DEXTER

"CARNIVAL OF BLOOD"

FADE IN:

DREAM SEQUENCE - REC ROOM - TAMPA MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY (1990)

The tables are filled with ADOLESCENTS playing games, reading and hanging out. LOUIS ROSENBLATT (12), nerdy with bushy hair and wireframe glasses, is walking toward a row of desktop PCs in the back. Three trouble-looking BOYS get up and follow him.

Louis sits down at a PC, pulls a floppy disk from his pocket and puts it in the drive. The three boys appear to his right.

> BOY #1 Look, it's the great kitty killer of Coral Gables.

LOUIS What do you want?

BOY #2 Think that makes you tough, Louis?

LOUIS

No.

BOY #3 We killed real people, dude.

LOUIS

Really?

BOY #1 Cut a punkass bitch's throat. See ya.

BOY #2

I helped a drunk off a roof. He was a mess.

All the boys LAUGH.

BOY #3 I shot my little brother by accident. (smirks, evil) Really. Think you're bad because you killed your mommy's cats? Fucken pussy!

Boy #1 SLAPS Louis's face. His glasses fall to the floor.

LOUIS

Hey, cut it out!

Boy #1 JACKS Louis to his feet by his shirt collar.

BOY #1 What are you gonna do, faggot?

OLDER BOY (O.S.) Leave him alone.

BOY #1

Who the fuck-

The boys turn, belligerent then afraid. A young BRIAN MOSER (18) is staring black pits at them. Boy #1 lets go of Louis.

BOY #1

It's okay, we're just playing.

BRIAN

I'm not.

The boys walk away scared. Louis looks up, wary. Brian smiles.

BRIAN

You okay?

LOUIS

Yeah, I'm okay.

Brian picks up Louis's glasses and hands them to him.

BRIAN

Those guys bother you again, tell me.

LOUIS

Thank you.

Louis puts on his glasses, smiles and extends his hand.

LOUIS

I'm Louis Rosenblatt.

BRIAN

(shaking hands) I know. I'm Brian Moser. I hear you're good with computers, Louis.

LOUIS

I know my shit. Check it out.

Louis clicks on a popup game icon titled "GREENE DEATH". A huge grinning zombie resembling the Jolly Green Giant appears in Atari-like graphics, roaring and flexing his massive arms. Crude male and female figures appear, screaming and running. The cheery monster chases them down and bites their heads off.

BRIAN

Green only has two e's, Louis.

LOUIS I know, but that name's taken. I had to change it to sell it.

BRIAN

Wheeling and dealing at your age? (laughs) Does your killer have a name?

LOUIS

I named him Louis after me, and Greene because evil aliens turned him into a big green brain-eating zombie. He's my hero.

BRIAN Charming. So how do you kill him?

On the PC, tanks and soldiers advance on Louis the Zombie.

LOUIS

You can't. He's already dead.

The Army tanks fire. The shells explode on the jolly monster, who shrugs them off grinning. He grabs two tanks, FLINGS them, chases down the screaming soldiers and bites their heads off. The idea is, Louis kills all the humans for the aliens. Then when the aliens come to take over the earth, Louis starts killing them too. The aliens have really bad weapons that could destroy Louis. But if he kills all the aliens, he alone rules the Earth. Roar!

At that moment, Louis the Zombie ROARS in victory. They LAUGH.

BRIAN

Invincible and immortal, my kind of killer. So-called normal people are so fucked up, aren't they, Louis? Doctors here worst of all.

LOUIS How do you mean, Brian?

BRIAN You'd like to make a million bucks from a game like that, right?

LOUIS

Well, ya.

BRIAN

And you will, Louis. Zombie games will always be popular. Know why?

LOUIS

Because they're fun?

BRIAN

That's right, fun. Because for socalled normal people, slaughtering the living isn't enough fun. They have to butcher the dead, too. How sick is that? They're the ones who should be locked up.

LOUIS

(laughs)
It's funny but it's true.

BRIAN

It is true, Louis. We're a race of killers. Put on TV or a movie, what do you see? Killing. Most books or newspapers? Killing. Murder sells, Louis. How many people will die in videogames around the world today?

LOUIS

Millions. Billions.

BRIAN

Don't listen to the doctors here, Louis. Their heads are totally up their asses. Killing is at the core of being human, of feeling real. How did you feel when you killed, Louis? Tell me the truth.

Louis is unnerved for a moment, then smirks. Brian grins.

BRIAN See? I knew it. You little murderer. Think you're God or something?

Louis GIGGLES.

BRIAN

Death is the flame, Louis. We are the moths. Why deny our most basic reality?

LOUIS Wow. You know a lot, Brian.

Brian points to the rampaging zombie on the computer screen.

BRIAN So do you, Louis. What about hacking?

LOUIS I picked some things up along the way.

BRIAN Think you can break into their system?

LOUIS

I've been trying. It'll be tricky. Getting to the money, especially.

BRIAN

Don't do that, Louis. They'll know right away if a penny is missing.

LOUIS Why else, to fuck them all up? I can do that.

BRIAN

No, Louis. We hack the records on the sly. They're better than gold.

LOUIS

Why, Brian?

BRIAN

We can see what our moron doctors, therapists and group leaders are saying about us. Then we tell them what they want to hear so we can get the fuck out of here. I have plans. You want to stay here forever?

LOUIS

Hell no.

BRIAN

As a bonus, we get to see just how fucked up the other kids really are.

Louis looks at a pretty TEENAGED GIRL at a nearby table and smiles. The girl smiles back, then blushes and turns away.

BRIAN

Is she a nympho, Louis? Or would she cut your balls off? Knowledge is power.

LOUIS

That's a fact, Jack. I'll get us in, Brian. Just gotta find the back door.

BRIAN

Favorite entry point for most killers.

Brian points to the rampaging zombie on the PC screen.

BRIAN You should take his name when you grow up.

LOUIS

Why?

BRIAN You'll be Louis Greene, Killing Machine. You'll rule the earth.

LOUIS That's cool. I like that.

BRIAN

Even better, no one will ever know you were here. Any family, Louis?

LOUIS My mother, but she disowns me now.

BRIAN No King of the Jungle Award from mom?

LOUIS Not even. What about you, Brian?

BRIAN

A little brother, four years younger. I'll find him when I get out. We're real blood brothers, Louis. I wonder if he turned out like me. Like us.

A computer BEEPS-

LOUIS

What's his name?

CUT TO:

LOUIS GREENE, lying in bed fully clothed, opens his eyes.

YOUNG BRIAN (V.O.)

Dexter.

The open laptop on the nightstand is BEEPING. Louis sits up on the bed's edge, puts his glasses on and peers at the screen. A tiny red blip is traversing a street map of downtown Miami. Louis taps the PAGE UP key to zoom in. The tiny red blip grows into an old-style white ambulance with a large red teardrop of blood on the side. An avatar of Dexter's head BOBS atop it.

LOUIS

And Blood Guy is on the move.

Louis's phone RINGS. The screen reads "JAMIE BATISTA CALLING".

LOUIS

Shit.

Louis presses the IGNORE softkey on the phone and pockets it then closes the laptop, bags it up and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE

TITLE SUPER: "CARNIVAL OF BLOOD"

BLACK SCREEN

DEXTER (V.O.) Tonight's the night it was going to happen. Had to happen. It was only a matter of time.

FADE IN:

INT. SANTA MARIA DE LAREDO CHURCH - MIAMI - NIGHT

DEXTER stands beside the table where TRAVIS MARSHALL is bound.

TRAVIS You're wrong about everything because TRAVIS (CONT'D) you don't believe in God. But I have faith in God's plan.

DEXTER Really. Then it must be God's plan you're on my table.

Dexter circles to the head of the table and leans over Travis.

DEXTER

You think it's God's will that I'm about to kill you? God has nothing to do with this. You are wrapped in plastic because I want to kill you.

DEBRA MORGAN enters the church and pauses, listening.

TRAVIS This is not how it's supposed to be!

DEXTER Maybe this is exactly how it's supposed to be. Maybe everything is exactly as it should be.

Dexter raises his knife and PLUNGES it into Travis's chest. Debra GASPS. Dexter turns and sees her.

DEXTER

Oh God.

Debra walks over, aghast. Dexter backs away arms up, leaving the knife in Travis's chest. Blood streams out of the wound.

DEBRA Jesus Dex, what the fuck did you do? Holy shit! Is that Travis Marshall?

DEXTER He tried to sacrifice Harrison, Deb. He wasn't getting a second chance.

DEBRA Why the fuck would he try to kill Harrison?

DEXTER

We were desperate, so I set a trap. Made him think I was the Beast.

DEBRA

Was he wrong?

DEXTER He tried to kill my son!

DEBRA No, there's more here.

DEXTER (V.O.) Don't do it, Deb.

Debra looks the signature cut on Travis's cheek, the knife kit at his feet, then sees the blood slide near Travis's head. She picks it up, stares at it in dawning horror and DROPS it. It BREAKS on the floor. Debra draws her Glock and aims at Dexter.

> DEBRA Omigod, you're the Bay Harbor Butcher!

DEXTER You know how crazy that sounds, Deb?

DEBRA You know how fucking crazy this looks, Dex? I know that case. It's all here.

DEXTER

Deb-

DEBRA

It all makes so much fucking sense now. You hunt and trap them just like Travis, then you bullshit your way through everything else. Why the fuck didn't I see this earlier?

Debra COCKS THE HAMMER on her Glock and takes unsteady aim.

DEXTER

Take it easy, Deb.

DEBRA

On your fucking life, Dex. Are you the Bay Harbor Butcher? ARE YOU?

DEXTER (V.O.) My moment of truth with Deb had finally come. With a bullet.

DEBRA

Answer me!

DEXTER I prefer Dark Defender myself.

DEBRA Oh Jesus Christ oh Jesus Christ!

DEXTER They were all murdering fucktards, Deb.

DEBRA That makes it okay for you to be one?

DEXTER

(hard) The law couldn't touch them. I could. A lot of innocent people are alive because of me, including you, Deb.

DEBRA What the FUCK are you talking about?

DEXTER

Brian.

DEBRA

Brian killed himself.

DEXTER

Brian loved killing too much to take his own life. And he never would have stopped hunting you, Deb, you know that. It was him or you. Am I wrong?

DEBRA Dexter. He was your brother.

DEXTER

(hard) I'd kill a thousand Brians to keep you safe, brother or no. I love you, Deb. You're the only good and true thing I've got in this sick fucking nightmare of a world.

Debra, torn with emotion, begins to CRY and lowers her gun.

DEXTER

Deb.

Dexter walks toward Debra. Debra levels her Glock at Dexter.

DEBRA STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME! (beat) Just stay away, Dex.

DEXTER (V.O.) Now there's a familiar Morgan family tune.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HARRY MORGAN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Harry VOMITS by the table bearing the dismembered JUAN RINEZ.

YOUNG ADULT DEXTER Are you okay, Dad?

HARRY Just -- stay away, Dexter.

BACK ON:

DEXTER facing down Debra at gunpoint, his arms up.

DEXTER (V.O.) Like father like daughter. Not like me.

Their phones RING. Dexter gestures toward his pants pocket.

DEXTER

May I?

Debra holsters her gun, grabs her phone and points at Dexter.

DEBRA This sick shit has to stop, Dex. I'm in charge of fucking Homicide, for chrissake! (answers phone) Morgan. (beat) Are you fucking kidding me? Where? No, I don't know where Dexter is. I'll be there in fifteen.

DEXTER

What's going on?

DEBRA

You mean besides having to lie for you now? We have to go, Dex. There's blood. I need you.

Debra cringes at the words, then points to Travis.

DEBRA

What the fuck are we going to do with this asshole, Dex? Everyone's looking for him.

DEXTER What would you think if he disappeared?

DEBRA Whatever you have to do, do it fast.

DEXTER I'll be twenty minutes behind you.

DEBRA

You got five.

DEXTER

I can't do anything in five minutes!

DEBRA

We have to go, Dex. LaGuerta's having a shit fit. She's calling everyone in.

DEXTER Does anyone know you're here?

DEBRA No, I came to see you.

DEXTER

What about?

DEBRA

Does it fucking matter now? Just -- do something with that lump of shit and move your psycho ass!

Debra storms out of the church, CURSING all the way.

DEXTER (V.O.) And just like that, Deeply Devoted Debra became the Dearly Departed Doakes. Is this what I had to look forward to, from my own sister? Freak? Psycho? Fucking weirdo? Or that classic Doakes standby, "I'll be watching you, motherfucker"?

Dexter turns and glares at the wall-mounted Jesus crucifix.

DEXTER Had to have the last word, didn't you?

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MARIA DE LAREDO CHURCH - LATER

Dexter puts his kill tools, the ancient sword and his butcher apron on Travis's chest, then SLINGS a tarp over the table.

DEXTER (V.O.) I really didn't like doing this. The last time I left a body lying around, Sergeant Doakes nearly derailed the Dexter Express.

DEXTER (CONT'D) (to Travis) Don't go anywhere.

Dexter turns and looks up at the Jesus crucifix, pleading.

DEXTER

Please?

Dexter leaves, the broken slide forgotten in the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MARIA DE LAREDO CHURCH - LATER

Dexter SPEEDS OFF in his car. An ecstatic Louis Greene emerges from the darkness on the right side of the church and LAUGHS.

LOUIS And I thought I was a fucking gamer!

Louis plays the kill video on his phone. It RINGS. It's Jamie.

LOUIS

Not now Jamie, it's Game On.

Louis presses IGNORE then smirks and shakes his head in awe.

LOUIS Make Doomsday disappear.

Louis has a eureka moment-

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MARIA DE LAREDO CHURCH - LATER

A hand RIPS AWAY the tarp covering Travis Marshall's body.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - OTTAWA COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - MIAMI - NIGHT

At the Hammer Game, a headless SECURITY GUARD is propped in a stance holding a huge rubber mallet. His head is mounted high up under the bell. A sign above it reads "Give That Man a Prize!" A sign on the back of the body reads "Hammerhead Champeen". ANGEL BATISTA is onscene. Dexter approaches him.

ANGEL This is some fucked up shit, socio.

DEXTER The Funhouse Killers? Here?

ANGEL It's looking that way.

DEXTER At least they have a sense of humor.

ANGEL It'd be hilarious if it were a dummy.

No prank is worth a human life, bro.

DEXTER Ya, I got it Angel. Where's the blood?

ANGEL I got unis running a sweep. Nothing yet. So what do you make of the cut? A machete?

Dexter examines the security guard's neck. The cut is perfect.

DEXTER No, it's way too clean for a machete, Angel. Something very sharp and very heavy did this. (beat) Where's Deb? I need to see her.

ANGEL

There's another body in the funhouse. She's in there with Vince and two FBI agents. I'd steer clear if I were you.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNHOUSE ENTRANCE

As Dexter enters, he HEARS Debra and the FBI agents ARGUING.

FBI AGENT #1 (O.S) We're here to help, Lieutenant.

DEBRA (O.S.) Then get the fuck off my crime scene and let my people do their jobs. Go fuck up somebody else's. Fucking FBI.

FBI AGENT #2 (O.S.) You're a hell of a liaison, Lieutenant.

DEBRA (O.S.) Fuck you. And get off my crime scene.

Two FBI AGENTS (30's) pass Dexter, glaring at him as they walk by. Dexter approaches Debra and Vince Masuka, who are looking over the body of a murdered SECURITY GUARD hanging from a rope slung under his arms. The flesh on his skull, hands and feet has been eaten away by acid. A sign on his chest reads "BOO!"

> DEXTER Sulphuric acid, Vince?

> > VINCE

I'll know for sure back at the lab. This is some sick shit, huh Dex?

DEBRA Just what we need right now. More fucking psycho killers in town.

Debra glares at Dexter, then SHOVES him aside as she leaves.

VINCE What was that all about?

DEXTER It's been a long fucking day, Vince.

VINCE That's for sure. Any word on Doomsday?

DEXTER You don't have enough on your fucking plate here? DEXTER Sorry, no word on Doomsday. Vince, did you see the other body?

VINCE Just a quick sweep. Very clean cut.

DEXTER Weird. Almost industrial precision.

Dexter looks around, sees a mock guillotine and hurries out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNHOUSE

Debra is standing outside the entrance. Dexter approaches her.

DEXTER Deb, we need to look for a truck.

DEBRA You and your fucking trucks again?

DEXTER Was I wrong the first time?

DEBRA

Okay, what?

DEXTER

You can't just get sulphuric acid, Deb. They must have it with them. And I think they used a guillotine on the other guard.

DEBRA Are you fucking losing it, Dex?

DEXTER

The cut was way clean, Deb. There's no blood, either. They probably took him to their truck, used it on him,

DEXTER (CONT'D)

bled him out and brought him back. Maybe a stolen box truck or moving van, with California or Texas plates if we're lucky and they're stupid.

DEBRA

I see where all your creepy hunches come from now.

DEXTER I'm trying to help you here, Deb.

DEBRA Well thanks a fucking lot, Dex.

DEXTER

What do you want from me?

DEBRA If you have to ask me that, Dex, you really are a fucking idiot.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBRA MORGAN'S OFFICE - MIAMI METRO HQ - NIGHT

The wall clock reads 11:20pm. Debra is sitting at her desk in palm-face mode. Detective JOEY QUINN enters the office.

QUINN You wanted to see me, L.T.?

DEBRA I'm assigning you with Mike Anderson.

QUINN

Works for me.

DEBRA

It better, Joey. Because if I find out you can't work with Mike either, I'll fire you. Think it wouldn't hold up with all the shit you've pulled? Nice to know where I stand.

DEBRA

Where you stand is all on you, Joey, so quit fucking around and do your goddamn job. Is that clear?

QUINN

Loud and, Lieutenant.

DEBRA Good. Get the fuck out of my office.

Quinn leaves. Dexter enters and closes the door.

DEXTER Deb, I need to ask a favor.

DEBRA You got a lot of fucking balls, Dex.

DEXTER

I'm asking you to take over for Jamie and watch Harrison for me. I'm going to be stuck here processing crime scene evidence. Can you help me out?

DEBRA

Oh, that. Yeah, sure.

DEXTER

Thank you.

DEBRA

Did you kill Doakes?

DEXTER What? No, I didn't kill him.

DEBRA Then who the fuck did?

DEXTER

Lila.

DEBRA

Lila the English vampire. Really.

DEXTER

Doakes found me out, Deb. I locked him up in the cabin for a few days, then decided to let him take me in. Lila stole my GPS, tracked him down and blew him up before I could.

DEBRA

You hated him, Dex. Sure you didn't whisper sweet murder in her ear?

DEXTER Lila heard her own voices, Deb. I've never killed anyone who was innocent. (V.O) Well, almost never.

DEBRA Fucking bitch. She has to pay for that.

DEXTER

I took care of it.

Debra SIGHS, nauseous.

DEBRA

Get the fuck out of here.

Dexter leaves. Debra leans over and VOMITS into her trashcan.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jamie Batista is on the sofa in the living room, reading a book. Debra enters. Jamie gets up and walks over to her.

JAMIE

Thanks for taking over for me, Debra.

DEBRA

How's Harrison?

JAMIE He's fine. Out like a light.

Jamie SNIFFLES, then starts to WEEP.

DEBRA What's wrong, Jamie?

JAMIE

It's Louis. He won't answer my calls.
I know he was laid off today. I just
wanted to talk to him and (sobbing)
I think he's breaking up with me.

Debra hugs Jamie and then consoles her.

DEBRA I'm sure it's not that bad, Jamie.

JAMIE Then why won't he take my calls?

DEBRA

He's probably down. I know he loved working with us. Just give him some time, okay? Don't assume the worst.

JAMIE

Thank you, Debra.

DEBRA

Go home, Jamie. Think happy thoughts.

Jamie leaves. Debra walks into the kitchen, pours a glass of orange juice and sees the ITK prosthetic arm on the counter.

DEBRA Fucking happy thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN FORENSIC LAB - MIAMI METRO HQ

Dexter is analyzing blood samples. Masuka is at a microscope.

VINCE Find anything, Dextrous?

DEXTER No, just the victims' blood. You?

VINCE

It was definitely sulphuric acid, Dex. Right now I'm trying to pull hair fibers from a clump of cotton candy or some shit. Had to be the most contaminated crime scene ever.

DEXTER

It's a fucking carnival, Vince. What did you expect, an operating room?

Dexter's phone RINGS. It reads "DEBRA CALLING". He answers.

DEXTER (into phone) Nothing yet Deb, but we're working-

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DEXTER'S APARTMENT

Debra is staring at the prosthetic arm on the counter.

DEBRA (into phone) Just how sick of a fuck are you, Dex?

INTERCUT BETWEEN DEXTER AND DEBRA ON THE PHONE

DEXTER Could you be a little more specific?

DEBRA Why is the prosthetic arm from Brian's killing spree in your apartment?

DEXTER What? It should be in Evidence with all the other Ice Truck Killer shit.

Dexter glances at Vince, who gawks at him then turns away.

DEBRA

Yes, it should. So what the fuck?

DEXTER

I don't know. I'll check for prints
later. Look around for an evidence
bag, or a box it might have come in.
Tear the place apart if you have to.
 (V.O.)
Uh oh. I shouldn't have said that.

Debra abruptly HANGS UP.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN FORENSIC LAB - MIAMI METRO HQ

Dexter turns to Vince, who looks away. Dexter approaches him.

DEXTER So what do you know, Vince?

VINCE

About what?

DEXTER You know. I know you do.

VINCE Listen Dexter, I could lose my job-

DEXTER Who did you give the arm to, Vince?

VINCE I didn't give it to anyone.

Dexter JACKS Vince to his feet and SLAMS him against the wall.

DEXTER Don't FUCK with me on this, Vince!

VINCE Jesus Dexter, what the hell-

DEXTER

It wound up on my fucking doorstep!

VINCE

Holy shit!

Detective Mike Anderson enters the lab.

ANDERSON Just checking. You find anything-

Dexter and Vince turn and gawk at Mike Anderson in surprise.

ANDERSON What are you two morons doing?

DEXTER

Nothing. It's personal.

ANDERSON

Tell you what's personal, Dexter. We've got the worst serial killers in the nation in town, every minute we waste could cost another life, and you two are in here jerking off?

DEXTER

Sorry.

ANDERSON

Sorry doesn't cut it, Dexter. Now get back to work. If I catch you assholes fucking off again, I'll flamingo both your asses and throw you off the roof!

DEXTER

Alright, we're on it.

ANDERSON

I thought you were better than this, Dexter.

Mike exits the lab, SLAMMING the door behind him.

VINCE

What's a flamingo?

DEXTER

Shut the fuck up.

Dexter and Masuka return to examining evidence at their desks.

DEXTER Tell me everything you know about the arm, Vince.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DEXTER'S APARTMENT

Debra, RIFLING through Dexter's closet, looks down and sees his trunk. She slides it out, opens it, rummages through it, pulls out Dexter's serial killer scrapbook and flips it open. An old news clipping with a photo of a Ford van outfitted as a mobile torture chamber reads "MURDER MAC: HELL ON WHEELS".

DEBRA

Of all the sick fucking shit!

Debra FLINGS the scrapbook aside, reaches into the trunk and pulls out a legal-sized photo album. She flips through it and stops at a blowup photo of Harry posing beside a dead buck. A matching photo with a teenaged Dexter adorns the right page.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S STUDY

Debra opens the top desk drawer, pulls out a magnifying glass and scrutinizes both photos. The multiple dripping stab wounds on the buck's abdomen become crystal clear in both pictures.

> DEBRA Omigod, it can't be.

> > FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. WOODS - EVERGLADES - DAY

HARRY watches as YOUNG DEXTER repeatedly stabs the dying buck

HARRY

Say stinky feet!

YOUNG DEXTER

Stinky feet!

A BULB FLASH. FREEZE FRAME on the scene to match the photo.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S STUDY

Debra stares at the photos in shock and horror.

DEBRA

Fucking Harry knew. Jesus Christ.

Debra closes the photo album and begins to SOB.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HOMICIDE OFFICES - MIAMI METRO HQ

Dexter approaches Mike Anderson's desk and hands him a folder.

DEXTER All the samples match the victims, Mike. Vince has come up empty, too.

ANDERSON I know. I talked to him when he left. (apologetic) Sorry I jumped all over you, Dexter.

DEXTER It's okay, Mike. You were right.

ANDERSON No, the pucker meter's been pegged at eleven around here lately.

DEXTER

Pucker meter?

ANDERSON

Yeah, it's a-

DEXTER

Another time, okay? I have to get home to my son.

ANDERSON Of course you do. Good night, Dexter.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S CAR - TRAVELING

DEXTER (V.O.) I did have to get home to Harrison. But I had one last mess to clean up before I could face Deb again.

CUT TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE - DEXTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

It is dawn. Debra, wearing a sheer baby doll nightgown, is asleep on the sofa. Dexter enters the apartment, waking her. Debra stands up and approaches Dexter, serene and seductive.

> DEBRA Harry knew, didn't he Dex?

Dexter looks down, dejected. Debra gently lifts up his chin.

DEBRA It's okay, Dex. You can tell me.

DEXTER Harry always knew what I was, Deb.

DEBRA But he still loved you.

DEXTER

Yes, of course.

DEBRA

I love you too, Dex. I always have.

Debra leans in close to kiss Dexter. Dexter is reticent.

DEXTER

Deb-

DEBRA It's okay, Dex. I love you.

They kiss. Debra backs away, smiling. Dexter has become Brian.

BRIAN

I love you too, Deb.

Horrified, Debra is distracted by Harrison's GIGGLING. Debra looks down. A grinning Harrison is waddling toward her. Debra looks up. Brian has become Dexter again. He is smiling at her.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DEXTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Debra is sleeping on the sofa. A GIGGLING Harrison waddles over to her, reaches up and GRABS her arm. Debra JUMPS UP.

DEBRA

Jesus on a stick!

Startled, Harrison CRIES. Debra picks him up and hugs him.

DEBRA I'm sorry. You scared Auntie Debra.

Harrison GIGGLES. Debra stands him on her lap and smiles.

DEBRA

Little devil. Just like your father.

Debra SIGHS, weary and sad. Her phone RINGS. It's Dexter.

DEBRA Speak of the devil. (answers phone) What?

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MARIA DE LAREDO CHURCH

Dexter is beside the bare kill table, talking into his phone.

DEXTER

He's gone, Deb.

DEBRA (on phone)

Who's gone?

DEXTER

Travis.

DEBRA (on phone) What the fuck do you mean he's gone?

DEXTER I mean he's gone, Deb.

DEBRA (on phone) He couldn't have just fucking up and walked away.

Dexter turns and looks up at the Jesus crucifix.

DEXTER Not unless it's the Resurrection.

DEBRA (on phone) Don't fuck with me right now, Dex.

DEXTER I'm not, Deb. He's gone.

DEBRA (on phone) Who the fuck would have taken his body?

DEXTER I don't know. I just got here, and everything's gone. Travis, his sword, my tool kit-

DEBRA (on phone) What are you, a fucking mechanic now?

DEXTER

Deb-

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S LIVING ROOM

Harrison becomes squirrelly on Debra's lap.

DEBRA I can't deal with this right now, Dex. Find him. (hangs up)

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MARIA DE LAREDO CHURCH

Dexter hangs up, then turns and rages at the Jesus crucifix.

DEXTER

This your doing? Time for Dexter's Day of Doom, is it? For what sins must I pay? Murder? Sacrilege? Blasphemy? Sex before marriage?

Dexter picks up a two-by-four and ROARS as he SWINGS it, SMASHING everything in range. Harry APPEARS beside him.

HARRY That won't help you find Travis.

DEXTER

I know. It just makes me-

Dexter HURLS the two-by-four across the room.

DEXTER

Feel better.

HARRY

Does it really?

DEXTER This place is evil. It should be destroyed.

HARRY

No, Dexter. Look around. This church was built with love and care, by good people like Brother Sam.

DEXTER

Brother Sam.

HARRY It was Travis who stained it with evil.

DEXTER And me with his murder?

HARRY

No, Dexter. You restored the balance. That evil is now gone.

DEXTER

Right along with Travis. This isn't helping, Dad.

HARRY Think. Who would have taken the body?

DEXTER

I don't fucking know.

HARRY

Are you sure you weren't followed?

DEXTER

Yes I'm sure.

HARRY

How else could someone find you here?

DEXTER

What do you mean?

HARRY How did Doakes find you?

DEXTER

Aw fuck, GPS.

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CUT TO:

INT/EXT. DEXTER'S CAR - OUTSIDE THE CHURCH - LATER

Dexter RIFLES through the glove compartment and searches the interior. Nothing. Dexter goes to the trunk, opens it, grabs a flashlight, drops to the ground and scans the undercarriage. Harry is lying on the ground on the other side, facing him.

HARRY

If a passing patrol sees that beam, they'll investigate. I would.

DEXTER There's nothing for them to find.

HARRY

What's Rule Number One, Dexter?

Dexter spots a magnetic-mounted GPS module and reaches for it.

HARRY You sure you want to do that, son?

DEXTER

Why not?

HARRY What's the best way to find whoever put it there?

DEXTER Don't let him know. Lure him in.

HARRY

Good thinkin'.

Dexter shuts off the flashlight, stands up and looks around.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S LAB - MIAMI METRO HQ - DAY

Dexter peers through the blinds. CAPTAIN LAGUERTA is escorting FBI Special Agents ROBERT KESSLER (40's), CHARLES WARD (black, 30's) and JOHN DEANGELO (30's) into the main Homicide offices.

LAGUERTA

Listen up, everyone. There'll be a briefing on the Funhouse Killers in the conference room in five minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MIAMI METRO HOMICIDE - LATER

The conference room is packed. Special Agent Robert Kessler is at the podium. Debra is standing in front beside Dexter.

AGENT KESSLER

Ladies, gentlemen, fellow officers. I'm Special Agent Robert Kessler of the FBI's Investigative Support Unit. That name means exactly what it says. We're here to aid the investigation of the Funhouse Killings in every way we can. This morning I'll brief you on our profiles of the killers based on the evidence at hand. Will somebody get the lights, please?

ANGEL

Are you Frank Lundy's replacement?

AGENT KESSLER No one can replace Agent Lundy. But if you're asking if I'm working in the same capacity, then yes.

DEXTER (V.O.) Just what I need. The FBI's latest serial killer-hunting superstar on the job, and just in time to trip over Travis's body and my kill kit. Wherever they are.

Agent Ward pulls down the projection screen as the lights go off. A gruesome picture of a funhouse victim appears onscreen.

AGENT KESSLER Usually I don't agree with the news media's sensational names for serial murderers, but in the case of the AGENT KESSSLER (CONT'D) Funhouse Killers they got it right. They're the signature crimes in all three of their killing sprees, first in Los Angeles...

Agent Kessler clicks on the slide remote. Two funhouse kill victims appear side by side, wearing signs that read "BOO!"

AGENT KESSLER Then in Austin, Texas...

Kessler clicks the remote. The Miami victim is now included.

AGENT KESSLER Now here in Miami. The patterns are the same in each spree. First, the primary kill in the funhouse. Then a secondary kill at the same scene, followed by three random kills over a span of three weeks. This is the secondary carnival kill in L.A.

Kessler clicks the remote. Onscreen, a headless SECURITY GUARD'S body is seated in a Ferris Wheel chair, his head resting on the seat above it. A sign on the next highest chair reads "WHAT A RIDE!" Nervous LAUGHTER fills the room.

> AGENT KESSLER You can laugh. In our jobs, it's cathartic. This next victim was the fourth kill of their spree in L.A.

Kessler clicks the remote. Onscreen, a headless MALE BODY in a tuxedo is propped up and holding a silver platter bearing the victim's head. A sign on his chest reads "EAT THE RICH!"

AGENT KESSLER

This victim was Martin Weinstein, owner of a jewelry store chain in Los Angeles and a respected member of his community. All of the six victims to date killed after the initial carnival murders seem to have been chosen because of wealth or status in their communities.
AGENT KESSLER (CONT'D) The post-carnival killings also gave us the only real lead we have to date.

Kessler clicks the remote. A mug shot of a handsome freckled TEENAGED BOY with long dirty blond hair appears on the screen. His personal stats and rap sheet are listed on the sidebar.

> AGENT KESSLER This is David Maris, only seventeen and already a complete sociopath. A year ago he fed rat poison to his foster brother.

Debra turns and whispers in Dexter's ear.

DEBRA

Now there's an idea.

AGENT KESSLER

Fortunately, the boy survived. He later told Bakersfield police that David stood over him giggling as he convulsed. Maris ran away from home and hadn't been heard from until his hair fibers were found in an Austin victim's car. They matched two found in Weinstein's. That ties David Maris directly to both crimes. If we can find Maris, we'll find our killers.

(beat)

We need to keep the search for him low profile. We'll issue BOLOs on him for the Bakersfield poisoning. The press won't care about that. But if they hear he's a suspect in the funhouse murders and report it, our killers may scatter to the four winds. We want to round them up in one fell swoop if possible, agreed?

QUINN How many killers are there?

AGENT KESSLER

Based on the evidence, we believe there's one dominant male suspect in his mid to late twenties and three to five younger suspects, teenagers like Maris. They'd be submissive to their leader, yet fully capable of extreme violence on their own.

ANGEL

Like the Manson family?

AGENT KESSLER

More like a Satanic death cult, I'd say. They're also highly organized, which is very unusual for such young suspects. They spent a lot of time planning and executing these kills.

Kessler gestures toward Agents Ward and Deangelo behind him.

AGENT KESSLER These are Special Agents Charles Ward and John Deangelo, also from I.S.U. They'll be joining your task force once it's formed. I'll act as liaison with D.C., and will assist Captain LaGuerta in putting together a task force.

(beat) This case is a top priority for the Bureau. If you need manpower, you'll get it. If you need forensic support, our labs will provide you with the quickest turnaround possible. With luck and hard work, the Funhouse Killers' traveling horrorshow will close in Miami. Any other questions?

DEBRA We need to find a truck, Agent Kessler.

Mild LAUGHTER. Angel grins. Maria smirks and covers her mouth.

AGENT KESSLER

Um, what kind of truck, Lieutenant?

DEBRA

A stolen box truck or moving van with California or Texas plates. Something to haul the sulphuric acid around in, and tall enough to hold a guillotine.

AGENT KESSLER A guillotine? Where did that come from?

DEBRA

That was Dexter's analysis of the secondary kill here, and I agree. It would fit their profile, wouldn't it?

AGENT KESSLER

Thank you, Lieutenant Morgan. I'll take it under advisement.

LAGUERTA

I'd listen to her if I were you, Agent Kessler. Lieutenant Morgan's hunches have been uncanny in cases like these.

AGENT KESSLER Okay, we'll look into it. Thank you.

The meeting breaks up. Debra turns to Dexter.

DEBRA

They won't do anything. FBI. Fucking Bunch of Idiots. (beat) We need to talk, Dex.

DEXTER

I'll be in my lab.

INT. DEXTER'S LAB - LATER

Dexter sits down at his desk and turns on his computer.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Somehow I had to find a way to help the FBI close the Funhouse Killers case, or deal with them myself. My Dark Passenger would prefer the latter option. The important thing was getting super-agent Kessler out of town before Travis turned up.

Dexter scans his emails. He is drawn to an entry with a video attached titled "From the Church of the Immaculate Vivisection - NSFW!!!" Dexter clicks on it. The opening line reads "Hey Dexman, I know who YOU are, Mr. BHB lol! Check it out."

Alarmed, Dexter clicks on the attached video icon. An EDITED VIDEO of the Marshall kill plays, followed by Debra's arrival.

DEBRA (on video) Omigod, you're the Bay Harbor Butcher!

DEXTER (on video) I prefer Dark Defender myself.

DEBRA (on video) Oh Jesus Christ oh Jesus Christ!

DEXTER (on video) I love you, Deb.

A quick edited clip of Debra CRYING.

DEBRA (on video) I need you. (edit) Dex.

DEXTER (on video) I'd kill a thousand Brians to keep you safe.

DEBRA (on video) What the fuck are we going to do with this asshole, Dex? Everyone's looking for him. DEXTER (on video) What would you think if he disappeared?

DEXTER (V.O.) Holy shit. Someone else was there. (vocal) Fuck.

Debra quietly enters the lab.

DEBRA Dexter, did you find anything at the-

Dexter quickly closes the video player and turns to Debra.

DEXTER

What?

DEBRA What were you just looking at?

DEXTER

Nothing.

Dexter reaches for the mouse. Debra rushes him.

DEBRA Don't you dare touch that fucking mouse!

DEXTER

What's wrong, Deb?

DEBRA

From now on you're an open book to me, Dex. If I ask to see something, show it. If I think you're hiding anything, I'll fucking shoot you. Is that clear?

DEXTER

Yes.

DEBRA What the fuck were you looking at?

DEXTER

(backing away) You're the one who wanted to see.

Debra leans over and reads the email.

DEBRA

From the Church of the -- what the fuck?

Debra clicks on the video and watches with growing horror.

DEXTER Sure I'm a book you want to read, Deb?

DEBRA

(reading)
By now you must know I'm not a bad
guy, Dexman. By that I mean good
guy. You know. The assholes you
work with who misunderstand your
greatness, like your uptight sister.
I don't want to take the wheel from
you, Dexman. I just want to go along
for the ride. We'll talk again soon.

DEXTER

I think we know who took Travis.

DEBRA Now I'm mixed up in your shit?

DEXTER

You were never supposed to know, Deb.

DEBRA

Too fucking late now, Dex. So who the fuck is this Zombie Guy asshole?

DEXTER

I don't know.

DEBRA

Well you better find out, and fast.

DEXTER

I'm on it, alright? I'll find him.

DEBRA

Then what? I can't just arrest him. He's got us by the balls.

DEXTER

I'll take care of it, okay?

DEBRA

Like you take care of everything else? Jesus Christ, Dex! I can't believe Dad ever let you join the force, knowing what you were.

Dexter stares at Debra, stunned.

DEBRA

Yeah, that's right Dex. I saw your photo album. Harry had to know.

DEXTER Don't, Deb. No good can come of this.

DEBRA Like any good already has? Or is now?

DEXTER Deb, if it weren't for Dad I'd have turned out just like Brian.

DEBRA

But you did turn out just like Brian. Can't you see that?

DEXTER Do you really believe that, Deb?

DEBRA

I don't know who or what the fuck to believe anymore, Dex. But if I ever find out you're killing again...

Solemn, Dexter raises his right hand.

DEXTER

Deb, I swear I will not kill anyone.

DEBRA Don't get fucking smart with me, Dex.

DEXTER

I'm not. Look, Deb, you didn't know before. Now you do. So you call the shots from here on out, alright?

DEBRA

There aren't any fucking shots to call, Dex. You're done. Finished. Over. End of story. (points to PC) If we can ever get ourselves out of this fucking jam.

Debra PUNCHES Dexter's arm hard, then heads for the door.

DEXTER

Ow, fuck Deb!

DEBRA Don't tell me you didn't deserve it.

Debra leaves. Dexter stares at the computer screen, morose.

DEXTER (V.O.) I never dreamed I'd look back on Doakes hunting me as the good old days. I could have never imagined I'd long for them back.

Harry APPEARS standing beside Dexter. He is beaming.

HARRY God, I'm proud of your sister.

DEXTER Getting a kick out of this, Pop?

HARRY Look at the bright side, Dex. She hasn't shot or arrested you. She's

HARRY (CONT'D)

showing you the same firm hand I would if I were still alive.

DEXTER

Maybe if you hadn't killed yourself
because you couldn't handle my truth (beat)
Sorry, I didn't mean that.

HARRY

I didn't end my life because of your truth, son. I've always known it. I did it because I felt I had to pay for creating a monster. And I never would have done it had I known what you'd become.

DEXTER

And what's that?

HARRY

A man. A good man. And a great father.

DEXTER

Good man. I can't go without killing, Dad, you know that. It'll destroy me.

HARRY

Be patient, Dex. The time may come Debra will have a need for your -- special talents.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DEBRA'S OFFICE - MIAMI METRO HQ

Debra is hurrying to her office. DOCTOR ROSE calls out to her.

DR. ROSE

You have a few minutes, Debra?

DEBRA

Not now, Doctor.

DR. ROSE Can you spare at least one?

Debra stops, then turns and walks toward Dr. Rose.

DEBRA Okay, one minute. It's all I'll need.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ROSE'S OFFICE

Dr. Rose is at her desk. Debra is standing in front of it.

DR. ROSE So, did you tell Dexter how you feel?

DEBRA

Completely.

DR. ROSE How did he react?

DEBRA We were interrupted.

DR. ROSE

By what?

DEBRA The Funhouse Killings.

DR. ROSE I heard about that. It's terrible.

DEBRA

Welcome to my day job, Doctor. See, I operate in the real world. Where the fuck are you?

DR. ROSE

What do you mean, Debra?

DEBRA

I mean foster brothers and sisters don't fuck, Doctor. It's just wrong.

DEBRA (CONT'D) What the hell were you thinking?

DR. ROSE I never said anything about sex.

DEBRA

Then where the fuck was this all leading? A trip to Disneyworld? Group hugs with Mickey and Minnie?

DR. ROSE

It was you who told me about your feelings for Dexter, Debra. I just tried to-

DEBRA

Did it ever occur to you to say wait a minute Debra, this is your brother we're talking about here?

DR. ROSE

Debra, Dexter's not your real-

DEBRA

Brother? Doctor Rose, Dexter was formally adopted by my family. He's a Morgan, I'm a Morgan. Get it? That makes Dexter my brother. (anguished) My FUCKING brother!

DR. ROSE

What happened, Debra?

DEBRA

It's a family thing. Understand the concept, Doctor? See, this is why I hate psychiatrists. You're crazier than most of your fucking patients.

DR. ROSE

That's not fair. I tried to help.

DEBRA

Your kind of fucking help I don't

DEBRA (CONT'D)

need, Doctor. I may end up wasting my life bouncing from bed to bed and man to man, but none of them will ever be my brother. I'll at least stay that fucking normal.

DR. ROSE Define normal, Debra.

DEBRA

Not having sex with my brother? I've said this before, but I mean it now. We're done here, Doctor.

DR. ROSE Your anger isn't going to change how you feel, Debra.

DEBRA Fuck all how I feel. And fuck you too.

Debra exits Dr. Rose's office, SLAMMING the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HOMICIDE OFFICES - MIAMI METRO HQ

Dexter, walking past the Command Center, looks in and sees Agent Kessler at a computer station. Kessler looks up and watches Dexter pass, his eyes riveted on Dexter, unblinking.

> DEXTER (V.O.) Why do I get the feeling this guy can see right through me?

> > CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER STATION - COMMAND CENTER

Agent Kessler watches Dexter pass out of sight, then turns his attention to the computer. Dexter's file is up on the screen.

INT. STUDY - DEXTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dexter, wearing surgical gloves, is holding the ITK prosthetic arm and staring at the Sharpie palmistry artwork on the hand.

DEXTER

I can only assume that this is the handiwork of the mysterious Zombie Guy. But what the hell kind of a message is he trying to send? At least the video was straight up.

Dexter sets the arm on the desk, turns to his open laptop and clicks on the ELIOT search engine icon on the desktop display.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - LOUIS GREENE'S MIAMI CONDO

Louis is at his desk. His computer is displaying game imagery of Dexter about to stab Travis Marshall at the church table. A large dropdown bar appears at the top of the screen, flashing the message "ELIOT ACTIVE." Louis clicks on the dropdown bar.

LOUIS

Hey, Butcher Boy. Mind if I cut in?

A mirror image of Dexter's search screen appears. The words "palmistry" and "hand chart" appear in the search entry box.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S STUDY

Dexter clicks on an image of a palmistry hand chart with a reference index. Dexter glances at the red lettering on the shipping box label, back to the screen, then picks up the arm and traces the two red lines on the hand with his fingers.

DEXTER

Of course. He wrote it in blood.

Dexter looks at the chart index, then types in "life line" and "fate line" in the Eliot search box and hits the ENTER key.

Louis smiles as the same words appear in his Eliot search box.

LOUIS You're getting warmer, Dexman.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S STUDY

Dexter, looking over the search results, clears the screen.

DEXTER (V.O.) I didn't have time for this now. I have to find the Funhouse Killers to get the FBI out of town. I sense there's a lot more to Agent Kessler that makes him a far more dangerous adversary than Frank Lundy ever was.

Still on Eliot, Dexter searches for and accesses the Miami Metro homicide case files on the Funhouse Killers. Gruesome images of the twelve victims appear. Dexter pulls up the victims list and begins looking over their profiles.

> DEXTER (V.O.) There had to be a way to find out how the Funhouse Killers selected their victims. All killers have a pattern. If I could figure theirs out I had a shot of catching at least one, and one is all I need.

> > CUT TO:

INT. LOUIS GREENE'S STUDY

Louis stares at the gruesome images in awe, then LAUGHS.

LOUIS

You're going after the Funhouse Killers? Dexter, you are the man!

INT. DEXTER'S STUDY

Dexter is running a criminal background search on Martin Weinstein and gets a hit from the Seattle PD database.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S CAR - TRAVELING - DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT

Dexter is approaching the "Meat Rack", a strip lined with male prostitutes. A pair of headlights FLASH in his rearview, then follow close behind. Dexter looks toward the passenger seat.

> DEXTER Who the fuck is it? (beat) Great. Now I'm talking to myself.

Harry APPEARS in the passenger seat.

HARRY

I'm here, Dexter.

DEXTER

Sorry, I didn't see you there.

HARRY Great question. Who's following you?

DEXTER I don't know. It could be this Zombie Guy asshole, or Deb, or even the FBI.

HARRY So if you don't know for sure, what's Rule Number One?

DEXTER

Yeah, I know.

DEXTER/HARRY

Don't get caught.

As Dexter slowly passes by the Meat Rack, he sees DAVID MARIS in dark blue clothes standing beneath a streetlamp. Dexter stares at Maris as he passes, then POUNDS the steering wheel.

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DEXTER

Fuck!

Dexter picks up his phone from the now-empty passenger seat and dials. A FEMALE POLICE DISPATCHER answers.

DISPATCHER (on phone) Miami Metro. How may I direct your call?

DEXTER (into phone) This is Dexter Morgan. Put me through to Homicide, please.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE ANDERSON'S DESK - MAIN HOMICIDE OFFICES

Mike Anderson's desk phone RINGS. He answers.

ANDERSON (into phone) Detective Anderson. How may I help you?

INTERCUT BETWEEN DEXTER AND MIKE ANDERSON ON THE PHONE

DEXTER Mike, it's Dexter Morgan.

ANDERSON What's going on, Dexter?

DEXTER I was just passing by the Meat Rack-

ANDERSON You sure you were just passing by?

DEXTER I'm serious, Mike. I just saw David Maris, the Funhouse Killer suspect. He was standing right there.

ANDERSON Are you absolutely sure, Dexter?

DEXTER Six one, a hundred and seventy, long DEXTER (CONT'D) dirty blond hair, freckles, tanned-

ANDERSON That's pretty damn good.

DEXTER

I pay attention in class, Mike. He's wearing jeans and a dark blue tee.

ANDERSON Thanks, Dexter. I'll get right on it.

DEXTER Wait. What if this is how they're choosing their victims, Mike?

ANDERSON

Using boy bait, you mean? I'm sure the FBI would have known about it.

DEXTER

If they knew what they were looking for. I'd run deep background on the victims to be sure. It's worth a shot.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE ANDERSON'S DESK

Mike hangs up, then WAVES to Angel Batista. Angel walks over.

ANGEL What have you got, Mike?

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIS GREENE'S CAR - APPROACHING THE "MEAT RACK"

Louis Greene, disguised in a blond wig, mustache and birth control glasses, pulls up to David Maris. David approaches his passenger window. Louis affects an effeminate mannerism.

> MARIS Hey, you looking for a date?

LOUIS

I wasn't sure, but you're hot. Get in.

David opens the passenger door and gets in. Louis DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIS GREENE'S CAR - TRAVELING

MARIS

I'm Jimmy.

LOUIS

I'm Dexter.

MARIS

Cool name.

LOUIS

Not to be a bitch, but would you put on your seat belt, please? It's one of my pet peeves. Sorry.

MARIS

Sure, no problem.

David straps himself in. Louis smiles at him, seductive.

LOUIS

I have a fabulous condo overlooking Biscayne Bay. You'll love it. And money is not a problem. We can go all night and watch the sun come up.

MARIS

Cool with me. Got any party favors?

LOUIS

You fucking know it!

Louis presses one of two black buttons on an aluminum dashmounted panel. A black ashtray-style box DROPS DOWN beneath the glove compartment. The lid FLIPS OPEN. Maris looks in.

> MARIS Wow, what's in there?

Louis pushes the second black button. A taser lead SHOOTS OUT and LODGES in Maris's chest. Maris STIFFENS and CONVULSES.

LOUIS

A taser.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE "MEAT RACK" - NIGHT

Four Metro Police cruisers and a paddy wagon are lined up along the strip, into which UNIFORMED OFFICERS are loading TRANSVESTITES and MALE PROSTITUTES. Quinn is taunting them.

> QUINN For girls, you sure have some balls.

> > TRANSVESTITE #1

Fuck you, pig!

TRANSVESTITE #2 Kiss my sweet ass, motherfucker!

QUINN

Take it easy, ladyboys.

The prostitutes become AGITATED and CURSE at Quinn.

FEMALE OFFICER Detective, please. You're not helping.

QUINN Sorry, I'll go now. Have fun, guygals.

Quinn walks over to Mike Anderson, who is on the phone.

ANDERSON (into phone) Thanks, Angel.

Anderson hangs up and turns to Quinn, perturbed.

ANDERSON Could you take your job less seriously?

QUINN Your guy's not here, Mike. What do you

QUINN (CONT'D) want me to do, start offing hookers?

Anderson holds up his car keys.

ANDERSON Actually, you're on stakeout for Maris.

QUINN You don't tell me what to do, Mike.

ANDERSON It's Angel's call, Joey. Take it up with him. Even better, why don't you call the L.T.? I hear you two have been really chatty lately.

QUINN

Fuck you, Mike.

Quinn SNATCHES the keys from Anderson and heads for the car.

ANDERSON You know something? You could be a great cop if you lost the attitude.

QUINN

(opening the driver's door) Thanks, Mike. I always wanted to be on the cover of the Police Gazette.

Quinn SPEEDS OFF. A black Grand Victoria PULLS UP in front of Anderson. Agents Kessler, Ward and Deangelo exit the car.

AGENT KESSLER Detective Anderson, did you find him?

ANDERSON No. He probably rode off with a john.

AGENT WARD Are you sure he was even here?

ANDERSON The description was spot on.

AGENT DEANGELO Who tipped you off? Do you know?

ANDERSON

Dexter Morgan.

AGENT KESSLER

Dexter Morgan.

ANDERSON

There's more. Dexter thought there might be a connection to the case, so I asked Sergeant Batista to check it out. Martin Weinstein had a prior for soliciting a male prostitute in Seattle seven years ago. It looks like your respectable citizens might not be so respectable.

AGENT WARD Makes sense, Bob. The hair fibers?

ANDERSON How is it Dexter Morgan figured this all out and you didn't?

AGENT KESSLER Good question, Mike. Why do you think?

ANDERSON

He's very good. One of the sharpest criminal analysts I've ever seen. If he said he saw Maris, I believe him.

AGENT KESSLER Thanks for the heads up, Mike.

ANDERSON We have the BOLO out on him now, too. We'll call you if there's any breaks.

The FBI agents walk back to their car, climb in and DRIVE OFF.

INT. GRAND VICTORIA - TRAVELING

Kessler is in back. Ward is driving. Deangelo rides shotgun.

AGENT WARD

It doesn't make sense, Bob. If Dexter Morgan's the Bay Harbor Butcher, why would he give up all this information?

AGENT KESSLER

Maybe he got spooked. Thought he was being followed. And he knows we're in town now. Maybe he's playing it safe.

AGENT DEANGELO

It doesn't explain the leads he gave up this morning, Bob. It's exactly the kind of intel the Butcher would use to hunt his prey.

AGENT KESSLER

Who's to say he wasn't hunting, John? Look, guys. If Dexter Morgan's the Bay Harbor Butcher, he didn't come this far without being the sharpest knife in the block. And Maris is the fourth serial murderer Dexter just happened to cross paths with before anyone else. What are the odds, even for one of us?

(beat)

It's time we ran a surveillance op on Dexter. I'll pull the warrant. Who do we have locally for tech support?

AGENT WARD

The Comedian.

AGENT KESSLER

Who?

AGENT WARD Agent Andy Kaufman.

AGENT KESSLER Then just fucking say so, alright?

CUT TO:

EXT. TALL BOX TRUCK - REMOTE LOT - MIAMI - NIGHT

The truck bears the name XPRESS MOVERS and Texas plates.

CUT TO:

INT. TALL BOX TRUCK

The interior is dimly lit by sporadic candles. In the front right corner is a drum barrel bearing a skull and crossbones warning label. In the left corner is a bloodied guillotine. Carnival posters, memorabilia and clown masks adorn the walls.

Three TEENAGERS in Druidic robes, AMY, DAMIEN and ANNA, are kneeling in the center of the truck. JAMES HANLON (20's), also wearing a Druidic robe, emerges from the shadows between the acid barrel and guillotine. He approaches the teenagers.

HANLON

Where is David?

DAMIEN

He left in a car with a man last night, Master. He never called or came back. I got the plate number.

Damien, holding a piece of paper, extends his hand. Hanlon approaches Damien, kneels and caresses Damien's face.

HANLON

Very good, Damien. I'm proud of you.

Hanlon slides his thumb into Damien's mouth. Damien sucks it lovingly. Hanlon stands up and towers over the three teens.

HANLON

Thanks to Damien, we now know who will be sanctified next. (hard) Do you feel it, my children? The blood rushing in your veins? The power of the kill rising in you?

TEENAGERS

We feel it, Master.

HANLON I am the darkness. You belong to me.

TEENAGERS

We belong to you, Master.

HANLON

Prepare yourselves.

The three teenagers lean full forward. Hanlon walks around them, kneels down and takes position behind Amy. He caresses Amy's buttocks, then Damien's. Amy and Damien, facing each other, smile. Amy MOANS as she is penetrated from behind.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MIAMI METRO HQ - DAY

It is late afternoon. Agent Kessler is at a computer station. He looks up and sees Dexter staring at him as he passes by. Kessler scratches his head, then picks up his phone and dials.

AGENT WARD (on phone) What can I do for you, Bob?

AGENT KESSLER Can we track Dexter's car yet?

AGENT WARD (on phone) Yeah, but there's a problem.

AGENT KESSLER

What problem?

AGENT WARD (on phone) Somebody's already tracking him, Bob. The Comedian -- sorry, Agent Kaufman -- found a GPS module mounted on the undercarriage. He said it looks like a homemade job. No way it's official.

AGENT KESSLER Then run a sweep on the signal and-

AGENT WARD (on phone) It's not transmitting, Bob. Either the battery's dead, or it's being switched on and off remotely. Agent Kaufman put a scanner in place. If it starts transmitting, we'll know.

AGENT KESSLER Alright, forget about that for now. Can we track his car yet?

AGENT WARD (on phone) Yes.

AGENT KESSLER Get the tech van ready. I want to track Dexter's movements tonight.

AGENT WARD (on phone) Do you have any new leads?

AGENT KESSLER I'm going on instinct here, Charlie.

AGENT WARD (on phone) Good enough for me, Bob.

AGENT KESSLER I'm on my way over. I'll ride in the van. You and John follow behind us.

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S CAR - TRAVELING - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dexter picks up his RINGING phone off the passenger seat. The caller ID reads "UNKNOWN". Dexter answers.

DEXTER

Hello?

It is Louis calling. His voice is electronically SCRAMBLED.

LOUIS (on phone) Hey Dexman, the guys you're looking for are in the church. You know which. Who the fuck are you?

LOUIS (on phone) Soon. In the meantime, enjoy the ride. (chuckles, then hangs up)

DEXTER

Fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIS'S CAR - TRAVELING

A grinning Louis shuts his phone off, pockets it and LAUGHS.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBRA'S CAR - TRAVELING - DOWNTOWN MIAMI

Debra's phone RINGS on the passenger seat. The display reads "DEXTER CALLING". Debra picks it up and answers.

DEBRA Funny how you were the first one to find Maris, Dex. How did that happen?

INTERCUT BETWEEN DEXTER AND DEBRA ON THE PHONE

DEXTER Our mutual friend just called me.

DEBRA The Zombie Guy? What did he say?

DEXTER He said the guys we're looking for are in the church. I'd know which.

DEBRA Fucking great. I'm on my way there.

DEXTER Wait, Deb. Let me check it out first. DEBRA You don't call the fucking shots, Dex.

DEXTER I'm trying to protect you here, Deb.

DEBRA Great fucking job you're doing, too.

DEXTER

Deb-

DEBRA I'm on my way. End of fucking story. (hangs up)

CUT TO:

INT. DEXTER'S CAR - TRAVELING

Dexter hangs up and SLAMS the phone down.

DEXTER

Fuck!

Harry appears in the passenger seat. Dexter turns to him.

DEXTER She doesn't understand, Dad. She's on a whole different playing field now.

HARRY

Debra's a big girl, Dex. She's not a babe in the woods anymore. And she's showing a lot of faith letting you roam free and alive. Show a little faith in her, why don't you?

DEXTER I don't like it, Dad.

HARRY What has there ever been to like, son?

EXT. DEXTER'S CAR - TRAVELING

Dexter takes the off-ramp to the Santa Maria de Laredo Church.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - FOLLOWING DEXTER

Agent Kessler is in the back, looking at a computer screen. It is displaying Dexter's car as a moving beacon on a grid map.

CUT TO:

EXT. BISCAYNE BAY CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX

Louis Greene is driving toward the private garage entrance.

ACROSS THE STREET

Is a white panel van. Damien is in the passenger seat. James Hanlon, whom we now see is a very handsome dark-haired young man, is in the driver's seat looking through a small pair of binoculars. He hands them to Damien as Louis's car approaches.

HANLON

Is that him, Damien?

Damien looks at Louis's car through the binoculars.

DAMIEN He looks different, but that's him. Same car, too.

Damien hands the binoculars back to Hanlon.

DAMIEN Will we kill him tonight, Master?

HANLON

We need to be careful, Damien. We
still don't know what happened to
David. This guy could be like us.
 (beat)
We'll watch him for a day or two.
When the time and place are right,
we'll snatch him like Death itself.

DAMIEN

Cool.

Hanlon smiles at Damien, then caresses his face.

HANLON You're my favorite, Damien. You know

that, don't you?

DAMIEN

I know, Master.

HANLON

I only share myself with the others. But flesh and spirit, we are one in the darkness and always will be.

Damien smiles. Hanlon turns away to view the Miami skyline.

HANLON This is the place, Damien.

DAMIEN The Carnival of Blood? Here?

HANLON

What better city than Miami? It's perfect. If we succeed, Damien, we can sanctify a thousand all at once. Long after people here have forgotten the Ice Truck Killer, Bay Harbor Butcher and Doomsday, they'll remember us. But first, we deal with this Louis Greene.

Hanlon STARTS THE ENGINE and DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MARIA DE LAREDO CHURCH - NIGHT

Dexter enters the church and approaches the table, stunned. David Maris is wrapped in plastic Dexter-style on the table. Above him looms the headless body of Travis Marshall, held in a standing position by wires and pulleys. His arms are raised high above his body, his hands clutching his severed head which is mounted on the grip of the ancient sword. The tip is poised in a downward thrust position four feet above Maris. An array of closely spaced red laser beams radiates downward and surrounds the table, forming an impenetrable cage. A sign hanging above it all reads "THE DOOMSDAY RIDE!"

Dexter approaches the laser cage. Maris shakes his head no.

DEXTER (V.O.) Why is he doing that?

Dexter looks down. He is inches away from hitting a tripwire.

DEXTER

Holy shit.

Dexter takes out his phone and calls Debra. Debra answers.

DEBRA (on phone) Are you at the church yet, Dex?

DEXTER Send everybody, Deb. Detectives, bomb squad, techies, everyone.

DEBRA (on phone) What the fuck is going on, Dex?

DEXTER Put your phone in video mode, Deb.

Dexter holds up his phone and aims it at the table.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBRA'S CAR - TRAVELING

Debra watches the video of the Doomsday Ride on her phone, then hangs up and flips on her FLASHING LIGHTS.

DEBRA

Fuck!

Debra calls up Captain LaGuerta's number on her phone.

The FBI tech van and Grand Victoria pull up to the front of the church silently, lights out. The van side door SLIDES opens. Agent Kessler LEAPS from the van, gun in hand. Agents Ward and Deangelo hurry over to Agent Kessler.

> AGENT KESSLER John, you're with me. Charlie, go to the right. Cover him from the window.

Kessler and Deangelo run toward the door, Ward to the right.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MARIA DE LAREDO CHURCH

Dexter steps over the tripwire and approaches the laser cage.

DEXTER

David Maris?

David nods yes.

DEXTER

Clown shoe's on the other foot now, huh, David?

The front door SLAMS OPEN. Agents Kessler and Deangelo RUSH into the church, their guns aimed at Dexter.

AGENT KESSLER

FBI! Freeze!

Dexter raises his arms.

DEXTER It's Dexter Morgan, I'm unarmed.

Agent Ward takes a firing stance in the right side window.

AGENT WARD

Freeze!

DEXTER I heard you the first time. Agents Kessler and Deangelo approach cautiously, guns leveled.

AGENT KESSLER What the hell are you up to, Dexter?

DEXTER

I didn't do this. (points down) Watch out for the tripwire!

Kessler freezes at the tripwire. Deangelo KICKS and TRIPS it. A metallic CLANG. Travis's hands PLUNGE the sword downward.

DEXTER

Fuck!

Dexter RUSHES forward through the laser cage-

Debra Morgan enters the church-

Agent Ward FIRES at Dexter-

The bullet STRIKES Dexter's upper left back-

Wounded, Dexter stumbles toward the path of the falling sword.

DEBRA

DEXTER!

Dexter extends his hands forward and PUSHES against the sword blade. It BREAKS OFF. Dexter falls across Maris. The broken stub of the sword PLUMMETS into Dexter's right shoulder blade, the grip bearing Travis's head lodged to the hilt in his back. Dexter GROANS in agony to Maris's muffled SCREAMS.

The agents watch on, stunned, as Debra runs toward the table.

DEBRA

Omigod omigod!

THE END