DEXTER

"CARNIVAL OF BLOOD"
FADE IN:


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.
BOY #1
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.
LOUIS
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 so-called 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:
INT. BEDROOM - LOUIS GREENE'S MIAMI CONDO - NIGHT

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?
VINCE
Just asking, Dex. What’s up your ass?

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?
QUINN
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 SNIFFFLES, 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
then poses at the body with his rifle. Harry aims his camera.

    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

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.
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 KESSLER (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.

CUT TO:

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
(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.

CUT TO:
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.

CUT TO:
INT. LOUIS GREENE’S STUDY

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!

CUT TO:
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.
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.

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 dash-mounted 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.

CUT TO:
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?
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.
DEXTER
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?

CUT TO:
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.

CUT TO:
EXT. SANTA MARIA DE LAREDO CHURCH

The FBI tech van and Grand Victoria pull up to the front of the church silently, lights out. The van side door SLIDES open. 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 stumble 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