

INT. MO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Zoey paces anxiously. A bemused/confused Mo just watches her.

MO

Can I get you anything? Water? Xanax?

ZOEY

No. I just need to think. Or calm down. Maybe think *and* calm down.

MO

Don't let me stop you.

Mo returns to what she was doing before Zoey interrupted her - looking through her massive record collection. Zoey takes some deep breaths and attempts to be less confrontational.

ZOEY

What are you looking for?

MO

I'm DJ'ing my first gig at The Make Out Room tomorrow night. Ever heard of it?

(off her "no")

Why'd I ask? I'm just trying to pick out the right tunes.

ZOEY

Like what? Doesn't matter. I probably never heard of them.

A wired Zoey sits on Mo's couch. She then jumps up again.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe I *do* need some help. Because I think I'm going crazy. Or, you know, more crazy than you usually think I am.

MO

Is that your attempt at humor?

ZOEY

It's my attempt to "disarm with charm." I read it in a book about making friends and influencing people.

Mo realizes Zoey's actually in need. She stops what she's doing to focus on her.

MO

Want to tell me what's going on?

ZOEY

People are singing to me, Mo! An entire city street just sang a whole Beatles song to me.

Mo thinks about this for a moment. Then:

MO

First things first. Look at me.  
(looking into Zoey's eyes)  
Did you recently imbibe or eat anything that perhaps came from a "medicinal" type shop?

ZOEY

Not that I'm aware of. All I know is one second I'm getting an MRI. And the next second--

MO

Complete strangers are singing John Lennon to you?

ZOEY

Some to me. Some to themselves. Almost like they were singing what they were all thinking out loud. Collectively. As a people. Does that make sense?

MO

No. But I'm a very open-minded person. I'm willing to roll with this. Is it possible you were part of some hidden camera, flash mob, reality show?

ZOEY

Possible. But not probable. I feel like an unlikely target. And it would have required an extraordinary amount of coordination to pull off.

MO

Okay, so no drugs. No viral video. Then it can only mean one thing.

ZOEY

What?

MO

Maybe... you're operating on a higher plane than the rest of us. Maybe... you're getting a special glimpse into other people's heads.

ZOEY

If that's the case then why aren't you singing to me right now?

MO

Oh, I'm completely baked. There's nothing going on in my head right now. That might also be why I'm still indulging this insane story of yours.

ZOEY

You know what - forget it. I don't know why I told you.

MO

No, wait--

Mo grabs Zoey's arm before she exits.

MO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry that happened to you. Personally - I'd be thrilled if people were singing to me. Unless it was an a cappella group. Then I'd have to kill somebody.

ZOEY

Well, thanks for the support. I guess.

MO

Also - let me know if it happens again. 'Cause it's actually the first thing about you that's been interesting to me.

ZOEY

And now I'm officially leaving.

Zoey heads out. Mo follows her into the hall.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mo calls to Zoey from her doorway.

MO

Have you told anybody else about this?

ZOEY

Considering that it *just* happened - no. But my mom's got enough on her plate. And I think my friend Max and I would just rile each other up. He's even more neurotic than I am. Don't respond to that.