

BLADE RUNNER

Screenplay by

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and

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NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE NUMBERS AND SOME "SCENE OMITTED" SLUGS. THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR THIS SOFT COPY.

android (an'droid) adj. Possessing human features - n.  
A synthetic man created from biological materials.  
Also called humanoid. (Late Greek androeidēs,  
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. parapsychical abilities. Developed for emigration program.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY  
New International (2012)

FADE IN:

EXT. HADES - DUSK

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

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

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

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

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, sit-  
ting 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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ CONCOURSE - NIGHT

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

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. Sid down, 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)

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)

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 tell me 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

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.. whaddya 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

A bleak morning.

CUT TO

EXT. SPINNER - MORNING

The police spinner is whizzing over the city.

CUT TO

INT. SPINNER - MORNING

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

INT. SPINNER - MORNING

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. SPINNER - MORNING

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

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

The spinner is in a holding pattern.

CUT TO:

INT. SPINNER - MORNING

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

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CONTINUED

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

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

The hotel is in a seedy part of town.

EXT. ANGLE ON DECKARD - NIGHT

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

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

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)

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)

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

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

Gaff is motionless.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

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)

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

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

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

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

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

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)  
Gimnee 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. Gimee 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-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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. AN ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

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

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)

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)

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

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (SHOT)

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

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (SHOT)

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

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

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT -NIGHT

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. NOODLE BAR - NIGHT

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

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

MICROSCOPIC VIEW - NIGHT

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, yeeeeeeeeessssss.  
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

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 supercilious 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

INT. TAFFEY'S SNAKE PIT BAR - NIGHT

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)  
Gimme 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

INT. TAFFEY'S BAR MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. THE CROWD - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

INT. DECKARD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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)

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

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

Deckard is snoring peacefully as the MUSIC ebbs and flows.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. CITYSCAPE DAWN

An ugly day is beginning to an eerie distortion of CHOPIN

CUT TO

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Nasty MUSIC a dismal looking building.

Do we see strange figures in overcoats from a distance.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BUILDING - DAWN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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)

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... peeeee.  
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

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 interested.

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 attentiiion, 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

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

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.

INT. DECKARD'S CAR

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

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

CUT TO

INT. DECKARD'S CAR

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

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:

EXT. PYRAMID - NIGHT

The elevator is whizzing up the slope of the pyramid.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

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 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

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

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

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.

EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The tiny elevator whizzes down the huge nighttime pyramid.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

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

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

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

Pris is pacing nervously around the room.

INT. STAIRWELL/SEBASTIAN'S BUILDING - NIGHT

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

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

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

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

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

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

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

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Deckard slams the cassette into his blaster as he steps into 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

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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)

Deckard is looking at Batty.

Batty is partly crumpled, frozen in an unnatural posi-

tion 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)

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

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

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

INT. DECKARD'S CORRIDOR - DAY

Deckard's FEET CLICK along the corridor as he  
approaches his door.

Near the door, on the floor, is a little tinfoil uni-  
corn, 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

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

He sees the same old mess.

Or did she clean it up?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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 explode 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