THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

(ONE-ACT)

BY **TRACY WELLS**

BASED ON THE STORY BY WASHINGTON IRVING

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Playscripts

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CHARACTERS

ICHABOD CRANE – Lanky and quirky schoolmaster, male
KATRINA VAN TASSEL – A beauty who's more than meets the eye, female
BROM BONES – Ichabod's brutish rival, male
TAVERN WAITRESS/BARMAN – Any gender
TAVERN DWELLERS – At least two, any gender
DIEDRICH/DEIRDRA – Traveler, any gender
STORYTELLER – Teller of tales, male
WIDOW JANSEN – Iris/Otto's mother, female
ESMEE, AGATHA & MARGRIET – Presumed witches, female
SELECTMAN FABER – Town selectman, male
CONSTABLE HENDRIKS – Sleepy Hollow constable, male
BEATRIX, ALETA & GERTIE – Young ladies looking for love, female
LADY VAN TASSEL – Katrina's wealthy and doting mother, female
LARS – Sleepy Hollow Boy and Brom's friend, male
IRIS/OTTO JANSEN – Student and self-proclaimed apprentice, any gender
JOZEF/JOANNA, XANDER/ZARA & FLEUR/FLORIS – Ichabod's students, any gender
STUDENTS – Additional students, any gender
TOWNSPEOPLE – As many as you would like, any gender
HEADLESS HORSEMAN – The headless ghost of a Hessian soldier, male

SETTING

The small, secluded village of Sleepy Hollow, surrounded by woods

TIME

1790

AUTHOR'S NOTES

On Casting

There are many opportunities to double roles. The only roles that should not be doubled are Ichabod, Katrina, and Brom. Several roles allow for gender-flexible casting, and alternate names are provided. Please change references to names or pronouns for those characters as needed. Additionally, there are several lines designated as Tavern Dweller, Townsperson, or Student – some are ad-libbed lines and some are listed. You may distribute those lines as you see fit. I recommend having at least two Tavern Dwellers, but you can have as many as you'd like. For the Townsperson and Student lines, you can have as many as you'd like, or if you do not have additional Students or Townspeople, then you may distribute those lines to any named character as you see fit.

On the Set

All set changes should be quick and seamless. A wooded area should be present or suggested. All other settings can be suggested through the use of easily moved set pieces, such as stools and small tables for the tavern, benches and a chalkboard for the school, and a well and fall decorations for the town square.

On Costumes

Late eighteenth-century colonial American period costumes.

On the Framing Device

If you would like to omit the tavern scenes at the beginning and end of the play, you may do so and cut Scene One, Scene Nine, and the alternate endings.

On Multiple Endings

One of the fun things about the original short story written by Washington Irving is that we don't know what happens to Ichabod Crane at the end. Did he choose to leave? Did Brom play a trick on him? Did the Headless Horseman get him? Additionally, the original story, as well as my adaptation, straddles the line between family-friendly show and spooky, suspenseful tale. Because of this, I wanted you to have options for the ending of the play and the tone you strike with your production. That being said, the role of the Storyteller is presented as a mysterious hooded figure so that you can choose from among the four provided endings to suit the tone of the show you would like to present. Your options are as follows:

- THE MYSTERIOUS STORYTELLER: The identity of the storyteller is never revealed, thus keeping with the mystery of the original tale.
- BROM BONES: A humorous and lighthearted ending where it's revealed that the Headless Horseman was a prank all along, initiated by Brom to mess with Ichabod.

- ICHABOD CRANE: A lighthearted ending where it's revealed that Ichabod left of his own free will for a different life.
- THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN: A spooky ending where the Tavern Dwellers realize they have been speaking to the spectral figure the entire time and are now in danger.

You can also choose multiple endings and have designated family-friendly productions where the Storyteller is Brom or Ichabod and then designated performances for older audiences using the Headless Horseman or Storyteller endings.

Scene One

(Before rise: A dark road near Tarrytown. The only light we see comes from a lantern held near the face of **DIEDRICH** *as he makes his way toward the tavern. He stops when he hears the haunting melody of* **WITCHES** – **ESMEE, AGATHA**, *and* **MARGRIET** – *singing.)*

WITCHES. *(Sung slow and hauntingly to the tune "This Old Man.")*

DARKNESS FALLS
NIGHT IS HERE
SOUNDS OF HORSE HOOVES DRAWING NEAR
HE'LL HUNT YOU DOWN AND TAKE AWAY YOUR HEAD
THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN RIDES AGAIN

*(***DIEDRICH** *shivers and looks around nervously, then resumes crossing to the tavern, which now has lights up.)*

(At rise: A tavern in Tarrytown. Various **TAVERN DWELLERS** *are talking and drinking. A* **WAITRESS** *makes the rounds, delivering food and drinks, cleaning up and making conversation. In a corner on his own, a* **STORYTELLER** *sits, wearing a dark cloak, his face concealed. At start of scene,* **DIEDRICH** *enters and turns to the* **WAITRESS**.*)*

DIEDRICH. Say, is there a table open? I've traveled a long way and need a place to rest.

WAITRESS. Tavern's packed tonight. Just sit anywhere.

*(**WAITRESS** continues her work during the next few lines, exiting and entering with a tray that holds a pumpkin, a ladle, and a stack of bowls. She removes the top of the pumpkin and fills the bowls from stew inside the pumpkin, then replaces the top as **DIEDRICH** looks around, maybe crosses to a few tables, and is turned away. He spots an open stool near **STORYTELLER**.)*

DIEDRICH. Do ya mind if I sit down?

(Suddenly the entire tavern goes silent.)

TAVERN DWELLER 1. I wouldn't do that if I were you.

DIEDRICH. This looks like a fine place to sit and take a load off, as long as this gentleman doesn't mind. *(To **STORYTELLER**.)* You don't mind a little company, do ya?

TAVERN DWELLER 2. This guy's a little thick, ain't he?

WAITRESS. I really think you'd be more comfortable over here.

*(**WAITRESS** takes **DIEDRICH** by the arm and starts to pull him away but **STORYTELLER** bangs a fist on the table, stopping her.)*

STORYTELLER. He's fine where he is.

DIEDRICH. Why, thank you kindly.

(He sits.)

WAITRESS. Are you sure? This gentleman ain't known for being too friendly.

TAVERN DWELLER 1. He's mostly known for his stories.

TAVERN DWELLER 2. Tales so frightening you won't sleep for a week.

WAITRESS. Come on now. Leave the poor man alone.

TAVERN DWELLER 1. There's one tale in particular... Some call it madness.

TAVERN DWELLER 2. Others swear it's true.

WAITRESS. Either way, it's a legend.

STORYTELLER. *(Stands, ominously.)* Sleepy Hollow!

DIEDRICH. Oh, you mean that town up the lane? The one surrounded by woods? That's where I'm headed!

TAVERN DWELLER 1. I wouldn't if I were you.

TAVERN DWELLER 2. Turn back!

WAITRESS. It isn't safe.

DIEDRICH. But why?

STORYTELLER. I'll tell you why...

(All lean in as **STORYTELLER** *begins his tale.)*

It all began some time ago, on a dark and stormy night. A solitary traveler made his way along the dusty road leading from this very tavern into the quiet village of Sleepy Hollow. Looking for work, a nice, hot meal, and maybe love, this awkward schoolteacher's hopes were high.

*(***STORYTELLER** *picks up the pumpkin.)*

But little did he know what darkness awaited him inside that foggy, isolated glen.

DIEDRICH. What was the name of this traveler?

(The following is said quickly, one right after the other, in a haunting, choral way as all draw near to the pumpkin, including the light, which slowly dims on all except the pumpkin.)

STORYTELLER. Ichabod.

WAITRESS. Ichabod.

TAVERN DWELLER 1. Ichabod.

TAVERN DWELLER 2. Ichabod.

DIEDRICH. Ichabod?

STORYTELLER. Ichabod Crane!

(Only the pumpkin remains lit. Lights fade to black.)

Scene Two

(Town square in Sleepy Hollow. A well is center. **WIDOW JANSEN** *is at the well, filling her bucket, as* **ICHABOD CRANE** *enters, a knapsack flung over one shoulder, an apple in one hand and an open book in the other hand that he reads as he walks toward the well, paying no mind to what's going on around him, narrowly missing obstacles and zigzagging. As he approaches,* **WIDOW** *looks up and watches him, intrigued.)*

ICHABOD. *(Reading.)* "And the houses of the good people there are filled with the doleful shrieks of their children and servants, tormented by invisible hands, with tortures altogether preternatural."

*(***ICHABOD** *turns a page, nearly tripping over Widow's bucket.* **ESMEE** *enters with a bucket of her own and finds herself in* **ICHABOD***'s path as he flips through pages, looking at the book.)*

It is a foolish man who is frightened by that which he does not understand, and having read many of Cotton Mather's books cover to cover, I am certainly no fool. As Sleepy Hollow's new schoolmaster, I will ensure that my students know just what one should do when coming face to face with a witch or other supernatural being.

*(***ICHABOD** *drops the book from in front of his face and is now directly in front of* **ESMEE**.*)*

ESMEE. A witch, you say?

ICHABOD. *(Terrified, screaming.)* Ahhhhh!

*(***ICHABOD** *flees from* **ESMEE**, *tripping over buckets, bumping into people and things, etc.* **SELECTMAN FABER**, **BEATRIX**, **ALETA**, *and* **GERTIE** *enter, perhaps with other*

TOWNSPEOPLE. *They point, laugh, gasp, etc. as* **CONSTABLE HENDRIKS** *enters.* **ICHABOD** *ends up on the ground with Esmee's bucket on his head.* **ESMEE** *lurks in the background, trying to be inconspicuous.)*

CONSTABLE. Make way! Make way!

(He sees **ICHABOD**.*)*

Who is this man? And why does he have a bucket on his head?

ICHABOD. *(Removes bucket and stands.)* I'm Ichabod Crane, sir. I'm Sleepy Hollow's new schoolmaster.

CONSTABLE. Hard to educate students with a bucket on your head, is it not, Mr. Crane? *(Picks up book and looks at it.)* Seems to me you were reading about witchcraft. Are you affiliated with the occult?

*(***TOWNSPEOPLE** *look around at one another in shock. Perhaps they whisper to one another things such as "The occult!" "Witchcraft!" "Sorcery!" etc. as* **ICHABOD** *grabs the book.)*

ICHABOD. No! Of course not! Quite the contrary. I was reading Cotton Mather's book on the history of New England witchcraft as a means to teach the children how to *avoid* such wicked beings. *(Turns to* **BEATRIX**, **ALETA**, *and* **GERTIE**.*)* And yes, ladies…I read the entire book – cover to cover.

BEATRIX. Ooh, a man with brains.

ALETA. A teacher…who reads!

GERTIE. And he's single!

(They all giggle as **ICHABOD** *smiles at them.)*

ICHABOD. Here I was, studying the material, minding my own business, when out of nowhere, I was accosted by a witch right here at this very well!

*(**WIDOW** takes **ESMEE** by the arm and brings her forward.)*

WIDOW. It was Esmee, Constable. I saw it all myself. That's her bucket Mr. Crane was wearing.

CONSTABLE. I should've known! You are brewing up a potion in that bucket, Esmee?

*(**CONSTABLE** takes the bucket from **ICHABOD**.)*

ESMEE. Of course not, Constable. I just came to draw water from the well, same as everyone else.

CONSTABLE. That's what you want us to think, isn't it, Esmee?

*(He grabs **ESMEE**'s arm and drags her toward the exit.)*

Go on! Get out of here before you and your other witch friends find yourselves dangling side by side from the branches of the nearest oak tree!

*(**CONSTABLE** releases **ESMEE** near the exit. She falls.)*

ESMEE. I will. And you take care not to find yourself at the sharp end of the Headless Horseman's blade!

(She cackles and exits.)

ICHABOD. *(Flipping through his book.)* Headless Horseman? Cotton Mather didn't say anything about a Headless Horseman.

FABER. *(Stepping forward.)* Of course not. The Headless Horseman's nothing but childish whisperings and foolishness.

*(He holds out a hand to shake **ICHABOD**'s.)*

I'm Augustus Faber, Town Selectman. I make sure things in Sleepy Hollow run smoothly. And you're the new schoolmaster?

ICHABOD. I am, indeed.

FABER. You've got your work cut out for you. Sleepy Hollow hasn't had a schoolmaster for some time.

ICHABOD. Then I should probably get started right away… after I find my lodgings and get a hot meal in my belly, that is. I'm really looking forward to some good home cooking. *(Leaning in excitedly, practically drooling.)* Roast Pork. Pheasant. Duck. And the trimmings! Potatoes, carrots, and celery, with warm bread and butter…and a rum cake for dessert.

FABER. You sure sound hungry.

ICHABOD. I'm a young man with a rather large appetite. If I don't get something to eat soon, I'll wither away to nothing!

FABER. Then you'll just have to make the rounds throughout the town…stay with a different family every week. Lessen the burden for everyone.

(He looks around.)

How does that sound?

BEATRIX. I'm sure my father won't mind if he stays with us.

ALETA. My mother will love having a teacher in the house!

GERTIE. Maybe he'll marry one of us!

*(***BROM** *enters with* **LARS**.*)*

ICHABOD. Ladies, ladies. Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I only arrived a few moments ago! I'm not ready for a wife just yet. *(Leans in, flirtatiously.)* But talk to me next week.

*(***LADIES** *giggle as* **BROM** *and* **LARS** *cross.)*

BROM. Well, well, it looks like we have us some competition.

LARS. Him? Competition? I don't think so.

FABER. Leave Master Crane alone, Brom. We don't need you scaring off our new schoolteacher.

BROM. I would never do a thing like that. Besides, Teach isn't scared of me. Are you, Mr. Chicken?

*(***BROM** *claps* **ICHABOD** *on the back firmly, startling him.)*

LARS. *(Flapping his arms like wings.)* Bok! Bok!

CONSTABLE. Enough of this nonsense! Brom, you and Lars get going.

BROM. Fine by me. See you around, Teach.

*(***BROM** *and* **LARS** *exit.)*

CONSTABLE. I'm sure the rest of you have plenty of work to do too.

*(***TOWNSPEOPLE** *begin to disperse and exit.)*

FABER. Sorry about that, Master Crane. Brom and his boys like to act tough, that's all.

ICHABOD. Trust me, Mr. Faber, I know their type well. They may be strong here – *(Points to his bicep.)* But my strength lies here. *(Points to his head.)*

FABER. Then you'll do just fine in Sleepy Hollow.

*(***LADY VAN TASSEL** *enters, followed by* **KATRINA**. **ICHABOD** *sees* **KATRINA** *and is immediately entranced.)*

ICHABOD. I think you might be right.

(He crosses to **KATRINA**.*)*

Well hello. I don't believe we've met. I'm Ichabod Crane, the new schoolmaster.

KATRINA. And I'm –

LADY VAN TASSEL. This is my daughter, Katrina Van Tassel. The most beautiful girl in Sleepy Hollow.

KATRINA. Mother! I can speak for myself.

(She turns to **ICHABOD**.*)*

How do you do, Master Crane?

ICHABOD. Very well, Miss Van Tassel. And might I say, as the authority on education and intelligence in this town, your mother must be quite shrewd if she has judged you to be the most beautiful.

*(***ICHABOD** *smiles at* **LADY VAN TASSEL**, *who is delighted and holds out her hand.)*

LADY VAN TASSEL. Why, thank you. I *am* known for being rather clever.

KATRINA. I assure you, Master Crane, there is much more to me than just my appearance.

ICHABOD. Pray tell, Miss Van Tassel. What gifts do you bestow on this village besides your great beauty?

KATRINA. Well for starters, I too am a student of the supernatural.

LADY VAN TASSEL. Oh, hush, Katrina. Master Crane doesn't need to hear any of that nonsense.

KATRINA. It's not nonsense, Mother! I told you someone needs to get to the bottom of the disappearances.

ICHABOD. Disappearances?

KATRINA. Yes. Some of the town guards. A few of the schoolchildren.

LADY VAN TASSEL. Katrina! Really!

KATRINA. Isn't that why you're here, Master Crane? To protect the schoolchildren?

FABER. Um, well, we haven't had a chance to appraise Master Crane of the situation just yet.

ICHABOD. What situation?

FABER. Well, you know we haven't had a schoolmaster for quite some time, which means the schoolchildren have been running free, with a little too much time on their hands.

ICHABOD. I understand – idle hands are the devil's workshop. But what is this about disappearances?

(It grows darker and the winds pick up.)

CONSTABLE. It all started with one of the town guards.

KATRINA. Sleepy Hollow isn't like other towns, Master Crane.

FABER. There are forces at play here.

KATRINA. Spirits, some say.

LADY VAN TASSEL. Katrina!

CONSTABLE. A darkness that closes in from the forests surrounding us.

FABER. Which is why we have guards.

CONSTABLE. Volunteers who patrol the area.

FABER. Making sure that the good people of Sleepy Hollow are tucked safely inside.

KATRINA. And keeping the darkness out.

CONSTABLE. That is, until the guards started going missing.

KATRINA. Then the schoolchildren.

ICHABOD. What happened to them?

FABER. No one knows.

CONSTABLE. But we have our theories.

KATRINA. It's the Headless Horseman!

(Perhaps thunder crashes or lightning strikes.)

LADY VAN TASSEL. Katrina!

KATRINA. It's true! He's been haunting Sleepy Hollow for years. Master Crane deserves to know.

LADY VAN TASSEL. What Master Crane deserves is a soft bed and a warm meal. *(To* **ICHABOD***.)* Once you get settled, please be so kind as to come round the house for a nice roast dinner. *(Starts to exit.)* Come along, Katrina.

KATRINA. And if you're hungry for knowledge about the Headless Horsemen, you let *me* know!

LADY VAN TASSEL. Katrina!

KATRINA. Coming, Mother!

*(***KATRINA** *and* **LADY VAN TASSEL** *exit as the men watch.)*

FABER. I hope this doesn't deter you, Master Crane. I assure you, there is much to love in Sleepy Hollow.

ICHABOD. *(Smiling in the direction* **KATRINA** *exited.)* How very right you are, Mr. Faber.

*(***FABER**, **CONSTABLE**, *and* **ICHABOD** *start to exit.)*

CONSTABLE. And don't worry, we've got this Headless Horseman thing under control.

FABER. That's right. Now that you're here, I'm sure all of the schoolchildren will be safe and sound.

ICHABOD. The schoolchildren will be just fine.

*(***FABER** *and* **CONSTABLE** *exit as* **ICHABOD** *turns toward the audience, panicked.)*

But what about me?

(Perhaps thunder crashes, scaring **ICHABOD***, who runs offstage. Lights fade to black.)*

Scene Three

*(The schoolhouse. A chalkboard is present, next to which is a small desk and chair or a stool with a dunce cap. Several benches face the chalkboard, on which the following sentence is written: "The gentleman rides throughout the countryside." **STUDENTS**, including **IRIS**, **JOZEF**, **ZARA**, and **FLORIS**, are seated on the benches, each with a book, a slate, and a piece of chalk. They are listening as **ICHABOD** teaches.)*

ICHABOD. Now, who can tell me what the nouns in this sentence are?

*(**ZARA** raises her hand. Other **STUDENTS** look away, fidget, etc.)*

ZARA. Ooh! Ooh!

ICHABOD. *(Ignoring her.)* Anyone?

ZARA. Pick me! I know!

ICHABOD. Zara, you have answered every question thus far. Why don't we give someone else a chance? Jozef? Why don't you give it a try?

JOZEF. Um…is it *the*?

ICHABOD. Jozef, did you choose *the* because it's the first word of the sentence?

FLORIS. He chose it because it's the only word he can read!

*(**STUDENTS** laugh.)*

ICHABOD. *(Holds out his chalk.)* Since you're so clever, Floris, perhaps you would like to come up and identify the nouns.

FLORIS. Aw, man!

*(**FLORIS** stands, crosses to the board, and takes the chalk. During the next few lines, he changes the sentence to read "The Headless Horseman rides throughout Sleepy Hollow" and draws a picture of a Headless Horseman holding a pumpkin head.)*

ICHABOD. And while Floris tackles this monumental challenge, the rest of us will enjoy singing* psalms!

*(**STUDENTS** groan loudly as **ICHABOD** starts to sing [or recite]. When **FLORIS** is done, he turns with a smile, which is when **ICHABOD** and **STUDENTS** should stop singing [or reciting].)*

I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS,
FROM WHENCE COMETH MY HELP...

FLORIS. *(Interrupting when he's done drawing.)* Done!

IRIS. Um... I'm pretty sure that's not correct.

ICHABOD. Floris! How dare you defile school property with such abominations? Are you trying to frighten the other children?

*(**ICHABOD** rushes to the chalkboard and immediately begins erasing it.)*

IRIS. I'm pretty sure he was trying to frighten *you*, Master Crane.

ICHABOD. Is that so?

*(He takes **FLORIS** by the arm and drags him over to the stool.)*

Then Floris can think about the poor choices he's made while the rest of us have some fun.

JOZEF. If by fun, you mean singing* psalms, then no thank you.

---

* Or reciting.

(The sound of a dinner bell is heard. All **STUDENTS** *cheer and begin to pack up their slates and books.)*

ICHABOD. Aw, what a shame. It's the end of the school day. Enjoy your suppers.

*(***JOZEF** *and* **ZARA** *exit, along with all other* **STUDENTS** *except* **FLORIS** *and* **IRIS***, who are still packing up.* **KATRINA** *enters, at first unseen by* **ICHABOD***, who turns to* **FLORIS**.*)*

And I'll enjoy chatting with your parents tonight, Floris. It's your family's turn to host me.

FLORIS. Aw, man!

KATRINA. Actually, I was hoping you might have dinner with my mother and me this evening, Master Crane.

ICHABOD. Miss Van Tassel! What a lovely surprise! I would be delighted to dine with you this evening!

FLORIS. Thank goodness!

*(***BROM** *enters.)*

BROM. Katrina! What a surprise to see you here.

KATRINA. Actually, I came to invite Mr. Crane to dinner.

BROM. Mr. Crane? This bag o' bones? Have you seen his feet? They might as well be shovels.

ICHABOD. Yes, well, these shovels are much lighter than they appear. And they do quite well when turning beautiful young ladies around the dance floor.

KATRINA. My goodness, Mr. Crane, but you *are* a man of many talents, aren't you?

BROM. You can't be serious, Katrina. What you need is a real man. A man who can carry four goats at a time. A man who can lift a hundred pound bag of grain as if it were a feather.

(He leans in to **KATRINA** *flirtatiously.)*

BROM. So what time should I come round for supper then?

KATRINA. Sorry, Brom, but Mr. Crane is coming for supper tonight. Isn't that right, Mr. Crane?

ICHABOD. It is. And please, call me Ichabod.

KATRINA. Very well…Ichabod.

BROM. Fine! I didn't want to come for dinner anyway. My mother is making chicken, and she set aside two whole chickens just for me. I wouldn't want them to go to waste. Let's go, Floris.

*(***BROM** *and* **FLORIS** *start to leave, then* **BROM** *stops and turns.)*

I'd be wary of those shovels you've got there, Teach. They might dig a hole you can't get out of.

*(***BROM** *and* **FLORIS** *exit.)*

ICHABOD. He's quite a bit of a beast, isn't he?

KATRINA. Brom's mostly harmless. He's used to being the big fish around Sleepy Hollow. He's just feeling threatened now that you're here.

ICHABOD. Threatened? By me?

KATRINA. Like I said…you're a man of many talents.

*(***WIDOW JANSEN** *enters.)*

WIDOW JANSEN. Come along, Iris. I need your help back at home.

IRIS. I'll be there in a minute, Mother. I have some Spooky Society business to discuss with Katrina.

ICHABOD. Spooky Society? Is that some sort of high-society group here in the Hollow? Because it's always been a dream of mine to make it in high society…the

big houses and the fancy clothes…and the food! They always have the best food in high society.

KATRINA. Yes, I'm sure they do. But that's not what this is. *(To* **IRIS**.*)* Why don't you meet me at the location and we can discuss business there?

*(***IRIS** *nods and exits with* **WIDOW**.*)*

ICHABOD. If it's not high society, then what is this business you have with my student?

KATRINA. Well, you already know I'm a student of the supernatural. But what you don't know is that I'm more than a student…I'm a scientist!

ICHABOD. You? A scientist? But you're a woman!

KATRINA. A woman can think and solve problems and do experiments just as well as any man.

ICHABOD. Yes, but why would she want to, when she could be baking cakes…and pies…and breads…

(While **ICHABOD** *daydreams about food,* **BROM** *enters, but sees that* **KATRINA** *and* **ICHABOD** *are talking, so he hides off to one side, listening.)*

KATRINA. Someone in this town needs to investigate these disappearances and it might as well be me.

ICHABOD. But there might be something truly terrifying lurking in those woods. Aren't you afraid?

KATRINA. Of course I am. But being afraid isn't a good enough reason not to try something.

ICHABOD. Perhaps they don't understand why a young lady of such beauty and wealth would trouble herself with spooks and spirits.

KATRINA. And perhaps you're just like the rest of the people in this town. I thought you were different, Ichabod. I saw you as this educated, worldly man who could see me for who I really am.

ICHABOD. I am different, Katrina! Let me come with you to meet Iris. Show me what you're working on. And let me show you I can be the man you've been waiting for.

KATRINA. Alright. But I should warn you…our work isn't for the faint of heart. You need to be calm and not lose your head.

ICHABOD. I won't.

KATRINA. Then let's go!

*(***KATRINA** *and* **ICHABOD** *exit.* **BROM** *steps forward.)*

BROM. Oh, Ichabod will lose his head alright…if Brom Bones has anything to say about it!

*(***BROM** *laughs menacingly as lights fade to black.)*

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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