How I Fell in Gay

I watch the laptop, enthralled by the scene that was playing out on the screen. Sure, the T.V. show I was watching was good, a suspense/horror show, but that wasn’t why I was so captivated by the scene. No, it was who was on screen. After about an hour of searching, I finally found a cool show on Netflix, Scream, the tv series. It had everything I could ask for, murder, a nerd, and what I just discovered, as it wasn’t advertised in the description, a really hot actress. Not only was she beautiful, but her character was amazing, one of my two favourites on the show. The character is a bi-curious girl who was made short movies about her life and was extremely sarcastic, and unlike in horror movies, knows not to split up and stay alone in a dark, unlocked house. All I wanted the show to do was provide me with some quality horror entertainment, with some funny moments flung in, not to unlock the gay hidden inside of me. You know those moments where you don’t know anything about a person, but you still love them, like a cute stranger on a bus syndrome? Well that was my whole experience watching this show. I fell in gay without even realizing it.

The next day, I sat on a desk, talking to my friends at lunch. “Guys, I found this really cool show! It’s called ‘Scream’, after the movie, and it’s amazing. There’s this character Noah, he’s a nerd and a virgin, which is a major character point by the way, and he’s obsessed with murder and he’s great. There’s another character named Audrey though, and she’s bi, and beautiful, and smart, and funny, and she has a super angsty plot line and I need to protect her, and she is too precious for this horrible world. Did I mention she’s super pretty, like I would willingly let her murder me,” I gush. As I sit on the desk, still raving about this show and character, it doesn’t even register within my mind that I was gay, or that what I had just said was possibly the gayest thing to come out of my mouth, ever.

After I finished my rant, my best friend turns to me, with curiosity in their eyes, and asks the question that everyone wanted to know: “Are you gay?”

 I stop. I freeze and think back to everything I can remember. Boys are cute? Check. Attracted to boys? Definitely. That non-binary friend that I used to blush at the mention of? Definitely attraction there. That one girl in that music video? Hot. The girl who smiled at me that one time? Cute. Bex Taylor-Klaus, Audrey’s actress on Scream? If we ever met, I would die of gay overdose. So, am I gay? “Yeah. I mean, guys are good and amazing, non-binary people are definitely cute, some attraction already goes on there, but girls are great too I guess. So, check on that gay thing. 100 percent.” As I say these words and re-evaluate my life’s experiences, I start to panic. *Holycrapnuggets, I’m gay. This is happening. I am possibly the most pansexual person in the world and I am gay for Bex Taylor-Klaus. How am I gonna deal with this? Oh my god how are my friends going to react?* I nervously listen to my friend’s response.

 “Cool, now we can be the most pansexual gay people ever.” I relax, relieved, and roll my shoulders, realizing how stiff I was sitting after I made my declaration. I turn my gaze to my other friends sitting around me. One was totally ignoring everything, stuffing her face with chips, I don’t think she heard a single thing that had happened in the last five minutes. Another friend just nodded, said, “Cool.” and went back to doodling, while my other best friend, sitting beside me, was rummaging through their backpack, seemingly looking for something.

“AHA!” they shouted triumphantly. I look at them, wondering why they were shouting when a hand was shoved in front of my face. It was my friend holding a rainbow pin. “Welcome to the queer club, feel free to grab a drink, relax, and be gay,” they declared.

The bell rang, and the rest of the day went as usual. I went home, sat in my room and thought to myself. *I am really gay.*