

INT. SUTTON HOME, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

EEAAARRK. He opens the door. SHFFFF. Into a mountain of mail.

Looks it over. Spies envelopes from Walton County's Clerk:
"URGENT," "SECOND WARNING," "FINAL NOTICE." *Pockets the last.*

Looks about. The foyer's wide, tall. Grand staircase, photos
on the wall beside it. Chandelier. *An emperor's entry.*

IAN
(awestruck)
Don't make 'em like *this* anymore...

INT. SUTTON HOME, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A country cook's wet dream. Broad butcher block. Eight-burner
stove. Iron pots on rails. All beneath a thin skin of dust.

He tiptoes through. Eyes wide.

INT. SUTTON HOME, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He passes a powder room. Looks in.

Gold mirror. Antique sink. Intricate wallpaper. Dust-covered.

INT. SUTTON HOME, DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mile-long table. Tall chairs. Ancient art. Thicker dust.

He glides to the head of the table. Sits, slow. *Dignified.*
Presides over his imaginary guests. *The Lord of the Manor.*

INT. SUTTON HOME, PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dark, dank walls. Shelved books. Portraits in thick frames.
Transistor radio on the mantelpiece. Lousy with dust.

He poses. Elbow on a wingback chair. Gestures, magnanimous.

INT. SUTTON HOME, FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

He rounds the corner. Peers upstairs. *Fixes on something...*

INT. SUTTON HOME, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He tops the steps. Eyes on a framed parchment - the house's deed. Calligraphed. Beautiful. *The kind of possession you'd kill for.* Dated July 12th, 1798. He touches it, *hypnotized.*

CRIIICK...a tiny door blows open beside him. He looks to it.

INT. SUTTON HOME, ATTIC STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Steep steps lead up. Wooden walls. Unfinished. He climbs.

A tinier door at the top. He turns the knob. Pushes...

SHH-CLICK. The nicked barrel of a Civil War officer's pistol. Half an inch from his eye. And beyond it...

JOHN SUTTON (89). Wiry. Toothless. Wrinkled as balls. Wearing a Confederate Army general's uniform. *Robert E. Lee gone mad.*

SUTTON

Taxman, you goan meet yer maker...

IAN

*Wait...*I'm not the taxman. I'm a civil engineer.

SUTTON

Call this *civil*, breakin' an enterin' a man's proppity?

IAN

I thought it was abandoned. I didn't mean-

SUTTON

I mean t'take a soul today, boy!

IAN

Well, you can't have mine.

Sutton eyes him. Sees the dirt. The damage. *The defiance.*

The pistol retracts. Sutton backs up. Ian goes in.