

## TV Show 137

Chapter 137: This Place Is Unbearable

**\*\*New Jersey.\*\***

**\*\*The Hofstadter Residence.\*\***

"A bold idea?"

Alfred was momentarily stunned, but as a PhD scientist, he quickly caught on. "You mean drinking and singing? That won't work."

"Why not?"

Adam smiled.

"Beverly doesn't drink at all because it damages the nervous system."

Alfred sighed. "As for singing—do you really think she would sing?"

"Why wouldn't she?"

Adam pointed out, "Singing isn't about whether someone *\*can\** or *\*can't\**—it's just a matter of skill. How do you know it won't work if you don't try? As for drinking, that's even easier. Just tell her you want to conduct a neurobiology experiment with her. Would she really refuse?"

"Uh..."

Alfred was speechless.

Given what he knew about Beverly, if he framed it as a neurobiology experiment, she probably *\*wouldn't\** refuse.

"You're sure this will work?"

Alfred was still hesitant. "It'll actually have an effect?"

"Trust me. It *\*definitely\** will."

Adam was certain.

In the original timeline, Penny took Beverly to a bar for drinks, and after having alcohol with Sheldon, Beverly transformed into a completely different person—like a wild Texan.

A few drinks in, she went from rigid and methodical to utterly uninhibited.

Beverly was practically ready to devour any attractive young man in sight, throwing her usual controlled, reproduction-focused approach out the window.

Later, she even grabbed Sheldon and planted a *\*deep\** kiss on him. If Sheldon hadn't been completely unresponsive, given how well they actually got along, Leonard might've ended up calling Sheldon "Dad."

That was just alcohol.

Singing had a similar effect.

When Sheldon invited Beverly to sing karaoke, she initially refused because it was something neither she nor her husband, Alfred, had ever done.

But once they started singing together, they completely let loose—dancing wildly, howling like wolves. Their endorphins skyrocketed!

"Alright, I'll give it a shot."

Alfred was tempted.

After all these years, his life had been *\*rough\**.

Could it really get any worse?

Of course not!

It could only get better.

"If it works, you can expand on it."

Adam, ever the devoted friend to Leonard's family, continued to offer advice. "I read your research papers. Let's not talk about Beverly for now, but I assume you *\*don't\** agree with her frequency preference?"

Beverly and Alfred, both scientists, had naturally debated Beverly's theory that intimacy should occur *\*only\** for reproduction.

They even published papers—one from a neurobiological perspective, the other from an anthropological one.

Unsurprisingly, their conclusions were completely opposite.

"Of course not."

Alfred was so moved, he nearly cried.

This was exactly what he had been struggling with!

Was there anyone in the world who understood him better than Adam?

No!

No wonder Leonard called Adam the best friend of the century.

Forget just being a friend—Adam was more useful than a hugging machine.

He *\*had\** to keep him close.

"The solution is simple."

Adam grinned. "Since Beverly likes to approach everything as an experiment and understands the necessity of following social norms, why not use *\*both\** angles to create the frequency you want?"

For example, Valentine's Day is a given, right?

Birthdays deserve rewards, don't they?

Anniversaries, Leonard's birthday, and all sorts of special occasions.

You're an anthropologist—you literally study human relationships. If you put your mind to it, you don't need to aim for all 365 days a year. (Not that you could handle that, right?)

But a few special occasions each month? Testing how neurobiological experiments differ on those days compared to normal days?

Completely reasonable!

The only real variable here was—could Alfred *\*keep up\**?

But knowing Beverly, that probably wouldn't be an issue. Since 1982, she had been perfectly content to handle things *\*herself\** if necessary.

As long as Alfred was satisfied and didn't cheat with a waitress, Leonard's parents' marriage could actually survive.

Because Beverly's own assessment of their marriage was: *\*Perfect.\**

That's right.

Not just *\*fine\** or *\*adequate\**, but *\*perfect.\**

Even though Beverly constantly looked down on Alfred, his patience—much like Leonard's patience with Sheldon—was exactly what kept things working.

Deep down, both Beverly and Sheldon *\*knew\** they wouldn't find a better husband or roommate.

So unless something drastic happened, their preference for stability meant they wouldn't change a thing.

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"Ah!"

Alfred's eyes widened in shock. Then, overcome with emotion, he lunged forward and hugged Adam, sobbing. "Adam, you're amazing! My marriage actually has hope again!"

With his intelligence, now that Adam had pointed out the key, how could he *\*not\** see it?

"What's going on?"

Leonard, hearing the commotion, walked over, confused.

"Oh, nothing."

Alfred was too emotional to speak, tears streaming down his face.

Adam just let him hold on, giving Leonard a casual smile.

He couldn't exactly say, *\*I just gave your dad a masterclass on how to get what he deserves from your mom\*, right?*

Anthropologists were definitely more emotional than natural scientists.

"Men."

Beverly arrived home, glanced at the scene, and shook her head expressionlessly. "Boys."

"It's time."

Adam nudged Alfred, whispering a reminder.

No more hesitation—opportunities don't wait.

"Oh! Oh!"

Alfred realized he was losing composure. He let go of Adam, wiped the tears from his eyes, exchanged a knowing glance with him, and then stood up to face Beverly.

"Beverly, I want to conduct a neurobiology experiment with you."

"Okay."

Beverly blinked in mild surprise, but upon hearing it was a neurobiology experiment rather than an anthropology one, she agreed without hesitation.

"Come with me."

A strong start is half the battle. Seeing how easily she agreed, Alfred's confidence surged. He led Beverly to their room with newfound determination.

"What *\*just\** happened?"

Leonard was baffled.

He had never seen his father so bold and confident before.

It was kind of impressive, actually.

Was this *\*really\** the same dad who used to fight him over the hugging machine?

"Cough, cough."

Adam knew staying any longer was a bad idea. Clearing his throat, he said, "Leonard, how about we go out for a bit?"

"Sure!"

Leonard pushed his confusion aside and grinned. "Let's go to the comic book store. I want to show them what a real genius writer looks like."

"No problem."

Adam stood up and quickly led Leonard out.

Because with his sharp hearing, he could already pick up... \*certain\* noises.

It sounded suspiciously like the muffled thwacks of a ping-pong paddle against biological tissue.

Yeah.

This place was officially \*unbearable.\*