

"SMALL VICTORIES"  
EPISODE 2: A SOCIAL BUMP  
WRITTEN BY JADE MADISON SCOTT

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**Scene One**  
**Introduction**

HOST

WGC Productions presents—

MARISOL

Small Victories!

HOST

Marisol, come on. That's my one part.

MARISOL

Too bad.

HOST

Man.

MARISOL

Now for the rest of you all, you only have to look out for strong language and references to drug abuse and suicide. It's pretty, uh, it's pretty simple that way. Yeah. Okay, who's playing my music?

(Small Victories Theme)

**Scene Two**  
**Aaron's Stoop: Midnight**

(Marisol lingers on Aaron's stoop. It's a quiet neighborhood save for the light thump of trap and rap music that Aaron is playing. Marisol takes a deep breath.)

MARISOL

(internal; hyping herself up)

Just pop in. Just pop in to say hi. Talk to Aaron. Pop out. I don't have to do anything I don't want to do. I don't have to drink anything. Don't have to smoke anything. Just pop in, say hi, pop out. Pop in. Say hi. Pop out. Pop in—

(Marisol gives three solid raps on Aaron's solid wooden door.)

AARON  
(distant)

Naw, nigga. Stop playing....No, you stop playing. Wait. Wait, let me get the door.

(Aaron opens the door.)

MARISOL  
Hey.

AARON  
Hey. Yo, Marisol, you look so good.

MARISOL  
I, uh, can I—

AARON  
Oh, yeah. Yeah, come on in.

### **Scene Three Aaron's Living Room**

(Marisol and Aaron enter the party which thumps with bass and conversation. The two struggle to be heard over the music.)

AARON  
Welcome to Casa de Aaron, Momma—

MARISOL  
Don't call me that.

AARON  
Right, sorry. Hey, can I get you a beer? I got a real nice kitchen now. I'm glad I can finally show it off to someone who can appreciate it.

MARISOL  
Uh, no, I, uh, I'm not thirsty.

AARON

What?

MARISOL

I'm good.

AARON

Okay, but can we go to the kitchen? I can barely hear you.

MARISOL

What?

AARON

Just follow me!

(The two walk towards the kitchen. The noise fades to a low murmur.)

**Scene Four**  
**Aaron's Kitchen**

MARISOL

(internal)

This is...this is so...it's so—

(Marisol laughs. The sound of a heartbeat is heard.)

Oh my God, it's so good. Everyone is just here and dancing and having so much fun.

God, just look. Someone's doing a line off the coffee table! Holy fuck it looks so...man, I could ask. Just slide over and I just—

(The music is pure ecstasy as Marisol imagines doing a line.)

Oooh, I would feel so motherfucking good. Baby, I could do some real real damage.

Some real fucking—

AARON

Marisol!

(The heartbeat stops abruptly.)

MARISOL

Huh?

AARON

How are you? I've been asking you for, like, a whole minute. Thought you were having a stroke or some shit.

MARISOL

Oh, I'm, I'm, I'm good. Hey, Aaron, you got anything for me?

AARON

Haven't even asked me how I am, and you're already trying to score. What happened to your manners?

MARISOL

Look—

AARON

Nah, nigga, I'm fuckin' with you. Yeah, of course I could sell you something, but, you know, try to enjoy the regular party favors first. Relax. You look stressed.

MARISOL

Yeah, I mean I kind of am. It's been like a month since—

AARON

Oh, shit, I'm such an asshole I forgot.

MARISOL

What?

AARON

It's been a month since Sam killed himself. I mean, the anniversary for it anyway.

MARISOL

I...um—

AARON

That's...that's what you were about to say, right? You're kind of stressed 'cause you've been thinking about your brother right? I mean, it's the third year since he's died. Still probably pretty heavy.

MARISOL

Oh...yeah. Yeah, and our birthday is coming up in, like, four days, so I'm just...I want something to take the edge off—

AARON

Which is why you want whatever I have to give you.

MARISOL

Life without Sam is....Aaron, I'm really drowning here.

AARON

Yeah. Yeah, okay. I got something you might like upstairs.

MARISOL

Thanks, you're the best.

AARON

I know.

(The two walk out of the kitchen and up the stairs which are relatively nearby. The noise fades again as Marisol speaks.)

MARISOL

(internal)

I....look, I know it doesn't look great. I mean, but a bump is just a bump. Like a little social bump. It's not like I'm gonna do it alone, that'd be fucked up. I mean, what's cocaine between friends? Just one little thing that doesn't have to mean anything. I won't even, you know, like I just need a little hit. Just to feel a little....a little happy, you know. I mean this time of the year, our birthday, it's a rough time of year for me. I wasn't lying, it really is just like drowning. Listen, you'll see. I'm just gonna...I'm gonna just buy some, do a bump in the bathroom, and I'll feel better and normal and then I'll be right back on the wagon, okay? It'll be like nothing even happened, okay?

(Aaron opens the door to his room.)

AARON

Come right on in.

**Scene Five**  
**Aaron's Bedroom**

(Marisol and Aaron enter his room. He closes the door.)

MARISOL

So, I was thinking that instead of my usual six grams, I think, you know like four would be fine. I think that would be fine.

AARON

Why? You tryin' to cut back?

MARISOL

No. No, I just want to, you know, just don't want to over do it. Don't need to go crazy.

AARON

First for everything.

MARISOL

Yeah.

AARON

So, how are we doing it this time? You got the cash on you? You wanna send me it directly?

MARISOL

Uh, Aaron, actually, I got fired from my job again so money is a little tight right now so—

AARON

How tight?

MARISOL

I'm broke.

AARON

Nigga—

MARISOL

But I was thinking that, you know, you and me, we could work out an arrangement.

AARON

Arrangement? Marisol, you tryin' suck my dick for coke?

MARISOL

What?

AARON

Oh!

MARISOL

Nigga, the fuck you talking about?

AARON

I thought you meant, like, an "arrangement".

MARISOL/AARON

No, you bitchass motherfucking—/Hey, that's not cool, Marisol—

MARISOL

I've got a girlfriend, you fucking asshole.

AARON

I mean, that hasn't stopped us before, so—

MARISOL

Fuck you. That was a mistake.

AARON

Fine. Fine, I was wrong. My bad.

MARISOL

Yeah, your bad.

AARON

Then what did you mean?

MARISOL

I was thinking I could do you a non-sexual favor. Like, teach you how to bake a blueberry pie or make a Beef Wellington.

AARON

Marisol, this might surprise you, but this is a business and, would you believe it, money is an important part of the entrepreneurial process. See, the people who run me my shit need that money, which means I need that money, which means you need that money.

MARISOL

Then I'll owe you one. I mean, come on, you know me. I'll get a new job at some high brow restaurant and I'll pay you back whatever I owe you.

AARON

What about Nina? She has a fuckton of money, right?

MARISOL

No. I'm not using her money.

AARON

Why not? Don't you use her money for everything anyway?

MARISOL

Bitch—

AARON

Cool it with all this calling me out my name behavior.

MARISOL

Nina's money is Nina's money. I don't need it.

(Beat)

AARON

Alright, but it's only 'cause I like you.

MARISOL

Thank—

AARON

Close your eyes.

MARISOL

What?

AARON

I got to grab it and I don't want you to see where I keep all my stuff.

MARISOL

I'm not a fucking junkie I can see—

AARON

Close your eyes now, Marisol.

MARISOL

Fine.

(Aaron ruffles around his room)

How's your dad?

AARON

Good. He's retiring this year.

MARISOL

Aww, the schools will lose a good teacher when he leaves.

AARON

Yeah. I'm thinking about taking him on a trip to Europe or Mexico or something now that I can actually kind of afford it.

MARISOL

Go to Paris. Nina says that Paris is one of the prettiest places she's ever been to. Plus it'll be like a whole flex. Like I'm Black. I travel. What?

AARON

Yeah, maybe. How is the princess anyway?

MARISOL

She's good. Painting. Living.

AARON

God, I wish I had her life.

MARISOL

Yeah.

(The rustling stops)

AARON

Open up.

MARISOL

That doesn't look like four grams.

AARON

It's two.

MARISOL

Two grams? What am I supposed to do with this?

AARON

Pace yourself.

MARISOL

Aaron—

AARON

Aht, you're broke. You're lucky I'm giving you anything at all. So, just shut up and say thank you, alright?

(Pause)

MARISOL

How am I supposed to shut up and say thank you at the same time?

AARON

(laughing)

Asshole.

MARISOL

Give—

AARON

Wait, it's gonna be three hundred.

MARISOL

Is it laced with gold?

AARON

Well, I can always take it back if you don't want—

MARISOL

No. No, I want. I want.

AARON

Great, I need all the money by Friday.

MARISOL

Friday?

AARON

Yeah. Why? That a problem?

MARISOL

Yeah, I'm fucking broke and that's four days away.

AARON

So, no coke then—

MARISOL

No! No. Look, I'll get it to you by Friday.

AARON

I love it when we agree.

MARISOL

Yeah. You know Friday's my birthday. Maybe I'll see if Mommy is getting me cash this year, been awhile since I used a Oujia board. Hey, I can ring up Sam too. It'll be a family affair—

AARON

Yo, this ain't a fucking joke. If you can't pay me—

MARISOL

Relax, you'll get your money. Maybe. I'll figure it out. Yeah. Yeah. I can do that. Three hundred, I can do that.

AARON

You're gonna have to.

MARISOL

Or what, you'll break my kneecaps?

AARON

No, but I do know where you live, so...here.

(Marisol snatches the small bag of coke,  
holds it to her nose, and deeply inhales.)

MARISOL

Fuck, this smells so good!

AARON

Bathroom is down the stairs to the right.

MARISOL

Thanks.

AARON

And Marisol, we should...you should stick around, okay? Have fun.

MARISOL

Yeah. Yeah, maybe.

(Marisol opens the door and runs down the  
stairs. She laughs.)

**Scene Six**  
**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 The 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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