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The Butterfly Effect 3: Revelations

By Holly Brix

All right, Josh.
Time to go.
Five more minutes.
No. I'm counting to 3,
and then I'm going to get mad.
Five more minutes!
Come on.
What do you want for dinner?
Chinese.
You had Chinese last night.
I have to eat it every day.
Why?
Be a kung fu master.
Well, show me your moves, Jackie Chan.
You ready for your tournament tonight?
Yeah. I'm going to make him bleed.
I'm going to make him cry.
I'm going to make him
run home to his mama.
- Who?
- Michael. I hate him.
He's, like, your friend.
Not anymore.
Why not?
Because he picks on people.
Does he pick on you?
Sometimes.
I'm going to talk to his mother about that.
No! Mom!
Help!
Turn on the lights.
Write this down.
You okay?
Yeah.
So what did you see?
You don't want to know.
Yes, I do. You think I do this
for the great benefits package?
Jenna, don't forget your
shrink appointment today.
I don't want to hear
you skipped another one.
Oh. Thanks, Jenna.
Thanks for helping.

Thanks for keeping my brain stable
while I jump through time.
No problem, Sam.
Glad I could help.
The things that she can cook... meatloaf.
So I got home,
and she's wearing her negligee...
You know it's good
if you burn your mouth.
Let's go.
That's the guy?
That's the psychic?
Laugh all you want,
but that psychic's
put 22 perps behind bars.
He took the car,
but it's not what he was after.
The purse?
It was her. He was there to kill her.
It was a hit... murder for hire.
Who hired him, Sam?
It's in his cell phone records.
He made a phone call 12 after 7.
- Come on. How does he know this stuff?
- Never mind.
Get the ex-husband's phone records.
See if he received a call

at 7:

I suspected the ex,
the way that kid's left unharmed.
Excuse me, Detective, uh...
Nicholas.
The kid wasn't unharmed.
He saw his mother
bludgeoned to death.
I assume my check is downstairs.
I don't know
how you know what you know,
but I know that you ain't no psychic.
Prove me wrong.
Tell me the first thing
my wife ever said to me.
Real psychics know that kind of shit, Sam.

I look forward to your next call, Detective.
So this ought to settle us up
for this month and next.
Look at you. Ain't you
the sweetest thing?
The way you take care of your sister.
About as sweet as pumpkin pie.
Yes, you are.
How sweet is pumpkin pie
with some whipped cream
on that sweet little ass of yours?
Yeah, uh, you know,
I actually got to get going
because I got ice cream
in the groceries.
I need to introduce you
to my niece Roxanne.
I'd love to meet her.
Okay. I'll get her number for you.
Yeah. Okay.
You stay right there. I'll be right back.
Right.
Jenna.
Didn't hear me knocking?
Didn't know it was you.
Who'd you think it was?
Gestapo.
You ever open up a window in here?
What, and lose the ambiance?
You're never gonna believe
what happened last night.
Try me.
The Kalowitzes next door
were up late fighting.
Shocking.
Let me get to the good part.
She drops the D-bomb.
Divorce?
So it looks like Apartment 3-B
might be opening up.
You could grab it.
We could be neighbors.
Yeah, then you could stay up late
eavesdropping on me.

Oh, yeah. Eavesdropping
on your exciting social life.
Those things will fucking kill ya.
Godspeed.
So how was work, Mr. Police Psychic?
We ever find out
who killed Mommy in the park?
Get an I. D?
Yeah. It was some gun the ex hired.
It's always the ex.
I should warn Peggy
before she serves Kevin
those divorce papers.
To do that, you'd actually
have to leave your apartment.
Sorry. That was just a joke.
Anyway, I leave my apartment.
In fact, I went out just this morning
to see my psychoanalyst.
Great.
No, seriously, Jenna.
That's... That's great.
What did she have to say?
She agreed with me
that it's really unhealthy
that we never talk about
what happened in the fire.
Please! Let me out!
She said that the more
I know about what happened,
the more I'll be free of it.
Seriously. Can we talk about it?
What is there to talk about?
Jenna, were you gonna pay this, or...
The police said that it was a gas leak,
but you came in from outside.
I smelled smoke.
I didn't know where
it was coming from.
I thought it was
the neighbor's house,
- so I went outside to look.
- And you got a ladder?
- Yeah!

- It just doesn't make any sense.
How did you have time
to go to the shed and get a ladder...
You know, I don't remember, Jenna!
I don't remember!
I don't want to remember!
I was 15 years old.
Is that enough, Jenna?
Is the interrogation over?
Ice cream's in the freezer.
Sam.
Thanks for the groceries.
What are you doing tomorrow?
You want to come over for dinner?
I could make a casserole.
Yeah. I'll come by tomorrow.
Promise?
What are we, in the third grade?
Promise?
Pinky swear.
All right.
Get some sleep tonight, okay?
Can I help you?
You don't recognize me.
Elizabeth Brown?
Rebecca's sister?
Nice to see you, too.
I'm sorry.
Come on in.
Nice place.
Thank you. Yes. It's all right.
Here, let me clean off this seat for you...
No. Don't. Sam, don't worry about it.
Get this crap out of the way.
So what brings you to my part of town?
I came... I came back for the execution.
They're executing Lonnie on Friday.
Lethal injection.
Lonnie... Lonnie Flenbons.
The guy that ki...
The guy they say killed Rebecca.
Sam...
You act like you don't
know what I'm talking about.

No, I... I...

Yeah. Of course.

I just hadn't thought
about Rebecca in a long time,
that's all.

You want a drink?

It's clean.

So...

What are you doing here?

Lonnie didn't kill my sister.

- And how do you know that?

- Well...

Because I found this diary
when I was helping my parents move.
Rebecca wrote about you a lot, Sam.
About how much she loved you.

Do you remember when
Lonnie tried to convince
the jury during the trial
that, you know, they were...
having a relationship?

- Do you remember?

- Yeah, I remember.

It was true, Sam.

Rebecca was cheating on you.

I know this hurts.

Look. May 18th, 1998.

"Someone has been following me.

"It's definitely not Sam.

"He doesn't know about Lonnie,
but I have to tell him.

"I feel so guilty.

I don't know what to do."

I took this diary to the cops.

They say it's...

it's not sufficient evidence
to reopen the case.

- Well, if that's what they say...

- And then,

I talked to your friend.

Detective Glenn?

Sam...

he told me that you have a way
of knowing things

that nobody else knows?

That... That you can...

see into crime.

Sam, I want to hire you.

I have \$5,000 in cash.

Okay?

Here.

- I can't, Elizabeth.

- Why?

- It's complicated. I'm sorry.

- Complicated.

But...

the guy that killed Rebecca got away.

And Lonnie Flenbons, an innocent man,

a man she loved,

is going to die.

I wish I could help.

I do. I...

I'm sorry.

Sam...

Okay.

Elizabeth.

You forgot this.

Keep it.

She would have wanted you to have it.

So, um...

Tell me about this dead girl.

Did you love her?

Rebecca Brown,

first girl I ever fell for.

You never thought about

jumping back before?

Thought about it

a hundred times. I just...

But you'd know better.

Sam, this is serious shit.

There's two big rules.

You never jump back

to alter your own past.

And you never jump unsupervised.

What if I just go back

and nobody sees me?

If I...

If I do exactly as you

taught me and just observe?
Come on, man.
Let's be honest with ourselves.
Do you really think
that you can go back
and watch your girlfriend get murdered,
- and not intervene?
- I've seen dozens of people
killed right before my eyes,
and I haven't lifted a finger.
Well, this is different, Sam.
You've seen for yourself
what happens if you...
if you break these rules.
Your sister dies in a fire.
You jump back, thinking
you can save her.
And you do.
But what you didn't expect
was that your parents
were gonna die instead.
You try to save one life. You kill two.
How many times you gotta
jump back before you know the rules?
want to do it any more.
Exactly. You know,
you nearly fried your brain.
You can't handle that many overlaps.
It'll drive you crazy.
Can we get another
round here, sweetheart?
Save it, Goldberg.
You gave me an "F"
in freshman physics, remember?
You're never gonna let me live it down.
You start tipping, I might.
Keep the change.
Everybody's happy.
I know it's hard, man.
But for whatever reason,
your girl Rebecca had to die.
And I've had to live with it.
Not saving someone's life
isn't the same thing as killing them, Sam.

No.
But it's close.
You do a good thing, Sam.
You bring a lot of closure to people.
Everybody but myself.
You gotta stop living in the past.
You gotta get this girl out of your mind.
She's dead.
You're never gonna see her again.
And if you want to help
this poor death-row bastard,
then you better find a way
to do it in the here and now.
It's like my ex-wife used to say before she
ran off to Ecuador
with the fucking gardener.
You gotta live in the moment, man.
This one's on the house.
Thanks.
What is it?
A buttery nipple.
Come on!
Uh! Hurry!
What's wrong?
I'm sorry. I can't.
I just can't.
Come on.
Please.
Vicky, I need to be alone right now.
Do you want to talk about it?
No.
Oh, okay.
That's fine.
I really know how to pick 'em, huh?
It's nothing personal.
What?
Are you... Are you gay?
I could introduce you
to my friend Brendan.
He's gay, too. Maybe you guys
could hang out!
Well, I'll be sure to give you his number,
and you can go,
you know, do man things.

Sound good?
Rebecca...
Lonnie...
Hey, Liz. It's Sam.
I changed my mind.
I'll help you out.
You got five minutes.
Hello.
Hey, Lonnie.
Sam Reide. Remember me?
South Pontiac High.
South Pontiac Grizzly Bears.
I'm here to help you.
Look, Lonnie. I know
you didn't kill Rebecca Brown.
Jesus, Lonnie. Say something.
Why are you here?
I just told you.
You here to laugh at me?
No, look, Lonnie.
I know you loved Rebecca.
I know she loved you.
I know what was going on.
She wrote all about it, right here.
What are you trying to do?
We can get a new trial.
Look, Lonnie. I don't think you heard me.
This is new evidence.
The police don't want to reopen the case,
but we can request a stay of execution.
New evidence. New trial.
- You'll be exonerated.
- No.
Do you understand?
- I'm sending this to your lawyer.
- No.
Lonnie, would you just look at the diary!
It was you.
You killed her.
And I've been locked in here for 10 years!
And you've been free!
You can't come in here
and do this to me!
You can't pretend

to be the good guy now!
It's not fair!
It's not fair!
You did it, Sam!
You should be in here!
Let's go. You did it, Sam!
It's not fair!
It's not fair.
I'll never get used to this cold.
So what's on the menu tonight?
Homicide? Rape?
Vehicular manslaughter?
Rebecca Brown.
Sam, what are you doing?
It's okay, Jenna.
Just give me the numbers.
You're breaking the rules.
They're my rules to break.
You can't save her, Sam.
I can do this here, the safe way,
or I can do it at home by myself
and risk everything.
- Sam...
- Either way, I'm gonna do it.
This is a bad idea.
The numbers.
June 6th, 1998.
Murder happened
approximately 12:40 a.m.
on a Saturday.
Who's in there?
I have a fucking gun.
Liz. Liz. It's me.
Sam?
What are you doing?
No, no, no. It's cool.
No. My parents are
out of town this weekend.
- No, no...
- Come on. I got some wine coolers...
- Becky calls it "bitch beer."
- Lock the doors...
- You want some bitch beer?
- Get back in the car!

- I'm not getting back in my car...
- Listen.
You're in danger.
This is serious, okay?
Get in the car.
Okay?
Come on.
Keep the doors locked.
If you see anything, honk your horn.
Okay?
Rebecca?
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!
Hey, man. You okay?
Who are you?
Paco. You know?
I rent your couch.
I rent out my couch?
It's the recession, pendejo.
- Where are my car keys?
- Car keys?
You don't have a car.
You gotta stop showing up here.
I need the case file on
the Rebecca Brown murder.
This is the last time.
So who's this guy?
He was a suspect
in the Brown murder 10 years ago.
But now he's obsessed with the case.
What, do you think
he might be our guy?
I think he's just a lost soul.
Hey, let's show him the others.
What?
If he's the killer, we'll know.
Paper's calling our guy
the "Pontiac Killer."
You like that name?
What's his pattern?
He tracks young women,
and cuts them apart.
Eight victims so far, that we know of.
It's about one a year.
Any leads?

You got a lot of questions, buddy.
Yeah, well...
You don't seem to have any answers.
Hello?
Jenna. Hey.
Sam.
Where have you been? You okay?
I've been trying to reach you.
Uh, no. I'm fine. I'm fine.
I just... I need some help.
What's wrong? You need money?
No. No...
Listen.
Jenna, do you remember
Lonnie Flenbons?
Of course I do, every time I see
his stupid commercials.
Flenbons and Monohan,
Attorneys at Law.
- He's a lawyer?
- Sam.
You need to leave Lonnie alone.
What are you talking about?
Did you jump again?
You did, didn't you?
I thought we talked about this.
Sam, I'm worried about you...
Uh, Jenna...
Don't worry about it, okay?
I'll be by later,
and I'll explain everything.
Okay...
Which office is Lonnie Flenbons'?
Do you have an appointment?
- Is it this one?
- Sir, you can't go in there.
Sir! Sir! You can't go in there!
You can't go in there! Sir!
I need to talk to you.
I'm sorry. I told him
he couldn't come in...
It's okay. We're old friends.
Where were you
the night of the murders?

What is this?
Huh? Is this our anniversary?
You come in here, and you ask me
the same question every five years?
I want to know where you were.
You still think I was involved?
Aw, come on.
Huh? Look, everybody knows
Becky and Elizabeth
were victims of the Pontiac Killer.
Jesus. Where you been,
living under a rock?
Tell me where you were!
The night they were killed,
I thought of stopping by the house.
Rebecca called me and told me
her parents were out of town.
I saw you and Elizabeth talking outside.
I thought I should steer clear.
She hadn't told you about us.
I went home, and that was that.
I was cleared of all charges.
Yeah. Let's just say
your name's been added back
to the suspect pool.
I'm all for antidiscrimination.
Hell, I made my living at it.
Come on, Sam.
Lonnie, what happened?
Stop it.
When did this happen?
You don't remember?
I forget things sometimes.
I get confused. I get mixed up.
"Hey, Lonnie, let's get together.
Let's have a drink."
And then one drink turns into 20 drinks,
and then you get a cab that night.
How long ago was this?
June 6th, 2003.
It was five years after the...
God.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.

You know, for the longest time,
I was convinced
you killed the Brown sisters.

- Me?

- Yeah.

Rebecca was always afraid
you'd find out about us.
She always thought
you were watching her.
You know, waiting
around the corner, spying.
Did you kill them, Sam?

No.

I didn't.

I spent years teaching you to use your gift,
and now you've created
the Pontiac Killer.

Shit, man.

- I can fix it, though.

- Good.

If I just jump back to the night Rebecca
and Elizabeth were killed,
except an hour earlier this time.

Well, that's not going to work.

I'll tell you,
you go back to a time
that you've already jumped,
you're going to end up
frying your brain.

Hey, hey, hey, don't sniff that.

Unless you really want to lie on the floor
here paralyzed for the next hour.

That right there... that's Burundanga.

It's the Devil's Breath.

And you grow this because...

It's fucking Detroit, man.

Put a few of those under my window.

Cheaper than buying a burglar alarm.

Okay, so what if I go back
four hours before the murders?

Won't work.

Goldburg, I've created a serial killer.

I have to stop him.

Okay. Here's what you can do.

You said there's eight murders, right?
Okay. So go back to the next one,
victim number three.
- Well, wait. What about Elizabeth?
- No, no, no. Stop. Stop.
You got to stick to the rules.
Stick to the rules.
Just observe. Observe.
Like you always do.
This victim number three...
it's nobody you know, right?
Right.
Good.
Then you ID the killer.
I mean, beyond the shadow
of a frickin' doubt.
Then you go to the police,
drop them a note, turn him in.
And then there's just one more thing.
You'll be altering...
the course of events significantly.
So when you get back...
That is, if it worked.
When you come back...
No, thank you.
Shit, I lost my train of thought.
What were we talking about?
It's okay, Goldberg. I think I got it.
I come back,
the serial killer's behind bars.
Serial killer. That's right.
Yeah. That's it.
Behind the bars. Yeah. That's good.
Thanks, Goldberg. You're brilliant.
Brilliant. Yeah, okay.
Thought you were going to say "sexy."
That's okay. No problem.
Still going to have a good day.
Hey, wait. Don't forget.
Jenna put in an order.
I can't get over there today.
Nice of you to show up.
Mmm. Cleaned up?
No I didn't.

What's this?
Victim number three, Anita Barnes.
Sam, no.
It's okay. I don't know her.
This is business as usual.
I pop back and ID the perp.
You got to be kidding me.
I'm not letting you do this.
Every time you go back, people die.
Can't you learn that?
Police don't have any leads.
I'm the only one who can stop him.
Think this through, Sam.
How bad does it have to get?
I can fix this.
I'm not helping you this time.
Sam...
Oh, Goldberg says hi.
Okay, victim number three.
Anita Barnes.
September 5th, 2000.
Anita Barnes, victim number three.
Just watch. Just watch.
Just watch.
Jesus.
She's my soul mate.
God.
Get up! Get the fuck up, bitch!
Nobody's going to hear you!
No!
No!
Shut the fuck up!
I swear I will fucking kill you!
Shut the fuck up!
Don't look at me! Don't look at me!
Don't look at me.
No!
You hear me? Do you hear me?
Do you fucking hear me?
- Say, "Yes, I hear you. Yes, I hear you."
- Yes! Yes!
I will fucking snap your neck!
Turn...
Shut up! Shut up!

Shut up! Shut up! You hear me?
Shut the fuck up! Open...
Oh, shit! I can't.
I can't.
I can't do this.
- I'm sorry.
- What?
I didn't even say the safe word.
- I can't do this.
- But you were doing great!
I know. It's just...
I can't get hard when you're screaming
and crying like that.
- It's upsetting. I just...
- You know I'm enjoying this!
I know. It's just...
Cosmo said if we treat this like a game,
we can have fun with this.
I know what Cosmo says, okay?
I can't do it. I mean,
we need to do something.
- Otherwise, how are we going to spice...
- I know.
You remind me all the time, okay?
But this shit is weird.
- It feels wrong.
- Why?
- Because I'm enjoying it.
- But I'm enjoying it, too.
I shouldn't enjoy raping you.
That's crazy.
You're completely overanalyzing this.
Okay, I know. Every time I start thinking,
I can't get hard.
It's, like, fucking up my vibe.
And now my mind's
racing a million mi...
I just...
You know what?
Don't worry. It's okay.
Just go get the accommodator.
- What the fuck?
- I can explain this.
What are you doing in the closet,

you pervert?
- I'm the pervert?
- Yes, you...
I want you out of here,
pendejo, or I'll call the cops.
What the fuck you talking about, man?
You rent my couch, you pay me.
You don't pay me, you find
somewhere else to sleep, peñejo.
Fine, man. I'll be out of here.
Don't worry.
I'll be out of here next week
or the week before last.
Two days ago. Fuck you.
Goldburg, open up.
Goldburg, open up.
It's me, Sam.
Goldburg, open the door!
Goldburg, you in there?
Okay. Anita Barnes.
Funny.
Anita!
Excuse me.
I'm sorry.
Don't be scared, okay?
- Get away from me.
- I just need to ask you a few questions.
I have a restraining order against you.
- What?
- You're that perv from the closet!
Wait. No, listen.
I can explain that, okay?
I was trying to protect you,
and I think it worked.
But I need to figure out
why you're still alive.
Somebody please help!
Call the cops!
- Listen!
- Please help me!
Have you ever known somebody
named Lonnie Flennons?
- Please help!
- No, no, no!

It's okay. I know her.

Shit! Shit!

Sam, are you okay?

Yeah, I'm fine.

No, you're not. Look at you.

- Just pepper spray. I'm fine.

- What happened?

Nothing.

- Let me see.

- I'm fine!

Does the name Anita Barnes
mean anything to you?

You jumped without me.

Sam, do you know

how dangerous that is?

- You could drown. Your brain could boil.

- I can't just...

I don't need a lecture
from you right now, Jenna.

What I need to know...

What I need to figure out
is why Anita Barnes is still alive.

I jumped. I did.

I went back, and I was supposed
to witness her murder.

She was victim number three
of the Pontiac Killer.

- Now I come back, and it's just...

- What?

Now I don't know. It's like all the pieces
of the puzzle just shifted around.

The only person who could explain it to me
is Goldberg,
and now he's disappeared.

Yeah, conveniently.

- What does that mean?

- Sam, he was going to
turn in evidence

linking you to the murders.

If you hadn't fast forwarded
through your past, you'd know that.

What are you talking about?

Sam, you trust me, don't you?

I mean, if you're doing this

for any reason,
I'd never turn you in.
This is ridiculous.
Sam, the night of the Brown murders,
I covered for you.
I know you weren't at home.
You know where I was!
I tried to save them!
Sam, you don't know
what happened two weeks ago.
Yeah, I know I didn't kill anybody.
Okay. Maybe not now, but...
what if with the jumping
you go crazy,
and sometime in the future...
Sam, you don't talk about it.
You don't talk about anything.
You just bottle it all up.
We've never even talked about
what happened in the fire.
Did you... Did you start the fire?
I saved your life, Jenna.
I saw you die.
I went to your funeral, for fuck's sake.
I don't want to hurt people, Jenna.
I don't do that. I help people.
You see? I-I help... I fix things.
It's what I do. That's what I did!
I went back, and I fixed it.
I fixed it, Jenna!
That's why you're here,
because I fix things!
You know, but sometimes
you can't fix everything.
Sometimes things
are just fucked, Jenna!
And... And right now,
things are kind of fucked!
So, I...
I'm try... I'm try...
- I'm trying to fix it, but it...
- Sam.
I just don't know why.
I'm too stupid or I'm too...

I'm too weak!
- It's... l... It's just...
- Sam. Sam.
It's going to be okay.
It's the jumping.
Just let the police
do their job for once.
Sam.
Promise me you're not
going to jump anymore.
Promise.
I can fix it, Jenna.
No.
Oh, thank you.
- Bye, guys.
- Night, Vicki.
See you later.
You ever wonder how
your life would be different
if you could go back
and change one thing?
Yeah. Everyone thinks about that.
Bye.
Hey, want to hear a joke?
Sure.
What do you get
when you mix a brown chicken
and a brown cow?
I don't know. What do you get?
Brown chicken, brown cow
It's funny, right?
Hey, Vicki,
you want to come over later?
Thanks for the offer,
but I got to get home to my man.
Right.
Yeah.
Maybe in another life.
Yeah. In another life.
Thank you.
- Bye, Sam.
- Bye.
Brown chicken, brown cow
We're closed!

Is there anyone in here?
Guess the engagement's off.
Is that all you found?
Forensics recovered a charred body
matching a description
at the Eastern body plant.
It's her.
Yep. Unless it was the last customer.
Good sauce.
Let's go over it again.
What time did you leave
the bar last night?
I don't know. I was drunk.
Your roommate says
you got in about 3.
The murders took place at 2:30 a.m.
How long is the walk
from the bar to your place?
About half an hour?
You really think I'm the Pontiac Killer?
You were a person of interest
in the Brown murders,
but you got off on your sister's alibi.
You showed up at Lonnie Flenbons'
the day before he dies.
And now you just happen to be
at the bar the night
Vicki gets her last manicure.
Come on, Glenn.
Don't talk about her like that.
Don't be a pig.
Guess they need their privacy.
Now I'm going to tell you
how it's going to happen.
You're going to confess.
You're going to plead insanity.
I'm going to testify myself to what
a crazy motherfucker you are.
Because if you keep giving me
this tired-ass song and dance
about trying to stop the Pontiac Killer,
I'll make sure you're locked up in county
with them big old boys.
Now don't it just make

your asshole pucker?

Glenn.

The sister's here.

She's got a lawyer.

- So?

- She's got Boswich.

Jesus.

Have you got enough for a conviction?

It's all circumstantial.

Now what?

Go back to the auto body plant.

Sweep for fingerprints.

See what else you can find.

- We were already there.

- Then look harder.

What are we going to do

about psychic boy?

What do you think?

- We have to let him walk.

- Put a tail on him.

The Tigers are looking good this year.

All right. They're letting him out.

Detective Glenn, we got a problem.

- I'm sorry.

- I'm sorry, too.

- You okay?

- Yeah.

How was your night?

Eastern body plant.

This is where the police found

the Pontiac Killer's victims.

September 19, 2004.

September 19, 2004.

What do you want?

I got to take a shit, pendejo.

Five minutes.

I'm tired of your fucking "five minutes."

And I know what pendejo means.

Get the fuck out!

You don't pay rent, you leave.

I don't give a shit.

September 19, 2004.

The old auto body plant where

the police find the victims.

They figured it out. When did
the Pontiac Killer start coming here?
Why did he torture his victims?
I got to find him.
I want to see his face,
look into his eyes.
Look into his eyes.
I want to see his face,
look into his eyes.
Hey.
Don't sleep until noon today.
Jenna?
I'm leaving the classifieds
on the coffee table.
Maybe you can look and see
if there's a job in there for you.
Where you going?
Work. It's Monday.
Oh, that's right.
Oh, uh, I'll be back at 6.
- You're going to cook dinner, right?
- I make dinner?
Hell, yeah.
And you said you were going to clean up.
This little project of yours
is starting to look kind of scary.
The Pontiac Killer.
Eight victims, all women.
No, he killed Lonnie Flennons.
Seven victims.
Seven women, one man.
He hides their bodies.
Where does he take them?
The Eastern body plant.
Why does he take them there?
Some victims have signs of torture,
others killed immediately.
What's his pattern?
How does he get out undetected?
Neighbors never hear him.
He must go at night... at night.
Ah, does he live there?
Does he work nearby?
I've got to find him.

I've got to go back. I've got to go back.

What did these women

all have in common?

What's the...

What's the connection?

What's this guy about, huh?

Oh, man.

Anita Barnes.

That's the one that's killing me.

Anita Barnes.

Let's see. There was...

Freeze, motherfucker!

Not a move! Not a fucking move!

- On your knees!

- On your fucking knees!

Move down! Get the fuck down!

Face down! Come on!

- Cuff him.

- Hands behind your back!

- Call them up.

- All right. Call it in.

Ouch.

You really had this all mapped out.

Look at that.

You may be a nut job,

but you sure made this

a slam-dunk case for us.

I mean, your girlfriend,

Becky, cheats on you,

so you kill her.

Then you kill her sister because...

I don't know... Bonus points?

Your pal Goldberg was going

to testify against you.

Then he disappears.

And then you kill Lonnie Flenions.

I don't know.

- No, no. No.

- What?

Lonnie was going to be executed.

I had to go back.

What the fuck you talking about?

The next victim.

Which one?

- Anita Barnes.

- Who?

Anita Barnes. Anita Barnes.

Did l... Did he...

- Did he kill Anita Barnes?

- I don't know. You tell me.

- Did I kill Anita Barnes?

- No. You tell me.

- When was the last Pontiac victim?

- Look, fuck-stick.

I'm asking the questions here.

How many did you kill?

I want my phone call.

I want my phone call.

Five minutes.

You get one call, and you call me?

You trying to get me fired?

Glenn, I got to get out of here.

Glenn, I'm serious, okay?

The killer is still out there,
and I'm the only one who can stop him.

According to
the joint police department,
the Pontiac Killer's right here.

Come on! You don't believe
it's me, Glenn!

I'm in enough trouble as it is, Sam!

Okay, okay. Listen.

I'm not a psychic.

- I knew it.

- I time travel.

I can go back to wherever I was,
and I can watch.

And depending upon what happens,
I change things.

Usually on accident
but sometimes on purpose.

Don't ever call me again.

No, it's true! Glenn! Glenn!

You met your wife
at Tiny Gasco's sweet-16 party!
Her dad got a taco cart
and a band for the neighborhood!
Your wife came up

and asked you to dance!
But the first thing
she ever said to you was...
Are you M.C. Hammer?
How did you know that?
I went back.
- I saw it.
- When?
Years ago, when you first
started asking me about...
I was saving it...
for something like this, actually.
So what do you say, huh?
You'll help me out?
Please?
Hammer?
It's going down as a clerical error.
Glitch in the paperwork.
But it'll only buy you
a couple more hours.
Once Nicholas finds out,
he'll bring you in.
There's no way he'll let me see you again.
Come to think of it,
I probably won't have a job
in a few hours.
You catch that son of a bitch.
Jenna. Jenna!
Jenna, it's me! Come on!
Jenna, open up the door!
I'm going to kick it down!
You ain't kicking down shit, motherfucker!
- Now you need to quiet your ass down!
- Open up!
What the hell's wrong with you?
Miss Davis, will you open
my sister's door for me?
- I ain't opening up shit!
- Let me into her apartment.
- I ain't gonna... Wait!
- You got the fucking keys!
- Where's your fucking key?
- Miss Davis, would you shut the fuck up?
- You ain't about to get me!

- Let me into this apartment!
Don't put your hands
on me, motherfucker!
Don't make me have to cut you!
Shit! Too fucking old to go to prison.
You need to get your trifling ass in and out
of here as soon as possible!
- Thank you.
- Oh, kiss my ass!
Jenna?
"Favorite customer"?
Hey, hey, hey, don't sniff that,
unless you really want to lie on the floor
here paralyzed for the next hour.
Goldburg!
Goldburg, you in there?
Come on out here!
Come on out and face me, you son of a...
Come on!
Goldburg. What happened?
Hey, what happened?
Goldburg, you're going
to be all right, okay?
Can you stand up?
Can you stand up?
I'm going to get you some help.
Okay? I'm going
to get you some help.
I'm going to get you help.
I'm going to get you help.
Oh, my God. Oh, fuck.
Oh, my God.
Sammy.
What are you doing here?
That thing is spring loaded.
Here. Let me get you out of there.
I'll get it.
Here. Get up. Stand up.
We need to get you out of this thing.
I got you.
Can you lean out?
Jenna, what are you doing here?
It's okay, Sam.
Sam, I'll fix everything.

I'll just jump back, and I'll move the trap
out of the way. You'll be fine.

- You can jump?

- Yeah.

Surprise.

Why are you...

What are you doing here?

You don't realize this,
but I've explained this to you,
like, a zillion times.

It's really frustrating.

You fell in love with that whore, Sam.

She didn't love you.

She was cheating on you.

What... What whore?

Rebecca Brown.

Jesus, Sam. Keep up.

No. No. Oh, my God.

I took care of it,
and everything worked out fine.

I even got back at Lonnie Flenbons
for hurting you.

But then Rebecca Brown's
stupid sister comes over,
and... and you decide
to break the rules, Sam.

I told you not to do it.

I told you it would be bad.

You followed me back?

Jenna, what about the...

What about the other girls?

What about the...

You didn't know them.

They were strangers.

What did they ever do to you?

Can't you see, Sam?

They were only strangers

'cause I stopped them
before you met them.

Anita Barnes.

She was the whore
you went to Chicago with.

I couldn't let you leave me, Sam.

And then Vicki.

You kept her a secret from me,
too, but I found out.
She wasn't a lady, Sam.
None of them were ladies.
Jenna, they... they're the women
I would've fallen in love with.
I would've... I would've
had a family, a life.
Don't you see I did it all for you?
You understand that, don't you?
Why did you torture them?
You mutilated them!
- You cut them to pieces!
- I didn't torture them! They tortured me!
Every single one of them.
What about Goldberg?
He was catching on.
I had to shut him up.
This is so Scooby-Doo, isn't it?
I would've gotten away with it
if it wasn't for those meddling kids.
You're out of your fucking mind, Jenna.
Come on, Sam.
You know that's not true.
If you hadn't kept jumping back
to catch me,
I could've stopped.
But every time you went back,
there was more witnesses,
there was more evidence to cover up.
It's funny when you think about it.
You really did create a serial killer.
Ever since the day
you jumped back and you saved me,
I knew I'd only live for you.
No, Jenna. Jenna.
Sam...
do you love me like I love you?
It's okay.
Forget about everything else.
This is the moment we've waited for
our whole lives.
Jenna! What are you doing?
Sam, we're not like other people.

Their rules don't apply to us.
No, Jenna! You're... Oh, my God.
Sam, I love you more than anything
in the whole world, Sam.
- Oh, my God.
- It's okay.
It's just you and me like it's meant to be.
- No. No. No.
- It's okay.
It's okay. Sam?
What's wrong? What's wrong?
What's going on?
Sam, are you okay?
Sam, are you jumping?
Sam, what's going on?
Tell me what's happening.
Sam, don't jump!
Where are you going? Sam!
Sam, don't you leave me.
Sam, where's Jenna?
You go take care of Mom, and I'll get her.
Sam, help me!
Sam, let me out!
Let me out! Please let me out!
What are you doing? Sam!
Sam, stop! What are you doing?
- Jenna!
- Sam!
- Sam!
- Listen to me!
- Why are you doing this?
- I'm your brother, Jenna.
- I'll always love you!
- Sam! Sam, what are you doing?
- There's no other way!
- Sam!
Sam, let me out!
Sam, let me out!
I'm sorry, Jenna!
Where's Jenna, Sam?
Where's Jenna?
Good morning, dork-face.
Did you sleep well?
You must've had some kind of dream

because you were snoring away.

- Are we there yet?

- Yes, Jenna, we're there.

Jenna?

What, Daddy?

Come on.

How the burgers coming?

- Here they are.

- Hey.

Late for your own birthday party.

Hello, sweetheart.

- Happy Birthday.

- Hey!

What?

What do you want?

Burgers? Hot dogs? What?

- Whatever you're cooking. Throw it on.

- Start with a beer?

- Yeah, sure. Hey!

- Happy Birthday.

Hey, Jenna.

- How are you?

- I'm good. I'm good.

Hey.

How are you, hon?

- Great.

- My son!

How are you? Oh, good to see you.

Howdy, ma'am.

I bet you got a story or two

for us, don't you?

Oh, man!

Here you go.

Thank you.

- Hey, Happy Birthday.

- Hey!

- Oh, my God!

- It's good to see you.

Get Janice another beer.

Subtitled By J.R. Media Services, Inc.

Burbank, CA