



'Panic Room' by David Koepp

JUNIOR: I am. I'm an idiot's son. An idiot's grandson. I'm third- generation idiot. But for once in my life I had a good idea, and I'm not giving up so easy. You are? Are you actually telling me that for the first time in your life you're gonna throw your cards on the table and go home early? I can't believe my eyes. (*Burnham hesitates*) Fourteen million dollars upstairs, Burnham. You'll be out of the hole. Baby, you'll be so far out of the hole you could draw bricks every night for the next twenty years and still shit green. (*Burnham sways*) Come on, Buddy. One more hand.