

Script: How I Met Your Mother

Now, as you know, I'm a bit of a legend when it comes to packing.

We know.

We know.

Tales are still told of the time I traveled all through Spain for two weeks with everything I needed efficiently packed into a hands-free belt satchel.

The locals called me Yeah, it's not a "hands-free belt satchel," Ted.

It's a fanny pack.

It's not a fanny pack.

In Spanish, El Ganso con la Riñonera means "Fanny Pack Dork."

"No, it doesn't."

It means "Packer of Great Skill and Merit."

"I looked it up."

It means "Fanny Pack Dork."

"And as a Packer of Great Skill and Merit, I will tell you how to pack with Tetris-like precision."

We get it, you pack a lot in your fanny.

Obvious yet delightful.

Okay.

I got a big interview at 3:00 about possibly designing another building.

Until then, if you abide by my rulings, I will tell you what goes to Italy and what goes in

The Triangle.

Kids, as you know, "The Bermuda Triangle" was the name we gave to the curb right outside our apartment, which possessed the magical ability to make any item disappear.

Instantly.

The biggest rule for de-cluttering is, "Have you used it in the last year?" If not Triangle.

Have you used this jump rope in the last year? Are you kidding? I hop threads every morning, son! Do three in a row and you can keep it.

Well-played, Mosby.

Next! Have you used it in the last year? Gee, I can't remember.

Are you trying to bribe me? I don't know what you're talking about.

Take it.

Triangle! Next!