

FADE IN:

INT. MEGHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MEGHAN, a senior in high school, lay in her bed, next to the window. Her laptop lays across her lap, illuminating her face in the dark of her bedroom. Her cat sleeps at the end of the bed.

MEGHAN types "BISEXUALITY" into the YouTube search bar. Dozens of videos pop up. Some display a red bar across the bottom of the thumbnail, indicating she has already watched them.

MEGHAN scrolls down the page and clicks on a video called "ARE YOU BISEXUAL - QUIZ (AM I BISEXUAL?)" The YOUTUBER, a man who appears to be in his thirties or forties and is framed from the shoulders up, begins to speak.

YOUTUBER

Hi! So I'm very excited today because I have something for you, which I have worked on and I think it's really great. It is an "Are you bisexual?" quiz!

MEGHAN continues to watch the video with her headphones in, so that no one hears what she is listening to, despite the late hour.

YOUTUBER

Before I actually give you the quiz, there are a couple things you need to know. First, you have to know what a bisexual is. Okay, so bisexual is not one thing. Being bisexual is a capacity. It's an ability to do something. It's the ability to have romantic or sexual attractions to more than one gender. It doesn't have to be the same amount, it doesn't have to be at the same time,

it's just the capacity, the
ability to do something. Okay,
so that is what bisexual is.

MEGHAN rewinds the video and the YOUTUBER's definition repeats.
She pulls out her phone and opens the Notes app. She rewinds the
video again, and this time when the YOUTUBER repeats the
definition of bisexuality, MEGHAN types it into her phone.

MEGHAN pauses the video again. Her eyes move from left to right as
she reads the words she just heard and typed. She lets them sink
in. A few moments later she resumes watching the video.

The video plays in the background as MEGHAN opens up Google on her
phone and types "BISEXUALITY DEFINITION" into the search bar. She
opens tab after tab, eyes racing across her phone screen.

The YouTube video ends and MEGHAN pauses it before the next one
can autoplay.

MEGHAN remembers another video she watched recommending saying "I
am bisexual" out loud. MEGHAN tries.

MEGHAN
(whispering)
I am... bisexual.

MEGHAN sits in silence for a few moments before trying again.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I am bisexual. I am bisexual

MEGHAN gets out of bed and walks over her closet, looking at
herself in the body-length mirror that hangs on it.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)
I am...

But she struggles to say it while making eye contact with herself.
It feels too intimate. She takes a deep breath. She tries again.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

I am...

Still she cannot. She walks back over to her bed and gets back in, waking the cat in the process. She shuts her laptop off and puts it on her bedside table.

She continues to click on various links on her phone, but now it feels different than it did just thirty minutes prior. She does not understand how, but years of confusion and denial and repressing feelings were answered with that single definition. A weight has been released from her.

MEGHAN opens her Notes app again.

MEGHAN

(very softly)

A person who has the capacity
to have romantic or sexual
attractions to more than one
gender, not necessarily in the
same amount, and not necessarily
at the same time.

MEGHAN turns off her phone, plugs it in, and gets ready to sleep. She tosses back and forth for a while as her mind races with this new revelation that is also not that big of a surprise to her at the same time.

She sleeps well that night.

FADE OUT.

Artist's Statement

I struggled a lot with my sexuality throughout high school. In hindsight, reflecting on the thoughts I had then, it seems clear that I should have known that I'm not straight, but I really was so incredibly deep in denial. From freshman to senior year I experienced periods where the

question would nag on my brain constantly and others where I would not think about it at all. The scene I captured here came during a time where that one question that I couldn't for the life of me answer — whether because somewhere inside me of I didn't want to confront it or because I actually did not know, I'm not sure — was again like a fly that wouldn't leave alone.

I spent hours hunched over my phone and laptop looking up videos and articles about bisexuality, an increasingly common phenomenon in the queer adolescent experience. I knew for sure I liked men, but it was the question of other genders I was so unsure of, which I now realize was because of a lot of internalized biphobia and heteronormativity. A lot of the videos I found to be really intriguing, but because a lot of them were other bisexuals talking about their own specific experiences, none felt like they were speaking *to* me. That is, until this video.

The words “the capacity” were all I needed to hear. Those words peeled me open because I knew, in my heart of hearts, that I had that. I could no longer deny the array of thoughts I'd had over the years that highlighted, underlined, and italicized that I had the capacity to be attracted to, romantically or sexually, people who were not men. I think that in this moment I was constructed, but I needed to be with a desperation I did not then understand. I still have this note in my phone because this night, just before Christmas, really did change my life for the better, though it was utterly terrifying at the time. It took me months to become comfortable with this truth, but that I was living with it instead of running from it made it worth it.