

## Never Say 315

"I overheard your intention to depart earlier due to pressing matters.

Are you now at Liberty?"

Eulalia, her smile carrying a hint of awkwardness, replied, "Well, I'm free now."

Unperturbed by Eulalia's response, Pierson pivoted and led Hannah and Lydia into the premises.

"These delectable pastries have been meticulously prepared, exclusively for your enjoyment."

Pierson's countenance radiated warmth as he gestured.

"Feel free to take a seat here. Once our performance concludes, you're cordially invited to join us for a midnight repast tonight."

As she observed Pierson's acting prowess from close quarters, Lydia couldn't suppress an admiring sigh.

"Pierson is truly a master of his craft. What's even more remarkable is his authenticity offstage. My idolatry remains well-placed."

Seated nearby, engrossed in savoring the confections, Hannah remained oblivious to the ongoing on the film set.

"That Eulalia, she's utterly inept in her portrayal! Not a single tear, even after multiple retakes."

Upon hearing her companion's critique, Hannah raised her head, but before she could say anything, the director's temper flared once again.

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"Goodness! If this performance persists, we might as well forgo this collaboration. Are you taking your role and the filming seriously?"

Director Fowler, in an explosive outburst, hurled his headphones to the ground, rose from his seat and leveled a vehement accusatory tirade in Eulalia's direction.

Eulalia, unaccustomed to such a severe reprimand, chose to depart abruptly, declaring, "Just you wait and see! Do you believe being a director is all grandeur? Without the producer's investment, what would you have to shoot?"

With Eulalia's exit, the director sank back into his chair, seething with frustration as he flung his notebook to the ground.

The assistant director offered a conciliatory perspective.

"Sir, if Mr. Nolan decides to withdraw funding, we may find it challenging to proceed... Her role, after all, is rather peripheral. We can navigate through this without causing an irreparable fuss, allowing us to continue with the production."

The director, silent and resolute, lit a cigarette, refusing to yield.

"The director is quite the character," remarked Hannah.

Lydia, well-versed in the intricacies of the entertainment industry, shared her insight.

“Pierre Fowler is known for his penchant for high quality filmmaking but... he can be excessively obstinate. At times, a project simply calls for influencers with substantial online followings, a somewhat inescapable predicament.”

“Hey, where are you off to, Hannah?” inquired Lydia as she picked up a piece of cake, trailing Hannah’s path toward the director’s location.

“Greetings, Mr. Pierre Fowler,” Hannah greeted with a polite and respectful tone.