

"SMALL VICTORIES"
EPISODE 1: A GOOD PLACE TO START
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Scene One
City Park: Day

MARISOL

You know, when I first went clean I thought it'd be a lot harder. I mean, the first two times it was, but this time...like cake. Twenty days. Twenty days clean and sober! No help. Just me, myself and motherfucking I. I mean, they told me that I would need to completely change my life if I wanted to actually have it stick this time, but they were some dumb motherfuckers 'cause look at me! I'm fine! I'm great!

(Sound of birds and some light music playing from a window)

And here I am on the prettiest fucking day I've ever seen in my 22 years of living, I swear.

(Marisol sighs)

It's warm.

(A light breeze whistles through and kids laugh in the distance)

And not the kind of lukewarm warm that exists all the time in DC during this time of the year, but like "this might be the first day I haven't had to wear a jacket" kind of warm.

(Sound of bike bell passing)

FRIENDLY BIKING STRANGER

Hey, someday we're having, huh?

MARISOL

It's great, right! I don't even fucking know that guy! But that's the power of a good day. It'll have you talking to anybody with a smile on their face. Christ, if it looked like this all the time, I don't even know who I'd be! I mean, it's just so blue and the cherry blossoms are all around and...it's a beautiful fucking day to be sober is what I'm saying to you.

(Text ding)

AARON

Hey, Marisol.

(Text Ding)

I've been missing you. You been missing me?

MARISOL

Oh shit.

Scene Two
Introduction/Content Warning

HOST

WGC Productions presents Small Victories.

(Pause)

I said WGC Production presents Small Victories. Marisol?

MARISOL

Sorry.

HOST

What were you doing?

MARISOL

Chill, I said sorry. Do I just—

HOST

Yes. Come on, we've already started. The people are waiting—

MARISOL

Got it. Got. Alright, hey I'm Marisol, and since this is all about me and I'm...a mess currently, I'm just gonna give you a heads up. I'm trying this new "responsible" thing and this is sort of a part of it, so bear with me. Alright, if you're not here for mentions of drug abuse, boy oh boy this ain't the one for you. If you are...okay? Whatever, this was stupid. Can someone just play the theme song now, please?

(Pause)

Now, please?

(Small Victories Theme)

Scene Two
City Park

(Text Ding)

AARON

I'm throwing a party tonight. You should come through.

(Marisol laughs uncomfortably.)

MARISOL

Um.....that's Aaron. He's, um...I don't even know why, what was I...right! Tonight! Oh, shit. That was loud, and now people are starting to look...okay let me just talk to you in my head.

(Internal)

So, tonight I made plans. Non-Aaron related plans. Um, yeah. Me and my best friend, Ollie, me and Ollie are gonna eat my world-famous Buffalo wings and then we're gonna play video games. Since I've been crashing on his couch I've had nothing to do but play, so I'm crazy good. And I was even kind of thinking that after we eat and play or whatever, that we'll probably sit up and talk and just sort of hang out. Back in highschool, him, me, and my brother used to all be thick as thieves, but now...man I think even if I had to pay him he wouldn't get away from all of his fucking bougie Howard friends. And like every time I ask him about it he's all like—

OLIVER

Relax, Marisol. It's just networking. If I wanna win the game, I have to know who else is playing, you know what I'm saying?

MARISOL

(internal)

Or he says some bullshit like—

OLIVER

I'm just trying to make something of myself. I thought you'd be happy for me.

MARISOL

(internal)

And I am happy he's, like, moving up in the world or whatever, but I mean, I'm still here, you know? I'm just saying I think this might be the first thing I've really looked forward to since I went clean. I mean, it's not gonna be as good. I mean, nothing feels even a fraction of an inch of how good coke feels. Like....goddamn. And before you get the wrong idea, I'm not a coke head. Don't make enough fucking money to be a cokehead. Besides I've met my fair share of coke heads and those fuckers are grade-A assholes. No, I just like it, and it wasn't like I was married to it either. I mean, I did some PCP, liked meth alot, really loved heroin, dropped my fair share of acid, used to smoke but it fucked with my anxiety.

MARISOL

(internal)

So, you see, it's not like I was only into coke, it's just, you know, if I had to choose between coke and anything else I'd choose coke...unless I was choosing between coke and sobriety in which case I would choose sobriety like I did and am doing every day. Hallelujah. Whoop de-doo. You know, back in NA they told me if I wanted to—and these aren't their words, but it's the gist—they said that I needed to actually, you know, think about what life would look like for me in the future if I was gonna make it. Like, I need to picture me with all the good stuff I'd have before I die. You know, think about the family Nina and me would have and...I don't know, being head chef at someplace and I'd have, like, a dog? Anyways when I think of all that, I'm supposed to want to, you know, make decisions that get me there instead of, I don't know, dying at 22 as I choke to death on my own vomit in a club bathroom or whatever the fuck.

(Marisol's text notification dings.)

Jesus Christ, I swear to God if this is Aaron again, I'm gonna fucking...oh!

(She laughs to herself.)

It's Nina. I know I haven't really talked about her yet, but she is...oh, my God, I can't wait to marry her someday. She said—

NINA

I'm having artist block. Tell me what to paint.

MARISOL

(internal)

And then she put three little question marks after. Aww.

(Marisol types)

Paint Me. L.O.L.

(Marisol sends the text)

MARISOL

(internal)

That's my soulmate right there, man. You know, I think she might be the one good thing I have going for me right now. Like, for all the shit that's happening and for all the shit that I've done...at least me and her are doing it. I mean we're making it. God, I wish we were doing it. Ugh, that was such a bad joke. Christ, am I rambling—

(Text notification dings)

NINA

Eww.

MARISOL

(internal)

Eww? What's that mean? Like a funny eww? Or a mean eww? Or, like, a 'I'll never want to speak to you again' eww? Or—

(Text notification dings)

NINA

I'm joking. Don't overthink it. Smiley face.

(Text notification dings)

Maybe I will do a portrait. A self-portrait. Thanks.

(Marisol chuckles)

MARISOL

(internal)

That's my baby.

(Text notification dings)

NINA

When are you coming home?

(Text notification dings)

Call me. I just want to hear your voice.

(Text notification dings)

I miss you.

MARISOL

(internal)

Uh, I...so, I didn't... I didn't lie to you or anything, we are in love, it's just, you know, sometimes love is weird and shit.

(Text notification dings)

NINA

I'm serious. Call me.

MARISOL

(internal)

Uh, you know. I, uh, I...I should go to the store. Yeah, pick up my wings for tonight! God, tonight is gonna be so fun. Look, uh, I'll, uh, I'll...I'm going to the store.

(Transition Music)

Scene Three
Oliver's Kitchen: Evening

(The comforting sizzle and pop of good-ol home cooking. Marisol stirs her dish.)

MARISOL

(internal)

I know you can't smell what I'm cooking right now, but goddamn it smells good. Not to toot my own horn, but beep-beep bitch. Okay?

(Marisol laughs at her own joke. What a dork.)

Uh, I got my wings roasting in the oven right now. Got my sides sizzling on the stove now. Making some glazed carrots. I think the hint of sweet will make the savory heat of the wings really shine. Usually, when I make my wings I add a little wine to my carrots just to enhance the flavor, but when I moved in Ollie moved all his wine out so...but it should still work fine. Just fine.

(Marisol stirs her sides on the stove)

I actually learned this wing recipe from my Pops. I mean, my Mom really was the cook of the family. I mean, she'd be out there making, like, roasted chicken from scratch, and Pops would be good if he couldn't fuck up a PB&J, but his wings...whoa boy. He stopped making them a few months after Mom died so...when me and Sam were 13, I guess. He only really made them when we all got invited to a cookout, and we didn't really get invited to those after Mom died 'cause who wants to hang out with a widowed drunk and his two weird kids. But before, when we ate them, it was like...I don't know, it was like we were all just a normal family. Just eating and crying and laughing and—

(Text notification dings. Marisol puts down the bowl and picks up the phone.)

Aww, great. Maybe that's Ollie. He needs to get here soon otherwise the food'll get—

AARON

Hey, Momma.

MARISOL

(internal)

Shit, it's Aaron.

(Text notification dings)

AARON

You thought about that party I'm throwing? You should come.

MARISOL

(internal)

What a weirdo. Who throws a party on a Tuesday?

(Text notification dings)

AARON

It's been forever and a day since I've seen your pretty face. Plus I got a little something extra for you. Text back for address.

MARISOL

(internal)

Aaron. Aaron. Aaron. God, he throws the best parties. And about earlier when I said "shit," that wasn't a bad "shit." I mean, me and him go back, and he's like a cool guy you know. I mean, yeah, he's the motherfucker who kept selling me shit even when I was clearly...you know, not always in the best place, but he's a good listener and he's got like a great taste in movies and he gives great head so, I mean, it's not like he's all bad.

AARON

No, I'm not. We have fun don't we?

MARISOL

Yeah. Yeah, we did. We do. We do. Maybe I should go, just to say hello. I mean, being sober doesn't mean I can't be a good friend, does it?

AARON

No, it doesn't. You know, the last time you saw me was a month ago. Ain't that too long? Ain't that too long for your very good friend?

MARISOL

Yeah. Yeah. Way too long. And it's not like I have to stay till, like, 5am. I can just pop in.

AARON

Yeah, just pop in.

MARISOL

Just pop in and say hi and then I'll pop out.

AARON

Just pop in and say hi and then pop out. Easy.

MARISOL

(internal)

Easy. Easy, yeah. Yeah, I'll just pop in and pop out and not even buy anything, but I'll stay and...Ollie! Right, right, tonight, tonight is me and his night. I can't dip out to go to Aaron's party. Yeah. Yeah, I gotta, I gotta stay and cook. Gotta stay and then me and Ollie can talk and catch up and that's that. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool.

(Marisol takes a deep breath and coughs.)

MARISOL

Oh, fuck, the carrots!

(The fire alarm goes off and fades into the transition music.)

Scene Five

Oliver's Living Room: Night

(The natural hum of a small apartment.
There may be some light street traffic
outside of the windows.)

MARISOL

(internal)

He's not coming. Oliver called and said that he's not coming, so that's why I'm lying on his living room floor in the dark, 'cause I'm so much of a piece of shit that I can't even get my best friend since diapers to hang out with me. He called, about an hour ago, and said—

Scene Six
Oliver's Living Room: An Hour Ago

OLIVER
(filter)

I'm sorry, Tiny, but someone just posted in the GroupMe that Professor Adeoye is having this masterclass on Civil Rights litigation and you know she works in the DOJ too, so this could really be a big thing for me.

MARISOL

But we were planning to hang out.

OLIVER
(filter)

We can hang out later. Like this weekend or something.

MARISOL

But we never get to hang out anymore. It's like I barely see you.

OLIVER
(filter)

You live on my couch. I see you all the time.

MARISOL

Yeah, but we don't talk. I was really looking forward to this.

OLIVER
(filter)

Yeah, I was too—

MARISOL

But not enough to not change your mind.

OLIVER
(filter)

Look, just get on the metro and come to campus. We can go together. Get pizza after and—

MARISOL

Yeah, I'll go there and sit in that class looking stupid in front of your friends.

OLIVER
(filter)

Well, it's not like you have to talk.

MARISOL

So, I'll just walk around like your fucking mime.

OLIVER
(filter)

Christ, Marisol—

MARISOL

Besides, I know that smart stuff was always more of a you and Sam thing.

OLIVER
(filter)

Don't do that!

MARISOL

I don't wanna feel like my brother's cheap knockoff—

OLIVER
(filter)

Don't you ever....if you don't wanna come, fine. You know at least I'm trying. I invited you out. If you actually wanted to spend time with me you would. You're just being selfish.

MARISOL

Bye Oliver—

OLIVER

Tiny, wait. Don't—

(Marisol hangs up.)

Scene Seven
Oliver's Living Room: Night

MARISOL

(internal)

So that's why I'm lying here in the dark under a pile of laundry. Cause I'm a piece of shit who's best friend's avoiding her. I mean, Jesus, am I so awful that a fucking seminar is more exciting? Not even a seminar—

OLIVER

A masterclass.

MARISOL

(internal)

A masterclass. Fuck him. Fuck him and his shitty Jack & Jill friends. What? He thinks just 'cause he's my best friend he's the only person I fucking got? I'm a one-man band, baby. You think I need you to have a good time? Fuck you, Oliver. Fuck you. I got options. I got Aaron.

(PAUSE)

I got Aaron? What am I saying? Wait, what the fuck am I doing? What am I think...No. No. Wait, it's okay. I just...I'll just go for a bit. Pop in, pop out. Besides, I look too goddamn fine to be alone right now, right? Won't drink anything. No. No. Yeah, I don't need to get fucked up I just need to, just need to remember. Marisol Montgomery is the fucking GOAT, that's what I need to remember, alright? I'm the GOAT and I'm in control. I'm in control. I'm in control. I don't have to do shit if I don't want to and I don't want to so I won't do shit. Yeah. Yeah, this is good. This is gonna be dope. Of course, it's gonna be fucking dope. I'm a goddamn genius.

Scene Seven

Closing

HOST

You have just listened to *Small Victories*. Starring

MORGEN

Morgen McKynzie 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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