

TV Show 59

Chapter 59: Why So Serious?

The Next Day.

Morning.

"Wow, just getting back now? Well done, man."

Still groggy from sleep, Ted was on his way to the bathroom when he ran into Adam, who had just returned to their dorm. Noticing that Adam was still wearing yesterday's clothes, Ted waggled his eyebrows and teased him.

"You're one to talk," Adam replied with a grin as he unlocked the door. "Be honest, do you even remember what happened last night?"

"Uh..."

Ted paused, rubbing his forehead as he tried to recall. "I remember you showing up at the freshman welcome party with an insanely hot girl. Man, she was like a dream—her vibe, her looks, her body..."

"Stop."

Adam held up a hand, cutting him off. "Let's skip the metaphors and descriptions."

"Dude, I envy you so much."

Ted gave Adam a nudge and smirked. "But why are you back? If it were me, I wouldn't be able to get out of bed."

"You're overthinking it. We just had some Kung Pao chicken together," Adam said dismissively, unwilling to elaborate. Instead, he changed the subject. "Let's talk about you. Are you sure you remember what you did last night?"

"Me?"

Ted laughed. "I remember hanging out with this freshman girl—cute, but kinda feisty. And then... things get a little fuzzy."

"You sure it was a 'cute, feisty girl'?"

Adam smirked. "Not, say, a 300-pound Sailor Moon?"

"NO—!"

Ted's face turned green.

"Or maybe... a big, hairy dude?"

Adam struggled to hold back his laughter.

"No, no way!"

Ted was horrified.

"Why not?"

Adam said matter-of-factly, "You were going crazy over those sandwiches last night. Who knows what happened after that?"

"No, no, no!"

Ted was starting to panic.

He knew Adam had a point—those sandwiches did hit differently. But the problem was, after getting that high, memories could become unreliable. You'd lose track of what was real and what was just a hallucination.

He never used to worry about it. But now that Adam had pointed it out, he realized how terrifying that risk was.

Just thinking about it made him instinctively reach behind himself, shifting left and right, checking for anything unusual. When he confirmed everything was fine, he sighed in relief. "Phew, all good."

"Haha!"

Adam finally burst out laughing.

"You were messing with me?"

Ted quickly caught on, his detective instincts kicking in. He pointed at Adam. "You left early last night and only just got back. There's no way you could've known!"

"Not this time," Adam admitted with a grin. "But are you sure it hasn't happened before? You're not exactly new to this. You know what they say—play with fire, and you'll get burned. One of these days, you might not need a 'dream girl' to keep you from getting out of bed..."

"Holy shit!"

Ted shuddered at the thought. He shot Adam an annoyed look. "Dude, I just realized—you're evil!"

Adam just smiled. This wasn't the first time he'd been called that. He was used to it.

"But... thanks."

Ted patted Adam's shoulder and said sincerely, "I get your point. No more sandwiches. Well... maybe fewer sandwiches. Especially at crowded parties. Never again. You're right—who knows what kind of people I might run into? Ugh."

At the thought, he shuddered again. Clearly, Adam's words had left a permanent mark on his psyche.

Once Ted left, Adam lay down on his bed and pulled a book out of his backpack. The title on the cover read:

****Mistress Bitch****

His gaze landed on the author's name, and the corner of his mouth twitched.

****Nora Bing!****

He had bought the book on his way back, wanting to check out Nora's work. But when he saw that rare last name, something clicked in his mind.

Was this Bing the same Bing?

In **Friends**, Chandler's last name was Bing—Chandler Bing. The name sounded like an onomatopoeia, and people often made jokes about it. That's probably why it stuck in Adam's memory.

And now that he thought about it, Chandler did have a ridiculously attractive mom.

Back in his past life, Adam had been a die-hard fan of **The Big Bang Theory**, rewatching it at least ten times. He also liked **How I Met Your Mother**, having seen it a couple of times, so he vaguely remembered most of the plot.

But **Friends**? He had never actually finished it.

The reason?

When he first started watching, he was rooting for Ross. But when Joey and Rachel almost became a thing, he rage-quit the show.

Every time he saw **Friends** after that, those same feelings resurfaced, and he couldn't bring himself to pick it up again.

He always felt like the writers were just randomly mixing and matching couples for the sake of dragging out the show.

And honestly? If **Friends** had been made by HBO, they probably **would** have gone full **permutation and combination** mode with all the characters.

It had been almost thirty years since he first saw **Friends**. Even if Chandler's mom was stunning back then, he wouldn't remember her now. She didn't have enough screen time to make a lasting impression.

"Eh, doesn't really matter."

Adam muttered to himself, "I mean, I'm in a TV show world. Why not embrace it?"

In **The Big Bang Theory**, Amy had an Arab prince as a fiancé who funded her vacations and research.

In **How I Met Your Mother**, Barney literally seduced his way across the entire world.

Even in **Friends**, he vaguely remembered Phoebe having a Navy boyfriend who visited for a few days every year.

Would Chandler accept this?

Honestly, it wasn't a big deal. Nora traveled the world and probably only saw him a few times a year. As long as they kept things discreet, Chandler wouldn't even find out.

Besides, if they became friends first, sitcom logic dictated that no matter what crazy things happened, a heartfelt apology would make everything okay.

Yup, that's just how sitcoms work.

Adam loved being friends with such **forgiving** people.

With that in mind, he felt much better. He started thinking about how to casually get Chandler's address from Nora and meet up with the **Friends** crew.

"Damn, I'm stupid!"

Adam suddenly smacked his forehead and got up.

Why was he overcomplicating things?

Nora was literally sleeping in a hotel room right now. He could just check her wallet—there was definitely something in there with Chandler's address. So much easier.

At the hotel.

It didn't take long for Adam to find a couple of taxi receipts with the address written on them.

"So that's where it is, huh?"

Adam rolled his eyes. "I literally walked past that place earlier."

After putting the receipts back, he glanced at Nora, who was still fast asleep. He smiled, not wanting to wake her, and quietly left the hotel.

He always stuck to his principles.

****Why so serious?***