

BLADE RUNNER DOWN

screen story & screenplay by

Stuart Hazeldine

Based on the novel BLADE RUNNER 2 by K.W. Jeter

4 Abbotts Tilt
Hersham
Surrey, KT12 4RB
ENGLAND

Tel; +44 (1932) 241764

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SECOND DRAFT

BLADE RUNNER DOWN

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

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE
DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE (1976)

android (an'droid) n, Gk. humanoid automation. more at
robot./ 1. early version utilized for work too
boring, dangerous or unpleasant for humans.
2. second generation bio-engineered. Electronic
relay units and positronic brains. Used in space
to explore inhospitable environments. 3. third
generation synthogenetic. REPLICANT, constructed
of skin/flesh culture. Selected enogenic transfer
conversion. Capable of self perpetuating thought.
paraphysical abilities. Developed for emigration
program.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY
New International (2012)

FADE IN:

EXT. OREGON WILDERNESS - DAY

A rabbit moves in snow.

Big cute eyes and wet sniffy nose as it shuffles, foraging in dense undergrowth.

From nowhere, two large hands SHOOT INTO FRAME and snatch the furry creature thrashing into the air. They throttle it's neck with a big nasty CRACK and the limp fluffball drops into a waiting sack.

ANGLE ON DECKARD

Same battered coat but it's worn by a different man. He's older, tougher, weather-beaten, graying round the temples. Unshaven whiskers laced with frost.

He smiles at

RACHEL

Stood nearby and wrapped in fur. Mid-thirties now. She's lined but still radiant. Her face wears a hardy contentment we've not seen before.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

DECKARD and RACHEL walk in icy wilderness, together alone.

Vapor trails curl from their lips and nostrils.

Up ahead we see a self-built wooden cabin. Thatched roof, gently smoking chimney stack.

They enter with the kill.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Warm browns bleached by rays of snow-reflected light through bottled windows.

Rachel's fur hits the floor and she shivers on the mat, arms rubbing like crazy.

Deckard sees from beyond and goes back to her.

RACHEL
(a smile, embarrassed)
Can't get warm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deckard strips her second layer. Takes hold of her with rough hands.

DECKARD

Let me.

And a look passes between them.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Fire burning bright in the hearth.

The gutted rabbit hangs upside-down from a nail. Pulsing orange movement reflects in it's dead black eyes from across the room.

Deckard and Rachel make love on the bed under thick sheets. Bound to each other for warmth and life and bare existence.

Both lost in the moment... then she JERKS SUDDEN beneath him. Cramps fast in his embrace, but it's not pleasure.

RACHEL

Uh!

Eyes open, Deckard looks down on her.

DECKARD

What?

Her face is screwed tight. Breath coming in rasps.

RACHEL

I don't... I.... uhhhh!

As she CRAMPS AGAIN. So hard that salt runs from her eyes -- and this time her muscles stay locked.

Deckard's off her in a flash. Concerned. Clueless.

RACHEL (CONT.D)

It's started.....

Deckard blinks, shell-shocked.

DECKARD

No! Not yet!

She doubles up, GROANS like it's some kind of birth contraction and he works her over. Massaging her limbs and joints with a keen desperation..... to no avail.

Scanning, he sees a floor-hatch. Scoops her off the bed, wrapped in a white sheet, and rushes her in his arms.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Dark frozen vault like a morgue.

Transparent glass-lid HISSES off a shiny black coffin and dust spirals into the air.

Deckard lays her inside, shaking.

RACHEL

We've..... had a good long time.....
Let me go--

DECKARD

No! Not long enough.

Enraged, he stabs the touch panel and liquid nitrogen mist coughs from vents in the inner lining.

He leans in for a long, tear-stained kiss.....

DECKARD

Do you love me?

RACHEL

I..... love you.....

DECKARD

Do you trust me?

RACHEL

I trust..... you.....

...and she's swallowed in mist. Glass slides into place and, slowly, her eyes glaze with artificial sleep.

We hear her BREATHE SLOWING..... SLOWING..... and stabilizing with an electronic BEEP.

Deckard straightens. Red-eyed. Thoughts racing.

His eyes fall on the outer lining of the cryogenic sleep chamber. Tiny print beneath the latch reads PROPERTY OF TYRELL CORP.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bottom draw whips open to reveal Deckard's blaster. Perched on top is a tiny silver foil-sculpture. The unicorn shape stares up at him like a guardian. Daring him.

Deckard withdraws the gun and slumps in a basket chair. He loads the first ammo cartridge.

RACHUK!

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DUSK

Deckard sits on the ground. Rolls a pant-leg up to the knee.

He chugs a stiff shot of whisky, smears a burning drop on the exposed flesh and packs it with snow.

He wields a sharp hunting knife..... takes a deep breath..... and CUTS IN TIGHT behind the bone.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - DUSK

Deckard's LONELY ANGUISHED CRY ECHOES over frozen wastes..... and a perched owl flaps at the sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DUSK

Bloody fingers extract a tiny silver disk from pink steaming gristle. Etched faintly in the steel; four letters -- LAPD.

Deckard wraps the wound in a torn strip of bedsheet.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUND NEARBY - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER)

Powdered snow dumps into shot and spreads over clear glass.

Rachel lies sleeping beneath us, her raven-black hair spread wide and beautiful. Ivory arms folded limp across her breasts like a frozen Ophelia.

Resting like a tiny button on the glass just an inch above her statued lips is the silver LAPD tracker.

More snow and her face is lost.

Up above, Deckard forks white stuff into the temporary grave at his feet and he stops when she's fully buried.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN REAR - DUSK

Tarpaulin lifts off Deckard's icebound car. He wipes a frosty lace of cobwebs off the windshield and slips inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Deckard's car rockets through the black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see him at the wheel. Lit from beneath. Grim. Focused.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S CAR - HIGH-SPEED POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Dark tree shadows flash through the headlights as we

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: LOS ANGELES, FEBRUARY 2029

ENGINE ROAR BEHIND US like it's the end of the world and we

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

A bird's eye view of vast urban spread below.

We're GENTLY DESCENDING on LA's great carpet of lights as a fat sculpted shape, larger than a spinner, SLIDES PAST US INTO SHOT.

Swimming heat-haze washes the frame and engine glare WHITES THE NOISY SCREEN.

The orbital shuttle sinks down toward distant launch-pads, and as it does so an identical shuttle bursts up from the depths RIGHT PAST CAMERA, like passing weights on a pulley.

VO STATIC CRACKLES and we hear the confusing, multi-track sound of PILOTS CONVERSING WITH THE TOWER.

A SOOTHING FEMALE VOICE rises above the chatter.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (VO)
(eerie space echo)
Welcome to Earth..... Welcome to the
United States of America..... Welcome to
Los Angeles, California.....

MULTIPLE ECHOES in Spanish, Japanese, Korean.....

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (VO CONT.D)
Welcome..... Willkommen..... Bienvenue....

CUT TO:

INT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Immigration control is strung across a vast white hall, IN and OUT streams on opposite sides, separated by ropes.

Swish spaceport decor all around and a raft of shiny, happy off-world posters line the walls. Vaguely reminiscent of old-style Soviet propaganda with a modern photo gloss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rockwell in space.

We're MOVING ACROSS the OUT line... it is seething with all manner of peoples, races and skin-colors. Emigrant eyes bright with expectation and burning with impatience.

Phantom long-coated figures slip through the crush handing out leaflets and WHISPERING.

REP-SYMPs
(overlapping)
Offworld is a lie/Legalized slavery/Turn
back, while you still can.....

They move with caution, heads down, wary of the TRANSIT COPS dotted around.

MOVING OVER the ropes to the IN channel..... it's far less busy here but still brisk with returning immigrants.

We watch them filing through passport control one-by-one, through the green and red customs channels..... and beyond all that we see a gathering of four shadowy guys in suits.

LAPD BLADE RUNNERS.

PARRY and KOMINSKI stand slightly to the back. In front of them is BOLD, a young turk. Bumfluff in an Armani coat. His eyes dart from person to incoming-person. Uncertain.

At his shoulder is ANDERSSON, a taller pro. CLOSE IN TIGHT and we see a prominent but handsome temple scar framing his gritty visage. Ruddy blonde crop of hair and cold blue eyes carry a hint of Scandinavia.

Scanning faces like a bloodhound, he resists the temptation to intervene..... and Bold points out a shifty YOUNG COUPLE headed their way.

They're both teenagers. Barely eighteen at a stretch.

An eccentric choice but Andersson allows it.

ANDERSSON
Okay.

Kominski fishes them out of the line, and throws a secret look to Parry as they feed into customs.

Parry shrugs. Helpless.

CUT TO:

INT. CUSTOMS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Low ceilings and narrow passages like a rabbit warren.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andersson and Parry take the girl, leaving Bold and Kominski with the boy.

A scared parting look between the young lovers and they're led into adjacent rooms.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - NIGHT

A tight windowless holding cell with the grey look and feel of a prison shower.

Sitting warily in a shiny plastic chair the doe-eyed girl, ALEXA, misses the tiny plughole in the corner of the floor behind her.

Andersson sits opposite. Between them on a wide plastic table there's a compact metal device bearing the legend VOIGHT-KAMPFF.

Triangular lens-prism rises off the desk on a thin guide-arm like a steel Cobra. Her young eyes follow it, hypnotized.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM TWO - NIGHT

The boy, NEAL, shrinks slightly as his prism CLICKS into position trapping his eye on a magnified screen.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ONE - NIGHT

Andersson tweaks focus and Parry runs I.D. through a portable ESPER unit. Alexa watches, nervous.

ALEXA

What is this?

ANDERSSON

Couple of minutes and we'll have you on your way. Bear with us.

ALEXA

I don't..... I got rights, you know.....

PARRY

It ain't rights we're looking for, Miss.....

(checks ESPER screen)

Alexa. Just wrongs. You done right by us, you got nothing to worry about.

Andersson sees V-K fear in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSSON

Relax. It doesn't bite.

He looks to Parry..... and gets the nod.

PARRY

I.D.'s good.

Andersson turns. Fixes her with a professional stare.

ANDERSSON

Just relax and answer each question as
honestly as you can.

(beat)

You see an old lady pushing a baby across
the street. There's an oncoming car and
she hasn't seen it.

Her face. Blank.

His eyes, sharp on the instruments like a hawk.....

ANDERSSON (CONT.D)

You're close by on the sidewalk. No-one
else can reach them and there's no time
for you to rescue both of them

(beat, he looks up)

Which one do you save?

She's speechless, heart THUMPING.

The needles, frozen still. Pupil, iris and blush readings are
all static. Andersson narrows at a tiny RED STUD WINKING on
the panel..... and he goes for his gun.

She holds up her hands, eyes wide.

ALEXA

No, please--!

BOOM! He blows a crimson chunk out of the girl's chest.

Her chair tips back and it's occupant hits the ground dead.
Hands bucking on reflex like they're possessed.

Gunsmoke clears in the low-lit room..... and the Blade
Runners see a mixture of red blood and blue-white fluid
leaking from her chest.

Andersson reholsters.

ANDERSSON

(contempt)

Nexus Three. Faggots.

He opens a channel on his throat-mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDERSSON (CONT.D)
(deliberate)
I just retired.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION TWO - NIGHT

Bold hears it on the earpiece and stiffens mid-question.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ONE - NIGHT

Parry goes for the door, but Andersson flags him back.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION TWO - NIGHT

Bold's brow is beading with sweat. Kominski stood tall behind the boy. He glares at the rookie, impatient.

BOLD
(off the sheet, distracted)
You go to the rhino cage..... and there
you see.....
(beat)
You go over to the..... rhino cage.....

He looks up at Neal with new eyes, and the gawky teenager senses panic. Bold's hand SLIDES GENTLY under the table..... toward a gun taped beneath.

HEARTBEAT RISING, Neal sees the move and in the blink of an eye he KICKS THE TABLE HARD against Bold, pins him to the wall with superhuman strength, rips the gun from it's pouch and blows Kominski off his feet with a neat ballet turn.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ONE - NIGHT

Andersson hears the BLAST and breaks a slight smile.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION TWO - NIGHT

Bold pinned and breathless. Eyes bugged at the sight of his partner lying dead.

Neal puts the gun on him with desperate murderous eyes.....

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ONE - NIGHT

Packing up the V-K, Andersson JERKS at the sound of a SECOND SHOT from next-door.

His eyes find Parry and they go for their blasters.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION TWO - NIGHT

DOOR KICKS OPEN and they burst inside, guns drawn.

They see Bold and Kominski lying dead in twin pools of blood on opposite sides of the room..... and the teenage replicant is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Andersson and Parry spill out of customs into the crowd.

Neal's coat lies discarded on the floor nearby. Andersson sees disruption in the lines far beyond it -- somebody is pushing back against the tide.

He draws a bead.

ANDERSSON
(to the crowd)
GET DOWN! EVERYBODY DOWN!!!

Shocked faces scatter and dive out of his sight-line exposing Neal. He looks back at his pursuers and ducks behind a bank of screens.

Andersson OPENS FIRE.

Monitors explode into flames above Neal's head. He fires back. Hits Parry in the shoulder and knocks him flying.

He runs crouched into the arrival stream.

Andersson follows like a whirlwind. His eyes locked on target as his quarry works back along the fringe.

A break in the crowd..... and Andersson PUMPS TWICE.

Shatters a raft of plate-glass store windows.

Neal runs on in a frenzy.

Security staff are jerked awake at the SOUND OF GUNFIRE. They see an armed teenager running for the exit and STAB door controls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Plexi-glass jaws slide out of the wall and lock tight up ahead but Neal doesn't stop. Pistol raised, he fires a web of cracks and smashes headlong through.

Security team gathers for pursuit but Andersson bowls past them YELLING.

ANDERSSON
Blade Runner! Out of the way!

CUT TO:

EXT. TAXI RANK - NIGHT

A rainswept mess of future-cabs and the ALMIGHTY ROAR of launching spacecraft overhead.

Neal weaves a crazy path through smoke and fenders, Andersson closing behind him.

Neal turns. He looses a vicious burst of suppressing fire and grabs a frail old man stepping off a taxibus.

Gun jammed to his head they back off through driving rain and fumes.

Andersson doesn't stop or even slow down.

He squints a hundred yards, levels steel and blows the back off Neal's head with one razor-aimed shot.

The stunned replicant hits a cab, frozen in death.....

The old man peels from his grip as Andersson storms forward firing. He empties a whole clip into the corpse and blows him wide across the hood.

He stands over the body, reloading methodically... and SUDDENLY THE ARMS COME ALIVE, grabbing him by the lapels and shaking a violent fit.

Andersson raises mean to fire again..... but the reflex grip weakens..... and Neal slips to the ground in a spreading pool of juice.

Andersson holds aim for a beat then drops, satisfied.

ANDERSSON
(grim)
Welcome to Earth.

No sign of mercy or pity in his eyes.

No sign of anything as he leaves and beat cops move in to clear up the mess.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Parry clutches a bloody shoulder. Andersson arrives wiping rep-fluid off his coat.

ANDERSSON

You okay?

Parry nods, pissed.

PARRY

Flesh-wound.

Andersson helps him up and HECKLING VOICES YELL at them from across the hall.

REP-SYMP 1 (OS)

Fascist bastards!

They see a couple of dog-eared REP-SYMP PROTESTORS taunting from a safe distance. Andersson heads straight for them, gun raised.

ANDERSSON

You two come here. Let's you and me go take a little test.....

They stand their ground, eyes full of hate.

REP-SYMP 2

Rassenprufers! We all saw it! We got witnesses here!

Andersson wants to squeeze the trigger so bad..... but everyone's watching and a sudden rash of CAMERA FLASHES from in amongst the crowd trap his threatening posture.

He backs off with a hardened stare. Beaten.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ONE - NIGHT

V-K and ESPER units wrapped neatly in clear plastic.

Sprinkler-rain floods the messy floor and washes a swirling crimson stream of blood down the plughole.

A couple of faceless CLEANERS in all-body scrub-suits zip a bodybag closed over Alexa's cold face.

Parry looks inside for a second, then moves on past.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION TWO - NIGHT

Andersson stands alone amidst the carnage. Parry enters behind and surveys the dead. Bold especially.

PARRY
Poor bastard.

Andersson goes over to the dead rookie and squats in close.

ANDERSSON
Poor dumb bastard. Any Runner fooled by a
three deserves what he gets.

He wipes the eyelids closed with a hidden look of compassion.

Couple of dayshift Blade Runners appear sharply at the door,
SIMI and BERKOWITZ.

BERKOWITZ
Shit..... Andersson, you okay?

ANDERSSON
Walk in the park.

SIMI
(caustic)
What's a park?

Andersson heads out past them.

ANDERSSON
Get a life, Simi.

PARRY
Hey! Where you going?

ANDERSSON
Gonna go home. Get a drink. Sleep for a
week.

Simi blocks the door with his arm.

SIMI
Drink at the station. Boss wants a word.

Andersson looks to Berkowitz for explanation and gets a bleak
pat on the shoulder.

BERKOWITZ
You made Dean's list again.

Weary, Andersson grabs hold of Parry and drags him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSSON
(as they exit)
You gotta drive, Parry.

PARRY
Why? It's always me! Why can't you drive?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - SUNRISE

Burnt-orange rays strain through a sky the color and thickness of engine grease.

Police spinner curves high over a dark plain of fire and belching smoke-stacks.

CUT TO:

INT. SPINNER - SUNRISE

Mega-city towers rushing by outside.

Andersson is hidden behind dark glasses. He pours coffee and whisky into the same mug and downs the mixture in one.

Parry at the controls. Hands shaking and troubled.

PARRY
That was bad. Worse than LAX.

ANDERSSON
I don't remember.

PARRY
What do you mean you don't remember? That was just, like, two weeks ago.

ANDERSSON
I mean I don't remember.

And he sinks a second, mind-numbing shot with eyes closed.

Parry extends a trembling hand.

PARRY
Look at me, man, I'm fuckin' vibrating here! I gotta quit this job.

Andersson offers him the swilling whisky bottle.

PARRY (CONT.D)
Just makes it worse.

ANDERSSON
At first, yeah. But keep drinking.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And his whisky arm straightens for all to see. It's steady like a rock.

THE ROOF OF POLICE H.Q. is rotating large through the floor bubble now. Guidance lights and WHIZZING cross-traffic as they sink into their designated approach lane.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCOURSE - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Andersson enters the long, cavernous booking hall and his boots CLICK over polished tile floor.

Couple of desk officers see abattoir blood-stains on his coat as he passes by but nobody speaks a word.

He's in no mood for conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. BRYANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Except Captain Bryant isn't in the chair.

Andersson regards the obscene shadowed figure behind the desk. He's half-man, half-machine with a bunch of instruments and tubes stuck on his chest and plugged into the wall. One side of his face paralyzed like a stroke victim.

The nameplate reads CAPT. HOLDEN and the mechanized ex-Blade Runner rasps gently through electronic vocal cords.

HOLDEN
Wakey-wakey.

Andersson removes the shades and sits, rubbing his eyes.

ANDERSSON
I got a date with my bed, Holden. This better be good.

Dropping the empty whisky bottle in a wastepaper basket he catches the light and Holden sees blood.

HOLDEN
You get some?

ANDERSSON
Two threes.

HOLDEN
Second batch this month.

ANDERSSON
Bold and Kominski are dead, Chief. We need more men on rotation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLDEN

I'm talking, City Hall ain't listening.

Andersson's eyes search the desk, the shadows.....

ANDERSSON

Where's the drinks cabinet I gave you for Christmas?

HOLDEN

I don't drink.

Andersson rifles a draw, produces a bottle of scotch and a thick shot glass.

ANDERSSON

I know.

He leans forward to pour and Holden gets a whiff.

HOLDEN

You already drank today, Andy.

Andersson's focussed on the measure.

ANDERSSON

Just need something to wash it down.....

And he swallows, long.

HOLDEN

Name Deckard mean anything to you?

Andersson frowns. Rolls back the years in his head.

ANDERSSON

Ex-Blade Runner. Pal of yours. Took out the first batch of sixes in nineteen and fled north with the demo. Warrant outstanding for assistance.

(beat)

Did I miss anything?

HOLDEN

He's back in L.A.

A moment for it to sink in.

ANDERSSON

How do you know?

HOLDEN

We tracked him in from the four-oh-five this morning.

Andersson raises a finger in objection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDERSSON

February Fool's Day -- no fugitive Blade Runner wears his bio-tracker back to the city. He'd ditch it first.

HOLDEN

We fit every Runner with a back-up during the same operation. For safety.

ANDERSSON

A back-up.....?
(beat, he blinks)
Where?

Holden ignores the question and continues.

HOLDEN

You're gonna take him down, Andy. Today. Right now. And the demo too if she's with him.

ANDERSSON

I don't make arrests. Give it to Internal Affairs.

HOLDEN

I don't want you to arrest him.

ANDERSSON

(a frown)
The warrant says--

HOLDEN

I know what the warrant says.

Suddenly everything becomes clear. Almost.

ANDERSSON

You guys let him go.

HOLDEN

Bryant let him go.

ANDERSSON

Yeah, and Bryant would never--

HOLDEN

(snaps)
I am not Bryant! Blade Runner fucks a skin job, throws in with a skin job, he BECOMES a skin-job! And worse!

He COUGHS VIOLENTLY..... and calms himself to continue.

HOLDEN (CONT.D)

Of course, if you can't get it up.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Andersson pulls out his gun in reply and -- KACHUK! -- loads a fresh clip.

He goes for the door and stops on the handle. Turns back.

ANDERSSON

Why.....? Why's he here? I mean, he's gotta know the risk.

HOLDEN

Rotor bitch is dying on him. Wants Tyrell to give her the kiss of life.

ANDERSSON

Bullshit.

Holden produces a BLEEPING tracker.

HOLDEN

He's headed there now.
(hands him the tracker)
Wait till he's done.

Taped to the device is a polaroid of Deckard circa-2019.

ANDERSSON

(eyeing the photo)
He's gotta be old..... weak.....

HOLDEN

He's the best we ever had. Don't underestimate him.

A stern look from the figure at the door.

ANDERSSON

Don't underestimate me.

And he leaves, resolute.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - EIGHT SECTOR - DAY

One soaring slope of the Tyrell Corporation pyramid is visible through a crack between buildings.

We're very close.

Deckard's car slips out of heavy traffic and rolls down the narrow street. Pulls in gently behind a GRINDING armadillo garbage truck.

Gull-wing door slides up and Deckard steps out into CLOSE-UP.

He takes a good look around at once-familiar surroundings, sniffs the stale city air like an urban stranger and COUGES

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

his lungs up.

Craning up the sheer face of a retrofitted luxury apartment block he's showered with steaming rain and a roving WHITE SEARCHLIGHT washes large across his face.

Visible in the sky overhead is a fat U.N. blimp, all FLASHING LIGHTS and BLARING SPEAKERS.

BLIMP TRACK (VO)
ATTENTION SUPERVISORY PERSONNEL!
(WE NEED YOU YOU YOU)
ATTENTION FAMILY MAKERS!
(WE NEED YOU you you)
OPPORTUNITY!
(WE NEED YOU you you you)
AUTOMATIC ADVANCEMENT!
(WE NEED YOU you you)

On and on it drones. Deckard stares in wonder at the tumorous BLEEPING belly. Like an old friend come to say hello.

The blimp swims away.

As it disappears we glimpse a bright flashing message on a side-mounted ad-screen -- HAPPY COLONIAL DAY!

Somewhere in the distance, above TRAFFIC HUM, the sound of FIREWORKS POPPING.

Deckard limps up the stoop and pausing to compose himself he presses the Penthouse button. WHIRR from a tiny matchbox camera and he waves his old Police badge.

DECKARD
Dr. Hermann Schlecht?

Pause.

SCHLECHT'S ASSISTANT (VO)
One moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Golden stretch-spinner gleaming on the pad.

The whole majestic scale of the Tyrell Corporation Building is visible in back of it. Dominating the skyline.

A wizened old man in a flapping black cape hobbles tenderly for the spinner.

SCHLECHT'S ASSISTANT (OS)
Sir! There's a man here to see you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The hunched figure turns and we see the grey, spider-lined face of DR. HERMANN SCHLECHT. He in turn sees the rumpled old cop face of Deckard.

DECKARD
Dr. Schlecht? Dr. Hermann Schlecht?

SCHLECHT
Ja.

DECKARD
Deckard. Blade Runner.

Schlecht looks him up and down with contempt. Glimpses I.D.

SCHLECHT
You people can't make an appointment?
Huh? You couldn't simply come to my
office?

DECKARD
No time, sir. I need to ask you a few
questions.

Schlecht considers..... and reluctantly nods to the spinner.

CUT TO:

INT. SPINNER - DAY

SCHLECHT'S ASSISTANT flying up front. Deckard and the Doctor are screened off in the luxury passenger compartment.

Outside the giant pyramid looms.

SCHLECHT
What can I do for you, Mr. Deckard?

DECKARD
I got questions about the Nexus 6.
Lifespan-longevity kinda questions.

Something suspicious in the Doctor's beady eyes.....

SCHLECHT
Little old for a Blade Runner, aren't you
Mr. Deckard.....? Perhaps you a Blade
Walker now, ya?

Deckard's uneasy.

SCHLECHT (CONT.D)
Maybe..... we call up your boss, huh?
Maybe he can tell me--

Deckard gently sticks a pistol in the old man's belly.

Expression firm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECKARD
Nothing's wrong. Everything's right.
Right?

SCHLECHT
...Right.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRELL CORP BUILDING - DAY

Spinner drops toward the pyramid's winking apex.

WE DRIFT CLOSER and it's four parallelogram border-towers
seem to open beneath us like the petals of a flower.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATOR - DAY

A tiny box runs down the slope from the roof.

ELEVATOR SPEAKER (VO)
Vingt... dix neuf...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The two of them under fluorescent light. Deckard's gun still
trained. Schlecht stands opposite, composed and curious.

SCHLECHT
Too old for a Blade Runner, too old for a
replicant.....
(beat)
Who are you?

DECKARD
A friend. If you do what I say.

The lift halts and flashing numbers read 800. LIGHTS STROBE
and a BUZZER SOUNDS and the SPEAKER;

ELEVATOR SPEAKER (VO)
Dix huit. You have six seconds. Counting.
Uno..... due..... tre.....

It counts crazy in six languages and Schlecht jams a magnetic
card into the slot. BUZZER FADES and all is calm again.

ELEVATOR SPEAKER (VO)
Tyrell Corporation. Purpose of visit
please.

Deckard's trigger-finger tightens as Schlecht speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHLECHT
Dr. Schlecht..... single access.

They continue descending but much slower now.....

DECKARD
(eyes softening)
I don't wanna hurt anybody and I don't
wanna be here, Doc. It's just I got a
request. A request only the President of
Tyrell can grant.

Schlecht looks incredulous as they JERK to a stop.

SCHLECHT
The President? You think I'm the
President?

Doors part and Schlecht exits, CHUCKLING to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY TO TYRELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Schlecht glides into his element, a fabulous marbled hall.
Deckard follows confused behind him.

DECKARD
You were Vice-President when Tyrell died.

SCHLECHT
I was caretaker President only. Six
months transition and back to V-P.
(Deckard catches up)
This corporation runs on personality and
blood-line, Deckard. Not merit or
experience.

If there's bitterness in his heart we don't sense it in his
voice.

Through a crack in the door ahead, a brown owl watching.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Deckard enters. Cautious.

Silently two ARMORED GUARDS step up behind and pistol-whip
him to the floor.

Schlecht watches the drop, satisfied.

The last thing Deckard's glazed, senseless eyes see is the
owl FLAPPING off it's perch in alarm.

FADE TO BLACK.

DECKARD'S POV - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

RACHEL (OS)
Deckard.....?

The FACE OF RACHEL washes into view, hair tied back like it used to be when they first met. Her loving face looks down on us through a vaseline haze and her voice is gentle.

RACHEL
Deckard.....?

She leans in closer... and suddenly her eyes harden to stone.

RACHEL
DECKARD!

Then she fades.....

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

GLIDING OVER acres of spit-shined floor toward the figure of a woman at the window, her lithe form silhouetted by the full glare of the sun.

Deckard is led forward by Schlecht. Woozy. Rubbing his head.

Stopping short he strains to see her face..... and she turns through a wreath of blue smoke.

It's Rachel.

Deckard double-takes.

DECKARD
You're..... her.
(beat)
The niece. Tyrell's niece.

SARAH
Call me Sarah. And you must be Deckard.

He sees the deference with which Dr. Schlecht is regarding her. But she's gotta be way too young.....

DECKARD
You took over from Tyrell?

SARAH
I am Tyrell..... Sarah Jane Tyrell.

She steps closer to him. Ghost-like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH (CONT.D)

How is she? My..... twin sister.

Deckard's eyes can't hide the truth.

SARAH (CONT.D)

Dead?

DECKARD

Dying.

Sarah considers for a beat, reading his pained expression. She drags long on the cigarette.....

SARAH

You're wasting your time coming here, Mr. Deckard. The lifespan is fail-safe. Once a termination date has been set--

DECKARD

Rachel's different. No termination date. The last thing Eldon told me.

SARAH

And you believed him?

DECKARD

He had no reason to lie.

(fixes a stare)

He left the gate open for her, Sarah. And now it's closing. If you wanted to you could do something about that.

SARAH

She's had more years than most. More than four.

DECKARD

Not enough. Not three score and ten like the rest of us.

(beat, imploring)

You gotta help her.

Her eyes on his. Calculating..... and she breaks away.

SARAH

I run a business, Mr. Deckard. Not a broken-hearts charity.

(to Schlecht, leaving)

See the gentleman out.

DECKARD

No!

And he looks daggers to Schlecht. Schlecht isn't moving anyway.

Sarah sees her V-P is blocking the way and stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCHLECHT
I thought he might help us with a certain
aspect of our business..... A certain
financial aspect.

She seems to register his meaning and turns back. Looks
Deckard up and down with fresh eyes.

Interested.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Deckard sat alone at the big long *bureau-plat* desk.

Sarah and Schlecht in conference nearby. Animated WHISPERS.

Sarah breaks off..... and sits opposite Deckard.

Schlecht stands dark at her shoulder as she speaks. A sunken,
white-skinned henchman.

SARAH
Your final assignment in 2019 was to
retire a Nexus 6 combat team illegally
returned to earth. There were six
replicants in that team.

DECKARD
No. Five. There were five replicants.
(beat, deliberate)
Batty, Pris, Leon, Zhora, and Mary got
fried on your fence. Five.

SARAH
Six.

Deckard sits back in confusion, mind spinning through distant
numbers and memories..... and he gives up. Shrugs it off.

DECKARD
Four-year lifespan. If there had been a
sixth--

SARAH
It's still alive.

That stops Deckard cold. He blinks at her, speechless.

DECKARD
Impossible.
(her words)
The lifespan is fail-safe. Once you set a
termination date--

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

(curt)

Our fail-safe failed with this one. We don't know how. A fluke, maybe. Doesn't matter.

DECKARD

.....Embarrassing.

SARAH

It's been blackmailing the company since twenty-two. Low-grade financial requests, nothing we couldn't handle. But lately the demands have been getting larger, somewhat more..... political.

DECKARD

So it goes public. You air it out, blush for the cameras and move on.

SARAH

We can't.

There's something she's not saying. Something big.

DECKARD

What's it got on you--

SARAH

That's not your problem, Deckard.

Beautiful dead-end eyes..... and he shifts.

DECKARD

You've got a file on this.

SARAH

Colonial slave records have been wiped. We don't know who or why.

A Blade Runner grin. Deckard's not buying.

DECKARD

You got no I.D., you got no proof.....
how do you know it's not some jerk ex-
employee pushing buttons?

Sarah nods to Schlecht with a silent instruction.

The deputy crosses through shafts of dusty sunlight to a
GIANT FRAMED PORTRAIT OF ELDON TYRELL hung on the far wall.

He flats a palm on the thermogram pad next to the painting
and gets a COMPLIANT BUZZ.

A withered arm reaches out to touch Eldon's proud features
and his hand PASSES RIGHT THROUGH the massive hologram.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ripples spread through the image and he opens an invisible safe in the wall behind it.

He extracts a clear glass tube and returns with it.

The cannister hits the shiny table surface in front of Deckard and inside, through a pall of liquid-nitrogen mist, he sees the suspended frozen shapes of a HUMAN HEART and TWO HUMAN EYEBALLS staring back at him.

Examining the lid, Deckard sees an inscribed number -- 6.

DECKARD

Theatrical.

Suddenly a fresh hologram shimmers out of thin air and hovers above the desk before Deckard's eyes.

A flat photo of a stocky man in his fifties from Tyrell's employee files dated 1/5/20. The nameprint beneath reads ISIDORE, F.

Sarah's face is visible through the hologram as she speaks.

SARAH

Eldon Tyrell, J.F. Sebastian, Franklin Isidore. The Holy Trinity of the Nexus 6.

(beat)

Isidore went missing in twenty-twenty after his co-creators were murdered. Two years later this comes through the mail.

(a nod to the tube, gravitas)

We found palmprints on the organs. Origin checks out as Nexus 6.

DECKARD

You know, there's a bunch of guys who find replicants for a living.

SARAH

Relations between the Tyrell Corporation and the Los Angeles Police Department are..... somewhat strained at the present time. We prefer to deal with this matter privately.

The hologram evaporates and she's looking right at him.

SARAH

Find the six, retire it and bring me the evidence, Mr. Deckard. Finish the job you started ten years ago and Rachel lives.

(beat)

Quid Pro Quo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Deckard filters the offer..... he looks across at her..... he looks up at Schlecht..... he looks down at the evidence..... and he reaches for the tube.

She SNAPS IT BACK from his grasp and hands him a taped bunch of 3-D evidence photos instead.

He pockets them graciously and stands to go.

As he leaves.

SARAH

What do they have on you? The cops.

He turns back to them.

DECKARD

Don't know. Don't intend to find out.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Deckard descending fast. Schlecht at his shoulder.

Both men watch the rising city through a view-slit. Fireworks rippling low over buildings and lighted blimps BUZZING.

SCHLECHT

Ten years is a long time. The city has changed. Much.

DECKARD

Looks the same to me.

Schlecht takes a step forward. There's pain in his voice.

SCHLECHT

Replicant infiltration occurs daily. The Police resent Tyrell, the public resent the Police, the UN resent it all. There is much pressure.

Deckard turns. Sensing a lead.

DECKARD

What kind of pressure?

SCHLECHT

There is a movement beginning. Replicant sympathizers.

(anger rising)

These men are grassroots, neo-Luddite flat-earth terrorists. Their faces are nowhere but their words are everywhere.

(fixes Deckard)

They make us out to be villains. Us and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHLECHT (cont'd)
the Police. They call us slavemakers, the
UN slavedrivers and the Police..... slave
murderers. But this is lies. All lies. We
make the colonies possible, Mr. Deckard.
We make their worlds go round.

The elevator comes to a stop with a PING and doors open to an
expansive glass-domed lobby. Deckard backs out, eyes stuck on
Schlecht who remains inside.

DECKARD
Why are you telling me this?

Schlecht says nothing. He hands Deckard his gun back.

SCHLECHT
Enjoy your Colonial Day.

Doors slide leaving Deckard alone and clueless.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

On a normal day the street would be crowded and buzzing but
this is Colonial Day.

WE'RE CLOSING ON stalled traffic through a tight swell of
partygoers. Swirling lights from the sidewalk clubs and blimp
searchlights sweep the carnival throng from every direction.

CLASHING LOUDSPEAKERS up above.

We reach Deckard's car and we peer inside through rivulets of
grey water running down the windshield. Deckard's distorted
face looks pissed.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S CAR - DAY

Seconds plunge on a battered stopwatch.

Deckard's eyes dart back and forward from his wrist to the
dashboard ESPER screen. It flashes PROCESSING DECKARD,
B26354.....

His badge pops out of the slot like bread from a toaster.

The screen reads ESPER CODE REFUSED. PLEASE TRY AGAIN.....

He stops the watch at ten seconds with a mixture of relief
and frustration.

DECKARD
Not a trace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shuts off the screen. Drops his badge on the dash next to the Isidore photos.

Outside he spies a rare parking space and swings the wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Car pulls in tight and Deckard buckets out into chaos.

He stands tall on the hood along with a whole collection of frustrated drivers and they peer forward through ticker-tape haze to a gridlock horizon.

DECKARD

Shit.

Just ahead, a pedestrian-only plaza encircles a giant municipal lake. Big fountain in the center and fireworks EXPLODING into the sky from floating launch platforms.

Deckard steps down. Feeds the meter and pushes forward through YELLING dancing Chinese. He buys a drink off a street vendor as he goes.

Fifty yards back and obscured by traffic we see Police spinner lights drop gently into shot from above.

CUT TO:

INT. SPINNER - DAY

Parry at the stick. Andersson on the tracker device.

It's BEEPING LOUD like they're close-by.

Crowd parts beneath them and a BUMP as they hit ground.

On ESPER the 2019 photo of Deckard is changing, wave by gentle wave. His face lining steadily. Hair graying.

It BLEEPs at AGE 47 and spits out two copies of a Polaroid sporting a newly-aged Deckard.

The likeness is good.

Andersson slips one to Parry and they climb out, guns drawn.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Andersson plugs the tracker into some headgear and slips on a thick black chunky pair of wired night-sight glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He breasts forward with Parry in back and we FOLLOW BEHIND them as they slice a path through whirling clubbers.

Up ahead, Deckard presses toward the Plaza fireworks.

A blimp runs low overhead.

BLIMP TRACK (VO)
ON COLONIAL DAY, CONSIDER.....
(LIVE THE EXPERIENCE!)
TWO DECADES OF LIFE ON MARS.....
(LIVE THE ADVENTURE!)
PIONEER YEARS ARE OVER.....
(LIVE THE DREAM!)
SAFETY ASSURED.....
(LIVE THE FUTURE!)
LUXURY LIFE-STYLE GUARANTEED.....
(beat)
COME JOIN US IN THE STARS.....

CUT TO:

ANDERSSON'S POV - TRACKER GLASSES

Heat-trace images swirl before us. Distance counter dropping in yards and meters round the edges and a red guidance marker-dot floats in the center, leading him forward.

Fireworks CRACK like gunfire in our ears.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE PEDESTRIAN CONCOURSE - DAY

Deckard stood shoulder-to-shoulder with the crowd by the lake, all transfixed by lasers and fireworks.

SWING PAN to further back and we see disruption in the ranks.

Andersson and Parry closing in.

Out on the lake a volley of rockets shoot into red-black sky and shatter into bright rainbow streams.

A lazy blimp crosses the lake above them.

One of the myriad rockets soars higher than the rest.....

Far higher.....

.....Snaking up toward the floating blimp like a heat-seeking missile it strikes a large viewscreen slung beneath.

The screen erupts in a fountain of pixel-busting sparks.

CROWD GASPS from below as spontaneous fire rips through the belly of the blimp and it falters in it's course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

32.

Deckard sees uplifted faces and pointing fingers.

Looks up high as the heavy steel-plastic nose drops..... and the dirigible sinks painfully down, it's antenna-spikes flaming, toward the lake.

It's on a collision course.

Exploding fireworks puncture the ribbed grey skin like cigarette-burns as it caves to earth and the crowd scatters in panic.

Parry slows at the awesome sight.

PARRY

Aw, not again.....

Andersson drags him forward, utterly focussed. Nods toward a pack of distant running beat-cops.

ANDERSSON

Not our problem.

Right then the burning skeleton of the blimp plugs into the lake and EXPLODES in a Hindenburg day-glow fireball. Flame jets leap hundreds of feet into the air and streak sideways across the surface of the oily water.

A sheaf of flame comes rolling right toward us.

Deckard leaps aside with the rest of the crowd as it overshoots the bank of the lake and licks the sidewalk.

SCREAMS follow and flaming bodies tumble over wet ground.

REP-SYMP 1 (OS)

OFF-WORLD IS A LIE!

Deckard spins at the amplified voice. He fixes on a squat, LONG-HAIRED GUY in leather stood tall atop a bagel stand.

He's YELLING at the crowd through a cheap bullhorn.

A FEMALE PROTESTOR SCREAMS nearby. She's shinned up a traffic pole and waving in triumph.

REP-SYMP 1 (VO)

(wild-eyed, earnest)

OFF-WORLD IS SLAVERY! REPLICANTS ARE OUR
BROTHERS AND OUR SISTERS! DOWN WITH THE
UN! DOWN WITH TYRELL! DEATH TO TYRELL!!!

Deckard's stunned at the sight and the words.

Andersson moves up close behind him. He sees his target for the first time and levels his blaster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Deckard pulls a one-eighty, eyes searching for more of these protestors..... and instead he sees Andersson.

He sees the coat, the gun, the partner.

They're Blade Runners.

Split-second reaction and he dives back into crowd-cover.

Andersson loses the angle and runs forward to compensate. Parry up with him.

Deckard runs ragged against the flow. Revellers are fleeing the lake all around him but he's gunning straight for it.

Andersson and Parry burst through behind him a moment later, guns sweeping..... but there's no target in view.

Just the firey lake spread before them.

PARRY

Where? WHERE???

Andersson spins a three-sixty, BASHING his headgear.

CUT TO:

ANDERSSON'S POV - TRACKER GLASSES

Red marker-dot FLICKERING ON AND OFF, uncertain.

He pans the field of vision but there's no solid fix.

Parry's heat-trace gets in our face. Pissed and breathless.

PARRY

Andy, where the fuck did he go???

ANDERSSON (VO)

Malfunction. Shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

WE DIP BELOW the burning surface to Deckard under the water, breath held and backed tight against the bank for cover.

His legs wade gently away sideways round the stone rim.....

Thirty yards to one side his dripping head rises between flickering patches of flame.

Two wet eyes peer over the lip.....

No sign of his pursuers and Deckard lifts heavy shoulders out of the soup. He heaves his water-logged body out onto the

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCOURSE - DAY

A subway entrance yawns across the way.

Deckard draws his gun and limps across a deserted stretch of Plaza.

CUT TO:

ANDERSSON'S POV - TRACKER GLASSES

The red dot flares up strong and darts to the left of the screen. We glimpse a heat-trace BLUR and pan onto Deckard, running wounded.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCOURSE - DAY

Deckard swings as the first shot screams low overhead. He tries to fire back but his wet gun CLICKS empty, CLICKS empty, CLICKS empty.

Instead he scrambles into the stairwell and a barrage spits tight all around him.

Andersson runs. Headgear locked-on. Parry playing catch-up.

PARRY
(to Andersson)
I want one of those things! Hey!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TICKET HALL - DAY

Deckard dodges and weaves downstairs, knocking hobos and trash-eaters aside like ninepins.

He hits the flat and leaps painfully over turnstiles.

SWING BACK to catch the Blade Runners dropping into view, eyes straining. Andersson sees him in the distance and he sprints forward YELLING.

ANDERSSON
Deckard, Police! Give it up!

He fires into ceiling above Deckard's head to frighten him but Deckard just ducks under raining plaster and runs on.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

A waiting train. Doors open and inviting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deckard guns for it and leaps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

A look behind him and Deckard turns to see Andersson and Parry light onto the platform.

Deckard ducks behind a bunch of commuters, one eye peeking out, and he watches in horror as Andersson's head turns with the magic glasses and fixes his position exactly.

It's a straight run through wide-open doors and this train isn't going anywhere.

Deckard sees them coming.

He rubs his pistol with somebody else's sleeve. Inside and out, absorbing the wetness.

He points at the platform and squints down the barrel.

Andersson looms into view and he squeezes. CLICK! CLICK!

A two-tone warning BLEEP! from the tanoi as Andersson locks his target..... and car-doors skim shut between them.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Andersson bulldozes into graffitied steel doors with a blistering THUD and his gun arm SMASHES HARD through a side-window, wiggling inside for a straight shot like a crazed eel as the train MOVES OFF.

Deckard is ducked down out of the line of fire and Andersson can't hold it. He drops free of the rushing cars and CLATTERS roughly to the deck, night-glasses skittering loose.

Parry's right there to pick him up from behind but he shakes his partner off in a rage.

ANDERSSON

Alright! I'm alright!

Two second time-out for Andersson to regain his composure.... and they backpedal.

ANDERSSON

Come on.

Parry's eyes strike a line map as they exit and his finger runs a check.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET ABOVE - DAY

Police spinners dropping like flies. All lights and SIRENS.

Andersson and Parry thread back to theirs.

PARRY

Sector Three! Right down the line!

Andersson checks the direction of his tracker.

ANDERSSON

Agreed.

Back inside the spinner with a rocket. They lift off in a vaporous whirlwind just as everyone else is landing.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Deckard slumped in the corner at the foot of a standpole, lungs bagging for air.

Weird looks from the people around him as he rolls up his pant-leg and examines a wad of bloody bandages.

His mind thinks it through, piece by piece..... and clicks.

He traps a line map on the wall and finger-scans for a particular stop. Just then, a GRUFF VOICE from behind.

TICKET GUY (OS)

Credit..... Hey! Credit!

Deckard turns to him with fire in his eyes and a big fat gun in his hand.

The TICKET GUY vanishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - THREE SECTOR - DAY

Deckard hits the surface like wet lost dog.

Down a lonely side-street. Kept in shadow all the way.

Halfway down he stops and above him he sees dingy apartments stacked to the sky like dirty dishes overflowing a sink.

He mounts the greasy steps and BUZZES.

Positions his damp tired and sweaty face in front of the cracked videocamera.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

PETEY MCBRIDE, a white-haired septuagenarian with a neck like a football quarterback, stumbles past wall-mounted medical certificates and assorted cop-stuff to the security vidscreen by the door.

He punches up the fuzzy matchbox image of a face he barely recognizes and he squints hard.

MCBRIDE

Deckard.....?

DECKARD (VO)

Let me in.

CUT TO:

INT. MCBRIDE'S APARTMENT - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Deckard shivering wet with a blanket around his shoulders. McBride watches from a distance as he COUGHS his guts up.

MCBRIDE

Geez, Deckard. You look like shit.

Deckard sags into an overgrown chair opposite a roaring fire, dislodging a cloud of dust that sparkles in the half-light.

They're surrounded by piles of clutter.

DECKARD

Camouflage.

The flue isn't working so good. Smoke from the hearth is leaking into the room and draining out of tiny drilled holes in the windows and ceiling. Deckard regards the fat shadow of his former friend through the mist.

DECKARD (CONT.D)

You retired?

MCBRIDE

Everybody retired.

(offers him a drink)

How's your liver?

Deckard waves it off.

DECKARD

Retired. How's Bryant's?

McBride puts the drink and glasses on the table and sits.

MCBRIDE

Bryant's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECKARD

Gone?

McBride nods to an empty jar of malt whisky.

MCBRIDE

Drowned.

DECKARD

Who's in now?

MCBRIDE

Don't know. Don't wanna know. Real tightass, I heard.

DECKARD

You used to put the trackers in.

McBride nods. Deckard rolls up his leg to show the slash.

DECKARD (CONT.D)

Where else?

MCBRIDE

I don't know what you--

DECKARD

(a glare)

Don't fuck with me, Petey.

MCBRIDE

.....the ear, most times. I'd have to check.

Deckard stands. Urgent.

DECKARD

Do it.

MCBRIDE

Ricky, I... I haven't done this in years. My hands, they ain't steady no more.

Deckard leans in close.

DECKARD

I go to sleep with this thing inside me, Doc, and I don't ever wake up.

McBride smells his desperation and softens.

CUT TO:

INT. MCBRIDE'S APARTMENT - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Deckard standing, arms out in crucifix pose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McBride sweeps a battered tracker from his legs up toward his torso, the WHINE INCREASING IN PITCH as it rises.

DECKARD

They sent Blade Runners with guns. Not
cops with warrants.

(beat)

Why.....?

MCBRIDE

(under his breath)

The two shall become one flesh.....

DECKARD

What?

McBride's standing now, angled for eye contact.

MCBRIDE

Lotta stories went round after you left.

The tracker reaches SCREAMING PITCH over Deckard's right ear and their eyes do the talking.

McBride whips a dust cover off a beat-up black leather shrink's couch in the corner. A gleaming array of silver medical implements are laid on top.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDERSSON'S SPINNER - DAY

Deckard's signal BLEEPs steady and still on the tracker.

ANDERSSON

(into throat-mike)

Three sector, three sector. All Blade
Runner units proceed directly to Fourth
and Grand.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY

Andersson's spinner slews and changes course.

It shoots forward and a second Police spinner whips in behind.

CUT TO:

INT. MCBRIDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Through firey mist we see Deckard stretched out on the couch under an off-white sheet. McBride works round his head with the shiny silver instruments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blood drips gently onto moth-eaten shagpile carpet and Petey talks as he works. It calms his trembling hands.

MCBRIDE

(remembering)

Too many injuries for my liking..... too many dying..... It got to twenty-two, twenty-three and you could set your watch by the rebellions. Skin-jobs hear of one revolt that works and they all wanna try.

(beat)

We had everything coming through here. Ones, threes, sixes..... but the threes were the worst. No thought or negotiation with those fuckers. Just wholesale mindless slaughter. They beefed up the force in reply. Partnered up the Blade Runners but the boys just kept on dying..... War of words between Tyrell and the department hits the papers.....

(beat)

Heavy shit, Ricky. And you, you got out right on time you canny bastard.

Deckard shrugs, numb.

DECKARD

I can't hear a word you're saying, Doc.

A buddy laugh and McBride slaps his other ear. Playful.

Then he refocuses and with a SHARP TUG he pulls something from Deckard's ear-canal with a pair of tweezers.

His rubber-gloved fingers hold the bloody disc up to the light and he smiles in triumph. Turns to toss it in the fire.

As he rears back for the throw Deckard's arm SHOOTS UP from under the sheet and grabs his wrist with an iron grip and a look of steel.

Rolling off the couch Deckard pockets the tiny disc like it's a spec of gold-dust and pads his ear with a cotton-wool pad.

He looks around the place.

DECKARD

You got arms?

McBride blinks at the anxious tone in his voice and opens an old gym locker set into the wall. Inside is a shit-load of confiscated Police guns and grenades.

A sheepish look to Deckard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCBRIDE
This ain't Beverly Hills.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY STREET CORNER - FOURTH AND GRAND - DAY

Parked spinners and we PAN through the rain to a squad of Blade Runners working down the street in single-file.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ALLEY - DAY

Andersson leads them silently into the narrow brick passage, eyes hot on the tracker.

They splash through puddles. Over crushed soggy cardboard.

Andersson signals to a giant dumpster dead ahead and the wet cops fan around it, weapons trained.

A beat for the team to prepare and Andersson steps forward..... he lifts the lid and slants his gun inside.

Instead of a cowering Deckard he sees a fat pile of trash.

And resting on top of the trash is the tracker. It is taped to an active proximity charge. Distance meter HUMMING and GLOWING BRIGHT RED.

The timer BEEPS and drops like a stone.

00.05... 04... 03...

ANDERSSON
EVERYBODY DOWN!!!

They dive for cover in the mud.....

02... 01... 00.

Nothing happens.

Realizing, Andersson picks himself up, wipes himself down and peers inside to see that the charge has switched itself off.

At this he should be relieved. Instead his face is a burning picture of utter humiliation.

The squad stays down, guns hugged to their chests, expecting the shots to rain in. But Andersson doesn't flinch. Without fear he turns and walks back out of the alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

He looks around. Back to his spinner down the block and as he looks it EXPLODES.

Thermal blast-wave washes hot and blinding over Andersson but he stays standing, teeth-gritted with resistance.

He's determined not to let it show.

He waits for the BLAST ECHO to fade..... and then he YELLS FULL at the million faceless apartment windows all around him like Mark Antony addressing the senate.

ANDERSSON

DECKARD!

(Deckard! Deckard!)

YOU CAN SLOW IT DOWN, DECKARD.....

(down, Deckard..... down, Deckard.....)

BUT YOU CAN'T STOP IT!

(stop it! stop it!)

CUT TO:

INT. MCBRIDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Deckard crouched and listening. Multiple signals FLASHING on McBride's old tracker and through a crack in the window above him we can see Andersson down on the street below.

ANDERSSON

(a distant echo)

I KNOW YOU, DECKARD!

(know you, Deckard.....)

Deckard doesn't react. He doesn't move a muscle.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - FOURTH AND GRAND - DAY

Andersson, Parry and the team head back for the spinners, grim and mud-stained.

PARRY

He could have--

His thoughts are distracted by the sight of their burnt-out spinner.

PARRY (CONT.D)

What'll he do next?

ANDERSSON

(deep in thought)

He'll go crying back to Mom.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They reach a spinner and Andersson pops the bubble. A junior BLADE RUNNER nips into the gap from behind.

BLADE RUNNER 1
Sir, this one's ours.

ANDERSSON
Not anymore.

Andersson snatches the keys from his fist and hands him the aged Polaroid of Deckard.

ANDERSSON
I want this on the wall of every booth in
the city by morning.

And he seals the bubble from inside. Parry takes her up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPINNER - DAY

Pulling clear of tightly-packed archology skyscrapers and bloated ad-boards. Pixelated GEISHA FACES bow before the smoke-trails of the ascending craft.

HOLDEN (VO)
Well.....?

CUT TO:

INT. SPINNER - DAY

Holden's lacerated face on the vidscreen.

ANDERSSON
He's good.

HOLDEN (VO)
You let him go.....

ANDERSSON
No. He let us go.

And he blanks the screen before Holden can reply.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRELL CORPORATION - EVENING

Darkness falls on the great orange pyramid and it's shot through with chiseled streams of white light.

The spinner glides into frame, closing.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - SUNSET

Sarah works alone at her desk under lamplight.

Outside the red steaming ball of the sun hangs low on the grubby horizon.

ANDERSSON (OS)
Lonely at the top.

She turns. Through reading glasses she sees Andersson's powerful frame in shadow on the far side of the room.

Fixing himself a drink.

She stands. Removes her glasses and eyes his presumption with curiosity.

SARAH
One of Holden's boys. Long time, no see.
Andersson walks toward her and steps into the light.

ANDERSSON
Deckard. Where is he?
Without blinking.

SARAH
I'm sure I have no idea what you're talking about, Officer.
He drains the glass in one. It gives an edge to his stare.

ANDERSSON
We have reason to believe he's back in town.

SARAH
I haven't seen him.
He smiles.

ANDERSSON
You wouldn't tell me even if you had, would you?

A wary pause between them.

SARAH
Perhaps.....

ANDERSSON
Perhaps, what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Perhaps if the department did their job.
Started clamping down on these deluded
techno-terrorists--

ANDERSSON

Replicant sympathizers--

SARAH

Perhaps then you'd get a little
cooperation.

ANDERSSON

You don't sympathize with your creations?

SARAH

We manufacture a product, Mr.....

(he shows I.D.)

Mr. Andersson, and we sympathize with our
customers. The off-world public as
represented by the United Nations.

She's clearly good at the game.

SARAH (CONT.D)

The way things have been going lately,
one could almost believe the department
actually wanted Tyrell to fail.

ANDERSSON

Then I'd be out of a job.

A very slight gleam in her eye.

SARAH

Yes.

A SUDDEN FLUTTER from the darkness above and the owl settles
on her shoulder like a furry gargoyle. Big slitty eyes glare
at Andersson as if to ward him off.

He slips Deckard's salvaged ear tracker on the desk along
with his card. Parting look.

ANDERSSON

Call me if he drops in on you.

With that he leaves. CLICKING off into shadow.

At the elevator lobby doors his silhouette turns back.

ANDERSSON (CONT.D)

Can you make it live longer? Or did he
come back here for nothing?

(beat)

That'd be a shame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He doesn't wait for the answer.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL CORPORATION LOBBY - NIGHT

Deckard is held back from the elevators by a couple of armored Tyrell SECURITY GUARDS.

DECKARD
I gotta see her!

He struggles well but these guys are monsters.

SECURITY GUARD 1
We got orders, pal.

Deckard pulls back, breathless. Dusts himself down.

DECKARD
Okay. Just let me speak to her. At least
let me speak to her.

The guards consider.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY BOOTH - NIGHT

Deckard alone. Sarah uncomfortable on the vidscreen.

SARAH
They know you've been here.

DECKARD
Sarah, it's night. I got no credit, no
place to go.....

SARAH
They'll be watching us now, Deckard. I
covered for you today but that's all I
can do. You're an outlaw and Tyrell can't
be seen associating with outlaws.

DECKARD
Look, if you could just--

SARAH
Don't come here again. Not until you're
done.

The screen blanks and Deckard slumps, tired. He scratches his head. Eating this shit.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDERSSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dingy cop-style bedsit. Spartan decor.

Functional.

DEEP TRAFFIC RUMBLE from outside and far below plus the occasional WHIZZ of a passing spinner.

CLOCK TICKING on the mantle.

Andersson's Holovision TV doubles as a vidphon screen. He's talking with two seven-year old ASIAN KIDS, bashful and smiling. A BOY and a GIRL. Their bright beady eyes wander all over the screen as they talk.

BOY (VO)

I getted..... homework today.....

ANDERSSON

You got homework?

BOY (VO)

Yeah.

ANDERSSON

You're only seven! What are you doing getting homework?

GIRL (VO)

(looks right at him)

Are you tired, Daddy?

Andersson instinctively rubs his eyes to cover the redness. He tries to conjure a smile.

ANDERSSON

A little, baby. Put Mommy on so Daddy can go to bed.

They blink for a second, dumb. And then a female hand sweeps them offscreen. Tiny waves as they disappear.

BOY (VO)

Bye.

Andersson's big hand gives a floppy kiddie wave in reply and the screen is filled with the white Caucasian face of a woman in her mid-thirties. Pretty but worn. Andersson's ex-wife LINDIA.

There's frosty air between them.

ANDERSSON

What are they doing with homework at their age? I don't even get that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDIA
In order to do homework one must
occasionally live at home, Andy.
(beat, a civil effort)
How was your day?

ANDERSSON
(very slightly drunk)
Wet.

She closes her eyes in disgust.

LINDIA
I give up, you know. I really..... you
got this big fucking amnesia problem,
Andy, and all you do is try to make it
worse--

ANDERSSON
No problem, Lindi. No problem at all.
(beat)
I drink..... then I forget what I drank.
No problem.

They stare at each other. Spent.

ANDERSSON (CONT.D)
I got two today. Missed a third.

LINDIA
(dry)
Firing blanks again.

And from the instant look on his face she knows she shouldn't
have said that.

LINDIA (CONT.D)
Wait, I didn't mean--

ANDERSSON
See ya.

He reaches out and shuts her off.

The screen fades and we're suddenly aware of a second light
source behind him. He swivels position to face his ESPER unit
and Deckard's blown-up pixellated face fills the frame.

He stares at the grizzled ex-Blade Runner..... and Deckard
stares right back at him.

Andersson stands with a COUGH. Grabs a bowl of cold noodles
and steps outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDERSSON'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Sheer chasm below.

Traffic moves on a thousand freeways in lighted columns.

Andersson eats.... and he stops mid-noodle. Distracted.

Looks out over soaring buildings.

He's out there somewhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET BY LAKESIDE - NIGHT

Yellow hazard tape seals off the crash area.

Deckard reaches his car and finds a bunch of parking tickets slapped on the windshield. He peels them off. Drops them into the streaming gutter.

Round to the side and he sees the driver window. It's smashed. Keys JANGLE and he scrambles inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S CAR - NIGHT

The ESPER unit is gone. Ripped clean out of the dashboard.

He shuffles down through a pile of styrofoam cups and paper, wild-eyed and manic.....

Evidence photos at the bottom and he heaves with relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Deckard's car pulls away from the kerb and crawls down a half-empty street littered with party trash and burnt-out firecrackers.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

A building frontage that we recognize. The art deco marquee out front bears the chiselled name BRADBURY.

Blacked-out boarded up windows are everywhere.

Nobody's about in this part of town.

We see the building's main doors are flung wide-open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deckard's car pulls off the street, mounts the sidewalk and rolls gently between twisted corduroy columns, wheels collecting trash..... right inside.

Into the darkness.

Into the once-home of a Mr. J.F. Sebastian.

CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S LOBBY - NIGHT

The car rolls into frame and halts. Lights die.

Deckard gets out. He closes the big heavy doors behind him, one at a time, and the BLEAK ICY WIND is locked outside.

He skies a glance at floor upon floor of rotten dripping wood and wrought-iron latticework.

Picks his way over messy white pools of bird shit to the stairs.

Gun drawn we FOLLOW HIM UP. Nothing but shadows as he climbs.

A couple of ghost birds FLAP and COO overhead in the rafters.

Through gaping holes in the ceiling he sees the smooth sheer faces of nearby megascrapers stretching thousands of feet up into thick rainy night.

From the deep well of this tomb they seem tall and glowing and alive.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A SLIGHT CREAK and Deckard's face lifts into frame.

There's a warm glow coming from inside J.F.'s old apartment.

He proceeds with caution.

MULTIPLE GUTTER LAUGHING as he gets close.

CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A circle of flea-bitten tramps and vagrants laying cards and sinking shots of red-eye.

Pissed as newts and laughing at the slightest thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A roaring fire CRACKLES merrily behind them, it's tinder made from the remains of Sebastian's old toys. Teddy bears, plastic heads, mannequin legs.

Deckard watches them play through a crack in the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Deckard fishes I.D. from deep in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The party is interrupted by the resounding CLICK of a gun chamber and drunk faces swing to see Deckard across the room.

His weapon aimed and his badge held up for all to see.

DECKARD

L.A.P.D.

One dumb tramp son-of-a-bitch goes for the pen-knife in his coat and Deckard paints a bullseye on his chest.

DECKARD (CONT.D)

Hold.

The knife guy drops it and Deckard ventures forward.

DECKARD (CONT.D)

You boys got resident permits?

No answer. Just bleary-eyed shrugs.

Seeing the cards and the chips Deckard feigns delight.

DECKARD (CONT.D)

Or gambling licences.....?

The tramps SIGH. Everybody knows the drill.

TRAMP 1

(under his breath)

Pendejo blanco.....

He offers Deckard a handsome cut.

Deckard takes one look at the stinking money and KICKS the rest of the cash across the floor YELLING.

DECKARD

GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One SHOT for effect and they scatter like frightened children before a mad ogre, tumbling for the stairs.

Deckard stands alone with a pile of money and a warm fire.

The panicked staccato sound of FEET DESCENDING STAIRS fades gently into the night and he kneels exhausted.

Collecting coins with a measure of satisfaction he sees a pile of old bedding mats in the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDERSSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andersson lies fast asleep on the couch.

We're MOVING GENTLY TOWARD HIM.

CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Deckard asleep on the floor under sack blankets.

GHOST WHISPERS from the past as we MOVE IN AT THE SAME SPEED, low to the ground.

BRYANT (VO)
I got four skin jobs walking the
streets.....

BRYANT (VO)
Six replicants, three male, three
female.....

BRYANT (VO)
Four more to go, Gaff. Let's go.....

DECKARD (VO)
Three. That's three to go.....

Deckard jerks a little at the sound of his own voice.

BRYANT (VO)
Four.....

And again, LOUDER.

BRYANT (VO)
Six replicants, three male, three
female.....

Right up on his tight-closed eyes now.

They're twitching.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDERSSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Even closer on his sleeping nemesis.

His REM eyelids flicker obscenely from side to side like balled monsters swimming under the surface of the skin.

Thrashing violently.

CLOSER STILL and we seem to pass right inside him.

CUT TO:

ANDERSSON'S DREAM

Murky in here.

Symbolic FLASHES pass before us in a watery haze.

The desert.

Fire in the sky.

An EARTH-SHATTERING explosion.

Blood.

MATCH CUT TO:

DECKARD'S DREAM

The sky-fire warps into Deckard's cabin burning.

Rachel is standing inside.

She's dressed in white and surrounded by dark figures.

Then snow.

Black gloved hands uncovering..... Rachel's coffin.

SWAT troops in black death-masks peer down on her peaceful sleeping form trapped under glass.

The LAPD tracker disc glints on top of her bier like a shiny brass button.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Deckard wakes with a start.

Shaken.

Cold sweat on his unshaven face and one hand claps to his wounded ear. Dried blood there and it stings like hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dawn rays filtering through dusty curtains and he takes a good look around at the decaying apartment.

He gets to his feet. Curious.

CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Checks around. Everything much the same as before.

CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S HALL - MORNING

Big and empty. Deckard moves on through.

CUT TO:

INT. SEBASTIAN'S LABORATORY - MORNING

The valuable scientific equipment has been stripped and what remains is a structural skeleton littered with trinkets.

Deckard moves in for a closer examination.

He sees microscopes and journals strewn across the decks.

Faded charts and gutted centrifuge cannisters under a thick layer of dust and cobwebs.

Deckard's roving eye is caught by A MULTI-PURPOSE SET OF RUSTY KNIVES laid out across the work-top. All shapes, sizes and uses.

Intrigued, he produces the Isidore photos.

THE TOP PHOTO

shows a front view of Isidore's frozen heart.

DECKARD

looks closer.

PHOTO

Severed arterial stumps protrude from the fleshy pink organ in all directions and we ZERO IN on one of them.

So close we can see the grain.

DECKARD

gets a bright idea.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDERSSON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

TRAFFIC SWISHING outside but it's silent in here.

We're PANNING past the HV/TV screen with news footage of yesterday's blimp crash. Images shaky and bleached.

Andersson shakes awake on the couch.

First thing his bleary eyes see is Deckard still staring at him from the ESPER. He leans over to check the time. Punches a phone number.

The numbers appear on TV over the news and the blimp fires fade to show Parry looking back at us. He just woke up too. He looks deep into the camera to see who it is.

PARRY

Yeah, what?

ANDERSSON

Put a guy on Deckard's old apartment.

Parry chews for a beat and frowns.

PARRY

He's been gone ten years. They musta cleared it out a hundred times.

ANDERSSON

It's a department apartment, right?

Parry, blank.

PARRY

Yeah. So....?

Andersson's got a feeling but he can't find the words.

PARRY (CONT.D)

Andy, the guy's desperate but he ain't that desperate, man. He ain't that dumb.

(beat)

What's he gonna go back there for?

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S CAR - DAY

Passing by the gates to Deckard's old apartment building.

He squints through the windshield and the squall and he sees the dark wet shape of an empty Police spinner resting in the courtyard.

He floors the gas and drives right on past.

Doesn't look back.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

CIRCLING a *koban* Police booth set back from the road.

There's thousands of these things all over the city. Inside this one we see a single beat COP. He's a rookie. Dressed in a blue rubber coat, peaked cap and tinted rain visor.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH - DAY

Deckard's picture is one of hundreds pasted on the back wall to form a black and white collage of 'Wanted' ads. Fresh mugshots seem to be spilling out of the fax by the second.

The cop is reading a cheap kangaroo newspaper. Oblivious.

There's a RAPPING on his window and he looks up at a faceless guy in a heavy coat and head-wrap scarf.

DECKARD
(pointing off)
Hey! In the alley here! Guy's hurt bad!

And the faceless man runs back to the scene.

The cop grabs his nightstick.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The cop stumbles through crowds.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

He enters, breathless and edgy. Looks around once and Deckard steps out of the shadows behind him.

CRACKS him over the back of the head with the pistol.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Deckard steps out in the cop's uniform and fixes on the awkward rain visor.

Instantly he's anonymous.

We TRACK FAST WITH HIM down the teeming street.....

Past light-bar umbrellas and rushing pedestrians and around the fly-postered corner at the end.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And there, right before us, we see the grand imperial facade of POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

It's Grecian stone columns fill the frame and stretch high above us into hanging ozone mist. Cops of all types and descriptions feeding in and out of the main entrance below.

Deckard takes a breath and merges into the stream.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - PRECINCT - DAY

Inside.

Into the lion's den.

Cops crawling all over the place.

It must be coming up on shift change.

Deckard keeps his head down and walks with a purpose. Right through the middle of them.

He follows an overhead sign marked ESPER.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPER ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

A dank high-ceilinged computer vault.

Neat ordered rows of ESPER terminals stretch out before us and each unit is screened off from the next.

We TRACK FORWARD into the room. Past uniformed cops and plain-clothes officers sat typing, scanning, cross-checking.

Some of them SPEAK the orders in hushed tones, their drawn faces obscured by Camel smoke and blue-lit by fluorescent screens.

Deckard threads silently down the center aisle and takes his place at one of the few empty booths.

He enters the stolen I.D. card..... and with a BEEP it works.

Visibly relieved, Deckard pulls the Isidore photos from his coat and feeds them into the machine one by one. The scanned images assemble on screen before him like building blocks.

He addresses the computer in hushed tones.

DECKARD
3-D object compilation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESPER emits a slight mechanical GROAN..... and all four photos vanish to be replaced by a perfect merged 3-D representation of Isidore's heart. It spins in cyberspace.

DECKARD
Object analysis.

A three-dimensional vector grid superimposes itself over the spinning heart like a geographical map.

ESPER (VO)
Heart..... Human..... Male..... Fifty to
fifty-five years..... Deceased..... Organ
status; frozen and non-functional.

DECKARD
Forensic examination. Compare and
contrast.

The heart image slides to the left and a second heart appears on the right of the screen. Isidore's twin in every respect except the protruding severed artery stumps.

In seconds the sweep has highlighted all eighteen cuts in glowing vector boxes. Nine arteries and nine veins.

ESPER (VO)
Major incursions; eighteen.

DECKARD
Method.

ESPER silently scans.

ESPER (VO)
Non-surgical lacerations. Origin;
mammalian digits. Possibly human, ape,
replicant.

Deckard ponders.

As he does so we slip focus over his shoulder to see Parry is approaching. Fast. Beaded straight for him.

But as he reaches Deckard he continues right on past, oblivious.

Equally oblivious to the immediate threat, Deckard screws up his visored face in tech-frustration.

DECKARD
Full surface scan.

Parry heads to the back of the room. Toward a line of doors.

On screen; only Isidore's heart now. ESPER zooms in and twirls inch by inch round the organ's pink puffy surface like it's mapping an uncharted planet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Then it zooms closer and repeats the process, pixel by pixel.
Magnification numbers steadily rising.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPER CONFERENCE ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

A larger ESPER unit with seating for multiple viewers.

This one is being operated by an expert ESPER TECHNICIAN in a jumpsuit. Andersson is watching and guiding him.

Parry enters in back and takes a seat next to his partner, troubled.

PARRY

I order a stakeout, I wanna know why,
Andy.

ANDERSSON

(eyes on the screen)
He's gonna try and log on.

Parry sits back. Tired of this shit.

PARRY

You're reaching, pal. He ditched you and
now you're reaching.

(beat)
We sit on Tyrell until he shows up, man.
That's all we got left.

ANDERSSON

No. He's looking for something.....
someone..... I don't know.....

A BEEP from the terminal.

ESPER TECH

Eureka.

(points to the screen)
Deckard, B26354. Attempted access denied
yesterday, 11:40 a.m. Terminal trace;
negative.

Andersson turns to Parry, justified.

ANDERSSON

He wants access to ESPER. He can't use
his old code. Can't use his car terminal
for more than thirty seconds so he's
gotta find another way in. Like.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARRY
(getting it)
.....Like a cop's ESPER card lying around
in a cop apartment with it's own private
ESPER unit.

Andersson's eyes confirm. He turns back to the tech.

ANDERSSON
I want a twenty-four hour run-down on
Police property break-ins and officer
assaults. Scan for stolen ESPER codes.

ESPER TECH
No problem, sir.

And his fingers fly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

We continue to hear the sound of the ESPER TECH TYPING but
what we see is the *koban* cop dropped by Deckard.

Shivering and wet and pissed in the shadows, he's handcuffed
to a utility pipe in his underwear. As he kicks with gritted
teeth at the scurrying rats around his feet a FLASHLIGHT BEAM
spreads brightly across his face.

He looks up at two astonished PATROL COPS.

One of them kneels to free the arms cuffed behind his back
and the other exchanges desperate words with the victim.

He urgently reports the answers into his radio unit.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPER ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

On screen one of the severed veins is still highlighted.

ESPER (VO)
Total minor incursions; one. Right
subclavian vein.

Deckard frowns at the location.

DECKARD
Enhance.

We ZOOM UP CLOSE and discover that our target isn't the big
total slice but a TINY NICK on the stem just below it. So
small it's all but invisible to the human eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deckard leans in for a closer look.

DECKARD

Method.

ESPER

Surgical laceration. Origin; surgical blade. Type; unknown. Listing possibilities.....

And a bewildering array of product names and pictures roll down the screen in alphabetical order.

COP 1 (OS)

Hey, pal. You gonna be long?

Deckard freezes.

In the screen he sees the reflection of a hulking COP stood right behind him. Waiting. Peering left and right with the absolute minimum of head movement Deckard sees that lines are forming behind most of the terminals in his row.

DECKARD

(to cop)

One second.

(to ESPER)

Blow me a print.

The machine WHIRRS and spits out a zoom shot which he pockets.

DECKARD

(hassled)

Now..... I, uh..... I want you to--

The screen BLANKS, sudden.

The words ILLEGAL ACCESS flash across his tinted visor in bright letters, followed by ESPER CODE DENIED.

Deckard's eyes blow large at the warning and he tries to pop out the card but CHUCK, CHUCK, CHUCK. It won't release. Neither will the Isidore photos.

Screen now reads CARD WITHHELD and Deckard gathers up.

Pushes past the heavy cop and leaves the room at a clip.

The cop sits and sees the flashing message. He frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPER CONFERENCE ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

Crime statistics tumble down the screen. Sectors, street references, dates and times.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andersson points to the top of the list. Most recent entry.

ANDERSSON
Koban assault. Fifteen minutes ago on
Bedford and Pico.

PARRY
(he perks)
That's two blocks from here!

Time suddenly speeds up.

ANDERSSON
(to the tech)
Don't cancel that code! I want Deckard
traced when he logs on!

The tech reads fresh info on screen. It's bad news.

ESPER TECH
The code's already cancelled, sir.

ANDERSSON
Shit!
(beat, he thinks)
Run a check for access!
(to himself as the tech types)
Goddammit.....

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR TO ENTRANCE HALL - PRECINCT - DAY

Deckard's legs headed for daylight. Fast but steady.

HEART BEATING WILD under his tight rubber jacket.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPER ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

Results print on the screen and the tech's eyes lift through
a tinted window to the rows of ESPER terminals beyond.

ESPER TECH
(staccato)
He's here. He's in the building.

Andersson stands and fishes for his blaster.

ANDERSSON
(to tech)
Seal all entrances. Quietly.

He and Parry light out.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - PRECINCT - DAY

Deckard's almost there.

He sees slanting rain and traffic beckoning outside.

Twenty yards to go as two bulky DOOR GUARDS step into frame and swing the giant doors shut.

They CLANG with an ECHO that reverberates through the airy chamber and Deckard stops cold in the center of the floor.

Thinking fast he spins into reverse.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCOURSE - PRECINCT - DAY

He heads in past lazy desk sergeants and booking officers toward the Captain's office on the far side.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S OFFICE - PRECINCT - DAY

Deckard enters shuttered darkness without knocking.

HOLDEN (OS)

(spooked)

Hey.....

...and his voice trails as a GUN pokes out of the shadows.

Deckard's face follows it into the light..... and his eyes widen at the familiar semi-human figure behind the desk.

DECKARD

.....Holden?

A strained smile breaks on Holden's electronic lips.

HOLDEN

You shouldn't have come back, Deck.

The sound of RAIN TAPPING on sealed windows.

Deckard filters the ugly change in appearance.

DECKARD

You look good.

HOLDEN

Really?

DECKARD

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLDEN
You look good too.

Deckard doesn't know what to say. All he can do is maintain
aim with those threatening-scared eyes of his.

HOLDEN (CONT.D)
You can't kill me, Deckard. You can't
kill me cos' I'm already dead. Been this
way ever since Kowalski. Lost my wife,
lost my family, lost my liver.....
(a rasping COUGH)
I can't even fucking drink it off.

And a split-second darkening.

HOLDEN (CONT.D)
Give yourself up.

DECKARD
I can't do that.

HOLDEN
Leave L.A. Don't come back.

DECKARD
I'm trying, you're not helping.
(COCKS the gun)
Call off the dogs.

HOLDEN
I can't do that.

DECKARD
(venom)
I'm not a replicant!

HOLDEN
You took off..... with a listed skin-job.

DECKARD
I love her.

HOLDEN
You love it, Deckard. Except you can't
love an it, can you? Not really.

DECKARD
(closer)
No? What are you now, Holden? A he....?
An it.....? A 'hit'.....?
(beat)
Who loves you now?

A world of hate and bitterness in Holden's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

HOLDEN

Nobody.

Distant ALARM BELLS quicken Deckard and he shifts aim to Holden's chest circuitry.

DECKARD

They shut the doors on me. Open them.

Holden sees he's serious. He snakes a withered hand to flip on the speakerphone. Punches an internal code and..... CLICK!

HOLDEN

This is Captain Holden. Open the main doors.

BUZZING STATIC for a beat.....

DOOR GUARD (VO)

Sir, we got orders to shut them.

HOLDEN

I countermand those orders.

DOOR GUARD (VO)

.....Uh, yes sir.

He cuts out. Deckard SMASHES the phone unit with his gun-butt and leans across to examine Holden's chest wiring.

HOLDEN

(panicked)

What are you--

Deckard fingers a breathing tube plugged into his neck.

HOLDEN (CONT.D)

(eyes bugged)

Deckard, what are you--

(he rips out the tube)

HHHHUUUUHHHHHH.....!!!!

DECKARD

Breathing space.

Holden reels back in his metal-frame chair, paralyzed and GASPING, air gushing from his respirator.

Deckard leaves like lightning.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - PRECINCT - DAY

Parry sees the big doors open and foot traffic flowing freely. He rounds on one of the door guards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARRY
Hey! What did we just tell you?

DOOR GUARD
(shrugs)
Orders, pal.

PARRY
Who?

DOOR GUARD
Captain Holden.

Parry halts with the look of death on his face.

PARRY
(into radio)
Andy!

CUT TO:

INT. CONCOURSE - PRECINCT - DAY

Deckard is headed back out.

Andersson enters up ahead and spits right past him in a RUSH OF AIR. Deckard quickens pace.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S OFFICE - PRECINCT - DAY

Andersson BURSTS INSIDE, pistol raised.

He sees Holden GAGGING in the chair and darts forward to his aid. Quick check of the extraneous colored wiring and he slots the loose tube back up inside his neck.

Holden's CHEST SWELLS like a balloon and sound returns.

HOLDEN
Deck..... Deckard.....

ANDERSSON
Where? Where is he???

Holden points out the open door, breathless.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCOURSE - PRECINCT - DAY

Deckard doesn't know Andersson is closing behind him.

Andersson doesn't know Deckard is walking in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But then Deckard hears them. RAPID FOOTSTEPS closing in.

He feels funny and glances back over his shoulder. Catches a glimpse of Andersson. He's bouncing around, scanning the faces of every cop he's passing.

Up ahead and to Deckard's left is a wide curving stairwell to the lower levels. He heads for the archway entrance.

Andersson sees the blue rubber back of a beat officer heading fast for the stairs and his eyes narrow with instinct.....

Something about those shoulders. That pace. That tuft of silver hair visible under a rookie's cap.....

He raises his gun to a two-handed firing position and stops time with a PIERCING SHOUT.

ANDERSSON

Deckard! Stop where you are!

Deckard leaps sideways and down the stairs, out of the firing line.

PFFFOWW!!! Andersson blows a chunk out of the wall in Deckard's wake and gives chase at full pelt.

Parry sees from the corridor beyond and runs.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS - PRECINCT - DAY

Deckard swirls downward. Three steps at a time.

He fires a couple of shots behind him as he goes, knocking cops out of the way in his haste. Some of them come rolling and tumbling after him.

Deckard's peaked cap and visor fly off in the descent and he drops further.

Into the depths of the station.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT LOCKER ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

Deckard BANGS past rows of grey steel lockers. Wooden benches and bare cop buttocks at regular intervals.

Running blind now. His sleeves tearing with every collision.

Andersson, Parry and a shitload of cops bowl in behind him and FIRE A DEAFENING VOLLEY past diving naked shift-changers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Automatic gunfire stitches across shuddering locker doors and Deckard ducks behind a heavy stone column.

He fires a blind-burst round the corner and hears the impact of a cop going down, auto-fire raking the ceiling and blowing light fixtures onto their heads like confetti.

Splinters and glass and a second barrage pours in.

Deckard sees a pall of shower mist up ahead and he batters forward into fog.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWER - PRECINCT - DAY

Wet tiles and his entering boots SPLASH through pools of soapy water.

He strains through hanging mist, eyes searching for cover and a thick arm explodes from out behind a shower curtain. Drags him right off his feet and back into a

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER CUBICLE - PRECINCT - DAY

Deckard is face-to-face with a six-foot mountain of redneck cop. Stark naked and built like a freight train.

A fat fist BELTS him back and his head strikes the dripping chrome shower nozzle.

COP

What the fuck's goin' on here, boy? I ain't never seen you--

And he halts.... frowning at the old guy's face. Seeing stars, Deckard drops his gun into the water.... and the other fat hairy fist pins his neck to the wall.

COP

I have seen you! I seen your picture!

Deckard's hand scrabbles for purchase over slippery tile. He can't reach the gun. Breath labored, his fingers hook onto a red-stickered faucet and he JERKS THE HANDLE DOWN.

Hot scalding water EXPLODES from the nozzle and it shocks the big guy back against the curtain, hands clawing at his burnt face and SCREAMING.

COP

AAAGGHHHHH! YOU GODDAMN LITTLE BASTARD!

Deckard feels for his gun through rising steam. He fingers it just as the muscle man recovers and charges a second time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chest impact knocks Deckard backwards and he deftly spins his attacker through a half-turn. SLAMS him reeling into the hot brass pipes and.... BANG!

One armor-piercing shot through the guts and the WALL EXPLODES BEHIND THEM. Shattering tiles.

The dead cop collapses at Deckard's feet like a gored bull and the FIZZING water churning down the plughole flushes deep crimson.

Deckard breathes again.

He hears SQUEAKING BOOTSTEPS entering narrow shower aisles.

In front of him the cubicle's back-wall has caved in under the blast impact. He kicks at chunks of crumbling plaster and BLOWS TWO MORE HOLES to reveal an expanse of darkness behind.

He climbs through.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SUBSTRUCTURE - DAY

Deckard stumbles through clouds of white dust and hot vibrating pipes.

Ahead is a maze of narrow shafts and shitty plumbing.

He knifes between sewage pipes. Down through zigzagging passages and he scurries away from the light.

Looking back up he sees dark human shadows fall across the bright hole. Heads and guns poke through and FIRE DEADLY BURSTS after him. They miss but succeed in lighting his distant form as it nips between the cracks.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER CUBICLE - PRECINCT - DAY

Andersson's head through the gap. Back out and he looks to Parry behind.

ANDERSSON

I'm going in. Tell Holden.

HOLDEN

Andy, you got no idea--

But it's too late for words. He's already gone.

Cursing under his breath, Parry steps out of the tight cubicle and sparks a radio channel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARRY
Officer Parry. Put the Captain on.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SUBSTRUCTURE - DAY

Andersson scurries downwards.

Decor around him is plaster and metal, stone and shadow.

DECKARD

works deeper. Steadily picks his way down through a fault of earthquake-split rock by the glow of his cigarette lighter.

Streams of water running cold through subterranean fissures and dripping on him from above.

He strips off his shredded rubber jacket and discards it.

Onwards and downwards.

ANDERSSON

slips lower into razor-edged rock and rats.

ANDERSSON
YOU GOT A NERVE, DECKARD! I'LL GIVE YOU
THAT!

No reply from below. Just a bouncing ECHO.

ANDERSSON
GIVE YOU THIS TOO!

He FIRES off a couple in frustration.

The shots light the way ahead for a split-second, and then he's back into darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWERS - PRECINCT - DAY

Parry on-line.

PARRY
(into radio)
--we're underneath the locker room
showers. Deckard's down in the
substructure. Andy's right on him.

DEAD AIR for a beat and then....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLDEN (VO)
(over radio)
Let him go.

Parry frowns.

PARRY
What?

HOLDEN (VO)
Let Deckard go. Pull Andersson out of
there.

PARRY
But, boss--

HOLDEN (VO)
Now. That's an order.

Parry reenters the cubicle and hops through the breach.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SUBSTRUCTURE - DAY

Andersson stops to pick up Deckard's jacket and checks it for
blood. He's just about to move on when he hears Parry.

PARRY (OS)
(distant)
Andy! Andy, hold! Hold your position!

Andersson hovers, torn..... and bites his lip in surrender.

DECKARD

sinks lower, relentless. Picking over rock. No looking back.

A warm draft of air blasts his face from below and gently
ruffles his graying hair.

It's swiftly followed by a distant MUFFLED RUMBLE, like the
sound of a subway train.

He drops faster. Limbs pumping. Locked on to the sound.

And the deeper he gets..... the LOUDER IT GETS.....

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Car after steel subway car BLASTS PAST beneath us.

WE TILT UP to the curve of the roof and a wide crack in it's
frame is visible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deckard peers down on the SCREECHING train.

It doesn't look like a standard subway train and this isn't a standard subway tunnel. Far too dark and shoddy for that.

A last look behind him and he swings both legs through the gap.

He aims his bulk and drops onto the flowing roof of the ghost train with a THUD, rolling helpless toward the edge. Hands scrabbling for purchase.

He grabs hold of the rim as he tips off and both hands lock.

The rest of his battered body swings over the side.

ANGLE ON DECKARD

as he hangs off the car. Feet dangling.

He shoots frantic looks along the length of the train in both directions. He sees vertical steel slats lined into darkness.

Three-inch wide ventilation slits spaced in-between.

Futuristic cattle-cars.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S OFFICE - PRECINCT - DAY

Andersson bowls inside and fixes blazing eyes on his boss, completely ignoring his glazed expression and the Police medical officers attending him.

ANDERSSON:

What do you call that? Calling me off like that? I almost had him!

Holden gathers the vocal strength to reply.

HOLDEN

(halting, hoarse)

Andy..... you're my Prince..... you do anything I ask of you..... but there's a hundred million ways to get lost down there..... and the shafts.... they're unsafe..... structurally unsound. He'll be lucky....

(beat, pained)

He'll be lucky to make it out of there alive.

And his throat relaxes, exhausted.

Andersson leaves. Bitter.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Deckard's grip is steadily slipping.

A loose daisy-chain of flickering light bulbs FLASH PAST on the tunnel wall behind him and as his face drifts in front of a ventilation slit the strobing light outlines form and shape inside.

Human form.

Peering through the gap he sees the naked silhouettes of adult men and women, packed in shoulder-to-shoulder like concentration camp victims.

Except that every one of them is healthy, strong and flawless. And scared. Faces fearful but mixed with an unsettling look of dumb resignation.

A different serial number is stamped on every forehead.

They're replicants.

Deckard sees that one of them is PRIS. But this version of Pris has long blonde hair and she doesn't recognize him.

Deckard's fingers are peeling off one by one and they sense his presence outside the car.

He meets eyes with one of them.

DECKARD

Help..... help me.....

Slowly.... curious android fingers reach out from inside to touch his face and he slots one arm firmly into their grip.

The Nexus digits tighten around his flesh, holding him aloft in a vice-like grip. Deckard trusts the replicant's vacant eyes..... and his other hand lets go of the car roof.

Deckard hangs in a steel android grip. Suspended.

REPLICANT

(mimicking Deckard?)

Help..... me.....

The words spook Deckard as the tunnel vanishes overhead and we find ourselves outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILTRACKS - HADES - EVENING

CHUGGING along thick iron railtracks through a bleak and dark industrial wasteland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deckard sees a gravel bank rushing below. He nods silently to the replicant inside and his pale fingers spring open.

Deckard drops to the ground and he rolls down the bank. He stops on his back in a cloud of dust.

He picks himself up in agony and sees the train slipping away into the distance. The cars are shadows now. Swallowed into a harsh charcoal landscape of belching smoke stacks and fire.

The ninth ring of Hell.

Looming above the flames and the distant tracks is the Tyrell Corporation pyramid. Deckard sees it in horror.

DECKARD

My God....

Energized by suspicion he sees electrified fencing all around him and looks for a way out.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Sarah Tyrell steps out of an executive spinner wrapped in dark furs and she heads downstairs, high heels CLICKING across the wet pad.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She enters alone. The apartment is dark and palatial inside. Without turning on the lights she crosses the floor to a sleeping Steinway and gently sits.

Absentmindedly she taps out a single note. Over and over.

Billowing lace curtains beyond and she sees the winking slope of the Tyrell Corporation drift in and out of view.

Then she sees him.

Deckard's outline is visible in the half-light over by the window. He's sat in a chair, silent and ragged like a scarecrow.

She composes herself. Stands tall and beautiful.

SARAH

I told you--

DECKARD

--not to return to Tyrell's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He speaks. He's not an apparition.

SARAH
How did you find me?

DECKARD
I'm a detective.

Slowly, he gets up and approaches her.

DECKARD (CONT.D)
You couldn't bear to sleep in your
uncle's bed. He died in that bed.

SARAH
(defiant)
There are other beds--

DECKARD
You don't run Tyrell's because you want
to, Sarah. You run it because you have
to. Because he expects you to.
(beat, a step closer)
And at night you run away. Back here.
Back home. To remind yourself that you're
you and not him. It's the only thing that
keeps you going.

He's very close now and she's disturbed by his insight.

DECKARD (CONT.D)
Please, stop me if I'm out of line.

SARAH
What do you want?

DECKARD
Answers.

SARAH
I can't give you answers.

DECKARD
You told me you don't talk to the cops.

SARAH
I don't.

DECKARD
But you send them replicants. You send
them replicants by the trainload.

Caught off-guard for a beat..... she recovers well.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

(official)

The Tyrell Corporation is legally required to register all newly-manufactured replicants at Police Headquarters.

DECKARD

Bullshit! I never heard of that.

SARAH

Different department. This is registration, not detection.

DECKARD

I still would've--

SARAH

--known about it. Not if the law was passed in 2021, you wouldn't.

(beat, cold)

As you say, Mr. Deckard, we do it because we have to, not because we want to.

(beat, with contempt)

You don't know anything.

She steps around him and vanishes through the curtains like a mirage onto the balcony. He follows, curious.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Wide with a wrought-iron balustrade and a stunning view of the city through a green melting haze of pollution.

Her large dark eyes are fixed on the great pyramid and he joins her.

SARAH

I studied history at the Sorbonne. You ever study history, Mr. Deckard?

DECKARD

My own.

SARAH

(distant)

Causes of the American Civil War.....

(beat)

You should know that the emotional life of the Nexus 6 isn't a design flaw.

Before Deckard can ask her what the hell she's talking about she turns and looks him dead in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Colonists don't want machine helpers. They want human slaves. Machines don't know when they're being oppressed. They don't know when they're being raped but slaves do. Slaves feel. Slaves suffer.

(beat)

It's the nature of the new marketplace, Deckard. It's human nature.

DECKARD

Your Uncle knew the risks.

SARAH

He had no choice. The UN set him up as a monopoly to supply the offworld program with labor and for a while it worked. We all reaped the benefits. But to keep immigration going you have to offer them fresh incentives. You have to offer them the promise of the ultimate slave.

DECKARD

Nexus 6.

SARAH

And now it's backfired the UN want an excuse to shut us back down. Any excuse.

DECKARD

Like a Nexus 6 celebrating it's thirteenth birthday on the T.V. news.

Her eyes confirm.

DECKARD (CONT.D)

Like a Nexus 6 blackmailing you to finance anti-U.N. terrorists.

Framed by the grandeur of the Tyrell pyramid she's vulnerable for the first time.

SARAH

Our life is in your hands, Deckard.

(beat)

You got yourself a lead?

DECKARD

Maybe.

She thinks for a beat. Suddenly aware of the time.

SARAH

You can't do anything more tonight. Better stay here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He hesitates.

She slides past him to slip back inside and as she does so her slim fingers brush his hand.

Silk on sandpaper.

SARAH (CONT.D)

Stay.

Deckard senses an uncharacteristic softness in her voice.

A Rachel-like softness.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Sarah stands at the bar CLINKING glasses. She picks out a bottle of Sherry from the rack and as she pours she's suddenly aware of Deckard's presence behind her.

DECKARD (OS)

You remember alike. Why did you both have to--

SARAH

Look alike?

(a smile)

I was the templant. I was studying in Paris and Eldon wanted me here with him. By his side, always.

She turns to him with two drinks. Offers him one.

DECKARD

I don't.

SARAH

You did.

DECKARD

I did.

She sets his aside on the piano and sips. Lipstick staining a deep crimson semi-circle on the rim. She meets his gaze.

SARAH

You woke her up.

DECKARD

She woke me up.

SARAH

You showed her all the colors of the rainbow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECKARD

I told her the truth. I alone. She trusts me.

She moves a little closer. Just enough for him to notice.

SARAH

You trust yourself?

Deckard turns his face away. Doesn't want to look at her in case he turns to stone, and now she's even closer. Too close.

Staring right at him but he won't return her gaze.

SARAH (CONT.D)

Same mind..... same body..... same memories.....

He looks at her cold.

DECKARD

Different heart.

Unmoved, she lifts her hands to the back of head. Slowly undoes the clip and lets it flow. A fountain of black curls cascade down her swan-white neck and Sarah is Rachel. The living, breathing image.

SARAH

She's the copy, Deckard. No copy improves on the original.

Deckard's hypnotized for a beat, drawn into her life and likeness..... and then.....

DECKARD

"More human than human". That's your motto, isn't it?

She blinks. Long lashes. Reading his expression.

SARAH

You believe that?

He's close enough to smell her breath, her perfume.....

DECKARD

Goodnight, Sarah.

And he leaves her standing. Tramps wearily toward the large oak doors of the spare bedchamber.

With a slight edge of bitterness she calls after him.

SARAH

Those tests you run. Voight-Kampff. You ever take that test yourself?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DECKARD

All Blade Runners do. Condition of entry.

SARAH

Maybe you should take it again.

Deckard's inside the chamber. He turns with his fingers curled around the door handles.

DECKARD

The test only works if you don't know the questions.

He shuts the palace doors with a DEADENING CLANG that ECHOES in a wave through the cavernous apartment.

Alone, spurned, she plucks Deckard's tumbler off the piano and knocks the shot back in one.

Replaces it empty.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DECKARD'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

Deckard sleeps soundly in peaceful opulence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCBRIDE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

McBride is stung awake by the BUZZ of the vidphon.

He reaches out of bed and connects. Sitting up he rubs his eyes to find Deckard's face peering out of the screen.

MCBRIDE

Deckard..... not again.

A BLURRED PHOTO appears in place of Deckard and he waits while Deckard's camera adjusts focus..... to reveal the ESPER zoom of Isidore's vein stem.

DECKARD (VO)

Subclavian vein of the human heart,
Petey. Look close.

(McBride does)

What kind of knife makes a cut like that?

MCBRIDE

I'm not pathology. Ask ESPER.

DECKARD (VO)

I already did.

McBride feels through scrap and finds a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. He presses his nose up against the screen.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCBRIDE
Nothing I'd use. Too slight.

DECKARD (VO)
Tyrell's?

MCBRIDE
You don't need a knife to make a replicant, Deck. Too primitive.

DECKARD
Where?

MCBRIDE
Maybe electronics. Some kind of circuit knife..... Me..... I'd try the vet.

The screen blanks in an instant.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S BEDCHAMBER - MORNING

Some kind of NOISE jerks her awake. Maybe a door slamming.
Black eye-liner has spilt down her cheeks and dried.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Walking barefoot toward Deckard's bedchamber in a tight business suit she wipes off the eye-liner with a tissue and swings the oak doors wide to look inside.

All she sees is an empty bed and white billowing curtains.
Deckard is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANIMAL ROW - DAY

It might as well be night in this crazy jungle.

Deckard plunges through narrow market stalls crammed with SQUEALING, SQUAWKING, SCREECHING birds, fish and animals.

He's freshly clad in a battered raincoat that looks pretty much the same as the last one. Harried BARTERING faces loom every few yards. Deckard passes by goats, multi-colored phoenix parrots and spreading peacocks. Percheron horses.

Momentarily he's stopped in his tracks by the sight of a gleaming white Arabian mare. A hornless version of the unicorn that haunted his dreams a decade ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rattled, he moves on and the street opens in front of him to a spacious lighted oasis.

A BIG NEON SIGN hung off the squat low-rent building in front of him features a cute puppy dog -- one second it's red, sad and bandaged with an eye-patch, the next it vanishes and reappears looking yellow, smiley and healed.

Shiny FIZZING letters beneath it read DOOLITTLE'S.

CUT TO:

INT. DOOLITTLE'S RECEPTION - DAY

Deckard strides in through a flow of customers leading their pets in and out. Cats, dogs, sheep. The ewe in front of him has an open control panel sticking out of it's fur and it's pock-marked OWNER is fiddling with the circuitry inside. CURSING as it ZIPS And CRACKLES. Sparks flying and the animal's legs shudder with each burst.

Deckard watches transfixed for a moment then heads to the desk past tables piled high with old Sidney's catalogues and Japanese soft porn magazines.

Behind the hole-in-the-wall desk is a fat hairy dwarf wrapped in chunks of leather and wearing a surgical apron. His name is SLOAT.

SLOAT

Welcome to the Van Nuys Pet Hospital,
sir. How may I help you?

Deckard flashes a plastic smile.

DECKARD

Ei there. Who's the boss around here?

SLOAT

Why that would be Dr. Doolittle, sir.

Amusing but Deckard doesn't show it.

DECKARD

Really? May I see him for one moment?

SLOAT

I'm afraid Dr. Doolittle doesn't see his
customers personally.

Still smiling Deckard flashes Blade Runner I.D. in Sloat's pig-ugly face.

DECKARD

May I see him now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Color drains from the little guy's skin. He regards the badge like it's a live Cobra and backs off, nodding.

SLOAT

Uh..... I'll just go..... let me just go
look in back.

DECKARD

Why don't we both go look in back?

Sloat stops and regards him funny.

SLOAT

You got a warrant?

He says it very calm and matter-of-fact but Deckard picks up the edge and no mistaking.

SLOAT

I'll go look in back.

He disappears through cowboy saloon swing-doors.

DECKARD

(looking around)

You do that.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOO CORRIDOR - DOOLITTLE'S - DAY

Sloat waddles breathless down a dark narrow passage.

The walls on either side of his tiny padding feet are ALIVE with caged animals from the floor to the ceiling skylights.

Monkey's RATTLING their bars and SCREECHING. Birds SINGING.

It's like the rainforest in here and just as messy.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKROOM - DOOLITTLE'S - DAY

An old man in a white labcoat crouches over his workdesk. He strains through an eye-glass at the upturned body of an electronic Tarantula and works on it's belly with precision.

An arc of CRACKLING blue sparks from it's abdomen and eight hairy legs stab together on reflex.

Creepy.

The DOOR SLIDES OPEN in back and the patter of TINY FEET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOAT (OS)
Dr. Doo? Dr. Doo.....?

DR. DOOLITTLE
I'm busy.

SLOAT
Cop in reception, Dr. Doo.

DR. DOOLITTLE
What kind of cop?

SLOAT
Blade Runner cop.

DR. DOOLITTLE's face jerks up from his work and the eye-glass smashes into pieces on the floor. He turns into shot for the first time and we recognize his face from a hovering photo Deckard saw earlier at Tyrell's. This man is FRANKLIN ISIDORE. He's older, with lines and jowls, but it's unmistakably him.

And he looks shit-scared.

Isidore slides across the floor on his wheeled chair to a dusty bank of CCTV monitors. He THUMPS one into life and the monochrome screen shows a master shot of reception.

Deckard's there waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - DOOLITTLE'S - DAY

Deckard's eyes scoping the place out. He sees what look like hidden cameras. He sees alot of things. He checks his watch with an unsettled expression and turns to another ASSISTANT behind the desk.

DECKARD
Tell your boss maybe some other time.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKROOM - DOOLITTLE'S - DAY

Isidore punches a number and lifts the phone, angry.

Pause.

CLICK!

ISIDORE
We had a deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASPING VOICE (VO)
What?

ISIDORE
I got a Blade Runner out front of my
store asking questions.

RASPING VOICE (VO)
Who is this?

ISIDORE
You know who this is.

INTERCUTTING - ISIDORE AND HOLDEN

Holden alone and barely-recovered in his darkened office.

HOLDEN
Isidore?

ISIDORE
The deal was you leave me alone.

HOLDEN
The deal was you protest without killing
civilians. I got five dead at Lakeside.

ISIDORE
I know very well what you got, Holden.
Remember that.

Holden pauses a moment. If he could bite his tongue at this
point he probably would.

HOLDEN
This Blade Runner. He's still there?

ISIDORE
He left.

A twinge of disappointment in Holden's scarred lines.

HOLDEN
I apologize for the incursion, Franklin.
Next time one of mine comes knocking you
call me. You call me straightaway.
(beat)
Keep up the Good Fight.

Isidore SLAMS DOWN without reply.

He stares daggers at the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPER CONFERENCE ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

Andersson alone at the ESPER console. Through the window beyond we see the main ESPER room is half-empty. Officers leaving in dribs and drabs to clock out.

On screen we see the words NEXUS 6 RETIREMENT LOG. 2019.

Separate entries in red read MARY (SUICIDE) KOWALSKI, L (DECKARD), ZHORA (DECKARD), STRATTON, P (DECKARD), BATTY, R (DECKARD) and in flashing white the words TYRELL, R (ACTIVE).

ANDERSSON
Mary through Batty. Case file.

A beat and then..... the message ACCESS DENIED.

ANDERSSON
Department override. Andersson, B344612.

Again it prints ACCESS DENIED.

Plus the tag-line FILES CLASSIFIED BY ORDER, CAPT. BRYANT, H.E. (RET), CC. CAPT. HOLDEN. D.I., 2/10/21.

CLOSE-UP on Andersson's frowning brow.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on the date -- 2/10/21.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOOLITTLE'S - ANIMAL ROW - DAY

Deckard sat on the stool of a crowded sidewalk bar just across the way. Waterfalls of fresh rain pour off the cheap awning over his head and SPLATTER at his feet. Customer JABBERING all around him but he's not listening. His hands and mouth are engaged in draining sushi from a bowl but his eyes are trained on the hospital entrance like a hawk.

As he looks he sees Sloat and the other assistant appear at the door. They turn back and wave good-bye to co-workers inside before turning up their collars and shuffling into the downpour.

Deckard waits till they've entered a noodle bar across the street and he moves off, into animal row.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANIMAL ROW - DAY

We observe Deckard engaged in a heated exchange with an electric pet DEALER. He's foreign, mouthy and crazy-dumb.

Lots of pointing and gesticulating going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECKARD

Cheep!

The dealer points to a bulging cage of larks and sparrows.

DEALER

Cheep-cheep!

DECKARD

Not cheep-bird!

(waves wallet)

Cheep-money!

The dealer shrugs like a deaf-mute. Deckard waves his badge in anger and grabs the leash of a nearby colt.

DECKARD (CONT.D)

(index-finger raised)

One hour! I bring it back!

He tugs the reluctant animal off down the crowded alley. We see the dealer SCREECHING and pulling out his hair with rage as Deckard fades into the melee.

CUT TO:

INT. DOOLITTLE'S RECEPTION - DAY

Doors BANG OPEN and Deckard leads his colt inside looking every inch the concerned pet-owner.

New faces behind the desk. An old Chinese ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT

Welcome Van Nuys Pet Hop-tal, suh. How we may help you?

DECKARD

Got a pet with a problem.

ASSISTANT

(regards the colt, big smile)

Oh, yes.

DECKARD

Won't eat, won't shit, won't sit....

Doesn't look good but my friend says Dr. Doolittle's the man, right?

ASSISTANT

Oh, yes. Yor frend.

DECKARD

(just shooting the breeze)

Yeah, my friend says you fix up anything electronic.... anything artificial. Cows, cats, people. Anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shit-eating grin like he hasn't said anything abnormal, but he has and the assistant's beady eyes suddenly narrow, reading his face like a nasty fortune-teller.

ASSISTANT

(urgent whisper)

Busy. You come back tomorrow. Today we busy.

Deckard backs off, holding the old man's gaze.

DECKARD

I come back tomorrow. See boss-man, uh?

ASSISTANT

Busy! Go way!

Deckard leaves, satisfied.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOOLITTLE'S - DAY

Deckard drags the colt back toward animal row.

Passing a darkened side-alley two big hands shoot out from behind and drag him inside with the BRAYING animal.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE-ALLEY - DAY

Deckard gets a split-second peek at his attacker's fist and THUD! He sprawls blank across the wet ground.

The colt runs free out into the street, leash trailing through puddles and we spin back to see Deckard's limp boots as they're dragged through a side-door.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

A single halogen-tube floods light onto Deckard from above and he's roped to a chair, head slumped forward.

He's SLAPPED awake. Head forcefully snapped up from behind and we see he's got a black shiner round his left eye.

Bruises and cuts on his face.

In front of him is a HUMMING V-K machine. It's an old, dented unit but still operational. A pencil-thin beam of red laser light shines into his unbeaten right eye.

A TOUGH YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE ECHOES from kept shadows across the table. We can't see her or anyone else but we sense the soft breathing presence of many.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIZ (OS)

Listen carefully to the questions. You are not required to answer them but if you do, answer truthfully and honestly.

Deckard doesn't have the time or the will to object.

VIZ (CONT.D)

(must be off a sheet)

You see a cat on your front lawn. It is rolling on it's back and on closer inspection you notice it has a live mouse trapped in it's claws. The mouse is struggling to get free.....

No emotion from Deckard. Zero movement on the needles.

VIZ (CONT.D)

You rush outside and free the mouse, driving away the cat, but it's too late. The mouse is already dead.....

Deckard's pupil blown large on the screen. Not a twitch.

VIZ (CONT.D)

You pick the mouse up in your fist and the warmth coaxes movement from the creature. The mouse is alive..... but you see it's injuries are too extensive for it to survive and you're forced to break it's neck.....

Tiny swings on both needles but they're well within the green. A pregnant pause from the shadows and then.....

VIZ (CONT.D)

You're in the desert, walking along in the sand when all of a sudden you look down and see a tortoise. It is crawling towards you and you reach down and flip it over on it's back.....

As she talks we CLOSE on Deckard's eyes, focused and calm.

They don't know it but he's in complete control.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. ADJACENT ROOM - DOOLITTLE'S - DAY

Vault-like steel door BANGS OPEN and VIZ pokes her head through to address a waiting MESSENGER BOY.

VIZ

Be's good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The boy nods and hurries off.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DOOLITTLE'S - DAY

Deckard's bonds are cut loose and the lights fade up to show a room filled with a motley, battle-hardened bunch of REPLICANT SYMPATHIZERS. Their very dress and demeanor screams the epithet 'radical'. Viz sits at the front as a spokesperson with the old Chinese guy at her shoulder.

VIZ

Who told you about this place?

DECKARD

(breathing fast, panicked)
I'm dying.

VIZ

How did you get here? To Earth?

DECKARD

(losing it)
I need help! I need more life! And then I heard of this place.....

ASSISTANT

(harsh whisper to Viz)
He too old for replicant! Too old for six!

VIZ

(to assistant)
We'll take a bone marrow. Cross-check.
(back to Deckard, soft)
You're safe now. We'll introduce you to the Doctor. He'll fix you up.

At that moment the door opens behind them. Eyes swing to see Isidore step inside and the seated rep-sympy stand out of respect.

Isidore strides through the ranks to regard the captive Deckard. As Deckard sees the old man's familiar face it shock-triggers his memory.

DECKARD

Isidore.....

The name comes out as a gasp.

DECKARD (CONT.D)

You're dead.....

Stung by the words, Isidore stares closer at Deckard's face and a look of horror floods his spidery lines.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISIDORE
(it suddenly dawns)
This man isn't a replicant. He's a Blade
Runner.

Troop confusion. He spins on Viz in a rage.

ISIDORE (CONT.D)
You brought me a fucking Blade Runner!

VIZ
(cowering)
But boss! He passed the test!

ISIDORE
Blade Runners can! They know all the
questions!

He turns to Deckard and prods his chest with a bony finger.
Locks his gaze.

ISIDORE (CONT.D)
They can't feel either.

Strong arms grab Deckard from behind and hold him fast.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - DOOLITTLE'S - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Isidore and Deckard alone. Deckard is bound in the chair
while Isidore paces, the angry master of interrogation.

ISIDORE
Why? Why is Holden doing this? We made a
deal! He leaves the rep-symp's alone!

DECKARD
I don't know nothing about no deal.

Isidore STRIKES HIM HARD around his swollen jaw.

ISIDORE
WHO ARE YOU? I DON'T KNOW YOU!

Deckard looks him square in the face.

DECKARD
Do you know Rachel.....? Rachel Tyrell?

Isidore stops cold at the name. The anger drains from his
face and suddenly the old man seems paralyzed.

DECKARD (CONT.D)
I'm not with Holden, Doctor. Or the
department. Not anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Isidore takes a cautious step closer. He leans in and touches the crop of Deckard's silvery hair with child-like wonder.

ISIDORE
Deckard.....?

Deckard nods..... and Isidore sinks gently to his knees.

ISIDORE (CONT.D)
(eyes distant)
She was my first-born. My daughter. I
designed her with Eldon.
(face saddens)
She made me leave.... She made me see....

DECKARD
She's dying, Doctor.

ISIDORE
You've been to Tyrell's?

He nods.

ISIDORE (CONT.D)
They can help her?

DECKARD
(point blank)
If I find the six. Retire it. Stop the
blackmail..... yeah.

A moment's contemplation from Isidore.... then a GRAND
CACKLING LAUGH.

ISIDORE
It's working! She's getting desperate!
Bah.....! Deckard, look...!

He opens his coat. Proudly rolls up his shirt to reveal a
concave white-haired chest and a thick circle of scars around
the heart. He prods the center with a finger.

ISIDORE (CONT.D)
Huh? See.....? Six inside! I feel better
than you, Deckard!
(points to his eyes)
I see better than you! Easy-peezy!

Deckard is too busy thinking to laugh.

DECKARD
If you're the blackmailer, Doc..... who's
the six.....? Where's the six.....?

Isidore is dead serious in an instant.

A look on his face like the world might end if he gives
Deckard the answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ISIDORE
Ask Holden.

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Andersson descends a set of stairs alone. It looks and feels like nobody ever comes down this deep.

At the bottom he finds a labyrinth of maintenance corridors and he seems to know which one to go for.

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT CORRIDOR - PRECINCT - DAY

A steel door marked OFF-LIMITS. WIDER ANGLE shows two Police ARMED GUARDS blocking the way.

Andersson approaches and one of them steps forward.

ARMED GUARD 1
Sorry, sir.

ANDERSSON
What's this? What's back there?

ARMED GUARD 1
You got clearance to be down here, sir?

Andersson gets a real bad feeling and backs off without answering.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWER - PRECINCT - DAY

Naked guys BANTERING out in the locker rooms but in here it's quiet and empty. Andersson enters through dense mist with a flashlight and makes for the end cubicle. It's plastered with yellow hazard tape.

Coast clear, he slips inside the tiled booth and the hole in the wall is still gaping.

He climbs through.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SUBSTRUCTURE - DAY

Beam on. He picks downward and we hear RISING TRAIN NOISE....

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

The rear of the rep train THUNDERS PAST and we TILT UP to see Andersson's face and flashbeam poking through the ceiling crack. He shines it back down the tunnel.....

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SUBSTRUCTURE - DAY

Andersson crawls forward on hands and knees down a horizontal branch that leads parallel to the tunnel below.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRECINCT SUBSTRUCTURE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Still crawling.

Up ahead a shaft of light shines in from a jagged crack and HEARING HUMAN SHOUTS he makes for it.

He reaches it fast and peers through the hair-line.

ANDERSSON'S POV THROUGH CRACK

Some kind of staging area with a subway platform down one side and a line of open cattle-cars waiting.

We hear the HARD VOICES of men YELLING NUMBERS like Army drill-instructors and we SHIFT ANGLE to see lined rows of naked men and women stood to attention like raw recruits.

Replicants.

Stood around the edges are COPS in strange uniformed smocks with automatic weapons and cattle-prods. Two beefy SENIOR OFFICERS are the ones with the voices. They're striding up and down between the rows reeling numbers off clipboards and expecting a raised hand in reply for each six-number code.

When they get one they strike a tick and move on.

ANDERSSON

looks on. Pressing his eyeball closer.

ANDERSSON'S POV THROUGH CRACK

Scanning the faces of the replicants now..... close on the numbered foreheads..... some expressions blank..... others sick with fear and trembling.

One of the passing faces he recognizes and he scans back along the line to regard..... himself.

ANDERSSON

starts back from the hole in utter shock. Face rigid.

CUT TO:

INT. ISIDORE'S LAB - DOOLITTLE'S - DAY

Deckard gazes down upon a futuristic cross between a surgical operating table and an intensive-care incubator.

He and Isidore are surrounded in the dark cramped space by banks of salvaged biotechnological equipment and monitors.

ISIDORE

He was the first to find me here.

(beat)

Holden was the second.

(looks at Deckard, guilty)

I had no choice.

Deckard takes a long look at the sleeping op theater.

DECKARD

This stuff still works?

Isidore nods, hopeful. Deckard looks right at him and together they make a silent binding agreement.

DECKARD (CONT.D)

I gotta make a call.

ISIDORE

Who to?

DECKARD

Tyrell.

ISIDORE

(a little scared)

I can't be traced here.

Deckard scoops his raincoat off the chair behind him and makes light for the door.

DECKARD

I'll be back.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWERS - PRECINCT - DAY

Andersson steps out of the cubicle and he's a different person.

The thousand-yard stare in his eyes as he walks.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

Parry gathering stuff from inside his locker. He shuts it fast and turns to see Andersson stood right there.

PARRY
Shit! Andy.....

Andersson is blank and cold. He points to his temple scar.

ANDERSSON
How did I get this?

PARRY
How? You don't remember?

ANDERSSON
Did I ever tell you how I got this?

Parry is taken aback by his eyes and the force of his voice.

PARRY
No..... You mean you don't--

ANDERSSON
NO.
(beat)
I don't remember.

He walks off and Parry is left to watch him go.

PARRY
Andy? You okay, man.....?

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM BATHROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

Whisky pours down a sink plughole in great orange GLUGS.

The half-empty bottle soars through the air and SMASHES in a hundred pieces against the far wall.

The BUZZING of a shaver and we see short tufts of ruddy blonde hair piling slowly around two booted feet.

WE RISE UP the legs.... and the torso..... to see Andersson's face reflected in a misty shaving mirror as he shears off the last of it.

He stands there bald. Regarding himself.

A thin sliver of blood drips from a nick on the scalp. He wipes it gently with a finger.... eyes the deep red stain close-up and licks it clean.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S OFFICE - PRECINCT - DAY

Andersson enters bald. Locks the door behind him and Holden's paralyzed features bleach at the sight.

HOLDEN

My God, Andy..... You got lice?

ANDERSSON

What date was I hired?

Holden senses the change. But we all know this guy drinks.

HOLDEN

It was..... a long time ago, Andy.
Twenty-one, maybe.

ANDERSSON

(razor-eyes)
Day. Month. Year. You know it all.
(Holden, speechless)
It was October, Dave. Second October.
Twenty-twenty-one.

Andersson's too lucid to be drunk and Holden gets the fear.

HOLDEN

Andy, what's gotten into you?

ANDERSSON

(rolling up a sleeve)
You've been holding out on me, Dave.

HOLDEN

Andy, I don't know what you--

Andersson slits open a vein without so much as a grimace.

Blood flows freely and Holden's eyes blow wide.

HOLDEN (CONT.D)

My God.....!

Using his index finger as a brush Andersson paints a number on his forehead. The number six..... then another six..... and another as he draws closer to the desk....

6.....6.....6.....

HOLDEN (CONT.D)

(desperate)
Andy, don't!

One hand curls around Holden's breathing tube.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSSON

Somebody's gotta pay. If not you.....

HOLDEN

Isidore! He'll tell you everything! Van
N-nuys Pet Hospital! He'll explain!

(beat, imploring)

Andy, please! You're my Prince--

ANDERSSON

For Leon.

He pulls the tube out and Holden JERKS in his wheelchair,
GAGGING. Eyes bugged on stalks like they're gonna burst the
bubble any second.

Andersson steps back, pulls his pistol and aims.

ANDERSSON (CONT.D)

For me.

He FIRES LOUD and blows Holden back against the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORY - PRECINCT - DAY

A solitary WEAPONS OFFICER steps up behind the check-out bar
and presents Andersson with an automatic rifle and a compact
explosive charge. Andersson's forehead is clean but his clear
blue gaze is frosty as he examines the weapon.

ANDERSSON

Does it work?

WEAPONS OFFICER

Should do. You can try it out.

Andersson slaps in a clip, levels at the officer and BLOWS
HIM AWAY. He regards his dead body with zero compassion.

ANDERSSON

Gimme all you got.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPER CORE - PRECINCT - DAY

Giant banks of computer memory wrapped in cold core
insulation from floor-to-ceiling.

The beating heart of ESPER.

Andersson enters with a weighty pack of rifles slung over his
shoulder. He strides down the center galley and sticks the
explosive charge to a glass panel. Starts the digi-timer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walking away, an ESPER TECHNICIAN sees him.

ESPER TECH
Hey! You can't come in here dressed like
that! What the--

Andersson spins and fires. A neat blossom of red on the
tech's white suit and he crumples, dead.

Andersson leaves unhindered.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCOURSE - PRECINCT - DAY

TRAILING a concerned Parry across a mostly deserted hall to
the door of Holden's office and as he opens....

PARRY
Chief, I--

He stops dead and we look inside with him at smoking carnage.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S OFFICE - PRECINCT - DAY

Parry stumbles inside. Too shocked to speak.

Behind Holden's slumped dead body is a blackened section of
wall. Parry feels inside with his fingers and pulls out the
slug, still warm. He holds it up to the light.... and hangs
his head in recognition.

PARRY
Aw geez, Andy.....

CUT TO:

INT. ESPER CORE - PRECINCT - DAY

The charge timer drops from 4..... 3..... 2..... 1..... 0.

BOOOOOOOOM!

CUT TO:

INT. ESPER ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

Like dominos falling, row upon row of ESPER screens blank out
in the space of a split-second. Operators drop, stunned, and
hug the floor as the blastwave SHAKES through.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S OFFICE - PRECINCT - DAY

Parry hears DISTANT RUMBLE and he turns to see Holden's tiny ESPER screen die. He grabs up a radio handset.

PARRY
(into radio)
PRECINCT ALERT! PRECINCT ALERT! Be
advised we got a Blade Runner down--

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR BY ESPER ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

A crowd of officers has gathered. Couple of Blade Runners and ESPER techs mixed in and they're looking through broken glass at the cold core. They see sprinklers flooding across acres of burning blackened hardware inside.

Parry runs in and views the wreckage. He takes stock in a heartbeat and grabs the most senior looking TECHNICIAN.

PARRY
Can you get us back on-line?

ESPER TECH
(despair)
Take a look, sir! ESPER's fucked!

PARRY
We got a cop gone AWOL here! Can you rig
me enough to feed a single tracker?

The tech looks to his colleagues. Shrugs and nods.

ESPER TECH
(back to Parry)
Half-hour maybe.

PARRY
Do it!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Light fading fast into neon shadows and the rain is worse.

GRADUAL FIX through streaming wet pedestrians on Deckard. He's squashed into a clear plastic vidphon booth set back from the road. As WE CLOSE IN ON HIM we see he's writing, phone cradled awkwardly between his ear and shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDPHON BOOTH - EVENING

The screen reads WAIT FOR CONNECT.... and Deckard scribbles an address on a piece of card. Then a four-by-four inch image of Sarah appears.

SARAH (VO)

Deckard?

DECKARD

It happens today. Here's how we do it.

(holds card up to the camera)

Track Rachel on this frequency.

(raises the card an inch)

Bring her to this address in the city.

When I'm done I'll bring them both in.

SARAH (VO)

No need.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sarah flips a silver coin between her fingers as they talk.

DECKARD (VO)

(concerned)

What do you mean 'no need'?

CLOSE ON THE COIN and we see it's an LAPD tracker disc.

SARAH

We took the liberty of arranging her transportation in advance.

Deckard's face breaks into a mad scowl on screen.

DECKARD (VO)

You did what? I never gave you--

SARAH

I have every confidence in your abilities, Deckard.

(beat, she frowns)

Is there some kind of problem?

CUT TO:

INT. VIDPHON BOOTH - EVENING

DECKARD

No..... No problem.

He punches out, head spinning. He SMASHES the tiny screen with the handset in a rush of anger and SLAMS his head back against the curved plastic wall.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sarah punches out and we SLIP FOCUS to see Rachel's black suspension coffin lying on the shiny floor beyond her.

It is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. DOOLITTLE'S RECEPTION - EVENING

CLOSING ON SLOAT behind the desk from somebody's POV. Maybe Deckard's.

SLOAT

Welcome to the--

A gun pokes in Sloat's face and we SPIN SIDEWAYS to see it's Andersson, his Blade Runner I.D. tendered as back-up.

ANDERSSON

Isidore is where?

Sloat can't stop his eyes darting to the saloon doors and before he can breathe Andersson is through the staff area and into the back. Service door LOCKS fast behind him.

Sloat BANGS on glass with a pudgy hand but it's no use.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - DOOLITTLE'S - EVENING

A RAP-RAP-RAP on the door and Isidore shuffles over. He opens expecting Deckard -- gets the right I.D. but the wrong photo.

A blonde shot of Andersson drops to reveal the new shaven version and Isidore is struck like he's seen a ghost.

ANDERSSON

Andersson. Blade Runner. Need to ask you some questions.

Isidore relaxes ever so slightly. Andersson doesn't appear to know who he is.

ISIDORE

How..... how did you get back here?

ANDERSSON

This won't take a minute.

Isidore is scared but he has no choice.

ISIDORE

Come in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns and Andersson follows him inside, gently closing the door behind him while the Doctor's back is turned.

ISIDORE
(nervous, pottering)
Only one of you? I see you people in twos
so often these days.....

Isidore sits heavy and anxious in a seat. Andersson stands.

ANDERSSON
I'm looking for someone.

ISIDORE
I fix pets, Mr. Andersson. Not people.

ANDERSSON
A man. A traitor to his kind.

Isidore gets a little white. He tries not to panic.

ISIDORE
Deckard's not here. He was here..... but
he left.

A furious gleam in Andersson's eyes.

ANDERSSON
Not Deckard.

And there's an awful silence as the purpose of his visit
stands naked before the old man.

ISIDORE
You know who you are.

ANDERSSON
Yes..... And I know who you are.
(beat)
Isidore..... Judas Isidore.

The instinct to run is futile. Isidore buries it.

ISIDORE
No. Not Judas..... Let me show you.

CUT TO:

INT. ISIDORE'S LAB - DOOLITTLE'S - EVENING

Elderly father leads his towering bald son into the shadowy
chamber of birth. They are holding hands.

ISIDORE
After the crash, Batty left you for dead
in the shuttle....

CUT TO:

ANDERSSON'S DREAM

repeats in a flash.

The desert. Fire in the sky.

ISIDORE (VO)

They all did.....

Sudden IMPACT and an EARTH-SHATTERING EXPLOSION.....

CUT TO:

INT. ISIDORE'S LAB - DOOLITTLE'S - EVENING

Andersson JERKS on reflex as he hears the sound of the crash and his hand goes to his temple scar, like he's feeling the pain afresh.

ISIDORE

You were hurt so bad.....

CUT TO:

ANDERSSON'S DREAM

Blood. Lots of it.

ISIDORE (VO)

But you got out, and you found me here.

CUT TO:

INT. ISIDORE'S LAB - DOOLITTLE'S - EVENING

ISIDORE

Here you were born again.

Andersson snaps out of the trance and they're standing before the op table.

For a beat his gaze seems to soften.... then the tide turns, his eyes gathering steel.

ANDERSSON

You sold me out.

Isidore looks up at him. Desperate. Misunderstood.

ISIDORE

I sacrificed you for the greater good!

ANDERSSON

To keep yourself alive!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISIDORE

To keep you alive! I had to!

(beat)

I had to hide you where you could never be found. It was the only way for you..... The only way for me to carry on the struggle.

The words seem to bounce off Andersson.

ANDERSSON

(a memory)

They shouted all the louder, "Crucify him".....

A hand round the Doctor's wrinkled throat and he's lifted bodily back onto the op table. Andersson's grip relaxes a beat and Isidore splutters.

ISIDORE

Not here..... Not like this.

Facing his scared puppy dog eyes, Andersson reconsiders.

ANDERSSON

Where?

ISIDORE

Amongst friends.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOO CORRIDOR - DOOLITTLE'S - EVENING

Isidore strapped helpless to a sheer wall of his caged SHRIEKING pets, arms spread out in a crucifix position.

Eye to eye with Andersson and his gaze is a mixture of tears, regret, childish joy and a glowing fatherly pride.

ANDERSSON

What is my name?

ISIDORE

(through tears)

You are Nexus-designated Saul. Combat support model. Optimum self-sufficiency.

(beat)

You must finish it, Saul..... Finish what I started.

A slight smile on Saul's lips..... then he places large hands around Isidore's skull and exerts a little pressure.

SAUL

Roy did it this way.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly his hands drop and RIP OPEN the Doctor's coat and shirt in one violent movement. Exposed before us is his chest, the ring of heart-stitches like an archery target.

And we HEAR HIS HEART BEATING FAST AND FURIOUS.

SAUL
(to Isidore, sad)
I trusted you..... and you broke my
heart, Isidore.

Sudden ferocious O.S. PUNCH and ISIDORE SCREAMS in death.

A SECOND TEARING WRENCH in the opposite direction and Saul lifts the old man's heart dripping into shot.

The fleshy pink organ BEATS SLOWER in his bloody hand..... SLOWER STILL..... and he sees a tiny sliver of steel bonded into the lining as it STOPS BEATING altogether.

A tiny electronic BEEP emits from the sliver and a mass of CLICKING ERUPTS all around us.

Saul lifts eyes to see cage doors swing wide open all down the row and a floodtide of SCREAMING animals and birds burst out of captivity.

Flying..... Hopping..... Running..... Slithering.....

Saul drops to his knees as it happens like he's having a heart attack. His rolling eyes see cats and dogs and goats rushing out of a distant open door. They see all kinds of colorful birds escaping through the open skylights but something bigger is happening inside him.

We hear his HEART BEATING and it's GETTING FASTER by the second. LOUDER. STRONGER. Saul rushes with strength like some inner gland just released more life into his system.....

And he rises again.

Seeing that one of the birdcages hasn't opened his fist curls around the steel bars, tendons flexing, and he RIPS THROUGH THEM like paper.

Reaching inside he pulls out a tiny rainbow-feathered Bird of Paradise. He lifts it to the skylight and releases it.

The bird explodes into multi-colored flight. Ascending.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANIMAL ROW - EVENING

Deckard headed through closing stalls, self-absorbed and dejected, when a RIOT OF RUNNING ELECTRIC ANIMALS BARRELS down the alley and almost knocks him off his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Recovering his balance he hears DISTANT SQUAWKING and looking up to the roof of Doolittle's ahead he sees an awesome sight behind the bright neon sign.

Birds are exploding from the skylights.

Hundreds and thousands of them. Every species under heaven is launching into flight and flapping up through rainy night.

Pedestrians and dealers stand and watch the show. Dumbstruck.

Deckard draws his gun and runs forward.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOO CORRIDOR - DOOLITTLE'S - EVENING

Deckard enters into weird silence, gun raised.

Sloat edges in behind.

Deckard sees the hung dead body of Isidore halfway down.

MOVING STEADILY CLOSER he sees the gaping, dripping hole in his chest. Head hung down. A pang of grief wipes through him as he passes by but the danger is still present and he sweeps on down the row, checking every shadow.

Reaching the end he turns to a darkened door recess and a hand shoots like lightning to relieve him of his gun.

It skitters across the floor and Deckard finds himself face to face with Saul. Saul has a gun aimed at Deckard's face and a demon smile..... his finger hovers on the trigger.....

SAUL

You spared me once, I'll spare you once.
It's only fair.

(beat)

But if you show up at Tyrell's tonight
you're gonna have to die.

Deckard stands there, and a sudden wash of honesty breaks.

DECKARD

I have to kill you.

A tense beat between them.....

Saul's SUDDEN LAUGH is large and mocking and cruel.

Then he steps back and he's gone.

Deckard swallows air and dashes back down the row, scoops up his pistol without slowing and he escapes into reception leaving tiny Sloat all alone with his dead master.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Weeping bitterly.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILTRACKS - HADES - NIGHT

Wet cattle-cars ROAR SLOWLY, INEXORABLY PAST camera.

A lone semi-naked figure rises above them through driving wind and rain. Saul stands just beyond the electrified fencing on the roof of a transformer housing and he eyes the RUMBLING CARS as a wolf regards a flock of grazing sheep.

His slick muscled torso is laid down with automatic rifles.

Deep breath and he leaps the wide gap.

He lands on the roof with a STEEL SLAM and holds fast.

CUT TO:

INT. REP TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Cold naked replicants packed together in the dark.

A SHARP BANG from one wall. Smoke puffs through a slit and the outer door SLIDES OPEN to blurred fencing and rain.

Saul flips inside from up above and he slides the door shut behind him. He stands in the center of them in darkness and every astonished android eye is on him.

Nobody says a word.

He drops the rifles LOUDLY on the floor, wipes rain off his smooth head and looks around, recovering his breath.

He sees blood on the inside walls. Some dried. Some fresh.

He sees chilled shivering limbs and eyes. Forehead serial numbers. Bruises and weals on many faces and bodies.

On closer inspection he notices inconsistencies in some of them. Cracked and decaying skin. Jaundice. Cleft-palettes on a few and one of them has a stump for an arm.

Each replicant in the car has some kind of deformity.

SAUL

(fighting back tears)

Well, isn't this nice.....

Anger rising, he picks a loaded rifle out of the pile and parts the crowd to hand it to a tall blonde replicant over the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A younger, fitter version of himself.
The rifle is accepted with curiosity.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah answer the BLEEPING vidphon and it's Deckard.

DECKARD (VO)
Sarah? Are you okay?

SARAH
Deckard? What's wrong?

DECKARD (VO)
Are you alone?

She looks up. Through the doors to the elevator lobby we see two armed guards stood to attention.

SARAH
Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Deckard driving top-speed through choking freeway traffic. Sarah's concerned face fills the dashboard screen.

DECKARD
I'm coming over. Don't let anybody into your office till I get there.

SARAH (VO)
Deckard, I don't follow--

He punches out to concentrate on driving. Outside visibility is next to zero through the rain-streaked windows and bright lights.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah sits back in her black leather chair, concerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRELL CORPORATION - NIGHT

WE'RE SKIMMING OVER THE TRACKS towards the Tyrell pyramid.

Rep train THUNDERS into frame beneath us and CRANING UP we see it's headed for a distant gaping hole in the base.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A bright white light shines from inside.

The light of Heaven.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL SIDINGS - NIGHT

The rain-lashed rep train enters and slows. Brakes steaming.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CAR - SAUL'S POV THROUGH SLAT - NIGHT

We hear his RAPID BREATHING and we see what little he sees.

We're rolling gently past a large company of ARMED GUARDS dressed in forbidding fireproof uniforms and masks.

Spread behind them is a sheer wall of white light. From within it comes a DEEP RUMBLE and thick, vapid heat haze.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL SIDINGS - NIGHT

The train hits the buffers and SHUDDERS to a complete stop.

Guards step up to the locks on each car in unison and WE ZERO on a GUARD approaching one of the center containers.

He sees the lock mechanism on his car has been blown or burnt off and frowns through the misty glass of his mask.

DOORS ARE SLIDING BACK and dumb replicants spilling forth all around him so he draws back his own door..... to find Saul's rifle aimed right at him.

BANG! One shot punches him through the air into a bloody heap and Saul leaps out of the car SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER!

Guards down the line spin in surprise as they see Saul running out of the crowd backed by ten naked replicants, all armed to the teeth and WHOOPING LIKE CRAZY INDIANS.

Saul takes aim and FIRES FULL-AUTO. He sweeps a blazing wall of death across the assembled ranks of guards before most of them can even react and the mass of defective replicants either scatter or hit the deck.

Some leap back inside the cars for shelter. Others join in the fight and leap viciously on their stunned masters.

The armed replicants stride forward firing, wide-eyed and crazy. Loving it. They spread out and go for cover as a few of the retreating guards begin to FIRE BACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the rear of the bay a bunch of OBSERVERS watch in horror from a raised command balcony as a full-scale gun battle erupts below.

One of them runs to a vidphon panel on the wall and stabs a number in hyped desperation. He's wearing a pale blue armband emblazoned with the wreath logo of the U.N.

Dr. Schlecht's face appears on the screen.

U.N. OBSERVER

Dr. Schlecht! Incinerator room! We got a major problem down here! Look!

And he ducks out of the way of the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHLECHT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

At his desk, Schlecht sees BLURRED BURSTS OF WHITE on his screen and he hears the unmistakable CRACKLING of gunfire.

He presses RECORD on the touchpad and quickly flips to a fresh line. Keys a number and a FEMALE ASSISTANT appears.

SCHLECHT

Dr. Schlecht for Secretary-General
Cutter. Urgent!

The screen goes fuzzy and Schlecht begins to gather papers together from his desk.

SECRETARY-GENERAL (VO)

Hermann?

SCHLECHT

(iron glare into camera)
I have something for you. Watch..... and
act accordingly.

He stabs PICTURE TRANSFER and the screen shows feed from the sidings battle. Superimposed is the word TRANSMITTING....

The observer is seen standing by, nervous.

SCHLECHT

(to observer)
Shut everything down. Get out of there.

The observer nods on screen and then SCREAMS IN TERROR as something jumps him from behind and drags him out of shot.

Schlecht rears back, stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND BALCONY - TYRELL SIDINGS - NIGHT

The observer lies dead at Saul's feet, neck broken. He kisses the matchbox screen and blanks it. Lifts his bare forearm into view and there's a phone code written on the skin.

He dials.

While the screen reads WAIT FOR CONNECT.... he smashes the glass of the camera housing, slips his fingers inside and plucks out the camera on it's connecting retinal wires.

Sarah Tyrell's face materializes and he peers into the camera's tiny lens with a killer stare.

SAUL

Sarah.....

(closer)

Sarah.....

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah's in shock as she watches him leering on screen. She recognizes him as the cop Andersson.

SAUL (VO)

Let my people go, Sarah.....

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND BALCONY - TYRELL SIDINGS - NIGHT

Saul's speech is interrupted by a BOOMING OFFICIOUS VOICE over the building tanoi.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

U.N. warning to all Tyrell personnel!
This facility has been declared unsafe
for operation! Effective immediately!
Employees have T-minus TEN minutes to
evacuate building and grounds! Repeat--

Saul leaves the camera works drooping and steps forward like a naked Napoleon to the balcony railing. He looks down on the bloody rebellion below with satisfaction.

Victory moment.

SAUL

God is dead.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The same ECHOING U.N. VOICE floats through Sarah's marbled halls.

She walks, fast but controlled, out to the

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ELEVATOR LOBBY - NIGHT

It's empty here. The door guards have fled and she clips back inside, flustered.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

At the desk her long slim finger punches a code..... and the screen reveals a plush empty office, but no human face.

SARAH
Dr. Schlecht?

CUT TO:

INT. SCHLECHT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Schlecht's dark crippled form in the distance, fading fast toward the elevators.

SARAH (VO)
(empty echo)
Dr. Schlecht.....?

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah punches out.

SARAH
Bastard.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Employees have T-minus NINE minutes--

Checking her watch she turns and addresses the desk.

SARAH (CONT.D)
Holodeck record.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRELL MAIN GATES - NIGHT

Workers are fleeing through Xanadu's imperial gates by the thousand. A seething morass of blue-collar panic.

Deckard's down there on foot, fighting his way inside.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

It's hard pushing against the stream but Deckard wins through.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Employees have T-minus EIGHT minutes--

He sees the security barriers are down and bursts across to the elevator banks.

Pushes every button he can see.

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

A grubby dark interior. Saul is propped against the shadowy back wall, ascending alone. Pistol in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRELL MAIN GATES - NIGHT

Police spinners drop into the crowd rush and settle.

Parry and a squad of Blade Runners leap out, Simi and Berkowitz included. They hear a yard tanoi BLARING.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Employees have T-minus SEVEN minutes--

Simi sees Parry checking the tracker.

SIMI

Forget it, Parry! He's inside! Leave him there!

PARRY

(looking up the pyramid)
He's been my partner for five years,
Goddammit!

And he turns to them, commanding.

PARRY

Sarah Tyrell is on the seven-hundredth!
Team one, get the spinners on the roof!
Team two, with me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He bolts through the gates and two of them follow.
The rest leap back into their spinners and punch it.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Deckard moves cautiously through darkness.

Silently crossing the floor, scared and breathing, his gun sweeps in every direction as he nears the desk. He passes Rachel's coffin and sees that it's empty.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Employees have T-minus SIX minutes--

He moves on, twirling slowly as he goes. A SLIGHT FIZZ behind him and he spins to draw a bead on Sarah's hovering face.

An enigmatic beat and the pre-recorded hologram speaks.

SARAH

Welcome, Deckard..... If this is Deckard.
As you can see, I've had to leave due
to..... long foreseen circumstances.

(beat)

The U.N. layered explosives into the
structure of this building during it's
construction in case anything ever went
wrong; and now it has. There's a reserve
spinner on the roof. Take good care of
her, Deckard..... and don't hang around.

Her crisp image evaporates and Deckard is alone with the
words 'take good care of her' ringing in his head.

His eyes and gun find the opening to Tyrell's bedchamber
across the way.

Lights on in there.

Inviting.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

A motionless sleeping figure on the giant four-poster bed.

A beautiful dark-haired woman wrapped in white sheets.

Deckard circles wary for a moment, then he steals forward to
confirm that it's Rachel.

It is and she's breathing, her gauzy chest rising and falling
in gentle motion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cold steel of his barrel brushes across her temple and she stirs beneath him.

Her eyes flicker open to see the outline of his grizzled face and the gun pointed at her.

A long moment while she focuses.....

RACHEL
Deckard.....?

She moves, rising up from the bed like a beautiful pale ghost and Deckard steps back. Uncertain.

Her bare feet slip down onto the cold floor and she stands.

Unsteady.

She takes a step toward him.

And another step.

And another.

Too close.

Deckard steps back and levels the gun at her.

Chilled by the doubt in his eyes, she stops her approach.

DECKARD
Say something.

Seconds pass and she seems to understand his meaning.

She thinks..... back.....

RACHEL
You remember when I was ten, I--
She halts. Deckard's eyes saying not good enough.
His pistol cocks with a scary CLICK.

DECKARD
Say something else.

She shudders slightly..... then calms herself to speak.

RACHEL
Do you love me?
Deckard's razor-aim wavers with the memory.....

DECKARD
.....I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rachel, closer.

RACHEL

Do you trust me?

A crumbling beat..... and Deckard's pistol drops away.

DECKARD

I trust you.

She hurls herself into his arms with relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPINNER PAD - TYRELL ROOF - NIGHT

Spinners land and Blade Runner pilots bucket out. They run low for the elevators through whipping steam.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Deckard exits the bedchamber shielding Rachel. One of Sarah's coats wrapped snug around her shoulders.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Employees have T-minus FIVE minutes--

Across the floor toward the elevators and as they get within sight the freight doors PING wide open.

Saul steps out, blocking their way. He enters the office with the grace and speed of a big cat and they stop cold.

Cornered.

Deckard's got a gun and so does Saul.

SAUL

Get away from her.

DECKARD

(shielding Rachel)

Her isn't Sarah. Her is Rachel.....
Rachel Tyrell.

Saul, suspicious.

SAUL

No!

Deckard turns his head to Sarah's desk and he barks.

DECKARD

Play!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah's face appears, hovering in thin air, and her LEAVING MESSAGE REPEATS. Saul listens. And his narrow blue eyes dart between the two identical females.....

SAUL
(impressed)
Spot the difference.

But what breaks his aim is the PING of a second elevator opening behind him. He rounds to see Parry and two back-ups stepping out of the main elevator, blasters raised.

PARRY
Andy, freeze!

They dive both ways as Saul RAINS INSTANT FIRE on them.

RACHEL
(yells)
Lobby doors close!

Two doors slide out of the wall and CLANG SHUT in response to Rachel's voice. Sarah's voice.

The sound of GUNFIRE breaking them down can clearly be heard from beyond and Saul turns to face the desperate couple.

SAUL
Go.

Deckard stands his ground.

DECKARD
Come with us.

SAUL
(bright-eyed)
Go!

Rachel drags Deckard sideways by the hand.

RACHEL
This way!

Deckard jerks her back on instinct. Suspicious. She stops and throws him a tight look.

RACHEL (CONT.D)
We both lived here.

Deckard relents and they break forward into the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPINNER PAD - TYRELL ROOF - NIGHT

Deckard and Rachel spill out of a tiny service elevator on the far side of the roof. They look, and behind the Police spinners they see a sleeker Tyrell model.

They run together against the wind, heads down.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

GUNS BANGING from behind the lobby doors.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Employees have T-minus FOUR minutes--

Brandy and a clutch of glasses on the bureau plat.

Saul goes over and calmly pours himself a shot.

SAUL

Don't mind if I do.

He slugs it down, checks his gun.... and breaks out of sight.

THE LOBBY DOORS

explode and burst open. Two Blade Runners hit firing stance on either side and Parry leads three more inside through the steaming breach.

Guns bristling they spread out across marbled acres of the giant deserted hall. Parry uses hand-signals and he follows the GLOWING TRACKER SIGNAL forward.

A SUDDEN BOOM and a FLASH from the shadows.

Parry CRIES OUT and drops to the floor clutching his hand.

The tracker hits the ground next to him in flaming pieces.

PARRY

(yells in pain)

AAAAANDY!!!

A HAUNTING VOICE ECHOES from everywhere and nowhere.

SAUL (OS)

Andy is gone.

Six Blade Runners dotted around the room and they all freeze in their tracks, straining to pinpoint the voice.

SAUL (OS)

Hi, Simi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANG!

Simi drops dead. Shot through the face.

SAUL (OS)
Hi, Berkowitz.

BANG!

Berkowitz falls. Spun round by the impact.

SAUL (OS)
Hi, you.

BANG!

A fourth BLADE RUNNER jerks back and collapses stiff in a spreading pool of blood.

Parry and his two remaining partners FIRE BLIND into the shadows, on and on..... then a long beat of silence.

SAUL (OS)
Excuse the use of a weapon.... I'm still
a little inhibited.

Parry curled flat on the floor. Head down as he tries to staunch the bloodflow from his hand.

The other two BLADE RUNNERS meet each other's scared eyes and they retreat for the blown lobby doors.

We RUN WITH THEM, frenzied and BREATHING HARD.....

Almost there..... elevators coming into sight..... when ONE, TWO, THREE gun shots punch smoking holes into the burnt doors and we HIT THE FLOOR just short.

Cross that threshold and we're dead.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Employees have T-minus THREE minutes--

With desperate momentum the Blade Runners scramble up and run for shadow cover.

Past caring, Parry grabs up his pistol with his free hand and FIRES WILDLY from the center of the floor in a shaky pinwheel motion.

PARRY
EASTAAAAAARRDD!!!! COME OUT!!!!

IN THE FAR SHADOWS

we see a CLOSE-UP FLASH of Saul running armed and barefoot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUL
(whispers)
Mechanical cats, mechanical rats,
mechanical cats, mechanical rats--

He chants it over and over like a tongue-twister.

CENTER FLOOR

Parry crawls on his back, pushing with his feet and reloads.

SAUL (OS)
PLAY!

A FIZZ behind them and Sarah's hologram appears once again.

SARAH (VO)
Welcome, Deckard.....

The nearest Blade Runner spins on a dime and FIRES RIGHT THROUGH IT.

Blows a fat hole in the giant panorama window.

A LOUD VACUUM POP! and freezing night-winds rush inside, sucking reams of paper off the desk and spilling them over the floor in a mini-hurricane.

BANG! BANG!

SPARKS SCRAPE a noisy arc across the ceiling and the office's embedded sprinkler system sputters into life.

Drenching interior rain showers the windy office in thick sheets, slicking the floor and drenching the sweaty dark suits of the remaining Blade Runners.

PARRY
(turning up his collar)
Aw, shit!

He FIRES ANOTHER CRAZY BURST and the brandy blows. Glassy chunks and brown liquid spraying across the desk.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Employees have T-minus TWO minutes--

For a moment Saul's shiny wet head and gun are visible.

SAUL
(seeing the brandy)
What a waste.

The last two Blade Runners are backed into opposite corners, whimpering, waving their guns through waterfall mist at invisible phantoms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Saul aims double and BANG! BANG!

Center-punched, the two dead cops slide down their respective walls trailing blood.

Parry looks both ways. He sees them propped and dying, eyes and mouths flung wide open in shock.

And he SCREAMS LIKE HELL.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPINNER PAD - TYRELL ROOF - NIGHT

Deckard lifts the spinner clear of the pad in a plume of exhaust smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Parry alone and bleeding. His voice exhausted and all hope gone with it.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Employees now have T-minus ONE minute--

Gun still raised he squeezes the trigger and it CLICKS empty, CLICKS empty, CLICKS empty.

He tosses it aside.

And Saul materializes from the shadows. Face set like a mask.

Barefoot he pads gently towards his ex-partner and stops a few yards off.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Forty-two..... forty-one..... forty.....
thirty-nine.....

Parry stands with effort and they regard each other.

PARRY

(through gritted teeth)

I was doing my job.

An ounce of compassion in Saul's gaze.

SAUL

I know.

Tears well in Parry's eyes but the rain hides it.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Thirty seconds..... twenty-nine.....
twenty-eight.....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parry lets out a last desperate BANSHEE SHRIEK and rushes at Saul like this is the way it has to be.

They go down together, rolling.

Hand-to-hand combat follows like scrapping kids. Parry slugs left and right with sloppy abandon and Saul tries to block.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Ten..... nine..... eight.....

Raining blows, Parry gets astride Saul and batters him around the head with vicious intensity. Saul endures it for what seems like an eternity..... then he reaches up and SNAPS Parry's neck like a dry twig.

Parry flops dead to the floor like a shot bird.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Two..... one..... zero.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRELL CORPORATION - NIGHT

A programmed chain of explosions blossom around the base.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office rocks, pillars CREAKING.

Saul carry's the limp body of Parry and lays him gently in Rachel's empty coffin.

Regards him dispassionately as the rocking motion gets worse.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRELL CORPORATION - NIGHT

Larger explosions eat up through the structure of the pyramid, bursting toward the apex in a rolling firestorm.

CUT TO:

INT. TYRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The ceiling is collapsing in places. Sprinkler water explodes into a flooding torrent from burst tanks above.

Saul takes up position between two large marble pillars in the center of the floor and braces a hand against each one.

He grits his teeth, bends a little at the knee and presses hard against them. Straining for leverage with every last

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ounce of strength as if he has the power to bring down the entire pyramid single-handed.

His red shuddering lips burst an ALMIGHTY ROAR.

Longer and louder than any human lungs could sustain.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRELL CORPORATION - NIGHT

Final detonation.

The central pyramid implodes in a sucking fireball.

As the great temple collapses in upon itself it's four surrounding parallelogram towers SHUDDER and CRUMBLE on top of the burning remains like a folding cardboard box.

It is a miserable, tragic sight.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKARD'S SPINNER - NIGHT

Deckard and Rachel hear the BLAST and shut their eyes.

SHAKE, RATTLE and ROLL as the blastwave hits and a spreading heavenly glare WHITES THE FRAME.....

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

The WHITENESS BURNS PAST as a rocket trail and we're gently descending on San Pedro Docks again.

Shuttle traffic busy as ever.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN PEDRO DOCKS - TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Deckard and Rachel hand-in-hand in the OUT line. All kinds of backed-up emigrants are bustling impatiently behind them as a PASSPORT OFFICER checks their papers.

Deckard throws a nervous look across to the IN line. Sees a faceless team of Blade Runners scoping the arrivals crowd.

One of them steps forward and drags a short young woman aside as a FEMALE VOICE sounds in Deckard's ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PASSPORT OFFICER (OS)
Okay, Mr. and Mrs. Niemand.

Deckard snaps back around to see the smiling officer
extending his papers.

PASSPORT OFFICER (CONT.D)
Have a good flight.

DECKARD
Thankyou.

Deckard pockets the documents and they file on through,
containing their elation.

As they walk free toward camera Rachel grips his hand tight
and we FADE UP THE MASSIVE ROAR OF SHUTTLE ENGINES.....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SKY AT NIGHT

RISING UP from the earth we can see that a bright field of
stars is just visible through the cracks in choking black
cloud.

The shuttle launches past us, climbing steadily into the
heavens.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (VO)
(eerie space echo)
Good-bye and Safe Journey..... Auf
Wiedersehen und Gute Reise..... Au Revoir
et Bon Voyage.....

FADE OUT:

THE END