Blade Runner 2049

By Hampton Fancher
Replicants are bioengineered humans, designed by Tyrell Corporation for use off-world. Their enhanced strength made them ideal slave labor. After a series of violent rebellions, their manufacture became prohibited and Tyrell Corp went bankrupt. The collapse of ecosystems in the mid 2020s led to the rise of industrialist Niander Wallace, whose mastery of synthetic farming averted famine. Wallace acquired the remains of Tyrell Corp and created a new line of replicants who obey. Many older model replicants—NEXUS 8s with open-ended lifespans—survived. They are hunted down and "Retired." Those that hunt them still go by the name... Blade Runner. I hope you don't mind me taking the liberty. I was careful not to... drag in any dirt. I don't mind the dirt. I do mind... unannounced visits. You police? Are you Sapper Morton,

**Civic Number:**
I'm a farmer.
I saw that.
What do you farm?
It's a protein farm...
Wallace design.
Is that what I smell?
I grow that just for me.
- Garlic.
- Garlic...
You wanna try some.
No, thank you.
I prefer to keep an empty stomach until the hard part of the day is done. How long you been here?
Since 2020.
But you haven't always been a farmer, have you? Your bag... It's Colonial Medical use, Military issue. Where were you? Calantha? Must've been brutal. Plan on taking me in? And,... take a look inside. Mr. Morton, if taking you in is an option... I would much prefer that to the alternative. I'm sure you knew, it would be someone, in time. I'm sorry it had to be me. Good as any. Now,... if you don't mind, if you could just look up and to the left, please. Please don't get up. How does it feel killing your own kind? I don't retire my own kind, because we don't run. Only you older models do. And you new models are happy just cleaning the shit. Because you have never seen a miracle. Just photograph everything. Madam, please. Incoming LAPD recoded cache. You're hurt. I'm not paying for that. - I'll glue it. - And?... One of the tail-end Nexus 8s. - He looks like he could take your head off. - He tried. He went AWOL after Calantha. With a few more in his outfit,
I wouldn't mind closing out.
- Just him?
- Just him.
Come on home for your baseline.
One moment, Madam.
30 meters to maximum depth.
What is that?
I'll send a dig-team.
Come before the storm.
(...)
(...)
Officer KD6-3.7, let's begin.
- Ready?
- Yessir.
Reset your baseline.
And blood-black
nothingness began to spin
A system of cells
interlinked within cells,
interlinked within cells,
interlinked within one stem.
Fuck off, skin-job!
And dreadfully distinct against
the dark, a tall white fountain played...
- Cells.
- Cells.
Have you ever
been in an institution?
- Cells.
- Cells.
Do they keep you in a cell?
- Cells.
- Cells.
When you're not performing your duties,
do they keep you in a little box?
- Cells.
- Cells.
Interlinked.
- Interlinked.
What's it like to hold the
hand of someone you love?
- Interlinked.
- Interlinked.
Did they teach you how to
feel, finger to finger?
- Interlinked.
- Interlinked.
Do you long for having your heart interlinked?
- Interlinked.
- Interlinked.
Do you dream about being interlinked?
Interlinked.
What's it like to hold your child in your arms?
Interlinked.
- Interlinked.
Do you feel that there's a part of you that's missing ?
- Interlinked.
- Interlinked.
- Within cells interlinked.
- Within cells interlinked.
Why don't you say that three times: "within cells interlinked". Within cells interlinked. Within cells interlinked. Within cells interlinked. We're done.
Constant K.
You can pick up your bonus.
Thank you, sir.
Caution. Keep clear.
Caution. Keep clear.
Caution.
Connect to off-world colonies at anytime from anywhere.
Speech packages starting at 20 minutes.
Versatile additional services.
Joi goes anywhere you want her to go.
Connect to off-world colonies at anytime from anywhere.
What's up you beautiful tinplate soldier? So you come home now, you idiot?
Who the hell is waiting for you, here? I'll kick your leg out you skinner!
K, I didn't hear you.
You're early.
You want me to come back?
- Just go scrub.
- Yes ma'am.
How was your meeting?
The usual.
- How was your day?
- Oh...
I'm getting cabin fever.
99.9% detoxified water.
I had an accident at work.
Think I ruined my shirt.
I'm sure I can fix that for you.
Let me take a look at it
I need a drink.
- You want a drink, first?
- M-hm. Pour me one, will you?
I'm trying a new recipe.
I just need a bit more practice.
Don't fuss.
Should have marinate it longer.
Hope it isn't dry.
Did you know this song was released
in 1966, on Reprise Records?
It was number one on the charts.
It won't be much longer.
Just putting on the
finishing touches.
OK it's ready.
I hope you're gonna like it.
I told you not to fuss.
And yet....
Voil. Bon apptit.
I missed you baby sweet.
Honey, it's beautiful.
Just put your feet up.
Relax.
Was a day, hm?
It was a day.
Would you read to me?
It'll make you feel better.
You hate that book.
I don't wanna read it either.
Let's Dance.
Do you wanna dance or
do you wanna open your present?
What present?
This one.
What's the occasion?
Let's just say...
it's our anniversary.
Is it?
No but...
let's just say that it is.
OK?
Happy Anniversary.
An emanator.
Thank you.
Honey, you can go anywhere,
you want, in the world, now.
Where do you wanna go first?
(...)
(...)
(...)
(...)
(...)
(...)
(...)
(...)
(...)
I'm so happy when I'm with you.
You don't have to to say that.
The dig's come through.
W have a new lead.
Get down here.

**Carbon read:**
Your box is a military foot-locker,
issued to Sapper Morton,
creatively repurposed as an ossuary.
A box of bones.
Nothing else in it, but hair.
The soil samples indicate that
she's been buried for 30 years.
The bones, all dismantled, fully cleaned,
meticulously laid to rest
She?
Cause of death, Coco?
No breaks, no sign of trauma except...
fracture through the ilium.
That's a narrow birth canal.
Baby must've got stuck.
- She was pregnant?
- M-hm.
- So he didn't kill her?
- No, she died in childbirth.
What's that?
Go back.
Closer.
Closer.
That.
Huh...
A notch in the iliac crest.
A fine pont, like a scalpel.
Looks like an emergency C-section.
The cuts are clean,
no sign of a struggle.
He was a combat medic.
Maybe he tried to save her
and he just couldn't.
He didn't seem like the saving type.
He went to the trouble
of burying her.
Sentimental skin job.
Sorry.
So, where's the kid?
You scanned the whole field?
Just dirt and worms,
no other bodies.
Maybe he ate it.
That's not possible.
She was a replicant.
Pregnant.
The world is built on a wall
that separates kind.
Tell either side, there's no wall,
you bought a war.
Or a slaughter.
So, what you saw...
didn't happen.
Yes Madam.
It is my job to keep order.
That's what we do here,
we keep order.
You want it gone?
Eraae everything.
- Even the child?
- All trace.
You have anything more to say?
I never retired something
that was born, before.
What's the difference?
To be born is to have a soul, I guess.
Are you telling me, no?
I wasn't aware that
was an option, Madam.
Attaboy.
Hey.
You've getting on fine, without one.
What's that, Madam?
A soul.
(...)
(...) And you new models are happy
just cleaning the shit.
Because you've
never seen a miracle.
Wallace Corporation
Earth Headquarters
Just checking in
on an old serial number.
Confirmation DNA?
I have hair.
Oh!
An old one.
Pre-Blackout.
Ah, it's gonna be tough.
Not much from then,
and what's there is...
thick milky.
You can customize them
as much as you'd like.
As human as you want them to be.
But, your operation is strictly
a drill site, isn't it?
I wouldn't waste your money on
intelligence, attachment or appeal.
Unless you'd like to add some
pleasure models to your order.
Would it be possible to reschedule,
this call a ways?
Everyone remembers where they
were at the Blackout. You?
That was a little before before my time.
I was at home with my folks,
and ten days of darkness.
Every machine stopped cold.
When the lights came back,
we were wiped clean:
photos, files, every bit of data... gone.
Bank records, too.
Didn't mind that!
It's funny, it's only paper that lasted.
I mean, we had everything on drives.
Everything, everything, everything.
My mom still cries over
the lost baby pictures.
Well, it's a shame.
You must've been adorable.
Hm... Ah!
Pretty fractured, not much on it.
One of the last Gens, pre-prohibition.
Standard issue, made by Tyrell.
And?
- Unremarkable.
- Unremarkable?
There must be something
else we can find, right?
Another prodigal serial number
returned.
A 30 year old open case, finally closed.
Thank you, Officer.
I'm here for Mr. Wallace, I'm Luv.
He named you.
Must be special.
I'm here for Mr. Wallace. Follow me.
The ancient models give
the entire endeavour a bad name.
What a gift, don't you think,
from Mr. Wallace to the world?
The outer colonies would never have
flourished had he not bought Tyrell.
Revivified the technology.
To say the least of what we do.
I see you're also a customer.
Are you satisfied with
our product?
She's very realistic. Thank you.
Here. All the junk is in here.
Lucky for you, Mr Wallace
is a data hoarder.
No one's been down here in ages.
Sorry about that.
All our memory bearings from the time.
They were all damaged in the Blackout.
But there are, sometimes, fragments.
You've got a little boy.
He shows you his butterfly
collection, plus the kill jar.
I'd take him to the doctor.
- There's a wasp crawling on your arm.
- I'd kill it.
You're reading a magazine and you come
across a full page nude photo of a girl.
Is this testing whether I'm a replicant
or a lesbian, Mr. Deckard?
Just answer the question, please.
It was unclear what she was.
At least, to someone.
This was a test.
We were difficult to spot, then.
Was there anything unusual
about how you found her?
To warrant an official investigation?
You know how people are
about old serial numbers.
Everyone just sleeps better when they know where they got to.
She likes him.
Who?
This is Officer Deckard.
She's trying to provoke him.
It is invigorating being asked personal questions.
Makes one feel...
desired.
Do you enjoy your work, Officer?
Please thank Mr. Wallace for your time.
You worked with Officer Deckard, back in the day.
What can you tell me about him?
He liked to work alone.
So did I.
So we worked together, to keep it that way.
That was it.
Anything else you can tell me?
He wasn't long for this world.
How, so?
Something in his eyes.
Any idea how I could contact him?
None.
He's nyugdiash.
Retired.
What happened?
Probably got what he wanted.
To be alone.
Welcome back, sir.
You wanted to review the new model, sir, before shipment?
An angel should never enter the Kingdom of Heaven without a gift.
Can you at least pronounce "a child is born"?
Hm...
Ahh.
New model.
Let us see her, then.
First thought
one tends to fear
to preserve the clay.

It's fascinating.

Before we even know
what we are,
we fear to lose it.

Happy Birthday.

Shh...

We make angels.

That is how I took us
to nine new worlds.

Nine...

A child can count
to nine on fingers.

We should own the stars!

Yes, sir.

Every leap of
civilization was built
off the back of a
disposable work force.

We lost our stomach for slaves,
unless engineered.

But I can only make so many.

That barren pasture,
empty and salted.

Right here.

The dead space between the stars.

And this, the seed that we
must change for heaven?

I cannot breed them,
so help me, I have tried.

We need more replicants
than can ever be assembled.

Millions, so we can be trillions more.

We could storm Eden and retake her.

Tyrell's final trick,
procreation.

Perfected and lost.

But there is a child.

Bring it to me.

Sir.

The best angel of all.

Aren't you, Luv?

The man with the green jacket,
the one who killed Sapper.
Find out what he knows.
Hi.
Hello, hello, A-boy.
You alone?
Wanna buy a lady a cigarette?
Aw, you don't even smile.
Didn't you hear your friends?
Don't you know what I am?
Yeah.
A guy eating rice.
What's that?
It's a tree.
Oh. Never seen a tree before.
It's pretty.
It's dead.
Now, who keeps a dead tree?
Mm...
You're not gonna kill me are you?
It depends.
What's your model number?
Why don't you look into my eye
and find out.
Oh!
You don't like real girls.
Well, I'm always here.
Hi.
You can't take those.
Of course not. Proper channels
and paperwork. It's all here.
Hold this for me?
Yup, here you go.
Coco is dead.
Bones are gone.
It's out. Already out.
How long did that take?
So, what you have for me?
And don't say, nothing.
I found that.
A sock?
- Where'd you find it?
- Sapper's.
- Anything else?
- I burned everything else.
Then what's this? What's that date?
Is that a birthday? Is that a death day?
I don't know yet.
Am I the only one that can see the fuckin' sun rise, here?
This breaks the world, K.
You know, I've known a lot of your kind.
All useful but...
with you I, sometimes, forget.
We didn't have any of you when I was a kid.
Do you remember anything?
Before you were under me, do you have any memories from begore?
I have memories, but...
They're not real, they're just implants.
Tell me one, from when you were a kid.
I feel a little strange sharing a childhood story considering I was never a child.
Would it help you to share, if I told you it was an order?
I have one about a toy that I had, a wooden horse, with an inscription underneath.
All I remember is, a group of boys trying to take it away from me.
So, I run.
I go looking for a place to hide, and the only place is this dark furnace.
It's very dark, I'm very scared, but, this horse is all I have, so, I go in anyway.
Later on, those kids find me and they beat me to tell them where it is, but I don't.
That's it.
Hm...
Little K fighting for what's his.
It's a good one.
Look at me.
We're all just looking out
for something real.
What happens if I finish that?
Shouldn't I get back to work, Madam?
Check back in after DNAs.
Officer KD6-3.7.
(...)

Request:
DNA records,
children born 6.10.21.
Looking for anomalies.
(...)
You have the Sat Crystal back-up?
(...) 
OK. Run it raw.
Hai.
M.. data makes the man.
A and C and T and G.
The alphabet of you,
all from four symbols.
I'm only two...
one and zero.
Half as much, but twice as
elegant, sweetheart.
You don't prefer your Madam?
You were listening.
Maybe.
You didn't like her enough
to tell her the truth.
6, 10 and 21.
There's nothing to tell.
How many times have you
told me that story?
Your memory.
The date carved beneath.
6, 10 and 21.
Coincidence?
A dangerous coincidence.
I always knew you were special.
Maybe this is how.
A child...
of woman born,
pushed into the world,
wanted,
loved.
And if it were true,
I'd hunted for the rest of my life,
by someone just like me.
It's OK to dream a little.
Isn't it?
Not if you're us.
Stop.
But up 4847 and 2181, side by side.
Hai.
They're identical.
- Translate.
- (...) 
A boy and a girl.
It's impossible.
Why?
Two people can't have identical DNA.
One of these isn't real.
it's a copy.
They were both processed at
the Morrill Cole orphanage.
It says the girl died there.
Genetic disorder.
Galatians syndrome.
And the boy...
disappears.
Where's the orphanage?
You wanna go for a ride?
Los Angeles Waste Processing
San Diego District
Well, here we are.
Buckle up.
K?
K?
K-K?
Stay back.
Fire again.
Fire again.
Fire.
200 feet to the east.
Fire.
Go North.
Fire.
Stop. 20 degrees east.
Stop.
Zoom in.
Closer.
Oh, come on!
Get up.
Do your fucking job.
Find the child.
Watch the car.
...every last piece!
Or, I'll put you outside
where the sky is raining!
Where it's raining fire!
You're in here to work.
And if you're not working,
I don't need you!
I don't need any of...
Hi.
The nickel is for the colonial ships.
Closest any of them, or any of us,
is gonna get to that
grand life off-worl!
And I encourage play, I do.
Keeps them occupied and
And it makes them nimble, right?
But it's work.
It's work that moulds them
into a child worth having.
Come on, now.
What sort do you have in mind?
'Cause I got all kinds.
 - No no no...
 - I'm not buying.
No no no, this is just
my game and I play fair
No, I mean...
Bigger than you...
Bigger than you have tried
to shut me down.
Bigger than you, and they were m...
They were men at that!
A little boy came through here about 30 years back. I need to see your records. Legitimate placements, private sales, everything. Don't keep records that far back.
- You don't?
- I don't.
Sorry, can't help you.
- You can't?
- No.
I think you can. I think someone like you keeps a long memory. Now, you can tell me what you remember, or I can put a hole right here and take a look. I was...
I was going. I wasn't gonna leave. They were laughing at me What did you say? Are you coming? Where is it? Oh, God. Where, where, where? I can't see it. Here. It's gone. It's been torn. The entire year. I didn't do that. It wasn't me. I don't...
It wasn't me. I always told you, you're special. Born, not made. Hidden with care. A real boy, now. A real boy needs a real name. Joe. Joe? You're too important for K. Your mother would have named you.
Joe.
- Joe.
- Stop!

How do I know if a memory
is an implant, or not?
Who makes the memories?
Dr. Ana Stelline?
A visitor!
Is that OK?
Yes.
It's just unusual.
Nice to meet you, Officer KD6-3.7.
Sorry.
A compromised immune system.
A life of freedom, so long
as it's behind glass.
Is that why you're not off-world?
Yes.
My parents had our passes
in-pocket, but I took sick.
So...
it was a new life for me.
Then, they put me in my cage
filled it with everything they
could, to keep me happy,
except company, of course.
And I was used to crowds.
What can I help you with?
Thought you might be able
to help me with a case.
Now that's the most interesting thing
I've been offered to help with, in ages.
Do you mind if I work,
while you talk?
'Course.
I promise I hear every word.
Tjey say you're the best
memory maker there is.
Well, then they're kind.
I love birthday parties.
You work for Wallace?
Subcontract.
I'm one of his suppliers.
He offered to buy me out, but I take
my freedom where I can find it.
Why are you so good?
What makes your
memories so authentic?
Well, there's a bit of every
artist in their work.
But, I was locked in this
sterile chamber at eight, so...
If I wanted to see the world,
I had to imagine it.
I got very good at imagining.
Wallace needs my talent
to maintain a stable product.
I think it's only kind.
Replicants live such hard lives.
Made to do what we'd rather not.
I can't help your future,
but I can give you good memories
to think back on and smile.
- That's nice.
- It's better than nice.
It feels authentic.
And if you have authentic
memories you have...
real human responses.
Wouldn't you agree?
Are all constructed, or,
do you ever use ones
that are real?
It's illegal to use real memories, Officer.
How can you tell the difference?
Can you tell if something...
really happened?
They all think it's about
more detail.
But that's not how memory works.
We remcall with our feelings.
Anything real should be a mess.
I can show you.
Sit.
Now, think about the memory
you want me to see.
Not even that hard,
just picture it.
Let it play.
Someone lived this, yes.
This happened.
I know it's real.
I know it's real.
GODDAMMIT!
Officer KD6-3.7,
Madam is calling you in.
You're under arrest,
drop your gun
and keep your hands
where I can see'em.
  - Cells.
  - Cells.
Have you ever been
in an institution?
  - Cells.
  - Cells.
When you're not performing your duties,
do they keep you in a little box?
Cells.
  - Cells.
  - Interlinked.
  - Interlinked.
What's it like to hold the hand
of someone you love?
  - Interlinked.
  - Interlinked.
  - Within cells interlinked.
  - Within cells interlinked.
  - Dreadfully.
  - Dreadfully.
What's it like to be
filled with dread?
  - Dreadfully.
  - Dreadfully.
Do you like ybeing separated
from other people?
  - Distinct.
  - Distinct.
  - Dreadfully distinct.
  - Dreadfully distinct.
  - Dark.
  - Dark.
Within cells interlinked.
Within cells interlinked.
Within one stem.
Within one stem.
And dreadfully distinct.
And dreadfully distinct.
Against the dark.
Against the dark.
A tall white fountain played.
A tall white fountain played.
You're not even close to baseline.
Out! Close the door.
What the fuck is with you?
I put you on a case.
I impressed on you the
importance of that case,
and then we pick you up fucking
around an upgrade center?!
Scans said you didn't
look like you on the inside.
Miles off your baseline!
Do you know what that means?
I found the kid.
He was set up like a standard
replicant, put on a service job.
Even he didn't know who he was.
- And?
- And it's done.
- What does that mean, 'it's done'?
- What you asked.
It's done.
You just stopped a bomb
from going off.
You did good.
I can help you
get out of this station alive.
But you have 48 hours
to get back on track.
Surrender your gun and badge.
And your next baseline test
is out of my hands.
Thank you, Madam.
You were right.
You were right about everything.
Shh.
Thought you weren't interested,
working man.
You liked her, I could tell.
It's OK.
She is real.
I wanna be real for you.
You are real for me.
You have a special lady, here.
OK!
Let's do it.
Look at you!
Quiet, now I have to synch.
(...)
Joi is anything you want her to be.
Joi goes anywhere you want her to go.
(...)
99.9% detoxified water.
That's from a tree.
I'm done with you.
You can go now.
Quiet, now.
I've been inside you.
Not so much there, as you think.
Coffee?
They'll be coming after me, soon.
I'm coming with you.
But, not like this.
If they come here,
looking for you,
they'll have access
to all my memories.
You have to delete
me from the console.
My present...
Put me there.
I can't do that.
Think about it.
If anything happens to this,
that's it.
You're gone.
Yes.
Like a real girl.
Please.
Joe, please.
I want this.
But, I can't do it myself.
Break the antenna.
(...)
Real wood. You're rich, my friend.
I can get you a real horse.
You want a real horse?
I don't need a real horse.
No, I can get you one.
Like, Wallace stuff.
I don't need a real horse.
So, just...
- Just wanna find out where it's from.
- OK.
It smells like old dirt.
But the structure is new.
Radiation from a reactor?
No, more volatile.
It's old. It's old.
It matches a dirty bomb.
There's only one place where there
used to be radioactivity that strong.
- There's only one place that dirty?
- Mm.
Nobody lives there.
You asked where this came from.
Now, I've told you.
So, what do you want?
A horse? A goat?
Off-world papers?
Whatever you want,
Dr. Badger can get it for you.
Go to five.
Four, 30 degrees to the left.
Tilt up.
Elevate to 400 feet.
Radiation Analysis.

**RADIATION LEVEL:**
Move forward.
Tilt up.
Stop.
Move forward.
Go to five.
Seven. Move forward.
Six.
Stop.
Go to seven.
Eight.
Nine.
Heat analysis.
Life.
What is it?
Guess, we're about to find out.
Too dark in here.
I like him.
He's a good boy.
Where is he?
I've no idea.
He's off-duty. Check around.
I checked...
...anywhere a good boy might go.
You're too late.
It's gone.
He destroyed it.
Everything about him.
All except for the box of bones,
that you already took.
Which I'll wager wasn't enough.
Here, you are.
You tiny thing.
In the face of the fabulous and new,
your only thought is to kill it?!
For fear of great change?!
You can't hold the tide
with a broom.
Except that I did.
Where is he?!
You're so sure.
Because he told you.
Because we never lie.
I'm gonna tell Mr Wallace,
you tried to shoot me first.
So, I had to kill you.
Then, do what you gotta do.
Madam.
Location:
Detective KD6-3.7

Status:
Mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now,...
would you, boy?
Treasure Island?
Hm...
He reads.
That's good.
Me too.
Not much else to do around here, at night, anymore.
"Many is night I dream of cheese."
"Toasted, mostly."
What are you doing here?
I heard the piano.
Don't lie.
It's rude.
You're a cop.
- I'm not here to take you away.
- Oh, yeah?
Then, what?
I just have some questions.
What questions?
Stay.
Can our love survive? Oh, no!
No, 'cause I ain't, you know I...
Look, I don't wanna hurt you.
But you're not making it easy.
Like a river flows,
surely to the sea
Darling so it goes,
some things are meant to be
I like this song.
Hold my hand
Take my whole life too
We could keep at this
or we could get a drink.
For I can't help falling in love with you
I'll take the drink.
This is really something.
Whole town was something...
one time.
Forget your troubles.
See a show.
Gamble a little.
Win some money, lose some money.
They made money seem like candy.
You like whiskey?
I got millions of bottles of whiskey.
Here.
You're bleeding.
Is it real?
I don't know.
Ask him.
Got a name?
- Officer KD6-3.7.
- That's not a name
That's a serial number.
Alright.
Joe.
What do you want, Joe?
- I wanna ask you some questions.
- Like what?
Like, what was her name?
The mother of your child.
What was she like?
Did you live here together?
Too many questions.
I had your job.
I was good at it.
- It was simpler then.
- Why are you making it complicated?
- Why don't you just answer the question?
- What question?
I didn't figure you,
as one for bullshit.
What's her name?
Rachael.
Her name was Rachael.
What happened to the kid?
Who put it in the orphanage?
Was it you?
I was long gone, by then.
You didn't even meet your own kid?
Why?
Because that was the plan.
I showed them how to
scramble the records,
cover their tracks.
Everyone had a part.
Mine was to leave.
Then the Blackout came,
baked over everything.
Couldn't have found the child,
if I tried.
Did you want to?
– Not really.
– Why not?
Because we were being hunted!
I didn't want our child found.
Taken apart. Dissected!
Sometimes, to love someone...
you gotta be a stranger.
To strangers!
It's quarter to three,
there's no one in the place
except you and me
So, set 'em up, Joe,
I got a little story...
you oughtta know
We're drinkin', my friend,
to the end
of a brief episode
Make it one for my baby
and one more for the road.
What'd you do?
Who'd you bring?
– No one.
– Oh, yeah?
Target locked.
They know you're here.
I came alone.
Bad dog!
Stop!
I do hope you're satisfied
with our product.
I love you.
Hey.
There's someone who wants to meet you.
You can trust us.
You must want me to look up and to the left.
This is Freysa.
She fought with Sapper on Calantha.
I recognize you.
Did you help him hide the child?
Oh...
I was there.
I saw a miracle delivered.
A perfect little face crying up at me.
Mad as thunder.
Were you with her?...
Rachael?
I held her as she died.
We hid the child,
and made a vow to keep our secret.
That's why Sapper let you kill him.
I knew...
that baby meant we are more than just slaves.
If a baby can come from one of us, we are our own masters.
"More human than humans".
A revolution is coming.
And we're building an army.
I want to free our people.
If you want to be free, join us.
Deckard, Sapper, you, me;
our lives mean nothing
next to a storm that's coming.
Dying for the right cause is the most human thing we can do.
You led to Wallace to Deckard.
You cannot allow Deckard to lead Wallace to me.
You must kill Deckard.
Deckard only wanted his baby to be safe.
And she is.
When the time comes,
I will show her to the world.
And se will lead our army.

She?

Of course.

Rachael had a daughter.
With my own eyes, I saw her come.
I dressed her blue when
it was time for her to go.
It was a boy that you hid.
That is just a piece of the puzzle.
You imagined it was you?

Oh.
You did.
You did.
We all wish it was us.
That's why we believe.
Someone lived this, yes.
I showed them how to scramble
the records, cover their tracks.

With my own eyes,
I saw her come.
I dressed her in blue when
it was time for her to go.
There's a bit of every
artist in their work.
Always jumping, that one.
Never a thought, what to do,
if it made land.
All the courage in the world
cannot alter fact.
I have wanted to meet you
for so very long.
You are a wonder to me,
Mr Deckard.
I had the lock.
I found the key.
Yet the pins do not align,
the door remains locked.
I need a specimen to reach it, Mr Deckard.
The child.
I need the child.
To teach them all to fly.
"And God remembered Rachel,
"He heeded her
"and opened her womb."
Do you like our owl?
It's artificial?
Of course it is.
Must be expensive.
Very.
I'm Rachael.
Deckard.
Is it the same,...
now as then,...
the moment you met her?
All these years you
looked back on that day,
drunk on the memory
of its perfection.
How shiny, her lips!
How instant, your connection!
Did it never occur to you,
that's why you were summoned
in the first place?
Designed to do nothing short of,
fall for her,
right then and there.
All to make that single,
perfect...
specimen.
That is, if you were designed.
Love,
or mathematical precision.
Yes?
No?
I know what's real.
It was very clever to keep
yourself empty of information.
And all it cost you was, everything.
But you can still help me.
You help help in the hiding.
Where did they go?
I know, you know something.
Help me...
and very, very good things
can come to you.
You don't have children.
Do you?
Oh, I have millions.
You think I have nothing to offer but pain?
Only, I know...
you love pain.
Pain reminds you,
the joy you felt was real.
More joy, then!
Do not be afraid.
An angel...
made again.
For you.
Did you miss me?
Don't you love me?
Her eyes were green.
Off-world,...
I have everything I need
to make you talk.
You do not know what pain is, yet.
You will learn.
Hello handsome.
What day, hm?
You look lonely.
I can fix that.
You look like a good Joe.
Dying for the right cause is the most human thing we can do.
Because you've never seen a miracle.
You are entering Los Angeles Airport, restricted airspace
Confirm your identity.
Transport S-14 Branch D, confirmed.
Base, this is 06 outbound...
Where are we going?
Home.
Drive 2 down.
Backup engaged.
Warning.
- Can we make it?
- We're too low!
Take us back!
Get us up!
Open the door.
I am the best one.
Off-world is waiting.
Joe. Joe!
Joe!
You should've let me die out there.
You did.
You drowned out there.
You're free to meet your daughter, now.
All the best memories are hers.
Why?
Who am I to you?
Go meet your daughter.
You OK?
Just a moment.
Beautiful, isn't it?