Die Bieber Die
FADE IN:

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up, the back door flies open and out stumbles FRED DAVIES, 22, scrawny, dressed in a Slayer t-shirt, with torn jeans. He takes a few uneasy steps and then falls flat on his face on a well manicured lawn.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)
You ok kid?

A valiant attempt at a "thumbs up" from Fred, and with that, the taxi driver speeds off.

Fred slowly raises his head, glimpses at the front door, to him it's a million miles... He chooses to sleep on the grass. The sprinklers pop up and kick on... Fred jumps up and stares down... a massive wet patch on his crotch.

FRED
God Dammit!

As if a new lease of life, he sprints through the sprinklers towards the front door. Quickly pulls a key out from his pocket and tries to carefully navigate it to the lock. After a few dismal attempts, he succeeds.

FRED (CONT'D)
Finally.

INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fred gazes over his king-size bed, his paradise awaits. He opens his arms as if to do a swan dive... then stops.

He glances at his closet, wanders over and unzips his wet pants. The sigh of relief on his face says it all. He checks his alarm clock: 4:00

FRED
Plenty of time.

He sits down on his bed, he yawns loudly and slowly tilts back towards the pillow. In a moment he is sound asleep.

INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Fred with blood-shot eyes is rudely awakened by the sound of loud music from the room next to him. He checks his clock 8:00.

FRED
Oh you gotta be kidding.
Fred pulls his pillow over his head, but can't muffle the sound. He bangs on the wall but no avail. He lets out a loud scream.

FRED (CONT'D)
Arghhhhh!

Door opens and there stands his parents **ARNOLD**, 50s, confidant, handsome and **THERESA**, 50s, easy on the eye.

**ARNOLD**
What's the matter son? You look a little worse for wear.

**THERESA**
Looks like somebody had a late night.

The music continues to thud against the wall.

**FRED**
What the hell is she listening to?
It sounds like two cats fighting in a bag.

**THERESA**
Oh sweetface, your sister got the new Justin Bieber song. You know she loves him... she's going through that phase... all girls do, I was a big David Cassidy fan.

**ARNOLD**
So was I.

**THERESA**
That's nice dear.

Fred bangs his head against the wall and by chance he's in time with the music.

**ARNOLD**
You see, you're getting into it...
it's kind of catchy after a while.

**FRED**
It is not catchy at all... I'm trying to figure out a plan to end this.

**THERESA**
You could just get a girlfriend and move out and I mean that in a loving motherly way... kind of.
3.

ARNOLD
Or you could kill Justin Bieber...
me thinks that's the easier option
for you.

Theresa and Arnold laugh hysterically as Fred grimaces.

INT. BASEMENT - JOHN MASTEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Fred wheels himself back and forth across the floor in an
old office chair. JOHN MASTEN, 22, overweight, jams one too
too many cheetos in his mouth as he stares at his computer screen.

JOHN
Let me get this straight, you want
to kill some teenage prick called
Justin Bieber, because your sister
likes him.

FRED
No, because his music is shit and
he's destroying the music world as
we know it... put it this way, he
ain't no Coolio.

JOHN
Man, nobody is Coolio.

FRED
Damn straight.

The white kids talk like they're ghetto.

JOHN
I mean, Gangsta's paradise. What
else can I say you know.

FRED
Word.

JOHN
So what's your plan, just find where
he lives and shoot him?

John imitates a gun.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Bang!

FRED
No. This kid has more security than
the president... you might think I'm
crazy, just hear me out first...

John puts down the cheetos.
JOHN
Ok, I'm listening.

FRED
I go back in time, and kill him as a baby, then he will never become famous and so music will be saved... and my hangovers.

JOHN
Ok, hmmm I'm seeing a slight flaw in your plan.

FRED
You don't think I have the balls to kill him do you?

JOHN
No, it's not that, more the "going back in time" part.

FRED
It's simple, I just need a time machine... your smart, you can build one.

John beholds his empty basement.

JOHN
With what exactly? Do you even know what's required to make time travel possible?

FRED
A flux capacitor?

JOHN
Maybe in Hollywood.

John stands up and starts to pace the room, only to be short of breath. He bends over holding his sides.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Quick... more cheetos.

Fred wheels himself over to John's computer, grabs the cheetos and tosses the bag... it lands a few feet from John.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Really!

John sits on the floor, he finds a small stick within reaching distance and uses it to bring the bag closer.

FRED
You have a Twilight screensaver?
JOHN
Yeah dude, you know it's like my favorite movie except for Dakota Fanning, she really ruins it for me.

FRED
Why do you always hate Dakota Fanning?

JOHN
She's just got that thing with her face and stuff.

FRED
Right! The whole face thing, with the eyes, nose and stuff.

JOHN
Anyways we need a traversable wormhole.

FRED
Ok.

Fred looks at the computer.

JOHN
You don't say "ok" as if it's something you pick up in Walmart... A workable wormhole would allow a spacecraft to take a cosmic bypass, riding a subliminal warp drive through the wormhole shortcut so that distances through space are radically altered while maintaining spacetime stability for passengers.

FRED
Found one.

What?

FRED
Found a wormhole on Craigslist.

John pushes himself off the floor, marches over and glances over Fred's shoulder.

FRED (CONT'D)
Apparently the guy is within ten miles too. What's the chances. Let's check it out.

JOHN
Really! A wormhole on Craigslist.
FRED
Don't be so pessimistic. Here have some Cheetos.

Fred hands him the bag.

JOHN
People sell anything on Craigslist.

Fred taps the keyboard.

FRED
Oh, I also found your mom.

John turns red with anger, shouts upstairs.

JOHN
MOM!

INT. BASEMENT - JOHN MASTEN'S HOUSE - LATER

Fred and John stare at a length of cardboard tacked to the wall.

JOHN
Well, this is your wormhole... it's a piece a cardboard with black squiggly lines, well worth two hundred bucks.

FRED
He told me it was real, people don't lie on the internet.

John glimpses at Fred with one raised eyebrow.

JOHN
So... go through it.

FRED
Give me a minute. We have to set the time.

Fred types on the computer.

FRED (CONT'D)
First let's find out when he was born.

JOHN
You're not gonna kill him as a baby are you?
FRED
Killing him as a baby is gonna be a lot easier than killing him as child... that would be sick... in fact it would be like taking candy from a baby.

JOHN
How come?

Fred shrugs.

FRED
Just sounds good.

Fred looks at the computer screen, then at John.

FRED (CONT'D)
It says he's Canadian.

JOHN
Well that answers everything.

Why?

John takes over the keyboard.

JOHN
Look, I'll type in "Crap Canadian singers."

Fred's eyes light up as he scans the computer screen.

FRED
Jesus, there's hundreds of them. Celine Dion, Bryan Adams, Nickelback --

JOHN
-- Avril Lavigne... the list is endless... Can you kill them all?

FRED
One at a time my good friend, one at a time... now get the crucial time setting device. I need March 1st 1994.

John shuffles through a bunch of Disney calendars until he comes to 1994.

JOHN
Got it... here you go buddy.

Fred grabs the calendar, takes a few steps back and runs towards the "wormhole".
He closes his eyes and as he's just about to jump through...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Wait.

Fred stops.

FRED

What is it?

JOHN

Just a question. You have the date?

FRED

Yes, the calendar you handed me.

JOHN

Assuming this works, what about location?

FRED

What do you mean?

JOHN

Well... how do you know it will send you to Justin Bieber's house out of all the places in the world?

FRED

You're right, I need a map of Canada... particularly Justin Bieber's house.

John grabs the office chair and pulls himself up to his computer, he starts to type.

JOHN

On it... and done.

The printer kicks on and out prints a detailed version of Justin's house location. Fred grabs it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now provided this piece of cardboard with squiggly black lines is in fact a traversable wormhole, it should be able to identify the detailed Disney calendar and Justin Bieber's house location from what you have in your hand.

FRED

Right.

John picks up the open bag of cheetos.
JOHN
Just checking. Well good luck bro.

Fred takes a few steps back, breathes heavy and runs towards the wormhole. John squints his eyes, as Fred leaps head first into the cardboard... he disappears.

John chokes on a cheeto.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

SUPER : 1994 JUSTIN BIEBER'S HOUSE

EXT. BIEBER'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

It looks like crack town, houses with windows smashed in, graffiti over the front doors.

Fred checks the address, a mailbox "Bieber" is written on the side. He rubs his hands together, feels the cold.

FRED
Canada is freaking freezing, who the hell would live here.

A CRACKHEAD, mid forties, approaches Fred, he places his hands out, begging. Fred hands him the cardboard "wormhole".

FRED (CONT'D)
Look after this for a second.

He creeps to the door of a rundown shack, music BLARES out from the living room.

FRED (CONT'D)
A bit of R and B... nice.

Fred crawls towards the broken window and slowly peers in. Inside, a BABY lies in a cot, the PARENTS passed out next to him with needles sprawled on the floor.

FRED (CONT'D)
Now's my chance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - BIEBER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fred opens the window and climbs in, picks the baby up and tiptoes out of the house.

EXT. BIEBER'S NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

He holds the baby and stares directly into his eyes, the baby gives a soft smile.
FRED
It's for the music industry, I hope
you understand.

The baby starts to cry.

FRED (CONT'D)
Oh no... please don't cry.

He takes off with the baby, until he comes to a --

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER

A CROWD OF PEOPLE watch Fred as he carries the baby through
the station, they whisper. Fred gets uncomfortable and sweats
profusely.

FRED
(to himself)
What to do? What to do?

He notices A YOUNG COUPLE, mid thirties, with a BABY, waiting
to board a train.

FRED (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I got it. If I switch the babies,
then Justin will never grow up in
his house and he will never get
discovered and viola!... music is
saved.

Fred waits for the moment, a HUGE CROWD makes their way to
the platform as a train approaches. The couple gets bumped
around, he quickly exchanges babies, blanket and all, then
runs through the crowd.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
Boarding train to Georgia USA.

INT. LIVING ROOM - BIEBER'S HOUSE - LATER

Fred lowers the other baby into the cot, as the parents begin
to wake. He jumps out the window, notices the cardboard
"wormhole" on the grass. He picks it up.

FRED
Well, if I turn it around and jump
through the other side it should
take me back home me thinks.

He jumps through and lands in --

BACK TO PRESENT
INT. BASEMENT - JOHN MASTEN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Fred is face down on the floor.

JOHN
You ok buddy?

Another valiant attempt at a "thumbs up" from Fred. John picks him up.

FRED
Did it work?

JOHN
Well let's see.

John sits on the chair, rolls over to the computer and types.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Apparently Justin Bieber is alive and well and making shitty music.

FRED
God Dammit! What did I do wrong?
Nothing changed at all.

JOHN
Actually one thing... I now have a Crackhead living in my basement.

They glance over as the Crackhead freaks out, shaken. He doesn't know how he got there. The boys point and laugh like high school bullies.

FRED
Funny as it maybe, it still doesn't make sense.

JOHN
Let's go get some beers.

The boys leave to go upstairs. The Crackhead curiously makes his way to the computer and starts to hit buttons at random.

ON THE COMPUTER

An ANCHORMAN starts talking, in the background a photo of Justin Bieber and Dakota Fanning.

ANCHORMAN
Now here's a similar story of two famous people, born within a few weeks of each other.

(MORE)
ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
As babies they were both taken right out of their cots, away from their blood parents and placed into someone else's care. Justin's parents even claimed "they cleaned up their act as it was a gift from God" stating "they never wanted a girl and that's what led them to Heroin." Dakota thanks her adoptive parents for supporting her and claims "she would never have gone into acting if it wasn't for them"... sometimes you just don't know what fate will throw at you.

The screen goes black as the crackhead hits another button with wonder and with his toothless grin we...

FADE OUT: