

DEXTER
"Unfortunate"

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FADE IN:

INT. PITCH BLACK ROOM

Blackness. We see nothing in this endless darkness. There is something, or someone's presence, but it seems to be only audible at this point, and not visible at all.

DEXTER (V.O.)

A dark night.

(beat)

An even darker soul.

We hear a slightly MUFFLED VOICE and a door SLAMMING in the background.

MAN

I swear, if you call this number
one more time--

A line of dim light flickers along one pair of dark green eyes, finally revealing something in the seemingly infinite darkness.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Bruce Williams. Twenty-eight years
old. Six-two, two hundred and
twenty seven pounds.

Bruce's angry VOICE draws closer.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I'm not a freak. I just happened to
stumble upon his medical records.

(beat)

He's also allergic to peanuts. Food
for thought.

A bit more light streams onto the face of Dexter.

BRUCE

I don't care who you know! I will
show up on your doorstep and beat
you--

DEXTER (V.O.)

(dark grin forming)

Someone's a little upset. Just a
few more moments.

A very thin hypodermic needle COMES INTO FRAME, dribbling
it's contents over the side.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
Whatever!

DEXTER (V.O.)
Three.

BRUCE
I'm getting my stuff, then I'm
coming over there to beat your ass!

DEXTER (V.O.)
Two.

A phone HANGS UP as the FOOTSTEPS draw closer than ever
before.

BRUCE
Unbelievable.

CLOSE - DEXTER'S MOUTH

DEXTER
One.

Light pours onto Dexter for less than a second as we--

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN

Dexter leaps from his hiding place with amazing finesse to
plunge the end of his needle into the neck of Bruce.

BRUCE
What the--

As Dexter removes the needle quickly, Bruce FALLS to the
ground in a clump. Dexter standing over the body. He takes
in a deep breath.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Dexter RIPS open a box filled with clear plastic tarp,
PULLING it out viciously. If there ever was a way to do this
precisely, Dexter has mastered the art.

He pins the tarp onto walls, holding it in place.

He PUSHES two long tables together into the middle of a
dining room.

(CONTINUED)

He sets tarp along the ground and the newly formed tables carefully.

Pictures of happy children with their families go up onto the tarp walls.

Bruce's head is rested onto the table.

Thick layers of SARAN WRAP areAPPLIED all over Bruce's naked body.

The light in the middle of the dining room suddenly shines from dim to bright, forcing total brightness over the shot.

CLOSE - BRUCE'S FACE

We see a hand, covered by a white surgical glove tap on Bruce's forehead, until Bruce finally comes to.

DEXTER
(darkly)
Wakey, wakey.

Bruce's eyes open fully as he glances desperately around the room.

BRUCE
(confused beyond words)
What the hell?

INT. BRUCE'S DINING ROOM - BRUCE'S HOME

The room is covered in the clear plastic tarp, pictures of children resting upon the flimsy walls. Bruce is naked and strapped to his own home furniture by layers and layers of SARAN WRAP. His somewhat muscular, yet slightly overweight body held beneath.

DEXTER
(sarcastically)
Oh, Bruce. It seems your luck has finally run out. You sneaky little devil.

Dexter is wearing white surgical gloves, and a full, black body suit made of rubber.

BRUCE
(slowly becoming angry)
Who are you?

CLOSE - BRUCE'S FACE

Bruce stares at the ceiling as a pointed scalpel makes it's way close to Bruce's cheek. As it comes into contact with his skin, it separates the flesh and draws fresh blood.

BRUCE
(yelling)
AH! What are you doing? Who are
you?

CLOSE - BRUCE'S OPEN WOUND

Dexter uses an eyedropper to draw blood from the fresh cut.

DEXTER
(obviously distracted)
Someone who has taken a deep
interest in you.

CLOSE - BLOOD SLIDE

Dexter ejects a drop of the blood from Bruce's face onto a slide. He then moves the glass slide cover over the top of the first one, sealing them both, as the blood forms a circular pool inside.

INT. BRUCE'S DINING ROOM - BRUCE'S HOME

Dexter moves out of frame while Bruce begins to panic more.

BRUCE
I can literally give you anything!
I have connections! I have sources!

Dexter comes back, now grabbing the top of Bruce's scalp, and forcing him to look over at the dozen pictures of children on the plastic wall. We see the smiles on each child's face as Dexter narrates.

DEXTER
You know these children. You
pretend to be a loving, caring guy
at the daycare program you run, but
when no one else is looking, you do
things to these kids. KIDS!!!

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
(frantically sweating)
I don't know what you are talking
about.

DEXTER
You think I don't see it? You think
I don't know what you do to them?
And then so they don't tell, you
find a way to make them disappear?

Dexter moves his face very close to Bruce as he leaves one
pointing finger on Bruce's forehead. Bruce deserves what's
coming to him.

DEXTER (CONTD)
(very sternly)
I'm a monster, but you? You are a
sick disease.

BRUCE
Then you get it? You kill people
too! We can understand each other
then--

Dexter SLAPS Bruce in the face quickly.

DEXTER
--No, Bruce. I have a code.
Something I could never break. It
allows me to get away with what I
do, making the world a better
place. You? You are a sad, sad man.
Garbage that needs to be taken out.

BRUCE
You asshole! I'll get out of here,
and when I do--

Dexter shoves white cloth into Bruce's mouth before he can
mutter useless, vengeful statements that will never come to
pass.

CLOSE - COLLECTION OF BLADED TOOLS

Dexter's hand grabs a long, slender, but intensely sharp
knife.

NEW ANGLE - BRUCE'S DINING ROOM - BRUCE'S HOME

Bruce tries to wiggle free, but can barely budge an inch. Dexter moves up close to Bruce, raising his knife with two hands over Bruce's chest.

DEXTER
(eyes closed, taking a deep
breath in)
Calm. Cool. Collected.

Dexter brings the knife down with tenacity directly into the middle of Bruce's chest, killing him within seconds. Blood pools from the open wound, as his struggling ends quickly. After a moment, Dexter removes the blade from its temporary home in Bruce's chest cavity.

Dexter makes his way over to a table with a large bone saw. Grabbing it swiftly, and returning to the carcass, he flips it on. The saw blade begins to carve into Bruce's lifeless flesh.

CLOSE - BLOOD STAINED TABLE

Blood drips and puddles its way off the side of the table, underneath and above the SARAN WRAP cover.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Few times have I been able to
experience what my victims feel
before they see the end.

The blood begins to drip like a creek, and soon like a waterfall.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEXTER'S BOAT - OFF THE COAST - MIDNIGHT

Dexter is standing on a boat, tossing large and bulky trash bags out into the open water.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONTD)
But never have I actually
experienced dying, regardless of
how many times I've seen it.

Dexter picks up the last bag, and heaves it off the side. The BAG makes a SPLASH as it sinks down into the blue sea. As the final bag disappears, Dexter's CELL PHONE RINGS from his pocket. He takes it from his pocket, and it reads: "DEB, 555-123-4567."

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (V.O.)
(glancing at watch)
Justice never sleeps.

Dexter clicks the answer button and brings the phone up to his ear.

DEXTER
Deb?

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION

DEBRA, Dexter's sister, sits at her desk in the police station. She is surrounded by a large number of other POLICE OFFICERS. Everyone is up in a stir about something big.

DEBRA
Dex, you won't fucking believe what just happened!

EXT. DEXTER'S BOAT - OFF THE COAST - MIDNIGHT

DEXTER (V.O.)
My sister's mouth is still filthy, even past midnight.

DEXTER
No, what's up?

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION

DEBRA
(quickly)
You know MITCH Bernard? That guy who's running for office with those stupid campaign ads on TV you hate?

EXT. DEXTER'S BOAT - OFF THE COAST - MIDNIGHT

Dexter closes his eyes and sighs, as he rubs his forehead out of tiredness.

DEXTER
Deb, it's late. What does that have to do with me?

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION

DEBRA

We just got a call in about a dead
body found in his home.

(beat)

There's blood, Dex. Lot's of blood.

EXT. DEXTER'S BOAT - OFF THE COAST - MIDNIGHT

Dexter's eyes widen as he lifts his precious slide,
containing the blood of his most recent victim, Bruce.

DEXTER (V.O.)

No such thing as too much blood.

DEXTER

I'm in the middle of something.
Call me in fifteen, let me know the
address.

DEBRA (V.O.)

Hurry, Dex!

Dexter hangs up his phone, sliding it into his pocket, as he
looks out onto the dark horizon. It's going to be a longer
night than expected.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - 2 AM

Dexter's black car pulls into a neighborhood, covered in
POLICE and their vehicles. There is hardly anyone else
sleeping this evening either. Dexter makes his way past the
yellow tape and the OFFICERS, moving towards the front door.

DEXTER (V.O.)

So many police. It won't save
whoever met an unfortunate end
earlier tonight though.

INT. MITCH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

START CLOSE on front door, and PULL BACK as Dexter steps in.
We now see a dead body. The face is completely smashed in,
and blood has not only pooled around the body but is smeared
along the walls and counters, like some kind of abstract art
exhibit.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (V.O.)
Someone got creative.

Debra, BATISTA, and MASUKA have already arrived on the scene. Several other POLICEMEN are searching around the house. Dexter steps up to the bloody scene, setting his kit down, and taking in a deep sigh.

DEBRA
Someone got creative, huh Dex?

DEXTER (V.O.)
(realizing she read his mind)
Woah.

DEXTER
Yeah, wow.

Masuka is pushing around on bits of the crushed skull with long metal tweezers, perhaps trying to discern a murder weapon.

MASUKA
(intensely eying the skull)
Good luck figuring out who this guy
is. No visible murder weapon
either.

Dexter leans down, looking down at the once living carcass, and then towards the walls.

BATISTA
Whoever did this is a sick bastard.
Who called this in?

DEBRA
A neighbor. Heard some strange,
loud noises from next door, and
called a patrol car over.

DEXTER
Where's the...

The detectives in the room look down at Dexter, waiting for him to finish his sentence.

DEXTER
(looking up)
Face?

They all inch closer to the caved-in skull.

(CONTINUED)

MASUKA

At first I thought his face just
got smashed. But now it seems that
someone--

DEBRA

(distracted)

Cut it off.

The three look back at Debra as she realizes the horror of
what she just said. They all now stand, glancing around at
the blood on the walls.

DEBRA

Dex.

(beat)

You don't think that the killer--

DEXTER (V.O.)

(emotionless and quickly)

--Beat this man on the back of the
head repeatedly, carved his face
off of the skull, and then wiped
the bloody face all around the
walls?

Dexter looks down at the body, and then at a spattering of
blood coming around the backside of the body, on the floor,
and on the couch next to it.

DEXTER

(pointing)

He was hit here, unexpectant.

Dexter moves in place, where the evil deed was done.

DEXTER

(bending his body, imitating
the kill)

The blood spray came here, so the
killer hit him from the front. But,
there is another pattern behind
him, so once he fell, the killer
beat him again.

The POLICE and detectives watch as Dexter narrates. His
narration is tactful and ingenious.

DEXTER

Once he fell to the ground, the
killer continued to bash his skull
in from behind. Lot of impact
spray. Heavy object, maybe...

(CONTINUED)

(beat)
A statue, or a rock.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Or a crowbar.

Dexter now stands as the detectives continue to eye the crime scene. From behind Dexter stands QUINN, holding a bloody crowbar in his white, gloved hand.

QUINN
Or a crowbar.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Bingo.

BATISTA
Where have you been, Quinn?

Quinn steps up towards them, cocky as ever.

QUINN
(arrogant, but slightly
repentant)
Sleeping. Got the call and got over
here as fast as I could. An officer
outside found this in a bush.

DEBRA
Looks like we have our murder
weapon.

MASUKA
But we still are missing a face.
Hopefully we have the DNA of this
guy in the system. Maybe pull some
prints off that crowbar.

Debra is still inquisitive and angrily curious.

DEBRA
Yeah, but that doesn't answer where
the fuck Mitch Bernard is. Batista,
can you get his number and get him
to the station for questioning?

Batista nods in approval. The next person steps up in line.

DEBRA
Quinn, go with him, and leave the
crowbar here for evidence.

Quinn nods as well, following Batista out.

DEBRA
Boys, get this crowbar into
evidence, and let's get this body
examined.

Debra begins to walk out of the room as more OFFICERS step
in.

MASUKA
(grinning)
Dex, your sis needs to get her body
examined. She's so uptight.

Masuka lets out his signature chuckle as Dexter eyes him
carefully.

DEXTER (V.O.)
(sarcastically)
If only I found out you were a
killer too, Vince.

Debra makes a brief romp back into the room to relay one
last bit of information to Dexter.

DEBRA
Dex, you can leave to get some
rest. You've pretty much solved
everything here anyway, and you
look exhausted.

Dexter is happy. Sleep will be good.

MASUKA
(jealous)
Lucky.

Dexter smirks and stands.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - 4 AM

Dexter steps into his home. It's late. He's tired. Blood
slides must come first though.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I have to sleep. But I need to do
something more important first.

Dexter moves to remove his air conditioning unit. The all
too familiar place.

CLOSE - INSIDE AIR CONDITIONING UNIT

We see a hand reach inside, pulling out the brown case, filled with unlikely trophies.

BACK TO

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - 4 AM

Dexter carefully handles his case. Placing it on a shelf, he opens it. Countless lives left to nothing but a red circle on a glass slide. Dexter runs his fingers along them, following to the end. He needs this comfort.

DEXTER (V.O.)
(breathing deeply)
Blood. My dark, sweet solace.

He adds Bruce, a new friend to the collection carefully, eyes them once more, and closes the box.

DEXTER
Once more my Dark Passenger is
sated.

With another careful, yet swift motion, these strange trophies return to their dark home. The secret remains safe.

Dexter turns now, realizing the huge burden and need for sleep, weighing upon him.

DEXTER (V.O.)
(one eye shut)
Time for Dexter to get some beauty
sleep.

Dexter leaves to his bedroom. Laying on the bed, the time starts to disappear.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - 10 AM

Dexter's ALARM CLOCK has been BUZZING for at least a few hours at this point. Dexter isn't interested in waking up. A RING TONE EMANATES from Dexter's cell phone on the dresser. This wakes him, and startles him. His hand shoots to the phone as he addresses it.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
(drowsy and confused)
Hello.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - DEBRA'S OFFICE

Debra is pissed. She is standing, looking out into the station.

DEBRA
(upset)
Dex, where the fuck are you? It's ten and you haven't shown up for work yet!

DEXTER (V.O.)
Sorry, Deb.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT

Dexter is tired and recovering from the evening's activities still.

DEXTER
(apologetic)
I got back from last night and crashed. My alarm didn't wake me.

Debra makes no response for a brief moment.

DEBRA (V.O.)
Yeah, sorry I was upset. Last night kinda slipped my mind, and I was concerned.

DEXTER (V.O.)
If you knew what I was up to before you called me, you would have a real reason to be upset.

DEBRA (V.O.)
Just try to get here quick. The blood work is on your desk from last night.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - DEBRA'S OFFICE

DEXTER (V.O.)
Alright, will do!

Debra hangs up, as Batista knocks on her door.

DEBRA
What's up sergeant?

BATISTA
(leaning in)
It's Mitchell. We got his number
and he's coming to the station
within the hour.

DEBRA
Perfect. Did he have an alibi for
last night?

BATISTA
(shaking his head)
No se. Quinn talked to him, but we
will know when he gets here. He
just doesn't seem like the type to
do that...
(beat)
Wall painting with the bloody face
thing.

Debra looks him in the eye briefly, and steps back to her desk.

DEBRA
(sternly)
We all have our secrets Angel, but
some people have their demons too.

Batista moves to leave the room.

BATISTA
(nodding)
Si lieutenant. I'll find you when
he arrives.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - MAIN OFFICE

The large room, lit by the sun from the wall of windows.
DETECTIVES pacing about, making their usual rounds. Batista
finds his way to Quinn's desk. He puts his hand on Quinn's
shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

BATISTA

Let me know as soon as Mitchell gets here.

QUINN

(confused)

Why? Are you leaving?

BATISTA

Briefly. I have some things to take care of outside the station. I'll be back shortly.

QUINN

Alright, do you need any help--

BATISTA

(short)

--No, don't worry about it. This shouldn't take too long.

Quinn is left confound as Batista leaves towards the elevator.

EXT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - BACK LOT

LAGUERTA is sitting in a red Chevrolet as Batista opens the passenger side door. She smiles, but seems concerned as he makes himself comfortable.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - BACK LOT - LAGUERTA'S CAR

They both look into each other's eyes, then quickly look away. Laguerta rolls the windows down with an automatic button.

LAGUERTA

Look, Angel...

(beat)

I know I have made things very difficult for the two of us.

BATISTA

(frustrated)

Is that was this is about?

She looks over at him deeply. He looks away.

LAGUERTA

I was very selfish for what I did to you.

(CONTINUED)

BATISTA

Is this your apology for divorcing
me for a job? One year late?

Batista can't tell if she's serious. We can't tell either.

LAGUERTA

(sighing)

I know what I did, and it was
stupid. There's not a day that goes
by where I don't think about it.

She tries to place her hand on his arm.

LAGUERTA (CONT'D)

And what we had, Angel. It was
wonderful! You know that.

Batista slowly moves his hand onto hers. He still hasn't
made eye contact.

BATISTA

Maria. No doubt we had something
great.

Batista finally looks back to her eyes, and then down to her
hand resting on his bicep.

BATISTA (CONT'D)

But you have waited so long to have
this conversation. I really don't
know if you mean what you're
saying, Maria. How can I trust you?
After everything you've put me
through.

LaGuerta takes her hand back, but won't give up.

LAGUERTA

Then all I am asking is that you
give me a chance, one more chance.
Let me explain everything to you.

Batista seems to go over it in his mind, looking out the
front windshield of the car, watching people walk by. He is
unsure of what to do.

BATISTA

I will think about it. When I make
up my mind, I will let you know.

Batista now moves in close to LaGuerta's face. It's not a
kiss he wants, but he wants to be very clear about
something.

(CONTINUED)

BATISTA (CONT'D)

I will only give you this one warning, Maria...

(beat; sternly)

If you do this to me again, then you can count on me never thinking about us ever again.

He returns to his seat, preparing to leave.

LAGUERTA

(apologetic)

Just one more chance for me Angel.

I won't disappoint you.

Batista seems to shake his head, opens the door, and with that he's gone. LaGuerta waits a moment, looking around the outside of the car. She rolls up the windows and grabs her phone. She DIALS a NUMBER and brings the phone up to her ear, next to her styled brown curls.

Regardless of her conversation with Batista, she has ulterior motives. She always has ulterior motives. After a moment she begins talking.

LAGUERTA

(seriously)

I talked to him. I think he's willing to try it one more time...

(beat)

I'll keep you updated. If he gets close, you will be the first to know, I promise.

EXT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT

It's bright and warm outside as Dexter steps into frame, walking towards the front door to the police station. Batista joins him, as he pops around the corner.

BATISTA

Dexter! Running late today, huh?

DEXTER

Yep. Late night.

BATISTA

Tell me about it. I barely made it to work on time today.

They both stand apart from each other. Neither sure of what to say. The brief pause is awkward enough that someone has to end it.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER
(flustered)
Yeah, I'm gonna head
upstairs now.

BATISTA
(anxious)
Well it was good seeing
you.

Dexter makes his way to the front door.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Well that was awkward.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - MAIN OFFICE

CAMERA CLOSE to the elevator door as it opens, CAMERA
FOLLOWS Dexter as he steps out and into the main office.
Debra notices him in the distance from her office. They make
eye contact and nod at each other's presence. Dexter walks
towards his office, when Masuka stops him mid-way.

MASUKA
Hey, Dex! Have you started the
blood work on your desk yet?

DEXTER
Nah, just got here--

MASUKA
(quickly)
--Of course you haven't, but that's
okay. Guess who's stopping by the
station today?

Dexter shrugs. Masuka can hardly contain his excitement, as
much as a lab geek can.

MASUKA (CONT'D)
(emphasizing each word
strongly)
Mitch. Fucking. Bernard.

A brief stare-down ensues. Dexter doesn't see the importance
of the special visit. CAMERA PANS around Vince as he extends
his arm. His desk is full of "Mitch Bernard for Governor"
paraphernalia.

DEXTER (V.O.)
And I thought I had problems.

MASUKA
Mitch Bernard. Full name Mitchell
Joseph Bernard. He was a Navy Seal
before he was honorably discharged.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MASUKA (cont'd)
He's a war hero Dexter. Have you no
respect for Godly glory in mortal
form?

Dexter's eyes open wider as he starts to push past towards
his office.

DEXTER
(not caring)
No, it's really cool Vince, you'll
have to tell me all about him
later.

MASUKA
Oh don't worry, Dex...
(beat)
I will.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - DEXTER'S OFFICE

Dexter moves in to sit at his chair. He CLICKS around on his
computer with his MOUSE.

DEXTER (V.O.)
It seems the station is making a
big deal about this Mitch guy.

Dexter finds a video online for Mitch's election campaign.
His eyes start to close in disgust.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Several screens come up, declaring the campaigns of other
opponents in the election to be shams. Same old, same old.
Mitch walks into the middle of the screen. Expensive suit.
Even more expensive smile.

MITCH
My name is Mitch Bernard. There is
something different about me, I can
assure you.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Yeah you may be next on my list.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Unlike the other candidates running
for office, I am one that you can
count on. In all situations.

Mitch smiles on the television. That politician's grin.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - DEXTER'S OFFICE

Dexter clicks off of the promotional video.

DEXTER
I hate these commercials.

HARRY
What are you thinking, Dex?

Harry walks into frame. Watching Dexter's actions on the computer.

DEXTER
I'm thinking this Mitch Bernard may
have a little something up his
sleeve that the general public
doesn't know about.

Harry steps in closer. Dexter is searching for background information on Mitch. A smug grin forms on Dexter's lips.

DEXTER
Bingo.

We see on the computer screen that Mitch has some kind of military history. The information is vague.

DEXTER
His military service is listed as
confidential. Special ops maybe.

Dexter pauses for a moment, as if pondering what that could mean.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
Wonder if that has anything to do
with a dead body showing up in his
house.

HARRY
You know, Dex, you are always able
to get a vibe about someone. He's
coming by the station today isn't
he?

A light goes off in Dexter's head.

DEXTER
(looking out into the office)
So I should get to know him while
he's in the station today.

(CONTINUED)

Harry puts his hand on Dexter's shoulder, and leans in towards him.

HARRY

Just be careful son. You don't actually know if he has killed anyone.

Dexter points to the words on the screen that read: Military Service Confidential.

DEXTER

(certain)

I find confidential military service to be a warning sign.

HARRY

(cautious)

It may be a warning sign for you to stay away son. Just be wary.

Dexter gives a thumbs up as Harry walks off screen.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - MAIN OFFICE

The elevator opens, and out steps Mitch. He may seem to be older, but he packs strong muscles beneath his expensive suit. Strong eyes, and a clean-shaven face. He's surrounded by four nicely dressed BODYGUARDS. Professionals like these wear their dark shades indoors.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they step into the room. The OFFICERS in the room are all watching. Debra moves in for the greeting, followed by Batista.

MITCH

(smug)

You must be lieutenant, Debra Morgan?

They exchange hand shakes.

DEBRA

That's me. Mitch Bernard, I presume?

That expensive smile curves it's way up the sides of Mitch's face.

MITCH

Delighted to meet you. Sergeant Batista?

(CONTINUED)

Mitch holds his hand out for Batista, and they shake.

BATISTA
(smiling)
Pleasure is all mine.

Masuka comes darting around the corner. The excitement keeps building.

MASUKA
(excitement beyond words)
Mr. Bernard! My name is Vince
Masuka! I am one of your biggest
supporters!

Masuka essentially grabs Mitch's hand for a shake.

MITCH
(smiling)
Glad to meet you.
(looking to Debra)
Good to know I have some support
from Miami Metro.

A frown comes across Debra's face. Dexter creeps from his hiding place in his office.

DEBRA
(confused)
Excuse me?

MITCH
Well, it just seemed a little
strange that I was called in here
on such short notice. Can you tell
me what this is about?

The DETECTIVES, Batista, Debra, and Masuka all look at each other in awe. Debra faces Mitch.

DEBRA
Mr. Bernard...
(beat)
There was a dead body found in your
home.

Mitch's eyes widen. Debra looks at Batista. She's shocked.

DEBRA
(frustrated)
Batista? You didn't tell him why we
called him in?

BATISTA
(apologetic)
Quinn made the call, not me.

DEBRA
Have you not been home, Mr.
Bernard?

Mitch looks shocked. He rubs his forehead.

MITCH
No, I was on the other side of the
city, campaigning the last few
days. Wasn't much point to drive
home with how early I had to be up
every morning. I've been staying in
hotels.

DEBRA
Dammit. I'm so sorry, I thought one
of our officers had notified you
about what happened. It hasn't even
been released to the press yet.

MITCH
(sighing)
Oh God. Do you know who it was? Who
they found dead?

MASUKA
Not yet. We are still waiting on
the blood results.

Masuka looks over to Dexter. Dexter was late for work.
Dexter hasn't started the blood work yet.

MASUKA (CONT'D)
Someone got here a little late
today.

DEBRA
We will get it done as quickly as
possible, Mr. Bernard.

Mitch doesn't care any more. He's distracted by this Dexter
person that he hasn't met before. He looks toward Dexter.

MITCH
(curious)
And you are?

Dexter steps up.

(CONTINUED)

DEBRA
This is the station's blood spatter
analyst, and my brother--

DEXTER
--Dexter. Morgan.

Dexter doesn't intend on shaking his hand, but Mitch
instinctively holds it up for him. They shake. Firm grip. It
has to be if you are a politician.

MITCH
(sizing him up)
Dexter Morgan. Nice to meet you.

DEXTER (V.O.)
He only seems like the usual slimy
politician so far.

DEBRA
Dexter should have the blood work
done soon Mr. Bernard. It was a
late night working on the crime
scene.

Mitch seems uninterested in what Debra is saying.

MITCH
Dexter, what a wonderful name. You
know, I've always been interested
in the forensic side of the law.

Masuka is upset. Dexter isn't the only person who works in
forensic science.

MASUKA
(flustered)
Ummm, Mr. Bernard, I also work
forensics. In fact, I have been
working for many years--

MITCH
(not interested)
--Yes, interesting.

Mitch looks back over to Dexter.

MITCH (CONT'D)
There is just something about blood
spatter that I find absolutely
fascinating. Especially that device
with the red strings that you can
attach to walls to detect--

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

(concentrated)

--Yeah, it's called a stringing kit. We use it to detect where the blood lands from the initial blow. Helps us to detect possible murder weapons...

(beat)

...and catch the killers who use them.

MITCH

Yes, it's just absolutely fascinating. I would love to see you in action some time. I know I'm running for office, but I still take interest in other things outside of politics, believe it or not.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I need to find out what those other things are.

Dexter nods as Debra tries to get Mitch's attention again. Masuka is flabbergasted at gaining no respect from Mitch, and walks back to his corner.

DEBRA

Mr. Bernard, does anyone else have access to enter your home? We couldn't find any traces of a break-in.

MITCH

Not that I'm aware of. Usually I have someone keep an eye on the house while I'm away, but I was gone only for a few days, and I wasn't too concerned about it.

BATISTA

Do you have any enemies? Well aside from the--

MITCH

--campaigners I am running against? No, not to my knowledge. You find that there usually are some kind of crazies when you are in this line of work.

Mitch turns his head slightly to see Masuka.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH (CONT'D)
Obsessed voters, most of the time.
So nothing too serious.

DEBRA
(confidently)
Well, Mr. Bernard, We are going to
work on getting the rest of the
crime scene cleaned up in your
home, and hopefully you can move
back in a few days.

MITCH
That would be splendid lieutenant.
I appreciate everything you are
doing. Do let me know if you happen
to find any leads on this case. If
there is anything I can do to help,
I am at your disposal.

The BODYGUARDS turn to walk away with Mitch. Mitch exchanges
handshakes with Debra and Batista. He turns to Dexter, and
with one hand gives a shake, while the other lands a
business card in Dexter's front pocket.

MITCH
I'd love to come to a crime scene
sometime soon, Dexter.

Dexter smiles as Mitch moves away towards the elevator.
Debra is shocked by the interest Mitch took in Dexter.

DEBRA
(dumbfounded)
I wish people sucked up to me like
that. You should probably let your
buddy Mitch know that civilians
aren't allowed on crime scenes
until we have them cleared.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I'm aware.

Dexter removes the card from his pocket, looking it over.

DEXTER
Yeah, that was weird. I'm not
interested in calling him anyway.

DEBRA
Alright everyone, let's get back to
work. Dexter, get on that blood
work so we can try to find a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEBRA (cont'd)
positive ID. Batista, find out
where the fuck Quinn is.

Dexter walks towards his office.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I didn't get the worst vibe from
him. Mitch just seems to have a
strange obsession with blood
analysis. I don't have time keep
tabs on him yet though. I need to
get this blood work done so Deb
will get off my case.

NEW ANGLE - MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION

Quinn enters, moving towards his desk. Batista intercepts
him.

QUINN
Can I help you?

BATISTA
(accusing)
Quinn, you didn't call into Mitch
Bernard to let him know what
happened? Deb's not happy.

Quinn throws up his arms.

QUINN
For some reason it didn't cross my
mind.

BATISTA
Didn't cross your mind?
(upset)
That's the biggest load of crap
I've heard from you in a while.

Quinn tries to push by to get to his desk. Batista stops
him. He moves in close to his ear. These are threatening
words.

BATISTA
Quinn, I don't want you to fail,
don't get me wrong. But if
something like this happens again,
I'm going to apply to get you
transferred. You have endangered my
life, the lives of others, and you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BATISTA (cont'd)
can't even complete simple tasks
like this.

Quinn shrugs Batista's hand off of him as he collapses into his chair. Batista exits.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - DEXTER'S OFFICE - LATER

Dexter, sitting and working diligently.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Blood work. I'm not in a rush, so
the results should come up by
tomorrow afternoon.

Masuka BURSTS into the office through the DOOR.

MASUKA
Dex, how's the blood work comin'? I
need the basics papers so I can get
out of here.

DEXTER
Here.

Dexter hands them to him.

DEXTER (CONT'D)
(non-nonchalantly)
Someone's in a hurry?

Masuka skims over the papers.

MASUKA
(slightly disinterested)
Hot date tonight. Probably going to
bone for hours and hours.
(beat)
There was two different bloods
types at the crime scene?

DEXTER
Yeah, probably nothing. The
attacker probably got hit by the
deceased before he killed him.

Masuka pauses.

MASUKA
Yeah probably right. Find out
tomorrow I guess. See ya Dex.

(CONTINUED)

Dexter nods. Masuka exits. Dexter returns to his computer.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Now to do some real work.

Dexter clicks around on his computer. He brings up a profile on an escaped convict.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Slightly more dangerous than my
usual crowd...

The computer screen reads: "NICK COOPER: Wanted for killing a prison guard and allegedly killing a family of four."

DEXTER (V.O.)
But absolutely necessary to put
down...
(beat)
... Like an animal.

He continues moving around on the screen.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Nick Cooper. Your last whereabouts
happened to be the place you called
home before you visited jail for
awhile.

A map of the Miami area pops up on screen.

DEXTER (V.O.) (CONTD)
Goulds. Dangerous place. But
killers like us love dangerous
places.

The screen pops back to the photo of Cooper. Dexter's finger points to his forehead.

DEXTER (V.O.)
You're mine Coop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIAMI, FL - GOULDS GHETTO - NIGHT

A dark finger laying on Cooper's forehead. It's dark outside, and the atmosphere just reeks of danger. Plenty of THUGS around him, including their leader, RAHQUAN.

(CONTINUED)

RAHQUAN

Motha-fucka, you ill. Nah, I'm
sayin'? This motha-fucka right here
done killed at least twenty
motha-fucka's in his lifetime.
That's mo niggas than you all got
family.

It's some kind of pump-up speech. Cooper is being celebrated for his kills. That finger comes off of his head as the thug leader raises his arms at how great Cooper is. Thugs all around scream and yell in happiness. It's a gang celebration. Nick has a strange smile on his face. More thugs start to shout. Dexter is hidden in the backdrop though.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Okay, this is weird.
(sarcastic)
If I had known I could get street
cred for my kills, I would have
come here a long time ago.

Dexter sneaks into the nearby house.

INT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - COOPER'S HOME

We can still hear the yelling outside under the moonlight. That same moon lights this dark home. Scattered debris, broken beer bottles, and plenty of contraband and drug materials.

DEXTER (V.O.)

This place is a DEA officer's wet
dream.

Dexter moves deftly amongst the mess. He's looking for something.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I might have heard them call out
his kills outside, but I need hard
evidence. The code calls for it.

INT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - COOPER'S HOME - CLOSET

Dexter finds an even darker room. He stumbles into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (V.O.)
I can't risk using a flashlight in
here. Don't want to alarm the angry
mob outside.

His black, leather gloved hands reach for his phone and he
uses the dim light of the screen to check the walls.

EXT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - NIGHT

Thug 1 starts walking towards Cooper's home.

THUG 2
Where you goin' brah?

THUG 1
I thought I saw somethin'. Probably
nothing, I'll be back in a sec.

THUG 2
Aight, doo.

INT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - COOPER'S HOME

Thug 1 enters the frame. He looks around quietly. He knows
someone is here.

INT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - COOPER'S HOME - CLOSET

The light of the phone flashes onto photos on the wall.
These are pictures of dead, naked bodies. All women.

INT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - COOPER'S HOME

Thug 1 continues through the house, walking closer and
closer to the closet Dexter is in.

INT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - COOPER'S HOME - CLOSET

There is another grouping of four photos. This is of a
family. Dead father. Dead and naked mother. Dead children.
One was a girl. The worst happened to her. Anger flashes
through Dexter's eyes at the photo.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Nothing makes me feel the way I do
when I see something like this.
This kind of thing makes me very,
very angry.

(CONTINUED)

As he grows more furious, Dexter notices something shining under one of the photos. *It's a badge of some sort*, but suddenly--

--A TEXT MESSAGE TONE halts the scene. Dexter's eye's widen as he glances at his phone that reads:

"DEBRA: Dex where are you?"

He thumbs his phone to flick it off and stuffs it into his pocket quickly.

DEXTER
(quietly)
Dammit.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Forgetting to put your phone on
silent. The bane of high school
students texting in class and
serial killers on the hunt alike.

Dexter reaches his hand along the wall to grab some of the photos off the wall.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Seems to be all the proof I need.
But fingerprints would be most
ideal.

Dexter begins to move to leave the closet but hears the WOOD FLOOR CREAK outside the room.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Good work Dexter. Technology has
cause you to stumble.

He prepares to reach in his pocket for a syringe, filled with M99. He's always ready.

DEXTER (V.O.)
(hopeful)
Maybe I can grab Nick while he's
here.

THUG 1
Who the fuck is there?

Dexter peeks around the corner and then returns to his spot.

DEXTER (V.O.)
It's not Cooper. It's just a brute.

Thug 1 takes a step into the frame, and Dexter explodes from his location.

INT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - COOPER'S HOME

Even though he was looking for someone, Thug 1 is caught completely off-guard as Dexter lands a heavy blow to Thug 1's face. A short fight ensues that Dexter has the upper-hand on entirely. Dexter places Thug 1 into a lock, cutting the air off from his brain. Thug 1 SLUMPS to the GROUND. Dexter winces and starts to move to leave the room.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I don't have much time. I've gotta get out of--

COOPER

Who the fuck are you?

DEXTER (V.O.)

Perfect timing.

Dexter would charge Cooper, but Cooper is holding a GLOCK directly at Dexter's face.

COOPER

(angry)

Come on motha-fucka, start talking.
Why you in my house white boy?

DEXTER

This is a big misunderstanding I assure you--

COOPER

--Oh sure it is. Someone with a white ass like you, just trouncin' around the ghetto like it's normal? Best start talking, or your brains will start flyin'!

Dexter notices a large glass bottle resting on a side table next to Cooper.

COOPER

(emphasizing each word)

Open your damn mouth, and tell me what you are doing in my house--

Dexter interrupts him by throwing his leg at the desk, dropping the glass bottle to the ground. The BOTTLE SHATTERS, distracting Cooper for a brief second.

Dexter lunges at Cooper's hand, knocking the gun away. Dexter sends his other hand into Cooper's face. Cooper falls onto his back into the next room.

(CONTINUED)

COOPER
What the hell?!

Dexter dumps the syringe's contents into Cooper's neck. Cooper is out cold. THUGS outside have heard something going on in the house.

THUG 2
Did you guys hear that?

Dexter looks towards the windows, quickly making a plan of escape.

DEXTER
Shit!

Dexter grabs the body.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI, FL - GOULDS GHETTO

Rahquan heard the noise. He's leading his troops into urban warfare.

RAHQUAN
I know I wasn't the only one who
heard something in there!

THUGS start running into Cooper's home.

INT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - COOPER'S HOME

Lights flicker on around the dump of a house. No matter where they look, they aren't finding anything. The only thing they manage to find is the body of Thug 1, laying in a heap on the ground.

INT. MIAMI, FL. - GOULDS GHETTO - COOPER'S HOME - CLOSET

Rahquan flicks on a light in the closet. He looks around at the photos. Some are missing. They were hastily grabbed. He then notices the shining of something underneath one of the photos. He reaches for it, only to find a badge. It's a police badge of some sort. A dark, angry grin forms on his face.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET

Only the tiniest amount of light streams into this room, but it's just enough to see Cooper, tied up to a chair. These are not easy to break knots. We see the darkness of Dexter's face as he slaps Cooper in the face to wake him.

DEXTER
(carelessly)
Wake up.

He slaps him again, as Cooper's eyes slowly widen. He's confused.

COOPER
(flustered)
Where am I? Who in the fuck are you?

DEXTER
(to the point)
Doesn't matter who I am, or where you are, all that matters is that your life hangs in the balance unless you answer a few questions for me.

COOPER
I ain't giving shit to your bitch ass.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Dirtier mouth than my sister.

DEXTER
Suit yourself.

Dexter delivers a swift jab to Coopers stomach, and then another to his face. Cooper spits up a little bit and wheezes.

DEXTER
Interrogation is not normally my style, but I could make it happen this once. Anyway, back to what I need to know...
(beat)
I found some things in your apartment Coop. Some photos of dead women, who were presumably raped.

Cooper spits up a little blood, blinking the sweat out of his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (CONT'D)
And a little girl...
(now angry)
An innocent little girl!!!

Dexter squeezes Cooper's face tight with his hand.

DEXTER
Even worse, I found some kind of
police badge next to them, so you
better start talking or things will
get much worse for you.

COOPER
(almost unintelligible)
Who are you? Some kind of police
officer vigilante?

DEXTER
Not at all, but sure, if that will
make you feel more comfortable with
sharing your emotions. Now talk.

Dexter releases his grip on Cooper's face. He is relieved
and spits onto the ground.

COOPER
You won't believe me...
(full beat)
...But I work for the CIA. I'm
working a classified op where they
wanted me to infiltrate this gang
run by Rahquan Lewis. The Reals is
what they call themselves.

DEXTER
That's shit, you're lying.

COOPER
Told you you wouldn't believe me.

DEXTER
Explain.

COOPER
The gang only lets in ex-convicts.
Niggas who done hard time, and
bonuses to anyone who escaped from
the pins.

DEXTER
Explain the photos.

(CONTINUED)

Dexter throws the photos down onto the ground of the closet. Cooper looks down for a moment, as if in regret.

COOPER
(regretfully)
It was someone else in the gang. I will admit I have killed people before, but I didn't kill those people.

DEXTER
(relentlessly)
Why are they in your house then? Why is there a police report out for you? Because they believe you killed that family Nick.

COOPER
It's the CIA doo! You know they can plant shit that goes way past local law enforcement.

Dexter's face, still shadowed by the dark, moves in closer to Cooper.

DEXTER
Then why are those photos in your house?

COOPER
The Reals require gang members to go out and kill other people, for basically no reason. I got those photos from a nigga in the gang. I was on my way over when that shit with the family went down.

Cooper starts to slow down, as if holding back something. He's upset now.

COOPER
I didn't want it to go down the way it did man. I would have saved that family, but I got there too late. I got there, and he had raped the mother and daughter...
(beat; tearing up)
He tied up their father, and made him watch as he did it.

Dexter looks away towards the wall, holding in anger.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Then, when he had his fill. He killed them all. Shot em in the head. Killed their little boy too.

DEXTER

(furious, yet quiet)

What did you do?

Cooper looks up at Dexter.

COOPER

I got there and didn't know what to do. I wasn't going to kill anyone to get in the gang. So we were driving along the river, and I said I had to get out to take a piss.

Dexter leans in.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I pretended like I saw something, so I called him over. Shot him in his knee caps and broke his arms. Then I shot him in the stomach and left him there to suffer and die slow, like he deserved. The gang requires pictures of your kills, so that guy took pictures, and I just printed them off and showed them to Rahquan. That's all he needed to think I did it.

Dexter feels nearly satisfied, but knows that Cooper is a killer now as well.

DEXTER

You believe he deserved it then?

COOPER

(confidently)

You betcha ass he deserved it. That doo was a sick animal and ruined the lives of that family. That's why I'm still in this. The whole gang is like that. They have got to be stopped.

Dexter nods. He is satisfied. Dexter pulls out a knife, and moves up to Cooper.

(CONTINUED)

COOPER
Woah, stop! What are you doing?

The knife slides up next to Cooper, and CUTS the ROPE off.

COOPER
Oh man, you scared the hell out of me.

Dexter steps away, putting the knife back, and points one finger at Cooper.

DEXTER
(cautious)
Be careful when you return to Rahquan, they might be on to you. You pretty much left your badge out in the open. That's careless.

COOPER
(relieved)
You aren't gonna kill me?

DEXTER (V.O.)
You hardly meet the code. You're here to stop evil as much as I am.

DEXTER
You are in deep, and you may be able to stop those heartless creatures.

Cooper nods in thanks for the sparing of his life.

COOPER
I appreciate it more than you know. Why were you in my house anyway?

Dexter pauses for a moment, deciding on an answer.

DEXTER
I was...
(beat)
... doing some research on you. Had to make sure you were the killer I thought you were. Obviously you aren't.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Or maybe you're just a really good actor.

(CONTINUED)

COOPER

Well I'm glad you gave me a chance to explain myself. Me just disappearing from that party probably wasn't a good sign. I'll be more careful now, thanks.

DEXTER

Good.

Dexter starts to walk towards the entrance to the storage closet, and places his hand on the door.

COOPER

One more thing, just to give me piece of mind.

Dexter stops, back turned.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Dexter pauses for a moment again. He slightly turns his head. Cooper is anxious to know this mysterious man.

DEXTER

You can call me the Dark Passenger.

Dexter exits.

INT. DEXTER'S CAR - 4 AM

Sleep has hit Dexter once more. He can hardly keep his eyes open on his drive home.

Harry is sitting in the passenger seat, next to Dexter.

HARRY

You did good tonight, Dex. I was worried for a while.

DEXTER

And why is that?

HARRY

Well, I was worried you were going to act on impulse. Maybe even kill Cooper before giving him a chance to explain himself.

Dexter briefly glances over at Harry.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

The only reason I didn't is because I didn't have my tools with me.

HARRY

Then maybe it was sheer luck that you didn't bring them. Regardless, I'm proud of you son. Maybe this is a sign that you shouldn't be so impulsive, because being patient worked out pretty well tonight.

Harry smiles and looks out towards the front of the car.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So what's your next move son?

Dexter sits, thinking for a moment.

DEXTER

Kind of faked my Dark Passenger out tonight, so it was only partially satisfying. So when I get home, sleep.

Dexter thinks for a moment more. Ah, yes there it is.

DEXTER

I'm interested to see blood results on the face slasher victim from last night. Maybe that will tip off my Dark Passenger enough to find a new victim.

HARRY

Wishful thinking, eh son?

Dexter nods, and drives off.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - 4 AM

Dexter enters.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I have got to stop doing this late night thing.

Dexter enters his bedroom and collapses onto his bed. Laying on the bed once more, the time starts to disappear.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - 8 AM

Dexter ALARM SHATTERS the silence of the room. Dexter springs awake. He glances at the clock.

DEXTER (V.O.)
This looks familiar. I probably
shouldn't make a habit of this. Deb
wouldn't approve.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Dexter's feet. He stands, and takes one step out of his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - MAIN OFFICE

CAMERA FOLLOWS Dexter's feet still, and PANS UP to his face.

Debra storms towards him, a little lot upset.

DEBRA
(droning on and on)
That's two days in a row now,
Dexter. Not to mention I tried
texting you last night, and we have
had to wait on our detective
meeting for the blood work, because
for some reason our blood analyst
hasn't turned in his homework yet.
What am I, your mother? Because I
feel like I am--

Dexter tunes her out a little as he walks toward his office. He grabs his blood work, handing it to her. She forces a smile.

DEBRA
We will be having a meeting in the
briefing room about the face
slasher case in just a few moments,
Dex. I would hope you wouldn't also
be late to that.

Debra pushes her way out and exits.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - DEXTER'S OFFICE

DEXTER (V.O.)
Deb. She's either really happy or
pissed off. I can't find anything
in-between.

Masuka BURSTS in again, surprising sleepy Dexter.

MASUKA
Yo, Dex. Remember that chick I told
you about yesterday?

DEXTER
(tired)
Did you have sex with her, Vince?
(sarcastic)
Woah, I'm so surprised, because
you've never done that before.

Masuka is taken aback.

MASUKA
(insulted)
Wow, Dexter, what has your panties
up in a bunch? I come here to share
with you my deep, dark secrets of
hanky-panky, so that we may partake
of them together in enjoyment. I
can see Dexter is cranky, so I will
leave you be. Better be at that
meeting soon though, Deb is in a
weird mood.

DEXTER (V.O.)
She's always in a weird mood.
Lieutenant really gets to her head
sometimes.

Masuka exits. Dexter is preparing to leave for the meeting,
but notices a flashing number on his office voice mail box.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Always something in the way.

Dexter's eyes flash up to where the rest of the detectives
are. They flock like sheep to the briefing room.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Meetings can wait.

Dexter's hand pushes in a button. He sits and waits as the
computer operator announces his call. Finally, he hears a
familiar voice:

(CONTINUED)

MITCH: "Hey, Dexter, this is Mitch Bernard. Listen, I've got two things for ya. First, I would love to stop by and see you in action at some point soon, so let me know if that's a possibility!"

Dexter's eyes roll.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Unbelievably persistent.

MITCH: "Second, I want to do a promotional ad for my campaign, but I would like to get Miami Metro involved. I want to have your captain, lieutenant, you, and also a few detectives in it. I think it would be good for the station, and also for promotions for my campaign. So whaddaya say Dex? Mind if I call you Dex? Well you have my card, and you have my number on your caller ID, so give me a call back sometime and let me--"

Dexter thumps in the delete message button before he can finish.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Why do I get the feeling that someone wants to be my friend? This isn't important right now.

Harry steps in, placing his hand on Dexter's shoulder.

HARRY
Son, I told you before that you are great at picking up vibes from people. You really aren't getting one from this, Mitch Bernard?

Dexter pauses for a moment, looking down.

DEXTER
Maybe you're right, dad. Maybe I'm overlooking this.

HARRY
Son, you should give him a chance. He might be hiding something. Be a little more patient with it, son!

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Deal.

HARRY

(looking up)

You're late.

Dexter looks up now also.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You never used to be late for things, Dex. That's not normal for you, son.

DEXTER

Yeah, nothing seems normal now for some reason.

Dexter stands and exits.

INT. MIAMI METRO POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM

Debra has already begun the meeting. Photos of the blood-painted living room of Mitch Bernard are littered upon the wall. The DETECTIVES are listening intently to Debra.

DEBRA

Here's what we've got. Our mystery killer came into Mitch Bernard's home, and for some reason, he had someone else with him. Batista, any reports on how they got in?

Batista shakes his head.

BATISTA

We don't know how they had keys to get in, but there is no sign of forced entry. So, we are working off the assumption that they had keys somehow. Also, we can't tell if any of the locks were picked either.

QUINN

Neighbor called it in. We talked to her and found out that she only knew something was wrong because heard strange noises, and saw blood on the windows, which she thought was red paint for some reason.

(CONTINUED)

DEBRA
(questioning)
But she didn't see anything else?

QUINN
(quick)
Nope, not a thing.

DEBRA
Well, what the neighbor didn't see happen is that the killer murdered this man by beating his skull in with a lead pipe, over and over again.

Deb points around to the various pictures, explaining. The DETECTIVES look on and listen.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
After the man died, the killer took some kind of sharp weapon, cut off the man's face, and used it to paint the walls of the house with the deceased's blood. Pretty fucked up.

BATISTA
(jumping in)
And no sign of the victim's face either.

Debra looks up as Dexter enters the room.

DEBRA
(sarcastic)
Oh, Dex, nice of you to join us.

Dexter waves, nods, and smiles, as he sits down next to Masuka.

DEBRA
Well, we have been waiting for this for a whole day now. Vince you have the report?

MASUKA
Yes ma'am.

Masuka hands the report to Dexter.

MASUKA
No matter how late you are, you should do the honors, Dex.

(CONTINUED)

DEBRA

Dexter ran his blood work, so we should know who the dead body belongs to in just a moment.

Dexter smiles and opens the packet. He is preparing to read it, when an OFFICER steps into the room.

OFFICER

So sorry to interrupt, Lieutenant Morgan.

He waits for her approval. She nods.

DEBRA

(approving)

Go ahead.

OFFICER

We just received an APB on a Rahquan Lewis, alleged leader of the Reals gang, out of the projects in Goulds.

DEBRA

That's the gang that requires the murders to gain acceptance, right?

Several DETECTIVES in the room nod. They've seen Real's cases before.

OFFICER

We just got a call in from the FBI. They had an undercover op they were working and one of their agents was found dead on a street corner this morning.

Dexter looks up. He realizes what his actions caused to happen.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Dammit. That's my fault.

OFFICER

I wouldn't have interrupted, and it could have waited, but there's more. His face was missing. It looks like someone painted the sidewalks with his blood.

The DETECTIVES in the room are in shock. Batista and Quinn look at each other in awe.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (V.O.)
Seems like we may have a connection
here.

DEBRA
(slowly)
Thank you, officer. We will head
that way in just a moment.

The officer exits as the DETECTIVES continue to look around,
dumbfounded.

DEBRA
It looks like case may not be a
single event.

BATISTA
Maybe it's some kind of pattern or
something.

DEBRA
Maybe. Dexter, can you read the
names on that blood report?

Dexter nods, and takes out the pages from the folder.

DEBRA
I had a chance to look through the
report already, and it's pretty
shocking. There were two traces of
blood types at the scene.

Dexter glances through the first one. The victim. The paper
reads: "George Convello." He flips to the next page.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
The first was the victim, George
Convello. We need to run checks on
him to see who he is. But the
second is--

Dexter's eyes widen in horror at what he has read. The paper
says: "Bruce Williams." CAMERA ZOOMS in to Dexter's face as
he says, out loud--

DEXTER
(slowly, and shocked)
--Bruce Williams.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

DEBRA
(smiling)
Bruce Williams. Guess who he is?

Dexter looks up, trying to contain his horror. Mouth slowly gaped.

DEBRA
One of Mitch Bernard's campaign managers.

The DETECTIVES in the room are again, shocked, lost for words. But not like Dexter. Dexter killed Bruce.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I killed Bruce Williams two nights ago.

DEBRA
(smiling and confident)
We may have a serial killer on our hands ladies and gents.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END