

## “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow” Monologue Options

**ICHABOD CRANE #1:** Quiet now, pupils! This noise will not do! I am in charge and you'll do what I tell you. To me you will listen! Sit up and don't slouch! Now who can tell me the meaning of. *(He sits on a tack laid on his chair by some pranksters.)* Ouch! *(STUDENTS Snicker and howl.)* Silence! Not funny! You impudent devils. I came prepared. Yes, prepared on all levels. Since you two boys have responded with smugness, You'll be my examples. My lessons of justice. If one spares the rod then he spoils the child. I know what it takes to turn wild children mild. Come to the front where your classmates can't help you.

**ICHABOD CRANE #2:** *(to Katrina, infatuated)* Katrina Van Tassel. Ah, that's your name. How gentle, how fair. It talks to me softly like two lips in prayer. A name filled with music. How beautifully sweet. It sings like the wind as it blows through my cheeks. *(Embarrassed)* Wheat! As it blows through the wheat...A beacon. A symbol. A flicker. A ray. A language that speaks to my heart's beating sway. Katrina Van Tassel, I'm your humble servant. This meeting's divine, yet most inadvertent. The pleasure is all mine. I am the new teacher. It is as you've said. And, guilty as charged, I'm extremely well read. Please call me Ichabod.

**KATRINA VAN TASSEL #1:** *(to Ichabod)* You are a man of knowledge and skill, Philosophy, letters, and eloquence, still. You've come to our hollow to teach and to proffer, but what does our village to you have to offer? I have my own dreams of what lies outside, beyond the hollow. The world is so wide I long to see so much more than this farm. Don't get me wrong Sleepy Hollow has charms, But I love to muse and indulge my wonder of what it would be like to leave here and wander. Have you seen the world? Do you have stories of people and sights and new territories? I'm on my own here, and I do my best, but sometimes I just don't fit in with the rest. *(Ichabod reacts)* Do you find that hard to believe? Like any girl, I like glances and winks, But they are all roughness without sensitivity. They all lack culture and true sensibilities. Perhaps that's why you're such a breath of fresh air. You speak with...a tenderness. As if you care.

**KATRINA VAN TASSEL #2:** *(She looks up from a book and is face to face with BROM. She turns away.)* I'm ignoring you, Brom. *(He approaches)* Oh! How revealing! He understands. But does he have feelings? "We're going riding, Katrina. Let's go!" Or, "We'll have a picnic today, so you know." Well, I don't like picnics, and your horse is nasty! But would you know that? No! Cuz you've never asked me. You never ask, and you're never wrong. And, NO! Girls do not like to be strung along. When we first started, Brom, it was exciting. But I know you better now. And it's enlightening. Please let me be now. Just leave me alone. I don't want to see you. *(He stays, beat)* This isn't funny, Brom. Please go away. Go play with your "boys."

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**BROM BONES #1:** *(to Katrina)* I've got something to say. I didn't like that Ichabod Crane, And now that he's gone, maybe I stand to blame. I wanted him gone, that bookworm school smarty... That's why I scared him so much at the party. *(Beat)* But I'm no fool. I learned some things too. That teacher taught me things that I never knew. I won't be as smart as him, that I'll admit. I won't be that charming, or have his quick wit. I learned you're a lady who needs to be won. And I learned that I'm lonely, if you're not my one. I'm sure that you miss him. I understand. So I will stand back as far as you demand. But if there's a time. When you want an ear. Please look no further. I'll be right here. I've been a self-centered, jealous-filled man. From now on will you just call me... Abraham?

**BROM BONES #2:** I met that night-riding spectre of fright last year at this time, on this very night. I was on this road, past midnight, alone. Making my way through the woods to my home. There in the woods, I felt something strange. Just a small chill, or some subtle change. I halted my horse. Not sure why. Who knows? But over my shoulder, dappled in shadows, I caught a glimpse that I always will dread. A horse with a man. But the man had no head. The hairs on my neck all stood at attention. Perhaps if I'm still, then he'll be on his way. My thoughts of his blindness were then quickly shattered. He grew twice his size as he reared up his horse. I turned, and dug my spurs in with great force. On was the chase. I knew I must win or t'would be my last race. I knew just ahead was the bridge to the church, Make it to that, and he's left in the lurch. If you reach that bridge as it says by the legend, The spectre will vanish and his power ends. So, I dug my heels into Daredevil's rib cage, In one final effort to thwart the ghost's rampage. Crossing the bridge, we collapsed in a stupor. The horseman leapt into the air as we feared, But then, with a thunderclap...he disappeared.

**NATHANIEL VAN WINKLER:** *(sees Ichabod being fawned over)* I can't believe it. What's his appeal? Hmm...Well... It's probably because he appeals to her sense of value and self-worth. He sees in her a whole person, more than just a pretty face. Her aspirations and her sense of wonder are satiated by Ichabod Crane's perpetual attentiveness and observant demeanor, evoking an affirmative reaction in Katrina, whose needs in this regard have long been unfulfilled. *(Beat)* I don't know, that's just my take.

**GOSSIPS:** Have you heard the news? Oh... It's nothing important. It's not a great matter. Just something about our newest school master. He went to college, I heard...maybe Yale! They say that he's smart and has boyish good looks. They even say he has read.. Some. Several. Books. I feel tingles. Not only that. He comes to us single. *(Giggles)* A man of refinement. Of letters. Of pride. A man who has traveled. In need of a bride. *(Sigh)* Well, maybe not precisely, but it's the routine. I can dream, can't I? The men here are stones. All except one. The dashing Brom Bones. *(Sighs and gets flustered)*

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**SLEEPY HOLLOW BOYS:** Abraham, or by Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt was a man of causation. He was a strong, burly, roistering blade. The country-side hero, who raced, fought, and played. He was the talk of the Hollow's full neighborhood. The country 'round rang with his great feats of hardihood. From his strong frame he was later called Bones, So Brom Bones is now how he's commonly known. To fight or to frolic, he'd be well prepared. But there's more mischief than ill-will in his air. Like most folks who live their lives being adored, Brom had adherents. A small motley horde. Everyone knew where they were by their noise Ha! Ha! Ha! Known simply as the Sleepy... (*They hack and spit.*) ...Hollow Boys.

**COTTON MATHER:** Ichabod Crane! What's the meaning of this? Did you learn nothing from school in Connecticut? Being amidst these signs makes you an advocate. If I were alive, I would have my doubts. Witching and sorcery both honor hell. You can't abide with it here where you dwell. Heed well the lessons that were taught in Salem. This can't go unpunished. It must be made known. Witchcraft of any kind I don't condone. You must be more vigilant. You must find the source. You must snuff it out. To mere superstition your mind is succumbing. Perhaps this points to a spiritual weakness, To give in to fear and to entertain bleakness. This will not do. You must shun these dark arts. This will not do for a puritan heart. Be that as it may, this witchery lingers.

**HANS VAN RIPPER:** (*notices Ichabod daydreaming*) Ichabod.. Ichabod... ICHABOD CRANE! Ill make this quite plain. We pay you to teach...Where are your students? (*Looking around. Finding no students.*) This wreaks of imprudence. Mynheer Crane, lessons aren't taught in this fashion. An early dismissal I'm sure they found pleasant, But in order to teach pupils...They. Must. Be. PRESENT! Where they've gone, I don't know, but it isn't here.

**PARSON VAN PASTOR:** (*to the Congregation*) Hard work is a virtue. It's one worth believing. And what is the nemesis of hard work? Dreaming! You can't be a dreamer and live your life clean. I know it is tempting to let your mind wander But think of the usefulness that you might squander. Those who daydream are lazy and sluggish. I've written that in my book...yet to be published. What are the outcomes of dreaming, you ask? Not bringing the cows in. Ignoring your class. You see my point. There are more I could list. I needn't elaborate. You get the gist. The thinking we ponder should be of our neighbor. Now, who's in the mood for some manual labor?