

The walls of the dark interior are covered with bikie memorabilia, photos and flags.

A Harley Davidson motorcycle stands in the corner between overflowing shelving and tables scattered with beer cans.

-- BROOKE (22), is slim with short mousey hair, a pale complexion and a determined look. She has a small tattoo of a motorbike under one ear.

She sits on the pillion seat of the motorcycle, facing the rear. Her pink top is pushed up revealing her bra. Her legs are in the air, bound at the knees by her jeans.

ANTONY (30), a bearded bikie in a denim jacket with a logo on the back, stands between her legs with his jeans down.

He drinks from a can of beer as he thrusts into her.

She pulls his head close and kisses him on the cheek as he thrusts.

He MOANS and finishes.

He steps back, takes a GULP of beer, tosses the can and ZIPS up.

SERGEANT AT ARMS

My turn now?

Brooke and Antony SNAP their head around to look into the shadows.

The SERGEANT AT ARMS (40's) is a huge, dangerous man with matted hair and tattoos all over his greasy arms.

He steps forward and LEERS at Brooke's bare legs.

He moves closer.

Brooke jumps off the motorcycle and wriggles her jeans up.

ANTONY

No, she's mine.

The Sergeant at Arms LAUGHS and reaches for Brooke.

She steps behind Antony who picks up a steel bar and raises it.

The Sergeant at Arms hesitates and advances.

Antony swings the bar and the Sergeant at Arms stops.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

Fuck off!

Antony grabs Brooke's arm and drags her towards the front roller door.