

BLADE RUNNER

Screenplay by

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and

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android (an'droid) adj. Possessing human features - n.  
A synthetic man created from biological materials.  
Also called humanoid. (Late Greek androieides,  
manlike: ANDR(O) - OID.)

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE  
DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH  
LANGUAGE (1976)

android (an'droid) n, Gk. humanoid automation. more at  
robot./ 1. early version utilized for work too  
boring, dangerous or unpleasant for humans.  
2. second generation bio-engineered. Electronic  
relay units and positronic brains. Used in space

to explore inhospitable environments. 3. third generation synthogenetic. REPLICANT, constructed of skin/flesh culture. Selected enogenic transfer conversion. Capable of self perpetuating thought. paraphysical abilities. Developed for emigration program.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY  
New International (2012)

FADE IN:

EXT. HADES - DUSK 1

We are MOVING TOWARD the Tyrell Corporation across a vast plain of industrialization, menacing shapes on the horizon, stacks belching flames five hundred feet into the sky the color of cigar ash. The CAMERA MOVES INTO a window in the large pyramid-shaped building. A man is sitting at a table. Another man enters the room and sits down. The following scene is reflected in the eye until HOLDEN is seated.

INT. TYRELL CORPORATION INTERROGATION ROOM - DUSK 2

The eye is magnified and deeply revealed. Flecks of green and yellow in a field of milky blue. Icy filaments surround the undulating center.

The eye is brown in a tiny screen. On the metallic surface below, the words VOIGHT-KAMPFF are finely etched. There's a touch-light panel across the top and on the side of the screen, a dial that registers fluctuation of the iris.

The instrument is no bigger than a music box and sits

on a table between two men. The man talking is big, looks like an overstuffed kid. LEON it says on his breast pocket. He's dressed in a warehouseman's uniform and his pudgy hands are folded expectantly in his lap. Despite the obvious heat, he looks very cool.

The man facing him is lean, hollow-cheeked, and dressed in grey. Detached and efficient, he looks like a cop or an accountant. His name is Holden and he's all business, except for the sweat on his face.

The room is large and humid. Rows of salvaged junk are stacked neatly against the walls. Two large FANS WHIRR above their heads.

LEON  
Okay if I talk?

Holden doesn't answer. He's centering Leon's eye on the machine.

LEON  
I kinda get nervous when I take tests.

HOLDEN  
Don't move.

LEON  
Sorry.

He tries not to move, but finally his lips can't help a sheepish smile.

LEON  
I already had I.Q. test this year...  
but I don't think I never had a...

HOLDEN  
Reaction time is a factor in this so  
please pay attention. Answer as quickly  
as you can.

LEON  
Uh... sure...

HOLDEN

One one eight seven at Hunterwasser...

LEON  
Oh... that's the hotel.

HOLDEN  
What?

LEON  
Where I live.

HOLDEN  
Nice place ?

LEON  
Huh? Sure. Yeah. I guess. Is  
that.. part of the test ?

Holden smiles a patronising smile.

HOLDEN  
Warming you up, that's all.

LEON  
Oh.  
It's [...]

HOLDEN  
You're in a desert, walking along  
in the sand when....

LEON  
Is this the test now ?

HOLDEN  
Yes. You're in a desert, walking  
along in the sand when all of a sudden  
you lookdown and see a.....

LEON  
What one ?

It was a timid interruption, hardly audible.

HOLDEN  
What ?

LEON  
What desert ?

HOLDEN  
Doesn't make any difference what  
desert.. it's completely hypothetical.

LEON  
But how come I'd be there?

HOLDEN  
Maybe you're fed up, maybe you want  
to be by yourself.. who knows.  
So you look down and see a  
tortoise. It's crawling toward  
you....

LEON  
A tortoise. What's that?

HOLDEN  
Know what a turtle is?

LEON  
Of course.

HOLDEN  
Same thing.

LEON  
I never seen a turtle.

He sees Holden's patience is wearing thin.

LEON  
But I understand what you mean.

HOLDEN  
You reach down and flip the  
tortoise over on its back, Leon.

Keeping an eye on his subject, Holden notes the dials  
in the Voight-Kampff. One of the needles quivers  
slightly.

LEON

You make these questions, Mr. Holden, or they write 'em down for you?

Disregarding the question, Holden continues, picking up the pace.

HOLDEN

The tortoise lays on its back, its belly baking in the hot sun, beating its legs trying to turn itself over. But it can't. Not without your help. But you're not helping.

Leon's upper lip is quivering.

LEON

Whatya mean, I'm not helping?

HOLDEN

I mean you're not helping! Why is that, Leon?

Holden looks hard at Leon, piercing look.

Leon is flushed with anger, breathing hard, it's a bad moment, he might erupt.

Suddenly Holden grins disarmingly.

HOLDEN

They're just questions, Leon. In answer to your query, they're written down for me. It's a test, designed to provoke an emotional response.

Leon is glaring now, the blush subsides, his anger slightly defused.

Holden smiles cheerfully, very smooth.

HOLDEN

Shall we continue?

Leon nods, still frowning, suspiciously.

HOLDEN

Describe in single words. Only the good things that come into your mind. About your mother.

LEON

My...

Leon looks shocked, surprised. But the needles in the computer barely move. Holden goes for the inside of his coat. But big Leon is faster. His laser burns a hole the size of a nickel through Holden's stomach. Unlike a bullet, a laser causes no impact. It goes through Holden's shoulder and comes out his back, clean as a whistle. Like a rag doll he falls back into the seat. Big slow Leon is already walking away, but he stops, turns, and with a little smile of satisfaction fires through the back of the seat.

As Leon walks out of the room the Voight-Kampff begins to blink, faint but steady.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERHEAD VIEW CITY - NIGHT 3

We are looking down on a city of the future where gigantic buildings dwarf the ancient skyscrapers -- of -- now as a huge blimp, flashing lights and BLARING SOUND drifts slowly over the tall buildings.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLIMP - FROM BELOW - NIGHT 4

As the blimp drifts through the tall buildings advertisements appear on the curved sides of dirigible and an accompanying SOUNDTRACK proclaims, with AM enthusiasm, the virtues of Offworld emigration.

BLIMP TRACK

ATTENTION SUPERVISORY PERSONNEL!  
(WE NEED YOU YOU YOU)

ATTENTION FAMILY MAKERS!  
(WE NEED YOU you you)  
OPPORTUNITY!  
(WE NEED YOU you you you)  
AUTOMATIC ADVANCEMENT!  
(WE NEED YOU YOU YOU)  
TOP PAY!  
(WE NEED YOU YOU you you)  
NUMEROUS BONUSES!  
(WE NEED YOU YOU you you)  
SPECIAL INCENTIVES!  
(WE NEED YOU YOU YOU you)  
NINE PAID VACATIONS PER YEAR!  
(WE NEED YOU you you)  
(beat, beat)  
The Dominguez-Shimata colony  
wants supervisory recruits and  
families.

Join us in a clean, fresh  
environment featuring the  
invigorating Johnson and  
Murikami California Climate!  
(WE NEED YOU YOU you you you)  
Enjoy the numerous recreation  
areas and resorts such as the  
famous Elysium Crater Resort!

(WE NEED YOU YOU you you)

Let our abundant man-made labour  
force cater to your personal needs!

(WE NEED YOU YOU you you)

If you meet health and experience  
qualifications for the Offworld  
Emmigration Programs... the  
standard OPE short form... there's  
a place for you at Dominguez and  
Shimata Colonies.

Press the button now!

Give yourself a brand new world!

(WE NEED YOU YOU you you)

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 5

Lights from the blimp flash along the street and wipe across the crowds of pedestrians as the VOICE TRACK CONTINUES TO BLARE from above.

A portable noodle bar is crowded with customers, sitting on stools slurping their food out of bowls.

DECKARD is standing near the noodle bar waiting for a seat. He's in his thirties, wiry, athletic, rumped, used, unshaven. He's holding a newspaper, made of tissue paper, open while he glances at the blimp passing NOISILY overhead. Then he notices the COUNTERMAN.

The Counterman is beckoning to him to a newly vacated seat.

Deckard sits down at the noodle bar and the Counterman, an elderly Japanese, slaps a menu in front of him.

No words on the menu, just pictures of sliced fish parts.

Deckard points to a particular item and holds up four fingers.

The Counterman looks at the item on the menu, confirms the order by holding up two fingers.

Deckard shakes his head "no" and repeats his four fingers.

The Counterman nods, corrected and hurries off.

Deckard glances overhead.

The blimp drifts off among the buildings like a fish disappearing in seaweed, the NOISY VOICE doing a diminuendo.

Whap. The Counterman slaps a bowl of rice and a pot of tea in front of Deckard. Then he puts the little bowl with the two slices of fish on the counter.

Deckard looks at the fish. Two slices of fish.

He looks at the Counterman and holds up four fingers.

The Counterman looks down at the two slices of fish, looks like two to him. He looks at Deckard as though Deckard was a fool and holds up two fingers. He can count!

Deckard stares bleakly at the fish. Can't win.

He starts to eat and that's when he feels a tap on his shoulder. He glances over his right shoulder.

A huge cop in uniform is looming behind him.

Deckard feels funny, looks left.

Another cop is looming over his left shoulder.

Deckard is tapped again from the right.

Turning again he realizes that it isn't the cop tapping him, it's the short Japanese guy next to the cop. The guy's got beady eyes and lots of energy. His name is GAFF.

GAFF

(in Japanese)

\*\*\* You will be required to  
accompany me, sir. \*\*\*

Deckard doesn't understand Japanese, thinks the man wants a seat.

DECKARD

Wait your turn, pal.

Deckard turns back to his food.

GAFF

(in Japanese)

\*\*\* If you do not comply with an  
official request, I will be  
obliged to exert my authority. \*\*\*

Deckard is ignoring Gaff but the Counterman leans in  
Deckard's face and translates.

THE COUNTERMAN  
He say, you go with him.

Deckard turns and finds Gaff waving a badge in his face.

GAFF  
(in Japanese)  
\*\*\* To defy duly constituted  
authority is to flaunt the public  
good. \*\*\*

Deckard doesn't understand a word.

THE COUNTERMAN  
He say, you're under arrest, Deckard.

Deckard turns back to his food.

DECKARD  
Tell him he's got the wrong guy.  
(turning to Gaff  
loudly)  
You got the wrong guy, pal.

GAFF  
(in Japanese)  
\*\*\* Wrong guy, my ass. You're  
known as The Boogeyman in every  
mean joint in town. \*\*\*

THE COUNTERMAN  
He say, Boogeyman.

Deckard flinches at the word "Boogeyman," but goes on  
eating. But now we know, and he knows it's not a  
mistake.

GAFF  
(in Japanese)  
\*\*\* You are a Blade Runner in the  
Four Sector and after the slaughter  
at the steel shop they called you  
Mister Nighttime. \*\*\*

THE COUNTERMAN  
He say, Brade Runner. He say,  
Mister Nighttime.

DECKARD  
Tell him I'm eating.

GAFF  
(to the Counterman  
in Japanese)

\*\*\* Please tell this notorious  
gentleman that I am acting as an  
emmisary from Captain Bryant and  
Captain Bryant has ordered me to  
bring Mr. Deckard to headquarters  
even if I have to serve him like  
so much sushi. \*\*\*

Deckard is continuing to eat but he has reacted to  
Gaff's repeated use of the word "Bryant."

THE COUNTERMAN  
(to Deckard)  
He say, you be ornery, okay. He  
say big boss Bryant give him  
permission to use violence make  
arrest. He say Bryant tell him  
rearrange your brains akay. Make  
you raw fish.

Deckard looks disgusted and resigned.

DECKARD  
Bryant huh.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT 6

Deckard, still holding his bowl of food, is climbing  
into a spinner behind Gaff as the two cops loom over  
him. One of the cops shuts the spinner door behind  
Deckard and the spinner lifts off in a flurry of wind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - BIRD'S EYE VIEW - NIGHT 7

The spinner zips through the canyons of the city.

Deckard is sitting in the passenger seat, eating while he watches the maze of suspension bridges, platforms and catwalks swim by below. The tops of larger buildings emblazoned with fluorescent numerals and scrawls of neon ads.

CUT TO:

INT. SPINNER - NIGHT 8

Deckard is sitting gloomily in the passenger seat, still eating from his bowl with chopsticks as Gaff maneuvers the spinner through the city canyons chattering in rapid Japanese.

GAFF

(in Japanese)

I told Bryant I could take care of this myself. Just move me up. I'll do the job, I told him. Five phonies. I just air 'em out.  
(he imitates shooting)  
Bow! Bow! Bow!

Deckard looks at Gaff uncomprehendingly.

GAFF

(continuing in Japanese)

But no, he says. Bryant thinks you're hot shit, smartest spotter, baddest Blade Runner. You don't look so hot to me. Don't even shave. Bad grooming reflects on the whole department. You don't dress well, that reflects on me... makes the whole department look like shit.  
The skin jobs look better than you do! What's the point of wiping out skin jobs if they look better than Enforcement? pretty soon the public will want skin jobs for Enforcement.  
I guess you'd prefer that, hunh?  
That why you quit?

Deckard looks at Gaff. He hasn't understood a word.

DECKARD

I don't understand a word you're saying.

Gaff glares and mutters, turning his attention to navigation of the spinner.

GAFF

(in Japanese)

Exactly! Whatta jerk! If I wasn't up for promotion I'd put this baby in a hot spin and leave your dinner all over the glass!

The spinner flies low along the center of a busy street and then turns right.

EXT. PRECINCT SPINNER PAD - NIGHT 9

The spinner slides toward the pad, cuts speed and gently touches down as another lifts off.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ CONCOURSE - NIGHT 10

An enormous grey vault of a building, Deckard and Gaff stride down the long corridor. Perhaps Gaff is still jabbering in Japanese.

CUT TO:

INT. BRYANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT 11

BRYANT is sitting behind his big desk, a fat man in his fifties with grey hair, jowls and gas.

BRYANT

Hiya, Deck!

Deckard is standing in the doorway, still in the custody of Gaff. Deckard glares at Bryant and doesn't answer. Bryant dismisses Gaff with a head movement. Deckard glares at Gaff who glares back as he departs.

BRYANT

You wouldn't have come if I'd just asked you to. Siddown, pal.

Deckard glares at Bryant without moving.

BRYANT

Don't be an asshole, Deckard. I got five skin jobs walking the streets.

Deckard smiles and sits down.

BRYANT

They jumped a shuttle offworld. Killed the crew and passengers.

Deckard reacts. This isn't usual.

BRYANT

We found the shuttle floating off the coast two weeks ago. So we know they're around.

DECKARD

Embarrassing.

Bryant is pouring bourbon into a thick shot glass. He passes the amber tumbler to Deckard who takes it and holds it to the light.

BRYANT

No, sir! Not fucking embarrassing ... Because nobody's ever gonna find out they're down here because you're gonna spot 'em an' you're gonna air 'em out.

Deckard downs his drink and slides the empty back.

DECKARD

Not me, Bryant. I won't work for you anymore. Give it to Holden, he's good.

Deckard turns to go.

BRYANT  
I did.

Deckard freezes and turns back.

DECKARD  
And?

BRYANT  
He can breathe okay... as long as  
nobody unplugs him.

Deckard is impressed.

BRYANT  
Not good enough. Not as  
good as you. I need ya, Deck.  
This is a bad one, the worst yet.  
I need the old Blade Runner, I  
need your magic.

Deckard meets Bryant's pleading eyes for a beat.

DECKARD  
I was quit when I walked in  
here...  
(pause)  
... I'm twice as quit now.  
See ya, Bryant.

Deckard turns to go.

Bryant's pleading look turns abruptly cold and hard.

BRYANT  
Stop the fuck right where you are!

Deckard freezes at the hard tone.

BRYANT  
You know the score, pal. When  
you're not a cop, you're little  
people.

DECKARD

Forgot there for a minute about  
the little people. No choices  
I guess.

BRYANT

No choice, pal.

CUT TO

INT. WHITE TILED ROOM (DAY) 11A

We are looking at the bright image of a NAKED MAN in a white tiled room with a white floor... an abattoir without blood. The naked man is very athletic. His face reveals nothing as he executes one physical demonstration after another.... one handed pushups, gymnastic contortions etc. An accompanying soundtrack drones boringly and while we might pick up a few key words such as "emigration, "incentive and "Man made [...] that we absorb the words.. they are the music to which the image exercises.

After a moment a series of lines cross the screen and the image diminishes and we realise we are looking at a monitor.

INT. BRYANT'S OFFICE (DAY) 12

Deckard and Bryant are sitting in the dark looking at a series of flickering monitors. Deckard has a bored expression on his face.

BRYANT

We had an escape from the Off world colonies two weeks ago. Six replicants, three male, three female. Slaughtered twenty three people and jumped a shuttle. An aerial patrol found the ship in the desert. No crew.

DECKARD

These are old slave tapes, show me something new.

The naked man continues to exercise as Bryant

continues.

BRYANT

No sign of them then three nights ago they tried to break into the Tyrell Corporation, one got fried going through an electro-field but we lost the others. Going on the possibility they might try to infiltrate as employees, we sent Holden in to run Voight Kampff tests on new workers. Guess he found himself one.

The screen changes. Roy Batty in a loin cloth is battering a metal post with his fists. The smile on his face indicates a total lack of pain. He continues to pummel the post mercilessly his hands becoming bloody. The only sound is Batty humming Beethoven's 9th.

Deckard begins to look interested.

DECKARD

Who's this ?

BRYANT

It's a Nexus 6. Roy Batty. Incept date 2016, combat model optimum self sufficiency. Probably the leader.

DECKARD

Why would they come down here ?  
They coulda hid out ?

BRYANT

You tellme pal, that's what you're here for.

DECKARD

They must want something pretty important to risk coming back here. What do the rest look like ?

Bryant pushes a button. And a series of revolving still shots of Leon, Pris, Mary and Zhora appear on the screen.

DECKARD

Why the Tyrell Corporation? Why would they return to the place of their

manufacture?

BRYANT

Maybe they want to find out when  
they were made ?

DECKARD

Why would they bother?

BRYANT

The Nexus 6 was designed to copy human  
beings in every way except their emotions.  
But the makers reckoned that after a few  
years they might develop their own  
emotional responses - hate, love, fear,  
anger, envy. So they built in  
a fail safe device.

DECKARD

What's that?

BRYANT

The Nexus 6 has only four years  
to live.

The screens go blank. The lights go on. Bryant pours  
two more drinks and hands one to Deckard.

BRYANT

You got one more problem, pal.

Deckard downs the glass.

BRYANT (continuing)

Looks like Holden found out that  
V-K machine doesn't work on the Nexus  
6. The Tyrell Corporation has a demo  
model so go check it out. If the  
machine fails, we're in deep trouble.

CUT TO

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 13

Small green letterforms skim soundlessly across a dark  
glass panel. Beneath the panel a sick, white face  
reads excerpts from Treasure Island, mouthing the

words as they appear in front of him. It's Holden.

HOLDEN  
(reading)

Holden is flat on his back in a breather, an iron-lung-type of device covered in indicator lights and exotic paraphernalia. The hospital room is in complete darkness. Holden's breaths come in sharp rasps as he reads.

We become aware of Deckard standing in the shadows.

DECKARD  
Whatcha reading?

Holden is startled, has to look in a mirror angled over his head, rolling his eyes way back to see who it is.

HOLDEN  
Deckard, Treasure Island! Good to see ya, buddy. Old Favourite.

Deckard looks down at Holden and doesn't say anything.

HOLDEN  
Pretty awful, huh?

DECKARD  
Naw, you look great! Absolutely terrific! Never saw ya look better. Jesus, you look good.

Deckard pinches Holden's cheek.

DECKARD  
Great complexion! Suit looks really nice. Who's your tailor?

Deckard is making a joke, mocking hospital good cheer but the touch of bitterness in his voice reveals his sympathy for Holden.  
Tears wet Holden's eyes.

HOLDEN  
A big fucking skin job put the

smash on me, wrecked me up! Looka  
me, for Chrissake!

Deckard works at being hard.

DECKARD  
Ya blew it, huh ?

Holden recovers from his tears and whines.

HOLDEN  
It ain't like it used to be, Deck.  
It's tough now. These replicants  
aren't just a buncha muscle miners  
anymore, they're no goddamn different  
than you or me...

Deckard lights up and sits down, resting his elbows on  
the glass.

DECKARD  
So what happened ?

HOLDEN  
Ten days ago Security at the  
Tyrell Corp finds three intruders  
in the records room. Kills one,  
two get away, okay ?

Deckard nods.

HOLDEN  
They do a routine autopsy on the  
one that got aired and.. whaddy know?  
A skin job, one of the ones that  
busted out! Top drawer replicant..  
combat type.. Nexus six.

DECKARD  
Pretty sexy, the sixes.

HOLDEN  
Sexy! Three hours into the autopsy  
they still think they're cutting  
up a human. No marks, nothing.

Deckard looks impressed. Satisfied, Holden continues.

HOLDEN

I decided to check out all new employees  
at Tyrell. I test 26 boring jerks until  
in comes this guy Leon Somebody, nothing  
special but very big...

(pause)

Anyway....

DECKARD

You Voight-Kampff him ?

Holden's eyes flutter a moment. Deckard waits. The  
breathing changes rhythm.

HOLDEN

Yeah! I thought maybe I was getting  
something.....

Maybe it doesn't work on these ones  
Deck.

Deckard gets up and gives Holden phony good cheer.

HOLDEN

(continuing)

It's all over, it's a wipe out,  
they're almost us, Deck, they're  
a disease, they're....

DECKARD

Take it easy, take it easy....  
Tyrell Corp's got one. I'm gonna  
Vee Kay it tomorrow.

HOLDEN

Push it! Push that button!

Deckard pushes.

DECKARD

What's it for?

HOLDEN

Pain!

CUT TO

EXT. CITYSCAPE - MORNING 14

A bleak morning.

CUT TO

EXT. SPINNER - MORNING 15

The police spinner is whizzing over the city.

CUT TO

INT. SINNER - MORNING 16

Deckard looks very ruffled as he sits sleepily in the passenger seat drinking coffee from a mug and smoking.

INT. SPINNER - MORNING 17

Gaff is terse and silent at the controls. Suddenly the spinner rocks urgently from side to side and the sound of a hot Ferrari Spinner dopplers off.

Gaff is pop-eyed with instant fury. He hits the spinner lights and flashes them.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVER CITY - MORNING 18

The Ferrari Spinner zips right around a huge smokestack and shoots insolently off into the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. SPINNER - MORNING 19

Gaff sputters and fumes as he guides the spinner around the same stack.

Deckard looks at Gaff. It's too early in the morning for all this energy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPINNER - MORNING 20

The Spinner makes a sharp bank, drops into a steep curve and slides toward the vast plain of industrialization, the menacing shapes on the horizon, stacks of belching flames five hundred feet into the sky the color of cigar ash, towards a large pyramid shaped building.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PYRAMID - MORNING 21

The spinner is in a holding pattern.

CUT TO:

INT. SPINNER - MORNING 22

Traffic control purrs its SOFT ELECTRONIC INSTRUCTION into the cockpit as the spinner rocks gently lower, spiralling into the vortex.

[page 22 missing from script]

CONTINUED 24

Now we see for the first time, Rachael, a beautiful woman in her late twenties dressed with taste and dignity.

DECKARD

Replicants are like any other machine. They can be a benefit or a hazard. If it's a benefit, it's not my problem.

RACHAEL

May I ask a personal question?

DECKARD

Go ahead.

RACHAEL

Have you ever retired a human by

mistake ?

Deckard blinks... hesitates before answering the question.

DECKARD

No.

RACHAEL

But in your position that is a risk.

An OWL flaps around the huge marble office.

TYRELL (os)

Is this to be an empathy test?  
Capillary dilation of the so-called  
blush response.. fluctuation of the  
pupil involuntary dilation of  
the iris.....

DECKARD

We call it Voight Kampff for short.

Deckard turns to see an older man, very distinguished very well tailored has entered the huge marble office.

TYRELL!

RACHAEL

Mr. Deckard. Dr. Eldon Tyrell.

Tyrell has extended his hand to Deckard. Deckard shakes.

TYRELL

Demonstrate it. I want to see it work.

DECKARD

Where's the prototype ?

TYRELL

I want to see it work on a person.  
I want to see a negative before I  
provide you with a positive.

DECKARD

What's that gonna prove?

TYRELL  
Indulge me.

DECKARD  
On you?

Tyrell indicates Rachael.

TYRELL  
Try her.

Deckard looks at Rachael. She's a beauty alright. He shrugs.

DECKARD  
It's too bright in here.

Tyrell hits a button.

The windows darken, a polaroid effect that seems to give Tyrell the power to turn off the sun.

Deckard is placing the Voight Kampff case on the table.

The Voight Kampff opens like a butterfly as the room darkens.

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER 25

Rachael's eye fills the screen, the iris brilliant, shot with light, the pupil contracting. We hear Deckard's voice and we have the impression the test has been going on for a while.

DECKARD (O.S.)  
You are given a calfskin wallet  
for your birthday...

Tyrell stands silhouetted behind Deckard, who sits in front of Rachael.

The needles in both gauges swing violently past green to red, then subside.

RACHAEL

I wouldn't accept it, also I'd report the person who gave it to me to the police.

DECKARD

You have a little boy. He shows you his butterfly collection, plus the killing jar.

Again the gauges register, but not so far.

RACHAEL

I'd take him to the doctor.

DECKARD

You're watching TV and suddenly you notice a wasp crawling on your wrist.

RACHAEL

I'd kill it.

Both needles go red. Deckard makes a note, takes a sip of coffee and continues.

DECKARD

In a magazine you come across a full-page photo of a nude girl.

RACHAEL

Is this testing whether I'm a replicant or a lesbian?

DECKARD

You show the picture to your husband. He likes it and hangs it on the wall. The girl is lying on a bearskin rug.

RACHAEL

I wouldn't let him.

DECKARD

Why not?

RACHAEL

I should be enough for him.

Deckard frowns, then smiles. His smile looks a little like a grimace or the other way around.

DECKARD

Last question. You're watching an old movie. It shows a banquet in progress, the guests are enjoying raw oysters.

RACHAEL

Ugh.

Both needles swing swiftly.

DECKARD

The entree consists of boiled dog stuffed with rice.

Needles move less.

DECKARD

(continuing)

The raw oysters are less acceptable to you than a dish of boiled dog.

Deckard switches off his beam.

TYRELL

Well, Mr. Deckard?

Deckard is looking at Tyrell and wincing indecisively.

He doesn't get it. Are they playing with him?

TYRELL

(continuing)

Perhaps some privacy will loosen your tongue, Mr. Deckard.

He turns to Rachael

TYRELL

Would you step out for a few moments, Rachael?

Rachael exits looking a little shaken. What's going on?

Deckard stares at Tyrell.

Tyrell meets his look.

TYRELL

I'm impressed. How many questions does it usually take to spot one?

DECKARD

I don't get it.

TYRELL

How many questions ?

DECKARD

In columns of four cross referenced, twenty or thirty.

TYRELL

It took more than a hundred for Rachael, didn't it ?

DECKARD

She really doesn't know ?

TYRELL

She's beginning to suspect, I think.

DECKARD

Suspect! How can she not know she is.

TYRELL

Well, we began to notice in them a strange obsession.

Tyrell is pacing now, lecturing.

TYRELL

After all, they are emotionally inexperienced with only a few years in which to store up the experiences which you and I take

for granted. If we gift them  
with a past... we create a  
cushion or pillow for their  
emotions.. and we can  
control them better.

DECKARD

They want memories?

TYRELL

It's the dark corners, the little  
shadowy places that makes you  
interesting, Deckard..... gusty  
emotions on a wet road on an  
autumn night.. the change of  
seasons..... the sweet guilt  
after masturbation.

DECKARD

Jesus Christ, Tyrell!

Tyrell looks startled.

DECKARD

Where do you get them, the  
memories?

TYRELL

In the case of Rachael, I simply  
copied and regenerated cells from  
the brain of my sixteen-year-  
old niece. Rachael remembers  
what my little niece remembers.

DECKARD

I saw an old movie once. The  
guy had bolts in his head.

Deckard looks amazed while Tyrell looks pleased with  
himself.

CUT TO

EXT. OVERHEAD VIEW OF HOTEL - NIGHT 26

The hotel is in a seedy part of town.

EXT. ANGLE ON DECKARD - NIGHT 27

Deckard and Gaff are standing in front of the hotel,  
looking it over.

Deckard glances at a crumpled piece of paper in his  
hand with an address scrawled on it.

He glances at the hotel. The address is correct.

Deckard and Gaff enter the hotel, leaving frame.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 28

A dingy, trash-filled corridor.

An OLD MAN leads Deckard and Gaff to a door. The Old  
Man is wearing an oxygen tank taking occasional hits  
of air from a mask. He unlocks the door.

Deckard and Gaff enter wearily, hands inside their  
coats on their weapons.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 29

The room is dark and ominous, full of danger.

Deckard studies the shadows, weapon ready.

Satisfied the room is empty, he hits the wall switch.

A four-tube fluorescent light overhead flutters weakly  
to half-life, two tubes.

Deckard studies the room.

It's clean in contrast to the littered hallway. A bed,  
a wardrobe, a small desk, a chair. Spartan, almost  
military.

Gaff has seated himself on the windowsill. Except for his eyes he is motionless like a statue.

Deckard reaches into his pocket and takes out infrared goggles which he puts on. He looks strange wearing the goggles.

The room, from his POV, is seen in high contrast, every speck of dust in bright white, the fingerprints on the wall standing out like paintings, Gaff appearing eerie and ominous.

Deckard starts to inspect the room with great care, feeling the moulding, inspecting the mattress on the bed, studying the fingerprints on the wall.

Gaff watches motionless.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER) 30

Deckard has opened the wardrobe.

He's inspecting the suit neatly hung there. He feels in the pockets. He pulls out a packet of about sixty photographs. He thumbs them. Very ordinary looking snapshots. Maybe he notices a couple of strange ones. Maybe not.

Deckard pockets the pictures and continues his inspection.

Gaff sits motionless like a statue.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 31

Deckard, still wearing goggles, is checking the inside of the medicine cabinet in the tiny bathroom.

Nothing. Clean.

He shuts the cabinet and sees himself in the mirror in infrared wearing goggles. Weird.

He exits the neat, tiny bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 32

Deckard steps out of the bathroom, notices something on the floor.

Gaff is motionless.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 33

Deckard is on his hands and knees studying the floor.  
He picks up a little speck on his finger, studies it.

He picks up another.

He puts the speck in his wallet.

Gaff sits motionless on the sill.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER) 34

Deckard takes off the goggles. He motions Gaff off the sill with his head.

Deckard steps to the window, pulls the photos from his pocket and studies them in the faint light from outside.

Snapshots. Very ordinary.

Gaff stands near the door, watching Deckard.

Deckard shuffles through the pictures in front of the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 35

Leon is looking up at the hotel.

He can see Deckard in the window looking at pictures.

Leon is breathing hard, angry.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 36

Deckard feels funny as he studies the pictures, his mind changes focus. He steps aside, against the wall, and glances out of the window.

Gaff watches Deckard and frowns uncomprehending.

Deckard, satisfied at what he sees out the window, studies the photographs again, but not in front of the window.

Gaff, frowning, approaches the window and looks out, puzzled.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 37

An angry Leon sees Gaff peering out the window above.

Leon's eyes blaze with anger. He turns and runs off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT 38

A blimp is drifting silently over the city reflected in an eyeball while we hear the SOUNDS OF THE STREET.

The eyeball belongs to BATTY who is standing on the sidewalk. He resembles a tradition, the gym instructor, short, cropped hair with the body of a drill sergeant but the eyes are gray and chilling. Roy Batty is a presence of force with a lazy, but

acute sense of what goes on around him.

He lowers his attention from the sky to Leon.

Leon approaches him.

BATTY

Did you get your precious photos?

LEON

Somebody was there.

BATTY

Police.

LEON

Just men.

BATTY

Police men.

Leon looks sullen. He doesn't know.

Batty is looking at the storefront across the street,  
the one that says HANNIBAL CHEW over the door.

Batty indicates the store to Leon with a head movement.

CUT TO

INT. CHEW'S SHOP - NIGHT 39

Eyes. Nothing but eyes swimming in a thick, clear  
solution.

The eyes are in an aquarium inside Chew's shop.  
There are other aquariums and technical equipment.

CHEW himself, wearing a heavy fur coat and gloves is  
hunched over a workbench in a pool of light doing  
meticulous work with a pair of forceps. He is an  
ancient Asian and his steamy breath and frosty beard  
indicate just how cold it is in this sub-zero  
laboratory.

Chew dips the forceps into a vat at his side.  
Deep cold!

The forceps and the tiny item in the forceps come out  
of the solution frozen solid.

A SPEAKER on the wall CRACKLES and FARTS STATIC.

WALL SPEAKER  
Mr. Chew.

Chew keeps working.

CHEW  
Aaaaaaaannnnn?

The wall speaker is intermittent.

WALL SPEAKER  
... one... URP... wants... to  
see you.

Chew continues working.

CHEW  
Busy!

WALL SPEAKER  
... talk to you... Nexus Six...  
designs.

Chew frowns and turns from his work disgruntled.

CHEW  
Busy!

Chew continues working while he mutters in Chinese.  
Peace returns, he calms down and works in chilly  
silence.

Then the door opens.

Standing in the doorway is Roy Batty.

Chew gets up fuming.

CHEW  
Busy! Busy! You go away! Make  
appointment.

Chew bursts into Chinese.

Batty smiles. You would not want him to smile at you.

Leon enters and closes the door.

CHEW  
(apoplectic)  
No! No! Cold! Cold! Go away.

Batty smiles. His coat is already covered with ice.

BATTY  
Questions.

CHEW  
No! No questions!

Leon is staring at the floating eyes in an aquarium.

Batty smiles pleasantly and glances at a tank of  
deep cold. Batty sticks his hand in.

CHEW  
(urgently)  
No! Cold!

Batty still smioing, pulls his hand out. It's icy.

Chew looks at Batty's hand and then at his smiling face.

Chew screams in sudden discovery and outrage.

CHEW  
You replicant!

We looks at Batty's machine-gun smile, steam pouring  
from his nostrils as we hear the shrill, indignant  
voice of Chew being outraged.

CHEW'S VOICE (OS)

You illegal. Can't come here!  
Illegal.

Batty is smiling his smokey smile and Chew is pointing up.

CHEW  
You not belong here. Up there!

BATTY  
Fiery the Angels fell... And as they  
fell deep thunder rolled around their  
shores;  
indignant,  
burning with the fires of Orc.

Chew is bug eyed. What is this shit?

Batty reaches out and puts his hands on the collar of  
Chews's fur coat.

BATTY  
Questions!

RRRRRIIIIIIPPPP. Batty pulls the coat apart, it splits  
along the back seam and falls away like a banana peel.

Chew is suddenly totally scared, totally cold and totally  
co-operative.

CHEW  
Okay! Answers!  
(pointing)  
Gimmeee coat! Cold!

Chew is pointing to the wall pegs where more fur coats  
hang.

BATTY  
Morphology.. longevity... use life...  
incept dates...

CHEW  
(squealing)  
I dunno! Dunna that stuff. I do  
eyes! Just eyes! Genetic designs,

just eyes!

Batty looks around the room at the tank of eyes, the muscle charts of eyes, the pictures of eyes.

BATTY

Ah! I thought perhaps feet...  
hands... muscle tissue.. or..  
noses...

CHEW

(desperate)

Just eyes. Gimme coat, okay?

Leon is staring into the tank of eyes, trying not to blink.

The eyes stare back at Leon, unblinkingly, arrogantly.

BATTY

My eyes..... I guess you designed  
them, eh?

CHEW

You Nexus? I design Nexus eyes.

SMASH! Leon, infuriated by the unblinking eyes, smashes the tank and the insolent eyes pour out onto the floor.

Batty smiles and points to his own eyes.

BATTY

Ah, Chew.....

(squish,squish)

If only you could see the things  
I have seen with your eyes.

Squish! Squish! The squishes are Batty's feet stepping in eyeballs as he paces in front of Chew.

CHEW

Please! Cc-cc-cold!

BATTY

(prosecuting attorney)

Questions!

CHEW  
D-dunno answers! P-please!

BATTY  
Who does?

CHEW  
Tyro! Knows everything!

BATTY  
The Tyrell Corporation?

CHEW  
Big boss! Big genius! Design  
your brain.

BATTY  
Ah! Smart!

CHEW  
V-very cold, p-please....

BATTY  
Not an easy man to see, I'd  
guess. Security.....

CHEW  
Sebastian take you! Gimmee  
coat.

BATTY  
And who is Sebastian?

Chew is blue and hysterical.

CHEW  
J-j-j-j F. S-sebastian.  
Please.....

BATTY  
Ah! How would I find him...  
J.F. Sebastian ?

Chew looks like heart attack city. Is it going to  
go on forever?

CUT TO

EXT. DECKARD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 40

Deckard's car pulls up into a drive of a condominium block that looms against the night sky like a pile of cardboard boxes.

Deckard gets out of the car wearily and heads for the front door.

CUT TO

INT. ELEVATOR NIGHT 41

The elevator is gloomy, poorly lit, full of shadows.

Deckard asks for the 97th Floor.

The ELEVATOR makes a creaking noise, very distinctive, and starts upward.

Deckard frowns. Something is wrong. He is suddenly very alert, ready.

There are shadows behind him but he can't turn to look.

The ELEVATOR CREAKS UPWARDS.

Deckard goes for his blaster, gets it out quick and whirls.

Rachael is there, in the shadows.

Deckard's blaster is pointed at her. One more second.....

Deckard lowers the blaster. He's shaking all of a sudden.

RACHAEL  
I'm sorry.

INT. CORRIDOR NIGHT 42

Deckard exits the elevator and approaches his door.

Rachael is behind him, she's desperate.

Deckard takes out his wallet, it drops to the floor scattering his cards.

Rachael picks up the cards.

RACHAEL  
Let me help you.

DECKARD  
What do I need help for?

Deckard takes the card from her and starts to open the door.

RACHAEL  
I don't know why he told you what he did.

DECKARD  
Talk to him.

INT. DECKARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 43

The place is a mess. Deckard walks in leaving the door open.

RACHAEL  
He wouldn't see me.

Deckard goes into the kitchen, comes out with a towel drying his hair. He walks to the cocktail cabinet and pours himself a drink.

DECKARD  
I'm gonna have a drink.

RACHAEL  
You think I'm a replicant, don't you?

Deckard takes off his wet raincoat and throws it on a chair.

RACHAEL  
Look.

She goes to him holding a picture in her hand.

Deckard looks at it.

It's an old snapshot, a little girl with a mother and father.

RACHAEL

It's me with my parents.

Deckard hands it back to her slowly. Finally speaks.

DECKARD

You remember when you were about six and you  
and your brother snuck into an empty building....  
through the basement window ?

RACHAEL

What? Y-yes....

DECKARD

You were going to play Doctor. He showed  
you his, then you chickened and ran out.

RACHAEL

But....

She looks up and he's staring at her, but she doesn't seem  
to notice.

DECKARD

Remember the bush outside your window  
with the spider in it.

Rachael looks up at him.

DECKARD

Green body, orange legs... you watched  
her build a web all summer.

RACHAEL

Yes.

Her voice is getting very small.

DECKARD

One day there was an egg in the webb.

Rachael nods faintly.

RACHAEL

After a while, the egg hatched and hundreds of baby spiders came out and ate her. That made quite an impression on me, Mr. Deckard.

DECKARD

You still don't get it?

RACHAEL

No.. I... I .... don't.

Deckard is now nasty, downright bitter.

DECKARD

Implants. They are not your memories, they belong to Tyrell's sixteen year old niece.

Rachael doesnt say anything, she can't.

DECKARD

He's very proud of them. He ran them on a scanner for me.

Rachael just stares at him, stunned and barely holding on.

DECKARD

Still don't believe me ?

RACHAEL

I... I...

DECKARD

Right. I made it all up. You're not a replicant. It was a nasty joke. Go home.

Rachael is biting her lip or something, holding it back.

DECKARD

Go on. Beat it. Sorry. Bad joke.

Deckard sees he's gotten through... maybe too far.

DECKARD  
Wanna drink ?

She's completely destroyed, silent.

DECKARD  
I'll getcha one.

Deckard hurries out.

The CLOCK IS TICKING.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 44

Deckard is peering at her from the doorway, a Peeping Tom. He sees the shaking hands. He doesn't like this shit.

He turns his attention to getting the drink. The kitchen is a disaster area, dirty dishes overflowing from the sink the way a plant grows out of a pot.

Deckard opens the refrigerator. The contents aren't messy so much as unusual. He opens the freezer compartment and pulls out a bottle of Tsing Tao vodka and eyes it. Half-empty.

He rummages among the dirty dishes for a glass that doesn't actually have fungus growing in it. He finds one that's only greasy, wipes it with a dirty towel (making it greasier) and pours vodka into it.

He heads back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 45

Deckard stops in the doorway, surprised.

The room is empty. Rachael is gone.

Deckard stares at the empty room for a long moment. Then he chug-a-lugs the vodka. As he brings his head back and winces from the fiery booze he sees something.

Something crumpled on the floor.

He goes over and picks it up.

It's the picture of Rachael with her parents. He studies it.

On the other side is a phone number.

Deckard walks over to the window and stares out.

A spinner flashes by smearing light on his face.

CUT TO

OMIT 46

OMIT 47

OMIT 48

EXT. AN ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT 49

Pris exits the building and starts across the street.

A spinner rockets past overhead. She reacts nervously watches the spinner slide away.

She crosses the street past a window full of wedding dresses as the spinner zips off in the distance.

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S BUILDING - NIGHT 50

Pris walks under the art deco marquee between the twisted corduroy columns and into the foyer.

She picks a spot near the entrance and is covering herself with old newspapers and trash for warmth when she hears a strange NOISE.

A weird street cleaning MACHINE GRINDS past.

Pris watches the machine with interest, then huddles under the trash.

A battered old truck, Sebastian's, SPUTTER AND FARTS to a halt in front.

SEBASTIAN gets out, a young man with skin that is yellowing into old parchment. He's wearing a World War Two leather pilot's cap and dark goggles and carrying a pack.

In spite of his youth, he carries himself like Old China as he walks toward the entrance with the gait of an old man.

Sebastian stumbles over the trash covered body of Pris and Pris leaps to her feet and start to run like a frightened gazelle.

SEBASTIAN  
Hey!

He reaches down and picks up the bag she left in the trash.

SEBASTIAN  
You forgot your bag.

He's holding it up.

She eyes him from a distance... unsure of him. Then she moves toward him tentatively.

Sebastian smiles awkwardly and holds out the bag.

PRIS  
I'm lost.

SEBASTIAN  
Don't worry, I won't hurt you.

Both of them are silent. People are not Sebastian's forte... usually he's too shy, but this girl is shyer still. Plus they're about the same age... it gives him courage.

SEBASTIAN  
What's your name?

PRIS  
Pris.

SEBASTIAN  
Mine's J.F. Sebastian.

PRIS  
Hi.

So pleased with the way that went, he forgets for a while what comes next.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh... where were you going?

She shrugs. That leaves him a lot of responsibility. He throws her side-long glances, but she's not helping.

SEBASTIAN  
Home?

PRIS  
I don't have one.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh.

She looks at him, a shadow of enticement in her clear blue eyes.

PRIS  
We scared each other pretty good, didn't we?

SEBASTIAN  
We sure did.

She giggles and laughs.

PRIS  
I'm hungry, J.F.

SEBASTIAN

I've got stuff inside, you wanna  
come in.

PRIS

I was hoping you'd say that.

Sebastian's grey face flushes with pleasure. He turns  
and inserts a key in the ornate iron mesh door and  
swings it open.

CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S LOBBY - NIGHT (SHOT) 51

Stacks of gaudy balconies loom into shadows above.

Overhead lights reveal a shark-like blimp cruising  
above the building glowing with advertisements.

Pris stares in wonder.

PRIS

And you live in this building all  
by yourself ?

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, I live here pretty much alone  
right now....

CUT TO

INT. CAGE ELEVATOR (SHOT) 51A

Pris and Sebastian are standing in the mesh elevator  
as it grumbles noisily into the shadows above.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (SHOT) 51B

Pris and Sebastian are standing in the mesh elevator  
as it grumbles noisily into the shadows above.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (SHOT) 51B

Sebastian and Pris walk down the corridor towards

his apartment .

PRIS (WILD LINE)

No housing shortage around here.

SEBASTIAN (WILD LINE)

Plenty of room for everybody... most  
of the others have emigrated already.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 51B

Sebastian is unlocking his door. He opens the door  
and ushers Pris into the apartment.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT -NIGHT 51C

Sebastian flicks on the light revealing the high  
walls, elegant moulding and strange contents.

A three foot high Kaiser Wilhelm figure and a teddy  
bear dressed as Napoleon march into view from a  
doorway. An alarm sounds.

SEBASTIAN

Yoo hoo, home again, home again!

BEAR

Good evening J.F.

The alarm cuts out.

The Bear and Kasier Wilhelm stare woodenly at Pris  
for a moment, then turn away disappearing into the gloom.

SEBASTIAN

They're my friends... here,  
can I take your things, they're soaked.

BEAR

(muttering)

Home again, home again, jiggy jig.

Pris is delighted. She strips off her topcoat,  
revealing a shape to pop eyes.

SEBASTIAN

(besides himself)  
Where are your folks ?

PRIS  
I'm sort of an orphan.

Pris smiles.

SEBASTIAN  
What about friends?

PRIS  
I have some, but I have to find them....  
I'll let them know where I am tomorrow.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh!

There is a silence. He steals a glance at her.

SEBASTIAN  
Well..... I can sleep on the couch.

PRIS  
Watch the bed bugs don't bite !

INT. DECKARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 52

A blurry photograph, unclear, FILLS THE SCREEN.

The photograph intensified. The foreground **BLURS AND SHARPENS**. it's the "man" in Leon's room with the wardrobe behind him. The head is turned away and downward, the face unreadable.

Another change! A dramatic one. The picture is suddenly three dimensional.

Now we see that Deckard is studying the picture in a viewer controlling the effects with punch controls.

The ashtray next to him is full of butts. The bottle of vodka is nearly empty.

He sucks on his cigarette and empties the vodka bottle

into his glass and goes back to peering into the viewer.

He punches up.

A transparent grid with vectors is superimposed over the photo.

Deckard's eyes move over it carefully.

DECKARD

Sharpen line forty-eight between twenty point twenty-seven.

The edge of the man sharpens.

DECKARD

Profile trace.

Slowly the view tracks the periphery of the man's shoulder, up and around the skull, down the other side and as it approaches the bottom of the picture passes a miniscule sparkle...

DECKARD

Stop. Back up.

The line is retraced.

DECKARD

Stop.

The faintest little sparkle. Static. Almost nothing. Deckard leans forward.

DECKARD

Enhance.

The view squeezes in. The "spark" seems to be coming from about fifteen feet behind the figure -- from within the wardrobe.

DECKARD

Seesaw.

After a short pause, as if the command causes the

machine to strain, it emits a thin, high-pitched  
FREQUENCY SOUND and the picture begins a horizontal  
yawing motion. As it swings back and forth glimpses  
of things previously obscured by the foreground  
figure are revealed. Slightly at first, but the  
opening grows as the process picks up momentum.

Deckard's right down there, hands on his knees like  
a man watching his favorite team make a crucial play.

DECKARD  
Stop!

The picture freezes.

DECKARD  
Enhance.

The view pushes in to the wardrobe. In its gloomy  
recesses hangs a dress.

DECKARD  
Enhance.

In closer on the dress. An exotic shimmering gown  
made of sequins. Deckard ponders it, smiles slightly.

DECKARD  
I don't suppose one of those males  
has a transvestite problem.

Pause.

DECKARD  
Hey!

Esper wakes up.

ESPER  
Yes?

DECKARD  
I said, I don't suppose one of  
those males has a transvestite  
problem.

Pause.

ESPER  
Negative.

Deckard considers the situation for a few moments, then frowns thoughtfully and fishes his wallet out of his pocket. He produces the flakes he found in the hotel room.

Deckard lights a cigarette.

The flake.

He's holding it on the tip of his finger under the light of the console screen. He sits down, studying it like Hamlet, contemplating Yorick's skull. But for the HUM OF THE MACHINE, a long silence.

ESPER  
You're gonna have a fire if you  
don't turn off the machine.

Absently, Deckard reaches out and flips it off. He sits a while in the silent dark. Then goes into the bathroom.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT 53 OUT

Deckard stands in the shower, his cigarette still in his mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOODLE BAR - NIGHT 54

It might be 2:00 a.m. but the joint is still crowded as noisy taxi drivers jostle each other for seats and jabber in Kangaroo, a crude lingual mix of Chinese, Japanese, French and Tagalog.

Deckard is hunched over his bowl of noodles, slurping hungrily from his busy chopsticks.

Whap! The counterman slaps a serving of fish heads on the counter in front of a CHINESE sitting next to

Deckard.

Startled by the sound Deckard glances at the bowl of fish heads, then turns his attention back to his noodles.

But after two bites he frowns and turns to look at the fish heads again.

The Chinese is eating the flesh hungrily from a head. He cleans the skull and drops it on the plate.

Deckard stares at the heads with their blank stares that seem to gaze at eternity.

Deckard is thinking.

The Chinese is eating.

Deckard frowns lost in furious thought. Suddenly he reaches out and grabs a fish head.

The Chinese goes bug-eyed with indignation.

CHINESE  
(in Chinese)

What the hell are you doing, you moronic ahng mo dim bulb? That's my goddamn dinner you (in English) dumb shit!

Deckard is peeling scales off the fish head. He grabs his wallet, produces the flake and compares it to the scales from the head. He ignores the ranting of the Chinese as he stares at the flake next to the scales.

DECKARD  
Fish!

CHINESE  
(in Chinese)

What do you expect you get from fish head, stupid?  
(in English)  
Elephant shit?

CUT TO:

EXT. ANIMAL ROW - NIGHT 55

An aquarium full of fish, weird looking fish, the kind that might eat each other. They're gliding in sinister clusters like Doberman pinschers with gills.

The CAMBODIAN LADY is a withered woman in black. She's got a lens in her eye and she's looking at the flake which is on the tip of her finger.

CAMBODIAN LADY  
Not fish! Snake !

And she points down the row.

Deckard looks that way and we.....

CUT TO

OMIT 56

MICROSCOPIC VIEW - NIGHT 57

We are looking at a huge enlargement of a snake scale seen through a microscope.. but we don't know that. It's just a grand abstract weirdness blurring and sharpening and changing.

EGYPTIAN (OS)  
The finest quality, yeeeeeeesssss.  
Perfect workmanship.  
Geniune artificial snake.

The flake becomes a landscape of forests and moon-scapes. Buried deep in the texture of the thing is a serial number.

EGYPTIAN (OS)  
Serial Number 99069745xb7Y  
That would indicate a Crotalus  
Atrox.....

CUT TO

EXT. EGYPTIANS JOINT - NIGHT 58

We see the Egyptian for the first time as he takes his eye from the viewer and points to a snake in one of the many tanks that writhe with groggy reptiles.

EGYPTIAN  
(continuing)

... such as that one there with  
the black and white ring on tail.

(making a whirring noise)

Western Diamon Back...

(whirr)

Rattler.

Deckard is looking at the ugly serpent.

The Egyptian hands the scale back to Deckard.

DECKARD  
Who made it ?

EGYPTIAN  
This quality... not too many.

DECKARD  
How many ?

EGYPTIAN  
Very few.

DECKARD  
How few ?

EGYPTIAN  
Perhaps less than I thought...  
but still, more than I can remember.

DECKARD  
What helps you to remember ?

The Egyptian pushes a hand out in front of him, revolving the thumb slowly against the next two fingers.

Deckard slips a card out of his pocket and into the man's fingers. It's a police card. It gets a super-

cilious smile, a sigh and a shrug. And that's all it gets. The man knows his rights. The card is handed back. The smile remains.

EGYPTIAN

What was the question again?

DECKARD

The question is...

Deckard steps in closer.

DECKARD

Are you a citizen?

EGYPTIAN

Yes.

DECKARD

Naturalized?

EGYPTIAN

Yes.

DECKARD

Your papers are in order.

EGYPTIAN

Of course.

This guy's got it covered.

DECKARD

You have a license for this establishment?

He points it out with a righteous finger.

DECKARD

Fire permit?

EGYPTIAN

Right here.

He lifts it out of a drawer, displays it. A long pause. The Egyptian smiles smugly. It pays to have

things covered. Deckard pushes closer.

DECKARD

In two seconds I'm gonna break  
your fuckin' spine if you don't  
tell me what I wanna know.

Pause.

EGYPTIAN

I see.

Deckard's face is two inches away. It's all very  
plain.

EGYPTIAN

In that case, I think I will be obliged  
to tell you that one of two men could  
have done this.

DECKARD

Who ?

EGYPTIAN

Me.

The Egyptian works on an uncertain shit-eating grin  
hoping to charm his way out of a hole.

Deckard lets him sweat for a beat or two, looking hard.

DECKARD

Who do you sell your junk to .

EGYPTIAN

Artists. Always to artists.

The Egyptian looks nervously at Deckard, sees he  
means business and hastily begins to shuffle through a  
wad of receipts from a cigar box.

CUT TO

OMIT 59

OMIT 60

INT. TAFFEY'S SNAKE PIT BAR - NIGHT 60A

A big guy, back to camera is sitting at the bar in this sleazy joint.

DECKARD (OS)

You buy a snake off an Egyptian ?

The big guy turns to face his questioner. His name is TAFFEY LEWIS big and bad and low-life. He looks like he's looking at a cockroach.

TAFFEY

Buzz off, fella.

Deckard is searching in his pockets. He pulls a dirty handkerchief out, puts it on the bar, pulls out a crumpled pack of cigs from another pocket, a wad of money cards from another. He's putting all sorts of things on the bar. Among them is the picture of Rachael and her parents.

DECKARD

You ever see..... you ever se... ?

At last he finds the photo of the reclining woman, shows it to Taffey.

DECKARD

You ever see this woman ?

Taffey doesn't even look at the picture.

TAFFEY

Never saw her. Buzz off, pal.

Deckard flashes his police card.

DECKARD

Got your licenses in order, old buddy ?

TAFFEY

Pal, I got a license to piss,

I got a license to kiss,  
An' I got a license to pee at  
four in the morning.

I got licenses for things I do with  
my wife an' I got licenses for things  
I don't do with my wife.

I got licenses for bad dreams, pal.  
I got licenses you wouldn't believe.  
Now buzz the fuck off, okay ?

Deckard seems blown away, puts his hands up, palms forward,  
surrendering.

DECKARD

Take it easy mister, don't get  
excited.

TAFFEY

Nobody pushes me around.

DECKARD

Forget I asked. My mistake.  
Water under the bridge.

Taffey looks a little startled. It was this easy ? He's  
kind of pleased with himself now that he's firmly estab-  
lished his authority.

TAFFEY

No hard feelings. I just don't  
take a push, that's all.

DECKARD

No hard feelings.

TAFFEY

(to the bartender)  
Louis, the man's dry. Give him  
one on the house, huh ?

BARTENDER

Whatcha drinking ?

DECKARD

Smokey, dry.

TAFFEY

You assed about a snake.....

Deckard is suddenly hopeful.

DECKARD

Yeah.....

TAFFEY

Wanna see a snake, huh?

The Bartender puts a weird drink in front of Deckard...  
tiny worms floating in a viscous liquid.

Deckard takes the drink like he was used to it and swigs.

TAFFEY

Louis, show the cop the snake,  
willya?

The Bartender reaches under the bar and pulls out a  
large snake that writhes lazily on the bar. It is  
bright gold.

DECKARD

(disappointed)  
Wrong snake.

TAFFEY

Don't like gold ?

DECKARD

Gold's okay.

TAFFEY

Original paint job was shitty. Those  
fucking Egyptian's do crappy work.

DECKARD

How long ago did ya paint it?

TAFFEY

I dunno. Couple of months.  
Why ?

Deckard looks discouraged, swigs the last of his drink.

DECKARD

No reason. Doesn't matter.  
(to the bartender)  
Gimmee another, willya?

There is a burst of applause and they all look around  
toward the stage.

A large egg has appeared on the stage, beside it a  
smaller egg.

TAFFEY

Getta loada this. New act.  
Very artistic, very sen-shoe-all.  
Beautiful.

Music starts to play.

Deckard looks bored and discouraged. Absently starts  
picking up his junk off the bar... the wads of money cards,  
cigarette packs, matches... the picture of Rachael. That  
catches his attention.

Deckard stares at the picture for a long moment.

DECKARD

Gotta phone ?

CUT TO

OMIT 61

OMIT 62

INT. TAFFEY'S BAR MOMENTS LATER 62A

Deckard is at a telephone not far from the bar. He's  
got the phone hooked between his shoulder and ear while  
he notes a number.

DECKARD

.....six six five. Thanks.

Deckard breaks the connection, then starts punching the numbers.

Behind him the stage show is progressing. A beautiful woman named SALOME is emerging from the large egg, very scantily clad, an erotic birth scene.

Rachael appears on the telephone vid-screen.

RACHAEL  
Hello.

DECKARD  
People have walked out on me before... but never when I was being charming.

Rachael freezes when she see who it is. Says nothing.

DECKARD  
Ya missed out on the drink I poured ya.

Rachael still says nothing.

DECKARD  
Wanna try again ?

For a long moment it seems Rachael isn't going to say anything.

Rachael is bitter.

RACHAEL  
(on Vid-screen)  
Hunting... "skin jobs"?

DECKARD  
Didn't find any. All I found was a bar.  
Why waste it ?

RACHAEL  
(on vid-screen)  
Not my kind of place I'm afraid.

DECKARD

Meet me here. We'll go someplace  
else. It's in the Fourth Sector....

Something on the stage catches Deckard's eye. He frowns.

On stage, a snake has emerged from the second egg.

Deckard is suddenly pre-occupied with the stage show as  
he absently gives the address over the phone.

DECKARD

..... the Fourth Sector, on the line.  
Taffey Lewis' Snake Pit.

RACHAEL

I don't think so Mr. Deckard.  
As I said.....

Deckard is staring at the stage show.

DECKARD

(absently)  
See ya in a half hour.

He hangs up.

On stage, the snake and Salome are into sexy stuff.

CUT TO

INT. BACKSTAGE A LITTLE LATER 63

You can hear applause and catcalls from the audience  
as Salome flounces backstage. She starts toward the  
dressing room.

Deckard emerges from the shadow.

DECKARD

Excuse me, Miss Salome....

She turns. Deckard's posture and attitude suggest humble,  
sleazy persistence. He comes closer with his shit-eating  
grin.

DECKARD

I'd like to have a word with you  
if I could.

Salome stands almost six feet tall in her high heels and  
looks down on him with haughty suspicion... a girl who  
knows how to handle cheap hits.

SALOME

Yeah ?

DECKARD

I'm with the American Federation of  
Variety Artists....

He holds up a hand as if to stop her from protesting.

DECKARD

Don't worry, I'm not here to  
make you join... that's not my department.

He glances around like a guy who's not supposed to be  
there.

DECKARD

I'm an investigator for the Confidential  
Committee on Moral Abuses.

She nods, taking it a little more seriously.

DECKARD

There's been reports of the  
management taking liberties with  
the artists in this place.

SALOME

I don't know nothing about it.

DECKARD

You haven't felt yourself to be  
exploited by the management in  
any way?

She's definitely puzzled.

SALOME

How do you mean 'exploited'?

DECKARD

Like to get this job... did you  
or were you asked to do anything  
lewd or unsavory or otherwise  
repulsive to your person?

SALOME

Are you for real?

DECKARD

Oh, yeah. You'd be surprised  
what goes on around here. I'd  
like to check the dressing room  
if I could.

SALOME

What the fuck for?

DECKARD

For holes.

This guy might be an asshole, but he's funny.

SALOME

I don't believe this.

She shrugs and they go in.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 64

Musty, cramped. A portable shower, a dressing table  
and not much else. On the dressing table lies a snake.  
Deckard watches it undulate into the warmth of the  
lights.

DECKARD

Is that mother for real ?

SALOME

Of course he's not real. You think  
I'd be working here if I could afford  
a real snake ?

Deckard reaches out to touch it. As his fingers make

contact, there's an electric "snap". he jerks his hand back from the shock.

Salome is taking off her costume. There's not much to take off.

Deckard gets a glimpse of nakedness as she slips behind the screen and turns on the shower.

DECKARD

How long you been doing a snake act ?

SALOME

What is it with you... you looking for holes or what ?

He starts pacing the room like's he's inspecting the walls.

DECKARD

You'd be surprised - they have their ways of doing their dirty work without the victim even knowing what's going on.

His fingers are moving over her gowns. There's about six of them, on hangers, but nothing quite like the one in Leon's closet.

DECKARD

You'd be surprised what a guy'll go through to get a glimpse of a beautiful body.

SALOME

No, I wouldn't.

DECKARD

Little dirty holes they drill in the wall so they can watch a lady undress.

And to his amazement, low on the wall, behind the dresses, he actually spots one. He moves down for a peek.

SALOME

And what if somebody did try to "exploit" me? Who do I go to ?

Deckard's peeking at a pair of fat legs in the next room.

DECKARD

Me.

SALOME

And who do I go to about you ?

He looks around... she's out of the shower dripping nude. Her hair blonde and cropped short. Her black hair is a wig which now hangs on the wall next to the shower. She didn't look like Nexus designated Zhora to begin with, but even less now.

SALOME

So did you find any holes ?

Deckard makes a sheepish grin.

DECKARD

One so far.

SALOME

You're a dedicated man.

Her smile is an invitation. She throws him a towel. He catches it and she turns her back to him.

SALOME

Dry me.

The evening doesn't have to be a total waste. Deckard steps up behind her and starts patting her down.

On the dressing table in front of them the python noses through the cosmetics, tongue flicking, trying to get back to its mistress. Caught up in the sensuousness of the moment, absently she reaches out to stroke the snake.

Deckard works his way down her back, over her buns and as he reaches her thighs, sits on the cot. Concentrating on her buns, he leans back for a handier perspective. But jerks forward like he'd been stung as his ears are hit with the BUZZ OF RATTLES directly behind him.

Partly hidden behind the pillow against the wall is

the Egyptian's pride and joy, a four-and-a-half foot, ring-tailed diamondback rattler. Its lethal looking spade-shaped head elevated out of its coiled body, tail erect and whirring madly.

Deckard rolls off the cot going for his blaster as he hits the floor. SALOME/ZHORA has her hand around the head of the python and, using it like a club, she brings it down with all her might.

Deckard rolls out of the way as the SNAKE WHISTLES through the air with such force, it ruptures as it hits the floor.

If Deckard's fast, Zhora's a blur. As he FIRES, her foot kicks into his groin, and he doubles up with the pain of it. He tries for a second shot but she's already out the door carrying a raincoat.

#### INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 65

Bottom lip between his teeth, Deckard hops out of the dressing room in time to see her go through the door at the other end of the hall.

It hurts to move so fast, but he jack-legs after her, arrives at the door and flings it open. Blackness. The SOUND OF HER HIGH HEELS CLATTER down the metal steps.

#### EXT. STREET - OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT 66

It's RAINING HEAVILY.

The front of the Opera House is open only to foot traffic these days. A bizarre place on a Friday night, hawkers and whores, the rabble, the poor and the curious mill around the crudely built platforms and brightly lit stands. Zhora, in just a translucent raincoat, is not out of place in this flea market atmosphere. Trying not to run, she slices through the mob as quickly as she can. Deckard is not far behind, dodging and side-stepping, trying to move against the tide of people scurrying for shelter.

She comes to an intersection and turns out of the mall onto a less crowded street. She glances over her

shoulder as she breaks into a run and runs right into a couple of pedestrians. All three go down.

Deckard comes out of the crowd in time to spot her getting to her feet. She sees him and runs. The two pedestrians are in his line of fire. He runs past them and drops to one knee, leveling his blaster.

DECKARD  
Stop or you're dead!

She doesn't.

Deckard OPENS UP, squeezing off two quick misses.

WHAP! The corner of the building disintegrates -- bricks imploding, dust in the air.

FWAAAP! Another miss! A lamppost wrenched with a tight air implosion. Twisted metal, a breath of smoke.

Deckard FIRES again!

WHUMP! Zhora takes a hit in the back of the head, and that's it for her except her motor reflexes which keep her going right into a showcase window.

CRASH! Zhora explodes through a series of plate glass windows in adjoining shops.

Deckard is trying to pour FIRE through the tunnel of her jagged wake, but after TWO MISSES his blaster CLICKS empty, CLICKS empty, CLICKS empty and he watches her go.

Zhora breaks through one window after another, getting sliced, already shot, running on reflexes. Glass sprays like fireworks as she smashes through the last two windows and into the street. She's going too fast to stop.

She hits a passing bus so hard she's smeared all over the side like a mural and the bus squeals to a halt.

The rain has stopped and turned into a quiet DRIZZLE. WATER GURGLING down the gutters.

Hunched over, breathing hard, Deckard comes slowly forward. The crowd starting to gather. Something here for everybody as they're coming from all directions. Deckard moves through them, ending up to the side of the bus.

Zhora is wedged on her side, torn, bloody and broken. All she can move is her eyes -- they dart about like a wounded animal doomed in a trap and stop on Deckard.

He's kneeled in the street, stooped low, head cocked at an awkward angle looking back at her.

In the cramped and dripping darkness her eyes are turning glassy. The intervals between the FALLING DROPS OF WATER accentuate the silence until there is no dripping

and even the gurgling gutters have receded into silence as the life drains out of Zhora's face until it's frozen, dead.

Deckard's eyes slowly follow the rivulets of blood that lead over the slope of a blacktop to his shoes. Deckard tries to repress his wince. His eyes reveal that it's getting to him. He's aware of the spectators around him.

Looking up, he sees them moving nervously away from him with frightened looks.

Then he sees her. Rachael is standing in the crowd staring at the dead Zhora.

Rachael's face reveals her horror. She looks from Zhora to Deckard.

Deckard feels her eyes burn into him. He clicks his empty pistol stupidly. CLICK CLICK.

Lights from a spinner smear over the crowd, sirens whine.

Deckard sees Rachael disappear into the crowd.

Deckard starts to say something but anything he said would be drowned in siren noise.

Rachael is swallowed up into the crowd near a big sign  
(or some other distinctive landmark).

CUT TO

OMIT 67

OMIT 68

OMIT 69

OMIT 70

OMIT 71

EXT. THE CROWD - NIGHT 71A

Leon and Batty are just faces in the throng of ASIANS  
and LATINOS. They too see the body of Zhora.

Batty and Leon look very grim.

They turn their attention to Deckard.

From their point of view they see a pantomime out of ear  
shot.... Deckard hastily flashes his badge at arriving  
COPS, points to Zhora, gives a couple of instructions and  
hurries off, passing under the big sign, leaving the cops  
to stare after him with amazement.

Batty and Leon exchange a look. Batty makes a head movement.

Leon heads off toward the big sign.

CUT TO

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 71B

The tide of STREET PEOPLE moves inexorably as Deckard,  
like a swimmer, moves through them, eyes busy, searching  
for Rachael.

Thinks he sees her.

Shoves his way through the crowd.

Not her.

Looks around in despair.

Catches sight of her half a block away.

Deckard hurries after her. Calls out.

DECKARD  
Rachael. Wait.

Rachael looks back, sees him.

DECKARD  
Hold on.

Rachael keeps going.

Deckard is hurrying past the mouth of an alley. Suddenly he's being hurried into the alley.

DECKARD  
Hey.

A big guy is collaring him and hauling him into the alley.

Leon.

CUT TO

EXT. ALLEY NIGHT 72

A family of SAMOANS look up from their dismal cooking fire in the alley.

DECKARD  
Hey, what the hell, buddy!

The Samoan's faces are blank. They stick by the fire and express no feelings about the events in the alley.

Deckard is swept off his feet and twirled around in

Leon's bear-trap embrace.

Leon lets go and Deckard hits the pavement, skidding hard enough to tear clothes and burn skin, but he rolls out of it and comes up with gun in hand; but Leon is so fast he's already there and kicks it out of his hand.

Leon moves towards him, backing Deckard against the wall.

LEON

How come you knew where Zhora was so quick?

His hand is like lightning. It shoots out, grabs Deckard's hair.

DECKARD

I showed pictures. Somebody recognized her. I went to see.

Deckard is pale. The sweat is starting to run.

LEON

How old am I?

DECKARD

I don't know.

The grip tightens and twists.

LEON

My birthday is April 10, 2017.  
How long do I live?

DECKARD

Four years.

He lets go.

LEON

More than you.

Deckard's knees come up fast, but Leon's fist comes down faster, like a hammer.

LEON

Painful to live in fear, isn't it.

Deckard is doubled over, hugging his thigh.

LEON

But that's how it is to be a slave.  
The future is sealed off, he  
grovels, he waits.

Even hurt, Deckard is fast. He goes for his ankle gun,  
but Leon's got it out of his hand before he can even  
raise it and throws it down the alley.

Deckard hurls forward, knocking him off balance, and  
scrambles to get away. Leon grabs him by the foot,  
drags him back and jerks him off the ground.

LEON

Sex, reproduction, security, the  
simple things. But no way to  
satisfy them. To be homesick  
with no place to go. Potential  
with no way to use it. Lots of  
little oversights in the Nexus  
Six.

He slams Deckard into the wall.

LEON

I tell you, nothing is worse than  
having an itch you can never scratch.

Deckard slides down the wall to his knees and huddles  
protecting his head with his arms, waiting for the  
next one.

DECKARD

I agree with you.

Leon folds his big hands together and raises them over  
his head, pausing just a second to savor the satisfac-  
tion of smashing Deckard's skull.

LEON

Too late. Your mistake.

The spasm that runs through Leon's face is not from satisfaction. It's the bullet that went through his neck. He hits the ground hard, his big teeth biting the air like a rabid dog. Dead.

Deckard has slumped to the ground where he sits propped into a sitting position by the wall, staring up in amazement at his deliverer.

He sees Rachael standing there with his blaster, Rachael is staring at the body of Leon, stunned and shaken at what she has done.

Deckard looks up at her, his eyes swollen into slits, his mouth and nose bloody. He sees how shaken she is.

Rachael turns and looks at him. Their eyes meet.  
She drops the blaster.

Deckard gets painfully to his feet, picks up the blaster and starts to reload it. He doesn't make the same mistake twice. He glances at her.

Again their eyes meet.

CUT TO:

EXT. 42ND STREET - 20 MINUTES LATER 73

It's the 42nd Street of the future, a garish, wicked place.

Deckard and Rachael are walking together, almost zombies.

Deckard is only a little less bloody and a lot more swollen.

Rachael looks stoned on the horror of the killing.

DECKARD

There's only one thing that works  
on cuts and bruises and long nights.

She looks at him blankly.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIOSK - MOMENTS LATER 74

It's a grimy little tienda with a counter right on the sidewalk and shelves crammed with dusty bottles, bright packs of cigarettes, old magazines and assorted junk. The SALESLADY wears an eyepatch and a sharp look in her good eye.

Deckard and Rachael are facing her.

DECKARD  
Tsing Tao.

The Saleslady tries to hand Deckard a half pint but he shakes his head and points and she produces a fifth.

Deckard is paying when he feels a tap on his shoulder.

He turns and sees Gaff leering at him.

Not what Deckard expected or wanted. His eyes flicker a warning in Rachael's direction.

Rachael is standing in the flow of pedestrians, Asians, Mexicans and Indians. She has already seen Gaff and she gets the message in Deckard's eyes and allows herself to drift away, part of the stream of humanity moving down the sidewalk.

But Gaff's sharp eyes have picked up Deckard's look and he glances.

What Gaff sees is the back of a woman's head in the crowd.

Gaff looks back at Deckard and makes a head movement indicating the vehicle at the curb.

It's a spinner and Bryant is grinning at the window, chewing on a heater.

BRYANT  
Christ, Deckard, ya look almost as

bad as that tit job ya left under  
the bus. Almost.

Deckard walks over to the spinner.

Gaff is looking down the street, trying to make out the  
Caucasian woman disappearing in the crowd.

DECKARD

You get the call on the big one?

BRYANT

Bet your ass. Two in one night,  
you're the same old shitstorm,  
aren't ya?

(to Gaff)

You could learn from this guy,  
Gaff. A goddamn one-man slaughter  
squad, that's what he is, a real  
shitstorm.

Gaff has to smile and nod politely, that's his job.

Deckard has followed Bryant's beady gaze to the obvious  
bottle he's holding in the paper bag.

DECKARD

I'm going home.

BRYANT

Home! A killer like you! I  
figured you'd be up all night  
slaughtering phonies. Four to  
go, thought you'd just leave  
'em dead in the alleys for us  
to pick up. Haw! Haw! Come on,  
Gaff.

DECKARD

Three. There's three to go.

BRYANT

Huh?

DECKARD

There's three left.

BRYANT

Four. That tit job you vee kayed  
at the Tyrell Corp... disappeared.  
She didn't even know she was skin  
till you put the machine on her.  
Some kinda brain plant, says Tyrell.

Deckard has already noticed that Gaff is looking down  
the street in the direction Rachael went.

Gaff feels Deckard's eyes, turns and leers cheerfully  
at Deckard. Deckard meets the look... an ominous  
exchange.

BRYANT

Come on, Gaff.  
(to Deckard)  
Drink a couple for me, pal.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 75

Deckard is about to swig some Tsing Tao for Bryant.  
He puts the glass to his lip and the lip, caked with  
dry blood and swollen, splits again and blood gushes  
into the clear liquid in the glass.

Deckard stares at the bloodstained drink ruefully, then  
takes a thirsty gulp and licks his bleeding lip.

The ice in Rachael's glass is RATTLING. She's standing  
only a few feet away, half eaten by shadows, her eyes  
blank with shock.

The reason the ice is rattling is because her hand is  
shaking.

You can hear the CLOCK TICKING in the living room.

DECKARD

Me too.

Rachael frowns and looks at him. What ?

DECKARD

I get 'em bad. It's part of the  
business.

Deckard holds out his hands. They're shaking.

Rachael gives Deckard a long hard look.

RACHAEL  
I'm not in the business.

Deckard meets her look, understands he cannot comfort  
her so easy, she will not be one of the boys with him.

RACHAEL  
I am the business.

She is grim and angry and shaking.

You can hear the clock TICKING.

CUT TO

INT. DECKARD'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 76

SPLASH. Deckard sticks his head in the sink full of  
water and the water turns crimson.

He lifts his face out of the water, dripping and gropes  
for a towel, wipes water blindly from his face.

OMIT 77

INT. DECKARD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 77A

Rachael is in the foreground shadows, a drink in her hand.  
She's watching Deckard who is washing his face in the  
bathroom, framed by the open door. You get the [...]

Deckard in the background, goes on drying. He's naked  
except for a towel around his waist.

Rachael takes a drink. Her face is enigmatic. She's  
watching.

Deckard is unaware of her eyes on the back of his neck.

She's looking at the ripple of muscle around his shoulders.

CUT TO

INT. DECKARD'S BATHROOM A FEW MINUTES LATER 77B

Deckard is standing in front of the mirror. He's staunched the bleeding lip and now he's studying it.

The rustle of silk.

Rachael appears in the doorway of the bathroom, drink in hand.

Deckard doesn't acknowledge her presence.

There is a long silence. She sees the muscle ripple in his naked back. Hard body. Scars of old wounds.

RACHAEL  
What if I go North...  
disappeared ?

Deckard gives her a look, turns back to the mirror.  
Puts a towel over his head.

RACHAEL  
Would you come hunting. ?

Rachael waits a long tense moment for an answer.

DECKARD  
No.

Deckard waits before he lets it out.

DECKARD  
I guess I owe you.

Deckard turns and brushes past her so she has to step back.

DECKARD

But somebody will.

INT. BEDROOM (NIGHT) 77C

Deckard is sitting on the bed, wasted, still in his towel, clean white bandages on his face. He touches his lip gently.

He can hear the clock ticking and then the whisper of her stockings as she approaches the bedroom from the hallway. He hears her stop, lost in the shadows beyond the door. A pause then her voice.

RACHAEL (OS)

The file on me.. the incept date,  
the longevity, the psycho-program,  
those things.....

Her voice hesitates, stops. Deckard sits there as the clock ticks for a long moment.

In the corridor, lost in shadows, Rachael is working up the nerve to ask.

DECKARD

Yeah ?

In the shadows Rachael takes a deep breath.

RACHAEL

You saw them?

Deckard, exhausted stares absently into space.

DECKARD

They're classified.

In the corridor, Rachael persists with effort.

RACHAEL

You're a policeman.

Deckard touches a spot on his forehead, looks at the wall.

DECKARD

I didn't look at them.

In the hallway, Rachael is hardly breathing.

DECKARD (O.S.)  
I didn't want to.

It must come as a tremendous relief to her. She stands in the shadows, grateful for the smallest favours. She waits a moment, hearing the clock ticking, hearing the distant noises of an apartment house, then she speaks again.

RACHAEL  
That test of yours.. The Voight  
Kampff test.....

She pauses before completing the question. It's a biggie.

RACHAEL  
(continuing)  
.... did you ever take it yourself ?

Rachael waits for a long moment in the shadows.

The clock ticks.

No answer.

She moves into the light from the bedroom door and peers in.

Deckard is lying on the bed, snoring gently.

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT 78

The CLOCK IS LOUDER in the living room.

Rachael walks through the shadowy room lit by a single lamp.

She sees a picture of Deckard's wife and son on a

table.

She looks at it for a long moment as though she might be jealous.

She sees a picture on top of the piano.

A picture of a little boy and his father in fishing clothes, each holding a pole, the boy proudly displaying a single under-sized fish, the hint of a smile on the father's face.

She looks at the sheet music on the piano, Chopin.

She stands close to the keys and starts to play. She makes a mistake almost immediately. She sits and starts again and she is just a hair tentative, but there's no mistake... the feeling, the rhythm, the beauty of the music. It fills the whole apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 79

Deckard is snoring peacefully as the MUSIC ebbs and flows.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 80

Rachael is lost in the music, her face a mask.

INT. CITYSCAPE DAWN 81

An ugly days is beginning to an eerie distortion of CHOPIN

CUT TO

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - DAWN 82

Nasty MUSIC a dismal looking building.

Do we see strange figures in overcoats from a distance.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BUILDING - DAWN 83

A shark's POV of the stairways, hallways, the one's we'll see later a shark's POV gliding along the hall towards Sebastian's apartment. Chopin the ax murderer!

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - DAWN 84

Pris is filling the hours of insomniacal boredom by experimenting with her make up. A bleached white face and black ringed eyes. A sexual waif. A savage doll. She gets up and starts exploring the rooms.

INT. WEDDING DRESS ROOM - DAWN 84A

She wanders into a large room filled with mannequins dressed in dusty ball gowns.

She wanders around wistfully, full of curiosity. She picks out one of the dresses puts it on and stands there, the mannequins surrounding her like a family tableau.

INT. SEBASTIAN LABORATORY - DAWN 84B

Sebastian is asleep, Kaiser Wilhelm his mouth clamped open is propped up next to him.

Pris wanders in, studying the array of his equipment. She puts her eye to the stereoscope near Sebastian. It reveals a world of rare beauty. Landscapes, mountains etc.

She touches a button, a blue flash erupts.

PRIS  
Oh!

Sebastian is awakened.

SEBASTIAN  
Whatcha doin'.

PRIS  
I'm sorry, just peeking.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh.

Transfixed, Sebastian stares at her. If an improvement is possible, she looks even better now. Older and even sexier.

SEBASTIAN  
You look better.

PRIS  
Just better.

SEBASTIAN  
(blushing)  
Well... beautiful.

PRIS  
Thanks.

As they are talking, Batty enters the room.  
Pris sees him but does not register anything on her face.  
Sebastian does not hear or see him.

Pris studies Sebastian for a moment.

PRIS  
How old are you ?

SEBASTIAN  
Twenty.

PRIS  
What's your problem?

SEBASTIAN  
Methuselah Syndrome.

PRIS  
What's that's?

SEBASTIAN  
My glands. They grow old too fast.

PRIS  
Is that why you're still on earth?

SEBASTIAN

Yeah. Couldn't pass the medical. Anyway  
I kinda like it here.

A moment.

PRIS

And I like you just the way you are.  
Hi Roy.

Sebastian whips round. He is flanked a hair's breath away  
by Batty. The shock almost knocks him off his chair.

PRIS

This is my friend I was  
telling you about.

Batty smiles benevolently.

PRIS

Roy, this is my saviour, J.F. Sebastian.

There is a long silence whilst everyone stares at each  
other.

BATTY

Can't thank you enough, Mr. Sebastian.

Sebastian, still uneasy begins to smile.

BATTY

You certainly have a nice place.

BATTY looks around admiringly. Sebastian mumbles some-  
thing that sounds like "Thank you".

PRIS

Sebastian doesn't go out too much.

BATTY

I like a man who stays put. An admirable  
thing to be able to sustain yourself  
in these times. You live here all by  
yourself, do you ?

SEBASTIAN

Yes....

(after a moment)  
How about some breakfast, I was just  
going to make some.

CUT TO

INT DECKARD'S BEDROOM - MORNING 85

Deckard wakes up groggily. His face hurts. He touches  
the puffy purple bruises. He touches the lip and winces.  
He looks around stupid with sleep, orienting himself.

He sits up... tries to remember. Was she here ? Were they  
talking ? He must have dozed off. He gets up laboriously,  
painfully and limps out of the bedroom still in yesterday's  
clothes.

CUT TO

INT. DECKARD'S LIVING ROOM MORNING 86

Rachael is sitting stone silent at the piano, staring at a  
picture of Deckard and his Father above the keyboard.

Shadows brush across her, then Deckard is there, close to  
her, looking to see what's got her attention.

DECKARD  
Me and my Dad.

RACHAEL  
Do you love him?

DECKARD  
He's dead.

Rachael indicates the picture of Deckard's wife.

DECKARD  
Wife.

RACHAEL  
Do you love her ?

DECKARD  
She left me.

(pause)  
Went offworld.  
Wanted the good life.

RACHAEL  
You didn't?

Deckard changes the subject.

DECKARD  
I dreamt music.

Rachael answers his comment by touching the keys and filling the room abruptly with music.

Deckard [...]

RACHAEL  
I didn't know if I could play.  
( pause)  
I remember lessons.... but I  
don't know if I took them... or  
Tyrell's niece.

She stops doesn't finish the thought, goes on playing for a long moment.

DECKARD  
You play fine.

Suddenly she stops playing and turns to him. All you can hear is the CLOCK TICKING.

RACHAEL  
Am I very different?

DECKARD  
Yeah.

RACHAEL  
How?

Her voice is small. Something very young about her. She looks up at him for the first time.

DECKARD

Stand up.

She does. She's looking up at him with those big mermaid eyes and he kisses her mouth. And then again. She doesn't respond. His voice is a whisper.

DECKARD  
Now you kiss me.

She does -- but it's self conscious...

RACHAEL  
I can't rely on my memory to...

He stops her with another kiss.

DECKARD  
Say what I say.

She nods. His voice intimate, low.

DECKARD  
Kiss me.

RACHAEL  
Kiss me.

He does, soft, wet, tender. He backs off -- magnetic, palpable energy growing up between them.

DECKARD  
My eyes.

RACHAEL  
Kiss my eyes.

She closes them. He kisses each fluttering lid.

She's catching on quick. Her lips are right there.

DECKARD  
I want you.

RACHAEL  
I want you.

DECKARD  
Again.

RACHAEL  
I want you.

Her face is flushed. His fingers go to her mouth -- slowly over her lips and inside, into the wetness. her head is leaning back, eyes shut.

RACHAEL  
Bite me.

His mouth goes to her neck, her ear. His teeth evoke a shiver and a gasp as they take her flesh. Her breath is coming faster.

RACHAEL  
Put your hands on me.

He rakes his fingers through her hair and pulls her into him. His other hand molding and pressing her, working around her body and under into the privacy of her dress.

RACHAEL  
Shall I take off my clothes?

DECKARD  
Oh Yeah.

He's kissing her hard, deep, soft. She's hardly able to talk she's so excited.

RACHAEL  
Do whatever you want to me.

He is and her legs can no longer hold her and she's sinking to the floor in his arms moaning, their words obscured by kisses.

CUT TO

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 87

Pris is staring out the window, watching.

Batty lies quietly on the couch, rubbing one of his hands.

Sounds emanate from the kitchen.

Batty gets up and goes to a chess set in the corner of the room, a game is obviously in progress. Batty studies it for a moment, then moves the White Queen to the Bishop.

Pris walks over to him. Her tone muted but demanding.

PRIS  
Well?

Batty finds her attitude amusing, which makes her even more pugnacious.

PRIS  
I want to know what's going on ?

BATTY  
There's only two of us left.

Pris is shocked. Her whisper comes out a hiss.

PRIS  
Then we're stupid and we'll die.

BATTY  
Not if everybody is doing their job here at home. How are things at home ?

Pris doesn't answer, as they hear Sebastian coming out of the kitchen.

PRIS  
What if he won't co-operate ?

BATTY  
Mr. Sebastian is a host who wants to be appreciated. We'll appreciate him and he'll co-operate.

Sebastian walks into the room with a tray. He takes some eggs and puts them into a glass flask full of bubbling

water that is standing on a retort stand over a bunsen burner on his work bench.  
He notices the move on the chess set.

SEBASTIAN

No. The Knight takes the Queen, see ?  
It won't do.

He takes the White Queen with the Black Knight.

Batty smiles a smile totally without feeling or interest.

Sebastian stares at Batty for a long moment, then at Pris.

BATTY

Why are you staring at us ?

SEBASTIAN

You're just so... so different.

Batty nods his head smiling, sending home the fact and Sebastian is certainly getting it.

BATTY

What Sebastian ?

A long pause.

PRIS

What makes you think so, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Well, you're ...so perfect.

Sebastian is grinning from ear to ear.

SEBASTIAN

What generation are you ?

BATTY

Nexus 6.

Sebastian whistles.

To the couch. Batty couldn't be more pleased.

SEBASTIAN  
I know because I do genetic design work  
for the Tyrell Corporation.  
(proudly)  
There's some of me in you !

BATTY  
We have a lot in common.

SEBASTIAN  
What do you mean ?

BATTY  
We have similar problems.  
Accelerated decrepitude.  
(or)  
Like the fabled salmon we came home to die.  
But we don't want to die quite yet.

SEBASTIAN  
Of course not..... Could you....

His voice is trembling.

SEBASTIAN  
Show me something.

BATTY  
Like what ?

SEBASTIAN  
Like... anything?

Like a million things, but he's too excited to think  
of one.

BATTY  
We're not computers, Sebastian, we're  
physical.

Pris perks up proudly.

PRIS  
I think, therefore I am.

BATTY

Very good Pris. Now show him why.

Without a moment's hesitation, Pris walks over to the flask, sticks her hands into the boiling water and pulls out one of the eggs and hands it to Sebastian.

Sebastian is riveted, his eyes wide and astounded, like he's just seen the devil. He laughs nervously, glad that the devil is a friend. Then drops the egg which is suddenly burning his hand.

BATTY

You could help us.

SEBASTIAN

I don't know much about biomechanics  
Roy, I wish I did, but you're out of  
my league.

BATTY

If we don't find help soon, Pris  
hasn't got long to live.

Batty walks back to the chess set.

BATTY

Is he good ?

SEBASTIAN

Who?

BATTY

Your opponent.

SEBASTIAN

Dr. Tyrell.... More than brilliant.  
He's a genius. He's the Einstein  
of genetics.

BATTY

Maybe he can help us, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

I'd be happy to mention it to him.

BATTY

Be better if I could talk to him in person. But he's not an easy man to get to.

SEBASTIAN

No.

Batty leans forward and looks right into Sebastian's eyes.

BATTY

Will you help us ?

SEBASTIAN

I...I.. can't.

He gets up and walks slowly over to Pris.

PRIS

We really need you Sebastian, you're our best and only friend.

A smile begins to spread across Sebastian's face. She is irresistible. He sits there for a long moment enjoying her embrace.

Batty leans back nodding in gratitude.

BATTY

I'm sure glad you found us, Sebastian. What do you thin, Pris ?

PRIS

I don't think there's another human being in this whole world who would have helped us.

Pris gives Sebastian a big kiss.

INT. HOSPITAL (DAY) 88

A horrid image! Tight on Holden very tight. His eyes are bulging almost out of his head. Tears streaming down his face, spittle spraying from his mouth as he wheezes and grimace in horrid convulsions. Haw haw haw. We're going to figure out that he's laughing, but only

after a moment, after we pull back wide enough to see he's still engulfed in the breather and necklaced with blinking lights, one of which blinks particularly violently with every wheeze.

HOLDEN

Cut it... ha, ah, ah.. cut it a haw,  
ah ah... cut it out.. Deckard.  
You're... ah... making me... peeeeee.  
Looka the... ah, haw, light...  
you're making me piss, you... ass  
hole.

Deckard looks uncomfortable and horrified.

DECKARD

Sorry.

HOLDEN

Eeeeeeee... haw, ahw, ha. Hee...  
he... Hit you with a... ah. Ah.  
Snake... Oh Jesus! Aaaah. Stark  
... Stark naked... Ah, ah oh ah...  
I love it.

DECKARD

I thought you'd go for the part  
about the big guy... Leon.

Holden's eyes change mood immediately at the thought of Leon but the laughter has to continue like a wind-up toy running down. Finally he can talk again.

HOLDEN

You aired him... what's funny  
about that?

DECKARD

Revenge. I thought you'd...

Holden interrupts, no longer amused.

HOLDEN

You don't revenge a machine,  
asshole! Your slicer cuts your  
finger, whaddya do? Punish it?

Holden looks at Deckard and lets his wisdom sink in.

HOLDEN

You can't make a 'thing' feel  
sorry, Deck.

DECKARD

They're different, the new ones.  
That big one... he... it had  
feelings.

Holden glares at Deckard for a long moment.

HOLDEN

Whatja do? Fuck it?

DECKARD

Huh? Wh-what? Who who?

Deckard is alarmed. The secret is out.

HOLDEN

The tit job, the one with the  
snake. You stuck it in, didn't  
ya?

Deckard is immensely relieved and confused.

DECKARD

Uh... no... I mean... uh.

HOLDEN

You made zig zig, then you aired  
her out, now you got conscience,  
right?

Deckard is smug, sure of himself. He knows the score.  
As he pontificates we CUT and suddenly we are seeing  
him on a TV screen.

CUT TO:

INT. BRYANT'S OFFICE - DAY 89

A TV monitor FILLS THE SCREEN. Holden is continuing to  
lecture Deckard on the TV screen.

HOLDEN

You got the feelings, pal, not her.  
You fucked a washing machine...  
then you switched it off. So what?  
You cry when you turn the lights  
out at night?

Now we see Bryant. He's sitting in a chair chewing a  
big cigar and glaring at the screen.

BRYANT

It's pitiful is what it is. A  
couple of old blade runners trying  
to grapple with metaphysics... You  
gonna turn out that way, Gaff?

GAFF

I piss on metaphysics. My middle  
name is 'death.' See this foot...  
(holds up his foot)  
... completely lethal! Savate!  
French foot fighting. See these  
hands...!

Bryant interrupts the display, unimpressed.

BRYANT

You think he knows where she is?

GAFF

(shrugs)

Maybe. Maybe not. Deckard's a  
deep one. You gimme the  
promotion, maybe I'll find her.  
If I get a promotion...

BRYANT

Shut up!

Bryant is looking back at the screen, intensely inter-  
ested.

On the screen Holden is wheezingly explaining something  
to Deckard.

HOLDEN

... then they bust into the record room at the Tyrell Corp... that doesn't work! They put that big bozo... whatsitsname...

DECKARD  
Leon.

HOLDEN  
... they put him in to infiltrate Tyrell Corp... that doesn't work! They go after that eye designer, the Chinaman...

DECKARD  
Chew.

HOLDEN  
... that doesn't work!

Bryant is all attention, staring at the screen in suspense.

Gaff is watching, too.

DECKARD  
Work! Whaddaya mean 'work.'

HOLDEN  
Don't you see what they're after, who they're looking for?

On the screen Deckard frowns and shakes his head.

DECKARD  
No. Who?

Bryant is on the edge of his seat.

HOLDEN  
God!

Bryant stares at the screen dumbfounded. Then his jaw sags open in disbelief.

BRYANT

God!

Gaff shakes his head, smirking.

GAFF  
Metaphysics.

BRYANT  
God?

Bryant looks about to erupt.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S CAR 89A

All we see at first is the Esper screen which features the strangest face ever seen.. it's lines are weirdly oscillating and the face itself is strangely anonymous and flickering. It is in fact thousands of faces flashing on the screen sequentially at the rate of fifty per second.

Deckard is watching the screen.

A bunch of dwarfs run past the car.

INT. DECKARD'S CAR 89AA

Deckard is in the dark, suddenly a spinner appears, flashing lights across Deckard's Face.

The Dwarfs run away.  
A PA System blares out.

SPINNER  
This sector was closed to ground traffic  
10 minutes ago. What are you doing here ?

DECKARD (on intercom to Spinner)  
Working. What are you doing ?

SPINNER  
Don't be a smart ass.

DECKARD

This is Deckard. Blade Runner. I'm  
filed and monitored.

SPINNER

Hold on... checking.....

Deckard punches up.

SPINNER

Alright you're clear. Keep up the  
good work.

Deckard punches a number of vid-phone. Waits.

On the VIDPHONE screen (not the Esper Screen) Dr. Schlecht  
suddenly appears, answering the call.

DR. SCHLECHT

Guten Abend.

DECKARD

Dr. Hermann Schlecht..

DR. SCHLECHT

Ja.

Deckard has shoved his badge in front of the lens.

Schlecht squints, inspecting the badge that must be appearing  
on his vid screen.

DECKARD

You are Senior Vice President  
of the Tyrell Corporation.

Dr. Schlecht nods.

DECKARD

You have dix huit clearance at  
Tyrell. Right ?

DR. SCHLECHT.

Yes.

DECKARD

How many other employees have the same clearance.

DR. SCHLECHT

Four, including Dr. Tyrell and myself.

DECKARD

The others ?

SCHLECHT

Dr. Chew and J.F. Sebastian

DECKARD

Sebastian ?

SCHLECHT

Yes. J.F. Sebastian.

DECKARD

I want you to authorise access to your personnel files. Put it on Esper.

SCHLECHT

Now ? Do you know what time it is ?

DECKARD

J.F. Sebastian employment and personal information.

SCHLECHT

Punch in your Esper code please.

Deckard punches Schlecht out and punches in Esper.

DECKARD

Coming in. Night Doc.

OMIT 89B

OMIT 89C

INT. DECKARD'S CAR 89CC

The Esper screen reveals a single face SEBASTIAN.

Information and data blare out.

ESPER

J.F. Sebastian. AMAPT 46751.

Designer, Age 27, hobbies

Grand Master Chess Player..

Clearance.....

Deckard punches the telephone number on the vid phone.

On the vid-phone a strange out of focus face looks startled.

It's Pris.

DECKARD

Hi.... J.F. there ?

PRIS

Who's this ?

DECKARD

An old friend of his.

Pris looks for a moment then puts down the phone.

DECKARD

That's no way to treat a friend.

As the vid phone goes blank one of the dwarfs jumps on to the hood of Deckard's car.

Deckard starts up the car, screeches forward and the dwarf falls off onto the street.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT 89D

On the vid screen is an off kilter shot of Deckard looking surprised.

CUT TO

INT. DECKARD'S CAR 89E

Deckard punches the vid screen. It is bright again with

playback. Pris out of focus, weirdly framed, staring into the lens. Then it disconnects.

Instantly Deckard replays it again, slows the image [...]  
Pris frozen out of focus.

CUT TO

EXT. TYRELL CORP. - SUNSET 90

The huge pyramid looms over the industrial landscape backed by a gorgeous sunset sky of polluted reds.

Looking closer, we can see an elevator gliding up the steep slope of the pyramid toward the apex.

CUT TO:

OMIT 91

OMIT 92

EXT. PYRAMID - NIGHT 92A

The elevator is whizzing up the slope of the pyramid.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 92B

Sebastian and Batty are in the elevator, numbers flashing on their faces as they shoot up toward the 800th floor.

Sebastian looks uneasy.

Suddenly the elevator comes to an abrupt halt, lights flash a buzzer sounds and a VOICE emanates from a speaker.

SPEAKER

Quinzieme Bleu... cinquante.  
You have six seconds. Counting!  
Uno.. due... tre...

Sebastian is frantically fumbling through a stack of magnetic cards he's pulled from his pocket, as the counting goes on simultaneously in six different languages.

batty is watching Sebastian fumble with the cards.

SPEAKER

... cuatro.. quince.... seis.....

Batty reaches out impatiently and takes a card, inserts it.

The voice stops, the lights go out, the elevator starts up again.

Sebastian gives Batty a funny look.

The Speaker voice interrupts again.

SPEAKER

Seven hundred up.... Tyrell Corporation.  
Purpose of visit please.

Sebastian looks at Batty nervously.

Batty gives a metallic smile.

SEBASTIAN

Pawn to King Three.

SPEAKER

Pawn to King Three.

Sebastian looks worried.

CUT TO

INT. TYRELL'S BEDROOM -NIGHT 92C

Tyrell is lying in a huge bed muttering into a computer device.

TYRELL

Note to pantry milk still to hot.  
300,000 of Tsin Tsin Vinyl; ...sell.  
Sixty six thousand Prosser and  
Ankopitch trade at...

SPEAKER

Quinzieme Blue entry. A Mr. J.F.

Sebastian, one-six-four-one-seven.

TYRELL  
At this hour!

SPEAKER  
Purpose of visit... Queen to  
Bishop six. Check!

TYRELL  
Check....nonsense! Wait a  
minute! Wait a minute!

Tyrell is frowning, gets out of bed and walks to his board.

TYRELL  
Ridiculous. Knight takes Queen.  
Ha! Tell him to go home.

Tyrell smirks.

SPEAKER  
Bishop to King Seven. Mate!

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 92D

SPEAKER  
Knight takes Queen.

Sebastian doesn't hesitate.

SEBASTIAN  
Bishop to King Seven. Mate!

Batty's eyes glow. A long pause.

Suddenly the doors of the elevator opens.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 93

Tyrell is standing at the chess board in his nightgown

staring at the pieces in a fit of concentration. He doesn't look up at the sound of footsteps.

SEBASTIAN

I...uh.... I brought a friend.

Tyrell looks alarmed.

Batty is standing in the shadows.

Tyrell is reaching for a tasseled bell pull that hangs over his bed.

Batty's eyes are like little coals glowing.

Warned by the look, Tyrell abandons the bell pull and reaches under the sheets for something.

BATTY

To act without understanding  
could lead to the very thing  
the act seeks to avoid.

What's in Batty's eyes completes the warning.

Tyrell decides to heed it. If he's scared though, he does a good job of concealing it.

TYRELL

I'm surprised you didn't come  
here sooner.

Batty moves closer to the bed and the dogs slink away, scared toothless.

BATTY

It's not an easy thing to meet  
your Maker.

TYRELL

And what can He do for you?

Batty sits on the end of Tyrell's bed.

BATTY

Can the Maker repair what He makes?

TYRELL

Would you like to be modified?

BATTY

Had mind something a little more radical.

TYRELL

What's the problem?

BATTY

Death.

TYRELL

I'm afraid that's a little out of my...

Batty leans close across the sheets and cuts in in an urgent whisper.

BATTY

I want more life, fucker.

Sebastain looks alarmed.

Tyrell faces Batty with admirable cool. After a tense pause, the old man slides away from Batty and out of bed. He's wearing a long night shirt and he looks a little silly. He looks down at Batty who's still sitting on the bed and addresses him as a professor addresses a pupil.

TYRELL

The facts of life. I'll be blunt. To make an alteration in the evolution of an organic life system, at least by men, makers or not, is fatal. A coding sequence can't be revised once it's established.

BATTY

Why?

TYRELL

Because by the second day of incubation any cells that have undergone reversion mutation give rise to revertant colonies -- like rats leaving a sinking ship.  
The ship sinks.

BATTY

What about E.M.S. recombination?

TYRELL

We've already tried it -- ethyl methane sulfonate is an alkylating agent and a potent mutagen -- it created a virus so lethal the subject was destroyed before we left the table.

Tyrell doesn't notice the subtle flicker of suspicion on Batty's face... like maybe Batty's not buying all this.

BATTY

Then a repressor protein that blocks the operating cells.

TYRELL

Wouldn't obstruct replication, but it does give rise to an error in replication so that the newly formed DNA strand carries a mutation and you've got a virus again... but all this is academic... you are made as well as we could make you.

BATTY

But not to last?

Batty's expression doesn't reveal whether Tyrell has allayed his suspicions as Tyrell approaches Batty (sitting on the edge of the bed) and puts a fatherly hand on Batty's shoulder.

TYRELL

The light that burns twice as bright burns half as long. And you have burned so very, very

brightly, Roy.

Batty looks up at "Father" Tyrell, Tyrell is swelling with pride.

TYRELL

The best of all possible replicants.  
We're proud of our prodigal son...  
glad you've returned. You're quite  
a prize.

Batty looks down in a sudden, uncharacteristically humble posture and speaks with guilt in his voice.

BATTY

I've done questionable things.

TYRELL

Also extraordinary things. --

BATTY

Nothing the God of bio-mechanics  
wouldn't let you in heaven for.

Tyrell in a burst of camaraderie, decides to give laughing a try and comes out with a little titter.  
After all, Roy Batty, that swell replicant is about to embrace him. Everything's gonna be okay after all.  
Batty gets up from the bed and puts his hands around Tyrell's face.

CRACK! Tyrell's skull cracks like dry wood.

Sebastian stares in horror.

SQUISH! Batty squashes the head in a gruesome moment.

Tyrell slumps to the floor like empty clothes.

Batty looks at the remains with disgust.

BATTY

Revertant colonies! Methane sulfate!  
Bright lights!

Batty turns to Sebastian.

Sebastian looks like a heart attack.

Batty's eyes glow with fury.

Sebastian cowers.

OMIT 94

OMIT 95

EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 95A

The tiny elevator whizzes down the huge nighttime pyramid.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 95B

Lights flash, the buzzer sounds and the elevator stops.  
The speaker crackles.

SPEAKER

Dix huitieme Rouge. 18 Red.  
You have ten seconds.  
Counting!  
Un... de.....

CLICK! Batty slaps one of Sebastian's many cards into  
the slot almost instantly.

The lights go off, the elevator hums again.

Batty is alone, solemn. The numbers reflect on his face.

CUT TO

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 96

The spinner comes down in a whirlwind of garbage blown  
up from the street.

Deckard gets out and looks at the building.

CUT TO

INT. LOBBY/SEBASTIAN'S - NIGHT 97

Deckard steps cautiously into the gloom and looks around.

The shadow areas look dangerous. The place looks vacant.

Deckard pulls his blaster out.

DECKARD  
Mr. Sebastian?

No answer. His voice echoes in the emptiness.

Deckard walks across the dark lobby, stepping around the  
heaps of trash, his footfalls echoing noisily in the silence.

CUT TO

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 98

Pris is pacing nervously around the room.

INT. STAIRWELL/SEBASTIAN'S BUILDING - NIGHT 99

Deckard is at the foot of the gloomy stairwell looking  
up. He can hear faint noises... very eerie.

Cautiously he begins to climb, blaster ready.

The noises continue.

CUT TO

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 100

Pris is lurking in the shadows like a vampire, she hears  
footsteps.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 101

Deckard is several flights up now, listening to the eerie  
noises.

He starts up, stumbles on a piece of masonry.

The masonry clatters noisily down the stairwell.

Deckard freezes blaster ready.

CUT TO

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 102

Pris is alert listening to the clattering echo die.  
She frowns. Is it Batty?

INT. STAIRWELL = NIGHT 103

Deckard cautiously starts to climb again, tiptoeing,  
blaster ready.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 104

A shadowy hallway cluttered with debris.. spooky.

Nothing moves.

Then we catch the sight of something. Deckard ! He enters  
the hallway, pressed flat against a wall , weapon up.

Very carefully he slides along the wall.

We can see a doorway ahead of him, the door to Sebastian's  
apartment.

He moves to the door. It's open a crack. He peeks in.

The apartment seems empty.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 105

Deckard inches the door open, blaster ready. He looks  
around warily studying the apartment. He sees nothing  
moving.

He levels his blaster, arm extended full out cop-style,  
as he ventures deeper into the apartment.

Suddenly a noise behind him makes him spin, blaster pointed.  
A mouse runs across the floor.

Deep breath.

WHUMP! Pris drops on Deckard from above and wraps her bare thighs around his neck as she takes him down.

Deckard finds himself choking to death in bare thighs as she applies a brutal scissors grip with her legs. All he can do is bite at the flesh near her crotch as he fights for air and life.

Pris might look like a punk waif but she's a powerful replicant and Deckard is [...] falls from his hand as he writhes and [...] his body.

Finally he gets his head loose and gasps for air but she is immediately sitting on his chest and he looks up into her furious face and flailing fists.

Deckard grabs at her trying to fight her off, tears her tank top loose, exposing one breast, but a lot of good that does him.

Pris starts to choke Deckard with one hand and Deckard's only hope is to grasp blindly for his blaster on the floor.

His hand paws wildly... he can't look... in the general area, and when he feels it he grabs it. He struggles to point it at her.

DECKARD  
Please! I don't want...

She catches his gun wrist and he fires a shot wildly.

BOW! Masonry erupts on the ceiling.

Deckard struggles to point the weapon but she has his wrist in her replicant grip.

DECKARD  
Please! I don't want to kill you.

Fat chance! It doesn't look like he could if he wanted to. She's choking him with one hand, squeezing the weapon loose with the other.

Deckard, fighting for breath and life, gives a violent wrench and manages to bring the weapon to bear just long enough to squeeze off one shot.

BOW! Pris's left arm is torn away at the shoulder.

Pris's face erupts in fury as she clutches at the empty socket.

Deckard rolls free and tries to cover her.

DECKARD  
Please! I...

WHAP! She kicks him in the chest and he flies back into a wall.

She's advancing on him, kicking like some martial arts master... WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Deckard has to shoot or be kicked to death, he's already badly battered by her furious feet.

BOW! BOW! Pris is blown away [...] hits.

BOW! The third hit catches her in the back of the neck as she spins away from Deckard... and that's it, she goes down in a limp heap, leaving Deckard standing there, bloody and stupified.

He's still staring when he hears it... the drone of the elevator ascending.

Deckard frowns. He starts toward the door, reaching in his pocket as he goes and pulling out a cassette.

OMIT 106

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 106A

Deckard slams the cassette into his blaster as he steps  
intop the corridor and looks toward the sound.

He sees the elevator coming up.... glowing.

Deckard doesn't like this. He glances quickly as the  
various possible routes for escape.

Not the stairs.

Nothing else.

The lift is almost to Sebastian's floor.

Deckard retreats hastily into Sebastian's apartment.

CUT TO

OMIT 107

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 107A

Deckard steps into the room with Pris' body in it.

He hears the elevator stop. Then footsteps.

Deckard considers.

The footsteps are getting closer.

Deckard walks silently toward the other door leading into the  
next room and steps through it.

The footsteps keep coming.

And the breathing has started. Asthmatic, rasping.

CUT TO

OMIT ! 108

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT 108A

Deckard slides around the door and puts his back to the wall,

blaster ready.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT NIGHT 109

Deckard comes running into the lobby (hand held) through the billiard room and into the darkened area the other side of the billiard room and stands breathing heavily gun aimed towards the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 110

Batty's shadow appears in the doorway (Deckard's POV) he stares at Pris' dead body.

His body walks into the shadow.

Deckard fires, but Batty is faster, he ducks back and disappears.

Deckard's bullet smashes into the dresser in the bedroom, the mirror explodes.

Deckard runs into the billiard room.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT 111

He ducks back behind the wall.

Suddenly a hand comes tearing through the wall, and pulls Deckard's hand through.

Systematically, Batty breaks two of Deckard's fingers.

BATTY

For Pris... for Zhora....

Proud of yourself little man....

As Deckard screams, Batty puts the gun back in Deckard's broken hand and pushes it back through the hole.

Batty's head peers through the hole, and Deckard's fires at him grazing the side of his face and blowing off his ear.

Deckard starts running (hand held) through the rooms looking for an escape.

BATTY(OS)

Not very sporting to fire on  
an unarmed opponent. I thought  
you were supposed to be good...  
arent you the man.

CUT TO

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT 112

Batty in semi darkness is [...] streaming down in his from his wounds. He starts to daub his face with his own blood, like a commanche warrior. Then he starts to strip down - a tribal ritual.

INT. DARKENED ROOM (re-dressed lobby) ARMOIRE - NIGHT 113

Deckard runs into the darkened room. Rats scuttle across the floor.

He hears footsteps coming. There are no other exits.

He looks at the armoire. His only escape.

He runs to a table and with great pain bends his fingers back then runs to the armoire and starts to climb it.

Batty walks into the room looks up at Deckard and starts to laugh.

BATTY

Where are you going ?

Deckard continues towards the ceiling, the armoire starts to tilt, water drips on his head.

Thunder and lightning erupt.

INT. FLOOR B - TOILET - NIGHT 114

Deckard's head pops up through the floor next to an overflowing toilet.

All of a sudden he too starts to laugh, as he lays down on the floor, his laughter becoming hysterical.

He looks around for some tape and starts to wrap his broken fingers.

Suddenly, with a resounding crash Batty's head comes through the marble above the basin.

Deckard gets up and makes a run for the door at the end of the room, as Batty, animal like, starts slurping the water out of the basin.

Deckard pulls and tugs at the door, frantic with fear.

The other door opens and Batty walks in, as Deckard manages to open his door.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT 115

Two hundred objects (pigeons) burst out of the room into Deckard's face as he runs into the closed off room.

There is no way out except by the [...] proceeds to tear down.

BATTY

Now where are you going?

Deckard climbs out the window, as Batty watches.

EXT. ROOF - WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT 117/120

Deckard slowly eases himself around the window ledge and edges his way around to a cornice.

Batty appears at another window, as Deckard scrambles up the cornice and on to the roof, wind and rain hindering his climb.

EXT ROOF - NIGHT 121

Wind and rain. Deckard dashes onto the roof and looks frantically over his shoulder. Batty isn't in sight yet. He looks around desperately. The roof is a desert no shelter. Deckard looks across at the next building.

Suddenly a rooftop door opens and Batty steps out.

Deckard looks back at the next building. Is it possible ?  
A long jump. But what choice.

Decision time. Deckard decides to go. He runs directly  
towards Batty, turns, pumping like crazy, going for the gap.

CUT TO

EXT. THE ROOF - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT 122

Looking up from way below, two buildings loom into the  
dark with a gap between them and a tiny figure running  
like hell and... jumping!

Deckard leaps across the gap, flies through the air...  
almost makes it... catches a cornice on the second  
building... hangs many stories up over the street and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SECOND ROOF - NIGHT 123

Deckard hangs onto the cornice in the wind and rain.  
One hand is almost useless, the other's strained to  
the limit. He looks down. A long, long fall to the  
ground.

Deckard looks behind him, over his shoulder.

He can see Batty twenty feet away on the edge of the  
first roof, watching him.

Deckard is almost sobbing, holding on with everything  
he's got as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FIRST ROOF - NIGHT 124

Batty stands there watching Deckard hang.

Batty grins.

Then one of his hands cramps badly. He has to work the fingers open with effort.

He looks at Deckard again.

Batty walks back five yards, sprints quickly, and leaps as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT 125

From below we see the tiny figure of Batty as he leaps easily across the gap between the two looming skyscrapers and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SECOND ROOF - NIGHT 126

Deckard is hanging there as Batty lands not far from Deckard's desperate hands.

Batty looks down at Deckard.

Batty grins and takes a seat only a couple of feet from Deckard.

Deckard's bad hand lets go. He's hanging by one hand.

The street looms way below.

Deckard looks desperately into Batty's cold eyes.

Batty grins and shakes his head at the absurdity of it.

Deckard looks into that awful smile and sees no hope there.

Batty glances down at his own hand. Spasms again.

Deckard's hand is going. He knows it's over now, he bites the bullet of his anger. He glares at Batty as his grip gives way.

DECKARD  
Asshole!

Batty meets Deckard's angry eyes.

Deckard's hand continues to slip.

Batty is still looking at Deckard's rage, It moves the warrior in him, you can see Batty change his opinion.

Too late! Deckard's hand goes.

Batty's hand is like lightning. He catches Deckard's hand and holds Deckard.

Deckard is suspended above the awesome drop, not sure why he's not falling. He opens his tightly closed eyes and looks up.

He looks up into the stern warrior face of Batty, the cold eyes!

Deckard hangs there and for a moment he has to consider whether this is the continuation of a cruel game.

The Batty is hauling him up one-handed and with that scary strength he has.

Deckard is pulled onto the roof where he lies on his stomach gasping for breath, not moving, just feeling something solid under him.

Batty looks at the man gasping next to him with the cold eyes of a man looking at a fish. It is as though Deckard is some species far below Batty on the evolutionary scale.

Batty's hand cramps again.

Batty looks at it, almost with curiosity.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. THE SECOND ROOF (LATER) 127

Deckard is looking at Batty.

Batty is partly crumpled, frozen in an unnatural position as though he had been writhing and stopped mid-writhe. He looks back at Deckard with eyes full of life and intensity.

They stare at each other for a long time in silence, communicating something with their eyes... without expression. Finally Batty breaks the silence.

BATTY

I've seen things...

(long pause)

seen things you little people  
wouldn't believe... Attack ships  
on fire off the shoulder of Orion  
bright as magnesium... I rode on  
the back decks of a blinker and  
watched c-beams glitter in the dark  
near the Tanhauser Gate.

(pause)

all those moments... they'll be gone.

Batty holds Deckard's eyes like a hypnotist.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SECOND ROOF (A LITTLE LATER) 128

Batty is crumpled in a different position. It's lighter now and Batty's eyes are staring into infinity... almost lifelessly. A pigeon flutters down and perches on his shoulder. Batty doesn't stir.

Deckard is watching motionless.

The pigeon flies off.

Batty doesn't move. Alive or dead?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SECOND ROOF - DAWN 129

A more distant perspective. Deckard is a small figure

looking down at the dead body of Batty.

DECKARD (V.O.)

I watched him die all night. It was a long, slow thing and he fought it all the way. He never whimpered and he never quit. He took all the time he had... as though he loved life very much... every second of it... even the pain. Then he was dead.

EXT. ROOF - DAWN 130

The city is down there. Endless and gray in the first light.

Deckard's at the edge of the roof.

Maybe someday he'll be better. But right now he hasn't even got the energy to be sick.

The Mexican's voice doesn't surprise him, it comes through the silence like the rasping of raven's wings.

GAFF

How do you rate yourself, now Deckard ?

He is standing 20 feet away, on the edge of the roof, like a captain looking at the sea. Smarts as a rooster, he places a foot on the buttress....

GAFF

You put on quite a show - no doubt about it... [...]

With a flourish he brings a dirty rag out of his pocket and starts polishing the pointed tip of his long black shoe.

GAFF

You think I'm a wimp - don't you.

He waits for the answer. But Deckard doesn't bother.

Gaff moistens the rag with his tongue and applies it to the toe.

GAFF

I could kill you right now -  
so you better say something.

Deckard is unarmed. Gaff's got all the aces- seems to be  
bristling with concealed weapons. Deckard's eyes level on  
him. His voice comes out low and raw.

DECKARD

Yeah. I think you're a wimp.

Gaff nods like he knew it all along - it seems to please  
him.

GAFF

I admire you more and more.

Deckard exhales fatigue. His eyes close. The bullshit  
is endless. Gaff smiles like a beaver. Puts the rag back  
in his pocket.

GAFF

I guess you're through, huh.

Deckard doesn't answer.

GAFF

Washed up. Wiped out. Finished.

He cocks his head like a bluejay waiting for the answer.

GAFF

What about it.

DECKARD

Yeah. I'm through.

Somewhere far away a whistle blows. Then silence. Deckard  
turns. He is moving away. His back to the Mexican. Gaff's  
voice follows him. Taunting.

GAFF

You did [...]  
sure you are, man.

He snickers. His hand comes out of his pocket with a gun.

GAFF

It's hard to be sure who's who around  
here.

Deckard keeps walking.

GAFF

Carnall!

Deckard slowly turns.

Gaff shows him the gun. But it doesn't make any difference.

GAFF

Oye la agua.

Deckard stares. He doesn't know the words.

Ever the dandy, Gaff swaggers closer, stops.

GAFF

Here.

He throws the gun across the gap to Deckard.

Deckard doesn't try to catch it. It lands at his feet.

Gaff dismisses the rejection with a suck on his teeth.

GAFF

I wouldn't wait too long. I wouldn't  
fool around. I'd get my little panocha  
and get the hell outta here.

They just stare at each other. Gaff smiles.

GAFF

It's too bad, she don't last, eh!

The smile is real and a little sad.

GAFF

But who does.

Everybody knows the answer to that one.

The Mexican shrugs.

The light is brighter.

The gun gleams on the wet [...]

Deckard turns and walks.

CUT TO

OMIT 131

INT. DECKARD'S CORRIDOR - DAY 132

Deckard's FEET CLICK along the corridor as he approaches his door.

Near the door, on the floor, is a little tinfoil unicorn, the kind of sculpture Gaff has been crafting on previous occasions.

Deckard comes to the door, unlocks it, opens it.

He doesn't see the piece of sculpture on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 133

The room is dark and quiet as Deckard enters. You can hear the SOUND OF A BABY CRYING somewhere.

Deckard frowns, looks around.

The CLOCK TICKS. The BABY CRIES. Nothing moves.

DECKARD  
Rachael.

No answer.

Deckard looks concerned. He glances in the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DECKARD'S POV - DAY 134

He sees the same old mess.

Or did she clean it up?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 135

The bedroom is dark.

Deckard opens the door.

He sees something on the bed. Motionless. A body?

Deckard enters.

The CLOCK TICKS. The BABY SQUALLS in the distance.

Deckard goes close.

Rachael is on the bed. Completely motionless.

Deckard leans over her, very close, to see if she's breathing.

A long moment.

Then the tension goes out of him. She's alive. He turns away from her with a new urgency.

He pulls the blaster from his holster and goes to the dresser. He opens a drawer and pulls out a box of ammo. Opens it.

KACHUK! He slams a cartridge in the gun.

KACHUK! Another.

On the bed Rachael stirs, opens her eyes. KACHUK!

She sees an ominous sight. Deckard is loading his gun in the shadows near the dresser, his back to her.

KACHUK! He slams the last cartridge in.

DECKARD  
Do you love me?

He is looking at her in the mirror on the dresser. He has the gun in his hand.

She is looking at his back.

RACHAEL  
I love you.

Deckard holsters the gun without turning and pulls open another drawer.

DECKARD  
Do you trust me?

Deckard is pulling clothes out of the drawer, stuffing them hastily into a parachute bag.

RACHAEL  
I trust you.

Deckard turns and looks at her one hand full of clothes, the other hand holding the parachute bag.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 136

The door opens and Deckard and Rachael step out. They are carrying a couple of overnight cases.

Rachael starts toward the elevator.

Deckard locks the door and turns to follow her.

He spots something on the floor, something small.

He reaches down and picks it up.

It's the tiny unicorn made of tinfoil... Gaff's  
gauntlet.

Deckard looks at it for a moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVING TREES - DAY 137

Birch trees whip past at 160 miles per hour urged on  
by big, nasty MUSIC.

We have the feeling we are going to see a unicorn.

Instead we see Deckard's car rocketing through the  
woods.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S CAR - DAY 138

Deckard is at the wheel, Rachael is beside him.

Deckard smiles at her.

Rachael smiles back tentatively.

Deckard glances back at the road, then at the vid  
screen.

A little blip flashes on the screen.

Deckard notices it, his eyes narrow just a little. He  
reaches in his pocket, pulls out the unicorn.

Deckard puts the tinfoil unicorn on the dash.

A flicker of a smile crosses his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY 139

Deckard's car bullets through the woods in a fury of speed and MUSIC.

We BACK OFF IT AND UP, PAST whizzing branches, OVER the treetops, losing the car as we SOAR over what is suddenly a vast forest spreading to infinity.

Enormous MUSIC!

Deckard's voice over.

DECKARD (V.O.)

I knew it on the roof that night.  
We were brothers, Roy Batty and I!  
Combat models of the highest order.  
We had fought in wars not yet  
dreamed of... in vast nightmares  
still unnamed. We were the new  
people... Roy and me and Rachael!  
We were made for this world. It  
was ours!

Trees explodes PAST US in a rage of branches as we DIP and SWERVE and that's when the spinner looms INTO VIEW zooming RIGHT AT US, then tilting and yawing off in hot pursuit with Gaff at the controls.

CREDITS ARE ROLLING, God help us all!

FADE OUT.

THE END

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