

BATTY

Will you help us?

There's no way Sebastian could say no, even if he wanted to.

SEBASTIAN

Yes.

Pris sits up smiling. Mary sighs a breath of relief and Batty leans back nodding in gratitude.

BATTY

I'm sure glad you found us,
Sebastian. What do you think,
Mary?

MARY

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

BATTY

Pris?

Pris gets up and comes to Sebastian and kisses him.

That has a lot of impact. Sebastian looks around trying to keep the tears from coming.

BATTY

You're our best and only friend.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you.

INT. DECKARD'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

81

Rachael is lying across the bed in one of Deckard's shirts, her chin over the edge, her eyes moving around the room. Deckard lies next to her. Looking like a man who died a voluptuous death.

RACHAEL

When was the last time you cleaned
this place?

DECKARD

Hmmm?

RACHAEL

Have you ever cleaned your
apartment?

DECKARD

Don't be fooled by appearances.

RACHAEL

It appears to be dirty -- why don't
you get somebody?

He rolls over to admire her legs.

DECKARD

Because they would ruin the
arrangement.

He kisses the back of her thigh.

RACHAEL

They could clean around the
arrangement.

DECKARD

I don't like people snooping around
my stuff.

He kisses her other thigh, gets up and goes into the
bathroom.

DECKARD'S VOICE

There's a vacuum in the front room
closet is you wanna give it a try.

Rachael lies there a moment, then gets up and goes into
the front room and opens the closet door. The vacuum is
not easy to get to, but finally she wrestles it out. As
she starts to plug it in --

DECKARD

Oh no, don't do that.

He's wrapped in a sheet, watching her from the doorway.

RACHAEL

But if I don't plug it in how can
I...

DECKARD

Never mind the plug, just go
through the motions.

RACHAEL

But then how can you...

DECKARD

I don't like the noise. Just
practice. Practice makes perfect.

She stares at him like he's nuts.

DECKARD

I'm serious. Go ahead. Show me
how you would do it.

Reluctantly she makes some half-hearted passes with the
thing.

DECKARD

How about under the couch there.
Come on.

She bends over to get it. Deckard pulls up a chair and sits down with his chin in his hands. She looks back at him.

RACHAEL
This feels stupid.

DECKARD
Good for a smart girl to feel
stupid. Part of your education.

She drops the vacuum and sits on the floor. Deckard gets up and comes towards her. Her eyes travel halfway down his sheet and she leaves.

RACHAEL
You're sick, Deckard.

DECKARD
I never felt better.

EXT. TYRELL PRESERVE - DUSK 82

Mansion and opulent grounds. Sebastian's humble truck parked among richer relations, including a spinner and a 1928 Dusenberg.

EXT. TYRELL MANSION - DUSK 83

The den. It contains a collection of big game trophies, and among all this sits Sebastian very straight and proper with an "egg" the size of a basketball in his lap.

Old Hannibal Chew was right, the rich make you wait. Sebastian stands and carefully makes his way between the trophies to a window with a view of the grounds.

EXT. TYRELL MANSION POOL - DUSK 84

Tyrell's young WIFE sits on the diving board watching her husband in the pool with their youngest TOT. And two older LADS swim around trying to outdo each other for their dad's attention.

From the sidelines an old servant pauses to watch the fun, then continues with a tray of mugs towards the house.

EXT. PLATEAU - DUSK 85

And beyond on a plateau overlooking the grounds, a figure stands watching, waiting like a bird of prey.

EXT. TYRELL PRESERVE - DUSK 86

On a gravel path between shrubs of winter roses, Tyrell turns to observe the last quiet light over his kingdom. The moment is sweetened by the LOW PLAINTIVE BELLOW of one of the animals.

He strolls by an old gardener who tips his cap, proceeds up the steps and into his mansion.

INT. TYRELL DEN - NIGHT

87

Next to a tray of cookies and milk, Sebastian sits patiently with the "egg" in his lap. As the door opens he gets to his feet expectantly. It's STYLES, Tyrell's bodyguard. He could play the Giant in Jack and The Beanstalk.

STYLES

Okay, I'll take that now.

Sebastian would rather put it in the boss's hands, but Styles takes it and is almost through the door when Sebastian stops him.

SEBASTIAN

Wait!

He almost forgot.

SEBASTIAN

Can't fly without the pilot.

Sebastian hands him a little box. Styles stuffs it in his pocket and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. TYRELL PRESERVE - NIGHT

88

Motionless and monumental, six buffalo stand like statues in the grass. Suddenly they swing their shaggy heads to watch something pass.

In the dark silence Batty stops to look at the curious beasts and then moves soundlessly towards the mansion.

INT. TYRELL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

89

It's a medieval-sized hall. The piece de resistance is an 18th Century, English painting of an Arab stallion, gleaming like coal over the CRACKLING fireplace.

The entire family is seated at the table which glitters for the festive occasion. Presents gathered around the oldest child.

Styles hands the "egg" to Tyrell. A hush falls over the table. This is Dad's big present. Tyrell sets it down before the boy.

IAN is a fresh, slim lad who is ten today. He looks up at his father, then, beaming, pries open the "egg's" hinged lid. Tyrell's hand goes to his pocket and the griffon steps out of the shell.

IAN

Oh!

Basically an avian invention, it has wings and plumage, the head of an eagle, the body of a lion and weighs no

more than eight pounds. It cranes its neck and testing its balance, stands on one leg and then hops to the edge of the table and into the air.

The littlest tot claps her hands as the griffon beats its wings rapidly and rises towards the ceiling. Turning in a forty-five degree, it suddenly drops into a dive.

Delighted, the children shriek and scream as the griffon swoops over their crouching heads and sails the length of the hall -- its silhouette flickering briefly over the ancestral portraits of the Tyrell clan.

Reaching the end of the room, it banks sharply and flies back towards the table, cups its wings, spreads its tail and comes in for an awkward landing. They're laughing and clapping as it waddles down the table and knocks over a glass and stops in front of Ian.

IAN

Papa! Did you make this?

TYRELL

No. We can make man, but not a griffon.

He bends down and kisses his wife.

TYRELL

Have to give the cottage industry a chance too.

Pleased he excuses himself and heads for the den.

INT. TYRELL DEN - NIGHT

90

Tyrell comes in and sits behind his desk. Sebastian hands down the invoices. Tyrell glances over them and writes out a check.

He looks up to hand it over when he sees Batty against the wall, by the door. For a fraction of a second he's shocked, but recovers fast.

TYRELL

A friend of yours, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Yes, this is someone who wants to talk to you, Dr. Tyrell.

Batty smiles.

BATTY

The name is Batty. Roy Batty.

TYRELL

Oh?

Very slowly Tyrell's hand moves towards the back side of the desk.

BATTY

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

What's in Batty's eyes completes the warning. Tyrell
decides to heed it.

BATTY

A little talk it all I need.

Tyrell looks at Sebastian. Considers consequences.
Back to Batty.

TYRELL

Would you like to talk in private
then.

Batty thinks it over.

BATTY

Yeah. It might be better if we
talk in private, Sebastian. Why
don't you go home.

TYRELL

Here's your check, my boy. Thank
you.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you, Dr. Tyrell. I'll see
you later.

He slips out closing the door behind him. Opens it
again and sticks his head in.

SEBASTIAN

Was everything okay?

TYRELL

Just beautiful.

He's gone.

If Tyrell is scared he's doing a good job of concealing
it.

TYRELL

I'm surprised you didn't come to
me sooner.

BATTY

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

TYRELL

And what can he do for you?

BATTY

Can the maker repair what he makes?

TYRELL

Would you like to be modified?

BATTY

Had in mind something a little more radical.

TYRELL

What's the problem?

BATTY

Death.

TYRELL

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

Batty cuts in with a whisper.

BATTY

I want more life, fucker.

TYRELL

Come here.

Batty walks forward.

TYRELL

Sit down.

Batty does.

TYRELL

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

BATTY

Why?

TYRELL

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

BATTY

What about E.M.S. recombination?

TYRELL

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

Batty nods grimly.

BATTY

Then a repressor protein that blocks
the operating cells.

TYRELL

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

BATTY

But not to last.

TYRELL

Put it this way. Rolls Royces are
made to last -- as least they were.
But I'm afraid you're a Ferrari.
A high strung racing car -- built
to win, not to last.

Batty smiles bitterly.

TYRELL

Also you're too valuable to
experiment with.

BATTY

I am?

Tyrell can't help a flash of pride.

TYRELL

The bast of all possible androids.
We're proud of our prodigal son --
glad you're returned. You're quite
a prize.

Shoulders hunched, Batty looks down, an uncharacteristic
note of guilt in his voice.

BATTY

I've done some questionable things.

TYRELL

Also extraordinary things.

BATTY

Nothing the God of biomechanics
wouldn't let you in heaven for.

They share a laugh. In spite of himself, there's a look
of relief in Tyrell's face as Batty extends his hand.
Tyrell takes it and they shake. The reverence in Bat-
ty's eyes caused Tyrell a fatherly smile. The smile
turns into a growl as he feels the bones in his hands
crack. Before the scream comes out of his mouth, Batty
stifles it.

Tyrell claws at the iron fingers, but they're sinking

into his face. Placing his other hand behind Tyrell's head, Batty squeezes them together and squashes the man's head like a melon. The mess is not small.

Palms up, like a surgeon, Batty walks to the drapes and wipes off the gore and without looking back, strolls out of the room.

INT. TYRELL - HALL TO KITCHEN - NIGHT

90A

Styles is coming down the hall. He sees Batty coming towards him. Styles looks at him curiously, this is not one of the guests. As they close, Batty smiles.

BATTY

Could you tell me where the
bathroom is?

Styles doesn't get a chance to answer. Batty's hand has torn into his crotch. The man is lifted off the floor, up the wall and held a moment. Whatever is encased in his pelvis is pulverized. Batty lets go. Styles hits the floor. He died of shock. Grinding his teeth, Batty continues towards the SOUNDS OF THE FESTIVITIES.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

91

The birthday cake has arrived, the candles lit. They're waiting for Dad. Mrs. Tyrell looks around to find Batty observing from the doorway.

A little startled, a little curious, but ever the corporate wife, she smiles.

MRS. TYRELL

May I help you?

Batty smiles back and shakes his head in mock regrets.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

92

In the sink the faucet is on. The water pink with blood. Batty is washing his hands.

A portly maid emerges from the pantry. Batty looks up. She stops, embarrassed at being caught. Her eyes notice drops of blood on the floor and follow them to the door. When she looks back, Batty is right in front of her.

INT. DECKARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

93

Books scattered on the bed. Rachael sitting cross-legged with one in her lap, looking through exquisite shots of nature. Deckard is next to her, watching her like a lover, like a father.

DECKARD (V.O.)

She'd never seen the great outdoors.
Never even seen books on the
subject. She went through
everything I had, and we talked.
And there were subjects we didn't

discuss and they were words we didn't say, I couldn't say, like death, like future, like real. But it was hard because she was curious and full of questions. She was more alive than anyone I'd ever known.

She looks up stunned by the beauty of a photo, but with no need to comment. It's in her eyes. She stares at him, a revelation taking shape.

RACHAEL

You and I are good friends, huh?

He considers it and she stares at him, smiling at the wonder of it.

RACHAEL

It's so easy.

Convinced and not convinced, he nods his head. She laughs at his solemnity. She's irresistible. Deckard's pretty irresistible himself.

RACHAEL

Have you ever known anybody a long time?

DECKARD

You mean a woman?

RACHAEL

Uh-huh.

DECKARD

What's a long time?

RACHAEL

Ten years.

DECKARD

Nope. Nobody could stand me that long.

The CHIME on the PHONE next to the bed GOES OFF. He reaches out and brings it to his ear.

DECKARD

Yeah.

BRYANT

This is Bryant. Are you alone?

DECKARD

Yeah.

BRYANT

She's not with you?

DECKARD

Who.

A pause.

BRYANT

Take a number. Canapt 1700, tenth floor, Villa Vita District, Olympia South.

DECKARD

Got it.

BRYANT

Okay, here it is. Eldon Tyrell, his family and half his staff were just massacred. The cat is about to get out of the bag. Pressure is definitely on. The Nexus program is terminated. When you finish there, locate Nexus designated Rachael and retire.

Deckard says nothing.

BRYANT

If you don't, we will. It has to be total, Deckard. That's an order from as high as it comes. Got it?

DECKARD

Yeah. I got it.

BRYANT

Go.

He hangs up the receiver and gets up. She watches him from the bed. The gun goes into his belt. He loads the ankle job and straps it on. She watches every move.

RACHAEL

Why do you call it retire, why don't you call it murder?

DECKARD

Because it's not.

RACHAEL

Don't you think anything that can suffer deserves to be considered?

DECKARD

Andies only simulate suffering -- if they're programmed for it.

RACHAEL

Do you think I simulated what happened between us?

DECKARD

No, I don't.

Without looking at her, he puts on his jacket.

He's standing in the middle of the floor with his back to her. He turns and they're facing one another.

Neither of them moves.

DECKARD
Don't leave here. Don't open the
door, don't answer the phone.

RACHAEL
What difference will it make?

DECKARD
Just wait here.

He goes to the door.

RACHAEL
You know what I think?

DECKARD
What?

RACHAEL
That some of the folks around here
are more programmed than me.

He has to laugh.

RACHAEL
You know what else I think?

DECKARD
What?

RACHAEL
This was the best day of my life.

He turns and goes through the door.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

94

Sebastian is putting his work table in order, but his
mind is not with it and his hands are trembling.

Batty, Pris and Mary are on the other side of the room
talking: their voices low.

MARY
Let's go while there is still
time.

BATTY
Where?

MARY
Anywhere.

Batty smiles.

BATTY
What's the point?

MARY
Not to be trapped.

BATTY

You underestimate the trap, Mary.

Sebastian has almost reached the door.

BATTY

Where are you going, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Just thought I'd...

BATTY

No, you stay here with us. Out
last night together.

They all watch.

Sebastian walks away from the door.

BATTY

Think of yourself as a light, Mary.
Shine before you're turned off.

She's too fragile for that logic, but it appeals to
Pris. She and Batty hold a look that burns.

Sebastian is by the window.

SEBASTIAN

Someone is coming here.

Batty goes to the window and looks down.

BATTY

One man.
(he smiles)
He must be good.

MARY

Then go get him.

BATTY

That wouldn't be very sporting.

Sebastian looks ready to bolt. Batty puts an arm
around him.

PRIS

I want to do it.

BATTY

Okay, but don't kill him. Save a
little for everybody. A
masterpiece.

A pause.

BATTY

Turn out the lights, Pris.

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

95

In the dim, nocturnal light, Deckard crosses into the

courtyard fronting the building and stops. He looks around. Nobody there, just silence.

He comes closer to the building and stands in the shadows off to one side of the entry.

His head jerks up to the SOUND OF CRASHING GLASS.

Sebastian comes hurtling down and explodes into the pavement thirty feet below.

Deckard's eyes move up the line of descent, the shattered window on the next-to-top floor.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT 96

Not much to see, But Deckard misses none of it as he crosses the floor and positions himself in the spot of least exposure. He looks around. Elevator and stairwell.

Close to the wall, he moves towards the elevator, keeping an eye on the stairwell door.

Stepping to one side, he hits the button. The elevator door slides open. He reaches in, presses a button and as the doors slide shut, Deckard slips a pen between the doors, jamming the operation.

Deckard's shoes and soundless as he quickly crosses the lobby floor. He pauses a moment in front of the stairwell door, then pushes it open and:

INT. STAIRWELL, SEBASTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 97

Steps into the dark on the other side. Suddenly he spins, dropping to the floor, and FIRES three times into the figure hovering to his left.

The man is hanging off the floor, his arms locked into the railing, neck broken -- with three holes in his chest... but he was already dead.

Deckard stares at the corpse. It's Mr. Deetchum, the old watchman. That RUSTLING SOUND are rats who were feeding on him, scampering for safer places, Deckard gets to his feet.

The stairway rectangles ten stories up. As his foot touches the first step, a raw, terrified SCREAM shatters the air. It came from below. It's the cry of a young girl -- it GROWS TO A PIERCING SHRIEK AND ABRUPTLY STOPS. Deckard ejects the half-used cartridge from his laser, inserts a fresh one and quiet as the silence, descends the basement stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 98

At the bottom he faces a corridor. The FAINT HUM OF MACHINERY comes from the double doors at the far end. The HUM BECOMES A RATTLE by the time he gets there. Each door is fitted with a small window. Deckard steps to the side and peers through.

It's a gym. The mirror-lined walls are cracked and tarnished, the equipment atrophied from lack of use. The heavier barbells have sunk into the floor. Two weight-reducing machines are flapping and grinding away like idiots. Deckard's eyes stop on the woman.

She dangles a few feet off the floor, hung by the shoulders through rings suspended from the ceiling. Her head is slung forward, her body limp and slightly swaying.

Deckard pushes open one of the doors until it touches the wall. Slowly, he advances toward the hanging figure, keeping an eye on the mirror to cover surprises from the door. He's not breathing hard. His heart isn't pounding. Deckard's in his element.

Close enough to look up into her face, he stops. It isn't grisly death that causes the reaction in his eyes. It's the innocence of her angel face.

It's not something he has time to consider. In the mirror behind him, he sees the door starting to open. Deckard spins. He shouldn't have. Pris' legs snap up, crack the laser out of his hand and clamp around his neck.

Slowly, the door swings closed, but Deckard doesn't notice. His carotid artery is no longer sending blood to the brain. He jerks up his foot and reaches down. As his fingers close around the ankle laser, Pris' fingers close around his wrist. Deckard's hand opens like a flower. The laser drops to the floor as his eyes roll back into his head.

PRIS

Naughty, naughty.

She lets go, but before he can fall, she rams a foot into his back. He's propelled fifteen feet across the room, slams into a machine and falls to the floor. Pris flies off the rings and comes at him.

Deckard reaches out to pull himself up, but she's already there. Not too hard and just in the right place, she kicks him in the stomach. He goes back to the floor, gagging for air. Oh-so-precisely she reaches out with a long index finger and flips the switch on the machine.

It's a flab eliminator with a vibrator belt. Normally an innocuous piece of equipment, but the motor housing on this one is missing. Lots of GRINDING METAL. A bad place for flesh and bone.

But that's where Deckard's hand is going. An eight-year-old against a full-down man. In two more seconds his hand will be ground round. Deckard tries to pull his hand loose. It won't come. He yanks hard, but it's welded in hers.

His face is twisted and strained as he raises a leg, wedges his foot against her chest and pushes with all his might. The hold breaks. They topple back. Deckard hits the floor gulping to catch his breath. Pris is up and coming for him again. She hovers over him. Deckard rolls out of the way as she comes down like a pile driver.

Reflexively Deckard raises his arm to protect himself. Pris just smiles, takes hold of his foot and drags him across the floor. She doesn't like to leave a piece of work unfinished. They're going back to the machine.

He goes by a weight-stand of dumbbells and grabs hold. It doesn't stop him. He's sliding over the floor like it was ice, weight stand in tow.

Pris gets to the machine, yanks his foot up and forces it toward the opening. Deckard sits up, a five-pound dumbbell in his hand, and clobbers her in the back. It knocks her off balance, but she doesn't let go of his foot. She hooks out with a fist but misses. He gets her with a roundhouse in the face.

She goes to the floor and Deckard's up, the dumbbell over his head, coming down with it. Fighting for her life now, Pris drives a foot into his chest. It lifts him off the floor. He flies back across the gym and lands in a heap.

No more games. Pris is furious and moving fast. She rips a steel bar out of the wall and, holding it overhead, charges him like a samurai. As she comes down for the kill, she freezes.

Deckard landed near the laser. He crawls towards it. As in a nightmare, it takes forever. But he gets there.

He reaches out and grabs the laser, rolls over and takes careful aim. She charges towards him, screaming her rage. He FIRES as she comes.

The shot amputates her left arm at the shoulder, but her hand doesn't let go of the bar. It dangles crazily in front of her as she charges forward.

He PUTS THE NEXT ONE through her neck. Pris hiccups a rope of blood as she flies through the air and crashes next to Deckard. Dead.

He lies next to her, chest heaving. Slowly he rolls over and gets to his hands and knees. Panting, he staggers to his feet and stands over her, swaying slightly. The sound that escapes his throat is raspy and dry. It might not sound like a war cry, but it is.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

100

Laser in hand, Deckard kicks open the swinging doors and walks into the corridor, a dangerous man.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

101

Deckard arrives at the main floor landing, checks his loads and continues up the stairs. He's going to shoot the next thing that moves and find out later if he was right or wrong.

INT. STAIRWELL - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 101A

On the next landing he throws the door open. His eyes move down the hall, looking for prints in the dust. None. He continues up the stairs.

INT. NINTH FLOOR - NIGHT 102

On the ninth floor he finds what he's looking for. Footprints coming and going from a door halfway down the hall. He stops to the side of it and listens. Silence. Deckard FIRES three quick shots through the door. If somebody were on the other side of it, they aren't now.

He kicks the door open and dives through head first and hits the floor in a roll, POURING FIRE into the far corners of the room but the room is empty. There's a kitchen bar, a closet and a bedroom door, both closed. Deckard's breathing is the only sound. No response from either door.

Maybe it was a sound, maybe intuition, but suddenly Deckard twists around and FIRES several shots into the closet. The smouldering door slowly creaks open.

Mary is huddled in the rear of the closet. Her hand out like somebody about to catch a ball but afraid of it. In her other hand she clutches a button-eyed monkey. Her face is bewildered, frozen in fear, her body riddled with holes. No recognition gap here. Deckard SHOOTS her through the neck to make sure. Mary falls to the floor, like a puppet with her strings cut.

Deckard backs away from the pathetic figure in the closet and sits on the sofa, unable to take his eyes off her.

Deckard lays the laser down next to him, holds out his hand and looks at it. It's steady. He drops it in his lap, closes his eyes and leans back.

A TAPPING from the ceiling. Deckard looks up.

A KNOCK -- with the proverbial DOUBLE RAP at the end. A pause. Deckard jumps out of the way as the ceiling gives in. Chucks on concrete and plaster hit the couch where he was sitting. The hole is a couple feet in diameter -- beams cracked through, exposing the apartment above. Silence. Deckard wipes the plaster dust from his eyes and mouth, then whispers:

DECKARD

Hello, Roy.

INT. STAIRWELL - NINTH AND TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT 103

Deckard comes out onto the landing. Taking his time,

he climbs the steps to the next floor, the last floor. He SHOOTs the hinges out of the big stairwell door, pushes it with his foot and it comes down with a BANG. The REVERBERATIONS turn into silence. The corridor is empty.

INT. CORRIDOR - TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT 104

Moving fast but cautious, he passes each door until he gets to the apartment above Sebastian's. Slowly he turns the knob and pushes open the door.

INT. APARTMENT - TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT 105

Except for the hole in the middle of the floor, there's nothing to see. Back against the wall, he moves towards the bedroom, but stops at the NOISE. It sounds like the HOOTING OF AN OWL and it's coming from the hallway.

INT. CORRIDOR - TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT 106

Deckard looks around the corner of the door down the hall. Batty's at the other end. Except for jockstrap and gym shoes, he's nude.

BATTY

You wanna play?

Deckard FIRES. Batty's fast. He ducks into a doorway. Pops out again.

BATTY

Not very sporting to fire on an unarmed opponent. I thought you were supposed to be good. Aren't you the man?!

The makeup on Batty's face is somewhere between a Comanche warrior and a transvestite. The immensity of his insolence awesome -- the muscles of his body are swollen, trembling from the thrill of it.

BATTY

This is how we do it up there, lad!
Come on!

In a blue of lightning-like action, Batty whips down the hall, zigzagging off the walls towards Deckard so fast that Deckard gets only three SHOTS off before the blur crashes through the wall on his left with a laugh.

Deckard stands there a moment -- digesting the impact of it, then edges up to the gaping wall. Batty is behind him.

He knees Deckard in the back and slaps him in the head. Deckard goes to his knees, then over on his face. Batty kneels next to him.

BATTY

Not hurt, are you? You better get it up or I'm going to have to kill

you. Unless you're alive you can't play. And if you don't play, you don't get to be alive.

Deckard's eyes are closed, mouth bleeding. He exhales and makes an effort. He slides his hands up even with his chest and starts to push.

BATTY
That's the spirit.

Like a matador, Batty walks away. By the time Deckard's on his feet, Batty's disappeared through one of the doors.

Deckard wipes the blood from his mouth, bends down and picks up his laser, reloads and looks down the hall, towards the jeering voice.

BATTY'S VOICE
Come on, Deckard, show me what you got! I'm right here on the other side of the door. But you gotta shoot straight 'cause I'm fast!

Deckard gets to the door, BLASTS it, kicks it open and FIRES at Batty. But it's only the reflection of Batty.

INT. ROOM - TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

107

The full length mirror on the other side of the room SHATTERS. Batty's next to him, grabs Deckard's hand and steps in closer.

BATTY
Straight doesn't seem to be good enough.

They're face to face.

BATTY
You don't have a chance, do you?

In an exaggeration of weary disappointment, Batty drops his head to the side.

BATTY
Looks like I'm gonna have to scale it down for you. Give you a handicap. I won't run through any more walls. Okay? I promise to use the doors. Okay?

Deckard stares back at him, but doesn't respond. Suddenly fury storms through Batty. He throws Deckard out the door, knocking him down, grabs him by the collar and rams his head into the wall.

BATTY
Come on, let's use that brain!

INT. TENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

108

He drags him down the hall, on his knees and bangs his head into the wall again.

BATTY

Think! We need a little
resilience around here!

He yanks him further and bashes his head again.

BATTY

Where are those balls of yours?!
Let's see a little bravery!

The storm passes.

Deckard hangs in Batty's hand like a bag of laundry.

BATTY

That was irrational of me -- not
to mention unsportsmanlike. Won't
happen again.

He drops him.

BATTY

I'll be down the hall when you're
ready.

Betty walks off and disappears through one of the doors.

Deckard gets to his knees, leans against the wall a moment, then punches it with his fist.

On his feet he's a little wobbly. Holding his breath so he can hear above his own breathing, he listens. No sound. No sign of Batty. The laser is laying nearby. He doesn't bother.

Deckard is backing down the hall, quiet as he can. He had a job to do. He would like to have done it, but he's not insane. He gets to the landing and turns.

On the first step down, he stops. Batty's on the landing below, looking up at him.

BATTY

Where you going?

He wait a moment for Deckard's answer.

BATTY

No cheating. A promise is a
promise. I'll honor the
handicapped, but we gotta play on
the top floor. You go get your
laser gun now. And I'll give you
a few seconds before I come.

Deckard turns back into the hall. Batty smiles.

Deckard's running down the corridor.

BATTY'S VOICE

One!

Halfway down the hall he finds his laser.

BATTY'S VOICE

Two!

Deckard darts into the nearest door. The apartment above Sebastian's, with the hole in the floor. Deckard considers it.

BATTY'S VOICE

No fair jumping through holes. You might get hurt doing that! THREE!

Deckard dashes back into the hall, chooses another door and goes in.

INT. TENTH FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT 109

His eyes skim over everything, looking for an advantage. He throws open a door. The bathroom. The plumbing is dismantled, walls stripped, revealing brick, nails protruding. Too small.

INT. TENTH FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT 110

Batty's coming up the steps.

BATTY

Five!

INT. TENTH FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT 111

Deckard's looking for a corner -- a place that covers the angles. He chooses the far side of the room with a line to the door.

INT. TENTH FLOOR HALL - NIGHT 112

Batty's coming down the center, listening at the doors.

BATTY

Six!

INT. TENTH FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT 113

Deckard's crouched in the corner and aimed. He looks at his hand. It's trembling.

BATTY'S VOICE

Seven!

INT. TENTH FLOOR HALL - NIGHT 114

Batty's standing in front of a door, listening.

BATTY

Oh, I wonder where he is. Not in here, I don't think. Eight!

He goes to the next door.

BATTY
Maybe here. Doesn't sound like
it. Nine!

Batty moves to the next. The door to Deckard.

INT. TENTH FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

115

Deckard's crouched lower, holding his breath -- talk about a hair trigger... Silence. Batty's FEET are heard CREAKING AWAY. Deckard looks around. Runs a hand over the wall behind him. Batty's FEET COME BACK. A pause.

BATTY
Ten!

The door explodes!

A shape hurtles across the room. Deckard pivots, following it with RAPID FIRE. It's a TV. He spins back. but Batty's already on him. He gets one SHOT off before Batty's got his hand. There's a hole over Batty's right eye. Blood running down his face, dripping on Deckard. The right side of his face isn't working too good. The corner of his mouth doesn't quite shut -- his voice comes out slurred, a little hollow.

BATTY
One point for you.

The would doesn't minimize his omnipotence, just makes it more malignant. He throws Deckard against the far wall. Deckard FIRES. Hits Batty in the shoulder.

BATTY
Ho ho! Try it again!

He comes at Deckard, jerking back and forth, a cobra in fast motion, faking, weaving, yelping with excitement as Deckard tries to get a shot, FIRING AWAY until his laser's empty. Bloody and crazed, Batty pushes up against him.

BATTY
What's wrong? Don't you like me?
I'm what we've made!

INT. TENTH FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

116

He's backing Deckard out the door. Deckard trips and falls. There's fear on his face. The strength is gone. Something is starting to crack.

BATTY
What's wrong? Aren't you a lover
of Faster, Bigger and Better?!

Deckard's pedaling backwards over the floor.

BATTY
It's time to die.

Deckard throws the laser at him. It misses. Batty

throws his head back and laughs. A one-eyed colossus about to eat the world. Suddenly he stops. His eye moves over the wall.

BATTY

Ah!

He reaches out and pinches something. His lips compress as he yanks it out of the wall. It's a ten-penny nail.

He holds it out to Deckard and drops it. Deckard catches it.

BATTY

That's for you.

One side of Batty's face smiles savagely.

BATTY

Stick it in your ear and push.
If that doesn't work, try the
eye.

Deckard stares at the nail in his hand, then up at his executioner.

BATTY

Believe me, it'll be better
for you than what I'm about
to do.

Batty watches him, hoping the stimulus might inspire his victim to more action. It doesn't look like it.

BATTY

Well?

Deckard springs to his feet and bolts. But instead of going for the stairwell he turns in the first available door.

INT. TENTH FLOOR APARTMENT #2 - NIGHT

117

Provocation accomplished. Batty smiles and walks leisurely towards the door. Deckard's terrified scream and the SOUND of GLASS CRASHING stop him. Batty speeds up and moves into the room.

The window pane is splattered, curtains sucked out, bellowing in the wind.

BATTY

Crap.

He walks up to the window. Deckard comes away from the wall, inching up behind him, laser in both hands, aimed at the base of Batty's skull. Batty starts to lean over, but even before his eyes see the pavement, he knows. He spins...

Deckard FIRES again. This one goes home. Batty falls like he was poleaxed, hits the floor dead weight.

Deckard starts to tremble. His arms go limp as his head tilts back and he closes his eyes. He can breathe again.

On the floor, Batty's hand is crawling toward Deckard's ankle.

With the unsuspected abruptness of a man slipping on a banana peel, Deckard comes down. Face knotted in horror, he EMPTIES THE LASER in Batty's body -- but the hand holds on. With a screech of frustration he drops the laser and like an animal claws at Batty's dead fingers -- but the fingers are welded shut.

Deckard starts to crawl, pulling Batty behind him. He struggled through the door and stumbles to his feet.

INT. TENTH FLOOR HALL - NIGHT 118

Deckard plunges down the corridor dragging Batty along. He falls, gets to one foot, falls again and crawls the last couple feet to the stairwell.

INT. TENTH FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT 119

Groaning, he tugs and pulls, hauls and heaves Batty's body to the edge of the landing. He pauses for breath, then lays back, wedging his feet against Batty's shoulders and pushes. Inch by inch the body goes over the edge. Then all at once it drops. But the hand holds and the weight of the body takes Deckard with it. As Deckard slides over the edge, he grabs hold of the railing.

Deckard's hanging three hundred feet over the basement floor, supporting himself and Batty's corpse -- almost four hundred pounds of stress on his fingers.

With his free foot he chops away at Batty's hand, trying to break it loose. But it's not working. Deckard's fingers are starting to slip.

His face is a mask of agony as he wedges his heel over Batty's thumb. With the help of gravity and everything he's got in his right leg to push with, he pushes. The thumb breaks loose. Batty falls.

The SOUND OF HIS BODY HITTING BELOW sounds good, but Deckard doesn't notice. He's in an awkward position. He must reverse the way he's facing to pull himself up. He lets go with his right hand and crosses it over the left. Then turns the left around so he's got an overhand grip.

Like a man doing his last pull-up... the one that can't be done, Deckard pulls himself up, throws a foot over the edge and grapples and heaves and wiggled himself onto the cold solid steel of the stairwell landing.

And lies there, body jerking spasmodically, slowly clenching and unclenching his cramped hand, but it's his burning cheek against the cool metal he's most aware of.

Dizzy, hot, lungs on fire, he stands -- and putting one foot in front of the other, Deckard descends the stairs.

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S BUILDING - DAWN

120

Slowly the door pushes open and Deckard comes out into the morning. The sun isn't yet risen, but the sky has begun to pale. It's a brooding gray stew of a dawn not very pretty, but even though he can't show it, Deckard is glad to see it.

For a moment he tilts his head back and takes some breath, then walks across the courtyard towards the street, so dead on his feet he hasn't the energy to fall.

Deckard slumps into the shelter of his car. The collapses on the front seat.

INT. DECKARD'S BEDROOM - DAWN

121

In a corner of the dimness Deckard sits slumped on a chair, facing the pearly gray light of the window. The only SOUND in the room is the soft steady BREATHING that comes from the bed.

Quietly he gets up and walks over to her. Rachael lies sleeping, one delicate arm exposed from under the sheet.

Deckard stands there, bettered and grim, staring down at her.

Moments go by and finally he sits gently on the edge of the bed.

Rachael opens her eyes, and looks up at him, she smiles.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE (MONTAGE) - DAY

122

Deckard's car is skimming over the narrow highway. He and Rachael in the front seat. Except for the occasional glance, their faces are still and quiet in the cold shine of an icy dream.

The clouds overhead are soft and swift.

DECKARD (V.O.)

She wanted to go to a place I knew.
Out of the city. Like one of those
pictures she saw. Where there were
trees but no buildings.

Rachael's face in the window watching the woods stream by.

DECKARD (V.O.)

We had a good time. She told me a
funny story and I taught her a
song. A song about monkeys and
elephants. And it made us laugh so
hard we couldn't sing.

EXT. WOODS (MONTAGE) - DAY

123

Deckard and Rachael walking. The land lays white and hushed before them.

Down an aisle of maples and beeches. The frosty light slanting through the clean, hard limbs.

The crisp, blue-white snow underfoot melted through in spots exposing soggy patches of rich brown earth.

Rachael stops and faces him. Her lips are parted, her warm breath turning the cold air to vapor. Looking lithe and fragile by these barren-rooted trees, she stands in the crisp white snow looking at Deckard. Nothing in her retreats, even now her eyes insist on knowing.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

124

Deckard walking over the snow. Alone. He walks slowly, mechanically through the cold, unaffected by it. His gaunt face, empty of expression except for the tears running down his pale cheeks.

But for the SQUEAK of his wet shoes over the crusted snow, there is no sound. And Deckard recedes into the silence of the freezing white landscape.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

125

Deckard's car, solid, THROBBING, GUNNING along like some metal animal. Headlights piercing the dark of the long, flat road. WHISTLING speed of air and tires spinning THRUM. And then silence. And the silence astounded by the CRACK OF A GUN.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

126

Deckard is behind the wheel, face in shadow, eyes staring straight ahead.

DECKARD (V.O.)

I told myself over and over again,
if I hadn't done it, they would
have.

I didn't go back to the city, not
that city, I didn't want the job.

She said the great advantage of
being alive was to have a choice.
And she chose. And a part of me
was almost glad. Not because she
was gone but because this way they
could never touch her.

As for Tyrell -- he was murdered,
but he wasn't dead. For a long
time I wanted to kill him. But
what was the point? There were too
many Tyrells. But only one Rachael.
Maybe real and unreal could never

be separated. The secret never
found. But I got as close with
her as I'd ever come to it. She'd
stay with me a long time. I guess
we made each other real.

And the ruby lights of Deckard's car disappear into
the darkness.