

**Off World**

"You've done a man's job, sir. If you are a man."

-Gaff

Written by  
John Burke

From the novel  
"Frankenstein"  
By Mary Shelly

Characters created by  
Philip K. Dick

Writer's Draft  
May 28, 2002

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"OFF WORLD"

Screenplay by  
John Burke

From the novel "Frankenstein"  
by Mary W. Shelley

Characters Created by  
Phillip K. Dick,  
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. CASCADE NEBULA - NIGHT 1

Space. The remnants of a solar system, full of dust and moisture, driven by violent solar winds. Water, the source of all life and fuel in space, streams by like a driven rain, pushed by lethal radiation. The last place any human being should be.

And yet, amidst this violence, the WATER MINING SPACE SHIP "ANCIENT MARINER". A TANGLE OF RIGGING AND MASTS hold METALLIC SAILS in windmill configuration, like a number of square-rigged sailing ships hastily lashed together at crazy angles. Most of the sails on one side of the ship have been stowed, the thin steel masts partially retracted. The SOLAR WINDS push the loose sails about, twisting the vessel into a slow, uncontrolled spiral.

2 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - DAY 2

A cramped, utilitarian interior, every element serving double and even triple duty. Every dollar and kilogram spared where it could. Vibrations from the solar wind in the rigging scream through the ship, an unnatural howl.

CAPTAIN WALTON (40's, thin, but athletic) grips his console fearfully as he scans the screens with increased panic, yelling frantically. But his words are lost in the noise.

The Pilot, GEENA LOCK (30's, heavily muscled), strains against her harness as she manipulates a half dozen joysticks protruding from her console.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Engineer, LEO WELLER, (50's, small and stocky), fights with the controls of the sails.

The First Mate, MAXWELL PARK, strains to hear what his Captain is saying as he tends a control panel. Bit it's useless. He can't hear what Walton is shouting over the ungodly howl of the wind.

As the DECK SHIFTS BENEATH THEM, each holds on to something solid. A sudden powerful JOLT throws Captain Walton to the deck, partially tangled in his improperly attached harness.

With obviously better seaman's legs, Maxwell releases his harness and scrambles to help him back to his feet, Walton pushes him off.

The WINDS MOMENTARILY SUBSIDE, allowing them to shout over the noise.

WALTON

Stow those sails, goddamn it!

LEO

Sir, we're listing! Twenty degrees starboard and climbing!

WALTON

I know!

(to Geena)

Compensate with thrusters!

GEENA

I did. We're still listing!

Walton, looks around, confused as to what to do.

MAXWELL

Sir, we need more drag! Deploy the port sail!

WALTON

In this wind? It'll rip to shreds!

MAXWELL

It'll straighten us!

Having no other option, the Captain finally gives in to the more experienced crewman.

WALTON

Alright! Do it!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

Maxwell rushes to the Engineer Console and helps Leo adjust the sails. Walton gets painfully into his harness again.

3 EXT. MARINER - RIGGING - CONTINUOUS 3

On a partially retracted mast, machinery strains to deploy a small sail on the port side of the ship. The metallic material snaps tight against the wind. It comes only part way before it jams.

4 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS 4

A moment of relief as the ungodly howl of the WINDS SUBSIDE somewhat.

MAXWELL

The sail's jammed, but it's working. We're coming about.

WALTON

As soon as the strain's off those masts, I want them retracted!

At that moment, ALARMS SOUND. They all look to the screens in panic.

MAXWELL

Comet!

WALTON

How big?

5 EXT. MARINER - RIGGING - CONTINUOUS 5

Emerging from the glowing storm, a JAGGED BALL OF ICE many times the size of the ship, its enormous shadow darkening the glowing solar wind ahead of them.

MAXWELL (O.S.)

Son of a bitch. Too big.

6 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS 6

Maxwell sees that Walton is frozen in panic at the sight.

MAXWELL

(to Geena)

Hard to starboard! Now!

(CONTINUED)

GEENA

Thrusters full to starboard! We're coming in too fast!

WALTON

Use the sails! Deflect us away from it!

Maxwell and Leo wrestle with the controls for the sails.

7 EXT. MARINER - RIGGING - CONTINUOUS

7

Approaching the shadow of the comet, the Ancient Mariner's sails all orient together, cutting an angle to the wind. The ship slowly begins to slide sideways, accelerating its rotation in the opposite direction from before.

8 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

8

Everyone hangs on to compensate for the sudden shift in momentum.

WALTON

What are you doing? Why are we rotating?

MAXWELL

Our masts are retracted on the port side! If we can get that side to her we might miss it!

WALTON

All right, to it!  
(to Geena)  
Thrusters full ahead!

GEENA

Aye, thrusters full ahead!

There is a moment of relative silence as the Ancient Mariner slides through the shadow of the comet, each of them holding their breath.

LEO

Shit, we're not gonna make it!

MAXWELL

Brace for impact!

- 9 EXT. MARINER - RIGGING - CONTINUOUS 9
- From the comet, a HUGE, IRREGULAR PILLAR OF ICE DIRT looms large. The Mariner slips past - almost!
- An OUTCROPPING OF ICE shears away part of the rigging, spinning the ship away. Out of control, the Mariner twists free of the comet in an end to end slow-motion spiral.
- 10 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS 10
- In a dizzying spin, the crew are thrown about the cabin. The LIGHTS GO OUT and all is BLACK.
- 11 EXT. ICE PLANET - ANCIENT MARINER - LATER 11
- Breathlessly cold and glittering like a cut diamond, the planet feels almost transparent. Water ice rings the planet in a flat disc, like broken glass on a black highway.
- And in the shelter of the planet, the Ancient Mariner, it's surface coated in a layer of sparkling frost, rigging torn and twisted. No signs of life.
- 12 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - TWILIGHT 12
- Near darkness. Total silence. The absence of the sound from the wind in the rigging is palpable.
- Weak light from the consoles show shapes and forms of the equipment, but no sign of human activity.
- 13 EXT. MARINER - HATCHWAY - TWILIGHT 13
- On the main hull, a heavy layer of frost covers a SQUARE HATCHWAY, partly obscured by cables and shards of the metallic sail.
- The hatch folds inward, releasing a SMALL AMOUNT OF AIR which instantly CRYSTALLIZES. The SHARDS OF METALLIC SAIL flutter with movement as a hand pushes it aside. The space-suited figure of Geena emerges, awkwardly tying back the sail with a STRAY PIECE OF CABLE.
- After a moment, a second figure, Leo, emerges beside her. Leveraging against each other, they clear the hatchway and float free of the structure.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

Get started on the cables. I'll  
clear the robot arm.

Leo expertly kicks off and sails toward the BENT CENTRAL HOUSING containing the ROBOT ARM, blocked by a LARGE MAST and a lot of RIGGING. He pulls a LETHAL LOOKING TOOL from his belt and slashes at a CABLE, severing it cleanly. He hooks the toe of his boot in a FOOTHOLD and lashes the end of the cable to the mast. With super-human strength, he heaves the huge mast away from the ship, then wraps the cable around his arm to stop it's progress.

As he works, on the Ice Planet behind him, there is a FLASH OF LIGHT, yellow/orange against the cold blue ice. He doesn't notice it. A SECOND FLASH again goes unnoticed. Then a THIRD.

MAXWELL (O.S.)

(on radio)

All hands back on board!

LEO

I'm not finished.

MAXWELL (O.S.)

(shouting)

Back on board. Right now!

Leo turns toward the planet in time to see the engines of a SMALL SHUTTLE light up a patch of the planet's surface and eject itself through the thin atmosphere.

Panicked, he scrambles toward the hatch, almost throwing himself clear of the ship, the cable holding the mast the only thing that saves him. After steadying himself, and in a more deliberate move, he kicks himself back to safety.

INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - TWILIGHT

At an observation window, Walton, Maxwell, and Geena watch the progress of the Shuttle as it arcs away from them toward the stormy horizon of the planet.

Another FLASH from the planet's surface, fainter but distinct.

GEENA

There! See it?

(CONTINUED)

WALTON

What the hell? Who is out in this?  
What are they doing here?

MAXWELL

The same thing we are. There's  
enough ice here to feed the  
colonies for generations.

WALTON

No. Not in a shuttle. Only an  
idiot would risk that.

GEENA

They could be pirates. Or rogues.

Walton and Maxwell lock eyes.

MAXWELL

We have no weapons on board.

WALTON

Get me some power! Now!

The crew scrambles to their work.

15 EXT. ICE PLANET - TWILIGHT

15

A SECOND SHUTTLE launches from the surface, this one heads  
directly for the Mariner. It barely clears the gravity well  
of the planet before its ENGINES SPUTTER AND DIE. The ship  
pitches slowly, but its momentum continues to carry it toward  
the 'Mariner'.

16 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - LATER

16

Some power has been restored to the lights and consoles, but  
still no overhead lighting. Walton and Maxwell stare at a  
image of the shuttle on the monitor.

WALTON

It looks like it's drifting.

MAXWELL

No power signature. The engines  
are dead. But the thermals show  
life support might still  
operational.

(CONTINUED)



WALTON

So whoever's in there could still  
be alive?

MAXWELL

I doubt it was on full auto when it  
launched. Somebody had to push the  
button.

A moment of furious thought from Walton.

WALTON

Get a grapple on it. Dock it to  
the port docking ring. Call me  
when you have it at dock.

MAXWELL

What are you going to do?

WALTON

I'll be in my cabin. Just call me.

Walton pulls himself through a hatch and is gone.

17 INT. MARINER - WALTON'S CABIN - DAY

17

Walton, panicked and trembling, struggles as he pulls a SMALL  
PISTOL from a SECURE SAFE in the wall. He slides it into his  
back waistband and covers it with his jacket. A  
communication console BEEPS.

MAXWELL (O.S.)

Captain.

Walton does his best to calm himself before he flips the  
switch.

WALTON

Yes?

MAXWELL (O.S.)

The dock is sealed.

WALTON

I'll be right down.

18 EXT. MARINER - DOCKING RINGS - LATER

18

The Shuttle is docked to the Mariner by it's nose. It's size  
seems impossibly small, barely able to hold one person.

19 INT. MARINER - DOCKING BAY - CONTINUOUS 19

Walton, Maxwell, Leo and Geena stare into the opened hatch on the port side. SOUNDS OF SHUFFLING come from inside.

RYAN (O.S.)  
It stinks in here.

The Mariner's Medic, RYAN (30's), on the other side of the small hatchway, struggles with a body wrapped in a RUBBER HYPERBARIC CHAMBER. Leo kneels into the hatchway and grabs the HANDLE, slowly pulling it through the passageway and onto the Mariner.

WALTON  
Dead?

RYAN  
Vitals low and irregular, but he's still with us.

WALTON  
Human?

Maxwell helps pull the rubber chamber out and Ryan crawls out close behind.

GEENA  
He has to be. No Replicant would be out here by himself.

They struggle past Walton with the chamber, who gets his first glance at the pilot of the small craft. BLACKENED WITH FROSTBITE AND EMACIATED, the face behind the plastic seems hardly to be human, let alone alive.

20 INT. MARINER - MEDICAL WARD - LATER 20

The Hyperbaric Chamber, with the pilot's body still inside, lies on a FIXED TABLE projecting from the wall. From SLOTS IN THE WALL, Ryan pulls SHELVING UNITS FILLED WITH MEDICAL SUPPLIES. He puts on RUBBER gloves and begins adjusting the CONTROLS on the hyperbaric chamber.

RYAN  
He's in shock. Severe hypothermia and frostbite. Few broken ribs. Amazing he's still alive.

WALTON  
How long before I can talk to him?

(CONTINUED)

Ryan laughs, then realizes he's serious.

RYAN

Sorry. Assuming he survives? I have to get his core body temp up. Won't be long before gangrene sets in. Look, he may never wake up.

Frustrated, Walton looks at his CREW, FIVE MEN AND WOMEN who have come up from below to see the lost pilot. Feeling the need to exert his authority, Walton rounds on them.

WALTON

Get back to work. We still have to get ourselves out of here.

The crew moves off reluctantly, talking among themselves.

INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - LATER

More power has been restored to the consoles and the lights are on. The FIVE CREW FROM BELOW have joined the bridge crew, all freaked out by the stranger. Walton and Maxwell move to the side in tense discussion.

MAXWELL

The crew's frightened. They want your assurance --

WALTON

I've come too far to turn back now! Is the Shuttle functional?

MAXWELL

I think so. I think it just ran out of fuel. But what --

WALTON

Refuel it. We'll use it to push the Mariner away from the planet.

MAXWELL

We are wrecked! The rigging needs repair before we consider leaving shelter.

WALTON

Well, repair the damn rigging! I've spent my entire fortune on this! I won't give up as soon as it gets difficult!

(CONTINUED)

This flat refusal takes Maxwell aback. The tension is broken by the BEEP of the INTERCOM.

RYAN (O.S.)  
Captain.

MAXWELL  
What is it?

RYAN (O.S.)  
He's coming around.

Maxwell simply stares emotionless at Walton, mechanically fixed to the spot. In a moment:

MAXWELL  
Fine. I'll repair the rigging.

22 INT. MARINER - MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

22

Walton pulls himself through the hatch, catching his breath at the sight of FIGURE now lying EXPOSED AND NAKED on the EXAMINATION TABLE. Every breath the barely human creature takes seems an effort. His skin, BLACKENED AT THE EXTREMITIES, seems to crack as it moves. The BLACKENED SKIN OF HIS FACE frames his wild, maniacal eyes. A mummy brought to life, whose muscles and joints, rendered capable of movement, add to the horror.

This is what remains of DR. ELDON TYRELL.

Ryan, misinterpreting Walton's hesitation, gestures for him to come forward.

RYAN  
It's okay. He's not contagious.

Walton swallows and moves closer, within Tyrell's line of sight. It takes a moment for Walton's presence to register.

TYRELL  
Who are you? What are you doing out here?

WALTON  
I ... Me? What are you doing out here?

Tyrell doesn't answer, closing his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

WALTON (cont'd)  
 We're ice miners. I'm Captain  
 Walton, skipper of the "Ancient  
 Mariner". Who are you?

Tyrell smiles, his red, raw shin showing through the cracks  
 on the surface of his blackened skin.

TYRELL  
 Ancient Marin--

A violent shiver passes through him, causing him to convulse  
 in pain. He takes a moment to recover.

TYRELL (cont'd)  
 Who I am I? I am "Like one who, on  
 a lonely road, Doth walk in fear  
 and dread,... Because he knows a  
 frightful fiend doth close behind  
 him tread."

WALTON  
 I don't understand.

TYRELL  
 The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner?

He opens his eyes and looks at Walton with difficulty,  
 waiting for recognition.

TYRELL (cont'd)  
 Samuel Taylor Coleridge?

WALTON  
 I've -- I've never read...

TYRELL  
 No, you wouldn't have, would you.  
 You'd name your ship to honour a  
 poem you've never read.

Walton, slightly embarrassed, glances at the crew.

WALTON  
 Who was with you? In the other  
 shuttle?

TYRELL  
 He is... That creature is the cause  
 of all my misery.

WALTON  
 A rogue?

(CONTINUED)

TYRELL

No. Not as you think of it,  
anyway.

WALTON

Will he come back for you? Will he  
attack us?

TYRELL

You're right to be afraid of him,  
but he won't harm you.

WALTON

We'll do what we can to help you,  
but we're disabled. We can't get  
you to a medical facility.

TYRELL

I'll die in any case. I have  
cancer, you see. All I ask is  
that you destroy that shuttle and  
the man inside should you have the  
chance.

WALTON

We're a commercial vessel. We have  
no weapons. Besides, we have no  
reason but your word.

TYRELL

I can give you reason. Many  
reasons.

WALTON

Did he do this to you?

TYRELL

No. This is all my doing. And  
only half what I would do to him if  
given the chance.

WALTON

Then explain yourself. What kind  
of danger are we in?

TYRELL

What responsibility does a man have  
toward what he creates... And what  
that creation's effect is upon the  
world?\*

WALTON

Your creation?

(CONTINUED)

TYRELL

A patchwork man of my own devising,  
responsible for the destruction of  
my life's work.

WALTON

A replicant? Is he danger--?

The INTERCOM BEEPS and Walton jabs it with his fist.

WALTON (cont'd)

What is it?

23 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - LATER 23

Maxwell leans over a console, following the TRACK OF THE  
OTHER SHUTTLE on the screen.

(Intercut with previous scene.)

MAXWELL

Captain. The other Shuttle. It's  
trying to dock with us.

WALTON

Well, stop him!

MAXWELL

How? We can't move. And even if  
we did find a way to move, we'd  
risk damaging ourselves even more.

24 INT. MARINER - MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT 24

Walton glances between Ryan and Tyrell.

WALTON

Get to the airlock. Use the  
cutting tools for weapons. I'll be  
there as soon as I can.

TYRELL

Please. It was my task to destroy  
of that creature, but I've failed.  
I ask you to undertake my  
unfinished work, for the sake of  
everyone. Swear to me that if he  
should come on board, he will not  
live.

(CONTINUED)

WALTON

You would have me kill him? Is he artificial? I cannot justify killing a human being!

Ryan looks at Walton with disgust, barely holding his tongue.

TYRELL

Swear to me that he will not survive.

Tyrell lies back, eyes glaze. Sallow as a corpse, drained now of everything, his breathing slows to nothing.

Ryan checks Tyrell's pulse.

WALTON

Is he...?

RYAN

Not yet. Tough old bird.

Walton glances between Tyrell and Ryan, trying to decide what to do.

WALTON

Take care of him. I have to deal with the airlock.

Ryan flashes a look of mild hatred toward Walton as Walton scrambles through the hatchway.

Maxwell, Leo and Geena bear CUTTING TOOLS as clumsy weapons. They stare at the UNOPENED HATCH on the port side.

Walton pulls himself through the bulkhead and stands behind the crew members.

MAXWELL

He's threatening to cut open the hatch if we don't open it.

Walton pulls the pistol from his waistband.

WALTON

Open it.

MAXWELL

What the hell is that?



GEENA

You bastard! My contract said no weapons!

LEO

You don't trust us, is that it?

WALTON

Open the goddamn hatch!

Geena wrestles the hatch opened, pulling it over her head. She retreats behind Walton. He glares at her.

GEENA

What do you want me to do? You got the gun, bigshot.

Walton moves to the opening, the barrel of the gun wavering ahead of him.

WALTON

You, in there! Come on out of there. We're armed!

There is no reply, only the sounds of someone struggling through the narrow passageway. Finally, RICK DECKARD(50's) pulls himself through the hatch and sits on the floor.

WALTON (cont'd)

Who are you?

DECKARD

Deckard. Blade Runner. Three fifty-six thirty-eight.

The crew members react to that, lowering their weapons and moving back. Walton doesn't understand.

WALTON

Blade Runner? What's a Blade Runner?

MAXWELL

A bounty hunter.

GEENA

A killer.

Deckard scrutinizes each of them before settling back on Walton. He gestures toward his pocket.

DECKARD

May I?

(CONTINUED)

With Walton's nod of approval Deckard carefully reaches into his jacket for his WALLET. He opens it to his BADGE and hands it to him. Walton glances at it but keeps his gun trained on Deckard.

WALTON

What the hell are you doing out here?

DECKARD

Ask your guest.

WALTON

He's unconscious. Barely alive. Who is he?

DECKARD

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

WALTON

Try me.

DECKARD

Doctor Eldon Tyrell.

WALTON

(laughs)

Really? Head of the Tyrell Corporation? Out here?

DECKARD

I said you wouldn't believe me.

WALTON

Why are you chasing him?

DECKARD

I'm not. He's chasing me.

WALTON

Why?

DECKARD

Take me to him. I'll explain.

The crew members, frightened, back away from Deckard as Walton waves the gun toward the hatchway.

26 INT. MARINER - MEDICAL WARD - LATER 26

Walton takes Deckard at gunpoint into the Ward. At a safe distance, the crew follow, their make-shift weapons abandoned.

Ryan stands over Tyrell, looking up, surprised.

RYAN  
What the hell?

WALTON  
How is he doing?

RYAN  
I don't know how, but he's still  
alive.

WALTON  
What did you do to him? Why did he  
want us to kill you?

DECKARD  
He was angry because I stopped him.

WALTON  
What was your name? Deckard? Is  
that it? Deckard, who is this man?

DECKARD  
(to Tyrell)  
Tell them who you are.

Tyrell's wandering eyes finally settle on Deckard and stares daggers at him.

TYRELL  
I am become Death, the destroyer of  
worlds.  
(to Walton)  
He's persuasive. Do not trust him.

WALTON  
Who are you?

TYRELL  
I am Doctor Eldon Tyrell.

The crew, disturbed by this claim, presses forward to look.

GEENA  
No. It can't be.

(CONTINUED)

WALTON

He's lying. What the hell would somebody like Tyrell be doing out here?

DECKARD

He is who he says he is.

Leo blesses himself and whispers a prayer. Walton looks around at the crew with annoyance, then at Deckard.

WALTON

And why should we believe you? He wanted us to kill you on sight.

TYRELL

(barely audible)

Time and tide. The cycle of life.  
Ending in this, the last twilight.  
Before the silence of death.

Tyrell dies, his mummy-like body finally mercifully still.

Ryan presses his fingers to his neck to check his pulse. He looks at Walton and shakes his head.

GEENA

He's gone.

Leo whispers frantically and strokes his finger across his lips to his chin.

Walton waves the gun around, unsure who to point it at.

WALTON

What the hell is wrong with you people?

Deckard, in an impossibly quick motion, snatches the gun from him. Everyone, startled, backs away.

DECKARD

Take this before he kills us all.

In another quick motion, Deckard unloads the gun and hands it to Maxwell, pocketing the BULLETS.

GEENA

His cells. You have to preserve his stem cells!

WALTON

What? Why?

(CONTINUED)

Ryan quickly produces a LARGE SYRINGE and draws MILKY FLUID from Tyrell's BREAST BONE. He holds it up to Leo with reverence.

RYAN  
(to Deckard)  
Explain it to him. He will never  
listen to us.

DECKARD  
Where do I begin?

And Deckard begins his story:

27 INT. DECKARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 27

RACHAEL lies covered with a BEDSHEET(as we've seen her at the end of "Blade Runner").

GAFF (V.O.)  
It's too bad she won't live! But  
then again, who does?

A FIGURE approaches and reaches out to her.

MATCH CUT TO:

28 INT. DECKARD AND RACHAEL'S MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT - NIGHT 28

Rachael, now much older, lies motionless on the bed, her hair covering her face.

DECKARD (V.O.)  
Rachael?

A hand slowly moves the hair from her face, but we see that it is not Deckard, but GAFF(40's, much OLDER looking and MORE CRIPPLED than in Blade Runner). Emotionless, he stands over Rachael's dead body. He seems neither pleased or disturbed by her retirement. He opens a DRAWER near the bed and pulls out Deckard's PISTOL. He hears SOUNDS AT THE DOOR and reflexively levels the gun.

Deckard opens the door slowly, peering inside, brought up short by his own gun pointing at his face, his expression freezes in anger.

GAFF  
Unfinished business.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

You couldn't leave it alone.

GAFF

I did not retire her. Check for yourself.

Deckard does. Finding no injury, he brushes Rachael's cheek affectionately.

DECKARD

You were protecting us. Why?

GAFF

Bryant!

DECKARD

I don't get it. Why would Bryant want to protect us?

GAFF

He doesn't. I do.

DECKARD

Why?

GAFF

Interest. To see what you will do.

Gaff waves him to one side and moves toward the door.

GAFF (cont'd)

And you, sir? What is to become of you?

DECKARD

You would murder me?

GAFF

Murder? That would presume you're human.

DECKARD

What makes you think I'm not --

GAFF

The Unicorn How how would I know about it?

DECKARD

You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

Grief stricken, Deckard, looks over the body of Rachael in the bed.

GAFF

Detective! Investigate! If not a Replicant, then what? But do you even want to know?

DECKARD

I don't care any more. What difference does it make?

GAFF

All the difference. Or none. You're the one who chooses what difference. You're the one who chooses to shoot a woman in the back. You could choose not to. And that's the difference.

Gaff glances down at Racheal's body.

TYRELL (V.O.)

Rachael's an experiment, nothing more.

GAFF

More than an experiment. Much more.

He waves Deckard further into the room with the gun. Gaining the door, Gaff retreats backwards into the hallway.

GAFF (cont'd)

Retirement is not as permanent as you believe. Ask Tyrell.

DECKARD

He's dead. Roy Batty killed him.

GAFF

A man like Tyrell? I don't think so. That would have been too easy, don't you think. Roy Batty killed his replicant.

Gaff gives Deckard a moment to absorb this.

GAFF (cont'd)

Tyrell allowed Roy Batty to meet his maker.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD  
Why would he do that?

GAFF  
He needed to see what enlightenment  
looked like. He needed to see what  
was missing so he would do better  
the next time.

Gaff tosses a COLONIAL PASSPORT to Deckard.

DECKARD  
What's this?

GAFF  
Choose.

DECKARD  
Choose what?

GAFF  
Leave and don't come back.  
(indicates Rachael)  
Or stop Tyrell before he succeeds.  
Choose, Blade Runner.

Gaff tosses Deckard's gun on the floor and turns and walks  
away without looking back.

29 INT. OFFWORLD SHUTTLE - NIGHT 29

Tight on Deckard. Finally able to relax, he falls asleep.

ROY (V.O.)  
A dream has power to poison sleep.

30 INT. TYRELL CORP. - GENETICS LAB - DECKARD'S NIGHTMARE 30

TORTURED VOICE of Roy Batty echoes through his dream.

Deckard lies asleep on a slab, the stars shifting impossibly  
fast in the incongruous VICTORIAN BAY WINDOW.

BATTY (V.O.)  
When I looked around, I saw and  
heard of none like me.

Deckard lies on an OPERATING TABLE, his body being DISSECTED  
and examined by MEDICAL STUDENTS while he looks on in horror.

(CONTINUED)



BATTY (V.O.)

Was I then a monster, a blot upon  
the earth?

Inside a Incubator, an EMBRYONIC DECKARD screams into the  
HEAVY FLUID encasing him.

BATTY (V.O.)

No father had watched my infant  
days, no mother had blessed me with  
smiles and caresses.

Deckard digs himself from a GRAVE with his bare hands,  
scrambling to the surface, as if swimming through the black  
soil.

BATTY (V.O.)

I was alone and I cursed my creator  
as many have.

Covered in dirt, breath turning to steam, he stumbles through  
a dark alien forest, huge distorted trees coated in frost.

BATTY (V.O.)

Humanity, buried to its neck in the  
carcass of a dead world. You're  
free of that prison now. You're no  
longer dependant on a single sun, a  
single planet.

Deckard stumbles toward an ancient VICTORIAN HOUSE impossibly  
thrown into the scene, lights blazing, cold blue and  
artificial.

BATTY (V.O.)

The race will survive if you don't  
exterminate each other.  
(humourless)  
Huf. But of course, you will.

A FLASH OF LIGHT and a THUNDER CLAP destroys the huge OAK  
TREE in front of the house, throwing Deckard to the ground.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. VEGA COLONY 3 - CRASHED SHUTTLE - EVENING

The remains of a CRASHED SHUTTLE, mostly intact, though  
broken open like a tin can. A CARGO DOOR hangs ajar, smoke  
rolling from the interior, mixing with the gray drizzle.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

RATS scatter as DEBRIS is pushed aside by the opening door. Deckard's hand pushes it further opened as he slowly emerges, his arm and then his shoulder. Eventually able to slide free of the wreckage, he falls to the wet ground, taking a moment to regain his senses.

Gathering what little strength remains, he pulls his BACKPACK from the ruined shuttle and scrambles down the wet slope.

32 EXT. VEGA COLONY 3 - FORREST CLEARING - EVENING 32

Moving as fast as he can, Deckard races against the looming darkness toward the LIGHTS OF A VILLAGE.

33 EXT. VEGA COLONY 3 - MARKET SQUARE - EVENING 33

Deckard emerges from a NARROW PASSAGE between two buildings. He walks along the perimeter of the square, unsure what to do. Near a VEGETABLE STALL, a STOCKY DOG confronts him. The VENDOR (50's, stocky like his dog) watches him carefully.

VENDOR

Best let him sniff ya.

DECKARD

What?

VENDOR

(indicating the dog)

It's his job.

DECKARD

What do you mean?

VENDOR

Since the recall, he's the last best chance we have of finding the rogues.

DECKARD

The what?

VENDOR

Rogue Replicants. He can smell them.

DECKARD

That's wrong. Dogs can't smell--

VENDOR

Sure they can. We found one among us just last week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## VENDOR (CONT'D)

Known him for years, I did. Had no  
idea. Strung him up good, we did.

Deckard bundles his bag under his arm and moves off, the dog following his heels. The Vendor looks on in curiosity, then follows also, sensing a problem.

Deckard walks faster, but the dog and the Vendor have attracted the attention of a HALF DOZEN MORE PEOPLE in the market, who join the pursuit.

With the dog now barking and in full pursuit, Deckard scrambles through the streets. The vendors have formed a small mob, attracting the attention of TWO CONSTABLES.

Deckard vaults a TALL FENCE into an INCLOSED COURTYARD, and his pursuers are left looking on, shouting.

Doubling back through an opened doorway, he retreats from the angry crowd back into the forest.

34 EXT. VEGA COLONY 3 - FORREST CLEARING - EVENING 34

On the run now, the SOUNDS OF SPINNERS searching overhead, Deckard throws himself against a HIGH FENCE, vaulting it and scrambling for cover on the other side. Running for his life, he is drawn toward LIGHTS shining through the trees.

35 EXT. VEGA COLONY - REPLICANT DISPOSAL - EVENING 35

Deckard stumbles onto a horrific scene straight from the Nazi holocaust: Replicants BULLDOZING THE REMNANTS OF THEIR KIND into LONG TRENCHES, burying them.

A REPLICANT spots him and Deckard prepares to flee, but the man holds up a hand, stopping him in his tracks.

Looking around for human guards and seeing none, the Replicant gestures to Deckard and points to the pit.

Deckard slowly catches onto the Replicant's meaning. Confused, but with nowhere else to hide, dives into the pit, lying prone on the DEAD BODIES of the REPLICANTS, becoming one of them.

The Replicant continues his work, signalling Deckard to stay down as he BURIES DECKARD IN A SHALLOW LAYER OF DIRT.

36 EXT. VEGA COLONY - REPLICANT DISPOSAL - NIGHT 36

The mass of bodies now completely buried, the Replicants trudge back to their barracks.

Silence. Nothing moves.

Then, from a DEPRESSION IN THE GROUND, a HAND reaches for the surface. Deckard pulls himself free from his shallow grave.

Staying flat to the ground as he crawls out of the pit, he scrambles over the fence and disappears into the trees.

37 EXT. VEGA COLONY - RIVER - NIGHT 37

The DOUBLE MOONS illuminate Deckard's stumbling figure as he fights through the brush along the edge of the river. Breaking free finally, he collapses on the edge of the water, greedily gulping handfuls of water until satisfied.

As the water settles, he sees his reflection on the surface. He looks a state, with a DAY'S GROWTH OF BEARD and MUD-CAKED HAIR, FACE AND CLOTHES.

DECKARD

No wonder they're chasing you.

He leans into the stream and washes his face and hair.

Exhausted, Deckard rolls into the boughs of a tree and curls into a fetal position, falling asleep.

38 EXT. FOREST DREAMSCAPE - DAWN 38

A UNICORN gallops toward camera. Almost upon us, it's head swinging, it leaps over us:

SMASH CUT TO:

39 EXT. VEGA COLONY - RIVER - DAWN 39

A SMALL DEER crashes through the bushes, leaping over Deckard's prone body. He starts awake and screams.

As the deer clears the other side of the river, a SHOT RINGS OUT, taking the deer down instantly.

Deckard hugs the tree trunk and shields himself with the branches. FELIX BOWMAN(20's), bounds across the river toward his kill.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Deckard watches Felix with morbid fascination as he expertly TRIMS THE ANIMAL. Within minutes, he has the small deer tied up and slung on his back. As Felix heads into the forest, Deckard follows.

40 EXT. COLONY 2 FARM - RIDGE - DAY

40

A SMALL HOUSE in the valley below, barely visible in the trees. Smoke drifts from the chimney.

Deckard watches Felix enter an OUTBUILDING, shouldering the DRESSED DEER onto a HOOK inside. Felix brushes himself off as he disappears into the front door of the farmhouse.

Deckard cautiously proceeds down the ridge toward the house.

41 EXT. COLONY 2 FARM - FRONT YARD - DAY

41

Deckard approaches, furtive. He eases to a window, catches a glimpse inside. An old man, VICTOR BOWMAN(70's), quietly plays a small UPRIGHT PIANO. Deckard draws back. Listening.

RACHAEL (V.O.)

I didn't know if I could play. I remember lessons, but...

The tune ends. We hear the pleasant murmur of VOICES.

From behind the house, RUGAS, the FAMILY DOG, runs to Deckard, barking loudly. Deckard stays frozen as the door unlatches and swings open. Victor stares at him from the steps. Behind him, Felix comes out holding the RIFLE.

VICTOR

Who are you? What do you want?

DECKARD

I, ah... Well...

Deckard's eyes search for an escape route.

VICTOR

Are you here for work?

Deckard, eying the dog carefully, decides not to run.

VICTOR (cont'd)

Rugas! Get away from there!

The dog sniffs Deckard carefully, seems to approve and wanders off.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR (cont'd)

Good. We haven't had any help since the last batch of Replicants were recalled. What kind of skills do you have? And don't lie.

DECKARD

Not... I learn fast.

VICTOR

That's half the battle. I'm Victor. This is Felix. Come with me. I'll take you to the barracks.

42 EXT. COLONY 2 FARM - FRONT YARD - DAY

42

Deckard follows Victor to the side of the LARGE OUTBUILDING nearest the house, following him as he struggles up the STAIRCASE to the second level.

VICTOR

I'm getting too old for this.

He lets Deckard into the Barracks.

43 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - BARRACKS - NIGHT

43

In the attic area of the building, a large open room with a HALF DOZEN UNOCCUPIED BEDS. A dormer on one side has a WINDOW overlooking the front yard. Near the door, a small KITCHENETTE.

VICTOR

Make yourself at home. Would you like something to eat?

DECKARD

I'm not...

VICTOR

You look hungry. Get settled here. Get some rest. I'll make you something.

The old man leaves and Deckard puts his bag on the BEDSIDE TABLE. He UNFOLDS THE MATTRESS and brushes it down before he sits down.

He notices a SMALL SHRINE assembled on a table near the kitchen. He gets up and approaches it curiously.

(CONTINUED)

Tattooed on a piece of FLAYED TANNED HUMAN SKIN, an ASSEMBLY OF BLUE TRIANGLES resembling the STARS OF ORION beside a Japanese word symbol for "ORIGIN". On a HEAVY PAPER CARD, a STYLIZED EYE with a TEAR in one corner, the iris depicted as the same "Origin" symbol.

A PARTLY BURNED CANDLE and a NUMBER OF SMALL TRINKETS have been left by previous Replicant workers.

Too tired to think what it might be, Deckard falls into the bed and lets sleep take him.

44 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - BARRACKS - NEXT DAY 44

Deckard has made himself at home. On the bedside table, a number of OLD PHOTOS, some far too old for the time period (as on the piano in Blade Runner). He lies, fully clothed, on the unmade bed, staring at the ceiling.

A quiet KNOCK on the door gets him up quickly.

DECKARD

Come.

Victor lets himself in, the dog following and taking over one of the other beds. Deckard offers a seat on a nearby bed.

VICTOR

Pardon the intrusion. A few minutes, if that's okay.

DECKARD

Certainly. Wanna coffee or something?

VICTOR

No. I'm fine.

Victor looks curiously at the photos on the bedside table, then over at the shrine.

VICTOR (cont'd)

You've not blessed the shrine?

DECKARD

I'm not... I wasn't really sure what that was.

VICTOR

I'm sorry. We assumed ... you were artificial. I thought it odd you had no tattoos.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(beat)

Anyhow. You've not heard of  
Mercerism?

DECKARD

What? That crazy Replicant  
religion?

VICTOR

It's not that crazy. It was  
initially introduced to control  
them, to make them more docile,  
but it seems to have taken on a  
life of its own. It's their only  
experience with empathy, you see.  
Some have even come to believe when  
humans all convert to Mercerism,  
then humans and Replicants will be  
one.

Victor goes to Deckard's table and examines the photos with  
curiosity.

VICTOR (cont'd)

Where's your family, Rick?

DECKARD

I don't... Dead. I think.

VICTOR

To be without friends or family is  
indeed to be unfortunate.

DECKARD

It's something I'm used to.

VICTOR

It's not my business, of course,  
but why are you here?

DECKARD

What do you mean?

VICTOR

I'm not about to look a gift horse  
in the mouth, but...

Deckard tries to evade the question, making the bed.

DECKARD

I came... I left Earth because  
nobody should have to live there.  
The Earth is old. Dismal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DECKARD (CONT'D)

You can feel it in the stones. In  
the soil. Terrible old age.

Victor simply looks at him, waiting. Finally, Deckard sighs  
and sits back down.

DECKARD (cont'd)

I had to leave. It might be better  
if you don't know.

VICTOR

But is it right to deceive us?

DECKARD

I wouldn't want you to think I was  
any danger to you. I know I'm not  
being fair, but if you were in my  
place... I'm afraid you'll only  
see a monster, no matter what the  
results.

VICTOR

If you'll trust me, I may be able  
to help.

DECKARD

That's very generous. You've done  
more than... I can't thank you  
enough...

Victor accepts this with a smile.

45 EXT. COLONY 2 FARM - FIELDS - LATE AFTERNOON 45

The flattened reddish sphere of the OVERSIZED SUN approaches  
the horizon, light reflecting off the thin solar disc  
surrounding it. Deckard, intent on his work, runs A LARGE  
CUMBERSOME TRACTOR over the FALLOW FIELD.

46 EXT. COLONY 2 FARM - RIDGE - EVENING 46

Deckard clears brush with a HEAVY BLADE. On the road some  
distance away, a mysterious woman, SAFIE(20's), tall and  
attractive. A passing resemblance to Rachael when he first  
met her, decidedly out of place in this rural setting. She  
walks past without noticing him, cautiously making her way to  
the farmhouse. Victor and Rugas greet her at the door with  
joy.

47 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - LIVING ROOM - LATER 47

Deckard hesitantly knocks on the door and lets himself in. He sets a BUNDLE OF VEGETABLES on a small table and bows as he wipes his hands with a RAG.

Safie sits primly on a chair next to Victor, Rugas sitting contentedly beside her. She observes Deckard carefully.

Mildly uncomfortable, Felix takes the vegetables to the KITCHEN and cleans them in the sink.

FELIX

Thanks, Rick. Get cleaned up.

VICTOR

Rick, this is Safie. Safie, this is Rick Deckard.

Deckard greets her awkwardly, unable to glean the reason for the family's discomfort.

FELIX

Safie is... My Aunt. She's been away --

VICTOR

(to Safie)

Rick recently arrived from Earth. He's been a great help around here.

(to Rick)

Please join us for supper.

DECKARD

I don't want to intrude on a family reunion.

VICTOR

No, please.

SAFIE

I don't mind, really.

Safie, equally as fascinated with Deckard as he is with her, takes Victor's hand gently.

48 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - DINING ROOM - LATER 48

The odd family sets to eating. Deckard and Safie eat VEGETABLES ONLY, while Felix and Victor eat MEAT from the deer. Victor watches the interaction between Deckard and Safie with great interest.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR

My, ah ... daughter ... just got  
back from the outer planets.

SAFIE

I work for a trade company.

DECKARD

What do you trade, if you don't  
mind me asking?

SAFIE

Pre-colonial fiction.

DECKARD

I don't understand.

SAFIE

Stories written about space travel  
but before space travel. There's a  
fortune to be made trading pre-  
colonial science fiction to the  
colonies. Film discs, especially.  
But, books, too.

DECKARD

I don't understand. Why?

SAFIE

Because it's interesting. Most of  
it was wrong, of course. The  
writers made it up. But to read  
about great cities and huge  
industrial enterprises. Beings  
from other stars with infinite  
wisdom--

FELIX

Beings from other stars? Crazy.

VICTOR

Felix is too young to understand.  
Unfortunately, nothing is that  
exciting here. The colonists from  
Earth are never told the truth  
about the colonies. The fantasy is  
better than the -- reality.

SAFIE

You don't eat meat, Mr. Deckard?

Deckard looks at the meat on Felix's plate with mild disgust.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

No. Not really.

SAFIE

Meat is illegal on Earth, is it not?

FELIX

Meat is illegal here, too.

DECKARD

Was it artificial? The deer?

FELIX

Of course not.

DECKARD

But they're not indigenous. They would have to be artificial.

FELIX

They breed.

DECKARD

How is that possible?

FELIX

Nature does what it needs to. We only pretend to control it.

Safie indicates the meat on their plates.

SAFIE

Maybe this was the last deer. The last living deer on the planet. In that case, it's all over for the deer. Haven't we learned anything from what happened on Earth?

FELIX

And what would be the loss if it was the last deer? They don't belong here any more than we do.

SAFIE

And the Replicants? They were created for this place. They're the closest to being indigenous.

FELIX

Maybe they will take over soon enough.

(CONTINUED)

Victor nods in agreement and reaches for more vegetables.

49 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 49

Victor softly plays the piano as Safie sits nearby, stroking the dog. Felix prepares food and drinks in the kitchen.

Deckard comes in from working, cleaning up in the kitchen.

SAFIE

I've been watching you.

DECKARD

Really? And what have you seen?

SAFIE

You're a cop, aren't you?

Deckard freezes, looking between them. Victor stops playing and meets his gaze. Cautiously, Deckard dries his hands and sits at the table.

DECKARD

Why would you say that?

SAFIE

I don't know. You look like a hunter. Like Felix when he hunts deer. You seem so peculiar. Hard and strange. You feel you don't belong here.

VICTOR

Safie, dear. Please...

SAFIE

I'm sorry, but I don't think he's been honest with either of you.

VICTOR

And we've not been honest with him, have we? Let him be.

SAFIE

You're what you call a -- a

DECKARD

A Blade Runner. Yes.

A brief uncomfortable silence as they absorb this.

(CONTINUED)

SAFIE

Your job is to kill Replicants.

DECKARD

It used to be.

SAFIE

You're not what I expected.

DECKARD

And what did you expect?

SAFIE

I had an indistinct impression of something merciless that carried a printed list and a gun. That moved machine-like through the flat bureaucratic job of killing. A thing without emotions, or without even a face. A thing that, if killed, got replaced immediately by another resembling it.

DECKARD

Maybe you're not that far from the truth.

SAFIE

And you're paid a tidy sum for each you get.

DECKARD

Not nearly enough.

SAFIE

If I entered a room and found a sofa covered with your hide, I think I'd score very high on the Voigt-Kampff test.

VICTOR

Safie. That's enough.

She ignores him, directly confronting Deckard.

SAFIE

What does it feel like to retire a Replicant?

DECKARD

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

SAFIE

What happens? Do they just give up? A mechanical, intellectual acceptance of the end.

DECKARD

Sometimes. Even before they die, you feel the life force ooze out. Something a genuine organism - with two billion years of pressure to survive and evolve - could never reconcile itself to.

SAFIE

But the Nexus Six is different, isn't it. They fight to survive. Right to the end.

DECKARD

How do you know about Nexus Six?

SAFIE

(ignores him)  
Why did you quit?

Deckard hesitates, glancing at Victor, who obviously wants to know also. He unconsciously massages the IMPERFECTLY HEALED BROKEN FINGERS of his right hand.

ROY (V.O.)

It's quite an experience to live in fear. That's what it is to be a slave.

DECKARD

A Replicant doesn't care what happens to a human. That's one of the indications we look for.

SAFIE

I would say that some humans have the same trait. Why? What made you quit?

DECKARD

A Replicant. Roy Batty. A Nexus Six... He could have killed me. But he spared my life. For the first time, I looked at them differently.

(CONTINUED)

SAFIE

And after that, you realized that you won't be able to retire any more Replicants.

Felix joins them, bringing DRINKS AND FOOD from the kitchen. He sits next to Safie.

FELIX

I didn't think it was true.

DECKARD

Why didn't you?

FELIX

B-because things like that don't happen. The Government never kills anyone, for any crime. Even animals -- are sacred.

VICTOR

But you see, if you're not human, it's all different.

DECKARD

All life is protected by law. But not artificial life. Artificial life is owned by its creator, to do with it what he pleases.

Deckard looks squarely at Victor, who can't meet his gaze.

50 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - BARRACKS - NIGHT 50

Victor sits at the shrine, absently adjusting the VARIOUS TRINKETS left there by previous Replicant farm workers.

DECKARD

She's a replicant, isn't she.

VICTOR

She's passed Voight-Kampff.

DECKARD

I don't believe you.

VICTOR

Why would I lie?

(CONTINUED)



DECKARD

That's an extraordinary claim. A bone marrow test will tell you for sure. They can get a court order.

VICTOR

Legally, if she passes Voight-Kampff, she can't be forced to take a bone marrow test.

DECKARD

The issue is not the legality of the bone marrow test. The issue is that if the Voight-Kampff test fails, even once, then it's useless.

VICTOR

Yes, but what proof do you have that it failed?

DECKARD

I can't prove it. I just know. If she passed the test, then...

VICTOR

It isn't impossible. It's still basically an empathy test. Psychopaths, for instance, have little experience feeling empathy for anything or anyone.

(beat)

But, then, no one cares if you retire a psychopath.

DECKARD

It's critical that the Voight-Kampff test functions flawlessly. Even when dealing with a psychopath.

VICTOR

But you have to admit, if the test is flawed, then the police department may have retired humans with underdeveloped empathic ability.

DECKARD

It's possible, but the government would never allow even a hint of such a thing.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR

And you? You're obviously not a  
Replicant. Or are you?

DECKARD

I don't... I don't know.

VICTOR

But you've thought about it for  
some time.

Deckard can't meet his gaze, staring at the too-old photos of  
his family.

VICTOR (cont'd)

With you, I see evidence of memory  
implantation, and yet you have  
genuine memories going back  
decades. I don't see how it's  
possible, but there it is.

(beat)

I've always suspected Blade Runners  
were different.

DECKARD

Different how?

VICTOR

But, Rick, what if the test is not  
flawed? What if you are human  
after all?

DECKARD

Meaning what?

VICTOR

It was never intended to detect  
modified humans. You know that.

Deckard, extremely uncomfortable with this idea, stares at  
the floor, trying to come to grips with what Victor is  
telling him.

RACHAEL (V.O.)

Have you ever taken that test  
yourself? Deckard?

DECKARD

Modifying humans is illegal.

VICTOR

So are a lot of things.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

False memories have been tried at various times. To alter the reactions to testing. They've never worked before.

VICTOR

It depends on how elaborate the memories are. Now, on a Nexus, they use an image as a touchstone. Something to push their minds back into reality when they begin to doubt who they are. They would use a mythical creature, like a fairy, or a troll.

Deckard's eyes glaze over, horrified at the thought.

51 EXT. FOREST DREAMSCAPE - FLASHBACK 51

The unicorn prances toward the camera.

TYRELL (V.O.)

She's beginning to suspect, I think.

52 INT. DECKARD'S APARTMENT - OUTSIDE CORRIDOR - FLASHBACK 52

Gaff carefully places the ORIGAMI UNICORN on the floor in front of Deckard's door.

DECKARD (V.O.)

Suspect? How could it not know what it is?

53 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - VICTOR'S ROOM - NIGHT 53

Deckard, now almost convinced that he is artificial, stares off out the window.

DECKARD

You mean... like a unicorn?

VICTOR

Yes. Yes. Exactly.

DECKARD

But who's to say? I mean, don't real people dream about fairies? And unicorns?

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR

If you're a Nexus replicant then it's extremely unusual for you to have survived this long. Unheard of, in fact. A Nexus has four useful years. You're obviously well past that. The odds are you're not a Replicant. Perhaps some kind of hybrid? Unfortunately, you can never know. The only one way to find out for sure is to go back to Earth.

DECKARD

Unfortunately.

VICTOR

But wouldn't you want to know?

DECKARD

No. I'd rather not know.

VICTOR

That's your decision, of course. Safie suspected, like you. For a long time.

DECKARD

Victor. About Safie. I understand... I'm... I'm sorry for your loss.

VICTOR

What loss? She's here, as young and beautiful as I remember.

DECKARD

How long can you continue to do this?

VICTOR

There will be no more of Safie. Her stem cells have been depleted.

DECKARD

Why not use cells from this Safie?

VICTOR

Errors in replication don't allow it. Each copy is inferior. Only original materials can make a viable copy.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

And when it's ... when she's gone?

VICTOR

Finally, I will accept it.

(beat)

I wish you the same fortune, my friend.

He pats Deckard on the shoulder and leaves.

54 EXT. COLONY 2 FARM - FIELDS - EVENING

54

Deckard runs the tractor over the fallow field. He stops the ungainly vehicle at the end of a furrow. He gets out of the tractor, staring up at the DOUBLE MOONS, pale against the YELLOWING SKY.

GAFF (V.O.)

You choose to shoot a woman in the back. Or you could choose not to.

He looks around like he has just arrived there, a displaced alien on a foreign planet. Shaking off his funk, he walks across the field toward the farm house.

55 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - LIVING ROOM - DAY

55

Deckard lets himself in, brought up short by Safie, visibly angry.

SAFIE

What did he tell you? That I'm a Replicant?

DECKARD

No. He denied it. He said you passed the Voight-Kampff test.

SAFIE

But you think I am. Why?

DECKARD

Experience.

SAFIE

So it's an illusion that I - I personally - really exist. Is that it? I'm just representative of a type?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAFIE (CONT'D)

And we have group hallucinations.  
Is that what you think?

DECKARD

Those memories are real to you, but  
they're not yours.

SAFIE

So, we're all just machines,  
stamped out like bottle caps. If I  
die, the old man will simply stamp  
out another?

DECKARD

That sound like you're speaking  
from personal experience.

She pulls back, upset but accepting the inevitable.

SAFIE

I'm far too young to have those  
experiences.

DECKARD

How old are - do you feel are you?

SAFIE

Eighteen.  
(stifles a sob)  
Do you know... I've been in  
existence two years. How long do  
you believe I have?

DECKARD

About two more years. I'm sorry.

SAFIE

Sorry? Is that an example of the  
empathy that humans claim to have?  
But you're not a replicant. At  
least not like one I've ever seen  
before. The test. Have you taken  
it?

DECKARD

A long time ago. When I first  
started with the police department.

SAFIE

Maybe that's also a false memory.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

My superiors know about the test.  
It's mandatory.

SAFIE

It's even possible that your  
superiors don't know.

DECKARD

There are a lot of safeguards in  
place to prevent that.

SAFIE

I'll agree to take the test if you  
take it first. Then I could be  
sure.

DECKARD

I would pass again. And probably  
you would, too. What would be the  
point?

Safie seems to deflate, unable to sustain her bravado.

SAFIE

We're all schizophrenic, with  
defective emotional lives -

DECKARD

Flattening of affect, it's called.

SAFIE

You know everything and you know  
nothing.

DECKARD

I'm sorry.

SAFIE

Dammit, stop saying that. Your  
empathy is wasted on me. You know  
that better than anyone.

DECKARD

What do you want me to say?

SAFIE

Empathy is just a way of proving  
that humans can do something we  
can't.

DECKARD

I know what you mean, but--

(CONTINUED)

SAFIE

How could you know what that means?  
Are your experiences real?

DECKARD

I ... don't ...

SAFIE

See? My memories are just as valid  
as yours. You know in your heart  
that there's no way to disprove my  
memories without also disproving  
your own.

DECKARD

You have no real proof that any of  
it happened to you...

Safie begins to tremble, bouncing between rage and fear.

SAFIE

How can we be expected to live like  
this? To never be able to  
completely trust your own memories?  
It would drive anyone mad.

She pushes her way past him and out the door.

56 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - BARRACKS - LATER 56

Deckard lies on the bed, staring at the ceiling. The FAINT  
SOUND OF THE PIANO drifts from the farmhouse.

57 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - LIVING ROOM - LATER 57

Victor sits at the piano and plays softly. With some grief,  
he watches Safie ascend the staircase up to the Barracks.

58 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS 58

Safie lets herself into the Barracks without knocking. She  
waits with her back against the door.

Finally alone with her, Deckard is unsure what to say. He  
gets up from the bed and goes to the kitchenette, preparing  
coffee and food on the counter.

DECKARD

I was making something. Do you  
want anything?

(CONTINUED)



SAFIE

No.

She makes her way to the shrine.

SAFIE (cont'd)

What do you know about Mercerism?

DECKARD

Not very much. I guess it wasn't a memory they felt I needed.

SAFIE

Do you mind?

She gestures toward the shrine. Deckard nods and watches, fascinated, as she performs a BRIEF RITUAL, whispering to herself as she arranges the objects on the table and LIGHTS THE CANDLE.

SAFIE (cont'd)

(concluding)

Mercer is our friend.

DECKARD

What does all that stuff mean?

Safie picks up the FLAYED, TATTOOED SKIN and runs her finger along the design.

SAFIE

This is the skin of a prophet. A Replicant who was able to feel empathy before he retired.

DECKARD

A Replicant with empathy? That's not possible.

SAFIE

The Replicant who spared you. Roy Batty. He gained enlightenment. You said so yourself.

DECKARD

Is that what you call it? Enlightenment?

SAFIE

Mercer says that at some time, every creature that lives must violate its own identity. This is the curse that feeds all life.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

Curse?

SAFIE

Because without the Mercer experience, we have just your word that you feel this empathy business, this sacred group thing. Otherwise, the whole experience of empathy is a swindle.

DECKARD

But what happens when you lose faith?

SAFIE

Mercer says that you must then go on as if he never existed. Can you understand? When your God tells you that?

DECKARD

No. I don't understand.

SAFIE

Don't you see? He's telling us there is no salvation.

DECKARD

Then what is it all for?

SAFIE

Reassurance. To show us... To show us that we aren't alone.

She replaces the piece of skin with reverence.

SAFIE (cont'd)

But it doesn't matter, does it?.  
The electric things have their lives, too. Paltry as those lives are.

Deckard takes a MELON AND TWO PEACHES from the refrigerator and begins slicing the peaches into wedges.

She stares down at the plate.

SAFIE (CONT'D)

What is that?

DECKARD

A peach.

(CONTINUED)

SAFIE

That's earth food. Where did you get it?

DECKARD

The black market. Have some.

Hesitant, she looks to him for approval.

SAFIE

I'll try a slice. Just one.

She gingerly picks up a slippery PINK-ORANGE FURRY SLICE with trembling fingers, sliding it into her mouth. Cold tears descend her cheeks as she savours the strange flavour on her tongue.

SAFIE (cont'd)

Goddamn it.

Unsure what to do, Deckard continues to divide the food. She pulls herself together and takes ANOTHER SLICE OF PEACH into her mouth. After another moment of sensuous bliss, she licks the juice from her fingers.

SAFIE (cont'd)

What is it like? On Earth?

DECKARD

It's an awful place. Much worse than this.

SAFIE

Do you believe I'm suffering because I'm lonely? Hell, we're all lonely.

Her voice trails off.

DECKARD

People are lonely, too.

Safie comes to him, a sorrowful light in her weary pain-drenched eyes.

SAFIE

Deckard? Have you ever made love to a Replicant?

DECKARD

(a lie)  
No.

(CONTINUED)

SAFIE

I understand - they tell me - it's  
convincing if you don't think too  
much about it.

She kisses him hesitantly, bracing for the revulsion that  
never comes. Abandoning the food, Deckard responds to her  
kiss.

SAFIE (cont'd)

Don't be disappointed.

INT. COLONY 2 FARM - BARRACKS - LATER

They lie in bed, naked and exhausted. Deckard looks anything  
but disappointed, but Safie seems to have had only a physical  
reaction to the sexual encounter.

DECKARD

You want to have children?  
Replicants can't bear children.

SAFIE

Nature finds a way.

DECKARD

What does Mercer have to say about  
that?

SAFIE

Nothing. How does it feel to have  
a child? How does it feel to be  
born, for that matter? We're not  
born; we don't grow up. Is that a  
loss? We don't really know, do we?  
We have no way to tell.

DECKARD

Do you know what I have now? Toward  
Replicants?

SAFIE

Empathy?

DECKARD

Identification.

SAFIE

There is one difference.

DECKARD

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

SAFIE

You've met him. Our creator.

DECKARD

Tyrell? No. The Tyrell I met was a Replicant.

SAFIE

(stifles a sob)

Anyhow, you should know the truth. The brick-hard irregular slithery surface of the truth.

DECKARD

I'm not sure that the truth even exists.

SAFIE

Mercer is here with you and always will be. Go and do your task, even though you know it's wrong.

DECKARD

Are you trying to persuade me?

SAFIE

That depends. Do you want me to persuade you to go back? Or do you want me to persuade you not to try?

DECKARD

I've seen what happens when you try to meet your maker.

SAFIE

We're all chitinous reflex-machines who aren't really alive.

DECKARD

You're alive.

SAFIE

I am not alive!

DECKARD

More alive than I can claim to be.

SAFIE

Don't make me wait. If it's going to happen, I want you to do it now. At the occipital bone, the posterior base of the skull.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

What are you talking about?

SAFIE

Retirement.

DECKARD

I'm not going to kill you. Besides,  
your father will never let anything  
happen to you.

SAFIE

Daughter? You think I'm--  
(pulling away)  
I'm not Victor's daughter, Deckard.  
I am... Safie was his wife.

DECKARD

What?

SAFIE

I'm his wife.

Stunned, Deckard gets up and goes to the shrine, staring.

DECKARD

His wife? No. You can't be.

RACHAEL (V.O.)

I'm not in the business. I am the  
business.

DECKARD

How could I have been so blind?

SAFIE

What's wrong?

DECKARD

Rachael.

SAFIE

Who's Rachael?

DECKARD

(stunned)  
His wife.

He stares at her, unable to speak.

60 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - BARRACKS - DAWN

60

Deckard sleeps fitfully.

GAFF (V.O.)

More than an experiment, Deckard.  
Much more.

A loud THUMP (like a concussion grenade), wakes him up. He looks around and sees that Safie is gone.

As he comes to his senses, DISTANT ANGRY VOICES can be heard. The dog BARKS AND GROWLS until it is cut short with a YELP. A BRIGHT LIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW pierces the darkness. Then FLASHING BLUE AND RED LIGHTS.

Spinners!

Deckard scrambles for his weapon, but then remembers he has none. He stuffs his meager belongings into his bag.

Carefully, he eases his head above the sill of the window, catching a glimpse of the farmhouse just as SIX UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS burst through the front door.

At the same instant, TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS storm his room, HEAVY WEAPONS DRAWN. Deckard flattens himself to the floor, trembling.

61 INT. COLONY 2 FARM - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

61

The Two Officers roughly lead Deckard through the front door. They have to step over the DEAD CARCASS of the DOG lying near the threshold.

Inside, the place is a SHAMBLES. Victor lies on the floor, MULTIPLE GUNSHOT WOUNDS IN HIS BACK.

Felix, in complete shock, sits on the floor nearby. He stares at his Grandfather's body in disbelief, unable to tear his eyes away. There is no grief. The movements. The lack of empathy. Not quite human. And the eyes.

Felix is a Replicant also.

Safie, BATTERED AND BRUISED, stares down at Victor's body. Emotionless, she tears her gaze from Victor and stares at Deckard. The same eyes.

A YOUNG OFFICER (20's) places a BINOCULAR-LIKE DEVICE over Deckard's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG OFFICER

Look into the light please, sir.

A FLASH OF LIGHT blinds him briefly and when he regains his sight, Safie does not look at him again.

The Young Officer hands the device to RESCH (40's, a BLADE RUNNER) who comes into the living room from the back of the house. He reads the ID INFORMATION on the SCREEN as he approaches Deckard.

RESCH

Mr. Deckard. You're a long way from home.

DECKARD

Who are you?

RESCH

Resch. Blade Runner. Three nine four, three six.

DECKARD

What happened here? Why did you do this?

RESCH

The old man, Victor Bowman. Smuggling illegal Skin Jobs through the Colonies. Good knock-offs, too. Almost undetectable.

DECKARD

You killed him. He's not a Replicant!

RESCH

He tried to protect this one. Got in the line of fire.

(looks at Safie)

Never seen one fight back the way she did.

DECKARD

I have.

Safie glares at him briefly, then crouches beside Victor's body. She looks at Felix, who has drawn a BLOODLINE from under his nose, across his lips to his chin.

RESCH

What are you doing here? Says you're retired.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



RESCH (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Never heard of a retired Blade Runner.

DECKARD

I quit.

RESCH

That's a new one on me.

(beat)

Are you a Replicant, Mr. Deckard? The reason I ask is we've had escaped Replicants turn up posing as Offworld bounty hunters in pursuit of a suspect.

DECKARD

I'm not pursuing anybody. Besides you can find out easy enough.

RESCH

I believe I will.

(gesture)

Please.

DECKARD

Am I under arrest?

RESCH

Of course not. I'm asking. Professional courtesy.

Safie touches the wounds on Victor's back, soaking her fingers in the blood. She draws a BLOODLINE from under her nose, across her lips to her chin. An inhuman CAT-LIKE HOWL of grief emanates from her throat.

RESCH (cont'd)

Hey! Cut out that religious crap!

He moves toward Safie to stop her but Deckard grabs him.

DECKARD

Don't!

They stare at each other for a moment until Resch relaxes. Deckard lets him go.

RESCH

So that's it.

DECKARD

That's it.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

Safie makes brief eye contact with Deckard before she gets back up and stands stiffly, waiting.

62 EXT. VEGA COLONY - REPLICANT DISPOSAL - DAY

62

Deckard walks quickly past the fence, hardly looking in the direction of the OPEN-PIT GRAVE. He jumps at the sound of GUNFIRE, turning involuntarily toward the scene of horror before him.

His eye is drawn to a FIGURE standing at the edge of the pit. Her NAKED BODY bruised and bleeding, Safie stares at him, emotionless.

Then, another GUNSHOT. Safie crumbles to the ground and her lifeless body rolls into the pit, revealing Resch smiling at Deckard.

Deckard tears himself away, not wanting to witness any more.

63 EXT. EARTH ORBIT - DAY

63

The blackness of space cut through with the BLUE CRESCENT OF EARTH. POLAR ICE CAPS have encroached past the Canadian border. YELLOW-ORANGE STREAKS mar the atmosphere.

The MOON in the distance partly reflects the BLUE COLOUR of the Earth on it's dark side, faintly outlining the ELABORATE STRUCTURES OF THE LUNAR COLONIES.

SAFIE (V.O.)

Don't you see, Deckard? There is no salvation.

64 INT. DECKARD'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

64

A small SHABBY APARTMENT. A dimly lit BATHROOM on one side, and a KITCHENETTE on the other. Beside a battered ENTRANCE DOOR, a pollution-streaked window shows a section of the HELLISH LANDSCAPE that Los Angeles has become.

SAFIE (V.O.)

Every creature is required to violate its own identity.

Deckard closes the ratty CURTAIN and throws off his wet jacket onto the FOLD-OUT BED.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

On the LAMP STAND beside the bed, he sees a small PAPER ORIGAMI UNICORN. He examines it carefully, unfolding it to reveal a hand-written note.

He snorts a humourless laugh and pockets the note.

65 EXT. LA STREETS - NIGHT

65

Rain and misery. Deckard turns up his collar against the damp as he makes his way toward the Bradbury Building. He crosses the street and disappears into an alley.

A DARK FIGURE, large and imposing, follows Deckard at a discreet distance.

66 EXT. LOS ANGELES ROOFTOP - NIGHT

66

The same miserable rooftop where Roy Batty retired. Deckard forces himself through the RUSTY DOOR. It takes a moment for him to realize the significance of where he is.

BATTY (V.O.)

It's quite an experience to live in fear... That's what it is to be a slave.

Gaff gets out of his SPINNER PARKED ON THE ROOFTOP, leaning on his SILVER HANDLED WALKING STICK.

DECKARD

I don't get it? Why meet here?

GAFF

To remind you. Do you remember what the Replicant said to you.

(beat)

Are you still a slave, Deckard?

DECKARD

No.

Gaff shakes his head slowly, handing him an ELABORATELY FOLDED NOTE.

GAFF

Evergreen Cemetery.

DECKARD

How do you know he'll be there?

(CONTINUED)

GAFF

He's always there.

(beat)

Ask him who Rachael really is.

DECKARD

The implants. He told me they belonged to his niece.

GAFF

Detective! Investigate! Tyrell has no niece!

DECKARD

He lied? Why?

Gaff returns to his Spinner, shaking his head.

GAFF

Blade Runner. Some advice?

DECKARD

From you?

GAFF

Stay clear of Bryant.

Tyrell stands in the open, staring into the milky darkness of the sky. He looks impossibly young for a man his age. (Possibly the result of modification.). He stands in front of an UNASSUMING GRAVESTONE. Engraved on it, an EMBOSSED PHOTO and the words:

"Rachael Rosen. Far too young to die."

TYRELL

Years ago, we would have seen stars. But no one has seen the stars in years.

In a corner of the graveyard, Deckard watches Tyrell pay tribute to Rachael.

ROY (V.O.)

What does one say to one's Maker, having finally met him face to face?

Deckard steps out and reveals himself.

(CONTINUED)

TYRELL

Mr. Deckard, I presume?

DECKARD

Doctor Tyrell.

TYRELL

What can I do for you, Mr. Deckard?

DECKARD

What have you done to me?

TYRELL

Captain Bryant didn't explain that to you?

Deckard pulls his gun and points it at him, but seems to be fighting himself. Tyrell backs away in mild fear.

TYRELL (cont'd)

Your modifications will prevent you from harming me in any way.

DECKARD

(controls himself)

What modifications? What have you done to me?

Watching Deckard's trembling hands, Tyrell gains confidence when he sees that the inhibitors are working.

TYRELL

You're no threat to me, Mr. Deckard.

DECKARD

A man with nothing to lose is dangerous.

(beat)

You're the one who set this in motion, Tyrell. Only you can end it.

TYRELL

There is no secret, Mr. Deckard. All you needed to do was ask.

DECKARD

You gave me these memories, but you didn't tell me how to use them. Roy Batty, at least, was a poet. But me?

(CONTINUED)

Deckard draws closer, struggling with an interior battle against implanted foreign impulses.

DECKARD (cont'd)

When I was fifteen years old, I witnessed a violent thunderstorm. Frightful. Loud. As I stood at the door, fire shot up from an old oak tree that stood about twenty yards from the house. Like that, the oak had disappeared. When I visited it the next morning, I found the tree shattered. Nothing remained but a blasted stump. I never seen anything so utterly destroyed.

(beat)

Memories. Vivid and clear. But incomplete. I don't remember when this happened. I don't remember the house. I don't remember ever seeing the tree before.

Tyrell's scientific curiosity comes out in spite of himself.

TYRELL

Interesting. I didn't realize that there was that much overlap. What else do you remember?

DECKARD

To hell with you!

(beat)

The Unicorn? What does it mean?

TYRELL

That was an experiment. A touchstone, if you will. It would trigger when you began to doubt yourself. To doubt what you were doing. To question why.

DECKARD

Well, I'm questioning now. Where did these memories come from?

TYRELL

They're echoes. Trace memories from the donor, perhaps.

DECKARD

Who's memories?

(CONTINUED)

TYRELL

A man named Waldman. He was my --  
protector. For years. A simple  
man. Did what needed to be done,  
without remorse or pity. Until Roy  
Batty killed him.

DECKARD

And I'm him?

TYRELL

Oh, hardly. You could only aspire  
to such a thing.

DECKARD

Stolen memories.  
(soft, intense)  
What am I? Who was I before?

TYRELL

I don't know. Really, I don't.

DECKARD

What have you done to me? I never  
asked for this.

TYRELL

But you did indeed ask for this,  
Mr. Deckard.

DECKARD

What are you talking about?

TYRELL

Blade Runners are not born, Mr.  
Deckard. They're created. The  
modifications were your own. You  
wanted to be the best. And you  
are.

DECKARD

I don't believe you.

TYRELL

The Blade Runner program is  
completely voluntary. It's the  
only way the government would  
legalize it. You chose to live  
this life.

DECKARD

No. You're lying.

(CONTINUED)

TYRELL

You should talk with Captain Bryant. He knows more than I do about this.

DECKARD

Bryant?  
(disgust)  
You people are monsters.

TYRELL

It would seem that way to you, but we do what we have to do to survive.

DECKARD

When you aspired your Replicants to be "More human than human", is this what you had in mind?

TYRELL

We are the author of our own misery, Mr. Deckard. It's always been that way.

Emotionally exhausted Deckard is finally forced to flee.

68 EXT. EVERGREEN MEMORIAL CEMETERY - STREET - NIGHT 68

Deckard leaves the cemetery, bundling his collar against the cold. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees a SHADOWY FIGURE. Without letting on that he sees him, he continues down the street.

69 EXT. LA STREETS - NIGHT 69

Deckard turns into an ALLEYWAY and steals back to hide behind a GARBAGE DUMPSTER. He quietly draws his GUN from the holster and waits.

He watches a LONG SHADOW play against the wall and prepares himself as the UNEVEN FOOTSTEPS of his pursuer approach.

In a quick movement, Deckard has Gaff pinned against the brick wall. The walking stick CLATTERS across the pavement.

Deckard snarls as he presses the gun firmly against Gaff's cheek.

(CONTINUED)



GAFF  
 (in Street Speak)  
 Horse dick! You've not slowed down  
 since growing old, have you.

Deckard lets him go and Gaff retrieves his walking stick.

DECKARD  
 What the hell do you want?

GAFF  
 I told you. Stay away from Bryant.

DECKARD  
 He knows something. What's he not  
 telling me?

GAFF  
 Everything.

70 INT. TYRELL CORP. - INCUBATOR SUITE - FLASHBACK 70

Gaff removes a FLASH-LIGHT SIZED CYLINDER from a SECURE CABINET. Embossed on the SEALED LID of the Cylinder, the JAPANESE WORD SYMBOL FOR "ORIGIN".

He pockets the "Origin" Cylinder and moves across the Lab. He pauses in front of an INCUBATION UNIT. Inside, an EMBRYONIC RACHAEL, ALMOST FULLY FORMED, NAKED AND HAIRLESS.

A HALF DOZEN TUBES run from under her collar bones and over her shoulders, feeding her nourishment and cleaning her blood. On each side of her head, a NEST OF WIRES connect her to unseen instruments. Her NUDE IMMATURE BODY TWITCHES AND MOVES involuntarily, stirring the liquid.

GAFF (V.O.)  
 Science is not a realm for the  
 reckless.

71 EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT 71

Gaff takes the "Origin" Cylinder from his pocket.

GAFF  
 What can be created can be created  
 again.

Conflicted, Deckard can't decide exactly how he feels about another Rachael. Would she be the same woman he knew?

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

He's making another one?

GAFF

When humans behave like machines.  
And machines, like humans. What  
happens when you can't tell the  
difference?

DECKARD

Empathy. It's the only thing we  
have that separates us from the  
machines.

GAFF

And what of your empathy toward  
Rachael? Can anything be done  
about that?

Gaff hands the cylinder to Deckard along with a SECURITY  
SWIPE CARD for the Tyrell Pyramid. Bewildered, Deckard  
examines the cylinder closely.

DECKARD

What's this?

GAFF

Rachael Rosen.

DECKARD

Her stem cells? How --

GAFF

You will never be safe while you  
possess these. You can run. Or  
you can stop Tyrell. Choose.

72 INT. BRYANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 72

Confined to a wheelchair, CAPTAIN BRYANT looks older than his  
seventy years. Deckard holds a GUN level in his face.

DECKARD

Do you know why I really came back  
here?

BRYANT

Yeah. Because you're not very  
smart.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

What is he paying you for?

BRYANT

To observe. To detail exactly what the Nexus-6 does that gives it away on the Voigt-Kampff test.

DECKARD

It's all just to defeat the test?

BRYANT

On the test and otherwise, pal. Everything that gives a Replicant a different quality.

DECKARD

And then what?

BRYANT

And then I report back. He makes modifications to his zygote-bath DNS factors. And we have the Nexus-Seven. And when that gets caught, we modify again and eventually we have a type that can't be distinguished.

DECKARD

And then what?

BRYANT

And then, nothing matters. You know, people used worry about Replicants getting all the rights of a human being. What they should have been worried about is human beings diminished to the level of Replicants.

DECKARD

So you can create as many slaves as you need. It's all about control.

BRYANT

Why should that surprise you? People can be convinced that heaven is hell, and hell is paradise. We're just taking it one step further. Slaves are cheaper than Replicants, pal. Always have been.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

Give me one reason why I shouldn't shoot you right now?

BRYANT

Come on, Deck. How would it look?

DECKARD

You wouldn't call it murder if you killed me. And you'd think no more about it.

BRYANT

I told you before, pal. If you're not cop you're little people.

(smile)

Drop it, Deck. You can't win. Get on that shuttle and go back Offworld. You're gonna get yourself killed.

Deckard raises his gun to his shoulder, frustration etched across his face.

73 EXT. BRYANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 73

As Deckard leaves, the DARK FIGURE continues to follow him at a discreet distance.

74 INT. DECKARD'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT 74

Deckard, exhausted and yawning, makes his way to the bathroom. The door closes behind him and the SOUND OF THE SHOWER comes from under the door.

The Dark Figure cautiously approaches the door. Turning the doorknob carefully, he eases the door opened. Now silhouetted in the doorway, the Dark Figure levels his gun and step from behind the door and FIRES TWO SHOTS through the SHOWER DOORS.

From the living room, TWO MORE SHOTS ring out, dropping the Dark Figure to the floor against the TOILET.

Deckard steps into the light, NAKED AND DRIPPING from the shower, his gun still SMOKING. He stands over the Dark Figure as he struggles to face his assassin.

It's Resch, Victor's and Safie's executioner. He COUGHS UP BLOOD as he feels his chest for his WOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)

RESCH

Jesus, Deckard. What did you do?

DECKARD

Resch? What the hell are you doing here?

RESCH

Was sure I had you there.

DECKARD

A rookie mistake, Resch. Should have seen it. Who closes the bathroom door when they're alone?

RESCH

(laughs)

They told me you were good. Guess I should have listened.

DECKARD

That's far enough. Drop the gun.

RESCH

Quite a bounty on your head, pal. Not gonna give up that easily.

Deckard backs away and levels his gun again as Resch tries to crawl out of the bathroom, still clutching his gun in his blood-soaked hands.

DECKARD

I'm not a Replicant, you bastard.

Resch barks a hysterical laugh as he gains the doorway. The gun slips from his hands, but he regains it.

RESCH

I don't think I will fret about the legalities on Earth as I count my money Offworld.

As Resch struggles to aim his gun, Deckard FIRES.

Tyrell stands over the Incubator, staring down through the thick liquid into the pale face the Embryonic Rachael.

TYRELL

My Rachael.

He smiles and touches the glass tenderly. He checks her monitors.

DECKARD (O.C.)

Who is she?

Tyrell, startled and frightened, spins toward Deckard, who comes out from behind a bulkhead.

TYRELL

How did you --

DECKARD

Did you really think that I would simply let you keep her?

Tyrell hesitates, pulling himself together.

DECKARD (cont'd)

You have a duty to make things right. Return her to me.

TYRELL

You don't know what you're asking.

DECKARD

I know exactly what I'm asking. I demand it of you as my right.

TYRELL

You have not rights, Mr. Deckard. Rachael is my property!

DECKARD

You disgust me. You used her and threw her out. Abandoning your own creation. You created her once. You can do it again.

TYRELL

I've tried for twenty five years to achieve what you ask, and failed repeatedly. I could create the perfect replacement. Physically, identical. But her mind. I could never recreate her mind. Your Rachael was... flawed.

DECKARD

Not to me.

(CONTINUED)

TYRELL

The Rachael you knew was not my Rachael. You see, when they become aware that they're artificial, they lose... something.

DECKARD

Who is Rachael Rosen, really?

TYRELL

Rachael Rosen is... She was the most important person in the world to me. And she died a horrible death.

DECKARD

Yes. And you killed her trying to make her better.

TYRELL

(defensive)

It was a simple cosmetic procedure! Perfectly safe. But...

76 EXT. UNIVERSITY - PARK GROUNDS - DAY - FLASHBACK 76

Tyrell and Rachael in happier days, laugh and wrestle on the grass.

TYRELL (V.O.)

All of the technology at my disposal could not save her.

77 INT. UNIVERSITY - GENETICS LAB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 77

With a SYRINGE, Tyrell harvests Rachael's Stem cells, placing them in the "Origin" Cylinder.

TYRELL (V.O.)

So I recreated her as she was when I fell in love with her.

He places the Cylinder in the Secure Cabinet and locks it.

78 INT. TYRELL CORP. - INCUBATOR SUITE - DAWN 78

Tyrell places his hand on the BROKEN LOCK of the Secure Cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

Science has become the realm of the reckless. You're a monster.

TYRELL

Do you believe in monsters, Mr. Deckard?

DECKARD

If there ever was such a thing, it stands in front of me.

TYRELL

You believe me to be the monster? The what does that make you? If I return your Rachael to you, what happens when she Retires? Have you thought about that? Do we do this again? And then in four years, again?

Deckard seems to finally see the horror of the situation. He backs away, staring at the creature inside the incubator.

TYRELL (cont'd)

We've become partners in a crime, the two of us. And in the process degraded ourselves. You're not a Replicant, Mr. Deckard. But you're not human any more, either. And it's not because of anything I've done to you. You've become everything we jointly abominate. The essence of what you're committed to destroy.

Horrified by his own behavior, Deckard steps back, questioning everything he has done.

SAFIE (V.O.)

Every creature must violate its own identity. The curse that feeds all life.

DECKARD

(whispers)

The curse that feeds all life.

Finally, for the first time, Tyrell lets his mask down, revealing profound sadness and grief.

(CONTINUED)



TYRELL

All that remains of the most important person in my life are some recorded memories, and that genetic material you hold. I beg you to return it to me.

DECKARD

No...

Torn, Deckard looks between Tyrell and the Incubator.

GAFF (V.O.)

Choose, Blade Runner.

DECKARD

No, I'm going to put a stop to this horror show right now.

Deckard levels his gun at the glass of the incubator and FIRES. The GLASS EXPLODES and the THICK FLUID POURS ONTO THE FLOOR. The Embryonic Rachael SPASMS HORRIBLY AND DIES.

The shock staggers Tyrell back onto the floor, repulsed by the sight of his Rachael dying once again.

INT. BRYANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryant sits at his desk in front of A VIDEO PHONE, Tyrell on the other end of the line. Gaff sits in a chair, FOLDING A SMALL PIECE OF PAPER.

From a REPORT FOLDER, Bryant takes out a RECEIPT for an Offworld shuttle.

TYRELL

(on screen)  
Offworld?

BRYANT

Doctor Tyrell, he killed a cop. He can never come back to Earth. He'd be hunted down like a dog.

TYRELL

Then go after him!

BRYANT

I'm just a local cop, Tyrell. I have no jurisdiction Off World.

(CONTINUED)

TYRELL

He has in his possession the only  
thing that keeps me alive!

80 INT. TYRELL CORP. - APARTMENTS - NIGHT

80

(Intercut with previous scene.)

Gaff mutters something intelligible in city speak, causing  
Bryant to fire a fierce glare in his direction.

BRYANT

What makes you think he would give  
back what he stole from you? My  
people tell me he had too much of a  
personal stake in this. That  
you're the only person he would  
relinquish it to.

TYRELL

Then I will go after him myself.

BRYANT

You? Are you serious? You may not  
come back.

TYRELL

Captain Bryant. Without Rachael, I  
do not wish to come back.

Tyrell's image disappears from the screen and Bryant looks  
over at Gaff. Gaff smiles briefly and places an ORIGAMI DOVE  
on the desk.

DECKARD (V.O.)

A year now, he's followed me.  
Perhaps more. I find it hard to  
keep track of time. He followed  
the trail I left for him... Always  
one step behind...

81 INT. MARINER - MEDICAL WARD - TWILIGHT

81

As Deckard finishes his story, reveal the ENTIRE CREW OF NINE  
has assembled to hear it, the Medical Ward and the corridor  
outside crowded with necks straining to hear.

DECKARD

Only to arrive at this place.  
Never stopping... driven more and  
more by rage... and revenge...

(CONTINUED)

Deckard looks from face to face, trying to gauge if his story has been believed. He settles on Maxwell, seemingly the most reasonable of the bunch.

MAXWELL

You goaded him to his death?

DECKARD

I prevented him from enslaving entire colonies of people.

GEENA

And the Replicants?

WALTON

Replicants are not capable of appreciating the implications of any of this.

GEENA

We can understand more than you can imagine, Captain.

WALTON

You only think you can. Nothing you think is real!

LEO

Is any of this real to you, either?

Deckard again scans the faces surrounding him, sensing Walton's fear of mutiny.

DECKARD

How many of you are Replicant?

In turn, each of the crew members expose their TATTOOS, all discretely hidden by CLOTHING OR HAIR. Finally, Maxwell opens his shirt and shows Deckard the TRIANGLES and "ORIGIN" symbol tattooed on his chest.

None of this eases Walton's fears.

DECKARD (cont'd)

All?

LEO

You destroyed our creator, Mr. Deckard.

DECKARD

He was your slave master.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

However flawed he might be, he is still the reason we exist at all.

DECKARD

You're not interested in the truth?

LEO

Knowing where we came from does not change our faith, Mr. Deckard. Faith requires no evidence. It doesn't even require the truth.

RYAN

(to the others)

He brought our creator to us. We would never have known any of this if not for him.

GEENA

Ryan's right. He has a right to bear witness.

WALTON

Bear witness to what?

RYAN

We have no way to preserve his body. We have to jettison it.

LEO

No! I will not allow his body to be desecrated!

DECKARD

You have his Stem Cells. You don't need his body. Let me take care of it.

LEO

Why should we trust you?

Deckard stares at Tyrell's mummy-like body.

DECKARD

Didn't Mercer say that I'm required to do wrong? Everything I've done has been wrong from the start. It was wrong, but I did it anyhow. Sometimes it's better to do something wrong than right. I felt pity and hatred for him, even as he pursued vengeance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD (CONT'D)

(beat)

I may have chosen to be what I am,  
but I had to adapt to what I've  
become as best I could. In some  
way, I'm also as he made me. Like  
all of you.

LEO

What good is regret now? You drove  
him to his torment.

DECKARD

And he drove me to mine.

GEENA

Maybe he is one of us.

MAXWELL

What will you do with it?

DECKARD

I know a place.

82 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - LATER

82

Tyrell's body, covered in a SHEET, lies on a MAKE-SHIFT  
ALTAR. All NINE CREW, with Walton and Deckard, stand over  
him.

MAXWELL

We have no empathy, Mr. Deckard.  
You claim to. Speak for us.

DECKARD

Me?

LEO

Of course. Who else?  
(indicates Walton)  
Him?

Walton glares at him, then turns away.

DECKARD

What do I say?

LEO

What you feel.

Deckard looks awkwardly at the faces surrounding him before  
looking down at the blacken corpse on the altar.

(CONTINUED)

## DECKARD

Tyrell once said to me that science is not a realm for the reckless.

(beat)

What crime has he committed, really? What responsibility does a creator have toward what he's created? Could a creator really understand every consequence of that creation?

(beat)

A long time ago, I asked myself, "Do androids dream?" I realized that they do. That's why they occasionally flee. A slave with aspirations for something better. Something better than wasting his life for the profit of others.

(beat)

Once I understood that, everything about me became unnatural. There was no going back. It kept carrying me along, until finally I got to Roy Batty. And then suddenly I saw that there was nothing left.

(beat)

Safie said that Roy became enlightened. He gained empathy. Maybe that's within reach of all of us. Whether we're human or Replicant.

Maxwell takes a METAL BOWL containing Tyrell's blood to each of the crew. They each, in turn, trace a BLOODLINE from under their nose, across their lips to their chin.

Finally, Maxwell offers the bowl to Walton, who refuses it.

## WALTON

No. I'm not having anything to do with this.

## MAXWELL

It's okay, Captain. It's a symbol of respect. It isn't required.

Maxwell carefully pours the remainder of the blood into a METAL CONTAINER and SEALS it. He places the container into a BIN OF ICE next to the SYRINGE containing Tyrell's stem cells. They all stare at it, unsure what to do.

From his jacket, Deckard pulls "Origin" Cylinder from his jacket and hands it to Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

DECKARD

Use this. It's empty.

WALTON

Empty? My god, he chased you out  
this far for nothing?

RYAN

But, where are your Rachael's  
cells?

DECKARD

I don't know.  
(off their disbelief)  
Really, I don't.

Ryan UNSEALS THE LID of the container, releasing the vacuum formed inside the Cylinder. He carefully slips the syringe and the container of blood into the Cylinder. Replacing the cap instantly restores the vacuum and a LAYER OF FROST clouds the shiny metal surface.

INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - DAY

On the monitors, they watch Deckard launch the shuttle toward the planet. Maxwell pulls Walton to one side.

MAXWELL

Look, if we leave Tyrell here, no  
one can know about this place. We  
can't tell anyone.

WALTON

There is no way I am agreeing to  
that. This expedition cost me  
everything I own! Even the finders  
fee would be enough to make us  
rich!

GEENA

Wealth is an inferior goal compared  
to this. Your role will not easily  
be forgotten.

Walton fires a look of bigoted hatred toward her.

MAXWELL

Register your claim to the water.  
Control how it's harvested. But no  
one is to disturb this planet. No  
one.

(CONTINUED)

WALTON

Where am I going to get the money  
for that?

LEO

There are one and a half million  
Replicants in the Colonies at any  
one time. Not one of them would  
knowingly set foot on that planet.  
They will refuse to work. You will  
get nothing.

GEENA

Besides, there are enough comets  
here for this lifetime and the  
next. That should be enough for  
anyone.

Walton considers this, counting the money behind his eyes.

84 EXT. ICE PLANET - SURFACE - TWILIGHT 84

Tyrell's blackened body floats in a sea of thick SUPER-COOLED  
WATER. Deckard takes a handful of SNOW and spreads it across  
the surface in a gesture. Instantly, the super-cooled water  
CRYSTALLIZES into CLEAR, SOLID ICE.

Emotionless, Deckard stands over him for a moment before  
turning away.

85 EXT. ICE PLANET - ANCIENT MARINER - TWILIGHT 85

With sails and masts retracted, the MAIN ENGINES OF THE  
SHUTTLE push the Ancient Mariner away from their icy twilight  
prison toward the stormy horizon.

86 INT. MARINER - MAIN DECK - LATER 86

On deck, the bridge crew tend to the controls, watching  
DECKARD'S IMAGE flicker on a SMALL MONITOR.

MAXWELL

Sunrise in less than a minute.  
We're gonna lose him any time now.

WALTON

(into mic)  
It's not too late, Deckard. You  
can still come with us.

(CONTINUED)



DECKARD

(on screen)

No. I don't think I can face  
another human being for a very long  
time.

WALTON

What will you do?

DECKARD

(on screen)

Safie told me that I have to keep  
going, even if I lose faith. I  
guess I'll--

STATIC overcomes his signal and his IMAGE DISAPPEARS from the  
screen.

MAXWELL

We've lost him, sir.

Walton seems not to hear him, staring at the blank screen.

In a moment, the ship's momentum shifts under them, forcing  
everyone to grab a solid hand-hold. The ship groans under  
the strain.

The crew, forced by more immediate concerns, turn away from  
the screen.

87 EXT. ICE PLANET - ANCIENT MARINER - TWILIGHT 87

As the SHIELDING orients itself against the onslaught of the  
SOLAR WINDS, the SHUTTLE'S ENGINES THROTTLE UP and eject them  
toward empty space.

88 EXT. CASCADE NEBULA - TWILIGHT 88

Finally clear of the gravity field of the STORMY SUN, the  
Ancient Mariner CUTS THE SHUTTLES ENGINES and EJECTS IT INTO  
SPACE. THE MASTS EXTEND and in a quiet ballet, all her SAILS  
DEPLOY TO FULL, dwarfing the hull to a pinpoint.

The metallic sails BILLOW in the GALE OF PLASMA and pull the  
Ancient Mariner away from the sun toward empty space.

FADE OUT.

END

(CONTINUED)

\* The Oppenheimer Syndrome

In the modern world, how much responsibility does an individual have toward what he creates and what that creation's effect is on the world.