

## TV Show 143

### Chapter 143: Forcibly Adding Drama

Seven days later.

**\*\*Apartment 520.\*\***

"Adam, do you know any good places for a date nearby?"

Ross walked in, his eyes lighting up when he saw Adam.

"Uh..."

Adam thought for a moment and listed a few places.

"Those are all too fancy," Ross frowned. "Do you know anywhere a little more affordable?"

"Who are you going on a date with?" Monica asked curiously.

"It has to be that bug lady," Phoebe exclaimed. "He's mentioned her several times already!"

"Her name is Celia, not 'bug lady,'" Ross said, exasperated. "She's the head of the insect department at our museum."

"She's not trying to seduce you, is she?" Adam teased.

"Of course not!" Ross retorted, looking disgusted.

"Got any plans?" Rachel asked playfully.

"Dinner, then back to my apartment to show her my monkey," Ross replied.

"Ladies and gentlemen, that was not a metaphor," Chandler quipped. "He is literally inviting her to see his monkey."

Everyone burst into laughter.

Ross had a pet monkey named Marcel. Their bond was as unusual as Raj's relationship with his dog, Cinnamon, in *\*The Big Bang Theory\**, or Robin's five massive dogs in *\*How I Met Your Mother\**.

Their interactions were... something else.

"The restaurant doesn't really matter," Adam chuckled. "What's important is your charm—and, of course, your monkey."

Another round of laughter erupted.

"I'm out of here," Ross rolled his eyes and left.

This was his first proper date since his divorce, so he wanted to plan it carefully. He couldn't afford to mess it up.

Just then, Joey burst through the door, shouting, "OMG! You guys won't believe what just happened!"

"What?" Monica asked.

"My agent just called—she got me a role in Al Pacino's new movie!" Joey exclaimed. "Six years! After six years, my career is finally taking off!"

"Al Pacino?"

"The \*Godfather\*?"

"\*Scent of a Woman\*?"

"OMG! He's a superstar!"

Everyone gasped in excitement.

"Congrats!" Adam was surprised. He only remembered Joey landing a role in a soap opera in the future, so getting a part in a movie starring Al Pacino was unexpected.

A role in a high-profile movie like that could be a huge career breakthrough.

The acting industry is very cliquy—especially for actors of the same ethnic background. Italians in Hollywood often looked out for each other.

If Joey could use this opportunity to connect with Al Pacino, his career really might take off, just like he said.

But film actors were in a different league than TV actors. If Joey truly succeeded in breaking into movies, would he still end up in soap operas?

Something was off here.

"Joey, what's your role?" Adam asked.

Joey mumbled something unintelligible.

"Joey!"

Adam had a bad feeling—this role probably didn't involve showing his face.

"Alright, fine!" Joey threw up his hands. "I'm his... butt double. I play Al Pacino's butt. He walks into the bathroom, and I step in to showcase his behind. Happy now?"

"OMG!"

Monica tried to stifle her laughter, covering her mouth, but she couldn't hold it in.

"So it really doesn't involve showing your face," Adam said, amused.

"Come on, guys," Joey tried to defend himself. "It may just be a butt double, but I take my craft seriously!"

"Right," Chandler said, struggling not to laugh. "You should get a tattoo that says: \*Professional Butt Double—Joey Tribbiani. Call 233-666 for bookings.\*"

"Alright, alright," Adam interrupted. "Let's stop teasing Joey. His dedication to his dream is admirable—not everyone has the guts to do what he's doing."

"True, true," Rachel said, still trying to suppress her giggles. "So, Joey, tell us—how exactly do you plan to showcase your acting skills with your butt?"

"Like this!"

Joey clapped his hands, getting excited. "Sure, I'm just a butt double, but I'm Al Pacino's butt double! Millions will see it! If I act well enough, everyone will remember Joey Tribbiani. Isn't this a great opportunity?"

"Sure, sure," Monica said, barely containing her laughter. "But how do you act with your butt?"

"I've thought it through!" Joey said seriously. "The character is deeply upset—his wife is dead, and his brother is missing. So when I step in, I'm going to show his despair and anger through my butt. Watch this!"

Joey turned around, tensed his whole body, and clenched his buttocks.

"Wow, you look *\*really\** angry. We can all see it," Chandler said dramatically. "It's terrifying. Please relax—I'm afraid you're going to punch me with your butt."

"See? You get it!" Joey grinned. "And that's with my pants on. It'll be even more powerful without them. Want to see?"

"NO!"

"Thanks, but no thanks!"

Everyone quickly stopped him from pulling down his pants.

"Oh, by the way, Monica, can I borrow your moisturizer?" Joey asked excitedly.

"What?!"

Monica's eyes widened, then she turned away and waved her hands. "It's in the bathroom. Take it. Don't tell me what you're using it for. And don't give it back."

"Thanks!"

Joey happily ran off to get it.

Even for a butt cameo, skincare was essential. That's the mark of a true professional actor.

"Joey," Adam hesitated for a moment, then said, "I think you shouldn't do this."

"Why not?" Joey asked, confused.

"A butt double is just a butt double," Adam explained. "The director isn't hiring you to show despair or anger. They just want Al Pacino's fans to see a \*nice-looking\* butt. If you try too hard, you might get fired."

"Really?" Joey's excitement faded.

"Very likely," Adam warned. "A good-looking butt is easy to find. If you overdo it and they don't like it, they won't listen to any 'acting with your butt' theories—they'll just replace you immediately."

Forcibly adding unnecessary drama never ends well. Many actors had learned this lesson the hard way.

"So what should I do?" Joey looked lost. "This is my best chance. If I can't act, what's the point of being an actor?"

"This is your best chance," Adam smiled. "But not because of your \*acting\*. The real opportunity is to get close to the man \*above\* that butt—Al Pacino.

You're both Italian-American. If you can build a connection with him, your future opportunities will skyrocket. One day, you'll be the star, and directors will create movies \*just\* for you to show off your 'butt acting' skills."

"Yeah!" Phoebe chimed in. "Then, people will be lining up to say, \*I wanna be Joey Tribbiani's butt double!\*"

Joey's eyes lit up with excitement. He nodded eagerly, clearly inspired.