

**Our Undercover Reporter, the Beautiful Peaches McClean, Visits a Bank.
She is welcomed by the Bank Manager, a busy man:**

Manager: So, how can we help you, Miss McClean

Peaches: I want to open a bank account with you.

Manager: That can, of course, be done on-line.

Peaches: Ooh no, be a bit difficult.

Manager: Why would that be difficult for you, Miss McClean?

Peaches: Well, because my money is all in cash. In a case. In the back of my car.

Manager: Really?

Peaches: Yes, one of your guys is bringing it up. (Enter clerk staggering under weight of case.)
Thank you so much! (Clerk entranced by Peaches, stands goggle-eyed)

Manager: You may go, Jones! And how much cash do you have there, Miss McClean?

Peaches: Well, when I tried to count it last night I got up to 17 million dollars and gave up.

Manager: 17 million dollars?

Peaches: Yes. And there'll be lots, lots more.

Manager: Er. Splendid. Would you care for some coffee?

Peaches: No thanks. What time is it? Ooh. I've got to make contact and arrange for the next tranche. Can I open the account?

Manager: Of course. Now, I expect you know I have to ask you where the money came from.

Peaches: Why?

Manager: It's the law, I'm afraid. Now. Does it come from bribery, extortion, graft, embezzlement, criminal enterprise, drug trafficking, human trafficking, etc.?

Peaches: Ooh no. Nothing like that.

Manager: May I ask you where it comes from?

Peaches: Mexico.

Manager: Ah. Um. How much do you think your annual balance will be with us?

Peaches: I've got it written here. Let's see. 102 million dollars. Six tranches, one a quarter. Continuing into the future. For ever.

Manager: Excellent. Excellent.

Peaches: Now, I want you to do something for me, personally, please.

Manager: We are here to help, Miss McClean. Absolutely, here to help.

Peaches: Can you put this money somewhere really, really discreet. Like in your branch in one of those Cayman Islands.

Manager: We don't have an actual branch in the Cayman Islands. We have a trust specially set up for particular circumstances like yours.

Peaches: Ooh, goodie. Can you really do that?

Manager: Of course. And as you're in a hurry, here's a contract for your signature.

Peaches: And then I want to buy a mansion in London, but really discreetly. Can your trust do that?

Manager: Of course. But through a separate company in, say, Jersey. For discretion.

Peaches: Do you have a lot of experience of that kind of discretion thing?

Manager: We certainly do, Miss McClean.

Peaches: That's good, then. My colleague will be visiting you tomorrow with another tranche. His name is Pedro Gonzalez. A big guy, you can't miss him. He's got a big scar on his face. Give me the contract. I'll sign it.

Manager: Thank you. The bank is delighted to do business with you, Miss McClean.