

CHAPTER 8



ROY "MEETS HIS MAKER"

Chapter 8 - Roy "Meets His Maker"

Back at Sebastian's apartment Pris, now dry and comfortable, sits holding a hand mirror while air-brushing her closed eyelids with black paint, producing the ultimate eye shadow. She opens her eyes, smiles and admires the result. Her face now appears to be wearing a black mask, like a raccoon. Her reverie is broken by the sound of a cuckoo clock, belting out its hourly song. She peers again into her mirror for one last look and smiles.

For his part, Sebas-



BLADE RUNNER



Sebastian sits at a table surrounded by his toys and "friends", his eyes closed, dozing off. Two pet white rats forage on the table in front of him amidst the whirring and clicking of the mechanical figures filling most of Sebastian's apartment. Priscilla, in another room, does a somersault then sneaks up from behind to see what's going on. She quietly leans close to Sebastian and... sniffs... while one of Sebastian's little people, the one wearing the military helmet and sporting the Pincocchio nose and mouth brace, watches, with some concern.

Priscilla now moves over to a



kind of viewing device sitting on the floor near Sebastian and peers in, primping her hair as though she were again looking in a mirror. The light within the viewer shines back at her, illuminating her face. The little military man can't remove his eyes from her as he follows her movements. Then Sebastian wakes up with a start...

"Watcha doin'?"

"Sorry, just peeking," she answers.

"Oh."

They stare at each other for a moment, then she says, "how do I look?"

"You look better," he says

with a smile.

"Just better?"

"Well..." now he primps his own hair, "you look beautiful." The little military man smiles approvingly.

"Thanks," Pris answers.

Outside, in the hallway just disembarking from the elevator, a dark figure slowly approaches - Roy.

Back inside Pris looks closely at Sebastian and asks, "how old are you?"

"Twenty five," he answers sadly, absently moving a tool from one breast pocket to another.

BLADE RUNNER



"What's your problem?"

"Methuselah Syndrome."

"What's that?"

"My glands, they grow old too fast."

"That why you're still on earth?"

"Yeah. I couldn't pass the medical." He pauses for a moment, looking at her, then says, "Anyway, I kinda like it here." He smiles and reaches over to touch his little military friend who makes approving noises.

"I like you..." Pris says, Sebastian looking back at her, somewhat surprised, "... just the way you are."



BLADE RUNNER

Of course Sebastian glows with pleasure at that.

Pris looks over his shoulder and says, "Hi, Roy!" Sebastian quickly wheels around in his chair to see a smiling Roy Batty entering the room.

"Gosh, you really got some nice toys here," Roy says tentatively.

"This is the friend I was telling you about," Pris offers, "this is my savior J. F. Sebastiannnnn..."

"Sebastian. I like a man that stays put," Roy says, looking down at the object of his interest. "You live here all by yourself, do you?"





"Yes," Sebastian answers, looking away with disappointment at the knowledge that Pris is not really alone.

Pris and Roy exchange glances, then Roy leans down to give Pris a rather passionate kiss. Sebastian, watching this exchange jumps up and pushes between them saying, "how 'bout some breakfast? I was just... gonna make some. Excuse me."

The two "lovers" disengage but continue to stare at each other. Then Roy looks away with a sad face. Pris frowns, noticing his distress and asks, "well?"

"Leon....." he bows his head

in obvious emotional pain.

"What's going on??" Pris demands.

"I...." he looks skyward then back down at her, "there's only two of us now," Roy answers, seemingly on the edge of tears.

Pris frowns, her replicant eyes faintly glowing red... "And we're stupid and we'll die," she says with obvious displeasure.

Then his frown changes again to a smile and gazing into her eyes he declares, "no we won't." At that she reaches up and touches his lips...

BLADE RUNNER

A little later, the sound of boiling



water in a pot full of eggs echoes through the room. Roy wanders around Sebastian's apartment, exploring, touching some of his toys. Bright daylight streams in through tall windows adding to the tableau. Sebastian's home, originally built with extremely high ceilings, is crammed with manikins, dolls and other toys of all shapes and sizes. It is a moment of quiet reverie for the three unlikely acquaintances. In the middle of the largest room sits a cluttered pool table with a huge hospital operating room light suspended above. Roy stops and hugs himself as Sebastian brings in a couple of plates of food,



BLADE RUNNER

setting them on the pool table. Pris is sitting in a tall-backed chair absently twirling a legless doll by its

hair.

Roy notices a small table near a wall with a lighted chess board, the pieces arranged as though a game were in progress. He steps over to the board and moves an ornately carved piece - the white queen. All the pieces are carved in the likenesses of birds.

"No," says Sebastian, "knight takes queen, see? No good."

Now Roy sits down on one side of the board to get a closer





look at the disposition of the pieces. "Why're you staring at us, Sebastian?" he asks as he moves the black knight to take the queen.

"'Cause, you're so different. You're so perfect," Sebastian answers.

At that, Roy looks over at a smiling Pris and says, "yes."

"What generation are you?" Sebastian asks.

Roy rises and sits back down behind Pris. Smiling he says, "Nexus six."

"Ah! I knew it..." Sebastian exclaims with pleasure, "...because I do genetic design work for the Ty-

rell Corporation. There's some of me in you." Both replicants are smiling but watching and listening intently...

"Show me something..." Sebastian says.

"Like what?" Roy says, his smile fading.

"Like anything."

"We're not computers Sebastian. We're physical," Roy's face is almost scowling now.

Pris gets up and says with a smile, "I think, Sebastian..." she puts her arms around his shoulders, "... therefore I am."

"Very good, Pris, now show him

BLADE RUNNER

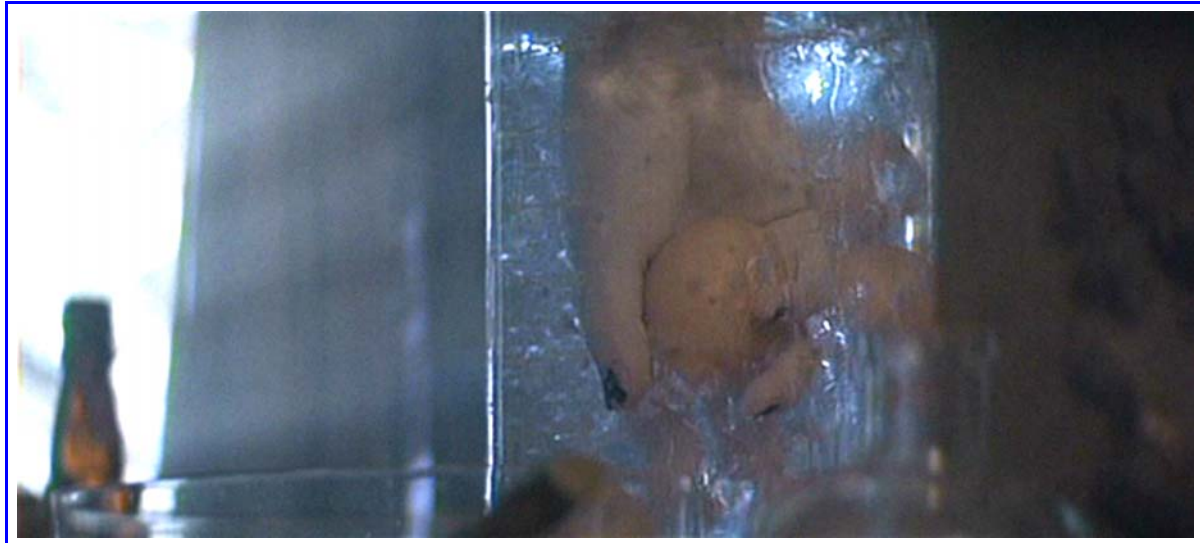


why," Roy says.

Still smiling, Pris releases Sebastian then does a back flip bringing her close to the pot of boiling water with the eggs bobbing about inside. With a devilish grin she plunges her hand into the scalding liquid showing no signs of pain or discomfort, grabs a hot egg and tosses it, underhand, to Sebastian who tries to hold onto the steaming hot ovoid but drops it, laughing. Roy watches all of this with obvious pleasure.

As Sebastian rubs his hands together, Roy says, "We've got a lot in common."

"What do you



BLADE RUNNER



mean?" Sebastian says, looking up in surprise.

"Similar problems."

"Accelerated decrepitude!" Pris says from across the room. Now she rejoins the others, holding a plate while dropping some food into her mouth.

"I don't know much about bio-mechanics Roy, I wish I did," Sebastian replies.

Roy suddenly grabs Sebastian who lets out a grunt.

"If we don't find help soon," Roy says, a distressed look on his face, "Pris... hasn't got long to live! Can't allow that." He then releases



Sebastian from his grip. He looks toward the chess board and says, "Is he good?"

"Who?"

"You're opponent."

"Oh, Doctor Tyrell? I've only beaten him once in chess," says Sebastian, "he's a genius." He looks over at Pris who jumps up to sit on the edge of the pool table and says to her, "He designed you!"

"Maybe he could help," Roy says with interest.

"I'd be happy to mention it to him."

Roy now rises to his full height and, though smiling, says

menacingly, "better if I talk to him in... person." Sebastian's expression begins to belie his unease with this turn in the conversation. He walks meekly, head bowed, toward Pris.

"I understand he's... sort of a hard man to get to," says Roy, watching Sebastian intently. Roy puts a hand on Sebastian's arm and guides him toward Pris who wraps her legs around him, trapping him.

"Yes," replies Sebastian, worry now clearly etched on his face. "Very."

Pris sets down her plate and puts her arms around

BLADE RUNNER



Sebastian.

Roy says, "Will you help us?"

"I can't," Sebastian says meekly with a frown, glancing up at Roy.

"We need you Sebastian,"

Pris says, "you're our best and only friend!"

Roy leans in very close to Sebastian as Pris smiles and looks on, the sound of the still-boiling pot of water echoing throughout the room. Sebastian slowly looks up at Roy, who now rises up holding two large glass eyes in front of his own and says, "We're so happy you found us!"

Sebastian lets out a



BLADE RUNNER

laugh at this rather ludicrous scene.

"I don't think there's another human being in the whole world who would have helped us," says Pris who then plants a kiss on his cheek from behind. Roy lowers the glass eyes to again watch Sebastian intently.

Sebastian, despite the momentary laugh is now on the verge of tears as he releases himself from Pris's soft grasp and walks away. Pris and Roy exchange knowing glances.

Later that evening, an outside elevator car is seen slowly





making its way up the side of one of the huge Tyrell pyramids. Inside are a very worried-looking Sebastian and his unlikely companion, Roy. The car stops short of the entrance, waiting clearance to continue.

Inside, Tyrell Corporation's namesake is sitting up in his ornate bed, the replicant owl perched on its stand near a wall. Tyrell's bed is surrounded by lit candelabras that cast an eerie, soft glow throughout his bedroom, providing the room's only illumination. He is looking over the days' stock quotes, deciding what to do with his portfolio.

"Sixty-six thousand, Prosser

Anchorage.... hmmm.... trade," he says out loud, presumably to a recorder, "trade at two..." he is interrupted by a woman's voice, probably computer generated, over his intercom... "No entry, a mister J. F. Sebastian, one six four... one seven..."

"At this hour?" he says to no one in particular. Then Tyrell says to the waiting Sebastian and Roy, "What can I do for you, Sebastian?"

Sebastian looks up at Roy, then says tightly, "Queen to bishop six, check."

Now he has Tyrell's attention. "Nonsense," Tyrell

BLADE RUNNER



says and quickly gets out of his bed, "just a moment." Putting on his slippers he walks over to his own chess set saying to himself, "Queen to bishop six... ridiculous!" and flicks on a light near the board. Sitting down at the ornate chess set of the same game in progress that was reflected in the game at Sebastian's apartment, Tyrell moves his queen, muttering, "queen, bishop six. Hmm."

Inside the waiting elevator car, the two occupants hear Tyrell's answer, "Knight takes queen." Again Sebastian looks up at Roy in silence.

"What's on your mind Sebastian?" Tyrell asks. "What're you thinking



BLADE RUNNER



about?"

Roy looks at Sebastian and whispers, "Bishop to king seven, check...mate."

Sebastian, now in an obvious state of agitation, blurts out, "Bishop to king seven, checkmate I think..." all the while Roy is smiling at his worried charge.

"Got a brainstorm, huh Sebastian? Milk and cookies kept you awake, uh?" says Tyrell with interest.

Inside the car, Roy and Sebastian hear what Roy has been hoping for... "let's discuss this. You'd better come up, Sebastian." Roy now smiles with obvious glee,



Sebastian looks totally the opposite wearing an almost terrified frown.

Their car resumes its climb up the side of the pyramid for a rendezvous with... what?

The huge art-deco door to Tyrell's cavernous bedroom opens and Sebastian tentatively says, "Mr. Tyrell?"

Tyrell at first smiles as he wraps his white night robe tighter around himself, but it changes quickly to a frown...

"I... I brought a friend," says Sebastian as he glances back at Roy who slowly enters the room.

The worry on Tyrell's face is quite evident now as he says to

Roy from across the room, "I'm... surprised you didn't come here sooner."

Roy slowly approaches, pushing Sebastian in front of him.

"It's not an easy thing to meet your maker," he says quietly.

"And... what can he do for you?" Tyrell's face belies barely contained fright.

"Can the maker repair what he makes?"

"Would you... like to be... modified?"

"Stay here..." Roy says quietly to Sebastian. Then to Tyrell... "had in mind something a little more radical," he

BLADE RUNNER



says as he comes closer to the tycoon.

"What..." Tyrell takes a deep breath, "...what seems to be the problem?"

"Death!" says Roy matter-of-factly.

"Death. Well I'm afraid that's a little out of my jurisdiction, you..." and he backs up as Roy comes ever closer.

"I want more life... fucker," barely controlled rage now shows on Roy's face, sweaty with emotion.

Tyrell says nothing for a few moments, staring at Roy, then smiles, "The facts of life..." Tyrell raises his head



BLADE RUNNER



to look down his nose at the replicant. "To make an alteration in the... evolvement of an organic life system is fatal. A coding sequence cannot be revised once it's been established." In the background Sebastian begins pacing back and forth.

"Why not?" asks Roy.

"Because by the... second day of incubation, any cells that have... undergone reversion mutations give rise to revertant colonies like... rats leaving a sinking ship, then the ship... sinks." Roy steps ever closer, now only a few feet from Tyrell who takes another step backward. Sebastian looks through



a candelabra at the drama unfolding before him.

"What about EMS recombination?" Roy asks quietly.

"We've already tried it," Tyrell answers, his own brow now showing the signs of perspiration. "Ethyl methane sulfonate is an alkylating agent and a potent mutagen. It created a virus so lethal the subject was dead before he left the table." Roy walks around Tyrell...

"Then, a repressive protein..." Roy suggests with growing frustration, "... that blocks the operating cells..."

"Wouldn't obstruct replica-

tion but it does give rise to an aryan replication so that the... newly formed DNA strand carries a mutation and you've got a virus again." Now Roy sits down as Tyrell continues with the bad news. "But, uh, this... all of this is academic," he says as he sits down across from Roy. "You were made as well as we could make you."

"But not to last..." Roy says with resignation to his ultimate fate.

"The light that burns twice as bright burns half as long..." says Tyrell knowingly, "... and you have burned so very, very brightly Roy," he continues, wagging a finger. "Look at you.

BLADE RUNNER





You're the Prodigal Son. You're quite a prize!" Off in his corner, Sebastian smiles at this remark.

Now Tyrell gets up to sit next to Roy who has bowed his head. As Tyrell sits down he strokes the top of Roy's head and rests his hand on his shoulder.

"I've done... questionable things," says Roy, head still bowed, now totally aware of his coming death.

"Also extraordinary things!" Tyrell offers, "Revel in your time!"

Roy now smiles and slowly looks up at the elder man, "Nothing the god of biomechanics wouldn't let you in



BLADE RUNNER



heaven for?" he says, a drop of perspiration about to release itself from the tip of his nose. At that, Roy takes the now frowning Tyrell's face in his hands and, smiling fiendishly, slowly kisses Tyrell on the lips. Then his hands begin to apply pressure on either side of Tyrell's face, knocking off his glasses. A crack rings out as Roy breaks the old man's neck. Tyrell begins wailing at the pain his replicant is inflicting on him. Roy's face shows the extreme exertion he's using on Tyrell as his thumbs dig into the man's eyes... The snapping of cracking bone and the ear-piercing



Later, Roy, now alone in the elevator, contemplates his deeds as he descends...

BR

wails go on for some time as Roy continues his assault. Against the wall, Tyrell's owl looks on nonchalantly, its eyes gleaming in the candlelight. In his own corner, Sebastian watches with unbridled terror at the horrible scene being played out across the room.

Finally, Tyrell's wails fade away as Roy drops the bloody body to the floor.

Roy gets up, looking for the last time at his now-dead "Maker". His attention quickly shifts to Sebastian who is beginning to frantically move back and forth, looking for a way out. But Roy comes for him...

BLADE RUNNER

