

Legend of Sleepy Hollow

Book by VERA MORRIS

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LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

From the classic ghost story by Washington Irving

Adapted by VERA MORRIS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of speaking)

	<i># of lines</i>
WOMAN IN WHITE..... a ghost	7
INDIAN CHIEF.....another	6
PIRATE.....another	7
MRS. TRENKLER.....Katrina's aunt	22
FARMER STUYVESANT.....citizen of Sleepy Hollow	44
MRS. VAN TASSEL.....Katrina's mother	31
WIDOW VAN DOORN.....another citizen	49
MRS. VAN HUDSON.....another	44
HILDA.....girl of Sleepy Hollow, about 16	29
GRETA.....another	34
KATRINA.....another	85
BROM BONES.....ready for a fight or some fun	63
YOST.....friend of Bones	46
ICHABOD CRANE.....schoolmaster	193
WALTER.....Ichabod's pupil	16
WILDA.....another	36
JOHANNA.....another	35
HENDRICK.....another	41
THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN. .	3
EXTRAS.....as/if desired, as additional phantoms, pupils, party guests, citizens of Sleepy Hollow	

For preview only

SYNOPSIS

The action of the play takes place in Sleepy Hollow, a Dutch farming community some 27 miles from New York, in the early 1800s.

THE SET

A simple open stage with various props brought on comprises the set. A painted backdrop [or screens] showing a rural scene of rolling hills and farms would prove effective, but is strictly optional.

LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

ACT ONE Scene One

PRIOR TO LIGHTS UP [CURTAIN]: SOUND EFFECTS to make shivers run up and down the spine. A TOLLING BELL, a MOAN, a GROAN, a HOOTING OWL, a HOWLING WIND, the GROWLING and BARKING of an angry dog, SCRAPING CHAINS and BANGING SHUTTERS are all possibilities. Use whatever works.

SOUND EFFECTS FADE to be replaced, in time, by the noise of a GALLOPING HORSE. Louder and louder dig in the hooves until the sound seems to fill the theatre and explode. When the sound of the GALLOPING HORSE FADES we hear MANIACAL LAUGHTER as if the rider were a gigantic monster ready to spring upon some unfortunate traveler.

LIGHTS UP DIMLY: We can barely make out the view. We see the outline of a withered tree and a grave marker(s). We're in the local graveyard. Here and there we can make out some PHANTOMS—a ghostly WOMAN IN WHITE, an eerie INDIAN CHIEF, a spectral PIRATE and a few OTHERS in dirty white sheets. Or are they wrapped in burial shrouds?

The frightening PHANTOMS creep forward and point to the audience like mischievous hobgoblins. Their chanting is low and scary.

PHANTOMS: (*Chant.*) When the church bell tolls

And the thunder rolls

And the night is black as pitch,

Beware! Beware! Beware!

When the owl hoots

And the crow roosts

And the rain is cold and dark,

Beware! Beware! Beware!

Beware the galloping hooves.

Beware the cries in the night.

When the headless horseman rides

You'll probably die of fright!

(*PHANTOMS spring forward as if to grab members of the audience.*

They laugh wickedly. Then... silence.)

WOMAN IN WHITE: The sun will soon be up.

INDIAN CHIEF: Soon the rooster will crow.

PIRATE: Best get back to our graves.

INDIAN CHIEF: Tomorrow's another night.

PHANTOMS: *(Slowly back UPSTAGE. Chanting gets softer and softer as they EXIT.)* Beware the galloping hooves.
Beware the cries in the night.
When the headless horseman rides
You'll... probably... die... of... fright...

MRS. TRENKLER'S VOICE: *(From OFFSTAGE DOWN RIGHT.)* Sleepy Hollow!
Sleepy Hollow! Every time I come back here I ask myself why.

MRS. TRENKLER: *(ENTERS. By now the PHANTOMS are gone. MRS. TRENKLER, a rather silly lady, is carrying a carpetbag. She wears a shawl over her shoulders and a bonnet on her head. She's clearly visible, thanks to a POOL of LIGHT that now encircles her.)* I mean it isn't a requirement that I visit my dear widowed sister and her lovely daughter Katrina every year. I do it out of the kindness of my heart. What are relatives for? Oh, I hope I don't hear any ghosts, phantoms or specters. Or things that go bump in the night. *(Titters.)* One never knows when one's in Sleepy Hollow. The place is positively alive with ghost stories. The local folk will believe almost anything. They're very superstitious. Some say Sleepy Hollow is under the sway of some witching power. Who ever heard such rubbish? *(Hesitates.)* Still... *(Looks nervously over her shoulder.)* you never can be too sure. *(She shudders.)*

PHANTOM VOICES: *(Echo eerily from OFFSTAGE. MRS. TRENKLER begins to whimper, terrified.)* Beware! Beware! Beware!
Beware the galloping hooves.
Beware the cries in the night.
When the headless horseman rides
You'll probably die of fright.

MRS. TRENKLER: Oh! Oh! Oh! *(She screams, EXITS DOWN RIGHT on the run. STAGE GOES TO COMPLETE BLACKNESS. Grave marker(s) and withered tree are quickly struck.)*

End of Scene One

NOTE: For rehearsal purposes individual scenes are listed as such. However, the action should flow seamlessly, one scene blending into the next with as little delay as possible. Avoid chopiness.

ACT ONE Scene Two

LIGHTS UP: The village square. Bright and sunny. Some CITIZENS of Sleepy Hollow wander IN: from RIGHT, FARMER STUYVESANT, who wears a long beard and a straw hat, and MRS. VAN TASSEL; from LEFT, WIDOW VAN DOORN, an elderly lady, and MRS. VAN HUDSON.

FARMER STUYVESANT: I'm sorry to hear that your sister has come to visit you and Katrina.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: I'm sure you don't mean that the way it sounds, Farmer Stuyvesant.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Ja. I do. Her visit upsets our plans for the new schoolmaster.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Good morning, Farmer Stuyvesant. Good morning, Mrs. Van Tassel.

FARMER STUYVESANT: *(Takes off his hat.)* 'Morning, ladies.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: *(Nods.)* Widow Van Doorn. Mrs. Van Hudson. *(They nod. By now the quartet is STAGE CENTER.)*

WIDOW VAN DOORN: We're so anxious to meet the new schoolmaster.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: What's he like, I wonder?

FARMER STUYVESANT: We'll know soon enough. The coach from Yonkers should be here any minute.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: His name is Blaine, isn't it? Ignazio Blaine. From Massachusetts.

FARMER STUYVESANT: His name is Crane. Ichabod Crane. From Connecticut.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Connecticut always exports the best teachers. If you recall, Mr. Withers, our last schoolmaster, was from Connecticut.

FARMER STUYVESANT: I ain't forgot. Brom Bones and some of the Sleepy Hollow boys drove him away with their mischief. Bones is a wild fellow.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: I prefer to think Bones is high-spirited.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Call it what you will. He needs a good thrashing.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: He was never disciplined as a boy. Spare the rod and spoil the child.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Too late now. His father was the same way.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Like father like son. Tsk, tsk.

FARMER STUYVESANT: The sooner Bones finds himself a good wife and settles down on a good farm, the better it will be for Sleepy Hollow.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: I'm afraid we have a slight problem with the new schoolmaster.

MRS. VAN HUDSON/WIDOW VAN DOORN: Problem?

FARMER STUYVESANT: The Town Council was going to board the schoolmaster at the Van Tassel farm.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Yes. We know.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Unfortunately, Mrs. Van Tassel's sister from Rhode Island has come for a visit.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: A long visit.

FARMER STUYVESANT: There isn't room for Ichabod Crane, unless we let him sleep in the barn.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Our schoolmaster sleeping in a barn? Oh, no.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: That would never do.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: We'd be the laughingstock of the countryside.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: I wasn't expecting her. She didn't write. She just showed up. I opened the kitchen door and there she was, like a cat waiting for a dish of cream.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: I met your sister last year, I believe.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: A pleasant enough woman, if a little silly.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: To our country eyes perhaps.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Never mind if the woman is silly or she ain't. What are we going to do about Ichabod Crane? Where is he to call home?

MRS. VAN HUDSON: It is a problem.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: I have a large empty house. He'd be more than welcome.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Ja. Good. Then it's settled.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Unhappily for Mister Crane, I'm a terrible cook. Everyone in Sleepy Hollow knows that. It doesn't matter for myself. I eat very little. Everyone knows I have the appetite of a baby sparrow. But the schoolmaster will expect decent vittles.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: That will be no problem. One week he can eat with one family and the next with another.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Ja. Good. I'll inform the Town Council. The schoolmaster will live at the Widow Van Doorn's, but he'll get his vittles elsewhere.

WOMEN: Splendid.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Let's see about the coach from Yonkers. It's usually on time.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Except when it ain't. *(They move LEFT.)*

WIDOW VAN DOORN: There's even some that say my cooking killed my husband.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Ja. Dat is so. *(ALL EXIT LEFT. SOUND OF GIRLISH LAUGHTER from OFFSTAGE RIGHT, followed by the ENTRANCE of KATRINA and two friends, HILDA and GRETA. Each is about sixteen. KATRINA is a beauty and something of a flirt. Intelligent. [NOTE: EXTRA GIRLS can be added.]*

HILDA: I don't know why you deny it, Katrina.

GRETA: Everyone knows you're going to marry Brom Bones.

KATRINA: Then "everyone" knows more than I do, Greta.

GRETA: You like him, don't you?

KATRINA: Maybe. Maybe not.

GRETA: Everyone knows he likes you. Likes you something special.

KATRINA: That's not surprising, Greta. *(Lifts her skirt and displays her shoe.)* After all, everyone knows I have the prettiest foot and ankle in the countryside. Anyway, he hasn't asked me to marry him straight out. He sort of hints. Like a mouse nibbling at a bit of cheese.

HILDA: Boys are shy about things like that.

KATRINA: Bones isn't shy about anything. Bones is as bold as they come. He's much too sure of himself. Especially where I'm concerned. What girl likes to be taken for granted?

GRETA: What does that matter? He's the handsomest boy in these parts.

HILDA: And so strong! Oh, my goodness!

KATRINA: If you girls think Bones is so wonderful, why don't you marry him?

GRETA: You know why.

HILDA: He only has eyes for you.

KATRINA: I like a boy to be a gentleman. To have fine manners. I like someone who can carry on a decent conversation.

GRETA: About what?

KATRINA: It doesn't matter about what. All the boys in Sleepy Hollow are lumps.

HILDA: I wish a lump would ask me to marry him. I wouldn't mind being married to a lump. Mr. and Mrs. Van Lump.

GRETA: I feel the same way. I'm almost seventeen. Practically an old maid.

HILDA/GRETA: (*Wailing.*) What's to become of us?

KATRINA: You're just being foolish.

BONES: (*ENTERS RIGHT with his sidekick YOST. [NOTE: One or more EXTRA MALES can be added to suggest something of a gang.]*) Now your day is complete, girls. I'm here.

YOST: Brom Bones himself.

GRETA/HILDA: (*Thrilled.*) Hello, Bones. (*BONES strikes a pose, arms akimbo and wide smile on his face. He is strong, conceited and not bad looking. His personality is a mixture of fun and arrogance. GRETA and HILDA are thrilled to see him.*)

KATRINA: (*Pretends indifference. She moves DOWN LEFT, looks over the heads of the audience.*) Oh, look. I think I see a whippoorwill. (*Tries to imitate the birdcall.*) Whip-poor-will. Whip-poor-will. Whip-poor-will.

GRETA: Don't be an idiot, Katrina. You can't see a whippoorwill in the daytime.

KATRINA: Perhaps it's only a blackbird fluttering and chirping.

YOST: Brom Bones plucked a heavy rock out of the stream and held it over his head for almost five minutes. Anyone would have thought it was a head of cabbage. (*GRETA and HILDA squeal in girlish delight.*)

BONES: What Yost says is true. I won't deny it.

YOST: And when Bones got tired of that, he tossed the rock a hundred feet easy. That rock shook the earth when it landed. (*GRETA and HILDA squeal again.*)

BONES: The muscles in my arms have never been stronger. Made of iron. (*He flexes.*) Don't be shy, girls. See for yourself.

GRETA/HILDA: (*Timidly approach BONES and touch his flexed arms.*) Ooooooooooh. (*They back away, near to fainting.*)

YOST: What about you, Katrina? Don't you want to see how strong Bones has become?

KATRINA: We have an ox on our farm that's much stronger than Bones. But he doesn't brag about it.

BONES: (*Arms down, wounded by the remark.*) Are you saying I'm a braggart, Katrina?

KATRINA: If the shoe fits, Abraham.

BONES: Don't call me Abraham.

KATRINA: Why not? It's your real name, isn't it? (*Again she sticks out her shoe and admires her ankle, which infuriates BONES.*)

BONES: (*Close to losing his temper.*) You must be the most exasperating female person in Sleepy Hollow!

KATRINA: In that case, I don't know why you're here.

BONES: I'm here because I'm inviting you to a horse race. I'm racing my Daredevil against the best horses in the county.

KATRINA: I'm busy.

BONES: The horse race isn't until next week.

KATRINA: I'm busy all next week.

BONES: Doing what?

KATRINA: I'll think of something.

YOST: She's just trying to get your goat, Bones.

HILDA: Katrina doesn't mean half of what she says.

GRETA: (*Batting her eyelashes.*) I'd love to see the horse race. I've always admired Daredevil.

BONES: You can do what you want, Greta. It's a free country. (*GRETA pouts.*)

FARMER STUYVESANT'S VOICE: (*From OFFSTAGE DOWN LEFT.*) I hope it wasn't a bumpy ride from Yonkers, Mister Ichabod Crane.

HILDA: (*With GRETA, looks OFFSTAGE and squeals in delight.*) Oh, my goodness. It's the new schoolmaster.

GRETA: They say he's from Connecticut.

YOST: So was the last one and he didn't stay long. (*He and BONES slap hand to shoulder and laugh.*)

KATRINA: (*Crosses to BONES and wags her finger in reproach.*) Everyone in Sleepy Hollow knows why he didn't stay. You and your Sleepy Hollow Boys blocked the schoolhouse chimney with blankets—

GRETA: And smoke filled the classroom—

HILDA: And the schoolmaster thought the schoolhouse was on fire and rang the fire bell.

BONES: That was a funny sight!

YOST: Especially when there weren't no fire.

BONES/YOST/[EXTRAS]: Ha, ha, ha. Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.

KATRINA: You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. When will you ever grow up, Abraham?

BONES: Ah, Katrina, a pretty Dutch girl should never lose her temper.

KATRINA: (*Tosses her head in annoyance.*) Ha!

HILDA/GRETA: We never lose our temper.

FARMER STUYVESANT: (*ENTERS DOWN LEFT.*) It's good the children should learn their reading and writing.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: (*ENTERS DOWN LEFT, followed by WIDOW VAN DOORN and MRS. VAN HUDSON.*) And their numbers.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: And their spelling.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: And their geography.

YOST: What good is geography? No one in Sleepy Hollow ever strays ten miles from the place. Why should he?

KATRINA: There! You hear that, Greta, Hilda? He's proud of seeing so little of the world.

YOST: What's Katrina talking about, Bones?

BONES: How should I know? Women are always babbling foolishness.

KATRINA/GRETA/HILDA: Lumps.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: I'm sure the schoolmaster can tell you why geography is important, Yost.

FARMER STUYVESANT: What say you, Mister Ichabod Crane? (*ALL look DOWN LEFT. ICHABOD has not followed the OTHERS in.*)

GRETA: Where is he? (*Pause. ICHABOD'S HEAD comes cautiously INTO view DOWN LEFT from behind the proscenium arch.*)

FARMER STUYVESANT: Come along, man. What are you waiting for? (*ICHABOD'S head withdraws from sight. Another pause. ICHABOD ENTERS. He is tall, lanky and somewhat goofy. His hands seem to dangle a mile out of his sleeves. He walks as if he were loosely strung together. If you saw him walking in the distance, you'd think he was a scarecrow escaped from some cornfield. A three-cornered hat sits on his head and his hair has a short braid that sticks out from the back like a tail tied with a black bow. His belongings are tied up in a bandana which dangles from the end of the pole he carries over one shoulder. There's nearly always a somewhat idiotic smile on his face. He carries a book.*) No need to be shy, Schoolmaster. You're among friends. Sleepy Hollow welcomes you. (*To KATRINA and her FRIENDS.*) Say hello to the new schoolmaster, girls.

GIRLS: (*Curtsy.*) Hello, new Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: (*Takes off his hat, makes a sweeping bow. To GIRLS.*) What lovely rustic belles.

FARMER STUYVESANT: What's that you say?

KATRINA: He was complimenting us, Farmer Stuyvesant.

GRETA: And he did it so nicely.

YOST: Didn't sound like a compliment to me.

HILDA: You could learn a lot from the new schoolmaster, Yost. You too, Bones. (*BONES frowns.*)

ICHABOD: (*Hat back on head.*) Bones?

BONES: (*Steps forward.*) Name's Abraham Van Brunt. Brom for short. Because my limbs are so strong everyone calls me Bones.

YOST: Brom Bones.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: He can lift a cow over his head.

ICHABOD: Why would he want to do that?

BONES: Best horseman in these parts.

GRETA: Best judge of horseflesh.

HILDA: No one buys a horse without asking Bones's opinion.

BONES: If the buyer doesn't, he's a fool.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Ja. Dat is true enough. But I don't forget if there's mischief in Sleepy Hollow, you can bet Brom Bones is at the bottom of it. The Town Council feels the same way.

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BONES: Why do I get blamed for everything?

YOST: Because you're usually guilty.

BONES: *(He and YOST [and EXTRAS] slap one another on the back, laugh.)* That's a good one, Yost. Ha, ha.

FARMER STUYVESANT: *(Back to business. To ICHABOD.)* You'll be paid four times a year, as your contract stipulates. As for your vittles, you'll go to a different farm each week.

ICHABOD: A different farm each week? Isn't that a bit unusual?

MRS. VAN HUDSON: You'll have no complaints about your vittles, Schoolmaster. Sleepy Hollow sets a good table. *(NOTE: As the menu is recited, ICHABOD smacks his lips. His eyes widen in anticipation. It's obvious he loves food.)*

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Goose swimming in its own gravy.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Pigeon pie.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Juicy ham.

GRETA: Savory sausages.

FARMER STUYVESANT: All the buckwheat cakes a man can swallow, well buttered and drowning in syrup.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Ginger cakes and peach pies.

KATRINA: Bowls of cream and milk.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Not to mention preserved plums and peaches and pears.

ICHABOD: *(Overcome by the dining prospects, he becomes unsteady on his feet.)* Did you say goose swimming in its own gravy? Pigeon pie? Juicy ham? Savory sausages? *(He begins to collapse.)*

GRETA: Shortcakes.

HILDA: Ginger cakes.

KATRINA: Honey cakes.

ICHABOD: Oooooo...

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Catch him, someone!

WIDOW VAN DOORN: The schoolmaster is going to faint! *(BONES and YOST jump behind ICHABOD and prop him up. He drops the book.)*

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Are you all right, Schoolmaster?

BONES: There's nothing the matter with him. He's as strong as a scarecrow.

YOST: He dropped his book. (*Picks it up, dusts it off. Struggles to read the title.*) His-story of New Eng-land Witch-raft.

ICHABOD: No, no, my good fellow. (*Takes back the book, holds it up.*) "History of New England Witchcraft." Writ by the famous scholar Cotton Mather. It is a book in which I most firmly believe. I recommend it to one and all. Can't imagine why I felt faint.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: It must have been the coach ride from Yonkers.

ICHABOD: Yes, yes. That's it. It must have been the coach ride from Yonkers. It was a long ride. A dusty ride. When do I eat?

FARMER STUYVESANT: First we'll show you where you'll be living. (*Nods to WIDOW VAN DOORN.*) This is the Widow Van Doorn.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: I know you'll find my house comfortable. I always have a good fire when the weather outside is cold, and you can have as many quilts on your bed as you wish.

ICHABOD: (*Can't think of anything but food.*) Then I'll take my vittles with you tonight?

WIDOW VAN DOORN: I don't cook much.

ICHABOD: (*Disappointed.*) Oh.

FARMER STUYVESANT: You'll be filling your belly at the farm belonging to Mrs. Van Tassel and her daughter Katrina. (*KATRINA curtsies.*)

ICHABOD: (*Finds KATRINA lovely to look at. To himself so no one else hears.*) Katrina is a true beauty.

BONES: Why don't you invite me to supper, Katrina?

FARMER STUYVESANT: Because Katrina's got too much sense. Come along, one and all. We've got to get the schoolmaster settled in. (*Moves RIGHT and the OTHERS follow except for YOST, BONES and KATRINA.*)

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Don't be long, Katrina.

KATRINA: I won't, Mother.

ICHABOD: Tell me again about the goose swimming in its own gravy. (*OTHERS laugh, EXIT RIGHT.*)

YOST: No sense hanging around here, Bones. Let's see if we can stir up a little fun.

BONES: You go along. I'll catch up with you later.

YOST: Why not come now?

BONES: You heard me... later.

YOST: *(Sees BONES staring at KATRINA and gets the picture.)* I understand. You don't have to hit me over the head with a hammer. I know when I'm not wanted. I ain't dense like some. Not me. I catch on real quick.

BONES: Get out of here! *(YOST bolts OFF RIGHT. Again KATRINA admires her trim ankle.)* It's not right the way you treat me, Katrina.

KATRINA: I don't know what you're talking about.

BONES: I'm your boyfriend, aren't I?

KATRINA: I never said so. You take things for granted, Abraham. *(She scampers to another STAGE position.)*

BONES: *(Follows.)* We're going to be married one day, aren't we?

KATRINA: Are we?

BONES: *(Frowns.)* You don't have another boyfriend, do you?

KATRINA: How could I? You scare away any boy who comes near. Do you think a boy will pay attention to me when he knows you're lurking somewhere close?

BONES: I saw the way the schoolmaster looked at you. He'd better be careful. Otherwise I'll double him up and put him on a shelf in the schoolhouse.

KATRINA: You're jealous. You don't know how to treat a girl.

BONES: Of course I do. I'll prove it to you. *(Takes a coin from his pocket.)* Here. This is for you. A gift.

KATRINA: Gift? *(Looks at it.)* It's a dirty old coin.

BONES: This isn't just any dirty old coin. It's a special dirty old coin. *(Displays it to her.)* See... it's a Hessian coin. From the Revolutionary War. I scratched something on it. *(Holds it closer.)* "K.V.T. Katrina Van Tassel." That's you.

KATRINA: I know who I am.

BONES: "B.B. Brom Bones." That's me.

KATRINA: It might just as well be B.B. for bumblebee. You'll have to excuse me now, Abraham.

BONES: Don't call me Abraham.

KATRINA: I have to help Mother with supper. I wouldn't want the schoolmaster's first meal in Sleepy Hollow to be a poor one. *(With a toss of her pretty head, KATRINA EXITS RIGHT.)*

BONES: *(Looks at the coin and shakes his head in frustration. Scoffs.)* Women.

End of Scene Two

ACT ONE

Scene Three

LIGHTS UP: MRS. VAN HUDSON and MRS. VAN TASSEL ENTER FORESTAGE DOWN RIGHT. Each carries a covered farm basket.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: I won't say he's eating me out of house and home, but the schoolmaster does have a hearty appetite.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Bachelors usually do. *(By now they're CENTER on the FORESTAGE. In the background PUPILS carry IN some benches and place them one behind the other STAGE RIGHT. Also brought ON are a high stool with a conical dunce's cap and an optional blackboard with some arithmetic problems chalked on the slate. The PUPILS are WALTER, WILDA, JOHANNA and HENDRICK. [EXTRAS can be used, if desired.] As soon as the benches are in position, PUPILS EXIT LEFT.)*

MRS. VAN HUDSON: When he's at supper his elbows are always moving and his mouth seems the gateway to a bottomless pit.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Katrina enjoys his company. She says Ichabod Crane has brought a breath of culture and refinement to Sleepy Hollow.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: The man's full of education, no doubt about that. When he's at supper he's a babble of information. I've learned so many things I didn't know before. All about them ancient Greeks and Romans.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: And he's so observant. Doesn't miss a thing. Why, when he came to supper that first night he checked the pewter and the claw-footed chairs and the mahogany tables and the old silver and the fancy china. He was most impressed. You would have thought he was planning an auction. And what a compliment he paid Katrina!

MRS. VAN HUDSON: What did he say?

MRS. VAN TASSEL: He said Katrina was lovelier than any claw-footed chair. Isn't that sweet?

MRS. VAN HUDSON: I wouldn't mind having a scholar for a son-in-law. But my Hilda will marry a farmer, like all the girls in Sleepy Hollow.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: I'm not so sure about my Katrina. She's always saying such odd things.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Such as?

MRS. VAN TASSEL: "A man with a healthy appetite is a man who'll make his mark." "A schoolmaster today, a governor tomorrow."

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Do you think it's wise for Katrina to speak like that?

MRS. VAN TASSEL: And why not?

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Brom Bones.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Katrina's not afraid of Brom Bones.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: I was thinking of the schoolmaster. He'll have good cause to worry if Brom Bones hears Katrina thinks so highly of him.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Fiddle-faddle, Matilda Van Hudson. Fiddle-faddle.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: I suppose. Can't waste time wondering about Katrina, Brom Bones and the schoolmaster. We have things to do in the village.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Ja. Dat is so. *(They start to cross FORESTAGE DOWN LEFT and, as they EXIT, ICHABOD ENTERS RIGHT ringing a hand bell and carrying a wooden ruler. PUPILS skip IN LEFT and take seats. They carry slates and chalk.)*

ICHABOD: *(Puts down the bell.)* Hurry along, children. Don't dawdle. He who dawdles wastes time. And he who wastes time is of no use to good society. Do you understand?

PUPILS: No, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: No?!

PUPILS: Yes, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: That's better. I won't tolerate ignorance. There's only one thing worse than ignorance and that's more ignorance. Do you understand?

PUPILS: No, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: No?!

PUPILS: Yes, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: That's better. Let's see who's here today. Walter Van Twiller?

WALTER: (*Stands.*) Present, Schoolmaster. (*Sits.*)

ICHABOD: Good, good. Wilda Van Twiller?

WILDA: (*Stands.*) Present, Schoolmaster. (*Sits.*)

ICHABOD: Good, good. Johanna Van Tropp?

JOHANNA: (*Stands.*) Present, Schoolmaster. (*Sits.*)

ICHABOD: Good, good. Hendrick Van Foost?

HENDRICK: (*Stands.*) Present, Schoolmaster. (*He sits.* [NOTE: If EXTRA PUPILS are used, they will stand and give their names. Each is Van this or Van that, e.g.—Jenny Van Dutcher, Ernst Van Erickson, Margaret Van Smith, Balt Van O'Brien, Lena Van Jones, etc.] YOST ENTERS from LEFT. He's down in the mouth. Crosses to classroom.)

ICHABOD: Yes, yes. Can I help you with something?

YOST: I have to come to school. (*PUPILS chuckle.*)

ICHABOD: Aren't you a bit old?

YOST: My father says if I don't know my numbers better than I do, he'll kick me out of the house. (*PUPILS laugh.*)

ICHABOD: Stop that, children, stop it. I can't abide laughter in my classroom. Do you understand?

PUPILS: No, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: No?!

PUPILS: Yes, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: That's better. (*Gives YOST a hard stare.*) What's your name, fellow?

JOHANNA: His name is Yost.

HENDRICK: Yost Van Ripper.

ICHABOD: Did I ask you, Johanna?

JOHANNA: No, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: Did I ask you, Hendrick?

HENDRICK: No, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: Always remember, children, never answer unless you're asked. Do you understand?

PUPILS: Yes, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: Excellent. You're learning fast. (*Cold.*) Aren't you one of those Sleepy Hollow boys?

YOST: I won't cause any trouble, Schoolmaster. All I want to do is learn my numbers.

ICHABOD: (*Suspicious.*) Hmmmm. You may sit down.

YOST: Ja. (*Scrambles to a seat.*)

ICHABOD: (*Walks back and forth in front of the class, droning on.*) Always remember, pupils, knowledge is a gift. A wondrous gift. Repeat that.

PUPILS: Always remember, pupils, knowledge is a gift. A wondrous gift. Repeat that. (*PUPILS laugh.*)

ICHABOD: (*Frowns.*) I will not tolerate frivolity in my classroom.

YOST: (*Slowly, coming in late.*) ... is a gift. A wondrous gift. Repeat that.

ICHABOD: You're a little slow, aren't you, Yost Van Ripper?

YOST: (*Misunderstanding.*) I can run as fast as the next man.

ICHABOD: Knowledge is not a race.

PUPILS: Knowledge is not a race.

ICHABOD: Wilda, what did I tell you?

WILDA: (*Stands.*) Never answer unless you're asked. But you didn't ask anything, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: Then you shouldn't have answered. (*To himself.*) The pupils of Sleepy Hollow are a vexing lot. (*WILDA sits.*)

YOST: When are you going to teach me my numbers, Schoolmaster?

ICHABOD: That depends. Let me see how much you know. Stand up.

YOST: (*Stands.*) Ja.

ICHABOD: I'll want you to recite your multiplication table. But first... nine times nine is how much?

YOST: Don't you know? (*PUPILS laugh.*)

ICHABOD: Silence!

WALTER: Yost is a dunderhead!

WILDA: Yost is a dunce!

YOST: (*Furious.*) Watch what you're calling Yost Van Ripper!

JOHANNA: He doesn't know how much is nine times nine.

HENDRICK: Everybody knows the answer to that.

YOST: If you know so much, Hendrick Van Foost, tell me the answer.

HENDRICK: (*Stands.*) Nine times nine is... uh... uh... uh...

YOST: Now who's the dunderhead?

HENDRICK: I knew the answer yesterday.

YOST: This ain't yesterday.

PUPILS: Dunderhead! Blockhead!

YOST: (*Fists up.*) The next one who calls me a dunderhead or a blockhead will be sorry. (*GIRLS scream.*)

ICHABOD: That will be enough of that. For now put on the dunce cap and sit there. (*Indicates stool.*)

YOST: Not me.

ICHABOD: Then I'll have to tell your father you won't learn because you won't behave.

YOST: (*Sulking.*) What good are numbers anyway? (*Reluctantly he moves to the stool, puts on dunce cap. Sits. PUPILS suppress laughter.*)

ICHABOD: I am a very conscientious man, children. I intend to nudge you along on the flowery path of knowledge, no matter how inconvenient the journey may be for me. Do you understand?

PUPILS: No... yes, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: I am only doing my duty by your parents. If, at times, I seem harsh remember the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Repeat that.

PUPILS: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

WALTER: (*Waving his hand.*) Schoolmaster, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: What is it, Walter?

WALTER: Question.

ICHABOD: Well?

WALTER: (*Stands.*) What's a maxim?

ICHABOD: Stupid young sir. Hold out your hand. (*PUPILS don't like this and react.*)

WALTER: Do I have to?

ICHABOD: *(A command.)* Hold out your hand, young sir. *(Timidly WALTER extends his hand and ICHABOD whacks it with the ruler. [Consult PRODUCTION NOTES.] PUPILS wince.)*

WALTER: Ouch! *(During this YOST has been counting his fingers.)*

YOST: Sixty-three!

ICHABOD: Sit down, Walter. *(WALTER sits.)* What's 63?

YOST: Nine times nine is 63. *(PUPILS chuckle.)*

ICHABOD: No wonder you have to wear the dunce cap. What is the correct answer, Wilda?

WILDA: Uh... uh... 47.

ICHABOD: Hold out your hand. *(Timidly she holds out her hand and gets whacked.)*

WILDA: Ow!

ICHABOD: Tell the class the correct answer, Johanna.

JOHANNA: Uh... uh... *(Hopeful.)* is it the same as ten divided by five?

ICHABOD: Hand.

JOHANNA: *(Holds out her hand and gets whacked.)* Ow!

HENDRICK: Might as well get it over with, Schoolmaster. I don't know the answer either. *(Holds out his hand.)*

ICHABOD: Tomorrow we will devote the entire day to our numbers. *(PUPILS groan.)*

HENDRICK: *(Gets whacked.)* Ouch!

ICHABOD: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

PUPILS: We're certainly not spoiled!

ICHABOD: Our lesson for today is George Washington. Write that name on your slates. *(PUPILS start to write. KATRINA ENTERS LEFT and crosses to schoolhouse.)*

WILDA: *(Waving her hand.)* Schoolmaster, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: What is it, Wilda?

WILDA: Are there three ts in Washington or two?

ICHABOD: *(Can't answer because he's caught sight of KATRINA approaching. He sighs deeply, in a romantic fog.)* Seventy-two.

The correct answer is 72. Nine times nine is 72. (*PUPILS cover their mouths so they won't laugh out loud.*)

JOHANNA: Schoolmaster doesn't know what he's saying.

KATRINA: (*Sweetly.*) I hope I'm not interrupting your work, Mynheer (*NOTE: Dutch for Mister*) Crane.

ICHABOD: Interrupting my work? Oh, no, no. Never, never, never. (*He picks up the hand bell and gives it a good shake.*) Recess! Recess! Recess!

JOHANNA: It isn't time for recess.

WILDA: We don't have recess until after history.

ICHABOD: I said recess!

YOST: That's good enough for me.

WALTER/HENDRICK: Me, too!

PUPILS: Recess! Hoorah! (*PUPILS, delighted to escape, jump up and race OUT LEFT, including YOST, who leaves the dunce cap behind.*)

KATRINA: I'm afraid I have upset the school routine.

ICHABOD: (*Thrilled by the visit.*) Nay, my country damsel. (*He plucks a handkerchief from some pocket and, with a great flourish, he dusts a place for KATRINA to sit.*) Pray be seated.

KATRINA: Thank you. (*She sits.*)

ICHABOD: To what do I owe the honor of this visit? (*BONES creeps INTO VIEW DOWN LEFT. He eavesdrops on the conversation, getting more and more angry by the second.*)

KATRINA: There's to be a sewing circle this evening at Mrs. Van Hudson's and some of the ladies were wondering if you'd join us.

ICHABOD: I have no skill with thread and needle.

KATRINA: I didn't mean that. We all enjoy hearing your knowledge speak.

ICHABOD: (*Flattered.*) Indeed. I suspect I am the most knowledgeable man in these parts.

KATRINA: You're certainly a change from the local men. All they can talk about is the price of corn. Or what's a good horse and what's not. Tell me you'll be there.

ICHABOD: Will there be refreshments?

KATRINA: Roast beef and piccalilli.

ICHABOD: I dote on piccalilli. I'll be there. Ah, piccalilli. (YOST, no dunce cap, steps IN DOWN LEFT beside BONES.)

KATRINA: I shall look forward to seeing you this evening. (She stands.)

ICHABOD: I shall look forward to seeing you, charming damsel. (He takes her hand, puckers his lips and smooches KATRINA'S knuckles. BONES starts to charge forth, but YOST holds him back.)

KATRINA: Until tonight. (EXITS LEFT.)

ICHABOD: (Waving.) Until tonight. Toodeloo. (Happy as happy can be, ICHABOD hops about like a giant grasshopper.) Until tonight, until tonight, until tonight. (Stops, faces audience and talks to himself, enthralled.) What a prize catch, that Katrina Van Tassel. One day she will inherit that rich farm. As her husband I'd be entitled to sell everything and invest in new land in Kentucky or Tennessee, or who knows where? Our marriage would be the blending of brains and beauty. Obviously she sees in me a man of considerable promise. Hmmm. Hmmm. All that rich farmland. Hmmm. Hmmm. (Suddenly thinks of something pleasant, smacks his lips.) Ah, tonight. Beef and piccalilli... piccalilli and beef. (BONES moves to confront ICHABOD but, again, YOST restrains him. BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene Three

NOTE: In the blackness the benches are rearranged to suggest benches in the house of MRS. VAN HUDSON. One bench is LEFT, one CENTER and one RIGHT. If the optional blackboard has been used in Scene Three, it's quickly removed, as is the high stool.

ACT ONE Scene Four

LIGHTS UP: VOICES of GRETA, HILDA and ICHABOD are heard OFF RIGHT in the blackness.

GRETA'S VOICE: (Giggling.) Oh, Schoolmaster, you say the funniest things.

ICHABOD'S VOICE: (Imitating a Dutchman.) Ja. I do.

HILDA'S VOICE: (Laughs with GRETA.) You certainly make Sleepy Hollow interesting.

ICHABOD'S VOICE: Ja. Dat is so.

GRETA'S VOICE: (Laughs with HILDA again.) More roast beef?

ICHABOD'S VOICE: Nein.

HILDA'S VOICE: More piccalilli?

ICHABOD'S VOICE: Nein.

GRETA'S VOICE: More buttermilk biscuits?

HILDA'S VOICE: More butter?

GRETA'S VOICE: More apple cider?

HILDA'S VOICE: More strudel? (*LIGHTS FADE UP and we see MRS. VAN TASSEL and her sister MRS. TRENKLER sitting on bench RIGHT, KATRINA on the CENTER bench and MRS. VAN HUDSON and WIDOW VAN DOORN seated on bench LEFT. They each have some sewing and are busily working needle and thread.*)

WIDOW VAN DOORN: That's the third time the schoolmaster has gone back to the table.

MRS. TRENKLER: Fourth.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: (*A small joke.*) He "relishes" the piccalilli relish. (*They giggle.*)

MRS. TRENKLER: I will say one thing for Sleepy Hollow. It has wonderful cooks.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Except for me. Even Brutus, my hog, won't eat what I cook.

MRS. TRENKLER: I never learned to cook. I can't even turn an egg. (*Grimaces.*) Ow!

MRS. VAN TASSEL: What's wrong, sister?

MRS. TRENKLER: I jabbed myself with the sewing needle.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Bad luck, for sure. That's what we say in Sleepy Hollow when a sewing needle goes wrong.

MRS. TRENKLER: Nonsense.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Finger in your mouth and the bad luck goes away. (*MRS. TRENKLER puts her finger in her mouth.*)

HILDA: (*Giggles OFFSTAGE again with GRETA. They ENTER RIGHT with ICHABOD between them.*) Wait until you hear the schoolmaster imitate Farmer Stuyvesant.

GRETA: He's so clever. Show them, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: (*Hand up in protest.*) No, no. Someone might misunderstand.

MRS. TRENKLER: Especially Farmer Stuyvesant.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: He can be quite grumpy.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Quite grouchy.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Quite ill-tempered. (*HILDA and GRETA sit with KATRINA, one on each side. They pick up sewing from the bench.*)

ICHABOD: I was merely passing the time in jovial fashion. I meant no harm.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Of course you didn't.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: You never would.

MRS. TRENKLER: You never could.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Ichabod Crane is courtesy itself.

LADIES: (*Nod in agreement.*) That's true.

That's so.

Courtesy itself.

Polite as any man could be.

(*ICHABOD beams. Bows RIGHT and LEFT.*)

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Have you had enough to eat, Schoolmaster?

ICHABOD: (*Puffs out his cheeks and covers his mouth.*) I couldn't eat anything more.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: It's plain you couldn't eat anything less.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Surely there's something more you... "relish"? (*LADIES titter.*)

MRS. VAN HUDSON: Well, Schoolmaster, are we done with the ancient Greeks and Romans?

WIDOW VAN DOORN: You made them come alive, Ichabod. You're such a good storyteller. (*As the dialogue plays, the LADIES keep busy with their needlework.*)

ICHABOD: (*Clasps his hands behind his back as if he were in a classroom. Rocks back and forth on his heels.*) I thought I might read a few chapters from "History of New England Witchcraft." It's by my favorite author.

OTHERS: Cotton Mather.

ICHABOD: My favorite author is no secret, I see.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Is his history full of goblins and ghosts?

ICHABOD: Indeed it is. And I charge you not to scoff at such things.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: We would never do that.

MRS. VAN TASSEL: After all, our graveyard has its ghosts.

ICHABOD: It does?

MRS. VAN HUDSON: More than one.

ICHABOD: More than one? My, my.

MRS. TRENKLER: I hear tell it's haunted by the spirit of an old pirate.

GRETA: That would be Captain Jordan. They say he sailed up the Hudson River to Sleepy Hollow and buried his stolen gold somewhere close to the graveyard.

HILDA: And was never able to find it again.

ICHABOD: A pirate? My, my.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Then there's the Woman In White. I've never seen her, but my grandmother swore she did.

ICHABOD: Woman In White?

MRS. VAN TASSEL: The Woman In White couldn't find her way home and froze in the snow. On some nights you can hear her wail, so they say. But I imagine it's only the wind.

MRS. TRENKLER: When I walk by that graveyard I get the shivers, even in the daytime. It's so dark and gloomy. (*LADIES laugh.*)

WIDOW VAN DOORN: You have to walk that way to get to my house.

MRS. TRENKLER: I wouldn't visit you at night.

KATRINA: Don't be silly, Aunt.

MRS. TRENKLER: No, it's true. Place frightens me.

HILDA: There's an old Indian Chief buried there. A wizard or a prophet or something. He appears from time to time.

ICHABOD: You make it sound as if there's no one in the graveyard but restless spirits. (*All this local ghost story business is beginning to make ICHABOD feel uneasy.*) I must say, I had no idea Sleepy Hollow was this haunted. One or two ghosts in a small village are acceptable, but a whole army of spirits is quite another matter. I'm sure Cotton Mather would agree.

KATRINA: We mustn't forget the Headless Horseman.

ICHABOD: Who?

ALL: The Headless Horseman.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: He's the ghost of a Hessian trooper. Lost his head in battle. To a cannonball.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: He comes from his grave by the church and rides hither and yon whenever he feels like it. Searching, searching.

ICHABOD: (*Shaking.*) What's he searching for?

MRS. VAN TASSEL: His missing head, of course.

ICHABOD: His head! (*ICHABOD'S knees are shaking. He bites at his nails.*) Oh, my, my. (*HILDA gets up and moves to ICHABOD. So does GRETA. KATRINA follows. Their words are dark and frightening. They enjoy telling ghost stories.*)

GRETA: Old Farmer Brouwer met the horseman one night and had to get up behind him. And they galloped, galloped, galloped over hill and swamp.

HILDA: Until they reached the covered bridge where the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton.

ICHABOD: A skeleton!

KATRINA: And threw old Brouwer into the brook and sprang away over the treetops with a clap of thunder.

ALL EXCEPT MRS. TRENKLER: BOOM! (*LADIES laugh heartily.*)

MRS. TRENKLER: Goodness!

GRETA: I love telling ghost stories.

HILDA: So do I.

KATRINA: Are you all right, Ichabod? You look quite green.

ICHABOD: I must get my rest. A schoolmaster needs his sleep.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: I thought for a moment you were scared of our local ghost stories.

ICHABOD: Ichabod Crane? Scared of a ghost story? Never. (*Sweeping bow.*) Ladies, I thank you for a charming evening.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: (*Stands.*) Let me fix a plate. You can take it with you.

ICHABOD: Thank you, no. Good night, ladies. (*He hurries OFF LEFT.*)

MRS. TRENKLER: I think those ghost stories did upset him.

KATRINA: Don't be foolish. He's a schoolteacher. You can't frighten a schoolteacher with a ghost story.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Imagine Ichabod Crane turning down a plate of good Dutch cooking.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: If you ask me, he's got a bellyache from all that piccalilli. (BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene Four

NOTE: In the blackness the LADIES quickly EXIT, taking the benches with them. The withered tree and the grave marker(s) are shoved into place to let audience know we're back at the graveyard.

ACT ONE
Scene Five

PRIOR TO LIGHTS UP: We hear some CREEPY MUSIC or NIGHT BIRDS CALLING. Maybe the HOOT of an OWL or a TOLLING BELL.

PHANTOM VOICES: (From OFFSTAGE. Low, like a building murmur.)

When the church bell tolls
And the thunder rolls
And the night is black as pitch
Beware! Beware! Beware!
When the owl hoots
And the crow roots
And the rain is cold and dark...

(LIGHTS UP DIMLY. The scene is ghostly, creepy.)

ICHABOD'S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE DOWN LEFT.) I don't feel well.
Don't feel well at all.

ICHABOD: (ENTERS.) It must have been the piccalilli. Too sour. (SOUND: HOOT of OWL or TOLLING BELL. ICHABOD is startled.) Eh? What's that? (Looks into graveyard.) The graveyard. It looks different tonight. I wish they hadn't told ghost stories. I have to be in the mood for that sort of thing. Ghost stories and sour piccalilli don't mix.

PIRATE'S VOICE: "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest. Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum." Where's my gold?

ICHABOD: (Reacts.) What's that? Did someone speak? (SOUND of WOMAN IN WHITE CRYING.) It's someone crying. The Woman In White? No, no. I'm being childish.

WOMAN IN WHITE'S VOICE: I'm lost in the snow. I cannot find my way home. (More WEeping.)

ICHABOD: It's indigestion. That's all it is. Indigestion. (SOUND of TOM-TOM DRUM.)

INDIAN CHIEF'S VOICE: Ichabod... Ichabod. Ichabod Crane.

ICHABOD: (*Summoning courage.*) I warn you, whoever you are. If this is a trick... (*Listens. Hears nothing.*) That's better. My imagination was running away with me. A good night's slumber is all I need. (*He steps into graveyard just as PIRATE ENTERS RIGHT.*)

PIRATE: Where's my gold? You poor excuse for a swashbuckling ape! (*ICHABOD, terrified, jumps back.*) I want my gold. My gold! Do you have my gold?

ICHABOD: No, no, sir. I don't have your gold. I'm a poor but honest schoolmaster.

PIRATE: Liar!

ICHABOD: Ichabod Crane cannot tell a lie. It's against his honest nature. Oh, why did I eat the piccalilli?

PIRATE: I will have what belongs to me. Thief! (*ICHABOD, lost in fear, turns to EXIT DOWN LEFT as WOMAN IN WHITE ENTERS the graveyard RIGHT and points an accusing finger at the schoolmaster.*)

WOMAN IN WHITE: Wait.

ICHABOD: (*Turns, shaking.*) You m-m-m-m-mean me-me-me-me-me-me?

WOMAN IN WHITE: You are the man who passed me in the snow. You had a wagon and horse. I cried out for help, but you didn't answer. You left me to my wintery fate. Wicked, wicked Ichabod Crane.

ICHABOD: It wasn't me. It couldn't have been me. I wasn't the man. I'm new in town.

WOMAN IN WHITE: Liar.

PIRATE: Where is my gold?

WOMAN IN WHITE: Wicked, wicked Ichabod Crane.

ICHABOD: I'm having a nightmare, that's it.

INDIAN CHIEF: (*ENTERS RIGHT. ICHABOD shakes in fear.*) By the waters cool and clear, I curse the one who dares disturb my rest. May he twist and turn, turn and twist. I curse you, Ichabod Crane. Be doomed forever.

ICHABOD: (*Moves toward PHANTOMS and drops to his knees. If desired, EXTRA PHANTOMS can creep IN.*) Pity, spirits, pity. I didn't steal the gold. I was not the man with wagon and horse. I meant to disturb no one's rest.

PIRATE: Liar.

WOMAN IN WHITE: Liar.

INDIAN CHIEF: Liar.

ICHABOD: No, it's the truth.

INDIAN CHIEF: Be doomed forever.

ICHABOD: No, no. I don't wish to be doomed. You don't understand.

PHANTOMS: (*Join hands and circle poor ICHABOD.*)

Beware! Beware! Beware!

Beware the galloping hooves.

Beware the cries in the night.

When the headless horseman rides

You'll probably die of fright.

(*Chanting as they drift OFF RIGHT.*)

Of fright... of fright... of fright... of fright...

ICHABOD: (*Has his face to earth and hands locked behind his head.*)

Don't hurt me. Please don't hurt me.

KATRINA'S VOICE: Ichabod!

KATRINA: (*Hurries IN LEFT, with a book in hand. Notices ICHABOD cowering on the ground. She crosses to him.*) Ichabod, what's wrong?

ICHABOD: Please don't hurt me. Katrina, is that really you?

KATRINA: Of course. Who did you think it was?

ICHABOD: Uh... uh... uh... (*He gets up.*)

KATRINA: What have you been doing?

ICHABOD: I... I... I...

KATRINA: Yes?

ICHABOD: I... I... I was trying to see if those ghosts you told me about dared to meet me face to face.

KATRINA: Oh, Ichabod, you are brave. But those ghost stories are only legends. I'm surprised at you. (*Hands him the book.*) You forgot your book.

ICHABOD: Thank you, Katrina. It was very thoughtful of you.

KATRINA: I know how much it means to you. I told Mother I wouldn't be long. I'd better be getting back.

ICHABOD: And I best be on my way.

KATRINA: (*Smiles.*) Good-bye, Ichabod.

ICHABOD: Good-bye, Katrina. (*KATRINA EXITS LEFT. ICHABOD sighs, crushes book to his chest, convinced she's in love with him.*) Oh, Katrina, Katrina. One day soon I will propose marriage. Oh, happy happy day.

PHANTOM VOICES: Ichabod! Ichabod! Ichabod Crane! Thief! Liar!

ICHABOD: Auuuuugh! (*As fast as he can go, he EXITS UP RIGHT.*)
Auuuuugh! (*BLACKOUT.*)

End of ACT ONE

NOTE: The graveyard props are struck. If you wish an INTERMISSION, it comes at this point. If not, action is continuous.

ACT TWO Scene One

LIGHTS UP DIMLY: Another night. LADY CHOIR MEMBERS (the LADIES from the sewing circle) are in position, STAGE CENTER.

BONES: (*ENTERS FORESTAGE from DOWN RIGHT. YOST is behind him.*)
No man makes a fool of Brom Bones... especially a scarecrow like Ichabod Crane.

YOST: Greta says Katrina is only teasing you. She wants to make you jealous. (*They're at FORESTAGE CENTER.*)

BONES: Brom Bones doesn't know what jealous means.

YOST: Oh, yes, he does.

BONES: What?!

YOST: (*Backs off.*) Don't be angry at me. It's the schoolmaster who's making trouble. Him and his how-much-is-nine-times-nine.

BONES: Ja. The schoolmaster. I could make Katrina jealous. That's it! I'll pretend I have eyes for Greta or Hilda or some other girl.

YOST: Katrina would see through that in a minute.

BONES: You're right. She would.

YOST: She's smart, that Katrina. We got rid of the last schoolmaster with our pranks. We can do it again.

BONES: We can't smoke up the schoolroom again. Everyone would know who done it... especially Farmer Stuyvesant and the Town Council.

YOST: You'll think of something.

BONES: That I will. Brom Bones doesn't have a brain for nothing. *(Grins.)*
Do you think the schoolmaster likes honey?

YOST: If he can eat it, he likes it.

BONES: I know just the thing.

YOST: What are you going to do?

BONES: You'll find out. Tomorrow. *(EXITS DOWN LEFT.)*

YOST: *(Following BONES OUT.)* Remember the Town Council.

CHOIR: *(SOUND of SOFT SINGING as the LIGHTS FADE UP FULL. All the LADIES from the sewing circle are in view. ICHABOD stands in front of them, conducting. Sings.)*

Now Satan comes with dreadful roar

And threatens to destroy,

He worries whom he can't devour

With a malicious joy.

[Consult PRODUCTION NOTES on alternate hymn.]

ICHABOD: *(At end of song.)* Lovely, ladies, lovely. You're improving.

GRETA: Thanks to you, Schoolmaster.

HILDA: We've never had a better choirmaster.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: How true, how true. *(LADIES softly applaud.)*

ICHABOD: *(Bows.)* Thank you, my songbirds. I will admit that when it comes to hymnody and harmony I do have some special gift.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: The last choirmaster wasn't inspiring at all.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: He sang flat.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: *(Girlishly.)* You are telling the truth, aren't you? We were in good voice tonight?

ICHABOD: Excellent voice. However, I did detect a certain tightness in tone.

CHOIR: *(Disappointed.)* Oh.

ICHABOD: Nothing serious. But we do want to be at our best come Sunday, don't we?

CHOIR: Yes, yes.

ICHABOD: Before we break up I suggest one quick verse of our great patriotic song, "Yankee Doodle." It always limbers the vocal cords. Ready, ladies?

CHOIR: Ready, Choirmaster.

ICHABOD: Excellent. *(He takes a pitch pipe from his pocket and pipes. ICHABOD conducts in mad fashion. One hand goes one way, the other hand another. Knee up, knee down. Hips moving side to side. He looks decidedly comic.)*

ALL: *(Sing.)* Fath'r and I went down to camp,
A-long with Captain Good'in.
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.
Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

ICHABOD: *(At end of song.)* Such spirit! Such enunciation! Such articulation! Such pronunciation! Until Sunday, my songbirds.

GRETA: I love it when he calls us songbirds. *(LADIES giggle and, except for KATRINA, EXIT RIGHT and LEFT.)*

ICHABOD: Katrina.

KATRINA: Yes, Ichabod?

ICHABOD: I want to tell you how charming you look this evening.

KATRINA: Thank you, Ichabod.

ICHABOD: But you always look charming, don't you?

KATRINA: Do I? It's sweet of you to say so.

ICHABOD: How beautifully you chirp.

KATRINA: I try my best.

ICHABOD: Next week I'll be coming to your farm for my vittles.

KATRINA: That is so, Ichabod.

ICHABOD: I'll see you every night at supper.

KATRINA: That is also so.

ICHABOD: To glance across the mashed potatoes and celery and find you there. *(He sighs.)*

KATRINA: This is not the season for celery.

ICHABOD: Mashed potatoes and cranberry sauce then.

KATRINA: We always have cranberry sauce, ja. *(BONES ENTERS LEFT, overhears.)*

ICHABOD: May I walk with you to your farm? It's such a lovely night.
The stars have never been brighter, I daresay.

BONES: If anyone's walking Katrina home, it's me. (*ICHABOD is afraid of BONES. Quickly ducks behind KATRINA for protection.*)

KATRINA: I'll decide who walks me home and who doesn't.

ICHABOD: (*Shaking.*) Maybe he's brought his gang with him.

BONES: Katrina is my girl.

KATRINA: I belong only to myself, Abraham. How many times do I have to tell you that?

ICHABOD: You heard the lady. Be off with you, ruffian.

BONES: (*Makes a move for ICHABOD.*) I'll fix you. (*ICHABOD continues to hide behind KATRINA as she intercepts BONES.*)

KATRINA: If you put one hand on Ichabod I'll never speak to you again.

BONES: (*Stops. Almost a whine.*) Katrina.

KATRINA: Go along now. Ichabod is walking me home.

BONES: I don't think so. (*BONES again moves to ICHABOD and, again, KATRINA blocks him. ICHABOD cringes.*)

KATRINA: I mean what I say.

BONES: I won't forget this. (*Defeated, BONES EXITS LEFT.*)

ICHABOD: (*Jumps from behind KATRINA, makes fists and hops about like a boxer in the ring.*) If you weren't here, Katrina, I would have taken on the fellow. I know all about the manly art of pugilism. (*He socks an invisible foe.*) Take that, you rascal! And that! And that! Ichabod Crane knows how to deal with rascals.

KATRINA: Ichabod.

ICHABOD: (*Stops throwing punches.*) Yes, Katrina?

KATRINA: I thought you were walking me home.

ICHABOD: And so I am. (*He offers his arm in gallant fashion. KATRINA takes it.*) I've been meaning to ask you something, Katrina.

KATRINA: Yes?

ICHABOD: How many acres on your farm? (*Arm-in-arm, they EXIT RIGHT. BLACKOUT.*)

End of Scene One

ACT TWO
Scene Two

PRIOR TO LIGHTS UP: As soon as ICHABOD and KATRINA make their EXIT, we hear the OFFSTAGE RINGING of the SCHOOL HAND BELL. PUPILS ENTER RIGHT with benches and place them as in ACT ONE, Scene Three. PUPILS recite as they work.

PUPILS: Two times two is four. Two times three is six. Two times four is eight. Two times five is ten. Two times six is 12. Two times seven is 14. Two times eight is 16... (*LIGHTS UP. Benches and high stool in position, PUPILS sit.*)

ICHABOD: (*ENTERS ringing the hand bell. He puts it on the high stool, carries the wooden ruler.*) Good morning, children.

PUPILS: Good morning, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: I'm expecting great things from you today.

PUPILS: Yes, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: Let's see who's here today. (*PUPILS, one by one, quickly stand, give their names and quickly sit.*)

WALTER: Walter Van Twiller.

WILDA: Wilda Van Twiller.

JOHANNA: Johanna Van Tropp.

HENDRICK: Hendrick Van Foost. (*EXTRAS recite names.*)

ICHABOD: (*Scanning the room.*) Where is he?

PUPILS: Who, Schoolmaster?

ICHABOD: That rogue. That Sleepy Hollow boy.

WILDA: You mean Yost.

JOHANNA: Yost Van Ripper!

HENDRICK: The blockhead!

WILDA: The dunderhead! (*PUPILS laugh.*)

ICHABOD: Stop that! Stop that, I say! (*Laughter ceases.*) I'll have a few words with Yost's father.

WILDA: Yost doesn't know his numbers.

ICHABOD: That's why he's supposed to be in school. A person who doesn't know numbers won't amount to much. Stand up, Hendrick. (*Nervously HENDRICK stands.*)

HENDRICK: Yes, Schoolmaster?

ICHABOD: Tell the class how many pecks there are in a bushel.

HENDRICK: *(Thinking hard.)* Pecks in a bushel?

ICHABOD: You heard me.

HENDRICK: Hmmm. Are the pecks from New Hampshire or Vermont?
(Laughter.)

ICHABOD: What a stupid answer.

HENDRICK: What a stupid question.

ICHABOD: Insolent boy. Hold out your hand.

HENDRICK: Oh, no, Schoolmaster. Not again.

ICHABOD: Spare the rod and spoil the child.

HENDRICK: *(Making a face, HENDRICK sticks out his hand and gets it whacked. OTHERS react.)* Ow!

ICHABOD: You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I can't tolerate dullness. And I won't tolerate insolence. Sit down. *(HENDRICK sits.)* Stand up, Johanna.

JOHANNA: *(Scared.)* You mean me, Schoolmaster?

ICHABOD: You're the only Johanna in the classroom. Stand up. *(Nervously JOHANNA stands.)* Tell the class how many quarts there are in a gallon.

JOHANNA: Quarts in a gallon? Did you say quarts in a gallon?

ICHABOD: You heard me.

JOHANNA: I don't know. *(PUPILS gasp at such a bold reply.)*

ICHABOD: At least that's an honest answer. You may sit down. *(Relieved, JOHANNA sits.)*

HENDRICK: You mean if I said I didn't know how many pecks there are in a bushel, you wouldn't've hit me with the ruler?

ICHABOD: I judge each answer on its own merits.

WILDA: That's not fair!

ICHABOD: Who said it was? Life is not always fair, children. If it were, I'd probably be the mayor of some great city. There are four quarts to a gallon. Repeat that.

PUPILS: There are four quarts to a gallon. *(Unseen, BONES tiptoes into*

view DOWN LEFT. YOST is with him and carries a beehive on a pole. [Consult PRODUCTION NOTES.] BONES motions for the beehive and YOST passes it to him.)

WALTER: (*Waving his hand.*) Schoolmaster, Schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: What is it, Walter?

WALTER: May I be excused?

ICHABOD: Why?

WALTER: I have to sneeze. It's not polite to sneeze when others are in the room.

ICHABOD: Wait until you're home. You can sneeze there.

WALTER: I can't wait. (*He sneezes.*)

PUPILS: (*Laugh.*) Walter sneezed. Walter sneezed. Ah-choo! Ah-choo!

ICHABOD: That's enough, children. Sit down, Walter.

WALTER: I'm already sitting.

ICHABOD: So you are. In that case, remain seated. Such impudence. (*While the dialogue has played, BONES has crept a few steps toward the classroom. He takes aim with the beehive and lets it fly. It lands with a THUD. ALL react.*) What was that?

WILDA: (*Screams, jumps up.*) It's a beehive.

PUPILS: Beehive!

ICHABOD: Beehive? What's a beehive doing in here?

PUPILS: (*Jump up and begin slapping as the bees buzz.*) Bees! Bees! Bees! (*Yelling, PUPILS run about the STAGE, slapping at themselves like wild monkeys. They run OFFSTAGE.*)

ICHABOD: (*Frantic. His knees pump up and down as if he were pumping a bicycle. He runs in circles slapping the bees away.*) Get away! Get away! Bees! Bees! I don't like bees. Get away! Get away! (*BONES and YOST are doubled over in laughter as ICHABOD continues to dance about slapping wildly and exclaiming "Bees! Bees!" BLACKOUT.*)

End of Scene Two

NOTE: The stage props are struck.

ACT TWO
Scene Three

LIGHTS UP on FORESTAGE: WIDOW VAN DOORN is DOWN LEFT sweeping the floor with a straw broom. FORESTAGE represents her house. It is nighttime.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: (*Reciting or singing as she sweeps.*)

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay.
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon.
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

FARMER STUYVESANT: (*ENTERS FORESTAGE from DOWN RIGHT.*)
'Evening, Widow Van Doorn.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: (*Stops sweeping.*) Ah, Farmer Stuyvesant. How nice to see you.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Do I interrupt?

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Of course not. You're always welcome in my house. You know that. (*Criticism.*) Even when you don't knock.

FARMER STUYVESANT: The door was open, wide open. You can't expect a man to knock on wind.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: True.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Is the schoolmaster at home?

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Getting ready for the party at the Van Hudsons'.

FARMER STUYVESANT: What's to get ready? They invite, you go.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: He wants to look his best for the ladies.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Such a dandy. I would speak with him.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: (*Calls over her shoulder.*) Ichabod.

ICHABOD'S VOICE: (*From OFFSTAGE LEFT.*) Be right there.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: He's such a nice young man.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Bones doesn't think so.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: He wouldn't. He's never liked any schoolmaster.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Spare the rod and spoil the child.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Brom Bones is no child.

ICHABOD: (*Pops IN LEFT. He wears a huge red neckpiece at his throat, something like a bow.*) Here I am. How do I look, Widow Van Doorn? (*Spins around.*)

WIDOW VAN DOORN: You look handsome, Ichabod.

ICHABOD: I've slicked my hair with eel skin oil to make it shine. And I slapped my face with vanilla extract. I'm quite the cavalier. (*Notices FARMER STUYVESANT.*) Farmer Stuyvesant. The very man I wish to see.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Ja?

ICHABOD: A gentleman of fashion should arrive at the Van Hudson party in style. May I borrow your horse and saddle?

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Horse? You mean old Gunpowder?

ICHABOD: Yes.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: She can barely see.

ICHABOD: I've eyes enough for two.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: She's not much to look at.

FARMER STUYVESANT: And she's thrown a shoe. You're welcome to the saddle if you want it.

ICHABOD: I can't arrive with a saddle and no horse. I shall have to walk. (*Disappointed.*) I was so counting on Gunpowder. (*EXITS past FARMER STUYVESANT, OFF RIGHT.*)

FARMER STUYVESANT: I didn't tell him what I came to tell him.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Which is?

FARMER STUYVESANT: Them bees at the schoolhouse was no accident. It was Brom Bones and I came to tell Ichabod Crane the Town Council is fixing to do something about it.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Ichabod's forgotten all about the bees. If Brom Bones was hoping to chase Ichabod out of Sleepy Hollow, his mischief won't work. Ichabod loves it here and he's planning on staying. Told me that himself.

FARMER STUYVESANT: Then we still have a schoolmaster. Dat is good. I'll be on my way. (*He tips his hat and WIDOW VAN DOORN curtsies. She EXITS LEFT on FORESTAGE and FARMER STUYVESANT EXITS RIGHT, which leads us promptly into the next scene.*)

End of Scene Three

~ ~
For preview only

ACT TWO
Scene Four

LIGHTS UP: A large room in the Van Hudson home [EMPTY STAGE].

SOUND of LIVELY DANCE MUSIC from OFFSTAGE RIGHT. APPLAUSE. LAUGHTER. In a moment ICHABOD ENTERS. His hand holds KATRINA'S high, as if they were about to dance again. He moves CENTER, quite pleased with himself.

MRS. VAN TASSEL, HILDA, MRS. TRENKLER, GRETA, YOST, with a floppy ribbon at his throat to indicate he's on his best behavior, and EXTRAS ENTER RIGHT. If more males are desired, INDIAN CHIEF or PIRATE, in a different costume, can be used as well as FARMER STUYVESANT and/or WALTER and HENDRICK.

ICHABOD: I thank you for a most enjoyable dance, Miss Katrina. (*He bows in gallant fashion.*)

KATRINA: (*Curtsies.*) It was my pleasure, Ichabod.

GRETA: You're a wonderful dancer, Schoolmaster-Choirmaster.

ICHABOD: I daresay I am. No man is my match when it comes to the minuet. And I'm no lump when it comes to country dances, either. (*Applause.*) I've even concocted a little dance. I call it The Grasshopper.

OTHERS: (*Impressed.*) The Grasshopper?

ICHABOD: I got the idea one day while watching grasshoppers hop about in the schoolyard. A hop here, a hop there. (*Laughter.*) One can learn much from the grasshopper and the ant.

GRETA: Oh, please show us.

OTHERS: (*Ad lib.*) Let's see it.
Dance, Schoolmaster.
Show us.

ICHABOD: (*False modesty.*) Well, since you insist. (*Applause. KATRINA steps aside. ICHABOD hops on his right foot three times and flaps his elbows. Hops on his left foot three times and flaps his elbows. He hops forward three times, flaps his elbows. Hops backward three times and flaps elbows.*) That's the basic step. Once the dancer has mastered the basic step, the dancer can move on to the more elaborate moves. I wouldn't be surprised if my little dance didn't make Sleepy Hollow famous. Viva The Grasshopper, as the Spaniards would say.

HILDA: It looks easy enough.

ICHABOD: What say? Want to give it a try?

OTHERS: (*Ad lib.*) Yes.

Why not?

I think I can do it.

Let's give it a try.

ICHABOD: I'll count out the measure. (*He motions for PARTY GUESTS to take up positions and then waits until everyone is in place.*)
Follow the tempo. Ready, dancers?

OTHERS: Ready. (*As ICHABOD calls out the moves, the OTHERS perform. Some are adept, some clumsy.*)

ICHABOD: Don't forget to move your arms like a jumping grasshopper. That's the secret. Here we go. Chin up, back straight. Right foot, hop, hop, hop. Left foot, hop, hop, hop. Forward, hop, hop, hop. Back, hop, hop, hop. Keep trying. Practice makes perfect. (*Everyone is hopping about and working their elbows, looking absolutely absurd.*)

BONES: (*Storms IN from LEFT, observes.*) What kind of dance is that supposed to be? (*DANCERS cease their gymnastics.*)

GRETA: It's called The Grasshopper.

BONES: The Grasshopper?

HILDA: Isn't it fun?

MRS. TRENKLER: The schoolmaster created it.

BONES: I'm not surprised.

HILDA: A dancer can't learn it overnight.

BONES: That don't surprise me either.

YOST: You're late, Bones. Where have you been?

BONES: (*Mysterious.*) I barely escaped with my life. (*Reaction.*)

MRS. TRENKLER: Your life?

KATRINA: What are you talking about, Abraham?

MRS. VAN TASSEL: Bones has probably been up to some mischief. We all heard about the bees.

BONES: If you call the Headless Horseman mischief, then I guess I was up to mischief.

ALL: The Headless Horseman?! (*For dramatic effect the LIGHTS FLASH DOWN AND UP as if a thunderbolt has struck the room. SOUND of THUNDER. Reaction.*)

FARMER STUYVESANT: There's going to be a storm. A bad one.

A PARTY GUEST: You saw the Headless Horseman?

BONES: I not only saw him, I met him. (*Communal gasp. BONES steps in, pushing ICHABOD out of the way. As he dramatically recounts his meeting with the galloping phantom, the GUESTS are held spellbound. Slow, scary tone.*) I was riding back from Tappen Zee [*NOTE: A nearby town.*] I knew I was late for the party, so I nudged Daredevil and he started to gallop. He could smell the storm coming and his nostrils went wide. But it wasn't the storm he was smelling. It was the Headless Horseman. There he was right in front of me... huge, misshapen, towering. (*OTHERS gasp. BONES is a good ghost storyteller.*) He offered to race me for a cup of punch.

OTHERS: A cup of punch?

MRS. TRENKLER: How could he speak without a head?

BONES: He had a head alright. It was stuck on the pommel of his saddle. (*ALL gasp.*)

MRS. TRENKLER: I think I'm going to faint. (*She fans herself with her hanky.*)

BONES: I would have won the race. Daredevil was sure to beat the goblin horse. But as we came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of light. (*LIGHTS FLASH UP AND DOWN.*) I'm lucky to be alive.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: (*Appears RIGHT.*) Come and eat. Everything's been set out. The table is groaning. Come and enjoy. (*Forcing themselves to smile uneasily after hearing BONES'S recitation, GUESTS except for ICHABOD and BONES cross RIGHT and EXIT. KATRINA is the last to cross.*)

BONES: I'd better tie up Daredevil. (*EXITS LEFT.*)

ICHABOD: Katrina.

KATRINA: (*Turns, takes a few steps to ICHABOD.*) What is it, Ichabod?

ICHABOD: You d-d-d-didn't believe that story?

KATRINA: Bones likes to play games. But it's a story I have heard many times in Sleepy Hollow.

ICHABOD: I have something to ask you.

KATRINA: About the acreage on the farm?

ICHABOD: I'm not interested in acreage.

KATRINA: What then?

ICHABOD: How I long to run my fingers through your gold.

KATRINA: Gold?

ICHABOD: *(Fast.)* Your golden hair, I mean. *([NOTE: If ACTOR is not a blonde, she answers: "My hair is not golden."] ICHABOD drops to his knees and holds up his hands in an imploring fashion.)* O promise me. *(BONES RETURNS from LEFT, observes with a scowl on his face.)*

KATRINA: Promise you what, Ichabod?

ICHABOD: Need you ask? Marry me, Katrina. Marry me.

KATRINA: *(Steps back, shocked. ICHABOD scurries to her on his knees.)*
Marry you?

ICHABOD: Make me the happiest of mortals.

KATRINA: What are you saying?

ICHABOD: Marry me, oh, marry me, Katrina.

KATRINA: You're making a fool of yourself, Ichabod. Get up.

ICHABOD: *(Impulsively grabs her hand.)* I kiss your dainty paw. *(He tries to kiss the hand, but KATRINA pulls it back.)*

KATRINA: Oh! *(She runs OUT RIGHT.)*

ICHABOD: *(Travels after her, still on his knees.)* Katrina, my Katrina. There's no need to be shy.

BONES: *(Crosses to ICHABOD, angry.)* Your Katrina? *(He pulls ICHABOD to his feet and bounces him up and down.)* Katrina is my Katrina. *(Bounce, bounce, bounce.)* Understand? *(Bounce, bounce, bounce.)* Do you understand? *(Bounce, bounce, bounce. BONES releases poor ICHABOD who continues to bounce for a few seconds.)*

ICHABOD: Wait until I tell Katrina.

BONES: You'll tell Katrina nothing. Because if you do you'll regret it. *(A powerful gesture LEFT.)* You will leave. Now!

ICHABOD: But I haven't eaten. There's going to be a suckling pig with an apple in its mouth.

BONES: I'll count to seven. One—

ICHABOD: This isn't civilized behavior.

BONES: Two—

ICHABOD: Can't we discuss this like gentlemen?

BONES: (*Loud and rapid.*) Threefourfivesixseven! (*He holds his hands as if to strangle ICHABOD. ICHABOD quickly turns. BONES manages a kick to the backside.*) Spare the boot and spoil the schoolmaster.

ICHABOD: (*Running OUT LEFT.*) Auuuuugh! (*BONES smiles broadly, adjusts his jacket [or blouse/vest] and EXITS RIGHT to join KATRINA at supper. As the STAGE LIGHTING GOES TO BLACK, there is SOUND of an APPROACHING STORM. BLACKOUT.*)

End of Scene Four

ACT TWO
Scene Five

PRIOR TO LIGHTS UP: The SOUNDS of the STORM GROW LOUDER and LOUDER. (NOTE: This is to give time for the HEADLESS HORSEMAN ILLUSION to get into position UPSTAGE. It shouldn't take long. But remember that the STAGE must remain in TOTAL BLACKNESS.) SOUNDS of the STORM FADE to be replaced by PHANTOMS CHANTING, more eerie than ever.

PHANTOM VOICES: (*Chanting.*) When the church bell tolls
And the thunder rolls
And the night is black as pitch,
Beware! Beware! Beware!
When the owl hoots
And the crow roosts
And the rain is cold and dark,
Beware! Beware! Beware!
Beware the galloping hooves.
Beware the cries in the night.
When the headless horseman rides
You'll probably die of fright!
(*PHANTOM LAUGHTER. Silence.*)

ICHABOD'S VOICE: (*From OFFSTAGE DOWN LEFT.*) Oh, women, women.
Who can understand their wiles? Could Katrina have been using me to taunt Brom Bones?

ICHABOD: (*DIM LIGHT on the FORESTAGE DOWN LEFT—just enough to make out ICHABOD in the dark as he ENTERS.*) Heaven only knows, not I. Perhaps I spoke up too soon and frightened the poor girl. Yes, that's it. I spoke up too soon. I was too rash, too bold. I must be more patient.

PHANTOM VOICES: Ichabod. Ichabod Crane.

ICHABOD: Eh? What's that?

PHANTOM VOICES: Ichabod. Ichabod Crane.

ICHABOD: This isn't the graveyard. I must be hearing things. This has not been a successful evening. The sooner I'm snug under my warm quilts the better. *(He moves to STAGE CENTER and then it happens! A LOUD CLASH of CYMBALS or a TERRIFYING DRUMROLL. At the same time the STAGE is ILLUMINATED by a THUNDERBOLT and there, silhouetted against a BLUE CYCLORAMA or SCREEN [if possible] is the HEADLESS HORSEMAN. He seems to be a mile high. One hand holds the reins, the other holds what looks like a grinning head [Halloween pumpkin]. The horse's head stares straight at ICHABOD, eyes glowing. SOUND of GALLOPING HOOVES, HORSE WHINNYING. [NOTE: For an explanation of this "Ride of the Headless Horseman" and alternative suggestions, consult PRODUCTION NOTES.] It's him! It's him! The Headless Horseman! Auuugh! Auuugh! (Louder and louder ECHO the GALLOPING HOOVES. ICHABOD doesn't know what to do. He runs OFFSTAGE RIGHT. He runs back ONSTAGE, completely disoriented. He runs OFFSTAGE LEFT. He runs back to CENTER.) Auuuuugh! Auuuuugh! (Facing the audience ICHABOD begins to "run in place," which gives the illusion he's running in front of the horrifying specter. Occasionally he looks over his shoulder to see how close the demon is. This mad running goes on for a few moments.)*

HEADLESS HORSEMAN: *(The HEADLESS HORSEMAN lifts the pumpkin head.)* Ichabod Crane! This is for you!

ICHABOD: Auuugh!

HEADLESS HORSEMAN: Catch! *(He tosses the head, laughing insanely. The pumpkin head hits the ground. BLACKOUT. [In the BLACKOUT the SOUND of the HEADLESS HORSEMAN FADES. HEADLESS HORSEMAN ILLUSION EXITS in the dark.]*

End of Scene Five

ACT TWO
Scene Six

LIGHTS FADE UP SLOWLY: The next morning. The stage is FLOODED with BRIGHT LIGHT. FARMER STUYVESANT is discovered holding the pumpkin, shaking his head from side to side. WIDOW VAN DOORN is with him, as well as BONES, KATRINA and MRS. TRENKLER.

FARMER STUYVESANT: We are dealing with strange happenings here in Sleepy Hollow. Ja?

OTHERS: Ja.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: There's none would deny it.

MRS. TRENKLER: Things like this don't happen in Rhode Island.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: Where could he have gone? All his clothes are hung on hooks and his book by Cotton Mather is on the table.

FARMER STUYVESANT: It is a mystery.

MRS. VAN HUDSON: (*ENTERS RIGHT.*) Don't forget the way he disappeared from the party. There one moment, gone the next. Not so much as a word of good-bye. So unlike the schoolmaster.

HENDRICK: (*ENTERS LEFT WITH WALTER.*) We found this in the field by the graveyard. (*Holds up a floppy red neckpiece.*) It smells like vanilla extract and eel skin oil.

WIDOW VAN DOORN: That would be Ichabod's neckpiece, for sure.

WALTER: And this. (*Takes coin out of his pocket.*) It's a dirty old coin. A dirty old Hessian coin.

OTHERS: (*Gasp.*) Hessian?

WALTER: It's got some scratch marks on it. I betcha it belonged to the Headless Horseman. (*KATRINA gives BONES a knowing look.*)

FARMER STUYVESANT: I reckon I don't know what happened, but I somehow feel this pumpkin had something to do with it. (*ALL move closer for a better look at the pumpkin.*)

MRS. TRENKLER: (*Takes a step DOWNSTAGE and speaks to the audience.*) Katrina and Brom Bones were married that summer. As for Ichabod Crane, he was never seen again. Most people believe the Headless Horseman got him.

ALL: (*Look at the audience.*) Do you?

END OF PLAY

PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

ACT ONE

Scene One: Grave marker(s), withered tree (ONSTAGE). Carpetbag, shawl, bonnet (MRS. TRENKLER).

Scene Two: Long beard, straw hat (FARMER STUYVESANT); three-cornered hat, pole with bandana containing articles to suggest weight, black bow, book (ICHABOD); coin (BONES).

Scene Three: Covered farm baskets (MRS. VAN HUDSON, MRS. VAN TASSEL); benches, high stool with dunce cap, optional blackboard, slates, chalk (PUPILS); hand bell, wooden ruler, handkerchief, book (ICHABOD).

Scene Four: Sewing materials such as needles, thread, scissors, cloth embroidery hoops, etc. (SEWING CIRCLE LADIES).

Scene Five: Grave marker(s), withered tree (ONSTAGE). Book (KATRINA).

ACT TWO

Scene One: Pitch pipe (ICHABOD).

Scene Two: Benches, high stool (PUPILS); hand bell, wooden ruler (ICHABOD); pole with "beehive" (YOST).

Scene Three: Broom (WIDOW VAN DOORN); red cloth neckpiece (ICHABOD).

Scene Four: Floppy ribbon at throat (YOST); hanky (MRS. TRENKLER).

Scene Five: Stepladder, styrofoam or plastic Halloween pumpkin, horse's head (HEADLESS HORSEMAN).

Scene Six: Red cloth neckpiece (HENDRICK); coin (WALTER).

THE SET

The set consists of an optional backdrop showing a rural scene, possibly a blue cyclorama. Painted screens will also work, again optional.

SOUND & LIGHTING

The spooky noises can be a tolling bell, howling wind, hooting owl, rattling chains, maniacal laughter, etc. Also used are sounds of a galloping horse, an Indian tom-tom, a hand bell, dance music, thunder, storm effects, clash of cymbals and/or drumroll.

Lighting should suggest day and night. Creative use of lighting for lightning and to dramatize the HEADLESS HORSEMAN'S appearance should also be employed.

COSTUMES

It's not necessary to stick faithfully to the period (early 1800s). Long dresses for the FEMALES, with starched aprons and caps, if possible. KATRINA should have a lovely costume. PUPILS can dress in Tom Sawyer/Becky Thatcher style. BONES might wear breeches or rough trousers, coat. Same for ICHABOD and YOST. Buckles on shoes. WOMAN IN WHITE should wear something gossamer. INDIAN CHIEF can wear buckskin or blanket feathers, etc. PIRATE wears bushy beard. ICHABOD'S clothing doesn't seem to fit him. It's too tight and too short, especially his sleeves.

MISCELLANEOUS

Moans and groans can be supplied by ACTORS from OFFSTAGE. The principal ghosts are WOMAN IN WHITE, PIRATE and INDIAN CHIEF, but others can be added. They can wear masks. The more "creepy" you make them, the better effect you get. You might consider having one dressed like a Colonial preacher, book in hand. This would suggest Cotton Mather, the famed witch-finder and ICHABOD'S hero.

Any hymn can substitute at choir practice though nothing too modern or familiar, naturally. "Yankee Doodle" was popular at this time, so the time frame is correct.

THE BEEHIVE: For the sound of bees, have the PUPILS and/or OFFSTAGE ACTORS make the sound "Bzzzzz. Bzzzzz. Bzzzzz." For the hive you can use a covered styrofoam Halloween pumpkin or a stuffed brown shopping bag painted yellow.

RULER ON HAND: Of course, ICHABOD never really slaps any pupil's hand with the ruler. Have ICHABOD always carry a large book while speaking. Whenever ICHABOD requires someone to extend a hand, he holds out the book. The student sets his/her hand on top of the book, then ICHABOD slaps the book rather than the hand with the ruler. Naturally, the student reacts as if the hand was slapped.

You may wish to elaborate on the dance sequence. Instead of DANCERS entering from OFFSTAGE, they might already be ONSTAGE performing some dance. The Virginia Reel works, or a stately minuet. It would be a great audience pleaser if WILDA, JOHANNA, GRETA or an other actress could perform a clog (wooden shoes) dance.

In ACT TWO, Scene Five, the PHANTOMS [not the one who will portray the HEADLESS HORSEMAN] could be ONSTAGE as the scene opens,

disappearing just before ICHABOD appears. Even though ICHABOD believes in ghosts, he doesn't want to meet any of them, hence his fear.

FLEXIBLE CASTING: Adjust to your individual requirements. A line change or two may be required. For a smaller cast, HILDA and GRETA could be combined, and the same for HENDRICK and WALTER. Either PIRATE or INDIAN CHIEF can play the HEADLESS HORSEMAN. PUPILS could double as PHANTOMS. For a larger cast use any number of EXTRAS for more PUPILS, PARTY GUESTS, and PHANTOMS.

ABOUT THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN: The climax of the play is the thrilling appearance of the legendary Hessian who is nothing more than BONES, intent on terrorizing ICHABOD out of Sleepy Hollow. ICHABOD, of course, doesn't know this and BONES'S scheme succeeds. We see the HEADLESS HORSEMAN in a flash of light accompanied by some booming sound/musical effects—the louder the better, especially the thundering hooves. Back lighting and fog would prove a sensation. The HORSEMAN is played by either INDIAN CHIEF or PIRATE. His shoulders are built up so the ACTOR'S face is about chest level. ACTOR can see through the costume because of a gauze patch. He stands on a stepladder to give HORSEMAN added height and his clothing seems to be a long black garment (to cover the stepladder). A blanket(s) works. The horse's head is papier-mâché—eyes created with the use of luminous paint. Another possibility: If you've used the painted screens, the HORSEMAN, standing on a box, comes into view over the top. The lights and sound effects supply the terror. The pumpkin is thrown from this position. Or, if you have curtains that can be drawn across UPSTAGE, they can fly open when the HORSEMAN appears. They can be drawn shut during the party scene, thus giving the ACTOR plenty of time to get into position. Or, if your production is geared to very young children, the HORSEMAN might charge forth on a hobbyhorse, chasing poor ICHABOD about the STAGE, OFFSTAGE, into the audience and back until the sequence ends with the tossing of the pumpkin and the BLACKOUT. If you don't want to use a fake pumpkin, a real one is okay, but you may have to replace it for each performance. Give some thought to using strobe lights.

Finally, always remember the words of Washington Irving when he wrote about the villagers of Sleepy Hollow: "They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs." Have fun.

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