## Series 5 Episode 01 – The Skank Reflex Analysis

Following a “Previously on The Big Bang Theory” section

Scene: The Comic Book Store.

Stuart: So, Howard’s really in space, huh?

Leonard: Mm-hmm, International Space Station. 250 miles that way.

Raj: Right now, Howard’s staring down at our planet like a tiny Jewish Greek god. Zeusowitz.

Sheldon: I must admit, I can’t help but feel a twinge of envy. He can look out the window and see the majesty of the universe unfolding before his eyes. His dim, uncomprehending eyes. It’s like a cat in an airport carrying case.

Leonard: You know, it’s not exactly glamorous up there. The water that the astronauts drink is made from each other’s recycled urine.

Stuart: Must be nice. Nobody wants anything that comes out of me.

Raj: I wonder what he’s doing right this very second.

Leonard: Mm, conducting experiments in zero gravity.

Raj: Peering through his telescope at the birth of the cosmos.

Sheldon: Whatever it is, we know his life will never be the same.

Scene: The International Space Station.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Howard. Can you hear me?

Howard: I can hear you without the phone,

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Don’t be snippy. I’m just excited to talk to my baby.

Howard: I’m excited to talk to you, too.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): So, what’s this mishegas about you moving out to go live with the little Polish girl?

Howard: How about calling her my wife?

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Wives don’t take boys from their mothers.

Howard: They do. That’s why we marry them.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): I just hope I’m not dead from a broken heart before you get back.

Howard: Ma, please. Everyone from NASA is listening to this phone call.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Good. They should know what a horrible son you are.

Howard: Okay, Ma, great talking to you. Gotta go. Well, space is ruined.

Credits sequence.

Scene: Penny’s apartment. Penny is bleaching Amy’s upper lip.

Amy: This is so exciting. Soon, my upper lip will be the same fake blonde as my beautiful best friend.

Penny: Hey, this is my natural hair colour. Now. So, does Sheldon have anything special planned for you tomorrow night?

Amy: Oh, yes. According to the Relationship Agreement, on the anniversary of our first date, he must take me to a nice dinner, ask about my day and engage in casual physical contact that a disinterested onlooker might mistake for intimacy.

Penny: That’s hot. You kids better use protection.

Amy: How long does this stay on?

Penny: Just a couple of minutes. You’ve really never done this before?

Amy: Once in high school, but I dozed off and woke up with second-degree chemical burns on my face.

Penny: Oh, my gosh, that’s awful. The other kids make fun of you?

Amy: No, I had a cover story, I told everyone it was herpes. So, how’s everything going with you and Leonard?

Penny: Uh, I don’t know, it’s still kind of weird. We haven’t really recovered since he proposed to me in the middle of sex.

Amy: Oh, boo-hoo. If Sheldon proposed to me during sex, my ovaries would grab on to him and never let go.

Scene: The university cafeteria.

Sheldon: Leonard, where do you stand on the anthropic principle?

Leonard: Interesting question. On the one hand, I always thought…

Sheldon: You don’t even know what it is, do you? The anthropic principle states that if we wish to explain why our universe exists the way it does, the answer is that it must have qualities that allow intelligent creatures to arise who are capable of asking the question. As I am doing so eloquently right now.

Leonard: I know what the anthropic principle is.

Sheldon: Of course. I just explained it to you. Now, where do you stand on it?

Leonard: Where do you stand on it?

Sheldon: Strongly pro.

Leonard: Then I believe that God created the world in six days, and on the seventh he made you to annoy me.

Raj: Hey, guys.

Leonard: Hey.

Sheldon: Yeah, wait, Raj, where do you stand on the anthropic principle?

Raj: I’m all for it.

Sheldon: Attaboy!

Leonard: Well, hang on. Why do you believe that he knows what it is and I don’t?

Sheldon: Oh, Leonard. Let’s not take a saw to the branch we’re sitting on, shall we?

Raj: Hey, uh, if you guys are free tonight, I heard about a spa where you soak your feet n a pool full of little fish that eat all the dead skin right off them. I don’t need to tell you in Los Angeles, sandal season is year round.

Leonard: Actually, I’m hanging out with Penny.

Raj: Oh, okay. Sounds like it’s me and you, Sheldon. How about we sic some guppies on those puppies?

Sheldon: As I’ve stated before on numerous occasions, the only sea creature I would even consider being eaten by is the Kraken, because the last words I would hear are “Release the Kraken.” That never gets old. “Release the Kraken!” Oh, chills. Besides, I’m having dinner with Amy.

Raj: Oh, okay. I’ll just go home and be alone. Which is cool. I eat alone, I sleep alone, I cry alone, so, cool.

Sheldon: Darn. If you weren’t busy, I’d ask you to join us.

Raj: Really? I can come? Thanks.

Leonard: Sheldon, are you sure you want to be bringing Raj on your date night with Amy?

Sheldon: Oh, absolutely. I have a contractual obligation to provide Amy with conversation and casual physical contact, but nowhere is it specified that I can’t outsource that to an Indian.

Scene: The International Space Station

Bernadette (on webcam): Howie? Howie?

Howard: Hey, there’s my beautiful bride. Can you see me?

Bernadette: I can. How are you?

Howard: I’m amazing. I mean, this is even better than I dreamed. I look out the window, and it’s all so unbelievable.

Bernadette: Good for you. I just had a seemingly endless dinner with your mom.

Howard: Oh, yeah? That’s nice.

Bernadette: It was. Until I found out you never told her we’re not gonna live with her. Let’s talk about that for a minute.

Howard: Hey, look, this pen is floating. How crazy is that?

Bernadette: You said you told her, but you never did!

Howard: Okay, okay, I know you’re upset, but let me share something I’ve learned since I got here. You realize how small your problems are when you’re looking down on them from space. Now, come on, that’s got to make you feel better.

Bernadette: How clear is the image of me on that screen?

Howard: Pretty clear.

Bernadette: Do I look like I feel better?

Howard: I mean, it’s not, like, HD quality.

Bernadette: Listen, mister, you’re gonna talk to your mother and you’re gonna fix this, or that thing I said I was gonna do to you the minute you got home, you can do to yourself.

Dimitri: Like he’s been doing since he got here.

Scene: A restaurant.

Amy: Sheldon, this place is so romantic.

Sheldon: Oh, I’m glad you like it. Raj picked it out.

Amy: Well, when you see him, tell him I say thank you.

Sheldon: Tell him yourself.

Raj: Yoo-hoo! Over here!

Amy: I don’t understand. What’s he doing here?

Sheldon: I invited him.

Amy: On our date? Sheldon, that’s not okay.

Sheldon: Yes, it is. There’s a loophole in the Relationship Agreement.

Amy: You found a loophole?

Raj: Sorry I started without you. I’m a little nervous. It’s been a long time since I’ve been on a date.

Amy: I can’t believe I bleached my moustache for this.

Raj: You should go to my girl. She’ll knock out those sideburns for free.

Later.

Raj: You know, Amy, I don’t even think you and I have had a real conversation. Let’s use tonight to get to know each other a little better. You start.

Amy: Go home.

Raj: I don’t understand.

Amy: Sheldon, how could you do this? It’s our second anniversary.

Raj: It’s your anniversary? Oh, my God, I had no idea. Amy, please, let me make this right.

Amy: Thank you.

Raj: My pleasure. Waiter? A bottle of champagne and three glasses. Oh, boy, isn’t this romantic?

Sheldon: Oh, I hope that’s a rhetorical question, because I have no clue.

Scene: The apartment.

Penny: This is great. What’s the occasion?

Leonard: No occasion. You know, things have been a little weird between us, so I wanted to throw together a fun night just for you.

Penny: That is so sweet.

Leonard: I got all your favourites. Beer, wings, sliders. We can watch the football game. I even painted my stomach.

Penny: Go Sports?

Leonard: Well, in case you were in the mood for baseball, I didn’t want to look ridiculous.

Penny: This is awesome. I love it!

Leonard: Good, I’m glad.

Penny: Gosh, I worked my ass off today. This is exactly what I needed.

Leonard: Great. Just relax and enjoy. Tonight is all about you.

Penny: Ah, thank you!

Leonard: So, where exactly are we in this relationship?

Penny: Oh, come on. I just told you I had a hard day.

Leonard: You’re right, I’m sorry. Let’s watch the game.

Penny: Great.

Leonard: I just know the longer we wait to talk about it, the weirder it gets.

Penny: Sweetie, can I just be the girl tonight?

Leonard: Absolutely. You’re the girl, I’m the guy. Now, you watch your football game while I make you a little plate here.

Penny: Thank you. (Knock on door)

Leonard: Oh, I’ll get it. Go sports.

Raj: Hello-lo-lo.

Leonard: What are you doing here? I thought you were out with Sheldon and Amy.

Raj: I was, but it’s their anniversary and I didn’t want to be a third wheel, so I figured I’d come over here and hang out with you and Penny on your date.

Leonard: Well, it’s not really a great time. Penny and I have some things we need to talk about.

Penny: No, we don’t! Come on in!

Raj: Sweet!

Leonard: I can’t believe I shaved my stomach for this.

Scene: The International Space Station

Dimitri: Hey, Froot Loops. You got a phone call.

Howard: Who is it?

Dimitri: A woman who says she’s your mother but sounds like your father.

Howard: Hey, Ma. You know, we could see each other if you turn on the computer.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): I’m not going near that fakakta thing. I’ll catch a computer virus.

Howard: You can’t catch a computer virus.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Oh, so now you’re an astronaut and a doctor?

Howard: What do you want, Ma?

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Your wife says you have something important to tell me.

Howard: Okay, here it is. Bernadette and I are starting a life together and…

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Oh, God! You are gonna leave me.

Howard: Ma…

Mrs Wolowitz (off): It’s okay. Your father left me, you left me, I guess I’m just the kind of person people like to leave.

Howard: It’s not definite. I’ll talk to Bernadette.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Don’t bother. I’ll just go sit in a hole in the ground so I’m no trouble when I die.

Howard: Stop it, Ma. I’m sure I can get Bernie to come around.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): I knew it. I knew she was behind this. You listen to me, if you want to be a man you can’t let a woman tell you what to do.

Howard: Okay, okay.

Dimitri: Oy. I can’t believe these people won the Cold War.

Howard: Now, can we please change the subject?

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Fine. Explain why you’ve been gone so long and I haven’t gotten a single letter. Not even a lousy postcard.

Scene: The apartment.

Raj: You know, I’m growing to like American football.

Penny: Yeah, it’s fun, isn’t it?

Raj: Well, it’s not the balls-to-the-wall action of badminton or cricket, but hey, what is?

Penny: All right, who’s ready for another beer?

Leonard: I’m good.

Raj: No, thank you.

Penny: Girls.

Raj: Oh, I’m having the nicest time. You guys are like family to me. You know that, right?

Leonard: That’s great. Get out.

Raj: What? Why?

Leonard: Penny and I have some issues we need to talk about.

Raj: Oh pish on your issues. You guys are fine. Yes, you hit some bumps along the way. I mean, Penny, you’ve always known how this man has felt about you, but you made him grovel for affection.

Penny: Okay, hold on…

Raj: Now, don’t blame yourself. He was a groveller from way back. But the point is, the two of you got past it. And, Leonard, you go and propose to this poor girl in the middle of sex? That was some weak tea, dude.

Leonard: Some people might say it was romantic.

Raj: Yeah, no. But yet, here you two are, still together. And that’s even after you and I had our crazy naked night.

Leonard: Okay.

Penny: That’s enough.

Raj: I’m just saying that after everything you’ve been through, you get to look into each other’s eyes and say “I love you.” And that’s beautiful.

Leonard: Actually, to this day, she’s never really said it.

Raj: Oh, Penny. That’s ridiculous. You know you love him. You, you look him in the eyes and you say it.

Penny: Raj.

Raj: Oh come on, you know you want to say it. Say it. Say you love him. Say it!

Scene: The hallway. Raj is ejected from the apartment.

Raj: I really thought she would say it.

Scene: The restaurant.

Amy: Have I ever told you you’re like a sexy praying mantis?

Sheldon: Every time you drink alcohol.

Amy: You know what’s wonderful about the praying mantis? They devour their mate.

Sheldon: Your point being?

Amy: Dessert is served.

Sheldon: I just had cobbler.

Amy: You know what? I’m done with this.

Sheldon: W-Where are you going?

Amy: I’m leaving.

Sheldon: You can’t leave. I need you.

Amy: You do?

Sheldon: Yes. You’re my ride.

Amy: Sheldon, you either say something meaningful and from the heart, or you and I are done.

Sheldon: All right. Please. Amy, when I look in your eyes and you’re looking back in mine, everything feels not quite normal, because I feel stronger and weaker at the same time. I feel excited and, at the same time, terrified. The truth is, I don’t know what I feel, except I know what kind of man I want to be.

Amy: Sheldon, that was beautiful.

Sheldon: I should hope so. That’s from the first Spider-Man movie.

Amy: I’ll take it.

Sheldon: Good. Now, I assume we’re splitting the cheque?

Scene: The Comic Book Store.

Raj: Hey, Stuart.

Stuart: Oh, hey. I was actually just about to close up.

Raj: Oh, I’m sorry. I’ll leave.

Stuart: No, no. It’s okay. Hang out.

Raj: You sure?

Stuart: Yeah, you’re my first customer today.

Raj: All right. Great.

Stuart: I’m, uh, having a nightcap. You want to join me?

Raj: What are you drinking?

Stuart: Coffee liqueur in a Chewbacca mug. I call it a sad-tini.

Raj: Perfect for the night I’m having. Thank you.

Stuart: Hmm. Nice not to drink alone.

Raj: Amen to that. Sometimes I pour a little chardonnay into my dog’s water bowl.

Stuart: You’re kidding.

Raj: She’s kind of a mean drunk, but what are you gonna do?

Stuart: Cheers.

Raj: Cheers.

Stuart: A little music?

Raj: Sure. Mmm. Bossa nova. You listen to that with your hips as well as your ears.

Stuart: Mmm.

Raj: Oh. Something about latin music just makes me feel like I’m on a white sand beach in Rio.

Stuart: Yeah. The sun, the waves, the beautiful bodies, tanned and glistening with sweat.

Raj: I should go.

Stuart: Yeah.

Raj: Uh, thank you for the drink.

Stuart: No problem.

Raj: Hey, Stuart.

Stuart: Yeah?

Raj: Do you want to hang out tomorrow night, maybe grab a bite to eat or catch a late movie?

Stuart: Yeah, I-I’d like to, but I’m a little tight on funds.

Raj: No problem. My treat. I’ll swing by after work.

Stuart: Okay.

Raj: Okay.

Stuart: I could do worse.

Scene: The International Space Station

Bernadette: Aw, that’s such good news, Howie. Thank you for telling her.

Howard: Hey, I’m a grown man. I’m gonna live with my wife. My mother’s just gonna have to learn to make do on her own.

Bernadette: Was she upset?

Howard: Who can tell? She yells everything. She might have been upset. She might have been hungry.

Bernadette: Thanks for fixing it. I love you.

Howard: I love you, too. Sweet dreams. I’ll talk to you tomorrow?

Bernadette: Good night, Rocket Man.

Howard: To infinity and beyond, baby.

Dimitri: Loops. You realize you just lied your ass off to your wife and your mother.

Howard: I know.

Dimitri: What are you gonna do when you get back to Earth?

Howard: Oh, I’m never going back.

Series 5 Episode 02 – The Infestation Hypothesis

*Scene: The apartment. Leonard is laying out wine and napkins in front of his laptop.*

Sheldon: What are you doing?

Leonard: Oh, uh, Priya’s calling in a few minutes on Skype, and we are gonna have a dinner date.

Sheldon: It’s eight o’clock in the morning in Mumbai. How can she have dinner?

Leonard: Fine, whatever. Priya will be having breakfast.

Sheldon: All right, so technically it’s not a dinner date. I suppose you could call it a, uh, dinfast date. But if you did, you’d open yourself to peer-based mocking, such as, Hey, Leonard, how was your dinfast with Priya last night?

Leonard: That doesn’t sound like mocking.

Sheldon: You didn’t let me finish. Dinfast *(rolls eyes)*. Are those soy-based candles?

Leonard: I don’t know. Why?

Sheldon: Paraffin candles may contain carcinogens. Unless lung cancer is the ambiance you were going for at your dinfast. Dinfast *(rolls eyes)*.

Leonard: Listen, I don’t want to be rude, but Priya’s gonna be calling any minute, so…

Sheldon: Oh, yes, Priya. Leonard, you know I make a point of never interfering in your personal affairs.

Leonard: Yes, I’ve always admired that about you.

Sheldon: As well you should. But I’m going to make an exception here.

Leonard: Oh, good.

Sheldon: Priya has moved back to India to pursue her law career. Instead of desperately trying to keep this intercontinental relationship alive, you could use that time to take up a hobby.

Leonard: A hobby?

Sheldon: Yes. I read recently about a fellow in Kansas with an enormous ball of twine. I bet you could give him a run for his money.

Leonard: You know, some people might say that it’s great that we’re trying to make things work long distance. They’d say things like, love is stronger than the miles between you.

Sheldon: When I rise to power, those people will be sterilized.

Leonard: You video-chat with Amy all the time. How is this different?

Sheldon: Don’t you like Amy?

Leonard: Of course I like Amy.

Sheldon: Well, there’s the difference. *(Skype tone rings)*

Leonard: Excuse me, that’s Priya.

Priya *(on screen)*: Hi, Leonard.

Leonard: Hey, honey.

Priya: I miss you.

Leonard: Oh, I miss you, too.

Sheldon: I miss the old days when your romantic partners could be returned to the video store.

*Scene: Penny’s apartment.*

Sheldon: Thanks for letting me stay here while Leonard Skypes with his girlfriend.

Penny: Oh, it’s no problem. It’s actually kind of nice. You reading, me reading. We’re like an old married couple.

Sheldon: If we were an old married couple, the wife would serve iced tea and snickerdoodles.

Penny: I don’t have iced tea and snickerdoodles.

Sheldon: A good wife would go to the store.

Penny: I want a divorce.

Sheldon: Good. On the way to see the lawyer, pick up some tea and cookies. I must say, I am enjoying your new chair.

Penny: It’s great, isn’t it?

Sheldon: It is. Aligns the lumbar, cradles the coccyx, balances the buttocks. This is a chair worthy of the name.

Penny: What name?

Sheldon: Chair.

Penny: Oh, all right, well, I’m glad you like it. I mean, I still can’t get over the fact someone just threw it away.

Sheldon: What?

Penny: Yeah, it was just sitting on the street. I paid a homeless guy ten bucks to help me get it up here.

Sheldon *(jumps up)*: Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Oh, dear. *(Starts stripping off clothing)*

Penny: What is wrong?

Sheldon: I’ve been sitting in garbage!

Penny: Sheldon, take it easy.

Sheldon: You take it easy! I need to use your shower.

Penny: I went into this marriage with so much hope.

Sheldon: There’s a wet Band-Aid on the shower floor. *(Runs out of apartment).*

*Credits sequence.*

*Scene: Howard’s workshop.*

Raj: This is fun. I’ve never used a hydraulic thermoforming press before.

Howard: Pretty sweet, huh? This little baby set the university back 175 grand.

Leonard: That’s three minutes. Should we see what we got?

Howard: Hang on.

Raj: Oh, yeah. This is one good-looking panini.

Howard: Hand me the tuna melt.

Leonard: Yep.

Howard: Thank you. How’s it going with the long-distance love affair?

Leonard: Not easy, but we’re making it work.

Howard: When you say making it work, does that include doing the cyber nasty?

Leonard: What?

Howard: You know, the virtual pickle tickle. The digital bow-chicka-bow-bow.

Raj: Come on, dude. This is my sister you’re talking about.

Howard: Hey, Leonard jiggling his junk at her through a webcam has got to be easier for you to deal with than him actually touching her with it.

Leonard: There’s no junk jiggling. We just talk.

Howard: Are you insane? With high-speed Internet, you have at your fingertips the greatest advancement in the field of sex since the invention of the washcloth.

Leonard: I can’t do that.

Howard: Well, if you don’t, you’re gonna lose Priya to some fancy guy in a turban who grew up with Kama Sutra coloring books.

Raj: How can you be so racist?

Howard: Oh, come on, tell me I’m wrong.

Sheldon *(entering)*: Oh, Leonard, good. There you are. I need you to check my head for chair lice.

Leonard: I did it last night, I’m not doing it again.

Howard: Just his head, right?

Leonard: I don’t want to talk about it. You didn’t catch bugs from Penny’s chair.

Sheldon: Yes, I did. And now they’re cavorting at the base of my hair follicles like dancing hippies at the Redwood National Forest.

Leonard: Sheldon, you do this all the time. You fixate on some crazy idea and then blow it way out of proportion.

Sheldon: Name one time I’ve ever done that.

Leonard: How about when you put GPS trackers in your garbage because you were convinced North Korean spies were stealing your doodles? The chicken nuggets you were sure were human nuggets. The strangely-shaped cloud that was following you around town. The time you put on my shirt by mistake and were convinced you’d started growing again.

Sheldon: I said, name one. You really need to work on your listening skills.

*Scene: Penny’s apartment door.*

Sheldon: *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny.

Penny: Yello.

Sheldon: You need to remove that chair from the building. It’s a health hazard.

Penny: Okay, relax. I took off the slipcovers, had them dry-cleaned and then fumigated the cushions.

Sheldon: Really?

Penny: Yeah. It’s cleaner than my couch. Found half a Hot Pocket in there.

Sheldon: It certainly looks okay. Has a strong toxic chemical smell. That’s reassuring.

Penny: Why don’t you give it a try, Sheldon?

Sheldon: All right. It is a comfortable chair.

Penny: Why don’t you just admit you overreacted?

Sheldon: No, thank you. *(Sees insect. More appear and swarm all over him. He jumps out of a daydream on his own couch. Jumps up and runs out to Penny’s apartment.*

Leonard: It’s like living with a Chihuahua.

Sheldon *(at Penny’s door)*: *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny.*(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny.

Penny: What’s up, buttercup?

Sheldon: You have to get rid of the chair.

Penny: Nope. *(Closes door)*

Sheldon: *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny.

Penny: What’s the word, hummingbird?

Sheldon: For your safety, please wait in my apartment as I call the authorities so they may remove the chair of death.

Penny: No. *(Closes door)*

Sheldon: *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny.

Penny: What’s the gist, physicist?

Sheldon: Under my authority as a self-appointed member of the Centres for Disease Control street team, these premises are condemned. *(Penny tries to close door)*As a man with a keen sense of style, I must tell you, that chair does not work with the room.*(Penny closes door). (Knock, knock, knock)*Penny. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Penny. *(Penny opens door and waves seat cushion at him. He screams and runs off. She closes door. He sneaks back) (Knock, knock, knock)*Penny.

*Scene: Leonard’s bedroom.*

Leonard: So, here we are. Back in bed together.

Priya *(on laptop screen)*: Yep, here we are.

Leonard: Okay, so I, I, I guess I’ll just jump right in.

Priya: All right.

Leonard: Uh, you’re a naughty girl. And, and, uh, I, I want to punish you with my love?

Priya: What?

Leonard: Not good?

Priya: That’s terrible. Try again.

Leonard: Okay. Uh, uh, you’re not naughty. Uh, you’re, you’re, you’re dirty. You’re, you’re a, a dirty girl?

Priya: Oh, yes. Yes, I am.

Leonard: Yeah, yeah. Uh, okay. You’re a, you’re a, you’re a, a dirty, disgusting, revolting girl. Ugh!

Priya: God, Leonard, stop talking.

Leonard: Why don’t you just give me five minutes? I’ll Google how to do this. I’ll call you right back.

Priya: Shh-shh-shh. Just be quiet and do what I tell you.

Leonard: Okay, like usual. Good.

Priya: Take off your shirt.

Leonard: All rightie. Shirt coming off. Ta-da! Man nipples.

Priya: I said be quiet.

Leonard: Yes, ma’am.

Priya: Now take off your shorts.

Leonard: Taking shorts off. There we go. Naked, naked, naked!

Priya: Wonderful. Now I’ll take off my clothes.

Leonard: Cool. *(computer screen bugs out)*Uh-oh!

Priya: Here I am, baby. You miss these?

Leonard: Oh, damn it!

Priya: Oh, Leonard! Already?

Leonard: No, no! No-no-no! The screen froze. It’s probably just buffering, just give it a second.

Priya: Fine.

Leonard: So, how are your mom and dad?

Priya: Yeah, I really don’t want to talk about my parents now.

Leonard: Yeah. Sure, sure.

Sheldon *(calling from outside)*: If your video’s frozen, try resetting the TCP/IP stack.

Leonard: Oh! I didn’t even think of that. Thanks.

Sheldon *(still off)*: You’re welcome. Please let me know when you and your girlfriend are done hogging the bandwidth for your self-abuse. I’m trying to stream a movie on Netflix in here.

*Scene: Amy’s apartment. Amy is playing a harp.*

Amy: Five, six, seven, eight. Tall and tan and young and lovely, the girl from Ipanema goes walking, and when she passes, each one she passes goes…

Sheldon: *(Knock, knock, knock)*Amy. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Amy. *(Knock, knock, knock)*Amy.

Amy: Oh… You are aware that your ritualistic knocking behaviour is symptomatic of obsessive compulsive disorder?

Sheldon: Is not. Is not, is not.

Amy: Denial. Denial, denial. Come in.

Sheldon: Thank you.

Amy: Would you like to hear me play a bossa nova standard on the harp?

Sheldon: No.

Amy: How about the theme song to the classic television show Diff’rent Strokes? Now the world don’t move to the beat…

Sheldon: No.

Amy: Well, that’s every song I know. What’s up?

Sheldon: You’re good friends with Penny, right?

Amy: Best friends, besties, BFFs, peas in a pod, sisters who would share travelling pants. Go on.

Sheldon: I was hoping she might listen to you about the dangers of owning unhygienic furniture.

Amy: For general educational purposes, or has she acquired a bar stool dipped in cholera?

Sheldon: Cholera is water-borne. You’re mocking me.

Amy: Yes, I am.

Sheldon: Penny has dragged a chair in off the street whose unknown provenance jeopardizes the health and welfare of every resident in our building.

Amy: Sheldon, just because you have a focus on cleanliness bordering on the psychotic doesn’t mean I have to participate.

Sheldon: All right, name your price.

Amy: Kiss me where I’ve never been kissed before.

Sheldon: You mean like Salt Lake City?

Amy: Never mind. I’ll talk to Penny.

Sheldon: Thank you.

Amy: Will you listen to me play my harp now?

Sheldon: No. I dislike the sound of the harp. Its overuse in classic television sitcoms always makes me think I’m going to experience an episode from my past. *(Amy plays glissando)*I’m sorry, Mommy. Don’t be mad at me. Don’t do that!

*Scene: Howard’s workshop.*

Leonard: I don’t know about this, Howard.

Howard: What? You’re having trouble with the long-distance lovemaking. This is your answer. There are two interfaces that simulate a human mouth. You have one, Priya has one in India. When you move your lips and tongue on yours, it transmits exactly what you’re doing to hers. See? Internet kissing. *(Howard kisses device)*Give it a try.

Leonard: I don’t think so.

Raj: I’ll try it. Like this?

Howard: Almost. Really get your tongue in there, to activate the motion sensor.

Raj: Like this?

Howard: Close. Really French it.

Raj: Better?

Howard: Yeah, you got it, you got it.

Raj: I’m impressed. This is very lifelike.

Howard: Whoa! You just bit my tongue!

Raj: I, I nibbled. I was being playful.

Howard: Why do you have to make everything weird?

Raj: Sorry. Better?

Howard: Oh, yeah.

*Scene: Penny’s apartment.*

Penny: Pretty cool, huh? Probably would cost, like, two hundred bucks in a store.

Amy: I do appreciate a bargain. This entire ensemble once belonged to my dead grandmother.

Penny: You’re kidding.

Amy: Everything except bra and panties. And they’re a leopard-spotted secret I share with Victoria.

Penny: And now me.

Amy: I just have one question about the chair.

Penny: And what’s that?

Amy: Aren’t you worried about it being unhygienic?

Penny: No, it’s completely fine. Hmm. I get it. Sheldon sent you. He put you up to this.

Amy: No, he didn’t.

Penny: Really?

Amy: Yes, he did. He absolutely did.

Penny: My God, Amy, that’s really crappy of you.

Amy: It is?

Penny: Yeah! Letting Sheldon use you to manipulate me? I thought you were my friend.

Amy: No, I am your friend. Please don’t be mad at me.

Penny: I can’t even believe this. You know, maybe you should just go.

Amy: No, no, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry. I take it all back. Look. I’m, uh, I’m sitting in your chair. There’s nothing wrong with it. It’s a great chair. Please let me continue to be part of your world. Ow!

Penny: What’s wrong?

Amy: Something in the chair’s biting my tushy. It’s not important. Ow!

Penny: Wait. Get up, get up! *(She does. Something is moving in the seat cushion. They both run out of the apartment screaming.)*Swear you won’t tell Sheldon what happened!

Amy *(between screams)*: I swear! Can I tell my doctor? I’m probably gonna need shots!

Penny *(also still screaming)*: Yeah, sure!

*Scene: Leonard’s bedroom.*

Leonard: Oh, hey, babe, I think I figured this thing out.

Priya *(on screen)*: Oh, Leonard, listen…

Leonard: No, you listen. You’re my woman, and I’m gonna make you feel things you have never felt before.

Priya: Leonard…

Leonard: That’s right, say my name, and beg me for more, ’cause, I’m gonna give it to you.

Priya: My parents are here.

Dr Koothrappali: Hello, Leonard, if I may also say your name.

*Scene: The street outside the apartment block.*

Howard: Check it out. Free chair.

Raj: Yeah. Hey, you know, if this was in Sheldon and Leonard’s apartment, I wouldn’t wind up sitting on the floor all the time.

Howard: On three?

Together: Three!

Raj: What kind of idiot throws away a terrific chair like this?

## Series 5 Episode 03 – The Pulled Groin Extrapolation

Scene: The apartment.

Leonard: Who wants the last dumpling?

Penny: Ooh, me.

Sheldon: Penny, a moment. We just had Thai food. In that culture, the last morsel is called the krengjai piece, and it is reserved for the most important and valued member of the group.

Penny: Thank you all for this high honour.

Sheldon: I’ve seen pictures of your mother, keep eating.

Howard: All right, honey, if we’re gonna make the movie, we should go. (Raj stands)This may be hard for you to hear, but when I say honey, I mean my fiancée. (Raj whispers to him)Yeah, well, now it means her.

Bernadette: It’s okay if he wants to come.

Howard: Fine. But next time, we get a sitter.

Penny: All right, I got to go to work. I’ll walk down with you.

Sheldon: Wait. Uh, which is closer to the new train store in Monrovia, the movie theatre or the Cheesecake Factory?

Howard: Neither of them are close.

Sheldon: Oh, well, then I guess it doesn’t matter which one of you drives me. Let’s play a fun guessing game to see who gets to take me. All right, this four-letter word describes either a printer’s type size or a compulsion to eat dirt.

Penny: Okay, I’m not driving him.

Sheldon: No, Penny, don’t give up, you can get this.

Leonard: Aren’t you going with Sheldon?

Amy: No, I have no interest in model trains, stores that sell them, nor their heartbreaking clientele.

Leonard: Oh. Well, I have some work to do, so…

Amy: I can’t imagine that would disturb me. Carry on.

Leonard: Okay. Wouldn’t you be more comfortable at home?

Amy: Not really, no.

Leonard: All righty then. Guess I’ll just get started.

Amy: Leonard, please. I don’t need the running commentary.

Credits sequence.

Scene: The apartment. Amy is staring into space.

Leonard: Amy?

Amy: Yo.

Leonard: You okay?

Amy: Oh, sure.

Leonard: I thought you were reading.

Amy: I was. Now I’m thinking about what I read. You all right, Leonard? You seem very uncomfortable.

Leonard: I, I’m fine.

Amy: Should I go? I’ve been told sometimes I overstay my welcome.

Leonard: What, who told you that?

Amy: Well, most recently my gynaecologist.

Leonard: Well, you stay as long as you’d like.

Amy: I’m glad to hear you say that, because I’m having a wonderful time. Hmm, I said the same thing to my gynaecologist.

Scene: Raj’s car.

Bernadette: What are you going to get at the train store, Sheldon?

Sheldon: Oh, I’m not buying anything. They’re having a lecture. H-O gauge railroading. Half the size of O-gauge, but twice the fun. Very controversial topic.

Howard: Which side do you come down on?

Sheldon: I’ll let you know after tonight. Unlike some people, I’m going in with an open mind. Who am I kidding? Of course we all know it’s O-gauge or no gauge.

Howard: Can you believe grown men sit around and play with toy trains?

Bernadette: That’s pretty big talk for a man with a closet full of magic tricks at his mother’s house.

Howard: First of all, they’re not tricks, they’re illusions. And, secondly, when we get married, they’re all going up in the attic so you can have that closet for clothes.

Bernadette: Why would I keep clothes at your mother’s house?

Howard: Well, don’t think of it that way. Once we move in, it’ll be our house.

Bernadette: Is she moving out?

Howard: Why would she move out? It’s her house.

Bernadette: Hang on. You seriously think I’m going to live with your mother?

Sheldon: Howard, I think I can help here. Yes, Bernadette, that’s exactly what he thinks.

Howard: Why not? It’s a great house, plenty of room, and if we have kids, Mom’s there to help. You know, when she tells the Three Little Pigs story, she actually has hair on her chinny-chin-chin.

Bernadette: I’m not gonna live with your mother. Not now, not ever.

Howard: Wow, someone obviously has some mommy issues.

Bernadette: Raj, take me home.

Howard: Don’t listen to her. Go to the movie theatre.

Bernadette: Take me home now.

Howard: Movie theatre.

Raj: Mmmmmm.

Sheldon: Okay, everybody calm down. There is a simple solution here. Raj, take me to the train store, and then I don’t care what you people do.

Scene: The apartment.

Amy: How was your shower?

Leonard: It was good, good. Just out of curiosity, what time do you usually go to bed?

Amy: Oh, I’m up all night. I’m like a possum. Boy, you were not liked in high school, were you?

Leonard: Not really. Is that my yearbook?

Amy: Mm-hmm. Dear Leonard, you’re really good at science. Maybe one day you’ll come up with a cure for being a dork.

Leonard: Well, it wasn’t spray-painting a lightning bolt on my briefcase, I can tell you that.

Amy: If it makes you feel any better, the only person who signed my yearbook was my mother.

Leonard: Aw.

Amy: Dear Amy, self-respect and a hymen are better than friends and fun. Love, Mom.

Sheldon (entering): Well, you can add Jerry’s Junction to the list of train stores Sheldon Cooper will never set foot in again.

Leonard: Rough night, Casey Jones?

Sheldon: You don’t know the half of it. It was billed as a lively give-and-take on the merits of model train sizes. But it was actually a set-up to intimidate weak-minded spineless rubes into buying H-O starter sets.

Leonard: What’s in the bag?

Sheldon: I don’t want to talk about it. But it’s not a spine,I’ll tell you that.

Amy: Well, I had a delightful evening, Leonard. We should do this again sometime.

Leonard: Ah, sure. That’d be nice.

Amy: Glad to hear it. I need someone to accompany me to the wedding of Dr. Moranelli and Dr. Gustufson this Friday. They’re kind of the Brad and Angelina of the primatology department.

Leonard: Wouldn’t you rather bring Sheldon?

Amy: I would, but the last wedding we went to was a disaster. He behaved like a child the entire time.

Sheldon: Not my fault. You said there’d be other scientists there my age.

Amy: Doesn’t matter. You’re out, he’s in. No date to the prom, two dates to a wedding. Hmm, how times change.

Sheldon: Ha-ha, you have to go to a wedding.

Scene: Outside Howard’s house. Amy rings the bell.

Howard (off): I’ll get it!

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Could you get it?

Howard (off): I said I’m getting it!

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Fine, I’ll get it!

Howard: I got it! Oh, hi.

Bernadette: Hey. I don’t want to fight. I was just surprised when you sprung the whole living-with-your-mom stuff on me.

Howard: Yeah, well, I’m sorry I didn’t run it by you first.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): I don’t know who you’re talking to, but in or out! We don’t need bugs!

Howard: The bugs only come here because you’re their queen! Listen, how about this. Before we make any kind of decision about where we live, we have a trial run. Stay here for a weekend, see what it’s like.

Bernadette: And your mom would be okay with that?

Howard: Sure she would. Ma, do you mind if Bernadette stays here this weekend?

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Hey, if she’s willing to give the milk away for free, who am I to say no?

Howard: See? She’s good with it.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Frankly, after all your sleepovers with the little brown boy, a girl is a big relief!

Scene: The apartment. Sheldon is playing with his train set.

Sheldon: All this years, I’ve been so wrong. The tinier the train, the more concentrated the fun.

Penny: You’re a brain scientist. Can you explain to me why a brilliant man likes playing with toy trains?

Amy: Not without cutting his head open, no. How about making my eyes like Cleopatra?

Penny: Really? For a wedding?

Amy: Perhaps you’re right. My cheekbones and beckoning pelvis already have a certain hello sailor quality to them.

Leonard: Ready.

Penny: Aw. So handsome. Like James Bond.

Sheldon: Better than James Bond, because he’s tinier.

Amy: I got you this to give to me.

Penny: Oh, sweetie, guests don’t normally wear corsages to a wedding. That’s more of a prom thing.

Amy: I never went to my prom. My mom paid my cousin to take me, but he just used the money to buy drugs.

Penny: Put the corsage on her.

Leonard: Amy, this is for you.

Amy: When you’re done copping a feel, that goes on my wrist.

Sheldon: All aboard! Woo-woo! It’s official. I’m an H-O trainiac.

Scene: Howard’s bedroom.

Howard: So, dinner went nice.

Bernadette: Yeah. Yeah, I guess. Does your mother always cut your meat for you?

Howard: Only when it’s fatty. Well, don’t be jealous, babe. Someday you’ll get to cut it for me.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Bernadette! I found the extra head for the Waterpik if you want to use it!

Bernadette: I’m okay, Mrs. Wolowitz.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): You sure? I just squirted half a brisket outta my teeth!

Howard: Hey, Ma, how about a little privacy?

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Oh, I know what that means! Hubba-hubba!

Bernadette: Oh, God.

Howard: Relax, it’ll be fine.

Bernadette: Okay.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Let me know when you’re done canoodling! Mommy needs a foot rub!

Scene: The wedding.

Amy: Would you like to dance?

Leonard: No, thank you. I’m really not much of a dancer.

Amy: You’re not exactly winning any trophies as a conversationalist, either.

Leonard: I’m sorry. The bride and groom seem happy.

Amy: Why shouldn’t they be? They have a feverish night of socially-approved copulation ahead of them. In some cultures, we’d stand outside of their bedroom cheering as they achieved orgasm.

Leonard: That sounds like a late night, and I have work in the morning, so…

Amy: Leonard, you may not have noticed, but I am being a delight here. And you’re not holding up your end of the evening.

Leonard: Oh, sorry. This wedding just reminds me of my kinda-sorta girlfriend 9,000 miles away.

Amy: I have a kinda-sorta boyfriend who’s playing with a model train right now, you don’t hear me bitching about it. Leonard, a word of advice, moody self-obsession is only attractive in men who can play guitar and are considerably taller than you.

Leonard: I’m not moody. I’m fun.

Amy: You have any evidence to support that statement?

Leonard: Well, hey, I’m just as much fun as you are.

Amy: Really? Are you willing to draw a moustache on your finger as a conversational icebreaker? I am.

Leonard: Okay, fine, what do you suggest?

Amy: We just had a lovely meal, the band is on fire, and you’re sitting next to a beautiful woman wearing whorish makeup. Why don’t we head outon the dance floor and see if I can sweat through these dress shields.

Leonard: Once again, I, I’m really not much of a dancer.

Amy: Don’t worry, I’ll lead. (They do the Birdie Song dance)

Scene: Howard’s bedroom. Howard is playing with a lightsabre.

Amy: Howard?

Howard: Ready for bed?

Bernadette: No. I need to brush my teeth, but your mother’s been in the bathroom for, like, an hour.

Howard: Oh. Yeah, she sometimes has problems doing her business. Hang on. Ma, give up! Tonight’s not your night!

Mrs Wolowitz (off): You don’t know that! I just sat down!

Howard: Come on, take a break! Bernadette needs to brush her teeth!

Mrs Wolowitz (off): She can come in and brush her teeth! I’m not embarrassed!

Howard: Problem solved.

Bernadette: No, it’s not. I’m not going in there.

Howard: Oh, come on, honey. She’s just sitting in there reading a magazine. You can’t see anything. I go in all the time.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Ha! The eagle has landed!

Howard: And we have splashdown. Wait here, I’m gonna go light a candle. And then we make passionate love.

Scene: The stairwell. Amy is helping Leonard up the stairs.

Amy: There we go, last floor.

Leonard: I just can’t figure out what happened. I put my left leg in, I took my left leg out, I put my left leg in, and something just snapped.

Amy: The hokey pokey is a young man’s game.

Leonard: I did have a great time. Thank you for reminding me it’s okay to have fun once in a while.

Amy: You’re welcome.

Leonard: And also for breaking the head off the ice swan so I could hold it against my pulled groin.

Amy: I excel at spatial reasoning, and I had a hunch that the graceful slope of its neck would cradle your genitals nicely.

Leonard: Well, okay. Again, thank you.

Amy: And again, you’re welcome.

Leonard: Want to come in, have a cup of tea?

Amy: No, thanks. I’m gonna head home.

Leonard: Okay. Well, good night.

Amy: Good night. (Heads across corridor and knocks on Penny’s door)

Penny: Ames, hi. How was the wedding?

Amy: Great. Until I accidentally made Leonard fall in love with me.

Penny: Come in, let’s talk. Do you want a glass of wine?

Amy: Wine is one of the reasons I’m in this fix. That and this dang pelvis.

Penny: Okay, I’m sorry, what exactly happened?

Amy: The inevitable, he was lonely and vulnerable from missing his girlfriend, while I was charming, supportive and, let’s face it, in this dress, the perfect combination of Madonna and whore.

Penny: Oh, God, did he make a move on you?

Amy: No, but it’s only a matter of time. How could I have not seen this coming? Now I’m gonna have to break the little sad sack’s heart.

Penny: Yeah, I’m sure he’ll be okay.

Amy: Oh, Penny, much as I would treasure knowing that the two of us had been defiled by the same man, Leonard just doesn’t get my motor running.

Penny: So, um, what are you gonna do? Do you want me to talk to Leonard, let him down easy?

Amy: No. I’ll let him have tonight. Then in the morning, I’ll send him an e-mail letting him know this body is never gonna be his wonderland. I mean, frankly, you’ve got a better shot than he does.

Scene: The apartment.

Sheldon: Leonard. Check it out. I bought an N-gauge locomotive. Half the size of H-O. Look, it fits in my mouth.

Leonard: Sounds like you had a great night.

Sheldon: I did. How was yours?

Leonard: Not bad. I had a lot more fun with Amy than I thought I would.

Sheldon: What exactly do you mean by that?

Leonard: Well, it turns out she really knows how to help a guy loosen up and have a good time. Although, truth be told, my groin’s a little worse for wear.(Sheldon hits him)Ow! Why did you do that?

Sheldon: To send a message. She is not for you.

Leonard: What?

Sheldon: Not for you!

Scene: Howard’s bedroom.

Bernadette: Good morning, handsome.

Howard: Morning, Mom.

Bernadette: It’s me.

Howard: Yes, it is, and you’re so pretty in the morning.

Bernadette: Your mom and I made you breakfast.

Howard: Oh, wow. So you guys are getting along?

Bernadette: Yeah, I guess. We’re very different people, Howard, so communication’s a little tricky.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Does he like the pancakes?!

Bernadette (in a similar voice): He didn’t try them yet!

Howard: Is there any butter?

Bernadette: It’s butter-flavoured syrup.

Howard: Oh.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): So, what’s the word?

Bernadette: He wants butter!

Mrs Wolowitz (off): It’s butter-flavoured syrup

Bernadette: I just told him that!

Howard: I don’t need any butter.

Bernadette: If you want butter, I’ll get you butter.

Howard: Well, I guess I’ll cut these by myself.

## Series 5 Episode 04 – The Wiggly Finger Catalyst

Scene: The apartment.

Sheldon: The entrance to the dungeon is a moss covered door. You manage to open it only to find yourself face-to-face with a hideous, foul-smelling, moss-covered ogre. What do you do?

Howard: I say, hey Ma, what’s for dinner?”

Sheldon: Seventeen. The ogre is amused by your joke and allows you to pass. By the by, I liked it, too.

Leonard: Hey, how go the wedding plans, Howard?

Howard: Great. We spent five hours last night at Macy’s registering for gifts. Looks like I’m finally going to have that darling little earthenware asparagus dish I’ve always wanted.

Leonard: See, this is the good thing about having a girlfriend 9,000 miles away. I can spend my nights doing whatever I want.

Howard: You mean like playing nerd games with us and then taking a suspiciously long shower?

Leonard: Maybe. We enter the dungeon.

Sheldon: You see a dragon.

Howard: Really? So we’re playing Dungeons and Dragons, and we walk into a dungeon and see a dragon? Isn’t that a little on the nose?

Sheldon: When you play Chutes and Ladders, do you complain about all the chutes and all the ladders?

Leonard: Are you gonna eat that whole pie?

Raj: Maybe. Why not? Who do I have in my life to watch my figure for?

Leonard: Oh, God, did you watch Bridget Jones again?

Raj: No, it’s just that everybody’s got someone. Sheldon’s with Amy, Howard’s getting married, you’re dating my sister.

Leonard: Now that Howard’s getting married, maybe he’ll inflate one of his old girlfriends for you.

Raj: You know who I blame for my loneliness? The United States of America. Your movies and your TV shows promised streets paved with beautiful blonde women with big bazongas.

Howard: Eat another pie, you’ll have your own bazongas.

Raj: That’s cruel. You know it goes straight to my hips.

Sheldon: Gentlemen, please focus. You’re facing a fire-breathing dragon.

Raj: I don’t know if I want to play anymore.

Sheldon: Because you don’t have a girlfriend? Well, good Lord, if that becomes a reason not to play Dungeons and Dragons, this game’s in serious trouble.

Credits sequence.

Scene: Penny’s apartment.

Amy: Now, I assume we use this same wax later on to neaten up each other’s bikini regions.

Penny: Yeah, my bikini region is fine.

Amy: Who’s shocked? I’m not. So, Bernadette, how’s the wedding planning going? And I’m not asking as a prospective bridesmaid. Pick me! Pick me!

Bernadette: We went cake-tasting yesterday. Raj came along. He cried and ate half the samples.

Penny: Oh, the poor guy’s so lonely. We should set him up with someone.

Bernadette: You know, I met a really cute girl at work. She’s married to a guy in one of our drug trials.

Penny: Well, hello? She’s married.

Bernadette: Yeah, but her husband is in serious congestive heart failure, and a little birdie told me he’s in the placebo group.

Penny: Okay, so future grief-stricken widow is the one to beat.

Scene: The Cheesecake Factory.

Leonard: Are we ready to order?

Sheldon: One moment. I’m conducting an experiment.

Howard: With Dungeons and Dragons dice?

Sheldon: Yes. From here on in, I’ve decided to make all trivial decisions with a throw of the dice, thus freeing up my mind to do what it does best, enlighten and amaze. Page 14, item seven.

Howard: So, what’s for dinner?

Sheldon: A side of corn succotash. Hmm. Interesting.

Penny: Um, Howard, can I see you for a minute, please?

Howard: Uh, I don’t want to show any more of your friends how I can fit in the booster seats.

Penny: Uh, no, that’s not it. Just come with me, please.

Sheldon: Let’s see what I’ll be washing that succotash down with. A pitcher of margaritas.

Leonard: Do you really want that?

Sheldon: That’s the great thing. It doesn’t matter. My mind is freed up to think about more important things.

Raj: What’s it thinking about now?

Sheldon: Hamburgers and lemonade.

Penny: Um, Raj, there’s someone I want you to meet. This is my friend Emily. I know her from my spin class. Raj, relax. She can’t hear you. She’s deaf.

Howard (signing): Emily, this is our friend Raj.

Penny: Oh! Look at you guys just hitting it off. I am so good.

Raj: Hi.

Howard: She says it’s nice to meet you.

Raj: Does she really mean that or was she signing it sarcastically?

Howard: Raj says it’s nice to meet you, too. She says she has to go back to her family, but Penny has her number if you want to text her and get together.

Raj: Okay, I’m going to play it cool. Tell her, maybe. Whatever, babe.

Howard: He’ll text you.

Raj: Ah, look at that. I have a date. I love America again.

Sheldon: And now for dessert, come on, hot fudge sundae, come on, hot fudge sundae. Bam! That’s what I’m talking about!

Scene: A coffee shop.

Raj: Okay, as soon as she gets here, so she knows I’m cool with it, I’m going to make a joke about her being deaf. I was thinking, hey, did you hear the one about…? Oh, no, I bet you didn’t.

Howard: Maybe we should revisit your lonely fat guy plan.

Raj: Oh, she’s here.

Howard: No joke. Oh, she says she’s sorry she’s late.

Raj: Tell her it doesn’t matter. Tell her, her eyes shimmer like opalescent lilies in the lake of the palace of the celestial maidens.

Howard: Really? That’s the first thing you want to say?

Raj: I worked on it all night. Use it.

Howard: Look, I don’t know the sign for opalescent.

Raj: Then spell it.

Howard: I don’t know how to spell it.

Raj: You’re blowing this for me!

Howard: He likes your eyes.

Raj: You’re making me sound like a caveman.

Howard: She says, thank you, you have nice eyes, too.”

Raj: Really? Ask her how many children she wants, and whatever number she says, say, me too.

Howard: No.

Raj: Fine. Tell her I have a deep, sexy voice like James Earl Jones.

Howard: She doesn’t know what James Earl Jones sounds like.

Raj: Great. Then she won’t know I’m lying.

Scene: The same, later.

Raj: Let’s see, what else can I tell you about me that would make you like me? Ooh, I love music. Do you love music?

Howard: You really want to ask her that?

Raj: You’re right. Everyone loves music.

Howard: She says, do you play an instrument?

Raj: No, but when I was six years old, I tried to start a boy band called Frankie Goes to Bollywood. But I couldn’t get any other boys to join, so my parents asked the servants to be my backup dancers. Wait, when you sign servants, don’t sign it like I’m bragging. Sign it in a way that I sound humble with just a hint of, that’s right, I had servants.

Howard: Do you hear yourself

Raj: Yes, but she doesn’t. So get signing, hand monkey.

Scene: The same, later.

Howard (translating for Emily): I think I wrote a letter to Santa Claus every day. And then on Christmas morning, under the tree is a little puppy with a red ribbon.

Raj: What are you doing?

Howard: Texting Bernadette that I’m gonna be late.

Raj: Dude, what is she saying?

Howard: It’s a funny story about a puppy. Just smile and laugh. Quick, quick, stop smiling.

Raj: What? Why?

Howard: The puppy died, it choked on a doll head. Sad face, sad face!

Scene: Outside the coffee shop.

Raj: It’s a little hard to see with the city lights, but that W-shaped constellation is Cassiopeia. And she was the mother of Andromeda who’s over there.

Howard: Look, pretty stars. This is her car. She hopes she can see you again sometime.

Raj: Good, good. Oh, boy, help me out here. Does she want me to kiss her or not?

Howard: I speak sign language, I don’t read minds.

Raj: If you were me, would you kiss her?

Howard: Yeah, but I’m a make out king. (She kisses Raj and gets into car)

Raj: I was so smooth on that date.

Howard: You? I made you smooth. You were an idiot.

Raj: Whatever, dude. She kissed me.

Howard: It might’ve been on your lips, but it was my kiss.

Raj: Oh, fine. Let’s agree she kissed both of us.

Howard: Okay.

Scene: The apartment.

Penny: Mustache is looking good there, Sheldon.

Sheldon: Don’t thank me. Thank the dice. They told me what percentage of my face to shave.

Howard: Why are you still doing this?

Sheldon: Because it’s working. In the past few weeks, unburdened by trivial decisions, I’ve co-authored two papers in notable peer-reviewed journals, and I’m close to figuring out why the Large Hadron Collider has yet to isolate the Higgs boson particle.

Leonard: You left out, got chafed testicles because you no longer wear underpants.

Sheldon: The dice giveth and the dice taketh away.

Penny: Is Raj out with Emily again?

Leonard: Yeah, every night for the last month.

Penny: Wow, can’t believe he has a girlfriend.

Sheldon (rolls dice): Me neither.

Howard: Here’s some other fun news on the Raj/Emily front. He gave her a pair of diamond earrings and leased her a car.

Penny: You’re kidding.

Leonard: You think she’s taking advantage of him?

Penny: Oh, of course not. She wouldn’t do something like that. She’s deaf.

Leonard: Deaf women can’t be gold diggers?

Penny: Handicapped people are nice, Leonard. Everyone knows that.

Sheldon: Yeah, I actually have information about Raj that would be helpful with this discussion.

Leonard: Could you tell us?

Sheldon: Let’s see. (Rolls dice)Snake eyes. Sorry, bud.

Penny: Wait, hang on. Doubles. Roll again.

Sheldon: Okay, get this. It doesn’t matter if he’s showering her with gifts, because the Koothrappalis are vastly wealthy.

Penny: What do you mean, vastly wealthy?

Sheldon: Well, wealthy means a lot of money, and vastly means even more. I’m not sure what’s tripping you up.

Leonard: Look, I know they have money. I don’t think it’s that much.

Sheldon: No, you’re wrong. See, as you know, a few years ago, I achieved one of my lesser dreams and became a notary public. Well, from time to time, I notarize banking documents for Raj. The Koothrappalis aren’t just rich, they’re Richie Rich rich.

Penny: Well, so how much is that?

Sheldon: About halfway between Bruce Wayne and Scrooge McDuck.

Howard: What the hell? The last time we went to the zoo, that son of a bitch made me buy him a churro.

Leonard: Listen, guys, I’m sorry, I don’t mean to be rude, but I need to go call Raj’s sister, who I love so much. So vastly much.

Penny: Okay, so he’s got money, and it’s a few gifts and a car.

Howard: And she got him to pay off all her credit cards.

Penny: What? He paid off her credit cards? Damn it, I could’ve dated Raj for a couple months. But I, I wouldn’t have, because I’m not that kind of girl. We should really talk to Raj.

Howard: He’s not going to listen, he’s in love.

Sheldon: Can’t figure out what to do? I remember those days. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have to… (rolls dice)stay right here.

Scene: The gym.

Howard: Yeah, this is a bad idea. We should go.

Penny: No. I’m the one that introduced him to her. I’ve got to say something.

Howard: Wow.

Penny: You’re engaged to my friend.

Howard: Hey, Bernadette doesn’t mind where I get my motor running, as long as I park in the right garage.

Penny: I can’t believe you’re engaged to my friend. Oh, here she comes.

Howard: Smart. Whisper so the deaf chick can’t hear you.

Penny: Hi.

Howard (translating): Oh, hey, hi. Nice to see you.

Penny: Um, can we talk to you about Raj?

Howard: She says, sure, what about him?

Penny: Okay, um, gosh, how do I start? Um, see, Raj is kind of naive. I mean, he hasn’t dated a whole lot of women. And I’m concerned that, without meaning to, you might be taking advantage of him. You know, by letting him buy you a bunch of expensive things.And I.. I… Howard, focus. Tell her what I’m saying.

Howard: Right. Are you a gold digger or not? Oh, uh, something, something, who the something do you think you are? Mind your own something business and go something yourself. Oh, wait, I got this now.

Scene: Penny’s apartment. She answers the door.

Raj: I’m so mad at you!

Penny: Okay, wait…

Raj: How dare you ambush my girlfriend at the gym!

Penny: We didn’t mean for it to be an ambush. Just, it’s kind of impossible not to sneak up on deaf people. And hey, since when are you so chatty?

Raj: I’m hammered.

Penny: Raj, come here. This girl is trouble. I mean, what kind of relationship is it where you buy her gifts and she gives you sex?

Raj: The best one I ever had!

Penny: Okay, come on. You know you can do better.

Raj: Aha. I see what’s going on here. You and I had our crazy night together, and now you can’t stand to see me with another woman.

Penny: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

Raj: It’s okay. I can’t get mad at your feelings.

Penny: I don’t have feelings.

Raj: Yeah, that’s good. Keep telling yourself that. (Storms out)

Penny: He is cuter now that I know he’s rich.

Scene: Raj’s apartment.

Raj: I have a surprise for you. Cover your eyes. Open them. It’s a real ruby. It was a little expensive, but no one can put a price on love. Although, the people at Cartier took a pretty good shot at it. (Skype tone from computer)Oh, Mummy, Daddy. What a nice surprise.

Dr Koothrappali: No, it’s not a nice surprise, it’s a bad surprise.

Mrs Koothrappali: Penny called us.

Raj: Penny?

Mrs Koothrappali: She told us you’re spending all our money on your new girlfriend.

Raj: I just got her a couple of things. She gives me things, too.

Dr Koothrappali: Yeah, yeah, I’m a gynaecologist. I know exactly what she gives you.

Mrs Koothrappali: You need to find a nice Indian girl from a good family. If you keep seeing this woman, you’re cut off.

Raj: What? You’re going to make me choose between the woman I love and the money I have very strong feelings for?

Dr Koothrappali: It’s up to you.

Raj: Well, I choose love.

Dr Koothrappali: Hah. You’re an idiot. Love doesn’t last. Well, he’s going to find out eventually. Think about it.

Raj: My parents are making me choose between money and you. I choose you. (She signs)No, I think we’ll have to return the car. (Again)And that necklace, yeah, that, too. But none of those things matter, because we have something better. We have love.

Scene: Penny’s apartment.

Raj: Oh, Penny, I hurt so bad.

Penny: I know, I know.

Raj: Sometimes I put the TV on mute just to pretend she’s still with me. But I can’t watch the closed captioning without crying.

Penny: Oh, I’m so sorry. I wish I could make you feel better.

Raj: Seriously? I’m heartbroken and you’re hitting on me?

Penny: What? No!

Raj: Look, Penny, you’re great, but I had a long talk with my parents, and they said if I date an Indian girl, I get a Maserati.

Scene: The Cheesecake Factory.

Raj: Mmm. Oh, cheesecake, you’re just as good as a woman, even though I can’t have sex with you.

Howard: Try throwing it in the microwave for a few seconds.

Sheldon: Should I use the rest room or wait until we get home? Come on, papa needs to void his bladder. Oh, that’s not what you want to see after three buttermilks.

Penny: Here you go, boys. I’ll pick it up when you’re ready.

Howard: Thanks for dinner, buddy.

Leonard: Yeah, real big of you.

Sheldon: Hurry, hurry, hurry.

Penny: Oh, and don’t cheap out on the tip. We all know you’re loaded now.

## Series 5 Episode 05 – The Russian Rocket Reaction

Scene: The comic book store.

Leonard: It’s from Game of Thrones. What do you think?

Sheldon: I don’t know. If we’re going to start a fantasy sword collection, and I’ve long thought we should, is this really the sword to start with?

Leonard: What did you have in mind?

Sheldon: Well, off the top of my head, I’d have to go with Excalibur. It gives you the right to rule England.

Leonard: It would be a replica of a movie prop.

Sheldon: Fair enough. It’d give you the right to rule a replica of England.

Leonard: Well, they don’t have an Excalibur here, so what do you want to do?

Sheldon: Mm. Tough decision. There’s no weaponry from Lord of the Rings, forged in a Chinese sweatshop?

Leonard: Just Bilbo Baggins’ sword over there.

Sheldon: Two grown men with a hobbit’s dagger; wouldn’t we look silly? Okay, let’s go for it.

Stuart: Oh, I see you guys have found my little treasure.

Leonard: Yeah. It’s okay, I guess.

Sheldon: Okay? It’s magnificent.

Leonard: Buh-buh-buh-buh! What do you want for it?

Stuart: Oh, it’s hard to put a price on something that’s a copy of something that was on pay cable. But for my friends, let’s say 250?

Leonard: Oh, that’s pretty steep.

Stuart: Well, it’s a limited edition. They only made 8,000 of these bad boys.

Sheldon: Only 8,000? We’re wasting precious time. Buy it.

Leonard: Hang on. Can you do any better?

Stuart: Are you kidding? I’m already giving you the friends and family discount.

Sheldon: Oh, did you hear that? We’re getting the friends and family discount. We are honoured and we will take it.

Leonard: Slow down. Two hundred.

Sheldon: What are you doing? Two fifty is already the discounted price.

Leonard: Will you shut up?

Stuart: Tell you what, I’ll go two thirty-five.

Leonard: Nope. Maybe another time.

Stuart: Okay, two twenty five, my final offer.

Sheldon: Take it, take it.

Leonard: Two hundred.

Stuart: Man, you’re killing me!

Sheldon: Killing you? I can’t breathe.

Stuart: Two ten, and I’m losing money.

Sheldon: Oh, now, we can’t let him lose money, Leonard. I’m so sorry.

Leonard: Two ten and you throw in the Iron Man helmet.

Stuart: Are you crazy? That helmet’s signed by Robert Downey Jr.

Leonard: So?

Stuart: Okay, if you’re going to question the importance of an actor’s signature on a plastic helmet from a movie based on a comic book, then all of our lives have no meaning!

Leonard: Okay, fine. Just the sword, two ten.

Stuart: Thank you. I can eat meat this week.

Leonard: See that? I just saved us forty bucks.

Sheldon: I’ve long said, what you lack in academic knowledge you make up for in street smarts.

Stuart: You want me to wrap it?

Leonard: No, it’s okay. I’m gonna stab my friend in the chest.

Wil Wheaton (entering): Hey, Stuart.

Stuart: Ah, hey, Wil.

Sheldon: Hello, Wil Wheaton.

Wil: Hi, Sheldon. Nice sword.

Sheldon: It’s part of my sword collection. Do you have a sword collection?

Wil: No.

Sheldon: I’m not surprised.

Stuart: Here’s the Batman 612 with the Jim Lee alternate cover that you wanted.

Wil: Awesome. What do I owe you?

Stuart: Forty bucks.

Wil: Good deal.

Sheldon: Sucker. Didn’t even ask for the friends and family discount.

Wil: Hey, I’m having a party at my house on Friday, and I was hoping you would stop by.

Stuart: Will there be girls there?

Wil: Yeah, of course.

Stuart: ‘Cause there wasn’t last time.

Wil: There will be girls. You guys are invited if you want to come by.

Leonard: Thank you.

Wil: All right, great. Later.

Sheldon: I see what you’re doing. You accept an invitation to a party at the home of my sworn enemy, he tells everyone we’re going to be there, and when we don’t show, he looks the fool. Fiendishly clever.

Leonard: I was actually thinking about going.

Sheldon: And then declaring the party a fiasco and storming out, leaving him humiliated in front of his guests. Love it.

Leonard: No, I was gonna grab Raj and Howard and have a good time.

Stuart: Oh, great, more guys. It’s gonna be another Wil Wheaton sausage-fest.

Credits sequence.

Scene: The apartment.

Leonard: Sheldon, can you grab me a water?

Sheldon: Possibly.

Leonard: Can you or can’t you?

Sheldon: It’s not that simple, Leonard.

Leonard: It never is, is it?

Sheldon: At this moment, our relationship exists in two mutually contradictory states. Until you either do not go or go to Wil Wheaton’s party, you are simultaneously my friend and not my friend. I’m characterizing this phenomenon as Schrodinger’s Friendship.

Leonard: Got it. Can I have my water?

Sheldon: Of course. Now get it yourself, you traitor.

Penny: Wait, what is going on?

Sheldon: In case you have forgotten, Schrodinger’s cat is a thought experiment…

Penny: No, no, no, no, I didn’t forget. Um, there’s this cat in a box and until you open it, it’s either dead or alive or both. Although, back in Nebraska, our cat got stuck in my brother’s camp trunk, and we did not need to open it to know there was all kinds of dead cat in there.

Amy: Homespun stories, knowledge of physics and a bosom that defies it. You’re the whole package, aren’t you?

Howard (arriving): Sorry I’m late. Uh, I got great news. NASA picked my team’s design for the deep field space telescope that’s going on the International Space Station this spring.

All: Wow.

Bernadette: Howie, that’s wonderful! Congratulations!

Howard: It gets better. Someone has to go up with the telescope as a payload specialist, and guess who that someone is.

Sheldon: Mohammed Lee.

Howard: Who’s Mohammed Lee?

Sheldon: Mohammed is the most common first name in the world, Lee, the most common surname. As I didn’t know the answer, I thought that gave me a mathematical edge.

Howard: It’s me, Sheldon. It’s me. I’m going up in space! Technically, I’m an astronaut.

All: Wow, that’s amazing!

Bernadette: Hang on a second. NASA doesn’t have a shuttle any more. How are you going to get up there?

Howard: Oh, well, it’s really cool. You fly to Moscow, they take you out to Kazakhstan, and then you get into a Russian Soyuz rocket which shoots you into a low earth orbit. Or just sits there on the launch pad because the Kazakhi mafia sold the rocket fuel on the black market.

Bernadette: Are those Russian rockets safe?

Howard: Well, I mean, safe as it can be when it was built by the good folks who brought you Chernobyl.

Leonard: I’d like to propose a toast. The dream to go up into space is one we all share, and Howard’s making that a reality. We’re all very proud of you.

All: Cheers.

Sheldon: That was a lovely toast. Kudos.

Leonard: Thank you.

Sheldon: Simultaneously, a festival of cloying clichés. You sicken me.

Scene: Bernadette’s car.

Howard: You’re really quiet. Is everything okay?

Bernadette: Fine. Just a little tired.

Howard: I hope not too tired, because I’m feeling particularly masculine right now. All systems go, if you catch my drift.

Bernadette: I always catch your drift.

Howard: All right, well, something’s obviously bugging you. What is it?

Bernadette: I just can’t believe you signed up for the space program without even talking to me.

Howard: Oh, I get it. You’re worried about me. That is so sweet. You know, there’s a saying we have at NASA. What makes the right stuff so right is that it always comes home.

Bernadette: Just stop talking, Howard.

Howard: This isn’t the reaction I expected when I told you I was gonna be an astronaut.

Bernadette: What did you think was going to happen?

Howard: Honestly? Sex.

Bernadette: Howard.

Howard: Do you realize what a big deal this is? What an honour it is to be chosen to go into space?

Bernadette: Yeah, I get it. I just wish you included me in the decision. We’re supposed to be partners. We’re supposed to be a team.

Howard: I’m sorry. You’re right. Okay, let’s try this again. Bernadette, an opportunity has come up that impacts both of us, and I’d like to discuss it.

Bernadette: Okay.

Howard: I’ve been offered a chance to go up to the International Space Station for three weeks. What are your thoughts on that?

Bernadette: Well, first of all, thank you for including me in the decision-making process.

Howard: Hey, we’re a team. So, what do you think?

Bernadette: No.

Howard: No?

Bernadette: No.

Howard: Well why not?

Bernadette: Howard, my father was a police officer. We never knew from one night to the next if he was going to come home alive. It was horrible. And I don’t want to live that way with you.

Howard: Hey, my father abandoned me and my mother when I was 11. We never saw him again.

Bernadette: Oh, boo-hoo, you’re not going to space!

Scene: The apartment.

Leonard: Pretty cool about Howard, huh?

Sheldon: Don’t talk to me as if nothing’s happened between us. And yes, it sure is, buddy.

Leonard: For God’s sake, will you stop with the Schrodinger stuff.

Sheldon: Would you prefer a simpler application of Heisenberg’s uncertainty principle, in which I could either know where you are or whether I like you, but not both?

Leonard: You never stop talking, do you?

Amy: I don’t understand. What differences does it make if Leonard goes to Wil Wheaton’s party?

Penny: Wil Wheaton is Sheldon’s mortal enemy.

Amy: Mortal enemy?

Penny: Mm-hmm.

Amy: Sheldon, I know you’re a bit of a left-handed monkey wrench, but, you really have a mortal enemy?

Sheldon: In fact, I have 61 of them. Would you like to see the list?

Penny: Oh, say no, say no, say no, say no.

Sheldon: You just got off the list. Would you like back on it? This’ll just take a moment. It’s on a five and a quarter inch floppy.

Amy: A floppy disk?

Sheldon: Well, I started the list when I was nine.

Amy: How did Wil Wheaton get on the list?

All: Oh! Oh, God!

Sheldon: As a child, I loved Wesley Crusher, Wil Wheaton’s character on Star Trek. So, I drove for hours by bus to a Star Trek convention at which Wil Wheaton was scheduled to appear, so that I could get my Wesley Crusher action figure signed. But he never showed, because apparently, it was cooler for him to be the lower-left corner on Hollywood Squares. Oh, damn! The floppy failed. Well, whoever was in charge of quality control at the Verbatim Corporation in 1989, congratulations, you just made the list.

Scene: Howard’s bedroom.

Bernadette: Howard?

Howard: Change your mind about sex? I’m still mad, but I’ll do it.

Bernadette: No, I’ve just been thinking. It doesn’t matter if I’m afraid for your safety. I don’t want to be the person who stands between you and your dreams.

Howard: Really?

Bernadette: Really. If going into space means that much to you, I will never say another word about it.

Howard: Thank you.

Bernadette: I love you.

Howard: I love you, too. So, sex now?

Bernadette: Okay. I just forgot to brush my teeth. I’ll be right back. (Exits)

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Over my dead body my son goes into outer space!

Bernadette: I’m ready.

Scene: The cafeteria.

Leonard: Wait, let me see if I got this right. You actually asked Bernadette to leave your house in the middle of the night?

Howard: What choice did I have? She went behind my back and turned my own mother against me.

Raj: Wow. You’re not only our first astronaut. You’re also the first one of us to kick a girl out of bed. You’re like a rock star.

Howard: Little bit.

Leonard: I hate to say it, but she did kind of betray you.

Sheldon: Interesting. You see betrayal in others, but not yourself.

Leonard: Going to Wheaton’s party is not betraying you.

Sheldon: Oh, of course you would have to believe that. Evil always thinks it’s doing right. Excuse me, Stormtrooper. These are the droids you’re looking for.

Leonard: I’m going to a party. I’m not turning R2-D2 and C-3PO over to the empire!

Sheldon: Not yet.

Raj: So, what’s gonna happen next? Are you and Bernadette going to break up?

Howard: I don’t know. If we’re going to get back together, she’s going to have to apologize and accept that I’m a grown man who can make his own decisions.

Raj: Then she’s going to have to convince your mother to let you go into space.

Howard: Obviously.

Scene: Penny’s apartment.

Bernadette: I had no choice. I had to tell his mother. He can’t go to space. He’s like a baby bird. Do you know he once got an asthma attack from reading an old library book?

Amy: You’re kidding.

Penny: No, I was there that day. Sheldon threw his back out handing him that book.

Bernadette: I don’t know what I’m going to do. I don’t want to break up over this.

Penny: Okay, why don’t you just tell him you made a mistake?

Bernadette: Do you guys think it was a mistake? Am I the bad guy in this?

Amy: It’s not for us to judge. We’re just here to provide comfort and support while you come to grips with what a despicable thing you’ve done.

Bernadette: Oh, God, you’re right. I took our love and threw it under his bus-sized mother. I need to apologize.

Penny: Well, that, that’s good. I’m glad you came to that. But before you do, let me just ask you a big picture question.

Bernadette: What?

Penny: Are you a hundred percent positive you love and want to marry Howard Wolowitz?

Bernadette: I do, with all my heart.

Penny: Got it. Just had to check.

Amy: He’s great.

Scene: The apartment.

Leonard: All right, Sheldon, we’re going to Wil’s. This is your last chance.

Sheldon: No, Leonard, this is your last chance. One day, a historian is going to come to you and say, is it true you were friends with Dr. Sheldon Cooper? And you’re going to have to choke back a hot sob of regret and humiliation as you mumble, I was, but I chose to go to a party thrown by the one kid from Stand By Me that no one remembers.

Leonard: You want to drive?

Raj: Sure.

Leonard: Hey, Sheldon?

Sheldon: Oh, good. You picked me, you picked me.

Leonard: No, I just got a text from Stuart. Brent Spiner is at the party.

Sheldon: Brent Spiner?

Leonard: Yes.

Sheldon: I don’t care.

Leonard: Really? Brent Spiner, Mr. Data himself. You love him.

Sheldon: I did, but I think I’ve kind of outgrown Star Trek. You know, stock characters, ludicrous plots, beam me up. What a load of hooey.

Leonard: I’m going. Live long and prosper, Sheldon.

Sheldon: Yeah, even that. You look like a dork.

Scene: Howard’s bedroom.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Howard, Bernadette’s here!

Howard: Tell her I’m not home!

Mrs Wolowitz (off): What kind of a schmuck play is that? She can hear you shouting!

Bernadette: Can we talk?

Howard: You can. I have nothing to say.

Bernadette: All right. I just wanted to tell you I’m sorry I said something to your mother.

Howard: I was gonna tell her eventually, but you went behind my back.

Bernadette: I know. I’m sorry. I got scared.

Howard: If you’re gonna love me, you’re gonna have to love the whole package, the tenderhearted poet and the crazy daredevil.

Bernadette: I know.

Howard: Well, don’t say it if you’re not gonna mean it, ’cause I’m not just gonna stop with the space station. Yeah, I want to go to the Moon, I want to go to Mars. I want to take a one-man sub to the lowest depths of the ocean.

Bernadette: Really? You got seasick on Pirates of the Caribbean.

Howard: Well, those big kids were rocking it.

Bernadette: I just did what I did because I love you so much, and the thought of losing you is more than I can handle.

Howard: Really?

Bernadette: You’re my soul mate. This is where you kiss me.

Howard: Right, right.

Mrs Wolowitz (off): Make up all you want! Your tuchus is not leaving this planet!

Scene: Wil Wheaton’s party.

Raj: Hey, you know that beautiful actress who plays the Borg Queen in First Contact?

Leonard: Yeah.

Raj: Well, I just met her gynaecologist!

Leonard: What are you doing here?

Sheldon: Fighting for our friendship. As peculiar and annoying as you can be, you’re still my little buddy. I’m not going to let that end here tonight. Now put down that drink, let’s meet Brent Spiner and go home.

Wil: Hey, Sheldon, I’m so glad you made it. I found something I think you might like.

Sheldon: What I’d like is for him to have a more depressing home. This is quite lovely.

Wil: This is for you.

Sheldon: An original mint-in-package Wesley Crusher action figure.

Wil: I remembered your story about the time you went to a convention when you were a kid to get one signed, and I didn’t show up.

Wil: Look at what I wrote.

Sheldon: To Sheldon, sorry this took so long. Your friend, Wil Wheaton.

Wil: It’s my last one. I want you to have it.

Sheldon: Look, everyone. Wil Wheaton is my friend!

Brent Spiner: Oh, wow. I haven’t seen one of these in years. (Rips open action figure packaging)Remember how we used to make these things look like they were masturbating?

Sheldon: Brent Spiner, what have you done? That was an original mint-in-package Wesley Crusher action figure signed by my close personal friend, Wil Wheaton.

Brent: Sorry, Slim. I’ve got some Mr. Data dolls in the trunk of my car. You want me to sign one for you?

Sheldon: You’ve already signed something, Brent Spiner. Your name on my list. From this moment on, you are my mortal enemy.

Wil: Don’t worry. It doesn’t take up a whole lot of your time.

Sheldon: Come on, buddy. Let’s not waste another second on this loser. Love your house.

Leonard: Can we get autographed dolls?

Brent: Sure. Twenty bucks.

Leonard: Ten.

Brent: Eighteen.

Leonard: Twelve.

Brent: Sixteen.

Leonard: Two for thirty. And you come to my birthday party.

Brent: Done.

## Series 5 Episode 06 – The Rhinitis Revelation

Scene: The apartment. Sheldon’s mother is visiting.

Leonard: So what kind of cruise is this you’re going on?

Mrs Cooper: It’s called the Born Again Boat Ride. Christian Quarterly gave it their highest rating, five thorny crowns. I do wish you’d come with me, Sheldon.

Sheldon: Well, Mom, if I did, it would be conclusive proof that your God can work miracles.

Mrs Cooper: You’re missing out. It’s gonna be wall-to-wall fun. It’s all themed. There’s Jonah and the Whale Watching, all-you-can-eat Last Supper Buffet, and my personal favourite, Gunning with God.

Leonard: What’s Gunning with God? I’m afraid to ask.

Mrs Cooper: Oh, it is a hoot and a half. You write your sins on a clay pigeon, they fire ‘em up in the air, and you pulverize them with a 12-gauge shotgun full of our Lord’s forgiveness.

Sheldon: Frankly, Mom, I’m encouraged to see how advanced your group has become, willing to sail out into the ocean without fear of falling off the edge.

Mrs Cooper: For example, if Shelly was aboard, he’d write “smart mouth” on his pigeon, and then bam!

Sheldon: The Lord giveth and the Lord bloweth away. Well, Mom, according to my itinerary for our weekend together, the fun begins with fried chicken.

Mrs Cooper: Sounds delicious.

Sheldon: Good, ’cause I got you everything you need to make it. You are in for a treat. My mother’s fried chicken is why we had to buy my dad the extra large coffin.

Leonard: Sheldon, she just got off the plane. She doesn’t want to cook.

Sheldon: Of course she does. Making me food is her way of saying I love you. Making me food when she’s too tired to cook is her way of saying I really love you.

Mrs Cooper: Actually, I wouldn’t mind going out for a bite, Sheldon.

Sheldon: Won’t that spoil our appetites for the chicken you’re going to make me?

Leonard: All right, that settles it, we’re going out. Do you like sushi? There’s a great little place down the street.

Mrs Cooper: I’ve never had it, but there’s no harm in trying something new.

Sheldon: There’s a lot of harm in trying something new. That’s why we test out drugs and cosmetics on bunny rabbits.

Leonard: Sheldon, you’re talking like a crazy person.

Mrs Cooper: Actually, I had him tested as a child. Doctor says he’s fine.

Sheldon: Told you.

Mrs Cooper: Although, I do regret not following up with that specialist in Houston.

Credits Sequence.

Scene: A sushi bar.

All: Irasshaimase!

Sheldon: Stop yelling! I’m not happy about this.

Leonard: What’s the last thing you were ever happy about?

Sheldon: The prospect of fried chicken.

Mrs Cooper: This is exciting. Back home, the diner on Route Four serves sushi, but it’s just cut up fish sticks and a side of Uncle Ben’s. They put it on the menu in those kung fu letters, but that don’t make it sushi.

Leonard: Uh, kung fu letters might not be politically correct.

Mrs Cooper: Oh, I thought the one we couldn’t say was ching chong.

Leonard: Yeah, yeah, that, too.

Mrs Cooper: So, Shelly, what’s up with you and your friend Amy, if you don’t mind a mother prying a bit?

Sheldon: Well, there’s actually big news on the Amy front. She’s been studying the neurobiology of addiction in lower animals. She is this close to getting a starfish hooked on cocaine.

Mrs Cooper: Do you have any idea what’s going on with those two?

Leonard: It’s kind of like the Loch Ness monster. Maybe there’s something there, maybe there isn’t. We’ll probably never know. But sometimes it’s fun to creep yourself out thinking about it.

Mrs Cooper: How are you doing on the young lady front? I hear you’re in some sort of a long distance situation?

Leonard: Uh, yeah, it’s Raj’s sister. It’s kind of tough. She’s in India. Also, her parents aren’t happy she’s dating someone white.

Mrs Cooper: Oh, that’s a funny turn, isn’t it? You never think about it going the other way. Well, you can’t force things. You need to figure out if you’re in a relationship or if you’re just calling it one. It’s like they say, a cat can have kittens in the oven but that don’t make ‘em biscuits.

Sheldon: And that reminds me of another saying. You can lead a chicken to Crisco, but you can’tmake your mother fry it.

Mrs Cooper: Sheldon, you pester me one more time about chicken, I will put you over my knee right here in this restaurant.

Leonard: Please pester her. Please, for me.

Scene: The stairwell.

Leonard: So, Mrs. Cooper, what did you think of the sushi?

Mrs Cooper: It was good. The only thing that would have made it better is if it was cooked and if it was beef. Sheldon, when is your landlord going to fix the elevator?

Sheldon: I don’t know. Lately we’ve been talking about converting it into a missile silo.

Leonard: Your son seems to think we need to launch a pre-emptive strike on Burbank.

Sheldon: Get them before they get us.

Raj (Sitting against their front door, drinking a beer): Hey, look who decided to show up.

Leonard: Raj, what are you doing?

Raj: I couldn’t find you guys so I bought six new friends. Three, sadly, are dead.

Sheldon: Mom, you remember Rajesh? Rajesh, my mother.

Raj: Of course. Mrs. Cooper. So nice to see you again.

Mrs Cooper: Well, it’s so nice to see you, too. I thought it was our Indians that had the occasional alcohol problem.

Leonard: We don’t say that, either. I’ll make you a list.

Mrs Cooper: Oh, that would be mighty white of you. So, Raj, what pain are you trying to cover up with alcohol?

Raj: Nothing, I’m fine.

Mrs Cooper: Are ya?

Raj: No. (Bursts into tears)

Mrs Cooper: That’s better. Now tell me what’s bothering you.

Raj: I’m so lonely.

Sheldon: Oh, yes, born alone, die alone. It’s a tragic human condition. Now, Raj, if you’ll excuse my mother, she’s about to make a pecan pie that’ll be so good I’ll almost forget how she blew it with the fried chicken.

Mrs Cooper: Sheldon, your friend is hurtin’. What do we do when someone’s hurtin’?

Sheldon: Offer them a hot beverage.

Mrs Cooper: And when they’re drunk as a skunk, what beverage do we offer?

Sheldon: Coffee.

Mrs Cooper: And what do we do it with? (Sheldon fixes a large false smile.)Now you listen to me. I know you feel like you can’t find someone, but there’s a lock for every key. Back home, there’s a girl works at the Wal-Mart. Tall, tall girl. Woman could hunt geese with a rake. Thought she’d never find a man, then one day, wouldn’t ya know, Harlem Globetrotters come to town. Long story short, today that woman travels the world with a semi-professional basketball player and two beautiful mixed-race babies.

Raj: I didn’t get a lot of that because of your accent, but the general tone was soothing and somehow I feel better.

Sheldon: I’m not going to get my pecan pie, am I?

Leonard: You want some Oreos?

Sheldon: Double Stuf?

Leonard: No, regular.

Sheldon: Nice. Kick a man when he’s down.

Scene: The laundry room.

Sheldon: I’m glad we’re finally getting to do something together, just the two of us.

Mrs Cooper: Sure. One thing you really miss when you’re on vacation is laundry.

Sheldon: Careful, you’re using too much Downey. You know if my clothes get too soft it makes me sleepy.

Mrs Cooper: Well, this takes me back. Me doing your laundry, you next to me criticizing.

Sheldon: It is nice, isn’t it?

Penny (arriving): Mrs. Cooper. Hi!

Mrs Cooper: Oh, hello, darlin’.

Penny: Sheldon, you didn’t tell me your mom was coming.

Sheldon: It was in my weekly e-mail blast. Right between beet season is finally here, and uh-oh, red stool from beets leads to cancer scare.

Mrs Cooper: So, how’ve you been?

Penny: Good, good.

Mrs Cooper: I hear that Leonard has a new girlfriend. How are you doing with all that?

Penny: Oh, fine. You know, it’s been a while. I’m getting back out there.

Mrs Cooper: Let me ask you, when you get back out there, are you wearing this? (Holds up a skimpy top)

Penny: Well, it’s super cute on. That top has paid for itself in free drinks like ten times what it cost.

Sheldon: Yes, Penny has a lot of her money tied up in promiscuity futures.

Mrs Cooper: Hon, you think maybe the reason why you’re having trouble finding a guy to settle down with is because you’re letting them ride the roller coaster without buying a ticket?

Penny: Oh, they don’t always get to ride the roller coaster. Sometimes they only get to spin the teacups. Now I’m going out tonight. Would it be crazy to ask you to look at the outfit I’m going to wear?

Mrs Cooper: Oh, not crazy at all. And don’t beat yourself up. When I was your age, you could have me for a car ride and a bottle of strawberry wine.

Sheldon: Now that will not be in this week’s e-mail blast.

Scene: The apartment.

Howard: So, this spring, I get to go to the International Space Station.

Mrs Cooper: Oh, my word, a trip to the heavens. If you ever want to live there eternally, I’ve got a good book you could read.

Howard: Thanks, but I watch the Charlie Brown Christmas special every year, so I get the gist.

Mrs Cooper: I bet your mom is really proud of you.

Howard: Nope. She says if I don’t back out she’s going to go on a hunger strike. It would take years before she’d be in any kind of danger, but still.

Sheldon: I’ve got a treat for us tomorrow, Mom. I’m taking you to see Saul Perlmutter give a lecture about his Nobel Prize-winning work in cosmology. And the best part is, at the Q and A afterward, I’ve worked up a couple of Q’s that will stump his sorry A.

Mrs Cooper: I don’t know, Shelly. I thought we could do a little sightseeing.

Sheldon: What sight is better than your little boy embarrassing a Nobel laureate?

Mrs Cooper: Come on, Sheldon, we’ll take your mom to see the Hollywood sign, the wax museum, the Walk of Fame.

Penny: Ooh, maybe a little Rodeo Drive.

Mrs Cooper: Well, I can’t spend twelve thousand dollars on a handbag, but it’s free to look upon those who do with righteous condemnation.

Howard: What do you say?

Sheldon: What do I say? I say you people need to stop ruining my mom’s visit with your sushi, and your sadness and your slutty shirts. Stop it.

Howard (after Raj whispers to him): He’s not talking about your shirt. Your shirt is fine.

Scene: The kitchen.

Leonard: These are delicious.

Mrs Cooper: The trick to pancakes is bacon grease. I cook everything in it.

Leonard: Everything? Aren’t you worried about your health?

Mrs Cooper: Oh, doctors are always changing their mind. One week bacon grease is bad for you. The next week we’re not getting enough of it. Good morning, Shelly.

Sheldon: Mom, I want to apologize for my behaviour last night.

Mrs Cooper: Apology accepted.

Sheldon: Great. Now, you’re going to love the Perlmutter lecture. Look, he will be stating that the universe is older than 6,000 years, but I thought you could stick your fingers in your ears and hum Amazing Grace during those parts.

Mrs Cooper: I am still going out with your friends.

Sheldon: But I apologized. And that was hard for me because I didn’t do anything wrong.

Mrs Cooper: Shelly, I hung out with you in enough dusty lecture halls while you were growing up. I want to go sightseeing. So why don’t you have some pancakes, get dressed and come with us.

Sheldon: I’m not going, and you can’t make me.

Mrs Cooper: You’re right, I can’t. Have a nice day.

Sheldon: Well, I’m going to stand here until you change your mind.

Mrs Cooper: Well, then you are going to stand there all day.

Leonard: I’m just gonna take my bacon grease and slide over there.

Sheldon: I can’t believe my own mother is abandoning me.

Mrs Cooper: I am not abandoning you. Sheldon, abandoning you is leaving you in a basket on a church doorstep. I am going to Hollywood and thank a wax Ronald Reagan for his service to our country.

Sheldon: We appear to be at a crossroads in our relationship, Mother.

Mrs Cooper: Well, I guess we are.

Leonard: Sorry. Syrup.

Sheldon: All right, Mom. When you’re at the Ripley’s Believe It Or Not Museum, if they have an exhibit about a mother who threw away a chance to spend the day with the world’s most wonderful son, believe it, because it’s true. (Grabs pancakes and snatches syrup from Leonard’s hand)

Leonard: I hadn’t…

Scene: Amy’s apartment.

Sheldon: That lecture was a waste of time. I made more accurate diagrams of the expansion of the early universe on the nursery wall with the contents of my diaper.(Sneezes)

Amy: Are you getting sick?

Sheldon: No, I’m just allergic to people who get Nobel Prizes for no good reason.

Amy: Sheldon, is it possible that your foul mood, or, to use the clinical term, bitchiness, is because your mother isn’t making you a priority?

Sheldon: No. Or to use the clinical term, nuh-uh.

Amy: Are you sure? The infant-mother pair-bond is the building block of primate psychology.

Sheldon: Oh, there it is. It always comes back to monkeys with you. Just monkeys, monkeys, monkeys.

Amy: Sheldon, we’re all animals. And granted, there are aspects of you that are extraordinary, but when it comes to emotions and relationships, you’re just like everybody else.

Sheldon: Are you trying to suggest that my emotional problems are no different than those of a stupid person?

Amy: Actually, some research indicates that by not over-thinking, the less intelligent handle emotions better.(He sneezes again) Sure you’re not coming down with a cold?

Sheldon: Oh, yes, the common cold. Just like everyone else. You’d love that, wouldn’t you?

Scene: A church.

Mrs Cooper: Oh, this one’s sweet. You know, for your rosary rattlers.

Leonard: Mrs. Cooper, we say Catholics, not rosary rattlers.

Mrs Cooper: My goodness, it’s a wonder you people in California can talk at all.

Penny: This is like the worst Hollywood tour ever.

Leonard: What are you gonna do? She wanted to see churches.

Penny: Hey, they have wine here, don’t they?

Raj (pointing at a crucifixion statue): Hey, none of our gods have abs like that.

Howard: Yep, that’s the last Jew who did sit-ups. And look where it got him.

Mrs Cooper: Hey, while we’re here, why don’t we all do some praying? Let’s put a little church in this church.

Leonard: Oh, I’m not sure we should.

Mrs Cooper: It’s easy. I’ll show you how. Lord, Mary Cooper here. Coming to you from Gomorrah, California. I want to thank you for the blessing that is my little Shelly. I also want to thank you for the continued strength not to coldcock him with my Bible. All right, Penny, your turn.

Penny: Okay, um, hey, God. What’s up? Um, I’m good, but, uh, it would be a big help to my family if you could get my brother to stop cooking meth. But no cops. Be cool.

Mrs Cooper: She also goes a little overboard on the love thy neighbour. Could probably use that chat you had with Mary Magdalene. Leonard, you’re up. Wasserman, you’re on deck.

Leonard: Okay. I don’t know, it’s probably a little late to ask you to make me taller. Oh, um, if you could help out with me and my girlfriend. She’s all the way in India. That would be great.

Mrs Cooper: Hear that? Girl trouble. Turns out we were both wrong on that front. How about you?

Howard: Oh, me? No. Thanks, I’m good. I’m really just trying not to burst into flames.

Mrs Cooper: Rajesh?

Howard: He says he’s having trouble dropping those last five pounds.

Mrs Cooper: Huh, I might have gone with the talking-to-girls thing.

Howard: No, you only get one wish.

Scene: A park bench. Sheldon is sitting. A stranger sits next to him.

Sheldon: Look at the two of us. Me, a highly regarded physicist. The kind of mind that comes along once, maybe twice in a generation. You, the common man, tired from your labours as a stockbroker, or vacuum cleaner salesman, or bootblack. But deep down inside, apparently we’re just two peas in a pod. A regular pea, and the kind of pea that comes along once, maybe twice in a generation. Rain. Another great equalizer. Falling on the head of the brilliant and the unremarkable alike. (The stranger puts up an umbrella)Smarty-pants.

Scene: The kitchen.

Penny: Oh, Mrs. Cooper, it smells so good.

Mrs Cooper: You take notes, darlin’. The real way to get a man is with melted cheese and cream of mushroom soup. He’ll die at 50 but his love will be true.

Sheldon (entering, soaked): I need a tissue.This one got wet.

Leonard: Here.

Sheldon: Thank you. Yeah, I’ve learned something today. You and I, in so many ways, other than intelligence and what counts, we’re the same. (Sneezes)

Mrs Cooper: Sweetheart, are you sick?

Sheldon: I hope so, because if this is well, life isn’t worth living.

Mrs Cooper: Oh, sugarpie, you are burning up. We’ve got to get you to bed.

Sheldon: Okay.

Mrs Cooper: Don’t worry. Mama’s here to take care of her baby.

Sheldon: And just to be clear, only her baby and not these other people.

Mrs Cooper: Of course.

Sheldon: Can I have tea with honey and toast with the crust cut off?

Mrs Cooper: You can have whatever you want.

Sheldon: Thanks, Mom.You’re the best.

Scene: Sheldon’s bedroom.

Mrs Cooper: Boy, last time I put VapoRub on you, you didn’t have hair on your chest.

Sheldon: I know, it filled in last year. I didn’t get to spend a lot of time with you on this visit.

Mrs Cooper: And whose fault was that?

Sheldon: Yours.

Mrs Cooper: Shelly, you’re not eight years old any more. We have to have a different relationship.

Sheldon: No, we don’t. The one we have works great.

Mrs Cooper: Sweetheart, you are a grown man.

Sheldon: Or maybe I’m part of a new species, that lives for hundreds of years, which means I’m still basically a toddler.

Mrs Cooper: Oh, I so should have taken you to Houston.

Sheldon: Does this mean you’re not going to sing Soft Kitty?

Mrs Cooper: No, I will always sing you Soft Kitty. (Sings)Soft kitty, warm kitty, little ball of fur…

Leonard (at door): Mrs. Cooper, were we supposed to take that pie out of the oven?

Sheldon: Get out!

Mrs Cooper: Well, that was rude.

Sheldon: Well, I know, but he means well. Sing.

Mrs Cooper: Happy kitty, sleepy kitty…

Sheldon: What are you trying to pull, Mom? From the top.

Mrs Cooper (to God): This is what I’m talking about. (Sings)Soft kitty, warm kitty, little ball of fur…

## Series 5 Episode 07 – The Good Guy Fluctuation

Scene: Sheldon’s office.

Sheldon: And reverse the spin on the antiproton, and gamma becomes alpha, multiplied by a matrix of negative I comma zero, and there we have it. Conclusive proof that I am absolutely worthless after nine o’clock.

Ghostly voice: Sheldon, Sheldon.

Sheldon: Hmm. (Looks outside office door. Corridor lamp sparks and goes out. Corridor is bathed in an eerie glow)All right, all right. I see what’s going on. A little pre-Halloween hijinkery. A ghostly moan, a rattling of chains, a witch’s cackle. The trifecta of haunted house clichés. Instead of eek, I say yawn.

Ghostly voice: Sheldon.

Sheldon: Oh, the walls are dripping blood, which looks nothing like a phenolphthalein indicator exposed to a sodium carbonate solution. (Reading message on wall)See you in hell Sheldon. The most frightening thing about that is the missing comma. (A luminous skeleton rushes towards him)Ah. Okay, all right. That one was clever. Skeleton with phosphorous on a zip line. Come on out, merry pranksters. Take a bow.

Raj: You should’ve seen your face.

Sheldon: Yes, there’s nothing quite like the slightly widened eyes of mildly startled.

Howard: Come on, admit it. We got you, Sheldon.

Sheldon: Please, fright depends on an element of surprise. The simple fact is, because I am much smarter than you, and able to anticipate your actions, it is highly unlikely that you two rubes could ever surprise me. (Leonard creeps out behind him wearing a Star Trek Balok mask)

Raj: He’s probably right.

Howard: We can’t beat him. He’s just too smart.

Sheldon: Gentlemen. (Turns and sees Leonard. Screams and faints).

Howard: Who had money on faints?

Raj: I had pee his pants.

Leonard: Hang on. Looks like everyone’s a winner.

Credits sequence.

Scene: The comic book store.

Leonard: Oh. Watch out, Sheldon. This little boy Casper is a g-g-g-ghost!

Sheldon: Droll.

Howard:Not as droll as a grown man passed out in a puddle of his own urine.

Leonard: That was pretty droll. With a hint of ammonia.

Sheldon: Yes, enjoy your japes, gentlemen. You think you’ve poked fun at a milquetoast academic. Well, you’ve forgotten one thing. I am also a son of the Lone Star state. I’m Texas through and through. And we know how to settle scores down there. If you doubt me, ask Mexico.

Stuart: Hot girl, nine o’clock. Don’t everybody look at once!

Raj: What is she doing in a comic book store?

Stuart: I don’t know, she might be lost. Doesn’t matter. Watch and learn. Hi.

Hot girl: Hi.

Stuart: Um… it-it-it… (returns to guys)Shut up.

Hot girl (to Leonard): Are you getting this Next Men?

Leonard: Uh, yeah. It’s issue number 21. First appearance of Hellboy.

Hot girl: I know. I’ve been looking for it for years.

Leonard: Sorry.

Hot girl: Hey, if I pretended to hit on you, could I distract you enough to sneak it away?

Leonard: Yes, but you’d be using your superpowers for evil.

Hot girl: Damn, I’m forbidden by my Kryptonian father to do so. I am Alice.

Leonard: Leonard.

Alice: You are very cute, Leonard.

Leonard: Thanks. You, too. You know, go ahead and take it.

Alice: No, no. No, no, I, I, I did evil. Would you be open to a trade?

Leonard: Uh, yeah, yeah, sure, I guess.

Alice: Okay. Here. This is my number, call me.

Leonard: Sorry, palm’s a little sweaty. What’s that word?

Alice: Alice.

Leonard: Oh, right, your name. That makes more sense than penis.

Alice: Later.

Howard: Did we just see you pick up a girl in a comic book store?

Stuart: ‘Cause if you did, you get your picture up there on the Wall of Heroes.

Leonard: No, I don’t think I picked her up. Besides, I have a girlfriend.

Stuart: Doesn’t matter. This is the closest anyone’s ever come. You’re going on the wall, my friend.

Scene: Entering the apartment building.

Sheldon: Be sure to check the mail.

Leonard: How many times are you gonna tell me? What’s with you?

Sheldon: Nothing. It’s not suspicious that I’m fixating. It’s consistent with my personality.

Leonard: Right.

Penny: Hey, guys.

Leonard: More Halloween candy? Didn’t you just buy a bunch of it yesterday?

Penny: Oh. Yeah. That’s gone. It’s a rough month when Halloween and PMS hit at the same time.

Sheldon: Leonard doesn’t have time to chat, he has to get the mail.

Leonard: Will you relax? I’ll get it in a minute. Hey, how was work?

Sheldon: Open the mail!

Leonard: Excuse me. (Sheldon holds fingers in ears)A couple of circulars, nothing important.

Penny: What’s with him?

Leonard: Hang on. (Sheldon opens mail box. A loud horn blows and a balloon with Leonard’s face on pops out. Sheldon faints again.)You might be from Texas, but I’m from New Jersey.

Scene: The apartment. Leonard is with Alice.

Leonard: Check it out. Jim Lee drew this of me two years ago at Comic Con.

Alice: What are you wearing?

Leonard: Well, you know, it’s Comic Con. I’m Lion-O from ThunderCats.

Alice: Wow, you must have gotten so laid.

Leonard: No. But Jessica Alba did rub my furry belly.

Alice: Want to see a comic I draw?

Leonard: You’re kidding. You have your own book?

Alice: Yeah. It’s kinda based on my life.

Leonard: Cool. Oh, look. That’s you having sex with a guy in the top half of a Chewbacca costume. Comic Con?

Alice: You’d think, but no.

Leonard: You’re very talented. This is really good. Did you do… (she kisses him.)

Alice: So, can I trade you my comic for the Hellboy?

Leonard: You can have my car.

Scene: Sheldon’s office.

Sheldon (creeps into office carrying a box): Oh, dear. (Reaches into box, picks up a snake)Oh, dear. (Puts snake into Raj’s top drawer)Oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Purell, Purell, Purell, Purell.

Raj (entering): Good morning, Sheldon.

Sheldon: It is, isn’t it? Oh, bother. Isn’t that just always the way? You go to staple something, and you’re out of staples. Gosh, I wish I’d known that earlier today when I was at Staples.

Raj: You have a thing of paper clips right there.

Sheldon: well, no, no, I need something more permanent to join these papers. Say, don’t you keep staples in your top desk drawer?

Raj: I don’t know. Maybe.

Sheldon: Be a lamb and check.

Raj: All right. (Opening drawer)Who do we have here?

Sheldon: It’s a snake. A terrifying snake.

Raj: Oh, did some bad man put us in a drawer?

Sheldon: Stop talking like that. You’ve been rendered speechless by fear.

Raj: Let’s go to the biology lab and find you some nice yummy mice.

Sheldon: I tried to scare an Indian with a snake. Come on, Cooper. You’re better than this.

Scene: Penny’s apartment. There is a knock.

Penny: It’s open.

Leonard: Hey, you got a minute?

Penny: Yeah, sure, come on in.

Leonard: Thanks.

Penny: Want some mac and cheese?

Leonard: No. Lactose. Gas.

Penny: Glass of wine?

Leonard: No. Sulfites. Migraines.

Penny: Okay, well, I’d offer you Halloween candy, but that’s gone. So, what’s up?

Leonard: Okay, we used to go out, right?

Penny: Oh, my God, that’s where I know you from.

Leonard: I’m dealing with a situation and it’s kind of about my love life, so I know that might be weird for us to talk about, but in this area, as you know, all my other friends are just so stupid.

Penny: All right, what’s going on?

Leonard: So, you’re okay talking about this?

Penny: Yes.

Leonard: You’re sure it’s not weird.

Penny: It’s okay.

Leonard: You know what, if you ever want to talk to me about a problem in your life with a guy, then I would be fine with that.

Penny: Okay, good, because there’s this one guy I used to date who’s about to be force-fed wine and cheese if he doesn’t get to the point.

Leonard: Okay, uh, here it is. Is it cheating if a guy has a girlfriend…

Penny: Yeah, probably.

Leonard: Come on.

Penny: I’m sorry, go ahead.

Leonard: I met this girl, and she’s great. We have a lot in common.

Penny: Did you guys do it?

Leonard: No. We just made out a little.

Penny: Oh, look at you, you bad boy. Did you tell her about Priya?

Leonard: Well, I was gonna, but there were too many tongues in my mouth.

Penny: That’s gross.

Leonard: Here’s the thing, I, I’m not one of those guys who sneaks around and sleeps with more than one woman.

Penny: Well, good for you.

Leonard: The problem is, I want to be one of those guys.

Penny: So sleep with the new girl and lie to Priya.

Leonard: Oh, that’s not who I am.

Penny: All right, then break it off with the new girl.

Leonard: Now, let’s not do anything rash. She’s really hot.

Penny: If you like this girl so much, why don’t you just end things with Priya?

Leonard: Priya and I are in love. I think we could get married someday.

Penny: Leonard, you’re looking for a way to sleep with both women and have everybody be happy about it.

Leonard: Now we’re getting somewhere.

Penny: What does your gut tell you?

Leonard: Go ask Penny; she’ll know what to do.

Scene: The apartment. Sheldon is adjusting a device on his arm.

Sheldon: Hello, Howard. I’ve realized that you scaring me was all in jest. Allow me to say, job well done. (Grabs his own hand. Electrocutes himself.)Perfect.

Leonard: What are you doing?

Sheldon: Science. You wouldn’t understand.

Leonard: Hey, well, see you. I’m going out. (Starts to go out. Doesn’t.)

Sheldon: I thought you were leaving the apartment.

Leonard: Yeah, me, too. I can’t make up my mind.

Sheldon: Are you concerned because the world is filled with big dogs and bullies?

Leonard: No. I’m having a moral crisis.

Sheldon: Well, if it’s of any help, I’ve read all the great moral philosophers, including Dr. Seuss.

Leonard: Oh, what the hell. I’m supposed to go see that girl from the comic book store, Alice, but I don’t know if I should, because I’m going out with Priya, but she’s in India.

Sheldon: All right. So the topic at hand is sexual fidelity. Probably won’t be relying on Seuss here. Although One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish might be surprisingly applicable. Go on.

Leonard: Well, they say at the end of your life, you regret the stuff you didn’t do more than the stuff that you did, and I’m pretty sure Alice is the stuff I want to do.

Sheldon: You know, the German philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, believed that morality is just a fiction used by the herd of inferior human beings to hold back the few superior men.

Leonard: That actually does help.

Sheldon: It’s worth noting that he died of syphilis.

Leonard: Screw it, I’m going.

Sheldon: On your way home, will you pick up some orange juice?

Leonard: Do you mind? I’m questioning a lot of things in my life right now.

Sheldon: Is one of those things your fondness for orange juice?

Leonard: No.

Sheldon: Great. Tropicana, no pulp.

Scene: Howard’s house. Sheldon rings the doorbell.

Howard: Hey, Sheldon.

Bernadette (off): Who is it?

Sheldon: It’s me, Sheldon, Mrs. Wolowitz.

Howard: That’s not my mom, it’s Bernadette.

Sheldon: Really? That’s very unsettling.

Bernadette: Hi, Sheldon.

Sheldon: Hi.

Howard: What’s up?

Sheldon: It just occurred to me that I never formally congratulated you on your pending nuptials. So I hopped on the first bus and hightailed it down here to shake your hand. Put ‘er there, you old so-and-so.

Howard: Well, I, I’m gonna see you at work in 12 hours, don’t you think it could have waited until then?

Sheldon: Holy smoke, why didn’t I think of that? You’re a better man than I, Howard Wolowitz. You put ‘er there, you son of a gun!

Howard: Whatever. (Takes his hand. Starts to be electrocuted)My… oh… it’s… (Clutches heart and collapses)

Bernadette: Oh, my God, Howard! What did you do?

Sheldon: It was a harmless Halloween prank. Look.

Bernadette: Howard has a heart condition! You know that!

Sheldon: Well, I thought he made that up. Isn’t hypochondria a common idiosyncrasy of Jewish people?

Bernadette: This is adrenaline, we’re gonna have to inject it into his heart.

Sheldon: We are?

Bernadette: You are. I’m not strong enough to get it through his chest plate, and we’ve only got one shot.

Sheldon: Oh, no! I can’t!

Bernadette: Hurry! We’re running out of time!

Sheldon: Okay.

Bernadette: Just do it!

Sheldon: Oh, God! One, two, three!

Howard: Trick or treat, bubbeleh.

Sheldon: What? No. You mean this was all a ruse? Oh, how could I be so stu… (puts hand to forehead. Electrocutes himself).

Scene: Alice’s apartment. Alice and Leonard are kissing.

Leonard: Damn it, I can’t. I can’t, I can’t do this.

Alice: Uh, is it my tongue stud? ‘Cause if that freaks you out, you’re in for a real surprise later on.

Leonard: No, no, no. I, I can’t do this. Believe me, I really want to.

Alice: But?

Leonard: But I kind of have a girlfriend.

Alice: Are you kidding?

Leonard: You’re cool with you and me just being friends, right?

Alice: I don’t believe this.

Leonard: Wait, I don’t, which part?

Alice: I’m so stupid. I thought for once I’d met a good guy, but you’re just another jackass.

Leonard: Oh, no, no, you have it wrong. No. I, I was going to be a jackass, but I stopped myself. I stayed a good guy, so, I’m gonna pass on the sex. But you should know, that’s not a comment on your hotness but on my goodness. That’s kind of my superpower. I’m, like, Captain Good Guy.

Scene: Leonard being ejected into the corridor.

Leonard: It’s okay. Did the right thing. You idiot!

Scene: The apartment. Leonard is on skype.

Leonard: Hey, Priya.

Priya: Hey, sweetheart. How’s it going?

Leonard: Uh, not so good. We have to talk.

Priya: Oh, sounds serious. What’s up?

Leonard: Okay, uh, here it is. I met this girl and I kissed her, and I feel terrible about it. But it’s done, it’s never gonna happen again. And I am so, so sorry.

Priya: Leonard, relax. It’s okay.

Leonard: It is?

Priya: Yeah, these things happen. They happen to everybody.

Leonard: Oh, my God, you are amazing. I mean, I don’t deserve you. Wh, what do, what do you mean everybody?

Priya: Leonard, I didn’t know if I should tell you, but I kind of cheated on you, too.

Leonard: Uh, kind of?

Priya: A couple of weeks ago, I slept with my ex-boyfriend. So, I guess we both messed up a little.

Leonard: No, no, I messed up a little. You messed up a lot.

Priya: Well, it’s not a competition.

Leonard: Oh yeah, it is, and you won. I, I, I’m, I’m sorry, I have to go. I don’t believe this.

Sheldon (leaping out of the base of the sofa): Bazinga, punk. Now we’re even.

## Series 5 Episode 08 – The Isolation Permutation

Scene: The apartment.

Penny: So, Bernadette, how goes the hunt for bridesmaid dresses?

Bernadette: Well, if you don’t mind looking like an orange traffic cone, great.

Amy: Girlfriends, I have the answer to our dress problems.

Bernadette: Really?

Amy: Twelve years ago, my cousin Irene and her entire family died in a horrific carbon monoxide accident the night before her wedding.

Bernadette: That’s horrible.

Amy: Yes and no. All those bridesmaids dresses remain unused and available to us for free. So it seems that cloud of odourless deadly gas had a silver lining after all. Check it out, still in the bags. The gowns, not the bridesmaids.

Bernadette: I don’t know. Dead people’s dresses?

Penny: Yeah, and cap sleeves? U-u-uh.

Amy: Uh, I was hoping you wouldn’t notice. Irene was always a slave to a good bargain when it came to clothes, and sadly as it turned out, space heaters.

Sheldon: Ladies, please. These four walls once housed an intellectual salon where the mind received nourishment as well as the stomach. But through no one’s fault, Penny, the quality of dinner conversation in this apartment has declined. And again, I’m looking at no one in particular, Penny.

Leonard: Fine. What would you like to talk about, Sheldon?

Howard: What would you like to talk about, Sheldon? Why do you hate us?

Sheldon: I’ve prepared a number of topics that should appeal to both the advanced and novice conversationalists.

Penny: Okay, that time you looked at me.

Amy: Who didn’t? Your skin is like alabaster. Do you even have pores?

Sheldon: Topic one. Faster-than-light particles at CERN, paradigm-shifting discovery or another Swiss export as full of holes as their cheese? And converse.

Penny: All right, who wants to go to my apartment and look at bridal magazines?

Bernadette: Oh, me.

Penny: Through no one’s fault, Sheldon, we’re leaving.

Amy: Wait for moi.

Sheldon: You’re leaving?

Amy: Sheldon, sometimes you forget, I’m a lady. And with that comes an oestrogen fuelled need to page through thick glossy magazines that make me hate my body.

Sheldon: Ah. New topic. Women, delightfully mysterious or bat-crap crazy?

Raj: Totally. What’s wrong with cap sleeves? If you have the right figure for it, they’re adorable.

Credits sequence.

Scene: The cafeteria.

Leonard: Hey, Amy, what brings you to our neck of the woods?

Amy: Your neurology department loaned me a culture of prions for my research on bovine spongiform encephalopathy.

Sheldon: She popped by to borrow a cup of mad cow disease.

Amy: It’s hard to make degenerative brain maladies hilarious, and yet somehow you do it.

Howard: That’s fun to have in a lunchroom.

Amy: The real fun starts when you get to pick the rat you’re going to feed it to, and maybe you choose the beady-eyed little mother who’s been biting you all week.

Howard: Please, we’re eating. Can we get that off the table and change the subject?

Sheldon: Can we? Stand back while I turn this conversation into a conver-sensation.

Leonard: This time, it’s your fault.

Sheldon: I have 100 alphabetized topics from artichoke, come on, people, it’s just a giant thistle, to zzz, the onamona-poetry of sleep.

Leonard: Amy, how long would it take for that mad cow disease to kill me?

Amy: I don’t know, four or five years.

Leonard: No, it’s not gonna do it.

Howard: Oy. Bernadette keeps texting me pictures of Penny in bridesmaid dresses.

Amy: They’re out shopping right now?

Howard: Yeah.

Amy: Just the two of them?

Howard: I guess.

Amy: That’s cool, that’s cool.

Howard: Why are they asking me about this stuff? What guy knows what a sweetheart neckline is? (Raj raises his hand)

Scene: The apartment. Leonard is horseracing on a Kinnect game.

Leonard: Leonard’s coming down the home stretch! Come on, horsey, you can do this! Damn. Come on, thigh muscles, you can do this! Yes! First place. I would have been a great jockey if I weren’t too tall. And scared of horses. Sheldon, you’re up.

Sheldon: What?

Leonard: Come on, it’s your turn. We said we’d get more fresh air.

Sheldon: Sorry. I’m a little distracted. I can’t seem to get in touch with Amy. I tried e-mail, video chat, tweeting her, posting on her Facebook wall, texting her, nothing.

Leonard: Did you try calling her on the telephone?

Sheldon: The telephone. You know, Leonard, in your own simple way, you may be the wisest of us all. Voice mail. Curiouser and curiouser.

Leonard: If you’re worried, we can go over there and see if she’s all right.

Sheldon: Okay. You know, I heard in the news a bobcat has been spotted in her neighbourhood.

Leonard: I don’t think Amy was eaten by a bobcat.

Sheldon: Who thinks Amy was eaten by a bobcat?

Leonard: You do?

Sheldon: Leonard, I was just mentioning an interesting local news item. Now, thanks to you, I’m worried Amy’s been eaten by a bobcat.

Leonard: Forget about the bobcat.

Sheldon: How can I? You won’t stop talking about it.

Scene: Amy’s apartment. Amy is playing the harp.

Amy (singing): Everybody hurts, sometimes everybody cries. Everybody hurts, sometimes.

Sheldon (outside): She sounds weepy. I don’t like weepy. Let’s go.

Leonard: Uh, she’s your friend. Step up.

Leonard: (Knock, knock, knock)Amy. (Knock, knock, knock)Amy. (Knock, knock, knock)Amy. Bye.

Sheldon: Where are you going?

Leonard: I’m single, I don’t need this crap.

Amy: Sheldon, what are you doing here?

Sheldon: You didn’t respond to any of my electronic communications.

Amy: I wanted to be alone.

Sheldon: Would you like to talk about it? And keep in mind that no is a perfectly viable answer.

Amy: Sheldon, my world is crumbling around me.

Sheldon: Point of order. As you’re in distress, it would be customary for me to offer you a hot beverage. But I’m a guest in your home, so it would be customary for you to offer me a beverage. How do you want to proceed vis-a-vis beverages?

Amy: It doesn’t matter. Nothing matters.

Sheldon: If you’d like to take your mind off what’s troubling you, uh, word on the street is a bobcat has been spotted.

Amy: Penny and Bernadette went shopping for bridesmaids dresses without me.

Sheldon: And that made you feel sad?

Amy: Yes.

Sheldon: I knew it. Just keep going, I guess I’m good at this.

Amy: It’s just, I thought they liked hanging out with me, but I guess I was fooling myself.

Sheldon: When they were over here, did you fail to offer them a beverage? ‘Cause I can see how that could stick in someone’s craw.

Amy: Sheldon, I’m going to ask you something, and I’d like you to keep an open mind.

Sheldon: Always.

Amy: At this moment, I find myself craving human intimacy and physical contact.

Sheldon: Oh, boy. You know ours is a relationship of the mind.

Amy: Proposal. One wild night of torrid lovemaking that soothes my soul and inflames my loins.

Sheldon: Counterproposal. I will gently stroke your head and repeat, aw, who’s a good Amy.

Amy: How about this? French kissing, seven minutes in heaven culminating in second base.

Sheldon: Neck massage, then you get me that beverage.

Amy: We cuddle. Final offer.

Sheldon: Very well. Oh, boy. (They cuddle, awkwardly.)

Amy: I’m just saying, second base is right there.

Scene: The cafeteria.

Raj: Mm, I’m thinking about adopting some quirky affectation, like a pipe or a monocle or a handlebar moustache.

Leonard: For all those girls out there looking for the Indian Monopoly man?

Raj: This is not a safe place. You can’t share anything here.

Sheldon: The two of you need to get your women in line!

Howard: What?

Sheldon: Last night I was strong-armed into an evening of harp music and spooning with an emotional Amy Farrah Fowler. This on a night that I had originally designated for solving the space-time geometry in higher-spin gravity and building my Lego Death Star. And why? Your gal pals, Penny and Bernadette, went out shopping for some wedding nonsense without Amy, an action they took with no thought or regard as to how it would affect me, the future of string theory or my Lego fun time.

Howard: What do you want us to do about it?

Sheldon: You clearly weren’t listening to my topic sentence, get your women in line! You make them apologize to Amy and set things right. I am a man of science, not someone’s snuggle bunny!

Leonard: Why do I have to talk to Penny? She’s not my girlfriend.

Sheldon: You invited her to lunch four years ago. Everything about her is on you, you make it so!

Scene: The apartment.

Leonard: Moo-shu is Penny.

Penny: Thank you. Where’s Sheldon?

Leonard: Oh, he was up late last night, so I gave him an early dinner and put him to bed.

Bernadette: That’s so sweet.

Leonard: Yeah, but now he’s gonna be up at dawn and want to play.

Howard: So, listen, guys, the reason he was up late is because he was taking care of Amy. She’s kind of upset.

Penny: Why?

Leonard: Her feelings got hurt because you guys went dress shopping without her.

Bernadette: I told you that would happen.

Penny: Okay, look, this is her first time being a bridesmaid and she’s just getting a little crazy with it.

Bernadette: She keeps on telling us stories about bridesmaid traditions in other cultures, and they’re all about getting naked and washing each other.

Penny: Yeah, and she keeps trying to figure out if our cycles have synced up so we can call ourselves the Three Menstra-teers

Bernadette: We thought it would be easier to look at dresses one time without her. I feel terrible.

Penny: I know. Me, too. We’ll talk to her. Hey, wait, how did she find out?

Howard: Raj did it. And he says he would do it again. Okay, I’m sorry. You sent me the picture, I wasn’t thinking.

Bernadette: Oh, Howie.

Howard: Well, hey, I’m usually pretty good at not blabbing. You tell me tons of stuff about these guys, and I never repeat it.

Penny: What do you tell him?

Bernadette: Oh, you know, just pillow talk. You guys have nothing to worry about.

Leonard: Hold on, did you talk about us when we were dating?

Penny: No. All your little secrets are fine.

Bernadette: Yes, absolutely fine.

Howard (after Raj whispers to him): I’ll tell you later.

Scene: Amy’s lab. Amy is dissecting a brain.

Amy: Come on, tumour. Come on, tumour, Mama needs an aggressive little glioblastoma. Yay, brain tumour! Probably not the same reaction you had when you got the news.

Penny: Hi.

Bernadette: Hello.

Amy: What are you doing here?

Penny: Well, look, we just wanted to apologize for not bringing you with us the other day.

Amy: That’s not necessary, it’s like Sesame Street says, one of these things is not like the other, one of these things should die alone.

Penny: Look, come on, Amy, look, let us make it up to you. We’ll have a girl’s night, we’ll do whatever you want.

Bernadette: We can go down to the Korean baths and do that thing you were talking about where we wash each other.

Penny: With-with loofah mitts, no hands.

Amy: It’s okay. I’m glad this happened. I can stop pretending that some beautiful girl and her cute-in-

the-right-light friend want to hang out with me.

Bernadette: Amy, we’re really sorry.

Penny: Yeah, we feel awful.

Amy: Don’t. I’ll be okay. You’re not the first girls I thought were friends with me who ended up shunning me. It’s like elementary school, junior high, high school, undergrad, grad school, and that semester abroad in Norway all over again.

Penny: Oh, come on, Amy.

Amy: You don’t get it. Look at this brain.

Penny: I don’t really want to.

Amy: This is us. Bernadette, you are the analytical, scientific left hemisphere. Penny, you’re the creative, spontaneous right hemisphere. And where’s Amy? She’s right here, the sad little tumour no one wants to go dress shopping with.

Bernadette: Amy, you’re not a tumour. Penny, tell her she’s not a tumour. (Penny is vomiting in the dustbin).

Scene: The apartment, Sheldon is building his Lego Death Star. Phone rings.

Sheldon: Did you know that when Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, he proposed answering it with ahoy? Ahoy. I like it. Amy? Is that you? Have you been drinking? I’m sorry, I bet my sweet what? Well, all right. We’re on our way.

Leonard: What’s going on?

Sheldon: It would seem Amy is drunk in a liquor store parking lot.

Leonard: Really? Amy?

Sheldon: Leonard, be glad you can’t keep a woman. They are a handful.

Scene: A liquor store parking lot.

Amy: Oh, look. It’s Sheldon and little Leonard. Hi, little Leonard.

Leonard: Hi, Amy.

Amy: Hey, Cuddles.

Leonard: Cuddles?

Sheldon: Yes, Cuddles. We cuddled. Grow up, Leonard.

Leonard: Amy, what are you doing here?

Amy: Well, I came here to get a bottle of wine like Penny taught me to do when you’re sad.

Leonard: Yeah, but why didn’t you go back to your apartment?

Amy: Didn’t you go to high school, Leonard? Parking lots are where all the cool kids hang out. Not that the rat bastards ever invited me.

Leonard: Maybe we should get you home.

Amy: Oh, hang on, hang on, hang on. Sheldon, what would it take for you to go into that liquor store, buy a bottle of hooch, take me across the street to that motel, and have your way with me?

Leonard: Yeah, Sheldon, what would it take?

Sheldon: I’m begging both of you, please, let’s go.

Leonard: Okay. Come on. Upsy-daisy.

Amy: Whee! Ooh, finally someone found second base.

Scene: Amy’s lab. She is dissecting a brain.

Amy: I know how you feel. I got a knife slicing through my frontal lobe, too.

Penny: Hi.

Amy: What do you want? Do you want me to give the friendship bracelet back?

Penny: I never gave you a friendship bracelet.

Amy: When we first met, I made one and pretended you gave it to me. You can have it back if you want.

Penny: No, you made that for you, I want you to have it.

Bernadette: We know you’re upset, and you have every right to be, but if it’s okay with you, we’d like a second chance to make things right.

Penny: We are really sorry, and we were trying to think of some way to show you how much we care about you.

Bernadette: Which is why it would mean so much if you would agree to be the maid of honour at my wedding.

Amy: What? Wait, is this some kind of practical joke? Like in Norway, when my friends trapped me in a sauna with a horny otter?

Bernadette: No. I, I want you to be the maid of honour.

Amy: Oh, my gosh. No one’s every asked me to be the maid of honour before. Well, that’s not true. Once, but then they all died.

Bernadette: So is that a yes?

Amy: Yes. Yes. Oh, my gosh, I, I have so much to do. There’s the bridal shower and the bachelorette party. What should we do for the bachelorette party? Oh, I know, we’ll go to a Native American sweat lodge, we’ll take peyote, roll around in the mud, and paint fertility symbols on Bernadette’s naked body. So that’s happening.

Penny: Yeah, sure, sure. Vegas is fun, too.

Amy: I feel like crying. Of course, I could just be hormonal. Oh, wait. Maybe our menses are finally syncing up. Bernadette? No? Penny?

Penny: Sorry.

Amy: Really?

Penny: Okay, yeah.

Amy: Yay!

Scene: A bridal store.

Amy: Maid of honour Amy Farrah Fowler’s amazing behind-the-scenes wedding video, take one.

Bernadette: We’re just trying on dresses, do we really need to record this?

Amy: I’m sorry, are you the maid of honour?

Bernadette: I am the bride.

Amy: So no. And action.

Penny (in a red bridesmaid dress): What do you think?

Bernadette: I love it!

Amy: What are you, a nun? Come on, bestie, let’s see some skin.

Cut to Amy in a lilac dress.

Bernadette: Oh, Amy! Looking sexy!

Amy: You think they don’t have mirrors in there? I know how I look.

Cut to Bernadette in a wedding dress.

Penny: Oh! Bernadette, you look beautiful!

Amy: You do.

Bernadette: Thank you.

Amy: Not Penny beautiful, but beautiful.

Cut to changing room door.

Amy: Come on, bestie, you’re up.

Penny (off): Give me a minute.

Amy: What is taking you so long? (Opens door. Penny is in her underwear)

Penny: Oh, Amy! Get the hell out of here!

Amy: – Sorry, sorry. (Swings camera away. Then back again)

Penny: Oh, God. Amy!

Amy: Sorry.