

# DEXTER

Episode 111  
"Truth Be Told"

Written By  
Drew Z. Greenberg and Tim Schlattmann

Directed By  
Keith Gordon

Showtime Pictures Development Company  
10880 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1600  
Los Angeles, CA 90024  
310 234-5200

Shooting Script  
9/27/06  
10/02/06 (Blue Pages)

This Teleplay is the sole property of Showtime Pictures Development Company. No portion may be distributed, published, reformatted, reproduced, sold, used by any means, quoted, communicated or otherwise disseminated or publicized in any form or media, including without limitation by an written article, television and/or radio interview or on the Internet without the prior written consent of Showtime Pictures Development Company. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify the story department at Showtime Networks Inc., 10880 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1600, Los Angeles, CA 90024. Tel. (310)234-5200 ©2006.

DEXTER

"Truth Be Told"

FADE IN:

1 CLOSE ON DEXTER. Walking. Seemingly lost. RED STROBE LIGHTS dance across his face, though we don't see their source. 1

DEXTER (V.O.)  
I've never had much use for the  
concept of hell. But if hell exists,  
I'm in it.

REVEAL he walks toward a PARKING GARAGE. It's a crime scene... police tape, squad cars. But it's all inexplicably DESERTED, not a soul in sight.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
The same images running through my  
head. Over and over.

He enters the dark, silent garage. No one here, either. Eyes fall to a trail on the ground of SMALL BLOOD DROPS.

*QUICK FLASH: DEXTER'S MOTHER, sprayed in blood, held by a LARGE, MENACING MAN.*

DEXTER (V.O.)  
I was there.

He comes to a LARGE, DRYING POOL OF BLOOD on the ground.

*QUICK FLASH: Dexter's mother COLLAPSING into the blood.*

DEXTER (V.O.)  
I saw my mother's death.

He finds JAGGED BLOOD SMEARS on concrete pillars and an SUV.

*QUICK FLASH: Blood spraying the walls, the sound of a chainsaw hitting bone, Dexter's mother SCREAMING.*

DEXTER (V.O.)  
A buried memory, forgotten all these  
years... it climbed inside me that  
day...

Dexter, shaken, looks up. Someone's there.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
And it's been with me ever since... my  
dark passenger.

REVEAL: BATISTA in a white hospital gown, blood seeping from a DEEP KNIFE WOUND in his side, standing before Dexter. Hurt. Accusatory.

BATISTA

You should be focusing on me, *socio*.

SLAM TO:

2 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 1 - SAME TIME

2

We've been inside the parking garage Batista was stabbed in Episode 110. Dexter stands right where he was. Same blood, same crime scene. But now DEBRA's where Batista stood. Mid-sentence. Didn't even know Dexter was in his own head.

DEBRA

-- seriously wanna take down the  
motherfucker who did this to Batista.  
(realizing)  
Hey. You all right?

Dexter looks around. The area is fully populated, as it should be: FORENSICS TECHS and UNIFORMS. As MASUKA, forensics kit in hand, hurries up to them:

DEXTER

Yeah. I'm just... distraught. About  
Angel.  
(then)  
How's he doing? Do we know?

MASUKA

Still in surgery.

DEBRA

LaGuerta's there. God, I hate feeling  
so helpless.  
(waiting, then, to  
Masuka)  
What, no jokes about providing gross,  
sexual comfort in a time of crisis?

MASUKA

(matter-of-fact)  
Our friend was stabbed, and he might  
die.

A quiet, emotional beat. Moved, Debra reaches out and wordlessly squeezes Masuka's arm. ON DEXTER, watching...

DOAKES (O.S.)

Officer Morgan!

Debra looks across the garage, sees DOAKES waving her over. She hurries off. Masuka opens his kit.

MASUKA

Though her sweater melons do look excellent tonight.

(re: the scene)

So what do you think?

They turn to the same series of JAGGED BLOOD SMEARS on the concrete pillars and an SUV. Dexter stares.

DEXTER

He fought back. These jagged smears. There was a struggle.

MASUKA

Attaboy, Angel.

Dexter's eyes turn to the ground, where he focuses on the SMALL BLOOD DROPS:

DEXTER

And here, this trail, the steady stream of drops... he had a few seconds. Tried moving away... until...

Follow Dexter's gaze to FIND the LARGE, DRYING POOL OF BLOOD:

DEXTER

... until he fell.

Dexter stares at the abstract splotch, unable to turn away.

DEXTER (V.O.)

So much blood...

He looks up, sees everyone else moving about, doing their jobs as if at HALF-SPEED. Comforting each other...

DEXTER (V.O.)

What's happening to me?

ACROSS THE LOT

Debra and Doakes question the two roommates, ANDY and JERRY (20s), who witnessed Batista's attack.

JERRY

We heard the car alarm first. Then we saw this guy with a knife.

DOAKES  
You get a look at his face?

ANDY  
Uh-uh. He wore some kind of a mask.  
And he was fast. Took off as soon as  
we ran over.

JERRY  
What was this, like a carjacking?

Doakes looks around. He takes Debra aside.

DOAKES  
Not likely. Not in an enclosed  
parking garage.

DEBRA  
But this guy was after something.

3 EXT. BUSY STREET CORNER - NIGHT 1

3

ON A PROSTHETIC HAND. Its nails painted different bright  
colors, a UNIQUE DIAMOND RING on one finger. REVEAL  
MONIQUE, the one-handed call girl from 110. She walks down  
the well-populated street. On the job. Until:

MONIQUE  
No way. You're the one I'm supposed  
to meet?

REVEAL RUDY has been waiting for her. He grins. Playful.  
Just another guy meeting just another girl on the corner.

RUDY  
In the flesh.

MONIQUE  
Y'know, I was just talking to someone  
about you.  
(sly grin)  
So... where're we going?

4 INT. RUDY'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

4

Monique, naked, on her stomach on the bed. Enjoying  
herself. CLOSE ON RUDY, drawing lines on her body with a  
surgical pen. He moves languidly, sensually -- it's erotic.

MONIQUE  
That tickles. Don't stop.

RUDY

I wouldn't dream of stopping.

MONIQUE

You're so different this time.  
Gentle. I was afraid you were gonna  
try and get all pervy with my stump  
again.

RUDY

Actually, your imperfection is what  
saved you the first time.

PULL UP. REVEAL what Monique cannot see -- Rudy marking her  
arms and legs... at every major joint. For CUTS.

MONIQUE

Saved me from what?

RUDY

True artistry. The message of my work  
isn't in the product itself, but,  
rather in its presentation.

He moves down her leg, making lines at all the right spots.

RUDY

And that wrinkled flesh hanging off  
your radial carpal joint is far from  
perfect. Quite unsightly, actually.

Stung, Monique sits up, her eyes flying open.

MONIQUE

Hey, if you're gonna be an asshole --

RUDY

No, no, no, hey, shhhh.

He drops the pen, comes around her, massaging her shoulders.

RUDY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend.

Monique looks like she wants to say something, but the  
massage feels so good. She sinks into it...

RUDY

Truth is, I'm very grateful to you.

He slides his arms around her chest...

RUDY

You're my escape plan.

MONIQUE

Mmmmm. Escape from what?

RUDY

The police. Because of you, I've had to speed up my project. I need something that'll distract them. And I've found a freshly-chopped-up body always does the trick.

MONIQUE

Wait... what?

Realizing she's in trouble, she struggles, but he's got one arm around her neck, like a noose, clasped at the bicep by the other. A grotesque, intimate hug. Too late for Monique.

RUDY

Shh, don't struggle. It never helps.

He leans his head next to hers, pressing her head sideways at an awkward, unnatural angle.

RUDY

I'm compressing your carotid artery, and that's cutting off oxygen to your brain. In about ten seconds, you'll be unconscious.

But Monique keeps squirming. Desperately fighting for air. Then she SLUMPS FORWARD. Rudy catches her and hoists her unconscious body over his shoulder.

INT. RUDY'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 (CONTINUOUS)

Rudy carries Monique out of the bedroom and into the main living area. Crossing to the kitchen, he pulls opens the ominous silver door leading to his refrigerated KILL ROOM.

Rudy's phone RINGS, but he doesn't even give it a glance. As Rudy pulls the heavy door shut behind him --

MATCH TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 1

The same RINGING. We're with Debra in a waiting room. She's on her cell phone, and the ringing stops, replaced by:

RUDY'S VOICE

Hey, it's Rudy! Leave a message.

DEBRA

(into phone)

Okay, I guess you went to bed. Or you fell asleep on the couch watching Xena reruns, which I still say makes you a dork...

She turns, sees AURI, Batista's daughter, sitting quietly against the wall with a UNIFORM COP. Exhausted, worried. Nearby, a HOSPITAL WORKER hangs festive, brightly-colored CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS, but Auri couldn't care less.

DEBRA

Either way, call me when you get this. Miss you.

PAN past a gathering of worried cops (uniformed and civvies). FIND Dexter on his cell. Distracted.

DEXTER

He's still in surgery. I don't know when we'll hear anything.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1

Rita, on her phone, replacing batteries in Astor and Cody's toys, can't see Dexter's not concentrating.

RITA

So you probably won't be coming over tonight.

DEXTER

Hmmm? No. I mean... I can't.

RITA

I understand. You need to be there for your friend.

(hesitating, then)

I haven't told the kids yet.

DEXTER

Told them... about Angel?

RITA

About Paul. Being back in prison. I hate breaking their hearts, they think so much of their dad now...

She gets no response from Dexter.

RITA

You know what, focus on Angel. We can talk about this later.

DEXTER

Thanks.  
(looking up)  
They're back. I have to go.

He hangs up and watches through the window as an unconscious BATISTA is wheeled past, headed for his ICU room, followed by a DOCTOR, LAGUERTA and NINA (Batista's estranged wife). LaGuerta splits off and joins the worried cops, gathered at the window.

LAGUERTA

Angel sustained severe internal injuries. Doctor said he lost a lot of blood. But...  
(tired smile)  
The surgery was successful. Looks like our boy's out of the woods.

The room erupts with emotion: hugging, back slapping. Relief all around. Debra fights back her own tears, and Doakes puts his arm around her, letting her lean on him for support.

Dexter stands apart from the cluster of cops.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I know I should stay. Be a part of the group hug and the charade that the good guys always win.

He turns to leave.

DEXTER (V.O.)

But I can't focus. I'm trapped in the clutches of a memory. I need to know what it means.

Doakes' look darkens as he watches Dexter quietly slip away.

8 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 1

8

ON DEXTER. Walking to the exit. Making his getaway. A HAND lands on his shoulder, spins him around.

DOAKES

The fuck is wrong with you, Morgan?

DEXTER

I have someplace to be.

DOAKES

Yeah, really? We all got someplace to be. But you just found out a guy who's supposed to be your friend is gonna live. That make you feel anything? Anything at all?

Dexter stares back at Doakes. Dead calm.

DEXTER

Take your fucking hand off me.

A beat. Doakes stares intently into Dexter's eyes -- and sees the dark soul inside. Doakes slightly nods his head.

DOAKES

Yeah. Just what I always thought.

Doakes drops his hand. Dexter turns and walks away. OFF Doakes, watching him go...

INT. RUDY'S LOFT - REFRIGERATED ROOM - NIGHT 1

PAN ACROSS dissected body parts on a menacing, elaborate INVERSION TABLE. Some are wrapped in butcher's paper. Others with a single bright red bow. REVEAL Rudy in bloody coveralls and Playtex gloves, admiring a job well done.

Pulling off his gloves, he picks up a prosthetic hand. It's clear this is all that's left of Monique. Ready to discard the hand, Rudy stops to consider its...

SPARKLING DIAMOND RING

Suddenly, a RED LIGHT mounted on the wall begins to blink, indicating someone ringing his doorbell. He looks to a small VIDEO SURVEILLANCE MONITOR -- there's Debra outside his front door. OFF Rudy, pocketing the ring...

EXT. RUDY'S LOFT - HALLWAY - NIGHT 1

Debra rings the bell again. Nothing. Then, just as she's about to go, the door opens. Sans coveralls and gloves, Rudy pretends he was asleep.

RUDY

Hey.

DEBRA

I know it's late. Guess you didn't get my message. I drove by and saw your car. I can go.

RUDY

Get your ass in here. It's about time you see where I live anyway.

He playfully draws her into a hug.

DEBRA

You have no idea how much I needed this. You feel good.

(beat)

And cold. You're freezing.

RUDY

So stay and keep me warm.

11 INT. RUDY'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1

11

Debra takes in Rudy's immaculate loft.

DEBRA

Wow. Fancy. I thought my brother was a clean freak.

Rudy enters from the kitchen with wine and two glasses, walking right past the silver door to his kill room.

RUDY

Hey, no talking about your brother, right?

DEBRA

C'mon, I apologized for that. You can hang out with Dex, I don't give a shit.

(realizing)

You guys are alike in a lot of ways.

RUDY

Maybe that's why you love me so much.

He pours a glass for her. Takes in Debra's solemn mood.

RUDY

This Batista thing really did a number on you, didn't it?

DEBRA

Angel's daughter was there.

RUDY

That's gotta be rough. The daughter  
of a cop.

(beat)

Just like you.

Debra smiles. This guy completely gets her.

DEBRA

I remember what it's like to kiss your  
father goodbye, always afraid it might  
be for the last time.

RUDY

You wanna get outta town for the  
weekend? Just the two of us. We need  
to talk.

DEBRA

Standing right here.

RUDY

Nope. The time has to be right.

DEBRA

O-kay. But it'll have to wait. At  
least until we find the asshole who  
did this to Batista.

RUDY

Be warned, I can be very persistent.

(with each kiss)

I need to get out of town... and I  
need you... to come with me.

Debra stops him before her resistance crumbles.

DEBRA

And what I need is sleep, which is *not*  
gonna be easy. I'm totally wired from  
all this shit.

RUDY

Then lucky for you I've got the  
perfect cure. My lovin' arms.

(pulls her into him)

And a little something to help you  
sleep.

Debra eyes drift south.

DEBRA

That ain't no little something, bub.

RUDY  
I meant a valium. One of the perks of  
working at a hospital.

DEBRA  
Wine and valium? I'll be completely  
helpless.

RUDY  
You read my mind.

12 INT. RUDY'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 - LATER 12

FIND Debra sound asleep in bed, alone. PAN OVER. There's  
Rudy in the doorway. Fully-dressed. Watching her. After a  
beat, he heads out. He has a job to do.

13 INT. POLICE STATION - FILE ROOM - DAY 2 (MORNING) 13

CAMILLIA, the file clerk from the pilot, is surprised to  
look up from a sea of paperwork and find Dexter standing  
there.

CAMILLIA  
Well as I live and breathe.

DEXTER  
Miss me?

CAMILLIA  
You and those Bear Claws you're hiding  
behind your back.

Busted, Dexter puts a white pastry bag on top of her desk.

DEXTER  
Couple of apple fritters, too.

CAMILLIA  
This must be important. Haven't seen  
much of you lately.

DEXTER  
No rest for the wicked. How's Gene?

CAMILLIA  
Good days and bad. He just finished  
his first round of radiation. You and  
Debra were sweet to send flowers while  
he was in the hospital.

DEXTER

He's a good guy. Not much of a bridge player, though.

CAMILLIA

(laughs)

Harry and Gene used to get so mad every time Doris and I took them to the cleaners.

DEXTER

Think you can dig up an old case file for me?

CAMILLIA

Sure thing. Got a date?

DEXTER

Not exactly. It's the crime scene where Harry found me.

Camillia shifts. Uncomfortable with the request.

CAMILLIA

Wish I could help, but everything from that long ago is boxed up in the basement of City Hall. And as you can see, I'm up to my you-know-what in year-end reports.

Dexter's cell phone RINGS. He checks to see who it is.

DEXTER

That's my Lieutenant. Camillia, is there anything you remember --

CAMILLIA

What I remember, Dexter Morgan, is your father caring enough to bring you into his home and give you a loving family.

(beat)

I wouldn't keep your Lieutenant waiting.

She buries her head back into her paperwork and Dexter has no choice but to turn and leave empty-handed.

FOLLOW machine-generated snowflakes as they waft to the ground, bringing us to UNIFORMS unspooling police tape around the festive setting of Santa's Cottage.

FIND Doakes and Debra interviewing two distraught ELFS  
(Little People, 40s).

DOAKES

Who found the body parts?

MALE ELF

I did. They were left under the tree.  
I thought the crew from last night was  
messing with us... until I saw the  
head.

FEMALE ELF

I told him not to touch anything but  
he never listens.

MALE ELF

God, Patty, do you have to be such a  
bitch?

DEBRA

You guys see or hear anything out of  
the ordinary? Before you found the  
body?

FEMALE ELF

There was a broken window by the  
door... who'd do something like this  
so close to Christmas?

MALE ELF

The Grinch?

FEMALE ELF

You're a fucking riot, Max. Like  
anyone's gonna shop down here after  
this. There go our jobs.

Doakes and Debra share a look and pull away.

DOAKES

Thanks for your cooperation.

DEBRA

Sucks to be an elf.

Debra fights off a yawn.

DOAKES

Not enough sleep?

DEBRA

Too much. I'll be good with some  
coffee.

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY

LaGuerta, who's in full commander mode, addresses UNIFORMS.

LAGUERTA  
Canvass parking lots, ATMs, shops --  
any place with a security camera.  
Let's get some visual surveillance.

As the Uniforms break off, Dexter arrives at the crime scene with his blood kit.

DEXTER  
Got here as fast as I could. What're  
we looking at?

LAGUERTA  
Female victim. Cut up into pieces.

DEXTER  
(surprised)  
The Ice Truck Killer? So soon?

LAGUERTA  
Yeah. After the bloodbath at the  
hotel, can't wait to see how the  
Captain handles the press on this one.

LaGuerta spots Doakes and Debra nearby.

LAGUERTA  
James! Walk Dexter here through the  
crime scene.

She crosses away. Calling out...

LAGUERTA  
And will someone turn off the goddamn  
snow machine?

Dexter walks up to Debra and Doakes, who glares at Dexter.

DOAKES  
Your sister can handle this.

As Doakes moves off, he bumps Dexter's shoulder. Hard.  
Debra notices the look he gives her brother.

DEBRA  
That a whole sexual tension thing or  
did I miss something?

Ignoring her, Dexter follows Debra over to the ersatz winter wonderland. She points to a clock on the wall of Santa's Cottage. Its candy cane hands are frozen at:

DEBRA

1:03. Same numbers he left at the Marina View Hotel.

DEXTER

Any leads on what they mean?

DEBRA

We've talked to numerologists. Mathematicians. Code-breakers. They need more to go on.

Passing by Santa's over-sized velvet throne, Dexter is drawn to an enormous glittering tree. UNDER THE TREE lies an assortment of gifts wrapped in colorful paper, ribbons and bows. At first we don't see a body. But as he comes closer:

DEXTER'S POV

reveals that some of those ribbons adorn wrapped BODY PARTS nestled among the gifts... including Monique's head. Her face finally at peace.

DEXTER (V.O.)

First he turns my whole world inside out with a carnival of blood.

*QUICK FLASH: Staccato CUTS of the blood-splashed walls, floors and ceiling of Room 103 (Episode 110). Dexter falling down in the blood.*

DEXTER (V.O.)

Now he leaves me this? A calming oasis in my desert of confusion? It doesn't make sense.

Dexter crouches beside Masuka to examine the body.

MASUKA

Crime scene's wiped clean.

DEBRA

Another hooker?

MASUKA

Ho, ho, dead ho. Hey Morgan, wanna sit on my lap when we're done and tell me what you want for Christmas?

DEBRA

And he's back. No thanks. Last thing on my wish list is a burning sensation when I pee.

DEXTER

This isn't right. The way the body parts are scattered among the presents. The broken window.

(looks up at Debra)

It's not his usual style. The Ice Truck Killer is meticulous. But this seems rushed. Haphazard.

MASUKA

That'd explain why we can't find one of the hands.

Dexter cocks his head. Peers at the torso.

DEBRA

What's wrong?

DEXTER

The victim's torso. Something's under it.

Masuka carefully rotates the wrapped torso. REVEAL tied to the woman's spine with ribbon is a VIDEOTAPE.

DEXTER

Merry Christmas, Miami.

15 OMITTED

15

16 EXT. SANTA'S COTTAGE - COMMAND POST - DAY 2 (MORNING)

16

As a Tech (ROBERTS) sets up a portable video playback unit in the back of a van, LaGuerta waits with Doakes, Debra, Masuka and Dexter.

LAGUERTA

A videotape? He's getting bolder.

DOAKES

They always do. And that's how we'll nail this prick.

LAGUERTA

(to the Tech)

Roberts, hurry it up.

DEBRA  
(leans in to Dexter)  
Hungry?

DEXTER  
When am I not?

DEBRA  
There's a great taco place down the  
street we can go to.

DEXTER  
We?

Debra sees CAPTAIN MATTHEWS pushing his way through the  
press.

DEBRA  
Shit. Here comes Brass. Meet me  
there. I need to talk to you.

ANGLE ON Matthews dodging a REPORTER (Female, 30s).

REPORTER  
Sir, after all this time, why do you  
think the Ice Truck Killer has struck  
again?

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS  
Any answer would be pure speculation  
on my part.

REPORTER  
Do you think it has any connection  
with your department's handling of the  
Neil Perry fiasco?

Ignoring the question, Matthews ducks under the police tape,  
joining his officers as the tape begins to play.

ON SCREEN: Monique's terrified face appears in CLOSE UP.  
Choking back tears, she begins to read a chilling, prepared  
message to Miami Metro.

MONIQUE  
You arrested the wrong man. Made the  
world think I'm a rank amateur.

Crying now, she tries desperately to get the words out...

MONIQUE  
And I'm very, very angry.

DEBRA  
Stop the tape!

DOAKES  
What're you doing?

Debra points at the monitor. Monique's face frozen in fear.

DEBRA  
Look at the tears. They're rolling  
up.

LAGUERTA  
My God...

MASUKA  
Bastard's got her upside down.

DEXTER  
It's how he bleeds them out.  
Stringing them up like meat.

LaGuerta nods to the Tech to resume the tape. ON SCREEN  
Monique continues...

MONIQUE  
To answer for your mistakes... someone  
must pay.

Monique's eyes widen. Realizing her fate.

MONIQUE  
Oh God... please... no...

Suddenly a dark figure fills FRAME, obscuring our view. We  
hear Monique pleading for her life, a soft GURGLING SOUND,  
then... eerie silence.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS  
Turn it off.

LAGUERTA  
I'll have the tape sent back to the  
station for analysis.

Matthews ignores her, turning to...

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS  
Sergeant Doakes, you're on point.

DOAKES

(surprised)

With all due respect, sir, Lieutenant LaGuerta's in charge of this investigation.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

Not anymore.

(eyeing LaGuerta)

Fact is we still haven't caught this guy and now he's rubbing our noses in it. It's time for fresh ideas.

LAGUERTA

And what would you like me to do?

(pointed)

Captain.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

Detectives Batista's a good man. Deserves justice. Let's find out who stabbed him.

As Matthews strides off, Doakes pulls LaGuerta aside.

DOAKES

This shit ain't right. I'll go talk to him.

LAGUERTA

No. Do as he says. The Commissioner has Matthews' ass in a sling. There's a review tomorrow. Word is he's getting the boot.

DOAKES

So, what, you're just gonna sit back and take it?

LAGUERTA

If it means being seen as his worthy successor.

(beat)

I'll be at the hospital.

17 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 2 (MORNING)

17

Rita waits by the open door with ASTOR and CODY'S backpacks.

RITA

PB n' J inside, cut diagonally, not in half.

CODY  
(takes his backpack)  
It tastes better that way.

ASTOR  
Has Dad said if he's coming over  
Christmas Eve or Christmas morning? I  
miss him.

RITA  
I'm afraid your dad's not going to be  
here for the holidays.

CODY  
Where is he?

Rita closes the front door. Reluctant to deliver the  
heartbreaking news.

RITA  
He's... well he's...

ASTOR  
He's back in jail, isn't he?

RITA  
I know he really wanted to say  
goodbye, but there wasn't any time.  
He loves you both so much.

ASTOR  
I forgot my math book.

Astor exits, leaving Rita with Cody, who idolized his  
father.

RITA  
I'm sure he'd want to hear from you.  
We could write him a letter.

But when Rita tries to sweep the hair from Cody's eyes, he  
bolts from the room...

CODY  
It's your fault!

OFF Rita, wounded...

FIND Debra and Dexter at a table with their food. He's a  
million miles away, picking at his food.

DEBRA

Can you at least pretend you want to be here?

DEXTER

You're the one who had the urgent need for tacos.

DEBRA

So we could talk about Rudy. He's been acting weird lately.

DEXTER

Think he's cheating?

DEBRA

Don't be retarded. Things have been awesome between us. Then last night he tells me 'we need to talk.'

DEXTER

That's never good.

DEBRA

Thanks. I feel much better now. I've only been obsessing over it all day. You ever get something in your head you just can't shake?

DEXTER

Not really.

DEBRA

Lucky you.

(beat)

Think you can talk to him for me?

She starts waving across the patio. As Dexter turns, he sees Rudy working his way toward them. Dexter feigns surprise.

DEXTER

Oh look. It's Rudy.

DEBRA

I sorta called him.

Debra gives Rudy a kiss as he takes a seat.

RUDY

Hey, Dex. Deb didn't mention you'd be joining us.

DEXTER

Apparently she's had a lot on her  
mind.

Glancing at her cell phone, Debra pretends to get a page.

DEBRA

Shit. That's work. I gotta go.

She kisses Rudy. Slides her tray in front of him.

DEBRA

Here, have mine. Sorry.

Behind Rudy's back, Debra flashes the 'call me' sign to  
Dexter as she goes, leaving her brother and Rudy staring at  
each other. This is the last place Dexter wants to be with  
absolutely no idea how to honor Debra's request. Attempting  
small talk, he notes the cut on Rudy's lip.

DEXTER

Deb catch you with her right hook?  
She can be very protective of the  
remote.

RUDY

Little workshop accident this morning.

Dexter can't help but notice...

DEXTER

Doesn't look like it happened this  
morning. Cut's already closing up.

RUDY

(back pedaling)  
Did I say... I meant yesterday  
morning. Guess I've been working too  
hard. Anyway, something tells me my  
lip isn't why Debra arranged this  
little chat.

Grateful for Rudy's bluntness, Dexter returns the favor.

DEXTER

My sister's afraid there might be  
trouble in paradise.

RUDY

Your sister's wrong.

DEXTER

So, this "need to talk" thing...

Rudy hesitates, then decides to share.

RUDY

I'm starting to think big picture.  
She's someone I could see spending the  
rest of my life with, you know?

DEXTER

Don't know. But here's what I do  
know: Deb's fallen hard for you. Hurt  
her...

RUDY

...and you'll hurt me.

DEXTER

Something like that.

RUDY

Ooh, scary.

They both smile and then dig in for lunch.

19 INT. HOSPITAL - BATISTA'S ROOM - DAY 2

19

From chairs beside Batista's bed, Nina and LaGuerta pass the  
time in Spanish, keeping a bedside vigil for Angel.

LAGUERTA

*Auri ha crecido mucho.* <Auri's  
getting so big.>

NINA

*Planeabamos salir de vacaciones por  
los dias de fiesta. Pero ahora con  
esto.* <We were going to go out of  
town for the holidays. But now...>

LAGUERTA

*Angel va a estar en casa para navidad  
el es fuerte y ademas --* <Angel will  
be home by Christmas. He's strong.  
He's -- >

BATISTA'S VOICE

(weak)

...He's tired of listening to you two  
*gallinas* cluck.

Both women look to see that Batista's coming to.

NINA  
(kisses his hand)  
You had us so worried.

BATISTA  
If I'd known... this would get you  
back in the same room with me... I  
wouda gotten stabbed sooner.

NINA  
I'll get the doctor.

As Nina exits, Batista tries to sit up.

LAGUERTA  
I wouldn't --

Ouch. Still sedated and in a lot of pain, Batista lies back  
down as Laguerta crosses to him.

LAGUERTA  
Doctors said you're lucky to be alive.  
And still have a liver.

BATISTA  
That's why we got two, right?

LAGUERTA  
Good thing you decided to be a cop.

BATISTA  
Tell me you caught the cocksucker who  
ruined one of my best shirts.

LaGuerta sits on the side of his bed. Asking gently...

LAGUERTA  
We don't have any leads. The men who  
found you said your attacker was  
wearing a mask. Did you see anything?

BATISTA  
No... he was behind me... I felt the  
blade go in... happened so fast...

It's a painful memory and he switches gears.

BATISTA  
Has Nina been here long?

LAGUERTA  
She was the first one to the hospital.  
Hasn't left your side the whole time.

Batista smiles as he nods off again. The meds and trauma taking their toll. OFF LaGuerta, gently pulling up his bed sheet so he can sleep.

20 EXT. TJ'S - OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - DAY 2 20

Finishing their lunch, Rudy watches Dexter's attention drawn to a nearby table where a YOUNG MOTHER eats with her TODDLER SON lovingly cradled in her lap.

RUDY

Cute kid.  
(beat, no reply)  
You in there, Dex?

DEXTER

Sorry. Can't stop thinking about a cold case of mine. I've hit this dead end.

RUDY

Well, if you're anything like your sister, I'm sure you'll keep digging. When Deb called this morning she said something about you guys being on a crime scene near here.

DEXTER

Ice Truck Killer strikes again.

RUDY

No shit. Think you'll catch him?

DEXTER

He's smart, but he's taking chances. Means we're getting close. His kill this morning felt like a smoke screen.

Rudy can't believe Dexter figured that out. He uses the opportunity to feel out Dexter on the subject

RUDY

Ever wonder what makes someone do things like that?

DEXTER

Not my job.

RUDY

But you gotta be curious. C'mon, if you could talk to him... what would you say?

DEXTER  
I'd say I have to get back to my lab  
and finish a blood report.

As Dexter gets up from the table to leave...

RUDY  
Well, good luck. I hope you find what  
you're looking for.

OFF Rudy, watching Dexter walk away...

DISSOLVE TO:

21 A shirt, its lower half covered in dried blood, is spread 21  
out on a white table. We're...

INT. POLICE STATION - DEXTER'S LAB - DAY 2

Dexter stares intently at the blotched fabric.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
My mother was murdered before my eyes.  
Makes sense I'd choose a life where I  
search for meaning in blood...

Dexter's gloved hand glides over a jagged tear indicating  
where the knife went in.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
...because the sole memory I have of  
her is being covered in it. I need to  
know more details.

LAGUERTA'S VOICE  
I hope that look means you found  
something.

Jarred from his own thoughts, Dexter glances up to see  
LaGuerta standing in the doorway.

DEXTER  
You should see this.

As LaGuerta comes closer, Dexter points to a TINY BLOOD DROP  
on the back of the shirt's collar.

LAGUERTA  
That's what I drove all the way back  
from the hospital for?

DEXTER

This drop doesn't match the wound pattern or spatter on the rest of Batista's shirt. And look where it is, inside the back of his collar.

LAGUERTA

Angel was stabbed from behind. You think it's the attacker's blood?

DEXTER

We know Batista fought back.

LAGUERTA

Run the DNA. If this guy has priors, we may get a hit on our database.

DEXTER

Already sent off a sample.

LAGUERTA

(glances at watch)

First thing in the morning I want you at the hospital. Check the back of Batista's head for a matching wound...

Dexter watches as LaGuerta's attention momentarily drifts through his lab window and out into the bullpen.

LAGUERTA

...he's still pretty out of it.

REVEAL what LaGuerta is looking at through the window: Doakes leading an Ice Truck Killer briefing with a gathering of cops and detectives.

DEXTER

Sorry to hear. You know, Matthews taking you off the case and all.

LAGUERTA

The last gasp of a desperate man. He's up for review. Things are going to change around here.

She brushes her hand against his as she goes.

LAGUERTA

And I won't forget all your help.

OFF Dexter, a forced smile...

22 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

22

TIGHT ON Monique's terrified face in much higher resolution than before. The doomed call girl repeating the Ice Truck Killer's manifesto on a monitor...

MONIQUE

You arrested the wrong man. Made the world think I'm a rank amateur. And I'm very, very angry.

DEBRA

I can't watch this again.

Doakes FREEZES the harrowing image.

DOAKES

I know this is tough, but keep your eyes on the monitor.

He points the remote and the tape FAST FORWARDS. It's a sea of BLACK until there's a brief flash. REWINDING the tape, Doakes then advances it in SLO-MO.

DEBRA

What was that?

DOAKES

Masuka went through this frame-by-frame. The camera tilts up right before he hits the off switch. Watch.

On screen, the camera SHAKES as it's grabbed and momentarily TILTED UP toward the ceiling, capturing the call girl on the same inversion table we saw earlier at Rudy's, her feet in gravity boots. PAUSE. Doakes points to the monitor: above the woman's feet, embedded in the ceiling, is a LARGE COOLING UNIT.

DOAKES

That, my friends, is a monster refrigeration unit.

DETECTIVE SIMMS

He needs it cold to preserve the bodies. We knew that.

MASUKA

But check how much space there is between her feet and the ceiling. This room is way bigger than your standard commercial freezer. Most likely it was a custom build.

DETECTIVE SIMMS

So we should focus our search on  
commercial districts.

Debra considers that -- and then it hits her.

DEBRA

No, residential.

DOAKES

You think he built this in his place?

DEBRA

He picks up hookers, right? I worked  
Vice, and the smart girls know you  
don't go anywhere near a factory or  
warehouse unless you never want to be  
seen again.

DETECTIVE SIMMS

Kind of a stretch. How do we know he  
didn't knock out his victims or drug  
'em? Then take 'em to a warehouse.

DEBRA

None of the victims showed any sign of  
head trauma. Or narcotics. Besides,  
what better way to trap a victim than  
get her to walk into your own home?

Inspired, Debra crosses to a map of Miami. Points to a site  
with a pin.

DEBRA

The victim's escort service said she  
was meeting her client at Brickell  
Avenue and Coral Way.

(points to another pin)

And she was found at Santa's Cottage,  
which is at the mall on Biscayne.

DOAKES

We'll map out grids. Focus on private  
residences drawing large amounts of  
power near those areas. We catch a  
break, we catch this sonofabitch.

23 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY 2 - LATER

23

Dexter races out of the precinct when Debra intercepts him.

DEBRA

Where the hell you going?

DEXTER

Need to do some research on a case.

DEBRA

You were supposed to call me after your lunch with Rudy. I've been freaking out and now he just sent a text message.

She shows him her cell phone. On its screen a text message reads: "*Cum sail away with me for the weekend :)*"

DEXTER

He misspelled...

DEBRA

Dexter, this is no time to joke. This is good, right? A romantic weekend? What'd he say to you?

(beat)

No, wait. Don't tell me. Maybe he wants to surprise me.

(beat)

Unless I *should* know. Should I? Okay tell me.

But just as Dexter is about to...

DEBRA

No don't. "We need to talk." Who says that unless they're dumping you, right?

DEXTER

I don't think that's what --

DEBRA

He probably wants me out on the water in case I make a scene. This always happens. Put myself out there, then set myself up to get --

DEXTER

(cutting her off)

He wants to be part of the family.

Debra can't believe it.

DEBRA

Wait -- what? Like... propose?

DEXTER

Deb, I have to get to the library  
before it closes. But we'll talk  
about this later, okay?

Dexter heads out. HOLD on Debra, still in shock.

DEBRA

(to herself)  
Omigod... Omigod... Ahhh!

OFF her giddy excitement...

DISSOLVE TO:

Black and white images scroll past us at HIGH SPEED, filling  
the SCREEN. We're...

24 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT 2

24

FIND Dexter in a cubicle going through a roll of microfilm,  
front-page story to front-page story. Piles of small blue  
boxes that contain the rolls are stacked nearby. Clearly,  
he's been at this awhile.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I was never one to dwell on my past.  
Always content to leave it a mystery.  
No details. Just a blur of images,  
rushing by. But my friend out there  
wants to bring those memories into  
focus.

He slows down the microfilm to read a headline: "MOB HIT  
KILLS TWO." Skimming the article, Dexter shakes his head.  
No, that's not it. He continues his search.

DEXTER (V.O.)

So do I.

A LIBRARY AIDE (black, 30s) crosses to Dexter. Hands him a  
few more boxes.

LIBRARY AIDE

This is it for the Metro News for 1972  
through 1973. The Tribune's archives  
only go back as far as 1976.

DEXTER

Thank you.

As the woman leaves, Dexter flips to the next front-page  
headline.

ON SCREEN grisly images of a crime scene are splashed across a story dated October 3rd, 1973. The bold headline reads: "SHIPPING YARD MASSACRE." Its sub-headline: "Authorities discover grisly bloodbath."

Next to other crossed out dates, Dexter jots down: 10-3-73. A beat. He crosses out the last two digits.

DEXTER (V.O.)

10-3.

Then, removing the dash between the 0 and 3, the realization is staggering...

DEXTER (V.O.)

One, zero, three. Same as the hotel.  
Same as Santa's cottage. This is what  
he wanted me to find all along.

Dexter advances the microfilm to the newspaper's MUGSHOT PHOTOS of TWO WOMEN and TWO MEN. One is now a hauntingly familiar face. Her name escapes his lips...

DEXTER

Laura Moser... my mother.

He moves on to another page. A black and white photo disguises the gruesome nature of a hacked up woman's body, face down, in a vast, dark pool of blood.

DEXTER (V.O.)

No wonder I've felt so disconnected my  
entire life. Because if I did have  
emotions, I'd have to feel... *this*.

25 EXT. CAMILLIA'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY 3 (MORNING)

25

With a cigarette in one hand and a garden hose in the other, FIND Camillia watering plants in her front yard.

DEXTER'S VOICE

October 3, 1973. Laura Moser and  
three others found chopped up with a  
chain saw.

Camillia doesn't turn around. Continuing to water as Dexter approaches.

DEXTER

Apparently, a drug dealer didn't  
appreciate Laura and her friends  
stealing his cocaine.

(off her silence)

(MORE)

DEXTER (cont'd)

First officer on the scene was Harry Morgan.

CAMILLIA

You've been busy.

DEXTER

A crime that big, and yet there's no record of the case file at City Hall. That's kind of odd, don't you think?

She takes a deep drag off her cigarette.

CAMILLIA

It was a long time ago.

DEXTER

What was in that report Harry didn't want me to see? Why didn't any of the newspapers mention a three-year-old boy at the crime scene?

(beat)

Camillia, I need to know. I need that file.

CAMILLIA

I can't give you the file because it no longer exists. I destroyed it the day your adoption went through.

DEXTER

You did what?

CAMILLIA

I made a promise to your father.

DEXTER

Why? To protect him?

CAMILLIA

To protect you.

Camillia puts down the hose. Crossing to turn it off.

DEXTER

But there has to be a copy, somewhere.

CAMILLIA

Believe me, you can keep looking, but you won't find anything.

Frustrated, Dexter shows a flash of anger.

DEXTER

Harry had a code. He'd never ask you  
to destroy evidence.

CAMILLIA

Your father was a decent man and an  
honest cop. But what he saw in that  
cargo container changed him. You were  
left there for days. Starving. In  
blood two inches thick.

Dexter's cellphone RINGS.

DEXTER

(answering)

Yeah...

INTERCUT WITH:

26 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - DAY 3 (MORNING) - CONTINUOUS

26

Rita moves from room to room. Frantic.

RITA

Dex... Cody's run away...

DEXTER

Are you sure?

RITA

I've looked everywhere.

DEXTER

Call the police. I'm on my way.

He hangs up and urgently turns to Camillia.

DEXTER

Camillia, I need to know the truth.

CAMILLIA

Kid...

She looks into his eyes. He can see the fear.

CAMILLIA

... leave this one alone.

(beat)

I have to get changed for work.

OFF Dexter, watching her go. Needing to know more...

27 INT. RITA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3 (MORNING)

27

Distraught, Rita sits with Dexter on the couch, Astor curled up by her mother's side.

RITA

I can't wait here like this. I have to do something.

DEXTER

The officer said you need to stay home in case Cody comes back. The neighbors are helping look. We'll find him.

RITA

One squad car for all of Miami? What if some crazy person picked him up off the street?

Astor sits up. Fighting back tears.

ASTOR

Mommy, it's my fault.

RITA

Honey, what're you talking about?

ASTOR

I should've heard Cody get out of bed. I'm his big sister.

RITA

Look at me, this is not your fault, okay?

Sniffling, Astor nods.

RITA

Now, do you think you can get Dexter some water, please?

Astor gets up, crossing away.

RITA

Why didn't I see this coming? Cody was so angry with me about Paul getting sent back to jail.

DEXTER

Paul... Today's Thursday, right?

RITA

(so?)  
Yeah...?

DEXTER

I think I know where Cody is.

28 EXT. PARK - DAY 3 (MORNING)

28

Cody sits alone on a swing, gently twisting side to side.

RITA'S VOICE

Need a push?

The boy turns to see Rita, Dexter and Astor. Crossing to her son, Rita kneels in front of the heartbroken boy, who won't look at her.

RITA

Today's the day you'd meet Daddy in the park, huh?

CODY

He'll be here.

RITA

Baby, I'm so sorry, but he's not coming back. Not for a long time.  
(off his silence)  
We'll talk about this when we get home, okay?

Rita hugs her son, who still won't acknowledge her.

DEXTER (V.O.)

After all the lies Harry left for me to uncover, I'd love to run away, too.

Rita stands and walks to Dexter. Behind her, Astor steps up to her brother.

ASTOR

I'll give you a push.

As Astor pushes Cody, Rita talks quietly with Dexter.

RITA

He won't even look at me. I'm not the one in jail, but I'm still the bad guy.

DEXTER

Are you really surprised? You didn't tell them the truth about their father.

RITA

(taken aback)

I told them Paul's back in jail.

DEXTER

You told them where he is, not who he is. Their dad is still the same wife-beating, drug-using redneck he always was, and they should hear that.

RITA

You're not a parent -- you don't understand. You do anything to protect your kids.

DEXTER

Rita, wake up. You're not protecting them, you're protecting Paul.

Rita is stung by the criticism.

RITA

I need to get them home.

OFF Dexter, watching Rita gather up her kids...

INT. POLICE STATION - KITCHEN - DAY 3 (MORNING)

LaGuerta forages through a cabinet. Doakes steps up beside her. She chooses a candy bar.

DOAKES

Chocolate for breakfast? Somebody's in a good mood.

LAGUERTA

The Commissioner and the review board did not look happy when they got here. They've been up in Matthews' office for two hours.

DOAKES

You thinkin' his ass is about three shades of red right now?

LaGuerta exits the kitchen into the hallway, followed by Doakes.

LAGUERTA

I don't care what color it is as long  
as it's on its way out the door.

Suddenly, Matthews exits his office with a group of GRAYING  
WHITE GUYS in suits. But it's smiles all around, laughter  
and back slaps as they head for elevators. Looking back  
over his shoulder, Matthews and LaGuerta make eye contact,  
before he's swept away by the good 'ol boys.

LAGUERTA

Tell me that did not just happen.

DOAKES

It's who you know and who you blow.

LAGUERTA

They're probably booking their fucking  
tee time.

DOAKES

Watch your back. He's gonna be  
gunnin' for you more than ever.

Trying not to seem worried, LaGuerta hands Doakes the candy  
bar, heading back to her office.

LAGUERTA

Let him try.

Dexter pops his head into Batista's room.

DEXTER

Someone request more Jell-o?

BATISTA

(laughs, winces)  
Oh man, don't... stitches.

As Dexter enters, Nina rises from her chair.

NINA

I've got to check with the sitter. If  
he even tries to get out of that bed,  
there's mace in my purse.

BATISTA

She's lying. She's just embarrassed  
to use the bathroom in front of you.

NINA

*No seas payaso. <Would you stop.>*

BATISTA

*Me gusta cuando te pones caliente. <I like it when you're feisty.>*

Nina exits, smiling at Batista.

DEXTER

Feelin' better?

BATISTA

Ask me when they take this out...  
(holds up I.V.)  
...'cause whatever this shit is, it's good. Just makes me sleepy.

DEXTER

This won't take long. There was a drop of blood on your shirt that wasn't yours, so...

He pulls on a pair of rubber gloves.

DEXTER

...I want to check the back of your head.

BATISTA

Just as long as it's only my head you're checkin' back there, bro.

Batista leans forward, allowing Dexter to examine his scalp.

BATISTA

You see that? Nina and I haven't gotten along this well in years.

Dexter remains silent as he pokes around. A beat.

BATISTA

How're things with you and Rita?

DEXTER

Not so good. We kinda had some words this morning. I think I really upset her.

BATISTA

That's rough, man.

DEXTER

Maybe I'm not the right person for her. Some people are meant to be alone, right?

BATISTA

Dex, *socio*, alone sucks. All this time away from Nina, now I got a real shot to have it back...

(in pain)

...*hijo de perra!*

DEXTER

Sorry. Teeth marks. You definitely wounded this guy.

BATISTA

Good. Hope I broke his fuckin' nose, or at least gave him a fat lip.

Dexter is caught off-guard. A dawning whisper...

DEXTER

Fat lip?

(beat)

Angel, have you ever met Deb's boyfriend, Rudy Cooper?

BATISTA

I swung by his office a couple days ago. Nice guy. Why?

OFF Dexter, the impossible racing through his head...

31 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY 3

31

On a mission, Dexter makes his way down a hospital corridor, motoring past a VISITOR with a plant. No one else matters.

DEXTER (V.O.)

At lunch, Rudy said he'd hurt his lip that morning. He was lying. And I was too distracted to care.

Dexter rounds the corner of the corridor...

DEXTER (V.O.)

But he's got my full attention now.

And he's gone.

32 INT. PRISON - VISITING ROOM - DAY 3

32

Handcuffed to his waist and sitting alone at a table, Paul looks haggard and weak from the throes of detox. Glancing up, he's surprised to see Rita enter.

PAUL

You gotta be kiddin' me.

RITA

How are you?

PAUL

How the hell do I look? I can barely remember how I got here.

She sits down across from him.

RITA

There's something we need to discuss.

PAUL

If you're here for an apology, sweetheart, you wasted a tank of gas.

Paul gets up from table.

RITA

Sit. I'm not finished.

PAUL

Fuck you.

RITA

Astor and Cody are in the other room.

PAUL

(stops dead)  
Jesus, you brought them here?

RITA

I know this will be difficult, but you need to tell them why you're in this place.

PAUL

I have no fucking idea why I'm in this place.

RITA

Goddammit, Paul. This isn't about you.

(getting up)  
(MORE)

RITA (cont'd)

Fine, if you want to be in denial, go ahead. You'll never see your kids again.

PAUL

Wait! I can't just... I fought so hard to win them back. Especially Astor. They see me like this, I lose them forever.

RITA

Paul, the one good thing that came out of our marriage are these kids. And I know you love them. But if you want to have any kind of real relationship with them, it has to be with the father they have, not the father they wish they had.

PAUL

I can't believe you're doing this. You really do hate me as much as I loved you.

RITA

I used to hate you. But I won't give you that kind of control over my life anymore. You cheated on me. Broke my heart. My bones. And I took it all so the kids wouldn't have to. Now, I'm giving you a chance to make all that right. Not for me. For them.

Paul looks down. Unable to face Rita.

PAUL

I wouldn't even know what to say.

RITA

Tell them you're in here paying for your mistakes. That's a valuable lesson. It's one you never got.

Rita gets up from the table. Crossing to the door.

RITA

What's it going to be?

Ever so slightly... he nods. Rita opens the door. OFF Cody and Astor running into the waiting arms of their father...

33 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY 3

33

Dexter enters with a sense of purpose, looking for Debra. Doesn't notice the crush of activity -- grids on the wall denoting power usage, officers and detectives studying Miami maps. Finds Debra across the room, heads straight for her.

DEXTER

Are you here tonight?

DEBRA

(beyond bummed)

We're tits-deep in the Ice Truck Killer. Might be on to something. It's gonna be an all-nighter.

DEXTER

So that text message you got from Rudy? About going away with him? You're not gonna do that, right?

DEBRA

Tragically, no. I was all psyched to meet him at the Miami Beach Marina, but this bullpen's my home till we finish this.

DEXTER

Good.

He turns to go, in a hurry, but stops when she answers:

DEBRA

Good? I'm working on a theory that Rudy was going to pop the question and now he can't. Why's it good?

DEXTER

(covering)

No, I meant... good that you're making progress here.

DEBRA

Oh. Yeah. We're getting closer.

DEXTER

Fingers crossed.

She goes back to work. He watches for a beat.

DEXTER (V.O.)

At least I know my sister is safe  
tonight. Which gives me time to check  
out my own theory on Rudy.

He turns, walking from the bullpen.

INT. HOSPITAL - BATISTA'S ROOM - DAY 3

Nina enters cheerfully, magazines in hand.

NINA

They didn't have Road & Track, so --

She pulls up short when she sees UNIFORMED OFFICER WONG, 25,  
handing Batista a GREASY FAST-FOOD BAG. Her eyes narrow.

NINA

That better be a bag of applesauce.

BATISTA

Okay, Wong, at this point you probably  
wanna go save yourself.

Wong practically flies out the door. Nina walks to the bed.

BATISTA

*Reina*, don't be mad, I was just --

NINA

(looking in the bag)  
You've gotta be kidding me, two  
Doublemeats? And curly fries?

BATISTA

Man's gotta eat.  
(grins)  
Aw. You're cute when you're annoyed.  
Your lips form this little "O" --

NINA

Goddammit, Angel, do I look like I'm  
being fucking cute with you?

BATISTA

Well... not now you don't, no.

NINA

You always do this. You always make  
light of things that matter.

Angel smiles, reaching out a hand, drawing a reluctant (and  
still-pissed) Nina close to his side.

BATISTA

Hey, I'm sorry. Tell you what, when I come home, I'll eat whatever you want. No joking, no complaining. I promise.

NINA

(gently pulls her hand)  
When you... come home?

BATISTA

Well, yeah. I just thought... the way things were going with us... I thought maybe you'd forgiven me.

Nina's face softens, she looks at Angel compassionately.

NINA

Of course I forgive you. I forgave you a long time ago.

BATISTA

So... let's fix this. Look, we got a second chance here.

NINA

(hating this)  
*Papi*, you did what you did, and it was hard, but it got us to face the truth: we were miserable. For years. You really wanna survive this and go right back to being unhappy?

BATISTA

Maybe. What if I do?

She leans in, tenderly stroking Batista's forehead.

NINA

You'll always be Auri's father. I will always care about you. And I'll always be here for you.  
(brave smile)  
But our marriage is over.

OFF Angel, hiding his heartbreak...

Debra with Doakes before the well-marked Miami search map.

DEBRA

...we've defined the area for the residential search.

DOAKES

Good. We'll start canvassing tonight.  
Why don't you take --

Debra's cell phone RINGS, interrupting him. She checks the display, hesitates.

DOAKES

That him?

DEBRA

Yeah. How'd you know?

DOAKES

You got that dumbass smile on your  
face again.

(off the ongoing RING)

Well, go on. Answer it.

She opens the phone. Speaks softly into it.

DEBRA

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

Rudy on the deck of a small yacht.

RUDY

Hey, Super Cop. What's the word?

DEBRA

I'm sort of in a thing right now --

RUDY

Gotcha. I'll be quick. You didn't  
answer my text. Do I get the  
pleasure of your company this  
weekend?

Rudy strings playful patio lights across the deck, clearly preparing for company.

DEBRA

Yeah, about that...

RUDY

Deb, come on, it's only two days.

DEBRA

I know, I know, it's just -- we think we have a major break in the Ice Truck Killer case.

Rudy silently RAGES.

DEBRA

I promise when we catch this douche bag, you and I are gonna spend a whole week in bed. You're not gonna be able to get rid of me.

Rudy calms down, regroups. Tries another approach:

RUDY

Okay, well... what about dinner?

DEBRA

Oh my god, you are persistent.

RUDY

You have to eat, right? So come eat with me tonight...

(playing a card)

... on this yacht I'm on.

DEBRA

I'm sorry. Did you say yacht?

DOAKES

Morgan. Today?

DEBRA

Yeah, hang on.

(to Rudy)

Where the hell did you get a yacht?

RUDY

Rented it. I was hoping for a nice weekend, but we can still have a nice night. And there is that thing we need to talk about.

Debra grins despite herself -- her proposal theory is bearing fruit. After a beat:

DEBRA

All right, listen... maybe I can take an hour for dinner tonight.

RUDY

I can work with an hour.

DEBRA

I mean a real hour. Not one of your  
let's-stretch-this-till-2-am-and-then-  
you-might-as-well-stay-and-have-sex  
hours.

RUDY

Right. Real hour. No fake hours.  
Got it.

DEBRA

I'll get out of here as fast as I  
can. See you soon.

She hangs up and turns back to Doakes. ON RUDY, a small  
contented smile on his face as he strings up more lights...

37 OMITTED

37

38 INT. POLICE STATION - LAGUERTA'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3

38

At her desk, LaGuerta looks up as Matthews opens the door  
and, without asking, enters, crossing to sit across from  
her.

LAGUERTA

Why, yes, by all means, Tom, please  
come in.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

Maria, let's have a talk.

LAGUERTA

(no time to banter now)  
Look, congratulations on your review,  
I heard it went well, you must be  
thrilled, but now, if you don't mind --

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

I'll get to the point. All our  
missteps the last few months, failure  
to bring in the Ice Truck Killer,  
mishandling Tony Tucci, even Neil  
Perry --

LAGUERTA

Perry was your fuck-up, not mine.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

-- were all a result of bad command  
structure. And that's my failure.

LAGUERTA

(surprised by his candor)  
Oh. Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. It takes a big man to admit his own mistakes.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

So, this morning, the Commissioner gave me the go-ahead to restructure the division. Effective immediately, you will no longer serve as my lieutenant.

A tense, unpleasant beat. Then... LaGuerta LAUGHS.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

I'm sorry. This must be difficult.

LAGUERTA

Please. It's ridiculous. You really don't want to do this.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

Because of your status in the Cuban community.

LAGUERTA

I'm a fucking hero to this community. If you think they'll just accept --

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

Your replacement's already picked. Esmee Pascal. Transfer from Ft. Lauderdale. Real up-and-comer.

LaGuerta sits back. Uh-oh.

LAGUERTA

Pascal? Haitian-American, shot in the line of duty last year?

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

(smiling)  
Turns out she's an *actual* hero.

LAGUERTA

You think I'm going to stay quiet for this?

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS

(quietly)  
I did warn you, Maria.  
(back to politician mode)  
(MORE)

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS (cont'd)  
I'll need you to clear out this office  
tonight.

He gets up and moves to the door. The victor.

LAGUERTA  
Expect a call from the union rep!

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS  
If you want it, you'll always have a  
place in the bullpen.

LAGUERTA  
And my lawyer!

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS  
With the other detectives.

LAGUERTA  
This isn't fucking over!

But he's out the door.

LAGUERTA  
God dammit!

OFF LaGuerta, fuming...

39 INT. RUDY'S LOFT - HALLWAY - NIGHT 3

39

Dexter steps to the door, gloves on. Stealth mode.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
Thinking Rudy attacked Batista doesn't  
make any sense. He's a loving  
boyfriend. He spends his life helping  
people in need. He brought me steaks.

A quick look around, makes sure he's alone -- then he pulls  
his lock-pick tools from the messenger bag over his  
shoulder. But he stops short. COME AROUND, REVEAL a heavy-  
duty deadbolt sunken into a thick, steel plate.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
That's just... rude.

It's impenetrable. He stands there, not sure what to do.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
Why would loving, helpful Rudy need an  
industrial-grade lock...

He looks around and spots a LIPSTICK CAMERA above the door.

DEXTER

...and a security camera? And how do  
I get his DNA now?

40 EXT. RUDY'S BUILDING - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 3

40

Dapper, dignified Dexter is waist-deep in a DUMPSTER,  
rooting through garbage.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Oh, the humanity. Times like this, I  
wish the truth was more easily  
accessible. And less ripe.

He rips open a garbage bag, watches its contents spill at  
his feet. Rifles through it.

DEXTER (V.O.)

But Harry taught me to trust my gut.

Rifling through its contents, Dexter clearly finds this  
distasteful. Still, he picks up yet another bag, tears into  
it. Its contents fall... and Dexter sees something.

DEXTER (V.O.)

People lie all the time, he said.

He bends down, picks up a colorful, mass-mailed ENVELOPE.  
Splashed across the front in large type: "RUDY COOPER, YOU  
MAY ALREADY BE A WINNER!!" He digs in to the new pile of  
garbage, rooting around, searching for something. REVEAL  
Dexter holds in his gloved hand a used COTTON BALL -- with a  
small speck of BLOOD on it.

DEXTER

But your instinct will never fail  
you.

41 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT 3

41

Debra approaches the dock.

DEBRA

Fuck me.

REVEAL Rudy standing in front of the yacht, now amply decked  
out with colorful PATIO LIGHTS. He holds a single white  
rose.

RUDY

I believe your rules specifically  
prohibit such action.

DEBRA  
You did all this?

RUDY  
In fact, I did. You like?

He hands her the rose and kisses her. She turns to him.

DEBRA  
I like. I like so much that what I  
have to tell you is a lot harder.

RUDY  
Please tell me you're not leaving.

DEBRA  
(torn)  
I'm sorry, I hit traffic, I spent a  
half-hour getting here. I have to  
turn around and go back. Least I got  
to see you.

Rudy, smiling, takes out a ring -- MONIQUE'S RING -- from  
his pocket and gets down on bended knee.

DEBRA  
Wait. Hang on --

RUDY  
You're sorta forcing my hand here. I  
wanted to save this part till we were  
on the water, but, here goes.

He takes Debra's hand. Her grin is about to split her face.

RUDY  
I know it seems fast. But to me, it  
feels like I've waited my whole life  
for you. And now that you're here...  
I don't want you to leave.  
(smiling up at her)  
Debra Morgan... will you marry me?

DEBRA  
I knew it! I fucking knew it!

RUDY  
Um... is that your version of yes?

DEBRA  
Yes. But...

RUDY

No, no. Stop at yes, I liked that part.

DEBRA

Yes, but... let's slow it down. Lemme savor this. I wanna be with you. And I wanna enjoy it. So I say "yes, but."

RUDY

Okay. I get it.

DEBRA

You do?

RUDY

Not really. But I think I can work with it.

DEBRA

Good. So, um...  
(grinning)  
I can still wear the ring, right?

The wheels turn in Rudy's head. Something clicks...

RUDY

Yes... but.

He grins at her, as he slips the ring on her finger.

RUDY

There's a condition.

DEBRA

Oh, is there?

RUDY

Yes. I know you have to go back. But if you're gonna wear the ring, we have to celebrate. One glass of wine. That's all I ask.

DEBRA

Rudy...

RUDY

I mean it, don't leave your sort-of fiancée here on a yacht with a cold meal and unopened wine. That's kinda cruel, isn't it?

Debra hesitates...

RUDY

One glass of wine. To celebrate.  
Then you go back to saving Miami from  
the Ice Truck Killer.

Debra looks up at him. Beaming.

DEBRA

I can live with that.

Sweeping her up and into his arms, Rudy romantically carries  
Debra up to the yacht...

42 INT. POLICE STATION - LAB - NIGHT 3

42

Dexter, still dirty and disheveled, carries A BLOOD SLIDE  
and the COTTON BALL to a YOUNG LAB TECH at her computer  
wearing iPod headphones.

DEXTER

I need these checked against each  
other.

(hands her the samples)

It's kind of a rush.

The tech just keeps bopping to the music. Doesn't hear him.

DEXTER

Excuse me. Hi.

Still nothing. So Dexter reaches over and removes her  
headphones. Hands the surprised tech the slides.

DEXTER

These. Tested against each other.  
Now.

He turns to go, and pulls out his cell phone. Presses Speed  
Dial for Debra. It rings and rings, then:

DEBRA'S VOICE

It's Deb. Do it.

DEXTER

(after the BEEP)

Hey, I know you're working. Just let  
me know when you come up for air, I  
need to talk to you. I'm in the  
building.

43 INT. YACHT - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 3

43

Rudy at the couch pouring CHAMPAGNE into TWO GLASSES. Debra enters from the adjoining room.

DEBRA

This yacht is amazing. Didn't know you went for stuff like this.

RUDY

There's a lot to learn about me.

(then)

Did I hear your phone ring?

DEBRA

Yup. Big brother. I let it roll to voice mail. Figured he could wait till we were done here.

RUDY

(relieved)

Good. I want you all to myself. So let the toasting begin, right?

He holds out a glass, and she comes to the couch, takes it and sits. They clink glasses...

RUDY

To what comes next.

ON DEBRA as she sips. She hears a CRINKLING SOUND. She turns to see Rudy, his champagne still untouched, pop a THROAT LOZENGE. He moves to kiss her -- she stops him.

DEBRA

You're not drinking. And you smell like menthol, which it turns out is not that sexy.

She sees the discarded lozenge wrapper -- the same wrapper we saw in Episode 105 -- and bends down to pick it up.

RUDY

What's wrong?

DEBRA

Nothing. Bad memories.

RUDY

(off the wrapper)

Oh, that's right. The one clue the Ice Truck Killer left behind, right?

DEBRA

Right. Wait. How do you know?

Rudy leans behind her, starts massaging her shoulders, exactly like he did Monique. Kisses her neck.

RUDY

I don't make mistakes very often, but when I do... they haunt me.

He slides his arms around her chest. Again, like Monique.

DEBRA

Hilarious.

(then)

Your champagne's gonna get warm.

Rudy slips his arm to her neck and clasps it with the other.

RUDY

You know that thing I've been dying to ask you? How could you *not* know who I was? You're a cop.

Debra grows uncomfortable. Tries moving. Can't.

DEBRA

This isn't funny.

But Rudy doesn't release his grip, squeezing it tighter.

RUDY

I'd think a real cop would have at least a sense she was in the presence of the person she's been hunting, right?

DEBRA

Rudy. You're hurting me.

RUDY

(whispers in her ear)

I never got to show you the best part of my loft. I built it myself. The refrigerated room.

ON DEBRA. A slow, cold realization washing over her.

DEBRA

No. No, that's fucking impossible.

Debra pivots, SLAMMING her elbow into his chin. He lets go. She tries to run but she's not fast enough -- he grabs her shoulder. She spins, throws a punch, but he grabs it, using her momentum against her. He wraps his arm around her neck.

RUDY

You can fight, but everything's in motion now. Maybe a little faster than I had planned.

He drags her back onto the couch. She struggles in vain.

DEBRA

(gasping)  
Why're you doing this?

RUDY

The tricky part was getting you on the boat. The other women, I could just pay them to go where I wanted.

He leans in, presses his head against hers to force it into the same, unnatural angle we saw earlier. Debra keeps fighting, but she's growing weary.

RUDY

But... in the end, you made it easy.  
So desperate to fall in love.

Tears stream down Debra's face; she knows the end is near.

DEBRA

Stop...

Rudy's chokehold cuts off her oxygen.

DEBRA

(barely a whisper)  
... please.

OFF Debra's eyes rolling back into her head...

44 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT 3

44

Dexter, walking at HALF-SPEED, looks down the corridor, sees Camillia at the stairwell door, leaving for the day.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Not much scares Camillia. But this morning, I could see she was afraid.

Dexter watches the STAIRWELL DOOR swing closed and SLAM SHUT. Camillia's gone.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
Afraid of what I'll eventually find.  
Truth be told, so am I.

Realizing, he looks at his cell phone. No calls.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
Hey. How busy could Deb be?

REGULAR SPEED RETURNS, as Masuka screeches up.

MASUKA  
Dude, you gotta see this.

He holds out a file. Dexter doesn't take it.

MASUKA  
The autopsy on our Santa's Cottage  
victim. Check it out, one arm was  
shorter than the other. So I started  
thinking, our guy doesn't get sloppy.  
He's precise.

DEXTER  
Not now, Vince.

MASUKA  
See, the left wrist was two inches  
shorter than the right. Why cut off  
more on the left than the right?

Masuka waggles the file at Dexter again, wanting him to  
look.

MASUKA  
Because she was a fucking amputee. I  
looked up her medical records. She  
had a fake left hand. That's why we  
never found it. The killer cut off  
the extra piece of wrist so we  
wouldn't see her stump.

DEXTER  
Give me that.

He finally takes the file from Masuka.

MASUKA  
The night Batista was stabbed, he was  
following up on a lead he got from a  
one-handed call girl. Guess what the  
lead was about?

Dexter looks up from the file. Stunned.

DEXTER  
The Ice Truck Killer.

MASUKA  
Boo-yah.

DEXTER  
Batista was attacked by the Ice Truck  
Killer because he got too close...

Without another word, Dexter hands back the file, turns and  
heads back to:

45 INT. POLICE STATION - LAB/CORRIDOR - NIGHT 3

45

Dexter stares at the Young Lab Tech. Everyone else in the  
room might as well not exist.

DEXTER  
You're absolutely sure.

YOUNG LAB TECH  
Positive. The samples you gave me  
were a match -- they were from the  
same person.

PUSH IN on Dexter. His world collapsing.

DEXTER (V.O.)  
Rudy is the Ice Truck Killer.

The thought chills Dexter to the bone.

YOUNG LAB TECH  
Hey. Are you all right?

But he's already gone, rushing to the corridor. As Dexter  
races out, REVEAL Doakes. Unseen by Dexter, he enters the  
lab behind him.

DOAKES  
What was he doing here?  
(off the Tech's  
confusion)  
Morgan. What was he doing in here?

YOUNG LAB TECH  
It was blood samples. He needed me to  
compare two blood samples.

DOAKES  
What blood samples?

The Lab Tech withers under Doakes' stare.

YOUNG LAB TECH  
(intimidated)  
I don't know. He, um, didn't say. Am  
I in some sort of trouble?

Doakes reaches out, grabs the LAB REPORT from the Young Lab  
Tech. Scans it for a beat. Looks back.

DOAKES  
What the fuck is he doing?

46 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT 3

46

Dexter, growing desperate, scans the bullpen: lots of cops.  
No Debra. He turns to the nearest body -- Detective Simms.

DEXTER  
Where's my sister?

DETECTIVE SIMMS  
Took her code twelve. Left about an  
hour ago.

DEXTER  
She went to dinner? She wasn't  
supposed to leave here.

He grabs a WALKIE off a desk and speaks into it:

DEXTER  
Dispatch, it's Dexter Morgan. I need  
you to raise Officer Debra Morgan on  
her radio.

COME AROUND Dexter, radio in hand, as he waits for a long,  
agonizing beat.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Sorry, sir, she's not responding.  
Would you like me to try again?

Dexter drops the radio on the desk and races from the  
bullpen.

47 EXT. POLICE STATION - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 3

47

Dexter bursts outside, his cell phone to his ear.  
Panicking. Eyes searching. The other end RINGS until:

DEBRA'S VOICE

It's Debra. Do it.

DEXTER

(after the BEEP)

Where the fuck are you? I'm here at work, and you're not. I need to talk to you. Do not see Rudy until you find me. Call me when you get this.

He hangs up. Look around. Shit! Desperate, he flips open his phone again, hits redial. As the phone RINGS and RINGS...

48 EXT. RUDY'S YACHT - DECK - NIGHT 3

48

ON RUDY, at the yacht's helm, motoring off to parts unknown, Debra's RINGING cell phone in hand. He glances down at the display: "DEXTER CALLING".

Rudy grins, then forcefully HURLS her phone over the side of the yacht into the dark, churning waters. REVEAL Debra lying on the deck, OUT COLD, duct tape binding her legs together and her hands to the rail (but no tape on her mouth). OFF her still, unconscious form, we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE