

'Elizabethtown' by Cameron Crowe

Drew looks at her, takes a breath and speaks his truth. Behind him, a flower truck pulls up and begins unloading ornate floral arrangements.

DREW: *(in a rush)* Claire. Four days ago... I lost a major American shoe company... well you could round it off to *one billion dollars*. And by tomorrow afternoon, the whole world, everyone will know. Something is going to be published that pinpoints me as the most spectacular failure in the history of my profession, which is all I know. And I am here trying to be responsible, and charming, and live up to something I'm not, and all I really want is to... *not be here*, do you understand?

It's all coming out, with no filter.

What you're seeing is not me – actually, almost everything that has happened between us is not really who I am at all. It's an incredible simulation, but it's not me. The real me is a *joke*. So you know... feel free to laugh, but those are the hell hounds on my particular trail.

**culled*