

JORDAN

Next month maybe you can fly to New York and we can start moving the cash.

AUNT EMMA

Moving the cash.

(smiles)

I feel like a character in an Ian Fleming novel. It's all quite racy, isn't it?

JORDAN

It is, and it's illegal too. Of course if you ever got in trouble, I'd come forward in two seconds, say I duped you, but even still.

AUNT EMMA

Risk is what keeps us young, isn't it darling?

JORDAN

I like that attitude. Promise me you'll spend at least ten thousand pounds per month out of the account, okay?

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AUNT EMMA

(chuckles)

I wouldn't even know how. I really do have everything I need.

JORDAN

But I bet you don't have everything you want. How about a bigger apartment so your grandkids can sleep over?

Aunt Emma notices that Jordan is sweating, fidgety. He's jonesing.

AUNT EMMA

Shall we sit?

JORDAN

Sure, that'd be great.

They sit on a nearby bench. After a while:

AUNT EMMA

Sometimes I wonder if you let money get the best of you, dear.

(beat)

Among other substances.