

LG Bakery & Tea

Pilot

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FADE IN

INT. CUPPA CAFE - EARLY MORNING

The main seating area is empty. Chairs remain stacked on tables. A sign reading "CLOSED" hangs on the front door.

A cork board covered in posters and bulletins hangs on the wall by the back door. A neon pink poster hangs precariously by one thumbtack.

INSERT ON PINK BULLETIN - the page heading reads, "HELP WANTED!"

The text then reads, "Introducing the LG BAKERY & TEA! A new gay-friendly cafe opening (hopefully) within the next few months. Work is available for various positions including (but not limited to) cashier, baker, coffee connoisseur, janitor, and other various positions. Great for customer service experience to boost your resume and a chill working environment. Call or email for more info. and wage negotiation. Hope to hear from you soon!"

The text is surrounded by clipart of pastries and teacups. At the bottom, an envelop holds small paper slips, each containing a phone number and email address.

BACK TO ACTION

A hand reaches up to flatten the page against the board. The hand belongs to ELIJAH, a trans twenty-something year old man. Small of build, he wears a work apron over a button-up shirt and slacks.

MARISHA enters from the back room, tying an apron over her baggy black t-shirt and jeans. She is a stout, twenty-something latina woman.

Despondent, she walks behind the counter and sets up the coffee makers.

ELIJAH
(calling behind him)
Hey, Mar, did you see this?

(CONTINUED)

MARISHA
(absentmindedly)
What?

ELIJAH
Someone posted a job flyer for
another cafe.

MARISHA
Another one? There's already like
three in the area.

ELIJAH
I love how they posted this in a
rival cafe.

Marisha grabs a large cup and starts making herself some
coffee.

Elijah reads the page.

ELIJAH
Ooh, a *queer* cafe. Don't have one
of those yet.

Elijah pauses, but Marisha doesn't respond.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
Should I take it down? It's gonna
piss off Astrid.

Marisha shrugs.

Elijah goes to work taking down chairs and setting up the
tables.

He walks over to the counter, where Marisha is pouring
coffee into the large cup. She turns to him, nodding at her
coffee.

MARISHA (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Don't tell anyone.

He shakes his head and smirks: he won't.

Marisha takes a sip and grimaces. She walks back to the
fridge and bends down to pull out some cream.

Elijah leans forward on the countertop.

ELIJAH
(hushed)
Heard back from anyone?

Marisha sighs. Cream carton in hand, she lets the fridge door fall shut with a CLATTER. She walks back to Elijah and her cup of coffee.

ELIJAH
Don't worry. Someone will reply eventually.

Marisha opens the carton and pours cream into her cup.

MARISHA
Doesn't matter. Want some coffee?

ELIJAH
Yeah, sure.

Marisha puts the carton down, grabs a cup, and fills it with coffee from the store coffee maker.

MARISHA
It's all retail hell, anyway.

ELIJAH
Yeah, but at least you wouldn't be here.

Marisha walks to the counter and hands Elijah his coffee.

MARISHA
Yeah, but you're here, so at least it's, like, less hell.

Elijah takes the cup, takes a sip, and sputters.

ELIJAH
Wow, that's bitter.

Marisha chuckles.

MARISHA

Wakes you up, though, huh?

INT. JESSIE, TITO, AND SORAYA'S APARTMENT - MIDMORNING

The apartment is small and sparse with little to adorn it. It has two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a joint kitchen and living room area, separated only by a counter. In the living room, a TV blares the news, which currently showcases a press conference speech by Donald Trump. A coffee table stands between it and the couch, which is flanked by a beanbag chair and an old worn armchair.

SORAYA, a twenty-something south asian woman, stands at the counter, still in pajamas, mixing sugar into a mug filled with chai. She takes a sip and shuffles with her cup to the couch in the living room area.

She plops down next to TITO, her twenty-something latino housemate. Their other housemate JESSIE, a non-binary gender twenty-something, sits in an armchair next to the couch. Both Jessie and Tito are fully dressed--Jessie in a button-up and jeans, Tito in sweatpants and a t-shirt. Jessie works on their laptop.

Soraya looks at the TV and grimaces.

SORAYA

(groggy)

Ew, why are we watching this
bullshit?

TITO

It's like ten thirty. How are you
just waking up?

SORAYA

Turn it off.

Soraya takes the remote and turns off the TV.

TITO

We need to keep informed about
what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

SORAYA

Yeah, but not before my morning
chai.

Jessie's eyes remain glued to their laptop screen as they
talk.

JESSIE

Did you post the flyers?

Soraya leans back onto the couch.

SORAYA

Yup. I only had enough for a few
blocks, though. Can you print more?

JESSIE

Figured. Already ordered them.

SORAYA

I need them printed on neon pink
paper.

TITO

Why?

SORAYA

'Cause it's a gay-as-hell color and
attracts people's attention.

JESSIE

(pointing at Soraya)
Good point.

Tito sighs and rubs his eyes, mumbling.

TITO

It's too early for this.

SORAYA

It's ten thirty, dude.

She takes a sip of tea.

Tito stands up and walks toward the kitchen.

TITO (O.S.)
(calling out)
Jess, want coffee?

Jessie doesn't take their eyes off their computer.

JESSIE
Half a cup for me, Tito. Thanks.

Soraya scooches closer to Jessie.

SORAYA
Whatchya doin'?

JESSIE
Emailing Jamie information about
the space we're renting. She's
going to double check the
building's records.

SORAYA
So we definitely decided to go with
that last one, then?

JESSIE
It's the only one we can afford
where the plumbing still works, so
yeah.

Tito pokes his head into the living room.

TITO
We're out of milk.

JESSIE
I can stop by and get some on my
way back from babysitting.

Soraya smirks.

SORAYA
Maybe you could ask Chris
downstairs for some.

TITO
I'm not gonna walk down five
flights of stairs just to ask
someone I barely know for some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TITO (cont'd)
coffee milk.

JESSIE
Yes, you would.

TITO
Shut up.

Tito walks back into the kitchen.

Jessie and Soraya exchange looks. Jessie winks, and Soraya giggles.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY: OUTSIDE CHRIS'S APARTMENT -
LATER

The apartment door is next to the staircase on the first floor.

Tito walks up to the door and stops. He fixes his hair, takes a deep breathe, then knocks.

He waits for a second before changing his mind and rushing up the stairs. Before he can disappear, the door opens and CHRIS, a sweet and handsome twenty-something man wearing a tight-fitting t-shirt and jeans pops his head out.

Tito turns to look at him and acts nonchalant.

TITO
Oh, hey.

CHRIS
Hi. How's it going?

Tito leans against the railing on the staircase and sighs.

TITO
Oh, pretty good.

CHRIS
Been busy?

Tito jerks his head in a sad attempt to flip his hair.

TITO
Yes, yes, very busy. Lots to do....I gotta go.

Tito starts back up the stairs.

CHRIS
Did you need something?

TITO
No, no, I'm fine.

CHRIS
Oh okay. Take care of yourself.

Chris smiles and closes the door.

Tito dramatically hangs off the railing, quietly firing off a list of curses in Spanish.

INT. JESSIE, TITO, AND SORAYA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tito drags his feet into the apartment. He closes the door and slumps against it. Sitting on the couch with the laptop, Soraya and Jessie turn to look at him.

SORAYA
How'd it go?

Tito looks back at them in slumped silence.

JESSIE
Looks like our coffee's gonna be dark.

Tito walks into the kitchen and retrieves the two mugs filled with coffee. He brings them to the living room.

Jessie pats the seat on the couch next to them. The lap sits on a coffee table in front of them.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Here!

Tito hands Jessie their coffee and sits down on the couch with Jessie and Soraya.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Jamie says the building's good to go, so we just finalized the rent.

SORAYA
(sing-song)
I'm so excited, guys. This is
happening!

Tito puts his face in his free hand.

Jessie raises their mug and looks to their roommates.

JESSIE
To the LG Bakery and Tea?

Tito, face still in his hand, lifts his mug with Jessie's.
Soraya gleefully joins them.

SORAYA
To the LG Bakery and Tea!

The mugs all CLANG together.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - AFTERNOON

The buildings are slightly worn down. Mild afternoon foot traffic fills the sidewalk. On the side of one building, seemingly out of place, hangs a neon pink flyer, tacked on by two strips of tape.

A woman walks up to the flyer. VIVIENNE, a twenty-something trans woman dressed in a faded blouse and worn jeans, reads the text printed on the page.

INSERT ON PINK FLYER - a phone number and email address written in pen at the bottom of the page

BACK TO ACTION

Vivienne leans in closer, focusing on the contact information.

CUT TO BLACK