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## **ICHABOD**

*a musical Hallowe'en play*

*Script by*

**PHILLIP CARLYLE WAGNER**

*Lyrics by*

**ELIZABETH DEVOLDER**

**PHILLIP CARLYLE WAGNER**

*Music by*

**ELIZABETH DEVOLDER**

### Cast of Characters

BROM "BONES" VAN BRUNT	24	brawny, short curly black hair
TINY	20 – 24	very small or very large, part of Brom's gang
WOLFY (WOLFGANG)	20 – 24	part of Brom's gang
DUTCHY	20 – 24	part of Brom's gang
KATRINA VAN TASSEL	18	pleasingly plump and beautiful
LULU	18 – 24	a young maiden
BASHFUL	18 – 24	a young maiden
(SPEECHLESS)	18 – 14	a young maiden
ICHABOD CRANE	35 - ?	like an animated scarecrow but graceful and charming with large ears and long nose
HANS (HANSEL)	8 or so,	a student of Ichabod's (If girl: GRETEL)
JOHANN	8 or so,	a student of Ichabod's (If girl: ANNA)
BURREL	8 or so,	a girl student of Ichabod's
OTHER STUDENTS OPTIONAL	5 – 10	

HERR VAN TASSEL	50 – 60	father of Katrina
FRAU VAN TASSEL	45 – 50	mother of Katrina, a small woman
OTHER PARTY GUESTS OPTIONAL		

DOUBLE ROLES

DAREDEVIL	Brom's horse, played by Wolfy perhaps	
GUNPOWDER	Ichabod's horse, played by Dutchy perhaps	
THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN	Played by Brom Bones, definitely, but "headless"	
THE GHOST ORSE	Played also by Wolfy perhaps	

1/ “OVERTURE” (Piano/Orchestra)

ACT ONE  
Scene 1

Settings are suggestions; it is expected that the play be done with the slightest representative pieces, drapes and/or painted backdrops.

Dialects are mixed: New England, Hudson River/New York, Dutch and hill folk dialects of late 1700's.

As the preset lights go to black we hear NIGHT COUNTRY SOUNDS of crickets and frogs and the wind gradually mixed with CHORAL VOICES vocalizing softly, eerily and beautifully from the wings. Gradually the LIGHTS come up as the singers blend into SLEEPY HOLLOW THEME.

2/ “SLEEPY CREEPY HOLLOW”

CHORUS

SLEEPY SLEEPY HOLLOW  
THE OL' DUTCH SETTLERS TELL  
SLEEPY (SLEEPY) HOLLOW (HOLLOW)  
HOLDS YOU UNDER ITS SPELL  
BROOKS AND STREAMS WHISPERING DREAMS  
FLIGHTS OF FANCY FOLLOW  
HERE IN DREAMY, SERENE AND SLEEPY  
HERE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW

SLEEPY CREEPY HOLLOW  
THE OL' DUTCH SETTLERS TELL  
SLEEPY (CREEPY) HOLLOW (HOLLOW)  
HOLDS YOU UNDER ITS SPELL  
LISTENERS PALE AT MARVELOUS TALES  
SUPERSTITIONS FOLLOW  
HERE IN SLEEPY, MOON-BEAM CREEPY  
HERE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW  
SLEEPY CREEPY HOLLOW

As the lights slowly come up, the shapes of four young men are revealed seated around a table drinking from mugs at The Sleepy Hollow Café. BROM BONES, brawny and charmingly mischievous, reported to have curly black short hair on top of which HE wears a fur cap with fox tail, animates telling a story as we listen to the closing bars from the voices off stage which are now increasingly accompanied by the sounds of TINY'S SNORING, in time to the music. TINY should be played by either a very small or very large person. DUTCHY and WOLFGANG listen intently. BROM is disappointed

that TINY is missing the story, and the “gang” decide to pull HIS stool from under HIM. The music subsides. The SNORING IS LOUD now. TINY does not fall immediately HE is so reposed. BROM screams “WAKE UP, TINY!” TINY’S eyes pop open, and HE plops to the floor. THEY LAUGH.

BROM

Tiny, my good fellow, this may be Sleepy Hollow, but even Sleepy Hollow Boys stay awake for a good scary tale, or my name’s not Brom Bones.

TINY

(Finally realizes HE has missed something, then enthusiastically with Dutch accent)  
Ja? Ja? Ja?

BROM

(Laughs and offers TINY’S stool back, then spookily)  
Now, shhhh. Listen carefully to rest of my scary tale if you wish to believe your trembling ears.

(THEY lean in, eyes wide; TINY starts to yawn; THEY glare; TINY stops. WOLFY and DUTCHY excitedly echo: “Go on, Brom Bones, go on.”)

BROM

(Hushes THEM all with a single motion, then)  
Now you remember me telling ’ya before Tiny here went into a trance the worst ghost of all the Sleepy Hollow Ghosts is the Headless Horseman.  
(Laughs)  
At least according to that skinny skeleton of a scholar Ichabod Crane, sir.

WOLFY/DUTCHY/TINY

Go on. Go on.

BROM

They say he lost his head—

WOLFY

Ichabod?

BROM

No, no, the Headless Horseman. In a great battle of the great revolution of our great country, and he is still looking for it.  
(Pause)

WOLFY

Ja? Ja?

BROM

The old soldier Herr Van Kemp escaped from the Headless Horseman through the covered bridge as fast as his horse could gallop, but he could not help looking back just once.

(Leans forward menacingly)

With that the Headless Horseman stood up in his stirrups and laughed such a laugh the forest itself did shudder. Then he plucked from his saddle horn a shape most in likeness to a head and flung a burning pumpkin straight at Van—

WOLFY

(Ducks and covers HIS head)

I can't stand it! I can't stand it!

(BROM sighs; DUTCHY bops WOLFY on the head)

DUTCHY

Volfgang, your mout[h] you shoot[ould] shut, ja.

TINY

Dat's true for sure. Close your ears Wolfy, you ninnyhammerpoop, but don't ya spoil it for us now, hear.

(DUTCH and TINY ad lib pleadingly with BROM for the end of the story while WOLFY covers HIS ears and shakes.)

BROM

It's no use, boys, New York on the east shore of the Hudson may never hear the end of this tale. It's been spoilt twice. First it was Tiny. Now—

(Looks at WOLFY)

--no point in tell'n it now. The excitement's busted.

DUTCHY AND TINY

Please. Please.

BROM

Sorry, boys. It's only a made up story anyway.

(HE laughs good naturedly and slaps WOLFY on the back)

Besides, we've got some horses just wait'n for us to ride, or we're not Sleepy Hollow Boys! Yeehaa!

(HE starts gathering THEM up)

WOLFY

(Uncovers HIS ears)

Is the scary part done, ja?

(THEY laugh)

What's so funny? Did Ichabod Crane just go by? Ja?

(DUTCHY and TINY laugh again, but BROM BONES slams HIS fist on the table. WOLFY bounces up in HIS chair. The three others freeze. BROM smiles.)

BROM

Ichabod's got to go you know, or my name's not Brom Bones. Scary stories or no scary stories. He's been at Van Tassel's castle to teach my plump Katrina songs. I've seen his old old horse there, tied up and suffering the noise.

DUTCHY

Ja, this his voice melodious for sure sinkink[g] from Van Tassel's castle as I pass by Tuesdays always[w].

WOLFY

(Sadly)

Ja, and on Saturdays when I go by the other way.

BROM

And Sundays when I come to call.

(Then, devilishly cheerful)

But by my fur foxtail cap, he won't be teaching her for long. He'd better stick to his school chores or I'll chase him out of town.

(HE laughs and signals THEM to follow HIM)

What any marry'n girl sees in that nincompoop I'll never know.

(The GANG chimes in "Ja, ja, ja," laughing as THEY go. Accompanied by MUSIC)

3 "TRANSITION TO LADIES IN WAITING" (Piano/Orchestra)

End Scene One

ACT ONE  
Scene 2

“A gentle path” leading to the schoolhouse somewhere before the “town”, as it were, of Sleepy Hollow.

KATRINA VAN TASSEL, pleasingly plump and pretty, an eighteen year old coquette, wears ornaments of gold from Saardam on top of HER mixture of ancient and modern fashions, suited to set off HER charms, and “short” petticoat displaying the prettiest foot and ankle around. SHE is accompanied by LULU, BASHFUL and SPEECHLESS [an optional character] as all notice someone coming and get very excited and instantly demure.

LULU

Oh, Katrina, look who comes. Our singing master,  
(Sings)  
“Tra-lum”!

KATRINA

(Dreamily)  
Ichabod, Ichabod Crane.

BASHFUL (DUTCH ACCENT)

You are not serious about him Katrina, ja?

KATRINA

(Still dreamily)  
No. No, Bashful, but see how he walks, and when he talks, I’m all ears, his speech so pure—

LULU

His walk so elegant.

BASHFUL

He reads lots of stuff, ja?

(ICHABOD CRANE enters with HIS face lost in a book, HIS long pointed shoes well out in front on HIS big pointed feet, with HIS long arms dangling out of HIS sleeves; nonetheless, HE walks with dignity and grace, albeit oddly, somewhat like an animated scarecrow with long snip nose, huge ears, three pointed brim cap, and low black boots. The LADIES giggle. HE pauses, but does not look from HIS book, then turns a page and continues, never looking up. HE dances to the following song, keeping HIS face in the book, while KATRINA flutters HER eyelashes strategically. SPEECHLESS copies Katrina’s actions throughout the following, fluttering her eye lashes and bobbing her head to the music.)

4 "ICHABOD KEEPS EATING 'TIL HE'S FILLED HIS BOOTS"

BASHFUL

Ichabod Crane... with an odd, name...

LULU

There's no one so slick, so well-shod, as Herr Crane...

KATRINA

Ever industrious, gallant and vain...

THE LADIES

THE ILLUSTRIOUS, ICHABOD CRANE

HE DRESSES OH SO FANCY AND IMPRESSES SO FINE  
THAT ALL THE MARRIED WOMEN ASK HIM OVER TO DINE  
THEY SERVE HIM MUTTON, TURKEY, BEEF...  
IT'S AN INCREDIBLE FEAT, THE SHEER AMOUNT HE CAN EAT  
AND ALL THE EDIBLE ROOTS, EV'RY SWEET OR FRUIT  
MASTER ICHABOD KEEPS EATING HE KEEPS EATING 'TIL HE'S FI-ILLLED  
HIS BOOTS  
...HE'S FI-ILLLED HIS BOOTS

(ICHABOD reveals a chicken bone "magically" from behind HIS book, having just finished a snack, and flips it into a nearby waste receptacle with hardly a glance, if HE misses, BASHFUL should gracefully finish the job. Music continues)

LULU

How does Mr. Crane stay so thin?

LADIES

Ichabod Crane! Stroll'n down the lane.

KATRINA

I believe he is fair game.

BASHFUL

I wish he'd just speak my name, ja.

(ICHABOD continues to DANCE while the LADIES SING)

THE LADIES

(LULU) WITH AUTHORITATIVE VOICE  
(KATRINA) AND THUNDERING COMMAND



(BASHFUL) MASTER CRANE INSTRUCTS THE CHILDREN  
 WITH A SWITCH OF BIRCH IN HAND  
 (ALL 3) YET, DO NOT THINK HIM CRUEL, TOO SEVERE, OR  
 HORRID  
 WE BELIEVE THE BOYS AND GIRLS WILL GROW UP TO  
 THANK HIM FOR IT!

(Music continues. ICHABOD now miraculously produces an exaggerated T-bone steak bone or huge chop bone from behind HIS book and tosses it aside as before while simultaneously accenting the music with some fancy boot dancing)

HE DRESSES OH SO FANCY AND IMPRESSES SO FINE  
 THAT ALL THE MARRIED WOMEN ASK HIM OVER TO DINE  
 THEY SERVE HIM MUTTON, TURKEY, BEEF...  
 IT'S AN INCREDIBLE FEAT, THE SHEER AMOUNT HE CAN EAT  
 AND ALL THE EDIBLE ROOTS, EV'RY SWEET OR FRUIT  
 MASTER ICHABOD KEEPS EATING HE KEEPS EATING 'TIL HE'S FI-ILLLED  
 HIS BOOTS  
 ...HE'S FI-ILLLED HIS BOOTS

(Music continues. ICHABOD lowers HIS book, holds it open still, as HE dances with THE LADIES joining in behind but also with dialogue)

LULU

Look at Bashful. She's so bashful. Look at Speechless. She's speechless.

KATRINA

Ja' that's the way she gets the best!

THE LADIES

HE'S ANNIHILATING TOWERS OF THE FOOD HIS FOND OF  
 WITH THE DILATING POWERS OF AN ANACONDA!

(ICHABOD dances a dignified minuet--in contrast to the boogy rhythm with all 4 ladies, gracefully maneuvering his book from one hand to the other. Music continues. SPEECHLESS flutters her eyelashes madly and titters; KATRINA joins HER, the two performing flutters briefly for the rest. KARTRINA joins her, the two performing flutters briefly for the rest. KATRINA lets her pretty ankle show, and ICHABOD momentarily loses control and looks wild-eyed flipping HIS pages recklessly then regains composure. THE LADIES giggle, then)

LULU

HE LOVES TO SING IN CHURCH

KATRINA

WE THINK HIS TONE THE BEST

BASHFUL

WE HEAR HIS VOICE RESOUNDING  
SO FAR ABOVE THE REST

ALL THREE

GHASTLY TALES OF GHOSTS ARE HIS FASCINATION  
WALKING HOME HE BELLOWS PSALMS TO QUELL HIS IMAGINATION

HE DRESSES OH SO FANCY AND IMPRESSES SO FINE  
THAT ALL THE MARRIED WOMEN ASK HIM OVER TO DINE  
THEY SERVE HIM MUTTON, TURKEY, BEEF...  
IT'S AN INCREDIBLE FEAT, THE SHEER AMOUNT HE CAN EAT  
AND ALL THE EDIBLE ROOTS, EV'RY SWEET OR FRUIT  
MASTER ICHABOD KEEPS EATING HE KEEPS EATING 'TIL HE'S FI-ILLLED  
HIS BOOTS

... HE'S FI-ILLLED HIS BOOTS

... MASTER ICHABOD KEEPS EATING TIL HE'S FILLED HIS BOOTS

(ICHABOD accents the end tossing a huge apple core into the bin, again gracefully  
recovered by BASHFUL in case HE misses)

End Song Four End Scene Two

SEGUE

ACT ONE  
Scene 3

As THE LADIES “disappear”, ICHABOD is left before “HIS class”, facing the audience, perhaps centre stage, with a birch switch, which miraculously appears from somewhere. There are at least three young students in the front row of HIS audience: HANS, JOHANN and BURREL, a girl. ICHABOD lowers HIS book, the one HE was dancing with, below eye level and peers over the top. Pause.

ICHABOD

Boo!

(HE laughs, the CHILDREN giggle)

There you see class that wasn't such a spooky tale now was it?

HANS

(The “Toughie” who speaks HIS approval. Dutch accent)

No! Not bad at all.

ICHABOD

(Strikes the stick on HIS own leg and rolls HIS r's)

Hansel! Raise your hand before you speak. You know the rule. Stand forth.

(ICHABOD swishes HIS stick as HANS comes forward)

Spare the rod spoil the child.

(Taps HANS lightly on the head with the stick)

“You'll remember it and thank me for it—the longest day you have to live!”

(Very sweetly)

Won't he boys and girl[s]?

CHILDREN

(In unison as is customary)

Ja, ja, Master Crane, Sir.

(HANS returns to HIS seat; though the CHILDREN must obey ICHABOD, THEY like HIM a lot)

ICHABOD

(Rolling HIS r's)

Very good class.

(Big warm smile, then to himself dreamily)

“Ja, ja,” indeed. “Yes, yes,” it would be better. Oh, for Connecticut and New England. It's so far south here on the Hudson. Ah, but I love New York—ers.

BURREL

(Aside to HANS)

There he goes again, ja?

ICHABOD

(Even deeper reverie)

Yes, there's plump Katrina, the rich farmer Van Tassel's pretty daughter, with a plumper inheritance—I mean more plump, most plump—oh my, lots of plump money.

CHILDREN

Plump, more plump, most plump, ja, ja.

ICHABOD

(Snapping out of it, embarrassed)

Yes, yes, very good. Very good. "Plump." Yes. Thank you.

(JOHANN raises HIS hand)

Yes, Johann.

JOHANN

What's plump money, sir, Master Crane, Sir?

ICHABOD

Did I say that? No, I meant—ah—plums and—ah—honey.

(Another reverie)

And lamb chops smothered in garlic gravy with parsley, and

(Smacking HIS lips)

Stuffed turkey, roasted chestnuts—

(The CHILDREN can't hold it and giggle)

Here, here! What's so funny? Burrel, young lady—

(BURREL giggles)

Come here.

(HE tweaks HER check sweetly, not even a scowl for the girls)

Now Burrel, wipe that silly grin into oblivion.

(SHE grins even wider)

That's better.

(THEY all laugh; SHE sits; ICHABOD gets out HIS watch and chain)

Why, it's nearly lunch. It's almost—

(Takes a good look)

--What? Why, it's only nearly ten. Ten. Oh my, my—two more hours four minutes twelve seconds to lunch. Goodness! Well, boys and girl[s], what would you say to a nice little recess? Before we study the classics.

CHILDREN

Ja, ja! Recess. Ja! Before we study the classics.

ICHABOD

Well, then, be off, my little Dutch dumplings, but keep an ear out for the bell.

(As the last of the children dart off, ICHABOD pulls a huge rumstick from HIS sleeve and begins to devour it, and from "somewhere" pulls another bigger book up in front of

HIS face entitled, in big letters, The History of New England Superstitions. His big feet turn up and HE begins to tremble; then HE starts off, HIS face buried in the book with sounds of “oos and aaah”)

ICHABOD

I do love a good scary story.

(Exits)

Lights fade.

End of Scene Three

(TRANSITION MUSIC IS KATRINA PRACTICING)

ACT ONE  
Scene Four

It is night time in the garden before Van Tassel's "Castle" (perhaps a drop). Sounds of KATRINA practicing singing scales are heard off, ICHABOD encouraging HER also off, inside the castle.

ICHABOD OFF

That's it, Katrina, yes. Feel it in your heart, your heart. Feel it in my heart. Thump, thump.

(SHE giggles between notes)

I mean, fill each note with love.

(HE sings along operatically)

(Enter BROM BONES and HIS HORSE, DAREDEVIL, [possibly played by actor playing WOLFY]; a horse mask covers the actor's head, and HE walks upright with HIS arms concealed while the rider's legs form the horse's rear legs with cloth draped from waist to waist. [Obviously, the horse can never be seen without HIS rider using the technique.] [Alternative: the horse has a pony stick dragging in back like a hobby horse for the rider to mount]; the "singing" continues in the background)

BROM

Sneak quiet-like, Daredevil.

(Shouts)

Quiet! Shhh!

(Then softly)

The darkness makes sounds seem louder, ya know.

DAREDEVIL

(Shaking HIS head, folds HIS ears down to reduce the noise)

Sure, sure.

BROM

Shhh! That's Ichabod in Van Tassel's Castle. At night too. Singing with Katrina—listen.

(Notes off "La! La!")

Such sounds make my ears ache and my temper whistle—

(Whistles)

Whew!

DAREDEVIL

I'm not too crazy about it either.

BROM

Shhh, Daredevil, you talk too much.

Me?!  
DAREDEVIL

BROM  
Every Sunday, nay, every Tuesday, every Thursday, every Saturday! HE comes to give Katrina "singing lessons"? Ha!

Ha!  
DAREDEVIL

Shut up.  
BROM

Right.  
DAREDEVIL

BROM  
I'll get to the bottom of this. Come on, over there, you and I boy. We'll hide under these hanging vines.

Good. Lunch.  
DAREDEVIL

And listen to HIS stupid wooing.  
BROM

I'll take notes.  
DAREDEVIL

(THEY hide)

(Enter KATRINA and ICHABOD into the garden arm in arm, SHE batting HER eyelashes, dressed similarly to before but even more decorated in gold, with pretty shawl)

ICHABOD  
(Admiring HER physique)  
Your voice is developing sweetly, my dear. Your capacity to fill each note inspires. You're reaching pinnacles in tone and beauty, you're—

--standing on my hoof.  
DAREDEVIL

Shhh.  
BROM

KATRINA

What was that?

(ICHABOD and KATRINA listen)

ICHABOD

(A little nervous but wanting to push HIS advantage)  
Nothing but the gentle air upon your dainty ear, breathing a sigh of anticipation.

KATRINA

(Swoons)  
Oh, Ichabod.

DAREDEVIL

(Aside)  
"Oh, Ichabod."

BROM

(Aside)  
Shut up.

KATRINA

You're so charming.

ICHABOD

Yes.  
It was so kind of your father Van Tassel  
To invite me to the Autumn feast  
To be held right here in this very castle  
Where so many sweethearts chance to meet.

DAREDEVIL

(Caught in the rhyme, says the last words with HIM)  
Chance to meet.  
(And accidentally rustles the vine leaves)

BROM BONES

(Stares HIM down with HIS finger pressed angrily to HIS lips)  
Shhhhhh!

ICHABOD

(Quite nervous now)  
Are you certain we are alone out here?



KATRINA

(Mimicking HIM from before, having fun)  
It's only the night air Ichabod, whispering sweet responses.  
(ICHABOD stares at HER admiringly, then goes into song)

5 "THAT WITCHING TIME OF NIGHT"

ICHABOD

KATRINA, SWEET! MY DARLING DEAR!  
HOW I LOVE TO GRANT THEE LESSONS  
EACH MOMENT THAT I'M WITH THEE DEAR  
I'M BREATHLESS IN THY PRESENCE

(DAREDEVIL accidentally rustles the leaves; BROM shakes HIS fist  
at HIM; ICHABOD looks nervously around)

KATRINA, FAIR! THY VOICE SO CLEAR,  
LUSH, AND LOVELY AS A LARK!  
THERE'S SO MUCH HERE TO SHARE, MY DEAR...  
I FEAR... IT'S GETTING DARK...

BROM

(Spoken aside slyly)  
Why, he's afraid of the dark, Daredevil.  
(BROM makes a wind sound "Ooooooooo")

DAREDEVIL

(Spoken like a whinny, aside)  
Y-e-a-h!

ICHABOD

DID YOU HEAR THAT QUAKING? THAT RUSTLING IN THE FOREST?  
MY DEAR! I FIND I'M SHAKING! AH, WELL, LET'S JUST IGNORE IT...  
PERHAPS IT IS THE WIND, TOO MANY TALES OF FRIGHT  
STANDING IN THE TWILIGHT, THAT WITCHING TIME OF NIGHT

KATRINA  
MA-A-ASTER CRANE, MY TUTOR, SIR  
REALLY, IS IT OH SO LATE?  
FINE ICHABOD, MY SUITOR, SIR  
DON'T GO, I BEG YOU STAY

(BROM and DAREDEVIL mischievously rustle the vines and crack sticks; ICHABOD  
tries to laugh it off, but HIS anxiety builds with the tempo.)

ICHABOD

KATRINA, PEACH! THY FATHER, DEAR,  
IS A KIND, MOST GRACIOUS HOST

AND WHILE THERE'S MUCH TO HOLD ME HERE  
THY SAFE-KEEPING MATTERS MOST

(More rustling...)

ICHABOD

DID YOU HEAR THAT QUAKING? THAT RUSTLING IN THE FOREST?  
MY DEAR! I FIND I'M SHAKING! AH, WELL, LET'S JUST IGNORE IT...  
PERHAPS IT IS THE WIND, TOO MANY TALES OF FRIGHT  
STANDING IN THE TWILIGHT, THAT WITCHING TIME OF NIGHT

(Spoken, smiles wanly)

So I really must be on my way.

KATRINA

(Sung)

CAN'T YOU STAY?

(ICHABOD thinks about it; BROM hoots like an owl)

DAREDEVIL

Nice touch!

ICHABOD

(Sung, HIS voice cracking)

NO, NO, NOT TODAY—AH-HEM

(DAREDEVIL "ribbits" like a frog; BROM and DAREDEVIL snicker)

ICHABOD

(Sung hurriedly)

KATRINA DEAR! I MUST AWAY!  
FAIR-THEE-WELL, MY FUTURE FAIR  
UNTIL WE MEET ANOTHER DAY  
MY HEART TO THEE I SWEAR

(DAREDEVIL "screeches like an owl"; ICHABOD jumps into KATRINA'S  
arms)

(Spoken)

What's that?

(Then sung)

THAT WITCHING TIME OF NIGHT...

End song

KATRINA

(Puts ICHABOD gently down)

Only the wind, gentle sir.

ICHABOD

(Mumbling)

Next time I'll bring my horse, and let him do the jumping from the ghost.

DAREDEVIL

Hey!

BROM

Shhh!

(ICHABOD keeps an "eye out" while HE lifts KATRINA'S hand to kiss it, but DAREDEVIL makes a moaning ghost sound, "Ooooooooooo", and ICHABOD struck with terror drops HER hand, frozen in HIS track, but continues the motion and kisses HIS own hand unknowingly)

ICHABOD

(Quickly)

Good-bye, my dear sweet plump Katrina.

(HE starts off opposite the noises)

KATRINA

(Points past the noise source)

Isn't Herr Van Ripper's farm that way, Ichabod?

ICHABOD

Why, yes, yes. Yes, it is—I.

(HE turns back to go by the vines, then back again the opposite way)

Well, Frau Hamstader is expecting me by tonight to rock her baby to sleep, yes. Well, it's the long way about, but duty calls. Tra-laa.

(Thinking about a new peril as HE goes)

Oooo—"The long way about"! Oh, my.

(BROM and DAREDEVIL rustle the leaves, make noisy animal sounds furiously and ICHABOD runs off)

ICHABOD OFF

(Shaking)

Goodnight Katrina!

(KATRINA laughs at HIM sweetly, and looks knowingly at the hanging vines)

KATRINA

Poor Ichabod, he's frightened blue.

(Starts to go up centre)

Poor Ichabod, if he only knew.

(SHE goes laughing sweetly)

(BROM, still mounted on DAREDEVIL, tip toes with HIM out of the vine leaves; NEW MUSIC UNDER)

6 “DAREDEVIL, D’YA THINK I HAVE A CHANCE”

DAREDEVIL

Do you think she knew all along?

BROM

(Twisting the tail of HIS fur cap)

Ahhhh! Maybe you’re right for once, Daredevil. Maybe she did, maybe she did.

WHAD’YA THINK ABOUT MY FAIR KATRINA?

(DAREDEVIL shrugs, turns one ear down)

WELL, IS SHE THE FINE ‘N FANCY SORT?

DAREDEVIL

SNORT!

BROM

IS SHE CAPTIVATED BY HIS HIGH FLUT’N WAY?

HE’S SO EDUCATED! CAN HE STEAL HER HEART AWAY?

DAREDEVIL

(Adamantly shaking head “no” )

NEIGH, NEIGH, NEIGH, NEIGH, NEIGH, NEIGH, NEIGH!

BROM

DAREDEVIL, I’M HOPIN’ FOR ROMANCE...

DAREDEVIL, D’YA THINK I HAVE A CHANCE?

DAREDEVIL

(Nodding head “yes” and blowing lips like a horse)

PPPPANT, PPPPANT!

BROM

WHAD’YA THINK IS ICHABOD A NINNY?

DAREDEVIL

WHI-I-INNY

BROM

JA, HE HAS AN APPETITE, I KNOW...

DAREDEVIL

WHOA!

BROM  
BUT GOSH, THAT GIRL IS SOMETHIN' AS PRETTY AS CAN BE  
I'D GIVE HER A WEDDIN' IF SHE WOULD JUST AGREE...

DAREDEVIL  
(Swooning)  
GEE, GEE, GEE, GEE, GEE, GEE, GEE!

BROM  
DAREDEVIL, I'M HOPIN' FOR ROMANCE...  
DAREDEVIL, D'YA THINK I HAVE A CHANCE?

DAREDEVIL  
(Nodding head "yes" and blowing lips like a horse)  
PPPPANT, PPPPANT!  
(BREAK for SOFT SHOE...)

BROM  
I AM STRONGER, BOLDER, FITTER  
IF I JUST HAD A PLAN TO GIT HER

DAREDEVIL  
SNICKER, SNICKER!

BROM  
DAREDEVIL, I'M HOPIN' FOR ROMANCE...  
DAREDEVIL, D'YA THINK I HAVE A CHANCE?

DAREDEVIL  
(Nodding head "yes" and blowing lips like a horse)  
PPPPANT, PPPPANT!  
(So that it sounds like the word "win")  
WHINNNNNNNNY

End Scene Four

(THEY Dance Off)

ACT ONE  
Scene Five

ICHABOD stands before three children: HANS, JOHANN and BURREL in the schoolhouse.

ICHABOD

(With much anticipation)

Now class, today's the day of the big party, the great Annual Autumn Quilting Frolic! It's at the Van Tassels' castle, and don't be tardy. So school's dismissed early.

(The CHILDREN instantly start to go)

But keep your wits! Because before you go, I want to rehearse just once more for tonight—my favorite verse.

(ICHABOD uses HIS switch to conduct)

7 "WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL"

JOHANN

I'M JOHANN

HANS

I'M HANS

BURREL

I'M BURREL

BOYS

WE'RE SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS

BURREL

AND GI-RL

JOHANN

I'M GOING TO CLAP

CHILDREN

WE'RE GOING TO CLAP

MASTER CRANE'S CLASS IS GOING TO CLAP

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, WE ARE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT

WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL

WELL, WELL

WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT

WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL!

HANS

I'M GOING TO SING

CHILDREN

WE'RE GOING TO SING  
MASTER CRANE'S CLASS IS GOING TO SING  
LA, LA, LA-DE-DAH, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
WELL, WELL  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
LA, LA, LA-DE-DAH, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL!

(Spoken)

THIS LITTLE DITTY WAS COMPOSED BY MASTER  
LET'S ALL GO JUST A LITTLE BIT FASTER!

(CHILDREN perform dance steps as THEY sing this verse)

BURREL

I'M GOING TO DANCE

CHILDREN

WE'RE GOING TO DANCE  
MASTER CRANE'S CLASS IS GOING TO DANCE  
PIT-A-PAT-RAT-A-TAT, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
WELL, WELL  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
PIT-A-PAT-RAT-A-TAT, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL!

(Choir like)

BUT, BEFORE OUR SONG IS DONE  
THERE'S ONE MORE LINE THAT MUST BE SUNG  
IT'S TO MASTER CRANE WE OWE  
OUR THANKS—FOR EV'RYTHING WE KNOW! [End]

ICHABOD

(Beams)

Perfect! Now, don't get nervous tonight and everything will happen just right. Now off you go.

(The CHILDREN go merrily. ICHABOD alone, excited)

Tonight's the night to press home my advantage. For I've courted fair Katrina a long time. Tonight! I'll ask for her plump little hand in marriage, and her wealthy castle will also be mine!

(Then, addressing an imaginary person)

So there, Brom Bones. You and your silly fur cap—you think you'll win Katrina with that?

(ICHABOD does a fancy high step and spins and goes out merrily. Lights fade. End Scene Five.)

8 TRANSITION TO GARDEN (Piano/Orchestra)



ACT ONE  
Scene Six

The garden before Van Tassel's "castle", night.

BROM BONES enters on DAREDEVIL

BROM

Well, Daredevil, here we are at Van Tassel's castle—me and my fur cap with its fox tail—ready to party, ready to dance and ready to tell a few ghost stories.

(Raises HIS eyebrow, then looks off)

Bust my eyeballs! Is that Ichabod on HIS horse?

DAREDEVIL

( Snorts and squints)

Or is that Ichabod under the horse? It's hard to tell.

BROM

Land sakes! He said he'd come with HIS horse—the next time he was out after dark.

DAREDEVIL

But that?

(ICHABOD dismounts OFF STAGE, "Whoa!" GUNPOWDER'S FRONT HALF POKES ON [later his back legs will be ICHABOD, like BROM on DAREDEVIL] but GUNPOWDER looks like HE is on HIS last legs, a sorry sight, one eye a'wandering, the other still full of fire)

DAREDEVIL

(Aside)

Gunpowder?! Holy cow! I mean—I didn't recognize him! A real terror in HIS day, but look at him now—he's too weak to even plough!

(Snickers)

BROM

What a sight, Daredevil. But wait! An idea's a'com'n... A plan is a start'n to grow in my head... Come on, Daredevil, give'em a stare.

(Pause while THEY do)

They're looking this way—come on, scare'em.

(Now BROM and DAREDEVIL glare at ICHABOD and GUNPOWDER who muster their dignity, slouched as THEY are, a ludicrous sight, THEY pull their shoulders back and their chins up)

ICHABOD

(Swallows hard)  
Good evening, Mr. Van Brunt.

BROM

(Smiles, all teeth)  
Oooo, proper names now. Good day to you, sir, Master Ichabod Crane, sir.  
(HE laughs and “parks” DAREDEVIL in the wings)

BROMOFF

Have some oats, boy and wait here.  
(HE re-enters)  
I’ll go in and make some cheer.  
(Exits, tipping HIS fur cap to ICHABOD)

(ICHABOD tips HIS hat back. ICHABOD rides into the wings opposite where DAREDEVIL is “parked” and leaves GUNPOWDER. DAREDEVIL sticks HIS head out from the wings. GUNPOWDER sticks HIS head out from the wings opposite. THEY stare off. ICHABOD enters, pats GUNPOWDER on the head lightly, but it almost knocks GUNPOWDER cold.

ICHABOD

(Helps steady GUNPOWDER)  
Sorry, sorry, sorry, old boy. Wait here. And keep an eye on that horse over there.  
Good boy.  
(HE exits the same way BROM did into the “castle”)

The HORSES “heads” both snort at each other.

Lights fade.

End of Scene Six & END of ACT ONE

[OPTIONAL INTERMISSION HERE]

9 ENTR'ACTE (Piano/Orchestra)

ACT TWO  
Scene One

Interior Van Tassel's castle, in reality the common room of a very rich farmer's huge mansion, festively decorated with ears of Indian corn, strings of dried apples and peaches, with a touch of red peppers. While the feast table is set with decorative pewter, and treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

The men wear home spun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes with pewter buckles; the boys wear short square skirted coats with row of stupendous brass buttons. The girls wear close crimped caps, long-waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats with scissors and pincushions and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. One or two straw hats, some fine ribbon or white frock hint at city innovations, for some.

Little BURREL chases JOHANN across the room. LULU grabs HANS by the ear and escorts HIM away from the table snatching a big pickle from HIS grasp.

LULU

Hans! Stop that!  
(SHE eats it herself)

(In one corner KATRINA talks with BASHFUL and SPEECHLESS, LULU join THEM, others and PARENTS are optional, here and there. TINY, cup in hand, as big or as little as HE is, holds down another corner, asleep on a stool. WOLFY and DUTCHY [perhaps back from portraying the horses] enter from another room, and SPEECHLESS giggles. HANS gravitates toward THEM; THEY conspire to pull the stool out from under TINY, but before THEY do, BROM BONES VAN BRUNT enters from the main hall, perhaps up centre, arrogantly, still in HIS fox tail fur cap from which HE gestures a greeting to all. The LADIES are beside themselves with titters, and HIS gang, that are awake, snort, chortle and wave. BROM immediately helps himself to a cup of punch.)

BROM

When do we eat?!  
(HE smiles at KATRINA knowing SHE loves it when HE's bold and bearish, though SHE pretends to be embarrassed)

Hey, Hans, my boy!  
(BROM grabs up a pickle and tosses it to HANS, who devours it, while LULU especially and others gasp. KATRINA hides a smile. BASHFUL finds HIM ill-mannered, but all is suddenly still and quiet as all eyes turn to see ICHABOD entering; there is an awkward momentary pause, then ICHABOD rises to the occasion and elegantly flicks HIS many colored hanky, flourishes HIS hat and bows to the LADIES who all giggle. BROM frowns and steps aside as ICHABOD starts toward the ladies, but HIS long nose leads HIS eyes to the food on the table, and HE changes direction, but LULU cuts HIM off at the pass and signals HE must wait too; as hard as this is, HE does; then whispering gets

HIS attention as BROM leads little HANS over to the GANG, offering HIM another pickle on the way)

Now, Hans, you're sure your old school master is one for the old ghost stories, "Ja"?

HANS

(Thick Dutch accent)

You bet your boots, Brom.

(Nudges HIM)

BROM

Here, have another pickle.

(Nudges HIM back)

You'll be one of the gang for sure, Hans. Why, I'll even get you your own fur fox tail cap—just as soon as you can rope and ride your own rare stallion. What do you say, my boy?

HANS

(Slaps BROM of the back manly-like)

Piece of cake, Brom. Can I have another pickle?

(BROM is all out. BROM checks ICHABOD'S position, HE wants to be sure HE can overhear, and gestures to the gang to listen. HE pokes TINY who falls forward off the stool and gets back up wide awake without spilling a drop of HIS punch, then BROM checks out ICHABOD again, and—)

TINY

I was just thinking about your story you told before, Ja.

BROM

Come on boys, let me finish that tale I was a'tell'n ya the other day.

(Includes HANS)

And maybe we can curb young Hans' extreme hunger for pickles. Now come close.

(All the GANG and HANS lean in, ICHABOD extends an ear)

BROM

Harold was shak'n in his boots. He looked this way—he looked that way—and then the ghost stood up and raised his ball and chain and wrapped the chain around old Harold's throat!

WOLFY

(Covers HIS face and throat)

Oooooo.

(TINY yawns)

DUTCHY

Wake up, Tiny. Dis is da goot part, ja.

TINY

(TINY agrees but yawns again)

Ja.

(BROM sits there shaking HIS head waiting for THEM to be quiet)

BROM

And with a clatter and a bump—for these things do go bump—Harold's feet left the floor.

WOLFY

Ooohhh!!

(WOLFY falls over backwards in HIS stool to the floor; all the other guests stare)

DUTCHY

Volfgang, you nimitz! Now you've busted de excitement, ja!!

BROM

(Helps WOLFY up, good naturedly)

Ja. That's right, Dutchy. Wolfy has busted it.

(Slaps HIM on the back, almost knocking HIM down again)

But it was a made up story anyhow. Wait till it's real dark—

(Makes sure ICHABOD can hear)

Then I'll tell you a real story. For right here in Sleepy Hollow—it's true—rides the old Headless Horseman.

(Points at THEM all in turn, ending on ICHABOD)

Clippity-clop. Clippity-clop.

(THEY all lean forward, HE waits, then)

But, later for that.

(DUTCHY falls over forward; WOLFY helps HIM up. TINY stretches and yawns)

DUTCHY

Danke, Volfy.

(Enter HERR VAN TASSLE)

LULU

(Announces THEM)

Frau and Herr Van Tassel!

(HERR VAN TASSEL steps forward and bows graciously and puffs HIS pipe with dignity)

HERR VAN TASSEL

Frau Van Tassel begs your pardon. She wasn't quite ready, ha-ha. You're all welcome and the feast is yours to enjoy—just as soon as—just as soon as—

(Enter FRAU VAN TASSEL, a little busy person, carrying a huge roasted turkey. SHE has prepared everything)

10 “YOU'RE JUST NO HELP”

FRAU VAN TASSEL

(Aside)

You're just no help at all, Baltus Van Tassel. You're just no help.

(Smiling, the perfect gracious hostess...)

VELCOM, JA, VELCOME TO ONE UNDT ALL  
COME LET US CELEBRATE OUR AUTUMN QUILTING FROL-IC  
I'VE ROASTED DUCK, AND ROASTED GOOSE AND ROASTED BEEF  
(Ooohs and Aaahs)

JA, I'VE PREPARED A BANQUET TABLE, COME UNDT EAT!

(Turns to HERR VAN TASSEL, face changes to that  
of a harried housewife... SHE carves the turkey  
herself, busy, busy, busy)

JA, YOU CAN BEG THEIR PARDON VEN YOU SEE THAT I'M NOT READY!  
THE PREPARATIONS ARE DONE BECAUSE I'VE BEEN VORKING STEADY!  
YOU LOOK HERE, HERR VAN TASSEL, ALL YOU VANT TO DO IS EAT.

(FRAU smacks HERR's wrist as HE reaches for  
a drumstick, which SHE hands to ICHABOD, who  
is graciously first in line, FATTY LULU second)

WOULD IT BE SUCH A HASSLE IF YOU HELPED ME CARVE THE MEAT?  
BUT, YOU STAND THERE MET YOUR PIPE, HOLDING UP THE VALL...  
YOU'RE JUST NO HELP, NO HELP AT ALL!

(Gracious hostess)

VELCOM, JA VELCOME HERR MASTER CRANE  
HELP YOURSELVES LADIES! LULU, BASHFUL, SPEECHLESS, AYTE  
I'VE OLYKOEK (aw'-li-kook) AND HONEY CAKE AND AULD DUTCH SVEETS  
JA, I'VE PREPARED A BANQUET TABLE, COME UNDT EAT

(Harried housewife)

KATRINA, MY FAIR DAUGHTER, COULD I INTERRUPT YOUR FLIRTING?

(Katrina looks over but continues...)

YOU'RE AS USELESS AS YOUR FATHER! CAN'T YOU SEE MY FEET ARE  
HURTING?!

(Serving like crazy)

AND YOU LOOK HERE, HERR VAN TASSEL, THE AMPLE HOST SO

GRAND...

(But SHE gives HIM a great portion regardless, and HE lovingly squeezes HER cheek, and SHE gives HIM a warm gentle smile)

WOULD IT BE SUCH A HASSLE IF YOU SIMPLY LENT A HAND?  
BUT, YOU STAND THERE MET YOUR PIPE, HOLDING UP THE VALL...  
YOU'RE JUST NO HELP, NO HELP AT ALL!

(Gracious hostess)

VELCOME, HERR VAN BRUNT, THE FINE BROM BONES  
AND YOU BOYS! TINY, WOLFY, DUTCHY, HOW YOU'VE GROWN!

(Harried housewife: looking at the nearly empty,  
messy table. Then, big sigh)

AND IN A CRAZE.... THE VORK OF DAYS... IS ALL SERVED UP  
AND NO ONE EVEN OFFERED ME... A LITTLE CUP!

MUSIC ENDS ABRUPTLY

(At which time nearly EVERYONE magically arrives with a cup of punch for FRAU, including HERR VAN TASSEL, and SHE bursts out laughing, and sips from as many as possible while serving the last in line. SHE joins KATRINA, LULU and SPEECHLESS)

KATRINA

My doesn't Brom Bones look handsome tonight.

LULU

(Fluttering HER eyelashes)

Tiny looks good to me for sure, ja.

(SPEECHLESS points at DUTCHY and WOLFY both and giggles)

BASHFUL

Is no one thinkink[g] of Ichabod, ja?

LULU AND KATRINA

(With SPEECHLESS nodding rapidly)

Oh, ja!

BASHFUL

(Disappointed)

Oh.

FRAU VAN TASSEL

Well, everyone, let's eat.

(THEY already are of course, and HERR VAN TASSEL is finished and makes HIS rounds slapping the MEN on their backs, laughing loudly, and telling everyone—)

## HERR VAN TASSEL

Fall to—help yourselves to more!

11 FEAST AT AUTUMN QUILTING FROLIC (Piano/Orchestra)

(And now food is devoured in great quantities, or appears to be; within thirty seconds the table is bare, except for some decorative pumpkins. Suddenly silence and all stare up centre at ICHABOD, HIS back to the audience, eating the last remaining morsel. HE slowly turns around with a very satisfied look and giant wishbone in HIS fingers before HIS face, HIS eyes roll in ecstasy. END MUSIC)

## KATRINA

Oh, allow me, sir, to vie for your wish.

## BROM

(Devilishly controlled jealousy)

Oh, no, Katrina, Lady dumpling, mine. I promised I'd dare risk a match with the old Master here.

(Of course this is the first anyone has heard of such a match, but the GANG set up a table and stools for the wishbone-breaking-match, like an arm wrestling bout. Everyone cheers THEM on, and "oo's and aa's" and it is clearly BROM'S match, but HE over extends, "snap" and loses; ICHABOD holding on for dear life, HIS eyes closed, but holding on nonetheless. HE opens HIS eyes surprised to see BROM on the floor)

12 DANCE AT AUTUMN QUILTING FROLIC (Piano/Orchestra)

("FIDDLE" DANCING MUSIC is heard softly in the background)

## KATRINA

Well, Mr. Crane, sir—what is your wish?

## ICHABOD

Why, Katrina fair, if you will take the chance—

It is with you I'd like to dance

(ICHABOD bows gallantly; SHE curtsies)

## HERR VAN TASSEL

Maestro!

(No response)

Fiddler!

(The "fiddler" starts again; and there is a three minute or so DANCE a sort of MINUET—HOE DOWN—BOOGIE which starts with BROM sulking in the corner with HIS boys; soon BURREL dances alternately with JOHANN and shy HANS)



BROM

Why, I'd like to double the school master up and lay him on a shelf of his own school.  
(Huffs)

(LULU joins in with TINY. FRAU VAN TASSEL leads HERR VAN TASSEL, though willing, HE is not very good. WOLFY and DUTCHY and BASHFUL are too shy, but SPEECHLESS insists BASHFUL take one because SHE can't decide which to pick herself. About a third of the way through, SPEECHLESS gets BASHFUL to dance with WOLFY, and SHE takes DUTCHY, but still can't make up HER mind and continually makes BASHFUL keep switching men with HER back and forth. BROM can't stand it and finally cuts in bearishly on ICHABOD who, with not so much as a blink, does a little turn and cuts right back in. The contest is on, the others start to watch, with BROM doing HIS heavy footed HEE-HAWING and ICHABOD daintily winning the upper hand by HIS fancy turns and under ducking—not unlike a matador in a bullfight. BROM accidentally ends up with LULU and finally TINY, and the dance ends with ICHABOD the clear victor, still in KATRINA'S arms. [During the dance KATRINA makes BROM remove HIS fur cap which HE stuffs in a back pocket.] When MUSIC ENDS, ICHABOD bows.)

ICHABOD

(Announcing)

I must now brave your brave attention and ask that Frau and Herr Van Tassel indulge the children present to present a little ditty that we so humbly composed for this evening's occasion.

BROM

(Mutters)

Get on with it!

ICHABOD

So with no further ado.

WOLFY

(Aside)

What's "a—do"?

DUTCHY

Sometink you do, dummie.

ICHABOD

Ah-em. I present to you the children's class of Sleepy Hollow. Children, form up—and follow.

(Though eager at first, once in line, the CHILDREN all stare at each other and the on-lookers and become amazingly nervous)

BURREL  
 (Nervous)  
 What's wrong?

HANS  
 (Trembling, whispers)  
 I'm not sure.

JOHANN  
 (Whispers)  
 I'm scared! It wasn't like this at school, no?

BURREL AND HANS  
 Ja—no—Ja, no.

BURREL  
 Who knows?

(ICHABOD taps a little baton, special for the occasion produced from HIS sleeve. Then HE gives THEM a not "huummm" and the CHILDREN croak—"huimomna". ICHABOD starts to look worried)

13     "WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS NOT SO WELL"

ICHABOD  
 And now: "We've Learned Our Lessons Well"

(HE "tap-tap-taps" HIS baton and raises it and the CHILDREN'S mouths all fall open; ICHABOD tries to shake of HIS feelings of apprehension and proceeds)

JOHANN  
 I'M JOHANN

HANS  
 I'M HANS

BURREL  
 I'M BRRRRRRRRRR

BOYS  
 WE'RE SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS

BURREL  
(Stuttering)  
AND G-G-G-G-G-GIRL

JOHANN  
I'M GOING TO... UH... TAP

CHILDREN  
WE'RE GOING TO...

BURREL  
(Jumps in to be helpful)  
SNAP!

HANS  
(Confidently, to make up for the others)  
MASTER CLANE'S CRASS IS GOING TO CRAP

(The others glare at HIM, as Hans realizes what HE has said HE is embarrassed, cover's mouth with hand. Then, each singing a different word:)

CHILDREN  
SNAP, TAP RAP-A-CRAP, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
(Awkwardly, not together, stuttering, and stammering...)  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
WELL, WELL  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL!

ICHABOD  
(Conducting, turns and looks at HIS audience, smiles nervously, then turns back to HIS "choir" and says in stage whisper)  
Sing! The next verse is "sing"!

HANS  
(Opens HIS mouth to sing, nothing comes out except)  
AHHHHH I'M...

ICHABOD  
(Joins in to prompt children)  
WE'RE GOING TO SING

ALL  
(Except Hans who still can't produce a sound)  
MASTER CRANE'S CLASS IS GOING TO SING

(JOHANN jostles/elbows HANS to get HIM to join in, HANS is pushed off balance and HIS pants rip)

HANS

(Spoken while others continue to sing after a fashion)

My pants! Egad! My... pants!

(This “expletive” embarrasses HIM even more. The CHILDREN continue singing again “after a fashion”)

LA, LA, LA-DE-DAH, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
WELL, WELL  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
LA, LA, LA-DE-DAH, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL!

ALL

(Except Hans who is preoccupied with HIS pants)

(Spoken)

THIS LITTLE DITTY WAS COMPOSED BY MASTER  
LET'S ALL GO JUST A LITTLE BIT FASTER!

HANS

Oh no!!!

(The CHILDREN attempt to dance as THEY sing this verse. It's a mess, stepping on toes, HANS holding pants while attempting to dance, trying to get up, but knocking each other down. By the end of verse THEY are all mumbling totally chagrined)

BURREL

I'M GOING TO DANCE

CHILDREN

WE'RE GOING TO DANCE  
MASTER CRANE'S CLASS IS GOING TO DANCE  
PIT-A-PAT-RAT-A-TAT, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
WELL, WELL  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL  
PIT-A-PAT-RAT-A-TAT, WE'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSONS WELL!

(CHILDREN compose THEMSELVES and sing perfectly choir like)

BUT, BEFORE OUR SONG IS DONE  
THERE'S ONE MORE LINE THAT MUST BE SUNG  
IT'S TO MASTER CRANE WE OWE  
OUR THANKS—FOR EV'RYTHING WE KNOW!

(The END MUSIC trails off discordant as ICHABOD sinks below feast table, then— BROM BONES applauds madly and cheers; his GANG joins in, then everyone, except ICHABOD of course who is hiding. The applause makes the CHILDREN feel really good and THEY bow proudly, except HANS who protects HIS rip)

FRAU VAN TASSEL

That was lovely children, very lovely indeed, but it's getting late.

CHILDREN

Awhhhhhhh!

FRAU VAN TASSEL

Now you best be on you way, ja? Baltus, escort the little dumplings to their coach. Their parents will be waiting, ja.

HERR VAN TASSEL

Ja, I "vill." Follow me, Little Dumplings. Tiny could you help take the children to the coach?

TINY

I vas just thinking to offer, ja

(SHE tweaks their cheeks, THEY curtsy and bow, HANS carefully [if their PARENTS are there, THEY go too, and cut "Their parents will be waiting too, ja."]; then FRAU VAN TASSEL takes a cup cake from a pocket under HER apron, and approaches ICHABOD)

FRAU VAN TASSEL

I saved this for you, Ichabod.

(But ICHABOD is so upset, even HE can't eat)

ICHABOD

I can't, I simply can't. Thank you.

(FRAU VAN TASSEL helps ICHABOD on to a stool near BASHFUL, and then pats HIM; HE starts to play-up to HIS "future mother-in-law", but then becomes gloomy again. BROM BONES goes to KATRINA, HIS mind made up, and takes HER aside)

BROM

I'll have no more of this foolishness. Now, Katrina—

KATRINA

Hush.

(We hear loud whispering, and EVERYONE looks over at BROM and KATRINA talking in each other's ears. KATRINA notices THEM and sternly points off and EVERYONE looks off, then SHE quickly whispers)

Brom.

(HE turns back to HER and SHE kisses HIM on the cheek. HE didn't expect this and is all wobbly in the knees and joins his GANG with THEM all worried, having not seen what really happened. EVERYONE thinks SHE sent HIM "packing". ICHABOD still sits staring blankly forward)

WOLFY

What's wrong, Brom?

BROM

(All grin and wide eyes)  
Ah—baa, ah—baa, ah—baa.  
(THEY are puzzled)

DUTCHY

Get him some punch.  
(WOLFY does while--)

FRAU VAN TASSEL

Now, Katrina dear. Come over here.  
(Goes to KATRINA)  
Cheer Mr. Crane up. It's been a bit rough.

KATRINA

(Reluctant to budge)  
Mother. Mother. Mother.

FRAU VAN TASSEL

What?

KATRINA

Oh Mother, if you only knew.  
(ICHABOD "ah-hems" for attention)

FRAU VAN TASSEL

Would you want to miss such a match, ja?  
(KATRINA looks at BROM involuntarily and FRAU VAN TASSEL finally realizes)  
Ohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh!

(ICHABOD "ah-hems" for attention again; BASHFUL stands and wants to go to HIM but is too shy and sits back down)

FRAU VAN TASSEL

Oh, Katrina, you little imp. Are you using Ichabod to make Brom Bones jealous?

KATRINA

(Embarrassed)

Mother!

FRAU VAN TASSEL

Oh, all right, but be careful of your father; HE's been making plans.

KATRINA

Mother!

FRAU VAN TASSEL

Don't worry—I'll take care of your father, ja.

KATRINA

(Relieved and appreciative)

Oh Mother.

ICHABOD

Ah-hem!

(Still trying to get KATRINA'S attention, HIS eyes accidentally meet BASHFUL'S. HE smiles sweetly)

Hello.

BASHFUL

(Blushes a smile)

Oh, no... I mean, hello.

(ICHABOD also becomes a little self-conscious, stands, sits, stands, and sits and crosses one leg over the other, and then looks at HER once more, but SHE turns away, but before HE can get HER attention, HERR VAN TASSEL sees this and unknowingly protecting unnecessarily HIS daughter's best interests, decides to save the day with a story. MUSIC BEGINS)

14 SPOOKY STORIES - UNDERSCORE (Piano/Orchestra)

HERR VAN TASSEL

(To all)

Why, since it is getting late, it's just the time for tales of the night. I never knew a fall night go by in Sleepy Hollow without a story or two. I remember hearing of the "the woman in white that haunts the dark glen at Raven Rock, and is often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow."

(EVERYONE gathers round, including ICHABOD, who can't resist a story, THEIR eyes getting wide; while BROM BONES picks up a pumpkin and plays with it, like a head throughout, as HE slyly shifts the story)

BROM

The headless horseman, I've heard tell, has been seen several times late at night patrolling the country, and it is said he tethers his great black horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

ICHABOD

(To the LADIES enthusiastically)

It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head was carried away by a canon-ball in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War.

BROM

(A new competition)

A lot of the most important people of these parts say the body of the trooper was buried there in that very churchyard, and that the Headless Horseman rides to the scene of the old battle nightly—and looks for HIS missing head.

(HE rolls over the pumpkin in HIS hands)

(ICHABOD bows out early, too scared to contribute, but still all ears)

HERR VAN TASSEL

The tale was told of old Brouwer, the disbeliever in ghosts, of how he met the horseman one late night and was obliged to get up behind him, on the ghost's own horse, and how they galloped over bush and hedge, over hill and swamp until they reached the bridge—the old dark wooden covered bridge. Not far from the church graveyard itself. Thickly covered all around by snarly overhanging branches which made it even darker. The Headless Horseman stood up in his stirrups and turned into a skeleton and threw old Brouwer in the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

(BROM accents this with a “clap of thunder” sound which makes ICHABOD, WOLFY, BASHFUL and SPEECHLESS jump)

BROM

But I've a better tale still. I promised you that I'd tell. Now I know this tale is true, 'cause it's my own from me to you.

DUTCHY

Oh, boy, dis is goink to be the goot one, ja.

(TINY yawns and falls asleep)



BROM

(Waits, plays with the pumpkin "head", then)  
Now, riding back from Sing Sing one night—overland—I myself was met by the Headless Horseman—at midnight upon his black, black, black, black horse. Clippity-clop. Now most of you'd think it couldn't be much worse. But I just sat in my saddle recalling lunch. And offered to race him for a bowl of punch.

WOLFY

(Terrified and proud of HIS hero)  
For a bowl of punch...

BROM

And I should have won it too for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow.. But just as we came up to the old dark church bridge, the Headless Horseman raised a blazing pumpkin and aimed it at my head.

WOLFY AND ICHABOD

(THEIR teeth chattering)  
And aimed it at his head...

BROM

But then he bolted. And no one here dare call me a liar. For I saw'im vanish in a flash of fire.

WOLFY/ICHABOD/DUTCHY/BASHFUL

(Like a chant)  
In a flash of fire—oooooo. For he vanished in a flash of fire.

(END MUSIC. Silence, except there is a funny knocking sound; ALL look at ICHABOD who's embarrassed and holds HIS knees stop THEM from knocking. The noise stopping wakes TINY up. A CLOCK STRIKES ONCE!)

ICHABOD

What's that?!

HERR VAN TASSEL

Why, it's half past eleven—it's nearly midnight.

ICHABOD

Nearly midnight?  
(Nervous)

Funny I never heard the clock before.

BROM

(Raises HIS eye-brows spookily at ICHABOD)

Nearly midnight, Ichy, and doesn't your path home, back to Van Ripper's farm, take you by the old church bridge—and the graveyard?

(BROM laughs sinisterly)

ICHABOD

(Swallows hard, HIS voice cracks)

Why, it's a short ride. But before I go—ah-hem. Katrina—I—um—have something to say that you ought to know.

(PEOPLE start to break up. KATRINA and ICHABOD go to a corner and have an unheard conversation; BROM watches THEM while)

WOLFY

Well, I'm getting sleepy, Dutchy, what about you?

DUTCHY

Ja, I'm goink your vay, Volfy. You don't have to vorry about any ghosts. Zey'll have not[h]ink to do wit' me. I'm too stubborn.

TINY

(Stretches energetically)

It's early. Why is everyone so tired?

LULU

I'll tarry awhile if you do, Tiny.

TINY

(Seriously sleep again)

Boy, am I getting sleepy. Goodnight, Brom.

BROM

Goodnight, lads.

(LULU is insulted, but determined and follows TINY off; EVERYONE thanks FRAU and HERR VAN TASSEL as THEY say "goodnights" and depart)

BASHFUL

(Sadly)

Come on, Speechless, everyone else is goink[g]. Speechless? Oh!

(SPEECHLESS has snuck away behind DUTCHY and WOLFY before THEY get off and pretends to be a goblin grotesquely tiptoeing up behind THEM. WOLFY is surprised and startled, cries out and SPEECHLESS, WOLFY and DUTCHY go off laughing)

BASHFUL

Alone again.

(SHE looks at ICHABOD and sighs, then at BROM as HE puts on HIS fur cap)

Yuck!

LULU OFF

Hurry up, Bashful. The cart's await'n, ja.

(BROM winks at BASHFUL really big)

BASHFUL

(Alarmed)

Coming Lulu! Hold the cart.

(SHE goes, but with BROM following HER closely just to bother HER)

FRAU VAN TASSEL

(Calling off)

Goodnight to you all.

HERR VAN TASSEL

(To off)

Goodnight! Goodnight.

(To FRAU VAN TASSEL)

Well, pretty nice party I'd say, Mrs. Van Tassel.

FRAU VAN TASSEL

(Lovingly)

Ja, now all I have to do is clean the castle.

HERR VAN TASSEL

(As THEY start off)

Maybe it's time I helped just a little, ja?

(HE thinks about this then)

Well, maybe I'll hire someone.

(Stops, looks at ICHABOD and KATRINA)

Look at the love birds.

(Suddenly ICHABOD turns looking abashed, regains HIS little remaining self-esteem and struts towards THEM)

HERR VAN TASSEL

But, what's this?!

ICHABOD

Goodnight, Frau and Herr Van Tassel. It was very pleasant to be at your castle.  
Goodnight.

HERR VAN TASSEL

(Puzzled)  
Goodnight, sir.

FRAU VAN TASSEL

Goodnight, Mr. Crane, will you be having your cupcake now?

ICHABOD

(Grins ear to ear)  
Perhaps I shall. And thank you, Madame.

(HE bows deeply and graciously—the cupcake is gone when HE comes up)

KATRINA

(Gently, apologetically, SHE waves)  
Goodnight, Mr. Crane, adieu.

ICHABOD

(HIS long nose in the air)  
Goodnight, Katrina, and good fortune to you.

(BROM comes back in past ICHABOD, THEY watch each other coldly, ICHABOD sliding by sideways, exits)

BROM

(To the VAN TASSELS)  
Well, all of'em are on their ways home. So thank ya again Frau and Herr. It's always a pleasure to be here.

(HE clasps their hands and shakes THEM broadly and pecks FRAU VAN TASSEL on the cheek with a big smack)

Goodnight!

(BROM goes to KATRINA and kisses HER hand, gallantly for HIM)  
And to you, fair plump Katrina, fare thee well, you little dumpling bell.

(SHE giggles and gives HIM a friendly jab and a big wink and nod which SHE conceals from HER father, and BROM winks back)

KATRINA

Goodnight, Brom Van Brunt.

(Curtseys, BROM starts off)

HERR VAN TASSEL

(To FRAU VAN TASSEL)

What's this I hear, his formal name, das ist strange.

(Then as BROM goes by)

Ah-hem, Brom, is something going on here? Brom Van Brunt?

BROM

(Avoiding HIM)

Brom Bones will do. Goodnight all.

(Dashes off)

BROMOFF

Yippee!!!

HERR VAN TASSEL

(Starts to go, very puzzled)

Come now, Katrina, let's all to bed. I think something or someone has gone to your head.

(KATRINA joins THEM non-committed)

Now, what does this thing mean this "Yippee", ja?

FRAU VAN TASSEL

(As THEY exit, pretending SHE doesn't know)

Ja, Katrina, what is it with this, "Yippee"?

(Then aside to KATRINA, SHE winks and nudges HER, and KATRINA just beams. As THEY disappear, HERR VAN TASSEL checks HIS pocket watch)

HERR VAN TASSEL OFF

(Having some spooky fun)

Oooooo, nearly midnight... I'm glad we're all safe and sound in here. For out there lies the graveyard—and who know who else.

(HE laughs a spooky laugh. The LADIES giggle from off; the sound blending with the encroaching sounds of night as THEY build with the increasing darkness as—)

The lights fade. And we hear the distant chimes of midnight.

End of Scene One

ACT TWO  
Scene Two

15 SPOOKY FOREST - UNDERSCORE (Piano/Orchestra)

The “Forest”, spooky music.

ICHABOD slowly rides right to left stage on GUNPOWDER with all the sounds of night haunting them, both man and horse sinking further and further into the depths of fear. Rustling—a hoot—the wind—an animal scurries—in the distance we hear the last chimes from the castle.

ICHABOD

Midnight.

GUNPOWDER

Midnight.

(THEY circle-weave back right and are surreptitiously joined, slightly behind but close, by the silent HEADLESS HORSEMAN. THEY continue centre in a mime walk in place. The HORSEMAN is all in black, a cape, high collar, no head, his horse all draped in black, a touch of red, perhaps the eyes, [the rear legs of the horse are the riders, same as the other “horses”]. ICHABOD and GUNPOWDER never look up)

HEADLESS HORSEMAN

(Softly over and over in sync with GUNPOWDER’S walk)

Clippity-clop, clippity-clop, clippity-clop.

(END MUSIC. All other sounds gradually cease for awhile)

ICHABOD

It’s awfully quiet suddenly. Do you hear a “clippity-clop”?

GUNPOWDER

(Looks at HIS own feet and whinnies)

It’s meeeeee.

ICHABOD

Oh.

(But, suspicious, ICHABOD stops [centre] and there is an extra “clippity”; then ICHABOD hedges GUNPOWDER forward a step and stops, the HORSEMAN is late again “clop”)

ICHABOD

I think—I think—I think.

## GUNPOWDER

Me too—me too—me too.

(And off THEY trot, back right, both too afraid to look over THEIR shoulders, both “Tum-dee-dum-dumming” like whistling when you are afraid; THEY EXIT)

(The HORSEMAN and HORSE now alone turn full front and both laugh a horrible ghostly laugh, and begin snapping fingers and tapping hoof in a spooky jazz rhythm)

16      “THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN”

BROM

AH-HA! THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN  
HAS A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE  
HA! THOSE TALES OF THE HORSEMAN  
MAKE EVEN A DOUBTER BELIEVE  
THINK OF THE COMMOTION  
IMAGINE ALL THE DREAD  
IF THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN HELD... HIS HEAD!

OOOOOOO! A DERRING-DO...  
DOO DOO DOO DE-DE DOO-DE-DOO  
A FRIGHT'NING FIGURE IN THE SHADY GLOOM...  
AAAAAAAAAAH!

(Puts on the head if possible, and HE and HORSE  
DANCE “do-dooin” along)

AH-HA! THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN  
HAS A MASTERFUL SCHEME  
JA! THIS PLAN WILL TAKE COURSE WHEN  
A CERTAIN SOMEONE ENTERS THE SCENE  
THINK ABOUT HIS HORROR!  
IMAGINE ALL HIS DREAD!  
WHEN THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN HURLS... HIS HEAD!

OOOOOOO! A DERRING-DO...  
DOO DOO DOO DE-DE DOO-DE-DOO  
A FRIGHT'NING FIGURE IN THE SHADY GLOOM...  
AAAAAAAAAAH! KA-BOOM!

(Dances some more with HORSE while HE sings)

OOOOOOO! A DERRING-DO...  
DOO DOO DOO DE-DE DOO-DE-DOO  
A FRIGHT'NING FIGURE IN THE SHADY GLOOM...  
AAAAAAAAAAH! KA-BOOM!

(BROM and the HORSE laugh heartily. END SONG)

(ICHABOD and GUNPOWDER enter from right, but do not see the “GHOSTS” who stay still, while ICHABOD and GUNPOWDER continue to mime walk in place when THEY reach centre)

ICHABOD

Did you hear something?

GUNPOWDER

My heart. My hooves. My heart. My hooves. My heart. My hooves.

ICHABOD

All right. All right. All right. All right. Do you see something?

GUNPOWDER

My heart—my hooves—my heart—my hoo—

ICHABOD

Besides that?!

GUNPOWDER

(Sadly, slowly)

No... but it's there. I know it's there.

(Covers HIS good eye with HIS ears [if possible])

I've always known it. It's there—I—

ICHABOD

All right! We're almost to the bridge. If we can just make it to the bridge.

GUNPOWDER

(So terrified, HE'S forgetting)

What bridge?

ICHABOD

(Points off left, overjoyed)

There! There it is!

GUNPOWDER

(“Squints”)

Where?!



ICHABOD

(ICHABOD points really hard, but of course GUNPOWDER cannot see from his position where he is pointing)

There! Now run!

GUNPOWDER

(Stuck in mime rhythm)

Which way is “there”?!

ICHABOD

There! Run!

(The HEADLESS HORSEMAN lets loose a scream and a laugh that echoes; ICHABOD bites his knuckles)

GUNPOWDER

(Flatly)

I told you he was there.

ICHABOD

(HIS veins sticking out in HIS throat, gasping)

There! There! There! There!

(Trying to spur GUNPOWDER on)

GUNPOWDER

(Looks everywhere but the right way)

Where?!

ICHABOD

There!

(GUNPOWDER picks the wrong way and runs, in mime, making only a little headway at a time but muscles straining, the opposite direction from the bridge, ICHABOD looking back over HIS shoulder practically weeping)

There—there—there—there!

(The HEADLESS HORSEMAN comes right up behind them now and stares ICHABOD in the face)

Whoa!!

(Faces forward)

I mean giddy-up!!!

17 TRANSITION TO CHASE MUSIC (Piano/Orchestra, used for forest))

(THEY disappear off right and the chase is on, and off, and on, with the HEADLESS HORSEMAN hooting and hollering while ICHABOD and GUNPOWDER are gasping, huffing and puffing. [If possible, on one turn ICHABOD should be carrying GUNPOWDER.] Sometimes the HEADLESS HORSEMAN should get side by side with

ICHABOD and taunt HIM with the pumpkin head, then ICHABOD pulls ahead again all the while adlibbing: “There! There! He’s right there!”; and GUNPOWDER: “Where??” and “Ohhhh!”. Then the HEADLESS HORSEMAN stops centre while ICHABOD and GUNPOWDER continue to mime running in place frantically, muttering lowly to THEMSELVES as we hear)

18 “THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN” - REPRISE

BROM

THINK ABOUT HIS HORROR!  
IMAGINE ALL HIS DREAD!  
WHEN THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN HURLS... HIS HEAD!

OOOOOOO! A DERRING-DO...  
DOO DOO DOO DE-DE DOO-DE-DOO  
A FRIGHT’NING FIGURE IN THE SHADY GLOOM...  
AAAAAAAAAAH!

(Option: BROM reveals HIMSELF momentarily to the audience as the HORSEMAN)

(HE continues to chase THEM but in HIS jazz rhythm, doo-dooing to the MUSIC which continues as ICHABOD and GUNPOWDER go into slow motion for the last stretch, heading left. The MUSIC builds and transitions to the frightening climax as the HEADLESS HORSEMAN takes the pumpkin from off HIS neck or from HIS saddle horn, [and turns on the battery flame effect] and raises a now “burning” pumpkin)

ICHABOD

(Looking back, speaking slowly stretching out the words, like a slow tape, matching their slow motion)

What’s he doing??

GUNPOWDER

(Slow drawn out speech and motion)

I can’t see. But I’ll out run’em, or my name ain’t Gunpowder!

(The HEADLESS HORSMAN swirls the “flaming pumpkin around, ready to throw)

ICHABOD

(HIS teeth chattering slowly, motion still slow)

We’re there. There’s the bridge, right there. But, but, he’s supposed to vanish now!

(THEY reach the wing just in time, ICHABOD looking back)

ICHABOD

(Speaking normal speed)

We made it! We made it!

(THEY disappear off left. The HEADLESS HORSEMAN close behind throws the pumpkin. END MUSIC)

ICHABOD OFF

Ohhh-no!

(SOUND OF "SPLAT" OFF STAGE, and a CLAP OF THUNDER. Then the HEADLESS HORSMAN laughs triumphantly and disappears, up center or back right)

Another CLAP OF THUNDER and—

Lights fade.

The soft sounds of "Whatever Became of Ichabod Crane?" begin gently in the background.

End of Scene Two

EPILOGUE

(Perhaps still in the forest)

19 “WHATEVER BECAME OF ICHABOD CRANE”

HERR VAN TASSLE

(To the CHILDREN)

Well, that’s the way they tell it. They say they found old Gunpowder eating grass back at Van Ripper’s gate, with no saddle, his bridle under foot, but not a bit of Ichabod anywhere. Back on the church bridge they say—well...

CHILDREN

What? What?!!

HERR VAN TASSLE

(Slowly at first)

They say they found his hat, and close beside it—a shattered pumpkin—there on the old church bridge.

CHILDREN

(Sadly)

Awhhh....

HERR VAN TASSEL

(Spoken)

IT’S ALL TOO MYSTERIOUS, HIS DISAPPEARING HAS  
...TROUBLED US SO

CHILDREN

(Spoken)

WHERE DID HE GO?

HERR VAN TASSEL

(Spoken)

THE GOSSIPS DEBATE, POOR ICHABOD’S FATE  
BUT, THE TRUTH... BLOW-BY-BLOW?

(Sung)

WE’LL NEVER KNOW, WE’LL NEVER KNOW  
WE’LL NEVER WITH CERTAINTY KNOW  
WHATEVER BECAME... OF ICHABOD CRANE

(Tableaus appear with appropriate verses; the CHILDREN join in the song, as does EVERYONE eventually, but not when “THEIR” tableau is being featured. First, the CHILDREN appear as in school but with HERR VAN TASSEL as master [he always sings])

HERR VAN TASSEL  
SOME PEOPLE SAY HE WAS GHOSTED AWAY  
BY SUPERNATURAL HANDS  
SO NONE DISAPPROVED WHEN THE SCHOOL HOUSE WAS MOVED  
ONTO LESS TROUBLESOME LANDS  
YET, DESPITE THE DISASTER AND RUMORS THAT SPREAD  
SOON ANOTHER SCHOOL MASTER RULED IN HIS STEAD

HERR AND CHILDREN  
BUT, WE'LL NEVER KNOW, WE'LL NEVER KNOW  
WE'LL NEVER WITH CERTAINTY KNOW  
WHATEVER BECAME... OF ICHABOD CRANE

(Second tableau: BROM and KATRINA with FRAU VAN TASSEL holding a bouquet, HERR VAN TASSEL momentarily joins them; EVERYONE is there dressed to the hilt. BROM mimes laughing, flourishes a black cape; FRAU tosses the bouquet to BASHFUL, who slips away)

SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT HE HURRIED AWAY  
AFTER KATRINA'S AFFRONT  
FOR SOON AFTER HE FLED, FAIR KATRINA WAS WED  
TO HIS RIVAL HERR BROM BONES VAN BRUNT  
AND WHENEVER SOMETHIN'S SAID ON HIS BEHALF  
OR YOU MENTION PUMPKIN, BROM BONES STARTS TO LAUGH

(BROM laughs from his frozen position in the tableau)

HERR, CHILDREN, WEDDING PARTY  
BUT, WE'LL NEVER KNOW, WE'LL NEVER KNOW  
WE'LL NEVER WITH CERTAINTY KNOW  
WHATEVER BECAME... OF ICHABOD CRANE

(Third and final tableau: the lights fade up and ICHABOD appears, alone, eating a big chicken roast)

VARIOUS CAST MEMBERS  
SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT HE MOVED FAR AWAY  
CARRIED BY TERROR AND FEAR  
THAT SOON AFTER HIS FALL, MASTER CRANE STUDIED LAW  
AND HE ROSE THROUGH THE RANKS YEAR-BY-YEAR  
THAT ALWAYS A FUSSY, SUPERIOR SORT  
HERR CRANE WAS MADE JUSTICE OF THE TEN POUND COURT

CAST (ALL BUT ICHABOD AND BASHFUL)  
BUT, WE'LL NEVER KNOW, WE'LL NEVER KNOW  
WE'LL NEVER WITH CERTAINTY KNOW

## WHATEVER BECAME... OF ICHABOD CRANE

(BASHFUL joins ICHABOD, bringing another roasted chicken, THEY hug warmly and eat then there is an eerie sound and EVERYONE looks toward the cyc and the shadow of the HEADLESS HORSEMAN passes over; they all look a bit concerned. This is an optional tag)

ALL (SOFTLY FROM OFF)

BUT, WE'LL NEVER KNOW, WE'LL NEVER KNOW  
WE'LL NEVER WITH CERTAINTY KNOW  
WHATEVER BECAME... OF ICHABOD CRANE  
ICHABOD CRANE, ICHABOD CRANE

MUSIC SOARS

20 "FINALE" - CURTAIN CALL

CAST

HE DRESSES OH SO FANCY AND IMPRESSES SO FINE  
THAT ALL THE MARRIED WOMEN ASK HIM OVER TO DINE  
THEY SERVE HIM MUTTON, TURKEY, BEEF...  
IT'S AN INCREDIBLE FEAT, THE SHEER AMOUNT HE CAN EAT  
AND ALL THE EDIBLE ROOTS, EV'RY SWEET OR FRUIT  
MASTER ICHABOD KEEPS EATING HE KEEPS EATING 'TIL HE'S FI-ILLLED  
HIS BOOTS  
... HE'S FI-ILLLED HIS BOOTS

HE'S ANNIHILATING TOWERS OF THE FOOD HIS FOND OF  
WITH THE DILATING POWERS OF AN ANACONDA!

HE DRESSES OH SO FANCY AND IMPRESSES SO FINE  
THAT ALL THE MARRIED WOMEN ASK HIM OVER TO DINE  
THEY SERVE HIM MUTTON, TURKEY, BEEF...  
IT'S AN INCREDIBLE FEAT, THE SHEER AMOUNT HE CAN EAT  
AND ALL THE EDIBLE ROOTS, EV'RY SWEET OR FRUIT  
MASTER ICHABOD KEEPS EATING HE KEEPS EATING 'TIL HE'S FI-ILLLED  
HIS BOOTS  
...HE'S FI-ILLLED HIS BOOTS  
MASTER ICHABOD KEEPS EATING 'TIL HE'S FILLED HIS BOOTS!  
YEAH!

CAST

(Arm in arm, swaying in time with the music)

SLEEPY CREEPY HOLLOW  
THE OL' DUTCH SETTLERS TELL  
SLEEPY (SLEEPY) HOLLOW (HOLLOW)

HOLDS YOU UNDER ITS SPELL  
BROOKS AND STREAMS WHISPERING DREAMS  
FLIGHTS OF FANCY FOLLOW  
HERE IN SLEEPY, MOON-BEAM CREEPY  
HERE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW  
SLEEPY CREEPY HOLLOW

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