

NAOMI

I got a call from cousin Betty.
Aunt Emma's dead.

Off Jordan's reaction as Naomi weeps and laments the
dearly departed: "she was so young, so healthy" etc. --

JORDAN (V.O.)

Fucking heart attack. Boom-snap,
she was gone. Shuffled off her
mortal coil and twenty million
dollars in a Swiss bank account.

208E

INT. BANQUE REAL DE GENEVE - SAUREL'S OFFICE - DAY
(SUMMER '96)

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Jean-Jacques Saurel sits at his desk, calmly smoking as
he talks on the phone.

SAUREL

It is terrible. Your aunt was
such an elegant, attractive woman.
My condolences to you and your
family. You must be --

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INTERCUT JORDAN ON THE BOAT AND SAUREL IN GENEVA

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JORDAN

(no time for it)
Thanks but where does this leave
us in regard to her account? It
goes into probate or what?

SAUREL

Not to worry, Jordan. Your aunt,
before she died, signed a document
naming you as her successor.

JORDAN

She did?!

SAUREL

(a sly grin)
Well. Not as of yet.

And as they continue talking, Jordan pulls out a nautical
map of the Italian coastline:

JORDAN (V.O.)

I gotta say, these Swiss were
sneaky motherfuckers. Within
minutes he made arrangements to
set me up with a forger, the best
document specialist in Geneva.