

BOHO TEA CO.

cold open/first 2 pages

Written by

Anjun Jia

INT. BOHO TEA CO. - STAFF WASHROOM - DAY

ARISTOTLE ZHANG (25) screams into his knees on the floor.

A key turns. Enter KARLA "MARX" ZHANG (25) who splashes a cup of water on him. He stops. She throws him a towel.

KARLA

Serve. The Customer. Now.

ARISTOTLE

no... no... no... they're going to
eat me alive... they're going to
violate me... i'm not ready...

KARLA

Oh please. Be brave.

ARISTOTLE

i don't wanna.

KARLA

Day one and you haven't even
tried. Where is your EGO? Where is
your DRIVE? Get Out There.

He reluctantly dries himself and manages a shaky nod.

INT. BOHO TEA CO. - FRONT - DAY

Aristotle forcibly grins at an unassuming KAREN (40s).

ARISTOTLE

Thanks for waiting. Ready?

KAREN

Special number three.

Aristotle rings it up. As she taps to pay -
The noise of a man wailing and arpeggios of synth BLAST
without warning. Karen flinches but remains calm.

Aristotle tweezers tapioca pearls one by one into a cup,
in an attempt to unsettle. Karen pays this no mind.

Aristotle shovels random ingredients into a blender in an
aggressive frenzy. Karen watches with gentle curiosity.

ARISTOTLE

Are You Aware?

KAREN

I don't understand the question-

WHIRRRRRR goes the blender into a suspicious concoction. He glares at her as he pours and lids. He hands it over.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Thanks.
You have a magnetic energy.

ARISTOTLE

(terrified)
What a kind thing to say to me.

Karen tries the boba and spits it out in shock.

KAREN

FATHERIREBUKESATANSPOWЕРЕVILBEGONE

She CRUSHES the cup against the counter and the drink sprays across the floor and walls. She prepares to shout.

ARISTOTLE

KAREN

I- MANAGERRR!!!

Karla emerges from the break room and takes it all in.

KARLA

What's the problem?

Karen points a bitter finger at Aristotle.

KAREN

He... attempted... to Kill me.

ARISTOTLE

That was not my intention.

KARLA

Thank you for bringing this to my attention. I'm sorry to hear you had a frustrating experience, I will use this feedback to ensure that this doesn't happen again.

Karen slinks out the door without looking back.

Aristotle, satisfied, turns to Karla, unamused.

ARISTOTLE

Am I fired?

KARLA

No.

END OF COLD OPEN.