

# POETIC LICENSE TO KILL

By Edith Weiss

Copyright © 2008 by Edith Weiss, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 1-60003-383-0

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

## CHARACTERS

9 Females, 5 Males, 5 Flex

(in order of appearance: \*denotes flex casting)

COUNTESS CONSTANTA	Cultured, refined, with a piercing stare, pretends to be Eastern European royalty, possible accent
MRS. GREER*	Bide-A-Wee's owner, a kind, cheerful woman
VICTORIA MANCHESTER	A young woman of the landed gentry, emotionally vulnerable
HEDLEY SVENGBORD	A plucky, gung-ho bird watcher
MISS WILLINGFORD	No nonsense, old fashioned, whose life is the Girl Guides
MISS WALLABYE	Best friend of Willingford, but softer
BETTYE	A faded star of stage and screen, very theatrical
HAYLEY*	A young tough teen-ager from the city, usually sullen
LENNY	An ill dressed, wild looking gardener to Mrs. Greer
RIVIERA FITZ-CHARLTON	A very rich, young, spoiled heiress to a hotel fortune, famous for being famous
LAURENCE BOOTHSEBY	A bad poet, highly strung

RONALD FITZ-CHARLTON	“the Ronald”. Riviera’s father, an arrogant and easily angered billionaire businessman
HUGH*	An apprentice to Fitz-Charlton, desperate to be hired, out only for himself
PENELOPE*	An apprentice to Fitz-Charlton, long suffering and fair-minded
COOK	Cook of the Bide-A-Wee, hardworking and down to earth
MINNIE	A young, gullible, excitable maid
MOXIE	Her best friend, with a touch more common sense
BUTLER	A formal, unemotional man who avoids work whenever possible
INSPECTOR BARISH*	A British-type inspector who loves American crime shows and tries to emulate them whenever possible

## THE SET

The entrance room of the Inn. Downstage Right is the exit leading outside. Downstage Left is an exit into the dining room. Upstage Left leads to the kitchen, and some rooms. Upstage Right leads to more of the guests’ rooms. Upstage Right is the reservation counter or desk, on which is a telephone, notepad, reservation book. There is a large sofa, large enough for a person to hide under, center stage. In front of that is a coffee table. To the left and right of the sofa are big easy chairs. To the left of the stage left easy chair is a small table on which is the book “The Collected Works of Shakespeare”.

## **SOUND**

Doorbell ring, telephone ring, offstage gunshot, offstage yodeling

## **COSTUMES**

Bettye needs the same costume twice, once pristine, later tattered after the owl attack

## **PRODUCTION HISTORY**

Woodside Priory, Portola Valley, California  
Young Actor's Theater, Denver, Colorado

## **NOTE**

Bettye's final lines are from Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Scene 3, lines 27-33.

## **PROPERTY LIST**

Desk Telephone	Handkerchief
Cell Phone	Piece of string
Tarot cards	A note
Countess' purse	A Deed
Slingshot	Evidence Bag
Large Daisy	Oven Mitts
3 Binoculars	First Aid Kit
Camera	Kitchen butcher knife
Notepads	Video Camera
Mop	Backpack
Dust shammy (rag)	Briefcase, papers, binders
Bibs	Grocery bags
Eating utensils	Large bag of flour
2 Guns	Edition of the Collected Works of Shakespeare
Bandages	

**POETIC LICENSE TO KILL**

by  
Edith Weiss

**TIME: early morning, before dawn.**

***AT RISE: In the sitting room of the Bide A Wee Resort, the COUNTESS is sitting on the couch, speaking on a cell phone.***

COUNTESS: Yes, darling, of course I understand. I'm just anxious, that's all – so get it done quickly! I fear that-

*(The phone on reception counter rings.)*

MRS. GREER: *(from Off Up Left)* "Coming!"

COUNTESS: Gotta go. *(hangs up)*

MRS. GREER: Good morning, Countess Constanta. *(on the phone)*  
The Bide-A-Wee Inn and Resort, Mrs. Greer speaking.

*(VICTORIA enters, from Down Left, dressed for birding.)*

COUNTESS: Ah, Victoria, you're going on the birding expedition this morning?

VICTORIA: Yes. I'm a little early, but I couldn't sleep.

MRS. GREER: *(on phone)* It's nothing but peace and quiet here. If it's relaxation you want, this is the place to come. Nothing ever happens here.

COUNTESS: *(staring intently at the space around VICTORIA)* Your aura – full of reds and purples - you have a lot on your mind, Victoria?

VICTORIA: Well, yes, I suppose I do. You can see that?

COUNTESS: It's a gift. Victoria, would you like me to do a Tarot card reading for you? I have learned how to do this in my country.

VICTORIA: Well- why not? I've nothing else to do until the rest of them come downstairs.

*(COUNTESS takes cards out of her purse, starts shuffling.)*

MRS. GREER: *(on the phone)* Thank you very much. I'll see you next week. *(hangs up)* Good morning, Victoria.

VICTORIA: Good-

COUNTESS: Quiet please!

VICTORIA and MRS. GREER: Sorry.

COUNTESS: Pick a card.

*(VICTORIA pulls a card out of the deck, hands it to COUNTESS.)*

Ah. The Queen of Pentacles. A woman who is generous, trusting, a free spirit . . . I believe this is you, no?

VICTORIA: Really? Well I suppose it could –

MRS. GREER: Why, Victoria, that's you to a "T."

COUNTESS: Pick another card. This card will be about an influence on your life right now.

*(VICTORIA picks another card.)*

The King of Pentacles. This card signifies a man, a man who is in love with you, a man whose words are as beautiful as his deeds. This man wants to be with you always. Do you know anyone like that?

VICTORIA: *(breathless)* I think so.

COUNTESS: The man is also sometimes sad, and sometimes you don't understand why he does what he does . . . but he does it because of his love for you.

VICTORIA: Really? How wonderful!

MRS. GREER: Oh, this is exciting.

COUNTESS: Pick another card.

*(VICTORIA does.)*

The Ten of Cups. Look – a rainbow – a man and a woman arm in arm and little children dancing next to them- does that have any meaning for you?

VICTORIA: Oh, it's wonderful! It's what I've always wanted! It's –

*(VICTORIA is interrupted by the entrance of HEDLEY, followed by MISSES WILLINGFORD and WALLABYE from Down Left.)*

HEDLEY: Come along, birders! Good morning, all.

MRS. GREER: Morning, Hedley. Miss Wallabye, Miss Willingford.

VICTORIA: Thank you, Countess; you've helped me make an important decision.

COUNTESS: Mrs. Greer, might I have a cup of tea?

MRS. GREER: Of course.

COUNTESS: I'll take it in the dining room.

*(As MRS. GREER and COUNTESS exit Down Left, HEDLEY nods in a slight bow her way; WILLINGFORD and WALLABYE make awkward half curtseys in her direction.)*

HEDLEY: Countess. Victoria, you look lovely this morning.

POETIC LICENSE TO KILL – PAGE 7

WILLINGFORD: I'm sure she is as excited as we are to go on a birding expedition with the renowned ornithologist, Hedley Svengbord!

HEDLEY: Well, that's very kind of you.

WALLABYE: Plus, we'll get our Ornithology Merit Badges for the Girl Guides. Where's little Hayley?

HEDLEY: Who's little Hayley?

WILLINGFORD: We're acting as Big Girl Guide mentors to a sweet little city child, Hayley!

WALLABYE: She was right behind us. I'll get her.

*(WALLABYE exits Down Left. BETTYE enters, Up Right, in heels, jewelry, makeup)*

HEDLEY: Good morning Bettye. Um- I'm not sure you're appropriately dressed for a wild bird expedition. We will be going up the cliffs and into the woodland. Looking for the elusive and rare Madagascar Hoopoe, the Upupa Eops – and we must try to be as – um- unobtrusive as possible.

BETTYE: Darling, I dress like the star of stage and screen that I am. The fans demand it. Even if only an Upupa Eops or maybe a Lapland Bunting sees me, I simply must look my best.

HEDLEY" It sounds like you've studied birds, Bettye.

BETTYE: No, but I once starred in a film called "The Birdwoman of Sherwood Forest." It was a cross between The Birdman of Alcatraz and Robin Hood. I played Maid Miriam, who is spurned by Robin Hood for her younger sister, Maid Marion. She then lives the life of a hermitess, deep in the woods, whose only friend is a Lapland Bunting. When the bird migrates, she dies of a broken heart. It was a love story with fiercely feminist overtones.

*(WALLABYE and HAYLEY enter from Down Left.)*

WALLABYE: Here we are! She fell asleep on the stairs.

HAYLEY: *(sullenly)* The sun is not even up.

WILLINGFORD: Waiting for dawn is for slug-a-beds! The air is freshest in the morning.

WALLABYE: *(breathing deeply)* It's like a lung cleanse!

HEDLEY: And, before dawn is the best time to look for birds. The nocturnal ones will still be awake, and the others will just be waking. Are you ready to go, Hayley?

HAYLEY: Yeah.

WALLABYE: *(noticing a slingshot hanging from HAYLEY's backpack)* Hayley, dear, what's this?

HAYLEY: A slingshot.

POETIC LICENSE TO KILL – PAGE 8

HEDLEY: A slingshot! Whatever for?

HAYLEY: To knock the birds out of the trees, what else?

WILLINGFORD: Mr. Svengbord, surely we're not going to be knocking birds out of trees?

HEDLEY: No, of course not!

HAYLEY: How else are we going to stuff them?

HEDLEY: Stuff them?!

WALLABYE: Hayley, dear, we're not going to be stuffing the birds.

HEDLEY: We are going to observe, to take notes and to report back to the Bird Society! There will be no killing, no stuffing!

HAYLEY: I get up before the crack of dawn and I can't even slingshot a bird out of a tree? That's just rude.

WILLINGFORD: Hayley, it will be fun, and educational as well! One can have fun without being destructive, can't one?

HAYLEY: I doubt it.

WALLABYE: Please, Hayley dear, put the slingshot back in your room.

HAYLEY: (*begrudgingly*) Awright.

(*HAYLEY exits Down Left.*)

HEDLEY: All right then. We've got our binoculars, our cameras, our notepads – and we've practiced our birdcalls, yes?

(*HAYLEY reenters from Down Left*)

All together now –

(*THEY begin bird calling.*)

ALL: Oooooo- Oooooo.

(*LENNY, the gardener, enters from Stage Right, with a big daisy. HE looks at them dubiously as THEY practice the birdcalls.*)

WALLABYE: See Hayley, Lenny the gardener is up and working! Good morning.

LENNY: Mornin'.

WILLINGFORD: Hi-aaa. Hi-aaa.

HEDLEY: Ah, the mating call of the European Eagle Owl. We must be careful not to use that call, for, although rarely seen in England, it is a fierce predator. Very good! Off we go!

(*HEDLEY, VICTORIA, HAYLEY, WALLABYE, WILLINGFORD, and BETTYE exit Down Right.*)

MRS. GREER: Lenny, I'll be in the kitchen. I believe Mrs. Cook asked you to pick some tomatoes.

LENNY: Okay.

*(MRS. GREER exits Up Left. LENNY goes behind counter, counts off petals.)*

She loves me. She loves me not. She loves me. She loves me not.  
She loves me. She loves me not! BAH! Stupid flower!

RIVIERA: *(from off)* Come on, Laurence.

*(LENNY ducks behind the desk. HE can be directed to pop up, unseen by the others, and then hiding again. RIVIERA FITZ-CHARLTON enters from Down Left.)*

We can be alone in here. Poetry is the most romantic thing in the world. It's better than chocolates, flowers,

*(LENNY, unseen by RIVIERA, pops up from behind the counter, looks at his daisy, and lets out a frustrated sound, quickly disappears again.)*

or sometimes-even money. Laurence, are you coming? Did you say something?

LAURENCE: *(enters from Down Left, looking around fearfully)* Are you sure we're alone?

RIVIERA: Daddy's having a business meeting with his apprentices while hiking along the cliffs. *(romantically)* Finally, we're alone.

LAURENCE: My heart is aflutter to be alone with my love. I am moved to poetry. "A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted hast thou,"

RIVIERA: Get out of here! I'm wearing my new line of makeup, called "Riviera's Fitz-Charlton's Nature." That is awesome, how did you know?

LAURENCE: *(ignoring her, a bit pained)* The master mistress of my passion; a woman's gentle heart but not acquainted with shifting change as is false women's fashion;

RIVIERA: *(not understanding)* What?

LAURENCE: An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,"-

RIVIERA: *(rolling her eyes)* I don't get it, Laurence. If you're going to write poetry like that, you'll never be a famous poet.

LAURENCE: But Riviera, my fragrant rose, it is Shakespeare's Sonnet Number 20.

POETIC LICENSE TO KILL – PAGE 10

RIVIERA: Well no wonder I didn't get it. Nobody does Shakespeare anymore. Laurence, I'm bored. Let's elope. Right now. I wanna be Riviera Fitz-Charlton Boothsby.

LAURENCE: But Riviera, love of my life, we might run into your father, and he would kill me.

RIVIERA: No, he wouldn't. Not personally, anyway. He has people for that sort of thing.

LAURENCE: Nothing would make me happier than to get married- let's elope tonight -

*(A cell phone rings Off Right, RIVIERA looks out front door.)*

RIVIERA: That's Daddy! Laurence, you have to hide. Get under the sofa!

LAURENCE: But I'm claustrophobic-

RIVIERA: He told me if he caught us together he'd cut off my allowance! Now get under there!

LAURENCE: All right, but get them out of here as soon as possible! I have severe dust allergies!

*(RONALD FITZ-CHARLTON and HUGH enter from Right.)*

FITZ-CHARLTON: *(into phone)* You're fired! *(to RIVIERA)* Hello, Riviera. What are you doing here all alone at this hour of the morning?

RIVIERA: Nothing, Daddy. I'm just bored. I don't know why we had to come to this stupid little inn on this stupid little island so far away from everything!

FITZ-CHARLTON: I needed to get away from the city. I thought this would be the perfect place to decide which of my two apprentices will be my new employee. Each of them has to come up with an idea to make money. Have you thought of anything yet, Hugh?

HUGH: Uh - I think we should create a reality show

*(HUGH wipes the chair before FITZ-CHARLTON sits.)*

based on your life, Mr. Fitz-Charlton. Your day-to-day life, which people everywhere find fascinating. We'll call it – "The Life, The Times, The Ronald."

*(PENELOPE enters from Right, carrying papers, etc.)*

FITZ-CHARLTON: I love it! Hugh had a fantastic idea for a new reality show based on my everyday life. What do you got, Peneplain?

POETIC LICENSE TO KILL – PAGE 11

PENELOPE: It's Penelope, sir. I believe I wrote you a memo saying that very same thing yesterday, Mr. Fitz-Charlton. That we should produce a new reality show, based on your day-to-day life.

FITZ-CHARLTON: Really? I didn't get that memo, Panopoly.

PENELOPE: Penelope, sir.

FITZ-CHARLTON: You have to get the memos to me, or they're worthless. Remember, only one of you can win, and one of you will be fired.

*(HUGH gets a video camera from his backpack.)*

See, Hugh is already working on the project, Penlopy. From you, I don't even have an idea.

PENELOPE: I had an idea. I had the very idea Hugh is using, and I was waiting for the go-ahead from you!

FITZ-CHARLTON: I didn't get the memo.

PENELOPE: I put the memo on your desk, Mr. Fitz-Charlton. Where do you suggest I put it to better get your attention?

FITZ-CHARLTON: I like being called "the Ronald." Good work, Hugh.

RIVIERA: Does that mean I have to call you "the Daddy?"

*(HUGH laughs.)*

FITZ-CHARLTON: That's not funny.

HUGH: At all! Not funny at all. It's disrespectful.

PENELOPE: *(stage whisper to HUGH)* You took my memo! You stole my idea!

HUGH: You have to use strategy. All's fair in love and business.

LAURENCE: *(from under the couch)* Aahhh-ahhh-choo!

RIVIERA: *(covering for LAURENCE)* . . . choo! Excuse me.

FITZ-CHARLTON: So now you're catching a cold. That's what you get for wearing those skimpy outfits.

RIVIERA: Don't start, Daddy. I'm a fashion icon. What Riviera wears, the world wears.

*(Doorbell rings from Offstage Right.)*

COOK: Somebody get the door please, my hands are full!

*(ALL onstage look at each other. Finally . . .)*

HUGH: I'm filming!

PENELOPE: I'll get it.

POETIC LICENSE TO KILL – PAGE 12

*(PENELOPE, hands still full, struggles to open the door. COOK enters Right with grocery bag and a large bag of flour.)*

Good morning, Cook.

COOK: Good morning, Miss Penelope, and thank you. These bags are heavy!

*(COOK walks behind reception desk, trips over LENNY hiding behind desk, and groceries go flying as COOK screams.)*

Lenny! For goodness' sakes what are you doing down there behind the desk?

*(LENNY stands guiltily. MINNIE and MOXIE enter, with a mop.)*

MINNIE: We heard screaming and yelling!

MOXIE: And crashing. Is everything all right?

COOK: I just tripped over the gardener, buns over buttons I went flying! Why aren't you out picking me peppers and tomatoes like I asked you to?

LENNY: I don't know.

COOK: Don't just stand there looking flummoxed; help us pick up the groceries.

MOXIE: I'll help.

MINNIE: Me, too.

*(COOK, LENNY, and MINNIE start picking up groceries.)*

MOXIE: *(pushing mop under couch)* There seems to be something large stuck under the sofa.

*(We hear sounds of pain coming from LAURENCE, still under the sofa. MINNIE looks under sofa.)*

MINNIE: Moxie, there's a man! A man under the sofa!

FITZ-CHARLTON: Why are there men hiding in the furniture all over this room?

RIVIERA: I don't know.

COOK: *(looking under sofa)* He's not coming out.

LENNY: I'll get him out. *(pokes mop under sofa vigorously)*

LAURENCE: Ow! Stop! I'm out, I'm out.

MINNIE: It's Laurence Boothsby, my poet. I mean the poet. Are you hurt?

MOXIE: What in the world are you doing under the sofa?

POETIC LICENSE TO KILL – PAGE 13

FITZ-CHARLTON: I know what he was doing under the sofa. Hiding from me! Let me get my hands on him!

LENNY: (*holding LAURENCE's hands behind his back*) Here he is, Sir.

LAURENCE: No! Don't hit me! Unhand me!

(*FITZ-CHARLTON goes for LAURENCE, LENNY holds LAURENCE for FITZ-CHARLTON, MINNIE and MOXIE hold LENNY, PENELOPE screams and drops all her papers, COOK holds FITZ-CHARLTON back, HUGH films.*)

PENELOPE: My papers!

COOK: Mr. Butler! Mr. Butler, get in here, we have a situation!

(*MRS. GREER and BUTLER enter from Up Left, with a shammy for dusting.*)

MRS. GREER: What is going on in here?

RIVIERA: Don't hurt him, Daddy, he loves me! He can't help himself!

MRS. GREER: Don't hurt him; he's a paying guest!

FITZ-CHARLTON: Let go of me, Cook! Let go of me or I'll fire the lot of you!

HUGH: I wasn't holding you back, sir! I'm on your side!

COOK: I could use a little help here, Mrs. Greer!

(*MRS. GREER helps hold FITZ-CHARLTON.*)

FITZ-CHARLTON: (*to COOK and MRS. GREER*) You two are fired!

PENELOPE: You can't fire them, Sir. Mrs. Greer owns the Bide-A-Wee, and the cook is her employee.

RIVIERA: Stupid daddy.

MRS. GREER: (*as FITZ-CHARLTON continues to struggle*) Butler, do something!

BUTLER: I'm going to count to three, at which point everyone will sit down quietly or get slapped with the shammy. One. Two. Three.

(*FITZ-CHARLTON is released, starts to sit, PENELOPE picks up papers, after a beat HE roars and goes for LAURENCE again, PENELOPE drops papers, EVERYONE ends up in the same position.*)

COOK: Well that didn't work.

BUTLER: (*takes mop, holds mop side up like sword, shammy in other hand*) This time, whoever doesn't behave will get smacked with the mop!

FITZ-CHARLTON: You wouldn't dare!

POETIC LICENSE TO KILL – PAGE 14

BUTLER: *(holding cleaning implements in a threatening manner)*  
Wouldn't I? Now. One. Two. Three.

*(This time, it works. FITZ-CHARLTON sits on chair, LAURENCE, trying to sit next to RIVIERA, ends up sitting on LENNY, next to RIVIERA on the sofa.)*

LENNY: Uh- get off me.

LAURENCE: Don't hurt me. I'm getting off.

*(LAURENCE gets off and squeezes between RIVIERA and LENNY. LENNY glares at him.)*

RIVIERA: *(very sweetly)* Are you all right, Laurence?

LAURENCE: *(to RIVERIA, stage whisper)* How could you leave me under the sofa all that time?

RIVIERA: Sorry.

FITZ-CHARLTON: Do you have any other men stashed about the room, Riviera?

RIVIERA: No, Daddy.

FITZ-CHARLTON: He's a gold digger, Riviera!

RIVIERA: He's a poet, Daddy!

FITZ-CHARLTON: Nobody every heard of him!

RIVIERA: So?

FITZ-CHARLTON: That does it. I'm getting you a 24/7 chaperone, who will stick to you like glue!

LENNY: I'll do it.

FITZ-CHARLTON: There's a good man! You're hired!

MRS. GREER: But he's our gardener.

RIVIERA: And he's scary looking! Daddy!

FITZ-CHARLTON: My mind is made up. The Butler can be the gardener. I never actually see him do any butling, by the way.

MRS. GREER: Well, that's true.

BUTLER: Mrs. Greer!

FITZ-CHARLTON: It's settled. Stick to her like glue, Lenny!

*(LENNY plops himself between LAURENCE and RIVIERA.)*

RIVIERA: Oh ew. I hate you, Daddy. Stupid Daddy.

MRS. GREER: Why don't we all have a nice cup of tea in the dining room? We could all use some calming down. Cook?

COOK: Yes, m'am, just as soon as I put these groceries away.

*(COOK, MINNIE, and MOXIE exit Up Left, with groceries.)*

LAURENCE: I'm going to my room. I need to be alone.

*(LAURENCE exits Down Left, leaving his Shakespeare book on the end table.)*

BUTLER: *(snapping shammy)* Come on, then everyone! Into the dining room!

HUGH: Stop snapping that shammy at me!

MRS. GREER: Butler, stop snapping the shammy right now. Go to the garden and get us some vegetables for lunch.

BUTLER: But I'm a butler, not a gardener!

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from POETIC LICENSE TO KILL by Edith Weiss. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC**

**P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406**

**Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011**

**[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**