

Scene 2: Apartment building, First floor lobby

Penny, carrying a laundry basket, emerges from the basement to find a woman with a suitcase standing in the lobby staring at the "Out of Order" sign and the Caution tape covering the broken elevator.

Penny: It's out of order.

Woman: Yes, I can read the sign. I'm just pondering the implications.

Penny: I think it implies that the elevator doesn't work.

Woman: Again, I can read the sign. But the sign and the tape are covered with a layer of dust, which indicates that the elevator has been non-functional for a significant amount of time, which suggests either a remarkable passivity among the...I assume...24 to 36 residents of this building, based on the number of mailboxes and given typical urban population density, or a shared delusion of functionality.

Penny (realizes): You must be Leonard's mother.

Woman: Well, I don't know if I must be, but yes.

Penny: Uh, I'm Penny, I'm his neighbor.

Beverly: Oh, Dr. Beverly Hofstadter.

Penny: Oh, nice to meet you.

(Penny extends her hand, Beverly just looks at it for a moment.)

Beverly: Oh, you're a hand-shaker, interesting.

(Beverly quickly shakes her hand.)

Penny: Why don't you come with me, I'll walk you to the apartment.

Beverly: All right, would you like to exchange pleasantries on the way?

Penny: Yeah, sure, I guess.

Beverly: All right, you start.

(Penny and Beverly begin ascending the stairs.)

Penny: OK. You know, I've always been curious, what was Leonard like when he was little?

Beverly: Oh, I think you mean young, he's always been little.

(Camera shift to the second floor)

Penny: Right. OK, what was he like when he was young?

Beverly: You'll have to be more specific.

Penny: Oh, um, OK, like five or six?

(Beverly stops and looks at her, waiting for clarification.)

Penny (in a small voice): ...five.

(They resume climbing the stairs.)

Beverly: Oh, well at that age, he was well enmeshed in what Freud would call the phallic stage of psycho-sexual development. An outmoded theory of course but the boy did spend most of his waking hours with a tight grasp on his penis.

(Camera shift to the third floor)

Penny: Yeah, Leonard mentioned you were a psychiatrist.

Beverly: Well, that is one of my degrees, my primary field is neuroscience.

Penny: Oh, well, I'm an actress.

(Beverly stops again and looks strangely at her for a moment.)

Beverly: Why?

Penny (uncomfortable): What...what do you mean why?

Beverly: Well, there are studies that suggest that many who go into the performing arts suffer from an external locus of identity.

Penny (confused): Yeah, I don't know what that means...

Beverly: Well, it means you value yourself only as others value you, which is often the result of unmet childhood emotional needs.

Penny (breaking down a bit): Oh, well, I had a wonderful childhood.

Beverly (looks closely at her): Tell me about it.

(Camera shift to the fourth floor, Penny is now crying.)

Penny: I know my dad wanted a boy, I...I just...I tried being good at sports, but I hated getting dirty!

Beverly: And then, I'm assuming, you entered adolescence.

Penny: Uh-huh. He called me "slugger" until I got my first training bra, and then he just stopped playing catch with me. I wasn't "slugger" any more!

(Penny knocks on Leonard and Sheldon's door, Leonard opens it.)

Penny (wailing): Your mother's here!

(She quickly escapes to her apartment, closing the door behind her.)

Beverly: If you want to have intercourse with that girl, find out what kind of cologne her father wore.

Leonard (sarcastically): Good to see you mother!