

TV Show 93

Chapter 93: Happy America

****The Duncan Household****

That night.

Since the basement had been taken over by Teddy, Adam had no choice but to sleep in the attic on the third floor.

In the future, when Duncan No. 5 or even Duncan No. 6 arrived, staying at home would become even more troublesome.

But this was just another American quirk.

Look at Monica—when she started working, her bedroom was immediately turned into a gym.

Later, her parents even sold the house altogether.

Once you have a job and your own apartment, visits home become rare, so why hold onto the room?

If you really need to stay over, there's always the floor or the couch.

****The Next Morning****

Juno and Karen came to pick up Adam, and the three of them headed to a nearby shooting range.

Young Sheldon, motivated by Peggy's pressure, was working much harder than in the original timeline. Even during the holidays, he stayed at school, busy with a research paper, and hadn't come home yet.

As for Emmett, who was once part of their "Hard Candy" duo, he had quietly faded out of Adam's life.

That didn't seem quite right.

But there was no helping it—Emmett simply didn't fit into the core vibe of a mainstream urban sitcom.

Take, for example:

- The six friends in **Friends**—all classic white Americans, except Joey, who was Italian and mostly known for eating and hooking up.

- The five in **How I Met Your Mother**—again, all white Americans, except Robin, who was Canadian and constantly the butt of Canadian jokes.

- The seven in **The Big Bang Theory**—same pattern, except for Rajesh, an Indian character who wasn't just mocked by others but even roasted his own country.

Out of these three major sitcoms, with 18 core characters and dozens of important side roles, not a single Black character was among them.

Now, in an era where Spider-Man's girlfriend and even Hermione were being played by Black actresses, could you imagine a sitcom without controversy?

Adam had a theory—sitcom characters, especially the main ones, are often subject to endless jokes and ridicule.

If one of them were Black, it would be a problem.

Any time a joke hit too hard, it would spark accusations of discrimination.

And honestly, it wouldn't be unfounded—many of these jokes were straight-up discriminatory.

If Rajesh had been a Black character, *The Big Bang Theory* probably wouldn't have even made it past the first season.

By comparison, not casting a Black actor might still get labeled as discrimination, but it was a much smaller controversy than what would happen if a major Black character were constantly made fun of in the show.

****The Shooting Range****

When they arrived, they realized the place was just a front office.

An old man named Mike asked them a few questions, took their payment, and then told them to follow his car to the real shooting range.

Before getting in the car, Adam glanced at Juno.

Juno smiled, nodded, and got into the driver's seat, starting the car and following Mike out into the wilderness.

The real shooting range was deep in the remote Texas hills. Given the local gun culture, Adam had to stay alert.

However, he didn't notice anything suspicious in Mike's questioning, and Juno confirmed the same. So, it was probably fine.

Mike was clearly a seasoned driver, speeding ahead as he led the way.

Juno, skilled as ever, kept up without a hitch.

They drove over 20 kilometers on winding mountain roads before finally arriving at an outdoor shooting range.

Adam relaxed when he saw there were already other people there.

A few uniformed shooting instructors were guiding different groups. The people here seemed to be in good spirits.

Which made sense—if you could afford to spend money on shooting for fun, you were probably doing okay in life.

Adam, Juno, and Karen formed a group under Mike's guidance.

For beginners, handguns were the standard—simple to use and easy to get the hang of.

Mike first explained some basic gun knowledge: different models, their structures, how to hold them properly, and safety rules like never pointing a gun at someone. He repeatedly quizzed them to make sure they understood before letting them start.

Adam went first.

Since they were outside, the sound could disperse, so they didn't bother with ear protection.

Mike adjusted Adam's grip, reminded him about recoil, and once everything was secure, gave him the go-ahead to fire.

Holding the cool metal in his hands, Adam felt a surge of excitement.

This was every man's dream.

Back in his past life as an ordinary citizen, he never had the chance to experience this thrill.

They always said America was a paradise of freedom and fun.

Today, Adam was finally experiencing it for himself.

****Bang!****

Taking a deep breath, Adam pulled the trigger.

"Nice shot!"

Mike clapped his hands. "First-time shooters usually miss, but you hit the target right away! And with such steady hands—impressive."

Recoil was a given—the more powerful the gun, the stronger the kick.

For example, rifles, which are far more powerful than handguns, require bracing against the shoulder to absorb the force and improve accuracy.

Handguns had much less recoil, but most first-timers flinched when they fired.

Very few could hold the gun steady on their first shot.

And even fewer could hit the target.

****Bang!****

Feeling the rush of excitement, Adam fired again.

With his strength and endurance, he barely flinched, and this time, the bullet landed even closer to the center of the target.

"Very impressive!"

Mike looked at Adam in shock.

Beginners sometimes got lucky on their first shot, but consistently hitting the target—especially near the center—was no accident.

****Bang! Bang! Bang!****

The adrenaline kicked in. Adam fired off the rest of the bullets in his magazine without hesitation.

The rhythmic gunfire felt unexpectedly satisfying.

****This feels amazing!****

As soon as he lowered his gun, Mike frowned and asked, "Are you sure you're a beginner?"

"Of course," Adam grinned. "Why else would I come here to learn?"

"There are plenty of reasons."

Mike glanced at the bullet-riddled target, then at Juno and Karen, and suddenly smirked. "I've seen guys pretend to be beginners just to show off in front of girls."

Adam's performance was way too good for a beginner.

"Alright, you got me."

Adam shrugged. "I've practiced a bit before."

"I knew it! No one fools old Mike!"

Mike gave him a knowing look, then nodded approvingly. "Still, even with prior training, you're really talented."

Adam smiled and thanked him.

Then it was Juno and Karen's turn.

The difference was obvious.

They were better than the average beginner but still within the normal range—nothing to impress Mike.

Adam watched them shoot, momentarily lost in thought.

Karen was quiet and had a low presence, almost like Juno's shadow.

And yet, there were moments when she stood out, making it impossible not to notice her.

It was fascinating.

Like that song said:

"A single stone thrown into the water... ripples spread, and so does the heart..."

