

Audio file

[3141-SleepyHollow.mp3](#)

Transcript

Run.

Help here! Lend a hand here. Anyone.

Constable Crane! Think about Crane, is that you?

None other. Not only me. I have found something, which was lately a man.

Bernard. Yes, sir.

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

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

Possibly so if there is water in the lungs, but by pathology we might be able to determine whether or not he was dead before he went into the river. I will need to examine the body. Cut him up. Are we heathens?

What happened to him? Nothing, sir. Arrested for burglary. Good luck.

The millennium is almost upon us. In a few months... We will be living in the 19th century, yet our courts continue to rely on medieval devices of torture. Stand down! I stand up for sense and justice. Our jails overflow with men and women convicted on confessions like no more than this one.

Principal Crane, this is a song that we have heard from you more than once. Now, there are 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...

I beg pardon you. But 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 techniques?

Which brings me to the second course. There is a town upstate, 2 days' journey to the north in the Hudson Highlands. It is a place called Sleepy Hollow. Have you heard of it?

I have not.

An isolated farming community, mainly Dutch. Three persons have been murdered there, all within a fortnight. Each one found with the head lopped off. Lopped off? Clean

as dandelion heads, apparently. You will take these experimentations of yours to Sleepy Hollow, and there you will detect the murderer. Bring him here to face our good justice. Will you do this?

I shall.

Remember, it is you, Ichabod Crane, who is now put to the test.

The Piketty Witch, the Piketty Witch.

Who's got a kiss for the Piketty Witch? The Piketty Witch, the Piketty Witch.

Who's got a kiss for the Piketty Witch?

Is it Theodore?

Pardon, Miss, I'm always...

Then have a kiss on account.

I'm looking for Baltus Fantasy.

I'm his daughter. Katrina Van Tassel.

And who are you, friend?

We have not heard your name yet.

I have not said it.

Excuse me?

You need some manners. Brom.

Come, come, we'll have no raised voices. It is known to raise spirits during this dark time that I and my dear wife are giving this little party. Young sir, you're most welcome, even if you are selling something.

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

Then Sleepy Hollow is grateful to you, Constable Crane. And we hope you will honor us by remaining in this house.

Well-spelled, dear. Well, come, sir. We'll get you settled. Clay on.

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

I will, sir. Thank God you're here.

Excellent. Come in. Leave us, my dear. We are joined by Dr. Thomas Lancaster. Reverend Steenwick, our able magistrate Samuel Phillips, and lastly, this fine fellow is James Hardenbrook, our notary.

And you, sir?

A simple farmer who has prospered. The town looks to me as friend and counsel. And landlord and banker. Can we proceed? Thank you. So, three persons murdered.

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

How much have your superiors explained to you, Constable?

Only that the three were slain in open ground, their heads found severed from their bodies. Their heads were not found severed. Their heads were not found at all. The heads are gone.

Taken. Taken by the headless horseman. Taken back to hell.

Pardon, I don't.

Perhaps you had better sit down. Yes. The horseman was a Hessian mercenary. sent to these 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. When battle was joined, there you'd find him. He rode a giant black steed named Daredevil. He was infamous for riding his horse hard into battle, chopping off heads at a full gallop. He'd filed his teeth down to sharp points to add to the ferocity of his appearance. This butcher didn't finally reach his end until the winter of 79, not far from here, in our western woods. He chopped off his head with his own sword. Even today, the Western Woods is a haunted place where brave men will not venture. for what was planted in the ground that day. It was a seed of evil. And so it has been for 20 years. But now the Hessian wakes. He's on the rampage, cutting off heads where he finds them.

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

Seeing is believing. They tell me that you brought books and trappings of scientific investigation. This is the only book I recommend you read.

I see. Reverend Steenwick. Gentlemen. Murder needs no ghost to come from the grave. We have murders in New York without benefit of ghouls and goblins.

You're a long way from New York, Constable.

The assassin is a man of flesh and blood, and I will discover him.

Film 4 presents. Bit of this, bit of that, bit of the other. The British Connection. My name is Joe. Great movies made by British filmmakers. Yes! Introduced by film critic Jason Solomons. What's British about that? I hear you cry. The British Connection continues with Human Traffic, tonight at 11 on Film 4. This week only at WH Smith, Guinness World Records and My Feel Good Cookbook are half price, very tasty. Spectacular offers, think WH Smith? This is The Killers, and this is their new album, Sam's Town.

The Killers, Sam's Town. With the ING Direct Savings Account, there are no catches. And you can move your money when you like. So you can relax with the world's leading direct savings bank. Call now or go online. ING Direct. It's your money we're saving. Bargain bin bags. False economy. Squirt for squirt, thick, richer fairy, washes more dishes than any other liquid.

Fair economy. Get on the bar. Get on the bar. If you want to be my baby, you've got to be on the bar. What a drag it is The shape I'm in Oh, this is dust in America Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh Razortlight, the best album you'll hear all here. Chinese in your heart tonight Go east, taste that will explain Go east Cravendale is no ordinary milk. It's filtered to make it purer. Cravendale tastes so good, the cows want it back. Acoustic Extravaganza is Katie Tunstall, live and unplugged. Including brand new songs, intimate acoustic performances, and an exclusive bonus DVD.

Katie Tunstall's Acoustic Extravaganza, out now.

Three years ago, one movie terrified audiences everywhere. The only thing more shocking than how it ended is how it all began. You can't have a creature like that around normal folk. Inspired by true events, the Texas Chainsaw Massacre, the beginning.

Come out, Devo.

His name's Gunpowder. He should do just fine. Thank you. Good luck, sir. If you need me help, you call my name. Much appreciated.

Now, don't you worry about a thing. Everything's going to be just fine.

Thomas! Inside.

Go on home for your breakfast.

Because your mother once for you and twice for me. The horsemen's killed again.

All right, gunpowder. We're off. Come on. No, no. Come on. The other way. Come on, bossy.

Mr. Miller. Right back for the coffin cart. Yes, sir. The rest of you will keep a sharp lookout.

It's all right. I'm here now.

The poor Felictin Jonathan Masbeth.

Yes, I see. And the head.

Taken.

Taken. Interesting. Very interesting.

What is?

In headless corpse cases of this sort, the head is removed. Prevent identification of the body.

But we know this was Jonathan Masbeth.

Precisely so. Why was the head removed?

Why?

Right. You have moved the body? I did. You must never move the body. Why not? Because. The stride is gigantic. The attacker rode Masbeth down, turned his horse, came back, came back to clean the head.

Yeah.

There's a chemical reaction. It shows there was a powerful singular thrust to the neck. Down. Interesting.

What is it?

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

The devil's fire.

Be vigilant, as it saith in the Book of Peter, chapter 5, verse 8, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. God rest, Jonathan Masmith.

Mr. Constable, sir.

You're young Masbeth.

I was young Masbeth, but now the only one. Masbeth at your service, in honor abound to avenge my father.

Well, one and only Masbeth, I thank you very much, but your mother will need you more than I.

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

Yes, and a brave one, too, but I cannot be the one to look after you. I'm sorry for your loss, young Mister.

Dunstall Crane.

Miss Phillips.

Something you should know. Jonathan Mansbeth was not the fourth victim, but the fifth. The fifth.

Aye. Five victims in four graves.

Young Mansbeth, find a place in the Van Tassel Servants' Quarters, wake me before dawn. I hope you have a strong stomach. Peter Van Garrett. Dirk Van Garrett. Jonathan Masper. Five victims, 4 graves. He Widow Winship. Bring the widow in.

This is most irregular, Constable.

I should hope so, Doctor, but in this case necessary. You need to operate immediately.

Operate? She's dead.

When we say operate, we mean, of course, I will need the operating table. Once more, the... Neck wound cauterized. The sword thrust to the stomach, the same.

But to what purpose? To what is your purpose is the question. What manner of instruments are these?

Some of my own design. All right, then. Step outside, young Masbeth. Thank you very, very much for your help, Mr. Killian. And if you don't mind, Doctor, my concentration suffers great when I'm observed. I am finished.

What in the name of God have you done to her?

We are dealing with a madman.

What did you find out, Constable?

The widow Winship was with child. Who's that? Oh, pardon my intrusion. I saw that.

There's no intrusion. I come here to read when I'm wakeful.

To read books which you must hide.

They were my mother's books. My father believes tales of romance cause the brain fever that killed my mother. She died two years ago come midwinter. The nurse who cared for her during her sickness is now Lady Van Tassel.

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

Why, because there is hardly a household in Sleepy Hollow that is not connected to every other by blood or marriage.

I see.

This land we're looking at was Van Garrett land, given to my father when I was in Swadling Close. The Van Garretts were the richest family around these parts. When my father brought us to Sleepy Hollow, Van Garrett set him up with an acre in a broken-down cottage. My father worked hard for his family. And prospered and built this house. And I owe my happiness to him. I remember living poor in the cottage. Should I show you?

Yes.

Take this. It is my gift for you.

No, I have no use for it.

Are you so certain of everything?

It was your mother's.

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

Are you so certain of everything?

These are strange. These markings, what are they?

I've heard them since... I can remember.

I used to play by the south as a child. It was my first drawing school, and my mother was my teacher. Oh, look. See? Carved into the far back. The archer. I've forgotten it. This was from long before we lived here. Are you all right?

Yes, thank you.

Well, Cardinal, my favorite. I'd love to have a tame one, but I wouldn't have the heart to cage him.

Well, then, I have something for you. Cardinal on one side, an empty cage. And now...

You can do magic. Teach me.

It is no magic. It is what we call optics. Separate pictures which become one in the spinning. It is truth, but truth is not always appearance. What are you running from, Magistrate Phillips?

Damn you, Crane.

You had a mind to help me?

Yes, and it's put me in mortal dread of...

Of what?

Of powers against which there is no defence. Come.

How did you know the Widow Winship was expecting a child? She told me. Then I deduce you are the father.

I'm not the father.

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

Yes, she did. She came to me for advice as town magistrate to protect the rights of her child. I was bound by my oath of office to keep the secret, but...

You believe the father killed her?

The horseman killed her.

How often do I have to tell you there is no horseman. There never was a horseman. There never will be a horseman. What is that thing? My tallies, man, it protects me from the horseman. You are magistrate and your head full of such nonsense. Now tell me the name of...

Oh, my God.

Has he not come out at all?

It was a headless horseman. You must not excite yourself. But it was a headless horseman.

Of course it was. That's why you're here.

No, you must believe me. It was a horseman, a dead one. Headless. I know, You don't know because you were not there. It's all true.

Well, of course it is. I told you. Everyone told you.

I... saw him.

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

What you're looking for in a mark is someone whose weaknesses you can exploit. Michelle Strigo, loan officer. Guy like me, people like that. I'll tell you what you're looking for without even meeting you.

She's not going to work. Confidence, tomorrow at 9 on Film 4. I came here straight from university. This is my dream job. Every day I use something I learned at university. Which university did they all graduate from? Lincoln. Lincoln. Lincoln, of course.

Text Lincoln to 64118 to find out more, and check out our website at lincoln.ac.uk.

Summer sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy, and skies are grey. Summer may be over, but you can still catch the sun with Olay Complete Everyday Sunshine. Cosmopolitan says it's the best moisturizer for fair skin that builds a gradual tan without streaks. Keep your sun-kissed glow right through autumn. Olay Complete Everyday Sunshine, available at Boots. Del Monte presents.

Yes, Del Monte, just say yes. The bigger the challenge, the more you need Duracell. Down go the ordinaries in carbon batteries, victims of exhaustion. Down they go, up he goes. When endurance matters, we can all count on Duracell. Duracell lasts longer, much longer. I get up.

In the morning, kick the plumbers for my bed The sunlight in my eyes, playing tricks with my head I work like a dog on a job every day The wonderful thing about this time of year is that you can always be sure of quite a gathering. That's the right time All right I wanna be with you Magna's Irish Cider. In the nighttime Time dedicated to you. Catch the action at Asda and Pocket X-Men: The Last Stand on DVD. You have no idea what he's upon us now. It's the DVD event of the year. It's time we make our choice. If you're with us, then be with us. An action-packed \$13.97. That's Asda Price.

Anyone can enjoy golden whole grain and delicious fruit, but now McVitie's have got it all into a great tasting biscuit. New McVitie's Fruitsters in four whole grain and fruit combinations. New McVitie's Fruitsters, a deliciously wholesome taste.

If you could start your own college, what would you have on the curriculum? I want to rock.

Maybe something with clothes, you know?

Putting them on, taking them off.

Tell me what classes you're taking. I'm taking... Anatomy, oh my.

From the producers of Bruce Almighty and Liar Liar. Accepted. I can't believe this is a class. This is The Warning by Hawk Chip. A nationwide Mercury album of the year includes the singles Over and Over, Boy from School, and Colours.

Hot Chip, The Warning, out now.

All right, this time I'll go to New York myself. I won't be fobbed off with an amateur deductor. This time it's a magistrate that's dead, and...

Gentlemen, I need able men to go with me into the western woods.

You. We thought you'd shot your bolt.

I have faced my fears and come out determined to locate the Horseman's grave. In short, to pit myself against a murdering ghost. Who's with me?

Me.

The Van Garrett, the Widow Winship, your father, Jonathan Masbeth, and now Phillips. Something must connect them. Did your father have dealings with the Van Garretts?

He worked for them. We lived in the coach house. It's nothing. But there was something that 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.

An argument between father and son, after which the elder Van Garrett sent for his servant Masbeth.

Listen.

I hear nothing.

Nor I. No birds, no crickets. It's all gone so quiet.

Quick and peace. Pardon our intrusion, but perhaps you could help us. You're from the hollow. Yes, in a way, yes. I should like to say that I make no assumptions about your occupation. No, your ways, which, which, which, which are nothing to me, whatever you are, each to his own.

Do you know of the horseman, ma'am? The Hessian? That'll be him, ma'am.

You, come with me.

Go out, child. Keep away. Whatever you hear, keep away.

What might he hear that he must keep away from?

He rides to the hollow and back. I hear him. I see all the blood on him. Who you?

Well, I'm here to find him and make him stop.

Use technology of the Netherworld. I can show you.

What are you doing?

Don't move, I speak. When the other comes, I will hold him.

The other.

Silence. He comes now.

Madam, do you hear me?

You seem so highly bathed in blood, the headless horseman.

Follow the Indian trail to where the sun dies. Follow to the tree of the dead.

Climb down to the horseman's resting place.

We're leaving.

What happened?

We are leaving now. Take the Indian Trail to the Tree of the Dead.

How will we recognize it?

Without difficulty, I rather fear. Climb down to the Horseman's resting place. His camp? His grave. Stay here. Halt and turn. I have a pistol aimed. Katrina, I might have killed you. Why have you come?

Because no one else would go with you.

I'm now twice the man. It is your white magic.

Pardon my intrusion. I think you'd better come and look at this. The tree of the dead.

Blunt. Stay where you are. What is it? Stay where you are. Don't look. This tree is gateway. Gateway between two worlds. This ground has been disturbed. The soil is loose. Bring the shovel. The... Skull is gone. Taken. That is why the horseman returns from the grave and take heads, but his own is restored to him. Split up.

Glen. He don't.

Don't pick your teeth. He'll teach Thomas bad habits. I am a bad habit. There's nothing for it. Oh, isn't there? Come on, let's get ready for bed. Yes. He's so cold.

Huh? Wait, he's not off to you. I'll get him. We cannot win this.

Remarkable. A wound like this should have killed him, but it needs no stitch and there's hardly a loss of blood. You must be still. The fever is on you.

Katrina.

Nostradamus by the arms.

Milk of Nazi.

Amelia Nostradamus.

Katrina, I tried to stop Brom, but shh.

Drink this down. It will make you sleep.

The Horseman was not sent to kill Braum. Oh, me. Had Braum not attacked him...

Leave to rest now.

I have discovered something. The Horseman does not kill at random. His victims are chosen by someone who controls him. By that very person who took his skull. Someone who knew where to dig. Someone of flesh and blood. As I have always said...

These are ravings. A drink.

You were dreaming.

Yes. Things I had forgotten. And we're not like to remember. Tell me what you dreamt. My mother was an innocent, a child of nature, condemned, murdered.

By my father.

Murdered by.

Murdered to save her soul. By A Bible-black tyrant behind a mask of righteousness. I was seven when I lost my faith.

What do you believe in?

Sense and reason. Cause and consequence. I should not have come to this place. Well, my rational mind has been so controverted by the spirit world.

Will you take nothing from Sleepy Isle that was worth the coming here? No.

No, not nothing. A kiss from a lovely young woman before she saw my face or knew my name.

Yes, without sense or reason.

Forgive me, I... I speak of kisses, and you've lost your brave man, Brom.

I have shed my tears for Brom. And yet my heart is not broken. Do you think me wicked? No.

But perhaps there's a bit of a witch in you, Katrina.

Why do you say that?

Because you've bewitched me. Oh.

You slept like the dead.

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

Oh, nor would you be. But that the servant girl has vanished.

Sarah.

Run away, like so many others. They're all leaving in fear.

Where is Katrina?

She watched over you till dawn. I would have served her to sleep.

I'm fit for another day, I think. Fit enough to face a mortal adversary. Dr. Lancaster, Reverend Steenwick, Notary Harden Brooke, and Magistrate Phillips, who tried to cut and run and lost his head. Four frightened men arguing together on the very night Magistrate Phillips was killed. There is conspiracy here. The doctor, the reverend, the notary, and the magistrate. What is the secret that unites them? Magistrate Phillips knew there were five bodies to four graves. He knew the widow was pregnant. He would not tell me the name of the father. What does this point to? We must proceed by process of elimination. I shall make a list of every man and woman in Sleepy Hollow, starting with its chief citizen, Baltus van Tassel. I feel we're getting very close.

Yes. I suppose Baltus is the chief citizen, now that old Van Garrett is dead.

Yes, the Van Garretts. I'd almost forgotten them. Come with me.

Where?

To Notary Hardinbrooks.

Have you thought of something?

Yes, I have. Hopeless.

My father's satchel.

Why is it here? Leave me alone. Leave me alone. Just as soon as you show me the last will and testament of old man Van Garrett.

The will leaves everything to his son.

Who died with him. So the estate passes to the next of kin.

Naturally. All legal and above board. Sir. I'm a dead man.

Van Garrett's seal. Broken. It seems Van Garrett made a new will just before he died, naming... Widow Winship. And here, look, a marriage certificate. Aha. Oh, Van Garrett secretly married the widow, left everything to her and her unborn child. So the new will stood between the Van Garrett fortune and the person who would have otherwise inherited everything.

It's true. But we four were drawn in against our will.

Your will? He means, of course, the four town elders. Now I see what parts you had to play. Reverend Steenwick knew the secret because he performed the marriage. Dr. Lancaster attended the pregnant woman. Magistrate Phillips gave protection of the law. And Notary Hardenbrook concealed the documents, which had been entrusted by Van Garrett to his faithful servant, the four conspirators drawn into the plot.

We did not know it was a murdering plot.

But I have not finished, sir. First, the Van Garrett's father and son, slain by a horseman, raised from the grave to chop heads. Now, up pops a widow with a claim on the fortune. Off with her head. But murder begets murder. It was the servant, Jonathan Masbeth. The night father and son quarrelled over the new ill. Jonathan Masbeth was summoned upstairs to bear witness. Here is his signature. It was his death warrant, young Maspeth. The Horseman came for him. Came for him at the bidding of someone who had power over him. Someone who dug in the earth in the western woods and stole the skull, the missing head, which must be restored to the Horseman before he will return to hell. Someone who stood to gain or lose a fortune. None other than Van Garrett's next of kin, Baltus Van Tassel. Katrina, why are you in my room?

Because it is yours. Was it wicked of me?

No. not at all.

I missed you. Where did you go?

To the notary. I had questions to ask Hardenbrook.

And did you learn anything of interest?

Perhaps.

My father.

Your father.

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

Why is that?

I don't know. Perhaps he looked in your ledger and did not like what he saw. What have you there?

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

Then I'll leave you to your thoughts.

It's just a spider.

Kill it, kill it. No, no, stop it.

There's something under here.

What is it?

Help me move the bed.

No, no, I mustn't. You do it.

The evil eye.

It is someone casting spells against you.

The evil eye. Featuring 3 UK TV premiers. A season of groundbreaking films from South Korea starts with the first UK TV showing of Lady Vengeance, tomorrow at 10.50 on Film4.

P&O Cruises. There's a world out there. What are you playing today? Chess.

Darts.

Checkers. Batgammon. Batjack.

Fun for everyone.

Join 42 of the most popular board card and other great games. 42 all-time classics, only on Nintendo DS. With the ING Direct Savings Account, there are no catches. And you can move your money when you like. So you can relax with the world's leading direct savings bank. Call now or go online. ING Direct. It's your money we're saving.

You could become cops or criminals when you're facing a loaded gun. What's the difference? DiCaprio, Damon, Nicholson, Wahlberg, The Departed. The things I do to hydrate my skin. At least keeping my hair and scalp hydrated's easy. Head and shoulders, hydrating smooth and silky. Now with conditioner. It has three hydrating ingredients and leaves you up to 100% flake-free. Soft. Shiny, beautiful hair. Voila! Head and shoulders, hydrating, smooth and silky, shampoo and conditioner. Invent one for my skin, please. You know what bugs the experts at Oral-B? Brushing your teeth still leaves billions of enamel-eating plaque bugs behind. So they invented new Oral-B Vitality, a rechargeable brush under 25 pounds. It moves almost 8,000 times a minute and could destroy twice as much plaque as a manual. Plug in Vitality. Recharge your smile. Now, all four Vitality brushes, including new Sonic, are half price. Even more to smile about. Film 100. Classic music from your favorite movies. 100 of the greatest ever classic movie themes Brought together in this epic 6CD collection. Film 100, out now.

Wait here.

Katrina. You took the evidence and burned it.

So that you would not have it to accuse my father.

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. Your father has the motive. It is he who stands to profit from these murders.

If you knew him, you would not have such harsh thoughts about him. No, nor if he felt anything for me.

I am pinioned by a chain of reasoning. Why else did his four friends conspire to conceal?

You are the constable, not I. So find another chain of reasoning and let me be.

I cannot. Not the one or the other. And I'm heartsick with it.

I think you have no heart. And I had a mind once to give you mine.

Yes. I think you loved me that day when you followed me into the western woods. To have braved such peril.

What peril was there for me?

It was my own father who controlled the headless horseman.

Goodbye, Ichabod Crane.

I curse the day you came to Sleepy Hollow. She will not see you.

Did she say anything?

Only that you will not come down.

I see. Thank you.

Constable, you have not asked me how I have 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.

Yes, I'm sorry. How did you...

I know you saw me. What? I know you followed last night, and you must promise not to tell my husband what you saw. Promise me.

The town is in ferment. Horror, pylon, and tragedy. Hardenbrook is dead.

Oh, no.

That harmless old man.

Hanged himself in the night.

Hanged himself.

Reverend Steenby's called a meeting in the church tonight. Every man, woman, and child is going to speak out against you. If you are wise, you will leave this place. What is that?

Oh, that was careless with the kitchen knife.

The wound looks angry.

I will bind it later with some wild arrowroot flowers. I know where some grow.

Come on, hurry up, the meeting bells started tolling. The horseman! Regina! Father?
The horseman saved me. She killed her. The horseman killed his stepmother.

Oh, God.

No! You'll kill us all.

You're the one the horsemen want.

He cannot enter.

The horseman cannot enter! Why should we die for you? The horseman cannot enter.
He cannot cross the gate.

We have to snake ourselves.

Then it's past the day's hand on me. We're gonna put it! It's coming now! Men of them
died already. We're trying to confess our sins.

What is it that you know? Your four friends played you false. We were devilishly
possessed by one who... Get away.

Step back.

Step back.

There's a conspiracy here, and I will seek it out. It was an evil spirit possessed you. I
pray God it is satisfied now and that you find peace. 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.

Goodbye, Katrina.

You think it was Katrina, don't you?

That can never be uttered.

A strange sort of witch with a kind and loving heart. How can you think so?

I have good reason. Then you are bewitched by reason. I am beaten down by it. This is a
hard lesson for a hard whirling. You had better learn it, young Maspeth. Villainy wears
many masks, none so dangerous as the mask of virtue. Farewell. Ben Ripper, turn the
coach. Well, turn around now. Guard my tree. A blood plan? No slotting, no healing.
When this cut was made, this woman was already dead.

Dear stepdaughter. You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Rise up once more, my Dark
Avenger. One more night of beheading. Rise up with your sword. Ahead for head, my
unholy horseman. Rise. Come now for Katrina. Awake at last. Did you think it was all a
nasty dream?

Father saw the horseman kill you.

He saw the horseman come towards me with his sword unsheathed. But it is I who governed the horseman, my dear. And Baltus did not stay to watch. But there was a body. The servant girl? Sarah. And I always thought she was useless. But it seemed she had a purpose after all. Who are you? My family name was Archer. The Archer. with my father and mother and sister in a cottage not far from here. Until one day, my father died and the landlord, who had received many years of loyal service from my parents, evicted us. No one in this God-fearing town would take us in because my mother was suspected of witchcraft. But she schooled her daughters well while we lived as outcasts in the western woods. She died within a year. My sister and I remained in our refuge, seeing not a soul. Until one day, whilst gathering firewood, we crossed the path of the Hessian. I saw his death. At that moment, I offered my soul to Satan if he would raise the Hessian from the grave to avenge me. Van Jim against Van Garrett. The landlord who showed us no mercy had left us to starve, whilst Balthus Van Tassel and his simpering wife and girl child stole our home. I swore I would make myself mistress of all he had. The easiest part was the first. To enter your house as your mother's sickness and put her body into the grave and my own into the marriage bed. Not quite so easy was to secure my legacy. The widow had to go, of course, at the servant Masbeth. And then just the other day, that silly midwife, Killian, told me. The widow had told her a big secret. And she told me this right in front of her husband. What a goose. So, another little job for the horseman. But rust... delivered the Reverend Steenwick into my power. Fear did the same for the notary Hardenbrook and the drunken Phillips. And the doctor's silence I exchanged for my complicity in his fornications with the servant girl, Sarah.

Yes, you have everything now.

No, you have, my dear, by your father's will. I get everything in the event of your death. my sister, by the way, sadly passed away. Quite recently. You killed your own sister. She brought it on herself. By helping you and your master. You're just in time to have your head cut off. The horseman comes, and tonight he comes for you.

Katrina! Thank God.

Watch your head.

To the roof! I have an idea. Jump for the sails. Jump! Hurry.

Is he dead?

That's the problem. He was dead to begin with. Where are we going? Anywhere but here. Here, take the rings.

Take a bomb. Right back.

Jump! Still alive? Run, Katrina. Yes, do run. And jump, and skip! So, you're not dead.

Just in time for a new century. You'll soon get your bearings, young Masbeth. The Bronx is up, the Battery's down, and home is this way.

Tomorrow night at nine, they've got the plan, they've got the players, but can they pull it all off? Dustin Hoffman stars in confidence. John Sim is having it large in our British connection next, 48 hours of drugs, sex and music in cultural comedy, human traffic.