

CONTINUED:

93

Tyrell is reaching for a tasseled bell pull that hangs over his bed.

Batty's eyes are like little coals glowing.

Warned by the look, Tyrell abandons the bell pull and reaches under the sheets for something.

BATTY

To act without understanding  
could lead to the very thing  
the act seeks to avoid.

What's in Batty's eyes completes the warning.

Tyrell decides to heed it. If he's scared though, he does a good job of concealing it.

TYRELL

I'm surprised you didn't come  
here sooner.

Batty moves closer to the bed and the dogs slink away, scared toothless.

BATTY

It's not an easy thing to meet  
your Maker.

TYRELL

And what can He do for you?

Batty sits on the end of Tyrell's bed.

BATTY

Can the Maker repair what He makes?

TYRELL

Would you like to be modified?

BATTY

Had mind something a little more  
radical.

TYRELL

What's the problem?

BATTY

Death.

TYRELL

I'm afraid that's a little out of  
my...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

93

Batty leans close across the sheets and cuts in in an urgent whisper.

BATTY

I want more life, fucker.

Sebastain looks alarmed.

Tyrell faces Batty with admirable cool. After a tense pause, the old man slides away from Batty and out of bed. He's wearing a long night shirt and he looks a little silly. He looks down at Batty who's still sitting on the bed and addresses him as a professor addresses a pupil.

TYRELL

The facts of life. I'll be blunt. To make an alteration in the evolvement of an organic life system, at least by men, makers or not, is fatal. A coding sequence can't be revised once it's established.

BATTY

Why?

TYRELL

Because by the second day of incubation any cells that have undergone reversion mutation give rise to revertant colonies -- like rats leaving a sinking ship. The ship sinks.

BATTY

What about E.M.S. recombination?

TYRELL

We've already tried it -- ethyl methane sulfonate is an alkylating agent and a potent mutagen -- it created a virus so lethal the subject was destroyed before we left the table.

Tyrell doesn't notice the subtle flicker of suspicion on Batty's face... like maybe Batty's not buying all this.

BATTY

Then a repressor protein that blocks the operating cells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

93

TYRELL

Wouldn't obstruct replication,  
but it does give rise to an error  
in replication so that the newly  
formed DNA strand carries a  
mutation and you've got a virus  
again... but all this is academic...  
you are made as well as we could  
make you.

BATTY

But not to last?

Batty's expression doesn't reveal whether Tyrell has  
allayed his suspicions as Tyrell approaches Batty  
(sitting on the edge of the bed) and puts a fatherly  
hand on Batty's shoulder.

TYRELL

The light that burns twice as  
bright burns half as long. And  
you have burned so very, very  
brightly, Roy.

Batty looks up at "Father" Tyrell, Tyrell is swelling  
with pride.

TYRELL

The best of all possible replicants.  
We're proud of our prodigal son...  
glad you've returned. You're quite  
a prize.

Batty looks down in a sudden, uncharacteristically  
humble posture and speaks with guilt in his voice.

BATTY

I've done questionable things.

TYRELL

Also extraordinary things. --

BATTY

Nothing the God of bio-mechanics  
wouldn't let you in heaven for.

Tyrell in a burst of camaraderie, decides to give  
laughing a try and comes out with a little titter.  
After all, Roy Batty, that swell replicant is about  
to embrace him. Everything's gonna be okay after all.  
Batty gets up from the bed and puts his hands around  
Tyrell's face.

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93

CRACK! Tyrell's skull cracks like dry wood.

Sebastian stares in horror.

SQUISH! Batty squashes the head in a gruesome moment.

Tyrell slumps to the floor like empty clothes.

Batty looks at the remains with disgust.

BATTY

Revertant colonies! Methane sulfate!  
Bright lights!

Batty turns to Sebastian.

Sebastian looks like a heart attack.

Batty's eyes glow with fury.

Sebastian cowers

OMIT

94

OMIT

95

EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

95A

The tiny elevator whizzes down the huge nighttime pyramid.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

95B

Lights flash, the buzzer sounds and the elevator stops. The speaker crackles.

SPEAKER

Dix huitieme Rouge. 18 Red.  
You have ten seconds.  
Counting!  
Un... de.....

CLICK! Batty slaps one of Sebastian's many cards into the slot almost instantly.

The lights go off, the elevator hums again.

Batty is alone, solemn. The numbers reflect on his face.

CUT TO