CASTING NOTES - *MMBM* - CHARACTERS (3 Women, 3 Men)

- **LORI** The newbie, 30s, Korean

- **CAM** The rich bitch, an OnlyFans star, 20s, the daughter of Sunna, Korean American /Mixed Asian

- **SUNNA** The boss, 50s - 60s, Asian TBD

- **TERI** The believer, 50s, White

- **JAY** The devil’s advocate 20s, the son of Teri, White

- **BRUNO MARS** The dream man, Filipino or Mixed Filipino, 30s

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**THE STREAM** The internet, many voices, no faces, all ages (played by the whole ensemble)
SIDE 1 - LORI

A small room in what feels like a basement. A cot with a pillow, a small shelf with glasses, a hot plate, and sundries. LORI, 30s, Korean, speaks to us like she’s writing a letter.

LORI
Dear Bruno,

You may not know this, but we are atomically linked.

Not only were we born in the same century, we were born just one day apart. A single day. In all of time. Can you believe it?

When I saw your birthday on your wikipedia page, my heart leapt out of my chest.

“Magic!” I thought. “Twenty four karat magic!”

That is the first song of yours I ever heard.

When I got off the plane, the world crashed into me like a heavy stone. One I was Seoul, and all of the sudden, I was sitting on this sticky seat in a van, and then your song came on the radio.

The man driving turned it up louder. “This is my man!” he said. “Bruno Mars! Pinoy!” He was so proud. He claimed you like a son. I’d never been to the Phillipines but maybe it is fun there? Like him. His dancing made me feel less crushed by the trip. And your singing...it is like a a seltzer water bath for my soul. I burst! I looked you up on my phone right away. One day Seoul. Next day here. One day me. Next day, you. My atomic dream man.

It feels like a long time ago now, but it has only been two months since my arrival. I am starting to believe they were not telling me the truth about work here being available at the hospital. They gave me nursing scrubs, but I have only been made to work at the spa so far and it is not what I had hoped.

Shift
SIDE 2 - TERI & JAY

A father and son, TERI and JAY on a porch. TERI, 60s, white, has his left leg wrapped tight in bandages and a brace, propped up on a cooler. JAY, 20s, white, opens a fresh can of Miller High Life.

TERI
Two months of deep dive research, Jay bird. Two whole months! Quit calling it horse shit!

JAY
Watching youtube videos is not research.

TERI
Oh what is then? What is it? Huh? What? What is it? You tell me what it is then? What do you think news is? What?

JAY
It’s a bored old man healing up from knee surgery. It’s two months of boredom. Not. Whatever you are calling it.

TERI
It is VID-E-O. It’s not evil. I’ve got a bum leg, son. How else am I supposed to know what is going on? What is. Who is. Governing my life. My son’s life?

JAY
I’m not asking you to join Reese Witherspoon’s book-of-the-month club.

TERI
Oh, I like her.

JAY
Yeah.

TERI
She’s got a club?

JAY
Dad! Just take a look at a newspaper. Once and a while. They’ve got them at the gas station. Or you can check-in on Mrs. Hemphill next door.

TERI
Ms. H. Yes.
JAY
Yes. She gets the paper and I know she loves the company.

TERI
Oh, we talk about Zed too.

JAY
Jesus.

TERI
She showed me this chart, showing the flags of each state with what all the symbols mean, but then there’s a new column that Zed made that tells us what they really really mean.

JAY
Read the newspaper! More than one. You need more voices in your life.

TERI
Now that’s what a real nutcracker sounds like. Voices.

JAY
Christ.

TERI
And then she showed me this map of hots spots, all over the country, where these. Um. These secret dens are hidden. And how. It showed. Like. There were people. All over the place just stuck. Women. Stuck and suffering. And I kept thinking of your mom.

JAY
Aw, pop.

TERI
And right here. There are two. Two big red dots, right here in Atlanta. The Green Tree. The Gold Glass. It’s like. Clues from a mystery world. People hurting in these hidden corners.

TERI loses himself for a moment. JAY does too.

JAY
I can’t stay here anymore.

TERI
Alright, chill out.
JAY
I’m afraid of you.

TERI
I’ve never laid a hand on you, son. I am a hurt man. I am healing. What a hurt. What a real hurt that is for you to fear me.

JAY
I’m afraid that I’ll start believing you, Dad. Cause that’s what I do. You shout something at me long enough, I’ll accept that shit. I’m not saying I won’t think about it for a minute, but I’m not. I’m not a thorough guy. I don’t want. To lose my wits. It’s painful to watch you…descend.

TERI
All this hurt, you heap it on like you’re digging a ditch to bury me in.

JAY
C’mon pop.

TERI
I know I’m old. I know I’m not a genius. I don’t got brains. Sorry. It’s just not what our family got handed. But I got you. I got you, Jay. And I got Zed. And I got God. I’m not hurting anybody, Jay. I’m not. I’m just here on the porch with my son. Just let an old man believe in something, alright?

_They drink beers. Stare out at the trees as the sun goes down. End Scene._
SIDE - 3 - LORI & BRUNO

LORI
Dear Bruno,
I really love your new song. It is extraordinary.
I especially like the part where you compare you clean shaved face to a newborn baby’s skin. There is a softness to you that makes me feel safe. I am beginning to really think that they lied to me. It has been six months now, and they have not found me any nursing work. I am too trusting. I feel an ease in believing people, my stomach ties itself up less when I allow such belief. In some ways, everything can be true if you believe in it enough. Perhaps? I don’t know what I’m saying. For example, I believe in you...

BRUNO MARS materializes.

BRUNO
Lori? Is that you?

LORI
I’m here.

BRUNO
I could feel your presence when I closed my eyes. And here you are.

LORI
We are atomically linked.

BRUNO
I know.

Seeing the cot.

BRUNO
What have they got you sleeping on here?

LORI
Oh don’t look. Don’t don’t.

BRUNO
These sheets are not silk. Somebody call the damn cops!

LORI
I’m not allowed to have a phone.
BRUNO
Nevermind. Not the cops. Call my guys. My vibe guys. We gotta switch up the energy in here.

BRUNO takes in the small room.

We gotta get you a nice sheepskin rug right there in front of the sink. Keep you warm when I’m away.

LORI
That sounds nice.

BRUNO
A lamp, with soft golden light to kiss those high cheekbones.

LORI
That’s why I write you letters. Because no phones at night. They keep it in a little box somewhere. Locked away. Like treasure. Passport. Credit card. Phone...

BRUNO
You ever slept on a pillow made out of eiderdown?

LORI
Eiderdown?

BRUNO
I’m gonna set you up, girl. Spoil you right.

LORI
You’re a good man.

BRUNO
Are you alright? You seem sad?

LORI
It’s not sad. It’s something else.

BRUNO
You’re not sleeping well or something? Sheets are important, man. People don’t know.

LORI
Oh no no. For some reason I can always sleep. I like to dream a lot.
BRUNO
Somebody hurting you?

LORI
What is a word that is kind of sad and also trapped, but not afraid just looking for an opening?

A moment.

BRUNO
I’m not sure.

A shift.

BRUNO
You still being made to do that dirty work?

LORI
Please don’t talk about it here. Not when we’re together.

BRUNO
Lori. You are a queen. I wish I could pick you up and take you into the clouds with me, shower you with pink diamonds and starbursts (only the red and pink ones like you like). Give you 1000 bouquets of fresh flowers, soft like 1000 babies’ butts. But I can’t do that. Cuz I’m just your dream man. I’m so sorry, Lori.

LORI
It’s not your fault.

A pause.

BRUNO
When it happens next. Pretend it’s me.

LORI
Oh.

BRUNO
Put my sunglasses on. Like this. Hide those beautiful eyes so they can’t stare into them like I do.

BRUNO puts his sunglasses on LORI.

LORI
I’m melting.
BRUNO
Better soak you up then. With my silk scarf. Wrap it round your shoulders so you feel held tight.

    BRUNO wraps his scarf around LORI.

BRUNO
And you can always sing. And dance.

LORI
That’s what music is for.

BRUNO
You know.

    BRUNO and LORI sing and dance for a moment. He holds her.

BRUNO
I’ll be there with you, girl. The whole time. Just let it be me.

LORI
It can always be you.

BRUNO
I’m gonna send my guys over here. With the good stuff. Soon. Treat you like the lady you are, okay?

    BRUNO evaporates.

    A moment of singing and dancing alone. Feeling held.