

"SMALL VICTORIES"  
EPISODE 9: CYCLES  
WRITTEN BY JADE MADISON SCOTT

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**Scene One**  
**Introduction**

HOST

WGC Productions presents Small Victories. Hey, Marisol?

MARISOL

What?

HOST

You know what you're about to do is a bad idea, right?

MARISOL

Are you kidding me? This is a great idea.

HOST

Oh. Huh, okay. Are you gonna—

MARISOL

Right, uh, this episode got strong language and mentions of drug use. Sweet, play my music. I need it.

(Small Victories Theme)

**Scene Two**  
**The Mall: Night**

MARISOL

(internal)

Bad idea? Can you fucking believe him? I mean, I think I know when I'm making a bad decision. I mean, I know that now, anyway. I mean, like, maybe a couple years ago or a couple of months ago or a couple days or....I know what I'm doing, plus it's like the only real option I got. I mean, I got cocaine that I can't do, borrowed with money I don't have. My friends are broke and my fiance, Oh my God my fiance!

(Marisol laughs. Sweet kid.)

I mean, how do you go up to a woman crying in a tub 'cause her dad is dying of cancer and ask her for money? That shit just ain't done. But it's okay. As soon as I pay him back, as soon as I get the money and pay Aaron back, me and Nina are gonna be in the clear, and we'll spend the rest of our lives together happy and in love and—

(Marisol takes a deep breath.)

MARISOL

(internal)

I'm gonna sell the coke. Reopened up a couple of my old dating apps, typed in that I was a plug and boom I got people sliding in my DM's asking for this, that, and the third. Most people were just looking for weed, but I found him. Some guy, Jack, swiped and when I told him I was selling coke he jumped at it. Even after I told him it was gonna be 700 bucks, I know Aaron only wants 650 but there's no reason I can't make a little money off this, besides I need to buy an engagement ring pretty soon. I gotta save up! What I'm saying is that, like, this is the obvious solution. I can't be around coke? I need money? I should sell coke for money. It only makes sense. Dollars and cents. So, we're supposed to meet at this bench on the National Mall. I know this place has, like, a lot of cameras and cops and everything all around and stuff, but like I don't trust someone who's trying to score coke off an app. I got mace and if it goes south, I'mma spray em and say they were trying to touch me. Boom. If that isn't a foolproof plan then I don't—

JACK

Hey—

MARISOL

I don't wanna buy anything, kid.

JACK

No. No, I mean, like, hey.

MARISOL

What?

JACK

You're Marisol right?

MARISOL

Why? Who are you?

JACK

I'm Jack. You look just like your pictures.

MARISOL

You're—

JACK

Anyway, I got your money. How do you want me to send—

MARISOL

Woah, slow the fuck down. You're Jack?

JACK

I mean, that's not my real name, but yeah.

MARISOL

You look 13.

JACK

Baby face.

MARISOL

Uhuh. How old are you?

JACK

20.

MARISOL

You're 20?

JACK

Yeah.

MARISOL

In what? Dog years?

JACK

I told you I got a baby face.

MARISOL

Where's your licence?

JACK

I live in the city. I don't need to drive. Look, I didn't know I was doing the ninth fucking degree. I got your money, do you have the....the snow?

MARISOL

The snow? What bad 70's movie are you from?

JACK

I'm not....look, do you got it or not?

MARISOL

Course I got it.

JACK

Sweet. Then do you take—

MARISOL

Hold up. I don't know if I'm gonna sell it to you.

JACK

What?

MARISOL

Well, I was gonna, but then I saw you and now my conscious has a lot of questions. How old are you?

JACK

I already told you—

MARISOL

No, I meant actually.

(Beat)

JACK

18.

MARISOL

18? You sure?

JACK

Yeah. Course I'm sure.

(Pause)

MARISOL

Fine.

JACK

Yeah. Yeah, it better be fine—

MARISOL

Hey, take it down three notches. The whole tough guy thing doesn't really work on me.

JACK

Oh. Um, okay. Sorry.

MARISOL

So, you got the money?

JACK

Yeah.

MARISOL

All of it?

JACK

Yep.

MARISOL

How's an 18 year old find \$700 at the drop of a hat?

JACK

I broke open the piggy bank.

MARISOL

Okay, smartass—

JACK

You know I didn't think drug dealers would be so strict about who gets what.

MARISOL

I'm not a drug dealer.

JACK

Oh, so selling drugs is just a hobby?

MARISOL

Okay, listen here Benjamin Button, this right here? This? This is a one time thing. I don't do this shit—

JACK

Yeah, 'cause you guys are known for your honesty.

MARISOL

Look, have you ever even done it before?

JACK

You mean, have I...ridden the white dragon—

MARISOL

Oh my God—

JACK

Yeah. Yeah, I've done it loads of times.

MARISOL

Loads of times?

JACK

Yeah, loads.

MARISOL

Okay. How do you do it?

JACK

How do I do what?

MARISOL

What do you think, dumbass?

JACK

Oh! Uh, well, I do it the normal way.

MARISOL

Which is...

JACK

I snort it.

MARISOL

Okay. What kind?

JACK

What kind?

MARISOL

Fishscale? Rerock? What are you using?

JACK

Uh, fishscale.

MARISOL

And for aftercare, what do you do for that? I mean, coke comedowns are a bitch. You gotta do something right?

JACK

Yeah. Yeah, of course.

MARISOL

Alright, what do you do, Jack?

JACK

I, uh, you see I, like, take ecstasy. It sort of takes the edge off. Cause, I mean, like you said, they can be a real bitch.

MARISOL

You do E for coke comedowns?

JACK

Yeah, don't you?

MARISOL

No. Because that would be fucking horrific.

JACK

Did I say E? That's my bad, I meant molly.

MARISOL

Those are the same fucking thing. Alright, stop bullshitting me—

JACK

Look, I'm going to a party and I told them I could bring some coke and if I don't they're all gonna think I'm full of shit—

MARISOL

You are full of shit.

JACK

Come on, this girl I like is gonna be there and—

MARISOL

What? So, you're gonna be idiots together, do a line and chase it with something laced with, like, fetynal or oxy which could fucking kill your knuckleheaded asses, by the way—

JACK

Hey, I maybe don't know all the ins and outs of everything, but I know, like, the basic stuff. Like don't mix upper and downers and all that shit. I'll be fine.

MARISOL

Kid, have you ever even been high?

JACK

Yeah, of course.

MARISOL

Have you ever been high off of something other than weed?

JACK

Yeah, I'm not a fucking pussy.

MARISOL

Okay, big shot. What?

Addy.

JACK

That's it?

MARISOL

That's it!? That stuff is practically meth.

JACK

No. Meth is practically meth. Look, you're clearly not ready to handle the kind of fun this coke is gonna let you have.

MARISOL

But I got the money—

JACK

Don't remind me.

MARISOL

You gotta give it to me or like this is false advertising or something.

JACK

What, you gonna tell the cops?

MARISOL

(Pause)

Listen, I'm doing you a favor.

JACK

Who asked for a favor?

MARISOL

When I was your age, your actual age, whatever that is, I would have been saved so much bullshit if Aaron saw that I wasn't ready for any of this.

JACK

Who the fuck is Aaron?

MARISOL

Look, kid—

JACK

I'm not a kid.

MARISOL

Jack, if you really wanna impress your girl that much, go to the store, buy some vitamin D pills, crush em up real good, put em in a bag, and snort that. Your friends will probably wanna be high so bad that they'll say it feels like the real thing and you'll still be the man.

JACK

Does that work?

MARISOL

I mean, if you're an idiot then yeah.

(Pause)

Can you at least pay me for the advice?

JACK

You want me to pay you for telling me to buy vitamin D pills?

MARISOL

It's a pro tip.

JACK

Do you want more money? For the coke? Like I could maybe get 750? Or 800—

MARISOL

Stop.

JACK

But—

MARISOL

No. No, 'cause if you keep going up you're gonna hit a number I can't say no to.

JACK

So, you will sell it, you just want more—

MARISOL

I'm serious, man. Shut up.

JACK

1000!

(Beat)

MARISOL

You got that kind of money?

JACK

Yeah, I have to fiddle around in some accounts, but yeah. I can get it right here, right now. Just say the word.

(Long Beat)

MARISOL

I...I'm sorry. I can't.

JACK

Are you serious?

MARISOL

Yeah, I'm se....I'm serious.

JACK

Fuck you, lady.

(The boy storms off. Small Victories Theme Song.)

### Scene Three Closing

HOST

You have just listened to *Small Victories*. Starring-

(Marsiol stomps in the infinite white cube where the closing takes place.)

MARISOL

FUCK! Why didn't I just....woah, where am I? This doesn't look like the usual—

HOST

Wait, cut the music—

(Small Victories Theme stops)

How did you get here?

MARISOL

Where exactly did I get?

HOST

You're at the closing.

MARISOL

The what?

HOST

The thing that happens after you stop talking to us.

MARISOL

Oh. I didn't....I didn't know this was a thing. Does this happen every time? What the fuc—

HOST

Marisol, why are you here?

MARISOL

I don't know.

HOST

You don't know?

MARISOL

Thanks for the echo. I just needed someone to....I just let him walk away!

HOST

Yeah.

MARISOL

Yeah? Yeah!? That was 1000 bucks man. I.E. A lot of fucking money. Money that I need and I just let him walk away, for what?

HOST

Isn't not selling drugs to a child a good thing?

MARISOL

Oh, don't do that holier-than-thou bullshit with me. It's eleven-something on Friday. That money is due tomorrow and what did I do? I found the money and let it walk away.

HOST

Marisol—

MARISOL

I should go track him down or something, right? Like chase after him and just go back on it. I should—

HOST

Marisol.

MARISOL

What?

HOST

You did a good thing. I mean, that kid didn't even know that Ecstasy and Molly are the same thing. He would have really hurt himself. You did a good thing.

MARISOL

Then why's it feel like I shot myself in the foot?

HOST

I don't know. I'm not qualified to talk about your psyche.

(Beat)

MARISOL

I just.....can we, like, go back to the Mall? I don't wanna be in a place that looks like purgatory.

HOST

Ummm-

**Scene Four**  
**National Mall: No Time Has Passed**

(Everything sounds as it did before the closing. The night hums with the sounds of urban nightlife. Marisol walks down the sidewalk.)

MARISOL

Thanks.

HOST

Welcome.

(Marisol sighs.)

MARISOL

Was I always like this? Do you know?

HOST

Like what?

MARISOL

Like...I don't know. Ollie says I'm being too hard on myself, but if I'm not hard on myself who will be, you know? I think a lot of people let me get away with bullshit 'cause they're just....they pity me. Dead Mom. Dead Twin. Bad Dad. They pity me. And, like, I don't want their pity. I just wanna be normal, but what even is normal? Like, is what Nina's doing normal? Is what Ollie's doing normal? Or Aaron? And it's not some big fucking secret that I wanna be okay. I do. I do. I wanna have a dog and go to PTA meetings and have someone at home and travel the world. I want all that stuff. I don't know if any of that's normal, but it's something. I want to have the life my mom didn't have. I want the life Sam didn't have. I want it for all of us. But if I want it then why do I keep making the dumbest fucking mistakes?

(Pause)

HOST

Jack was pretty pressed about that party, wasn't he?

MARISOL

Huh?

HOST

You know? The kid?

MARISOL

Yeah. Yeah, I know his name.

HOST

He was pretty worried about the party.

MARISOL

Yeah. Wanted to impress his friends. Thirteen year olds can be so dumb sometimes. Like before Mom died, anytime there was even a little bit of drama it felt like it was, like, life or death. Don't even remember a lot of what I was worried about back...oh, I see what you're doing. You're trying to make this whole comparison about how, like, in 10 years I'm gonna look back on people my age like I'm looking at Jack?

HOST

I'm just saying you're both pretty young. Mistakes are gonna happen.

MARISOL

You're a crafty son of a bitch.

HOST

Thank you.

(Beat)

MARISOL

But is it enough? Is just wanting it and knowing that enough?

(Pause.)

Hello?

(Pause.)

Hello! Great, now he chooses to shut up. Mistakes are gonna happen, huh? Feels cliché but maybe it's just true. God, look at it. I've been carrying this dime bag around for four days and it looks so beat and worn and old. It's almost like I'm seeing it for the first time. Who'd have thought something that doesn't even feel heavier than a mini cupcake would cause me so much fucking trouble? If I wanted to, I could just drop it on the ground. Just hold it in my fist, open my hand, and let go. Just let the bag go. Just—

(The music approximates the falling of the bag. It's difficult, but in the end it's a wave

of relief. Not completely resolved but it's a relief. )

MARISOL

And it's gone. Keep walking and it's gone.

**Scene Five**  
**Aaron's Apartment**

(Marisol knocks on Aaron's door. The ambience of a residential street rumbles in the background. Aaron opens the door.)

AARON

What?

MARISOL

I don't have the money. I'm not gonna get the money. Sorry.

AARON

You still got the coke at least? I could make something work with that.

MARISOL

No.

AARON

You did all of that in two days? You're unmatched, T—

MARISOL

Aaron—

AARON

What do you want me to do, huh?

MARISOL

I'm thinking you can let this go.

(Pause)

Why don't you come in, huh?

AARON

I don't—

MARISOL

Come in.

AARON

(Marisol enters Aaron's house and he closes the door.)

**Scene Six**  
**Aaron's Living Room**

Look, man—

MARISOL

Marisol, maybe we can work this all out.

AARON

Work...this—

MARISOL

Yeah. Yeah, I'm a pretty forgiving guy, but I gotta get at least a little something if I'm not gonna have money or the coke back.

AARON

Look—

MARISOL

No, you look, I've been thinking about what you said. About how I don't like you I just like fucking you...well....I'm coming to you as a man, right now, okay, and I'm about to say some real shit. So....I never cared about someone the way I cared about you. And I think us not being together is the dumbest fucking thing we've ever done, and that's saying something.

(Pause)

Come on. Say something. I fucking poured my heart out. You gonna say anything?

AARON

MARISOL

Aaron, I'm really tired and we can talk about this tomorrow. Like if you just move, I can leave and we—

AARON

You're not leaving.

MARISOL

What do you mean? Stop playing and get out the way—

AARON

No.

MARISOL

Aaron—

AARON

You're not leaving till I say you leave.

MARISOL

Nigga, I'm serious!

AARON

So am I. So, sit back down. We're gonna talk until I say we're done—

MARISOL

Aaron—

AARON

I said sit back down.

MARISOL

Look, okay. Okay. I'm sitting. I'm sitting.

AARON

You think it's easy for me? To be here talking to you, but I do it. I do it for you, and you're such a heartless bitch—

MARISOL

Hey—

AARON

Shut the fuck up.

MARISOL

Look, I get it. I get it right. It sucks having your heart broken, right? It sucks, but it happens. If you want to bitch and moan about it, then that's a you problem.

AARON

No, baby, it's a fucking you problem, because this kind of shit makes me have a problem with you.

(Marisol nervously laughs)

MARISOL

Yo, man, I'm serious. I really wanna go home—

AARON

Too fucking bad. I'mma ask you a question and I want the truth.

MARISOL

And then will you let me go home?

AARON

Depends. Can you tell the truth?

(Pause)

Alright, Marisol, all I wanna know is did you ever even love me?

MARISOL

Did I—

AARON

Answer the question.

MARISOL

Yeah. Yeah, I did. When I was younger, I did. Sure.

AARON

And now?

MARISOL

Come on—

AARON

I mean, love just can't go away can it? Like, if you loved me not even two years ago then how come you wouldn't still love me now, unless you were lying—

MARISOL

I wasn't lying—

AARON

Yeah? Yeah, then why the fuck are you getting married then, huh?

MARISOL

What?

AARON

Nina posted it on her IG a couple hours ago. A picture of you two with a ring emoji in the caption.

MARISOL

Okay. Okay, I can explain—

AARON

Lie. You can lie. You didn't love me huh? You're the one who just liked fucking me, huh? Didn't ever even care about me, did you!?

MARISOL

It's not true. I cared about you. I did—

AARON

YOU'RE LYING!

(Aaron pulls out a knife.)

MARISOL

Hey, put that knife away, ok—

(Aaron stabs Marisol. She cries out and falls to the ground. The following conversation

gets increasingly murky, like they're  
underwater, until it simply fades out.)

MARISOL

Holy fuck! Christ, you stabbed me!

AARON

Holy shit!

MARISOL

Aaron, what the fuck?!

AARON

Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Look. Look, I'm gonna pull it out—

MARISOL

Don't pull it out!

AARON

Shit. Shit. What do I do? What am I supposed to do?

MARISOL

911. Call 911. Call....call Nina. Aaron, help me.

AARON

Okay. Okay.

(Aaron dials 911.)

MARISOL

I...I think...my stomach is all warm. I gotta....I can't really feel anything down there.

AARON

Don't worry. Just stay awake, okay? Just stay, hello? Hi! Yes, hi, hello, um, there's a girl,  
I stabbed a girl, she's bleeding there's blood everywhere. There's blood fucking  
everywhere. I didn't know she'd bleed this much. I'm gonna throw up... She's just, um,  
yeah, yeah the address is....

(The outside world has faded out.)

**Scene Seven  
Closing**

HOST

You have just listened to *Small Victories*. Starring

MORGEN

Morgen Amalbert as Marisol

YODEET

Yodeet Nymberg as Nina

CODY

Cody Smith as Aaron

JACQUIR

Jaucqir LaFond as Oliver

AKANIMO

And Akanimo Effang as Host.

JADE

Writer, Creator and Producer, Jade Madison Scott

NATHAN

Director and Sound Designer, Nathan Gabriel

VIRGINIA

Script Supervisor, Virginia Wilson

COMPOSER

Composer, Sterlyn Termine

HOST

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