

DO ANDROIDS DREAM
OF
ELECTRIC SHEEP?

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Screenplay
by
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Novel
by
Philip K. Dick

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THE EYE

Magnified and deeply revealed. Fleks of green and yellow in a field of milky blue. A cauldron of icy fillaments surround the undulating center. In the metallic surface below the screen where in the eye is exposed the words "VOIGHT-KAMPPFF" are finely etched.

The instrument is no bigger than a music box, a touch-lite pannel across the top and two dials on each side of the screen registaring dialation of the iris. It sits on a table between two men.

The room is large and cold with rows of (salvaged junk) neatly stacked against walls of corrugated iron. The man taking the test is big, looks like an over ~~su~~ stuffed kid. "LEON" it says over his breast ~~peee~~ pocket. He's dressed in a warehouseman's uniform and his pudgy hands are folded expectantly in his lap.

Facing him is a lean hollow cheeked man dressed in grey. Detached and effiecient, he looks like a cop or an accountant. His name is Holden. and he's all business.

LEON
What you looking at now?

HOLDEN
Your eye.

LEON
Okay if I talk?

HOLDEN
Talk all you want.

LEON
I ~~am~~ kinda ^{let} nervous when I take tests.
I already had my I.Q. test this year and
I... ~~that~~

HOLDEN
Don't move.

LEON
Sorry.

HOLDEN
Reaction time is a factor in this so
answer quick as you can.

Leon compresses his lips and nods his big head eagerly.

HOLDEN
~~OKay~~. A man goes into the Waste Land.
He's walking along in the sand when he
looks down and sees a...

LEON
What one?

HOLDEN
What?

LEON
What Waste Land?

HOLDEN
It doesn't make any difference which one - it's competely hypothetical, you understand?

LEON
But how come he'd be there?

HOLDEN
Maybe he's fed up, maybe he wants to be by himself - who knows. Anyway the man looks down and sees a tortoise crawling towards him.

Ending

LEON
A tortoise?

Holden nods.

LEON
I don't know what ~~that~~ that is.

HOLDEN
You know what a turtle is?

LEON
Leon nods. ~~Yes.~~

HOLDEN
Same thing.

LEON
I don't think there are ^{any} no more turtles.

~~Holden is losing patience. He stares at the subject.
HOLDEN STARES AT LEON, HIS PATIENCE ~~MEASURABLE~~ ~~THIN~~~~

LEON ^{BEING TO WEAR THIN}
But I understand what you mean.

HOLDEN
Good. The man reaches down and flips the ~~tortise~~ tortoise over on its back.

Keeping an eye on ^{his SUBJECT,} ~~Leon~~, Holden notes the dials in the Voight-Kampff. One of the needles quivers slightly.

LEON ^{Mr. Holden}
You make ^{you get} these questions up or ~~they get~~ 'em written down?
~~on the machine or down for you?~~

~~Disregarding the question Holden continues his voice~~

Disregarding the question Holden continues, picking up ~~the~~ ^{his} pace.

HOLDEN

The tortoise ~~lays~~ on its back, its belly baking in the hot sun, beating its legs trying to turn itself over, but it can't - not without the mans help - but the man's ^{WON'T} ~~not~~ helping.

LEON

Wait a minute! Why would a man want to turn over a perfectly good turtle?

HOLDEN

To kill it Leon!

Leon looks shocked, ~~and~~ surprised. But the needles in the computer registrar little. Holden goes for the inside of his coat. ~~He's fast. It's a fast move.~~ But big Leon is faster. Much. His laser burns a hole the size of a nickle thru Holdens ~~stomach~~ stomach. Unlike a bullet a laser causes no impact. It goes thru Holden's spine and comes out his back clean as a whistle. Like a rag doll he falls backwards from the waste up. By the time he hits the floor big, slow Leon is already walking away.

THE BEDROOM

Deckard opens his eyes. The chimes from the alarm are faint but persistent. He listens a while then reaches out and turns it off. Fifteen ~~ye~~ years ago Holden might have been a light heavy weight - he moves easy, the muscles are still tight, but the face is showing the time. (Not all of it good.)

He turns to look at the woman lying next to him. Shes staring straight up at the cieling. ~~An Irish face, stubborn jaw,~~ ^{There beauty in the} beauty that's starting to harden, ~~but the eyes they're still~~ ^{FACE} young, ~~deep and very blue.~~

But the body has gone the other way. She has too much in it showing to see. IT SHOWS.

DECKARD

Iran?

She doesn't ~~maev~~ move. Not even a blink.

DECKARD

You set your Penfield too weak.

He reaches across her to the night table.

IRAN

Keep your hands off my setting.

^{he gives it a}

Deckard lays back. There's a moment.

DECKARD

You dial what's on your schedual?

IRAN

Yes.

DECKARD

Then why so gloomy?

IRAN

I dialed a six hour self accusatory depression.

There's a note of triumph in her voice. Deckard takes a deep breath - he doesn't want to ask why.

(PAUSE)

DECKARD

Why?

IRAN

It use to be considered unhealthy not to feel bad once in a while.

Her voice comes out flat, accusatory.

And besides that I want to get used to it. ^{FOR WHATS TO BE}

Deckard jumps up and goes to the bathroom.

She listens to him wash his face, brush his teeth.

DECKARD'S VOICE

Why don't you dial B-22?

Iran consults the mood organ next to her - runs a quick finger down the index and stops.

IRAN

"Pleased acknowledgment of husband's superior wisdom in all matters". No Thanks.

Feeling a little spunky from his joke Deckard comes out of the bathroom and starts to dress. She's not talking.

DECKARD

I don't like going to work thinking about you lying here in the dark all day with no t.v.

IRAN

I don't want to watch t.v.

DECKARD

Dial eighty eight then.

IRAN

Cutting: "The desire to watch t.v. no matter what's on it"? That's more depressing than my depression. Go fuck yourself.

He bends down and kisses her lightly on the lips. She turns away, stricken. ~~He walks away.~~ He starts to go.

IRAN

Deck...

he stops.

DECKARD

Yeah?

~~IRAN~~

~~Please...~~

She pauses. She ?

DECKARD

I gotta go to work...we'll talk ~~about~~ it later.

~~IRAN ALWAYS LATER~~

~~But there is no later. & WHAT "LATER"?~~

He ~~stares at her a moment,~~ turns and ~~goes~~ leaves the room. Iran lies there a moment then reaches out and touches a switch. The bigger than life T.V. on the opposite wall comes to life in lurid color. A overly handsome announcer with a velvet voice is speaking:

ANNOUNCER

Note on today's weather - Mongoose satellite reports that fall-out will be especially pronounced towards noon and then taper off, so all you kittys who'll be venturing out, be sure to wear your protectos and now for the news...

Jan
If she can tune-out weather,
I flip around to an old movie (2 stations?)
Am Sheridan etc.

THE ROOF

The elevator doors slide open. Deckard steps out onto the roof garden of his apartment building. There is no view, the sun is obscured and the grey morning air spills over with radio-active notes.

Deckard walks thru the ~~ka~~ hovercraft parking area, past a tiny recreational facility enclosed in clear plastic and stops at a round, windowless building with a speaker in the door.

DECKARD

Deckard, conapt 1998. ?

The voice-lock activates, Deckard walks in and the door swings shut behind him. The sounds of a barnyard greet his ears. The contrast is abrupt and delicious. In here the air is sweet and the light is clean with the reassuring warmth of a manger.

He walks around a small paddock of rich brown sod encircled by stalls of various sizes, most of them vacant. Of those that aren't several are decorated with ornate insignias and colorful canopys. A couple of owners are already up tending their pets.

Deckard enters his stall. The sheep lays in the hay, legs curled under, facing the wall.

DECKARD

Morning Babs.

Slowly her head swings around to face him. Babs is a fine looking creature. Her wool is curly and thick, white as the clouds, a noble story book face with a muzzle as black as velvet. If there were a prize for the perfect sheep, Babs could ~~si~~ win it. Her eyes stay fixed on her master as he prepares a ~~vitimie~~- vitamin suplliment for her morning grain.

~~The-horse-wouldn't-win-any-prizes-but-she's-a-decent-looking-~~
The horse in the next stall wouldn't win any prizes but she's a decent looking, well cared for animal. Woburn, her owner, appears at the fence beaming at Deckard, his soft pasty skin flushed with excitement.

What do you know
WOBURN

Hey Deckard, my horse is pregnant!

Deckard looks up. It's not one of his favorite faces, especially first thing in the morning.

DECKARD

By what the wind?

WOBURN

Hell no by Fertilizing plasma...

Woburn leans in closer, the eyes are little and irritated, his smile big and juicy.

WOBURN

I ~~feet~~ got a contact at the state husbandry board. Her foal is gonna be what they call an unmatched up-- superior! What do you think of that?

Deckard brings the oats out of the hamper, pours them into a pale and puts it on the floor. Babs scrambles to her feet, ambles over and starts munching. Woburn hangs in there waiting for a response.

DECKARD

Congradulations.

Woburns eyes mist over with pride. He thumps his horse fondly on the neck. ~~Deckard dumps the old water down the drain and refills it.~~

WOBURN

Look at those eyes Deckard - the first flush of mother-hood.

Deckard dumps the old water down the drain and refills it.

DECKARD

Ever think of selling her?

WOBURN

Sell her? It would be immoral to sell my horse.

DECKARD

Sell the colt then.

Deckard has set the hook. Woburn takes the bate.

WOBURN

Why should I?

DECKARD

Two animals is more immoral than not having any.

Deckard flashes him a sarcastic glance.

DECKARD

Not everybody is as ~~feru~~ fortunate as you Woburn.

WOBURN

What are you talking about? You got your sheep there. Gravestob has his chicken and Kelly Joe over there has his ~~weasal~~ weasel, Oakes and his wife have that big red dog and I ~~thn~~ think Ricketts has a cat down in his place, least he says he does. Every family in this building has an animal.

? Reverse

DECKARD

But nobody has two.

Woburns voice rises indignant and haughty, (froth gathering in the corners of his mouth.)

Delete

WOBURN

Lots of people ϕ have two! Look at that fellow Giovanazzi who owns the algae plant, he ~~o~~ owns four! You see that ~~artei~~ article in the Chronical about his ~~deek~~ duck? The largest Moscovy on the west coast.

Deckard scatters fresh hay on the ~~button~~ of the pen.

DECKARD

You could probably get full catalogue value for her Woburn. Hell, I'd pay you five hundred a month plus interest. ~~myself.~~

WOBURN

Full catalogue value!? You don't know what you're talking about Deckard. Look in your Sydneys. You can't buy a horse like this for love nor ~~oney-~~ money. (I went all the way to Canada brought her back myself. You take an animal like this anywhere near Colorado or Wyoming they'll knock you off to get a hold of her.) I wouldn't sell her for six times catalogue value. The ϕ foal either.

OR

DECKARD

Suit yourself. But if you're ever in the selling mood you just let me know.

He turns to leave.

WOBURN

Deckard.

Deckard stops.

WOBURN

You just stick with your sheep. If you wanna sell something, sell your sheep. If ϕ you wanna buy something go buy another one. There's plenty of sheep - if you know what I mean.

Deckard stares at him for a moment. Woburns lips ~~peak~~ peel back in a triumphant smile.

DECKARD

See ya.

WOBURN

Have a nice day. ~~Heh heh.~~

THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Deckard's in a swivel chair facing a wall of instruments, read-outs and digital displays. He's concentrating on a screen transmitting electronic patterns. Pieces of a puzzle, on the move and difficult to read - a nose, a chin, part of a head, discernable only for an instant before they are scrambled into a new pattern.

The man standing behind ^{DECKARD} him in the white smock is Dr. Modesto. He's thin and boney, aloof, but a promise of compassion in his sunken eyes. The only sound is a muffled bell - it rings constantly at irregular intervals.

MODESTO

Three seconds.

DECKARD

Mount Rushmore.

Modesto touches a long knobby finger to a light on his pannel and the puzzle composes itself. It is Mount Rushmore.

MODESTO

Good. *uh huh*

He touches another light. The bell stops ringing.

MODESTO

How many rings?

DECKARD

One eighty two?

Modesto touches a light. Above it, in red, the print out reads: *****I89

MODESTO

Almost. Okay, that does it.

He shuts down the complex, takes his clip board and sits. Deckard swings around to face him.

MODESTO

First of all, the cybernetic-veritron tested out under norm... you have an emotional problem, Deckard?

DECKARD

Better just give me the results Doc, I'm in a hurry.

MODESTO

Okay. Chemico analysis A-I. Blood pressure higher than last month. Pattern recognition fine. Cell resolution fine. Dexterity good. Too much aminothyliso-thorium in your system or maybe it's just age, but your motivity rate is lower than your last exam.

DECKARD

Meaning?

MODESTO

Meaning you can't run as fast as you use to. But on the whole you're still in good shape. ~~—~~ Last of a breed.

Modesto signs his name at the bottom of the list, glances over it then looks up, concerned. Deckard is getting dressed.

MODESTO

You got a birthday in three days.

Deckard nods.

MODESTO

But you didn't put in for emigration.

DECKARD

Nope.

MODESTO

You're going to be over the limit, Deckard.

DECKARD

~~Yep~~ I know.

MODESTO

So far you're still a man who can reproduce within the tolerances of the ~~lawy~~ law. If you left you could have a baby.

DECKARD

Who wants to brigg a kid up under Mars?

MODESTO

Lots of people. What about your wife?

DECKARD

~~I'm...~~ *She's....*

He finishes the setence with a shrug!

MODESTO

Apply anyway in case you decide to.

Deckard's dressed and ready to go.

DECKARD

What about you?

MODESTO

Too old.

DECKARD
But if you could?

Pause... MODESTO
My job is here.

DECKARD
So is mine.

They shake hands and Deckard walks out. The sign above
the door reads:

**THE CHOICE IS YOURS
EMIGRATE OR DEGENERATE**

The APARTMENT BUILDING

Located in the abandoned suburbs of San Fransisco, it's ten storys and running to ruin. Floor after floor of uninhabited apartments and long lifeless hallways. The tour of its dust ridden, crumbling emptiness is accompanied by the cheerie voice of a t.v. Announcer.

THE APARTMENT BUILDING

Located in the abanodoned suburbs of San Fransisco. Ten storys of uninhabited apartments and running to ruin. Floor after floor of deserted appliances and long lifeless hallways. The tour of its dust ridden, crumbling emptiness is accompanied by a-fast a cheerie voiced t.v. Announcer.

ANNOUNCER

This loyal trouble free companion given to you on your arrival) absolutely free|- equipted fully as specified by you before your departure, to use either as personal body servant or tireless field hand. The custome tailored, humanoid robot designed especially for your needs. And now, BUSTER FRIENDLY AND THE MORNING SHOW!

FRIENDLY
Applause. And the tour stops several storys up at the apartment of J. R. Isidore. The t.v. in the front of room is ancient, the reception poor, but it's hard to miss Busteer Buster. He sits behind his illuminated, blue glass desk, his fat little body at war with the stitching in his gold lamay suit, opening the morning mail. He smiles at his applauding audience. *Wah! No! Poo! Baw! ... in power?*

BUSTER

Only one letter this morning folks. Either everybody's gone left or they've forgotten how to write. Let's hope it's the former.

Laughter as he holds the letter away from his baby blue eyes to read.

My, my, we have poetry.
"I'm sick of this place
It's just a ~~TURN~~ in space?
And living down here is a bore.
Tell the "specials" don't cry
They can ~~kill~~ kiss me good bye
Cause I'm moving next week to L-4!"
Ho ho ho.) My, my.

Applause and laughter. But Isidore wasn't-listening so he didn't catch the joke. He's stooped (hunched) over his bathroom sink shaving. Slack mouthed and dim eyed, slowly he gides the razor over his pallid face. Slowly, carefully he gides the razor over his of pallid face. Slack mouthed and dim eyed, he's not a man easily able to do two things at once. (more than one thing at a time.)

Doctors etc



BUSTER I've been THANKING ALL
OF YOUR FRIENDS TOO. YOU SAY THAT
THIS PLANET IS IN ~~YOUR~~ NAME

DOOMED

~~over~~ (E) EVERYONE WILL BATTLE
THE DUST...?) Why are ^{you} still
on Earth Buster?

Buster

// yes that certainly was a
you but ^{SOME OF US} some of us found that
important jobs ~~and~~ as the President,
The Jim Marshall, The Chief of
Police & why Buster. I'm really into
right in

BUSTER (CONT)

That little poem was from Billy Higgins.
Thank you Billy and good luck to you.

~~You're going to need it, if you're still here.~~ Now lets talk to someone who isn't. ?
ITS TELEPHONE TIME!

Applause as Buster picks up the reciver.

Operator? You have my party?

To the audeince.

This is a tran-gravital looooooong
distance phone call all the way to Mars!
Hello? Yes? Can you hear me? This is
Buster Friendly calling from Earth! Who
am I speaking with please. Hello? Yes?

A Woman's voice comes thru the static, weak and delayed.

VOICE

Mrs. Joy L. Mothman, Buster.

BUSTER

And you're speaking to us live from
New New York are you Mrs. Mothman?

MOTHEAN

Yes I am Buster.

BUSTER

That's wonderful! Just think of it.
And we're all sitting down here listening
to you - arn't we ladies and gentlemen.
And tell us Mrs. Mothman, how is it up there?

^{YOUR} MOTHMAN

(UNINTELLIGABLE STREAM OF WORDS)

~~Thinking EAU FRIENDS TOO YOU SAY THIS PLANET IS~~
Buster holds the reciver away from his ear, raises his
brows and bats his eyes for the audience. They ~~laugh~~.
In the bathroom Isidore stops shaving for a moment to listnen. X
but again he's missed the joke and goes back to his shaving.

BUSTER

Well, that's so nice to hear. Tell us
Mr.s Mothman and all our friends ~~down~~
here, how would you compare your life
back on this poor old contaminated planet
with your new life up there in a world
rich with every immaginable possibility?

The transmission clears. It's a dry, middle aged voice
that crackles thru space.

MOTHMAN

I think what me and my husband noticed
most was the dignity, Buster.

The lights.

BUSTER
The dignity Mrs. Mothman?

MOTHMAN
Yes. It's hard to explain, but having a servant you can depend on in these troubled times is somehow very reassuring.

BUSTER
I'm sure it is. And back here in the old days ~~did~~ did you and Mr. Mothman also worry about finding yourselves classified as, ahem, "specials"?

Isidore stops mid stroke and listens.

MOTHMAN
Oh yes, my ~~husna~~ husband and me nearly worried ourselves to death. But ofcourse since we emigrated that's no longer a problem.

Angry, Isidore drops his razor in the sink and heads for the t.v.

BUSTER
In other words, your husband felt no protection in owning and continually wearing a clumsy radiation proof...

But Isidore snaps off the set.

ISIDORE
Fork you guys and your radiation proof! I hope the dust blows up there and every body who emigrated turns out to be ~~s-s-s~~ special.

He stands there asserting his power ~~of~~ over the inert T.V. then suddenly remembers something.

~~I'm gonna be late.~~
YOU'VE GONNA BE LATE ISIDORE.

THE HALLWAY

Isidore comes out of his apartment dressed for work. He's forgotten to finish shaving, there's lather still on his face. Across the back of his white ~~we~~ coveralls it says: VAN NESS PET HOSPITAL. He hurries down the hall past the empty apartments. Some of the doors are open and warped offering sights of shadow and decay. Isidore trys not to look, ~~keeps his eyes straight-ahead-and~~ heads for the ~~stair~~ stairs. STRAIGHT

Isidore comes out of the building and walks ~~tea~~ towards his truck. An old panel job with ambulance siren and lights. He wipes the nights accumulation of dust off the windshield and gets in. ~~Sitting himself behind the wheel slowly he inserts the key and the old engine fires~~ up.

Settling himself behind the wheel he inserts the key and turns it over. The old engine fires up without a pause hitch. Pleased, Isidore pats the dashboard and drives ~~into~~ ^{away} ~~off into the~~ ~~DOWN THE~~ ~~DESERTED~~ ~~STREET.~~

ANIMAL ROW

A street in the heart of the city featuring pet shops with garish signs and colorful ads reminiscent of used cars.

Deckard joins a small group of mutants watching an Ostrich behind a barred plate glass window. The Ostrich stands in its heated clear plastic cage, majestic and superior.

Keeping an eye on the bird Deckard reaches into his coat and brings out a well thumbed Sidneys animal catalogue and looks up Ostrich. The man next to him with the enlarged forehead leans closer. He's got a voice like a weak fog horn. *add the yellow eyes of a liver condition*

MAN
What is it? *And wheezes.*

DECKARD
An ostrich. *his eyes yellow and liverish*

MAN
How much ~~do~~ they cost?

DECKARD
~~Too much.~~ *JUST A GOAT*

Without looking at the man Deckard turns and moves away. ~~But~~ he doesn't get far. He stops to look at the animal in the next window. No crowd here. ~~It's just a goat.~~ Nothing so exotic as the ostrich but she's exceedingly expressive with big floppy ears and cute little horns. Captivated, Deckard stares at her. And with her big, keen eyes the goat stares back. As Deckard pulls himself away she ~~puckers~~ *touches the goat with her nose* her mouth and bleats, ~~but~~ thru the thick glass window it goes unheard.

Rosen

THE HALL OF JUSTICE

An enormous grey vault of a building. Deckard strides down the corridor with his brief case and I.D. pinned to his coat. He comes to a door and inserts his thumb in the finger print slot. It slides open and he enters. The old computer by the door registers as he walks by.

COMPUTER

Good morning, Mr. Deckard.

DECKARD

Morning Packard.

He almost gets to his office before he's stopped by his secretary. Miss Jewsack has arms like a wrestler and supports her enormous weight on two canes. She moves with surprising speed-for-being-so-fat For being so fat she moves with surprising speed. She can't quite hide the thrill in her voice.

JEWSACK

Mr. Deckard, Inspector Bryant wants to see you in his office immediately.

Deckard nods and enters his office. Jewsack squeezes in behind.

JEWSACK

I think it's about Mr. Holden.

Deckard drops the brief case on his desk and starts out again. Jewsack gets out of his way and follows after him.

DECKARD

And what about Mr. Holden?

She's hurrying along behind him, breathing hard.

JEWSACK

He's in the hospital.

DECKARD

Me too, half hour ago.

JEWSACK

But not for his monthly. He had that four days ago.

DECKARD

What then?

JEWSACK

(voice quivering with excitement)
The girls think he got shot.

Deckard stops and faces her.

DECKARD

Kiss Jewsack, call the Happy Dog Animal Emporium and find out how much they want for that little BLACK NUBIAN GOAT IN THE WINDOW, PLEASE.

Deckard turns and enters ~~B~~ Bryant's office.

THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

They're sitting ~~across~~ across from each other, Deckard and Bryant. Deckard and Bryant area sitting across from each other. The Inspector is in his fiftys. If he took off a hundred pounds he might be in good shpe. But then again maybe not. The ~~de~~ deep creases in his face, the bursted capilaries in the nose say brawler, spoiler and drunk. But the ~~diplomas~~ diplomas on the wall say something else. He's got a voice like a tired fog horn. He opens a drawer and takes out a hand sized micro-file.

BRYANT

I-M-4-P-D, refered to as Nexus Six, the Rossen Corporation's new pride and joy. Holden was administering the Voight-Kampff when it nailed him.

CNE

DECKARD

How is he?

BRYANT

Bad. Severed his spine. They're trying to get one of those "clever metal" sections to take, but who knows.

DECKARD

Hard to immagain an andy that could waste Holden.

BRYANT

This isn't your average andy. In a forty fifth of a second it can ~~ass~~ assume any of fourteen basic reaction ~~ap~~ patterns. It's capable of selecting within a field of two million ~~seperate~~ neural ~~pathways-and---~~ pathways and except for some of the skeletal structure it's a hundred ~~percent-~~ percent organic.

DECKARD

What about body capacity?

BRYANT

The life span is ~~short,~~ not no more than four years, no less than three - it's what the bio-guys call a ~~trade---~~ trade off - what it lacks in longevity it makes up for in speed and brute force. At ~~leazz~~ least four times stronger and faster than ~~your-average~~ (what ever your average ass hole is these days.) ?

DECKARD

How many? *What?*

BRYANT

Originally eight. Came down back East, split up, character changes, all the usual. New York got one. ~~as~~-Two more retired in Miami and what's ~~left~~ left tracing thinks is ~~be~~ here. Your ~~jurisdiction~~ jurisdiction now.

BRYANT (CONT)

The leader was called Roy Batty, a manual laborer or field hand with aspirations. He ~~engineered-the-~~ engineered the escape. Killed several people including his owners and the crew of the ship that he commanded.

DECKARD

Leads?

BRYANT

They're working on it. Mean time you fly up to Seattle. The Rossen People have a model. Check it out on the Voight-Kampff. There's a chance the nexus six is beyond our ability to detect it. If that's the case everybody's up shit creek. Here's a micro file print out for each of them. Get an ICS clearance and I'll have more for you by the time you get back.

Deckard rises to leave.

BRYANT

Deckard.

Deckard stops.

DECKARD

Yeah?

BRYANT

I don't have to tell you - we don't want to get in a position where we have to explain anything. Be effective but be ~~z~~ careful.

The Rossen Association rises out of the thick brown air of Seattle like the Tower of Babel. ~~It's winter and~~ the artificial plants on the tropical roof garden are covered with sleet. With a gentle rocking motion Deckard brings his ~~police marked~~ hover~~car~~ down on the landing pad and gets out. A trim young lady with huge dust filtering glasses and dressed for the cold comes forward to greet him.

RACHEAL

Hello Mr. Deckard. I'm Racheal Rossen. My uncle is waiting, so if you'll follow me please.

If she wanted, her pert little body and pretty boyish face could be sexy, but she doesn't, she's all business, formidable without trying.

shy walk

RACHEAL

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

DECKARD

Detriment-

A humanoid robot is like any other machine, it can be a benefit or a hazard. If it's a benefit it's not our problem.

RACHEAL

But because your department can't do an adequate job in the simple matter of detecting the miniscule number at large, it's a problem. ~~Right Mr. Deckard?~~

loud

They've just passed into ~~a~~ a canopied, air filtered corridor and Deckard doesn't answer the question because he's looking at the animals. Small northern animals in neat "environmental" cages. ~~The armed guard at the exit never takes his eyes off~~ He looks at the rabbit, the raccoon and the squirrel, but ~~it's~~ the owl ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{sleep on its perch} stops him. The armed guard at the exit never takes his eyes off them.

RACHEAL

You like our owl?

~~CHAPTER 1~~

Deckard ~~just~~ nods. Racheal claps her hands. ~~and~~ The owl opens its yellow eyes ~~at~~ and blinks at them.

DECKARD

It's artificial?

RACHEAL

Ofcourse not.

DECKARD

But there are no more owls. They're ~~is~~ listed extinct. Look ~~at~~ your sydneyes.

Absently he reaches inside his coat to prove it.

RACHEAL

But we don't buy from Sydneys. ~~Our purchases are from private partys and the prices we pay arn't listed.~~ *We have our own Naturalists working up in Canada. There's still some forest ~~left~~ there, comparatively speaking anyway - enough for small animals and once in a while a bird.*

alaska

It's

The owl closes its eyes to resume its slumber. ~~The~~ chest rises and falls as if it sighed.

RACHEAL

What kind of animal do you have Mr. Deckard?

~~His reply is mechanical. sounds mechanical. sounds Still involved with the owl Deckard's reply is mechanical.~~
his reply comes out mechanically.

DECKARD

A sheep. A black faced Suffolk ewe.

She flashes him a bright perfect toothed smile.

RACHEAL

Well then, you must be ^Avery happy. *MSW!*

Hands thrust in her coat pockets she strides off towards the exit without looking back. Annoyed, Deckard hesitates, then trails after her.

The exit is an elevator. Deckard enters and the door slides shut. Racheal removes her glasses. Deckard tries to ignore her cool apprasing stare.

RACHEAL

Are you apprehensive Mr. Deckard?

DECKARD

(WHY) Should I be? ~~(about what?)~~

RACHEAL

You're in a very unique position, you could effect the future of this ~~whole~~ *entire ORGANIZATION* company according to how you work your little test.

DECKARD

Why, how much of your current output ~~is~~ *is* consists of Nexus 6?

RACHEAL

The entirity of it.

What about all the
workers Rosen has to assemble
the X-6 - Could they be
androids!!

19. 15
24

DECKARD
The test should work.

RACHEAL
But if it doesn't, it's possible we'd
have to withdraw from the market.

DECKARD
It's possible.

The door slides open. They move down a brightly illuminated hallway, their foot steps resounding on the metallic surface.

RACHEAL
So now you understnad why I thought
you might be apprehensive.

DECKARD
No I don't.

RACHEAL
For the responsibility of your
power Mr. Deckard. Being a little
police department bureaucrat, you've
got more than your share.

Deckard stops and looks down at her.

DECKARD
You got it ~~wrong~~ - wrong girl - LADY
I'm not a bureaucrat, I'm a
bounty hunter.

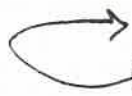
He lets it sink in.

DECKARD
My job isn't to discontinue Andys,
it's to retire them. The more the
better.

This time it's him who walks away frist.

THE INNER-SANCTUM OF DR. ROSSEN

The office is dimly lit and antiseptic, the furniture antique. So is the dapper Dr. Rossen. He leans against his desk looking into an old fashioned pocket watch. It's not the time he's watching but Racheal and Deckard walking down the hall, their foot steps tiny but audible. The only other sound is the insidious perking of coffee brewing ~~th~~ in the background.



Rossen snaps the lid shut and slips the watch into a vest pocket as they come ~~th-th~~ thru the door.

RACHEAL

Mr. Deckard this is my uncle, Dr. Rossen.

ROSSEN

How do you do, Mr. Deckard. Please, sit down. I was just about to have some real coffee, would you care for a cup?

DECKARD

Love ~~one~~ it.

ROSSEN

Dear?

RACHEAL

No uncle.

Rossen pours from an old time sylex into fine China cups.

ROSSEN

Your Inspector didn't mention he'd be sending a bounty hunter...pream or sugar?

DECKARD

Black.

could be deleted.

ROSSEN

Somehow I didn't expect the man who did the dirty work would be the man to do the technical work. Here you are Mr. Deckard.

DECKARD

The dirty work has been done. Thanks.
~~for.~~

Deckard breaths in the fragrance of the coffee.

ROSSEN

May I ask a personal question?

DECKARD

Go ahead.

ROSSEN

Have you ever retired a human by mistake?

DECKARD

No.

ROSSEN

But in your profession that is a liability.

DECKARD

Nothing is infallible, but so far the Voight scale ~~is~~ has been sufficient.

ROSSEN

~~What is it,~~ An empathy test?

DECKARD *no?* ✓

~~Yes.~~

ROSSEN

Capillary dialation of the so called blush response? Plus flucuation of the pupil, plus time lapse between question and answer? Right?

DECKARD

Right.

ROSSEN

Like you said Mr. Deckard, a machine can be a hazard. The Voight scale is a machine isn't it?

DECKARD

yes - One that relays on human interpretation.

ROSSEN

A humans interpretation of a machines interpretation of a suspected machines interpretation of a human?

Both Racheal and old Dr. Rossen laugh.

ROSSEN

Lets get on ~~it~~ with it then.

DECKARD

Where's the subject?

ROSSEN

Sitting next to you.

② Delighted, Rossen takes a sip of coffee. ① Deckard stares at the unflappable Miss Rossen then back at her uncle.

ROSSEN

She may be an android.

Accepting the challenge, Deckard opens his brief (case (and starts fishing out the apparatus.)

~~THIS IS
STANDARD
REPRODUCTION~~

281
22

The electric hum of the Voight unit and the silence of the room blend a soothing sound. In the soft green glow of the dials the needles in both gauges are at rest. Dr. Rossen stands silhouetted behind Deckard, who sits in front of Rad-head Racheal, a penis beam trained in her eye, the wire mesh disks attached to her cheeks.

DECKARD

I'm going to outline a few social situations - you express your reaction quick as possible. Understand?

RACHEAL

Go ahead.

DECKARD

You're given a calf-skin wallet for your birthday.

The needles in both gauges swing ~~with~~ violently past green into red, then subside.

RACHEAL

I ~~were~~-- wouldn't accept it. Also I'd report the person who gave it to me to the police.

DECKARD

You have a little~~boy~~- boy. He shows you his butterfly collection plus the killing jar.

Again the gauges registrar but not so far.

RACHEAL

I'd take him to the doctor.

DECKARD

You're watching T.V. and suddenly you notice a wasp crawling on your wrist.

~~Deckard looks at the gauges. The needles are still. He looks at Dr. Rossen then back to Racheal.~~

RACHEAL

Wasp?

ROSSEN

She's only eighteen Deckard.

DECKARD

A flying insect that stings you.

RACHEAL

I'd kill it.

Both needles go to the red. Deckard makes a note, takes a sip of coffee and continues.

(20)
23

DECKARD

In a magazine you come across a full page ~~color~~ photo of a nude girl...

RACHEAL

Is this testing weather I'm an android or a homosexual?

DECKARD

You show the picture to your husband. He likes it and hangs it on the wall. The girl is lying on a bear skin rug.

Needles registrar slightly.

RACHEAL

I woouldn't let him.

~~CRASH~~
~~CRASH~~
~~CRASH~~

DECKARD

You're reading a novel from before the ~~CONTRINATION~~. The characters vist Fishermans Wharf in San Fransisco. They go into a ~~sea~~ food resturant. ~~One~~ One of them orders Lobster and the Chef dropps the ~~lob~~ live lobster into a tub of boiling water.

RACHEAL

That's depraved! A live lobster?

But the needles hardly move. ~~Deckard is picking up the pace.~~

DECKARD

You become pregnant by a man who runs off with your best friend and you decide to get an abortion.

The ~~bee~~ needles palpate restlessly but no more. ~~Deckard is picking up the pace.~~

RACHEAL

I'd never get an abortion.

DECKARD

Why not?

Her patience is ~~starting to tell~~ ^{STARTING} to ~~go~~ ^{to wearing} thin.

RACHEAL

Because it's against the law. You can't.

DECKARD

How do you know that?

RACHEAL

Everybody knows that.

DECKARD

Sounds like you ~~seke~~ spoke from experience.

He notes the needles. One goes to green, the other remains inert.

DECKARD

Last question. You're watching an old movie. It shows a banquet in progress. The guests are enjoying raw oysters.

~~R~~

RACHEAL

Ugh.

Both needles swing swiftly.

DECKARD

The entre consists of boild dog stuffed with rice.

Needles move less.

DECKARD

The raw oysters are more acceptable to you than a dish of boiled dog?

Deckard removes the adhesive disks from her cheeks, and swtiches off his ~~pen~~ beam.

DECKARD

~~I'm-finished.~~ Lights please.

The lights come up. Deckard brings out a hand computer, looks at his notes and punches out the input. He slots the mini computer onto the Vlight. The read out is immediate. In electric red across the viewer it reads ANDROID. There is a moment of silence as the three of them look. Racheal is very still and very pale.

DECKARD

You didn't know?

She ~~nods~~- shakes her head, ~~wistfully~~.

ROSSEN

~~False-memory-memory-~~ False memory. We programed her completely. But I ~~thna~~- think toward the end she suspected. Yes my dear?

She nods her head fixedly.

ROSSEN

Don't be afraid of him. You're not an escaped andy on Earth illegally. You're the property of the Rossen Association.

Deckard isn't doing a very good job of hiding his disgust. He starts packing up his equipment. ~~to leave~~

ROSSEN

How many questions did it take Mr Deckard?

DECKARD

Ten.

ROSSEN

How many does it usually take?

DECKARD

Four, maybe five.

The old man claps his hands. ~~together.~~

ROSSEN

Ah ha! You're going to have to be on your toes Deckard! Why don't you take cousin Racheal with you?

Deckard puts the last of the apparatus in his brief case not bothering to answer. ~~snaps his case shut and straightens to leave.~~

ROSSEN

She could be an advantage to you. (in sing song) Andys can be handy at detecting other andys.

DECKARD (DEAD SERIOUS)

Keep her, you can use her at your sales partys.

He snaps his case shut and ~~straightens to leave.~~
~~Deckard~~ starts ~~out~~ for the door.

ROSSEN

Cousin, tell Mr. Deckard, if he takes you with him, he can have your owl.

Deckard stops. ~~in spite of himself.~~

RACHEAL

You can have the owl mr. Deckard.

Deckard turns to face them.

DECKARD

What's so important about her ~~eeing~~ coming with me?

ROSSEN

We might say that having an "in house" observer in on this nasty business might give us information that could lead to avoiding future nasty business. We ~~might~~ ~~say~~-- might say that Mr. Deckard, but we won't because its not the ~~truth~~- truth.

Old Rossen leans closer, a mischevious glint in his eye.

ROSSEN

The fact is if anything happened to you it could be bad for business. So I recomend you ~~tek~~ take her along. The Nexus 6 is very quick on its feet. Also a lot smarter than some of the humans aroud here. *at PC77e Lw4.1.??*

(37)
26

*

He winks at Deckard sending home the implication

DECKARD

Like you say, if it wern't bad for business I'd bust you right now for bribery.

ROSSEN

Don't threaten Deckard, it sounds unpatriotic.

The old man is becoming agitated.

ROSSEN

We could have stopped with the old electrics, but no, we had to keep up with the Russians! I knew it was going to lead to trouble but we produce what the colonists wanted. If we hadn't of ~~made these chemical types~~ other firms would have! We're just following the time honored principal of supply and demand! The emigrants ultimate incentive! THE ANDROID SERVANT AS CARROT, THE RADIO ACTIVE FALL-OUT AS STICK! THAT'S HOW THEY'RE USED UP THERE MR. BOUNTY HUNTER, AS DONKEYS! No wonder they're trying to escape...~~woud~~- wouldn't you?! WE'RE DONKEY MAKERS!

Old Rossen starts to bray ~~like a crazed jack ass~~ right into Deckards face.

ROSSEN

HEE HAW! HEE HAW!

Deckard grabs the old man by the lapels and yanks him silent. Rossen smiles like a mule.

DECKARD

(quietly)

You're an android.

Deckard looks up as the door opens. A second Dr. Rossen enters. *

1

ROSSEN #2

In all due respect Mr. Deckard, I don't know how you're going to deal with the Nexus-6 if you can't handle him.

32
27

The new Dr. Rossen walks across the room, a little ~~XX~~ tired, a little less vital than his counter part.

ROSSEN #2

Excuse our enthusiasm, but lately he gets a little carried away, don't you Eldon.

Eldon nods enthusiastically.

ROSSEN #2

He's ~~not~~ - no Nexus-6. ^{He's} ~~You're~~ not even a 5, are you boy.

Eldon shakes his head. INFATIGABLE! ?

ROSSEN #2

Take off your head for the gentleman Eldon. *

With some difficulty he does, wires protruding from the aperture on top of its neck. A moment of silence, then Deckard looks at the real Dr. Rossen.

DECKARD

^{Human} ~~Android~~ impersonation is against the law. ^{By Android}

ROSSEN

~~A long time ago we used him as a promotional device - Just an innocent joke. A long time ago we used him as a promotional device.~~

DECKARD

And to handle your bribes?

ROSSEN

That wasn't so much a bribe as an inducement, to get the job done.

DECKARD

I could have an injunction brought against you. You could be shut down for this.

ROSSEN

I doubt it. The manufacture of andys is become so linked with the colonization effort that if one ~~were~~ were to stop so would the other. So ~~don't~~ don't threaten us with shut down. Like Uncle Eldon says, it sounds unpatriotic. ^{These are}

Deckard turns to leave.

ROSSEN

Are you sure you won't reconsider?

3B
28

DECKARD

Be happy the test worked Rossen. Let
it go at that.

He pauses.

DECKARD

One thing.

ROSSEN

What's that?

DECKARD

Is the owl real?

ROSSEN

There are no more owls Mr. Deckard.

~~Dr. Rossen smiles with a polite tip of the head.~~
Rossen smiles politely. Deckard looks at Racheal, then at
~~the-and~~ uncle Eldon standing there holding his head, he ~~Wd/~~
shakes his own and walks out the door.

THE SUBURBS

The dim lights of Isidore's truck make their way thru the dark empty night for home.

THE BUILDING

Isidore pulls up in front, turns off the engine and gets out. He trys to shut the door quietly against the silence but the silence misses nothing. Making sure his little truck is safely locked, he turns, and with keys held tight in hand, walks reluctantly towards the dark and meloncholy building.

THE APARTMENT

He comes in the door, ~~he~~ pauses a moment to catch his breath then goes right for the t.v. As he bends ~~down~~ to turn it on something stops him. Something he hears. On the alert Isidore gets down on his hands and knees and puts his ear to the floor. Faintly from below the voice of Buster Friendly can be heard.

~~LONELY?~~

ISIDORE

That isn't my t.v.....

Brows knitted, he listens intently for another couple seconds then jumps up.

ISIDORE

Somebody's here!

Confused, ~~he~~ agitated, his excitment growing, he moves around the room trying to think. Suddenly he stops and slaps himself in the head, hurries into the kitchen and throws open the refridegerator . All he finds is a rancid cube of butter - but that's good enough. He grabs it and with heart pounding runs out the kitchen, thru the front door, down the hall and decends the dust striken stairs muttering to himself.

Isidore arrives at the floor below and goes along the hall ear cocked for sound. Half way down he stops at a door. From within the voice of Buster is heard. Isidore opens his mouth to say something but can't. He lifts his hand to knock but doesn't.

ISIDORE

Jesus.

He knocks. There's a moment. The t.v. goes dead. Isidore strains to hear but nothing comes just his own heavy breathing.

ISIDORE

Hey!

Nothing.

I live upstairs.

His voic is shaking.

ISIDORE

I heard your t.v. Let's meet - Okay?

He-waits- His words pry nothing loose except more silence.

ISIDORE

I brought a cube of margarine...

He's standing close to the door trying to speak thru its thickness.

ISIDORE

My name is J.R. Isidore. I work for Mr. Hannibal Sloat - you heard of him. I'm reputable. I have a job. I drive Mr. Sloat's truck.

Meagerly the door opens, just a crack. It's a girl. The eyes are large and frightened. Isidore stares at her, surprised she's more surprised than ~~the~~ she is.

ISIDORE

You thought nobody lived in this building? You thought it was abandoned?

She nods ~~here~~- her head. Her voice comes out a whisper.

GIRL

Yes.

There is silence. It's up to Isidore.

ISIDORE

Well...it sure is good to have ~~deighbers~~-- neighbors. Heck until you came alone there wasn't any.

GIRL

You're the only one? In this building - besides me?

Isidore nods. Her face is calmer now but she says nothing. Isidore trys to break the ice.

ISIDORE

Good old Buster. I watch him too. Every morning. And then I watch him again at night. ~~Agte~~ After I get home from work. While I eat my dinner. And then his late show till I go to sleep.

Telex -

GIRL

Who?

ISIDORE

Buster! Buster Friendly. Where did you come here from?

GIRL

I don't see that it matters.

She's beginning to take command. Isidore stares at her with his mouth ~~half~~ open.

GIRL

I'm from back east. Now if you don't mind it's rather late and I'm just moving in so I'd better finish unpacking.

ISIDORE

I could help you.

GIRL

No.

He holds it up to see.

He realizes he's got the margarine in his hand. It's melted. ~~He takes down at it then he stares down at it then at her.~~

He looks at her.

ISIDORE

Guess I'll go back up stairs.

~~Clutching the soggy margarine reluctantly he leaves.~~ She watches him shuffle away ~~clutching his soggy margarine~~

GIRL

Wait!

He stops and turns.

ISIDORE

Huh?

How are we going to make the voice different

She comes into the hall. The voice is different and so is the hair, but the face, the body is Rachael Rossen.

GIRL

I'll need you. For getting furniture and things. Probably there's some in the other apartments. Don't you think?

Isidore nods his head eagerly.

ISIDORE

Sure there is! There's lots of stuff. Everything you need. I'll get it for you.

She strolls toward him, shirt open, breast slightly exposed.

GIRL

What time do you get home from work? You can help me then.

ISIDORE

Buster! Buster Friendly. Where did you come here from?

GIRL

I don't see that it matters.

She's beginning to take command. Isidore stares at her with his mouth ~~hang~~ open.

GIRL

I'm from back east. Now if you don't mind it's rather late and I'm just moving in so I'd better finish unpacking.

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GIRL

No.

He holds it up to see.

He realizes he's got the margarine in his hand. It's melted. ~~He takes down at it then he stares down at it then at her.~~

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She strolls toward him, shirt open, breast slightly exposed.

GIRL

What time do you get home from work? You can help me then.

ISIDORE

Six.

GIRL

That'll be fine.

ISIDORE

We could have dinner together. Maybe, if I brought home the ingredients?

GIRL

No. I have too much to do.

Isidore nods, disappointed.

GIRL

Some other time maybe.

She moves back towards her door. Isidore's voice comes out loud.

ISIDORE

John Isidore. I work for...

GIRL

You told me who you work for...John Isidore.

She almost laughs.

ISIDORE

Well what's your name?

A-pause-- She pauses by her door.

GIRL

My name? My name is Pris Stratton. That's my married name. I always use it. I never use any other name. You can call me Pris.

She smiles ^{at him} like an angel and closes the door. Isidore STARES AT THE DOOR FOR A MOMENT THEN TURNS AWAY FOR THE STAIRS. He's LIKE TO DANCE BUT SETTLES FOR BATTING HIS KNUCKLES TOGETHER.

~~with~~
THE OLD SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE

38. ~~25~~
43

On the stage ~~the old San Francisco Opera House~~ four Mexican acrobats, in matching metallic jump suits, roll head over heels in their rendition of a human wheel. From the P.A. system the announcers voice blares thru the cavernous theater.

ANNOUNCER

Lets hear it for the Hermano Brothers!

Scattered applause. Only a small section of seats are occupied, mostly by "specials" and elderly folks. Hand in hand the Hermano Brothers bow deeply, spring up and trot off stage.

ANNOUNCER

Next we're gonna see a little charmer who keeps her dancing partner in a basket! She comes to us all the way from exotic Casa Blanca. Zhora!

The old boys in the pit strike up a tinny version of "In A Persian Market" as Zhora dances out on stage. She's a black haired beauty in a scant belly dancer costume, a couple pounds over wieght, but all $\frac{1}{2}$ in the right places. She kneels eenter ceremoniously center stage and sets the basket down before her. Carefully removing the lid she reaches in and lifts out a four foot harlequin patterned Python. Grinding her hips to the music she rises, holding the coiling snake out like an offering. Sounds of approval from the audience. The gold coins covering her breasts jingle and shimmer as she weaves senuously around the floor like something out of A Thousand and One Nights.

TOO
ACCURATE.

STARTING AT
HERE.

The dressing room is small and cluttered. The door opens and Zhora flounces in. Deckard sits at her dresssing room table. If she's startled she doesn't show it. She pulls off her ~~her~~ black wig and throws it on the table. With her yellow hair she looks like a sun flower but the ~~her~~ voice comes out lower east side, New York City.

ZHORA

What do you want?

In an effort with
internal security.

DECKARD

I'm with the San Fransisco Police department.

Without taking his eyes off her, he flips out his ~~I.D. Police~~ CARD.

ZHORA

So?

DECKARD

You Zhora Teasdale?

ZHORA

Yeah, is that against the law?

39

DECKARD

I'm here to run a identity test.

ZHORA

Sure picked a hell of a time to do it.

She ^{Takes} pulls the snake from around her shoulders and gently lays it on the table. ~~The~~ markings (on its thick undulating body ~~are~~) translucent as emeralds as ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{moves slowly} into the warmth of the light. Deckard steels a glance.

DECKARD

Is ^{ne} that real?

ZHORA

Of course ^{ne} it's not real. You think I'd be working ~~at~~ here if I had a real snake?

DECKARD

It's a ~~pretty~~ good job.

ZHORA

You mean the snake?

Deckard ~~is~~ nods.

ZHORA

The best. ~~It's~~ a Craft-Ebbing. /

DECKARD

Does it eat?

ZHORA

It's not that good. Naw.

DECKARD

I got a sheep that does.

ZHORA

Electric?

He nods. His hand reaches out to touch the snake. As his fingers make contact there's an electrical "snap". He jerks his hand back from the shock.

ZHORA

Jeesus!

She goes for the snake.

DECKARD

Don't move!

She freezes.

ZHORA

What do you mean, don't move?! How come you're scarring me?

40 27.
35

DECKARD
Don't move so fast.

ZHORA
A circuit just blew! You wanna buy me
a new one?! What the hell do you want?
What kinda test is this?

DECKARD
Standard personality profile - won't
take long.

Rattled, she reaches for her purse.

DECKARD
Hold it.

His hand goes inside his coat.

ZHORA
What?? I was just gonna get a stick
of gum.

Cuasiously she reaches into her purse and makes a grand ~~gesture~~
gestrue of bringing ~~it~~ out. ~~GUM.~~

ZHORA

See?

She pops it into ~~ex~~ her mouth and chews vigorously.

ZHORA
Look, I already had my I.Q. I can prove it.

She dumps the contents of her purse ~~out~~ on the table, looks
thru the junk for her I.D. finds it and hands it to him.
~~Recovered,~~ The snake slides thru the cosmetics, tounge flicking
from its blunt nose trying to get back ~~it-it-~~ to its mistress.

ZHORA
I might sound dumb but I'm not "special".

DECKARD
I didn't say you were.

ZHORA
Then how come I'm getting an I.Q.?

DECKARD
Who says it's an I.Q.?

A pause. Absently she reaches out to stroke the snake. Sudenly
she laughs.

ZHORA
~~Wait-a-mintue-here--~~ you think I'm a 'droid?
Ha! Wait'll my old man heres about this!

A STICK OF

~~SNAKE A CIRCUIT~~

scattered
DEBRIS
Noses thru
the scattered
debris

He stares at her a moment then down at the I.D. Her hand closes around the snakes head. Deckard looks up in time to see it coming but can't move fast enough. She strikes him so hard it knocks him off the chair. Before he hits the floor she kicks him in the stomach and whips him again across the back. Snarling, she lifts the ~~the snake~~ ^{the snake} again. It whistles thru the air as Deckard rolls out of the way, and slams down so hard it ruptures against the floor. He goes for his laser but she's already out the door. Deckard bounds out of the room and sees her go thru a door at the other end of the hall. He sprints after her, arrives at the door and flings it open. Blackness. The sound of her high heels clattering down metal steps.

EVERYTHING HERE HAPPENS IN TOTAL DARKNESS. IT'S ON THE TV.

Into the enormous whale belly of the theater basement he descends. The big iron door swings shut behind him. His foot steps slow as he enters total darkness. Hers have disappeared completely.

He hits bottom and stops, holding his breath to listen. The silence is huge. A wicked laugh from behind. He spins and fires up the stairs. The laser beam splits thru the dark. There's a ~~gasp-gasp-gasp~~ ^{gasp} at the other end. Silence. Cautiously he ~~moves back up~~ ^{moves} one stair at a time until he's half way up, tentatively takes a couple more steps and pauses. The laughter erupts again from below and further away. ~~He~~ ^{Through} he fires into the blackness. Her voice echos back thru the hollow distance.

All Black played for the ear.

ZHORA

You're a dead man!

Quietly he moves down the steps, gets to the floor and creeks thru the dark towards the voice.

ZHORA

(mockingly)

I can see ya Deckard.

He keeps coming, trying to get a beat bead on the voice.

DECKARD

How'd you know my name?

No answer. He stops. Her voice breaks the air with the clarity of an oracle. It comes from above.

ZHORA

WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

in Pavel's *

Laughter followed by a "snap". Instinctively Deckard jumps to the side. What sounds like a concrete block crunches into the floor where he was standing. He fires into the air several time.

DECKARD

Mother fucker!

Her phantom voice sounds like it's swinging thru the air.

ZHORA

Don't blow your wad honey!

Looking for cover he runs blindly into a wall and calapses against it. Breathing hard he waits for his heart to stop pounding so he can listen. The taunting voice comes from close by.

ZHORA

I'm coming up behind you.

He spins and fires twice. A long silence. Her laughter peels thru the void. There's a flash of light at the step top of the stairs as she whisks thru the door and slams it behind her. Deckard charges across the basement floor, hurtles up the stairway firing as he goes. The door looks like swiss cheese by the time he goes thru. ~~he~~.

~~Clare~~ street at the front of the Opera is open only to foot traffic these days. A bizzare place on a Friday night; hawkers and whores ~~vending their wares~~, the rabble, the poor and the curious mill around the randy built paltforms and brightly lit stands. Zhora, in her belly dancers costume is not out of place in the flea market atmosphere. Trying ~~X~~ not to run she cuts thru the mob as quick as she can. Deckard not far behind, dodging and side-stepping trying to keep up.

She comes to an innersection and turns out of the wall onto a less crowded street. She glances over her shoulder as she breaks ~~in~~ into a run and runs right into a couple of "specials" "specials". All three go down.

Deckard comes out of the crowd in time to ~~see~~^{spot} her getting to her feet. She sees him and runs. The two "specials" getting up, shocked and helpless are in his ~~X~~ line of fire. He runs past them and drops to one knee leveling his laser.

DECKARD
Stop or you're dead!

Zhora cuts into a store. A brightly lit pharmacy. People shopping in the in the comforting sterility of the pharماسuitical silence. Everything clean and cool. Here she's definetly out of place. The customers turn and stare. She moves towards them, ~~is~~ a frightened child.

ZHORA
Please help me...please...there's
a man trying to kill me...

*
The BACK of his
COAT SLASHED AND
BLOOD STAINED.

Deckard bursts thru the door, ~~gun~~^{laser} in hand, out of breath, ~~his back bleeding~~. Nobody moves. Zhora shrinks away. His laser is pointing right at her.

DECKARD
You coming...or you want it here...

Whimpering and big eyed she shakes her head. He motions her around the front of him keeping the ~~las~~ laser aimed at her head and ~~X~~ falls in behind her. They ~~see~~ go out the door into the street.

DECKARD
Left.

She obeys. He walks close behind her concealing the laser.

DECKARD
Next corner left.

Like a flash the heel of her foot comes up and nails ~~X~~ him in the ~~balls~~^{hips}. Deckard doubles over and crumples to his knees. She dashes for the corner. Teeth clenched he lifts his head and takes aim.

~~The heel of her foot comes up like a flash
and catches him in the hips.~~

DECKARD

Halt!

31
99

She doesn't. The beam burns a hole right thru her back and comes out her stomach. She screams but doesn't stop. The next one catches her at the base of the skull. She hits the pavement, tumbles and slides for fifteen feet before she stops. In a heap she lies screaming and broken, blood pumping out of her neck. Croutched he comes forward and puts another one into her head. No more Zhora. He limps up to her, a little crowd forming but keeping there at a distance. He studies her body and backs away slightly... right into a flint faced, uniformed cop with revolver drawn. ~~his gun is drawn.~~

Shaken, He

COP
Drop it! ~~Down!~~

Deckard does.

COP *f Legs*
On your belly! Arms out!

Painfully Deckard lays down on the pavement. With his free hand the cop ~~frisks him for~~ *frisks him for* weapons. He ~~finds~~ *Removes Fingers And* another laser *carefully removes* and sticks it in his belt. Deckard's voice comes out husky, barely audible.

Removes Deckard

ankle laser

DECKARD

I can explain this.

COP

~~I doubt it.~~

hands behind your back BACK!

~~Pointing to Zhora he whispers.~~

DECKARD

Android... *(whispering)*

COP

~~Sure and that blood coming out of her is red all. Put your hands behind your back.~~

COP - Sit up!

The pipe shaken with the crew cut watches from the crowd
~~the pipe~~

A MAN WITH A PIPE

Late morning in the hall of Justice. Inspector Bryant's got Deckard in his office, nither ~~one~~ of them looks too happy about it. Deckard's ~~ha-d~~ had a rough ~~nigh~~ night, it shows.

SR
45

BRYANT

Just because it's a Nexus-6 doesn't change procedure! A little known ~~fa-et~~ fact can become a big known ~~ea-et~~ fact and part of our job is to make sure that doesn't happen. Now how can we do that if you blow one away in front of an audience and then invite the cops to come and arrest you?

DECKARD

She was gonna get away.

BRYANT

Then let her get away! What was it, the money? Why'd you do it?

DECKARD

~~Let's~~ call it delayed self-defence.

BRYANT

If it happens again I'm gonna let 'em keep you.

Point made, Bryant gets up and unlocks his ~~safe~~ safe. He brings out a bottle of whiskey and carefully pours a double, puts the bottle back and hands the glass to Deckard.

DECKARD

It wasn't just the money - ~~she got to me...~~

He looks down at his drink.

DECKARD

I didn't like her.



BRYANT

You start liking or disliking andys it's time ~~for-retirement~~ to ~~retire~~. HANG IT UP. Here's something else you're not gonna like...In the interest of de-escalation the Russians have sent an agent in to observe the Nexus operation. It was arranged last night. His name is Dubkov. You're supposed to meet him at ~~noon-at~~ the Regency at noon. ~~Better~~ get going.

Deckard gets to his feet but pauses.

BRYANT

What?

~~44~~
46

DECKARD

If this Russian assists me in some way - am I expected to split with him?

BRYANT

This is a gesture of international cooperation not personal competition Deckard. If you find it in your heart to share your ~~own~~ earnings with the ^{your} Russian, it's okay with me.

^{former}

They almost smile. Deckard downs his drink and turns to leave.

BRYANT

Deckard.

He looks back.

BRYANT

Get yourself a new coat, will ya?

IRAN SCENE IS OUT!!

~~PHONE
CALL
TO
WIFE~~ *

This is where SHOWER
scene goes IF we
NEED it.

Do we need it?

No!!

3rd
PART

HALL
THE DOOR



a

47

~~There was once a name on it but in here its too dark to tell what it was. A door opens from down the hall. The shadow of a man approaches looking at the door slow with lumbering foot steps. Its Isadore. He comes up to the door and peer-- peers at it. He knocks threetimes. The voice from the inside on the other side is gruff.~~

BRUCE

Yeah?

ISADORE

Mr. Avacoli?

AVACOLI

Who is it?

ISADORE

I called about the peaches - my name's Isadore.

AVACOLI

Just a sex. sec.

The door opens. Avacoli Looks out, ~~to-see-~~ sees Isadore is alone and lets him in.

The room is insulated and cold, not large, ~~but~~ full of ~~food~~. ~~stacks of~~ canned goods, sacks of fruit and ~~piles of~~ crates piled against the wall. Avacoli is swarthy, with strong hairy arms and ~~eye~~ ^{hairy} Corsican eyes. ~~There's~~ a laser gun stuck in his belt.

AVACOLI

You said three right?

Isadore nods ~~and~~ Avacoli bends over a box and picks out three / fuzzy peaches, and /when you gonna eat em?/tognight/ he's wrapping them in tin foil putting them in a bag.

AVACOLI

These babies are perfect...not too soft - just right - keep em out of the light tho.

Isadore nods, excited looking around at all the good stuff.

Q AVACOLI

~~I can give you~~ How about ^{some} cheece? ~~tom~~
I can give you a real good deal ~~this~~
~~afternoon~~ on s cheece? ~~tom~~

Avacoli/ takes a wedge ~~and~~ gives it a good whiff and passes it to Isadore. In imitation Isadore puts it to his nose ~~but~~ and smells. His head jerks back.

ISADORE

It smells sort of...bad.

AVACOLI

Its supposed to. Its good ~~st~~ stuff.

ISADORE

No thanks.

Avacoli shrugs and grabs it back. Isadore takes out his money to pay for the peaches.

48

AVACOLI

What about wine. I can give you a hell of a savings right now.

Isadore would like to but he hesitates.

AVACOLI

Vintage wine - ~~pre war stuff~~ I'm talking about. ~~Just get it in but its-gonna-go-faster~~ → The real thing.

~~In talking about the real thing - vintage wine just come in.~~

He holds up a bottle. Its not a full b
He holds up a bottle of Gallo. Its not even full.

ISADORE

Its been opened.

AVACOLI

Ofcourse it has. You gotta let it breath. Don't you know anything about wine?

ISADORE

How much is it?

AVACOLI

Regular the price s would be two fifty but I could give it to your for two.

ISADORE

I ha ven't got that much.

AVACOLI

~~How-much-you-get?--~~
What do you got?

Isadore counts out his money, and starts to speak.

AVACOLI

You got a hundred sixty five dollars ~~there~~. I'll tell you what I'll do - the peaches are fifteen a piece thats forty five dollars and I'll throw in the wine for a hundred and twenty. Okay?

* AW
Okay.

ISADORE (SMILES)

Avacoli takes the money out of his hand and gives him the bottle of Gallo.

AVACOLI

Don't drink all that by yourself you'll get sick.

WONT IN

ISADORE

I ~~am~~ gonna share it with a friend.

49

3.
44

AVACOLI

Atta boy.

THE STREET

Isadore's in his truck driving down the road whistling. He's interrupted by a noise from the rear. ~~It sounds like a cat.~~ In good spirits Isadore ~~talks~~ ^{CALLS BACK} over his shoulder

(A timeless melody)

ISADORE

Sounds like we got a sick cat back there.

He goes back to his whistling but the cat noise gets persistent.

ISADORE

Can't you hang on till we get to the shop?

It doesn't sound like it.

ISADORE

Looks like maybe I should recharge ~~it~~ you.

ANGOR

He pulls over and climbs into the back. There's a not too convincing redention of a squirrel lying in one cage perfectly still ev except for its-mal functioning tail which (jerks) circles continuously and the cat who's in a plastic carrying case just like a real one would be. Isadore pulls it out tenderly, turns it ~~on~~ belly up and gropes around in the belly fur for the controls. The cat lies there mouth open tounge out panting.

ISADORE

Hmmmmmm.

He can't find what he's looking for.

ISADORE

Maybe a shut off... ..

He runs his finger along the ~~f~~ cat's spine.

ISADORE

Boy you must be a wheel wright and carpenter. Good work.

By now he's got a no longer functioning animal in his lap. He realizes it has stopped breathing.

ISADORE

~~Shoot.~~

He considers this a moment.

ISADORE

Boym this is gonna cost.

FISHERMAN'S WIFE

Rachel
Rachael

12
30 4
45
As he gets ~~back~~ back ~~of~~ behind the wheel it ~~starts to~~ dawnson him that he might be ~~IX~~ held responsible.

ISADORE

Probably the guy didn't get his darn three times a year preventive lub and cleaning job. Its not my fault.

Blinking and full of doubt he steers into the street and drives away.

A Sloop
THE VAN NESS PET HOSPITAL

Son of a Bitch
The ~~back room~~ is disarranged and dusty, spare parts and false animals laying around in various states of disrepair, electrical equipment and diagrams plastered everywhere. Hannibal Sloat, proprietor, glances up, his gray seamed face irritated by Isadore as he enters with squerrle and cat. Old Sloat is a small spindly man who sees the world thru ~~thick~~ glasses literally thick with dust. ~~He's son of a bitch~~

SLOAT

What do you have there?

ISADORE

A squerrle and a cat. The cat is....

He puts the cat down on the littered desk. *IN FRONT OF SLOAT.*

ISADORE

The cat looks like he ~~has~~ got a short *huh?*
~~maybe in the power supply huh?~~

SLOAT

Why show it to me - take it down ~~in the shop~~ to Milt.

But reflexively he opens the cage ~~and~~ tugs the cat ~~to~~ *OUT AND BEGINS TO* examine it.

ISADORE

He just pooped out on me-right after I picked him up - ~~I~~ couldn't find the ~~power-supply-pannel.~~

Sloat takes off his glasses and peers ~~at-the--~~into the cats half open mouth.

SLOAT

Son of a bitch!

Isadore jumps back.

SLOAT

Mother sons of bitches! This cat isn't artificial. I knew sometime this would happen...and it's dead! Bastard!

50 5
46

Milt appears at the door, aproned and fat.

MILT
What's the matter?

SLOAT
Look what this ass hole brought-in here
/ brought in here.

Sloat is seething. Milt comes in for a closer look. — Heavy Breath

MILT
Wow. Wonder how much it's worth?

SHORT OF BREATH
~~SHOUTING~~

SLOAT
Was worth.

ISIDORE
Don't...doesn't your insurance c-c-cover
this?

SLOAT
(snarling)
Yes. But it's the waste. Couldn't you
tell? Didn't you notice the difference?

ISIDORE
I thought it was a good job. I thought
it fooled me. I mean it seemed alive.

SLOAT
It was!

MILT
He can't tell the difference. To him
they're all alive. He probably tried
to save it. What did you do try to recharge
its battery?

Wasting?

ISIDORE
Y-Yes.

SLOAT
Ass hole.

MILT
Listen pretty soon I'm- I'm not gonna
be able to tell the difference. Let
him off the hook it could happen to
any of us. Besides living animals
do die thats one of the risks.

SLOAT
The god dman waste.

He squints up at Isidore.

*Fixing him with the concave stare?
Isidore tries to get stum.*

4/2/81

will you get it r thru your head once and for all
egg head that this is not a place to bring real animals!
We do not repair real animals!

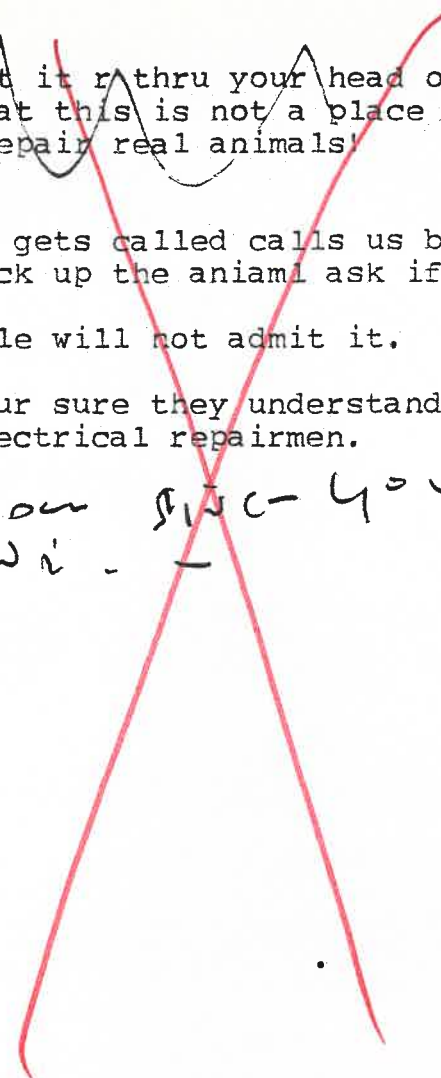
SUSAN

if you
if somebody gets called calls us be by mistake
when you pick up the animal ask if its real or not.

MILLY
SUSAN

some f people will not admit it.
then make sur sure they understand we care are not really
vets but electrical repairmen.

OK I s... - 400 BRAD...?
him wi - -



14.
53. 6
47

SLOAT

Okay Isidore since you brought him in
you make the call.

Isidore stares back at him in disbelief.

MILT

Hey Hannibal - ~~I'll do it (don't make him)~~
I'll do it. What's the number ~~is~~?

∅Paniced Isidore strarts fumbling thru his pockets.

SLOAT

I ~~do~~ want the chciiken head to do it.

ISIDORE

I c-c-can't use the vid phone - I'm no
good - I feel sick - from the radiation,
I think I'm gonna die...

MILT

Come on Isidore if you dont give me the
number I can't make the call.)

SLOAT

The chicken head makes it - or he's fired.

MILT

Aw Haanibal.

But annibal doesn't budge. Slowly Isidore brings out the
invoice and stares at them. *The number from the 2 nev.?*

SLOAT

Go on.

With a shaking hand Isidore reaches out ~~and~~ picks up the vid
phone reciever and punches out the numbers. A ~~careful~~, middle
aged lady answers. ~~the phone with her hair back-~~

LADY

Yes?

ISIDORE

Mrs. Pilsen...I w-w-w-want to talk to
you about your cat.

Terror spewing thru his voice.

MRS PILSEN

Yes? Did it turn out to be pneumonitis?
That's what Mr. Pilwsen thought.

ISIDORE

Your eae- cat died.

MRS. PILSEN

Oh no God in heaven

~~ISIDORE~~

Isidore
Rises to
the occasion

ISIDORE

We'll replace it - we have insurance,
~~Isidore starting to feel~~
~~There's a power of being the bearer of important news.~~
Isidore ~~wait~~ pauses feeling out his next move. Mrs Spilssen
looks around her grief turning hysterical.

ISIFDORE

The owner of our store will personally...

SLOAT

We'll give 'em a check - sydney's list price.
Gaining confidence Isidore ^{purples them} ignore him and goes on.

ISIDORE

Personally lick the replacement cat out
for you.

Sloat and Milt stare at him amazed.

ISIDORE

Give us the specification, color, sex,
sub type such as Manx Persian Aby....

MRS SPLSEN

Ahhh little Buffalo is dead...

ISIDORE

He had pnuemonitis He died on the trip to
the hospital. Our senior staff physician
Dr. Hannibal Sloat expressed the belief that
nothing at this point could have saved him.
(she sobbing)
But isn't it good that we're going to re-
place Buffalo - Am I correct?

MRS SPSICEN

But ~~here-only-~~ there's ~~one~~ only one cat
like little Buffalo. He used to when he
was a i kitten stand and stare up ~~at~~ at
us like he was asking a question. We
neber understaood what the question was.

ISIDORE

Maybe now he knows the na answer.

Fresh tears roll down her pounchy checks.

THE
LOOK so funny
OTHER STUNNED DISBEL

MRS PILSEN

How can I ever tell my husband...
When my husband find out he'll die.

ISIDORE

What about an exact electric duplicate
of your cat Mrs Pilsen?

ELE. ELE. ELE.

53 . 8.
49.

~~baby-shane~~

a wheel wright and carpenter every detail of the old animal faithfully reproduced in permanent...

mrs pilsen

Oh that's dreadful! What are you saying? Don't ever tell my husband that - he loved little Buffalo more than any cat he ever had and he's had a cat ever since he was a child (little boy).

Milt grabs the reciever away from Isadore.

MILT

We can agive you a check in the ~~mm~~ amount of Sidney's list or as Mr Isidore suggested we can pick out a new cat for you. We're very sorry Mrs Pilsen.

MIS PILSEN

I can't tell my husband.

MILT

All right ma'm - we'll call him if you wish - you just give us the number at his place of employment.

He reaches for pad and pen and waits.

MRS PILSEN

Listen maybe the other gentleman is right. (she bite her K lip) maybe an electrical replacement is a good idea...could it be a faithful reproduction one so good that Ed would never know?

MILT

If thats what you want but its been our experience that the owner of the animal is rarely fooled - only neighbors and casual observers - ~~(i mean once you get close to a false animal...)~~

MRS PILSEN

Ed never got physically ~~colose~~ close to little bufallo - even tho he loved him. he's alergic to cats.

MILT

Well in that case....

MRS PILSEN

How long would it take?

MILT

Eight to ten de days.

~~-MRS-PILSEN-~~

She hesitates then suddenly:

MRS PILSEN

Fine, then do it! ~~But...~~

He waits.
Mr husband just never knew.

Discretion is part of our job.

56. 9.

MILT

Okay Ma'm. I'll call you back with the estimates.

DETAILS

MRS PILSEN (suddenly very intent - she My husband must never know. whispers)

MILT

Don't worry Mrs. Pilsen. {we're use to dealing in these matters.}

MRS. PILSEN

Bless you.

MILT

Bye.

There's a moment of relief as he hangs up, then he and Sloat ~~look~~ ~~turn to study Isidore.~~ ~~turn to look on Isidore.~~ **stare**

MILT

In some ways you're not so stupid after all Isidore. You handled that pretty good. MILT HAD TO STEP IN FOR YOU AT THE ~~END~~ - BUT... **He shakes his head like an ~~ap~~ ^{pride} proud, ~~older~~ OLDER BROTHER.**

He shakes his head

MILT

No kiddin' - I never heard you talk so good Iz - what got in to you there? You saved the day. He saved the day didn't he ~~Milt~~-Han.

Isidore delights in their attention, ~~and doesn't try to hide it.~~ ~~Isidore is a delight when he is delighted.~~ **Its** good to see Isidore's flame burn bright. He's beaming and for a moment they're like brothers

SLOAT

Okay, lets get back to work.

THE REGENCY

Hushed and luxurious. Deckard comes in thru the revolving doors and crosses the lobby for the desk. Amid the gilded mirrors and potted palms a diamond studded old dowager? struggles over an enormous jig saw puzzle, smoke curling out of the cigarette holder clamped between her teeth. And except for the old gent asleep in the next chair, that's it for life in the lobby.

The clerk at the desk responds to Deckard in his most condescending voice. It's not often he gets the chance.

CLERK

I believe you will find Mr. Polokov in the bar sir.

Deckard turns and crosses the lobby.

The bar is swank and discreetly lit. ~~The only customer-~~ Only one customer. He's a bear of a man hunched over a platter of ^{oderves} ~~oderves~~ and a glass of beer. He looks up as Deckard approaches.

DECKARD

Polokov?

POLOKOV

You are Deckard?

DECKARD

Yeah.

The big man wipes a pudgy hand off on his sleeve and extends it. He's got a smile that could melt your heart ~~and~~ ^{but} if it wern't for the russian accent and ~~the~~ shaved head he'd look just like the Nexus six that lasered Holden. Deckard shakes his hand and pulls up a stool. Polokov slides him the oderves.

DECKARD

No thanks.

POLOKOV

Beer?

DECKARD

Yeah.

A dried up ~~a~~ old fossil of a barman comes out of the shaddows to serve them.

BARMAN

Sir.

DECKARD

I'll have a Great Dane plesase.

POLOKOV

And I too please.

d'oderves

2.
58.
The old man draws the beers.

~~The barman draws the beers.~~
~~The old barman pours the beer and withdraws.~~

POLOKOV

I hope you don't mind that we meet like this, without formality - but I like it better.

Why not?
Me too.

DECKARD

The barman sets up the beers and withdraws. Polokov leans closer trying to keep his voice to drop his husky voice to a whisper.

POLOKOV

Please don't ~~think~~ think I will be trouble for you - I am here only to observe. But if you need me I will be ready to help.

Polokov's lumber jack sincerity is hard to resist.

DECKARD

That's good to hear Polokov. ~~Thanks.~~

POLOKOV

You call me Sandor, please.

Deckard nods and starts drinking his beer.

POLOKOV

Now I would like very much to hear what characteristics you could tell me of this Nexus six.

More at home with technology Deckard clears his throat and puts down his glass.

DECKARD

Diversity of function I think was an aim that makes the nexus six an unreliable item. For instance the cortical core is built up from N.N.9 fluidic chips with a projective complexity that may exceed our own.

POLOKOV

But that is not unusual. The koballium chip modular is equally complex. We have have one now in Russia that can read mind - what you call Claravoyant?

DECKARD

But the motor controls of the Nexus six, logic and memory function are all beyond anything the koballium chip ever produced - plus its personality is based on traditional character types which makes it very popular and very hard to detect if they go off the beam.

BUT THESE ARE DIFFERENT.
- HOW?
- I DON'T KNOW. THESE AREN'T JUST
COMPUTERS WITH DELUSIONS
OF GRAND DEATH. IT'S LIKE
THEY HAVE A VENGEANCE.
MAYBE ITS BECAUSE YOU
GIVE THEM HOPE...
S... LET ANYBODY
HAVE THAT PROBLEM...

POLOKOV

Are you saying U.S. andy is superior
to, say, the Soviet T-3?

DECKARD

It's possible.

POLOKOV

Then why does so many defect?

DECKARD

When they figure that one out ^{SANDON} I guess
you and I will be out of a job, ~~either~~.

~~It takes him a moment to digest then Polokov erupts into laughter.~~
Polokov takes a moment to digest that then erupts into laughter.
~~He rubs his hands together his eyes alive with affection.~~
EYES ALIVE WITH AFFECTION HE LOOKS AT DECKARD AS CLAPS HIS HANDS

POLOKOV

I like you Deckard. ~~I am privileged~~
~~to participate with you in this effort~~
I am privileged to participate with
you in this ~~mission~~.

BIG HANDS
TOGETHER.

Returning the compliment Deckard salutes him with his empty
~~beer~~ glass.

POLOKOV

Barman, Vodka!

~~The old barman gets a bottle of vodka and starts to pour into~~
~~two shot glasses, brings out two shot glasses.~~
THE OLD MAN GETS A BOTTLE OF VODKA DOWN AND BRINGS IT OVER
WITH 2 SHOT GLASSES.

POLOKOV

No! Big Glasses!

~~The barman~~ ^{he} ~~puts~~ ^{sets} up two high-- high ball glasses. Polokkov
ga- grabs the bottle away from him, ~~and~~ pours both competely full ^{and}
~~he~~ hands one to Deckard and ~~lifts his glass to toast.~~

POLOKOV

Prost!

DECKARD

Prost.

POLOKOV

To America and all her children!

Eye to eye Deckard follows him down to the bottom. Polokov
finishes first, slaps down his glass and pours again.

POLOKOV

In cold country like mine this is
way ~~friend~~ strangers get warm fast.

He pours Deckard glass full ~~again~~.

Now WE DRINK

POLOKOV

To Russia ~~and~~. And all her children.
Dead or alive.

Eyes locked they drink again. This time Deckard finishes his-- first. Polokov is delighted.

POLOKOV

You must be Russian.

Deckard coughs. His smile is on a little γ crooked. Polokov slaps him on the back.

POLOKOV

I like you.

DECKARD

Me too. I mean I like you too.

They sit there in the glow of it the bottle half empty between them.

DECKARD

You got an animal Sandor?

POLOKOV

Remember I am from Communist country everybody has animal.

DECKARD

What kind you got?

POLOKOV

Polar bear!

DEKACRD

No!

POLOKOV

Ya!

laughing

Deckard stares at him eye incredulous and red from the Vodka.

POLOKOV

Everybody in my building own Polar Bear. Collectively. We all own him together.--e-- One bear - five hundred people.

That's the funniest thing Deckard ever heard. He's laughing so hard he can't get his breath. Polokov's laughing too. Even the old barman manages a thin smile. They hang over the bar their arms around each other until they laugh themselves out.

POLOKOV

What animal do you have?

DECKARD

I have a sheep.

Deckard doesn't look very happy about it.

— 132 (142 actual)
34

98 pages left.

~~230~~
7 | ~~144~~
~~4~~
40

POLOKOV

What's the problem my friend, is he sick?

DECKARD

He can get sick. He's got built in disease circuits. The best you can buy. ~~Look just like a black faced suffix ewe - except he's an animoid.~~ ?!!

POLOKOV

I am sorry.

DECKARD

It's okay. Soon as this job's over I'm gonna get a real animal.

POLOKOV

Buy a cat. Cats are \$ cheap.

DECKARD

I don't want \$ a cat. I want a large animal - I want a...

POLOKOV

Buy a cricket. For twenty five bucks you could buy a cricket.

He's begining to loose his accent but Deckard ~~doesn't seem to notice.~~ *Doesn't*

DECKARD

Listen Sandor if ~~you're~~ you're so hot for crickets you go buy one - in fact ~~why don't you sell your Polar bear and buy you ~~trade your Polar~~ ~~on all the crickets they got~~ ~~you could corner the cricket market!~~ why don't you trade in your Polar bear ~~get all the crickets they got~~ *let you could* and corner the fucking cricet market.~~

Deckard starts to laugh again - ~~but stops when he feels Polokov's laser jab i him n in the stomach.~~ But stops when he feels something jab him in the belly. *He looks down* Its Polokovs laser.

DECKARD

Hey Sandor, I was just joking.

The accent is gone.

MAKE NO FUSS

POLOKOV

The joke is over. Pay the bill. *quietly.*

Deckard is very sober very fast. ~~There's nothing to argue about.~~ He stands, reaches into his pocket ~~very ex/~~ Carefully and ~~puts~~ puts money on the bar.

6

from the future?

67.

In the lobby the old dowager is still sucking ~~on~~ her
 cigarette trying to place a piece. The sleeping man is
 now awake and blinking, trying to unblur his little eyes.
~~Polokov is following Deckard across the lobby~~
 The man at the desk is winding his watch and Polokov is following
 Deckard across the lobby.

(P.P. leave?)

The woman that comes in thru the revolving doors as they go
 out is Rachael Rossen. ~~She doesn't seem to notice-- And---~~
~~nobody seemed to notice.~~
 She doesn't seem to notice and (if Deckard ~~does~~ you'd never know it.) ~~CLASSY~~ ?

~~THE STREET~~

? Done.

RUSSIAN HILL

The late afternoon sun filters thru the dust casting a crimson light on the quiet empty streets. Deckard is ushered around a corner and into an alley. They turn again and Leon marches him up a narrow passage between two buildings. It's a dead end strewn with abandoned, dust encrusted animal pens. In one of them a no longer functioning chicken lays on its side. Deckard steps over it.

LEON

That's far enough. Turn around.

Deckard does. Leon smiles but his eyes no longer twinkle, they're as empty as shot gun barrels.

LEON

Do you know who I am Deckard?

DECKARD

What happened to Polokov?

LEON

He's sorry he couldn't make but he broke his neck trying.

~~Like a hungry man about to eat Leon puts away his laser and starts closing in. Deckard backs up until he's against the wall. Deckard drops into a split second crouch and draw but his laser is missing. Gove.~~ He crouches to

LEON

I took that when we were on more intimate terms.

Leon is right over him now, ~~breathing on him~~, trembling like a cat before the kill.

LEON

Life expectancy of a Nexus Six Deckard!

DECKARD

Three to four years.

Deckard is pale, the sweat ~~LEON~~- sweat is starting to run.

LEON

That gives me at least three more years than you. But don't worry I'll kill you as slow as I can.

Deckard's knee comes up fast but Leons fist comes down faster - like a hammer

LEON

Painful to live in ~~X~~ fear isn't it.

Deckard's doubled over holding his thigh.

LEON

But that's what it's like for a slave. The future is sealed off. He grovels and he waits.

Deckard has practiced the move a thousand times. He comes up with the ankle ~~laser~~ laser fast as a man can but not fast enough. The shot goes thru Leon's hand as it closes around the laser and crushes it like a tube of tooth paste. Leon lets go and studies his hand. (?)

LEON

Inconvenient, you might even say cruel - to be given the basic animal drives and not be able to satisfy them.

Leon opens and closes his giant hand. There's a hole in it but it's working fine. With every atom of might he's got Deckard hurls himself forward hitting Leon low ~~and~~ and hard. It knocks him off balance and Deckard scrambles to get away. He doesn't get far. Leon grabs him by the foot and drags him back, jerks him up off the ground and slams him against the wall. Deckard is reduced to a man struggling for air. The words come out of Leon's mouth rapid and wet. Two inches from Deckard's face, fires out the words rapid and wet. *Two inches from Deckard's face. Leon spits the words out.*

LEON

Sex, reproduction, security, the simple things Deckard - to be home ~~sick~~ sick with no place to go - to have potential but no way to prove it - lots of little oversights in the Nexus Six.

He lets go ^c Deckard ~~slie~~ slides down the wall to his knees.

LEON

Not a very pretty picture. Better you might say than nothing at all - but I'm here to tell you that nothing is better than having an itch you can never scratch.

Leon ~~X~~ folds his hands together and lifts them over his head like a club. Deckard crouches trying to protect his head with his arms.

LEON

But I think I'm about to have a little satisfaction...

A spasm ^{spasm} runs thru Leon's face but it's not from satisfaction. A laser beam just opened up his neck. The knees buckle and he hits the ground and twisted, his big teeth biting the air like a rabid dog.

Rachael stands at the entrance to the passage way putting away her ~~law~~ laser. Deckard staggers to his feet.

RACHAEL
Hello, Deckard.

DECKARD
How'd you find me?
What are you doing here?

RACHAEL
Your inspector told me where you were. Arne't you glad?

He stares at her wild eyed and shaken. She's looking back calm, ~~and~~ amused.

RACHAEL
I just saved your life --an't--
arn't you going to thank me?

He looks down at Leon. The Android has stopped thrashing, ~~He~~ lies there by the chicken, lips pulled back in a death's head smile. ~~Deckard looks rap-up.~~

DECKARD
Thanks.

~~He~~ ^{He} reaches into his pocket and takes out the ULTIMATE WINNER, POINTS IT AT LEON AND SHOWS A PICTURE.

DECKARD
FOR THE RECORD. ? (Camera)

66.

ENEHIC SUNSET
IN A SKY THE COLOR
OF CLEAR ASH.

THE DYING GLOW OF SUN
SETTLING IN A SKY THE

THE ROOF

Rachael has accompanied Deckard to his hovercraft and is getting in the passenger side.

SUNSET IS AN ENEHIC
GLOW IN A SKY
THE COLOR OF
CLEAR ASH.

THE SUN IS AN
ENEHIC ENEHIC
GLOW SETTLING
IN A SKY THE
COLOR OF CLEAR ASH.

DECKARD

Can I drop you somewhere?

RACHAEL

I'm going with you.

DECKARD

No you're not.

RACHAEL

I'm supposed to protect you.

DECKARD

Thanks for your protection but good
bye.

He has said this very clearly like giving an order to a machine. She smiles at him like a cat. *FELIX who is going to...*

RACHAEL

I think we should talk it over.

DECKARD

That's what we did.

RACHAEL

You look terrible. Do you know that?

DECKARD

I know that.

RACHAEL

You need help.

You need to get re-
freshed.

DECKARD

I don't want help.

I don't want to get re-
freshed.

RACHAEL

There's no way you're going to get
rid of ~~me~~ me.

Deckard considers it. It's a frustrating prospect.

RACHAEL

Look, you've had two chances and
almost blown both of them. You're
not doing very well.

He can't deny it.

DECKARD

I got drunk.

RACHAEL

I wouldn't tell anybody.
SAY ABOUT IT.

SAY IT TOO LOUD!

DECKARD
How'd you know I blew two.

RACHAEL
Well...you wern't very discreet.

He's got nothing to say to that.

RACHAEL
~~If you think he was tough wait 'til~~
~~till you meet the rest.~~
You think Paul Ben Bunion was tough
was something - wait'll you meet ~~the~~ Roy ?

BECKARD
What do you suggesst? **PERTINENT** You have any suggestions?

uh-huh
RACHAEL
I suggest we go back ~~to-the~~ down stairs,
get a room, take a shower and have a nap.

He stares at her. Her amusement is definitely feline.

she's amused, but not off.
RACHAEL
You're not afraid of me are you?

DECKARD
I don't know what I am.

Rachael
~~She gets out, goes around and opens his door. for him,--~~
~~He looks up at her and for the first time Deckard smiles,--~~
~~and smiles at her for the first time.~~

Its before the dust →

THE APARTMENT

On the t.v. Buster Friendly is chattering away unheard because the sound is off. In the flurescent ~~f~~ gloom from the tube, Pris sits, arms folded, staring at nothing, intractable and meloncholy. A knock at the door jolts her to attention. She stands, unsure, every inch alert. Two more knocks.

PRIS

Who's there?

ISIDORE

Isidore.

~~She~~ she crosses to the door ~~and~~ ushers.

PRIS

Who?

ISIDORE

Me. J. R. Isidore.

Cautiously she opens ~~the door~~. He's standing ~~there~~ smiling expectently, clears his throat and trys for a little distinction.

ISIDORE

I've got a few diesirable items here...and I think we can put together a more than resaobable dinner.

PRIS

You sound different. More grown up.

ISIDORE

Well, I had a few routine matters to deal with during businesss hours today.

Just for a moment she studies him then suddenly shifts into a more scoiable gear.

PRIS

Well come in.

She opens the door and Isidore ~~eee~~ comes thru, ^{He} reaches into his package and proudly presents her with the Gallo.

ISIDORE

Isidore

That's real wine and ~~it's~~ ^{it} from before ~~the dust~~ so you better put it in the 'fridgerator.

Playing it gracious, ^{AT IT} she accepts it and looks impressed.

PRIS

Well that's wonderful Isidore, Thanks for very much.

Taking courage, Isidore follows her into the kitcehn.

ISIDORE

Wait'll you see what else I have.

~~Flipping-on-the-light-she-~~

She flips on the light and puts the wine in the mouldy fridge. Isidore has unwrapped a big furry peach and holds it up for her to see.

ISIDORE

Look it.

His smile fades as he watches her stare at it, the remotness ~~of~~ returning to her face.

ISIDORE

What's wrong don't you like peaches?

PRIS

It's not that.

ISIDORE

What is it?

No answer. She goes back into the other room and he follows. She sits in her chair and Isidore watches her concerned and quiet/ until it comes to him.

ISIDORE

I know what's wrong with you.

If she heard she's not acting like it. He nods his head knowingly.

ISIDORE

Being alone, huh. I know. I can tell. You don't have any friends.

He nods his head knowingly. She looks up at him, a contemptuous glint in her eyes.

PRIS

So you?

ISIDORE

Nope.

She looks away. He trys to think. It takes time.

ISIDORE

Nobody ever comes here. They die. They emigrate. They move out. But nobody ever ~~comes-here,~~ moved in. How come you came here?

PRIS

Because I'm in trouble.

ISIDORE
You're not sick are you?

PRIS
Somebody's trying to kill me.

Isidore is shocked.

ISIDORE
But...nobody kills anymore.

PRIS
They do me.

ISIDORE
I'll call the police.

PRIS
They won't help.

He kneels at her feet, peach in hand.

ISIDORE
I'll help you.. I'll Protect you.
If they try and hurt you I'll stop
them. If they try and kill you then
I'll ~~kill~~ kill them.

She looks down at him, ~~half-in~~ half mockingly but half
touched.

PRIS
You'll be my hero.

Isidore nods solemnly. Pris smiles faintly.

PRIS
That's very nice of you J.R.Isidore.

Suddenly she stiffens. He starts to say something but
she makes a fierce signal to silence him.

PRIS
(whispering)
Somebody's out there.

ISIDORE
I don't hear nothing.

PRIS-----
The voice is a woman's and it comes in a whisper.

VOICE
Pris?

Isidore ~~is~~ and Pris huddle close ~~and~~ and listne.

PRIS

You better excuse us now Isidore -
we have some things to talk over. Okay?

Isidore mumbles something ^(then) lumbers towards the door. He stops to watch Buster for a second, almost looks back, then walks out, shutting the door behind him.

ROY

Whew. That boy could use a battery
~~charge~~ charge.

Pris and Mary giggle.

MARY

Who was that?

PRIS

That was a chicken head.

ROY

I thought nobody lived here.

PRIS

He's nobody.

ROY

Are you sure?

PRIS

You saw him.

Roy looks around the room.

ROY

A fitting place for robots last stand.

MARY

Oh, Roy!

ROY

But this is where we longed to be.
Our destination.

MARY

Don't be sardonic.

ROY

What should I be?

MARY

We've come this far.

ROY

The end of the line. (he smiles)
(malicious and amused) Thru the rarefied
airs of outer space (freedom) to wind up
in the mummys tomb.

67. # 73. 23.

PRIS

Oh you can do better than that.

ROY

We could try a plastic surgeon then head out for China.

Pris and Mary ~~iggle~~.giggle.

MARY

Roy's been intolerable lately.

~~(or) When he's alarmed lately he likes to act ammused.~~

ROY

It suits me.

He takes a pipe out of his coat and prepares to light it.

PRIS

And the rest?

ROY

Garland never made it.

Garland never ~~ex~~ even got here - (he puffs on his pipe getting it going.)

They retired him right after we seperated.

PRIS

And Farmer?

ROY

Ah Farmer. Farmer decided to hunt the hunter.

MARY

He actually did get one ~~x~~ of them.

ROY

(pipe going now he smokes contentedly)

But the next one got him.

Apprehension in her voice now.

PRIS

And Zhora?

Mary looks down.

ROY

Same.

PRIS

How do you know?

ROY

© I was there.

Take house if cert. the more he enjoys.

He smiles.

MARY

Roy likes to hunt too.

Roy shakes his head in mock humility.

ROY

Now now Mary.

Surprise
Like lightning Roy reaches out and flings ~~open~~ the door *over*.
Isidore stumbles off balance. Roy grabs him by the back of
the head and flings him to the floor planting a knee in the
small of his back. ~~Isidore~~- Ineffectually Isidore gropes for
the iron grip pulling back on his hair - another inch and his
neck will snap. Roy stands over him looking down, pipe clenched
between his e teeth. Spellbound, like a couple cats Pris and
Mary ~~watch~~ spellbound as a couple cats watch for a moment
before Mary snaps out of it.

MARY

Roy, don't.

PRIS

Yes, don't.

ROY

Why?

PRIS

Because he's so...so stupid.

ROY

So stupid he listens at the door?

MARY

Roy, let him go!

ROY

Why?

PRIS

Maybe he'll help.

ROY

(Without relinquishing the
hold - thru clenched teeth)

Is it help you want to give us Isidore?

Isidore gurgles, ~~and shrieks~~.

ROY

It doesnt sound like it to me -
but it's pretty to think so.

He forces the head back a little further. Thru a mask of
agony Isidore shireks for air. Pris steps forward in a last
ditch effort.

68.
The worse it
gets the more
he enjoys it.
74

69.

75.

PRIS

Nobody would even listen to him!
He's a special - a chicken head -
biologically unacceptable - a menace
to the pristine heredity of the race...
he's worse off than you!

ROY

Well in that case...

He lets him go. Isidore ~~eyes~~ calapses to the floor rasping,
whimpering. They ~~stand-th--~~ stand there watching the man try
to get his breath. Isidore gets to his knees and looks up at
them, bottom lip quivering, a note of defiance ~~in-his-~~ of
accusation in ~~his~~ his ruptured voice.

ISIDORE

I wasn't listening. I was leaning on
the door...
(trying not to cry)
I heard what you said...but I wasn't
listening.

He struggles to his feet.

ISIDORE

And don't call me chicken head.
I don't like it. I won't help you
if you call me that.

They stare at him, shocked, ~~and~~ amused at his resolution.

ROY

Okay Isidore.

PRIS AND MARRY

We're sorry Isidore.

Isidore nods like a sullen kid. *Then looks up, squinting at them
Then ~~is~~ determined if they're sincere. Now it's their turn to look
sheepish.*

~~ISIDORE~~

~~Okay.~~

~~Now it's him who looks them over - to see if they're sincere,
and it-is-them-who- it's their turn to look sheepish.~~

ISIDORE

Okay then.

And he disappears into the kitchen. There's a moment then
Roy comes closer.

ROY

Ladies, I think we should ~~take~~ *have*
a vote on this matter.

70.

76

Pris and Mary look at him.

ROY

~~It's~~ simple - we stay or we go.
A solemn ceremony quiet roll

MARY

I vote we stay here. In this apartment
In this building.

ROY

And you?

PRIS

Why not. For the time being. *ANY WAY*

ROY

Then I vote we extinguish Mr. Isidores dim light. *(then I vote we putextingush mr. Isidores already dim lite)*

PRIS

I think his value to us outweighs his danger.

ROY

So we hang our trust on a blighted sub-standard chick...

MARY *(interrupting)*

I'll tell you what we trust that fouls us up Roy...its our Goddman superior intelligence.

She glares at her hushand as he puffs at his pipe.

MARY

We're so smart - Roy, youre doing it right now, god dman you, youre doing it right now!

ROY

Lets not sqwable now dear just tell cast me your vote. Vote now sqwable later.

Before she can Isidore returns with a tray with a platter enters the room. The platter he's carrying has comes back to the room on it is the wine, sliced peaches and s cheese. trying to do it right not to drop it in his excitment. Mary and Pris help clear off a table- rickety table and they stand around the offering not quite knowing what to do.

Careful not to let the excitement go. Mary and Pris help clear off a table - rickety table and they stand around the offering not quite knowing what to do.

ISIDORE

Everybody sit down now...and eat.

They do. I sidore stands over them like a pleased propritor.

Happy pros

71.
Hotel Room

Deckard's talking to Inspector Bryant on the vid-phone.

DECKARD

I think we got a dead Russian on our hands. Farmer showed up as Polokov.

BRYANT

Where's Farmer?

DECKARD

In the aa alley behind the Regency, waiting for a ride home.

BRYANT

We'll take care of it. The Russian turned up sitting on a toilet in the mens room at the airport with a broken neck.

DECKARD

(Then we've got a mole in the office.)

BRYANT

More likely he penetrated radiac with a beam device - we'll check it out. In the mean time communicate patch wave code z till it's over. You okay?

DECKARD

Just fine thanks ^{Just} make sure my check's ready in the morning.

BRYANT

Don't you wanna wait till you're finished?

DECKARD

I'd like to spend some of it now.

BRYANT

Miss Rossen catch up with you?

DECKARD

She did.

BRYANT

Use her if you can.

DECKARD

I will.

BRYANT

Good night Deckard.

DECKARD

Good night.

~~He switches off and looks around the room. The door~~

Deckard switches off and looks around the room It's large and luxurious, the wall paper floral patterned, muted greens and antique furniture from the forties, a large picture window simulating a blazing sunset. Wrapped in a towel Rachael opens the bathroom door and looks out.

RACHAEL
Aren't you coming in? There's a hot bath waiting for you.

THE BATHROOM

Deckard submerged in the tub his eyes at half mast. Rachael sits on the toilet staring at him.

RACHAEL
You don't trust me do you.

DECKARD
It's a little disconcerting for the hunter to be the hunted.

RACHAEL
I won't lie to you - about anything. I'm here to help you not hurt you. Relax.

DECKARD
If you're going to tell me the truth tell me the rest of it.

(I)

RACHAEL
Okay. I have to observe the affective manifestations of ~~ye~~ our new product so I can make a report to help the modifications in the next series.

DECKARD
Fine.
(indicating bath)
So what's this all about?

RACHAEL
This is my own personal experim~~en~~-
experiment.

The tone of her voice doesn't change, the look is direct as- as ever, but something in her eyes betrays the need.

RACHAEL
Watching him hurt you made me feel something.

[Handwritten mark]

DECKARD
How much did you watch?

RACHAEL
A lot.

DECKARD
It ammussed you? (SO WHAT PLO YOU DEED?)

47. 73.
79.

RACHAEL
I wanted him to stop.

DECKARD
Then why didn't you stop it.

RACHAEL
I did.

~~THE BEDROOM
They're lying in bed covers up to their chins staring at the
ceiling.~~

THE ROOM

The peaches ~~and cheese~~ have been eaten. Everybody's on their second glass of gallo and Isidore sits on the floor content to be among friends.

MARY

We're going to have to clean up around here Isidore. *look at the guys*

ISIDORE

I don't know...

MARY

But we can't live like this. *(look at the guys)*

ISIDORE

Even if you clean ~~it~~ up it comes right back again. Not too many services out here. They call this the "district".

MARY

Nobody lives around here?

ISIDORE

Just specials.

ROY

Give 'em just enough to keep em from coming closer, right Iz?

ISIDORE

uh, I guess so.

ROY

I like it. And you can bet your ass somebody's making money on it too.

ISIDORE

you - You're androids aren't you.

There's a pause. They look at each other.

PRIS

Why do you think that?

ISIDORE

Heard about 'em on the T.V.

He looks up at them smiling in comradery.

ISIDORE

You can't come here and I can't go there.

There's a moment then Roy's voice booms out with unexpected warmth.

ROY

That's right!

75

81. 28.

And they all laugh as Roy refills the glasses.

ROY

You're a great man Isidore. A credit to your race.

PRIS

If he was an android he'd turn ~~a~~ us in about ten tomorrow morning.

ROY

I'm overwhelmed with admiration IZ.

MARY

And we imagined this would be a friendless world - a planet of hostile faces.

ROY

I feel better already.

PRIS

I don't think we could have found another human being who would have taken us in and helped us.

ROY

Mr. Isidore is very...

He searches for the word...

ROY

"SPECIAL"?

Break into laugh

(There's a pause then they all have a hearty laugh. Isidore laughs heartiest of all.)

The Bedroom

They're lying in bed covers up to their chins staring at the ceiling.

RACHAEL

What's it like to want something?

DECKARD

What do you mean?

RACHAEL

To want something real bad.

(really badly.)

DECKARD

I don't know...it's like when you're hungry I guess.

RACHAEL

What do you want?

DECKARD

I don't know.

Pause...

RACHAEL

You wanted that owl didn't you.

DECKARD

No use wanting something that doesn't exist.

RAT! Tell me something you want that does!

They lie there silent a while.

DECKARD

I'll tell you something I want that does.

RACHAEL

What?

DECKARD

A goat.

RACHAEL

I don't know much about goats.

— you own

DECKARD

There's a lot of advantages in owning a goat.

RACHAEL

Tell me. Like? ~~what?~~

DECKARD

They're loyal. ~~and~~ even tho you gotta keep 'em in a cage they've got a free natural spirit that can't be chained up...

(more)

49

77 83

He looks as
he smiles

DECKARD

and beside that they're a good investment - some animals you invest in and take them home and find some morning that ^{new} it's eaten something radioactive and died... things that could kill a cow or a horse or especially a cat say won't touch a goat. And they're a lot of fun too. they like to play. And if anybody tries to steal your goat ~~they'll~~ butt the ~~shit~~ ~~shit~~ out of 'em.

hell

RACHEAL

① Arn't goats smelly?

DECKARD

② Just the males.

③

touched (by his ingenuousness) she kisses him on the forehead.

RACHEAL

~~I hope you get your goat.~~

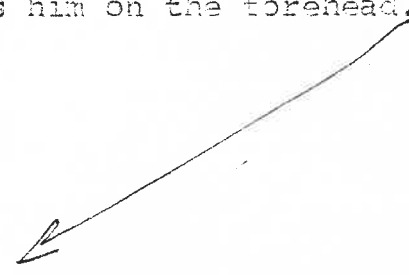
DECKARD

④ Me too.

RACHEAL

⑤ I'd like to see you and your goat together.

He ~~smiles~~ smiles.



~~Will you
be
soon~~

RACHEAL

Do you love your ~~the~~ wife?

DECKARD

Yeah.

RACHEAL

Does she love you?

DECKARD

Yeah. I guess so.

RACHEAL

How old is she?

DECKARD

Thrity seven.

RACHEAL

It must be nice to grow old.

DECKARD

It has its draw backs.

A silence.

RACHEAL

I'd like to love something.

Another
silence.

78-50 84.

RACHAEL

I don't know how to dream either.

DECKARD

I know.

RACHAEL

I wish I could.

DECKARD

Wishing is dreaming.

RACHAEL

I mean asleep.

Next, Deckard looks at her and smiles. She doesn't. He puts his arms around her and holds her.

RACHAEL

Nobody is freer than what he dreams.
I read that. Do you read?

DECKARD

Yeah.

RACHAEL

Storys?

DECKARD

Huh huh. Westerns.

RACHAEL

Do you like me?

DECKARD

Yes.

She stares at him a long time her big dark eyes direct and couragesous.

RACHAEL

If I was real would you like me more?

DECKARD

Maybe lee-less.

She laughs. They hold tighter.

RACHAEL

You make me feel good Deckard.

DECKARD

you Ever done this before?

RACHAEL

No. ~You?

DECKARD

Made love with an android?

RACHAEL

Yes.

57. 79.
85

No. DECKARD

Ever wanted to? RACHAEL

He shakes his head.

And now? RACHAEL

Yeah. DECKARD

Teach me. RACHAEL

THE T.V.

It's ~~the~~ Buster Friendly and his friendly friends ~~show~~. Buster is interviewing a young good looking cosmonaut in uniform.

BUSTER - (George C. Scott please on ~~how~~ please) OMIT
So what's it like to be back on old ~~tera~~ Terra Infirma?

COSMONAUT
In all honesty Buster I'm looking forward to returning.

BUSTER
Tell me something off the record Capt. is it true the blast off is an erotic experience?

COSMONAUT
Heh, heh, well Buster I'll say that it is extremely satisfying...I mean there are sensations that are akin to...to....

BUSTER
Like?

COSMONAUT
Sie- Scientifically speaking you ~~ne~~ know there are frequencys that can induce involuntary sensations that are similar to sexual ones. And they do occure at blast off...a taking leave of the senses so to speak which is very thrilling.

BUSTER
And how ~~d~~ long do they last?

COSMONAUT
Maybe a full minute.

BUSTER
That's a dman sight better than a lot of us get.

Deckard's lying in bed - Rachael next to him her head on his shoulder ~~chest~~ watching the show. He looks asleep?

Cosmonaut

Cardle

80.
86.

BUSTER

What about this myth that only dull people can stand to make the trip without going nutz?

COSMONAUT

That's not true. It's a ~~lot of fun~~ just like taking a ~~luxury-cruz~~ long luxury cruz. There's a lot of fun and games, movies, dances, we even get your show on board Buster.

BUSTER

Great! Well then why do you think there's so many of us still healthy natural individuals afraid to make the trip?

COSMONAUT

Well the psychologists think that the reluctance to leave the earth is like refusing to leave the cardier- cradle.

BUSTER

So what you're saying is if we want to grow up we have to go up!

COSMONAUT

Exactly. Actually speaking strickly in terms of time you add some on to your life by taking the trip...in other words you arrive not as old as you'd be if you stayed here the amount of time it ~~Δ~~ takes you to get ~~Δ~~ there.

BUSTER

Woa! Wait a minute! You mean if you travel forward in space you go back ward s in time? Is that why you look so young Capt?

COSMONAUT

Not quite. I'm saying that time ~~aboard~~-aboard a space ship is nothing like time on your mantle. It's complicated to go into but....

BUSTER

Intellectually it makes me sea sick so I'd rather you didn't. Couldn't you just ~~Δ~~ give the people a simple explanation?

COSMONAUT

Lets just say that hearts and clocks naturally slow down as they approach the speed of ~~light~~/ light.

BUSTER

So for you who'd like to get younger by going further you shouldn't miss it! Right?

COSMONAUT

Right.

sleeping like
they around
hik
the touches
no hair.

53
87.
87.

BUSTER

And once you're there would you say the pace is smoother?

COSMONAUT

Oh yes, definetly. They're not hungry up there and they're not ~~as~~ angry like here. In a way it's like country living.

Deckard's eyes ~~are~~ have opened

DECKARD

Horse shit!

He snaps off the t.v. They lie there in the milky light from false moon in the synthetic window the black velvet night splattered with stars.

RACHAEL

Why do they call it "retire"?

DECKARD

Because they do.

RACHAEL

Why don't they call it murder?

DECKAD

Because it's not.

RACHAEL

Anything that can ~~be~~ suffer deserves to be considered - wheather it's a goat or a man or a so called humanoid robot.

DECKARD

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

RACHAEL

It must be ^{seem} convinient to think ~~so~~ so. In other words if you burnt me with a match I only simulate suffering?

DECKARD

I thought you were talking about ~~another~~ another kind of suffering.

RACHAEL

How many kinds do you need Deckard?

DECKARD

If killing androids is murder then you're a murderer.

RACHAEL

I know I am.

There's a ~~y~~ quiet. ?

North Dakota vs. Missouri

He sits on the edge of the bed to put on his shoes.

Socks

55

83.

89

RACHAEL
Where are you from?

DECKARD
Missouri. (ND?) ~~North Dakota?~~

RACHAEL
What was it like?

DECKARD
Before the war? ~~Fall out?~~ (DUST?)

RACHAEL
Huh huh.

DECKARD
You've seen pictures. It was beautiful.
It was green the sky was blue.

RACHAEL
What about the people?

DECKARD
They were nicer to eat- each to her other
at least where I was from - or at least
it seems like it now.

RACHAEL
Tell me one little thing.

He looks down at her and smiles at her daughter like ~~she's~~
(bedtime s cha rm)

DECKARD
Okay, I'll tell you about the Prarie.

DECKARD RACHAEL
What's the Prarie?

DECKARD
The Prarie? ~~Shit,~~ ^{place} the Prarie was a
~~place~~ real flat and full of water ways
and little animals, thousands of miles
of it, it's what the desert use to be -
you never heard of the Prarie Chicken?

RACHAEL
Nope.

DECKARD
Coyotes and crickets and owls - lots
of animals there. The owls were the
first to go. In our town I remember
we use to see 'em in the street lying
there dead. It was ~~strange-~~ strange
because owls were night creatures and
you didn't see too many of ~~the~~ them and
then there they were - owls lying all
over the place. ~~It was almost funny~~

~~you didn't know how
many there were~~

LOST
IN
IT.

SHADE

841
90

RACHAEL

Was it scarry when the missiles came?

(Pause)

DECKARD

Sure. ~~It was the light that scared me~~
the most. You could see it hundreds of
miles away. If you covered your eyes with
your hands you could see the bones in your
fingers. ~~There were no direct hits where~~
I was. But the crops withered and died.
What was left was attacked by pests and
desease then even the pests died. Then
the soil begin to blow away with the
wipes. The wind went err- crazy these
for a while. And that was that.

~~They're quiet a while.~~ He turns to look down at her. She
touches his face. He wants to go but his want slowly bends
down and kisses her K lips. Her hands mover over his back and
slowly they fuse.

THE BEDROOM

They're lying quiet Rachael cradling his head in her arms
lying quiet. ~~She looks at him.~~ *His eyes are staring at the ceiling.*

RACHAEL

What are you thinking about?

DECKARD

I was wondering when you were made.

RACHAEL

I don't know. They wouldn't tell me.

She looks at him. ~~Something in his eyes retreats.~~ *He's looking back at her* He gets
up and goes to the window. It's displaying the first golden
slivers of dawn. He rises the simulation shade. It is gray.
Quietly he starts to dress. *But in his eyes something*

DECKARD

RACHAEL

You're afraid of me again arn't you.

DECKARD

No.

She watches him dress.

RACHAEL

Then we why arn't you taking me with
you?

DECKARD

Go back to Seattle. I'll call you if I
need any help.

RACHAEL

No you won't.

He opesn the door.
They're going to see you
he can wait.

*Looking back
He's returning the favor
But something is
in his eyes retreats*

*He's looking back at her
But in his eyes something
has retreated.*

*Every she watches him dress. When he
finishes he stops by her.*

91. ~~83~~
85.

The Bedroom

They're lying quiet Rachael cradling his head in her arms. She looks at him and ~~smi-~~ smiles. He looks back but in his eyes something has ~~re~~ retreated.

RACHAEL

What were you thinking just then?

DECKARD

~~Was~~ wondering when you were made.

RACHAEL

I don't know. They won't tell me.

He turns his head away to look at the window. It's displaying the first golden slivers of dawn.

DECKARD

It's late.

~~A~~

~~He gets up, goes to the window and ~~fast~~ raises the simulation screen. It's gray. Rachael watches him dress. He does it quietly, efficiently, never looking at her.~~

He goes to the window. There's a china blue half moon in the dawning sky. Deckard gazes at it then raises the "screen-slate". He turns away from the real morning and looks at Rachael. She's been watching him.

RACHAEL

You're afraid of me again arnt you.

DECKARD

No.

Ready to go he stops bey- by the bed and looks down at her.

RACHAEL

Do you love me?

DECKARD

No.

RACHAEL

Say it anyway. You don't have to mean it. I ~~just~~ want to hear what it sounds like.

He's not saying it.

RACHAEL

Never mind. Don't.

He bends down and kisses her on the check. She doesn't respond.

RACHAEL

When did you change your mind?

DECKARD

About what?

RACHAEL

Taking me with you.

RACHAEL
DECKARD

I never said I would.

TORN

92. 5286.

He goes to the door, and turns. ~~He backs~~ pauses, struggling with the feelings. He turns, not knowing how to help her.

DECKARD

The nap was nice.

GUILTY, ARGUMENT
I LOVE SICK

RACHAEL

They'll get you with out me.

DECKARD

Go back to Seattle - I'll call you if I need help.

RACHAEL

No you won't.

He opens the door.

DECKARD

Good bye.

RACHAEL

Deckard.

DECKARD

What?

RACHAEL

You're going to mess up the programme, I'm not going to get my job done and you're going to be dead.

He stares at her a moment and leaves. She lays back on the bed, her face expressionless. A tear forms in the corner of her eye. She feels it running down her cheek and touches it.

with a sob she wipes it away

93 59.
87.

THE HAPPY DOG ANIMAL EMPORIUM

The goats face is alert and inquisitive, her nose has the classic roman hump of the nubian, her hide is silky and the tail is twitching. From behind the show case window Deckard watches transfixed. A nattily dressed salesman with thinning hair and an oatmeal complexion saddles up next to him

SALESMAN

She's a real beauty.

Pretending to admire the goat he sizes Deckard up. Not a very promising sell - the customer looks a little haggard, ~~glazed~~ ~~in the eye~~ and his suit is wrinkled.

SALESMAN

Are you in the market today sir, or just browsing?

DECKARD

I'm interested in the goat.

SALESMAN

The black nubian; a ~~serieis~~ serious contender in this years ~~ma-r-~~ market. ~~Whe couldn't do ba, better~~ For the serious animal lover she's an unbeatable investment. Are you a goat man? ~~uhuh~~

DECKARD

Not exactly.

SALESMAN

~~Whe~~ let me point out a couple of things to you - notice the confirmation, the spacing between the shanks - those babys are graspable (no sag there). A distinct ~~adv~~ advantage with the nubians is they come in heat three months earlier than other goats, and if you feed her proper a continous flow of milk all year round, Were you thinking of trading in a used animal?

DECKARD

Cash.

The salesman brightens.

SALESMAN

I see. Well you couldn't do better. You're looking at a lot of longevity there...she's only a year old. Sired by Panama Fred and Princess Shirly, out of Lyle and Betty Penrods goat rancho up in Northern Ontero. When you say cash are you talking total price or ~~do-~~ down payment?

DECKARD
What is total price?

SALESMAN
Twenty nine thousand nine hundred and ninety five dollars. That's almost a thousand under book.

DECKARD
(let down)
I'm talking about down payment.

SALESMAN
May I ask if this represents a new price bracket for you sir?

DECKARD
More or less.

SALESMAN
Well now, you tell me what ~~of~~ kind of down you can afford and we'll see if we can't talk ~~(turkey)~~ terms.

DECKARD
Ten thousand.

The salesman smiles like a ~~cat~~ AND PUTS out his hand.

SALESMAN
The name is Sply but everybody calls me Jimmy.

They shake.

DECKARD
Deckard.

SPLY
Looks like you're gonna be a goat man Deckard. Lets go talk to the sales manager and get his big oak.

Deckard is grinning like a kid as Sply walks him away. ?

THE ROOF

Deckard watches as the employees load the crate into his hover car. Sply hands him enveloped contracts and manuals and slaps him on the back as Deckard gets into his car.

SPLY
Don't forget, you read your manual and when the time comes we got a big company buck who'll sew- service her for free.

THE HEAVEN OF HER

DECKARD
Right.

95. 91.
84.

SPLY

Good luck to you!

And Deckard lifts into the sky and flies away with his brand new goat.

THE APARTMENT

Carrying the contracts in one hand and a bouquet of flowers in the other Deckard nudges the front door shut and quietly crosses the living room and into the kitchen. Iran's preparing something at the sink.. He sneaks up behind her and slips the flowers around in front of her. She turns, touched and glad to see him. She takes the flowers and smells them.

IRAN

They're beautfiul.

She kisses him on the cheek cheek.

DECKARD

And...

He brings out a small bag and hands it to her. She opens it and takes in the aroma.

IRAN

Coffee! Deckard.

He stares at her not quite knowing how to break the news. She searches his eyes.

IRAN

What is it?

His voice is low and shakey.

DECKARD

Come on up to the roof - I wanna show you something.

She studies him a moment. Her eyes widwn.

IRAN

You bought an animal!

He takes her by the hand and leads her ~~thru~~ thru the apartment.

IRAN

Deckard!

Out the door and down the hall, big eager strides to the elevator. He punches the buttom. Reflexively Iran smoothes back her hair.

IRAN

You should have ~~ti~~ told me. Why didn't you call me?

DECKARD

I wanted it to be a surprise.

They get in.

96 \$2.90.

IRAN

What is it?

DECKARD

You'll see.

IRAN

How much did it cost?

DECKARD

Don't worry, I'll tell you all about
it latter.

~~The door slides open and they step out onto the roof garden.~~
The door slides open. He leads her out onto the roof garden
~~and~~ points to the cage. ^{She} He waits for her reaction. She's
dumbfounded. Tears well up in her eyes.

IRAN

(softly)

Oh my God.

She walks to the cage and peers in. The goat regards her with
bright eyed perspicacity and makes a little bleating sound.

IRAN

Oh, Deckard. Is it real?

DECKARD

Absolutely ~~read~~ real.

She circles around it viewing it from every angle.

IRAN

A goat. A black nubian goat!

DECKARD

Yep.

IRAN

We have a goat!

DECKARD

A female. Later on we can mate her.
Even milk her.

IRAN

What shall we call her?

DECKARD

We'll have to think of a name.

IRAN

Can we let her out? Put her with the
sheep?

97. 63
91.

Deckard laughs and puts his arm around her. She looks up, eyes sparkling like a child.

DECKARD

She ought to be tethered for a few days at least until she gets used to it here.

Smiling she leans her head on his shoulder and very softly, in an odd little voice, ~~begins~~- hums a melody.

IRAN

"My life is love and pleasure" You remember? When we ~~1~~ first met.

She kisses him fondly on the lips.

IRAN

Much love and very much pleasure.

He looks down at her. They swim in each others joy.

IRAN

I love you Deckard.

Their neighbor, ~~Woburn~~ Barbour ~~1~~ has come out to groom his horse and takes in the occation.

BARBOUR

Hey there! That's a nice looking goat you have Deckards. Congratulations!

They turn and smile.

BARBOUR

Afternoon Mrs. Deckard. Maybe you'll have kids. Maybe we'll trade one of my colts for a couple of your ~~1~~ kids!

They all ~~1~~ laugh. Arm ~~and~~- in arm Iran and Deckard walk toward the elevator.

IRAN

Now we can admit to everybody that the sheep is ~~false~~- false.

DECKARD

No need to do that.

IRAN

But we can, don't you see, we have nothing to hide. What we always wanted has come true. It's a dream.

~~She stands on her tip toes and nuzzles his ear. Her breath eager and erotic. He pushes the button. Iran kisses his skin thru his shirt, moves up to his ear and nuzzles it. Her breath even more erotic. AFTER you make love to me... we'll think of a name AFTER you have love to be.~~
AFTER you make love to me we'll think of a name
A "Name"

The door slides open.

THE BEDROOM

Deckard's lying under the sheet, hands behind his head staring at the ceiling. He looks troubled. Iran's sprawled-out-sprawled out with her head ~~resting~~ on his chest dreamy and content.

IRAN

Baklava. Too sweet. Euphemia. That has a nice sound to it. Euphemia.

DECKARD

It's supposed to. That's when you take something ugly and give it a beautiful name. Comes from Euphemism.

?!

IRAN

Well that's no good then. What about something simple, like Molly?

DECKARD (distraction)

~~Hummm~~

IRAN

Or Penelopy. No. I think we ought to keep it plain. Mollys ~~don't~~ not bad, ~~don't-you-think?~~ what do you think?

(She looks at him. Twists arms to face him)

IRAN

What's wrong?

DECKARD

I think I'm in trouble.

IRAN

Why, what's the trouble?

~~she sits up~~

DECKARD

I don't want to do it anymore.

IRAN

Do what anymore?

DECKARD

Retire andys.

IRAN

(she stares at him)

DECKARD

I'm starting to empathize with them. It feels like murder.

(or) comes from Euphoria - a false sense of well being.

IRAN

Murder. But they're just machines.

DECKARD

I'm not so sure.

IRAN

That's absurd. They're manufactured - like cars...they pop them out like bottle caps - you said so yourself.

DECKARD

~~Not the new ones. They're like us Iran?~~

IRAN

~~No there they're not. They don't feel. that's what you always said.~~

DECKARD

~~I know.~~ NOT THERE

~~He had falls silent. She's thoughtful a while then... she jumps up.~~

IRAN

~~Come on, get up - lets have some coffee.~~

~~She pulls him to his feet.~~

THE LIVEING ROOM

He sits on the couch in a funk. Iran comes in with the coffee and sits ~~in~~ next to him. She lights two cigarettes and hands one to him.

DECKARD

Thanks.

IRAN

What are the monthly payments?

He reaches down and hands her the envelope with the contracts. She opens it and looks them over.

IRAN

Jesus, the interest alone is more ~~tah-~~ than...

DECKARD

I could transfer out of the department. Go back to animal theft...

IRAN

Yeah, but without the bounty money coming in - they'll probably repossess the goat.

DECKARD

I'll get the contract extended - from thrity six months to forty eight...

~~SOME DIALOGUE PRECEDING
THIS ABOUT 1 MORE DAY~~

He closes his eyes trying to figure.

94. 66.
100.

~~DECKARD
That would be about a hundred less
a month if they go for it.~~

~~She studies him carefully.~~

IRAN

Deckard!

~~He opens his eyes and looks at her.~~

IRAN

There's still time. We have one more day.

He shakes his head.

DECKARD

Not now. Now that we have an animal.

IRAN

But we won't for long if you can't...

The vid-phone buzzes. Deckard jumps up.

IRAN

Why are you so afraid? They're not repossessing it yet.

DECKARD

It's the department - say I'm not here.

~~It's too late. She's already picked up the receiver. Inspector Bryant is on the viewer. It's too late. Deckard walks back stiffly.~~

Too late, she's already picked up the receiver. Inspector Bryant sees him. Deckard walks back stiffly.

IRAN

We bought a goat Mr. Bryant. You should come over and see it - her. *SOME TIME*

BRYANT

I'd love to. Let me talk to Deckard.

She hands up the receiver.

DECKARD

Yeah?

BRYANT

Code alert.

DECKARD

Just a second.

Deckard hits a switch on the console.

~~95-07~~
101.

BRYANT

Ready?

DECKARD NODS.

Yeah---

BRYANT

Agitator means well march hare and
red queen P Q four as in Philip K
old children find bed time near.
~~Get-it?~~ Some gave drum cake plummed
out of town. Got it?

PAUSE

DECKARD

Yeah.

BRYANT

By the way I talked to Holden. He's
going to be okay. Said congratulations.
Couldn't believe you did two already.

DECKARD

I'm glad.

~~He is he if it doesn't show. But he doesn't look it.?~~

BRYANT

You okay-- okay?

DECKARD

Yeah.

BRYANT

Iran tells me you bought a goat.

DECKARD

A female.

BRYANT

When you're finished I'll come over
and take a look at it. We'll celebrate.

DECKARD

After this is over I'm going to buy
a sheep.

BRYANT

You already have a sheep.

DECKARD

It's electric.

(I didn't know)

BRYANT

Oh. Good luck Deckard.

DECKARD

Thanks.

MESSAGE READ OUT: nexus location alter-
ation canpat build.
22760 - jursidiction
valid move immediately

TRACING:

ONE FEMALE.

THE BEDROOM

Iran is watching him dress.

GOOD-DEVELOP →

96-68.
102.

IRAN
Couldn't you go in the morning?

Too late. ~~It~~ DECKARD
~~They~~ could be gone.

IRAN
You should rest.

Deckard ~~doesn't respond~~ continues dressing.

IRAN
Do me a favor. Call Buster Friendly's
hot line. Tell him everything. See waht
what he says.

DECKARD
I ~~kan~~ know what he'll say...he'll
say IMIGRATE.

IRAN
Not necassarily. I've seen him talk
to people who didn't want to leave who
had problems they couldn't solve and they
were a lot better after he advised them.

DECKARD
Where are my shoes?

He looks around unseeing.

IRAN
They're right there.

~~DECKARD~~

He slips into them. ~~and snaps on his ankle laser.~~ Concerned ~~Iran~~ Iran
watches him snap on his ankle laser. He starightens ~~up~~ and they
look at each other. ~~She holds him protectively.~~ puts her
arms around him.

Iran
It's ok with me if you
DON'T WANT TO GO. (DON'T GO IF YOU DON'T
WANT TO)
Deckard
There's no choice.

He pulls away.

DONE →

THE ROOF

It's not a warm night. The wind is blowing. Not wanting to breathe what's in it Deckard lowers his head as he walks toward the compound. He takes a key from his pocket, turns off the alarm system and enters the dimly lit, ~~antiseptic~~ stables. ?

As quietly as walking into the room of a sleeping child Deckard moves down the aisle to Molly's pen. Unaware of his presence she nibbles away at the artificial wool on her artificial cousin, the sheep. The sheep doesn't seem to mind. Either does Deckard. He's delighted. The sound of his laughter turns her around. Tail twitching, she prances over to greet him. Deckard kneels, puts his hands thru the enclosure stroking her head and murmurs those things only pets get to her. *Back*

Suddenly he freezes. ~~--His blood runs cold.~~ The smile dies. The steady hum of the air filtering unit runs thru the silence. Deckard hurtles himself sideways hits the floor and rolls over with his laser out ~~ready-to-fire~~, aimed into the shadows. A moment passes then Rachael steps into the light, *CALMLY, SMILING,* ~~Rachael steps into the light.~~ *Rachael steps into the light.*

RACHAEL

Excuse me. I didn't mean to startle you.

He doesn't move.

RACHAEL

Just admiring your goat. *100% either.*

~~His expression doesn't change. The laser doesn't move, pointing right at her.~~

RACHAEL

Would you like to "retire" me?

No answer.

RACHAEL

If you want...

There is something seductive about the way she turns.

RACHAEL

YOU Can.

~~Back-to-him,~~ she slowly lifts her hair and touches the back of her neck with a poised index finger.

RACHAEL

Right here at the occipital bone... that's where it is isn't it? At the base of my pretty little skull.... you could warm up on me.

She looks over her shoulder at him. Deckard gets to his feet, puts away the laser. ~~She turns to face him~~ She turns, ~~and they face to face~~ *and they face to face. Or face him.* ?

~~97-A~~

103-A



NEURAL-~~WALL~~ REPRESSION
 IT'S A (VEGUS NERVUS) REPRESSION - INDUCES
 FATALITY IN THE
 NEXUS FOR YOU THE
~~THE LUNGS REPRESS~~
~~THE LUNGS~~ WORK
 A KILL MINUTE
 TEN FEET IN THE
 TEN FEET IN THE
 YOU HAVE TO ~~CONTROL~~
 YOU BREATHE. HOW

103-A

HOW COME YOUR
 GUILD, IF TO
 ME.

INSTRUCTIONS
 IT JUST ARRIVE
 FROM THE NEXUS
 G AUTOMATIC
 ON THIS -
 THEY DEVELOPE
 IT FOR INSPECT
 FACTORY ASSEMBLY
 INSPECTORS.

EFFECTIVE IN ~~NESS~~ HERE

~~WHERE~~

HIT

IT HIT IN
~~THE MOTOR~~
 NERVES ON THE
 NEXUS G...
 THE RESPIRATORY
 ON THE HUMAN.

98 70.
. 104.

DECKARD

What are you doing here?

RACHAEL

I'm on a good will mission. I've been instructed to give you this.

She holds up a shpere ~~res-~~ resembling an oyster with a stem projecting from it and hands it to him.

RACHAEL

You squeeze that stem and presto an android is rendered cataleptic. Suspends respiration. Yours too. But as you probbably know the vegus nerves on a nexus six can't cut in and out. like yours so it gives you an \angle edge. Its from our autofac on Mars - it's used for putting new modles thru inspection checks - don't you love it?

He looks at it.

RACHAEL

Go ahead, try it.

He hesitates. She laughs/ sardonically.

RACHAEL

Don't worry Deckard I wouldn't hurt you for the world.

He takes a deep breath and squeezes the stem. Rachael goes into catalepsey - she looks like a manakin ~~except her face is starting to turn gray~~ Deckard tries to take a ~~br-t---~~ breath. It won't come. ~~He-hits-the-stem~~ He actitivates the stem. ~~He~~ breaths again. Rachael is released.

YARDS

RACHAEL

Remember it's only effective up to ten ~~or fifteen feet~~ and lasts no more ~~than a minute~~ than a minute - but ~~that~~ that should be enough time for you to take care of business, no?

DECKARD

Thanks.

RACHAEL

Thank the Rossen Corparation.

Deckard nods his head and looks at her ready to take his leave. She stares back at him weaving \angle a little ~~from side to side.~~

DECKARD

You okay?

RACHAEL

For killing androids you get your goat...what do androids get?

99. 71.
105

700
?

DECKARD
You have animals Rachael.

~~RACHAEL
Yes but I don't want animals Deckard.
We want what we can't have. I want
For instance I want my hair to grow.
You know what's-the-most the most human
characteristic is?~~

DECKARD
What?

RACHAEL
Personality. Everybody's got one.
Even me. Don't I?

DECKARD
~~Hum-hum. Huh huh.~~

RACHAEL
But not everybody has character. Do
they.

DECKARD
No.

RACHAEL
Your goat has character. You've got
character.

He nods. politely.

RACHAEL
Does your wife have character?

EDECKARD
Yeah.

RACHAEL
Do I?

DECKARD
Yes.

RACHAEL
~~Thank~~ Thank god. Do you love your
goat more than your wife?

He stares at her a moment then it hits him.

DECKARD
You're drunk.
But in present is no Be. ?

RACHAEL
No...I drank a whole bottle but I don't
~~thn---thn~~ think it worked. I think I'm
pretending. (no I'm pretending to be)
~~You-see-I-eel--~~

There's a silence.

~~100~~ 72.
106

RACHAEL

You see, I couldn't have helped you anyway. The only thing I was good at U-s- I seem to have lost.

DECKARD

~~What's-that?~~ What?

(?)
6

She looks up at him wistfully.

RACHAEL

My objectivity.

There's a look.

~~She lowers her head trying to smile but it doesn't work. He puts his arms around her and she lets herself be held, her hands hung limp at her sides. Gently he pulls her head to his chest and quietly she begins to sob. They stay like that for several moment then finally she lifts her face smiling and tear streaked, almost laughing at herself. He kisses her tears away.~~

DECKARD

I have to go.

- Deckard

She nods/~~and Deckard~~ abruptly turns and walks away. Not wanting to watch him leave Iran keeps her eyes on Molly who lets out a long and mournful bleat.

~~Kisses her tears away - we whispers.~~

THE T.V. STUDIO

The marquee says BUSTER FRIENDLY AND HIS FREIDNLY FRIENDS. Under it a long line of people huddled against the cold wait to go in. Deckard ~~makes his way~~ past the crowd around to a side entrance. A uniformed gaurd ~~blak-~~ blocks his way. The name tag on his chest says NEAL. Neal looks normal enough except where his nose should be a mutation has taken place. It resembles a nose only that it is between his eyes and north of his \emptyset mouth.

NEAL

Can I help you?

DECKARD

I have an appointment with Buster.

Neal reaches for his list.

NEAL

Name?

DECKARD

It won't be on there - goverment business.

~~NEAL~~

Deckard flashes his ~~I.S.~~ I.D.

NEAL

I'll have to call him. If you're not on the list I can't let you in.

DECKARD

If I was on the list I wouldn't want ~~to~~ to. This is confidential. If you don't want to get ~~in~~ busted move your ass out of the way.

Reluctantly Neal ~~moves~~ steps aside. Deckard enters and stops.

DECKARD

Where can I find him?

NEAL

Up the stairs down the hall on your right - you can't miss it.

Neal waits ~~for~~ till Deckard's gone then picks up his phone.

NEAL

Mr. Friendly this is Neal down at the west gate. Theres a cop on his way up to your ~~arss-~~ dressing room. I couldn't stop ~~in~~ him long enough to see if he's ~~alreight~~-- alright. You want me to notify security?.....
Right. Thank you Mr. Friendly.

~~Neal hangs up and rubs his nose.~~

OK

Deekard Buster

Sounds good etc...

THE DRESSING ROOM

102-74
108

BUSTER

Thank you Neal.

Buster's sitting at his dressing table in a tight checkered suit, his thick wavy hair sprayed and set. Thee- there's a knock at the door.

BUSTER

Yes?

~~Determined~~ Deckard stands on the other side of the door staring at Busters name, a big star above it.

DECKARD

I'd like to have a word with you MR. Friendly.

BUSTER

Who is it?

DECKARD

My name's Deckard. I'm with the ~~San Francisco police~~ ~~San Francisco~~ ~~Police~~ I.S.A.

Buster smiles, checking his teeth ~~out~~ in the mirror.

BUSTER

Come right in.

The door opens and Deckard enters. Although Buster's eyes are full of welcome and good cheer, coming face to face with a public idol causes Decakrd a loss of certainty.

BUSTER

Well well, are we here on official business?

DECKARD

Not exactly. I need ~~some~~ advise.

BUSTER

That's my job Mr. Deckard but I'm just about to go on - wouldn't you rather come out front with the others? ~~and I promise I'll be sure and choose you.~~

DECKARD

This can't be said in front of others.

BUSTER

Mmmmmmmmm (sounds good.) I'm all ears. won't you have s seat?

DECKARD

Thanks. *you*

~~Deckard sits down and starts~~

104-76.
110.

BUSTER

Ahhh.

He presses his abdomen, the cylinder retracts. ~~back into his pants.~~
He drops the read out in the toilet, flushes it and goes back out zipping up his pants.

BUSTER

It ~~alwys~~ always happens I have to pee before I go on.

He gets back on his dressing table and stares at Deckard like a mother hen. ~~Deckard is humbled Forman & Hess Bowes.~~

BUSTER

Let met ask you something Deckard. Have you had intimate relations with one of these units?

Deckard's Hess jerks up.

The perception was not expected. Deckard stares back surprised. Buster smiles like a cherub.

BUSTER

That is one of the liabilities of your trade - plus you are at an age now where a man needs a little romance, preferably with a young beautiful lady and there's not much of that around these days - so you choose the nextest (heh heh) thing best thing. You're suffering from guilt. You had sex with your prey Deckard, that's bound to create problems - unless you're a black widow.

DECKARD

What about - not sex - but love?

BUSTER

Ah ha! Love is another name for sex. Love is sexy and sex is lovely. I don't care what you call it an android can't have it.

DECKARD

These arn't just transistorized androids they're...

BUSTER

Don't knock the old electrics - they have their job to do too.

DECKARD

But these are organic, chemical andys, they feel.

BUSTER

Maybe they can pretend to feel but far as the raw hot emotions of the heart.....

He taps his heart and shakes his head sadly.

105
78.
111. 77.

DECKARD
How can you be sure?

BUSTER
No matter how good a man gets he's never gonna make an artificial animal that feels that's a contradiction. Man can only make what he understands and believe me he's a long way off from understanding his feelings. Right?

Deckard nods his head, unconvinced. Buster jumps off the table.

BUSTER
But he's not gonna survive long enough to understand ~~nothing~~ nothin' if we don't do our part in getting every abled bodied regular off this planet. Preferably republicans.

Deckard's not amused. Buster is starting to ~~te-eeek--~~ to cut the air and clap his hands, moving into high gear.

BUSTER
Don't look so glum. We are at ~~the~~ ~~historical~~ ~~cross-roads~~ ~~historical cross-roads~~ ~~One goes into~~ ~~the future~~ ~~my~~ dear boy. One goes into the future and the other is a dead end. You have the honor of taking part in helping us along the better path.
Don't give up now just when we need you the most. Do your job, accept your fate and you'll find your freedom!

? |

DECKARD
That's what they're looking for.

BUSTER
But their fate isn't freedom it's service. Every man has his job to do and so does every android - if one of these lovelies runs amuck it's your responsibility to turn ~~him~~ him (IT) ~~off~~ - you are an integral part of keeping the human ball rolling Deckard. Don't forget it.

He stops to catch his breath.

BUSTER
I gotta save it for the show. Its been good talking to ~~of~~ you.

Deckard ~~satand-~~ stands and they shake hands.

DECKARD
Thanks.

BUSTER
My pleasure.

Deckard Leaves... →

DECKARD

Good bye.

GOOD LUCK AND BUSTER
Adioski.

~~106~~

112.

Deckard Leaves.

BUSTER.

~~WHEW~~ WHEW.....

THE APARTMENT

Pris is at the table curled up in a chair reading War and Peace. Mary sits near by, knitting, and Roy's on the tattered sofa, legs crossed, puffing his pipe engrossed with an electronic devise. The Bach cello sonata playing softly in the background is ~~is~~ drowned out by a terrible screeching, but nobody looks up. It's only Isidore. In his continous efforts to improve their comfort, he struggles an over stuffed chair thru the door. Not wanting to aggravate their ears, he stops, takes a breath, then bends over, hugs the chair with both arms and quietly as he can, works it across the floor to where he wants it. Job done, he looks up pleased with himself and clears his throat. Nobody seems to notice.

SPRAGUE goes down

AN ELEPHANT

AUDITORY DETECTION SYSTEM

the clock is there?

ISIDORE

Well, that about does it.

FIDGETS A THEN HONEST BRINGS A TUBE OUT OF HIS POCKET. EEP! HA??

Mary glances up, smiles and goes back to her knitting. The t.v. is on but soundless. Isidore ~~watches Buster doing his stuff for a few seconds then reaches~~ into his pocket and fishes out a clear plastic tube. He goes over to the table where Pris is reading, and holds the tube under the light fiddling with it. Pris looks up annoyed.

Wrens & Green Robin

PRIS

What is that?

ISIDORE

A spider.

(REAR END A SPIDER BEING KILLED BY BUSTER)

Interested, she takes a closer look.

PRIS

Where'd you get it?

ISIDORE

I caught him this morning.

Mary looks up.

MARY

What is it?

ISIDORE

A spider.

MARY

A spider?

ISIDORE

Huh hun.

She comes over to see. Isidore glances over to Roy.

ISIDORE

Look ~~at~~ what I got.

He's ~~totally~~ involved in spicing a connection..

~~108~~
114

MARY

Look ~~R~~ roy.

He puts his work aside and comes over ^{to the table.} ~~for a look.~~

PRIS

I've never seen one before.

She takes the tube from Isidore and studies it. Eyes shinning she holds it up to the light, watching the spider circle round in search of an opening.

ISIDORE

I use to catch lots of 'em. ~~Theh~~They don't live too long but they're nice to have.

PRIS

Spiders.

MARY

Ugg.

ROY

Look at this guy.

Isidore smiles at him.

MARY

He sure wants to get out.

ISIDORE

They're not worth much.

ROY

Let him out.

ISIDORE

Also there's a lot of rats around here. The ~~at~~ radiation doesn't bother 'em - but nobody wants 'em. Ill catch one for you if you want.

PRIS

That would be nice Isidore. Look at this guy go.

ROY

Let him out.

Pris opens the tube and dumps the spider on the table. Its a medium sized Daddy Long Legs. Haltingly ~~he~~ it advances across the ~~table.~~ As it nears the edge Pris steps on one of its legs with her finger. The spider freezes then struggles to free itself. Fastenated they watch in silence. Pris lughs.

PRIS

All those legs...why does it need so many legs?

chuk

~~109~~
115

ISIDORE
That's the way spiders are. Eight legs.

PRIS
I wonder if ~~she~~ could get by with four.
I bet it could.

ROY
Cut four off and see.

Roy reaches into Marys sewing basket and passes PRis the scissors. PRis- She lines up the scissors up on a leg. Isidore's face contorts as he realizes what's going to happen.

ISIDORE
It won't be able to run as fast with
only four legs.
~~"There's nothing for it to catch around here anyway."~~
Pris pays no attention. Isidore groans as she snips off a leg. The spider gets loose and ~~bumbles-away-~~ trys to get away but the ~~sc~~ scissors catch up and cut off another ~~leg-~~ of its legs. Frantically now the spider bumbbles ~~around~~ in a circle. Pris stops it with a finger and cuts off the third leg.

ISIDORE
That hurts him.

Pris removes her finger but ~~it~~ the spider doesn't move.

ROY
Give it a nudge.

She dees.

PRIS
It won't go.

Roy takes his lighter out of his pocket and lights it. He holds the flame closer and closer to the creature until it ~~creeps~~ feebly away.

creep

PRIS
See I was right. It can walk with
~~only~~ four legs.

She looks up at Isidore smiling fresh as a kid. Isidore looks comotose.

PRIS
What's the matter Iz~~X~~?

ROY
Don't look so grim. It's just a spider.

MARY
He's upset.

Pris reaches out to cut another leg. Isidore pushes her out of the way and picks up the mutilated creature.

In his fist he crushes it out of its misery and walks away to the corner holding it in his hand.

116.

MARY
Poor Isidore.

ROY
He'll get over it.

But Isidore stands in the corner staring back at them not getting over it.

MARY
You better talk to him Pris.

She nods her head but its Roy who saunters over to him, tounge in cheek.

ROY
What's the problem Iz?

ISIDORE
I don't like what you did.

ROY
You're a moral person Isidore but I don't have that probelm. I understand a lot but I don't judge much. I'm a decendent of the Synthetic Freedom Fighter ~~myslef~~ myself Isidore. All I care about is freedom - that's what I was made for.

Isidore is not buying it. Mary comes to the rescue.

MARY
Don't listen to him Isidore. He's not decendednt from anybody - he just likes to...we like to investigate. That's all it is. We're sorry. It won't happen again.

Expressionless Isidore stares at them a moment then walks away.

MARY
Where are you going?

ISIDORE
I'm gonna take this spider down and bury him in the ground.

He goes out the door and closes it behind him. As he walks down the hall he can hear their muffled laughter from behind. The muffled laughter can be heard from the room behind.

#17

THE COUR YARD

The garden is parished and ~~batten~~ barren, only some weeds to show in the dim nocturnal light. As Isidore bends to place the spider in the ground he gasps. His neck stretches out, he drops the spider and ~~grasps~~ ^{gags} his ~~chocking~~ ^{choking} throat. His face strains, mouth gapes, ~~but no air comes,~~ his hands go to his chest but no air comes. He falls to his side and rolls over, fists clenched mouth open in a silent scream. Like a drowning man breaking the surface at last he sucks in a lungfull of air and lies there panting. When he opens his eyes a man is helping him up. Its Deckard.

DECKARD

You okay?

Isidore stares at him suspicious and ~~esewer--~~ cowered.

DECKARD

~~I'm with the San Fransisco Police
Special Investigator. Some problem?~~
about the Jackson wood here.

He puts away the oyster and flips out his I.D.

DECKARD

You live in this place?

Isidore accomplishes a nod.

DECKARD

How many people live here? with you?

Isidore shakes his head. Deckard takes a closer look.

DECKARD

You're a "special" arn't you.

Isidore nods.

DECKARD

~~F-see-~~ Shit.

Deckard's voice is barely audibale. He's bone weary and looks it. The fatigue is starting to turn to sickness.

ISIDORE

I have a job...I drive a turck...
~~na~~ van ness pet hospital...for not
real animals...Hanabal Sloat...

DECKARD

Good for you - now tell me who
else lives here.

ISIDORE

N-n-n-nobody.

~~Disgusted,~~ Deckard turns away and walks toward the building.

ISIDORE

Wiat!

~~the apartment Deckard looks back--~~

ISIDORE

Im looking after them! ~~I'm looking after them!~~ Two are women!

Who

Pris in Mary
118

Deckard ~~turns~~ has turned back.

DECKARD

Two? ~~There~~

How many? 2
Wishes.

Isidore shkes his head.

DECKARD

What apartment?

Portobello
Ave. detect.

What Apartment?
I don't know.

THE APTEMTNT.

Roy sits on the couch with the reciver in his lap.

ISIDORES VOICE

Do, do Don't hurt em. Let em stay. I'm taking care of em.

What number?
I don't know.

DECKARD'S VOIC E

You btter stay out here.

~~His foot steps are heard.~~ Roy looks up at Mary.

ROY

~~You better~~ turn out the ~~lug~~ lights.

Trembling Mary switches out the lamp. Her pretty face strained ~~distored~~.

MARY

Where is he?

ROY

Groudd floor.

MARY

We can still get away then.

ROY

That woudln't be very sporting.

Mary grabs up her knitting and holds it close.

MARY

I vote we leave now.

ROY

Why not give him what he wants.

MARY

That's stupid Roy.

Is he PRIS
~~You think it's~~ the same one that
got Zhora?

183
119

ROY

Sounds like it.

He enjoys watching Pris mind work.

ROY

He shot her three times.

PRIS

I vote we leave - but after we--
he's taken care of. I want to do it.

ROY

On one condition.

PRIS

What?

ROY

That you don't kill him. Just fuck
with him. Like the spider.

She doesn't like it.

ROY

Believe me it'll be more ~~s~~ fulfilling.
Lets make this our masterpiece.
Save a little for every body.

THE LOBBY

PORTA-PAK SONAR

In the shaddows Deckard has set up a ~~porta-sonar~~ with revolving
detek-snout and blip screen. In the silence of the hall the
screen indicates nothing. He switches to verticle. On this
axis the snout absorbds a faint signal ~~whes shows up on the~~
screen. FROM ABOVE.

IT WAS STERIL TO BEGIN WITH
BUT AFTER THE VANDALS, ITS
BARREN AS WELL... LIKE ON
THE INSIDE OF AN OLD SKULL.

126

THE LOBBY

Is steril and barren as an old skull. The elevator, the ~~door~~ ^{STAIRWELL} on the opposite side, the ash tray stand toppled in the dust - not much to see, but Deckard misses none of it. Especially he notes the mezzanine as he crosses the floor, brief case in hand, looking as casual as a salesman. By the time he reaches the ~~the~~ far wall he could draw a diagram of the place. Positioning himself in the spot of least exposure he puts the brief case on the floor and snaps it open.

Working quickly he detaches a portable antenna and mounts it on the lid. The bottom of the case is a monitor surrounded by a touch light pannel. He hits "power", then "scan" and the antenna begins revolving. Setting ~~range-~~ "range" at twenty meters he activates "display" and the screen comes to life.

Working quickly he detaches a portable antenna and mounts it on the lid. The bottom of the case is a monitor surrounded by knobs and switches. He hits "power", flips on "scan" and the antenna begins to revolve. Setting the range at ~~the~~ 20 meters he touches the "display" light and the screen comes to life.

The fourteen inch model of the Quan-Tec Suma Bio Scan III promised a screen resolution within fifty microns with a centimeter plus or minus two. But at the moment the wonderful machine looks like an eighty dollar philco on the fritz. He tries turning up the "synchronizer" but its already on full.

DECKARD

Shit.

He slaps the side of ~~the~~ it with his hand. For a second ^{(the} signals phase. The "contact alarm" pulses light confirming "life Presence" but not long enough to say where. Deckard lifts the unit a few inches off the floor and slams it down.

The monitor clears. On the lower left ~~a~~ quadrant the height to surface indicator suddenly flashes PRESENCE ABOVE AND BEHIND. Instinctively Deckard clutches ~~the~~ the back of his head and rolls out of the way. The laser beam from above ~~hits the Suma III disintegrating it.~~ ^{essentially creates the Quan-Tec Suma III instantly.} ?

Deckard fires into the mezzanine but what ever it was is already gone. If it didn't show before, it does now. The fear. It makes him double fast. It takes ~~a~~ him a second to get to the elevator. He hits the buttons. It doesn't work. He fires the pannel to make sure it won't. Suddenly he spins. Isidore ~~almost get it.~~ He stands gawking in the entrance. ~~He~~ He ~~just~~ got it? ?

ISIDORE

What are you doing?

Deckard doesn't respond. He's watching the mezzanine to see if somebody else will. Nothing. He ~~turns to Isidore.~~ He looks back to Isidore who stands on the ~~edge~~ threshold of the lobby gawking. ?

DECKARD
GET Out of the building, understnad?

Open mouthed and wide eyed Isidore nods, but he doesn't move.

DECKARD
Out!

Isidore backs out fast. (Pissed) Deckard crosses the floor. He does't want to die, especially stupid. Running on all burners now, he fires two shots thru the wall on the hinge side of the ~~door-stare~~ stairwell door, kicks it open and drops to the floor at the same instent. It's clear. He moves in.

The stairway rectangles ten storys up. As his foot touches the first step a raw, terrified scream shatters the air. It's a woman. It came from below. Deckard ejects the half used cartridge from his laser, inserts a fresh one and quiet as the silence, desends the basement stairs.

At the bottom he faces a corridor. The faint hum of machinery comes from the ~~corridor~~ double doors at the far end. Each is fitted with a glass slot illuminated from behind. They look like two eyes. The Hum becomes a rattle by the time ^{Deckard} he gets there. ^{Deckard} steps to the side and peers thru the glass.

Its a gym. The mirrorlined walls are cracked and tarnished the equipment atrophied from lack of use. But somebody has turned on two of the weight reducing machines - they're flapping and grinding away for all they're worth. Deckard's eyes stop on the woman.

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

Slowly Deckard pushes open one of the doors until it touches the wall ~~and goes thru.~~ He goes thru, advancing slowly towards 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.

Deckard pushes open one of the doors until it touches the wall and goes thru. Slowly he advances towards 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 - he's seen lot of that - its her resemblance to Racheal.

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

Slowly the door wings closed but Deckard doesn't notice. His catoid artery is not longer sending blood to the brain. There's only time for one move. He jerks up his foot and grabs his ankle laser but that as far as he gets. Pris's hand closes around his wrist. and Deckard's fingers open like a flower. His eyes roll back and the laser falls to the floor.

Nighty naughty. Pris lets go but before he can fall she rams a foot into his back that sends him across the floor. He slams into a machine and falls. Pris flies off the rings and comes at him. He 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 on the floor gagging. Oh so precisely she reaches out with a long index finger and flips the switch on the machine. Its a flap eliminator with a vibrator belt. Normally an innocuous piece of equipment but on this one the motor housing is missing. Lots of exoskeleton? lots of churning metal. LOTS OF GRINDING METAL. A BAD PLACE FOR FLESH AND BONE.

Its a gym, fully equipped and gone to pot from lack of use. The mirror lined walls are cracked and tarnished. Some of the Barbells have sunk into the floor. ~~Pris~~ Pris comes from the Reducing Section. 2 mirrors have been turned on.

Pris

flap

But that's where deackard hand is head.
As Deckard looks up thats where his hand is going. Pris has him by the wrist and is about to feed his hand into the grinder. ~~He-pulls-back--~~ He's about as effective as an eight year old against a full grown woman. He grapples at the back of his belt for the Z-wave. In two more second his hand will be ground round. His figngers find the stem and press. Pris freezes. Deacka rd trys to pull his hand loose. ~~It~~ It won't come. He yanks ha rd but its welded in hers.

The z-wave's a good defence if you can hold your breath. But Deckard nver got one. His lips stretched back. e tweeth clenched he rasis his leg and wedges a foot against her chest. Leaning ~~back~~ he puyshes with all his meight The hold ~~re~~ breaks and they ~~fopple~~ back.. Deckard hits the floor and the Z-wave at the same time. He bites into the air and gulps a breath. Pris is up and m coming for him. He presses agian. Froazen off balance she hovers over him. D3ak~~rd~~ rolls out of the way as she comes down like a staute.

The closet laser is across the room He c won a little air but not enough to get him there. He presses the stem as he scrambles for it. Pris's foot lashes out and kdkc the zwave out of his hand.

Deckard rolls into a protective position. Prish just smiles, takes hold of his foot and pulls. She doesn't like to leave a piece of work unfinsihed. They're going back to the machine.

A wight stand goes by and Deckard grabs onwith both hands. The contest lasts only lasts a second ahdhe's slinding over the floor like ~~he's~~ on ice. like it was ice.

As she gets him to the machine he trys to kick and pull away but he's about as effective as an eight year old against a full grown woman. Intent upon hi her little experiemtn Pris is about to feed his foot into the grinder. is has his foot at the mouth of the grinder. Deckard makes a long reach and just barely grabs a five pound dumb bell. He sits up and ~~with-all-his-mi---~~ and clobers her in the back with it.

★ Intent upon her little experiment Pris gets his foot to the machine adn and is ba about to feed his foot to the grinder shen s when deckard sits up ~~and--~~ sits up with a five pound dumb bell and co clobers her in the bath back with it. clobber her in the back with a viv five pound dumb bell.

It knocks her off balance but she does 't let go of his fot foot. He slams her agian. She hooks out with a fist but misses and he gets her with r a round house in the face. ?

Pris goes to the floor. Deckad is up and (snarling) the five pound dumb be,11 over his head he's coming down aw with it all his might.

Fighting for he lifre lifie now Pris drives a foot in to him that lifts him off the floor and sends him clyi flying across the gym. He al lands in a heap.

2

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

Deacakrd landed on the Z-wave. Hes got itin his hand. There waw was no time to get a breath. His lungs are empty and his face is ask ashen. He crawls away with his lungs empty and his face ashen. It's taking forever to get to the laser. But if it took twice aa as long Deckard would get it. He's determined. He reaches out and grabs it, rolls over and takes aim. He presses the stem and she's released and spins towards him screaming her rage. He fires as she comes.

He rolls over aims and presses the Z0wave.

Enraged and bloody Pris spins enraged Pris screams as she spin around and comes at him bar above her head. He fires. The shot amputates her soulder her arm at the shoulder but the hand still clutches the bar her arm dangling as she comes.

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

He puts the next one thru her neck. Her feet entangle and trip. Her head jerks back as her feet entangle and trip. Pris hicups a rope of blood as she a rope of blood hicups out her mouth as she flys thru the air and crashes next to Deckard. Dead.

She's dead but her body keeps coming. she's dead but her momentum keeps her coming. Her feet buckle and she flys thru the air and for a secnd she's flying thru the air hicups a rope of blood and crashes next to Deckard. Dead.

Deckard t1 lies there e next to her, panting chest heaving. He rolls over gets to his hand s and knees panting over her body. He staggers to his feet and looks down at her swaying over her. The sound that cm comes out of his thraot w is dry and raspy. It might not sound like a war cry but it is.

and Possible Chit

He staggers to his feet and looks down at her. Swaying a little looks down at her. The son sound that escapes his throat is raspy and dry. It might not wound like w a war cry but it is.

it might not sound like it but its a war cry.

Like a drunk Deckard weaves around the room picking up his weapons. Laser in one hand, Z-wave in the other he kicks open the swinging doors and talks into the h corridor. A very dangerous man. Between breaths as he moves up the stairs he quotes for memory from em memory: Mumbles under his breath. between breaths he quotes as he climbs the stairs.

DECKARD
Between the unexpected assault and the defensive response is the advantage. Don't let the nexus six take it.

DECKARD
Between the unexpected assault and the defensive response there is a recognition lag. Don't let them take advantage of it. (you gotta watch out for the lag Deckard.)

There's blood lust in Deckard's eyes as he gets to the main floor landing and pulls open the lobby door. On his way in against Isidore is caught in the act. He stops and stands bobbing in the entranceway.

DECKARD
Anybody come thru here?!

Isidore shakes his head.

DECKARD
Out!

Deckard fires into the doorway about six inches from Isidore's head.

DECKARD
Warned! and with a mad little hop is gone?
Isidore gets the message. He does a mad little hop and is gone. With a mad little hop he's gone. Deckard turns and rushes up the stairs two at a time. He's going to shoot the next thing that moves find out later if he was right or wrong.

A On the next landing he throws the door open. His eyes move down the hall looking for prints in the dust. None. He moves up the stairs to check the next landing.

OUT OF BEANS... NO CORN... IN P... A LONG WAY UP - DOWN
On the ninth floor he finds what he's looking for. From a door half way down the hall, foot traffic coming and going. Prints coming and going. They lead to the door half way down the hall.

Deckard gets to the door and stops to the side of it. He listens, then fires three quick shots thru it. If somebody was on the other side of it they aren't now. He takes a breath presses the stem, kicks the door open and throws in the z-wave. Deckard dives thru head first and firing. He hits the floor and rolls pouring it into the far corners of the room just like the book says.

Character
Change

37
26

ROSSEN

The fact is if anything happened to you it could be bad for business. So I recomend you ~~tek~~ take her along. The Nexus 6 is very quick on its feet. Also a lot smarter than some of the humans aroud here. *at PCP's work.*

He winks at Deckard sending home the implication

DECKARD

Like you say, if it wern't bad for business I'd bust you right now for bribery.

ROSSEN

Don't threaten Deckard, it sounds unpatriotic.

The old~~x~~ man is becoming agitated.

ROSSEN

We could have stopped with the old electrics, but no~~y~~ we had to keep up with the Russians! I knew it was going to lead to trouble but we produce what the colonists wanted. If we hadn't of ~~made these chemical types~~ other firms would have! We're just following the time honored principal of supply and demand! The emigrants ultimate incentive! THE ANDROID SERVANT AS CARROT, THE RADIO ACTIVE FALL-OUT AS STICK! THAT'S HOW THEY'RE USED UP THERE MR. BOUNTY HUNTER, AS DONKEYS! No wonder they're trying to escape...~~woudl-~~ wouldn't you?! WE'RE DONKEY MAKERS!

Old Rossen starts to bray ~~like a crazed jack ass~~ right into Deckards face.

ROSSEN

HEE HAW! HEE HAW!

Deckard grabs the old man by the lapels and yanks him silent. Rossen smiles like a mule.

DECKARD
(quietly)

You're an android.

Deckard looks up as the door opens. A second Dr. Rossen enters. *

1 ROSSEN #2

In all due respect Mr. Deckard, I don't know how you're going to deal with the Nexus-6 if you can't handle him.

4
Catching
Civilians

Covers closer
2 more goes
to - B... 12C

Deckard dives thru head first and hits the floor in a roll pouring fire into the far corners of the room. Except for the irrepressable Buster Friendly fulminating soundlessly from the t.v. the room is empty. Still on the floor Deckard reaches out for the z-wave and releases it.

There's a kitchen bar, a closet and bedroom door, both closed. Deckard's breathing is the only sound. He slides over to the ~~couche~~ t.v. control pannel on the couch and turns up the ~~volumer~~ ^{volume}

BUSTER

I've heard the talk! Those crack pot theroyts that a radiation resistent man will evolve to reinhabate the earth. Well lets know the facts what do you say? The facts are that in the next three to h fiveyears it has been calculated that three quatrtrs of the our regular population will nolonger be regular. They will be contaminated and it has bee-further been establised that one quarter of the remaining three quarters will be dead in the following two years. Now is that anyway to treat your body?

The mistakes of the past have been made. The future here is condemned. But there's no time left to discuss man kinds guilt. None of us is innocent. But all of us, or almost all ofus. Can redeem ourselves. How? well you m know the answer to tat. All you've got to do is take your quality test now. Ohhh maybe you say "Ill wait" see what happens. Oh you poor lambs - you hear of methods and systmes of survival - disertation on recovery. but systems are invented to be replaced. Eventually all systems fail. A system that is firm today will leaee you with the taste of ashes tomorrow. (I say to hell with the has neen beens lets her hear it for the will bes.)

There's no respnce from either of the doors and now hsi breathing can't be heard. Common sense says the bedroom. He pumps up his lungs takes the breath, and presses the stem and moves towards the bedroom.

Maybe it was a sound maybe intuition but suddenly he ~~flips-over~~ twists around rolls the z-wave and at the bedroom door but twisting around and ~~fixing-~~ blasts almost emptys the laser on the closet into the clost. The smou,dering door comes unhinged and slowly opens.

Mary Batty is (dub huddled) at the rear is as far back as she ge can get. Holding out a hand like somebody afradi to catch a ball. ~~One~~ hand out like someone about to catch a ball but afradi of it. The-ether- One of her hands is out like somebody who's had a ball thrown at them they didn't want to catch. In the other she holds her monkey close to her. Her a face is bewildered, frozen in fear. ~~No-tricks-her-~~ No recognitio gap here. Her body is riddle with holes. ~~But he~~ ^{Deck} shoots her thru the neck to make sure. its like shooting a manikin.

Deckard presses the stem, ~~she~~ takes his breath Mary falls to the 1 floor like a puppet with her trings cut.

Deckard sits down and snaps of the t.v. and stares at the pathetic figure in the closet. Worn out with slaughter he stares at the pathetic figure in the closet.

Deckard backs away from the pathetic figure in the closet. Unable to take his eyes off her he sits on the couch

Backing away from the pathetic figure in the closet Dekcard sits on the couch. Without taking his eyes off her he reaches out and switches off the t.v. ~~His hand is trembling. He looks at it~~ He notices her hand is trembling ~~He studies it a moment then~~ off Buster. He looks at his hand. Its trmembling. He drops it into his lap, closes his eyes leans back and takes a deep breath.

Deckard backs away from the pathetic figure in the closet and sits on the couch. Without taking his eyes off her he reaches out and shuts off Buster. He looks at his hand. (Palm up he looks at his hand) It's trembling. He drops it in his lap, closes his eyes, leans back and takes a deep breath.

Buster's voice suddenly booms back. Deckard eyes snap open. It's not coming from the t.v. in front of him. ~~Buster's voice- Slowly dekcard raises his eyes to the cieling.~~

Deckard

Slowly a twisted ~~smile~~ Deckards eyes go to the cieling. The voice is coming from the apartment just above. A slowly twisted smile forms upon his lips.

Roy batty..... The voice from above is a clear Buster's voice is a clear invitation and Batty's got the home court. ADVANTAGE BATTY. THE WAY THAT WE REALLY PLAY? ~~say.~~ You wanna play? The tone of his voice is resigned but the smile remains.

DEKARD RE LOADS HIS LASER

6

THE STARIRWELL

Deckard comes out onto the landing. Taking his time he climbs the stairs/ to the next level. He pauses by the door. His voice comes out loud and friendly. Deckard yells the following ~~in~~ in a loud but friendly voice.

DECKARD

I'm gonna tell you the story about Roy Rodgers. And his new beetsboots. You know who Roy Rodgers was don't you Roy? He was a cow boy. Cow boys were the guys who use to round up the cattle.

Deckard shoot out the hinges of the big stairwell door. ~~It comes down,--~~ He gives it a push with his foot and it comes down with a hang. Calmly, Deckard steps thru the---- and standing on the door calmly reloads his laser.

DECKARD

And a coe vo vow cow in case you don't know is a female cattle and they go - Moooooooooo! You must of seen 'em on t.v.

~~Deckards eyes move down the hall.~~ The prints in the dust go in and out of every single door all the way down the hall. Deckard smiles and taking his time starts to walk down the hall. **HIS LASER NEVER QUINCRING**

DECKARD

Well Roy gets a new pair of cowboy boots. Custome jobs with pictures of TRigger that his trick horse, a real horse mind you and his dog bullet stitiched up the side. Real fancy. **Boor**

~~He's pausing at each door listening for Buster.~~ **pause to listen.**

DECKARD

So Roy waxes up his new boots and puts em ot out in the hot western sun to dry and when he comes back he- to put em on he finds em all shewed up. ~~wrecked.~~ **LAYS** They've ben been wrecked. And he's ~~he~~ **LAYS** feeling so a bad he wit sits right od down in the the f drit and wants to ~~cry.~~ **LAYS** layw right down in the dirt.

*LAYS
so Bm*

~~He-hears-it-new~~ trying not to cry becuase he wants to die. Buster's audible now. Deckards starts walking towards the source. faintly audible....m ve towerad the source.

DECKARD

Now here comes Gabby - that's his side kick. And old BGabby says, looks like your new boots got chewed up by a bob cat roy. ~~now~~ a bob cat or a wild cat as they're sometimes called was a long legged stuby tailed little critter who lived int the moutains. I'm an animal expert Roy. **And the other thing.**

Deckard stops in front of a door. Buster's voice is coming from the other side.

DECKARD

Now you gotta imagine the sun going down if you can and our two heros Now you gotta imagine our two heros sitting there watching the sun go down when all of a sudden Gabby sees a shape on the ridge. He looks down at an old roy and taps him on the shoulder and says.....

In the melody of "Pardon me boy, is that the chattanooga sho cho cho?" Deckard sings out:

DECKARD

PARDON ME ROY, IS THAT THE CAT THAT CHEWED YOUR NEW SHOES?

Deckard blasts (the ~~feer~~ door and breaks) thru low and spinning, firing in every direction. If there'd been a fly in here it would have been killed. But he killed nothing that wasn't dead already. Buster being the last to go. Like a punctured tire the t.v. goes off with a bang and a fizzle. Deckard stands in the middle of the room, reloads his laser Deckard reloads his laser and stands in the middle of the room breathless and listening. Listening to the silence. It doesn't last long.

ROY'S VOICE

Keeping 'em laughing Killer!

The whoops of laughter that follow ~~visibly~~ crack deckard's compound. He charges out of the room

comes

The laughter is coming from an open door just down the hall. It turns into a taunt as Deckard bursts thru the door into the room firing at anything and everything but the jeering doesn't stop. Either does deckard - doors walls ceiling and floor he fires away in a frenzy until the laser is empty. ~~With animal panic~~ Deckard claws at his belt for fresh cartridges but there are none. He throws the laser to the floor. Roy's voice gaffaws and clears. A couple of gaffaws and some throat clearing. The voice is definitely in the room. Looking a little mad Deckard's eyes scan the room.

ROY'S VOICE

Here I am, in the closet.

The closet door is half open. It looks empty. The wall around it is shewed to pieces exposing steel and shards of concrete. With a growl Deckard lunges for the door and throws it open.

ROY'S VOICE

That wasn't so hard.

The little box sitting on the shelf has a fish eye lens and a speaker receiver. Deckard grabs it and tries to strangle it with his hands.

8

130.

ROY'S VOICE
Easy ht there partner.

The box snikers. Deckard hurls it

ROY'S VOICE
Bon Voyage!!!!

The box crashes thru the glass and sails out the window.
Deckard's face tilts up in fury as he bellows:

DEA RD
OKAY BATTY!

He storms ot out of the apartemtn into the hallway.

DECKARD
COME ON BATTY! HERE IT IS!

His voice rings thru the empty hallg. He whirls and assaults
the first door he coem comes to.

DECKARD
COME ON FUCKER!'

He lunges for the next one and kicks it open.

DECKARD
NO MORE CHICKEN SHIT GAMES!

The door to the next apartment is open. He oges thru the
place in a torrent kicking over tables putting his fist thru the
walls. He storms back out oand continues down the hall on
maniac power assualting doors and screaming his s challenges.
He arrives at the next to last door and kicks it open.

DECKARD
COME ON BATTY! WHAT ELSE CAN YOU
SHOW ME?!

The door hurls back in his face so hard it knocks him off his
feet. When he looks up Roy is stnading over him his laser pointing
down at ~~Deckard's-face~~ his face.

~~DECKARD~~
ROY
I can't say we haven't had the
jpleasure. At least I have.

DECKARD
Fuck you machine!

ROY
Machnie?

Ammused roy smiles and takes a step forwarxd Deckard flinches
and scoots back.

a.

ROY

Why does the mouse come calling the cat?

DECKARD

You're not a cat - you're a mistake.

ROY

Lame. Very lame.

Roy's right. Deckard's jaw is juttred forward in cowards definnence eyes glued to Roy's laser, retreating before it down the hall.

ROY

Interesting act but I don't buy it.

Deckard's voice is vitriolic shrill and vitriolic (accuseatory) He's talking a out the side of his mouth. (} SHRILL AND ACCUSEATROY.

DECKARD

UP your ass test tube junk!

Roy's ^{eyes are} almost entranced. He ^{appreciates} loves the suspense.

ROY

It's not fair if you don't tell me the rules.

DECKARD

The equipment doesn't need to know the rules. You got the equipment you make the rules.

ROY

I hope its good.

Deckard keeps shuffling backwards his hands on the floor. The slightest wrong move woud would be fatal. Very duddenly Roy stops. His face clouds over. He's looking at Decakrds leg. Deckard looks down. In scooting back his pant legs have pulled up. The ankle laser is revealed.

ROY

A laser taped to your ankle?

Roy fires. The beam di demolishes the laser. It didn't hit his b leg but Deckard yeowls hauls and starts scooting against faster than before.

ROY

That was it?

Deckard's breathing ^{is louder} ~~gas~~ faster his eyes are F terrified. Theyre moving down the hall faster. Deckard's submission so total is's getting hard for Roy to enjoy his domination.

10

ROY

You disappoint me.

Roy's got a groveling man with a bad idea - the good cheer is rapidly dissolving.

ROY

Not exactly a masterpiece.

Deckard spews the words out, the veins ^{pop} standing out in his neck.

DECKARD

Yes you are Roy! That's exactly what you are - a master piece! I know what I'm talking about, ~~I'm a fan of yours. I've been studying you. I know everying about you.~~ I'm a fan y of yours. I've made a study of the Nexus Six. In fact I'm in love with one - looks just like that n one doe down stairs. I've talked to your n maker - I've ready the manual! You're already old hat...you're being discontinued!

Deckard is scooting over the h fallen door into the out onto the stairwell landing. Roy's looking pretty grim his laser never wavers, it's pointed right at Deckards head.

DECKARD

You're being replaced. Tne they made a mistake! You wanna know what?

Roy's lip remain a thin line. He's looking down at Deckard like a snake a rat.

DECKARD

Impotence! That's your problem.

Roy's anger has turned deadly he's tired of the game. Deckards back is agist the railing. There's no where to go.

DECKARD

Don't you know if you can't experience your sexuality you get cruel thats the first symptom Roy. They gave you the pickle but they left out the relish! You don't have it down here!

There's a ppower shortage in one of your tools Roy if kyou can't experience your sexuality you start getting cruel thats the first sytom. (ect)

Deckard grabs himself by the crotch. crotch. Roy Batty freezes. The silence is sudden. Deckard's b creek as he gets to his feet. He stands behind Roy who is slightly bent and facing the railing. Deckard's lungs are empty, he's biting his bottom lip he leans on Roys back.

pushes Roy forward. Like a manikin Roy falls forward The railing stops him at the chest his head over it lookig down II storys to the basement.

5 inches Roy
X push

GROUND

11.

Deckard takes him by the feet and lifts. When he's got ^{then shoulder high} them level with roys head) he ~~pushes~~ ^{pushes} staright up and ~~roy~~ ^{roy} ~~stiff as a board~~ ^{stiff as a board} topples ^{over} the railing like a length of lumber. He plunges down the air bouncing ~~off~~ and banging off the railings all the way to the bottom where he lands crushed on the basement floor.

GROUND

CEMENT FLOOR

12.

Deckard pulls the z-wave out of his pants, presses the stem and breaths. He stares over the railing dispassionately. (at the smashed body below)

Slumped against the railing Deckard stares down at the smashed dispassionately stares down at the smashed body below. Its been a good night for bounty hunting but Deckard doesn't look it. Worn out from fatigue and slaughter Deckard descends the stairs (like a tired machine)

CLUTCHING her ~~hand~~ BUTTON CHED

THE APARTMENT

Mary Batty makes a lurid picture sprawled on the closet floor. Her blood soaked body is already very stiff. ~~It looks like she's been dead longer than she has.~~

Deckard comes thru the door, goes to the window and pulls back the curtains. Stagnant morning light filters into the room.

He takes the minnox out of his pocket goes over to the closet and dispassionately snaps a shot off of Mary.

THE BASEMENT Slowly Deckard's foots steps coming down the airsteps At the bottom of the stairs Deckard steps over Roy's body, aims the minnox-camera--- minnox and snaps the picture. He turns and mechanically walks down the corridor, thru the w swinging doors double swigin door into the gym.

Pris-is-gone.

Two of the weight reducing machines have died natural deaths but the one is still going - barely cranking over. But thats not what stops Deckad. Pris is gone. He just sa stands there. He doesn't want to move. He doesn't want to think about it. Unable or unwilling to move he just stands there.

UNWILLING-OR-U--

Unable or unwilling to move Deckard just stands there. Stultified. For several moments he stands there stultified. The old diehard flab eliminator finally peters out. Re source ?

Slowly Deckard rouses himself. He looks around the room for signs. Drops of blood lead out the double doors. Deckard follows them.

But he sees

(The drops of blood on the floor lead back out the double doors) It takes him a several moments to awaken the resources he's got left. He looks around the room for signs. The do drops of blood on the floor lead back out the double doors. Deckard follows them.

WWT

one door

----- BACK out the double doors.

Deckard follows the trail of blood into the lobby. The faint sound moaning sound There's a faint faint moaning sound that grows louder as he nears the entranceway. He puse pushes the door open and looks out.

The chicken head' s in the couryard. Sitting on his heels hugging his knees rocking back and forth. Pris is layed out in front of him next to the spider. (in his anguish)

Deckard a walks up behind him steps up from behind him, and snaps off a picture of the demolished android. Isidore looks up tears streaming down his face looking like some kind of angushied clown. Expressionless, Deckard snaps off a picture of him too. Its not his problem.

Impassive. Isidore rasies his tortured tear streaked face Deckard impassively Deckard takes a picture of it and walks away. It not his problem.

On his knees ~~Isidore strains his body erect neck strained~~ upward like a rooster Isidore voice comes out cracked with flooded with condemnation.

Killerman!

Deckard walks stiffly ahead his eyes like stone staring straight ahead. Isidore's voice cracking out behind ~~him~~ as he moves into the sullen

likeless as stones.

out into the sullen morning air.

KILLERMAN KILLERMAN KILLERMAN MILLER MAN KILLERMAN

THE ROOF

Depending on the size and quality of the dust particles (on a give day) a radio active sky can either blot out or intensify heat waves. Today they're intense. Vapors rise off the roof into the harsh morning light as Deckard lands his hovercraft.

Looking a little older and moving a little slower he steps down. As he heads towards the elevator he glances at the animal compound. What he sees stops him. He pulls off his flying glasses ~~and~~ and squints thru the glare. His eyes are red and tired but they read it right. The door is open.

He's not moving slow now. Deckard's almost running as he goes thru the door and down the asile. He gets to his pen and stops. As ever, the sheep is there, chomping away in simulated contentment. But the goat is gone. Trying to hold back the panic he moves his head slowly looking around, but the voice comes out loud and panicked in spite of himself.

DECKARD

Molly!

He starts to search rushing from pen to pen calling her name. The other animals are ~~starting-to-~~ becoming ~~alarmed~~ alarmed. Woburns horse begins to whinny, the pig starts to squeel and a racoon scampers back and forth in his its cage. From some where further off away a dog starts to bark. But h there is no goat. Deckard's checked every stall, even the empties. He ~~look~~ looks up. Woburn is in the doorway.

He backs away ~~as~~ as Deckard comes at him. With the violence of the righteously wronged Deckard grabs him by the collar and yanks him close.

DECKARD

What happened to my goat!?

WOBURN

I been waiting for you Deckard... the police just left about twenty minutes ago...

DECKARD

What happened to my goat?!

WOBURN

You gotta let go I can't talk...

He does.

WOBURN

We tried to call you but nobody could find you your wife's been up here all morning....Don't worry I'll tell you exactly what happened, I saw the whole thing I was the one called the police.

He's interrupted by Iran's voice.

IRAN

Deckard!

From the elevator she runs across the roof to them.

WOBURN

I was just telling him.

Deckard looks down into his wifes eyes.

DECKARD

Tell me what happened.

IRAN

Molly's dead.

WOBURN

Your goats dead Deckard that's what I'm trying to tell you.

Deckard looks at him. His eyes are burning. Woburn backs away a couple inches but keeps talking. his voice trembling with excitment.

WOBURN

It was the animals that woke me up. First I heard my Shane whinnying then your goat started up. I never heard Shane whinny-like-that/~~I~~ make a noise like that so I knew something was wrong and I came running up here double time, didn't even wait for the elevator. It was still dark ~~but~~ I got good eyes and when I got up here but I ~~did~~ could see her pretty good...

DECKARD

Her?

WOBURN

That's right. It was a woman. And she was dragging your goat across the roof here and I....

IRAN

Before you said she was leading her.

WOBURN

She was draggin' her. I tried to stop 'em but I couldn't get there on time. She was quick, pretty quick....

Iran's hatred stops him but only for a moment.

WOBURN

Before I could get to her she just picked the goat up in her arms and jumped off the edge. Ten storys stright down. There wasn't much left of either of 'em.

Silence. Deckard's staring at the spittal in the corners of Woburns mouth. ~~I-ran-~~ Iran reaches out and touches her husband gently on the arm.

IRAN

Come on Deck.

But Deckard doesn't move.

IRAN

Let's go downstairs.

He's still staring at Woburns mouth.

WOBURN

You like to ~~me~~ come down to my place, have a cup of coffee?

Woburn looks back and forth at them eagerly.

WOBURN

We could talk about the insurance. You must have been pretty well covered huh?

Woburn smiles a little waiting for Deckard's responce. Deckard walks away. But not to the elevator. He's going to his hovercraft.

IRAN

Decka rd!

Deckard steps up on the foot boost, opens the hatch and climbs in. Iran runs for him. It's too late. He's already lifting off.

IRAN

Deckard!

The hovercraft rises slow and level for fifty feet then tilts, accelerating in an upward arc and disappears ~~rapidly in the--~~ into the glaring sky.

THE SKY

is the same but what's under it isn't. The earthly remains of a body of land no longer alive comes closer and closer. Down thru wisps of cloud, the speed is cut and the Earth is gently met. Dust boils up, the turbos wind down and the hovercraft sits in the sand sand.

The canopy pops open and Deckard steps ~~eu~~ down. He pulls off his blue lensed filter goggles, shuts his eyes a moment against the glare, then opens them.

The ~~waste land~~ waste land. Flat, vast and remorselessly barren. Heat waves shimmer on the horizon. Above, curdled clouds smother the land far as the eye can see.

Deckard's goggles hang motionless on the canopy latch. The surface of the earth is paved with a thin brittle crust (that breaks under foot) and there is no sound except the crunch of it, as Deckard's foot steps ~~dis~~ disappear into the distance.

THE FARM

What the dust hasn't ~~is~~ buried and the winds didn't blow, the sun has shriviled and scortched. Like the great Dust Bowl ~~days~~ ^{when} of the thirties, nothing here is nurtured except ruin. There's a combine machine buried right up to its rusted blades, a barn roof rotted ~~flat~~ flat against the sand and that speck in the void beyond is Deckard trudging away.

The tree is stunted and leafless. It stands out like bone against the sweltering sky. Deckard grabs hold of a branch and hangs there, ~~sweating dripping off his chin~~ staring, sweat dripping off his ~~chin~~ chin. (Where's he's going is where he's been and from the look of him it doesn't make a difference.) (?)

THE RIVER BED

Deckard comes over the edge and stumbles down the embankment. The bleached out clay at the bottom is brittle and cracked. Miniture ridges and peaks collapse under his feet like camphor flakes as he makes his way along the (dried up) canal.

Deckard is breathing faster and moving slower, his lips are swollen and parched. He sinks to his knees and slowly, almost voluptuously falls over on his side. The dust rises and settles over his body as he pulls up his knees and tucks his hands between his thighs (like a child about to nap.) ((or) dust rises and settle over his body. Like a child about to nap he pulls up his knees and tucks his hands between his thighs.) As his eye drift over the gray, insect like vegetation, a gust of wind booms over the obstacle of him and Deckard closes his aching eyes.

Deckard's sight was blurred by sweat and strain but the vision operating now is clear as a bell. It moves forward low and slow, veering a little from side to side.

Deckard lies ahead facing what crawls towards him, his eyes closed. Nearer and nearer it comes, until two feet from Deckard's face, the silky sound of it's claws against the sand reaches Deckard's ears. His eyes open.

STINGING
Thru the burning light a ponderous, primivel shape looms up before him. Deckard doesn't move a muscle, his eyes strain to focus.

The creature's flat, scaly head stretches forward. It waddles closer, then abruptly stops, fifteen inches from Deckard's face.

LOOSE
It's a tortoise. (He's not very large) (but) He's got a shell like a battle scared helmet - it looks like he's even survived a fire or two. But he's never seen anything like what's lying in front of him and until he's sure of what it's all about, he's not moving.

Either is Deckard. Face to face they stare at each other until the man finally blinks. That's it for the tortoise. He's not taking any chances. His head and legs disappear, fast.

For a while nothing happens. Then slowly the tortoise's head peeks out. Deckard lays there like a part of the landscape. Gradually the tortoise's limbs emerge. The hind ones first, then the forelegs. They're broad the forelegs - they're broad and flat. He's a digger.

(or)
Deckard lies there unblinking, as still as a stone. For a while nothing happens. Then slowly the tortoise's head peeks out. Gradually the rest follows. First the hind legs, then the front ones. They're broad and flat. He's a digger.

He looks right, looks left, then takes a course around Deckard's head. Without moving his head, Deckard's eyes follow until he's out of sight. Quiet and smooth, he rolls over onto his opposite side and watches the tortoise waddle away.

A hand comes out from between his thighs and skims over the sand like a snake. The tortoise is almost out of reach. But not quite. From behind, Deckard takes hold of it's shell. For a moment its fat little legs struggle and push when they don't get anywhere he withdraws into his shell. Very quickly he slips his hand under the shell, picks him up and turns him over. *LUNDS NEAR HIM. LIFTS UP FLIPS*

)If you're a tortoise, upside down is a bad place to be. (Either you're about to be eaten or die something, if not, the sun will cook you while you starve.))Either way you're dead(. The legs come out fast and paddle frantically - the head arches back as far as it will go. But it doesn't help. The fact is it's only more exposed and withdraws back into its shell. It's vulnerable under belly is the color of straw. Deckard watches then closes his eyes.

When he opens them a moment later the tortoise is fighting again. Neck distended, it's old jaws strained open, legs thrashing the indifferant air. Deckard's eyes are dull and half masted as he watches it struggle like a bug skewered on a pin. The harder it fights the deeper it digs itself in. Finally it stops but this time doesn't bother to retract. It just lays there exhausted, MOTIONLESS, ITS OLD REPTILE EYES, IMPRISONED AND ANGRY.

After a couple seconds of getting nowhere he retreats into his shell inside his shell

Deckard rolls over on his back and closes his eyes. The heat and the silence hum like a hive.

THE HOVERCRAFT

It's glazed body gleams in the noon day heat. The goggles hang motionless on the canopy latch. Every detail is absolutely still. Except the radio & reciever. ~~(Some one's calling)~~ The red light on the insterment panal flashes off and ~~one~~ on. ~~Somebody's calling~~ The light gets bigger and bigger until it's the blood red sun.

THE RIVER BED

That sun is beating down on Deckard. His face is adorned with beads of sweat and crystals of sand. Somewhere on the outskirts of himself he hears it. A flicking sound. He lets his head roll to the side and opens his eyes.

The tortoise has not been ~~idle~~ idle. ~~(by its squirming)~~ ^{THRU ITS SQUIRMING} It's wedged itself into an angle where its right side is higher than its left. ~~And with~~ Its left foreleg has managed to touch ground. With rapid little strokes he's digging away as fast as he can.

The more he digs, the more he tilts and for a few moments while the soft, irregular ~~terrain-works-~~ terrain works in his ~~fav~~ favor. But finally he succeeds in digging the support out from under him and slides back into a recumbent position, worse off than before.

A tortoise can vocalize when sufficiently moved (and that's what this one does now.) (some discription of the little sound like the kind of squeek- anguished squeek of the deaf mute - I can't get it yet - fu- ~~but it's~~ -) but there's no time for the luxury of dispair - furiously he begins to wag his head back and forth, working its shell in deeper. ~~it~~ ^{it} makes some progress and stops to rest, it's mouth begining to foam.

Using every muscle in its body and then some the tortoise suddenly wrenches violently and starts paddling for leverage. The manuevor worked. Again it's banked it's right side higher than its left. The left foreleg reaches out and touches ~~sand-~~ sand. Cuatiously but with determination it starts to dig.

Deckard's up on his elbow now, watching.

The tortois e crains its head to the left, straining to create more of a cant. He's digging faster now. The ~~an~~ sand is flying and he's starting to tilt. The tip of his paw strikes solid ground.

It stops. The slightest ^{WRONG} move and it's back where it ~~sa~~ started. Carefully it pushes ~~itself-~~ itself into a perpendicular and freezes in this precarious position.

Deckard's whisper is dry, almost inaudible.

DECKARD
Come on ~~the~~ fucker. ^{BABY}

~~With its left leg braced firmly in the sand he begins to~~

With its left leg braced firmly in the sand he begins to vibrate his right foreleg in the air. He comes over belly down. And he doesn't hang around for congratulations. The obstinant old fucker's on his way before the dust can settle.

Deckard's up on his knees. The well of his tenderness is deep and not easily tapped but the tortoise has tapped it, it's starting to flow, first in the eyes and then in the smile - this animal was meant for him. Deckard moves forward and reaches out.

Unaware of the hand that hovers over him the tortoise lumbers on. The hand comes down to take but stops an inch away. The tortoise plods ahead.

Deckard sits back on his heels. First he watches the totoise departing, then looks down at his hand. He holds it out, flat and steady. A tear drops off his chin and falls into his palm. Slowly, Deckard closes his hand and stands up smiling.

The tortoise is trucking off across the sand. Deckard is walking back the way he came. The wasteland is dropping away. Clouds converge and part. The view grows higher. The land gets bigger until it's surrounded by sea. Then higher still until the Earth is surrounded in space. And over this ~~celestial~~ view of a dust enshrowded planet a child's nakid voice merrily sings -

CHILD'S VOICE

I went to the animal fair
The birds and the beasts were there
The old baboon, by the light of the moon
was combing his alburn hair
The monkey he got drunk
Sat down on the elephants trunkk- trunk
The elephant sneezed
came down on his knees
and that was the last of the
monk-key monk
key-monkey monkey monkey monkey
monkey monkey monkey monkey monkey
monkey monkey monkey monkey monkey
monkey monkey monkey monkey monkey
monkey monkey monkey monkey monkey
(ect)