Perfect Score

by Konzelwoman

Summary

Music in the soul can be heard by the universe.

For Katniss Everdeen, one of the top movie composers in the business, she finds her current project a little unsettling, and it all started when a little birdy - named Haymitch - whispered in her ear that the music’s crescendos and rallentandos made it obvious that she like the boy, - Peeta Mellark - the star of the movie.

When she asked why he thought that, his simple reply was, "Well, kid, you've got a way with music. You make it speak to people. I just listened."
Chapter 1

A/N: Okay. So you guys are in for a treat! Another hatchling from my brain. Yet again my brain has decided to start a new story. (Whilst listening to the Mockingjay soundtrack, no less.) So, here. Enjoy.

Let me know what you think! Come on over to my tumblr (everybirdfellsilent) if you want little snippets from my stories and stuff!

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Katniss closed her eyes and reveled in the sound of the timpani. This violins coming in ever so softly before soaring to the crescendo.

This was why she had become a conductor. Getting lost in the cocoon of sound, ebbing and flowing. It was so much like being in the arms of her father as a child, her eyes closed as he would rock her back and forth as he sang her a song, his chest vibrating beneath her ear, rising and falling with his breath.

She had always had an ear for music, and had inherited her father's gift of a beautiful voice, but singing almost always meant stage time and that scared her to no end.

She was no good with words, so she let the music speak for her.

When she did have to talk to the members of the orchestra, it was always brief and to the point, no pleasantries needed.

Music spoke to her on a whole other level. It seemed to speak to her soul. Which, funny enough, was what the reviews of her newest piece said that the music did for others. It was her way of speaking, and if you could hear her, it spoke volumes.

She was currently conducting the piece she had written for a movie score, watching the screen as everyone played their parts, making sure the moods correlated.

When the final note faded, Mr. Heavensbee's voice came over the intercom with a very excited tone. "That was wonderful, Katniss! We recorded that one to play back with the dialogue just to be sure. Give us a sec, and we'll have it up for you to watch. Then we can do the actual recording."

Katniss smiled and nodded, telling the orchestra members to take five before going into the little screening room to wait and watch.

The producer of the movie, Haymitch Abernathy, was the only other person in the room as she sat down.

He leaned forward from his seat behind her, and whispered, "You must like the boy, don't you?"

Katniss looked over her shoulder at him, her arms already crossed defensively and scowled at him. "What?"

"Peeta Mellark. The boy that was in that romantic scene you just wrote a song for? I call him the boy regardless, but I'm just saying, the way you crescendoed right before the kiss, the silence as their lips met, the quiet violins like the sun coming out right after, and the rallentando to the end… You've got it bad for the boy."
"When did you get so eloquent with words, Haymitch?"

He chuckled. "You and I are a lot more alike than you know, sweetheart."

The scene started to play and she was once again lost in the music, but she had to focus to make sure it was fitting okay.

Still, her mind wandered, but not to music. No, it was wandering to blonde curly hair and blue eyes in a conference room several months ago at the first read through. She had been there to get a rough idea of the emotions, running time, cut lines, and the lot.

She had only seen him from across the table, sharing a small smile with each other. She thought she had caught him staring at her once or twice. They hadn't even talked. Haymitch had introduced her to all the actors after the read through, and when he came up, they were both speechless.

She was sure he was wondering why he was meeting her when he had more important things to do, but she was stunned silent by the electricity between their hands that seemed to travel up her arm and to her stomach, making it flop like a fish on a dock. The kind of feeling she wanted to pull away from, but try as she might she couldn't bring herself to let go.

She was just coming back to the scene, they were already almost done, the actress was crying and turning to leave.

"Just let me go!" she sobbed.

He - Peeta - reached out and grabbed her hand, turning her to face him. When she wouldn't look up at him, he tucked a finger under her chin to tilt it up. When she finally did - God, this girl must have been a soap opera star before. She was terrible - he smiled a small, sad smile and said, "I can't."

Katniss found herself mouthing the words as he said it.

And then they kissed. And boy, was Haymitch right. It was one of those moments where she forgot she wrote it, forgot what happened next, and it was all new to her. And she loved it.

When it was over, she turned in her seat to face Haymitch, who was already looking at her with a smirk.

"Why do you think I like him?"

"I told you, the-"

Katniss help up her hand. "Hup! And nothing about sunrises and rallentandos."

Haymitch chuckled. "Well, kid, you've got a way with music. You make it speak to people. I just listened."
Chapter 2

A/N: Here is chapter 2! I know, fast update, but I figured I'd get this story rolling. And, by the way, this is a Peeta POV.

Come see me on tumblr at everybirdfellsilent.

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Peeta closed his eyes and took a deep breath as he listened to the orchestral suite from the prequel to the film he was filming now.

Listening to music always helped center him. He was tone deaf as all get out, but he had an eye for pretty things, and music fell into that category.

Music was always his escape. It was what drowned out the fights between his parents. Helped him study. Drowned out the sound of his brother's and whatever girl they were with in the next room "studying". He always had to delete those songs after. They made him feel dirty.

He had a song for the girl he could never get out of his mind. As cliché as it was, it was Love Story by Taylor Swift.

Oh how he wished he had been brave enough to approach her like the guy in the song, but he had been reduced to simple meeting of gazes, stolen smiles, and hidden butterflies.

He switched over to this song to get ready for the scene coming up. He had to kiss his costar Delly. It was the big romantic peak of the movie, and he wanted it to be amazing. He always tried to make every performance excellent in case she ever saw it. If it was the only way she ever noticed him, he was okay with that.

He let his mind wander to that day several months ago, the first read through. He knew she was the composer, but was wondering why she had come to the read through. His stomach flipped as he thought maybe, just maybe, it was because she knew he'd be there. But when they only glanced at one another across the table, once again sharing small smiles and stolen glances, his heart fell.

She didn't even remember him.

And when Haymitch had introduced them, he couldn't move his mouth. It was apparently broken for the most important five seconds of his life so far. More important than his awards acceptance speeches, anything. And it broke.

He was sure she was wondering why she was meeting him when she had more important things to do, but he was stunned silent by the electricity between their hands that seemed to travel up his arm and to his stomach, making those butterflies appear again. The kind of feeling he wanted to hold onto all day, but eventually he had to let go.

A knock on his trailer door - well, more of a pounding because of the headphones in his ears - startled him, and he opened it to find an AD telling him that he was needed on set.

"Okay! Let me just set this down and I'll be right there."

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"Cut!" Plutarch called, exasperated.

Peeta watched as they erased the take number on the clacker and wrote the next take number, now in the double digits.

It had been hours and they hadn't even gotten to the kiss yet, which was the third thing to happen in the scene.

Why Plutarch hired Delly when all he did was complain about her was beyond Peeta. She had risen to fame from soap operas and was admittedly very pretty, but she was simply terrible.

"Reset!" a voice called.

Peeta went to his mark as Delly flounced to hers, all smiles and giggles. She had a crush on him. He knew. And it was annoying. Only because she was one of those girls that was overtly…. For lack of a better word, *girly* about it. And she was as subtle as a bull in a china shop.

"Quiet on the set!"

Delly suddenly looked near tears, getting into character. But her face made Peeta want to laugh. She looked like she had just eaten a lemon.

"Action!"

"I'm going to go," Delly said, choking back tears.

Peeta had to choke back a laugh. When she talked while crying, her voice sounded a bit like a dying mouse.

"No!" Peeta forged on with the scene. "Don't go! I need you."

Delly started to sob. "No, Kurt! Just let me go!" She spun on her heel to walk off.

He reached out and grabbed her hand, turning her to face him. She wouldn't look up at him, so he tucked a finger under her chin to tilt it up, noticing Plutarch's approval from the corner of his eye. She still wouldn't meet his eyes, so he just waited. When she finally did - God. Peeta made a mental note to never do soap operas - he smiled a small, sad smile and said, "I can't."

Suddenly she morphed into a girl with grey eyes, a brown braid, and much darker skin. Peeta stared into those eyes, making a decision. *I won't. I won't ever let you go.* And he leaned in to kiss her.

For a second, he was on cloud nine, but suddenly it felt wrong. Her lips weren't right, her cheeks under his hands were too round, and her hair at the nape of her neck where he held her was not in a braid. *Right. Acting. Not real.*

He pulled away, leaning his forehead against hers, tears in his eyes, and he forced a smile.

"Cut!"

Peeta separated from Delly immediately and walked over to his chair and bottle of water, harshly wiping away the tears before they fell.

"Peeta! That was perfect!" Plutarch clapped him on the back.

"Thanks." Peeta smiled a smile he used on the red carpet. Fake, insincere, and distant.
But Plutarch never noticed. He just asked if Peeta was okay when he noticed the tears.

"Yeah. Just got really into it is all."

When in reality, the only thing running through his head was anything but the scene.

*Not real. Not real. Not real.*

It was almost mocking. He scarfed down the rest of the water as it echoed in his head.

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Peeta had snuck into the orchestra recording of that scene.

Watching her conduct was mesmerizing. She was so immersed in what she was doing, you couldn't look away.

When she slipped into the viewing room, he followed shortly after to find Haymitch leaning forward in his chair, talking quietly with her.

"You must like the boy, don't you?" He heard Haymitch say.

Katniss looked over her shoulder at him, her arms already crossed defensively and scowled at him. Peeta ducked a little further behind the outcropped wall he was hiding behind. "What?"

"Peeta Mellark. The boy that was in that romantic scene you just wrote a song for? I call him the boy regardless, but I'm just saying, the way you crescendoed right before the kiss, the silence as their lips met, the quiet violins like the sun coming out right after, and the rallentando to the end... You've got it bad for the boy."

The boy. He hated that nickname. That was why Haymitch used it all the time.

"When did you get so eloquent with words, Haymitch?" *Eloquent? More like technical. But if that is eloquent to her, I need to brush up on music theory. Brush up? More like start.*

Haymitch chuckled. "You and I are a lot more alike than you know, sweetheart." *What? Haymitch knows something about something other than liquor?*

The scene started to play and three pairs of eyes flipped to the screen.

Peeta's slowly drifted to stare at her braid. He wondered what she looked like with her hair down.

He came back to the scene at the sound of Delly - her name in the movie was Penelope - crying, and turning to leave.

"Just let me go!" she sobbed.

He saw himself reach out and grab her hand, turning her to face him. He once again saw the face of Katniss, and not Delly. When she wouldn't look up at him, he tucked a finger under her chin to tilt it up. When she wouldn't meet his eyes, he saw it as Katniss' stubbornness and almost chuckled. When Delly finally looked up - She was terrible - he smiled a small, sad smile and said, "I can't."

He remembered what he had thought that day of shooting at that moment. *I won't. I won't ever let you go.* And he felt it now more than ever.

And then they kissed. And, to his amazement, Haymitch was right. Katniss painted such a beautiful
picture with simple black dots on a page. Look at them up close, and it's confusing, but step back and listen, and you could see a story. And he loved it.

When it was over, Katniss turned in her seat to face Haymitch, who was already looking at her with a smirk, and Peeta ducked back behind the wall again, more to hide his blush than anything.

"Why do you think I like him?" Her voice echoed in the now silent room.

"I told you, the-"

Katniss help up her hand. "Hup! And nothing about sunrises and rallentandos." What the heck is a rallentando?!

Haymitch chuckled. "Well, kid, you've got a way with music. You make it speak to people. I just listened."

Peeta smiled. He had listened, too. And what she said had spoken volumes.

Now, if only he could work up the courage to talk to her.

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