

**From the full length play:
Finding Corey Taylor
By Tracy Wells**

COREY, *A recent high school graduate trying to figure out who she is; any gender*

ALICE, *an old friend of Corey's mom*

AT RISE: Corey arrives in Oshkosh, Wisconsin at the home of Alice.

COREY

Hi, there. I hope we're not bothering you. We're looking for Corey Taylor.

ALICE

(taken aback)

Who?

COREY

Corey Taylor.

ALICE

There's no one by that name here.

COREY

But my mother gave us this address. She sent us here to meet one last Corey.

(looks at the phone)

At least I think it's the right address.

ALICE

What's your mother's name?

COREY

Mary Taylor.

ALICE

(realizing)

Oh, yes, of course.

(smiles)

That's just like your mother, surprising us like this.

COREY

Weren't you expecting us?

ALICE

No, not at all.

(chuckles)

But that's alright. My door's always open to Mary and her family. You arrived at the home of Corey Michaels.

COREY

Corey Michaels?

ALICE

Your mom's childhood best friend.

(takes COREY'S hand)

The one you were named after.

COREY

I didn't know I was named after anyone.

(looks around)

Where is she? I'd love to meet her.

ALICE

(quietly)

She isn't here.

COREY

When will she be back?

ALICE

(looks down, sadly; after a beat)

She won't.

COREY

I...I don't understand.

ALICE

Corey was my little sister. She died twenty-five years ago...a few years after she and your mom graduated from high school.

COREY

I had no idea.

ALICE

(turns to REESE)

She had cancer—a rare form. She wasn't showing any signs or symptoms. We didn't know until it was too late.

REESE

That's awful!

ALICE

Yes, it is. But fortunately, Corey and I had a great relationship. So did she and your mom. Corey was like that.

COREY

Like what?

ALICE

Oh, you know—just one of those people who loved so hard...who just made you feel like you were the most special person in the world. For Corey, the relationships she had...the people she loved...they were everything to her.

(thinks)

I guess in some ways they made her who she was.

(looks down, smiling sadly)

I've never known anyone else like her.

COREY

I'm so sorry.

ALICE

Thank you. She was a wonderful person. I wish you could've known her.

COREY

(nodding to herself)

I get it now. That's why my mom wanted me to come here.

(to ALICE)

I've spent the summer traveling all over America, meeting people who share my name...hoping that their stories will help me figure out who I am...but how can I find myself without knowing the person who gave me their name?

ALICE

I'd love to tell you all about her.

COREY

That would be amazing.

ALICE

Why don't I bring out a few of the old photo albums?

(exits into the house)

COREY

Can you believe it? My namesake...she lived here once. She and my mom played here, had sleepovers, shared secrets.

(Moments later ALICE enters, carrying a photo album.)

ALICE

Where did your friend go?

COREY

Oh, there was a shop downtown she really wanted to check out.

(indicating the album)

Are those the photos?

ALICE

Yes!

(sits a chair. COREY sits on the other as ALICE opens the album)

Corey and your mom were so close—practically sisters.

(chuckles)

I'm not going to lie—sometimes I was jealous of your mom.

COREY

You were?

ALICE

You should've seen those two—thick as thieves.

(takes a photo out of the album and hands it COREY)

Here they are, one summer evening, hands sticky with ice cream, looking at the sunset and messing around with my dad's old camera.

COREY

They took this photo?

ALICE

Corey did. She wanted to be a photographer someday...planned to travel the world...meet all kinds of people...find a way to tell their stories.

COREY

(smiles)

You don't say?

(Lights fade to black. End of scene)

To read the rest of this play, please visit
<https://www.yourstagepartners.com/finding-corey-taylor>