

## TV Show 65

Chapter 65: The American Zodiac

The Bar

"Is this appropriate?"

Hearing this familiar line and tone, Adam instinctively leaned back in a tactical retreat before remembering that the Monica in front of him was not the legendary Hu Yifei, but merely the original inspiration for her character.

Both had an explosive competitive streak—Monica expressed it through sheer determination, while Hu Yifei mastered the art of verbal takedowns.

Similarly, Monica's impressive culinary skills devolved into Hu Yifei's one-trick specialty: fried rice, where eggs, rice, and salt were the holy trinity of her cooking philosophy.

"This is perfect!"

Monica crossed her arms and exclaimed excitedly, "Welcome, roommate!"

"Okay."

Adam thought for a moment, then nodded with a smile.

It wasn't that he had any romantic interest in Monica, but becoming her roommate was a major step toward integrating into the close-knit circle of friends.

Who was the central figure of the six friends?

From beginning to end, it had always been Monica!

She was Ross's sister, Rachel's high school best friend, Phoebe's former roommate—the glue that held the six young people together like a true matriarch.

If not for Monica's kindness, Rachel—who had initially shown up acting like a spoiled princess—would have never had the chance to grow. She likely would've ended up just as insufferable as her sister, universally disliked by everyone.

Even Phoebe, who once secretly blacklisted Monica because she couldn't handle her obsessive need for control, was eventually pulled back into Monica's life through sheer force of will—and, ironically, would later be incredibly grateful for it, despite Monica never knowing what had happened.

And then there was Ross!

If it weren't for the fact that he and Monica were siblings, the endless breakup drama between him and Rachel would have torn the group apart long ago.

Given all this, if Adam wanted to join the Friends crew, the best entry point was through Monica.

And the easiest, most practical way to win over Monica?

Become her roommate!

It all made sense when you broke it down:

- She lived with Ross for 18 years.
- She lived with Rachel for several years.
- She lived with Phoebe for several years.

- She lived across the hall from Chandler for several years.

- And Joey? The only reason he, unlike Chandler's other past roommates, became part of the group was because he never saw himself as an outsider—constantly hanging around for food, essentially "living there" by default.

Since moving in with Chandler for life wasn't on Adam's to-do list, temporarily rooming with Monica was the smartest choice!

Yes, \*temporarily\*!

Monica's extreme control issues, OCD, and cleanliness obsession—while not quite as bad as Sheldon Cooper's—were still beyond what any normal person could tolerate.

Adam was well aware of that.

"Ohhh..."

Joey groaned unhappily. "Why didn't I get that option?"

"Because you chose me," Chandler quipped. "Remember?"

Monica twitched slightly at the memory of Joey's first visit to her apartment—when he turned around completely naked, searing that disturbing image into her brain.

"If I had a choice, I'd pick Adam too," Phoebe chimed in.

"Why?!" Joey protested.

"It's simple," Phoebe said seriously. "Hold out your hand, curl your pinky, ring finger, and middle finger."

"So?"

Not just Joey—everyone curiously followed Phoebe's lead, making the hand gesture that resembled the number eight.

"It's obvious," Phoebe giggled, pulling their hands together.

"Oh, Phoebe~!"

As the group exchanged confused glances, Monica hesitated before leaning in and whispering to Phoebe, "Is that really a thing?"

"Science never lies," Phoebe declared with conviction, as if she were a devout believer in the scientific method.

"What if you use your middle finger instead of your index finger?" Ross asked, glancing at their "eight" formation with mild frustration.

"And?"

Phoebe shot back. "Does it make a difference?"

Ross was momentarily speechless, glaring at her.

"Wow, so this is what scientists research all day?"

Joey, ranked third in the so-called "Zodiac of Eight," didn't seem upset at all. He just pursed his lips and nodded repeatedly. "If I'd known science was this interesting, I would've become a scientist!"

"Yeah, right," Chandler, ranked second, retorted with his usual sarcasm. "If you had wanted to be a scientist, you totally would be one by now."

"Only American scientists would have the time and energy to study something like this," Adam quipped.

He vaguely remembered that, in his previous life, there had been a trend around this "Zodiac of Eight" predicting happiness, but he hadn't expected to find out that it actually originated in America.

Then again, it was unexpected yet completely logical!

The American version of astrology had none of the mystical elements of Eastern astrology—it was just simple and straightforward.

"That's all nonsense!"

Ross protested, though he sounded less than confident. As a scientist himself, he knew all too well that some researchers could be... eccentric, to say the least.

"Hah! I have an idea!"

Joey suddenly smacked his forehead in realization. "We should all go to the bathroom together. That way, we can see for ourselves if this theory is real!"

"No!"

"No!"

"No!"

Adam, Ross, and Chandler shouted in unison.

"I support Joey," Phoebe clapped gleefully. "If any of you don't believe it, just go compare! And then report back to Monica and me—we can use the info to filter out bad matches in the future and boost our happiness levels."

Monica awkwardly smiled but didn't completely reject the idea. There was a flicker of curiosity in her eyes.

"I'm heading out now," Ross stood up with a grin. "Lately, Carol's been in a much better mood. I think my gym workouts and efforts to make new friends are finally paying off. Tonight, I've got a special surprise for her."

"Ohhh, how sweet!"

Monica and Phoebe swooned.

"Someone's gonna have a *\*very\** good night," Joey teased, waggling his eyebrows at Ross.

"I agree," Ross smirked slightly, then subtly glanced down at his hands before mocking, "What truly makes a woman happy is emotional investment in a marriage—not some ridiculous hand gesture!"

"Hey, don't be so quick to dismiss it," Chandler said with a straight face. "You *\*really\** loved your hands back in the day, dude. Trust me—I saw it with my own eyes!"

"Hahahaha!"

The group burst into laughter.

"..."

Ross scowled at them, then turned and walked away.

He was done dealing with these jerks. Still, despite his annoyed expression, he was actually in a pretty good mood.

Carol had been distant with him for a long time, and he hadn't had many opportunities to fulfill his \*husbandly duties.\*

Tonight, it was finally time to show off his real skills!