



# Finding Lovers Lane

a drama in one act  
by **Kevin T. Baldwin**

**Two young people in a car argue over how to find Lover's Lane. Someone else is also in the car, but they're along for the ride.**

*2 teenagers (1 boy/1 girl); Offstage voices*

# Written By Kevin T. Baldwin

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### *"Finding Lovers Lane"*

**Synopsis:** Two young people are seen in a "car", arguing over how to find "Lover's Lane".

**Time and Setting:** The present. Bare stage with two chairs.

#### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**A BOY**

**A GIRL**

**Off-stage VOICE OF MR. KAMISKY**

**Off-stage VOICE OF POLICEMAN**

**Off-stage PARENT VOICE # 1**

**Off-stage PARENT VOICE # 2**

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# *"Finding Lovers Lane"*

Written By Kevin T. Baldwin  
A Play in One Act

*\*NOTE: Sound effects are used as applicable\**

(Two chairs are set up stage center. A young BOY around eighteen years old is seated on the chair center stage left, i.e. the "driver's side of the car". He sits next to a GIRL, also eighteen, who sits in the chair center stage right, or the "passenger's side of the car". As lights come up, we see that the GIRL, dressed in a very short party dress, is visibly upset and angry with the BOY over something. SHE has red stains on her high-heel shoes. One heel is broken and SHE holds it in her hand. The BOY, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt that has a small red stain on it, is "driving the car".\* HE glances over to HER a few times before saying anything)

BOY - Aw, c'mon! Don't tell me you're still freakin' out over this?

GIRL - What do you want me to say? I can't believe what you did!

BOY - What I did? What about what YOU did?

GIRL - It was an accident! That's all.

BOY - An accident?

GIRL - This is the worst night of my life.

BOY - Mine, too. Here I find you with that Jason guy and all you can say is that it was an "accident". It's not like you put on the wrong pair of socks. You were makin' out with another guy! What do you say to that? "Whoopsie"?

GIRL - (Defensive) I wasn't making out with him! Listen, tonight was partly your fault, too! If you hadn't been all over that girl

**Tracy, well...just don't go making it sound like this whole night's been my fault!**

**BOY - And Jason?**

**GIRL - Stop going on about Jason! We were just talking!**

**BOY - Talking? Oh, sure. (Looks down at "the gas gauge") Nuts! I need gas.**

**GIRL - Great. We haven't even gotten to "Lover's Lane" yet and you're out of gas already!**

**BOY - Shut up! If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be out of gas!**

**GIRL - Don't tell me to "shut up". (Pointing to the left) Gas station's over there.**

**BOY - Thanks.**

**GIRL - Why is it my fault?**

**BOY - (Pulls into the "gas station") Because I WOULD have had enough gas in the car to get us to "Lover's Lane" if I didn't have to go to that party tonight.**

**GIRL - You didn't HAVE to go, y'know.**

**BOY - Oh, yes I did. (Looks out the window) It's self serve. (Gets out of the car then peers back into the "window of the car") Great. I spend all afternoon pumping gas for everybody else, now I've got to do it again for this rust bucket.**

**GIRL - Poor baby. Wah!**

**BOY - I'm going to the gas pump, now. Can I trust you not to get into any more trouble while I'm gone?**

**GIRL - Shut up! (HE starts pumping gas on the driver's side of the car. SHE looks at HIM as HE pretends to put the cap under the gasoline hose) What are you doing?**

**BOY - Pinning the gas cap under the hose so I don't have to keep holdin' the thing.**

**GIRL - That's dumb! You're not supposed to do that!**

**BOY - Would you just shut up and let me do this, please?**

**GIRL - I told you not to tell me to "shut up". As a matter of fact, don't even speak to me. (HER cell phone rings)**

**BOY - Fine. Turn that cell phone off!**

**GIRL - Fine. (Turns off the cell phone. There is a long silent and angry pause. Then, annoyed, SHE moves over to HIS seat and leans out the "driver side window") Why did you even go to the party, anyway? It's not like you were invited.**

**BOY - Thanks. I got out of work early. Thought I'd surprise you. Didn't know I needed to be invited. You are my girlfriend, y'know.**

**GIRL - You surprised me, all right. We broke up, remember?**

**BOY - We always break up! That's what we do! We fight in the morning, we break up in the afternoon, then we make up in the evening!**

**GIRL - That's dumb! (Pointing) There's a spot on the windshield. (HE pantomimes getting a "squeegee out of a bucket", then proceeds to "clean the windshield") Do you think I like fighting with you?**

**BOY - (Leaning in to HER through one of the "open windows") As a matter of fact (Pretends to splash water on HER side of the windshield. SHE reacts surprised) Yeah. I think you like fighting with me.**

**GIRL - (Adjusting herself on her side of the "car") Well, I don't!**

**BOY - You've got to! You're always doing it!**

**GIRL - 'Cause you're always being such a jerk!**

**BOY - I'm being a jerk? You were all over Jason tonight, so don't tell me what I was doing with Tracy was any worse!**

**GIRL - Jason and I were just talking. You're the one who was making out with Tracy! (HE returns the "squeegee" from where he got it)**

**BOY - Talking? You had your tongue in his ear!**

**GIRL - I did not! That's gross!**

**BOY - You're telling me. You never do that to me.**

**GIRL - You never wash your ears! (Sniffs the air) What's that smell? (She looks behind the driver's side of the car) The gas is spilling on the ground! (HE runs over and pantomimes "pulling the cap out" and "returning the gasoline hose to the gas pump") You idiot!**

**BOY - Cut it out! I put it back, didn't I?**

**GIRL - Can we just go, please? (HE gets back into the car and starts "the engine". HE hesitates for a moment, obviously concerned about something) What is it?**

**BOY - Are you sure "Lover's Lane" is the best place to do this?**

**GIRL - It's the only place I can think of. (HE "pulls out of the gas station") Do you know where it is?**

**BOY - (Pretending HE knows) Of course I know! Why wouldn't I?**

**GIRL - I dunno. (Pauses) Who have you gone there with? Tracy?**

**BOY - Don't be stupid. I just met Tracy at the senior prom a couple of months ago.**

**GIRL - (Sarcastic) Got friendly quickly, didn't you?**

**BOY - About as friendly as you and Jason, I guess.**

**GIRL - I was not making out with Jason Marks.**

**BOY - You were too!**

**GIRL - He was just being supportive. I needed someone to talk to and he was there.**

**BOY - (Spiteful) Yeah, he was almost "there", all right.**

**GIRL - (Annoyed) You are so crude. I don't know why I even talk to you.**

**BOY - Because nobody else wants to hear to you whine all the time.**

**GIRL - I do not whine! (HE misses a turn, SHE begins to whine) There! There! There! There! You turn there! Where are you going, you idiot?**

**BOY - I rest my case. And stop calling me names!**

**GIRL - Lover's Lane is back there off of Fulton Street. I thought you said you knew where you were going?**

**BOY - You distracted me! Got me all confused! That's all. (Pretends to "turn the car around") I'll turn around in this driveway.**

**GIRL - Be careful.**

**BOY - Huh?**

**GIRL - That's Mr. Kamisky's place. He's a real jerk. Every morning, he swears at the kids passing by his house on their way to school.**

**BOY - Why?**

**GIRL - Who knows? For years some of the kids have said he thinks his wife has been having an affair with the Columbian janitor at the school.**

**BOY - Miguelito? He's Cuban. Not Columbian.**

**GIRL - What's the difference?**

**BOY - It makes a difference to Miguelito.**

**GIRL - You're missing the point, as usual.**

**KAMISKY'S VOICE - (Offstage) Hey! What're you kids doin' there? Get off my property!**

**BOY - Sorry! (Looks behind HIM as HE "pulls out of the driveway") Now look what you did!**

**GIRL - Me? I didn't do anything! You missed the turn!**

**BOY - (Getting back "onto main road") There. I took Fulton. (Pause) Now where?**

**GIRL - (Long stare, realizing) You don't have any idea where "Lover's Lane" is, do you?**

**BOY - Of course I do. It's just...**

**GIRL - What?**

**BOY - It's just that it's been awhile, that's all. I can't remember.**



**GIRL - A guy can forget a lot of things: a girlfriend's birthday, a girlfriend's name, but they NEVER forget taking a girlfriend to a place like "Lover's Lane".**

**BOY - Well, how many times have you been there?**

**GIRL - (Looks out HER "window", refusing to admit) Enough.**

**BOY - (Jealous) What's that supposed to mean?**

**GIRL - (Looks back at HIM) It means its none of your business.**

**BOY - (Demanding to know) How many times?**

**GIRL - Don't raise your voice to me. You're in enough trouble!**

**BOY - You are, too, so don't forget it!**

**GIRL - I'm not the one who started the fight. You are!**

**BOY - You had your tongue in his ear!**

**GIRL - Will you stop that? Besides, is that why you felt you had to hit him?**

**BOY - Now that you mention it, yeah.**

**GIRL - Why?**

**BOY - Because it was either going to be him or you! I thought I made the right choice!**

**GIRL - (Curious as to HIS implication) Were you really that jealous?**

**BOY - Of course I was! You are my girl! Nobody touches you but me!**

**GIRL - (Impressed) That's so sweet.**

**BOY - I mean it. (HIS tone becomes more affectionate) Look, I'm sorry about what happened tonight. I lost my temper.**

**GIRL - I know. So did I. I'm sorry. (Looks at HIS shirt, notices the blood and screams. THEY BOTH move around in the chairs as if the "car" is "swerving out of control") Oh no!**

**BOY - (As THEY stop "swerving") What's the matter with you? You trying to get us killed or something?**

**GIRL - Your shirt!**

**BOY - What about it? (Looks down) Oh, man! Blood! That's never gonna come out!**

**GIRL - Is that all you can think about? Is it yours or Jason's?**

**BOY - Mine, I think.**

**GIRL - How can you tell?**

**BOY - (Frustrated) I dunno! Lemme think. (Tries to recall) He hit me in the jaw after I hit him first, then I remember my mouth was bleeding for a few minutes. Then...yeah, yeah. It's mine. It's mine.**

**GIRL - (Concerned) Are you sure?**

**BOY - Yeah. (Considers) At least, I hope so. (Points) Here's the "Millborough County Funeral Home".**

**GIRL - Slow down. (HE pretends to "step on the brake", as if to "slow down the car") "Lover's Lane" is on the other side.**

**BOY - (Lying) I know.**

**GIRL - Shhh! We've got to be quiet.**

**BOY - (Incredulous) You're kidding, right? We're in a '77 Buick. An old bomber like this is bound to make some noise.**

**GIRL - Why did you even buy this car, anyway?**

**BOY - (Sarcastic) Well, my Mercedes was being worked on, so I thought that maybe I'd...(firmly) because it was all I could afford! Okay? I do have college coming up, y'know. Where are we going anyway?**

**GIRL - Three rights, then a left. That brings you to the edge of the cemetery and that's "Lover's Lane". Park all the way back so we're away from all the other cars.**

**BOY - (Gently holds HER hand up and smiles at HER) Are you sure you want to go through with this?**

**GIRL - I'm sure. I love you. I don't know why, but I love you. And we're in this together. (SHE kisses HIM. THEY let go hands and HE leans forward, examining the area in front and on the sides of "the car". HE turns the "steering wheel")**

**BOY - First right. See anything yet?**

**GIRL - No. (Pauses) Can I ask you something?**

**BOY - What?**

**GIRL - Why'd you wanna be with Tracy?**

**BOY - (Briefly hesitates) I dunno. She was there? And she was...nice.**

**GIRL - Nice? Eww! How can you say that? She is so gross! Disgusting!**

**BOY - What do you mean? She's okay.**

**GIRL - Tracy Harms is fat and ugly. She wore braces all through high school.**

**BOY - ("Turning" again) Second right. She did not!**

**GIRL - (With attitude) Yeah! She did!**

**BOY - So what? You wore a retainer up until you were a sophomore.**

**GIRL - It's NOT the same thing.**

**BOY - (Mimicking her earlier response) Yeah! It is!**

**GIRL - I only had to wear mine at night. She was a metal-mouthed geek! Day and night! All through high school.**

**BOY - Tracy wasn't a geek. She was cool. A nice girl. I liked her.**

**GIRL - (SHE gives HIM a long, jealous stare as SHE pauses, then) You know she was out with "mono" all last semester. (HE "stops the car" abruptly)**

**BOY - What are you talking about? How do you know so much about Tracy? You weren't even in the same class.**

**GIRL - I checked up on her.**

**BOY - You what?**

**GIRL - That's right. I checked up on her.**

**BOY - Why would you want to do something like that?**

**GIRL - Because I always knew you had some sort of sick "thing" for her. Keep going. (HE "starts forward" again)**

**BOY - Sick? Look who's talking! Anyway, I didn't! I told you I barely knew her.**

**GIRL - I saw how you looked at her during the prom.**

**BOY - (Sighing) Not again. ("Turning" again). Third right. She looked good. All the girls looked good that night. So?**

**GIRL - Every time my friends and I left the room, you tried to sneak a dance with her. (HE fidgets in "HIS seat" uncomfortably guilty) You thought I didn't know, huh? My friends told me all about it. Did you really think I wouldn't find out?**

**BOY - You didn't have to do what you did tonight, though.**

**GIRL - I lost my head. I'm sorry. I wanted to make sure she knew that you were off limits. Nobody's going to have you but me. Don't you forget that.**

**BOY - (Looks at HER) You're crazy. (Smiles) But there's nobody else I want. I love you.**

**GIRL - Just remember that. And it better stay that way. Slow down. I think I see something up ahead.**

**BOY - But we haven't turned left yet.**

**GIRL - I know. But slow down, anyway. Maybe it's a cop.**

**BOY - You think so?**

**GIRL - I don't know. (Looks at HIM concerned) Maybe.**

**BOY - (Comes to a slow stop and puts "the car into PARK") You know, having a "Lover's Lane" near a graveyard - doesn't that seem kind of creepy to you?**

**GIRL - A little. (SHE gently turns HIS head to HER and affectionately kisses HIM on the cheek) But it's secluded enough, and no one should bother us.**

**BOY - (Acting a little guilty) I know. I know. (Faces front again)**

**GIRL - What?**

**BOY - Nothin'.**

**GIRL - You want to do this, don't you?**

**BOY - I'd do anything for you. You know that.**

**GIRL - Then what's wrong?**

**BOY - I don't know. Nothin', I guess. (Looks ahead) It IS a car. It's lights are off. What should we do?**

**GIRL - If we see them, they can see us. And they haven't done anything yet. (Considers, then) Keep going.**

**BOY - You sure?**

**GIRL - No. But we can't stay here. Keep going. (HE puts the "car into DRIVE" again and proceeds forward. The TWO stare out the side of the "car") The windows.**

**BOY - They're fogged up. (HE stops for a moment, but does not "put the car into PARK")**

**GIRL - (Laughs and hits HIM on the shoulder) And here we were worried. They're just kids up here like us.**

**BOY - Wait! The window's going down. (GIRL ducks down in her "car seat". BOY takes a long pause, looks at the "car" next to him. He waves out the window, then says) Hi, Miguelito. (GIRL sits up and looks out HIS "window". SHE waves out)**

**GIRL - Hi, Mrs. Kamisky! (They BOTH listen as there is a sound effect of the other car driving off quickly. SHE says to HIM) Drive. Quickly. (HE puts the "car into DRIVE" and proceeds forward) There's the left coming up. Remember...**

**BOY - I know. Park all the way to the back. (As THEY continue "driving" the following *offstage voices* are heard)**

**PARENT VOICE # 1 - Where has your son taken my daughter?**

**PARENT VOICE # 2 - How the heck should I know? The two of them left the party together.**

**PARENT VOICE # 1 – Her cell phone is off. He better not get her into any more trouble.**

**PARENT VOICE # 2 - What are you talkin' about? She's just as much to blame as he is!**

**PARENT VOICE # 1 – What's that supposed to mean?**

**PARENT VOICE # 2 – It means that they're both eighteen years old and that's old enough to know better.**

**PARENT VOICE # 1 - I want my daughter brought home. Now!**

**GIRL - (Looks around. Curious) Where the heck is everybody?**

**BOY - It's late. They might have all gone home.**

**GIRL - Pull in over there.**

**BOY - Where?**

**GIRL - Near that patch of woods.**

**BOY - Okay. (Pretends to "back HIS car into the wooded area")**

**GIRL - Good. Give me the keys.**

**BOY - No. I'll hold onto them. (Pretends to put "keys" into his pocket)**

**GIRL - You sure?**

**BOY - Yeah. (HE kisses HER slowly. SHE pulls back and cries) What?**

**GIRL - I'm just so sorry for all the trouble I caused you tonight.**

**BOY - It was just as much my fault as it was yours. I'm sorry about Tracy, too.**

**GIRL - Just promise me we'll always be together. No matter what. Please?**

**BOY - (Holding HER hands) I promise. There'll never be anyone but you. (Long pause as HE looks at HER) You ready?**

**GIRL - (SHE closes HER eyes and braces herself) Ready.**

**BOY - Okay. (HE kisses HER one last time) Let's go. First, take off your high heels. We already know what they can do, don't we?**

**GIRL - Right. (SHE takes off HER slightly blood-stained shoes)**

**(THEY BOTH get out of the "car" and move to a hidden "trunk" area behind it. HE opens the "car trunk" and BOTH slowly pull out a body wrapped in a couple of black plastic trash bags, securely tightened. THEY carry the body off as if they are about to throw it off the side of a hill. SHE struggles to carry the body by the shoulders)**

**GIRL - Too heavy.**

**BOY - Let's switch. I'll take the shoulders. You take the feet. (THEY switch) Is that better?**

**GIRL - Yeah.**

**BOY - Are you sure no one saw us leave the party?**

**GIRL - I really was in too much of a panic to notice. I didn't...**

**(THEY are abruptly interrupted by the sound of sirens approaching. A bright light shines in their faces, presumably from a far off police car. THEY place the body down onto the ground)**



**POLICEMAN'S VOICE - Freeze! You two are under arrest for the murder of ...!\*\* (The sirens get louder as the lights dim. Blackout)**

**THE END**

***\*\*Note: Either the name "Tracy Harms" or "Jason Marks" may be used at the director's discretion\*\****