

BOJACK HORSEMAN

BONUS EPISODE: “GET THOSE FEELINGS, EAT THOSE FEELINGS”

By Z.O.B. Industries

Diane Nguyen sighed as she drove down a long, winding road back towards Los Angeles. The rear-view mirror forced her to watch as one of her best friends, Bojack Horseman, turned over his tote bag and walked into the rehab facility.

Finally, she thought with a surge of exhaustion, *a little peace and quiet*.

A ghostwriter and journalist in her early thirties, Diane didn't mind quiet at all. Working and living without Bojack blowing up her phone with *drama* every five minutes would be nice. And she would be elated to get through a single day without reading news articles about his newest overdose, or car accident, or... whatever.

But then again... she did have to go back to her shitty apartment. The one where all the cabinets were crumbling and her moving boxes still crowded the tiny space. The apartment where she'd have to eat takeout, alone, again. Staring at her own face in the mirror, the face which suggested Vietnamese heritage but had no real family to speak of—at least, not out here in California. She was alone out here... utterly alone.

And being alone was scary. Diane didn't *like* to feel alone, like she wasn't worth anyone's time. Part of the reason she'd been friends with Bojack was his tendency to fill

her need for conversation—if nothing else, the guy could talk. Of course, after his recent overdose on opioids, he'd talked a little *too* much. She needed something else to fill her time.

Then an idea presented itself to her. Bojack might be gone for a while... but his *house* was still there. His lavish, excessive modernist mansion overlooking the valley would be the perfect place for her to hole up and recover from her *own* drama and mental demons.

Smiling smugly to herself, Diane took an off-ramp and set her GPS to Bojack's house. The smooth, buttery tones of Morgan Freeman serenaded her as she approached a house that wasn't *really* hers... But Bojack wouldn't mind her crashing there for a while. Right?

Right. Obviously....

But she hadn't been prepared for how *quiet* the house was.

Bojack had lived alone, and outside of his few one-night stands, he never had anyone over. Princess Carolyn never visited him anymore, and even Todd gave him a wide berth. The guy had lost his mind, after all.

And the evidence was everywhere. Miniature models of the HOLLYWOOD sign made of popsicle sticks, a bunch of sunglasses lined up on the kitchen counter with placards rating their sexiness... Oh, and then there was the giant, drug-fueled web of “clues” on the wall, from when Bojack had begun confusing his Philbert the Detective role with *real life*.

Diane swallowed as she fished out a garbage bag from below the counter and started throwing away the mess. Bojack wouldn't miss any of these things, when he got sober. Besides, it was all very... creepy. His mind had wandered off-course, and he'd become a person Diane didn't recognize. That *nobody* recognized.

As she continued the grim work, moving from room to room like some kind of exotic punk-hipster cleaning service, Diane pulled off her green sweatshirt and rolled up her sleeves. She was going to need a drink for this one.

Opening Bojack's liquor cabinet led nowhere. There was a ransom note there, from “Philbert” to Bojack, indicating the detective had stolen the actor's liquor. A trail of grim clues led her to the washer and dryer, where “Philbert” had stashed all the liquor bottles

like some kind of deranged squirrel.

“Jesus.” Diane pulled out a bottle of vodka, unplugging the washer so as not to accidentally start a tornado of glass bottles and booze. “You really lost it, didn't you, buddy?”

She made herself a White Russian, using milk that was only a *few* days expired. Living like Bojack made her a little nervous—she normally never drank in the middle of the day. But for God's sake, this whole thing had scared the hell out of her. What Bojack had said at the Forgivvy Awards... About that girl in New Mexico...

Eyes going a little glassy, Diane downed her drink in one go. And then made herself another.

She'd been through a lot. It was understandable the trauma had left her a little... thirsty. She wasn't an alcoholic like Bojack, but she did have some very jangled nerves, and sobriety wasn't helping her in this madhouse. So... Time for a drink. And another.

And another.

She quickly discovered that Bojack, like the snob he was, only bought top-end vodka. The liquor hit her like a hammer, making her chuckle as she stumbled around the house cleaning up her friend's crap for him. “Shtory of my life,” she slurred as she tossed the garbage bag onto the pool deck. “I'm alwaysh cleaning up your *horseshit* for you, Bojack!”

Her voice echoed out across the Hollywood Hills, lonely and sad.

“Fuck this,” she announced to no one. “I'm gonna... get another drink.”

DAY 3

After a few days of slumming around the famous actor's house, Diane was starting to lose focus on her life.

The discovery of one of Bojack's credit cards started it off. As soon as she realized the big moron had left money lying around, Diane started snapping up credit-cards and secret cash stacks, searching under every portrait and pillow. She still went to work, yes... but there was so much to *do* in Bojack's house. The man had a fucking drone launcher in

his garage. He was so obscenely rich, yet so pathetically childish, that most of the house was crammed with “secret snacks” that Diane gobbled down with a bit of extra spite. She had dealt with his crap for *years*, after all, without so much as a thank-you. She deserved some R&R time.

An app on her phone beeped, announcing food had arrived outside. “Urrrp... Fuck, pizza's here. Wait a minute... did I even order pizza?”

Rising from the couch, Diane caught a glimpse of her face in the shattered, heavily duct-taped coffee table that Bojack had once smashed his full weight into. It was a miracle none of the glass had sliced open his jugular. She saw a girl whose pale, slender face was puffy from days of drinking, and red-eyed from the THC pills Bojack had dumped in the yard rather than let them interrupt his obsessive Oxy habits.

“Fuuuck,” she groaned, rubbing her eyes. “I gotta get my shit together. Got an email blast to write... gotta get back to... *urrrp*, work.” He beef-jerky flavored belch made her wince. She was getting a little *too* deep into the Bojack “lifestyle.” Maybe it was time to go back home to her apartment.

But when she opened the door to get her pizza, a couple of paparazzi birds were waiting for her. A bluejay wearing a coffee-stained press pass shoved a microphone in her face, while his titwillow companion snapped photographs of her greasy, unkempt hair. The pizza guy stood between them, smiling weakly.

“Sorry... They said I could make a hundred bucks by delivering a pizza,” he said, offering it to her. “At least it's meat-lover's?”

“Damn shutterbugs!” An amateur journalist herself, Diane had no patience for her fellow parasites. She grabbed the pizza as the two reporters struggled to get a quote for her.

“Are you Diane Nguyen? Bojack Horseman's former-lover-slash-sometimes-best-friend-who-tries-to-reign-in-his-worst-tendencies-while-addressing-her-own-inner-demons?”

Diane blinked. “That's a fuckload of hyphens, buddy.”

“Is it true Bojack has gone to rehab?” asked the titwillow, lowering his camera and getting out a notepad. “Has Bojack finally *bo-cracked*?”

“Leave the jokes to Mr. Peanutbutter, guys.” She snatched the pizza away, making

to close the door. But the invasive avians forced their way into the gap.

“Ms. Nguyen, a comment, please?”

“Ms. Nguyen, are you *really* from Boston? Why don't you have the accent?”

Scowling, Diane gripped the door tightly... and her inner Bostonian came out. “Look, I'm just here to eat pizza. You guys better get out of here before I *pahk my cah up yoah ass!*” And she slammed the door.

The camera flashes continued, and by the evening, her grubby face was all over the news. It didn't surprise her—with Bojack gone and the #MeToo movement sweeping Hollywood, reporters were desperate for any scrap of news that didn't reek of sexual assault. A good old-fashioned expose on a sitcom actor's ex-lover probably smelled delicious to them.

But the angle of the stories was a bit... odder than she'd expected.

“Local blogger-and-social-justice warrior lets herself go!” The local news personality, a blue whale in a suit, glared sideways at the camera. He never looked straight at it—as a cetacean, his eyes couldn't focus forward, and could only stare beadily out to the sides. It always made him look a bit angry to Diane. “Diane Nguyen? More like Diane *ate-her-way-through-Bojack's-fortune-Guyen!* Just look at this pictures!”

“Oh, fuck off...” Diane tossed an empty beer can at the TV. But what the announcer said next gave her an idea.

“Is Nguyen preying on the vulnerable Bojack's wealth? Or is this some kind of weird statement about body positivity?”

Diane blinked, burping softly. “Is it... whuh?”

“Is Nguyen saying something about the state of the female body, with her actions? Is she, deep down, saying something about us *all* and the state of Hollywood's shallow body standards? Only time, and Nguyen's waistline, will tell!”

Blushing furiously, but with her thoughts buzzing, Diane turned off the TV. She stared down at her stomach, distended under her green jacket and white tank-top with the leftovers of Bojack's terrible pantry. Instant pizzas, candy, and a bunch of hot dogs with Oxy pills glued to them... She'd pulled off the pills and the glue, but she *had* eaten the hot dogs. And already she was feeling ashamed of herself.

She shouldn't be living like this, eating like this. It wasn't really *her*, this lazy

mooching. But... if that blowhard thought it was a body-positivity thing... why shouldn't it be? Hell, she'd spent years telling people that being plump was nothing to be afraid of. Maybe it was time to “walk the walk,” even as she ate from the wok, so to speak. Well... Bojack didn't have a wok, because he was a classless cretin, but it *did* rhyme.

“Alright, Hollywood,” she said, pulling up the bottom of her tank-top and reaching for a fresh beer. “You wanna do this? Let's do this. I'll show you a *statement* about *bodies*. I'll be the biggest—URRRP, fucking statement you've ever seen!”

Far away on the hill overlooking the famous sign, its “D” stolen by Bojack in an absurd accidental caper, Mr. Peanutbutter—golden-labrador prince of comedy and, lately, crib-robbing middle-aged actor—blinked at the gathering sunset.

His girlfriend, Pickles, snuggled close to him as they watched the end of the day from the hood of his limousine. “Mr. Peanutbutter? What is it?”

“I heard a terrible sound,” he said, shaking his head, “as if a thousand donuts cried out, and were suddenly silenced.” He'd just checked his news feed and seen Diane's swollen, greasy face. There were terrible things coming... because once Diane was on one of her “missions,” she never stopped. And the mission this time seemed to be eating her way through Bojack's savings.

“That's nice. Want some champagne from the cooler?”

“Yeah.” He squeezed Pickles' overlarge rear, smiling. It sure was nice to have a girlfriend who *wasn't* absolutely insane. “That would be great, honey.”

DAY 12

Over the next few days, more and more paparazzi gathered around Bojack's house. Its resident, an increasingly drunken and irate Vietnamese girl, had pulled down all the shades and refused to come out except to order more takeout and float in Bojack's pool.

The live-feeds and headlines exploded. Her lackadaisical, disinterested munching caused the thin-centric power structure of Hollywood to freak out. Oddly, her unexpected “crusade” was having the effect Diane wanted: she was stirring up society, at last.

“Look at her eating! Will she ever stop? Should Hollywood actresses be allowed to eat, breaking their hundred-year ban on swallowing? News at 11...”

“Are muffin tops 'in'? Diane Nguyen seems to think so! How can YOU get a muffin top in one calorie-filled weekend? How did our beauty standards change inside of a few days? Don't worry about it!”

“Are shirt stains the new black? Find out on my Instagram lecture series on stain-centric fashion... I call it—STAINPUNK!”

At the center of it all, like a slowly expanding star around which publicity orbited, Diane continued her complete apathy. She hadn't written anything in days, but her boss had already called her and confirmed her “wack-ass behavior” was getting more clicks and hits than anything she'd ever done. Frankly, it was depressing.

“Nobody listened to me when I tried to tell them about gun safety...” She fished in a bucket of KFC, greasy fingers tugging out the thick drumsticks covered in deep-fried batter. “Nobody listened about sexual assault... But now, I just stuff my face with fried bullshit... and NOW you want to listen to me?” She extended a grease-slathered middle finger up towards a news drone that was hovering over her beach chair, recording every second of her descent into depravity. “Fuck you people. California sucks.”

The cycle of eating, drinking and drugs was so easy to slip into, she rapidly understood why Bojack had become “chunky” after leaving the set of *Horsin' Around*. When you had so much money that people came from miles around to deliver your food, when you were so bored and lonely and apathetic that not even masturbation could distract you... then food became your last resort. Food, and booze, and whatever stimulants could tickle your lazy, miserable brain.

“Urrrrrp. No wonder Bojack was a shitty person.” She licked her lips, tossing another stripped chicken-bone into the pool. She dimly remembered a kerfuffle over a chicken farm, deep in her past... something about the female chicken-people being slaughtered for fast food. *Whatever. Those fat bitches shouldn't have been so delicious. That was their mistake.*

Diane snorted, examining her swollen belly under the hot California sun. Smearred with oil and bits of Oreo crumbs, it was a rose-pink sphere, a mass of overfed softness. In the space of a few days, she'd gone from a fairly svelte early-thirties hipster postergirl to a lazy, disinterested hot mess. Something about this lifestyle had stripped away the last of her fragile morality. She was already considering hiring a male prostitute... it was so *boring* out here at Bojack's. And she wanted to know how it felt to use sexual power over

another person. She'd never been able to do that before...

Then she felt it. A deep, rumbling echo in her guts. The sensation of it brought her out of her miserable, hateful fog and caused her to sit up straight, her stomach-flesh folding and bunching. At first she thought it was a burp—but it wasn't. It was something much worse.

BFRRARRRRpppt.

Three days' worth of junk-food gorging blasted out of her in a thick, reeking cloud, polluting the sunny balcony and its glittering infinity pool. Diane winced and squinted up at the news drone, hoping it hadn't caught the sound—

Then her phone started blowing up with feed notifications...

DIANE NGUYEN CUTS LOOSE! PASSES GAS IN PUBLIC!

“In public? I'm in a, *burrp*, private residence!”

IS DIANE A #SLOB? FIND OUT IN THIS ARTICLE...

CLICK HERE—PEOPLE WITH NOSES *HATE* HER! FIND OUT WHY!

THE IRRITABLE BOWEL SYNDROME LEAGUE RALLIES BEHIND DIANE!

“Oh, for *fuck's* sake.” Diane groaned and laid back in her chair. So she wasn't just a fatty now, but a bona fide, hash-tag *slob*. A gross mess. Not just a crusader for wider waistlines, but a queen of flatulence? Awesome. Just awesome.

She sighed, wriggled in her chair, her stomach shifting and flopping. And then, giving in to destiny, she released her iron-hard hold on her own sphincter...

Pfrrrappt.

“Fuck it.” She grinned, waving at the drone. “My life is a mess anyway. Why not? I'll be a slob. I'll show you how a *real* hot mess behaves! Woo!”

And with that, she shot-gunned her next beer, using the technique her brothers had taught her back in Southie. The cheap lager shot down her throat, leaving her dizzy and stupid... but gleefully, viciously happy.

I feel better than I have in years... even though I'm falling apart.

Diane hiccuped. *It's not the worst way to end my career...*

DAY 34

The saga continued. After a month basking in Bojack's wealth, Diane was starting to lose her very identity. The constant stream of drugs, booze and stuffed-crust pizza and Mega-XXL Schwarma(TM) deliveries had taken her from a righteous social crusader to a lazy, slovenly disaster. She had officially eaten herself past the point where she recognized herself.

“Well, that's one way to get a new outfit...” She grunted as she struggled to stuff herself into her old jeans. She hadn't wanted to get out of bed, but she had to go down to the courthouse to finalize some divorce papers between herself and Mr. Peanutbutter.

Her clothes were... Less than cooperative. Her enormous stomach, force-fed thousands of calories a day, simply couldn't be contained by the waistband anymore. It oozed and bulged out from the top of her pants as she fought to button them, growing red-faced... and gassy.

“Dammit.”

P'toooot.

“Dammit!”

PF'wrrrt!

“DAMMIT! Ugh.” Diane gave up, and her stomach flopped over her unbuttoned waistband, slapping softly against her thighs. Stretch-marks decked her white flesh and her hands, chubbier now after her depression-binges, were permanently stained with Cheeto dust and flecks of poppyseed from her morning “breakfast” of fifteen bagels, a massive omelette and some British bangers-and-mash she'd ordered.

An odd thing had happened as her cycle of debauchery continued: people had actually started *sending* her food, of their own accord. At first she'd thought it was some kind of Internet pervert thing, since the food always came with letters of support and encouragement. But then she realized it was much worse: fat-positive movements and

anti-anorexia groups were sending her food, specifically to *help* her get fatter. Disgusted, Diane still couldn't stop herself from gobbling down all the donated treats. She was out of control—losing her grip on her own body, spiralling into a constant fog of greed and self-interest.

“*Huff, puff...*” She wheezed and wiped sweat off her forehead, exhausted just from trying to button her pants. Annoyed and exasperated, she tugged on some of Bojack's sweatpants instead, tucking her wallet into her expansive cleavage.

“Alright, world. Let's *urrrp*, do this. Bojack style.” She'd often seen Bojack stagger out of his house after eating enough for five men and squeeze into his convertible. If *he* could get away with behaving like that, then so could she! Rubbing her eyes and groaning—she'd accidentally ingested some Oxy while eating Bojack's cereal, as the crazy bastard had hidden pills in his fucking Rice Krispies—she waddled out the door into an epileptic storm of camera flashes.

“Diane! Diane, this way!”

“Diane, are you committing suicide by burger?”

“Diane, your ex-husband is quoted as saying you are 'making certain life choices he doesn't agree with'! Can you comment?”

“My ex-hubby can go fuck himself.” She flipped off the paparazzi once more and squeezed herself into her Audi, a car provided by her job... right, her job. The job she hadn't done in weeks.

Fuck, I really let life slip by me. I should... I should stop this. This isn't healthy.

She sat in the car for a while, smelling the gas from her rear as it slowly filled the Audi. She was horrified by her own behavior... but dammit, it still felt good. For once, the rest of the world was *her* oyster for a change. For once, she was actually trending on social media—not the way she wanted to, sure, but she was.

Scrolling through the top hashtags, she grimaced as she realized how many were just funny names people had invented for her.

#WIDELOADNGUYEN

#FATGIRLGONEWILD

#WASTEDWAISTLINE

#NOTMYDIANE

#THICCERPLZ

“Ugh... Be more original, guys.” She Tweeted out the pictures from her morning's feast, once again disturbed by how deep she'd gotten into this hole. But she was addicted to the attention. Being a big, gross fat bitch had gotten her more retweets and shares than she'd ever had in her life. Sure, the attention would fade after a while... but at least she was enjoying herself. And that was a rare thing.

“Okay. You can do this, Diane. You can drive while high. Just... go... slow...”

Her first crash was very mild—she ran over Jennifer Aniston's sexy masculine garden statues. Her second was more serious—she took out an entire food truck, the corn-dogs raining down through her sunroof. As the owner, a Dachsund, shook his fist at her, Diane chomped on a corn dog and swerved drunkenly towards the courthouse.

“Whatever, dude... I'm new Diane now, I don't give a shit! **URP!**”

DAY 72

No one had seen Diane for weeks. But the hilltop mansion where Bojack had once dwelled was now a fortress of solitude. Stains decked the pool area, trash and food containers were piling up in the pool, and the lights were almost always off. Buzz continued as to whether Diane had left, died inside, or simply eaten herself onto a higher plane of existence. A small cult had developed around her gluttony, proclaiming her “Saint Diane of the Liberated Waistline.” Her flash-in-the-pan fame had mostly burned out... but the social-media takes on her lifestyle continued. Twitter now smoldered with outrage against her, rather than support.

Ryan Seacrest Type @RyanSeacrestType – *28min ago*:

Look at this convenience store footage! Diane Nguyen is a #WHALE! And not a fun, newscaster-announcer type of whale—totally like, a shame on the Hollywood community, type of whale! What a gas-bag!

Hank Hippapopolous @lwasframed – *39min ago*:

My penitentiary is located on the other side of the hill from Bojack's house, and #GodAlmighty, what a stink! Someone get that Nguyen girl some laxatives!

Jessica Biel @prettierthanyou – *2 hours ago*:

If one of us in Hollywoo can get fat, ANYONE can get fat. Who wants that kind of anarchy? Someone has to put a stop to Diane's behavior, before actresses start to think it's OKAY to like your body! Ugh, disgusting!!

Oblivious to it all, Diane slumbered in her den of filth... until someone broke the seal on the tomb of her decrepitude.

Gina, Bojack's ex-girlfriend and victim of his drug-induced assault, was having a tough time. She'd finally broken into musicals, just like she'd always wanted... but her flawed singing voice had forced her to start from the bottom. She was currently an extra on *No More Honeydew*, a fictionalized musical version of Bojack's life. She was not exactly at the top of her game.

So when she arrived at Bojack's house looking for her old vinyl records—which the drugged-up horse had stolen thinking they were “secret messages” from his TV alter-ego, Philbert—the actress was concerned to find a stolen food-truck parked in the driveway, and the windows covered from the inside by trash-bags.

She considered turning around. She knew Bojack was in rehab, but the sheer PTSD of her experiences with him made her nervous to approach such a serial-killer-den of a house. There were pizza boxes *all over* the yard... not to mention several dozen liquor bottles left on the stoop, with a note attached saying **FOR THE RECYCLING FAIRY**. Clearly, the fairy had never arrived.

Gina swallowed. She had overcome her feelings about the assault... but the fear still lingered. And she'd heard another of Bojack's exes was shackled up here, her fat face plastered all over social media.

God, she thought, checking Diane's silent social-media profile with its brief spate of horrible selfies, *is that going to be me, in a few years? Driven to obesity from the horror of*

just interacting with Bojack?

No. She wouldn't allow herself to be pigeonholed in that way. She had strong willpower... unlike this Diane Nguyen person. She was fine.

Just fine.

Knocking on the door, she was surprised to find it unlocked. Wandering inside, she gagged and covered her mouth and nose as an absolute *wave* of stench hit her.

“Euch! What in the name of Corgi Jesus is *that?*”

It was gas, of course. Human flatulence. But she'd never smelled *so much* of it in any building before, not since she'd once worked on a movie with Jonah Hill after he'd eaten his way through a taco buffet. This place smelled more feminine, somehow... Like there was an undercurrent of perfume, below the musk. Sadly buried too deep to stop the place from reeking to high hell.

Pfffrt...

It was pitch-dark in the apartment. Gina turned on the lights and beheld a scene of disaster. Beer cans littered every corner, the ceiling fan was strung with toilet-paper and there was a projector playing hardcore porn on the wall. It was mercifully silent, the speakers never plugged in and the projector sitting askew, set up by drunken unskilled hands.

There was a sort of... path, through all the filth and trash, to Bojack's couch. The couch itself was broken, bent in half by some terrible weight. The massive circular dent in it could only be from an enormous, bloated body.

Gina swallowed and continued to explore the awful mess. It was chaos—even worse than Bojack when he'd been popping pills. Dildoes littered the kitchen counter, the fridge was packed to bursting with leftover takeout—some of it old and rotting. And the entire place smelled so bad her eyes were literally watering.

PfRRRrumptf... Bblblrrr...

The strange, liquid, meaty sound of flatulence led her to the back deck. There, floating in a half-submerged pool toy, was Diane Nguyen.

Her depressive jag had taken her all the way to the bottom of a thousand KFC barrels. Hundreds of supersized fast food meals and countless bottles of Jack Daniels and Corona had swelled her to a disgusting size. Her face, slack and snoring, now sported two

plump jowls and a smattering of acne, the result of her refusing to bathe as part of her ill-defined “protest” against beauty standards. She was slowly sinking, the mass of her gradually pulling the pool toy under.

Nauseous, Gina realized if she didn't act fast, Diane might actually drown. She was passed out cold, still clutching a bottle of tequila. Sighing, the actress waded into the pool, and started tugging the bloated Asian girl toward its edge.

She felt... gross. Pale, flabby and unhealthy, Diane had an asthma inhaler stuck between her sagging breasts, her too-small bikini exposing *far* too much of her colossal body. She'd been a solidly built woman before the eating began, and her hundreds of pounds of flesh had only added to that, making her into a veritable monolith of swollen hipster-meat. Her glasses were sitting slantwise on her face, the engine-like sound of her snoring blaring into Gina's ears. She was drooling freely, and what looked like gourmet mayonnaise was smeared around her mouth.

Every so often, a muffled fart would blast from beneath her, stirring the pool with a hot-tub-like burst of bubbles. Whenever they reached the surface, the stink of her gas made Gina cough and turn her head away. “Good *Christ*, Nguyen. What the fuck happened to you?”

She hauled the unresponsive fatty onto the edge of the pool, and had a few moments of awkward intimacy as she tried to shove the girl's fat rolls and gut to get her entire body out of the water. Her hair was tangled and stringy, her double-chin exhibiting a single mole. Gina collapsed beside her when the job was done.

I can't believe this.

Bojack had taken everything from her. Her dignity, her career, and almost her life. And now she'd spent her valuable time and effort saving his *disgusting* ex from drowning in a pool of her own filth. Hell, there were as much French fries as water in that goddamn pool. It was squalid. She'd be lucky if she didn't catch a disease.

Then she had an idea. She couldn't get revenge on Bojack... But she might be able to save this girl from herself. Picking herself up, Gina staggered to the bedroom... and pulled a roll of bondage tape from under the bed, where Bojack had always kept it.

She would do an intervention... with a little added revenge.

DAY 73

“Wake up, piggy.”

“Whuh?” Diane blinked. Someone was pouring a sticky, sugary fluid on her face to rouse her. Instinctively, she licked at it. “Who'zat? Go away, I'm... I'm not taking visitors.”

“What you're *taking* is insulin, if you keep this up. Your limbs are practically atrophied.” Gina's face flashed into her vision before a bright lamp was turned towards her face. Diane struggled, grunting, but her fat arms and legs had been bound to a sturdy chair by bondage-tape.

“What... What's going on?” Still drunk and high, she struggled to understand. “You're that lady from his... from his TV show. *Philbert*. What is this?” Fear began to enter her, and her overburdened heart pounded and thumped in her chest. “What do you want?”

“I want you to look at yourself.” Gina held up a hand mirror, panning it over all of Diane's body. The reporter looked away, still ashamed despite her apathy.

“I don't wanna...”

“I said *look*, you escapist little cow.” Gina forcibly turned her head, making Diane watch as she pinched and prodded every inch of the girl's puffy, blobby frame. “Is this what you wanted? To ruin yourself, just like he ruined you?”

“Don't know what you're—**urrrp**, talking about...”

“Yes, you do.” Gina put away the mirror, crossing her arms. “You're lost without Bojack—without someone to hate, to pour your energy into hating. So you just default to self-hate. I've seen this shit before, at abuse counseling. Girls who eat themselves to death, because they can't be with the man they want.”

“I don't want...” Suddenly, she felt a surge of vomit coming up her throat. Gina anticipated it and grabbed a bucket from beside the sink, holding it for her as all of Diane's greed and laziness and self-destructive behavior came exploding out of her mouth.

“**BLLURRGH!** Ughh... **HORRRK!**” *Spllrrrt*. Vomit blasted into the bucket. Gina waited until she was done, then calmly set it aside.

“See? You're eating so much your body is literally rejecting it. You're sabotaging yourself to get back at him—because it's the only way you can.”

“Bull... shit...” Diane, a little more sober but still miserable and woozy, stared at Gina through the fog of antidepressants and liquor in her system. “I just like... eating, that's all. And drugs.”

“You've gained two hundred pounds inside a few months. I'd say that's a little more than a *hobby* for overeating.” She displayed a small, hand-written chart. “Also, it's physically impossible. You're fatter than a human body can be, after that short of a time. If I had to guess I'd say most of your weight is water retention—from drinking cheap shit beer around the clock.” She poked Diane's gelatinous mound of a belly.

“Why are you... doing this?” Diane hiccuped. The hiccup tasted like puke.

“To show you that it's *wrong*. You shouldn't destroy yourself because Bojack's friendship made you feel bad.” Gina looked away. “I thought about doing the same thing, after he... hurt me. But I bounced back. Pushed through it.” She paused. “I did watch a *lot* of porn, though.”

“Porn is... nice,” Diane slurred, her overcooked brain distracted.

“I agree. But you can't let Bojack run your life like this. He's not some genius actor or an evil villain—he's just an idiot. A stupid, addicted idiot who ruins people for fun. And you let him ruin you... even after you could have gotten past it.”

“I'm... Fine.” She burped, eyes crossing for a moment, then blinked. Re-focusing. “I'm juss... Doing a publicity stunt. Showing 'em all that their beauty standards are, *hurrrp*, bullshit.”

Gina rolled her eyes. “Yes, nothing says 'fuck the patriarchy' like you giving yourself heart disease. What a brilliant idea. Come on, Nguyen. You know that isn't what this is about.”

Diane farted, the tail end of it just a little bit wetter than she'd expected.

PFFFFblattt. “Whatever. I'm not going to... stop. This is me living my... best life.
BURRRAapp.”

“Sure it is.” Gina raised a bottle of vodka, waggling it in front of her. “If you *really* are committed to this, I bet you can take all of this liquor, right?”

Diane swallowed. She had certainly gone down a spiral of greed... But deep down,

she was genuinely scared of what she'd done to her body. It had seemed like a great idea, just like so many of her other great ideas, but now... Well, she was having second thoughts.

But she wasn't backing down. She was a strong, independent woman who didn't need no sobriety. "Of c-course I can. **Urp.** I'm Diane the Whale, now. I can fuckin' eat... drink, anything."

"If you say so." And Gina opened the bottle, held Diane's nose and tipped the drink down her throat.

It burned so badly Diane thought she might puke again. But she swallowed, and swallowed... and pretty quickly she felt a *lot* better. Who was Gina to do this to her? This was her real self, now. She wasn't a nerdy girl from Boston, or a third-generation Vietnamese immigrant confused about her heritage. Not anymore.

She was a *pig*. And she was entirely, dangerously committed to being a pig. She got through half the bottle before giving up, gagging and drooling.

"Gllg, gllp... gllk! Ack!"

"Yeah. That's what I thought." Gina offered her a chaser, the Sprite sweet and tart on her tongue. Diane took it. "You're not Bojack. You can't survive doing this to yourself." Her eyes were cold and steely. "Give it up, Nguyen. Come back to the real world."

"N... n... Never. I *like* it here." **Fwrrpt.** She was burping, farting and crying all at once, now. Like a one-woman band of sadness and sweaty, greasy filth. She realized she could actually feel her rolls rubbing together. It was a horrible feeling.

"Of course you do. Because there's no one here to stop you from eating yourself to death. But eventually Bojack will get out, and find your fat corpse on his kitchen floor. Dead from a heart attack or from choking on an onion ring. Is that what you want? For him—for yourself?"

"I... **Hurph...**" Diane's head was swimming. For a moment she wanted to push her luck—call Gina's bluff. Ask her to funnel liquor and food down her throat, until she fucking exploded. It was all she deserved. She'd failed as a wife, as an ex-wife, and as a friend. She was nobody—pathetic. A fat stain on the universe's ass.

Yet...

She went through more than I did. And she's okay. Well, sort of okay. She eyed

Gina's wild, glinting eyes. *Maybe a little crazy. But she's doing her best.*

Maybe I should...

Maybe I should... stop.

“Okay,” she said, “I’ll shtrrrrp...” And then the liquor hit her liver and she passed out cold, alcohol poisoning setting in.

Gina's eyes widened. She had meant to make a moral point—not commit a murder!
“*Fuck!*”

Later, in the hospital, with paparazzi birds hovering outside the window, the doctors were able to bring Diane back with defibrillator paddles and by waving a burger under her nose. Swimming back to consciousness, she found herself stuffed into a hospital gown and lying in a bed too small for her. Her unwashed rolls oozed over the side of it, dangling in fat slabs down the edge of the bed.

“Gina...”

The girl put down the magazine she was reading, LEATHER JACKETS MONTHLY.
“Yeah, Diane?”

“Th-thanks. For... for rescuing me.”

Gina laughed. Diane realized, in an awkward moment of gay panic, that the actress was *very* cute when she laughed. She was also very genuine... and in her own brutal way, kind as well. More so than all the shallow bastards dwelling in the Hollywood Hills.

“I didn't rescue you, fat-ass. I just told you the truth. You have to do the rest yourself.”

Diane groaned, closing her eyes. Years of physical therapy and gym time stretched out head of her. She would have to start a social-media campaign to fund her recovery... and that was a problem, because there wasn't a phone with a lens wide enough to *catch* all of her, anymore. Not from a selfie angle, anyway.

“Fuck... This is going to, **urrrp**, suck. Isn't it?”

Gina nodded. “Yep. And it's going to suck every day. But eventually... it'll get easier.” She squeezed Diane's hand. “Every day, it'll get a little easier. But you have to *try*. Okay?”

Diane nodded, tears stinging her eyes as another fart gathered in her guts. “O-

okay.”

Bwaaaarrrpptt.

There was a brief pause as they both tried to ignore the sound of her flatulence.

“Gina?”

“Yeah, Diane?”

“... Can you get me a burger?”

“No, Diane.”

Her face fell. “Okay.”

Blllrptf.

-END-