Chopper

By Mark Brandon Read
There's something fucking desperately wrong with him and...
...he needs fucking help.
Good luck to him, good luck to him and anyone that's helping him... because he's fucked... i'm telling you.
Neville Bartos has been in hiding since...
Chopper shot and narrowly missed killing him for the second time.
You see that's a good bloody wound.
Do you see that?
Of course I bloody can!
...I let him in,
I said hello, I was a friend.
- And he did it again...
- That's right!
So what have you got to say to people who say...
"He's a real bad piece of work, he's criminally insane."
- Who says that?
- Well Neville Bartos for one.
That bloody sook!
Is he still crying is he?
Neville shouldn't have stepped into the criminal world unless...
he was prepared to put body on the line.
The average man on the street doesn't worry about Chopper Read.
The average man on the street, he likes me, he couldn't care less about me.
What I do, he applauds.
And now they're saying...
the proceeds of my bullshit should go to these victims of crime.
Who are my victims? Proceeds of crime!
Do you wanna see money go to the drug dealers? I perish the thought.
I ain't got nothing on my conscience for killing a few druggies.
The drugs are far as i'm concerned...
they completely the criminal world...
And in my opinion they'll
probably ruin normal society.
That's right, that's what he said before.
You seem to have a hatred for humanity.
Humanity doesn't like me. That's
why i'm always sitting here talking.
I'm a bloody freak show.
He's waving at us!
Chopper!
He's waving at us!
The average person watching
this thinks i'm a bloody freak.
What's your opinion?
I'm just a normal bloke, a normal
bloke that likes a bit of torture!
You see that line there?
That's your side of the yard.
You stay that side of the
yard, we'll stay this side.
Good, you got that knucklehead?
What's he done to his hair?
That's boot polish mate.
Lynx forgot to pick up the powder.
Poor old bugger.
Nice to see your bald
patch has gone Keith.
It looks good mate.
I like it.
So you're not gonna get me then Keith?
Not worth doing any
more time over you maggot.
Keithy, you'll get off on self defence.
All you gotta do is kill me...
present my psychiatric
records to the court...
There's not a jury in the
land that'll convict you.
You fucking sick, Read.
You're insane.
Beethoven had his critics too Keith.
See if you can name 3 of them.
That's right, you can't.
Why don't you do yourself a
favour and shut up you cunt.
You're a parrot, fucking blowfly!
Ah Keith, I always
thought I was a good bloke.
- What did you ever do that was good?
- Well I bashed you.
That was good, wasn't it? It was
good for a bit of a giggle anyway.
Hey Keithy?
Come on Keith,
you should thank me.
You're gonna hit the knees
doing regular panel beating.
Fuck him, who does he think he is?
He knows who he is.
He's Keithy George.
He's the painters and dockers mate.
Out there he's the
painters and dockers.
In here he's just another
bare bum in the shower.
Why do you hate him so much?
I don't hate him,
I don't hate anybody.
Well why have we been
fighting for 3 fucking years?
I don't know.
- Mate, we should have a reason.
- We'll make one up.
Over here.
Step in, Mark.
Mr. Cole?
What the fuck's
going on down there?
Keithy's done himself a mischief.
Hurry up!
I'll be on down in a minute.
You alright Keith?
It's alright Keith, you're not
going to bleed to death.
They called the screws.
The screws are coming.
- Want a cigarette Keith?
- Get away from me!
It's alright mate.
Have a cigarette Keith.
Keithy, come on mate.
You don't much like me do you?
You bash people for no reason
just to make a name for yourself.
You're a fucking idiot.
I'm not a dumb cumless piece of blood Keith.
I'm the one who runs a division.
Make no mistake about that.
What's going on here?
No sweat.
Keithy seems to have
done himself a mischief.
Stay back fellas!
Keep everyone away!
Alright Keithy?
Off you go mate.
Off to the sickbay.
Whinge, whinge, fucking whinge!
Nice late one tonight sir.
I don't mind Mark,
I get double pay.
- Bit of overtime?
- It'll do me.
Enjoy.
Bloody put my shoulder out.
What?
This is DSS Creswell, DS Wyatt.
They're from the
prisoner liaison office.
They're investigating the
incident that happened in...
H division yesterday
involving prisoner George.
At this stage I must inform you that
you're not obliged to say anything...
And anything you do say may
be given in evidence, understand?
All I can tell you is
what I told Mr Beazley.
None of us saw anything,
it's just one of those things.
Bluey Barnes was reading a magazine...
Ambrose Atcheson was taking a piss...
Johnny Price was washing his hands...
Jimmy Loughnan was watching a bull ant crawl across the table...
And I was watching Jimmy watch the bull ant.
Sadly, none of us are gonna be able to help you on this occasion... as much as we'd like to.
I put it to you that that's not the truth.
Look, I didn't stab Keithy George.
I had nothing to do with what happened to Keithy George, alright.
And I'm sure when he wakes from his slumber...
he'll swear to God that I didn't stab him.
He's not gonna wake up Mark, he died this morning.
It's not a good thing.
The sort of thing that'll come back at you.
Don't get all spooky on me.
I'll dream about that shit for a while, big deal.
I'll keep my feet on the ground.
That's not what he's talking about, he's talking about the dockers.
They have to get us back now don't they?
What do you want me to do about it?
Just fucking lie there while he's stabbing me to death?
That would've been wise wouldn't it?
We didn't want to start it up again, this is fucking whack!
That's the fucking whack!
Bluey!
Get fucked!
About bloody time Blue!
Don't get angry Blue. You lose your edge you lose your perspective.
You can't make friends with your enemies.
Even when peace time is declared,
they're all still fucking enemies.
Aren't they?
No one's ever forgotten Blue,
it's just human fucking nature.
My money's always been on you Mark.
The dockers are very threatened at
what's happened to Keithy George.
You've really put them in a corner.
I don't know how
serious to take this but...
There's a rumour going around that
they've put a contract out on you.
How much?
That's been passed round,
$2,000 each to have you knocked.
Not bad. I should have a go myself.
It all sounds a little ridiculous doesn't it?
Who are they gonna get to do it?
Take you pick Mark.
All we gotta do is grab two screws...
knives to their throats, take their keys,
march them up to the scullery...
lock them in the scullery.
Then get matchsticks,
stick them in the keyholes...
seperating the gates
from the divison, right?
Then we ring the alarm bells...
We pick up the phone to Governer Beazley...
And we tell him we've
got two screws hostage...
and we've taken the
entire division to siege.
Then we'll grab the keys, go
through the whole joint, cell by cell...
and I will icepick the fucking spines
of every prisoner in this division.
Make paraplegics of all of them.
Turn them all into jelly sandwiches.
- I don't wanna be in it.
- Are you a girl's dress.
I don't care what you say.
The blokes down there haven't got
$10,000. They haven't got 10,000 cents.
They haven't got any sense at all mate.
It's simple, we do it all in one night. We go swoop...
Wake up in the morning, problem solved.
I've got my appeal going.
I don't wanna fuck it up.
You'll be in it though won't you?
Do I have to remind you of certain things?
- You're never gonna let me forget that fucking judge are you? - No.
And as for you, you knucklehead...
When it starts you jump straight in.
If you stand there thinking about it for two fucking seconds you are back there...
In the yard, crying, like when I first met you. Right?
Yeah.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
Want a smoke?
Ta Jimmy.
Anyway, Swallow didn't come out.
He said to wait till the next morning.
So I was thinking mate,
I saw him in the dunny...
He was there with the toothpick trying to go at it.
It's a bit early in the morning for kung-fu isn't it Jim?
What's the matter with you?
Hang on a second.
What are you doing?
What's got into you?
Come here mate.
Sorry, Chop.
It's alright.
Shit!
Jim if you keep stabbing me you're gonna kill me, right?
You can let go.
I can't let you go Jimmy, you've got a knife in your hand.
You let me go i'll drop that shiv.
You drop the knife
and then i'll let you go.
You let me go i'll drop the shiv, i'll drop off.
Let go of the knife Jimmy.
Ok i'll drop off, let go of my hands.
I'm gonna let you go, ok?
Go and sit down.
Terrific sneak Jim, bloody terrific.
You obviously listened
and learnt well didn't you?
Always give credit where credit is due.
I give you top marks for treachery.
Blue, you're bloody useless.
You alright Chop?
Yeah i'm alright.
  - Jesus mate, does it hurt?
  - No.
I think you'd better lie down..
What for?
It'll do you good mate.
Come on let me help out,
you'd better lie down and lie still.
Just like that.
Sorry Chop.
Sorry.
  - Cut me. - No, I can't
    fucking cut you mate!
Bluey, cut me!
I can't cut you mate.
  - I can't do it.
  - Pussy fucker...
  - Put the knife down.
  - He's a madman, he attacked me.
Put the knife down.
  - Ok, he attacked me first.
  - Put the knife down.
We're not letting anyone out of
here until the knife goes on the table.
  - He's a psycho, just get him out of here.
  - Put it on the table Jim!
Put it down!
Chopper went fucking mad!
He fucking tried to stab Jimmy.
He attacked him first.
He attacked me first boss, right?
How about getting someone
to look at my arm?
How are you Mark?
Are you prepared
to make a statement?
The bloke's been my
best mate since 1975.
We've had our fallouts from
time to time, that's no big deal.
If your mum stabs you what do you do?
You don't get upset,
you don't get angry.
You go "Shit, mum's stabbed me,
i'd better get to the hospital."
He's made a statement against you Mark.
No he hasn't.
Have a look at that.
That's not Jimmy,
Jimmy wouldn't do that.
He's done it.
He's also filed a claim with the
victims of crime compensation board.
Victims of crime,
how much can he get?
$5,000.
Jimmy Loughnan,
a bloody victim fo crime?!
Shit. Cheeky dog!
If he's charged...
Does that mean I can
lay a claim against him?
Is that you Jimmy?
You weak cunt!
You coulda had me but you lost
your guts at the last second didn't ya?
I tell you Jim,
if i'd had had the knife...
you wouldn't have got a stab in the
arm, i'd have cut your fucking head off!
Mark, why you
ganging up against Jim?
He's the one who made the
first statement against me.  
Cops were gonna charge me  
with attempted murder...  
because of a statement made by  
Jimmy, my-lips-are-sealed Loughnan.  
The prick even filed a victims  
of crime compo claim against me.  
But he's the one who's  
been charged Mark.  
You can't stand up in court against him.  
Who do you think I am  
blue? The Red Cross?  
I'm not running some public charity here.  
Mark, you know i've always  
had a lot of time for you but...  
Jimmy's the one who's been charged.  
I think the main thing,  
you know Mark...  
Is that Jim doesn't get  
more jail out of this.  
"Jimmy doesn't get any  
more jail out of this"  
Well he'd better get himself a  
real fucking lawyer then hadn't he?.  
The matter of the police  
versus James Richard Loughnan.  
Mrs Newman is appearing  
for the prosecution.  
The defendant is not represented.  
Mr Read, have you been searched prior to  
your appearance in this courtroom today?  
Yeah, by all and sundry.  
Everyone's had a go at it.  
And why do you think that is Mr Read?  
Well they search everyone,  
especially you Mr Loughnan.  
I put it to you that the reason  
you were searched so thoroughly...  
is because you have a history of  
violent behaviour in courtrooms.  
Are you not currently serving  
of 14 and a half years...  
for the attempted  
abduction of a judge?
That's 16 and a half years Jimmy.
I'm told you used a shotgun in this
tried abduction, is that so?
Yeah, I had it right
here under my coat.
- There ain't nothing don't there now.
- I wish there was.
I bet you do. Who would you
like to use it on? This judge?
No, i'd use it on you at the moment.
Yeah, I bet you would.
You hold human life very cheaply?
Some human life yeah.
You have a lot of hostility
towards me don't you?
No, I perish the thought. I even lent
you that suit you're wearing today.
You lent him that suit?
Yeah, I realise it's not a
fashion competition your honour,
but if he'd have worn
what he was gonna wear,
you'd have given him
I am a friend of yours am I not?
It's been alleged that you are.
And you are in fact serving
a sentence of 17 years...
because you tried to free
me from jail, is that so?
Yes.
And yet you've told the court that I
attacked you on the morning of August 20?
- Is that right?
- Yes.
Why would I attack you Mr Read?
Who knows how your mind works Jim.
So all the people we've
heard in court today,
some of them you consider
to be your friends,
they're all telling lies?
Just a group of people banding
together to find a common enemy.
- Even your friends?
- Oh yeah.
Armed police surrounded
Brunswick court today during...
a case involving notorious
criminal Mark Brandon Read.
Read was giving evidence in the communal
proceedings of fellow prisoner James...
Figure this out Blue.
I'm the one on trial, he's
the one all over the news.
That's a nice little photo of you Jimmy...
A nice little photo.
You are such a fucking
show pony, aren't you?
You could use that in your passport.
You fucking bighead wanker!
Keithy was right about you mate.
You bash people for no reason
just to get a name for yourself.
Well one day they'll write
a book about me Jimmy.
And when you grow old and your
grandchildren ask you did in your heyday...
you'll be able to say,
with great pride...
that you couldn't kill Mark Chopper
Read. That'll be your claim to fame.
You ever used a fucking gun Jimmy?
You hear that Chopper?
You're dead no mate,
you've got no friends left.
You think I fucking give a shit?!
Now if you could just see it in your
hearts to move me to Sale.
I'd be really appreciative.
Geelong's a dirty old hole.
Come on Mark, you're classified
as a maximum security prisoner.
You're in here convicted
of a very serious offence.
I suppose a bribe's
out of the question?
Mark, this is not a joke.
I'm not joking, I'll be getting
$5,000 crimes compo...
When Jimmy and I finish
up at the supreme court.
Look Mark, a bribe
is out of the question.
- You're not going anywhere.
- But if I stay in here i'm dead.
Well i'm sorry about that
but nothing can be done.
Mr Beazley?
Mr Beazley.
Righto, i'm out of H Division today.
You're not going anywhere Mark.
Let's go!
Don't saw at it!
I'm trying to be gentle mate.
You fucking idiot!
Rip into it!
Slash it off!
Don't do it!
The other one.
You're not gonna
get me for this later?
Just get on with it you
fucking fairy, rip into it!
Good fucking job Mark.
Get a screw would ya.
- You're fucking bleeding Chop!
- Boss!
You've gotta stop the bleeding, ok?
You're gonna need cold water, you're
gonna get yourself into the shower.
You're talking to me now eh?
After all i've done for you.
I took you from tears to fucking
glory and you do this to me!
I'm not angry at you Jim, you
just broke my heart, that's all.
What's going on?
Chopper cut his fucking ears off!
Not gonna get out of H divison eh?
You practically ran
down and carried me out.
Haven't ya? Look at ya.
Get him out!
I told you i'd get out didn't I?
Have a look who's leaving!
Get him out!
It's no big deal boss, they can
be bloody sewed to the nines.
You're looking at
my ears aren't you?
Well you weren't thinking of me
when you did that were you?
I missed you Bub.
Did you?
I'm out of it now, right?
I made it as a top street fighter.
I made it as a top criminal, i've
got nothing to prove any further.
You gotta keep moving
forward otherwise you'll perish.
There's no point going backwards,
you gotta keep going forwards.
Give me your arm.
No my left arm.
Shut up!
Give me your arm.
- You know I hate it like that.
- It's just a bit of goey.
You alright?
Hey you there?
Hang on, i'll check.
You've given up crime eh?
Mark? Is that you?
Oh dad sorry, you're asleep.
Come in here Mark.
No you're alright,
you go to sleep dad.
Come in here. You haven't been out for
You look tired dad,
you go back to sleep.
No, get in here. Get in here
and talk to your old dad.
You've been away for 10 years.
I've been sitting here waiting all day
for you. Don't sit there, sit over here.
Sit over here in this chair.
I've been sitting around
all day waiting for you.
Do you want a drink?
Good to have you home son.
Cheers big ears!
Nice shirt son.
What's wrong with it?
Nothing, it's good, I like it.
- You like it?
- Do they make 'em for men?
Don't be a sook.
I wrote to mum.
Told her I was getting out.
Did you here anything from her?
No.
Of course you didn't.
I heard your mate
Jimmy Loughnan's at large.
That old chestnut.
He beat the charge.
I always told you Mark:
Your kindness'll be the death of you.
He's fucked dad, he's
a bloody chronic junkie.
Your mate.
Life got him back in the end,
it all bloody equals out.
Yeah, equals out alright! He stabs you in
the gut and he gets off, you do 10 years.
All equals out... Your mate
Jimmy, Jimmy Loughnan.
Fuck it.
No lovey, you walk on the inside,
gentlemen walks on the outside.
It's called etiquette.
Oh yeah?
Haven't heard that one before.
It's from the days when
there were strong characters...
Mud used to splach
up from the gutter.
Just in case any mud splashes
up i'm here to protect you.
Are you? Thanks sweetheart.
Piss off! You're blocking the entrance.
Chopper!
Good to see you out mate!
Good to see you mate, looking great.
- Keeo it down fellas.
- What?
Just saying it's good
to see you out mate.
It's like wearing a fucking sign on
me with you carrying on like that.
We're just happy to see you out.
Out and around.
Good to see me is it?
Have a good night.
G'day Chopper,
I heard you were out.
Are you kidding me?
You've forgotten?
No no, you're fucking kidding me!
Fuck, Neville.
That's right mate, you
got it in one. Neville fucking Bartos.
You see he did fucking
remember, of course he did.
What was it mate?
What was it you forgot?
How are you Nev? Are you good?
What do you reckon?
Take a fucking look.
Have a fucking look,
of course i'm fucking good.
Listen Nev, about the leg...
I'm sorry mate, it bloody upsets
me, it plays on my mind a bit.
That was 10 years ago, it's water
under the bridge, just forget about it.
No seriously, forget about it.
Because i've forgotten about
it so don't worry about it.
Plus i've a victim's compo
payout, pension awsell eh.
Big bloody payout eh?
And not a drink in it for me...
Not even a fucking thank you card.
No, you got me there.
What are you drinking?
I'll get you a fucking bottle.
Because what's mine is yours.
- Would your girl like a drink?
  - Marsala and Coke.
Marsala and Coke, good choice.
Nick, I need some drinks over here quick.
I want a bottle of Marsala and
a bottle of Coke, and for you?
Beer.
Get us a couple of
beers too Nick, quick.
Bloody look at him!
Putting on that limp trying to
to get me to feel sorry for him.
Seemed alright.
Seems quite genuine.
Well you would think he was genuine,
the way he staring into your eyes.
No Mark.
Fucking cripple!
Don't worry about that.
Don't worry about it.
He's done very bloddy
well for himself too, hasn't he?
Mark... leave him alone.
Fuck, i've gotta nip this in the bud.
Mark, don't...
You're not still shit at
me about that leg are you?
You're not still angry at
me about that leg are you?
Forget about it.
I don't know if you remember Neville but
I had that shotgun pointed at your head.
I was really considerate dropping
down to your kneecap remember?
Forget about it, alright?
What the hell were you doing
getting lippy with me with a shotgun?
The leg is ok, alright?
Look at me.
I'm flying.
Go back to your girl, relax.
Forget the leg, i'll get
you another drink, alright?
Chop Chop, how you doing?
Who was that?
He wanted a light.
Just leave it,
don't worry about it.
You look at me or you
look straight ahead...
you don't make eye contact
with anyone, alright?
What was that for?
Come on, we're going.
Fuck off Mark!
Get your fucking jacket.
I'm not going anywhere,
let go of me Mark!
Put her on a leash mate.
- What are you looking at hop-a-long?
- Nothing mate.
You got a problem you fucking cripple!
No pronblem between you and me.
You wanna fucking finish it?
I'm sorry baby.
I get a bit bloody schizo or something.
It's not easy you know, if I go out
everyone's staring at my ears...
staring at my tattoos, you know?
I've done some bad things but...
I've done some bad things.
Now i've got a bloody team of enemies.
You should lay off the speed.
I'm trying to think of the last time...
I actually took
some time to be normal.
Stood there and looked at a
bloody sunset or go to a bloody bar.
I can't go to a bar, I can't
have a relaxed bloody meal.
I can't go to a restaurant
and have a relaced bloody meal.
I've gotta sit with my back against
the wall in case someone comes in.
My luck can't last forever.
I'll get us some money together.
I've got some money coming in.
Let's say you and I
go down to Tasmania...
and me make our
own bloody life together?
No offence but I think i'd rather
keep working at the brothel.
I can't stop working babe, I tried.
What's the matter honey?
Who is he?
It's fucking Neville fucking Bartos isn't it?
Mark, you're not gonna
start all this again are you?
I'm talking to you, who is he?
Fuck! You're hurting me!
Is it Neville Bartos?
Let go, let go of me Mark!
- Neville Bartos.
- Fucking let go of me!
What is wrong with you?
I fucking knew it!
Just bloody tell me,
who are you fucking?
Mark...
Everyone...
I work in a fucking brothel.
That's not what I mean, you know
what I mean, who are you kissing?
You.
See?
I'm kissing you.
You get away from me with
that mouth, it tastes of wog's cock!
You're fucking nice!
You're fucked and you're fat!
What do you want?
It's me, Mark.
I know who it is,
what do you want?
Baby, just let me in will ya.
No Mark, what do you want?
What do you want?
I'm sorry baby.
Yeah, righto.
I don't wanna see you Mark.
I love you baby.
Pull the other fucking one!
- I need to see you Tanya.
- No, i'm no letting you in.
Got that?
- Come on Tanya.
- No, fuck it!
- Just talk.
- Nothing to talk.
Tanya!
I'm going then.
I'm fucking going.
Fucking slut!
- Get out!
- Who are you talking to?
Hello? Is that you Neville?
You fucking rat!
Tanya, you're coming with me.
Piss off Mark!
Mark, get out of my house.
Mark, listen to me...
Mum, stay out of it,
i'm not gonna bloody hurt her.
Mark, for goodness sake.
Come here Tanya!
- Why?
- Don't Mark!
Why Neville?
Why Neville?
You ruined everything!
Settle down!
- For God's sake!
- Leave it mum, get out of here!
Now look what you've done!
Now look what you've gone and done!
My mum's upset.
I'm a bloody
disappointment to you aren't I?
What?
You've probably read all the
newspaper stories about me...
And you've heard the
word on the street about me...
And you've got a picture in your
head of what Chopper Read's like...
And we're sitting here at this
bar all very nice and cosy...
I'm a bit of a bloody let down to you.
What are you on about Mark?
I feel like I should be doing
more for you Mr Downie.
There's crims out there that get
round like a protected species.
Why?
I know you blokes don't mind
turning the occasional blind eye...
whilst I deal out my
own bit of justice, right?
Mark, that's not the way we operate.
I understand perfectly Mr Downie...
there are certain things
you can't appear to condone.
Appearance's got nothing to
do with it. We don't condone it.
I understand Mr Downie.
Who is it?
Nick, go see who it is.
Who there?
It's me.
What the fuck do you want?
Is Neville home?
Nev!
What the fuck do you want?
I just came over to apologise.
How the fuck did you
find out where I live?
Don't worry about it, i'm a bit embarrassed about what happened the other
night.
I just came over to
apologise and clear it up.
You mad bastard.
You've got a nerve coming around here.
No fucking about. This is a
very good neighbourhood.
No fucking around.
You understand?
Open the gates Nev, come on.
I'm gonna let you in... you're playing the game by my rules.
Yeah, it's your house.
It's a lovely house too.
- Full respect mate.
- There'd better be respect
Total respect.
Is that back garage shut Nick?
- Sure?
- Yeah.
Check it out.
- You're bloody killing me.
- How well have I done?
Who's the king?
It's very nice.
What are you doing mate throwing your cigarettes on the grass?
Nick, pick it up, get it off.
What are you guys doing? You're following me around like a bad smell.
It's like you wanna fuck me up the arse!
Go inside, mix some drinks or something, get out of here.
It explains your limp.
- Can you dive in?
- No sorry, no grubs allowed.
Have a look at my babies, are they beautiful or what?
Whatever you do, don't use the names on those bowls.
They're aliases.
What?
Don't look at me like that, some smart cunt comes here... looking to rip me off uses those names and those dogs will rip him to pieces.
Check this out!
Neville!
Are you bloody right?
I should report you to the fucking RSPCA you idiot.
No, they like it, they do, my dogs do.
Keeps them alert.
Let's see if those idiots
have got the drinks ready.
Nick?
Neville's turning over
a bit of this stuff is he?
He's got all the spoon
in the western suburbs.
He's doing well then isn't he?
You think he'll want to
give a bit of cash my way?
I don't think he'll go for that.
Fuck him, he'll have to go for it.
Neville?
Nev, I hear you want
to give me a bit of money.
Where did you hear that mate?
It's just the mail,
I can collect it now if you like.
I think someone's pulling your leg mate.
Someone's pulling your leg Neville.
Someone'll pull your other
fucking leg in a minute.
Now how much do
you wanna give me?
Who do you think you're talking to mate?
I'm Neville Bartos.
Or has your fucking memory
lapsed you fucking idiot?
What?
Who do you think you're talking to mate?
Sorry, was I being rude?
Yes, you were being very
fucking rude, you fucking dickhead.
You wanna make some
money you make it yourself.
Get him a drink Nick.
And behave, I said behave.
Fucking idiot! Can you
believe that fucking cunt or what?
I'm sorry mate, where are you?
I'm sorry mate.
I've had a couple of drinks, I get a bit
carried away, i've just been out of it.
Sorry, give a bit of goey.
I don't know who you think you're talking
to but you're being very rude understand?
Show me some respect, very very rude.
I'm fucking embarrassed.
I'm fucking sorry Nev. I'm sorry.
Alright mate, apology
accepted, now let it go, relax...
Take it easy, i'm trying to relax over here.
But seriously Nev, how you holding
for cash? I'm a bit bloody broke.
What are you talking about?
Cash.
There's no cash here!
Here there's no cash, alright?
Cash, no, Robbo?
No cash.
I tell you what, you try and get from
where you're sitting to the front door.
Because I reckon I could shoot you from
where you're sitting to the front door.
Because that's about as long as you've
got to produce some money for me.
I'll give you 20 seconds to produce
some cash or i'll fucking shoot you.
I've got no cash mate...
Jesus, you come here, I give you a
drink, what's that matter with you?
Sit the fuck down!
Listen...
Stop with the fucking cannon,
what are you doing?
What the fuck are you doing?
Jesus, relax, he's not your enemy!
He fucking is no, isn't he?
Get a fucking rag!
Forget the rag boys,
get the fucking cash will you.
Frozen! How long's it gonna
take to defrost that you idiot?
He's in a bad way mate.
What's thew matter Neville? You
burst your appendix or something?
Come on Chopper, we've
 gotta get him to the hospital.  
So you took him to the hospital?  
No I didn't take him to the bloodt hospital.  
Now tell me this, why  
would I shoot a bloke, bang...  
then put him in the car and whizz  
him off to the hospital at 100mph?  
It defeats the purpose of  
shooting him in the first place.  
What's more, it's bloody insulting!  
Am I the only standover  
man in the country...  
who provides a medical  
plan for these customers?  
Do I look like Mark Brandon  
'Medicare' Read or something?  
Who's bloody driving?  
Such a bloody sook!  
Such a big fuss over such a little  
hole. I'll put one in the brain then.  
Chopper, come on,  
don't do this to your mates!  
You're a dead man Chopper.  
You're walking around with  
one foot in the fucking grave!  
Get in you fucking golliwog!  
Hospital driver.  
He says you took him to the hospital.  
You spoken to him have you?  
It's just what he's  
been saying around town.  
You'd do well to have a look at  
the motives behind him saying that.  
Why would he say it if it's not true?  
I don't know, i'm not a  
bloody psychiatrist am I?  
Look Mark, this is no fucking joke.  
I don't fucking appreciate this, we've  
heard you've been running around town...  
telling all and sundry...  
that we've given you virtual  
carte blanche to commit crime.  
No Mr Downie, that's rubbish,  
it's complete fucking bullshit.
Fucking eh it's! bullshit.
You get these fucking
speed freaks together...
they'll create all
kinds of fanciful stories.
Oh yeah?
The other fanciful story is
they've put out a contract on you.
Fucking Mafia, wankers.
Who are they anyway?
Bloody fruit shop owners.
They should stick to selling their
bloody fruit and veg and leave me alone.
I'd be taking this
seriously if I were you.
I'm taking it seriously,
i'm shaking in my boots.
Apparently they're going to
try and get you at Bojangles.
Anastopoulos and Bartos have
gone to Sydney for the weekend.
So obviously they're not fucking around.
They should stay in Sydney
those razzle dazzle wankers.
It'd suit their style.
Anytime you ever see a Sydney
criminal on the television is when...
he's lying in the gutter...
dead after being killed by a
bloody imported Melbourne hitman.
I really think you should
be taking this seriously.
I'm taking it seriously, trust me.
Jimmy Loughnan's name
has also been mentioned.
Jimmy Loughnan?
He's a fucking couch potato.
It's just what we heard.
Jimmy Loughnan?
Are you sure?
Get the fuck up now!
Come on!
Oh for fuck sake!
Put the fucking thing away will you.
Put the fucking thing awat!
- Do you want a look?
- No, fuck off!
Get up, get the fucking door!
You're crazy!
-Who is it?
- Mark.
Mark who?
Chopper.
What're you doing coming around here?
All those problems we've had,
they're all in the past.
And all these rumours that are
flying around, they're all bullshit.
I just wanna come in,
I wanna be friends.
What rumours?
That i'm gonna clip you.
I haven't heard that one.
Well it's not true.
Just let us in will you.
Mate, i'm not letting you in,
i've got kids here.
They're just little kids...
and they'll be afraid by
seeing a man with no ears.
Right.
It's nothing personal.
No, it's no problem.
Who is it?
Come on Jim, just let us in.
I'll come in and have a chat.
Come on mate!
I don't bloody bite.
Alright.
Just hang on...
Get out the way!
Are you armed?
Of course i'm bloody armed.
I've got a bunch of
peanuts trying to kill me...
would I get around
without my fucking guns?
Alright, well you throw them in,
you throw them all in or...
I'm not gonna let you in.
Throw them in first.
Alright?
Nice stick, is that it?
No, one more.
- Is that it?
- Yeah.
I know you...
Ladies' gun.
Beautiful.
It's a girls' gun but it does the job.
Mark, this is my fiance, Mandy.
Hello, Mandy.
Fiance eh?
You'd better speed it up and make
an honest women of her quick...
The bun's nearly cooked!
You got your finger in
your mouth there little one.
This is plush mate, this is swank.
Who says crime doesn't pay?
It is a nice gun.
You got yourself a
family now Jim, little girl.
That's lovely mate. I don't reckon
I could ever have a family though.
They're the sort of thing that
could be used against you.
You know what I mean?
No, not the way that sounded
but you know what I mean.
You alright there love?
How come he hasn't got any ears?
How come I hasn't got any ears?
You're a cheeky little girl aren't you?
Mandy, get Shazzy off to bed now!
Hey, wake up.
Come on twinkletoes, up, let's go!
- Ye righto.
- It's bedtime.
I don't wanna go to bed.
Not you, Shazzy, it's
Shazzy's bedtime. Put her to bed.
Good on you Shazzy.
Night Shazza.
See ya Shazzy!
Take mummy to bed.
See ya Shazzy!
Say goodnight to uncle Chop.
Jesus Jim.
You really have landed
on your knees haven't ya?
What are you doing here?
What? Can't I visit a mate?
You and I were very best of friends.
I do have a couple of
questions for you though.
I've got a couple of questions.
Now the first question is:
Is there something you're
supposed to be telling me?
No.
There's nothing you're
supposed to be telling me?
No mate.
Everything that's happened in the past...
I'll wash it all away, so long as
there's nothing I need to know now.
You're not angry at me for anything?
No, i'm not angry with you,
it's all water under the bridge.
No new water, no fresh buckets?
There's no fresh buckets coming round.
Now the second question:
Are you employed at the moment,
are you gainfully employed?
I perish the thought.
How much you using?
I've got a handle on it.
It's...
Fucking H division mate.
The only thing you ever had
a handle on Jimmy Loughnan...
was the occasional knife handle
when things got a bit too much for you.
Knife handling the old Chop Chop.
Jimmy, listen,
i'm gonna show you somthing.
Now if this goes any further,
my life's in danger...
and you'll be the one
who's getting killed, alright?
Now have a look at this,
I need someone to help we work.
Guess who i'm working for now?
Bloody guess, have a bloody guess.
Fuck, eh...
Wrong, begins with C.
Amanda Duncan.
- Cops?
- Yeah.
I got a fucking green light
from them, have a look at this.
Dirty Dick Downie.
He looks like a fucking
accountant but he's a hard bastard.
Super Steve Cooney,
look out Super Steve.
You heard about
Neville Bartos' burst appendix?
That was me and the raincoat man.
Downie was driving the car.
You drove him to the hospital.
No I didn't drive
him to the bloody hospital.
Do I look like Mother Teresa to you?
You know him do you?
Who?
Fucking who? Neville.
What are you doing
standing there sticky nose?
I fucking live here, you shouldn't
be talking about this stuff here!
Oh, fucking go and do the dishes!
Fucking shut up!
Don't come back in here
when we're talking business!
Business eh?
I bet you've got a briefcase there.
So there's nothing you're
supposed to be telling me Jim?
Nothing about a contract that's out on me?
You must have two dozen contracts out on you.
All apparently Neville Bartos and Nick Anastopoulos...
and the rest of the fairy godfathers have put a contract out on me.
Look mate, I don't know anything about it.
Really? You see I heard you're the one who's supposed to do it.
I guess it's a case of first, best dressed isn't it.
No Mark, you're being fucking paranoid.
Just because I'm being paranoid doesn't mean people aren't trying to kill me.
Mark, I've got kids here man. I've got kids here, alright?
Chop, he really likes you, he speaks highly of you!
He wouldn't fucking try and knock you!
Fucking sure he fucking does.
- Well fucking shoot me!
- Don't shoot him...
- Shoot me in front of my kids!
- Put the gun away Chopper!
Shoot me in front of my kids!
Go on you fucking cunt, go on!
I'm sorry Jim.
I didn't mean to bloody scare you.
You gotta relax a bit man, you gotta take it easy.
You gotta get out of town.
- You're jumpy.
- Yeah whatever.
Look at you though, bloody hell! You're going bad Jim. You've got bloody kids and everything.
For Christ's sake.
Fix your house up, fix you're bloody kids up, get your life in order.
You can't live like this,
it's bloody terrible, take it.
Jim, mother's a
drug addict for fuck sake!
That's not for drugs.
Jim, don't slam the fucking door!
The kids are asleep.
At least they were.
Who you ringing?
Get dressed, we're going out.
Get dressed? We've got no money.
Where we going?
Just get dressed, we're going out, ok?
Get me my gun, get me my jacket, quick.
Jesus, where we going?
It's 1 o'clock, it
better be fucking good.
Neville.
It's Loughnan.
Yeah, he's just been here.
- Has he?
- Just left my place.
- Where's he fucking going?
- He's going to Bojangles.
Bojangles, great job,
i'll get my jacket.
Fuck Neville Bartos!
He couldn't have the fluff
to knock off a cappuccino.
He's saying that you're two-faced.
I'm not bloody two-faced!
The word is and i'm hearing it everywhere
is that you're working for the cops.
Who says that?
I'm hearing it everywhere.
You gotta look at the motives behind
the people saying this stuff.
I'm not well liked Ian.
Do you realise it's the world's
worst best kept secret that...
i've giving you me
and it bloody information?
Do you think there are sharks running
around telling people about this stuff?
That'd be sort of counter-productive.
I like a smiling face Mr Downie
and you know I like you...
but i'm an expert at playing mind
games, i'll set my little traps...
and i'll find out where
the leak is coming from.
It's good to see you my friend.
Do you want a drink?
No, no, that's alright mate.
Let me buy you drink,
I have plenty money...
I buy you two dozen drink.
- Later, alright?
- You won't forget?
- Thanks. - You want
drink you come see me.
Who's that?
Who?
The fucking wog
color character up at the bar.
That's Sammy the Turk.
Really?
You wanna know
if she's got friends?
What are you touching for me
all the time? You bloody homosexual?
Why you scared?
I'm not scared just don't
touch me you bloody poofa.
- Where's your car?
- It's up there!
Which one?
- Keep going.
- Where?
Is that gun eh?
Yeah it's a gun, it's pointed at you.
Now, who's team are you on?
What?
Who's team are you on?
Team, football?
Fucking comedian too are you?
Why'd you fucking bring me out here?
What?
No no Chop...
you bring me here.
You're fucking good aren't you?
Yes i'm good, i'm friend to you.
Yeah you're a
fucking friend aren't ya?
Bringing me out here in the middle
of the fucking night, what for?
What?
What's that mean?
You want English?
Speak fucking English!
It's Australia!
Fuck you!
That's English.
You alright?
Give me a look.
You alright? I'm sorry mate.
Jimmy!
That fucking lunatic just shot a bloke,
he just shot him in the eye!
Don't shout my name!
Who's this bloke?
I don't know, shut the fuck up Marcus!
I never liked you, let me in the car!
Calm down!
Who's this bloke?
Let me get in.
Calm down!
Now this character, he's
following me around all night...
he's got his arm around me all night,
he's buying me drinks, buying me drinks...
buying me drinks, in my company,
right here, all frickin' night.
I didn't know him, I didn't
know him from a bar of soap.
You know me, I don't go out my
way to befriend our ethnic cousins.
He's Turkish or something, i've
got enough on my plate as it is.
Yeah, go on.
He wants to sell me this gun.
He says he's got all
these guns in the car outside.
Well I didn't have 10 cents on me.
But I don't think he had a
gun salesmen's license either.
I thought if he wants to sell
me a gun i'll relieve him of it.
He's very keen to get me
into this carpark mind you.
So did you go outside with him?
What happened was we go to the carpark...
Bojangles has got two carparks...
I head to the main carpark and...
he pulls me up, he says:
No Chopper, this way,
this way over here...
I park over here, on this side.
Plenty guns, very good guns.
I get a bit bloody suspicious because...
this carpark is not very well
lit, it's pitch bloody black...
and I walk out there, i'm
following him, and he stops dead...
and he turns around...
and he's looking
over my bloody shoulder.
This fucking prick is
checking for bloody witnesses.
All of a sudden he
turns around, he says:
Hey, wait, Chopper, you got gun?
He's walking towards me. "You got gun?"
I said yeah, I got a gun.

He says:
What sort? Show me please.
"Show me your fucking gun."
He's dying to see my bloody gun.
I had the gun down the front of my
pants, so i've lifted up my jacket...
i've looked down at my gun and
this cheeky little fucking rat...
he's grabbed the gun as quick
as lightning, he's pulled it out...
and he pointed it at
my head and he's gone...
Click click click with the trigger.
It's not going off.
It's a 32 automatic.
Now as you fellas know, unless
you've got the hammer pulled back...
It's not gonna go off, it's an operative.
You can pull the trigger all bloody
day long and it's not gonna go off.
Yeah sure so...
What happened then?
So he's got the gun at my
head, he's going click click click...
and I have got the 410 shotgun down
the back of my pants, so I pull it out.
It's a tiny little bloody 410 shotgun...
He's going click click click...
I'm thinking to myself, shit, it's only
gonna take him a couple of seconds...
to work this thing out
with the hammer so...
i've pulled out the bllody 410 and...
I just go fucking bang.
And that was it.
He just bloody fell over.
Mark, what game are you playing?
Is this another one of your traps?
What do you mean?
Are you testing us?
Do you wanna see if...
we're gonna rush off to the
homicide squad and dob you in?
What?
We know you didn't shoot the Turk.
I just told you I shot the Turk.
They picked up the bloke that did it.
What fucking bloke
that did it? I did it.
No, homicide have picked up the guy.
- They've even got the murder weapon.
- What murder weapon?
A 410 shotgun.
This bloody 410 shotgun.
Put it away Mark, just put it away.
This thing, it's a 410...
fine, it's a 410, there's a
fucking million 410s out there.
That's not the 410 that did it.
You don't want this?
It's a murder weapon!
Put the gun away.
Take it down to bloody forensic.
How long have you
been on the go mate?
On the go mate? The only
person on the go here is you.
The fucking goey mate, where's the
crust mate? You're off you're dial.
I don't think i've ever been as
bloody insulted as I am right now.
I'm sitting here confessing
to a fucking murder...
i've known you since
I was a fucking pup...
and you've got the fucking
audacity to drag this cunt here...
Sort out you're boy would you.
and you look at me
like i'm a fucking idiot.
You're a bullshitter, simple.
I just saw on the TV a
man was shot at Bojangles .
I thought it was you.
Well it couldn't be me could it
or else I wouldn't be standing here.
Used to be bloody Chopper Read...
Now I can't even get
arrested in this fucking town.
Did you do that?
Would I do a thing like that?
That's my boy, one in the skull!
It took those numbskulls two
weeks to finally get around to...
sorting the whole
mess out and arresting me.
Turns out Mandy Carroll was there that night.
Followed me and Sammy out to
the carpark and saw the whole thing.
What I seen when the
man got shot was like...
a flash from the
side of his face like...
yellow colours.
You know when you fire a
gun and you see the flashes.
Did you see a gun in
the Turkish man's hands?
The Turk was just standing there,
he didn't have anything in his hands...
he didn't have a gun, nothing.
He was just copping at sweet.
"Copping at sweet."
She turned crown witness against me...
Claimed that I murdered
the Turk in cold blood.
But what was she doing,
bloody stoned off her tits...
down at Bojangles at 6 in the morning?
Jimmy and the boys will be in the car.
You help setup the big
fella, it'll make you a star.
They said they had it farmed out,
They had it ghosted,
But when I walked out the door,
They just left me posted.
The game was for real,
It was no lark,
But the twit took him out
to the wrong carpark.
Siily boys, that's all
that Chopper had to say,
And poor little Sammy got blown away.
The knuckleheads! I could've
shot them in both kneecaps...
and finished a game of cards...
before this crew of
retards got their act together.
I'd like to thank my legal
team for all their hard work.
Solicitor Mr Pat Hutton,
my barrister Mr Morris Jeffery...
and queen's council Mr Damien Collins.
It was their sterling, bloody sterling
legal work that helped me beat the rap.
I'm just bloody rapt.
I beat the murder Blue on
the grounds of self defence...
but I got 5 years
for malicious wounding...
and other assorted scallywag behaviour.
I don't wanna put shit on myself but
the shooting of Sammy the Turk...
at Bojangles nightclub...
is the most shitpot non-event murder
case in Australian criminal history.
But for some reason I get all
these letter from all over the world...
and photos where all these crackpots
have gone down and taken photos.
I've got a letter here from the
sheriff of Sparkes county, Nevada...
wishing I was there.
And have a look, for some reason
they go down and take photos.
Bloody South African backpackers...
Bloody funny-looking homosexual...
How did he end up in there?
Housewives...
Bloody nitwits, these
young criminal wannabes...
spunky ladies with lingerie...
It's unbelievable.
I guess it's old Chop Chop...
doing his bit for tourism Victoria.
She's alright Chopper.
She's behind the letter
writing protest to the governor.
Isn't she boss?
She'd be writing a few letters of
protest if I ever got my hands on her.
Oh really Bucky? Can I
introduce you to a friend of mine?
Get the camera over to Bucky.
Bucky, get over here.
Here he is, young Bucky.
Show her tattoo Buck. Hoik it up!
"King Kong" and why's he got that?
Voila! Copycat!
Isn't that bloody pathetic?
If you wanna be like your uncle Chop Chop...
get them ears chopped off! Now get outta here, they're interested in me.
Go on piss off, get out!
Get the bloody camera...
Don't worry about Bucky.
What is this?
I haven't got all day!
Continue! Roll along.
So, how would you describe yourself now?
Just a bloke.
Just a good bloke down on his luck.
You don't seem out of luck to me.
You've written a best-seller.
Yeah I know...
and I can't even bloody spell.
What about those poor bloody academics, those college graduates...
battling their guts out to write some airy-fairy piece of...
exaggerated artwork.
And there's a bloke,
sitting in a cell, who can't spell, and he's written a best-seller.
It's sold 250,000 copies.
And it's still selling
And he's writing another one!
And I can't even spell!
I'm semi-bloody-illiterate.
They must hate my guts eh?
- Have you got all your stuff?
- Yeah.
So what do you reckon?
We entering Logie country or what?
Jana Wendt look out!
We can send you a rough cut before we go to air.
No, that's alright. Anything I say would just be bloody fiddling anyway.
I'm sure i'll be very happy with it,
i'm sure it'll be exactly what I want.
Absolutely.
It'll be very good won't it?
He is Australia's most feared criminal.
Self-styled crime commando who...
terrorised, tortured and murdered
dozens of drug dealers and armed robbers
on the streets of Melbourne.
He is, of course,
Mark Brandon "Chopper" Read.
He is also a best-selling author.
- And I can't even bloody spell!
- ...this exclusive interview.
Mark Read says he's
committed 19 murders...
but he's only ever been charged
with one and he was acquitted of that.
Nevertheless, he's much
of his adult life behind bars...
the rest on the street disposing of...
what he calls, "Human Filth".
Did you really cut people's toes off?
My word, yeah.
You see to it with the bolt cutters
they come to it every time.
- They love it.
- They love it?
Well they don't like it,
they scream a lot, but I liked it.
Yeah, I like cutting off their toes.
What did you like about it?
You know,
the way these just... pop off.
You've got the money...
and you're going to kill them, so
when do these good manners kick in?
- Work it out! - ...break the news
to them that their number's up?
You say "Look, you've given me you're
money, you've been a good sport...
I do apologise but i'm
gonna have to kill you."
You don't really do all that stuff?
What?
All that stuff you're saying on TV.
You know me, never let the truth
get in the way of a good yarn.
Come and have a look one day.
I fancy the 10 toes
that i've got, i'll keep them.
- You've got a nice foot.
- Thanks.
Unbelievable, smiling your little
pearly teeth at her, she's loving it.
Rene Brach with that report from Pentridge.
I get the feeling that that's not the
last we'll be hearing from Mark Read.
Too bloody right!
I must point out that Chopper Read
was not paid for that interview.
This programme does not pay criminals.
Bring it! Give us more!
Where you going?
What's going on here?
Is that it?
How much do you want mate?
Jeses Christ, it's a television
station, they gotta sell stuff.
Brilliant bloody publicity if you ask me.
What's that gotta be worth to me?
Worth anything mate, worth anything.
Who needs to be bloody
paid when you get on...
that's bloody prime time
this time of the night.
I come across alright didn't I?
I reckon I come across intelligent...
but tough.
Come on, we've got
some work to do mate.
You alright for ciggies mate?
Yeah i've got.
- Sweet, sure?
- Yeah.
Catch you later.
I'm gonna have to
shut this door Mark.
That's alright, I know.