

Door/Carabas

Carabas: So, this is the entrance?

Door: You seem unimpressed.

Carabas: Unimpressed is my default state. Well? Say 'Open sesame,' or whatever it is you do.

Door: I'm... I'm not sure now if we're doing the right thing.

Carabas: We need your father's journal. It's our only hope for finding a clue as to who's behind all this.

Door: Who are we kidding? We know who did this. It was Croup and Vandemar.

Carabas: They're arms. Hands. Fingers. There's a head that ordered it, that wants you dead, too. Those two don't come cheap.

Door: I just don't know if I can go back there—

Carabas: Very well. I'll be seeing you then.

Door: You'd abandon me? Just like that?

Carabas: I'm a busy man. Things to see. People to do.

Door: Look, hold on. The last time I was here—

Carabas: Your family was gutted. Well, there you are. If we aren't going in, then our business arrangement is at an end.

Door: And that's all?

Carabas: I could wish you the best of luck in your future endeavors, but I rather doubt you'll live long enough to have any.

Door: You're a piece of work, aren't you? Well, come on. I'll take us in.