

JIM: Who is it?

CHOPPER: It's Mark.

JIM: Mark who?

CHOPPER: It's Chopper.

JIM: What are you doin comin round here?

CHOPPER: Look Jim. All those problems we've had. They're all in the past. And all these rumors that are flyin around? Well they're all bullshit. I just wanna come in and I want to be friends.

JIM: What rumors?

CHOPPER: That I'm gonna clip ya.

JIM: I haven't heard that one.

CHOPPER: Well it's not true. Look just let us in would ya.

JIM: Look mate. I'm not lettin ya in right. I got kids here. They're just little kids and they will be afraid of seein a man with no ears.

CHOPPER: Right...

JIM: It's not personal.

CHOPPER: Nah. It's no problem. C'mon Jim just let us in. I'll come in and have a chat. Come on, mate! I won't bloody bite.

JIM: Alright. Alright. Ya armed?

CHOPPER: Of course, I'm bloody armed! I got a buncha peanuts tryin to kill me. Would I get around without me fuckin guns?

JIM: Alright. You throw 'em in. You throw 'em all in or I'm not gonna let you in. Alright? Throw 'em in first. Ok? Stick of gelignite? Oh, very nice. Is that it?

CHOPPER: Nah, hold it. One more..

JIM: Is that it?

CHOPPER: Yeh.

JIM: If I know you...

CHOPPER: This is plush, mate. This is swank. Who said crime doesn't pay? You got yourself a family now, Jim? I don't reckon I could have a family, though. They're the sorta thing that could be used against ya. If you know what I mean? No, not like the way it sounded but you know what I mean? Jesus, Jim. You really have landed on ya... ya bloody knees haven't ya?

JIM: Mark, what are you doin here mate?

CHOPPER: What? Can't I visit a mate? You and I were very best of friends. Jimmy. I do have a couple of questions for you though? Yeh, I gotta coupla questions. Now, the first question is... Is there supposed to be somethin you're tellin me?

JIM: No.

CHOPPER: There's nuthin you're supposed to be tellin me?

JIM: No, mate.

CHOPPER: If anything that's happened in the past I'll wash it all away so long as there's nuthin I need to know now.

JIM: No...

CHOPPER: You're not angry at me for anything?

JIM: No, I'm not angry at ya for anything. It's all water under the bridge, mate.

CHOPPER: No new water? No fresh buckets comin round since then?

JIM: No, no fresh buckets comin round.

CHOPPER: Ok. Good. Now the second question. Are you employed right now? Are you gainfully employed?

JIM: Perish the thought.

CHOPPER: How much you usin?

JIM: I got a handle on it. Fuckin H Divison, mate.

CHOPPER: The only thing you had a bloody handle on, Jimmy Loughnin, was the occasional knife handle when things got a bit too much for you, ay? Knife handle in the old Chop Chop,

ay? Jimmy, listen. I'm gunna show you somethin. Now, if this goes any further my life's in danger and you'll be the one who's gettin killed. Alright? Now have a look at this. I need someone to help me work 'em. Guess who I'm workin for now? Have a guess? have a bloody guess!

JIM: Fuck... ah?

CHOPPER: Wrong. Starts with a 'c.' Amanda Duncan. Amanda Duncan?

JIM: Cops?

CHOPPER: Yeh. I gotta fuckin green light from 'em. Have a look at this. Dirty Dick Downey. Yeh, he looks like a fuckin accountant but he's a hard bastard. Super Steve Cooney. Look out, Super Steve! You heard about Neville Bartos' burst appendix?

JIM: Yeah...

CHOPPER: It was me and the raincoat men. Downey was drivin the fuckin car!

JIM: And you drove him to the hospital.

CHOPPER: No I didn't drive him to the bloody hospital! Do I look like Mother Theresa to you? You know 'im do ya?

JIM: Who?

CHOPPER: Fuckin, who? Neville. So there's nuthin ya supposed to be tellin me, Jim?

JIM: No, mate.

CHOPPER: Nuthin about a contact that's out on me?

JIM: Mate, you must have two dozen contracts out on ya.

CHOPPER: Yeh, well, apparently Neville Bartos and Nick Anastopolous and the rest of the fairy-godfathers have put a contract out on me.

JIM: Look mate, I don't know anythin about right!

CHOPPER: Really. You see I heard you're the one that's supposed to do it. But I guess it's a case of first in, best dressed, isn't it?

JIM: No, Mark. No.. You're bein paranoid, right.

CHOPPER: Yeh well just because I'm bein paranoid, doesn't mean people aren't tryin to kill me.

JIM: Mate, I got kids here. I got kids here. Well, fuckin just shoot me if you're gunna shoot me. In front of my kids. Go on I fuckin dare ya! Shoot me in front of my kids. Go on ya fuckin cunt! Go on!

CHOPPER: I'm sorry, Jim. I didn't mean to bloody scare ya.

JIM: You gotta relax a bit, ya know, you gotta take it easy. yA know get outta fuckin town.

CHOPPER: Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh.

JIM: Ya jumpin at shadows.

CHOPPER: Yeh, yeh, yeh, whatever... Look at you, though. Bloody hell! Ya goin bad, Jim. Ya got bloody kids and everything. For Christ's sake, here. Fix ya house up. Fix ya bloody kids up. Get ya life in order, ya can't live like this, it's bloody terrible. Take it. Jim? Ya mother's a drug addict, for fuck's sake. That's not for drugs.

