

TV Show 64

Chapter 64: You Could Move in with Me~**

West Side.

Ross's Apartment.

"Goodbye, honey."

Before leaving, Ross said goodbye to his wife, Carol, with a smile. "Have fun with your friend!"

"..."

Carol froze for a moment before forcing a smile. "I think we will."

"That's the spirit."

Ross beamed. "You know why we've been having some small problems?"

"Hmm?"

Carol forced another smile, waiting for Ross's **brilliant** explanation.

"It's because you don't have good friends."

Ross gave her a sympathetic look, tilting his head slightly with an air of smugness. "Look at me! I have Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe. Having a great group of friends keeps me optimistic. Nothing can bring me down!"

"Really?"

Carol's eyes lit up.

"Of course!"

Ross lifted his chin proudly, then placed his hands on Carol's shoulders and spoke sincerely. "So the problem is with you. Open up, spend more time with your friends. Don't worry about me—I'm sure our problems will be solved in no time."

"I think... you might be right."

Carol murmured.

"I **am** right."

Ross nodded smugly. "Don't forget, your husband is a **doctor*!*"

Carol forced another smile but didn't respond.

To most people, a PhD in paleontology wasn't nearly as impressive as a medical degree. And even though Ross had only recently earned his doctorate, she had already heard him brag about it **plenty.**

Especially right after he got it—it had been a nightmare. No matter what the conversation was about, Ross would somehow connect it back to his PhD.

"Carol, do you know why both PhDs and medical doctors are called 'Doctor'?"

"Carol, try this dish! It tastes exactly like the one we had when we celebrated my PhD!"

"Carol, funny story—when I was doing my PhD..."

"..."

Eventually, Carol had lost her patience and snapped at him, forcing Ross to reluctantly drop the subject.

Earning his doctorate was his proudest achievement—was it **really** so bad to talk about it?

After all, back in the day, only knights and noblemen got to be addressed as "Sir." But now? People called him **Dr. Ross Geller!**

It was practically the modern version of being knighted!

"Anyway," Ross sighed, seeing that Carol, once again, failed to appreciate his PhD glory. "Have fun with, uh... what's-her-name!"

"Susan," Carol reminded him.

"Right, right."

Ross pursed his lips indifferently. "Susan! Such a **masculine** name. Ha!"

With that, he said goodbye and turned away, rolling his eyes as he left.

The bar that would later become Central Perk.

"Hey, guys."

"Hey, Adam!" x5

When Adam arrived, Monica, Chandler, Ross, Phoebe, and Joey were all there.

Joey was Chandler's new roommate—the "hot Italian guy" Monica had mentioned before.

Originally, Chandler had planned to room with a photography instructor from a well-known magazine. She was just about to move in when an overly *enthusiastic* old man in the building ruined everything. Thanks to the unexpected turn of events, Chandler had to settle for Joey instead.

But his disappointment didn't last long. Joey had a similar taste in entertainment—they both enjoyed drinking beer and watching *Baywatch*, never getting tired of seeing gorgeous women running in slow motion on the beach.

Phoebe, on the other hand, was Monica's *former* roommate.

She had finally had enough of Monica's *control freak* tendencies and secretly moved out bit by bit, using a "moving-like-an-ant" strategy. Monica only realized today that Phoebe's room had been *completely* emptied.

The discovery devastated her, making her feel even worse about not having a boyfriend. Tonight, she was in low spirits.

"So, Adam, you're only nineteen, and you're hanging out in bars all the time. Is that really okay?"

Ross, in a great mood, teased Adam.

Because they were alumni from the same school, Ross had warmed up to Adam much faster than he had to Joey, who, in Ross's opinion, *knew nothing about anything.*

"If he doesn't hang out at bars with us, should he go sit in a coffee shop instead?"

Chandler quipped.

"Ha!"

Everyone laughed.

They weren't laughing at Adam—they were laughing at the idea that **they** would ever hang out in a coffee shop.

Adam, on the other hand, laughed like someone who had just heard an inside joke.

"Bars, coffee shops—it doesn't really matter. What matters is who you're with."

"I **love** that!"

Phoebe exclaimed, her voice rising excitedly.

Chandler tilted his head and pursed his lips. Joey raised an eyebrow and nodded slowly. Ross and Monica both glanced at Adam with approval.

"So, Adam, how's college life treating you?"

Phoebe asked curiously.

"It's alright."

Adam smiled. "Except the dorm walls are way too thin."

"Hahaha!"

Chandler and Ross exchanged glances and burst into laughter.

Monica rolled her eyes.

Phoebe and Joey, however, were completely lost.

But Joey, ever the actor, didn't let that stop him. Even though he had never gone to college—or even finished high school—he put on a serious face and laughed along with the others, pretending he totally got the joke.

"You'll get used to it."

Chandler, still chuckling, patted Adam on the shoulder.

"I don't think so."

Adam sighed. "I'm thinking of finding an apartment nearby. It'll be more peaceful."

After all, he had just received a \$30,000 royalty check for **The First Edition of Lord of Mysteries**. If he didn't spend it, a huge chunk of it would just go to taxes. Might as well enjoy it.

Yep.

He had **finally** learned about the **painful** reality of American taxes. Unlike other countries, the U.S. had no tax-free threshold—even **illegally earned income** had to be taxed.

He also finally understood why Americans didn't like saving money. Because if you saved it, the tax hit was brutal. But if you **spent** it, you could at least claim deductions.

Option one: Save your money, get taxed heavily, and watch the government spend it however they please.

Option two: Spend every cent you earn and enjoy your life.

It wasn't a hard choice.

"You're looking for an apartment?"

Monica, who had been sulking over Phoebe moving out, suddenly sat up straight, eyes gleaming with excitement. "Why don't you move in with me? I **need** a new roommate!"

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