

"SMALL VICTORIES"  
EPISODE 7: MONEY TROUBLES  
WRITTEN BY JADE MADISON SCOTT

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**Scene One**  
**Introduction**

HOST

WGC Productions presents Small Victories.

(Pause)

Psst.

MARISOL

Look, I'm thinking and I don't really wanna be bothered with this right now. You do the thing.

HOST

Oh. Uh, okay. Please be aware this episode has strong language and discussions of suicide, so take the proper steps to assure your comfort. Um, now I guess I just...uh, music, please?

(Small Victories Theme)

**Scene Two**  
**Nina's Living Room: Morning**

MARISOL

(internal)

Where the fuck am I supposed to get 650 dollars in two days? Who the fuck? Where the fuck? How, when, why the fuck?

(Marisol takes a breath.)

Aaron. Motherfucking Aaron. I swear to God sometimes I dream about strangling him. Just grabbing him by the neck and squeezing and... I bet Sam would know what to do. He'd probably say I was an idiot for buying it in the first place since I probably shouldn't have even gone to that party in the first motherfuckin' place. It seemed like such a good idea at the time. How was I supposed to know that it was a bad idea! And Mom, God, she'd probably find a way to pay it for me. I mean, she wasn't rich or anything, but she wouldn't let me get my fucking kneecaps broken over 650 dollars. She'd care about me too much, and maybe after all that, all of us would laugh and...maybe we'd even go out 'cause I stayed sober. I did, and that's a pretty big fucking deal. I mean, I've stayed sober for, like, 23 days. That's huge, right? I don't think anybody but me gets how huge that—

NINA

There you are! I was just looking for you.

MARISOL

It's not a huge apartment. How hard were you looking?

NINA

What's wrong with you?

MARISOL

I'm thinking.

(internal)

Where do people get money? Where do people get money? People get money-

NINA

About what?

MARISOL

Look, I don't wanna talk about it.

(internal)

People get money—

NINA

Okay, uh, I wanted to talk to you about your birthday. It's in two days and I wanted to figure out what you wanted to do this year since usually we just get shitfaced.

MARISOL

What, you wanna celebrate with me now?

NINA

Of course.

MARISOL

So, you like me again?

NINA

Look, I already apologized for that. And yes, I do like you and care about you. So, I want to make you feel good and celebrate you.

MARISOL

Sorry. I don't wanna do anything for my birthday.

MARISOL

(internal)

People get money from banks. I have no money in the bank which is the problem. People get money—

NINA

It's just that I think having a chance to unwind after everything you've been through could be good for you.

MARISOL

It's gonna be my fourth birthday without Sam and I really don't want to do anything if I have to be present and conscious the whole time. So, I don't want to do anything.

(internal)

People get money from—

NINA

But we—

MARISOL

Nina, for fuck's sake, I said I don't want to do anything. Now can you please shut the fuck up, please.

NINA

I'm trying to be nice.

MARISOL

The only thing that would be nice right now is if you left.

NINA

Jesus, when did you become such an asshole?

MARISOL

I'm not an asshole, I'm being a fucking human being and I have some real serious kinds of problems, princess. Sorry, I'm not so coked-out happy anymore that every fucking thing feels like winning the motherfuckin' lotto.

NINA

You know what? Fine.

(Nina starts to walk away.)

MARISOL

Wait. Wait. Wait.

NINA

What?

MARISOL

I'm sorry, baby.

NINA

Whatever.

(Nina leaves, and slams the door to her room.)

MARISOL

(Internal)

Fuck. Shit. Fuck. What's wrong with me? Why did I have to go off on her like, goddamnit, where do people get money? Where do people get money? People get money from friends and family. Well, that's fucking useless, who am I supposed to ask? Ollie? Despite what he wants people to think, he only has, at most, 40 dollars in his account at any given time, and Nina...I can't do that, no. People get...people get money from robbing banks? No. No, that can't be my first option, that'd be fucking sociopathic. No. No. Uh...uh, people get...people get money from jobs. Giovanni hasn't called me back, so....so, so, so, uh, Ollie. I guess Ollie is gonna have to do.

(Transition Music.)

**Scene Three**  
**City Park: Later**

(It's another pretty city day. Oliver and Marisol are sitting on a bench eating sandwiches.)

OLIVER

I'm glad we did this.

MARISOL

Me too. Thanks for the sandwiches.

OLIVER

Well, I knew if I asked you to cook something for our little picnic you'd come out here with some...I don't know, five-course meal with a side of who knows what—

(The two of them laugh.)

MARISOL

You're right. You're right.

OLIVER

Besides, sandwiches are the least I can do, right? I mean you brought the blankets and chose the park and came up with the idea.

MARISOL

Yeah, you had to pull your weight somewhere.

OLIVER

Yeah.

(He chews thoughtfully.)

Why'd I put so much mayo on this?

(They share another laugh.)

MARISOL

I wasn't gonna say anything.

OLIVER

But you should have. Otherwise, I would have thought this was okay.

MARISOL

At least they're not bologna—

OLIVER

Oh no! Not your Dad's old bologna sandwiches.

MARISOL

God, they were so "eugh."

OLIVER

Shit, I don't know how many of those we had to scarf down.

MARISOL

You weren't his kid, you could've stopped at any time.

OLIVER

I know, but I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

MARISOL

That's your fault for caring about people. Me, I had no choice. Well, I guess I could've been like Sam. You know, coincidentally get sick every time Pops says he's making us bologna for dinner.

OLIVER

Genius.

MARISOL

Yeah, he was.

(Pause)

How are you holding up?

OLIVER

Over Sam?

MARISOL

Yeah.

OLIVER

I don't know. I'm good. Better than I've been. Best I've been since he died.

MARISOL

That's great, Ollie.

OLIVER

Yeah, I guess it is. You?

MARISOL

I mean, as long as I don't try to kill myself between now and tomorrow I'm doing better than the past years too, huh?

OLIVER

That's not funny.

MARISOL

Agree to disagree.

OLIVER

You're not actually thinking about—

MARISOL

No. I don't know. I don't think so.

OLIVER

Boost of confidence.

MARISOL

I mean, like, this is the first time I've really been....sober for, like, more than a couple of days since Sam died and, uh.....I guess I don't know what I think. I'm still getting used to this brain.

OLIVER

But it's great right?

MARISOL

I mean, I don't know. It's easier being high, you don't notice as much.

(Pause)

I miss Sam so much, Oliver.

OLIVER

I miss him too.

MARISOL

Without him I'm half a person. No one's ever gonna know me like he did. Without him I'm all alone.

OLIVER

Hey, you got me.

(Marisol is silent.)

You know you got me.

MARISOL

Man, no one really has anyone. Everyone leaves in the end.



OLIVER

Yo, did I mix some fucking anti-antidepressants in the mayo? What's up with you?

MARISOL

I don't know. I think I just like being all dramatic and shit.

OLIVER

No, you meant that. I could hear it. Come on.

MARISOL

I really fucked up, Oliver.

OLIVER

What? With what?

MARISOL

With life!

OLIVER

Okay, take me through it.

MARISOL

Alright. Alright, well, Aaron. I owe him so much fucking money for coke I shouldn't have even bought.

OLIVER

How much money?

MARISOL

I have to give him 650 by Saturday.

OLIVER

How much do you have now?

MARISOL

None.

OLIVER

Shit.

MARISOL

And I snapped on Nina today.

OLIVER

Like snapped snapped?

MARISOL

I mean, I didn't call her a bitch or anything, but she kept talking and I wanted...I wanted to hurt her, I think. I held back, but I wanted to. Like, it reminded me way too much of when my Pops and Mom would argue. I don't like that shit, man.

OLIVER

It's good you got out the house today then. You probably just need a little space, yeah?

MARISOL

Yeah, and, like, I don't know....I don't think I can be around the coke anymore. Like, at first it felt good because every moment I wasn't doing it felt like I was doing something, but I don't think I can keep doing it.

OLIVER

Where is it now?

MARISOL

I threw it on top of the fridge where I can't reach. But I could get a chair any time and....well.

(Pause)

What do you think?

OLIVER

I think you're pretty hard on yourself.

MARISOL

That's what you got?

OLIVER

Yeah. Like, I don't know what you think you're supposed to be like right now, but I think you're putting way too much pressure on yourself to reach something that's not even realistic for you right now.

MARISOL

I think not wanting to be a fuck up isn't—

OLIVER

But that's the thing. You're not a fuck up.

MARISOL

But I am.

OLIVER

But you're not.

MARISOL

Have you seen my life?

OLIVER

Yeah, which is how I know you're trying your best, right?

MARISOL

My best is shit.

OLIVER

But it's your best. If it's your best it's your best, and you're at your best when you know your best is—

MARISOL

What are you saying?

OLIVER

Tiny, cut yourself some slack.

MARISOL

Can I be honest?

OLIVER

Sure.

MARISOL

That's some pussy shit.

OLIVER

And here I thought you liked pussy. You've changed, man.

(Marisol laughs.)

Thank you. Thank you. I do take tips.

(Beat)

I'd help you if I could, Tiny, but school is draining my pockets.

MARISOL

It's alright. I appreciate it anyway.

OLIVER

You should ask Nina.

MARISOL

I'm not doing that.

OLIVER

Bitch, this is not the time for insecurities. You better go up to her and say—

MARISOL

Oliver—

OLIVER

Who else do you know that's got that kind of liquidity?

MARISOL

Oliver, she told me to my face that she didn't even like me anymore. How am I supposed to ask?

OLIVER

Nicely!

MARISOL

I already take so much—

OLIVER

There you go being hard on yourself again.

MARISOL

Rent. The food—

OLIVER

You don't have a job. When you get one—

MARISOL

If I get one—

OLIVER

When you get one then it will balance out.

MARISOL

She'll hate me.

OLIVER

Come on, she loves you.

MARISOL

Love's a tricky thing.

OLIVER

Marisol Marianne Montgomery, if you need that money—

MARISOL

I do.

OLIVER

And you know who has that money—

MARISOL

I know.

OLIVER

Then you just need to ask.

MARISOL

If she kicks me out, I'm gonna have to crash on your couch for the rest of my natural life.

OLIVER

Don't catastrophize.

MARISOL

What?

OLIVER

Get a grip.

(Pause)

So, you gonna do it?

MARISOL

Hold on. I'm thinking.

**Scene Four  
Closing**

HOST

You have just listened to *Small Victories*. Starring Morgen McKynzie as Marisol

MORGEN

Who the fuck, where the, how, when, why the fuck?

HOST

Yodeet Nymberg as Nina

YODEET

Usually, we just get shitfaced.

HOST

Jaucqir LaFond as Oliver

JAUCQIR

And here I thought you liked pussy?

HOST

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