

BLADE RUNNER

Early in the 21st Century, THE TYRELL CORPORATION advanced Robot evolution into the NEXUS phase - a being virtually identical to a human - known as a *Replicant*.

The NEXUS 6 *Replicants* were superior in strength and agility, and at least equal in intelligence, to the genetic engineers who created them.

Replicants were used Off-world as slave labor, in the hazardous exploration and colonization of other planets.

After a bloody mutiny by a NEXUS 6
combat team in an Off-world colony,
Replicants were declared illegal
on earth - under penalty of death.

Special police squads - BLADE RUNNER
UNITS - had orders to shoot to kill, upon
detection, any trespassing *Replicant*.

This was not called execution.
It was called retirement.

LOS ANGELES
NOVEMBER, 2019

CHAPTER 1



HOLDEN AND LEON

Chapter 1 - Holden and Leon

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We slowly glide over a bleak cityscape, Los Angeles in the not-so-distant future.

It is dark, after sunset, with city lights glowing through the dense murk of the city's almost impenetrable smog and perpetual rain. In the foreground a refinery's sky-piercing shapes loom ominously, with flames belching from methane-burning stacks. A police "spinner" or air-car speeds by while a lightning bolt briefly lights up the distant horizon.

Soon, two huge, looming pyramids, the giant search lights on their apexes throwing glowing columns into the night sky, appear on



ployee, six days", as Leon walks through a corridor toward Holden's office. He knocks on the office door...

"Come in" Holden says as he moves toward a chair, puffing on a cigarette. Leon enters, crosses to the other side of the table and remains standing while Holden activates his Voight-Kampff machine. The device whirs to life and elevates its "eye probe" while its "breather" begins to cycle. Leon watches the proceedings with seeming nonchalance.

the horizon. Two more police spinners streak toward one of the pyramids as we near it, it's lighted windows bearing witness to the activity within.

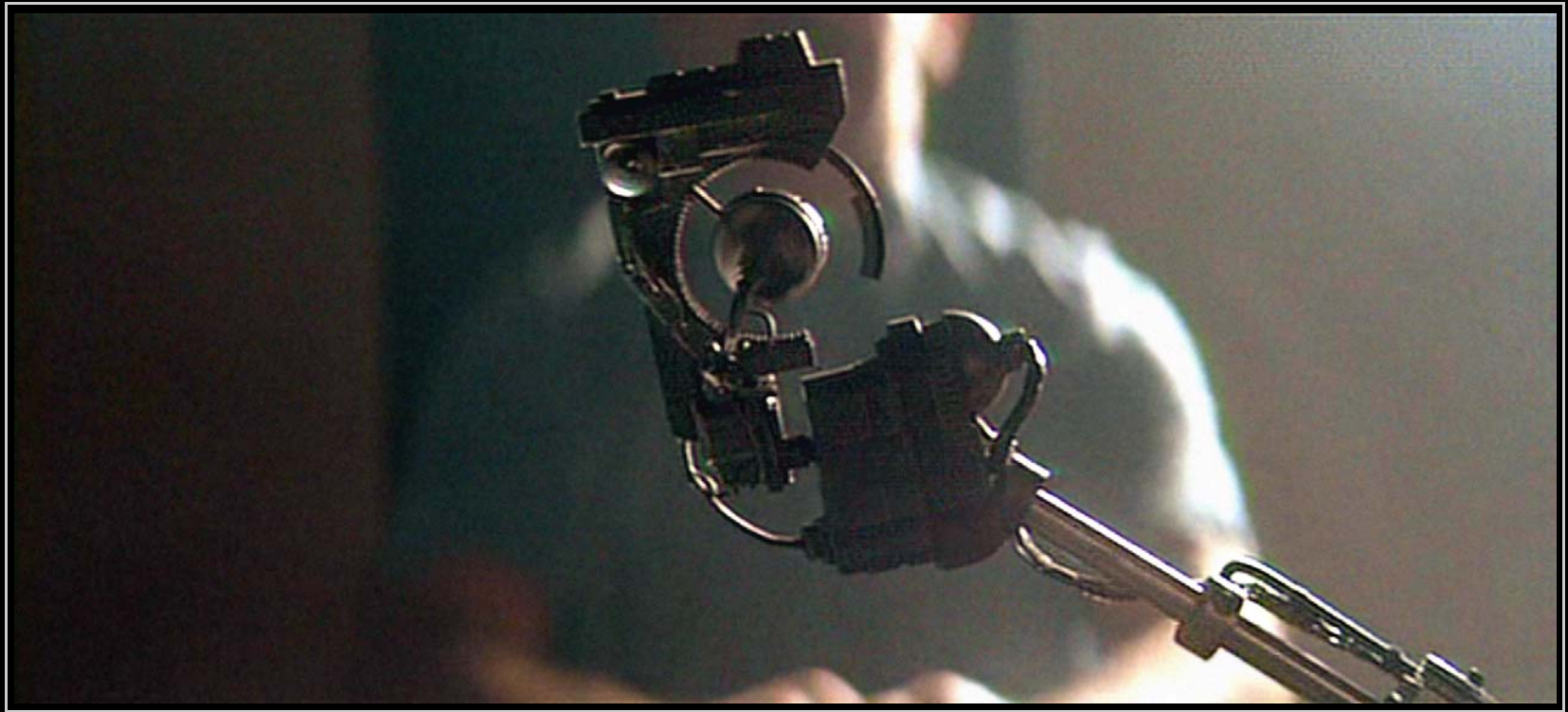
The city lights and belching refineries are reflected in the eye of someone gazing out over the dark cityscape - the eye of agent Holden who is standing in his dimly-lit, smoke-filled office, a huge ceiling fan slowly turning above him. He waits for the subject of his next interview.

A woman's voice over an intercom announces, "Next subject... Kowalski, Leon... engineer, waste disposal... bio-section, new em-

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"Sit down" Holden says as he punches a button on the V-K machine, ac-





divating a large monitor which displays an enlarged view of the pupil and iris of one of Leon's eyes. Two other, smaller monitors, at the left of the larger show spectral traces and other information as the machine watches for any possible emotional responses from the subject.

"Care if I talk", Leon asks, "I'm kinda nervous when I take tests..."

"Now, just please don't move", Holden says with some impatience.

"I'm sorry," Leon says, "I already had an IQ test this year, I don't think I've ever had one of these...."

Holden interrupts



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him... "reaction time is a factor in this so please pay attention. Now answer as quickly as you can."

"Sure."

"One one eight seven at Hunterwasser."

"That's the hotel"

"What?", Holden asks, somewhat annoyed.

"Where I live." Leon replies.

"Nice place?"

"Yeah, sure, I guess. That part of the test?"

"No. Just warming you up, that's all."

"Huh. It's not fancy or anything..."



Holden begins his questioning:

"You're in a desert... walking along in the sand when..."

Leon quickly interrupts, "this the test now?"

"Yes. You're in a desert walking along in the sand when all of a sudden you look down..."

"What one?", Leon again interrupts.

"What??", now Holden is definitely annoyed.

"What desert?", Leon asks.

"It doesn't make any different what desert, it's completely hypothetical", Holden replies.

"But how come I'd be

there?"

"Maybe you're fed up. Maybe you wanna be by yourself... who knows? You look down and you see a tortoise, Leon, it's crawling toward you."

"Tortoise? What's that?"

Holden takes a long drag from his cigarette, "You know what a turtle is?"

" 'Course."

"Same thing."

"I never seen a turtle." Leon says. Holden glances up, his annoyance showing plainly on his face. "but I understand what you mean." Leon quickly continues.

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"You reach down and flip the tortoise on it's back Leon."

"You make up these questions mister Holden?" Leon's own anger is now starting to build. "Or they write 'em down for ya?"

"The tortoise lays on it's back, its belly baking in the hot sun, beating it's legs trying to turn itself over but it can't... not without your help." Leon's eyes are wide open now in barely controlled rage. "But you're not helping".

"Whaddya mean I'm not helping??", Leon almost screams it, his anger growing by the second.

"I mean you're not



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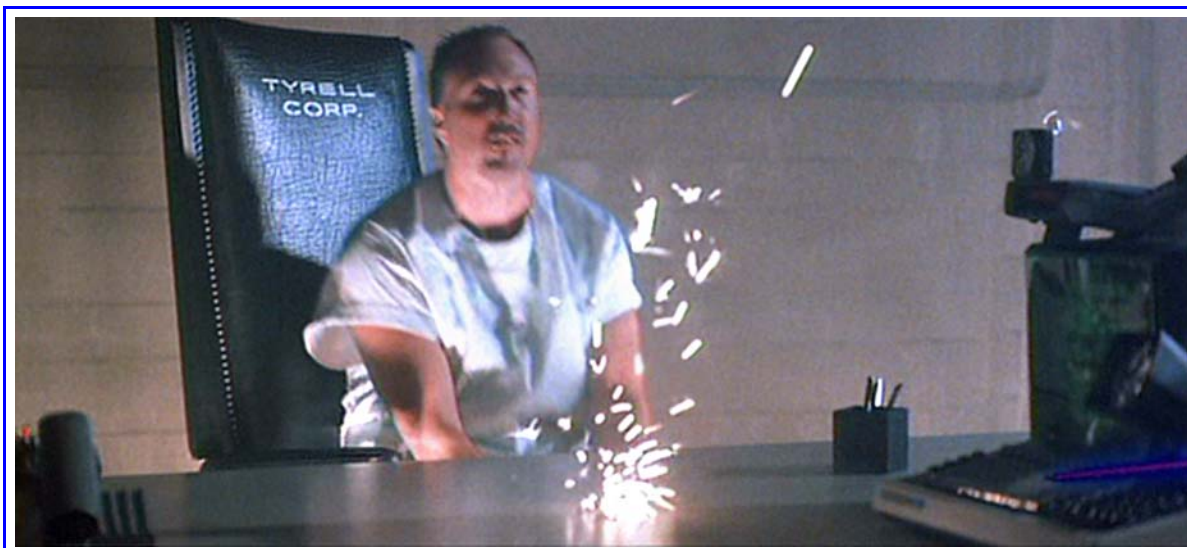


helping." Holden says, somewhat amused at the reaction he's getting from Leon. "Why is that,

Leon?".

Leon looks down momentarily, as if confused, but says nothing.

Then Holden breaks the tension with a smile and a dismissive gesture with his hands... "They're just questions, Leon," he says, taking another drag from his cigarette and leaning back in his chair. "In answer to your query they're written down for me. It's... a test designed to provoke an emotional response." Leon listens intently as



blast hits Holden hard, turning his chair and violently forcing him through the wall behind him. Leon is standing now and, with his gun arm outstretched, fires again and Holden is blown into the next cubicle.

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Holden says, "Shall we continue?" a smile breaking across his face. Leon nods but says nothing. He leans forward as Holden continues his questioning.

"Describe in single words...", he says, "only the good things that come into your mind... about... your mother."

"My mother?"

"Yeah."

"Lemme tell you about my mother..."

Leon is leaning forward, his hands unseen below the table. Suddenly the area of the table in front of him erupts in flame as he fires a hidden gun. The force of the

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