

A young woman, STACY, in an early 20s cheap apartment is sitting on a futon. Distantly, the sounds of the AMC announcer are on the TV.

Stacy: Babe – Walking Dead’s starting!

Kevin (flatly): Oh. Okay.

In a different place, an obese guy watches as uTorrent finishes downloading s03e02. He’s sitting at his computer desk. He’s eating a bowl of rice. He’s got a few horror movie posters on his wall. His name will be CHAD.

Someplace else, a 16 year old girl (Sam) is laying stomach down on her canopied bed with an iPad. She presses play on the AMC Live streaming site. We see the TV-MA warning and then it starts to play in full screen.

The scene is in some kind of boring rural countryside.

Darryl sits on a log and sharpens a blade.

Carl blows dust off his cowboy hat.

Rick stands in place and looks around, stressed out but purposeless. Carol walks up to him.

Carol: Hey.

Rick (weirdly deliberate): Hey.

Carol: We have to be careful we don’t die of Zombie bites.

Rick (really thinks about it): That’s right.

Cut back to the couple on the couch, as we can hear the opening titles music. The boyfriend is already fucking off on his phone, bored.

Smash cut to black (in a Walking Dead horror style, maybe with some idiotically startling sound).

Stacy: Kev, the 4th season’s about to start!

Kevin (off screen): Oh. Are we gonna keep watching that show? The same shit just keeps happening.

Stacy: Yeah I know, the show’s a little slow, but, I mean, we’ve watched every episode, can’t really stop now.

Kevin (sitting down): Yeah, and is just me or are the zombies just super easy to kill at this point?

Stacy: Shh. Starting.

Chad eats a burrito and watches. Full screen of the show.

Carl is large – like, really large. Clothes ripped, huge five o'clock shadow. Rick approaches him. They're in the same boring rural countryside.

Rick just completely mumbles and whispers incoherently at Carl.

Carl (deep, adult male voice): Dad, I can't hear. All you do is ever whisper to me. Actually that's all anyone does. Are we keeping secrets? Are we keeping secrets from the zombies?

Rick frowns and gets closer to Carl and whispers/mumbles more aggressively. He does things like points at his ear/head to imply that Carl's either not listening to him or isn't thinking or something.

Carl: It's not fair dad. It's not fair being a 13 year old boy and living amongst this savagery.

A zombie approaches Rick from behind and he puts two fingers into its eyes, while he's still looking at and mumbling at Carl. The zombie melts into a gross pile of blood.

Maggie and Glen sit on stumps. The sounds of flies swarming has always been present in these scenes but it's especially loud.

Maggie: It's like – each day you don't know if you'll still be alive.

A zombie approaches her and she lightly slaps it in the face and its head flies off.

Glenn: Hey. Look at me. Look at me Maggie. Look at me.

Maggie: I'm lookin'.

Glenn: We're still alive now with each other, here.

Maggie: God, that's deep and hot.

Two zombies approach Glenn from behind. He picks up a dandelion and blows it in their faces and they both burst into flame.

Chad has VLC playing the walking dead, but it's buried behind several browser windows of movie news and other things that interest him.

Sam is asleep with her headphones on, as the show draws on on her iPad We can hear it faintly through her headphones.

Rick: And that's why, I say, we should band together and not get BIT. By zombies.

Smash cut to black.

Stacy's reading a book, Kev's in his usual bored pose with his iPhone. Cut fullscreen back to the show.

Carl is just a huge beast at this point. Just over-the-top beastly.

Carl: Dad, I've only been living in this apocalypse for two years and I can't remember what it was like before.

Rick mumbles and gestures to his heart.

Kevin: Why? Why are we still watching this?

Stacy (depressed, almost mumbling): I don't know. Because we've always watched it. There can't be much more. Maybe another season or two, tops? This thing's gotta end.

Chad's at his computer desk eating some kind of meat stew. As the video plays behind his other windows, he sees an article – "Love Walking Dead? We've got great news."

He squints. Close up of his hand on the mouse scrolling. We zoom in on the important text.

"PLANS TO RENEW WALKING DEAD FOR ANOTHER 17 YEARS"

"6 WALKING DEAD SPIN-OFFS IN PRODUCTION"

"STORY IS NO WHERE NEAR FINISHED – WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED"

Sam look at her iPhone while the iPad sits in her lap (and we hear some distant Walking Dead shit).

Sam: Seriously? 17 years?

Back to Kevin/Stacy.

Stacy: 6?! Spinoffs?!

Kevin: That's what it says.

Stacy stares into space, completely devastated.

Chad stares into space, forlorn.

Sam takes her iPad and buries it in a bookshelf.

Close up on the X in VLC gets clicked. A torrenty named Walking Dead folder (surrounded by other torrenty looking shows) is deleted.

Kevin lifts a remote to the TV.

Kevin: Can I finally do it?

Stacy: No.

Kevin looks at her, confused. New, closer side angles of them turning to each other.

Stacy: I want to do it.

Close up on Stacy's hand turning off the TV, as we hear a final "CARL!!" before it clicks off.

Exterior of a small house in the suburbs. It's night-time. The door opens. Chad walks out. He looks down at the ground, trying to make heads or tails of his life. He looks up to the sky, and suddenly, the sun rises, and he silently soaks in it, his arms out wide, his eyes closed. Huge, inspiring music cues.

Kevin and Stacy run around a field with their dog, throwing a Frisbee. They tackle one another, laughing, as the dog runs up and licks them.

Sam walks down a school corridor, books held in front of her. Slightly slow motion A friend runs up and hugs her. We hear the dialogue faintly.

Friend: Sam! Oh my god, we haven't seen you for like 6 seasons!

A narration roles in. Other inspirational imagery while he talks?

Narrator: That day, the curse was broken. As for the Walking Dead, well, the ratings plummeted once the news hit. Turns out the viewers thought they were watching a slow story arc, when really, they were watching liquid shit, that would prattle on for as long as they watched. The next time you fall out of interest with a TV show, remember:

Everyone addresses the camera directly.

Stacy: Just stop watching.

Sam: You don't have to watch it, just because you've already watched it.

Chad: TV shouldn't feel like work. If it doesn't interest you, watch something else.

All of them stand together, hands joined.

All: Don't let your completest nature ruin your life! Whooo!

They applaud and high five.

Narrator: Or maybe that's just a dream.

Full screen: Carl is basically the size of the trolls in The Hobbit. He's boringly smashing zombies with his giant fist as they run around.

Kevin and Stacy are on the futon again.

Stacy: Man, the kid who plays Carl grew up so fast.