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Episode 301

“Our Father”

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Final Collated  
6/23/08

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Cast

“Our Father”

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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



**Sets**

**“Our Father”**

**301**

**Final Collated – 6/23/08**

**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 VZZZZT. 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.

1 INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY 1

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.

2 EXT. CARNIVAL - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 1 2

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.

3 INT. CARNIVAL KILL ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 1 3

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. Orients.

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.

4 EXT. CARNIVAL - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 1 4

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.

5 OMITTED 5

6 INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 1 6

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.

7 INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY 1

7

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 -

8 EXT. SLICE OF LIFE - DAY 1 (MIAMI FOOTAGE)

8

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:

9 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

9

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.

9 CONTINUED:

9

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.

10 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING - DAY 2

10

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.

10 CONTINUED:

10

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.

11 INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - DAY 2

11

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.

11 CONTINUED:

11

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.

12 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - LATER - DAY 2

12

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?*

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.

13 CONTINUED:

13

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

Aaight, 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 -

14 INT. FREEBO'S HOUSE - DAY 2

14

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.

14 CONTINUED:

14

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.

15 EXT. FREEBO'S HOUSE - DAY 2

15

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

16

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

17

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?

YUKI

Sugar. You like the raw stuff. It's my job to notice things. Morgan, right?

DEBRA

Do I know you?

YUKI

New haircut. Cute.

DEBRA

Okay, who the fuck are you?

YUKI

Yuki Amado. Internal Affairs.

Deb puts down her coffee.

DEBRA

And?

YUKI

You know a Joey Quinn?

DEBRA

*Why?*

YUKI

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

DEBRA

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

YUKI

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

Deb stares at her in disbelief.

DEBRA

Are you high?

YUKI

Nope. Never been.

DEBRA

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

YUKI

Cooperation with I.A. has its upside in the department.

17 CONTINUED:

17

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.

18 EXT. FREEBO'S STREET - NIGHT 2

18

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.

19 INT. FREEBO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

19

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:

19 CONTINUED:

19

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.

20 INT. ABANDONED CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT 2

20

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.

20 CONTINUED: 20

He YANKS the plug from the wall. BLACK.

21 EXT. FREEBO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 21

MUSIC STILL ROARING from inside the house. Wendell approaches from down the block, swigging on a brown-bagged forty ounce. 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.

22 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 22

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.

23 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - WEE HOURS - NIGHT 2

23

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.

24 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

24

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.

25 EXT. FREEBO'S STREET - DAWN - DAY 3

25

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.

25 CONTINUED:

25

BATISTA

How long for you to get to 118  
Calendar?

DEXTER

Actually... I'm kinda in the  
neighborhood.

26 EXT. FREEBO'S HOUSE - LATER - DAY 3

26

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 -

27 INT. FREEBO'S HOUSE - MORNING - DAY 3

27

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.

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

28

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.

29 INT. POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER - DAY 3

29

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.

LAGUERTA

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.

A30 ON A TELEVISION - LATER - DAY 3

A30

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

30

Deb, Batista, Masuka, Quinn and others watch Miguel's press conference. CONTINUE PULLBACK into -

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

31

Dexter at his laptop; searching files.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Part of my ritual has always been getting to know my victims.

31 CONTINUED:

31

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.

32 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY 3

32

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.

33 EXT. TAQUERIA - DAY 3

33

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.

DEBRA

If this is you and Quinn fucking with me, I am not in the mood.

ANTON

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

DEBRA

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

ANTON

Not a dealer. A user. An *occasional* user. Strictly weed.

DEBRA

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

ANTON

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

(then)

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.

Deb, trying on the charm -

DEBRA

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

ANTON

Got enough friends. Thanks anyway.

Deb's at a loss.

DEBRA

Okay, then. I'm outta here.

ANTON

Have a nice day.

She turns to go. Then, an idea comes.

DEBRA

How about this guy?

She lays another photo on the table: OSCAR PRADO.

34 INT. CODY'S CLASSROOM - DAY 3

34

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 looks at him. What a kid. He hugs Cody.

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?

34 CONTINUED:

34

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.

35 EXT. FREEBO'S STREET - LATER - DAY 3

35

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.

36 INT. FREEBO'S HOUSE - DAY 3

36

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.

DEXTER

You mean what happened to your brother?

MIGUEL

I need to understand.

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

DEXTER

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.

DEXTER

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

He pauses.

DEXTER

But you know that.

Miguel nods for Dexter to continue.

DEXTER

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...

MIGUEL

So, he didn't suffer?

DEXTER

Blood never lies.

Miguel absorbs this, then -

MIGUEL

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.

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.

MASUKA

Trace and prints - on and around the victim - all point to Freebo.

BATISTA

(to Quinn)

Anyone out there talking?

QUINN

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.

DEBRA

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

QUINN

(unfazed)

Sadly, it's not a perfect world.

DEBRA

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

QUINN

Guess you don't owe me that favor then.

MASUKA

How come he gets favors?

DEBRA

He doesn't.

She shoots a look at Quinn.

DEBRA

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.

DEXTER

What do you mean?

Deb's excitement gets the best of her.

DEBRA

Oscar Prado was into Freebo for some serious cash.

(MORE)

37 CONTINUED:

37

DEBRA (CONT'D)

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.

38 INT. POLICE STATION - LAGUERTA'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY 3

38

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.

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

39

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 looking 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.

40 INT. POLICE STATION - LAGUERTA'S OFFICE - DAY 3

40

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)

40 CONTINUED:

40

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.

41 INT. SANTUARIO - EVENING - NIGHT 3

41

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.

41 CONTINUED:

41

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.

42 INT. THE BLUE ROOM - EVENING - NIGHT 3

42

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.

43 INT. SANTUARIO - EVENING - NIGHT 3

43

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.

44 INT. THE BLUE ROOM - NIGHT 3

44

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.

44 CONTINUED:

44

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?

45 EXT. THE BLUE ROOM - NIGHT 3

45

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.

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

46

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.

47 EXT. CALLE OCHO VACANT LOT - MORNING - DAY 4

47

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.

47 CONTINUED:

47

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.

48 INT. POLICE STATION - DEXTER'S INNER LAB - DAY 4

48

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.

49 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY 4

49

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.

49 CONTINUED:

49

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

50

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

51

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

52

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

53

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*.

53 CONTINUED: 53

The others join them. Festive and ready.

54 INT. POLICE STATION - LAGUERTA'S OFFICE - EVENING - NIGHT 4 54

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.

55 EXT. THE BLUE ROOM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 4 55

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.

56 EXT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 56

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...

57 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 4 57

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...

57 CONTINUED:

57

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