

brenner optical care - dr. brenner's office.
long island, new york.
monday. june 8, 2026. 10:21 am.

[COREY LAZARUS casually paces back and forth by the dual windows overlooking the building's parking lot, his hands stuffed into the pockets of his black acid wash Ralph Lauren bootcut jeans. He sniffles, his hair pulled into a tight samurai-style half-pony, as the light shimmers across their scattered grays.]

Lazarus *(muttering)*
...in *my* club...in *my* goddamn house...says “fuck you” to me and then has the balls to...

Karen
Are you *still* on about this? It happened a week ago.

Lazarus
...and nobody told me about it until *yesterday*.

[He looks down at his shirt, a faded black tee bearing the artwork for Krisiun's *Conquerors of Armageddon* album, and picks at a piece of fuzz clung to the sleeve, errantly dropping it on the floor.]

Lazarus
It's been an hour...what the hell is...

[He glares at the office door, cupping his hands around his mouth as his tone sharpens and volume increases.]

Lazarus *(yelling)*
...taking so long?!

Karen
Corey! Would you relax?! Please?!

[Corey pauses, huffing as he runs a finger over a leaf from the potted ficus in the corner, and then chortles. He turns to KAREN MILLER-LEXINGTON, smirking.]

Karen
...what?

Lazarus
It's plastic.

Karen
So...?

Lazarus
It's just funny to me.

[She swings her braided ponytail off the shoulder of her Cinq à Sept Renee denim vest, left unbuttoned to reveal a throwback white SSQ *Playback* tee, and rubs her eyes.]

Lazarus
The dude spends all day looking into people's eyes, making enough money just to look at pictures, and he can't even get a *real* ficus?

Karen
It's just his office, Core. Why would he want to have a plant that could, like, wither away in here? Dead leaves on the ground aren't exactly comforting.

Lazarus
Eh, good point.

[Corey goes back to pacing, from one side of the wall to the other. He checks his wrist where his platinum Rolex once rested, seething.]

Karen
Would you just try calming down a little? Please?

Lazarus
I've tried. I can't.

Karen
Do you want a xanax, or...?

[He looks at her with a disillusioned glare, slowly walking over to her before sitting down in the chair beside her.]

Lazarus
You know I can't. I need to keep focused so I can enjoy every little minute in Hawaii.

[She rolls her eyes and groans, prompting Lazarus to turn away.]

Lazarus
Sure, sure. Don't take this the wrong way, but I wouldn't expect you to know why this is so important to me.

Karen
...what?

[She guffaws, her hands dropping like stones to the red-striped Zimmermann "Women's Rebellion" midi skirt covering her lap.]

Karen
I...*I* don't know why? *Pleeeeease*.

Lazarus
I really don't think you do, Karen.

[She shakes her head at the incredulous claim, crossing her arms over her chest as her attention turns to the dual windows.]

Karen
I know. Of fucking *course*, I know. Everyone does.

Lazarus
Oh, do you? Really? *Everyone* knows, huh?

Karen
Yes, Corey. *Everyone*.

Lazarus
Enlighten me. Please.

[She breathes in deep through her nose, turning to look her husband in the eye.]

Karen
It's important because you love winning so goddamn much, and that's because you need the world to know...!

Lazarus
...no.

[Karen halts mid-sentence as her husband hangs his head, fists balled tightly at his sides.]

Lazarus
I hate *losing*. Especially like that. To pieces of shit like *him*.

[He clears his throat, gritting his teeth.]

Lazarus
Because that means I failed *them*.

Karen
...who?

[Corey takes in a deep breath as he shuts his eye, letting it out slowly. Calmly.]

Lazarus
The entire family.

Karen
What, like...your dad? **Robbie**?

Lazarus
No. My *real* family.

[Karen motions to speak again and stops, her jaw going slack as the realization of *who* he's talking about washes over her.]

Karen
...you mean **Dustin**?

Lazarus
Yeah. Sometimes.

[Lazarus sighs, tapping his fingers on the thigh of his jeans.]

Lazarus
The others, too. **Hiro**. **Malcolm**. Hell, even **Kage** and **Anderson**. But worst of all...is **Cliff**.

Karen
Why...like, I'm sorry if this sounds callous, or whatever, but, just...*why*?

Lazarus
Did I ever tell you about what Cliff said to me? When he found out where I was from?

Karen
A few times, but I thought you said it was mostly **Jesse**?

Lazarus
Yeah, it was. *Mostly*. Cliff had his own little look to him, though. Just pure disappointment.

Karen
Disappointed dad face, eh?

Lazarus
Worse. Disappointed *uncle* face.

[Corey clears his throat as Karen scrunches her brow, deep in thought. She mouths the words her husband just said a few times over, shaking her head.]

Karen
...so?

Lazarus
That's how I know you never really had a problem with me punching your uncle in the face that time.

Karen
Well, I don't think it was called for, sure, and it caused a few really long headaches...

Lazarus
Especially for him. The prick...

Karen
...but I just don't...like, why not disappointed *dad* face?

Lazarus
Because if you have an uncle that you really like? He's the one in the family you want the approval of. Fuck your dad, forget about your mom, it's *his* word that means the world. He's like a combination of your dad and a big brother. Like someone who wants to be your friend, but he also won't take your bullshit, you know?

Karen
That's...

[She laughs, pinching the bridge of her nose as she hangs her head.]

Karen
...you realize that's pretty stupid, right?

Lazarus
Sure, whatever...but don't act like there wasn't someone older than you that didn't mean a little more than your parents, dig? Maybe an aunt, maybe a teacher...

Karen
A husband.

[Corey scoffs and shakes his head, ignoring the knowing grin spreading across his beloved's face.]

Lazarus
I'm, like, three years older than you. Jerk.

Karen
Five, by my count.

Lazarus
Look, my point *is*...having Cliff look down on me *hurt*. More than when my dad threw me out to praise his little soft-wristed bastard from wife numero *deux*. I looked up to him, you know? I looked up to all of them, so I needed to...

Karen
Yeah, yeah. You needed to work that much harder to prove you were worth something. You've told me, like, a thousand times.

Lazarus
And any time I didn't catch that dub? When I had to eat the L, even if I wasn't the one getting pinned, or tapping, whatever...

Karen
You're all just...

[She shakes her head and lays her hand on his, squeezing it.]

Karen
...at the end of the day, you're all just scared little boys, aren't you?

[He scoffs again, tonguing the inside of his lower lip as he lets out a quick chuckle.]

Lazarus
Sure. Let's just leave it at that.

Karen
It's cute!

[Lazarus tries to pull his hand away, but Karen hooks his arm, pulling him back.]

Karen *(laughing)*
No! Don't! It's cute!

[She leans in and kisses his cheek, raising his arm and putting it around her as she rests her head against his chin.]

Karen
Big, bad, Mr. Wrestling Star, about to wet himself at the idea of letting down the people he cares about most. It's *endearing*.

Lazarus
Yeah, babe. If you say so.

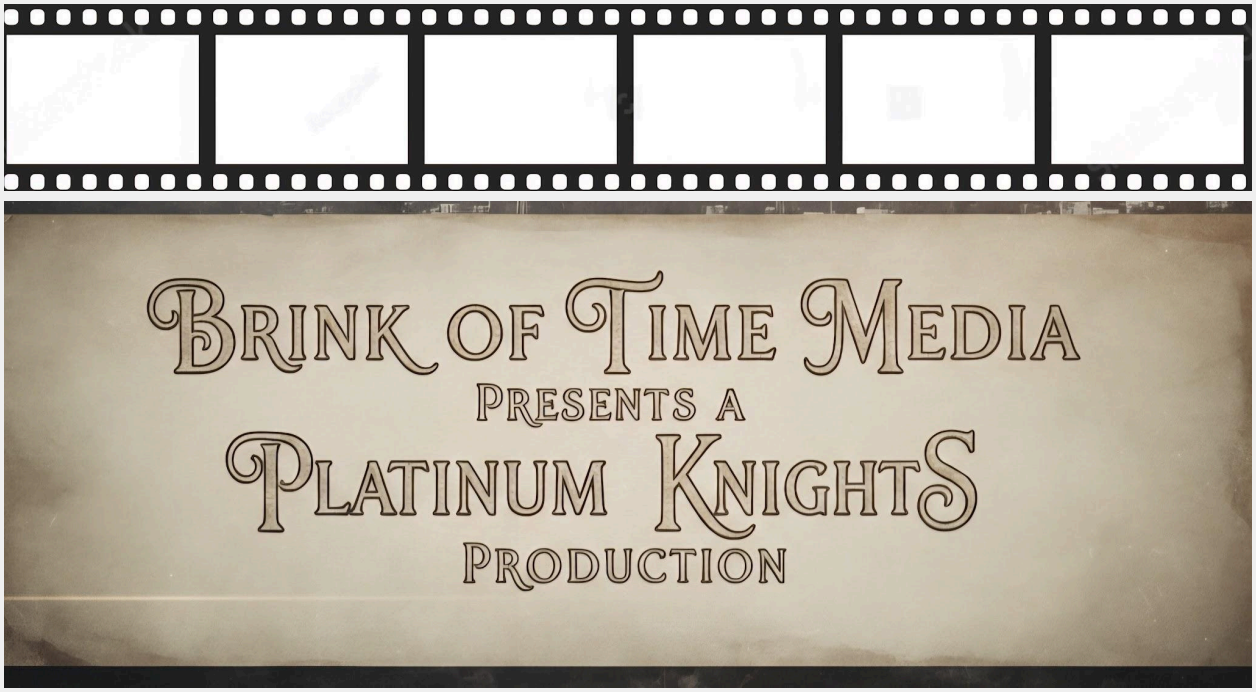
[He rubs her arm and gives her a squeeze, kissing the top of her head as he looks out the window.]

Lazarus
I'm getting it back, though. I'm getting *him* back.

Karen
Don't kill yourself over it, *babe*.

Lazarus
That's gimmick infringement, little lady. Keep it up and I'll...

[The door *clicks*...]





brink of time north - studio 3.
new york city, new york. 8:31 am.

Price
Would you just say it, **Core**?

[GREGORY PRICE stands mostly out of frame, the sleeve of his tailored navy Hawkes and Curtis 1913 coming into the corner of the frame.]

Price
I mean, it's not difficult, right? You've done similar things before.

Lazarus
Sure have.

Price
So what's stopping you now?

[Standing a few feet away from Price is none other than COREY LAZARUS, a sense of smug frustration emanating from his bemused smirk. His hands rest on the hips of his black acid wash AG Icon bootcut jeans, a loose white tank bearing a stenciled SHOOT helmet diagonally across it rumpled from their placement.]

Lazarus
It's pretty dumb, **Gregory**. As in I can tell an idiot wrote it.

Price *(sighing)*
Just...just say it...please?

[Corey scratches his left brow, just above his eye patch, and nods.]

Lazarus
Sure. Why the hell not. Hold up that cue card.

Price
What's the magic word?

[Corey's shoulders slump as Price steps fully off-screen, a groan trickling under his breath.]

Lazarus
Do you want me to shill your bullshit or not?

Price *(off-screen)*
Okay, okay...

[Lazarus takes a breath and shakes his arms out, stepping to the side and revealing the *AOWF 5: Homicide in Hawaii* poster that was mostly hidden behind him a moment before.]

Lazarus *(monotone)*
Aloha. ʻO **Corey Lazarus** koʻu inoa. Ua ʻike paha...

Price *(off-screen)*
Can you do any better?

Lazarus *(annoyed)*
No edits!

[Lazarus clears his throat and cracks his neck to either side. A wide, forced smile fills his face.]

Lazarus *(mockingly)*
Aloha! ʻO Corey Lazarus koʻu inoa! Ua ʻike paha ʻoukou iaʻu ma ka kiʻiʻoniʻoni *Lily and Switch: a Neurotic Thriller* a i ʻole *Death Warrant IV: Revenge of the Sandman*!

[Lazarus glares off-camera, holding his hands out.]

Lazarus
...good enough?

Price *(off-screen)*
...*fine*...

[The former World Heavyweight champion flashes a smirk and steps back in front of the *Homicide in Hawaii* poster, quickly flashing his arched brows in a small victory.]

Lazarus
And normally, I'd be all fun and games, dropping a barrage of poly-syllabic alliterative insults with such rapidity and precision that the likes of **Jared Keeso** would curl into a corner and bawl his beady little eyes out over *wishing* he could conceive of something so beautiful, but today, ladies and gentlemen?

Today is a bit of a different situation.

Today marks the day I catch a ride to JFK, hand over my boarding pass, take my seat in first class, and head on out to Inouye International to soak up a little sun with my family before I take part in something so many of us dread and, ultimately, accept as a begrudged fact of life.

A high school reunion.

[He shrugs, a sense of dismay hanging over him.]

Lazarus
Of *sorts*, anyway.

Price *(off-screen)*
...jeez, Core...

Lazarus
Practically all of us have some sort of baggage tied to the years most formative to who we've become, dig? Your first kiss, your first fight, that time you stole your dad's car and went on a joyride around town before bombing it off a ledge because your best pal said it would be fun, whatever. It wasn't all sunshine and rainbows and lending a helping hand, like today's generation is being raised on.

It was a goddamn *war*.

One that left you scarred in ways both hidden and readily apparent. Physically. Mentally. Emotionally.

Not because you shattered your knee catching the winning pass of the homecoming game, or whatever, but because you gave it your all to make yourself into who, and what, you wanted to be.

And it was never - *EVER* - quite good enough.

We have those memories of the great times, of the parties and the dances and finally leaving it all behind, and they're filtered through a rose-tinted lens until something sparks a primal response in the back of your lizard brain. Something that tells you “that place fucking sucked,” and for me?

[Corey sneers, the disgust hanging from each syllable.]

Lazarus
It was the *AOWF*.

Price *(off-screen)*
God dammit, Core...

Lazarus
Over the better part of ten years, tiger? I called those letters *home*. When it comes to this business, you could say that I grew up within the hallowed ropes of AOWF rings from one end of this planet to the other, and you'd be spot-the-hell *on*.

A summer spent in *Slam*. A few months where it was just one *High Impact* moment after another. A tour filled with *Liberty* among the *Elite* as we chased *True Glory*. Years on end, what some may call the best years of my life, having etched my name deep into the stone cold hearts of this planet as I *Pioneer*'d a better way, and do you know what I got from it? From all of it?

“Sorry, Laz, but we're heading in a different direction.”

[He forms the quotation marks with the index and middle fingers of each hand, his voice filled with contempt.]

Lazarus
The blood spilled in arenas across the globe? The bones that were broken? The sleepless nights, the relationships destroyed, and every bit of the spirit that I'd put into what I did, from one corner to the next...none of it fucking mattered.

Not to the *AOWF*.

Price *(off-screen)*
Corey? Sidebar. Please.

[Ignoring his agent's plea, Corey continues on, not even missing a beat.]

Lazarus
Not when ***Showtime*** had a comeback story to tell. Not when the office's hand-picked best pals decided to put their hand puppets away and put their boots back on.

[Corey holds out his hands like he's unfurling a scroll, turning up his chin so that he needs to look down his nose at "it."]

Lazarus
"Dear contracted talent, we regret to inform you"...

Price *(off-screen)*
Corey, I think...

Lazarus
..."that this committee has chosen"...

Price *(off-screen)*
...we should step...

Lazarus
..."to bestow the top contendership"...

Price *(off-screen)*
...out into the hall and...

Lazarus
..."and the championship opportunity"...

Price *(off-screen)*
...and have a chat, capisce?

Lazarus
..."to another competitor, namely the CEO's step-son."

[Gregory growls as he steps out from behind the camera, jabbing an enraged finger into his client's chest.]

Price
Where the hell do you get off, Corey? Huh? WHERE?!

Lazarus
I told you, Gregory, that I'm saying what's on my mind and selling this little cash grab *my way*, babe.

Price
We have a lot riding on this! Not just *us*, as in you and I, but **Brink of Time Media** as a whole! Why can't you just...?!

[Gregory turns, burying his face in his hands. The copious amounts of pomade in his dyed-black hair starts to falter, revealing a growing patch of male pattern baldness as Price chomps away on his gum.]

Price
...why can't you just do what you've been fucking asked to do...

Lazarus
Hey slick?

Price
...*what*...?

[Corey clicks his tongue as he pulls a pack of peppermint Simply Gum from his pocket. Lazarus pops a piece into his mouth, grinning, and starts to chew it.]

Lazarus
As I've said before, Gregory? I will *not* be defined by an organization that died, R-I-P, over a decade ago.

Price
Whatever. I'm going to go make a call.

[Price straightens out his hair and breathes deep, storming out of the studio and slamming the door behind him. A framed poster for *On the Downside* falls off the wall, drawing a casual nod from Corey as he turns back to the stationary camera.]

Lazarus
To speak to the painfully obvious, I am not now, nor have I *ever* been, beholden to a cabal of shareholders that do their speaking through an old man whose best years are so far behind him that an entire generation has forgotten his name, because just in case you forgot, **Dalton**? The Hollywood Kid has two words for you.

Non serviam.

[Corey shakes his head, chuckling under his breath as he turns.]

Lazarus
Of course...of course...

[He comes back to the camera, clearing his throat.]

Lazarus
That means “I will *not* serve.”

I am not the prodigal son who flees the nest, gets a taste of the real world and how much it can hurt, and then comes crying back to beg mommy and daddy to let me

back in. No, no, no. The L-A-Z is the one who'd rather die in a gutter, penniless and broken, than be dragged back into the shithole I walked away from.

Now sure, there were some fun times, and it's where I found out who I am, who I *really am*, but after all of the bullshit politics? After all of the times my name was used like some cheap *whore* just to pop a buyrate? To add some credibility to an organization that would rather spit on the empire that I'd helped build in favor of some deadbeat alcoholic *hick* with one-too-many last names?

Fuck. That. Place.

[Corey seethes, running his hands up over his face. After a few moments, he lets out a shaky sigh, tonguing the inside of his lower lip.]

Lazarus
In fact...

[He shrugs, shaking his head.]

Lazarus
...in fact, were it not for the circumstances that have recently arisen, or the promises made to rectify these issues? Just like the last time you tried to play necromancer and use my name on the marquee to add a speck of legitimacy, my demands have been made clear, because this one? It's not for some meager pittance of gold that lost all its value in years past.

Oh no. This is for the *real fucking deal*.

[He flashes his brows once more, letting out a chuckle as he shakes his head.]

Lazarus
See, it should come as little surprise to anyone that's been keeping up on current events, but for the handful of dementia patients whose orderlies have only recently exposed you to the words - to the *reality* - of what I've been saying? Allow me to explain.

On the evening of Monday, the 18th of May, the most esteemed organization within the industry of professional wrestling, the SHOOT Project, held its annual *Master of the Mat* event. It was a night of great glory for the likes of **Jamie Johnson** and my pride and joy **Ricky Tenet**, capturing the top contendership to the most heralded prize in this great sport of kings and earning his first taste of championship glory, respectively, but it was also an event capped off with great sorrow.

Yours truly, the man they've called “the Premiere Attraction” since before the world lost its collective fucking mind, walked into that ring with *his* World Heavyweight championship, the fifteen pounds of gold and leather worn with greater dignity than any man, woman, beast, or god has shown in quite some time, and when that final bell rang?

It now belonged to *another*.

[He stews on the statement for a moment, chewing its accuracy over like it were the piece of gum in his mouth.]

Lazarus
And sure, I could mimic the cries of lesser beings and past selves and point out that *my* shoulders were never pinned. That *my* hand never tapped the mat. That the phrase “I give up” never passed through these perfect pearly whites. I could do all of that and more, folks, but doing so would prove *him* right. It would give *him* the reverence that he so desires more than anything, it would give *him* the acknowledgement that has driven his egocentric push to deconstruct this business a sense of legitimacy, but worst of all is that it would obscure the veracity of what actually happened.

Arthur Pleasant didn't beat me.

I beat *myself*.

[He breathes in sharply through his nostrils, running his hands over the top of his head.]

Lazarus
In my ongoing quest to rid that title of every last microscopic thread of **Breedlove**'s stench; to restore the glory it had earned through the decades of blood, sweat, and tears shed by names like **Jonas Coleman** and your father, **X-Calibur**; to make good on the promises unfulfilled by the greats like **Ozzy Kilminster** and **Jonathon Wehali** that never got their fair shots. In all of that, boys and girls and theyfolk, I bought into all of the hype that's followed me for the past quarter century and opened the door as the waves came crashing in.

Think about who **RD** would have nominated as the top contender, had I not extended the offer of expiation to **NC-17**. Had I not made the mistake of giving you a patsy to take the fall that we both know *couldn't* have been me.

Joshua Kaine. **Laura Seton**. **Michael Draven**, **Holden Nobody**, even **Chad Kyle**. All of those names were on the list, each of them more worthy of the opportunity than you could ever dream to be.

And I know you understand all of this, Artie. That a win may be a win, a title may be a title...but I also know *you*.

[Corey points to the camera, a mischievous and knowing smirk crawling onto the corner of his mouth.]

Lazarus
I know how that one little fact, that it wasn't *me* locked in that Guillotine, that has to just be *eating* at your rotten guts, bite by rancid bite. How it's haunting your dreams, how your little syphilitic converter **Lou** doesn't seem quite as enthusiastic

when she licks your spit from her face, how even **Sammy** seems like his collar is made of paper after the embarrassment you've made of yourself plays over and over again in his withered amygdala.

How even **Jaime** offers you the same hint of disdain in every thought shared that your fathers, both biological and adopted, did.

That's why you're getting this opportunity, slick.

[He snaps his fingers, turning them into a pair of pistols and "firing" them off with a cock of his thumbs. He steps closer and closer to the camera...]

Lazarus
Not just because of a contractually obligated rematch clause, not just because Dalton and Gregory know this match will help make another attempt at resurrecting the dead into a financial success since, you know, that's what their little zombie organization has already done twice before...

...but because you *need* it.

You need it to kill the *aura* of the Surest Thing. To spread your twisted little brand of would-be *truth* to the unwashed masses.

[...closer and closer...]

Lazarus
You. Need. *Me*.

[...until his mouth is inches from the lens.]

Lazarus *(whispering)*
Buckaroo.

[Corey bites down sharply on his gum, stepping back with a knowing wink.]

Lazarus
So bring everything you have, junior. Bring your tanks and your cannons, unsheath your scabbard and call upon the eldritch knowledge hidden deep inside the mold-laden rubber womb you keep at your bedside.

The SHOOT Project World Heavyweight title, the *only* World title that actually matters in this business, may be suspended above the ring...but think about what needs to happen for you to come anywhere near it.

The breath needs to leave my lungs. The blood needs to stop pumping through my veins. My very fucking *soul* needs to be ripped from behind my goddamn ribcage and thrown into the abyssal void for the gods to pass final judgment, because if none of that happens? If there's even a shred of fight left in me?

I'll do the very same to you.

I'll stand up, dust myself off, flash this beauty right here...

[Trademark. Devilish. Grin.]

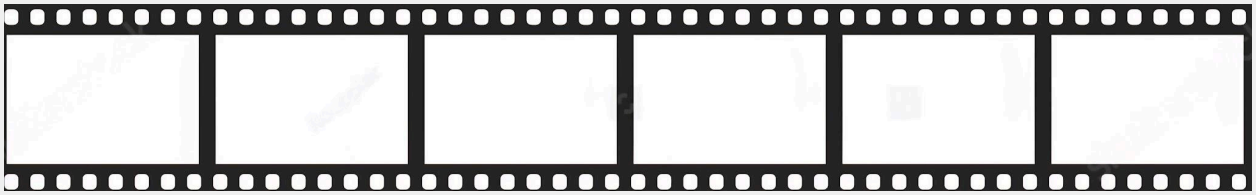
Lazarus
...and leave you in a blubbering heap of shattered repletion, just like everyone else that's ever dared to step up to the Last Damn Icon.

And that, Artie? That's just life. Deal with it. Rock n' roll, babe.

ROCK N' FUCKING ROLL.

[Corey spits his gum at the camera lens, turning to the side and walking off-screen. The camera zooms in on the remnants of the *AOWF 5: Homicide in Hawaii* poster, slowly fading to black...]

Fini





brenner optical care - dr. brenner's office.
long island, new york.
monday. june 8, 2026. 10:29 am.

[...and swings open, bringing forth DR. EWAN BRENNER. What hair remains on his head is predominantly gray and trimmed short. He adjusts his glasses as he shuts the door behind him, his faint blue sports coat matching his slacks and offset by the white and black checkered shirt beneath.]

Dr. Brenner
Alright, Corey...let's have a look at the latest results, shall we?

[Dr. Brenner shuts the door behind him, his focus on the iPad as he taps the screen a few times.]

Dr. Brenner
Hmmm...this looks promising...

[Brenner walks past Karen and his patient, taking a seat behind his desk as he scrolls through the latest imagings.]

Dr. Brenner
...I don't like *that* too much, though. Have you suffered any trauma to your eye recently? Or the surrounding area of your face?

Lazarus
I mean, I'm a professional athlete, Doc. It's a bit of a contact sport, dig?

Dr. Brenner
Yes, sir, I understand that, but is there any way you could, I don't know...take some time off, maybe?

Lazarus
Uhhhh, not really, no. I have a pretty big match coming up next week, a title fight, soooo...yeah. No can do.

Dr. Brenner
The only reason I'm suggesting that, Corey, is because there has been some considerable healing to both the macula and the vitreous body, with the latter showing considerable improvement from where you were just even a month ago.

[Corey motions to speak as Karen cuts him off. The tone in her voice shifts drastically from the playful chat with her husband and into one reserved for "tougher" negotiations.]

Karen
While that sounds amazing, Dr. Brenner, and there's no doubt that some extended time off would be more than welcome, but he just doesn't exactly have that kind of flexibility in his schedule.

Dr. Brenner
I'm sorry, ma'am, but I don't believe we've met.

Karen
Karen Miller-Lexington.

[She stands up from her chair, reaching over his desk with an open hand.]

Karen
Corey's my husband.

Dr. Brenner
Ah, right, right...Dr. Ewan Brenner. Pleasure to meet you.

[Brenner stands as well, shaking her hand with the same kind of detached smile that Karen is all too familiar with. They both take their seats as Lazarus fidgets in his, clearing his throat.]

Lazarus
Yeah, Doc, that isn't exactly *kosher* with what I'm looking at. Is there any kind of, I don't know, *treatment* that I can do at home to maybe push this a bit further? Exercises, eye drops, a pill or whatever...?

Dr. Brenner
Well, I'm afraid not. It's a small miracle the damage has just plateaued instead of getting worse, given the apparent nature of your...*activities*, let's say. Basically, Corey?

[Brenner sighs, holding his hands up in minor frustration before resting them atop his desk.]

Dr. Brenner
You need time off, plain and simple. This sort of injury should heal within a month or two, three at the most, and we're almost at six. If you're so adamant about staying competitive right now, even with this news? You could risk permanent damage, even more than you already have, because, you know, like you said...

[Brenner sighs once more, reading the disdain across both Corey and Karen's faces.]

Dr. Brenner
...it's a contact sport.

[A pair of chimes sound from Dr. Brenner's Apple Watch, drawing his attention to its screen.]

Dr. Brenner
Now, if you'll both excuse me, I have something of an important meeting to make across town. **Carla** at the front desk will validate your parking, and I hope to hear from you soon, okay?

[Brenner rises and locks his iPad, carrying it under his arm as he walks around his desk. He casually places his hand on Corey's shoulder, gripping it for a moment, before opening the door and walking into the hallway. Karen looks up as the door slowly closes behind him, flicking her tongue against her top teeth.]

Karen
Well...he's not *wrong*, hon. You could use the time off.

[Corey stares ahead, a single fist clenched tightly and held firm to his lips.]

Karen
Give it a month, get yourself checked again, get the all clear...

Lazarus
Do you see that?

Karen
Hmm?

[Karen follows her husband's gaze to a framed photograph on a shelf behind Dr. Brenner's desk. She focuses on it and her jaw lowers, the color casually draining from her face.]

Karen
Son of a bitch...

[In the photograph stands two men. Dr. Brenner is on the left, wearing his US Army Dress Blues with a glass of champagne in his hand. On the right, however, stands a taller, more familiar figure, also adorned in Dress Blues. The taller figure's arm wraps around Dr. Brenner, embracing him.]

Karen
...I don't fucking believe it...

Lazarus
...I do...

[The smiling face of JAIME ALEJANDRO stares back at them, almost mocking them from twenty years in the past. Corey stands up, never breaking his glare, never blinking.]

Lazarus
We need to start packing.

[Karen tries to speak and can't, shaking her head as she jumps to her feet, as well.]

Karen
You're goddamn right we do.


That's life.
Deal with it.
Rock n' Roll, babe.
LAZARUS
ROCK N' FUCKING ROLL