Elaine Benes... in where whacky sitcom antics have gone too far.

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[Freeform Slap Bass Jazz Soundtrack.]

“No.”

“Please?!”

“No!”

“Come on Jerry, you’re the only person I trust to be completely honest with me—you’re *always* honest with me!”

“Elaine, it’s a different kind of honesty.”

“There aren’t different kinds of honesty—not when it comes to *you and me*, now when it comes to *us*! We used to date and we’re still friends! We have to be honest with one another, don’t we?”

A long pause as the tall, slender man with brings his hand contemplatively to his chin. He looks off into the oft unremarked upon fourth wall of his apartment in a silent acknowledgement of her point. The silence lingers for a just a bit too long.

“I suppose.”

“Then why can’t you just *tell me?!”*

“It’s just not done, Elaine!” he leaps to his feet, beginning the steady pace atop the hardwood floor of his apartment, “You’re asking me to go against The Code.”

“The *Code?*”

“The Code—you know the Code!”

“I don’t know the Code.”

“Yes you do, women are the ones who invented it! The ones who bore it into our very souls—Men would quake in fear of those who would punish us if we ever betrayed it! *The Code!*”

A long pause after a dramatic monologue.

“Jerome.” She looked up at him, arms crossed self-consciously as fabric strained along the sleeves of her jacket, “I’m not asking you as *a woman*. I’m asking you as… your pal.”

“My *pal*?” his expression turned sour, “You think you’re my pal?”

“I’m not your pal?”

“Of course not! Men and women can’t be *pals.* Friends, of course. Chums, maybe. But a *Pal?*”

“So… who’s your pal? George?”

“George?” the tall, thin comedian pondered over it for a moment, “I’d say he’s my pal.”

“Well, if *George* were to ask you the same question that I did—”

“I’d say yes, you’re getting fat.”

Elaine instinctively went to stand up in defiance, only to find that it was far more difficult than she would have liked it to be. Weighed down by a lap-filling gut and knocked off-kilter by an especially heavy chest, Elaine had to grab the arm rest of Jerry’s couch as she forced herself out of the deep valley that her figure had left in it. By the time the short, round woman had worked herself to a stance, she was just as flustered about the remark as she was because she was out of shape.

“I knew it! Oh God, I should have seen it sooner!”

“Well Elaine… it’s not like there haven’t been signs.”

“Signs? What signs? How is a person supposed to notice slow, gradual changes in their body if their friends don’t *tell them that they’re getting fat?!”*

“See, this is why you don’t break The Code.” Jerry held his arms akimbo mournfully, “I shouldn’t have told you.”

“No, you should have told me *sooner,* you *doof*!” Elaine stomped one streetlight thick leg like a charging bull as she pushed against Jerry’s chest, “Exactly what sort of *signs* was I supposed to be looking for?!”

Jerry’s high-haired neighbor barged into the living area and made a bee-line for the fridge, only half-noticing the current company.

“Hey Jerry, hey George.”

A long pause as Elaine puts her hands on her hips and glares at Kramer while Jerry looks uncomfortable.

Fran Fine… in a reality where she’s been fat since Season 1.

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[Fully versed orchestral theme song]

In a townhouse on the Upper East Side of New York, Fran Fine was about as far removed from Flushing, Queens as a girl could get.

Of course, you could take the Queen out of Flushing, but you could never really take the Flushing out of the Queen.

“BRIIIIIIGHTOOOOOOOOON”

The whole house could hear that. After only a few months with their new Nanny, they had all learned to be wary of her uncanny ability to shatter eardrums. Maggie and Gracie were happy to know that it was not *them* who had earned the ire of their newest caretaker this early, and before breakfast to boot. In a perfect world, he wouldn’t have caught Fran on an empty stomach.

The schoolboy tumbled down the stairs, hoping to scoot past his Nanny without being caught. He entered the kitchen, and saw no sign of her. She was hard enough to miss even outside of her bathrobes—he was certain that he would have seen her if she was there waiting for him. This was his chance to escape; to come home *after* Fran had gotten a chance to mellow out.

But unfortunately, as quick as he might have been on his feet, Brighton Sheffield was no match for a Flushing native.

“Going somewhere?”

Her voice was so scary when it was low, looking down at him from past that huge chest of hers. If that were possible, anyway. With her hands on her wide birthing hips, Nanny Fine sauntered into the kitchen one swishing step at a time; little belly sloshing back and forth as her legs fought for space underneath her bathrobe.

“In life? I’d like to think so.”

“Well considerin’ that I found this *video camera* in my bedroom, I wouldn’t count on that!”

The small boy’s infatuation with his Nanny hadn’t exactly been a secret. He’d been pretty forward about it from the moment she wound up on the Sheffield’s door selling makeup—hips packed into that tight red skirt while her zaftig figure threatened to brush against either side of the threshold.

“That, uh… that’s not mine! Where would I get the money for a highly sophisticated camera? After all, I’m just a little boy.”

Fran fishhooked one of her thick brown eyebrows, shifting her weight on one hip and making her figure slosh to the side as she crossed her hammy arms. It was clear that she was not buying this.

“You don’t tell your father about me breaking his office chair, and I’ll let this slide. Capice?”

“God bless you, Fran Fine.”

One of the Friends, I don't fucking know... is fattened up by someone in their supporting cast.

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[Poppy, upbeat establishing music.]

“Hey Mon? Did you shrink my jeans again?”

Monica looked up from her place stationed at the oven and glanced into Rachel’s room as best the angle could allow for. The buttermilk dribbled from the side of the bowl as flour dusted the brunette’s cheek, her short hair tied back into efficient pigtails after an unfortunate haircut sometime back.

“I, uh… I think the dryer’s on the fritz again.” She lied expertly, looking back down to her work as Rachel’s form shifted in the other room, “I-I’ll talk to Trieger about it.”

“Would you? I’m running out of pants here…”

As the husky brunette waddled into the living room, trying in vain to fasten jean flaps over a belly that never stood a chance of meeting, Monica couldn’t help but feel a wave of anxiety wash over her. The minute that Rachel got herself together and realized that maybe eating anything and everything that her formerly fat roommate was cooking for her *might* have something to do with her recent weight problem, the sooner that Monica was going to have to get a lot more creative.

Luckily for her, Rachel wasn’t exactly class valedictorian growing up—she could hardly get coffee orders right, let alone put together the disparate facts of Monica’s recent trend of excessive cooking and the fact that she had outgrown like three wardrobes since she’d moved in…

Watching the now thickset brunette wiggle-waddle her way into the living room, struggling with hammy arms and a fat chest as she tried and failed to button her jeans, Monica couldn’t help but feel a little vindicated for all of the years that she had spent as Rachel’s Fat Friend. With her muffin top eeking out from underneath her long-sleeved tee and her double chin bunching as she looked down over the crest of her stomach in vain, Rachel’s time outside of being a rich, spoiled brat had clearly had its effect on her. The past three years of living with her old high school friend, sitting around and drinking coffee had clearly not been kind to the former cheerleader’s physique.

“I’m, uh… I’m cooking up something for the diner—you want to give it a shot?”

“Sure, Mon—just let me change into some jammies or something, I can’t walk around like this…”

Watching that big butt squish and wriggle and writhe underneath her panties, stretched taut with all of the acreage of that ample ass that dragged behind her, Monica was filled with conflicting emotions.

Not conflicted enough to *stop* but definitely enough to give her second thoughts.

“Rachel’s gonna blow up til she’s the size of Staten Island before she realizes that the dryer’s been “broken” for the past year now.”

Monica clicked her teeth as she rolled a bit of dough underneath her pin.

Ah well. No sense in letting all of this go to waste…

Sweet Dee Reynolds... starts dating a fat fetishist.

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[Symphonic orchestral intro.]

“This isn’t fucking fair, you let Mac be fat! Remember when he was fat?”

"First of all, I didn't let Mac be fat. He's an adult, mostly fully grown man who can make his own decisions. Decisions that I have the ability to override, but still. You? You're an extension of me. You're my sister. And frankly, the fact that you could do that to my half of your DNA is just, it's just sickening."

"You're sickening."

"Yeah Dee it's pretty gross."

Dee had literally been greeted with this as she walked into Paddy’s after her third burrito run of the day. After she’d gotten unwedged from the sides of the door but not before she’d had to unbutton her pants. It was all on a schedule—her newest boyfriend liked it that way.

“You fuckers just don’t like seeing me happy, that’s what it is.” Dee’s jowls and double chin rolled as she expressed her disgust with her coworkers, “Me and Myron are happy, and you just want to drag me back down to the single, lonely muck with you.”

The fact that she was spread across two of the Paddy’s Pub barstools wasn’t something that she took lightly—obviously her brother and the other two idiots that they worked with didn’t take it lightly either. But as her stomach rolled onto the bar and forced her arms to cross up higher along the swell of her tanky gut, Dee Reynolds felt secure in her latest relationship. Sure she was fat as hell, but Myron’s dick game was amazing.

*Especially* for someone named Myron.

"Dee, we are family. You being fat implies that there are fat genes in our blood and I will be damned before I let any potential conquests even begin to think I would let myself go to the disgusting depths your body is currently festering in." Dennis steepled his fingers sagely from behind the bar, “So I’ve amassed some of Mac’s *size pills* in order to help shrink you back down to your admittedly *still* disgusting but remarkably less so physique.”

“Dennis I’m not taking those. Every time I find some way to make my life better, you step in and try to—”

“Dee, I can’t tell if it’s your heart palpitating or the stools beneath you crying out mercilessly for dear life, but you’re obviously not understanding me when I say that you are going to take these size pills if I have to put them into little cut-up hotdogs and *jam them down your throat LIKE THE DOG THAT YOU ARE.*”

“Jesus, Dennis!”

“Too far, dude.”

“Reel it in, reel it in.”

“I’m sorry, she’s just… so disgusting!”

“Fair, dude. She’s pretty gross.”

“You’re a bunch of assholes. Fat-shaming, body-negative assholes.” Dee pressed her sausage fingers on the bar and turned her bulk to one side, “Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got a lunch date across town in twenty minutes, and I need to properly prepare myself for the walk over to the bus stop.”