

The Smell of the Kill
2025 Script Revisions

PAGE 7

DEBRA: Face lift. Boob job. Three-inch nails, four-inch heels—

PAGE 10

NICKY: He stroked my leg.

MOLLY: When?

NICKY: During dinner.

MOLLY: No.

NICKY: Like this. (*She strokes MOLLY's leg*)

MOLLY: What did you do?

NICKY: I stepped on his foot. He's going to get himself in trouble someday.

MOLLY: How?

PAGE 11

NICKY: I bet he touches those women he takes around in his car. I bet he does it in the houses.

MOLLY: Oh, I don't think so.

NICKY: Last month at Sarah's he did the same thing to her.

MOLLY: No.

FURTHER DOWN PAGE 11

NICKY: I thought Danny liked him.

MOLLY: Uch, no.

NICKY: For 20 years we've been eating dinner together once a month and you're telling me that the men don't like each other?

MOLLY: They just don't like Marty.

NICKY: Nobody likes Marty except Debra.

DEBRA (*offstage*): Sorry, Jay.

PAGE 12

NICKY: You can't miss him. He tries to pick up girls in front of Zale's.

PAGE 13

MOLLY: It's too upsetting.

DEBRA: I'll send you the link.

MOLLY: No thanks.

DEBRA: I'll email it to you so you have it. You don't have to look at it.

MOLLY: I wonder how she feels.

PAGE 16

NICKY: One-handed?

MOLLY: She played the Met Gala.

DEBRA: I bet she made a fortune.

JAY(*offstage*): Good shot, son of a bitch!

PAGE 18

MOLLY(*to herself*): Vanessa. Vaneesha... Vanessa, honey if you're going out you're gonna need a scarf... Vanessa, did you eat all your string beans? You are such a good girl.

FURTHER DOWN PAGE 18

DEBRA: She's lucky you do.

MOLLY: She has a tough job. She has to be available day and night.

DEBRA: Poor Nicky. Blah blah blah.

MOLLY: And she's supposed to be on maternity leave.

DEBRA: What do you mean?

(*MOLLY realizes she's said too much.*)

MOLLY: Nothing.

DEBRA: When you come over, do you hear her working?

MOLLY: Maybe. Sometimes.

DEBRA: Oh my God she's insatiable.

MOLLY: She likes her work; there's nothing wrong with / that.

DEBRA: She doesn't like it she *loves* it.

MOLLY: She's got a wonderful new kid's book coming out. It's about a sheep who reads palms.

DEBRA: She doesn't write the books; she only edits them.

MOLLY: I bet she's a great editor.

DEBRA: But is she a great mother?

MOLLY: Of course she is.

DEBRA: A great mother doesn't spend her maternity leave working. If you had a baby would you work?

PAGE 22 (a cut as well as revised lines)

DEBRA: Of just peas?

NICKY: Peas and corn. Peas and carrots. Yesterday I bought nine bags of peas and onions. I can't stop buying cheap frozen food and I'm running out of room.

DEBRA: I'll take some.

PAGE 23

NICKY: Why doesn't he just carve his initials into your arm?

MOLLY: Please don't suggest that.

MARTY (*offstage*): Debra!

PAGE 24

NICKY: My husband.

DEBRA: Since when?

NICKY: He told me I have to quit my job so I can collect the money in my pension account and give it to him. He's going to use my 401K to pay for his lawyers.

DEBRA: Think how hard it must have been for him to ask you to do that.

PAGE 25:

NICKY: What about me?

DEBRA: You're fine. Good God, look at you. You lost all that baby weight after how long? A month?

NICKY: A *month*?

DEBRA: You're already sneaking meetings.

NICKY: I'm not sneaking /anything.

DEBRA: No? An email here, an email there? I bet you took a writer to lunch at the Panera in Skokie where nobody knows you.

NICKY: Back off.

DEBRA: When's your maternity leave up?

NICKY: Three weeks.

DEBRA: And then what?

NICKY: He'll be fine.

DEBRA: I'm not talking about him; I'm talking about you.

NICKY: I'll be OK.

DEBRA: You won't miss him?

NICKY: Maybe a little.

DEBRA: This whole thing with Jay could be a blessing. If you quit your job, you'll get to spend more time with your son.

NICKY: Your kid's not even home. You put him in military school.

On Page 26 please change all mentions of Molly's "dress" to a "shirt."

PAGE 31

NICKY: Sarah was supposed to bring it.

DEBRA: You should've called me.

NICKY: What for?

DEBRA: I would've baked brownies. Everybody loves my / brownies.

MARTY (*offstage*): Give us back our balls!

PAGE 34 PLEASE CUT

NICKY: I thought I saw a bug

DEBRA: Jesus. What's the matter with you?

PAGE 35

DEBRA: We don't fight.

NICKY: Oh, come on.

Cut everything else on the page after that and insert:

DEBRA: Why would I fight with him?

NICKY: Because he can be a little difficult.

DEBRA: Not if you understand him. I know what he needs. And he knows what I need. He did from the beginning. Complete understanding. You and Jay need a reset. If you quit your job you could spend more time with him, too. You both could start all over again.

PAGE 36

Cut everything from the top down to:

NICKY: I'm not quitting my job.

DEBRA: Then if you need money so badly sell the house.

NICKY: We had the house appraised. We'd lose our shirts if we sold it now.

DEBRA (*hurt*): Who appraised it?

NICKY (*caught*): Some woman in the neighborhood.

DEBRA: Marty would've done that for you.

NICKY: I know.

DEBRA: You could've called.

NICKY: It was a fluke. The woman rang our bell.

DEBRA: Some woman just walked up to your / door?

NICKY: Ask Jay, I don't remember.

DEBRA: Why didn't you call Marty?

TOP OF PAGE 37

DEBRA: You bet it's involved. It's a science. And Marty is a genius at it. How could you trust a total stranger?

MIDDLE OF PAGE 37:

NICKY: It better. (*She keeps the shirt on and works on the stain. She doesn't remove her shirt..*)

DEBRA: I think it's good we're not getting together next month.

FURTHER DOWN THE PAGE 37:

DEBRA: I cook.

NICKY: Oh, yes you make those brownies.

DEBRA: Caramel swirl.

NICKY: Homemade.

DEBRA: From scratch.

NICKY: From a box.

TOP OF PAGE 38 is cut and should now read

DEBRA: That's a lie.

NICKY: Truth.

DEBRA: You're wrong. I made them last week. They're Marty's favorite.

NICKY: Don't worry, I never told anyone.

DEBRA: There's nothing to tell.

NICKY: And your Brisket a la Debra?

DEBRA: What about it?

NICKY: You buy it.

DEBRA: That's takes me two and a half /hours.

NICKY: You go to Hansen's in Glencoe.

DEBRA: I don't know what you're talking about.

NICKY: I've seen you leave the store with it.

BOTTOM OF PAGE 38 and TOP OF 39 should now read

NICKY: It's Jay's.

MOLLY: What happened to your shirt?

NICKY: Debra threw brandy on me.

DEBRA: I said I was sorry.

NICKY: She's upset. I just told her she doesn't cook.

MOLLY: You told her that?

BIG CUT: I have cut from middle of 40 to top of 44, and in this rewrite, Debra does not take off her shirt.

NICKY: God, Debra you are so perfect.

DEBRA: No, I'm just perfect for Marty and he's perfect for me.

(DEBRA picks up her purse to leave.)

NICKY: Where are going?

DEBRA: I'm leaving.

NICKY: Don't go away mad.

DEBRA: I'm not mad.

NICKY: Good.

DEBRA: Good night. Thank you for a lovely evening. And by the way, Molly darling, you've got blood all over you.

(DEBRA exits)

MOLLY *(screaming)*: AHHH!

NICKY: It's OK! it's OK! It's old blood It's nothing. It's OK.

BOTTOM OF PAGE 45

MOLLY: Oh, I'll go. *(She exits. Nicky exits behind her.)*

NICKY *(calling to her from offstage)*: Grab a sweater from my closet.

(She enters again)

DEBRA: Did you pay for the appraisal? Marty never charges **(pick up from here as written in script)**

BOTTOM OF PAGE 46-TOP OF PAGE 47

MOLLY *(singing on the baby monitor)*: "And if that mockingbird don't sing, Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring..."

NICKY *(to Debra)*: Dinner on the table, checking her phone for a message. She lived in fear that he wouldn't come home. That one day he'd change his mind and just keep going.

MOLLY *(singing)*: "And if that diamond ring turns brass..."

CUTS ON BOTTOM OF 48-TOP OF 49

MOLLY: I don't want to be her.

DEBRA: Then stay married. Do whatever it takes.

(NICKY enters. She opens the kitchen drawers, etc. etc.)

MIDDLE OF PAGE 51

(NICKY lifts a key out of the drawer.)

DEBRA: They could all die down there!

(NICKY lets the key fall.)

DEBRA: What was that?

MIDDLE OF PAGE 52

(DEBRA exits. The alarm on MOLLY's watch BEEPS. She turns it off.)

MOLLY: Danny bought me an Apple Watch. He has the alarm set for every two hours.

NICKY: What for?

MOLLY: So I can call him.

NICKY: Why?

MOLLY: He loves me.

NICKY: What do you say?

MOLLY: Oh, he never picks up. He just likes me to leave him little messages.

NICKY: Pick up milk.

MOLLY: I love you.

NICKY: Drop dead.

MOLLY: Stuff like that.

PAGE 53 CUT THE TOP SO THE FIRST LINE IS:

NICKY: Every two hours?

MOLLY: No, matter where I am.

NICKY: The john?

MOLLY: Oh, sure.

NICKY; Jesus

MOLLY: At night he checks my phone to make the sure battery's charged.

Nicky: Must be aggravating

Molly. Oh, you don't know.

(THE POUNDING FROM THE BASEMENT STARTS AGAIN.)

MOLLY: This is tricky.

MOLLY'S SPEECH AT THE BOTTOM OF PAGE 53

MOLLY: Do you believe in heaven? Where there are angels with wings sitting on clouds listening to Enya? If Danny goes to heaven, he could see our baby. He could explain about the waiting.

TOP OF PAGE 54

MOLLY: I should've done something.

NICKY: You couldn't.

(MORE POUNDING FROM THE BASEMENT)

MOLLY: But I could now.

NICKY: Wait a minute.

MOLLY: What?

NICKY: I've heard some couples wake up when they're 60 or 65 and they're *happy*.

MOLLY: Really?

NICKY: I heard this woman on a podcast say that if you can get through raising your kids, fighting about money, and stop missing the sex there's a good chance you'll fall in love all over again with the person you married.

MOLLY: So, you could love Jay the way you used to.

NICKY: And you could be crazy for Danny.

MOLLY: Wow.

NICKY: That'd be something, wouldn't it?

MOLLY: I guess it could happen.

NICKY: We just have to wait 30 years.

(Beat.)

MOLLY AND NICKY: Naah.

(DEBRA enters.)

DEBRA *(to NICKY)*: What have you done?

NICKY: I didn't do anything.

DEBRA: This is your fault.

NICKY: Why me?

DEBRA: You wanted this to happen.

NICKY: Yeah, but I never thought it would.

DEBRA: Isn't there an emergency button in there or something?

MIDDLE OF PAGE 54

DEBRA: I'm calling 911.

(She looks for her phone.)

DEBRA: Where's my phone? Where's my phone?

(She spots it on the counter. Lunges for it. But NICKY grabs it first.)

NICKY: Ha!

(DEBRA makes a beeline for the door.)

NICKY *(to MOLLY)*: Grab her!

CUT THE TOP OF PAGE 55 and pick up with:

DEBRA: Let go of me!

NICKY: Promise you'll stay, and Molly will let you go.

DEBRA: We have to save them!

MOLLY *(to NICKY)*: She's not going to stay.

NICKY: Let's tie her up.

DEBRA: You wouldn't dare.

(NICKY exits to the mudroom)

DEBRA: My arm. You're twisting it

MOLLY: Sorry.

(MORE POUNDING FROM THE BASEMENT)

DEBRA: Listen to them! We have to get them out of there!

(NICKY enters with two pairs of tights.)

NICKY *(to Molly)*: Will these work?

MOLLY: Calvin Klein?

NICKY: Yeah.

MOLLY: Yeah, those are strong.
Then pick up as written page 56

PAGE 56

MOLLY: We had boats when I was little.
NICKY: I always wanted a boat.
MOLLY: Boats are fun.
NICKY: Jay didn't want one. He wanted a meat locker.
MOLLY: His mistake

CUT THE REST OF THE PAGE THROUGH THE TOP OF PAGE 57 UNTIL:

(MOLLY finishes tying up DEBRA)

NICKY: Now what?

FURTHER DOWN PAGE 57

NICKY: Maybe we should vote.
MOLLY: I love to vote.
NICKY: What does Debra think?
MOLLY: Debra, if I take out the dishtowel will you scream again? *(Debra shakes her head.)* I'm trusting you.
(MOLLY removes the dishtowel.)

PAGE 59

DEBRA: Molly, two weeks ago we had lunch at Lula Café.

PAGE 64 one line change—cut the “Debra!” from Nicky’s line.

NICKY: Oh, yeah.
MOLLY: But you look like a natural.

TOP OF PAGE 65

NICKY: Everything works both ways.
MOLLY: Doesn't have to be a baby.
NICKY: From now on, I want to come home and make whatever I want for dinner. Then I'm going to watch TV and drink Champagne and scream at the top of my lungs...
MOLLY: I want to be the old woman in the shoe.

TOP OF PAGE 69 – small cut

NICKY: Or the heart. And anything that doesn't look familiar.
(She exits.)
DEBRA*(whispering)*: Molly, listen to me.
MOLLY: I can barely hear you.

BOTTOM OF PAGE 70

MOLLY: Is the baby asleep?
NICKY: Yeah.
MOLLY: Sometimes he's so still I don't think he's breathing. So, I lean over to make sure he's all right, and then I think: what if he's not? What if the baby's dead and it's all my fault?

NICKY: Molly, Molly, that would never / happen.

MOLLY: You don't know that. I could do something terrible. Please don't give me the baby.

NICKY: What are you talking about?

MOLLY: Just promise me.

NICKY (*to DEBRA*): What's she talking about?

BOTTOM OF PAGE 71

NICKY: "Marty said" this and "Marty said" that. You haven't had an original thought in years. And what kills me is, we thought you were the one with the big brain. You were a double major.

MOLLY (*to DEBRA*): You were?

DEBRA: Economics and Philosophy.

NICKY (*to MOLLY*): Second in her class.

MOLLY (*off DEBRA*): Her?

NICKY: Phi Beta Kappa.

MOLLY (*to DEBRA*): What happened to you?

NICKY: Marty. Marty happened to her.

DEBRA: That's a little convenient, don't you think? Blaming the husband? Not true. We made all our choices together. Right from the beginning. He didn't make me stay home, I wanted to. And he made sacrifices for me. For me!

NICKY: Oh my God how many times did you give him a pass? He's vile. I bet he's been fooling around with other women for years.

DEBRA: You're wrong. My husband sleeps with one woman. ONE!

PAGE 72 please cut Nicky's first line

NICKY: I don't know. Are you?

BOTTOM OF PAGE 72- dialogue to replace the rest of the page

MOLLY: Out where?

DEBRA: Out of the house. They got the house.

NICKY: Already?

DEBRA: I moved out two weeks ago.

MOLLY: Where are you staying?

DEBRA: At my mom's.

PAGE 73:

MOLLY: So, what happened?

NICKY: They got married.

DEBRA: I wanted to be there for Billy and for Marty. No distractions. So, I quit. We took all the wedding money and Marty opened his own agency.

NICKY: And hired Blair.

DEBRA: I forgot about Blair.

NICKY: And Rachel and / Janice.

DEBRA (*cutting her off*): OK, I get it.

MOLLY: At least you have Billy now.

DEBRA: Billy hates me.

NICKY: Billy doesn't hate you.

TOP OF PAGE 75 should now read:

NICKY: I'm assuming there was a time when you liked him.

DEBRA: I loved him.

MOLLY: Of course you did and I'm sure he loved you.

DEBRA (*to NICKY*) : He did. I know he did.

NICKY: Is he a good person?

DEBRA: There are a lot of good things about/ him.

NICKY: Like what?

DEBRA: I'm sure there's one thing.

NICKY: Name it.

DEBRA: All right.

NICKY: Go on.

DEBRA: I'm thinking. (pause) Oh! He weeds the garden in the springtime.

NICKY: OK, he weeds. Name something redeeming about your husband other than that he's a weeder.

MIDDLE OF PAGE 81

DEBRA: She's dating.

NICKY: She's getting a master's degree in creative writing.

DEBRA: I could go back to school.

NICKY: I could keep my job.

MOLLY: I could go to Italy.

DEBRA: I've always wanted to pick out my own car.

NICKY: Jay never wanted to take ballroom dancing lessons.

DEBRA: Take horseback riding lessons.

MOLLY: I could go to the Kentucky Derby.

NICKY: Visit Nashville.

DEBRA: Learn to play piano.

MOLLY: Or sing.

NICKY: Or sail.