

INT. A PRIVATE FIRST CLASS PLANE CUBICLE.

We are on a plane but we don't know that yet. We pan over the sleeping figure of ASIA VERA WANG VELASQUEZ in light green satin pyjamas. On the table we see a perfume bottle, hairbrush, half-closed Macbook Air, and worn copy of The Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield. ASIA turns in her sleep. We see her dream unfold and it looks like a like the Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend film sequence - except she's wearing a gold satin gown against a plain red background.

ASIA (V.O.):

I've been having this recurring dream all summer. I'm walking up to a podium about to graduate high school when I realise that I'm not graduating at all but about to be sworn in as President! Or Prime Minister. I'm not sure which country I'm gonna end up in yet so it's like having a dream with faceless people...Anyway I'm freaking out because I'm only, like, 17 and I don't know how to rule a country but it's not like I was gonna say no to becoming President slash Prime Minister! So I'm about to give my acceptance speech but it turns out it's been a Miss Universe pageant all along and I've never heard of the country my sash says I'm from and now all these impoverished Filipino street kids are staring at me expecting me to say something. So now I'm tearing off parts of my Dior dress to give them which I knew was so stupid but I kept doing it anyway and the people behind me were cheering and--

THREE KNOCKS on the cabin door. We now see a full shot of Asia lying down inside a cabin. ANOTHER THREE KNOCKS. *Music: Wonder Woman by LION BABE begins to creep in.* Asia doesn't even lift up her eye mask as she sits up. She lazily reaches across the bed to press "Open" and collapses back on the bed. FLIGHT ATTENDANT enters with food on a silver breakfast tray.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:

Good morning, Miss Velasquez.
Breakfast one hour earlier as you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: (cont'd)
requested. We hope you had a good
rest.

ASIA smiles and lifts up her eye mask as FLIGHT ATTENDANT
sets the tray on her bed.

ASIA:
I did, thank you.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:
Decaf cappuccino, blueberry and
ricotta hotcake with seasonal
fruits, seeds and cream just like
Top Paddock, and a virgin mimosa.

ASIA (V.O.):
Virgin against my will.

Music fades out.

ASIA:
Thank you! I feel so homesick
already, I just couldn't wait until
tomorrow to have breakfast at Top
Paddock so Mom bought the recipe
from them.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:
I've been there once and loved it!
They said they wouldn't give me the
recipe for a million dollars!

ASIA:
25,000 actually.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:
What?

ASIA:
What?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:
Well, I hope you've enjoyed your
flight with us and we wish you a
happy homecoming, Miss Velasquez.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT exits. ASIA spoons down a mouthful of
hotcake and downs some virgin mimosa.

ASIA:
I'm coming for ya, Kook Green.

Music kicks back in at the chorus of Wonder Woman by LION BABE. We see the Kookaburra Green College uniform hanging like an Iron Man suit on display. On the floor are black patent Mary Janes and neatly folded lace socks ready for action.

FADE TO BLACK. OPENING CREDITS.

END OF OPENING CREDITS. FADE TO -

EXT. 6:45 AM. A PICK UP TERMINAL AT MELBOURNE AIRPORT.

ASIA is greeted by a uniformed limousine driver who approaches the fleet of brightly coloured Kate Spade luggage beside her. ASIA breathes in the city and smiles as she enters the car.

ASIA (V.O.):

My name is Asia Vera Wang Velasquez. I was shipped off to Melbourne when I was 10 and I've been boarding at Kookaburra Green College ever since. Over the summer I realised that I wanted something bigger than being elected Class Captain 6 years in a row...I want to do something real, BE someone real - and not be out of touch with the world despite the privileges my upbringing has brought me.

DRIVER:

Welcome home, Miss Asia.

ASIA:

It's good to be back! I'm a new and improved Asia. Did you know I bought two new wardrobes full of ONLY ethical fashion? It's so nice to be woke about the means of production.

SPLIT SCREEN. AS EACH GROUP MEMBER TYPES TO RESPOND, WE SEE THEM AND HEAR THEIR VOICEOVERS READING THE MESSAGES AS THEY POP UP IN CHAT BUBBLES. KAREENA IS EXT. SEASIDE. ASIA IS INT. LIMO WITH BLACK INTERIORS. LILY IS INT. LIMO WITH WHITE INTERIORS.

ASIA (V.O.) TO THE GROUP CHAT:

Happy first day, loves! So I've been thinking about the distribution of wealth in this capitalist society...

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER:
Want to take the scenic route?

ASIA:
Always!

KAREENA (V.O.) TO THE GROUP CHAT:
WTF why?? But like fair tho. Also,
I won't be back til tomorrow, I'm
still in Guam sozzzzzz

ASIA (V.O.) TO THE GROUP CHAT::
Kareena!! We're in Year 11 now,
time is precious at this point in
our education.

LILY (V.O.) TO THE GROUP CHAT:
Personally, I'm pretty glad this
capitalist society distributed a
lotta wealth my way.

KAREENA (V.O.) TO THE GROUP CHAT::
My parents give a lot of money to
charity...

LILY (V.O.) TO THE GROUP CHAT:
My sweet darling Asia. Do you want
to know why Asians can't drive?

ASIA (V.O.) TO THE GROUP CHAT:
Ugh. Why?

LILY (V.O.) TO THE GROUP CHAT:
It's because we have drivers.
Bitch. /fire emoji/ /sushi emoji/
/fist pump emoji/

CUT TO BLACK. THE SOUND OF A CAR DOOR OPENING LIKE A SASSY
FULL STOP AT THE END OF A SENTENCE.

CUT TO -

EXT. 7:45 AM. ON THE QUADRANGLE IN FRONT OF THE KOOKABURRA
GREEN COLLEGE.

Music: Confident by Demi Lovato. We see several black
limousines pull up in a line at the KGC entrance. Like a
chorus line canon, uniformed drivers open their car doors to
young Asian schoolgirls stepping out in identical patent
Mary Janes.

(CONTINUED)

Timed alongside the rhythmic bass of the song, we see a colourful montage of designer luggage hitting the pavement. They're here. ASIA, LILY, UNNAMED ASIAN GIRL 1, and UNNAMED ASIAN GIRL 2 strut to the entrance in fabulous slow motion, uniforms fluttering in the wind.

We see JIAO getting off at the tram stop in front of the school. She is wearing uniform pants, green jumper pushed up to her elbows, barely covering her Sylvia Plath tattoo, with backpack slung over one shoulder. Complete with undercut, she looks like an Asian James Dean who can make even a private school uniform look cool as hell.

ASIA notices JIAO and stares. Her posse follow her gaze.

LILY:

Oh damn, who's the new girl?

UNNAMED ASIAN GIRL 1:

I think I've seen her at an event before.

ASIA:

That's not a girl. That's an Asian Ruby Rose incarnate.

LILY:

Oh my god, keep it in your pants.

UNNAMED ASIAN GIRL 2:

Hm, I swear it was her dad who signed a deal with Samsung last week.

ASIA and JIAO lock eyes for a moment. ASIA smiles at her but JIAO looks away.

ASIA:

Fuck. Sign a deal with me.

LILY:

This is gonna be a great year.

CUT TO - INT. MORNING. CLASSROOM.

Students are chatting and scattered around the room. They are all Asian except for one blonde girl in the corner. ASIA is taking a Boomerang of herself kissing her new pencilcase. JIAO is watching her bemused and a little judgemental. MISS WONG enters and the students sit down.

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MISS WONG:

Good morning everyone, happy first day back!

EVERYONE:

Happy first day back/good morning/nice to see you etc.

MISS WONG:

Hope you all did your assigned readings over the holidays.

EVERYONE:

Yesssss.

UNNAMED ASIAN GIRL 3:

Miss, the wifi wouldn't work in Belize.

The class laughs. ASIA leans over to UNNAMED ASIAN GIRL 4.

ASIA:

What kind of dumbo wouldn't do the assigned readings?

UNNAMED ASIAN GIRL 4:

I know right!

MISS WONG:

Asia - do you have any thoughts you'd care to share with us?

ASIA:

Always! I was assigned Katherine Mansfield's collection of short stories. I was, like, really compelled at how she balanced sadness and this sense of desperate optimism. I sent you a creative response to it this morning, actually. I was really bored on my flight.

MISS WONG:

Wonderful, I look forward to it. Anyone else?

JIAO:

Yeah, um...

MISS WONG:

Oh, I almost forgot! Everyone, this is our new student, Jiao Tong.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MISS WONG: (cont'd)
She's a budding playwright and we
are very lucky to have her at KGC.

Students clap politely.

JIAO:
I prefer *emerging* playwright over
budding playwright,
actually...anyway, I was assigned
Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*. I've
read it before and I think it's
great but I'm definitely interested
in writing a contemporary
deconstruction that took race and
class into account.

ASIA stares at JIAO for a moment before whipping out her
phone and taking a Snapchat selfie. On her screen she types
over her the photo: *The new kid is /heart eye emoji/ /fire
emoji/ /bookemoji/*

END OF EXCERPT.