

INT. SPACIOUS SITTING ROOM - DAY

A sixtyish MAN stands frozen, smile unnerving, eyes glassy.

At second glance, he's not just frozen - he's TAXIDERMIED!
His body is held upright by a clear pole attached to a base
and he's leaning jauntily on a wooden post.

CLAIRE, a thirtyish brunette in baggy clothes, squints at the
taxidermied man. An elderly butler, PAXTON, waits patiently.

CLAIRE
You're not serious.

PAXTON
It's all quite legal, I assure you.

CLAIRE
He left me all of this..

She indicates the room, clearly part of a mansion.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
But he has to stay.

PAXTON
Your uncle loved being with people.
His dying wish was to remain in the
thick of it as you see him here.

CLAIRE
I'm not even sure he was my uncle.
Davenport cousins get pretty weird.

Beat.

PAXTON
Might I offer you dinner, madam?

CLAIRE
Yes! I'm ravenous despite.. that.

She starts to follow him but he stops short.

PAXTON
Don't forget the master!

CLAIRE
You know he can't eat, right?

PAXTON
The base has wheels. Come along!

Claire shudders and starts pushing the body after Paxton.