

Chapter 293 Selecting The Script

Following the director's command to halt the scene, Sabrina gracefully bestowed the down jacket upon Galilea.

A midday rendezvous for lunch with the crew unfolded, prompted by Galilea's impending afternoon filming.

As Sabrina approached with a tray of delectable sustenance for Galilea, her ears perked up to the dulcet tones of Galilea engaging in a phone conversation within the confines of the van. Apparently, the call emanated from her studio, bearing the news that an assortment of scripts had been dispatched for her to peruse.

Sabrina possessed prior knowledge of two of these scripts, both boasting considerable potential in the ensuing season. Coveted by actors far and wide, these narratives had garnered significant attention.

One of the scripts bore the indelible mark of a renowned director-scriptwriter duo, veterans of countless collaborations and recipients of numerous accolades. It was poised to be a monumental undertaking.

She checked the remaining scripts, discovering that they too derived their inspiration from beloved novels that had already garnered considerable acclaim.

Sabrina couldn't help but be taken aback by this revelation.

During the intermissions of these past couple of days, Sabrina had gleaned tidbits from the crew's conversations, affording her a modicum of insight into this industry's dynamics. Those who had the privilege of cherry-picking scripts typically fell into two categories: either they held sway over a devoted fan base or wielded financial clout to support the

production.

Galilea, once the darling of a fervent following, had witnessed her fan base dwindle during her six-month hiatus and endured the taint of scandal of being a third party. Consequently, Galilea found herself relegated to a supporting role in this upcoming series.

But how could she pick the script now?

Was it because of Elton?

Elton had propelled the Clifford family to soaring heights with his swift progress and cemented his position within the realm of Mathias. However, once Tyrone severed ties with Galilea, Elton, too, had severed his connection with Galilea. Elton wouldn't offer assistance to Galilea any longer, right?

Conceivably, there might be other underlying factors at play.

Galilea, unruffled as though she had anticipated this, instructed to dispatch the script to her later in the evening. She would diligently sift through them to select the cream of the crop.

Upon the completion of her afternoon filming, Sabrina graciously adorned Galilea with a down jacket, and the two of them headed toward the dressing room. In a casual tone, Sabrina remarked, "I've perused the schedule. It appears you have a few days off ahead."

"Indeed. Two days from now, you'll be accompanying me to Semonar. I have an engagement there."

"Very well."

"Oh, and by the way, there's a meeting at a club at 8:45 a.m. tomorrow. I'd like you to join me."

Sabrina, a hint of surprise dancing in her gaze, inquired, "A morning meeting, you say?"

Galilea settled gracefully into a chair and cast an amiable glance at

Sabrina as she explained, "We'll be meeting the director overseeing one of our productions and conducting a script reading session as well. Naturally, it will be followed by lunch. Just remember to come to my aid if they attempt to inundate me with excessive drinks."

Sabrina recognized that typically, once a role was chosen, the crew would meticulously dissect the script together, analyzing its intricacies and identifying any imperfections. This process served not only to enhance their comprehension of their respective roles but also to rectify any narrative discrepancies.

Sabrina nodded, affirming, "Understood."

As she ushered Galilea into the van, Sabrina bid her farewell with a gentle, "See you tonight," before turning away and heading toward the parking lot.

Galilea's gaze lingered on Sabrina's retreating figure, a fleeting glint of malevolence flickering within her eyes.

The thought that Tyrone came to negotiate with her for Sabrina the previous night had driven Galilea to the brink of jealousy-induced madness.

Galilea firmly believed that everything should rightfully be hers.

Subsequently, Galilea punched in a number and inquired, "Is everything ready?"

The man on the other end of the phone laughed with evil intention. "Don't worry. All is prepared. I've secured the necessary pill and set up the camera. I am poised and ready for her arrival..."

His anticipation for a sexual encounter with Tyrone's woman was palpable in every word he spoke.

Galilea instructed him with determination, "Remember to station additional personnel at the entrance. We must not allow her any

escape route in case things go awry."

"Understood," came the prompt reply, leaving Galilea with a sense of reassurance.

Galilea eagerly terminated the call, her anticipation for Tyrone's reaction after this event unfolded.

Galilea held firm in her conviction that Tyrone would be incapable of maintaining his composure upon witnessing the video of Sabrina sleeping with another man.

At precisely 8:45 a.m. the following morning, Sabrina made her entrance into the club's grand hall as scheduled.

Galilea followed shortly thereafter, inviting Sabrina to ascend with her to an upper level where a reserved room awaited.

Inside the chamber, Sabrina encountered several individuals, all familiar names in the realm of acting, one of whom was a renowned veteran performer.

These individuals undoubtedly comprised the cast of the upcoming production.

Their demeanor was one of polite acknowledgment as they greeted Galilea upon her arrival.

Galilea located a seat and gracefully seated herself.

A quietude descended upon the room, slowly congealing into an atmosphere of tense anticipation.

The veteran actor took the initiative to start the conversation.

Although their discourse appeared to maintain a veneer of superficiality and formality, it did serve to inject a modicum of vitality into the gathering.

Sabrina couldn't help but ponder whether this prevailing ambiance was a

customary feature within these exclusive circles.

Despite their shared professional designation, their interactions deviated markedly from those of ordinary individuals, forever on guard against the looming specter of conflicting interests that could swiftly transform them into adversaries.

The others arrived at about 10:00 a.m.. In a show of respect, everyone in the room rose to offer their greetings.

Among the newly arrived individuals were the director, accompanied by two assistant directors and the esteemed scriptwriter.

Sabrina's eyes widened with astonishment as she noted the presence of a man among them.

Of the two assistant directors, one happened to be the very man featured in the video sent to her by Darren. His name was Rowell Jackson, who had spent the night at Galilea's villa.

By sheer happenstance, the man's gaze intersected with Sabrina's, subjecting her to an almost predatory scrutiny.

The director, upon catching sight of Galilea, registered a visible surprise, his gaze briefly alighting upon Rowell, yet he opted for silence.

The director remained deeply engrossed in overseeing the final stages of current production, with responsibilities spanning from monitoring editing to dubbing processes. Consequently, the preparatory groundwork and role selection for the upcoming project fell under the purview of the two assistant directors.

The team he currently worked with had a shared history with Camden's crew. During their sporadic visits to Camden's set, he had observed Galilea in action. Camden was known for his gracious demeanor. If he were in the director's shoes, he would not call out for Galilea's performance.

This director, a certain Peter Vance, enjoyed a longstanding friendship with Camden, marking their connection as that of old comrades.

Following the customary introductions, Peter took the proactive step of ushering everyone to their respective seats.

It wasn't until that moment that his gaze alighted upon Sabrina. His inquisitive glances couldn't help but return to her repeatedly. Wasn't she originally a stand-in for Galilea?

How did Sabrina find herself in the role of Galilea's assistant?

The assembled ensemble of actors and actresses gathered around the table, each clutching a script, ready to delve into its contents.

It was widely acknowledged that scripts were typically reserved for perusal in the interim between role selection and the commencement of shooting. This intermission could span anywhere from a fortnight to a couple of months.

However, there existed an alternative scenario where scripts were dissected before roles were officially assigned. Occasionally, two competing actors vying for the same part would engage in a joint reading, and this was precisely the circumstance unfolding now.

In essence, the cast had not yet been definitively decided.

But, Galilea stood as the sole contender for the role of the second leading actress.

The moment had arrived for the ensemble to immerse themselves in a pivotal segment of the film. Following the collective recitation of their lines, Peter was poised to address the group. Yet, Jericho Riley, the seasoned actor among them, extended a raised hand to pose a query to Peter, "Peter, I think that Molly's dialogue in this segment might require some adjustment."

Molly Todd, cast in the role of the second leading actress, portrayed

the heroine's sister, a character who would eventually embark on a divergent path, metamorphosing into a morally ambiguous figure.

Molly exuded an exquisite charm in her portrayal of the story's primary antagonist.

The collective focus of those present shifted swiftly toward Jericho.

With an air of deliberation, Peter placed the script upon his lap and inquired, "What, in your opinion, will she say?"

A thoughtful response ensued, "Molly emerged from the depths of society with aspirations of carving out her own legacy, yet her journey commenced shrouded in uncertainty. At this juncture, hesitation should undoubtedly cloud her judgment. Caught between loyalty to her sister and the allure of a promising future, she would not attain unwavering resolve until tangible benefits materialized."

Following a period of contemplation while perusing the script, Peter suddenly redirected his query, singling out Galilea with a pointed remark, "Galilea, you are the embodiment of Molly on screen. What insights do you offer?"

Bestowing a measured glance upon Peter, Galilea responded, "Considering the contextual backdrop of the preceding scene, it's apparent that Molly's initial reaction revolves around financial gain, a testament to her shrewd intellect and modest origins. She possessed a clear sense of purpose from the outset, leaving her unwaveringly resolute."

In a surprising turn, Peter shifted his attention to Sabrina and posed the query, "Sabrina, what are your impressions?"

