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Odd Thomas

By Stephen Sommers

ODD THOMAS:

WELCOME TO PICO MUNDO

My name is Odd Thomas.

Though in this age when fame is the altar at which most people worship.

I'm not sure why you should care.

I'm not a celebrity.

I'm not the child of a celebrity.

I've never been married to,

abused by,

or provided a kidney to a celebrity.

Green Moon Bowling

But I do lead an unusual life.

Penny Kalisto.

My name really is Odd.

According to my mother, it was a screw-up on my birth certificate.

She says I was supposed to be called Todd, after a Lithuanian uncle.

My father insists my name was always Odd...

and he notes that all of my uncles are Bulgarian.

My father claims

my mother is insane.

My mother, of course,

begs to differ.

My abilities are a gift from God!

My father won that argument.

I was 12 years old when they finally locked her up and threw away the key.

I've come to believe that my mother and I share certain...

abilities.

Since I don't want to be locked up with the key thrown away...

I've pretty much kept mine a secret.

Odd Thomas.

Hello, Harlo.

Long time, no see.

Whoa! Whoa! Hey, hey.

Come on, man. No touchy, no feely.

- Sorry, but I love this car.

- I know.
It's too bad a car
can't love you back.
What's wrong, Odd?
There anything I can do?
No, it's something
you've already done.
Hey! Hey! Come on- oh, Odd.
No fooling around, man.
- Give me my keys.
- Her blood is in your pocket.
Most people would think
that's a weird thing to say...
but you don't think
it's very weird, do you, Harlo?
On that night...
you took a piece of white felt...
and after killing Penny...
you collected some of her blood.
And now it's dry...
and stiff and
brittle like a cracker...
and it's still in your pocket.
In moments like these,
pity tears at me.
And a kind of madness
comes over me...
forcing me to hunt people
like Harlo Landerson...
who I have no pity for whatsoever.
Sorry, Mrs. Curtees!
Sorry, Saleen!
What the hell are you doing?
Mom, what's going on?
Stevie, run honey, run!
Come here!
My life is filled with guys
like Harlo Landerson.
And since I like my face
just the way it is...
I learned how to handle myself.
I may see dead people, but then,
by God, I do something about it.
Hey. Hey!

Shift down, man! Go easy.
I'm sorry, sir,
but I don't have a "go easy" gear.
You should probably get that looked at.
Now, Officer Eckles...
does being a police officer
give you the right to beat
the shit out of people?
Not at all, Officer Varner.
But it is one of
the perks of the job.
I believe in a higher power
and the afterlife.
Call me strange.
Others do.
He's so strange.
Don't worry, Penny.
I think where you're going
is a home for the spirit...
and it's filled with
kindness and wonder.
I'm sorry, Penny.
I'm sorry your life was so short.
The dead don't talk.
I don't know why.
Here we are again.
Busted furniture and
shattered glass everywhere.
Most of it was not my fault.
Except the panda bear lamp
and the Biffy the Clown mirror.
- That was this guy.
- Why didn't you come to me first..
give me a chance to find a way
to get Harlo to entrap himself?
Whenever we do it that way,
it's always more efficient
and less destructive.
Yes, I know but he had
to be stopped right now...
or he was gonna do it again soon.
That's what Penny wanted to tell me.
That's why she hadn't left yet.
Son, you so complicate my life.

Look.
Besides her blood...
Harlo had these photos of Penny
post-mortem in his wallet.
If there's any fuss about
how you pegged Harlo...
just say he opened up
his wallet to pay off a bet.
Five bucks on
yesterday's Dodger's game...
the photos fell out,
you saw em-
He ran and naturally,
I gave chase.
Naturally.
Save me!
Save us!
- Save
- Us!
- Save..
- Us!
Save you from who?
Who is that?
Who is it?
Evil is coming.
And it's up to me to figure out
who's gonna be holding the gun.
Morning, Elvis.
Pico Mundo Grill

CLOSED:

So much of my life
is out of my controI.
I would have gone 7 kinds of
crazy if I hadn't simplified.
So I have no motorized vehicles,
no homeownership...
no insurance,
and no grand ambitions.
Ladies.
Eggs! Wreck em and stretch em!
"Wreck em" means scrambled,
and "stretch em" means...
add an extra egg.

Cardiac shingles and hash browns!

"Cardiac shingles"

are toast with lots of butter.

And hash browns...

are just hash browns.

Not every word

we use is diner lingo.

Just as not every short-order cook

is an undercover detective

for dead people.

Duck.

That is Stormy Lewellyn.

Stormy and I are destined

to be together forever.

GYPSY MUMMY ALL SEEING EYE

You are destined

to be together forever.

Hey, Chief.

Tummy Tickler coming at ya.

You know, I'm still not happy

about what you did yesterday, Oddie.

You could have

gotten yourself killed.

I am not afraid of death.

Of course, I'm not ready to go

on a date with him, either.

Would you throw yourself

off a cliff for me?

Of course I would.

Into a river of razor blades

and lemon juice?

Absolutely.

Of course, I'd like to know

the reasoning behind such a request..

but, fortunately for me...

you reek of intelligence

and integrity.

And you reek of peach shampoo.

Just the way I like you.

- Chief.

- Morning, Stormy.

What's with

the cat-ate-the-canary smile?

Tonight is date night.

So you think you're
gonna get yourself some, huh?

- I wouldn't put it quite that way.

- Stormy Special.

- Girlfriend.

- Morning, dude.

I call them bodachs.

Well, not to their faces, I hope.

I never met anybody
that could see em before.

- Neither have I.

- Everyone told me it's in my head.

Well, you should stop
telling everyone.

I tried telling my parents.

If I told my parents,
I'd ve spent my whole life...
picking winning lottery numbers.

You can pick winning lotto numbers?

- No, I can't. Stay on point.

- Right. Yeah.

Yesterday, when I finally saw one...
I gave him the finger, Homes.

Don't you know?

If they find out you can see them,
they will kill you.

They will kill you.

- Little advice?

- Yeah?

Karla prefers chocolate to flowers
and you should get
yourself some candles.

Candles?

Thanks. Good idea.

Whew, close.

That would have been
a little awkward.

You two are really something.

I don't know what, but something.

We're weird and screwed up
but we're okay.

I don't know.

You are...
so cool.

So, you deny me my weirdness,
but agree that I'm screwed up?
You're right.
I see your problem.
Weirdness, it can be fun.
It can be kind of cool.
Screwed-up-ness, not so much.
You are quite weird.
- Apology accepted.
- I gotta go. Be good, you two.
It's not me you have to worry about.
Don't I know it.
I gotta go to work, too, Oddie.
- Okay.
- Later, my love.
Stormy!
Miss you already.
- Living up to his name.
- Every damn day.
Later.
Months often pass
when I don't see a single bodach.
When they do show up...
it's a sure sign that carnage
and bloodshed are not far behind.
Morning.
They don't cause it.
They feed on it.
The more bodachs that show up,
the bigger the eventual feast.
They're attracted to evil
like bees to flowers.
They know when death is coming
and want to watch.
They don't show up
for any ordinary death.
They want extreme,
operatic violence and terror.
Penny Kalisto's death
wasn't horrific enough...
to bring a single bodach
into our world.
This town is in serious trouble.
- Bye, Oddie.

- See you, ladies.
Nicolina! Levanna!
Odd, am I really sucking
at this whole "mother" thing?
Well, considering their
last one was a junkie...
who left them in your lap
when you were barely 18...
I think you rather rock, Vi.
See you later.
I'm heading this way, too.
Gonna go see Madame Pearl,
get myself read.
Personally,
I don't believe people who say...
they can read minds or palms
and, trust me, tea leaves...
just cloggage
in the garbage disposal.
It's just I had this dream
last night you would not believe.
Well, anything short of
a 9-alarm massacre, I can top.
I'd never seen myself face-on
in a dream before.
You saw your own face?
Me and this guy, we were
both lying dead all busted up...
like we'd been shot
to pieces or something.
You know, I wouldn't worry
about it, Vi.
I mean, have any of
your dreams ever come true?
No.
I know most people think
you're just quirky or weird, Odd...
except Stormy who thinks
angels fly out of your butt.
But I know there's more to it.
You have a secret.
You're either a clairvoyant...
a psychic, a seer,
a soothsayer, or something.

Or you got yourself some juice
with a higher power.
And I need to know.
Tell me the truth now, Odd.
Do you see death in me?
No. No, all I see
is my own insensitivity...
and a long,
happy life for you, okay?
Hey, Vi, the the dead guy
in your dream, what was he wearing?
Wearing? I don't know.
Oh! Wait. Yeah...
a red and black shirt with
black bowling balls on it.
One of my stranger abilities is
that when I need to find someone...
like right now, the creepy
guy in the diner,
I can randomly wander around, and
pretty quickly, I'll run into him.
This is a talent for
which I have no name.
Stormy calls it psychic magnetism.

TIRE WORLD:

Super Summer Sale
That's Tom Jedd.
He was my little league coach.
Been hanging around Tire World for
years, although I don't know why.
His death was not caused
by a defective tire.
Such a beautiful girl-
There is something about
a dead man trying to get a laugh...
that just bugs me.
Perhaps because it suggests
that even in death...
we still have a pathetic
need to be liked.
As well as the ever-present
ability to humiliate ourselves.
Where are you?

Where are you?

MANAGER Stormy

When I finally have my own shop,
no stupid uniforms.

I think you look adorable.

Adorable? Really?

Puppies are adorable.

Why are you here so early?

You missing me?

Always.

But I'm here looking for a guy.

A creepy guy.

Well, with you,
there can be no other kind.

My psychic magnetism
brought me here.

- That guy?

- That guy.

You are better than a bloodhound.

What is that thing on his head?

Hair.

It looks like a yellow yarmulke.

No, it's hair.

Any of those bodachs with him?

More than I've ever seen before.

You're not shivering

'cause of cold ice cream, are you?

I'm gonna see what this guy's up to.

- Stormy, wait, wait.

- You, sit.

You think those fish
are up to something?

All fish do are eat, excrete,
and fornicate all in the same water.

Fish are disgusting.

Oh, I never thought so till now.

Your creepy friend is buying
two gallons of the summer special.

Are the flavors significant?

That's your department.

I'm just reporting in.

Cherry chocolate coconut chunk?

Coconut cherry chocolate chunk.

I didn't realize the grammar was

so rigid in the ice-cream business.
Well, now you know.
This is bad for business.
Why? No one can see em but me.
Well, how could a bunch
of slithering, evil spirits...
and guy who look like
fungus be good for business?
Fungus Man scares me.
Can't you forget him?
I have a gift.
It wouldn't have been given to me
if I wasn't supposed to use it.
- Maybe it's not a gift.
- It's a gift.
I still got the box it came in.
Here. Take my keys.
And please show up
for dinner alive...
because, remember,
I can't see the dead.
If someone is going
to cause extreme violence...
especially on a massive scale,
which this is starting to look like...
bodachs will not leave him until the
last ounce of blood has been spilled.
But they lost interest
in Fungus Man.
Winstons, Camels, and Marlboros.
Fungus Man has friends.
Oh, now would be
a good time to run.
Bodachs.
- Hey.
- Loop me in, odd one.
I think I just achieved a personal
best in the "jump and gasp" event.
Don't be such a scaredy-cat.
I found a gateway to hell.
I'm walking back to it right now.
Most people would have
the good sense to run away from it.
- Well, I'm not like most people.

- Not in the least.
It's gone now.
Or hidden.
So, is Fungus Bob a man or
something new in the neighborhood?
I don't know.
This place looks like
some kind of shrine.
UNABOMBER...
Theodore Kaczynski Arrested and...
Bundy Claims...
Police Believe The Number To Be...
Cannibal Killer
DECAPITATED UNABOMBER
Shrine of guys that like to
make belts out of women's nipples.
What?
Who is this guy?
His real name is Robert Robertson.
Well, hello Fungus Bob.
Did you check the refrigerator
for any severed heads?
No, I didn't open his refrigerator.
Where else would you expect
to find severed heads?
I wasn't looking for any.
Stormy, Stormy, someone's here.
I got to go.
We don't know
what this guy's planning to do yet.
You know what? Let me ask him
to wait outside until I'm finished.
I can feel that.
Wait a minute.
What's today's date?
August 14th.
The page to August 15th
is torn out of his calendar.
That's tomorrow.
What happens tomorrow?
- Hold on. Hold on.
- Get out of there, Oddie.
Maybe he has a file on himself,
you know?

Unsolved murders and atrocities.

Chief and I could figure
out a way to entrap him.

So, what's in it?

Is he a mass murderer?

No.

But I think he wants to be.

Hey, Bob!

Robert, where the hell are you?

I want my gun back!

Oh, shit. Damn dogs.

Shut up, you hear me?

Shut up you damn dogs!

One of these days, bang!

You hear me?

Wyatt is out back here burning
some perfectly good steaks.

Thanks, Karla.

Chief.

Odd, I hope you haven't come
here to dampen my evening.

I share your hope, sir.

Been communing with the dead?

It's not about who's dead, sir.

It's about who soon might be.

We call him Fungus Bob.

Yeah, I saw him enter the grill, but
he didn't strike me as suspicious.

Just unfortunate.

Oh, you don't have the advantage
of seeing his fan club, sir.

I guarantee you hell on earth
is coming to Pico Mundo.

You know sometimes you expect me
to walk a dangerously narrow line.

That's just because I've got such
great respect for your balance, sir.

Son that sounds perilously close
to being bullshit.

There's a little bit of
bullshit in it. A little.

But it's mostly sincere.

Odd this is one of

our newer officers...

- Bern Eckles.
- Oh, hi. We met yesterday.
Good collar, that Harlo character.
I can't believe
I once dated that perv.
And of course you know Lysette.
Bern, I want you
to do a little DMV check on..
this guy Odd was telling me about.
I think Officer Eckles
is a little worried
I might try to hook up with you.
Karla and the chief
are trying to set us up...
him being new to the force and all.
It's like cleaning fluid
with sugar in it.
Which reminds me, how's your dad?
He's selling pieces of the moon
online, vacation home sites.
Is that legal?
He certainly doesn't guarantee
the quality of the air.
And how's it going with Bronwen?
She prefers "Stormy. "
Who wouldn't?
Did you used to play piano?
I did, yeah, for years.
How'd you know that?
'Cause you have really
beautiful hands.
I bet you play like a dream.
You know Odd, you're a strange one.
Yeah, I can't disagree with that.
Bit of an oddball.
That was my nickname
all through high school.
But you do have your charms.
That's what Stormy says.
Personally,
I find it rather dubious.
You know, if you ever decide
to give cooking lessons...
you should give me a call.

I bet you really know
how to whisk.
Sure, yeah,
with scrambled eggs and stuff.
But, pancakes, you really,
you got to fold em.
But, mostly,
I just fry, fry, fry, you know?
Hey, Odd. We got to talk.
Robertson moved here
five months ago.
Before that,
he was living with his mother.
Inherited a shitload
when she died last year.
Clean record, though.
Not even a speeding ticket.
How'd his mother die?
Officer Eckles is checking on
that right now.
But otherwise,
I got squat on your Fungus Bob.
I can't hold him.
All right, well, you do agree that
he's strange and suspicious, right?
If strange and suspicious were
enough to put someone in jail...
you'd already be there.
You're gonna watch him right?
Only because you're never wrong,
I'll put on a tail on him
and watch his house.
You go and have
your dinner with Stormy.
She's the one.
You are one smooth operator, Odd.
She must love to hear you say that.
I love to hear me say it.
You better not be hauling
any dead guys on my scooter.
- Dead don't ride scooters.
- Just saying.
I'd have to scrub
the seat for hours.

Destroying the pleather.
I see you left your hormone
spigot running, griddle boy.
Crank it shut.
This is a church.
I know it's a church.
I have a brain, you know.
You know why I call you Pooh Bear?
Because I'm so cuddly.
Because his head is full of stuffin'
Now listen to me, odd one.
I don't want you going back
to that creepy room again.
It doesn't exist anymore.
Well, don't go looking for
it hoping it'll come back.
- Never crossed my mind.
- Yes, it did.
- Yes, it did.
- It is a gate to the underworld...
and you are forbidden by me
to ever play in it again.
It's hard enough living with a guy who
helps dead people without having to
trek all the way down to hell
to pull his ass out of the fire.
Since when are we living together?
We will be.
Oh, I guess I didn't think
"Let's put a pin in it" meant "Yes. "
You have to learn to listen
with more than just your ears.
Stormy, what body part am
I supposed to listen with?
Right. My heart.
I'm supposed to listen with my heart.
Listen with my heart.
I will do something big
to improve our financial situation.
- Your idea about selling car tires?
- Bigger.
And what, from your perspective,
is bigger than tires?
- Shoes.

- Shoes?

Yeah, think about it.

A family of 5 might have 2 cars
but they have 10 feet.

Not only that, but they need
different kinds of shoes.

Dress shoes, winkle pickers,
high-tops, low-tops, running shoes-

But not you. You have
5 pairs of the same sneakers.

- Like I said

- You're not like most people.

Not in the least.

Do you want crackers
with your cheese?

We have a problem.

Crackers aren't a problem,
just a choice.

- Come on.

- What?

- Come on! It's Fungus Bob!

- What!

He followed me. I don't know how.

Shit! Come on! Come on!

- It's him? You're sure?

- Sure, I'm sure!

You don't think the two of us
could kick his ass?

Not this guy.

- Come on!

- The sacristy!

The back door.

Come on. Come on.

Wait! Wait. Come here.

We're heading towards danger,
not away from it. I can feel it.

It's like he's everywhere.

He's in front of us. He's behind us.

Come on.

Let's go back the way we came.

- Let's call the cops.

- No time.

I have a better plan.

You stay here.

I'm gonna run over there
and open the door.
If he doesn't lunge through,
you run that way.
If, however, he does lunge through,
you run this way and
I'll try to follow you.
Some plan, odd one.
It's the best I've got.
Full of stuffin'.
Does that mean "Get on with it"
or "Up yours"?
Unbelievable.
Right.
Come on! Come on!
Chief, it's Stormy.
I'm sorry to drop in on date night,
but here's Odd.
Sir, if you send a car real
quick to St. Bart's...
you may be able to catch
Robertson trashing the sacristy...
or even the whole church.
What was he doing
vandalizing St. Bart's?
He was trying to catch me
and Stormy in the belfry.
What were you and Stormy
doing in the belfry?
Well, we were having a picnic, sir.
I'm sure that makes sense to you.
My guy at Robertsons house said
he still hasn't been home yet.
Yeah, because apparently
Bob's been too busy following me.
Oh, one second.
- Where are you going?
- To get some food.
How can you think
of dinner right now?
Because I'm hungry.
Look, Odd.
Vandalism, big deal.
I thought you said this guy

was gonna bring on the apocalypse.

Yes, sir, on August 15th,
which is less than 3 hours away.

Trust me, that is the day that
Pico Mundo will never forget.

Lyle!

Oh. Hi, Odd. Hi Stormy.

- Hi, Ozzie.

- Hey, Oz.

Odd.

- I'll be right back.

- Lyle, you know that

I know guys who know guys, right?

Right. - Right.

So if you guys don't stop
messing up my takeout orders..

you're the one that's gonna
get taken out. Get it?

- Got it.

- Good.

Oz, Oz, watch your blood pressure.

My blood- Hey, Odd...

my blood has got

cholesterol molecules

the size of marshmallows in it...

and if it wasn't for a little

righteous outrage every now and again

my arteries would

completely collapse.

I finished that

trinket you asked for.

Perfect.

Wow, Oz, what exactly is this?

It's a steel heart 6 inches

in diameter, like you said.

No, I said...

"A piece of steel 6 inches

in diameter to go over a heart. "

Well, man,

I embellished, you know?

I get in the moment.

I mean, why would Stormy

wanna wear that?

It's not for Stormy.

I keep having this image of a...

a bullet going through a heart.

It's perfect. Thank you.

Hey, Chief.

- This place is trashed.

- Yeah, it was Bob Robertson, sir.

I'm sure you're right.

You always are.

But he was long gone.

Didn't leave a single print.

Even the chalices were spotless.

Weird, huh?

I'll give my psychic magnetism a try

to see if I can find him again.

Take Stormy home first.

- Like hell he will!

- I heard that.

He heard that.

Chief, you know

I love Oddie desperately...

so madly I would cut off my hand if

that made any sense as proof of love.

And now I find out

there's a guy trying to kill him.

No one was trying

to kill me, Stormy.

What, you think

he was hitting on you?

You know, this is the craziest

conversation I've ever had.

Odd you're a fountain

of crazy conversations.

A geyser.

Time feels like

a powerful black wave...

that wishes to crash down

and engulf us.

I must run faster.

BOWLING:

Why did I drive here?

Green Moon BOWLING

Oh, my God.

Oddie, your nightmare...

the slaughter of the bowling alley
people, is it happening here tonight?

- Now?

- No.

No, no, I checked this place.

The employees here wear green
and gold shirts.

- So?

- So, in my dreams,
the victims wear red-and-black shirts
with little black bowling balls on em.

And I don't see

Fungus Bob's car anywhere.

You think the slaughter of
the bowling alley people
and Fungus Bob are connected?

Yeah.

Yeah, yeah, I know they are.

GREEN MOON BOWLING

They got new uniforms.

Don't you dare.

Oh, Wyatt.

You said that whatever was gonna
happen wouldn't happen until tomorrow.

- Yes, sir, but you see-

- I still got an hour.

I know, sir.

I just want to keep you up to date.

I think there's a good chance that

Bob Robertson might

come to Green Moon Alley...

to do a little more

than just hook some balls.

Maybe you wanna send a guy out here

to, you know, keep an eye out?

Any of those bodarch things around?

Bodachs. No, sir,

but they will show up when he does.

Yeah-yeah. All right.

I'll send a guy right over.

Something doesn't feel right.

Something's wrong.

Are you nuts?

Everything's wrong.

There's going to be a massacre...
and I'll bet you
it's going to happen here.
No, all we know is it's
the same uniforms,
so it's the same
group of people getting killed.
But tomorrow,
any of them could be anywhere.
God, I'm missing something.
I'm missing a piece of the puzzle.
I need to see Viola.
Evening!
- Odd Thomas, right?
- Yeah.
Miss Lewellyn.
The chief sent me.
So you know this guy, right?
I've seen him a couple times today
but no, I don't know him.
Yeah, chief says,
If you see him reach for his pocket
he's probably not going
for a breath mint.
- Wise words from a wise man.
- Yeah.
So what exactly makes this guy
so suspicious and dangerous?
He came into the grill
for lunch today.
That's it? You served him lunch?
- He was weird.
- How weird?
He had weird friends.
- He has friends?
- Weird ones.
How weird?
Very weird.
And a couple hours ago,
he got very aggressive with me.
Wait. A couple hours ago,
this guy, Bob Robertson
got aggressive with you?
Look, the creep made a pass at me

and Odd told him to back off...

and the creep got,

you know, creepy.

Creepy.

Hey, Simon, I've been dying

to know what this tattoo means.

- Do you mind?

- POD

Well, Stormy...

when I was a teenager,

I was a mess.

If it wasn't for the police

academy and the good Lord

Let's just say this tattoo

is a crude obscenity...

that I'd rather not

say the meaning of.

Well, what a gentleman you are.

Nighty-night, Simon.

Night.

You manipulate me like that?

Good heavens odd one,

I manipulate you every day.

- You do?

- Yes.

Gently, of course, and with great

affection and you always like it.

Oh, I do?

You are so adorable.

- I'm not adorable.

- Oh, please.

Puppies, puppies,

little puppies, are adorable.

You and puppies,

totally adorable.

I had a feeling

I'd see you tonight.

- It's about my dream, isn't it?

- You said you were shot.

My skull was all whacked,

my eyeball swollen.

You know dreams have nothing

to do with the real future, Vi.

We've already been over that

territory, but here you are.
Where are you in your dream?
No place.
A dream place. Fuzzy.
Are you planning on going bowling?
Bowling? Did you hit your head?
What are your plans tomorrow?
Levanna's birthday is Sunday,
but tips are real good on a Sunday
so I was gonna work it and celebrate
her birthday tomorrow instead.
A lot of people died in that
dream of yours, huh Odd?
Yeah, they did.
Your dreams ever come true?
Sometimes.
I thought so.
Close your eyes, Vi.
In your dream what do you see?
- What do you hear?
- All right.
I'm running.
There's suddenly lots of
flashing lights with...
old-fashioned kiddie music.
And then I hear a big crowd,
a roaring one.
Like in a big football stadium.
And then there's the sound
of water, gushing water.
How do you die?
It's like someone hit me with
a baseball bat, quick, like twice.
I scream and
fall to my hands and knees.
My hands slip, slippery.
What are you slipping on?
Oh, God. Blood.
There's blood everywhere.
What's under the blood,
under your hands?
A floor, grass, concrete?
I'm staring at the dead man.
Do you know him?

Do you recognize him?

Oh, dear Lord, Odd.

So many dead bodies.

Odd, you have to stop
this from happening.

Oh, Odd, is there any hope
this could pass?

If you listen to Oddie,
you'll be just fine.

No.

Fate is not a straight road.
There are many forks in it.
You have the free will to choose
which one you take, but...
sometimes it will bend around...
and bring you straight back
to that same stubborn fate.
I just wanna check on the girls.
They're so beautiful, Viola.
And they're such good girls.
They're lucky to have you.
That's what everyone says.
Odd?

- Anything wrong?

- No.

No, no, no. I just wanted
to make sure the girls were safe.
And with the bars on the windows
I taught them how to work
the emergency release myself.
Well, looks like everything's
a- okay in here.

Step one, do not stay here.

I'll go to my grandma's.

Don't tell your grandma
you're coming.

Don't tell the girls
where you're going.

I don't want you overheard.

- By who?

- By anyone.

Or anything. Just go with it.

Step two is don't go bowling if
for some reason you get the itch.

I can't believe we're leaving
those horrid things...
hovering around those sweet girls.
They won't hurt em.
They just want to smell em
before they die.
God.
Look, Stormy, there's nothing
I can do about bodachs, okay?
And right now
I wouldn't even if I could.
I need em to help me see the danger
coming so I can maybe prevent it.
And when they eventually find out
that you can see them?
Oddie, will you ever leave here?
Well, I sure hope I don't end up like
Tom Jedd hanging out at Tire World.
I meant while you're alive.
Hey. Hey, Stormy.
Hey, hey. Look, look.
Look, Stormy,
if you want us to go, I'll go.
It's not that. It's-
I am just so scared for you, Oddie.
So scared, ever since
I saw that creep Fungus Bob.
I'm sorry. I just-
I love you so much.
My Pooh Bear.
I promise you on
the other side of tomorrow...
I will have all my stuffing intact.
That must be for you.
Oh, God!
I heard the scream.
She ran across my yard.
I saw the dogs following her.
I grabbed my gun.
I shot the dogs.
It's on.
All right. Here's what we know.
Lysette left my barbecue with
Officer Eckles at around 7:45.

He dropped her off at home

clocked in at 8:

and was manning the front
desk when he got the call.
So somewhere

between 8:

Lysette was whacked in the eye
and then tied up
and gagged and hauled
all the way the hell out here
and had two Rottweilers
sicked on her.
Hey, Chief. What's with
the guy who shot the dogs?
His name's Kevin Goss.
He was teaching a class

from 6:

then he went to Starbucks
till they closed at midnight.
He got home about
two minutes too late.
Sir? I've actually seen
those Rottweilers before.
They belong to Bob Robertson.
All right!
I want an A. P. B.
put out on this guy now!
- Find him!
- Yes, sir.
Simon, I want you to go back
over to Robertson's house.
I'll have a search
warrant in the morning
as soon as the courthouse opens.
Sir, no offense, but I wasted most
of the day staking out that house.
Then I went to the bowling alley
and stayed there until they closed.
Nothing happened.
Nobody showed.
It was a complete waste of my time.

Sir, are we sure this Robertson character isn't just a wild goose chase? Exactly where were you between

the hours of 8:

- He was with me the whole time.
- Just ease up.

Now go check the house again and ask around about the dogs.

Yes, sir.

You two.

Home.

Go, now!

I think you should wear this.

Try not to laugh.

Oddie, you are not responsible for every death you can't prevent. She died.

And if Fungus Bob was her killer, I was either slow or stupid.

Choose your weapon.

Why would Fungus Bob kill Lysette?

What's the connection?

It makes no sense.

It doesn't have to make sense.

It just has to satisfy some sick urge.

Maybe he's warming up.

I think the chief just sent some detectives to protect you.

I don't need protecting.

Actually I think it might just be surveillance.

Fungus Bob followed me to the church.

I bet the chief is hoping he'll sniff me out again.

If the chief is using you as bait...

he should at least ask if you mind having a hook in your ass.

Oh, man, I got to stay focused.

Good. You keep an eye on my girl.

August 15th had begun.

Time was running out.

Hey, Bob.

You're not planning
on getting up, are ya?
But if you're dead...
who's gonna massacre Pico Mundo?
Gun on the floor,
dead guy in my tub.
I know a setup when I see one.
But if I call the police,
the chief will have to arrest me...
and I won't be able to stop
the catastrophe from happening.
Oh, my God!
Oh, you are creeping me out.
You're freezing cold, Bob.
Your rigor mortis is way advanced.
You know...
the chief said
you didn't leave any fingerprints.
He didn't leave a single print.
And Stormy never actually saw you.
- Come on!
- What?
Because you were already dead.
And the whole time in the church,
you were actually
a pissed-off poltergeist.
I think the last time
I saw Fungus Bob alive...
was when he left his house
right before I broke into it.
He's been haunting me ever since,
blaming me for his death.
Why he blames me or who the hell
killed him is a little hazy.
If I'm caught,
I'll either be arrested for murder
or rolling what looks like
the biggest joint ever.
It's just me, Rosalia!
Damn it.
Oh, give me a break.
It's just me, again, Rosalia.
I'm gonna borrow
your car again, okay?

If I'm being framed,
why the police have failed
to arrive and arrest me...
or the murderer hasn't come
to kill me, I do not know.
All right, Bob, where can I put you
to quietly decompose for a while...
before someone finds you and has
a new love of Jesus scared into em?
Interesting story, Bob.
After the federal government
abandoned this prison...
it went through a long
series of owners.
Rumor has it that at Von Zipper's
Burgers the fries were delicious...
and the free-soft-drink-refill
policy was generously honored.
And yet, this fine
dining establishment...
never succeeded in winning
over the family-dining crowd...
which is so essential
to any restaurant operation.
Welcome to the gas chamber.
A lot of people died in here, Bob.
You should feeI right at home.
Stormy's always joking about running
off to Las Vegas and getting married.
But I tell her Vegas is packed
with dead people and bad guys...
and I'd just end up
fighting eviI 24-7.
I should have listened to her.
Too many.
Too many.
The chief.
I need the chief.
Dear Lord.
If that's you again, Odd,
we are going to have words!
Oh, my God.
No offense, Odd Thomas,
but I can't think of anybody...

who could come in here right now
and not get my back up.

- So you think he knew the shooter?

- Had to.

Which means it's probably
somebody I know, too.

- How bad is he?

- Bad.

- Well, he's a fighter.

- He better be.

- Hey, Bern.

- Ma'am.

INTENSIVE CARE UNI - Hey.

- Oh Oddie.

Keep those reporters out of here.

You, on that door.

- Sorry, no press inside.

- Comin through.

You saved his life, Oddie.

Where's this bullet?

That's the one they're
trying to dig out of him now.

Time is up.

Pico Mundo is awakening
to a horror that only I can stop.

Lysette and Fungus Bob are dead.

The chief is
in the emergency room.

There's hoards of bodachs
swarming all over town.

Whatever's coming is gonna be big.

I'm scared,

and I'm supposed to be fearless.

- Don't tell me to stay home today.

- Please stay home today.

- I will if you stay home with me.

- We've been through this.

I have to do
whatever I can to stop it.

Is Viola going to be shot dead?

You know I don't know
that for sure.

She's had it hard in life.

She doesn't need this.

Shot dead? Really?
Who does need it?
Oh, I don't know
why I try to reason with you.
I always lose.
You're a fabulous man of action,
odd one.
You don't need to be
a good debater, too.
Besides, you said yourself...
any road I choose could lead me
right back to the same fate.
So, which is it?
Do I have free will?
Am I in God's hands?
Or is it both?
Have I ever told you
you've got a lot of issues?
I'm a woman. We all have issues.
It's what keeps us interesting,
and you men interested.
Oh, yeah? It's what makes us
crazy and die younger.
Do you love me?
I love you more than life itself.
See? It's working.
Don't look back. Don't look back.
Give him strength.
Knock, knock.
I'm hoping Bob left
a clue on his computer.
Something to lead me
to his partner...
to the person who was
planning on killing 100s,
if not 1000s of people.
Hey.
Loop me in, odd one.
Where are you?
I'm walking towards the fridge.
Yours, mine, or Fungus Bob's?
Don't "uh-huh" me. I told you...
you are not allowed to go playing
around in any more hell gates.

Next!

Oh, God. Cockroaches.

Always cockroaches.

- Odd Thomas, did you hear me?

- Which part?

I can't believe

you went back there.

Every time you don't listen to me,
you get yourself into trouble.

- I wish I'd listened to you.

- You get out of there right now.

Right, right. Leaving. Leaving.

Never heard you make that
sound before. Is everything okay?

- Yeah.

- What are you looking at?

Fingers.

Please say they're attached
to someone's hand.

Sorry.

Get out of there, Oddie.

Someone has been buying
a lot of Burke and Bailey's.

Yeah? Well, you tell whoever's
buying it that our ice cream...
may be the best,

but it'll still melt in hell.

- I'm calling the police.

- No.

No. Wait.

I'll leave here first.

Then I'll call 'em.

Be careful.

Don't worry.

Hey, Bob.

I guess when I began to out you,
word somehow spread...
and you became a liability to
your partner and he had to kill you.
Sorry about that.

I find it funny how I know more
about dead people than dead people.

This is our realm, Bob.

You can't physically harm

a living person.
But there is that.
Your call cannot be
completed as dialed.
Gas.
I'm exhausted, I'm lost,
and somewhere along the way...
I missed an important clue
that could take me home.
The bullet through the heart.
It wasn't about the chief.
God.
Enough already, Bob. Please.
My three least favorite words.
Some..
assembly...
required.
Simon, I've been dying to know
what that tattoo means.
Let's just say this tattoo
is a crude obscenity.
It's Varner.
I once had a run-in with
some devil worshipers.
I should've known.
P- O-D. Prince Of Darkness.
No wonder Varner was suspicious
when I told him...
Fungus Bob had gotten aggressive
with me an hour earlier.
This guy Bob Robertson
got aggressive with you?
He had already killed Bob
5 or 6 hours before that.
And that police van
protecting Stormy?
That must've been Varner
waiting to follow me home...
to bust me
for Fungus Bob's murder.
Or shoot me while resisting arrest.
There were no bodachs around Varner.
But I can still feel myself
being drawn to him...

and to the place where
he's about to commit mass murder.

GREEN MOON MALL:

Coconut cherry chocolate chunk.
Oh, God, no.

POLICE:

Hey, Nell,
I see what the problem is.
Stormy.
You are eating and
reading at the same time.
How about I eat and you read?
No? Not so good? Okay, fine.
All right, Varner, where are you?

SECURITY:

Fungus Bob didn't just
have one kill buddy.
He had two.
One more, and they could buy group
health insurance or form a rock band.
Officer Eckles is checking
that right now.
I don't know what this
Odd Thomas character knows...
but I know that Robertson
is stupid and careless...
and he's gonna get us nailed
if we don't do something.
Relax.
Did Robertson ever find those
photos at the mall he misplaced?
I said, relax.
I'll take care of him.
Stalking someone at the mall, Bern?
Robertson, that idiot.
We got to make it
look like an accident.
Oh, it'll look like
an accident all right.
When I find Robertson,
I'm gonna kill him.

Already been there, done that.

Looks like their plan was to jump
out at the end of the mall disaster
like heroes responding to the call.

But I never saw any bodachs
around Eckles, either.

The presence of the bodachs
tipped me off to Fungus Bob...

but not to his two co-conspirators,
which now seems...

intentional.

As if the bodachs knew of my gift,
as if they know I can see them.

The bodachs have been
manipulating me.

I'm gonna finish you off,
old man.

Four.

Well, that's just jiffy.

This just so happens
to be my very favorite book.

The Wonderful Wizard Of Oz.

Officer Varner Prince of Darkness,
Officer Varner, Prince of Darkness.

Viola.

- Viola! What are you doing here?

- Odd! Geez!

- You scared the-

- What are you doing here?

We had to pick out

a birthday present for Levanna.

And Nicolina wanted to get
a card for her big sister.

Look, your dream, it's happening
right here, right now.

I thought in a big stadium or
at the water park or a bowling alley.

Ladies, I need you to take Viola
and get her out of here, okay?

Come on.

Come on, come on. Go on.

This made Dorothy so very angry...

that she picked up the bucket
of water that stood near...

and dashed it all over
the wicked witch.
And then the wicked witch said...
"I'm melting! I'm melting!"
There's suddenly lots
of flashing lights.
With old-fashioned kiddie music.
And then I hear a big crowd.
And then there's the sound of water,
gushing water.
Bye, Nell.
Bye, Stormy.
Excuse me. Excuse me. Sorry!
Move, move. Excuse me!
A gun! He's got a gun!
Stormy and I are destined
to be together forever.
Gypsy Mummy gave us a card that
said so, for a single quarter...
what other couples couldn't
buy at any price.
No!
Get out of the way! Get off!
Hi.
Odd!
Odd!
It's not over.
It's not over.
It's not over. It's not over.
Hey Chief. What's with
the guy who shot the dogs?
His names Kevin Goss.
One of these days, bang!
You hear me?
He's got a gun!
- Is this your truck?
- I need a drill!
Do you have a drill?
I need to get this open!
- Who the hell are you?
- I'm a cop. Now look!
You see that woman?
Some maniacs just shot up the mall!
So either get with me,

get behind me, or get out!
I got a grinder!
Oh, my God.
Everyone get the hell out of here!
Get the hell out!
Now!
Hey!
Shit!
You really set yourself up, asshole!
It's cold in the desert.
I could tell my stuffing
wasn't entirely intact.
He's awake. He's awake!
But it was nothing
they couldn't stitch back together.
Karla told me that the chief
had come through just fine...
and somehow managed
to spin Fungus Bob's corpse...
into a bizarre cover story
that kept my secret a secret.
An FBI expert
on television said that
if you hadn't gotten
those explosives out of there,
at least 500 or 600 people
would've died, for sure.
They told me events at the Green Moon
Mall had made headlines everywhere.
But I didn't want to read
or see anything about it.
According to Eckles...
he and Varner started a satanic
cult when they were teenagers.
One night, they killed a man
and realized they enjoyed it.
So they kept at it,
eventually joining
the police force for better cover.
They met Robertson and Goss
and came up with a plan...
to infiltrate a small town
and then slowly kill it.
Odd! Odd! Odd!

Detail, present arms.

ODD SAVES:

MARRY ME ODD!

ODD WORLD:

IN ODD WE TRUS When I'm with you,
I don't have to worry about
pancakes or poltergeists.

When I'm with you,

I'm with my destiny.

Where you live, I flourish.

We ate food that wasn't healthy.

We drank too much...

and slept too much...

but could never kiss enough.

Everything was just as I wished.

- Yeah?

- Odd, it's us. Open up.

- Hey, guys.

- We have been calling you, Oddie.

I know. You know,

I disconnected the phone...

because the reporters won't
leave me and Stormy alone.

- Son.

- Do you want some-

You've been here long enough.

We think it's time to stop.

Sweetheart, the coroner finally
released her poor body.

A part of me knew...

from the moment I saw her
behind the ice cream counter.

But the truth hurt

too much to accept.

Her death would have been
one wound too many that day.

And I think I would have
let go of this life.

She's here, isn't she?

You got to let her go.

She deserves to move
to her next life.

Son...

it's just time.

I love you.

I promise I will see you again.

Okay?

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING PICO MUNDO

COME BACK AGAIN SOON

Stormy always believed that life
is not about how fast you run...

or with what degree of grace.

That this life is a boot camp,

that we must persevere

through all the obstacles

and hardships to earn our way

into the next life.

To be with her again, I will have

the perseverance of a bulldog.

But sometimes, it seems to me...

the training

is unnecessarily painful.

If I live an average life-span...

I'll have another 60 years

before I see Stormy again.

That will be a long wait.

But I am a patient man.

And I have much to do.