**SOL SIDE**

*Edited to be read as a monologue from page 38 – 40*

*Dolores’ lines are for your reference. They will not be read.*

**DOLORES** Who are you supposed to be?

**SOL**

A Chingona Chicana. I’m the spirit of Christmas present. Ta da! You can call me Sol. Baby, you got it right. I'm everything you ever dreamed for and much, much more.

There’s no time like the present to deal with your baggage and I’m your Spirit of the present. I’m your little giftcito who’s going to save your soul! You’re welcome.

*Dolores* takes a good, long look at Dolores.

Hmmmm, you are one sorry Tía Taco. La Virgencita was right. She said: "sol, watchale a esa. That is one poor mujer. She thinks she's all set, muy independiente, but she ain’t got a clue."

Because you’re over here holding onto a grudge from 30 years ago! You have to let go and forgive your hermanita. Hijole, she’s dead for cryin’ out loud. Pull up your big girl chonies and get over it.

**DOLORES** I am over it. I’ve moved on.

You really believe that?

Is that why you eat dinner alone every night?

No me digas. I get it. I’ve been there. Someone breaks your heart and you decide to shut yourself away to avoid getting hurt. Pero, you can’t assume everyone is gonna hurt you. Open up your heart a little. Have some fun, have un traguito, let your hair down. Make some friends. A couple of comadres to share some chisme with.

Mande? Everyone needs someone, gente to watch your back. You don’t have to be alone, you have familia. And here you are choosing to be a Grinch. Who does that?

You and Anita were literally raised by the same person. She grew up in your old bedroom. Y sabes que? You’re one greedy mujer. You’ve got all this money, saving it and saving it, y para que?

**DOLORES** I pay taxes! These welfare families should thank me.

Ya! If there is going to be even the littlest, the most pequeña possibility of the salvation of your teeny little soul, then I have to show you something, and you are going to watch, learn and listen, or I'm going to get very angry, and when I get all enojada my bruja comes out, y sabes que? I'm going to mash your miserable little body into refried beans. ¿Me oyes?