

CHAPTER 3



RACHAEL

Chapter 3 - Rachael

Deckard and Gaff are again flying between the glass-sided towers of downtown Los Angeles. The huge sign on the side of the building that earlier featured the Asian woman taking her pill now sports a Coca Cola advertisement.

Neither looks at nor speaks to the other, Gaff busy piloting the police spinner, Deckard alone with his thoughts. Gaff maneuvers for position between other spinners on the same course he's flying as they pass over a dirty refinery. Another spinner speeds by Gaff on the left,



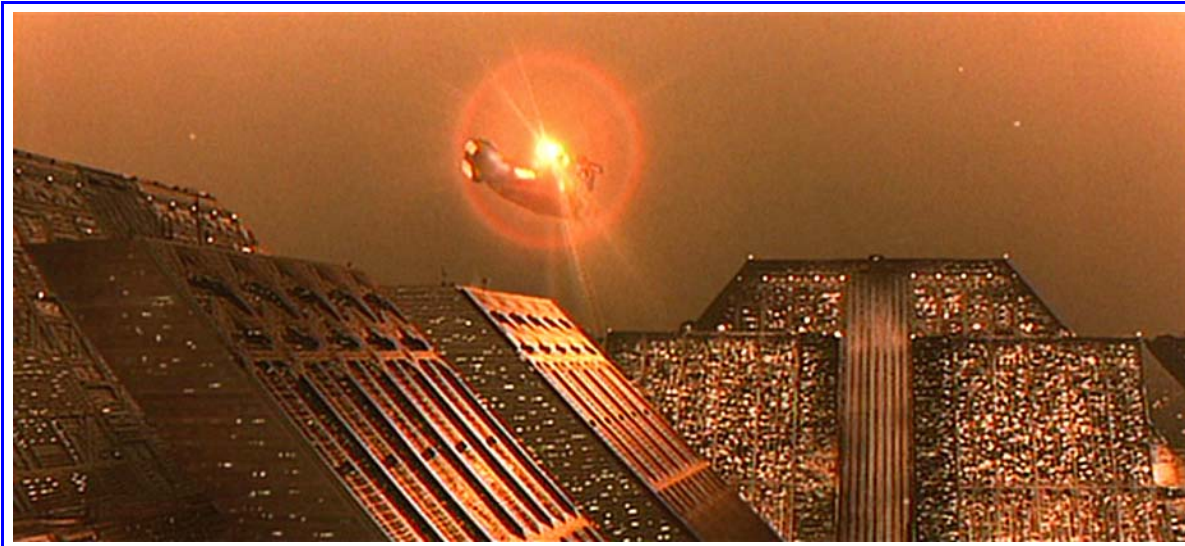
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but he ignores it. Now they dive down between some of the refinery towers toward a rendezvous with one of the Tyrell Corporation pyramids that are looming up around them. The pyramids are huge, monolithic edifices that are ornate in an art deco vein.

Deckard's interest drifts toward the gleaming buildings, each casting chaotic reflections from the deep orange setting sun. The pyramids stand in stark contrast to the grimy industrial districts surrounding them.

Gaff flies the spinner up and over the edge of one of the pyra-



mids, then down behind for a landing.

A little later Deckard finds himself alone in a cavernous room with tall pillars and a huge window looking out over the other nearby pyramid. A setting sun shines above the horizon. Off to one side near a wall is an owl, perched on a pole with a cross bar. The owl takes off and flies across the room to another perch as Deckard watches, amazed.

"Do you like our owl?" a voice asks from a doorway... it is that of a beautiful, young woman.

Deckard looks over at her then at the owl, "It's artificial?"

"Of course it is." Now the woman is walking quickly across the room toward Deckard. She is dressed entirely in black satin.

"Must be expensive", says Deckard.

"Very. I'm Rachael."

"Deckard."

"It seems you feel our work is not a benefit to the public", Rachael says.

"Replicants are like any other machine," Deckard says with a touch of impatience, "they're either a benefit or a hazard. If they're a benefit, it's not my problem."

Rachael then says, "May I ask you

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a personal question?"

"Sure." Deckard answers as he walks toward a chair and sits down.

A pause... then... "Have you ever retired a human by mistake?"

"No."

"But in your position, that is a risk..."

Suddenly a new voice from the other side of the room says, "Is this to be an empathy test? Capillary dilation of the so-called blush response?", they both look over toward the origin of the questions... a man is walking toward them... "Fluctuation of the... pupil? Involuntary dilation of



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the iris."

"We call it Voight-Kampff for short," says Deckard.

The man has joined them now and nods his head at Deckard's response.

"Mr. Deckard, Doctor Eldon Tyrell," Rachael says.

"Demonstrate it. I want to see it work," says Tyrell.

"Where's the subject?" asks Deckard.

"I want to see it work on a person, I want to see a negative before I provide you with a positive."

"What's that gonna prove?"

Tyrell smiles and raises his





hand patronizingly,
"Indulge me."

"On you?"

"Try her."

Now Rachael smiles and walks toward a large table.

"It's too bright in here," Deckard says.

Rachael sits down across from Deckard who is removing his coat before he takes his place. Tyrell walks to the side of the table and touches a hidden button, causing a huge shade to slowly descend over the window as Deckard sets up his Voight-Kampff machine. Rachael watches him expectantly. Deckard is seated now and activates the machine - the eye-probe

elevates as Deckard presses a button on the back side of the probe.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" Rachael asks.

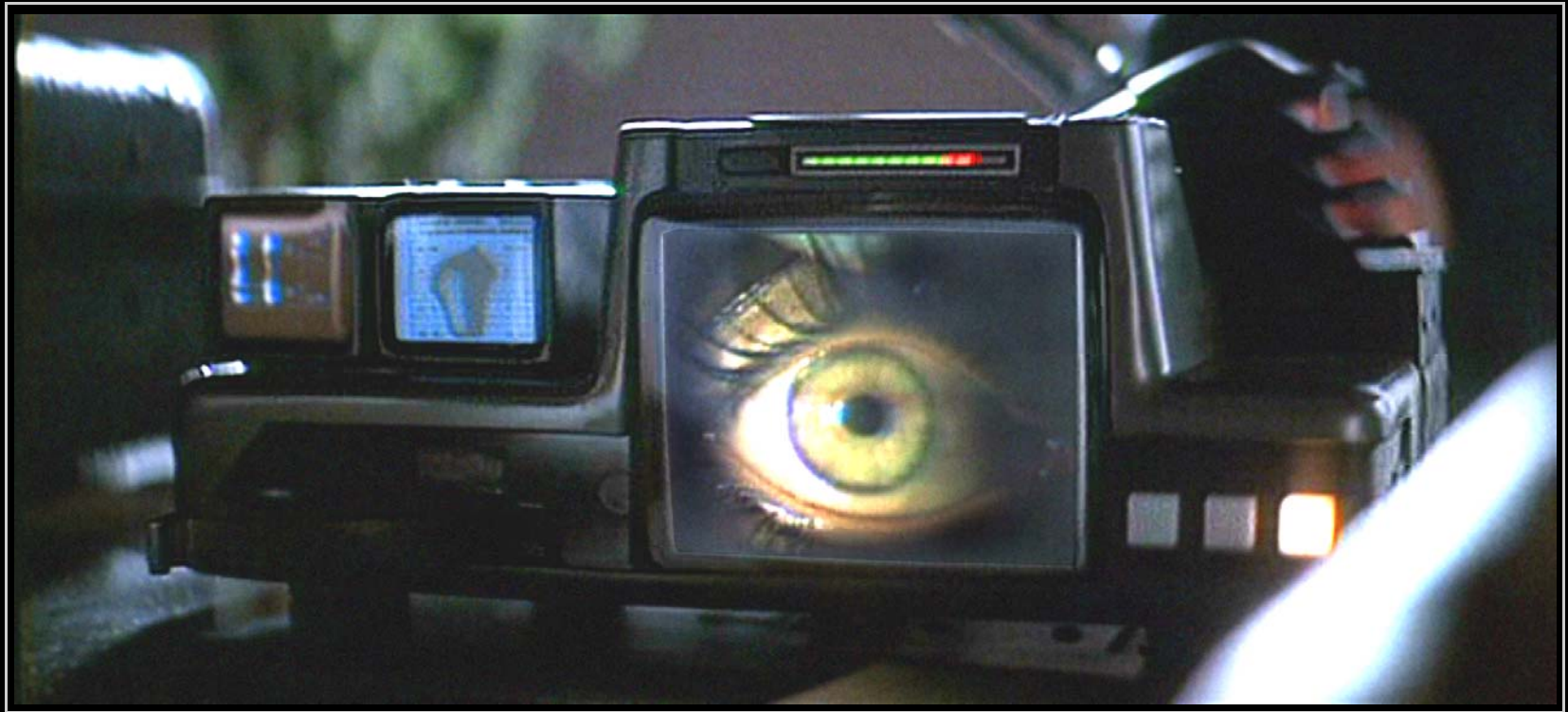
"It won't affect the test," Deckard replies. "Alright, I'm going to ask you a series of questions, just relax and answer them as simply as you can." Rachael lights her cigarette as the pupil of one of her eyes appears on Deckard's V-K machine monitor.

Deckard begins... "It's your birthday. Someone gives you a calfskin wallet."

"I wouldn't accept it," Rachael replies without hesitation. "also, I'd report

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the person who gave it to me to the police."

"You got a little boy, he shows you his butterfly collection plus the killing jar..."

Rachael takes a long drag from her cigarette, her gaze unflinching. "I'd take him to the doctor," she responds.

A long pause from Deckard, "You're watching television, suddenly you realize there's a wasp crawling on your arm..."

"I'd kill it," Rachael interrupts.

Deckard looks up at her in puzzlement.

"You're reading a magazine, you come across



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a full-page nude photo of a girl..."

"Is this testing whether I'm a replicant or a lesbian, Mr.

Deckard?"

"Just answer the questions, please", Deckard is beginning to lose patience. Tyrell, looking on, only smiles as Rachael takes another long drag. "You show it to your husband," Deckard continues, "he likes it so much he hangs it on your bedroom wall."

"I wouldn't let him."

"Why not?"

"I should be enough for him."

And so the questioning goes



Rachael puts out her cigarette, gets up and walks quickly away from the table.

"Thank you."

When she's out of earshot Deckard says to Tyrell... "She's a replicant, isn't she?"

"I'm impressed!" says Tyrell. "How many questions does it usually take to spot one?"

"I don't get it, Tyrell..."

Tyrell gestures with his hand, "How many questions?"

"Twenty, thirty, cross referenced."

on for quite a long time.

Finally, Deckard says, "One more question. You're watching a stage play, a banquet is in progress. The guests are enjoying an appetizer of raw oysters. The entree consists of boiled dog..." The V-K monitor now shows a dilated pupil in Rachael's eye. She looks flustered and doesn't answer. Deckard looks up at her, waiting. After a pause he shuts off the machine, leans back in his chair and smiles ever so slightly. Rachael can only look at him... silent.

Tyrell breaks the spell... "Would you step out for a few moments, Rachael?"

"It took more than a hundred for Rachael, didn't it?"

"She doesn't

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know...."

A pause... then Tyrell says, "She's beginning to suspect, I think."

"Suspect?" Asks Deckard incredulously, "How can it not know what it is?"

"Commerce... is our goal here at Tyrell. 'More Human Than Human' is our motto. Rachael is an experiment, nothing more. We began to... recognize in them... strange obsession, after all they are emotionally inexperienced with only a few years in which to store up the experiences which you and I take for granted. If we... gift them with a past, we create a cushion or pillow for their emotions and



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consequently we can control them better."

"Memories..." says Deckard, now understanding the import of Tyrell's words. He looks up at the bespectacled tycoon, "You're talkin' about memories!"

Tyrell does not respond but only smiles as Deckard looks away, the amazement showing on his face.

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