

Sleepy Hollow

Being the true storie of one Ichabod Crane  
and the Headless Horseman

Kevin Yagher and Andrew Kevin Walker

Based on "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" by Washington Irving

Screenplay by Andrew Kevin Walker

and

Tom Stoppard

Shooting Draft

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,  
of dreams that wave before the half shut eye...



Constable Two and Constable One move forward, wary.

CONSTABLE ONE

Constable Crane? Ichabod Crane... is  
that you?

The MAN turns. Meet ICHABOD CRANE, handsome, eyes piercing but nervous  
and unsettled.

ICHABOD

None other, and not only me...  
(returns to lifting)  
I have found something...

Ichabod drags a bloated MALE CORPSE out from the water. He backs away,  
shaken, looks to the constables...

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

... which was lately a man.

INT. CITY WATCHHOUSE, JAIL -- NIGHT

In a dank, cavernous room, the distinguished HIGH CONSTABLE lifts a  
blanket off the corpse in a wheelbarrow manned by Constable Two.  
Constable One and Ichabod are near, watching.

HIGH CONSTABLE

Burn it.

CONSTABLE ONE

Yes, sir.

Constable Two wheels the corpse down a RAMP to another room.

ICHABOD

Just a moment, if I may... we do not  
yet know the cause of death.

HIGH CONSTABLE

When you find 'em in the river,  
cause of death is drowning.

ICHABOD

Possibly so if there is water in the  
lungs, but... by pathology we might  
determine whether or not he was dead  
when he went into the river.

HIGH CONSTABLE

Cut him up? Are we heathens? Let him rest in peace -- in one piece as according to God and the New York Department of Health.

Ichabod is about to protest, but stops himself, frustrated.

Two THUGGISH CONSTABLES -- different ones -- bring in a bleeding SEMICONSCIOUS MAN.

HIGH CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

What happened to him?

THUGGISH CONSTABLE

Nothing, sir. Arrested for burglary.

The constables throw him against the bars of the slammer while one of them opens the cage door. With their leather truncheons, the cops beat their prisoner into the cage and lock him in.

HIGH CONSTABLE

Good work...

Ichabod hurries to follow his two constables and the corpse.

EXT. CITY WATCHHOUSE -- DAY

The metropolis thrives; horsedrawn vehicles plodding, MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN, MERCHANTS and TRADESMEN everywhere.

MEN are held in chains and gibbets in front of the Watchhouse.

INT. CITY WATCHHOUSE, JAIL -- DAY

We enter midway into a "Audition Scene." A row of CITY OFFICIALS are "auditioning" APPLICANTS (mostly obvious Cranks and Eccentrics) with Devices for crime fighting and crime solving. The Applicants are crowded together to one side, waiting their turn. Ichabod, holding only papers and books, is among them.

"On Stage" at this moment is an INVENTOR demonstrating his invention, of which more in a moment. Facing the "stage" is the BURGOMASTER, flanked by the HIGH CONSTABLE (who has a list of names) and various MAGISTRATES and ALDERMEN.

The Inventor is demonstrating a combination wallet and mousetrap.

INVENTOR

... and in a few weeks, the plague of pickpockets will be a thing of the past!

He shows how to set the trap-spring.

INVENTOR (CONT'D)

Give me a dozen constables in gentleman's dress...

He pockets the wallet-trap.

INVENTOR (CONT'D)

... mixing with the crowds where pickpockets are rife!

He produces a fake hand-on-a-stick and does the business.

INVENTOR (CONT'D)

A stealthy hand dips into the gentleman's pocket... and -- !

There is the sound of the trap snapping shut and the Inventor withdraws the fake hand with its fingers chopped off. The Officials wince, impressed.

BURGOMASTER

Thank you. We will take your device under consideration, Mr. Vanderbilt... Next!

A SPOTTY MAN starts dragging a man-sized cage contraption to center stage... while Ichabod tries to get the attention of the Officials.

ICHABOD

Gentlemen! -- the Millennium is almost upon us -- In a few months we will be living in the nineteenth century -- !

HIGH CONSTABLE

Wait your turn, Constable Crane --

ICHABOD

These devices are unworthy of a modern civilization...

BURGOMASTER

Quiet! -- Next, I say!

SPOTTY MAN

Thank you, sir!

He turns proudly to his man-size cage, whose front hinges down for ingress.

The floor of the cage is a steel plate. A "writing board" for signing confessions is attached to the inside of the cage.

SPOTTY MAN (CONT'D)

The Tomkins self-locking Confessional is cheap at the price and will last for years with just an occasional wipe with a damp cloth... When the villain steps on the floor plate...

Ichabod, dropping books and papers around his feet, is feverishly writing on a blank page (his "traveling inkpot" is hung around his neck).

ICHABOD

(pointing to the Spotty Man)

Arrest that man!

HIGH CONSTABLE

(jaw dropped)

Arrest... ?

ICHABOD

I accuse him of murder!

SPOTTY MAN

What the devil are you talking about, you loon?!

Ichabod takes two steps toward him and gives him a violent shove in the chest. The Spotty Man staggers back into his cage, which self-locks, and at the same time a head clamp descends from the top, gripping the Spotty Man's head. His arms flail about as he yells. Ichabod slaps his page on the writing board, offers his pen.

ICHABOD

Sign here!

SPOTTY MAN  
(groaning and pointing)  
The release handle...

ICHABOD  
Not till you confess... !

Uproar around him, Ichabod waits as the prisoner signs the paper, then pulls the "release handle."

ICHABOD (CONT'D)  
(waving the confession)  
I have here a confession to the  
murder of a man I fished out of the  
river last night!

HIGH CONSTABLE  
(furious)  
Stand down!

ICHABOD  
I stand up, for sense and justice!  
Our jails overflow with men and  
women convicted on confessions worth  
no more than this one!

The High Constable bangs a gavel until he gets some silence for the Burgomaster. Meanwhile, the Spotty Man is rescued by his friends.

BURGOMASTER  
Constable, this is a song we have  
heard from you more than once but  
never before with this discordant  
accompaniment. I have two courses  
open to me. First, I can let you  
cool your heels in the cells until  
you learn respect for the dignity of  
my office...

ICHABOD  
I beg pardon. I only meant well. Why  
am I the only one who sees that to  
solve crimes, to detect the guilty,  
we must use our brains? -- to  
recognize vital clues, using up-to-  
date scientific --

Constable Crane, there is a town upstate, two days' journey to the north in the Hudson Highlands. It is a place called Sleepy Hollow. Have you heard of it?

ICHABOD

I have not.

BURGOMASTER

An isolated farming community, mostly Dutch. Three persons have been murdered there, all within a fortnight... each found with their head lopped off.

ICHABOD

Lopped off?

BURGOMASTER

Clean as dandelion heads, apparently. Now, these ideas of yours, they have never been put to the test...

ICHABOD

I have never been allowed to put them to the test!

BURGOMASTER

Just so, granted. So you take your experimentations to Sleepy Hollow and deduce, er detect the murderer. Bring him here to face our good justice. Will you do this?

ICHABOD

(swallowing doubt)

I shall, gladly.

BURGOMASTER

And remember -- it is you, Ichabod Crane, who is now put to the test.

The Burgomaster smiles encouragingly.



INT/EXT. ICHABOD'S HOME, 2ND FLOOR -- DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS)

Piles of BOOKS and PAPERS, JARS of CHEMICALS, MAGNIFYING GLASSES, CHALKBOARDS covered with scrawl and ANATOMY CHARTS above a small bed.

AT THE WINDOW, Ichabod holds a bird cage with a red CARDINAL inside. He opens the cage and the bird flies free...

ICHABOD

Such a day for such a sad farewell,  
this is good-bye, my sweet...

Ichabod watches it go, sad, then looks down. A COACH halts in the street below. The forlorn DRIVER looks up.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAY

ICHABOD'S COACH leaves city limits, forgoing civilization... following a dirt road to forested wilderness.

EXT. NEW YORK FORESTS -- NIGHT

Coach lanterns light the way as the coach lumbers along, caressed by tight foliage. A WOLF is HEARD HOWLING. Ichabod looks out, unnerved, shuts the window's curtain.

EXT. UPSTATE FORESTS -- DAY

The coach moves through sun dappled forest...

INT. ICHABOD'S COACH -- DAY

Ichabod checks the contents of a LEATHER SATCHEL in his lap. He pauses a moment, studying the palm of his hand.

Ichabod touches the strange SCARS on both his palms: evenly dispersed, tiny dots of tissue. Many scars. After a moment, he returns to looking through his satchel.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW, THE LONG STRAIGHT ROAD -- LATE DAY

Ichabod stands between two massive STONE PILLARS. He's unsure, turning to watch his coach leave him behind.

Ichabod picks up his bags and heads between the pillars, starting up a LONG STRAIGHT ROAD. He does not notice, in the tree limbs above: THREE DEAD RAVENS, hung by twine.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW, TOWN SQUARE -- DUSK

Ichabod walks on, passing a CHURCH and GRAVEYARD. The road ahead is bordered by rows of businesses and two-story homes.

Ichabod enters the TOWN SQUARE proper. And ELDERLY WOMAN stands in a doorway, watching Ichabod. Ichabod tips his hat. The woman backs away, shuts her door.

Ichabod continues. He looks up... a MAN closes the shutters of a second-story window.

As Ichabod continues he sees that there are two or three Riflemen placed at vantage points on the roofs and also, when he looks back, a Rifleman up on the Church Tower. The whole village is like a Western town waiting for an attack.

EXT. WOODEN BUNKER -- DUSK

A strange WOODEN BUNKER, like a small fortress with a HUGE BELL mounted on top, sits in a field. SEVERAL DIRT FARMERS are gathered, all with rifles.

Ichabod stops as he walks, looking at this...

A boy, YOUNG MASBATH, aged 10, comes to the Designated Rifleman, JONATHAN MASBATH, with food and drink, i.e., a picnic tied up in cloth and a stone bottle of beer. Masbath Senior takes the picnic and gives Young Masbath an affectionate pat. He smiles confidently.

MASBATH SENIOR

Don't worry, son.

One farmer comes to lead Young Masbath away as Jonathan heads into the BUNKER, taking several rifles.

In front of the BUNKER, across a field, other dirt farmers light TORCH POSTS in a line along the forest edge.

Ichabod ponders this as he trudges along...

EXT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE -- DUSK

Ahead on a hill: the grand Van Tassel MANOR HOUSE, windows aglow.

TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS

EXT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Ichabod puts down his bags (a suitcase and a leather box-bag) but keeps his satchel.

JACK-O'-LANTERNS glow on the porch.

A KISSING COUPLE are lustfully busy in a dark corner of the porch. The woman is a pretty servant, SARAH. The man we will know as DOCTOR LANCASTER.

Ichabod almost blunders into them, causing a little panic and embarrassment, in which Ichabod shares, and as he mumbles apologies and opens the door, a shaft of light identifies the couple for our further reference.

The open door reveals the MAIN HALL and FOYER...

There's a harvest party in progress. PEOPLE are gathered. QUIET MUSIC is HEARD from elsewhere.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, SITTING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ichabod opens a door. MEN and WOMEN eat and drink, talking quietly in groups. Ichabod looks around, daunted, tentatively makes his way...

Ichabod bumps into a few people, excusing himself. He mops his sweaty brow, finds a pretty girl.

ICHABOD

Pardon my intrusion, I seek Baltus  
Van Tassel but --

GIRL

In the parlor, sir, further on.

Ichabod thanks her, continues...

Ahead, CHILDREN, YOUNG MEN and LADIES in a circle taunt a BLINDFOLDED YOUNG WOMAN spun around by the handsome, barrel-chested man, BROM VAN BRUNT. Brom releases the woman. Everyone quiets, avoiding her searching hands.

The Blindfolded Woman circles slowly, chanting a REFRAIN that makes the CHILDREN and even some of the younger WOMEN shiver with pleasurable fright. They giggle nervously and hush each other up.

BLINDFOLDED WOMAN

"The Pickety Witch, the Pickety Witch, who's got a kiss for the pickety witch?"

She makes a lunge, grabbing empty air, just missing BROM; everyone moans humorously. Doctor Lancaster slips back into the party, and Sarah likewise.

Ichabod is trying to pass through to reach the farther door... and on the NEXT REFRAIN finds himself caught by the Blindfolded Woman.

Everyone stays quiet, that's the game, but of course everyone is also puzzled, not knowing Ichabod. The Woman touches Ichabod's face, which embarrasses Ichabod and displeases Brom.

CHILD

A kiss, a kiss!

WOMAN

She has to guess first.

The WOMAN is wifely, and as she puts her arm through Doctor Lancaster's arm, we realize she is his wife.

BLINDFOLDED WOMAN

Is it Theodore?

There's a general laugh at that.

ICHABOD

Pardon, ma'am. I am only a stranger.

BLINDFOLDED WOMAN

Then have a kiss on account.

She kisses him laughingly and takes the blindfold off the reveal a stunning beauty: KATRINA VAN TASSEL. She smiles. Ichabod tries to compose himself, stricken by the sight of her.

ICHABOD

I... um, I am looking for Baltus Van Tassel.

KATRINA

I am his daughter, Katrina Van Tassel.

BROM

And who are you, friend? We have not heard your name yet.

ICHABOD

I have not said it. Excuse me...

Brom grabs Ichabod's collar. Ichabod's baffled.

BROM

You need some manners.

KATRINA

Brom!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(admonishing)

Come, come -- we want no raised voices...

We now SEE that the voice belongs to BALTUS VAN TASSEL, a working-class self-made Mr. Big with a sympathetic smile.

BALTUS (CONT'D)

It is only to raise the spirits during this dark time that I and my good wife are giving this little party...

LADY VAN TASSEL stands behind him, a mix of homespun wife and well-kept lady. Brom releases Ichabod. Children hide behind Katrina. Ichabod's relieved to have a proper focal point. Others from the party gather.

BALTUS (CONT'D)

Young sir, you are welcome even if you are selling something!

The pleasantries relaxes the atmosphere around Ichabod.

ICHABOD

Thank you, sir. I am Constable Ichabod Crane, sent to you from New York with authority to investigate murder in Sleepy Hollow.

This has quite an effect. A man we will know as MAGISTRATE PHILIPSE looks up sharply. A man we will know as REVEREND STEENWYCK grunts skeptically. A man we have already seen, DOCTOR LANCASTER, exchanges a

surprised look with another man, NOTARY HARDENBROOK.

STEENWYCK

(rudely)

Well, what use is a Constable?!

Lady Van Tassel gives the Clergyman a reproachful look.

LADY VAN TASSEL

Then, Sleepy Hollow is grateful to you, Constable Crane -- I hope you will honor this house by remaining with us until...

BROM

Until you've made the arrest!

To Ichabod's surprise this gets a nervous laugh. Baltus frowns at Brom. Katrina looks at Ichabod with renewed interest.

BALTUS

(to his wife)

Well spoke!

(to Ichabod)

Come, sir. We'll get you settled.

(to the Musicians)

Play on!

Baltus catches the eyes of Philipse, then of Lancaster, nodding as if to say "See you in a minute."

As he leads Ichabod out, he murmurs to Steenwyck, who nods and passes the murmur to Hardenbrook.

The Fiddlers strike up the music. Katrina watches Ichabod's exit. Brom watches Katrina's interest with displeasure.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

We HEAR the music from downstairs. Ichabod is unpacking -- arranging his scientific books. His "medical case," revealing a few mysterious Instruments of Detections, is open on the bed. Sarah is just delivering a pitcher of water to the washstand.

ICHABOD

Thank you. Please tell Mr. Van Tassel I will be down in a moment.

SARAH

I will, sir.

(then -- as she leaves)

Thank God you are here!

Ichabod is a bit surprised by her emotion. Then he pours the water and douses his face.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PARLOR -- NIGHT

FIVE MEN wait grimly for Ichabod, silent in the presence of Sarah, who is placing a pipe cradle by Baltus. Lady Van Tassel is pouring the men a drink. The music from the party is faintly audible. Lancaster is 50, dour, always sweaty. Philipse is youngest, a drinker, eyes bloodshot, augmenting his glass with a shot from his private flask. Reverend Steenwyck has a disdainful, sour expression. Hardenbrook is oldest, ancient, nervous, one eye pale and blind.

HARDENBROOK

All the way from New York!

DOCTOR LANCASTER

A waste of time!

STEENWYCK

(to Baltus)

What can he do?

BALTUS

(calmly)

Gentlemen, gentlemen...

Sarah, leaving, passes Doctor Lancaster, who secretly trails his hand against Sarah's buttock... not quite secretly enough for the vigilance of Lady Van Tassel, who, by the merest flick of an eye, shows us that she has noticed.

Sarah leaves just as Ichabod appears in the doorway, Sarah closing the door behind him.

BALTUS (CONT'D)

(to Ichabod)

Excellent! Come in!

(to his wife)

Leave us, my dear.

ICHABOD

So. Three persons murdered. First,

Peter Van Garrett and his son Dirk Van Garrett, both of them strong capable men, found together, decapitated. A week later, the Widow Winship, also decapitated. I will need to ask you many questions, but first let me ask -- is anyone suspected?

BALTUS

I don't understand you.

ICHABOD

I say, is there any one person suspect in these acts?

The men stir in their seats -- their looks say "I told you so!" -- "Useless!" -- etc.

BALTUS

Constable... how much have your superiors explained to you?

ICHABOD

Only that the three were slain in open ground and their heads found severed from their bodies...

STEENWYCK

The heads were not found severed. The heads were not found at all.

ICHABOD

The heads are gone?

Hardenbrook leans forward, his voice cragged.

HARDENBROOK

Taken. Taken by the Headless Horseman. Taken back to hell.

ICHABOD

Pardon me, I... ?

BALTUS

Perhaps you had better sit down.

Baltus gestures for Ichabod to sit. Baltus lights his pipe and pours a



glass for Ichabod. The men help themselves to food and drink.

BALTUS (CONT'D)

The Horseman was a Hessian mercenary, sent to our shores by German princes to keep Americans under the yoke of England. But unlike his compatriots who came for money, the Horseman came... for love of carnage... and he was not like the others...

FLASHBACK -- AMERICAN BATTLEFIELD (WINTER) -- DAY

The HESSIAN HORSEMAN rides his black steed into a gory, close-quarters clash, his cloaked uniform adorned with edged weapons. He cuts down Americans left and right.

BALTUS (V.O.)

He rode a giant black steed named Daredevil. He was infamous for taking his horse hard into battle... chopping off heads at full gallop.

The Horseman dismounts, hoists a battle axe. With sword and axe, he annihilates. Blood gushes. Bones crack.

BALTUS (CONT'D; V.O.)

To look upon him made your blood run cold, for he had filed down his teeth to sharp points... to add to the ferocity of his appearance...

The Horseman lets out a war cry. Jagged teeth. Grotesque.

FLASHBACK -- FOREST BATTLEFIELD (WINTER) -- DAY

Winter. CANNONS can be HEARD BOOMING from afar. Daredevil, galloping is hit and falls. The Horseman is not hurt.

BALTUS (V.O.)

This butcher would not finally meet his end till the winter of seventy-nine...

The Horseman rises, eyes filled with rage, looks to see...

SIX ragtag REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS give chase, firing rifles. The

Horseman flees, bullets throwing snow behind.

BALTUS (CONT'D)

... not far from here in our Western  
Woods...

FLASHBACK -- DEEPER IN THE FOREST BATTLEFIELD (WINTER) -- DAY

The Horseman glances back, bounding through, drawing his sword, when suddenly he halts...

He's happened upon TWO YOUNG GIRLS gathering firewood. The girls stand frozen at the sight of him for a long, silent moment, till one girl drops the firewood and runs.

The second girl remains, holding the Horseman's gaze.

The Horseman and the girl hold each other's gaze for a long beat.

The Horseman puts his finger to his lips, warning her to stay quiet.

The girl takes one of her pieces of dry wood and deliberately breaks it, making a noise like a pistol shot.

There is a responding shout from a soldier back in the trees. The Horseman turns to the sound.

Soldiers move forward from the forest behind, spreading out.

The second girl flees. The Horseman hefts his sword, turning as soldiers surround. One soldier aims his rifle...

The Horseman reaches over his shoulder, grasps a sheathed knife and  
THROWS --

THOCK! The rifleman jerks back, knife in his eye socket.

A second soldier aims and FIRES... Blood explodes from the Horseman's arm. His sword drops.

The Horseman readies and AXE in his good hand. The Revolutionaries move in with swords. They battle, STEEL AGAINST STEEL. The Horseman fends off blows...

Soldier Three stabs his blade deep into the Horseman's side. The Horseman roars, bringing his axe DOWN...

BREAKS the sword at the hilt. An UPWARD stroke sends Soldier Three

backward in a fountain of blood.

The Horseman staggers, trying to pull the blade from his ribs. The remaining soldiers close in...

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PARLOR -- NIGHT

Ichabod is spooked. Pipe smoke wafts from Baltus's mouth.

BALTUS

They cut off his head with his own sword. To this day, the Western Woods is a haunted place where brave men will not venture.

FLASHBACK -- EXT. WESTERN WOODS, TREE OF THE DEAD AREA (WINTER) -- DAY

The Horseman's headless corpse lies in a shallow grave.

BALTUS (V.O.)

... for what was planted in the ground that day was a seed of evil.

The HORSEMAN'S HEAD is dropped into the grave.

FLASHBACK -- EXT. WESTERN WOODS, TREE OF THE DEAD AREA (WINTER) -- LATER DAY

One of the four surviving soldiers stabs the HORSEMAN'S SWORD deep in the ground as a marker.

The grave is done. The soldiers walk away from the grave. They have buried the Horseman in a treeless clearing.

Daredevil appears, limping, from the trees, and puts his nose down to the turned earth.

The Second Girl is watching from hiding.

She sees: Daredevil collapses on the grave, blood frothing from his mouth. Dying.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PARLOR -- NIGHT

BALTUS

And so it has been for twenty years. But now the Hessian wakes -- he is on the rampage, cutting off heads

where he finds them.

Ichabod sits back, shakes off the reverie of the tale. He takes a gulp from his glass.

ICHABOD

Are you... saying... ? Is that what you believe?

HARDENBROOK

Seeing is believing!

Baltus puts a calming hand on senile Hardenbrook's shoulder.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

No one knows why the Hessian has chosen this time to return from the grave.

STEENWYCK

Satan has called forth one of his own.

Steenwyck stands and from a side table picks up the hefty Baltus family Bible.

STEENWYCK (CONT'D)

They tell me you have brought books and trappings of scientific investigation -- this is the only book I recommend you study.

He drops the Bible on the table in front of Ichabod, making him jump. Ichabod gingerly lifts the front cover -- revealing a page of ink writing, which he will remember later -- then he snaps out of all this "nonsense."

ICHABOD

Reverend Steenwyck... gentlemen... murder needs no ghost come from the grave. Which of you have laid eyes on this Headless Horsemen?

Pause.

HARDENBROOK

Others have. Many others.

Ichabod allows himself a skeptical smile.

BALTUS

You will see him too if he comes again. The men of the village are posted to watch for him.

ICHABOD

We have murders in New York without benefit of ghouls and goblins.

BALTUS

You are a long way from New York, sir.

ICHABOD

A century at least. The assassin is a man of flesh and blood, and I will discover him.

STEENWYCK

How do you propose to do so?

ICHABOD

By discovering his reason. It is what we call "the motive." This mystery will not resist investigation by a Rational Man.

Ichabod's natural clumsiness, however, causes him to sweep his empty glass off the table, rather ruining the effect of the Rational Man in command of the situation.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, KATRINA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Katrina is sitting in front of her mirror. Lady Van Tassel is brushing out Katrina's hair, counting the strokes.

KATRINA

Well, I'm disappointed... our first visitor from New York...

There is a knock.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

He doesn't know where to put himself and his feet are all over the place.

Lady Van Tassel gives Katrina the hairbrush and goes to the door.

LADY VAN TASSEL  
Yes, not like your Brom. Go on  
brushing, I got to forty-two...

She opens the door to Sarah.

SARAH  
That constable, he wants the Bible,  
Mum...

LADY VAN TASSEL  
Bible... ?

KATRINA  
I'll bring it to him.

Sarah dips a curtsy and goes. Lady Van Tassel gives Katrina a friendly raised eyebrow.

KATRINA (CONT'D)  
(meeting her eye,  
explains)  
We'll see if his city talk fits him  
better than his clothes.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Ichabod sits surrounded by his books, including his Ledger. Clearly there has been no breakthrough. Ichabod broods. There is a knock at the door, which he seems to have been expecting, for he does not turn around.

ICHABOD  
Yes -- yes -- come in.

Katrina enters carrying the Bible.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)  
(not turning)  
Thank you, just leave it on the  
reading stand.

Katrina puts down the Bible as directed.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)  
That will be all -- no, tell me,

about that big brute who seems to be  
Miss Katrina's --

He has turned in his chair, too late, and sees Katrina -- Ichabod has  
a minor convulsion, standing up, knocking papers to the floor, etc.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Forgive me, I... I asked Sarah to  
bring me...

KATRINA

(amused, relaxed)

So your clever books have failed you  
and you turn to the Bible after all!

ICHABOD

(sharply, despite  
himself)

I see I am talked about downstairs.

KATRINA

In passing only -- we have many  
things to talk about even in this  
backward place.

ICHABOD

I am sorry... Please excuse my  
manner -- I am not used to...

KATRINA

Female company?

ICHABOD

Society.

KATRINA

How can you avoid society in New  
York? How I should love the opera --  
and theaters -- to go dancing... Is  
it wonderful?

ICHABOD

I have never been.

KATRINA

But there is an art museum? -- a  
concert hall?

ICHABOD

I don't know.

KATRINA

(disappointed)

Then you have nothing to teach me.

ICHABOD

Perhaps I have. Do you believe the Van Garretts and the Widow Winship were murdered by a headless horseman?

KATRINA

Not everyone here believes it is the Horseman.

ICHABOD

(relieved)

Good.

KATRINA

Some say it is the witch of the Western Woods who has made a pact with Lucifer.

ICHABOD

(exasperated)

There are no witches, or galloping ghosts either! Is everyone in this village in thrall to superstition?

KATRINA

Why are you so frightened of magic? Not all magic is black. There are ancient truths in these woods which have been forgotten in your city parks.

ICHABOD

If they are truths they are not magic -- and if magic, not truth.

KATRINA

You are foolish. When there is fever in the house, it is well known that willow-herb roots and a crow's foot must be boiled in the milk of a pure



white goat with special charms  
uttered over the fire... and the  
fever abates.

ICHABOD

Next time try the herb without the  
rest -- and now I must ask you --  
excuse me --

KATRINA

Gladly. I should not have interrupted  
our town's savior. Good night. And  
as to your first question, that big  
brute you were asking about has  
proposed to me.

ICHABOD

I... I... I'm happy that...

KATRINA

Proposed to me several times.

This ambiguous statement, accompanied by a faint smile, confuses Ichabod into silence as she closes the door behind her. He turns with relief to the next business -- the Bible. He opens the front cover. On the endpaper is a Family Tree going back a hundred years, in variously faded inks and handwritings.

Ichabod studies it and we see what he learns: that Katrina was born in 1777... to Baltus's first wife, who died in 1797... that Lady Van Tassel is Baltus's second wife (her maiden name is unimportant, because false)... Then he suddenly notices something even more interesting: The family tree has a "Van Garrett" in it -- the husband of Baltus's father's sister.

ICHABOD

(mutters)

Van Garrett... !

Ichabod looks thoughtful. He starts copying out details into his Ledger.

A very faint rumbling disturbs him for a moment. He looks up. Silence now. He continues working.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW -- NIGHT

The empty street.

Then the low sinister sound of rumbling is heard again.

EXT. WOODEN BUNKER / FIELD -- INTERCUT -- NIGHT

The distant SOUND of the GROUND RUMBLING is HEARD. AT THE WOODEN BUNKER, Jonathan looks out, fearful...

The torches burn bright along the forest line. SEVERAL DEER stampede out... sprinting across the field.

Jonathan watches the forest. A horrible, SILENT stillness has fallen. Then, Jonathan's eyes widen...

A thick FOG creeps from the woods.

As fog overtakes each torch, mist snakes up, snuffing each flame... one by one by one, all along the forest edge...

Jonathan sticks his rifle out from the bunker, sights the gun along the treeline.

JONATHAN

Come out, devil... come...

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW FORESTS, OVERVIEW -- NIGHT

Silhouetted treetops. The SOUNDS of JONATHAN'S RIFLE FIRING are HEARD, echoing -- SEVERAL GUNSHOTS, then... SILENCE...

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW FOREST -- NIGHT

Jonathan flees through the forest, glances back, terrified. THUNDEROUS HOOFBEATS are HEARD from behind.

DEEP IN THE FOREST, we GLIMPSE the source of the HOOFBEATS: a HUGE FORM on a HUGE BLACK HORSE, already gone.

Jonathan pushes through thorny bushes. Jagged branches bloody his hands and cheeks...

He bursts from the brier patch and TUMBLES to a TRAIL.

IN THE FOREST BEHIND: The hooves of the black horse rip underbrush. HOOFBEATS DEAFENING. A spur digs into the snorting steed's already bleeding flank.

The pursuer's gloved hand draws a SWORD, blade RINGING.

ON THE TRAIL, Jonathan runs onward. The shrill WHISTLE of a SWORD SWING is HEARD as the pursuer BLURS PAST...

Jonathan is still running when his head lolls back, at an impossible angle... his head tumbles off his shoulders...

Jonathan's headless body hits the dirt.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW -- DAY (EARLY MORNING)

People going about their business calmly. A WOMAN shakes out a blanket from an upper window. The murder has obviously not been discovered yet.

No one notices that the WOODEN BUNKER is deserted... and now has a gap of shattered timber.

EXT/INT. LIVERY STABLE -- DAY (EARLY MORNING)

The stables belong to KILLIAN, a dashing rustic man, father of a young family. Ichabod likes him... though he does not think much of the Horse Killian is offering him, an old nag. Ichabod has a big satchel.

KILLIAN

His name's Gunpowder.

ICHABOD

A brave name, but... have you got something a little younger?... Taller?

KILLIAN

(apparently getting it)  
Faster.

ICHABOD

Yes.

KILLIAN

A horse cut to dash.

ICHABOD

Yes.

KILLIAN

No, I haven't.

ICHABOD

Oh.

KILLIAN

Not at the price.

ICHABOD

Well... I'm sure he'll do very well.  
Thank you, Mr. Killian.

KILLIAN

Good luck, sir. If you need help,  
call my name.

ICHABOD

Much appreciated.

Killian's son Thomas, a small boy, is feeding one of the horses.

ANGLE ON Mrs. KILLIAN at the door of the Killian House. She is in the act of seeing a woman out of her door, a PREGNANT WOMAN, and handing her a bunch of herbs.

CLOSER

BETH

(to Pregnant Woman)

Mind you rub them well in the  
breech, Mrs. Sherry -- don't worry,  
it'll be easy as shelling peas.

As the Pregnant Woman leaves, Beth bawls over her shoulder, turning to go into the house.

BETH (CONT'D)

Thomas! -- It's you I want!

Beth goes into the house, passing a modest notice on the door: "Knock before entering -- Elizabeth Killian, MIDWIFE"

KILLIAN

(to Thomas)

Go off home for your breakfast, Tom  
-- kiss your mother once for you and  
twice for me.

As the boy goes, Ichabod has a thought.

ICHABOD

Mr. Killian, I was thinking... about  
the old widow...

KILLIAN

Old Widow?

ICHABOD

Widow Winship.

KILLIAN

Who told you she was old? She was  
comely. Widowed young and dead  
before the bloom was off her.

Ichabod is surprised. Before he can react further, a distant gunshot is heard -- a signal followed by the distant sight of a man on horseback, hurrying and shouting, waving his rifle. It's clear that Masbath's murder has been discovered. Killian and Ichabod watch the Rider coming, telling the news as he comes.

RIDER

(shouting)

Murder, murder! The Horseman has  
killed again!

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW FARMLAND -- DAY

Riders are galloping across the fields toward the murder site.

Baltus, a Dullardly Man called VAN RIPPER, who was the original Rider who found the body... followed by Brom, and a gig driven fast by Philipse, and Doctor Lancaster and various villagers.

Way behind, trying to keep up on Gunpowder, comes Ichabod.

EXT. FOREST, MASBATH MURDER SITE -- MORNING

Baltus takes charge of posting armed villagers to keep an eye out toward the forest.

BALTUS

Mr. Miller -- ride back for the  
coffin cart -- the rest of you keep  
a sharp lookout.

(to GLEN)

No -- not at me, Glen, I'm not going  
to cut my own head off! -- Look out

to the woods!

Ichabod hasn't quite arrived. The others are watching as Doctor Lancaster turns over the headless corpse of Masbath. He straightens the body reverently. Everyone is shocked and spooked, looking fearfully around. Behind them -- a sound. Everyone reacts but it's Ichabod arriving.

BROM

(laughs)

A fine looking animal, Crane.

Ichabod dismounts, ignoring Brom. The great Detective is trying to cover up his jitters. New York was never like this.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

The fourth victim, Jonathan Masbath.

ICHABOD

And... the head... ?

PHILIPSE

Taken.

ICHABOD

Taken!

Doctor Lancaster seems unprofessionally jittery. He grasps Philipse by the arm. Philipse shakes him off and pulls out a flask. Ichabod notices this. Their behavior seems to him to be an odd moment. Then he turns his attention back to the matter at hand.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Interesting... very interesting.

BALTUS

What is?

ICHABOD

In headless corpse cases of this sort... the head is removed to prevent identification of the body.

BALTUS

(puzzled)

But we know this is Jonathan Masbath...

ICHABOD

Exactly! So, why was the head removed?

They all wait for enlightenment.

BALTUS

Why?

ICHABOD

I don't know.

They all watch Ichabod to see what he will do. Philipse takes nips from his flask. But Ichabod isn't sure. He isn't too keen on looking at the corpse. Then he realizes:

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

You have moved the body?

DOCTOR LANCASTER

I did.

ICHABOD

(furious)

You must never move the body!

DOCTOR LANCASTER

Why not?

ICHABOD

Because!

Despite themselves, they are impressed. Ichabod takes heart.

Ichabod finds a huge, deep HOOFPRIINT. He kneels, pulls his satchel off his shoulder, takes out a BOWL, BOTTLE of WATER and a BAG of POWDER.

The others watch, finding this bizarre, as Ichabod begins mixing the water and powder, making plaster.

BROM

What is that potion?

ICHABOD

You are the blacksmith, Brom. Ever shoe a horse with a hoof this large?

Ichabod fills the print with runny plaster.

BROM  
(grudging the point)  
It's big.

Ichabod shoulders his satchel, walks all around, studies the ground, kicks away leaves... and then lopes around puzzlingly. The watchers are astonished by his antics as he leaps from hoofprint to hoofprint.

DOCTOR LANCASTER  
(to Philipse)  
The man's a fool.

PHILLIPSE  
(drunk)  
He's a fool and we're damn fools --  
but death will make us all equal.

Doctor Lancaster impatiently hushes him and turns away.

ICHABOD  
The stride is gigantic...

Ichabod stops, turns, following back to way he came...

ICHABOD (CONT'D)  
The attacker rode Masbath down...  
turned his horse... came back...  
(stops leaping)  
Came back to claim the head.

He pauses to sum up.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)  
To sum up. Head taken. Big horse.  
(beat)  
Did this man have any enemies?

PHILIPSE  
Well, someone didn't like him.

But Ichabod has already latched on to something.

ICHABOD  
Van Ripper, show me where the neck  
rested.

Van Ripper points. Ichabod opens his satchel, takes out a BOTTLE OF



GREEN POWDER.

He uncorks the bottle, sprinkles a thin layer of powder on the dirt, waiting.

A reaction causes the powder to bubble a little.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

A chemical reaction, it shows there was just a smear of blood, no more.

VAN RIPPER

I didn't see none.

Ichabod's puzzled.

Ichabod swallows, queasy, trying not to let it show.

Ichabod takes odd spectacles from his satchel, wire-framed with many lenses: MAGNIFICATION SPECTACLES. He fumbles putting them on, examines the gross neck wound.

Ichabod takes an INSTRUMENT from his satchel, a delicate SCISSOR MECHANISM TOOL that tapes off into tiny jaws. He uses it, hand shaking, to pick at the flesh.

POV through Ichabod's magnifying spectacles: a CREEPY CRAWLY BUG is feeding on the wound. Ichabod freaks, leaps up.

ICHABOD

(recovering, faking)

Interesting...

BALTUS

What is it? -- What is it?!

Squinting sidelong at the ground, Ichabod uses his foot to squash and grind the bug, which is too small to be visible.

He looks at Baltus, his eyes huge in his spectacles.

ICHABOD

The wound was cauterized in the very instant... as though the blade itself were red hot... and yet, no blistering, no scorched flesh.

They all look worried.

PHILIPSE

The Devil's fire!

Ichabod looks worried too.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

The town is gathered for Jonathan Masbath's funeral. Steenwyck stands at the open grave, reads from the BIBLE.

STEENWYCK

(reading)

"Be sober, be vigilant... " as it sayeth in the book of Peter, chapter five, verse eight -- "because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour... "

People WHISPER and steal glances at Ichabod. Ichabod stands with Baltus and Lady Van Tassel. Ichabod looks around, observing...

Young Masbath stands with his head bowed.

Brom stands beside Katrina, who wipes tears. Brom puts his arm around Katrina, comforting. Theodore and Glenn are nearby with rifles over their shoulders.

EXT. CEMETERY/CHURCH -- (TIME CUT) -- LATER DAY

The funeral is done. People head out from the cemetery.

Ichabod walks with the Van Tassels. Baltus holds Katrina's hand. Young Masbath runs to catch up with Ichabod.

YOUNG MASBATH

Mister Constable, sir...

Ichabod stops.

ICHABOD

You are Young Masbath...

YOUNG MASBATH

I was Young Masbath, but now the only one. Masbath at your service, in honor bound to avenge my father.

ICHABOD

Well, one-and-only Masbath, I thank you, but your mother will need you more than I.

YOUNG MASBATH

My mother is in heaven, sir, and has my father now to care for her. But you have no one to serve you, and I am your man, sir.

ICHABOD

And a brave man too, but I cannot be the one to look after you. I am sorry for your loss, young Mister Masbath.

Ichabod moves away, watched disconsolately by Masbath.

Ichabod finds his sleeve furtively plucked by Philipse.

PHILIPSE

Constable...

ICHABOD

Mr. Philipse... ?

Philipse looks around anxiously to see if they're observed.

PHILIPSE

Something you should know. Jonathan Masbath was not the fourth victim but the fifth!

ICHABOD

The fifth?

PHILIPSE

Aye. Five victims in four graves!

ICHABOD

But who... ?

Philipse sees that Steenwyck has noticed the encounter. He breaks off and scuttles away.

Ichabod turns his gaze toward...

The fresh grave of Jonathan Masbath, and three more graves almost as recent: The Van Garretts are just receiving their brand new headstones, and Widow Winship's grave is marked for the present by a simple wooden cross with her name on it.

Ichabod sees Killian and nods to him.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Mr. Killian... I will need the help  
you offered.

INT. STABLE -- DAY

Ichabod lifts the lid of a large feed bin half full of horse feed. Young Masbath is curled up inside like a mouse in a nest. Homeless.

ICHABOD

Find a place in the Van Tassel's  
servant quarters. Wake me before  
dawn. I hope you have a strong  
stomach.

Ichabod walks away, disgruntled.

YOUNG MASBATH

Thank you, sir.

EXT. CEMETERY -- NIGHT/DAWN

The lid of a muddy coffin is wrenched open. The coffin contains a headless corpse. Just the one.

What's happening?

The coffin is on the ground next to the hole marked by the headstone of Peter Van Garrett.

Killian holds a lantern and a spade. Ichabod, holding a handkerchief to his face, looks into the open coffin. He nods. Ichabod, in shirtsleeves and sweating, has a spade too. Young Masbath is watching uneasily. This is why Young Masbath would need a "strong stomach." He gags, almost pukes.

At Ichabod's nod, Killian replaces the lid. Killian has Two Men with him. There are two more coffins and two more piles of dirt, one coffin for Dirk Van Garrett and one for Widow Winship.

Ichabod moves to the second coffin. It contains a headless corpse. Just the one. Ichabod nods, and the lid is replaced.

The third coffin -- the Widow's -- is being opened by one of the Men. Ichabod takes a lantern and looks expectantly as the lid comes off. The Widow's headless corpse is alone in the coffin.

Ichabod pauses. Nods. As the lid is about to be replaced. He stops it.

ICHABOD

Wait.

Ichabod takes out a small penknife and cuts through the shroud. He reveals the belly. He stares at it. Was she pregnant? It's impossible to tell. But there is the wound of a sword stab in the stomach.

Suddenly there is a screech, which seems to come from the corpse, giving heart attacks all around -- but now we see a "ghost" holding a lantern. It's Reverend Steenwyck who has discovered them and is shrieking in outrage.

STEENWYCK

Sacrilege! Sacrilege!

Ichabod recovers.

ICHABOD

Science... science, Reverend Steenwyck! Someone in Sleepy Hollow is using the Horseman story for his own murderous purpose, and I intend to... dig it out.

Steenwyck froths, looks terrified and backs off.

INT. DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE, MEDICAL ROOM -- DAY

Ichabod and Killian, helped by Young Masbath, carry the Widow's muddy coffin inside. Doctor Lancaster watches in horror, sweating profusely, freaked out.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

This is... most irregular, Constable.

ICHABOD

I should hope so. But in this case, necessary.

The coffin is put down.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

I will need to operate.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

Operate? She's dead!

ICHABOD

(thrown)

When we say "operate," we mean, of course... er, I'll need the operating table. Lay her out, please.

(to Young Masbath)

Go on, nothing to be afraid of.

When Killian and Young Masbath lay out the corpse, Ichabod gulps water and studies the pages of his Ledger.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

There is a common thread between these victims.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

And what's that?

ICHABOD

(closing the Ledger)

I don't know.

He goes to examine the corpse. Young Masbath retreats to a corner, ill at ease.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Once more, the neck wound cauterized. The sword thrust to the stomach, the same, perhaps by chemical means. But to what purpose?

Ichabod gingerly feels the corpse's stomach. The Doctor watches. We get the feeling he "knows something."

DOCTOR LANCASTER

To what is your purpose, is the question.

Ichabod takes a rolled VELVET CLOTH from his satchel, unrolls it... it holds SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, some particularly strange: RIB-SPEADERS

and CURVED CLAMPS.

DOCTOR LANCASTER (CONT'D)

What manner of instruments are those?

ICHABOD

Some of my own design.

Ichabod picks through his instruments, unsure. He looks to the corpse a long moment. He looks at Young Masbath.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Step outside. Thank you for your help, Mr. Killian. And, if you do not mind, Doctor, my concentration suffers when I am observed.

Ichabod watches Killian, Young Masbath and Lancaster go. He quickly returns to his satchel, pulling out a BOOK: HUMAN ANATOMY. He searches the pages...

He flips through DRAWINGS of ANATOMY, then sets the book open nearby so he can refer to it. He picks up a KNIFE, stands at the corpse, taking a deep uncertain breath.

Ichabod cuts into the Widow's belly, but stops, looking horrified at what he's done. He leans close to study the book again, worried. He makes another incision... He looks down at it, queasy.

EXT. DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE -- DAY

Young Masbath sits waiting.

Doctor Lancaster stands with Philipse (hung over), Steenwyck and Hardenbrook, speaking agitatedly. OTHER PEOPLE have gathered in the background.

The door to the doctor's residence opens and Ichabod steps out. He is bloodied, shaken, futilely wiping at the mess with a blood-covered cloth, looking up...

All attention goes to Ichabod. Everyone's horrified.

ICHABOD

I am... finished.

STEENWYCK

What in God's name have you done to her?

(pointing)

Magistrate Philipse, you are the word of law here... put him in irons!

Phlipse and Ichabod exchange a look. Philipse nips from his flask.

PHILIPSE

And what did you find out, Constable?

ICHABOD

That there are not four victims but five. The Widow Winship was with child!

The small crowd murmurs, shocked. Doctor Lancaster recovers, furious.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

What of it? She should have been left to make her peace with God and not cut to bits by the Constabulary!

Ichabod is shaken for a moment, remembering the similar charge made against him in New York.

ICHABOD

The sword was thrust into the womb and no farther. A symbolic murder. We are dealing with a madman.

EXT. LONG STRAIGHT ROAD, COVERED BRIDGE -- LATER NIGHT

Pale moonlight. Ichabod rides Gunpowder across the COVERED BRIDGE. They are an ungainly pair.

Following the road, Ichabod is lost in thought. The CLOPPING of HOOFBEATS is HEARD on the bridge behind.

Ichabod turns to look. HOOFBEATS STOP. No one can be seen in the dark mouth of the bridge. CRICKETS CHIRP.

ICHABOD

Who's there?

Ichabod faces forward, continuing to the forest.



He hums a tune to himself, tone deaf. After a moment, a HORSE is HEARD SNORTING, HOOFBEATS RESUME. Ichabod stops Gunpowder.

There is SOMEONE back there, on horseback, coming out from the darkness of the bridge, slowly...

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Who are you?

The FIGURE comes into moonlight, on a BLACK HORSE, smoke seeming to rise from him; a dark FIGURE, cloaked -- headless.

Ichabod panics, kicking Gunpowder to flee. The figure takes off to follow.

Ichabod whips Gunpowder's reins, gasping, moving faster. The figure behind also picks up speed.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW FOREST -- NIGHT

Gunpowder carries Ichabod into the forest. The headless figure is right behind, cloak flowing...

The HEADLESS FIGURE is HEARD letting out a hellish CRY of rage. Ichabod glances fearfully over his shoulder...

A HORRIBLE FACE with flaming eyes and mouth rushes forward...

It SMASHES into Ichabod -- sends him sprawling to the ground in an explosion of red hot ash and cinders...

Ichabod rolls, shaken... looking behind. The trail is empty. HOOFBEATS are HEARD. SEVERAL HORSES.

Ichabod stands. He looks down at the remnants of a BROKEN JACK-O'-LANTERN and smoldering ball of paper on the trail.

The FIGURE rides to a halt, throws off a cloak and "headless" disguise; it's Brom. Glenn and Theodore ride up, laughing.

Brom also laughs, but when he looks back, the smile leaves his face. He takes grim satisfaction in what he's done.

Ichabod's face is haunted, running with the sweat of fear -- he is still trembling from the experience.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Ichabod! Ichabod!

And suddenly we are pitched into Ichabod's DREAM.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- EXT. COTTAGE -- DAY

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Ichabod! Ichabod... !

A woman is in the doorway, holding out her arms. She seems to be Katrina as Ichabod first saw her, blindfolded.

A YOUNG BOY, aged about seven, runs toward her, with a little bunch of wildflowers.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- YOUNG ICHABOD'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The Blindfolded Woman is playing the Pickety Witch Game with Ichabod. He is laughing -- scared as she grabs the air looking for him. He is holding the wildflowers he picked. She seizes him, kisses him and takes off the blindfold. It's not Katrina, but his Mother, a kind and lovely face. He gives his Mother the flowers. She puts one of the flowers in her hair, laughing. But the others -- she throws on the fire! -- and she crouches at the hearthstone, beckoning him, still "nice." He comes to her, not scared.

As the flowers burn, they give off smoky fumes, which the Mother inhales like perfume, closing her eyes in a trance. He watches fascinated as she picks up a twig and starts drawing pictures -- strange designs -- in the layer of ash on the hearthstone.

Suddenly Ichabod turns his head to the door, which is opening -- spooky because no one is entering. Then he sees at floor level the family CAT has come through the door. A black cat with a white paw.

Ichabod's Mother is "awakened" by this, just in time as Father, a grim Parson all in black, enters.

Ichabod looks up frightened at the face of his Father.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- YOUNG ICHABOD'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The Cat is on Ichabod's bed... watching Mother who is entertaining Ichabod with the Bird-in-Cage Spinning Disc Toy, which we will get to know.

Ichabod is tucked up in bed, astonished and happy. The Bird and Cage blur together.

Lightning flashes outside a window, thunder booms, the storm bursts open the window.

The Cat leaps off the bed, caught in lightning flash, the Toy drops, tangled on the bed. Ichabod covers his face, scared; his Mother hugs him.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Ichabod is startled awake, frightened, sweating.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ichabod enters with a lantern and his Ledger. He sits, studies notes, then notices a light down the hall.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, SEWING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ichabod enters. Opposite an elaborate LOOM, Katrina reads by candlelight.

She looks up, and self-consciously closes her book, which we see is a child's version of THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. She covers it on her lap.

ICHABOD

Oh... pardon my intrusion... I saw a light...

KATRINA

It is no intrusion... I come here to read when I am wakeful.

ICHABOD

To read books which you must hide... ?

KATRINA

They were my mother's books... my father frowned at them then, and would frown at me now. He believes tales of romance caused the brain fever that killed my mother. She died two years ago come midwinter.

Ichabod nods.

ICHABOD

I saw it written in the front of the Bible.

KATRINA

The nurse who cared for her during her sickness is now Lady Van Tassel.

ICHABOD

There was something else too. Why did no one think to mention that Van Garretts are kith and kin to the Van Tassels?

KATRINA

Why, because there is hardly a household in Sleepy Hollow that is not connected to every other by blood or marriage. I have more cousins than fingers and toes to count them on.

A cock crows. Ichabod goes to the window to look at the edge of dawn.

ICHABOD

I see.

KATRINA

This land was Van Garrett Land, given to my father when I was in swaddling clothes.

ICHABOD

Given by the dead Van Garrett?

KATRINA

(nods)

The Van Garretts were the richest family round these parts even then. When my father brought us to Sleepy Hollow, Van Garrett set him up with an acre and a broken-down cottage, and a dozen of Van Garrett hens. My father prospered, and built us a new house. I owe my happiness to him. I remember living poor in the cottage. Should I show you?

ICHABOD

Yes. I would like to see where you  
were as poor as I am.

Katrina stands up, revealing a Book that had been on the floor, hidden  
by her skirt. She picks up the book and gives it to Ichabod.

KATRINA

Take this. It is my gift for you.

Ichabod looks at the title page: A COMPENDIUM OF SPELLS, CHARMS AND  
DEVICES OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.

ICHABOD

(troubled)

But I have no use for...

KATRINA

Are you so certain of everything?

Ichabod sees that Katrina's name is written on the endpaper, and, in a  
different hand, her mother's name, "Elizabeth Van Tassel."

ICHABOD

It was your mother's... ?

KATRINA

Keep it close to your heart. It is  
sure protection against harm.

ICHABOD

(smiles)

Are you so certain of everything?

Their eyes meet and hold for a moment. Ichabod accepts the book by  
placing it on the desk.

EXT. FIELDS -- DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Ichabod and Katrina make a pretty picture on horseback, riding slowly  
toward the cottage.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW FARMLAND -- DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Ichabod and Katrina, riding, come upon the ruin of a cottage. There is  
almost nothing left but the hearth and a part of a chimney.

Ichabod dismounts and helps Katrina down from her horse, taking her  
hand.

Before he lets go, she notices the little scars on his palm. She takes both his hands and looks at them.

KATRINA

These are strange... What are they... ?

ICHABOD

I wish I knew. I had them since I can remember.

Katrina holds his hands a moment longer, their eyes meet, then she lets go and "enters" the ruin.

Ichabod's attention is caught by a red Cardinal on a branch, like the bird he had in New York.

He reflects a moment, then turns to watch Katrina crouching by the hearth. She has put a flower in her hair.

KATRINA

I used to play by this hearth. It was my first drawing school and my mother was my teacher.

Unwittingly, Katrina is mimicking Ichabod's dream. She picks up a twig and starts "drawing" on the hearth stone. Like Ichabod's mother in his dream.

Ichabod's blood runs cold but she is unaware of him. Then he notices that a few small wildflowers are growing in the old fireplace. Ichabod feels short of breath, he leans against the stones for support.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Oh, look! I'd forgotten this! -- see -- carved into the fire-back, the Archer!

Using her fingers she cleans off the dirt around a simple carving of a man with a Bow and Arrow.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

This was from long before we lived here.

She turns to show Ichabod and notices him looking strange.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Ichabod nods, recovering, saying nothing.

Katrina is reassured. Suddenly her attention is caught, as Ichabod's was, by the Cardinal bird.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Oh, look! A Cardinal! My favorite! I would love to have a tame one, but I wouldn't have the heart to cage him.

Ichabod unslings his satchel.

ICHABOD

Then I have something for you.

He has a PAPER DISK with a BIRD on one side and an EMPTY CAGE on the other, pierced by a looped string on which the disk can twist and spin. He demonstrates like a magician. This is the very Toy given to him by his Mother.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

A Cardinal on one side, and an empty cage.

Katrina watches intently. Ichabod spins the Disk.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

And now...

The bird appears to be inside the cage.

Katrina is astonished and delighted.

KATRINA

You can do magic! Teach me!

ICHABOD

It is no magic. It is optics.

Ichabod gives her the Toy and shows her how to spin it.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Separate pictures which become one picture in the spinning... Like the

truth which I must spin here...

Katrina spins the disk, the bird appears in the cage.

EXT. PHILIPSE HOUSE -- NIGHT

A MOVING POV is checking out the Village House. Through lighted windows, figures of Men are seen pacing, apparently arguing.

Philipse is packing his bags, moving out... while three Men, Steenwyck, Doctor Lancaster and Hardenbrook, are in agitated conference. Their raised voices make an undecipherable hubbub. The POV'S horse makes a horsey snuffling sound. Is it Daredevil?

Steenwyck comes right to the window as if he has seen something... but he merely closes the shutters.

The REVERSE shows that it is Ichabod who has been spying.

Ichabod backs off and mounts Gunpowder, looking thoughtful, then determined.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE VILLAGE -- NIGHT

A Mounted Man is approaching on a heavily loaded Pack Horse... Philipse making his getaway from Sleepy Hollow. As he reaches the foreground, Ichabod on Gunpowder intercepts him, grabbing the bridle of the Pack Horse.

PHILIPSE

What are you doing? Let go!

ICHABOD

What are you running from,  
Magistrate Philipse?

PHILIPSE

Damn you, Crane --

ICHABOD

You'll raise the village.

Philipse calms down.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

You had a mind to help me.

PHILIPSE



Yes -- and I put myself in mortal  
dread of...

ICHABOD

Of... what?

PHILIPSE

Powers against which there is no  
defense.

ICHABOD

How did you know the widow was  
expecting a child?

PHILIPSE

She told me.

ICHABOD

Then I deduce you are the father.

PHILIPSE

I hope your deductions serve you  
better in your contest against the  
Hessian. I am not the father.

ICHABOD

Did she tell you the name of the  
child's father?

PHILIPSE

Yes -- she did. She came to me for  
advice -- as the town magistrate --

Ichabod hears sounds... of sheep in agitation at some distance but he  
holds Philipse to his story.

PHILIPSE (CONT'D)

-- to protect the rights of her  
child. I was bound by my oath of  
office to keep the secret --

ICHABOD

Do you believe the father killed  
her?

PHILIPSE

(stares at him in  
surprise)

The Horseman killed her! -- You damn fool, do you suppose the Horseman stops to impregnate our women?

ICHABOD

The Horseman? How often do I have to tell you there is no Horseman! There never was a Horseman! -- and there never will be a Horseman!

Ichabod grabs him fiercely, pulling on the amulet Philipse wears around his neck.

PHILIPSE

Let go! -- it is my talisman that protects me from the Horseman!

ICHABOD

You a magistrate! -- and your head full of such nonsense! Now tell me the name of --

A flock of sheep comes streaming and bleating across the path.

The horses go crazy, BRAYING and rearing. A SOUND is HEARD, distant: THUNDERING HOOFBEATS. Wind kicks up.

Philipse looks to the forest. A FLOCK of BIRDS alights.

PHILIPSE

Oh my... oh my oh my oh my...

PHILIPSE runs away. HOOFBEATS LOUDER, CLOSER. Ichabod faces the forest.

The forest explodes open, foliage bending to make way as the HEADLESS HORSEMAN gallops into view atop DAREDEVIL.

Ichabod's stunned. He looks down to draw his flintlock pistol, but the Horseman ROARS by before he can raise it -- a blast of air knocks Ichabod off his horse.

After this, everything happens very quickly --

The Horseman chases Philipse.

Philipse looks over his shoulder.

The Horseman draws his sword.

Philipse gathers his courage and stops, turning. He raises his iron key talisman before him. The Horseman is closing...

ICHABOD

Philipse!

Philipse holds the talisman up, trying to be fearless. The Horseman swings his sword upon the talisman -- CLANK...

Philipse's severed head spins. His body falls and folds.

The two pieces of Philipse's Talisman, an Iron Key, fly through the air, toward Ichabod, who has only just managed to find his feet and find his fallen pistol.

The Horseman turns Daredevil in a wide circle...

Daredevil completes the turn, letting out a SCREECHY CRY as the Horseman rides straight toward Ichabod...

Before Ichabod has time to take aim, the Horseman is upon him and past him! -- heading toward Philipse's corpse... leans effortlessly to skewer Philipse's head with his sword.

With the head as his prize, the Horseman races away.

Ichabod turns, watches the Horseman head to the forest.

Ichabod stands, stricken. He faints.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Ichabod gasps awake. A KNOCKING is HEARD.

BALTUS'S VOICE (O.S.)

Constable Crane... ?

Ichabod looks at his hand balled into a fist. He opens his hand -- holds BOTH HALVES of PHILIPSE'S IRON KEY TALISMAN.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALL 3RD FLOOR -- DAY

Young Masbath is seated by Ichabod's closed door. Katrina is backing up Baltus, who knocks again.

BALTUS

Has he not come out at all?

Young Masbath shakes his head.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- DAY

Baltus enters. Katrina and Masbath follow him, cautiously, "visiting the sick." Ichabod sits up in bed, stunned, spaced out.

ICHABOD

It was a Headless Horseman!

BALTUS

You must not excite yourself.

ICHABOD

But it was Headless Horseman!

BALTUS

Of course it was.

ICHABOD

No, you must believe me, it was  
Horseman! A dead one! Headless!

BALTUS

I know, I know...

ICHABOD

You don't know because you weren't  
there! But it's all true!

BALTUS

Of course it is. I told you!  
Everyone told you!

ICHABOD

(wildly)

I saw him!

His eyes roll up and he faints. Katrina and Masbath look helplessly at each other.

YOUNG MASBATH

I suppose it's back to the City,  
then.

Katrina's reaction is mixed -- glad that Ichabod will be safe, sorry

if he leaves.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- FOREST -- DAY

A MILLION WHITE MILKWEED SEEDLINGS are floating in sunlight. Young Ichabod's laughter is heard.

Now we see that his Mother is blowing the seedlings for his delight. She gives him a milkweed pod and shows him how to do it for himself. Ichabod breaks the pod and releases another million. But when he looks around to share the delight, his Mother has gone... and he sees her disappearing among the trees. He goes to follow her.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- FOREST GLADE -- DAY

Ichabod can't see his Mother anywhere...

Then he sees her standing in the middle of a CIRCLE OF BEAUTIFUL TOADSTOOLS/MUSHROOMS growing in the Glade.

Ichabod watches as his Mother turns inside the Mushroom Circle, almost dancing. He smiles. Then he sees his Mother stoop to pick a mushroom. She eats it. She looks happy. She drops a small piece of the mushroom.

Ichabod sees it fall.

He runs forward and picks it up before she sees him. Ichabod eats it. His Mother sees him, takes his hands in hers and dances around in a circle.

As Ichabod whizzes around laughing, his POV becomes the Encircling Trees whizzing around, and suddenly he seems to be surrounded by Menacing Headless Figures dressed all in black.

Ichabod falls over dizzy and when he looks up he sees that the Headless Figures have become his Father, watching his Mother heedlessly dancing, his face like thunder. His Mother has loosened her clothes and is virtually barebreasted.

His Father's eyes begin to glow like live coals as Ichabod cowers away from him.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- ICHABOD'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Ichabod's eyes are spying... through a crack in the kitchen door.

When we see him properly, he is wearing a nightshirt. Then we see his POV, into the kitchen.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- YOUNG ICHABOD'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mother is seated, her head down. Father paces, chastising Mother angrily, his fist balled up in rage.

Father continues berating Mother. He picks up his Bible off the table, waving it, then grabs Mother by the shoulders, forcing her to the floor...

Father forces Mother to her knees. Mother is afraid, clasping her hands in front of her as Father forces her to pray. Father starts reading from the Bible. In Ichabod's dream, this is the same Bible from Baltus's house.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- YOUNG ICHABOD'S STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Ichabod watches, afraid. He backs away, returning upstairs.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- YOUNG ICHABOD'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A window is thrown CRASHING open, THUNDER BOOMING... Young Ichabod sits up in his bed. He goes to close the window, RAIN pouring in. He looks down...

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- EXT. YOUNG ICHABOD'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Below, in front of the home, a MAN drags Mother toward a COACH. TWO MEN stand watching, faces hidden under hat brims. Mother looks back, eyes pleading, struggling...

Mother looks up to Young Ichabod.

The TWO MEN looks up to Young Ichabod: one is Father, and the THIRD MAN is a Cotton Mather-ish man with a villainous face.

Young Ichabod reaches helplessly toward Mother.

Mother is forced into the coach.

The Third Man speaks to Father, then walks to the coach. He gets onto the coach as the coach starts away.

Father watches, rain flowing down his stony features. LIGHTING FLASHES... And we see the family Cat watching with glowing eyes.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE -- DAY

Ichabod's eyes as he opens them. He wakes, breathing heavily.

After a beat, he flings back the bedclothes and springs out of bed, energized by a new determination.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS -- DAY

Baltus, Steenwyck, Doctor Lancaster and Notary Hardenbrook are having another meeting, this time with Lady Van Tassel and Katrina on hand with the drinks.

BALTUS

Right -- this time I'll go to New York myself and I won't be fobbed off with an amateur deductor.

HARDENBROOK

(correcting him)  
Detector.

STEENWYCK

(correcting)  
Deductive.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

(doubting)  
No... no...

BALTUS

(rising above it)  
An amateur sleuth! This time it's a magistrate that's dead, and --

The door is flung open without ceremony.

It's Ichabod ready for action, transformed, raring to go -- with Young Masbath round-eyed just behind him.

ICHABOD

Gentlemen! -- I need able men, to go with me to the Western Woods. Who will be the first to volunteer?

BALTUS

You... ? We thought you'd shot your bolt...

ICHABOD

A setback, merely. And yet, a step forward too -- we now know who has done these terrible --

STEENWYCK

You now know, we already knew --

ICHABOD

(high on it)

Quite so -- and now it seems fate has chosen me to make my name in a case without parallel in the annals of crime -- in short, to pit myself against a murdering ghost.

KATRINA

(fearful for him)

No, Ichabod -- Constable --

LADY VAN TASSEL

(smiles)

Do you intend to arrest him? Or impound his horse... ?

The Men chuckle indulgently.

ICHABOD

Neither. To put an end to the killing. To discover the cause and remove it. Who's with me?

No one.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS -- DAY

No one, indeed... Ichabod and Young Masbath ride alone... their horses loaded up for the expedition.

Dark, gnarled and creepy woods. Ichabod and Young Masbath move through. SOUND OF BIRDS etc.

ICHABOD

The Van Garretts, the Widow Winship ... your father, Jonathan Masbath... and now Philipse... Something must connect them. Can you think?

YOUNG MASBATH



(shakes his head)  
We had no dealings with the  
magistrate that I know of...

ICHABOD  
And the widow? Your father knew her?

YOUNG MASBATH  
(shrugs)  
Everyone knew Widow Winship.

ICHABOD  
In a manner of speaking, I trust.

YOUNG MASBATH  
She would bring old Mr. Van Garrett  
a basket of eggs many a day.

ICHABOD  
Did your father have dealings with  
the Van Garretts?

YOUNG MASBATH  
(surprised)  
He worked for them, we lived in the  
coach house.

Ichabod halts his horse, surprised.

YOUNG MASBATH (CONT'D)  
It's nothing -- there were many  
servants... all dismissed now, of  
course.

(beat -- they ride on)  
But there was something happened one  
night, a week before the murder. An  
argument upstairs between father and  
son, and my father was later sent  
for by Mr. Van Garrett.

ICHABOD  
An argument between father and son?  
(to himself,  
thoughtfully)  
After which, the elder Van Garrett  
summoned his servant, Masbath...

Young Masbath halts his horse and looks around.

YOUNG MASBATH

Listen.

ICHABOD

I hear nothing.

YOUNG MASBATH

Nor I -- no birds -- no crickets --

Everything has gone quiet.

YOUNG MASBATH (CONT'D)

-- it's all gone so quiet...

Ichabod notes this nervously.

ICHABOD

You're right!

He gees up the horses. They break into a gallop. A MOVING POV watches them gallop by.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS AND CAVE ENTRANCE -- DAY

Ichabod and Masbath reach a hill crest. They stop, uneasy.

BELOW, there is a CAVE with a rock archway. An ill-fitting DOOR covers the mouth. The chimney spews smoke.

Ichabod and Masbath share a fearful look.

ELSEWHERE, SOMEONE WATCHES... A MOVING POV WATCHES Ichabod and Masbath as they ride to the cave, FOLLOWING...

Ichabod and Young Masbath dismount, tying their horses, then heading to the cave. They arrive at the cave door. Ichabod hesitantly KNOCKS.

INT. CAVE HOME -- DAY

The door is ajar... Ichabod and Young Masbath step in... Walls are hung with SKINS and SKELETONS. Across the cave, a CRONE sits facing away, motionless.

Ichabod and Young Masbath look to each other, fearful.

ICHABOD

Pardon my intrusion...

The Crone, with gray hair and gray features, sits disinterested. Behind, Ichabod edges slowly forward...

CRONE

You are from the Hollow?

ICHABOD

In a way, yes. I, um...

Ichabod is distracted by gourd BOWLS of DEAD INSECTS, LEAVES and ACORNS... KNIVES, SCISSORS and YELLOWED BONES.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

I should like to say... um... I make no assumptions about your occupation, no, your ways, witch -- which -- which are nothing to me... um... whatever you are, each to his own -- um --

The Crone places something on a table beside her... a DEAD BIRD, a bright red cardinal.

Ichabod backs away, but Masbath comes to stand beside him.

YOUNG MASBATH

Do you know of the Horseman, ma'am... ? The Hessian.

The Crone draws her finger across her neck.

YOUNG MASBATH (CONT'D)

That'll be him, miss.

Around her neck is a cord on which is threaded a carved stone, a mystic bauble. Ichabod notices it. The Crone stands, faces them, tall ... points to Ichabod.

CRONE

You, follow with me.

(to young Masbath)

Go out, child. Keep away. No matter what you hear, keep away.

She takes a candle and heads deeper into the cave...

INT. CAVE HOME, LOWER CAVE -- DAY

The Crone enters through a passage, Ichabod follows, terrified, bent under the low ceiling.

ICHABOD

Um... what might he hear that he must keep away from... ?

CRONE

Sit there.

Ichabod sits on a crooked stool. The Crone kneels with her back to him, grasps two METAL CUFFS with chains attached, slides these onto her wrists, testing them...

CRONE (CONT'D)

He rides, to the Hollow and back. I hear him. I smell the blood on him.

ICHABOD

Do... do you? Well... I'm here to find him and... er... make him stop...

CRONE

You want to see into the netherworld ... I can show you...

The Crone gathers STRAW in a pile on the floor, then gathers bowls, putting GRASS and POWDER on the pile, WITHERING over it. She takes a JAR from a table.

ICHABOD

What... what are you doing?

The Crone shakes one jar, pulls the lid off and upends it. A BABY BAT squirms, dazed. The Crone grips the bat, uses a knife to cut off its head, soaks the straw with blood.

CRONE

Do not move or speak. When the other comes, I will hold him.

Using her candle, the Crone lights the straw pile.

ICHABOD

The other... ?

CRONE

Silence.  
(bends to inhale smoke)  
He comes now.

Ichabod would like to leave now.

EXT. CAVE HOME -- DAY

Young Masbath waits. WIND picks up, kicking leaves, sending them in swirls. Masbath holds himself against the chill.

INT. CAVE HOME, LOWER CAVE -- DAY

The Crone slumps forward to the floor, suddenly immobile, still with her back to Ichabod. WIND HOWLS through a hole/window.

Ichabod looks around, uncertain, stands.

ICHABOD  
Excuse me... ma'am... ?

The Crone remains motionless. The WIND intensifies. Candles blow out. Ichabod inches closer...

ICHABOD (CONT'D)  
Do you hear me... ?

INT. CAVE HOME, LOWER CAVE -- DAY

The Crone suddenly jumps erect, spinning -- a half-human, half-demon CREATURE, black clawed hands reaching...

Ichabod cries out, leaping backward...

CHAINS on the restraining CUFFS around the creature's hands go taut, yanking the creature back.

Ichabod KNOCKS over a table of bones, hits the floor. The creature is chained, but still wants Ichabod. It SHRIEKS.

The creature's face still seethes from transformation.

CREATURE/CRONE  
You seek the warrior bathed in blood  
... the Headless Horseman...

Ichabod scrambles back as far as possible. The creature claws the rock floor, yearning.

CREATURE/CRONE (CONT'D)

Follow the Indian trail to where the sun dies. Follow to the Tree of the Dead...

The creature yanks, testing the chains. Behind, the BOLT holding the chains slips... the WALL CRACKS a little.

CREATURE/CRONE (CONT'D)

Climb down to the Horseman's resting place. Do you hear... ?

Ichabod nods, quaking, aghast. He glances to the exit.

The chain bolt gives more... coming loose...

Ichabod flees toward the door. The creature HOWLS, leaping... the chain bolt BREAKS...

Ichabod cries out as he is TACKLED to the floor...

INT. CAVE HOME, LOWER CAVE -- DAY

It is only the CRONE lying on him; she has returned to human form, semiconscious. Ichabod desperately shoves her off...

EXT. CAVE HOME -- DAY

Ichabod sprints out from the cave, past Young Masbath.

ICHABOD

We are leaving.

YOUNG MASBATH

What happened?

ICHABOD

We are leaving now.

Ichabod scrambles onto Gunpowder, riding, glancing back. Young Masbath follows.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS AREA TWO, FARTHER ON -- LATER DAY

Ichabod and Young Masbath ride side by side.

ICHABOD

(quoting)  
"Take the Indian trail... To the  
Tree of the Dead... "

YOUNG MASBATH  
How will we recognize it?

ICHABOD  
Without difficulty I rather fear.  
And "Climb down to the Horseman's  
resting place... " she said.

YOUNG MASBATH  
His... camp?

ICHABOD  
His grave.

A SNAPPING BRANCH is HEARD. Ichabod turns to look back...

ICHABOD (CONT'D)  
(whispers to Masbath)  
Quicken pace.

Ichabod rides faster. Young Masbath keeps up...

FARTHER ON, they charge over a hill. Ichabod halts Gunpowder, climbs  
clumsily off, handing the reins to Masbath.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)  
Ride on.

Young Masbath obeys. Ichabod takes out his pistol and wades into  
forest growth, backtracking...

EXT. WESTERN WOODS AREA THREE -- DAY

INSIDE THE FOREST, Ichabod moves through UNDERBRUSH, keeping low. A  
HORSE is HEARD SNORTING.

Ichabod forges on, pushes through branches, fearful...

He comes up behind a FIGURE IN A GRAY CLOAK on horseback, raising his  
pistol, cocking the hammer...

ICHABOD  
Halt and turn! I have a pistol  
aimed.

The FIGURE stops, pushes off the cloak hood. It is Katrina.

KATRINA

It is me.

ICHABOD

(lowers gun, shaken)

Katrina... I might have killed you.  
Why have you come?

KATRINA

Because no one else would go with  
you.

She smiles a little. Ichabod is heartened.

ICHABOD

I am now twice the man.

Ichabod takes her hand.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

It is your white magic.

She is about to turn this moment into a kiss -- but...

YOUNG MASBATH (O.S.)

Pardon my intrusion...

Ichabod and Katrina look to see Masbath has backtracked.

YOUNG MASBATH

I think you'd better come and look  
at this...

Ichabod and Katrina move to follow Young Masbath.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS, TREE OF THE DEAD -- DUSK

Ichabod, Masbath and Katrina come into a clearing, slowing their  
horses... looking up in wonder at...

The monstrously huge TREE OF THE DEAD, at the clearing's center.

Its branches reach far and wide, knotted and gross, like agony  
captured in wood sculpture.



YOUNG MASBATH

The Tree of the Dead.

KATRINA

It does announce itself.

Ichabod dismounts, crossing a line beyond which grass and weeds will not grow. Young Masbath and Katrina dismount behind. They all walk toward the tree...

Ichabod stares up into the endless, dead canopy of branches.

There's a VERTICAL WOUND in the bark, like a terrible suture, now healed and scarred. Ichabod approaches...

He feels the mushy scar, picking at its scabs till sap begins to run. Red Sap. Ichabod fingers it, sniffs it.

ICHABOD

Blood.

KATRINA

The tree bleeds? How can it be?

Ichabod goes to where Katrina and Masbath wait with the horses, digs in a saddle bag for a hand AXE.

YOUNG MASBATH

What is it?

ICHABOD

Stay here.

At the trunk, Ichabod thumps the flat end of the axe against the suture. It sounds hollow. He begins to CHOP...

He CHOPS into the suture... pulls away loose bark. The tree drips more blood and a goo. Ichabod uses both hands on the axe to hack at the festering suture.

KATRINA

What are you doing?

ICHABOD

Just... keep where you are.

Young Masbath moves closer. Ichabod keeps CHOPPING, then grips a large, loose flap, trying to pull it away. It's not easy. Ichabod

struggles.

Katrina follows Young Masbath's slow advance.

Ichabod's pulling -- the flap suddenly gives, revealing a blood-soaked, wide-eyed, gap-mouthed HUMAN HEAD.

Ichabod recoils. Behind him, Katrina stifles a scream.

Ichabod backs off, back of his hand to his mouth.

It is PHILIPSE'S HEAD, hanging off the trunk flap, held by roots grown around and into the flesh.

FOUR other SEVERED, DECAYING HEADS are held by ingrown roots within the dewy innards.

One of the heads is Jonathan Masbath's. Before Young Masbath sees it, Katrina hides his face in her bosom and comforts him.

KATRINA

My God...

ICHABOD

He... he tries to take the heads back with him. They will not pass...

KATRINA

We must leave this place.

Ichabod looks to the branches towering above.

ICHABOD

This is... a gateway, between two worlds...

Ichabod studies the ground, circling the trunk... Around the other side, Ichabod gets to his knees...

He's found the HORSEMAN'S SWORD: the grave marker, jutting out from the ground, rusted twenty years' worth, gripped by the tree trunk and vines.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

(touching the ground)

Climb down to the Horseman's resting place...

(looks to Masbath)

Bring the shovel.

Now he sees Katrina hugging the boy.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Forgive me... I...

Young Masbath courageously recovers himself, wiping his eyes and nose on the back of his sleeve.

YOUNG MASBATH

Yes, sir -- the shovel... Two shovels and the rifle, I suggest.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS, TREE OF THE DEAD -- DUSK

Lantern light.

Young Masbath's crouched, rifle across his knees. He watches the tree, looking up...

High branches swarm with BATS.

Behind Masbath, Ichabod and Katrina dig up the SHALLOW GRAVE.

KATRINA

This ground has been disturbed, the soil is loose.

Ichabod throws down his Shovel.

Young Masbath comes to the grave. Ichabod pulls at thick BURLAP CLOTH heavy with dirt... straining as it comes away...

Ichabod drops the burlap, looking down, disbelieving...

ICHABOD

Look... !

WE SEE: Roots have gripped the HORSEMAN'S BONES and tattered uniform. The skeleton is all there -- except the skull.

KATRINA

The skull is gone. What does it mean?

Ichabod jumps out from the grave, snapping his fingers.

ICHABOD

(energized)

It means, my dear Miss Van Tassel,  
it means -- yes! What exactly does  
it mean? -- It means, unless I am  
mistaken... it definitely means  
something -- what that something is,  
only time will tell! But I sense  
that we are very close to the answer  
here, if only we had one more  
clue...

Ichabod is unaware that the ground is writhing around him.

KATRINA (O.S.)

Ichabod... !

Ichabod turns, looks...

Katrina and Young Masbath back away, because... the ROOTS in the grave  
are ALIVE, entwining around remains.

Ichabod spins to the twisted tree...

The vertical SUTURE SEETHES, pulling inward... sucking Philipse's head  
back in and closing, bubbling.

Ichabod bounds over the grave dirt pile, hastening Katrina and Young  
Masbath along as he flees across the field.

At the tree, the suture swells.

Ichabod, Katrina and Young Masbath pass where their freaking horses  
are tied to a fallen trunk, heading for cover.

A RUMBLING is HEARD from the tree. It's wound suddenly BURSTS wide,  
spitting smoldering cinders.

At the tree line, Ichabod, Katrina and Young Masbath take cover,  
looking back.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS TREE OF THE DEAD (EFFECT) -- DUSK

From the tree wound, a glow BRIGHTENS... till suddenly the Headless  
Horseman and Daredevil EXPLODE into existence... They hit the ground  
running.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS TREE OF THE DEAD -- DUSK

Ichabod watches the Horseman ride away, bolts of LIGHTING STRIKING the GROUND BEHIND.

The Horseman disappears into the forest.

ICHABOD

(to Masbath)

Did you see that?!

(recovering)

Take Katrina home!

Ichabod runs toward the horses.

YOUNG MASBATH

Constable!

EXT. WESTERN WOODS AREA TWO -- NIGHT

The Horseman rips past on Daredevil...

EXT. WESTERN WOODS AREA THREE -- NIGHT

Ichabod rides as fast as Gunpowder is able...

EXT. WESTERN WOODS AREA TWO, FARTHER ON -- NIGHT

Trees are silhouetted against the sky. As Daredevil's HOOFBEATS get LOUDER, branches bend like arms and fingers yearning to touch. As HOOFBEATS ROAR PAST, the trees relax.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS AREA TWO, FARTHER ON -- NIGHT

Ichabod ducks under foliage as he pursues. He sees...

Through the forest ahead: the SKY'S LIT UP. Distant fire.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS, CAVE HOME -- NIGHT

The Crone's CAVE vomits FLAME.

Ichabod arrives on Gunpowder, horrified, struggling for control as Gunpowder rears, trying to see through BLACK SMOKE...

Embers swirl everywhere. Ichabod dismounts, moving closer to the cave ... suddenly he SLIPS...

Ichabod falls down a bloody rock, landing very close to the CRONE'S

HEADLESS BODY. Ichabod recoils, crawling away, looking to the carnage in terror...

The corpse lies near the cave entrance. The jagged skin of the neck wound still bleeds. The ground and dead leaves around the corpse are thick with BLOOD. Ichabod crawls back to the Crone, terrified... because he has seen a CLUE.

The cord around the Crone's neck has been cut and the Carved Bauble is missing (along with the Crone's head).

Ichabod hears a Horse neighing in the trees... and the sound of the horse crashing through the undergrowth, departing... but he can see nothing.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Brom, Theodore and Glen are on patrol -- Brom with his new rifle. They can hear the same horse crashing invisibly through branches, the sound of hooves. They can't tell where the sound is coming from. They look around nervously.

BROM

Split up! He won't get away.

The three of them gallop off in three directions.

When they clear the frame there is a sound of deep rumbling, the sound we heard before Jonathan Masbath was murdered.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Small home. Killian, Thomas and BETH, Killian's wife, have finished supper. Beth clears plates as Killian picks his teeth with a knife.

The same rumbling sound is faintly heard.

The glasses on the table shiver audibly. Killian notices. Then the phenomenon stops. Killian continues picking his teeth.

Thomas gets down from his chair. He goes to the fireplace to light a tallow wick, which he takes to the next room.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, WHITE ROOM -- NIGHT

Thomas plops on the floor and lights his MAGIC LANTERN: a lantern with an outer sleeve of glass painted with SILHOUETTES of LIONS and MONSTERS.

Thomas turns the lantern and looks to the walls where the creatures' SHADOWS are cast.

He roars for them, imagining them real and having a grand time.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Beth comes for dishes.

BETH

Don't pick teeth. You teach Thomas bad habits.

Killian pulls her to him, playful.

KILLIAN

I am a bad habit. There's nothing for it.

BETH

(kisses him)

Oh, isn't there.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

A black horse runs, hooves pounding the ground.

THUNDER is HEARD. The horse stops... it is Brom's horse, with Brom riding. Brom looks skyward.

All around, the WIND HALTS. A DEAD SILENCE falls. Distant HOOFBEATS can be HEARD.

Brom takes his long rifle from his shoulder, rides...

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Behind Killian, MANTELPIECE STONES pulse, breathing. Demonic faces form, then disappear. WIND HOWLS.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, WHITE ROOM -- NIGHT

Thomas continues his fun, shadow animals circling him. Beth enters, looking at Thomas, smiling.

The magic lantern suddenly stops spinning. Shadow creatures freeze. Beth looks up, noticing the FEROCITY of the WIND. The smile leaves her

face.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The ENTIRE HOUSE CREAKS. Killian stands, looking up. The HOUSE CREAKS again, then suddenly the WIND CEASES. Silence.

KILLIAN

Beth...

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, WHITE ROOM -- NIGHT

Beth picks up Thomas. The magic lantern shadow creatures begin spinning anew, quickly, around and around.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

With a ROAR, the fire flares. Killian looks... In the leaping flames he seems to see -- as we also seem to see -- the ILLUSION OF DEMONIC FACES molded out of flames.

Behind Killian, the DOOR SPLINTERS INWARD. The Horseman steps in, a battle axe in each hand. WIND BLASTS...

The DOOR to the other room SLAMS. Killian grabs a chair and HURLS it...

The Horseman swings, SMASHING it aside.

KILLIAN

Beth... run!

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, WHITE ROOM -- NIGHT

Beth holds Thomas as she back away from the closed door.

KILLIAN (CONT'D; O.S.)

(from kitchen)

Get out!

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Killian grabs an IRON SKEWER from the fireplace, SWINGS it to fend off a blow from the Horseman.

The Horseman SWINGS the other axe. Killian ducks. The axe CRACKS fireplace stone, throwing sparks.



Killian lunges, JAMMING the skewer into the Horseman... The skewer comes through the Horseman's back. The Horseman SWIPES with the flat of one axe -- POUNDS Killian aside...

Killian hits the wall, BASHING his head. Hits the floor.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, WHITE ROOM -- NIGHT

Beth kicks a carpet to reveal a TRAP DOOR.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The Horseman pulls the skewer out of his body, throws it. He goes to lift Killian by the hair with one hand, brings back the axe in the other hand...

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, WHITE ROOM -- NIGHT

At the trap door, Beth lowers Thomas to stairs leading to a CRAWL SPACE under the GAPPED floorboards. Thomas is crying.

BETH

Hush -- hush -- quiet as a mouse,  
now.

THOMAS

Mother...

BETH

You must hide...

Beth closes the trap door, frantically replacing the carpet. The room's door FLIES OPEN... the Horseman strides in, carrying Killian's severed head. Beth shrieks.

EXT. FOREST NEAR KILLIAN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Brom, on his horse, hears Beth's shriek.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, CELLAR -- NIGHT

Beth's SCREAMS are abruptly CUT OFF. Her BODY is HEARD HITTING the floor above. Thomas sees the shadow of Beth's head rolling across the gaps in the floorboards above him, coming to rest with her hair showing, hanging down in the gap. FOOTSTEPS are HEARD...

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, WHITE ROOM -- NIGHT

The Horseman's hands place Killian's and Beth's heads in a sack, cinching the sack shut.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The Headless Horseman enters, bends to retrieve the battle axe he left. He stands. Long, silent pause.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, CRAWL SPACE -- NIGHT

Thomas cowers, trembling. QUIET.

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The Horseman falls to his knees. He starts to CHOP at the floor with both axes. CHOPPING, CHOPPING, CHOPPING... making quick work of it...

INT. KILLIAN'S HOME, CRAWL SPACE -- NIGHT

A hole appears as debris falls...

Thomas looks up. He tries to crawl away.

The Horseman's arm SHOVES through from above -- grabbing Thomas and YANKING him up through the hole.

EXT. KILLIAN'S FARM, TOWN OUTSKIRTS -- NIGHT

Brom rides from the forest.

Ahead, at Killian's house, among scattered homes on the outskirts of town, Daredevil rides up as the Headless Horseman walks out with his sack of heads. The Horseman ties the sack to his saddle and leaps up.

The Horseman ignores Brom. But Brom refuses to be ignored.

Brom puts his reins in his mouth, aims his rifle... FIRING...

BOOM -- the slug blows the Horseman off Daredevil, EXPLODING. Daredevil keeps going. The Horseman's smoldering body is left "face down."

Brom halts his horse. He climbs down, pleased.

The Horseman moves.

Brom backs away, satisfaction diminishing.

The Horseman rises to his knees.

Brom falls to one knee, begins reloading. He fills the gun from his powder horn.

The Horseman stands, unsheathes his sword and turns. The blast has exposed rotten flesh and maggot-infested muscle.

Brom readies his ramrod, but there's no time. He rises, hefting his rifle, straight at the Horseman with a yell...

The Horseman is on him. Brom swings the rifle, blocking.

The battle is on, with Brom fending off the Horseman's sword with the rifle -- CLANK... CLANK... CLANK...

ACROSS THE FIELD, Ichabod and Gunpowder arrive...

UP THE FIELD, the Horseman makes a backhanded swing, knocks Brom's rifle away, sends Brom to the ground...

The Horseman walks away from Brom. Ichabod sees this, registers it.

Brom pulls a knife and throws it.

The knife blade goes through the Horseman from back to front, like a spear thrust through a smoldering sack of rotten flesh. The Horseman pulls Brom's knife, blade first, from his chest and turns upon Brom.

Brom scrambles up, flees, running toward Killian's. The Horseman THROWS the knife...

THWAP -- the knife imbeds in Brom's thigh.

The Horseman strides to Brom.

Ichabod closes in, pulling an unlit lantern off his saddle.

The Horseman changes his sword grip, blade open... plants one foot on Brom's back, raising his sword to skewer...

Ichabod arrives at full gallop -- SMASHES the lantern into the Horseman -- KNOCKING the Horseman off Brom.

IN THE DISTANCE, Theodore and Glen arrive on horseback. They halt where they are, watching.

Brom runs, limping to Killian's house, a goal in sight: FARM

IMPLEMENTS propped there. Brom grabs SCYTHES with long curved blades, one in each hand.

The Horseman rises.

Ichabod leaps off Gunpowder, runs to Brom's side.

Once more, the Horseman turns away.

BROM

I'll get him!

Brom grabs Ichabod's pistol. Ichabod grabs Brom's pistol arm.

ICHABOD

Wait! Don't you see? -- he's not  
after us!

Brom shakes himself free and --

FIRES -- the bullet rips through the Horseman's stomach to reveal putrid innards.

The Horseman turns and strides back -- no more nice guy!

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

He is now!

Brom throws the pistol at the Horseman.

Across the way, Theodore looks to Glenn, turns his horse and flees. Glenn follows Theodore away.

Brom steps up, scythes ready. He and the Horseman go at it -- Brom blocks axe and sword, deflecting blows...

Ichabod grabs a long-handled SICKLE, circles them... SWINGS the sickle. The Horseman blocks.

The Horseman battles both men at once, catching blows... counting every strike, METAL RINGING.

Ichabod's sickle is knocked out of his hand.

Brom catches the Horseman's sword in one scythe, catches the axe handle in the other scythe...

The Horseman flatfoot KICKS Brom, sending him down.

Brom picks up Ichabod's sickle and SWINGS it...

The blade embeds in the Horseman down to the hilt.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Now you've annoyed him.

The Horseman drops his axe, grasps the sickle handle... The handle SLAMS Ichabod away...

Ichabod crawls, shaking off the blow. The Horseman staggers, trying to pull the blade from his body.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

We cannot win this.

Brom yanks Ichabod to his feet and grabs his scythes.

As they flee, Ichabod grabs a wood-splitting AXE from the stump where it's imbedded.

Behind, the Horseman manages to extract the sickle, drops it.

Brom and Ichabod head toward the COVERED BRIDGE that leads across to the town square.

The Horseman strides after... retrieves his axe on the way.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE AND COVERED BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Brom and Ichabod start across. Ichabod must help support Brom as Brom limps.

Behind, the Horseman picks up the pace, closing fast...

Inside the bridge, Ichabod and Brom are halfway across. FOOTSTEPS are HEARD POUNDING. Ichabod glances back...

The Horseman is not behind them. Ichabod and Brom looks up. The POUNDING FOOTSTEPS are on the roof, passing over... !

Ahead, at the mouth of the covered bridge, the Horseman leaps down, spinning in midair, lands, crouched.

Ichabod and Brom halt. The Horseman rises.

Ichabod releases Brom and moves forward, gripping his wood axe in both

hands, SWINGING the axe downward...

The Horseman swings his axe -- SPLINTERS Ichabod's axe handle.

The Horseman, axe in one hand, sword in the other, turns upon Brom, and in pulling Brom aside out of the path of the sword, Ichabod receives a sword-thrust in the shoulder, which makes him scream out.

The Horseman lifts his sword arm, THROWING Ichabod and withdrawing the sword in one motion... Ichabod tumbles.

Brom moves forward with scythes. The Horseman sets upon him with incredible ferocity -- battling Brom back, striking so hard and fast it's hard for Brom to keep blocking.

Ichabod tries to get up, but falls, looking up...

ICHABOD'S POV:

The Horseman KNOCKS one of Brom's scythes away, takes another SWING -- sends Brom spinning in a spray of blood...

The Horseman stands over Brom's body, CHOPPING with his sword. Our POINT OF VIEW grows BLURRY...

A BLURRY HORSEMAN approaches the POV.

Ichabod is at the Horseman's mercy.

Then, another ANGLE -- the Horseman ignores Ichabod, strides past him. Ichabod takes a step back and collapses.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Candlelight. Ichabod, shirtless, feverish, opens his eyes. The wound at the top of his chest is raw but with the edges sealed shut. Ichabod in on his bed. Doctor Lancaster bends over him. Baltus Van Tassel observes.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

Remarkable. A wound like this should have killed him... but it needs no stitch and there's hardly loss of blood.

Baltus sees Ichabod's eyes open.

BALTUS

He stirs.

Ichabod tries to rise, looking around, collapses in pain.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

You must be still... the fever is on  
you.

ICHABOD

(weakly)

Katrina...

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

A Woman is bent over the hearth, mumbling.

Then we see it is Katrina, mumbling over a boiling beaker of milk and green leaves. There is a dead crow on the hearth, with one foot chopped off and a sharp knife lying alongside.

KATRINA

(chanting, repeating the  
phrases)

Nostradamus Mediamus, Milk Of Mercy  
In Media Nos Laudamas...

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Katrina enters with the beaker of medicine. Baltus and Doctor Lancaster are bending over Ichabod, the Doctor trying to make Ichabod drink a livid green liquid from a shot glass.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

It will restore you.

Ichabod closes his lips tight and refuses the drink -- he doesn't trust Lancaster. Katrina comes to the bedside with her beaker. Ichabod sees her. He is in pain, feverish.

ICHABOD

I... I... tried to stop Brom but...

Katrina soothes him.

KATRINA

Sssh... no one could have done more.

Drink this down, it will make you sleep.

ICHABOD

The Horseman was not set to kill Brom... or me... If Brom had not attacked him...

BALTUS

Later. Rest now.

ICHABOD

I have discovered something.

Baltus and Doctor Lancaster glance at each other.

BALTUS

These are ravings...

ICHABOD

The Horseman does not kill for the sake of killing... he choses his victims.

KATRINA

Drink...

She holds the beaker to Ichabod's lips. He drains it and falls back on the pillow, closing his eyes.

Baltus turns at a sound from the door.

Lady Van Tassel has entered quietly. She comes to him anxiously and grips his hand.

LADY VAN TASSEL

What is it, Baltus?

BALTUS

Nothing... nothing... Don't be troubled, my love...

They hold hands lovingly, staring at Ichabod, who has fallen asleep.

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- CHURCH -- NIGHT

Empty church. Young Ichabod enters, carries a lantern past pews. He HEARS a SOUND, moving behind a pew to hide.



Ahead, across the church, a RED DOOR opens... Father and the villainous Third Man come out, shutting the door, speaking quietly. The Third man holds a piece of parchment paper. Father is ever emotionless.

Ichabod watches them, ducking down to keep hidden...

Father and the Third Man walk to leave down the aisle, passing close to Ichabod without seeing him. They exit, leaving Young Ichabod alone in the silent church.

Young Ichabod rises, begins moving fearfully forward... FOLLOW as he crosses through the church... going to the RED DOOR... opening it...

ICHABOD'S DREAM -- CHURCH, BEYOND THE RED DOOR -- MORNING

Young Ichabod enters. The room contains TORTURE DEVICES: IRON CUFFS, THUMB SCREWS, KNIFES and NEEDLES. There is a SPIKED CHAIR, fitted with sharp spikes, adorned with straps for holding down the "accused."

Young Ichabod backs away, terrified, then sees...

A shaft of light cuts across a large, sarcophagus-like IRON MAIDEN -- where MOTHER'S EYES can be seen through the slit in the Iron Maiden's face. Open eyes. Dead eyes.

Young Ichabod lets out a strangled cry, runs to the Iron Maiden, trying to pull it open, clawing at the lock...

Finally, Young Ichabod backs away, choking on misery. He looks around in despair. He falls to his knees at the spiked chair, places his hands on the spikes, pressing...

As he sobs, blood runs down from his hands. He looks down and sees the CAT is there, looking up at him. The cat reaches up to rub its head against his face.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Ichabod, sobbing, has jerked up out of the dream straight into Katrina's embrace.

She is sitting on the bed, holding him, calming him. She notices blood on his palms.

She takes a plain linen handkerchief from her cuff and dabs at the blood.

KATRINA

Hush... hush... you were dreaming.

Ichabod falls back on the pillow.

ICHABOD

Yes... thing I had forgotten and  
would like not to remember.

KATRINA

Perhaps the remembering is the hard  
road to peace of mind... What ails  
you, Ichabod?

ICHABOD

I was well, it was the world that  
was ill... But since I came here...

KATRINA

You were not a happy man when you  
came. I think your wound was deeper  
than the wound you received from the  
Horseman...

(she puts her hand on  
his forehead)

But your fever is broken, and though  
I cannot cure the world I would make  
you live happy in it... Tell me what  
you dreamed.

ICHABOD

How I found my mother dead... how  
good and evil sometimes wear each  
other's clothes. She was an  
innocent, a child of nature,  
condemned... murdered... by my  
father...

KATRINA

Murdered by... ?

ICHABOD

Yes -- murdered to save her soul!  
By a Bible-Black tyrant behind a  
mask of righteousness. I was seven  
when I lost my faith.

KATRINA

What do you believe in, Ichabod?

ICHABOD

Sense and reason, cause and  
consequence, an ordered universe...  
Oh lord, I should not have come to  
this place where my rational mind  
has been so controverted by the  
spirit world...

KATRINA

Is there nothing you will take from  
Sleepy Hollow that was worth the  
coming here?

Their eyes meet.

ICHABOD

No... not nothing. A kiss... and how  
rare a thing... a kiss from a lovely  
woman before she saw my face or knew  
my name.

KATRINA

Yes, without sense or reason...

They hold still, perhaps about to kiss.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

It was a kiss on account.

But Ichabod breaks the moment.

ICHABOD

Oh -- God forgive me -- I talk of  
kisses and you have lost your brave  
man Brom --

KATRINA

I have shed my tears for Brom... and  
yet my heart is not broken. Do you  
think me wicked?

ICHABOD

No... but perhaps there is a little  
bit of the witch in you, Katrina.

KATRINA

Why do you say that?

ICHABOD

Because you have bewitched me.

This time their held look turns into a passionate embrace...

EXT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PORCH -- NIGHT

Young Masbath slowly opens the door to peer out. He walks out onto the porch, watching as...

ACROSS THE LAWN, a CLOAKED FIGURE walks, carrying a LANTERN. The figure heads onto the long straight road, into the forest, lantern light dissipating.

Young Masbath steps off the porch, in cautious pursuit.

EXT. THE HOLLOW -- EARLY MORNING

Dawn light is visible over fog-shrouded forests.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- MORNING

Ichabod awakes, rolls... finds Lady Van Tassel at his bedside with food and drink. Ichabod covers himself with his sheets.

LADY VAN TASSEL

You slept like the dead.

ICHABOD

You are too kind to me... I do not look to be served by the lady of the house.

LADY VAN TASSEL

(smiles)

Nor would you be but that the servant girl has vanished.

ICHABOD

Sarah?

LADY VAN TASSEL

Run away, like many more -- people are leaving in fear without ceremony.

ICHABOD

Where is... ?

LADY VAN TASSEL

She watched over you till dawn. Now  
it is her turn to sleep.

Young Masbath enters as Lady Van Tassel goes out.

Ichabod looks at his palms, which are stained with dried blood.

ICHABOD

Help me. I am fit for another day, I  
think.

The scene incorporates Young Masbath pouring water for Ichabod to wash  
himself, and helping him into his clothes.

YOUNG MASBATH

Where are we going?

ICHABOD

To the Notary's office.

YOUNG MASBATH

Why?

ICHABOD

Because that is where I expect to  
find deposited... the last will and  
testament of the elder Van  
Garrett...

YOUNG MASBATH

You have thought of something...

ICHABOD

... of something you said, Young  
Masbath... The Widow Winship came  
many a day with a basket of eggs to  
Van Garrett... who I understand had  
hens to spare... I begin to see. It  
was Van Garrett's child that the  
widow was carrying. And what news  
have you?

YOUNG MASBATH

I heard someone leaving last night.  
Looked like they headed to town, but  
I lost them in the woods.

ICHABOD

You didn't see who?

YOUNG MASBATH

All I saw was their lantern.

Ichabod ponders, troubled, as Masbath brings him a shirt.

ICHABOD

The Horseman does the killing but, I  
believe, at the bidding of a mortal,  
someone of flesh and blood.

YOUNG MASBATH

What... ? What makes you say that?

ICHABOD

The witch... the crone, when I  
happened upon her corpse, she lay in  
a pool of blood. Blood poured hard  
from her neck. The wound was not  
cauterized.

YOUNG MASBATH

Then, she was not killed by the  
Hessian. Someone only tried to make  
it seem so.

ICHABOD

(nods)

It was the settling of a private  
score. But the Horseman cuts heads  
to a different drum. The crone  
pointed us to what drives the  
Hessian -- his skull has been stolen  
from his grave. The person who stole  
it has power over the Hessian. Here  
is why the Headless One has returned  
through the gate of the Tree of the  
Dead. He chops heads until his own  
is restored to him.

YOUNG MASBATH

But what person... ?

ICHABOD

A person who stands to gain by these murders.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, CHURCH -- DAY

WAGONS, HORSES and TOWNSPEOPLE swarm. A CROWD empties the town's general store. Provisions are passed along, man to man, and loaded onto wheelbarrows.

Ichabod and Young Masbath ride, passing MANY ANGRY FACES.

All up and down the long straight road, home owners board up windows with lumber.

Ichabod and Young Masbath stop, tying their horses in front of the "NOTARY." Ichabod looks off...

DOWN THE ROAD, people head to the CHURCH. Much activity...

ICHABOD

Sanctuary. Or, so they hope.

People carry supplies into the church, within the bordering WROUGHT-IRON FENCE. Others work to build and erect massive WOODEN CROSSES.

In the crowd here, Reverend Steenwyck spots Ichabod and Young Masbath, pushes past people, shouting...

STEENWYCK

There he is! There... !

People begin to pay attention to Steenwyck as he climbs atop a crate, pointing toward Ichabod...

STEENWYCK (CONT'D)

(to everyone)

The desecrater of Christian burial!  
Twice he met the Horseman, and kept  
his head! How is it so... ?

AT THE NOTARY, Ichabod tries to ignore, heads inside, as a clod of earth hits him on the shoulder.

IN THE CHURCHYARD, Steenwyck continues his rant.

STEENWYCK (CONT'D)

The Devil protects his own!

INT. NOTARY PUBLIC, HARDENBROOK'S OFFICES -- DAY

A small, untidy room with piles of dusty documents in great disorder. The Notary Hardenbrook looks at Ichabod with his one good eye. Young Masbath stands near.

ICHABOD

I take it, Mr. Hardenbrook, that wills and testaments are held here on public record?

Hardenbrook is in a funk, trying to act calm. He passes a document across the desk.

HARDENBROOK

I believe this is what you wish to see. Take it and go!

Ichabod scans the will of Peter Van Garrett.

HARDENBROOK (CONT'D)

Van Garrett Senior left his estate to his next of kin, that is to say, to his only son. However, the son being murdered in the same instant...

ICHABOD

The next of kin after the son would be the eldest of the line from Van Garrett's father's sister... none other than the Baltus Van Tassel: something else no one thought to mention!

HARDENBROOK

Well, you have found your way to it, and I hope you will leave now before my windows are boken.

The crowd murmurs outside like angry bees. Ichabod flourishes the will.

ICHABOD

I am not ready to leave.



Hardenbrook starts moaning and wringing his hands.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

A brick through your window is not what puts you in terror, Hardenbrook ... there is something else... I saw your fear, and Steenwyck's and the doctor's, when you met at Philipse's house... Philipse paid with his head, and you fear for your own.

HARDENBROOK

Yes, it's true! -- but we did not know it was a murdering plot when we were drawn in!

ICHABOD

Drawn in by whom?!

HARDENBROOK

Mercy upon me! -- We meant no harm to come to her!

ICHABOD

No harm to come to whom?

HARDENBROOK

(babbling)

But the marriage made her next of kin...

ICHABOD

Made who next of kin to whom?! -- I'm confused!

YOUNG MASBATH

He means old Van Garrett secretly married the Widow Winship.

ICHABOD

(getting it)

Of course! And Van Garrett made a new will, leaving everything to her and his unborn child... So she stood between Baltus and the legacy! Where is the will?

HARDENBROOK

I cannot be seen to help you -- the  
Horseman will come for me -- !

ICHABOD

I will not leave without the very  
last will and testament of --

Hardenbrook digs into a mountain of documents, hurling handfuls into  
the air... and flings the second will at Ichabod. Young Masbath  
nervously checks the door.

HARDENBROOK

Go, then! I am a dead man!

He starts to sob.

YOUNG MASBATH

Sir...

ICHABOD

(reading)

Young Masbath... I know why your  
father died. That night when Van  
Garrett quarreled with his son,  
Jonathan Masbath was summoned  
upstairs to witness the new Will.  
Here is your father's signature. It  
was his death warrant.

Young Masbath takes the document and looks at it tearfully.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

But the secret was not safe. Mrs.  
Killian the midwife was forewarned  
the baby was coming -- and so she,  
too, had to die.

One of the other hurled documents has fluttered down fortuitously in  
front of Ichabod. He picks it up.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

The marriage certificate. Parson  
Steenwyck married them. Doctor  
Lancaster confirmed the widow was  
pregnant. She told the secret to  
Magistrate Philipse. Notary  
Hardenbrook concealed the  
documents...

Hardenbrook snivels and moans and wrings his hands.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

And you all kept silence! Why?...  
For some nameless dread of the man  
who stood to gain by it -- Baltus  
Van Tassel!

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, STAIRS -- DAY

Ichabod and Young Masbath start up the stairs, noticing:

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PARLOR -- DAY

Baltus, alone, with a glass of liquor, is brooding over an oak coffer  
of SILVER COINS, running coins through his fingers.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, STAIRS -- DAY

Ichabod continues with Young Masbath, speaking quietly.

YOUNG MASBATH

I think there is some error in your  
reasoning...

ICHABOD

(politely)

Really? Do give me the benefit of  
your...

YOUNG MASBATH

All these murders... just so that  
Baltus Van Tassel should inherit yet  
more land and property?

ICHABOD

Precisely. Men murder for profit.  
Possibly you don't know New York... ?

Suddenly he sees his bedroom door is ajar.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Ichabod's entry surprises... Katrina, sitting at Ichabod's desk,  
reading his Ledger.

ICHABOD

Katrina... why are you in my room?

KATRINA

(smiles)

Because it is yours. Is it wicked of me?

ICHABOD

No... no...

KATRINA

I missed you. Where did you go?

ICHABOD

To the Notary... I had questions to ask Hardenbrook.

KATRINA

And did you learn anything of interest?

Ichabod and Young Masbath exchange a glance.

ICHABOD

Well... perhaps.

KATRINA

My father...

ICHABOD

(jumps)

Your father... ?

KATRINA

Yes. My father thinks you should return to New York.

ICHABOD

Really? Why is that?

KATRINA

(smiles)

I don't know. Perhaps he looked in your ledger and did not like what he saw...

She leaves the Ledger open on the desk. Ichabod steps over to look. Young Masbath cranes his neck to look. It is a page of doodles with

the name "Katrina" written several times, and a sketch of Katrina. Embarrassed Ichabod closes the Ledger.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

He believes townfolk and country do  
not mix.

Ichabod opens the drawer in the desk and puts away the document he took from the Notary.

He is nervous because he knows they point to complicity by Katrina's father. Young Masbath, watching, understands this, Ichabod locks the drawer and pockets the key.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

What have you there?

ICHABOD

Evidence. I'm sorry, I must ask  
your...

KATRINA

Then I will leave you to your  
thoughts. Sleep well.

Katrina leaves. Ichabod is troubled.

Then -- to add to his troubles -- he suddenly sees a HUGE SPIDER scuttling under his bed. He doesn't like spiders, even small ones. He gives a yelp.

YOUNG MASBATH

It's only a spider.

ICHABOD

Where's it gone? -- Where's it gone?  
Can you see it?

Young Masbath crouches to look under the bed. He frowns, puzzled.

YOUNG MASBATH

There's something under there...

ICHABOD

Kill it! Kill it!  
(getting a grip)  
No -- no... er... stun it...

YOUNG MASBATH  
Help me move the bed.

Young Masbath and Ichabod move the bed.

YOUNG MASBATH (CONT'D)  
Look...

UNDER THE BED is revealed a strange PENTAGRAM drawn in chalk.

YOUNG MASBATH (CONT'D)  
The Evil Eye!

ICHABOD  
What... ? What is... ?

YOUNG MASBATH  
It is someone casting spells against  
you.

ICHABOD  
The Evil Eye.

The spider is sitting on the Pentagram.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- LATER NIGHT

Young Masbath, fully dressed, sleeps on the bed. Ichabod sits waiting. He takes the cover off the lantern, looks at a CLOCK. Midnight.

Ichabod hears A DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, then a CREAK on the stairs. He lights a candle. Then he goes to wake Young Masbath.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S DOOR -- NIGHT

Ichabod and Young Masbath come out of the room.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Ichabod and Young Masbath come down STAIRS with a lantern, cautious.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, SITTING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ichabod and Young Masbath cross, A CREAKING FLOORBOARD is HEARD from ANOTHER ROOM. Ichabod quickly covers his lantern.

Across the room, LIGHT comes under a DOOR, stops... continues. FOOTSTEPS are HEARD, then a DOOR OPENING and CLOSING.

EXT. FOREST BY VAN TASSEL HOUSE -- NIGHT

LANTERN LIGHT moves, far ahead. Ichabod and Young Masbath follow, fearful, keeping hidden.

EXT. FOREST BY VAN TASSEL HOUSE, FARTHER ON (HILLSIDE) -- NIGHT

Ichabod and Young Masbath stop on a hillside.

ICHABOD

Wait here.

Ichabod advances, up the hill... peers forward to see...

EXT. FOREST CLEARING BY VAN TASSEL HOUSE -- NIGHT

The lantern sits on a rock. On a blanket, a semi-naked MAN and semi-naked WOMAN are in the midst of rough SEX.

Ichabod crawls to peer from underbrush.

The couple keeps coupling, the MAN on top. His grunts and gasps are particularly desperate. He's all over the WOMAN, who lays back... it is LADY VAN TASSEL.

Ichabod swallows.

Lady Van Tassel pulls down the man's shirt, exposes his flesh. She raises a small, sharp KNIFE behind his back.

Ichabod's eyes widen. He's about to shout a warning, but...

Lady Van Tassel brings the blade to her own hand, slicing deep into her palm. Blood flows. She rubs her cut hand over her partner's arching back, smearing blood.

Lady Van Tassel caresses the man's chest, neck, face... trailing blood. The man lifts his head, in ecstasy, sucking the woman's bloody fingers ... it's REVEREND STEENWYCK.

Ichabod backs away, having seen more than enough.

EXT. FOREST BY VAN TASSEL ESTATE (HILLSIDE) -- NIGHT

Ichabod returns to Young Masbath's side.

YOUNG MASBATH

What was there?

ICHABOD

Something I wish I had not seen. A  
beast with two backs.

YOUNG MASBATH

(wow!)

A beast with... ? What next in these  
bewitched woods?!

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Ichabod and Young Masbath enter.

Ichabod sees that his desk drawer is slightly open.

He opens the drawer knowing the worst.

The documents have been taken.

Masbath suddenly sniffs the air. He signals to Ichabod, alert. He  
shiffs again... and in the grate is the source of the smell: the  
documents burned to ashes.

Ichabod, in despondency, brings his finger to his head, rubbing his  
temples.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

LADY VAN TASSEL

She will not see you.

She is talking to Ichabod. Her hand is loosely bandaged.

ICHABOD

Did she say... anything?

LADY VAN TASSEL

Only that she will not come down.

ICHABOD

I see. Thank you.

Ichabod turns to go.

LADY VAN TASSEL

Constable, you have not asked me how



I hurt my hand since yesterday...  
which would have been polite. In  
fact you have been as careful not to  
look at it as not to mention it.

She strips off the bandage to show a roughly sewn cut.

ICHABOD

Yes -- I'm sorry... How did you... ?

Lady Van Tassel GRABS Ichabod by the wrist, tight...

LADY VAN TASSEL

(whispering close)

I know you saw me.

ICHABOD

What... ?

LADY VAN TASSEL

I know you followed last night. You  
must promise not to tell my husband  
what you saw... promise me...

Ichabod tries to pull away, but she grips tighter. The FRONT DOOR is  
HEARD SLAMMING. Ichabod is panicky.

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)

Reverend Steenwyck has power over  
me.

ICHABOD

P-p-power... ?

LADY VAN TASSEL

He knows something terrible against  
my dear husband -- what you  
witnessed was the price of  
Steenwyck's silence.

ICHABOD

What does Steenwyck know?

Footsteps approach the door, the handle turns.

LADY VAN TASSEL

Later -- later...

She pulls away just as Baltus enters.

BALTUS

The town is in a ferment. Horror  
piled on tragedy -- Hardenbrook is  
dead -- strangled.

Baltus goes straight to a flagon on the side table and lifts it to his  
lips. Ichabod stares at Baltus's strong hands gripping the neck of the  
flagon.

LADY VAN TASSEL

Oh... ! That harmless old man?

BALTUS

Hanged himself in the night!

ICHABOD

Hanged himself?

BALTUS

Reverend Steenwyck has called a  
meeting at the church -- tonight.  
Every man, woman and child.

(to Ichabod)

He will speak against you -- if you  
are wise you will be gone from here.  
Steenwyck's congregation is already  
halfway to being a mob.

ICHABOD

I will go when I have done what I  
came to do.

Lady Van Tassel comes to calm her husband. Baltus notices her wound.

BALTUS

What is this?

LADY VAN TASSEL

I was careless with the kitchen  
knife --

BALTUS

The wound looks angry --

LADY VAN TASSEL

I'll bind it later with wild

arrowroot flowers -- I know where  
I'll find some. Will you ride with  
me?

Ichabod slips silently out of the room.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, STAIRS -- DAY

Ichabod goes up the stairs.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR -- DAY

Ichabod knocks quietly at Katrina's door. No answer. He quietly opens  
the door.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, KATRINA'S ROOM -- DAY

Katrina's bed has been slept in but it's empty and she is not there.

But in the grate there is the telltale heap of charred paper and ash,  
recognizable as Ichabod's documents.

A sound at the door makes him whip around. It is Young Masbath.

YOUNG MASBATH

I saw her riding away towards the  
old pasture.

INT. WINDMILL -- DAY

A small PILE of STRAW burns. GLOVED HANDS unfold a paper filled with  
HAIR CLIPPINGS, which are sprinkled on the fire.

A cloaked FIGURE kneels at the pile. This person removes a HUMAN SKULL  
from a cloth bag.

The skull is placed at center in the flames. It's teeth are sharp, cut  
to points -- the HORSEMAN'S SKULL.

INT. VAN TASSEL ESTATE -- FIELDS -- DAY

Ichabod rides Gunpowder, approaching the Ruined Cottage. He finds  
Katrina crouched over the hearthstone. Her horse grazes. She hears his  
horse and turns.

ICHABOD

Katrina...

Ichabod dismounts. Katrina had made a small fire. She is "doing magic." Mumbling. She turns to look at Ichabod in anger and tears.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

(sympathetically)

You took the papers and burned them... ?

KATRINA

So that you would not have them to accuse my father... !

ICHABOD

I... I accuse no one... but if there is guilt I cannot alter it no matter how much it grieves me... and no spells of yours can alter it either...

KATRINA

If you knew my father you would not have such harsh thoughts about him -- no, nor if you felt anything for me!

ICHABOD

(in torment)

I am pinioned by a chain of reasoning! Why else did his four friends conspire to conceal... ?

KATRINA

You are the Constable, not I -- so find another chain of reasoning and let me be.

ICHABOD

I cannot -- not the one or the other. I am heartsick with it.

KATRINA

I think you have no heart -- and I had a mind once to give you mine.

Katrina mounts her horse, which rears up. She is momentarily like a female warrior, her eyes ablaze with anger and tears.

ICHABOD

(cries out)  
Yes -- I think you loved me that day  
when you followed me into the  
Western Woods! -- to have braved  
such peril!

KATRINA

(scornfully)  
What peril was there for me if it  
was my own father who controlled the  
Headless Horseman?! Good-bye,  
Ichabod Crane! I curse the day you  
came to Sleepy Hollow!

Ichabod watches her gallop away and hides his anguished face for  
comfort in Gunpowder's neck.

EXT. FIELD AND COPSE -- EVENING

A distant bell is tolling as Baltus waits on his horse... watching  
where Lady Van Tassel can be glimpsed among the spaced trees gathering  
"arrowroot flowers."

BALTUS

(calls out)  
Come. Hurry up! The meeting bell has  
started toning.

He looks anxiously toward the vinage, then back to the trees... where  
to his horror he sees... the Headless Horseman moves slowly toward Lady  
Van Tassel, calmly unsheathing his sword.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW, CHURCH -- NIGHT

People are entering the Church while the bell tolls them in... watched  
grimly by Steenwyck.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE, CHURCH -- NIGHT

More people are heading toward the Church. In the shadows, Ichabod,  
hatted and cloaked to make himself look anonymous, also watches the  
people going by... and sees Katrina among them.

Baltus comes charging through the TOWN SQUARE on his horse.

BALTUS

The Horseman... !

Baltus is barely hanging on. He stops, falling off his horse, scrambling toward Katrina, who is not far from Ichabod.

BALTUS (CONT'D)

Save me...

KATRINA

Father... ?

BALTUS

He killed her...

Baltus grasps Katrina, deathly afraid.

BALTUS (CONT'D)

The Horseman has killed your  
stepmother!

HOOFBEATS are HEARD... the SCREECHY CRY of Daredevil. Baltus looks...

The Horseman rides into view, giving chase...

Instant mayhem -- the few people in the churchyard flee, heading for the Church...

Baltus runs toward the Church...

KATRINA

Father!

Katrina chases after Baltus. Ichabod now sees that his "case" is falling apart. He and Young Masbath start running to the Church.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

The GATHERERS in the pews react to the commotion, shouting, some running to the windows... to the doors...

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Baltus pushes through the IRON GATE, across the churchyard, bounding up the stairs... Katrina following him.

The Horseman rides behind...

Ichabod, with Masbath, follow into the churchyard. Ichabod glances back...

ICHABOD  
(to Young Masbath)  
I know what you are thinking.

YOUNG MASBATH  
It seems Baltus Van Tassel is not  
the one who controls the Horseman.

As the Horseman reaches the open gate, Daredevil rears up violently, snorting, unwilling to enter.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Baltus makes his way into the church, shoving people aside.

Men pass RIFLES from stockpiles and climb onto pews at the boarded windows. Women herd children into a cellar.

Baltus searches for a hiding place, moves toward the back...

Katrina moves through, following Baltus...

At the front of the Church, Ichabod squeezes in just as the front doors are forced shut. Ichabod surveys the madness...

Ichabod runs to a window, looking out between boards...

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

At the church yard gates, the Horseman grabs Daredevils reins, tries to move forward again. Same result -- Daredevil freaks.

The Horseman gives his AXE an underhand toss... to the ground inside the gate...

The axe instantly BEGINS TO DEGRADE -- like dust in the rain.

The Horseman steers away, keeping outside the fence.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Ichabod comes away from the window, looking to the mass of panicked citizens. He sees Katrina pushing up the aisle... she's heading toward Baltus.

Katrina turns to Ichabod, her face aflame with accusation.

Ichabod is humbled, desperate to make it up -- but Katrina runs toward

... the Altar, where she prostrates herself, evidently in a paroxysm of despair.

RIFLES BOOM LOUDLY as men at the windows begin FIRING...

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

The Horseman circles, under fire.

Great clouds of gun smoke shoot from the Church.

Men fire down from the belfry.

Parts of the Horseman and Daredevil splatter red as slugs hit, without effect.

At the other side of the Church...

The Horseman circles, heading to the town square...

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Riflemen shout to each other, running to the opposite windows to follow the Horseman.

Young Masbath grabs a rifle, leaps to join the brigade.

Baltus is trying to force his way to one of the cellar doors, when Steenwyck grips him angrily, SHOVES him...

STEENWYCK  
You'll kill us all... !

Baltus stumbles back, topples pews.

STEENWYCK (CONT'D)  
You're the one the Horseman wants.

Steenwyck grabs Baltus, dragging him to the front.

Ichabod's pushing past people, trying to get to them.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, CHURCH -- NIGHT

The Horseman brings Daredevil to a halt, yanks a large coil of ROPE off a hitching post, turns to ride back...

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT



Baltus pulls free from Steenwyck, falls to the floor again.

STEENWYCK

Why should we die for you? Get out!

Others join the rage, pulling Baltus toward the front of the Church, shouting. Ichabod joins in, struggling to push people off of Baltus...

ICHABOD

Stop this... !

Ichabod gets to Baltus's side, trying to protect.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

The Horseman cannot enter! It does not matter who he wants, he cannot cross the gate... !

At the windows, ONE RIFLEMAN cries out.

ONE RIFLEMAN

He's coming back!

More panic. Steenwyck points toward Baltus.

STEENWYCK

We have to save ourselves... !

Baltus pulls the PISTOL from Ichabod's holster...

BALTUS

No! Unhand me! Stand off... !

Baltus brandishes the gun. Everyone backs off.

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

The Horseman rides past the front, fired upon...

The Horseman halts along a length of the wrought gate, reaches... yanks off one IRON POST, which is pointed on top, like an arrow head.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Baltus holds everyone away with the pistol, enraged...

BALTUS

The next person to lay hands on me  
will have a bullet.

Doctor Lancaster, who so far has just been one of the crowd, now  
pushes his way between Steenwyck and Baltus.

DOCTOR LANCASTER

Enough have died already!

(to Steenwyck  
meaningfully)

It is time to confess our sins and  
ask God to forgive our trespasses!

STEENWYCK

Don't be a fool! I warn you, Doctor  
Lancaster -- !

BALTUS

(to Doctor Lancaster)

What is it that you know?

DOCTOR LANCASTER

(to Baltus)

Your four friends played you false.  
We were devilishly possessed by one  
who --

That's as far as he gets before Steenwyck wrenches a heavy ornate  
CROSS from the wall and smashes his skull with a blow of tremendous  
force, with the Cross.

Baltus FIRES -- blasts a bloody hole in Steenwyck's stomach... !

Everyone backs farther away as Steenwyck falls. Steenwyck lays  
gasping, eyes huge. He tries crawl...

Katrina rises to her feet and stands; staring wide-eyed at the horror.  
Ichabod moves toward her.

Steenwyck lays still with a bloody gurgle, face down. Baltus looks to  
all the horrified people around him.

BALTUS

There is conspiracy here! And I will  
seek it out!

CRASH! -- the IRON POST comes SPEARING through a window, trailing  
rope...

CRACK -- SKEWERS Baltus from behind: its bloodied point bursting out through his breastbone...

Baltus gasps, stunned... he drops the gun, looks down to clutch the post. Blood streams out of his mouth.

Ichabod catches Katrina as she swoons. Horrorstruck, he hugs her... and thus notices that hanging on a ribbon around her neck is the little carved bauble taken from the neck of the dead Crone. Almost at the same time, Ichabod sees that on the flagstones where Katrina was lying there is now a "Drawing" done in chalk, identical to the "Evil Eye" drawing he found under his bed.

ICHABOD

(gasps)

The Evil Eye again!

At that moment, a piece of White Chalk falls from Katrina's senseless hand.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Oh God... .it was you!

The full horrible implication of this hits Ichabod just as:

The rope tied to the post suddenly YANKS Baltus backward with incredible force -- SLAMS him into the WINDOW...

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Baltus CRASHES backward through the window, hits the ground, DRAGGED...

OUTSIDE THE FENCE, the Horseman rides Daredevil away from the church, with the rope tied around Daredevil's saddle pommel...

Baltus SLAMS the fence. The rope SNAPS. Baltus is held there awkwardly, gurgling blood.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Ichabod, holding Katrina, cries out --

ICHABOD

Oh... Katrlna... Oh God, forgive her...

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

The Horseman turns Daredevil, riding back... his sword raised high...  
... he chops off Baltus's head.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE -- NIGHT

Katrina lies insensible in her bed... the ribbon with the bauble around her neck.

Ichabod stands watching her, alone with his grief and his appalling "secret."

ICHABOD

It was an evil spirit possessed you.  
I pray God it is satisfied now, and  
that you find peace. Good-bye,  
Katrina. The Evil Eye has done its  
work. My life is over -- spared for  
a lifetime of horrors in my sleep,  
waking each day to grief.

Ichabod leaves the room, closing the door.

EXT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, KITCHEN, PORCH AND LAWN -- DAWN

Ichabod, watch only by Young Masbath, stands by a FIRE burning in a CIRCLE of ROCKS nearby. He has his Ledger. After a moment, he throws the LEDGER onto the fire. The pages catch quickly.

He opens his satchel and digs out a BOOK. His luggage is packed on the porch.

He walks back to the fire, looks at the book in his hand, the book Katrina gave him. He stands staring down.

A DECREPIT COACH is arriving.

EXT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, KITCHEN, PORCH AND LAWN -- DAY

The decrepit COACH, with Gunpowder as one of its team, waits, loaded with Ichabod's baggage.

Van Ripper, the driver, helps Ichabod with strapping the load. Young Masbath watches, not helping.

Ichabod turns to Young Masbath.

Angry tears come to Young Masbath's eyes. The farewell is like an argument.

YOUNG MASBATH

But who will look for the truth when you have gone?

ICHABOD

There is no more truth to be found. That is why I can go and leave this wretched place behind me.

YOUNG MASBATH

You think it was Katrina, don't you?

Ichabod clamps his hand over Young Masbath's mouth. He looks intently into his eyes.

ICHABOD

That can never be uttered. Never.

Ichabod takes his hand away.

YOUNG MASBATH

A strange sort of witch! -- with a kind and loving heart! How can you think so?

ICHABOD

I have a good reason.

YOUNG MASBATH

Then you are bewitched by reason.

ICHABOD

I am beaten down by it! It's a hard lesson for a hard world, and you had better learn it, Young Masbath -- villainy wears many masks, none so dangerous as the mask of virtue. Farewell!

Van Ripper climbs onto the coach. Ichabod looks to the Manor House. Only one light shines, in a SECOND FLOOR WINDOW.

Ichabod climbs into the coach.

INT. VAN RIPPER'S COACH -- DAY

INSIDE THE COACH, Ichabod slumps. He pounds twice on the coach wall.

EXT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, FRONT LAWN -- DAY

OUTSIDE, Van Ripper whips the reins. The coach starts. Young Masbath watches, wiping tears.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, KATRINA'S ROOM -- DAY

Katrina wakes. She hears the Coach Wheels. She gets up from the bed and goes to the window. Her POV shows the Coach leaving... Katrina's face shows that her world has collapsed around her.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, CHURCH -- DAY

Van Ripper's coach crosses the covered bridge... past the town square ... past the church.

Near Doctor Lancaster's house, the coach passes a flat cart... on which lies the headless corpse of Lady Van Tassel. Ichabod looks at the corpse and he notes the gashed palm of one dead hand.

The cart is being pulled at a walking pace by a single horse. The CART MAN walking, holding the bridle.

The cart man pauses, seeing a RIDER approaching, traveling in the same direction as Ichabod's coach.

Ichabod realizes that the rider is Katrina. He looks from the coach window and sees Katrina get down from the horse and go to the cart.

Ichabod pulls back from his window and closes his eyes.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, ICHABOD'S ROOM -- DAY

Young Masbath enters, looks around the empty room. He goes to sit, crosses his arms on the desk and lays down his head.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PARLOR -- DAY

Katrina enters. She crosses, slumps in a chair, staring into the burning fireplace

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, VARIOUS ROOMS -- POV -- DAY

A POV MOVES SLOWLY THROUGH THE HOUSE; SOMEONE'S searching various

rooms...

INT VAN RIPPER'S COACH -- DAY

Ichabod opens his satchel, takes out a bottle of water and gulps from it. In replacing the bottle, he finds... the Book given him by Katrina. He opens the book. There is a DIAGRAM DRAWING on a whole page. Ichabod recognizes... the "Drawing" of the supposed "Evil Eye," identical to the two we have seen before. But what gets Ichabod's real attention is the bold "headline."

The Headline over the Picture is "For The Protection of A Loved One Against Evil Spirits."

Ichabod gasps, and mutters the words aloud.

What a fool he's been!

ICHABOD

(to himself)

But then, who... ?

He is puzzled. He stares at his open palms. The scars on his palms trigger a thought...

Then he understands: something we will soon understand.

He slides the front window panel to shout through it.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Van Ripper, turn the coach... !

VAN RIPPER

What?

ICHABOD

Turn around, now!

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, VARIOUS ROOMS, PARLOR -- POV -- EVENING

SOMEONE still moves through the house, a TRAVELING POV -- moving through ROOMS on the ground floor...

Stopping at the doorway of the PARLOR, looking to where Katrina is seated across the room.

INT. DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE, MEDICAL ROOM -- EVENING

Mrs. Lancaster comes to answer BANGING on the door. She opens the door and Ichabod pushes past, satchel in hand, taking Mrs. Lancaster's lantern.

ICHABOD

Pardon my intrusion...

There are TWO COFFINS on the floor.

Ichabod throws off the lids from the coffins, looking to the headless BODIES of BALTUS and LADY VAN TASSEL.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PARLOR -- INTERCUT -- EVENING

Katrina still sits, her eyes closed. A FIGURE in BLACK moves forward in the darkness behind...

INT. DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE, MEDICAL ROOM -- INTERCUT -- EVENING

Ichabod goes to lift Lady Van Tassel's hand with the GASH on its palm, bends to study... pulling at the sewn wound -- pulling the stitches apart between his thumbs...

Mrs. Lancaster watches.

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PARLOR -- INTERCUT -- EVENING

Katrina hears a BOARD CREAK. She sits up, turning...

KATRINA

Who is it?

INT. DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE, MEDICAL ROOM -- INTERCUT -- EVENING

Ichabod releases the corpse's hand, tears off his spectacles, shaken by the realization...

ICHABOD

No bloodflow, no clotting, no  
healing... When this cut was made...  
this woman was already dead.

Ichabod grabs his satchel, bolts out the door...

INT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PARLOR -- INTERCUT -- EVENING

The FIGURE moves closer in darkness...



KATRINA

Who is there... ?

The FIGURE comes into the dim, flickering fire light... Lady Van Tassel.

LADY VAN TASSEL

Dear step daughter...

Katrina stands, terrified, trying to form words... Lady Van Tassel cackles like a witch.

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)

You look as if you've seen a ghost.

Katrina's eyes roll up as she FAINTS dead away to the floor.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Ichabod runs out from the DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE, leaps up onto the empty coach, pushing Van Ripper's rifle aside. Van Ripper's urinating against the side of the building.

VAN RIPPER

Be with you in a minute, Constable.

Ichabod whips the horses, driving the coach away.

Van Ripper frowns in confusion.

INT. THE WINDMILL -- NIGHT

The interior of the windmill is large and shadowy, with lots of old junk, clutter, machinery, boxes, etc.

Katrina lies unconscious. Lady Van Tassel comes to cut off a clump of Katrina's hair with SCISSORS, grinning as she does it.

A CONJURING PILE has been prepared, containing a small ANIMAL'S HEART with an iron NAIL through it. Lady Van Tassel adds Katrina's hair, lights the pile off a lantern.

Lady Van Tassel WHISPERS over the fire. She looks to Katrina, who stirs.

Lady Van Tassel takes the HORSEMAN'S SKULL from a bag over her shoulder, places it in the flames. THUNDER is HEARD.

LADY VAN TASSEL

(whispers and chants)

Rise up once more, my Dark Avenger!  
-- Rise up! -- One more night of  
Beheading! -- Rise up with your  
sword, and your Mistress of the  
night will make you whole -- a head  
for a head, my unholy Horseman --  
rise -- rise -- rise from the earth,  
come forth again through the Tree of  
the Dead... come now for... Katrina!

EXT. WESTERN WOODS, TREE OF THE DEAD -- NIGHT

The WIND scatters dead leaves. The TWISTED TREE OPENS WIDE with a  
RUMBLE -- SHAFTS of LIGHT shooting out.

EXT. THE ROAD TO VAN TASSEL ESTATE -- NIGHT

Ichabod drives the coach hard ahead.

INT. THE WINDMILL -- NIGHT

Katrina sits up, groggy, looking around... sees the dying fire, and  
Lady Van Tassel watching her.

LADY VAN TASSEL

Awake at last. Did you think it was  
all a nasty dream? Alas, no.

KATRINA

My father saw the Horseman kill  
you...

LADY VAN TASSEL

He saw the Horseman coming to me  
with his sword unsheathed! But it is  
I who govern the Horseman, my dear,  
and Baltus did not stay to see.

KATRINA

But there was your body!

LADY VAN TASSEL

The servantgirl, Sarah, I always  
thought her useless, but she turned,  
out useful. Tomorrow I'll totter out  
of the woods and spin a tale how I

found Baltus and Sarah in the act of lust... as I watched, the Horseman was upon them, and off went Sarah's head! I fainted and remember nothing more...

KATRINA

Who are you?

LADY VAN TASSEL

My family name was... Archer.

KATRINA

(remembering the cottage  
hearth)

The Archer...

LADY VAN TASSEL

I lived with my father and mother and my sister in a gamekeeper's cottage not far from here...

The conversation is being heard by a MOVING POV among the shadows.

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)

Until one day, my father died, and the landlord who received many years of loyal service from my parents... evicted us. No one in this God-fearing town would take us in...

The MOVING POV stops, spying from behind the clutter. The REVERSE SHOT reveals YOUNG MASBATH, holding his breath.

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)

... because my mother was suspected of witchcraft...

Young Masbath looks about for a weapon. His eyes alight on a large Wooden Mallet.

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)

She was no witch, but I believe she knew much that lies under the surface of life... and she schooled her daughters well while we lived as outcasts in the Western Woods. She died within a year... and my sister

and I remained in our refuge, seeing  
not a soul... until, gathering  
firewood one day, we crossed the  
path of the Hessian...

FLASHBACK -- FOREST BATTLEFIELD (WESTERN WOODS) -- DAY

The Hessian Horseman (avec head) has happened upon TWO YOUNG GIRLS  
gathering firewood. The girls stand frozen at the sight of him, till  
one girl drops her firewood and runs...

The second girl remains, holding the Horseman's gaze.

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

LADY VAN TASSEL  
I saw his death, and from that  
moment...

FLASHBACK -- FOREST BATTLEFIELD (WESTERN WOODS) -- DAY

The Girl watches the burial of the Horseman... and his Head dropped  
into the grave.

LADY VAN TASSEL  
... I offered my soul to Satan if he  
would raise the Hessian from the  
grave to avenge me.

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

Young Masbath, unseen, works his way quietly around behind Lady Van  
Tassel.

KATRINA  
Avenge you?

LADY VAN TASSEL  
Against Van Garrett, who evicted my  
family, against Baltus Van Tassel  
who, with wife and simpering  
girlchild, stole our home. I swore I  
would make myself mistress of all  
they had...

(she cackles again)  
The easiest part was the first -- to  
enter your house as your mother's  
sick nurse and put her body into the

grave, and my own into the marriage bed.

Katrina cries out in horror.

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)

Not quite so easy was to secure my legacy... but lust delivered Reverend Steenwyck into my power. Fear did the same for the Notary Hardenbrook. The drunken Philipse succumbed for a share of the proceeds, and the Doctor's silence I exchanged for my complicity in his fornications...

Masbath moves into the open, weapon raised. Katrina sees him and stifles a gasp.

KATRINA

(keeping Lady Van Tassel's attention)

Yes! -- you have everything now.

LADY VAN TASSEL

No, my dear -- you do, by your father's will. But I get everything in the event of your death.

(she cackles again)

Lady Van Tassel's hand reaches for the Mystic Bauble on Katrina's neck. She rips it free.

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)

(as she does so)

This pretty bauble, which I so kindly gave you to wear, has done it's work. My sister, by the way, sadly passed away...

FLASHBACK -- OUTSIDE CRONE'S CAVE HOME -- DAY

The Crone falls to the ground outside her cave, unconscious, beaten and bloodied.

A hand -- Lady Van Tassel's hand -- enters FRAME to haul the Crone up by the hair, and WE SEE the Crone's bloodied features face to face with the wicked smile of Lady Van Tassel.

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

LADY VAN TASSEL  
... quite recently.

FLASHBACK -- OUTSIDE CRONE'S CAVE HOME -- DAY

Lady Van Tassel holds a SWORD high, SWINGS DOWN... Then we see the separated Head and Torso... and the severed CORD, which had been around the Crone's neck... and Lady Van Tassel's Hand reaching for the Mystic Bauble, which had fallen free.

INT. WINDMILL NIGHT

Young Masbath is about ready to bring the mallet down upon Lady Van Tassel's head.

KATRINA  
(keeping Lady Van  
Tassel's attention)  
It was the Crone you killed... your  
own sister...

LADY VAN TASSEL  
She brought it upon herself...

Like a whiplash, Lady Van Tassel turns cackling at Young Masbath -- she sensed him by witchery!

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)  
(to Young Masbath)  
-- by helping you and your master!

Young Masbath shrieks and drops the mallet.

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)  
You are just in time to have your  
head sliced off!

Katrina and Young Masbath run to each other for mutual comfort.

LIGHTNING BRIGHTENS the forest. Lady Van Tassel looks up.

LADY VAN TASSEL (CONT'D)  
The Horseman comes. And tonight he  
comes for you!

EXT. WESTERN WOODS -- NIGHT

The Horseman rides Daredevil, a freight train of moldering flesh...

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

Katrina and Young Masbath are holding hands, scared.

Lady Van Tassel picks up the Horseman's skull in her gloved hand and puts up her face and gives out a long animal howl. Distantly, Daredevil is heard answering with a scream.

Katrina and Young Masbath run. Lady Van Tassel has need to stop them.

LADY VAN TASSEL

Run! There is no escape!

EXT. VAN TASSEL HOUSE, PORCH AND LAWN -- NIGHT

Ichabod leaps from the coach, bounds up porch stairs...

ICHABOD

Katrina!

Ichabod stops, sees FIRELIGHT at the Windmill. He runs... leaps back up to the coach and takes off...

EXT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

THUNDER BOOMS. WIND HOWLS. Lady Van Tassel stands in the doorway with the skull in one hand, laughing.

EXT. AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDMILL -- NIGHT

Katrina and Young Masbath break out into the open. Ichabod drives toward them...

KATRINA

Ichabod!

Ichabod meets them, halts the coach and jumps down (as the coach horses trot away), running to put his arms around Katrina and Young Masbath...

ICHABOD

Thank God...

Lady Van Tassel's mad laughter is heard. Ichabod and Katrina turn as...

Lady Van Tassel rides from around the windmill on her white horse. She shrieks with laughter.

ALONG THE TREELINE, the Horseman breaks into the open... Hell on horseback -- full speed ahead...

LADY VAN TASSEL (O.S.)  
Have you come back to arrest him  
after all?!

Ichabod thinks fast, moving to the windmill, leading Katrina and Young Masbath along with him.

ICHABOD  
Quickly... !

Behind, wind tosses Lady Van Tassel's dress and hair. She holds the Horseman's skull high.

LADY VAN TASSEL  
Mind your hat, Constable!

Young Masbath scurries up the ladder and in.

Katrina's next. Ichabod looks behind... The Horseman is almost upon them.

Ichabod follows Katrina, pulling himself up. The Horseman arrives, dismounting, moving forward...

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

Ichabod leaps up, lifts the heavy trap door on its hinges, slams it. The door is POUNDED from outside, buckling.

YOUNG MASBATH  
It won't hold.

Ichabod goes to a large GRINDSTONE against a wall. He struggles to roll it...

Young Masbath helps him roll it to the trapdoor. It falls on top with a THUD. Masbath jumps back as the Horseman's sword jabs up through the grindstone's center hole.

The sword withdraws. POUNDING begins anew.



EXT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

The Horseman chops at the door with his axe.

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

POUNDING CONTINUES, Katrina and Young Masbath back away. Ichabod holds his lantern up, desperate for ideas, searching.

Above, to the right, is the high MILLING PLATFORM, where grain is ground and bagged, and a ladder leading to it. To the left is the crooked, open STAIRCASE.

Ichabod picks up a BAILING HOOK, a plan forming. He gives his lantern to Katrina and points.

ICHABOD

Get up these stairs. Open the door  
to the roof and wait.

Katrina and Young Masbath obey, heading left. Ichabod crosses to the right, starts climbing the ladder to the milling platform...

On the platform, Ichabod grasps a wooden lever, pulling it.

The entire windmill CREAKS and GROANS as massive GEARS and COUNTERWHEELS above begin to turn.

EXT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

The windmill's rotors slowly begin spinning.

UNDER THE WINDMILL, the Horseman keeps chopping...

His axe exposes grindstone, throwing sparks.

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

Katrina looks down from the stairway. The POUNDING on the trap door causes the grindstone to jump.

KATRINA

Ichabod...

ICHABOD

Keep climbing. I will follow...  
(under his breath)  
Hopefully.

Ichabod drags large BAGS of GRAIN, lining them up at the edge of the milling platform.

ABOVE, Young Masbath throws open the door to the roof.

BELOW, Ichabod uses the bailing hook to cut holes into the grain bags, so that MILLED GRAIN SPILLS out and falls to the floor, creating clouds of grain dust.

Ichabod grabs one open bag, dumps it.

He slices into a sack hanging from a pulley system, pushes it so it swings in circles, grain flooding out...

More and more DUST RISES, filling the air...

EXT. WINDMILL ROOF -- NIGHT

Masbath and Katrina come out. Rotors spin behind them.

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

The GRINDSTONE blocking the trap door FALLS THROUGH as wood splinters and gives. A moment, then the Horseman climbs in.

KATRINA

(looking in from above)

Behind you!

Ichabod looks down, sees the Horseman, then looks to the staircase adjacent from the high platform. He runs...

He LEAPS across the space between the platform and stairs...

Ichabod grasps the outer rail of the staircase, hanging on, pulls himself up onto the stairs...

Below, the Horseman moves through clouds of billowing dust, runs and LEAPS, incredibly high...

The Horseman grasps a hanging chain, swinging, his momentum carrying him in a wide arc...

Above, Ichabod runs upstairs, to the roof door.

The Horseman's weight swings him toward the stairwell...

He releases the chain... airborne momentarily...

The Horseman lands high up on the stairwell.

EXT. WINDMILL ROOF -- NIGHT

Katrina and Young Masbath help Ichabod onto the roof.

KATRINA

Quickly, close it!

ICHABOD

No...

Ichabod takes the lantern from Katrina.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

(points)

Get to the crest of the roof and be ready to jump.

YOUNG MASBATH

Jump? From up here?!

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

The Horseman clomps upstairs, axe in hand.

EXT. WINDMILL ROOF -- NIGHT

Ichabod shepherds Katrina and Young Masbath to the edge, where the rotors spin close.

ICHABOD

Jump for the sails! Wait till I give the word!

KATRINA

Ichabod!... I can't...

ICHABOD

Yes, you can, my love -- hand in hand...

Ichabod moves back to the trap door.

Katrina and Young Masbath look at the rotors, and down at the long distance between them and the ground.

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Be ready...

Ichabod DROPS the LANTERN into the windmill and runs...

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Now!

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

The Horseman continues up. The lantern falls past...

EXT. WINDMILL, ROOF -- NIGHT

Young Masbath jumps. Ichabod grips Katrina, jumps...

They hit one rotor, gripping the frame and cloth as the rotor begins its DOWNWARD TURN...

INT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

The lantern hits the ground and shatters -- FLAMES EXPLODE!

Throughout the windmill's interior, grain dust is consumed instantaneously -- FLAMES ROAR upward...

FLAMES engulf the Horseman...

EXT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

The rotor is halfway to its lowest point. Masbath, Katrina and Ichabod hang on as the ENTIRE STRUCTURE TREMBLES...

Flames shoot out windows, doors and seams!

On the rotor, Ichabod struggles to keep a grip on Katrina. Masbath drops. Ichabod and Katrina fall...

They all hit the ground. Ichabod rolls over, gasping, holding his shoulders, getting to his feet...

Ichabod, Katrina and Young Masbath run away as smoldering debris rains down.

EXT. ACROSS THE FIELD -- NIGHT

Ichabod ushers them along as they run, heading uphill. Lightning

flashes across the sky. THUNDER RUMBLES.

EXT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

Behind, the WINDMILL begins to CRUMBLE, huge burning sections crashing to the ground.

EXT. ACROSS THE FIELD -- NIGHT

Ichabod, Katrina and Young Masbath slow, looking back at the incredible conflagration.

YOUNG MASBATH

Is he dead?

ICHABOD

He was dead to start with -- that's the problem.

KATRINA

Look...

EXT. WINDMILL -- NIGHT

IN THE WINDMILL RUBBLE, the Horseman RISES, shoving off burning debris. His flame-ravaged uniform smolders.

EXT. ACROSS THE FIELD -NIGHT

Ichabod spins, searching for possibilities... He spots the COACH and HORSES not too far away...

ICHABOD

Come on!

They flee toward the coach. Behind...

Daredevil rides to rejoin the Horseman.

EXT. THE ROAD FROM VAN TASSEL ESTATE -- NIGHT

The coach hits the long straight road, rumbling at top speed away from the Van Tassel Estate, into the forest...

Katrina and Masbath hold on as the coach shakes violently.

KATRINA

Where are we going?

ICHABOD

Anywhere!

YOUNG MASBATH

He's right behind!

Behind on the trail, the Horseman chases, closing fast.

KATRINA

Make for the church!

ICHABOD

We'll never reach it!

Young Masbath grabs Ichabod's satchel, offers it...

YOUNG MASBATH

Here, sir... you must have something  
in your bag of tricks.

ICHABOD

Nothing that will help us, I am  
afraid. Take the reins...

Young Masbath takes them. Ichabod gives Van Ripper's rifle to Katrina,  
then crawls back across the coach roof.

Ichabod gets to a baggage area at the rear, struggling to open a  
storage box.

Behind, the Horseman draws his sword, closer.

Ichabod opens the box and pulls out a jagged HAND SAW.

KATRINA

Look out... !

Ichabod looks. The Horseman rides up, SWINGS his sword...

Ichabod recoils -- THWACK -- just missed.

The Horseman lets the coach get ahead, shifting to the other side of  
the trail... coming along side again...

Ichabod backpedals, looking to Masbath.

ICHABOD

Keep him off! Block him!

Masbath guides the horses over. The Horseman must fall behind to avoid the wheels.

One wheel hits a large rock...

Ichabod bounces, falling, drops the saw...

He hangs off the side of the coach.

The saw clatters away on the trail.

Ichabod tries for better purchase. He grips the coach door.

Katrina climbs to offer her hand.

KATRINA

Take my hand!

Ichabod reaches to her, but the coach door falls open...

Ichabod's PISTOL falls from the holster and is lost on the trail.

Ichabod clings helplessly to the door as branches slam him.

EXT. BEHIND THE TRAIL

The Horseman gets to his feet. Ahead, Daredevil stands waiting, giving a SCREECH.

EXT. AHEAD ON THE TRAIL NEAR THE TREE OF THE DEAD

Katrina and Ichabod rejoin Mashath, climb off the coach to examine the ruined wheel, panicked.

ICHABOD

This is not good.

YOUNG MASBATH

We're doomed.

ICHABOD

We have to get out of the open somehow. Quick, follow me...

They turn to run, but suddenly falter, seeing... Riding over the crest of the hill, comes Lady Van Tassel, on her white horse, with Ichabod's

lost pistol in her hand...

EXT. NEAR FOREST -- NIGHT

LADY VAN TASSEL

What? Still alive?!

Across the distance, the Horseman strides in this direction.

ICHABOD

Run, Katrina...

Lady Van Tassel points her gun at Katrina.

LADY VAN TASSEL

Yes, do run. And jump. And skip.

(she takes aim)

And now let's see a somersault!

ICHABOD

Run!

Ichahod makes a move toward Lady Van Tassel, but Lady Van Tassel aims and FIRES -- shoots Ichahod in the chest! Ichahod goes down...

KATRINA

No!

Young Masbath cries out, falls to his knees beside Ichabod. Katrina moves toward Ichahod... Lady Van Tassel rides forward -- GRABS Katrina by the hair, PULLING HER, riding off toward the Horseman... Ichabod lays clutching the smoldering wound in his chest, gasping. Young Masbath holds him...

YOUNG MASBATH

Oh, God... no... no...

Lady Van Tassel drags Katrina by the hair as Katrina screams and struggles and kicks.

The Horseman keeps coming...

Lady Van Tassel stops her horse, halfway to the Horseman, drops Katrina and starts riding back, shouting...

LADY VAN TASSEL

There she is. Take her, she's yours!



Katrina gets up to run, stumbles, falls...

The Horseman strides after...

Up the field, Ichabod gets to his knees, feeling his chest with both hands, not quite understanding, struggling to shake off delirium...

YOUNG MASBATH

Sir, you're... you're not dead...

ICHABOD

Not... yet...

Ichabod looks up, trying to comprehend...

Lady Van Tassel had turned her horse, her back to us, keeping her distance from the Horseman. Beyond her, Katrina flees this direction with the Horseman at her heels.

Ichabod's focused on something...

The black SADDLEBAG slung over Lady Van Tassel's horse.

Ichabod rises out of pure determination, runs...

Katrina runs... the Horseman is closing on her.

Lady Van Tassel watches, grinning, but at the last second something catches her eye and she turns, just as...

Ichabod LEAPS...

TACKLES Lady Van Tassel off of her horse, taking her down to the ground HARD... her bag falling open...

The Horseman's skull rolling out...

Ichabod scrambles toward the skull -- but falls, halted. Lady Van Tassel grips his leg, holding him.

Young Masbath grabs a heavy, broken TREE LIMB off the ground.

The Horseman is mere yards behind Katrina...

Ichabod struggles to get free from Lady Van Tassel, can't break her grip when, BANG -- Young Masbath SMASHES Lady Van Tassel over the head with the tree limb. She's out.

The Horseman catches Katrina...

Ichabod scrambles free, running, reaching for the skull... grasping it...

The Horseman holds Katrina ready by her hair as she falls to her knees, screaming and struggling. The Horseman raises his sword...

Ichabod rises, THROWS the skull with all his might...

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

Horseman!

The skull spins through the air...

The Horseman suddenly drops Katrina, reaches up with one hand... catches the skull.

Katrina runs. Ichabod runs to meet her, grabs her as she falls. Together, they back away from the Horseman...

The Horseman holds the skull out... brings it to his shoulders, to its rightful place. THUNDER POUNDS.

TRANSFORMATION begins -- blood and flesh rise up from the Horseman's throat and grip the skull...

Young Masbath watches in awe.

The Horseman's reformation continues. Muscle forms. Liquids become solids. He is made whole once more, the same evil, human face we saw in Baltus's stories.

The Horseman looks to Ichabod and Katrina, touches his restored face. Daredevil rides up, SCREECHING. The Horseman replaces his sword, climbs into the saddle.

He rides toward Katrina and Ichabod, but he does not want them. They are so exhausted they fall down. Young Masbath comes to stand with them.

The Horseman leans to grab Lady Van Tassel's unconscious form, pulls her up across Daredevil's back.

The Horseman rides away with her.

Ichabod and Katrina watch him go. They look at each other, then kiss gratefully. Ichabod looks to Young Masbath...

ICHABOD (CONT'D)

How are you, Young Masbath?

YOUNG MASBATH

Weary, sir.

Ichabod holds out his arm. Masbath comes over. They embrace. Katrina touches the burned bullet hole in Ichabod's clothing.

KATRINA

I thought I had lost you.

Ichabod reaches into his clothing, takes out a BOOK he kept in an inner pocket close to his heart...

The BOOK OF SPELLS with a bullet lodged in it.

Katrina wraps her arms around Ichabod.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS, TREE OF THE DEAD -- NIGHT

HOOFBEATS.

The Horseman enters the clearing, holding on to Lady Van Tassel. Ahead, the Tree of the dead awaits.

Lady Van Tassel is awakening...

The Horseman grips Lady Van Tassel's hair, pulling her face up closer to his, just as she opens her eyes...

Lady Van Tassel screams...

As the Horseman brings his face to meet hers, about to engage in a KISS, his jagged teeth open wide.

Ahead, the twisted tree's wound opens, deep and glowing, as Daredevil picks up speed.

EXT. WESTERN WOODS, TREE OF THE DEAD -- NIGHT

Daredevil JUMPS in the air just as a LIGHTNING BOLT blasts down from the sky, striking the Horseman...

For an instant, Horseman and horse are transformed, SKELETONS OF LIGHT, entering the tree!

Silence and smoke.

At the tree, Lady Van Tassel's hand sticks out from the tight-shut suture.

The sewn wound on her palm seeps blood as her fingers curl.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET, ICHABOD'S HOME -- DAY

A coach pulls up to Ichabod's home. Ichabod is the driver.

He gets off, goes and opens the coach door. He helps Katrina down. Next, Young Masbath sticks his head out.

Katrina holds Young Masbath's hand. Ichabod comes to hold Katrina's hand.

A STRAY CAT watches them --

Young Masbath looks entranced at the BUSTLING METROPOLIS.

YOUNG MASBATH

Oh, my!

KATRINA

(equally impressed)

And cobbled streets!

ICHABOD

(proudly)

Yes... New York, New York! Just in time for the new century! It's the modern age, Katrina!

KATRINA

It's always the modern age, Ichabod ... but the ancient ones endure.

Large snowflakes begin to fall upon the scene.

Ichabod puts an arm around Katrina and the other arm around Masbath.

The CAT is black with one white paw... the Cat from Ichabod's dreams... The CAT turns to look at the trio.

ECU -- The CAT'S EYES ARE HUMAN, INTELLIGENT, KINDLY... They are Ichabod's Mother's eyes.

Ichabod, Katrina and Young Masbath enter Ichabod's house, as the SNOW continues to fall.

THE END