

BFF
BEST FRIENDS FOREVER

by

Donald Trump & Kim Jun-Un
(Adapted by Marco Polo & Kublai Khan)

Script revised from
I. Calvino

SETTING

Santosa island, Singapore. Two leaders meet on a fantasy holiday island to work out their differences. They have travelled long distances, overcoming various obstacles, to get here.

The meeting takes place in a closed room, curtains drawn. A large wooden table in the middle of an elaborate yet sparsely furnished room, in an ex-British army barracks five star resort hotel. Glasses, two jugs of water and pads for writing on, also two pens with the leaders name inscribed on them lay on the table also.

The translators are sitting to the left of each of the leaders, every word spoken by the leaders is repeated by the translators. At times additional words are spoken in confidence, or to clarify a word or two.

It is their words that we hear spoken. They too have traveled large distances to arrive here. Character descriptions below

PRIMARY CHARACTERS : THE LEADERS

Mr Donald Trump - President of the United States

Chairman Kim Jung-Un - Supreme leader of North Korea

SECONDARY CHARACTERS : THE TRANSLATORS

Marko Polo - (translator to Donald Trump)

Frequent travels between the East and West have been widely documented but seldom verified. Polo is a gifted storyteller, speaks a number of languages and has a flare for descriptive heroism in the face of adversity. The son of a rich and successful merchant.

Kublai Khan - (translator to Kim Jung-Un)

Second son of a great warrior and grandson of the founding leader of his nation. A man of few words but wise in ways of war. Kublai Khan is afflicted by gout through overconsumption of food and drink, he has a keen interest in the politics and sports of the West.

MUSIC IN:

Theme tune to Sunny Day - 'You've got a Friend'

THE TITLES APPEAR IN GOLD TEXT OVER ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE ISLAND:

Long overhead drone shots pass over replica pirate ship, Mega-Adventure Park, 4D Wonderland, wave pool simulator, vertical wind tunnel, wax figure museum and the crowning glory Wings of Time performance with pyrotechnics, water fountain, water screens, laser projections and flame bursts.

BEST FRIENDS FOREVER

1 DAY EXT. - CAPELLA RESORT HOTEL - DAY

A Disney-esque holiday resort. Palm trees, beaches, grassy patches of greenery, an old colonial barracks.

The two leaders enter from opposite sides of a wide verandah, they walk towards each other, meeting each other dead centre. They shake hands.

TRUMP

(Smiling as a holds out his hand, mumbling)
This is it. We made it.
(he places his left hand on his elbow)

KIM

(Also smiling)
The world is a big place.

TRUMP

(Turning to the cameras)
Yep.

A huge group of media representatives stand behind a taped off section of the carpark. Thirty camera operators and

microphone holding journalists, each wears a large lanyard stating their affiliation.

Behind and beside them are forty men wearing black suits with black sunglasses. Twenty of them are American, twenty are North Korean. There are also a number of men in suits hidden behind trees, on top of roofs and stationed throughout the neighbouring garden.

The translators are nowhere to be seen at this stage.

2 - INT. DAY - A LUSH MEETING ROOM

The two leaders walk into the room followed by their two translators. Name tags indicate where each is sitting, a mathematically verified equal distance from the door. The translators shake hands for the first time. Marko Polo is keen to start her translation but the steady paced Kublai Khan takes his time to sit and pour himself a glass of water.

The leaders, now seated, drop their smiles. They stare at each other without watching the translators. Kublai Khan is unfazed by this, he takes in his surroundings, he runs his tongue over his freshly cleaned teeth and he grins. Marko Polo nods.

KIM

(Taking a glass of water)

To long life and happiness.

TRUMP

(Taking a glass but not drinking))

I have a set of glasses like this at home, I have many many glasses. My best friend makes these glasses.

Chairman Kim drinks the glass dry, Kublai Khan refills it for him.

KIM

Is this where we should agree to something? Or does that come later?

Reaching into Marko Polos hand bag, Mr Trump takes out an iPad and powers it up.

TRUMP

(showing Kim)

I brought a video. I thought we could watch it together, that's what best friends do.

KIM

I watched the Apprentice, I didn't like it.

TRUMP

You'll love this, I promise. I got all my friends to make it especially for you.

KIM

I don't know...

TRUMP

Oh come on.

KIM

(Leaning back into his chair)

Very well.

TRUMP

(Hesitates to find which icon to push)

KIM

(leaning over to help)

It's the one with the red star.

The iPad lights up with images of smiling laughing people, waving flags and clapping crowds, sunsets and clouds. Kublai Kahn looks confused, Marko Polo explains.

POLO

The sun is setting, the clouds are rolling, it's up to the two great leaders to build rail networks between them both.

KHAN

(confused)

I don't understand. This is what you brought?

POLO

Not just this, but yes. History is a retelling of events, a fiction to make sense of where we are now.

KHAN

So this is a story.

POLO

Yes.

Marko Polo looks over to see that her leader is still emerged in the iPad, he is smiling and nodding.

KHAN

My kingdom is my greatest joy, but it is also my prison. Marko Polo, you say you have travelled around the earth in all its orientations, now tell me, what are the great cities of the world that I might discover should time allow.

POLO

But time will not allow it, the cities of the world are too vast, too numerous, to see a fraction. I prefer to show you of 8 great structures.

KHAN

If they are great, I will recognise them in an instant, since my own great kingdom has everything its people could desire.

POLO

I only know the many places I have been to and seen with my own two eyes...

KHAN

(leaning in conspiratorially)
Go on...

Chairman Kim and President Trump remain unaware of the conversation going on between their translators. The stirring music from the iPad muting their voices.

3 - INT. DAY - THE ABYSS - FICTION AS RESIDUE

POLO

The first is a place known to all, but seldom visited. It is known as the Abyss.

KHAN

I'm not sure I understand.

POLO

The Abyss can only be where we have already come from. No compass will find it yet it remains quite close to here.

It marks the defeated turn from one great ideology in betrayal of another. It consumes the hearts of those who lived in absence. The more hearts there are, the bigger the Abyss becomes. Many believe that monsters too terrible to describe live at the bottom of this Abyss. But beware any human who claims to have seen these monsters. They are the last thing anyone could see. To stand at the edge of the Abyss is to confront your own worst fears, to look into the Abyss is to inhabit all that distorts into one horrific human creature. The Abyss is as deep as the earth itself. No light can escape this place and all sound is an augmented roar.

KHAN

But why would anyone search for such a place?

POLO

The Abyss carries a residue that you cannot shake off. It is a reminder of what could have been and what lies ahead if good sense is forgotten. It is the monstrous consequence of forgetting. Fiction knows no better ally in fear than the residue from the abyss.

KHAN

You think I am afraid?

4 - INT. DAY - THE LADDER - FICTION AS PARODY

President Trump is leaning forward, holding the iPad in both hands. He is crowding the screen, waiting for the moment of his own appearance, then with a wave of recognition he cries out. Chairman Kim reserves reaction, choosing instead to tap his foot in time to the music.

Marko Polo seizes his moment to continue the dialogue with the ever curious Kublai Khan.

POLO

The second great structure is the ladder.

KHAN

(incredulously)

A ladder? In my kingdom we have many. What could we gain from a ladder that we have not mastered centuries ago?

POLO

(smiling knowingly)

The Ladder is crafty, as useful as it is difficult to climb.

The ladder needs two surfaces to function, the ground is the status quo, and a wall is an irregularity that will not comply, but without either the ladder will fall. This is the ultimate truth of all ladders. In parody the ladder is only ever as stable as these two surfaces, one uncertain assumption and the climber loses traction. Either the climber falls and must get back up, or else they take their ladder somewhere else. A climber on a wobbly ladder can stay too long, hanging on for dear life, but the public don't want to see this kind of desperation, it's cruel and unseemly. Better to fall in a bloody heap than flail around in uncertainty.

It is not a comfortable place to be, there's only up or down. Anything in between is simply a transit point.

The nimble climber is almost always supported from underneath by the status quo, fed by many handed presumptions.

KHAN

(smiling now for the first time)

I like comedy. But it needs to be censored for those who do not understand the complexities of politics. A ladder held in the hands of the ruler needs no wall to lean against.

POLO

I don't know about your land, I tell you these fictions because I know of them, but of your own, I have no idea.

Just at this moment, Supreme Leader Kim Jung-Un lets out a snigger. Something he recognised in the crowded scene of admiring citizens, or perhaps the impressive gallop of horses on a sun drenched beach. The two translators, fumble with their note pads a moment, hoping not to be caught out.

5 - INT. DAY - THE INFLATABLE HAND - FICTION AS RESISTANCE

Chairman Kim clears his throat to regain composure. His translator, Kublai Khan is agitated, not sure how much to trust this traveling maverick, though interested to use the opportunity to learn more of the ways in which the world outside his domain is constructed.

KHAN

(grips his pencil and whispers)

These structure of fiction you speak of are wild and undisciplined. They should be controlled with a firm hand. No wonder you have crime in the streets and violence in the schools, when authority has no place.

POLO

Resistance knows fiction better than any. If you listen a while, I will tell you how.

KHAN

Resistance against the state is futile.

POLO

In your great land, perhaps. But in the cities of the world, I can tell you, resistance is an unstoppable mist and fiction is its cool air.

KHAN

(rocking back on his chair, suspicious)

I'm beginning to have my doubts about you.

POLO

Resistance appears in the strangest of places, inflated by the breath of the people. Defiant and awkward, the hand is firstly a tool. Extended sideways it may be a greeting, but inflated and defiant it is a provocation to stop.

A hand or a glove, inflated and standing to attention, needs the breath of many to fill it. If the breath goes weak, the hand falls and can easily be overcome.

But the inflatable hand is not always so big that governments and institutions can see it coming. It can also be a small and personal, *en masse* many hands are an unruly crowd.

The greatest affront to power is not a gigantic hand in defiance, but many smaller hands inflated by the breath of a common language. The breath

must be extinguished one by one in order to
reduce a field of fluttering hands to a calm
carpet -

KHAN

(stopping him from continuing)

I don't need your advice on matters of war. These
fictions are becoming boring. Stories are for
beauty and nature, and the endless summers of
childhood.

6 - INT. DAY - AN INFINITE BUNDLE OF STICKS - FICTION AS
POSSIBLE WORLDS

President Trump is resting back on his chair now, one foot
on his knee, his hands behind his head in self-
satisfaction. The video emblazons the title page now,
'Destiny Pictures presents', Mr Trump mouths the words as
they are spoken through the iPad. Mr Kim touches his middle
finger to his glasses, unsure whether to admit amusement or
maintain a cool distain. Mr Trump's translator, Marko Polo
senses the discomfort and leans in to Mr Kim's translator
with a quiet word.

POLO

(optimistically)

There is another fiction of endless possibility,
known to many as the Infinite Bundle of Sticks.

KHAN

All resources are finite. There's no point in
pushing your flat-earth climate-change-denial
onto me.

POLO

It's a matter of context, I think you'll find.

KHAN

(Raises an eyebrow)

... Not really...

POLO

The Infinite Bundle of Sticks can be found
anywhere, but recognising it isn't always easy.
To come across a single stick is good fortune. A
small bundle of sticks may have many uses. A
larger bundle may become a burden without some

foresight, but an infinite bundle of sticks may be all of these things, or none at all. What can you do with something that has no beginning and no end?

An opportunist will sell them off a few at time, a fool will take one for safe keeping and forget the rest. A poet however, will leave them in a bundle and climb inside. There he will find the infinite doorways to worlds never imagined. Infinite bundles of sticks are a doorway to possible worlds. They can be found anywhere if those searching are looking for it, in a forest, a desert, a drowned city, a prison cell, in the sleeve of a shirt.

KHAN

Ah now we are getting somewhere, I see what you are doing. These fictions are poems, not cities, they cannot exist in the real world since they defy the rules of logic.

POLO

But I assure you they do, my friend. I have seen this bundle of sticks myself, I have laid in its branches and made use of the eternal routes.

KHAN

(putting the end of the pencil in his mouth)
If you dream it, that's not quite the same thing.

POLO

It is reality. What began as fiction had others join in, soon it was as real as this place. No mistaking it.

KHAN

If I made this up myself at least I'd have the satisfaction of knowing it was a lie.

POLO

(shaking his head)
And what would you do there, alone in your castle of lies? It would be a prison, never a palace.

7 - INT. DAY - EVERY CANDLE - FICTION AS EMPATHY

Supreme leader Kim Jung-Un reaches into his pocket for a cigarette. Before he has a chance, Kublai Khan has reached

across and offered him a light. The leader sucks in a drag without moving his eye from the screen. Mr Trump is perplexed, they were getting to his favourite part of the film, the part where the music moves into a darker, more dramatic tone, pictures of missiles firing out into the night air, sad faces, prisoners of war. He winced a little, watching the cigarette smoke of Mr Kim twist around his new iPod and rise into the air.

KHAN

(putting the lighter back into his pocket)
Besides, when would you have time to see all these places? Seems to me you don't get out that much.

POLO

Whether I get out or not makes no difference. They were all built on mental fiction, just like we four here on the island of Santosa.

KHAN

Perhaps I am not really here then either. Perhaps I am really still in the aeroplane taxiing the runway.

POLO

Is the lighter in your pocket warm against your skin?

KHAN

Naturally.

POLO

Then it is a reality. Just as every candle that ever existed confirms reality for someone. It is confirmation that someone exists outside yourself. It is the fiction of empathy that illuminates your own existence. On every birthday cake, every window sill, in every hand raised to the doorway, at every graveside. Every candle is a reminder that you are not alone. The flame of the candle burns for someone, or else it cannot burn at all. It is another human being wanting to be seen.

Every time a candle is lit we know it must die out, and so we feel a stab of pain for every human who will live only to die. Empathy takes shelter in such futility, we look for the flame in every window we pass.

KHAN
(twisting the lighter in his pocket)
Unless they burn for those that live in our
imagination.

POLO
You think so? Check your pocket again, I'd say it
burns you just the same.

8 - INT. DAY - THE GLASS MONUMENT - FICTION AS MYTHOLOGY

The video on Mr Trump's iPad is becoming tiresome. Mr Kim is polite enough to endure it, but it strikes him that this might be a diversion, since the real media are outside waiting for their re-entrance. This movie is already the past, it's significance already under the shadow of the future about to reveal itself. Mr Kim imagines a video of the moment he and Mr Trump will step out of this meeting to the delight of the people. The future, past, will have this moment of stepping out that has not yet taken place.

POLO
We are almost there my friend.

KHAN
Yes. We are.

POLO
The present will fade into myth. A glorious myth that will forget our names and scratch around the waste paper bin for extra clues, a cigarette butt, a thread of cotton.

KHAN
And new names will emerge from the assembled bits and pieces?

POLO
Exactly.

KHAN
Perhaps we were never here at all then.

POLO
Or perhaps, those people only exist because we are thinking them here and now.

KHAN
I can't say I think of them at all.

POLO

Then they will never exist.

There is a monument made from glass, a towering fiction as mythology. Sandwiched between stone columns poured concrete, the glass monument is pitch black from the dirt of smoke and the petrol fumes. Up close you can see the initials of tourists and lovers scratched into the dirt. On winter mornings the shade from the monument casts an icy shadow on the streets below causing accidents, and making it unpopular with its citizens. Every now and then there is a well-meaning attempt to clean it up, but the grime of daily life always catches up. At the base of the monument is a miserable bunch of broken objects, accumulating over time, the hands of a ceramic goddess, the cap of a camera lens, the missing page from a novel. Lost objects and forgotten histories end up here scratching at the base of the monument, adding to the disarray.

9 - INT. DAY - THE LABYRINTH - FICTION AS TRANSPOSITION

The 45th President of the United States has noticed that his new friend is losing enthusiasm, but he knows there is a great finale, a moment that will bind them together for eternity, the One World moment, a one-time-only guarantee against further persecution. He imagines taking this new friend back to his house, how impressed Mr Kim would be, by his beautiful family, by his flat screen television and his gold-leaf plated living room, far more impressive than this hotel. And for a moment, he imagined his entire life's wealth here in this meeting room. He wished he had put a second video onto his iPod with a few of his favourite things, so that the comparison was clear.

KHAN

I am already beginning to miss you.

POLO

We could keep in touch via Facebook. I enjoy a good game of chess you know.

KHAN

Yes. Me too. I will be in my kingdom and you will be in yours, but the chess set will remain here on this table. On the island of Santosa.

POLO

Which kingdom did you think I was speaking about?
All of these fictions are located on Santosa.

KHAN

Santosa?

POLO

Every time I describe these fictions I am
thinking of Santosa. Having not been here before
I just didn't realise it.

KHAN

I will build Santosa in my own kingdom, and you
can visit me there. I can send you directions.

POLO

Don't bother, I'm sure I'll get lost. The fiction
of transposition is a Labyrinth.
Those that enter the Labyrinth do so with the
purpose of getting lost, so any directions are
useless. The present location in a Labyrinth is
impossible to mark, since being lost presumes
only that you will eventually arrive somewhere.
You begin to feel you've been here before, but
since there is no way of knowing this place from
the last, you may be reliving the past as the
future. Once you surrender to being lost, any
sense of purpose disintegrates and you begin to
live this place as you remember somewhere else.
You transpose every thought, every experience
from your past life onto this one. That's why
visitors to Labyrinthine cities often recognise
people and places from their home. This is the
purpose of the Labyrinth. Inside every hidden
corner is the potential of someone you already
met.

Kublai Khan turns towards Chairman Kim slightly in an act
of solidarity. The video has almost finished and the soon
all possibilities of questions will be lost

10 - INT. DAY - THE SQUARE - FICTION AS VALUE CREATION

The last frames of Mr Trump's video shows Mr Kim and Mr
Trump, each waving from the framed video billboards either
side of a busy New York City street, fast jet boats,

children in incubators, seaside resorts and final statement, 'The future remains to be written'. Mr Kim pauses a moment, not quite sure how to respond. He considers the 'American future', this outpouring of friendship and side-show fun was not something he had considered reasonably. He shut his eyes a moment and the face of his father flashed through his mind.

Mr Kim's translator, the esteemed Kublai Khan, rested his pencil to the pad, the logo of Santosa Island at the top. Not wishing to interrupt the Chairman, he simply draws a square on the empty page.

KHAN

(thought but not spoken)

If this square is the world as you see it, where can we find these rich fictions you speak of? Where are the ideologies of equality and the freedoms to express respect for human and non-human kind?

POLO

(thought but not spoken)

Well, I can't say. Parts of each fiction are throughout this world. But there is no more a destination than there is a world on which to pin it.

KHAN

(thought but not spoken)

Then there might as well be none, if there is no possibility to live it... You said there 8 places, you have only shown me 7.

POLO

(thought but not spoken)

Yes. The final one is the square. Simply and dramatically equal on four sides, an open invitation to the recipient. The square has an outside and an inside, one side that gives value, and one side that takes value. Fiction as a square is the creation of value. It is a frame for all potential exchanges, a place that remains concrete no matter what truth is told. The square can always be divided into more squares, evenly distributed and revalued. Exponential growth, like bacteria in a petri dish, ad infinitum. So long as some squares remain, value cannot be erased. Fiction as a square will always maintain

a position, regardless how truthful it is, since
value is its own truth.
Such is the magic power of the square.

KHAN
(thought but not spoken)
There is no escaping it then?

POLO
(thought but not spoken)
No escaping it.

11 - INT. DAY - THE SIGNING

A large desk flanked with American and North Korean flags.
The two leaders sit side by side at a table. A leather
bound folder sits in front of both of them. They take their
pens, and sign the document. Nobody knows what is written
in the document, but that they have agreed it is
conclusive, they are writing history.

END