

The Group Project Disaster

Characters:

- **Mia** – The perfectionist who needs everything done her way.
- **Jules** – The laid-back one who procrastinates but somehow always gets lucky.
- **Ethan** – The overconfident "idea guy" who never actually does the work.

Setting: A library study room, the night before their big project is due.

(Mia sits at the table, surrounded by notes, textbooks, and a color-coded outline. Jules is leaning back in her chair, casually spinning a pencil. Ethan is eating snacks, completely unbothered.)

Scene:

MIA: (frustrated) I cannot believe this. We have *six hours* until our project is due, and all we have is a title page and Ethan's terrible stick-figure sketches.

ETHAN: (grinning) First of all, they're *concept art*. Second, creativity takes time, Mia. I can't just force my genius.

JULES: (nodding) Yeah, and also, forcing genius sounds painful.

MIA: (pinching her nose) Jules, you haven't written a single sentence. Ethan, you *volunteered* to do the research and instead came back with—what was it again?

ETHAN: (proudly) A really good YouTube documentary.

MIA: That you didn't watch!

ETHAN: (offended) I watched *some* of it. Okay, like, the first minute. But it had *epic* music.

JULES: (stretching) Look, Mia, stressing out isn't gonna help. We do our best work under pressure.

MIA: (deadpan) We haven't done any work *at all*.

ETHAN: (gesturing dramatically) Which means our best work is still ahead of us!

MIA: (groaning) I am going to *lose my mind*.

JULES: (patting Mia's arm) Just breathe. If it makes you feel better, I *did* bring my laptop.

MIA: (hopeful) Oh, finally! You can start typing while I dictate.

JULES: (opening laptop, then grimacing) Uh... small problem.

MIA: (narrowing eyes) What.

JULES: My laptop is dead. Forgot my charger.

MIA: (clutching the table) I am going to scream.

ETHAN: (pulling out phone) Okay, okay, I can fix this. I'll find us *inspiration*. (pause) Ooooh, there's a BuzzFeed quiz on "Which Historical Figure Would Be Your Best Friend?"

MIA: (grabbing his phone and setting it face down) NO.

JULES: (shrugging) You're no fun.

MIA: (exasperated) I am *not* here to be fun! I am here to pass history class!

ETHAN: (grinning) Y'know, George Washington probably had this same stress when he led the revolution.

JULES: (nodding) We're basically *just like him*.

MIA: (standing up) That's it. I'm doing the whole project myself. You two can just—

JULES & ETHAN: (simultaneously) Nope. We're helping.

MIA: (suspicious) Really?

JULES: Yes.

ETHAN: ...Probably.

MIA: (sighs, shaking her head) Fine. Jules, start typing *something*. Ethan, just... I don't know, Google facts or something useful.

ETHAN: (saluting) On it.

(Beat. Ethan types on his phone.)

ETHAN: Did you know Thomas Edison was afraid of the dark?

MIA: (glaring) *Ethan*.

ETHAN: (grinning) Okay, okay, *real* research.

JULES: (typing) So, what's our thesis again?

MIA: (relieved) Thank you. Our thesis is—

JULES: (interrupting) Wait. Should we order pizza first?

MIA: (clutching the table again) I *hate* you both.

(Lights fade as the disaster continues.)

(End scene.)