

D E X T E R

Episode 203
"An Inconvenient Lie"

Written by
Melissa Rosenberg

Directed by
Tony Goldwyn

First Draft
5/23/07

DEXTER

Cast

"An Inconvenient Lie"

203

First Draft - 5/23/07

DEXTER.....Michael C. Hall
DEBRA.....Jennifer Carpenter
RITA.....Julie Benz
LAGUERTA.....Lauren Velez
BATISTA.....David Zayas
SGT. DOAKES.....Erik King
MASUKA.....C. S. Lee

Guest Cast

Captain Matthews
Pascal
Lundy
Astor
Lila
Bertrand
Roger
Allison
Caroline
Simms
Gordon
Grieving Widow
Leader
Man
Mother
Reporter
Anxious Man

DEXTER

Sets

"An Inconvenient Lie"

203

First Draft - 5/23/07

INTERIORS:

- Police Station
 - Ground Floor (Day)
 - Corridor By Elevator (Day)
 - Bullpen (Day/Night)
 - Task Force War Room (Day)
 - Dexter's Lab (Night)
 - Dexter's Inner Lab (Day)
 - Kitchen (Day)
 - Pascal's Office (Day)

Field Morgue (Day/Night)

Church Annex (Night)

Coffee Shop (Night)

Rita's House (Day/Night)

- Living Room (Night)

Ann Cohen's House

- Crime Scene (Night)
- Living Room (Night)

Dexter's Mini-van (Day/Night)

Dexter's Apartment (Night)

Gulf Shores Motor Car Dealership

- Roger's Cubicle (Day)

EXTERIORS:

- Police Station (Day/Night)
 - Parking Lot (Day/Night)
 - Field Morgue (Day)

Rita's House (Night)

Gulf Shores Motor Car Dealership
(Day/Night)

Church (Day)

DEXTER

"An Inconvenient Lie"

FADE IN:

1 INT. CHURCH ANNEX - NIGHT 1

1

START CLOSE ON A HOUSEWIFE, CAROLINE, 40's.

[In the b.g. we might see bulletin boards laden with community notices, anti-drug and abstinence posters, church announcements, children's art. The room typically houses Sunday school and choir practice.]

CAROLINE

I'm Caroline, and I'm an addict.

VOICES

Hi, Caroline.

CAROLINE

I started taking pain pills after my back surgery.

A DOZEN RECOVERING ADDICTS, of diverse race, class and age, listen with empathy from rows of metal folding chairs. Hard lives and hard drugs have etched their faces.

In the last chair in the back, FIND DEXTER. A folded newspaper lies in his lap.

CAROLINE

I don't need them for the pain anymore. Now I just... need them.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I need duct tape, three or four rolls. Running low on Glad Bags...

CAROLINE

At first I thought, Narcotics Anonymous? I don't belong here. These people are "real" junkies.
(chuckles from the group)
Meanwhile, I was taking Lortabs, Percocets, Darvocet, anything I could get my hands on...

DEXTER (V.O.)

When's the last time I sharpened my knives?

1 CONTINUED:

1

CAROLINE

... And I was a nurse, so I had access. Until they figured it out.

(tearing up)

I lost my job, lost my license...

DEXTER (V.O.)

Tears now? It's very hard to concentrate in here. How am I supposed to get any work done?

Her voice DIPS as Dexter studies the newspaper on his lap --

INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER

It's folded to an article. The headline reads "2nd Woman Killed In Home Invasions..." There's a smiling PHOTO of the victim, an attractive brunette, ANN COHEN, 30.

BACK ON DEXTER -- studying the photo.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I know, I need to lay low, given the current climate. It's raining bodies. But when the storm passes, I want my next project researched and ready for plastic wrap...

Dexter then gets a whiff of something unpleasant. Looks up. A CRUSTY HOMELESS GUY leans over his shoulder, trying to read the paper. Dexter rises and moves to the snack table. He peruses the donuts as --

CAROLINE

My husband says he'll leave me if I don't stay sober. But I need to do this for me...

DEXTER (V.O.)

~~He~~ No self-control, lost everything, trying to stop. Same whiny story, over and over for...

(checks his watch)

Ten minutes? Feels like ten hours.

Dexter chooses a donut. It's as hard as a rock. He discreetly puts it back, then glances around hoping nobody noticed. But he's startled by the gaze of a striking young woman --

LILA

-- dark, sultry, a provocative Bohemian-punk style. She's draped over two chairs with sensual ease.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

) With a mischievous glint, she raises an eyebrow at Dexter, as if to say, "Naughty boy."

Dexter finds himself holding her gaze a half-second too long, then, realizing, he quickly looks away.

CAROLINE

Every day is a battle. Even now.
This moment, I'd kill for a
Vicodin.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Light weight.

Finally, unable to endure anymore, he grabs a pamphlet, heads for the door. But not before he steals another glance at Lila -- he catches her profile as she listens to the speaker; there's something intriguing about her -- and he leaves.

2 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

2

CLOSE ON THE PAMPHLET as Dexter hands it to RITA who sits at the dining room table. She beams, excited, as Dexter unloads Chinese take-out containers from bags.

CODY and ASTOR are in the living room, watching "SpongeBob".

RITA

So how was the meeting? Tell me everything.

DEXTER

It was... interesting, hearing the same story, over and over.

RITA

Knowing you're not alone.

DEXTER

Exactly.

ASTOR

(calling out)

Did you get fortune cookies?

DEXTER

Only the ones with good fortunes.

RITA

Did you share or just listen?

DEXTER

I wanted to take it all in, my first time out.

(re: bag)

(MORE)

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Don't tell me they forgot the -- here they are. Spring rolls.

RITA

What about a sponsor? Did you find one?

DEXTER

I didn't want to rush into anything. It's an important relationship.

RITA

Absolutely.
(excited)
So let's see your newcomer's chip.

DEXTER

(uh-oh)
... My newcomers chip, yeah...

RITA

You... did stay till the end.
Didn't you?

DEXTER

Of course I did.
(off her look)
Right till the end.

A beat. Then Rita shakes her head, disappointed, rises and heads to the kitchen.

RITA

You're a terrible liar.

DEXTER

(taken aback)
No, actually, I'm not.

RITA

I know too much about twelve-step programs to be easily conned, Dexter.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Note to self.

He follows her to the kitchen where she pulls out plates.

DEXTER

I didn't stay till the end end, if that's what you mean. I had some important errands to run.

She faces him. Dexter's unprepared for her directness.

RITA

Am I important? Are the kids?

DEXTER

I - yeah. Yes. Of course.

RITA

You're going to have to decide how important, because if you don't work the program, really work it, I just... won't go through that again.

She hands him a stack of plates and heads into --

THE LIVING ROOM -- where she turns off the T.V., herds the kids toward the table. Dexter watches the little family as they gather for dinner.

DEXTER (V.O.)

How important are they? One would have to have feelings to answer that.

But the smile in his eyes belies this assertion of indifference. Dexter comes up behind Rita, wraps his arms around her.

DEXTER

Tomorrow. I'll go tomorrow. And I'll stay.

INT. POLICE STATION - GROUND FLOOR - MORNING (DAY 2)

Dexter, carrying his latte, rushes for the elevator.

DEXTER

Hold the elevator!

Whoever's inside ignores him. The doors begin to close. Dexter manages to get a hand in, open the doors. He steps in to find himself alone with SGT. DOAKES.

DEXTER

(dry)

Thanks.

They ride, staring at the door in front of them.

SGT. DOAKES

Nice dodge last night, flooring it through that yellow light.

DEXTER

Oh, were you behind me?

Sgt. Doakes just smiles. As the doors slide open --

3

CONTINUED:

3

SGT. DOAKES

See ya tonight.

Sgt. Doakes steps out. Dexter stares bone saws at his back, as he exits into --

4

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR BY ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

4

Dexter's latte is almost knocked out of his hand by --

A CROWD OF CIVILIANS. The corridor is packed with them. UNIFORMED COPS herd them into a queue around the perimeter of the bullpen. HEAR: "Please, form a line," "A detective will be with you," and from the civilians, "Is Greg Forster one of them?" "Sue McMillan, she disappeared four years ago," etc.

Dexter pushes through the confusion into --

5

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

5

MASUKA, BATISTA and LAGUERTA huddle near a T.V. SET on which a news program drones in the b.g. Dexter approaches.

DEXTER

(re: civilians)

Who're they?

BATISTA

Every family member of every missing person for the last ten years.

MASUKA

Including some sad, lonely and presumably single women. Courtesy of Lieutenant Pascal.

LAGUERTA

It's not her fault. That reporter's an asshole.

BATISTA

Pascal's just caught in a cycle of reaction. She's not co-creating her own reality.

DEXTER

You know those words don't actually mean anything, right?

BATISTA

Take a look around, bro, she's manifesting negativity.

MASUKA

(re: TV)

It's on again.

LAGUERTA

(shaking her head)

Every hour on the hour since last night.

They face the T.V. -- INTERCUT THEM WITH --

THE T.V. SCREEN

SEE a hand-held clip of LT. PASCAL leaving the station for the night, disheveled, distracted, in an obvious hurry. A MALE REPORTER ambushes her --

REPORTER

Excuse me, Lieutenant?

PASCAL

No comment --

She dodges him. He follows her --

MASUKA

(nudging Dexter)

The boss' sweater melons look bigger on T.V.

LAGUERTA

The operative word there is 'boss'. Show some respect.

MASUKA

Thought I was.

The Reporter manages to block Pascal's path.

REPORTER

Reports say you've found dozens of bodies in that underwater grave --

PASCAL

Not dozens --

REPORTER

Two dozen? One dozen?

PASCAL

Eighteen or so -- excuse me --

She continues to her car but he dogs her, mic in her face.

REPORTER

Have you notified the families?

PASCAL

We're still trying to identify them --

REPORTER

So if our viewers have any information they should come to you.

PASCAL

Yes. Fine. Just -- move.

She climbs in her car and slams the door on him.

CUT TO: The Reporter's wrap-up. He faces camera, imbuing himself with gravitas.

REPORTER

There you have it. Police are seeking any leads on the identity of the eighteen faceless victims of the Bay Harbor Butcher. So please contact...

BACK ON THE BULLPEN

BATISTA

Pascal's definitely off her game.

MASUKA

Word is, her fiance is catching some strange on the sly.

BATISTA

That'd do it.

LAGUERTA

Alright, that shit stops here.

They continue their wrangling, their VOICES DIPPING as Dexter turns, looks at --

DEXTER'S POV - THROUGH THE GLASS

-- the pained, anxious, even hopeful families on the other side of the bullpen window. They hold photos, DNA samples, video recordings. As he scans their faces...

DEXTER (V.O.)

Most of these people won't find answers here. Their loved ones weren't among my chosen few.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS (O.C.)

May I have your attention please?

Dexter, and everyone else, looks up as --

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

-- enters the bullpen. Alongside him is the quietly reserved SPECIAL AGENT FRANK LUNDY.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

You've all been doing a great job on this horrific case. And with the help of the best man-hunter in the FBI, we should have answers soon.

Lundy doesn't register the praise.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

But the daily work of the precinct must continue to serve the public. So we'll be dividing our resources. Agent Lundy has requested the following officers for his Joint Task Force...

Lundy hands him a LIST as Matthews puts on his glasses. There's a low MUMBLE of excitement. Everyone wants on this.

Sgt. Doakes doesn't even bother looking up from his work. He knows he won't be called.

Batista shuts his eyes. Visualizing.

Masuka leans over to Dexter.

MASUKA

(sotto)

Lundy made me LFI.

DEXTER

LFI?

MASUKA

Lead Forensics Investigator. Sorry you got boned, but hey, no blood spatter.

DEXTER

Sucks to be me.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Actually, it keeps me off Lundy's radar.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS
(reading off of a list)
Sergeant Lee. Detective Ramos.
Officer Panko. Detective
Batista...

BATISTA
Yesssss! I saw this happening.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS
... And Officer Debra Morgan.

ON DEBRA

-- as she abruptly looks up from her desk. She's stunned.
A couple of jealous cops, SIMMS and his partner, HOAGIE, are
within Debra's earshot as --

SIMMS
(sotto to Hoagie)
Guess Lundy figured he'd have a
suspect, if Morgan starts dating again.

DEBRA
(sotto, leaning over to Simms)
Guess Lundy figured you were a useless
douche bag.

Hoagie laughs, Simms elbows him. Debra smirks, tough, but we
feel the humiliation beneath her bravado.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS
Those called will report to Special
Agent Lundy. But this is on all of
us, folks. Keep your eyes and ears
open. The Ice Truck Killer was an
amateur compared to this guy.

Dexter almost preens. Nice compliment.

The crowd disperses as Matthews hands the list back to Lundy.

LUNDY
(quietly to Matthews)
I'd also appreciate it if your
lieutenant would consult with me
before speaking to the press.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS
I'll rip her a new one. If I can find
her.

As Matthews heads off, several of the Task Force APPOINTEES
approach Lundy, eagerly shaking his hand.

5 CONTINUED: (5)

5

Dexter eyes them on his way to his cubicle.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Prints, fiber, trace evidence... No, they won't find anything. I followed all of Harry's painstaking preventative measures. He knew that nothing stays buried forever. His Code will protect me...

He glances over at Debra hunched at her desk.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Still, I wish my own sister weren't hunting me. Makes for an awkward family dynamic.

6 INT. POLICE STATION - TASK FORCE WAR ROOM - DAY 2

6

A good-sized room with a desk in each corner and a small conference table in the center. White cork and/or dry-erase boards cover every wall; written along the top is "Victim #1..." thru "Victim #18," with a blank column beneath each.

The Joint Task Force is gathered - a dozen people; half FBI, half P.D. Debra hangs in the back, uncomfortable. Batista is next to her. Lundy addresses the group.

LUNDY

(gesturing to the boards)

Our highest priority is to I.D. these victims. Once we know who they are we can start filling in every detail of their lives.

(then)

While Vince Masuka and his team gather DNA, prints, and dental records, the rest of us will cull through cold cases and missing persons files. Also, I want that crowd out there interviewed, though most of them will be a waste of time.

BATISTA

(sotto to Debra)

Negative thinking.

LUNDY

You four --

He points to Debra, Batista and the two cops standing next to them, SERGEANT LEE and DETECTIVE RAMOS.

6 CONTINUED:

6

LUNDY

-- Move 'em out as quickly as you can, but be thorough. If we get even one hit, it'll be worth it. Everyone else work the files. Remember, I.D.'ing those bodies will lead us to a pattern and a pattern will lead us to our man.

7 EXT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY 2

7

ON DEXTER -- who pokes his head inside a mini-van.

DEXTER (V.O.)

When the manhunt is on, the hunted go shopping. Not for a new car...

INCLUDE THE CAR LOT - shiny new domestic cars, trucks and mini-vans line the blacktop. Dexter scans the lot with a predatory eye.

DEXTER (V.O.)

... For my next project. I won't act on it. Yet. I'm still laying low. Harry would insist on that. Just getting the research out of the way...

FLASHBACK TO:

8 INT. ANN COHEN'S HOUSE - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

8

CLOSE ON A FRAMED PHOTO - THE SMILING FACE OF ANN COHEN. (the same photo in the newspaper Dexter was reading in the opening scene). It sits on an end table. Red police lights strobe it from outside.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Someone talked his way into the homes of two women, and didn't leave till they were dead.

FLASHBULB POPS INCLUDE the ransacked house, and the naked, tortured body (we only see a leg) of ANN COHEN, discarded in a corner.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Ann Cohen. And a month before her, Lynn Hall.

Dexter, with his blood spatter kit, examines the scene. TWO DETECTIVES discuss the case nearby.

DEXTER (V.O.)

A certain car dealership ran credit checks on both women.

(MORE)

8 CONTINUED:

8

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Both bought cars elsewhere, so nobody
thought about it twice.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

9 EXT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY 2

9

Dexter circles a mini-van as if inspecting it, but his eyes
are inspecting the SALESPEOPLE on the lot.

DEXTER (V.O.)
But who requested those credit checks?

DEXTER'S POV - ROGER HICKS

-- as he helps a grateful FEMALE BUYER into her new vehicle.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Roger Hicks. Top seller on the lot,
this happy hunting ground, where women
are at a salesman's mercy.

He is gregarious, confident. A charming, aging jock with a
good head of hair. Where the other sales people are pushy and
obvious, Roger is relaxed, a guy's guy, everyone's friend.

DEXTER (V.O.)
A little digging and a lot of instinct
have piqued my interest in Roger.

The Female Buyer drives off with a wave. Roger takes a COMB
from his breast pocket and pulls it through his locks. He
replaces the comb when a CO-WORKER hands him a Styrofoam cup
of coffee.

CLOSE ON ROGER'S LIPS as he sips from his coffee cup.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Now all I need is a cup of coffee and
some DNA proof.

BACK ON DEXTER

He makes sure Roger sees him, then turns his back on Roger
to "look seriously" at the mini-van. After a moment...

ROGER (O.S.)
So how many kids you got?

Dexter looks up as Roger approaches like he's out for a
stroll and just happened upon Dexter.

DEXTER
Enough.

ROGER

I hear you. When my two came along it was bye bye convertible. Killed me. Of course, they're worth it.

Roger pulls out his TREO, shows Dexter a PHOTO of two kids.

DEXTER

Must take after Mom.

ROGER

(laughs good-naturedly)
That they do.

Dexter laughs, too. Just two regular killers talkin' cars and kids.

ROGER

Tell ya, I do miss that convertible. But...
(conspiratorial)
Truth? My mini-van's got a much nicer ride.

DEXTER

So you own one.

ROGER

The very one you're looking at. I know, whipped, right? But the kids love the twin DVD's - crazy about the Spongebob. Know what I mean?

DEXTER

Actually, I do.

ROGER

The wife loves the nav system and the safety features. And when they're happy?

DEXTER

You're happy.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Except the kids don't exist. Neither does the wife. And he owns a Beemer, not a mini-van. Still, he's seamless. Impressive.

-- This as Roger sets his coffee cup down in order to take off his jacket in the heat. Dexter edges toward the cup.

ROGER

Sure, it's not flashy. But what did flash ever get me? Pulled over, that's what.

DEXTER

Definitely not into flash.

ROGER

You gotta sit in that Captain's Chair. Like a seven-forty-seven --
(to someone behind
Dexter)
-- Manuel, hold up --

A JANITOR wheeling a garbage can, pauses as Roger picks up the cup, tosses it in. Dexter watches his DNA sample roll away.

ROGER

(to Manuel)
Thanks, buddy.
(to Dexter)
We should take it out, check out the ride.

DEXTER

I'm just doing research.

ROGER

Not up for a sales pitch. I get it. Lemme at least grab you the specs...

Roger lays his JACKET on the roof of the mini-van, and leans into the cabin, digging through the glove compartment.

ROGER

Truthfully, we have a hard time keeping these on the lot...

-- all the while, Dexter edges next to the jacket, SEES --

THE COMB

-- sticking out of the jacket's breast pocket. Dexter deftly plucks it from the jacket, slips it into his own pocket.

ROGER

... so you might wanna grab a test drive while this one's still here.

Roger emerges from the cabin, hands Dexter the specs.

DEXTER

Thanks, but I have what I need to make a decision.

Roger slides open the side door.

ROGER

Then you've seen the Stow & Go seating system. Tellin' ya, I've hauled everything from a soccer team to a freakin' deer carcass -- accident, of course but, man, was I glad for the ample cargo space.

Dexter stops, can't help but poke his head inside.

DEXTER

That could come in handy.

ROGER

(smiles)

I'll just grab those keys.

10 EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY 2

10

Dexter pulls up in the mini-van and just sits in it. Still a little dazed. LaGuerta climbs out of her car with her take-out lunch. She appears at Dexter's window.

LAGUERTA

New Car?

DEXTER

Yeah.

LAGUERTA

You getting married?

DEXTER

Not that I know of.

LAGUERTA

So what's with the mommy mobile?

DEXTER

I'm... not sure.

11 INT. POLICE STATION - DEXTER'S INNER LAB - DAY 2

11

Dexter pulls Roger's hair from the comb, prepping it for a DNA test. Then looks at it. Looks closer under a microscope.

DEXTER

Synthetic?

Dexter can't help but laugh.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Even Roger's hair is a lie. I could learn a thing or two from this guy.

MASUKA (O.C.)

Who's your daddy?

Dexter turns as Masuka struts in.

DEXTER

Um... Harry Morgan but...

MASUKA

Dude. The Lead Forensics Investigator on the Joint Task Force. That's who.

DEXTER

Oh... kay.

MASUKA

So you want in on this bitch or not?

DEXTER

What bitch?

MASUKA

The only bitch in town, baby. The Bay Harbor Butcher. I got you temporarily assigned.

DEXTER

You didn't have to do that, Vince.

MASUKA

Nothing sexy, of course, just some bone marrow collection for DNA I.D.'s. But it'll get you in the tent. And you gotta see the tent. Amazing. BYO scalpel.

As Masuka struts out, Dexter follows, less than thrilled.

MASUKA

Say it.

DEXTER

You're my daddy?

MASUKA

Sounds weird when you say it.

12 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

12

As Masuka and Dexter pass, we HOLD ON BATISTA. He optimistically interviews a WILD-EYED MAN, 20's.

BATISTA

So you know who took your brother?

MAN

I saw them tie Joey up, saw them drag him away. Saw the salt water ooze from their gills right onto my Grandma's Persian rug --

BATISTA

They had gills?

MAN

How the hell else would they live underwater? Jesus.

Not exactly what Batista was trying to manifest. PAN TO --

DEBRA

She sits across from a GRIEVING WIDOW, 40's. Heartbreak has made its permanent mark on the woman's face, but she looks at Debra with hope.

GRIEVING WIDOW

I haven't been much use since he disappeared. I know I'm supposed to move on, but...

(handing her a PHOTO)

That's a picture of him.

Debra takes the photo from her, not sure how to respond.

DEBRA

He looks... nice.

GRIEVING WIDOW

(smiles sadly)

Not according to my mother. Or the police. A lot of people thought he was no good. But... my heart just raced whenever I saw him.

(digs through her purse)

I -- I brought his toothbrush. They say you can get DNA off it. You can find him with this, right?

She offers Debra the toothbrush, along with her trust, her need. Debra, overwhelmed, SEES Lundy head into the kitchen...

13 INT. POLICE STATION - KITCHEN - SAME (DAY 2)

13

Lundy steeps himself some tea. Debra enters.

DEBRA

Special Agent Lundy?

(as he looks up)

Look, thanks for choosing me for the Task Force and all, but I'd appreciate you finding someone else.

LUNDY

You want off?

DEBRA

As soon as you can replace me, sir.

Lundy leans against the counter, looks at her calmly.

LUNDY

This is a chance to solve a very important case. Most people get into law enforcement for just this kind of opportunity.

DEBRA

I've got cases of my own backing up and the precinct is shorthanded with all this shit. So, if you don't mind...

He wears a pleasant look, but studies her. She can't meet his gaze.

LUNDY

I'll see what I can do. In the meantime, if you could continue the interviews...

DEBRA

Yeah, of course. Thank you.

He nods and exits. Off Debra's mixed emotions...

14 EXT. POLICE STATION/FIELD MORGUE - DAY 2

14

Dexter follows Masuka out of the station, through the parking lot, and around the corner.

MASUKA

Most of them have been under water for years. But some, it's awesome, you can't even tell.

(MORE)

MASUKA (CONT'D)

The temperature on the ocean floor and the airtight bags kept them intact -- I mean, a little gelatinous residue, sure...

DEXTER (V.O.)

(ew)

I'd rather remember my old playmates as they were. Neat, clean little packages.

DEXTER

You know, Vince, I appreciate you doing me this favor but --

MASUKA

Truth? You're doing me the favor. I need your help, buddy. The pressure's fucking ridonkulous.

DEXTER

(crap)

Glad to be of service.

Dexter and Masuka reach the Morgue (an N.D. building). Adjacent to it is a HUGE WHITE TENT. Dexter notes the security lights, cameras, the hefty portable generator and refrigeration unit.

MASUKA

Field morgue. For the overflow. But it's state of the art.

(grinning)

Fucking FBI, eh?

Masuka, importantly, strides past the GUARD posted out front. Dexter shows his I.D., then hesitates at the door...

15 INT. FIELD MORGUE - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

15

Dexter enters the refrigerated tent to find himself in an anti-chamber with desks and shelves of supplies. But he stops as he faces a wall of CLEAR PLEXIGLAS, behind which he SEES, for the first time, his body of work:

Three rows of six metal tables are spread out in the white glow of the tent. Atop several tables are, what appear to be, FULL BODIES, pieced together under opaque plastic sheets, condensation clinging to the inside.

Several other tables have swollen HEFTY BAGS on them. Masked TECHS in blue surgical aprons, booties and bonnets, pry them open, carefully removing slimy body parts. The remaining tables hold white, gleaming bones, laid out like jigsaw pieces.

Techs examine them, playing mix and match: HEAR "Got a female foot over here," and "Might belong to my torso on table eight," etc.

Masuka hands Dexter a mask and a surgical apron as he dons one of his own. Dexter, reeling, doesn't move, only half listens.

MASUKA

A good percentage are just bones.
Musta fed the fish when the bags
tore. Humpty fucking dumpty, right?

Masuka enters the Plexiglas door, leaving Dexter behind as --

DEXTER (V.O.)

Exactly. They weren't meant to be put together. They were meant to remain in the silent shadows. Keeping their secrets. Now they're exposed to the glare, reflecting my darkness like some grotesque carnival mirror.

(steps closer to the glass)

Harry was right. Nothing stays buried. Perhaps not even me.

For the first time, he's nervous.

16 EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT 2

16

Dexter starts his mini-van.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Laying low isn't just wise. It's imperative. This... mess, it's too big, too ugly.

He pulls out of his spot, heads out --

DEXTER'S POV - DOAKES

-- looking around the parking lot.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Looking for the Camry, Sergeant?

Dexter drives his mini-van right past Doakes.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Keep looking. You don't need to know where I'm going tonight.

17 INT. CHURCH ANNEX - NIGHT 2

17

Dexter sneaks into the tail-end of an N.A. meeting and takes a chair in the back row. About half of the attendees are repeats from the first meeting, including the LEADER, and --

LILA. She turns as Dexter sits, catching his eye. She, again, raises an eyebrow at him. He looks away.

An African American addict, GORDON, 30, looks like forty years of hard road, shares from the podium. People chuckle at his story. They've all been there.

GORDON

... and genius me, not only do I leave my works in my girlfriend's car, but also all the dead fish from the fishing trip, right? Then I collapse in her parents' house, scare her kids, and destroy my professional reputation, 'cause, guess what, we work together. Yeah. So now... well, I'm twenty days sober. Again. Hoping to make it to twenty-one.

Everyone applauds as he takes his seat. The Leader, carrying a wooden box, replaces Gordon at the podium.

LEADER

Thanks, Gordon. We're gonna finish with the serenity prayer. But first, this meeting recognizes lengths of sobriety with chips. So if there's anyone who'd like a newcomer's chip...

Dexter quickly raises his hand. The Leader holds up a chip for Dexter, who rises and comes to the podium to claim it. Everyone applauds. Dexter starts back to his chair but --

LEADER

You have three minutes to share if you want it.

DEXTER

Oh. Really?

GORDON

Go ahead, man. You're among friends.

The Leader pats his back encouragingly. Everyone looks at him expectantly.

DEXTER

Well, I...

LILA

What's your name?

Is she encouraging him or teasing him? Hard to say.

DEXTER

Bob.

GROUP

Hi, Bob.

DEXTER

And... I'm an addict?

They all nod. So far so good.

DEXTER

I... use heroin. Shoot it. About three... four times a week. It's affecting my job -- I'm a, was an accountant.

He sees their earnest faces, trying to believe him. He inserts a more hard-knocks, realistic tone.

DEXTER

My boss found my works. Fired my ass. But I showed him; spent every penny of my final paycheck on junk.

Everyone chuckles. Been there. He relaxes into his story.

DEXTER

Managed to shoot the whole wad in a three day binge. Next thing I know, I'm waking up in a hospital. Hooked up to tubes and a respirator. Doctor said...

But he falters when he sees --

DEXTER'S POV - LILA

-- the look on her face... clearly, she's not buying it.

DEXTER

... I, um, almost died...

18 INT. CHURCH ANNEX - NIGHT 2 (LATER)

18

The meeting is over. Everyone mills about, talking and hugging, lots of hugging. Dexter reaches for the coffee.

LILA

Coffee sucks as bad as the donuts.

Dexter turns to find Lila next to him.

LILA

It's better next door. Let's go.

DEXTER

That's okay --

LILA

Don't be shy. I'm Lila.

She grabs his arm, giving him little choice.

19 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT 2

19

Lila and Dexter sit in a booth across from one another. She looks at him, innately, effortlessly seductive. He smiles pleasantly.

DEXTER

It is good coffee. Thanks.

LILA

You've been lying a long time, haven't you?

DEXTER

(taken aback)

I have no reason to lie.

LILA

Sure you do. We all do.

DEXTER

I wasn't lying.

LILA

Okay, "Bob."

DEXTER

(smiles, admitting)

It is anonymous.

She smiles back. But her gaze is unwavering. Penetrating.

LILA

Everyone in that room has either heard or lived worse than anything you've done.

DEXTER

I doubt it.

LILA

Ooh. So you're Super Junkie.

DEXTER

I didn't mean to imply that what you've gone through hasn't been difficult.

LILA

But there's no way I could know what you experience, right?

He shrugs. No, she couldn't. She leans forward, closer to him, her voice intimate, entrancing...

LILA

I can't possibly feel that Need. Like a thousand hiding voices. Whispering. "This is who you are." The me that's not-me, the thing that mocks and laughs and calls with its hunger.

He half-smiles at her strange poetry, not realizing he's been drawn in. We begin to PUSH IN ON THEIR FACES. Getting closer and closer, until we're so tight we see their pores, their sweat, their truth --

LILA

It whispers, "Now," and I fight the pressure, the growing Need, rising like a wave. Prickling and teasing and prodding to be fed. But the whispering gets louder, until it's screaming "Now," and it's the only voice I hear or want to hear -- and I belong to it, to this shadow me, to this --

DEXTER

-- Dark Passenger.

The connection between them is electric. She nods, he's given word to her thoughts.

LILA

Yes. The Dark Passenger.

Their eyes are locked...

A WAITRESS breaks the spell as she refills their coffees, and with her, the implications of this conversation hit Dexter. He abruptly rises.

DEXTER

I -- I'm sorry. I need to go.

He puts a five on the table. She just leans back, looks at him.

DEXTER
Thanks for the coffee.

And he walks out.

20 INT. DEXTER'S PARKED MINI-VAN - NIGHT 2 20

Dexter sits behind the wheel.

DEXTER (V.O.)
She knows. She recognizes demons.
Dark Passengers.

He shakes it off. Starts the mini-van...

DEXTER (V.O.)
If she can, maybe others like her can.
My demons need to be invisible. Now
more than ever.
(puts the mini-van in
drive)
Rita will have to understand.

21 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 21

Dexter enters as Rita quietly exits the kids' room.

RITA
You just missed story time.

He holds up his newcomers chip.

DEXTER
I was at a meeting.

Rita smiles, goes to him. Hugs him.

RITA
Thank you.

DEXTER
It made me realize something important.

RITA
What's that?

DEXTER
Those meetings, they're not a good
place for me.

She pulls away. He stops her, hands on her shoulders. He projects confidence, strength.

DEXTER

I know how this sounds but, Rita, I promise, the drugs are over. Done. I can do this on my own.

RITA

Dexter, you need a program.

DEXTER

I've read studies. People are ten times as likely to change on their own as with the help of doctors or programs.

RITA

You're quoting studies? I've lived this. I've seen Paul try and fail with white-knuckle sobriety.

DEXTER

I'm not like Paul. Or any of those people. Going to those meetings will do more harm than good. I swear to you, I'm better off alone.

A beat as her eyes well. She gives him a bittersweet kiss. But her voice is resolute.

RITA

I pray you'll change your mind.

22 EXT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

22

Dexter stands on the porch as Rita shuts the door behind him. Off his very confused face...

DEXTER

(to himself)
What just happened?

23 INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

23

Debra lies on the couch, staring blankly at the ceiling. THE T.V. plays a 70's action flick with the sound off. She eats cheese doodles by rote, her grueling day weighing on her.

She HEARS a key in the door and rises, sluggishly. She heads for the door, still eating the doodles. The chain stretches before she can reach it.

DEXTER (O.C.)

... Deb.

Debra unchains the door, returns to the couch as Dexter enters.

DEBRA

Thought you were staying at Rita's.

DEXTER

We're... taking the night off.

He joins her on the couch. Stares at the soundless action flick.

DEXTER

Thought you'd be on the treadmill.

DEBRA

Taking the night off.

He nods. She glances at him. Senses he's troubled. Knows exactly what he needs. Offers him the bag of cheese doodles.

He takes the doodles. Pops a few. They pass the bag back and forth. Staring at the action flick without watching it. Side by side.

ON THE T.V.

A local commercial comes on, advertising some N.D. car dealership (not Gulf Shore Motors). Dexter watches it, reminded of a certain car salesman...

DEXTER

(almost to himself)

A night off is good. To remember what's important...

PUSH IN ON DEXTER, lizard eyes shining.

24 EXT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY 3

24

Dexter makes his way onto the lot. There's a hint of determination in his step.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Two women are dead. The killer is selling minivans. And I have an opportunity to prove it. Even if I am laying low.

Dexter SEES Roger, working on a MALE CUSTOMER who's considering a sports car. He heads in Roger's direction.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Having a victim prepped and ready will take the edge off the wait. I hope.

ROGER

(to Male Customer)

Bought this baby soon as the ink was dry on the divorce papers. And what they say about cars like this attracting women? So true...

Roger sees Dexter approaching. An unsatisfied customer? Roger excuses himself and intercepts Dexter, walking him away --

ROGER

How's it goin', Dex? Whatever the problem is, the Service Center can handle it. But they're around the corner so --

DEXTER

The mini-van's fine.

ROGER

'Course it is. Never sold a lemon in my life.

Yeah. Right.

DEXTER

I'm just re-thinking that extended warranty.

ROGER

Great. I'll set you up with our warranty writer --

DEXTER

Thinking roof rack and premium sound system, too.

ROGER

Goin' all out. But I'm with a customer, so one of my associates --

DEXTER

I'd rather deal with you. I'll just wait in your office.

Dexter doesn't give him a chance to disagree, heads inside.

25 INT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - ROGER'S CUBICLE - DAY 3 25

Dexter finds the cubicle with Roger Hicks' name on the DESK PLATE.

DEXTER (V.O.)

DNA, DNA, come out and play...

Dexter looks around -- covertly digs through the trash, finds a used KLEENEX. A CIGARETTE in the ashtray. A coffee CUP. Dexter discreetly bags and pockets them all. Is about to leave when --

ALLISON (O.C.)

Uh-oh.

He looks up to find an attractive brunette, ALLISON, 30, standing in the entrance way. Did she see what he was doing?

ALLISON

(re: the cubicle)

Roger's got you in "The Box." Once you're in "The Box", you don't leave without a deal.

DEXTER

Yeah. Uh-oh.

ALLISON

Don't worry. You're safe with Roger. He's the best. I'm just dropping off this Thank You note.

DEXTER

I was just leaving.

ALLISON

(conspiratorial smile)

He sent you across the street, didn't he?

DEXTER

Across the street?

ALLISON

It's okay. He told me not to tell anyone either. I don't know how he makes a living, sending his commissions to other dealers.

Dexter stops. Something clicking.

DEXTER

Maybe he has ulterior motives.

ALLISON

Or he knew I couldn't afford his price.

DEXTER

After he... ran a credit check?

ALLISON
TRW doesn't lie.

DEXTER
So you're single.

She's taken aback by his abruptness, but smiles, intrigued.

ALLISON
... yeah...

DEXTER
Makes it tougher to buy those big
ticket items. Like cars... and
houses. You rent an apartment?

ALLISON
A house. I hate sharing walls. You
can hear everything.

DEXTER
That you can. No pets though,
right?

ALLISON
(playful)
Is this a come-on, 'cause it's a
little weird.

DEXTER
Guess that's why I'm still single.

Dexter hurries out, leaving Allison befuddled.

26 EXT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY 3

26

Dexter heads to his car, focused, the Dark Passenger in his
eyes.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Another brunette. Single.
Neighbors at a distance. The
credit check gives Roger all the
details he needs. She's next.

27 INT. DEXTER'S MINI-VAN - SECONDS LATER

27

-- He shuts the door. And the hard realization hits him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
... and I can't do anything about it.
Not until this manhunt ends. Harry
would insist on it.

27 CONTINUED:

27

His urges wrestle with his prudence. Finally, he takes a breath, turns the key in the ignition, shifts into drive.

DEXTER

(aloud, reminding himself)

He's just a research project.

28 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY 3

28

CLOSE ON THE CASE BOARD (it hangs on the wall outside the kitchen). A graph of columns: Victim's name, suspects' names, location of crime, detective assigned, etc. LaGuerta adds a twelfth name under "victim".

[Note: In the b.g., the outer corridor is less crowded, but many of the same people are still waiting to be processed.]

INCLUDE Sgt. Doakes who watches LaGuerta fill in the board.

SGT. DOAKES

Homicides are backing up. Got cases not even assigned yet. And Pascal's bottle-necking warrants...

LAGUERTA

She'll get to it.

SGT. DOAKES

She's sitting in there doing fuck-all.
(then)
This should be your house, Maria.

He walks away. Off LaGuerta --

29 INT. POLICE STATION - PASCAL'S OFFICE - DAY 3

29

LaGuerta knocks as she enters, finding Pascal on the phone --

PASCAL

I know the card's in his name, but I want to check the charges -- I'll hold.

(to LaGuerta)

Yes?

LAGUERTA

Just reminding you that the Biscayne drive-by warrant needs your approval.

PASCAL

I'll take a look.

LAGUERTA

And the homicide that came in last night still needs to be assigned.

PASCAL

Right. Thanks.

LaGuerta starts out, but stops. Turns and faces Pascal.

LAGUERTA

Look, Esmee. I know things with your fiancé are rough right now. And I'm sorry for that. Really. But... we gotta keep clearing that case board out there.

Pascal stops. Looks at LaGuerta, then at the phone in her hand. She shakes her head and hangs up.

PASCAL

You're right. Jesus. I've had my head up my ass lately.

LAGUERTA

It's called being human.

Pascal appreciates this. Takes a deep breath, ready to work.

PASCAL

All right. Who's up?

LAGUERTA

Samuels and Kent are up.

PASCAL

Put them on the liquor store shooting.

(searching her desk)

Where's that Biscayne search warrant?

LaGuerta finds it easily, hands it to her as --

LAGUERTA

Simms and Hoagie want to use SWAT for the entry. I think it's a good cautionary measure, given the weapons charge --

-- this as Pascal looks up and SEES --

PASCAL'S POV - THE BULLPEN

Her fiance, BERTRAND, strides off the elevator and toward her office. He doesn't look happy.

BACK ON PASCAL - abruptly hurrying to the blinds to lower them, anticipating the need for privacy.

PASCAL

Yeah, that's -- I'm going to need -- I need a minute --

LAGUERTA

Esmee...

Pascal ushers LaGuerta to the door, opening it for her, then returning to the blinds as --

PASCAL

Please, Maria, can you just -- handle it?

Perturbed, LaGuerta exits into --

THE BULLPEN. She moves away from the door slightly, her back to Bertrand as he storms into Pascal's office. As the door shuts behind him, she hears --

BERTRAND

You're having me followed now? Jesus Christ, Esmee, what the hell is wrong with you?!

And the door shuts. Off LaGuerta --

30 INT. POLICE STATION - DEXTER'S INNER LAB - DAY 3

30

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - Roger Hicks' driver's license photo is up. Below it, TWO GRAPHS: DNA patterns. The two graphs ~~slide together~~, overlaying. --An exact match.

INCLUDE DEXTER studying it.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Roger's DNA matches the semen found at both crime scenes. Irrefutable.

He looks down at his desk to the NEWSPAPER PHOTO of Ann Cohen.

DEXTER (V.O.)

If I do nothing, another woman dies.

(then)

Is that my long dormant conscience talking?

(MORE)

30 CONTINUED:

30

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or the Dark Passenger, whispering
rationales, wanting what he always
wants...

Dexter rises, looks out at the bullpen, searching for
answers, clarity.

Then, almost unconsciously, he picks up the phone and dials.
As it RINGS, he reconsiders, might hang up but --

RITA (O.C.)

Hello?

DEXTER

Hi. It's me.
(then)
Dexter.

INTERCUT WITH -

31 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - SAME

31

Rita is on the phone.

RITA

Hi, Dexter.

DEXTER

Kids home from school yet?

RITA

Colleen's bringing them home now.

DEXTER

Just in time for Dr. Phil.

Rita smiles, but doesn't laugh. She pulls a cigarette from
her bag, holds it, unlit.

DEXTER

I'm... a little confused.

RITA

I'm sorry you're confused.

DEXTER

I mean, it's pizza night. Should I
pick up the usual?

RITA

Have you gone back?

DEXTER

Back...

(realizes)

... To a meeting. Thinking about it.

Rita, torn, lights the cigarette, goes to the open back door to exhale the smoke. Then --

RITA

The kids and I will just order in tonight.

DEXTER

Oh. Okay.

(then)

So... is this it?

RITA

(quietly)

That's up to you, Dexter.

Pained, she gently hangs the phone up.

STAY ON DEXTER

Looking at the receiver in his hand. Befuddled, and strangely... upset. Which confuses him further.

32 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY 3

32

Debra sits opposite a care-worn LATINA MOTHER, 30's. Debra looks like a caged animal.

MOTHER

(halting English)

I want to know where is she. She was so young, mi Teresita, just seven year old. You help me, I know you find her. Por favor --

DEBRA

We'll do what we -- no, no, don't cry...

Too late. The Mother is crying.

MOTHER

Me la robaron. Me la quitaron de mi vida, pero reze, y dios me mando a ti. Tu la encontraras.

DEBRA

No, no Spanish, no habla, only English --
(calls to Batista)
Angel!

Batista comes over.

MOTHER
(to Batista)
Esta senora encontrara a mi
Teresa, verdad? Necesito
saber que le ha pasado.
Dios me mando aqui para
saber acerca de ella.

DEBRA
Just -- tell her we'll call
her.

BATISTA
She thinks you can find her
daughter.

DEBRA
Tell her there's no kids down there.
Tell her I can't help her --

The Mother takes Debra's HAND. Debra recoils as if stung.
Then, abruptly, she walks off --

BATISTA
Morgan...

33 INT. POLICE STATION - TASK FORCE WAR ROOM - SAME (DAY 3)

33

Debra bursts in to find Lundy alone in the room.

DEBRA
It's been twenty-four hours since I
asked to be replaced.

LUNDY
Has it?

DEBRA
What's taking so long? Every cop
on the damn force wants in on this
case. Just take your pick.

He nods, calmly sipping his tea.

LUNDY
I've been wondering about that,
actually. Everyone wants on, but you
want off.

DEBRA
I told you. I have cases.

LUNDY
I don't think so.

DEBRA

You don't think so? Jesus! I just don't want to be on your Task Force, alright?

LUNDY

Why?

DEBRA

(blurting out)

Because I'm the last person in the world who should be on it!

And here, finally, everything she's been pushing down since the day Brian abducted her, spills out --

DEBRA

You want me to find a serial killer? I was engaged to one, for Chrissake! What kind of cop, what kind of moron couldn't see who he was? That's why he chose me. Because I was an idiot, a desperate, clueless idiot. And he knew it. The whole fucking world knows it. Hell, I've turned down three offers for my pathetic life story - "Confessions Of A Fucking Moron." So I can't help you, Lundy, I...

(running out of steam)

... can't help anyone. And if you can't see that...

She feels bare. Raw. Fights the tears. Lundy doesn't offer a shoulder. Knows she doesn't want one. He just waits. Beat. She turns to go...

LUNDY

It's why I chose you, you know.

She stops, looks at him.

LUNDY

Because of what you went through.

She doesn't understand. He faces her, kind, but unequivocal.

LUNDY

You survived. I don't know how. I can't even begin to fathom the strength it took - continues to take. More than that, you were afforded invaluable insight into the mind and heart of a killer.

(MORE)

LUNDY (CONT'D)

And you lived to tell about it.

(beat)

If you can accept that, embrace it,
tap into that strength to use it, you
could help catch an even bigger killer
than Brian Moser. But you'd have to
stop running.

Debra is completely thrown. Lundy returns to his tea.

LUNDY

Finish today's interviews. Then,
if you still want out, you got it.

34 INT. POLICE STATION - DEXTER'S LAB - NIGHT 3 34

Dexter shoulders his bag for the night, still wrestling with
his own thoughts. Masuka races up, juggling a pile of files.

MASUKA

Lead Fucking Investigator...
translation: Everyone's bitch. I do
have a life, you know.

DEXTER

You do?

MASUKA

Just give me your bone marrow DNA
results.

Dexter grabs a file from his desk, lays it on Masuka's pile.

DEXTER

No matches.

MASUKA

Big surprise. Do me a favor on your
way out, will ya?

He pulls out a wide file, shoves it in Dexter's hands.

MASUKA

Drop these dental x-rays at the field
morgue for me. The tech should still
be there...

(hurrying out, muttering)

Fucking Bay Harbor Butcher is
butchering my on-line social life.

As Masuka leaves...

DEXTER

(to himself)

Sorry.

35 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 3

35

Dexter exits, starts toward the Field Morgue.

SGT. DOAKES (O.C.)
Mini-van's that way.

He turns to find Sgt. Doakes leaning by the door, waiting.

DEXTER
Field Morgue's this way.

SGT. DOAKES
I'll wait.

DEXTER
Take the night off, Sergeant.

SGT. DOAKES
On pizza night? No way.

Dexter just smiles tightly. Starts off again.

SGT. DOAKES
What does that girlfriend of yours see
in a freak show like you anyway?

DEXTER
You'd have to ask her.

SGT. DOAKES
Maybe I will.

DEXTER
(spinning on him)
What exactly is it you think I've done?

SGT. DOAKES
I know you were connected to the
Ice-Truck Killer.

DEXTER
Could you be more vague?

SGT. DOAKES
I know you're too careful. You
keep your assets in cash. You
don't belong to any organizations
or alumni groups. I know you were
top of your class in med school,
but traded it for fucking blood
spatter. I know you studied
martial arts in college.

(MORE)

35 CONTINUED:

35

SGT. DOAKES (CONT'D)

But I don't know what a lab geek
needs with advanced jiu jitsu.

DEXTER

Do you know what an easy credit is?

Sgt. Doakes grins, settles back into the doorway.

SGT. DOAKES

I know you're a good liar, too.

Dexter turns, tamping down fury, heads off to the Field Morgue.

DEXTER

(to himself)

Not good enough.

36 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT 3

36

The place is half-empty now. The night shift is on. Debra goes to the corridor. There are half a dozen family members left to interview. She looks at them, their hopeful, desperate eyes. She takes a breath.

DEBRA

Next.

A WOMAN follows Debra to her desk. As they pass --

LAGUERTA -- we STAY ON HER, as she hunts & pecks on a computer keyboard.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS (O.C.)

Figured you'd still be here.

She looks up as Captain Matthews approaches her. He keeps his voice low, this is a private conversation.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

You were a pain in the ass, but
always a damn hard worker. And, of
course, you knew how to handle the
press.

She leans back. What's this about? He sits on her desk.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

The public has to believe we can
protect them or all hell breaks loose.
So I need all my people operating at
their highest levels.

LAGUERTA

I agree.

He leans in closer, quieter.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

Should I be worried about Pascal?

LAGUERTA

Pascal? Why?

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

Cut the crap, Maria. She's been AWOL on personal matters, the press fuck-up was huge and now I'm hearing rumors of erratic behavior.

LAGUERTA

And you're asking me because...?

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

You've done the job. If she's out, you're back in. That makes you her harshest critic, and I want it straight. Take your shot, Maria.

LaGuerta weighs this. He waits. Finally...

LAGUERTA

You know what erratic means? It's code for "non-male" and it's the same bullshit sexism I put up with when I was L.T. I won't dignify rumors, Captain. Pascal's fine.

She returns to typing her reports. Off Matthews, he wasn't expecting that.

37 INT. FIELD MORGUE - NIGHT 3

37

Dexter enters the seemingly empty tent. Standing in the anti-chamber, he looks through the plexiglas and reels anew at the sight of these eighteen tables, with the body parts and Hefty bags they hold. They're draped with plastic and shadows.

He moves closer to the plexiglas, repulsed but drawn in...

LUNDY

Need a mask?

He looks around a cabinet to FIND --

AGENT LUNDY

He sits on the ground, leaning against a desk, facing the bodies. He sips tea from his thermos as he points to a shelf of protective gear.

DEXTER

Oh. No thanks.

Lundy simply returns to looking at the bodies.

DEXTER

I'm Dexter Morgan.

LUNDY

I know who you are.

Dexter hopes not.

DEXTER

Masuka asked me to drop off these x-rays for the tech.

Lundy nods. Dexter looks around. No one else there.

DEXTER

So I'll just...

He sets them on a desk. An awkward beat. Dexter tries a little levity.

DEXTER

(re: bodies)

Hoping they'll talk to you?

LUNDY

The ones with heads, anyway.

(then, quieter)

They always speak, eventually.

DEXTER

I was... being facetious.

LUNDY

(dry)

Really?

Dexter's not quite sure how to read this guy.

LUNDY

I just have to ask the right question.

DEXTER

Which is...?

LUNDY

Why were they chosen.

DEXTER

You're looking for a pattern.

LUNDY

One doesn't kill this many people, in this careful, methodical way without a reason. Some twisted set of principals.

DEXTER

They would have to be twisted, wouldn't they.

LUNDY

The worst killers in history are often the ones that think their murders are somehow just. Even deserved. Leaders have slaughtered whole populations for the same perverse reasons.

DEXTER

But there's never a justification for killing.

LUNDY

No.

(then)

Well, one, of course.

(off Dexter's look)

To save an innocent life.

Dexter looks at him, nods in agreement.

DEXTER

To save an innocent life.

Lundy goes back to "listening" to his bodies. Off Dexter, a quiet calm coming over him --

38 EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 3

38

Dexter heads for his mini-van.

DEXTER (V.O.)

How many more bodies would there be had I not stopped those killers?

He looks toward the station entryway, SEES --

-- Sgt. Doakes still waiting. Doakes sees Dexter, starts to follow.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I didn't do it to save lives. But save lives I did.

-- Dexter pulls a switch blade from his pocket. SNICKS it open. A nasty looking knife.

-- Doakes stops to talk with a fellow cop.

-- Dexter stealthily drops down next to Doakes' car, STABS the tires, neat and clean. Rises. Calmly heads to his mini-van.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Motivation aside, I think Harry and Lundy would agree on this one.

39 EXT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT 3

39

Roger exits for the night. Heads to a poorly lit rear parking lot. As he reaches his BMW, he pulls out his keys.

DEXTER

Roger the artful dodger.

Roger spins to find Dexter leaning against his mini-van.

ROGER

Jesus! You scared me, bro.

DEXTER

We have some unfinished business.

ROGER

Right. That warranty and stuff. But I can't write you up now. Got the wife waiting for me.

DEXTER

You're not married.

ROGER

Ex-wife. I'm taking the kids.

DEXTER

You don't have kids.

ROGER

Step-kids. They're hers.

DEXTER

Nope.

ROGER

How 'bout this? I don't give a shit.

He turns back to his Beemer.

DEXTER

Me, neither.

-- as Dexter sweeps in and WRAPS A GARROTE around Roger's neck. Drags him down to the ground, choking him out. As he begins to lose consciousness --

TIME CUT TO:

40 INT. DEXTER'S PARKED MINI-VAN - MINUTES LATER

40

Dexter, having re-configured the seats, easily folds Roger into the back of the mini-van. Pulls the cargo security cover over him. Dexter looks pleased.

DEXTER

You weren't lying about that ample cargo space.

Off the SLAM of the rear door shutting --

41 INT. ANN COHEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

41

ON ROGER as he slowly wakes up, strapped to a makeshift table with saran wrap. Naked. There's a thin SLICE on his cheek from which Dexter extracted his drop of blood. Roger's thinning hair is now exposed. His hair piece rests nearby, in its own place of honor.

As Dexter methodically lays out his tools, Roger looks around. The place is empty, vacant.

ROGER

Wh... what -- where am I?

DEXTER

Looks different without the furniture. But you spent the evening here with Ann Cohen. Took her last breath from her, right over there. Remember?

ROGER

No. You're wrong. I wouldn't.

DEXTER

You would and you did, and you were about to do it again. That's why we're here.

ROGER

This is crazy, you have the wrong guy! I sell cars, for chrissake.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

I've never hurt anyone in my entire life. Definitely not a woman.

Dexter studies him. Then pulls a stool up next to his head.

DEXTER

Why can't I do that?

ROGER

I -- do what?

DEXTER

Lie like that. I thought I was good, but you...

ROGER

I don't lie.

DEXTER

Okay, that one was weak.

Dexter rises to return to his knives.

ROGER

Look, any car on the lot. It's yours. Viper, Caddy, just name it. Yours. Free. I'll call it in now.

DEXTER

The lot's closed.

ROGER

I'll have them open it. I'm the manager. They do what I say.

DEXTER

The manager's name is Rick Buxton.

ROGER

But I've been there longer so -

DEXTER

You've been there three months.

ROGER

At our other lot --

Dexter bursts out laughing with amazement.

DEXTER

Wow! It's like watching someone ski moguls. You just pop from one lie to the next. No shame. No embarrassment.

(MORE)

DEXTER (CONT'D)

You really just don't give a shit!
That's the trick, right? Not to care
about anyone or --

ROGER

I care! I care a lot.

DEXTER

It's a compliment. I don't care
either.

ROGER

Yes, you do. I've seen it. You
care -- like about your wife.

DEXTER

Not married.

ROGER

Girlfriend, then. I saw it the minute
you walked on the lot.

Dexter looks at him. Is he lying again?

DEXTER

What did you see? Tell me.

ROGER

Yeah, okay, well, most guys your age
beeline for the horsepower, something
flashy, fast, sexy. But you, you're
alone, no one there to nag you. And
you don't even glance at the coupes.
Only thing you look at is that mini-
van, like you can picture her in the
passenger seat with the kids in the
back --

DEXTER

(warning)

~~Leave the kids out.~~

ROGER

See? You're lying to yourself if you
say you don't care.

Dexter weighs this revelation. Is it possible?

DEXTER

(half to himself)

She's just a companion, really -- or
started out that way. Someone who
looked good, normal...

ROGER

They worm their way in there.

DEXTER

Yeah, they do. Then they shut you out.

ROGER

Is that -- That's what this is about?
She shut you out?

(relieved)

Man, I get it. I've been there.
But you can't let her get to you
like this. They're all like that.
Fucking bitches, you do everything
they want, then they fuck you.
She's not worth it. You're better
off without the cunt --

DEXTER

DON'T --

-- Dexter abruptly STABS Roger in the heart.

DEXTER

-- talk about my girlfriend that way.

As Roger bleeds out, Dexter steps back. We slowly PUSH IN
ON HIS FACE as a realization sweeps over him... then...

DEXTER (O.C.)

I'm Dexter and I'm... not sure what I
am.

GROUP (O.C.)

Hi, Dexter.

42 INT. CHURCH ANNEX - NIGHT 3

42

ON DEXTER, speaking.

DEXTER

I just know there's something dark in
me. I hide it - I certainly don't
talk about it - but it's there.
Always. This Dark Passenger...

ANGLE ON LILA

She watches him. Leaning forward. Pulled to him.

DEXTER

When he's driving, I feel... alive,
half sick with the thrill, the
complete wrongness. I don't fight
him. I don't want to. He's all I've
got. Nothing else could love me.
Not even - especially - not me...

(then)

... Or is that a lie the Dark
Passenger tells me? Because lately,
there are these moments, when I feel
connected to something else... to
someone. Like the mask is...
slipping. And things, people, that
never mattered before -- they're
beginning to matter. And it scares
the hell out of me...

He stops. Realizing he's revealed... SO much. The mask is
down. Completely down.

A long beat... then people start CLAPPING. Dexter's not
sure what to do. Not used to this. To being seen.
Accepted.

Dexter moves back to his chair, surprised to have people pat
him on the back. Shake his hand. A man wipes a tear.

Then Lila stops him, looks him in the eye, recognizing,
finally, a kindred spirit --

LILA

Hi... Dexter.

They share a look. A connection. Dexter pulls himself away,
takes his seat in the back row. A lightness spreads on his face.
He feels oddly unburdened. Reels with the freedom of it.

LEADER

That's all the time we have for
sharing. After a moment of silent
meditation for the addict who still
suffers, will someone lead us in the
serenity prayer?

Lila's hand raises. As the silence begins, Dexter looks up -
- and his heart stops when he SEES --

IN THE DOORWAY - SGT. DOAKES

Standing there, having heard the entire thing!

Dexter freezes as Doakes slowly, purposefully, makes his way
to Dexter, smug, satisfied. He's finally bagged his prey.

There's a KNOCK signalling the end the meditation and Lila starts the prayer --

LILA (O.C.)

God...

GROUP (O.C.)

... grant me serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.

-- this, as Dexter remains stock still, eyes forward. Doakes kneels behind him, his lips close to Dexter's ear.

SGT. DOAKES

I knew there was something wrong with you. The secrets. The sneaking around. Now it all makes sense.

(beat)

Pulled that shit myself - with booze. Junk might be harder to beat, but it's the same battle.

Dexter, utterly stunned, turns to look at him and sees -- wait, is that... empathy in his eyes!?

SGT. DOAKES

Stay clean. Stay out of my way. We won't have a problem.

(starts off)

And you owe me two new Michelins.

Doakes leaves. Off Dexter. Flabbergasted.

GROUP (O.C.)

Keep coming back. It works if you work it!

43 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - LATE NIGHT 3 43

Debra concludes her interview with the last family member in line, an ANXIOUS MAN, 30's.

DEBRA

I have all your forms. So we'll do what we can to bring your dad home --

ANXIOUS MAN

I'm sorry, you don't understand. I don't want him home. Just tell me he's dead. We need to know he's gone.

DEBRA

Right, you want closure.

ANXIOUS MAN

I want peace. He made our lives a living hell.

(then)

When he'd go to prison it was a blessing, but you kept letting him out -- I need to tell my mother, my sister, that they're safe, that he's rotting in hell. Call me when you can tell me that.

And he leaves. Debra tries to absorb this... then suddenly dives for her notes, digs through a file unearthing that PHOTO that the Grieving Widow gave her earlier.

She then SEES Lundy, heading to the elevator. She jumps up --

DEBRA

Lundy! Wait --

She runs to him, still processing her thoughts --

DEBRA

I think -- I mean, it could be a coincidence - but there are two of them.

LUNDY

Two...?

DEBRA

Missing people. With records. Prison records.

LUNDY

Interesting. And who, typically, has a prison record.

DEBRA

I don't know... bad guys?

LUNDY

(slow smile)

Bad guys.

DEBRA

You think it could be --

LUNDY

-- a pattern? Maybe.

(whips out cell phone, dials)
We'll run all the victims' DNA
against the criminal database. The
D.C. lab is still open.

(heads for the War Room)

Come on, let's get to work.

She grins -- yeah, she's on the team -- and follows him off.

44 EXT. RITA'S HOUSE - LATE - NIGHT 3

44

Dexter knocks. Then again. The door finally opens. Rita appears in her robe, bed-tousled.

RITA

Dexter, what -- ?

DEXTER

You were right. I'm sorry to wake you. But I wanted you to know. You were right.

RITA

About what, Dexter?

DEXTER

The program. It's good for me. Really good. I'm always so inside my own head. But this... it was. Good. In fact, I think it may have saved my life.

She looks at him. Sees he's being utterly sincere. He hugs her.

DEXTER

Thank you.

She hugs him back. --Off the two of them...

DISSOLVE TO:

45 EXT. CHURCH - EVENING (DAY 4)

45

Addicts mill about, making their way into the N.A. meeting. Dexter's mini-van pulls up. Dexter driving, Rita in the passenger seat. Dexter gets out, and Rita happily climbs into the captain's chair. Dexter leans back in the window.

RITA

I do love this car.

DEXTER

I thought you might.

RITA

Pick you up in an hour?

DEXTER

We'll go somewhere nice for dinner.

(sees someone)

Oh, there's my new sponsor.

He waves to someone. Rita excitedly searches the crowd --

RITA

Really? Where?

Dexter points --

RITA'S POV - AN OVERWEIGHT, ELDERLY MAN IN A BLUE SHIRT.

RITA

Him? In the blue shirt?

DEXTER

No, next to him.

The Overweight Man steps aside to reveal --

LILA -- wearing the shortest possible skirt, which rises as she bends over to rub a scuff off her shoe. She gives Dexter, a small, seductive wave.

BACK ON RITA

DEXTER

Lila. My sponsor.

He's oblivious to the look on Rita's face. Just kisses her, and heads off. Off Rita's face... um...

THE END