

After Telling
The Truth





Fucking unbelievable!
Have you lost all sense
of shame!?

I'm really
sorry, Father...
I'm-



Shut the fuck up! Omg, I don't even know what to say. This is messed up on so many levels.

I don't know whether I should be angry at you for being such a greedy son, for lying to your parents, or for acting like a fucking sissy!

A man with short grey hair, seen from the back, wears a light blue shirt with a darker blue leaf pattern. He is facing a woman with long brown hair, wearing a black short-sleeved top and white pants. She has her arms crossed and a stern expression. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a building.

Oh, really? Why shouldn't I? Your mom and I thought you had finally grown up and started earning like we always dreamt.

But... you're just like always, Taylor, trying to find cheap ways to get rich. Do you have any idea how your mom would feel if she knew you were lying to her?

Stop calling me names! I'm... not what you think I am... And please... stop shouting at me.



I'm sorry, alright!? I'm not proud of what I'm doing either. And I know how Mom would feel if she found out about my lies... That's why I'm not telling her!

But that doesn't justify whatever you kept saying to me!

A man with a grey beard and a blue shirt with a white leaf pattern is shown from the chest up. He has a sad and distressed expression, with his eyes looking down and his mouth slightly open. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

Taylor, you need to understand.
I'm not against you wanting to be
a woman. In fact, if it was just
that, I would've been okay with
it.

But... you're making a mockery
of both your parents and those
trans people. You're treating
this like it's a game.

You're telling me you were
okay with altering your body
into a woman's just because
you wanted to be rich!? Is this
all a joke to you!?

A man and a woman are standing outdoors in a blurred setting. The man, on the left, is seen from the back, wearing a light blue shirt with a darker blue leaf pattern. He has short, light-colored hair. The woman, on the right, is facing him, wearing a black short-sleeved shirt tied at the waist and white pants. She has long brown hair and a concerned expression. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the man on the left and one from the woman on the right.

Grown man, huh? You fucking look like my sister's age, Taylor. I can understand making yourself look feminine. But how were you even okay with aging yourself!?

I know! I know the risks, Dad. I'm a grown man now, not that little boy you used to control.



Just look at you, damn it! Is there any trace of you left? Can anyone say you're in your 20s? I can't believe you're my son.

And all this just for some wealth? Were we making you live like a peasant that you had to do something so atrocious as this!?



Stop it, Father. Don't act like a saint. You were just making fantasies about a woman while you're married to Mom. Is that not atrocious to you?

Or is me being greedy where you draw the line? You lied about Mom cheating on you just to sleep with someone. I feel like I don't even know you anymore.

A man with a grey beard and a blue patterned shirt stands on the left, looking towards a woman on the right. The woman has long blonde hair tied in a ponytail and is wearing a dark grey t-shirt. She is seen from the back. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

That wasn't a lie, Taylor. Your mom is cheating. And don't remind me what happened earlier. Even thinking about that... with my son... makes me puke.

And yet you lied to her on her face, knowing how much she cares and worries about you.

Oh yeah? You really expect me to believe you, who was cheating right in front of me over my mom, whose day starts and ends worrying about me?

Stop....

A man with a grey beard and a blue and white leaf-patterned shirt is in the foreground, looking slightly to the right with a serious expression. Behind him, a woman with long brown hair, wearing a black shirt and white pants, is looking down. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a wooden chair and some plants.

I've had enough. You're coming with me home. NOW!
Pack your bags. We are leaving.

I-I won't...



Yes... I won't come with you...
I'm not that child anymore...
I'll... I'll come whenever
I want to...

What? Have you lost even
that small amount of shame
that was remaining!? You're
saying no to me!? To your
Father?

Have you lost every last bit of
shame you had left? Don't you care
about your mother? Oh... I forgot.
Your greed means more to you than
your own mother.

Think... whatever you
want... I'm... not leaving
right now...





Don't ever call me...
or your mother ever
again...



A woman with blonde hair and blue eyes is lying down, wearing a green dress. She is looking towards the camera with a somber expression. Two text boxes are overlaid on the image, one above her head and one to the right. The background is dark and out of focus.

And yet you lied to her on
her face. Knowing how
much she cares and
worries about you...

Oh... I forgot. Your greed
means more to you than
your own mother.



A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a green robe, is holding a blue smartphone to her ear. She has a slightly concerned or nervous expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

Hello? Mrs. Summers
here.

H-hey... M-Mom...
It's... me...

Who? T-Taylor!? Is that
you, baby!? What happened
to your voice? Are you
alright, dear!?

Y-yes, Mother... I'm
fine... I've got a really
bad cold... that's why it
sounds different...



Ohh honey, you must be eating ice cream there, right? How many times have I told you, but you never listen

It's fine, Mom... I'm already recovering... I'll be better in no time...

That's good. By the way, why was your phone off all this time, honey? Do you know how much your father and I were worried about you?

Yes, I know, Mom... I'm sorry... It's just... I've been really busy... and... the signal is pretty bad here...



What? Signal's weak??
Metropolis city my ass!
Anyway, your father, is
he there?

Father... yeah... he... he met me
and... we had dinner and fun...
then he decided to leave... You
know how he is...

Ohh yeah, I know, honey...
Anyway, how are you, dear? Is
everything alright there? I
hope Mrs. Linda doesn't scold
you for not paying rent on time,
haha!

Everything's fine,
Mother... Miss... Linda
is kind and very
helpful.



Honey, Are you crying? Are you alright sweetie?

Me? Ohh, I'm good as always, dear. What will happen to me? You should be more worried about your weak father, haha!

W-what N-No, Mom... I- I'm Just Happy Hearing Your Voice.. What about you, Mother... how are you... I-Is everything alright?

I'm glad to hear that, Mom... It makes me happy you're good and healthy as always.







