

Never Say 316

Director Fowler indulged in a contemplative drag of his cigarette. As he lifted his head to behold Hannah, his eyes ignited with curiosity and anticipation.

“Let her have a try in the film.”

“How much investment do you need to make this movie?”

They spoke in unison, their harmonized voices creating a momentary bewilderment.

Director Fowler subjected Hannah to a scrutinizing gaze, his formerly relaxed countenance giving way to an icy demeanor. A sardonic smile curved his lips as he inquired, “And what character do you aspire to portray in my cinematic creation, following your investment?”

Regretfully, Hannah responded with a reassuring smile, “My apologies, Director Fowler, for any misinterpretation. I’m neither a seasoned actor nor inclined to pursue an acting career. I merely wished to inquire if you were in need of investment.”

Director Fowler, now somewhat perplexed, cast a speculative glance upon the young woman standing before him, pondering from which affluent family she might hail, harboring a keen interest in film production.

“Director Fowler, she’s a dear friend of mine and I extended the invitation for my upcoming birthday celebration,” Pierson clarified.

Leaning closer to the camera, Pierson playfully mused, “Perhaps it’s fate at work!”

Director Fowler cleared his throat, rose from his seat, and commenced a circumspect perambulation around Hannah.

“Let’s temporarily set the topic of investment aside. I require your friend’s assistance,” he proposed.

“Perhaps she can undertake the role of Martina Reed. Her appearance and demeanor align admirably with the character as described in the script.”

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Pierson, caught off guard by the unexpected turn of events, directed his gaze towards Hannah and inquired, “Hannah, would you be interested in trying your hand at acting?”

Without a moment’s hesitation, Hannah gently but firmly shook her head and declined.

“I lack the know-how for acting and Director Fowler’s standards are impeccably high. I harbor doubts about my ability to execute the role proficiently.”

Undeterred, Director Fowler persisted with unwavering determination, “You can learn.”

Undoubtedly resolved, he added, “Given the current absence of an actress for the role, arrange for a makeup artist to transform her appearance.”

The assistant director swiftly interjected, seeking to dissuade Pierre.

“Pierre, we ought to make an earnest attempt to coax Miss Diaz back. Should we replace her with another artist, Mr. Nolan will unquestionably withdraw his investment.”

Director Fowler’s eyes widened in a show of unyielding resolve.

“And what of it! Today, I shall vindicate my stance! Even if we enlist an unseasoned actress, she may still surpass Eulalia Diaz’s performance.”

Hannah, an unwitting participant in this unfolding drama, stood by in mute disbelief. Fate had thrust upon her the role of a substitute.

Pierson, with empathy etched across his countenance, implored Hannah, “Hannah, for the sake of our director’s predicament, could you consider giving it a try?”

Lydia, her gaze laden with anticipation, joined the chorus of persuasion, urging, “Hannah, have a try! The role in the film is rather modest. Just think of it as a delightful diversion.”