

"SMALL VICTORIES"  
EPISODE 4: THE LOVERS  
WRITTEN BY JADE MADISON SCOTT

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**Scene One**  
**Introduction**

HOST

WGC Productions presents Small Victories.

MARISOL

Hey, it's Marisol. So, this time we got sexually suggestive situations and strong language. Try saying that three times fast. Also, we got drug use and mentions of self-harm, but that didn't go with the alliteration I was going for. Anyways, just heads up 'cause, uh, 'cause I care, I guess. You're welcome. Alright, let's go.

(Small Victories Theme)

**Scene Two**  
**City Streets**

(Marisol is sprinting down the streets)

MARISOL

(internal)

As someone who once stole a hundred and seventy-two dollars from their father to buy heroin they would later smoke behind a raggedy laundromat on Florida Ave, I can honestly say I've done a lot of shit in my life I'm not proud of. I mean, come on, of course, I have. It's kind of assumed that if your favorite hobby is getting so crossfaded you forget months of your life, you're not gonna do all the right things all the time, which is why I thought when I quit doing...everything, I'd, I don't know, not be such a piece of shit? Someone you could count on. Someone who doesn't need to be high to clean their apartment. Someone who doesn't need to be full of speed to say 'I love you' for the first time. Someone you could leave your kids with or ask to do your taxes or whatever dumb shit normal people do. I didn't know it'd be this....I didn't know I'd still be like this, but what was I supposed to do? Two grams of coke is a lot of fucking coke when you're Black, and it's not like I was getting rid of it. I'm in debt over this shit, I had to leave. I had to leave and Nina, she's too big to fit through that window anyway, and if she tried she'd be all cut up and bleeding like I am now. And if the cops came in and found some bloody Black girl, ass up, trying to get out a window they'd beat the shit out of her. And her mom is an assistant attorney general so, like, that's a get out of jail free card right there. Unless her mom isn't talking to her again. That'd be...that'd be a big problem. Shit, I gotta talk to her.

(Transition Music)

**Scene Three**  
**Nina's Apartment Door**

(Marisol knocks on the door. Marisol's heartbeat fades in and abruptly stops when the door opens.)

MARISOL  
(internal)

Look, I did the right thing. When you look at the facts I did the right thing. Yeah. Yeah, I did the right thing. You know when I was a kid my mom once told me that if you have to justify what you're doing, you've probably done the wrong thing. I don't think it's good that I'm thinking about that right now. Maybe she's not back from the station yet. This would be easier to do if I actually did coke before I got out that window. I ended up hiding it in my shoe. It seemed smart at the time. Maybe when I get inside I can do some. Get some courage and go in the bathroom and...and maybe I shouldn't. Maybe I just need to come back tomorrow and—

(Nina opens the door.)

NINA

Hey.

MARISOL

Nina, I...hi.

NINA

Your arms are bleeding.

MARISOL

It feels worse than it looks. Or, I mean, it looks worse than—

NINA

I know what you mean.

MARISOL

Are you drunk?

NINA

Yup. Merlot.

MARISOL

Um, can I come in?

NINA

You still live here, you know.

(Pause)

Yeah. yeah, come in.

(Marisol enters and Nina shuts the door.)

**Scene Four**  
**Nina's Living Room**

NINA

You—

MARISOL

Are you okay? I mean, are you...did they...are you okay? I mean, I hoped that your mom would be able to handle everything. She did, right?

NINA

I'm good. Yeah.

MARISOL

Good. That's good.

NINA

Are your arms okay?

MARISOL

I don't think I got glass in 'em. I'm gonna have some dope scars though.

NINA

Here, let me get my first aid kit. Don't worry, I'll move slow.

(Nina goes to the kitchen to grab the first aid kit from the drawer.)

Um...Nina? Are—

MARISOL

Get on the couch.

NINA

Uh...

MARISOL

(Nina walks to the couch herself.)

NINA

(over action)

So, I can clean you up and wrap your arms.

MARISOL

Oh, okay.

(Marisol walks to the couch and sits down.)

NINA

Arms out.

MARISOL

Okay, but, I was gonna ask, are—

NINA

Stay still.

MARISOL

Sorry.

(Pause)

Hey. Hey, look at me.

NINA

What?

MARISOL

Thank you. Really, thank you.

(Pause)

You know, I...I—

NINA

You wanna stay the night?

MARISOL

What?

NINA

Well, do you? Come on, sit down.

(Marisol sits)

Brace yourself, this is gonna sting.

(Marisol winces)

Told you.

MARISOL

Nina—

NINA

Stop moving.

MARISOL

Nina, I want you to know that...I'm sorry. For all the shit that I've been doing. I love—

NINA

Uh, what are you doing?

MARISOL

I'm going in for a kiss. I thought maybe—

NINA

Are you serious?

MARISOL

I thought with the staying over it meant—

NINA

God, no, I don't want to have sex with you. Are you kidding me right now?

MARISOL

Oh. Okay, wow.

NINA

I mean, Marisol, I thought you killed yourself. It was so close to Sam's anniversary, and I thought...Do you know how that felt? How worried I was? I couldn't sleep. I couldn't make myself do anything. Christ, do you even know how it felt? Of course not! Cause you wouldn't talk to me. And then tonight. The cops are apparently a big enough risk for you, but you left me—

MARISOL

I'm sorry.

NINA

Jesus Christ, it's not that simple.

MARISOL

Are you breaking up with me?

NINA

NO!

(Nina pauses and breathes)

NINA

No. I didn't mean to shout. I know how sensitive you are about that.

MARISOL

Thanks.

NINA

Marisol, I really like caring about you, and I like knowing you care about me and I don't want to lose that, but I'm also furious with you and I don't know how to like you right now? Does that make any sense?

(Beat)

MARISOL

You—

(There's a ferocious knocking on the door.)

Jesus Christ, what the fuck is with people and doors today?

(Marisol walks to the door and opens it.)

What—

(Oliver rushes in.)

OLIVER

Oh, thank God.

NINA

Oliver, what's with the knocking? I have neighbors.

OLIVER

Well, I called both of you, but no one picked up.

MARISOL/NINA

Sorry, it's been—

(Nina sighs)

MARISOL

It's been a long night.

OLIVER

Yeah, I'll say. Tiny, I...I don't even know where to begin. We fight and you disappear—

NINA

At least I'm not the only one.

MARISOL

Hey—

(Text notification ding)

AARON

I know you broke my fucking window!

OLIVER

What happened last night? What happened to your arms? What's with all the band-aids? Are you okay? Did you...did you try to—

MARISOL

No. No, I'm fine.

OLIVER

Then what happened?



MARISOL

Okay, this is gonna sound bad, but it's not as bad as it sounds—

OLIVER

Tiny—

MARISOL

So, I went to Aaron's party, right—

(Text notification ding)

AARON

It's double pane glass!

OLIVER

Marisol—

MARISOL

And ran into Nina.

NINA

Hi.

MARISOL

And then the cops came—

(Text notification ding)

AARON

It's going on your fucking tab, Momma.

MARISOL

And the cops came and I flung myself out a window to, uh, to avoid them.

OLIVER

And you just let her do this?

(Text notification ding)

AARON

That's 350 for the window.

NINA

She's grown. She doesn't need me to make her bad decisions for her.

(Text notification ding)

AARON

300 for the coke.

MARISOL

Hey—

OLIVER

And Aaron...I thought you were doing okay?

MARISOL

I am.

(Text notification ding)

AARON

I want all 650 in three days. All of it.

MARISOL

Oh, fuck me with a bamboo skewer.

OLIVER

What?

MARISOL

Nothing.

NINA

Can you stop looking at your phone for one minute?

MARISOL

Sorry, I—

(Text notification ding)

AARON

You're on some primo junkie shit, right now—

OLIVER  
Marisol!

MARISOL  
WHAT!

OLIVER  
I asked if you were okay. I mean, you're a recovering addict, you go to your plug's party, you're acting real weird. Are you okay?

MARISOL  
Am I okay? I don't—

NINA  
Recovering addict? What are you talking about?

MARISOL  
Right. You don't...okay, so—

OLIVER  
Wait, she didn't know? You never told her? I thought you told her.

MARISOL  
It hasn't come up yet.

NINA  
"Yet"? How long has this been going on?  
(Pause)  
Marisol?

MARISOL  
Twenty days. Well, twenty-one counting today.

NINA  
Twenty-one days. Huh.

OLIVER  
Um, I feel like the energy shifted—

NINA

So, this is the big thing that made you leave me, then?

MARISOL

Nina, that's not even—

NINA

You want to make all these big life changes and it's just like, "fuck me" right? Want to improve your life as long as it doesn't include me, right?

MARISOL

That's not what any of this is about—

NINA

She bought coke.

OLIVER/MARISOL

What?/Come on.

NINA

Last night, she bought coke. I saw it.

OLIVER

Tiny, did you?

MARISOL

Yes, I bought it, but—

NINA

See.

MARISOL

But I didn't do any of it. Look—

(Marisol takes off her shoe and pulls out the bag.)

MARISOL

See? Two grams all right here.

NINA

That's been in your shoe the whole time?

MARISOL

Yeah. It's the only place I could think of putting it after I ran from the cops, and I didn't do any of it though.

NINA

Give it.

MARISOL

What? No.

NINA

If this is a deal now, if this is some big fucking deal now then give it—

MARISOL

Don't touch it.

OLIVER

Maybe we just need a breath.

NINA

No, if she wants to be sober, then she can't be around anything right—

MARISOL

I'm not gonna do it.

NINA

Then you don't need it.

MARISOL

I said, get off. Nina, get—

OLIVER

Nina, stop.

NINA

Are you crazy?

OLIVER

I don't think playing keep-away is the best course of action here. Come on, just let it go.

NINA

How long did you know, huh? Why'd you tell him before me?

OLIVER

She—

MARISOL

Don't talk around me. I'm right here.

NINA

How long did he know?

MARISOL

Since the first night.

NINA

Why couldn't you tell me?

OLIVER

You know what? We should—

NINA

Oliver, this isn't a throuple so stop. You know what, actually? Get out. This is between me and her. Get out.

OLIVER

Nina—

NINA

I said get out.

OLIVER

Fine.

(Oliver leaves.)

MARISOL

You didn't have to do that.

NINA

Don't start. Don't start with me.

MARISOL

I...I didn't want you to be disappointed in me. If it didn't work out I didn't want you to...that's why I didn't tell you.

NINA

Do you get that I love you, Marisol? Do you get that?

MARISOL

Of course I—

NINA

No. No, do you get that so much of my happiness, so much of my ability to go to sleep at night, depends on if you're okay? Depends on if you're happy. Do you really think that I would care if—

MARISOL

You said you didn't even know how to like me. So forgive me if I'm a little confused.

NINA

I'm sorry about that. Of course, I like you. I've never liked anybody as much as I've liked you. I just want you to talk to me. I want you to want to talk to me.

MARISOL

Okay. Okay. Um, in the bathroom, at the party in the bathroom you said you wanted to know what was wrong. What happened to me. You really want to know?

NINA

Yeah.

MARISOL

Okay, well, I, um, you...do you remember the night I left?

NINA

Of course.

MARISOL

Right, well...that night, it was a couple nights after Sam's anniversary and I just wasn't...I couldn't...anyway, I got really fucked up. Like way beyond what...anyway I, like, I started feeling really bad and...and you were at the bar and I just felt like I was gonna pass out so I, I tried to get to the bathroom to splash water on my face. I did. I made it to the bathroom, and...long story short, I started throwing up, my body was so hot but it still felt like I was freezing. I was shaking and clammy...I started throwing up but I was so...I don't know how but I ended up on the floor in a stall and I was on my back and the vomit it, I was on my back, it couldn't get out and I started sucking it back down...I think I was dying. I was just lying on the floor choking and I....um, actually, I can't, I can't talk about this.

(Marisol sniffs. She's holding back tears. She laughs.)

God, I'm crying. That's disgusting. Sorry. Let me just—

(She composes herself.)

Sorry.

(Beat)

NINA

Okay, well, I wanna help.

MARISOL

I don't need you to—

NINA

No, look, I want to help. Listen, if you give me the coke I can get rid of it and—

MARISOL

I owe money for this. I'm not giving it away.

NINA

How much? I can—

MARISOL

No. I got it, okay. I do.

NINA

Okay, well, then I got you.

**Scene Seven**  
**Non-Corporeal Space**



(A phone rings once. Twice. It goes to voicemail.)

MARISOL

Hey. It's Marisol. I don't know who listens to voicemails anymore but if you wanna leave one go ahead.

(The voicemail beep)

AARON

You not answering my texts is real shitty. I know you're the one who broke my window! Shit, Marisol. It was 350 and it's going on your tab. I want all my money, all of it, in 3 days or else.

(Small Victories Theme)

**Scene Eight**  
**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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