

*Die Bieber Die*

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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, confident, 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.

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 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.

JOHN

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.

FRED  
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: