NYNGAN. YOUNG JACK IS MEETING WITH BLUEY & JOEY.  
NIGHT**

**YOUNG JACK (WHISPERING)**

Joey, are you sure they'll be here soon?

**JOEY**

They're on the way; they passed through Nevertire half-an-hour ago.

**YOUNG JACK**

How do you know?

**JOEY**

Johnno'a got a sheila who lives on the main road there..and she gave me a call at the pub, just 10 minutes ago. She spotted Johnno's car shootin' past.

**JOEY (GIGGLING)**

And Johnno thinks he keeps a low profile!

**YOUNG JACK**

I just hope all goes to plan now!

**BLUEY (LOOKING TOWARDS THE HOUSE)**

Hey look, Jack. you can see them through the window. They're bloody smoochin' already!

**YOUNG JACK**

OK Blue...we're not here to spy on them.

Joey, is that Johnno's car comin' towards us?

**JOEY (EXCITEDLY, BUT WHISPERING)**

It's him...and he's got the passenger with him!

**YOUNG JACK**

OK boys...you get them up to the veranda...I'm goin' in!!!

*As Jack heads to the house to knock on the front door, Bluey and Joey walk briskly to meet Johnno as his car pulls up at the kerb. In his rush to get to the car, Bluey stumbles into a garbage bin at the kerb. A loud clatter rings out through the street.*

**INT. INSIDE THE HOUSE, TRISH IS ALARMED BY THE NOISE**

**TRISH NOLAN**

What was that, Pat?

**PAT WOBURN**

Ah..sounded like someone putting out their garbage. Let's move to the bedroom, Trish!

**TRISH NOLAN**

Hang on, Pat. There's no rush...we've got all night for that.

**PAT WOBURN**

Yeah...but I can't wait to get you between the sheets!

*An urgent door knock is heard from the front of the house. Trish hastily adjusts the shoulder straps of her red dress and proceeds to walk towards the door.*

**PAT WOBURN (ANGRILY)**

Whoever that is, tell them to piss off, Trish...otherwise I'll deal with them.

**TRISH NOLAN**

Steady on Pat! I can handle it.

**PAT WOBURN**

Well hurry up, love. I'm ready to handle you!

*As Trish opens the door she is at first surprised and then angry at seeing YOUNG JACK standing there.*

**TRISH NOLAN (ANNOYED)**

What the hell are you doing here, Jack? I told you this was an important night for me. You rotten mongrel....are you here to spoil it for me?!

**YOUNG JACK**

Hold your horses, Trish. I've got somebody that you need to meet right now!

**TRISH NOLAN (EXASPERATED)**

Oh what game are you playing now?!

*Woburn has overheard the commotion and he rushes to the door. He sees Jack and four other people in the shadows approaching the Veranda.*

**PAT WOBURN (ANGRILY)**

You bloody worm. Can't take me on man-to-man, eh Jacky? You had to bring your thugs as well. I'll get the wallopers on to you lot!

**YOUNG JACK (GLARING)**

So have you promised this lady here a rosy future for the two of you?!

**PAT WOBURN**

As a matter of fact that's precisely what I've promised to give Trish. A lot more than you were man enough to do, you bloody big oaf!

**TRISH NOLAN**

Jack...no more....just go!

**YOUNG JACK**

Hold on...here's the person I wanted you to meet...Mrs Woburn...from Dubbo!

*Trish is astonished and instantly realises how she has been deceived. She moves aside while Mrs. Woburn lunges forward and drags her husband outside to face the music.*

**MRS. WOBURN (SCREAMING)**

You bloody sleazebag, Patrick. You told me that you'd given up chasin' skirt all over the countryside. You're a liar and a cheat! I'll make you pay, you bastard!

*The couple soon disappear into the darkness with occasional yelps from Woburn who is being assaulted as he walks.*

*Jack holds Trish around the shoulders and they gaze knowingly at each other.*

**TRISH NOLAN**

All this time that I thought you were just being jealous, you were trying to protect me, Jack!

**YOUNG JACK**

Well I've missed you, Trish...and I never want to miss you again!

**TRISH NOLAN**

Oh Jack!

*Trish and Jack kiss passionately. Bluey stands mesmerised at the sight, until Johnno quickly leads both Bluey & Joey off into the darkness.*

**JOHNNO (VOICE TRAILING OFF)**

I'm just glad I can tell Gunner that Mrs. Woburn got the money. I had to pay her 50 bucks just to get her here...worth every cent, I'd say!

*FADE:*

**EXT. SIX MONTHS LATER. BOGAN RIVER, NYNGAN. WEDDING SCENE. DAY.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (NARRATION OVER WEDDING VISUALS)**

Well it took another 6 months to convince Trish that marrying me was one of her best decisions.

No matter how sweet they are, sheilas take a lot of convincing when it comes to getting hitched!

I don't blame her though. She had to be certain that I had honed my bedroom skills and could now be satisfied with just one sex partner and be able to raise more than just my rod when required.

Here's why. Despite those frenzied, lustful moments of the late teens and early adult years, a woman might not always be ready for sex after a few years of coping with adult responsibilities and children. No matter how long you've been together, you have to accept reality! That means periods of no sex!!! One day a woman may be ready for sex action, but the next day she may be so weary from work, shopping, caring for kids or worrying about the mortgage that sex may be the last thing on her mind. She also may have her menstrual cycle interfering with her sex drive. And it's up to the bloke to recognise these things before plunging in and making a complete goat of himself.

But I told Trish, I'd cope! 'Cos I really loved her. So the BIG day came...and I reckon it must have been one of the biggest 'dos' that Nyngan had seen in decades.

Everyone was there from the Mayor to all me mates. They were the groomsmen.

Bluey even rented a tux for the occasion!

*FLASHBACK TO ACTION WITH DIALOGUE:*

*Bluey is seen standing in the groomsmen's line in front of the celebrant as they await the bride. Bluey is wearing a flamboyant tuxedo which does not match the others in the wedding party. Joey looks at Bluey and gives him an approving 'thumbs up', while Johnno looks the other way.*

**JOEY (EXCITEDLY, BUT WHISPERING)**

On ya, Blue! Beaut clobber, mate!

**BLUEY**

Aw, thanks mate...got a special price on it at the 2nd hand store!

**JOHNNO (INTERRUPTING)**

Keep it down, you two. This is a wedding...not a fashion show!

*The Bridal march is heard being played on a portable keyboard mounted on the slope leading to the side of the Bogan river, where the wedding party is gathered. The keyboard is slightly unstable and the last notes are not the ones that Felix Mendelssohn originally composed. Not flustered, Trish, in a wonderful white wedding gown steps out from behind a shrub and leads the bridal procession down the hill and stands in front of the celebrant beside YOUNG JACK.*

**CELEBRANT**

So, are you two ready?

**BLUEY (SHOUTING)**

You betcha. They're ready!

**JOHNNO**

Shhhhhhhhhut up, Blue!

**CELEBRANT (FORMALLY)**

Yes, could we please respect this ceremony; it's a significant event in these young people's lives. They are the only ones that I need to respond. Thank you.

**BLUEY (IN A STAGE WHISPER TO JOEY)**

No sense of humour with this bloke!

**JOEY**

Shut your trap, Blue!

**CELEBRANT (FORMALLY)**

As I was saying, I must insist on the members of the wedding party, apart from the Bride & Groom, being silent. Thank you.

Now, are you two ready to give yourselves to each other in marriage?

**YOUNG JACK & TRISH NOLAN (JOINTLY)**

We are.

**BLUEY (IN A STAGE WHISPER TO JOEY)**

See! I already told him they were!

**CELEBRANT (CASTING A GLARE AT BLUEY)**

So let's commence. Please step closer.

Do you, Jack, take Trish to be your lawfully wedded wife?...Promising to love and honour her above all others and thereby be faithful to only her...in sickness and in health, whether rich or poor..for all days henceforth?



**YOUNG JACK (ENTHUSIASTICALLY)**

I certainly do!!

*Peals of laughter spread through the congregation.*

**CELEBRANT**

Very nice, but a simple 'I Do' will suffice.

Now, do you, Trish, take Jack to be your lawfully wedded husband?...Promising to love and honour him above all others and thereby be faithful to only him...in sickness and in health, whether rich or poor..for all days henceforth?

**TRISH NOLAN**

I do.

**CELEBRANT (TURNING HIS ATTENTION TO THE GROOMSMEN)**

May I now have the rings presented please.

*There is a small moment of hesitation among the groomsmen as Johnno digs into his pocket and realises that he gave the rings to Joey to carry.*

**JOHNNO (NERVOUSLY)**

Damn, I gave them to you, Joey as I was fixin' that keyboard in place, Remember? You put them in your pocket!

**JOEY (PUZZLED MOMENTARILY)**

Oh yeah...I've got them!! Yeah..they're here!

**CELEBRANT**

Well if someone has the rings, could you please bring them forward.

*Joey adopts an important posture and walks towards the celebrant and offers him the rings.*

**CELEBRANT (FLUSTERED)**

Oh dear, NO! This won't do. Please give the rings to the bridegroom and he will sort out which is which so that each has a ring to place on the other's hand...if that's not too much trouble!!!

**JOEY**

No mate, I'm happy to do that for youse!

*The rings are handed to Jack who gives one to Trish and smiles confidently at the Celebrant.*

**CELEBRANT (CASTING A GLARE AT JOEY)**

Sir! You have some interesting people as your groomsmen.

**YOUNG JACK (ENTHUSIASTICALLY)**

I do!

**CELEBRANT**

That's already done!

Now to the exchange of these rings which are circular and represent the cycle of your lives together, forever bound and endless.

Jack, kindly place the ring on Trish's finger and please repeat after me:

'I give you this ring as a symbol of our endless love and that I am forever yours and you are mine to cherish and adore.'

*Jack repeats the words perfectly*

**CELEBRANT**

Trish, kindly place the ring on Jack's finger and please repeat after me:

'I give you this ring as a symbol of our endless love and that I am forever yours and you are mine to cherish and adore.'

*Jill repeats the words slowly and deliberately*

**CELEBRANT (PROUDLY)**

Very well.

I now pronounce you husband and wife.

You may kiss the bride....and good luck!!

*As the couple kiss each other passionately, the wedding guests surround them and the party begins. The wedding scene eventually fades away and we are left with the image of AUSSIE JACK SNR alone, in the same spot where the wedding took place.*

**BACK TO THE PRESENT:**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION)**

Yeah, it was a big 'do' and it's continued along its happy path.

Well, like other couples, we have had our ups and downs....no, not just in bed!

That's all gone very well though. Trish told me early in the piece that I was a tiger in the cot!

And I taught her a few things I'd picked up during my time away.

**VISUALS FOLLOW WITH AUSSIE JACK SNR NARRATION:**

*Transition to sex scenes (between YOUNG JACK & Trish) as Aussie Jack SNR continues the narration over the visuals.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

It's like I've always said..the more we practice the better we become.

And I'm not suggesting indiscriminate humping. Not for a second. But you need to learn how to treat a woman in bed. 'Cos even Trish had moments when she didn't feel like it!

*Sex scenes between Jack & Trish with Trish unwilling.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (CONTINUES NARRATION OVER VISUALS)**

It's true that the bloke might still be able to initiate sex even when she's weary, but you have to be clever.

The first step towards successful sex is considering the woman; it's in your interest to plan your sex strategy, mate!!!

You need to ensure that she's relaxed and ready....before attempting to get her aroused sexually.

As the years pass and you remember how your sheila was once insatiable around you, it could now sometimes take a fair bit of persuasion to get her even mildly interested in having sex with you.

So don't assume that she can't wait to grab your dick and ride it like a horse. You live in the real world.....not in Pornsville.

But we've been happy living right here in Nyngan. The kids are now all out of the house, livin' their own lives...and most of the time it's just me and Trish doin' all the hard work around here.

**EXT. SHEEP PROPERTY OUTSIDE NYNGAN. MOB OF SHEEP SURROUND THE UTE STOCK CRATE IN A LARGE PADDOCK. AUSSIE JACK SNR IS AT THE WHEEL, LEANING OUT THE WINDOW. DAY.**

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Ah, luv....can you get that lot loaded?! I'm fiddlin' with these gadgets so I can do my sex lecture on Messenger

*(product placement opp.)*

**TRISH NOLAN (DRESSED FOR FARM WORK BUT SMILING)**

Yeah, sure. It's not as if I've got anything else to do!

Who will you be talking to anyway?

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Ah, the Senior Centre in town has set up a big screen in the hall and invited seniors from all over for a 'Sex After Sixty' talk from me.

**TRISH NOLAN (LOADING SHEEP)**

Well don't go mentioning me in your talk. I know how you blokes like to brag!

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Nah! It's purely about things I've learned - no names, luv.

I think it's gonna work OK. They should be now about ready to get my picture. I've got the Sony Xperia seated firmly on the dash.

*(product placement opp.)*

Luv, Don't worry if the sheep make any noise when I start....the seniors won't mind.

**TRISH NOLAN (SARCASTICALLY)**

Oh, that's good of them!

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Yeah. I'm only sorry we won't be able to see what's happening on stage as I describe things. Bluey and his partner, Doris - you know, that former Nyngan barmaid - are gonna be miming the actions that I'm describing as I talk.

I bet that's attracted a few more blokes to the session, eh?

**TRISH NOLAN (STILL LOADING SHEEP)**

Ah, you blokes! Always ready for a perv.

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (INDIGNANT)**

This is an *educational* talk, Trish! Anyway, here we go!

*Trish ignores Jack and continues herding the sheep into the stock crate, as Jack begins checking with Bluey that his picture is being seen OK at the Seniors Centre, many kilometres away in Nyngan.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Can you see me and hear me OK, Blue?

**BLUEY (EXCITED)**

Yeah, G'day, Jack. Comin' through loud and clear here. Ya look like a blinkin' TV star.

We've got a big audience here waiting for you to start, Jack. And Doris is dressed in a black negligee..so I think we now have everyone's attention. So let 'er rip, mate!

**AUSSIE JACK SNR (GRINNING)**

Ah, well G'day everyone! For those of you who don't know me.... they call me Aussie Jack.

The Seniors' Centre people asked me to do this talk on 'Sex After Sixty' because someone dobbed me in as having had a lot of experience!

Anyway, I believe Doris and Bluey are going to help you understand things a bit better by miming the actions as I describe them.

*Doris and Bluey take a bow from their position beside the big screen in the Senior's Centre.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

OK Blue...don't forget I can now see you on the return cam. picture from the centre on my other mobile. So don't go gettin' too racy there with Doris! G'day Doris!

**DORIS THE BARMAID**

He's got Buckley's chance of losin' control, Jack. I'll hit him if he gets too fresh, mate!

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Right, that's settled.

Now, let's start with the basics of sex before we start talking about age.

Take it from me, you blokes! Seduction can begin in many ways. It may come through a romantic gesture, a pleasant conversation, a few laughs, a few drinks or a nice surprise. And then a kiss.

Remember the song, 'It Started With A Kiss'. If a bloke is on the brink of intimacy with a woman, a kiss is the natural first step to take. But choose the moment wisely.

*Bluey, purses his lips in front of Doris, but she pushes him backwards. Jack continues without noticing what's happening.*

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR**

What many men don't realise is that we are designed to release a series of physical effects that are pleasurable and calming through kissing. Fair dinkum! It's when the tongues meet that the nerve endings send some kind of signal to the brain to release hormones to relax and calm us. How good is that?

*Bluey and Doris poke tongues at each other and then the camera scans the audience to show the attentive audience, including familiar faces such as Johnno & Joey and the bikies from Dubbo*

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR**

So if we're really going to begin getting intimate with a sheila with a smooch, make sure you get ready for it. Swirling a mouthwash and brushing the choppers is very important so that we don't spoil the BIG moment. Bung on some deodorant while you're at it, but make sure you don't pong too much.

*Doris helps Bluey act out all that Jack has described for a bloke to do to prepare himself.*

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR**

If you're close enough to kiss her, but she's playing hard to get by not wanting a kiss on her lips yet, kiss her gently somewhere else ...like....her neck....or her exposed back..or even her wrists.

*Bluey starts licking Doris' ear and so she bends her neck forward to expose the back of her neck. Bluey licks it like a dog until Doris guides him to more gentle kissing of her neck.*

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR**

If her legs are exposed, use your fingers to gently stroke the back of her knees. You will know by your partner's reaction, which kisses, strokes and caresses that she's enjoying the most.

*Bluey starts getting the idea and slithers down to stroke the back of Doris's knees and Doris pretends to buckle in response. The pair then start to enjoy their mime and exchange sexy kisses and strokes. The audience scan reveals more intense interest.*

### **AUSSIE JACK SNR**

When you kiss her again, continue kissing her down and around the front of her neck. A sure signal that she is ready for more is if she begins stripping. Let her know that you enjoy it.

*Doris does a slow strip and Bluey can't believe his eyes!*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Sheilas are individual about this aspect of sex. Some are shy and may want you to remove their clothes;

*Bluey attempts to help Doris strip, but is rejected. Jack notices the reaction on his other device.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

With this type of sheila, show some understanding.

*Bluey steps back looking apologetic.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Some women enjoy showing their lover everything slowly by removing their own clothes in a teasing manner. So sit back and enjoy the show!

*Doris slips out the negligee with her back to the audience.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

If she is already naked, gently massage her back—not in a therapeutic bone-crushing manner, but with soft strokes and kisses that begin at the shoulders and teasingly lightly touch her on her buttocks and down the back of her legs. Take your cue from any response that you hear from her, but you must stay relaxed, making no sudden moves.

*Bluey does as described but grabs her buttocks too hard and releases them quickly when Doris yelps. Then with a lighter touch, Doris moans a little.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

If she is being responsive, soon you will want to glide your fingers down her arms and across her breasts.... without stopping to stimulate them.

*Bluey & Doris have their backs to the audience and Bluey follows Jack's instructions well. He pauses when he reaches the breasts, but then does as he has been told and returns to her back.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Then run your soft strokes down her bare buttocks to lightly touch between her legs from behind....but again without settling.

*Bluey complies with Jack's advice and Doris sighs again.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

The aim is to build sexual tension so that when you do more she'll be ready to feel your passion. This is what they mean by foreplay.

*The camera scans the faces of the audience capturing mostly attentive gazes, until it reaches the bikies who are all sitting forward on the edge of their seats.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

If her need is more urgent, you'll soon know. Always take your cues from the sheila so that you don't drive her mad by being too technical when all she really wants is a good root!

*Doris leans back against Bluey, who turns his head to wink at the audience with a thumbs-up gesture.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Thank you Doris & Bluey ...I think it really helps when you demonstrate what can be done..and I'm sure the audience appreciates what you're doing.

*Hand clapping begins in appreciation of the mime. Instinctively, Doris & Bluey begin to turn around to acknowledge the audience but realise that they are naked so they swing back away from the audience and wave over their shoulders instead.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

There are many different positions you can follow to find the joy of sex...so grab the books and study them!

But listen guys... don't neglect the clit! It's a powerful orgasmic tool when it's stroked properly

*Bluey, feels the need to demonstrate, so still with his back to the audience he places his hand on Doris' lower regions, at which Doris has to raise his hand slightly higher to approximate the top of her vagina.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

There's also the biggest orgasm that you can give to sheilas who want it. If your partner is used to masturbating...

*Bluey begins to mime male masturbation, but Doris stops him and points to herself.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

...your sheila will probably teach you how to give her the strongest, most pleasurable orgasm of all—female ejaculation—or 'squirting' as the bush blokes have always called it!

*Doris turns her head to the audience with an expression of disapproval. Bluey looks puzzled.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

It's not suitable for all sheilas. If your lady friend has any inhibitions about sex you should tread warily, mate.

It requires very careful finger stimulation of her G-Spot.

*Doris turns her head to the screen with renewed interest. Bluey still looks puzzled.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Yes, I've done it many times and women become frantic about doing it again. I've given you my warnings about preparing a sheila for this moment, so I hope you take my advice.

*Bluey pretends to understand what to do and places his hand down around Doris to her genitals.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Some guides call this Seismic Sex, but here in the bush we used to always call it the Thunderstorm because you can hear it building before she suddenly shudders, shakes and squirts!

*Doris mimes the trembling and finishes with a loud moan.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

If this is a loving relationship she will then want to either fall into your arms savouring the joy of the orgasm that you gave her OR she'll want more! Go with the flow!

*Doris screams out 'More'! Bluey scratches his head.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

That's why I suggest that you 'communicate, before you fornicate'.

As the years go by in any relationship, sexual or otherwise, routine can become boring. If you have open communication you can beat boredom. Have sex in different ways and different places.

*Doris leads Bluey behind the screen and all that can be seen are two pairs of legs coming close together.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

And mates, don't think the sex urge fades as you grow old!

I'm positive that as we move into our sixties we enter an exciting new sexual frontier. More challenging for sure, but provided you have your health and a few bob put away to make sure that you don't starve, there are good times ahead.

*The legs beneath the screen begin to simulate sexual movements in different positions.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

For starters, there are a lot of people in our age group who long ago shattered the silly myth that seniors don't have sex. So follow their example. The sex guide *The Joy Of Sex* from the 70s, is worth mentioning here again. The book, quoting studies that reveal about half of senior couples still have sex, claims it's closer to 75 percent all things considered. The book says the reason is that 'neither men nor women lose either sexual needs or sexual functions with age'.

The experts will also tell you that if a sheila enjoyed sex before menopause she can certainly enjoy great sex in the postmenopausal years.

So there are new paths to explore if you and your sheila decide to embrace living!

*Bluey & Doris reappear, side-on to the audience but totally naked and kiss in a sensual position.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

But I've seen blokes in the country retire from their job and then retire, straight off the bat, to the town's watering hole.

*Bluey pretends to be drinking, while Doris shakes her head.*



**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

They spend time and money at the pub with a bunch of deadbeats, who have been doing nothing more productive since retiring than killing off their brain cells and complaining about nothing interesting happening in their boring lives. It's an easy trap.

We can also learn something from the Aborigines. Seniors in tribal communities are elders. Elders are recognised for having wisdom learned from a lifetime of experiences and their advice is valued.

*Doris and Bluey turn briefly full frontal, nodding their heads in agreement.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

But don't expect to find much of that attitude existing in western society today.

*Doris and Bluey realising that they're full frontal quickly turn side-on again.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

If nongs call you a senior, wear the label as a badge of pride. So what if the memory banks corrode a little over time and your short-term memory is affected, don't let it rattle you.

*Doris and Bluey mime forgetful looks as they look around.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Just feel compensated by the fact that your intellect has served you well for many years in many situations and it can afford to take a break occasionally. Usually it will be trivial matters that you forget.

*Doris and Bluey then look down at each other's genitals.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

The things that you consider really important are more easily retained. Remember always that Age has been proved to be, to a very large degree, a state of mind.

*As Jack concludes his talk, the audience watches the screen and Trish is seen joining Jack in the truck. Jack puts his arm around her immediately as she gazes admiringly up at him.*

**AUSSIE JACK SNR**

Call me a bush philosopher if you wish, but by now I hope you lot have a very different view of what sex and happiness is all about...Down Under..... See ya!

*As the audience applauds, Jack is oblivious to still being on cam and turns to Trish and kisses her passionately; their hands are out of sight but it is obvious that foreplay has been commenced below camera range.*

*As the scene fades to black it's only Trish than can be heard, whispering.*

**TRISH NOLAN**

Jack, turn the bloody camera off...and take me home...quick.....you sex guru!

*Fade to black:*

Suggested song over closing credits:

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS.

CHARACTERS:

Two principal actors are required for the parts of the narrator 'AUSSIE JACK SENIOR' and Jack as a youth, 'YOUNG JACK'.

BROKEN HILL SCENES:

Aussie Jack Snr. (narrator)

NYNGAN SCENES:

YOUNG JACK. (young Aussie Jack)

Bluey (young & old)

Joey (young & old)

Johnno (young & old)

Veronica (Ronnie)

Group of high school girls

Nancy

Rodney

Gus

SYDNEY SCENES:

YOUNG JACK.'s boss & his wife

Jill

Kath

Bryan

Mona

Ian & girlfriend

Blonde woman in insurance office

BROADBEACH SCENES

Jeff

Sandra

Beach group

Aussie Woman

Italian Woman

German Woman

NYNGAN & DUBBO SCENES:

Trish Nolan

Judy Wogan

Old Shearer

Doris the Barmaid

Pat Woburn

5 Bikies:

Gunner

Shaky

Carno

Winky

Maverick

Mrs. Woburn

Marriage Celebrant

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