

TV Show 121

Chapter 121: The Unexpected Funeral

****Nightfall.****

****Central Park Café.****

Adam, Chandler, and Joey were chatting on the couch.

"Thanks."

Ross pushed open the door and walked in. Seeing Adam, he sincerely expressed his gratitude.

"For what?"

Adam smiled.

"You know... Rachel."

Ross said, a little embarrassed.

"You're welcome."

Adam nodded and smiled. "We're friends."

"Exactly!"

Ross nodded emphatically. "We're good friends!"

Gossip spreads quickly, and with how much noise Rachel made, there was no way to keep it a secret.

That night, when Ross heard the news, his face turned pale.

But what could he do?

Nothing.

He could only sit in the audience, silently watching the performance of the seasoned artists. The love he once wanted to offer had already shattered.

Back when Rachel ran away from her wedding, he had hinted at wanting to ask her out, and she had subtly agreed. But because of his hesitation, he backed off, thinking he could wait a little longer.

That "little longer" dragged on until now.

And now, Rachel had taken an interest in Adam and even asked him out. Everyone knew that when a woman takes the initiative, it's only a matter of time.

That wasn't even the worst part.

What Ross truly feared was that Rachel and Adam would fall in love, and he'd be completely out of the picture.

Given Adam's excellence and Rachel's beauty, it was a real possibility.

So when they returned and found out Adam hadn't done anything, only God knew how overjoyed Ross was. He even developed a deep appreciation for Adam.

****This is a man of high morals, free from base desires!****

"Wow, so touching!"

Joey, moved to tears, immediately hugged Chandler tightly. "We're all such good friends!"

"Are you serious?"

Chandler rolled his eyes, exasperated by Joey's tendency to hug people. But he still gave Adam a thumbs-up.

"Adam, well done!"

A man who resists temptation for the sake of friendship might be called foolish, but when such a person exists within a friend group, most people admire them.

It's the same reason why even bad people like having good friends.

"Friendship comes first!"

Adam declared righteously.

"Friendship comes first!"

Ross, Joey, and Chandler exchanged glances and echoed in unison.

"Remember this moment."

Adam smiled and continued, "A friend's girlfriend, or even an ex, should always be off-limits. In the future, when faced with choices, let's not think with the lower half of our bodies."

No matter how much you think you love her or can't live without her, trust me—it's just hormones talking. Find another girlfriend or, better yet, a gym partner. A few workouts, and that urge will disappear.

Never let a momentary surge of hormones hurt a friend! Agreed?"

As he spoke, he glanced at Chandler, Joey, and Ross.

Yes—he was talking about them!

Each of them, at some point in the future, would betray a friend. They would convince themselves it was love, that they couldn't resist, but later, when they eventually broke up, it would turn out it wasn't the all-consuming love they had imagined.

It was never real love—just hormones running wild.

Because of these unnecessary entanglements, cracks formed in their friendships.

Right now, because Adam had resisted Rachel's temptation, Ross and the others deeply admired him. This sparked an idea in Adam's mind.

****Why not try to change things?***

****Set an example. Establish a rule.***

Reinforcing this idea over time wouldn't take much effort.

If, in the future, they hesitated even a little before making a bad decision, if they stepped back just once, all the hurt could be avoided.

Their friendship would remain pure!

Since he was part of this friend group, even if he couldn't shape it into something that perfectly aligned with his values, at the very least, keeping it free from unnecessary drama was both meaningful and necessary.

Just then, Monica hurriedly pushed open the door. Seeing Ross's cheerful face, she spoke gravely.

"Ross, Dad called. Grandma isn't doing well."

"What?"

Ross's smile froze.

"Grandma is in the hospital... She doesn't have much time left."

Monica repeated, "We need to go now."

"Oh, oh!"

Ross jumped up from the couch.

"I'll drive you."

Adam stood up.

"Okay."

"Thanks."

Monica and Ross didn't refuse. They simply expressed their gratitude.

Even in 1993, New York—one of the busiest cities in the world—was a nightmare when it came to hailing a cab.

A true New Yorker had to be ready to fight to the end for a taxi.

Rachel had learned this lesson the hard way.

Once, in a hurry, she had just gotten into a cab but hadn't closed the door when a native New York woman yanked her out by the hair and stole her ride.

When Rachel tried to fight back, she got beaten up. In the end, she came home bruised and crying.

New York University Medical Center

Adam drove as fast as he could, getting Monica and Ross to the hospital in record time.

But he didn't go in with them.

Moments like these were best left to family.

****Later that night...****

Everyone gathered at Apartment 520, waiting.

Monica and Ross walked in, their expressions calm.

"How is she?"

"She passed away... twice."

Ross recounted their final moments with their grandmother at the hospital.

When they arrived, they were told she only had a few hours left. So they waited until a nurse came to notify them.

Ross and Monica went in to say their goodbyes.

Everything seemed normal when Monica kissed her grandmother. But when Ross kissed her forehead, their supposedly deceased grandmother suddenly reached out her hand, nearly scaring them to death.

They quickly called the nurse, who checked again and again before confirming—this time for real—that she had passed away.

Ross, however, refused to kiss her goodbye a second time.

That first experience had left him traumatized.

"Oh, that's terrible."

Everyone gasped.

"Her funeral is in three days. Will you come?"

Ross asked.

In America, funerals are typically held three days later to allow friends and family to make travel arrangements. Important figures might have theirs postponed up to a week.

"Of course."

"Wouldn't miss it."

Everyone nodded.

Three Days Later

****Morning.****

****Long Island, New York.****

The funeral home near Monica and Ross's childhood home.

Dressed in black, the group entered the funeral hall.

The memorial service for Monica's grandmother was being held there.

They lined up slowly, approaching the open casket to pay their respects.

Thanks to the work of a skilled mortician, the deceased didn't look frightening. Instead, she appeared peaceful, as if merely asleep, allowing loved ones to say their final goodbyes.

The line moved slowly, as some paused to whisper parting words.

But Adam's attention was drawn elsewhere.

Someone standing by the casket looked incredibly familiar.

