TV Show 52

Chapter 52: When Shelly Met Sally

On the Highway.

Two cars were driving steadily, one following a few hundred meters behind the other.

As soon as the short young man called him "brother," Adam decided to keep his distance.

How dare he steal his line? That was supposed to be his signature pick-up phrase...

From then on, Adam either responded to the short man's attempts at conversation with a polite smile or simply stepped on the gas to pull away.

The short young man, Harry, was sharp enough to notice and stopped trying to chat.

After a long stretch of driving, Adam and his companions pulled into a roadside diner to grab a bite. Just as they finished ordering, the door swung open.

Harry and a curly-haired woman walked in one after the other.

"I have."

"No, you don't."

"I do!"

The curly-haired woman defiantly called out to Harry's back, "I have plenty of wonderful, indescribable experiences!"

Her voice was so loud, and the content so bold, that the entire diner turned to look at her—including Adam and his friends.

"A real pro."

Juno chuckled.

"You mean her?"

Adam raised an eyebrow, slightly puzzled.

Being experienced and being a "pro" weren't necessarily the same. A pro was naturally experienced, but being experienced didn't automatically make someone a pro. From Adam's well-trained eye, the curly-haired woman seemed experienced but didn't quite qualify as a full-fledged pro.

"Not her."

Juno nodded toward the short young man. **"I meant him. Didn't you see how he completely flustered his companion?"**

Adam grinned and nodded in agreement.

The curly-haired woman was clearly stunned. She lowered her head, avoiding everyone's gaze, and quickly took a seat beside Harry. Before she could catch her breath, Harry casually asked, **"So, who was it?"**

"What?"

"The source of your experience?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Alright then, don't tell me."

Harry shrugged, looking completely indifferent, as if he'd already decided she was bluffing.

The curly-haired woman hesitated, bit her lip, and ultimately couldn't resist blurting out:
"Sheldon!"

"Pfft—"

Not far away, Adam nearly spat out his soda upon hearing the name.

The woman looked at him, confused.

"Sorry, sorry."** Adam coughed and waved a hand apologetically.** "I just choked for a second. By the way, you wouldn't happen to be students from the University of Texas at Austin, would you?"

"Yes."

Both Harry and the woman nodded. **"Why?"**

So it really was…

Adam's lips curled into an amused grin. **"Then the Sheldon you're talking about—it's not Sheldon Lee Cooper, is it?"**

"Sheldon Lee Cooper?"

Harry raised an eyebrow. **"You mean that eleven-year-old college kid that everyone finds insufferable?"**

Clearly, someone like young Sheldon stood out wherever he went—impossible to ignore.

"Hell no!"

The curly-haired woman finally realized the misunderstanding and shot Adam a glare.

"My bad, my bad." Adam chuckled, knowing he had been a bit hasty. He just had a particular sensitivity to that name. **"So, you guys know him?"**

"Of course."

Harry smirked. **"In fact, I doubt there's anyone at UT Austin who doesn't know him. I even had a class with him once. That was… an experience."**

"That's Sheldon for you."

Adam chuckled knowingly.

"By the way, let's introduce ourselves. I'm Harry, she's Sally. We just graduated and are heading to New York to find jobs."

Harry, ever the social butterfly, smiled. **"What about you guys? Were you Sheldon Cooper's high school classmates?"**

"Yep."

Adam nodded. With Sheldon as a common topic, the two groups ended up sharing a table.

Harry attempted to flirt with Karen, but Juno shut him down with just a few words, forcing him to shift his attention back to Sally.

Sally was a friend of Harry's current girlfriend, who had stayed behind in Austin. Though they had exchanged sentimental goodbyes, both knew how things would end.

Barely hours after parting, Harry was already blatantly hitting on Sally.

"So tell me, if you two were so in love, why did you break up?"

Sally ignored him and instead turned to the approaching waiter.

"I'll have a salad, dressing on the side. I'd also like an apple pie—heated. Ice cream on the side—strawberry, not vanilla. If there's no strawberry, then no ice cream at all. And whipped cream—only if it's freshly opened."

The waiter's expression darkened slightly.

"Heh."

Adam couldn't help but laugh again.

"What now?"

Sally frowned at him.

"Nothing."

Adam stifled his laughter. **"It's just… your way of ordering reminded me of Sheldon. He always has requests that are just as, um, detailed."**

"Really?"

Sally's expression softened as she smiled. **"Well, ordering should be about getting exactly what you want."**

"Of course."

Adam nodded with a grin, though inwardly, he thought, *Penny would have a few words about that. Let's see if you still have an appetite after watching how the staff handles your 'meticulous' order.*

"So," Adam continued, **"why exactly did you and Sheldon break up?"**

"That's none of your business."

Sally shot him a look.

Adam smirked and, imitating Harry's tone, casually said, **"Fair enough. Don't tell me, then."**

Harry twitched. That was *his* move!

"Fine, if you *must* know…"

Sally took the bait. **"It was because I bought a 'Days of the Week' underwear set, and he got jealous."**

"'Days of the Week' underwear?"

Harry blinked. **"What's that?"**

Adam thought for a moment. **"A set of underwear labeled for each day of the week?"**

"You know about them?"

Sally looked at Adam in surprise.

"You won't believe this," Adam said with an amused grin, **"but Sheldon has the exact same habit. Not just for underwear—he categorizes *everything*. He has a strict schedule for what to wear on which day."**

"You're joking."

Sally's jaw dropped. She couldn't believe the famous young Sheldon had so many similarities to her ex.

If her ex had been even *a little* like young Sheldon, he wouldn't have accused her of cheating just because her underwear set didn't include a "Sunday" pair.

It wasn't that she'd left it at some guy's house—there just wasn't a Sunday pair in the pack, for crying out loud!

"Now you see why I couldn't stop laughing."

Adam grinned. Running into someone with such an uncanny connection to Sheldon made this otherwise dull road trip unexpectedly entertaining.

As they ate, they continued swapping stories about young Sheldon's quirks, quickly warming up to each other.

That's human nature—when people have a shared subject to poke fun at, any awkwardness between them disappears in no time.

Adam found himself wondering: **What would happen if Shelly (Sheldon's nickname) met Sally?**