

Ichabod: To—tonight is a full m-m-m-moon, is-is-isn't it.

Mrs. Mellema: Why, yes, I believe it is.

Joe and Joan look at each other and giggle.

Mr. Mellema: As I was saying, he kills anyone he meets, but one man saw him and lived to tell about it. He said that the Headless Horseman is dressed in all black clothes, black boots and a black cape. He is surrounded by an eerie light! Some people think the light is his anger and violence emanating out of him. He rides a black horse, and at the top of his shoulders, there is **no head!**

Ichabod: H-h-how does he s-s-see where he is going without a h-h-head?

Joe: Well, they say he has a big, scary-faced jack-o-lantern, where his head should be, all lit up to show him the way. Pretty spooky, huh? He's a frightening fellow, all right!

Ichabod: H-he certainly s-s-sounds like someone I would not want to m-m-meet. How did the man get away from him?

Mrs. Mellema: Well, rumor has it that the Headless Horseman cannot go past the bridge just beyond the village; you know, the one not far from the cemetery. Some people think that maybe he died near there, and so he can't go beyond that point, or for some other ghostly reason.

Joan: Why, isn't that the cemetery and bridge near your schoolhouse, Mr. Crane?

Joe: Gee, you have to walk by there on your way home...on a night with a full moon!

Joe and Joan look at each other and smile, while Ichabod looks scared and nauseous.

Mr. Mellema: Now children, let's not scare Mr. Crane.

Ichabod: Oh, n-n-nonsense. I am not afraid of ghosts or spirits. S-s-silly stories! I will be fine! But...uh...maybe another glass of wine before I go.

Scene 4

*CURTAIN OPENS : The stage is **mostly dark**. A cemetery is stage left, with several gravestones in various states of disrepair, followed by a bridge, and far stage right is the edge of the schoolhouse. A path may cross in front of the cemetery to the bridge. Ichabod enters stage left, looking all around, very frightened, as he walks along the path to the schoolhouse. When he is passing the cemetery, c*

*ghost jumps up from behind a grave and sits on the gravestone, enticingly.
Ichabod jumps and moves backward from her.*

First Ghost: **Boo!** Hey, big fella! You wanna visit with a pretty lady?

Second ghost pops up from behind another gravestone

Second Ghost: You? Pretty? You haven't been pretty for a hundred years! Leave that poor, frightened schoolmaster alone.

A pirate ghost with a hook hand pops up.

Third ghost: You're not afraid of a few little ghosts, are you schoolmaster?

Ichabod: It's the pirate with the hook! I will not be scared... I will not be scared!

Three more ghosts pop up. One is a lady in a bridal gown and veil, shrieking.

Three ghosts: **B-O-O-O!**

He covers his eyes with his hands.

Ichabod: A bridal ghost... and her attendants! Go away, spirits! Leave me alone! I will not look...I will not look!

First Ghost: Oh come on, we're pretty calm compared to **some** ghosts, such as...

Second Ghost: **N-O-O!** Don't say it! Don't say it!

Third Ghost: Say what? The Headless Horseman?

4th to 6th Ghosts: Too late, you said it!

The sound of hoof beats and the neighing of a horse are heard in the background. All the ghosts huddle around Ichabod looking scared. He turns to look and sees a jack-o-lantern in the forest. He screams and runs toward the bridge. The Headless Horseman comes farther and farther out of the woods.

Ichabod: Oh no! The Headless Horseman! A-a-h-h-h!

Looking back, he trips on the beginning of the bridge.

Ichabod: Yea! The bridge. I just have to get across, and I will be all right. Please let me make it. Please let me make it! Just have to get over the bridge.