

PHILLIPA

She had the jump on you. That ever happen with a male andy?

RICK

She was clever.

PHILLIPA

She was a flirt, and you fell for it. You could have just shot her dead. If her system shut down, instead of pumping blood, you'd have all the proof you needed.

RICK

You mean the Witch Trial test—shoot them dead, and if they bleed, they're innocent. That's been outlawed. Too many innocents died.

PHILLIPA

Don't trust your instincts much, do you?

RICK

Perhaps you're the android, if you're so willing to shoot. Don't you worry you'll make a mistake, one day?

PHILLIPA

Me? I can't sleep at night. But then, who can?

(BRYANT walks in.)

BRYANT

Hello, Deckard.

RICK

Inspector Bryant. Did you tell Phillipa here I'm an android?

BRYANT

A suspected android. Just suspected, so far.

RICK

I was testing Luna Luft, like you ordered.

BRYANT

Your assignment was Luft. Ryan's assignment was you.

RICK

Luna said you were a big fan of hers.

BRYANT

I am. Aren't you? Ryan, maybe you should check on those blood results. The lab is a mess, with all the new mandatory testing. Even I had to wait an hour this morning to get tested.

PHILLIPA

I'll check on it, Inspector.

(PHILLIPA exits, giving LUNA's gun to BRYANT.)

RICK

I'm not an android.

BRYANT

I know. She is.

RICK

Who is?

(BRYANT undoes RICK's cuffs.)

BRYANT

Her. Phillipa Ryan. I thought you would pick up on that. I expected you to come in here with two androids taken care of, not trussed up by one of them. Ryan is right, I guess, you can be soft on women.

RICK

She told you that?

BRYANT

She's been telling everyone.

(BRYANT hands RICK Luna's gun.)

Be ready for her when she comes back. If she's smart, she's figured out we're onto her.

RICK

Why?

BRYANT

I made her take a test this morning, with me. It confirmed what I already knew.

RICK

Why didn't you retire her, then?

BRYANT

What sort of monster do you think I am?

(Pause.)

RICK

Three thousand.

BRYANT

What?

RICK

You want me to do this, it will cost you three thousand.

BRYANT

You know you have me over a barrel.

RICK

That's right.

BRYANT

You're one cold son-of-a-bitch.

RICK

I try to be. Apparently I fell a little short earlier today.

BRYANT

I guess it's too bad I'm not a woman.