

Monologue Mania!

Legend of Sleepy Hollow

Adapted by Vera Morris

MALE / 20s / Early 1800s

About the play: Ichabod Crane, a lightly goofy schoolmaster, comes to the farming community of Sleepy Hollow with all his worldly possessions. He's looking for a good life and a wealthy wife who will supply it. Once he sets eyes on the local beauty, Katrina Van Tassel, he's sure his dream will come true. Unhappily for Ichabod, Katrina has a boyfriend who's extremely jealous... the boisterous Brom Bones. To complicate matters, the graveyard is haunted by a small army of restless spirits, including the most famous phantom of all, the Headless Horseman. At a party, Ichabod proposes marriage to Katrina, but is booted out by Brom and forced to make his way home through a terrible storm. In the dark, there's something shadowy and towering intent on taking Ichabod's life — the Headless Horseman!

About the scene: *Brom Bones has just had an encounter with the Headless Horseman while riding his horse, Daredevil. He rushes into the town dance to tell his frightening tale to the townspeople. (Note: [...] indicates where another character interrupts the monologue to speak. The monologue should continue as if the character has heard the other person or people respond and react. Lighting cues are included to describe the mood being created onstage.)*

* * *

BONES:

(Mysterious.) I barely escaped with my life.

[...]

If you call the Headless Horseman mischief, then I guess I was up to mischief.

[...]

I not only saw him, I met him. *(Communal gasp. BONES steps in, pushing ICHABOD out of the way. As he dramatically recounts his meeting with the galloping phantom, the GUESTS are held spellbound. Slow, scary tone.)* I was riding back from Tappen Zee. I knew I was late for the party, so I nudged

Monologue Mania!

Legend of Sleepy Hollow

(continued)

Daredevil and he started to gallop. He could smell the storm coming and his nostrils went wide. But it wasn't the storm he was smelling. It was the Headless Horseman. There he was right in front of me... huge, misshapen, towering. (*OTHERS gasp. BONES is a good ghost storyteller.*) He offered to race me for a cup of punch.

[...]

He had a head alright. It was stuck on the pommel of his saddle. (*ALL gasp.*)
[...]

I would have won the race. Daredevil was sure to beat the goblin horse. But as we came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of light. (*LIGHTS FLASH UP AND DOWN.*) I'm lucky to be alive.