

DUSK

8pm to 9pm

CHAPTER TWO OF VIRGO

IN WHICH

Virgo converts Gemini

OR

Gemini converts Virgo

I've regained consciousness in the Ladies Deluxe Restroom.

I immediately take out my Legos and build a tower — blues on blues, followed by reds on reds, finishing with greens on greens.

I press the tower into my calf and I gasp at the relief of precision.

"OMZ. What happened to you?" a woman asks.

She sits next to me and I'm engulfed in a wave of woody-oriental perfume. This is the perfect category of perfume for the current rose-rudbeckia potpourri ratio (a ratio which is perfect as long as the staff doesn't ruin it by using lemon in their cleaning solution. I cannot stand rose-rudbeckia-lemon. I simply cannot.)

"I fainted," I say.

"Wow. OK. Why did you faint?"

"Well, I don't usually faint," I respond, "Fainting is my most severe method of coping. Usually, I go to Pier 1. Sometimes, I go to hotel lobbies. In rare instances of conniption, I find a museum and spend the afternoon in their 'day in the life' displays. Consciously. As consciousness is my way. No doubt."

"OK," she says, "Wow."

I blink rapidly at her strangeness and she blinks rapidly back.

"Why are you blinking at me?" I ask.

I move deeper into the couch and she moves deeper into the couch too.

"So are you shaving your legs with Legos because, like, I don't think that's what they're for."

"I'm *massaging* my legs with Legos, yes."

"OK. But, like, I don't think that's what they're for."

“Please recite the first three letters of the word Lego.”

I watch the revelation flit across her sweaty forehead.

I walk to the counter and begin folding towels into perfect squares. She walks to the counter and begins folding towels into perfect squares too.

“Like, at least wrap your Legos in these paper towels,” she says, “They’re the softest paper towels ever. Feel them.”

“They’re cotton towels,” I respond, “and I am feeling them.”

“They’re paper towels and they’re the softest ever. Feel them.”

“I am feeling them! And they’re the softest paper towels ever because they’re not paper. They’re cotton. Please notice the stitching. Do you notice the stitching?”

“Yas.”

“Thank you. You can’t stitch a logo onto a paper towel. That’s only possible on a cotton towel. Because it’s cotton.”

Her idleness sharpens.

“But like, the cotton is so shitty. It’s practically paper.”

“Well, that’s the ruse, isn’t it?” I say, “If you believe this is the softest paper towel ever, then you’ll never guess it’s actually the shittiest cotton towel of all time. It’s a country club trick. It’s why their trashcans are woven baskets.”

“Be very careful with your beliefs,” I add, “If they fool you then that’s all you’ll end up being.”

I realize this woman is now staring at me like a soulful statue. I take a deep breath. She takes a deep breath. I shoot the rest of my Comet and she shoots the rest of her Comet.

“Are you copying me?” I ask.

“Absolutely not only if you say so.”

“Why are you copying me?”

I blink wildly in offense and she blinks wildly in offense too.

I grab my Legos. She grabs a tissue dispenser. I hurl them into smithereens against the wall. She hurls it into smithereens against the wall.

And I’m suddenly struck with an idea.

“Do that again,” I say, pointing to the smashed tissue dispenser, “Now that I’m looking at it, I can see that that was an incredibly ugly and overly ornate tissue dispenser and I wouldn’t mind if you smashed it again. So, do it. Do it. Do it right now.”

And without a word, she grabs another ugly and overly ornate tissue

dispenser and hurls it into smithereens against the wall.

Woah my holy woah.

Woah my goodness yes.

What a struck of luck.

“Now, I want you to hit that woman. Hit that woman right in the face! That woman! Over there. She is babbling and she won’t shut up and I cannot stand it so hit her in the face!”

And this time, she grabs a paraben-free moisturizer and hurls it at the babbling woman with remarkable strength and accuracy.

The babbling woman exits and the problem is solved.

“Oh thank you,” I say, “Thank you. Thank you so so much.”

I take her hand.

I look into her eyes.

And before I know what's happening, we're sitting back on the couch and I'm telling her everything. Everything. About the interacies. And Capricorn. Musty lemon. The bricks! The Zod damn bricks! It's so unfair!

She sympathizes and we make a plan.

Twenty minutes later, we're brushing our teeth with the provided supplies — making sure to floss — and heading back toward the garden holding hands.