

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.**