**R:** Mmm, Greek food on pizza night? This is the most \_\_\_\_\_\_ thing we've done to Sheldon since we left that fake message from Stephen Hawking on his voice mail.

P: Seriously?

**H:** (imitating mechanical voice) I wish to discuss your theories of black holes. Meet me at the Randy's Donut by the airport at 2:00 a.m.

**S**: What is that you're eating? Tonight is pizza night.

L: I'd like to refer that to my \_\_\_\_\_.

**P:** According to what I see here, Thursday nights are Franconi's pizza night.

S: Yes, and when Franconi's went \_\_\_\_\_\_, we switched to Graziano's.

H: That's interesting. Can you just switch restaurants like that, Priya?

**P:** A good question, Howard. \_\_\_\_\_\_ you can't. According to **the document you drew up** Sheldon, the selection of a new takeout restaurant requires public hearings and a 60-day comment period. Were those criteria met?

**S:** No.

Opa!

**S:** This is Greek food? Leonard, you hate Greek food.

L: Not as much as you.

S: Fine. I'm \_\_\_\_\_ adaptable.

L: I got you the lamb kebab.

S: Thank you.

**S:** If you \_\_\_\_\_\_, Greek food isn't that far from Italian food. They share a spice palette.

S: And what a civilization is the Greeks'! They gave us science, democracy, and little cubes of \_\_\_\_\_\_ that taste like sweat.

Adapted from: http://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?f=159&t=8672

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