
My dearest Bartlett, I haven't heard your sweet voice in months.
And yet I hear it now, as loud and as calm as ever...
I can hear you telling me, in that adorable drawl of yours, to stop this.
To not go through with the deal we've made with a devil we don't know.
I need you to know that I understand your doubts and your fears.
That what we are sacrificing to save you is going to take this family down a road we may never recover from.
I need you to know that I hear you.
And I need you to know...
That I don't care.
It's time.


It's okay, baby. Don't be afraid.
What is happening? Where are you taking him?
Do not read her mind. I know what this is. It's okay. I'm okay.
Uncle Bartlett, I don't understand. Where is she--
Stay out of her head, Perry. I mean it.
It'll be okay, honey. We're going to be right back.
Fine. But if you need me...
I know.
No matter what happens, you know that I--
I know.
I know.


You never got to read the vows I wrote for you on our wedding day.
He alright?
You don't have to talk about him like he can't hear you, JV.


Which, if I'm being honest, is fine. They weren't very good. I don't have the same way with words as you do.
Ah, hell, you're right.
Bartlett, son. We gotta go someplace now, okay? I'll be there the whole time. You'll be safe.


The short version is this:
Come on, bud. I gotchya.


You made me what I am.


And what I am is yours.


And there is nothing I will not do for you.
ROARR