

D
PILOT

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TEASER

FADE IN

ON THE FULL MOON

DEXTER (V.O.)
I like doing bad things to bad
people. Feels good. Gives me
something to do. Gives me purpose.
Meaning. Makes me feel alive.
That's why tonight's the night, and
it's going to happen.

EXT. WHITE ROCK, VANCOUVER - FOREST - NIGHT

Something prowls in the dark forest.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Not because it has to happen, but
because I want it to happen.

The shadowy figure freezes at the distant sound of a car
approaching.

DEXTER (V.O.)
It's taken me a lifetime to get
here, but I'm calling the shots
now. Not my Dark Passenger. Not
Harry's Code. Me. My code.

The headlights of a passing car illuminate-
The eyes of a lone wolf.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I'm in control.

The car passes and the wolf continues its journey.

DEXTER (V.O.)
The Dark Passenger's still
here...only now... He serves me...

EXT. WHITE ROCK, VANCOUVER - ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Moonlight illuminates a cold, wet road. A WHITE VAN speeds
down the road following a sixteen-wheeler truck toward a
brightly lit town in the distance.

INT. WHITE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

DEXTER MORGAN, late forties, tails the sixteen-wheeler.

DEXTER (V.O.)
White Rock is a great town. Humid.
Rainy. Cold. Most of all...its
home.

Dexter follows the sixteen-wheeler to a truck stop.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Sixteen-wheeler parks. White van parks close by.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I have everything I need here to
help me track missing persons.
That's my new thing.

CHRIS OLSON, late fifties, disembarks from sixteen-wheeler.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Helps me find the real monsters.

Dexter disembarks. Follows Chris inside the-

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Chris sits at a table. Dexter sits at the counter where he can keep an eye on his prey.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Chris Olson.

Chris smiles at Dexter. Dexter smiles back.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I'm going to kill him tonight.

A WAITRESS, early twenties, startles Dexter.

WAITRESS
What can I get you?

DEXTER
Roasted pork sandwich. Swiss
cheese. Easy on the pickles.

The waitress contorts her face. Raises her eyebrows.

WAITRESS

Only what's on the menu, dear.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Old habits die hard.

DEXTER

Right.

Dexter scans the menu. Makes a decision.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Fish.

WAITRESS

Sure. Coffee?

Dexter nods. Stares at Chris' reflection in a mirror on the wall. Chris surfs the web on his cell phone.

GABE, late teens, enters with a backpack slung over his shoulder covered in flags from around the world. Chile. Brazil. Mexico. South Africa. Korea. Argentina.

Gabe scans the diner. Chris' phone rings. He takes the call.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Soon he'll be packed into a few Hefties, and the world will be the better for it.

Gabe approaches Dexter. Dexter notices him. Gabe indicates the empty seat beside him.

GABE

'Mind?

Dexter shakes his head. Gabe sits beside him.

GABE (CONT'D)

What's good here?

DEXTER (V.O.)

Who the fuck are you?

DEXTER

Fish.

GABE

Which one?

DEXTER

Just ask for the fish.

GABE
Is it always this cold here?

Dexter stares at the young man's backpack.

DEXTER
You're in Canada.

GABE
Right. Name's, Gabe.

DEXTER
Dave.

Waitress walks up to Gabe.

WAITRESS
Coffee?

GABE
Yes, mam. And I'll try the fish.

Gabe stares at Dexter.

GABE (CONT'D)
Never been to Canada before.

DEXTER
You'll love it here.

Chris stands. Leaves money on the table. Exits. Dexter pulls out his wallet.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Gotta go. Enjoy, Canada.

Dexter leaves a twenty.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Dexter follows Chris to his truck. Begins his stealthy approach. Slowly pulls out a syringe just as-

GABE
Dave!

DEXTER (V.O.)
Shit! Fuck!

Dexter sighs.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Maybe tonight isn't the night.

Dexter jams the syringe back in his pocket. Turns to face-

GABE
There's quite a bit of change here.

Gabe extends a palm full of change.

GABE (CONT'D)
Was that all for the waitress? She
wanted I go ask...

Dexter forces a smile.

DEXTER
Yes.

GABE
That's pretty generous.

DEXTER
Ain't it, though.

GABE
Guess I'll give it back to the
waitress.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Fuck you.

DEXTER
Please.

GABE
You think you can give me a lift
into town?

DEXTER (V.O.)
Fuck you, twice!

DEXTER
Sure.

ACT ONE

INT. WHITE VAN - LATER

Gabe sits in the passenger seat, staring at Dexter.

GABE

I've been traveling for several months now through South America, and I figured I should check out the North, too.

Dexter nods.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Teenagers. They think they know it all. Backpackers, even worse. Think they've seen a place cause they've passed through for a day or two and bought a patch.

GABE

Figured I'd take some time to figure a few things out about myself before plunging into school. Wouldn't want to do the wrong thing with my life.

Dexter nods.

DEXTER

No rush.

GABE

Nope. No rush.

Dexter stares ahead at the road.

GABE (CONT'D)

I'm leaning toward journalism.

DEXTER

That's nice.

GABE

I like figuring things out.

Dexter regards him suspiciously.

DEXTER

Tough line.

GABE
Pretty tough... unless, of course,
you hook that one fish.

DEXTER
One fish?

GABE
The story that makes your name.

Dexter nods.

DEXTER
Wouldn't that be nice?

GABE
It would.

DEXTER
Personally, I don't read the
papers.

Gabe smiles.

GABE
Paper? What are you...a hundred.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Arrogant prick.

GABE
These days you're probably better
off going independent with the
interweb.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Internet.

GABE
At least then you don't have Big
Money filtering and messing with
your stories.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Right. I forgot. Everything's a
goddamn conspiracy with generation
whatever...lost
track...x...y...z...Millenials.

Gabe picks up a business card on the dashboard. Regards it.

GABE
White Rock Forensics. You work for
a private forensics lab? You do
shit with the police?

Dex nods.

GABE (CONT'D)
That's pretty cool? Forensics.
Guess I'm not the only one who
likes to put things together. Got
good benefits?

DEXTER
I own it.

GABE
Nice. Maybe when I'm a hundred,
I'll own my own business too.

DEXTER (V.O.)
You won't make it to a hundred,
asshole.

Gabe suddenly realizes Dexter was working.

GABE
Oh. Shit. Were you working tonight?
That guy... shit... you were casing
him... or whatever they call it...

Dexter doesn't say anything. Sighs.

GABE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, man.

DEXTER
Doesn't matter.

GABE
You can get hair samples from that
guy somewhere else.

DEXTER
Don't worry.

GABE
Right. I mean it's not like he's
gonna disappear.

Dexter looks at Gabe, then back at the road.

GABE (CONT'D)
How were you gonna do it?

DEXTER
Do what?

GABE
Collect a DNA sample?

DEXTER
Swipe. I was gonna ask to borrow
his phone, then swab the keys.

GABE
Slick.

Dexter enters the city of-

VANCOUVER

Parks near a bus stop.

GABE (CONT'D)
Want to see a few of the pictures
I've snagged over the years? They
tell great stories.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Not as great as a blood slide.

DEXTER
I'll pass.

GABE
Thanks for the ride, D...

DEXTER
Dave.

GABE
Dave, right.

Another forced smile breaks over Dexter's face.

DEXTER
Hope you figure everything you
gotta figure.

Gabe grins.

GABE
Me, too.

Gabe walks away. Dexter sighs.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT (WHITE ROCK, VANCOUVER) - LATER

Dexter lies in bed. Closes his eyes. Sleeps.

EXT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - MORNING

Dexter parks his van. Disembarks. Approaches his private forensics lab. Posters of missing children cover one of the windows.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Thousands of unidentified persons
and thousands more missing every
year.

Dexter scans the pictures.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Police can't keep up. We do what we
can to help.

Dexter enters his business.

INT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - MOMENTS LATER

YURI MUKASA, early thirties, Canadian, hands Dexter a fresh cup of coffee as Dexter heads toward his office.

YURI
RCMP called. They need you
downtown. Bombing.

DEXTER
Again.

Yuri nods.

ROOP SINGH, late thirties, Canadian, enters.

ROOP
They're our best clients. Stop
complaining.

DEXTER
Why don't you take it, then?

ROOP
I'm on something that requires my
undivided attention.

Roop lifts a petri dish with a blood sample.

ROOP (CONT'D)
 Could be our man?

DEXTER (V.O.)
 I already know who our man is. I'd rather you didn't, thank you very much.

YURI
 We got bills coming, and I like my job, boss.

Dexter looks at Yuri. She grins. He takes in a deep breath and nods.

INT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER, BAR - LATER

Dexter enters a crime scene. Fragments of humanity splattered over the floor, tables and wall. The aftermath of a bombing.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 My thing has never been bombs or gang violence. That's a completely different kind of scene. A messy one. I prefer hunting the Dahmers, but the Dahmers don't pay the bills. Not anymore. So I had to read a few books.

Dexter scans the scene.

ARTY PECK, late forties, approaches Dexter.

ARTY
 What do you see, Dave?

Dexter looks around. Sighs.

DEXTER
 That a trick question?

ARTY
 Nah.

Dexter shrugs.

DEXTER
 Not much.

ARTY
 What kind of device? Homemade. IED. Military.

BILL MASTERS, early forties, approaches Arty and Dexter.

ARTY (CONT'D)
Whatever you can give us about the
explosives will help.

Dexter nods.

DEXTER
Victim? Victims?

BILL
We were hoping you could help us
with that, too. We're thinking...at
least...two...

ART
We'll leave you with your work.

Dexter nods. Begins sweeping the crime scene. Stares at the
chunks of humanity scattered through the scorched bar.
Narrows his gaze on a dark spot on the floor. Walks over to
it. Stares.

Art and Bill follow close behind.

DEXTER
Epicenter of the blast.

He regards the floor. He regards the surrounding walls.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
The perp likely placed the bomb
under the table.

ART
Could he have been sitting at the
table?

Dexter nods.

DEXTER
I'd say that's a possibility.

Dexter finds leather on the ground.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Could be a bag...briefcase...

BILL
Guy sits down. Places the bag under
the table. Excuses himself.

Dexter stands. Stares around. Tries to get a sense of the trajectory.

DEXTER
Doesn't seem impossible. What did
the owners see?

BILL
Owners are dead. Son, too.

Bill indicates a woman, MAE LING, early thirties, Canadian.

BILL (CONT'D)
Wife.

DEXTER
Connections to a gang?

ART
Triad. Money laundering.

DEXTER
Skimming?

BILL
That's what we think.

DEXTER
Why take out his boy?

ART
Send a message.

Dexter approaches the back of the bar. Searches. Art walks up behind him.

ART (CONT'D)
What are we looking for?

Dexter kneels. Stares at a chunk of a suitcase.

DEXTER
This.

Art kneels beside him.

ART
You think it's got DNA.

DEXTER
If we're lucky, fingerprints.

Art hands him an evidence bag. Dexter places the evidence into the bag as Art jots down something on a notepad.

Dexter stands. Walks by Mae Ling. They exchange a look.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 For someone who just lost her
 husband and son she seems awfully
 zen. Reminds me of someone I used
 to know.

INT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - LATER

Dexter enters.

HARRIS PETTY, early twenties, sits in the waiting room.
 Dexter regards Yuri. Yuri whispers to him.

YURI
 DNA test. Wants to know more about
 his family.

Dexter nods. Turns to smile at Harris. Harris smiles back at
 him. Dexter continues to-

LAB

Dexter finds Roop reading through a missing case file.

ROOP
 You know more native women and
 children go missing than any other
 demographic.

DEXTER
 Didn't know that.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Yes, I did...but Roop will keep me
 here for hours unless he feels he's
 educated me in some way, shape or
 form.

ROOP
 Five times more.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 Eleven. Eleven times more.

DEXTER
 Fascinating.

ROOP
 Not really, D.

DEXTER
Right. Not really.

DEXTER (V.O.)
That's a lot of women and children.
Can't be all Chris. My guess...a
ring of killers working together to
feed some sort an alpha monster.
Cult leader. If that were the case,
I would have a lifetime of work
ahead of me.

ROOP
It's big.

DEXTER
Feels that way.

ROOP
Conspiracy big.

DEXTER
Sure. Conspiracy. Anything back on
the blood sample?

ROOP
Haven't put it through the system.

DEXTER (V.O.)
And you won't.

DEXTER
You want to take the client in the
front. See what he wants?

ROOP
What's wrong with you?

DEXTER
Art needs a trace analysis before
the end of the day.

ROOP
Whatever.

Roop closes the file. Heads to the front of the lab.

Dexter grabs Roop's blood sample. He grabs a slide marked
unidentified. He switches labels. Places it back next to
Roop's file.

Dexter grabs his evidence bag.

DEXTER (V.O.)
What are you hiding?

He retrieves the evidence from the bag. Checks it for fingerprints.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Used to be some prints weren't in the system. Airports tried to secure everyone's prints and there was national outrage over privacy, freedom and something about the constitution.

Dexter unlocks his cell phone.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Then...cell phones came out with a digital fingerprint lock....and suddenly everyone's prints were in the system without a single, solitary complaint. We are a strange flock.

Scans the prints with his cell phone. Runs it through a database.

A cellphone user pops up.

SAM LEE, late twenties, Chinese.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Doesn't look like a monster to me.
But I've been fooled before.

ACT TWO

EXT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER - BISTRO - DAY

Dexter approaches the door of the restaurant.

INT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER - BISTRO - MOMENTS LATER

Dexter enters. Takes a seat. Observes Sam as he clears and cleans tables.

EXT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER - SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dexter's van parked in front of the building.

INT. WHITE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Dexter watches Sam enter the building. Suddenly, a loud rap at the window of his car. Dexter starts. Turns to face Gabe. Rolls down his window.

GABE

Thought it was you.

DEXTER

Gabe.

GABE

I was taking pictures for my blog when I saw your van.

DEXTER

That's...great...

DEXTER (V.O.)

He's following me. I'm gonna kill this kid.

GABE

Are you on a stake out?

DEXTER

Nope.

GABE

What are you doing?

DEXTER

Just...hanging out...

Gabe raises his eyebrows.

GABE
You're staking someone out. I knew
it. Your line of work must show you
all kinds of truths about people.

DEXTER
You can say that.

GABE
You know maybe I could help you
with work.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He wants his big story.

DEXTER
I don't have any openings.

GABE
I could do the stake outs for you
so you can spend more time with the
family.

Dexter's face tenses.

DEXTER
No openings.

GABE
I don't need much money. Just
enough to live and work on my
projects.

DEXTER
Sorry.

GABE
No worries. Not like you owe me
anything. I'll be seeing ya.

DEXTER
Hope not.

GABE
You're kidding?

Dexter smiles.

GABE (CONT'D)
Thought so.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Thought wrong.

EXT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - LATER

Dexter regards the posters of the missing women and children.
Looks at the names. The majority are Native American names.

Dexter enters.

INT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - MORNING

Dexter approaches Yuri.

YURI
Morning, D.

DEXTER
Morning.

Dexter approaches the--

LAB

Walks up to Roop.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Anything come back?

ROOP
Nah. Nothing in the database.

DEXTER
That's too bad.

ROOP
Yeah. I mean it was a solid lead.
We almost had him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I know the feeling.

DEXTER
Next time.

ROOP
We'll get him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Definitely.

DEXTER
What's that you're working on?

Roop prepares a syringe.

ROOP
Kid. Wants to know more about his family.

DEXTER
That kid yesterday?

ROOP
Harris, yeah.

A slap across Dexter's face.

DEXTER
Sorry. What?

ROOP
Harris.

Dexter nods, pale as a ghost.

ROOP (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Dexter swallows.

DEXTER
Nothing.

ROOP
Preparing some tests for him.
Standard search for the father
cliche.

Dexter nods.

DEXTER
Harris. That short for something?

ROOP
I don't know. Don't think so.

DEXTER
Just Harris?

ROOP
As far as I know. Harris Petty,
yeah. What's up, man?

DEXTER
Sounds like an alias.

ROOP
Maybe.

DEXTER
Is Harris even a name? I mean a
full name?

ROOP
I think so. You're acting really
weird, man.

DEXTER
Just had a weird night, that's all.

ROOP
I have those all the time. All the
time...

Roop loses himself in a memory.

DEXTER
When's he coming by?

Dexter snaps his fingers. Roop starts.

ROOP
What? Oh. This afternoon.

YURI
Guys. I need someone in front.

Dexter heads to the-

FRONT

Mae Ling sits in the waiting room. She stands to greet
Dexter.

MAE LING
I recognize you from the bar.

DEXTER
This way.

Mae Ling follows Dexter to-

DEXTER'S OFFICE

DEXTER (CONT'D)
You want me to give you any
information I give the police? Why?

MAE LING
My own satisfaction.

DEXTER (V.O.)
She's hiding something.

DEXTER
I could get in trouble.

MAE LING
I could make it worth your while.

She winks at him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
What kind of monster are you?

DEXTER
I imagine with the life insurance
that won't be a problem.

She grins.

MAE LING
No life insurance. I want to know
who killed my husband and son
before the police do.

Dexter nods.

DEXTER (V.O.)
She could be telling the truth.

DEXTER
Revenge is a messy affair.

MAE LING
Can I count on you?

DEXTER
If a name comes up...I'll send it
your way.

Mae Ling smiles. Stands.

MAE LING
That's all I ask.

Mae Ling exits.

EXT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER - SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Dexter surveys the entrance. Sam walks out. Dexter disembarks. Approaches the building.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Dexter walks to the elevator.

The door opens. Out walks-

GABE

DEXTER
What's going on?

GABE
Saw the place last night. Thought
I'd check out an apartment.

Gabe sighs and shakes his head.

GABE (CONT'D)
Isn't really up to code and the
landlord is shady.

DEXTER (V.O.)
This kid is so fuckin annoying.

GABE
Still looking for work if you've
got an opening...

Dexter shakes his head.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Definitely not.

GABE
Can't say I didn't try.

DEXTER
I'm sure you'll find work
somewhere.

GABE
I'm sure.

Gabe turns and walks away.

GABE (CONT'D)
Happy hunting.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 If it weren't for my Code...he'd be
 on my table yesterday. I'm thinking
 it needs to be adjusted to include
 Millenials.

Dexter watches as Gabe exits the building.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 Monsters I get. Millenials...not so
 much.

Gabe stares at him from the window.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 Or I'm just getting old.

Gabe smiles at Dexter. Dexter smiles back.

Dexter enters the elevator.

SAM'S APARTMENT

Dexter picks the lock and enters. He walks around. He spots a
 picture on the mirror. A Chinese family.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 Our friend...is an illegal alien.

Dexter's cell phone rings. He unlocks it by punching in a
 code.

DEXTER
 Hey.

He listens for a moment.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
 I'm on my way.

EXT. MAE LING'S HOME - LATER

Dexter walks up the driveway where the remnants of a luxury
 car lay scattered over the ground with sizzling fragments of
 human flesh. Mae Ling stands beside Bill giving him a
 statement. She regards Dexter a moment.

DEXTER
 What am I looking at?

ART
 Lexus and her bodyguard.

DEXTER
What does she say?

ART
What can she say without
incriminating herself?

Dexter walks around the twisted, smoking, car. He examines the remnants carefully.

DEXTER
Bomb was in the trunk.

Dexter kneels to examine the trunk.

Art approaches him.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
I'll take samples...I guess it's
the same perp.

INT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - LATER

Dexter enters with a few bags of evidence.

DEXTER
Busy?

YURI
Not really.

DEXTER
What about that kid? Harris?

YURI
He was a no show. Probably got
second thoughts.

LAB

Roop surfs the net. Dexter hands him the bags containing evidence.

DEXTER
Here. This should keep you busy.

Roop sighs.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Am I disturbing your net surfing?

ROOP
You know you look at the stats, and
you'd think there was a group of
people...like...a cult...preying on
these women...

Roop shakes his head in disbelief.

ROOP (CONT'D)
...and...the other thing...is very
little is done to investigate the
disappearances... and when there is
an investigation...it's just to
shut the media up...avoid
scrutiny...

Roop snorts.

ROOP (CONT'D)
...it's a fuckin joke...a mockery
of justice...

Dexter gives him a look.

DEXTER
What's that saying about idle time
and the devil?

ROOP
I ain't kidding.

DEXTER
Neither am I. Help me out here.

ROOP
It's just...either the ones meant
to help...don't give a
shit...or...something else...

DEXTER
Don't worry.

ROOP
Oh, no?

Dexter shakes his head.

DEXTER
Justice finds a way.

ROOP
I wish that were true. Honest to
god I do.

DEXTER
It's why we're here.

ROOP
We haven't fuckin solved a single case.

DEXTER (V.O.)
We have. Wish I could tell you more. Sincerely. But we have. Twenty Seven. But who's counting?

DEXTER
Maybe we haven't put away a killer. But we've helped. Now lets focus on helping Ms. Ling and get off the net.

ROOP
Sure, sure.

Roop takes the bags of evidence and walks to another table.

Dexter watches Roop walk away. He then types in 'HARRIS PETTY' in a search engine. He stares at the picture. Scrutinizes it.

Mae Ling suddenly approaches him.

DEXTER
Ms. Ling.

Dexter closes the internet.

MAE LING
You have anything for me?

DEXTER
We're working on it now.

MAE LING
I'm worried.

DEXTER
That's understandable.

She hands him a check. Dexter's eyebrows rise. One hundred thousand.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
I can't except this.

MAE LING
I want a name. As soon as you know.

Dexter nods.

DEXTER (V.O.)
There are two reasons why she
wouldn't want the police involved.
I'm still not sure which one it is.

EXT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER - BISTRO - ALLEY - NIGHT

Sam comes out of the bistro with two garbage bags. As he tosses them in a dumpster, Dexter grabs him in a headlock. Pulls him into the shadows.

DEXTER
Who are you working for?

SAM
Fuck you.

DEXTER
Who?

SAM
No one. They killed my family
bringing them over. Suffocated in a
shipping container.

DEXTER (V.O.)
So...revenge? That's what this is
about?

SAM
They didn't claim them. They
thought the police were on to them.
They just left them there to die!
So fuck you!

DEXTER (V.O.)
Wrong person.

With a single thrust, Dexter knocks him out. Let's him collapse. Dexter stares at the unconscious body.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Don't worry, you'll have your
justice, and I'll have my monster.
Fuckin human traffickers. Debra
used to say there was a special
place in Hell for them. I don't
know about hell, but there's
definitely a special place for them
on my table.

ACT THREE

EXT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dexter approaches a townhouse apartment near the water.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - LATER

More of a library than an apartment. Book shelves house perfectly lined books against every wall. A staircase leads to an upstairs bedroom. An open space kitchen with a massive wooden desk in the middle of the living room.

On top of the desk, a stack of missing persons files tower next to a laptop. Pictures spill out of a few. Crime scenes.

Dexter conducts research on his laptop. Finds the story of forty immigrants found dead in a shipping container. Sighs heavily.

FORTY-TWO DEAD

The glow of a laptop illuminates Dexter's face as he reads.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Human trafficking big business in Canada. Especially since the laws against human trafficking are non-existent.

Dexter scans the file.

DEXTER (V.O.)
You get twenty years for tax evasion. One or two years for trafficking humans.

Dexter scans another file.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Many gangs are moving from narcotics to trafficking to take advantage of the lax laws. Less risk. More reward.

EXT. MAE LING'S HOME - NIGHT

Mae Ling enters her home with two bodyguards.

INT. MAE LING'S HOME

Mae Ling approaches the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Mae Ling opens the refrigerator. Searches for a bottle of water. Closes the door. Sees Dexter.

Dexter plunges a syringe into her neck.

He drags her into the entrance where her two bodyguards lay sprawled in the darkness.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT

Rows upon rows of shipping containers.

INT. SHIPPING YARD - CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Mae Ling opens her eyes to see Dexter staring down at her. She lies naked, wrapped in cellophane. Her eyes wide open and her mouth stuffed with thick wads of white gauze.

The shipping container is lined with white garbage bags. On a small table are bottles of chemicals, small saws and knives of every shape and size.

DEXTER

I was born in a place just like this.

He stares at Mae Ling.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Or at least a part of me. A part of me that has taken my whole life to control.

Mae Ling struggles desperately. He pulls the gauze out of her mouth. She starts to scream. Dexter joins her, then stops abruptly and smiles.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Believe me. Forty or fifty people screaming wouldn't attract attention.

Mae Ling calms down. Stares at Dexter. Understands.

MAE LING

Not me. My husband.

Dexter inches up to her

DEXTER

Oh there's always a strong woman
behind every successful man...and
vice versa...

MAE LING

I paid you.

DEXTER

I'll repair my boat, pay my
employees...give the rest to a non-
profit.

MAE LING

Please... I won't anymore...

DEXTER

You will. You are what you are.

MAE LING

I can change.

Dexter laughs until he has tears in eyes. She begins to join
him. Then suddenly, he plunges a knife deep into her chest.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I think people can change...just
not people like us...best we can do
is find a sense of purpose in what
we are.

EXT. JEWEL OF NIGHT, OCEAN - LATER

Dexter dumps bags of Mae Ling out into the ocean.

EXT. JEWEL OF NIGHT, DOCKS - LATER

Dexter anchors his small fishing boat.

A STRANGER, late seventies, Canadian walks down the docks.
Approaches Dexter.

STRANGER

I never get tired of it.

Dexter looks up at him with a questioning look.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

The ocean.

DEXTER
 Can't say I disagree? Kind of
 early, though...

STRANGER
 Oh. I've been getting up this early
 since my daughter was born. A
 ritual.

DEXTER
 Rituals are important.

STRANGER
 Aren't they, though. My daughter
 ain't around anymore. Cancer. But I
 never stopped coming. It's like
 she's here with me. I can't explain
 it.

DEXTER
 Some things you don't need to
 explain.

STRANGER
 Some things you can't explain.

DEXTER
 Some things you don't have to.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 Please...no afterlife talk.

STRANGER
 How long you had her?

Dexter makes a confused face.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
 The boat?

Stranger reads.

JEWEL OF NIGHT

The stranger points.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
 Jewel of Night.

DEXTER
 Oh...not long...bought her second-
 hand.

STRANGER
You take her out this late?

DEXTER
Only on special occasions.

STRANGER
What's the occasion?

Taken by surprise, Dexter takes a moment to consider.

DEXTER
My....birthday...

STRANGER
Wow. Well, you have yourself a
Happy birthday.

DEXTER
You, too.

STRANGER
It's not my birthday.

DEXTER (V.O.)
It's not mine either.

DEXTER
I meant... have a nice day.

STRANGER
I know you did.

The stranger walks down the docks. Dexter watches him. His cell phone suddenly rings. He picks up.

INT. MAE LING'S HOME - EARLY MORNING

Dexter enters. The two bodyguards are being questioned.

ART
We've got no corpse so we're
thinking this is an abduction. One
of the bodyguards is giving a
description of the perp.

Dexter's eyebrows raise slightly.

DEXTER
He got a look?

ART
Says he did. But it was dark.

DEXTER
Can I see?

Art shows him the-

SKETCH

An African-American interpretation of Dexter.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is disturbing...but...I'm
guessing this isn't the time to
bring up racial profiling.

ART
I've run it through the computer
but so far nothing.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Good.

DEXTER
That's too bad.

ART
See if you can pick up something.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Sure. Lets help you catch me.

DEXTER
I'm on it.

Dexter opens his forensics kit. He indicates the bodyguards.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Do they know where she was taken?

Dexter's eyes flick to the kitchen.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Give me any idea where to start.

Before Art can answer, Bill comes up behind him.

BILL
Living room.

Dexter smiles.

DEXTER
Can I see the witnesses? Rule them
out.

Art nods. Leads him to the bodyguards.

ART
Our guy is just gonna do some tests.

Bodyguards nod.

DEXTER
Which one of you saw him?

One bodyguard lifts his hand.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I think you were having an affair with Mae...weren't you....of course, you were...

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Can I see your hands?

The bodyguard extends his hands toward Dexter. Dexter smiles.

INT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - LATER

Dexter enters with his collection of evidence.

YURI
Some kid left a resume to be a forensic photographer. I didn't know we were looking for one.

DEXTER
I don't need a photographer.

YURI
He was a bit off if you know what I mean.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I know exactly what you mean.

DEXTER
Yeah.

Dexter heads to the-

LAB

Hands the evidence to Roop.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Can you analyse this?

ROOP
What am I looking for?

DEXTER
Victim's DNA.

Dexter hands him another evidence bag with Mae Ling's hair.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Victim's hair.

ROOP
Where are you going?

DEXTER
Got an errand to run?

ROOP
I swear I'm the only one who does
work around here.

DEXTER
It's what I pay you for. Work.

ROOP
I have the mind to start my own
lab.

DEXTER (V.O.)
No, you don't. You have the mind
for comfort, routine, and security.

DEXTER
I'll be in later to help.

ROOP
That's what I want to hear.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Hate being a boss. Too much
emotional judo. If I could shut
down, and join the RCMP, I would.
But they'd have me tested, and
somehow private contractors skip
this step.

Dexter exits.

EXT. DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER - CAFE

Dexter sips coffee. Watches Chris who sits at a nearby table.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Strange place for a truck driver.

Chris scans the area.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He's mine tonight. He's gotta be...

FRANK REID, late fifties, Canadian in a business suit, sits at the table with Chris.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Who is this?

He watches them discuss a file. They laugh. Frank gets a phone call. Stands. Leaves.

Dexter stands. Follows him-

STREET

He follows him to his car. Stares at his license. Clicks a photo. Instantly runs it through an on-line database. Reads-

FRANK REID

Does another search. Texts his name. Research reveals he's a-

LAWYER

For the Canadian government.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Government lawyer. Good friend to
have when your main business is
making girls disappear.

Dexter returns to the cafe, but Chris has left. Dexter looks around doesn't find him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
What the fuck!

ACT FOUR

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - LATER

PICTURE

Debra and Dexter and Harrison (5) on the Slice of Life.

Dexter stares at the picture on the fridge. He lifts a picture of Harris Petty and places it near young Harrison's smiling face.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Harris Petty. Is it you? Or is this life rubbing salt into an old, wound? I probably didn't handle things the way I should have. Skipped out on adolescence. Somehow I don't regret that.

He narrows his gaze on the picture.

Dexter opens the refrigerator door. Pulls out a beer. Twists the cap off. Drinks. He sits down at his desk. Stares at the picture of Harris Petty. Suddenly-

TEARS FILL DEXTER'S EYES

DEXTER (V.O.)

This was not supposed to happen.
Not to me...

He takes in a deep breath trying calm himself. No use. Emotions. Real emotions seize him.

DEXTER

Fuck!

Dexter smashes the beer bottle against the ground. He claws the picture. Scrunches it. Stands. Thrusts the crumpled picture across the room. Takes a deep breath. Exits.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Dexter approaches a raunchy strip club and enters.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Dexter scans the club. Barely notices the naked woman dancing on stage, or the dozen or so women performing for Vancouver's corporate elite.

Suddenly he spots Chris who has a young Native woman stripping for him. Chris stares at her with cold, unfeeling eyes.

Dexter sits at a nearby table with a clear line of sight.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Tonight's the night. It's got to be.

SEXY WOMAN walks up to him.

SEXY WOMAN
Buy me a drink?

DEXTER
No.

SEXY WOMAN
What?

DEXTER
I mean not now.

She smiles. Leaves.

Suddenly, Gabe takes a seat.

GABE
Buy me one?

Dexter glares at him.

GABE (CONT'D)
If looks could kill...

DEXTER (V.O.)
You have no idea.

DEXTER
What the fuck are you doing?

GABE
Same thing you are. I've got a pretty good memory. I remembered Chris' license. Did some snooping and followed him here.

Gabe shows Dexter a folder.

GABE (CONT'D)
I was gonna surprise you with this, but I saw you here.

Dexter stares at the folder.

GABE (CONT'D)
I didn't even know you were in every picture until I took a closer look at them. You must want this guy bad.

DEXTER
What do you want?

GABE
A job.

DEXTER
A job?

Dexter releases a deep sigh of frustration.

GABE
Admit I'm good. You didn't even know I was there.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Where else were you? What else do you know?

DEXTER
This it?

GABE
I was tailing him not you.

Dexter nods.

GABE (CONT'D)
Who's paying you to follow him?

DEXTER
Confidential.

GABE
Not if I work for you.

DEXTER
I don't need a photographer.

GABE
I could be an assistant.

Chris whispers something to the girl. She smiles. Nods. Walks away. Dexter stares at Chris.

GABE (CONT'D)
Why are we following him anyway?
Seems pretty clean from what I've
researched.

Gabe observes Chris.

GABE (CONT'D)
Is he screwing someone's wife? I'd
like to take those pictures, right.
I'll say this he likes them young.

Dexter turns to Gabe.

DEXTER
I wouldn't hire you. Your pictures
are sub-standard.

Gabe looks at his pictures, then Dexter.

GABE
This is the fourth time you reject
me!

DEXTER
Third. Maybe learn to count, too.

Gabe glares at Dexter.

GABE
You're a fuckin asshole.

DEXTER
Maybe you should leave me the
fucken fuck-ass alone.

Dexter raises an eyebrow. Gabe contorts his face.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What the fuck is a fucken fuck-ass?
Truth is...I don't know when it
happened...but I started sounding
more and more like Deb. I miss her.

GABE
That's what you want? You want me
to leave you the fucken fuck-ass
alone? What the fuck is that
anyway? Who says that?

DEXTER
I'm not hiring.

Gabe stands and leaves. Dexter searches for Chris. But Chris is nowhere to be found. He slams the table. His drink falls and shatters on the ground.

INT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - LAB

Dexter enters.

Roop hands him the analysis.

ROOP
You're witness...had Ling's DNA
under his nails. Her skin. You want
I send the file?

DEXTER
I'll do it. You send it to me?

ROOP
An hour ago.

ROOP (CONT'D)
You're not looking yourself. You
been sleeping?

DEXTER
Perfectly.

ROOP
Good. Sleep's important.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Thanks, Dr. Oz.

DEXTER
I'm good.

Roop walks to his desk area. Stops. Turns back to Dexter.

ROOP
Oh, that kid's changed his mind.
He'll be by this week.

DEXTER
What kid? Harris?

ROOP
Yeah.

DEXTER
He from here?

Roop sits down. Begins to type an e-mail.

ROOP
Don't think so. Sounds American.

DEXTER
What does an American sound like?

ROOP
Not really sure. I guess it's the way he says 'Sure.' Kinda like John Wayne. 'Sure.'

DEXTER
That doesn't sound American.

ROOP
You know what I mean.

DEXTER
Sure.

ROOP
Like that.

DEXTER
Like me?

ROOP
A bit. But you're starting to sound more Canadian now.

DEXTER
What a relief.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's him. I've had a strange feeling the moment I heard his name. He's found me.

Dexter drifts.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Hannah must have told him about me...how much did she tell him...did she tell him about his mother?

ROOP
Hey! What's going on? I lost you for a moment.

DEXTER
Yeah. Sorry.

ROOP
 Maybe take a few days.

DEXTER
 No...actually...if the kid comes
 in...I'll take his file. Give me
 something lighter to work on.

Roop whistles shrilly. Raises his eyebrows.

ROOP
 Hell, you must be tired. Sure
 thing, boss. I'll take care of the
 Ling case...and anything that comes
 out of it.

Dexter nods. Smiles.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Dexter scans the area. Approaches the entrance. Enters.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Dexter sits at the table. He searches the club. Doesn't find
 Chris or the girl who was performing for him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 I'm too late.

He spots Gabe at a table.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 Shit. Fuck. Shitdip.

Dexter stares at him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 Shitdip...really...

Gabe stands. Approaches the bathroom.

Dexter stands. Follows.

DEXTER (V.O.)
 Some people don't know when to
 quit. He'll have to be convinced...

Dexter waits just outside the Bathroom. Lets a few men walk
 out. He smiles at them.

BATHROOM

Dexter enters.

Gabe washes his hands beside a patron.

GABE
Hey. Fancy seeing you here?

The last patron walks out and-

Dexter instantly loses his smile-

Attacks Gabe, trying to grab his throat.

Gabe catches Dex's hands. Bends his fingers. Brings Dexter to his knees.

GABE (CONT'D)
No need for that. All I want is a chance to show you what I'm made of.

Dexter groans in pain.

GABE (CONT'D)
You should really consider passing on what you know to someone who shares your passion and disposition toward the scum of this world.

Dexter barely manages-

DEXTER
Told you... Not hiring...

GABE
That's too bad.

Gabe lets go. Shakes his head at Dexter. Walks out. Dexter gasps in pain. Stares at his twisted fingers in disbelief.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I'm getting old.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dexter ices his hand. Downs a beer.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Dexter approaches a crime scene.

ART
What do you think?

Dexter stares at the scene. Reenacts it.

DEXTER
Give me your money.

Points to a dead man.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
He plays hero.

He pantomimes a struggle. Crouches near the body.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Shot in the leg. In the throat.
Shooter stands. Gets rid of the
witness.

Dexter stands. Stares at the bodies.

BILL
That's what I thought.

Dexter smiles at Bill. Looks up. Sees bystanders being held
back by the police. In the crowd-

Gabe waves at Dexter.

Dexter ignores him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Definitely adding Millennials to The
Code. Definitely.

INT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - LATER

Gabe enters.

GABE
Hey, D. Sorry about the you know...
I need to talk to you, please.

YURI
He's the resume guy.

DEXTER
Not hiring.

GABE
Seriously...just two minutes of
your time.

Dexter regards Yuri. Then Gabe.

DEXTER

What?

GABE

I want to show you something.
Pictures.

DEXTER

This way.

Dexter leads Gabe to the--

LAB

Dexter stops.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

You're tough, kid. But you don't
know who you're playing with.

GABE

I ain't playing. I want to work
here.

DEXTER

This is about work?

GABE

I like what you do. I think it's
cool. I know...you like to work
alone...but I didn't know why you
were following that guy... and...

Gabe hands Dexter a picture.

DEXTER

What is this?

PICTURE

CHRIS AND THE GIRL FROM THE CLUB

GABE

The girl he was with. He took her
to a motel.

DEXTER

And...

GABE

She's missing. Been two days since
anyone last saw her.

(MORE)

GABE (CONT'D)

I was gonna go to the police. Then I figured this is good work and if you saw it... maybe you'd reconsider your position.

DEXTER

What was that move last night?

GABE

Krav Magna.

DEXTER

Extremely lethal.

GABE

It's what I love about it.

A silence.

DEXTER

I'll hold on to these. If something comes up...

GABE

I could be your Peter Parker.

DEXTER

What?

GABE

Doesn't matter. Maybe you'll have work for me down the line.

DEXTER

Maybe.

GABE

And I can post my pictures...my stories.

DEXTER

No.

GABE

We can negotiate that.

DEXTER

No. Police wouldn't appreciate that very much.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's hiding something. An obsession... a need...

(MORE)

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
an itch he thinks I can help him
scratch. His big story. He needs
it.

GABE
It's just my thing...is
pictures...and to get original
shots that...

DEXTER
I understand... but no. Nothing can
be published on-line.

GABE
Right. I get it.

DEXTER (V.O.)
No you don't. Not remotely.

DEXTER
If something comes up, I'll call
you. I have your number.

Dexter lifts his resume from the table. Smiles.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Better you waiting for a call that
never comes than getting in my way.

Gabe returns his smile. Exits.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He's the mosquito in the room you
just can't smash. Better to open
the window and let him buzz off on
his own than chase him all night.
Would just be easier if I didn't
have a Code. I broke Harry's code
numerous times. But never my own.
There's a first time for
everything. There always is.

ACT FIVE

INT/EXT. WHITE VAN - STREET - NIGHT

Dexter tails Chris. Chris drives into an alley. Dexter parks close by. Shuts the engine. Steps out for a closer look. He steps into the shadows. Watches as a man in a suit and gloves hauls a massive hockey bags.

DEXTER (V.O.)
A little too warm for hockey.

Suddenly, Chris and the man in the suit stop. They look around. Dexter starts. Inches back into the shadow.

A moment later they stuff the bag in the trunk. The man in the suit gives Chris an envelope. Chris moves back to his car. Dexter speeds back to his van. Embarks.

Chris drives out of the alley. Speeds off. Dexter waits a moment, then follows him. He follows him to-

COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Dexter follows him until Chris turns off into a driveway that leads to a farm. Dexter parks on the side of the road. Waits.

COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Chris pulls out of the farm. A sign advertises the meat is 'Free Range' and 'Organic.' Dexter watches Chris drive away. He disembarks. Cuts through the forest. Makes his way to the-

BARN

He looks through a window at an overweight farmer cleaning up a pig pen.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Good place to get rid of the evidence...this might be the work of friends...probably met on Dark Net...where all monsters seem to meet these days.

Suddenly, Dexter's cell phone rings. Farmer looks toward Dexter. Dexter vaults away. Scrambles back through the forest and out toward the street.

EXT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dexter drives in. Parks.

INT. WHITE VAN - LATER

Dexter shuts the engine. Closes his eyes.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I need a moment. Just need--

A sudden rap on the passenger door. Dexter turns to face Gabe.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Why am I not surprised?

Gabe opens the door. Sits in the passenger seat.

GABE
So I started asking questions about the girl...owner of the club says he's never seen her in his life. That's strange, right? I say we head out tonight.

DEXTER
She's a runaway.

GABE
So what? We give up?

DEXTER
It's a police matter.

GABE
They aren't looking.

DEXTER
No one misses her.

GABE
We know who took her.

DEXTER
She could be off to her next town. We don't really know much.

GABE
I got a sense about people.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Not a very good one.

GABE
He took her, and it's probably not too late.

DEXTER (V.O.)
You're wrong about that.

DEXTER
Didn't I say I'd call you?

GABE
I got impatient. It's a Millennial thing.

Dexter sighs.

DEXTER
This work is all about patience.

GABE
Her time might be running out.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Fuck. Always a debate with this one.

DEXTER
I'll call you.

GABE
Can you give me a lift? Staying at a hostel. I took a bus here.

Dexter gives him a dirty look.

EXT. HOSTEL - LATER

Dexter pulls in. Gabe disembarks.

INT. WHITE VAN - LATER

Dexter glares at Gabe.

GABE
Maybe I could rent a room from you?

DEXTER
Not gonna happen.

GABE
You could deduct from my salary.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I say 'no' he's gonna keep me here all fuckin god damn night.

DEXTER
Interesting. Let me think about it.

GABE
Nice.

Gabe shuts the door. Walks off.

INT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - AFTERNOON

Dexter enters.

YURI
Got a query from a group in Vermont. They're willing to bring you down.

DEXTER
I'll send Roop.

YURI
I don't think he can go. You know what they do to him every time he crosses the border.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Don't care for crossing borders myself.

DEXTER
We'll have to turn them down.

YURI
Why don't you hire that kid? You have a nondescript assistant who likes to travel. He swung by this morning.

DEXTER
He was here?

YURI
This morning. Why you look surprised?

DEXTER (V.O.)
He doesn't give up.

YURI
He's a persistent one. He's a bit...awkward...but he looks like a bright kid.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Tough, too. Noisy. Annoying.
Arrogant. Generation know-it-all.
No thanks.

DEXTER
I'm thinking about it.

YURI
Good. We could use the help.

LAB

Dexter walks past Roop.

ROOP
Hey, D.

DEXTER
Hey. Harris call? Make an
appointment?

ROOP
Nope. He seems nervous about
something.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Him and I both.

ROOP
Scared we're gonna find some
genetical disease.

DEXTER
Probably. We get any calls?

ROOP
Just that Vermont gig. I can't go.
Got a thing.

DEXTER
I get it.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Probably gonna be a slow day.

ROOP
Thank god for the internet.

Dexter smiles. Dexter's cell phone vibrates. He regards it.

SCREEN

I FOUND HIM

Dexter reads an address.

EXT. OLD MISSION COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

Dexter walks up behind Gabe.

DEXTER
What are you doing?

GABE
Collecting evidence. He took that
girl. I'm sure. I see it in him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I know that look. His big story. He
wants it.

DEXTER
You think this is a game! He finds
you here, and you'll disappear,
too.

GABE
Won't happen.

DEXTER
So confident.

GABE
You don't know me. Don't think you
do. I can handle myself. Been doing
it for a long time.

Chris walks out. Gabe snaps pictures.

DEXTER
What are you going to do with that?

GABE
Give them to the police.

DEXTER
Who cares? It's a community center.

GABE
I figure they're gonna want to know
where he's been.

DEXTER
Let me see that.

Gabe hands over his camera. Dexter shatters the camera
against the sidewalk.

GABE
What the fuck! Fuck you! Who do you
think you are?

DEXTER
I'll buy you a new one.

GABE
This girl's death is on you. She's
probably already dead. She is. You
know...you know she is...how...

DEXTER (V.O.)
He's good.

GABE
You have to turn him in.

DEXTER
On a hunch? We don't even know her
name.

GABE
But you know he took Jane Doe. You
know it!

DEXTER
I have my suspicions.

GABE
He needs to pay.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He will. Tonight. Tonight IS the
night.

DEXTER
Maybe he will someday.

GABE
But you're not gonna do anything. I
fuckin quit.

DEXTER
You never had a job!

GABE
All the better!

Gabe takes off.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He seems upset. But in the end,
it's better this way.

EXT. MOTEL - EVENING

Dexter waits in the shadows, near Chris' room.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He should have been here by now.
His truck isn't here...

INT. STRIP CLUB - LATER

Dexter sits, surveying the club. Dancing, seductive, naked women all around him but no Chris.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He might have quit town. He might have got the sense someone was on to him. Probably, the kid.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Dexter lies in bed with his eyes open.

NIGHT TURNS TO DAY

Dexter remains in the same position with his eyes open.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I haven't been restless in a long while. What if Harris turns out to be my Harrison? Running away...abandoning him seemed like the only way out at the time.

He pulls out a crumpled and taped picture of Harrison and Deb. Stares at it.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Fuck, fuck, fucking shit. I'm living every emotional cliché in the book which means Harry was right about me all along. I care.

Dexter looks away from the picture.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Leaving was not me trying to survive, but me trying to give him a fighting chance at a normal life.

Dexter's cell phone suddenly vibrates. He reads. Springs out of bed.

EXT. DINER - MORNING

Dexter approaches Art and Billy and a contingent of police officers bagging and labeling evidence.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Shit. I hope I'm wrong...

Art indicates the back of the truck. Dexter enters the open door-

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Chris lies against the back of the truck, gutted.

ART
We'll let you do your thing?

Dexter turns to Art. Nods. Turns back to the body.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I don't need to. I have a good idea
who did this. I should have seen
it. God damn, I'm getting rusty.

He examines the body. Examines the blood.

DEXTER
He kept him alive...to...pose him
before rigamortus.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To snap his picture.

ART
Why?

DEXTER (V.O.)
Memento. Trophy. A picture is worth
a thousand words. I still prefer
slides.

DEXTER
Couldn't tell you.

Dexter looks around.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Copicat. Not a very good one. He's
a messy monster. Sloppy. Fuckin,
kid!

INT. WHITE ROCK FORENSICS - AFTERNOON

Dexter enters. Yuri hands him a brown envelope.

YURI
This was under the door for you
this morning.

Dexter takes it.

LAB

Dexter walks by Roop who's busy analyzing something with the computer.

ROOP
Hey, D.

DEXTER
Hey.

Dexter moves to the side. Opens the envelope. Pulls out a--

PICTURE

DEXTER WITH GARBAGE BAGS ON HIS BOAT.

Pulls out another-

PICTURE

CHRIS POSED

SCREAMING IN AGONY

SIGNED "YOUR BIGGEST FAN"

Dexter's eyes widen. He takes in a deep, calming breath.
Hides the picture. Smiles at Roop. Roop smiles back at him.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, mother fuck, fuck,
shit....son of a mother fucking
sack of donkey...

He calms down. Smiles at Roop. Begins to walk out, but Harris
Petty walks in. Dexter ducks slightly so Harris can't see
him.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Jesus... Harris... look at him...
he looks...normal...

ROOP
He's yours.

DEXTER (V.O.)
More than you know. But
I...can't...especially with psycho
fan stalking me...

DEXTER
Could you...take care of him...

ROOP
I thought he was yours.

DEXTER
Something else came up.

ROOP
That shit this morning?

DEXTER
Yeah.

Roop narrows his gaze on Dexter.

ROOP
You're acting really weird man.

DEXTER
Could you, please...

ROOP
Sure. 'Sure.'

Roop mocks the John Wayne 'Sure.' Dexter watches Roop walk up to the front. Harris gazes around. Looks to the back, searching.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He's looking for me. I wonder if
Hannah told him about his real
mother... I wonder if he remembers
what happened to her... he looks
normal... better he stay that
way... stay out of my life...

Dexter sneaks out the back.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Dexter frantically packs. Stuffs clothes in a duffle bag.
Suddenly-

DEBRA appears.

DEBRA
You can't abandon him again, Dex.
Fuck whatever else you think you
have to do!

Dexter starts. Meets Debra's gaze. Then-

DEXTER
He's better off without me.

DEBRA
Will you listen to yourself? God
damn it, Dex, you spent the last
ten years wishing you had another
fuckin chance and now that you've
got one...you're about to repeat
the same fuckin mistake. Good one,
bro! Good one!

DEXTER
I'm just gonna screw him up!

DEBRA
He needs you, Dex! You're his
father.

DEXTER
I'm just gonna fuck him up, Deb.
Most human thing I ever did was
leave!

DEBRA
You're wrong. You're fuckin wrong.
Most human thing you did was
regret...

DEXTER
It's too late.

Debra shakes her.

DEBRA
You hear yourself? You're so full
of shit the fuckin sewers are
jealous. Most Dexter thing you can
do is be a father. Like Harry was
to you. He fuckin needs that,
especially after all those years
with crazy bitch! What the fuck
were you thinking!? Hannah!?
Fucking Hannah, Dex!?
(MORE)

DEBRA (CONT'D)
You were doing him a favor! You just dumped him.

DEXTER
You never liked Hannah.

DEBRA
Nothing to like! She makes your Dark Passenger look like Mickey Mouse.

Dexter shakes his head.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Dex. Stop running.

DEXTER
Fuckin fuck, fuck, fuck fuckin Christ shit!

DEBRA
I'm sure you just broke a commandment.

Dexter smiles.

DEXTER
I hate what happened, Deb.

DEBRA
Can't change what happened with me, Dex, but you can be there for him.

Dexter closes his eyes. When he opens his eyes, Debra is no longer there. Suddenly-

He decides. Rushes to his closet. Grabs his black medical bag.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I ain't running this time cause some piece of shit wants to turn me into his big story.

EXT. HOSTEL - NIGHT

Gabe approaches his room.

INT. HOSTEL - GABE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gabe enters. He puts down his smaller, spare camera.

Suddenly, from the shadows, Dexter pulls out a syringe. Plunges it in Gabe's neck. But before he finishes, Gabe twists away, pulls out the syringe and thrusts it into Dexter's leg!

DEXTER (V.O.)
Shit.... kid's good...

They both collapse staring at one another.

FADE TO

BLACK

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates Dexter's the Jewel of Night in the middle of the ocean.

INT. JEWEL OF NIGHT - NIGHT

Hands put on surgical gloves.

Dexter looks down at Gabe who lies on a make-shift gutting table, his arms and legs strapped down with duct tape. A thick wad of cloth prevents Gabe from talking. Gabe stares calmly at Dexter. He smirks.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He's not scared.

Dexter grabs a surgical knife.

DEXTER
You shouldn't have followed me.
That was your first mistake. Taking
pictures...your second....can't say
I didn't appreciate your
help...messy as it was....but I
can't let you compromise my
life....not now...

Gabe smiles at him.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
What really upsets me about all
this....is I'm going against my
Code...something I've been
iterating on for decades
now...well...technically you did
kill a killer so...

A silence.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
How did it make you feel?

Dexter removes the wad of cloth from Gabe's mouth. Gabe stares at Dexter.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
How did it make you feel?

GABE
Alive.

Dexter smiles.

DEXTER
You feel alive now?

GABE
Not really. A little bored. I wish you would get on with it. Get off the pot and all that.

Dexter raises his eyebrows at Gabe in disbelief.

DEXTER (V.O.)
This kid for real?

DEXTER
Still the smartass?

Dexter prepares to plunge his knife deep into Gabe's chest.

GABE
Chip off the old block.

Suddenly, Dexter narrows his gaze on Gabe's face. Goes to stab again, but then...stops...recognizing him for the first time. Utter disbelief.

DEXTER
Harrison?

GABE
Hey, Dad.

SLAM CUT TO
BLACK

D (LOG-LINE)

A new Dexter spin-off series: Dexter's now in Canada running a private forensics agency looking for missing persons; their captors his new target. When an annoying teenager keeps pestering him for a job, Dexter gets distracted and misses his chance on a kill, but when his biggest fan intercepts and does the kill for him, he hones in on the teenager and is shocked to discover he is his son Harrison; a chip off the old block.

D (SYNOPSIS)

DEXTER is starting a new journey - one where he's in control, doing what he wants not because it has to happen but because he wants it to. His new thing: missing persons. He's in Canada, and he has his first target: CHRIS, 50s. But teen GABE gets in his way, asking him for a lift just as he's about to put a syringe in Chris.

At his new line of work - White Rock Forensics - we meet his employees YURI, 30s, and ROOP, 30s. Dexter heads to a bombing crime scene in downtown Vancouver to help the cops. Only the wife, MAE LING, is still alive - husband and son killed as part of a supposed money laundering target. She's very calm.

Back at work, Dexter feels Chris may not be behind the case of so many missing women. It must be a ring of killers working together for a monster leader. He switches a blood sample Roop was about to work on with one named "unidentified", grabs evidence from a bag and scans prints: SAM LEE comes up.

Dexter watches Sam at work in a bistro but Gabe spots him and distracts him again. Gabe tries to convince Dexter to give him a job. Back at the lab the mention of HARRIS, a kid who wants to find out who his father is, stuns Dexter. Mae Ling arrives, wanting Dexter to tell her any info he gave the police; wanting to get to the killer before police do.

Dexter follows Sam to his apartment block and who should exit it but Gabe, claiming he had been interested in renting there. Dexter is called to a car explosion that killed Mae Ling's bodyguard. Back at work, Yuri says the Harris kid was a non-show. Roop is frustrated that they haven't yet put away a killer, but Dexter confirms via VO that they - or he - has in fact put away 27.

Dexter confronts Sam at the bistro and he claims "they" let his family die, bringing them over from China. They didn't claim his family because they thought the police were onto them, so they left them in containers to suffocate. Dexter knocks him out. Dexter later looks it up - 42 immigrants died. He goes to Mae Ling's place and plunges a syringe into

her. Before he kills her - bound naked in a shipping container - he tells her: "Best we can do is find a sense of purpose in what we are."

The bodyguards came up with a description of Dexter for the cops but it was dark so the profile comes out as an African-American version of Dexter. He suspects one of the bodyguards was having an affair with Mae and takes his DNA to Roop to analyze. Dexter watches Chris again, who meets with FRANK REID in a café. He follows Frank when he takes a call and runs his car license: Frank is a government lawyer.

Dexter gets a photo of Harris Petty and compares it with his picture of Harrison. He is shocked that he begins to cry. He goes to a strip club to watch Chris - who is being attended to by a native woman: could be his next target. Gabe interferes once again. He's prepared an investigative file on Chris and hands it to Dexter - he's still after a job. Dexter tells Gabe his photos are terrible, and Gabe complains it's the fourth time Dexter has rejected him. Dexter thinks it's the third time. In the process, he misses Chris's exit.

Another time, Gabe is once again at the club and Dexter decides to sort him out. He attacks him in the bathroom but Gabe has a mean counter attack which brings Dexter to his knees. Gabe says: "You should really consider passing on what you know to someone who shares your passion and disposition toward the scum of this world." Gabe turns up at work wanting to show Dexter something: pictures of Chris with the now-missing girl from the club. Dexter still won't give Gabe a job, but recognizes his need for a big story. Dexter is seriously considering breaking his own code of killing "no millennials".

Dexter follows Chris to an exchange in an alley of big hockey bags, with a man in a suit. He follows Chris to a farm and considers that this might be how Chris gets rid of the evidence. Gabe turns up at Dexter's apartment, trying to convince him to try and find the girl with him before it's too late. Gabe asks for a lift back to his hostel. Gabe says if he rented a room from Dexter it could be taken off his wages. Dexter says he'll think about it - just to get him off his back.

Gabe messages Dexter that he's "found him" - Chris - at the community center. Gabe takes pictures of Chris and Dexter takes the camera from him, shattering it on the ground. Gabe is annoyed, but puts two and two together - the girl is already dead and Dexter knows it. Gabe is annoyed Dexter won't do anything about Chris. Dexter hopes tonight is the night he will.

Dexter waits at the club but Chris doesn't arrive. That night he looks at a picture of Harrison and admits he is a cliché

and Harry must have been right - he does care. Next morning Chris is dead in the back of his truck - gutted. Dexter can't believe he didn't see it coming. The killer posed him for a photo: the big story. A messy monster. Sloppy.

Dexter gets sent photos of him on the boat with the body bags, and Chris screaming in fear, from his "biggest fan". Dexter avoids the meeting with Harris, determined his son is better out of his life. Deb appears to him and tries to convince him he needs to take the second chance and face up to his son. He decides not to run - in order to catch the fan who wants to make him his big story.

He tries to plunge a syringe into Gabe but Gabe turns it back on Dexter and they both go down. He gets Gabe onto his boat. He's not scared. Dexter asks Gabe how he felt to kill, and he replies "alive". He's being a smart-ass, and Dexter is about to stab him, when... Gabe says he must be a "chip off the old block".

"Harrison?" says Dexter.

"Hey, dad".