

# Good essay about fade in

[Sociology](#), [Women](#)



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## **WRITING ASSIGNMENT 2: THE X SCENE**

### Part one

Dusk. Pounding sound of heavy rain. Fully dressed, X lies on the bed, gazing at the ceiling. After a moment, X gets up slowly and walks to the dresser. She stares at the mirror, at the woman that she has become. With calculated but daring movement, she opens the drawer and stares at the black, hidden weapon. Almost immediately, with a reflex action that is forced by her emotions, she turns her eyes away and concentrates on making herself look good, just like instructed. With dignified movement, she opens the make-up drawer and selects what she thinks befits the occasion. Red lipstick and dark eye shadow. She had been told he liked that. He liked them mysterious, passionate, and dark. Carefully, she applies them, wishing for that time she would have said no. X opens the zipper of her fluffy white jumper and smiles at the irony of the jacket. She muses at the irony of how the jacket brings out the innocence in her. She tosses it aside, and anger engulfs her. She does not recognize the destination of her anger but realizes that the

beautiful fluffy jacket must be destroyed. Vehemently, she opens another drawer and picks up scissors, to which she annoyingly cuts the jacket into two, and haphazardly destroys its furs. Then with command, X walks to the closet and picks a black leather jacket with a hint of red on the collars. It would suit what she was about to do. She walks back to the dresser and picks her watch; he would be in ringing her doorbell in thirty minutes. The black jacket had some effect on her, because she no longer feels guilty or worried. She muses on how rich she will be after this. All the churning in her stomach stops as she fixes her hair. With care, she pins all of it together in an upward position. Then she crosses to the closet and picks up flaming red six inch heels. She wears them and goes back to the dresser, where she opens her drawer and picks up the black shiny gun that she had furiously cleaned the previous night. She tucks it under the belt in her slimming jeans. X opens the door of the bedroom and takes determined steps to the living room. She chooses a careful position on the mahogany sofa. X sits and waits. Exactly 30 minutes later, her doorbell rings. The game begins.

## **Part two**

I am a twenty-five-year-old woman who has had a way with guns for the past three years. I have been turned into a resilient, merciless person whose only and weirdly so, goal in life is to do as told. It all begun in a summer cabin years ago, so many I cannot remember, in fact, none of us can. I remember screaming in an effort to free my shackled hands from the men whose only sound were their boots. But it all changed after that. Everything changed. The training, drilling and abuse turned us all dark. We now enjoyed it even though there were constant feelings of guilt and betrayal. I do not know who

I was then, but now, I am a hired hit woman. The trainer says I am beautiful, and I can easily deceive my subjects. I can pass off as anything. I am in an apartment I pretended to rent. It is small but has every hint of affluence in its furniture and paintings. I liked it because it has near-zero activities. It would be perfect for the job. I am wearing red and black attire. Black hugging pants, and a black and red leather jacket. I have red heels on and have carefully applied my makeup. I have a chain with a snake inscription on my neck. That is the only ornament am wearing. The only one I am allowed to. I have a vest on that is supposed to absorb any form of perspiration. A designer made vest that we were all required to wear. At this moment, I could say I want many things. I want to be through with this job, but he is settled on a wooden in front of me looking at me with puppy eyes. I want to finish this quickly because I cannot stand flirting with him anymore. I want him to intimate to me what it has been made my duty to know, so that I can finish the job. At this moment, I want my guilt to disappear. I want to feel the rage I felt earlier on, in the dresser. I am here because I need to kill this man for his hefty bank account. I am here because I have been instructed to seduce him into talking, and then finish him off. He is a gullible man who does not think, and I am here to take advantage of that. But more so, I am here because my boss says I should be here. I do not know if I would be in this apartment pretending to have an English accent if my boss had not ordered me to be.

### **Part three**

INT. BEDROOM IN AN APARTMENT IN NEW YORK CITY-DUSK

In the heart of the busy and wearisome city, in one of the rich infested

apartments, in a big spacious bedroom, JELENA lies on a neatly made bed, looking at the ceiling. She is a professionally trained hit woman who kills for money. She is rich, depicted by the apartment she has rented for a few days and the manner in which she carries herself around. However, Jelena is faced by the shadows of what she does. She was abducted when she was fifteen and trained to execute the richest people in the city for reasons the people in charge of her deemed fit. She dresses with care, in all black and red attire. She fixes her makeup and puts great emphasis on the lipstick and eye shadow. She picks a black leather jacket and looks at herself in the mirror after she wears it. She then picks up the gun, and with a sudden movement, puts it in her belt. Jelena walks out of the bedroom.

## **EXT. OUTSIDE AN APARTMENT IN NEW YORK CITY- DUSK**

IBRAHIM stands in the rain as he surveys the building of the apartment in which Jelena lives. He is an Asian businessman who is married, but likes to play around. He needs to be ready for her. He takes out a small bottle of tequila and sips it as he tries to master his confidence. He then takes out a golden ring from his jacket and looks at it intently. " She is worth it.," he matters to his now soaked wet self. Ibrahim walks into the reception.

## **INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT**

Jelena laughs heartily at what Ibrahim is saying. She is holding a bottle of 1950 brown scotch, to which she pours while looking at him in the corner of her eye. " You look good," he says as he comes up behind her. Nervously, he removes the ring from his trousers and looks at her. She understands, gives a wry smile and replies, " only if you tell me of all your business endeavors."

An hour later, after a thorough discussion, she has all she needs. She takes out a gun and looks him in the eye. He has never seen that daring gaze from her before. She says, " I am sorry," and everything becomes still.