

**PERUSAL SCRIPT**

**LEGENDS OF SLEEPY HOLLOW**

A PLAY BY  
MAHONRI STEWART

*Based on the short story by Washington Irving  
and other legends of New England*



Newport, Maine

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For Christopher Clark:  
His love of the legend reignited mine.

For Anne Marie Ogden Stewart:  
This play's original production was our courtship.

For Amber James Howell: She loves a good ghost story.



“A shot from the American cannon at this place took off the head of a Hessian artillery-man. They also left one of the artillery horses dead on the field. What other loss they sustained was not known.”

— *The Memoirs of Major General William Heath, October 31, 1776*

“Ah, children, be afraid of going prayerless to bed, lest the Devil be your bedfellow.”

— *Cotton Mather, A Funeral Sermon, 1708*

## FOREWORD BY DR. CHRISTOPHER CLARK

### “Origins of Sleepy Hollow”

I grew up with Disney’s *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. It was a perennial favorite in my childhood home that seemed to capture the ingredients of Halloween perfectly: New England, thickets of woods, and a ghost who springs to life at the worst possible moment. My siblings and I watched the VHS tape so many times it literally wore out. When we finally replaced it with a DVD version, we could barely recognize the colors and shapes of the animation, so faded and washed out had our tape become. “You mean the trees are colors?” my sister Lucy said.

Adapting the short story into a full-length play seemed like a natural idea. Why couldn’t a rollicking forty-minute Bing Crosby animated musical be extended and enhanced here and there? Simple translation from cartoon to stage! Except that I had already broken a cardinal rule of directing: I saw the movie first. The Washington Irving short story, circa 1820, is not the Disney light-hearted yarn. It’s dense. Dialogue is sparse, paragraphs are weighty, and sentences stretch and wind like the Hudson River itself. Thematically, it deals less with a ghost than the uneasy meeting of the old world with the new; the genteel, European maneuverings of the schoolmaster Ichabod Crane versus the spirited, American machinations of Abraham “Brom” Bones.

Mahonri Stewart, my student at (then) Utah Valley State College, had just come off of a nationally recognized hit with *Farewell to Eden* in 2005 and seemed to have the natural gift of making a story leap to the stage. His handle of 19th century language was superb. His ability to fashion a compelling, driving plot from parlor room sensibilities was uniquely impressive. And, maybe most importantly, he had a sense of fun. Drama, in its thickest, wordiest form, can be incredibly dull. I was hopeful (and confident) that Mahonri could find a play somewhere within Irving’s passages detailing Hessian craftsmanship and the intricate treatises of Dutch ancestry.

The script he delivered, at what I felt was remarkable speed, found more than a plot; it found human voices. Of course, Ichabod and Katrina and Brom were still there, but there were new characters, too. Funny ones, scared and human. Everyone had a ghost story. And within these stories were more stories. And within those stories were longing and loss and faith itself; Mahonri’s characters lived on the frontiers of both a developing nation and an evangelical explosion. They were loveable and vivid, emerging from Irving’s story to live lives beyond folklore.

The final production, staged in the UVSC Blackbox a year later, was replete with the mythical antics and clutch-your-date scares I had hoped for. But, thanks to Mahonri’s beautiful adaptation, it went a step further. There were just enough doses of humanity and the right amount of both frailty and courage to deliver something thoughtful that still managed to be fun. In the world of Mahonri Stewart, characters don’t succumb to tragedy or shrink in the face of difficulty, they transcend it. “Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune,” Irving wrote, “but great minds rise above them.” The same can be said of great writers who can transform, with such insight and humor, one medium into another.

—Dr. Christopher Clark

## LEGENDS OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

by Mahonri Stewart

Premiered at the Utah Valley University (formerly Utah Valley State College) Black Box Theater, on October 14, 2004 in Orem, Utah. The Cast and Crew were as follows:

Ichabod Crane	Mark Pugh
Alice Hudson	Fallon Hanson
Katrina Van Tassell	Tatum Langton
Brom Bones	Nathaniel Drew
Katie Kidd	Taunya Quinn
Johnny Hudson	Kyle Hunter
Solomon Wagner	Samuel Davis
Guenevere Goulosh	Amber James
Gertrude Goulosh	Anne Ogden
Iris Van Houton	Holly Harris
Olaf Swenson	Christian Brinton
Bethany Van Trapper	Ashley Grant
Baltus Van Tassell	G. Randall King
Director	Christopher Clark
Producer	Dr. D. Terry Petrie
Stage Manager	Chelsea Cordell
Technical Director/Scenic Consultant	Steve Purdy
Assistant Technical Direct/Shop Foreman	Joseph C. Fox
Costume Designer	Mary Haddock
Costume Supervisor	Carla Summers
Costume Assistant	Heather Wozab
Seamstresses	Stepanie Barlow, Sarah Hunt, Chalice White, Kelly Berch, Aurora Borjas, Marlene Neptune
Make-up Designer	Collette Maxwell
Hair and Wig Design	Hillary Schroeder
Scenic Designer	Don Christensen
Scene Shop Workers	Tim Torkelson, Danny Gurule, Spencer King, Kyle Hunter, Joshua Titus, Matthew Davis, Felicia Wilson
Sound Designers	Nathaniel Drew and Heather Wozab
Composer	Nathaniel Drew
Lighting Design	Peter Case and Bryan Pound
Light Board Operator	Tomas Fernlund
Fight Choreographer	Joel R. Wallin
Stage Crew	Sarah Hunt
Propmaster	Kemuel Swallow
Props Assistants	Seul Kim, Renee Huggins, Sarah Hunt, and Steve Turner
Graphics and Public Relations	James Arrington

## Characters - 14 ( 9f, 6m)

ICHABOD CRANE

ALICE HUDSON

KATRINA VAN TASSEL

BROM BONES (ABRAHAM VAN BRUNT)

SOLOMON WAGNER

KATIE KIDD

JOHNNY HUDSON

IRIS VAN HOUTON

GUENEVERE GOULOSH

GERTRUDE GOULOSH

OLAF SWENSON

BETHANY VAN TRAPPER

BALTUS VAN TASSEL

EMILY — A ghostly figure (Emily is a character who wasn't portrayed in the original production, but has effectively haunted subsequent versions of the show. She is not a required character, but highly recommended, as she was the teacher in *Sleepy Hollow*, now deceased, prior to *Ichabod*.)

**TIME:** The year is 1790

**PLACE:** Sleepy Hollow, New York.

**Playwright's Note:** Originally, I set the play in 1805. Further research convinced me to place it further back, but it can played anywhere within that timeframe.

**LEGENDS OF SLEEPY HOLLOW** by Mahonri Stewart Cast of 14 (9f, 6m) About 2 hours. Several locations, simple or elaborate. Period Costumes. Ichabod Crane has come to Sleepy Hollow to replace the former school mistress Emily, who died under mysterious circumstances. At first it is all flirtations and laughter for Ichabod as he garners the attention of the town's single ladies, including the vivacious Katrina Van Tassel and the humble Alice Hudson. Yet Ichabod's tale darkens as his rival Brom Bones threatens him and the Headless Horseman and other supernatural legends bubble to the surface. What is really happening in Sleepy Hollow? And what does Ichabod truly need to fear: supernatural ghosts and demons, or the all too natural evil lurking in the human heart? Winner of the Hale Centre Theatre's Ruth and Nathan Hale Comedy Playwriting Award, 2004. **ORDER #3306**

**Mahonri Stewart** is an award winning writer and educator. He has written over two dozen plays, most of which have been produced throughout the U.S. and Europe, including productions in Los Angeles, Scotland, and Switzerland. In 2004, his premiere play *Farewell to Eden* won the Kennedy Center's American College Theater Festival's National Playwriting Award (Second Place) and their National Selection Team Fellowship Award. His play *Legends of Sleepy Hollow* won the Ruth and Nathan Hale Comedy Playwriting Award. Since then he has also received numerous other awards and honors and continues to expand his writing into various mediums, including screenplays, graphic novels, poetry, and novels. He received his MFA degree in Dramatic Writing from Arizona State University and a bachelors degree in Theatre Arts from Utah Valley University. He's a former Playwright in Residence at the Noorda Regional Theater for Children and Youth.

## **Legends of Sleepy Hollow**

### **Prologue**

*As the various VILLAGERS enter, they address the audience.*

**IRIS:** If one should ever wish for a retreat, where a person might steal from the world and its distractions and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

**JOHNNY:** From the listless repose of this place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants of the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow.

**BETHANY:** A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere.

**GERTRUDE:** Some say that it was bewitched by a German doctor during the early days of the settlement.

**GUENEVERE:** Others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow wows here before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson.

**KATIE:** The people are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions.

**OLAF:** However wide awake they may have been before they enter this sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams and see apparitions.

*(Enter ICHABOD Crane.)*

**ICHABOD:** That is, at least, how I left it. I spent only a little time here, a summer as a boy among my aunt and my cousins who resided here for a while, but they have since moved away. Though they moved away, my fascination did not. When I discovered that the last schoolmaster, a young woman named Emily Abels...

*(Enter EMILY, a ghostly figure lurking in the background.)*

...had met an untimely death, I naturally left my old post and accepted the offer to come back to this retreat of my childhood. I, Ichabod Crane, have returned to the mouth of the peaceful abyss, the metaphysical woods, the eerie village. This place of seeming quietude, but hidden shadows, has called to me like a siren. I have embraced her call, though I know the danger.

*(EMILY approaches ICHABOD until... blackout.)*

## Act One

### SCENE ONE

*Lights raise to reveal ALICE Hudson, who is shelling peas by a large tree. It is a bright, cheerful morning, with the common sounds of nature making their cheering, warm presence known. There is also the sound of a stream nearby. ALICE is humble in appearance, although there is a warmth and innate goodness that is evident in her. ALICE is in her early twenties.*

*Enter IRIS Van Houton. IRIS is forty-five years old, with gray barely starting to touch her hair, wrinkles threatening to invade her face, and a pair of spectacles revealing that her eyes are fighting a losing battle. Yet she has a gossip's energy and mobility, refusing to recognize that she is not as young as she once was.*

**IRIS:** Alice Hudson!

**ALICE:** Good morning, Miss Van Houten.

**IRIS:** As mad as Bedlam!

**ALICE:** Beautiful weather, don't you think?

**IRIS:** Beautiful weather! To the crows with the beautiful weather! What are you doing here?

**ALICE:** Shelling peas.

**IRIS:** You know what I'm talking about. What a young, innocent girl like you should be doing here where the dead commune!

**ALICE:** If you're so afraid, Iris, why are you here?

**IRIS:** Well, I was walking by the stream and, lo and behold, I saw some wild woman beside herself enough to be sitting by Major Andre's Tree! A wild woman, I dare say!

**ALICE:** And thus your curiosity demanded that you investigate who that wild woman was?

**IRIS:** Naturally.

**ALICE:** Very naturally.

**IRIS:** Are you accusing me of being a busybody?

**ALICE:** I accuse you of nothing.

**IRIS:** Let everybody's business be their own their own business! I've always said that. You won't find a person in town who will report to you differently.

**ALICE:** Understood.



**IRIS:** So why are you here then?

**ALICE:** I already told you, I'm shelling peas. You can sit with me, if you want.

**IRIS:** So that I can be dragged by my hair by some maniacal monstrosity and be made into a lifeless, love slave of incubi? I think not!

**ALICE:** It's quite a nice view from here.

*(IRIS sits, taking it in, this time in spooky wonder.)*

**IRIS:** Andre's tree—I have never sat by a haunted tree before.

**ALICE:** *(Amused)* Neither have I.

**IRIS:** Oh, you are dense aren't you, Alice?

**ALICE:** Or perhaps just not superstitious.

**IRIS:** You are so. Your family claims all sorts of strange stories! Do not try to deny it, I have heard many of the supernatural tales from their own lips. All sorts of strange stories! Dreams, premonitions, prophecies—I wouldn't be surprised if one of you Hudsons had seen an angel! I dare say it and say it again, an angel!

**ALICE:** Don't talk about such things so idly, Iris. They are sacred to us.

**IRIS:** Admit it, you are all just as superstitious as the rest of us.

*(Looks around, entranced.)*

Andre's tree!

**ALICE:** Yes. Thrilling.

**IRIS:** Do you think we will see any ghosts?

**ALICE:** I find it highly unlikely.

**IRIS:** You're right. It's not dark yet. You can see Wiley's Swamp from this high up and—the Bridge.

*(The mention of the bridge even chills ALICE.)*

**ALICE:** The Bridge.

**IRIS:** Oh, Alice, you have no sense in you at all to be up at this horrid place. No sense at all! But I must admit, it is terribly exciting. Yet do you know what is even more exciting, Alice?

**ALICE:** *(Dryly)* Do tell.

**IRIS:** There is a new schoolmaster at Sleepy Hollow! Ichabod Crane!

**ALICE:** Now that is interesting news.

**IRIS:** It is, it is! But back to the point, back to the point! The women are swooning.

**ALICE:** Is he handsome?

**IRIS:** Oh no, unless you fancy a stork! Crane is right! I can't blame them. That was a strange couple of years with so many births, but not barely a boy among them. So many girls! We searched in vain for the witch who cast that strange spell. Searched in vain!

**ALICE:** Now, Iris, I'm sure that is not kind, nor accurate.

**IRIS:** Oh, I am just getting started! Just started! That nose of his looks like a weather-cock upon that spindle neck of his, all so that we can know which way the wind is blowing!

**ALICE:** What imaginative language you have, Iris. You see a small defect and you exaggerate it into a bloated portrait of words.

**IRIS:** He is quite the oddity. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the angel of famine descending upon the earth, or that some scarecrow had eloped from a corn field. Quite the oddity!

**ALICE:** But I thought you said the women were swooning over him?

**IRIS:** That is the greatest oddity of all! But he does speak well, and he carries himself with—with—with a kind of—kind of—

**ALICE:** What, are you speechless, Iris? Now that is remarkable.

**IRIS:** A strange thing, a strange thing indeed! It hard to explain until you seen him.

*(With a mischievous smile.)*

Do you want to see him, Alice?

**ALICE:** I am sure the man doesn't like to be a made a spectacle.

**IRIS:** I am sure he does! Why, he is a regular performer! He was all smiles and stories and flirtations.

**ALICE:** I refuse to treat a man like he is some sort of carnival attraction.

**IRIS:** Oh, come now, come now! If you can't entertain yourself with fictional specters, Alice, all that is left to you is the real ones. Don't deny yourself even those.

**ALICE:** Oh, all right.

**IRIS:** Lovely! You'll see, you'll see, this man is everything I told you! Then I will take no more of your accusations of exaggeration against me. No more accusations!

*(Exit IRIS and ALICE )*

**SCENE TWO**

*KATIE KIDD enters, the stage behind her dark. A single light is eerily lit upon her.<sup>1</sup>*

**KATIE:** Major Andre was an infamous British spy who was carrying an important letter during the Revolution. He was captured here, he was killed here. There is a great tree, Andre’s tree, if you ever dare to see it, where he was publicly hung after being captured.

I was fool enough to be passing along close to the tree at dusk one evening when I heard horse hooves coming quickly towards me. I jumped out of the way, they were coming so rapidly. I heard the sound pass by me, but there was no rider, no horse. Just a flurry of sound and wind.

Then the sound skidded and stopped—I still remember the autumn leaves flurrying around the spot. I heard a distinct voice, a strong voice, a soldier’s voice say to me, “Halt!” The command came again—directly in front of me this time, as if he were only a few feet away, though I saw not a soul!

I dropped my basket and fled up the hill. Again, the sounds of hooves approached me, thundering, crashing, smashing like a storm. Then I heard gun shots! I ducked, I tried to dodge and I felt a sting against my side—had I been shot?

I stumbled at the foot of Andre’s tree, tears pouring out of my clenched eyes, when I heard the horse neigh and rear up, as if he were about to stamp the life out of me! Then there was another voice that surprised the first, and more shots fired. The first man screamed and I heard a body fall to the ground beside me.

When I opened my eyes, I saw—nothing. I touched the place where I had felt the sting, fearing the worst. It was wet! But then when I brought my hand to my eyes, it was merely covered with dew from the tall grass.

I ran the whole way home, my skirts flying behind me. I only looked back once, right as I was at the bottom of the hill. I don’t know whether it was my nerves or whether there was some trick with the light—but it was then that I saw something. It was no more than a shadow, perhaps, a will-o’-the-wisp. But I saw what I thought was a pair of eyes staring right at me—I swear they were blood shot—cursing me with their last, flickering ounce of life.

*(Exit KATIE. )*



*(The schoolhouse of Sleepy Hollow. ICHABOD Crane is there and he is all that IRIS claimed him to be. Yet, despite all of this, he carries himself with a kind of charm and confidence, which*

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<sup>1</sup> **Playwright’s Note:** These ghost stories were originally told and not seen (and, in part, designed to cover up scene changes), yet ingenious productions of the show since then have acted out the stories to great effect, with an expanded cast or with the current company taking on various roles. As a result, it is up to the vision of the director, and the capabilities of the company, on how to handle these stories, whether simply told or acted out.

*apparently has some kind of effect, for gathered around him are a number of women, namely KATIE Kidd, BETHANY Van Trapper, GERTRUDE and GUENEVERE Gouloush—who are twins, identical or fraternal. Watching from the back ground in a kind of awe and amazement at this strange spectacle is JOHNNY Hudson, Alice’s younger brother. Enter AICE and IRIS. JOHNNY stops them, putting his finger to his lips and keeps them behind him, to hear the conversation undetected.)*

**ICHABOD:** And then, my dear, gracious ladies, what do you suppose I did to the man?

**BETHANY:** Did you punch him, Mr. Crane?

**ICHABOD:** Punch him? No, no, I am not a man of violence, let it be recorded.

**GUENEVERE:** How could you insinuate such about Mr.Crane, Bethany Van Trapper?

**GERTRUDE:** Ya. Such a rustic.

**BETHANY:** Rustic! Take that back you sweaty faced, chipmunk toothed, pretentious piece of an immigrant!

**GUENEVERE:** Immigrant! You backwoods bear of a voman! I believe your parents were immigrants too, oder?

**GERTRUDE:** Ya! Backwoods Bear!

**ICHABOD:** Ladies, ladies! My gentle birds, my peaceful doves, don’t fret, don’t fret. I assure you and the two lovely Miss Gouloushes that I took no offense at Miss Van Trapper’s idea of me as a fighter.

**BETHANY:** Dang blast it all to splinters, you talk a lot! I meant no offense, truly!

*(ICHABOD kisses Bethany’s hand.)*

**ICHABOD:** And there was none taken, truly.

*( BETHANY drops her handkerchief that ICHABOD retrieves for her. The WOMEN give her a jealous stare.)*

**BETHANY:** Oh, Mr. Crane, you are a legend to be sure

**GUENEVERE:** Rustic.

**GERTRUDE:** Ya.

**ICHABOD:** I’m sure that is how you are used to all of your men behaving like trolls in a place as rugged as rural New York. Honor, dignity, gratitude, intelligence—see, my dear ladies, I am no common rogue, and I am not originally from Sleepy Hollow—I am from Connecticut.

**KATIE:** Then what I would give for a man from Connecticut! I’m sure that the whole state is full of gentlemen, if you are an example of their breeding, Mr. Crane.

**ICHABOD:** I dare say, you would do good to marry any man from Connecticut, Miss Kidd. And you may call me Ichabod. I prefer my Christian name.

**KATIE:** *(With a coy smile)* Ichabod then.

*(KATIE drops her handkerchief which ICHABOD retrieves for her. The WOMEN give her a jealous stare.)*

**GERTRUDE:** Vell, on vith ze story, Mr. Crane!

**GUENEVERE:** Ya. On vith story!

**ICHABOD:** What I did, my cooing doves, was walk right up to him and say, “I am not a man of violence.”

**GUENEVERE:** Oh, ze bravery!

**GERTRUDE:** Ya. Bravery!

**ICHABOD:** Then he said to me, “What would you do, if I punched you right in the nose, sir?” Now did you hear me right, my affectionate daughters of Eve? The monster threatened to punch me squarely in the nose!

**BETHANY:** The man wasn’t from Connecticut, was he, Ichabod?

**ICHABOD:** Most certainly not from Connecticut.

**BETHANY:** Hurrah for the gentlemen of Connecticut!

**GUENEVERE:** Vhat next Ichabod?

**GERTRUDE:** Ya! Vhat next!

**ICHABOD:** Well, then I told the man, “I would get up, sir.” He said, “You wouldn’t punch me back?” I told him, “Certainly not.” At this point he started becoming red, you see, and he said, “You wouldn’t run away?” to which I replied indignantly, “I am no coward, sir. I have my honor.” Then he started breathing heavily—like this—and his voice began to raise—like this—and he cried out, “What if I hit you again and again and again?”

**BETHANY:** By all the cows in the field, what did you say then, Mr. Crane?

**ICHABOD:** I told the scoundrel, if that were the case, then I would get up again—and again—and again. I would get up until I couldn’t get up anymore! By this time, this bully of a man...

**KATIE:** Who was not from Connecticut!

**ICHABOD:** Most certainly not from Connecticut!

**BETHANY:** Hurrah for the gentlemen from Connecticut!

**ICHABOD:** This bully of a man, who was not from Connecticut, with anger steaming out of his nose and mouth and ears, didn’t know what else to do, so he turned around and walked away! The coward walked away!

**KATIE:** Bravo, Ichabod! Bravo!

**GUENEVERE:** You are a true Christian, sir!

**GERTRUDE:** Ya! True Christian!

**ICHABOD:** Why, that is a most gracious compliment, my dear Gouloshes!

*(They drop their handkerchiefs, which ICHABOD retrieves for them. The other WOMEN give them a jealous stare.)*

**ALICE:** You are quite the storyteller, Mr. Crane.

**ICHABOD:** Oh dear, have we had silent apparitions watching us this whole time! I must have the names of such lovely specters!

*(With a characteristic, gallant bow:)*

I am Ichabod Crane.

*(The WOMEN give ALICE a jealous stare. All the WOMEN drop their handkerchiefs. ICHABOD is confused as to which one to pick up, but then scrambles to pick up all of them.)*

**KATIE:** Don't mind them, Ichabod.

**ICHABOD:** All ladies deserve to be minded, Miss Kidd.

**KATIE:** Well then, you might as well know that is Iris Van Houten over there. That old bird nothing but a busybody.

**IRIS:** Busy body!

**KATIE:** And that is Alice Hudson. I assure you, she is not your sort of woman.

**ALICE:** Oh, and what kind of man do you feel best suits me, Miss Kid?

**KATIE:** I don't know, perhaps some guilt ridden monk who feels that he needs to be punished for his sins.

**BETHANY:** Go get her, Katie! Claw her eyes out!

**ALICE:** Yes, claw away, Katie Cat.

**KATIE:** Calm as a storm, aren't you, Miss Hudson? As always.

**ALICE:** The vindictive thunderbolt, aren't you, Miss Kidd? As always.

**ICHABOD:** *(Only mildly objecting)* Ladies...

**ALICE:** You may want to tone down the charm a bit, Mr. Crane. You will not know what sort of creature you have caught in your traps until it too late. I would hate to see you unwittingly matched to a bobcat.

**KATIE:** You Hudsons, always putting on your high, holy airs. Well, your claims of spiritual superiority offend me.

**ALICE:** I have never claimed that I was superior to anyone.

**KATIE:** Oh, yes you have! You should hear the stories, Ichabod! Visions, tongues, dreams, prophecies!

**ICHABOD:** Truly?

**ALICE:** Mr. Crane, you might as well know that I don't cast my pearls before swine. I won't put my family's personal life under the scrutiny of any flapping gossip's criticism or—

**ICHABOD:** Criticism! Never, never! The supernatural world is a very real thing, my beautiful angels of goodness!

**ALICE:** Pardon me?

**ICHABOD:** Tell me, Miss Hudson, have you ever read Cotton Mather's *History of New England Witchcraft*?

**ALICE:** I am a good Christian, sir.

**ICHABOD:** And so is Cotton Mather. And so am I. Which makes me doubly fascinated with the dealings of the unseen world. Oh, there are so many fascinating truths which, because of our prejudices and the scales upon our eyes, we simply shuffle off as fable and legend. But those scales can fall, they can fall!

**KATIE:** "There is more in heaven and earth, Horatio, than dreamt of in your philosophy."

**BETHANY:** See, Alice, straight from the Bible!

**ALICE:** Actually, Bethany, it's from—

**ICHABOD:** Why, Miss Kidd, you know your Shakespeare!

**KATIE:** I am not a dunce, Ichabod. You will find few in this town who are as well read as I.

**ICHABOD:** *(With a smile:)* Is that so?

*(The women give KATIE a jealous stare.)*

**KATIE:** I include Miss Hudson in that comparison. I would be surprised if she explored anything beyond the lips of her Bible.

**ALICE:** Not to shatter your preconceptions, Katie, but—

*(ICHABOD sees something out the window and rushes to the window frame, sticking out his head.)*

**GUENEVERE:** What is it, Ichabod?

**GERTRUDE:** Ya. What is it?

**ICHABOD:** Where did she go?

*(They ALL crowd around the window, except JOHNNY, who still maintains his silent distance from the group.)*

**KATIE:** Who?



**ICHABOD:** She just flitted in and out of view. Like a ghost. But that mere glimpse—why, she was beautiful.

*(The WOMEN exchange worried, anxious glances.)*

There she is! Just coming around that tree.

**IRIS:** It is Katrina.

**KATIE:** It would be Katrina.

**ICHABOD:** Katrina! What a lovely name! Katrina who?

**JOHNNY:** *(Finally breaking his silence)* Katrina Van Tassel. The most sought after woman in Sleepy Hollow. She just recently returned from Boston where she goes off to school every spring and summer. However, Mr. Crane, I would think twice about going after Katrina, if I were you. She and Brom Bones have recently entered into a very serious courtship.

**BETHANY:** Tarnation and Bedfeathers! Brom's been taken! And by Katrina Van Tassel, no less! I ain't got no chance no more! Oh, bless his muscular neck...

*(GUNEVERE and GERTRUDE take BETHANY aside, followed by KATIE.)*

**GUENEVERE:** You would have never had a chance with Brom, you savage.

**GERTRUDE:** Ya. He doesn't like rustics.

**KATIE:** *(Conspiratorially)* I say who needs Brom Bones, when there are now other such fine bachelors in town? Our game has begun anew, ladies.

*(All the WOMEN look to ICHABOD.)*

**BETHANY:** Bring out the meat. The hunt is on.

*(ICHABOD is oblivious to the women, still looking out the window.)*

**ICHABOD:** Katrina; a fitting name for such a woman.

*(Back to JOHNNY.)*

You say that she is spoken for, Mister...?

**JOHNNY:** Hudson. Johnny Hudson. I'm Alice's brother, you see. And, yes, I was just talking to Brom about it last night.

**ICHABOD:** *(Discouraged)* Well, my delicious delights, I thank you for your visits tonight, they have cheered me quite nicely, but I must ask for some privacy just now. I have had a sudden change of mood.

**KATIE:** But, Ichabod, there are other...

**ICHABOD:** Please, Miss Kidd.

**KATIE:** Certainly, Mr. Crane. Is it proper to call on you again?

**ICHABOD:** Yes, all of you are always welcome. I just need a few moments to gather my thoughts.

*(All the WOMEN exit, leaving ICHABOD and JOHNNY)*



Was there something else, Mr. Hudson?

**JOHNNY:** I find it strange, Mr. Crane, that a man can be surrounded by women who are hanging upon his every word, like bees to pollen, but then that same man looks out the window and suddenly abandons all of them for the sake of the one pretty face that is not available to him. Is it vanity or foolishness that is the cause, I wonder?

**ICHABOD:** Perhaps it is neither.

**JOHNNY:** Then what would cause a man to do such a thing?

**ICHABOD:** Tell me, sir, do you believe in love at first sight, or do you suppose that is just another unchristian superstition?

**JOHNNY:** Katrina Van Tassel is a fine woman, I will give you that. But I hardly would say that a stray glance is enough to cause any man a worthy kind of love.

**ICHABOD:** She was like an elf—a fairy—like Titania, with a legion of light surrounding her.

**JOHNNY:** She's a woman. Like any other woman.

**ICHABOD:** Not like any other woman! She had something different about her—something hidden like a treasure box guarded by spirits—I could tell by just looking at her.

**JOHNNY:** Ground yourself in reality, Mr. Crane.

**ICHABOD:** Reality! Love is my reality! Obviously you have never been in love before, sir.

**JOHNNY:** Love! You haven't even talked to the woman!

**ICHABOD:** What does talking have to do with it?

**JOHNNY:** Well, if that is love, then I don't want any part of it. Give me a woman of substance and earth, not this wisp of a dream you imagine for yourself. Not some fictional creature created out of a mere glance.

**ICHABOD:** There are serendipitous powers that communicate to our hearts, even at the first glance.

**JOHNNY:** You are talking like a fool.

**ICHABOD:** If you think me such a fool, sir, then why do you remain?

**JOHNNY:** Because there is one thing I would like to learn from you.

**ICHABOD:** And what is that?

**JOHNNY:** What is your secret?

**ICHABOD:** Secret?

**JOHNNY:** You saw how the women clamored over you.

**ICHABOD:** Yes?

**JOHNNY:** Is that a common occurrence for you?

**ICHABOD:** It's...

*(With a grin and a chuckle.)*

...quite common.

**JOHNNY:** And?

**ICHABOD:** And what?

**JOHNNY:** You know what I mean.

**ICHABOD:** No. I don't.

**JOHNNY:** Don't play with me, Ichabod!

**ICHABOD:** It is Ichabod now? Our familiarity has suddenly increased!

**JOHNNY:** I said don't play with me.

**ICHABOD:** Oh. I see. I think I know what you want.

**JOHNNY:** Finally!

**ICHABOD:** You want my...

**JOHNNY:** Yes?

**ICHABOD:** You want my secret.

**JOHNNY:** I already told you that!

**ICHABOD:** Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you.

**JOHNNY:** You're not going to tell me?

**ICHABOD:** Tell you what?

**JOHNNY:** Your secret.

**ICHABOD:** What secret?

**JOHNNY:** The secret.

**ICHABOD:** There is no secret.

**JOHNNY:** I said don't play with me, blast it!

**ICHABOD:** Watch your temper, Mr. Hudson, or I might never tell you my secret.

**JOHNNY:** Then you admit it!

**ICHABOD:** Admit what?

**JOHNNY:** That there is a secret!

**ICHABOD:** What secret?

**JOHNNY:** Your secret!

**ICHABOD:** Really, Mr. Hudson, we really must figure out what this secret is that we talking about. Explain this secret to me.

**JOHNNY:** You are a man who has a kind of gift with women that simply boggles my mind. It dumbfounds me.

**ICHABOD:** Well, with a manly physique like mine, who can wonder?

**JOHNNY:** Tell me you're joking.

**ICHABOD:** I'm joking. I understand that I may not be the pick of the litter, sir. I am honest in that. But, if I catch your drift, you are wondering how I have overcome this seeming obstacle?

**JOHNNY:** Yes, that is right!

**ICHABOD:** Come closer.

*(JOHNNY does so.)*

Even closer.

*(JOHNNY draws in even closer.)*

It's a secret.

**JOHNNY:** Ah, blast it all, Mr. Crane!

**ICHABOD:** A magician doesn't give away his spells, sir.

**JOHNNY:** Please, Mr. Crane. I'm desperate. I am a very lonely person.

**ICHABOD:** Well, I know what it is like to be lonely, Mr. Hudson.

*(Pause.)*

I use love charms.

**JOHNNY:** Oh, you're just telling another story.

**ICHABOD:** I swear to you, I am not.

**JOHNNY:** Love charms? You bewitch the women?

**ICHABOD:** I am a good Christian man, sir! I would never work in such devilry! Not bewitchment, let us say. I call it—encouragement.

**JOHNNY:** You might as well pray for a miracle, if you're thinking that way!

**ICHABOD:** I do that too.

**JOHNNY:** And it works?

**ICHABOD:** You've seen the results Johnny. What nonsense!

*(Beat.)*

May I borrow one?

*(Beat.)*

Only as an experiment, of course.

**ICHABOD:** Come here in the morning before my class starts and I will have one ready for you.

**JOHNNY:** Thank you, thank you, Mr. Crane!

*(THEY shake hands. Enter ALICE. )*

**ICHABOD:** Miss Hudson, you have returned. Come in.

**ALICE:** I am sorry to intrude, Mr. Crane. My parents are looking for Johnny.

**JOHNNY:** Oh no! I was supposed to clear the fields with Pa today! Excuse me, Mr. Crane.

*(Exit JOHNNY. ALICE is about to exit before ICHABOD stops her.)*

**ICHABOD:** Now, wait a minute, Alice. You said that your family were Hudsons, correct?

**ALICE:** That is correct.

**ICHABOD:** Your parents aren't Heber and Lydia Hudson by chance, are they?

**ALICE:** You know my parents?

**ICHABOD:** Why, I am an absent minded fool! Why didn't I make the connection before? Your parents are the best of people!

**ALICE:** Why, yes. Yes, they are.

**ICHABOD:** Then you were little Ally! And Johnny was the little baby they were always carting around. I am sure you don't remember me, you were so small then, but I used to do some odd jobs for your parents when I stayed here during the summers of my boyhood!

**ALICE:** You used to play with me by the stream. You would make me crowns of flowers for my hair. That was you?

**ICHABOD:** You do remember! Oh, Alice, you have the best of families! I remember going to your home and the kindness and warmth that I received there. I never forget those who give me that quality sort of kindness. It's a rare gift indeed.

**ALICE:** Well, I am pleased that someone still has a positive impression of my family, Mr. Crane.

**ICHABOD:** Anyone who intimately knows your family could not think otherwise.

**ALICE:** That is very kind of you, Mr. Crane.

**ICHABOD:** Tell your parents to come and visit me when they have the time.

**ALICE:** I will. They will appreciate that.

**ICHABOD:** And—and you are always welcome as well. Perhaps we can become friends again.

**ALICE:** I think I may like that. It has been a long time since I've had that kind of quality friend. Goodbye.

**ICHABOD:** Goodbye.

*(Exit ALICE. Dim to black.)*

### **SCENE THREE**

*BETHANY walks onto the stage, somewhat awkwardly, but then is encouraged by a gradual, sincerely fearful energy that comes over her.*

**BETHANY:** Ghost stories? No, I ain't got none of those. Although—although there is one thing. Well, you see my Pa he was given to drink some. He got down right drunk with the pigs sometimes! Well, he got so drunk one night that he stopped breathing! Or so we thought. Well, hogslop and haystacks, we figured he was dead! So we buried him.

Now you all should know that it is the custom round these parts to attach a small rope round a person's wrist which runs through the coffin and the dirt to a bell 'bove the grave—in case a person was buried alive by mistake, you see. The bells attached to a person's wrist, they're called Dead Ringers.

Sometimes a man breathes so shallowly because he was so drunk, or because he was so scared stiff, that everybody thinks he's as dead as iron. So Pa was buried like a forgotten well!

When we was at the funeral, and after his sermon, the preacher asked if there was anyone of the family who wanted to say any last parting words—when that bell goes a clanging! That preacher nearly had a heart attack and Ma went into hysterics!

We dug him up, but we were too late. He had been put into the ground the night before and—and by the time we got to him, he had run out of air. Pa had clawed at the roof and the marks were still there: gashes, scratches, and splinters made by a man in desperation. I shudder whenever I think of those gashes, scratches, and splinters.

*(Exit BETHANY.)*



*(The School House. ALICE is there alone. Enter KATIE with a picnic basket.)*

**ALICE:** Good morning, Miss Kidd.

**KATIE:** Alice Hudson, what are you doing here?

**ALICE:** My father sent me over to address Mister Crane about my little brother Uriah's progress in school. Something sure smells good in that basket, Katie

**KATIE:** Well, yes.

**ALICE:** Quite a courageous step, I dare say, but do you think that Mr. Crane likes forward women?

**KATIE:** I do not know what you could possibly mean.

**ALICE:** Don't you?

**KATIE:** No.

*(Enter the GERTRUDE and GUENEVERE, each with a picnic basket.)*

**ALICE:** Why, the sweet aromas continue!

**GUENEVERE:** Guten Morgen, Miss Hudson.

**GERTRUDE.** Ya. Guten Morgen.

**ALICE:** What is in the basket, Guenevere?

**GUENEVERE:** Zat is none of your—

**GERTRUDE:** Cakes and fruit.

**ALICE:** Cakes and fruit! Did you hear that, Miss Kidd? Cakes and fruit! Do you think your meat pies stand a chance?

**KATIE:** Alice, if I had a—

**ALICE:** Yes, yes, you are right. That would all depend on whether Mr. Ichabod's taste buds delight in the sweet or in the savory. I do assume that the cakes and fruit are for Mr. Crane, Gertrude?

**GERTRUDE.** Ya!

**GUENEVERE:** Gertrude!

**GERTRUDE:** Uh—nein! Nein, ze food is for—us.

**ALICE:** Yes, you are growing girls and all that.

*(Enter BETHANY with, yes, another picnic basket.)*

Oh my! A barrage of baskets! A plethora of picnics!

**KATIE:** Alice!

**ALICE:** What are you all going to do? Mr. Crane will have so many meals to choose from!

**BETHANY:** Why, hootin-tootin-rooney! You all got here early, didn't you?

**ALICE:** Early bird catches the worm, Beth—of course, you all seem to want to fatten up the worm before you peck his heart out!

*(Enter IRIS with yet another basket.)*

**IRIS:** Oh dear.

**ALICE:** Iris! Not you too!

**IRIS:** Well...

**ALICE:** Iris, at your age!

**IRIS:** Mr. Crane is nearly thirty, isn't he? That only makes me fifteen years his senior.

**ALICE:** Iris!

**IRIS:** I think that is close enough! You were all but babies, when he lived here before. I knew the boy and I want to know the man.

**ALICE:** Iris, I thought better of you. I thought better of all of you!

**KATIE:** Get off your tower, Miss Hudson! We don't need any of your sermons of repentance today.

**ALICE:** Perhaps we all need a little preaching to now and then.

**KATIE:** Our voice in the wilderness! Our bold prophet! Where is your hair shirt, Miss Alice? Well, I have a little more than locusts and wild honey to feed our Mr. Crane.

**ALICE:** Where is your self-dignity? To throw yourself on a man like that, as if you were all no more than mere merchandise for his perusal!

**BETHANY:** Well, thunderbolts and mud slides, all the good men in Sleepy Hollow are married off! Even the scrappy men are becoming scarcer and scarcer, and we ain't getting any prettier or younger. I'm almost 22!

**ALICE:** Now all of you, listen to me. I know that most of you don't like me. I accept that. But take a look at this, if you all go for Mr. Crane in such a flagrant manner, then that boosts his pride and he feels that he can have his pick of the litter. Be more discreet, show him that we are still women of propriety in Sleepy Hollow, and that he must earn our love.

**GUENEVERE:** She's right.

**GERTRUDE:** Ya!

**IRIS:** We must show that there is still dignity in our sex.

**BETHANY:** I may be rustic, but, by hoot, I'm still a lady!

*(They ALL look to KATIE. A searching pause.)*

**KATIE:** I don't like saying this, Alice Hudson, but for once you make some sort of sense. We deserve better!

**ALICE:** Good for you, Katie!

*(Enter ICHABOD: )*

**ICHABOD:** Good morning, my joyous fruits of Eden! What is all the noise about?

*(Eying the baskets hungrily.)*

Why, are those for me?

**KATIE:** Most certainly not, Mr. Crane!

*(The WOMEN, except ALICE, exit with their noses in the air.)*

**ICHABOD:** What was that about?

**ALICE:** Why, I haven't a clue.

*(ALICE takes out a picnic basket that she hid away.)*

Ready for our picnic, Ichabod?

**ICHABOD:** Most certainly, Alice.

#### **SCENE FOUR**

*ALICE stands aside for a moment as ICHABOD addresses the audience. He is a natural storyteller who thrives on the attention of others.*

**ICHABOD:** I have had many a man and many a woman tell me that I am superstitious. "Ichabod Crane, my boy," they say to me, "Get your head out of this kind of nonsense!" I nod and mutter and smile and say to them, "Perhaps you are right, perhaps you are right, I used to think so myself—until I became a learned man!" They would laugh at me—absolutely laugh—and cry out, "Why, you have a strange definition of that word, Mr. Crane." "I do, that I do," I would return. But then I would refer them to the works of Cotton Mather and others who recorded—historically!—the workings of the unseen world.

One such instance happened in 1679 at the house of a William Morse. They were haunted by an unseen demon. Now think of it, that is no wind gliding past your ear, that was something slightly more solid. Those whispers you hear are no breeze, but something slightly more audible.

You turn all about you, but find no perpetrator. But then this quiet voice, this invisible hand, knocks upon the floor, knocks upon the door, knocks upon the roof, knocks upon the chair, knock, knock, knock!

There is silence for a moment, but then solid objects begin to levitate. It throws wood, it throws stones, it throws bricks! You and your family duck, hide, evade, but you can't help but getting hit and grazed and bruised and cut.

This tormentor, this wild spirit of Hell, didn't just settle for the parents, but soon went for the child. The boy was lifted in the air and thrown, would have his bed clothes torn off of him, would have sharp objects stuck into his back! They nearly saved the boy from being thrown into the fire on a number of occasions. Finally they all heard the spirit's voice, clear as day, cry out, "Revenge! Sweet is revenge!"

After days and days of torment, they dropped to their knees as a family and called upon God to deliver them! At this there was a long, mournful note, uttering several times, "We knock no more. Alas— alas—



we knock no more.”

So, ladies and gentlemen, do not call me superstitious. I am a reader of books. I am a learned man! There are invisible forces in this world. There are spirits, angels and devils. Of that I am convinced.



*(Major Andre’s tree. ALICE takes ICHABOD by the arm. They sit at the base of the tree, setting up their picnic.)*

**ICHABOD:** This is an absolutely stunning view! Why, let it be recorded, I want to be buried at this spot! And, look, there is the bridge. I hear there are some spooky stories attached to that bridge.

*(ALICE looks away somberly at the mention of the bridge, while ICHABOD notes the food.)*

Oh, Miss Hudson, that all looks absolutely divine! My mouth waters like Niagara Falls!

**ALICE:** I am glad you approve. You may help yourself to it.

**ICHABOD:** *(Eating, not always politely:)* Oh, you are the cornucopia from heaven! What angelic bites and morsels! It has been my measured opinion that if a woman cannot offer good food to a man, she has nothing else worth having. But back to what I was saying before. It is safe to say that not every ghost story is to be believed, obviously, but I dare say that there is enough evidence given on the subject to convince any logical person that something is going on within the invisible world.

**ALICE:** Honestly, Mr. Crane, you talk as if it were some sort of science.

**ICHABOD:** All knowledge is a science, Miss Hudson! What seemed absurd to one generation is revealed as solid truth to the next. We should latch onto truth whatever its source.

**ALICE:** But there are mythologies, there are fantasies, there are legends. Some people like to create a yarn simply for the satisfaction of making the gullible believe it.

**ICHABOD:** No doubt, no doubt. But then there are those who are so cynical and mistrusting that they doubt the true evidence when it is displayed before them. They have missed the mark, you see! You are a Bible believing woman, am I not correct, my dear Miss Hudson?

**ALICE:** You know that I am.

**ICHABOD:** And you are familiar with its stories, passages?

**ALICE:** I am.

**ICHABOD:** Then you are familiar with the witch of Endor. Simon the Sorcerer. The demons of Legion. And we must not forget the fallen Son of the Morning himself, Ha-Satan, Lucifer, the Devil, tempting the very Son of God! Figures from biblical texts!

**ALICE:** Then let us say that you are right. As a theory. What difference does it make?

**ICHABOD:** Why, to arm us against supernatural evil!

**ALICE:** It's not the evil of the supernatural that I fear. No, demons and devils have no power over us, unless we give it to them. What I fear more than anything are the natural evils. The wicked streams that rise from the wells of mankind. The dark mind, the darker heart—we must keep our eye on the living threats.

**ICHABOD:** Very well put, but—

**ALICE:** Truly, Mr. Crane, I tire of the subject. Supernatural this, supernatural that! What about your inner world, Ichabod?

**ICHABOD:** My inner world?

**ALICE:** You do have one, I presume? Beyond the posturing?

**ICHABOD:** Alice, you see right through me, don't you?

**ALICE:** Then you admit it.

**ICHABOD:** Admit what?

**ALICE:** That there's something more to you than all this flattery and flirtation. For, if not, I will leave right now and let you carry home the food. I would prefer to die an old maid than seek after someone who is no deeper than a puddle.

**ICHABOD:** I—I really don't hold my emotions at the forefront of my life, Alice. They have hurt me too much in the past.

**ALICE:** How so? Tell me how you were hurt.

**ICHABOD:** When I lived here when I was young, I had quite the opposite effect on people then, you see. I was pushed into the stream, I had snow balls thrown at me, people would draw these garish caricatures and post them all over town. This act you see me put on—it has been my defense.

**ALICE:** But you are a child no longer. People won't treat you that way anymore.

**ICHABOD:** I beg to differ. Look at how the people of this town has treated your wonderful family. Kindness is not learned with age, especially towards those who can't help being slightly odd.

**ALICE:** Then forget them all, let them fade away. There are those few, even if they are a select few, who will recognize the true light within you.

**ICHABOD:** And to whom could I give such trust?

**ALICE:** You could trust me.

**ICHABOD:** I—Alice—

**ALICE:** You're drowning, Ichabod. I see this beautiful man rise above the waves for but a moment, only to be claimed by the dark waters once again. Give him a rope to save himself with. Let him survive.

**ICHABOD:** Alice—

*(Suddenly turns his attention to something in the distance)*

Could it be?

**ALICE:** *(Looking in the same direction)* What is it?

**ICHABOD:** A ghost.

**ALICE:** A ghost?

**ICHABOD:** My ghost. My beautiful enchantress. It is Katrina Van Tassel.

**ALICE:** Oh. Oh, yes, I see.

*(Hopeful.)*

But she is with Brom Bones! Here, here, Ichabod, have some sweet potatoes.

**ICHABOD:** Oh, she is a ghost. I can never get any more than a glimpse of her. I haven't even had the chance to talk to her yet.

**ALICE:** You're quite smitten with her, aren't you?

**ICHABOD:** Smitten, yes. Smite! Smite!

**ALICE:** *(Pause)* Who am I to stand in the way of our your happiness?

*(Calling down.)*

Miss Van Tassel! Mr. Bones! Come up here! Picnic with us!

**ICHABOD:** Oh, Alice, you are beautiful!

**ALICE:** Why, Ichabod, you are the first man who has ever told me that.

*(More to herself than to him.)*

Perhaps the last man to say so, as well.

**ICHABOD:** They're coming! They're coming! You're a true friend, Alice!

**ALICE:** It looks like you will commune with her spirit after all. But she is accompanied by a sentinel that I suggest you be wary of. You are being a bold man to try to cross Brom Bones.

**ICHABOD:** Why? What could be so frightening about...

*(Enter the lavishly beautiful KATRINA Van Tassel and the strong, towering BROM Bones.)*

...Brom Bones?

**KATRINA:** Why, Alice, how kind of you to invite us up with you! I thought it was your custom to eat up here alone.

**ALICE:** Let's say I'm taking a more social disposition.

**KATRINA:** And who is this with you? A beau?

**ICHABOD:** Oh, no, no, we're just good friends. Very good friends.

*(With one of his a gallant bows.)*

Crane is my name, Miss Van Tassel. Ichabod Crane.

**KATRINA:** Why, you have the advantage on me, Mr. Crane. You knew my name before I knew yours. And you are an apparent gentleman to boot.

**ICHABOD:** I am from Connecticut, you see!

**KATRINA:** I...

*(Confused at the reference)*

I see.

**ALICE:** Ichabod is the new school-master.

**KATRINA:** Oh! You replaced Emi—

*(Looks to BROM, concerned.)*

Of course!

*(Enter EMILY, haunting the background, slipping in and out of the shadows, watching jealously.)*

I have heard a great many things about you then.

**ICHABOD:** Have you?

**KATRINA:** The buzz around town is that you are quite the lady's gentleman.

**ICHABOD:** I will not put on the pretense of humility and disagree with you, Miss Van Tassel. However, there is only one enchantress which has truly caught my heart.

*(ICHABOD takes KATRINA's hand and kisses it.)*

**BROM:** My, my! You're a brave couple to picnic at Andre's Tree!

**ALICE:** Why, are you superstitious, Mr. Bones?

**BROM:** No such thing! Why, me and my boys have slept the whole night through on this very spot.

**ICHABOD:** Now I must know where I am!

**KATRINA:** There are ghosts that haunt this spot, Mr. Crane...

*(EMILY draws near.)*

...a notable one being Andre the British spy.

**ICHABOD:** Oh. Oh dear. Should we be here then?

**BROM:** I never heard a greater load of hog slop than the stories that circulate around Sleepy Hollow.

**KATRINA:** I'm surprised Alice didn't tell you, Mr. Crane.

**ALICE:** Oh, don't get him started again, Katrina. Our Mr. Crane, you see, is quite convinced of supernatural phenomena.

**KATRINA:** Well, he would be correct in believing so.

**ICHABOD:** Have I found a fellow supernatural scientist, Miss Van Tassel?

**KATRINA:** I am hardly a scientist, but I had some of my own experiences, to be certain. I may take the time to tell them to you someday, Mr. Crane.

**ICHABOD:** I would enjoy that very much indeed.

*(The two share a silent moment of recognition.)*

**BROM:** Yes, I'm sure we would all like to hear those stories, Katrina. That's nothing that you've shared with me.

**KATRINA:** Why would I, Brom? You would have made fun of me.

**BROM:** I wouldn't have!

**KATRINA:** Hmm?

**BROM:** Well, I won't now, at least. You are so temperamental. Emily was never like this.

**KATRINA:** Please, don't mention Emily—

**BROM:** It's the truth. She never abused me like you do.

**ICHABOD:** Who is Emily?

**ALICE:** It is a complicated story, Ichabod. Very complicated.

**KATRINA:** Emily is an old friend of ours, but she—she's not here anymore.

**BROM:** Emily was the schoolmaster here before you, Mr. Crane. I am afraid you are no improvement. She was a very special woman.

**KATRINA:** Honestly, a woman hardly feels safe with her feelings with a man like you, Brom. You should have been with this man lately, Alice, and you would know what I mean. He's been an absolute brute.

**BROM:** That's a lie!

**KATRINA:** Oh, Brom, you're as dense as an ox. I dare say, Alice, you would understand me when I say that being wooed by Brom is like receiving the affections of a bear! For instance, I made a slight joke this morning and he laughs like a mule and slaps me on the back—as if I were one of his boys!

**BROM:** You didn't complain then.

**KATRINA:** How could I? You knocked the wind out of me!

**BROM:** You women, always pretending to be so delicate.

**KATRINA:** And don't ask me, Alice, when the last time he brought gifts or flowers to me.

**BROM:** I'm not the sort of man who picks daisies! What would the boys think?

**KATRINA:** Perhaps if you weren't so busy posturing and showing off, then you may have paid more attention to the woman's heart you were trying to woo? Don't you suppose, Alice?

**ICHABOD:** Did he win that heart, Miss Van Tassel?

**BROM:** You stay out of this, Mr. Crane.

**ALICE:** I thought it was a fair question.

**KATRINA:** It is a fair question. And the answer is, Mr. Crane, that my heart is as unfettered as it has ever been.

**BROM:** What do you mean?

**KATRINA:** Why, Brom, you're growing slightly red.

**BROM:** But—but after what we—after what we shared together.

**KATRINA:** A woman's heart is a field, Brom. It needs constant care. One harvest is not enough to feed a man for a lifetime. So you have to pay more attention to the crops, if you wish to be fed again. Come on, Ichabod, let me tell you my ghost stories. I think that you will find them quite interesting.

*(KATRINA takes ICHABOD by the arm.)*

**ICHABOD:** I'm sure that I will.

*(Suddenly realizing his situation.)*

But, I'm here with Alice.

**ALICE:** No. No, don't worry about me, Ichabod. Brom and I will clean up and be right with you.

**BROM:** Wait a blasted minute!

**ICHABOD:** Are you sure, Alice? I would hate to...

**ALICE:** Truly, go on ahead. I am your friend, remember. Talk away about the supernatural sciences! We're right behind you.

**ICHABOD:** *(Sincerely)* Thank you, Alice. I always remember those who give me kindness.

*(Exit KATRINA and ICHABOD. ALICE starts cleaning up the picnic.)*

**ALICE:** It looks as if we've been abandoned, Brom.

**BROM:** I was not abandoned! She—she's just playing games with me. Trying to make me jealous.

**ALICE:** Is it working?

**BROM:** It sure is! I'm going to snap that broomstick of a man into two!

**ALICE:** Temper, temper, Brom. There are plenty of other beautiful women in town, you know.

**BROM:** No one is beautiful compared to Katrina! It's like comparing a mouse with a fine horse; there is no comparison! Plain, unadorned mice, you hear me?

**ALICE:** Mice, are we, sir? My, my, you know how to flatter the tender sex. No wonder Katrina is tad bit tired with you.

**BROM:** Don't start with me, woman.

**ALICE:** And how do you think you compare with Ichabod?

**BROM:** I'm a lion and he is nothing but a long eared, braying donkey!

**ALICE:** I think I've heard enough. Just consider this, Brom. He's the man with the women adoring and falling over him, while you are here alone on this hill with this plain, unadorned mouse. But I tell you, this mouse wouldn't sniff twice at the moldy cheese you offer.

**BROM:** Get away from me.

**ALICE:** Or perhaps you're the mouse and Ichabod is the wise serpent, ready to open his jaws wide and swallow up all your prospects.

**BROM:** I said get!

**ALICE:** Good afternoon, Mr. Bones.

*(Exit ALICE.)*

**BROM:** Nobody humiliates me, Ichabod. Your crane is cooked, sir.

*(BROM goes to leave, but EMILY draws near to him. BROM stops, sensing something.)*

Is it possible?

*(EMILY, yearning, tries to will BROM to see her.)*

I'm going as crazy as the rest of them.

*(Exit BROM. emily looks after him, but then exits.)*

## **SCENE FIVE**

*JOHNNY enters and looks out to the audience. He seems very hesitant to share his story, but then determines to do so.*

**JOHNNY:** My brothers, sisters, my parents—they're all considered by many in Sleepy Hollow to be spiritual show-offs. For their stories of dreams, tongues, prophecies, premonitions—they've brought numerous reactions: disbelief, envy, anger, even fear.

But I had no such stories to tell. For a long time, I thought it was because I was the unworthy sinner in the family, although I couldn't figure what sin I was committing. Then that confusing guilt turned into unbelief. My family were out of touch, I thought to myself. They were crazy. I would not believe it until I experienced it for myself. Well, this doubting Thomas got his sign all right, but it was no Messiah's hands that I touched.

I had argued with my mother one night and went to bed upset and angry. In the middle of the night, I woke up, paralyzed. I couldn't move, I couldn't speak, I couldn't breathe. Then at the foot of my bed I saw something. At first, I thought it was my mother, but then the form became twisted and frightening. Whitish, ghoulish, with a writhing, twisted movement as it seemed to transform and fade out of sight.



Yet I still couldn't move, couldn't breathe. My arms were plastered to my side. My throat closed, my tongue immobile. Only my eyes, my eyes could move. So I prayed in my heart.

Soon my dog came rushing into the room, his white fur like the light of an angel. He jumped up on my bed, staying perfectly still, as if he were protecting me. He stared right at the spot where the ghost had been—he was calm, but very wary. I don't know the connection between animals and spirits, but soon enough I could breathe and move again. The spirit was gone.

Now you may think me unwise to tell you this story, that I, too, am showing off. Well, I assure you, you need not envy my experience. But it did show me that there are things out there that we can't see, except for those rare moments when the sheet is rent from our eyes.

*(Exit JOHNNY. )*



*(The Sleepy Hollow Bridge. Enter SOLOMON Wagner, who has a solemn, somewhat frightening, appearance to him. He walks to the audience, as if he, too, were about to tell a story, but then thinks better of it. Instead, he silently and intensely looks out into the audience with a solemn stare. He remains there for a moment before he moves onto the Sleepy Hollow Bridge. SOLOMON leans against the bridge rail, looking at the water below. Enter ICHABOD, whistling cheerfully.)*

**ICHABOD:** Good morning, sir!

*(SOLOMON looks over at ICHABOD and then back into the water. Enter BROM and OLAF Swenson, a friend of Brom's. Both of them are unseen by ICHABOD. )*

I said good morning.

*(No response.)*

I am trying to be friendly. I am from Connecticut, you see, it is the natural course there.

*(No response.)*

Are you trying to be rude?

*(SOLOMON turns to ICHABOD and walks towards him, still never saying a word. He goes nose to nose with ICHABOD and stares at him intensely. ICHABOD increasingly frightened.)*

Why do you not speak to me?

*(BROM sneaks up behind ICHABOD.)*

**BROM:** Boo.

*(ichabod screams and falls. Upon recognizing brom, he stands resentfully.)*

**ICHABOD:** Hello, Brom.

**OLAF:** He's jumpier than a cricket darting a bull frog, ain't he, Brom?

**BROM:** Sure is, Olaf.



**ICHABOD:** Pardon me, my dear, uh, gentlemen...

*(Motioning to SOLOMON.)*

...this man here, I don't know what to make of him.

**OLAF:** He's a mute, you idiot.

**ICHABOD:** Oh. Oh! I am sincerely sorry, Mr. ...

**BROM:** His name is Solomon Wagner.

**ICHABOD:** Mr. Wagner.

*(ICHABOD offers his hand to shake. SOLOMON looks at the hand, looks back up at ICHABOD, then turns back to lean once again against the bridge. BROM and OLAF laugh.)*

**OLAF:** Why, I'll be jiggered.

**ICHABOD:** My, you're a rude one, even if you are a mute.

**BROM:** Solomon is one of my boys, Mr. Crane. And this here is my right hand man, Olaf Swenson.

**ICHABOD:** A pleasure, Mr. Swenson.

*(ICHABOD once again offers his hand, but instead OLAF spits into it.)*

**BROM:** You see, Ichabod, my boys, they're sometimes a bit stand-offish to those who they don't like.

**OLAF:** And I don't like you.

*(Wipes off his hand with a handkerchief.)*

**ICHABOD:** I see.

**BROM:** Now, I don't have anything against you, but I can't always account for my boys and what they do.

**ICHABOD:** Are you threatening me, Brom?

**BROM:** Of course not. But my boys might be. They're loyal to me and as they've seen you spending so much time with my lady lately...

**ICHABOD:** She's not your lady.

*(BROM grabs ICHABOD by the throat and pins him against one of the bridge posts.)*

**BROM:** My lady! Now you listen here, you overgrown grasshopper, I will not stand to be beat out of the love of my life by a skinny skeleton with clothes on his back.

**ICHABOD:** Let go!

**BROM:** And you will be a skeleton, Mr. Crane, if you are not careful. A skeleton decomposing in the earth!

*(BROM throws ICHABOD onto the floor of the bridge. ICHABOD rises, dusts off his clothes.)*

**ICHABOD:** Make your threats, Brom, I'm not frightened of you.

**BROM:** Then you're a fool.

**ICHABOD:** I'm afraid of many things, Brom Bones. There are supernatural things in this world which have great powers, noble or sinister as they may be. But you are not one of those things, Brom. Compared to such beings, you are an insect, as insignificant as a flea upon a dog's back. You're just flesh and blood, and not even very smart flesh and blood at that.

**OLAF:** Do you want me to make a pulp out of him, Brom? I'll make him pulp!

**BROM:** No. He can continue to stew in his self-confident mush. What have you to be proud of, Ichabod? You're a lanky, gawking, awkward, broom of a man. I could use you to sweep my house!

**ICHABOD:** Witty, Brom. I would bet that you have been thinking that up all week.

**BROM:** A goose! You're a goose who has stretched his neck to honk out and declare to the world that you are its king!

*(BROM starts honking like a goose and laughing. OLAF joins in as well.)*

**BROM and OLAF:** Hail King Goose Head! Hail King Goose Head! Hail King Goose Head!

**ICHABOD:** Well, gentlemen, if you have no more maturity than that, then I will leave children to play with children.

*(Exit ICHABOD.)*

**BROM and OLAF:** Hail King Goose Head! Hail King Goose Head! Hail King Goose Head!

*(SOLOMON looks over at BROM and OLAF, shakes his head and exits.)*

**BROM:** Apparently, Solomon doesn't find us as funny as he used to.

**OLAF:** I don't think he ever found us very funny. I don't think he ever found anything very funny.

**BROM:** And Mr. Crane doesn't find us very frightening

**OLAF:** Oh, I think we can make him frightened of us, Brom. I think we can do that quite nicely.

**BROM:** No, no, we won't need to. For we know what he is frightened of. He, my friend, is frightened of ghosts.

*(BROM and OLAF exit. Enter ALICE and JOHNNY.)*

**ALICE:** Oh, I swear I saw him here!

**JOHNNY:** Perhaps you're seeing ghosts now too.

*(Beat.)*

You're not telling me something, Alice.

**ALICE:** What do you mean?

**JOHNNY:** You have a secret. About Mr. Crane.

**ALICE:** What possible secret could I—

**JOHNNY:** You've fallen for him just like the rest of them, you poor sap.

**ALICE:** I—I—

**JOHNNY:** Deny it, if you can. You love him.

**ALICE:** Well—love is a strong word, Johnny.

**JOHNNY:** Of all people—of all people! How did he win your heart? I thought you were smarter than that?

**ALICE:** I know he's a bit awkward looking and perhaps a bit vain, not to mention superstitious, but...

**JOHNNY:** And how is it that no one falling in love with me! There are plenty of women in this town, but they always seem to flock towards the same man like mercury!

**ALICE:** Why, you're jealous of him.

**JOHNNY:** So what if I am, a little. Who wouldn't be? And I even have a love charm now, too!

**ALICE:** You have a what?

**JOHNNY:** It's how Ichabod makes women fall in love with him, he uses love charms.

**ALICE:** And so you are using them now, too?

**JOHNNY:** Well, yes.

*(A pause, then ALICE starts to laugh.)*

It's very serious, Alice!

**ALICE:** No, it really isn't. Ichabod can be a silly fool, can't he? You think that is why we've fallen for him? A love charm?

**JOHNNY:** What other logical explanation is there?

**ALICE:** Logical! You call that thing logical?

**JOHNNY:** Well, I always saw you with some preacher or devout farmer, not this bean pole!

**ALICE:** I've seen something in him, Johnny. It is buried very deep, he keeps it guarded like an angel in a prison.

**JOHNNY:** An angel in a prison?

**ALICE:** Yes. Like some magnificent creature who has been locked up by the world. He has tried to change for them, tried to put on fetters and chains so that, at last, he can fit in. He's even adopted vanity and even a bit of pretentiousness, perhaps. To adjust to his surroundings. But there are these moments, Johnny—

**JOHNNY:** Yes?

**ALICE:** There are these moments where I get this brilliant, bright glimpse. His white wings spread and I see the angel again! It fades as soon as it came but I—I saw. Like some sort of prophecy of the man he would become.

**JOHNNY:** Well, I haven't seen it.

**ALICE:** Underneath all the ridiculous play acting and self-conscious bravado is a very good man. He's a little misguided right now, but I believe his heart is true.

**JOHNNY:** But the love charms! How do you know you're not just under a spell? How do you know that you even have a choice in the matter?

**ALICE:** Because, of all the gifts God has given us, one of the most precious is choice. No charm, no demon, no spell, no witch can take that away from me. I care for Ichabod because I choose to care for Ichabod. It is a gift freely given.

*(Exit ALICE. JOHNNY thinks for a moment and then takes off the love charm that he was wearing under his shirt and throws it over the bridge. A plop in the water is heard. Exit JOHNNY.)*

## **SCENE SIX**

*IRIS enters, confidently addressing the audience, relishing the interaction.*

**IRIS:** Raven Rock is misnamed, I dare say. There aren't any more ravens in these parts, just a bunch of pesky crows. I was taking a walk one late afternoon many years ago when I was young and pretty—I was pretty once, whatever you may think of me now—and I reached Raven Rock.

Raven Rock is a dire, craggy, inhospitable place, attached to notable hauntings.

It was getting chilly, but I had just determined to move on when a dark form flew close to my ear! It shrieked and fluttered as it moved past my head and landed upon a large rock in front of me. It so startled me that I had to gather my wits before I realized it was a large, unblinking raven. Its eyes were like two shiny black gems, hollowing my soul with its stare.

I dared not move and stood there several minutes until the wind started a gentle howling in the distance. The sound came closer and closer and I realized that it was no wind, but the sound of a woman moaning.

I was hypnotized by the tragically aching voice for quite some time, as if entranced by a banshee's song. But then the woman's voice gave a high pitch scream and the raven flew right at me! It flew right through my stomach, out the other side! I clutched my stomach, thinking that the beast had killed me, but found no wound.

I turned to see if I could still see this phantom raven, and was startled to see a woman standing behind me, dressed in a cloak covered by black feathers. She told me to leave, there was a blizzard coming. Then the wind picked up again and she was gone.

I ran and ran, but as I did, I was startled to discover that there was an Indian woman running alongside me on one side and then, soon enough, a colonial dame on the other side. I looked side to side, side to

side, but they were no illusion. They were both intent, looking straight ahead, never even once glancing at me. I still don't know if they were protecting me or chasing me, but their unexpected appearance made me run all the faster.

It was April, but the snowstorm began at a blinding rate, just as the spirit had predicted. I made it home before the worst of it started. Never had I expected to be so relieved to see my poor, little abode. Yet as I started kindling the fireplace, and dressed out of my wet things, I felt a cold bite that shook me. I was soaked to the bone and chilled to the soul.

*(Exit IRIS.)*



*(The School House. ICHABOD is setting things up for the church choir when ALICE, KATIE, IRIS, GERTRUDE, GUENEVERE, and BETHANY all enter; music in hand.)*

**ICHABOD:** Welcome, welcome, ladies! Everyone take your places.

*(The WOMEN all take their places in choir formation.)*

Well, aren't we a lovely looking choir? Reverend Ver Planck will be very pleased. Except...

**KATIE:** What's wrong, Ichabod?

**ICHABOD:** We don't have any men.

**BETHANY:** You're all the man we need, Ichabod.

**IRIS:** Shush, Bethany.

**BETHANY:** Get your beak into your own business, you old bird.

**GUENEVERE:** Gertrude and I can sing ze tenor!

**GERTRUDE:** Ya! Ve're ze tenor!

**ICHABOD:** That will be very helpful, Guenevere, but that still leaves the question of the basses.

*(Enter JOHNNY.)*

**JOHNNY:** Sorry that I'm late everyone!

**ICHABOD:** What do you sing, Johnny?

**JOHNNY:** *(Higher pitched)* I—I'm not sure.

**ICHABOD:** You are singing bass. Take your place.

*(JOHNNY places himself right in midst of all the women.)*

**ALICE:** I didn't know you liked to sing, Johnny.

**JOHNNY:** Neither did I until I found that I be the only man in the choir.

*(With a broad grin to the women.)*

Good afternoon, ladies.

**ICHABOD:** Has anyone seen Miss Van Tassel? She told me that she would be here today.

**KATIE:** We will be sufficient without her. She sings like a toad anyway.

**ALICE:** Oh, stop your jealousy, Katie. We all know that she is the best voice in this town.

**ICHABOD:** Very well stated, Alice!

**IRIS:** Yes, whatever else can be said about Katrina, she still sings well.

**ICHABOD:** Well, I suppose we can start, at least. The song starts in unison on a middle C.

*(Plays a note on his pitch pipe.)*

Let us hear the first couple of bars.

*(They attempt to sing. They're terrible. ICHABOD cuts them off.)*

Well, if we have pure intent, perhaps God will forgive our voices.

*(Enter KATRINA with a basket.)*

Katrina! I am so glad you came!

**KATRINA:** Forgive my tardiness, Ichabod. Brom tried to stop me on the way here and we had some choice words with each other. The man is a complete brute, the king of goblins!

**ICHABOD:** That is what I like to hear. Now if you could stand between the altos and the sopranos, you are truly needed.

**KATRINA:** Oh, first, I brought you some pies.

*(KATRINA places the basket on Ichabod's desk. The WOMEN give her a jealous stare.)*

**ICHABOD:** The baker of my heart, the chef of my affections!

**KATRINA:** I thought that you might like them.

**KATIE:** Pardon me, but can you we get back to glorifying God and all that rot?

**ALICE:** Katie! Have some respect.

**KATIE:** I'm in earnest. I am no wailing Church goer, but I would rather sing with choirs of pristine angels and pluck uninteresting harps than watch Katrina work her charms.

**KATRINA:** Now why is it that you have never liked me, Miss Kidd?

**ALICE:** Don't you dare answer that, Katie.

**KATRINA:** No, I want to hear it. You all claim I am something apart, but it is all you who have set me apart. I have felt nothing but envy, malice and hatred from nearly every woman in this town. The Hudsons are the only ones who have ever shown me a shred of civility and kindness.

**BETHANY:** I don't think that is very hard to figure out why. How about you, girls?

**GUENEVERE:** You bevitched every man in zis town. You expect us to flock as friends to you? You are a vixen.

**GERTRUDE:** Ya. Vixen!

**ICHABOD:** Now, stop it, you babbling women!

*(ALL turn to Ichabod, shocked.)*

**KATIE:** Pardon?

**ICHABOD:** Katrina is a poor woman indeed to receive such abuse as this.

**KATIE:** Poor woman!

**ICHABOD:** Yes, I dare say it again, poor woman.

**KATIE:** Oh, yes, the Beauty's Burden! The Coquette's Crucifixion!

**ALICE:** Katie, please—

**ICHABOD:** I dare say that you, Miss Kidd, are the most jealous, most tempestuous, most self-absorbed harpy that I have ever met!

**ALICE:** Ichabod, be kind!

**ICHABOD:** What kindness has that woman ever shown anyone? What gentleness does she deserve when all she has dealt out is venom and horror to those who cross her? Miss Kidd, your behavior towards Miss Van Tassel is inexcusable.

**ALICE:** Ichabod, you're better than this—don't be cruel.

**ICHABOD:** Why, Miss Van Tassel is your better in every way. She is Kate the Greater, while you are Kate the lesser!

*(Exit KATIE, deeply hurt.)*

**ALICE:** Go talk to her, Johnny.

**JOHNNY:** But—

**ALICE:** She won't hear it from me, but she may from you. Have some charity, Johnny! She's been very hurt.

**JOHNNY:** Yes, of course. You're right.

*(Exit JOHNNY.)*

**ICHABOD:** Choir is dismissed.

*(Everyone stands about for a moment, unsure of what to do. ICHABOD tries to wave them away, which they misinterpret as conducting. They sing again, but ICHABOD cuts them off angrily.)*

I said choir is dismissed!

**IRIS:** Perhaps Connecticut doesn't create such fine gentlemen after all.



*(Exit ALL, except ICHABOD and KATRINA.)*

**KATRINA:** Here we are—the despised.

**ICHABOD:** I was a little harsh on Miss Kidd, wasn't I?

**KATRINA:** She's been a little harsh on me over the years.

**ICHABOD:** Perhaps I should apologize.

**KATRINA:** Let her go. Let her think things through. I can give some of my own sound and fury, if she persists.

**ICHABOD:** But—

**KATRINA:** Thank you for defending me, by the way.

**ICHABOD:** Well, it appears that I brought down the wrath of all the women of Sleepy Hollow upon my head in doing so.

**KATRINA:** Not all the women of Sleepy Hollow.

**ICHABOD:** If I have your approval, Katrina, then all the world could be against me and I wouldn't care.

**KATRINA:** You have my approval.

**ICHABOD:** But do I have your affections? Do you care for me, Katrina? Not merely as a friend, but—

*(ICHABOD is unable to finish his sentence, for KATRINA kisses him.)*

**KATRINA:** Must I do everything?

*(ICHABOD kisses KATRINA. Suddenly BROM and OLAF enter, dressed as ghosts. ICHABOD clings to KATRINA in fear.)*

**ICHABOD:** We are under attack by the dark abyss, Katrina!

**KATRINA:** Don't fret, my darling, it is a very natural occurrence. Brom, you've had your fun!

*(BROM and OLAF take off their costumes, laughing. Amidst this, SOLOMON glances at KATRINA subtly until he moves away to another corner of the room where he observes the happenings from there.)*

**BROM:** That was priceless! “We are under attack by the dark abyss, Katrina!”

*(Enter EMILY. she wanders the schoolroom, already deeply familiar with it, having been the former teacher here.)*

**KATRINA:** Very clever, Brom, I'm sure.

**BROM:** I must say, Katrina, you've chosen a brave, strapping man for yourself!

**KATRINA:** Manhood is measured by more than the muscles in one's neck, Brom. And also more than the pranks he can play.



**BROM:** You used to be amused by my pranks.

**KATRINA:** Careful, Brom, or I might play a few of my own.

*(KATRINA goes to ICHABOD and gives him another light kiss. BROM fumes at this.)*

**BROM:** Katrina! I will not be hoodwinked by a woman!

**KATRINA:** Hoodwinked? Are you sure that I am not sincere in my admiration and affections for Mr. Crane? Come to my house tomorrow, Ichabod. I would like you to meet my father. Until then, my lovely bird.

*(KATRINA kisses ICHABOD once more. Exit KATRINA.)*

**BROM:** She doesn't love you, you must know that.

**ICHABOD:** What, are you feigning concern for me now, sir?

**BROM:** She doesn't love you! She can't!

**ICHABOD:** I can see why you're upset, Brom. Of course the eagle will be upset when the goose is loved more than he. It is a strange thing, I admit. But this goose is now crowing like a rooster!

*(ICHABOD actually crows like a rooster.)*

**OLAF:** I can smash him, Brom. I can smash the arrogant bug right now.

**BROM:** No, Olaf. Ichabod Crane is raising the unseen powers. We'll let him hang himself in his own noose. Watch yourself, Mr. Crane. You would be very wise to watch yourself. Come on, boys.

*(SOLOMON walks up to ICHABOD, once again staring at him intensely, his motivation unclear. Exit SOLOMON. ICHABOD stops BROM and OLAF before they exit.)*

**ICHABOD:** Wait! Why—why is he a mute?

**OLAF:** Nobody rightly knows. He went through some terrifying experience, some assume. Others suppose he saw a ghost of some sort. Nobody knows where he's from, who his kin are. He came into town, got a job and started hanging around Brom and me. He hasn't been here long.

**ICHABOD:** Do you believe that, about him seeing a ghost?

**BROM:** No. No, I don't. Some of us have real life experiences enough to know that there are things that are more terrifying than ghosts. Much more terrifying. Beware those in your own town before you start looking to some idiot phantom fantasies. I would remember that, if I were you.

*(Exit BROM and OLAF. Enter ALICE.)*

**ALICE:** Ichabod—

**ICHABOD:** Alice, how long have you been there?

**ALICE:** I wanted to talk to you—I didn't mean to eavesdrop. But, Ichabod, I'm afraid for you.

**ICHABOD:** I didn't think anything frightened you, my dear friend.

**ALICE:** This did.

**ICHABOD:** This?

**ALICE:** I—oh dear.

**ICHABOD:** Go ahead, Alice.

**ALICE:** I had a dream. About you.

**ICHABOD:** Oh, don't let that frighten you. Women have dreams about me all the time.

**ALICE:** No, you don't understand. In this dream all I saw was blackness. But I heard sounds: horses and screaming and—and I heard your voice and—and another voice laughing. Then—then—

**ICHABOD:** Alice, you're trembling.

**ALICE:** And then I saw a burst of fire! And then a gravestone. Your gravestone.

**ICHABOD:** What?

*(EMILY walks over to ICHABOD, observing him, deeply interested, but her motivation unclear.)*

**ALICE:** I feel that I have to warn you of something—I don't know what—

*(EMILY draws uncomfortably closer to ICHABOD.)*

**ICHABOD:** Perhaps it was just a dream.

**ALICE:** When my dreams are as clear as this one was—they have the tendency of coming true.

**ICHABOD:** A spirit then? Is some specter going to kill me?

**ALICE:** Don't blame everything on ghosts and spirits! Evil too often has a common face! I'm afraid for you. This situation with Katrina and Brom—I believe that's what will lead to this.

**ICHABOD:** No, no, that's just your jealousy talking.

**ALICE:** Jealousy? Ichabod!

**ICHABOD:** You and nearly every young woman in this town. Why must you persecute Katrina? She's done no one any harm. I love Katrina and that is that.

**ALICE:** Just be careful. Please.

**ICHABOD:** I'm sorry, my friend, I think you'd better leave.

**ALICE:** *(Hurt)* Just think upon the dream. I hope that along with the ghouls and the goblins, you have a place in your heart for the warnings and the visions.

**ICHABOD:** "Perfect love casteth out all fear." That's the scripture, is it not, my dear scriptorian?

**ALICE:** Yes.

**ICHABOD:** Well, I have a perfect love for Katrina.

**ALICE:** Yes. Goodbye, Ichabod.

*(Exit ALICE.)*

**ICHABOD:** So then why am I still afraid?

*(ICHABOD is alone with EMILY. Dim to black out.)*

***END ACT ONE***

***31 pages left in ACT TWO and the AFTERWORD***