

UNDER THE SILVERY TREE

Written by

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Based on real events

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UNDER THE SILVERY TREE: THE FURTHEST DISTANCE IN THE WORLD

ACT I

*The furthest distance in the world
Is not between life and death
But when I stand in front of you
Yet you don't know that I love you*

FADE IN:

EXT. LAND AND WOODS, NEW ZEALAND - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Miles of beautiful land of New Zealand gradually unfold itself. The trees are extremely green and lively under October sun.

The view is sliding towards the land, closer and closer, as if shot from a landing airplane.

EXT. OUTSIDE REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

A group of young actors walk out of the rehearsal room, chatting loudly. Among them is OLIVER LAMBERT, 22, attractive and bright, with a prop bow in his hands. Most of them are of similar age and height, including DOM and BILLY.

DOM

Have you heard? Peter said another strider is coming today.

BILLY

What do you mean? Another? I thought only one strider in the script.

OLIVER

Yeah, no, I heard they are replacing him, something about being too young. Poor guy.

DOM

It feels like getting fired for not doing your job right. Hope they won't fire me for eating too many apples on set.

They all laugh. Oliver's laughter stands out.

OLIVER

Still, I'm wondering what the new guy is like, you know, to look like a wanderer, but also has the blood of a king...

Oliver hasn't finished the sentence when PETER walks towards them, with a man behind him. THE MAN is around 40s, wearing ragged strider clothes with holes and patches everywhere. He holds a prop sword, looks like he just finishes his training.

PETER

Guys, meet our new hero, Mr. Vincent Amor.

Vincent shakes hands with them and greets them one by one, except for Oliver.

DOM

How do you do?

VINCENT

How do you do?

BILLY

I'm Billy, the hobbit...
(re: Dom)
The cleverer one.

VINCENT

I'm sure you are.

DOM

Hoy!

Dom punches Billy on the shoulder. They all laugh, so does Vincent. Oliver catches a glint of gentle smile that somehow makes his heartbeat fast.

Oliver looks at him, holding breath. Vincent is the kind of person you may not notice at first sight in the crowd, but there is something about him that makes you just couldn't move your eyes away.

Oliver realizes he has been staring at him for a bit too long. He quickly turns away his gaze.

VINCENT

You must be the elf boy.

Their eyes meet.

OLIVER
(amused)
How do you know?

VINCENT
In case no one told you, you are
glowing.

Oliver laughs shily. Vincent appreciates his smile.

OLIVER
I'm Oliver, by the way.

VINCENT
Nice to meet you.

Vincent holds out his hand. Oliver eagerly reaches for it to shake, didn't realize that he still grabs his bow. The bow and arrow almost stick Vincent.

OLIVER
(hastily)
I'm sorry, I'm so terribly sorry.

VINCENT
It's alright.

PETER
Careful, don't murder the king on
his first day. We don't have any
more replacement.

Oliver hurriedly shifts the stuffs to his left hand and frees up the right hand to shake.

During all this time, Vincent watches his moves, smiling warmly.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEUP CAR - NOON

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

4.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT II

*The furthest distance in the world
Is not when I stand in front of you
Yet you can't see my love
But when undoubtedly knowing the love from both
Yet cannot be together*

INT. LOBBY - DUSK

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

ACT III

*The furthest distance in the world
Is not being apart while being in love
But when plainly cannot resist the yearning
Yet pretending you have never been in my heart*

INT. PLANE - DAY

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PARTY HOUSE - DUSK

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT IV

*The furthest distance in the world
Is not but using one's indifferent heart
To dig an uncrossible river
For the one who loves you*

FADE IN:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE LOUNGE/INT. HOME - SPLIT SCREEN - DAY

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

FADE OUT.

THE END

UNDER THE SILVERY TREE: ONCE MORE

FADE IN:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

ORLANDO checks his watch for the thousandth time, looking anxious, but not slightly impatient.

INT. AIRPLANE - SAME TIME

VIGGO sits by the window, looking at the approaching land, absent-mindedly. The plane is landing.

INT. AIRPORT EXIT TERMINAL - LATER

Orlando looks at the crowd walking out of the exit, then all of a sudden his eyes light up. He walks hurriedly towards Viggo.

Viggo sees him too. They rush the last few steps, and then hug each other.

ORLANDO
I didn't expect you'd really come here.

VIGGO
I didn't expect to be here, either.

ORLANDO
But you come anyway.

Orlando separates the hug. His facial expression cools down a little.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
May I ask why?

VIGGO
Well, you know, Henry wanted me to come.

ORLANDO
Oh.

He is clearly disappointed.

VIGGO

No, I'm joking. Because I wanted to come.

ORLANDO

You did?

VIGGO

Yeah, I read your script, especially the ending part. And I thought, well, if I come, then the reality adds to the story, it would be a perfect...

ORLANDO

End?

VIGGO (CONT'D)

New start.

Their voices collapse together.

They look at each other in the eyes for a moment, until Orlando looks away.

He pretends to cough softly, then speaks fast, as if trying to cover his tension.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Yeah, right. New start, of course.

(beat)

So... what do you think? The script.

VIGGO

I notice you used real names for everyone, except for us.

ORLANDO

(anxious, avoid eye contact)

I know, I just feel... I can't do it, you know, writing down real names -- your name -- and making up all those nonsense rubbish and everything. I don't know, it still makes me nervous, you know...

Orlando hesitates for a beat, and then says quietly.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

It took me almost two months to think of a name half as beautiful as yours.

VIGGO

The name "Vincent"?

ORLANDO
Yeah, you don't like it?

VIGGO
I didn't say that.

ORLANDO
That's a relief.

They fall into silence for a while, just walking side by side.

VIGGO
So... how long did it take? To finish the script?

ORLANDO
A little more than two days, maybe.

VIGGO
Two days?!

ORLANDO
Yeah, give or take. It all becomes so much easier to write once I began the work, you know, like the memory itself is pouring onto the paper...

Viggo studies his face carefully. Those words are calm but the emotion can't cheat. Pain is invisible but ubiquitous. After all, Orlando is almost his age when they first met each other.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
Like the past is writing itself, like the words are squeezing our from my brain. They have been wandering for too long already.

VIGGO
You sound like a poet now.

ORLANDO
Thanks to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

They just finish shooting the encounter scene.

VIGGO

I don't remember you being so clumsy.

ORLANDO

You have no idea how nervous I was at that time.

VIGGO

Have I ever told you I'm just as nervous as you are.

ORLANDO

No way.

VIGGO

Yes I am, at the very first sight of you.