**Elliot- No country for old men**

He lay under the car – too afraid to fill his strained lungs. He could see the revving vehicle, paving the woodland floor with shards of light. Without any warning, a gun-shot reverberated throughout the dense forest. Acting on impulse, the shaken man dived for cover – purposefully avoiding the car’s searching headlights. A second shot ripped through the air, revealing the gunman’s squinting face. He sprinted away; the car in hot pursuit. Twigs lashed his bruised face. His legs began to buckle. His hope began to dwindle and so did his chances of escape…