

My Oscar Speech  
by David Knuckles

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(looking down at the trophy as I approach the microphone) This looks nothing like me (audience laughs). I have a story I'm going to tell, a quick story. It's a very sad story but I'm going to be laughing throughout because I am very uncomfortable. When I was nineteen years old I was delivering pizzas in North Carolina. I was kinda busy one day and as I was driving to one house I realized that I had forgotten their soda. A Sprite, I think it was. But I was almost there so I thought I'd just go there, give them their pizza, tell them, and maybe go back and get the soda. I got to the house and a man opened the door. He was alone. I told him the deal and he proceeded to tell me that he had just found out that he was dying, that day, and he didn't have much longer to live. He hadn't told anyone else yet but he wanted to tell me. (pause) He said the soda doesn't matter. (pause) So tonight I echo the fact that the soda does not matter (holding up Oscar), but I am very glad to be with you all tonight (applause, goes a little too long). I'll thank everyone I know on my own time, but to the Academy, whom I do not know, my mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my sisters thank you, and I can assure you I thank you very much— goodnight (applause / act confused on where to go before being guided off stage by someone more famous).

\*\*if by chance I am ever in this position I assure you I will still be giving this speech, it will just be a little inside joke between the seven to thirteen people who have read this\*\*