

## THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

In the quiet village of Sleepy Hollow, the locals have a peculiar obsession: ghosts. Most terrible of all, they say, is the Headless Horseman, a Hessian trooper who rises from the grave each night in search of his head.

Enter Ichabod Crane, an ambitious new schoolmaster who dreams of capturing the heart of the beautiful and wealthy Katrina van Tassel. But when the handsome prankster Brom Bones discovers Ichabod's fear of the supernatural, the schoolmaster's carefully laid plans are put to the test.

by Andrew Biliter (Author), Washington Irving (Author)

Cast of Characters:

### The Outsiders:

Geoffrey Crayon, gentleman narrator  
Ichabod Crane, an itinerant schoolteacher

### The Students:

Lars Leuwenhoek  
Pieter Leuwenhoek  
Anki Rotmensen  
Daphne Danker  
Margaret Van Huff  
Diedrich Knickerbocker, the chronicler  
Amelia Van Ripper

### The Young Folks:

Katrina Van Tassel, the belle of the village  
Grishilda and Anne, her best friends  
Brom Bones, a handsome young tough  
Kermit and Bruce, his adoring gang  
Tessa and Ambrosia, the village gossips  
Rupert, a messenger boy

### The Adults:

Mrs. Moribund, a widow  
Parson Brouwer, the minister  
Hans Van Ripper, a farmer  
Sally Van Ripper, his wife  
Baltus Van Tassel, a rich farmer  
Edith Van Tassel, his wife

### Audition Scene 1: Ichabod and student.

*First day of school, Ichabod is making his presence and his style of teaching known*

**ICHABOD:** Splendid. My name is Ichabod Crane. You may call me Master Crane or sir. I hail from the state of Connecticut, and for the duration of this year two years if you are lucky, I shall be your pedagogue. Does anyone here know the meaning of the word pedagogue? (*silence*) Then a demonstration is in order. (*He walks over to a student who has been playing with a paper folded bird, and swipes it*) Pieter, is it?

**STUDENT:** Yes, sir.

**ICHABOD:** Did you make this, Pieter?

**STUDENT:** *(hesitantly)* Yes, sir.

**ICHABOD:** Tell the whole class what you've made.

**STUDENT:** It's a paper bird.

**ICHABOD:** Wrong. This... is vice. And this *(he holds up a schoolbook primer)* is what?

**STUDENT:** A primer!

**ICHABOD:** Wrong because you didn't raise your hand and you didn't call me sir.

*(student raises their hand)*

**ICHABOD:** Yes?

**STUDENT:** It's our school primer, sir.

**ICHABOD:** Still wrong. For this is more than a primer. This book is virtue itself. *(holding the bird)* Vice. *(holding the primer)* Virtue. *(holding the bird)* The sinful work of idle hands. *(holding the primer)* The pious wisdom of our forefathers. A pedagogue's task is to teach you backwater urchins which is which. Are you getting all this, Pieter?

**STUDENT:** Yes, sir. Toys bad, books good.

**ICHABOD:** Precisely. By the end of our time together, you will have committed this book to memory; you will know your sums backwards and forwards; and, if you are lucky, you will learn astounding facts that only a worldly pedagogue can impart. For instance, did you know that this Earth upon which we live is round, rounder than this apple?

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## **Audition Scene 2: Ichabod and Amelia.**

*A creepy student tells the tale of the headless horseman to a clearly shaken Ichabod.*

**ICHABOD:** Now that's enough, children, that's quite enough.

**AMELIA:** But sir, we haven't even told you about the most terrible ghost of all...

**ICHABOD:** And you're not going to! You may swap your disgusting local legends after class, but right now -

**AMELIA:** The Headless Horseman!

**ICHABOD:** Amelia! - did you say he-he-headless?

**AMELIA:** The Headless Horseman...

**ICHABOD:** Briefly, just the summary.

**AMELIA:** ... is the dominant spirit that haunts this enchanted region. In life he was a Hessian trooper...

**ICHABOD:** Hessian, that's a German mercenary, children -

**AMELIA:** ... hired by the Redcoats to do deeds even they would not dare. He claimed the lives of many patriots, but it was here in our valley that he met his end - his head carried away by a cannonball in some nameless battle. The body was buried here in the churchyard. But the head was never found. And every night, the spirit rises from his grave, horse and all, and returns to the scene of the battle in quest of the head.

**ICHABOD:** *(clearly shaken)* Nonsense. How can a creature think to look for his head if he has no head? I ask you!

**AMELIA:** Indeed, Master Crane. How does he see us without eyes? How does he laugh without a mouth? And how, without ears, does he follow the crunching sound of leaves beneath our feet?

*(As Amelia speaks, the lights dim and a crack opens in the wall of the classroom, emitting an eerie light. Terrified, Ichabod falls to his knees and begs)*

**ICHABOD:** Make it stop! Make it go away!

*(The wall closes and the lights return to normal)*

**AMELIA:** Make what go away, Master Crane?

**ICHABOD:** Oh, don't play coy with me, you demon conjurer! The thing with the wall.

**AMELIA:** Sir?

**ICHABOD:** Did no one else see that? It opened and there was a... a...

**AMELIA:** A what sir?

**ICHABOD:** *(realizing how crazy he looks)* A fly! Shoo, shoo! I can't abide flies in my classroom. Unsanitary.

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**Audition Scene 3: Ichabod and Mrs. Moribund.**

*Mrs. Moribund is a widow whom Ichabod shall be staying with while he teaches in the valley*

**MRS. MORIBUND:** Well, Mr. Crane, shall we retire to your lodgings?

**ICHABOD:** If you don't mind, Mrs. Moribund, I should rather like to view the town first.

**MRS. MORIBUND:** Of course! It's on the way.

**ICHABOD:** Excellent. So far all I've seen is the parson's barn and this old schoolhouse, which, to put it bluntly...

**MRS. MORIBUND:** *(beaming)* Hasn't changed a bit since my husband built it!

**ICHABOD:** ... is the finest edifice I've ever clapped eyes on!

**MRS. MORIBUND:** Roger will be so flattered to hear you say that! Let me give you the tour. Here we are in the main room.

**ICHABOD:** Oh, is there another room?

**MRS. MORIBUND:** No, just the one. Oh, it will be nice to have a young man around the house. Especially one so tall. I'll be able to reach the high shelves again.

**ICHABOD:** Your architect husband is not tall, I take it?

**MRS. MORIBUND:** Oh no, Roger was quite tall. In life.

**ICHABOD:** But I thought that he... do you mean to say he's... passed on?

**MRS. MORIBUND:** Ten years ago this November... but you'd never know it the way he rattles around the house. Come along, Mr. Crane. Roger gets peevish when there's no one to haunt.

**ICHABOD:** Haunt?

**MRS. MORIBUND:** My word, yes. Slamming doors, thumping around the attic. And when it's not the thumping it's the rasping. But you'll get used to it, Mr. Crane. I just stuff my ears with cotton wool before I go to bed.

**ICHABOD:** Yes, about that, Mrs. Moribund. I am truly sorry for the loss of your husband, but I must tell you that I don't believe in them.

**MRS. MORIBUND:** Them, Mr. Crane?

**ICHABOD:** You know, g-g-g-g...

**MRS. MORIBUND:** Sorry?

**ICHABOD:** I don't believe in g-g-gho-poltergeists.

**MRS. MORIBUND:** (*sympathetic*) Of course you don't, dear. But don't let Roger hear you say that, or you may hurt his feelings.

**ICHABOD:** That's just what I mean. Forgive me, Mrs. Moribund, but I don't think I will be able to cohabit with a spirit in whom I don't believe.

**MRS. MORIBUND:** I suppose it is a bit much to ask of a guest.

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#### **Audition Scene 4: Bruce, Katrina and Brom.**

*Brom offers Katrina a present.*

**KATRINA:** Bruce. What are you boys over there chuckling about?

**BRUCE:** Nothin'.

**KATRINA:** You know you're not supposed to be shooting on this side of the brook. You could hurt someone.

**BRUCE:** But we weren't shootin'! We were just out funnin'.

**KATRINA:** (*mocking*) Funnin? Can you spell that?

**BROM BONES:** Now, don't tell me Katrina Van Tassel has never gone funnin'! What about last week, when Daredevil and I took you out for a late night ride? You didn't seem to mind that.

**KATRINA:** Well, I hope YOU enjoyed yourself. I'm never riding that beast of a horse again. You go so fast I almost fell off. Not that you noticed.

**BROM BONES:** Just hold on a little tighter next time and you'll be fine.

**KATRINA:** (*pushing him away*) Shame on you!

**BROM BONES:** You want to see ol' Daredevil go real fast, you should see us race a ghost.

**BRUCE:** Hey Brom, tell about the ghost you saw this morning.

**BROM BONES:** Let me tell you about the ghost I saw this morning. This one's new, a stranger to the hollow. Today's the first I've ever laid eyes on him. And I hope it was the last.

**KATRINA:** What did he look like?

**BROM BONES:** Imagine a scarecrow that can walk and talk. No kiddin'! And there were bits of straw stickin' out of his clothes.

**KATRINA:** And how did you know for sure it wasn't a man?

**BROM BONES:** You wouldn't be asking that if you'd seen his pale, pale face.

**BRUCE:** How pale was he, Brom?

**BROM BONES:** He was so pale that in a snowfall, all you'd see is his hat. Turned out it was the new schoolmaster. He just wanted directions to the schoolhouse! Funny lookin' fella, though.

**BRUCE:** Good one, Brom!

**BROM BONES:** Not even a smile from fair Katrina?

**KATRINA:** What's one smile to you when you've got so many admirers?

**BROM BONES:** Here's something to cheer you up. I got you a present.

**KATRINA:** You did? Brom that's so sweet of you! This is the sort of thoughtful thing I wish you would do more oft....  
*(deadpan)* It's a dead squirrel, isn't it?

**BROM BONES:** Maybe.

**KATRINA:** You're giving me your latest KILL?

**BRUCE:** Yeah, but you should have seen the way he shot it!

**KATRINA:** *(furious)* Brom! Are you ever going to grow up?

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#### **Audition Scene 5: Ichabod and Katrina.**

*They meet for the first time.*

*(Ichabod sees Katrina picking up items she has dropped in the road)*

**ICHABOD:** May I assist you, miss?

**KATRINA:** Thank you. *(She looks up and realizes who it is)* Oh! You must be...

**ICHABOD:** The new pedagogue.

**KATRINA:** The scarecrow! *(pause)* Forgive me, I-

**ICHABOD:** Not at all, dear lady. You are the second person to apply that moniker to me today. I must assume "skaercrou" means "teacher" in Dutch.

**KATRINA:** Oh yes. It is our... local custom!

**ICHABOD:** How charmingly quaint. Ichabod Crane. *(He sweeps into a gallant, somewhat ridiculous bow)*

**KATRINA:** *(bowing slightly)* Katrina Van Tassel. Thank you for your help, Mr. Crane.

**ICHABOD:** The pleasure is entirely mine.

**KATRINA:** It's nice to meet someone gentleman-like for a change.

**ICHABOD:** You honor me with your praise, Miss Van Tassel. *(offering her the book he picked up)* Your hymnal, I presume?

**KATRINA:** Oh that worn old thing! Yes, I tend to carry it about with me, so it looks a fright.

**ICHABOD:** A well-loved hymnal is nothing to be ashamed of. *(pulling out his own dog-eared hymnal)* See? Mine looks just the same.

**KATRINA:** You sing? I love to sing, but we've no one to teach us here in town. Parson Brouwer once tried to start a choir, but he's a little... *(lowering her voice)* tone deaf.

**ICHABOD:** Well, it's funny you should mention it, Miss Van Tassel, because I happen to be a rather accomplished singing instructor myself And I'd be happy to give you weekly lessons at no charge.

**KATRINA:** How delightful! *(To the nearby women)* Did you hear that, everyone? Mr. Crane is going to give us singing lessons!

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**Audition Scene 6: Ichabod and Hans Van Ripper.**

*Hans gets to know his new house guest.*

**HANS:** I take it you enjoyed your supper, Mr. Crane?

**ICHABOD:** Every morsel of it. The pigeon pie was succulent, the goose liver exquisite, and as for the buckwheat cakes with baked apple topping, I am still searching for a worthy descriptor.

**HANS:** *(to his wife)* He ate six of them, but he's still not sure what they taste like.

**ICHABOD:** Forgive me if I appeared a glutton. I am told that in spite of my lank frame, I possess the appetite of an anaconda.

**HANS:** If you're going to eat like that, I'll have to put you to work.

**ICHABOD:** Well, in my capacity as a pedagogue, I -

**HANS:** I mean real work. Do you know how to milk a cow, Mr. Crane?

**ICHABOD:** I'm familiar with the general principle -

**HANS:** Good. I also need someone to drive the cows from the pasture.

**ICHABOD:** Well, you see -

**HANS:** And take the horses to the brook to water every morning at dawn. Do you know how to hitch up a plow, Mr. Crane?

**ICHABOD:** The thing is -

**HANS:** Oh and the chicken coop needs mending.

**ICHABOD:** I wonder - would it be possible to find some... alternate means of serving the Van Ripper household?

*(Ichabod backs up and upsets the cradle, where a no-longer sleeping baby starts screaming)*

**HANS:** You know what, Mr. Crane? I don't think this arrangement is going to work.

**ICHABOD:** Wait, no, I can fix this! May I? *(Ichabod picks up the baby, coos to it and it calms down and falls back to sleep)*

**HANS:** Very impressive, Mr. Crane. Ay. I think we've found a task that suits your talents.

**ICHABOD:** Oh yes, sir! I can do this for hours!

**HANS:** Perfect. We'll go to bed then. Just remember to stoke the fire. And when you turn in, don't forget to hang this bulb of garlic by the door. Otherwise goblins will come in during the night and snatch the babies from their cradles. Sleep tight!

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**Audition Scene 7: Ichabod and Brom.**

*Brom scares Ichabod in the schoolhouse late at night.*

**ICHABOD:** Hello? (*Ichabod sees the schoolroom is a mess*) What in the world? (*A spectral figure swings down from the ceiling*) Agh! Who's that? Who goes there?

**(A Booming voice is heard - it is Brom)**

**BROM BONES:** ICHABOD CRANE.

**ICHABOD:** Yes?

**BROM BONES:** WHY ARE YOU LATE?

**ICHABOD:** I - I'm late?

**BROM BONES:** YOU ARE LATE FOR MY CLASS, ICHABOD CRANE.

**ICHABOD:** Your class? Now, just a minute. I am the teacher here.

**BROM BONES:** IMPOSTER! I WAS HAUNTING THIS SPOT WHEN YOU WERE JUST A NIPPER.

**ICHABOD:** N-n-nonsense. You're a nightmare. I'm sleeping in my bed right now.

**BROM BONES:** I AM NO NIGHTMARE, ICHABOD CRANE! I AM THE GHOST OF BOOK LEARNIN'.

**ICHABOD:** No!

**BROM BONES:** I AM EVERY TEACHER THAT EVER SCHOOLED YOU.

**ICHABOD:** No. No! Have mercy, spirit!

**BROM BONES:** NOW I ASK AGAIN. WHY ARE YOU LATE?

**ICHABOD:** (*Confessing*) It was Tommy Archibald! He said we should stop at the sweet shop on our way to school. So we just got some peppermint sticks, that's all, about a dozen.

**BROM BONES:** BRING ME THE PEPPERMINT STICKS.

**ICHABOD:** I can't. I don't have them.

**BROM BONES:** WHERE ARE THEY?

**ICHABOD:** (*confessing his worst sin*) I ate them! I ate them all, even Tommy's share. I stuffed them in my mouth until I was sick. I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

**BROM BONES:** YOU SHOULD'VE BROUGHT ENOUGH FOR THE WHOLE CLASS!

**ICHABOD:** Forgive me, teacher!

**BROM BONES:** NOW TAKE THAT THERE CHALK AND WRITE FIFTY TIMES, "I WON'T EAT NO MORE CANDY"

**ICHABOD:** Yes, sir, I - (*he takes the chalk and writes furiously*) I. Won't Eat. No. More... Candy? (*he stops*) No ghost of pedagogy would use a double negative! You must be...