

*Scene: The apartment. Leonard is dressed smartly and placing wine on the table. Sheldon enters.*

Sheldon: Great news. My mom sent me my old Nintendo 64.

Leonard: Terrific.

Sheldon: You know what this means, don't you? Break out the Red Bull, it's time to rock Mario old school.

Leonard: I kind of have other plans tonight.

Sheldon: But it's Friday. Friday's always vintage game night. Look, mom included the memory card, we can pick up where I left off in 1999 when I had pernicious anaemia.

Leonard: Well, the thing is, someone's coming over.

Sheldon: Well then, no problem, I have three controllers, the more the merrier.

Leonard: Sheldon, it's a date, I have a date coming over.

Sheldon: Oh, well you can't blame me for not jumping to that conclusion.

Leonard: Why, what's so unusual about me having a date?

Sheldon: Well, statistically speaking...

Leonard: Alright, alright. Well, uh, nevertheless, I have one now and I would appreciate it if you would, you know, make yourself scarce.

Sheldon: Leonard, I am a published theoretical physicist with two doctorates and an IQ which can't be accurately measured by normal tests, how much scarcer could I be?

Leonard: You know what I mean, could you just give us a little privacy?

Sheldon: You want me to leave the apartment?

Leonard: Yes.

Sheldon: You mean just go someplace else and be... someplace else?

Leonard: Yes.

Sheldon: Well, why should I leave, this is my apartment too.

Leonard: I know it is, and if science ever discovers a second member of your species and you two would like some privacy I would be more than happy to get out of your way.

Sheldon: Well alright then.