

Claire

Phillip mentioned something Caleb does with his toys—his action figures.

Soledad

His dolls. Boy dolls are still dolls.

Claire

Making them kiss.

Soledad

Yeah he does that.

Claire

Is that normal in your experience?

Soledad

Man...

Claire

Does it bother you?

Soledad

Look, I'm here one more month and then I'm out.

Claire

You know I respect you. I respect you as a hard-working childcare professional.

Soledad

That's some fancy shit. No, I'm not that. You know what I do? I'm an artist. Yeah. I make art out of other objects. Like rice. I got this whole movement made out of different types of rice. Villages made of rice. Portraits. Got a website. Mexican restaurants across the US have tabletops made by me. This work is my mother. She did it her whole life. And I got her and my daughter and just me to pay bills. So, this helps me.

Claire

Well. *They* need your help. They don't know what they're doing.

Soledad

Now *that!* *That's* true. They give him whatever he wants.

Claire

That's not what I mean—

Soledad

Spoil that child. You don't ask a baby what they want to eat—you give it to them and say, "eat that." That's how you raise a kid. And when he don't eat, they just put on that—

Claire

I-pad—

Soledad

I-pad—for a baby—

Claire

I'm more concerned about Caleb's questions... Little kids ask questions. You said. I want to know what Caleb's are. Your confidence will not leave this room.

Soledad

Why the fuck don't you just talk normal?

Claire

Caleb can't possibly understand what's going on. And I want to know how he's dealing with it. I know Damon. I know he would never intentionally hurt his son in any way. My concerns are with what might be unintentional. (*Claire goes to the bookshelf and gets the photo album.*) Is there anything in here that upsets you? You seemed bothered on Thursday by one of the pictures. I was bothered by one of the pictures. (*She opens the album*) I was bothered by *this* picture.

Soledad

I'm sure you were... You want some cake; I made some "*tres leches*".

Claire

I... I shouldn't.

Soledad

It's my daughter's birthday today. Five today. That's a big one.

Claire

I'm sorry you're not with her.

Soledad

I go home tomorrow. For the day. When Shelly runs the shop...

Claire

Why did they ask so much of you—to come from New York?

Soledad

'Cause he was in me for nine months.