

# **The BiG BANG THEORY**

**“To Nerdly Go . . .”**

Story and Screenplay by  
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**Cast of Characters (in order of speaking appearance):**

**SHELDON** / Mister Sheldon [Vulcan Science Officer]  
**LEONARD** / Captain James T. Hofstadter [Starship Captain]  
**STUART** / Ensign Stuart [Navigator/Helmsman]  
**RAJ** / Mr. Koothrappali [Navigator/Helmsman]  
**BERNADETTE** / Ensign Bernadette [Short-Skirted Female Ensign]  
**GEORGE TAKEI** / Himself  
**HOWARD** / Mr. Scott [Chief Engineer]  
**PRIYA** / Lieutenant Priya [Communications]  
**GABLEHOUSER** / Commodore Gablehouser [Starfleet Commander]  
**PENNY** / Poly-Ectomorphic-Nitro-Yttrium Shape Shifting Being ["Penny"]  
**AMY** / Dr. McCoy [Ship's Physician and accidental recipient of a sex change operation]  
**KRIPKE** / Ensign Kripke [Red-Shirted Expendable]  
**LIONEL JEFFERIES** / Horn-Gon [Chief Elder of Rastamagoria Five]  
**KATIE SACKOFF** / Herself

**Time:**

The present – and the future.

**Setting:**

The living room of the main apartment – and a starship in the future.

**SCENE:** *the living room of the main apartment; the present. LEONARD and SHELDON are in the midst of a heated argument. The rest are there, including HOWARD, PENNY, RAJ, BERNADETTE, AMY, and STUART.*

SHELDON: In what universe, sir?! In what universe?

LEONARD: You are not always right, Sheldon!

SHELDON: Ha!

LEONARD: And – newsflash – you’re not always in charge.

SHELDON: I scoff derisively at your addled assertion. (HE scoffs derisively) *I am* in charge – all the time – everywhere.

LEONARD: *What?!*

SHELDON: Given my mental capacities, whatever the situation, I will always be the person who comes out on top. It’s evolution.

LEONARD: Really? Well, I’m pretty sure that I could think of some situation where you would *not* be in charge . . .

SHELDON: Poppycock. (Pause) I’m listening.

**SCENE:** *the bridge of a starship – one looking like the original Star Trek TV series; the future. RAJ and STUART are operating the main navigation console. LEONARD sits in the captain’s chair. Others are positioned nearby operating consoles, their backs turned.*

LEONARD: Captain’s log: star date thirty-six, twenty-eight, thirty-six . . . point five.

### **CUT TO: OPENING CREDITS**

**SCENE:** *the starship bridge; the future. LEONARD is recording his captain’s log.*

LEONARD: Captain’s log . . . We’re two weeks into our mission to chart the Pasadena Nebula, an unexplored part of the galaxy . . .

STUART: (to RAJ) Hey – look at me . . . I’m on the bridge of a starship.

RAJ: Me too – and I’ve got my eye on that sexy ensign in a short skirt.

STUART: Which one?

RAJ: (indicating BERNADETTE, who is walking by) That one.

BERNADETTE: (to RAJ, angrily) You watch it, mister!

(BERNADETTE walks away while giving RAJ an “I’m watching you” gesture)

STUART: (quietly, to RAJ) Well, I am also looking for a hot date.

(GEORGE TAKEI suddenly appears)

TAKEI: Oh *my* . . .

STUART: (taken aback) Oh . . .

TAKEI: Ensign Stuart, would you like to *lay in* my coordinates? Perhaps we could plot an *intercept course*?

STUART: Um, I’m just gonna . . . push some buttons now.

(STUART awkwardly looks away and begins pushing buttons on his console)

TAKEI: Fine . . .

(TAKEI goes to SHELDON’s science monitor and starts operating it)

LEONARD: Mister Koothrappali, increase our speed to warp eight.

HOWARD: (suddenly appearing, with a Scottish accent) Captain, I have not yet finished running the engine diagnostics! If we push ‘em too hard now, they might break down.

LEONARD: Mister Scott, Starfleet needs this data . . . warp eight, Mister Koothrappali.

RAJ: Aye, aye, captain. On course. Increasing to warp eight.

HOWARD: (without an accent, to RAJ) Really? That’s your accent?

RAJ: What?

HOWARD: You sound just like yourself.

RAJ: So?

HOWARD: So . . . you’re supposed to be *Russian*. You should be like . . . (with a Russian accent) “Keptin, the enemy wessel is approaching . . . our shields vill not hold.”

RAJ: Screw you!

(SHELDON turns around. HE has pointed ears and is obviously Vulcan)

SHELDON: Captain?

LEONARD: Yes, Mister Sheldon?

SHELDON: We're supposed to be centuries in the future, yet, most of our instruments are analog clock devices and cathode ray screens.

LEONARD: Retro chic?

(SHELDON "harrumphs" and then approaches TAKEI)

SHELDON: (to TAKEI) You're in my spot . . .

(TAKEI "harrumphs" and exits. LEONARD approaches LIEUTENANT PRIYA, the communications officer)

LEONARD: (seductively) Lieutenant . . .

PRIYA: Captain, are you trying to rekindle our romance? The first interracial kiss in space?

LEONARD: That wasn't the first. I kissed Ensign Joyce Kim before you.

PRIYA: Didn't she turn out to be a Klingon spy?

LEONARD: Yeah. She was *really* interested in our warp drive engines . . .

PRIYA: (suddenly listening to her ear piece, urgent in tone) We have a priority one message coming in from Starfleet Command.

LEONARD: On screen . . .

(COMMODORE GABLEHOUSER appears on the screen)

GABLEHOUSER: Captain Hofstadter . . .

LEONARD: Commodore Gablehouser?

GABLEHOUSER: We need to reroute your ship. You're to rendezvous with Horn-Gon, chief elder of the planet Rastamagoria Five.

RAJ: (softly, to STUART) Why is it always "five"?

GABLEHOUSER: He claims to possess vital technology that will aid us in our conflict with the Klingons.

LEONARD: I see . . .

GABLEHOUSER: They're already sent an envoy by ship to greet you.

LEONARD: Understood. We'll obtain the technology and return as soon as possible.

GABLEHOUSER: Be careful, captain. There've been reports of Klingons in that sector.

LEONARD: We'll be on our guard.

GABLEHOUSER: Very well – that is all. Gablehouser out . . .

(HE remains onscreen, unable to shut off the video conference)

How do I turn this thing off . . . ?

(GABLEHOUSER disappears. The screen then displays a moving star field)

SHELDON: Captain, there's a small ship approaching.

LEONARD: On screen. Range?

SHELDON: Twenty-two parsecs. Its speed is decreasing rapidly . . . It's running out of power.

PRIYA: A message is coming in – audio only.

LEONARD: Patch it through.

PENNY [VO]: Calling Captain James T. Hofstadter, commander of the starship –

(Static is heard)

PRIYA: It's breaking up –

PENNY: – request permission to board your ship –

SHELDON: Her engines are failing.

LEONARD: Mr. Koothrappali – lock on to her ship with the tractor beam.

(RAJ pushes a button)

STUART: (to RAJ) That's it? Just . . . push a button? No calculations? No keyboard strokes?

RAJ: No. The future is great.

SHELDON: Captain, the alien is beaming herself aboard our ship.

LEONARD: Prepare for contact.

(PENNY materializes. SHE is a green-skinned alien, like an “Orion Slave Girl”)

PENNY: Greetings, humans . . . and others.

HOWARD: (with a Scottish accent) Great Scott!

STUART: She’s . . . out of this world.

PENNY: That’s right. Apparently, I’m so different from all you nerds that the only way to explain my presence here is to insert me as an alien.

RAJ: (looking at her) And *what* an alien!

PENNY: (to RAJ) I thought you couldn’t talk to extraterrestrials.

LEONARD: Are you from Rastamagoria?

PENNY: No – but I’m here to guide you there. I come from a planet called Nebraska. Nebraska Five.

SHELDON: Fascinating.

PENNY: We’re a race of sexy shape shifters. We can appear in any form.

SHELDON: So you chose green. *Good choice!*

PENNY: I am here to establish . . . relations. Who is the one called “Hofstadter”?

LEONARD: I-I’m Captain Hofstadter.

PENNY: Really? I thought you’d be a little taller.

LEONARD: (seductive) I’m taller than I look – where it counts.

(PRIYA looks at PENNY and shakes her head as if to indicate “no”)

PENNY: Okay, whatever . . . Captain Hofstadter, do you find this form pleasing?

LEONARD: Yeah.

PENNY: Perhaps you’d prefer this form . . .

(SHE morphs into a blonde Princess Leia)

RAJ: Wrong franchise.

LEONARD: (into the intercom) Doctor McCoy to the bridge!

PENNY: Or this . . .

(SHE morphs into a short-skirted, Star Trek ensign with her hair done “up”)

LEONARD: *Wow* . . .

HOWARD: She’s a bonny lass, indeed!

PENNY: We will establish relations. Then, I will guide you to Rastamagoria Five.

BERNADETTE: (catty) Is that what they’re calling it nowadays?

(AMY [DR. McCOY] enters)

AMY: Jim, I –

LEONARD: Doctor McCoy – what’s happened to you?!

AMY: I was conducting a sex change operation. Something went horribly wrong.

HOWARD: Hoot man – you’ve turned yourself into a woman!

SHELDON: Doctor, I believe your auto-surgery unit has got the better of you.

AMY: Shut up, you pointy-eared Vulcan!

LEONARD: We’ll deal with that later. Right now, I need you to scan the alien.

(AMY scans PENNY with a medical tricorder)

AMY: Her vitals indicate that she’s human . . . a golden-haired, goddess of a human.

PENNY: I am human as long as I remain in this form.

LEONARD: What’s your name?

PENNY: I have no name. I’m a Poly-Ectomorphic-Nitro-Yttrium being. You may call me “Penny.”

LEONARD: Penny, your ship is damaged.

PENNY: I will make repairs. Then you and I will finish establishing relations.

LEONARD: But we need to get to Rastamagoria *now*.

PENNY: Fine. (Pointing) It's that way.

LEONARD: Mister Koothrappali – set your coordinates for . . . that way . . . mark five.

RAJ: Course plotted.

LEONARD: Ensign Stuart, escort Penny to her ship.

STUART: (to PENNY) So, you like comic books?

**SCENE:** *the apartment living room; the present.*

SHELDON: An alternate *Star Trek* universe where you're the captain. Fascinating.

STUART: And I'm dating George Takei . . . I could do worse.

BERNADETTE: So, do you go to the planet?

LEONARD: Of course . . .

**SCENE:** *the planet's surface; the future. LEONARD, AMY, RAJ, and ENSIGN KRIPKE [wearing a red shirt] finish beaming down. RAJ starts scanning with a tricorder.*

LEONARD: We need to find Horn-Gon . . . Ensign Kripke, go over there behind those rocks and search by yourself.

KRIPKE: Oh, gweat . . .

(KRIPKE wanders off reluctantly)

RAJ: I'm getting some energy readings.

(KRIPKE is suddenly heard yelling. THEY rush to him. THEY find KRIPKE lying dead with some weird spots on his face)

AMY: He's dead, Jim.

LEONARD: (emotional) I knew his father at the academy.

RAJ: Really?

LEONARD: What?

RAJ: Well . . . he's really not much younger than you –

LEONARD: – uh –

RAJ: I mean, if you're thirty-five, and even if he's twenty five, then Kripke's dad would have been like – age ten at the academy. Doesn't make sense, dude . . .

**SCENE:** *the bridge of the starship. The ship is being attacked by a Klingon vessel.*

SHELDON: Mr. Scott – report!

HOWARD: Klingon ship! It came out of nowhere. They've knocked out our engines.

SHELDON: Lieutenant Priya, open a channel.

PRIYA: Channel open.

(WILF WHEATARG – a Klingon version of WIL WHEATON appears on the screen. HE is assisted by Klingons LESLIE WINKLE and RAMONA NOWITZKI)

SHELDON: Wheatarg!!

WHEATARG: Hello, Sheldon.

SHELDON: You can't just drop your cloaking device and attack! That's not fair.

LESLIE: Dumbass . . .

HOWARD: The transporter is down, too!

WHEATARG: You're defeated, Sheldon.

SHELDON: No . . .

WHEATARG: I'll give you one earth hour to surrender.

(WHEATARG disappears from the screen)

SHELDON: Well, this is a fine mess . . .

**SCENE:** *the surface of the planet.*

LEONARD: We need to find the source of the energy readings.

(Pause, then LEONARD, RAJ, and AMY start walking. Pause)

AMY: So, why didn't they just beam us down to the right location? I mean, how hard is it to find one guy on a desolate planet? Doesn't the 23rd Century have GPS?

LEONARD: Just keep walking . . .

**SCENE:** *the starship bridge. SHELDON has just finished explaining the situation.*

SHELDON: . . . anyway, I think that I've explained everything thoroughly. . . that's what we're up against.

BERNADETTE: I understand.

STUART: Got it.

HOWARD: (without an accent) Oh.

SHELDON: Howard . . . would you like me to use pictures to explain our situation?

HOWARD: (with an accent) Mister Sheldon, I'm a first-class engineer.

SHELDON: Yes . . . would you like me to use pictures to explain our situation?

HOWARD: uh . . .

SHELDON: Our only option is to stall for time while I retrieve the landing party.

HOWARD: (without an accent) How are you going to do that?

**SCENE:** *the surface of the planet. LEONARD, AMY and RAJ are still walking.*

RAJ: And how come this planet doesn't have any wind – or for that matter, any kind of weather whatsoever? It's like we're inside . . .

LEONARD: Just keep walking . . .

**SCENE:** *The exterior of Penny's spaceship on the hangar deck. SHELDON approaches and knocks on the spaceship door.*

SHELDON: (Knocks) Penny . . . (Knocks) Penny . . . (Knocks) Penny . . .

(PENNY opens the door)

PENNY: What?

SHELDON: Have you repaired your ship yet?

PENNY: Yes – why?

SHELDON: I need a ride down to the planet's surface.

PENNY: Fine – get in.

(SHELDON enters and looks around – it's a mess)

SHELDON: Were you ransacked by Romulans?

PENNY: Just shut up and sit down.

(PENNY begins piloting SHELDON down to the planet on her spaceship)

SHELDON: Your “check engine” light is on.

(PENNY looks at him – irritated. The Klingons start firing at their ship)

SHELDON: The Klingons are shooting at us!

PENNY: Don't worry. The shields will protect us.

SHELDON: (fearful) Worried?! I'm not worried! Worry is a human emotion and I –

(Another explosion. The ship shakes)

SHELDON: Oh my gosh! They're going to kill us!

PENNY: For Pete's sake . . .

SHELDON: I don't want to die in space! Help me, meemaw!

(After a moment or two of flying, PENNY lands the ship safely)

PENNY: There. We've landed.

SHELDON: Oh – *thank you, Jesus!*

**SCENE:** *The bridge of the starship. HOWARD is sitting in the Captain's chair.*

BERNADETTE: What are you doing?

HOWARD: (without an accent) What? I'm in charge now.

BERNADETTE: You mean the guy who couldn't fix the engines, then couldn't fix the transporter, is now in charge of the ship??

HOWARD: Um, yeah . . .

BERNADETTE: I don't think so. Get out of that chair, mister!

HOWARD: But –

BERNADETTE: I said – *get out of that chair!*

(HOWARD sheepishly gets out of the chair)

BERNADETTE: Go over there and scan something.

HOWARD: Fine.

BERNADETTE: Or better yet – fix the transporter!

HOWARD: Okay . . . Don't yell.

BERNADETTE: I'm in command now, and the first order of business: no more short skirts!

(The WOMEN cheer, the MEN groan)

PRIYA: Hey! We could all wear pant suits!

BERNADETTE: um . . . I guess short skirts are fine for now.

(The WOMEN groan, the MEN cheer)

**SCENE:** *the planet. LEONARD, AMY, and RAJ meet SHELDON and PENNY.*

LEONARD: Sheldon? What're you doing here?

SHELDON: The Klingons attacked us and disabled our engines.

LEONARD: What?

SHELDON: And the transporter is down.

(A cloaked figure – LIONEL – suddenly appears)

LEONARD: Are you Horn-Gon – the Chief Elder of Rastamagoria Five?

LIONEL: (removing his hood) Yes. Call me Lionel. Would you like a lemon drop?

CAPTAIN; Uh – no thanks.

LIONEL: Are you sure? They're . . . they're really good.

LEONARD: We're here for the technology. What is it?

LIONEL: It's called "an attachment." You send it through e-mail.

LEONARD: We've had that technology for years.

LIONEL: This attachment has malware. When your enemy opens the file, it wreaks havoc on their computer.

LEONARD: We've had that technology for years.

LIONEL: But this malware replicates organic matter.

SHELDON: Fascinating.

LIONEL: (holding up a data storage device) This version is for the latest operating system – Windows Two-Hundred Nine – that's what the Klingons use . . . I think.

LEONARD: I'll get it to the ship immediately.

LIONEL: That's great . . . say, could you get something down from the top shelf for me? I just can't seem to reach up there . . .

HOWARD [VO on comms]: (with an accent) Captain Hofstadter –

LEONARD: Hofstadter here . . .

HOWARD: I've got the transporter working again.

LEONARD: Scotty, beam up the rest of the party. I've got to say goodbye to a very special lady.

PENNY: Who – me?

SHELDON: You're going to delay the mission just to satisfy your lustful needs?!

AMY: Sheldon . . .

SHELDON: Oh – this is really too much!

(SHELDON continues to quietly complain to AMY as THEY all beam up – except for LEONARD and PENNY. LIONEL just stands there awkwardly)

LEONARD: (to PENNY) I'm sorry we never got a chance to . . . establish relations.

PENNY: That's okay. I get the impression you've established a lot of relations already.

LIONEL: I'm just going to . . . leave now . . .

(LIONEL walks off camera)

LEONARD: Goodbye, Penny.

PENNY: Goodbye, Captain Hofstadter.

(THEY kiss, then LEONARD beams up. PENNY displays a lovelorn look)

**SCENE:** *The transporter room. SHELDON and AMY are standing there with disapproving looks as LEONARD beams in.*

LEONARD: Mister Sheldon – Dr. McCoy – what's going on?

SHELDON: Captain Hofstadter, I do not wish to take command of the ship. However, your uncontrolled mating behavior leaves me no choice.

LEONARD: You can't do this, Sheldon. You don't have the authority.

SHELDON: Perhaps not – but Dr. McCoy does. And the good doctor here will certify that you are medically unfit for command . . . You need to keep it in your pants, mister.

AMY: I'm sorry, Jim.

SHELDON: You will be confined to quarters, and then we'll surrender to the Klingons. It's the logical thing to do.

LEONARD: That would be a mistake.

SHELDON: You brought this on yourself. I'm in command now . . .

**SCENE:** *the apartment living room; the present.*

SHELDON: Ha! See? Even in a universe of your own delusion, I still come out on top.

AMY: But Sheldon . . . that means that – somewhere out there, there's a universe where you don't love me.

PENNY: (to LEONARD) Yeah – what's up with that, Gene Dingleberry?

LEONARD: *Roddenberry.*

PENNY: I know what I said.

HOWARD: That's a horrible ending.

BERNADETTE: Yeah. It makes me hate science fiction – even more.

LEONARD: Ah, but like any good episode, all seems lost – until the end.

RAJ: There's more?

LEONARD: Yes . . .

RAJ: Well – finish it!

**SCENE:** *The transporter room; the future.*

LEONARD: You're forgetting something, Sheldon.

SHELDON: Unlikely, but – what?

LEONARD: Dr. McCoy, you're familiar with Sheldon's medical chart. How long has it been since he's engaged in . . . *pon farr*?

AMY: O-over seven years.

LEONARD: Which can make a Vulcan very unstable – even *illogical* . . . ?

AMY: That's right.

LEONARD: To the point where he would be unfit for command.

SHELDON: *No!*

AMY: Yes. I'm sorry, Sheldon.

SHELDON: Aw, darn!

AMY: It's not so bad. You'll have more time to spend with me.

SHELDON: Why would I want to spend more time with you?

AMY: Dammit, you pointy-eared goblin – I love you! And I want to engage in *pon farr* with you – but not now – we've only got four minutes to save the ship!

SHELDON: Four minutes?

AMY: Yes. That's how much time is left in this episode.

LEONARD: To the bridge!

(The picture spins and a brass riff is heard – like the '60s *Batman* TV series)

**SCENE:** *The bridge of the starship.*

WHEATARG: (on screen) You're in trouble, captain. Your ship is disabled and you're outgunned.

LEONARD: (dramatically) *We surrender . . .*

WHEATARG: I should have known that you humans have no stomach for war.

SHELDON: We have an official document for our capitulation. You'll need to sign it.

WHEATARG: Fine . . .

SHELDON: It's called the "surrender agreement." I'm sending it over now . . .

(We see WHEATARG on the screen, opening the file. Suddenly, multiple tribbles appear everywhere – even dropping down on him)

WHEATARG: What is this?!

LEONARD: I think you're the one in Tribble now . . .

WHEATARG: (angry) Hofstadter!!

LEONARD: Mr. Scott – get those engines back online – and get us out of here!

HOWARD: (with an accent) Aye, Captain!

**SCENE:** *The apartment living room; the present.*

LEONARD: So you see Sheldon, somewhere, there's a universe out there where you are *not* in charge.

SHELDON: Fascinating. Illogical – but fascinating.

PENNY: (to LEONARD) If you think that I'm going to wear green make-up and dance around for you half-naked . . .

(PENNY and LEONARD look at each other, then lustfully run off to the bedroom)

AMY: (aroused, to SHELDON) *Pon farr . . . now!*

(AMY grabs SHELDON and leads him out the door)

HOWARD: To nerdly go where no nerd has gone before.

**SCENE:** *The Engineering section of the starship. HOWARD is working alone.*

HOWARD: (with an accent) Ah, there's nothin' like the sound of a starship cruisin' along at warp eight . . .

(KATIE SACKOFF suddenly appears. SHE has a seductive look)

KATIE: Mr. Scott. I've been waiting for you . . .

HOWARD: (without an accent) You have?

KATIE: Yes. I think that there's something wrong with my engines. Maybe you can get them revving for me again.

HOWARD: (with an accent) *Begorrah* . . .

KATIE: I think that's Irish.

HOWARD: (without an accent) I don't care.

KATIE: Well?

(The voice of LEONARD is suddenly heard on the intercom)

LEONARD [VO]: Mr. Scott – you're needed on the bridge.

HOWARD: (without an accent) Uh – captain?

LEONARD [VO]: Scotty – I need you on the bridge – now!

HOWARD: (with an accent) I'm sorry, Captain . . . but *I've got to have thirty minutes!!*

**THE END**