

Chapter 314 Filming

Tyrone embarked on his journey to the company, simultaneously dispatching Sabrina to the police station to pick up her car along the way.

Sabrina elegantly maneuvered her car, gracefully navigating her return.

In the midst of her journey, Sabrina received a call from an unfamiliar number, prompting her to adorn a Bluetooth headset before gently inquiring, "Hello?"

From the other end of the call, a voice, brimming with youthful enthusiasm, greeted her, "Greetings, Miss Chavez."

"Yes, that's me. Who is calling?"

"I am none other than Camden's devoted assistant, Elvin. Camden wishes to engage in discourse with you. Might your schedule allow for an immediate rendezvous?"

Taken aback, Sabrina inquired, "Camden seeks an audience with me?"

Elvin elucidated, "I can't explain it clearly on the phone in a short while. It appears to revolve around your scenes in the upcoming film. If it so pleases you, could you make your way to the film set?"

After a moment of contemplation, Sabrina conceded, "Very well, I shall proceed forthwith."

After all, she had partaken in a few scenes on that very set.

Upon delving into the true reason behind Galilea's police intervention, the crew soon realized Galilea's unavailability for filming, prompting them to consider a replacement.

Their quest for a new actress had now commenced.

Perhaps Sabrina's prior scenes were rendered useless.

With determination, Sabrina retraced her steps toward the film set.

On arrival, the staff gracefully parted to allow her passage. The actors and actresses, framed by the watchful lens of the camera, ardently carried out their scenes. Camden, with a grave countenance, occupied his seat behind the monitor.

One of the actresses burst into laughter, necessitating two retakes of the scene.

Sabrina positioned herself alongside the crew to observe.

During this interlude, Camden himself took center stage to offer guidance, as the actor's emotions were yet to find their proper expression.

Until the culmination of the entire scene, the actors and actresses sought solace in a brief respite. Some among them clutched their scripts in readiness for the forthcoming sequence, while others embarked on a swift attire change.

The diligent staff undertook the task of meticulously organizing the remnants of the scene and tending to the assorted props.

Camden, the mastermind behind the camera's lens, assumed his position before the monitor. Gazing reflectively upon the recently captured footage, he pondered the nuances therein.

Silently, Sabrina trailed behind Camden, her gaze affixed intently to the luminous screen.

Startled by the faint commotion, Camden swiveled to face Sabrina and inquired, "Ah, you've arrived."

Sabrina responded with an amiable smile and posed her query, "Camden, you want to talk with me?"

"Sabrina, what are your impressions of this particular scene? I find it rather cumbersome," Camden said as he gestured toward the monitor.

"Camden, I am not well-versed in this domain..."

"Please, do not be overly humble. I've heard that you've overseen the creation of numerous exemplary advertising videos in the past. Moreover, I was informed of your recent foray into the study of photography."

While the subjects of their work may have differed, the act of conveying meaning through the medium of the camera bore undeniable parallels.

Camden had taken the time to acquaint himself with Sabrina's illustrious professional history and had perused her extensive portfolio, thus cultivating a profound admiration for her talents.

"I consider myself a novice..."

"Hey, don't downplay your abilities. Your works speak volumes of your talent. Why else do you think I sought your counsel?"

Evidently touched by Camden's earnest solicitation of her expertise, Sabrina offered, "Very well, Camden. I shall gladly impart my insights."

It dawned on Sabrina that Camden had specifically requested her input.

Could it be that Camden harbored reservations about the opinions of the other assistant directors?

"Just speak out."

Sabrina's gaze was riveted to the monitor, her finger deftly selecting a character on the screen before delicately encircling it. "Observe here," she began, her voice laced with discerning precision. "This figure's posture lacks authenticity. When he halts his sprint, his upper body should exhibit signs of fatigue, reflecting the urgency of his stop. Ideally, his legs should

momentarily step out and then retract swiftly, while the upper torso leans backward, accentuating the inertia at play.

Additionally, this elder character, from what I understand, possesses a formidable persona and a penchant for control. Gazing down here seems to undermine his dominant disposition. A loftier gaze might be more fitting..."

With a meticulous eye, Sabrina pinpointed various nuances that she deemed incongruous. She concluded, "That's all, Camden."

Camden nodded as he listened. He supported his chin and thought for a while. Then he looked at Sabrina with appreciation and said, "I think you are right. Details."

With this declaration, he lifted the intercom and issued a command to the crew outside, "Hold your positions momentarily. Let's repeat the preceding scene."

The crew members were momentarily bewildered, hastily returning props to their designated spots, while assistants scurried off to summon the actors.

"Please, bear with us a moment," Camden added as he set down the intercom, stepping outside to personally guide the actors and photographers in their preparations.

With his expert guidance, they commenced shooting once more.

The actors and actresses displayed their expertise, executing their roles with finesse.

Returning to the monitor, Camden initiated the playback once more, his nod of approval signifying his satisfaction. "Excellent. It has improved significantly."

Sabrina graced him with a warm smile and inquired, "Camden, is there anything else you require of me?"

Should her services no longer be needed, she was prepared to take her leave.

Camden's gaze lifted, a warm smile gracing his lips. "Certainly. Let us find a more comfortable spot to converse," he suggested.

"Of course," Sabrina agreed, though a hint of surprise tinged her response.

What could this be about?

Could he be contemplating removing her from the filming altogether?

With measured grace, Sabrina took her seat opposite Camden, while a diligent assistant delivered two glasses of water.

She signaled for the assistant to place the glasses on the table and then turned her attention back to Camden, offering a friendly smile. "Camden, what's on your mind? Please just tell me."

Camden returned her smile, his eyes gleaming with sincerity. "Allow me to come straight to the point," he proposed.

"Okay."

"Miss Chavez, I hope you will consider taking the role of Sarah..."

"Okay... Wait a moment! What?" Sabrina interjected, her astonishment clear in her gaze. Had she heard correctly?

"Aren't you planning to remove my scenes?" Sabrina ventured, prepared to accept such a fate, as she had never been particularly fond of public exposure.

"Who said anything about removing your scenes? Is there perhaps a misunderstanding stemming from Elvin's words?" Camden inquired.

"No... He didn't mention anything like that. At least, I don't recall him doing so. Isn't the production team seeking another actress to portray Sarah?" Sabrina sought clarification.

Camden intertwined his fingers thoughtfully and elucidated, "I

did contemplate bringing in a new actress, but, you see, the shooting schedule is quite tight, and many actors are already fully engaged. There are limited options for immediate inclusion in the cast.

I wasn't entirely satisfied with the auditions held for those who are currently available. After careful consideration, I believe you could give it a try."

With a swift, dismissive wave of her hand, Sabrina made her stance clear. "No, Camden, I lack the skills to act. I can serve as a stand-in without revealing my face. I'm simply not cut out for acting."

Camden, however, was undeterred. "Don't decline just yet. How can you be so certain without giving it a try?" Camden implored.

"I'm certain," Sabrina insisted firmly.

"I've reviewed your works and the actors' performances in it exhibit remarkable synergy. You must have made a significant contribution," Camden argued.

"That's solely attributed to the director's expertise. I had minimal influence," Sabrina humbly deflected.

"Allow me to be blunt, then. Other works those directors you've collaborated with are merely mediocre," Camden asserted.

Sabrina found herself momentarily speechless.

Forced to muster a wry smile, she responded, "Camden, you hold me in high regard..."

"I'm telling the truth," Camden maintained.

Observing Sabrina's reluctance, Camden adopted a more earnest tone. "You don't aspire to become an actress, do you?"

Sabrina hesitated briefly before nodding. "I simply wish to evade the relentless scrutiny of reporters and netizens. I don't desire to be the center of attention."

Camden embarked on a persuasive argument, "In reality, your apprehension is somewhat unwarranted and of minimal consequence. Our team is adept at handling such matters. What are the intentions of those paparazzi? To profit, correct? As long as you provide them with financial incentives, they'll refrain from intruding into your personal life.

Consider the recent plight of stars who've fallen from grace. Was it the result of paparazzi exposure? No, it was invariably the actions of others. As long as you abide by the law, what can the paparazzi and online denizens do? Their disparaging remarks stem from their own inadequacy."

Sabrina sensed something peculiar in Camden's argument but couldn't quite pinpoint it. "However..."

Camden proposed an enticing compromise, "How about this? Engage in a single scene first. If you genuinely find it unmanageable, I won't press the matter further."

Sabrina deliberated for a moment before conceding, "Very well."