

SHADOW ON THE FARMLAND

Written by [Your Name]

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMLAND – SUNSET

Golden fields sway gently in the evening wind. The sound of cicadas fills the air.

A FARMER (50s, weary but strong) leans on his shovel, staring at the horizon.

Suddenly, a DARK SHADOW passes over the field. The farmer looks up—nothing in the sky.

FARMER

(mutters)

Not again...

The crops rustle violently though the air is still. A CROW caws and takes flight. The farmer grips his shovel tighter.

From the distance, a FIGURE appears—tall, cloaked, faceless against the fading sun. It does not walk... it glides.

FARMER

Who's there?!

No answer. The shadowy figure stops at the edge of the field. Silent. Watching.

The farmer takes a cautious step forward, sweat dripping down his brow.

FARMER

This land... is mine.

The shadow slowly raises an arm. The ground TREMBLES. Crops wither in seconds.

The farmer drops to his knees, helpless, staring at his dying field.

FADE OUT.