

***CHAPTER 7***



***DECKARD AND RACHAEL***

## Chapter 7 - Deckard and Rachel

Back in his apartment, Deckard, tired, shaken, takes a sip of liquor from a small glass. Just as he's about to remove the glass from his lips, a bit of blood from his mouth seeps into it tingeing it pink. He looks at a sobbing Rachael who is standing near a window, an outdoor rotating beacon casting an intense beam of light intermittently over her face.

"Shakes?" he says, looking down, "Me too," a short laugh, "I get 'em bad." Now she looks over at him as he continues, clearing his throat, "...



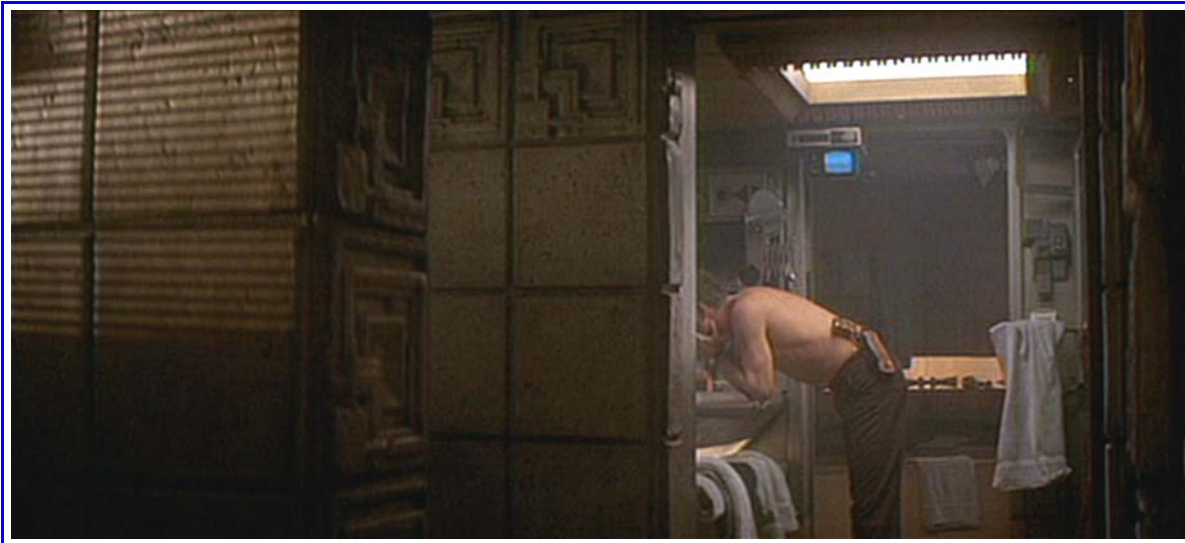
**BLADE RUNNER**

part of the business," then he downs what's left in his glass in one swig.

"I'm not in the business," Rachael says through her tears. She looks away for a moment, ".... I AM the business," then she looks back at him, questioningly.

Deckard can think of nothing to say to that. He thinks for a moment, then, without a word and not looking back at her, he turns and walks into his bathroom, carrying his glass and bottle. He steals a glance back at her, then takes off his jacket, tie, and struggles out of his shirt. Rachael remains where





she is, still crying softly.

Now bare from the waist up, Deckard fills the sink with water and starts washing his face. Rachael turns and walks toward where he is as he begins working his hand around his injured mouth, bloody water flowing out as he checks for broken teeth. Rachael, cigarette in hand comes nearer and watches him as he dips his face into the warm, soothing water. Then he looks up at her as he turns off the spigot.

"What if I go north," she says, stepping closer as he towels his hair, "Disappear. Would you come after me.... hunt me?"

He looks at her for a mo-

ment, then shakes his head and says softly, "No. No, I wouldn't," he wipes his eye a bit, "I owe you one." Then he grabs his bottle and glass and starts to walk around her into his living room but stops, turns and leans close, "... but somebody would." Rachael says nothing, understanding the implication of that remark.

"Deckard," she says after him, "you know those files on me... the incept date, the longevity, those things... you saw them?"

"They're.... classified," he replies haltingly after donning a shirt. He looks none to happy at the direction of this

## BLADE RUNNER







conversation.

"But you're a policeman!" she says with a little anger.

"I... didn't look at 'em," he offers as he pours another drink. Then he sits down on his couch as she replies, sarcastically, "You know that Voight-Kampff test of yours... did you ever take that test yourself?"

Silence.

"Deckard?"

She quietly steps into his living room to find an exhausted Deckard flat on his back on his couch, holding the little glass on his stomach with both hands, dozing off as thunder peals outside in the distance heralding



## BLADE RUNNER



another round of rain.

Now she's looking over the photographs atop Deckard's piano, picking up one particular, very old picture of a young girl - the print is cut in an oval shape. Sitting down on the piano bench, she looks at it for a long time, then replaces it with the others. All the while on his couch, Deckard dozes peacefully.

Rachael removes her outer jacket and begins playing a soft, simple melody on the piano that lasts only a few bars. Deckard must have heard the music in his dreams, awakens and slowly opens his eyes.



Feeling more comfortable, Rachael begins slowly letting her hair down and soon it is arrayed around her face like a dark, curly and very full halo.

Deckard, now fully awake, slowly and painfully rises from his couch with a slight grunt, then grabs for his drinking glass which was earlier resting on his chest and catches it before it falls to the floor. Rachael steals a glance in his direction and soon he is sitting next to her on the bench and says, "I dreamt.... music."

She plays the same little melody, saying, "I didn't know if I could play. I remember.... lessons. I

don't know if it's me, or Tyrell's niece."

Then she looks at him as he says, "You play beautifully." They look into each other's eyes for a moment, then he leans in and tenderly kisses her cheek. She's expressionless, but does not move away. He pulls back, again gazing into her eyes, then he makes a slight move toward her as if to kiss her lips but she leans away, then quickly grabs her jacket, gets up from the bench and runs toward the exit. Deckard reaches toward

her with his hand as she gets up. But before she can get the door fully open to

## BLADE RUNNER







leave, Deckard is standing there, blocking her way. He pounds the door closed with his left fist. Then he grabs her and throws her against a window with some force, staring at her all the while, she is helpless to resist. He puts up his hands in a silent gesture that might say, 'just be still, don't move' and carefully takes hold of the sobbing Rachael and kisses her. He backs away and says, "kiss me."

She says haltingly, "I can't rely on my..."

"Say 'kiss me'..." he says.

"Kiss me..." she replies through her tears, and he slowly complies, planting



## BLADE RUNNER

a passionate kiss on her lips. Again he backs away just a bit...

"I want you,"

he says.

"I want you," she replies.

"Again...", he says, his eyes never wavering from hers.

"I want you..." then she adds, "Put your hands on me."

And at that, they embrace and kiss with abandon....

**BR**

