



Sample Pages from 6ft Scenes

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6FT SCENES

A COLLECTION OF 15 SCENES BY
Lindsay Price



6ft Scenes

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Author's Note

Above all else: **safety first**. Practice social distancing and mask protocols. Do whatever you need for your and your students' safety.

In each of the scenes in this collection no two characters get within six feet of one another. Whether there is a physical reason for the characters to stay apart, or an emotional one, make the distance a part of your blocking and character development. How does distance affect the staging? How can you establish a connection between characters when they can't physically interact? How will you adapt blocking to this new situation? It's a challenge and a great opportunity to problem-solve.

One suggestion is to have pairs direct one another. Because they are never close, each actor can step out of the scene, observe their partner and make suggestions. Focus on character physicality: how does each stand, move, and gesture in their own space? How do they look at or look away from the other character? How does distance show which character is higher status than the other? There are a lot of choices to play with.

Note: If a scene is from a published play, the play is cited. You can find all of the plays mentioned at theatrefolk.com. They are all by Lindsay Price.

A Note on Gender

Some scenes are specifically gender neutral. Students may play these characters using any gender, alter the pronouns accordingly, and explore the relationships in whatever interpretation they choose.

Wenge

From the play *Anxiety is Orange* available from theatrefolk.com

CHLOE and TYLER enter from opposite sides of the stage. CHLOE sees TYLER and cries out.

CHLOE: Stop, stop, stop right there, hold it!

TYLER freezes. The two are at least six feet away from each other.

CHLOE: Oh no. *(turning away)* No, no, no, no, no.

TYLER: What?

CHLOE: No.

TYLER: *(approaching slowly)* What “no?” What are you saying “no” to? I’m Tyler, are you Chloe?

CHLOE: No. Yes. *(she turns and sees him moving)* Stop! *(TYLER stumbles backward)* I am Chloe. But you must understand that “no” is the only thing I can say here.

TYLER: No, I don’t understand.

CHLOE: *(turning away)* It’s obvious.

TYLER: Maybe you could help me out? I could come a little closer?

CHLOE: You can’t be Tyler.

TYLER: I can. I am.

CHLOE: Impossible.

TYLER: *(stepping forward)* Do you want to see my driver’s license?

CHLOE: Sheila described you all wrong. *(turning back)* Stop moving! Get back!

TYLER: *(stumbles back)* Why? What did she say?

CHLOE: Sheila said: “Tyler is a fun guy, a great guy to be around, no one makes me laugh more than Tyler, swoop this guy up quick before it’s too late.”

TYLER: *(pauses before speaking)* And that’s wrong because...?

CHLOE: It is a complete and utter fabrication.

TYLER: Chloe, do you want to play miniature golf or not?

CHLOE: I want to play miniature golf with Tyler.

TYLER: I'm Tyler.

CHLOE: You are not Tyler.

TYLER: Why?

CHLOE: It's obvious. (*He doesn't get it. She throws her arms up.*) You're wearing wenge.

TYLER: (*pause before speaking, as he tries to figure that out*) Well, I didn't see that coming.

CHLOE: At no point did Sheila alert me to the fact that the person I'm supposed to connect with on an interpersonal level would show up in wenge.

TYLER: (*looking at his jacket*) Wait. This is brown. Wenge is brown?

CHLOE: Wenge hurts my soul. Wenge is the colour of a complete lack of sophistication.

TYLER: Wenge is the colour of the jacket I got from my brother.

CHLOE: See? You wear hand-me-downs. I rest my case!

TYLER: It's a nice jacket.

CHLOE: It's not what Tyler would wear.

TYLER: Tyler would so wear this jacket. He would rock this jacket. He does rock this jacket! And he's fun, a million laughs in this jacket because he's a nice guy who doesn't care what colour people wear... why am I talking in the third person?

CHLOE: An excess of wenge in someone's life is inexcusable. Umber I can handle, but this abomination is beyond the scope of any woman's reasonable decency. This relationship is going nowhere.

TYLER: It would have to start somewhere to actually go nowhere. I don't think we're going to get that far. OK. I'm going to go now. Have a nice life in your wengeless world.

CHLOE: (*turning back*) Sheila and I are going to have a long chat about this debacle.

TYLER: Oh trust me, Sheila and I are going to have a longer chat.

CHLOE: You? Her? Why? (*tentative*) What are you going to tell her?

TYLER: I certainly can't date a girl who wears Arctic Snow after Labour Day. *(he spins and exits)*

—THE END—

Here, There

HERE sits on a cube engrossed in their phone.
THERE, from a distance of six feet, tries to get *HERE*'s attention.

THERE: Psst! Psst! *(no reaction from HERE)* Hey! Yoo hoo! Hello! Hey! Psst!

HERE: *(sighing and turning)* Are you talking to me?

THERE: Yes! Finally. Good. I didn't want to approach too suddenly. *(jumping)* I'm so happy to see you! *(pumping fist into the air)* This is awesome.

HERE: *(not impressed)* Do I know you?

THERE: All in good time. We have so much to talk about.

HERE: I'm pretty sure we don't.

THERE: *(fist pumping into the air)* I can't believe this worked! I can't believe I'm here. And here you are, hiding in this dismal park because you skipped last period. That is so you! You haven't changed a bit!

HERE: How do you know I skipped last period?

THERE: I know. Oh do I know.

HERE: Am I supposed to know?

THERE: Where do I start? *(realizing)* I don't know where to start. *(pacing)* I didn't visualize the starting. The arriving yes, the avoiding suddenness, but there are so many things to cover... *(freezing)* There's no way to sugarcoat this. Salt coat all the way. Right up the nose!

HERE: *(standing and moving away)* You're going to shove salt up my nose?

THERE: No! Wait! *(blurting out)* I'm your future self!

HERE: *(this is completely unexpected)* Huh?

THERE: Salt coat. (*throwing arms open*) Greetings from the future.
(*HERE stares for a moment and then turns to go*) Wait! Where are you going?

HERE: Either someone put you up to this, or you're a creep. I'm not interested in finding out.

THERE: I'm telling the truth. I can prove it.

HERE: Is that supposed to be comforting? It just means you know how to google stuff. Besides, you're not even trying, "future self." You couldn't look less like you're from the future. Where's your space suit? Spaceship? Where's all your future stuff?

THERE: I wish. It's so much more comfortable. (*referring to their clothes*) I am "blending in" with my surroundings, as the kids say. (*referring to the shirt they are wearing*) Recognize this shirt? One of a kind? Know what that means?

HERE: You went into my closet.

THERE: No! (*pointing at self*) Future self! It's not the same shirt of course. I had it replicated.

HERE: Ok creep. I'm gonna go. Yep. That's a good idea.

THERE: Wait! Give me a chance to explain. I won't come any closer. Ok? I won't get within six feet.

HERE: Blow darts travel over six feet.

THERE: I don't have any blow darts! And I can prove who I am.
(*announcement*) I can tell you something no one else knows.

HERE: That's very every-movie-plotline-ever of you. (*can't help but be curious*) I really should go... Ok, I'll bite. Prove yourself. What have I got to lose except my internal organs being harvested for the black market. But stay over there. I am not afraid to scream.

THERE: Absolutely. Line in the sand. Will not cross.

HERE: And I already 100% don't believe you. There's no way you are future me. It's not possible. Aside from the whole time travel not existing thing, you don't look like me, you don't sound like me, and you're way too... cheerful.

THERE: I can't help it. Future you is so happy!

HERE: No. If you were me you'd know cheer is not in my DNA. It's not in me. I am sour, 24/7.

THERE: I know! This is why I'm here. This is the reason I came.
(*announcement*) I have a message that will change your life.

HERE: Is this like some ghost of Christmas future thing, with some people being all vague about someone no one cares about and a guy in a nightgown crying on his tombstone?

THERE: That's your takeaway from one of the most pivotal moments in classic literature.

HERE: It's stupid. Nobody changes so completely in one night. Change my life. Do you spend all your time watching Hallmark in the "future?" And let me salt coat this for you. Nobody changes. Period. We are who we are. For life. My grandparents were crabby, unkind people from day one to day done. My parents are materialistic über self-centered consumers and always have been. And I'm... There's no point in saying I can change. I've seen the data. (*looking around*) I'm going to end up like this park. Rusted out and forgotten. My future is already set in stone and no message is going to change that. (*beat*) Well? Where's your cheer now? Where's your happy?

THERE: Oh...

HERE: What?

THERE: I forgot what it was like. For you. Me. Here. Of course you don't believe. How could you. I should... Oh boy. I have to go. This was a mistake. Forget you ever saw me. I was never here.

HERE: Forget that my so-called future self suddenly appeared with the personality of a rainbow unicorn? Sure.

THERE: I was not sudden. I salt coated. There's a difference. (*turning*)

HERE: Hang on – where's my message? Where's my proof? What's this "thing" you know?

THERE: (*matter of fact*) I know you overheard your parents talking about kicking you out. I know you have no one to talk to about it. I know you're trying to fail history and some other classes so you can stay in high school another year. So you have a place to go. And all of that is going to happen. And worse. It's going to get a lot worse.

HERE: I think I would have preferred it if you harvested my internal organs.

THERE: My message was... I thought if I could steer you in a certain direction, I just know how long things are bad before they get

good. I thought I could save you a couple of steps. I should have known better. *(smiles)* The future's not set in stone and change is not impossible. Another Hallmark moment. Sorry. *(exits)*

HERE: That's it? That's all I get? *(looking around)* Did I fall into a coma or something?

THERE: *(rushing back on)* Just one thing. One thing, ok? Find somewhere else to skip history. This park is an offense to nature. This park would win an ugly sweater contest and not in a funny ironic way. This park is a nightmare, a daymare, a middle-of-the-afternoon-mare Leave the park! Believe me, don't believe me, whatever. Just do it somewhere else. That's it. Ok? Ok. *(rushes off)*

HERE: Now *that* sounds like me.

—THE END—

Closer

ME and YOU enter from opposite sides of the stage. YOU is always threatening to get closer while ME maintains six feet of distance at all times.

ME: All right. That's close enough.

YOU: *(smiles first, then speaks)* Really.

ME: Yes.

YOU: *(teasing)* You're being silly. Don't you think?

ME: I don't care.

YOU: We're supposed to talk like this?

ME: Yes.

YOU: Weird.

ME: That's what I want.

YOU: So weird. I'm practically shouting.

ME: You're not.

YOU: I can't even hear you.

ME: You hear me fine.



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