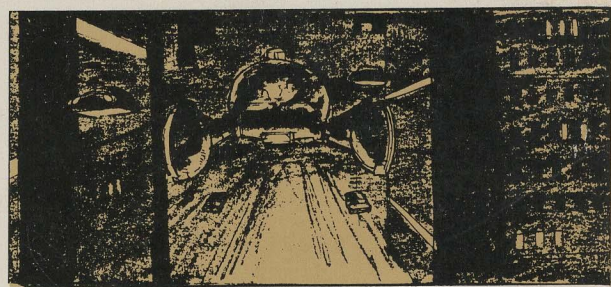


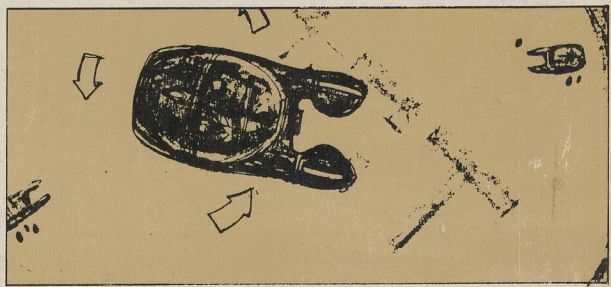
ISBN #0-943128-01-3 \$6.95 USA/\$7.95 CANADA



THE ILLUSTRATED BLADE RUNNER™



CONTAINS THE COMPLETE SCREENPLAY
BY HAMPTON FANCHER
AND
DAVID PEOPLES
BASED ON A NOVEL BY PHILIP K. DICK
FOREWORD BY RIDLEY SCOTT



Also Available from Blue Dolphin Enterprises

BLADE RUNNER Sketchbook

BLADE RUNNER Portfolio



4887 Ronson Ct., San Diego, CA 92111



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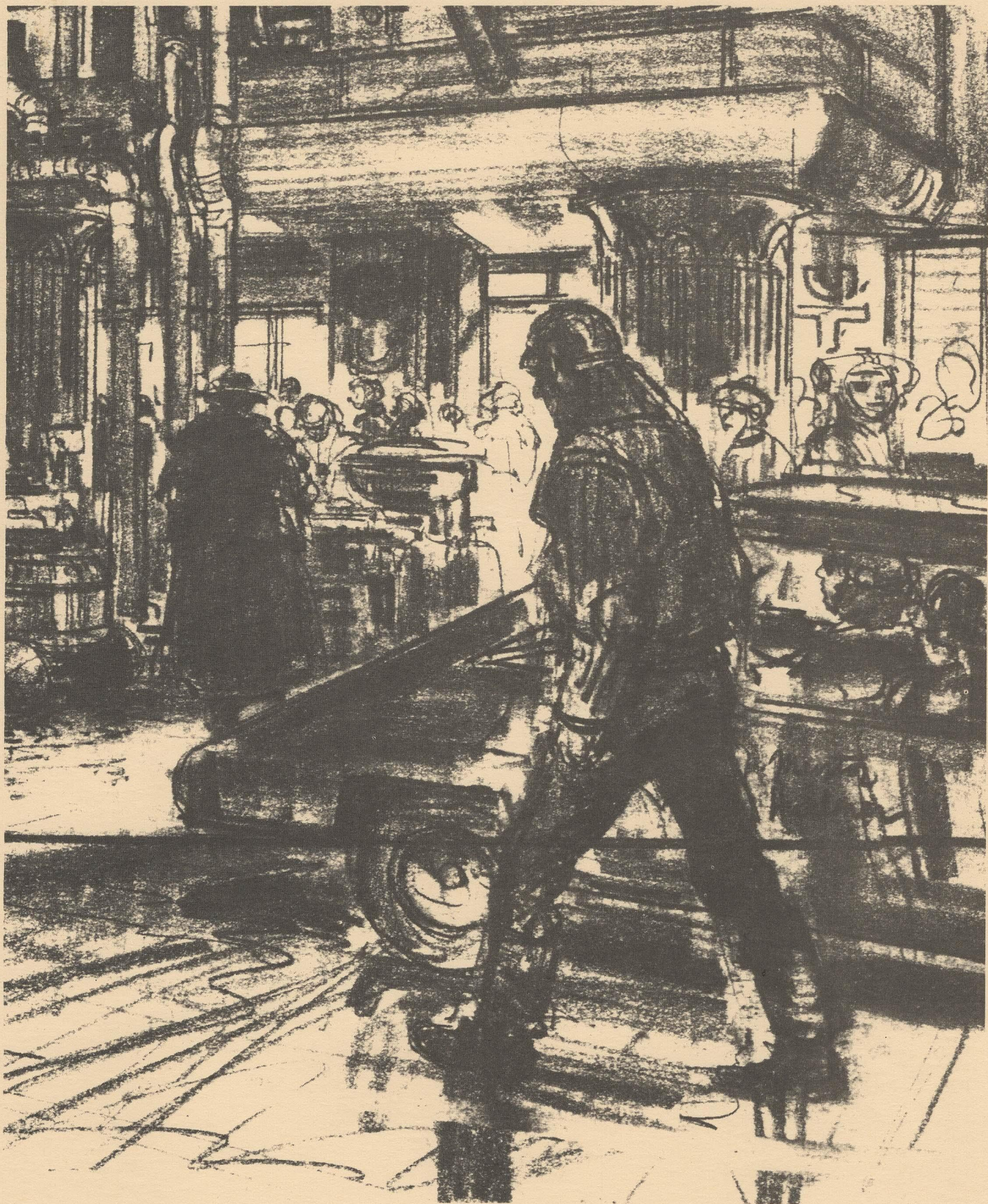
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FOREWORD

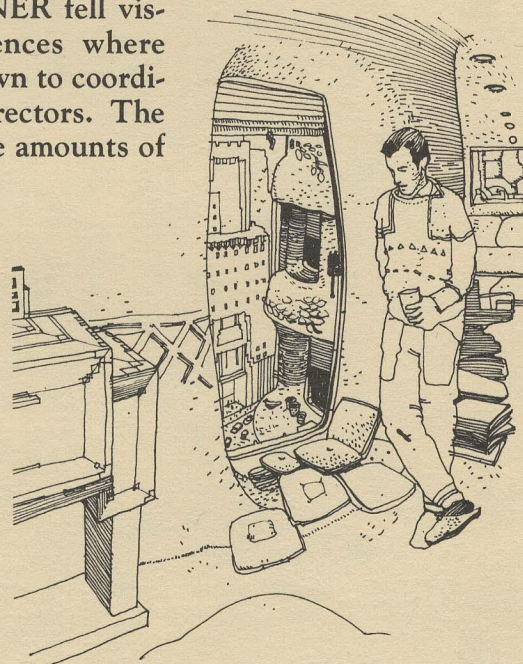
You have the magic of words in front of you and your imagination is flying. You are to create a futuristic environment, intricately detailed with special effects which is to be the backdrop for an action-packed detective film. An overpopulated polluted city complete with advanced architectural structures, sophisticated futuristic tools of the sleuthing trade and flying “spinner” vehicles must be conceptualized in order to compile the overall look of the film.

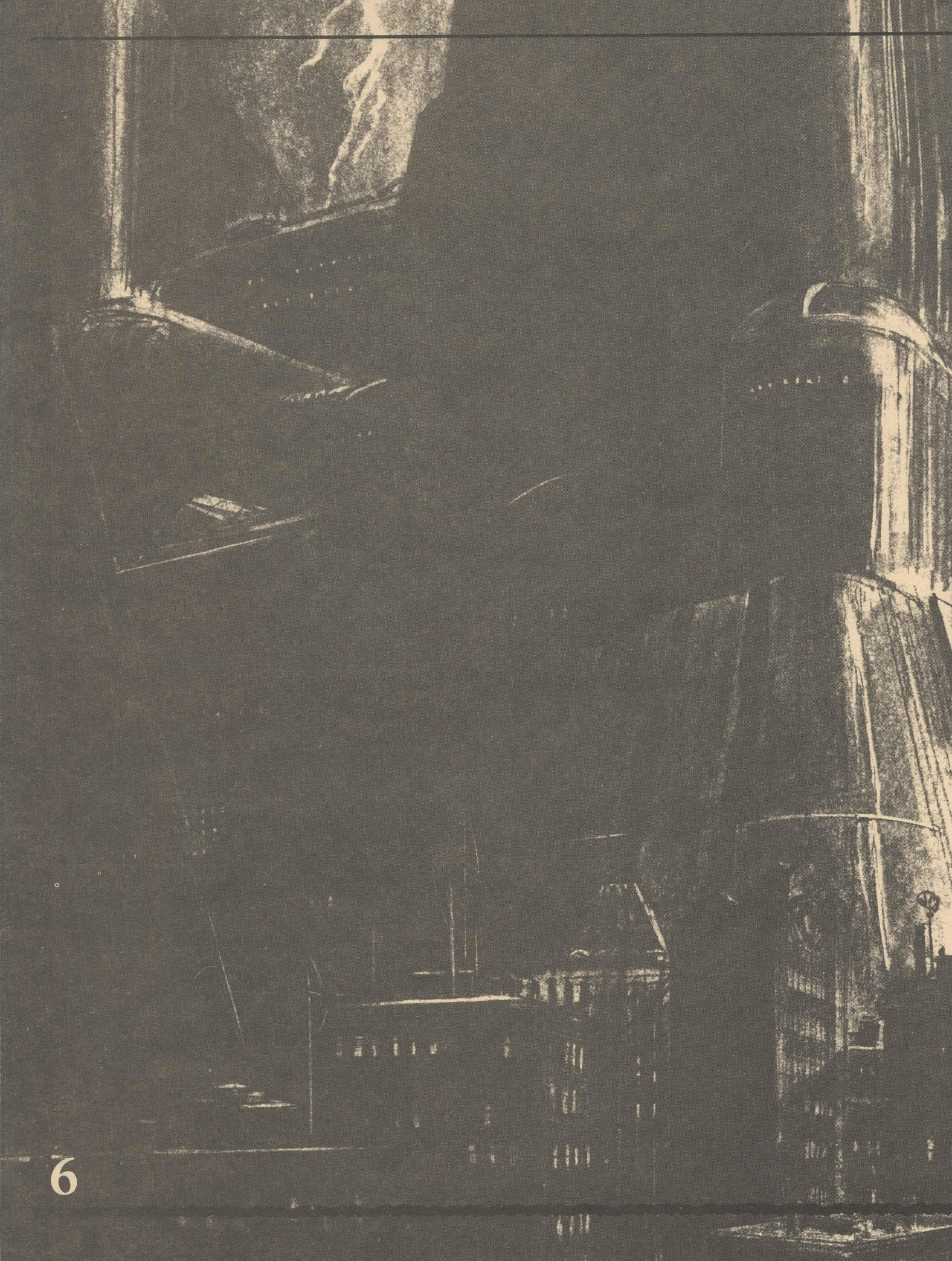
The wheels of production move forward with storyboard illustrations, a series of rough drawings depicting consecutively the important changes of scene and action, frame by frame, in the film. These cartoon-like illustrations, each worth more than 1,000 words, map out the course for the design work ahead.

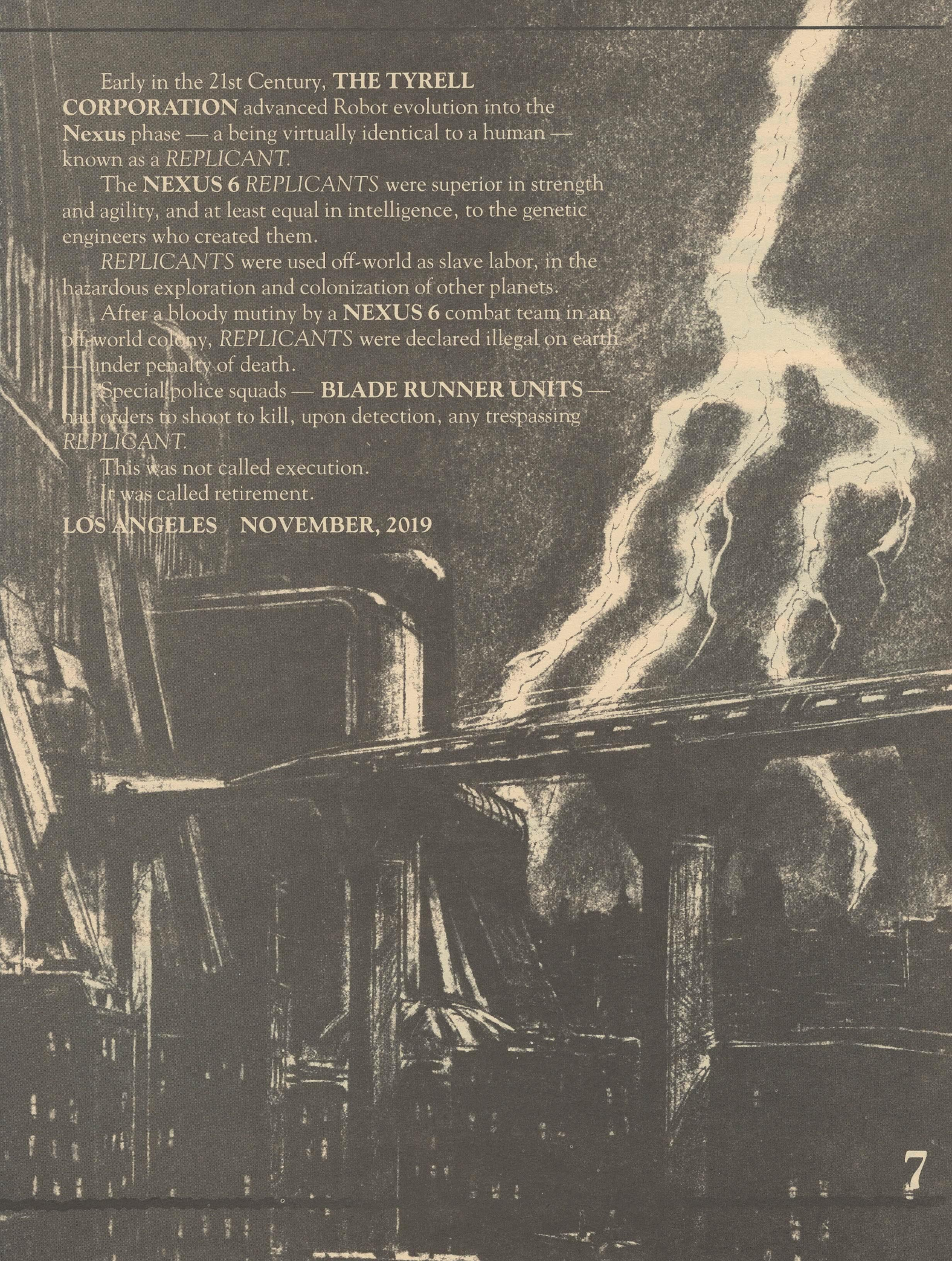
As oftentimes is the case, the entire motion picture was not storyboarded. Only those scenes laden with special effects or complicated visuals were carefully drawn out using this process. What seems at first overwhelming to film, slowly takes shape frame by frame in storyboards. For instance, the chase scene between Deckard and Batty, the extremely fast and powerful combat model, combines intricate visuals with little dialogue. The design and camera work ideas for these visuals could only be communicated effectively through storyboards.

Combining the artistic talents of many, *BLADE RUNNER* fell visually into place in a rough cartoon form. In sequences where storyboards were not called for, quick sketches were drawn to coordinate the work of the production designer and art directors. The existence of storyboards and drawings save immeasurable amounts of time and provide a vivid goal to shoot for.

— RIDLEY SCOTT







Early in the 21st Century, **THE TYRELL CORPORATION** advanced Robot evolution into the **Nexus** phase — a being virtually identical to a human — known as a **REPLICANT**.

The **NEXUS 6 REPLICANTS** were superior in strength and agility, and at least equal in intelligence, to the genetic engineers who created them.

REPLICANTS were used off-world as slave labor, in the hazardous exploration and colonization of other planets.

After a bloody mutiny by a **NEXUS 6** combat team in an off-world colony, **REPLICANTS** were declared illegal on earth — under penalty of death.

Special police squads — **BLADE RUNNER UNITS** — had orders to shoot to kill, upon detection, any trespassing **REPLICANT**.

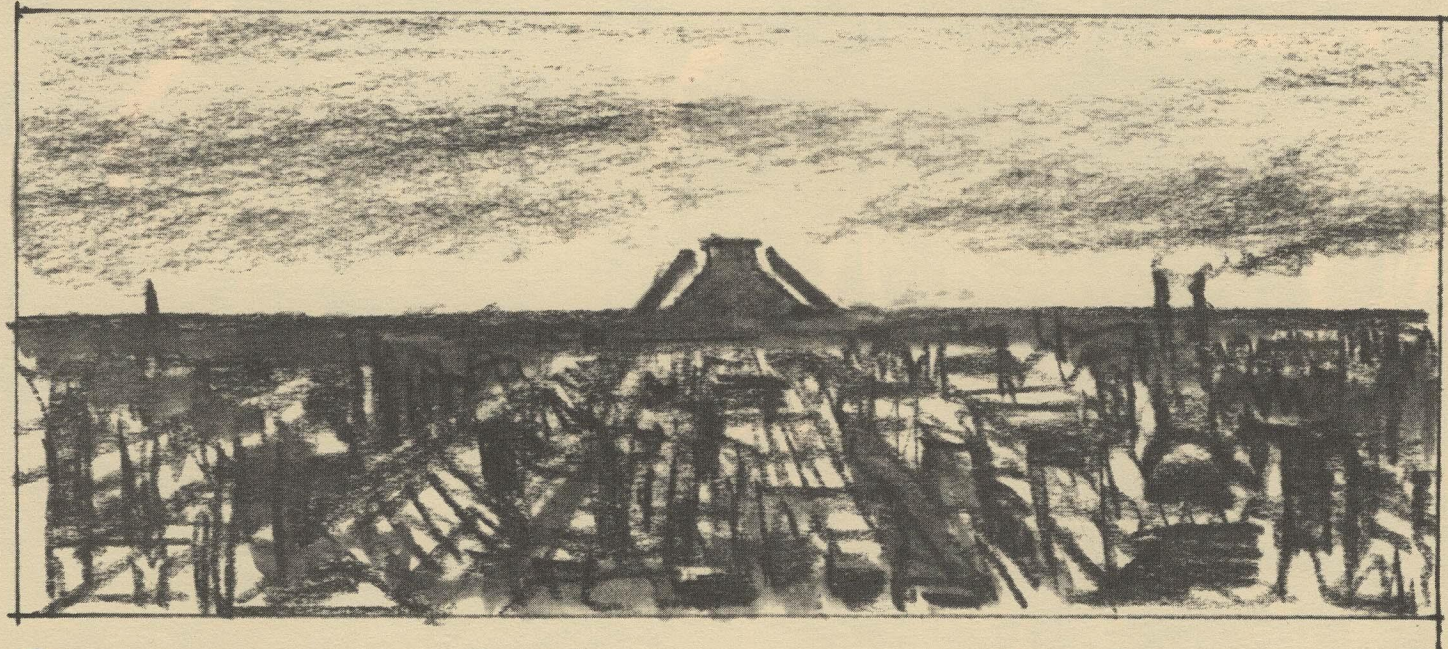
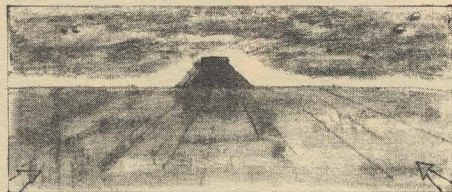
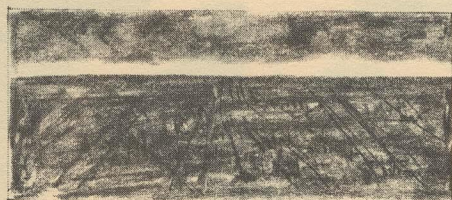
This was not called execution.

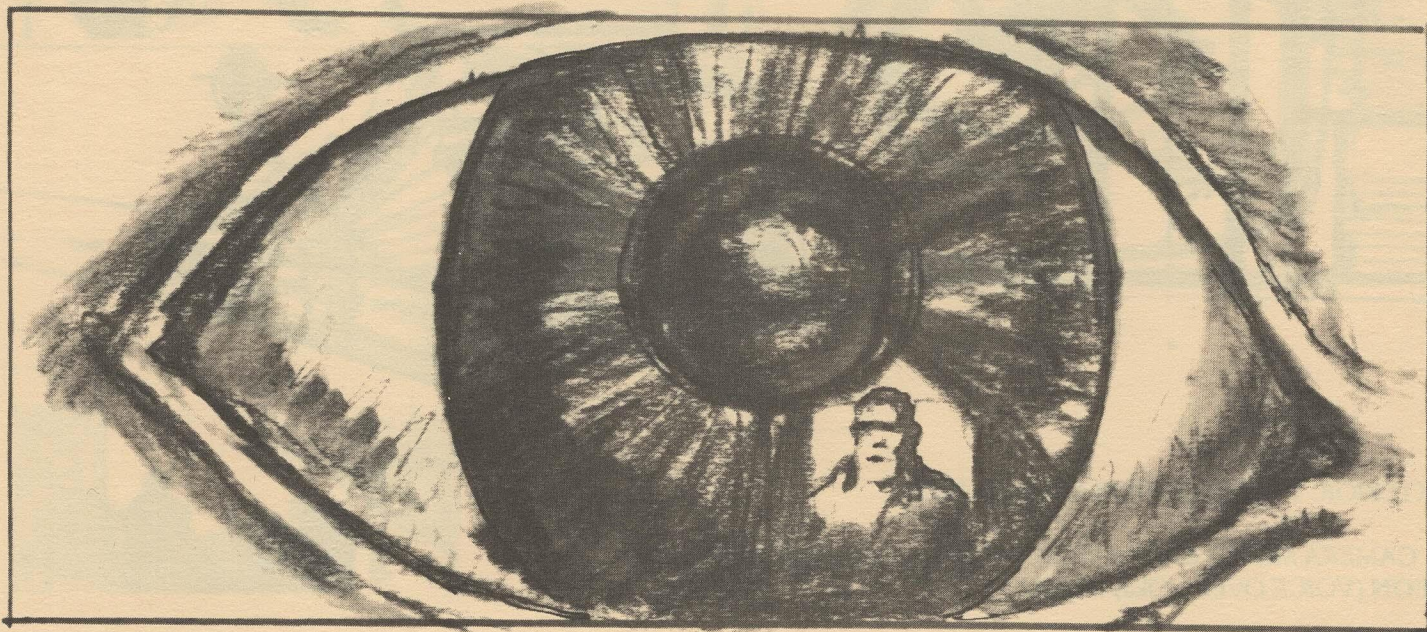
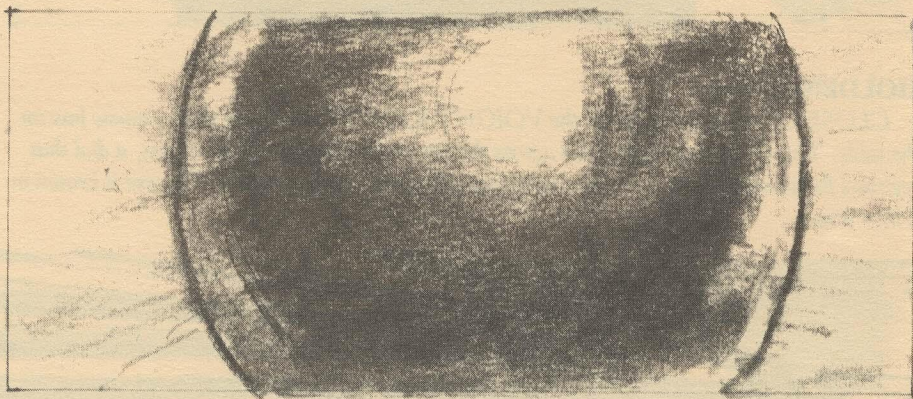
It was called retirement.

LOS ANGELES NOVEMBER, 2019

EXTERIOR: 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. We see flying cars, SPINNERS, jetting through the air and we hear the pilots navigating the Spinners. The CAMERA moves back and forth from the exterior Hades looking into the Tyrell Corporation Interrogation Room to a close-up of an eye.





INTERIOR: INTERROGATION DESK — DUSK

The CAMERA MOVES INTO an office, where a MAN is standing by a window smoking, another MAN approaches behind him.

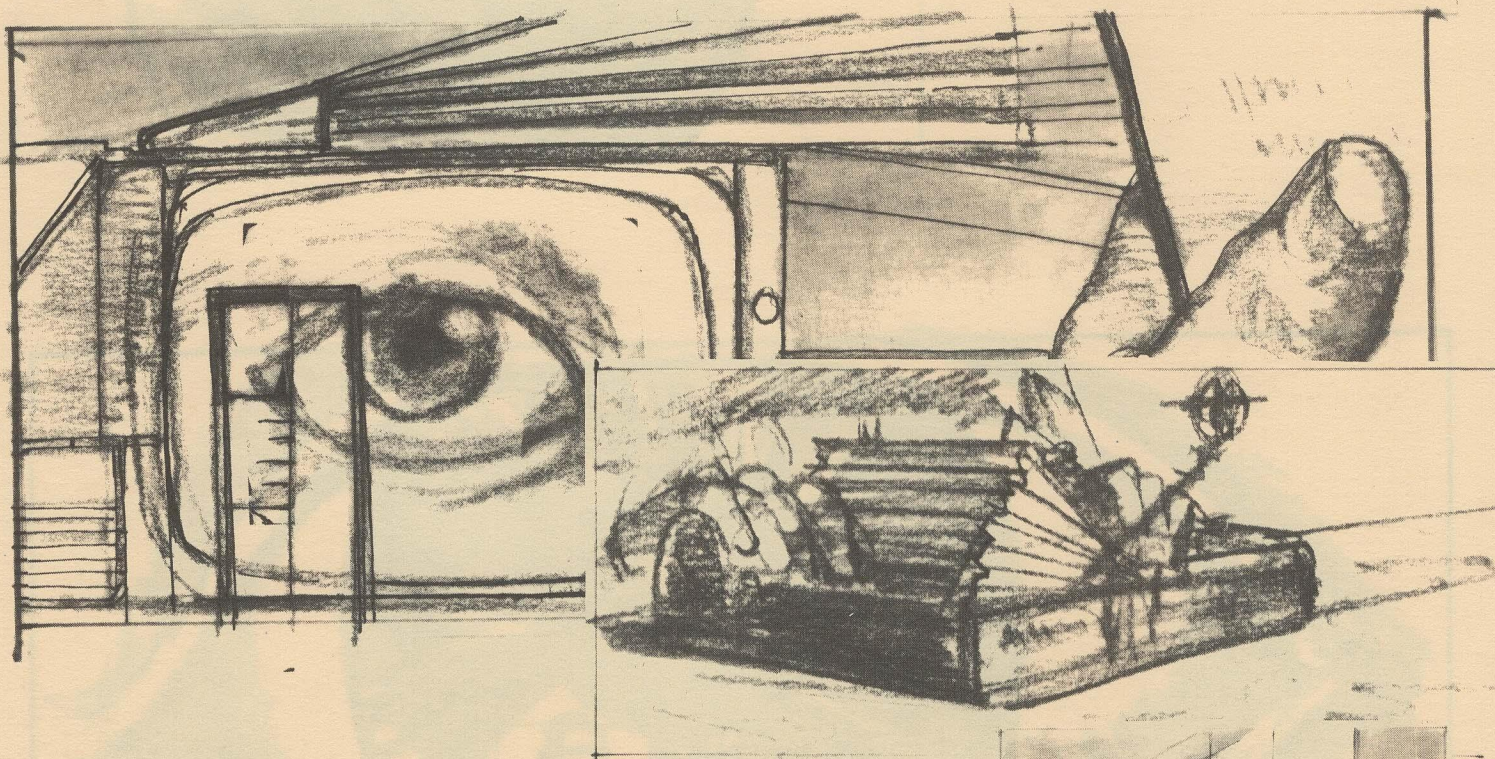
HOLDEN: Come in.

Leon takes a seat at the desk.



HOLDEN: Sit down.

CLOSE UP of an instrument, the VOIGHT-KAMPFF, no bigger than a music box on the table. 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 eye is magnified and deeply revealed. The eye is brown in a tiny screen.



EXTERIOR: TYRELL CORPORATION — DUSK

CAMERA MOVES INTO A WINDOW of the large pyramid-shaped building.

LEON (VOICE OVER): Okay if I talk?



INTERIOR: INTERROGATION ROOM — DUSK

LEON is 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. Large FANS WHIRR above their heads. Holden is centering Leon's eye on the Voight-Kampff screen.

LEON: I kinda get nervous when I take tests.

HOLDEN: Just please don't move.

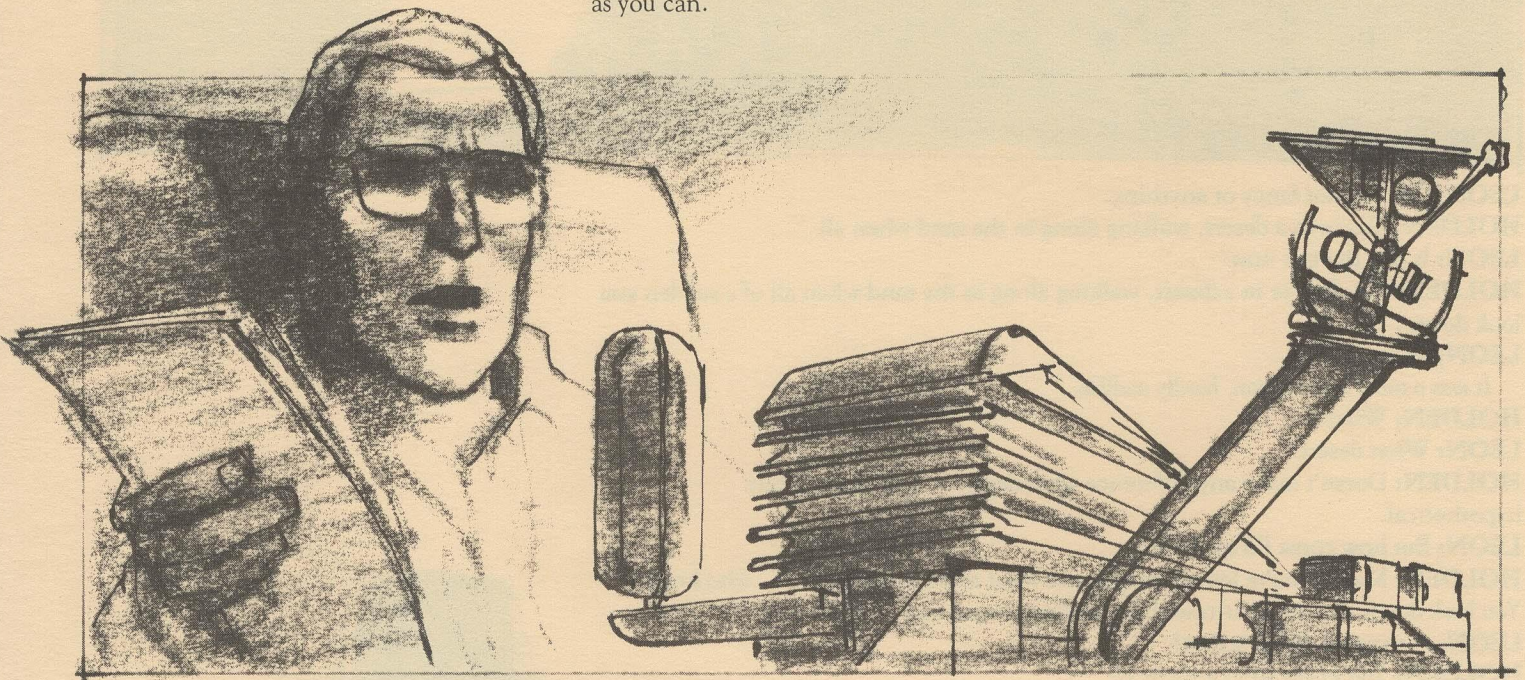


LEON (VOICE OVER): Sorry.

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

LEON: I already had an 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: Sure . . .

HOLDEN: One one eight seven at Hunterwasser . . .

LEON: That's the hotel.



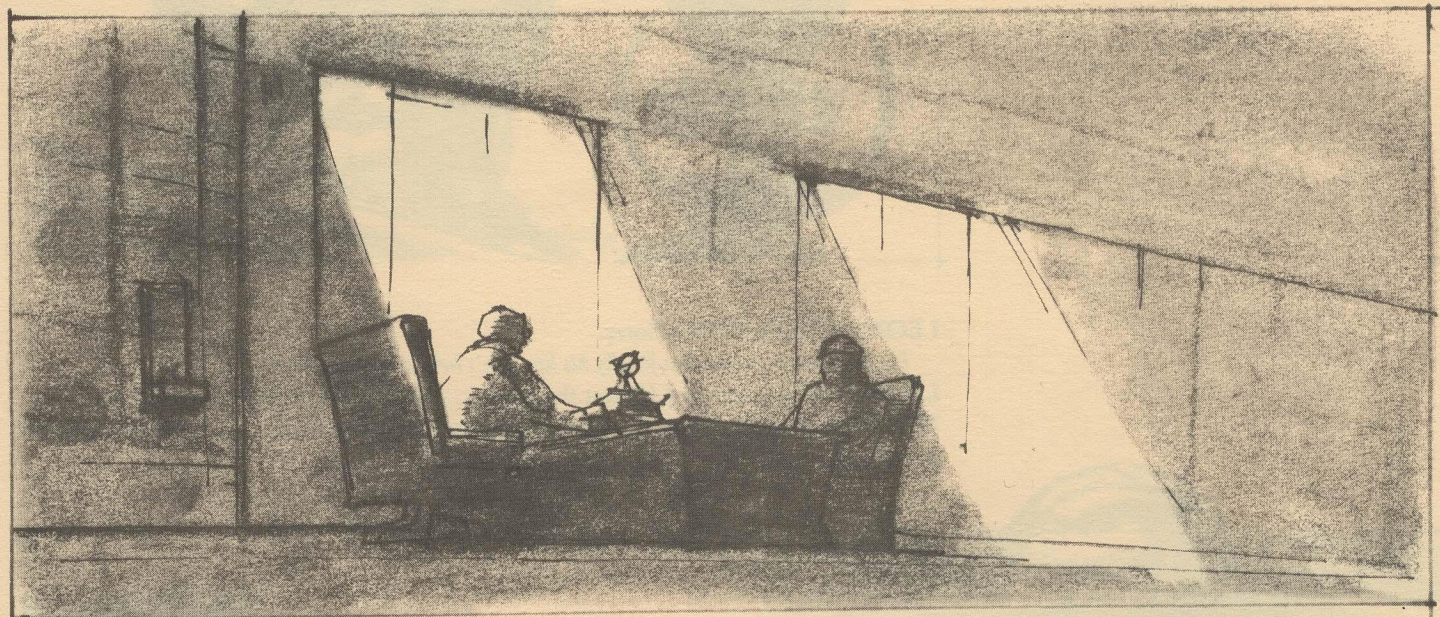
HOLDEN: What?

LEON: Where I live.

HOLDEN: Nice place?

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

HOLDEN: No, just warming you up, that's all.



LEON: Oh. It's not fancy or anything.

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

LEON: Is this the test now?

HOLDEN: Yes. You're in a desert, walking along in the sand when all of a sudden you look down . . .

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. You look down and see a tortoise. It's crawling toward you . . .

LEON: A tortoise. What's that?

HOLDEN: You know what a turtle is?

LEON: Of course.

HOLDEN: Same thing.

LEON: I never seen a turtle.



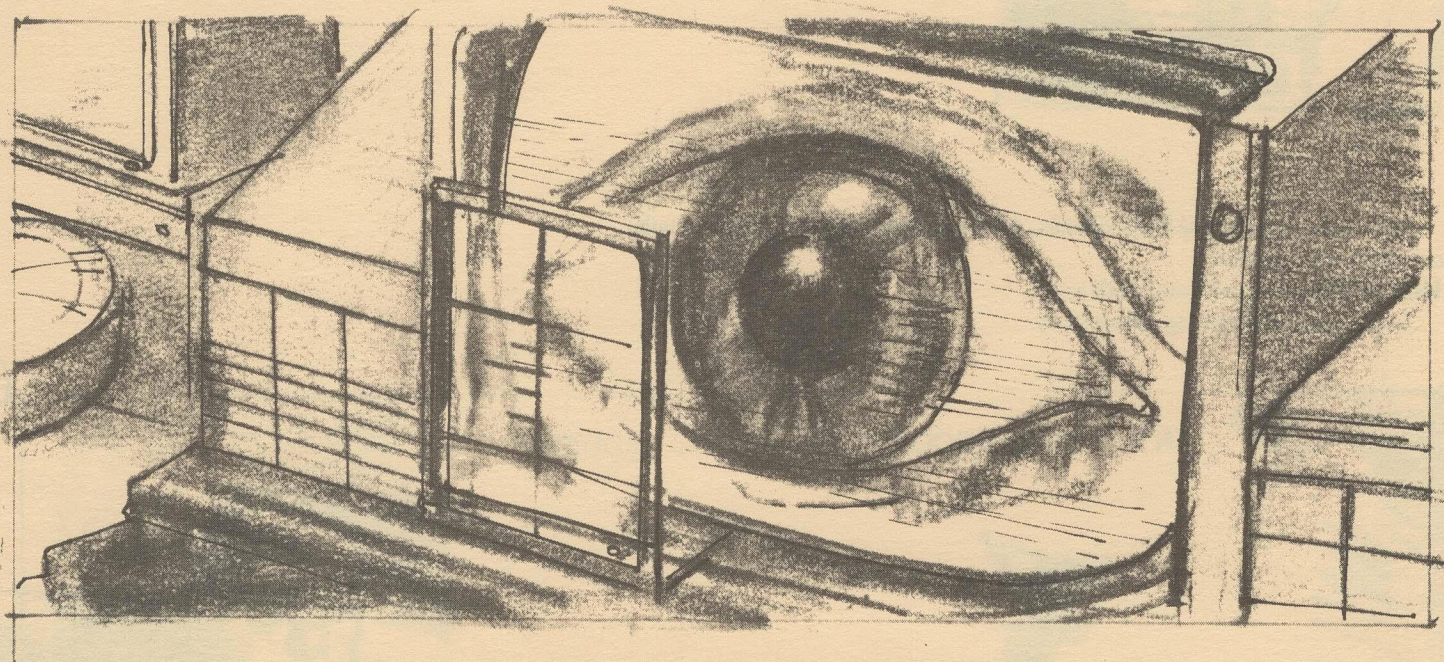
He sees Holden's patience is wearing thin.



LEON: But I understand what you mean.

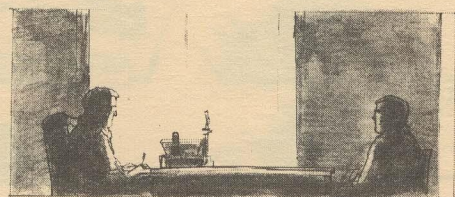
HOLDEN: You reach down, you flip the tortoise over on its back, Leon.

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.

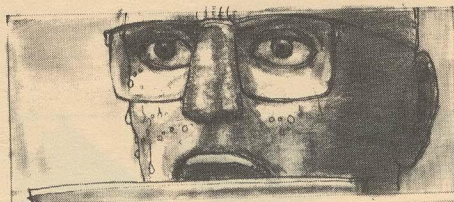
LEON: Whatya mean, I'm not helping?



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

Holden looks hard at Leon, a piercing look. Leon is flushed with anger, breathing hard, it's a bad moment, he might erupt. Suddenly Holden grins disarmingly.

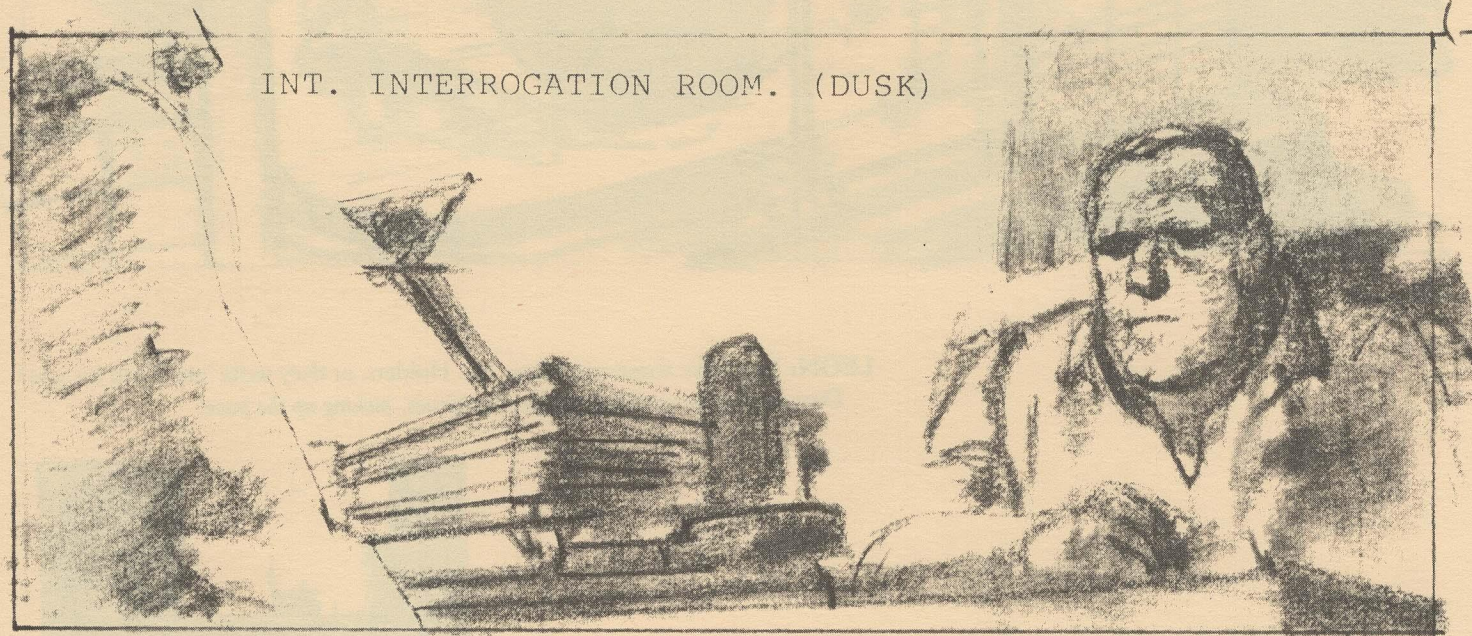
HOLDEN: They're just questions, Leon. In answer to your query, they're written down for me. It's a test, designed to provoke an emotional response.



Leon is glaring now, the blush subsides, his anger slightly defused. Holden smiles, cheerfully, very smooth.

HOLDEN: Let's continue, shall we?

Leon nods, still frowning, suspiciously.

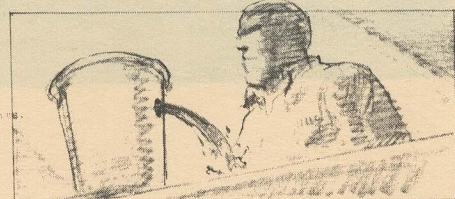
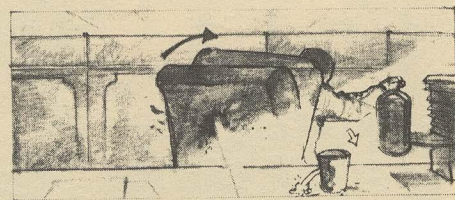
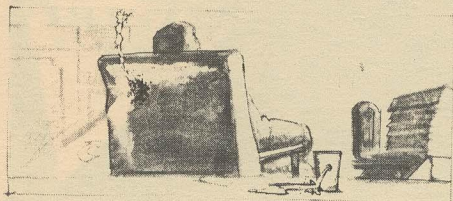


INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. (DUSK)

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

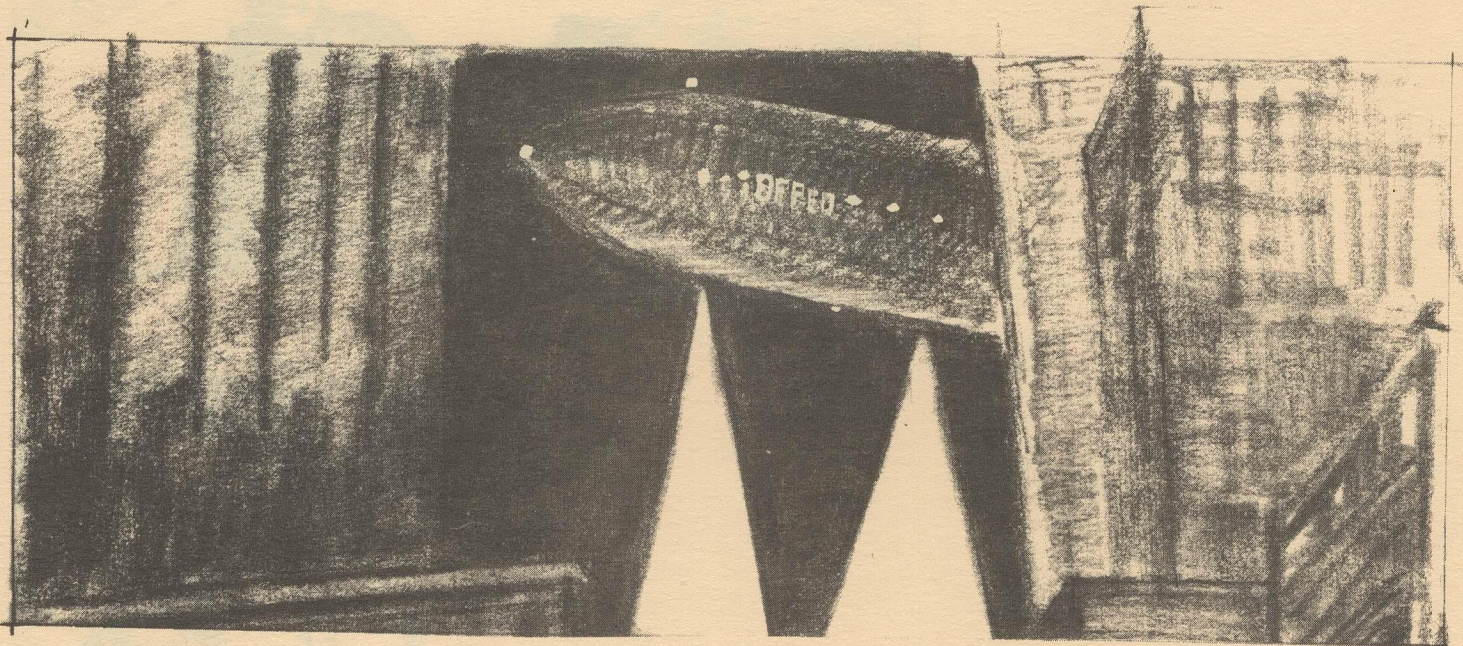
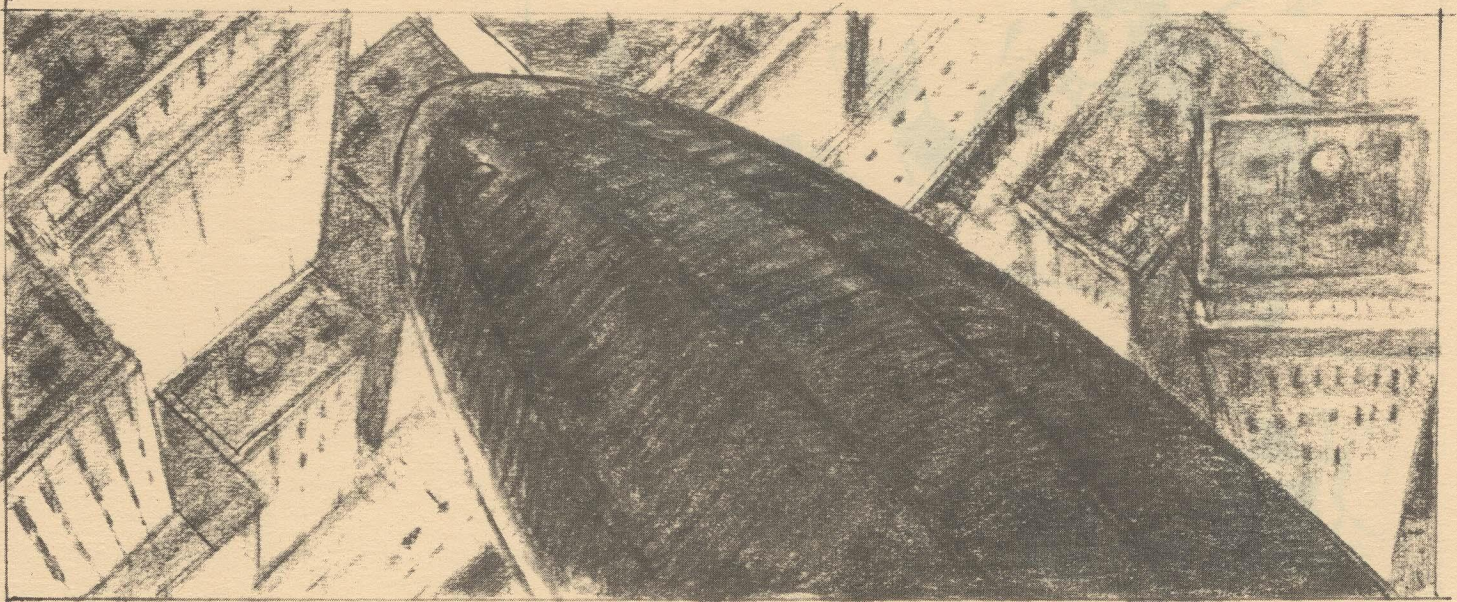
LEON: My mother, . . . I'll tell you about my mother.

Leon fires a gun from under the table; it hits its mark and the impact slams the still-seated Holden through the wall. Leon stands and fires at the back of Holden's seat. The shot throws Holden's body through an adjoining office until it crashes sharply onto a desk.



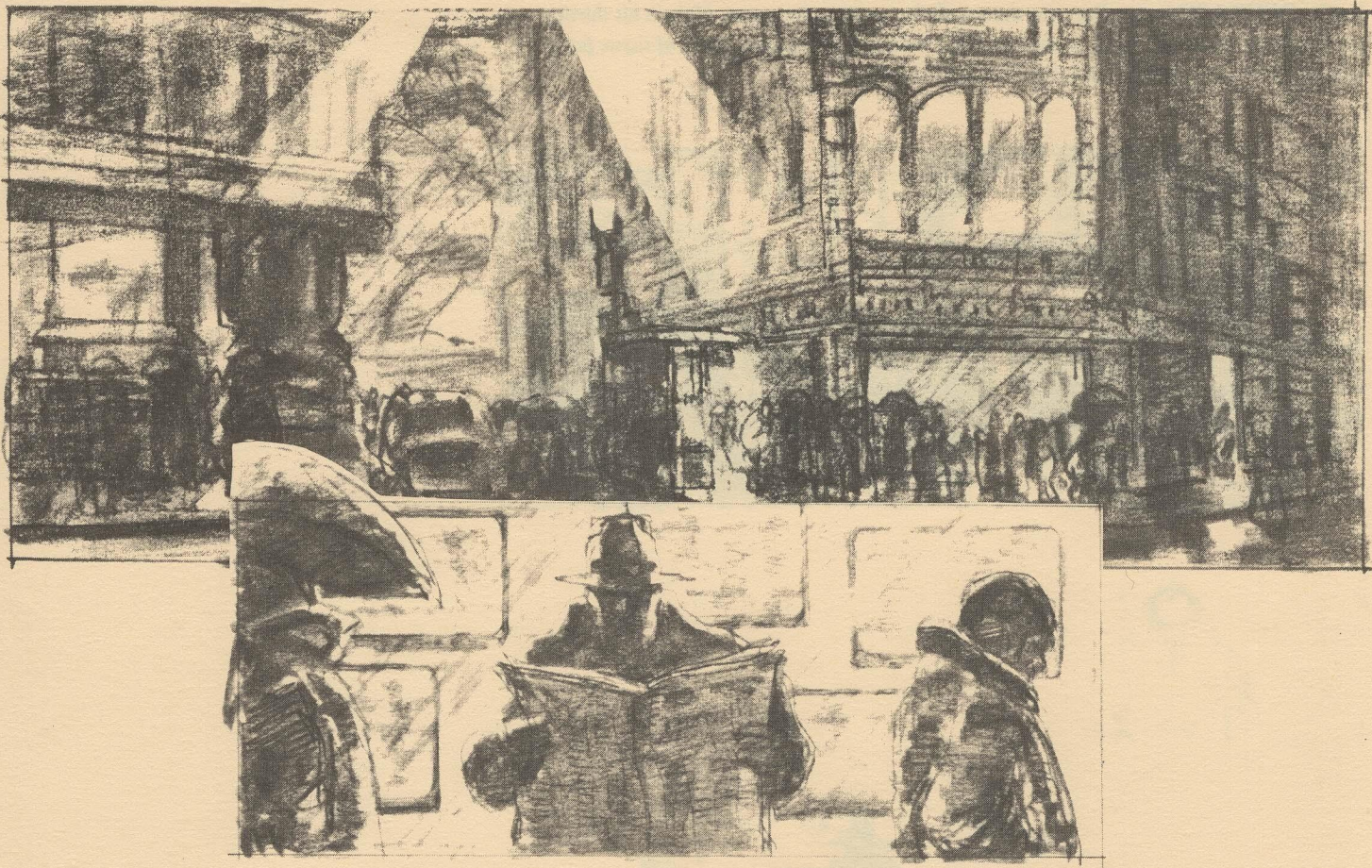
EXTERIOR: OVERHEAD VIEW CITY — NIGHT

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



EXTERIOR: CITY STREET

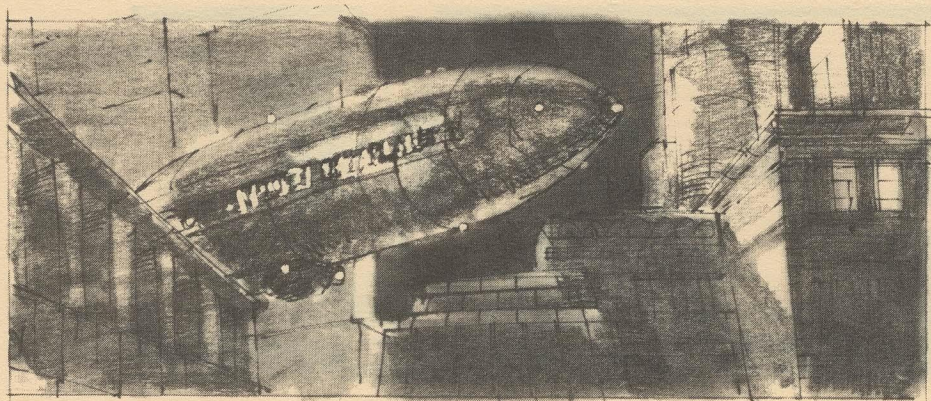
Deckard reading newspaper.



DECKARD (VOICE OVER): They don't advertise for killers in a newspaper. That was my profession. Ex-cop, ex-Blade Runner, ex-killer.

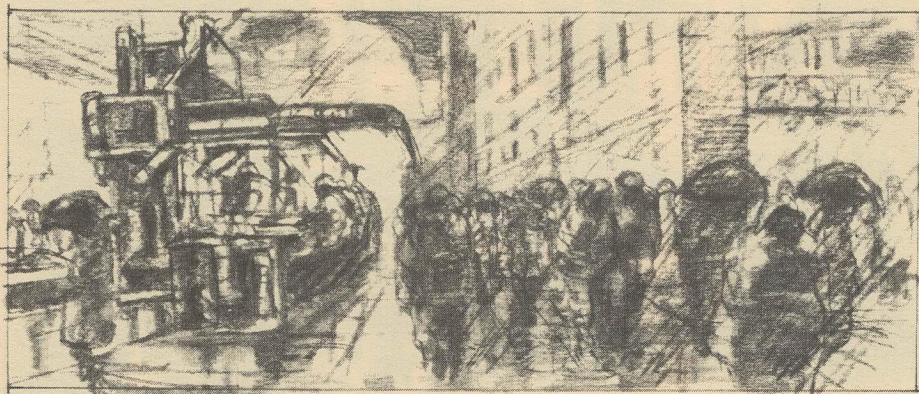
EXTERIOR: THE BLIMP — FROM BELOW — NIGHT

As the blimp drifts through the tall buildings, Coca Cola and travel advertisements appear on its curved sides.



EXTERIOR: CITY STREET — NIGHT

Lights from the blimp flash along the street and move across the crowds of pedestrians. A portable noodle bar is crowded with customers, sitting on stools slurping their food out of bowls. DECKARD is standing near the noodle bar waiting for a seat. He's in his thirties, wiry, athletic, rumped, used, unshaven. He's holding a newspaper, made of tissue paper, while he glances at the blimp passing NOISILY overhead.



DECKARD (VOICE OVER): Sushi. That's what my ex-wife called me. Cold fish.
The JAPANESE COUNTERMAN is beckoning to him to a newly vacated seat.



Deckard comes to the noodle bar and points to a particular item and holds up four fingers.

DECKARD: Four.



The Counterman confirms the order by holding up two fingers and again speaks in Japanese. Deckard shakes his head “no” and repeats his four fingers.

DECKARD: No. Four, two, two, four.

The Counterman nods, and hurries off. Deckard not happy, but has no choice.

DECKARD: And noodles.

He sits. Whap. The Counterman slaps down a bowl with two slices of fish in it. Deckard looks at the fish. Two slices of 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. A short Japanese guy stands next to the cop. The guy's got beady eyes and lots of energy. His name is GAFF. Gaff speaks in a weird hodge-podge of languages – a word of German, a word of Japanese, a word of French. It is CITY SPEAK.



GAFF (in Cityspeak): *****you will be required to accompany me, sir*****

Deckard doesn't understand Japanese. Deckard turns back to his food.

GAFF (in Cityspeak): *****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 and translates.

GAFF (in Cityspeak): *****To defy constituted authority is to flaunt the public good*****

Deckard doesn't understand a word.

COUNTERMAN: He say, you under arrest, Mr. Deckard.

Deckard turns back to his food.

DECKARD (Turning to Gaff loudly): You got the wrong guy, pal.

GAFF (in Cityspeak): *****Captain Bryant ordered me to bring you in even if I have to serve you like Sushi*****

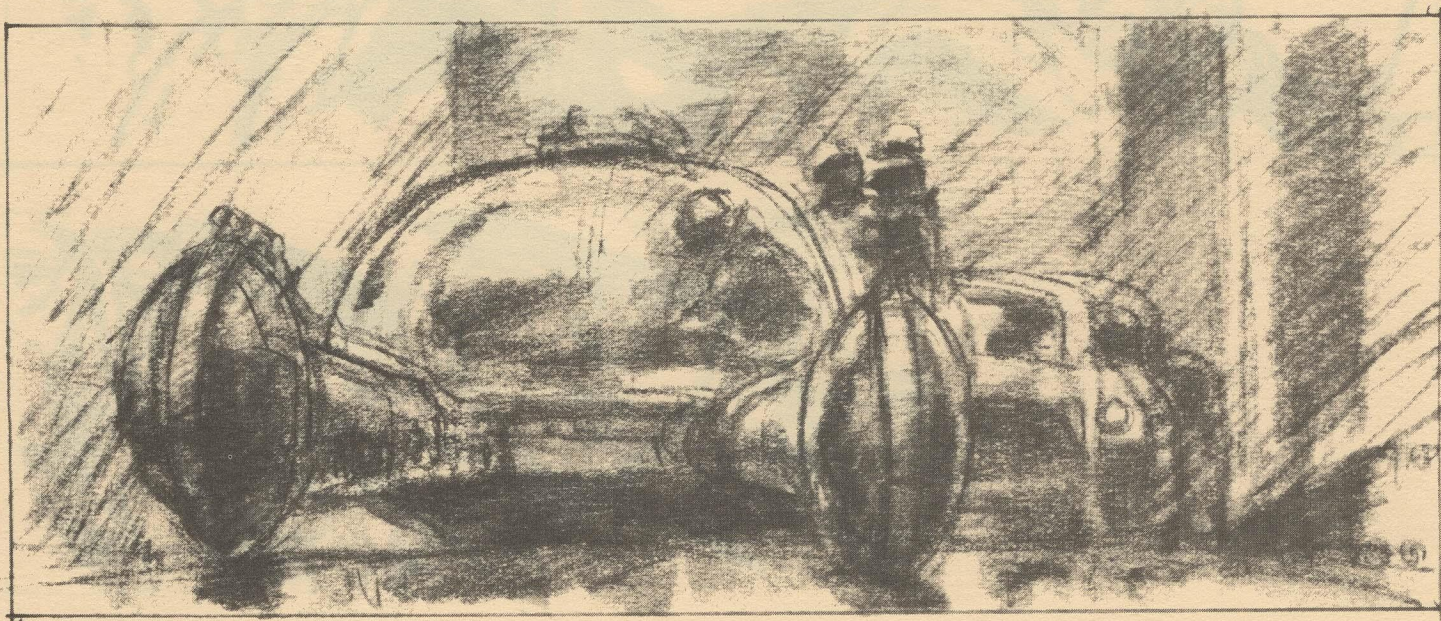
When Deckard hears "Captain Bryant," he winces. It's all over even before the counterman launches into a rambling free form translation spiced with creativity. Deckard looks disgusted and resigned.



DECKARD: Bryant, huh!

EXTERIOR: STREET — NIGHT

Deckard, still holding his bowl of food, is climbing into a police spinner behind Gaff as the cop looms over him.

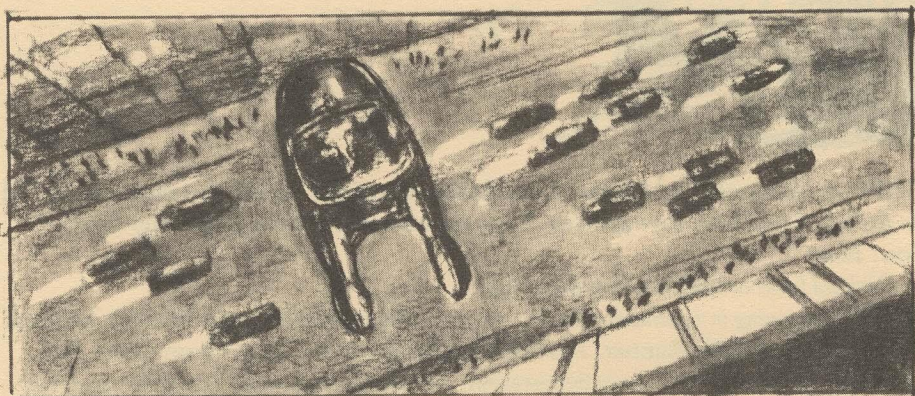
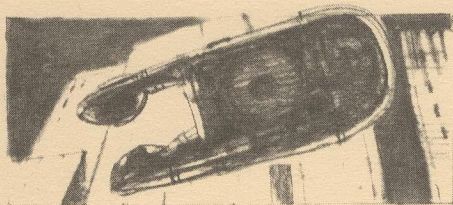


INTERIOR: SPINNER — NIGHT

Close-up of various readouts on the spinner screen. Ready for take off. Gaff puts his helmet on.

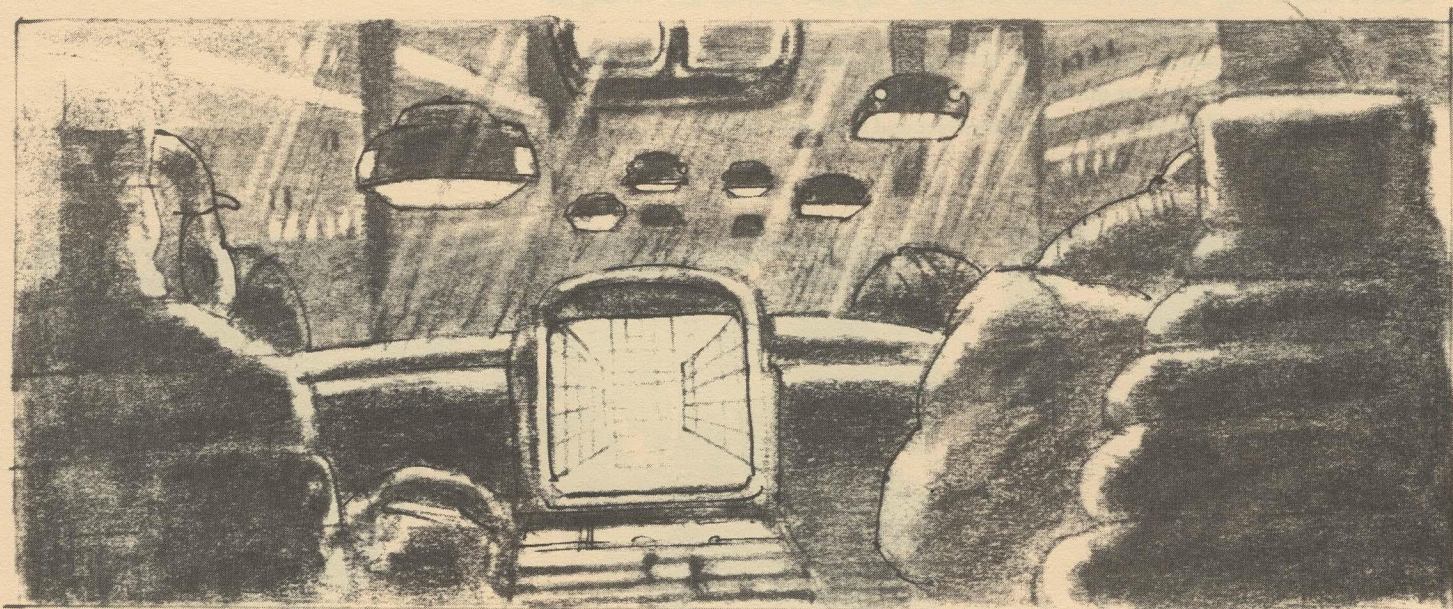
EXTERIOR: STREET — NIGHT

The spinner lifts off.



INTERIOR: SPINNER — NIGHT

Close-up of screen showing the take off.



EXTERIOR: STREET — NIGHT

Deckard's view of the street. Deckard is sitting in the passenger seat. 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.

DECKARD (VOICE OVER): The charmer's name was Gaff. I'd seen him around. Bryant must've upped him to the Blade Runner Unit. That gibberish he talked was city-speak. Gutter-talk. A mish-mash of Japanese, Spanish, German, what have you. I didn't really need a translator. I knew the lingo, every good cop did . . . but I wasn't going to make it easier for him.

INTERIOR: 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!

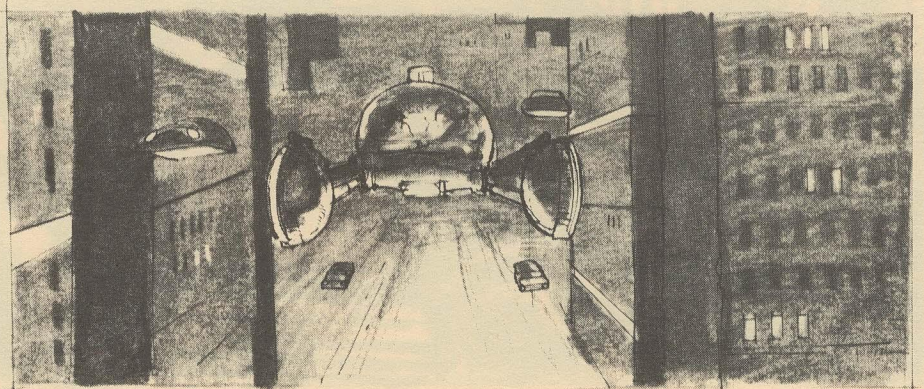
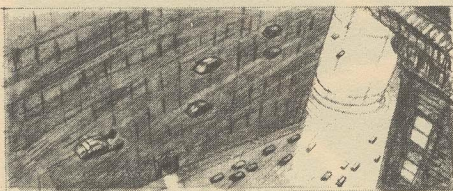
Deckard looks at Gaff uncomprehendingly.

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, huh? That why you quit?

Deckard looks at Gaff. He hasn't understood a word. Gaff glares and mutters, turning his attention to navigation of the spinner.

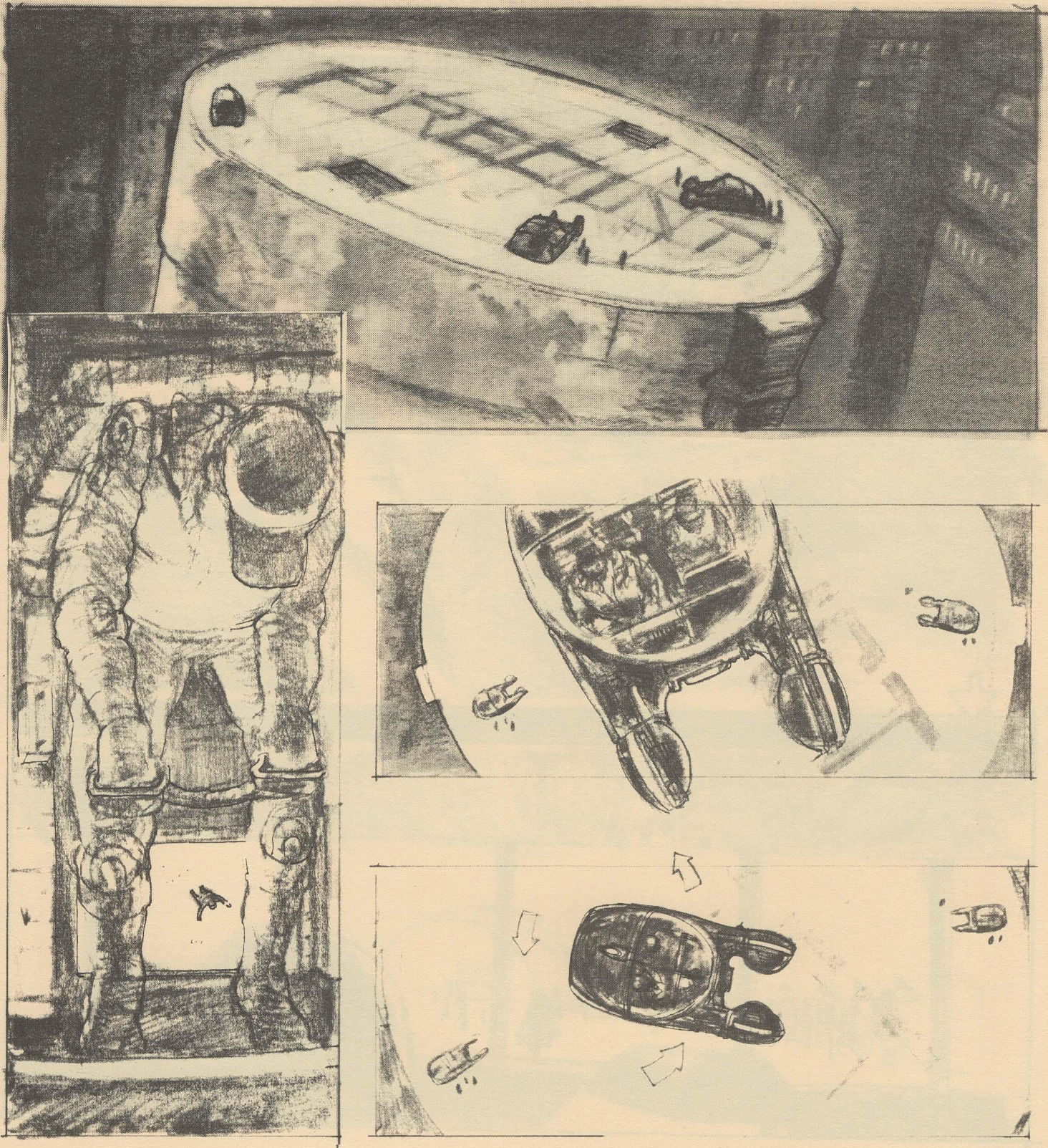
GAFF (in Japanese): Exactly! Whatta jerk! If I wasn't up for promotion I'd put this baby in a hot spin and leave your dinner all over the glass!

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



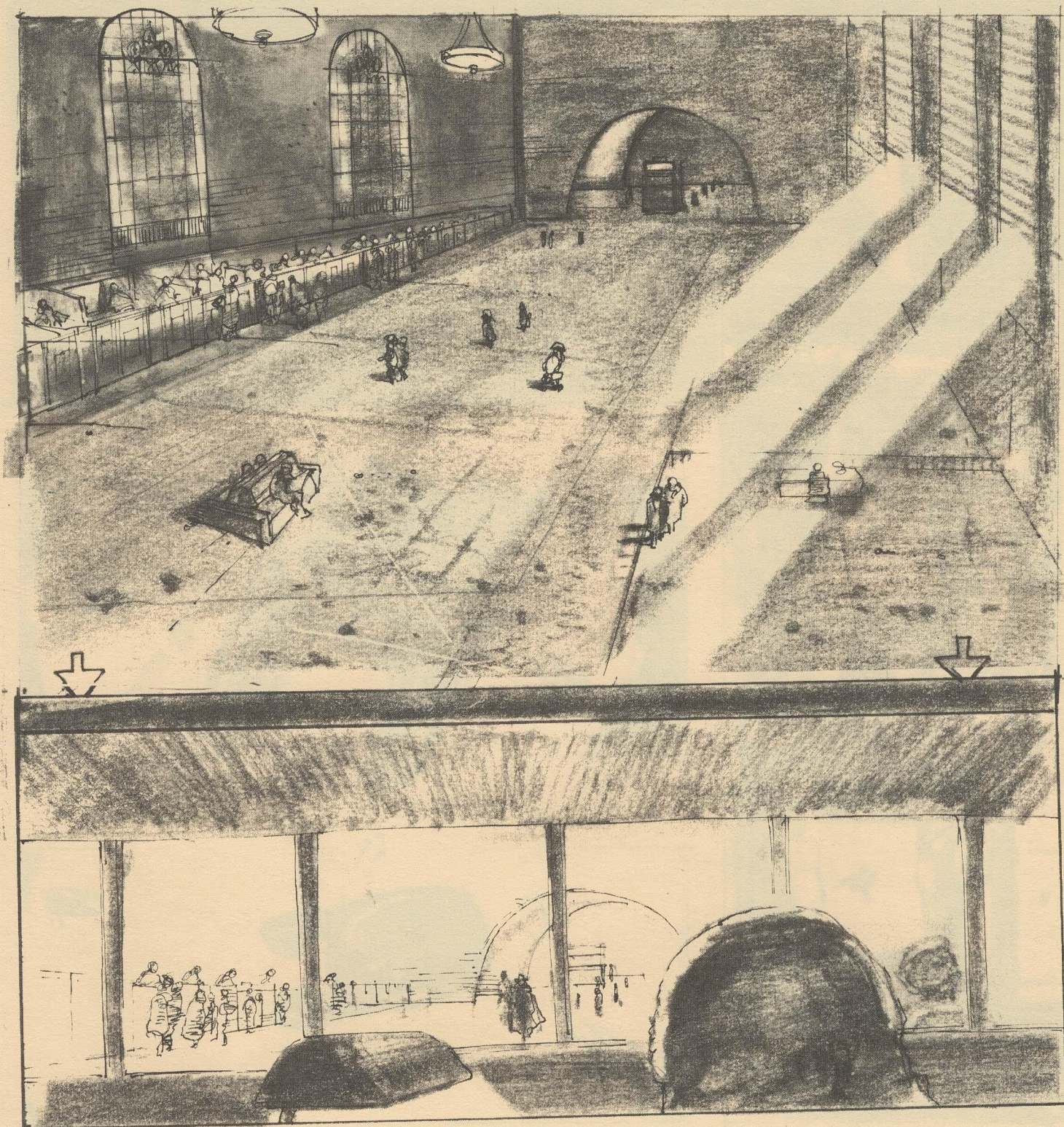
EXTERIOR: PRECINCT SPINNER PAD — NIGHT

The spinner slides toward the pad, cuts speed and quickly touches down. VOICE OVER of Gaff still talking Japanese.



INTERIOR: POLICE HQ CONCORSE — NIGHT

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



INTERIOR: BRYANT'S OFFICE — NIGHT

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



BRYANT: Hiya, Deck!

DECKARD: Bryant.

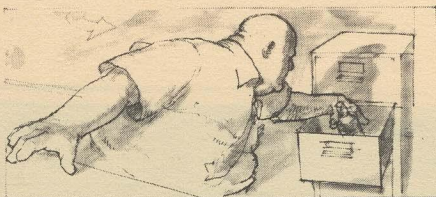
Deckard is standing in the doorway, still in the custody of Gaff. Deckard glares at Bryant.

BRYANT: You wouldn't have come if I'd just asked you to. Sit down, pal.

Deckard glares at Bryant without moving.

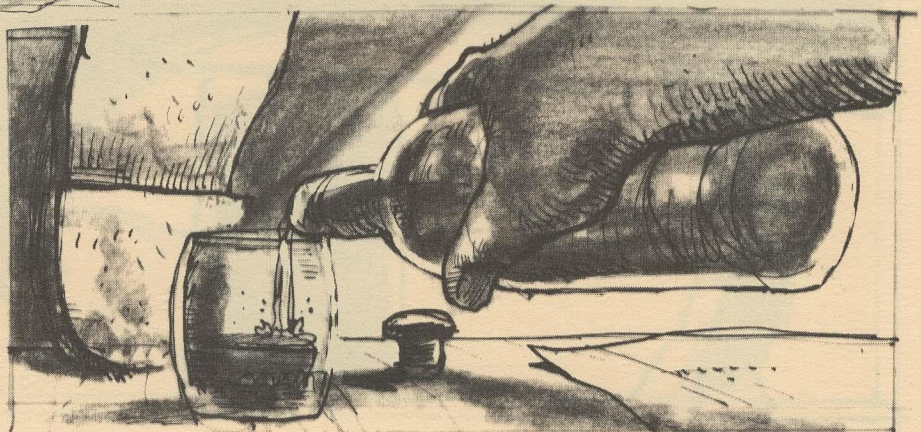
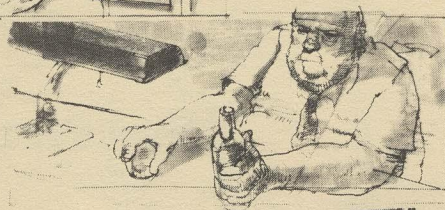
BRYANT: Come on, don't be an asshole, Deckard. I got four skin jobs walking the streets.

Deckard smiles and sits down.

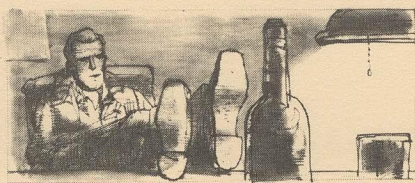


DECKARD (VOICE OVER): Skin jobs are what Bryant called Replicants. In history books he's the kinda cop used to call black men niggers.

Bryant is pouring bourbon into a thick shot glass.

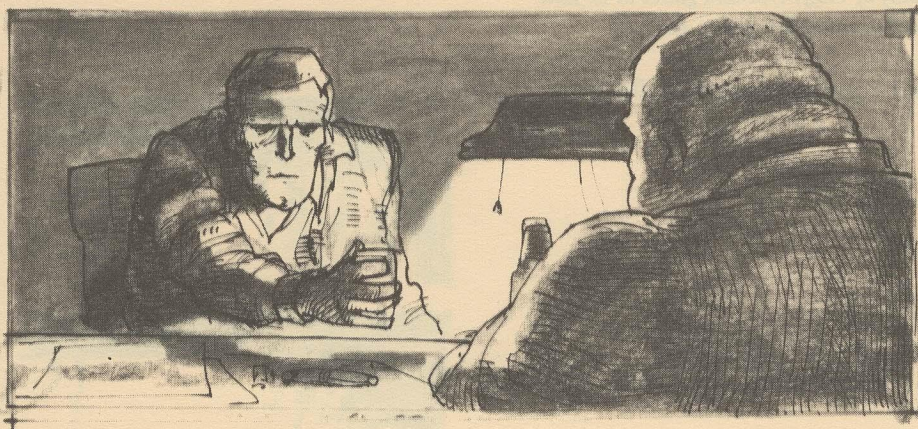


BRYANT: They jumped a shuttle offworld. Killed the crew and passengers.
Deckard reacts. This isn't usual.



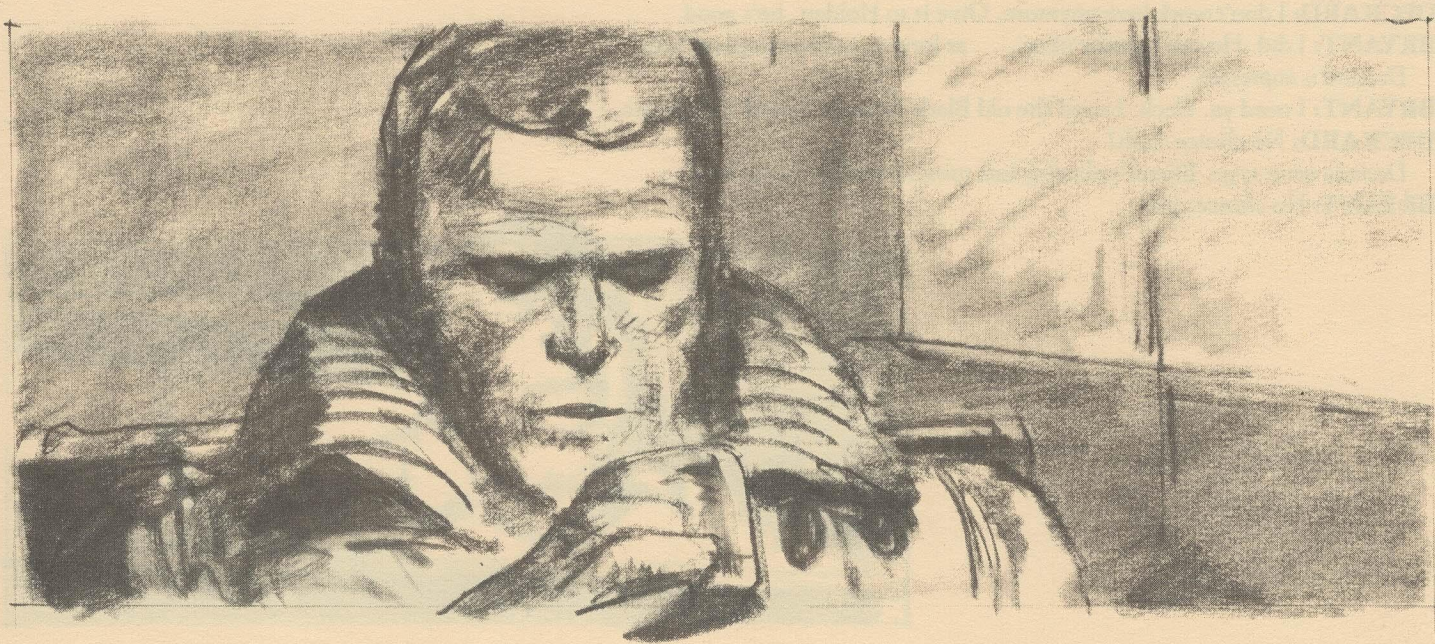
BRYANT: We found the shuttle drifting off the coast two weeks ago. So we know they're around.

DECKARD: Embarrassing.
Deckard takes one of the drinks.



BRYANT: You're gonna spot 'em an' you're gonna air 'em out.
Deckard downs his drink and slides the empty glass back to Bryant.





DECKARD: I don't work here anymore. Give it to Holden, he's good.

BRYANT: I did. He can breathe okay . . . as long as nobody unplugs him.

Deckard is impressed.

BRYANT: I need ya, Deck. I need the old Blade Runner. I need your magic.

DECKARD: No choice, huh?

Deckard turns to go. Bryant's pleading look turns abruptly cold and hard.

BRYANT: No choice, pal.



INTERIOR: BRYANT'S OFFICE — NIGHT

Deckard and Bryant are watching replay of Holden questioning Leon.



BRYANT: There was an escape in the off-world colonies two weeks ago. Six replicants, three male, three female. They slaughtered 23 people and jumped a shuttle. An aerial patrol spotted the ship off the coast. No crew. No sight of them. Three nights ago they tried to break into the Tyrell Corporation. One of them got fried running through an electrical field. We lost the other. On the possibility they might try to infiltrate as employees, I had Holden go over and run Voight-Kampf on the new workers. Looks like he got himself one.

Deckard and Bryant continue watching replay of Holden questioning Leon. Leon replicant statistics appear on screen.

DECKARD: I don't get it. What do they want to risk coming to earth for? That's unusual. Why . . . What do they want out of the Tyrell Corporation?

BRYANT: You tell me, pal. That's what you're here for.

Deckard looks mystified and turns his attention to the screen again as replicant Roy Batty's face rotates with statistics below.



DECKARD: What's this?

BRYANT: Nexus 6, Roy Batty. Incept date 2016. Combat model. Optimum sufficiency. Probably the leader.

Next, Zhora's face rotates on the screen with statistics below.



BRYANT: They were designed to copy human beings in every way except for their emotions. And their designers reckon that after a few years they might develop their own emotional responses.

Deckard looks shocked as Bryant continues.



BRYANT: Hate. Love. Fear. Envy. So they built in a fail-safe device.

DECKARD: Which is what?

BRYANT: Four year life span. Now there's a Nexus 6 over at the Tyrell Corporation. I want you to go put the machine on him.

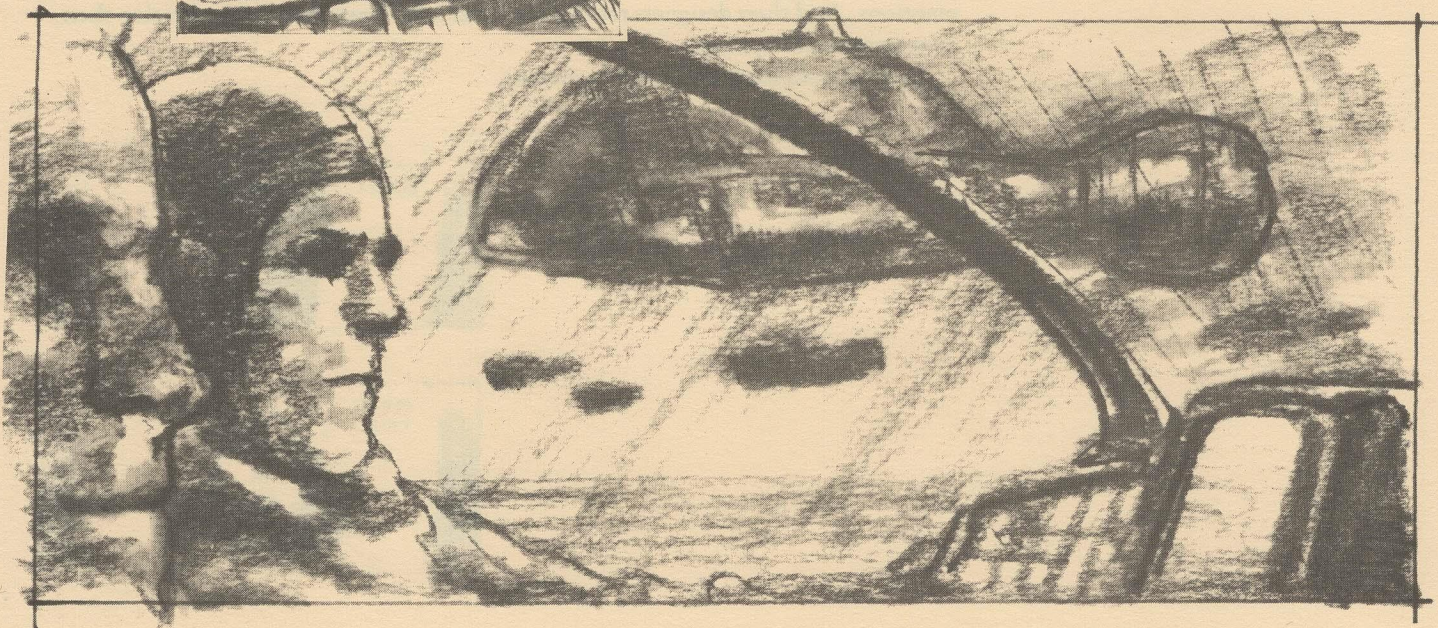
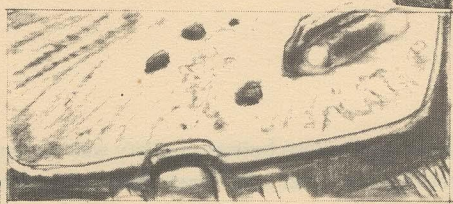
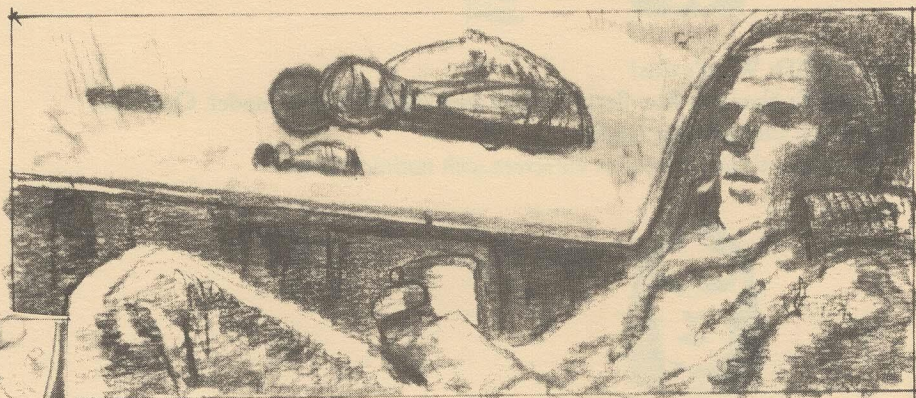
DECKARD: And if the machine doesn't work?

Bryant, not knowing what to say, looks away with a fearful expression.



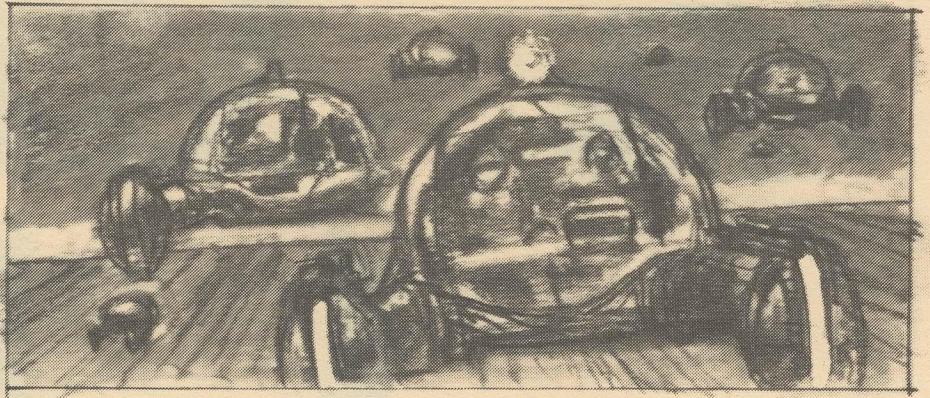
EXTERIOR: CITYSCAPE — MORNING

The police spinner is whizzing over the city.



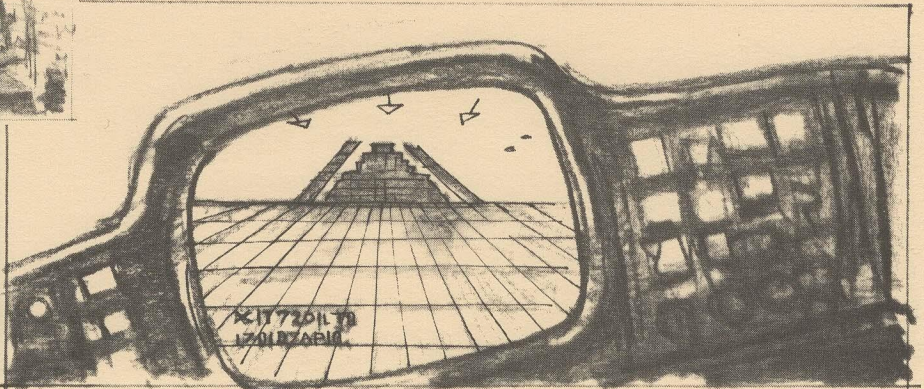
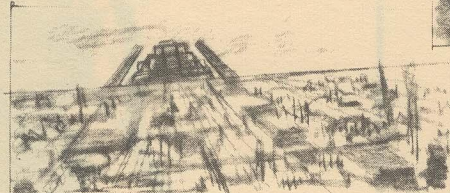
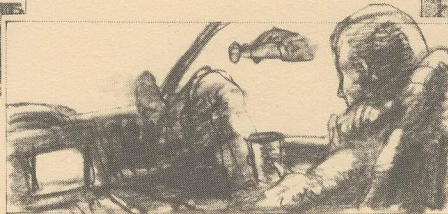
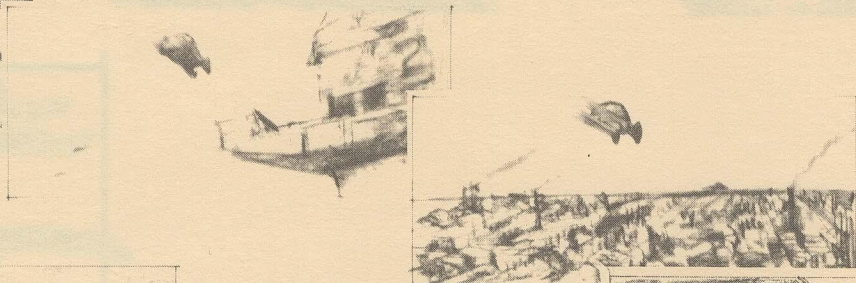
INTERIOR: SPINNER — MORNING

Deckard looks very rumpled, Gaff is silent and sullen at the controls.



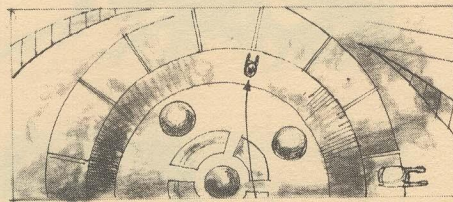
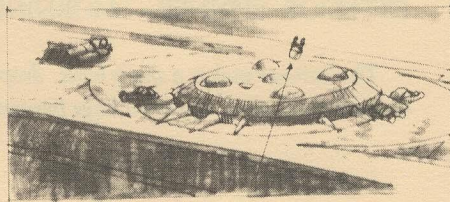
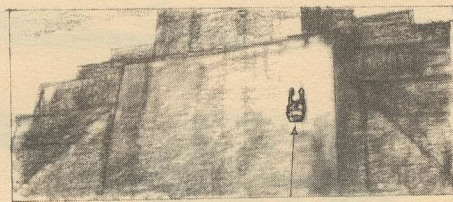
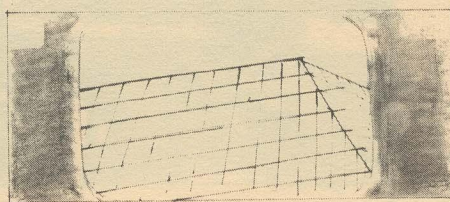
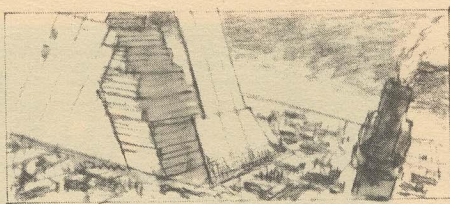
EXTERIOR: SPINNER — MORNING

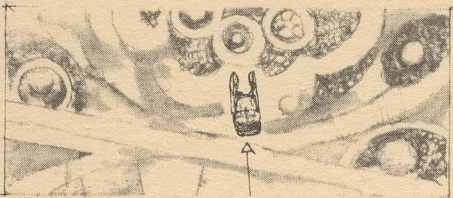
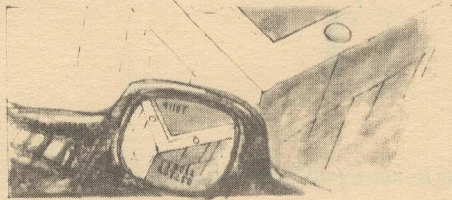
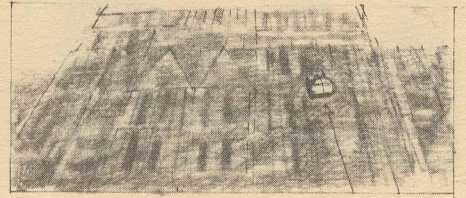
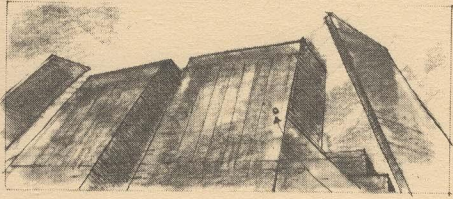
The Spinner makes a sharp bank, drops into a steep curve and slides toward the vast plain of industrialization, toward a large pyramid-shaped building.



INTERIOR: SPINNER — MORNING

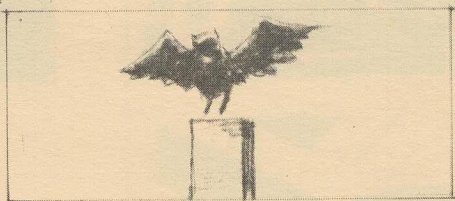
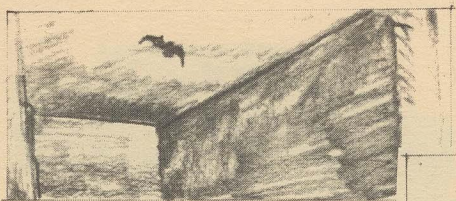
Deckard stares out as the spinner reaches the bottom of the vortex.



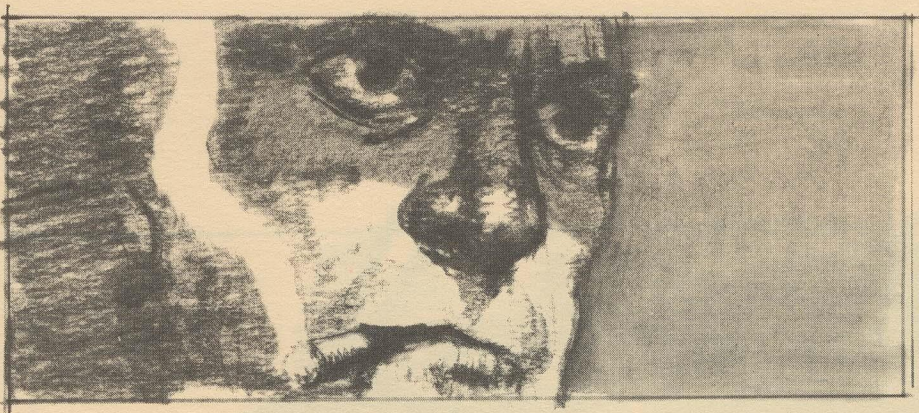


INTERIOR: TYRELL'S OFFICE — DAY

A small beautiful owl, white with yellow eyes flaps around the room and lands on its perch.



Transfixed, Deckard is looking up at the owl, watching its black pupils expand and contract.



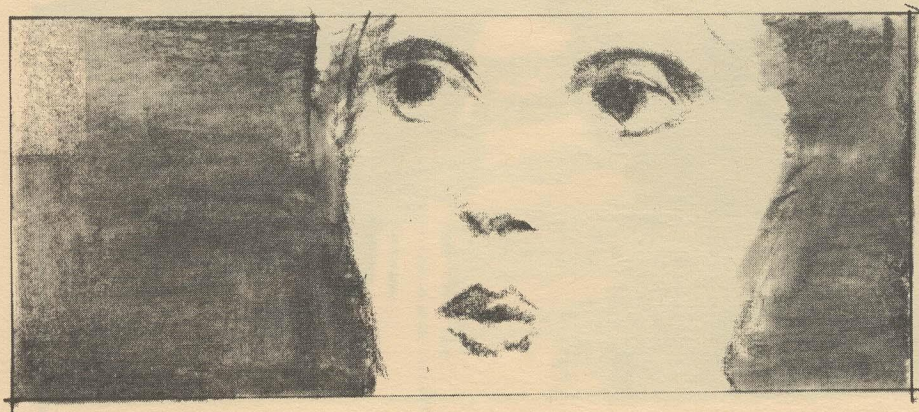
RACHAEL enters the room.

RACHAEL: Do you like our owl?

DECKARD: It's artificial?

RACHAEL: Of course.

Now we see Rachael for the first time. She is a beautiful woman in her late twenties dressed with taste and dignity. She walks toward him.



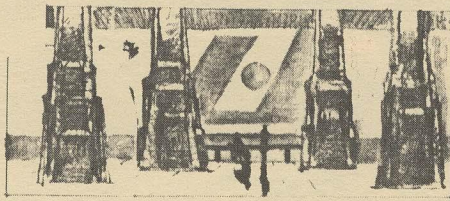
DECKARD: Must be expensive?



RACHAEL: Very. I am Rachael.



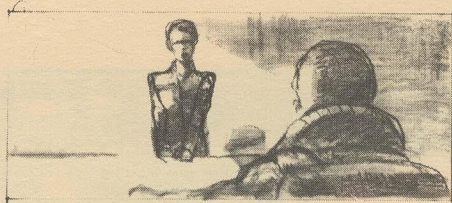
DECKARD: Deckard.



RACHAEL: It seems your department doesn't believe our new unit is to the public benefit.



DECKARD: Replicants are like any other machine. They're either a benefit or a hazard. If they're a benefit it's not my problem.



RACHAEL: May I ask you a personal question?



DECKARD: Sure. What is it?



RACHAEL: Have you ever retired a human by mistake.



Deckard blinks . . . he hesitates before answering the question.

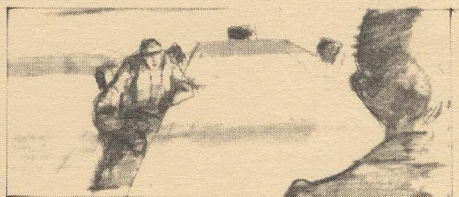
DECKARD: No.



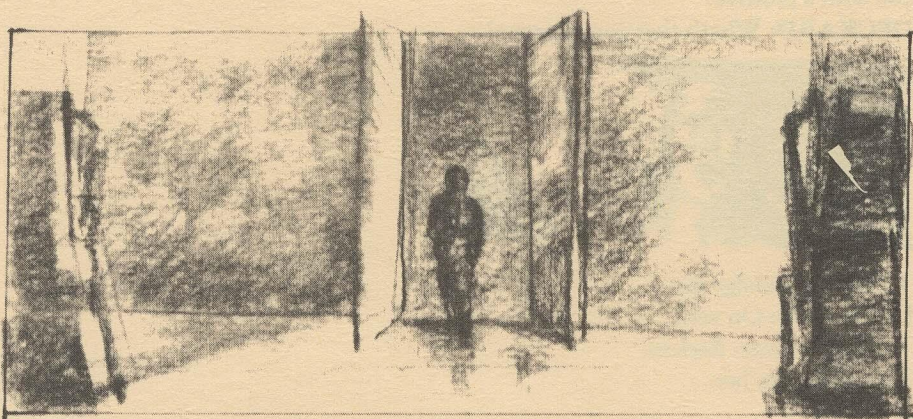
RACHAEL: But in your position that is a risk.



TYRELL (OFF SCREEN): 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 turns to see that an older man, very distinguished, very well tailored has entered the huge marble office. TYRELL!



DECKARD: We call it Voight Kampff for short.

RACHAEL: Mr. Deckard. Dr. Eldon Tyrell.

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.



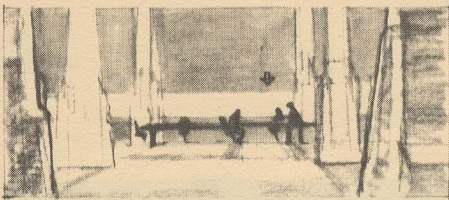
Deckard looks at Rachael. She's a beauty alright. He shrugs.



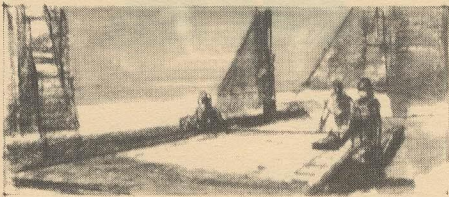
DECKARD: It's too bright in here.
Tyrell hits a button.



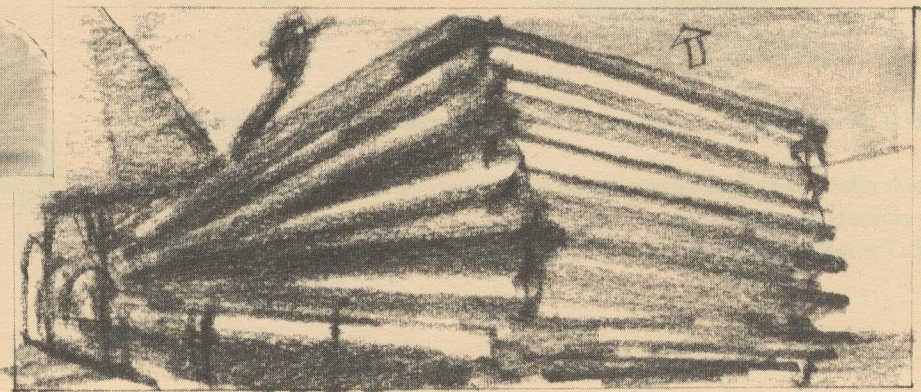
The windows darken, a polaroid effect that seems to give Tyrell the power to turn off the sun.



Deckard is placing the Voight-Kampff case on a table. The Voight-Kampff opens like a butterfly as the room darkens.

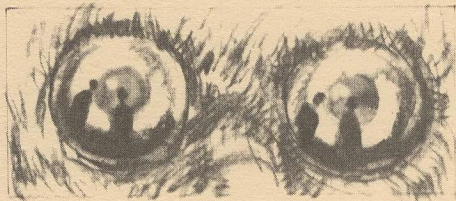


Deckard gets the machine ready.



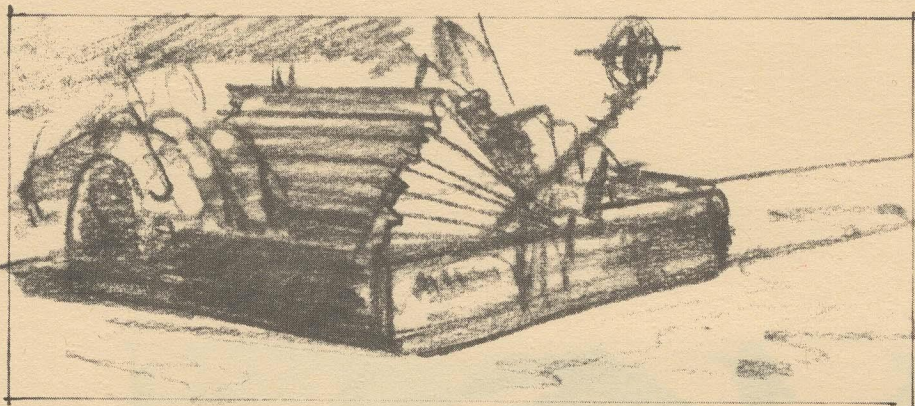
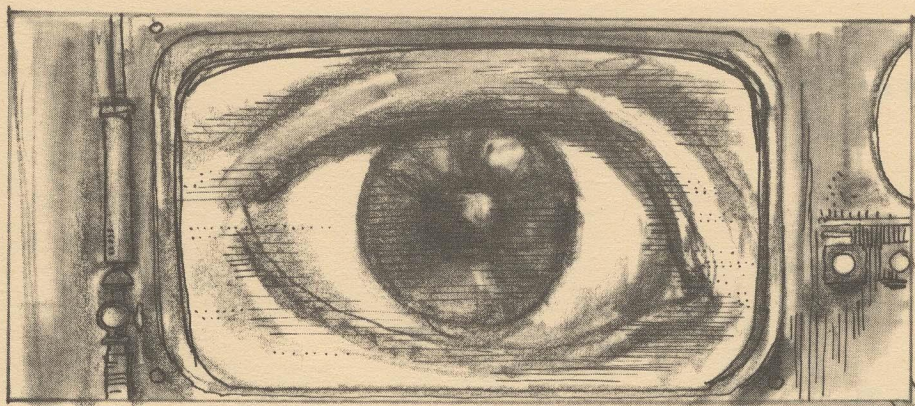
RACHAEL (VOICE OVER): Do you mind if I smoke?

DECKARD: It won't effect the test. Just relax, sit quietly and answer my questions as simply and quickly as you can.



INTERIOR: TYRELL'S OFFICE — A LITTLE LATER

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



DECKARD (OFF SCREEN): It's your birthday. Somebody gives you a calfskin wallet.

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've got a little boy. He shows you his butterfly collection, plus the killing jar.

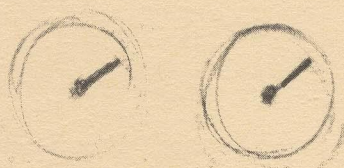


Again the gauges register, but not so far.

RACHAEL: I'd take him to the doctor.

You're watching television. Suddenly you realize there's a wasp crawling on your arm.

RACHAEL: I'd kill it.

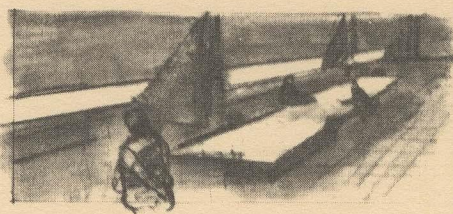


Both needles go to red. Deckard makes a note, and continues.

DECKARD: You're reading a magazine. You come across a full-page nude photo of a girl.

RACHAEL: Is this testing whether I'm a replicant or a lesbian, Mr. Deckard?

DECKARD: Just answer the questions please. You show it to your husband. He likes it. He 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 a stage play. A banquet is in progress, the guests are enjoying an appetizer of raw oysters.

Both needles swing swiftly.

DECKARD: The entree consists of boiled dog.

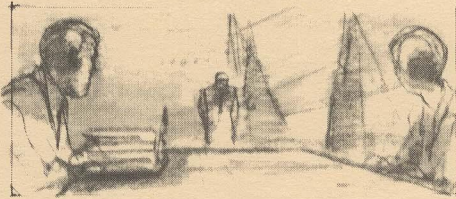
Needles move less. Deckard switches off his beam. Deckard is looking at Tyrell and wincing indecisively. He doesn't get it. Are they playing with him?

TYRELL: Well, Mr. Deckard?

Tyrell turns to Rachael.

TYRELL: Would you step out for a few moments, Rachael?

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

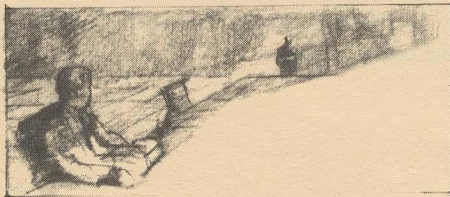


TYRELL: Thank you, Rachael.

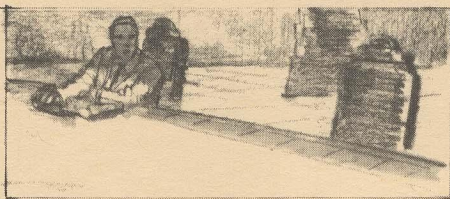
Deckard stares at Tyrell. Tyrell meets his look.



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



DECKARD: I don't get it, Tyrell.



TYRELL: How many questions?



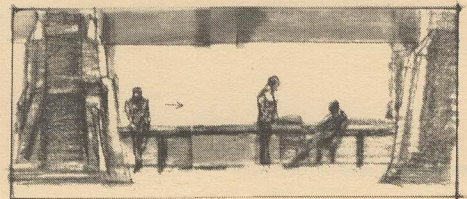
DECKARD: Twenty or thirty cross references.



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



DECKARD: She doesn't know?



TYRELL: She's beginning to suspect, I think.

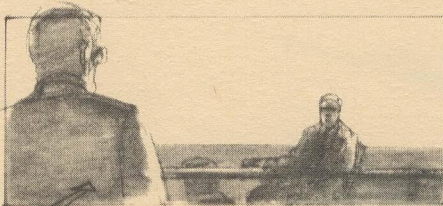


DECKARD: Suspect! How can it not know what it is.

TYRELL: Commerce is our goal here at Tyrell. More human than human is our motto. Rachael is an experiment. Nothing more. We began to recognize in them a strange obsession. 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, a pillow for their emotions . . . and consequently we can control them better.



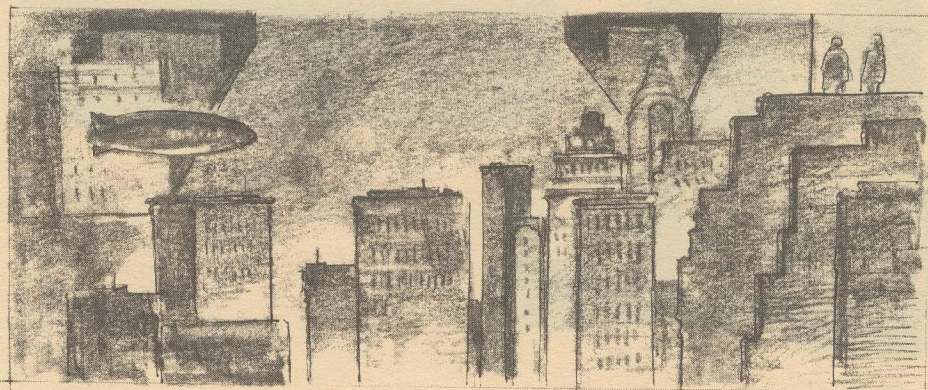
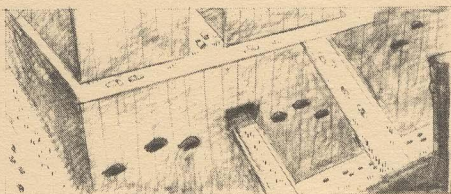
DECKARD: Memories? You're talking about memories?





EXTERIOR: CITYSCAPE — NIGHT

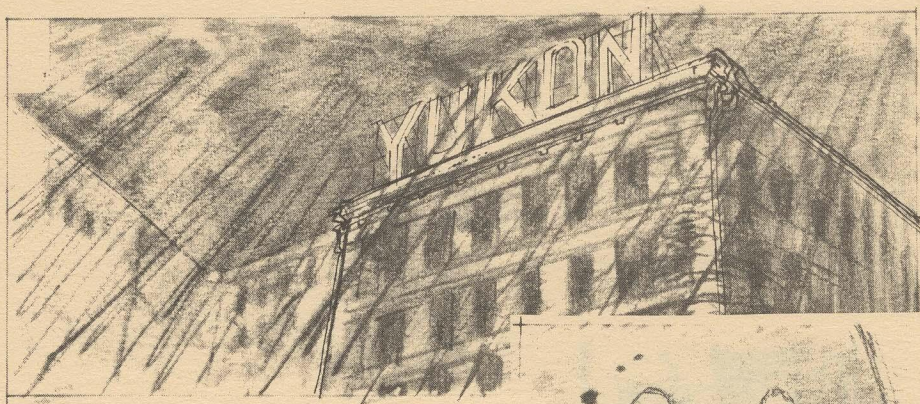
CAMERA MOVES into the city.



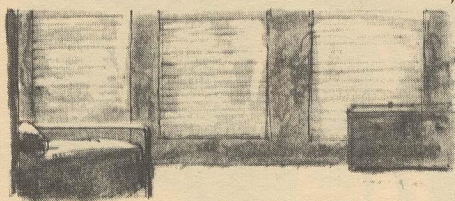
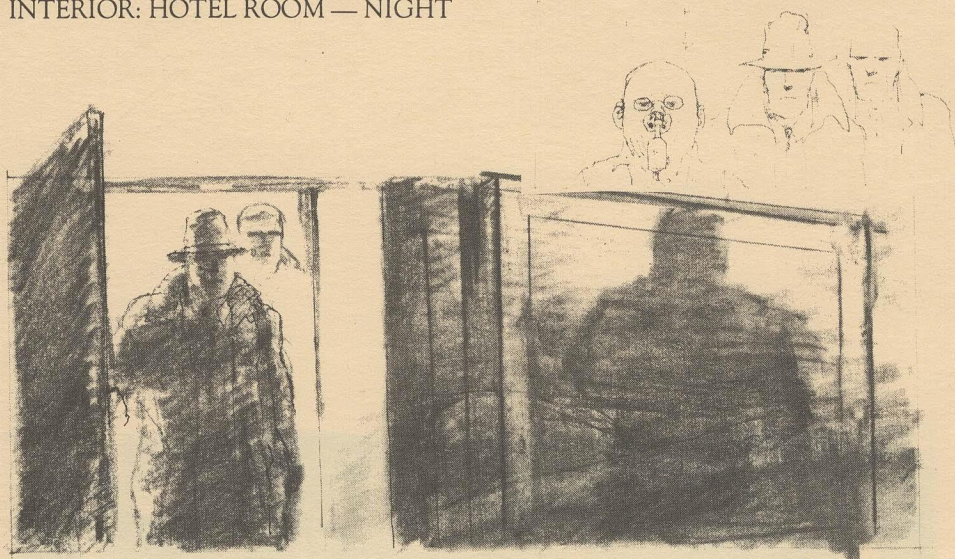
DECKARD (VOICE OVER): I didn't know whether Leon gave Holden a legit address . . . but it was the only lead I had, so I checked it out.

EXTERIOR: OVERHEAD VIEW OF HOTEL — NIGHT

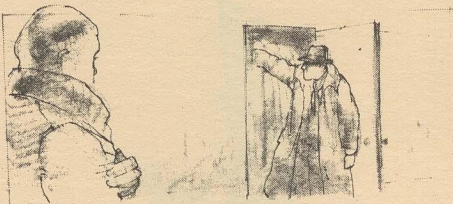
A spinner whizzes by the buildings.



INTERIOR: HOTEL ROOM — NIGHT



Deckard studies the room. A bed, a wardrobe, a small desk, a chair. Spartan, almost military. Gaff, except for his eyes, is motionless like a statue. Deckard starts to inspect the room with great care, inspecting the mattress on the bed.



EXTERIOR: HOTEL — NIGHT

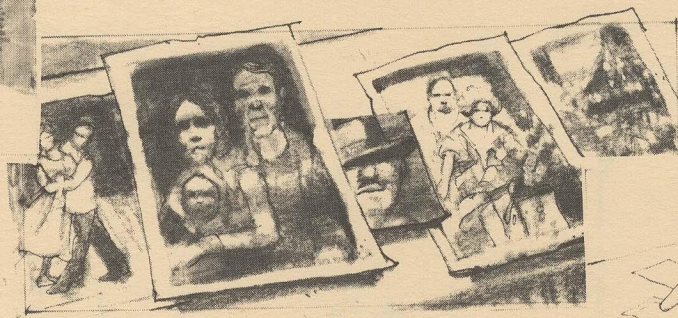
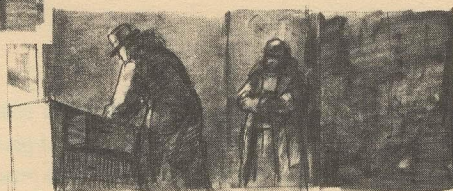
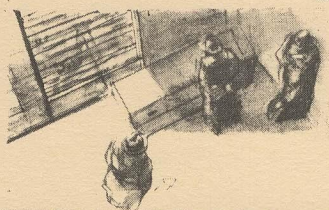
Leon is looking up at the hotel. He can see Deckard in the window. Leon is breathing hard, angry.

INTERIOR: HOTEL ROOM — NIGHT

Gaff goes out to the bathroom, looks around and uses it.



Deckard checks the dresser and goes through the drawers. He finds a packet of about sixty photographs. He thumbs them. Very ordinary looking snapshots. Maybe he notices a couple of strange ones. Maybe not.



DECKARD (VOICE OVER): Whatever was in the bath-tub wasn't human . . . and replicants don't have scales.

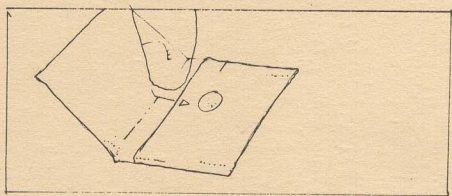
Hear toilet flush and Gaff re-enters room.

INTERIOR: HOTEL BATHROOM — NIGHT

Deckard enters the bathroom and heads for the tub.

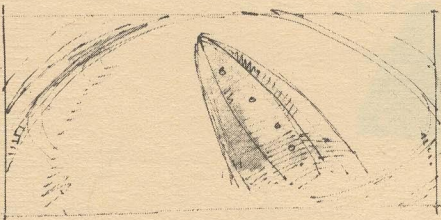
DECKARD (VOICE OVER): Family photos. Replicants didn't have families either.

He is checking the inside of the tub. He notices something. He picks up a little speck on his finger and studies it. He puts the speck in a cellophane wrapper. Deckard comes out of the bathroom. Gaff has just finished making a little paper figure of a man and he sets it down on the dresser. The door slams shut OFF SCREEN.



EXTERIOR: STREET — NIGHT

Deserted street. Leon is walking toward a phone booth. BATTY is inside the booth. He steps out of the booth and we see a perfectly-built man with cropped platinum hair and a highly sculptured face; his eyes are pale, lucid and fearless. Roy Batty is a presence of force with a lazy, but acute sense of what goes on around him.

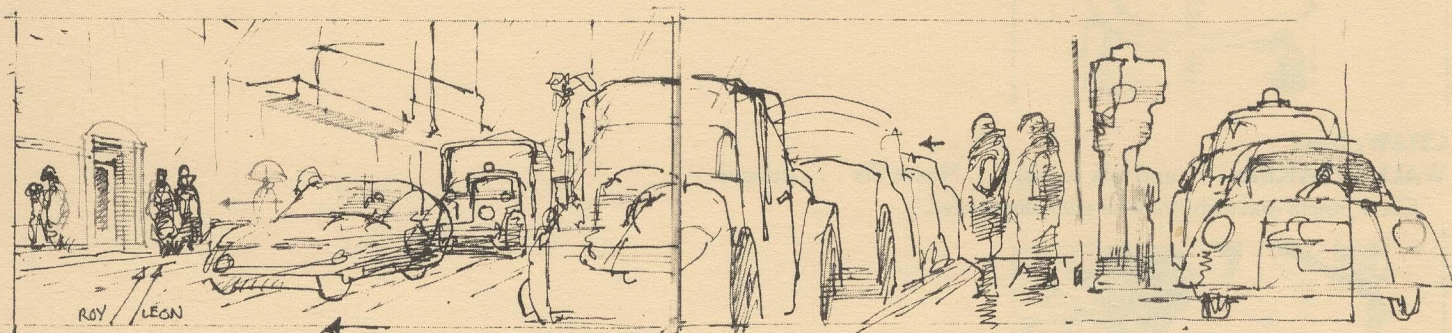


BATTY: Did you get your precious photos?

LEON: Somebody was there.

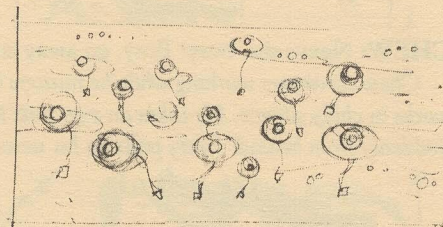
BATTY: Men. Police men.

Leon looks sullen. He doesn't know. They head down the street. Bicyclists ride by. Batty is looking at a storefront, the one that says **HANNIBAL CHEW** over the door. Batty indicates the store to Leon with a head movement. They go inside.

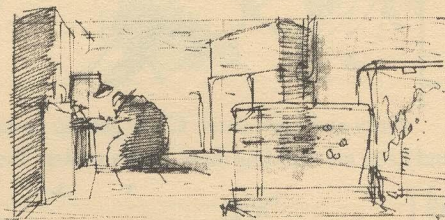


INTERIOR: CHEW'S SHOP — NIGHT

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 the 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.



A **SPEAKER** on the wall **CRACKLES** and **FARTS** **STATIC**.
WALL SPEAKER: Mr. Chew?



Chew keeps working.

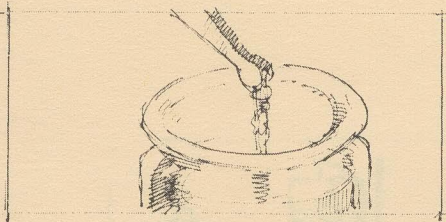


CHEW: Aaaaaaannnnn?

The wall speaker is intermittent.

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

Chew continues working.



CHEW: Busy?

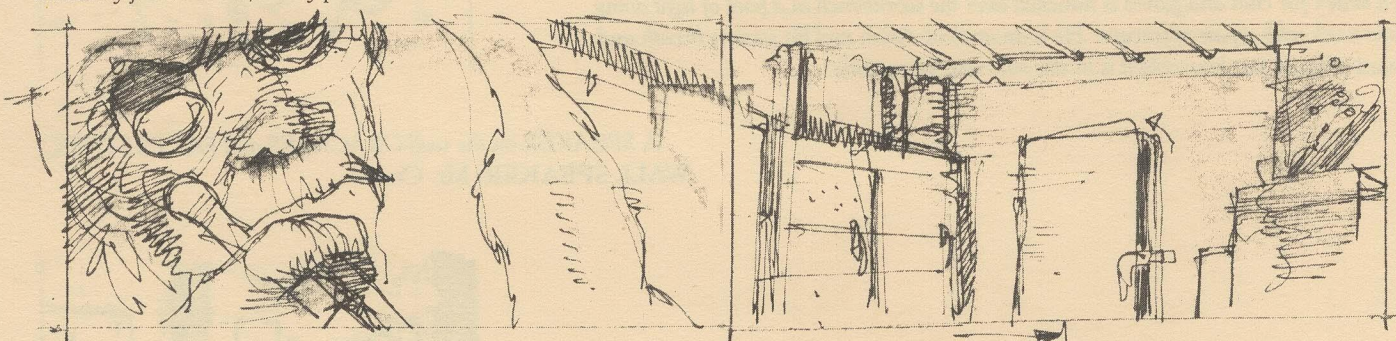
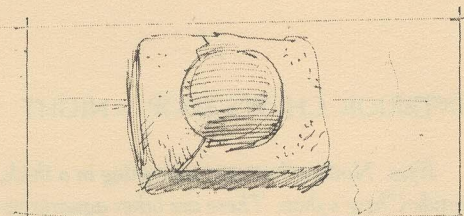
WALL SPEAKER: . . . and talk to you . . . Nexus Six . . . designs.

Chew frowns and turns from his work disgruntled.

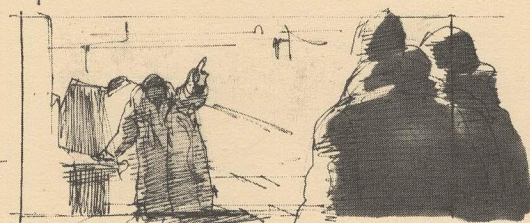


CHEW: Nexus six, busy! Busy, go away come back tomorrow. Make appointment.

Chew continues working while he mutters in Chinese. Peace returns, he calms down and works in chilly silence. He takes an eye, puts it in the microscope, and looks through. Suddenly from behind, Batty pulls on his wires.



Batty and Leon enter. Chew gets up fuming, muttering in Chinese. Turns around – Batty and Leon are standing there. Batty smiles. You would not want him to smile at you.



Chew speaks into the side speaker. There is no answer.

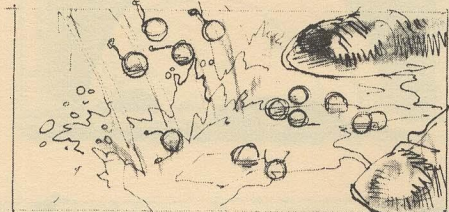
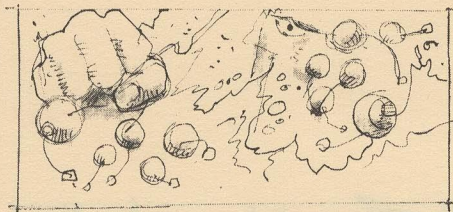


BATTY: Fiery the Angels fell . . . deep thunder rolled around their shores; burning with the fires of Orc.

Chew is bug-eyed. What is this shit? We look at Batty's machine-gun smile, steam pouring from his nostrils as we hear the shrill, indignant voice of Chew.

CHEW: Get out, you not come here! Illegal.

Batty is smiling his smokey smile. Chew notices Leon going to the tank.



CHEW: No questions. Hey, those are my eyes, cold, freezing.

Leon sticks his hand in the tank of deep cold. He pulls his hand out. It's icy. Chew looks at Leon's hand and then at Batty. Batty smiles. His coat is already covered with ice.



BATTY: Yes, questions.

RRRRRIIIIPPPP. Leon pulls the coat apart, it splits along the back seam and falls away like a banana peel. Chew is suddenly scared, cold and totally co-operative.

BATTY: Morphology . . . longevity . . . incept dates . . .

CHEW 2(squealing): I dunno! Dunno such stuff! Just do eyes! Just eyes! Genetic designs, just eyes! You nexus? I design your eyes.

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

BATTY: Chew If only you could see what I've seen with your eyes.

(Prosecuting attorney) Now, questions!

CHEW: I d-dunno answers!

BATTY: Who does?

CHEW: Tyrell! He knows everything!

BATTY: Tyrell corporation?

CHEW: He's big boss! Big genius! He design your mind — your brain.

BATTY: Ah! Smart!

CHEW: V-very cold . . . cold.

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

CHEW: Sebastian, he take you there.

BATTY: Sebastian? Who?

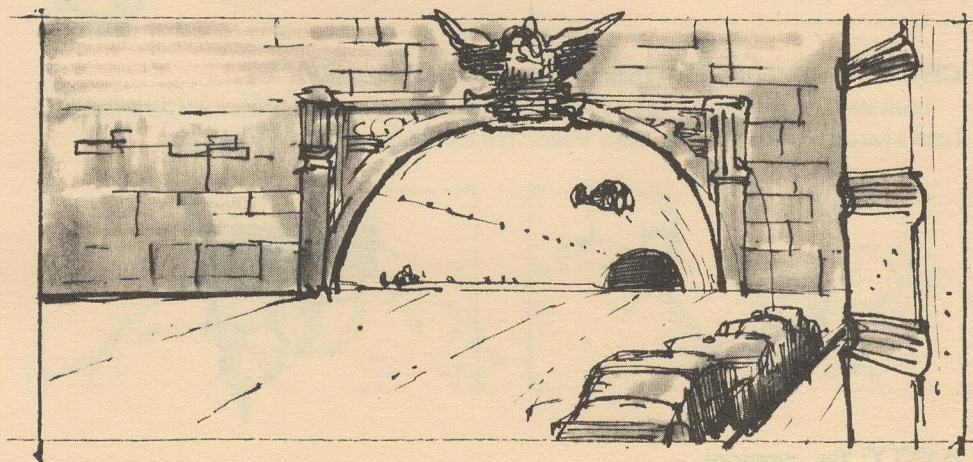
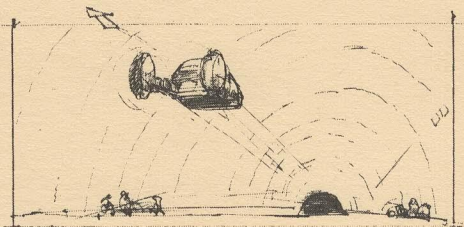
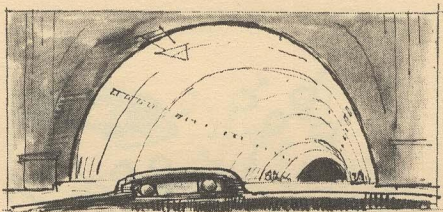
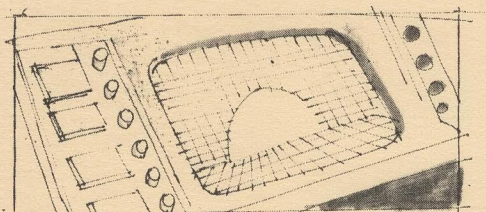
Chew is blue and hysterical.

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

BATTY: Now where would we find this J.F. Sebastian?

EXTERIOR: TUNNEL — NIGHT

Deckard's POINT OF VIEW of the tunnel as he drives through.



INTERIOR: SPINNER — NIGHT

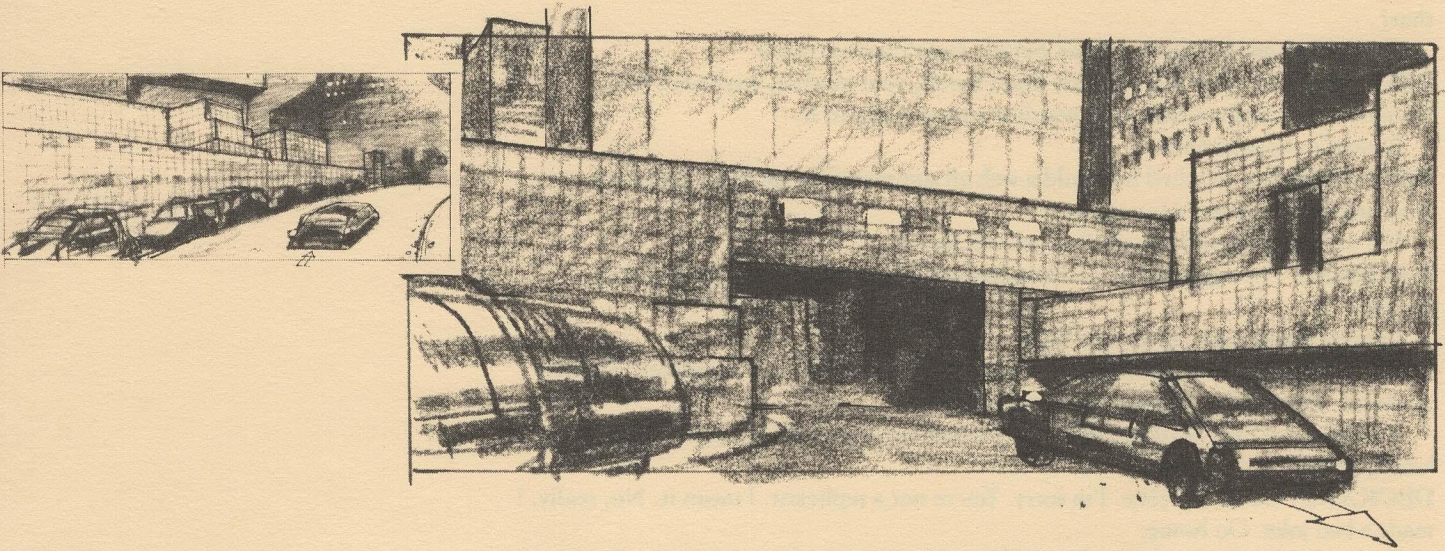
Deckard driving home.

EXTERIOR: TUNNEL — NIGHT

The Spinner drives by.

EXTERIOR: DECKARD'S APARTMENT BUILDING — NIGHT

Deckard's car pulls into the drive of a condominium block that looms against the night sky like a pile of cardboard boxes and comes to a stop. The door of the spinner opens. Deckard gets out of the car wearily.



INTERIOR: 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. . . . The elevator door opens. Deckard lowers the blaster. He's shaking all of a sudden.

INTERIOR: CORRIDOR — NIGHT

Deckard exits the elevator and approaches his door. Rachael is behind him.

RACHAEL: I wanted to see you. So I waited.

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.

RACHAEL: He wouldn't see me.

Deckard slams the door on her face. Beat, then Deckard opens the door again, looks at her then walks in; Rachael follows.

INTERIOR: DECKARD'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

The place is a mess. Deckard walks to the cocktail cabinet and pours himself a drink.

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

She goes to him holding a picture in her hand. It's an old snapshot, a little girl with a mother and father.

RACHAEL: It's me with my parents.

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

DECKARD: Yeah — when you were six and you and your brother snuck into an empty building . . . through the basement window. You were going to play doctor. He showed you his. When it got to be your turn you chickened out and ran. Remember that?

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

DECKARD: You ever tell anybody that? Tyrell, your mother, anybody? You remember that bush outside your window with a spider in it.

Rachael looks up at him.

DECKARD: You watched her build a web all summer. Orange body, green legs . . . And one day there was a big egg in it.

Her voice is getting very small. Rachael nods faintly.

RACHAEL: The egg hatched and hundreds of baby spiders came out and they ate her.

Deckard is now nasty, downright bitter.

DECKARD: You don't get it, huh? Implants. Those aren't your memories. They're implants. That's what Tyrell's niece remembers.

Rachael doesn't say anything, she can't. Rachael just stares at him, stunned and barely holding on.

DECKARD: Okay, bad joke. I'm sorry. You're not a replicant. I mean it. No, really, I made a bad joke. Go home.

Rachael is biting her lip or something, holding it back. Deckard sees he's gotten through . . . maybe too far.

DECKARD: Wanna drink?

She's completely destroyed, silent.

DECKARD: I'll getcha a drink. I'll get a glass.

Deckard hurries out. Tears drop slowly down Rachael's face. The CLOCK IS TICKING.

DECKARD (VOICE OVER): Seen 'em laugh, seen 'em howl . . . I never saw one cry.

INTERIOR: KITCHEN — NIGHT

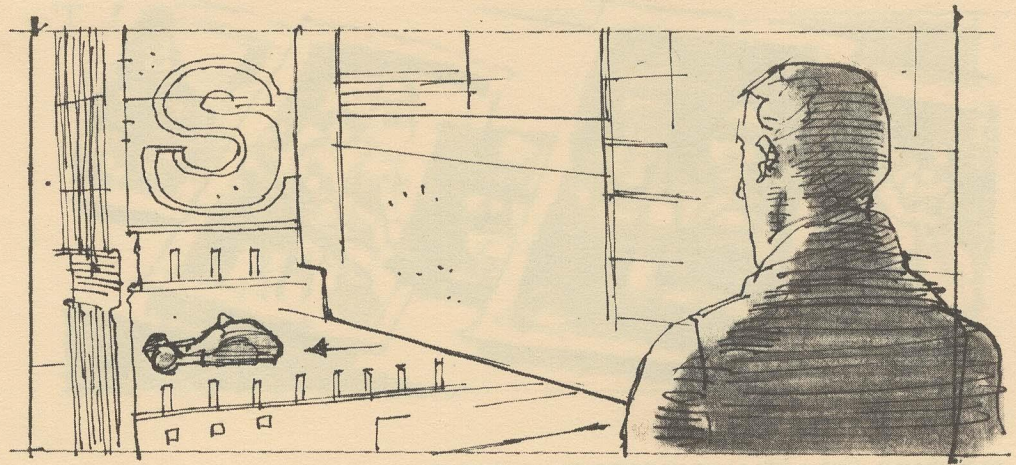
Deckard is peering at her from the doorway, a Peeping Tom. He sees the shaking hands. He doesn't like this shit. He turns his attention to getting the drink. The kitchen is a disaster area, dirty dishes overflowing from the sink, the way a plant grows out of a pot. He rummages among the dirty dishes for a glass that doesn't actually have fungus growing in it. He finds one that's only greasy. He heads back into the living room.

INTERIOR: LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Deckard stops in the doorway. 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 (VOICE OVER): Tyrell really did a job on Rachael . . . right down to a snap shot of a mother she never had, a daughter she never was.

Deckard stares out.



INTERIOR: DECKARD'S APARTMENT — NIGHT — LATER

Deckard walks out to the balcony and stares into the street. Takes a sip from his drink.

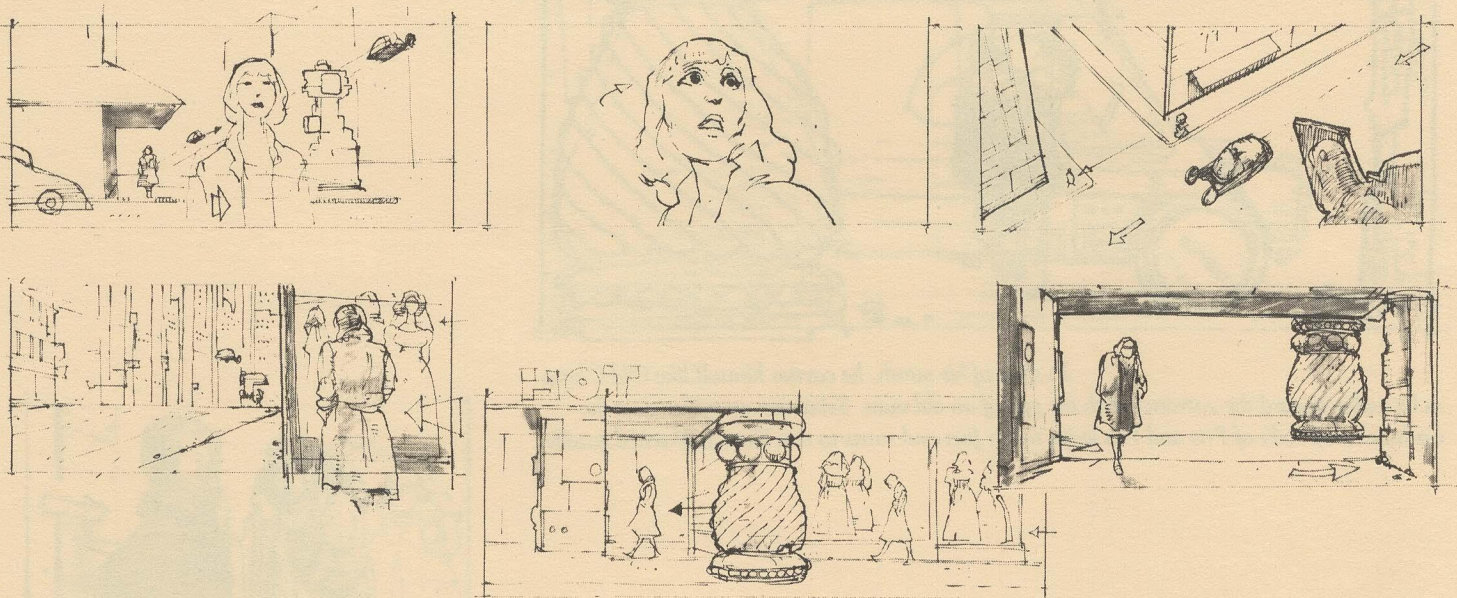
DECKARD (VOICE OVER): Replicants weren't supposed to have feelings, neither were Blade Runners. What the hell was happening to me?

EXTERIOR: STREET — NIGHT

Pris walks along an empty street. A blimp passes overhead. She watches it. She crosses the street. A weird street cleaning MACHINE GRINDS past followed by a police spinner.

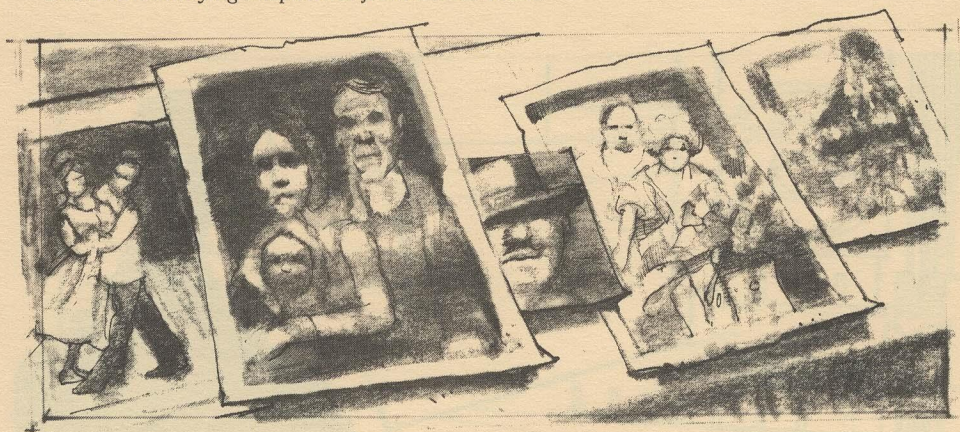
EXTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S BUILDING — NIGHT

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. Pris huddles under the trash.



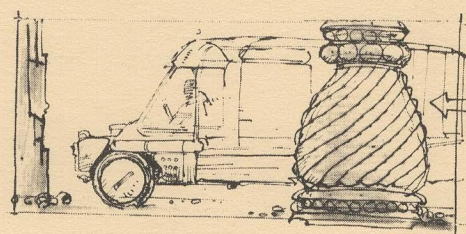
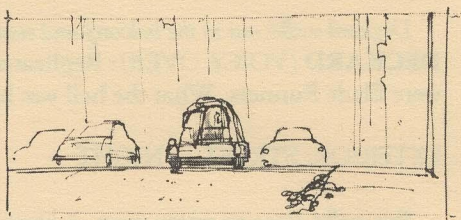
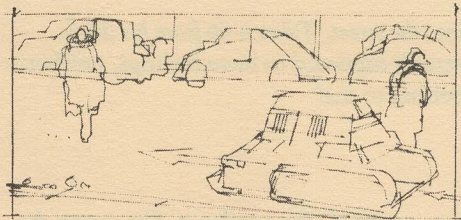
INTERIOR: DECKARD'S APARTMENT — NIGHT — LATER

Deckard is studying the pictures from Leon's room.

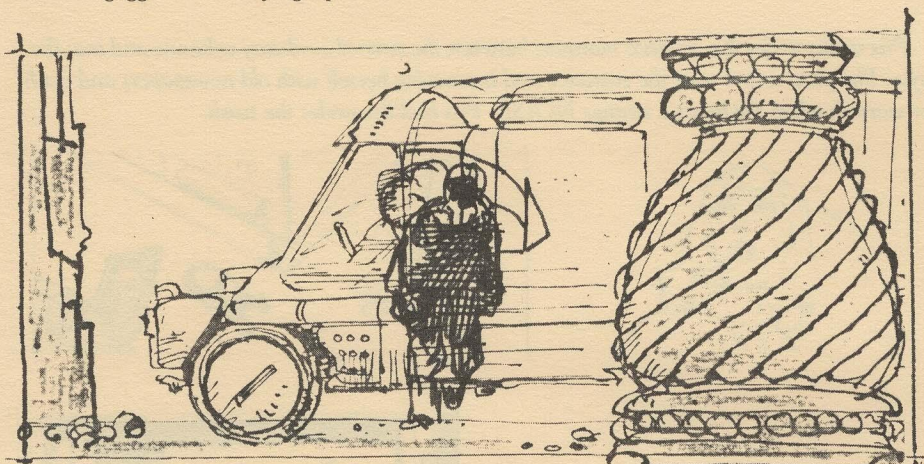


EXTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S BUILDING — NIGHT

Sebastian's white truck pulls 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 starts to run like a frightened gazelle.

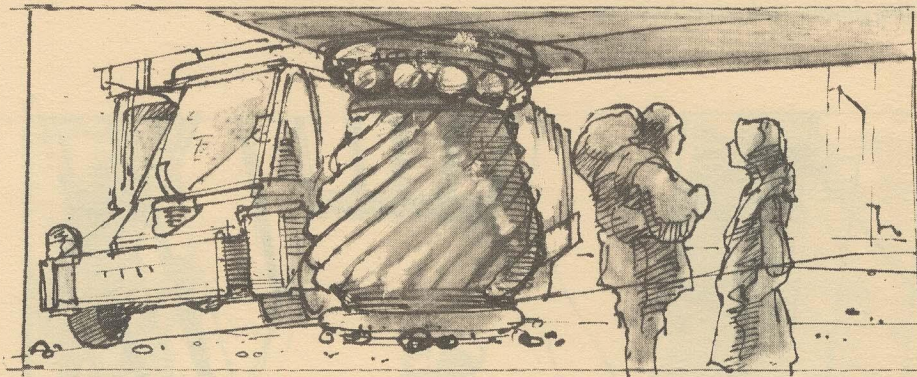


SEBASTIAN: Hey!

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.

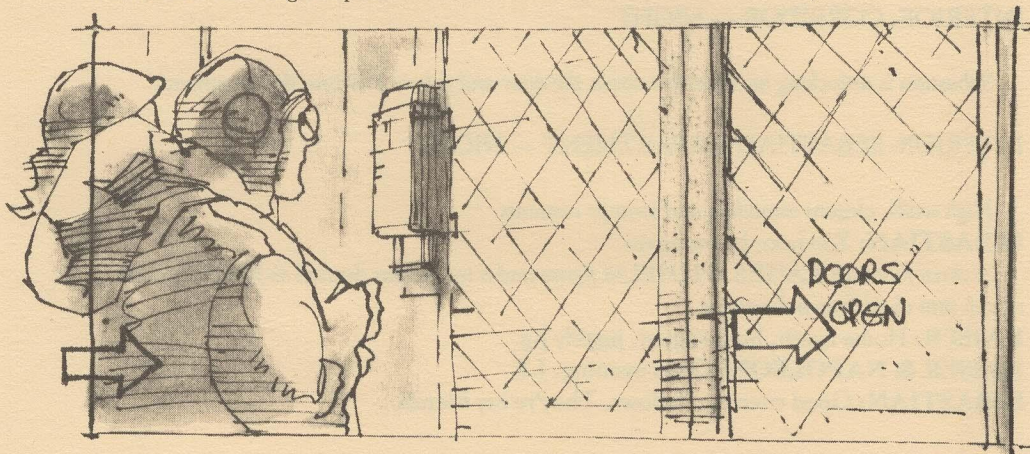
She giggles and laughs.

PRIS: I'm hungry, J.F.

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

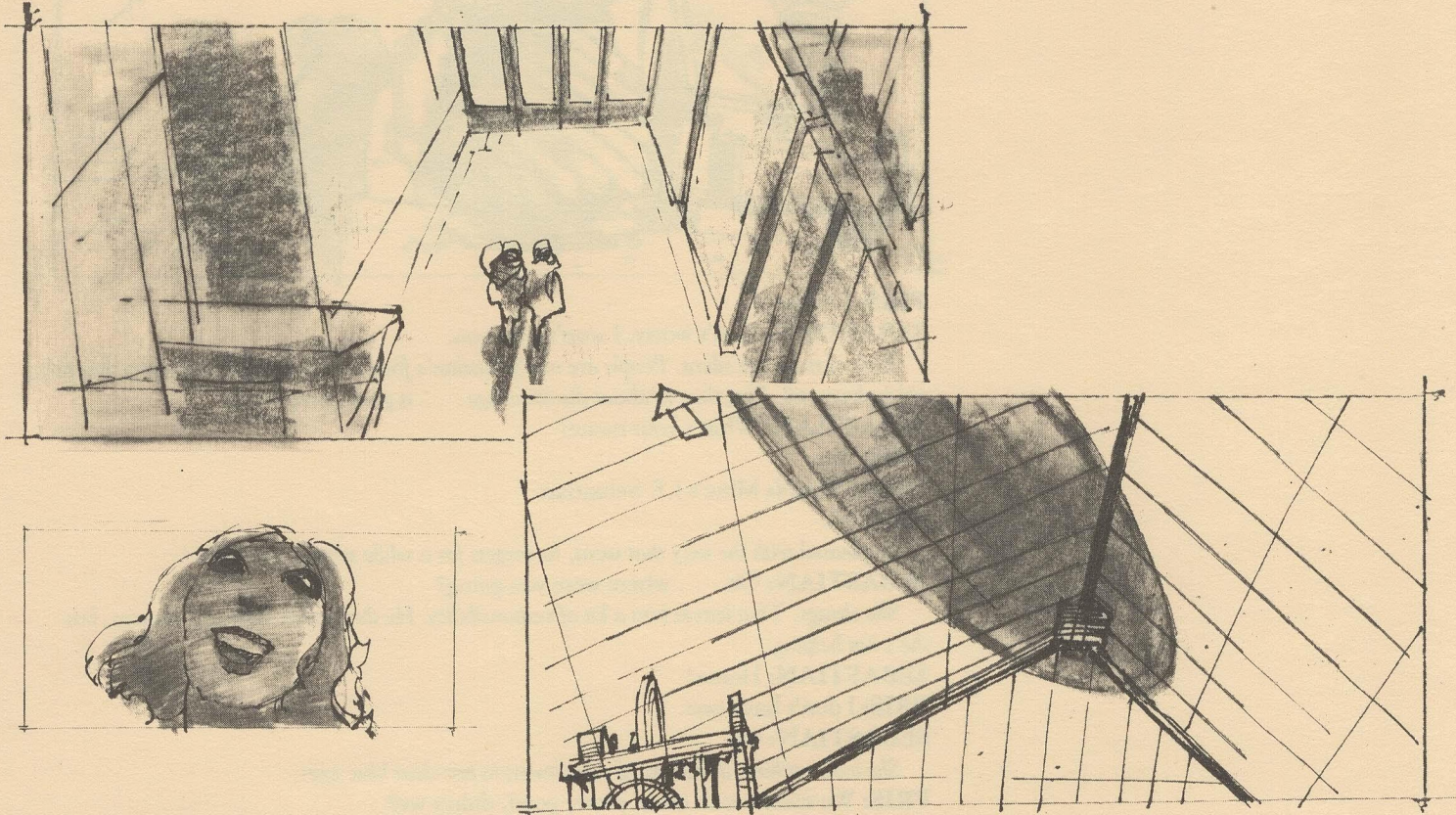
PRIS: I was hoping you'd say that.

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



INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S LOBBY — NIGHT (SHOT)

Stacks of gaudy balconies loom into shadows above. Pris stares in wonder. They head for the elevator and go inside. They go up. Pris and Sebastian in the mesh elevator as it grumbles noisily into the shadows above. Overhead lights reveal a shark-like blimp cruising above the building glowing with advertisements.



INTERIOR: CORRIDOR — NIGHT (SHOT)

Sebastian and Pris walk down the corridor toward his apartment.

PRIS: You live in this building all by yourself?

SEBASTIAN: Yeah, I live here pretty much alone right now . . . No housing shortage around here. Plenty of room for everybody.

INTERIOR: CORRIDOR — NIGHT

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

INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

High walls, elegant moulding and strange contents.

SEBASTIAN: Yoo hoo, home again.

A three foot high KAISER WILHELM figure and a teddy bear dressed as NAPOLEON march into view from a doorway.

KAISER: Home again, home again, jiggy jig.

KAISER & NAPOLEON: Good evening, J.F.

SEBASTIAN: Good evening, fellows. They're my friends.

Napoleon and Kaiser Wilhelm stare woodenly at Pris for a moment, then turn away disappearing into the gloom.

SEBASTIAN: Where are your folks? Are they living?

PRIS: I'm sort of an orphan.

SEBASTIAN: What about friends?

PRIS: I have some but I have to find them. I'll let them know tomorrow. OK?

SEBASTIAN: Yeah. Can I take those things for you? They're soaking wet.

INTERIOR: DECKARD'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Deckard playing piano, looking over photographs. Dream sequence of a Unicorn running through woods.

DECKARD (VOICE OVER): Leon's photos had to be as phony as Rachael's . . . I didn't know why a replicant would collect photos. Maybe they were like Rachael . . . they had memories.

Deckard goes to Esper machine.

INTERIOR: DECKARD'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

A blurry photograph, unclear, FILLS THE SCREEN. The photograph intensifies. 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: Enhance 224 to 176. Stop.

The edge of the man sharpens.

DECKARD: Enhance. Stop. Move in. Stop. Center and pull back. Stop. Enhance 24 to 33. Stop. Move in. Stop.

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: Track right. Track 45 right.

The line is retraced.

DECKARD: Stop. Center and stop.

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

DECKARD: Enhance 34 to 46. Stop. Pan right. Pan 45 left. Stop.

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

DECKARD: Enhance 15 to 23. Stop. Enhance 22 to 16. Stop. 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: Track 45 right. Enhance 57 to 19. Wait a minute. Go right.

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 into the wardrobe. In its gloomy recesses hangs a dress.

DECKARD: Give me a hard copy right there.

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

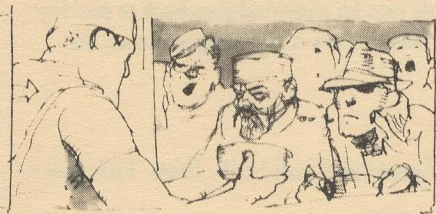
The flake. He's holding it on the tip of his finger under the light of the console screen. He sits down, studying it like Hamlet, contemplating Yorick's skull. But for the HUM OF THE MACHINE, a long silence. Absently, Deckard reaches out and flips it off. He sits awhile in the silent dark. Then goes into the bathroom.

EXTERIOR: NOODLE BAR — NIGHT

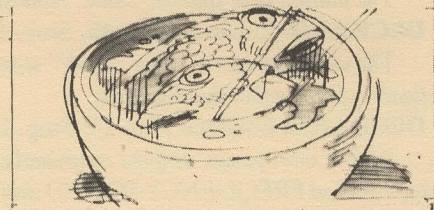
It might be 2:00 a.m., but the joint is still crowded as noisy taxi-drivers jostle each other for seats and jabber in Kangaroo, a crude lingual mix of Chinese, Japanese, French and Tagalog.



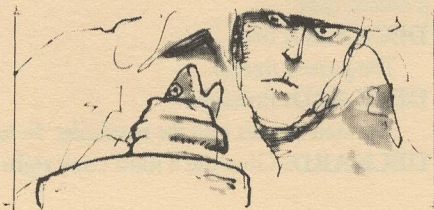
Deckard is hunched over his bowl of noodles, slurping hungrily from his busy chopsticks. Whap! The counterman slaps a serving of fish heads on the counter in front of a CHINESE sitting next to Deckard.



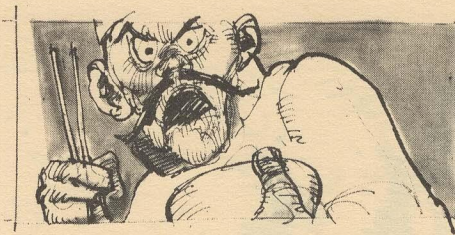
Startled by the sound Deckard glances at the bowl of fish heads, then turns his attention back to his noodles. But after two bites he frowns and turns to look at the fish heads again. The Chinese is eating the flesh hungrily from a head. He cleans the skull and drops it on the plate. Deckard stares at the heads with their blank stares that seem to gaze at eternity.



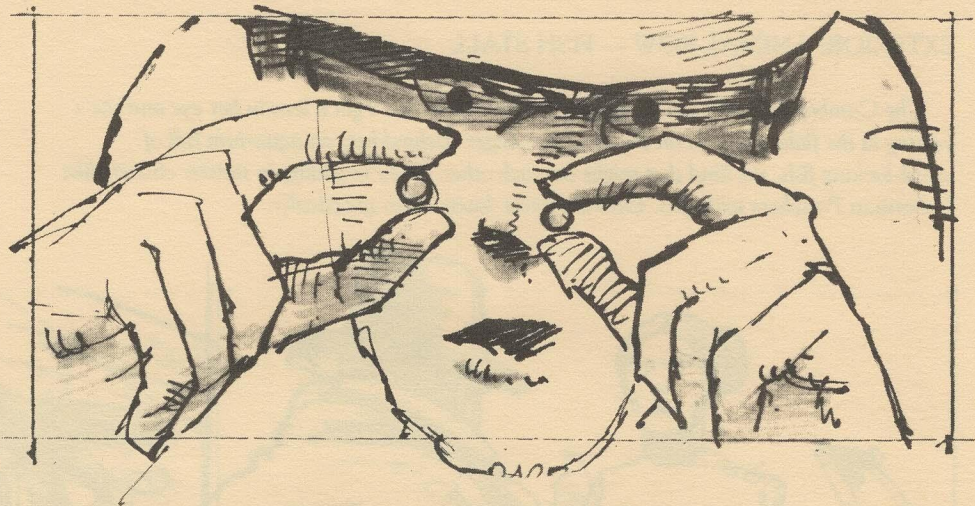
Deckard is thinking. Deckard frowns lost in furious thought. Suddenly he reaches out and grabs a fish head. The Chinese goes bug-eyed with indignation.



CHINESE (in Chinese): What the hell are you doing, you moronic ahng no dim bulb?
That's my dinner you jerk (in English).



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.



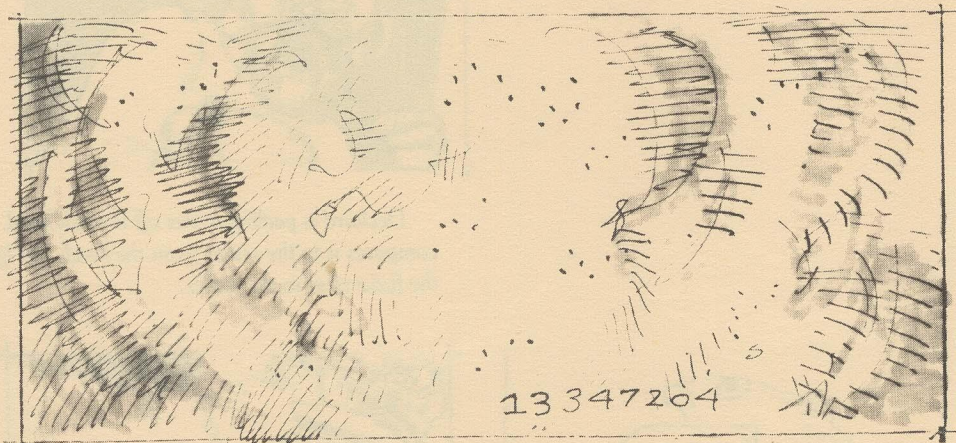
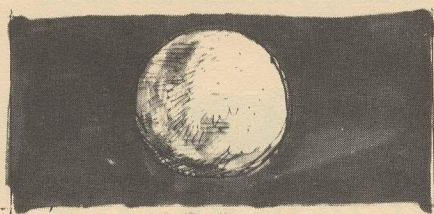
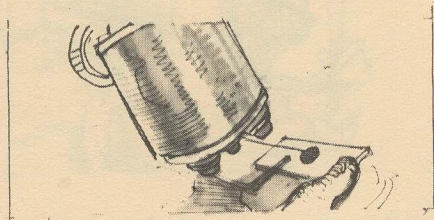
MICROSCOPIC VIEW: NIGHT

A landscape of grand abstract weirdness, blooming and sharpening and changing.



CAMBODIAN LADY (VOICE OVER): YE-ES! Finest quality! Perfect workmanship.

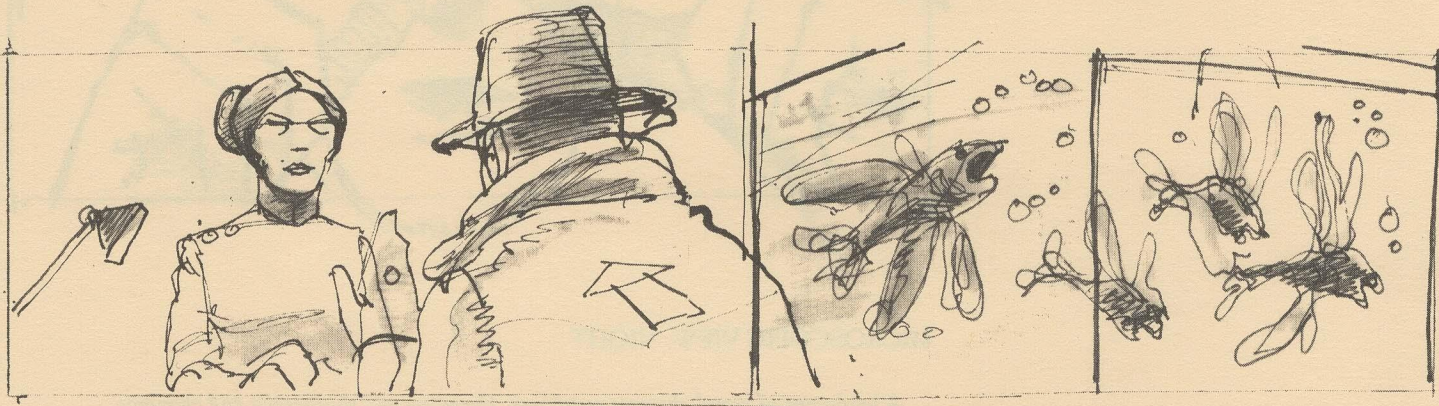
The landscape becomes forests and landscapes, and finally, buried deep in the texture of the thing we see a serial number.



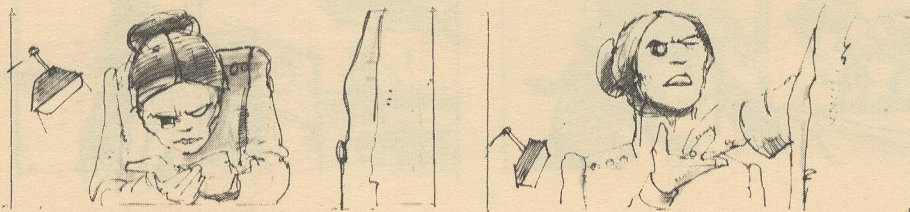
CAMBODIAN LADY (VOICE OVER): AH! Serial number 99069745XB7Y. Interesting.

EXTERIOR: ANIMAL ROW — FISH STALL

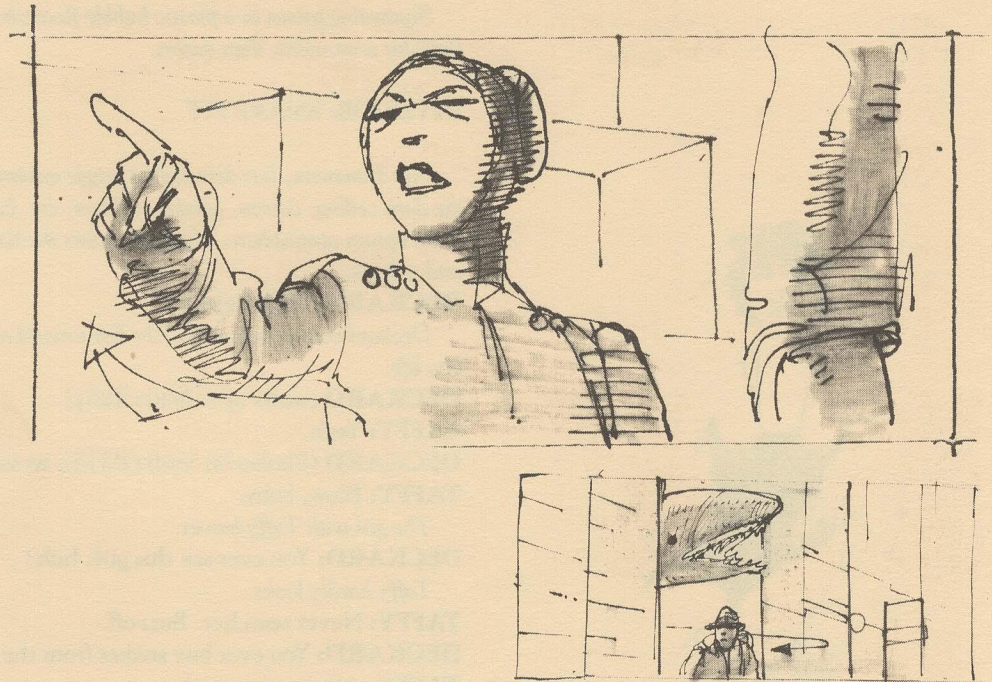
The Cambodian Lady is a withered crone in black. She's got a lens in her eye and she's looking at the flake which is on the tip of her finger. Behind her, an aquarium full of weird-looking fish, the kind that might eat each other. They're gliding in sinister clusters like Doberman Pinschers with gills. Deckard looks down at her quizzically.



CAMBODIAN LADY (Abruptly): Not fish! Snake!

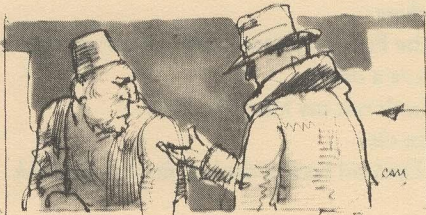
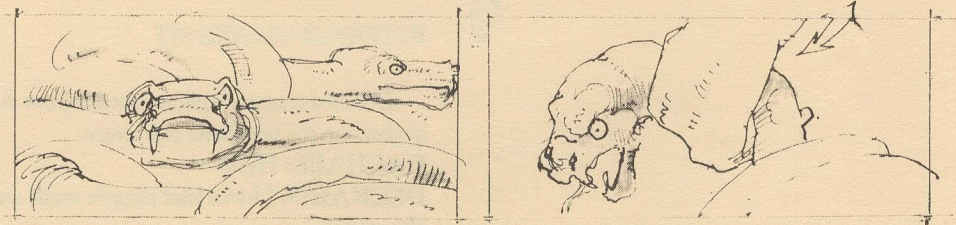


She points down the row. Deckard looks resignedly that way and we . . .



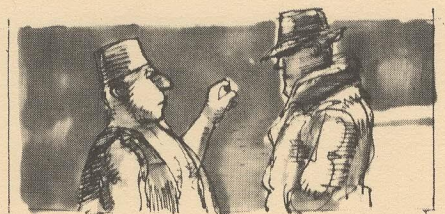
EXTERIOR: ANIMAL ROW — NIGHT TRACKING SHOT.

Deckard walks past labyrinth of animal stalls. Their eyes follow him, internal servo motors whispering and humming. He turns into a seedy-looking shop. The windows are filled with tanks of live snakes.



THROUGH THE WINDOW:

We see Deckard question a sly-looking Egyptian character. Their discussion ends abruptly as Deckard hauls the protesting Egyptian across the counter by his lapels. Deckard exits the shop.



EXTERIOR: SNAKE PIT — NIGHT

Squirming torsos in a plastic bubble float above the crowded sidewalk. Deckard enjoys the view for a moment, then enters.

INTERIOR: SNAKE PIT

Not Rousseau, but definitely a jungle environment. Serpentine motifs and vines glow from the dark ceiling; cobras, garters, rattlers, etc. bask inside glass cylinders which light the tables in an opium atmosphere. Deckard enters the bar and heads for the bartender for information and a drink.

DECKARD: Taffy Lewis?

Deckard comes forward on the bar toward a man named Taffy Lewis. Big, bad, and low life.

DECKARD (walks up to him): Taffy?

TAFFY: Yeah.

DECKARD (Flashes his card): I'd like to ask you a few questions.

TAFFY: Blow, baby.

The girl with Taffy leaves.

DECKARD: You ever see this girl, huh?

Taffy hardly looks.

TAFFY: Never seen her. Buzz off.

DECKARD: You ever buy snakes from the Egyptian, Taffy?

TAFFY: All the time, pal.

Deckard producing photos.

DECKARD: Your licenses in order, pal?

They just look at each other. Deckard orders another drink. 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. Deckard looks discouraged. Absently starts picking up and examining the photos on the bar. Batty . . . Pris . . . The Sequin close-up . . . and finally Rachael. Deckard stares at her picture for a long moment.

INTERIOR: SNAKE PIT

Deckard is at a telephone not far from the bar. He starts punching the number. Rachael appears on the telephone vid-screen.

RACHAEL: Hello.

DECKARD: I have had people walk out on me before . . . but not when I was being charming.

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

DECKARD: I am in a bar now down here on the Fourth Sector, Taffy Lewis' on the line. Why don't you come on down here and have a drink.

RACHAEL: I don't think so, Mr. Deckard. That's not my kind of place.

DECKARD: One half hour. We'll go someplace else.

She hangs up. Deckard just stares at the phone. Deckard back at the bar, finishes his drink and orders another.

DECKARD (to bartender): Can I have another?

Deckard sees marquee for Miss Salome.

INTERIOR: BACKSTAGE A LITTLE LATER

Deckard emerges from the crowd of showgirls in the corridor.

DECKARD: Excuse me, Miss Salome . . . Can I talk to you for a minute.

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



DECKARD: I am from the American Federation of Variety Artists.

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: Oh yeah?

She shrugs and they go in.

INTERIOR: DRESSING ROOM — NIGHT

Musty, cramped. A portable shower, a dressing table and not much else. He holds up a hand as if to stop her from protesting.

DECKARD: I'm not here to make you join. No, ma'am, that's not my department.

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

DECKARD: I'm from the Confidential Committee on Moral Abuses.

She nods, taking it a little more seriously.

SALOME: Committee on Moral Abuses?

She takes off her snake.

DECKARD: Yes, ma'am. There's been some reports that the management's been taking liberties with the artists in this place.

SALOME: I don't know nothing about it.

DECKARD: Have you felt yourself to be exploited in any way?

She's definitely puzzled.

SALOME: How do you mean 'exploited'?

DECKARD: Well, like to get this job, I mean did you do or were you asked to do anything that's lewd or unsavory or otherwise repulsive to your person? Huh?

SALOME: Are you for real?

DECKARD: Oh, yeah. I'd like to check your dressing room if I may.

SALOME: For what?

DECKARD: For, for holes.

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

SALOME: Holes?

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

SALOME: No, I wouldn't.

Salome goes into the shower.

DECKARD (VOICE OVER): Little dirty holes they drill in the wall so they can watch a lady undress.

Salome begins bathing. Deckard starts pacing the room like he's inspecting the walls. He walks over to the dresser. His fingers are moving over her gowns. There's about six of them, on hangers. He looks closely at one of the sequins from the dress.

INTERIOR: BATHROOM — NIGHT

Salome dries her hair. Deckard continues to look around the room, notices the snake.

INTERIOR: SCREEN/BATHROOM — NIGHT

Salome starts to put on her boots.

INTERIOR: DRESSING ROOM — NIGHT

Deckard looking at the snake.

DECKARD: Is this a real snake?



INTERIOR: BEHIND THE SCREEN/BATHROOM — NIGHT

SALOME: Of course it's not real. You think I'd be working in a place like this if I could afford a real snake?

Salome finishes putting on her boots.

INTERIOR: DRESSING ROOM — NIGHT

Deckard reaches out to touch it as his finger makes contact, there's an electric snap, he jerks his hand back from the shock. Salome stands, gets a towel, comes out from behind the screen. He looks around . . . she's out of the shower half nude. She didn't look like Nexus designated Zhora to begin with, but even less now.

SALOME: So if somebody does try to "exploit" me, who do I go to about it.

DECKARD: Me.

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. She puts on her costume as she turns. As she finishes she gives Deckard a sharp jab with her left elbow. Deckard doubles up with the pain of it. Salome turns and hits him again in the face. Deckard falls on the couch. Salome grabs her coat and puts it on. Deckard is on the couch in pain. Salome kneels and grabs Deckard by his tie and begins choking him. He struggles. Suddenly some showgirls enter the dressing room. Salome runs out of the room knocking over one of the girls. Deckard tries to stand up.

EXTERIOR: BACKSTAGE/DOOR OPERA HOUSE — NIGHT

Salome/Zhora comes out, breaks into a run and runs right into a pedestrian. Continues to run down the street. Deckard comes out in time to spot her running into the street. He goes after her also knocking pedestrians down. He comes to an intersection. He looks for her, but seems to have lost her.

EXTERIOR: STREET — OPERA HOUSE — NIGHT

It's RAINING. The front of the Opera House. 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. Deckard walks around the crowd looking desperately for her. His gun is drawn. Suddenly he notices her on the other side of the street. Zhora, in just a translucent raincoat, is not out of place in this flea market atmosphere. 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. He takes aim. Pedestrians are in the line of fire.

DECKARD (yells): Move! Move!

She sees him and runs. Deckard gets on a moving bus, tries to move quickly around the people and comes to the other side, he seems to have lost her again — Zhora is hiding by the subway entrance. Deckard continues to look around, he sees her hiding by the steps, slowly he makes his way toward her, pushes the people aside. She sees him. Deckard takes aim. Zhora runs out, pushing the people away. Deckard tries to take aim. Zhora runs into the street.

ZHORA: Watch out! Watch out!

Running on top of the cars, pushing people. Deckard runs after her.

DECKARD: Move! Get out! Move! Get out of the way!

Deckard takes aim and fires. Zhora continues running. Deckard runs after her, his gun aimed. 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. Deckard fires again in slow motion. CRASH! Zhora explodes through a series of plate glass





windows in adjoining shops. Zhora breaks through one window after another, getting sliced, already shot, running on reflexes. She tumbles, and stands again continues to run. Deckard fires again. Glass sprays like fireworks as she smashes through the last two windows and into the street. She's going too fast to stop. She falls on the ground dead. Hunched over, breathing hard, Deckard comes slowly forward.

DECKARD (VOICE OVER): The report'd be routine retirement of a replicant . . . which didn't make me feel any better about shooting a woman in the back. There it was again . . . feeling. In myself . . . for her . . . for Rachael . . .

The crowd starts to gather. Something here for everybody as they're coming from all directions. Deckard moves through them. Zhora is wedged on her side, torn, bloody and broken. Deckard, head cocked at an awkward angle, looking back at her.

EXTERIOR: THE CROWD — NIGHT

Leon among the throng of ASIANS and LATINOS. He too sees the body of Zhora. A police car arrives. Leon looks very grim. He looks at Deckard. Lights from a spinner smear over the crowd, sirens whine. 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. The police arrive and turn her over. Zhora's face frozen, dead. Deckard hastily flashes his badge at arriving COPS.

DECKARD: Deckard, B26354.

Leon is still standing among the spectators looking at Deckard. Deckard hurries off into the street.

EXTERIOR: 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 walks up to the counter.

SALESLADY: One minute.

She walks away. The saleslady returns.

SALESLADY: Yeah, what do you want?

DECKARD: Tsing Tao.

The saleslady hands Deckard a fifth.

DECKARD: Is this enough?

SALESLADY: Yeah.

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.

DECKARD: What?

Gaff looks back at Deckard

GAFF: Bryant.

Deckard turns toward the curb, grabs his bottle and heads for the sidewalk. Deckard walks over to the spinner. Bryant is getting out.

BRYANT: Christ, Deckard, ya look almost as bad as that tit job ya left under the bus.

DECKARD: I'm going home.

BRYANT: You could learn from this guy, Gaff. He's a goddamn one-man slaughterhouse, that's what he is. Four more to go, Gaff. Let's go!

DECKARD: Three. There's three to go.

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. Something to do with the brain plant, says Tyrell. Come on, Gaff. (To Deckard.) Drink some for me, pal.

Deckard watches them go. Gaff and Bryant get in the spinner and drive off. Deckard stands there looking out to the street. Then he sees her. Rachael is standing in the crowd staring at him. Rachael disappears into the crowd. Deckard stands to go after her. Rachael is swallowed up into the crowd near a big sign.

EXTERIOR: STREETS — NIGHT

The tide of STREET PEOPLE moves inexorably as Deckard, like a swimmer, moves through them, eyes busy, searching for Rachael. Shoves his way through the crowd. Looks around in despair. Deckard is hurrying past the mouth of an alley. Suddenly he's pulled by his arm. A big guy is hauling him into the alley.

DECKARD: Leon.

LEON: How old am I?

Deckard tries to punch him and misses — Leon pulls him back.

DECKARD: I don't know.

He slams Deckard into the wall. The grip tightens and twists.

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

DECKARD: Four years.

Deckard is swept off his feet and twirled around. Leon lets go and Deckard hits the car. Deckard comes up with gun in hand, but Leon is so fast he's already there and hits it out of his hand. His hand is lightning. It shoots out.

LEON: More than you.

Leon's fist comes fast, like a hammer. Deckard at the last minute moves his hand away — Leon misses and makes a hole right into the car. Smoke comes out. Leon pulls Deckard away.

LEON: Painful to live in fear, isn't it.

Leon grabs Deckard, picks him up and hurls him onto a car — Deckard lands on the windshield. Deckard slides down on the hood — Leon grabs him again. Leon pulls Deckard off of the car and onto his feet. Leon slaps Deckard a couple of times.

LEON: Wake up, time to die.

Leon points his fingers at Deckard's eyes, raises them and gets ready to strike when suddenly — 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 falling on top of Deckard. Deckard tries to get free from his grip. He turns. He starts to get up. 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 nose and mouth bloody. He sees how shaken she is. He turns and vomits.

INTERIOR: 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 takes a thirsty gulp. 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.

Rachael gives Deckard a long hard look.

RACHAEL: I'm not in the business.

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

RACHAEL: I am the business.

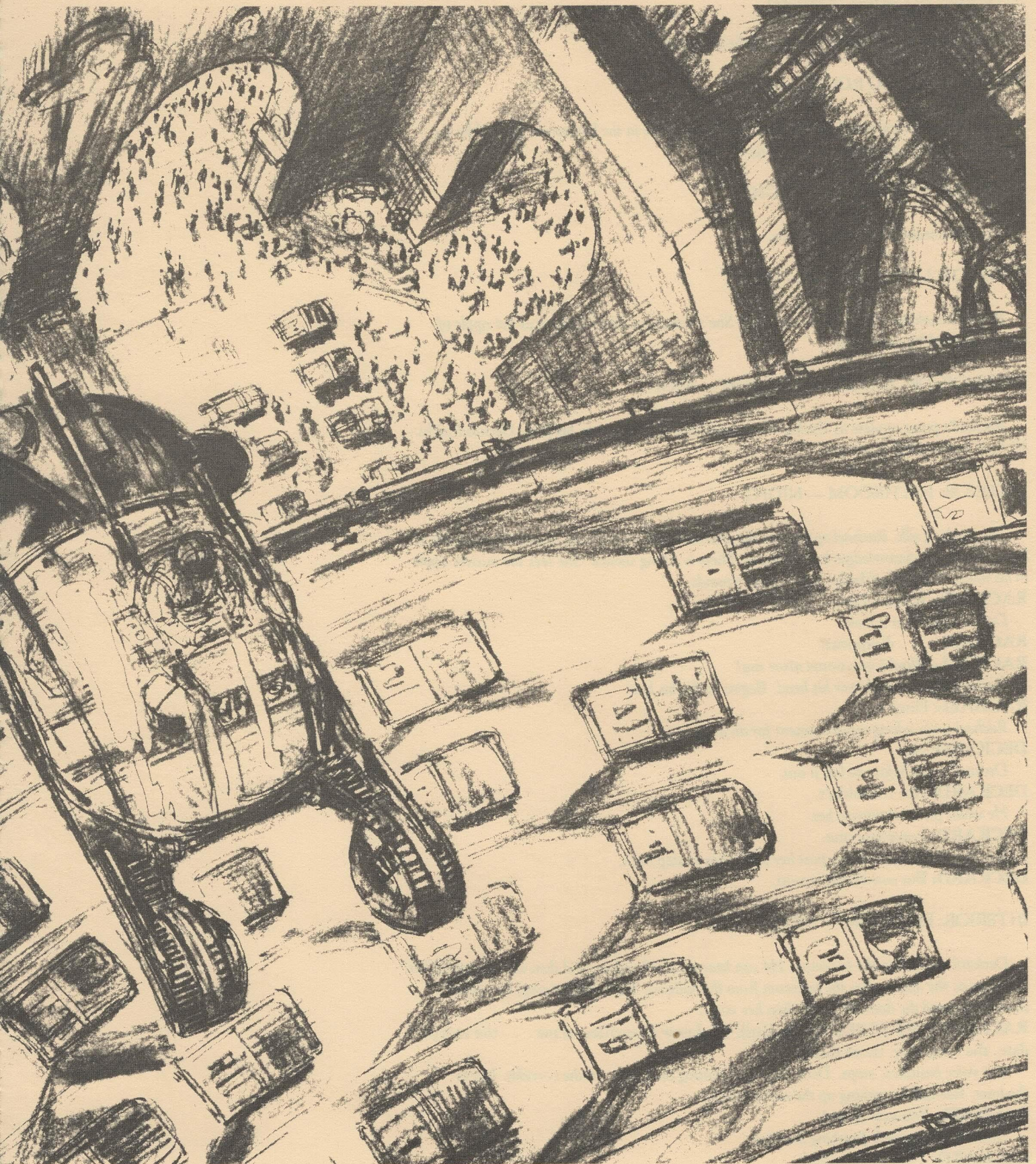
She is grim and angry and shaking. She looks at him — he feels uncomfortable and exits the kitchen. You can hear the clock TICKING.

INTERIOR: DECKARD'S BATHROOM — NIGHT

Deckard enters the bathroom with his bottle. He takes his shirt off.







INTERIOR: KITCHEN — NIGHT

Rachael reacts to the water running in the bathroom.

INTERIOR: LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Rachael smoking is watching Deckard washing his face in the bathroom, framed by the open door. You get the feeling she's spying on him.

INTERIOR: BATHROOM — NIGHT

Deckard continues to wash his face.

INTERIOR: LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Rachael smoking. Her face is enigmatic. She's watching. She's looking at the ripple of muscle around his shoulders.

INTERIOR: DECKARD'S BATHROOM — NIGHT

Rachael's point of view as Deckard continues throwing water on his face. Deckard sticks his head in the sink full of water.

INTERIOR: BATHROOM — NIGHT

The rustle of silk. Rachael appears in the doorway of the bathroom, cigarette and drink in hand. Deckard acknowledges 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 . . .

Deckard gives her a look.

RACHAEL: . . . disappear?

RACHAEL: Would you come after me?

Deckard puts a towel over his head. Begins to dry his hair.

RACHAEL: Hunt me?

Rachael waits a long tense moment for an answer.

DECKARD: No.

Deckard waits before he lets it out.

DECKARD: No, I wouldn't.

He walks forward toward her.

DECKARD: I owe you one.

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

DECKARD: But somebody would.

INTERIOR: BEDROOM — NIGHT

Deckard walks into the bedroom. 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 (OFF SCREEN): Deckard, you know those files on me . . . the inception date, the longevity, those things . . .

Her voice hesitates, stops. Deckard begins putting on a shirt. In the corridor, lost in shadows, Rachael is working up the nerve to ask.

RACHAEL: You saw them?

Deckard, exhausted, finishing dressing.

DECKARD: They're classified.

In the corridor, Rachael persists with effort.

RACHAEL: But, you're a policeman.

Deckard pours another drink.

DECKARD: I didn't look at them.

He sits at the edge of the bed. In the hallway, Rachael is hardly breathing. It must come as a tremendous relief to her. Then she speaks again.

RACHAEL: You know that . . . Voight-Kampff test of yours . . .

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

RACHAEL (continuing): . . . did you ever take that test yourself? Deckard?

Rachael waits for a long moment in the shadows. The clock ticks. No answer. Rachael moves into the light from the bedroom door and peers in. Deckard is lying on the bed, snoring gently, holding his glass on his chest. Rachael walks up to him and slowly reaches for his glass — Deckard makes a slight move with his hand almost touching her fingers. Rachael takes the glass quietly — Deckard continues sleeping — Rachael leaves the room.

INTERIOR: LIVING ROOM NIGHT

The CLOCK IS LOUDER in the living room. Rachael standing by the piano. Looking at the photos. She takes one and looks at it, sets it down.

INTERIOR: BEDROOM — NIGHT

Deckard is sleeping peacefully.

INTERIOR: LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Rachael looks at the sheet music on the piano, Chopin. She takes off her jacket. She stands close to the keys and then sits. She starts to play. The feeling, the rhythm, the beauty of the music. It fills the whole apartment.

INTERIOR: BEDROOM — NIGHT

Deckard wakes up, trying to orient himself, he hears the music.

INTERIOR: LIVING ROOM — MORNING

Rachael begins to take her hair down.

INTERIOR: BEDROOM — MORNING

Deckard is restless.

INTERIOR: LIVING ROOM — MORNING

Rachael finishes with her hair. She stares out, her face a mask. She gives a glance towards the bedroom. Deckard enters and moves to the piano, close to Rachael, looking to see what's got her attention.

DECKARD: Me and my Dad.

RACHAEL: Did you love him?

DECKARD: He died.

Rachael indicates the picture of Deckard's wife.

DECKARD: My wife.

RACHAEL: Do you love her?

DECKARD: She left me. (pause) Went offworld. Wanted the good life.

RACHAEL: And 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 grins his understanding and she stops playing.

RACHAEL: I didn't know if I could play. (pause) I remember lessons . . . I don't know if it's me or Tyrell's niece.

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

DECKARD: You play beautifully.

Suddenly she stops playing and turns to him. All you can hear is the CLOCK TICKING. Deckard leans in and kisses her on the side of her face by her neck. She doesn't respond.

Deckard pulls away, looks at her, then moves forward to kiss her on the lips. She moves back, stands and walks away. Deckard tries to grab her, but she rapidly heads for the door. Deckard cuts her off. She tries to open the door – he slams it shut. He grabs her and pushes her against the window sill. He walks toward her. She's looking 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.

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

He stops her.

DECKARD: Say kiss me.

She nods.

RACHAEL: Kiss me.

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

DECKARD: Say kiss 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.

RACHAEL: Put your hands on me. Please.

He kisses her hard, deep, soft. He rakes his fingers through her hair and pulls her into him. His other hand molding and pressing her.

INTERIOR: 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.

INTERIOR: LOBBY SEBASTIAN'S BUILDING — DAWN

The elevator is going up.

INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S LABORATORY — DAWN

Sebastian is awakened.

SEBASTIAN: Whatcha doin'.

PRIS: Oh, I'm sorry, just peeking.

SEBASTIAN: Oh.

PRIS: How do I look?

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



SEBASTIAN: You look better,

PRIS: Just better.

SEBASTIAN (*blushing*): Well . . . you look beautiful.

PRIS: Thanks.

INTERIOR: CORRIDOR/HALLWAY — DAWN

Batty is walking towards the apartment.

INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S LABORATORY — DAWN

Pris studies Sebastian for a moment.

PRIS: How old are you?

SEBASTIAN: Twenty-five.

PRIS: What's your problem?

SEBASTIAN: Methuselah Syndrome.

PRIS: What's that?

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.

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

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

BATTY: Gosh, you've really got some nice toys here.

PRIS: This is the friend I was telling you about.

Batty smiles benevolently.

PRIS: This is my saviour, J.F. Sebastian.

BATTY: Sebastian, I like a man that stays put. You live here all by yourself, do you?

SEBASTIAN: Yes . . .

There is a long silence. Batty looks at Pris, he walks over and kisses her. Sebastian is uneasy.

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

Sebastian stands and walks out of the room. Pris, her tone muted but demanding.

PRIS: Well?

Batty has a hard time answering.

BATTY: Leon . . .

PRIS: What's going on?

BATTY: There's only two of us now.

Pris is shocked. Her whisper comes out a hiss.

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

BATTY: No we won't.

Pris doesn't answer.

INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — DAWN

Pris is filling the hours of insomniacal boredom by experimenting with her makeup. A bleached white face and black ringed eyes. A sexual waif. A savage doll.

EXTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — DAWN

Nasty MUSIC a dismal looking building.

INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — DAWN

A cuckoo clock interrupts her. She gets up and starts exploring the rooms.

INTERIOR: WEDDING DRESS ROOM — DAWN

She wanders into a large room and heads for the front door. She opens the locks, comes back to the entryway and flexes her fingers. She smiles.

INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Batty goes to the chess game, moves the white queen to the bishop.

SEBASTIAN: No. The knight takes the queen, see? It won't do.

Batty goes over and sits by the chess game. Batty studies the game then takes the white queen with the black knight. Sebastian stares at Batty for a long moment, then at Pris.

BATTY: Why are you staring at us, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN: Cause, you're so . . . so different.

A pause.



SEBASTIAN: You're . . . so perfect.

Sebastian is grinning from ear to ear.

BATTY (*Looks up.*): Yes.

SEBASTIAN: What generation are you?

Batty sits next to Pris.

BATTY: Nexus 6.

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!

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, Sebastian, therefore I am.

BATTY: Very good, Pris. Now show him why.

Pris does a back flip, then without a moment's hesitation, she walks over to the flask, sticks her hand into the boiling water and pulls out one of the eggs and hands it to Sebastian.

Sebastian is riveted, his eyes wide and astonished, like he'd 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: We've got a lot in common.

SEBASTIAN: What do you mean?

BATTY: Similar problems.

PRIS: Accelerated decrepitude.

BATTY: You couldn't help us.

SEBASTIAN: I don't know much about biomechanics, Roy, I wish I did.

BATTY (*He grabs Sebastian*): If we don't find help soon, Pris hasn't got long to live.

Batty lets go of him.

BATTY: Is he good?

SEBASTIAN: Who?

BATTY: Your opponent.

SEBASTIAN: Oh, Dr. Tyrell . . . He's more than good. He's a genius. He's the Einstein of genetics. He designed you.

BATTY: Maybe he could help.

SEBASTIAN: I'd be happy to mention it to him.

BATTY: Be better if I could talk to him in person. (*He stands.*) But I understand he's sort of a hard man to get to.

Batty begins to back Sebastian up against Pris. She is seated on the pool table.

SEBASTIAN: Yes, very.

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

BATTY: Will you help us?

SEBASTIAN: I . . . I . . . can't.

Pris puts her arms around him.

PRIS: We 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 (*Holding two pool balls next to his eyes.*): 1 We're so happy you found us.

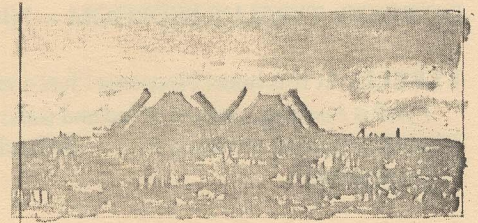
Sebastian laughs.

PRIS: I don't think there's another human being in the whold world who would have helped us.

Pris gives Sebastian a big kiss. Sebastian walks away. Pris looks at him, then at Batty. Her smile goes away.

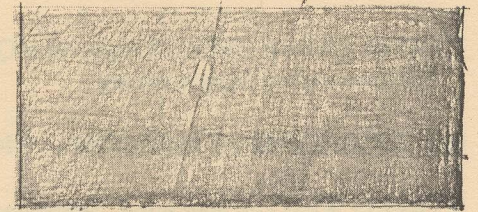
EXTERIOR: TYRELL CORP. — SUNSET

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.



EXTERIOR: PYRAMID — NIGHT

The elevator is whizzing up the slope of the pyramid.



INTERIOR: 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.



EXTERIOR: PYRAMID — NIGHT

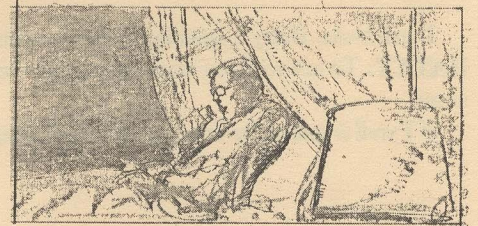
The elevator continues up. Suddenly the elevator comes to an abrupt halt.

INTERIOR: TYRELL'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

The owl on the perch. Tyrell is lying on a huge bed muttering into a computer device.



TYRELL: Sixty-six thousand Prosser and Ankopitch . . . hmm, trade . . . trade at . . .



SPEAKER: Quinzieme Blue entry. A Mr. J.F. Sebastian, one-six-four-one-seven.

TYRELL: At this hour?

INTERIOR: ELEVATOR — NIGHT

TYRELL (VOICE OVER): What can I do for you, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN: Queen to bishop six check! . . .

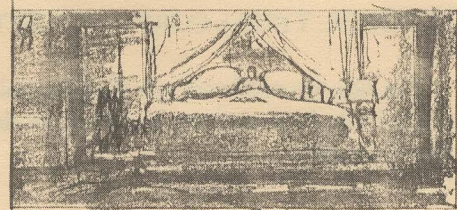
INTERIOR: TYRELL'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

TYRELL: At this hour! Nonsense! Just a moment. Just one minute.

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

TYRELL: Queen to bishop six . . . Ridiculous! Queen bishop six hum.

Tyrell smirks.



INTERIOR: ELEVATOR — NIGHT

TYRELL (VOICE OVER): Knight takes Queen.

Sebastian looks at Batty nervously.

INTERIOR: TYRELL'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

TYRELL: What's on your mind, Sebastian? What are you thinking about?

INTERIOR: ELEVATOR — NIGHT

Sebastian looks worried. He doesn't hesitate.

SEBASTIAN: Bishop to King Seven. Checkmate, I think.

Batty gives a metallic smile.



INTERIOR: TYRELL'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

TYRELL: Got a brainstorm, eh, Sebastian? Milk and cookies kept you awake, eh?

INTERIOR: ELEVATOR — NIGHT

TYRELL (VOICE OVER): Well, you better come up. We'll sort this game out together.

EXTERIOR: PYRAMID — NIGHT

The elevator starts up again.

INTERIOR: TYRELL'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

The owl on the perch. Tyrell is standing putting on his robe.

SEBASTIAN: Mr. Tyrell, I . . . uh . . . I brought a friend.



Tyrell looks. Batty is standing in the shadows. Batty's eyes are like little coals glowing.

BATTY: To act without understanding would lead to the very thing the act seeks to avoid.

If Tyrell is scared, he does a good job of concealing it.



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

Batty moves closer to Tyrell with Sebastian.



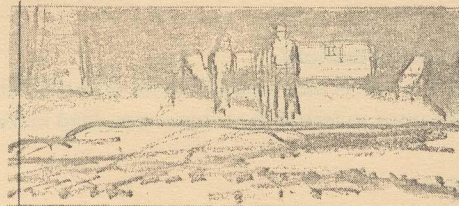
BATTY: It's not an easy thing to meet your Maker.

TYRELL: And what can he do for you?

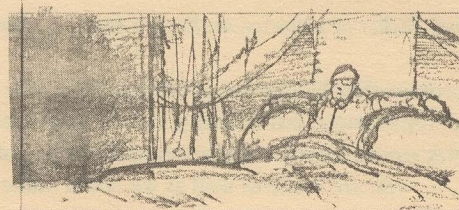


BATTY: Can the Maker repair what he makes?

BATTY: Had in mind something a little more radical.



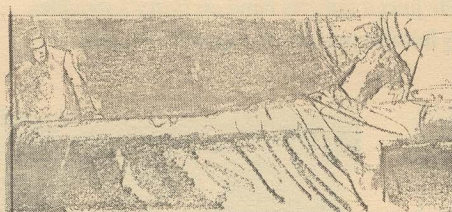
TYRELL: What? What seems to be the problem?



BATTY: Death.

TYRELL: Death. Well, I'm afraid that's a little out of my jurisdiction.

Batty leans closer in an urgent whisper.



BATTY: I want more life, father.



Sebastian looks alarmed. Tyrell faces Batty with admirable cool. After a tense pause, the old man slides away and looks down at Batty and addresses him as a professor addresses a pupil.

TYRELL: The facts of life. To make an alteration in the evolvement of an organic life system is fatal. A coding sequence can't be revised once it's been established.

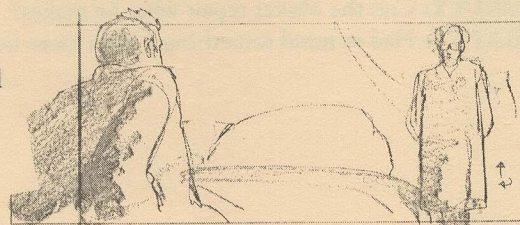
BATTY: Why not?

TYRELL: Because by the second day of incubation any cells that have undergone reversion mutations give rise to revertant colonies — like rats leaving a sinking ship. Then 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 dead before it 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. *(He moves closer.)*

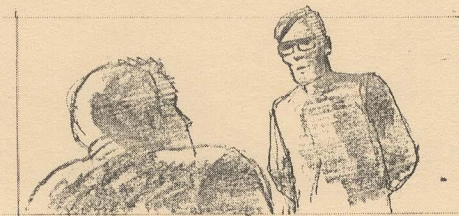
TYRELL: Wouldn't obstruct replication, but it does give rise to an error in replication so that the newly formed DNA strand carries a mutation and you've got a virus again . . . but all this is academic . . . you are made as well as we could make you.

BATTY: But not to last?

Batty's expression doesn't reveal whether Tyrell has allayed his suspicions.

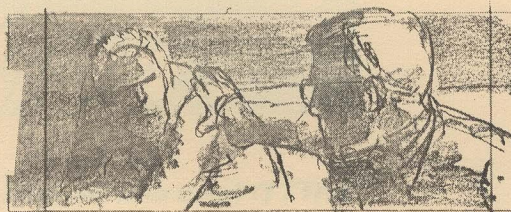
TYRELL: The light that burns twice as bright burns half as long. And you have burned so very, very brightly, Roy.

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



TYRELL: Look at you. You're the prodigal son. You're quite a prize.

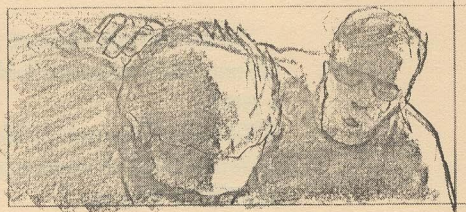
Tyrell approaches Batty and sits next to him. He puts a fatherly hand on Batty's shoulder. Batty looks down in a sudden, uncharacteristically humble posture and speaks with guilt in his voice.



BATTY: I've done questionable things.



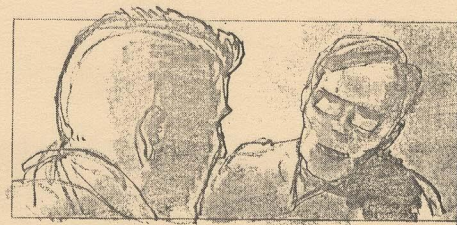
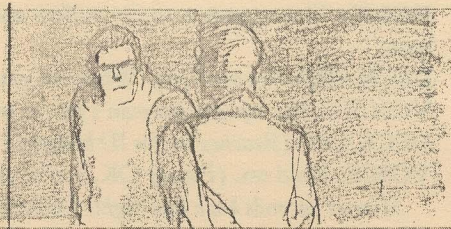
TYRELL: Also extraordinary things. Revel in your time.



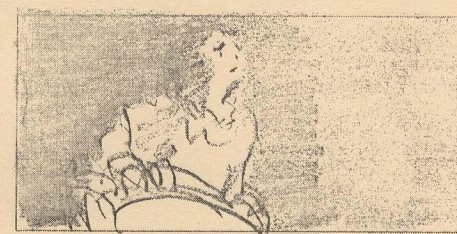
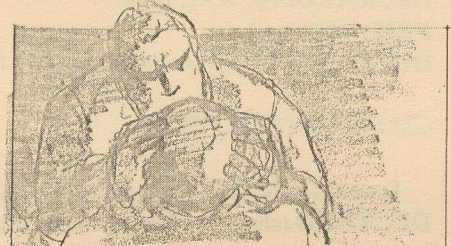
BATTY: Nothing the God of bio-mechanics wouldn't let you in heaven for.



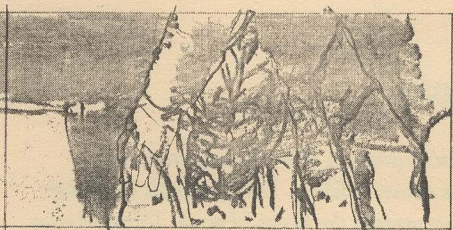
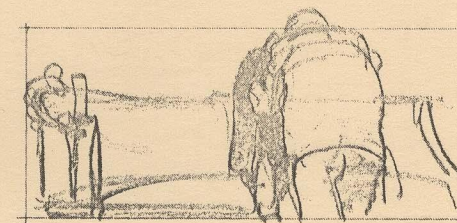
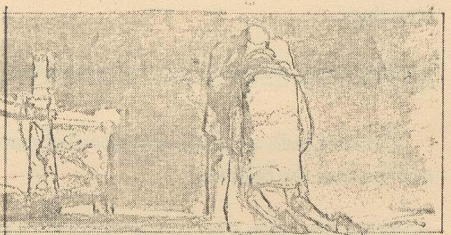
Tyrell, in a burst of camaraderie, decides to give laughing a try and comes out with a little titter. After all, Roy Batty, that swell replicant is about to embrace him. Everything's gonna be okay after all. Batty gets up from the bed and puts his hands around Tyrell's face.



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's eyes glow. He turns to Sebastian. Sebastian cowers.



EXTERIOR: ELEVATOR — NIGHT

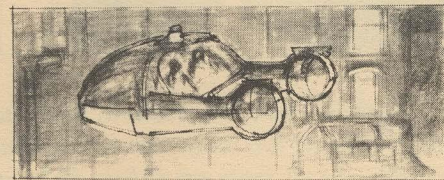
The tiny elevator whizzes down the huge nighttime pyramid.

EXTERIOR: STREET TUNNEL

Deckard's car races through tunnel.

EXTERIOR: STREET

He pulls up to a stop and, seated in car, reaches into his pockets. Midgets wander through street. Spinner descends from above buildings.



VOICE: This section is under curfew and closed to ground traffic. What are you doing here?

DECKARD: I'm working. What are you doing?

VOICE (*Close-up of policeman's face in uniform*): Don't be a smart-ass.

DECKARD (*Reaches for his ID badge*): I'm Deckard. 26364. I'm filed and monitored.

VOICE: Hold on. (*Pause*) OK, you're clear. Good luck, Blade Runner.

Spinner ascends back into night. Deckard continues to sit in his car. He punches up Sebastian's apartment number on screen. Pris's face appears.

PRIS: Hello.

DECKARD: Hi. Is J.F. there?

PRIS: Who is it?

DECKARD: It's Eddie. Old friend of J.F.'s.

CLOSE-UP ON SCREEN:

Screen goes black as Pris turns off monitor.

DECKARD (*shrugs*): That's no way to treat a friend.

EXTERIOR: DECKARD'S CAR

Deckard hears rattling on roof of vehicle. Midgets are climbing on his car, pulling and tugging on car's parts. Deckard pulls off abruptly as midgets fall off onto the wet street shouting.

EXTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

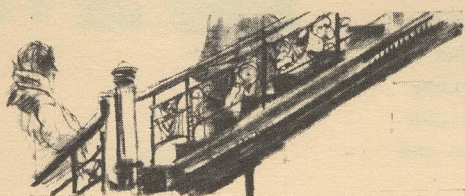
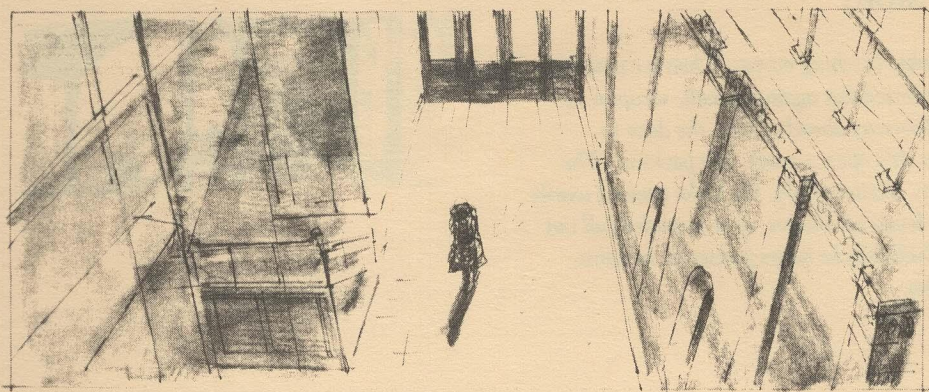
Deckard pulls up and a whirlwind of garbage is blown up from the street. Deckard gets out and looks at the building.

INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Pris is sitting looking around, dressed in veil.

INTERIOR: LOBBY/SEBASTIAN'S — NIGHT

Deckard steps cautiously into the gloom and looks around. The shadow areas look dangerous. The place looks vacant. Blimp cruises above building. Deckard pulls his blaster out. Deckard walks across the dark lobby, stepping around the heaps of trash. Deckard is at the foot of the gloomy stairwell looking up. He can hear faint noises . . . very eerie. Blimp cruises by overhead. Cautiously he begins to climb, blaster ready. The noises continue.



INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Pris is sitting perfectly still covered in a veil.

INTERIOR: STAIRWELL — NIGHT

Deckard is several flights up now.

INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

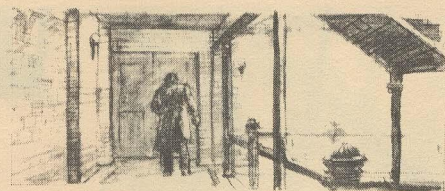
Pris is alert listening.

INTERIOR: STAIRWELL — NIGHT

Deckard cautiously continues to climb, tiptoeing, blaster ready.

INTERIOR: 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. He can see a doorway ahead of him, the door to Sebastian's apartment. Silence. He moves to the door. It's open a crack. He peeks in. The apartment seems empty. 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 he hears footsteps, he spins, blaster pointed. Sebastian's toys march out to greet him.



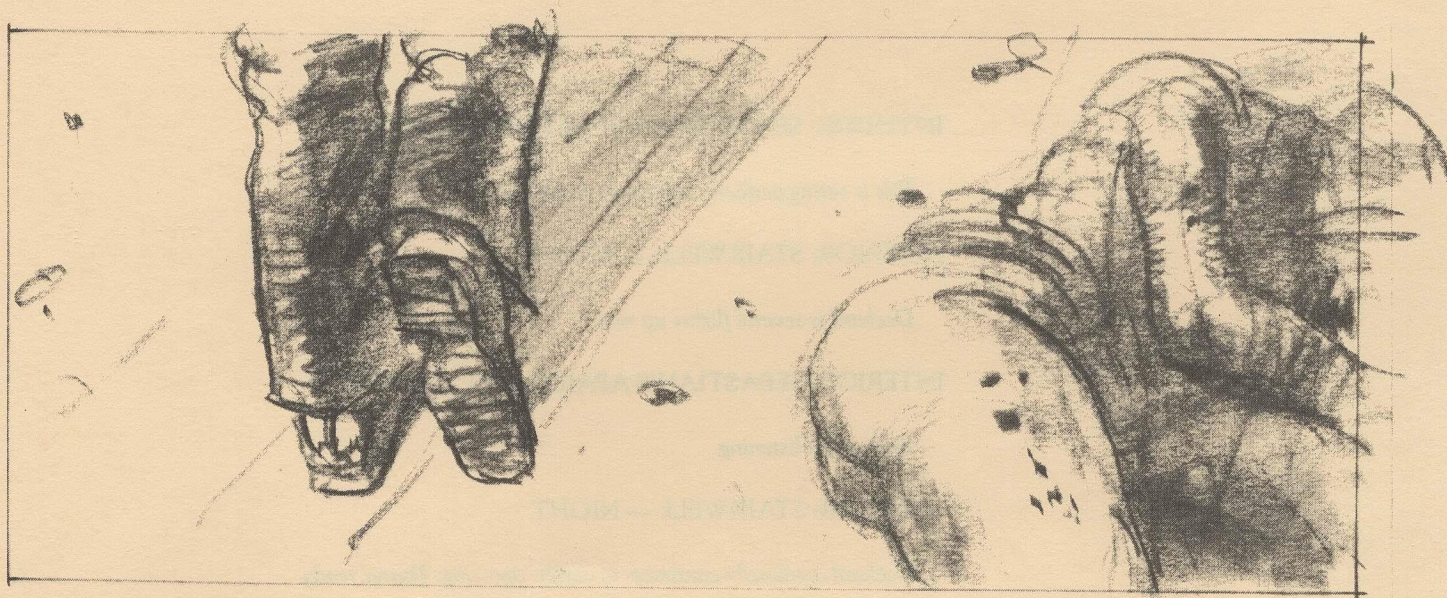
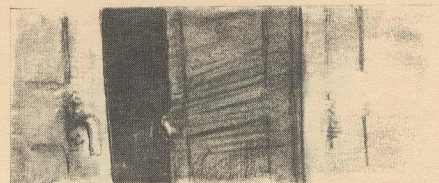
NAPOLEON: Home again, home again, jiggedy-jig.

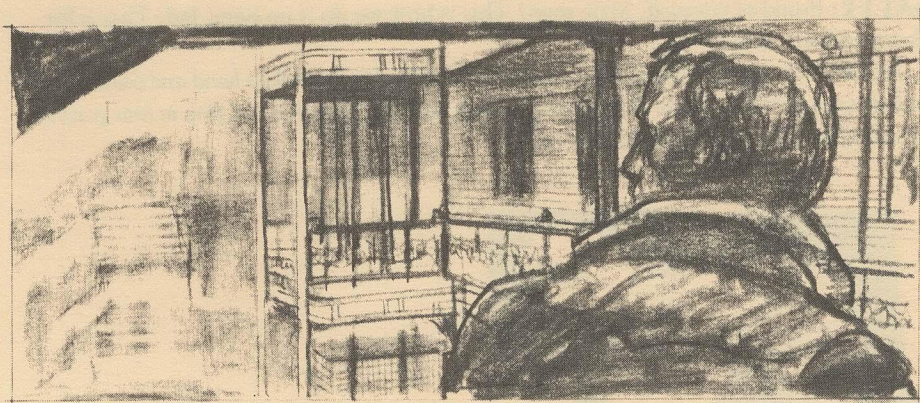
KAISER WILHELM: Good evening, J.F.

Both march out again, noisily bumping into doors as they exit.

INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S TOY-FILLED ROOM

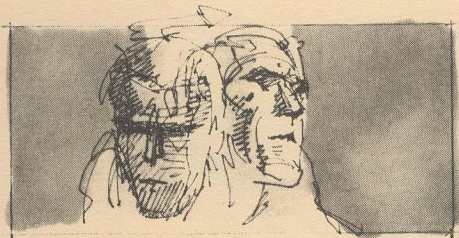
Deckard cautiously enters room with gun extended. Pris, perfectly still, appears to be just another mannequin in the room. A music box plays. Deckard investigates room. He walks to Pris and lifts her veil, staring at her questioningly. WHUMP! Pris violently kicks Deckard backwards as she double-flips across the floor and drops on Deckard from above. She 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 in big trouble. The blaster falls from his hand as he writhes and rolls and wrenches his body. Finally, she rises, he gets his head loose and gasps for air but she immediately runs and double-flips again across the room. Deckard, fighting for breath and life, manages to bring the weapon to bear just long enough to squeeze off one shot. BOW! BOW! Pris is blown backwards by two point blank hits. She violently kicks and thrashes, and then Deckard blasts once more. That's it, she lies in a limp heap, leaving Deckard standing there, bloody and stupefied. 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.





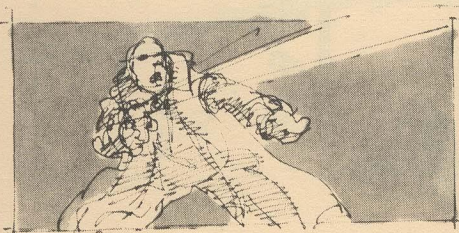
INTERIOR: CORRIDOR — NIGHT

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 at 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.



INTERIOR: SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

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

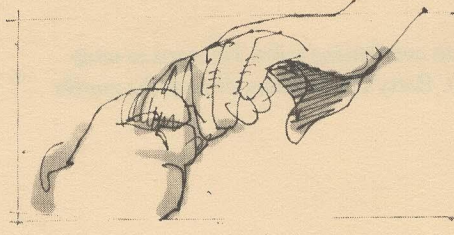
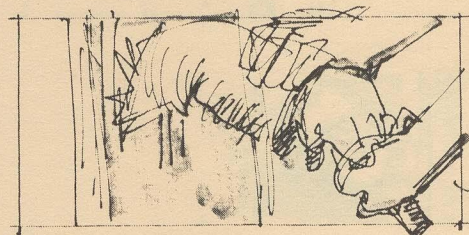
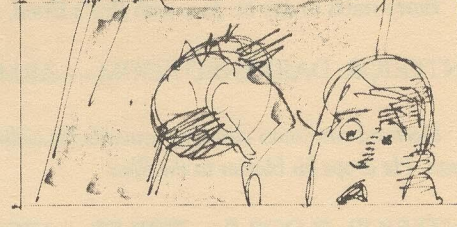
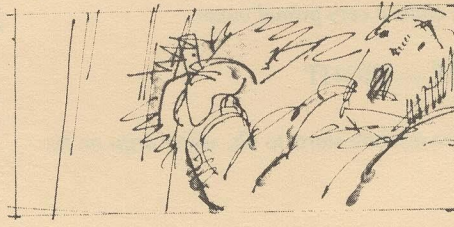


INTERIOR: LOBBY — NIGHT

Batty's shadow appears in the doorway (Deckard's Point Of View). He stares at Pris's dead body. He kneels down and kisses her. He rises and walks into the shadow. Deckard fires, but Batty is faster, he ducks back and disappears.

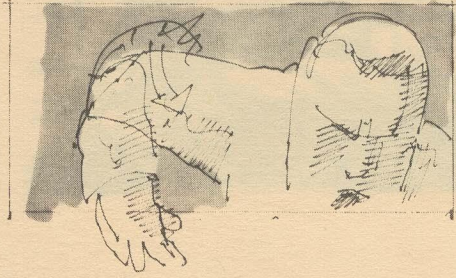
BATTY: Not very sporting to fire at an unarmed opponent. I thought you were supposed to be good.

Deckard 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: Proud of yourself, little man? This is how we do it up here, lad. This is for Zhora and this is for Pris.

As Deckard cries out, 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 fires at him grazing the side of his face and blowing off his ear.



BATTY: One point for you. Now it's my turn. I'm going to give you a few seconds before I come. One . . . two . . .

INTERIOR: DARK ROOM — NIGHT

Batty in semi darkness is staring at Pris's body. He leans over and kisses her.

INTERIOR: DARKENED ROOM — ARMOIRE — NIGHT

Deckard runs into the darkened room. He hears footsteps coming. There are no other exits.

INTERIOR: DARK ROOM — NIGHT

Batty leans over and kisses Pris.

INTERIOR: DARKENED ROOM — ARMOIRE — NIGHT

Deckard 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.

INTERIOR: DARK ROOM — NIGHT

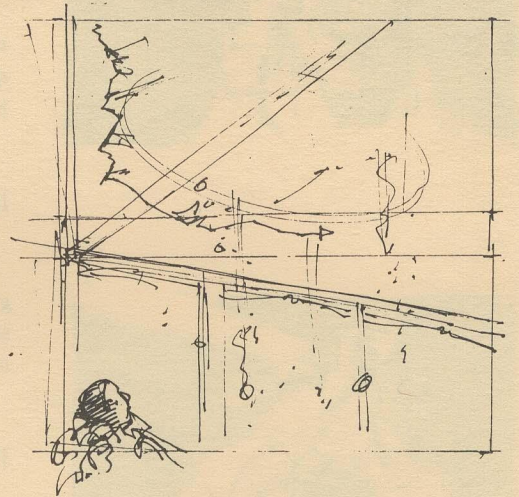
Batty starts to dab his face with Pris's blood, then emits a very primal moan.

INTERIOR: DARKENED ROOM — ARMOIRE — NIGHT

Deckard continues climbing towards the ceiling, the armoire starts to tilt, water drips on his head. He drops his blaster to the floor.

INTERIOR: FLOOR B — TOILET — NIGHT

Deckard's head pops up through the floor next to an overflowing toilet. He starts to wrap his broken fingers. Suddenly, with a resounding crash, Batty's head comes through the marble above the basin.



BATTY: You're not hurt, are you? Are you in pain? You better get up or I'm going to have to kill you. Unless you're alive you can't play and if you don't play . . . six . . . seven . . .

Deckard gets up and makes a run for the door at the end of the room. He reconsiders and pulls a metal pipe from the wall. Deckard swings the pipe at Batty with all his strength. As the pipe hits him.

BATTY: That's the spirit!

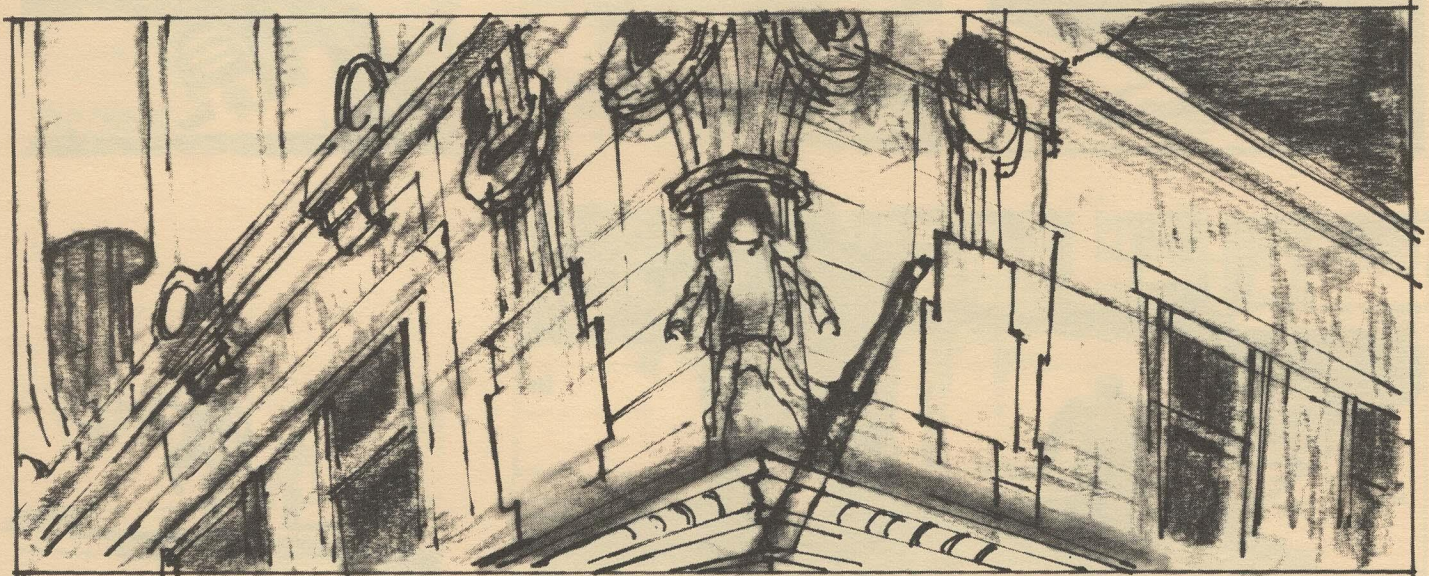
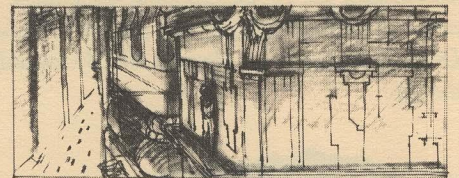
INTERIOR: CLOSET — NIGHT

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 slatted window, which Deckard proceeds to tear down. Deckard climbs out the window, as Batty watches.



EXTERIOR: ROOF — WINDOW LEDGE — NIGHT

Deckard slowly eases himself around the window ledge, hundreds of stories above the ground, and edges his way around to a cornice.

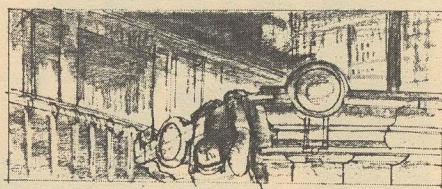
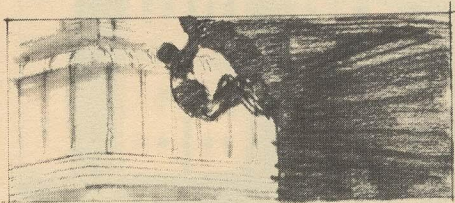


INTERIOR: DARKENED ROOM — NIGHT

Batty pulls a nail from the floorboard. His strength is leaving him. He forces the nail into the palm of his hand.

EXTERIOR: ROOF — WINDOW LEDGE — NIGHT

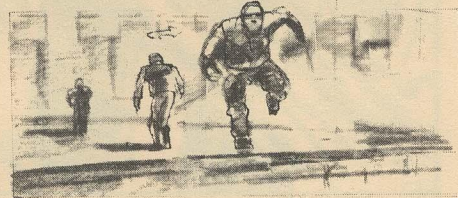
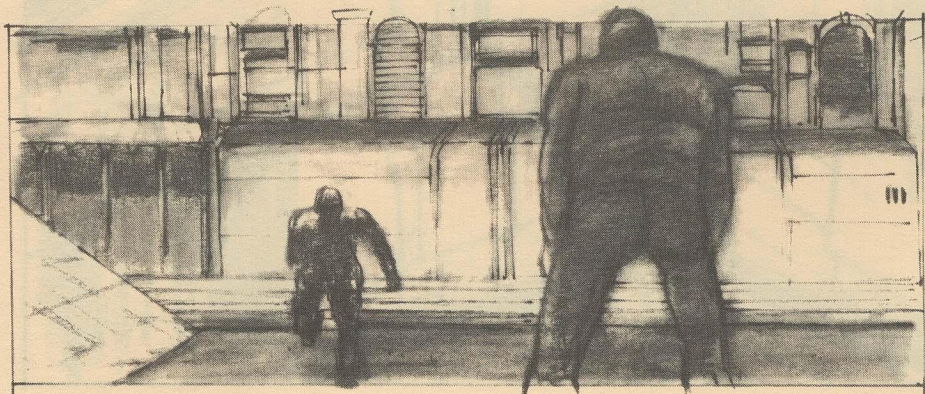
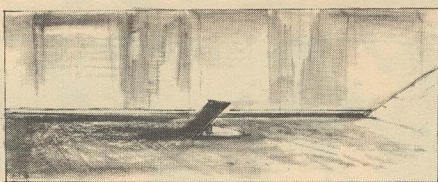
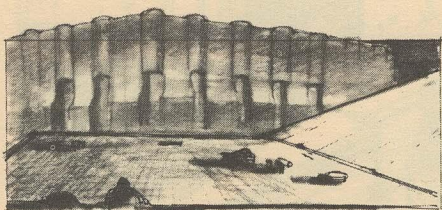
Batty appears at another window, as Deckard scrambles up the cornice and on to the roof, wind and rain hindering his climb.



BATTY: That hurt! That was irrational of you. Not to mention unsportsmanlike. Now where are you going?

EXTERIOR: ROOF — NIGHT

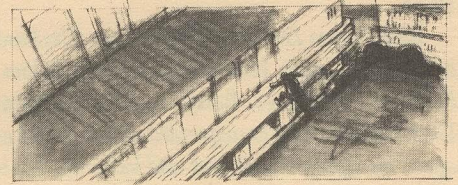
Wind and rain. Deckard climbs onto the roof and looks frantically over his shoulder. Batty isn't in sight yet. He looks around desperately. The roof is a desert, no shelter. Deckard looks across at the next building. Is it possible? A long jump. But what choice. Decision time. Deckard decides to go. He runs directly towards Batty, turns, pumping like crazy, going for the gap.



BATTY: Stop!

EXTERIOR: 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:



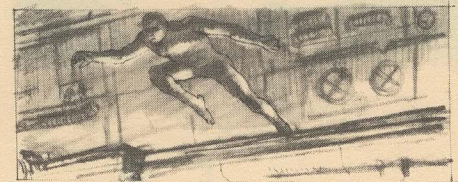
EXTERIOR: THE SECOND ROOF — NIGHT

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.



EXTERIOR: 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, springs quickly, and leaps.

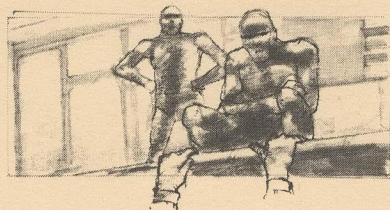


EXTERIOR: ROOF — LOW ANGLE — NIGHT

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

EXTERIOR: SECOND ROOF — NIGHT

Deckard is hanging there as Batty lands not far from Deckard's desperate hands. Batty looks down at Deckard. He holds a pigeon in one hand. 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.



BATTY: Quite an experience to live in fear, isn't it? Well, that's what it is to be a slave.

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, Batty changes his opinion. Too late! Deckard's hand goes. Batty's hand is like lighting. 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. Then 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: Not yet . . . not yet.

DECKARD (VOICE OVER): I'd heard those animal sounds from replicants before. He was dying. Not from the head wound. His four years had run out. But he had more than enough left to take me with him.

Batty looks at it, almost with curiosity.



EXTERIOR: THE SECOND ROOF — LATER

Deckard is looking at Batty. Batty sits cross-legged, still holding the pigeon, 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 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.

EXTERIOR: THE SECOND ROOF — A LITTLE LATER

It's lighter now and Batty's eyes are staring into infinity . . . almost lifelessly. Deckard is watching motionless. Batty's hand opens and the pigeon flies off. Batty doesn't move. Alive or dead?



EXTERIOR: THE SECOND ROOF — DAWN

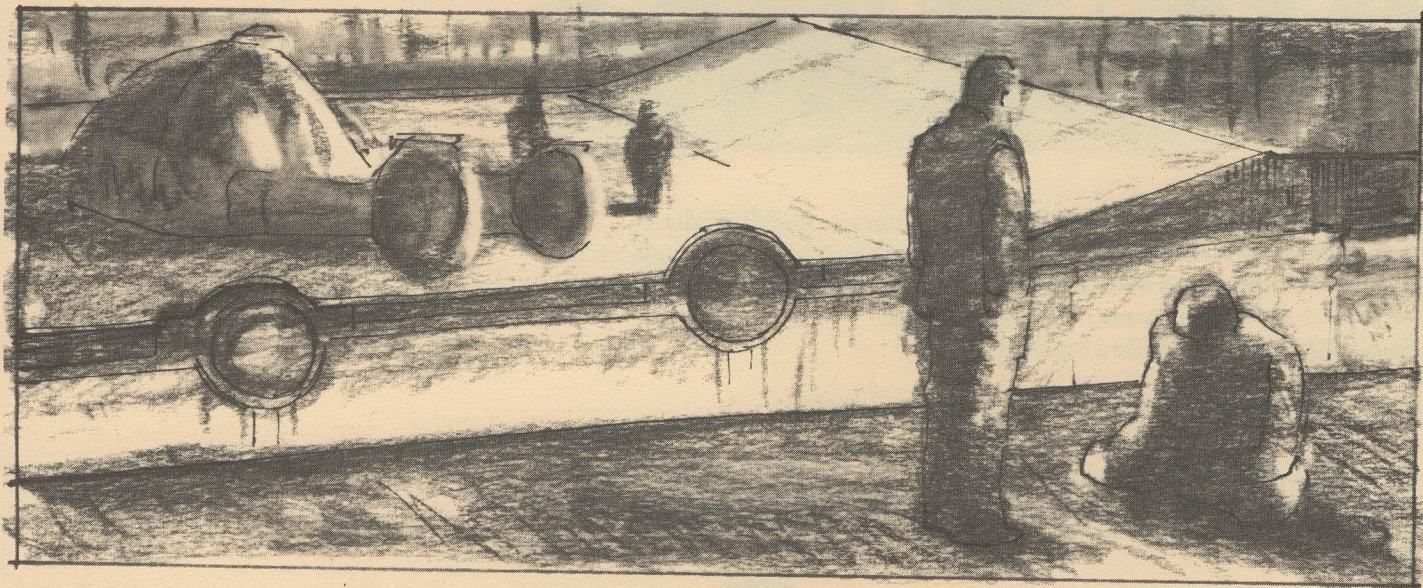
A more distant perspective. Deckard is a small figure looking down at the dead body of Batty.



DECKARD (VOICE OVER): I don't know why he saved my life. Maybe in those last moments he loved life more than he ever had before. Not just his life. Anybody's life. My life. All he'd wanted were the same answers the rest of us want. Where do I come from? Where am I going? How long have I got? All I could do was sit there and watch him die.

EXTERIOR: 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. On the far roof, the police spinner descends and Gaff gets out. GAFF's voice comes through the silence like the rasping of raven's wings. Deckard lies silently. Gaff's hand comes out of his pocket with a gun. Deckard still not moving.



GAFF: Here.

He throws the gun across the gap to Deckard. Deckard doesn't try to catch it. It lands at his feet. They just stare at each other. Gaff smiles.

GAFF: It's a shame she won't last forever.

The smile is real and a little sad.

GAFF: But then again no one does.

Everybody knows the answer to that one. Gaff shrugs. The light is brighter. The gun gleams on the wet roof. Gaff gets into spinner and flies off.

INTERIOR: 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 unicorn, the kind of sculpture Gaff has been crafting on previous occasions. Deckard comes to the door and finds it open. He doesn't see the piece of sculpture on the floor.

INTERIOR: DECKARD'S LIVING ROOM — DAY

The room is dark and quiet as Deckard enters. Deckard looks around, concerned. The CLOCK TICKS. Nothing moves.

DECKARD: Rachael. Rachael!

No answer.

INTERIOR: BEDROOM — DAY

The bedroom is dark. Deckard opens the door. He sees something on the bed. Motionless. A body? Deckard enters. the **CLOCK TICKS**. 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. Rachael stirs, opens her eyes.

DECKARD: Do you love me?

He is looking at her. He has the gun in his hand.

RACHAEL: I love you.

Deckard holsters the gun, 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.

INTERIOR: 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. We hear Gaff's voice as if it were in Deckard's mind.

GAFF (VOICE OVER): It's a shame she won't last forever. But then again no one does.

EXTERIOR: 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.

INTERIOR: 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.

EXTERIOR: 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 (VOICE OVER): Gaff had been there . . . and let her live. Four years, he figured . . . but he was wrong. Tyrell had told me Rachael was special. Not only had he given her memories . . . but he'd set no termination date. I didn't know how long we'd have together . . . but, who does?

CREDITS ROLL.

FADE OUT.

THE END.



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