

Legend of Sleepy Hollow (UPLP)

1944

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

~~Screen Play~~

by

Waldo Salt

FADE IN

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Tappan Zee. The night is clear and undisturbed; a moonbeam lies at anchor on the river, tossing listlessly with the tide. A narrator's voice speaks over the scene gently.

NARRATOR

At the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson...

CAMERA TURNS and seems TO MOVE inland TOWARD:

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOTS of the village. The dirt streets are deserted; the tavern is closed; and no human sound rises above the night-drowsing chorus of crickets and bullfrogs.

NARRATOR

...rests the hamlet of Sleepy Hollow. A drowsy dreamy influence seems to hang over the land...yet, strangely enough...

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCHYARD - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of an owl, half-hidden by foliage, blinking and hooting at the moon.

NARRATOR

...it is told that Nightmare and her whole Ninefold make this the scene of their midnight gambols and witches' frolics...

FULL SHOT of the Hessian's Bridge, the church and graveyard, and beyond a starlit autumn sky. The stars seem unusually bright; a giant meteor trails its light across the sky and disappears behind the church. Then suddenly, the galloping hoofbeats of horses can be heard, pounding nearer through

NARRATOR

...Certain it is that the village of Sleepy Hollow abounds in witches' tales and twilight superstitions. And one tale in particular haunts this enchanted region...

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS - NIGHT

- 5 CLOSE SHOT of a child NARRATOR
screaming as the hoofbeats ...The tale of a headless
thunder toward him and the horseman...
shadow of the horseman falls
across his bed.
- 6 FULL SHOT of a chicken roost. NARRATOR
The chickens squall crazilywho rides his great
as the hoofbeats pass the black steed at midnight...
roost.
- 7 MED. SHOT of a dog baying NARRATOR
to the moon, whimpering as ...sweeping the peaceful
the horseman's shadow sweeps valley like a dark and
over him. evil wind...
- 8 CLOSE SHOT of a woman NARRATOR
peering out of an upstairs ...his head carried in
window, slamming the his hand!
shutters as the shadow of
the horse and rider moves
along the house.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

- 9 FULL SHOT of the tombstones as the shadow of the
horseman falls across the monuments, and draws to a
stop.

CAMERA MOVES TO the horseman, a fantastically huge
silhouette against the sky. At this moment the
horseman's arm lifts away from his shoulders what
appears to be a grotesque, elongated head. But as the
CAMERA MOVES IN we see that the head is a half-gallon
liquor jug and the horseman a brawny country lad.

NARRATOR

And this tale has come to be
known to all the world as...

ANGLE WIDENS as the horseman is joined by three other
men on horseback. As he passes the jug and they ride
away, starting to sing a bright hunting song...

DISSOLVE THROUGH

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW - DAWN

NARRATOR

(over main title)

...THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW...

- 10 TITLES SUPERIMPOSED OVER SHOTS of the village, the hills,
and the Hudson, as the sun rises. The hunting song

11 FULL SHOT of a road leading through the woods. The four men ride from the woods onto the road. The song swells, then recedes, as they ride away.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BROM'S SMITHY - MORNING

12 FULL SHOT of the open workshop facing the road in the shadow of a spreading chestnut tree. Brom's living quarters are at the rear, overlooking a pond.

The four men ride into the yard, their horses steaming, Brom at the head. Brom Brundt is young to be the village blacksmith. His fur cap sets at a jaunty angle. A century and a half later Brom would be an Air Force Cadet. At the turn of the eighteenth century, he is considered the town's rowdy, known by the name of Brom Bones. The other three stop singing as Brom reins in his horse and jumps down.

13 GROUP SHOT of "Brom's Boys." Cork Hennessey is a lank giant of an Irishman. Rambout Ritt is a huge, hulking Dutchman, larger but less agile than Brom. In contrast to Brom, Rambout, and Cork, Candide Christophe is a tiny, wiry French Canadian, who makes up in verve what he lacks in height.

RAMBOUT

Now, Brom, what's got into you - ?

ANGLE WIDENS to include Brom, as he hitches his horse to the iron post.

BROM

Go ahead -- get drunk. Carouse your lives away.

CORK

But a hunt, lad -- without a hot drink at the end of it to warm your chilled vitals!

BROM

(calmly,
tolerantly)

Kathy's boat docks at Tarry Town in an hour. I've got the fires to blow up, a bath to take, and myself to dress, so --

CANDIDE

La, there is the end of our friend Brom Bones.

(CONTINUED)

RAMBOUT

Whatever's happened to Brom Bones? He was all of a man onc't, as I recall.

CORK

What happened to Brom Bones, you ask? 'Twas a woman - a dainty, quaint bit of a woman.

BROM

(fiercely)
Kathy's no dainty, quaint.
She can out-ride you, Cork --
and out-bowl Rambout -- and
out-throw Candy with a knife...
And out-shoot the lot of you!
(smiles)
She's a Dutch farmer's daughter!

Brom's Boys look at each other, shaking their heads sadly. Rambout takes up the hunting song again, singing it as a mournful dirge. The three turn their horses and ride out of the yard in slow cadence. Brom picks up a chestnut, takes aim, and throws. Rambout's horse, stung, rears and runs. As the other two whip up their horses to catch him, Brom laughs and starts inside..

INT. BROM'S SMITHY - MORNING

14 FULL SHOT. Brom pulls off his shirt, shakes up the coals, straddles the force like a spread-eagle, pumping the great bellows on either side.

BROM

Pete -- !

He looks towards the door at the rear..

BROM (cont'd)

Pete -- are you dressed to meet
your new schoolteacher -- ?

His only answer is a loud yawn. Smiling, Brom picks up his shirt and starts into:

INT. BROM'S LIVING QUARTERS - MORNING

15 FULL SHOT. The large room is a combination kitchen and bedroom. Brom's bed has not been slept in. Pete, in the other bed, is a rugged kid of ten, whose single ambition is to grow up to be like his brother Brom. Brom kicks off his hunting boots as he enters, stripping down for a bath..

BROM

Pete! Get your lazy carcass
out of there! The boat docks

PETE
(from under
the blanket)
I hope it sinks -- with the
schoolteacher in it!

Brom slaps Pete's rear end, up-turned as he buries his
head.

BROM
Kathy's on that boat.

PETE
Oh....then I hope someone
throws him overboard.

BROM
(down to his
drawers)
You hope somebody throws your
teacher overboard, do you?

He picks Pete up, wrapped in the blanket, and carries
him kicking and screaming to the door at the rear.

EXT. POND - MORNING

16 FULL SHOT. Brom's rear porch overhangs a section of the
pond dammed off for swimming. Brom carries Pete out and
rolls him out of the blanket into the water, head-first.

17 MED. SHOT of Pete as he comes up laughing, gulping
water. He looks o.s. toward a second splash, as Brom
hits the water.

ANGLE WIDENS to include Brom, ducking his head, spouting
water like a seal. He shakes his hair out of his eyes
and looks at Pete.

BROM
You should be ashamed of yourself.
When I was your age we didn't even
have a chance to go to school.

He swims toward Pete, but Pete ducks and swims away.

BROM (cont'd)
Our schoolhouse was General
Washington's Headquarters, and
our teacher was drafted into
the Levies.

PETE
Yes, sir! Those were the days!

BROM
Now do you want to grow up like me?

PETE

Yes, sir!

Brom grabs Pete and pushes him under water. But a second later Brom is tossed forward on his face as Pete comes up between his legs. Pete swims to the landing and runs into the house laughing as Brom follows him.

INT. BROM'S LIVING QUARTERS - MORNING.

18 FULL SHOT as Pete runs in, grabbing a towel, rubbing his blood back into circulation. Brom follows him in, laughing, intent on revenge. But as he starts across the room, his bare toe stubs itself against a crudely built box in the middle of the floor. There is a groan from Brom, a sickly creak from the box, and a yelp from Pete.

PETE

Hey -- that's the bird with the broken wing!

BROM

It's my foot with the broken toe. You should be ashamed, the way you leave things around. What you need, young fella -- is a wife for me.

PETE

(wrinkling his nose)

A woman?

BROM

Just wait till Kathy moves in. There'll be changes around here.

(looks around,
disgusted)

She'll make a place to live out of this instead of a pig-sty -- with curtains, and maybe a rug, when we can afford it. And we'll put in a stove so we don't have to cook over the forge. And she'll teach you to pick up after yourself, and eat regular meals...

PETE

(puzzled about
one thing)

But where's she gonna sleep?

BROM

(ignoring him)

Yes, sir, like Cousin Polly says -- Man was meant to live with woman.

(he laughs)

I guess she meant that for everyone but her late lamented husband.

PETE
Living with Polly is enough to
kill any man.

Brom laughs, ruffling Pete's wet hair.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW ROAD - MORNING

19 TRUCKING SHOT. The Mayor, with his two hatchet men, the Town Recorder and the Treasurer, walks purposefully through scattered groups moving down toward Tarry Town and the river to meet the boat. The townsfolk nod as they pass the mayor.

AD LIB VOICES
Good morning, Mr. Mayor --
Meeting the boat, Mr. Mayor? --
A fine day for the new schoolteacher --
Mr. Mayor, when are you going to do
something about that road? --
A very good morning to you, Mr. Mayor...

The Mayor and his two assistants answer all questions and greetings with polite but perfunctory nods and continue on their way to turn in at the gate of the Widow Brooks.

EXT. WIDOW'S THATCHED COTTAGE - MORNING

20 MED. SHOT at door, a Dutch door divided in the middle. The Mayor raps importantly.

RECORDER
Handle Polly gently, Mr. Mayor.
I knew her late-lamented well --
poor man...

Upper-half of the door swings open and the Widow Polly Brooks appears. Framed in the opening, the Widow has the look of a Breughel portrait of a buxom farm matron, plumply pleasing. But there is a termagant arch to her eyebrows as she sees the three men.

THE WIDOW
Oh, it's you three. If it's about
taxes, come back next year!

The upper-section of the door slams an exclamation point to her sentence. The three men look at each other; then the Mayor raps again.

RECORDER
(as the upper-half
swings open)
Duck, gentlemen!

The three men duck behind the lower-half of the door,

21 MED. CLOSE SHOT of the three men. The Recorder smiles as the upper-half of the door slams shut again. But at this moment the lower-half of the door swings open and a great broom sweeps the Recorder off the doorstep into the path and raps the Mayor and Treasurer across the shins.

22 MED. SHOT. As the lower-half slams shut the three men reassemble their dignity. The Recorder and Treasurer step to one side of the door, the Mayor to the other. The Mayor raps again, gingerly, with the tip of his cane.

THE MAYOR

Mrs. Brooks -- Polly -- it's
not taxes.

The full door swings open and the Widow comes out, tying on her bonnet.

THE WIDOW

Why didn't you say so in the
first place?

(to the
Recorder)

Oscar, fetch me that frying pan.
State your business, Mr. Mayor --
I'm on my way to meet the boat.

THE MAYOR

Well, good. You're going to meet
the new schoolteacher, I suppose?

THE WIDOW

I suppose I'm going to pick up a
bolt of calico from New York.

THE MAYOR

Fine. That brings me to the
subject of our visit.

TREASURER

Not the calico.

RECORDER

(handing her
the frying pan)

The new schoolteacher.

THE WIDOW

What stray dog have you picked
up this time?

RECORDER

A scholar by the name of Ichabod
Crane.

TREASURER

We consider ourselves fortunate
in finding Mr. Crane.

THE WIDOW

He must be cheap.

TREASURER

Three dollars a month cheaper
than the last.

THE WIDOW

And because you won't pay him
enough to feed himself, you
want me to board him.

THE MAYOR

Only for the first month.

TREASURER

Naturally, he'll help out around
the farm, milk the cow...

RECORDER

Chop wood...

THE MAYOR

Slop the pigs, feed the chickens...

THE WIDOW

And if he has time, teach the
children.

TREASURER

Naturally -- that's what we're
paying him for.

THE WIDOW

I suppose you tried everyone
else before you came here?

THE MAYOR

Naturally -- we wanted to
spare you, if possible --

THE WIDOW

Well, you're wasting your time.
I'm not going to wet-nurse any
half-starved mongrel schoolteacher
to save you money.

TREASURER

Now, Polly, if you paid your taxes --

He just dodges the frying pan. The Widow pulls her
shawl around her and starts toward the street.

THE WIDOW

Oscar, fetch the frying pan, and
set it in the kitchen.

THE MAYOR

(to his
assistants)

Gentlemen, the situation's serious.

23 FULL SHOT at the Widow's gate. Brom, dressed in his Sunday best, rides with Pete in front of him as the Widow turns into the street.

BROM

Good morning, Cousin Polly!

THE WIDOW

Don't you dare speak to me, Brom Brundt -- galloping through the town at midnight like drunken Cossacks.

BROM

(laughs)

Maybe it was the Headless Horseman, Cousin.

WIDOW

A man without a head, Cousin, doesn't have the throat to whoop and holler.

She turns away with dignity, and Brom whips up his horse, trotting through the crowd moving down toward:

EXT. TARRY TOWN DOCK - MORNING - (MINIATURE)

24 LONG SHOT. The boat, bright and colorful in the morning sun, slides slowly up the river toward Tarry Town.

24A FULL SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE. The crowd is gathering as Brom rides into the scene and lifts Pete off the horse.

25 MED. SHOT of the Van Tassel family. Old Baltus Van Tassel is a prosperous farmer, more at home by his fireside than in public. Dame Van Tassel is his hard-working wife, with a faint trace of wistful romanticism in her eyes. Anne Van Tassel, age eight, is pert and pretty, the light of Pete's life. They look up with varying reactions as Brom and Pete join them.

BROM

Good morning, Mrs. Van Tassel.

MRS. VAN TASSEL

Good morning, Brom Brundt.

BROM

Good morning, Mr. Van Tassel.

VAN TASSEL

Good morning, Brundt.

BROM

Good morning, Anne.

ANNE
Good morning, Brom.

PETE
Hello.

ANNE
Hello.

There is a strained silence. Dame Van Tassel would probably be friendly to Brom, if she were not with her husband.

MRS. VAN TASSEL
You've come to meet Katrina?

BROM
Yes.

VAN TASSEL
(clears
his throat)
Yes, and brought your friends
along.

BROM
Yes --

But his face falls as he looks up.

ANGLE WIDENS to include Cork, Candy and Rambout.
They stroll up to Brom casually, looking innocent.

CORK
Top of the morning to you,
Friend Brom.

BROM
What are you doing here?

CANDIDE
We're here to meet our lady love.

RAMBOUT
A shipment of fine old Medford
Rum arrives today.

They move on, bowing elaborately to Dame Van Tassel, then settle themselves a few feet away, close enough to hang over Brom like a bad conscience.

MAYOR'S VOICE
Children --!

MED. SHOT of Mayor, standing on the dock in front of an uncomfortable group of Tarry Town's children. He pounds on the dock with his cane.

MAYOR

Children --!

Pete and Anne run to take their places.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Let's try it just once again
before the boat docks.

(he raps time
with his cane)

One, two, three, four!

THE CHILDREN

(singing in
chorus)

Good morning to you,
Good morning to you,
Good morning, dear Teacher,
Good morning to you.

The result is a horrible cacophony. Halfway through the Mayor raps for silence, but the children continue doggedly to the bitter end.

THE MAYOR

Children, we must do better
than that. Remember the
occasion -- we are welcoming
our new pedagogue, Mr. Ichabod
Crane. Now...

(he raps
again)

...one, two, three, four!

As the singing starts again,

DISSOLVE

INT. SHIP'S GALLEY - MORNING

27

CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod Crane. He sits, like an underfed vulture, his long nose buried in an ancient copy of Cotton Mather, reading aloud while he chews on an apple core. His arms are too long for the sleeves of his seedy jacket, so that a patch on the elbow is almost at the cuff. He has one shoe off, warming the toe which pokes through his stocking by the fire of the great oven. The galley is in the hold of the ship -- dark even in the morning.

ICHABOD

"...A few days after, this man
Kemble was coming out of the
woods at dark, when there arose
a black cloud in the northwest..."

Ichabod throws his apple core into the fire and reaches into the apple barrel for another.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE WIDENS to include the Cabin Boy, a scrawny, pimply-faced youth who sits on the edge of his stool, listening to Ichabod, terrified but fascinated.

ICHABOD (cont'd)

"...And suddenly there appeared unto him a strange little thing, like a puppy of a darkish color, and it shot back and forwards between his legs..."

Suddenly the Cabin Boy's eyes widen with a terror more real than imaginary as he sees something over Ichabod's shoulder. Silently he slips off his stool and begins to back toward the ladder leading to the deck. Ichabod is so intent that he doesn't notice the boy.

ICHABOD (cont'd)

"...He tried to hit at it, but its motions were quicker than his axe..."

28 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. He is terrifying himself.

ICHABOD

"...It flew at his belly and away, and over his shoulder one way, and over his shoulder another way, and then at his throat!..."

Ichabod's hand clutches at his throat and precisely at the same moment a huge, hairy hand closes around the nape of his neck. For an instant Ichabod wonders how his own hand, long and bony as it is, could reach all the way around his neck.

ICHABOD (cont'd)

(his voice continues automatically)

"...His heart now began to fail him..."

He takes his own hand away before he realizes there is another, and his own Adam's apple jumps.

ANGLE WIDENS to include the cook, a huge and ominous man. With his one hand he jerks Ichabod on to his feet.

COOK

Look you here, Ichabod Crane -- You signed on to work your way to Tarry Town. So, now we're at Tarry Town, and all you've done is eat a half barrel of apples --

Realizing his enemy is mortal, Ichabod is calm, even debonair. Sliding his foot into the shoe, he glances around the galley piled high with dirty dishes, pots, and pans, and shakes his head.

ICHABOD

Well, throw me off the boat.

The Cook only grunts and reaches for a meat cleaver.

29 FULL SHOT. Ichabod bolts for the ladder with amazing agility, the Cook after him. But at the bottom step Ichabod turns and starts back, dodging the Cook. He runs to the table and picks up a worn umbrella and his seedy top hat. The Cook is close on his heels, so Ichabod tours the table to pick up his clothes, wrapped in a bandana handkerchief, on the second time around. On the third trip he grabs a battered metronome. But this time the Cook stops, blocking the path. Ichabod reverses himself, dodging the stove, circling the galley.

30 MED. SHOT at the ladder. Ichabod is faced with a terrible decision. He can't run under a ladder, but he can't escape any other way. And so, quickly, he sidesteps like a bull fighter, and the Cook plows on under the ladder into the flour barrel.

ICHABOD

(casually)

Under a ladder - bad luck.

31 FULL SHOT. In the few seconds respite, Ichabod returns to the table, wraps Cotton Mather and another book in an old newspaper, and scrambles toward the ladder. At the bottom rung Ichabod stops and turns viciously on the Cook.

ICHABOD

You - saduccee!

EXT. DOCK - MORNING

32 FULL SHOT at the gangplank. Brom pushes to the very foot of the gangplank waiting for Katrina. He watches, puzzled, and a little concerned, as trunks, boxes, suitcases, and finally, a small spinet piano are carried off the ship, neatly labeled "KATRINA VAN TASSEL, PHILADELPHIA." But his concern is forgotten as he looks up to see:

33 Brom's ANGLE of Katrina. There is little of the Dutch farmer's daughter in her manner or her dress. Lovely she is, but rugged she is not. Her attitude is almost imperious till she sees Brom.

KATRINA

Brom -- !

Forgetting her dignity, she runs down the gangplank.

MED. SHOT. The Van Tassels join Brom as he pulls Katrina into his arms.

BROM

Kathy -- !

35 TWO SHOT. Brom is about to kiss Katrina when she remembers where she is.

KATRINA

(softly; prissy)

Brom -- in front of all these people -- ?

Brom frowns, looking around to see:

36 HIS ANGLE. His three friends stand at a little distance, apparently not noticing him. But Candy has wrapped a handkerchief to look like a skirt around a bottle of Medford rum. He kisses the cork passionately.

37 MED. SHOT at the gangplank.

BROM

(to Katrina)

No, you're right. But ---

He smiles, then sweeps Katrina into his arms and starts away from the crowd, carrying her.

BROM (cont'd)

(over his shoulder
to Van Tassels)

We'll meet you at the farm...

CAMERA FOLLOWS Brom as he sets Katrina on his horse, mounts and gallops away.

38 OMITTED

39 TWO SHOT of Mr. and Mrs. Van Tassel. Van Tassel is stunned, but Dame Van Tassel smiles a little wistfully.

MRS. VAN TASSEL

Now, Baltus...

(she sighs)

...Why don't you ever do things like that any more?

Van Tassel looks at her 200 pounds and grunts.

MAJOR'S VOICE

Ready, children...

40 FULL SHOT of the ship's deck. Ichabod runs toward the gangplank, the tails of his coat flying. He skids to a stop at the gangplank.

MED. SHOT at gangplank. As the Mayor steps forward with his two assistants, and Ichabod sees the reception prepared for him, his personality is abruptly transformed. He is a man of extravagant, if somewhat seedy, elegance. The metronome is poised in his right hand as Beau Brummel might have held a snuff box. The umbrella, his little bundle of clothes tied to the tip, rests as lightly on his shoulder as a sceptre. The two books, even newspaper-wrapped, lend the proper air of pedantry.

MAYOR

Mr. Ichabod Crane -- ?

ICHABOD

The same.

MAYOR

On behalf of the townspeople of
Tarry Town in Sleepy Hollow,
I bid you welcome.

(he raps sharply
with his cane)

Children -- !

42 FULL SHOT of the children as they begin to sing, each choosing his or her own key and point of departure.

CHILDREN

Good morning to you,
Good morning to you,
Good morning, dear Teacher,
Good morning to you.

43 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod, reacting to this dissonant tribute as though it were a symphony. He hands his umbrella to the Mayor, his books to the Recorder and the metronome to the Treasurer. The singing of the children slides into the musical background for Ichabod's number, "I AM A MAN OF PARTS."

Ichabod hopes to satisfy not only the children but their fathers and their brothers (he notices a winsome adolescent girl and her buxom mother), and their sisters and their mothers...for he is a man of parts. They can rest assured they will be taught to know what they ought to know (then, seeing the husband)... about science and the arts, because Ichabod's a man of parts. He will teach them to dance, to sing, in fact he will teach them anything -- practically free, except for a minimum service fee.

As Ichabod describes his various talents, the intricate and divers services he will perform for the people of the town, he demonstrates in action: Popular singing of romantic ballads, opera, and choir singing; square dancing, minuets, and ballet; fisticuffs, ice-skating, and fencing; foreign languages; the milking of cows; hand-painted china; the recitation of poetry; charms for curing chilblains, childbirth, and warts.

CLOSE SHOT of the Widow. During the number she watches Ichabod with increasing interest. As the number ends there is a curious, predatory glint in her eye.

ICHABOD

And now, as to living quarters.

THE MAYOR

Yes, living quarters.

(glances at
his assistants)

Well, as a matter of fact...

ANGLE WIDENS as the Widow moves into the scene.

THE WIDOW

Mr. Mayor... I don't understand your problem. You know I volunteered.

ICHABOD

(bows low)

Madam...

THE MAYOR

(delighted)

Oh, yes, of course. Mrs. Brooks, Mr. Crane. Mr. Crane, the Widow Polly Brooks.

THE WIDOW

Of course, I can only offer the room in the barn loft...

THE MAYOR

(quickly)

But Mrs. Brooks is famous for her cooking.

ICHABOD

(with passion)

Pumpkin pie -- ?

THE WIDOW

(modestly)

My pumpkin pie has won the county contest three years running.

(she smiles)

But I must warn you, the barn roof leaks when it rains.

ICHABOD

(gallantly)

I say - let it rain, madam.

Ichabod, in the middle of a bow, stiffens as thunder rolls in the distance.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. VAN TASSEL FARM - NIGHT

45 It is warm and abundant, even in the rain. The great barn seems stolid against the heaviest storm. The roof of the house is solid as its foundation. The smoke from warm fires rises in puffs. The light from the windows glistens iridescent on the rain.

INT. VAN TASSEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

46 MED. SHOT of Pete and Anne, at the foot of the staircase. Pete sits gloomily while Anne, prissy and affected in a new dress, dances to the measures of a minuet from the living room.

PETE

(suddenly
inspired)

Anne! Let's sneak outside and dig worms.

ANNE

(shocked)

Peter!

PETE

You get big fat ones when it's raining --

ANNE

In my lovely new Philadelphia dress!

PETE

What clothes can do to a woman....

He puts his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands.

INT. VAN TASSEL PARLOR - NIGHT

47 Brom leans on the piano, his chin in his hands. Katrina sits playing with more grace than ability. She makes a pretty picture and she knows it, her ankles popping provocatively from under her petticoats as she touches the pedals. Mrs. Van Tassel sits in a corner, knitting. Mr. Van Tassel sits in his favored chair by the fire, his shoes off. But on his head a new wig rests uneasily, bobbing precariously as he nods, trying to keep awake.

48 MED. SHOT of Brom and Katrina, at the piano. As she plays, Katrina looks at her parents, then grimaces at Brom. Brom pantomimes "Why don't you and I sneak outside?" Katrina shakes her head, meaning "We can't do that." As the minuet ends, Katrina rises, smiling at Brom, her finger to her lips.

(CONTINUED)

48 (CONTINUED)

ANGLE WIDENS as Katrina tiptoes to her father and straightens the wig. He wakes with a snort.

KATRINA

Papa, your new wig --!

VAN TASSEL

(pulls it off)

If men were meant to have hair after fifty, Providence wouldn't take it away.

MRS. VAN TASSEL

It's after your father's bedtime.

KATRINA

But it's early. Why, in Philadelphia we stay up till all hours -- nine-thirty -- sometimes ten.

MRS. VAN TASSEL

I don't see how the women do it and still keep house.

VAN TASSEL

Well, this ain't Philadelphia. It's Sleepy Hollow. We sleep here.

Katrina winks at Brom and takes her father by the arm, leading him to the door. He waves the wig at her.

VAN TASSEL (cont'd)

I don't suppose I have to wear this to bed?

(he stops as

he sees Brom)

You still here?

MRS. VAN TASSEL

(quickly)

Baltus, I'll bring an eggnog up to bed.

KATRINA

Yes, Papa, it's been a hard day for you.

VAN TASSEL

(looking at Brom)

On second thought, I'll have another pipe before I go to bed.

(CONTINUED)

Van Tassel moves back to the fireplace, sets the wig on the head of a pottery figure, fills a pipe and settles himself in his chair. Mrs. Van Tassel takes up her knitting with a sigh. Katrina looks at Brom, shaking her head.

BROM

(resigned)

Well....it's a long ride through the rain, I suppose I should get started.

KATRINA

I'll walk to the door with you.

BROM

Goodnight, Mrs. Van Tassel,
Mr. Van Tassel.

MRS. VAN TASSEL

Goodnight, Brom Brundt.

Van Tassel grunts and Katrina walks to the hall with Brom.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

49

Brom and Katrina exchange a glance as they see Pete and Anne in the hall.

BROM

Pete -- why don't you go say
goodnight....

PETE

Do I hafta?

Pete sees the look Anne gives him, so he braces himself and goes into the parlor.

KATRINA

Anne, shouldn't you be in bed?

ANNE

(grandly)

In Philadelphia we stay up
'till all hours.

KATRINA

I'll give you a piece of my
French chocolate, if you'll
go to bed now.

Anne

And some perfume?

KATRINA

And some perfume.

Happily, Anne runs off upstairs. Brom takes Katrina's hand.

BROM
Kathy, darling --

KATRINA
Brom, I'm sorry --

PETE
(re-entering)
I said goodnight.

BROM
Well -- why don't you bring
the horse around?

PETE
Yes, sir!

He dashes out leaving the front door open. Katrina and Brom move to the door and stand looking at each other.

KATRINA
(after a long pause)
Well --?

BROM
There was a lot I wanted to say, but --

Mrs. Van Tassel comes from the parlor, her knitting bag under her arm, a candle in her hand.

MRS. VAN TASSEL
(whispers)
Your father has just lit his pipe.
(she pulls a magazine
out of her sewing basket)
I thought I'd just glance at
your new fashion almanac before he
comes to bed.

She kisses Katrina on the cheek and smiles at Brom. Then she tucks the almanac under her shawl and moves upstairs.

BROM
It's been a year, Kathy -- a
lot can happen in a year.

KATRINA
I know....Brom, there's a lot
I want to say to you, too.

VAN TASSEL'S VOICE
I feel a draft.

Brom hesitates a moment, then pulls Katrina out on the porch, closing the door.

50

TWO SHOT of Brom and Katrina, in the shadows. The rain beats on the slant roof and trickles off into the garden. Brom stands for a moment looking at Katrina, then jerks her to him and kisses her almost roughly. When he releases her, Katrina moves to the rail. She holds out her hand, allowing a rivulet of rain to drip through her fingers, her fingers wet and cool, she presses them against her lips.

BROM

What were you going to say to me, Kathy?

KATRINA

(extremely
casual)

The new schoolteacher arrived today, didn't he?

BROM

(laughs)

Did you wait a year to say that?

KATRINA

I just thought it might be a good chance for you to study -- some things. ~

BROM

(stiffly)

Such as --?

KATRINA

Oh -- dancing...or French....

BROM

I have trouble enough saying what I want to say in English.

KATRINA

But it's such a romantic language, Brom! It has such -- je ne sais quoi.

(she smiles
archly)

It's the language of love.

BROM

You spoke a lot of it in Philadelphia --

KATRINA

All the time --

BROM

While you were dancing --?

KATRINA

(understands
him finally)

Oh -- you are jealous, non?

(CONTINUED)

BROM

No, not really. I know you
too well for that, Kathy....

(then almost
reluctantly)

But -- Philadelphia has changed
you.

KATRINA

Of course it has.

(she takes
his hand)

Brom, it's so exciting. I can't
wait till you and I move there.

BROM

(frowns)

Oh -- we're moving to Philadelphia?

KATRINA

After we're married, of course.
You wouldn't ask me to live in
this rural atmosphere.

BROM

But, Kathy, you're a Dutch
farmer's daughter---

Pete gallops the horse to the foot of the steps. The
rain beats in his face.

PETE

Hey, Brom -- it's raining snails
and puppy dogs' tails!

KATRINA

Brom, I'd hoped---

VAN TASSEL'S VOICE

Katrina?!

BROM

Your father's calling. You'd
better go in now. Goodnight
Kathy.

KATRINA

Goodnight, Brom.

PETE

Hey, Brom!

Katrina stands looking after Brom as he runs down the
stairs toward the horse. There is a flash of lightning
and a burst of thunder as Brom hops on to the horse
behind Pete.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. WIDOW'S BARN - NIGHT

51 FULL SHOT of the barnyard, suddenly illuminated by another flash of lightning. The Widow's farm is cozy and compact, small by contrast with the Van Tassel's estate. A pale light shines from Ichabod's quarters in the loft.

INT. BARN LOFT - NIGHT

52 CLOSE SHOT of a leak in the roof, through which a stream of rain water trickles.

CAMERA MOVES DOWN the stream of rain water to a tin wash-tub. Ichabod, not a man to waste even rain water, stands in his bare feet, washing out his stocking in the tub. His bare toes flex themselves while he works. He jumps as his name is called from a distance.

THE WIDOW'S VOICE

Mr. Crane...Ichabod Crane.

Recognizing the voice, Ichabod wrings out the stocking and hangs it over a rafter. Carefully, even meticulously, he wraps the moth-eaten scarf around his neck, puts on his hat, and opens the window.

53 LONG SHOT from Ichabod's ANGLE. The Widow stands at the back door of her cottage.

THE WIDOW

(yelling against
wind and rain)

It's raining.

54 LONG SHOT of Ichabod from the Widow's ANGLE.

ICHABOD

Yes, I know.

55 CLOSE SHOT of the Widow.

THE WIDOW

I thought you might like something warm before you turn in.

56 CLOSE SHOT - Ichabod.

ICHABOD

I don't think I heard you right.

57 FULL SHOT. The Widow is in the f.g. - Ichabod is merely a silhouette against the lighted window in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

THE WIDOW

I say, come sit by the fire and
have a snack before you turn in.

The window in the barn slams shut. A second later the light goes out. Two seconds later Ichabod appears at the barn door, opening his umbrella. The Widow waits till he has started across the barnyard, then turns inside.

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

58-
59

FULL SHOT of the warm, comfortable main room. The Widow is a good and tidy housekeeper. Brass, copper, and pewter shine merrily, and the flowered curtains puff prettily in the proper places. The Widow moves a large and easy chair up to the fire. She pats a pillow from the window seat and sets it for Ichabod's back, then, quickly, she glances at herself in the mirror, tucking a stray hair in place.

THE WIDOW

Come right in, Mr. Crane

Ichabod leaves his shoes at the doorstep and enters in his bare feet.

ICHABOD

(formally)

My dear Mrs. Brooks, - you'll
forgive my toes. I - I was
washing my stockings.

THE WIDOW

It's hard on a man -- living
alone. You sit and warm your
feet while I stir the chocolate.

Ichabod settles himself in the easy chair, resting his feet on the high hearth. The Widow sets out cookies, cakes and candies on a table near enough for Ichabod to reach -- which he does immediately.

ICHABOD

(his eyes
glistening)

You live comfortably, Mrs. Brooks.

THE WIDOW

I manage.

ICHABOD

When I see a warm room like this -
with the delicate touch of a woman's
hand -- I'm almost tempted to forsake
the gay life of the bachelor.

THE WIDOW

(setting out
roast chicken)

This room has never seemed the same
since Colonel Brooks passed on.

(CONTINUED)

THE WIDOW (cont'd)

(she smiles
at Ichabod)
It's almost as though once a
house has had a man around it -
it's never complete without one.

Ichabod smiles at the Widow with a gallant little leer.

ICHABOD

May I say the room has remained
warm and lovely in spite of its
loss, Mrs. Brooks.

THE WIDOW

The name is Polly, Ichabod.

ICHABOD

(reaching for a
chicken wing)
I hope - in my own small way -
I can help replace the loss,
Polly, for a month, at least.

THE WIDOW

And in the future I want you to
bring your stockings to me. It's
not fit work for a man's hands.

Ichabod throws the bones of his chicken wing into the
fire and reaches for a piece of cake. He settles back
with a happy sigh. He doesn't fully understand his own
charm. But who is he to question it?

ICHABOD

I look forward to a very pleasant
month, Polly.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EAT. HILLCREST - MORNING

60 FULL SHOT of a naked birch tree, stooped with the wind,
set on a slight rise. The tree has been dressed in a
grotesque caricature of Ichabod; hat, umbrella, gloves,
with muffler and coattails flying in wind. A group of
kids, school books in their hands, stops to titter, then
moves on quickly.

Ichabod himself, striding along the profile of the hill
in the wind, his clothes bagging and fluttering about
him, lends weight to the caricature. He stops,
recognizing himself.

61 MED. SHOT of Ichabod. He glances after the school
children, his eyebrows pressed together, foreboding ill
for his little charges. But Ichabod's is not a personal
rancor; rather the disappointed administrator of justice.
He rolls his eyes to heaven, shakes his head and sighs.
Then, his unfortunate duty, he rips a slim but resilient
birch branch from the tree and strips it down as he walks
on toward school.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - MORNING

62 CLOSE SHOT of the birchrod, swinging behind Ichabod's back, like a tail. Over the scene is heard the dismal chorus of the children singing.

CHILDREN

Good morning to you,
Good morning to you...

63 ANGLE WIDENS to include the children standing before backless wooden benches. The schoolhouse is a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, partly patched with leaves of old copybooks.

The benches are irregularly grouped around Ichabod's tall bookkeepers desk and high stool.

CHILDREN

Good morning, dear Teacher,
Good morning to you.

The children end as before on a wild dischord. The birch rod behind Ichabod's back stops swinging and his shoulders draw together.

64 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod, his long nose twitches, offended by the sounds it smells.

ICHABOD

I think it would be in order
to begin with a singing lesson...
Page thirteen of the singing book.

65 FULL SHOT of the class as they open their singing books. Ichabod beats time and leads the children into the music lesson number: "TAKE A LETTER FROM A TO G..." Take C...C, E, G, and C make a chord in a Major key...C, Eb, G, and C make a chord in a Minor key...

Ichabod moves through the classroom, cueing individual children for a solo phrase by tapping them with his stick. At the end of the second phrase he is startled by the croak of a frog. Fortunately his back is toward..

66 CLOSE SHOT of Pete, who strokes the frog in his pocket, trying to calm it. But the frog enters into the spirit of the number, croaking mournfully every four bars.

67 FULL SHOT. Ichabod, without interrupting the rhythm of the number, moves between the benches, gradually localizing the sound. He approaches Pete from behind, on tiptoe. As he taps Pete's shoulder, Pete jumps up startled, and the frog hops onto the floor. Without losing a beat, Ichabod slams Pete on the top of the head with the heavy end of the stick, taps Annie on the shoulder, and moves on, smiling triumphantly.

DISSOLVE IN

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - DAY

68

CLOSE SHOT of a patchwork quilt, stretched in all its gaudy colors on the loom.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Tell us, Katrina, when is the big event -- ?

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include the ladies of the quilting bee; Katrina, Mrs. Van Tassel, the wives of the Mayor, Treasurer, and Recorder, and the Widow.

KATRINA

(concentrating
on the quilt)

I don't understand...

RECORDER'S WIFE

We all assumed you'd be getting married when you came home.

KATRINA

(casually)

Well, frankly, I've decided I don't want to marry the town rowdy.

THE MAYOR'S WIFE

I'm pleased to hear that.

THE WIDOW

Oh. Then who do you want to marry?

KATRINA

Brom Brundt.

The other ladies look at Katrina, surprised, if not shocked. But the Widow smiles.

THE WIDOW

But you intend to take in his seams to fit your size --?

KATRINA

I suppose.

THE WIDOW

Have you mentioned this to Brom?

KATRINA

(a little
less sure)

Well, no.

THE WIDOW

Why not?

KATRINA

He - hasn't been to see me.

(CONTINUED)

THE WIDOW

Well, it's your own bed. Make
it as you will.

(rises)

But you're a Dutch farmer's daughter...

Katrina glances up, startled by the phrase. The Widow
crosses to the oven.

THE WIDOW (cont'd)

...And you should know you can't
teach an unruly colt to trot
till he's broken to the reins.

69

CLOSE SHOT of the Widow as she draws a huge pumpkin pie
from the oven.

THE WIDOW

(sniffs the pie;
then half to herself)

If he likes pumpkin like he says
he likes pumpkin pie...

(closes the
oven door)

That's my theory. Marry 'em first -
by hook or by crook - and change
'em later.

ANGLE WIDENS as the Widow returns to the quilt. Katrina
looks at her curiously, then lowers her eyes to the
quilt, not so sure of herself anymore.

DISSOLVE

INT. SCHOOLROOM - TWILIGHT

70

CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod's copy of Cotton Mather,
illuminated in scarlet and purple to befit the subject
matter.

"Cotton Mather...Memorable Providences
Relating to Witchcrafts and Possessions;
Whereunto is added, a Discourse on the
occasion of an horrible Self-Murder
Committed in the Town..."

As Ichabod turns the page, one sentence stands out in
bold relief:

"The old Heresy of the sensual
Saducees died not with them...It
has even been made a doubt by some,
whether there are any such things
as Witches..."

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show Ichabod sitting in the window,
his nose almost touching the book, trying to read in the
gathering darkness. His eyes are wide and he takes a
strange pleasure in torturing himself with these direful
tales.

ANGLE WIDENS to include Pete standing at the blackboard. He has already written "I resolve to be a better boy" a hundred times, completely filling the blackboard. He looks at Ichabod, sighs, rubs out the last line, and writes it again. But Ichabod has apparently forgotten him. Pete clears his throat, shuffles his feet, taps on the blackboard, but Ichabod doesn't look up. Then Pete smiles with an idea. Starting at the top of the board he drags the chalk down, screeching against the smooth surface.

71 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. His hair stands on end and the shrill screech of the chalk shudders all the way down his spine.

72 MED. SHOT as Ichabod jumps up and glances around the shadowed room. He is almost relieved to see Pete.

ICHABOD

Oh -- you still here?

PETE

Yes, sir.

ICHABOD

It's late -- we'd better get home...

(then, friendly)

Tell me, is there - is there any other way to walk home except through the woods -- ?

PETE

No, sir.

ICHABOD

Oh.

(takes up his hat
and umbrella)

Well, you're a fine little man --

(puts his arm
around Pete leading
him to the door)

You wrote your lesson very nicely.
I'd like to get to know you
better, Peter...

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - TWILIGHT

73 FULL SHOT as Ichabod and Pete come out.

ICHABOD

Why - why don't you walk home
with me -- ?

PETE

I go in the other direction.

(CONTINUED)

The trees of the forest tower over them ominously.
An owl hoots, and Ichabod jumps, frightened.

ICHABOD

But the woods are full of strange
and terrible things. You're
liable to be scared...

PETE

Oh, no. And I gotta get home to
get dressed for Hallowe'en!

ICHABOD

Hallowe'en! This is Hallowe'en?

PETE

Yes, sir! All the goblins and
witches come out of their graves tonight!
Well - happy haunting, Mr. Crane!

ICHABOD

Happy...

Ichabod only nods and shudders as Pete runs off. Alone
in the half-light, he seizes his umbrella, gathers his
coat to him, and starts toward the woods in panic.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WOODS - TWILIGHT

74

MOVING SHOT. Ichabod moves through the dark woodland
cautiously. He stops short at the sudden rustling in
the thicket...perhaps birds, frightened from their
roost; perhaps a witch's token. Ichabod is lost in the
shadows, cut off from even the last light of the setting
sun. His only resource at this moment, to drown thought
and drive away evil spirits, is to sing psalm songs.
The thin treble of his nasal melody introduces the
background music for Ichabod's dance of terror.

The trees of the woodland seem to come alive; the shapes
and sounds of nature bend and distort themselves,
conspiring with the twilight to frighten Ichabod. The
snapping of a twig under his foot catapults Ichabod off
the ground. A bough, brushing his face, bends him
backward. And the same bough, lashing back into place,
pirouettes Ichabod in a full circle and starts him on
his way again. At this witching hour each sound, each
movement flutters Ichabod's excited imagination; the
moan of the whippoorwill from the hillside; the boding
cry of the tree toad; the dreary hooting of the screech
owl; the peering eyes of frightened animals; the vivid
sparkle of the fireflies, flashing from the darkest
corners; a huge block-head of a beetle, winging his
blundering flight against Ichabod.

Ichabod winds and twists his dread path through the
woodland, propelled by his conscience, jerked back by
his imagination. He tries to sing but even the tremulous
echo of his own voice frightens him. In a final frenzy
he breaks and runs, his scarf and coat tails flying
behind him

DISSOLVE IN

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - EVENING

75

FULL SHOT of the table by the fire. The pumpkin head is now surrounded with food: a turkey and a ham, puddings and cakes, candles, fruit and cookies.

ANGLE WIDENS to include the Widow, looking down at her table with a satisfied smile. As she hears footsteps approaching - the quick, running footsteps of Ichabod - she turns down the oil lamp, leaving the room lit only by the crackling fire and the candle in the pumpkin head. As the Widow moves toward the back door...

CUT TO:

EXT. WIDOW'S BARNYARD - EVENING

76

MED. SHOT of Ichabod as he skids to a stop. Still tense, he hesitates before crossing the dark barnyard. He glances at the Widow's cottage, surprised and suspicious at finding it dark. But he draws himself up, whistles a phrase of his favorite psalm, and starts bravely across the yard.

WIDOW'S VOICE

(softly calling)

Yoo hoo!

Ichabod freezes. The Widow's gentle call is too much like the hoot of the owls in the woodland. He takes a tentative step toward the shadows which hide the Widow.

77

TWO SHOT of Ichabod and the Widow as she steps silently up to his back, playfully covering his eyes with her hands.

THE WIDOW

Guess who?

Ichabod's knees almost buckle but the Widow's arms sustain him.

ICHABOD

(a thin,
resigned tremolo)

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee..."

THE WIDOW

Ichabod, it's only me - Polly --

ICHABOD

(turning)
Polly! Never do that!

THE WIDOW

I was only joking.

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD

This isn't a night for joking!
This is the night when the ghosts
of Druids and long-dead Demons
walk the earth --

THE WIDOW

You've been listening to Old
Wives' Tales.

ICHABOD

(with dignity)

Polly - I'm sorry to hear you're
a shameless saducee.

THE WIDOW

I'm a what?

ICHABOD

A saducee is an ignorant critter
who doesn't believe in mystic
powers and witchcraft.

THE WIDOW

Oh...

(she smiles, winsome)

Well, of course, you know more
about these things than I do,
Ichabod.

ICHABOD

(with a little leer)

Some day, Polly, I will tell you
all I know.

THE WIDOW

(suddenly)

Look over your left shoulder.

ICHABOD

(stiffening)

What's over my left shoulder -- ?

THE WIDOW

A new moon...

Ichabod relaxes and looks over his left shoulder. The
Widow takes his hand.

THE WIDOW (cont'd)

(coyly)

Now, you'll get your wish...
any wish you make...

The Widow and Ichabod look at each other for a moment
of tender embarrassment. Then the Widow draws him
toward the cottage.

ICHABOD

I have only one wish, Polly...to
taste a piece of your pumpkin pie.

(CONTINUED)

THE WIDOW

(softly)

I have a surprise for you inside...

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - EVENING

78

MED. SHOT at the door as the Widow leads Ichabod inside. Ichabod stops as he sees the table.

ICHABOD

Polly...

THE WIDOW

It's just a little supper --

ICHABOD

Supper for two --

THE WIDOW

Just the two of us --

ICHABOD

By candlelight...

CAMERA FOLLOWS Ichabod as he moves to the table, and stands looking down at the repast.

ICHABOD (cont'd)

Polly, may I say, with all my heart, the fragrance of your turkey is beyond description.

THE WIDOW

Ichabod --

ICHABOD

And your ham, the most beautiful I have ever seen.

THE WIDOW

Ichabod, you'll turn my head.

Ichabod holds the chair for the Widow gallantly, then crosses and seats himself opposite her.

ICHABOD

I'll always remember you as you are now, sitting across from me in the candlelight.

THE WIDOW

Ichabod, will you -- ?

She lowers her head. Ichabod, in the act of stuffing a napkin in his shirt front, catches himself and lowers his head to say grace. But at this moment there is a wild banshee scream, 'as if from the throats of a thousand witches, and frenzied beating on the windows.

(CONTINUED)

CHILDREN'S VOICES

Trick-or-treat!
Trick-or-treat!
Trick-or-treat!

. Ichabod sinks in his chair, This is almost too much for him. But the Widow rises, smiling.

THE WIDOW

It's only the children --

ICHABOD

Oh...

He forgets his terror and his eyes move to the richly laden plates of cakes and cookies on the table with a new kind of fear as the Widow walks to the door.

79 MED. SHOT at the door as the Widow opens the upper half. There is a moment of silence. Then, slowly, a grotesque death's head rises into the opening. Even the Widow takes a step backward.

80 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod as his eyes widen and his Adam's apple jumps.

CHILDREN'S VOICES

Trick-or-treat!
Trick-or-treat!
Trick-or-treat!

81 MED. SHOT of the door. The Widow opens the lower half of the door, exposing Pete waving the death's head on the end of a stick.

THE WIDOW

Well, come in for your treat,
if you must.

82 FULL SHOT as the Widow stands back. Pete signals, and the kids move into the room. Their bizarre costumes are weirdly lighted by the pumpkin head candle; they seem unreal, a fantastic little band of goblins and elves. Pete leads them in a slow serpentine around the room. Imaginations run high, each suiting his movement to his dress, but all striving for low-pitched terror as they chant their gruesome little song. It is almost a ballet of singing leprechauns, warning those of uneasy conscience to beware of the goblins and spirits unseen, who rise from their coffins on Hallowe'en -- trick or treat! If you've broken the heart of a fair young maid, or sassed your mother and disobeyed, or haven't gone to church and prayed, or if your taxes are not paid -- then you should tremble and be afraid...and beware of the spectres, all wormy and green, who crawl from the graveyards on Hallowe'en -- trick or treat!

(CONTINUED)

The serpentine ends at the table with a whooping shout, and pandemonium breaks loose as the goblins descend on the cookie plates.

83 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod.

ICHABOD

Remember your manners, children,
file up in order -- and only
one cookie each!

84 FULL SHOT of the table as the kids scramble around for cookies. Ichabod follows each child with his eyes like a ticket-checker at the circus. He is startled as he sees Anne Van Tassel in witch's hat and gown with a long red false nose and green rouge. As Pete returns for a second time behind Annie, Ichabod's hand flashes out, rapping Pete on the knuckles.

ICHABOD

Only one per person!

ANNE

Listen!

In the sudden silence, hoofbeats can be heard. They are faint at first, louder as they approach.

ANNE (cont'd)

It's the Hessian!

ICHABOD

The Hessian? Who's the Hessian?

ANNE

Don't you know about the horrible
headless Hessian!

ICHABOD

(defensively)

No. What happened to his head?

85 TWO SHOT of Anne and Ichabod as she leers up at him, a gruesome little spectre. Ichabod pulls away, terrified and fascinated.

ANNE

His head was blown off by an
American cannon ball. So he
rides in the night, with nothing
but a gory stump on his shoulders;
and his bloody head in his hand...

(her voice increases
with the hoofbeats)
...trampling children to death
with his great black steed!

(CONTINUED)

She has worked herself up to a blood-curdling scream as the hoofbeats cascade to a violent stop outside the cottage.

86 FULL SHOT of the room. They all turn to the door at the SOUND of a loud pounding. But before anyone can speak the door is pushed open and Brom enters, followed by his three friends.

BROM
Trick or treat, Cousin Polly?

PETE
Brom -- !

The room relaxes and the children turn back to the cookies.

THE WIDOW
If it's the devil rum you're after,
you've come to the wrong house.

BROM
Boys, did we come after rum?

CANDY
Heaven forbid.

CORK
Just a bit of polite devilment
to celebrate All Saint's Eve.

RAMBOUT
A token of our affection for our
friend Brom's cousin.

BROM
(sees Ichabod)
You have company --

THE WIDOW
Mr. Crane, our new schoolteacher;
my Cousin Brom, and his Boys.
(to the boys)
Have a bite, boys.

87 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. He tries to snatch one turkey leg before they reach the table, but Brom's voice stops him.

BROM'S VOICE
Mr. Crane -- !

88 FULL SHOT of the table. Ichabod steps back guiltily as the four men attack the turkey and ham with a vengeance.

(CONTINUED)

BROM

I've been wanting to meet you.

Ichabod smiles thinly, his attention following his eyes, which follow the hands of Brom's Boys, tearing the turkey apart. Brom puts his arm around Pete.

BROM (cont'd)

My kid brother goes to your school.

ICHABOD

Ah -- ?

BROM

I just thought I oughta warn you --

ICHABOD

Peter? A perfect little gentleman. High spirited, of course, but I'm sure I'll learn to love him. Peter, have a cookie.

Brom takes a turkey leg from Rambout just as the Dutchman is about to bite into it.

BROM

The last teacher never understood high spirits in a kid.

THE WIDOW

Pete needs a woman's influence.

BROM

(quiets her
with a glance)
You see, the old man got it at Concord -- and ma died when she had Pete, so --

THE WIDOW

So you should get married, Cousin Brom.

BROM

(doggedly
ignoring her)
-- so I've done the best I could --

Brom tosses the turkey leg into the fire and grabs the sandwich Rambout has been preparing. Ichabod, while the attention is focused on Brom, tries to salvage a piece of turkey here, a hunk of ham there, but each time is frustrated by the grabbing hands of Brom's Boys.

THE WIDOW

I saw Katrina Van Tassel today,
Brom...

CANDY

La belle Katrina -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CORK

Did you now --

THE WIDOW

Katrina's a fine girl..

CORK

Sure and she's a Dutch farmer's daughter..

THE WIDOW

She'll make some man a good wife.

RAMBOUT

And why not? She can out-throw Candy --

THE WIDOW

How long is it since you've seen Katrina, Brom?

CANDY

And out-bowl Rambout --

BROM

(to the Widow;
fiercely)

Since she came back from Philadelphia.

CORK

She can even out-ride me --

THE WIDOW

And how long is it till you expect to see her again?

RAMBOUT

And she can out-shoot the lot of us --

BROM

How long does it take for a person to forget Philadelphia, Cousin Polly?

CORK

No sir-ree-dilla-dee-dee. She's no dainty-quainty, that one.

THE WIDOW

That depends on who's to help her forget it...

Candy holds the second turkey leg aloft, the Widow's little decorative paper skirt around its neck. Holding it as a woman, Candy kisses the exposed joint passionately..

BROM

(grabs the leg
from Candy)

Cousin Polly, I'm afraid we have to be going!

(CONTINUED)

CORK

(looks at him
accusingly)
Now, where's your manners, lad?

RAMBOUT

You can't eat and run.

BROM

(firmly)
Good night, Polly. We thank
you for the little snack...

Ichabod shudders at the understatement. Candy addresses himself to the Widow while Rambout and Cork quickly gather into their pouches whatever remains of the turkey and ham.

CANDY

You'll forgive us, Madame Brooks.
Sometimes our friend lacks grace.
You understand.

He ducks as Brom swipes at him with the turkey leg, then follows the others to the door.

BROM

(to Pete and
his friends)
Beware of the headless horseman,
kids.

The little goblins nod solemnly as Brom leaves. They form their serpentine again to file out and take up their chant with new words...Beware of the Hessian - who stalks the land - on his great black steed - with his head in his hand...

89

MED. SHOT at the table. Ichabod stares at the empty plates, the naked turkey skeleton, and sighs, a betrayed man. The Widow joins him as the door closes behind their guests, and the little voices grow dimmer, singing as they move away.

ICHABOD

(holds an empty
plate forlornly)
The headless horseman is - the
Hessian -- ?

THE WIDOW

(nods)
Ichabod - our lovely supper...

ICHABOD

(sets down the
plate, sighing)
I don't like that young man...
your cousin.

(CONTINUED)

THE WIDOW

After I'd planned --
(she sniffs)
I could almost cry...

ICHABOD

Well --
(looking at
the turkey)
-- I suppose it'll make good
soup tomorrow.
(he frowns)
He rides at midnight?

THE WIDOW

Brom?

ICHABOD

The Headless Horseman.

THE WIDOW

By the light of the new moon...
Ichabod...!

ICHABOD

(starts violently)
What now?

THE WIDOW

Your wish -- pumpkin pie!

ICHABOD

(sighs)
It's almost enough to drive a
man to sadducism.

THE WIDOW

Wait --

She crosses to the oven.

ICHABOD

This Horseman, he only attacks
children -- ?

THE WIDOW

Oh no, everybody. That is, only
certain kinds of people who --

She stops as she opens the oven door and draws out the
huge pumpkin pie.

ICHABOD

What kinds of people?

THE WIDOW

Ichabod -- !

The Hessian is forgotten as Ichabod sees the steaming,
rich, round pie. Entranced, Ichabod follows the Widow
to the table.

MED. SHOT - at the table. Ichabod even forgets to hold her chair as he sits, tucking his napkin under his chin, breathing deep of the aroma.

THE WIDOW
(lowering her head)
Ichabod -- ?

Ichabod remembers and lowers his head to say Grace. He waits for a moment, expecting an interruption even more horrible this time. Then he begins, tentatively.

ICHABOD
For the bread we are about to receive --

He stops abruptly, glancing around, as if to fool fate.

THE WIDOW
The third time is the charm.

Ichabod smiles, reassured. He mumbles a quick and unintelligible Grace then carves a huge piece of pie.

THE WIDOW (cont'd)
It's made of the meat from --
our pumpkin head.

ICHABOD
(his mouth full)
Polly -- this pumpkin head candle
will live in my memory as --

But a second bite delays his articulation.

THE WIDOW
As what, Ichabod -- ?

ICHABOD
As a testament, a symbol of
our mutual affection --

THE WIDOW
Ichabod...

ICHABOD
-- for pumpkin pie...

As the Widow begins to carve a second piece for Ichabod

DISSOLVE

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW ROAD - NIGHT

91 FULL SHOT of Brom and his Boys, galloping across the crest of a hill, yelling and singing as they go.

DISSOLVE

DISSOLVE IN

INT. KATRINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

- 92 MED. SHOT of Katrina, standing at the windows in her kimono, listening to the distant yelling of Brom and his Boys. A few stray snowflakes fall, resting on the window-sill. For an instant, Katrina leans forward eagerly as the voices pass near the house; then, as they recede again, she slams the window, blows out the lamp and climbs into bed. CAMERA HOLDS on the window. As Katrina begins to sob in the darkness, and the snow falls more heavily against the window-pane...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. RIVERBANK IN SNOW - DAY

- 93 MED. SHOT of a snowman caricature of Ichabod, built around a scrawny tree stump. A snowball crashes into what would be Ichabod's stomach; and at this moment the pedagogue himself appears from behind the snowman.

ICHABOD

(breath
steaming)

What's going on here?

A second snowball flies directly at the real Ichabod's nose, but years of experience have trained Ichabod's reflexes. He bends his knees, at the same time lifting his hat, so that the snowball passes neatly between his head and his hat; the snowball passed, he straightens his knees, brings his head up to meet his hat again -- all in one adroit operation.

- 94 REVERSE ANGLE of Pete and the gang of kids, the snowball pitchers, gaily dressed in their best red and green winter woollens.

PETE

Merry Christmas, Mr. Crane.

ICHABOD

(moving
into scene)

Come, come, come, no time for
nonsense. Places, please...

The kids relax and run to the river, shouting, their skates over their shoulders. Ichabod moves on to:

- 95 FULL SHOT of the sleighs, standing on the frozen river, loaded with hay. The older young folk of the town laugh as they clamber aboard to get warm in the hay. Katrina sits alone at the rear of a sleigh in the f.g., her arms spread out trying to occupy two seats. Ichabod stops, his eyes wide with appreciation, as he sees Katrina.

...at the sleigh as Ichabod approaches.
Katrina tries to appear gay and casual, but her eyes
move constantly, looking for Brom.

ICHABOD

(tips his hat,
gallantly)

Well, well, well, what's this? A
pretty young lady sitting all alone?

KATRINA

(smiles,
pre-occupied)

No. That is, not yet. I mean, I
think I'm waiting for someone, in
a way...

ANGLE WIDENS as the Widow moves into the scene behind
Ichabod, a large bundle in her arms. She stops as she
sees him with Katrina.

ICHABOD

Well, if you don't find him, let
me know --

THE WIDOW

Ichabod!

ICHABOD

(quickly;
without turning)

-- and I'll help you find him...

(turns, with
a broad smile)

Polly, my dear! We have everything?

THE WIDOW

'Afternoon, Katrina...

(takes Ichabod's
arm, pointedly)

Yes - I have your Santa Claus
costume, decorations for the tree --

ICHABOD

(as he is
led away)

Food? You didn't forget the apples
and popcorn and chestnuts and --

He passes out of sight and hearing, still looking back
at Katrina over his shoulder. But Katrina's attention
is suddenly focused in the other direction. The quick
smile, the slight stiffening, can only mean one thing --
she straightens herself as Brom moves into the scene,
trying to act as though he didn't know Katrina were
there.

KATRINA

Good afternoon, Brom.

He turns, doing a bad job of pretending surprise.

(CONTINUED)

BROM

Hello, Kathy.

There is an awkward pause. Katrina fights with her pride, then decides to make the first gesture; she moves over, allowing room for Brom to ride beside her. Brom hesitates, then hops onto the sleigh beside her.

KATRINA

(finally)
I'm glad you came. It would've been the first Christmas sleigh ride we'd missed together.

BROM

Except last year.

KATRINA

Last year?

BROM

You were in -- you were away.

KATRINA

Oh... Yes...

(she smiles)

I wasn't going to mention it.

Brom realizes she has him and there is another pause, each waiting for the other to speak. Finally Katrina shivers, a bit artificially.

KATRINA (cont'd)

It's cold, isn't it?

BROM

Yes, it's very cold...

She glances at Brom, waiting for the obvious gesture, but Brom chooses to ignore the hint.

KATRINA

I'm a little chilly - even with my fur coat.

BROM

I suppose the coat came from --

He catches himself and glances down at Katrina. She smiles pleasantly, shivering a little. Brom gives in, smiling.

BROM (cont'd)

Well, if you're cold...

He smiles and puts his arm around her. Katrina snuggles against him, feeling mighty triumphant, and also mighty comfortable. O.s. Ichabod is shouting.

ICHABOD'S VOICE

Well, well, what are we waiting for?

97 FULL SHOT of the leading sleigh as Ichabod climbs to the driver's seat and pulls the Widow up behind him. He raises his whip as a signal, then brings it down... and the sleigh ride has begun.

98 TWO SHOT of Brom and Katrina.

BROM
(also comfortable
and triumphant)

I guess there's some pretty nice
things about Sleepy Hollow, after all.

Katrina opens her mouth to speak, but thinks better of it. They settle back into an apparently comfortable silence, as the driver yells and the sleigh moves off.

99 FULL SHOT of the river as the sleighs pull away from the bank. The kids skate ahead, yelling; then double back and circle the sleds, catch rides, and bedevil the horses. The sleighs and skaters are colorful against the blue-green of the ice, the darker greens and browns of the opposite bank; the whole tableau is etched in sharp detail on a background of new-fallen snow.

100 FULL SHOT of the leading sleigh. Three tatterdemalion musicians sit behind Ichabod and the Widow atop the hay with their instruments: a fiddle, a concertina, and a recorder. As the concertina strikes up an introduction out of the rhythm of the sleigh bells, it is joined by the fiddle and recorder, then the chorus of the couples, joining by twos and fours.

The number is a rollicking tune in the spirit of the occasion, singing of the snow and the sleighs, of holly berries and mistletoe, of the merry, carefree Yuletide, and good will toward men -- with special emphasis on the good will of the ladies in the sleighs toward the men with them as they ride together
"ON THE HAY-RIDE SLEIGH-RIDE."

Even the trotting horses step in rhythm, bouncing their red and green feathered head-pieces, jingling the bells on their bridles to the time of the music. Couples on the sleighs sing particularly intimate phrases in quiet duet.

Brom hums in Katrina's ear through her half-whispered dialogue, commenting by the tone of the hum.

KATRINA
(softly)
Brom, do you remember -- ?
(hmm - he does)
You shouldn't have --
(hmm - maybe no,
maybe yes)
I was upset later --
(hmm - but not
at the time)
But I'd've been more upset, if
you hadn't.

(CONTINUED)

The Widow takes the chorus for herself and Ichabod, pointing out that all things work two ways, including the good will of men toward women. Ichabod leers appropriately, waving the whip.

The children skate to the tune of the number, slicing intricate patterns around the sleighs, the blades of their skates flashing in the sunlight. They take a chorus of the song as they snap the whip, the chorus gradually diminishing to a duet as Pete and Anne are left alone, the rest of the children spread like a broken necklace of gaudy beads across the ice.

101 FULL SHOT of the river bank opposite their point of departure. The sleighs pull ashore near a low sloping meadow covered with snow. The number doesn't come to an abrupt end, but tapers off as the singers begin to occupy themselves with other things. It continues on as background music for the happy activity -- sung, hummed, whistled. As the kids scramble ashore, pulling off their skates, Ichabod steps out front, clapping his mittened hands.

102 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod as he realizes he is making no noise; he removes his mittens and claps loudly.

ICHABOD
William, Stoffel, Peter...
wood for the fire.

DISSOLVE

EXT. OPPOSITE BANK - AFTERNOON

103 FULL SHOT of the bonfire, blazing high. Less hardy souls sit at the fire, toasting apples and marshmallows, roasting popcorn and chestnuts. Beyond the fire in the b.g. a giant fir is almost decorated, lighted with the lanterns from the sleighs, gleaming dully in an early twilight; kids hanging like ornaments from the great branches as they pass runners of red and green rope around the tree.

CAMERA PANS TO the Widow, frying fish as they are brought to her by the kids. Fried in deep fat they are snatched off the Widow's fork and eaten with the fingers like a French-fried potato. Ichabod, while surveying the entire production, manages to stick close to the Widow, capturing at least every third fish, washing it down with toasted marshmallow.

CAMERA PANS WITH a kid who runs back to a hole in the ice and lowers his line for more fish. Several of the older couples have put on skates, waltzing arm-in-arm in the b.g.

CAMERA PANS WITH another kid who runs to join the group rolling a snowball gleefully, faster and faster, as its size increases.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA PANS WITH the snowball as happy couples dodge its careening course. Its run is ended at the foot of the toboggan course as a sled ploughs through the middle of the snowball, scattering snow and children.

CAMERA PANS WITH a young couple who drag their sled behind them as they start the long trudge up the hill to the toboggans' peak...

104 FULL SHOT of the hilltop, crowded with children and young couples waiting their turn. The kids have begun a snow fight while they wait, hiding behind improvised barricades built around their up-turned sleds.

105 MED. SHOT at the top of the run. Brom and Katrina wait while three kids crowd aboard a sled and push off, screaming. Brom pushes the sled to the edge and seats himself, holding the sled back with one foot. Katrina crawls on behind, pressing close against Brom, her arms around him. Before they have time to adjust, Pete shoves them off.

106 TWO SHOT of Brom and Katrina on the sled, the crisp snow-covered branches of the trees sailing past them, faster and faster.

KATRINA

Brom - look at the river -- !

BROM

If I look, we'll land on our heads.

107 LONG SHOT FROM Katrina's ANGLE. Trees, snow, and sky swim dizzily up toward the camera.

108 TWO SHOT of Brom and Katrina.

KATRINA

(her hair
flying)

I feel as if nothing could
ever happen to us -- !

Brom looks away from the track, but not toward the landscape below. He glances to the side, picks his spot, and deliberately turns the sled over the edge.

109 FULL SHOT of a snowbank as the sled overturns and Brom and Katrina roll down the slope, coming to rest under a huge overhanging tree.

110 TWO SHOT of Brom and Katrina. They are laughing,
out of breath and covered with snow; it clings to
their eyebrows and hair and lips.

KATRINA

My face is covered with snow!

BROM

(pointing up)

Kathy - look --

111 EFFECT SHOT of the tree from their angle lying under
the boughs; a delicate lace pattern woven of snow, ice
and evergreen.

112 CLOSE TWO SHOT of Brom and Katrina. He smiles as she
looks back at him, her face almost touching his.

BROM

Mistletoe...

Katrina nods, seriously, staring into Brom's eyes;
then glancing at his mouth as she thinks what mistletoe
implies. Slowly and deliberately, Brom kisses her.

KATRINA

(after several
seconds)

Brom, - all the snow...

She touches her eyebrows and face, but the crystals
have disappeared.

KATRINA (cont'd)

... I guess it's melted.

Brom brushes the drops of melted snow from Kathy's
face with a gentleness that is strange in Brom.

BROM

Your skin's all wet...like the
time we went swimming. --

KATRINA

Why haven't you been to see me?

BROM

Because you've been in Philadelphia.

KATRINA

Since I came back...

BROM

You haven't come back yet, Kathy,
you're still there -- that's the
trouble.

(CONTINUED)

Katrina is trying to think. She takes off her mitten, blows on her hand to warm it, then holds it against her nose, pink with the cold. Her voice is a little nasal when she speaks.

KATRINA

Certainly you admire Benjamin Franklin, Brom --

BROM

(smiles at the
adenoidal tone)

With all my heart.

KATRINA

That's where he lived.

BROM

Mr. Jefferson lives in Virginia,
and so does Mr. Washington.

KATRINA

Yes, but I don't want to live
in Virginia.

BROM

Neither do I - Virginia or Philadelphia.

KATRINA

But Sleepy Hollow --! What is there
here that's so wonderful or exciting?

BROM

My life, Kathy --

KATRINA

Your life --! Town Rowdy.

BROM

(controlling
himself)

-- and my friends--

KATRINA

Such friends -- !

BROM

-- and the river, the land, the
trees I grew up with.

KATRINA

I prefer modern conveniences --
like cobblestone streets.

BROM

But most of all - my work, Kathy.

KATRINA

A blacksmith in a little, old dirty
smithy...that's all you'll ever be
so long as you stay in Sleepy Hollow!

(CONTINUED)

Brom only smiles; the harshness is somehow only mock-serious because of her hand over her nose. He takes her hand and holds it over his nose, kidding her tone.

BROM

In Philadelphia I'd just be
a blacksmith without a smithy.
And as for being dirty --
 (takes her hand
 away from his
 nose, but holds it)
-- it wouldn't be so dirty or
untidy, if there was a woman
around it.

KATRINA

Brom -- !
 (she withdraws
 her hand)
You certainly wouldn't expect
me to live - there?

Spoken in her normal voice it sounds suddenly serious
and cruel to Brom.

BROM

 (seriously)
Yes, Kathy, I would...

KATRINA

Why, I never even considered that...

BROM

 (after a
 second)
Then more's the pity.

KATRINA

In Philadelphia --

ANGLE WIDENS as Brom stands abruptly, dusting himself.

BROM

I've always said you were a
Dutch farmer's daughter --
but I guess all you inherited
was the stubbornness.

KATRINA

You're not Dutch, I suppose?

BROM

Let's not argue, Kathy. There's
no use of argument when there's
no hope. I'd rather remember
you smiling with your face wet --
like it was the day we went
swimming...

(CONTINUED)

KATRINA
(a catch in
her voice)
Brom...

BROM
(abruptly)
If you want to see me -- I'll
be at my little old dirty smithy.
Goodby, Kathy.

He strides away, as best he can stride through the snow. Katrina gets to her feet and stands for a moment, her lips tight in righteous indignation; then she stomps her foot - overlooking the fact that she is standing on snow. The foot plows in, throwing her off balance. She straightens and starts down the hill.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPPOSITE BANK - SUNSET

- 113 FULL SHOT of the bonfire. Ichabod stands at the foot of the tree leading the group in Christmas carols, dressed in a sagging Santa Claus suit. But his eyes shine as he quiets the chorus and points toward:
- 114 CLOSE SHOT of Katrina as she rises to take the solo. She smiles at Ichabod, then glares at:
- 115 MED. SHOT of Brom, sitting between Pete and the Widow. He is over-obviously not listening to Katrina. The Widow watches the whole by-play with mistrust.
- ANGLE WIDENS as the chorus joins Katrina and the carol ends. Ichabod moves to Katrina's side with a leering smile.

ICHABOD
Ma'm'selle - quelle finesse!
Such a voice!

KATRINA
(glances at Brom)
M'sieur! You speak French!

ICHABOD
Ma'm'selle, you are alone?

KATRINA
(with emphasis)
Oui, M'sieur, complètement alone.

THE WIDOW
(to Katrina, taking
Ichabod's arm
possessively)
Why don't you ride back with
us, dear -- ?

(CONTINUED)

BROM
C'mon, Pete, let's get outa here!

KATRINA

Enchante!

(takes Ichabod's
other arm)
I understand you give singing
lessons, too, Mr. Crane...

As Brom and Pete start away in one direction, Ichabod
between the two ladies in the other...

DISSOLVE

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

116

MED. SHOT of Brom and his Boys, seated around the great
bowl of egg-nog on the bar. They are two sheets to the
wind and hoisting the third. In the b.g. a loud, happy
crowd of town men sing and drink before a blazing fire
and the over-trimmed Christmas tree.

BROM

(is saying)
...and the, do you know what he
said to her--?

CORK

And what did he say to her?

BROM

French! He talked French!

CANDY

What's the matter with talking
French, may I ask?

BROM

Nothing's the matter with
talking French...

CANDY

That's better...

BROM

So long as you do it in English!

DISSOLVE

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

117

MED. SHOT of the small but perfect Christmas tree,
set by the fire. Ichabod hangs on ornaments as
Rembrandt might have painted; a basket of colored balls
his pallet, the tree his canvas. And while he works,
he whistles a cheery version of the carol Katrina sang.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE WIDENS to include the Widow, seated on the high hearth, preparing tomorrow's bird for the oven. She watches Ichabod, listening to the tune he whistles.

THE WIDOW

That girl has a nice little voice, hasn't she?

ICHABOD

Yes...

(as he hangs
an ornament)

I was quite...taken with her... voice.

THE WIDOW

I noticed that.

ICHABOD

(guilelessly)

It will be a pleasure to handle her...musical education...a very well-rounded...voice...

THE WIDOW

(more
vicious)

And a very pretty face to go with her well-rounded...voice.

Ichabod, an ornament in his hand ready for the hanging, suddenly understands the direction of the conversation. The ornament drops to the floor as he turns.

ICHABOD

Polly -- ! I hope you don't think...

(crosses
to her)

Polly...there's things more important in a woman than a pretty face.

THE WIDOW

(with a
little smile)

I'll take that as a compliment - for the moment.

ICHABOD

I mean it!

THE WIDOW

Yes, Ichabod -- I'm sure you do. That's the pity of it.

ICHABOD

These months with you...

(CONTINUED)

THE WIDOW

I was just going to say, Ichabod --
you'll have been here two months
come New Year...

ICHABOD

The happiest months of my life...

THE WIDOW

I've never mentioned it. But His
Honor the Mayor came 'round
yesterday and said he had someplace
else to bunk you if I wanted to get
rid of you...

ICHABOD

(dully)

And you said -- ?

The Widow keeps him waiting while she carries the bird
to the oven, wipes her hands, removes her apron and
crosses back to the fireplace.

THE WIDOW

(matter-of-factly)

I told him I wouldn't even turn
out a stray dog in weather like
this. You may as well stay on
as long as you're comfortable...

Ichabod sighs, shuddering with relief. He searches
for words but can't find them. With profound ceremony
he takes the Widow's hand, bends from the waist and
kisses it.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED ROAD - DAY

118 FULL SHOT. Ichabod plods along the road, snow shoes
hanging at the end of his legs like the web-feet of
a gaunt flamingo; his gaudy muffler completes the
similarity. In the one hand he carries his umbrella;
in the other, his metronome. He pauses outside the
gate of the Van Tassel farm, so impressed that he is
sure this cannot be his destination.

119 LONG SHOT of the Van Tassel land, with its bulging
barns; plump livestock wandering its snow-spread
pasturage. A ruddy-cheeked hired boy rides a donkey
toward Ichabod up the drive, which leads back through
the barnyards, sheds, and fields, toward the fat,
red chimney of the house nestled behind a snowbank
at the end of a streamer of smoke. Ichabod moves into
the scene, walking toward the hired boy.

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD

(in wonder)

Tell me, sonny - could it be
that this --

(gestures)

-- this is the Van Tassel farm?

HIRED BOY

It be.

ICHABOD

(to himself as
he moves on)

It be...

CAMERA MOVES IN TO CLOSE SHOT as Ichabod starts on,
his eyes popping...

120 MONTAGE of Ichabod's enraptured fancies SUPERIMPOSED
OVER SHOT of Ichabod himself, moving through this
wonderland.

- A. The snow-covered orchard blossoms suddenly, dropping huge, lush peaches onto snow, which turns into cream as the peaches slice themselves. And Ichabod moves on...
- B. The pigs in the sty turn into a roasting pig, with a pudding in his belly and an apple in his mouth. And Ichabod moves on...
- C. The pigeons in their cote are snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, tucked in with a coverlet of crust. And Ichabod moves on...
- D. A roast turkey struts with it's gizzard under its wing, in a necklace of sausages. And Ichabod moves on...
- E. Geese swim in their own gravy; plucked ducks float on the same pond in roasting-pan boats. And Ichabod moves on...
- F. The corn of the corn-crib pours itself over Ichabod's outstretched fingers into steaming pans of corn bread. And Ichabod moves on...

121 FULL SHOT from the Van Tassel porch, as Ichabod backs across the yard toward the steps, gaping back at the wonderfully rich and fertile course he has travelled. Backing into the steps he stumbles and lands on his head. He rises, hardly noticing the fall, and climbs the steps. CAMERA MOVES IN as Katrina opens the door to investigate the commotion.

(CONTINUED)

KATRINA

Good afternoon, Mr. Crane.

ICHABOD

(completely
undone)

Good horseflesh... I mean -
fertile afternoon... I mean -
good afternoon! Nice farm.
You work here?

KATRINA

I'm Katrina Van Tassell -- singing
lessons - remember?

ICHABOD

Oh. But I mean - you must work
here -- it's not yours?

KATRINA

(she smiles)

Oh, yes. I live here. We thought
you were coming here to live with
us. The Mayor spoke to papa.

ICHABOD

(pulling off his
snowshoes, stunned) ~

Why, I --

KATRINA

(with a
little smile)

But I guess you prefer the Widow.

ICHABOD

I didn't know -- I mean, if I'd
known...

KATRINA

Well, whenever you're ready to
move - we always have extra room.

(holds the door)

Won't you come in, Mr. Crane --?

Ichabod drops his snowshoes and enters the house, as
though crossing into heaven.

DISSOLVE

EXT. VAN TASSEL FARM - DAY

122 FULL SHOT as Brom drives in with his portable forge
equipment, trailed by one of his hunting dogs. From
o.s. comes the SOUND of the singing lesson. He climbs
down and stands listening to Katrina's exercise.

123 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Brom as he smiles and whistles
softly to the dog...

INT. VAN TASSEL PARLOR - DAY

124 FULL SHOT. Ichabod moves around the room, pausing to touch the furniture, feel the material of the draperies, admire the pewter and pottery on the mantle-piece. Katrina's exercise continues relentlessly, gradually ascending the scale. She hesitates, taking a deep breath, before she ventures her "A" exercise.

ICHABOD

(without
thinking)

Very nice...

He means the mantle, but Katrina smiles briefly at the encouragement, then frowns with concentration. Her first "A" is clear, the "C#" and "E" are shaky, but accurate. The second high "A" is a loud, mournful wail as Brom's dog joins Katrina. Ichabod turns, startled

ICHABOD (cont'd)

No, no, no!

KATRINA

But...

Ichabod silences her with a raised forefinger, and takes a deep breath to demonstrate. "A, C#, E"... He pauses with a little smile, then frames his mouth carefully to show Katrina how it should be done. But again the dog joins the high "A". Ichabod glances at Katrina, puzzled, and feels his Adams' apple. Katrina rises and motions Ichabod to follow her as she tiptoes to the window.

EXT. VAN TASSEL FARM - DAY

125 MED. LONG SHOT FROM their ANGLE of Brom, stroking the dog's head affectionately.

126 TWO SHOT of Katrina and Ichabod FROM the REVERSE ANGLE THROUGH the window. The banked snow is scattered as Katrina pushes the window open, Ichabod peering over her shoulder.

KATRINA

Blacksmith...will you please
call off your dog -- ?

127 MED. SHOT at the window as Brom walks to the house and smiles up at Katrina and Ichabod. The dog follows him, panting and happy.

(CONTINUED)

BROM

I guess something must have frightened her, Miss. She's a very well-behaved dog - when she's not provoked. Of course, she used to be mascot for the volunteer fire department...

KATRINA

Brom, I don't think that's a bit funny.

BROM

(to the
dog)

Bessie, you'll have to control yourself - no matter what happens...

Katrina slams the window and Brom laughs as he starts back toward the forge.

INT. VAN TASSEL PARLOR - DAY

128 MED. SHOT at the piano as Katrina and Ichabod return to the singing lesson. Katrina hesitates at the high "A", stiffening. The dog doesn't howl, but Katrina's note is a complete failure.

ICHABOD

Very nice, my dear. Now, perhaps, a song -- ?

He opens the music for Katrina and stands over her, a new and canny look in his eyes. Katrina's piano introduction goes smoothly, as do the first eight bars of the song. Then suddenly from outside there is a raucous CLANG and CLAMOR as Brom begins to hammer at the forge. At first Katrina pretends not to notice, merely singing louder. But the louder she sings, the louder Brom's hammering becomes. Ichabod joins Katrina and the two of them shout their lungs out, but in the end the anvil wins and Katrina breaks down and cries. She looks for convenient comfort, and Ichabod's shoulder is the nearest thing at hand. Ichabod smiles as he pats her, his plans already formulating in his mind.

EXT. VAN TASSEL FARM - DAY

129 CLOSE SHOT of Brom. He stops his pounding and glances toward the house with a broad triumphant smile. But the smile fades as he sees:

130 LONG SHOT THROUGH the window FROM Brom's ANGLE of Katrina in Ichabod's arms.

WS
131 CLOSE SHOT of Brom.

BROM
Bessie, would you look at that!

He turns back to the anvil, releasing anger on the horseshoe.

DISSOLVE

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - DAY

132 MED. SHOT of the Widow, pounding a piece of meat with almost as much energy as her Cousin Brom pounds the horseshoe. She stops pounding and peers intently through the window as she sees...

133 LONG SHOT of Ichabod FROM the Widow's ANGLE. He has the metronome open, CLICKING, and he does a little dance step on snow shoes as he enters the yard. He stops, closes the metronome, and appraises the farm as he crosses to the door; the small chicken roost, the two pigs, the barn, so barren it has room for him. The contrast is obvious in Ichabod's expression.

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - DAY

134 MED. SHOT of the Widow as she turns with a forced smile to greet Ichabod. He hesitates outside, pulling off his snow shoes and boots.

THE WIDOW
'Afternoon, Ichabod...

ICHABOD
(from outside)
Good afternoon, Polly.

THE WIDOW
Good singing lesson?

ICHABOD
Yes... A rich voice.
(he enters in his
stocking feet)
Great possibilities...

THE WIDOW
You're cold, Ichabod. Sit by
the fire and I'll bring a cup
of tea to warm you.

ICHABOD
Yes, you might do that.

His whole manner has changed; he is no longer asking favors of a lonely widow. He is a man of parts, a man with a plan.

135

MED. SHOT at the fireplace. He stretches comfortably by the fire, flexing his toes as he compares this room with the Van Tassel parlor.

ICHABOD

You're a good woman, Polly. I shall miss all this humble comfort.

THE WIDOW

(lying in
her teeth)

I don't understand, Ichabod.
You're going some place?

ICHABOD

Oh, I don't know where I'll go. But my mind's made up - go I must.

THE WIDOW

You're unhappy here?

ICHABOD

I'm not thinking of myself.
It's you, Polly... I can't impose any longer -- people will begin to talk.

THE WIDOW

They've been doing that ever since there were tongues.

ICHABOD

You're a fine, generous woman, Polly. Too big and kind to understand the world.

THE WIDOW

Now I'm too big.

ICHABOD

No, you'll have to trust a man's judgment in this, Polly. Don't consider me. Your reputation is more important to me than my comfort.

THE WIDOW

(pouring tea)

Well, Ichabod, if you say so --
After all, it's not the end...

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD

Perhaps I'll be moving back in the fall.

THE WIDOW

I'll hear from you -- ?

ICHABOD

But of course...

THE WIDOW

-- because I can assure you -- you'll hear from me...

Ichabod looks at her sharply, but she is smiling a benign smile.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW ROAD - DAY

136 MED. SHOT of a scarecrow, unmistakably dressed in satire of Ichabod. The coattails and muffler flap in the breeze, frightening spring birds away from the new-planted fields.

ANGLE WIDENS to include Pete and a gang of kids, walking barefoot down the road away from the scarecrow, fishing rods over their shoulders, whistling a gay little air. The whistling of the kids introduces...

137 SPRING PLANTING NUMBER, a MONTAGE of the activities around the coming of springtime in Sleepy Hollow. The men are in the fields, plowing and planting; the women are setting a long deal table under an oak tree for the noonday meal. Brom, with the help of Candy, moves his portable anvil from farm to farm, repairing and sharpening the tools of planting. The younger children dance around a Maypole. The older children follow Ichabod and Katrina to the hills and broad meadows, picking spring flowers. The sleepy valley comes alive, its flora and fauna stretching themselves luxuriously after a snowbound winter.

And as they work and dance, they sing: "THERE ARE REASONS FOR THE SEASONS"... And the reason for Spring is that Thing that happens...Sap rises in the maple trees...Flowers send love notes by the bees...Country lads get weak in the knees...That's the Thing that happens in the Spring.

138 TWO SHOT of Ichabod and Katrina in a rich clover field, tapestried with spring flowers; buttercups blend with violets and strawberry bloom, fringed at the borders by goldenrod and wild rose. Katrina's hair (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

stirs with the breeze. Ichabod is almost handsome as he smiles, accepting a clover blossom from Katrina. The song continues in the b.g.

KATRINA

The first four-leaf clover.

ICHABOD

A happy omen...

Katrina turns away and starts across the meadow... It's the song you sing... And the clover ring... That's the Thing that happens in the Spring.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW ROAD - AFTERNOON

- 139 FULL SHOT. Brom and his Boys move into town along with other scattered groups of workmen. They are dirty and disheveled, exhausted but satisfied with the day's work, and they sing as they go. But they stop singing and move to the side of the road as Ichabod drives Katrina toward the Van Tassel farm in a buggy laden with spring flowers. Katrina, for her own reasons, chooses to ignore Brom and his Boys. Ichabod glories in a lord-of-the-m Manor manner. Candy steps into the road and bows low after the carriage in broad burlesque. CAMERA MOVES IN TO Brom, staring after Katrina, angry.

DISSOLVE

EXT. VAN TASSEL FARM - DAY

- 140 FULL SHOT as Brom pulls his horse to a stop and hitches her to the post at the foot of the stairs.
- 141 CLOSE SHOT of Brom, dressed in his best go-to-meeting clothes, uncomfortable and stiff. His jaw is taut, his lips pressed together.
- 142 MED. SHOT on the porch. Brom hesitates at the door, as though he might turn back. But he braces himself and raps. He straightens himself in his coat, a little too small for his shoulders, and runs his hand through his hair. Then he stands rigid, waiting, till Katrina opens the door.

BROM

(abruptly)

I want to talk to you.

KATRINA

Oh, Brom... Please come in.

(CONTINUED)

BROM

If I come in, we start that same
old folderol - your father and
mother --

KATRINA

We certainly can't discuss anything
standing out here.

She opens the door and waits. Brom has come too far
to turn back.

INT. VAN TASSEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

143 FULL SHOT: Brom tries to detain Katrina in the hallway
but she moves quickly toward the parlor, and Brom has
no choice but to follow.

144 FULL SHOT of the parlor FROM Brom's ANGLE. The
scene is as it was before; Mrs. Van Tassel knitting,
Baltus dozing by the fire. There is only one major
difference; Ichabod is stretched on the love-seat
opposite Baltus' chair by the fire, shoes off, his toes
reacting pleasurably to the logs. Brom and Katrina move
into the room.

ICHABOD

Good evening, Mr. Brundt --
Welcome.

BROM

'Evening, Mr. Crane. My Cousin
Polly mentioned you'd moved out.
here...

ICHABOD

Oh, yes, how is the dear Widow?

BROM

In good health... Good evening
Mrs. Van Tassel.

MRS. VAN TASSEL

Good evening, Brom.

Brom starts to greet Baltus, but he dozes on. There
is an uncomfortable silence.

145 CLOSE SHOT of Katrina FROM Brom's ANGLE as she shrugs,
with a she-doesn't-know-what-more-he-can-expect
attitude.

146 CLOSE SHOT of Brom. He opens his mouth to speak, then
shuts it. He looks to...

147 CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Van Tassel FROM Brom's ANGLE. She
shakes her head sadly; this is Katrina's affair; not hers.

148 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod FROM Brom's ANGLE, watching
the byplay with a little smile.

149 FULL SHOT of the group.

BROM
Kathy, would you like to take
a walk?

KATRINA
No, thank you.

BROM
But --

He gestures vaguely to the room; he can't talk here.
Then suddenly, Ichabod rises.

150 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. He puts his fingers to his
lips and nods at Brom reassuringly; he will take care
of the situation.

151 TWO SHOT of Brom and Katrina. Brom is puzzled. He
glances at Katrina for an explanation, but Katrina is
equally confused.

152 MED. SHOT at the fireplace. Ichabod rises, sliding
his feet into his shoes.

ICHABOD
Well...

Old Baltus wakes with a start. Ichabod pretends not
to notice.

ICHABOD (cont'd)
...I think this would be a nice
time for Katrina to sing for us.
(to Katrina)
Perhaps that new song you just
learned - where you imitate the
calls of different birds....

VAN TASSEL
I'm going to bed.
(grunts - rising)
Singing at this hour...Wake the
chickens.

ANGLE WIDENS as he starts across the room, then stops,
glaring at Brom.

VAN TASSEL (cont'd)
What're you doing here?

ICHABOD
(quickly)
Perhaps you're right. It is late.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. VAN TASSEL
 (gathers her knitting)
 Yes, Baltus is right. It's late..

ICHABOD
 (takes Van Tassel's arm)
 If you and I are going to ride out
 and look at the peach trees before
 breakfast...

VAN TASSEL
 You really think we should pick
 early this year?

ICHABOD
 (urging him
 to the door)
 No question. The almanacs agree
 on an early summer.

MRS. VAN TASSEL
 (takes Baltus'
 other arm)
 Why, do you know, I saw a fish
 swimming upstream this very
 morning.

VAN TASSEL
 Upstream? Must be soft in the
 head.

Ichabod turns back at them, with a little wink and a
 nod. Then he moves on, taking Baltus with him.

ICHABOD
 (as they go
 through the
 door)
 Mark my words -- the smart
 farmer will pick early this
 year...
 (from the hallway,
 receding)
 You wouldn't want to be caught
 short...

Brom looks at Katrina, completely baffled, and
 suddenly he begins to laugh. Katrina walks to the
 fireplace and sits primly at one end of the love seat.

KATRINA
 (coolly)
 Well -- you wanted to talk to
 me --?

153 MED. SHOT at the fireplace as Brom joins her, sitting
 in Baltus' chair.

BROM
 Kathy -- I owe you an apology.

(CONTINUED)

KATRINA

I should think so.

BROM

You know, I thought --

(he laughs)

Well, it doesn't matter what I thought. I was wrong. He's a very nice fellow -- and he knows how to handle your father...

ICHABOD'S VOICE

Well...

ANGLE WIDENS as Ichabod moves gracefully into the scene, seats himself next to Katrina on the love seat, and kicks off his shoes.

ICHABOD

...now what shall we three do?

DISSOLVE

EXT. CLEARING NEAR A BUILDING - DAY

154 FULL SHOT of an extemporaneous display of fireworks staged by the town children. CAMERA PANS TO a speakers' stand draped in red-white-and-blue bunting; the Mayor and his Council sit stiffly. CAMERA PANS TO the village trio, playing a medley of patriotic airs, dressed in their Revolutionary War uniforms. In the b.g., the townsfolk mill about the refreshment stands. As the trio's medley turns into a fast vamp, Brom steps in front of them to sing a brisk jingle, which builds toward a lively round country "hay dance" in the street ...If old Ben Franklin were alive today -- he'd say, "MAKE HAY!"... As Brom sings, his eyes search the crowd for Katrina... And when the hay's been made, and the pay's been paid, and the bale's been weighed, and the flail's been flayed, and you've found a maid, and the ground's been laid, and the pipe's are played, and the piper's paid, then -- make hay, he'd say... Mister Franklin of Philadelph-i-ay, P-ay... United States of Amer-i-cay...

ANGLE WIDENS as the couples begin to "dance the hay" in the street. (This is not a full number, merely background for the scene.) Brom stops singing suddenly and starts away as he sees...

155 MED. SHOT of Katrina, standing by the lemonade counter. She turns away as Brom comes up to her, pushing his way through the crowd.

BROM

Kathy -- I've been trying to talk to you for weeks --

(CONTINUED)

Katrina turns, smiling warmly. But the smile is for Ichabod, who moves up to the counter, reaching for a glass of lemonade.

ICHABOD

(happily)
I won the pie-eating contest by default. They ran out of pies.

KATRINA

(takes his
arm)
I'm proud of you. Shall we dance, Mr. Crane?

ANGLE WIDENS as they join the dance, Ichabod his most agile on a full stomach...

DISSOLVE

INT. SMALL BARN - NIGHT

156 FULL SHOT of a modest harvest dance, Ichabod and Katrina still dancing together. CAMERA PANS ACROSS the dancers to the young couples husking in the corner. CAMERA PANS TO Brom and his Boys sitting on the loft, looking down on the dancers, passing a jug from one to the other. Brom's fury mounts till the jug reaches him. He draws a draft that almost empties the jug, then swings himself to the floor of the barn.

157 MED. SHOT of Ichabod and Katrina dancing. Brom, a little high, blunders through the dancing to catch Katrina as she whirls from Ichabod.

BROM

Kathy -- you're making a fool of yourself with that man.

KATRINA

Brom -- you're not jealous --!

BROM

Yes, I'm jealous -- if that's what you want!

She starts away from him in the course of the dance, but Brom follows her.

BROM (cont'd)

Kathy -- I've got to talk to you! Come on outside --

KATRINA

If you must talk to me -- I'll meet you tomorrow morning.

BROM

Tomorrow is Sunday.

(CONTINUED)

KATRINA

That's right.

BROM

You'll be in church.

KATRINA

That's right.

BROM

Kathy, you wouldn't ask me to do that -- you know something would happen -- it always does!

KATRINA

If you want to see me --
 (she imitates Brom's ultimatum under the mistletoe)
 -- I'll be at my "little old dirty Dutch church!"

She whirls back into Ichabod's arms and Brom is left standing. Cork, Rambout, and Candy move up to join Brom. As Cork hands Brom the jug....

DISSOLVE

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW BRIDGE - MORNING

158 MED. SHOT of Brom, dressed hastily in his Sunday best, standing by the bridge. The church bell is ringing gloomily from the opposite bank. Brom holds himself erect with difficulty as the good people of Sleepy Hollow move in two's and three's across the bridge toward the Old Dutch Church. He winces, trying to keep his eyes open as the Mayor, Treasurer, and Recorder pause with their wives, staring at him curiously. He shudders, then closes his eyes as he hears....

159 CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Candy, Cork, and Rambout, singing as they move toward Brom arm in arm. They are still a little drunk as they sing.... If man was meant for toiling, he'd have a donkey's back, Darry-down; if a mule was meant for pleasure, he'd have a taste for sack, Darry-down; so lift your cup in Tarry Town, Darry-down, Darry-down.... They stop singing as they see Brom.

RAMBOUT

So there's our friend Brom....

BROM

Stay away from me, you drunken, dissolute ruffians.

(CONTINUED)

CORK

Without doubt you'll be needing
a wee hair of the dog, lad --?

BROM

(glancing around
surreptitiously)

Do you have a drop --?

But as Cork pulls out a bottle, Brom stiffens and ANGLE
WIDENS as the Van Tassel family walks past on their way
to church. Brom draws himself up, speaking loudly.

BROM (cont'd)

One side, please... I'm a
respectable, law-abiding citizen
on my way to church --! Good
morning, Katrina....

KATRINA

(half-smiling)

Good morning, Brom....

160 MOVING TWO SHOT of Brom and Katrina. She
watches him out of the corner of her eye, amused.

KATRINA

(under her breath)

Must have been quite a night.

BROM

I was in bed at nine o'clock.
Never felt better in my life!

Katrina only nods in the direction of the church.
Brom's eyes follow hers to see:

161 LONG SHOT FROM Brom's ANGLE of the dominie's carriage
hung precariously from the bell tower of the church.

162 TWO SHOT as Katrina smiles, and Brom winces, then
glances back over his shoulder toward:

163 MED. LONG SHOT FROM Brom's ANGLE of the three boys.
Cork only shrugs.

164 TWO SHOT as Brom glances at Katrina with a sick smile.

KATRINA

I hope that's all...

165 THREE SHOT of Brom's Boys looking after him, worried.

RAMBOUT

Our friend Brom can't go to
church today!

(CONTINUED)

CANDY
It's a free country.

CORK
But think back, lad. Last
night -- the organ.

Candy puts his hand to his head, remembering. Then with silent agreement, they brace themselves and start after Brom and Katrina.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

166 FULL SHOT. The appearance of Brom's Boys is of almost equal concern to the congregation as the appearance of Brom with Katrina. They plow down front, squeezing the three of themselves into a space for two. Too late for effect, they remember to remove their hats. Then once settled, they turn, looking toward...

167 LONG SHOT of the gallery FROM the boy's ANGLE. The choir and small pipe organ are set above the congregation. Ichabod shepherds the children into their places. Katrina takes her seat in front of the choir for the solo. Brom, in pantomime, volunteers to pump the organ. Katrina nods to Ichabod, entreating him to accept Brom's gesture. Ichabod bows low, politely.

CORK'S VOICE
Brom, don't you do it!

The gallery turns to look down at....

168 FULL SHOT of the congregation, straining their necks to stare at....

169 MED. SHOT of the pulpit as the Dominie takes his place, glaring sternly at the restless congregation. The Mayor, the Council and wives sit in the boxes flanking the pulpit. He raises his hand, motioning to....

170 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Ichabod nods and raises his hand, motioning to....

171 MED. SHOT of the bell ringer, peering through the window, looking over the church. He nods and the bells are silenced.

172 CLOSE SHOT of the Dominie. He clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIE

I have one brief announcement concerning the Saturday Night Sociable. The Thursday Night Quilting Bee having been postponed till Friday night, the young people's dancing class usually held on Fridays will meet Monday, and the Wednesday Night Bible Study will meet Tuesday, so the Monday Night Toffee Pull can be held Wednesday, and the regular Tuesday choir practice will meet Saturday night. That means the Saturday Night Sociable will meet Thursday. Now let us rise and sing hymn number twenty-two -- led by Mistress Katrina Van Tassel and the choir. Mr. Crane at the organ.

- 173 MED. SHOT at the organ. Brom begins to pump as Ichabod seats himself at the keyboard. Both of them look up as they notice a strange buzzing, but Ichabod shrugs and strikes the opening chord.
- 174 CLOSE SHOT of Katrina as she begins to sing. She pours her heart into the song, smiling contentedly as she looks toward...
- 175 CLOSE SHOT of Brom. He smiles at Katrina, but he is more and more puzzled by the buzzing sound, growing louder with the music. He looks at...
- 176 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod as he plays. He smiles, but his eyes are wary and disapproving of the new relationship between Brom and Katrina.
- 177 CLOSE SHOT of Brom. His eyes narrow as he sees...
- 178 CLOSE SHOT FROM Brom's ANGLE. A mean yellow hornet crawls from the opening of one organ pipe. It rests a moment at the edge, then flies away.
- 179 MED. SHOT at the organ. Brom watches the hornet circle the pipes and follows it with his eyes as it torments Ichabod. Then Brom closes his eyes, the whole horrible truth coming back to him.
- 180 CLOSE SHOT of Katrina. Her vocal cords tighten as the hornet investigates her nose; then relax as it flies out over the congregation. There are several seconds of uninterrupted music, then a sudden shout from the main floor.

- 181 FULL SHOT of the congregation, looking toward...
- 182 CLOSE SHOT of the Mayor, rubbing his stung nose, glaring suspiciously toward...
- 183 MED. SHOT of Brom's Boys, trying to appear innocent as they stare straight ahead toward...
- 184 CLOSE SHOT of the dominie, puzzled, sensing the tension, looking uneasily up toward...
- 185 FULL SHOT of the gallery, as Katrina, confused by the buzzing looks toward...
- 186 MED. SHOT at the organ. Ichabod looks at Brom from the corner of his eye. It is now obvious that all is not well inside the organ. Brom's eyes are shut; he pumps on because there's nothing else to do. Ichabod, without stopping rises and peers at the lid. Playing on with his right hand, he starts to open the lid with his left.

BROM
(desperately)
No -- don't -- !

But Ichabod does, and as he leans forward to look inside, a swarm of angry hornets rises like a tornado from the organ box. Ichabod's fingers strike a blaring dischord and he jumps back.

- 187 FULL SHOT of Katrina and the choir. A high note turns into a screech and the kids break, running wildly for the stairs.
- 188 MED. SHOT of Brom's Boys. They look at each other sadly, then quietly put their hats on and rise.
- 189 ANGLE WIDENS as the Boys start up the aisle. The congregation turns toward the gallery, not sure what's happening till the swarm of hornets dives on them. Then pandemonium strikes.
- 190 CLOSE SHOT of the dominie. He raises his arms, calling to the congregation.

DOMINIE
Peace! Let us be calm!

But he ducks under the pulpit as the swarm swirls and eddies past him.

191 FULL SHOT of the stairs to the gallery. At the bottom of the stairs Brom rips off his coat and throws it over Katrina's head as the hornets swarm toward them. But in so doing Brom attracts the attention of the angry insects. He looks at them for a split second, as if to remonstrate, then turns and rushes toward the entrance.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

192 FULL SHOT of the churchyard with the graveyard in the b.g. The congregation follows Brom and the hornets. They stand watching as Brom cuts across the graveyard, dodging and leaping tombstones. CAMERA MOVES IN to Katrina. She stands, with Brom's coat in her arms, laughing, as she watches:

193 LONG SHOT of Brom leaping nimbly across the graves, the swarm after him.

194 FULL SHOT of the group standing outside the church. The Mayor snorts through a swelling nose; Van Tassel grunts, annoyed at being awakened; the Treasurer, Recorder, and all the wives shake their heads. Katrina is the only one amused.

THE MAYOR'S WIFE

On the graves -- !

VAN TASSEL

I suppose we might have expected it -- Brom Bones coming to church.

ICHABOD

(casually, but pointedly)

What else could you expect from a Sadducee?

THE MAYOR'S WIFE

He should be ridden out of town!

Katrina glances at all of them irritated. As she starts away, the others following...

DISSOLVE

INT. VAN TASSEL PARLOR - NIGHT

195 MED. SHOT at the fireplace. Mrs. Van Tassel knits, Katrina stares at her lap, and Ichabod smiles, as Van Tassel paces the floor.

KATRINA

(impatiently)

Sit down, Papa.

(CONTINUED)

VAN TASSEL

I can't sit down. I got stung!
The Mayor's wife's right. He's a
disgrace to the community.

MRS. VAN TASSEL

(sadly)

In some ways it's too bad Brom's
mother didn't live.

KATRINA

He came to church this morning.
That's a good sign, and we certainly
can't condemn him for something
he did before that.

VAN TASSEL

Katrina, go to your room.

Katrina opens her mouth to shout back at him, then
clamps it shut, turns and strides out of the room.
Ichabod smiles and rises, clearing his throat, ready
to make the best use of the situation. But Van Tassel
turns on him.

VAN TASSEL (cont'd)

And as for you, Crane - you came
here for a month...

ICHABOD

(quickly)

I was just going to broach the
subject --

VAN TASSEL

...and you've been here upward
of four!

ICHABOD

-- but I didn't want to seem
ungrateful --

VAN TASSEL

Not as if you were a member of
the family.

ICHABOD

No, it's not....

VAN TASSEL

So, if you'll make other plans...

ICHABOD

Yes. Yes, I'll have to make
other plans immediately....

He glances toward the upstairs and Katrina's room. Van
Tassel, without thinking, slumps in his chair, but
jumps up immediately, grunting.

WIPE TO

INT. KATRINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

- 196 MED. SHOT of Katrina. Her hair is braided. She sits on the bed, pulling on a pair of blue jean riding britches. Carrying her boots in her hand, she starts toward the window. Then, remembering, she turns back and picks up Brom's coat.

EXT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE - NIGHT

- 197 FULL SHOT of the roof slanting away from Katrina's window. She crawls through the window, across the roof, and drops silently to the ground.

DISSOLVE

EXT. VAN TASSEL FARM - NIGHT

- 198 FULL SHOT of the barn as Katrina, with her boots on, wearing Brom's coat, leads a horse from its stall. Grabbing the mane, Katrina mounts the horse bareback and rides her furiously out of the barnyard.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW ROAD - NIGHT

- 198A FULL SHOT as Katrina runs the horse, her hair flying, riding out her temper.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

- 199 FULL SHOT of a lane overlooking the river. Katrina rides into the scene but the horse is walking now and Katrina stares out at the river. She pulls the horse to a stop, slides to the ground, and walks to the foot of a tree.

- 200 CLOSE SHOT of Katrina at the tree. She smiles as she fingers a huge, crudely carved heart surrounding a childhood inscription "B loves K". She ties the horse to a branch of the tree and walks to the bank of a stream which leads down to the river. CAMERA FOLLOWS her TO a large moss-covered rock. She stretches herself on the bank and stares up at the moon. She begins to hum, softly at first. Then, very quietly, she sings the introductory bars to her theme song: "Moonbeam pale, moonbeam dim; ask the moon to look for him...And if you find him, wherever he is; then just remind him, I am his...And I'm waiting, singing to a moonbeam in an empty lane..." Katrin pauses as she sees...

- 201 LONG SHOT of Brom FROM Katrina's ANGLE moving down the path toward her.
- 202 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Katrina as she sings, "IF THIS WERE REAL"...The number is a simple love song which could have application today, simply saying that Katrina loves Brom, but...If this were real, she could never explain the things she's saying to a moonbeam playing on an empty lane...She wouldn't be content with remembering how they walked here together, talked here together; or remembering all those childhood hours, searching wild wood flowers...Because, if Brom were here, instead of singing about missing him she would probably be kissing him. And at the end of the song, that happens, too.

- 203 TWO SHOT of Brom and Katrina as she pushes him away. She can't help smiling as she sees the welts on his face.

BROM

Kathy...I'm sorry --

KATRINA

You can't say anything -- You're not real. I'm doing all the talking this time.

Brom nods, willing to accept anything.

KATRINA (cont'd)

You're pretty ashamed of yourself, aren't you?

Brom nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)

You didn't mean -- it wasn't your fault -- it was another you...

Brom nods sheepishly, running his hand through his hair.

KATRINA (cont'd)

You always come to me and wrinkle your forehead and pull on your curly brown hair and expect me to feel sorry for you.

He straightens the skin of his forehead and takes his hand from his hair.

KATRINA (cont'd)

I've been apologizing for knowing you half of my life!

He nods, downcast.

(CONTINUED)

KATRINA (cont'd)
My seventh birthday - when you
put sulphur on the stove...

He nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
And the summer you stole the girls'
dresses while we were swimming...

He nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
And the time you blew all the eggs
empty in Papa's hen-roost...

He nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
And the pepper in Papa's snuff box --
And the catnip in Mama's bustle --
And the glue on the new deacon's
glove when he had to shake hands
with everyone!

He nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
Then the husking bee where you
got drunk...

He closes his eyes as he remembers that horrible moment.

KATRINA (cont'd)
You know what people are saying?
They ought to ride you out of town!

He nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
You know what my father says?

He nods, sadly.

KATRINA (cont'd)
The town should pass an ordinance
against you.

He nods; that's what he thought.

KATRINA (cont'd)
And someday they will --

He nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
-- unless you change your ways.

He nods, hopefully.

(CONTINUED)

KATRINA (cont'd)
But you'll never change.

He nods, violently.

KATRINA (cont'd)
You think I should believe you
this time...?

He nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
And you promise to behave like
a gentleman...

He nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
And never fight or brawl again --

Brom nods automatically, then stops.

BROM
Kathy - self-defense -- ?

KATRINA
Didn't you tell me once you could
lick anyone in Sleepy Hollow -- ?

Brom opens his mouth to speak then clamps it shut,
sighs and nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
Then how could it be self-defense?

He shrugs; a woman wouldn't understand.

KATRINA (cont'd)
Then you promise never to brawl
or pick fights -- ?

Brom nods, resigned.

KATRINA (cont'd)
Especially with the schoolteacher.

He hesitates, then nods.

KATRINA (cont'd)
And I'll never have to apologize
for you again?

Happy with the chance to shake his head, Brom shakes
it almost loose. And then as Katrina allows him to
kiss her again...

DISSOLVE

FULL SHOT. Brom sings while he works on a wagon wheel, a happy man. He even smiles pleasantly as he sees Ichabod approach, striding purposefully toward the town. In the b.g. the children move toward the smithy, swinging their books on their way home from school.

BROM

(jolly)
Good afternoon, Mr. Crane!

ICHABOD

(coldly)
Good afternoon.

BROM

I trust you find your new living quarters comfortable.

ICHABOD

The Mayor's house is quite comfortable. But you needn't try to butter me up, I won't put in a good word for you.

BROM

(controlling himself,
a new man)
I was just going to say, you're welcome to stay here any time, Mr. Crane.

ICHABOD

I don't think I'll be reduced to that, Brundt...

He turns to leave as a group of kids passes the smithy on their way home. Brom smiles tolerantly after Ichabod and waves to the kids, expansive in his good humor.

BROM

'Afternoon, boys!...

The kids stop and look at him, then bolt and run. Brom frowns, puzzled, then turns as he sees Pete moving slowly down the road, alone. He looks after the kids, then back to Pete as he turns in at the smithy. Pete is a forlorn character, torn, beaten, and dirty. He shuffles up to Brom, his lips pressed tight. Brom looks at him, trying to be stern.

BROM (cont'd)

Pete - don't you know we're reformed characters?

(CONTINUED)

PETE
 (shakes his head)
 That's what you think. The way
 some people talk I guess I shouldn't
 even speak to you...You're a
Sadducee!

BROM
 (laughs)
 I'm a what - ?

PETE
 A shameful Sadducee...
 (casually)
 The schoolteacher gave us a
 lecture today, all about Sadducees -
 and you...

BROM
 (stops working)
 Did the schoolteacher say what a
 Sadducee is - ?

PETE
 Not just exactly...Only, I guess
 it's catching, because people
 shouldn't oughta associate with 'em.

BROM
 (smiles grimly)
 Oh. So that's what you've been
 up to --

PETE
 I was doin' fine till that seventh
 guy came alone.

Suddenly a rock flies from the bushes, crashing through
 a window, followed by a childish titter and the scamper
 of retreating feet.

BROM
 That does it.
 (rises)
 Pete - you're on your own...and
 so am I!

As Brom starts away, shoulders hunched forward...

DISSOLVE

EXT. CANDY'S SHACK - AFTERNOON

205 FULL SHOT. Candy's mother, an old French woman, sits
 on the doorstep, smoking a pipe, as Brom strides into
 the scene.

BROM
 Mama Christophe, where is Candy?

(CONTINUED)

The old woman looks at Brom and crosses herself. Then she removes the pipe and frowns, furrowing the horizontal wrinkles of her forehead.

MAMA CHRISTOPHE
(with difficulty)
Candide s'en va -- go....

She gestures impatiently, trying to find words. Suddenly she smiles, puts a gnarled forefinger to her mouth and pops her lips like a cork. Brom laughs.

BROM
Thank you, Mama Christophe.

As he starts away, Mama Christophe yells after him in voluble French, of which only one word is understandable -- "Saducee!"....

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - AFTERNOON

206 FULL SHOT of Brom. He yells across at two men, falling a giant tree.

BROM
Cork -- Cork Hennessey --!

One man turns, leaning on his axe.

WOODSMAN
He's not here. Nor will he be again!

BROM
Where'd he go?

WOODSMAN
Off with the French Papist to see the fisherman. And if you don't get off my land, Brom Bones, I'll set the dogs on you!

207 CLOSE SHOT of Brom. His jaw sets as he turns and starts away...

DISSOLVE

EXT. TARRY TOWN STREET - AFTERNOON

208 FULL SHOT. Two women walk toward the camera, carrying baskets; a baby plays on a doorstep. One woman nudges the other, whispering, and they cross quickly to the other side of the street.

209 REVERSE ANGLE. Brom is approaching the baby on the doorstep. He bares his teeth viciously at the two ladies; they skip one step and move a little faster. And at this moment the mother of the baby opens the door and snatches the child inside, glaring at Brom. As Brom glares back and walks a little faster...

DISSOLVE

EXT. TARRY TOWN DOCK - AFTERNOON

210 FULL SHOT from Rambout's fishing boat. Candy, Cork, and Rambout sit on the boat watching Brom approach down the dock.

CORK

Well - a Saducee if ever I did see one!

CANDY

Tell us, mon ami, what is it that it is that you are -- ?

CORK

Sure I thought 'twas a kind of shady lady.

BROM

Maybe we should ask the schoolteacher. Where is he?

CANDY

Meeting with the town elders at this very moment.

CORK

Perhaps we should discuss it over a gin sling at the tavern...

(winks)

I'm thinking the schoolteacher will pass by there when he leaves the Mayor's house...

As the four men nod, smiling...

DISSOLVE

INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

211 FULL SHOT of the large main living room. The Mayor's council sits in solemn session; a group of a dozen or more, including the Recorder, Treasurer, and Baltus Van Tassel. The Mayor's wife sits by the fire, spinning at her wheel viciously. Ichabod stands, Cotton Mather open in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD

(reading)

"... The old Heresy of the sensual Sadducees died not with them... How much this fond opinion has gotten ground in this debauched Age is awfully observable..."

VAN TASSEL

(impatiently)

Yes, yes, yes, but what the devil is it, Crane - that's what we want to know!

ICHABOD

(patiently)

I read again from Cotton Mather --

The council groans in protest. The Mayor holds up his hand quickly.

THE MAYOR

No. No -- we'll just take your word for it, Mr. Crane...

(turns to the

councilmen

with a sigh)

We meet here at midnight - as Mr. Crane has outlined...

ICHABOD

Thank you, gentlemen...

Happily, he sets his hat on his head, bows to the Mayor's wife and leaves.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TAVERN - DAY

212

MED. SHOT of Brom's Boys leaning against the wall. Rambout bends and unbends a horseshoe. Cork cracks walnuts between his fingers. Candy balances his knife.

CANDY

(points off)

He comes!

Silently the three men move inside the tavern, exposing the wooden signboard which they had hidden: "HENDRICK HUDSON TAVERN...ALE - SACK" - then, in large, crudely printed letters underneath, "FREE VICTUALS."

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Ichabod moving down the street toward the tavern, twirling his umbrella. He has passed the tavern sign before it registers. Then he turns back sharply, scarcely able to believe what he reads. He starts away with regret, then stops again. He glances once up and down the street to make sure he is not observed, then pushes the door open with his umbrella and peeks inside.

- 213 FULL SHOT of the room FROM the door. At first glance the room seems almost empty. Brom's Boys stand with their backs to Ichabod at the far end of the bar; a few other characters loiter peacefully by the fire. Ichabod, reassured by the atmosphere, steps inside and moves directly to the free victuals table at the rear.
- 214 MED. SHOT at the free victuals table. Ichabod, concentrating on a sandwich of turkey, ham and cheese, doesn't notice the movement of men behind him until Candy's knife lands point-first in a piece of ham. Then he turns slowly and cautiously as Candy moves up to the table, followed by Cork and Rambout...
- 215 PAN SHOT from Ichabod's ANGLE. The small tavern seems suddenly crowded. Men appear from the back room and from outside, and they all converge on the free victuals table.
- 216 MED. SHOT at the table. Candy, Cork, and Rambout seem not to notice Ichabod for the moment, merely crowding him closer and closer as they reach for food. But Ichabod is not deceived.

ICHABOD

(finally)
Good morning, men... I mean
good afternoon...

CORK

Sure and 'tis the dear bit of a
schoolteacher. You recall the
schoolteacher, boys.

They nod, silently, without smiling.

ICHABOD

(pleasantly)
Free victuals...

They nod again, without taking their eyes off Ichabod.

ICHABOD (cont'd)

Brom -- where is my friend Brom
this afternoon?

CANDY

Could you mean Brom, the Sadducee - ?

ICHABOD

(laughs nervously)
Yes. Yes, of course.

RAMBOUT

He just this minute was asking
after you.

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD

Me - ?

CORK

And looking most viciously like
a Sadducee he was, too.

ICHABOD

Oh.

(puts down his
sandwich)

Maybe I should go help him find me.

He starts out, but the crowd congeals into a solid wall
of men. He is obviously trapped.

ICHABOD (cont'd)

I mean - he'd never think of
looking for me here.

(he laughs,
pleased with
this idea)

If I stay here, he won't find me.

(picks up a
turkey wing)

Well, he just won't find me.

(looks around
the circle of
frozen faces)

And you can tell Brom Bones for me
he better be careful who he goes
looking for.

(with casual
bravado)

You've heard of Gentleman Jackson?

CORK

Aye. The pugilistic champion
of the world.

ICHABOD

One of my pupils.

He dances in the posture of a prizefighter, vaguely
hoping to clear himself a space for escape.

ICHABOD (cont'd)

The Great Mendoza --?

(jabs at the air)

Broke his jaw.

(ducks and
counters)

Tom Molineaux -- ? I discovered
him as a slave on a Virginia
plantation. Taught him all he
knows - my famous counter... (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD (cont'd)
(demonstrates
each point)
...my side-winding thunderbolt,
my lightning left peg, gouging
of the eyes, and the skull-
cracking overhead smash...
(relaxes, taking
a piece of ham)
Now, if you gentlemen would care
to receive instruction in fisticuffs,
I could arrange it -- at a slight
fee... And if your friend Brom
Bones would care for a lesson --

Ichabod crouches low, his head down, ready for a last
desperate charge. He doesn't see Brom step from the
crowd.

BROM
Yes?

ICHABOD
(fiercely)
-- then I'll give him one he'll
never forget!!

Then he recognizes the voice. He straightens, slowly,
gradually encompassing Brom's frame. His Adam's apple
twitches, and he smiles weakly.

ICHABOD (cont'd)
(pleasantly)
Look - free lunch --

BROM
Who'll never forget -- ?

ICHABOD
I forget.

RAMBOUT
The schoolteacher was just telling
us what a fighter he is.

CORK
And how he's going to give you a
lesson in pugilism.

BROM
I'm always willing to learn.

ICHABOD
Well... The first mention we find
of fist-fighting in literature is
the twenty-third book of Homer's
Iliad...

BROM
Rambout, will you do me the honor
to act as my second?

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD

That's a shame - I have no second.

(shrugs)

Well, some other time...

CORK

I would deem it a privilege.

ICHABOD

Oh... Well, then, all we need's
a referee.

CANDY

(takes out
his knife)

I'll be referee.

He kneels before Ichabod can object, and cuts a wide
scratch on the wooden floor.

ICHABOD

Each man must return to scratch
within thirty seconds after a
knock-down. These rules were
introduced to pugilism by that
eminent champion of the fistic
art, John Broughton.

BROM

I know the rules.

ICHABOD

(turns to the crowd)

Broughton was defeated by John
Slack, famous for his peculiar
running-jumping technique...

Ichabod does a quick little jump, then starts to run.
But, the crowd remains frozen in a square ring.
Ichabod stops as though he had meant to stop all along.

CANDY

Toe the mark, mes amis.

Ichabod, a little sick, moves back to the scratch,
where Brom stands waiting.

ICHABOD

No kicking or hitting a man
on his back...

BROM

Dead or alive...

ICHABOD

(then suddenly,
at the crucial
moment)

Of course - we have to strip to
the waist.

(CONTINUED)

Brom patiently removes his jacket and shirt. Ichabod turns to the crowd again.

ICHABOD (cont'd)

It is interesting to note that the early Romans wore nothing but a cestus, an iron-filled glove with murderous spikes.

CORK

I'll hold your coat.

He helps Ichabod remove his coat, revealing a scrawny chest covered only with a false shirt front; false cuffs dangle loosely at the end of Ichabod's arms. Ichabod stands helpless as Cork pulls off the cuffs and shirt front.

CORK (cont'd)

(quietly)

You have an old mother -- ?

ICHABOD

No... Why --?

CORK

I just wondered...

CANDY

On guard!

Brom lifts his two great arms; Ichabod watches them rise, starts to take a position, then suddenly turns to the coat in Cork's hand, lifts out his glasses and hangs them on his nose. Smiling, confident, he turns back to the mark and lifts his arms belligerently.

BROM

(turns to
Rambout)

Look -

ICHABOD

(master of the
situation)

I can't see without them. Of course, if you want to fight a man who can't see...

BROM

I can't hit a man with glasses --

ICHABOD

I can't hit a man without them.

(CONTINUED)

CANDY
(looks from
Rambout to Cork)
We have a dilemma.

RAMBOUT
My man can't hit Cork's while
he has his glasses on.

CORK
And on the other hand, if my
man can't see without them...

ICHABOD
(to Brom)
Naturally, if you would like
to concede --

BROM
Not so fast...

ICHABOD
Then there's only one solution --
(draws a second
pair of glasses
from the coat)
-- we both wear glasses!

BROM
(smiles)
That's fair enough...

He takes the glasses from Ichabod and lifts them to
his nose.

217 EFFECT FROM Brom's ANGLE. The room suddenly distorts.
Ichabod recedes at least ten feet as Brom looks through
the lens of the glasses.

218 CLOSE SHOT of Brom, his eyes vastly enlarged through the
glasses. His lips tighten grimly.

BROM
All right, I'm ready.

219 FULL SHOT of the ring. The Tavern keeper strikes a
metal tankard and the fight is on. Brom's first
strategy is cautious; he moves slowly, trying to
establish contact with the enemy for the one blow which
will finish the engagement. But Ichabod is a master of
the tactical retreat; he spars gayly, not quite close
enough to be hit, moving in a circle. As he abruptly
reverses the circle, Brom's vision is confused and in
this moment Ichabod darts in to rap Brom lightly, but
with full force. Brom lunges awkwardly three feet short
of Ichabod, and the unchecked momentum of his blow
carries him across the ring. With difficulty he steadies
himself and turns to peer at...

220 EFFECT SHOT of Ichabod FROM Brom's ANGLE. He is a block away; a ferocious little gnome, shadow-boxing.

221 FULL SHOT. Brom starts forward carefully, his arms out like a blind man. Ichabod retreats in front of Brom, moving at first slowly, then faster around the ring. Suddenly Ichabod stops, sidesteps, and trips Brom; raps the back of Brom's head with his right hand and jabs his kidneys with his left. Then he stands, flexing his knee joints, clearing his nose on his thumb as Brom stumbles to the far end of the ring.

222 CLOSE SHOT of Brom. He is angry and grimly determined. He takes a deep breath and starts back.

ANGLE WIDENS as Brom starts forward. He has learned his lesson. This time he moves down the center of the ring, his arms and legs stretched out, spread-eagle, covering a wide middle section of the ring. Ichabod starts to the left, but Brom, with one step, blocks the left of the ring; Ichabod moves to the right and Brom moves with him. Slowly, but inevitably, Ichabod is driven into....

223 MED. SHOT at the corner of the ring as Brom advances on Ichabod. Ichabod glances at the faces of the men who form the angle but finds no comfort. Rambout leans leering over Ichabod's shoulder.

RAMBOUT

Is it true that saducees suck
the blood of their victims -- ?

Two feet from Ichabod, Brom stops, measuring his distance carefully. But as he draws back his fist, Ichabod suddenly squats.

224 EFFECT SHOT of Ichabod FROM Brom's ANGLE, seeming ten feet down through the glasses.

225 MED. SHOT. As Brom bends forward, his fists still raise for an overhead smash, Ichabod rises like a jack-in-the-box, his head in Brom's solar plexis. And as Brom doubles up Ichabod darts between his legs, whirling him around. Then as Brom's fingers touch the floor, trying to balance himself, Ichabod runs, leaps and lands sitting on Brom's head and shoulders. Brom crashes to the floor and Ichabod slides debonairly to his feet.

ICHABOD

Thirty seconds to return to
scratch.

CANDY

(steps forward)
One...two...three...

Candy's voice continues over the following scenes.

FULL SHOT as Brom struggles to his feet, an outraged man. He starts in the general direction of the scratch but veers drunkenly. The crowd at the side of the rings gives as Brom approaches..."four, five, six, seven..."

227 EFFECT SHOT of the room FROM Brom's ANGLE, a distorted mass of confusion, swimming through the perspiration on the glass..."eight, nine, ten, eleven..."

228 MED. SHOT of a post as Brom walks into it, nose first. Bleeding now, he staggers back and feels his way around the post..."twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen..."

229 FULL SHOT. Brom travels around the post a full circle and a half, and starts off in the wrong direction..."sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen..."

In desperation Brom moves faster in little zig-zagging circles. But he moves in the direction of the tavern's back door, the crowd following.

230 EFFECT SHOT of the rear door FROM Brom's ANGLE. The narrow streak of light at the bottom of the door looms suddenly as the only line in a whirling mass of confusion..."twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three..."

231 MED. SHOT at the door. With faint hope Brom plunges toward the line, only to continue through the door, down the steps, and onto his face in the yard beyond..."twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven..."

232 CLOSE SHOT through the door of Brom as he picks himself up and throws away the glasses.

CANDY'S VOICE

...twenty-eight, twenty-nine,
thirty!

Brom wipes the blood, sweat, and dirt from his eyes and looks back to see...

233 LONG SHOT of Ichabod FROM Brom's ANGLE. He is pulling on his coat, dusting his lapel. Casually, he tosses a coin on the bar.

ICHABOD

Buy the lad a drink.

And he starts out of the tavern, twirling his umbrella.

234 CLOSE SHOT of BROM. This is too much; his fist doubled, he starts after Ichabod.

CUT TO

EXT. TAVERN - DAY

235 MED. SHOT as Ichabod comes through the door. Once outside, Ichabod's bravado deserts him. His knees weaken and his Adam's apple trembles. Gathering up his coat tails, he starts to run. But he stops abruptly as he sees...

236 LONG SHOT of Katrina FROM Ichabod's ANGLE. She turns the corner, approaching the tavern.

237 MED. SHOT. Ichabod does a quick about-face so that he is calmly walking past the tavern rather than coming from it. The tavern door opens violently and Brom emerges -- a horrible sight. Stripped to the waist, bloody and bruised, he is an ideal picture of the town ruffian. He grabs Ichabod by the coat collar, his fist raised.

KATRINA'S VOICE

Brom Brundt!

Brom's fist is poised in mid-air as Katrina moves into the scene. Ichabod smiles and tries to bow, Brom still holding his coat collar.

KATRINA

Ichabod - darling - would you
care to walk me home -- ?

As Brom releases Ichabod's coat collar with a helpless gesture and stands watching Ichabod escort Katrina down the street...

DISSOLVE

INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

238 CLOSE SHOT of flames, leaping weirdly high in the fireplace. The fire almost fills the frame, and the effect is more terrifying than cozy. As a dark shadow moves in front of the fire...

CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO INCLUDE the Mayor's wife as she lifts an ancient musket from over the mantelpiece.

MAYOR'S WIFE

It's a noble and dangerous thing
you're doing, gentlemen...

(turns with
the gun)

The women of the village will thank
you!

239 FULL SHOT of the town council, gathered in semi-darkness, lit only by the light of the logs. They stand grouped closely together, as if to protect themselves from the frightening shadows of their own muskets. Ichabod is terrified, but thrilled.

ICHABOD

I've told you what happened this afternoon at the tavern -- none of us is safe in our beds whilst such a man plagues the community!

VAN TASSEL

'Nough talk. Let's do it and get it done with.

The Mayor is bundled up warmly and perspiration stands out on his forehead, but he shivers nonetheless.

THE MAYOR

Just one thing -- suppose he recognizes us?

THE MAYOR'S WIFE

Vrederick, if you're afraid, I'll go myself!

ICHABOD

(raises a
restraining hand)

The Mayor's right -- when you deal with a desperate man -- it's well to take every precaution...

(his eyes gleam)

And a disguise might add terror to the circumstance.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW ROAD - NIGHT

240 FULL SHOT of a dark lane. It is deserted, silent, and ominous. CAMERA MOVES IN to the underbrush at the side of the road. The little group of sheet-covered faces peers through jagged eye-slits, crouched behind the brush. Ichabod's scrawny figure is easily recognizable, the sheet clinging to his top hat, draping over his nose.

ICHABOD'S VOICE

(a sibilant
whisper)

Mr. Mayor -- it's your privilege to go first.

THE MAYOR'S VOICE

Who said that?

(CONTINUED)

I did. ICHABOD'S VOICE

Who are you? THE MAYOR'S VOICE

Ichabod Crane. ICHABOD'S VOICE

Where are you? THE MAYOR'S VOICE

Ichabod's long, white-draped arm reaches out to touch the Mayor. The sheet over the Mayor's head shudders.

Oh. Well -- are we all here? THE MAYOR

I'll count. ICHABOD

241 FULL SHOT BEHIND the brush. They line up in a rough circle, and Ichabod's long white arm counts one by one, one through twelve.

Twelve. We're all here. ICHABOD

(weakly)
Mr. Crane -- I don't like to mention this...but you didn't count yourself. THE MAYOR

There is a tense silence. Ichabod's sheet trembles as he counts again, starting with himself. The group joins, counting under its breath. Ichabod ends with his arm pointed dramatically at the Mayor.

Thir-teen!...One of us is... ICHABOD

His voice trails off and there is another silence. The sheeted heads turn, each searching its neighbor.

It's not me! THE MAYOR

Mr. Mayor - don't point that gun at me! TREASURER'S VOICE

Well -- let's unmask... VAN TASSEL'S VOICE

He pulls the sheet off his face. One by one the others follow suit, ending with the Mayor and Ichabod. Only one white figure remains.

W-w-who are you...? ICHABOD

(CONTINUED)

THE MAYOR

Come out or I'll sh-shoot -- !

MAYOR'S WIFE'S VOICE

Vrederick, put down that gun!
It's me.

(unmasks; then
to the others)

I just wanted to come along and
watch...

THE MAYOR

Susanna -- if you don't go right
home, I will -- !

MAYOR'S WIFE

Well, I won't!

THE MAYOR

Well - I will --

But as he starts happily away, Ichabod and his wife
pull him back by his sheet.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)

But thirteen -- that's unlucky.

THE MAYOR'S WIFE

Unlucky for Brom Bones!

ICHABOD

Thirteen's one more than twelve.
Let her come. Shall we light our
torches?

THE MAYOR

He might see us coming -- and run
away...

ICHABOD

(firmly)

Mr. Mayor -- we're all right
behind you.

THE MAYOR

Yes. I know...

Ichabod strikes a flint, lighting a taper. As the
torches are lit, they form a meagre procession behind
the Mayor, urging him timidly through the bushes onto
the road.

EXT. BROM'S SMITHY - NIGHT

242

LONG SHOT of the procession as it weaves uneasily up the
road. The Mayor's torch, at the head, veers to the
right, starting to lead the procession in a circle. But
he is put straight, and moves ahead again. The last
torch falls further and further behind, until the next-
to-last runs back to pull him into line again.

- 243 FULL SHOT of the yard outside the smithy as the procession stops, forming themselves into a semi-circle. They throw the torches into the middle, to build a bonfire. CAMERA MOVES IN TO:
- 244 TWO SHOT of the Mayor and Ichabod. Both sheets jerk nervously. Ichabod leans toward the Mayor, whispering.

ICHABOD

You do it.

THE MAYOR

(hoarsely)

I can't -- my voice -- you do it --

ICHABOD

(clears his
throat)

...Brom...Bones...come out...

(it comes out a
thin cracked
whisper; he
tries again)

BROM BONES COME OUT!

- 245 FULL SHOT of the group as they step back, startled by the savage strength of Ichabod's voice -- even louder than he had expected. They wait, but there is no response from the darkened smithy.

ICHABOD

(bolder now)

Brom Bones, come out and meet
your judges!

MAYOR'S WIFE

(after several
seconds)

Rap on the door...

Ichabod and the Mayor tiptoe forward, cautiously. The Mayor raps gently, then jumps back. When there is no response, Ichabod steps to the door and pounds.

MAYOR'S WIFE (cont'd)

If you don't come out -- we're
coming to get you!

As the door begins to open, slowly, Ichabod and the Mayor hop back to join the group. The guns are raised and they stand waiting till Pete's head appears.

PETE

What d'ya want?

INT. BROM'S SMITHY - NIGHT

246 FULL SHOT of the group around the bon fire, through the door. Ichabod steps forward courageously.

ICHABOD

We want Brom Bones!

PETE

(sleepily)

He ain't here. He's over to
Cousin Polly's.

Pete closes the door, still asleep. He has started back to bed before he realizes what he has seen. Then he stops, wide-eyed, and an instant later he is crawling through a window at the side of the smithy.

EXT. BROM'S SMITHY - NIGHT

247 MED. SHOT at the corner of the building as Pete tiptoes barefoot, in his nightgown, peering toward the bonfire in the b.g.

THE MAYOR

What do we do now?

MAYOR'S WIFE

We go to the Widow's!

ICHABOD

Now, let's not be rash....

TREASURER

No, perhaps that would be precipitate...

THE MAYOR

I say -- give him fifteen minutes!
And if he doesn't show up, then
we'll -- we'll go home...

Pete turns away from the group and runs desperately toward the woods, his barefeet padding silently, his nightgown flying behind him. CAMERA MOVES TOWARD the group. The Mayor warms his hands over the bonfire.

ICHABOD

Did anybody bring marshmallows --?

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

248 TWO SHOT of the Widow and Brom, as she changes the hot compress on Brom's eye. She seems amused.

(CONTINUED)

THE WIDOW

Well -- you're the saddest
saducee I ever saw.

(she laughs)

You have to give him credit --
maybe this'll teach you to pick
on a man your own size....

BROM

So a saducee is a man who doesn't
believe in witches...

THE WIDOW

That's what he told me. Only it
looks more like an easy way for
anybody to make trouble for
anybody anybody doesn't like for
any reason.'

Brom groans as she presses the hot cloth onto his eyes.

THE WIDOW (cont'd)

And that means you're in
plenty of trouble, my dear cuz.
Because you're somebody
everybody doesn't seem to like
for any number of reasons....

PETE'S VOICE

(from the road)

Brom! Hey, Brom!

The Widow looks at Brom as if to say I-told-you-so as
the front door flies open.

ANGLE WIDENS as Pete pads up to them, panting, trying to
catch his breath to speak.

BROM

What're you doing in your bare
feet --?

PETE

They all came to get you! And
they're still there -- waiting
for you now -- outside the
smithy -- all of 'em!

BROM

Oh, they are -- !

PETE

(to the Widow)

They all got sheets on - with
guns to shoot 'im and a fire
t'burn-'im-at-the-stake on, and --

(CONTINUED)

BROM

(quietly)
 Pete - you stay here with Polly
 tonight. I'll see you later....

Pete and the Widow exchange glances as Brom strides out
 of the house...

DISSOLVE

EXT. BROM'S SMITHY - NIGHT

249

CLOSE SHOT of the bonfire, almost burned out, a few
 pitiful embers still glowing. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO show
 the group huddled silently near the fire. The cold and
 dark closing in have chilled the spirit of the occasion.
 Ichabod glances nervously toward the dark woods, which
 seem to move gradually closer. An owl hoots and Ichabod
 jumps; an animal howls in the distance, and the white-
 sheeted figures move uneasily.

ICHABOD

Looks - kinda like we scared him
 off...

(he tries a
 laugh, but
 it fails)

Getting late, I guess....

A frog croaks; a sudden gust of wind blows the fire up
 for a moment then dies away, leaving the light even more
 faint than before.

VAN TASSEL

Time we were all in bed....

By common accord, the group stretches, ready to start
 away.

MAYOR'S WIFE

Maybe we should leave a note
 stuck to the door with a knife -
 writ in blood!

THE MAYOR

Personally, I'm sorry I didn't
 have a chance to show that your
 ruffian --

He stops, and the whole group turns as they hear the
 hoof-beats of a galloping horse.

250

LONG SHOT from their ANGLE. Brom gallops down on them
 from the woods. CAMERA MOVES IN as he rears the horse
 to a stop and jumps to the ground.

FULL SHOT of the group as Brom stalks up to the fire and stands looking at them, hands on hips.

BROM

Looking for me, boys?

THE MAYOR'S VOICE

(from behind
his wife)

'Lo, Brom...

MAYOR'S WIFE

(prods Ichabod)

Go on - tell him - !

ICHABOD

(disguising
his voice)

We're a group of honest citizens
of Sleepy Hollow - come to warn
you this town ain't big enough to
hold us and a vile saducee. And if
you don't get outa town, we'll - we'll --

BROM

(softly but
ominously)

Yes? You'll -- ?

ICHABOD

(weakly)

We'll make it mighty uncomfortable
for you...

BROM

Well, I'll tell you --

The group steps back as Brom moves toward them.

BROM (cont'd)

-- I was born and raised here - I
like it here - and I'm staying here!

(advances directly
on Ichabod)

And if being a saducee means not
believing in witches - like the
school teacher says - then I'm
afraid I'm going right on being
a saducee, too.

(turns on
the others)

I don't believe in witches and
I don't believe in grown-up men
dressing up like witches to go
out witch-hunting, either....

(picks them,
one by one)

Mr. Mayor, I'm ashamed of you. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

BROM (cont'd)

And Suzanna, I'm surprised you'd let his Honor act like this... Joe, Phillip, Hendrick, Oscar, William, Hermann, Abram - you're the silliest looking bunch I ever saw. Hallowe'en's a good week away...Now, I think you'd better let Baltus get home to bed - he looks sleepy...You all better get to bed, because if you don't - I'm liable to make things a little uncomfortable myself!

The sheets wilt on the terrorists. They turn obediently and start away. Ichabod, whose identity is least successfully disguised, tries to slouch away with the rest, unrecognized. But Brom catches him by the tail of the sheet and pulls him back.

BROM (cont'd)

And you might tell that to the schoolteacher, if you see him...

Ichabod falls all over himself, running to catch up with the others as Brom releases him...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. HILLCREST - MORNING

252 FULL SHOT of the naked birch, raked by the autumn winds, dressed once again in grotesque caricature of Ichabod. Little Anne Van Tassel hurries by in the opposite direction from the school, a stack of envelopes in her hand.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WIDOW'S BARNYARD - MORNING

253 FULL SHOT at the back door of the cottage. The Widow sits on the doorstep, carving eyes and teeth in a huge pumpkin shell as Anne Van Tassel runs into the yard.

ANNE

(importantly)

Good morning, Mrs. Brooks. I'm in quite a hurry. I have an invitation for you to attend my sister's Hallowe'en party tonight!

THE WIDOW

Good morning, Annie...
(takes the invitation) (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

THE WIDOW (cont'd)

But you tell your sister not to
count on me, thanks just the same.

(she smiles)

Y'see, the school teacher is moving
back here today - and I'm planning
a little surprise party of my own.

ANNE

Like last year?

THE WIDOW

(looks at
the pumpkin
sentimentally)

Yes, just like last year -- only
without interruptions, I hope.

ANNE

Well, I'm late to school already,
so goodbye, Mrs. Brooks!

As Annie runs out of the yard, and the Widow tucks the
invitation in her bosom....

DISSOLVE

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW SCHOOL - MORNING

254

FULL SHOT of the schoolroom. Ichabod sits at his desk,
peering over his spectacles at the children, busy with
their scratching slates. A sentence is elegantly
scripted on the blackboard; "The old Heresy of the
sensual Saducees died not with them... Cotton Mather."
Ichabod looks up as the door opens and Anne tries to
sneak to her seat unobserved.

ICHABOD

Annie! Where have you been?

ANNE

Delivering invitations to my
sister's Hallowe'en party.

ICHABOD

(frowning)

Did you deliver -- all the
invitations?

ANNE

No, sir.

ICHABOD

(relieved temporarily)

You will leave the rest on my
desk till after class.

As Anne puts the envelopes on Ichabod's desk and
hurries to her seat, CAMERA MOVES IN TO:

255 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod, surreptitiously peeking at the invitations as soon as Anne's back is turned. Apparently finding his name among them, he smiles, looking toward..

256 MED. SHOT of Anne as she takes her place in front of Pete. Pete motions to her, but Anne withers him with a glance.

ANNE

(under her
breath)

I don't have any invitations
for you or your brother!

257 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. He smiles more broadly.

ICHABOD

Children, if we work very hard,
we may get off early this
afternoon - to get ready for
Hallowe'en...

DISSOLVE

EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

258 FULL SHOT of the wooded glen of Ichabod's earlier dance of terror. The trees are the same and the woodland animals still scamper into the scrub and fern as Ichabod approaches. But Ichabod's attitude changes the whole atmosphere of the forest. The invitation in one hand, all his worldly possessions in the other, Ichabod trips the mossy forest floor lightly, a happy nature-lover. Instead of shying from an overhanging branch, he bows low with mock politeness; when a thorn catches the seat of his pants, he turns to wag one finger at the naughty wild rose bush. He moves on, whistling...

DISSOLVE

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

259 FULL SHOT of the stove, overburdened with steaming pots. The Widow blows a loose strand of hair out of her eyes, sniffing the pumpkin pie. The table for two, with the pumpkin-head candle, is set by the fire as before. As the Widow hears Ichabod's whistling, she glances at the clock, pulls off her apron and tries to tuck her hair into place, moving to the door.

THE WIDOW

(opening the door)

Come in, Ichabod.

Ichabod steps into the room, bowing to kiss the Widow's hand.

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD

Polly, it's good to see you again.
(he sniffs the
cooking)

It smells like home... I hope
I'm not putting you out - ?

THE WIDOW

I wasn't expecting you till later.

ICHABOD

Well, it's Hallowe'en, you know --

THE WIDOW

Yes, I remembered --

ICHABOD

I'm planning on a big evening --

THE WIDOW

I am too, Ichabod.

ICHABOD

-- and I came home early so we'd
have a little time --

THE WIDOW

Ichabod --

ICHABOD

-- for you to press my pants
before I go to the Van Tassel
party, if you would...

The Widow stares at him for a moment, not sure whether
to murder him here or outside. Then she begins to
smile, a slow, calculating, mirthless smile.

THE WIDOW

Why, of course, dear.

(throws him
her apron)

Wrap this around yourself while
I get the iron.

Ichabod removes his pants behind the apron, watching
the Widow warily, suspicious of her sweetness.

ICHABOD

Thank you, Polly.

THE WIDOW

Maybe I should darn that hole
in your stocking, too.

ICHABOD

You know, Polly -- I was afraid
you might be just a little
annoyed with me.

(CONTINUED)

THE WIDOW

Whatever put such an idea in
your head?

She takes the pants from Ichabod and looks at him, his
scrawny legs dangling from the frilled hem of her apron.
She begins to laugh.

THE WIDOW

After all - a true cavalier can't
arrive at his lady's with a hole
in his hose...

ICHABOD

(forces a
laugh)
Naturally not --

THE WIDOW

As a matter of fact - when I'm
through here, I'm going to saddle
old Gunpowder. She's not a White
Horse - and her ribs rattle a
little - but she's a horse. And
you know, Ichabod, a Gallant Knight
has to ride up to the Castle on
his Steed!

She is practically hysterical by the time she has
finished talking. As Ichabod tries hard to laugh with
her...

DISSOLVE

EXT. VAN TASSEL FARM - NIGHT

- 260 FULL SHOT of the drive. Ichabod rides Gunpowder with
short stirrups, his elbows jogging below his knees, his
coattails flying.
- 261 FULL SHOT of the Van Tassel yard as Ichabod rides up
among the carriages and wagons of the guests. The
house is alight, the barn and yard are hung with
lanterns.
- 262 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod as he draws Gunpowder to a slow
stop. He looks around at the rich, festive atmosphere.

ICHABOD

(his eyes
glisten)
This is the night, Gunpowder, my
girl! My Night!
(then, as he
looks o.s.)
Katrina -- !

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE WIDENS as Ichabod dismounts to greet Katrina. He tosses Gunpowder's reins over the hitching-post as Katrina takes his hand, pulling him toward the barn, where the MUSIC has begun. As they leave, CAMERA MOVES IN ON a grinning pumpkin shell lantern...

DISSOLVE THROUGH

INT. WIDOW'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

263 CLOSE SHOT of the pumpkin-head on the Widow's table, set in front of the fireplace as before. It leers out from a fine spread of foods. CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO show the Widow, sitting alone, staring at the pumpkin shell.

THE WIDOW
(to the pumpkin)
You needn't leer at me...

As she hears horses hooves outside, she rises. From the depths of a cupboard she draws out a bottle of Medford Rum and glasses. A heavy fist beats on the door.

THE WIDOW (cont'd)
Come in...

ANGLE WIDENS as Brom and his boys file into the cottage.

BROM
(quietly ironic)
Trick or treat, Cousin Polly...?

THE WIDOW
(brightly)
Step in, boys. I thought perhaps you might like a bite to eat - and a touch of Medford Rum before you go to the Van Tassel party.

CORK
Saducees were not invited, Mistress Polly...

THE WIDOW
(opens the bottle)
But I was invited. And it suits my purpose to bring four guests along with me...
(offers the bottle to Rambout)
Drink well, boys...
(she looks out the window)
'Tis a fine night for a ride in the moonlight...

(CONTINUED)

RAMBOUT
(raises the
bottle)
To the Widow Polly Brooks!

WIPE TO:

INT. VAN TASSEL BARN - NIGHT

264 MED. SHOT at the cider barrel. Ichabod raises his mug to Katrina, standing with a crowd of young folk.

ICHABOD
To the lovely Katrina -- !

CALLER'S VOICE
Choose your partners -- !

Ichabod drains his cider and offers his arm to Katrina as the couples pair off for ...

THE BARN DANCE NUMBER. Ichabod is inspired; it is unquestionably his night. Katrina is rapturously wooed, and almost won, by a transfigured Ichabod. Even Mrs. Van Tassel, watching from the doorway, is moved to admiration. The ordinarily awkward country lads and lasses are lifted to crazy heights by the example of Ichabod and Katrina. The barn rocks, and old Baltus is moved to swing his wife's hand in rhythm with the music. As the number ends, Ichabod carries Katrina through the barn doors...

EXT. VAN TASSEL FARM - NIGHT

265 TWO SHOT of Ichabod and Katrina as he sets her on the rain-barrel and takes her hand.

ICHABOD
(softly, but
urgently)
Katrina - after the others have
gone, may I stay to -- have a
word with you?

KATRINA
(embarrassed)
Ichabod, I --

They both turn, startled by a blood-curdling shout from the four husky lungs of.....

266 LONG SHOT of Brom and his Boys, galloping into the yard. The Widow rides with Brom. She slides primly to the ground as they pull to a stop.

KATRINA

Yes, Ichabod. I'd be delighted
if you stayed.

ANGLE WIDENS as the five arrivals approach them. The
Widow is grinning, pleased with herself.

THE WIDOW

Katrina - I brought some friends.
I hope you don't mind -- ?

KATRINA

Polly, I'm ashamed of you...

She turns and walks toward the house. Both Brom and
Ichabod start after her, but the Widow takes Ichabod's
arm.

THE WIDOW

Mr. Crane - I've been meaning
to ask you about singing lessons...

She literally drags him toward the barn as he twists
his head to watch...

268

TRUCKING SHOT of Katrina, followed by Brom. He catches
up to her and falls in step, walking beside her.

BROM

Kathy -- I won't let you make
such a mistake --

KATRINA

I thought you'd at least have
enough pride to know when
you're not wanted.

BROM

(ignores this)

You think that pious skeleton
likes you for your curly locks
and turned-up nose --

KATRINA

Ichabod is in love with me - in a
very tender and gentlemanly way!

BROM

That's only your own vanity, my
little Philadelphia flower. He's a
greedy, avaricious hypocrite!
And if he loves you at all, it's
not for your beauty - but for your
father's fine wheat fields, and
mother's chickens!

Katrina stops and turns on Brom. This is too much.
Speechless, she slaps his face then walks toward the
house. But strangely enough, Brom only smiles as he
watches her go.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. VAN TASSEL FARM - NIGHT

269 CLOSE SHOT of a strange little man in a multi-colored coat; a wandering minstrel who sings "THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW" to the accompaniment of his own guitar. He plays in a minor key, his voice soft and haunting in the dark. CAMERA PULLS BACK PANNING across the yard. The lanterns have been extinguished and the tired guests relax into a pleasant lethargy, listening to the song... The three musicians of the dance sit on the steps to the broad porch with a jug. Starting away from his Boys, Brom moves silently with the camera toward ...

270 FULL SHOT of a group of the sturdy men-folk, gathered at one end of the piazza, their faces lit only now and then by a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe. Katrina sits defiantly at Ichabod's side. His eyes are wide with masochistic pleasure as he listens to an old Dutch farmer talk in that drowsy under-tone reserved for the telling of tales in the dark. The voice of the minstrel continues o.s.

OLD FARMER

They're saying over to the Hobbinger how old Doffue Martling met the Hessian only last fortnight. Right at the cross-roads he reined in his black stallion and made Doff Martling get up behind him! Galluped him over brush and brake, over hill and swamp, till they come to the bridge by the graveyard -- then, all of a sudden, the Hessian turned into a skeleton, threw old Doff into the brook and flew away over the trees in a clap of thunder!

SECOND FARMER

Sounds like the Horseman's on a rampage ag'in. Rip Brouwer's cousin nigh got his toes trampled off only last week. Standing so close he was when the Hessian rode by - he could see the whites of the eyes in the Hessian's head, stuck on the pommel of his saddle!

BROM

(unnoticed
till now)

I heard the tale from his own lips!

They turn as a group, startled by the suddenness of Brom's statement. He moves into the center of the group and sits, facing Ichabod directly.

BROM (cont'd)

There's some say I'm a saducee - but I can tell you things of the horrible headless Hessian and his coal-black horse that no one knew but Goody Groves the Witch and the ...

His voice drops, ominously. The guitar in the yard beyond twangs a low, discordant background for him.

BROM

'Tis not everyone the Hessian haunts, but only a special kind of mean and unscrupulous man. Old Doffue Martling - who hypocritically professed his love for Wilhemena Runkle, while he stole her father's land. Rip Brouwer's cousin, whose greed for riches made him cheat his own mother!

ICHABOD

(suspiciously)

Why should the Hessian only pick on them-- ? Spectres never do anything without a reason --

BROM

(his teeth gleam
viciously white)

'Twas the greed and avarice of selling himself as a mercenary soldier caused the Hessians's body to be without a head!

(leans toward

Ichabod)

And the dirty hypocrisy of a man who fights for pay in a cause that's not his own that caused his head to be without a body!

(draws his finger
across his throat)

So he rides from his uneasy grave at midnight - just to search out and bedevil greedy and avaricious and hypocritical men!

From inside the house, a grandfather clock booms the quarter hour. The group starts and moves restlessly.

ICHABOD

The Hessian rides in fifteen minutes...

TREASURER

Mynheer Van Tassel - I think I must be driving home...

THE MAYOR

Yes, yes - tomorrow is another day.

RECORDER

It's been mighty pleasant...

The exodus once begun, each of the group joins in. The party is at an end.

271 FULL SHOT of the yard, as the guests climb aboard their wagons and carriages, mount their horses and start down the drive with a chorus of good-nights. Toward the end of the departing procession, the wandering minstrel rides astride a donkey, still strumming the last bars of his song as he disappears. The Widow, riding with Brom and his Boys, waves back toward...

272 MED. SHOT on the porch. Ichabod stands with Katrina; Baltus and his wife wave to the departing guests.

VAN TASSEL

Coming to bed, Katrina?

KATRINA

In a few minutes, Papa. Mr. Crane - Ichabod - has something he wants to say...

Van Tassel and his wife exchange glances. Baltus looks Ichabod up and down. Mrs. Van Tassel only smiles, reassuring Katrina she has her mother's confidence, urging Baltus inside the house. CAMERA MOVES IN TO Katrina and Ichabod. She watches him curiously, moved by Brom in spite of herself.

KATRINA (cont'd)

You're a brave man, Ichabod.

Ichabod laughs foolishly.

KATRINA (cont'd)

You don't seem to be afraid of the Hessian --

He shakes his head, with a sick grin.

KATRINA (cont'd)

Why - on your way home you have to pass the graveyard - and the Tulip tree where Major Andre was hanged, and Wiley's Swamp -- ! Of course, you're safe if you can reach the bridge by the church, because he always disappears in a clap of thunder there.

Ichabod winces with each sentence of Katrina's description.

KATRINA (cont'd)

But - you must have a clear conscience.

ICHABOD

(almost unnerved)

Let's talk about more pleasant things.

(CONTINUED)

KATRINA

Oh yes - Now what did you want
to say, Ichabod -- ?

ICHABOD

Katrina, you must realize already -
my love is as deep as -- as your
father's well.

KATRINA

Oh...
(then, watching
him closely)
Ichabod - when you're alone,
you must think of me.

ICHABOD

Constantly, my darling--

KATRINA

What do you think of when you
think of me, Ichabod -- ?

ICHABOD

(rapturously)
A field of wheat -- !

KATRINA

Oh, I see...

ICHABOD

(quickly)
I mean - I think your hair is
like a golden wheat field blown
by the wind.

KATRINA

(only half
reassured)
Would you say you - loved me for
my beauty, or - something else...

ICHABOD

Your skin is as soft as - your
father's peaches - I mean you're
a peach - I mean your cheeks are
fuzzy --

KATRINA

Just what do you mean, Ichabod?

ICHABOD

I mean, I must be nervous - I
never proposed to a farm before.

(then, quickly)
No - I mean, if I married your
father - or that is, if you
married me --

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD (cont'd)

(he tries again)
After all, let's face it. Some
day this farm will be all mine.

(he smiles)
I mean all yours.

(he takes
Katrina's hand)
Think of the future, Katrina,
just you and me going through
life together, and maybe some
day raising our own family of
sturdy, plump little pigs --
I mean Cranes.

Katrina listens with an increasing humiliation and anger,
but holds herself in long past the boiling point, so
that when she breaks, she has control of herself.

KATRINA

Yes, I think I've been wrong
about you, Ichabod.

ICHABOD

(smiles modestly)
Yes, I know -- I grow on people.

KATRINA

But I'm afraid you'll have to
raise your own pigs -- or Cranes,
Mr. Crane.

(withdraws
her hand)

And I hope you'll find no trouble
getting home tonight...because if
the Hessian is looking for greedy,
hypocritical men, he'll certainly
pick on you.

She starts toward the door. For an instant Ichabod
stands with his mouth open. He glances toward the dark
yard as the grandfather clock inside booms the first of
twelve chimes.

ICHABOD

(terrified)

Katrina -- Miss Van Tassel --
(moves to the
door quickly)

Maybe you might change your mind
-- maybe I should stay here till
you've had a chance to sleep on
it. I could sleep on the couch...

(CONTINUED)

KATRINA

No.

ICHABOD

Or I could do the dishes, or
clean up the yard, or give you
a singing lesson --!

KATRINA

It's a little late for that, Mr.
Crane.

ICHABOD

You wouldn't turn me out in the
night, alone with the Hessian.

(desperately)

I've made my mistakes -- I'm
only human -- but you can't --
you wouldn't --

But she can, and she does. The door slams in Ichabod's face. In panic he reaches for the doorknob, but pauses as he hears Katrina throw the bolt. He hugs the door for a moment till the last of twelve chimes has SOUNDED. Then in the black silence he faces the inevitable, turns and starts toward the stairs. But at the top step, a screech owl hoots. Ichabod starts, misses his footing, and falls clattering to the bottom of the stairs.

273 MED. SHOT of Ichabod. He picks himself up and runs stumbling toward the hitching post.

CAMERA FOLLOWS him TO Gunpowder's side. He tries to scramble onto her back without putting his foot in the stirrup, but without success. He whirls, his fists up, as he hears a sudden screeching. But it's only the restless hens in the chicken roost, disturbed in their slumber. Ichabod sighs with relief and leaps onto Gunpowder's back with renewed energy. Then he realizes the reins are still tied to the hitching post. Trembling, he slides down and unties the reins. Now, cautious and silent, peering over his shoulder, Ichabod tucks his foot in the stirrup and starts to mount, but at this moment, a frog croaks, and Gunpowder decides it's time to leave for home. With an awkward lurch, the horse starts away, Ichabod hopping on one foot, both hands on the pommel of the

274 LONG SHOT of Gunpowder and Ichabod as the schoolteacher finally drags himself onto her back.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

- 275 FULL SHOT of a dark lane. As Ichabod rides into the scene a dog howls from the opposite shore of the Hudson; a cock accidentally awakened, crows in the distance; a cricket chirps from the roadside; a bullfrog croaks from the marsh ahead.
- 276 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. He urges ahead Gunpowder as the noises close in on him. The croaking of the frog (with the aid of sonovox) begins to sound like a voice calling his name: "Ichabod, Ichabod Crane... Ichabod -- Ichabod!" He glances to the right and to the left as he rides, then suddenly his eyes widen as he looks ahead...
- 277 LONG SHOT FROM Ichabod's ANGLE. The giant Andre Tulip tree towers in the middle of the road, its gnarled and fantastic limbs twisting down almost to the earth.
- 278 MED. SHOT of Ichabod. He begins to whistle, but his whistle seems answered as a blast of wind sweeps sharply through the dry branches. His knees smite against the saddle as he hears a groan. But it is only...
- 279 CLOSE SHOT of two huge boughs rubbing one upon the other.
- 280 FULL SHOT of the road by Wiley's Swamp. As Gunpowder leisurely approaches the rough log foot-bridge, Ichabod kicks and beats the mare's sides, hoping to dash briskly across the bridge. But Gunpowder, annoyed and perverse, only moves laterally, running broadside against the fence at one side of the road. Then, as Ichabod jerks wildly at the reins, Gunpowder turns, snorts and plunges into a thicket of brambles on the opposite side of the road.
- 281 MED. SHOT in the thicket as Ichabod uses hands, feet, head, and reins to turn Gunpowder into the road. And now, suddenly, Gunpowder lives up to her name.
- ANGLE WIDENS as Gunpowder dashes for the bridge, snuffling and snorting. But suddenly, just by the bridge, she comes to a stand.
- 282 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. He barely holds himself in the saddle by grabbing Gunpowder's mane. He has just straightened, satisfied with the minor triumph, when he hears...

- 283 EFFECT SHOT of a horse's hooves moving through the swamp with a plashy tramp, tramp, tramp.
- 284 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. He turns sharply, and his mouth hangs open as he sees...
- 285 LONG SHOT FROM Ichabod's ANGLE. A misshapen, black and towering apparition. It stirs not, but seems to gather up in the gloom like a gigantic monster ready to spring upon Ichabod.
- 286 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. The hair rises on his head in terror. He summons up one last show of courage.
- ICHABOD
- Who - are you?
(then, louder)
Who goes there -- ?
- With no response, Ichabod shuts his eyes and sings a psalm tune as his heels flail Gunpowder's body. Then there is the sudden loud scramble of horse's hooves, and...
- ANGLE WIDENS as the shadow of the monster falls across Ichabod. Gunpowder whimsically chooses this moment to start away.
- 287 MOVING SHOT of the two horsemen. Ichabod dares not turn his head to investigate his companion, who rides slightly behind, abreast of Gunpowder's tail. In the darkness of the lane the second horseman remains only a black, shapeless form. Ichabod urges Gunpowder into a canter; the stranger quickens his horse, too. Ichabod pulls up to a walk, and the apparition does the same. Hopeless, Ichabod tries to sing again, but he cannot utter a stave. He lifts his eyes to the darkened sky, prayerfully.
- 288 EFFECT SHOT of the starless heavens through the trees. Suddenly a great black cloud moves aside from the moon.
- 289 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. The sudden pale light gives him heart to look toward...
- 290 MED. SHOT FROM Ichabod's ANGLE. It is horribly clear, as Ichabod's fellow traveller is silhouetted against the sky that the giant body, muffled in a cloak, is headless. Even worse, it carries the head on the pommel of the saddle.
- 291 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. His terror rises to desperation. He looks ahead to see...

- 292 LONG SHOT of the old Dutch Church from Ichabod's ANGLE. The graveyard looms as a bright refuge just beyond the bridge.
- 293 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. He almost smiles, seeing the bare possibility of safety ahead. With superhuman effort he lifts the reins and whips Gunpowder into a run.
- 294 FULL SHOT as the headless horseman's mount leaps, charging after Gunpowder.
- 295 EFFECT SHOT of the girths of Ichabod's saddle. They slip precariously, then suddenly give way.
- 296 CLOSE SHOT of Ichabod. He throws his arms around Gunpowder's neck as the saddle falls clattering to the road.
- 297 EFFECT SHOT of the saddle as it is mangled and crushed under the feet of Ichabod's pursuer.
- 298 FULL SHOT of the road leading down to the bridge. As the two riders gallop madly through the moonlight, Gunpowder thunders across the resounding planks, but the towering black horse stops suddenly, short of the bridge.
- 299 MED. SHOT of Ichabod as he reins in Gunpowder and turns, waiting to see the apparition vanish in a flash of fire and brimstone. But...
- 300 LONG SHOT from Ichabod's ANGLE. The goblin rises in his stirrups, lifts high the disembodied head, and hurls it directly at Ichabod and the camera...
- 301 EFFECT SHOT. The head crashes into the camera, splattering loudly.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW BRIDGE - MORNING

- 302 CLOSE SHOT of the remains of a shattered pumpkin shell. CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO SHOW Pete and a group of kids staring down at the bits of pumpkin. As they look at each other then start on across the bridge, swinging their schoolbooks happily.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - MORNING

303 FULL SHOT of the Town Council. They sit in gloomy silence, waiting. There is a stir of hope as the door opens and the Mayor enters, but the Mayor shakes his head sadly.

THE MAYOR

No word yet.

TREASURER

(rises, shaking
his head)

No matter what you might say
about him - we'll never find
another one as cheap...

The Council sighs, relapsing into silence.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BOWLING GREEN - MORNING

304 FULL SHOT of the rolled lawn bowling lane. Cork, Candy, and Rambout look up from their game of nine pins as Brom moves into the scene.

CORK

A fine good morning to you, Brom.

RAMBOUT

Have you heard the news?

CANDY

The schoolteacher has --
(his five fingers
gesture like a
flower opening)
-- pouf! Disappeared!

BROM

No! And he seemed so happy
last night at the party.

CORK

Yes. 'Tis a pity. I was just
beginning to dislike the man.

CANDY

(pointing o.s.)
Who is this -- ?

The other three turn to look toward.

WS
305 LONG SHOT of a horse and rider galloping smoothly toward them. 120

306 GROUP SHOT of Brom and his Boys as the horse and rider approach. Only Brom seems to recognize them. He smiles to himself.

CORK

Sure and whoever it is 'tis a
pleasure to see such horsemanship
in this valley...

They move forward, admiringly, as the horse comes to a stand and the rider hops down.

307 CLOSE SHOT of the rider from their ANGLE. It is Katrina, but a new Katrina - the Dutch farmer's daughter. She wears britches and riding boots, her hair in one long pigtail. And she is even more beautiful than the Philadelphia girl in frill and lace.

KATRINA

(her voice still
softly feminine)
Good morning, boys.

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE the four men as Katrina moves up to them. They look at each other and arrive at a common decision. They turn their backs to continue their game. A split set-up of two pins is left standing at the end of the bowling lane. Rambout lifts the bowling ball, takes careful aim and rolls. But the ball passes neatly between the two pins. Cork laughs, and Rambout shakes his head reaching for another ball. But Katrina's hand beats him to it. Quietly, without a word, she pushes Rambout aside and steps to the lane. She bowls effortlessly and gracefully, and the ball curves gently down the green. It nicks one pin on the outside so that it skids across, knocking down the other. As she turns back, smiling, a crow caws raucously, like a loud laugh at their expense. Cork reaches for his gun, but before it can touch his shoulder, Katrina has lifted Rambout's gun and fired from the hip.

308 DIFFERENT ANGLE as the crow falls dead at the foot of a tree in the b.g. Brom is smiling but the three Boys look at each other frustrated, their honor at stake. Candy draws himself up, smiling at his two friends as he steps forward. He bows to Katrina and pulls his hunting knife from his belt. Balancing the knife between thumb and forefinger he directs her attention toward the tree in the b.g. With elaborate grace he lifts the knife and throws it. They all turn to see...

309 EFFECT SHOT as Candy's knife spears an apple in mid-air and pins it to the trunk of the tree.

310

GROUP SHOT. Katrina destroys Candy with a glance. She lifts Cork's old hunting knife from his belt, bows to Candy, and throws.

311

CLOSE SHOT of the tree trunk. Both Candy's knife and the apple are split in two, leaving Katrina's knife quivering in the tree.

312

GROUP SHOT. Rambout, Cork, and Brom break and laugh at Candy's expense. Katrina has won the contest. But now she turns fiercely on Brom.

KATRINA

Would anyone like a fight --?

BROM

(still laughing)

No - I've given it up for good.

CAMERA MOVES IN as Brom takes Katrina in his arms. Over her shoulder he nods and winks at camera.

BROM (cont'd)

Kathy... Je vous aime.

DISSOLVE

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW SCHOOLHOUSE - MORNING

313

FULL SHOT of the schoolroom. Ichabod's stool is significantly empty. The children sit in their places, waiting -- patient only because they're sure Ichabod will not arrive. But there is a buzzing of small, excited whispers between desks.

PETE

(finally)

Well, I guess he ain't comin' --

This is the signal for pandemonium. The kids jump from their benches with a shout. But as they run toward the door...

ICHABOD'S VOICE

Good morning, children.

The kids move back to their places, clearing the door to show Ichabod, his clothes dirty and torn, his hair disheveled, a scrawny growth of beard on his chin. He moves to the desk with little of his former grace, a chastened man.

ICHABOD

Children...

There is a giggle from the kids as they look at Ichabod and automatically he reaches for the birch rod, then realizes what he's doing.

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD (cont'd)
Now what's this doing here?
 (with a little
 laugh he breaks
 the rod in two)
Children....it's too nice a day
for school. I think we should
all go fishing.
 (he beams on
 the children)
Class dismissed!

The kids yelp gleefully and run toward the door.
Ichabod turns to the blackboard and erases Cotton
Mather's quotation, then starts out of the classroom
after the children...

DISSOLVE

EXT: WIDOW'S BARNYARD - MORNING

314 FULL SHOT as Ichabod walks reluctantly toward the
cottage. CAMERA MOVES IN as he stops outside the door.
He raises his hand to knock, hesitates, opens his mouth
to call, then decides to knock after all.

 THE WIDOW'S VOICE
Come in...

INT: WIDOW'S COTTAGE - MORNING

315 FULL SHOT. The Widow looks up as Ichabod enters. He
stands at the door, his hat in his hand, a pitiful
figure. The Widow glances up, shakes her head, then
looks back at her knitting.

 THE WIDOW
Where've you been?

 ICHABOD
I sat all night in a cave by the
river - alone with my conscience.

 THE WIDOW
I wondered, when Gunpowder came
home a little after midnight -
without a saddle.

 ICHABOD
About the saddle - I'll make it good.
I'll stay here and work it out, if
it takes twenty years.

 THE WIDOW
If it means having you around for
twenty years - I'll just forget
the saddle.

Ichabod moves a few steps into the room, looking
toward the empty table in front of the fireplace.
 (CONTINUED)

ICHABOD
I guess you threw it out.

THE WIDOW
Threw what out?

ICHABOD
The pumpkin - our pumpkin...
(smiles wistfully)
You had it all fixed up last night -
just like before - didn't you?

THE WIDOW
That's water under the bridge.

ICHABOD
(winces at the mention
of bridge)
I guess you must of - thrown it
out after you saw the way I acted.

THE WIDOW
Something like that.

ICHABOD
I guess I've been a pretty mean
character.

THE WIDOW
That's right.

ICHABOD
Mean, and greedy and avaricious
and hypocritical.

THE WIDOW
Yes, Ichabod, you have that.

ICHABOD
I guess I'm beyond forgiveness..

THE WIDOW
I guess so.

ICHABOD
(sighs)
Well, then I guess I won't bother
you anymore.

THE WIDOW
I darned your stocking...

Ichabod crosses to her and takes the stocking, touches
the toe to his eyes as though wiping away a tear.

ICHABOD
Well, then I'll say good-bye, Polly.

THE WIDOW
(brusquely)
You must be starved - you may as
well have something to eat before you go..

(CONTINUED)

ICHABOD

No - no, I'm not hungry.

This is too much. She looks at him for a moment, then breaks down.

THE WIDOW

(shakes her head)

Oh, Ichabod...! I forgive you...

ICHABOD

Polly...

As he reaches for her hand...

DISSOLVE

EXT. OLD DUTCH CHURCH - DAY

316 FULL SHOT of the entrance lined with the happy townsfolk of Sleepy Hollow. Inside, the choir and organ render a happy Wedding March. The crowd moves in, laughing, as Brom and Katrina run from the church in a shower of rice and old shoes, followed almost immediately by Ichabod and the Widow. CAMERA MOVES IN TO:

317 MED. SHOT of the two couples as they stop in the churchyard, out of breath. Brom kisses Katrina, and Ichabod kisses the Widow, to the loud delight of the on-lookers. Then Brom turns to his cousin, Polly.

BROM

Do I get to kiss the bride -- ?

The Widow lifts her cheek and Brom pecks her playfully. Ichabod turns to Katrina.

318 TWO SHOT of Ichabod and Katrina. His eyes brighten as he looks at her, and he pulls her toward him with a last-chance ardor. But as he is about to kiss her, the Widow's hand grabs his ear.

THE WIDOW'S VOICE

Ichabod!

All the promise of termagancy, all the venom of Zanthippe is summed up in her accent. As Ichabod releases Katrina and allows himself to be drawn away into twenty years of purgatory...

ANGLE WIDENS and the music swells. The crowd closes in behind them as they start down the road toward the waiting carriages.

FADE OUT

THE END