

**Sheldon:** \_\_\_\_\_, I think I may have misjudged this restaurant.

**Leonard:** No kidding.

**Sheldon:** I don't want to go out on a limb, but I think we may be looking at my new 'Tuesday hamburger.'

**Leonard:** Your old Tuesday hamburger will be so broken-hearted.

**Sheldon:** \_\_\_\_\_. I was thinking of moving 'big boy' to 'Thursdays' and just dropping 'soup plantation.'

**Leonard:** Really?

Sheldon: Yeah, the name always confused me. Anyway, soup plantation. \_\_\_\_\_, you can't grow soup.

**Penny:** \_\_\_\_\_. So, how's everything?

**Sheldon:** Terrific! \_\_\_\_\_ you'll be happy to know that I plan to come here every Tuesday night for the foreseeable future.

**Penny:** Really? Oh yay.

**Sheldon:** Who do I speak to about permanently reserving this table?

**Penny:** \_\_\_\_\_, I don't know—a psychiatrist. So, hey, how are things with you and Leslie?

**Leonard:** Oh, to be honest, I don't think it's going to work out. \_\_\_\_\_.

**Penny:** Oh, that's too bad. Well, hey, don't worry. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm sure there's someone out there who's just right for you.

**Leonard:** What did she mean by that? \_\_\_\_\_ Was that just a generic platitude, or was that a subtle bit for attention?

**Sheldon:** \_\_\_\_\_ why this hamburger surpasses the big boy? This is a single-decker hamburger, whereas the big boy is a double-decker. This has a much more satisfying meat-to-bun-to-condiment ratio.

**Leonard:** Are you even listening to me?

**Sheldon:** \_\_\_\_\_. Blah blah, hopeless Penny, delusion, blah blah blah.

**Leonard:** Okay then. \_\_\_\_\_ you can grow the ingredients for soup.