

A man and a woman are standing in a museum. The woman is on the left, wearing a teal turtleneck dress, and the man is on the right, wearing a white patterned shirt and dark trousers. They are both looking at the camera. The background shows museum exhibits, including a large skull on the right and various fossils on the left. The floor is polished and reflective.

This is one of the most well known museums in the city. Umm, it's recommended for tourists to come here at least once.

Wow, it's amazing! I wonder why I never heard of it before. It's splendid.

Next Day

A man with a grey beard and a white shirt with a small floral pattern is looking directly at the camera with a surprised expression. He is standing in front of a blurred background of brown, rocky terrain. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The one on the left is pink and contains the text 'H-hey, wait, Fath- Sir... don't go alone!'. The one on the right is white and contains the text 'Fuck! Is that a dinosaur fossil!?'.

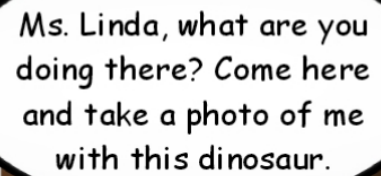
H-hey, wait,
Fath- Sir... don't
go alone!

Fuck! Is that a
dinosaur fossil!?



Uhhhhhh!! Why doesn't he
listen to me!? What had gotten
into me that I said yes to
hanging out with him?
It's my mistake.

He doesn't know I'm his son,
but at least I know he's my
father, and I still said yes...
My habit of always obeying
him hasn't gone yet.



Ms. Linda, what are you
doing there? Come here
and take a photo of me
with this dinosaur.

Uhh, umm, yeah...
okay!

A man and a woman are standing in a lush garden. The woman, on the left, has long blonde hair and is wearing a teal turtleneck sweater. The man, on the right, has a grey beard and is wearing a white shirt with a small floral pattern. They are both looking towards the camera. The background is filled with green foliage and pink flowers. There are three speech bubbles: one from the woman at the top left, one from the man at the top right, and one from the woman at the bottom left.

No... It's just a family garden. It's peaceful here, that's why.

So, any speciality of this garden?

Haha, very funny...

Ohh, I see. I thought it was a lover's garden at first, haha. Just kidding.



You know, I used to bring
Taylor to the garden in our
town every week. He... loved
places like these. He used to
say it's peaceful.

I may not have met him here,
but I'm definitely sure he has
come here multiple times.
I know him.



Umm, you know your
son really well, huh?
That's... good

Of course I know him.
He's my son. Both me and
his mother care for him.
I miss him so much.

And his mother too.
She keeps trying to call him
daily and talks about him in
front of the neighbours. But
that son of a bitch!

Fuck! Am I calling my
innocent wife a bitch? That
son of a beautiful woman! I'll
make sure to teach him a
lesson



Hahahaha! That was
funny. You love your wife,
right? No affairs or
anything?

Of course I love her. I had
some girlfriends in the past
before marrying her. But...
you can say I'm pretty loyal
to her.



W-what!? I mean... uhh, no... I don't know. I think he... might have... He looks very handsome... and... he's a ladies' man. I'm sure he must be having one.

By the way, does Taylor have any girlfriend!? There must be someone from his office, right? Did he tell you?

Hmm... Ladies' man, huh? Don't know about that. But it's good if girls are chasing after him.

A woman with blonde hair tied back, wearing a teal, long-sleeved, form-fitting dress, is walking away from the camera. A man with a beard, wearing a light-colored patterned shirt and dark trousers, is walking beside her, looking back over his shoulder at her. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with greenery and a light-colored path.

A drink? Like...
you mean alcohol?
With you?

By the way, is there a bar
here? Why don't we both
go have a drink? What do
you say? It'll be fun.

Ohh, you don't know
him. If he really saw me
drink alcohol, he'll beat
my ass.

Yeah, what's wrong? We are
both adults. You're acting like
your dad will get mad if he saw
you drink alcohol, haha!

A woman with long, straight blonde hair parted in the middle, wearing a teal-colored, ribbed turtleneck sweater. She is looking slightly to her right with a neutral expression. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with green foliage.

Umm... Okay, fine.
Let's just get it over
with. But after this,
we'll go straight
home, okay?

Haha, I love your sense
of humor, Ms. Linda. So?
You coming? C'mon, we
won't overdo it.

Yeah, sure. Let's
go now.



Huh? What's
that supposed to
mean?

What!?

So... Ms. Linda... Umm...
Have you thought about,
you know, moving on from
your past life?

I mean, you know... since your
husband has been dead... and... you're
still very young and beautiful... so I
was just saying all that beauty will go
to waste if you stay alone...



What the fuck, Father!? What the hell is he even saying!? You're married, damn it! You literally said how much you loved Mom a while ago!

I don't know what's worse, that my father is trying to hit on me, or that my father is hitting on a woman while he's married to Mom.

What the fuck do I even reply to this!? Is he expecting me to have an affair with him? What the fuck! So disturbing!



Haha, no... Mr. Summers. Umm, I was just wondering, why are you asking this? I mean, uhh, aren't you married? And... have a son.

Ms. Linda, you're spaced out again. I hope I haven't offended you in any way. It's just... you're beautiful, independent, rich, and kind. You have all the qualities a man could ask for.

Yeah, that's... correct...
Because... ohh, how do I say this... Don't tell this to Taylor...
You see... Taylor's mom... She's cheating on me...

A man with short, light-colored hair, seen from the back, wearing a white shirt with a small floral pattern. He is looking towards a woman with long blonde hair, wearing a teal turtleneck sweater. She has a serious, questioning expression. They are standing in front of a dark, reflective surface, possibly a table. The background is blurred, showing warm, indoor lighting.

I know you might not trust me... but I'm telling the truth... I... swear on Taylor's life. I'm not lying...

What!? Mom??? She's cheating??? Impossible! Is he telling the truth? I don't even know whether to trust him now.

He keeps pulling shit to get close to me. What if he's just lying, thinking he'll get comfort from me?? How do I trust-



Noo... it can't be... Mom is not like that... I know her... but... I thought I knew Dad too, and here he is checking me out and flirting.

What is happening... it's like my world is falling apart. I feel so sad... This isn't funny if they're joking. Why, Mom... I feel so depressed...
I wanna go home.



A Day Later

Oh, Fath- Mr. Summers. I was just making a cake for you. I heard from Taylor that you really like them, right?

Hmm? You said something?
Anyway, I have 20-25 minutes while the cake is baking. I wonder how I should pass the time.

Oh, hey, Ms. Linda.
Wow... What are you doing?

Ohh yes! I really love cake, especially big ones!



D-dance? W-with you...
uhh, I'm not good at
dancing... haha... i-it will
be quite embarrassing
for me...

Umm, how
about we dance
a little?

C'mon, Ms. Linda. It's just a
dance. You never seem to enjoy
yourself. We are friends,
right? I won't take no for an
answer.

Fuck, man! Not
again. Why am I so
bad at making
excuses?

A man and a woman are dancing in a garden. The man is wearing a blue patterned shirt and dark blue trousers, with his arms around the woman. The woman is wearing a black short-sleeved top and white leggings, with her back to the camera. The background is a blurred garden with trees and a wooden bench.

Yes, like that. You've got a good waist, Ms. Linda. Don't let it go to waste.

Ohh, please don't talk about her while we are enjoying ourselves... It makes me sad if I think about her.

Haha... thank you for the compliment, Mr. Summers... Maybe you should use this on your wife sometimes too.



No... it's... nothing. I'm just
confused... very confused...
about you... and me... and
Ms. Summ-

You seem kind of upset
after we returned from the
bar yesterday, Ms. Linda. Is
anything the matter?



W-wait! No. I-I
didn't mean it like
that...

I feel the same way too, Ms.
Linda... I'm also very confused
about you... since the moment I
saw you when you opened that
door... I'm glad you feel the
same.

A man with grey hair and a beard, wearing a light blue shirt with a dark blue leaf pattern, is seen from the back. He is embracing a woman with long blonde hair from behind. The woman is looking down with a sad or distressed expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a wooden table and chairs.

Ohh, Ms. Linda, don't be shy... Just admit it. You miss the feeling of warming your husband's bed.

No... Stop...
Please...



I'd love for you to
be a stepmother...

W-what!?

A man with a grey beard and a blue patterned shirt stands next to a woman with long blonde hair wearing a black t-shirt. The man looks confused and is gesturing with his hand. The woman has a determined, slightly angry expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

W-what? Ms. Linda...
what happened... are you
alright...? You just called
me Father...

Enough, Father!!!!



Please, it's enough... I can't
take this anymore. It's me,
Father. Taylor... There is no
Ms. Linda... it's me.

I'm that middle-aged mom,
Linda Olsen. Please, I said the
truth. Now please stop doing
this to me.

W-What's
Going On!?

