Cast
“Our Father”
301
Final Collated – 6/23/08

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

Guest Cast
Quinn
Miguel
Ramon
Yuki
Astor
Cody
Anton
Freebo
Wendell
Teegan

Bartender
Dentist
Elderly Man
Kid #1
Kid #2
Kid #3
Stranger (Oscar)
Teacher
Tech
## INTERIORS:
- Police Station
- Briefing Room (Day)
- Bullpen (Day)
- Dexter’s Outer Lab (Day)
- Dexter’s Inner Lab (Day)
- Elevator (Night)
- LaGuerta’s Office (Day/Night)
- Rita’s House
  - Bedroom (Day/Night)
  - Kitchen (Day/Night)
- Dexter’s Apartment
  - Living Room (Day/Night)
- Abandoned Crack House (Night)
- The Blue Room (Night)
- Carnival Kill Room (Night)
- Cody’s Classroom (Day)
- Dentist’s Office (Day)
- Freebo’s House (Day/Night)
- Santuario (Night)

## EXTERIORS:
- Police Station
- Parking Lot (Day)
- Rita’s House (Night)
- Slice Of Life (Day)
- The Blue Room
- Parking Lot (Night)
- Cafecito Coffee Bar (Night)
- Calle Ocho
  - Vacant Lot (Day)
- Carnival (Night)
- Freebo’s House (Day/Night)
- Freebo’s Street (Day/Night)
- Taqueria (Day)
DEXTER

“OUR FATHER”

FADE IN:

BLACK. Then BLINDING WHITE as a work light is switched on with an electronic VZZZT. A series of stylized MACRO shots:

LATEX GLOVES being snapped on. Talc dust misting.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Ah, life...

Silver CUTTING TOOLS glinting.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Life is ritual...

A SURGICAL DRILL WHIRRS. That dreadful sound.

DEXTER (V.O.)
... routine...

Finally, the SYRINGE.

DEXTER (V.O.)
... control...

A MAN leans into CAMERA, his plastic mask obscuring his features. He holds up the syringe.

DEXTER (V.O.)
And an essential part of that routine?

Reflected in his mask we see... DEXTER.

DEXTER (V.O.)
... regular oral hygiene.

INT. DENTIST’S OFFICE - DAY 1

The DENTIST stands over Dexter.

DENTIST
This is going to sting a little.

He inserts the syringe into Dexter’s mouth. Dexter doesn’t even wince.

DENTIST
Few minutes, that’ll numb right up.

The Dentist turns his back. Attends to Dexter’s chart.
DENTIST
So how was your summer, Dexter?

DEXTER
Well, I managed to keep busy...

The following will be INTERCUT with Dexter talking to the Dentist.

EXT. CARNIVAL - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 1

A man, CAL ROONEY (50s), runs through the dark and eerie silhouettes of this shut-down attraction.

DEXTER’S VOICE
I went to the carnival a couple of weeks ago.

Rooney’s cell rings. He hears Dexter on the line.

DEXTER
Turn right.

Rooney, smart guy that he is, turns left. Dexter emerges from the liquid shadows and pierces his neck with the syringe. Rooney collapses, dropping his cell phone.

DEXTER’S VOICE
Even won a prize.

He drags Rooney away.

On the cell phone lying in the dirt. Dexter’s gloved hand comes into FRAME and picks it up.

INT. CARNIVAL KILL ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 1

Rooney on the table, bathed in soft blue light. PAN from his cell phone, attached by a cord, to a FLAT SCREEN TV. It’s maybe a foot above his face. Rooney awakens. Orient.

THE TV SCREEN plays images - shot by Rooney’s cell phone - of carnival patrons.

DEXTER
You run the sideshow at the carnival, guessing people’s age and weight.

Rooney, under the guise of checking their I.D.s, records their driver’s licenses on his phone. There’s Dexter in the b.g. Eating cotton candy, watching him.

DEXTER
Then you confirm your ‘guess’ by checking their I.D.s. And soon enough you’re breaking into their homes.

(MORE)
DEXTER (CONT'D)
One dies of a heart attack. Another you kill outright. And the carnival just moves on. Perfect... Until it’s not.

Dexter slices his cheek. Makes a bloodslide.

DEXTER
So, you’re what? Fifty-two years old, hundred sixty pounds?

DEXTER AND THE DENTIST.

DENTIST
The carnival? Hope you stayed away from all the sweet stuff.

DEXTER
Usually I’m good, but sometimes...

CARNIVAL KILL ROOM. Dexter kills Rooney.

DEXTER’S VOICE
... I indulge.

EXT. CARNIVAL - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 1

Dexter carries ominously laden trash bags from a building with the sign: Family Fun House.

He approaches the open hatch of his SUV and drops the bags in.

DEXTER’S VOICE
Oh, and get this, Al Gore finally got to me.

REVEAL a box of trash bags labeled: biodegradable.

DEXTER
I’ve gone green.

OMITTED

INT. DEXTER’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 1

Dexter opens his new slide box.

DEXTER’S VOICE
I also made it a point to meet new people...

He inserts Rooney’s bloodslide next to 5 or 6 others in the formerly empty box.
INT. DENTIST’S OFFICE – DAY 1

DEXTER
So important in life, y’know?

The Dentist approaches, ready to go to work.

DENTIST
You can never have too many friends.
Now this temp crown is going way in back. There might be some blood.

DEXTER
Not a problem.

The Dentist moves in.

DENTIST
Still got your boat?

DEXTER
You bet; it’s the only place I can really let everything go.

DENTIST
Great. We’ll have you out on the water in no time.

He swivels the light into LENS. DISSOLVE TO:

THE SUN. A white-hot hole burned in the sky. PAN DOWN to Dexter aboard –

EXT. SLICE OF LIFE – DAY 1 (MIAMI FOOTAGE)

Dexter guns the throttle. CUBAN MUSIC SWELLS as the boat leaps forward, taking us racing toward the Port of Miami.

ON DEXTER, content, wind in his hair, as he pilots the boat.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. RITA’S HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT 1

PAN OFF an iPod in its Sound Station, sultry, romantic music coming through the speakers. FIND Dexter and Rita making love. Rita on top. Energetic, can’t get enough.

DEXTER (V.O.)
For someone who needs to spend his life pretending to be normal. I’ve been...

Rita leans forward and sexily chews on his ear.
DEXTER (V.O.)
... finally able to settle into a
nice, normal world.

DISSOLVE TO Dexter spooning Rita from behind. He holds up
his hand, her fingers interlaced with his.

DEXTER (V.O.)
And Rita is the scaffolding that holds
that world in place.

RITA
Hmm. What’re you thinking?

DEXTER
(surprised at the
thought)
Life is good.

INT. RITA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING - DAY 2

Dexter makes breakfast for the kids. He plunks pancakes in
front of CODY. Turns to ASTOR.

DEXTER
Okay, Astor, you’re up. Mickey Mouse,
unicorns or puppies?

ASTOR
Just plain round pancakes, Dexter.

Dexter glances to Rita, entering in her robe. Rita asides:

RITA
She’s growing up.

DEXTER
It starts with pancakes?

RITA
It starts where it starts.

CODY
Hey Dexter? Can you come to ‘Dad Day’
at my school tomorrow?

Dexter’s moved by the innocence of this request (and the
hole in Cody’s life). He looks to Rita. She nods ‘yes’.

DEXTER
Just tell me what to do.

He gives Cody a rough-house hug. O.S. CAR HONK.

RITA
There’s Charlotte.
Dexter starts to hand the kids their backpacks, but they grab them on their own. Astor takes her pancake and the two of them blast out the door.

ASTOR/CODY
Bye Mom! See ya Dexter!

A moment as Rita and Dexter take in the now-quiet house.

RITA
Hear that?

DEXTER
Hear what?

RITA
The calm. Everything is falling into place for the first time in my life. Got these terrific kids, there’s no more drama haunting me... and...

She stands on her toes and kisses him.

RITA
I’ve got this great, generous, gentle guy.

INT. DEXTER’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - DAY 2

PAN along Dexter’s bookshelves. Photos of him with Harry, Deb and his mother. On the surface, the very pictures of a happy family.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Most normal people enjoy a sacred pact with society...

FIND Dexter at his computer, alone with his thoughts.

ON SCREEN: yearbook photos of TWO COEDS, blonde, fresh-faced college girls.

DEXTER (V.O.)
... live a good life and society will take care of you.

ON SCREEN: The healthy image of the Coeds is replaced by a CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPH - the decomposed remains of the two girls identifiable now only by hanks of blonde hair.

DEXTER (V.O.)
But if society drops the ball, then someone else has to pick up the slack. That’s where I come in.

Another series of crime scene photos of the dead Coeds.
DEXTER (V.O.)
All part of the grand Code.

He looks off to a photo of Harry; says out loud.

DEXTER
Got a birthday coming up, Dad.

He taps another key.

DEXTER (V.O.)
What to get the man who had everything.

ON SCREEN: The crime scene photos give way to a mugshot:
FREEBO (white, 20s).

DEXTER (V.O.)
How about Fred Bowman, AKA, Freebo? Kills two college girls and skates on a State Police screw-up. Otherwise known as Florida’s catch-and-release-program.

(beat)
He does the deed - gets away with murder - then falls off the radar.

He shuts his laptop, grabs his bag and heads out.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Everyone’s radar but mine.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - LATER - DAY 2
Dexter emerges from the elevator with a box of donuts.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Dexter the donut guy; part of my routine. But let the record show...

BATISTA approaches.

DEXTER (V.O.)
... I’m not the only one with a daily ritual. Angel Batista... bearclaw.

Batista snags a bearclaw. MASUKA beelines toward Dexter, a manila envelope in hand.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Vince Masuka, lemon custard.

Masuka grabs a lemon custard; bites into it.
MASUKA
Mmm, better than sex... actually, no it isn’t. Need a favor, Dex. Can you proof this article I’m writing for F.Q.?

DEXTER
F.Q.?

MASUKA
Forensics Quarterly. They reached out ’cause I was the L.F.I. on the B.H.B.

DEXTER
(sussing his meaning)
Lead Forensic Investigator on the...
Bay Harbor Butcher.

DEB comes in from the stairwell, sporting a new haircut.

MASUKA
No biggie, I’ve been published before.

He heads off. Deb comes up to Dexter, re: Masuka –

DEBRA
‘Dear Penthouse’ doesn’t count.

MASUKA
(over his shoulder)
That letter was famous!

Deb snags a jelly donut, bites into it, and waits for Dexter’s reaction to her hair. Not happening.

DETECTIVE JOEY QUINN (our new cop, 30’s, handsome, nice clothes, a little flashy) harvests a cream-filled.

QUINN
Death by pastry.
(to Deb)
You changed your hair. Makes you look younger.

DEBRA
I don’t want to look younger.

QUINN
Bad call then. By the way, nice work on the Rinaldi case.

DEBRA
Yeah, well, murder-suicide. Pretty straightforward.
QUINN
Still, your report was spot-on.

He goes. Deb turns to Dexter.

DEBRA
Quinn’s been in Homicide like two weeks and he noticed.

Dexter organizes the remaining donuts into neat rows.

DEXTER
Noticed what?

DEBRA
That I changed my hairstyle for the first time since I was eight.

DEXTER
(re: her haircut)
Oh, it’s short... er. Shorter.
(beat)
And Quinn? He’s only showing off his detective skills ‘cause you’re a potential...

DEBRA
What, lay? Not happening. And as long as you’re not noticing things, you’ve completely not noticed that I’ve given up men, liquor, and smokes for the past twenty-seven days.

She drops her stuff at her desk. Turns to Dexter.

DEBRA
But this is you remembering Dad’s birthday, right?

DEXTER
(faking it)
Dad... birthday... right.

DEBRA
The Blue Room. Seven-thirty, like always.

DEXTER
If I can.

DEBRA
Forget that ‘if I can’ shit. Be there.

LAGUERTA AND BATISTA in the kitchen area.
LAGUERTA
Tried calling you last night.

BATISTA
Wasn’t home.

LAGUERTA
Also tried your cell.

Batista bites into his bear claw. Doesn’t answer.

LAGUERTA
You’re wearing the same pants as yesterday. And that shirt’s the backup one you keep in your locker.

BATISTA
Ayudeme aqui, I thought part of your restructuring our department was you staying out of our personal lives.

LaGuerta, good cop that she is, presses on.

LAGUERTA
Anything I should know?

BATISTA
Know this: I went out and had a great time last night and you should be happy for me. Besides, since when do you care?

LaGuerta considers. Then...

LAGUERTA
Since this. Follow me.

She moves into the bullpen and announces:

LAGUERTA
Listen up, guys...

All attention, Dexter’s too, turns to her. Batista edges in. What’s going on?

LAGUERTA
I got word from upstairs that Angel will no longer be Detective Batista. (enjoying this)
In two days, he will be Detective Sergeant Batista.

ON BATISTA, moved and grateful. Cheers all around.
LAGUERTA
Sorry for the hoops and red tape; but
Angel, no one deserves it more.

Batista steps forward. Humbly accepting congratulations.
He lifts the silver badge around his neck. Looks at it.

BATISTA
When it’s really official; when I can
trade this in for that gold badge...
drinks are on me.

DEXTER AND DEB WATCHING. Dexter sips an iced OJ, winces as
the cold touches his new crown. Deb leans into her brother.

DEBRA
Angel gets his wings? Means only one
thing.

DEXTER
Pay raise?

DEBRA
No dildo. It makes him my supervisor.
Which means I’m a lock for my
detective’s shield!

Dexter grabs his bag.

DEBRA
Where you going?

DEXTER
Research.

Masuka swoops in, hands him the manila envelope.

MASUKA
Typos, grammar, something could be
clearer, whatever.
(to Deb)
Haircut?

Deb shoots Dexter a look: see?

EXT. FREEBO’S STREET - DAY 2

Dexter’s car comes to a stop sign in this rougher side of
student housing near the University of Miami. There,
through shimmers of heat, is a pink bungalow at the end of
the street. (This shot will be reprised later.) He goes
forward and pulls up. Grabbing a paper bag, he gets out. A
YOUNG KID across the street lets out a low whistle. He’s
the LOOKOUT.
As Dexter heads for the pink house, he reaches into the bag and comes up with an Oreo. Twisting it apart, he scrapes the white filling off with his teeth and tosses the cookies into the gutter. WENDELL (15) appears from nowhere. He’s the DOORMAN. Dexter repeats the Oreo maneuver.

WENDELL
Watchoo need?

Dexter scrapes another Oreo, fidgets like a junkie.

DEXTER
Freebo. I need Freebo.

WENDELL
And you know him how?

DEXTER
Sells the best shit anywhere.

WENDELL
You Google him or something?

DEXTER
(irritable-‘ish’)
You know what? Fuck it, there’s other dope spots...

He starts to go. Then:

WENDELL
Aight, man. Don’t be walking away all fuck you on me.

He steers Dexter to the bungalow (the porch outfitted with a metal cage) and presses the intercom.

FREEBO’S VOICE
What?

WENDELL
Ding-ding.

The buzzer rings, unlocking the door. Wendell pushes it open and Dexter goes into -

INT. FREEBO’S HOUSE - DAY 2

Dexter enters, quickly cases the place: kitchen, back door, bedroom. The living room is arrayed with all the toys the dope game provides: jumbo flat screen, a sectional Barcalounger, state-of-the-art sound system, framed posters. Freebo looks up from bowling on his X-BOX 360; gives Dexter the up-and-down.

Dexter looks to the back door, making a mental note. Then -
DEXTER
I’m looking to hold some product.

He proffers a wad of cash.

FREEBO
Ordinarily, I don’t accept new clientele, but I’ve had a desultory second quarter.

He mashes the buttons on his controller; releasing the virtual bowling ball.

ON SCREEN: the ball hits the pins, leaving a 7-10 split.

DEXTER
You want a little more hook before breaking to the pocket.

Freebo regards him a curious beat, then re: the flat screen -

FREEBO
Cost me six grand. I can let you have it for three.

DEXTER
More interested in scoring some tar.

FREEBO
‘Nother yuppie comes to the dark side.

Just then, TEEGAN, 21, a once chipper Coed who’s let blow steal her beauty, emerges from the bedroom. Her look is not so dissimilar from that of the two murdered Coeds, save a streak of purple in her hair.

TEEGAN
I need a hit.

FREEBO
Shit Teegan, I’m transacting here.

TEEGAN
One toot.

FREEBO
You hear what I said? Walk away.

TEEGAN
Fine, I guess your dick can suck itself from now on.

She pushes past him and bangs out the front door. Freebo takes Dexter’s money, hands him the drugs.
FREEBO
Stupid cunt is about to redefine short-term relationship. Get my drift?

Dexter looks through the large front window, watching Teegan.

DEXTER
I get your drift.

DEXTER (V.O.)
And I am entirely confident you’ve earned the privilege of being repurposed as fish food.

EXT. FREEBO’S HOUSE - DAY 2

As Dexter emerges, Teegan gets in her VW and tears away. Dexter nods to Wendell, climbs into his car and goes.

16 INT. ABANDONED CRACK HOUSE - EVENING - NIGHT 2

Dexter ducks under police tape and enters this shit-hole where hopes, dreams and junkies go to die. It’s a far cry from the faux-cool of Freebo’s place. The floor is littered with dingy mattresses, drug vials and trash.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Narcotics raided this place at noon today. The drug rats won’t return to their nest for a while. Plenty of time to...

He unspools a long sheet of plastic.

DEXTER (V.O.)
... do what I have to do.

HIGH ANGLE TIME LAPSE as Dexter creates his kill room. He wrangles a large work light into place, turns it on and we see the kill table. Prepped and waiting. Then he pivots the light, briefly illuminating the photos of the two murdered Coeds. This is their shrine.

17 EXT. CAFECITO COFFEE BAR - EVENING - NIGHT 2

Bathed in neon, Deb stands at the counter sugaring up her double espresso. YUKI AMADO (30, Asian) comes over.

YUKI
Raw. You like it raw.

Deb reacts; turns to her.

DEBRA
‘Scuse me?
Sugar. You like the raw stuff. It’s my job to notice things. Morgan, right?

Do I know you?

New haircut. Cute.

Okay, who the fuck are you?

Yuki Amado. Internal Affairs.

Deb puts down her coffee.

And?

You know a Joey Quinn?

Why?

He started drawing our attention when he was over in Narcotics. Now he’s in your orbit.

I don’t know the guy except to hand him my paperwork.

It’d be really cool if you’d get next to him for us. Do a little recon.

Deb stares at her in disbelief.

Are you high?

Nope. Never been.

Listen to me, Yuki. This is so not gonna happen.

Cooperation with I.A. has its upside in the department.
DEBRA
Maybe for rodents.

YUKI
(unflustered)
Okay then. Nice to finally meet you in person.

She starts away. Deb stops her with:

DEBRA
What exactly is it you think Quinn did?

YUKI
You don’t get to blow me off and still ask questions.

EXT. FREEBO’S STREET - NIGHT 2

A reprise of our shot from earlier. PULL BACK to include Dexter in his car. He takes a deep settling breath and the car moves forward. POUNDING MUSIC UP.

INT. FREEBO’S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

ON THE WINDOW INSET of the back door. The glass vibrates with the music. Dexter’s face appears. He picks the lock and enters. Checking the syringe in his cargo pants, the MUSIC still blaring, he peeks into the bedroom. Then he turns into the living room, and stops.

FREEBO IS ENGAGED IN A VICIOUS KNIFE FIGHT WITH A STRANGER (Latino, mid 20s).

DEXTER WATCHES IN FASCINATION as this lethal pas de deux takes place in front of the wall-to-wall wide screen TV. A Music Video fills the room with MUSIC and EERIE LIGHT.

THE STRANGER SPOTS DEXTER’S REFLECTION in the large front window and hesitates long enough for Freebo (never seeing Dexter’s face) to flee.

THE STRANGER ATTACKS DEXTER. It’s a violent, life-and-death struggle.

THE STRANGER WHIPS DEXTER against the front window; Dexter banging his head so hard that his new temporary crown is jarred out of his mouth. He’s stunned for just a moment.

THE STRANGER HURLS DEXTER INTO THE WINDOW AGAIN, this time cracking (but not breaking) it. Finally, in this desperate face-to-face battle, Dexter gets the upper hand and expertly PLUNGES THE STRANGER’S OWN KNIFE INTO HIS CHEST.

With seconds to live, the Stranger hisses:
STRANGER
Who are you?

DEXTER
Who are you?

He lets the Stranger drop, already dead. Then, as he desperately searches for his lost crown, the door buzzes.

WENDELL’S VOICE
Yo Freebo, unlock it, man! We got cash customers out here!

Dexter grabs the knife, scans the floor one last time, and bolts out the back door. THE MUSIC STILL POUNDING.

INT. ABANDONED CRACK HOUSE – NIGHT 2

Dexter enters; in a state somewhere between confusion and wonderment. He begins disassembling the kill room.

DEXTER (V.O.)
What happened back there?

The kill table. He takes it down.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I’ve never killed anyone I didn’t completely vet before. Whose guilt I wasn’t absolutely certain of.

He collects his tools.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I did something wholly inside the moment... and wholly outside the Code.

He paces, working quickly. Then stops.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Something...

DEXTER
... spontaneous.

He crosses to the work light.

DEXTER (V.O.)
If I still cared about what Harry thought...

We see in his eyes he’s been through something profound.

DEXTER (V.O.)
... I’d feel bad.
He YANKS the plug from the wall. BLACK.

EXT. FREEBO’S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

MUSIC STILL ROARING from inside the house. Wendell approaches from down the block, swigging on a brown-bagged forty ouner. Dexter’s car cruises into the shot. He looks to the house.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Just a matter of time before someone calls it in.

His cell rings. Rita. INTERCUT. Romantic music playing in the background. She lights a candle.

DEXTER
Hey you.

RITA
Dexter, hi. I know it’s not one of our regular nights, but can you come over?

DEXTER
Uh, sure. Everything okay?

RITA
I’m just... missing you, is all.

INT. RITA’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

Romantic music on the iPod Sound Station again. Candles flickering. Dexter and Rita make love. Rita on top. Their rhythm in that perfect, timeless synch. Her desire intensifies, as does her movement.

DEXTER
God, you’re on fire lately.

RITA
(lightly teasing)
Complaining?

Dexter smiles.

DEXTER
Complying.

He turns her over. Now he’s on top. And we sense an abandonment in his love-making. It’s simple, intimate and beautiful... but beneath it all lies an urgency born of what Dexter’s been through this night.

As they finish, Rita kisses him warmly. But Dexter glances to his cell phone - momentarily distracted.
Rita, sensing his distraction, wraps her legs around him.

RITA
Hey, where are you?

DEXTER
I’m right here... in a safe place.

He allows himself to fall into her embrace.

INT. RITA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - WEE HOURS - NIGHT 2

Dexter and Rita, in their post-coital glow, devouring the kids’ school lunch pudding snacks.

RITA
Mmm. God created chocolate pudding and then He rested.

DEXTER
Pudding of chocolate... manna from heaven.

Rita slides a brochure to Dexter.

RITA
(excited)
Oh, forgot to show you this.

DEXTER
Hotel Management?

RITA
This is me taking control of my life again. There’s an opening at work and... I’m gonna go for it.

Dexter touches some pudding to her nose, kisses it off.

DEXTER
Proud of you.

They polish off the rest of the pudding.

DEXTER
What’re the kids gonna do for dessert tomorrow?

RITA
Tangerines.

Suddenly, Dexter’s cell phone rings O.S.
INT. RITA’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

Dexter dives across the bed, grabs the phone.

DEXTER
(anticipation)
Morgan.
(a beat, then)
Yes, I’m happy with my long distance provider.

Rita joins him on the bed.

RITA
What the hell happened to ‘do not call’? It’s three in the morning!

DEXTER
Not in India.

He sets the phone down. Turns to Rita.

DEXTER
I’ve got an insanely busy morning tomorrow, so I’ll be gone before you and the kids wake up.

Rita takes his cell phone. Turns it off.

RITA
Dexter, you’ve been working such killer hours lately.

She pulls him close.

RITA
Just hold me til you have to leave.

They wrap into each other like kittens. A beat. Dexter’s eyes drift to his phone.

EXT. FREEBO’S STREET – DAWN – DAY 3

SLOW MOVING POV of our reprise street shot. As we close in, Freebo’s house comes into view. But now it’s a fully-involved crime scene: Cop cars, coroner’s wagon, forensics, sheriff’s vehicles, etc. MOVING POV stops. REVERSE to Dexter. Taking it all in.

DEXTER
Just a matter of time.

His cell rings. Dexter answers. It’s Batista.

DEXTER
Morning, Sergeant.
BATISTA
How long for you to get to 118 Calendar?

DEXTER
Actually... I’m kinda in the neighborhood.

EXT. FREEBO’S HOUSE - LATER - DAY 3
Dexter, carrying his kit, weaves his way through the police personnel toward the house. Deb intercepts him. She’s beaming.

DEBRA
I got it, Dex!

DEXTER
Got what?

DEBRA
Only the case that’s gonna get me my shield. This one’s huge and Angel put me on it. Officially on it.

DEXTER
Huge?

He climbs the front porch, taking us to -

INT. FREEBO’S HOUSE - MORNING - DAY 3
Dexter enters to more activity than one would expect for a drug house murder.

DEXTER (V.O.)
So much for spontaneity.

He looks to the Stranger’s body, right where he left him. Masuka and his Forensics TECH work the area, Batista supervising. Dexter studies the body.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Who the hell are you?

DEBRA
Bet you’re wondering who the hell he is.

Dexter nods, his tongue prodding at the empty space where his crown was. He scans the floor. Nothing.

DEBRA
Who he is, is what makes this case huge.
She tilts her head to the back doorway: LaGuerta in deep conversation with MIGUEL PRADO (Latino, 40s, handsome - the papers have called his smile ‘electric’; but he’s not smiling today). Nearby, RAMON PRADO (35, Sheriff’s windbreaker, burly, no-nonsense) paces like a bear in a too-small cage.

DEBRA
Miguel Prado, that A.D.A. who’s been on a mission to put away as many bad guys as he can. Y’know: ‘a safe Miami is the only Miami’.

MASUKA
A safe Miami and we’re all unemployed.

DEXTER
Why does he look so familiar?

BATISTA
‘Cause he just made the cover of *Florida Magazine*. Top prosecutor in the state three years in a row.

DEBRA
Anyway, he and LaGuerta go way back. The whole Cubano thing.

LaGuerta puts both her hands on Miguel’s shoulders and talks to him softly in Spanish.

BATISTA
The big guy? Ramon Prado, Miguel’s middle brother. An L.T. with the Sheriff’s Department.

DEBRA
Got himself quite the rep as a law and order hard-ass.

Deb turns to the Stranger’s body.

DEBRA
And say hello to Oscar...

DEXTER
(dreading it)
... Prado?

DEBRA
As in baby brother.

Dexter takes a step back as the enormity of what he’s done hits him. A beat as he collects his thoughts.
DEXTER
What was he doing in a dump like this?

Batista indicates Miguel and Ramon.

BATISTA
They’re saying he was a coach at the Youth Club. Came here to confront some scumbag about selling shit to his kids.

DEBRA
Talk about wrong place, wrong time.

DEXTER
Tell me about it.

He pulls on his latex gloves, kneels next to Masuka - all the while scoping the carpet for his crown.

DEXTER
Find anything?

MASUKA
Yeah...

Dexter tenses.

MASUKA
Dead guy with a hole in his chest.

Masuka laughs his laugh. The Tech rolls her eyes. Dexter looks up, notices something: the drapes are closed. He parts them a bit.

DEXTER
Front window’s cracked and there’s blood on the wall. Who closed these drapes?

MASUKA
Probably first on-scene. Some dipshit rookie who’s still outside puking.
(calls)
Someone wanna get these curtains?

Batista shoots him a look: too loud. The Tech steps in.

TECH
I got it, Vince.

She pulls the cord, parting the curtains. And there, in the narrow gap between the carpet and the wall is... Dexter’s crown. He deftly snatches it and slips it inside his latex glove.
DEXTER
So... what do we got?

MASUKA
Signs of a majorly big struggle here, there, everywhere, single stab wound mid-torso, you read my article yet?

DEXTER
Started it. So far, really good.

MASUKA
Awesome.

Miguel comes their way and stands over Dexter. An awkward moment. Then he looks down to his brother’s body, his eyes welling, and whispers.

MIGUEL
Lo siento, Oscar-cito.

He crosses himself, his shoulders sagging. Ramon, his jaw churning with rage, comes up.

RAMON
Whoever did this? He’s already wishing he was dead.

He guides Miguel toward the door. LaGuerta follows.

DEXTER WATCHES them leave. A beat. Then Deb leans in.

DEBRA
Someone really stepped on his dick with this one.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - LATER - DAY 3

Dexter sits in his car, watching the others arrive: Masuka heads toward the building. LaGuerta walking slowly, trying to make sense of it all. Deb pulls up just as Quinn gets out of his car. Deb checks him out, her talk with Yuki still on her mind.

DEXTER (V.O.)
There were so many lessons in the vaunted Code of Harry - twisted commandments handed down from the only god I ever worshipped. One through ten: ‘Don’t get caught’...

He takes the latex gloves from the passenger seat, retrieves the crown and shoves it deep in his pocket.
DEXTER (V.O.)
That I got covered.
(beat)
But killing someone without knowing if he's guilty? I'd love some help on this one. But my god is dead now.

He gets out of the car and starts toward the station, passing a K-9 Car on the way. The German Shepherd in the back seat goes ape-shit, barking and throwing himself at the window. Dexter just sighs.

BATISTA (O.S.)
Man's best friend, eh, Dex?

Batista comes up.

DEXTER
Not today.
(beat, then)
My sister mentioned LaGuerta knew Miguel Prado pretty well?

BATISTA
More than 'pretty well', if you know what I mean.

DEXTER
I kinda don’t.

BATISTA
They’re from the same barrio. Went to the same church.

DEXTER
She knew the whole family then?

BATISTA
Claro. Oscar Prado? She knows him - knew him - since he was like twelve.

Dexter absorbs this as Batista goes on.

BATISTA
Way back when, Miguel was in law school and Maria was just starting in law enforcement; they hooked up.

DEXTER
Hooked up?

BATISTA
Between us, for Maria? Miguel Prado will always be the one who got away.
Batista briefs LaGuerta and the squad. There’s a schematic of Freebo’s house on the board; a silhouette of the victim by the front window.

**BATISTA**

Prelim has the victim, Oscar Prado, twenty-six, dead...

He hesitates. LaGuerta nods for him to continue.

**BATISTA**

... dead from a single stab wound to the chest. The deceased’s brother, A.D.A. Miguel Prado informed me at the scene that Oscar went to confront one Fred Bowman, street name Freebo, about selling drugs to some Youth Club kids. Morgan?

Deb rises to her feet.

**DEBRA**

This Freebo is the same punk who killed those two coeds in the Everglades and got away with it. Way it looks, Oscar Prado died a hero.

Dexter reacts. Deb checks her notes.

**DEBRA**

Our team found a shitload... er, substantial amount... of drugs in the house.

She sits back down; pleased with herself.

**LAGUERTA**

Any leads on this Freebo’s whereabouts, Officer Morgan?

**DEBRA**

That part of town isn’t exactly police friendly. But we’re staying on it.

LaGuerta looks to Masuka.

**LAGUERTA**

Talk to me about Forensics.

**MASUKA**

Evidence indicates this was no hit and run. It was a furious close-in battle. Whoever...

(MORE)
MASUKA (CONT'D)
(asides to Dexter)
... or is it whomever?

DEXTER
(aside)
Whoever’s good.

MASUKA
... whoever did this got in a lucky shot or really knew how to handle a blade. According to the M.E., the aorta was cleanly severed in one penetration.

He jabs the air with an imaginary knife.

MASUKA
Not easy to do.

LAGUERTA
Any luck finding the weapon?

MASUKA
It’s not on or near the premises. We checked the roofs, sewers and trash bins in a five block radius. Our conclusion: the assailant took it with him.

LaGuerta takes this in. Looks to Dexter.

LAGUERTA
Dexter, what’s the blood saying?

DEXTER
Pretty much what everyone else is. I’ve got some second level on-scene work to do and I’ll get back to you, A-SAP.

LAGUERTA
Get it to Sergeant Batista.

DEXTER
Yes, Ma’am.

LaGuerta looks at the board, then turns to the others.

LAGUERTA
Full disclosure: I’ve had a personal relationship with the Prado family for many years.

A glance toward Deb.
And it goes much farther than ‘the whole Cubano thing’.

Deb fidgets.

LAGUERTA
(to Batista)
Sergeant?

BATISTA
Stating the obvious, Lieutenant, I like Freebo for this.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Me too.

LAGUERTA
Morgan.

Dexter tenses; but LaGuerta’s talking to Deb.

LAGUERTA
Hit the streets hard. Learn what you can learn.

QUINN
Due respect, Lieutenant? If Freebo did this, he’s in the wind. No way he stays in Miami.

LAGUERTA
We can sit on our asses and speculate where our prime suspect may or may not be. Or we can actually look for him.

She brushes by Quinn and exits.

CLOSE ON MIGUEL PRADO in front of a bouquet of microphones as he addresses the press from the courthouse steps.

MIGUEL
As a Miami prosecutor, I have dedicated my career to fighting crime; making our streets safe for everyone. Every family - white, black, Latino, Asian - deserves the full measure of our devotion to their dignity.

We see what makes him such a beloved public servant.
MIGUEL
And now that crime has touched my family in the most profound way imaginable...

WIDEN TO INCLUDE the Mayor, the D.A., other dignitaries.

MIGUEL
I grieve equally for every family that’s been visited with the same unfathomable news we’ve received...

WIDEN FURTHER to INCLUDE a stoic Ramon Prado.

MIGUEL
Our beautiful city is a city of families and the untimely taking of any of us, touches all of us.

He collects himself.

MIGUEL
My parents brought my brother Ramon and me to this wonderful country when we were young boys. We left Cuba and Castro for the American Dream. My youngest brother, Oscar, was born here in Miami... and he died here. With his death, it’s tempting to say the American Dream has turned into a nightmare.

(beat)
But I don’t think of Oscar’s death as a nightmare. I think of it as a wake-up call. An alarm ringing loud and clear that we have to come together. That we must break the cycle of violence... That we will do better.

WIDEN AGAIN and there’s LaGuerta at the back of the stage, her face etched with sadness and determination.

PULL BACK FROM THE TELEVISION and we’re –

30 INT. POLICE STATION – BULLPEN – DAY 3
Deb, Batista, Masuka, Quinn and others watch Miguel’s press conference. CONTINUE PULLBACK into –

31 INT. POLICE STATION – DEXTER’S INNER LAB – DAY 3
Dexter at his laptop; searching files.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Part of my ritual has always been getting to know my victims.
He enters ‘OSCAR PRADO’ into the Miami-Metro database.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Confirming their guilt beyond all doubt.

The search complete, NO SUBJECT FOUND appears on the screen.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Oscar Prado tried to kill Freebo; then he tried to kill me. No way he was there on some noble Youth Club mission. He’s got to be guilty of something. Aren’t we all? (beat) So, I ask again...

He peers at Oscar’s face looking back at him from the computer screen. Says out loud:

DEXTER ... who are you?

He types Oscar’s name into the County Sheriff’s database. The computer searches. Finishes. Dexter says aloud:

DEXTER
Two speeding tickets and an illegal U-turn... Talk about outside the Code of Harry.

He logs off. His frustration growing.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Harry finds a kid in a pool of blood, turns him into his own personal vendetta machine.

He shuts the laptop.

DEXTER (V.O.)
And when he sees the monster he created in action? He kills himself.

He looks out his window as Deb and Quinn walk past.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Deb can drink to his honor on her own.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY 3

Find Deb and Quinn, as Dexter exits his lab in b.g.

QUINN
Any luck in the land of reluctant witnesses?
Deb sighs, shakes her head.

DEBRA

One house, I play good cop. Next house, I play bad cop. And I still can’t get shit from anyone in that neighborhood.

QUINN

Know what the problem is?

DEBRA

Wait Quinn, let me guess: the ‘cop’ part?

QUINN

The problem is they don’t owe you anything. There’s no incentive. Which means the balance of power is skewed way toward them.

He snags a buckslip off a desk, scribbles a phone number.

QUINN

Call this guy. Tell him you know me and want to cash in on one of my coupons.

DEBRA

Coupons?

QUINN

He’s a C.I. from my days in Narcotics. And I got a hook in him that’s not coming out any time soon.

Deb considers all this in light of her conversation with Yuki, then --

DEBRA

And you want what in return?

QUINN

(smiles)

You remembering that I did you a solid.

Deb takes the phone number and starts off. Quinn, eyeing her butt, calls -

QUINN

What? Not even a thank you?

DEBRA

Thank you. And stop staring at my ass.
A simple but popular outdoor restaurant. FAMILIES. TEENS. OLD-TIMERS slapping down dominoes. A BLACK GUY (ANTON, early 30s) plays guitar nearby.

Deb approaches with a drink. Sits beside Anton.

ANTON
Detective?

DEBRA
Officer. You Anton?

ANTON
In the flesh.

We see that Anton’s an intelligent, great-looking guy.

DEBRA
How you wanna do this?

ANTON
Just act like we’re having a good time. You have something to show me?

Deb reveals a PHOTO of Freebo. Anton studies it.

ANTON
I’ve seen him before.

DEBRA
(inflates)
Really? Where?

ANTON
From the news. He’s that joker who walked on those coed killings. Now there was some fine police work.

DEBRA
You know him from the newspaper?

ANTON
Mighta been CNN.

DEBRA
And that’s all you got?

ANTON
If that’s all you got.

Deb stands. Annoyed. But Anton keeps his cool.
If this is you and Quinn fucking with me, I am not in the mood.

If you want help with that temper I know a guy down the street; sells some really mellow herb.

Thanks, but I don’t take advice from drug dealers.


Then how did you end up as Quinn’s snitch?

Can you tone it down? Besides, I hate that term. I prefer ‘liaison of truth’.

I like my music. I also like my weed. Got swept up in a bust. Quinn told me if I drop a dime on some bigger fish, I stay out of jail. I listened attentively.

Y’know, it never hurts an ‘occasional user’ to have more than one friend on the force.

Got enough friends. Thanks anyway.

Okay, then. I’m outta here.

Have a nice day.

She turns to go. Then, an idea comes.

How about this guy?

She lays another photo on the table: OSCAR PRADO.
INT. CODY’S CLASSROOM – DAY 3

Dexter stands before the class, strings of red yarn emanating from his hands to each of the children. Rita and the TEACHER watch from the doorway.

DEXTER
To discover the impact site, the exact point where force encounters the body, you must distinguish the geometric differences between back-spatter, satellite spatter, misting and arterial spurting, you...

KID #1
Gross!

CODY
(to Kid #1)
Shut up!

Dexter trying to mollify, addresses Kid #1.

DEXTER
Remember how before when Katie’s father was talking about being a surgeon?

KID #1
Yeah.

DEXTER
And how sometimes he has to cut into people and there’s blood?

KID #1
But he saves lives.

KID #2
Do you save lives?

Dexter glances at Rita: yikes. Tries another tack.

DEXTER
Okay, you know how there are good guys and bad guys?

KID #3
So, you catch bad guys?

DEXTER
Well, not directly. But I help.

KID #1
Do you have a uniform?
Dexter

Lab coat.

Kid #2

A gun?

Dexter

... no.

Cody
(trying to help)
He’s got a badge.

Dexter

Laminate.

He’s totally lost the kids. They’re flinging red yarn back and forth, making cat’s cradles, etc. The Teacher steps in.

Teacher
Thank you so much for taking time from your busy schedule, Mr. Morgan, to talk to the children.

Dexter
It was a real... learning experience.

Cody approaches Dexter.

Dexter
Looks like I really got through to them, huh?

Cody
It woulda sucked even worse if I didn’t have a dad today.


Dexter
Thanks for inviting me, buddy.

Rita watches Dexter and Cody, tears in her eyes.

Cody goes off to join his classmates.

Dexter (V.O.)
If anyone should have father issues – anger, rejection, abandonment – it’s Cody. And what’s he do? He moves on.

Dexter watches as Cody laughs with his friends.

Dexter (V.O.)
How’s that happen?
He crosses to Rita.

DEXTER
I was so bad you’re crying?

RITA
No. It’s... it’s just something I’ve wanted for so long. Being here for the kids. It’s all so wonderfully... uncomplicated, y’know?

Dexter’s cell rings. He steps into the hall to answer.

DEXTER
Hello?

INTERCUT:

MIGUEL
Mr. Morgan, this is Miguel Prado. I need to see you. Right away.

EXT. FREEBO’S STREET - LATER - DAY 3

FORCED PERSPECTIVE shooting at Dexter through the windshield of his car.

DEXTER (V.O.)
So much for uncomplicated.

REVERSE ANGLE. Our shot of Freebo’s street. There’s Freebo’s house, a black Suburban parked in front.

INT. FREEBO’S HOUSE - DAY 3

Dexter slips through the crime scene tape and enters to find Miguel Prado standing in the middle of the room, his back to Dexter. He’s staring at the intricate red yarn design Dexter put up during his investigation.

Dexter waits. Silent, respectful. Miguel, his back still to Dexter, gestures to the web of red yarn.

MIGUEL
Almost a piece of art.

DEXTER
Thank you, sir. But to me? It’s more like a story.

Miguel turns to Dexter.

MIGUEL
Tell me that story, Mr. Morgan.
You mean what happened to your brother?

I need to understand.

Dexter goes to the red yarn and, after some hesitation, begins to recreate the fierce fight he had with Oscar.

The encounter began over here. The scuff marks on the linoleum and the crumpling of the throw rug have a directional quality that leads to...

He indicates the cracked front window. The dried pool of blood on the floor.

This is where your brother and Freebo - he’s my lieutenant’s prime suspect...

He pauses.

But you know that.

Miguel nods for Dexter to continue.

There was a brutal struggle. But I’ve gotta say it looks like your brother fought... like a hero.

(beat)

But he was over-matched, and suffered a fatal stab wound to the chest. Everything about the blood tells us that your brother bled out almost instantly...

So, he didn’t suffer?

Blood never lies.

Miguel absorbs this, then -

Now I know how he died. The question is why.

Dexter can only shrug. Just as he’s beginning to relax -
MIGUEL
One other thing, Mr. Morgan: why would a blood spatter analyst search the Sheriff Department’s database for information on my dead brother?

Busted, Dexter takes his time in answering.

DEXTER
Like you, sir, I wanted to understand what happened here. I thought knowing the details of your brother’s life would help me make sense of his death.

MIGUEL
In your line of work, Mr. Morgan, is it usual for you to get so involved?

Miguel catches himself, smiles.

MIGUEL
Sorry. I sounded like a prosecutor just then, didn’t I?

DEXTER
Not a problem, sir. And no, I don’t usually get so involved. This one, this death... got to me.

Miguel takes a reflective beat.

MIGUEL
It all seems so unreal that he’s just... gone.

DEXTER
Yes, I’m sure it does.

MIGUEL
So, Mr. Morgan, a man dies and what’s left? A soul? Which is what exactly?

DEXTER
I really couldn’t tell you.

MIGUEL
Some say the soul lives on forever.

DEXTER
I hope not.

MIGUEL
Which makes you a cynic.

DEXTER
Makes me a scientist.
MIGUEL
So, no one you’ve loved has ever died?

Dexter chews on this. Sorting it all out.

DEXTER
My father died when I was in my twenties.

MIGUEL
And you don’t believe his soul, call it his life-force, is still here? Somehow living inside you?

Before Dexter can answer, Miguel’s gaze is drawn back to the blood-dark stain where his brother died.

MIGUEL
I should have been there for him.

DEXTER
You can’t blame yourself, sir.

MIGUEL
Easier said than done.

Dexter privately registers curiosity at this.

MIGUEL
Do me a favor, Mr. Morgan? If you want to get to know my brother like you say, come to his wake tonight. Come see how much and how fully he was loved.

Dexter nods his acceptance. Miguel smiles and shakes Dexter’s hand.

MIGUEL
I’ve taken up enough of your day. Thank you... Dexter.

INT. POLICE STATION – BULLPEN – LATER – DAY 3

Dexter, Batista, Masuka and Quinn review what they know so far about the Oscar Prado murder and the search for Freebo. Batista flips through the lab work.

BATISTA
These reports final?

DEXTER
The blood specimens I collected all came back belonging to Oscar Prado.
Trace and prints - on and around the victim - all point to Freebo.

(to Quinn)
Anyone out there talking?

Officer Morgan was hitting the usual firewall of clammed-up witnesses and non-witnesses. I put her in touch with an old C.I. of mine who owes me a big one. Hopefully -

Deb bursts in. Brimming.

Quinn, that C.I. you put me on? Totally useless on Freebo.

(unfazed)
Sadly, it’s not a perfect world.

For all we know Freebo’s in like Nebraska by now.

Guess you don’t owe me that favor then.

How come he gets favors?

He doesn’t.

She shoots a look at Quinn.

But get this - the victim? He’s not some hero coach going into the ‘hood and taking one for the team.

Dexter’s curiosity is piqued.

What do you mean?

Deb’s excitement gets the best of her.

Oscar Prado was into Freebo for some serious cash.

(MORE)
Why would someone be into, I don’t know, a drug dealer for such big bucks? Because Oscar Prado, the pride of Little Havana, was a fucking junkie, that’s why!

Before anyone can react, they notice Miguel Prado and LaGuerta standing in the doorway. Miguel looks to LaGuerta, pain and loss in his eyes, then goes.

MASUKA
Good one, Morgan.

ON DEB. Shit.

INT. POLICE STATION - LAGUERTA’S OFFICE - LATER - DAY 3

LaGuerta looks through her window. She’s contemplative; a bit troubled.

HER POV: DEXTER AND DEB in conversation at his desk. MASUKA working in his lab. QUINN paying the sandwich girl. BATISTA emerging from the briefing room; heading her way.

LAGUERTA, seeing Batista, sets her jaw with determination.

INT. POLICE STATION - DEXTER’S OUTER LAB - SAME TIME - DAY 3

Deb stares at LaGuerta standing watch behind her glass walls. Dexter looks up.

DEXTER
She’s been in better moods.

DEBRA
I didn’t exactly brighten her day.

DEXTER (V.O.)
No, but you brightened mine. Oscar’s guiltier all the time.

DEXTER
No, you didn’t.

Deb responds with characteristic feistiness.

DEBRA
‘Scuse me for doing my job. You see any other supercops coming in with any fucking leads?

DEXTER
Yeah, you’re definitely amazing. Then again...
DEBRA
I know, I know. Be aware of my surroundings. Take the temperature of the room before I open my mouth. Bad habit, I admit.

DEXTER
Look on the bright side: now that you’ve given up men, booze and cigarettes, running your mouth is the only bad habit you have left.

DEBRA
Right, I’m the model of perfection.
(beat)
You remember what today is, right.

DEXTER
How could I forget?

DEBRA
Seven-thirty. First round’s on me.

She goes to her desk. Sits down.

INT. POLICE STATION - LAGUERTA’S OFFICE - DAY 3

Batista enters.

BATISTA
You wanted to see me?

LAGUERTA
I need you to think about Debra Morgan’s continued involvement on the Oscar Prado case.

Batista looks out to Deb at her desk.

BATISTA
You want me to throw her under a bus for being what, overzealous?

LAGUERTA
This isn’t about zeal. It’s about tact and sensitivity. It’s also about the real world. This case is as high-profile as it gets.

Batista starts to respond. LaGuerta goes on.

LAGUERTA
Mira, Angel. Morgan is resourceful and tenacious and usually has just the right amount of pain-in-the-ass.
(beat)
(MORE)
LAGUERTA (CONT'D)
But there are political ramifications to be considered. My history with Miguel Prado aside, this case is simply too big for her.

They watch as Deb grabs her bag and leaves.

BATISTA
Say the words, Maria, and I’ll follow your orders.

LaGuerta pauses, considers.

LAGUERTA
Becoming a Homicide Sergeant? It’s more than a bump in pay scale. It’s a quantum leap in responsibility. All part of moving up the chain.

Batista’s miserable.

BATISTA
If I bounce her, she’ll hate me.

LAGUERTA
(pointedly)
You’re her boss, Angel. Not her friend.

As Batista weighs this, LaGuerta opens the door for him.

LAGUERTA
It’s your call.

INT. SANTUARIO - EVENING - NIGHT 3

This centuries-old Cuban great hall is the scene of Oscar Prado's wake. Everyone from the Mayor to the poorest of the poor have gathered.

DEXTER enters, surveys the landscape...

A CLUTCH OF KIDS from Oscar’s Youth Club mill about, lost.

RAMON PRADO is off in a corner with some Sheriff colleagues. He’s tense, upset.

At one end of the great hall lies OSCAR PRADO’S open coffin, people filing by.

MIGUEL PRADO in the middle of a group of well-wishers.

MIGUEL
Thank you so much for coming. Yes, he was special to all of us.
DEXTER listens as Miguel receives yet more mourners.

MIGUEL
He touched so many people, so many hearts.

The Mayor, the D.A. and others surround him. As they do, he spots Dexter and nods. After the dignitaries pay their respects, an Old Woman in a wheelchair approaches. Dexter watches as Miguel has time and humility for her. Truly a man of all the people.

INT. THE BLUE ROOM - EVENING - NIGHT 3

An old-time cop tavern. Deb at the bar, looks up.

HER POV: dozens of photographs of cops who have passed on. In front of each frame is a tiny shelf with shot glasses on each one. Deb’s gaze lands on the photo of Harry.

Deb is lost in thought as the Bartender comes by.

DEBRA
‘Nother cranberry juice.

BARTENDER
That makes three. Problems down under?

DEBRA
No, Jeez. I like the fucking taste, okay?

The Bartender fills her shot glass with cranberry juice. Deb looks to the clock. It’s almost eight. Then to the door. Finally, she toasts her father and downs her drink.

DEBRA
(a whisper)
I miss you, Daddy.

She takes out her cell phone. Hits speed dial.

INT. SANTUARIO - EVENING - NIGHT 3

Miguel makes his way to Dexter; shakes his hand.

DEXTER
My condolences on your loss.

MIGUEL
Thank you. Losing a brother leaves a pain in my heart that will never heal. Tell me, Dexter, do you have a brother?
Wow. Dexter holds his gaze for a long beat. Then his cell phone vibrates. He checks the readout: Deb. Dexter presses ‘ignore’. He looks back to Miguel.

DEXTER
No... just the one loud sister.

MIGUEL
What she said back at the station? It’s okay. My brother was a good man. But I can’t say he suffered from the tragedy of perfection.

DEXTER
Who does?

Miguel smiles. A connection.

MIGUEL
Who indeed?

He moves off to talk with Ramon. Dexter watches as the brothers hug. Then he finds himself drawn to the coffin.

HIS POV: Oscar Prado in his forever silent repose.

ON DEXTER staring down at the man he killed.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Why, in your death, are you still so alive in my life?
(clenches his fists)
You’re just like... my father.

An ELDERLY MAN comes up, sees Dexter’s ‘pain’.

ELDERLY MAN
(re: Oscar)
Did you know him well?

DEXTER
(re: Harry)
Not as well as I thought.

So tired of it all, his shoulders sag. Miguel notices Dexter’s emotional reaction from the other side of the hall and, affected, starts toward him. Just then, his arm is grabbed by LaGuerta, who’s just arrived.

LAGUERTA
Lo siento mucho por tu perdido.

Dexter turns and sees Miguel talking with LaGuerta. His phone buzzes again. Deb again. ‘Ignore’ again. Dexter slips out a side door.
The door opens. Deb looks up expectantly. It’s Batista. A frolic of laughter and music floats in from the Salsa Club across the way. Batista takes the stool next to her and orders.

**BATISTA**
Cuervo Black.

The Bartender pours him a drink. He toasts Harry’s photo and slugs back the shot. Then he looks to Deb’s glass.

**BATISTA**
What the hell is that?

**DEBRA**
Cranberry juice. That a problem for ya?

**BATISTA**
Not even close to a problem. But the taste? Kinda funky.

The Bartender pours him another tequila. He knocks it back. Nods for another. Deb watches him. Then –

**DEBRA**
Time my dad was my age? He already had his shield.

**BATISTA**
Kind of why I’m here.
(beat)
I’m taking you off the Oscar Prado case.

Deb takes this in. Then, after a beat --

**DEBRA**
I come up with grade A intel on Oscar Prado and I’m being tossed off the case for being a little... loud?

**BATISTA**
In a nutshell.

**DEBRA**
LaGuerta put you up to this, didn’t she?

**BATISTA**
It was my decision.

Deb sips her juice. A silent beat.
DEBRA
One thing’s for fucking sure: I’m not letting anyone keep me from getting my shield.

BATISTA
There’s only one person in the whole department who can get in your way.

DEBRA
Who’s that?

BATISTA
... you.

Deb takes this in. Batista’s right. She calls to the Bartender.

DEBRA
Can I get a real fucking drink?

EXT. THE BLUE ROOM - NIGHT 3

SHOOTING THROUGH THE BROAD FRONT WINDOW, we see Deb and Batista toasting Harry’s photo.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL DEXTER, in his car, watching them.

DEXTER (V.O.)
My sister lives her life trying to please our father. Me?... I’m following the lead of an eight-year-old kid.

He presses the accelerator and the car glides forward.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I’m moving on.

INT. RITA’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY NEXT MORNING - DAY 4

Warm coral light. Dexter spoons Rita. Eyes closed.

Rita rolls over, kisses his neck. They open their eyes.

RITA
Thanks for last night, it was a nice surprise.

DEXTER
This was where I wanted to be.

Rita kisses him again, her hand going south. Dexter laughs.

DEXTER
Again?
RITA
All I want is chocolate pudding and you... not necessarily in that order.

Things are about to heat up when Dexter’s cell rings. He unsnuggles. Answers.

DEXTER
Morgan.
(listens)
On my way.

He hangs up. Turns to Rita.

DEXTER
Duty calls.

RITA
A girl could take that the wrong way.

Dexter rises from the bed; reaches for his clothes.

DEXTER
There’s a body.

RITA
... oh.

EXT. CALLE OCHO VACANT LOT - MORNING - DAY 4

Dexter pulls up to the sunstruck crime scene in Miami’s tumbledown red light district. As he gets out and grabs his kit, Deb, wearing sunglasses, is on him like a shot.

DEBRA
Where the fuck were you last night?

DEXTER
Rita’s.

DEBRA
But it wasn’t a Rita night.

DEXTER
Turns out it was.

He tries to get by. Deb stops him.

DEBRA
I called you.

DEXTER
I know.

DEBRA
And you... ignored me?
DEXTER
Not you... Harry.

Deb fumes. She’s about to speak, when -

DEXTER
Deb, listen. I’m in a whole ‘nother place when it comes to Dad. I’m working out some personal stuff.

DEBRA
So this is that ‘gotta kill your father to be your own man’ bullshit? God! You are such a guy.
(beat)
Dad wasn’t perfect, but he was there for you.

An awkward brother-sister moment. Dexter breaks the ice.

DEXTER
By the way, sorry I didn’t notice your hair.

Deb’s still tense, suspicious.

DEBRA
O-kay. So, what about it? Too old, too young... too dorky?

DEXTER
... it’s beautiful.

Deb unclenches. Almost smiles.

DEBRA
Really? Beautiful? You said the word ‘beautiful’.

DEXTER
Yeah, I did... ‘Cause it is.

He lifts her shades. Sees her reddened eyes.

DEXTER
Looks like you honored Dad for both of us anyway.

DEBRA
I had help.

She nods to Batista. Also wearing shades, he pops two aspirin.

DEXTER
Getting along with the new bossman?
DEBRA
Fuck him. He took me off the Oscar Prado case and put me on this...

She gestures to a partially-clad female, face-down in the bushes.

DEBRA
Some dead-end Jane Doe.

They move to the inner circle. Batista comes up.

BATISTA
Couple of ladies of the night called this one in.

He gestures to two hookers being interviewed by a Uniformed Cop. A squad car slides up, its siren WHOOPING. Batista acts like his hungover brain is going to explode.

BATISTA
Madre de dios! Turn that thing off!

Dexter starts toward the dead girl.

DEXTER
We’ll, uh, work quietly.

He kneels next to the body. Masuka starts to speak.

DEXTER
Halfway through your article, Vince. But so far, very... moving.

MASUKA
Yeah, the whole point was to make second tier chromosomal analysis sexy. Glad you’re picking up on it.

Deb hovers as Masuka gestures to the girl’s neck.

MASUKA
Strangled.

DEXTER
Ergo, no blood. I’m the blood guy. Why call me in?

Masuka turns the body over.

MASUKA
Because of this.

He points to the victim’s shoulder. A strip of skin has been removed.
MASUKA
Looks like the evil-doer had an agenda.

DEBRA
Maybe it was a tattoo or something.

BATISTA
Whatever. Dex, we need to know if this was ante or post-mortem.

Deb, still annoyed with Batista, moves away. As she does, Dexter’s gaze shifts from the mutilated shoulder to the girl’s face. He draws a quick breath of recognition.

The victim is Teegan, Freebo’s coked-out Coed girlfriend, complete with the purple streak in her blonde hair.

ON DEXTER. Intrigued, excitement growing.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Freebo’s still in Miami.

A slight grin creases his lips. He raises his camera to hide his face, and clicks off a few shots.

INT. POLICE STATION – DEXTER’S INNER LAB – DAY 4

Dexter studies Teegan’s crime scene photos on his laptop. He taps a few keys and Freebo’s image comes up.

ON DEXTER. Back in his comfort zone.

He looks through the blinds, sees LaGuerta leave her office.

INT. POLICE STATION – BULLPEN – DAY 4

LaGuerta crosses to Batista at his desk.

LAGUERTA
You talk to Morgan?

BATISTA
Yeah.

LAGUERTA
How’d she take it?

BATISTA
There were curse words involved.

LAGUERTA
I’d expect nothing less. You did good... Sergeant.
She drapes his gold shield around his neck. Batista proudly examines his new badge, as others come up to congratulate him. Deb, still pissed at Batista, hangs back as Dexter pats Angel on the shoulder and leaves.

50 INT. RITA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - DAY 4

Rita sways to the romantic song she’s listening to. She’s making a fresh batch of chocolate pudding, while leafing through her Hotel Management brochures. A dollop of pudding spills onto the counter. She scoops it up with her finger and, still moving to the music, sucks it clean.

51 INT. DENTIST’S OFFICE - LATE DAY - DAY 4

Dexter in the chair as the Dentist finishes implanting that pesky crown. Dexter smiles broadly. Whole again.

52 INT. POLICE STATION - LAGUERTA’S OFFICE - EVENING - NIGHT 4

LaGuerta at her desk. Paperwork. She looks up as her squad finishes for the day. Deb gets in the elevator.

53 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN/ELEVATOR - EVENING - NIGHT 4

Deb jabs the ‘down’ button. Batista calls out.

BATISTA
Hold the elevator.

Deb does and Batista enters. An awkward beat. Then -

DEBRA
Asshole.

She eyes the new gold shield, allows a smile.

DEBRA
Oh, sorry... Sergeant Asshole.

Batista grins, then leans out of the elevator.

BATISTA
Masuka, Ramos, Quinn. Vamonos! We got some celebrating to do.

DEBRA
After last night, you can still drink?

BATISTA
A man has his needs. You can go back to your cute little cranberry juice.

DEBRA
Tastes like shit. I’m having a mojito or ten... on you, Sarge.
The others join them. Festive and ready.

INT. POLICE STATION - LAGUERTA’S OFFICE - EVENING - NIGHT 4

LaGuerta still at her desk. She looks up as the elevator doors close. Neither Batista nor any of the others even thought to invite her.

EXT. THE BLUE ROOM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 4

Deb pulls up. There’s Yuki, perky and bright.

DEBRA
You so have the wrong person.

YUKI
Oh, there’s a good reason Quinn’s of interest to I.A.

DEBRA
When I said you had the wrong person? I meant me. These people aren’t just badge numbers to me. They’re my friends; my family.

And just like that, Yuki’s lightness evaporates.

YUKI
Ssh, you hear that? That’s the sound of your shield calling for help.

She goes. Deb looks after her, then heads for the bar.

EXT. RITA’S HOUSE - NIGHT 4

Dexter sits in his car, thinking.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Harry said that what was inside me would be there forever... and that I wouldn’t be able to change.

He steps out of the car, breathes in the night air.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He was half-right...

INT. RITA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 4

Dexter enters, a bounce in his step.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I mean, yeah, I’m still me. Always will be. But this life, this mission, this Code...
Rita’s at the counter, scooping whipped cream onto the pudding, still grooving to the song.

DEXTER (V.O.)
... it’s all mine now.
(beat)
Change is good.

He pauses, looks to Rita. She smiles that golden smile.

RITA
Hey you.

DEXTER
Hey yourself.

He drops his stuff on the counter.

DEXTER
That music again? Chocolate pudding again?

Rita looks at the pudding and draws a sharp breath, realizing something.

RITA
... shit.

Dexter crosses to her.

DEXTER
What?

RITA
Oh my God... I’ve done this before.

DEXTER
What do you mean?

RITA
I’m pregnant.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END