

**PAGE 3** ----- scene 2 (4 pages)

// The remaining pages of the story take place in a South Carolina bog. Soft soil speckled with puddles of water. Lots of shrubbery and tall growing greenery. The majority of trees are younger and spread out a bit like a pine savannah. Spanish moss hangs from a handful of the larger trees. //

**Panel 1**

EXTREME CLOSE

Close on the Mosey's boot in the saddle stirrup of a stolen Union horse. Blood drips off the stirrup.

1 CAP        An hour later.

**Panel 2**

Mosey is slumped over in his saddle, suffering from exhaustion and the numerous wounds on his body.

The horse walks in a skiddish manner. Its eyes wide with fear, snorting a cloud of mist from flared nostrils.

Mosey extends his hand, patting his steed on the side of its sweaty neck in an effort to reassure it.

2 CAP        Colonel Mosey finds himself treading through territory of South Carolina, no confederate soldier dare willfully enter.

