

BOHO TEA CO.

cold open

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. She taps to pay. Aristotle pounds  
one fist on the counter. Karen flinches but remains calm.

Aristotle scoops tapioca pearls one by one into a cup, in  
an attempt to unsettle. Karen trusts his process.

Aristotle squeezes a whole LEMON into the cup. Karen  
watches with curiosity. Aristotle makes eye contact.

ARISTOTLE

Are You Aware?

KAREN

I don't understand the question-

MUSIC: A STRANGE SONG PLAYS LOUD WITH NO WARNING.

He glares at her as he pours, lids, and hands it over.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Thanks kid. You have a magnetic energy about you, I think you'll go far in life.

ARISTOTLE

What a kind thing to say to me.

Karen tries the boba and spits it out in shock.

KAREN

MY GUSTATORY CELLS!

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

ARISTOTLE

KAREN

Do you want to speak to the MANAGERRRR!!!

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.**