



Scripts.com

The Invisible Man's Revenge

By Bertram Millhauser

Two pounds, seven for
the Burberry and the hat.
There you are. Thank you, sir.
Did you come off the Ella Campbell, sir?
Who told you?
Who said I came off the Ella
Campbell? Who's been spying on me?
Why, nobody, sir.
I just thought she's unloading...
I don't wanna be spied on.
Understand? I've had enough of that.
Yes, sir. No offense, I assure you.
Here's your change, and thank you, sir.
I say, uh, I'm sorry I jumped
on you. Quite all right, sir.
You see, I've been away. Have you now?
And where have you been, might I ask?
I don't know. I've been lost.
And you won't be wanting these, sir?
Oh, it's just an old rag. Keep
it. I'm on my way to plenty.
Thank you, sir. And good luck to you.
Will you join us in a cocktail?
We can't, Mother. We're late.
It's his fault. It's not
my fault. It's my editor's.
You're a journalist, aren't
you? Well, that's nicely put.
I'm a reporter. Oh, but
you do write features.
Now, Julie, don't interrupt. You're
stopping at the inn, I believe?
Yes, it's quite attractive. He
says the maids are very pretty too.
I say, Julie, I wouldn't take that bright
line with ady Anstey if I were you.
Mark, do you think your grandmother
will find me an evil influence?
You don't know my grandmother. Shall we go?
All right. Are you sure
you can't stay to dinner?
I'm afraid not, Mother. We're late already.
Good-bye.
Good-bye, darling.

They weren't so grim, were they? No.
Did I look as silly as I felt? I wondered
if you felt as silly as you looked.
Well? Well, she might pick worse.
Heavens, yes. Best blood in the county.
Family, yes. But no money, of course.
Well, after all, our
grandchildren would hardly starve.
Julie.
Yes? A person, Sir Jasper, by appointment.
Appointment?
Yes, sir. He said it's of long-standing.
Irene, did you...
Who is it, Cleghorn?
He said his name is Robert Griffin.
What did you say?
His name, Robert Griffin, sir.
Well, you didn't hear right. You couldn't.
Show him in at once! Yes, sir.
Why, Jasper, it isn't possible.
It can't be Rob! I wonder.
But they told us... Salim swore that...
Hello, Jasper. Irene.
Now don't tell me you don't recognize me.
Rob! Rob, you old rascal, you.
Oh, Rob, my dear! Oh, thank heaven...
I knew you'd be glad to
see me. My old friends.
But how on earth did
you... Where have you been?
Come on. Give me your coat.
Sit down. Tell us what happened.
Maybe you'd better tell me. I was
a little confused that last day.
Well, no wonder. You were
burning up with fever.
Yes. Fighting our way
through that foul jungle.
You and Jasper were right behind me.
I remember that part of
it. And all of a sudden...
I saw it, Rob. The branch,
I mean. I saw it fall.
I called, "Look out!"

Dear Irene. You did your best, I know.
But something hit me on the head!
We thought you were done for. Yes.
And you went on without me. Look here, Rob.
The supplies were running out, and
the bearers were getting out of hand.
Do you think I should have stayed
with you and sent Irene on alone?
Why, no, Jasper, not for the world.
It wasn't easy going on without
you, Rob, but we left Salim with you.
The only one we could trust. When he caught
up with us, he swore that you had died.
You see, we... we had no reason to doubt him.
What happened, Rob, after you came to?
Uh, I don't know.
I don't remember a single thing
after I got that blow on the head.
Not until the next blow.
That was two months ago. No!
Why, it's more than five years. I know.
And they're gone, clean gone!
What I did or where I went, it's all a blank.
Until two months ago. And then?
Well, I-I was working
on the docks in Durban.
That's where I got hit by a loading crane.
And that brought your memory back? Perfectly.
I came to in a hospital in Natal.
I knew if I could ever get
back to you, my old friends,
that you'd be waiting
for me. Oh, but naturally.
Waiting to hand over my share, my full share.
I've kept the agreement, you know.
Remember how we drew it up
in Kalo's Hotel in Mozambique?
Here.
"One-half of any and all properties
discovered in the Tanganyika country. "
That's quite right, old boy.
We found it, didn't we?
A whole diamond field.
That is, I found it.

I made you rich, didn't I?
Yes, it turned out pretty
well for all of us, Rob.
What do you mean pretty well?
There was a million in it.
There was, but there isn't
now. Why not? Why isn't there?
Oh, I lost it, Rob, a great part
of it anyway. Bad investments.
Of my money?
Rob, please try to understand.
We thought that you were dead.
You were our closest friend.
You told us yourself you had no relatives.
Oh, who cares what you
thought? The paper says...
But I haven't got it, I tell you!
I'll give you half of our
own money, more than half.
That's not enough. Oh, please...
I want it all! You'll ruin us.
Who cares? You'll take
everything, even Shortlands?
To the last penny, if
there's any law in England.
I've got my proofs. I'll have you in court.
I'll make your name a byword. I'll
tell them how you tried to murder me.
Now, hold on, Rob! That's not true.
But, Jasper, he's right.
A mere half would be an
insult. Don't worry, Rob.
I'm not the one that has to worry.
You'll get all that's coming to you.
Now, how about a drink? I think
we all need it. Yes. -I'll get it.
Uh, Jasper. Would you mind
poking up the fire a bit?
What will you have, Rob? Whiskey.
Done yourself well, haven't you?
Is this one of your bad investments?
I didn't buy Shortlands. It came down to me.
Like your title? Old and honorable, eh?
Stop being sinister, Rob.

It isn't becoming.
Here you are. Thanks.
A bit smoky, that scotch. I
hope you don't mind. Jasper.
I'm sorry I jumped on you like that.
Well, here's how.
Julie? Yes, that's Julie.
I'd know her anywhere.
I bet you never dreamed what became of
that picture you had of her on safari.
It was lost. No, it wasn't.
I've got it. I've kept it always.
I'm a deep one, you know.
I've always been a deep
one. Lay my plans ahead.
Why not? It's the thing to do, isn't it?
Marry into some honorable family, good blood.
I'm as good as the next one,
aren't I? Why, of course, Rob.
Well, then why isn't she
here? She'll be home tomorrow.
Hmm. I... must spruce up a bit.
Never do to see me like this. ...
Jasper, help him.
Here, hold on now.
What's the matter?
I don't know. ...
Everything is swimming. Sit down a minute.
It'll pass. So much excitement.
I'll be all right.
Don't try anything.
I want my half.
I want Julie.
He's unconscious. What's
happened to him, Irene?
The man is definitely psychopathic.
You see how one drink has
affected his warped mind?
This is not the man we
knew and loved, Jasper.
This is a madman. He's dangerous.
He honestly believes we
tried to kill him in Africa.
There's no telling what he may

do when he regains consciousness.
We've got to get him off the property.
Yes, I suppose so. It seems brutal, but...
Well, I suppose it's the best
way, for his sake as well as ours.
The authorities will pick
him up and care for him.
I won't let him ruin our lives and Julie's.
No, no, you can't do that, Irene.
You heard what he threatened.
Do you want a scandal?
Do you want him blackmailing
us and persecuting Julie?
No, of course not.
Then we must keep this and take care of it...
until he's rational again,
and then give it back to him...
and make whatever
settlement he feels is fair.
Naturally, neither of us want
to cheat him out of his rights,
but certainly we can't have
a madman roaming about...
with a club like this over our heads.
As soon as he's able to walk...
Well, it won't do you any good,
'cause I'll come back, Jasper.
I'll come back. And when
I do, I'll get you and...
Oh, Cleghorn.
Yes, sir?
If that fellow ever shows his face
in here again, send for the police.
You understand?
Yes, Sir Jasper.
I gotta go home to my... wife
Home to my sweet storm and strife
Help!
Help!
Hello!
Help! Somethin's happened around 'ere.
'Ere! Come over 'ere! Hey, come over 'ere!
Move your hands! Over 'ere!
Keep it comin'. 'Ere we are.

Give me your hand. Give me your hand.
'Ere you are. Come right
up 'ere. There you are.
Come on, old lad. That's the
stuff. Get right up there.
My word! What happened to ya?
And if you think of makin' me an
handsome reward for savin' your life,
Why, let's not talk about it.
That is, not now.
You know, if half of
what you told me is true,
we've got a case against
Sir Jasper and his lady...
that'll rock this bloomin'
kingdom to its foundations.
Hey, we can make a pretty
penny besides too, you know.
It's all true, every word of it.
I've got the proof right here.
The agreement, signed
with his own handwriting.
Half of everything we find, we... Why...
Why, it's gone!
Gone?
Yes, they've stolen it. Are you sure?
Have a look yourself. Did
you look in all the pockets?
Most 'struth!
Blimey! Nipped your papers
and tried to drown you besides.
A bit nasty, I calls it. Crooks! Murderers!
If there was only some
way I could make them pay.
Oh, they'll pay, all
right. Have no fear of that.
You don't think I'm going to sit still
and see me old friend put upon, do you?
Not on your life! I fight for
you and I'll bleed for you!
Now stop worrying, will you?
'Cause from now on, I'm takin'
charge. What I need is a lawyer.
A legal mind, that's what

we need, all right. But who?
Hey, I know the very bloke!
Who? Jim Feeny. He's fearless,
and you can trust him.
A little.
I'll watch him too.
Sure! Look. Me and him, we'll go
marching up to Shortlands tomorrow.
And I'll see Sir Jasper and I'll
tell him off right to his bare face!
I must remind you, Herbert,
of the Law of Criminal Libel.
All right. All right. But you ain't
going to look very nice in court...
with charges of murder
and robbery against ya.
Eh, very grave charges, Sir Jasper,
but, uh, we're not unreasonable.
We're here to discuss a
settlement out of court.
Yes. Empowered by my friend
and partner, Rob Griffin.
And what does your old friend
and partner expect to get?
Half. No less than half of what
you took out of his diamond mine.
And damages to the tune of a million pounds.
That's what we're gonna ask for,
and that's what we're gonna get,
if I've got to fight through
every court in England,
up to the very steps of the
throne itself. Excuse me, sir.
What is it, Cleghorn? Her ladyship
wishes to remind you it's teatime.
And Sir Frederick Travers has dropped in.
Would you please ask Sir Frederick
to be so good as to join us here?
Yes, sir.
Did you say Sir Frederick Travers?
Yes.
The chief constable.
Well, what are you starin' at
me like that for, Jim Feeny?

Looks like you swallowed
your own Adam's apple.
I'm not afraid. I don't
care who comes in the room.
I have a conscience as
pure as a baby's breath.
Now look, Sir Jasper, how 'bout
making a settlement for 50 pounds?
This is me last word. Hello, Herrick.
Hello, Travers. Sit down, won't
you? Well, what's the latest?
Oh, nothing much, except our friend
here is just trying a spot of blackmail.
Blackmail, indeed.
Blackmail? When I bring a
story here as true as gospel?
Well, if you don't believe me, ask Griffin.
Who's Griffin? Some tramp
who turned up here yesterday.
I threw him out.
Threw him out?
You threw him in... the river.
And I jumped in after him
at the risk of me own life.
I don't know what he may have got into
afterwards, but he left here on his own legs.
If you wish, you may ask
my butler. He saw him go.
Oh, you've got a witness. Well, that
alters the case entirely. I was misled.
Grossly misled. Good afternoon, gentlemen.
I wash my hands of the whole affair.
You and Pontius Pilate.
Well, do you wish to
prosecute? Yes, I think...
No, Sir Jasper. Please. Now look.
There's something wrong here.
I'm an honest man. I was inveigled
in this by this bloke Feeny.
And Griffin, I never saw him
before in me life till last night.
Herbert, you better stick
to your shoe-mending.
And tell your pal Griffin to

get out of my jurisdiction.
Yes, sir. He gets right
out of my house tonight.
Fine. I'll send a constable
just to make sure he goes.
Thank you. Good night, sir.
Yes, what is it? I've missed my way.
Can you tell me where I'll hit the
London road? It's a bad night to be out.
I haven't any choice. You look ill.
I'm quite fit, thanks. Are you, indeed?
It happens I'm a doctor. Come in.
Maybe I'd better warn you.
There's a constable after me.
Constable?
You are a fugitive?
Next thing to it.
Come in just the same.
I may be able to help you.
A criminal needs a doctor's
care... I'm no criminal!
Two of your local bigwigs robbed me. Now
they're running me out of the district.
Oh, that's too bad.
Picking on a stranger, huh?
A man without a friend.
That's what I am. It's
good of you to help me.
Maybe we can help each other. Come this way.
Oh, don't be afraid. We're quite alone.
My neighbors give me a wide berth.
That's what I want, to be left in peace.
Only to be left in peace
until... Quiet, Snapper.
Pioneers have always had
to contend with fools.
Look at Galileo. Look at Pasteur.
Huh? Who believed Curie, except
his wife? What about Ehrlich?
Mind the stairs here. The steps are uneven.
Peel off your coat. Make yourself at home.
I could do with a spot of whiskey. Right.
I don't entertain often.
But the day will come when the greatest

scientists of Europe will knock at my door.
Then you'll be proud to say you once
had supper with the great Dr. Drury.
There you are. Sit down, help yourself.
Thanks.
Well, happy days! Well, happy days!
What was that?
Methuselah, my old parrot.
Beautiful plumage, hasn't he?
Hello! Hello!
Yes, beautiful.
I, uh, I suppose you
think I'm mad, don't you?
No, no.
Quiet, Brutus.
I'm not a crank, you know, nor a quack.
Look at my degrees there on the wall.
Aberdeen, Berlin, Vienna.
Coming, Brutus, coming.
Come on, boy.
Steady. I'll just chain you
up to be sure. Come on, boy.
I might have been a
fashionable physician, yes,
with my brougham and my titled patients,
but there was something bigger.
Do you want it? Speak for it.
That's the boy. Nicely now. Don't snatch.
In the name of... What's the matter?
Can't I feed my dog? Or don't
you think there is a dog?
Why, why, yes, of course.
Only... Only you doubt it, huh?
Very well. Put out your hand, feel it.
Quiet, Brutus.
But there is a dog.
A huge one.
I could feel it. Of course, of course.
And specially trained as my bodyguard.
He'd probably kill anyone
that raised a hand to me.
But the dog's invisible. That's impossible.
In this house, you've got to
believe what you can't see.

Come on, boy.
Come on.
Lie down.
What a breeze! What a breeze!
Sails down. Sails down.
What a breeze! What a breeze!
It's... It's incredible.
Not at all, if you grasp the theory.
Tell me. Have you ever studied
optical density? Molecular physics?
No. No? That's too bad.
See here, in simple terms...
You're an intelligent man.
A body either absorbs light or
it reflects it or it refracts it.
If it does none of these things, if its
refractive index is sufficiently lowered,
it cannot of itself be visible.
Can you grasp that? Well, I...
Well, let's look at it this
way. The air you breathe...
It has body, hasn't it?
And yet, you can't see it.
Or clear water in a glass bottle.
Haven't you ever been
fooled and thought it empty?
Well, why, yes.
Well, then it's not so strange, is it?
The problem was to find a formula,
a geometric expression
involving four dimensions...
for use on tissue.
Bone, blood. I found it.
But how, how did you first...
I began working with small animals...
mice, rabbits, guinea pigs.
Brutus here is the biggest
subject I've worked on...
so far.
And it... it doesn't hurt?
It hasn't hurt him. He's well and happy.
Whereas, before, it was a
tough life, wasn't it, old boy?
A big mongrel. Nobody's cur.

The well-bred dogs of the
gentry picked on him. They would.
He hadn't a chance when they came in couples.
They all hunt in couples, the gentry.
But when I made him invisible, then
it was his turn. Wasn't it, old boy?
Had them at his mercy, didn't he? Oh, quite.
Made them wish they'd never been born.
Now, if a man were invisible,
he'd be hard to find.
You couldn't make a man invisible.
You're just talking. You're
boasting! You couldn't.
Oh, couldn't I?
If he had the courage,
if he weren't a weakling.
A neurotic with a persecution complex.
Who hasn't got the courage?
I warned you fairly.
I've never tried this on a human being.
Get on with it. I've got nothing to lose.
Oh, if you could just make me like that dog.
I think I can.
And if I can't...
They'll have you up for
malpractice, is that it?
No.
Murder. Are you ready?
Go ahead.
Will it take long? I can't be sure.
Will I lose consciousness? For a while.
Stopped raining, hasn't it?
Yes.
Look here. I don't feel any different.
Wait.
What is it? Oh,
I was just thinkin',
What a cat-and-mouse game.
Enemy they can't see.
Ca... Can't get a... get ahold of.
A man!
An invisible man!
The pulse is still strong.
Why, I've outstripped

the immortals of science.
Archimedes, Copernicus,
Faraday, Darwin.
Now I am immortal.
Look, here. How long is this going
to take? I can't lie here all night.
Wait a minute. I think
perhaps a swallow of brandy.
Here. Drink this.
Now lie still.
I want to make some notes while this
experiment is still fresh in my mind.
Why, my hand, i-it's gone.
It worked. Dr. Drury!
Why didn't you tell me? Is there any
danger of my turning visible again?
Ha! Not till you're dead.
And I've got a good long while
before that, and a lot to do.
Yes, there is a lot to do. Now you'd
better lie down and get some sleep.
And don't worry? Me, worry?
Others will do the worrying.
Tomorrow I'll plan my campaign.
I must inform the papers. There'll
be interviews and pictures.
I'll be invited to address the Royal
Societies. Run along and get some rest.
What are you doing?
I'm leaving.
I'm no human guinea pig to make you famous.
I've got my own plans.
Why, you can't do that! You can't go now!
You thought you got rid of me, Jasper,
but I've come back.
Who's that? It's me, Jasper.
Your old friend Bob
Griffin. Don't you remember?
What is this?
Where are you?
You can't see me, Jasper.
I know. I know, you're outside.
But you're hiding somewhere.
Cold, Jasper. Still cold.

But you're in this room, Griffin!
And I'll find you! Yes, Jasper.
I am in the room. I'm over here.
But you can't find me, Jasper.
I can see you, but you can't see me.
Oh, I could brain you if I wanted to.
Now you're at my mercy.
I could strangle you.
No!
See how easy it is. He-Help! Help!
What is it you want, Griffin?
I'll tell you what I want.
I want everything you've
got. I want your money.
I want your house. And
I'm going to take Julie.
Sit down, Jasper.
Sit down and write what I tell you!
I've already killed three
men with a knife like this,
and I wouldn't mind making it four.
Now sit down and write!
I, Jasper Herrick, of my own free will,
do hereby confess...
that I twice tried to murder my
good friend, Robert Griffin...
You're mad, Griffin! That's
a lie, and you know it.
Shut up and write!
In order to rob him of
that certain property...
known as Herrick Mines Limited,
situated in the Tanganyika
Territory near Mongaburra.
In, uh, in partial expiation of my crime,
I hereby assign all of my property...
to said Robert Griffin,
including the estates known as Shortlands.
No, no, I... I won't do
that! Oh, yes, Jasper.
Or would you rather have your throat cut?
That's it.
Now sign it.
Now give it to me. I don't trust you, Jasper.

But I've got you right where I want you.
From now on, you'll do exactly as I say.
"... Griffin... .. certain property...
known as Herrick Mines Limited, situated... "
Hey, no, you don't! Up to
your old tricks, eh, Jasper?
I'll take that chair.
For heaven's sake, Jasper, what is it?
He's here, Irene!
Who? Griffin! He's here in this room!
Yes, yes, dear, but if you'll just
lie down. I know, you think I'm...
No, no, of course not. You're just upset.
Jasper, what...
Why, you mustn't write things like this ever!
No, no, no, don't tear it!
Jasper, let go. Let me go.
He's mad, I tell you, Irene. He'll kill you!
Who? Griffin. He's here in this room!
He's invisible. Oh, Jasper,
stop it! I'm ashamed of you.
Get hold of yourself. There's no
such thing as an invisible man.
That's where you're wrong.
Now I'll take this.
Oh, dear.
Oh, love should be
Hello, who's there? Let me in!
This is a nice time of the morning
to come knocking on me door.
Must be barmy. Say, what do
you think... Get outta my way!
Say, who do you think you are,
shovin' me around my own house?
I'm Bob Griffin. Shut the door.
Griffin? Oh, I say, what's
happened? What's happened?
Have you been scalded,
or have you got the mange?
Neither. I'm invisible.
You...
Oh, don't make me laugh!
Next thing you'll be telling me you
curl up and sleep in a buttercup.

Ah! You're as solid as I
am. You don't believe me, eh?
No! Come here.
What? Have a look.
Oh, blimey!
Oh, it's the truth!
I had to put these wrappings on.
I was causing too much excitement,
wandering around without any head.
I'll have to stay with you.
You're the only man I can trust.
Where do you think you're
going? Oh, I'm not going out.
I'm just, uh, locking the
door so nobody can come in.
Hurry up and get me some
breakfast. I'm hungry.
Yes.
Right away.
I'm very sorry, but I have nothing but
a very old moldy pancake to offer you.
Look, eh, why don't you go down to the inn?
They have a very nice breakfast down
there. Two kinds of jam and a bit of fish.
Hurry up with the pancakes.
Pancake, eh? Right-o, pancake.
Well, this flour here is a
bit wormy. Do you mind? No.
Oh.
All right, here we go. Pancake, huh? Uh...
Oh, I say, look 'ere.
Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk!
There's been a mouse in it.
Sounds as if you don't want to serve me.
Oh, not at all! I'm very
happy to do it. Very happy!
Here. Could you...
Would you mind puttin' this bag over your head?
I'm afraid you're gonna catch cold.
Here. See here!
Maybe this'll convince you I have a head.
When I put something on it,
you can see it. Now watch.
How's that?

Blimey!

YY-You're the dead
spit of yourself!

All right, now stop your
chattering and get my breakfast.

Yes, sir, right away.

And, eh... Er, oh, uh...

You know, I'm very happy to have you here,
but, I'm sorry to tell you, you can't stay.

Why not?

Well, I'll tell ya.

This time tomorrow, I'll
have no roof over me head.

I'm losin' this place
for the want of me rent.

I'll get you the rent.

Oh, I don't want you to bother about it.

I'll get you more than the rent.

I'll get you money, power, the chance
to hurt people the way they've hurt you.

Just you wait till tonight.

You'd be laughing through to the other
side of your whiskers, Tom Meadow,
if you'd seen what I seen.

And what might that be, Jem Yarrow?

I seen him myself last night on the road.

A suit of clothes walking, and a hat.

And he hadn't got no head nor hands.

I'm sorry. I thought you came in ahead of me.

Well, I didn't. There you are.

I wish you wouldn't move around so
much. I can't tell where you are.

Lead the way, will you? Then I can't trip.

Thank you.

Hello, Herbert. Hello, Will.

Hey, Herbert. Here. Huh?

Yes? Ain't you afeared to be out at night,
walking streets alone? Alone?

What makes you thinks I'm alone? Ow!

Oh, dear. Oh, 'struth. Oh, my arm.

Must have a touch of gout. Gout?

Yes. Oh, drinkin' too much port, no doubt.

Hello, Herbie. Hello, hello.

A half a pint of bitters, will

you? Half a pint of bitters.
Yeah. Oh, Herbert.
Yes? On your way over to the thickets,
did you see anything of a headless corpse?
A headless corpse?
Yes! ... Oh.
Oh, no, no, no. That's just
imagination. Oh, imagination.
There be no such thing as a headless corpse.
Oh, don't believe it, eh?
Well, chap from London believes...
and asked me all about it.
And me too. He wrote about it, he did.
Making game here, that's what he was doing.
Oh. Well, tell him to his
face. Yonder he's coming.
How are you, Bill? Hi,
Meadows. Hello, Mr. Foster.
Hello. How are you? Spot
of brandy, please, Maud.
Did you find the postmistress, Mr. Foster?
Yes, thanks. She opened up the post
office, and I got my story to London.
Sending off a story, Mr. Foster? I
thought you was up here for a holiday.
Well, I couldn't pass up a
story about an invisible man.
Why, it's better than
the monster of Loch Ness.
Well... Say, that's funny.
Accidents will happen.
I didn't even touch it.
Oh, you must have. There.
Think nothing of it.
I wish I was home.
Mr. Foster. Yes, Gray?
Excuse me, sir. Miss Julie
says there won't be an answer.
All right. Thank you, sir.
She's not for you, Foster.
Who said that?
Not me, not me. I said nothing.
That's funny. I must be hearing things.
It's getting so I'm believing my own stories.

Well, cheerio.
Good night, all. Good night.
That does it.
Two half-and-halves
and a pint of bitters.
There you are, Neddy. Yours, if you want it.
Where's a chap can play a game
with me and make it worth my while?
I'll play you, Ned Towle.
You will, will you?
Whatever gave you notion
you can throw a dart?
Oh, I didn't...
Oh, it's one of me hidden talents.
There you are, then. Eh? Oh, now, thank you.
Well, I-I... I don't think
these points are sharp enough.
You know? You don't, eh?
No. Get on with it.
You couldn't hit a barn door with a dead cat.
Oh, I can't?
I could... No.
I'll bet you five quid. Five quid?
And where would he get five
quid? Yeah, where would he?
I got it right here somewhere. I got a draft.
Here. Here's a draft right
there for five pounds.
Right? Right-o.
Five pounds? Yes. Where's yours?
I never made five pounds so
easy. All right, put up, put up.
Here's mine. Here, you hold it.
Who's gonna hold him?
I don't need no holding.
All right. But hang around.
Rob, Rob? What do you want?
What'll I do? Just go through
the motions. I'll take care of it.
Come on, throw it, throw it!
All right, all right.
Give me a chance, will ya?
You ain't afraid, are you? Afraid, nothing.
Well, go on and throw it! All right.

The first is a bit of a fancy one, you know?
Bloomin' bull's-eye.
'Tis naught but bull luck.
Look. Any position.
Well, why didn't you throw it?
Rob, what's the matter?
Give me time to get back, will you?
I've got to run with it and
stick it in the board. Oh.
Oh, I forgot to tell you. This
is Herbert Higgins's delayed dart.
Watch the bull's-eye.
I didn't think he could
do it. Strike me pink.
Another blinking bull's-eye!
I know, I know. I don't even have to look.
Here, watch this one.
All the way around me napper.
It's bleedin' hypnotism, that's what it is.
Oh, hypnotism, eh?
Ah, get him. Here.
I resent that remark. I'm a honest man, I am.
Oh, yes? Let's see them darts.
What's the matter? A dart's a dart, ain't it?
They're all the same, Neddy. There you are.
Now are you satisfied? Why, yes, I...
Well, all right. You wanna bet
another five pounds? Well, n...
Come on, talk fast. Well, no, I...
I'll be satisfied with the
five quid I'm gonna win.
You hopes.
Horace, loan me
your "to-and-fro. "
Thank you. Hey, Jim, here, here.
Come on, give me an hand.
Come on, Jim, come on.
What now? Put one of those harrows on there.
Right on. Come on, right on top of there.
There you are. Now stand back, stand back.
Look out for your head.
Here you are, Horace. Thank you.
He never had a dart in his
hand before. Blooming magic.

You're going to have an hard job
beating that one. Don't worry about me.
It's your throw, Neddy.
Yes, here's your darts.
Six of them!
I won't throw against that.
Then it's his money.
Right. Thank you. That's right. Pay him off.
Good night. Good night.
It's a blasted trick!
No, you don't.
Give me back me money. Oh,
why, are you threatening me?
You heard me. I won it fair.
Give it back! You thievin' blackguard.
Thievin' blackguard,
eh? I didn't say nothing.
You'll say less with a bashed head.
Now get your money.
Get your money!
Anyone else? No!
I thought not.
Miss Julie. Now, Julie, no nonsense.
There, that's a good
girl. How tiresome of me.
I'm all right now. I must get back to Mother.
Now, Miss Julie, you've had no rest,
and you haven't had a mouthful
to eat since breakfast.
Oh, don't be such an old fusspot, Cleghorn.
Julie, why can't the
nurses... No, they can't.
She doesn't feel safe unless I'm there.
Safe from what, dear? I don't know.
She lies there babbling
about invisible men...
and... and griffins.
Griffins? Yes.
It's all part of her delirium.
Griffins.
Tell me, Julie. Did you ever
know a man by the name of Griffin?
Not me, but... Mother and Dad did.
But he's dead. Miss Herrick, please!

Yes, nurse? Does she want me?
We can't quieten her.
You should have called me. Wait, Julie, I...
I'll talk to you later, Mark. But, Julie.
Mr. Foster?
Mr. Foster, it's on my mind.
Sir Jasper told me not to talk.
But seeing how you and Miss
Julie... What is it, Cleghorn?
A man named Griffin was here two days ago.
Are you all right? Quite. But
it was closer than I like 'em.
What was that?
Keep quiet.
Get back in the library.
What is it now? What do you want?
Get rid of Mark Foster. Pack him off.
I won't have him near Julie. But it's
no use, Rob. She's in love with him.
Doesn't she love you? I can
ruin you, remember? Disgrace you.
Go ahead, then. Do what you want to me.
How could Julie marry
you? Why, you're inhuman!
She's for me, I tell you. For me.
I'll kill Foster before
I'll let him have her.
But you're... you're horrible. No woman...
You mean because I'm
invisible? Yes, yes, that's it.
If I weren't invisible, you'd do
your best for me, wouldn't you?
Wouldn't you?
Yes. Yes, of course I would.
Then I'll be visible again.
I'll be back, Jasper, to
hold you to your promise.
Lie still, Brutus.
I wouldn't hurt you, you old
fool. You know I wouldn't hurt you.
Steady, boy.
That's a good dog. A very good dog.
That's a boy. Just as good
as new, aren't you? Hmm?

Feel pretty good, do you?
There we go. One more and that's all.
Didn't hurt a bit, did it? Huh?
Didn't hurt at all. I told you it wouldn't.
Up you go.
Well, you're just as good
as you ever were, aren't you?
Down you go. Out you go.
Come on, boy. Come here.
Been a pretty good dog, haven't
you? Helped your old master a lot.
We did a good job together. No one will
know anything ever happened to you.
So you've come back. Yes, I've come back.
I knew you would. I knew you'd have to.
You're going to make me visible again.
No, that's not possible.
Don't lie to me. I saw
you make that dog visible.
That was a transfusion from another dog.
Every drop of his blood. Well?
The dog I took it from died. What of it?
Don't you see? To make you visible,
I'd have to drain the blood of a man.
What of it? That would be murder.
Who cares? Look here, Griffin.
You might not stay visible.
It wouldn't last. A day, an
hour. You'd probably fade again.
You're lying! It's the truth.
Down, Brutus.
Leave that dog alone! Don't try any tricks.
We're going to make that
blood transfusion tonight.
I know the very man, nosy
young fool of a reporter.
Mark Foster's his name,
at the Birchester Inn.
Call him and tell him you've
got the invisible man here.
He'll come like a shot. Go on. Call him up!
Go on. Do it!
I won't do it. I'm a
scientist, not a murderer.

Would you rather I took your blood?

I'll call him.

Operator...

get me 117.

Make it sound convincing.

Are you there? I would like
to speak with Mr. Mark Foster.

Here, hold on, hold on.

What's all this about?

Oh, hello, Foster. This

is Dr. Drury speaking...

from the old stone house in Thrustlewood.

Listen carefully. I've got the invisible
man. It's a matter of life and death.

Invisible man, me eye.

Whose life is he threatening now, may I ask?

Mine, if he should break loose.

I've got him right here, caught.

Yes, Dr. Drury. Come at once.

All right, sir. We'll be over presently.

He's coming. Good.

I'll have a spot of whiskey.

I'll take it.

Yes?

Is this Dr. Drury?

Yes, this is Dr. Drury.

Birchester Police calling.

Just checking on a call
that just came in from you.

Never mind it. No. No, I didn't call.

Oh, you didn't, eh?

You asked for it, Drury.

I'll have to take your blood.

Good evening, Sergeant.

How are you, Constable?

Good evening, sir. What can we do for you?

There's no hurry. Take your time.

We won't be but a moment,

sir. Do you mind if I watch?

Not at all. Make yourself right at home, sir.

Six. Fifteen for two.

Ahh.

That does it. Well, sir,

what can we do for you?

I just dropped in to see if you picked up any more yarns about the invisible man. Chap just called in, said he'd caught the invisible man, he did. Caught the inv... That's what he said. He was making game of us, he was. But he asked for you. Did you check the call? Yes. An old quack doctor out Thrustlewood way. Drury was his name. A quack in the head, he is. Makes all manner of unholy experiments. Experiments, did you say? Huh? Come on, Constable. We're going out there. Look. Can't you make this thing go any faster? I'm exceeding the speed limit now. You lied to me, Drury. I'm as good as ever. See? I'm going to stay this way as long as there's blood to be had. Right around the next turn. Rob. Rob Griffin. My name is Field, understand? You've been expecting me. I've come to make you a nice, long visit. But you've become... Yes, as you advised. I'm visible again. I'm sorry, Sir Jasper, but I'd retired as you suggested. That's all right, Cleghorn. You look as if you think you know me. Well, I-I... Set him right, Jasper! This is Mr. Field, Cleghorn. Mr. Field? Martin Field. And I expect to be here for quite some time. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking how easy it would be to turn me in. Don't try it, Jasper. I can make myself invisible whenever I please. Look here, I never meant... I didn't dream... I came here to take possession. Now give me your keys. Keys? Yes.

That's it. I'll go and come at will.
I'm visible again, and
I've come back for Julie.
Rob.
Rob, for pity's sake, you...
And nothing can stop me.
Come in.
Hello, Rob.
Shut the door.
Ah, yes.
Well, it is a pleasure to see you.
And to be able to see you,
that's the nice thing about it.
How did you know I was here?
I heard Alf Prouty talking about the
bloke he sent down here last night.
It was right after the Drury fire, you know.
So I said to myself, "Oh, that must be
me friend Rob Griffin come back to life. "
The name is Field. Martin
Field. Well, whatever it is.
Well, I am pleased to see you're
living in a nice home like this, eh?
What, oh! Ooh! How do you do?
Say, you know, we ought to be as
cozy as a couple of bugs in a rug...
now that our troubles are over. Our trouble?
Mmm. Where do you come in?
Oh, Rob. I stuck by you when you were poor.
You don't think I'm going to
desert you, now you're rich.
I'll give you 50 pounds
and get out, understand?
Fifty pounds? Oh, what a shock.
And coming right on top of poor Dr. Drury...
being killed by an unknown hand.
Well, unknown by most.
Put two and two together, have you?
Yes.
Would you like to know
why Drury had to die? Yes.
I needed his blood to make
me visible again. Oh, no!
But it won't last, Herbert.

I'm going to need more.
Oh, yes? Who can we get? I know!
Look... Hey! Here, don't
look at me like that now.
I'm too small. I ain't got
enough red "corpuskles"...
in my blood to bait a mousetrap.
Well, what's the matter? What are you doing?
It's Drury's dog. Well, all right. So what?
Hey, you're trembling like a leaf, you know.
He's the only living thing I'm afraid of.
Afraid? You afraid? Oh,
what an horrid thought.
Look at me, I ain't afraid. That dog?
Why, I'd take him by the tail, pull it
out and hit him over the head with it.
You would? Yes. Why, I'd
strangle him with me bare hands.
Then do it, strangle him, poison him,
anything. I'll give you 500 pounds.
Oh, 500 pounds for a big
job like that? Oh, Rob!
I'll give you a thousand
if you kill him. A thousand.
Come here. Come here. Oh. Yes? Huh?
Take my coat. Let him smell
it. He'll follow you anywhere.
Don't worry. I'll follow him.
The job is done.
Uh, you mean you want it done now?
Certainly I want it done now.
Mark, how dreadful!
And you say the house was
completely burned to the ground?
Completely. There wasn't even a piece
of glass to get fingerprints from.
You mean, there weren't any clues?
Not one, Sir Jasper. The murderer
just sort of melted away.
Mark, stop being so literary. What
do you mean just "melted away"?
Just that. I think the
murderer was invisible.
Invisible? Who's invisible? Hello.

Hello, Julie. Hello, Field.
Will you have some lunch?
Yes, do. You hardly touched your breakfast.
Mark, this is my old friend Martin
Field. Mark Foster of the Courier.
Oh, yes. You're the chap who writes
those, uh... spook stories, aren't you?
If you want to call them that, yes.
It's a good line. People
love that sort of fantasy.
It's not fantasy. It's true.
Oh, come now, Mark.
I mean it. I've seen the invisible man.
Oh, Mark, how could you
possibly see the invisible man?
I saw him, I heard him...
Stick to your guns. That's the spirit.
Will you take wine or
beer, sir? Beer, Cleghorn.
Still, the idea offers some
practical difficulties, doesn't it?
I mean, well, what would
the invisible man eat?
Surely not filet of sole.
Spider webs, more likely.
Charming notion. Yes, isn't it?
Oh, and what would he drink?
Dew drops? Surely not beer.
I think he drinks blood. Mark.
What makes you say that?
Because Dr. Drury's body...
was drained of every last drop of blood.
How awful!
If you'll excuse me.
Sounds a bit like Dracula, doesn't it?
I mean, that sort of thing is out of date.
A transfusion would be more to the point.
What for? Perhaps to become visible again.
Say, that's an idea. But why
should he want to be visible?
Read your mythology, Miss Julie.
Even the gods want love.
And... And your invisible man,
let's say he has a need to

enjoy what other men enjoy.
You know, you're better at
this sort of thing than I am.
And then, the day of days,
he finds out how to do it.
Blood. Human blood. That's deliberate murder.
Why not?
What man who is truly
great would stop at that?
And there he is... visible again.
He has only to reach out
and take what he wants.
But will he stay visible?
It's a joke on him if he found himself
fading out, I mean, at some crucial moment.
There's always plenty of blood.
He can be visible or invisible.
Think of the power, the authority,
the finality of his slightest wish.
Why... Why, a man like
that could rock the world.
A knife slipped. -I cut my hand.
Let me get you something.
No, thanks.
I'll dress it.
He's quite pale.
Oh! You gave me quite a start.
Indeed, you did.
Oh, Norma.
Yes, sir?
Ask Mr. Foster to come up at
once, please. Yes, Mr. Field.
It's a purely personal matter. Speak
to him when you're alone, will you?
Yes, indeed, sir.
Oh, Mr. Foster. Mr. Field would
like to see you in his room.
Thank you, Norma.
Hello, Field. Are you here?
Hello, Field?
Hey, Field, are you down here?
I told you you'd find the
invisible man down here.
You can't get away, Foster. You're locked in,

and we're all alone where nobody can hear us.
You want the lights out, eh?
So I can't see you. Well, it won't work.
Hey, that wasn't even close.
You haven't a chance, Foster.
It would be easy to kill you,
But I've got to have your blood.
The joke's on you, Foster.
Your blood will make me visible,
and I'll marry Julie while...
while you rot in your grave.
It's no use, Foster.
I'm still here. Give me that.
I'm closing in on you, Foster.
You haven't got a chance.
You don't know where I am.
You can't fight what you can't see.
I might be in back of you.
I might be at your side.
Or I might be in front of you!
Up you come now.
That's it. Just the way I want you.
There you are. It won't take long,
and you'll never feel a thing.
Come on, give it here. Come on here with me.
Come 'ere! Come 'ere!
Hello, Travers. What brings
you here? Listen, Herrick.
Alf Prouty here tells me he picked up a
man last night near the scene of the murder.
Aye, and I set him right
down slap here at this door.
Is that the truth, Herrick? Why, yes.
You... You see, an old friend of mine...
Herrick, we shall have to see him.
Of course. Certainly.
Oh, Cleghorn, will you ask
Mr. Field to come in here...
What were you doing with Dr.
Drury's dog? Nothing. Nothing.
What do you mean nothing? Mr.
Griffin, he was afraid of him.
Griffin? I mean, Mr. Field.
Yes, but Mr. Field is not in his room.

What? He's not? Come
on, let's open this door.
He must be inside. Well, come
on, then. Let's break it down.
We have nothing more to
fear from the invisible man.
He's dead.
And judgment was passed on him...
by a higher court than ours.
He's taken Foster's blood
the same as he did Drury's.
But he's still alive. Come on, get
him out of here. Come on, Foster.
And then? Well, sir, he says to me,
"I'll make you as rich as Gresis. "
But, oh, did that tempt me? Yes, it did.
Oh, no, sir, no, Sir Frederick.
I was then and I am now unsullied.
May I go now, sir? No, wait a moment.
I wonder how he learned to become invisible.
From that old crank Dr. Drury, of course.
Their secret died with them
luckily. A couple of lunatics.
That's right, sir. Griffin was always
talking about getting back at people.
Never entered his head the dog
would have the same idea towards him.
I mean, on account of what
happened to old man Drury.
From what Father said,
his mind was, well, warped.
It must have been. Warped
by imaginary wrongs.
A man fighting shadows.
He's to be pitied, really.
He probed too deeply in forbidden places.
What a man earns, he gets.
Nature has a strange
way of paying him back...
in his own coin.