

# *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*

A Ghost Story Adapted By

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From the Original by

Washington Irving

*The stage is dark. FOUR GIRLS sit in a semi-circle at the front of the stage. This takes place at present day.*

*GIRL ONE flicks on her flashlight and hold it under her chin, casting an eerie glow on her face This is the only light onstage.*

**GIRL ONE:** Have you ever heard of the hitchhiker who disappeared when the driver pulled up to her house? The driver went to the front door only to be told the girl had died ten years ago that very night.

*GIRL TWO flicks on her flashlight, holding it under her chin*

**GIRL TWO:** Have you ever heard of the movie theatre ghost who haunts the second row? If anyone sits in her seat she pinches and pokes and whispers in their ear until they have to move.

*GIRL THREE flicks on her flashlight, holding it under her chin*

**GIRL THREE:** Have you ever heard of the Headless Horseman?

*GIRL FOUR flicks on her flashlight*

**GIRL FOUR:** No.

*The other GIRLS take their flashlights and shine them on GIRL FOUR's face.*

**GIRLS ONE, TWO, THREE:** No?

**GIRL FOUR:** No. I've never heard of him.

**GIRL ONE:** You've never heard of the headless horseman?

**GIRL TWO:** Of his demon horse?

**GIRL THREE:** Of his midnight rides through Sleepy Hollow?

**GIRL FOUR:** No.

**GIRL ONE:** You've never heard of Icabod Crane?

**GIRL TWO:** How he went missing one night?

**GIRL THREE:** And was never seen again?

**GIRL FOUR:** No!

**GIRL ONE, TWO, THREE:** Oh.

*Pause.*

**GIRL FOUR:** Well? Aren't you going to tell me? *(She turns her flashlight off)*

*The other three GIRLS put their flashlights under their chins.*

**GIRL ONE:** The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. *(she turns her flashlight off)*

**GIRL TWO:** Beware, beware the Headless Horseman. *(She turns her flashlight off)*

**GIRL THREE:** Icabod Crane, never seen again *(she turns her flashlight off)*

**ALL FOUR:** Icabod Crane, Icabod Crane

There's no reason, no way to explain

One night the headless horseman came

Never seen again, was Icabod Crane

*The FOUR GIRLS exit. Cheerful fiddle music plays in the darkness. The lights come up on a country dance in full swing at the Van Tassel farm. The year is 1790 and the place is Sleepy Hollow. As everyone dances, ICABOD CRANE and MRS CLOSSON, the woman he's dancing with, make their way downstage.*

**MRS. CLOSSON:** How are you enjoying our part of the world Mr. Crane?

**ICABOD:** Very well, Mrs. Closson. Very well, indeed.

**MRS. CLOSSON:** Do you think you will enjoy teaching our children, Mr. Crane?

**ICABOD:** Most certainly. Wherever I go, I am extremely fulfilled in my teaching endeavors. And the students are always beholden in the gratitude for what they glean through my inspiration.

**MRS. CLOSSON:** *(al little confused)* I see.

*They continue to dance. The focus shifts to four young girls at the side of the stage, watching the dancing, MARET points out ICABOD.*

**MARET:** Have you seen the new school teacher?

**LENA:** *(making a face)* He's rather funny looking.

**MARET:** I think he looks just fine.

**ANKE:** I hear he's very strict.

**BRITT:** I hope he's not too strict.

**LENA:** *(laughing)* He dances funny. He looks like a scarecrow.

**MARET:** He's better than the country bumpkins we have around here. He's a gentleman.

**ANKE:** I hear he's very well read. He's read several books, al the way through. (*whispering*) He's read Cotton Mather's *History of New England Witchcraft*.

**BRITT:** (*with wide eyes*) I didn't know that!

**MARET:** You see? He'll fit in around here quite well.

*The girls all turn to look at ICABOD as the focus shifts back to ICABOD dancing with MRS CLOSSON.*

**MRS CLOSSON:** You dance very well, Mr. Crane.

**ICABOD:** Thank you. I believe as a schoolmaster, it is my duty to be fluent in as many community past times as possible. I will be taking up the choir right away.

**MRS CLOSSON:** Will you?

**ICABOD:** Of course. My singing voice is exemplary. But do not think I am a soft touch Mrs. Closson

**MRS CLOSSON:** No?

**ICABOD:** A splendid dancer I may be, and light on my feet most certainly, but I'm a firm believer in the saying, "spare the rod, spoil the child." We do not want our children spoilt now do we?

*The song ends. Icabod bows and Mrs. Closson curtsies. Everyone claps and moves into little conversation groups. Music plays quietly in the background. BRom enters boisterously with two friends, Peter and Dolf.*

**BROM:** (*proud and bold*) I told you! Nothing happens until Brom Bones crosses the threshold.

**PETER:** Everyone always waits for you to arrive, Brom.

**DOLF:** They were probably standing around like statues. Probably not even moving. Probably not even breathing!

**BROM:** (*cuffing Dolf on the back of the head*) Idiot.

**DOLF:** Ow! What?

*The three scamper across the stage. The focus shifts back to the girls.*

**BRITT:** (*with a sigh*) Brom is so handsome.

**MARET:** (*with an unimpressed sniff*) He's got the manners of a wounded bear

**ANKE:** He's been courting Katrina Van Tassel since the summer.

**MARET:** She hasn't been seen with anyone else?

**LENA:** No. I heard Brom scared off every other boy in the valley.

**ANKE:** I heard he said he's pummel anyone else who courted her.

**BRITT:** Could you imagine if someone tried to ask her to dance tonight!

**LENA:** Maybe the new school teacher will.

**BRITT:** (*teasing*) Maybe the school teacher will ask Maret to dance.

**MARET:** (*embarrassed*) Hush!

**ANKE:** Brom won't like it if someone gets in his way

**BRITT:** The teacher wouldn't stand a chance

**MARET:** How do you know?

**LENA:** Ooohhh, maybe there'll be a fight tonight

**ANKE:** Let's get a good seat!

*The girls rush over to the side and sit, watching the action. Icabod and Mr. Van Tassel stroll across the front of the stage.*

**MR VT:** How are you enjoying our part of the world Mr. Crane?

**ICABOD:** Very well indeed, Mr. Van Tassel. I am quite taken care of by all of the families in the area. I stay with the Clossons this week and then on to the Van Houtons.

**MR VT:** Mr. Closson told me you helped mend his fence yesterday afternoon.

**ICABOD:** Anything I can do to be of assistance. One must be grateful to one's lodgers! And I must thank you for including me this evening. Your home is so... (*he looks around with greedy eyes*) spacious. You're situated in such a... prosperous little nook. (*he clears his throat*) It's quite charming.

*The two walk up to Katrina and Mrs VT. The women curtsy*

**ICABOD:** (*with a bow*) Mrs. Van Tassel. I am having the most splendid evening.

**MRS VT:** Have you met my daughter Katrina? (*to Katrina*) This is Mr. Crane, the new school master.

**KATRINA:** Pleased to meet you, Mr. Crane

**ICABOD:** I was just telling you father how (*he looks around the room again*) spacious the land is here. And vast. And abundant. I've never seen such a meadow! Whoever wins the heart of your daughter, Mr. Van Tassel, will be very lucky indeed! (*He clears his throat*) For clearly Katrina is such a sweet girl. That's what I meant.

*The music gets louder, Icabod bows to Katrina.*

**ICABOD:** Ms. Van Tassel, may I have the pleasure of this dance?

**KATRINA:** (*curtsying*) I would be most honored sir.

*The stage fills with dancing couples. The girls see Katrina dancing with Icabod.*

**BRITT:** (*elbowing Maret*) Maret, look!

**MARET:** She IS dancing with the school teacher

**ANKE:** Maybe she's just being polite

**LENA:** Look at Brom's face

*Brom, Peter and Dolf also see Katrina dancing*

**DOLF:** Hey Brom, who's that dancing with Katrina?

**BROM:** What? Who? Who is that pipsqueak?

**PETER:** It's the new school teacher

**BROM:** What's she doing dancing with him? I'll pummel him.

*Brom goes to move, Peter and Dolf hold him back*

**PETER:** You can't beat up the schoolmaster Brom!

**BROM:** Why not?

**PETER:** You just can't!

**BROM:** All right. (*he grunts in frustration*) What's his name?

**PETER:** Icabod Crane

**DOLF:** He's awful smart Brom. The only person smarter in all of Sleepy Hollow is the parson.

**BROM:** Icabod Crane. We'll see about Icabod Crane.

**GROUP:** Icabod Crane, Icabod Crane,

Looks to hold the Van Tassel reigns,

Forever remove the schoolhouse chains,

Icabod, Icabod Crane.

**ICABOD:** Who is that young man in the corner, Ms. Van Tassel? He is staring at us with such a glowering eye.

**KATRINA:** Oh, that's just Brom Van Brunt. He doesn't think anyone should talk to me. He beats up any boy who tries.

**ICABOD:** Oh does he? Well I shouldn't want to get in his way then.

**GROUP:** Icabod Crane, Icabod Crane,

Well aware of what he can gain,

If Katrina's hand he could obtain,

Icabod, Icabod Crane.

A plan comes to Icabod's mind,

A way to beat Brom and his kind,

Words work wonders when combined

In Katrina's ear, words intertwined.

**KATRINA:** He's very good humored though. And he's very skilled with horses. Brom is well known for having the fastest horse in the county.

**ICABOD:** The fastest horse you say? What a shame.

**KATRINA:** What do you mean?

**ICABOD:** Oh, its only something I heard. I shouldn't trouble you with it Ms. Van Tassel

**KATRINA:** Please call me Katrina.

**ICABOD:** Only if you call me Icabod.

**KATRINA:** What did you hear about Brom, Icabod?

**ICABOD:** (*drawing Katrina close*) Only that he beats his horse.

**KATRINA:** (*putting her hand to her face in shock*) No!

**ICABOD:** That's how he gets it to go so fast.

**KATRINA:** That's terrible. I never heard that.

**ICABOD:** Its such an awful thing to do. And he smells very strongly of a stable. A young lady should never be exposed to such boorish odours.

**GROUP:** The two of the them make quite a sight,

As they talk at the dance that night.

Brom Bones is ready to pick a fight,

To hold back takes all his might.

**BROM:** Are you sure I can't beat up the school teacher?

**PETER:** 'Fraid not.

**BROM:** There has to be something I can do. He's danced four dances with her tonight.

**DOLF:** But you don't like to dance. You say it all the time. You say you would rather have hot pokers jabbed into the soles of your feet then have to dance.

**BROM:** (*cuffing Dolf in the back of the head*) Idiot.

**DOLF:** Ow! What?

**BROM:** I'm putting a stop to this.

**PETER:** No pummeling!

*Brom strides across the front of the stage toward Katrina and Icabod*

**GROUP:** Icabod Crane, Icabod Crane,

Brom Bones tries to act restrained,

His face scrunched up in a mask of pain,

Hatred growing for Icabod Crane.

**BROM:** Evening, Ms. Katrina

**KATRINA:** Good evening Brom

**BROM:** (*with a bow*) May I have the pleasure of escorting you home from the dance?



**ICABOD:** Actually, I will have the favour of Ms. Van Tassel's arm tonight.

**KATRINA:** Perhaps another time.

**BROM:** What about a horse ride then? Tomorrow afternoon?

**ICABOD:** I was going to ask you, Ms. Van Tassel, you are in the choir, are you not?

**KATRINA:** Yes of course.

**ICABOD:** Then please let me offer you a free private singing lesson. I can tell just by looking at you that you have a most pleasant voice. Tomorrow afternoon? IF you have nothing else planned?

**KATRINA:** I would be delighted.

**ICABOD:** *(holding out his arm)* Shall we go?

*Katrina and Icabod exit. Brom growls in fury and strolls back across stage.*

**PETER:** What happened Brom?

**BROM:** I'll get that little pipsqueak. If it's the last thing I do, I'll get him!

*Brom storms off. Peter and Dolf follow behind.*

**GROUP:** Icabod Crane, Icabod Crane,

Beware, beware, of Brom Bones strain.

Be careful who you treat with disdain,

Icabod Crane, Icabod Crane

*Dance music plays. Everyone on stage breaks into pairs to dance. Girls gather in a corner downstage.*

**ANKE:** Have you heard, have you heard?

**BRITT:** What?

**ANKE:** Katrina Van Tassel is being escorted by the school teacher tonight!

**MARET:** Again?

*Icabod enters with Katrina on his arm. The two of them join into the dance*

**ANKE:** Look!

**LENA:** This will be the third dance this fall.

**ANKE:** I hear he's been spending a lot of time out at the Van Tassel farm.

**MARET:** He's just giving Katrina singing lessons, that's all.

**BRITT:** I don't know...

**LENA:** Do you think he's courting Katrina?

**MARET:** No!

**ANKE:** I hear Brom Bones horse is never seen at her fence anymore.

**BRITT:** I'd much rather be courted by Brom Bones

**MARET:** There's Brom now.

*Brom enters with Peter and Dolf. Brom scowls at Icabod and Katrina and hunkers down in a chair at the back.*

**BROM:** *(muttering to Peter and Dolf)* Five minutes. Five minutes alone is all I need with him. Then we could settle this like men.

**PETER:** We're doing pretty good though. We've stopped up the chimney at the school house.

**DOLF:** And turned the room topsy turvy in the middle of the night.

**PETER:** Everyone knows it should be you courting Katrina instead of him.

**BROM:** Five minutes is all I need to fold him in two and stick him on a shelf. Look at him!

**ANKE:** *(referring to Brom)* Look at him.

**BROM:** He looks so smug

**BRITT:** He doesn't look very happy

**MARET:** It serves him right. Act like an animal and you don't get the girl. So there. *(she sighs and looks at Icabod)* He's so smart.

**BRITT:** I wonder what he thinks about?

**MARET:** Only smart things I'm sure.

*The music changes and everyone freezes in place. The lights change. Icabod steps forward. This is what he's thinking about.*

**ICABOD:** Land, land, land, land, land! Oh the day gets closer and closer when all this land will be mine! Certainly there is a firm possibility that I will be lord of all this! The scene of unimaginable luxury and splendor! Look at the table! Donuts, pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, sliced ham, smoked beef, roasted chicken. This is a feast for a king. And I could be that king! (*he claps his hands with glee*) This is the tird dance I've been to with Katrina this fall; I'm with her every second day with with lessons. Surely Brom Bones is nothing now but a smudge on the landscape. The landscape that will soon be mine!

*The music plays again. Everyone continues dancing. Icabod steps back into his dance with Katrina.*

**MARET:** I bet if we could see into Mr. Crane's mind, we'd be amzed at all the smart things he's thinking about this very second.

*The music ends and everyone bows and claps*

**ICABOD:** (*to Katrina*) Shall we dance again my dear?

**KATRINA:** Oh, perhaps later on.

**ICABOD:** I will be right her, waiting ever so patiently! Ah ha ha!

*Mr. Van Tassel comes forward and addresses the group*

**MR VT:** And now my friends, before we partake in another dance, shall we gather round for a tale or two? A ghost tale or two?

*The group is abuzz. Everyone wants to hear some stories. They take their places around the main chair, which Mr VT has brought to the center*

**MR VT:** And of course, our residents 'History of New England Witchcraft' expert should sit in the chair of honor right by the fire.

*He holds out the chair for Icabod who demurs ad sits*

**ICABOD:** Mynheer Van Tassel, I'm honored, so terribly honored

**MARET:** Do you know many ghost stories Mr. Cane?

**ICABOD:** Indeed I do. I have many a tale up my sleeve. I am also well aware that this area is a veritable bonanza of anecdotes, allegories and accounts of a spectral nature.

**BRITT:** Don't you ever get frightened? Telling stories by the fire is one thing when everyone's around, but when I'm alone, a tree branch waving in the wind makes me think there are ghosts and goblins at every turn.

**ANKE:** Ooooooh it sends shivers down my spine!

**MARET:** Do ghost stories scare you Mr. Crane?

**ICABOD:** Ah, ah, well...

*The entire group turns towards the audience and recites in unison.*

**GROUP:** Icabod Crane, Icabod Crane,

Thoughts racing 'round his brain,

Does he admit fear of the ghostly plane?

Do you Icabod Crane?

*The entire group turns back to stare at Icabod*

**ICABOD:** Well...you see... ah,

*The entire group turns toward the audience and recites in unison*

**GROUP:** Riding home late at night,

Every shadow brings a fright,

Every shape a phantom sight,

He closes up his eyes so tight.

*The group turns back to stare at Icabod*

**ICABOD:** The truth of it is...ah...

*The group turns toward the audience and recites in unison*

**GROUP:** The howling wind, a rising dread,

All confidence has swiftly fled,

His stomach's sore, his heart is lead,

Who's that standing up ahead?

*The group turns back to stare at Icabod*

**ICABOD:** Why no, my dear. Ha, ha, ha. Of course ghost stories don't frighten me. And why should they? They are only stories, after all. Isn't that right? Only stories. I welcome them! No tale is too gross or monstrous for my appetite. They're nothing to be scared of. Nothing at all.

*During the above Brom, Peter and Dolf stand at the far side of the group. Brom now moves slightly away. The rest of the group talk silently amongst themselves, they don't hear Brom's discussion.*

**BROM:** Oh ho!

**PETER:** What?

**BROM:** Oh ho!

**PETER:** What?

**BROM:** Oh ho ho!

**DOLF:** What are you oh ho-ing for?

**BROM:** *(cuffing Dolf on the back of the head)* Idiot!

**DOLF:** Ow! What?

**BROM:** Didn't you hear what the schoolteacher just said?

**PETER:** He said he's not afraid of ghost stories

**BROM:** Those may have been the words he said, but-

**DOLF:** Isn't that what you asked us? *(seeing Brom's hand)* Don't hit me! I'll do it. *(he hits himself on the back of the head)* Ow!

**BROM:** That's what he said, but that's not what he meant. I think he's scared of ghost stories. I think when it's dark out and the lights from the nearest house are gone and he's following the path through the dense thicket, he's really, really, really scared.

**PETER:** So what are you going to do?

*Brom gestures to the two and they move off to the corner to confer. The focus moves back to the main group.*

**MR VT:** Who will be the first? Who has a story to tell of haunted fields, haunted books, haunted bridges, haunted houses, haunted streams-

**MRS CLOSSON:** How about haunted trees? Major Andre's tree

*There is a murmur of agreement amongst the group*

**BRITT:** *(with a sigh)* Poor Major Andre

**LENA:** Poor! He was in cahoots with Benedict Arnold!

**MRS CLOSSON:** Creak, creak, rope on wood,  
Right there is where Major Andre stood,  
Creak, creak, rope on bark,  
Though he'd be able to escape in the dark.

Creak, creak, rope on skin,  
Major Andre's gone missing.  
Major Andre tied to the tree,  
Get too close and you might see.

In 1780 to hide from his foes,  
He dressed in American soldier's clothes.  
Back to the British side he crept,  
But a trio of militia did intercept.

Major Andre tied to the tree,  
Get too close and you might see.

They searched his boots, rucksack, coat.  
And found letters Benedict Arnold wrote.  
Andre was tried and determined a spy,  
His punishment meant he had to die.

Major Andre tied to the tree,  
Get too close, and you might see.

If you go by and the stars are bright,  
The air is crisp and the moon is right,  
The bound up shadow darkens the ground,  
And listen for the creaking sound.

Major Andre tied to the tree  
Get too close and you might see

*Everyone shivers*

**MARET:** Have you ever seen his shadow?

**ANKE:** No. Have you?

**MARET:** I'll never go by that tree alone.

**MR VT:** Who has a story of funeral trains, or mourning cries and wailing sighs?

**MRS VT:** What of the woman in white?

*There is a murmur of agreement among the group*

**LENA:** Now there's someone who's a poor dear!

**MRS VT:** On a frosty winter night

You can hear the woman in white.

She howls through the hollow

The trees shiver in her sorrow.

The young woman out alone.

Caught so very far from home.

From the storm she could not hide.

There was no shelter, so she died.

Her life could not be saved.

The winter snow her frozen grave.

And when found, that girl so lost,

Was covered head to toe in frost.

If your looking for a chill,

Down in the Hollow behind the hill,

If you listen, the wind so bleak,

You will hear her pleading shriek.

*Everyone shivers. The girls hold each other and murmur*

**LENA:** Ooooooooooh.

**ANKE:** Shivers right down my spine!

**MR VT:** We can't tell Hollow stories without the most famous of them all.

**THE FOUR GIRLS:** The Headless Horseman!

*There is a mumur of consent among the group. The girls stand*

**MARET:** In the Hollow, by the oak trees and the grape vines

**BRITT:** Never stop at midnight

**ANKE & LENA:** Never!

**MARET:** And if you find yourself there when the clock strike twelve

**ANKE:** Never look behind you if you hear the horse's hoof

**LENA:** Or feel hot breath on your neck

**ANKE:** Or hear the snort of the goblin steed

**ALL FOUR:** This is the ride of the Headless Horseman.

**BRITT:** He lost his head to a cannonball. They buried him without it

**MARET:** Headless.

**LENA:** And night after night after night

**BRITT:** The Headless Horseman rides the Hollow.



**LENA:** Night after night after night

**MARET:** He searches the battleground for his lost head

**LENA:** Night after night after night

**ANKE:** Every night he rides

**BRITT:** Rides.

**MARET:** Rides!

**ANKE:** From the graveyard to the battle and back again.

**BRITT:** Fast and furious on his demon steed.

**MARET:** Before he must return to the churchyard

**BRITT:** To sing through the ground at the break of dawn

**LENA:** He's seven foot high with a flaming black cape

**MARET:** With a demon's laugh

**ANKE:** With dead demon eyes

**BRITT:** The Horseman doesn't stir but gathers in the gloom

**LENA:** Like some gigantic monster ready to spring on its prey

**MARET:** Beware, beware the Headless Horseman

*The girls giggle and sit. Brom steps forward*

**BROM:** I have a story to tell.

*The group turns in surprise as Brom moves center stage*

**BROM:** I have tangled with the Headless Horseman recently. Shall I tell of my adventure?

*There is a murmur of consent from the crowd. Everyone moves to give Brom room. Brom poses*

**BROM:** I tangled with the Horseman.

Saw him on a clear black night.

I say he's no fierce rider.

And his horse is rather light.

But I believe in the Headless Horseman.

The things they say are true.

If you hear his ghoulish laughter,

It will be the end of you.

Old Brouwer did not believe in ghosts,

And scoffed spectral power.

Old Brouwer went riding through the dell,

It was the midnight hour.

Up ahead from the shadows dense,

The apparition rose.

Old Brouwer heard the chilling laugh,

Or so the story goes.

And I believe in the Headless Horseman.

The things they say are true.

If you feel his ghoulish grip,

It will be the end of you.

One dark night I did ride,

From the village going home.

It was the midnight hour,

Through the hollow I did roam.

And up upon my left hand side,  
The Horseman overtook.  
I offered a race to the demon shade,  
First one to reach the brook

I sped off on my trusty ride,  
Far from the devil's hold.  
Through the hollow we thundered on,  
Through the night air cold.

For I believe in the Headless Horseman.  
The things they say are true  
If you lose a race with him,  
It will be the end of you

And there, ahead! I see the bridge,  
That means the end is near.  
If I make it before the Horseman,  
He must concede and disappear.

I make it first! I turn to see,  
A wall of fire so high.  
A clap of thunder, a shriek, a howl,  
The Horseman vanishes to the sky.

So do not scoff at Horseman tales,  
 Especially when out of doors.  
 It won't be a laughing matter if,  
 The next head he wears is yours.

For I believe in the Headless Horseman.  
 The things they say are true.  
 If you can't stay, out of his way  
 It will be the end of you.

*Everyone shivers and starts chattering at once with each other about the tale. Mr Van Tassel stands up*

**MR VT:** My friends, my friends, the hour grows thin. It is time for us to disperse

*Brom casually moves to the other side and stands jauntily, leaning on a wall with Peter and Dolf. Everyone continues chattering as they say goodnight to each other. The girls speak to Icabod before they exit*

**MARET:** Did that scare you, Mr. Crane?

**ICABOD:** *(jumping)* What!?! Oh, of course not!

**LENA:** It scared me.

**ICABOD:** They were all wonderful stories. Next time, I'll have to tell you a few hair-raising tales from my home town in Connecticut. Have you heard about the ghost who leaves wet handprints on the rocks for sailors?

**BRITT:** *(with wide eyes)* No.

**ICABOD:** Next time then, next time. *(he sees Katrina about to leave)* Excuse me, girls.

*Icabod runs over to Katrina. The two of them converse at the side.*

**ICABOD:** Ah Katrina, running away so soon

**KATRINA:** I live here

**ICABOD:** Ah ha ha ha ha right you are. Certainly you are not running away anywhere. I just supposed that the house is so expansive. There are so many places to go. A lot of places to hide if you wanted to!

**KATRINA:** I suppose. Good night, Mr. Crane

**ICABOD:** Shall I see you tomorrow for another singing lesson? I can come here to the farm. It's no trouble at all. I enjoy it here (*he sighs*) ever so much. Same time then?

**KATRINA:** Oh, I don't think so

**ICABOD:** What?

**KATRINA:** I don't think I'm interested in singing anymore. Thank you anyway

**ICABOD:** What?

**KATRINA:** You've been most kind to me. I've had so many enjoyable lessons with you. But I'm going to take up quilting

**ICABOD:** What?

**KATRINA:** I'm sure I'll see you at the next dance. Farewell!

*Katrina exits and Icabod sputters*

**ICABOD:** What, what, what? But she- and I- and what about- and the land- just like that she-? Just like that? Ooooooh!

*Icabod stamps his foot in frustration. Brom watches from the side*

**BROM:** Something the matter, Mr. Crane?

**ICABOD:** What? Oh, no indeed, Brom. Everything is just fine. Excuse me, I must see to my horse.

*Icabod storms off. Brom waves after him*

**BROM:** Farewell, schoolteacher. Have a nice ride home

*Brom, Peter, and Dolf follow Icabod off.*

**GROUP:** Do you believe in ghosts? We do.

Icabod Crane does, too

In the black dark night,

Where every bump,

Every critch, scratch,

And every thump,  
 Could be nothing,  
 A trick of the mind.  
 Or it could be something,  
 Something not so kind.

*Icabod storms on muttering to himself. He does not look at or acknowledge the group at all. He gets on the chair backwards, and mimes holding the reins of a horse. He also bounces lightly up and down to mimic the motion.*

*Lights dim. Spotlight on Icabod*

**GROUP:** Away from the light Icabod rides,  
 Away from the dance with his wounded pride,  
 Alone on the path, a man and his horse,  
 Alone on the path, he should change his course

*Icabod stops and looks around as if he heard something*

**ICABOD:** Hello? Hello? Anyone out there?

*A trio of voices echo out from the group*

**VOICE:** Out there...

**VOICE:** Out there...

**VOICE:** Out there...

*Icabod listen and looks around. He shakes his head*

**ICABOD:** Rubbish. I travel through here all the time. There's nothing out of the ordinary out there.

**GROUP:** By a fire there's nothing to fear

But there's little warmth out here.

Icabod Crane, Icabod Crane

Hold tight to your reins...

*The group now moves away and scatters about the stage. They create tree shapes to suggest a gloomy wood. The group makes quiet forest noises: whispers, rustling of leaves, creaking.*

*Icabod bounces up and down as if riding. He looks sharply behind him. The group becomes silent. Icabod turns forward and continues bouncing up and down as if riding. The group resumes the noises. Icabod looks sharply behind him the other way. The group becomes silent. Icabod turns forward and continues bouncing up and down as if riding.*

**ICABOD:** There's Major Andre's tree. It looks much different at midnight. Nonsense, it's the same as it is at high noon. *(he sits up a little straighter)* I will sing as I pass by.

*He nervously starts to sing as he looks left and right.*

**ICABOD:** Sweet is the budding Spring of Love

Next blooming hopes all fears remove,

And when possess'd of beauty's charms

*He suddenly stops singing and points upward*

**ICABOD:** Is that a ghost in the tree? *(he breathes a sigh of relief)* No. Just a place where the bark has come loose. Silly Icabod.

*He continues singing*

**ICABOD:** And when possess'd of beauty's charms,

Fruition, like the summer warms,

But pleasures, oft repeated, cloy,

To Autumn wanes the fleeting joy

*A groan is heard. Icabod stops singing and looks toward the noise.*

**ICABOD:** Is that a spectre's groan? *(he heaves a sigh of relief)* No. Two branches rubbing together as they sway in the breeze. There. The tree has past and nothing happened.

*Icabod smiles. The group continues making forest noises*

**ICABOD:** Everything is going to be fine. This is just a forest. Those are just trees. The noises are just normal forest noises. There are no ghosts, no goblins and especially no Headless-

*At that exact moment the group becomes silent. Icabod stops.*

**ICABOD:** That's odd, it's gotten quiet. Really quiet. I'm sure it doesn't mean anything.

*A low laugh is heard*

**ICABOD:** I'm sure animals laugh all the time in the Hollow. It's a very happy Hollow.

*As the group whispers a figure rises at the back of the stage.*

**GROUP:** (*whispering*) But I believe in the Headless Horseman.

The things they say are true.

If you hear his ghoulish laughter,

It will be the end of you.

**ICABOD:** Is someone there?

**GROUP:** And I believe in the Headless Horseman.

The things they say are true.

If you feel his ghoulish grip,

It will be the end of you.

**ICABOD:** I'm going to turn around and nothing will be there. I'm going to turn around and nothing will be there. I'm going to turn around and nothing will be there. One, two, three!

*Icabod turns around and sees*

**ICABOD:** THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN!

*He screams and turns back around. He starts to ride his horse more furiously.*

**ICABOD:** It's not supposed to be true! It's not supposed to be true!

**GROUP:** For I believe in the Headless Horseman.

The things they say are true.

If you lose a race with him,

It will be the end of you.

**ICABOD:** All I have to do is get to the bridge. Just like Brom Bones. If I get to the bridge I'll be safe. He can't get me on the bridge! (*he moves his horse to go faster*) Ride Gunpowder, ride!

*The Headless Horseman moves forward and seems to surround Icabod. Icabod lurches to the left as if the horse has made a sudden turn.*

**ICABOD:** Where are you going?! You're going the wrong way, Gunpowder! Wrong way!

*Icabod lurches to the right and left again.*

**ICABOD:** The saddle! The saddle is coming loose!



*Icabod throws both arms around the top of the chair as if hanging on for dear life. He looks up.*

**ICABOD:** There! An opening through the trees. And the bridge! I am safe! I made it!

*The Headless Horseman laughs and raises the pumpkin high*

**ICABOD:** You're not supposed to cross the bridge! What are you doing! Noooooooooooooo!

*Icabod throws his arms over his head. Blackout. In the darkness the Group is heard*

**GROUP:** For I believe in the Headless Horseman.

The things they say are true.

If you can't stay, out of his way,

It will be the end of you.

*The four girls from the beginning come forward and sit at the end of the stage. Girl four clicks on her flashlight and holds it under her chin*

**GIRL 4:** But what happened? What happened to Icabod?

*Girl one clicks on her flashlight and holds it under her chin*

**GIRL 1:** The next morning, Gunpowder was found without his saddle or his rider.

*Girl two clicks on her flashlight and holds it under her chin*

**GIRL 2:** Breakfast came. No Icabod. Lunch came. No Icabod. School came. And there was no Icabod.

*Girl three clicks on her flashlight and holds it under her chin.*

**GIRL 3:** Icabod's hat was found by the brook and beside his hat a shattered pumpkin.

**GIRL 1:** But of Icabod, there was no sign. And there never was.

**GIRL 4:** Never? He disappeared? People just don't disappear. What happened? Did Brom Bones have something to do with it? I'll bet he did.

**GIRL 2:** No one knows. We'll never know.

**GIRL 3:** Icabod Crane became another ghost story told by the fire.

**GIRL 1:** And they say if you're ever in Sleepy Hollow,

**GIRL 2:** And you wander by the place where the schoolhouse stood,

**GIRL 3:** You can hear him singing oh so faintly

*Faint singing can be heard. It should sound echo-y and haunted. The Four Girls look around as if they hear the singing.*

**ICABOD:** Sweet is the Budding Spring of Love

Next blooming hopes all fears remove

And when possess'd of beauty's charms,

Fruition like the summer warms,

But pleasures oft repeated cloy

To Autumn wanes the fleeting joy,

Declining till desires are lost,

Succeeded by eternal frost,

Succeeded by eternal frost.

*All Four Girls click off their flashlights at the same time*

*-THE END-*