

BOJACK HORSEMAN

"On the Lamb"

written by

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An alternate Season 4 opener

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COLD OPEN

EXT. DESERT - DAY

BOJACK is passed out belly up in a shallow puddle in a desert. Only his nose pokes out of the water.

"Stars" by Nina Simone fades out.

High-pitched ringing in BoJack's head is pierced by the sound of his voice.

BOJACK (V.O.)

God?

Note: God sounds (and looks, for later purposes) like Woody Allen.

GOD (V.O.)

No, Hugh Jackman. Yes, God, who did you think you'd see when your heart stopped?

BOJACK (V.O.)

I'm dead?

GOD (V.O.)

"Dead" is a strong word. But, it's also an accurate one, yes, you're dead.

A gust of wind pushes BoJack's head to the side, leaving it fully submerged in the water.

BoJack's cell phone begins ringing, muffled, but it doesn't stir him.

BOJACK (V.O.)

So, can I come in?

GOD (V.O.)

Geez, you know, I, uh, wasn't expecting you. The place is a mess right now. Maybe another time would be better? You understand.

BOJACK (V.O.)

Oh, yeah, sure. Of course.

GOD (V.O.)

Oh, and while you're gone, maybe try, you know, being a good person? Helping others, for example.

(MORE)

GOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It would really help me justify  
letting you in to my boss.

BOJACK  
Helping others? How?

GOD  
Well, I'm not saying die for their  
sins or anything. Hold a door, tell  
the truth, for the love of me just  
be selfless for once. And would you  
get that damn phone?

Finally, the muffled ringing causes BoJack to stir. His eyes  
open, underwater. He sits up and gasps.

His vision comes into focus slightly as he sees a pack of  
wild horses running in the distance. He rubs his eyes -- the  
horses disappear.

He rolls out of the puddle and digs his phone out from where  
it had been buried under the sand. The call is from PRINCESS  
CAROLYN. BoJack lies down again while hitting accept.

INT. PRINCESS CAROLYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Princess Carolyn is on speakerphone in her office with JUDAH.

INTERCUT DESERT/PRINCESS CAROLYN'S OFFICE

PRINCESS CAROLYN  
Well look who's not dead! I'll tell  
the townsfolk to stop celebrating.

Princess Carolyn puts out her hand, and Judah goes to place a  
\$20 bill in it. Just before he does--

BOJACK  
Well, technically I was dead for a  
bit.

Judah smugly reveals his twenty and puts his other hand out.

Princess Carolyn begrudgingly gives him a \$20 bill, which he  
pockets.

BOJACK (CONT'D)  
Yea, I saw God for a bit, but he  
sent me back. Kinda seemed like he  
hadn't made a decision on me yet.  
Guess what, by the way. God?  
Definitely Jewish.

Judah puts his hand out again. Princess Carolyn hands over another bill.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Say, speaking of death, everyone is saying you killed it in the *Ethan Around* pilot.

BoJack sits up.

BOJACK

What is that, some sort of cheap shot cause I ran away mid-shoot? Ugh, why did I even answer--

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Relax, BoJack, it's true. Remember how they CGIed you into *Secretariat*? They did that again, and you're back on top!

BoJack, now standing, pumps his fist.

BOJACK

Yes, I knew I had it in me. Wait, what do you mean CGI? *Ethan Around* is shot in front of a live audience.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Well, it wasn't so much CGI as it was--

BOJACK

No. Do not say it. Do not say that two men in a horse costume have gained critical acclaim pretending to be me.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

It's indistinguishable!

BOJACK

Says the person who dated three boys in a trenchcoat pretending to be an adult man.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Say, speaking of pretending, you follow politics, right?

BOJACK

How do you manage to segue  
everything I say into whatever you  
want to talk about?

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Managing is what I do, BoJack, and  
now I'm managing a political  
campaign.

BOJACK

Oh, c'mon, you manage *politicians*  
now?

PRINCESS CAROLYN

I've always managed politicians.  
The only difference now is one of  
them is actually running for  
office.

BOJACK

Which of your clients is dumb  
enough to run for oh my god it's  
Mr. Peanutbutter.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

(on speakerphone in  
Princess Carolyn's  
office)

You guessed it! Mr. Peanutbutter  
for our state, which is California,  
because his stances on the issues  
you care about align with the  
stances you have on those issues!  
That's the slogan.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Mr. Peanutbutter got a wave of good  
press after saving Pacific Ocean  
City, and we're going to ride it  
right into the governor's mansion.  
The problem is, voters haven't  
forgotten about Cabracadabra.  
Apparently, a prostitution-based  
ride-hailing service is offensive  
to the...

(air quotes)

"Alt-left" and "social justice  
warriors" and "generally good  
people." And on top of that, Mr.  
Peanutbutter can't stop sticking  
his paw in his mouth at press  
events.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

So many tripwires in politics! Did you know that human women don't like being called the "B" word? On Labrador Island, it's totally fine.

BOJACK

I did know that actually, yes. How does this involve me?

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Well... we kinda... need your help. You've always known how to make a comeback right when it looks like you're done for good. I mean, the last three years have literally just been you getting knocked down and then back up and then knocked down and then back up and then--

BOJACK

I get it, Princess Carolyn.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

You once called the military a bunch of jerks, remember? Realistically, that should have been the end of the story. But then you won them back with a bag of stale hamburger buns. Incredible. It's almost like, in this day and age, a public figure can say literally anything he wants and not be held in any way accountable.

BOJACK

Is there a point you're getting at here?

PRINCESS CAROLYN

We need you to orchestrate another comeback. But just this one, individual time... for someone else.

(off BoJack's silence)

Now that you're a star again, your endorsement could be the stale hamburger buns that get Mr. Peanutbutter's campaign back on track. What do you say? Will you do it for a friend?

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
C'mon, buddy, I could really use  
you here.

BoJack freezes for a long while. The silence is broken by a  
comment of God's reverberating in his head:

GOD (V.O.)  
Hold a door, tell the truth, for  
the love of me just be selfless for  
once.

BOJACK  
Princess Carolyn, would you please  
pretend to throw a pencil out of  
the room?

Princess Carolyn obliges, and Mr. Peanutbutter sprints after  
it.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
I GOT IT!

BOJACK  
You really want me to come back? I  
don't know if any of us deserve  
that.

PRINCESS CAROLYN  
The best way I can put it is like  
this. Pretend you owned a vinyl  
record store on Hollywoo Boulevar.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Princess Carolyn stands behind the counter of an empty record  
store.

PRINCESS CAROLYN (V.O.)  
You're still selling vinyl in this  
era, so obviously you're in the  
red. Every day, you watch everyone  
walk past your store window  
listening to podcasts on their  
iPhones through their Bluetooth  
headphones.

Princess Carolyn puts a record on.

PRINCESS CAROLYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You come to resent them for it, and  
you hate yourself for hitching your  
wagon to a dead art. So, do you  
close up shop?

BACK TO PRESENT

BOJACK  
I hate vinyl. Maybe I burn the  
place down and open a bar with the  
insurance payment.

PRINCESS CAROLYN  
You have to figure out how much  
money you'll lose if you do close.  
Maybe it's even more than you're  
losing with the shop open. And  
maybe, for whatever reason, there's  
just something about vinyl.

Mr. Peanutbutter sprints back into the room.

PRINCESS CAROLYN (CONT'D)  
And it could really help Mr.  
Peanutbutter.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
If I didn't know any better, I'd  
have said you never threw anything.  
But then I found it, right in  
Judah's pencil cup!

PRINCESS CAROLYN  
Great, and I'll use it to pencil  
BoJack in for tomorrow, the 18th,  
three o'clock at your place. How's  
that for a segue, BoJack?

BOJACK  
Wait, tomorrow's the 18th? How long  
have I been gone?

PRINCESS CAROLYN  
'Bout 8 days.

BOJACK  
Gah-- wh-- eight days?! How is my  
phone still alive? It only has  
enough battery for one day...

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
One day's worth of power lasting  
eight days? It's a miracle!



JUDAH  
L'chaim, everybody.

Princess Carolyn hangs up. BoJack starts walking home.

Princess Carolyn makes another call in her office, this time to Diane.

PRINCESS CAROLYN  
Diane! What's cookin', blogostar?  
(beat)  
Listen, I want you back under my umbrella. How does speechwriter sound? Your first job would be to craft remarks for BoJack that don't get both him and Mr. Peanutbutter crucified. Now, I know you've been working at a blog, so I'd like to offer you no less than four dollars for your services.

DIANE  
(shouting into phone so loudly Princess Carolyn has to move the receiver away from her ear)  
OH MY GOD FOUR DOLLARS YES.

END OF COLD OPEN

INT. BOJACK'S HOUSE - DAY

TODD and EMILY survey the living room. Todd motions to a few random articles -- an empty beer bottle, a tissue, a hat -- on the floor near the couch.

TODD

So we need to find a way to get  
alllll of my stuff packed up and  
out of here.

EMILY

Okayyyy...

Emily holds the word while throwing all the items into a plastic bag, then tying that bag to the leg of a broken chair, fashioning a bindle.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Done.

TODD

Wow, moving is way easier than  
people with belongings make it  
sound.

Todd gets on one knee in front of the couch and begins speaking to it.

TODD (CONT'D)

I guess this is goodbye, buddy. I'm  
sorry it had to be this way.

A tear rolls down Todd's cheek. He sniffles, then uses the tissue in his bindle to blow his nose.

TODD (CONT'D)

No, it's not your fault. BoJack and  
my relationship has just changed,  
that's all, and we both still love  
you very much. I'll see you around,  
okay champ?

INT. BOJACK'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

BoJack drives up his street in his Tesla. A super NPR-sounding voice comes from his radio:

## NPR RADIO VOICE

Despite backlash over his work history and recent comments, actor Mr. Peanutbutter is now a frontrunner in the ongoing gubernatorial race. While it may seem farfetched for an actor to become governor of the America's largest state, we feel obligated to remind our audience that this exact thing has actually happened twice now.

BoJack parks his car in the driveway and walks to his front door. He reaches out his hand but, hearing Todd and Emily talking inside, stops before touching it. He listens from the front step.

## INT. BOJACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Emily pours Todd's pancake mix into a Ziploc bag and opens a cabinet.

## EMILY

Okay, I got the pancake mix. Do you want these toaster strudels?

## TODD

You can leave them. In case BoJack comes back.

## EMILY

Is he ever coming back?

## EXT. BOJACK'S HOUSE - DAY

BoJack listens and is saddened by Todd's comment:

## TODD (O.S.)

I'm not sure. But if he does, I want those to be there for him to remember me by. Without them, this house would be as empty as it was before I came.

## INT. BOJACK'S HOUSE - DAY

## EMILY

So, how are you going to find a new place?

TODD

I'm glad you asked, because I am a man with a plan. You know how I moved in here, right? I came to a party uninvited, and then when everyone left, I just didn't.

EMILY

So... breaking and entering?

TODD

Technically trespassing, but you're on the right track. BoJack was one of those people that could have everyone come to his party but nobody who would stay when it was over. So that's what I did.

EXT. BOJACK'S HOUSE - DAY

BoJack leaves his front door and returns to his car.

INT. BOJACK'S HOUSE - DAY

EMILY

So, lemme guess. Now we crash more celebrities' parties until someone lets you stay and eat their food for three years?

TODD

Isn't house-hunting the best?  
Hooray!

EXT. MR. PEANUTBUTTER AND DIANE'S HOUSE - DAY

BoJack pulls into the driveway.

Mr. Peanutbutter and Diane stand in the threshold of their home, fending off a cluster of REPORTERS who berate Mr. Peanutbutter with questions.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Now, now, everybody. As I said earlier, I did not intend to offend anyone with my use of the word "neuter." Where I'm from, that is literally what we call that operation.

REPORTER 1

Mr. Peanutbutter! When you invented a bunch of Oscar nominees, did you *intentionally* leave out certain species, or are you just *subconsciously* evil?

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Thank you all for your questions, but my wife and I are not taking visitors right now. Bye, everybody!

Mr. Peanutbutter sees BoJack squeezing through the crowd.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER (CONT'D)

BoJack, you're back! Why don't you come inside? As a visitor! We love visitors.

As BoJack goes to enter, the questions turn to him.

REPORTER 2

BoJack, what's it like playing second fiddle on a sitcom?

BOJACK

(politician-like)

No, no, everyone, I'm not here to talk about me. I'm here to talk about this great candidate.

BoJack motions to Mr. Peanutbutter, who is licking his own butt. Realizing he's being looked at, Mr. Peanutbutter perks up and waves.

BOJACK (CONT'D)

That's why I prepared these comments, which Diane will now deliver to me, but which, much like my memoir, come from my own creative vision. Thank you, Diane.

(reading)

JFK once said-- wow, starting with a JFK quote. How very...

(to Diane)

Trite of me.

DIANE

(shrugging)

It's politics.

REPORTER 3, hidden in the mass of reporters, calls out:

REPORTER 3 (O.S.)  
BoJack! As a horse, do you think  
there's a systematic bias behind  
the fact you've never been  
nominated for an Oscar?

BOJACK  
Thank you, but I'm not--

REPORTER 3 (O.S.)  
And I'm talking never even  
nominated in all these years.

BoJack pauses, offended by that elucidation.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
(whispers to BoJack)  
Doing great, buddy!

BOJACK  
(regaining his composure)  
JFK once said, ask not--

REPORTER 3 (O.S.)  
Ever ever, not even once.

BOJACK  
Ask not any more goddamn questions!

REPORTER 3 (O.S.)  
Is it bias, BoJack?

BOJACK  
Okay, I will answer just this one  
question to get things moving, but  
then back to the task at hand. No,  
it probably was not bias. Now, JFK  
once said, ask not what your--

REPORTER 3 (O.S.)  
So it was strictly based on your  
own shortcomings as an actor?

BOJACK  
I'm a sitcom actor, okay? Of course  
I'm a dark horse for an Oscar.  
(beat)  
There we go. Ask not what your  
country can do for you--

REPORTER 3 (O.S.)  
So this campaign holds the position  
that darker horses are less  
deserving of an Oscar?

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
(trying to usher BoJack  
inside)  
Okay, thank you everybody! And  
remember, Mr. Peanutbutter for our  
state, which is California, because  
his stances on the issues you care  
about align with the stances you  
have on those issues! That's the  
slogan.

BOJACK  
(to Mr. Peanutbutter)  
Wait, hold on, I need to respond.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
That could get ugly.

BOJACK  
No, no, I'll be responsible.

Mr. Peanutbutter lets BoJack edge past him.

BOJACK (CONT'D)  
Hey everyone, just to clarify, all  
I meant was: I'm not Jurj Clooners  
or Bred Poot. I'm a sitcom actor.  
It makes sense that the Academy  
would see me as a black sheep.

A hush falls over the crowd.

DIANE  
Uh oh.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
L'chaim?

The crowd of reporters parts slightly, revealing REPORTER 3:  
a black sheep. A single tear rolls down his cheek.

REPORTER 3  
Wow.  
(pulls out his phone,  
dials, into phone)  
Oh yeah, I've got your story. Same  
as last time.

A bunch of other reporters also take out their phones and begin dialing.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

OFFICER MEOW MEOW FUZZYFACE sits at his desk, where a red landline phone begins ringing. He picks up.

OFFICER MEOW MEOW FUZZYFACE  
 (into phone)  
 Police.  
 (takes notes in case file,  
 then stops)  
 Sorry, but this doesn't sound like  
 a crime.  
 (beat)  
 The P.C. Police aren't a real law  
 enforcement agency, sir. Unlike the  
 grammar police, which are very  
 real.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Two suit-wearing detectives stand beside a whiteboard with grammatical annotations (subject, predicate, prepositional object) marking up the following question:

GRAMMAR POLICEMAN  
 (English accent)  
 For whom do you work?!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

OFFICER MEOW MEOW FUZZYFACE  
 But if you're looking for the P.C.  
 Police, I do know who can help you.  
 Have you heard of... *Girl Crush*?

EXT. CHORLEH SHEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Todd and Emily stand at CHORLEH SHEN's doorstep. Through the glass front door, we see a party still going on from the night before, with music and drugs in abundance.

TODD  
 Here we are. Former sitcom star  
 Chorleh Shen's house. Feels like  
 home, doesn't it?



Todd tries the door and finds it locked. He rings the bell. Immediately thereafter, a woman's limp body falls through the glass and over the threshold.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Thank you, ma'am!

They enter through the broken glass and begin scanning the action.

EMILY  
Really great vibes.

Chorleh Shen speedily approaches.

CHORLEH SHEN  
Oh, great, you're the delivery guy.

TODD  
That depends. What did you order?

CHORLEH SHEN  
About \$4,000 worth of cocaine.

Todd rifles through his plastic bag of belongings.

In the background, two worker bees -- large bees wearing utility belts -- begin installing a new glass door.

TODD  
No, don't have that. How about this empty beer?

CHORLEH SHEN  
I'll take it!

He eats the bottle whole.

TODD  
No problem, Mr. Shen. And in exchange, why don't I just sleep on this here couch, just for one night or maybe forever?

CHORLEH SHEN  
No can do amigo. This is a *Full House*.

As he says "*Full House*," Chorleh gives a big wink.

CHORLEH SHEN (CONT'D)  
Wait, what show was I on again?

TODD

What about that ottoman? Could I  
sleep on that ottoman?

CHORLEH SHEN

You can't live here, kid? I don't  
need any *Home Improvement*.

Chorleh winks again.

CHORLEH SHEN (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

No, that's not it, but I'm close.

TODD

Why not? You seem BoJack-esque, and  
he was okay with it.

CHORLEH SHEN

Because I already live here with my  
half-human, half-bear buddy, okay?  
That's one man and a half-man. If  
you joined, that would be two men  
and a half-man. That's too much, so  
beat it.

Chorleh walks away, toward his half-human, half-bear buddy.

CHORLEH SHEN (CONT'D)

(while leaving)

Oh, there it is-- *All in the  
Family*.

A skimpily-dressed ORCA approaches Todd and Emily.

ORCA

Hey, Todd.

TODD

Hey, I know you. You drive for  
Cabracadabra.

ORCA

(despondent)

Used to drive for Cabracadabra.  
After you sold the company, a bunch  
of us got laid off. Now we work  
here.

The orca motions to a couple others, scattered around the  
party, dancing, flirting.

TODD

Gee, sorry about the mixup. So,  
what now? You guys are, like,  
personal drivers for Mr. Shen?

The orca motions to another orca being given a few bills by a  
man, who then leads her by the hand out of the room.

ORCA (O.S.)

Well, we're definitely an escort  
service...

Todd gets her drift and shudders. Emily breaks the silence:

EMILY

Do you want some pancakes?

TODD

Ooh, great idea, let's make you all  
pancakes... to thank you for your  
time with Cabracadabra!

Todd pulls the Ziplog bag of pancake mix out of his bindle.

Chorleh Sheen shows up in a jiffy.

CHORLEH SHEN

Oh, great, you do have the coke --  
I almost thought you were some sort  
of vagabond.

Shen hands over \$4,000, grabs the pancake mix, pours it out  
on a coffee table, and bodyslams it, nose first.

Todd hands the cash to the orca.

TODD

Orr, how about the night off  
instead? And that should free up a  
bed for yours truly.

Chorleh Shen, still in the pile of pancake mix, snaps his  
fingers. Two SECURITY GUARDS pick Todd and Emily up and throw  
them through the glass door, which has just been reinstalled.  
The worker bees buzz angrily.

INT. TOM JUMBO GRUMBO'S NEWSROOM - DAY

TOM JUMBO GRUMBO sits with a PANEL OF THREE. As they discuss,  
a producer walks in and discretely hands Tom a slip of paper.

PANELIST 1

I agree.

PANELIST 2

I agree.

TOM JUMBO GRUMBO

I agree.

PANELIST 3

I sort of agree.

PANELISTS 1 AND 2

*What?!*

PANELIST 3

I agree.

TOM JUMBO GRUMBO

We interrupt this frank and open discussion for some breaking news. According to multiple sources, actor-slash-political hopeful Mr. Peanutbutter and horse-slash-man BoJack Horseman were giving a press conference outside the candidate's home when they made insensitive remarks. Now, we don't have full information at the moment, and we don't want to sensationalize or mislead any viewers, so we'll make sure to put question marks at the end of all our headlines.

A banner appears below Tom: "BOJACK & MR. PEANUTBUTTER: EVIL?"

TOM JUMBO GRUMBO (CONT'D)

The duo has allegedly retreated inside the candidate's home with wife and speechwriter Diane Nyugen. Let's give them a call so we can get all sides of the story, as I'm sure there are multiple.

Tom Jumbo Grumbo dials a number, puts his phone to his ear, and immediately puts it down.

TOM JUMBO GRUMBO (CONT'D)

Wow, half a ring and no comment. Looks like there's only one side to this story from now on, folks.

The question mark disappears from the end of the banner.

INT. PRINCESS CAROLYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Princess Carolyn angrily paces while watching Tom Jumbo Grumbo in her office. She turns the volume down and dials BoJack.

INT. MR. PEANUTBUTTER AND DIANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BoJack, Diane, and Mr. Peanutbutter take shelter in the living room as reporters crowd around the windows and shove their arms through holes in the front door like zombies.

BoJack's phone rings. He answers.

INTERCUT BOJACK/PRINCESS CAROLYN

BOJACK

Kinda busy right now, Princess Carolyn.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

You were the chosen one, BoJack.  
You were supposed to bring balance  
to the media, not anger them!

BOJACK

(Anakin Skywalker  
impression)

I HATE YOU!

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Whoa, what?

BOJACK

Oh, I thought you were doing a *Star Wars* bit. But yea, sorry about this.

Outside the house, a group of humans hold a ram and use its head to try to batter down the door.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Took you five minutes. Five minutes  
from the moment you show up to the  
moment you make the police come  
after my candidate.

BOJACK

Wait wait wait. The police are  
after us? We didn't do anything  
illegal.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
The police?

PRINCESS CAROLYN  
Well, not quite the police. The  
P.C. Police... *Girl Crush*.

BOJACK  
(snarkily)  
*Girl Crush?*

Diane shoots a concerned glance at BoJack.

PRINCESS CAROLYN  
Yes, *Girl Crush*, but don't scoff,  
dummy. This is Hollywood, where a  
bad photo in *People Magazine* can  
end a career. We don't want these  
people against Mr. Peanutbutter.

BOJACK  
Cause they're gonna do what, write  
a blog?

Diane becomes increasingly fidgety.

BOJACK (CONT'D)  
Oh, they are gonna write a blog?  
How spooky. And who are they going  
to have write it? Some third-wave  
feminist who recently began working  
there and has intimate  
relationships with me and Mr.  
Peanutbutter?

Diane jumps up and sets off in a sprint, snatching the phone  
from BoJack's hand as she runs.

DIANE  
Okay, time to go!

EXT. MR. PEANUTBUTTER AND DIANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Diane's car, with Mr. Peanutbutter and BoJack inside,  
screeches out of the garage and into the driveway. The  
reporters all jump out of the way.

One SQUIRREL REPORTER runs right, then left, then right  
again, narrowly avoiding being hit. The car races away.

INT. DIANE'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

DIANE

You know what we need? A vacation.  
From all this P.C. Police  
overreaction, am I right?

BOJACK

Oh, great, exactly the type of  
person you want driving your  
getaway car.

DIANE

Is that an Asian woman joke? You  
know, your insensitivity is the  
reason we're--

The car plows through one of those yellow "slow" signs that  
looks like a kid in a baseball cap holding a red flag.

BoJack looks away and whistles as if he didn't notice.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Oh, shut up, that wasn't even a  
real kid this time!

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Diane, honey? What is going on?

DIANE

I'm just...  
(more of a mocking tone  
than she intends)  
So sick of these politically  
correct coastal types, with their  
writing and their complaining and  
their obsession with consequences  
for actions.

Diane's phone rings. She silences it hurriedly and continues  
zooming through traffic.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

A break from the stress of  
campaigning sounds great. But why  
does it feel like we're escaping  
the city at a high rate of speed in  
a state of panic?

DIANE

Uhhh I'm just so mad!

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

That checks out! I believe you completely and have no suspicion that you are lying via the omission of an ulterior motive.

BOJACK

Turn left.

Diane hammers a left turn, paying little attention to the road.

DIANE

Ahhh... yeah, right. I feel like we just really don't want to be around when this *Girl Crush* thing comes out, don't you?

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Oh, Diane. There have been plenty of blogs about me since the campaign began. I never let them get to me.

DIANE

Well, yes, but those were from different publications... ones without *Girl Crush's* writers.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

But I love *Girl Crush's* writers! I have sex with one regularly.

Diane's phone chimes with a text.

DIANE

Right, that's sort of the problem...

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Problem?

DIANE

Before she hired me, Stefani Stilton asked me if I would be willing to write a take-down on you, because of the Cabracadabra stuff.

BOJACK

Left.

Diane slams a left.



DIANE

I told her there would be no need,  
since you were selling the company,  
and since your values actually line  
up with those of *Girl Crush*.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Of course. You guys are croosh.

Diane gets another text.

DIANE

But she kept pushing. She said,  
well, if you trust him so much,  
then you won't mind making it  
official.

BOJACK

Right.

Diane swerves right.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

What does that mean?

DIANE

It means it's in my contract -- if  
*Girl Crush* decides to write an  
exposé on you, I have to be the one  
to do it.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

You agreed to that?

DIANE

Only because I trusted you!

BOJACK

Grandma.

Paying no attention, Diane swerves to avoid a grandma  
crossing the street.

DIANE

I didn't know you were going to run  
for governor and be under all this  
scrutiny.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

So what now? You write a massive  
article condemning me?

DIANE

No! They can't make me write an article while I'm on vacation, right? So, that's what we're doing. We're going on vacation.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

I see. Vacation it is... where?

BOJACK

I know a place.

They continue driving. Diane's phone rings, keeps ringing.

INT. DIANE'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

BoJack sings along to "Unwritten" by Natasha Bedingfield.

BOJACK

(singing)

"I break tradition, sometimes my tries, are outside the lines / We've been conditioned to not make mistakes / But I can't live that way, no."

(over the music)

This isn't even 2007 -- this is just a song with the legs to go the distance!

They pass a road sign recognizable from the third season finale: "NOW LEAVING CALIFORNIA. AMERICA'S SIDEBURN."

INT. DIANE'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

In the late afternoon sun, they zoom at high speeds along the empty desert road, accelerating.

BOJACK

Okay, ready? Three, two, one, NOW!

Diane slams the brakes, and the car skids to a halt.

DIANE/BOJACK/MR. PEANUTBUTTER

WoooOO! Yea! Oh boy!

DIANE

And now, just to park.

Diane turns backwards as if to parallel park, then accidentally floors it forward, sending the car off the road and into a full barrel roll.

BOJACK  
 (peering out broken window  
 as if checking how close  
 the car is to the curb)  
 Perfect.

EXT. JEFFREY STEINFELD'S HOUSE - DAY

Todd and Emily stand in the long driveway of JEFFREY STEINFELD's Hollywood residence. Inside is a wine and cheese tasting party.

TODD  
 (looking at phone)  
 Okay, Chorleh Shen turned out to be kind of insane, but according to Reddit user CelebrityStalker90210, this is where Jeffrey Steinfeld is having a party tonight. Steinfeld was the original sitcom master, so if anyone's got a couch for me to sleep on, it's him.

EMILY  
 This is the one, Todd, I totally feel it. But there's security-- how do we get in?

TODD  
 Hmm.

Todd notices a van parked in the driveway labeled "CATerers" (it's a catering service run by cats).

TODD (CONT'D)  
 I got it.

EXT. JEFFREY STEINFELD'S HOUSE - DAY

Todd and Emily hide behind a bush. Two feline caterers -- one male, one female -- walk on a path leading by the bush, holding silver platters. Just as the caterers pass, Todd jumps out.

TODD  
 HEY, quick favor?

CATERERS  
 Ah!

Startled, the caterers sprint directly into each other, bumping heads and knocking themselves out. They lie on the ground in front of Todd.

TODD

Oh my god, I killed them! I was  
just gonna ask them to let us in!

The bodies begin sliding, seemingly by themselves, as Emily drags them behind the bush.

EMILY

Sshhhh.

EXT. JEFFREY STEINFELD'S HOUSE - DAY

Todd and Emily, now holding silver food platters but still wearing their same clothes, walk along the footpath that leads to the house's back entrance, where the caterers have set up their makeshift kitchen.

EMILY

Should we have taken their  
uniforms?

TODD

Have some respect for the dead,  
Emily.

They enter the kitchen. An old, fluffy, grumpy BOSS CAT apprehends them.

BOSS CAT

Hey, you're not cats.

TODD

Uhh...

Todd holds his silver platter in front of his face as a mirror. Emily follows his lead.

The Boss Cat jumps back, startled, and exits hissing at his own reflection.

INT. JEFFREY STEINFELD'S HOUSE - DAY

Todd and Emily have successfully entered the house.

TODD

And now, to mingle while consuming  
copious amounts of wine and cheese.  
(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)  
 It's just like BoJack's house, but  
 with self respect.

INT. TOM JUMBO GRUMBO'S NEWSROOM - DAY

"Breaking news" music plays.

TOM JUMBO GRUMBO  
 We return to you now with a  
 breaking news update. Facing  
 criticism for making insensitive  
 remarks, Mr. Peanutbutter and  
 campaign spokesman BoJack Horseman  
 have fled town on an impromptu  
 vacation.

As he speaks, under him a breaking news banner appears:  
 "HORSE AND DOG ON LAMB."

TOM JUMBO GRUMBO (CONT'D)  
 Their whereabouts are not  
 currently--

Tom notices the banner. The classic "Breaking News" music  
 continues.

TOM JUMBO GRUMBO (CONT'D)  
 (to the offscreen Randy)  
 Hey, Randy, did you write this?  
 This is actually quite clever.  
 Look, I'm sorry I'm so harsh on you  
 sometimes. It's just stressful--  
 wait, there's no B in "lamb" in  
 this context, Randy. You sacrificed  
 the truth for a pun? C'mon, Randy!  
 Where's your integrity? You're  
 worse than my ex-wife, and I assure  
 you, she is below average.

The title placard is amended, the "B" being chopped from  
 "LAMB."

TOM JUMBO GRUMBO (CONT'D)  
 Thank you.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

BoJack, Diane, and Mr. Peanutbutter sit, watching the sunset  
 in about the same spot BoJack awoke at the episode's open.

Diane's phone rings -- it's Stefani again. Diane declines.

DIANE

Oh. I didn't think there would be  
cell service out here.

BoJack points to the little hole in the sand from which he  
dug his phone out earlier. Diane places her phone inside, and  
BoJack fills the hole up with sand.

BOJACK

I'll be back in a couple minutes.  
I've got something for you guys.

BoJack walks away.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

BoJack returns carrying a few berry-looking things.

BOJACK

(in his "who wants  
pancakes?" cadence)  
Whooo wants peyote?

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Oohh, what's peyote?

BOJACK

It's like LSD for Native Americans.  
You wanna do it?

DIANE

Is it illegal?

BOJACK

Eh, we're just kind of letting them  
have this one.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Does it last long?

BoJack senses their reticence.

BOJACK

Guys. This isn't that.  
(points to Hollywoo)  
There are no cameras, no people, no  
voters or bloggers or terriers or  
muffins. It's just us in the  
desert.

BoJack pops a few bites in his mouth and holds his hand out,  
offering them some of the berries.

BOJACK (CONT'D)  
 (motioning again to  
 Hollywoo)  
 I mean, is that going the way you  
 had envisioned?

Diane and Mr. Peanutbutter eat some of the peyote.

BOJACK (CONT'D)  
 Fixing life issues with  
 hallucinogens. Nice.

DIANE  
 Woo! How long does it take to kick  
 in?

BOJACK  
 About 30 minutes.

TITLE CARD: ABOUT 29.5 MINUTES LATER

BOJACK (CONT'D)  
 (on phone)  
 You want us to come back to L.A.  
 now? That might be a little bit...  
 difficult.

TITLE CARD: ABOUT 29.5 MINUTES EARLIER

BOJACK (CONT'D)  
 About 30 minutes.

DIANE  
 Ah. Cool.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
 Yup!

BOJACK  
 Here we go.

Diane looks at her watch. Mr. Peanutbutter whistles a little  
 tune. BoJack looks out in the distance. This goes on for a  
 few seconds.

DIANE  
 So you were just gonna leave us for  
 this?!

BOJACK  
 Whoa. What?

DIANE  
How could you leave home for this?  
It's just a desert!

BOJACK  
It's not just a desert.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
It is just a desert, BoJack.

BOJACK  
Okay, it's just a desert, but don't  
you see that that's the point? It's  
nature. As in human nature. That's  
better than a toxic, confectioned  
city.

DIANE  
That city is your home.

BOJACK  
Home? That's my home?

INT. JEFFREY STEINFELD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Todd is rip-roaring drunk. He stands next to Emily as they  
speak with Jeffrey Steinfeld. Todd slurs all his words  
considerably.

TODD  
(dramatic)  
I have no home!  
(chipper, but still very  
drunk)  
Can I sleep on your couch?

JEFFREY STEINFELD  
My couch? In my house? But I live  
here.

TODD  
Yes here's the thing. You let me  
sleep here, all a sudden, we're  
buds. We do stuff, you're there,  
I'm there, we're buds.

A server comes around with more wine and cheese samples. Todd  
grabs some cheese and chews.

TODD (CONT'D)  
(with mouth full)  
For like, three years or something.  
(MORE)



TODD (CONT'D)

And sure, you say you don't want me here, but that's what makes the dynamic interesting.

Todd spits the chewed-up cheese into the spit bucket, grabs a glass of wine, and chugs it.

JEFFREY STEINFELD

Sounds horrible.

TODD

That's the spirit.

JEFFREY STEINFELD

You can't live here! For starters, one of your eyebrows is higher than the other. I can't look at that every day. It's just wrong! And the driveway only has one lane, and the Wi-Fi password is hard to explain, and if you sleep on this couch then I'll feel like this whole part of the house is off limits! It's right near the kitchen! What if I want a midnight snack?!

TODD

Oh...

JEFFREY STEINFELD

Plus, you've been spitting out the cheese and drinking the wine -- that's backwards!

Steinfeld walks a few feet away and hops in a conversation with a Kramer-looking fellow named CRAMMER.

JEFFREY STEINFELD (CONT'D)

Hey, Crammer.

CRAMMER

Say, Jeffrey, did that guy want to live on your couch?

JEFFREY STEINFELD

Yeah.

CRAMMER

But, his eyebrows!

JEFFREY STEINFELD

I know!

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

BoJack paces in front of Diane and Mr. Peanutbutter.

BOJACK

And I get knocked down and then  
back up and then knocked down and  
back up, and the cycle goes around  
and around like a mobius strip of  
sadness! Maybe I'm sick of getting  
knocked down.

Mr. Peanutbutter's phone rings with a FaceTime request from  
Princess Carolyn. He answers. Princess Carolyn is in her  
office.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

If it isn't my favorite campaign  
manager. How are things back at the  
hub?

PRINCESS CAROLYN

They'd be better if I could get a  
hold of my speechwriter. Diane,  
when you accepted a job on this  
campaign, were you gonna mention  
that you were contractually  
obligated to shit on its candidate?

Princess Carolyn puts a contract up to the screen.

DIANE

I only signed it cause I--

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Yeah, yeah, you trusted him. Very  
heartwarming, sweetie, but this is  
politics. So if you want to trust  
anything, trust that we're screwed  
if this blog gets published.

DIANE

Published? I'm not writing it. I'm  
on vacation.

Princess Carolyn holds up the contract again.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Turns out you don't have to  
actually write this thing. It just  
has to be attributed to you.

DIANE

Oooooohh...

(holds for all of Princess  
Carolyn's next line)

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Which means Girl Crush's morning  
newsletter tomorrow is going to  
lead with a condemnation of Mr.  
Peanutbutter written by none other  
than his wife.

DIANE

... Oohhh crap.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Crap is right. This Stefani isn't  
messing around. She knows how to  
manipulate the public. I heard she  
might even make a Facebook video  
with white captions that have some  
words highlighted in yellow.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Oh, I love those.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

If we want to have any shot here,  
we need to prevent this story. You  
guys have got to get back here  
before the morning and convince  
Stefani that Mr. Peanutbutter is  
totally, high-key croosh.

BOJACK

You want us to come back to L.A.  
now? That might be a little bit...  
difficult.

PRINCESS CAROLYN

You just took peyote, didn't you.

BOJACK

(all cute)

Mayyyyyybe.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

It's Native American LSD!

PRINCESS CAROLYN

Mr. Peanutbutter, I can't believe I have to tell you this again, but you're going to have to stop calling things Native American anything. Just get your asses over here... and don't let Diane drive!

DIANE

Cause I'm on peyote?

PRINCESS CAROLYN

You're on peyote too?!

Diane frustratedly hits the "End" button on Mr. Peanutbutter's phone.

DIANE

Excuse me, I am a fine driver.

Youuu...

(her pupils become big  
black orbs)

... uuunicorn. Are you a unicorn?

How did I never notice this?

BoJack and Mr. Peanutbutter also become visibly high.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Not unicorn. Pegasus.

BoJack, now snow white and with angel's wings, flaps his wings and hovers majestically.

BOJACK

Whoa.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Todd and Emily walk down an empty street full of beautiful Hollywoo homes with acres of space and lavish gates. Todd is effectively homeless.

TODD

Well, this is as good a spot as any I guess.

Todd sticks his bindle in the ground and lays down in some grass. He uses his bag of belongings as a pillow.

EMILY

Are you sure you don't want to just go back to BoJack's for a bit?

TODD

Just because BoJack is the only celebrity willing to let me live with him doesn't mean he's my friend. He only ever let me stay with him because he felt lonely. That's not real friendship.

EMILY

What's the difference?

TODD

Uh... I don't know. I guess a real friend doesn't just benefit from the relationship? He also sacrifices. But look, this ain't so bad. At least there's low crime in this neighborhood.

A police siren sounds. A cop car has pulled up next to Todd. From the driver's seat, Officer Meow Meow Fuzzy Face shakes his head at Todd and motions to the back seat. Todd gets in.

TODD (CONT'D)

Ooh, prison. The big house counts as a house. Guess who's not homeless anymore, Emily?

INT. MR. PEANUTBUTTER AND DIANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY  
(HALLUCINATION)

Diane wakes up in an empty bed. She rolls over and sees no one beside her, immediately sensing something wrong.

DIANE

Mr. Peanutbutter?

INT. MR. PEANUTBUTTER AND DIANE'S HOUSE - DAY (HALLUCINATION)

Diane scurries down the stairs.

DIANE

Mr. Peanutbutter.

EXT. MR. PEANUTBUTTER AND DIANE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY  
(HALLUCINATION)

Diane jingles keys and calls out as she walks around the edge of their backyard.

DIANE  
Mr. Peanutbutter.  
(whistles)  
Here boy. Come on. Mr.  
Peanutbutter?

INT. MR. PEANUTBUTTER AND DIANE'S HOUSE - DAY (HALLUCINATION)

Diane closes the back door behind her.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Peanutbutter?

She sinks into the couch, alone and defeated.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Peanutbutter.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER (O.S.)  
(from kitchen)  
Hello!

DIANE  
Mr. Peanutbutter!

Diane leaps up and makes her way toward the kitchen, calling out:

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Where were you? I was scared. Did  
you follow the paper boy to school  
again? You know about the  
restraining order.

Diane crosses the threshold into the kitchen. Mr.  
Peanutbutter isn't there.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Peanutbutter?

MR. PEANUTBUTTER (O.S.)  
In here, honey.

Mr. Peanutbutter's voice comes from Diane's closed laptop,  
which sits on the island. Diane crosses and opens it.

On the screen is a *Girl Crush* post featuring a large image of  
a flustered Mr. Peanutbutter. Above the photo is the  
headline: "MY EX-HUSBAND IS WRONG FOR OUR STATE, WHICH IS  
CALIFORNIA".

Below it, the byline: "By Diane Nguyen".

The image of Mr. Peanutbutter moves and speaks.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER (CONT'D)  
Good morning, bright eyes.

DIANE  
Ah!

Diane slams the laptop shut.

END HALLUCINATION

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Diane, now sober, jolts out of her drug-induced nightmare.  
Next to her sit BoJack and Mr. Peanutbutter, still tripping.

DIANE  
We have to go.

INT. DIANE'S CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Diane drives, with Mr. Peanutbutter shotgun and BoJack in back. They're silent -- the only noise is the hum of the engine and the radio, which is more static than music.

They pass a street sign: "NOW LEAVING NEVADA. 'TILL NEXT MENTAL BREAKDOWN!"

Mr. Peanutbutter looks out his window at peyote hallucinations: it rains tennis balls; bunnies run freely; in the distance, fireworks explode.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER  
(quietly, to himself)  
Governor Mr. Peanutbutter...

BoJack looks out his window at his hallucination: HERB KAZZAZZ and SARAH LYNN pull up alongside the car, riding in the wrong lane on a motorcycle with a sidecar. They wave excitedly to BoJack.

BoJack perks up and goes to return the wave. As he does, a semi truck zooms past, honking.

To avoid the truck, the motorcycle swerves hard left and off the road, leaving BoJack to watch his old pals riding away on the dirt.

BoJack turns back toward the car interior. Next to him now is Hugh Jackman.

BOJACK  
Hugh Jackman?

HUGH JACKMAN

Yeah, who were you expecting? God?

Hugh Jackman turns to God in a poof.

GOD

Just kidding, it's me. It's always me.

BOJACK

You're Hugh Jackman?

GOD

Sometimes, yeah. I call myself Jew Hackman, though, cause I'm Jewish. And also the legal risk.

(Hugh Jackman voice)

So, mate, how ya goin'?

BOJACK

Mr. Hackman--

GOD

Please, call me Jew.

BOJACK

Jew, I don't think we should be going back there.

GOD

Why not? Are you in debt? Do you need a loan? I do that sort of thing, but I can't promise a good interest rate, since you've proven to be quite a flight risk.

BOJACK

I don't need money, God. I just think L.A. is a toxic, self-hating town, and maybe we'd be better off in the desert, where there's no one to love or be loved by and then let down or be let down by.

GOD

You think having no one to love or be loved by is a good thing? And I thought my love life was messed up.

BOJACK

When I was filming *Ethan Around*, that little girl, she was just like Sarah Lynn.

(MORE)



BOJACK (CONT'D)

She wanted to be like me when she grew up. Well, Sarah Lynn is dead, and I'm...

God points past BoJack and out the window, where an old convertible pulls up next to the car, with BOJACK'S MOTHER and FATHER in the front and a YOUNG BOJACK in the back.

Young BoJack taps his mother's shoulder excitedly. She responds with a dismissive wave.

GOD

Your parents didn't show you love. I mean, if they had been any less in the picture, you'd have become Batman. So you went to L.A. looking for the love you didn't get, which, by the way, is like getting dumped and going to a monastery looking for a bottle of chardonnay and a rebound. And after that didn't work, when you saw yourself in a little girl, your solution to keep her from ending up like you was to disappear? Seems like something your parents would have done.

God points again out BoJack's window, where we now see BoJack's top-down Tesla -- BoJack drives, and the CHILD ACTRESS from *Ethan Around*, wearing her horse costume, sits in the back.

They've each got one arm outside the car, flying their hands in the wind like airplanes.

GOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sure, you've hurt your friends, even when trying to help them, but you don't help someone by abandoning them. You stay by their side and keep trying. For a righteous man falls down seven times and gets up eight.

BOJACK

What's that from?

GOD

Solomon, 3:14 PM yesterday afternoon. We were hanging out.

BOJACK

Thanks, Jew.

BoJack turns back into the car again, but God is gone.

EXT. GIRL CRUSH OFFICE - NIGHT

Diane's car pulls into the *Girl Crush* parking lot. They get out and hurry toward the building.

INT. GIRL CRUSH OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is dark.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Darn. She's gone for the night.

The lights turn on all at once, revealing Stefani Stilton pointing a taser at the trio.

STEFANI

Don't move! You know, you're not the first candidate for California governor who wanted to silence the media...

Mr. Peanutbutter stands there with a dumb look on his face.

DIANE

(whispering to Mr. Peanutbutter and BoJack)

Nixon.

BOJACK

Were we supposed to just know that?

STEFANI

What's your plan, huh? Sneak in here and intimidate me into not posting the blog? Bribe me? Hurt me? I bet you even had this place bugged.

She looks over at a huge CATERPILLAR wearing glasses seated at a desk.

CATERPILLAR

Hey, don't bring me into this, I'm just the I.T. guy.

DIANE

We're not here to silence you. We just want to talk.

STEFANI

Well, talk to the cops. They'll be up here any second.

DIANE

Stefani, please. I know you're a totally croosh, woke bitch.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

Hup!

(whispering)

You can't say bitch, sweetie.

Stefani grabs a pen and throws it as hard as she can.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER (CONT'D)

Here we go!

Mr. Peanutbutter sprints away.

STEFANI

Did he start a company devoted to getting perverts driven around by female drivers?

DIANE

Well, sure, but he didn't intend--

STEFANI

Is he running for office pretending to want to help people but actually just doing it out of personal convenience?

DIANE

Okay, yes.

Officer Meow Meow Fuzzy face enters.

STEFANI

(to Diane)

Does he think not knowing is an excuse? Does he think his own unwillingness to empathize with people who didn't grow up on a perfect island and have money and fame thrown at them their whole lives doesn't count as hate?

DIANE

Yes. But he's a good person.

STEFANI

Is he? Maybe it's time to stop thinking people like Mr. Peanutbutter are good, because most of the world's problems don't come from the lions who openly hunt zebras. They come from the zebras who stand around and watch the lion eat their friend. I know you know this.

DIANE

Please, Stefani. My marriage will break.

STEFANI

Maybe that's good.

Mr. Peanutbutter returns with the pen in his mouth.

MR. PEANUTBUTTER

You throw strong for a mouse!

Stefani takes the pen from him and holds it out to Diane.

Diane, conflicted, grabs the pen slowly. Just as she does, BoJack interjects:

BOJACK

What if I had a better story? Something twice as juicy. Would you write about it instead?

STEFANI

I'm listening.

BOJACK

Uhh... I once masturbated in the bathroom during middle school English class.

STEFANI

That... that's nothing.

BOJACK

I put peanut butter on my balls and had my dog lick it off.

Stefani looks at him unenthused.

BOJACK (CONT'D)

Put peanut butter on my dog's balls and licked it off?

STEFANI

Enough, BoJack. Officer Meow Meow,  
please handcuff these trespassers  
so I can write.

BOJACK

Wait. You remember Secretariat? You  
remember how it brought me back to  
fame and everyone thought I did  
amazing?

STEFANI

What about it?

BoJack shoots a glance at Mr. Peanutbutter and Diane and  
sighs deeply.

BOJACK

I didn't... it wasn't... I wasn't  
actually there. I ran away from  
L.A. and they computer animated me  
in.

Everyone gasps.

Todd, still handcuffed, having been dragged along by Officer  
Meow Meow Fuzzyface, chimes in from the doorway.

TODD

Chorleh Shen hires former  
Cabracadabra drivers as prostitutes  
for his parties!

STEFANI

I knew it!

Stefani grabs the pen back and runs to her desk.

OFFICER MEOW MEOW FUZZYFACE

I knew it!

He runs out.

DIANE

Thanks, BoJack.

BOJACK

Long overdue.

BoJack walks towards the stairs, passing Todd as he goes.

BOJACK (CONT'D)

Thanks, Todd.

EXT. GIRL CRUSH OFFICE - NIGHT

BoJack walks past the car and away by himself.

EXT. STREET - HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

BoJack walks the street in the pre-dawn glow. He passes a record store. It's still closed, but he waits outside until it's open.

An employee unlocks the store. BoJack buys a whole record player and carries the bulky box with him.

He drops it off at Princess Carolyn's house and keeps walking all the way home.

EXT. BOJACK'S HOUSE - DAY

BoJack enters his house.

INT. BOJACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Upon entering, BoJack finds Todd, still wearing handcuffs, sitting on his couch, watching *Ethan Around*.

BoJack is momentarily stunned, then gathers himself and takes a seat next to Todd.

BOJACK

Just like old times, huh? Had an adventure and ended up here again, in pretty much the same situation. Funny how that works. Oh, hey, also I'm Jewish now. So, that's a new development here. Probably going to be, like, my thing now, I'd say, going forward.

TODD

Sssshhhh.

A box of toaster strudels sits on the coffee table. BoJack reaches into the box and finds it empty. He's in disbelief.

BOJACK

Oy, vey.

END OF SHOW