

CHAPTER 4



THE HUNT BEGINS

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Soon after Deckard's encounter with Rachael and Tyrell, he and Gaff are again speeding along in Gaff's spinner away from the Tyrell pyramids and back towards L. A.'s bleak downtown cityscape. During the trip, Deckard reviews the tape from Holden's interview with Leon, looking for.... what?

Later, Gaff and Deckard are on the rainy streets of the city, standing on a sidewalk between two huge pillars, temporarily sheltered from the rain. Surrounded by steam escaping from underground vents



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and turning up their collars against the pounding moisture they step gingerly into the street toward a building across the way with a huge, lighted sign saying "YUKON" on its roof... with Deckard leading the way, reluctantly, but resignedly braving the weather.

A man wearing a breathing mask opens the door to a dingy apartment for the two detectives. Deckard pauses at the threshold while Gaff steps forward into the room, leaning on his walking cane. They slowly enter and look around for any clues about their quarry. Deckard enters a bathroom and





flicks a switch to a small florescent light on the wall. He snaps the light bulb with his finger, thinking the action will get the light to work faster. He peers upwards toward the ceiling, checking for anything unusual, all the while Gaff, who is again in his own little world, walks away, folding a tiny piece of paper...

Deckard moves aside a shower curtain to peer down into a dirty bath tub with flecks of... something... remaining from the previous user. He first touches a dark stain then touches a small, flat, shiny object. It adheres to his fingertip as he lifts it up. It is trian-

gular in shape with a round base, about 1/2" in length. He reaches into his jacket to pull out a small plastic bag and drops the object inside, sealing the bag.

Deckard leaves the bathroom to find Gaff who has finished his little origami folding - it's a stick-man in a state of sexual arousal. Gaff sets it down on a table.

They move on to another building near the outdoor sushi restaurant. Upstairs in someone's room, Deckard is found opening the drawers of a dresser. The top drawer is empty but for the lining of an old newspaper. In the next drawer, under-

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neath some clothes he finds a stack of photographs, one of which depicts a late-afternoon, sunlit room with someone sitting casually in an easy chair...

Later, down in the street below, a man stands in a phone booth, his hand forming itself into a fist. "Time... enough," he says to himself. The man is Roy Batty, one of the escaped replicants. He steps out of the booth to join Leon, another replicant, who has been waiting outside.

"Did you get your precious photos?" Roy asks.

Leon shakes his head, almost imperceptibly.



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"Someone was there," he answers.

"Men?" asks Roy. Leon barely nods his head.

"Police... men?" Roy asks again, frowning and not really expecting an answer. They both turn and begin walking down the rainy street past a shoe-shine stand and into the foggy distance. From the opposite way a number of people on bicycles speed past them in the otherwise nearly deserted lane. Up against a pillar that is laced with Chinese calligraphy, a man sits warming himself with a fire in front of him.

Roy and Leon find and enter





a dimly-lit storefront with the words "Eye World" set in huge letters near the door. The walls surrounding the entryway glow with an eerie green luminescence.

Inside, not immediately aware of his unexpected visitors, an old man works at a large microscope, clothed in a thick protective suit with tubes snaking from its backside. It is extremely cold inside the room. The man, using chopsticks, reaches into a small yellow box and extracts... an eye. His name is Chew and he places the eye on his microscope stage to peer at it. He wears a helmet with lights and magnifiers protruding

from it. Everywhere in the room frost hangs from any exposed surface, the air itself is almost frozen it is so cold. The tubes snaking from the back of his coat lead to, presumably, a heating unit hidden in another room.

A door slides open and the two replicants enter from behind Chew who is too engrossed in his work to notice. Roy grabs Chew's heating tubes and yanks upward on them, obviously getting Chew's attention. Chew looks over his right shoulder in surprise, then quickly and awkwardly looks over his left to see who's behind him, untangling himself, or

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trying to, from the tubes as he tries to confront the intruders. At first he yells something in a foreign language, then tries to talk into a microphone at his left lapel, perhaps to a hidden assistant, but gets no response.

Roy slowly approaches and says, "Fiery, the angels fell, deep thunder rolled around their shores, burning with the fires of Hawk." Meanwhile, Leon walks to the back of the room, exploring.

"Gum dim dakka! You not come here! Illegal!" Chew exclaims to Roy. He then glances over at Leon, "Hey, hey! Suppi cou da!" Chew yells



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at Leon who is dipping his hand into a container of freezing liquid. "Cold! Those are my eyes! Freezing!" Leon extracts his hand, freezing liquid dripping from it. He gingerly moves his hand toward his nose as if smelling it. The realization of who these two intruders are begins to dawn on Chew's. He looks back at Roy, the worry now showing on Chew's face.

Roy smiles, "Yes. Questions."

Leon silently approaches Chew from behind then reaches up and tears open Chew's protective suit, exposing him to the bitter cold.



"Hey!" Chew exclaims in terror. Immediately the cold begins working at him as he again looks up at Roy.

"Morphology, longevity, incept dates." Roy says, the smile gone from his lips.

"Don't know... I... I..don't know such stuff," Chew answers, "I just do eyes, jus.. jus.. Jus... just eyes... genetic design, just eyes." Gazing up at the silent replicant, Chew then says... "You Nexus, huh? I design you' eyes."

"Chew," Roy says, again smiling, "if only you could see what I've seen with your eyes. Now, questions..."

Chew, on the verge of tears, says, "I don't know answers."

"Who does??" Roy almost yells it...

"Tyrell, he, he... he knows everything."

"Tyrell Corporation?"

"He big boss, big genius, he design your mind, your brain, uh?"

"Huh! Smart," Roy says, somewhat derisively.

Chew is shaking visibly now, "Hey, cold!" he whispers.

Roy turns away. "Not an easy man to... see..." he says.

"Very cold!"

Chew whispers.

"...I guess."

Roy finishes as he

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sits down.

Behind Chew, Leon has taken one of the eyes from a container and is now holding it up near Chew's left shoulder...

"Seb... Seb... Sebastian!"

Chew blurts out and Roy glances up at Leon, smiling. "He take... take you there... he take you there..." Chew continues as Leon places the grotesque eye on Chew's left shoulder.

"Sebastian, who?" Roy asks.

"J... J... F. Sebastian... Sebast... Sebast..." Chew barely can get it out as he begins to fade, the intense cold sapping his strength.

"Now.... where....



would we find this J. F. Sebastian?" Roy asks.

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A ground car speeds through a long, lighted tunnel. At the controls, Rick Deckard is again listening to the end of Holden's taped interview with Leon... who was just saying, "my mother? Let me tell you about my mother..." then the explosive report of his hidden gun firing at Holden echoes through the air. Deckard's expression is impassive as he listens to the tape, concentrating on the road ahead. He emerges from the tunnel into the never ending rain and soon turns down a side street, through



an open gate and parks his car. Before long he enters an elevator, the computer-generated voice inside saying, "Voice-print identification... your floor number, please."

"Deckard, ninety-seven."

"Ninety-seven, thank you." the computer answers as the door closes and the elevator begins its long climb.

Deckard relaxes a bit for the ride and yawns as the lighted floor numbers from the elevator panel reflect on his face. He hears a faint noise to his right... and like a flash his blaster is in his hand, pointing toward the sound's source. It's....

Rachael, hiding in the shadows. Deckard, realizing who it is, quickly raises his blaster skyward, a look of surprise on his face. He says nothing, turns and exits the elevator, hastening across a short causeway to the door of his apartment.

From behind him, Rachael says, "I wanted to see you...". He stops, fumbles for his apartment pass, "so I waited." she continues. He finds the key but drops it and Rachael quickly reaches down to retrieve it for him, "lemme help..."

she says as he looks away, embarrassed.

As she hands him the pass he

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says, "What do I need help for?" He puts the key in the slot...

"I don't know why he told you what he did!" she says, plaintively.

He turns and looks at her, "Talk to him." he says, not hiding his anger.

"He wouldn't see me!" The door, with the number "9732" emblazoned on it, slams in her face. A moment later it opens again. Deckard leaves the door open, looks up at her and turns away, it's his way of reluctantly inviting her in. She looks stunning in a black fur coat with a high collar.

"Want a drink? Hm? No?" he asks, still angry.



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She doesn't answer but he pours a drink for himself anyway.

From the shadows she says, "You think I'm a replicant, don't you..."

He says nothing, simply looks at her and takes a swig from his square-shaped drinking glass, then walks across the room.

"Look..." Rachael says as she pulls a photo from her purse, "it's me with my mother."

Deckard ignores it. "Yeah? Remember when you were six..." he takes off his coat and begins questioning her as though their V-K session at Tyrell's never ended,





"... you and your brother snuck into an empty building through a basement window, you were gonna play doctor?" he's still seething with anger as she looks at him helplessly. "He showed ya his, and when it got to be your turn you chickened and ran, remember that?" He falls into his chair. "You ever tell anybody that? Your mother, Tyrell, anybody?" She is still silent.

He looks away for a moment and tries again, "You remember the spider that lived in the bush outside your window? Orange body, green legs..." Rachael walks toward him, "... watched her build a web all

summer. Then one day there's a big egg in it. The egg hatched...."

"The egg hatched..." she answers.

"Yeah?"

"...and a hundred baby spiders came out, and they ate her!"

He again looks away in exasperation, "uh.... implants! Those aren't your memories, they're somebody else's. Their Tyrell's niece's." Now she begins to cry silently, saying nothing.

"Okay!" Deckard exclaims, "bad joke, I made a bad joke.

You're not a replicant. Go home, okay?" he rubs his eye, then says with

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more emphasis as he gets up... "No, really. I'm sorry. Go home." Tears are streaming down her face now as he begins to soften a little. He walks away for a moment then looks back at the silently crying Rachael... "Want a drink?" he asks tenderly, the anger now gone. She almost answers but doesn't. "I'll get you a drink. I'll get a glass." he says as he walks into his kitchen. She follows him with her eyes but doesn't move.

He rummages around a bit in the small, cramped kitchen, glancing at her occasionally. She's still standing where she was as if rooted to the floor, looking at the picture she's been hold-



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ing all the while. Again he glances at her as he washes a glass in the sink.

Presently, she throws the photo to the floor, turns and quickly walks out the door leaving Deckard to look on in silence at the now empty living room. He gazes toward where she was for a long time, the sound of a police siren crying in the distance.

Slowly walking into the living room he sets his drink down and picks up her abandoned picture. It's a photo of a woman sitting on a porch with a beautiful little dark-haired girl on her lap. It's a sunny day in the picture. On the back of



the photo, in a corner, is a phone number and an address, presumably Rachael's. He looks at the photo for a long time...

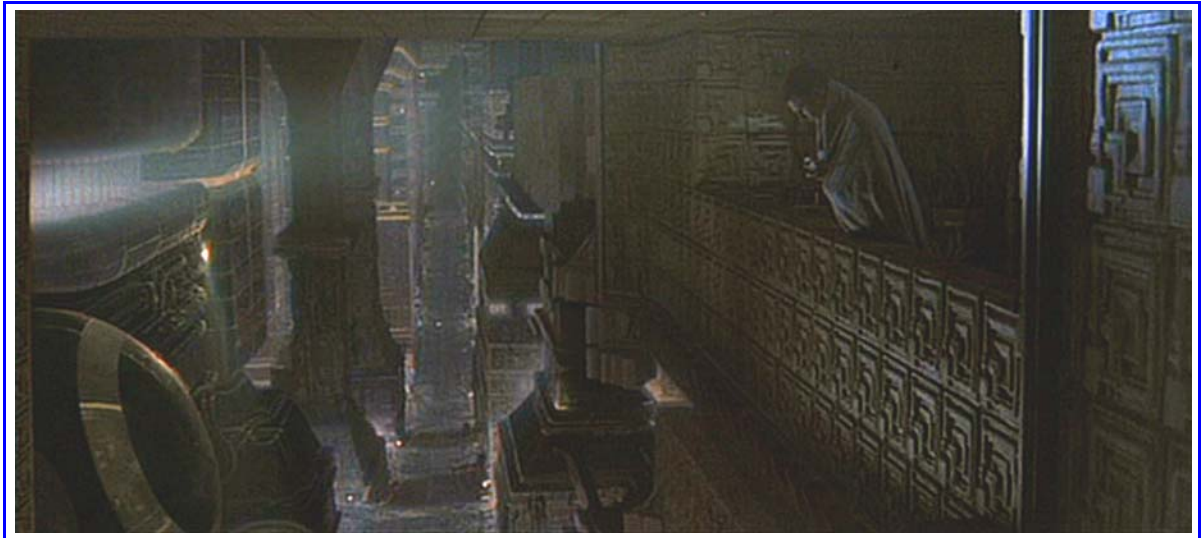
A little later he thumbs through the other photos he found in the apartment he investigated with Gaff. One of the photos shows a man sitting at a table, his head resting on his fist. The man is not wearing a shirt. There are two other similar photos of the mysterious man, each one taken at a greater distance from him.

Putting the photos away, Deckard, lost in thought, picks up his drink and walks outside onto the balcony of his apartment and looks down, 97 floors to the street below. He takes a sip from his drink, shrugs his shoulders inside his robe as if to ward off the chill of the night air, and watches a police spinner speed by and into the distance...

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