

THE PIPER OF ORAN-MOR  
(2nd Draft)

Written by

Shane Anderson

THE IMPACT - ACT 2

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY

A MINIBUS, with several occupants, stranded by the roadside, engine cover up. One man BOB (52) inspects the engine. Close by two others, STEVE (38) and ANIL (22).

Steve slumps against the bus as he studies a PHOTOGRAPH. Slips it into his breast pocket.

Anil tries to get a signal on his mobile phone. Nothing.

ANIL

We're a brass band. We should go down playing.

STEVE

This isn't the bleedin' Titanic. Don't you get it? It's all bloody useless.

(Grabs Anil's mobile phone)

Even these.

Steve chucks the phone over Anil's head. Bob restrains Anil.

A sound, BAGPIPES, playing a lament, haunts the air. It mystifies. Transfixes.

The remaining eight band members tumble from the bus. All scan the horizon.

A lone figure wreathed in mist, slowly appears over the rise. A PIPER, tall, broad, imposing in full Scottish regalia, marches steadily towards them as he plays.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Bloody hell, it's Braveheart.

No-one laughs. Bob sets off to meet the stranger.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Bob, you're not going out there?

Bob stops, looks back disdainfully. Strides on.

Anil lights up. Dashes back to get his instrument. Hurries after Bob. The others, emboldened, repeat his actions.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(As they brush past him)

Lads? What? Come on! Why?

Alone, Steve curses, thumps the bus; clambers back inside.

The piper pauses on a mound but plays on.

The band close in, Bob at their head.

The lament ends. They shuffle nearer. Intrigued. Nervous. At close range, the piper seems all the more formidable, ageless, hewn from the very mountain upon which he stands.

PIPER

What brings you to Oran-Mor?

Anil quickly reaches into his pocket, hands the piper a leaflet. The piper glances at it.

BOB

Funeral. Our former bandleader.  
Spent his last years up here with  
his daughter. Not all of us could  
come.

The piper considers those assembled before him.

PIPER

Know you nothing of where you  
stand?

Most remain immobile. A few heads shake.

PIPER (CONT'D)

It is said any song played or sung  
upon this spot will be heard by  
those you keep in your thoughts,  
wherever they may be. In this world  
or the next.

The piper offers back the leaflet. It catches in the wind. Anil, Bob, the band all try to seize it but it dances over and beyond them. It distracts all.

A HAND plucks the leaflet from the air. Steve's.

The bandsmen, happy to be united, let him pass to the front.

But the piper is GONE. Lost in the mists around them.

Steve slips the photograph from his breast pocket into the trumpet's lyre. Fastens his gaze upon the image. A woman and two small children smile back. He puts his trumpet to his lips and blows. A beautiful melody sings out.

The band stop. Look. Listen. Gather by him.

Steve becomes tearful, falters, stops.

Distant bagpipes take up the tune.

Bob assumes a 'conductorly' pose, arms spread. The band steady. Steve too. He hugs Anil. Shrugs. Anil beams.

The melody rings out again. Through breath, brass and thought they send out their song. And the bagpipes join in.