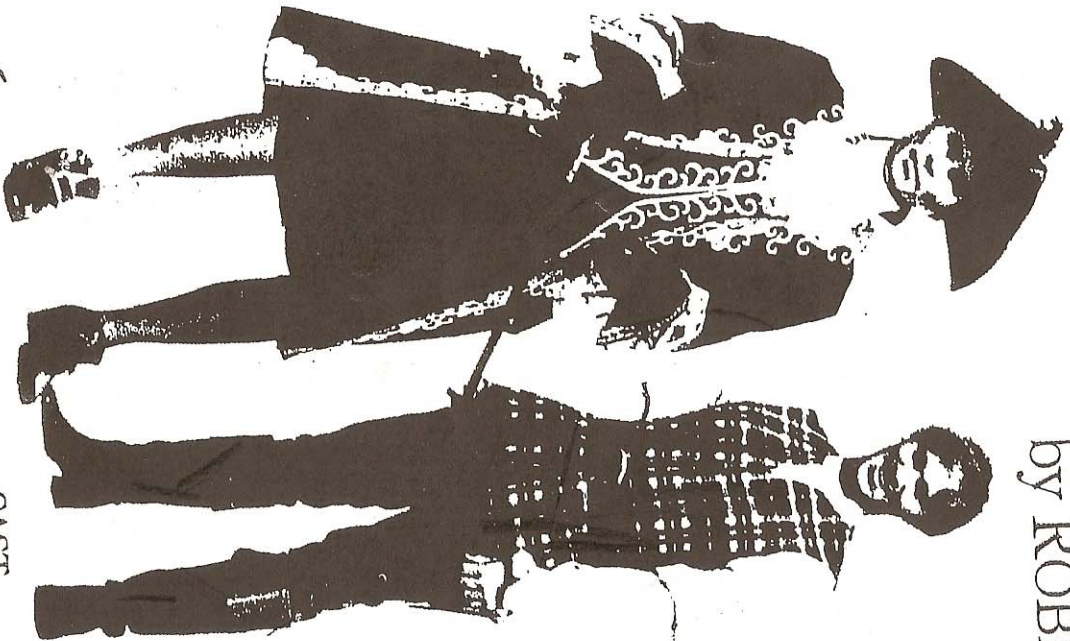


A CBS-TV Movie
To Be Telecast Tuesday, January 31

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE

From the Novel
by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



James Durie is heir to Ballantrae. He is handsome, dashing—and a scoundrel. Henry is the younger son. He is solid, good—and unloved. When the two finally clash, it is ferocious.

SCENE ONE

NARRATOR ONE: The year is 1745, and we are among the rolling green hills of the Scottish countryside. Spread before us is the great estate of Ballantrae. At the heart of these lands stands Durrisdeer Castle, the home of Lord Durrisdeer, Earl of Ballantrae.

NARRATOR TWO: Lord Durrisdeer—the family name is Durie—is now an old man, but he calls his family to a meeting in the Great Hall. A crisis is at hand. Bonnie Prince Charlie, a descendant of the last Scottish king of Britain, has come to claim the throne from the English king, King George. This puts the noblemen of Scotland in a dangerous position. Whoever wins will claim the lands of all their enemies. On the one hand, Prince Charles is a Scotsman. But on the OTHER hand, Lord Durrisdeer owns his lands because of George, the English king.

NARRATOR ONE: Lord Durrisdeer has been joined by his two sons and his niece. James, the older son, is

CAST

JAMES DURIE.....	the elder son.....	Michael York
HENRY DURIE.....	the younger son.....	Richard Thomas
OLD LORD DURRISDEER.....	their father.....	John Gielgud
ALISON.....	James's fiancée.....	Finola Hughes
MACKELLAR.....	manager of Ballantrae.....	Ian Richardson

ALSO: Messenger: John Paul, old family servant. Teach, a pirate. Burke, a fellow soldier of James's. Sandie, a child. General Clinton, governor of New York. Mountain, a curthroat. Secundra Dass, James's servant from India.

PLUS: Narrator One, Narrator Two, and Narrator Three.



handsome, proud, and a rogue. Henry, the younger son, is honest, solid, and decent. Henry lacks James's wit and temper, but has a gentle charm and kindness. Lord Durrisdeer's ward, Allison, is a lovely young woman, self-willed and spirited—qualities not necessarily admired in women of those times. She is engaged to James, the future Earl, and she obviously adores him. He often won't give her the time of day—which makes her desire him all the more.

OLD LORD: I fear it would be unwise to commit everything on one side in this. We will do what many noble families are doing—one son will fight for Prince Charles and the other will stay at home and keep favor with King George.

HENRY: If that's your wish, father, then I am the one who should go and join the forces of Prince Charles.

JAMES (angry): YOU?

HENRY: Naturally. I am the younger—the "cadet." Tradition demands—

JAMES: Forget tradition! You stay home and tend the herds and keep the books! You're better suited! I'll not be cheated out of this opportunity!

ALISON (upset): Opportunity?!

JAMES (sarcastic): You'd like your future husband to be rich, wouldn't you, my sweet?

ALISON: My father made his fortune in America—I don't need riches. I'd like my husband ALIVE!

JAMES (mocking): Ah, but the glory!

ALISON (furious): It's all a game to you, isn't it? You'll never grow up! You'll always be a child!

JAMES (whispers): That isn't what you said the other day!

HENRY: Father, YOU must decide.

OLD LORD: Henry IS the cadet, James. As next in line for Ballantrae, your place is here—with me.

HENRY: Then it's settled!

JAMES: Never!

ALISON: Yes! Henry goes!

JAMES: Over my dead body!

ALISON: Go on then! Get yourself killed! I don't care! I hope you never come back!

NARRATOR THREE: James wins the argument with a coin toss, and prepares to leave for battle, much to the

dismay of Allison and his father—who would much rather let Henry die.

NARRATOR ONE: In the fields he meets Henry, who's preparing to take letters of support to George's men.

JAMES: Ah, Henry! Off to lick some English boots, I see.

HENRY (angry): Scoff if you will, James. But there will be other times. The coin won't always favor you.

JAMES: It's all in the toss, brother dear! (knowing that Henry loves Alison)

Look after things, Henry. Especially Allison. I fear she's going to pine for me night and day.



SCENE TWO

NARRATOR TWO: It's night at Castle Durrisdeer, months later. No one has heard from James, though they know he's received their many letters.

NARRATOR ONE: Allison, Henry, and Old Lord Durrisdeer have been awakened by loud banging at the door. They come down to meet the messenger who's been let in.

OLD LORD: Who's there? What's the commotion?

MESSENGER: Forgive my appearance, sir. I've ridden two days and nights without stop.

HENRY: What's the news, man?

MESSENGER: All is lost. Prince

Charles has fled to France.

ALISON: And James? Where is James?

NARRATOR TWO: Unable to find words, the messenger gives them James's hat, now crimson with his blood.

OLD LORD (numbly): My son—they have killed my son.

HENRY (supportively): You have another.

OLD LORD: I have nothing. North!

ALISON (distracted): We have murdered him!

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OLD LORD: What?

ALISON: YOU sent him off to die—for what? These old stones, and your name! Well, you've saved your title—but lost your son in the bargain!

HENRY (pleading): Alison, don't!

ALISON (turning on him): And YOU! You sat here all safe and sound while your brother died IN YOUR PLACE!

NARRATOR THREE: But James is not dead. Though severely wounded, he and his friend Colonel Burke manage to escape from the battleground. Now traitors and fugitives, they follow the shoreline, and finally drop to the ground, exhausted. But they awake in the morning, not to their freedom, but to find they've been surrounded by pirates who had docked in their cove overnight. Burke and James are taken aboard the ship as prisoners.



SCENE THREE

NARRATOR TWO: Later that year, dinner is being served in Ballantrae. Henry now sits in James's old place. John Paul, a faithful old servant, puts a third candelabra on the table.

HENRY: That's quite unnecessary, John Paul. We have more than enough candles. We need to conserve.

JOHN PAUL: Master James always liked it jolly at the table. The master was never one to sit with his nose in account books like a skinflint.

OLD LORD: That's enough, John Paul!

JOHN PAUL (bursting into tears): Oh, my poor lost laddie!

HENRY (patiently): You may be excused to your quarters, John Paul.

ALISON (cutting): You have no spine, Henry. James would never have tolerated such rudeness.

HENRY: How do I punish an old servant for the fault of loyalty? Would you have me thrash him?

NARRATOR ONE: Alison barely excuses herself, and leaves.

OLD LORD (sighing): Oh, I'm afraid our debts will be the ruin of Ballantrae, Henry.

HENRY (encouraging): I have high

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hopes that our new manager, Mr. Mackellar, will teach us how to manage more profitably.

OLD LORD: James's gambling was part of the problem, bless him. But it all would have been solved when he married Alison! She would have brought a considerable fortune into the family! Now, of course, there is no hope of that.

HENRY (*barely hoping*): Unless—

OLD LORD: Unless what?

HENRY (*gives up*): Nothing. It's impossible, in any case.

NARRATOR THREE: Meanwhile, James and Burke are having a rough time with the pirates. One night, the pirate ship makes the terrible mistake of firing on a flagship of the British Navy. Too late the pirate captain, Teach—the real-life pirate known as Blackbeard—realizes the ship is a navy vessel too strong for him to attack. Teach decides his only hope of escape is to make it look like the British have won—all the pirates are dead. So he poisons all his own men—and forces James and Burke into a small dinghy with him for a getaway.

TEACH (*pulling his gun*): Now, over the side, both of you!

JAMES: You'll have to shoot us first!

TEACH: I was hoping you'd say

that, Mr. Durie.

NARRATOR THREE: He takes careful aim and fires—but the gun is empty!

JAMES: I took the liberty of emptying all your guns, Teach. Not that I don't trust you, of course. (*pulling his own pistol*) The game is up, Captain. This is as far as YOU go! Over the side!

BURKE: I think you're forgetting something, James. We'd sure enjoy having those maps of where you've buried your treasure, Captain—since you won't be needing them! (*He takes them from Teach's coat.*) Now, over you go!

TEACH: But I can't swim! Have some mercy!

JAMES: Like the mercy you showed the crew that trusted you?

NARRATOR THREE: They force Teach overboard. James stares into the dense fog as Burke rows away from Teach's cries.

JAMES (*mulling*): Have you ever had a brother, Burke?

BURKE: By the blessing of heaven, not less than five.

JAMES: I have but one. He shall pay for all my misfortune.

BURKE: Why do you blame him?

JAMES: He sits in my place, he claims my title, he courts my intended.

BURKE (*puzzled*): How can you possibly know all that? It's been a year and more since you left.

JAMES (*with hate-filled eyes*): I know.

SCENE FOUR

NARRATOR TWO: Spring has come again to Scotland, and it's time for the yearly festival. The commonfolk love the fair—but they've been muttering against the new heir to Ballantrae. While James used to gamble with them and give them gold coins for shady favors, Henry is trying hard to conserve and save the estate.

NARRATOR ONE: Old Lord Durrisdeer, Alison, and Henry are getting ready to ride to the festival, but Alison is pleading that they don't go.

OLD LORD (*amazed*): Not preside at the spring festival? It's unthinkable!

ALISON: Think of the risk to Henry!

OLD LORD: It would soon be reported that we do not take the lead in our own province! No, Henry must appear—for the sake of tradition and the family name.

HENRY (*kindly*): Spare yourself, Alison. I know my duty.

ALISON: Father Durie, will you not listen? Henry DARE not show his face in public!

OLD LORD (*glaring accusingly at Henry*): He is the first of this house to ever have such a problem! However, if he cannot face them alone, we will all three go!

NARRATOR TWO: The three set off for the festival. They hear the happy sounds and smell the flowers and the cooking before they arrive. But as they approach the merry folk, a hush falls, and the people back away. Alison, Henry, and Lord Durrisdeer ride through hostile stares.

NARRATOR ONE: When they see Henry, someone hisses, "Judas!" An old lady cries, "Where's the master?" and a young man whispers, "Murderer!"

ALISON (*to Old Lord, angry*): This is YOUR folly, sire! Now may we go home, or would you have us all stoned

first?

NARRATOR TWO: Alison and Henry start home, and Lord Durrisdeer rides behind them, his head bent. Finally, Alison speaks to Henry.

ALISON (*emotionless*): I know you've always loved me, Henry. If you still want me, you can have me now. I bring you no love, God knows, but you deserve better than you've had. I'll do my best to make you a good wife.

NARRATOR ONE: Henry's humiliation is quickly overshadowed by his newfound joy.



SCENE FIVE

NARRATOR TWO: Henry and Alison are married, but a shadow hangs over the house. Then, several years later, a knock comes in the dead of night, much like the one a decade ago. And it brings as much unhappiness.

NARRATOR ONE: It is Burke, who has come to tell the family that James is alive, and in Paris. He brings two letters—a love letter to Alison, and a letter to Henry demanding five thousand pounds. Henry feels that he must oblige—after all, James is the true Master of Ballantrae. Yet he says nothing to anyone else—he could lose his title, his land . . . and perhaps his wife!

NARRATOR TWO: Henry and

Allison hardly speak any more. But she comes in one day to plan her yearly trip to Edinburgh.

HENRY (*sadly*): There'll be no trip this year.

ALISON (*shocked*): No trip? But I go every year!

HENRY (*firmly*): We cannot spare the expense.

ALISON: If you must play the miser, let me remind you—I have some

Henry and Alison



money of my own!

HENRY (*leaving, unable to face her*): That, madam, is all MINE, by marriage. (*He meets Mackellar in the hall. Plagued by accusations he doesn't deserve, and unable to reveal the truth, he feels desperate.*) You're the only one who knows, Mackellar. What shall I do?

MACKELLAR: You've got to stop sending him money, Mr. Henry!

HENRY: Stop? Why? I'm a miserly dog already! Everyone says so! My wife, my brother—why, it's how he starts all his letters! But he knows I can't possibly give him the latest sum he asks! The estate is near ruin, and I can't give my dear wife one of her few joys in life!

MACKELLAR: You must tell him that you'll send no more. If he wants money, he must come and get it!

HENRY: But he can't. He'd be arrested for his part in the uprising if he dared set foot on British soil.

MACKELLAR: Exactly!

HENRY (*slowly*): I'll tell him. But he'll come here, somehow. He has ways known only to the devil himself!

SCENE SIX

NARRATOR ONE: Just as Henry predicts, James secretly finds his way home. His father and Alison are thrilled to see him—but Henry, of course, is not.

JAMES (*politely*): Why so downcast, Henry? One would think you were sorry to have me back!

OLD LORD: You mustn't begrudge your brother his rightful place, Henry. For all you've done, you've certainly earned my gratitude—and James's as well, I'm sure!

JAMES: Boundless gratitude, Henry!

OLD LORD (*proudly*): That ought to be reward enough!

NARRATOR TWO: James takes no care of the estate, but resumes his old role of the rogue. While Henry continues to attend to the estate's business, he often finds James out on a picnic or about town—with Alison. Alison now locks her door to Henry, and doesn't speak to him at meals.

NARRATOR ONE: The villagers rally around James, but find a rude surprise. They expect him to be as carelessly generous as ever—but he couldn't care less. One night, James finds Henry alone in his study.

JAMES: I know this will sadden you, brother dear, but I am thinking of leaving.

HENRY: I believe you'd mentioned it before.

JAMES: Ah, yes, but then I was considering India—I hear there are fortunes to be made, and no limit to the number of wives a man may have. But I'm considering a change in plans.

HENRY (*angry*): What should I care! I've already gotten you the money you've demanded.

JAMES: This venture may be a good deal MORE costly. You see, I have some interesting maps of North America, and I'm in an adventurous mood.

HENRY: Don't count on more money from me. The cupboard's bare.

JAMES: Oh, I'm a patient man.

HENRY (*sarcastic*): This is my lucky night! Perhaps we should play cards for the money.

JAMES: You know what they say:

lucky in cards, unlucky in love!

HENRY: Unlike you, brother, I do not have to rely upon LUCK in love.

JAMES: Still, with all your dull, solid qualities, Henry, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me. And that, as we both know, pertains to your own wife!

NARRATOR TWO: This is too much for Henry. He lunges at James and grabs him by the neck.

JAMES: We must duel! I must have blood!

HENRY (*releasing him*): Please God it shall be yours!

NARRATOR THREE: The brothers, with Mackellar, go to duel that very night. As they begin to fight, James easily keeps the advantage—using every trick in the book. Henry's pent-up fury is all that keeps him alive. Finally, James lunges at Henry, but Henry jumps aside. James continues, stumbles, and falls on Henry's sword, running himself through.

MACKELLAR: He's dead!

HENRY: God forgive me! What have I done!

NARRATOR ONE: Mackellar goes straight to Alison's room, where she's waiting to hear which brother has been killed.

ALISON (*anxious*): Which one?

MACKELLAR: Mr. James. But before you go into your grief, I must tell you—THAT was where your money went, madam! Henry's and yours! To that man! Eight thousand pounds last count, and now he'd come for more!

ALISON (*staggered*): But that's impossible! We don't HAVE that much!

MACKELLAR: Ironic that we should all be prying James be alive—when we are all better off with him dead!

ALISON (*confused*): How can you say that? What is that book you have, Mr. Mackellar?

MACKELLAR: Book?

ALISON: Behind your back.

MACKELLAR (*caught*): It is the devil's own diary. It was with his packed bags.

ALISON: You've read it?

MACKELLAR: Enough to know that he was planning to leave with Henry's money tonight!

ALISON: I must see it!

MACKELLAR: Its content might prove painful for you.

ALISON (*contrite*): My shame could be no greater than it already is, Mr. Mackellar. Lord Durrisdeer must be told of the duel.

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MACKELLAR: Leave that to me. You must go to your husband. He needs you more than ever.

ALISON (*ashamed*): I have done him too much damage already.

NARRATOR TWO: But she goes.

Henry hugs her closely, still distraught.

HENRY: You know I loved him!

ALISON: Of course you did! Or else why would you have endured so much from him?

HENRY (*grief-stricken*): Why did he make me do it? Why?

ALISON (*firmly*): This must stop,

Henry. You will make yourself ill.

HENRY: How could all of this happen?

ALISON (*frightened*): There are strange forces at work here—forces too dark for mere mortals to understand. I fear they will be our undoing!

NARRATOR ONE: Mackellar bursts into the room.

MACKELLAR: He's gone! Gone! I would have sworn he was dead!

HENRY (*shocked*): James is alive! Can nothing kill that man? He is not mortal! He will be on my back for all eternity!

MACKELLAR: At least he isn't likely to show his face HERE again!

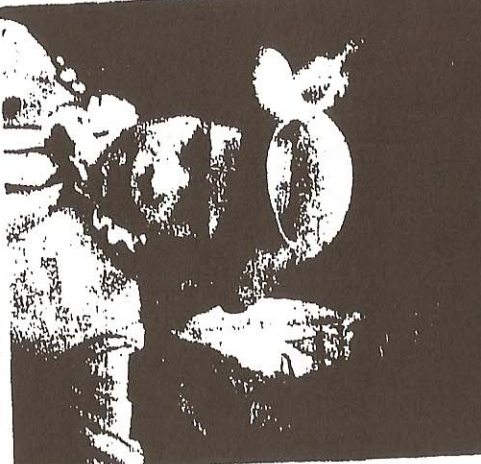
SCENE SEVEN

NARRATOR TWO: For the first time, things seem to be looking up for Henry. Alison has read James's diary, and knows that he was only using her to manipulate Henry. A few months after James flees, wounded, Lord Durrisdeer dies. He leaves the estate to Henry and Alison. Alison, by this time, is obviously pregnant.

NARRATOR ONE: The child is a boy, and there is much rejoicing in Ballantrae. They name him Alexander, and call him by the Scottish nickname—"Sandie"—for short.

NARRATOR TWO: For six years, there is no sign of James. Henry and Mackellar manage to make the estate profitable once more, and Henry, Alison, and Alexander are as happy as a family can be. One fine spring day, Henry and Mackellar are strolling, inspecting the estate.

HENRY: And how is that little in-



Henry, Alison, and Sandie

vestment we discussed?

MACKELLAR: I believe it will increase tenfold within twenty years.

HENRY: Splendid! It will do well by the time of Alexander's marriage! What plans I have for that boy!

MACKELLAR: The boy is only six, my lord!

HENRY: The boy's future must be secured. His happiness is everything. A son, Mackellar, is the greatest treasure a man may possess. It is his key to future generations—to eternity!

MACKELLAR: If you'll forgive me, sir, may I speak frankly?

HENRY (*kindly*): My dear Mackellar! I value your advice as I value your friendship.

MACKELLAR: Your father was a good man. But do you think he was a wise father?

HENRY: What has my father to do with this?

MACKELLAR (*slowly*): If you continue to indulge Mr. Alexander as you do, you are following in your father's footsteps. Beware, my lord, lest when he grows up, he will follow in your brother's!

HENRY (*rigid*): Enough! I will hear no more!

NARRATOR ONE: Henry storms off.

SCENE EIGHT

NARRATOR THREE: It seems that no sooner is James's name mentioned than he reappears at Durrisdeer. He isn't alone this time—he has with him his mysterious Indian servant Secundus Dass, a magician. After the ser-

vants admit their true position, James finds it young Alexander. James introduces himself kindly, and Dass introduces himself by way of making his cane disappear.

SANDIE (*amazed*): It's gone! Is your friend a REAL magician, Uncle James?

JAMES: In his country, he's known as a "fakir" (*fah-KEER*). That's even better!

NARRATOR TWO: Sandie and his guests come to the spot where James and Henry duelled.

SANDIE (*provdy*): This is where the devil tried to kill my father!

JAMES (*amused*): You're sure it was the devil himself, now?

SANDIE: Oh, yes! Mr. Mackellar saw him. He had horns and a long tail.

JAMES: That certainly sounds like the devil! What happened?

SANDIE: My father drove him off with a sword, and banished him from the land! And if he ever comes back, my father says he'll finish him for good.

JAMES (*laughing coldly*): They've been trying to do that since the Garden of Eden!

ALISON (*calling*): Alexander! Sandie!

SANDIE: It's mother.

JAMES: Tell you what. Why don't you let Dass show you some more tricks—and I'll surprise your mother.

NARRATOR THREE: Sandie goes off happily. James does just what he promised. As Alison rounds the corner, he grabs her, and forces her into a kiss.

ALISON (*furious*): How dare you!

JAMES: Don't worry—we're quite alone!

NARRATOR ONE: He kisses her again, but she pulls loose and spits on him.

ALISON: I know you for what you are! I have read your diary. You merely used me!

JAMES: I use what comes easily to hand, my dear.

ALISON (*coldly*): What has possessed you to leave India?

JAMES: Unfortunately, I was there with the French and they were—asked to leave.

ALISON: I'm sorry to see you! You must know that I'm Henry's now. ALL his!

JAMES (*threatening*): We shall see. I am here to claim what is mine by right. Unless I get it, I shall make your lives a living hell. But I WILL have what is mine. EVERYTHING! Is that clear?
NARRATOR TWO: Alison runs

from him, and quickly finds Henry.

ALISON: Henry! You must send James away at once! He will stop at nothing to destroy our lives!

HENRY (caught): You know I promised my father this would always be his home!

ALISON: Then we must go ourselves! We can pack and make off in the night, while he sleeps. We'll go to my father's estate in New York. He'll never find us there!

HENRY: Are you mad? Run away? Durrisdeer is mine now.

NARRATOR ONE: Mackellar enters. He is also distraught.

ALISON (pleading): Last time, it was me. This time, Alexander is the battleground. Already he's stealing the bow from us!

MACKELLAR: It may be the only answer, Mr. Henry. With no one to torment and no purse to rob, he'll soon tire of Durrisdeer and its debts.

HENRY (gives in): All right. We'll leave the place to James—for now.

SCENE NINE

NARRATOR THREE: Henry, Alison, and Alexander pack and leave in the dead of night. James is indeed furious when he finds out, and he spends all of his waking hours trying to trace them.

NARRATOR TWO: Meanwhile, the family has found happiness once again, on the estates that Alison inherited in New York—the New World.

NARRATOR ONE: But one day, Mackellar arrives as Henry is giving a party for his influential friends—including General Clinton, the governor of the province.

MACKELLAR: I managed to keep him in the dark for a year, Mr. Henry! But when I discovered that James was on his way here, I sailed on the same ship! We've just docked, and I came here straightaway. I must warn you, my lord—he means to do you grave harm.

HENRY: Calm your fears, old friend. Let the devil come. He'll soon see who's master **HERE**.

NARRATOR THREE: As they speak, James and Dass arrive.

HENRY (to them): It will please me to speak plainly. Your reputation has preceded you—to our common disgrace. This is General Clinton, Governor of our province. These, some of our

most prominent citizens. They know our story.

JAMES (maliciously): Then they know that I am the rightful Lord Durrisdeer! That everything you have is mine by rights!

HENRY: We are under the protection of Governor Clinton. You have a choice—passage home on the first available ship, or the right to stay and **EARN** your own living.

JAMES (furious): I'll not be sent off like unwelcome baggage. Oh no, I'll stay as a reminder to **YOU**, brother!

SCENE TEN

NARRATOR TWO: A couple of months later, Mackellar finds Henry reading mail from England in his study.

HENRY: This is hard to believe, but James is still mustering support in Scotland. For the first time, my lawyer fears he might succeed! Everything I've worked for—gone! But what news do you have about James, who is, in reality, right here under our noses?

MACKELLAR: He and Dass are working night and day to raise money—for a wilderness expedition. I suspect it is those treasure maps he's always talking about. But I have an idea—let's finance the trip ourselves.

HENRY: What?

MACKELLAR: Through another party, of course, so he doesn't know it's us. Let them go into the wilderness. If they find the treasure, they may not bother us again.

NARRATOR ONE: Henry readily agrees. They hire a band of greedy cutthroats to team up with James and Dass. The plan works, and the search party sets out into the woods.

NARRATOR TWO: Henry and Mackellar take a room in an inn on the edge of the wilderness, and wait, day by day, for the party to come back—with the treasure, and without James. After several weeks, the boat returns—with only one survivor. It is the man named Mountain, who was hired to lead the murderous expedition. He is dragged to report to Henry.

MOUNTAIN: They all perished, every one. At least they have by now. If the wilderness doesn't get them, the savages will! I only escaped by the grace of God!

HENRY (single-minded): What did my brother die of?

MOUNTAIN: He had some sort of seizure, then he fell unconscious. The little fellow, Dass, tried to help him, but—

HENRY (desperate): You're absolutely **CERTAIN** he was dead?

MOUNTAIN: I was there when he spoke his last!

HENRY: But you could be mistaken! It could have been a coma!

MOUNTAIN: We **BURIED** him, man!

HENRY: Yes, but it could have been some sort of trick!

MOUNTAIN: I'm telling you, he was as cold as ice and stiff as a board when we put him in the earth. That was three days ago! If he wasn't dead then, he is now!

HENRY (crazed): This isn't an ordinary human being! This is a demon! Witnesses saw him killed on the battlefield, and he lived! Mackellar and I saw him run through with a sword—yet he lived! I need proof! I'll not believe it till I see him rotting!

NARRATOR ONE: Henry insists that Mountain take him and Mackellar back into the wilderness to James's grave. Mountain and Mackellar refuse, but Henry's crazed rage gets the better of them. By that night, they're far into the uncivilized mountains. No sooner have they built a campfire, than out of the darkness they hear a spine-tingling chant.

MOUNTAIN: It's that heathen!

HENRY: It's Dass!

NARRATOR TWO: They plunge into the darkness, following the voice. Suddenly the three men stop dead in their tracks. Bare-chested and waist-deep in James's grave, Dass is chanting as he digs up the grave with his bare hands.

MOUNTAIN (thunderstruck):

What in the name of—

NARRATOR TWO: Dass hears Mountain, and realizes he faces James's mortal enemies—and his own.

DASS (pointing to Henry): He tried to kill his brother! Now he'll kill me!

HENRY (fierce): I will unless you tell me what you're doing in his grave!

DASS: He's alive—you've got to help me!

MACKELLAR (scoffing): He's

crazy.

DASS: It's an old fakir secret—to swallow the tongue and slow the heartbeat. He knew you would kill him otherwise!

HENRY: I **KNEW** it!

MOUNTAIN: A man who is dead



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OF

and buried five days is still alive? Ha!

DASS: Help me!

HENRY (*commanding*): Do as he says!

NARRATOR THREE: The men dig like maniacs. They finally reach James's body: he lies motionless, gray as death.

DASS (*cries*): It is too late! Too many days!

MACKELLAR (*in horror*): Look!

NARRATOR THREE: James moves, almost imperceptibly at first, then he starts to breathe.

JAMES (*whispering*): Henry—Henry—

NARRATOR ONE: Henry leans close in dread and fascination as James whispers.

JAMES: You will never be rid of me. I shall live to haunt you—through the boy.

HENRY: Never!

JAMES: Alexander is MY son—not yours!

HENRY: You lie!

JAMES: Do I?

NARRATOR THREE: James starts to laugh, an empty, death-like laugh—then closes his eyes, and breathes his last.

MACKELLAR: He's gone. Now he IS gone.

HENRY (*blankly*): Yes. This time I believe he truly is.

MACKELLAR: What did he say to you, my lord?

HENRY (*dully*): I couldn't make it out.

SCENE
ELEVEN

NARRATOR TWO: Henry, Alexander, and Alexander are now free to go back to Scotland. When they arrive,

Henry has the carriage stop at the top of the hill. He points to the sweeping estates below them.

HENRY (*to Sandie*): One day this will all be yours, son. You will take my place as Lord Durrissdeer, Earl of Ballantze.

NARRATOR ONE: The carriage continues down to the castle. The servants have come out to greet them, and in the front is old John Paul.

JOHN PAUL (*to Sandie*): Well now, who have we here?

SANDIE: It's me, John Paul, Alexander!

JOHN PAUL: Ah, you could have fooled the old man!

SANDIE (*delighted*): Why? Have I grown so much?

JOHN PAUL: For a minute there, I thought it was my dear laddie come home again. Why if you aren't the spitting image of your Uncle James!

NARRATOR THREE: Henry shudders as the family enters the castle once again.