

Con Artist Nick Wilde

JERRY JUMBEAUX, JR. : Fifteen dollars.

NICK : Thank you so much. Thank you. (then, digs for wallet)

Oh no, are you kidding me? I don't have my _____.

I'd lose my head if it weren't _____ to my neck, that's the truth.

Oh boy, I'm sorry pal. Gotta be about the _____ birthday ever. (kisses him to Hopps) Please don't be mad at me. Thanks, anyway.

(He turns to go. Hopps slaps some money on the counter)

HOPPS : Keep the _____.

NICK : Officer, I can't thank you _____. So kind, really, can I pay you back?

HOPPS : Oh no, my _____ —it just—y'know, it burns me up to see _____ with such backward attitudes _____ foxes. I just wanna say, you're a great dad and just a... a real _____ fella.

NICK : Ah, well, that is high _____. It's rare that I find someone so non-patronizing... Officer...

HOPPS : Hopps. Mr...

NICK : Wilde. Nick Wilde.

HOPPS : And you little _____, you want to be an elephant when you grow up... you be an elephant-- because this is Zootopia, anyone can be anything.

NICK : Ah, boy, I tell him that all the time. All right here ya go—Two _____. Yeah. Oh, look at that smile, that's a happy birthday smile! All right, give her a little bye-bye toot toot.

HOPPS : Toot, toot!

NICK : Bye now!

HOPPS : Goodbye