

Six Feet of Separation  
By  
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FADE IN ON:

**EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY**

A completely deserted town. Air whistles down empty streets, evoking...

...a Western before a shootout. Or Mad Max apocalypse.

A RATTLE of wheels breaks the silence. Plastic dominates asphalt at breakneck speed.

NIKKI JOHNSTONE (15) swings around a corner on an old-school SKATEBOARD.

A vented biker mask covers her mouth and nose. Bouncing off her backpack, blonde hair streams behind her like a sail. She's wrapped head to toe pleather and gloves - has 80s style made a comeback now?

Balancing expertly, Nikki zips down the center strip. Doesn't bother to look for cars as intersections zoom by.

She busts a wheelie.

Screeches to a halt before a CLOTHING STORE.

MANNEQUINS in the window sport a combination of styles. Some genteel. Others racy.

Though it can only be seen in her eyes, Nikki takes one look... and smiles.

Digging a CARD from her jacket, she swipes a slot at the shop's front door. Nearby shops have security like it installed, too.

The door BUZZES. Nikki picks up her board, strolls inside.

**INT. CLOTHING SHOP**

More MANNEQUINS here. No customers, nor cashiers.

Leisurely, Nikki rolls through aisles on her board. Swipes a hat from a shelf, tries it on.

Rolling past a mirror, she eyes her reflection. That's a fail. As if it were a frisbee, she tosses the hat aside.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Still on her skateboard, Nikki holds a pretty floral dress against her lean, teen frame.

She nods to a nearby MANNEQUIN. Gestures and "deliberates" with her hands.

Decision reached: Nikki hugs the dress. Gives the mannequin a huge thumbs-up!

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Nikki rolls out of the store, dress draped over one arm. The store entrance scans the clothing barcode, BEEPS.

#### **EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LATER**

Dress now secure in her backpack, Nikki's a rolling speed freak again!

Still no cars. Nikki hogs every lane.

She zips by a street sign, which reads: REMEMBER: SIX FEET SEPARATION - OR SIX FEET UNDER. SAFETY FIRST!

Nikki zips around a corner...

And nearly collides with a DARK FIGURE, stepping into the crosswalk!!

Who or what is it? That's a blur - Nikki's moving too fast to see!

Her skateboard hits a rock. She yelps, skids... And sprawls/rolls face first into the street!

A moment of concern as she lies unmoving. Is Nikki hurt?

Nah. The teen sits up. Shaking her head, she dusts off her jacket. This biker protection really works!

Remembering the figure, she spins around. But whoever it was - they're gone.

Shuddering, Nikki stands up. Limping, she collects her fallen backpack. Checks the dress: like her, it's fine.

Nikki remounts her skateboard, zooms along.

More blocks zip by. A townhouse looms.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - FIRST ROOM/ENTRANCE**

Nikki slips in. Holding the board, she's walking now.

Movement sensors HISS. Jets of ANTISEPTIC SPRAY assault her from every side.

Nikki wipes drops from her goggles, forges on...

To a second door, and steps through.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - SECOND ROOM**

Here, the girl strips off outer gear and mask - right down to a tank top and shorts.

She dumps the clothes into a bin labeled: Sanitation.

And slips her new dress on!

A third door beckons. Enjoying her new purchase, Nikki skips through.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - THIRD ROOM**

Now, THIS looks like home! Decorated in eclectic teen style, it boasts a computer desk. Futon. Microwave.

Nikki plops down at the desk, boots her PC.

On the monitor, a FOUR WAY CHAT flares. Other teens.

TEEN ONE (a girl with a Cindi Lauper Mohawk) eyeballs Nikki, double-takes.

MOHAWK GIRL

Makeover much, Nikki? That's um, a different look for you!

NIKKI

Yeah, found it at Sara's Boutique. Score!

MOHAWK GIRL

Sara's? Uh, that's waaaaay downtown!

NIKKI

So? I took precautions.

Teen #2 (a boy with a blond buzz cut) pipes up.

BLOND BUZZ BOY

Didja remember your mask and gloves?

NIKKI

Duh!

MOHAWK GIRL

So, how did outside look?

NIKKI

Empty, of course. Except...

Remembering the dark figure, Nikki frowns. Teen #3 (African American with tats) shoots Nikki the stink eye.

TATTOOED KID

Don't tell me you made CONTACT?!?

NIKKI

Nooooo. Sure, it was close for a second, but there's no way I *contracted* anything. We were way too far apart to touch!

Teen #4 (a girl with red braids) groans.

GIRL WITH RED BRAIDS

You up for the virtual party tonight?

NIKKI

Shit yeah! Why do you think I bought these new duds?

Stepping back from the monitor, Nikki whirls and shows her pals the new look. They clap and compliment, as friends should.

NIKKI

But if I'm gonna dance, I gotta refuel. Fam, see you in two hours!

Grabbing a remote, Nikki turns off the PC. CLICK. Instantly, she turns away.

And digs a protein bar from her backpack. Dropping onto the futon, Nikki chows down.

Across the room, the PC switches to a news screensaver.

An alert flashes: COVID-29 FLAREUP IN SECTOR FIVE.

NIKKI

(groans while chewing)  
Fuck. Not now!!

FINAL FADE OUT: