

Never Say 318

In the background, the assistant director and select crew members engaged in whispered conversations, their impatience palpable.

“I must say, I’m befuddled by our director’s choice to forsake seasoned stars in favor of an unseasoned actress.”

“Our director’s obsession with perfection is irksome. This actress can’t even master the basics of wire work. She pales in comparison to Eulalia, who, despite her acting shortcomings, at least exhibits a modicum of professionalism.”

“You’re right; we’ve had to stop the scene four or five times already, primarily due to her struggles with the wire work sequences.”

A discreet nudge stirred the assistant director’s contemplation.

“Perhaps it’s worth discussing with the director. After all, if our well-funded star, Eulalia, departs, this entire film may teeter on the brink of collapse.”

The assistant director nonchalantly flicked his cigarette butt to the ground before closing the distance to Pierre.

“Pierre, it appears she’s struggling to meet our expectations. Should we consider bringing Eulalia back into the fold?”

Pierre Fowler hesitated, his gaze fixed on the imposing wall.

“Let’s give it one more try, my apologies for any inconvenience.”

After another unsuccessful attempt, Hannah extended her apologies to the surrounding crew.

Resilience was her essence; she embodied unwavering determination to conquer any endeavor she set her sights upon.

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This time around, Hannah acclimated herself to the nuances of the wire’s force.

Swiftly ascending with grace, her nimble feet alighted on the courtyard wall, and propelled by the wire’s assistance, she glided toward Pierson’s position!

Following the rehearsal, Hannah landed securely, eliciting astonishment from Pierson, who marveled at her rapid mastery of the wire’s dynamics.

“Incredible, you’ve harnessed the intricacies of the wires in just a few attempts. When I started, I endured the director’s reprimands numerous times before finding my footing.”

In the midst of Pierson’s complimentary words, Hannah was on the cusp of responding when Director Fowler’s voice intervened from a distance.

“Just like that, identical to your previous attempt! Let’s commence our official shooting, as a trial!”

With an imperious gesture, Director Fowler smacked his thigh upon witnessing Hannah's elegant leap toward Pierson. Unperturbed by the whispered counsel of his assistant director, he promptly instructed the crew to set the stage for the actors to perform.

The set sprang to life in an instant. Hannah retraced her steps to the base of the wall, where a meticulous makeup artist applied a fleeting touch-up.

As she poised herself on the wall's precipice, the resonant click of the clapperboard ushered in the moment and Hannah seamlessly immersed herself in the character.

Beneath the eaves, Pierson, embodying the character of Brian Gallegos, donned immaculate white robes. His distant gaze remained unwavering, affixed upon the wall.

In that poignant moment, Hannah metamorphosed into the clandestine guardian, Martina, clutching a dagger. Her eyes emitted an icy and resolute glint, all directed at Brian.

With a deliberate, graceful ascent, she rose, her sleeves billowing in the unrelenting wind, her silhouette merging with the dim evening Light.