**Dizzy Miss Lizzie’s Roadside Revue presents**

**The Brontes**

**Book by Debra Buonaccorsi**

**Music and Lyrics by Debra Buonaccorsi and Steve McWilliams**

CHARACTERS

All of the performers play multiple characters throughout the show and some also play in the band. The character and band breakdown below reflects the original cast.

THE ETERNAL CARNIES

GYPSY: An uninhibited, saucy lady of the stage. She helps lead the Bronte siblings on their journey to Dizzy-Land. She is plays many characters throughout the show.

BARKER: He has a big personality, able to drive the action and “sell” the show. He also leads the Brontes in their journey to Dizzy-Land. He also has many characters in his bag of tricks. He also plays guitar.

CON MAN: A confidence man, who takes a liking to the impressionable Anne Bronte. He uses his powers of persuasion to sell his wares. He also takes the Brontes down the road to Dizzy-land. He also plays guitar.

THE FERRYMAN: A mysterious, medicine-man, Rastafarian, priest, etc… and the spirit guide to Dizzy-land. He also plays bass.

THE DRUMMER: ‘nuff said.

THE BRONTES

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: Uptight, bossy, repressed, strong minded and strong willed. Has an underlying dark, sexually driven side. Loves her siblings and shows it by trying to mother all of them. She also plays keyboards, accordion and guitar.

EMILY BRONTE: Tough, not feminine. She is sarcastic and sardonic. She is also strong willed and not afraid to be herself even if it defies convention.

ANNE BRONTE: A little softer than her sisters. She is eager to please but underneath it, she still has a mind of her own. Much more practical than the others.

BRANWELL BRONTE: A lost soul. A drunk and a laudanum addict. He tries his best but it’s never quite good enough. Bright and talented but never able to live up to expectations. He also plays guitar.

OTHER CHARACTERS

DEALER: played by The Ferryman

OPIUM: Con Man

ALCOHOL: Barker

TB: Gypsy

HINDLEY EARNSHAW: Branwell

CATHERINE EARNSHAW: Gypsy

HEATHCLIFF: Emily

EDGAR LINTON: Con Man

ISABELLA LINTON: Anne

NELLY: Anne

JOSEPH: Con Man

GNASHER (the mastiff): Charlotte

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN: Branwell

THE ROBINSON CHILDREN: Emily and Charlotte

MR AND MRS ROBINSON: Barker and Gypsy

Place and Time: Dizzy Miss Lizzie’s Roadside Revue exists in the present time and place, wherever and whenever you happen to find them. Their telling of the story of The Bronte family would take place at a theatrical suggestion of Haworth, the home of the Bronte Family in Yorkshire, England. The time is now but also during the 1840’s, the time when the sisters were actively writing and before their deaths.

The play is in one act.

SCENE 1: Introduction

COME WITH US

SCENE 2: The carnies arrive at The Bronte home

BREATHE IN

SCENE 3: Hypnosis

THIS HOUSE

SCENE 4: Branwell Bronte’s Wheel of Destiny

HEY THERE

GOD KNOWS

SCENE 5: The Saint Emily Jane Bronte of Bedlam Asylum for the Mentally Disturbed

LITTLE CHICKIES

HINDLEY

LINTONS

SERVANTS

HEATHCLIFF

CATHY

SCENE 6: Cirque du Anne Bronte

HEY THERE (reprise)

CIRQUE DU ANNE BRONTE

ANNE’S SONG

SCENE 7: Jane Eyre: Voodoo Child

HUNGER, REBELLION AND RAGE

COME WITH US

**Scene 4: Branwell Bronte’s Wheel of Destiny**

*(there is a musical segue between these sections- we transition from* This House *into* Hey There*, which underscores all of the following dialogue. Throughout the section, the carnies prey upon Branwell who becomes increasingly more confused and intoxicated)*

GYPSY

You there, you handsome young man. You look like you could use a little comfort. Why don’t you let Madam Bertha tell your fortune? Why don’t you let me tell you what the future has in store for you- so then you won’t have to worry so much, eh?

CON MAN

HEY THERE,

YOU HANDSOME FELLOW THERE

YOU LOOK CLEVER, YOU LOOK SMART

LET ME GUESS, YOU STUDY ART?

YOU LOOK A LITTLE STRESSED

MAYBE A LITTLE BIT DEPRESSED

BARKER

You there, young man, step right up, step right up. So full of promise… Fame and fortune have been eluding you? Failure been following you around every bend in the road? I have the key to your fortune right here. But you’ve got to be willing to take a gamble….

CON MAN

I MIGHT HAVE AN ANSWER

JUST A LITTLE MOOD ENHANCER

I’VE GOT A HEALING ELIXIR

BABY, I’M YOUR PROBLEM FIXER

GYPSY

Oh you poor thing. I feel your pain. You’ve lost so much, haven’t you. Lost your mommy? Your sisters? Lost your love? Yes. So much rejection, you poor thing…

CON MAN & BARKER

CAN’T YOU HEAR IT ON THE BREEZE?

IT SAYS LISTEN TO ME, PLEASE

IT WHISPERS TODAY’S YOUR LUCKY DAY

TODAY ALL PAIN WILL MELT AWAY

ADD GYPSY

WITH MY ELIXIR VITAE

LA ROUTE A TON BONHEUR

TON PANACEE DANS UNE FLEUR

I’VE GOT WHAT YOU NEED

THE TEARS OF THE POPPY SEED

YOU KNOW I’D NEVER MISLEAD

YES, I’VE GOT ALL YOU NEED

DEALER

*(jumps in immediately)* Step right up step right up. Who will be the first to take a chance? Who will be the first to embark on the road to the unknown? You often meet your fate on the road you take to avoid it. Who will play the wheel of destiny?

*(flourish from the band and he rolls forward “the wheel of Destiny”)*

You there. You boy.

*(Branwell looks around)*

BRANWELL

Me?

DEALER

Yes, you. Do you see any other boys?

BRANWELL

*(referring to Emily)* She’s often mistaken for a boy. And besides, I’m not a boy. I’m a man.

DEALER

Ha ha! That’s what I like to hear. Some boldness! So, young *man,* how’d you like to test your luck? Are you a gambling man?

BRANWELL

Sure, I’d say so. I know when to hold em. And when to fold em. And when to walk away.

CHARLOTTE

And he sure knows when to run

*(The dealer turns the wheel around. It is a Wheel of Fortune. The pockets are labeled DEPRESSION, ANXIETY, ADDICTION, FEAR OF FAILURE, DEATH, INTELLIGENCE, LOVING FAMILY, and ARTISTIC TALENT)*

DEALER

And now, ladies and gentlemen, *(drumroll)* Dizzy Miss Lizzie’s Roadside Revue presents “Branwell Bronte’s Wheel of Fate”!

Here we go. Place your bets. Place your bets on the good or place your bets on the bad. Where is Branwell going to land?

*(The carnies have transformed into the characters ALCOHOL, OPIUM and TB*)

DEALER

Alright, yes indeedy, we’ve got 3 more gamblers. And you are?

BARKER

*(he wears beer goggles)* I’m alcohol!

CON MAN

*(he carries a long pipe)* Opium

GYPSY

*(She wears long red scarves around her neck)* And I’m Tuberculosis but you can call me TB ‘cause we’re all friends here.

DEALER

Very good. I believe you are all *very* well acquainted. Alight, place your bets.

BRANWELL

I’m putting my money on Intelligence.

ALCOHOL

I’ll bet on Depression

OPIUM

Fear of Failure always wins for me.

TB

My money’s on Death.

DEALER

And the wheel says…. Depression. Alcohol is the winner!

*(Alcohol cheers, the others groan)*

Let’s spin again. Place your bets, place your bets.

BRANWELL

This time I’ll bet on Artistic Talent,

ALCOHOL

I’ve got Anxiety

OPIUM

Addiction is my bet

TB

I’m sticking with Death. Death always wins in the end.

DEALER

And the wheel it spins…. And, it lands on Addiction. Branwell, you lose again.

*(Opium cheers, the others groan)*

BRANWELL

One more spin. This time I’m going to hit it big. I can feel it.

DEALER

Here we go. One final bet.

BRANWELL

I’m putting all my money on Loving Family.

ALCOHOL, OPIUM & TB

We’re putting all our money on Death.

DEALER

And Branwell’s wheel of fate spins one more time and it lands on… Death.

*(They all celebrate their win)*

ALCOHOL

Oh, poor Branwell.

OPIUM

Looks like Death is knocking at your door.

TB

Have you got enough money left to pay for transportation? The ferry man doesn’t take credit

*(they laugh)*

What a fool.

*(they laugh. Branwell grabs his guitar and starts to play and sing)*

BRANWELL

I’M ON MY WAY OUT

I’M A FAILURE, NO DOUBT

I’VE USED ALL OF THIS LIFE UP

I SWALLOW THIS BITTER PILL WITH A POISONED CUP

MY LIFE WAS JUST A WASTE

I LEAVE YOU SAD AND DISGRACED

*(his sisters join him, singing back up throughout the song)*

BUT I NEED YOUR HELP JUST ONE MORE TIME

I DON’T NEED MUCH, JUST A NICKEL OR A DIME

I’VE GOT TO PAY THE FERRYMAN

DON’T LEAVE ME LOST AND DAMNED

DON’T MAKE ME WANDER HIS SHORES

FOR A HUNDRED YEARS OR MORE

I PROMISE I WON’T BOTHER YOU AGAIN

GOD KNOWS WHAT A BURDEN I’VE BEEN

I CAN SEE THAT YOU’RE ASHAMED OF ME

I’M A SHADOW OF WHAT I USED TO BE

I KNOW THAT YOU ARE SICK OF ME

CAN’T WAIT TO GET RID OF ME

EXHAUSTED AND TIRED OF

THE LOVE THAT YOU HAD FOR ME

BUT I NEED YOUR HELP JUST ONE MORE TIME

I DON’T NEED MUCH, JUST A NICKEL OR A DIME

I’VE GOT TO PAY THE FERRYMAN

DON’T LEAVE ME LOST AND DAMNED

DON’T MAKE ME WANDER HIS SHORES

FOR A HUNDRED YEARS OR MORE

I PROMISE I WON’T BOTHER YOU AGAIN

GOD KNOWS WHAT A BURDEN I’VE BEEN

I’VE MADE A CAREER OF DEFEAT

NOT ONE CHALLENGE COULD I MEET

I MADE A PETTY AND CONTEMPTIBLE ART

OUT OF NURSING MY SAD BROKEN HEART

EVERY STEP A BLUNDER

BUT WILL YOU ME MISS ME I WONDER?

BUT I NEED YOUR HELP JUST ONE MORE TIME

I DON’T NEED MUCH, JUST A NICKEL OR A DIME

I’VE GOT TO PAY THE FERRYMAN

DON’T LEAVE ME LOST AND DAMNED

DON’T MAKE ME WANDER HIS SHORES

FOR A HUNDRED YEARS OR MORE

I PROMISE I WON’T BOTHER YOU AGAIN

GOD KNOWS WHAT A BURDEN I’VE BEEN