You can't save everyone, Cavello.

I know. I just... I went into this field of work to make a difference, Tony.

What's it worth if I can't even intervene when it comes to the people that I care for most? I know you aren't religious, so I'll cut the crap about it being a divine plan or nothing more than you can bear- I'll leave that claptrap to Maxwell. But listen up.

It's something he's going to have to want, too. He has to choose recovery. You can't force him on or off of that path, much as you might want to.

I understand that. I worked a long enough stint on the Narcotics division to understand addiction, Tony. I know what it does to people's lives, too. And I'm scared. I know that he has to want it, but...

But it's difficult to stand by and watch. I. It's intolerable, Tony.

It hurts.

I know it hurts.

I'm acknowledging it- because your sad little puppy dog eyes and face makes everyone get second hand chest pain just looking at you.

Believe me, we know it's ripping you to shreds.

It means you're a good man. It means you care.

As much as I rib you for wearing your heart on your sleeve- it ain't a bad thing, Cavello. It just ain't.

I just. I don't know how I'm going to be able to stand tolerating all of this.

It's not that I want to make it about me- it's not about me. It's about him. It's about her- it's, this whole tragedy, the down spiral, it's so much bigger than just *me*.

But it still eats me up inside. The guilt still gnaws away at me.

I don't know what I'm supposed to do. I don't know what I *can* do.

All I can think about is what I should have.

Oh, for fuck's sake.

You can be there for him- support him, help keep his life from derailing horribly off of the tracks anymore than it already has. God knows he needs that rock, that foundation. Cook those hideous little lasagna bakes you and him are so fond of. Make a smiley face on top with little rounds of mozzarella you slice off because we can't trust the bastard with knives. Crack jokes about the ugly little orange cat figures you keep buying him for his car, and he keeps putting up on his mantle because he's worried about the possibility of projectiles in the event of an accident, cause even when he's losing his mind he's a *good* dad.

Offer to babysit for an evening. Make sure he's actually taking his medication, and not just tonguing it or cheeking it to spit out because he doesn't feel like he deserves to be better. Make him drink enough water, because God knows he's barely a step above house plants on his good days, these days. Lie him down into bed and tuck him in like Amie.

Sit with him in his study when he calls you over, even if it's only to sit there in silence with his hands in yours like you two are trying to enact a shitty seance. Rub his shoulders for all I care. But don't ever internalize it as being *your fault*.

I just wish that I could do more. That I could've done more.

It isn't your obligation, or within your means, to do so.

He's a grown man.

He has to learn to stand on his own two feet, even if life's knocked him down to the ground. Anthony can't just give up.

He has a daughter.

He has friends who love him- he has you, Joshua.

And I will knock in that man's teeth in myself before he throws in the towel, I'd summon him back from the dead just to grab him by the collar and shake him like a shake 'n' bake mix shovelled into a Ziploc baggie, because he is not allowed to put us all through that level of loss again. None of us could abide it. I won't tolerate it. It would fuck you up irrevocably.

He can't, and he won't- and I promise you I will make sure of that much.

So don't worry about that.

I've got you covered there.

I've got your six, get it, you damn Yankee? I got my eyes on your six.

I will sleep in that dumb rocking chair he keeps on the front porch day in and day out if I have to. I will move in with my girlfriend and be the most obnoxious, up in his business roomie if that's what's going to get you to be able to close your weary blue eyes and sleep before the under eye circles reflect any more of their colour. Capiche?

You are doing all that you can, with the hand you've been dealt- in these circumstances, in this moment. That's all anyone can ask of you.

Anyone, you hear me? That includes yourself.

So let us help you- so you can help him, if that's how you wanna justify it to yourself.

I know he's as much a part of you as you are to hi

But you cannot, I repeat- cannot take this onto your shoulders as if it was your fault, as if you are anything more than a loving, devoted friend- who is touched by this tragedy, but did not cause it. You can't shoulder this on your own, no matter how much you want to.

You didn't cause it.

It isn't your fault. It isn't your fault, Cavello. Look at me.

I'm looking.

Okay? We on the same page? It isn't your fault. It wasn't, and it will never be.

We're on the same page, Tony.

Say it so I hear it.

It wasn't my fault. It wasn't ever- it, it won't be.

Great, now c'mere and give me a hug, fucker.

Stupid bastard. Too big of a heart, that's your problem. Everything hurts you.

You're too loving for your own damn good, you know that?

You gotta temper it, baby. It'll save you a hell of a lot of heartbreak.

You can't always be the martyr.

I won't let you.

Thanks, Tony.

Don't say nothing of it. You want me to grab a copy of Jurassic Park, bud? Movie night? Yes. That'd be... That'd be great.

Got it. Jurassic Park, diet coke, and enough popcorn to feed an army of mice at the ready. I'll fire up the ol' bike and be over in half a hour. Sit pretty.