

Script

Father: Twenty years ago, we could turn the numbers back by hand, but, here, take my hat! But the feds like to test the ingenuity of the American businessman. Two directional drill. If you run it backwards, the numbers go down.

Michael: Cool!

Matilda: Daddy, you're a crook.

Father: What?

Matilda: This is illegal.

Father: Keep drilling. Do you make money? Do you have a job?

Matilda: No. But don't people need good cars? Can't you sell some good cars, dad?

Father: Listen, you little wiseacre. I'm smart; you're dumb. I'm big; you're little. I'm right; you're wrong. And there's nothing you can do about it.

Mother: Harry! I won! I won! I hit the double bingo! Come on, everybody. I'm takin' you all to Café Le Ritz.

Father: Let me see the money.

Mother: Never mind.

Father: Double bingo, huh? Ooh.

Mother: God, your hair looks awful. I hope they let you in.

Father: They let me in.

Matilda: Here's your hat, daddy.

Father: Get in the car. Go on, get in. How much?

Mother: **It's for me to know, and you to find out.**