

SPECIAL THANKS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

BRETT paces. He picks up the empty VASE from his kitchen counter. He speaks as if there is an audience.

BRETT

Wow. A Tony. Never in a million years did I ever think I'd win one of these.

He raises his fist in the air.

BRETT

First of all, I stand with Venezuela!

He holds and nods for applause. He lifts the vase up and down a few times.

BRETT

(pointing to vase)
So heavy... (back to speech)
When I first started acting, I was living in this dingy apartment in the East Village, with barely any natural light.

He closes the curtains to make his apartment darker.

BRETT

(innuendo eyebrows)
Sure, this isn't the first Tony I've ever held in my hand...

He snickers and holds for a laugh.

BRETT

But, it's definitely the most important. It symbolizes- that if you work hard and believe in yourself, you too can achieve your goals.

He holds the vase in the air.

BRETT

This is succeeding without permission! (beat)
Really quick, I would like to thank the best producer in the whole world, Harvey Skeevs.

Also my new hot boyfriend, and my manager. Thank you!

He waves to the fake crowd. He sets the vase on the counter and centers himself.

He picks the vase up again, even more excitedly.

BRETT

Oh my goodness- I can't believe it. Not in a billion years did I ever think I would win a Golden Globe.

He raises his fist in the air.

BRETT

To my brothers and sisters in Saudi Arabia, I will always stand with you!

He holds for applause.

BRETT

Wow. I've played with a lot of globes in my day, but none have ever been this shiny or heavy.

He lifts it up and down, and then does a "just playing" hand gesture.

BRETT

When I first started acting, I was living in a studio shack in New York.

He closes the door to his bedroom.

BRETT

I made it work with what little I had. If I can inspire one person to drop everything and pursue their dreams, then I've done my job. Really quick, I'd like to thank my best friend and film producer, Harvey Skeeves, and also my sexy hot fiancé. Thank you!

He places the vase on the counter. Centers himself.

He picks the vase up, kissing it. He dramatically cries and fans his face.

BRETT

Who would have thought that I'd ever win the prestigious Spike Guys Choice Award.

Brett places the vase on the counter, and "shakes it out", re-centering himself. He takes a serious breath.

He grabs the vase.

BRETT

I never believed that I would ever win an Academy Award, but here I am. I've never practiced this, so sorry if my thoughts are a little jumbled.

He raises his fist in the air.

BRETT

First of all, I stand with the people of...

He takes out his phone, breaking character.

BRETT

Hey Siri, give me a list of countries with the most oil.

He reads. He puts his fist in the air again.

BRETT

I stand with Canada. This probably won't win me any popularity contests, but I am against oppression and racism!

Holds for applause.

BRETT

When I told my husband I wanted to introduce him to an "Oscar" that would really spice up our love life, this is not what I meant!

Just kidding gesture.

BRETT

In all seriousness, I honed my craft when I lived in a rat infested cellar near *New Jersey*.

He scatters some papers on his coffee table. *Not dirty enough*. He knocks over an empty cup.

BRETT

I never got handouts, I had no connections, and I worked hard. The actor that stands before you is a testament to that hard work, and sacrifice. I believed in myself at a time when no one else would.

He takes a moment, deep in thought.

BRETT

I- I was alone. I did stupid monologues to the furniture and the floorboards. Every audition was rejection therapy. I heard "no" so many times that I thought something was fundamentally wrong with me. Was there an infinite supply of spinach in my teeth or dirt on my face? Why couldn't I see it? Did my soul forget to tuck in their shirt?

He lowers the vase.

BRETT

I got dumped around this time, for another, more successful actor. I wondered if anyone would ever believe in me. (long beat)
Why did I ever think I could make it alone? Why did I make the move to New York?

He holds the vase to his chest. Silence.

BRETT

(abrupt energy)
Oh no, they're playing the music!
Okay, I had no idea about Mr. Skeeve. I met him like once on a plane, I had like one headphone in, I was distracted- I'm glad he got cancelled... (beat)
...just wanna thank the members of the academy. Remember kids, believe in yourself if no one else will!
Thank you!

He holds the vase in the air, breathing heavily, dramatic.

Phone rings. He answers.

BRETT

(on the phone)

Hello?

Hey Mom.

No, I didn't get the part.

I know I'm still your favorite
actor...

You're sending me how much!? That's
way more than rent and groceries.

Brett cries.

BRETT

Thank you Mom, thank you...

FADE OUT.