

Unconscious 391

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Ariana sighed as she watched Jayson's melancholy. "In my opinion, nothing has to do with the way you do your thing. Actors and actresses, as well as scriptwriters and directors, need a solid foundation in the entertainment business to achieve stardom."

"Well, I can't agree more." Jayson's expression betrayed his reluctance to admit defeat. His outstretched hands on the table clenched into fists. "I also convinced Julissa to give *The Missing Body* to other well-known filmmakers so that they could help publicize it. Yet Julissa never stopped believing in me, and she never trusted that anybody else could make the movie any better than I could. We had to put away cash since nobody put any money into it. For this reason, I have done a variety of awful works in the past few years. I just can't wait to be able to afford to film this script!"

Jayson's grin was becoming increasingly sour as time went on. He sipped his cold latte and continued in a raspy voice, "Unfortunately, just when we had the money and were ready to begin putting the team together, Julissa was diagnosed with chronic leukemia. I had to drop everything and focus on finding a treatment for Julissa and selling off my real estate. So long as the sale of the property in my name goes

through without a hitch, I should have just enough money for the first round of treatment. Later on, I will

continue working and make as much money as I can, and I will also shoot any kind of film. We will

surely restart The Missing Body as soon as Julissa recovers, so long as the script is kept. Therefore, I

said no when Jasper wanted to buy the script's copyright from me. But Jasper is sneaky as hell!"

Jayson, who had previously been in a steady mood, displayed his anger now. As he mentioned

Jasper's name, he clenched his teeth.

"What the heck did Jasper do to you? Huh?" Ariana asked, noticing his mood shift.

"I refused to sell him the script. So he made it impossible for me to sell my vehicle and property, and

then he manipulated the bank into denying me a loan so that I would be forced to sell him the script.

For countless times, I have wanted to compromise, but I can't swallow my anger and end up holding on

to it." Whenever Jayson thought of Jasper's haughty face, his anger would rise. The man had said a lot

of harsh words in front of Julissa. For this reason alone, Jayson would never sell the script to such a

jerk!

"And I learned that Vin Diaz is Jasper's scriptwriter. He has a reputation for filming absurd dramas and

making random, uninformed changes to the original scripts.

Julissa's *The Missing Body* is a reflection of her father's life. I won't allow any changes to be made to the script by some fool; therefore we kept on waiting."

"[I hate to say it, but Jasper is a damn pig!" Ariana was as well fuming by now.

"You just questioned my willingness to sell the script at this time. For the simple reason that we just cannot wait any longer. I've exhausted my resources and can't do anything except this. If you hadn't shown up today, I probably would have made a deal with Jasper and sold it to him."

Ariana said, enraged, "Have no fear, Mr. Spears. Knowing your predicament, I refuse to let Jasper cause any more inconveniences on your side. Let me figure out a way to get you out of this mud."

With a shared foe to rally against, the conversation became smoother.

Jayson thought Ariana would buy the script and wanted to discuss the deal, but to his surprise, Ariana declined.

"As I said, what I value most is your skill as a director. The script is the result of your and your wife's laborious work, which is analogous to a kid you have reared with great care. You are the only one who can really make the most of this script, in my opinion. I really pray that you will not give it up."

After some consideration, Jayson eventually said, "My apologies, Ms. Edwards. It's touching that you want to give a hand, but all I want to do is be with my wife. I'm all that she has. As she goes through her worst days, I don't want her to have to face the world alone."

Ariana understood, and she did not continue to urge Jayson, saying in a coded manner, "I hope you will consider it when you go back to the ward. We're not in a hurry to make a decision. I have covered the cost of treatment. You can put your mind at ease and stop stressing about it. Take it as a loan. If you still aren't willing to work with me, that's fine. As soon as your financial situation improves, you can begin making payments."

"I don't know how to thank you, Ms. Edwards!" Jayson felt tremendous gratitude toward Ariana. His family and friends had been avoiding him ever since Julissa's illness had begun out of concern that he would borrow money from them. People's heartless and kind aspects were both familiar to Jayson. He was grateful that someone was ready to help him at the moment, which was perhaps his lowest. He would never forget what Ariana did for his wife!

She gave him her phone number and left, and Jayson returned to the ward only to find the bed vacant!

Seeing that, he suddenly lost his mind. He turned around, seized a nurse, and demanded indignantly,

“Where is my wife?! Where... What happened to her? The ward costs have been covered. Why did you remove her from the ward?”

The nurse was afraid to the point that she nearly dropped the equipment in her hands. She fumbled,

“Mrs... Mrs. Spears is in the senior ward on the sixth floor, Mr. Spears. To see her, go upstairs. The ward number is 603.”

Jayson was in a trance for a second and then felt his frustration melt away. Slowly, he replied with two words. “Thank you.”

A sigh of relief escaped the nurse’s lips as she stroked her chest. She gave a pitiful sigh and cast her eyes to the man’s back as he walked off.

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On the sixth floor, Jayson found solace in the sight of his wife resting peacefully on a more comfortable bed.

He went to his wife’s side and watched her while she slept. Eventually, he let all of his feelings out at once.

Sitting in the chair next to the bed, he broke down and cried quietly.

How could Julissa, who was so scared of pain, withstand the next round of treatment? Jayson had often fantasized about how better it would be if he had the sickness himself!

At the thought that she might not be able to hold on and that she could perhaps be lying in the chilly morgue without ever being able to open her eyes to look at him later, he felt hopeless.

That was when he felt a gentle touch on his hair. "What gives you such a fit of babyish sobbing?"

Jayson faked not sobbing by kissing her hand and wiping his eyes with his collar.

"How do you feel right now?"

"There's a huge improvement. The nurse just gave me some medication for the pain. When I got an injection, I didn't feel a thing. And the caregiver also took me to the bathroom. They looked after me with great care." Julissa then questioned Jayson, "Does the woman who came to you just now wish to work with you?" while touching Jayson's red eyes and dark bags below them with her fingers and smiling weakly.

Jayson did not want Julissa to be concerned, so he lied and said, "It was about the script."

Having known him for all those years, Julissa saw through him quite easily and shook her head. "If it's

just for the script, there's no need to worry so much about me. I'm not a moron. It's clear to me that she values your talent."

"That's right, she wants me to continue filming *The Missing Body*." As if he couldn't look at it enough,

Jayson stared lovingly into his wife's eyes and didn't take his eyes off her.

Julissa puckered her lips into a soft grin. She was really thin from the illness, but her grin made up for it. "Since she has made the effort to come to you personally, you should not have any doubt about her sincerity. It's not often that you get a shot at anything, so you should take full advantage of this one."

"But I don't want to leave you alone here!" The 30-year-old guy insisted like a petulant child.

Julissa adjusted her body softly and rested her head against Jayson. "It's just a shoot. Maybe I will be allowed to go home to recover when this course of therapy is over. You will then be taking me with you to the filming site so that you can accompany me every day."

Without a word, Jayson bent down and kissed his wife on the forehead.

"This is an incredible opportunity, and I don't want you to pass it up, Jayson. And I can't wait for the film to be out too! Let's give it a shot, okay?" Julissa asked, raising her eyes at Jayson.

With his wife waiting expectantly for his reply, Jayson agreed, "Alright."

Ariana received a call from Jayson in the afternoon.

"I've thought about it, and I'd love to work with you, but I've pretty well used all my savings. If you wish to re-launch the project, you will need to acquire funding."

"Don't stress. I can handle that," said Ariana.

Ariana asked Jayson for more details on the script and the film project.

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With the information she had garnered, coupled with a clear goal and strong motivation, it took her just a day to make a project plan which she subsequently submitted to the company.

The Anderson Group had a special department whose task was to unearth new scripts and invest in directors with great potential.

The films the Anderson Group had invested in over the past two years had all won critical acclaim and performed well at the box office.

The Anderson Group would never pass on the opportunity of investing in a good script.

Besides, the fact that Jasper fully intended to purchase the script, meant that the professional team

behind him also thought highly of The Missing Body.

So, Ariana was confident that she could pass the company's screening process.

Two days later, Ariana received a message early in the morning, informing her that her project plan didn't pass the preliminary examination.

Just like that, her hopes were shattered. She didn't know what went wrong.

Confused, she quickly packed up and went back to Eleymond.

That afternoon, she met Norton Rogers, the director of the investment department.

Norton was a fat, middle-aged man who permanently wore a beaming smile and looked sly and hypocritical at the same time.

As soon as Norton saw her, he pulled the project plan from the bottom of a pile of documents and put it on his desk, tapping it gently.

"Your script lacks marketability and is pretty mundane. The mystery genre isn't as popular as romance or superheroes right now. We would lose money if we invested in such a project. Don't waste your time on such a script in the future."

Ariana thought what Norton said was bullshit. Two months ago, the Anderson Group had invested in a

movie with an unpopular theme, which went on to do quite fairly at the box office.

Norton was definitely lying. She suspected that he deliberately rejected her project.

“In that case, what kind of script are you looking for, Mr. Rogers?” Ariana asked directly.

Norton crossed his legs leisurely and looked Ariana up and down. After a short while, he said, “There’s still a way for this script to pass the screening process.”

A faint smile appeared on Ariana’s face. As she had expected, he did it on purpose.

“What way, please tell me.”

Norton smiled and said bluntly, “It’s quite simple. Rewrite the script. In its current state, it can’t be used.

Here, the heroine only appears in memory. That is not enough. People want to see something real and romantic. If we follow the logic of your script, we will lose a good part of our potential viewership.”

“Are you serious, Mr. Rogers? But it’s a suspense movie, not about romance.” Ariana almost burst into laughter. What he meant was that she had to add more love scenes.

“No one would be against love scenes in a movie. What type of agent are you? You don’t even know how to make a good investment.” Norton paused for a while and looked at Ariana in disgust. “It doesn’t

matter if you hate love scenes. What we want is something more in touch with the public. We want to see rape, accidents, loss of memory, misunderstandings, abortion..."

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"Enough, Mr. Rogers." Ariana interrupted him at once. She took a deep breath and said impatiently,

"What you ask me to add to the script isn't logical at all. Besides, it's too different from the original direction of the script. If you go in that direction, it will really be a bad movie."

Norton's face darkened. "Fine, if you don't want to rewrite the script, then we can change the director."

"So you accept this script?" Ariana asked with a smile.

Norton snorted and just realized that he had been tricked. "The script is good, but we need to change the director. Nobody has heard of Jayson Spears. We only work with well-known directors. Who will invest in a no-name young man? You might as well ask us to throw our money by the window."

Norton no longer kept things hidden. He reprimanded Jayson in front of Ariana before saying, "Mr.

Jasper Anderson has cooperated with several famous directors.

You should just give him the script. A quality sword deserves a quality scabbard.

The potential for spectacular results is greatly increased by the combination of a strong story and a

skilled director.”

After hearing this, Ariana knew that Norton sided with Jasper.

“Yeah, OK. That’s the reason why you expounded so extensively. You’re doing all this for Jasper.”

Ariana scowled, sat bolt upright, and cast a disdainful glance at Norton. “Send word back to Jasper so

he can stop wasting his time with this script since I am never giving it to him!”

After that, she walked away.

Norton spat behind her and said contemptuously, “How can you speak to me in such a manner? I really

doubt you can properly execute that script. The guy Jayson is a total loser. No one except a loser

works with another loser.”

After more than 10 minutes, he picked up the project plan and walked out. He went to the 19th level

and entered the biggest office there.

Jasper and Vin were having coffee while discussing the project.

As Jasper spotted Norton, he waved and greeted him, “Norton, my friend, please have a seat. We were

just talking about you.”

Vin and Norton were almost the same age, although Vin looked like he was a little younger. He had an

excellent physique and was dressed to the nines.

Norton approached and took a seat. He immediately greeted them.

“Norton, can you recommend to me a worthwhile endeavor? Among all the people in the Anderson

Group, I trust your decision-making in investment the most.”

Jasper smiled as he poured Norton a fresh cup of coffee and lit a cigar.

“Speaking of which, there’s something you should know.” Norton gave Jasper the project plan and

added, “This is from Ariana.”

Jasper scanned the document, and already he was fuming. “Jayson is a complete moron. He refused

to sell me the script. I don’t understand what he means by working with Ariana!”

“Don’t worry. I have stopped this project plan from being handed to the preliminary examination of the

company. That’s why I’m holding it right now.” Norton let out a heavy sigh. “There’s no denying the

quality of this script. I’m scared Ariana will really receive the funding if it passes the preliminary

examination.”

Jasper sneered as he set down the project plan in his hand and remarked, “Truthfully, I haven’t been

impressed by anything in this script. It is comparable to other pieces on the market.”

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“That’s not true, Mr. Anderson. I’d want you to read this script more carefully. The screenplay takes a strange turn at the end that pays off wonderfully. As the ending of most mysteries can be predicted just by watching the beginning, this one is like none of those. The unexpected turn of events is enough to grab people’s attention.

The writing is excellent, which is unusual.” Vin, his cigar dangling from one corner of his lips, pointed at the script and continued, “I’ve been privy to some insider data. There are now a large number of heroic films available. The public is bored of them, and love movie is now unpopular, therefore many individuals want to expand the market for mysteries to excite the audience. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have convinced you to spend as much as you could to acquire this script.”

“Indeed, Mr. Anderson. The sort of story where minor characters play major roles is now popular. This is the only way to arouse the sympathy and empathy of the audience,” Norton said. “Our firm has had nothing but success with the mysteries we have invested in. Our success and reputation make us an excellent choice for anyone looking to reinvent themselves in the entertainment industry.”

The revelation brought a scowl to Jasper's face, and he said, "That means we can't have Ariana film this script!"

Ariana stormed out of SJ Entertainment, fuming. She initially planned to return to her apartment, but knowing Tyler might need her help at any moment, she opted to take a taxi back to the hotel in the film and television center.

Back at the hotel, she pondered for a while before deciding to call Theodore.

Despite their ongoing silent treatment, the script issue was related to the Anderson.

Group, and Theodore might be able to help.

Norton was clearly on Jasper's side. Even though it was inappropriate for her to go straight to the CEO,

Ariana had no choice but to seek Theodore's assistance.

She located the familiar number and dialed it.

However, his phone was switched off.

Was he still mad? Why was his phone off? Had he blocked her number?

Disheartened, Ariana called Horace, but received no answer.

Without further thought, she texted Horace, asking where Theodore was and informing him she

urgently needed to speak with Theodore.

The wait for a reply felt endless. Ariana grew increasingly anxious. Although only three minutes had passed, it seemed like an entire day.

Suddenly, her phone rang. She eagerly picked it up, only to find it was a call from Sonia.

Why was this girl calling her out of the blue? Weren't the paparazzi always swamped? Confused,

Ariana answered the call.

"Where's your husband?" Sonia inquired bluntly.

Ariana, puzzled, responded, "I don't know."

"How long has it been since you last spoke?"

Sonia's voice conveyed immense seriousness. Sensing something might be amiss, Ariana felt a wave of panic. She considered the time that had elapsed and eventually concluded, "Three days."

"shit! Three days! I knew something was off!" Sonia bellowed in a booming and intimidating voice.

"See what happens when you don't keep an eye on your man!"

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"What exactly is going on?" Ariana's anxiety grew, as she suddenly realized something might be wrong.

“Did something happen to Theodore? Was he in a car accident or kidnapped?”

“He has an affair!” Sonia yelled, livid. “Darn it! One of my friends took photos of Theodore and the woman in white in a manor in the southern suburbs. They appeared to be living together.”

Ariana was dumbstruck by the revelation.

“That’s why I asked how long it’s been since you spoke to him. It appears Theodore has spent the last three days with this woman in white, and his assistant has been buying the photos at high prices to keep them from leaking.” Sonia advocated for

Ariana, growing angrier as she continued, “If it weren’t for my friend, we would have been kept in the dark. I only managed to get a blurry photo. You can see their figures in it, and I’m sending it to you right now.”

A moment later, with a “ding” sound, Ariana received the picture.

Although the figures in the photo were indistinct, Ariana could discern that they were Theodore and

Helen. Even sitting in a wheelchair, Theodore still exuded an extraordinary aura that no one in

Eleymond could replicate. Moreover, Helen’s long hair cascading down to her waist was unmistakable

and easy to recognize.

Ariana's mood soured, and she exchanged a few words with Sonia before hanging up the phone.

Soon after, Horace called.

"Mrs. Anderson, what can I help you with?"

"Where is he? Why is his phone off?" Ariana inquired.

Horace appeared to be hesitant for a brief moment before he spoke up. "Mr. Anderson has been taking

a break for the past two days and has not been in contact with anyone, so his phone is turned off.

However, if there is an urgent matter, I can inform him immediately."

Ariana sneered and replied, "No need, forget it. I won't bother him."

After ending the call, Ariana felt increasingly disheartened the more she examined the photo.

She couldn't comprehend why Theodore always treated Helen differently, even though he claimed to

have no connection with her.

What could a man and a woman be doing together in a secluded house? No one would believe they

didn't share a romantic bond.

Moreover, Horace's evasive demeanor only fueled her suspicions.

She didn't want to doubt Theodore, but her thoughts spiraled out of control.

Eventually, she chose to immerse herself in work as a distraction.

During this time, Sonia called Ariana multiple times, worried she might do something reckless out of anger. Sonia offered comforting words, thoughtfully asked for Ariana's current hotel address, and arranged a lavish meal for her.

Gazing at the exquisite dishes, Ariana was touched. "Is being a paparazzo so lucrative now? How can you afford to treat me to Michelin-starred cuisine?"

"Don't underestimate me! I'm a prominent paparazzo now. Plenty of stars worry that I possess their secrets," Sonia boasted.

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"Alright, alright, Sonia the great. I'll forever be your fan and supporter," Ariana teased, her mood lifting.

Sonia snorted, "That's more like it. Smile more. Men are all the same. The most important thing is to keep yourself happy. Don't dwell on the negativity. I have to go now. Enjoy your meal, and don't waste any of it!"

"Okay."

Maybe indulging in delicious food could truly heal a wounded heart. After enjoying her meal, Ariana

shook off her melancholy and refocused on her work.

In the evening, Ariana decided to call Jayson.

At that moment, Jayson had just put his wife to bed. He stepped out of the ward and answered the call.

“Mr. Spears, could you tell me the minimum budget required for the entire film?”

Without hesitation, Jayson replied, “The production cost alone is at least three million dollars, not

including the salaries of the actors.”

Hearing this, Ariana remained silent, feeling uneasy.

She had managed to save some money after helping Sarah regain her popularity, but it was far from

sufficient. She would need to take out a loan from the bank to gather the necessary funds.

This amount only covered the production costs, not the actors’ salaries.

Making a movie was an expensive endeavor. Jayson’s estimate only covered initial investments, with

subsequent publicity costs yet to be considered.

But Ariana couldn’t come up with any more money.

Jayson, being perceptive, guessed that Ariana might be struggling to secure investments. He

cautiously inquired, "Is it because SJ Entertainment isn't interested in this script?"

"No, don't worry. The script is excellent. The issue lies elsewhere." Ariana didn't want to let Jayson

down, so she did her best to reassure him. "I have encountered some minor issues, but they can be

overcome. Don't worry. I'll keep my promise. We will make this film."

Jayson knew Ariana was trying to console him. He had faced investment failures in the past, which was

quite common. Many investors were reluctant to put their money into risky projects. Jayson's previous

films had also damaged his reputation in the industry.

"should we let it go, then?" Jayson hesitantly proposed. "Actually, I know several talented scriptwriters

and directors with great scripts. I could introduce them to you."

Ignoring his suggestion, Ariana asked, "Have you ever considered crowdfunding?"

Jayson was shocked and paused for a moment. "I've never considered that option.

I've submitted the script to numerous entertainment companies, but most of them wanted to buy the

script's copyright and use their own directors, not collaborate with me. That's why I chose to do it

independently. You know how that turned out. I couldn't raise the funds on my own."

He chuckled self-deprecatingly. “Maybe I really don’t have what it takes, so I failed.

I’ve been in the industry for many years without any significant achievements.”

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Ariana brushed aside his despondency and continued, “I wasn’t suggesting negotiating with entertainment companies for investment. There’s a film festival at the end of this month. Many investors and film critics will be in attendance. We can use this opportunity to showcase the script.”

“I’m aware of that film festival, but it’s for short films.” Jayson hadn’t maintained much hope at this point. He lacked the influence and connections to succeed in the entertainment industry.

“I know it’s for short films. I’ve looked into instances where outstanding short films were discovered and subsequently invested in to become full-length movies,”

Ariana explained.

Jayson was unclear about Ariana’s intentions. “What are you suggesting?”

“We can reverse the process. First, we turn a portion of the script into a short film to take part in the film

festival,” she proposed.

Jayson's initial reaction was skepticism. "Would that work? There's very little time.

The festival is in just about two weeks, and where can we find actors at such short notice?"

"I have an actor in mind." Ariana cut him off, speaking concisely. "My original purpose to contact you was to recommend an actor I know. Although he's a newcomer, he's highly talented. I think this script would be perfect for him."

Jayson replied hesitantly, "But the time constraints could result in an even worse outcome than what we've anticipated."

"It's a separate issue. We need to at least give it a try," Ariana sighed.

"I understand, but I'd rather sell the script than have it poorly produced." Jayson's emotions wavered. "I genuinely appreciate your help, but my original intention doesn't allow me to produce the script roughly.

I want it to be done well; I don't want it to become a disaster."

Even Ariana, known for her patience, couldn't help but touch her forehead. He was just too stubborn.

Ariana had to be more assertive. "Wait until you see the actor. You won't be disappointed in him."

On the other end, Jayson returned to the ward after ending the call, a worried expression on his face.

Julissa had awakened. She appeared much better than she had two days ago.

Sitting up in bed, she observed Jayson's downcast expression and knew something was amiss.

"What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

Jayson didn't want to burden his wife with his concerns, so he tried to smile and said, "Nothing. Just some thoughts on my mind."

"Are you concerned about the script?" Julissa hit the bull's eye.

Jayson realized he couldn't keep it from his wife, so he divulged the details of his conversation with Ariana.

"So, you're afraid you'll ruin the script yourself?" Julissa inquired.

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"Yes," Jayson replied quietly. "I trust Ms. Edwards, but I don't have faith in myself."

"Jayson, don't be scared. We've come this far, so don't give up now." Gently grasping Jayson's hand,

Julissa reassured him, "Let's meet Ms. Edwards' actor tomorrow. This could be a great opportunity."

The next day, in the suburb, Tyler and Ariana had arrived at an abandoned factory.

There was no one around, and the only sound they heard was that of a passing car.

“Why did you help me ask for half a day off and bring me here?” Tyler asked, looking around in confusion.

“It’s for an audition,” Ariana replied honestly.

“What kind of role is that? Why would we need to audition in such a place?” Tyler was even more confused now. This place was completely abandoned and the only people present were the two of them. “Where is the director?” Tyler asked again.

“He’s coming. Let’s just wait.” In reality, Ariana wasn’t quite sure. She had overhyped Tyler’s acting skills to Jayson, touting him as an outstanding actor. But the truth was always that Tyler was relatively new in the entertainment field and unknown to the general public. Considering that Jayson had met countless actors before, he certainly had pretty high standards when it came to choosing actors.

The most crucial point was that Jayson placed a lot of importance on the script.

Because of this, Tyler might not appeal to him.

Aware of all this, Ariana had to resort to a few little tricks. After studying the script, she specially chose a place that looked quite similar to the setting of an iconic scene in the script for the audition.

While waiting for Jayson to arrive, Ariana pulled out her makeup bag to touch up Tyler’s foundation.

She wanted Tyler to look as much like the character he was to play as possible. So she put a thick layer of foundation on Tyler's face to make him look vulnerably pale.

"Isn't it too much?" Tyler gazed at his bizarre countenance in the mirror. He looked so pale that he could easily land a role as a ghost. Wait a minute... Was he going to audition for a ghost role?

However, Ariana shook her head and said seriously, "It's just fine. The character you are to play is extremely pale. In fact, he looks much like a devil. You are close enough to that in my opinion. I had no choice but to put heavy makeup on you because you look so cheerfully exuberant that it would be impossible to take you seriously in this role.

As she spoke, Ariana put away the foundation and applied the shading powder to Tyler's cheeks. Her goal was to make him look depressed due to a prolonged period of anorexia, fatigue, and mental exhaustion.

Tyler widened his eyes in astonishment. What she said sounded super exciting. He was suddenly eager to play the character even though he hadn't read the script yet.

"Close your eyes. I'll put some eyeliner on you." Ariana held Tyler's face firmly as she carefully applied

makeup. She proceeded to meticulously apply a thin layer of eyeliner on him.

Tyler felt a tingle on his eyelids and couldn't help giggling.

"Stop giggling. It's silly." Although Ariana said so, she smiled, too. After a while, she said seriously,

"When the director comes, you shouldn't smile like that. This role isn't a happy one."

"Alright Ariana, I'll keep that in mind." Tyler then made a long face, and looked sinister. However, as

Ariana lined his eyelids, they flickered continuously, making him want to laugh out loud. It was painful

enough for him to hold back his laughter like that.

"Done!"

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Ariana leaned back, assessing her work for a moment. Then she nodded in satisfaction. "Makeup gives

you the look of the character, which is a big plus. The rest is up to you. You better give it your best

later."

"Don't worry. I will try my best." Tyler looked at her obediently as he spoke. He was so adorable like a

cute puppy.

Ariana patted him on the head and said, "Well, if you are a good boy, I'll buy you dinner when we get

back.”

“Can I have some spaghetti? I haven’t had carbs in too long. I’m craving it.” Since Tyler joined the crew,

his diet was strictly controlled so that he would maintain his physique.

As the two people were talking, footsteps were heard from behind them. It was none other than Jayson.

Ariana immediately put on a smile and greeted the director. “I’m glad you finally came, Mr. Spears. This

is the actor I recommended to you, Tyler Brewer.”

After saying that, she cast a gaze at Tyler, hinting him to greet the director.

Tyler bowed politely. “Nice to meet you, Mr. Spears. It’s my honor to learn from someone like you.”

Tyler kept in mind what Ariana had said and didn’t smile. He didn’t show many expressions either as he

looked at Jayson.

For some reason, a tight frown appeared on Jayson’s face the moment he saw Tyler.

Ariana’s heart began to race. Something seemed off about Jayson. She wondered if he was displeased

with Tyler.

On second thought, it was normal for a director to have his own standards while selecting an actor.

“Have you read the script?” Jayson asked in a dull voice, making it difficult to discern his emotions.

Before Tyler could respond, Ariana stepped in. "He hasn't. You told me not to show it to him beforehand. I've always kept that in mind."

Jayson nodded and handed Tyler a page from the script. "Prepare yourself. Return to me in five minutes to give it a try."

Five minutes was hardly enough time for anyone to prepare adequately. Confused, Ariana glanced at the page, realizing it was a scene where Jaxen Carter, the lead role, dug a hole in an abandoned building to bury a body. The role had no lines; it was a solitary performance of digging.

The atmosphere of the abandoned factory matched the scene, but the play seemed too simplistic, leaving no room for Tyler to display his talent. The paper offered only a brief introduction to the role and a couple of introductory sentences.

Without reading the rest of the script, it was impossible to convey the character's personality.

Ariana looked at Tyler with concern. As she was about to speak, Jayson asked, "Is there any problem?"

Tyler shook his head and replied, "No, there isn't."

With that, he retreated to the side with the paper, examining it intently.

Ariana had considered asking Jayson to add more story or context but decided against it. At this point, the outcome of the performance hinged on Tyler's interpretation.