

CHAPTER TWO OF LEO

IN WHICH

*Leo laments,
Capricorn leaves,
and Scorpio doubts.*

So I say to her, I say, “No one seems to care that the Bridesmaids are shitting everyone into the negatives right now. It's unbearable and I can't express myself because these people are too wholesome and I hate wholesome people. Wholesome people don't understand that the things that *really* matter aren't the *only* things. Of course, Love is important. But hot sex with a stranger isn't unimportant just because Love is in the world. Matching a cocktail to an outfit, for example, matters. Purple eyeliner matters. Inane conversation for the sake of a compliment matters. Important things aren't the only things. If we were all Mother Theresa Mahatma Ghandis, then nobody would've invented the Chia Pet and then what would Leo put on her windowsill? OLÉ! OLÉ! OLÉ!”

The woman I'm speaking to doesn't seem to appreciate what I'm saying.

I continue, I say, “Forget the Bridal Party, honey. I know you want to be a part of that rodeo but you don't need them. Damn t-h-e-m. If we wanted to be pansies, we'd go squat in a field.”

I flash a mega-watt smile.

And she stares.

I star.

But then she exits in a tizzy and it's this dress!

Everyone is ignoring me tonight because I'm wearing a modest dress!

“Don't worry about that one.”

I turn to find a woman at my elbow. She's chewing ice and staring at me intensely.

I approve.

“That's just Capricorn,” she continues, “She reacts strongly to strong people.”

She empties her glass and cracks a cube with her molar.

"I understand," I say, "Well, I imagine."

She hands me another drink and we chin-chin.

"But with those teeth who could blame her?"

"My teeth? Me? Oh you're too kind."

"That's not kindness, honey," she says, "That's fact."

"Oh! Ha! Oh!"

"Do you know how gorgeous you are?"

I don't answer that. I just flash another mega-watt smile and for the first time tonight, the effect hits home:

She stares.

I star.

And she keeps staring.

And since the more intensely they stare, the more intensely I star, I automatically smile harder and it continues.

She stares.

I star.

And it's great. We're great.

I don't mind awkward silence if I'm the reason for it.

But then I ask her, I say, "So that was Capricorn, huh? How'd you know that?"

"I know everyone's sign."

"Oh yah? What's mine?" and I laugh because it's funny but then I hear her say 'Taurus' and I choke on my olive with a dry heave.

"You're kidding, right?" I say, "You know I can sue you for manslaughter. Taurus? Was that a joke?"

"Ah," she says, cracking another cube, "You seem Taurus to me."

I realize my smile has waned to an embarrassing level of output so I immediately say something, I say:

"LEO QUOTE: My selfies are taken by strangers. Does that sound Taurus to you? Was that a challenge?"

"It was a statement."

"Never challenge Leo."

"It was a statement."

"I wore a modest dress tonight. Ok? I'm not Taurus. I'm modest."

And I try to star.

But she isn't staring.

She's tapping her teeth.

I continue, I say, "I wore the black dress tonight! It's a modest dress! I'm LEO! OLÉ! LEO! OLÉ!"

"Prove it," she says.

She finishes her drink and dangles the glass by its bottom. What a turd. It's terrible how turdy this woman is.

"Prove that I'm Leo? Are you serious right now? Who shit in your soup?"

"You'd have to prove it."

"I don't have to prove a Zod damn thing. It's—"

"Prove it."

"If I'd worn my silver dress then—"

"Prove it."

"No. It's just the—"

"Prove it."

"LEO! OLÉ!"—but she isn't paying attention to me—"HEY! OLÉ!"

"Prove it," she says again, biting the bottom of her glass—what is wrong with the world tonight?

"You want me to prove it? Fine. How? What do you want? You want a natal chart?"

She nods in the direction of the Bridesmaids: wholesome women. Turds all. Venus Strucking Night.

I hear, "Persuade *them* that you're Leo."

"Persuade *them*? Why *them*? I hate them."

"A real Leo is known to everyone."

"A real Leo?"

"Yah."

"Are you serious right now?"

"Bye-bye, Taurus."

"Wait."

"Condolences..."

"Wait."

She slinks over to the Bridesmaids. Zod damn it. She's talking to them. She's touching their necklaces. They're looking over here. Zod damn it. They're looking over here. Why didn't I wear the silver dress?

I whisper to the bartender, I say, "Crazy, right? Taurus. I mean, my blood donations are tax deductible for Venus Sake. It's the dress. Come on. LEO. OLÉ."

And he stares.

And I star.

But when he stops staring, I drain my Comet and follow in the wake of this woman's perfume.