

SPLIT LUNCH

"Pilot" - The Split

written by

Aiden Mars

TEASER

1

EXT. WESTFORD HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCH COURTYARD - DAY

1

The clang of trays. Shouts over cheap plastic chairs. Music leaking from three Bluetooth speakers. Controlled chaos.

CLOSE ON — A TRAY HITS A TABLE.

CLOSE ON — A SHOE SQUEAKS OVER STICKY LINOLEUM.

CLOSE ON — FINGERS TAP ON A PHONE SCREEN, SCROLLING PAST DANCE CLIPS.

This is LUNCH A.

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

MIA REYES (17, Latina, fire-eyed, and wearing a hand-painted denim jacket that says "ECO NOT EGO") hauls herself onto a plastic chair.

MIA

Plastic straws are killing sea turtles!

Students don't even blink at first. But her voice carries. Strong. Righteous. A few heads turn.

MIA (CONT'D)

Every sip is a death sentence. Want that
on your conscience? Sign the petition.
Bring your own straws.

She waves a clipboard in one hand, a metal straw in the other.

A few members of the ECO CLUB nod and cheer.

TY (17, Black, semi-famous on TikTok, dripped out in Air Maxes) films from the next table.

TY

Straw Queen's back, y'all.

MIA

Call me that again and I'll smelt this
straw into a shiv.

Laughter erupts. MIA's fierce, but funny. She knows how to ride a crowd.

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

AVA CHOUDHURY (17, Indian, stiff shoulders, wound tight)
zooms her school-issued DSLR on Mia.

AVA
(to herself)
Keep talking, Mia. Maybe you'll get a
full spread this time.

JORDAN TANAKA (17, Japanese-American, deadpan, observant)
eats silently next to her. Wears a faded crewneck that says
"AV CLUB 4EVER".

AVA (CONT'D)
How does she even do that?

JORDAN
Stand on chairs or start revolutions?

AVA
Both.

She pans her lens across the chaos.

Ty flipping his phone to selfie mode, lipsyncing Mia's chant.

NORA LINDT (17, queer, punk, eyeliner like war paint) sitting
on the cafeteria table itself.

NORA
(loudly)
Wow, activism AND lunch? Westford
peaking early today.

MIA
Join in, Nora. Or choke quietly on your
Pepsi.

NORA
Already did. Rebirth pending.

Laughter again. Mia beams. For a moment, she's the
gravitational center of the whole room.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - ADMIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A VICE PRINCIPAL stares at the CCTV feed.

VICE PRINCIPAL
We'll need more adult presence in the
cafeteria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUNSELOR (O.S.)
Why? Someone choke?

VICE PRINCIPAL
No. They're... organized.

INT. CAFETERIA - BACK TO ACTION

The petition gets passed to ELI BERMAN (17, White, anxious, alpha-geek) who's nose-deep in a printed layout for the school newspaper.

MIA (O.S.)
You better sign it, Eli.

ELI
Only if I can run the headline: "Straw-
vengers Strike Again."

MIA
You're the worst. Print it.

She hands him a sharpie. He signs. Internally, she's glowing.

Mia walks back toward her table. She passes KAI NDIAYE (17, Senegalese-American, soccer golden boy, closeted) who half-laughs at her confidence. His friends jeer.

JOCK #1
Gonna ban forks next, Reyes?

MIA
Just the disposable ones. So... yours.

OHHH. A collective shout from tables.

KAI
(quietly)
Don't look so proud. That's your third
one-liner this week.

MIA
Fourth. And counting.

They lock eyes a little too long. Then both break away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - CAMERA POV (AVA'S FOOTAGE)

Mia on the chair. Ty dancing beside her. Nora mid-eye roll. Students passing around pens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVA (V.O.)
I mean, lunch used to be... lunch. Now
it's a movement.

She turns the camera toward Jordan.

AVA
Funny how lunch changes everything, huh?

JORDAN
You mean the straw?

AVA
No. Us.

SNAP. A still photo is taken.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE — SPLIT LUNCH

TEXT: "Episode One: The Split"

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

2

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH A - MOMENTS LATER

2

Buzzing energy lingers. The crowd disperses, leaving MIA to hop down, flushed with adrenaline.

MIA

That's what I'm talking about.

She fist bumps Ty.

TY

This one's going viral. I can feel it.

MIA

As long as the turtles get more likes than you.

TY

Too late. I hashtagged it #ThirstTrapForEarth. I layered it with lo-fi protest beats and a slow zoom on your war face. The algorithm's gonna eat it up. Gen Z cares now, apparently.

He shows her the video thumbnail: her, straw raised like a sword.

Mia groans, laughing.

MIA

I hate how good that is.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - ACROSS THE ROOM

Eli slaps down mock-ups of the latest issue of the student newspaper. Two other staffers — TREVOR and MELANIE — nod nervously.

ELI

Lead with Strawgate. Then student debt fear piece. Trevor, your article on AI cheating stays, but cut the dumb graph.

TREVOR

That graph took me six hours.

ELI

That's six hours you'll never get back. We're a paper, not a PowerPoint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE

You said infographics were the future.

ELI

Of propaganda, Melanie. Not journalism.

Nora swings by and plucks a copy, flipping it open like she's judging wine.

NORA

Didn't realize "local girl yells"
qualified as front-page news.

ELI

Didn't realize you could read.

NORA

I read nuance. You might try it
sometime.

ELI

Nuance doesn't fit in two columns and a
pull quote.

NORA

Neither does your ego, but here we are.

She saunters off. Eli watches her go, muttering as he flips
the page.

ELI

(to himself)

Straw-vengers. Fine. Helvetica Bold.

TREVOR

You're really gonna print that?

ELI

Look, if the planet's dying, we might as
well brand it properly.

MELANIE

You're one existential crisis away from
becoming the next podcast guy.

ELI

If I start wearing beanies and saying
"late-stage capitalism" ironically,
shoot me.

They all go quiet for a beat. Then Trevor types it as a pull
quote.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR
"Late-stage capitalism, ironically." Got it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - JOCK TABLE

Kai casually flicks a grape across the table. It arcs perfectly-right into a teammate's open mouth.

JOCK #2
Bro! That's like, varsity-level aim.

KAI
It's called coordination. Try it sometime.

JOCK #1
Coordination's for sports, not snacks.

They all laugh. JOCK #2 elbows JOCK #1, nodding toward Mia, who's still in activist mode across the room.

JOCK #2
Yo, did you see Reyes up on that chair? She's like... eco-Rambo.

JOCK #1
Yeah, except hotter. Like, way hotter.

KAI
She's persistent.

JOCK #2
Nah man, she's intense. I asked her to homecoming last year and she said, "I don't dance for patriarchy." Like... what does that even mean?

KAI
It means no, but with extra syllables.

JOCK #1
Still—she could lowkey get it. You'd hit that, right?

Kai doesn't respond. He watches Mia as she laughs with her friends. She's all fire and motion. A soft smile flickers at the corner of his mouth—almost involuntary.

KAI
Whatever. Drop it. Let her save the whales.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCK #2
Better save some for us.

JOCK #1
You saying you wouldn't? Come on, bro.

Kai's eyes linger on Mia a second longer than he should. Then he picks up another grape and flicks it harder than necessary.

KAI
I said drop it.

The grape hits a cup. Splat.

The others quiet down.

JOCK #2
Alright, alright. Chill.

JOCK #1
Damn. Sensitive subject, huh?

Kai pops a grape in his mouth, jaw tight.

INT. CAFETERIA - TY'S TABLE

Ty reviews the video clip again. He lounges back with a dramatic sigh, phone tilted to the perfect viewing angle.

TY
Golden hour, activism filter, I look hydrated. Perfect. This is what cinematic justice looks like.

He scrubs back to a freeze-frame: Mia mid-chant, Ty just behind her, fist half-raised like he's leading the charge.

TY (CONT'D)
You can *feel* the energy. I might actually care about the environment now.

JORDAN
That clip makes it look like you started the protest.

TY
I did—spiritually. I channeled the vibe. That's influence.

Jordan doesn't even blink. He nods toward Ava across the room, still filming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

She's gonna crucify you with context.

TY

I welcome the drama. Every hero needs a good edit arc. I'm building mine one filter at a time.

JORDAN

You're not a hero. You're a thumbnail.

TY

Exactly. Heroes get forgotten. Thumbnails get clicks.

JORDAN

Wow. That should go on your tombstone.

TY

Only if there's a QR code that links to my best-of compilation.

JORDAN

There won't be.

Ty grins, unbothered, adjusting his collar for the camera that's not even on him anymore.

INT. CAFETERIA - AVA'S POV THROUGH CAMERA

A crisp focus lock on Mia—smiling, head tilted back in mid-laugh. Her energy lights the frame.

But then the camera pans.

At a side table, half in shadow, NORA sketches. Alone. A messy knot of earbuds beside her lunch tray.

AVA (V.O.)

People look different when they think no one's watching.

Zoom.

Nora's sketch: an octopus made of tangled wires, one tentacle holding a cracked headphone.

AVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Weird... and kind of beautiful.

The lens holds on Nora—oblivious, focused, private. Not performative. Not curated.

A beat. Then Ava lowers the camera, thinking.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH B - HARD CUT

Quiet. Dimmer. Sparse.

No Mia.

GOTH KIDS lounge at a back table. Ava sits among them, sleeves rolled and eyeliner smudged. A stark shift.

GOTH KID #1

You used to film the pep rallies, right?

AVA

I used to believe pep was a real thing.

GOTH KID #2

Deep.

AVA

No. Just bitter.

INT. LIBRARY - LUNCH B

Mia sits alone. Sketching. Doodling a whale wrapped in cafeteria trays.

MIA (V.O.)

I used to be loud. I used to matter. Now
I just draw ghosts.

She tears the page out. Crumples it. Stuffs it in her bag.

INT. CLASSROOM - LUNCH B

Eli sits at a back desk. No layout. Just a joke scrawled on a napkin: "If I'm not in the paper, do I even exist?"

He folds it twice. Tosses it.

INT. DRAMA HALL - LUNCH B

Nora scans a flyer on the wall: "One Acts Auditions - Next Week!"

NORA

(to herself)

All the world's a stage... except me.

LEX (17, senior, cool and quiet) appears.

LEX

You gonna audition?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORA

Not unless sarcasm counts as a monologue.

They share a smile.

LEX

I'd cast you.

NORA

Then I'd ruin your show.

LEX

Perfect.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH A

Jordan sits with a juice box. Films snippets of each table.

Mia drops into a chair next to him.

MIA

You record *everything*, huh?

JORDAN

Not everything. Just what people don't notice.

MIA

You ever point it at yourself?

JORDAN

Once. Didn't like the footage.

They sit in silence. A rare moment of calm.

MIA

You ever feel like we're all acting?

JORDAN

Constantly. You're just better at projecting confidence.

MIA

I'm terrified. All the time.

Jordan turns the camera toward her.

JORDAN

That's what makes it real.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

3

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH A - NEXT DAY

3

The Eco Club table is surrounded. Mia unfurls a new poster: a cartoon turtle gasping beside a soda cup.

MIA

Monday: no straws. No plastic. No excuses.

ECO CLUB KID

Can we still use forks?

MIA

Wooden only. Or... evolve.

Ty leans back, sipping water dramatically from a reusable bottle.

TY

Saving the planet *and* giving main character energy? You're unstoppable.

MIA

We'll see what the vice principal thinks when I roll out the walkout plan.

TY

As long as I get a slow-mo shot, I support all your delusions.

She mock-bows.

MIA

For the oceans.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH B

The room hums at a dull, indifferent volume. MIA sits alone at a corner library-style table tucked into the back. Her tray is untouched. Her head is bowed over her notebook.

Inside: sketches of sea creatures, one after another—each more defeated, more distorted. A jellyfish tangled in six-pack rings. A fish with an X over its eye. A turtle floating belly-up.

Her PHONE BUZZES.

She hesitates. Checks it.

A link from TY's page: "STRAWPACALYPSE: MIA REYES GOES OFF"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thumbnail: her mid-chant, fire in her eyes, metal straw in hand like a sword.

She taps play. She watches herself—confident, electric, commanding a crowd. It feels like watching someone else.

MIA (V.O.)

Look at her. Loud. Alive. God, shut up already.

She turns the volume down. Watches in silence for another moment.

Her fingers tremble slightly.

She locks the phone. Face down.

Glares at it like it betrayed her. Then slides it into her backpack like she's burying it.

She rips a page from her sketchbook. Crumples it. Tosses it into the trash bin beside her.

It misses. Rolls across the floor.

She doesn't go after it.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH A - MOMENTS LATER

Eli hovers over the newspaper layout. The new headline:

"STUDENTS DEMAND STRAW JUSTICE"

ELI

Subhead: "Reyes Leads the Revolution."

INTERN KID

Should we fact-check any of it?

ELI

Facts are interpretation. Headlines are gospel.

INTERN KID

That... feels wrong.

ELI

Welcome to media.

INT. HALLWAY - LUNCH B

MIA stands awkwardly near her locker, cornered by a no-nonsense TEACHER with a clipboard and tired eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER

You were marked absent again. This is the third time this month, Mia.

MIA

I wasn't skipping. I just needed... space.

TEACHER

You need space, write a poem. You miss a quiz, you get a zero.

MIA

I wasn't trying to avoid anything. I just—sometimes it's too loud in there.

TEACHER

It's high school. It's supposed to be loud.

MIA

Not that kind of loud.

The teacher sighs, already halfway down the hall.

TEACHER

Look, life doesn't hand you quiet. You either get used to the noise or you fall behind.

They disappear around the corner. Mia exhales sharply, holding her breath like she'd been underwater.

She leans against the wall, slides down to sit. Pulls out her notebook.

Opens to a half-filled page. Adds a line beneath the heading: "QUIET ISN'T LAZY."

Then beneath that, she scribbles:

"Some days, not screaming is the revolution."

She stares at the words. Draws a small whale beside them—curled up, almost fetal.

INT. DEBATE ROOM - LUNCH B

Ty (B) adjusts his tie at the podium. Ava and a few bored-looking students watch as he presents.

TY (B)

If the school cuts tray costs by 7%, we can afford new art supplies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TY (B) (CONT'D)
Or, you know, soap that doesn't smell
like a tire fire.

Polite applause.

AVA (B)
You're almost convincing. Until people
see your TikTok.

TY (B)
That's the trick. Be two things at once.
Just don't get caught being either.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH A

Nora sprays shaving cream into someone's hat when they're not
looking. Laughter erupts.

NORA
Climate justice meets chaos. It's called
balance.

Lex watches from across the room, smirking. Nora looks away
quickly.

INT. STAIRWELL - LUNCH B

Nora (B) and Lex sit on the cold floor, sharing earbuds.

LEX
You gonna show anyone your zine?

NORA
Not unless you count hiding it in random
lockers.

LEX
That's... weirdly romantic.

NORA
Tell anyone and I'll deny it.

LEX
Sworn to secrecy.

INT. TECH LAB - DAY

Jordan edits side-by-side footage. Mia in A: on fire. Mia in
B: invisible.

He splits the screen. Syncs the clips. Adds lo-fi music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)
Two lunches. Same people. Same names.
But no one sees each other anymore.

He hits play. The contrast is brutal.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH A

Kai walks past Omar's table.

JOCK #3
Hey, preacher boy! Save us a prayer for
the next game?

OMAR
Sure. Hope it's for your humility.

The jocks laugh. Kai doesn't. He lingers for a second,
watching Omar pray over his lunch.

KAI
(quietly)
Do you always do that?

OMAR
Depends. Some days I need it more.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH B

Kai eats alone. No jokes. No noise. Just a sketchpad with a
pencil drawing of a turtle and a goal post.

He looks up as Omar walks past.

Their eyes meet. Just for a second.

INT. CLASSROOM - LUNCH B

Ava (B) doodles aggressively in her planner. A huge black X
through "Film Club Meeting."

GOTH KID #2
Didn't you used to run that club?

AVA
Yeah. Then I got bored of pretending it
mattered.

GOTH KID #2
That's... depressing.

AVA
Thanks. I'm working on it.

INT. LIBRARY - LUNCH B

Mia stares at a blank page. Then starts writing:

"Split. A girl divided. One loud. One lost."

Tears prick at her eyes, but she doesn't stop.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

4

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH A - NEXT DAY

4

MIA leads a lunch table meeting like a general prepping for war. Straws, signs, and Sharpies are laid out like battle gear. Hand-drawn turtles. Slogans in bubble letters.

MIA

If we want real change, we need visibility. Monday is protest day. That means matching shirts, chants, and TikToks—Ty, that's where you come in.

TY

I'm thinking slo-mo march, slow zoom on a turtle balloon release, and a speech that sounds like *Hamilton* meets Billie Eilish.

MIA

Too much Billie. Just enough *Hamilton*.

ECO CLUB KID #1

What if we did a flash mob? Like, dramatic collapse—straws falling from our mouths?

ECO CLUB KID #2

I can fake choke. I've taken theater.

TY

Great. Now it's eco-activism *meets* performance art *meets* TikTok thirst trap. Revolutionary.

MIA

We're not thirst-trapping, Ty. We're protesting.

TY

Same difference. One gets you followers, the other gets you admin warnings.

ELI

I want the quote of the week. Make it dramatic.

MIA

How about: "We kill the planet when we eat in silence."

ELI

Too sad. Needs more rage.

(CONTINUED)

TY

Just autotune it and we've got a bop.

ECO CLUB KID #1

What about: "No straws, no peace"?

ELI

Cliché.

ECO CLUB KID #2

"Choke on change." Or is that too aggressive?

TY

No such thing. *That's* going on a hoodie.

MIA

Focus. This is about impact, not merch drops.

TY

Speak for yourself. I already sold three straw bracelets to sixth graders. I'm funding the resistance.

ELI

God help us, we've turned climate change into streetwear.

MIA

Whatever gets them to look up from their screens.

TY

Or at least scroll differently.

They all look at each other. Serious for a beat. It's funny—but they mean it.

INT. LIBRARY - LUNCH B

Mia sits alone at a window. Same notebook. But this time she's sketching both versions of herself—one shouting, one hunched over, both staring at each other across a lunch table.

MIA (V.O.)

Maybe I was never one person. Maybe I've always been noise and quiet, rage and retreat.

She starts writing over the image: "How do you pick a side when both are you?"

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - BETWEEN LUNCHES

Jordan walks, earbuds in. On his phone—split screen footage: Kai laughing in A, silent in B. Ava filming in A, doodling alone in B. Nora shouting in A, curled next to Lex in B.

He pauses on a frame: Mia holding a sign vs. Mia staring out the window.

He exports the timeline. Titles the file: **"SPLIT LUNCH.mp4"**

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH A

Eli sits with the layout draft on his lap, staring at it. The headline still reads:

"STUDENTS DEMAND STRAW JUSTICE"

He glances at Mia, who is laughing with the Eco Club. Then down at a folded, older schedule sheet peeking from his backpack.

ELI (V.O.)
We used to all sit together.

He slips the sheet into his notebook, distracted.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH B

Eli (B) tapes a printed page to the bulletin board. It's the old cafeteria schedule—highlighted.

Underneath: "Before the Split."

Students stop to read.

STUDENT #1
Wait, I was in lunch A last semester.

STUDENT #2
Me too. Why did they even split us?

STUDENT #3
This looks... intentional.

INT. STAIRWELL - LUNCH B

NORA stares at the board. Her name—next to Lex's—highlighted in pink. Below it, a line: "Together once."

NORA
(to herself)
What the hell?

INT. ART ROOM - LUNCH A

Nora watches Lex laugh at something from afar. She flips through her sketchbook. On one page, she's drawn two versions of herself—one screaming, one whispering.

NORA (V.O.)
I thought I was faking it. Maybe I'm
just split too.

INT. AV ROOM - LUNCH B

Ava slouches in front of a desktop, half-heartedly editing. She sees the uploaded video file from Jordan: "Split Lunch." Curiosity wins. She clicks.

The screen splits: two lunchrooms, two versions of each student.

AVAs. NORAs. MIAs. TYS. A story without narration, just music.

AVA
(under her breath)
Damn, Jordan.

She hits save.

INT. BATHROOM - LUNCH B

Mia stares at herself in the mirror. Her eyes are tired. She adjusts her jacket. It no longer says "ECO NOT EGO."

She flips it inside out. Just denim now.

Walks out.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

5

INT. COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT

5

Dim lights. A humming screen. JORDAN sits alone, headphones on, eyes flicking between timelines.

On-screen: "SPLIT LUNCH.mp4" uploads to a hidden YouTube link.

A final click. A moment of hesitation. Then—he hits SHARE.

He exhales like he's just dropped a secret into a volcano.

INT. GROUP TEXT THREAD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Phones light up. Pings echo across bedrooms.

STUDENT 1 (TEXT)
Yo... what IS this?

STUDENT 2 (TEXT)
Is that me? Wait—wtf?

STUDENT 3 (TEXT)
Why are there two of everyone?

STUDENT 4 (TEXT)
Someone explain. Right now.

INT. AVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The only light is the flicker from her laptop screen. AVA lies curled under a faded comforter, the weight of the day sagging in her shoulders. Her room is an organized mess: photo prints half-taped to the walls, camera batteries charging in a row like soldiers, a yearbook mockup open on her desk—half-finished.

On-screen, the "Split Lunch" video plays.

Split screen:

MIA chanting vs. MIA scribbling.

NORA laughing vs. NORA hiding.

TY flexing vs. TY debating.

AVA—bright-eyed behind the camera vs. AVA ripping out calendar pages, eyeliner smeared.

She hits pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her own face freezes. One version smiling behind a lens, the other blurred in motion, overwhelmed.

She stares at it. Leans in.

AVA
(quietly)
No wonder I'm tired.

She rewinds 10 seconds. Watches again. This time slower.

She notices her laugh in A-too sharp. Her silence in B-too heavy.

A deep breath. Then she closes the laptop.

She lies in the dark for a moment, eyes open.

Then, with a shaky hand, she picks up a marker and her wall calendar. Circles Monday.

Writes beside it: "Pick a lens. Or break one."

She stares at the words. Then crosses them out. Writes instead: "**Be both.**"

A long pause. She caps the marker. Rolls over. Lights out.

INT. KAI'S ROOM - NIGHT

KAI watches from his bed. The video reaches a freeze-frame: him smirking with the jocks... and alone, sketching.

His hand hovers over the pause button.

KAI (V.O.)
I'm both. And neither. And everyone sees
it now.

INT. NORA'S ROOM - NIGHT

NORA and LEX sit side by side. No words. The screen glows between them.

LEX
I didn't realize...

NORA
That I was lying in both timelines?

LEX
That you were trying in both.

Nora blinks. No comeback. Just quiet.

INT. TY'S ROOM - NIGHT

TY scrolls the comments.

COMMENT 1

This is so real it hurts.

COMMENT 2

Who made this???

COMMENT 3

I miss us.

He smirks. Then fades. The smile doesn't last.

TY

Same.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH A - NEXT DAY

The Eco Club buzzes like a hive. POSTERS slam onto tables. Markers squeak. A speaker plays a protest playlist. The energy builds toward something.

Ty adjusts his hoodie with a new slogan: "Save the Sip." He half-smiles, but his eyes keep flicking toward the doors. Ava stands nearby, not filming—just watching, arms crossed, unreadable.

Jordan lingers with his camera around his neck, powered off.

Mia climbs onto a bench again, holding a rolled-up sign like a baton. The table quiets. They expect the usual.

But she doesn't launch into her chant.

She looks around. Slower. Eyes resting on faces—not just allies, but friends. Not just followers, but people she used to laugh with, whisper with, *feel* with.

She lowers the sign.

MIA

Before we protest—can we talk first?

Whispers ripple. The air shifts. Uncertainty. Confusion.

She steps off the bench. No drama. Just gravity.

MIA (CONT'D)

I don't know who I'm being half the time.

Like... is this me? Or the version of me who always has to prove something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. TY leans forward. Ava's head tilts, just slightly.

MIA (CONT'D)
I used to know what we were. Not just a
club-us.
We were friends. We were... a crowd
without sides.

Her voice cracks—not dramatic, but real.

MIA (CONT'D)
And I miss that. I miss us.
So maybe—just maybe—protesting starts
with listening.

Silence.

One of the Eco Club kids puts their poster down. Another
takes off their chant sash.

A slow clap begins—Jordan. Just once. Then Ty joins. Then
more.

The applause swells—not wild, but warm. Rooted. Human.

Mia exhales. Smiles, small but real.

Ava picks up her camera—hesitates—and sets it back down.

INT. LIBRARY - LUNCH B

Mia walks in. Same jacket. Still inside out.

She opens her notebook. Draws a final sketch: her two selves
sitting across from each other. Between them, a shared tray.
One lunch.

She titles the page: "Two of Me."

CLOSE ON the drawing as she underlines it.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

ROLL CREDITS: SPLIT LUNCH - EPISODE ONE: THE SPLIT