

Chapter 47

In the end, Vinson walked Arielle and Henrick to the main door.

Meanwhile, Jadeborough's Midnight Theater was bustling with activity.

It was one of the largest theaters in Jadeborough, thanks to Nightshire Group's investment. Therefore, it was only fitting that Shandie would be auditioning for one of Nightshire Group's movie projects at the Midnight Theater.

The audition was for a sci-fi disaster movie, *Monsters in Jadeborough*. It told of how the female lead, a police officer, bravely protected a building full of people from an alien invasion and led them to safety.

Movies of that genre were a rarity in the country, and with an excellent story and production crew, Shandie knew it would do well at the box office.

That was why she was determined to get the female lead role.

After a long, painful wait, it was finally Shandie's turn for the audition.

As Shandie made her way up the stage, Sam looked through her acting resume, only to find that other than having been in a music video, she had zero acting experience.

"I see you've never done any acting, so let's get down to it. You're now playing the female lead, and monsters have eaten your mother. And, action!"

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Since she had never been to any auditions, Shandie was taken aback by the director's abrupt request.

It took her a while to regain composure and get in character.

Monsters have eaten my mother, so I'd be devastated. And with sadness comes tears. Yes, that's it! All I have to do is cry!

With that thought, Shandie knelt on the floor and started howling and crying in pain.

"Mom! What would I do without you? Please, don't leave me!"

Sam looked on, both shocked and bemused.

Even the rest of the casting directors had also fallen into an awkward silence.

The female lead Shandie was auditioning for had both brains and brawns. With her mother dead, there would undoubtedly be brief emotional distress. But then, she'd either go on to avenge her mother or continue to lead her convoy to safety.

Either way, she'd never be reduced to a bawling mess like what Shandie was doing now.

Besides, the world that the female lead was in had monsters everywhere. Even a brief moment of weakness might lead to the character's death the next second.

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The casting directors continued to look on in disdain and confusion.

Who is this woman? Why would she still portray the character like that even after reading the story outline and character breakdown? Are we just letting anyone audition for Sam's movies now?

Sam had had enough of watching Shandie bawl her eyes out when he sounded the bell and shouted, "Cut!"

Shandie looked up, bewildered. It had only been a few seconds since she got into character, and she still had many lines in mind to deliver.

Was my crying so good that the director has decided to cast me as the lead?

Shandie got up from the floor excitedly and smiled at Sam. "Mr. Sleight, how was my performance? I haven't had much preparation, so my crying might not be as good. If there's anything I can improve on, please let me know."

Shandie beamed with pride, behaving as if the lead role was in her bag.

The rest of the crew exchanged glances and sniggers, wondering how Shandie had so much arrogance and impudence.

Sam was not a man to beat around the bush or show much sympathy. He looked at Shandie and said coldly, "There's nothing you need to improve on."


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Shandie's eyes lit up at his words.


Is the role already mine? And that wasn't even my best performance!

The more she thought about it, the happier Shandie got. *It looks like I truly have a talent for acting. I knew I was born to be a star!*

Just as Shandie was relishing the moment, Sam added, "But if I must give you a word of advice, then I'd say... leave this industry."

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Shandie stared at Sam, dumbfounded. "What did you say?"

"I don't think you're suited to be in this profession. You've got no talent, and you don't seem to have put in any effort. That is why I'd advise you to stay away from acting."

So, when Sam cut me off so early on, it was because my acting was atrocious?

For someone who had already pictured herself as a top-billed actress, Shandie couldn't accept the sudden turn of events.

"No, no," Shandie whimpered as she rushed down the stage and toward Sam. "Please, Mr. Sleight, give me another chance! I haven't been feeling well, so I didn't get to read the script properly. If you give me one more chance, I promise I won't let you down!"

Shandie had to do whatever it took to get back into Sam's good books. As the youngest award-winning director, being in his movies would only help propel her to stardom.

"You want me to give you another chance? Every actor only gets one shot at an audition, so they cherish any chance they get. Not only have you not prepared well, but you also have no talent, yet you're demanding to have a go again? Who do you think you are? Do you own the entertainment industry? With your kind of attitude, you'll never succeed!"

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Shandie's face turned a bright shade of red after being admonished by Sam so publicly and blatantly.

So what if I want to cut corners? I'm sure I'm not as bad as he claims!

Shandie felt her temper rising as she fished a card from her pocket and slammed it down on the table in front of Sam.

Her actions were so sudden and rude that everyone could only stare in stunned silence.

As a world-renowned director, even the biggest names in the entertainment industry treated Sam with politeness and respect. Shandie was a nobody, yet she dared to throw a fit at Sam. At that point, everyone only had one thought in their heads: *Is she crazy?*

Curious, they turned their gazes toward the card, only to collectively reel back in shock. It was a name card, but importantly, it belonged to Vinson Nightshire.

"Vinson Nightshire... this woman is a friend of Mr. Nightshire..."

"No wonder she's so cocky. Our movie requires a huge budget, and there's no way we can get it completed without Nightshire Group's funding..."

In just a blink of an eye, everyone's initial disdain toward Shandie had turned into fear and respect as they talked amongst themselves in hushed

tones.

Despite the slight commotion, Sam remained indifferent. "What do you mean by this? Are you threatening me?"

Shandie raised her chin toward Sam and scoffed. "I'm not threatening you, but here's what's going to happen. If you don't make me the female lead, you can kiss your entire movie goodbye."

Upon hearing her words, Jerry, the producer sitting next to Sam, went into a full-blown panic. He hurriedly leaned in and whispered, "Mr. Sleight, please make an exception just this once. The award-winning actresses you've worked with didn't all start out with good acting skills, did they? With your guidance, I'm sure you can turn this one into award-winning material too."

Sam's expression slid into a frown.

There was a world of difference between having acting skills that could be improved on and having zero talent. Besides, Shandie had no respect for the profession.

To put it bluntly, she was a helpless case.


Still, Jerry pressed on. "Please, Mr. Sleight, I beg of you. You and the screenwriter have spent two long years just to develop the script. You can't let your hard work go to waste!"


Sam instantly fell silent as he contemplated his options.


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After three minutes, he finally came to a decision.
"I won't accept any imperfections. If you lot insist
on casting her, I'll quit as the director."

Having made his stand clear, Sam walked away
without any hesitation and with his head held high.

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