

CAAUSEY BUNKER: Last scene by Bruce Gardner

Original scene: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pa-dGYjSq5k>

Scene: RICHIE (AKA the BUNKER) has been running a secret gambling den down in the basement of the old Causewayend School building, beneath the student flats. The secret casino, with an equally secret entrance, was called the BUNKER, which is why RICHIE has been known as the BUNKER O THE BUNKER. He is driving along with the couple, VIC and LORRAINE LESLIE, and City Police Chief LOUIS RENAUD to the POLICE STATION in BUCKSBURN, where a constable, the BOBBY, comes out to greet them. Unknown to the BOBBY, VIC and LORRAINE are fugitives and, unknown to him, or to VIC and LOUIS, there is a plan for RICHIE and LORRAINE to be together, as they have rekindled their love, first consummated in a time of mad passion in Crieff Hydro, Perthshire. A taxi has come to take whoever has special COVID-19 passes to leave by plane, passes only LOUIS can sign. RICHIE is coercing LOUIS with a gun in his pocket. VIC is unaware that the plan is for him to go alone to DYCE AIRPORT. In addition, MAJOR STRACHAN, of the VIRUS SQUAD, is on his way from the city, to stop them leaving.

RICHIE: Louis, hae yer bobby gyng wi Mister Leslie and help 'im humph 'is bits and bobs, will ye?

LOUIS: (Grimly) Fine 'at, Richie. Fitivver ye say. (To the Bobby) Pick up Mister Leslie's stuff and pit it in e taxi.

CONSTABLE: Aye, Chief! Nae buther! (To VIC) Iss wey!

[VIC and the BOBBY go out to the taxi, VIC hesitating slightly at the door, then goes.]

RICHIE: (Taking out the blank passes and handing them to LOUIS with his left hand, keeping his right hand in his gun pocket) Gin ye dinna mind, Louis, *you* fill in e names. 'At'll mak it mair official like.

LOUIS: (Cynically) Coverin' aa the bases, eh, Richie? Ye've thocht o aathin.

RICHIE: And e names are.... (He struggles) Mister and Mrs Vic Leslie!

LORRAINE: (Shocked) Fit wye *my* name, Richie?

RICHIE: Because you're gettin in 'at taxi.

LORRAINE: Ah dinna get iss! Fit about yersel?

RICHIE: (Nodding over at Louis) Ah'm bidin here wi him till e taxi leaves.

LORRAINE: (Panicking) Na, na! Fit's wrang wi ye? Last nicht, we....

RICHIE: Last nicht wis a wheen o blethers, quine. Ye said Ah had tae use ma heid for baith o's. Weel, noo Ah've deen 'at and it aa adds up tae ae thing - you gettin in 'at taxi wi Vic, far ye belang.

LORRAINE: (Desperate) Na, na, Richie! Ye canna mak me!

RICHIE: (Agonised) Hud yer wheest and pey attention t'me. D'ye hae the least notion fit ye'd hae tae look furrit till, if ye bade here? Mair 'an likely we'd baith end up in e COVID DETENTION CENTRE at ARI. (Turning his head towards LOUIS.) Is 'at nae a fact, Louis?

LOUIS: (Nodding) Ah'm some feart Major Strachan widna hae it ony ither wye.

LORRAINE: Ye're jist sayin 'at tae get rid o me!

RICHIE: Havers, Lorraine. Ah'm tellin ye iss because 'at's jist e wye it is. We baith ken ye belang wi Vic. Ye're pairt of o 'is work, e lucky chairm 'at keeps him afloat. If 'at taxi gyngs aff and you're nae on't, ye'll feel richt doon in e dumps aboot 'at. Maybe nae e day, maybe nae e morn, but gey seen. And for the rest o yer natural days.

LORRAINE: But fit aboot us?

RICHIE: We'll ayewis hae Perthshire. We *didna* hae. We lost it, till you come till e Caausey Bunker. We got it back last nicht.

LORRAINE: Fan Ah said Ah wid never leave ye.

RICHIE: And ye nivver will. *Ah've* got a job tae dea an aa. Far Ah'm gaan, ye canna come aifter. Fit Ah'm deain ye canna be ony pairt o. Lorraine, Ah'm nae ony gweed at bein noble, but it disna tak a lot tae see 'at the plicht o three wee fowk disna amount tae a plate o stovies in iss world gaan gyte. Some day iss'll aa mak sinse tae ye. (Seein LORRAINE look down with sadness and lifting her chin with his fingers). Na, na. Here's lookin at ye, Quine.

LOUIS: Better get a move on - Major Strachan'll be on 'is wye.

[VIC returns from packing the luggage onto the taxi.]

VIC: We're aa *organised*.

RICHIE: Aa except ae thing: 'air's somein ye hivtae ken afore ye gyng.

VIC: Richie, ye dinna hae tae explain onythin tae me.

RICHIE: Ah'm gaan till onyeye, because it might mak a fair difference tae ye later on. Ye said ye kent aboot Lorraine and me.

VIC: Aye did Ah.

RICHIE: But ye didna ken she wis at my place last nicht e same as you. She come tae me for e COVID-19 transit passes. Is 'at nae richt, Lorraine?

LORRAINE: Aye.

RICHIE: She tried aathin tae get 'em and nithin worked. She pulled oot aa the stops, tryin tae mak me think she still funcied me, but 'at wis aa ower wi - lang, lang ago. For your sake, she wis makkin on it wisna - and Ah let her mak on.

VIC: Ah ken fit ye mean.

RICHIE: (Handing over the passes, collected from LOUIS) Here ye go.

VIC: Thank ye kindly. Ah'm obliged tae ye. [VIC pockets the passes and shakes RICHIE's hand.] Welcome back tae the fecht. And, iss time, Ah ken oor side's gaan tae beat 'em.

[The TAXI-DRIVER, OFF, Peeps his horn impatiently. RICHIE and LORRAINE exchange a meaningful, final glance, then turn to look at Vic, the man of the moment.]

VIC: Are ye ready, Lorraine?

LORRAINE: (Moving to beside VIC) Aye, Ah'm ready. (To RICHIE) Fare ye weel, Richie. God bless.

RICHIE: (To VIC) Better hud gaan. Ye'll miss yer plane.

[VIC and LORRAINE exit to the taxi.]

LOUIS: (Coming closer to RICHIE) Weel, Ah had you figured oot richt. Fit a sentimentalist!

RICHIE: Bide far ye are. Ah dinna ken fit ye're spikkin about.

LOUIS: Fit ye did for Vic Leslie. And 'at heap o nonsense ye made up tae send Lorraine awa wi 'im. Ah ken a wee bit about quines, ma freen. She went, aa richt - but she kent it wis a pack of lees.

RICHIE: Onywye, ta for helpin me oot.

LOUIS: Ah suppose ye ken we'll baith be in e soup ower the heids o this? You mair 'an me. And I'll hae to slap e cuffs on ye, o course.

RICHIE: Jist as seen as their plane taks aff, Louis.

[MAJOR STRACHAN's car arrives.]

STRACHAN: Fir wis 'at phone call aa about?

LOUIS: Vic Leslie is jist awa in a't taxi.

STRACHAN: Fir wye are ye stannin like a stook? Fit wye did ye nae stop 'im?

LOUIS: Ask Mr Richie.

[STRACHAN glances at RICHIE and then heads for a phone at the front desk.]

RICHIE: Get awa fae 'at phone!

STRACHAN: Ye'd be weel advised to keep yer neb oot o't.

RICHIE: I wis willin tae shoot Captain Renaud here and I'd be jist as gleg tae shoot yersel.

STRACHAN: (Picking up the phone) Hello?

RICHIE: Pit 'at phone doon!

STRACHAN: Get me Dyce Control Tooer!

RICHIE: Pit it doon!

[STRACHAN pulls a gun but RICHIE shoots first and hits STRACHAN, who falls. A SERGEANT and THREE BOBBIES pile out of the Police Station's inner door.]

BOBBY 1: Wid ye look at 'at?

BOBBY 2: Michty me!

BOBBY 3: 'At's affa!

LOUIS: Major Strachan's been shot!

SERGEANT: (Amazed) Gey serious then!

[LOUIS holds the pause, looking at RICHIE who, with resignation, waits to be exposed.]

LOUIS: Round up e usual suspects.

[RICHIE smiles at LOUIS.]

SERGEANT: Richt ye are! (To the BOBBIES) Pit him in the ambulance roon e back.

[The BOBBIES lift MAJOR STRACHAN. The SERGEANT picks up the MAJOR's hat. ALL exit.]

LOUIS: Weel, Richie. Ye're nae jist a sentimental sowell. Noo, ye've become a patriot an aa!

RICHIE: (Looking at his watch) It certainly wid be a gweed time tae stert. Vic and Lorraine will seen be on their wye... but fit's next for me, I wunner?

[LOUIS and RICHIE start to walk together.]

LOUIS: It micht be a gweed idea for you tae disappear fae e Caausey Bunker for a filie. There's a COVID-free community in Stavanger Ah ken about. Ah micht be persuaded tae get ye ower 'air.

[RICHIE stops and considers it. LOUIS halts too.]

RICHIE: A COVID-19 free pass? Ah dea need a holiday, but it'll mak nae difference tae oor bet. Ye're still owe me ten thoosand quid.

LOUIS: And that ten thoosand quid should cover oor expenses.

RICHIE: *Oor* expenses?

LOUIS: Exactly.

[They continue their walk.]

RICHIE: Louis, Ah think ye've jist won yersel a bonny freen.

[FADE OUT.]

