MEMOIRS OF AN INVISIBLE MAN

by

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REVISED DRAFT

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THE CODE

Before you begin here's a note about the rules concerning when we see Chevy and when we don't.

The slug line NOW WE SEE NICK means we see Nick in the scene and the other characters don't. Sometimes WE SEE NICK appears in a paragraph and the rule holds true.

We will continue to see Nick until the NEXT SHOT, whereupon he's invisible until the next WE SEE NICK.

Anytime we refer to him as the invisible man, then we don't see him.

FADE IN:

1 ABOVE MIDTOWN NEW YORK NIGHT 1

The towering cityscape, glittering lights, muted HORNS of moving traffic below, and then all SOUND is OVERWHELMED by the SHRIEKING turbines of a fast-approaching jet helicopter. And we're BLINDED by 100,000 watts of zenon quartz light as A BLACK UNMARKED SIKORSKY THUNDERS past. An array of antennas on the fuselage.

2 IN THE CHOPPER'S COCKPIT 2

RAKING past the pilot over Manhattan below, to the dash: a complex console of electronic scopes, gauges, and screens. A radar sweeps. Multi-colored LED read-outs suddenly flux wildly.

3 BEGIN CREDITS OVER MANHUNT SEQUENCE 3

A DARK SEDAN crawls past Nick's brownstone on E. 89th Street. The tough guy riding shotgun fits on high-tech thermal imaging binoculars. Spacey looking.

4 A CONTROL ROOM 4

the nerve center of the dragnet. State-of-the-art. Different IMAGES from field cameras -- in the chopper, vehicles, etc. -- play on a bank of monitors. An Etak screen charts the courses on the various units, converging in midtown. RADIO TRAFFIC throughout.

5 A GRAY "INSTANT ROOTER" VAN 5

with two camera lenses fitted into the double "O's" of "Rooter" is parked across Madison Avenue from a handsome, six-story, turn-of-the-century building -- the Academy Club.

6 INSIDE THE VAN 6

crammed with high-tech surveillance equipment: the two vidicams shooting through the double "O's" playing the same view on two monitors. One is normal. The other is THERMAL-IMAGED, wherein all images -- of car engines, people moving in and out of the club, etc. -- are COLORIZED OUTLINES of the heat they project.

7 A SECOND DARK SEDAN 7

cruises along W. 48th Street. CAMERA HOLDS on a darkened storefront -- a midtown camera store.

8 INT. CAMERA STORE VIDEO DEPARTMENT 8

a swivel chair is positioned in front of a video camera on a tripod. Overhead we HEAR the helicopter THUNDER PAST.

Suddenly the camera turns on by itself, transmitting a VIDEO IMAGE of the swivel chair to a ROW OF MONITORS.

The chair tilts back and the SEAT CUSHION DEPRESSES as if an INVISIBLE MAN had just seated himself.

Then from somewhere in the room a MAN CLEARS HIS THROAT.

CREDITS END

as a disembodied MAN'S VOICE begins the tale --

VOICE
You're looking at a chair because I'm seated in it. My name is Nick Halloway and I am a completely invisible man.

A beat. The chair SQUEAKS and MOVES as Nick's invisible body shifts. The VCR REMOTE rises into frame and HOVERS above the chair. Then a PENCIL RISES ABOVE the remote and passes over and under it.

NICK'S VOICE
See, no strings...

A piece of bubble gum FLIES up and unwraps itself.

NICK'S VOICE
This is no special effect. I'm <u>real</u>... a living, breathing, three-dimenstional human being...
(harshly)
I just happen to absorb light instead of reflecting it.

Now the gum GETS CHEWED and BLOWS ITSELF INTO A BUBBLE.

NICK'S VOICE
As you can imagine I'm probably the most wanted man in the world right now...

The GUM spits itself out.

NICK
... and tomorrow I could very well be dead -- which is why I'm making this tape. The story's got to be told... the world has to know.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

The chair swivels to face a mirrored wall. The voice becomes softer, the tone almost plaintive.

NICK
Funny thing is, when I play it all back in my mind I still see myself as perfectly normal and whole --

9 NICK HALLOWAY FADES IN (AS IF BY MEMORY) 9

A handsome man in his mid-thirties in a once-expensive suit, now ragged and filthy.

NICK
-- it's like someone who loses a leg and for months afterwards still feels it there.

10 CLOSE ON THE MIRROR 10

Nick's reflection is not there.

NICK
Only... I'm <u>not</u> just a memory. I'm really invisible --

11 VIDEO DEPARTMENT 11

The empty chair swivels back to face the camera.

NICK V.O.
It all started on a Tuesday in March.

CUT TO

12 CLOSE-UP - NICK HALLOWAY LAST MARCH 12

reclining in a high-back leather desk chair gabbing on the phone and staring out his window overlooking Wall Street.

NICK
... Put me down for a dime on St. Johns-Villanova, we'll take the points --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

NICK (CONT'D)
-- I want the over in the Carolina-Duke game -- and what the hell, I got a feeling, lemme have the Sixers over the Knicks. A nickel.

CATHY, Nick's secretary, opens the door and enters. She carries an armload of files and seats herself across from the desk.

NICK
Lar, gotta run. Taking some orphans to the museum.

He hangs up.

CATHY
Boykin called to ask if you'd seen the announcement of the proposed Allied/Security Oil merger on the broad tape. Kaplan called again from San Francisco about MicroMagnetics, you've got the OPEC thing...
(as Nick's eyes are crossing)
Staff meeting's Thursday and you haven't begun that oil shale analysis for Roger. Shall I keep going?

NICK
(blank)
What oil shale analysis?

ROGER WHITMAN, Nick's officious boss, sticks his head in the door.

ROGER
(surprised)
You <u>are</u> here.

NICK
(without missing a beat)
Damn straight. This oil shale analysis is gonna blow you away, Rog. Just lemme complete a thought here....
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

NICK (CONT'D)
(harumphs)
The Japanese clearly have the most to lose if the Gulf crisis continues vis a vis crude... therefore the demand for synthetic energy sources, i.e.: Overthrust Belt oil shale in Western Wyoming, portends huge investments --

Roger clearly is impressed.

ROGER
Look, you're busy, sounds exciting. By the way, you've got to tell us whether we should be holding or selling on the Allied news.

NICK
Saw it on the broad tape this morning -- I'm on top of it -- now get outta here and lemme make us some money.

He grins. Roger grins back and shuts the door. Cathy stares at Nick.

CATHY
You are without a doubt the biggest bullshit artist I ever worked for.

Nick checks his watch, moves for his coat.

NICK
Thank you, Cathy. In fact, take the rest of the day off. I'm going to my club.

13 CATHY RUNNING TO KEEP UP WITH NICK 13

in the outer office. Nick shrugs into his Burberry, one hand gripping his Mark Cross briefcase.

CATHY
MicroMagnetics. Tomorrow. You're on the 8:45 out of Penn Station to Princeton. You promised Kaplan you'd cover for him!

Cathy hands him a heavy file.

NICK
Oh, Jesus. This is thick. How'm I supposed to do this?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

He hands the file back to her.

NICK
You go.

The elevator arrives, doors open.

CATHY
You gave him your word.

He steps inside.

NICK
I was drunk, it was one fifteen in the morning, get Moynihan to cover for me.

CATHY
The 8:45 to Princeton. You're committed.

She hands the file back to him.

NICK
What about my commitments? My haircut, my rubdown, my --

CLANK. He's cut off as the doors slide shut.

14 EXT. THE ACADEMY CLUB MADISON AVENUE EVENING 14

Impressive, episcopal-looking businessmen traffic in and out the revolving door.

NICK V.O.
The Academy Club was one of the last in an elitist tradition of private men's clubs in Manhattan.

Nick's cab pulls up. He climbs out, smartly snapping a fresh ten-spot off his gold money clip.

15 MOVING WITH NICK THROUGH THE CAVERNOUS LOBBY 15

past a high-ceilinged lounge where the middle-aged members, the Old Money, sit in leather wing chairs reading Barrons and smoking cigars. His eyes sparkle; he's secure in his chosen habitat.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

NICK V.O.
The sort of place railroad tycoons and robber barons would hang out at night, eat roast beef, hire the occasional whore, and discuss how much they stole that day.

As Nick passes, CAMERA HOLDS on a gallery wall displaying gilt-framed nineteenth century oil portraits of the club's founding fathers: stern-faced burghers all.

NICK V.O.
I was proud to be one of them.

16 ACADEMY CLUB OAK BAR 16

crowded with the club's younger set -- Ivy League world beaters discussing their deals and triumphs over scotch and designer water.

17 NICK ALONE AT THE END OF THE BAR 17

signaling to the bartender.

NICK
Just a single this time, Patrick, I got an early train and a load of work to do.

Nick flips through a pile of MicroMagnetics annual reports and 10-K's. Patrick refills his glass.

PATRICK
Somebody's trying to get your attention, Mr. H. Looks like Mr. Talbot.

He nods past Nick into the room where a stylish-looking man about Nick's age, GEORGE TALBOT, is waving from a crowded banquette. Nick hunkers down on the bar to hide his face.

NICK
Don't look. Pretend you don't see.

But it's too late. George is already at Nick's elbow, slapping him on the back.

GEORGE
You know what they say about guys who drink alone, Nick...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

NICK
Hello, George. How's the colitis?

George laughs and tugs at Nick's arm.

GEORGE
C'mon, join us. I'm over here with some of the gang.

Nick taps his pile of 10 K's.

NICK
Not tonight.

18 GEORGE STEERING NICK AWAY FROM THE BAR 18

GEORGE
-- don't be a fag, one drink. It's just Ellen and some friends of hers from Salomon, and Alice Barlow, my sister Amy's friend from Cornell. She's just back from Brazil.

NICK
I never knew you had a sister.

GEORGE
What are you talking about, you tried to make it with her. Chip Baldwin's wedding, remember?

NICK
(recalling)
Oh, her. Your sister? I thought she was your girlfriend...

George waves this away. It's vintage Halloway.

NICK
Georgie, listen, tonight's bad for socializing. I'm buried, really.

But George just shakes his head and grins like this is a familiar routine.

GEORGE
Before you bail, just take one look --

He indicates his table, and a particular STUNNING BLOND among the usual gang. She doesn't seem like the other women, all crisply tailored and heavily made-up, instead ALICE BARLOW glows naturally, laughs unself-consciously, she's a knockout.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Nick finds himself staring at her. And suddenly she looks up. Their eyes meet. And hold.

NICK
(to George)
Well. Maybe for a minute.

19 GEORGE AND NICK ARRIVE AT GEORGE'S TABLE 19

a half dozen of their colleagues, George's girlfriend ELLEN and Alice bunched together talking around drinks and salmon dip.

GEORGE
You know everybody, right, Nickie?

Nods and salutations all around. George pushes Nick into the banquette next to Alice.

GEORGE
Nick Halloway, I'd like you to meet Alice Barlow. Alice, Nick.
(then)
Alice produces documentaries for the Smithsonian.

Nick smiles, wedged next to her, knee-to-knee, thigh-to-thigh, and she doesn't move away an inch. She's even more spectacular up-close, and Nick finds himself in the rare predicament of being at a loss for words. She shakes his hands.

ALICE
Hi, Nick.

NICK
Nice to meet you. I love the Smithsonian, it's one of my favorite, uh, institutions.

They're staring at each other again. She smiles.

GEORGE
Nick and I were double champions at the East Hampton tournament last summer.

ALICE
I'm impressed.

NICK
Don't be. We were the youngest men in our age bracket. Fifty-five and older.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

Alice laughs. Nick looks pleased.

NICK
So. What types of documentaries do you produce?

ALICE
Anthropological stuff -- primitive cultures, cosmologies -- you know, films that play on PBS narrated by Hal Holbrook.

NICK
I don't know, I prefer William Conrad myself. Just the other night I was watching a show called "Among the Moose"...

Alice laughs again.

20 A WAITER SERPENTINES THROUGH THE ROOM 20

bringing a fresh tray of drinks to the table. Everyone's engaged in a heated discussion except for Nick and Alice; they're in their own world.

ALICE
-- in a sense it was the transcendentalists' perception of nature as virgin that inspired the idea of national parks in the Tropics.

NICK
Nature as virgin... hmm.
(then)
So what'd you miss most living down there seven months?

ALICE
Oh... hot showers, cheeseburgers, National Public Radio...

She's staring into his eyes and smiling. He's smiling too.

NICK
National Public Radio, huh?

CUT TO:

21 CLOSE ON NICK AND ALICE LOCKED IN A FEROCIOUS KISS 21

pressed tight against a corner. Alice forces herself to break the kiss.

ALICE
(sotto; breathless)
Wait a minute, Nick, what are we doing?

NICK
(sotto)
You're the expert on primitive behavior, you tell me.

ALICE
(sotto)
We should get back.

NICK
(sotto)
You're right.

He kisses her again. Then Alice pushes away from him.

ALICE
(sotto)
Let's not do anything cheap and meaningless.

He buries his face in her neck. She gasps.

22 IN THE ACADEMY CLUB LOBBY 22

Alice exits the ladies' room, smoothing her hair and checking her lipstick in a compact. She crosses into the Oak bar.

A moment later Nick exits the ladies' room as well.

23 IN THE OAK BAR NICK 23

approaches the banquette to find Alice slipping on her coat and bidding goodnight to everyone. George winks at Nick.

GEORGE
Making it an early night, Nick?

Nick looks surprised. To Alice:

NICK
I thought we were all having dinner.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

ALICE
(regretful)
I promised I'd meet somebody.

NICK
(covering)
Really? Maybe I can drop you then, because dinner's actually a bad idea with all this work I gotta do.

24 NICK AND ALICE IN THE LOBBY 24

Nick shrugging into his coat.

NICK
I know this great Hungarian place, it's real dark, there's a gypsy violinist --

ALICE
-- I'd love to, Nick, but I really do have to meet somebody.

NICK
You're kidding. You weren't just putting on for George?

Alice takes his hand.

ALICE
Why don't we have lunch Friday at Chardonnay. I've got some business downtown.

NICK
Lunch? Let's go to Bermuda?

She laughs.

ALICE
We have plenty of time.

NICK
You're right, I gotta slow down. After all it's the little things that count. The joy of laughter, a cocktail in front of the fire, that special time when two special people say, 'To hell with it all, let's just be artists and live for the moment.'

Alice looks at Nick a long moment.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

ALICE
Am I going to regret meeting you?

NICK
You already do.

25 A WIDER VIEW 25

as he watches her turn and head for the revolving door.

NICK V.O.
In a way it was all George's fault. If he hadn't introduced me to Alice and she hadn't been so spectacular...

He sighs and crosses back into the Oak bar.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MICROMAGNETICS DAY 26

A station wagon taxi rolls up a curving drive to the incongruous sight of an ultra-modern, mirrored glass building set smack in the center of a small grassy meadow.

NICK V.O.
... maybe I wouldn't have gotten so loaded that night and none of this would have happened.

Nick stumbles out of the back seat in dark glasses, drenched in sweat, extremely hung-over. He reaches inside for his briefcase. It pops open and all the Micromagnetics material drops onto the wet pavement.

27 CONFERENCE ROOM 27

Fifty analysts are seated on hard folding chairs facing a portable lectern, behind which stands EDWARD SCHNEIDERMAN, Micromagnetic's CEO, making his opening remarks.

It's hot, smoky, and harshly lit. An irritating RACKET sounds from the corridor. Nick, feeling worse every minute, sits toward the back, a legal pad in his lap. He still wears the shades.

28 SCHNEIDERMAN AT THE PODIUM 28

SCHNEIDERMAN
... therefore, it is my great pleasure to present the Chairman of our Scientific Advisory Board, and the Sidney Leavitt Professor of Physics at NYU, Dr. Bernard Wachs.

29 NICK 29

as the Man next to him lights a Camel. Nick nearly gags and slumps back in his seat. It's going to be a long morning.

30 DR. BERNARD WACHS 30

a short, tweedy academic joins Schneiderman at the lectern. He takes a thick packet of note cards out of his jacket pocket.

WACHS
Welcome.
(clears his throat; changes cards)
Accustomed as we are today to think of magnetism as the vector of spins and orbits of subatomic particles, it is often with considerable astonishment that we discover how entirely differently men at other times in history viewed the set of phenomena we tend to group together under the term... "magnetism."

31 NICK 31

watches incredulously as the lights dim and an overhead video projector beams the image of an ancient Greek onto a screen behind Wachs.

WACHS
As early as the sixth century B.C....

Nick takes his glasses off and squints at the screen.

NICK
(under his breath)
Oh dear God.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

WACHS
... the Greek philosopher Thales observed the extraordinary ability of lodestone to attract other pieces of lodestone, as well as iron...

32 WACHS RATTLING ON 32

as images change behind him. The thick cigarette smoke drifting like a shroud through the projection beam. Nick shakes himself awake, palms some drool off his chin and looks at his watch.

NICK
(to the man next to him)
Fifteen minutes and we're still not up to the birth of Christ?

Nick forces himself to stand, wedges past the man toward the aisle.

NICK
Call me when he gets to the Inquisition.

33 CORRIDOR NICK 33

wanders, passing maintenance personnel noisily removing floor plates, checking thermostats, etc.

NICK
Anybody know where the men's room is?

Behind him an errant ELECTRICAL CONNECTION suddenly ARCS in a blue sizzle from the floor.

34 NICK PASSES A SET OF THICK DOUBLE GLASS DOORS 34

offering a view into a wide, cantilevered two-story lab where ANXIOUS, WHITE-COATED TECHNICIANS attend what looks to be a small cyclotron: a massive oval ring with coils of tubes and wires powered by a nuclear reactor.

CAMERA HOLDS as dials, gauges and read-outs are suddenly RED-LINING. The techies begin scrambling, SHOUTING back and forth, when the cyclotron begins issuing a shrill HUM. A massive reinforced-steel inner door tracks closed, sealing off the lab as the hum becomes louder.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

But Nick is thoroughly oblivious.

NICK
-- second door on the left after the double doors -- hmm -- this can't be it. Must've been second door on the right.

He reverses direction.

35 SCHNEIDERMAN'S PLUSH OFFICE NICK 35

pokes his head inside. Frowns. Then brightens at a half-opened bathroom door across the room.

NICK
Hello?

No response.

36 THE HALF OPENED BATHROOM DOOR 36

as Nick enters fast, closing and locking it behind him, then flips on a light. He's thankfully in a well-appointed executive washroom with shower and sauna.

37 THE CONFERENCE ROOM 37

Wachs is still deep in his remarks, as the video beam projects a complicated schematic of the mini-cyclotron we saw for an instant in the lab. Everyone in the room is aware of the HUM, which is louder now.

WACHS
-- which brings us to 1906, a watershed year. Von Erxleben's design breakthrough allowed an enhanced magnetic field at higher temperatures, which continuously altered the internal structure of those very particles.

He pauses, looks at Schneiderman. The video beam flickers and dims. Schneiderman frowns. A KLAXON alarm sounds.

38 IN THE SAUNA THE DOOR 38

eases shut as a HAYDN CONCERTO plays on the built-in sound system. The HUM and KLAXON alarm are drowned out.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

Nick lies down on the bench, resting his head on a stack of freshly-laundered towels.

NICK
Aaaah.
(checks his watch)
Ten minutes. Ten minutes I'll be good as new.

39 IN THE TWO-STORY LAB 39

Pandemonium among the technicians as they scramble to contain the apparent massive malfunction of the cyclotron -- it vibrates, gauges red line, etc. -- it feels and looks like a pre-meltdown condition at a nuclear power station.

40 CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE RECEPTION AREA 40

as a uniformed guard directs a mass, frenzied evacuation of everyone in the building. Now another ALARM has joined the KLAXON.

41 THROUGH THE WINDOW IN THE SAUNA DOOR 41

looking across the washroom as someone POUNDS on the locked outer door.

MUFFLED VOICE FROM OUTSIDE
Anybody in there?

The HAYDN CONCERTO swells toward crescendo, Nick drifting off to sleep.

42 OUTSIDE MICROMAGNETICS HIGH BOOM SHOT 42

Controlled chaos in the mass exodus. Though the building is out of sight behind the treeline, the HUM from within has climbed to an ALARMING PITCH. And then -- CRACK!! -- a brilliant, blinding FLASH of white-hot energy explodes from the building. A concussion follows like a nuclear blast, sweeping through the trees, flattening hair, knocking people over. Trees are scorched. And everyone is SCREAMING.

43 NICK FAST ASLEEP 43

in the sauna as the CONCERTO concludes. Then WHOOSH! A blinding WHITE FLASH ENGULFS EVERYTHING.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. THAT AFTERNOON 44

establishing Capitol Hill. A demonstration in progress, picketers with signs reading: "STOP CIA INVOLVEMENT IN CENTRAL AMERICA."

45 INT. HOUSE COMMITTEE CHAMBERS 45

An intelligence sub-committee hearing in progress. The mood is combative. We follow a young man in a tweed jacket as he hurries to the witness table where DAVID JENKINS, a high-level spook, is being grilled by the Chairman.

CHAIRMAN
-- and is it not true, Mr. Jenkins, that you were in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, on November 13, 1987, the very same day Dr. Mendoza fell to his death from the twenty-first floor of the Hotel Presidente?

JENKINS
(patiently)
I was in Honduras as a consultant for the Pan-American Democratic Relief Organization.

CHAIRMAN
(not buying it)
You're not paid by the CIA? You were never a station chief code-named Scorpion? You were not in the Federal Republic of Germany two years ago when the defecting chief chemist for I.G. Farben, a Doctor Hans Bodnik, disappeared off the Thulunstrasse and later fell to his death from the Hotel Intercontinental in Wurzburg?

During this tirade the young man in the tweed coat arrives at Jenkins' table, kneels and whispers animatedly. Jenkins briefly confers with him and turns to the Chairman.

JENKINS
I'm sorry. Would you repeat the question?

46 TURBINES POWER UP 46

on an unmarked Lear at a secret landing strip.

46 CONTINUED: 46

Nearby, Jenkins' superior, SINGLETON, a high-ranking intelligence officer, escorts Jenkins from a limousine toward the jet.

SINGLETON
We've got a Case Red priority, David. Something's happened at the Micromagnetics facility in New Jersey.

JENKINS
(irritated)
How did those whores put me in Wurzburg?

SINGLETON
Don't worry about the dog-and-pony show, we need you in Princeton.
(hands him a brief)
Read this.

JENKINS
What is it?

SINGLETON
It's not what it is... it's what it isn't.

CUT TO:

47 NICK'S POV NIGHT 47

A Dali-esque tableau. The Micromagnetics building rendered almost completely invisible but for random visible sections of walls, floors, corners, even partial offices with furnishings appearing to float over a vast empty crater defining the foundation of the building. Certain sections of the matter rendered invisible still FLUX, like fission in progress, as if transmutating into altered energy states.

NICK V.O.
I don't know how long I was unconscious and I don't remember waking up...

On either side of this three-dimensional, hellish composition, pools of light and curling fog play flat against thin air, as the invisible walls keep the atmosphere out.

NICK V.O.
But suddenly it was night and I was cold and in a dream...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

Sound of Nick's HANDS AND KNEES SLAPPING TILE, as the VIEW begins CRAWLING TOWARD a visible corner of the building.

NICK V.O
Or was I hallucinating? Because all laws of physics seemed to have been suspended.

SMACK! VIEW STOPS abruptly, SLAMMED INTO an invisible door.

NICK'S VOICE
Ow! Shit!

NICK V.O.
Then something smacked me in the face. Had I died? Was I a ghost? What the hell was going on?

48 TWO MEN IN RADIATION SUITS 48

sweep an area near the lip of the crater with Geiger counter wands. Parallel with them, and twenty feet away, another man in a radiation suit works on scaffolding, running orange phosphorescent tape along the outer borders of the invisible parts of the MicroMagnetics building. A fourth man supervises tanks and a condenser that pumps billowing clouds of YELLOW FOG into the invisible building. The fog spreads, giving dimension and definition to the ground floor interiors.

On all sides of this three-dimensional, hellish composition, pools of light and curling fog PLAY FLAT AGAINST THIN AIR, as the invisible walls keep the atmosphere out. And portions of the matter rendered invisible still FLUX, like fission in progress, transmuting into altered energy states.

We notice the entire grounds are encircled by a high fence draped with green opaque fabric.

49 FIRST MAN WITH GEIGER COUNTER (MORRISSEY) 49

passing the wand back and forth in front of the crater, as a second man, TYLER, shoots photos from a big NASA-issue camera.

Morrissey lowers the wand, turns toward a trailer beyond the lights and speaks into his lip mike.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

MORRISSEY
It's not hot. Not a rad.

He removes one bulky glove, reaches out and slaps his naked palm against the invisible building. WHAP!

MORRISSEY
(awestruck)
Unbelievable...
(now he takes his hood off)
Hey, Tyler! Get a picture of me, man!

He strikes a jaunty pose, leaning his full weight against the invisible wall. Tyler begins firing off photos.

50 INT. TRAILER 50

Jenkins studies a bank of computer monitors show three-dimensional views of the building, blueprint views, mass calculations from sensors, etc. ALL RADIO TRANSMISSION from his team outside plays over speakers.

51 TYLER'S POV - THROUGH CAMERA VIEWFINDER 51

The visible parts of Schneiderman's second-floor office come into focus. CLICK! CLICK! We pan past the desk -- and suddenly swing back. The swivel chair is MOVING BY ITSELF.

52 TYLER 52

lifts his head from the camera eyepiece and squints up. Did he just see that?

53 NICK'S POV FROM THE SWIVEL CHAIR 53

seated behind Schneiderman's desk examining a datebook and some papers, desperately searching for a clue to this crazy nightmare. A PHOTOGRAPH rises up for closer inspection.

NICK V.O.
And then it occurred to me...

Other items rise and fall frantically: a coffee cup, a telephone, a handset, a calculator.

NICK V.O.
Where was my hand? I couldn't see my hand.

54 VIEW BOLTS UP WILDLY 54

and moves to a MIRROR SUSPENDED in nothingness. No reflection of Nick.

NICK'S VOICE
Wait a minute...

VIEW LEANS CLOSER INTO THE MIRROR till BREATH CONDENSES on the glass surface. Suddenly a line streaks through the condensation and

55 WE SEE NICK 55

leaning into the mirror and tracing his finger to form the line. The line is visible, but not his finger or his face or any part of him.

NICK
Oh my God...

And slowly, very slowly he reaches over to a hat tree, removes a black felt snap-brim and fits it on his head. Looking back in the mirror HE SEES ONLY THE HAT.

56 MORRISSEY AND TYLER (HELMETLESS NOW) 56

stand back from the partially-invisible building gaping at the FELT HAT floating above them in the building. The third and fourth operatives are joining them, GOMEZ and CLELLAN.

GOMEZ
I see it too!

57 JENKINS 57

emerges fast out of the fog, his eyes trained on the floating island of Schneiderman's office. And the dancing felt hat.

JENKINS
Throw some light up there!

Morrissey turns a high-intensity spotlight toward the office.

58 NOW WE SEE NICK 58

wearing the hat in front of the mirror, and in the reflection, only the hat. The full, horrible impact hits him.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

NICK
Oh Jesus! WHAT DID THEY DO TO ME?

Suddenly Nick is AWASH IN HARSH LIGHT. He throws his hands in front of his eyes... but that does no good. They're invisible.

59 JENKINS AND HIS TEAM 59

stand at the lip of the crater, watching the hat... and trying to accept the impossible. Suddenly they are jolted by a very faint but discernible HUMAN VOICE.

NICK'S VOICE
Help! Help!

TYLER
Holy shit...

Jenkins reacts as if he's seen God. Could it be? An invisible man? His mind starts to work fast.

JENKINS
Let's go in.

60 NOW WE SEE NICK 60

having spotted the men below him. He waves his hat, trying to call attention to himself.

NICK
Hey! Help! Help! Up here! I can see you, can you see me?

He runs a couple of steps forward and -- SMACK!! -- is stopped abruptly by an invisible wall. Recovering, he starts to feel his way along the wall.

61 BELOW HIM 61

Jenkins and his team creep carefully through the orange taped outline of the building's front door into the invisible lobby, now taking form and definition as the YELLOW FOG spreads.

Tyler hesitates.

TYLER
I don't like it, man. I go inside, maybe I turn invisible.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

Gomez never thought of this. He crosses himself as they enter, moving crouched and cautiously like they were on ice.

MORRISSEY
(squints up)
I lost the hat.

CLELLAN
He musta took it off.

Jenkins calls out in a booming voice.

JENKINS
Hello! Can you hear me?

62 NOW WE SEE NICK 62

moving toward the giant yellow cube of fog establishing the lobby below and to the left of him.

NICK
Here I am! Here I am!

Waving his arms like mad, when suddenly he lunges forward and tumbles down a flight of invisible stairs.

63 WITH JENKINS IN THE FOG 63

as he sees Nick's THREE-DIMENSIONAL OUTLINE BURST INTO THE CLOUD OF GAS and roll off the stairs, bowling Tyler off his feet.

64 NOW WE SEE NICK 64

on top of Tyler, clawing frantically at him.

NICK
Help me, help me, Jesus! What have they done to me?

65 TYLER FLAILS ON THE GROUND 65

freaking out, rolling and kicking at the invisible monster.

TYLER
Get it off me! Get it off me!

Morrissey and Gomez leap on Tyler and Nick's THREE DIMENSIONAL OUTLINE. The struggle intensifies.

66 NICK'S MOVING POV 66

Fog drifts past overhead, and beyond that stars. There's the murmur of voices... and suddenly Gomez's face pops into frame and above and stares directly down at him.

GOMEZ
Maybe he's dead?

CLELLAN
He's breathing, I can see the blanket moving up and down.

67 JENKINS AND HIS OPERATIVES 67

carry the invisible man on a stretcher toward the trailer. Only Nick's body impression is visible under a blanket.

GOMEZ
(sotto)
Think of what we could do with this freak on our team. Talk about undercover. Man, the contracts we could haul down.

Morrissey regards the phenomenon with astonishment.

MORRISSEY
(sotto)
Forget it, first place he's goin's some lab -- they'll be cuttin' on this guy and shovin tubes up his ass for years.

Abruptly the invisible form under the blanket sits up.

NICK'S VOICE
Hey!

Jenkins glares at Morrissey.

JENKINS
Keep your mouth shut.

68 NOW WE SEE NICK ON THE STRETCHER 68

eyes wide open, very frightened.

NICK
(alarmed)
Who are you guys? What happened to me, why can't I see myself?

69 JENKINS 69

and his operatives stop. He advances closer effecting a calm, reassuring tone.

JENKINS
Everything's going to be fine. There's been an accident --

NICK'S VOICE
-- accident! You spill a drink on your pants, that's an accident! This is the fucking Twilight Zone!

70 NOW WE SEE NICK 70

taking a closer look at his captors. These are rough-looking guys -- and curiously, there's nobody else around.

NICK
Where's everybody else?

JENKINS
Who?

NICK
The other people at the presentation, the scientist at the slide show -- am I the only one this happened to?

JENKINS
Try to stay calm. My name is David Jenkins, what's yours?

NICK
You stay calm... I'm invisible goddammit! You turned me invisible!

JENKINS
(to his team)
Let's get him to the trailer, fast.

NICK
No! No trailer!

71 JENKINS AND HIS TEAM SEE 71

the blanket fly up as the INVISIBLE MAN leaps off the stretcher.

JENKINS
Grab him!

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

NICK'S VOICE
Stay back! I'm not going anywhere till you tell me who you are -- and what the hell is going on.

Jenkins moves carefully toward the voice.

JENKINS
I know how confused and upset you must be and we're going to try and make you as comfortable as possible. We need to get you medical attention immediately, start with a complete physical work-up --

He makes discreet eye contact with his operatives.

72 NOW WE SEE NICK 72

having observed the signal.

NICK
Yeah, I heard all about the work-up. I'd just as soon not have my balls floating in a petrie dish, thank you.

JENKINS
Don't panic. You've just been gassed, you've been through an extraordinary trauma -- you're confused and disoriented.

NICK
TELL ME ABOUT IT!

Nick suddenly notices --

73 JENKINS' TEAM 73

Morrissey, Gomez, Tyler and Clellan -- have encircled him and are closing in.

NICK'S VOICE
Hey, stop that! Stop doing that! I wanna call my lawyer!

With a hand gesture Jenkins signals his men to pause. Then flicks his eyes toward Morrissey.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

JENKINS
Listen to me, please. We're a team of quantum physicists --

NICK'S VOICE
-- I don't believe you.

Morrissey measures the IMPRINTS of the INVISIBLE MAN'S shoes on the grass.

JENKINS
You're in a state of molecular flux, you could be dying. If you want to live, you're going to have to trust us.

Morrissey slides a TASER GUN from out of his suit. And fires -- CRACK!

74 NOW WE SEE NICK 74

diving to the ground as the round strikes the front of the invisible building and discharges a BLUE ELECTRICAL SIZZLE.

JENKINS
Follow the footprints!

FOOTPRINTS recede quickly, and so intent are they on the capture that neither Jenkins nor his operatives notice the reaction the Taser round has had on the invisible part of the building. The sizzle spawns SPARKING and CRACKLING, which EXPLODES into a VIOLENT ELECTRON FIRE, spreading across all the invisible matter in waves of colored energy.

Clellan is the first operative to notice.

CLELLAN
Mother of God...

As everyone turns, THE INVISIBLE BUILDING COMBUSTS. For an instant all its definition outlined in colorized, shimmering heat waves. Then KA-BOOM! A massive ELECTRON EXPLOSION followed by an ear-shattering CONCUSSION, knocking everyone backwards.

75 NOW WE SEE NICK 75

blown ten feet downwind, stopped abruptly by the base of a light standard.

76 JENKINS 76

Through a mist of electrically-charged debris, covers his eyes and calls out to the INVISIBLE MAN as he searches.

JENKINS
Where are you? Where are you?

77 NOW WE SEE NICK 77

shimmying onto a tree branch overhanging the green opaque fence, hysterical with fear. He edges out beyond the fence and falls -- WHUMP! From inside the complex, we hear Jenkins' yelling orders.

JENKINS O.S.
Fan out!

78 NICK'S POV DENSE WOODS 78

careening, moving without an internal gyroscope, branches snapping and leaves crunching under his invisible feet. We HEAR his desperate PANTING as another EXPLOSION sounds from MicroMagnetics.

79 NOW SEE NICK 79

looking over his shoulder back toward the explosion and -- SMACK! -- he trips over a thick root and FALLS ON HIS FACE.

80 A SPEEDING EIGHTEEN WHEELER 80

roars down a two-lane county highway.

81 NOW WE SEE NICK 81

disheveled and panicked, run out of the trees and head for the road.

NICK
Oh God, oh shit, oh Jesus...

He dances madly on the balls of his feet, not sure in which direction to run. In the distance he hears SIRENS. And he starts to scream at a PAIR OF APPROACHING HEADLIGHTS.

NICK
Help, help, anybody! Help!

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

The eighteen-wheeler approaches and he runs into the middle of the road to flag it down. Waving his arms and shouting.

82 IN THE TRUCK FAST APPROACHING NICK 82

the driver sees nothing of course.

83 THEN CLOSE ON NICK 83

as it dawns on him this monster's not only <u>not</u> stopping, it's aiming right for him!

NICK
Shit!

He dives out of the way inches from being crushed.

84 IN SUBURBAN PRINCETON 84

A local police car cruises past.

85 NOW WE SEE NICK 85

peering out at the cops from between two buildings. As its taillights recede he darts out to cross the street.

86 A DOG PRICKS HIS EARS UP 86

and growls, sensing an alien presence nearby. It cocks its head, <u>seeing no one</u>... but knowing something's there.

87 NOW WE SEE NICK 87

at the curb and turning to see the SNARLING DOG rocketing toward him and -- CRUNCH! -- latching onto his ankle.

88 ACROSS THE STREET 88

A DRUNK BUSINESSMAN leans against a phone booth at a closed gas station. He's holding a Halliburton briefcase in his free hand.

GROWLING gets his attention and he squints across the street at a GROWLING DOG being dragged into the street by the mouth. Then it LEAVES ITS FEET altogether and starts WHIRLING AROUND as if possessed. The drunk gapes at the phenomenal sight.

89 NOW WE SEE NICK 89

cursing and trying to kick the dog off his ankle. He manages to kick free of the pooch just as a CAB in the street slams on its brakes, narrowly avoiding running it over. The DRIVER leans out the window.

DRIVER
Stupid mutt!

Then he turns angrily toward the drunk.

DRIVER
Hey, pal, you call a cab?

Nick runs over to the drunk.

DRUNK
Hah?

DRIVER
Did you call a taxi?

Nick stops behind the drunk sensing a divine opportunity, grabs the drunk's wrist, snapping it up so he clubs himself in the forehead with the briefcase. And blacks out. Nick catches him under the armpits and yells at the cabbie.

NICK
Can you take me to New York?

90 WITH THE CABBIE 90

seeing this odd-looking slumped guy with his head bobbing all around. He pulls a U-turn and stops in front of the fare.

Nick marches the drunk into the back seat like a marionette, then gets in after him.

91 IN THE CAB 91

The drunk partially obscured from the driver by the mesh screen.

DRIVER
I'm gonna need some money up front, you want me to go all the way to Manhattan. Turnpike's backed-up cause of some fire.

92 NOW WE SEE NICK 92

as he digs into the drunk's pockets, finds his wallet and extracts bills which he mashes into the drunk's limp hand and slaps into the currency dish. Then he manipulates the drunk's lips to feign speech.

NICK
I'm closing my eyes for a while. Wake me when we get to the tunnel.

Cabbie pulls out.

93 EXT. CAB ON THE NJ TURNPIKE 93

and heading for Manhattan.

94 NOW WE SEE NICK 94

huddled in the backseat, trying to keep himself together and thinking clearly.

NICK V.O.
The first thing I had to do was call my doctor. No, that was stupid. How would a Park Avenue internist help me with this? I needed a fucking magician.

Beside him, the drunk starts to come to.

DRUNK
Hey. Where are we -- ?

WHACK! Nick cracks him with an elbow and sends him back to lala land.

DRIVER
You say somethin?

NICK
Yeah. Eighty-Sixth and Lex.

95 EXT CORNER OF 86TH & LEXINGTON NIGHT 95

The cab pulls over to the curb. The door opens and closes quickly.

96 NOW WE SEE NICK 96

standing outside the cab but leaning his head inside the window where the drunk is still unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

NICK
I changed my mind. I'll go to my girl friend's place downtown. Make it Spring and West Broadway.

97 DRIVER 97

checks the meter. It shows the fare so far is $168.50.

DRIVER
It's your dime.

Nick waves goodbye as the cab pulls away. Then, checking the traffic in the street and on the sidewalks, he heads warily for his nearby 89th Street apartment.

98 INT NICK'S DARK APARTMENT THE FRONT DOOR 98

opens to a JANGLE of KEYS. Lights are off. We can just make out the door closing and we hear invisible keys tossed on a chest. FOOTSTEPS cross the living room, then the drapes are pulled shut.

99 NOW WE SEE NICK 99

collapsed in a chair, his chest heaving.

NICK V.O.
Maybe it would wear off in a couple of days. But then... what if I evaporated into nothing?

100 FULL FRAME TV SCREEN 100

as a NEWS ANCHOR reads a story chroma-keyed against tape of the Micromagnetics accident scene. It's an hour later.

NEWS ANCHOR
-- a spokesman for the Nuclear Regulatory Agency says that although the laboratory was the site of research related to nuclear fusion, there was no radioactive material at the site and no risk of contamination...

101 NOW WE SEE NICK 101

seated on the sofa glued to the tv as he ravenously eats leftovers and slugs down vodka from a water glass.

NEWS ANCHOR
... however authorities are keeping the area cordoned off as a precautionary measure. There were no injuries reported and damages are estimated in the millions.

Nick reacts to the bogus cover-up with a mouthful of moo shu pork. He bolts to his feet.

NICK
Bullshit!

And then he catches his reflection in a mirror: a floating glob of partially-chewed food and a spreading brown stain where his stomach should be.

NICK
Oh Jesus...

He approaches the mirror to get a better look.

102 HIS POV MIRROR 102

hanging in midair at stomach level, a mass of undigested brown guck begins percolating.

We HEAR a cough and a gag. The guck heaves once, then JETS UP and SPRAYS OUT as the INVISIBLE MAN PUKES.

CUT TO:

103 THE ENTRANCE TO THE MICROMAGNETICS COMPLEX SAME TIME 103

The facility is totally sealed off to the outside. Blinking sawhorses, state troopers, national guardsmen in radiation suits. Huge signs: "DANGER, NUCLEAR HAZARD, KEEP OUT."

A Sikorsky helicopter THUNDERS overhead and banks for a landing inside the complex.

104 INSIDE THE COMPLEX 104

Technicians sift through the invisible debris like investigators at an air crash, boxing and labeling samples of invisible material, each piece outlined in orange phosphorescent tape.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: 104

Jenkins and Singleton outside the trailer, Singleton marveling at an orange-labeled PARTIALLY INVISIBLE 13" SONY COLOR TV SET which seems to be sliced in half offering a cross-section view of the tubes and circuit boards inside. The VISIBLE HALF of the monitor plays a Ted Koppel "Nightline" broadcast.

SINGLETON
He was lucid? He was cogent?

JENKINS
(nods)
If he was here for the conference this afternoon he signed in -- we'll know who he is in an hour.

SINGLETON
How did you lose him? Why would someone in his condition run away from the only people who could help him?

JENKINS
He may have overheard something that made him apprehensive about us -- the explosion could have frightened him...

Singleton ponders a moment. Then:

SINGLETON
My God, anything could happen to him on the street. He could be dead already.
(checks his watch)
I better get back to Langley and take this up with Parcells.

He starts moving toward the waiting Sikorsky.

JENKINS
I don't think you want to do that.

SINGLETON
What do you mean?

JENKINS
Give him the data, show him whatever you want -- but say nothing about the man. To anyone. Let's keep this private.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2) 104

Singleton stops and looks at him. What does Jenkins have in mind.

JENKINS
Think about it. You say a word about this guy and it's the deputy director's show, not yours anymore. We're out of the loop. On the other hand, if we grab him fast we become his control, we're the only ones who know he exists -- the single most exotic intelligence asset on the planet is ours and ours alone.

Singleton studies Jenkins a long moment. Should he trust him? He looks at the miracle of the half-invisible television and considers. Then --

SINGLETON
What do you need?

105 INT NICK'S BEDROOM 105

The phone begins to RING and Nick's form moves under the comforter.

106 NOW WE SEE NICK 106

poke his head out and answer the phone.

NICK
(wooly)
Mmm, yeah... Hello.

CATHY'S PHONE VOICE
So now you're home? I got your machine twice this morning, where've you been? Everybody's looking for you.

NICK
Who's everybody? Who is this?

CATHY
Cathy DiTolla. Your secretary, remember? What's the matter, are you sick?

NICK
Oh, Cath, right...

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 106

NICK V.O.
For an instant when I first woke up I forgot I was invisible, but that didn't last.

CATHY'S PHONE VOICE
I saw that thing on the news about the fire at MicroMagnetics and --

At the word "MicroMagnetics" Nick blanches and rips the covers off the bed.

107 HIS POV 107

Nothing, just his body impression on the bottom sheet.

NICK V.O.
Even the food I hadn't thrown up that night had somehow evaporated. I was as transparent as ever.

NICK
Fuck! Piss! Shit!

CATHY'S PHONE VOICE
Nick? Nick?

108 NOW WE SEE NICK 108

collapsing back on the pillow, anguished.

NICK
(into phone)
I'm here --

Nick stares dully across the room at his INVISIBLE IMAGE in a mirror above a chest of drawers: the indentation on the pillows and a levitating beige Sony telephone handset.

NICK
-- sort of.

CATHY'S PHONE VOICE
I knew there was something wrong when you missed the staff review this morning. Hey, what happened out there?

Nick sits up, scrambles to cover.

NICK
Uh...

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 108

He does a stage cough, rattling phlegm in his throat.

NICK
... I'm sick, I woke up with the flu yesterday, been in bed ever since. What's this about a fire?

CATHY'S PHONE VOICE
Oh, you didn't go then? You're sick? I'm sorry. You need anything sent over? Some soup or juice?

NICK
No, that's okay, Cath. Just reschedule all my appointments for next week, okay? Hopefully I'll be back to my old self by then. Bye.

He hangs up hurriedly and gapes at his NON-REFLECTION. Groans with self-pity and falls back on the bed.

109 CAMERA TRACKS ACROSS WATER BEADING INTO PUDDLES 109

on the bathroom floor. O.S. we HEAR an ANSWERING MACHINE in mid-playback.

MACHINE
... (beep)... It's Roger, where are you? The investment committee's all over me. Should we be long or short on Allied? The stock is going crazy... (beep)... Cathy again, everybody's looking for you!...

We MOVE UP to a TOWEL cinched around an invisible waist, and CONTINUE up to a TOOTHBRUSH vigorously scrubbing a Cheshire smile of foamy toothpaste. NICK'S REFLECTION in the full-length mirror of his bathroom.

NICK V.O.
There had to be a way to turn me back. This couldn't be irreversible. I'd get to this Doctor Wachs from Micromagnetics, show him what happened and whatever he did to get me this way... I'd demand he undo.

110 ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE 110

MACHINE
... (beep)... Hi, it's Alice calling to confirm our lunch Friday...

111 NOW WE SEE NICK 111

pausing in mid-stroke, remembering the fantastic woman he'd met the other night.

MACHINE O.S.
... Am I being too forward about this? No, what am I talking about, it's 1990. Besides, we've already been to the ladies' room together...
(laughs)
Seeya Friday.

Nick slumps against the sink, considering the fate of his sex life.

MACHINE O.S.
... (beep)... Uh, yes, Mr. Nicholas Halloway, this is Richard Leary with the U.S. Industrial Safety Research Commission. I'm calling in connection with an investigation into the incident at the Micromagnetics facility...

112 IN THE MIRROR 112

The toothbrush suspended in the foamy oval that used to be Nick's mouth.

113 NOW WE SEE NICK 113

poised over the answering machine in his towel, tooth-paste on his chin.

MACHINE
(Leary's voice)
... took your name from the guest register. We need a signed statement...

Nick switches off the machine.

114 WE SEE NICK 114

in the bedroom pacing like a panther as he punches numbers furiously on his phone. As he passes the mirror we SEE ONLY THE PHONE reflected.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

NICK V.O.
And suddenly I got angry. What the hell was I running from? I'd been victimized, goddammit!

RECEPTIONIST O.S.
Law offices, good morning.

NICK
Robert Gerard, please.

RECEPTIONIST O.S.
Hold on.

NICK
(to himself)
Signed statement, huh? I'll give you a signed statement...

SECRETARY O.S.
Mr. Gerard's office.

NICK
It's Nick Halloway, Robin. It's important.

SECRETARY O.S.
He's on long distance but I know he wants to talk to you.

NICK
(surprised)
He does?

SECRETARY O.S.
Are you in trouble with the government or something?

Nick jerks to a halt and his expression clouds.

NICK
Me? Why would I be in trouble with the government?

SECRETARY O.S.
That's what Mr. Gerard asked them but they were being real vague. Can you hold on?

GRAVEL CRUNCHES on the roof overhead, like somebody walking around. Suddenly and overwhelmingly paranoid, Nick stammers into the phone.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2) 114

NICK
Uh, no -- Oops! They're paging my flight. Tell Robert I'll call him when I get to Dallas.

SECRETARY O.S.
Dallas?

He hangs up and crosses to a window, draws the drapes and looks down at the building's entrance on 89th Street.

115 HIS POV TYLER 115

in a Windbreaker talking to Mrs. Coulson, the landlady. She points up to Nick's apartment and the man follows her look.

116 NICK PULLS BACK FROM THE WINDOW 116

and runs back into the apartment to gather up his invisible clothes. He curses to himself, "Shit, where'd I put my shoes!"

117 TWO PAIRS OF NIKES 117

pounding upstairs. It's Morrissey and Clellan charging up to Nick's apartment. Clellan holds a big tranquilizer pistol and Morrissey wears a compressed air tank with hose attachment on his back. Both wear fiber-optic headsets.

MORRISSEY
-- remember hold that thing low so when I mark him you don't get off a head shot.

118 NICK'S FRONT DOOR 118

opens and WE SEE NICK come hopping out onto the landing struggling to tie a shoe. He's greeted by approaching FOOTFALLS and peeks over the balustrade.

One floor below him Morrissey and Clellan climb shoulder to shoulder, filling the stairway.

Seeing no way past the men, Nick climbs over the bannister and leans out over the stairwell gripping the balusters. It's a FOUR-STORY DROP STRAIGHT DOWN to the lobby floor.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

Morrissey and Clellan pass directly by Nick and poise at the door. Clellan KNOCKS as Morrissey takes a step back, readying his hose. The air tanks on Morrissey's back PINCH NICK'S FINGERS against the balusters. Nick stifles a yelp and pulls his fingers free, FALLING and then CATCHING HIMSELF with a one-handed vice-grip on one of the balusters. He grabs the edge of the landing with his other hand, which is promptly CRUNCHED under Morrissey's HEEL.

Then, mercifully, MORRISSEY KICKS THE DOOR IN and jumps inside, SPRAYING RED PAINT from the hose at everything in his path. Clellan, in combat stance with the tranquilizer pistol, crabs in banging the door closed behind him. Nick hauls himself back over the railing and races downstairs.

119 THE BUILDING'S VESTIBULE 119

WE SEE NICK as he reaches the landing, winded, and stops sharply at the sight of Jenkins and Tyler outside the front glass door blocking his escape. They too wear headsets.

Nick curses to himself, then looks over at Mrs. Coulson's unit, the only apartment door in the vestibule.

He edges over and presses the BELL, wincing as a loud BUZZING sound is produced from inside.

NICK
(low, to himself)
Come on, come on...

He presses the BELL again. It seems louder this time. Loud enough that Tyler hears it outside the glass door. Nick flattens against the door as he hears FOOTSTEPS approach from inside.

MRS. COULSON O.S.
Is it all right to open up again?

NICK
(disguising his voice)
Yes ma'am, may I come in and use the phone?

120 TYLER 120

says something to Jenkins and motions toward Mrs. Coulson's door.

121 MRS. COULSON'S DOOR 121

opens a few inches, stopping abruptly on a police chain. MRS. COULSON peeks over the chain.

MRS. COULSON
He seemed such a nice young man, that Mr. Halloway. Are you taking him to prison?

Jenkins pushes through the glass entrance and comes RUSHING INSIDE.

JENKINS
(to Mrs. Coulson)
Shut that door!

Nick lowers his shoulder and -- SMASH! -- tears the police chain out of the door frame and bowls over the old dame.

122 MRS. COULSON FALLS BACKWARDS OVER AN OTTOMAN 122

as the SOUND of Nick's running FOOTSTEPS recedes toward the rear of the apartment. Now Jenkins and Tyler follow; Tyler hobbles. And an end table MAGICALLY FLIES in their path.

123 NOW WE SEE NICK 123

running for a set of sliding glass doors opening onto a tiny garden.

He bolts outside for a fence, BLASTING THROUGH A DAMP BED SHEET hanging on a clothesline.

124 JENKINS AND TYLER 124

are close behind, NOW SEEING a tangled wet bed sheet struggling to climb the fence.

JENKINS
Halloway!

125 GOMEZ (WITH HEADSET) 125

on the edge of the roof sighting the sheet below through the scope of his tranq rifle.

GOMEZ
(shouts into his lip mike)
I got him!

126 A BROADWAY CHOREOGRAPHER IN THE NEXT GARDEN 126

with a teacup in his hand looks in surprise at the SHEET rolling over his fence. Then SMASH! Clellan's first shot SHATTERS his teacup. The sheet falls and thuds to the patio.

NICK'S VOICE
Unh!

CHOREOGRAPHER
Hey!

BANG! The choreographer squeals and claws at a TRANQ DART suddenly embedded in his neck. His eyes flutter and he pitches forward into his breakfast quiche.

127 JENKINS AND TYLER APPEAR OVER THE FENCE 127

and see the sheet untangle and the patio door bang open.

JENKINS
88th Street!

128 NOW WE SEE NICK 128

sprint out of the choreographer's apartment, skid through the lobby, push through the doors and bound down steps not seeing

129 A WIRY LITTLE MESSENGER 129

screaming down the sidwalk on ROLLER SKATES with a huge BOOMBOX on his shoulder.

Of course the messenger doesn't see Nick either. And suddenly -- CRUNCH! -- it's a train wreck!

The messenger richochets into trash cans and the boombox is LAUNCHED like a missile into 88th Street. It crashes through a truck window.

130 NOW WE SEE NICK CRUMPLED ON THE CURB 130

momentarily stunned as several pedestrians attend the fallen messenger, lying face down half in a trash can, his left skate wheels still spinning.

JENKINS O.S.
Halloway? Are you there?

131 CLOSE ON NICK 131

his eyes clear and from the curb he sees Jenkins and the team gathered around the accident site and looking for the invisible man. Nick struggles to his feet.

JENKINS
If you're hurt I want to help you.

132 JENKINS 132

hears Nick groan and turns. He keeps his voice down.

JENKINS
Halloway, listen to me. You can't escape. Believe me, wherever you go, whoever you tell, it all comes back to me.

No response. Jenkins walks into the street, his voice rising, his eyes sweeping the sidewalks for any telltale trace.

JENKINS
Running gets you nowhere, Nick. Think about what you're doing: where will you go, how will you live? What if you get sick? Or a car hits you?
(then)
Let us take care of you.

And then from across the street we HEAR Nick's VOICE.

NICK'S VOICE
Fuck you!

Loud enough for the entire team to hear. Just a single muscle twitches on Jenkins' face.

JENKINS
Global Devices, Nick. It's in the directory. You can reach me there day or night.
(beat)
It's the only way!

133 WE SEE NICK RUNNING BLINDLY 133

down Fifth Avenue, dodging women pushing baby carriages, doormen who step into his path and TOOT whistles for cabs, joggers, business types, tourists, etc.

134 HIS POV 134

Every one of them a threat as they don't see him -- pushing, running, in front of him, beside him, behind him -- as if he doesn't exist. Whack! He bumps a person. Hey! Collides with another.

135 NOW WE SEE NICK 135

bolting out of the mob of pedestrians across Fifth at a red light, faster, wilder, into Central Park -- trapped in a nightmare.

DISSOLVE TO

136 EXT CENTRAL PARK SOUTH NIGHT 136

WE SEE NICK wandering along the curb, dodging pedestrian traffic as if he were a leper.

NICK V.O.
For hours I wandered the streets of the city -- a fugitive -- imagining Jenkins leaping out at me from every dark corner.

Suddenly right in front of him a PURSE-SNATCHER grabs an old lady's handbag and races directly by Nick. Without missing a beat Nick snatches the bag away from the startled punk and hands it back to the equally startled old lady.

137 A SPOOKED NAG 137

tethered to a hansom cab parked across from the Plaza bucks and whinnies as if sensing an alien presence.

138 NOW WE SEE NICK 138

passing the horse on the curb, hands in his pockets, collar turned up in the nighttime chill.

As he passes a queue of hansoms each horse in turn rears up and whinnies one after another.

139 EXT ACADEMY CLUB NIGHT 139

Two members exit the building through the revolving door.

140 NOW WE SEE NICK 140

off to one side, gauging the door's spin.

NICK V.O.
Somehow I found myself in front of my club -- and without benefit of a plan I figured it would do for the time being.

141 IN THE LOBBY 141

A bald banker nods good night to LOUIS, the club doorman, and hops into a compartment.

NICK V.O.
In a building this size there would be many places to hide.

Abruptly the revolving door speeds up as the invisible man enters and the banker is swept round in a complete revolution and disgorged stumbling back into the lobby.

142 INT CLUB THAT NIGHT 142

We HEAR a lone pair of FOOTSTEPS echo in the vast empty lobby.

NICK V.O.
Sleep was impossible that night as the awful truth registered --

143 THE DARK, EMPTY OAK BAR 143

NICK V.O.
-- I was like a ghost finally realizing he has no dimension, no substance --

144 THE DARK, EMPTY BILLIARDS ROOM 144

NICK V.O.
-- trapped outside the world.

145 THE DARK, EMPTY LIBRARY 145

A large oak-paneled reading room with leather furniture, a massive fireplace and shelves of old books from floor to ceiling. A cold DRAFT whistles through. CAMERA MOVES to find Nick slumped in a chair. He looks up to the ceiling as if beseeching God. He is cold, hungry, and his teeth are chattering.

NICK V.O.
But in every other way as mortal as the day I was born...

FADE TO BLACK

146 INT CHARDONNAY DAY 146

The lovely bistro crowded for lunch. Alice Barlow sits by herself in a corner booth as a waiter appears with a fresh glass of white wine. She looks fantastic and the men in the room are noticing how conspicuously alone she is.

Alice checks her watch.

ALICE
Would you bring me a phone?

147 INT CONTROL ROOM (GLOBAL DEVICES) 147

MOVING past a bank of digital recorders -- the early components of the electronic surveillance nerve center we were introduced to in the opening manhunt section -- each labeled with a phone number and a name, indicating a network of phone taps covering Nick's friends and acquaintances ("George Talbot" etc.)

CATHY'S PHONE VOICE
(filtered)
Mr. Halloway's office.

ALICE'S PHONE VOICE
(filtered)
This is Alice Barlow, I'm supposed to be having lunch with Nick at Chardonnay. Is he on his way?

CAMERA finds Tyler, one of Jenkins' operatives, monitoring the phone traffic. He's hastily writing "Alice Barlow" on a scratch pad.

CATHY'S PHONE VOICE
Hmm. I don't have you in his book or I would have called. Mr. Halloway's out sick.

148 ALICE AT HER TABLE 148

on a portable phone. She looks disappointed.

ALICE
Oh. I hope it's nothing serious.

CATHY'S PHONE VOICE
It's the flu. I'll tell him you called. Can I take your number, please?

ALICE
Alice Barlow. 227-9290. Thanks.

She clicks off, frowning. Then motions for her waiter.

ALICE
Guess I'll be having lunch alone. Could I see a menu, please?

As he exits Alice punches a number in the phone. Line rings, then the machine picks up:

NICK'S PHONE VOICE
Hi, this is Nick and I'm not here right now...

149 EXT. NYU DAY DR. BERNARD WACHS 149

exits a building and crosses into Washington Square Park, a worn leather valise under his arm.

150 PARK 150

Wachs approaches a collection of panhandlers hassling people for change. He steers wide, but ONE HUNCHED-OVER BUM breaks from the pack to intersect him. The bum is wrapped in an eclectic assortment of garments commandered from the Academy Club: a waiter's jacket, sweat pants, galoshes, gloves, sunglasses... and a floppy hooded sweat shirt cinched over his head to completely conceal his face. It is, of course, Nick.

He follows Wachs closely until, irritated, the scientist reaches in his pocket and hands over a bill.

WACHS
Buy yourself some soup.

NICK
Wachs.

Wachs starts, surprised at the sound of his name.

150 CONTINUED: 150

NICK
(sotto)
Micromagnetics, Doctor. Last Tuesday? I was inside when it happened!

This causes a hitch in Wach's stride. He looks hard at this bum with the concealed face.

WACHS
I beg your pardon?

NICK DARTS A FURTIVE LOOK OVER EACH SHOULDER.

NICK
Gimme a dollar -- they could be watching us.

Thoroughly confused, Wachs digs in his pocket for a bill. Nick grabs his arm and pulls him closer.

NICK
Does the word "invisible" mean anything to you?

He tugs open his cinched hood. Wachs' blood runs cold as he stares into the empty sweat shirt. The floating sunglasses.

NICK'S VOICE
You gotta change me back!

151 TWO MEN AT A HOT DOG CART 151

keeping an eye on Wachs from a distance, Gomez and Morrissey. Each has a pair of odd, hi-tech-looking goggles on neck straps: the thermal-imaging glasses from the opening manhunt sequence.

GOMEZ
C'mon, willya? We'll lose him.

MORRISSEY
(mouth full of chili dog)
Relax, he got a two o'clock at Lezner Hall.

152 NICK PULLING THE STUNNED SCIENTIST ALONG 152

WACHS
(babbling)
-- but this -- this is astounding! I never dreamed -- they never told me -- open your coat, show me the rest of you!

NICK
Trust me, it's all the same.

Wachs claps both hands to his face, awestruck.

WACHS
But... but... dear God --

NICK
Look, there's gotta be another cyclotron or whatever it was, right? So you can just take me there and turn me back, right? Then I'll just forget the whole thing, no lawsuits, no recriminations, no harm, no foul...

Wachs tears away from his grasp to plead with him.

WACHS
(frantic)
Our research had nothing to do with invisibility. It was a completely random, freakish reaction.

NICK
Don't say this, don't tell me this!

WACHS
What are you doing here? You should be with me, with us, in a lab! We must begin replicating all the variables, begin to explore how this happened!

Nick suddenly grabs his lapels.

NICK
Begin to explore!? That's not good enough! You gotta help me now!

WACHS
(pleading)
I would if I could, believe me, but it's going to take time!

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: 152

Nick tears the hood and glasses off, pointing a gloved finger at the space where his head should be.

NICK'S VOICE
(explodes)
I don't have time! I WANT MY MOLECULES BACK!

153 MORRISSEY AND GOMEZ 153

across the park react to the sight of the HEADLESS MAN.

MORRISSEY
It's him!

They break into a run.

154 NICK AND WACHS 154

the scientist trembling in Nick's grasp.

WACHS
-- please understand officially it's out of my hands now -- we do defense research so Washington is involved -- but I'm sure if you gave yourself over the scientific community would protect --

Suddenly the words die in his throat as he spots Morrissey and Gomez pounding toward them, Gomez pulling a TRANQ PISTOL out of a shoulder harness and dropping to one knee.

WACHS
(screams)
NO!

He jerks Nick out of the line-of-fire just as Gomez squeezes the trigger. THWAK! Nick gapes as the DART hits Wachs. Gomez FIRES AGAIN, but Nick is already running across the Square. Gomez rushes for the fallen scientist.

155 THE INVISIBLE MAN 155

dodges through the crowd, shedding his visible clothing piece by piece.

156 MORRISSEY 156

crashing into people as he gains on him, strapping on his goggles.

157 BAGGY PANTS AND GALOSHES 157

on the run through the park, people around them reacting, cutting a wide swath. The pants are stripped off Nick's invisible form. Then a galosh. Then Morrissey throws himself at the other galosh.

People gawk at Morrissey, wearing his spacey bug glasses and wrestling on the cement with one galosh. Abruptly the galosh pops off in his hands. Morrissey scrambles to his feet.

158 MORRISSEY'S THERMAL-IMAGING POV 158

of Nick's SHIMMERING HEAT OUTLINE, suddenly dodging left into a congregation of other moving, shimmering outlines.

159 MORRISSEY 159

realizing he's lost the invisible man, slams the galosh to the ground in frustration.

MORRISSEY
Shit!

CUT TO

160 INT GLOBAL DEVICES A SMALL, EMPTY OFFICE DAY 160

Wachs is seated in a hard chair, his tie undone, looking ill from the effects of the tranquilizer dart.

WACHS
This is outrageous! I'm the Sidney Leavitt Professor of Theoretical Physics, a member of the National Academy of Science --

He makes to stand. Strong arms force him back in the chair.

TYLER O.S.
Shut up!

161 JENKINS 161

stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: 161

Tyler and Clellan hover imposingly over Wachs.

JENKINS
I'll ask again. Where is he?

WACHS
(indignant)
I've already told you. I don't know! Why didn't anybody tell me there was a man inside the building?

JENKINS
When are you planning to get in touch with him again?

WACHS
Exactly under whose authority are you operating? Because I deal with the deputy director in Langley -- and Dick Parcells would never sanction that stunt your goons pulled this afternoon in the park.

Jenkins considers the name "Parcells." Then moves on.

JENKINS
What were you really doing at Micromagnetics? I'm sorry, I just find it hard to believe this was all an accident?

WACHS
I'm aghast at this! There's an invisible man loose in New York! I want to find him as much as you do -- what are we doing sitting here?!

Jenkins folds his arms, staring at Wachs. Then to Clellan:

JENKINS
You think he's leveling with us?

CLELLAN
I know one way to find out.

Jenkins nods and turns to Wachs.

JENKINS
Take off your jacket.

Wachs blinks. He doesn't like the sound of this.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2) 161

WACHS
W-why? What are you going to do?

Tyler helps the professor out of his jacket and pushes up his shirt sleeve.

TYLER
Take it easy, Doc, we're not gonna hurt ya.

Tyler holds Wachs down as Clellan starts wrapping a length of surgical tubing around his forearm.

CLELLAN
Make a fist.

Wachs pales. Tyler produces a hypodermic needle.

JENKINS
Come and get me when he's ready.

He turns for the door.

WACHS
Why are you doing this to me? All I know is he exists!

JENKINS
That's too much.

Jenkins exits as Tyler jabs Wachs with the needle.

162 ANOTHER ROOM IN GLOBAL DEVICES 162

Jenkins listens attentively as Morrissey talks him through the preliminary profile.

MORRISSEY
-- was married once years ago, we checked her out, it's nothing. No other family to speak of, parents both deceased. Guy's got a few friends, but not real close to any of 'em. Not exactly a workaholic. He kinda plays it fast and loose.

He contemplates a large-scale map of Manhattan divided into red grid squares with tagged colored flags corresponding to Nick's established routines and affiliations.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: 162

JENKINS
It's always difficult with people like this -- no strong emotional ties, no political beliefs, no particular interests...
(then)
What a perfect profile -- he was invisible before he was invisible.

MORRISSEY
Look, he's not a pro. He's alone, he's desperate, he'll crack.

JENKINS
Mmm.
(eyes still on the map)
Where are you hiding, Halloway?

CUT TO:

163 INT. ACADEMY CLUB - LATE NIGHT 163

WE SEE NICK tiptoeing out of the kitchen holding a pear.

He creeps through the gloomy dining room, through the deserted Oak Bar, and into the lobby.

NICK V.O.
For a while I was in a daze, unable to quite grasp the insanity of what had happened to me.

Now he spots two security guards on their nightly rounds, descending the stairs into the lobby.

Nick quickly sets the pear down on a table. The guards walk right by him -- not seeing -- then one of them notices the pear, picks it up, and bites into it.

164 INT. ACADEMY CLUB BILLIARDS ROOM LATE NIGHT 164

WE SEE NICK lying spread-eagled on a pool table, staring vacantly at the ceiling.

NICK V.O.
Was this it, then? Was I doomed forever to become the phantom of the Academy Club?

SMASH CUT TO:

165 NICK'S NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE 165

In a chic bistro. Nick Halloway -- full-bodied, tanned and hearty -- glides through the packed room greeting everyone, stopping to shake hands, buss cheeks, tinkle the ivories of a piano, steal a bite of steak, a sip of wine. Laughing, beloved, he's the star of the room.

On a tennis court at the beach. Nick plays like Agassi, hits a baseline return for match point. The crowd in the grandstand erupts -- lots of pretty girls.

A bedroom. A beautiful woman sits on the bed, tight skirt, heels, stockings and garter belt. Nick approaches in a robe, fresh out of the shower. She turns toward him. It's Alice. She wants him. He gives her a kiss. Then opens his robe. She screams. To Nick's horror there is nothing between his abdomen and thighs but empty space.

He looks up and sees David Jenkins behind Alice.

JENKINS
Looking for something, Nick?

In an operating theatre. Nick strapped on the table like Regan in the Exorcist. Jenkins and Wachs over over him.

NICK
How can you do this to me?

JENKINS
That's what I'm trying to find out.
Doctor, how can we do this to him?

He turns to Wachs who starts up an electric skull-saw.

WACHS
We will now cut into the brain.

NICK
No! No! I'm an innocent man,
I've got my rights!

Wachs gives an exaggerated shrug as he leans in with the saw.

JENKINS
Hey. Shit happens.

Wachs leans in with the saw. WHIIIIIIRRRR!!

CUT TO:

166 THE WHINE OF THE SKULL SAW BECOMES THE WHINE OF A VACUUM CLEANER 166

and suddenly we're in the billiards room as Nick wakes up screaming. A maid vacuums the rug nearby. She doesn't hear his scream.

167 EXT. THE GLOBAL DEVICES BUILDING DAY 167

A perfectly ordinary-looking industrial building on a corner near Varrick Street.

WE SEE NICK across the street near a phone booth watching the building. He seems anxious, determined.

NICK V.O.
Shit happens, huh? Well, maybe no. Maybe I could turn the tables on them. Find out what they knew about my condition... and use it to my advantage.

168 CLELLAN COMES WALKING UP THE STREET 168

holding a greasy bag of sandwiches.

WE SEE NICK fall in behind him and, aping his stride, follow him into the Global Devices building.

169 INT. GLOBAL DEVICES 169

Clellan opens the door and enters a reception area. WE SEE NICK dart in after him, then dash into a corner to get his bearings as Clellan disappears down a corridor.

Nick's heart pounds as he looks around. He's in the lion's den and he knows it.

170 IN THE CORRIDOR 170

WE SEE NICK creeping silently. He freezes as Gomez crosses in front of him from one office to another. Nick looks into the open room.

171 IN THE OPEN ROOM 171

Clellan, Tyler and Gomez sit around a formica table eating lunch. On a wall behind them is a poster-size photo of Nick sipping a pina colada on the bow of a close friend's yacht. A big metal dart skewers the picture at the crotch.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

WE SEE NICK walk past the door. But they don't, of course.

172 IN THE CORRIDOR 172

WE SEE NICK move past another open office. This one filled with telecommunications equipment and tape recorders. Morrissey, wearing headphones, monitors the phone taps.

Nick continues to a door at the end of the corridor.

173 INT. JENKINS' OFFICE 173

WE SEE NICK casing the room, drawn by the map of Manhattan. A red flag pinned into the grid where the Academy Club is located. Another red flag at his apartment, his office, etc.

Nick to Jenkins' desk. Nothing on the surface but phones, a pen set and a lamp. He tries the drawers. The top one is locked, so is the second. The third slides open revealing a .38 revolver.

He then crosses to a file cabinet and opens a drawer to discover dozens of tabbed files breaking his life down into subsets: background, education, relationships, professional, etc. He rifles through the files, surprised at the discovery of old family photos, zeroxes of letters, other highly personal material.

Then payday! He discovers files marked "Micromagnetics," "Wachs"... And the door abruptly opens and Jenkins enters. Nick closes the file.

174 WITH JENKINS 174

as he hears a very faint sound from the file cabinet. He turns and looks for an instant -- nothing seems abnormal -- then moves to his chair and takes a seat behind his desk. And now the other four operatives file in.

MORRISEEY
Singleton called looking for Wachs. I said what you told me to.

TYLER
Suppose it takes six months to find this dude. He gonna keep us operational that long?

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: 174

JENKINS
Singleton's weak and unreliable but he knows the value of the prize, believe me.

175 NOW WE SEE NICK 175

hunkered in a corner, all senses alert.

JENKINS
Let's begin with the weekly surveillance reports...

DISSOLVE TO:

176 THE SAME SHOT HOURS LATER 176

The four operatives have long since gone back to their posts. The door is closed and a single reading lamp illuminates the room. Jenkins sits behind his desk reading a report, interrupting his concentration only to pour water from a pitcher into a glass and swallow a pill.

177 NOW WE SEE NICK 177

crouched against the wall directly across from Jenkins. he's been trapped in the office and desperate to get out.

Abruptly Jenkins closes the report and puts it away. Then swiveling back in his chair, he yawns and stretches.

Nick involuntarily yawns. Then stretches and starts to straighten out one leg. CRACK! A joint pops. Nick freezes.

178 JENKINS LOOKS UP 178

and sits motionless for a long moment, his senses aroused, some atavistic voice inside him saying, "You are not alone." Then slowly he reaches across his desk and switches off the lamp, plunging the room in darkness.

179 NOW WE SEE NICK 179

staring at Jenkins' silhouette framed against the window. Motionless. The room is silent.

And then the CRACKLE of a trouser leg on chair leather as --

180 JENKINS PRESSES A FLOOR PEDAL 180

and automatic bolts lock both doors with LOUD REPORTS. Then:

JENKINS
Welcome.

181 WE SEE NICK 181

remaining motionless.

JENKINS
I often sit like this at day's end -- in the darkness -- and imagine what it must be like. Were you conscious when it happened? Did you feel yourself change?
(beat)
Did you pray?

Nick still doesn't answer. He tiptoes to the window.

JENKINS
I've been worried about you, Nick. Is everything all right?

Nick jerks up on the sash. But it's locked and his shoulder bangs against the glass. Jenkins swivels in his chair toward the sound.

JENKINS
How long have you been here?

NICK
Long enough to learn a few things about you I thought I might mention to my friends at The Times.

JENKINS
You don't have any friends at The Times, Nick. And even if you did, it won't make any difference. I told you it all comes back to me.

NICK
Bullshit. You answer to people, I heard. Maybe I'll call the CIA and talk to a guy named Singleton.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

JENKINS
Let's say for the moment you do. What do you think you can control the minute you make your presence known to anyone? You may not end up in a cage, but what kind of life do you think you'll have?

NICK
And if I work with you, I suppose everything'll be different. Corner office, unlimited expense account, great medical...

JENKINS
Well let's talk about that.

182 JENKINS SHIFTS 182

in his chair reaching for the second desk drawer when -- SNAP! -- his desk lamp switches on.

NICK'S VOICE
Put your hands on the desk.

Slowly Jenkins takes his hands and lays them flat on top.

JENKINS
I'm more than willing to give you everything you want.

NICK'S VOICE
In exchange for what?

Jenkins repositions his sightline to follow Nick's voice.

JENKINS
Your services, of course...
(beat)
To the country, I mean. You have a larger obligation now, you can be of incalcuable value to us.

183 NOW WE SEE NICK 183

edging around Jenkins' desk.

NICK
Doing your spying?

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: 183

JENKINS
Suppose we'd had you in 1939. Maybe there wouldn't have been a Second World War.

NICK'S VOICE
I would have killed Hitler for you? Is that what you mean?

184 JENKINS 184

reacting as the voice gets closer.

JENKINS
I mean maybe you could have saved thirty million lives. Changed history.

NICK'S VOICE
Oh spare me the hype, willya?

And suddenly Jenkins is jerked back in his chair. The FLOOR PEDAL beneath his desk DEPRESSES and the REPORTS sound again as the automatic bolts unlock the door.

Jenkins springs out of his chair, lunging for the voice.

185 NOW WE SEE NICK 185

grappling with Jenkins against the desk. He pushes away, cocks a fist and -- POW! -- clouts Jenkins in the jaw.

The door bangs open and Morrissey and Clellan race in, blocking Nick's escape.

JENKINS
(roars)
Shut the door!

As Clellan turns to slam the door Nick whips open a desk drawer and snatches up the revolver.

186 CLELLAN AND MORRISSEY FREEZE 186

as FLOATING GUN presses itself against their boss's temple.

NICK'S VOICE
I'll kill him, I swear to God.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

Abruptly Jenkins is jerked to his feet by the nap of his collar and marched toward the door -- THE FLOATING PISTOL still at his temple -- by the invisible man.

NICK'S VOICE
Open the door.

They stand firm. The HAMMER clicks itself into the firing position.

JENKINS
Do what he says!

Clellan reluctantly opens the door. As Jenkins marches out with THE FLOATING .38 --

JENKINS
Nick, contrary to what you may believe I am not without feelings.

He passes out of the room.

187 EXT. GLOBAL DEVICES 187

NOW WE SEE NICK pulling Jenkins out onto the sidewalk, the gun still in place against his temple.

JENKINS
-- don't you see? You and I are forever bonded in this -- two men not so terribly different -- iconoclasts -- think of the adventure we could have together.

NICK
Shut up.

Now he reaches around Jenkins and grabs his belt buckle.

188 CLOSE ON JENKINS 188

As his invisible captor tugs at his pants.

JENKINS
What are you doing?

NICK'S VOICE
Seeya, Dave.

And suddenly Jenkins' belt flops open and his pants fall down around his ankles. THE .38 flies away from his head as Nick's footsteps recede up the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 188

Clellan and Morriseey burst out of the building as Jenkins fumbles to pull up his pants. He points up the block.

The operatives are putting on thermal goggles.

JENKINS
There!

189 EXT. KOREAN MARKET AROUND THE CORNER 189

as the owner makes change for a customer. FOOTSTEPS approach and the customer reacts as THE FLOATING .38 sails into view and slaps into his palm.

The owner looks up from the register, sees the gun and hands over the rest of the cash.

As Clellan and Morrissey race past a TRAIN WHISTLE SHRIEKS.

190 OMITTED 190

191 THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD DAY 191

clattering through Suffolk County bound for the Hamptons.

NICK V.O.
I had to get out of New York --
They knew my patterns -- it wasn't
safe there anymore.

192 EXT A WEATHERED VICTORIAN COTTAGE IN EAST HAMPTON DAY 192

Right on the beach, nice and isolated.

NICK V.O.
And anyway, George had this great
beach house.

193 INT COTTAGE 193

Cozy, Ralph Lauren decor: lots of wicker, a fireplace, country pine.

CAMERA MOVES into the kitchen.

194 WE SEE NICK 194

on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

He's placing an order with the local liquor mart as he puts away a delivery of food.

NICK
-- three quarts of Wyborowa vodka and some champagne. Whattaya have?

He continues with the man at the liquor store.

NICK V.O.
It was off-season in the Hamptons, a good place to hole up for a while and not be noticed.

Nick turns away from the mouthpiece and shouts.

NICK
What's that, George?

He answers himself in another garbled voice, then returns to the phone.

NICK
-- Mr. Talbot says charge it to his account... yeah, thirty-seven Beachfront Lane. Tell the kid just to come in the back.

195 INT KITCHEN LATER 195

RALPH, the delivery boy wearing a Bon Jovi World Tour tee-shirt, opens the outside door and enters with a box. He crosses to the counter where he notices a five-dollar bill and a note that says:

196 INSERT THE NOTE 196

"Went fishing. Leave the stuff on the counter. Thanks".

197 RALPH 197

pockets the fiver, then looks around the empty room and decides to do a little snooping.

198 NICK STANDING FULLY DRESSED 198

in the living room as Ralph enters picking his nose. He makes a leisurely examination of George's things.

RALPH
Anybody home?

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED: 198

The house is silent. Nick stares at the kid: what balls!

NICK V.O.
It's just amazing what you see when nobody sees you.

Ralph abruptly cuts a FART, laughs to himself, then turns his attention to the stairwell and the second floor.

Not wanting this punk to snoop upstairs, Nick tiptoes over to the stereo and cranks the volume knob on the amp to MAX. Then he hits the power switch and the room is immediately rocked by a THUNDEROUS BEER COMMERCIAL.

Ralph is nearly blown off his feet. And then Nick races up the stairs to the landing and hollers down:

NICK
Hey! What the hell are you doing down there?!

199 EXT THE DECK OF GEORGE'S COTTAGE 199

A glorious sunset, the sky striated pink and fuchsia. Gulls circle. Wind soughs through sea grass on the dunes. A fire burns in George's Weber. Nick comes out the sliding glass door onto the deck carrying a big rock glass filled with icy vodka and a thick steak on a plate. He's wearing George's heavy cowl sweater, cords and deck shoes.

NICK V.O.)
I had to get a grip on things, restore some order to my life.

He slaps the steak on the grill and takes a big swallow of his drink.

200 EXT BEACH SUNRISE 200

Fog lays heavy on the strand. We HEAR a rhythmic, disciplined jogger's pace: New Balance running shoes on the sand. Then from out of a fog bank appears a SWEATSHIRT, PAIR OF SHORTS, TUBE SOCKS AND OLD NIKES -- the invisible man jogging, a white terrycloth HEADBAND FLOATING like a halo over the apparition.

NICK V.O.
The first logical step was to put the old Nick Halloway behind me.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED: 200

A FISHERMAN in hip waders stands casting in the surf line. The invisible man crosses behind him. Fisherman hears a jogger and without turning around:

FISHERMAN
Morning.

NICK
Morning.

201 TWO DOGS AND A CAT SIT SIDE-BY-SIDE 201

their heads bobbing back and forth like spectators at a tennis match.

202 WHAT THEY SEE 202

A GRAPHITE RACKET, a FLOATING WRIST BAND and a pair of SWEAT PANTS volley a TENNIS BALL against the side of a garage.

203 IN FOAMING SURF 203

we spot Nick doing a powerful crawl through the morning chop.

NICK V.O.
I'd create a new identity, go underground, so to speak...

204 EXT GEORGE'S COTTAGE DAY 204

Nick reclines in the bubbling jacuzzi, sipping a glass of Mumm's.

NICK V.O.
... then get myself a secure place where Jenkins would never find me.

205 IN GEORGE'S WALK-IN CLOSET 205

as Nick, wearing only a towel, selects tonight's outfit from George's vast collection of leisurewear.

He opts for a splendid lime and gray Fila warm-up suit.

206 INT COTTAGE LIVING ROOM NIGHT 206

A storm rages outside.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: 206

Nick is snug in front of the blazing fire watching the daily stock market reports on TV. He plucks an olive from a fresh tumbler of iced vodka and nibbles it.

NICK V.O.
It would take capital. But building capital was something I knew a little about.

207 CLOSER ON NICK 207

turning reflective.

NICK V.O.
I could play the market over the phone. All I really needed was a name on a brokerage account and a couple bucks to start with.

He drains his drink and wipes his mouth with his hand.

NICK V.O.
I would become the invisible tycoon. And then... then I would make them pay. All of them. They would rue the day they tangled with Nick Halloway.

The empty tumbler slips from his fingers and he keels over snoring, exhausted and drunk.

NICK
Nnnnnnggh... nnnnggghh...

208 EXT GEORGE'S COTTAGE NEXT MORNING 208

A Saab with a ski rack pulls up in front of the house, and a quartet of weekenders piles out: George, Ellen, Alice and RICHARD, a perpetually tanned know-it-all reeking of family money. Alice regards the cottage.

ALICE
George, it's charming.

GEORGE
Everybody needs a place to get away. Recharge the batteries.

ELLEN
Can you believe that traffic? I told you we should have left at seven-thirty. It's never taken more than two hours.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: 208

George makes a face at Ellen that says, "Don't start with me."

209 IN THE COTTAGE NICK 209

is awakened by VOICES outside and the THUMPING of car doors. He bounds off the couch and dashes to the window.

NICK
(to himself)
Shit. George! What are you doing here?

He spins on his heels and runs upstairs shedding the Fila warm-up suit.

210 WITH GEORGE AND THE GROUP 210

as they unlock the front door and enter.

GEORGE
I like it better in the off-season. The summer gets so crowded it's hard to relax.

RICHARD
The Hamptons are over. Connecticut, Millbrook, that's where everybody's buying now.

Alice crosses to the window.

ALICE
Oh, you didn't tell me you were right on the beach.

Ellen crinkles her nose and sniffs.

ELLEN
Smells like somebody had a fire.

George notices it too. He drops his bags on the living room rug.

GEORGE
That's funny...

He crosses to the fireplace and sees a fresh mound of ash. Richard picks up a cocktail tumbler and a withered olive from the floor.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED: 210

RICHARD
Subletting to someone?

George looks thoroughly perplexed.

GEORGE
What the hell's going on? I haven't been out here since January.

His gaze takes in the entire room.

RICHARD
I think we should have a look around, see if anything's missing?

Ellen lights a cigarette as the men climb the staircase to the second floor.

RICHARD
Is there a gun in the house?

Ellen and Alice exchange a look and follow the men.

211 A BEDROOM DOOR IS PUSHED OPEN 211

George's lime and green warm-up suit lies in a heap at the foot of the bed.

212 NOW WE SEE NICK 212

standing naked by the window, his hands reflexively covering his privates.

213 REVERSE GEORGE AND RICHARD 213

staring into the room. George's eyes catch something.

GEORGE
Goddammit!

He enters the room and picks up his Fila warm-up suit.

GEORGE
Somebody's been wearing my clothes.

214 INT THE KITCHEN MINUTES LATER 214

as George enters off the deck looking even more perplexed.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED: 214

The others are unpacking bags of groceries, the weekend's fare.

GEORGE
Well this is certainly peculiar. Everything's here, my hidden key's missing and the jacuzzi's back on the timer.

ELLEN
I don't like this, it makes me nervous.

Alice opens the filled refrigerator.

ALICE
Whoever it is, they left you fully stocked.

George scratches his head.

GEORGE
Somebody broke into my house and put food in my refrigerator?

ALICE
Hey, there's some nice stuff in here. A bottle of Montrachet. Here's a tin of Beluga...

Richard drifts over behind her.

RICHARD
That's what I love about the Hamptons. You get a much better class of burglar.

GEORGE
It's gotta be my brother Chuck. He must have split with Kathleen again. Oh God...

Richard produces an empty quart bottle of Polish vodka out of a trash basket next to the refrigerator.

RICHARD
Wyborowa, hundred proof. Chuck drink this?

GEORGE
No...

And suddenly George goes white.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED: (2) 214

GEORGE
But I know who does.

There's a heavy silence and WE SEE NICK standing dressed in the kitchen doorway. And he knows George knows.

215 EXT GEORGE'S COTTAGE NIGHT 215

Smoke curls out of the chimney. NEW AGE MUSIC sounds over the stereo.

216 INT COTTAGE 216

It's post-dinner, the weekenders relaxed in the living room in front of the fire with their apertifs.

RICHARD
(casually)
Halloway's in trouble. I spoke to a little pencil-pusher from some government agency I never heard of. He asked me the same sorts of personal questions about Nick the SEC did when Charley Randolph got busted.

GEORGE
Tell you what, they're real confused over at Shipway & Whitman. Guy that's been with the company ten years suddenly disappears like that...

217 NOW WE SEE NICK 217

looking on from a neutral corner, eager to learn how his mysterious disappearance is being received.

GEORGE
... Roger Whitman's got auditors in there day and night looking for what he stole.

ALICE
He didn't strike me as the embezzler type. Aren't they usually the short ones with glasses who work in accounting?

Nick moves closer to Alice, flicking a glance at Richard and wondering what the hell she's doing with him?

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: 217

ELLEN
Knowing Nick, he probably came out here to shack up with somebody's wife.

Ellen picks up her drink to take a sip. Nick reaches over and nimbly tips the glass, spilling Amaretto in her lap. She jumps and reaches for a cocktail napkin.

GEORGE
Honey, if that's all it was, he would have called me.

ALICE
Well it all sounds pretty mysterious to me.

RICHARD
Remember what happened to Mark Hill's father? Drove to the train one morning and a month later they found him in the trunk of a car at Newark airport. Executed gangland style.

ELLEN
For Godsakes, Richard, can we change the subject? Wherever the hell he is I bet he'd love to know we're all talking about him.

ALICE
I hope he's alright. I liked him.

Nick smiles at this. But Richard isn't thrilled.

RICHARD
Know what I think? I think Halloway got in a lot of trouble, came out here, got himself nice and loaded... and just walked into the ocean one day.

GEORGE
Are you kidding? Nick's way too narcissistic to kill himself.

RICHARD
He'll probably wash up on the shore one day all bloated and eaten by crabs.

ELLEN
Richard!

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (2) 217

RICHARD
I don't know... I got a real funny vibe like he's dead.

Ellen stands.

ELLEN
Why don't you have a seance, Richard? Get out your Ouija board and summon his spirit from the afterworld. I'm going to bed.
(then)
George?

She crosses to the stairs. George watches her a beat, then lowering his voice:

GEORGE
Seems to me if he was going to commit suicide in my house, he'd have the common decency to leave a note, or at least clean up first.

Nick can't resist. He reaches over and flicks an ashtray on the floor. CLUNK! Everyone freezes.

ALICE
What was that?

George looks at her seriously.

GEORGE
Alice, I think maybe I oughta tell you right now. This house is built over an Indian burial ground. That's how I got it so cheap.

RICHARD
(dead serious)
Laugh, George...

He gazes around the room.

RICHARD
... but I'd be careful mocking what you don't understand.
(then calls out)
Nick? Nick? If you're here with us, Nick, give us a sign.

Alice shoots a look at George that says, Is he kidding? George rolls his eyes when the big screen TV suddenly BURSTS INTO LIFE. He and Alice jump.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (3) 217

GEORGE
JESUS!

218 RICHARD LAUGHS 218

and holds up the remote. Then clicks the TV off.

GEORGE
You bastard.

Richard stands grinning.

RICHARD
He could have been channeling through me.

Suddenly the invisible man sneaks up behind him and FLIPS BACK HIS HAIRPIECE, leaving Richard bald and mortified in front of everyone.

219 ON THE STAIRS 219

George, Alice and Richard climbing to the second floor, Richard patting his hair back into place. WE SEE NICK watching from the landing above.

NICK V.O.
If only Richard knew how close he was to the truth...

GEORGE
Night, everybody.

He winks at Richard, then turns right at the landing and passes inside his bedroom. Richard walks with Alice toward an open bedroom, forcing Nick to backpedal into the room to avoid a collision. Richard pauses at the threshold.

RICHARD
Well. I'm not really that tired, are you?

Behind Alice, Nick makes a face: Gee, Richard, that's original.

ALICE
Yeah. I'm exhausted.

Richard smiles, pretending to be a good sport.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED: 219

RICHARD
Yeah. Me too. Meet you on the beach for a swim bright and early?

ALICE
Sure. Sleep well.

She shuts the door on Richard, enclosing herself and Nick in the bedroom.

Nick holds his breath as Alice sits on the bed and removes her shoes. Then pulls off her sweater. Nick can't take his eyes off her.

NICK V.O.
I remember feeling an enormous sense of relief that she didn't let him into her room or kiss her goodnight.

She's just about to pull off her blouse.

NICK V.O.
And I remember wondering, why did I feel that way? Why should I care?

Suddenly a knock sounds at the door.

RICHARD O.S.
Alice? Are you decent?

Nick makes a face -- that scumbag! Alice sihns and pulls her blouse down over her bra.

ALICE
Come in.

Richard enters in a robe with a bottle of champagne and two glasses.

RICHARD
I was going to save this till I sold my novel but...

He shrugs and grins. Nick stands with his mouth agape at Richard's shamelessness.

ALICE
That's really sweet, Richard, but not tonight. I'm so tired.

Richard closes the door behind him and moves to the bed.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED: (2) 219

RICHARD
Just a short one. C'mon.

He sits on the bed and fills a glass. She starts to say something but he cuts her off.

RICHARD
I really admire what you do. You're so unlike all the other women in New York, you don't seem caught up in the bullshit.

He slugs down his glass of champagne. She yawns and stretches her arms. Richard doesn't pick up on the clue.

She stands and crosses to the door, opening it.

ALICE
Richard, I'm going to have to say good night.

Richard drains the glass again. Suddenly --

RICHARD
My wife left me three months ago. God, I'm such a mess...
(eyes fill with tears)
Can't work -- can't sleep --

He begins to sob. Alice can't believe what she's seeing: this poor slob bawling, yet he seems so... pathetic. She sighs and sits down on the bed next to him, patting his shoulder.

ALICE
Don't cry, Richard, I'm sure it's not that terrible.

Nick wants to scream. What a crock of bullshit!

RICHARD
I need you.

And he throws himself on Alice, pushing her flat on the bed.

ALICE
Richard, stop!

Nick can't help himself, he rushes over and grabs Richard by the collar and yanks.

220 RICHARD FLIES OFF ALICE 220

and lands hard on the floor. Alice sits up -- how did that happen? Richard is even more confounded. They stare at each other a beat. Then as he stands:

RICHARD
I'm sorry, I'm sorry... God, I don't know what came over me.
(rubbing his ass)
Or you.

ALICE
Maybe I misunderstood the situation this weekend. I'm sorry if you thought we were... this is awkward.

Richard moves to the door.

RICHARD
We'll just forget it ever happened Don't tell anybody I cried, okay?

Before she can answer he's out the door. Alice closes it behind him with a puzzled look that reads: what the hell just happened?

221 ALICE LIES ASLEEP LATER 221

her lustrous hair splayed over the pillow, a knee drawn up, a hand cupped childlike under her cheek.

WE SEE NICK standing over the bed, admiring Alice. The curtains are open and MOONLIGHT FLOODS THROUGH HIM, spilling onto her.

NICK V.O.
About the time she fell asleep I stopped kidding myself. I was nuts about her...

222 EXT BEACH LATER 222

WE SEE NICK on a dune staring at the stars, thinking.

NICK V.O.
Why couldn't I have met her a year ago?

He skips a pebble into the ocean.

NICK V.O.
Ah, I probably would have fucked it up.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED: 222

He hears a throaty GIGGLE O.S. and turns to see George and Ellen run from the cottage. George drops a blanket on the dunes and they begin groping each other.

Nick moves closer, drawn like a moth to flame, he can't not look.

GEORGE
(gasping)
Talk dirty to me, you slut! Tell me how you want it...

ELLEN
(groaning)
Hurt me. Pin my hands back. Squeeze my butt...

Nick turns away from this wanton display.

NICK V.O.
Goddammit, fate was cruel.

He sighs and begins walking away. A low-flying SEA GULL swoops down over the beach and smacks right into the back of his head.

223 INT. GLOBAL DEVICES DAY 223

Warren Singleton storms into the reception area and past Gomez seated at a metal desk.

SINGLETON
Is he in his office?

Without waiting for an answer he disappears down a corridor. Gomez hits a buzzer on his phone.

224 INT. JENKINS' OFFICE 224

Jenkins sits calmly behind his desk as Singleton paces.

SINGLETON
David, I will not allow this to turn into another fiasco like the one you caused in Honduras.

JENKINS
What's Honduras got to do with this? You want a job done, I'm doing it.

Singleton approaches the desk.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED: 224

SINGLETON
You're not being straight with me, I'm your goddamn section head! I gave you this chance! Wachs was supposed to be in Washington two days ago -- Parcells is climbing all over me to get at him. Where the hell is he?

JENKINS
(coolly)
I've got him sequestered. I'm still not convinced he's been absolutely forthcoming with us. Calm down, Warren. Trust me.

He regards Singleton with his sincerest look, never blinking. Finally:

SINGLETON
Alright. When do I get him?

JENKINS
When I'm convinced.

SINGLETON
No. When do I get the invisible man?

JENKINS
Soon. Very soon.

SINGLETON
I hope so. Because it is my ass on the line and I do not intend being put in the position of having to defend these expenditures and these methods without results. I want him, David, or you will be the next person to disappear.

225 CLOSE ON ALICE 225

as she comes bounding out of the surf ringing wet in a tight, one-piece bathing suit. A vision. She grabs up a fluffy towel from the sand and, drying off, climbs the dunes toward George's cottage.

Beyond her, maybe a hundred and fifty yards up the beach, a three story gingerbread house looms over the beach. A FLASH OF LIGHT bounces off a reflective surface in the cupola.

226 WE SEE NICK IN THE CUPOLA 226

peering through a telescope in the direction of George's cottage.

227 NICK'S TELESCOPIC POV 227

Alice walks past George, Ellen and Richard on the deck, still in their pajamas but drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes.

228 RESUME NICK IN THE CUPOLA 228

as he moves away from the scope and picks up a portable phone.

229 IN THE COTTAGE ALICE 229

passes through the living room when the phone rings. She answers it.

ALICE
Hello.

NICK'S PHONE VOICE
Alice?

Alice frowns. Who knows I'm here?

ALICE
Yes.

NICK'S PHONE VOICE
I need to talk to you. Can you keep a secret?

ALICE
Who is this?

Long pause. Then:

NICK'S PHONE VOICE
(whispers fiercely)
It's Nick Halloway. I'm in a house up the road, I'll leave the back door open for you.

Alice stares at the phone. Nick Halloway?

ALICE
Nick Halloway? Is this a joke?

NICK'S PHONE VOICE
Please Alice, it's critical.

230 WITH ALICE WALKING ALONG BEACHFRONT LANE 230

till she arrives at number forty-one, the three-story gingerbread with the cupola. The place looks deserted. Alice, following Nick's instructions, walks up the driveway, locates an open side door with a broken pane of glass and enters.

231 INT NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE ALICE 231

passes through a service kitchen into a dining room, then through the foyer into the living room. All the furniture is covered with sheets. It's spooky.

ALICE
Hello? Hello?

No answer. She passes a mirror and, catching a glimpse of herself, instinctively pauses to brush a strand of her hair back, touch-up newly applied lipstick.

And then from behind her:

NICK O.S.
Alice...

Started, she yelps. Then turns. And gasps.

232 WHAT SHE SEES 232

Nick's version of Claude Rains in the classic "Invisible Man". A raggedy, grass-stained Ace bandage wrapped around his head, dark glasses, turtleneck covering his throat, raincoat over all, gloves. He holds up his hands.

NICK
Alice, don't scream, it's me, Nick. I swear to God.

She gapes at him.

ALICE
Were you in an accident, have you been burned or something?

NICK
In a manner of speaking.

ALICE
You poor thing.

NICK
Brace yourself, Alice...

232 CONTINUED: 232

Alice's imagination runs wild. What could it be? Leprosy? Radiation burns?

NICK
Here goes.

He removes his sunglasses -- Alice's mouth goes slack as she stares at TWO EMPTY HOLES -- then he unwraps the Ace bandage revealing an EMPTY SPACE where his head should be.

NICK'S VOICE
I'm invisible, Alice. They turned me invisible.

Her eyes roll back and she faints.

233 EXT BEACHFRONT LANE LATER 233

George and Richard stand in front of his cottage looking in both directions.

RICHARD
Where the hell'd she run to, Port Arthur? It's been over two hours.

GEORGE
You never know, attractive girl, jogging alone...

RICHARD
I wouldn't worry about <u>that</u>, George. She's strong as an ox.

234 IN THE NEIGHBORING HOUSE 234

Alice sits amazed watching a floating CIGARETTE.

NICK'S VOICE
... I don't know, maybe it's because we don't have a past, nobody connects us -- maybe it's because I'm still vain enough to think the time we met we sorta liked each other... anyway, I've got to trust somebody.

Alice is silent a moment after hearing the entire extraordinary tale. Finally:

ALICE
I've been hearing some crazy rumors about you, but this...

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED: 234

NICK'S VOICE
Yeah... maybe if I'd gone to medical school like all the Jewish kids I grew up with, none of this would have happened.

Alice can't help but be amused by this.

ALICE
How have you not gone crazy?

NICK'S VOICE
Who says I haven't?

ALICE
Are you sure this is the right thing to do? I mean, running, hiding? Shouldn't you be in a hospital?

NICK'S VOICE
Yeah, or a Vegas act.

There's a pause as Alice gazes at him in wonder and astonishment.

NICK'S VOICE
Don't look at me like that, Alice. You make me feel like the Elephant Man.

ALICE
I'm sorry it's just...

NICK'S VOICE
I know, I know. It's funny. All my life women have been telling me they can see right through me. And now?

He chuckles. She stands.

ALICE
Let me touch you.

A moment. Then the invisible man gets up and crosses to her. Takes her hands and places them on his face. Alice traces his features, his body, trying to picture Nick whole.

ALICE
(awed)
I guess I forgive you for standing me up.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED: (2) 234

NICK
Believe me, the last thing you want to do is watch me eat.

Alice has the good taste not to press for details. Instead:

ALICE
How can I help you?

The invisible man takes a drag on the cigarette and see SMOKE fill his lungs. Then two JETS OF SMOKE are exhaled out invisible nostrils.

NICK
I want you to open a brokerage account and buy me two thousand shares of a stock called Allied Resources.

235 INT GEORGE'S COTTAGE KITCHEN THAT NIGHT 235

George and Richard do the dishes, watching Alice heap leftovers onto her plate.

RICHARD
(to Alice)
Having seconds?

ALICE
I suddenly got hungry again.

GEORGE
Must be all that running you did this afternoon.

ALICE
Must be.

There's an awkward pause. She yawns.

ALICE
Well. Think I'll just take this up to my room and turn in early.

She carries the plate and a glass of white wine out of the room.

ALICE
(brightly)
See you in the morning.

The moment she exits the two men share a long look. What a kook.

236 IN ALICE'S ROOM LATER THAT NIGHT 236

WE SEE NICK sitting on the bed with a sheet tied around his neck like a barber's smock. The cleaned plate and empty glass sit on the night table. Alice sits across from Nick in a chair. They're talking quietly.

ALICE
Were you in here last night?

NICK
Uh... it was an accident, I didn't mean to be. I swear to God I didn't see anything, Alice.
(can't resist)
You were only nude for a minute and besides, I had my hands over my eyes. Course I can see through 'em...

237 GEORGE OUTSIDE IN THE HALL 237

with his ear pressed against Alice's door.

He's in his bathrobe and he's hearing TWO distinct VOICES.

He stands frowning a minute, then slowly turns toward another bedroom with the door closed as if thinking, "Could it be Richard in there?"

In answer to his question the toilet flushes O.S. and the bathroom door opens, Richard exiting with a New Yorker tucked under his arm. He waves cheerily.

RICHARD
Night, George.

238 GEORGE'S SAAB NEXT MORNING 238

as George and Richard load their luggage in the back, keeping their voices low. Ellen sits impatiently in the back.

RICHARD
(gloomy)
This has been a terrific weekend. I'm glad at least you got laid.

GEORGE
Well, it was only Ellen...

RICHARD
I think you're crazy letting her stay here.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED: 238

GEORGE
She's a friend of the family, what am I supposed to do, say no?

RICHARD
You told me yourself you heard two distinct voices coming out of her room last night. Suppose she's really schizo?

George fixes him a look, then closes the trunk and brightening for her benefit, moves to Alice standing at the front door of the cottage.

ALICE
George, you're the best. This is the perfect place to finish writing the narrative for my film.

She kisses his cheek.

GEORGE
Look, I left you the number of a good therapist I know in town. If you feel like talking, she's very understanding. She helped Richard a lot.

ALICE
Thank you, George.

He manages a brave smile, turns and climbs into the Saab. Alice watches as he TOOTS the horn and drives away.

And then we HEAR Nick's VOICE over Alice's shoulder.

NICK'S VOICE
At least it's good to know Richard's getting some help.

239 INT GLOBAL DEVICES CONTROL ROOM DAY 239

Tyler sits at the telecommunications console, leafing idly through a magazine. A light winks on the console and a tape reel starts to turn. Tyler puts up the volume and we hear GEORGE TALBOT'S voice.

GEORGE'S PHONE VOICE
Chuck, it's me, George. You wanna hear a hot one?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED: 239

GEORGE'S PHONE VOICE (CONT'D)
Guess who broke into my house in East Hampton, ran up about five hundred bucks worth of food and booze on my accounts? Nick Halloway. He's not dead, he's on a binge...

Tyler tears off his headset and races out of the room.

240 INT GEORGE'S COTTAGE THE MASTER BATH 240

CAMERA plays across a collection of makeup supplies; among them moisturizers, foundation, eyebrow pencils, mascara, baby powder... and hair dye.

NICK O.S.
-- see, I know how to get the broker to buy stock without you ever having to spend any money.

CAMERA continues till we find the invisible man seated facing the mirror with his eyes closed while Alice brings his features to life with a layer of makeup.

All we SEE above the barber smock is the MASK of Nick's made-up face.

NICK
... It's nothing illegal, you'll be playing what's called a float.

Alice concentrates on spreading rouge on his lips.

ALICE
Unh-huh...

He opens his eyes to see himself. Of course we only see empty sockets in the mirror.

NICK
I keep trading through you till I build us a nice little pile of money, I cut you a check for half, then I'm out of your life.

He glances at her to see how she reacts. She simply considers her handiwork. Then to his mirror image:

ALICE
It sounds so simple. How do you know it'll work?

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED: 240

NICK
It's how I make my living, what else am I supposed to do?
(pause)
So what do you think?

She studies his reflection.

ALICE
I think you need more blush.

241 SHOOTING THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW OF AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT 241

as we see the lights of a cab pulling away. It's evening, the place is darkly lit and there are very few customers.

The front door opens and Alice enters, dressed for dinner. She's followed by Nick Halloway, the invisible man, now visible thanks to a pretty decent job of stage makeup and looking smart and tailored in George's impressive leisurewear.

His hair is dyed jet black and he's wearing dark glasses.

The MAITRE D' approaches, whisking two menus under his arm.

MAITRE D'
Good evening. Two for dinner?

He grins. Then his eyes fall on Nick and the grin fades.

NICK
Something wrong?

His teeth are waxed white, making speech difficult. Embarrassed, the Maitre d' snaps out of it and bows.

MAITRE D'
Of course not, sir. Right this way.

242 IN A BANQUETTE 242

the meal in progress. Alice looks around the restaurant, then back to Nick.

ALICE
See, nobody's staring at you. Whatever they think, they certainly don't think you're invisible.

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED: 242

NICK
Yeah. I'm just a guy wearing makeup, hair dye and sunglasses. What the hell, I could be Ronald Reagan.

Nick sips his wine, not convinced. Alice stares at him with an amused look.

ALICE
Well maybe we do have a little more work to do.

We SEE his lips have come off on the glass.

243 CRICKETS CHIRP 243

as Nick and Alice stroll back along Beachfront Lane. It's a beautiful night.

ALICE
-- so I played the good daughter like my parents wanted and went to law school, which did me no good at all and I hated.

NICK
Where'd you study?

ALICE
Yale.

NICK
No kidding. I almost went to Yale. But I didn't get accepted.
(she smiles)
So what'd you do then?

ALICE
Really made my folks happy. Left an eighty thousand dollar-a-year job at a prestigious firm in Boston to become a production assistant for a public television station.

NICK
Next thing you know you're in Brazil.

ALICE
Next thing I know I'm happy.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED: 243

NICK
Yeah. And you meet me and I turn into a mutant. Life's a gas, isn't it?

ALICE
Nick, I've been thinking. I'm not so sure me playing the stock market so you can live like a recluse is the best possible solution to your problem.

NICK
It's only step one. I make some money, I put an ad in the personals, I find an invisible girl...
(his voice trails off)
Alice, if you've got a better idea, believe me, I'm interested.

ALICE
Why don't we go to Washington. I know some people there who might be able to help.

NICK
Alice, please. You expect me to trust a politician?

ALICE
No. I want you to trust me.

He stops to look directly at her.

ALICE
You're not alone anymore, Nick.

There's a moment as they stare at each other.

NICK
You want to, uh, stop by my place for a nightcap?

He motions ahead to the gingerbread house rising up off the road. She looks at him as if to say, "What is this, a come-on?"

NICK
(off her look)
Owner keeps an excellent brandy in supply. We could talk, have a smoke. I could teach you a few things about stocks... and bondage...

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED: (2) 243

Abruptly the moment is SHATTERED by the HOWLING ROAR of a Sikorsky helicopter LIFTING UP INTO VIEW from beyond the bluffs surrounding George's property a hundred yards up the beach.

Nick grips Alice's hand and pulls her off the road and into the high dune grass. The chopper BLASTS LOW above them and banks away. Alice looks at Nick: is it them?

NICK
Wait here.

244 INT GINGERBREAD HOUSE 244

All lights off. Nick comes racing inside, bounds for the stairs.

245 TELESCOPIC POV GEORGE'S HOUSE 245

from the upstairs window where Nick spied on Alice earlier. It's teeming with activity and pumped full of swirling gas. All the personnel inside wear gas masks.

A HUGE NET engulfs the entire cottage. VIEW shifts to spot Jenkins in a conversation with Morrissey and a local sheriff.

246 NICK IN AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM 246

backs away from the telescope.

NICK
Shit.

He runs over to the closet, pulls a bag down off the shelf. Then unhooks a HANGER on which hangs his INVISIBLE SUIT. He folds the garment, hanger and all, stuffing it into the bag. Then he picks up two shoehorns, wedged in his INVISIBLE SHOES, and puts those in the bag also.

247 NICK IN THE KITCHEN 247

with gym bag in hand, plucking a set of car keys off a peg board.

248 NICK IN THE DRIVEWAY 248

opening the garage door revealing the grill of a Jeep.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED: 248

From the direction of George's house we can now HEAR the BAYING of a pack of bloodhounds.

Nick unlocks the Cherokee and climbs inside. Turns the motor over. It doesn't catch...

249 ALICE IN THE DUNE GRASS 249

shrinks back as a sheriff's car passes at high speed. She looks up the road, worried. Then another pair of headlamps approach. She ducks back again. Nick pulls up in the Cherokee.

NICK
Alice!

She peeks through the grass and sees him in the front seat of the idling Jeep. Then she gets up and runs for it.

250 IN THE JEEP 250

as Alice piles inside.

ALICE
Where're we going?

Nick looks crazy. He's sweating heavily and his FACE IS STREAKING.

NICK
Far away, fast...
(looks at her)
Are you up to it?

ALICE
Do I have a choice?

NICK
Not right now.

He stomps on the gas.

251 THE GINGERBREAD HOUSE NIGHT 251

As the bloodhounds comb the property, yapping and straining against their handlers' leash, Jenkins confers by the open garage with a SHERIFF and his DEPUTY. Clellan kneels nearby examining the fresh TIRE TRACKS.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED: 251

SHERIFF
-- older couple named Whitson, spend most of the year in New Haven.

DEPUTY
Hey, this ain't the guy stole them payroll checks from the ready mix plant down in Massapequa?

Jenkins grits his teeth, barely suffering these hicks.

JENKINS
What kind of car are we looking for?

SHERIFF
One of them Jeeps, y'know, a Cherokee.

DEPUTY
Wagoneer.

SHERIFF
Yeah, an '87. It's blue.

DEPUTY
It's an '89 and it's black.

The Sheriff fixes his deputy a withering look. Jenkins wants to scream.

JENKINS
How fast can you get me the license number?

SHERIFF
Right away. Let's see...
(to Deputy)
They Connecticut tags or New York tags?

DEPUTY
I think Rhode Island --

JENKINS
-- <u>just get it</u>!

The local law moves off to their radio car. He looks to the heavens for divine inspiration. We HEAR the sheriff on his car radio in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED: (2) 251

SHERIFF
Mabel, it's me, Roy. Can you run an inquiry through the DMV for me? I know it's late... no, they won't be open. Use the computer. What? Okay, you see that red toggle switch on the side...

252 THE WHITSON'S BLACK JEEP EARLY MORNING 252

parked in municipal lot across the street from a train station somewhere near Plainfield, New Jersey. The sky is overcast and ominous.

253 WE SEE A FLOATING SCREWDRIVER 253

unscrewing a Jersey plate off a Toyota. The license plate disengages, FLOATS AWAY from the Toyota and FIXES ITSELF onto the Jeep.

254 EXT TRAIN STATION ALICE 254

exits and hurries across the street to a small park near the municipal lot.

255 A PARK BENCH 255

Alice approaches and sits.

ALICE
Nick?

NICK'S VOICE
Right here.

His VOICE is next to her, but she stares straight ahead.

ALICE
I got myself a compartment on the one o'clock train to Miami.

NICK'S VOICE
That leaves us five hours to kill. How much do we have left?

ALICE
Sixty-three dollars.

It begins to rain very lightly.

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED: 255

NICK'S VOICE
I wonder if we should risk getting a cash advance on one of your credit cards...

ALICE
It wouldn't make any difference, I don't have any money in my account anyway.

Suddenly Nick has second thoughts about his scheme.

NICK'S VOICE
Look, they're going to catch me. Alice, you just get on the train and go. Get away from me. These guys are nuts, I'd never forgive myself if something happened to you.

For the first time Alice hears desperation in his voice. She turns toward him.

ALICE
Nick, I'm not afraid. Whoever they are, they can't control everything.

NICK'S VOICE
God, I can't believe I got you into this.

The rain comes down harder and Alice begins to stare at the phenomenon taking shape next to her: the rain is spattering off the invisible man, revealing an errie but CLEARLY VISIBLE OUTLINE OF NICK'S BODY. His face almost takes form and the image becomes altogether extraordinary -- magical -- even beautiful.

NICK
Alice, you're staring at me.

ALICE
I think we should get out of the rain.

Suddenly the sky opens up and it starts raining in sheets. Nick's FORM GATHERS MORE DIMENSION as he and Alice run from the park. And it's now -- as he gets disbelieving looks from a few departing moms and their children -- that Nick realizes he's materializing.

NICK
What's happening to me?

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED: (2) 255

Alice grabs his hand and they dash across the street, Alice leading him into a narrow alleyway between stores that shelters from the storm.

Nick begins frantically brushing the drops off himself to disappear again. But Alice stops him.

ALICE
Don't. It's beautiful.

And huddled close together he looks at her. She reaches up to touch his face with her fingertips, feeling him -- the material him without make-up, the Nick she once met. He moves his hand up, covering hers, pressing it to his cheek. Their eyes are locked now. And suddenly they're in each others' arms, Nick crushing Alice in a desperate embrace as rain patters all around them.

256 EXT A TRAVELODGE LATER 256

That time after a cloud burst when you can hear the gutters rush with rain water. A hint of sunlight.

257 IN A TRAVELODGE ROOM 257

Alice in bed with the invisible man. The indentation of his head on the pillow next to her, their body shapes under the covers clinging together like spoons. She's smiling and her eyes are closed.

ALICE
Boy. How'm I going to tell my mother about this.

CAMERA pulls back from a MIRROR REFLECTION (we've been watching) to the bed where --

258 WE SEE NICK 258

next to Alice gently stroking her hair, completely in love. A goner. Alice heaves a long, contented sigh.

NICK
Well, the dirty parts you should leave out. Just say you met a guy, you like him a lot, could be serious, he's transparent...

ALICE
Are you Catholic?

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED: 258

NICK
No.

ALICE
Well that could be a problem.

They're both smiling. He pulls her closer.

NICK
Know something, Alice?

ALICE
Hmm?

NICK
If you were blind we'd be the perfect couple.

She laughs.

259 A NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPER 259

is parked behind the Whitsons' Black Cherokee. He's speaking over his radio.

STATE TROOPER
I got that black Cherokee wearing stolen tags... VIN number one zulu seven niner...

260 EXT TRAIN PLATFORM 260

The Amtrak sits at the station as passengers board. We find Alice showing a conductor her ticket and stepping aboard a car.

261 IN THE RAIL CAR 261

Alice moves carefully along a narrow corridor till she locates her compartment. Opens it and goes inside.

262 IN THE COMPARTMENT 262

She holds the door open an extra beat. Then it CLOSES BY ITSELF.

NICK'S VOICE
That was easy enough.

Alice locks the compartment door.

263 THE BLACK UNMARKED SIKORSKY 263

thunders past.

264 IN THE CHOPPER'S COCKPIT 264

RAKING past the pilot to the dash: the same pilot, the same console of electronics from the film's opening.

265 A BLACK UNMARKED VAN 265

with a whip antenna blasting along a turnpike heading for the Plainfield Exit.

266 TRAIN PLATFORM 266

The platform is mostly empty of passengers now.

CONDUCTOR
All aboard!

267 IN THE COMPARTMENT 267

As Alice settles in, taking her shoes off and dumping magazines, munchies and a bottle of Wyborowa vodka out of a paper bag.

ALICE
You want People or US?

NOW WE SEE NICK at the window, desperate for the train to get underway.

NICK
Hmm. Which one has more pictures of Tom Cruise?

He turns and crosses to stand over her, examining her purchases spilled on the seat. Abruptly the train lurches forward. Nick stumbles, but catches himself just as he's about to fall on her. They're face to face, inches apart. The train gathers momentum, picking up speed. They kiss.

268 A PHOTO OF ALICE SLAPPED DOWN ON A COUNTER 268

in the Plainfield rail station. A clerk studies it, then looks up nodding. At Jenkins, Morrissey and Clellan.

JENKINS
Where's the next stop?

CUT TO:

269 INT THE COMPARTMENT 269

A FLOATING HAND OF CARDS opposite Alice at the window table. She checks her hand. Discards a jack. The JACK FLOATS UP off the pile and into Nick's hand.

NICK'S VOICE
I could be peeking at your hand right now and you'd never know.

ALICE
That's why we're not playing for money.

A SEVEN OF CLUBS, separates from Nick's hand and FLOATS DOWN to the discard pile. Alice picks up the seven.

ALICE
Gin.

She lays down her hand. The invisible man THROWS HIS CARDS DOWN on the table in a huff.

NICK'S VOICE
Goddammit! I knew you were waiting for that seven. Let's play again. This time I'm cheating.

CARDS FASHION THEMSELVES up into a deck and shuffle.

ALICE
What do we do after we get to Miami?

CARDS STOP SHUFFLING themselves.

NICK'S VOICE
Forget Miami, I changed my mind. We'll get off in Washington like you said.

Alice is surprised.

ALICE
We will?

270 NOW WE SEE NICK 270

NICK
There's a name I can try. Singleton. I don't know what it means or what it'll do... but I'm tired of running, Alice. Maybe we can find people we trust who can make me whole again.

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED: 270

ALICE
That could take a lifetime.

NICK
You read my mind.

271 COMPARTMENT DOOR OPENS 271

and David Jenkins is standing there. A menacing beat. Then:

JENKINS
Excuse me.

272 HIS POV 272

a different young couple, maybe on their honeymoon, staring back at him.

273 JENKINS CLOSES THE DOOR 273

and moves up the corridor with Gomez to the next sleeper.

274 CLOSE ON ALICE 274

poking her head out the compartment and very concerned.

ALICE
You sure you're okay?

275 NOW WE SEE NICK 275

in the corridor, looking pale and uneasy.

NICK
Oh yeah, I'm fine, really.

ALICE
I thought I felt your hand turn clammy when I said the word commitment.

NICK
No, no... I just don't wanna pee in the sink is all.

ALICE
Right. Be careful.

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED: 275

NICK
Don't worry. I pretty much got my aim down by now.

Nick turns and heads up the corridor, flattening against the wall as someone passes. He continues to the end of the car and slips into the vestibule as someone else opens the door and passes through. A heartbeat after the vestibule door closes:

276 JENKINS AND GOMEZ 276

enter the car from the other end.

277 IN THE CRAMPED BATHROOM 277

Nick washes his hands and face, marveling over his good fortune. She loves him. He can't believe it.

NICK
I'll be damned...

Then stares at his non-reflection in the mirror.

NICK
Well at least I know she doesn't want me for my body.

278 THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ALICE'S COMPARTMENT 278

is empty. Nick appears and stops outside the door, knocks.

NICK
(low)
It's me, Nick.

An instant later the door unlocks and opens, revealing Alice wearing an anguished grimace.

NICK
What is it?

Instinctively he moves for her when she suddenly screams:

ALICE
Run!!

CRASH! Alice is pushed out of the way as Jenkins and Gomez bash the door off its hinges lunging at Nick. But Nick is a step ahead, already running down the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED: 278

Gomez whips out his tranq pistol and -- BANG! -- Nick GETS HIT IN THE LEG!

279 JENKINS 279

yells at the FLOATING DART as it moves toward the door.

JENKINS
Halloway!

And from behind him Alice appears out of her compartment like a wildcat, wielding the bottle of vodka. She clubs Jenkins over the ear, then turns on Gomez -- WHACK! -- knocking the tranq gun out of his hand.

Passengers appear out of compartments, appalled to see Jenkins recover and slap Alice viciously across the mouth, knocking her down.

280 AS NICK OPENS THE VESTIBULE DOOR 280

he sees Alice crumple. An instant of agonizing indecision -- should he go back? What could he do? -- then he tugs the tranq dart out of his leg and pushes through into the club car.

281 IN THE CLUB CAR 281

The invisible man staggers through the crowded lounge, upsetting a full tray of drinks, a luncheon service, etc. Jenkins appears at the other end with the tranq gun. The vestibule door opens by itself.

282 NOW WE SEE NICK 282

knocked about in the bumpy vestibule, fighting to stay conscious. Nick struggles to open the door to the next compartment when he sees --

283 NICK'S POV 283

THREE OUT-OF-FOCUS MORRISSEYS complete with insect-like thermal-imaging goggles.

VIEW PIVOTS back toward the club car and picks up THREE OUT-OF-FOCUS Jenkinses with tranq guns.

284 RESUME NICK 284

in the vestibule as the WHISTLE sounds and the New Jersey countryside rushes past. He stumbles down a step, grabbing a rail. And then, as both vestibule doors open, he leaps...

285 WITH JENKINS AND MORRISSEY 285

appearing a split-second later.

JENKINS
NOOO!

286 ON MORRISSEY 286

his THERMAL-IMAGING POV of Nick -- the body of the invisible man -- soaring out into space. Falling.

287 EXT THE TRAIN 287

pounding over a high trestle bridge over the Delaware River. HOLD a moment, then in the lower right hand frame WE SEE A SOLITARY SPLASH.

288 UNDERWATER 288

The eerie sight of NICK'S INVISIBLE FORM tumbling and rolling in a fierce current.

NICK V.O.
The current must have swept me along for half-a-mile, I don't remember. But when I came to I was lying inside a drainage pipe throwing up a gallon of river water.

289 EXT NEW YORK 289

The skyline with storm clouds overhead.

NICK V.O.
For all Jenkins knew I'd drowned, his invisible man was dead. But I knew he had Alice...

290 EXT A MIDTOWN NEWS KIOSK 290

A front page story in today's papers shows a photo of Wachs and the headline:

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED: 290

"Renowned Particle Physicist Bernard Wachs Dies of Heart Failure".

NICK V.O.
... and I couldn't just abandon her.

DISSOLVE TO

291 THE EMPTY CHAIR IN THE VIDEO DEPARTMENT 291

Nick's VOICE is choked with emotion.

NICK'S VOICE
I was wrong to involve her in the first place. Just like I was probably wrong thinking I could run away from this...

SHOT now PIVOTS to a bank of monitors in the video department. They all show a FREEZE FRAME from a local news cast featuring Wachs' picture and the legend underneath:

Doctor Bernard Wachs

1929 - 1990

NICK'S VOICE
I am what I am, Jenkins. I know that now... and other people will unless you let her go. You let her go, I'll come in. That's the deal.

SHOT turns TO STATIC and CAMERA begins PULLING BACK revealing we're looking at a tv screen in Jenkins' office in Global Devices. Jenkins switches off the set. Alice is seated across from him, she looks shaken.

JENKINS
I'll say this. Your friend Mr. Halloway's got a flair for the dramatic.

ALICE
He's alive... thank God.

Jenkins stands and approaches her.

JENKINS
Thank God is right. Losing him would have been a tragedy.

(CONTINUED)

291 CONTINUED: 291

Alice stares at him witheringly.

JENKINS
I want you to be part of our team, Alice. He needs you. We need you. Regardless of how it may seem, I've never had anything but his best interest at heart.

ALICE
Where do they find people like you?

Morrissey pokes his head in the office.

MORRISSEY
(excitedly)
It's him. He's on the phone.

Jenkins smiles courteously at Alice and picks up his desk phone.

JENKINS
Yes, Nick.

NICK'S PHONE VOICE
I've got copies of that tape in very safe hands right now. Anything happens to Alice, they go to the networks, the papers... use your imagination.

JENKINS
She's right here, she's fine. Just tell me what you want me to do.

NICK'S PHONE VOICE
I want to see her walk out the front door of your building and get in a cab.

JENKINS
And what about you?

NICK'S PHONE VOICE
Look out your window at the phone booth on the corner of King and Varrick.

He peers out his office window.

292 HIS POV THE PHONE BOOTH BELOW NIGHT 292

The man inside on the phone is dressed in a familiar baggy coat, hat, sunglasses, his face wrapped in an Ace bandage.

293 BACK IN SCENE 293

JENKINS
Okay, I see you.

He motions frantically to Morrissey -- get down there quick!

NICK'S PHONE VOICE
As soon as I see her out of your building and in a cab... I give myself up. Try anything funny I do a strip tease in the middle of the street I guarantee'll make the Six o'clock News. Two minutes, Jenkins. Starting now.

He rings off. Then takes Alice by the arm.

JENKINS
Come on.
(then yells)
Get the chopper!

294 MORRISSEY AND GOMEZ 294

emerge out of a side entrance to the Global Devices building and move toward the phone booth on the far corner. They're equipped with headsets and thermals.

Unaware, the invisible man stands by the phone booth. Abruptly a dark sedan pulls up in front of Global Devices across the street. Warren Singleton climbs out of the back.

295 INT GLOBAL DEVICES LOBBY 295

Elevator opens. Jenkins step out gripping Alice, Clellan and Tyler flanking them; the men wear headsets. They take a few steps toward the front door when Singleton enters and confronts them.

SINGLETON
(livid)
I presume you've seen this?

He holds up a video cassette.

(CONTINUED)

295 CONTINUED: 295

JENKINS
He's outside, we're five seconds away...

SINGLETON
(explodes)
YOU MURDERED HIM!

ALICE
(blurts out)
He's holding me against my will! I'm Alice Barlow!

JENKINS
We've won, Warren. He's ours. We can own the Agency.

SINGLETON
You've lost it, David. I don't even think you know what you're doing anymore. I'm pulling the plug. Let her go.

JENKINS
I intend to... as soon as we make the switch outside.

He signals and the group moves past Singleton.

296 THE INVISIBLE MAN 296

waits nervously on the corner under a street lamp as Jenkins emerges out of the Global Devices building with Alice, followed by the others.

Clellan separates as Tyler steps into the street to flag a cab.

297 WITH JENKINS 297

his gaze across the street on the invisible man. Above him the Sikorsky THUNDERS into view. Jenkins raises an arm and calls out.

JENKINS
Just like we agreed, Nick!

A cab appears and Tyler directs it to the curb.

Across the street the invisible man slowly raises a hand in answer.

(CONTINUED)

297 CONTINUED: 297

Now Singleton appears behind Jenkins -- he sees the prize and though he planned the opposite, feels himself caught up in the excitement. Jenkins frees Alice.

JENKINS
Go.

Hesitant, overwhelmed, not sure if she's doing the right thing, Alice moves to the cab, opens the door, but before she darts inside --

ALICE
(calling)
Nick! I love you!

Tyler appears behind her, pushes her inside and slams the door.

TYLER
(to driver)
Go!

And as the cab pulls away --

298 INTERSECTION OF VARRICK AND KING 298

Jenkins, Tyler, even Singleton are racing across the street for the invisible man, who promptly turns on his heels and runs!

He gets about ten yards when he's creamed by vicious tackles from Morrissey and Gomez. Jenkins and Singleton arrive, elated by the victory. The invisible man moans.

JENKINS
You shouldn't have run, Nick.

He's jerked to his feet by Morrissey and Gomez. The Sikorsky hovers overhead.

And suddenly a muffled voice sounds from the mouth beneath the Ace bandage as the invisible man becomes indignant.

INVISIBLE MAN
Hey, not so rough! Jesus Christ!

The voice isn't familiar. Jenkins' blood runs cold. He whips the sunglasses off and sees real human eyeballs staring back at him! Enraged, he tears at the Ace bandage, revealing a red-faced George Talbot. George looks around at all the tough-looking strangers.

(CONTINUED)

298 CONTINUED: 298

GEORGE
Where's Nick?

299 INT THE CAB MOVING 299

Weaving madly through traffic. Alice is tossed around in the back seat.

ALICE
Slow down! Where are you going?

CABBIE
The Holland Tunnel...

He turns around. It's Nick wearing dark makeup like a Pakistani, sunglasses, cheap hair dye, gloves and an overcoat.

NICK
Maybe we can get it right this time.

Alice is shocked.

ALICE
Nick? Omigod but how... ?

She looks from Nick to the hack license with the photo: a swarthy Sikh.

NICK
It was George in the phone booth but I called Jenkins from here.

He shows Alice a portable cellular phone he took from the camera store.

ALICE
George? You told him everything?

NICK
Of course not, I made up some bullshit story, told him I needed a big favor...
(off her look)
Hey, when you're in love you'll do anything.

Their looks meet in the rearview and -- SMASH! -- the "Instant Rooter" van driven by Clellan runs a red light and plows into them, driving the cab into a line of parked cars at the curb.

(CONTINUED)

299 CONTINUED: 299

NICK
Get out! Run! We gotta split up!

Alice looks at him stricken as he's opening his door.

ALICE
What I said before to George --

NICK
-- I know. Now get lost!

ALICE
But, when will I hear from you? Where?

NICK
The motel in Jersey -- leave a message.

And he's out the door running.

300 CLELLAN 300

piles out of his van and sprints by the cab, whose trunk has sprung open on impact and we see the real cabbie, the Sikh, bound and gagged. Alice suddenly staggers into view and lets out a bloodcurdling shriek:

ALICE
RAPE!!!

And her accusing finger points toward Clellan's back.

ALICE
HE ABDUCTED MY CAB AND ASSAULTED ME! STOP THAT SONOFABITCH!!

And pedestrians respond, blocking Clellan's path, giving Nick the opportunity to slip into an alley just as -- the Sikorsky powers by overhead and its zenon light explodes on.

301 IN THE SIKORSKY COCKPIT 301

The chopper pilot follows Nick below.

PILOT
(into lip mike)
I've got him crossing Bank toward Broadway.

302 JENKINS RACING FOR SINGLETON'S SEDAN 302

parked in front of the Global Devices building, his hand clamped over his headset ear piece. He shouts at Morrissey.

JENKINS
He's on foot a couple of blocks from here!

He rips the driver's door open and physically pulls Singleton's driver out. Morrissey gets in the passenger side. Jenkins starts the engine when Singleton appears. Bashes his fists down on the hood.

SINGLETON
It's over! I'm shutting you down!

Jenkins nearly runs him over as he hits the gas and jerks into traffic.

303 WITH NICK RUNNING 303

trapped in the zenon spotlight. He tears off his coat, glasses and gloves. He's now a FULL FLOATING HEAD.

304 JENKINS IN THE SEDAN 304

directing Morrissey from the chopper pilot's instructions.

JENKINS
Left on Chambers! Go! Go!

MORRISSEY
(after a pause)
What about what Singleton said? I mean, he's the guy signs the checks.

JENKINS
Fuck him, he's weak, they're all weak -- Morrissey, imagine what Halloway'll fetch on the open market? Germans, Saudis, the Chinese... you're a rich man.

Morrissey regards Jenkins, then stomps the gas and makes a screeching turn onto Chambers.

305 WITH NICK'S RUNNING HEAD 305

He angles through traffic across the street, unble to evade the Sikorsky's zenon spotlight.

(CONTINUED)

305 CONTINUED: 305

NICK
Dammit!

306 JENKINS IN THE SEDAN 306

speeding down Broadway when he spots commotion on the sidewalk ahead of him and takes his eyes off the road an instant to view NICK'S HEAD BOBBING ALONG and -- WHAM -- Jenkins rearends the car in front of him.

Morrissey's forehead cracks into the windshield and he's knocked out.

Not even checking to see if Morrissey's alive, Jenkins is out the door and chasing Nick.

307 ON THE SIDEWALK 307

as Jenkins follows Nick's FULL FLOATING HEAD. Gaining. The race spills into the street. Incredulous looks give way to utter disbelief when people in Nick's path are bowled over by the invisible body under his VISIBLE FACE.

The Sikorsky continues tracking above and SIRENS sound in the distance.

NICK'S FACE turns to see Jenkins closing ground...

308 NICK'S POV 308

swinging around to spot a fountain ahead in the fore-court of a smoked glass skyscraper with the bottom two stories wrapped in scaffolding. He picks up his pace.

309 ALICE APPEARS RUNNING ON BROADWAY 309

maybe three blocks to the north. A police cruiser with mars lights spinning and SIREN BLARING passes. She gives chase.

310 THE FOUNTAIN 310

As NICK'S FULL HEAD sails toward the gurgling waters, hopping over the basin and plunges into the descending sheets, a waterfall. The MAKE-UP BEGINS TO WASH AWAY... the cheap hair dye... his features evaporating, evaporat-ing... until there's nothing left but his GHOSTLY IMAGE, outlined by the rushing water.

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED: 310

He jumps out of the fountain -- a vaguely human WATERY FORM -- and runs for the building entrance, only to find it closed.

He turns to find Jenkins launching himself at THE WATER SHAPE. Nick dodges away and climbs up the scaffolding to get away.

But Jenkins follows as Nick's WATER SHAPE begins to lose dimension as it dries.

JENKINS
It's hopeless, Nick. I'll never give up...

Nick's WATER SHAPE emerges atop the two-storey scaffolding, with Jenkins barely a yard behind. Nowhere to run now, except a window washing platform, the base tethered at both ends to a winch on the distant roof.

Nick's WATER SHAPE is getting fainter and fainter. Jenkins backs him onto the window washing platform, and grabbing for purchase Nick accidentally hits a lever and the platform begins to rise up the side of the building with both of them on it.

NICK'S VOICE
Oh shit.

JENKINS
That was clever, what you did. The switch. You're a natural, you know. Cool, imaginative, elegant. You've found your calling, Nick. Why fight it?

311 THE PLATFORM RISES 311

forty feet, fifty feet... Jenkins reaches in his coat and produces a revolver.

JENKINS
Take us back down.

312 A CROWD 312

is gathering below, drawn by the bizarre sight of a man with a gun on the rising window-washing platform. A police cruiser pulls up and Singleton jumps out.

313 THE PLATFORM 313

continuing to rise... seventy feet, eighty feet.

JENKINS
We can make this work, Nick. Forgive and forget. Start again -- fresh -- with a deeper sense of respect for each other...

The LEVER works frantically back and forth by itself.

314 AND NOW WE SEE NICK 314

jerking the lever, trying to get the platform back down. But it won't engage.

NICK
Are you crazy? We're both gonna die!

JENKINS
You think this is bad? This is nothing. I could tell you stories...

315 IN THE FORECOURT BELOW 315

Alice appears in the crowd gaping upward. She spots Singleton.

316 THE RISING PLATFORM 316

A hundred and fifty feet, two hundred... And Jenkins begins inching closer to the invisible man.

JENKINS
Don't panic, Nick, we'll get out of this. I can guarantee it. Just hold on. And when we do I'll commit every resource we have to bringing you back, making you whole, reuniting you with Alice. I swear.

They're twenty-five stories up now. Jenkins inching closer... closer... and suddenly --

317 WE SEE NICK 317

lunging for Jenkins to knock the gun out of his hand.

318 ALICE AND SINGLETON IN THE CROWD BELOW 318

as screams sound. Jenkins jerks and twitches, appearing to be wrestling with himself.

319 THE RISING PLATFORM 319

as WE SEE NICK fighting with Jenkins over the gun. Abruptly -- BANG! -- the revolver goes off, cutting one of the cables. One end of the platform breaks free and drops.

Both men slide down and catch the platform end.

320 ALICE IN THE FORECOURT 320

gasping like the others at the horrific sight above -- the poor man dangling thirty stories above the ground -- the other snapped cable swinging wildly -- and the thought registers: where's Nick?

321 JENKINS 321

rising still, holding on for dear life.

JENKINS
(frantic)
Nick? Nick?

No response. He sees THE SNAPPED CABLE arcing back toward him... closer... closer... and then:

NICK'S VOICE
This is the one time I wish you could see me, see the look on my face -- because then you'd know -- this is where I get off.

And suddenly Jenkins realizes what he means. He lunges off the platform toward the snapped cable end just as it GOES TAUT from an added weight -- the invisible man -- and begins it arc away...

... for a split-second, an agonizing milli-moment, Jenkins seems suspended in space hanging onto something invisible... when his grip breaks.

322 ALICE IN THE FORECOURT 322

gasping like the others as Jenkins falls down, down...

323 AND NOW WE SEE NICK 323

like Tarzan, riding the snapped cable across the face of the building to its apogee... then letting go and sailing into an office window.

324 INT OFFICE 324

As glass explodes. Then a bucket of sudsy water is upset near a CLEANING WOMAN staring down in amazement at all the chaos in the street.

325 HER POV 325

finds the soapy outline of the invisible man materializing as he slowly crawls to his feet.

Bubbles form and drift off his body. He groans. The poor woman gasps, takes a step backward and tries to talk. But Nick holds up his bubbling hand.

NICK
Don't ask.

326 ALICE 326

inconsolable at the periphery of the mob gathering at the sight of Jenkins' death. Singleton is in conversation with police, other authorities, etc.

SINGLETON
My department had been altered to Mr. Jenkins' deteriorating emotional state...

Alice backs away when she feels a hand squeeze her shoulder.

NICK'S VOICE
Pretend I'm not here.

Alice is galvanized.

ALICE
Are you all right?

She whirls.

NICK'S VOICE
I'll tell you about it later. Just get us a cab and let's get the hell out of here.

(CONTINUED)

326 CONTINUED: 326

We see her hand be taken by the invisible man, who turns her gently and steers her away from the crowd and into the night.

DISSOLVE TO

327 A BLINDING WHITE SKI RUN 327

A lone skier shushes down through deep powder.

NICK V.O.
Postscript Switzerland: officially, none of this ever happened. But unofficially the Micromagnetics incident sent shock waves through the scientific community. Alice has since made discreet contact with the late Dr. Wachs' colleagues and they're keeping us apprised of any research breakthroughs...

328 THE SKIER 328

pulls up beside a quaint, isolated little chalet at the base of the run where Alice is waiting with two steaming mugs.

ALICE
You were right, we shouldn't have gone long on the November crude oil contracts.

The skier lifts his Carerras and rolls up his ski mask. Of course there's no face there.

NICK'S VOICE
No problem, that's why we hedged by shorting December.

He accepts a hot tody and indicates Alice's swollen tummy.

NICK'S VOICE
How's that baby doing in there?

ALICE
Give me your hand, he's kicking.

She takes his invisible hand and places it on her belly.

ALICE
Think it's a boy or a girl?

(CONTINUED)

328 CONTINUED: 328

NICK'S VOICE
I don't care. I'll be happy as long as I can see its face.

They laugh.

NICK V.O.
And one day they'll probably find a cure. But the truth is -- for me now -- life has never been better.

FADE OUT.

THE END