PAUL (CONT'D)
When my hands get like this, the smallest, most basic of human tasks becomes impossible. Combing my hair. Brushing my teeth. Even...

SHELDON
Even what?

PAUL
Um... (chuckling)
Things of that nature.

SHELDON
Well, don't worry about it. I've got your back.

Sheldon notices the gravy on Paul's mouth and picks up a napkin.

SHELDON (CONT'D)
Mind if I give you a little wipe?

PAUL
(suppressing a grin)
Please do.

As Sheldon wipes the gravy from Paul's mouth...

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - DAY 1

Post dinner and Paul is watching television. Sheldon is dozing on the couch. Paul looks at the clock. It's 8:50 pm.

PAUL
Sheldon? Sheldon?

Paul picks up a couch pillow and throws it at Sheldon, waking him.

SHELDON
What?

PAUL
Those pork chops went right through me. I have to use the rest room.

SHELDON
You woke me up to tell me that? We don't even do that on the street.

Sheldon settles back into the couch and closes his eyes.
PAUL
(getting an idea)
It must be very difficult, living on the street the way you do.

SHELDON
It ain't for kids. I can tell you that.

PAUL
I can't imagine living under such primitive conditions. But, I suppose over time, your tolerance for things that would make the average person cringe must be abnormally high.

SHELDON
I pulled a guy's tooth once. Took a pair of needle nose pliers and "bing." The whole time I was eating a pear. Nothing rattles me anymore.

PAUL
I'm really glad to hear you say that, Sheldon, because after I use the rest room, I'm afraid I have to ask you to help me.

SHELDON
(beat)
What do you mean? Help you with what?

PAUL
The clean up.

SHELDON
(realizing)
You mean you can't... you can't...

Paul holds up his hands. They're "shaking."

SHELDON (CONT'D)
Oh. Right. Hey, what if you, you know, really, really, concentrated on keeping your hand --

PAUL
It doesn't work like that.
SHELDON
Sometimes I’ll just take a shower --

PAUL
Look, I don’t want to turn this into a big production. It will only take two minutes --

SHELDON
That’s not the problem. It’s what I’m doing in those two minutes that I’m struggling with.

PAUL
You pulled a man’s tooth out while eating a pear. I thought you didn’t rattle.

SHELDON
Okay. I didn’t exactly pull the tooth. I saw someone pulling the tooth. But I was eating a pear. Right before I fainted.

PAUL
I can’t make you do anything you don’t want to do. But, technically, the arrangement was that you would help me out in exchange for a warm place to stay.

SHELDON
Yeah, but I didn’t think something like this --

PAUL
Neither did I. But here we are. Look, I wouldn’t ask you if I had a choice. But unfortunately, I don’t. It’s no picnic for me either, you know.

SHELDON
(long beat)
You know what, man? You’re right. You’re absolutely right. If it wasn’t for you, I’d be frozen dead in an alleyway right now. The least I can do is... you know...

PAUL
You mean... you want to do it?
SHELDON
No! I don't want to do it. But you need help so... I'll help.

Paul reacts. He's not used to this sentiment. It's like what a friend would say. SHELDON CROSSES to the bathroom door and opens it.

SHELDON (CONT'D)
Well. Come on. Let's go.

PAUL
I could... possibly... hold off until morning.

SHELDON
No. That can't be good for you. Look, it's not a big deal, okay? I used to change my little nephew's diapers all the time. This'll probably be a similar thing. Only, on a grown man and... on a much... larger scale.

PAUL
Well. If you're sure.

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - A LITTLE WHILE LATER.
We hold on Paul’s bathroom door for a few beats, then:

SFX: TOILET FLUSH

PAUL (O.S.)
Thank you.

SHELDON (O.S.)
Don't mention it.

SHELDON ENTERS looking a bit stricken, but holding it together. He strips off a dish-washing gloves and EXITS.

EXT. PAUL'S DECK - NIGHT - DAY 1

Sheldon is outside smoking a cigar, calming himself.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jean is on the phone, a bank of security monitors behind her. On one of the monitors, we see Sheldon on the deck, smoking.