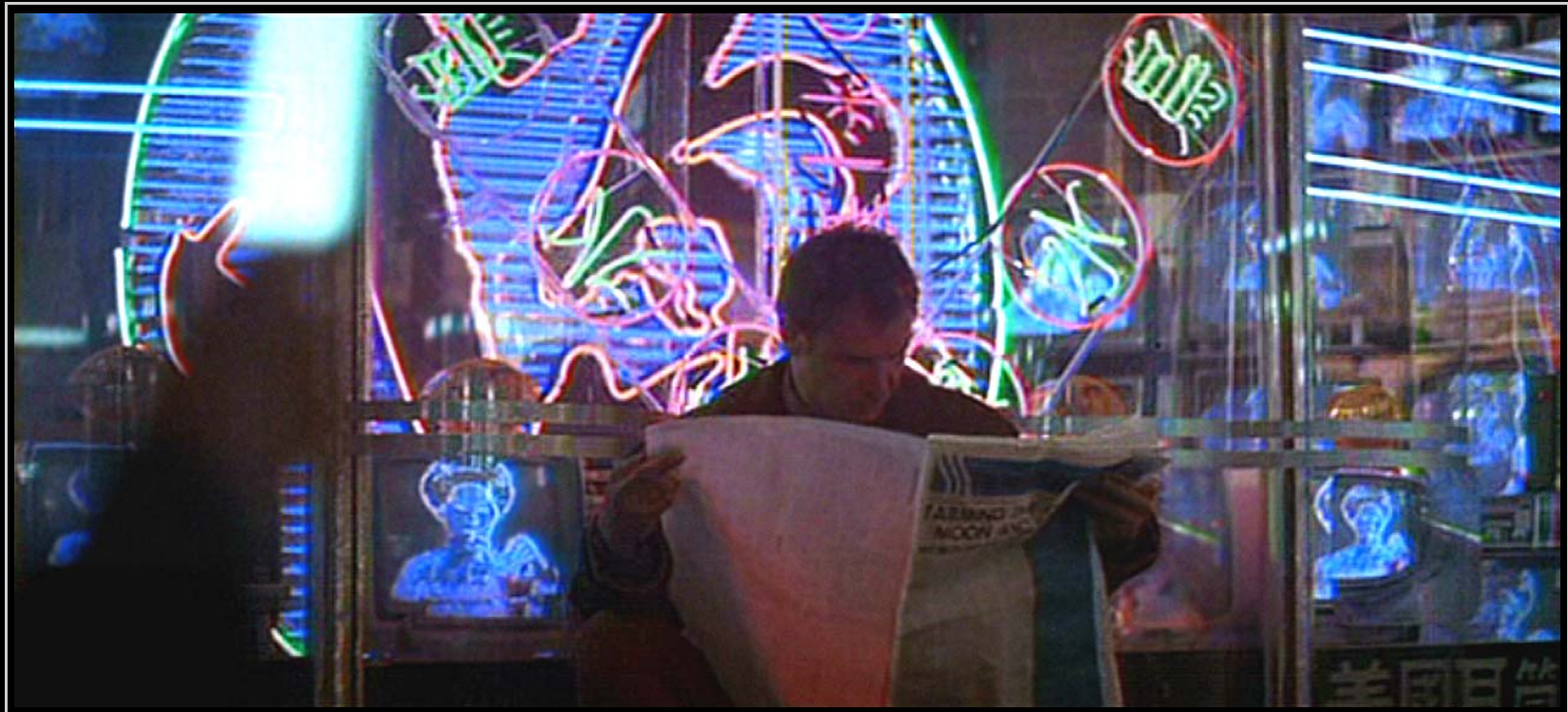


CHAPTER 2



DECKARD

Chapter 2 - Deckard

A police spinner flies through a crowded cityscape, tall buildings seem to huddle together in the constant rain. One of them sports a huge video screen with a close-up of an Asian woman's face. She holds up a pill, puts it in her mouth, then smiles.

Down below is a tangled web of power lines, smokestacks and grimy businesses. Overhead a huge blimp studded with lights and antennae floats among the confusion, blaring it's message: "A new life awaits you in the Off-World Colo-

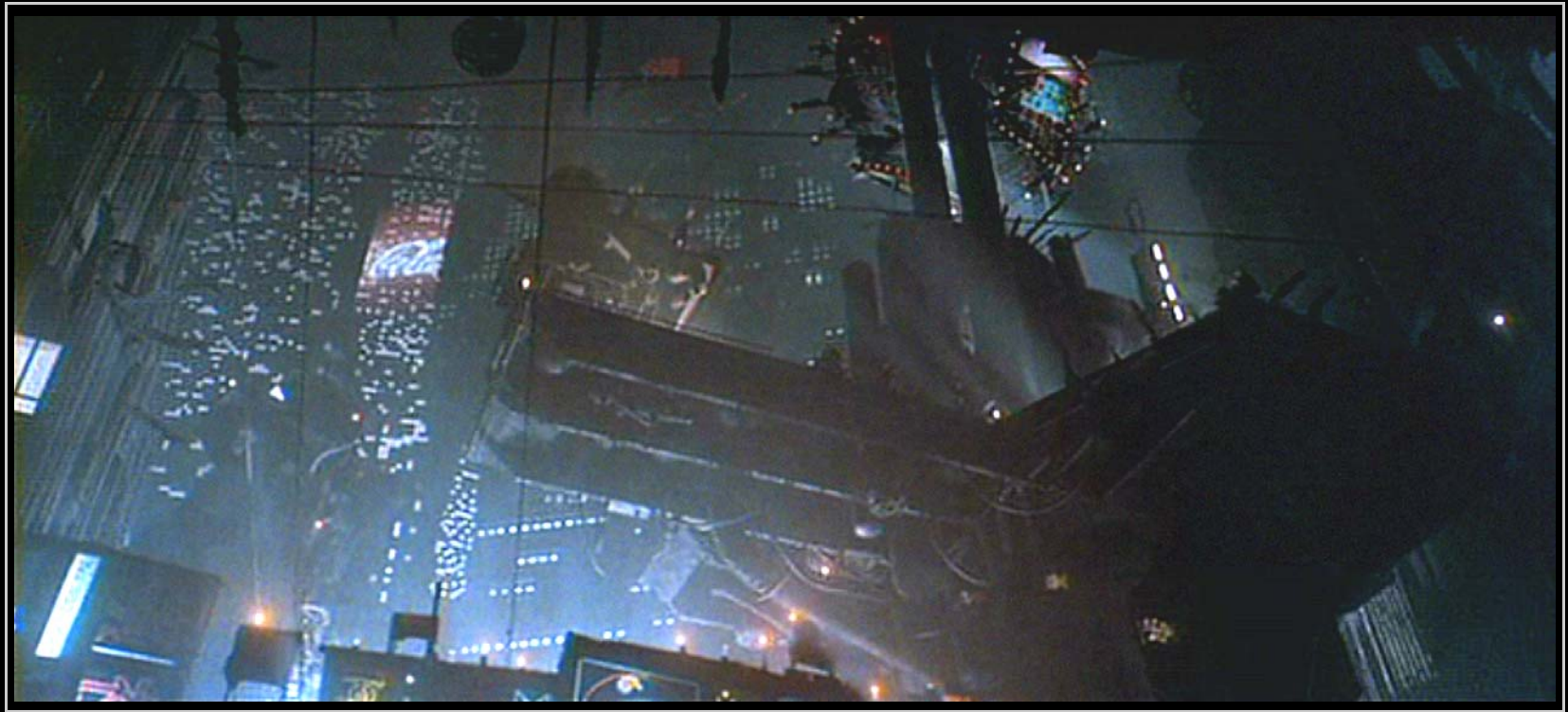


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nies, the chance to begin again in a golden land of opportunity and adventure."

Hungry patrons cram the chairs of an outdoor noodle bar while people with umbrellas, some with lighted handles, walk by. Over the din of people's voices can be heard various kinds of music coming, seemingly, from everywhere. Across the street from the food bar sits a man reading a newspaper, patiently waiting for his turn at the bar - it's Rick Deckard.... Blade Runner. He glances up as the blimp floats above, blaring it's repeated message... "A new life







awaits you in the Off-World Colonies, the chance to begin again in a golden land of opportunity and adventure." On each side of the blimp is a large screen with the words "Off World" emblazoned thereon. "Let's go... to the colonies!!" the voice continues as Deckard, annoyance showing on his face, looks on. The message ends with, "This announcement has been brought to you by the Shimago Domingas Corporation, helping America into the New World!" Deckard's attention returns to his damp newspaper.

Shortly, the old oriental cook behind the bar's counter gestures

to Deckard, smiling... "Yes sir, yes sir!". Deckard, holding his now folded newspaper over his head as protection from the relentless rain, jogs over to the counter. "Ah todo!" the cook says, gesturing to the empty bar stool, inviting Deckard to sit down. "Yesh me toka", the cook says with seeming delight at seeing a familiar customer.

"Give me four", Deckard says.

"Tak a neeu dissio" the cook says, frowning and holding up two fingers.

Looking puzzled Deckard says, "No, four... two two... four", showing four

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fingers.

More emphatic, the cook repeats, "Tak a neuu dissio!", again showing two fingers.

Deckard seems resigned to this but adds, "And noodles".

"Tak a dozeyo" the cook answers as Deckard sits down.

The cook places Deckard's food in front of him as he sits rubbing his chopsticks together as if cleaning them.

Suddenly, two men step up from behind, one of them tapping him on the shoulder and saying, "Hey, idi wa." Deckard first looks over his right shoulder at the speaker, then the



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man behind his left shoulder utters... "Ishio, adana co-voshin engo bitay."

Deckard gestures to the cook, then points to the speaker. The cook exclaims, "He say you under arrest, Mr. Deckard!" "You got the wrong guy pal!", Deckard states through a mouth full of food.

The man at his left - his name is Gaff - says, "Lo fa, negoje man. Devaja blade, blade runner."

The cook translates: "He say you blade runner!"

"Tell 'im I'm eating", Deckard says derisively.

"Captain Bryant talka", Gaff



replies. "ennio mayo."

Deckard looks up at Gaff, "Bryant, huh?"

"Hoi!" is Gaff's reply as Deckard smiles at this new information.

Deckard follows Gaff through the rain to a waiting police spinner, doors wide open. They both settle into their seats, Gaff putting on his flight gear and initializing his flight computer. The air traffic controller says, "Yellow three, climb and maintain four thousand...", and the spinner lifts off in a cloud of steam from its exhaust ducts. Gaff's computer monitor graphically displays his progress as the spinner slowly rotates, ascend-

ing from the street up into the concrete canyon surrounding them. Deckard, still eating his noodles from the small bowl he took with him, bemusedly watches the buildings pass by. He steals a glance at Gaff who, with seeming nonchalance, deftly pilots the spinner.

It isn't long before their air car approaches police headquarters, a stately, cylindrical building with fluted sides and a gothic appearance - dark and foreboding. The traffic controller helps guide them in, "Now on glide path. On course. Over the landing threshold."

The interior of police headquarters

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is huge with tall windows, vaulting ceilings and great chandeliers. At one end is a small dirty office - Deckard's and Gaff's destination. It's Bryant's office, dirty, cluttered, dimly lit. A fan blows in one corner toward a balding, stocky man - Captain Bryant, seated at a desk piled high with various papers, photographs, microphones and junk. Deckard slams the door open and pauses at the threshold...

"Hiya Deck." Bryant says, smiling.

"Bryant." Deckard replies with a sneer.

"You wouldn't of come if I just asked you to.



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Sit down, pal." Deckard pauses, still standing. "Come on, don't be an asshole, Deckard. I've got four skin-jobs walkin' the streets." Bryant says, his smile now gone. Deckard and Gaff enter and Deckard sits down across from Bryant while Gaff closes the door in amusement. Deckard does not hide his annoyance at being called into Bryant's office. He leans back in his chair, waiting.

Bryant brings out a bottle of liquor and pours two drinks. "They jumped a shuttle off-world, killed the crew and passengers." he begins, "They found the shuttle drift-



ing off the coast two weeks ago so we know they're around."

Deckard reaches for one of the glasses, "Embarrassing", he says derisively.

"No sir, not embarrassing 'cause no one's ever gonna find out their down here, 'cause you're gonna spot 'em and your gonna air 'em out!" Bryant shoots back.

Deckard, his demeanor still angry, says, "I don't work here any more. Give it to Holden. He's good."

"I did," Bryant answers, "he can breath okay 'long as nobody unplugs 'im."

Off in the corner, Gaff sits in

continued amusement. He reaches for a small piece of wadded-up paper in an ashtray...

Bryant continues... "He's not good enough, not as good as you... I need you Deck. Now this is a bad one, the worst yet." Smiling, he continues, "I need the ole' blade runner, I need your magic."

Deckard leans forward, his hostility showing, "I was quit when I come in here Bryant," he gets up as if to leave, "I'm twice as quit now!"

"Stop right where you are!"

Bryant exclaims, "You know the score pal?? You're not cop, you're little peo-

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ple!" ... Gaff, seemingly in his own little world, has folded the piece of paper, origami-style, into the likeness of a chicken and sets it down next to the ashtray.

Deckard stops, turns around and slowly walks back to Bryant's desk, "No choice, huh?"

Bryant, his own amusement now showing on his face, says, "No choice, pal!"

A little later, Deckard and Bryant are sitting in a darkened room watching a monitor displaying a video recording of Holden's interview with Leon. The viewpoint of the video is from Holden's Voight-Kampff machine



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showing a close-up of Leon's face with the code "V.K. 96/W/9-3H" overlaid upon it.

Leon is talking about his nervousness at taking tests... Deckard seems a little bored with what he's seeing.

Bryant looks over at Deckard... "There was an escape from the off-world colonies two weeks ago, six replicants, three males three females. They slaughtered 23 people and jumped a shuttle." He has Deckard's attention. "An aerial patrol spotted the ship off the coast, no crew, no sight of them. Three nights ago they tried to break into the Tyrell Corporation.





One of them got fried running through an electrical field. We lost the others. On the possibility they might try to infiltrate his employees, I had Holden go over and run Voight-Kampff tests on the new workers. Looks like he got himself one."

They again watch the monitor, Holden is saying "so you look down and you see a tortoise...". At this point the screen of Leon diminishes and information about him is displayed below it: "Replicant (M) Des: LEON, NEXUS 6 N6MAC41717, Incept Date: 10 April, 2017, Func: Combat/Loader (Nuc. Fiss.), Phys: LEV. A, Ment:

LEV. C".

"I don't get it, why do they risk coming back to earth for? That's unusual... why... what do they want out of the Tyrell Corporation?", Deckard says.

"Well, you tell me, pal. That's what your here for..." Bryant answers. At that Deckard can only force a wry smile.

The monitor image shifts to a new one. It's another replicant, its head wearing a gauze-like cap. The image is a close-up of the slowing turning, expressionless, visage.

"What's this?" asks Deckard, suddenly very interested.

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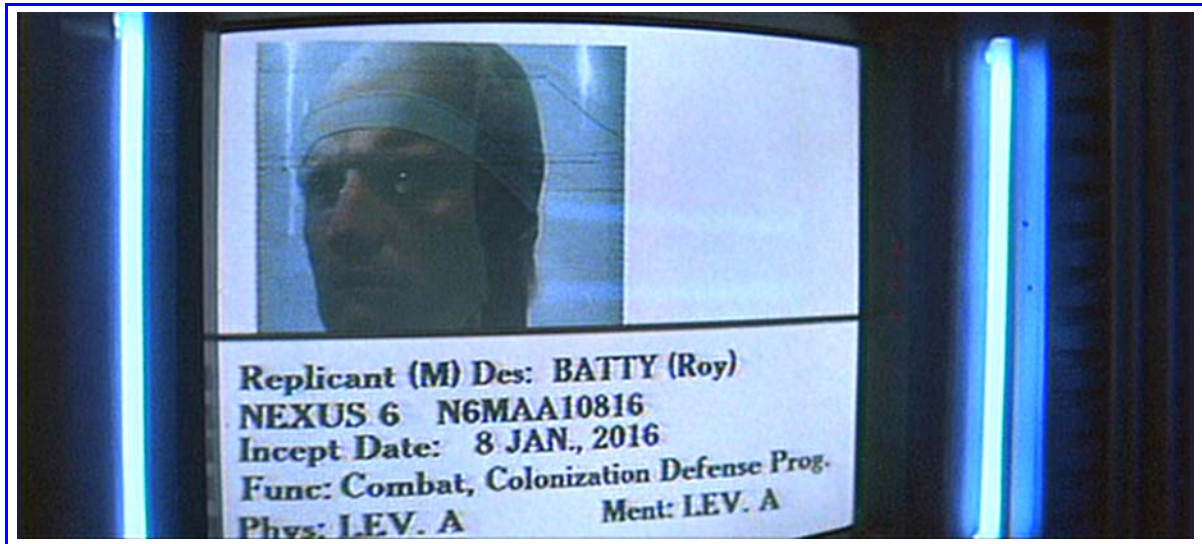
"Nexus 6. Roy Batty." Bryant answers, "Incept date 2016. Combat model. Optimum self-sufficiency. Probably the leader."

The monitor shows a third replicant, slowly turning like Batty.

"This is Zhora," Bryant says "She's trained for an off-world kick murder squad. Talk about Beauty and the Beast, she's both."

Again the screen shows a new replicant...

"The fourth skin-job is Pris. A basic pleasure model. The standard item for military clubs in the outer colonies. They were designed to copy human beings in every way except their emotions. The design-



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ers reckoned that after a few years they might develop their own emotional responses... hate, love, fear, anger, envy. So they built in a fail-safe device."

"Which is what?"

"Four year life span." Deckard smiles again and looks away as Bryant continues... "Now, there's a Nexus 6 over at the Tyrell Corporation. I want you to go put the machine on it."

"And if the machine doesn't work?" Deckard asks somewhat derisively, again with a wry smile.

Bryant can only look away in silence.

BR