

# THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

By Mark Sharf

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# THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

*A Full Length Adapted Comedy*

**By Mark Scharf**

**SYNOPSIS:** This new, fresh and faithful adaptation of Washington Irving's original American ghost story follows the sometimes comic, sometimes sad, sometimes scary misadventures of the new schoolmaster Ichabod Crane as he tries to fit into the enchanted village of Sleepy Hollow and win the hand of the beautiful Katrina. To succeed, he must not only compete for Katrina's favor with the wild and handsome Brom Van Brunt but must also survive the chief spirit of a haunted land – the Headless Horseman.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(6-7 female, 6-9 males, 0-10 extras; doubling possible, gender flexible)*

WASHINGTON IRVING (m).....	Successful American author; folksy. <i>(9 lines)</i>
ABRAHAM "BROM" VAN BRUNT (m) ...	Sleepy Hollow's golden boy; handsome, strong, fearless; in love with Katrina Van Brunt and jealous of others. <i>(75 lines)</i>
SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1 (m).....	Issac, friend of Brom Van Brunt. <i>(9 lines)</i>
SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2 (m).....	Jacob, friend of Brom Van Brunt. <i>(12 lines)</i>
SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #3 (m).....	Frans, friend of Brom Van Brunt. <i>(8 lines)</i>
ICHABOD CRANE (m) .....	Awkward new schoolmaster; poor but ambitious and oblivious to how others see him. <i>(136 lines)</i>
KATRINA (f).....	Daughter of Balthus Van Tassel; beautiful and knows it. <i>(42 lines)</i>

- WOMEN OF SLEEPY HOLLOW (f) ..... THREE women the same age as the Sleepy Hollow Boys. As many others of different ages as desired. (1 line)
- BALTHUS VAN TASSELL (m) ..... Prosperous farmer, father of Katrina Van Tassel and husband of Mrs. Van Tassel; sensible and kind. (45 lines)
- DIRK VAN HOUTON (m) ..... No nonsense farmer; father of one of Ichabod's students and husband of Mrs. Van Houton; opinionated and accustomed to being "right". (35 lines)
- MRS. VAN TASSEL (f) ..... Pleasant wife of Balthus and mother of Katrina; close friend of Mrs. Van Houton and Mrs. Van Ripper. (8 lines)
- MRS. VAN HOUTON (f) ..... Exasperated but patient wife of Dirk; close friend of Mrs. Van Tassel and Mrs. Van Ripper. (7 lines)
- MRS. VAN RIPPER (f) ..... Pleasant wife of Mr. Van Ripper; close friend of Mrs. Van Tassel and Mrs. Van Houton. (3 lines)
- MR. VAN RIPPER (m) ..... Farmer and husband of Mrs. Van Ripper; friend of Balthus and Dirk; a believer in ghosts. (11 lines)
- MUSICIANS (m/f) ..... Fiddle Player, Banjo Player (if possible, also a Guitar Player and Bagpipe player); can play instruments or mime playing.
- EXTRAS (m/f) ..... 0-10; church choir, partygoers, dancers. (Non-Speaking)

**DURATION:** 75 minutes, \*if the cast performs a dance during the party scene, the duration will be longer.

**TIME:** 1820

### **SETTING**

Various locations: Washington Irving's study in New York City, a roadside wall in Sleepy Hollow, choir practice at the local church, the Van Tassel Farmhouse, stable and yard, a road and a bridge over a brook in Sleepy Hollow.

### **CASTING**

In addition to the speaking parts, the script calls for three Women of Sleepy Hollow to act as partners for the Sleepy Hollow Boys during the dance scene, and three musicians; these parts can be eliminated if desired (*see Doubling*). The musicians can be either gender and can also be played by the actors playing the Sleepy Hollow Boys.

In addition, as many extras as desired of either gender can be used as members of the Church Choir, as dancers/partygoers at the Van Tassel farm and during the final scenes of the play when Ichabod faces the Headless Horseman. Extras can also help create the sound effects called for in the script.

### **DOUBLING**

If desired, the lines for all three Sleepy Hollow Boys can be given to one actor and the other two Sleepy Hollow Boy speaking parts eliminated.

Mrs. Van Houton can also be eliminated and her lines can be delivered by the actress playing Mrs. Van Ripper.

In addition, Mr. Van Houton can be eliminated and his lines given to the actor playing Dirk Van Ripper.

## DIRECTOR'S NOTES

Congratulations! You've selected a fun, engaging script to direct that is full of opportunities to learn and be creative while at the same time, a script that's not full of problems to struggle with. The key to directing *Sleepy Hollow* is to remain flexible, keeping a sense of fun, and focusing on the story.

Don't be daunted by the large cast or feel confined by the genders assigned in the cast of characters. If you've ever held auditions you'll know that many times more women will show up than men. Cast to your advantage: many parts, such as the Sleepy Hollow Boys, can be played by either men or women. Also, if you want to include more people in your production, you can cast them as townspeople who participate in the church choir, attend the party, and surround the edges of the stage around Ichabod towards the end of the play when he encounters the Horseman.

Consider placing the Washington Irving character and his chair downstage right; this position is the most powerful place on stage. Two other powerful places to place your actors are downstage left and downstage center. If you have people onstage but don't want the audience to focus on them, place them upstage left.

Also, think about how you arrange people on your stage. Keep in mind that placing your actors in triangles in scenes with more than two characters creates a sense of dramatic tension and, generally. In addition, block your actors to move along diagonal lines across the stage. Diagonal movement grabs an audience's attention better than your actors moving in straight lines across the stage.

Don't be intimidated by the use of music or dancing in the script – don't be afraid to delegate and find a local dancer to create the choreography and a local musician/chorus-choir director to “direct” the cast's singing. If no one is available to help you, and these aren't areas you're comfortable with, keep them as simple and straightforward as possible. Remember that sound is very important to the play but that the needed sounds called for can be handled by recordings or created by the cast members using their voices – for example to create the moans.

Also keep in mind that in addition to the humor written into the lines, there are many opportunities to have fun with a scene and incorporate physical humor. For example, the Sleepy Hollow Boys can interact with slapstick and when Balthus shakes Ichabod's hand, he can squeeze too hard and not let go. Keep that sense of fun throughout the show.

And finally, remember that theatre happens in the minds of the audience. If you treat fake prop food or horses as real – or even just pretend they exist – the audience will see them as real in their minds on the stage!

Break a leg,

Sid Curl,

Director, Twin Beach Players production of THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

### PRODUCTION NOTES

The production can be as simple and Spartan or as elaborate as budget and artistic vision wish; at its heart, the play can be performed on an empty stage focusing on the characters leaving everything else to be created by the audience's imagination.

Sound is important for this play; the effects (a horse galloping, a heartbeat etc. -- see *Sound Effects* for details) can be created by the actors or people backstage or through the use of recordings.

The hymns called for are all in the public domain. If a choreographer is available, the party scene can include a dance sequence before Ichabod moves to cut in on Brom and dance with Katrina. The dance music can be either live or recorded.

Lighting can also be very simple or, if practical, can be used to establish the various scene locations and the mood.

The play also provides the opportunity to use additional “non-speaking” actors to play the people of Sleepy Hollow. These non-speaking actors can be members of the church choir, party-goers and dancers, and as spirits who witness Ichabod’s encounter with the Headless Horseman and provide atmospheric moaning with their voices as called for in the script. See the note on *Casting* for more detail.

Although this oft-told tale can be thought of as a ghost story, there is much humor in it (e.g. Ichabod’s terrible singing and Brom howling like a dog during choir practice). The heart of the play is the story of an outsider (Ichabod) clumsily trying and ultimately failing to fit in – a story and a feeling many have experienced or observed in their own life.

### INTERMISSION

The play is written to be performed without an intermission. However, should an intermission be desired, the script identifies a point during the dance scene when Ichabod begins his wild dance with Katrina; the actors can freeze in a tableau and an intermission can be inserted. If there is an intermission, the next act begins exactly where the scene ended in a tableau. That tableau then comes to life and Ichabod continues his wild dance with Katrina.)

### SOUND EFFECTS

Sound effects can be provided by recorded sounds or created by members of the cast.

- A horse slowly walking then galloping faster and faster
- A horse snorting, squealing and screaming
- A heart beat; the heart beat getting faster
- A woman wailing
- Dance music (if not played live)
- A church bell tolling twelve times

### SET PIECES

All locations can be suggested on an empty stage.

- Chair and table for WASHINGTON IRVING
- Chairs and table for the party/dance scene
- A low stonewall
- 

### PROPS

- Sheaf of Papers
- A Candle
- Brandy Decanter and Glass
- Large Bag or Satchel with an Over the Shoulder Strap
- Apple
- Book "*History Of New England Witchcraft*"
- A Hymnal
- Chalk
- 2 Shirts
- Pair of Stalkings
- Rusty Razor
- Brush
- Comb
- Broken Pitch Pipe
- Sword and Sheath
- Large Jack O' Latern
- 3 Pipe
- 3 Mug of Ale
- Multiple Small Lit Jack O Laterns (battery powered candles suggested)
- 1-2 Quilts
- Party Scene: props arranged on a table: decorations and flowers, platters and plates and glasses, mugs, and pitchers, cakes, pies, doughnuts, crullers, slides of ham and beef, plums, peaches, pears, teapot and cups (food should be fake).
- Musicians: Guitar, fiddle and bow, banjo, pipe or penny whistle, bagpipes if possible (instruments can be played to provide music for the party/dance scene or used to "fake" playing to recorded music)



## PRODUCTION HISTORY

The Twin Beach Players produced the world premiere of *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* in October, 2014 in North Beach, MD. The production was directed by Sid Curl and produced by Philomena Gorenflo and Vivian Petersen with set design by Sid Curl, lighting design by Regan Hall, movement by Sherry Dennison, costume design by Dawn Dennison, make-up design by Skip Smith with Wendy Cranford as makeup artist, sound design by Rick Thompson and an original music score and music direction by Robert Snider. The stage manager was Cheryl Thompson and the acting coach was Bess Wilkins. The cast was:

WASHINGTON IRVING.....	Kirk Kugel
ABRAHAM “BROM” VAN BRUNT.....	Ethan Croll
SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1 (ISSAC).....	Ariel Rastakhiz
SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2 (JACOB).....	Marissa Kelsh
SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #3 (FRANS).....	Jenny Liese
ICHABOD CRANE.....	Justyn Christofel
KATRINA VAN TASSEL.....	Brianna Bennett
BALTHUS VAN TASSEL.....	Tim Bintrim
DIRK VAN HOUTEN.....	Aiden Davis
MRS. VAN TASSEL.....	Angela Sunstone
MRS. VAN HOUTEN.....	Jennifer Tyler
MRS. VAN RIPPER.....	Bess Wilkins
MR. VAN RIPPER.....	Robert Snider
MUSICIAN (guitar).....	Anna McAuliff
MUSICIAN (fiddle).....	Jordana Nye
PEOPLE OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.....	Donna Bennett, Merle Blair, Angela Denny, Koral Kent, Jenny Liese, Olivia McClung, Carmen Mileo, Tabitha Petersen, Sara Rannacher, M.J. Rastakhiz, Ian Tyler

*A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer sky.*

**AT RISE:** *After the house lights fade to black, the sound of a horse's hooves beating against the earth is heard; the sound begins very softly but rises in volume so that the theatre is filled with the sound of a horse in full gallop. As the volume reaches its crescendo, the sound of a horse snorting, squealing and screaming reverberates throughout the theatre, then echoes into silence as the lights rise to reveal WASHINGTON IRVING seated in an overstuffed chair DSR. HE holds a sheaf of papers in his hands and stares out into the audience. There is a table next to him on which sits a candle, a glass and a decanter filled with brandy.*

**IRVING:** *(To the audience.)* I received these papers yesterday. They arrived with a note: "For Mr. Washington Irving, who will know what to do with them." They belonged to Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker. He was a friend of mine. Well, an acquaintance, really. We had "done business;" he was a collector of tales. He was most at home telling his stories 'round a fire or in a tavern. He lived here in New York all his life and his memory was like a bank vault. He first came to me a few years ago because I have some proven facility as a writer. You may have read or at least heard of my book, *A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty?* No? Well, it is built on a foundation of Mr. Knickerbocker's memories. The book took with the public and gave me celebrity, as an original work was something remarkable and uncommon in America. I believe in an American literature – sprung up and unfolding itself with wonderful energy and luxuriance and it deserves all fostering care: *American* stories... You know, I was named after George Washington. I even met him once – he blessed me at his inauguration in 1789. But that's another story. *(Examines the papers.)* I was sad to learn told Knickerbocker has passed on to his great reward. I am sure he tried his best to set the truth down in these pages. But I confess to you, I have my doubts – it is all too fantastic. A story of a ghost – or perhaps a demon – an evil spirit native to our soil. An American ghost story waiting to be cultivated and harvested and served to you with all the trimmings. It is intriguing. Perhaps I can make something of it. After all, who doesn't love a good ghost story?

The story takes place in a valley near a small market town called Tarrytown – so named by the farmer’s wives because their husbands always lingered about the village tavern on market days. This valley, populated by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, is known by the name of Sleepy Hollow. And the boys that live there are called “The Sleepy Hollow Boys” throughout the neighboring country.

*IRVING sits and watches as the lights rise CS on a low stonewall as ABRAHAM “BROM” VAN BRUNT enters followed by his gang, the SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS. They all laugh and engage in horseplay with each other.*

**BROM:** I’d pay good money to see the new schoolmaster’s face when he sees how we’ve made sure the schoolhouse is ready for him!

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1:** Maybe we should drop by to welcome him when he arrives and see.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** Oh, no...He might ask us to help him set things right.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #3:** Took us over an hour to turn everything upside down. I don’t want to waste another hour turning things right side up!

**BROM:** None of you fads could keep a straight face, anyway.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1:** It is funny! One of your better ideas, Brom.

**BROM:** I’ve never steered you boys wrong yet, have I? Someone has to do the thinking for you. I know how much you each enjoyed your time in the schoolhouse. Seemed like an opportunity to express our feelings.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** You don’t have any feelings, Brom. You’re made of iron.

**BROM:** I have feelings...

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #3:** For Katrina Van Tassel!

**BROM:** Well... I have hopes.

*They all whoop and holler and slap BROM on the back.*

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** (*Stands on the wall like a Parson facing his congregation, with great formality.*) Do you, Abraham Van Brunt, all-round raiser of hell, take the delightful, beautiful and most charming Katrina Van Tassel to be your wedded wife?

**BROM:** If she'll have me, boys. And I think she will.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #3:** Has she said anything?

**BROM:** Not in so many words. But I catch her meaning. I've been sparking her most every Sunday. We go riding together and talk of many things.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #3:** I only ask because I've heard you have a rival for her hand.

**BROM:** What have you heard?

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #3:** Just some idle talk. Probably not true.

**BROM:** Who is it? Tell me true – I play no games when it comes to Katrina.

*Beat.*

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #3:** Ichabod Crane.

*EVERYONE but BROM falls into laughter.*

**BROM:** Ichabod Crane? Who is Ichabod Crane?

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1:** Why the new schoolmaster!

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** And that must be the real reason we turned the schoolhouse topsy turvy!

**BROM:** It matters not. No schoolmaster will take Katrina's hand from mine.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1:** Have you not seen the gentleman?

**BROM:** I have not had the pleasure of meeting Ichabod Crane. What does he look like? What kind of name is "Ichabod" anyway?

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** One that suits him.

**BROM:** What do you mean?

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** "Ick" – "a" – "bod." Think about it: "Icky-Body." Ol' Icky-body Crane

**BROM:** I think I need to meet this Icky-Body Crane for myself.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1:** I'm glad to hear you say that, for here he comes down the road. And from the stamping of his feet, I'd say he's discovered our improvement to the schoolhouse.

*The BOYS arrange themselves along the stonewall; some sitting, some leaning against it and BROM standing on it. ICHABOD enters. He carries a large bag or satchel supported by a strap over his shoulder. Lost in thought, he stops short when he sees the SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS. Beat as they look at each other in silence.*

**ICHABOD:** Good afternoon, Gentlemen.

**BROM:** I'm afraid you're mistaken, sir. There are no "gentlemen" here.

**ICHABOD:** I beg your pardon?

**BROM:** (*Jumping down from the fence.*) As well you should.

**ICHABOD:** Excuse me – I don't believe I've had the pleasure of making your acquaintance.

**BROM:** But you know our younger brothers and sisters.

*Beat as ICHABOD ponders this.*

You are the new schoolmaster, are you not?

**ICHABOD:** Why, yes. Yes I am.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1:** My brother, Hendrik attends your school.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #3:** And my sister, Gertie...

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** You used a birch switch on my baby brother Franz just for asking a question.

**ICHABOD:** I didn't punish Franz for asking a question. I punished him to teach him respect and the consideration of others. I did my duty by his – by your – parents. He will remember it and one day thank me for it.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** Franz behaves like the little boy he is. You like feeling powerful in the only place anyone pays any attention to you – in that schoolhouse where you bully little children who cannot fight back. How about doing your duty with someone who can fight back?

*He advances on ICAHBOD who steps back.*

**ICHABOD:** Now, good sir...

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** You're about to find out how good I am—

*BROM intercepts SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2.*

**BROM:** Stop, Jacob! Can't you see you're scaring this poor man? (*To ICHABOD.*) We're pulling your leg, Schoolmaster. We've all spent our time in that schoolhouse long ago and have learned our lesson very well that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. Why, when we were young, we were more like young savages than the gentlemen you see before you today. Jacob here was worst of all. Isn't that right?

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** I had more than my share of switches and paddles. I'm not sure it did me any good.

**ICHABOD:** I cannot speak for your former teacher. I can only assure you that I have the best of intentions towards all of my students. Although, I cannot say that they all have the best of intentions towards me.

**BROM:** What do you mean?

**ICHABOD:** I'm afraid some of the boys decided to play a trick on me. Perhaps get back at me for wanting to run an orderly, well-kept schoolroom.

**BROM:** What has happened?

**ICHABOD:** Everything is upside down.

**BROM:** Upside down? What do you mean?

**ICHABOD:** It appears some of my students let themselves into the school and turned everything upside down – benches, desks, my desk and chair, books – it's all topsy turvey! Even the portrait of General Washington has been hung upside down! I don't know how they managed that. It hangs above the chalkboard.

**BROM:** Maybe they didn't.

*Beat as all stand in silence staring at BROM.*

**ICHABOD:** Oh, who else would it be? Surely no adult would play such a childish prank on me.

**BROM:** Not "Who"... "Who" is not the question. The question is: "what" did this?

*Beat as ICHABOD swallows hard.*

**ICHABOD:** I don't understand...

**BROM:** Surely you must know that this valley is bewitched.

**ICHABOD:** *(Swallowing hard again.)* Bewitched?

**BROM:** Someone must have said something to you...

*ICHABOD shakes his head "no."*

No? I can't believe that. It's common knowledge. Everyone who grew up in Sleepy Hollow knows this land is different. Isn't that right, boys?

*They all nod in agreement and say "yes" as they surround ICHABOD. BROM puts his arm around ICHABOD'S shoulders and draws him near.*

Surely you've been here long enough to feel, to know that a drowsy, dreamy influence hangs over this land. Some say it was bewitched by an old Indian Chief who was a prophet or wizard of his tribe who held his pow-wows here. Others will tell you that it was cursed by a high German doctor when it was first settled. Whatever the reason, Sleepy Hollow abounds with haunted spots.

**ICHABOD:** Haunted? You are speaking of ghosts?

**BROM:** Yes. And worse.

**ICHABOD:** What can be worse than a ghost?

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1:** Oh, don't tell him about...

**BROM:** He needs to know!

**ICHABOD:** About what?

**BROM:** *(To his SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS.)* He walks and rides through these woods and fields at twilight. Maybe even after dark... *(To ICHABOD.)* Do you ever find yourself out on our roads or crossing our fields after night has fallen?

**ICHABOD:** Sometimes. Sometimes choir practice runs late or sometimes I am invited to a nice meal at one good farmer's home and then must return to the farm where I am sleeping...

**BROM:** You see! He must know! For his own sake!

**ICHABOD:** Tell me what I must know. Please.

*They walk ICHABOD to the wall and sit him upon it, then gather close around him.*

**BROM:** All right. Since you asked. *(To his SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS.)*  
Who will tell him of the Horseman?

**ALL SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS:** You, Brom! /You tell him. /You tell it better than any of us.

**BROM:** All right. Although this valley has many enchanted, haunted spots, there is one dominant spirit who haunts the entire region and who seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air: and that is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head.

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #1:** The Horseman!

**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOY #2:** The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow!

**BROM:** It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper whose head was carried away by a cannon ball in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war. And he has been seen ever since hurrying along the gloom of night as if on the wings of the wind. And his haunts are not confined just to the valley – he is seen on all the adjacent roads and especially close to the church.

**ICHABOD:** Have you seen him?

**BROM:** Many have. My own father told me that this trooper's body, having been buried in the churchyard, rides forth nightly to the scene of the battle in search of his head. And the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

**ICHABOD:** So, he only rides at night?

**BROM:** Sometimes in the twilight before full darkness covers the land.

**ICHABOD:** I see. *(Beat as he looks off SL and then SR.)* I am not unfamiliar with the subject of the supernatural as I am a scholar of Cotton Mather's *History of New England Witchcraft*. *(Reaches into his satchel and pulls out a book, which he opens and refers to.)* Have any of you read it? These are tales that will curl your toes!

**BROM:** And you believe these stories of witches?

**ICHABOD:** I do. I do.



*The OTHERS exchange quick glances.*

It's right there in the bible: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." If it's in the bible, you know it is true. I have made a great study of witches and witchcraft. Did you know that one way to tell if a woman is a witch is to make them recite the Lord's Prayer? If they cannot do so without making a mistake you know that she's a witch!

**BROM:** You needn't worry yourself about witches here.

**ICHABOD:** Of course not. Although I must say that some of the young ladies of the valley are quite bewitching in their own way!

*Beat as none respond, he puts the book back into his satchel.*

I'm not saying they are actual witches, of course...

**BROM:** We do find our young ladies enchanting, but I'm sure they are all too rough and uneducated for a scholar like yourself.

**ICHABOD:** Well, one never knows. The path of love is sometimes surprising...

**BROM:** If I were you, sir, I would concern myself with my own business and my own safety for as long as you abide in Sleepy Hollow. These things I have spoken of are real – and now you have been fairly warned. Take care, Schoolmaster not to find yourself alone out after dark.

**ICHABOD:** As much as I can, good sir. As much as I can. I thank you all for your kindness and your concern. As the darkness is fast approaching now, I shall take your advice and hurry to my bed.

*ICHABOD exits to the laughter of the SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS. After ICHABOD is gone, the sound of WOMEN softly singing A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD is heard from offstage. Slowly, the WOMEN of SLEEPY HOLLOW, including KATRINA VAN TASSEL, enter singing and arrange themselves across the stage. The SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS join them, BROM standing next to KATRINA, and sing as well.*

**WOMEN OF SLEEPY HOLLOW:** *(Sing.)*

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD,  
A BULWARK NEVER FAILING;

OUR HELPER HE AMID THE FLOOD  
 OF MORTAL ILLS PREVAILING.  
 FOR STILL OUR ANCIENT FOE  
 DOTHS SEEK TO WORK US WOE;  
 HIS CRAFT AND POWER ARE GREAT,  
 AND ARMED WITH CRUEL HATE,  
 ON EARTH IS NOT HIS EQUAL.

*The lights rise on WASHINGTON IRVING, who rises and steps DS to address the audience as the WOMEN sing.*

**IRVING:** *(To the audience.)* In addition to his other vocations, our dear Ichabod was also the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young in psalmody.

*ICHABOD enters and stands before the arranged singers and directs their singing with great, sweeping gestures, which are greeted by the singers with knowing looks and surreptitious laughter.*

**MEN and WOMEN TOGETHER:** *(Sing softly.)*

DID WE IN OUR OWN STRENGTH CONFIDE,  
 OUR STRIVING WOULD BE LOSING;  
 WERE NOT THE RIGHT MAN ON OUR SIDE,  
 THE MAN OF GOD'S OWN CHOOSING.  
 YOU ASK WHO THAT MAY BE?  
 CHRIST JESUS, IT IS HE;  
 LORD SABAOOTH HIS NAME,  
 FROM AGE TO AGE THE SAME;  
 AND HE MUST WIN THE BATTLE.

**IRVING:** *(Over the singing.)* This job was of no little vanity for him, for on Sundays he loved to take his place in front of the church gallery with his band of chosen singers where, in his own mind anyway, he completely carried away the service from the Parson. And sometimes, his voice resounded far above the rest – and there were peculiar sounds heard in the church that could also be heard half a mile away. Sounds that descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane.

*IRVING returns to his seat as they ALL sing; ICHABOD'S singing enthusiastically louder than the rest and decidedly off-key.*

**ALL:** *(Sing full volume.)*

AND THROUGH THIS WORLD WITH DEVILS FILLED,  
SHOULD THREATEN TO UNDO US,  
WE WILL NOT FEAR, FOR GOD HAS WILLED  
HIS TRUTH TO TRIUMPH THROUGH US.

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS GRIM,  
WE TREMBLE NOT FOR HIM;  
HIS RAGE WE CAN ENDURE,  
FOR LO! HIS DOOM IS SURE;  
ONE LITTLE WORD SHALL FELL HIM.

*During the last line of the song, BROM howls the melody as if a hound dog. EVERYONE in the choir tries not to laugh.*

**ICHABOD:** What was that?

**BROM:** What was what?

**ICHABOD:** I thought I heard a dog howling. Howling as if it were in great pain!

**BROM:** Oh, I wouldn't worry, Sir. There are many hunting dogs in Sleepy Hollow. I'm sure someone is out in the valley on a hunt. Sounds carry very far here...

**ICHABOD:** I see. I see. Well, good people, I thought the song was quite wonderful! Just wonderful! I think this song is ready for Sunday!

**BROM:** Will you be singing with us?

*Beat as EVERYONE exchanges glances and tries not to laugh.*

**ICHABOD:** Oh, no, no. I just got carried away there. The conductor does not usually sing because he's too busy conducting!

**BROM:** I think we'll make more of an impression if you sing with us.

**KATRINA:** Brom!

**ICHABOD:** Well... if you really think so...

**KATRINA:** Oh, no, Mr. Crane...

**ICHABOD:** Please call me “Ichabod,” Miss Van Tassel.

**KATRINA:** We’re all so new to singing as a choir; I daresay we’ll require your full attention as a conductor to get the song right.

**ICHABOD:** Well, indeed... I certainly wouldn’t want anyone to feel that I’m not looking out for everyone.

**KATRINA:** Thank you, sir.

**BROM:** Yes, I’m sure the whole congregation will thank you, sir.

**ICHABOD:** It’s all in a day’s work. And a pleasure. Now, then. Would you all like to try one more before we say goodnight?

**BROM:** If I may be so bold, I think the ladies are tired now, sir.

**ICHABOD:** A good point, Mister.... Mister... Mister Abraham, isn’t it?

**BROM:** Abraham Van Brunt. We spoke earlier this afternoon.

**ICHABOD:** Yes, of course.

**BROM:** My friends call me “Brom.” So, you can call me Mr. Van Brunt.

**KATRINA:** Brom! That’s not very nice!

**BROM:** I was only joking with Mr. Crane.

*Beat. ICHABOD laughs loud and snorting.*

**ICHABOD:** Yes, a joke! And a good one at that, Mister Van Brunt! Well, it is getting late. Thank you, everyone. I’ll see you all again on Sunday when we will make sweet sounds!

*The group begins to disperse, exiting the stage in different directions leaving BROM and KATRINA standing together engrossed in each other’s smile while ICHABOD stares at her.*

Miss Van Tassel?

**KATRINA:** *(Not taking her eyes from BROM.)* Hmmmm?

**ICHABOD:** Miss Van Tassel??

**KATRINA:** *(Looks at ICHABOD.)* Yes, Mr. Crane?

**ICHABOD:** Brom...Abraham...Mr. Van Brunt is right. It is rather late. I was wondering if I may see you home?

**BROM:** Excuse me?

**ICHABOD:** Well, I feel it’s my responsibility to make sure Miss Van Tassel gets home safely as I’m the one who kept her here so late.

*Beat as BROM glares at ICHABOD who, oblivious to BROM, smiles at KATRINA. KATRINA looks at one man and then the other.*

**KATRINA:** That's...that is very kind of you to offer, Mr. Crane...

**ICHABOD:** Ichabod...

**BROM:** I'm walking Katrina – Miss Van Tassel -- home as I always do after choir practice.

**KATRINA:** Always? You haven't asked me to walk me home tonight. Don't you think you presume too much, Mr. Van Brunt?

**ICHABOD:** So, may I have the honor? It will help set my mind at ease to know you arrived home safely.

**BROM:** *(To KATRINA.)* Surely, you don't mean to let this, this schoolteacher walk with you...

**KATRINA:** *(To ICHABOD.)* That is very kind of you to offer, Mr. Crane, but I will be perfectly fine *by myself*. It's not so far and I'm sure I could find my way back home with my eyes closed.

**BROM:** Katrina!

**KATRINA:** Yes, Mr. Van Brunt?

*Beat as BROM begins to say something, but thinks better of it.*

**BROM:** Nothing.

**KATRINA:** Good evening, gentlemen. *(Turns to exit.)*

**BROM:** *(To KATRINA.)* I will see you on Saturday then.

**ICHABOD:** Saturday?

**KATRINA:** My family is holding a merry-making ... – A quilting frolic on Saturday night. Do you know what that is?

**ICHABOD:** A party?

**KATRINA:** Yes, a party! A very wonderful party! All of Sleepy Hollow will be there. There will be good food and drink and dancing...

**BROM:** Katrina...

**KATRINA:** *(To ICHABOD.)* Would you care to join us? I'm sure my father would be delighted if you came. You will know almost everyone there. It promises to be a most pleasant evening.

**ICHABOD:** I would be delighted!

**KATRINA:** Good. We look forward to seeing you then.

*She curtsies to them then exits. BROM glares at ICHABOD who stares after KATRINA.*

**ICHABOD:** She is truly, truly beautiful, don't you think?

**BROM:** I have always thought so. And I've known her all my life.

**ICHABOD:** I understand that her father is a very wealthy man.

**BROM:** He has more than some. Less than others.

**ICHABOD:** All in all, I'd say she is quite a catch. Wouldn't you agree?

**BROM:** That is obvious to anyone who sees her.

**ICHABOD:** Yes. I do believe you're right. How fortunate that she's invited me to this party on Saturday. How very fortunate. Will you be going?

*Beat.*

**BROM:** You can count on my being there.

**ICHABOD:** Good! I look forward to seeing you. *(Extends his hand to BROM.)* Well, I must be on my way. Good night, Mr. Van Brunt.

*Beat as BROM looks at ICHABOD's hand and considers. HE then grasps ICHABOD's hand and smiles at him.*

**BROM:** Good night. Be careful on your way to your bed. Keep an eye out. Remember what we discussed this afternoon.

**ICHABOD:** Oh, yes – ghosts and demons.

**BROM:** One demon in particular.

**ICHABOD:** The Headless Horseman? Yes, that is quite a good story.

**BROM:** Be sure you don't become part of it. Good night, sir.

*BROM exits leaving ICHABOD alone on stage. ICHABOD sits upon the stonewall. IRVING looks at ICHABOD then addresses the audience.*

**IRVING:** *(To the audience.)* I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me, they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certainly, this is not the case with Abraham-Brom-Van Brunt; and, from the moment Ichabod made his advances, a feud erupted between him and the schoolteacher of Sleepy Hollow. And Ichabod? Well, I doubt Ichabod noticed – or if he did, that he cared. Such is the power of love.

**ICHABOD:** Katrina, Katrina, Katrina!

*IRVING returns to his seat as ICHABOD reaches into his satchel and pulls out an apple, he studies the apple and speaks to it as if he were holding KARTRINA'S face.*

What a beautiful name for such a beautiful girl.

*He starts throwing the apple up into the air, timing his catches to match when he speaks. He stands and moves DSC as he throws and catches the apple, alternating the hands he uses to catch it.*

Katrina... Katrina... Ichabod... Ichabod... Katrina Van Tassel... Van Tassel... Van Tassel... Ichabod Crane... Crane... Crane... Ichabod Crane... Katrina Van Tassel... Katrina Crane... *(PAUSE as he stares at the apple in his hand.)* Katrina Crane!

*He takes a big bite out of the apple then exits as the sound of the SLEEPY HOLLOW CHOIR is heard singing ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL is heard from off stage.*

*The CHOIR MEMBERS, male and female, enter singing from various sides of the stage. They are dressed for the party and carrying the tables, chairs, prop food and drink and decorations for the party scene, which they set up as they sing. A table is placed CS with much food and drink displayed upon it.*

**ALL:** *(Sing.)*

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL,  
ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL,  
ALL THINGS WISE AND WONDERFUL:  
THE LORD MADE THEM ALL.

EACH LITTLE FLOWER THAT OPENS,  
EACH LITTLE BIRD THAT SINGS  
GOD MADE THEIR GLORIOUS WING COLORS  
AND MADE THEIR TINY WINGS

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL,  
ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL,  
ALL THINGS WISE AND WONDERFUL:  
THE LORD MADE THEM ALL.

THE PURPLE HEADED MOUNTAINS,  
THE RIVER RUNNING BY,  
THE SUNSET AND THE MORNING  
THAT BRIGHTENS UP THE SKY.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL,  
ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL,  
ALL THINGS WISE AND WONDERFUL:  
THE LORD MADE THEM ALL.



*If more time is needed to set the stage, the CHOIR MEMBERS can hum the melody until all is in place. Once the stage has been set, ALL break up into groups who gather across the stage: older men sit in chairs smoking their pipes, fathers stand in groups talking and drinking, wives stand in groups talking and/or examining quilts and younger people including BROM and KATRINA gather around the center table covered with food and drink. The audience's view of KATRINA is soon obscured by the YOUNG MEN, including BROM, who surround her. IRVING steps DS to address the audience as ICHABOD enters and stands DS of the party as the lights dim on the party and rise on him. ICHABOD brushes his hair and clothes with a brush from his satchel.*

**IRVING:** *(To the audience.)* Ichabod spent at least an extra half an hour brushing and furbishing up his best, for the party, which was only a suit of rusty black, and arranged his looks by a bit of broken looking glass. So, that he might make his appearance before Katrina in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse named "Gunpowder" from the farmer Hans Van Dorn.

*ICHABOD puts the brush back in his satchel and puts the satchel's strap around his neck. He then brings his hands up to his armpits and creates a riding arm motion as it is mentioned and the sound of a horse slowly walking is heard. If desired, ICHABOD can "ride" a "horse head on stick toy"*

In truth, the animal was a broken-down plough-horse. He was gaunt and his mane and tail were knotted and tangled with burrs. But Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle and his elbows stuck out like grasshoppers and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. And so, on a fine, autumn day, Ichabod set forth to win his Ladylove.

*ICHABOD "rides" as the sound of horse's hooves are heard; perhaps there are projections or silhouettes of trees and pastures and farmhouses seen on flats.*

Is it not to be wondered that so tempting a morsel as Katrina Van Tassel found favor before his eyes? Especially after he arrived at her father's farm.

*ICHABOD stops, gets "off his horse and looks out over the audience.*

The Van Tassel farm was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. Ichabod rolled his eyes over the fat meadowlands, the rich fields of buckwheat and Indian corn and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit. The farmhouse was spacious with high-ridged, but lowly sloping roofs built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers.

*The lights rise on the party as ICHABOD enters. He stands alone and searches the room with his eyes for KATRINA.*

When he entered the Van Tassel farmhouse the conquest of his heart was complete.

*The group around KATRINA steps back so that she can be seen. When ICHABOD sees her, he takes a deep breath, touches his chest where his heart lies, and stares at her.*

He yearned after the damsel. He imagined the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of their children mounted on top of a wagon as they set out for Kentucky, Tennessee or Lord knows where. And now he had the perfect opportunity to tell her about his dreams for them both. How could any woman resist?

*IRVING returns to his seat as ICHABOD crosses towards KATRINA, but is quickly stopped by BALTHUS VAN TASSEL.*

**BALTHUS:** Well, well. You must be our new school and choir master!

*He offers ICHABOD his hand and ICHABOD takes it.*

**ICHABOD:** Yes, indeed...

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