

**Note : this text is confidential.**

Anton is carrying a small backpack over his shoulder. He runs through the woods as though he were being hunted. He stops to make sure no one is following him. He continues to run. In the distance he can hear a train approaching. It jars him back to a sharp sense of danger. He is tired. As he turns across a plowed field he hears the train roaring at his heels. He runs faster, gripped in terror.

In the far landscape he can hear the sound of hunting dogs barking. Anton runs in a stream of water. He wants to make sure dogs can't find his trail.

Anton gets out of the stream and runs up a hill near an industrial pipeline. He runs onto an old wooden bridge. Anton continues his journey running down the railway line.

Anton leaps over several barbed wire fences. He runs down the line of some fences, jumping back and forth over the same ones in spaced intervals, to ensure confusion should dogs follow his scent.

Anton runs towards a warehouse. At times he stumbles. He veers off the track and runs over a crest of a hill. His feet slip and slide in the dust. He keeps his eyes straight ahead, fearing every clump of shrubbery, every tree. He wishes it were night.

Upon reaching the warehouse Anton slows down to walk, looking back and ahead. A light wind skips over the landscape. The sound of metal clinking can be heard. Behind the dark warehouse hangs the sun.

Anton looks around again. The landscape is bare. He enters the warehouse.

(...)

Anton climbs onto the mezzanine. A row of barrels stand before him. He walks over to the largest and peers in. He stiffens his ears as it catches the sound of a whirl. He runs back a few steps still on his toes. A six foot snake slides out and moves around the barrels only to disappear into the rest.

Anton looks around wildly for a stick. He rushes around and stumbles across a metal bar. He picks it up and tests it by striking it against the ground.

Warily, he creeps back towards his chosen barrel. When about seven feet from the snake he stops and waves the metal bar. The coil grows tighter, the whirl sounds louder, and a flat head rears to strike. Anton moves to the right, and the flat head follows him with its blue black tongue darting forth. He moves to the left on the ledge and the snake follows him there too.