DEXTER

Episode 203
"An Inconvenient Lie"

Written by
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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
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DEXTER
"An Inconvenient Lie"

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH ANNEX - NIGHT 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?
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.)

-- 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.
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.

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 --
SGT. DOAKES

See ya tonight.

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

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR BY ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

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 --

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

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

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
Yessss! 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.
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.

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

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.
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.

EXT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY 2

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:

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

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)
Both bought cars elsewhere, so nobody thought about it twice.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

EXT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY 2

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.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY 2

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.

INT. POLICE STATION - DEXTER’S INNER LAB - DAY 2

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

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

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...

EXT. POLICE STATION/FIELD MORGUE - DAY 2

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...

INT. FIELD MORGUE - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

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.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT
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.

INT. CHURCH ANNEX - NIGHT
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...

INT. CHURCH ANNEX - NIGHT 2 (LATER)

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

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.

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

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.

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

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.
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.

DEXTER (to himself)

What just happened?

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.

EXT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY 3

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.
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 --

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

The mini-van's fine.

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

Yeah. Right.

I'm just re-thinking that extended warranty.

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

Thinking roof rack and premium sound system, too.

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

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

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

EXT. GULF SHORE MOTORS CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY 3

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.

INT. DEXTER'S MINI-VAN - SECONDS LATER

-- 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.
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.

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 --

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 fiance 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.

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

PASCAL
It's called being human.

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

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 --

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)
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

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

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 guitaron de mi vida, pero rezé, y dios me mando a ti. Tu la encontraras.

DEBRA

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

Batista comes over.
(to Batista) Estasenoraencontraraami Teresa, verdad? Necesito saber que le ha pasado. Dios me mando aqui par saber acerca de ella.

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...

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
(blurring 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.

INT. POLICE STATION - DEXTER’S LAB - NIGHT 3

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.
EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 3

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

Do you know what an easy credit is?

Sgt. Doakes grins, settles back into the doorway.

I know you're a good liar, too.

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

(to himself)

Not good enough.

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.

Next.

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

Laguerta -- we stay on her, as she hunts & pecks on a computer keyboard.

Figured you'd still be here.

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

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.

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.

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.

INT. FIELD MORGUE - NIGHT 3

Dexter enters the seemingly empty tent. Standing in the anti-chamber, he looks through the plexiglas and reels anew at the sight of those 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 --

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

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

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

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.
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...
They worm their way in there.

Yeah, they do. Then they shut you out.

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

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 abruptly STABS Roger in the heart.

-- 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...

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

Hi, 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...

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 Michelin.


GROUP (O.C.)
Keep coming back. It works if you work it!

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

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.
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

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.

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

EXT. CHURCH - EVENING (DAY 4)
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.
(see 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...