

Dexter

"Are you there, Dexter? It's me, Margaret"

By Joe Henderson

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Dexter

TEASER

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

Dexter stands between two large ARMED GUARDS. The Guards frisk him coldly as they check him in. Dexter's face is utterly calm.

VOICE (O.S.)
Look at you--the Bay Harbor
Butcher.

The unseen man's VOICE is gritty and disdainful. We can see his LIPS occasionally come into frame as he taunts Dexter.

VOICE (O.S.)
Not so proud anymore, are you?
What, you didn't think we'd figure
out that it was you?

Dexter doesn't say anything.

VOICE (O.S.)
But now we've got you right where
we want you. Caged, like an
animal. Trapped. Can you feel the
world getting smaller? Closing in
on you? In here, you're nothing.
In here, I'm the Bay Harbor
Butcher, and my next victim is YOUR
ASS.

That gets a reaction from Dexter--his face screws up a bit.

VOICE (O.S.)
Too much?

Dexter looks at MASUKA, his would-be interrogator. Masuka jots down notes on his notepad as they wait for security to clear them.

One of the Guards hands Dexter his blood spatter equipment. Dexter isn't being committed--he's being checked in to do some blood spatter work.

GUARD
All clear. Sorry for the wait.

Masuka and Dexter make their way down the hallway.

MASUKA

Man, this is so great. The perfect opportunity to do research for my Bay Harbor Butcher screenplay.

DEXTER

Doakes wasn't ever captured, Masuka.

MASUKA

It's called 'dramatic license'. Just wait until the big helicopter duel.

INT. HALLWAY - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - CONTINUOUS

Dexter, Masuka, and one of the Guards walk down the hall. Everything is white and sterile, fluorescent bulbs casting everything in a slightly creepy light.

GUARD

To your left is the recreation room. We have a bunch of low key entertainment to keep the patients distracted.

The Recreation Room is a large space, with a TV set, couches, and many tables with various board games, coloring books, etc. Glass windows line the hallway, all looking in on the room.

Various inmates stare at Dexter and Masuka as they walk past. Most are dressed in comfy clothes--sweatpants, robes, etc. Most are also unsettling to look at.

DEXTER (V.O.)

This is depressing. I was actually looking forward to meeting my peers.

He walks past creepy inmate after creepy inmate.

DEXTER (V.O.)

It's like going to your first family reunion...

He sees one particularly FRIGHTENING INMATE, who stares at him, drool dripping down his fat lip.

DEXTER (V.O.)

...and finding out everyone's inbred. So much wasted potential.

They hit a T-section in the hallway.

GUARD

The bedrooms are all off to the left. To the right is the commissary.

As they turn right:

INT. COMMISSARY - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - CONTINUOUS

The Guard leaves Dexter and Masuka, who approach a circle of officers.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Of course, I'd never end up somewhere like this. I may have been able to frame Doakes for my crimes as the Bay Harbor Butcher, but I've been a very busy boy since then.

DEB breaks off from the circle and meets him halfway. They stop as Masuka joins the circle.

DEB

What took you so long?

DEXTER

(wry)

My improv class with Masuka ran late.

DEB

He pulled that with you too? He needs to lay off the Butcher shit. If LaGuerta catches wind...

Dexter sees LAGUERTA next to the crime scene, trying to keep everything organized.

DEB

(whisper, RE: Masuka)

Did you know he's written himself into it?

Dexter smiles, half-listening. He looks around the ward, and notices Batista to the side, interviewing a pretty inmate named MARGARET (34). She seems very shaken, and Batista's clearly enamored with her.

Dexter nods at Batista.

DEXTER

He knows she's an inmate, right?

DEB

(with a smile)

Apparently she's self admitted.
Which makes it okay.

DEXTER

Of course it does.

LAGUERTA (O.S.)

Dexter, we're ready for you.

The circle of cops make room for Dexter. He looks down--a rotund man lies on the ground, his THROAT SLIT and a small pool of blood on the ground below him.

LAGUERTA

Throat was slit by a sharpened dining knife. The witnesses saying it was suicide and there's no sign of struggle, but our witnesses are, well...

DEXTER

Crazy?

LaGuerta nods. He looks at the blood spatter, starting to sum up the scene. His gaze flickers past the face...and then stops on it. A flash of recognition in his eyes.

DEXTER

What was his name?

One of the COPS checks his files.

COP

Tony Baker.

(beat, droll)

Why, you know him?

DEXTER

Nope.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Of course I know him.

Dexter stares down at Tony's blank, bloodless face.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I'm the one who put him here.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

YOUNG DEXTER (15) watches a group of KIDS (10ish) play with a football. A bigger kid, YOUNG TONY (15), jumps up and CATCHES the ball, playing keepaway from the others. They all clearly hate him.

Dexter stares at Tony with a predatory gaze. HARRY, his adoptive father, sits down next to him, surprised that he's watching the game so intently.

HARRY

You ready to go?

DEXTER

He deserves to die.

Harry follows Dexter's gaze to Tony, who is now taunting the smaller kids.

HARRY

That's a bit severe, don't you think?

They both turn away from the 'game'.

DEXTER

It's not that. I've heard things around school. What he does to girls...

Harry turns to Dexter, annoyed.

HARRY

We both know this has nothing to do with those girls, Dex. You're not out for revenge--you're looking for an excuse to kill.

Dexter looks down, caught. Harry softens a bit, and lowers his voice.

HARRY

Whatever he's done may have been terrible, but you can only kill a murderer. Anything else, and it's just a slippery slope.

DEXTER

I know.

HARRY

Besides, killing someone in your school would only risk drawing attention to you. You have to remain invisible, Dex. Normal. Any undue attention would be catastrophic.

Harry's phone RINGS. He gestures for Dexter to give him a moment as he walks off and answers the phone. Dexter looks out at the field; the group of kids is dispersing. But where's--

VOICE (O.S.)

I know your seeeeecret.

Dexter looks around, and then down to see Tony underneath the bleachers, picking up the football. Shit. How long has Tony been down there?

Dexter manages an awkward laugh as Tony climbs up to sit next to him.

DEXTER

Hey Tony. You looking up skirts down there?

Tony doesn't take the friendly bait.

TONY

You are one screwed up dude. I mean, I thought I was screwed up, but you...wow.

DEXTER

I don't know what you think you heard--

TONY

I didn't need to hear anything. I can see it in your eyes. The way you were staring at me.

Dexter sits frozen, unsure what to do.

TONY

You're a little fag boy.

DEXTER

(beat)

Wait...you think I'm GAY?

Dexter laughs, relieved. That pisses Tony off.

TONY

You'll think it's really funny when
I tell everyone tomorrow.

That stops Dexter cold.

DEXTER

Wait--you can't do that.

Tony gets up and starts walking off.

TONY

Watch me. You'll be the talk of
the school.

DEXTER

I'll--I'll pay you.

Tony keeps walking. Dexter drops the friendly act.

DEXTER

I'll hurt you.

That stops Tony. He turns around, looking scared...and then
SMILES.

TONY

What're you gonna do, slap me to
death?

Tony makes gay slapping motions with his hands as he walks
away. Off Dexter, watching Tony with murder in his eyes:

END FLASHBACK:

INT. COMMISSARY - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

FLASH! Dexter takes a picture of Tony's dead face, then
lowers the camera to look at him.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Goodbye, Tony. You've tattled your
last tale.

Dexter surveys the body. LaGuerta stands impatiently next to
him.

LAGUERTA

Well?

DEXTER

The directionality of the spatter is consistent with a suicide, but we're dealing with a rather large void from the arterial spurting pattern.

LAGUERTA

En Ingles?

He stands up, looks at her.

DEXTER

Where's all the blood?

LaGuerta gestures, and Dexter looks to see Deb bringing TWO BLOOD-SOAKED INMATES towards him, MARTIN (37) and ED (31).

Martin is a pudgy man with wet, glistening eyes. Ed is lean with sharp features. Both are on the verge of freaking out.

DEXTER

Oh. There it is.
(beat, to Inmates)
Hello.

DEB

These two say that they were just talking to him when he suddenly pulled the knife and killed himself.

Dexter reaches a calming hand out to Martin and Ed, and leads them closer to the crime scene.

DEXTER

I know this is hard, but I'll get you through this as quickly as possible. My name's Dexter.

MARTIN

Blood...so much blood...

ED

Shut up about it man, you're driving me crazy--

MARTIN

..blood and death and oh God so much blood...

Dexter stares at all the blood, a bit transfixed himself. He's a safe enough distance from the other officers that only the two inmates can hear him.

DEXTER

Don't think about it like that.
Blood isn't death--it's life.
You're covered in life. It's
really quite beautiful.

He looks up. Martin's staring at him, transfixed. Dexter stares back, and gives him a reassuring smile.

Masuka and Deb watch Dexter handle the inmates with incredible ease.

MASUKA

(to Deb)

He's like the Psycho Whisperer.

Deb elbows Masuka. With Martin and Ed calmed, Dexter moves them around based on how their bloodspatter lines up.

DEXTER

If you two could stand in roughly
the places you were when this
happened--

Dexter finishes lining them up. The blood spatter on their bodies actually fits pretty well. Dexter looks through the camera.

DEXTER

(to Martin)

Your hands were raised at the time,
right?

(to both)

Anything else you were doing--
leaning back, turning away,
whatever--try and reenact that for
me, would you?

They do so, even replicating their horrified facial expressions.

DEXTER

That's it. Just hold that for a
moment.

It's a macabrely funny image, and Dexter can't help but chuckle as he starts taking pictures.

The sound of two quick, loud HAND CLAPS turns Deb's head.

NURSE ELLIS (mid-30's) walks in. She's a plump, plain looking woman with an air of supreme authority and a polite smile glued to her face.

ELLIS

Officers, I think this is more than enough. This is a place of healing, not entertainment.

Deb moves to intercept her.

DEB

I'm sorry ma'am, but we're almost done--

She walks right past Deb, not even bothering to acknowledge her.

ELLIS

Come Ed, come Martin. Let's get you washed up and into something clean.

Dexter keeps taking his pictures. Ellis reaches them, but Deb steps directly in front of her.

DEB

MA'AM. We need to finish--

Ellis just peers around her.

ELLIS

(to Ed and Martin)

Look at your cuticles. It's going to take forever to get the blood out of your fingers.

DEB

Listen, you can have them as soon as we're--

Dexter clicks a final picture.

DEXTER

Done! You guys can relax now. You were my most cooperative crime scene ever.

Martin smiles, a little proud. Ed just wants to get the hell out of there.

DEXTER (V.O.)
And most frustrating. It's clear
that Martin held the blade...

Dexter looks into Martin's eyes. There's a strange connection. He then looks over to Ed, who immediately breaks eye contact.

DEXTER (V.O.)
But I don't think he's the only
killer I'm dealing with.

Ellis finally looks at Deb. She gives Deb a satisfied smile, as if she won the argument. CLAP CLAP! Ellis walks off. Ed and Martin follow her subserviently.

ELLIS
Quickly now, or no pudding with
dinner.

They pick up the pace behind her. Deb sidles up next to Dexter, then gives a look at Tony's dead body.

DEB
No wonder the guy killed himself.
Fuck.

Ellis walks past Batista, who is still talking to Margaret. Ellis does her double clap. Margaret immediately stops talking, and falls in line.

Batista watches her go, at a loss. Then he looks over at the Cops, all of whom burst out laughing.

MASUKA
Go get your pudding too, Batista!

Batista gives Masuka the bird.

PRELAP: The laughter turns to SCREAMING as:

INT. LIVING ROOM - RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ASTOR and CODY scream in delight, chasing each other around Dexter.

DEXTER (V.O.)
From one madhouse to another.

Dexter GRABS Cody and throws him through the air, causing him to erupt in even more screams. RITA brings Dexter a glass of water and a sympathetic smile.

RITA

I'm so sorry. The kids have been crazy today.

DEXTER

It's okay. Crazy's in season lately.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Let's see...screaming inmates--check.

RITA

Did you go to your AA meeting?

DEXTER

Yep.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Constant scrutiny--check.

RITA

Great. I rented a movie to fall asleep to.

Dexter looks at the TV.

DEXTER (V.O.)

She even has the same TV as they do.

DEXTER

I really can't stay long. I have to be back at work early in the morning.

RITA

Come on, stay the night.

DEXTER

I would, but I don't have any of my stuff here--

Rita reveals a new toothbrush, still in the box.

DEXTER

And I don't have a change of clothes--

Rita reveals a newly purchased change of clothes. Peach shirt, khaki pants. She cuddles up to him. He's a little impressed despite himself.

DEXTER

Peach really isn't my color?

He gives in as she pulls him to the couch.

RITA

I figured it might be a good idea for us to try out you staying here more often...I mean, with us back together, we have to start thinking about it.

DEXTER

(oh no)
About what?

RITA

Well...moving in together.

The kids SCREAM again in the background as they continue to chase each other, almost as if reacting to the news. Off Dexter, smiling awkwardly as Rita cuddles up to him:

DEXTER (V.O.)

Prison doors closing in...check.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Dexter shows up for work, wearing his new peach shirt, which is a bit too tight for him.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I'm not sure what's smothering me more--Rita, or this peach monstrosity.

Dexter tugs at his shirt.

DEXTER (V.O.)

But what's really bothering me is figuring out how to kill a man who is safely inside a rubber room.

DEB (O.S.)

Dex! Hey, Dex!

Deb catches up to him, and the two walk down the hall together.

DEB

Why didn't you tell me?

DEXTER

What?

DEB

Tony Baker. From our high school.
Don't tell me you didn't know it
was him who...

She motions across her throat with a finger.

DEXTER

What's it matter? I barely knew
him.

DEB

Yeah, well...I did.

DEXTER

Really?

DEB

He was the first guy I ever kissed.

DEXTER

(mock-disappointed)
Tony Baker? Really?

Deb smacks him.

DEB

Then he decided he wanted a little
more, so I grabbed his balls and
made a fist.

She chuckles a bit at the memory.

DEXTER

Thanks for the mental image.

DEB

Come on, it doesn't bother you? We
grew up with that kid. It just
makes you look at everything again.
I mean, he seemed as sane as you or
me.

DEXTER (V.O.)

You, at least.

DEXTER

Never really thought about it.

DEB

Well, I have.

(beat)

Hey, we on for some drinkin'
tonight?

DEXTER

I can't.

DEB

Come on. A bunch of us are going--
10pm tonight at Rancho Grande. Do
it and I won't make fun of the fact
that you're wearing a baby tee.

She gives a playful tug at Dexter's too-tight shirt.

DEXTER

I'll think about it.

They round the corner and:

BATISTA (O.S.)

Just drop it man.

They turn the corner to find Masuka giving Batista a gentle
ribbing.

MASUKA

Hey, no judgment from me. Crazy
chicks'll let you put it anywhere.

(beat, whisper)

Anywhere.

BATISTA

I'm not going there to see her.

MASUKA

So you're just heading to the psych
ward for peace and quiet?

Batista sees Dexter and Deb.

BATISTA

(grasping)

Dexter asked me to go with him to
help out.

Dexter looks at Batista, measuring.

DEXTER (V.O.)

The last thing I want is company.

DEB

You're going back? You don't think
it was suicide?

DEXTER

It probably was. I just need to do
some final directional tests. With
Batista's help I can be done by
lunch.

MASUKA

Can't you just do that here?

DEXTER (V.O.)

Of course I can.

DEXTER

And have LaGuerta on my ass for not
being thorough? No thanks.

Batista gives Dexter a grateful look. He claps Dexter on the
back, and the two of them walk off.

Masuka looks at Deb.

MASUKA

You know, there's a psych ward in
my pants--

DEB

--and I'm not getting crazy in it.
You're like a really horny Mad
Libs, you know that?

Masuka shrugs and walks off. Deb's about to walk away when
she notices something on Masuka's desk. The screenplay. A
smile crosses her face.

INT. DEXTER'S VAN - DAY

Dexter drives his van. Riding in the passenger seat is--A
DUMMY. Batista sits in the back, uncomfortably crammed next
to two more dummies.

BATISTA

You couldn't just move him into the
back seat?

Batista takes off his hat and puts it on one of the dummies.
He starts fixing up his hair, clearly trying to look his
best.

BATISTA

Thanks for the save, by the way.

DEXTER

No problem.

Dexter's quiet. Batista reads into it the wrong way and gets defensive.

BATISTA

I know what you're thinking--why would I date a crazy person after everything that happened with Lyla?

DEXTER

No I wasn--

BATISTA

All I can say is that, when I looked into her eyes, I saw something Dexter.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Desperation?

BATISTA

And I mean, come on. Isn't everyone a little crazy? Except you, of course. I don't know how you do it, staying sane in the world we work in.

DEXTER

Lots of Dr. Phil.

Batista lets out a laugh.

INT. COMMISSARY - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

A pair of wide open BLOODSHOT EYES stares out, frozen in time. The sounds of various inmates SCREAMING on and off fills the air.

DEXTER (V.O.)

For some reason, the sound of people losing their minds is utterly peaceful to me.

Dexter has set up three dummies, taping the pictures of the inmates to their corresponding places. His patented red 'blood' string illustrates the dispersal of the blood like a gruesome art project.

Dexter stares into the photograph of Martin's wet eyes.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Martin may be a sloppy killer, but he has a taste for it now. I can see the hunger simmering in his eyes--and the fact that it scares him. That part will fade over time.

He then moves on to Ed's cold eyes.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Like it has for him. These are the eyes of a killer too, but I don't have proof. And I shouldn't get greedy while I'm in the candy store.

Suddenly, the screaming is CUT OFF. Dexter looks up, annoyed. Ellis has closed the door to the outside as she walks in.

ELLIS

All that pesky noise. I'll make sure we keep things nice and quiet while you work.

DEXTER

Oh, it's no bother. You can keep it open.

She keeps it closed. She stands expectantly, but Dexter doesn't say anything else.

ELLIS

(beat)

I'm just wondering what exactly you're doing here.

DEXTER

I use the string to trace the directionality of the blood--

ELLIS

What I mean to ask is...Tony's suicide was a terrible tragedy. But why trouble the poor minds of my patients by continuing to examine the crime scene?

DEXTER

Just doing my job.

Ellis's smile tightens.

ELLIS

But we already know what happened.

DEXTER

I'll keep that in mind.

She smiles, waiting. He turns back to his work. She waits, looming. Forcing that awkward silence that makes most people speak.

DEXTER (V.O.)

And people think I'm creepy.

She waits even longer. Dexter starts to enjoy it. Finally, she breaks.

ELLIS

So, Mr. Morgan--what was it like growing up locally?

DEXTER (V.O.)

Look who's been doing her homework.

DEXTER

(unfazed)

Nice enough.

ELLIS

And Clarenton High School. Did you find their curriculum sufficiently engaging?

DEXTER

I was our top Mathelete, if that tells you anything.

Ellis frowns, as if suddenly realizing something.

ELLIS

I do find it very odd that someone with personal ties to one of the victims is still allowed to be involved in a case. Is that standard procedure?

(beat)

I could ask your Captain, but I suppose that isn't necessary, is it?

Dexter turns to her, playing casual.

DEXTER

I'm actually just about wrapped up.
Just need to go get my partner and
I'll be out of your hair.

Ellis smiles her proud smile.

ELLIS

Wonderful news. Lollipop?

She puts a lollipop in his hand and walks off.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - RECREATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dexter walks into the Rec Room. Various inmates are scattered about, some of them with Visitors.

Dexter walks towards Batista, who is sitting at a table talking with Margaret.

MARGARET

...and I just came in here to take
a break from the world. Now I'm
surrounded by crazy people all day.
It's...well, it's hard to stay
sane.

BATISTA

I can't even imagine.

MARGARET

(suddenly)

Do you think God likes taffy?

As Batista tries to find an answer to that, he spots Dexter. He gives Dexter a shrug--'what're you gonna do?'--and Dexter keeps on walking.

Spotting Martin and Ed, he walks over to them. They're sitting at a table with a half-finished puzzle. Neither is making much effort to finish it.

Dexter stops in front of the table, hoping one of them will look up. Both just stare down at the puzzle.

A beat, and Dexter takes a seat.

DEXTER

So...how're the drugs in here?

Ed immediately gets up and leaves.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Tough crowd.

Martin doesn't look up, but whispers to the table.

MARTIN

The fruit is rotting inside. Smell my breath, I'm rotting inside.

DEXTER

Pretty good, then.

(beat)

I'm Dexter. Do you remember? The blood guy--

Martin looks up at him.

MARTIN

Blood--blood is beautiful.

DEXTER

That's right.

MARTIN

You're...different. From them. You're like us.

Dexter leans in close, locking gazes with Martin. Connecting.

DEXTER

I am. And I'm here to help you.

MARTIN

How?

DEXTER

You were sloppy, Martin. Messy.

Martin looks down, ashamed.

MARTIN

I--I don't know what you mean.

Dexter puts his hand on Martin's.

DEXTER

But I can help you improve. Become better. You want to become better, don't you?

Martin looks back up at him.

MARTIN

(whispering)

I do.

(beat)

You really could tell I did it?

Dexter nods. To his surprise, Martin's face suddenly flushes RED in shame.

MARTIN

I always screw things up!

He **SHOVES** all the puzzle pieces off the table, making a racket as they scatter onto the ground. Dexter gives a reassuring smile to all the curious looks, hoping to make everything seem normal.

DEXTER

You didn't screw up. It just takes time to learn.

MARTIN

I'm so stupid. I was just supposed to hold him.

DEXTER

(intuiting)

Well, you couldn't let Ed have all the fun.

Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN

No, I--I just wanted to impress her. But now she's so mad at me.

DEXTER

(pushing)

Who? Nurse Ellis?

CLAP CLAP. Dexter looks up to see Ellis walking his way, her polite smile tighter than ever. Ed stands at her side, glaring at Dexter.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Speak the name of the devil, and she shall appear.

ELLIS

Mr. Morgan, I believe you were leaving...?

Dexter notices Batista getting up from the table with Margaret. Dexter waves him down.

DEXTER
(faux relieved)
Ah, he's finally done. The guy can
gab for hours.

He gets up and waves goodbye to Martin. Ellis watches him go with narrowed eyes.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Dexter sits at a restaurant, sipping a Coke. The place is jam packed and extremely busy. Overwhelmed WAITERS and WAITRESSES run back and forth.

DEXTER (V.O.)
So powerful inside your castle...

We see that he's staring at Ellis, a couple booths away and sitting all by herself. She's trying in vain to get waited on, but everyone is ignoring her.

DEXTER (V.O.)
...but without your crown, you're
less than a peasant. Why have Tony
killed? Did Tony tattle the wrong
tale?

Ellis motions for attention from a passing waiter, and then another. No one notices her.

ELLIS
Excuse me...

Ellis claps twice at a passing WAITRESS to get her attention. The WAITRESS gives her a baleful look and then keeps on walking.

WAITRESS
(under her breath)
Fucking clap at me...

Ellis' hands shake.

DEXTER (V.O.)
And are you worried now that Martin
has no doubt told you about our
conversation?

She puts them together, trying to get them under control.

Dexter slides out of his booth, leaving \$5 on his table.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I think you'll be here for awhile.

EXT. ELLIS' HOUSE - DAY

Dexter pulls up in front of a small, well kept house. There are a frightening number of lawn gnomes and other kitschy decorations.

INT. ELLIS' HOUSE - DAY

Dexter skulks through her house. It's a narrow building with a heavy sense of claustrophobia. Everything in the house is plain but precisely placed.

Dexter approaches a table covered with little porcelain dolls, all lined up in creepy perfection.

Next to it is a desk. He goes through the drawers, looking through all of the papers and various other junk.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Phone bills, rent...medical bills.

He sets the others aside and starts leafing through the medical bills.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Nothing, nothing...Planned
Parenthood.
(beat)
Have we been a naughty nurse?

He pockets the bill, then notices a photo album. He takes it over to a couch, sits down. He turns through it--pictures of an uptight girl becoming an uptight woman. Mostly pictures of her alone.

Bored, he turns the page, about to close the book...to a NAKED Ellis in a compromising pose with Martin. Dexter looks away.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Apparently we have.

A beat, and Dexter looks back. He gazes over the pictures, paging further into the book. We see flashes of other inmates, including Ed and more of Martin.

Mercifully, we mostly watch Dexter's facial expressions as he goes through the pages.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I think it's safe to say that I
know what Tony had on Ellis.

Dexter turns the page, and has to look away. As he does, he notices a lone CAT walks towards him, sizing him up.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Animals hate me. They sense a
predator in their midst.

Dexter stares down the cat. It PURRS.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Except cats. They love the
allergic. Though I'm fine as long
as it stays over there--

A SECOND CAT jumps onto his lap. Before Dexter can react, there's a tail right in his face.

He grabs the cat in one hand and TOSSES it across the room, spilling the photo album to the ground.

Dexter face starts puffing up. He hears the sound of the FRONT DOOR opening and closing.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Looks like someone got tired of
being ignored.

He suddenly SNEEZES.

ELLIS (O.S.)
(tentative)
Hello?

Dexter WINCES. He looks at the photo album, now a mess on the floor.

DEXTER (V.O.)
No time.

He sees Ellis' shadow start to round the corner and runs for it. He slips through a doorway just as she steps into the room, looking around questioningly.

EXT. ELLIS' HOUSE - DAY

A puffy-faced Dexter sneaks out the back as best he can and makes it to his van, parked inconspicuously a couple blocks down.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Defeated by something that licks
its own ass. Not my best work.

INT. DEXTER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Dexter gets into his van. He rolls down the window, wheezing in the fresh air, then slides down in his seat.

DEXTER (V.O.)
I know she didn't see my face, but
I think it's safe to say I've
overplayed my hand.

A couple beats, and Ellis BURSTS out the front door, looking everywhere. Manic fear on her face.

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dexter and Rita share dinner. Dexter is silent, staring off, his face still a little puffy. Rita looks uncomfortable; he doesn't notice.

RITA
You don't have to, you know.

DEXTER
What?

RITA
Move in. I didn't mean to pressure
you; I was actually hoping you'd
think it was cute.

DEXTER
It was cute. And I'm flattered
that you thought I was a medium.

RITA
It's just...you're really quiet. I
didn't mean to push...

DEXTER

No, I--yesterday, there was a murder in a mental ward. And I knew the guy.

RITA

Oh, Dexter. I'm so sorry.

DEXTER

I mean, from way back, when I was a kid. But he's been there ever since. And it's made me wonder...actually, you might have the answer to this. What makes someone stay in a mental ward?

RITA

(a small laugh)

Why would I know?

Dexter doesn't see that he's put his foot somewhere.

DEXTER

You know, after everything that happened with Paul--

He looks up at Rita. She's trying to stay calm, but she is clearly agitated.

RITA

Dexter...do you think that I was in a mental hospital?

DEXTER

No, I--of course I don't. I just figured you went somewhere for counseling--

RITA

Like a mental hospital.

DEXTER

(weakly)

More like a clinic or something.

She gets up.

RITA

You know what, maybe I was getting ahead of myself. Because right now, I'm very glad that you have your own bed to sleep in tonight.

She walks off, leaving Dexter sitting there. As soon as she's gone, he goes back to his normal calm. He reaches down and picks up the TV remote.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Probably for the best. I have a
long night ahead of me.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Dexter, dressed for stealth, sneaks up to the Psychiatric Ward. He's carrying a bundle of clothing under his arm.

He approaches the front door. It only takes him a couple moments to pick the lock.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Hello, I'd like to check myself in.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Dexter slips in.

DEXTER (V.O.)
With Ellis suspicious, I don't have
time to be playful. It's time to
show Martin how to correctly fake a
suicide.

From his vantage point, Dexter can see a number of inmates watching TV in the Rec Room. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out...a remote control.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Same TV, same remote.

Dexter hits the channel button, and the TV changes channels. The inmates look around, confused. One of them turns it back. Dexter changes it again. And again.

The inmates start arguing with each other. Yelling at each other. One throws a punch, and the whole thing turns into a brawl.

The Security Guards go to maintain order, and Dexter slips in.

INT. HALLWAY - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Dexter slips down the hallway, looking at the room numbers. As he does, he takes the bundle and throws it on--it's a COMFY ROBE, like many of the inmates wear.

GUARD (O.S.)

Hey!

Dexter stops. He suddenly slouches and turns to the guard. He hangs his head so his face isn't visible in the low light of the hallway.

GUARD

You know better than to be hanging around by the women's rooms.

He looks at Dexter sternly, mistaking his head being hung for shame, and allows a grin.

GUARD

Just get moving, all right?

Dexter nods, and then walks off, further down the hall. He makes it around the corner and finds the room he's looking for.

There's a glass window embedded in the door. Dexter peeks in--it's mostly dark inside, but the moonlight shows one empty bed.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Perfect.

He opens the door.

INT. BEDROOM - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Dexter slips into the darkness. The room is tiny. Dexter hides himself behind the door, standing in wait.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Something's not right.

Dexter looks over at Martin's bed. There's something on it. He reaches down and finds a small, folded piece of paper.

He unfolds it. Written in small, childish handwriting is simply: "Goodbye".

An ALARM BLARES. Dexter looks around, startled.

GUARD (O.S.)

Lockdown! There's been an escape!
Make sure no one leaves!

Off Dexter: SHIT.

He springs to action, immediately running to the door. He looks out the door's window and, not seeing anyone, slips out.

INT. HALLWAY - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Dexter runs down the hall. He makes it a couple doors down...and then sees a bunch of guards start to round the corner.

He opens the door nearest him and slips in.

INT. BEDROOM - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

He looks around. The room is empty.

Spotting a small closet with a slotted door, he slips inside.

INT. CLOSET - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Dexter stands in the closet.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Leave it to a psychopath to
underestimate the insane.

He looks through the slots of the closet door.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Deja vu...

FLASHBACK:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A SQUIRREL stares out. Young Dexter stares back at it.

More accurately, he stares at the glue holding the squirrel's SEVERED HEAD to what looks like a piece of particle board in the darkness of his closet.

Before we can see too much more, Dexter closes the closet door. There's the sound of a commotion outside.

ANGRY VOICE (O.S.)

What on earth is that smell??? I swear, Tony, whatever you've been doing in your room--

Dexter's not in his bedroom. He's in TONY'S.

Dexter is barely able to slip into the other closet and close it when TONY'S DAD thunders in. He's a large, intimidating man. Young Tony follows right behind him.

TONY

You can't just come into my room like this!

TONY'S DAD

The only people who lock doors are the ones hidin' something. You hidin' something?

Through the slots in the closet door, Dexter can see Tony glare at his father...but not say anything. Tony's Dad sniffs the air again.

Tony breathes in, noticing it as well. He wrinkles his nose.

TONY

Whatever it is, I'll take care of it. Come on Dad, it's MY ROOM.

Tony's Dad starts looking around the room. Dexter, in the nearest closet, freezes. Crap. But Tony's Dad passes by and opens the other closet.

TONY'S DAD

Smells like somethin' crawled in your closet and died--

He looks in the open closet--and FREAKS.

He's staring at a WALL of severed animal heads--raccoons, squirrels, chipmunks, etc. They all stare back at him. It's a gruesome, bloody display.

TONY'S DAD

What--I--

He COVERS his mouth, barely keeping himself from VOMITING. A bewildered Tony looks into the closet and almost loses it as well.

TONY

That's not--oh my God, why is that--

TONY'S DAD

What is this? What've you been doing?

TONY

You think--I didn't do that! How could you think I'd do that??? I don't know what's going on!

Tony's Dad GRABS him by the arm and pulls him out of the room. A relieved Dexter watches him go.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Dexter, still in the closet, stares out through its slats.

The door to the room swings open. Dexter watches through the slats in the closet door as Margaret walks in, clearly agitated. Intercut as necessary.

Margaret looks around, checking to see if she's alone.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Pay no attention to the man behind the closet door...

Margaret reaches into her sleeve...and pulls out a SHARP CUTTING KNIFE.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Looks like someone used the commotion to her advantage.

She sits down at her bed, and then holds the knife against her wrist.

DEXTER (V.O.)

That's not good.

Dexter waits, nervously, hoping she'll change her mind. But Margaret presses down on the blade, and her wrist starts to BLEED:

DEXTER

Stop!

She stops, and looks around.

DEXTER (V.O.)
All right, how to explain this
one...

Finally, Margaret looks UP.

MARGARET
God?

She waits a beat, as if unsure if she really heard anything. Dexter's really not sure what to do. But she brings the blade back down towards her wrist...

DEXTER
Stop...my child.

She drops to her knees.

MARGARET
God, it really is you!

DEXTER (V.O.)
I'd say I'm going to hell for this,
but I think I already have that
covered.

DEXTER
It is. And I need you to--

MARGARET
What's the meaning of life?

DEXTER
(beat)
It is not for mortals to know.
Have faith in me, and ye you shall
know the way.

DEXTER (V.O.)
'Ye'?

MARGARET
Do you like taffy?

Off Dexter--this is going to be awhile.

INT. RANCHO GRANDE - NIGHT

Batista sits at a table, tapping his hands. He sees Deb walk in, looking for Dexter.

BATISTA

Debra! Hey!

She looks over at him.

DEB

Sorry I'm late, I--

She notes the fact that Bastista's alone.

DEB

Just you and me?

BATISTA

Looks like it.

DEB

Fuckers.

She takes a seat. They sit there awkwardly for a moment, unsure what to do.

DEB

You could buy a girl a beer, you know.

As she says it, the WAITRESS sets a pitcher on their table. Deb gives Batista an impressed look.

DEB

Oh, you're good.

BATISTA

(smiling)

From your mouth to God's ears.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Margaret's still talking. Dexter's falling asleep.

MARGARET

...so then I hit Danny, but not that hard, but I did, and I know I shouldn't've.

(beat)

Do you forgive me?

DEXTER

Sure, whatever.

Margaret stares at her feet for a moment.

MARGARET

Do you ever ask for forgiveness?

DEXTER

(irritable)

What?

MARGARET

It's a stupid question. I'm sorry.

(under her breath)

Stupid, you're so stupid.

They sit there in silence. She's clearly distraught, and keeps glancing back at the knife. A thin line of blood trickles from her wrist.

DEXTER

(reluctantly)

We all make mistakes. And I've been known to...overdo it.

MARGARET

Like with the flood!

DEXTER

Yes. With the...flood, there was probably a less...severe way of handling things. But I didn't know what else to do. I was scared.

MARGARET

Really? You can be scared?

Even Dexter's a little surprised by the admission.

DEXTER

Apparently so.

(beat)

Don't tell anyone, okay?

There's movement outside the door, and Dexter can see a Police Officer walk past.

DEXTER (V.O.)

That's my cue.

DEXTER

My child, I am speaking to you because I have a mission that only you can accomplish. I need you...to run out of this room and make a commotion. Get everyone's attention.

MARGARET
That's a strange mission.

DEXTER
I work in mysterious ways.

She thinks about it.

MARGARET
What about Danny? I hate him and--

DEXTER
He's going to Hell.

MARGARET
Really?

DEXTER
Really.

Excited, she gets up to leave.

MARGARET
Thanks God!

INT. RANCHO GRANDE - NIGHT

Deb and Batista are a couple pitchers in.

BATISTA
Can I tell you a secret?

DEB
Sure, go ahead.

BATISTA
I went back to see the girl from
the psych ward today--

DEB
Oh come on, EVERYone knows that.

BATISTA
--and so we talked for awhile, and
it doesn't take long for me to
realize...this girl is just
bonkers.

DEB
Ya don't say.

BATISTA

But she called me tonight, and what do I do? I ask her out.

(beat)

She said no.

Deb stares at him...and BURSTS out laughing.

DEB

Oh man. Oh man--

BATISTA

You CAN'T tell anyone--

DEB

Turned down by a girl in the psych ward...wow.

BATISTA

Not a word.

DEB

Hey, if anyone can sympathize, it's me.

BATISTA

That's sort of why I told you.

She smacks him, but they share a smile.

BATISTA

I liked her, though. It's weird to say this, but, she seemed so...normal.

INT. HALLWAY - PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Margaret is CONVULSING on the ground, foaming from the mouth. Dexter sheds his robe and sneaks out of the room to join the crowd. As he does so, he subtly pulls out his police badge and hangs it around his neck.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Foaming at the mouth. Nice touch.

He pretends to watch a beat and then steps away, as if he'd been with all the other officers all along. He heads to the front door. Almost there...

CLAP CLAP. Dexter freezes. He turns...to find a COP doing it, trying to round up some inmates. He notices Dexter's look.

COP

What? For some reason, it puts the
fear of God into 'em.

Dexter gives him a little more glare, then walks away.

INT. DEXTER'S VAN - NIGHT

Dexter pulls up in front of his apartment.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I checked Ellis' home--no sign of
them there.

EXT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dexter walks up to his place. He looks at his door.

DEXTER (V.O.)

And no sign of them here. Not that
they'd be stupid enough to come at
me where I--

He unlocks his door and opens it. As he does, there's the
slight whistle of air.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I didn't leave a window open.

Dexter drops down just barely dodges as A CROWBAR comes right
at his head. He reaches up and GRABS the crowbar, wrestling
it from his assailant's hands.

Dexter jumps back...and into Ed, who TASERS him. Dexter
crumples to the ground. As he blacks out:

DEB (O.S.)

You freeze right there, fucker!

INT. RANCHO GRANDE - NIGHT

DEB stares angrily, but we pull out and see that...she's
still at Rancho Grande.

DEB

I've got you right where I fucking
want you.

She holds Masuka's script in one hand. She passes it to
Batista and takes a long pull on her beer.

BATISTA
(faux feminine)
But what if I want YOU...inside me.

He gives her a long, imploring stare...and then they both crack their shit up.

BATISTA
He sure gives LaGuerta an interesting role.

Deb smiles big.

DEB
I bet she's thinking the same thing right now.

BATISTA
But...you didn't...

DEB
Made a copy and put it in her inbox right before I left.

BATISTA
You are evil. Truly, truly evil.

They cheers.

BATISTA
You know, you, me and LaGuerta have one thing in common.

Deb points at her crotch with a questioning glance.

BATISTA
Funny. We've all dated psychopaths.

DEB
Whoa, you're not even in our league. We dated serial killers; you dated an albino who played with matches.

BATISTA
Hey, she tried to frame me for rape. Some people still think I did it.

DEB
Yeah...mine strapped me to a table and tried to kill me.

They share a long look.

BATISTA
Okay, you win.

DEB
Plus, turns out my first kiss got
sent to a mental ward.

BATISTA
I said you win!

They share a laugh. Deb checks her phone.

BATISTA
What?

DEB
Still nothing from Dexter.

BATISTA
He's probably just at home. You
know how he is.

DEB
Well let's bring the party to him
then. Masuka's heroic death scene
isn't gonna read itself.

They get up and head out.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dexter shakes his head, groggily. Pulling out, we see that he's wearing a STRAIGHTJACKET. He pulls against it, but no use; he's tied down tight.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Can't say I never expected to wear
one of these. Just not in the
comfort of my own home.

CLAP CLAP! Ellis walks over to him, chipper as ever. Martin and Ed stand behind.

ELLIS
Look who's awake. Now that you've
been properly attired, I think it's
time to begin.

DEXTER
Begin what?

ELLIS
Your punishment.

DEXTER
What, you're going to drive me
insane? Is that it? Turn me into
one of your inmates?

Ellis smiles sadly at him.

ELLIS
Yes, that's exactly it.

DEXTER
You have no idea what you're
dealing with, do you?

ELLIS
I know exactly what I'm dealing
with. You're just like everyone
else who comes into my ward.

DEXTER
That's true, actually.

She looks at him surprised. He gives her his coldest gaze.

DEXTER
Except for one thing. They're
there because they're insane, and
they can't control themselves.
(beat)
I am in complete control of my
insanity. And you don't know what
to do with that, do you?

She stares at him a long moment...and then reaches into a bag
at her feet. From it, she pulls out an electric drill.

She walks towards Dexter. She taps the tip of the drill
against the side of Dexter's head.

ELLIS
I may have an idea or two.

She pulls the trigger twice, inches from Dexter's skin. He
does his best to stay calm.

DEXTER (V.O.)
Okay, that I wasn't expecting.

She backs up.

ELLIS

Don't look at me like that. I'm
not barbaric.

She reaches into her bag and pulls out some sanitary wipes.
She uses them to clean off the drill.

ELLIS

There. We wouldn't want an
infection now, would we?

(beat)

In the old days, all it took was a
simple lobotomy. No fuss, no muss,
and you ended up with a wonderfully
docile patient.

She gestures to Ed. He walks up to Dexter and takes hold of
his head. He looks at Dexter a moment, smiling in
superiority. Martin watches it all, sad.

ELLIS

I look forward to you becoming a
permanent member of our ward.

DEXTER

This is your last chance to get out
of this alive.

ELLIS

And how is it you'd kill me?

DEXTER

I could leap up, bite out your
carotid artery, and watch you bleed
to death.

DEXTER (V.O.)

But then I'd still be stuck in this
straightjacket, against the two of
them.

Ellis' supreme smile falters a bit at that. Dexter keeps his
unnerving gaze locked on her.

ELLIS

So why don't you?

Dexter looks at Martin.

DEXTER

Because I think it'll be more fun
if he kills you instead.

Ellis lets out a sigh of relief.

ELLIS

If that's the best you can--

DEXTER

(ignoring her)

Martin, how did it feel when she aborted your son?

Ellis stares at him, stunned. Ed and Martin share a glance of shock.

ELLIS

(a nervous laugh)

Don't listen to him, he's just making things up--

DEXTER

She made a little trip to Planned Parenthood and flushed your kid down the toilet like any other common waste.

Ed lets go of Dexter's head and steps back. He shakes his own head back and forth, constantly, as if trying to shake the idea loose.

Martin looks between Dexter and Ellis.

MARTIN

A--a baby?

ELLIS

(shaken)

He's lying! He--

Dexter turns his gaze to Ed.

DEXTER

(as if considering)

It could have been Ed's. I mean, he is her favorite.

ELLIS

It's not true, you both know that I--

DEXTER

(to Martin)

Just her little bitch, aren't you? Like she'd carry your crazy bastard child--

Ellis runs up to Dexter and grabs hold of his chin with one hand. With the other, she raises the drill.

ELLIS

Shut up! Shut up! Shut--

She pulls the trigger, the drill spinning madly as it aims for one of his eye--

She STOPS, suddenly. The drill spins an inch from his face. Then, it FALLS to the ground, and she slumps on top of him. Martin's knife sticks out of her back.

Dexter looks down at her. She tries her best to manage her superior smile.

ELLIS

You're still--

The rest of her statement is lost as Dexter gets to his feet, dumping Ellis' body to the ground with an unceremonious THUMP.

Ed stands there, horrified.

ED

What did you do!?!

Ed picks up the crowbar. Dexter gets ready to dodge, but instead Ed turns and HITS Martin in the side of the head. There's a wet THUNK, and Martin is knocked to the ground.

Ed turns to Dexter and takes a swing. Dexter barely hops out of the way in time.

Ed swings again and hits Dexter in the shoulder, knocking him down. Ed pounces on top of him.

ED

You--this is all your fault.

Ed grabs a knife and holds it to Dexter's throat. Dexter locks gazes with him.

DEXTER

Go ahead. Do it.

Ed's hands shake as he tries to bring the blade down...but he can't.

ED

Stop looking at me!

Dexter stares into his eyes, unblinking.

DEXTER

You can't, can you? It takes a real killer to actually look someone in their eyes when you take their lives. See the life slowly drip away...drip...drip...drip...

Ed shakes his head, and CLOSES his eyes. He raises the blade up in both hands, and blindly brings it down right at Dexter's head.

Dexter dodges the knife and BITES Ed's neck, tearing away the carotid artery. Ed SPURTS blood, showering Dexter's face. Ed grasps for his neck, falling back.

He kicks out, trying to scream, trying to move, but his life flows out in a matter of seconds. Blood pools around his body.

Dexter lies on the ground, face covered in blood, still bound in the straightjacket.

DEXTER (V.O.)

My own home. The one rule I've never broken--don't shit where you eat.

Dexter looks at the carnage that is his living room.

DEXTER (V.O.)

And I thought Martin was sloppy. All it takes is one screw-up like this and--

The door handle jiggles. As he watches, helpless in his straightjacket, it SWINGS OPEN.

To his horror, a drunk Deb and Batista walk in.

DEB

Dex! You asshole! Why'd you ditch us--

She stops, staring at the bloodied living room. Batista takes his hat off, holding it over his heart.

Deb finally spots Dexter, and just stares at him.

DEB

Dex...bro...what the fuck is this?

(beat)

You started without us?

FLASH:

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door handle is still jiggling...but it doesn't open.
LOCKED. Dexter shakes the daydream from his head as:

DEB (O.S.)

Dex! Open up! I know you're in
there!

EXT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Deb and Batista stand outside the door, a bit drunk.
Intercut as necessary.

Ellis, face pale and blood pooling around her, tries to call
out. All she can manage are soft, wet gasps that are as good
as silent.

DEXTER (V.O.)

As much as I'd like some
help...this one could be hard to
explain.

Batista looks to Deb.

BATISTA

Don't you have a key?

DEB

Oh yeah, good call.

Deb rummages through her stuff. Dexter can hear her doing so
and urgently worms his way to the door. He silently leans up
against it, bracing himself.

Dexter listens as she puts the key in, and it starts to
JIGGLE...but it doesn't work. Deb laughs at herself.

DEB

Oh shit, that's MY key.

(beat)

You know what, I think that fucker
took his back.

BATISTA

Probably for the best. Who knows what he's doing in there.

Deb smacks him.

DEB

Gross! Like I wanna picture that.

Dexter listens as they walk away, relief slowly washing over him.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I have to get out of this thing NOW.

Dexter makes his way over to Ellis. She's breathing in short, desperate gasps.

DEXTER

Untie me.

Ellis looks at him, incredulous. He puts his bloody face right next to hers.

DEXTER

Untie me, or I'll make the last minutes of your life seem like hours.

Ellis tries to cry out, but can't say anything.

DEXTER

That's the blood filling your lungs. I hear it's like drowning, only it takes longer. Not a fun way to go.

He turns his back to her, putting his straps near her hands. She stares...and then starts untying him. Her hands fumble, but she undoes the jacket.

Dexter stands, shedding his bindings. He does a magician's flourish for Ellis.

With that, Dexter walks away and into the bedroom. He comes back...with the lollipop she gave him. He sticks it in her mouth as she guppies uselessly for breath.

DEXTER

If you need anything, just clap twice.

Dexter turns and walks away. Ellis watches him go, then tries to clap her hands together. They fumble uselessly against each other.

She sits there, taking in wet breath after wet breath, each more shallow than the last. Dying with a lollipop in her mouth.

INT. DEXTER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Black. And then, eyelids blinking open.

DEXTER (V.O.)

The sight of my own home draped in my plastic cocoon is disappointing.

Dexter looms over Martin, who is tied to the kitchen table by saran wrap. Dexter has covered his own kitchen is his customary saran wrap.

DEXTER (V.O.)

It's important to keep my work separate from my home.

Dexter cuts Martin's cheek, placing a drop of his blood on his slide. Martin slowly comes awake.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Maybe it's time to move in with Rita after all.

Martin looks up to Dexter.

MARTIN

Where...where are the others? Are they--

Dexter hefts a garbage bag with a head-sized object inside of it. Martin stares at it, not frightened, but impressed.

DEXTER

Just have to wait for the neighbors to go to bed, and I'll take out the trash.

MARTIN

You aren't one of us.
You're...different. Better.

Dexter doesn't say anything.

MARTIN

How do you do it? How do you live
with it?

DEXTER

Don't think about it. You won't
have to.

Dexter looks down; a piece of Martin's skull is missing,
courtesy of the crowbar to the head. He's not going to make
it much longer.

DEXTER

I don't normally give someone a
choice on this, but you're going to
die soon regardless of what I do.

Martin nods.

MARTIN

It's fuzzy, but it hurts in my
head.

DEXTER

I can end it for you now. If you
want.

MARTIN

I...I'd be honored.

Martin starts to tear up.

MARTIN

Thank you.

Dexter gets his knife out, placing it near Martin's
neck...but his phone rings. Dexter gives Martin an awkward
look.

DEXTER

Just one second.

He looks at the caller ID--Rita. Gesturing for silence, he
picks up the phone.

DEXTER

Hey, what's going on? What're you
doing?

INT. RITA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rita lies in bed, a Dexter-sized empty space next to her.
Intercut as necessary.

RITA
(blurting)
I'm lying in bed and realized that
I was terrible earlier. I'm so
sorry, Dex, I--

DEXTER
(hushed)
You weren't. I was an idiot. I
wasn't trying to imply anything
other than--

RITA
You're whispering.
(beat)
You're not with someone else, are
you?

DEXTER
Actually I am.
(beat)
I mean, not a woman. I'm with
someone from work.

Rita's clearly skeptical, but tries her best not to
overreact.

RITA
Can I talk to him?

Dexter stares at Martin, not sure how good of an idea that
is. But finally:

DEXTER
My girlfriend's worried that I'm
cheating on her.

He places the phone next to Martin's head.

MARTIN
Hello?

RITA
Uh, hi.
(relieved but embarrassed)

(MORE)

RITA (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry to bother you guys. I'm so embarrassed right now.

MARTIN

It's okay.

Dexter is about to pull the phone away, but Martin starts speaking before he can.

MARTIN

There's something you need to know about Dexter.

Dexter's tempted to take the phone away...but he holds it there.

MARTIN

(finally)

He's really something special.

RITA

I know.

MARTIN

He's...well, he's something I strive to be.

RITA

That's...thank you. That's very nice of you.

Dexter takes the phone back.

RITA

Dexter, I am so sorry.

DEXTER

It's okay. I understand. And about the move--

RITA

I don't care about that--

DEXTER

Let's talk about it.

RITA

Really?

Dexter looks around his cocooned house. Now violated by Ellis.

DEXTER

Really. I mean--just talk about it.

RITA

Okay, yeah--just talk.
(beat)
Are you coming over?

DEXTER

I'll be there when you wake up.
Promise.

He hangs up. End intercut.

MARTIN

She sounds really nice.

DEXTER

Yeah, she is.

Dexter casually reaches down and SLITS his throat. Martin barely makes a sound, but smiles as the blood pours out of his throat. He watches Martin die.

We pull out to get a better look at the saran wrap that Dexter has covered the entire place with. He looks around.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Here I am, once again surrounded by my invisible bars. Where I get to play God, but could be suffocated at any moment. Fitting.

Dexter takes in a deep breath, savoring it. He reaches out to Martin's face, surprisingly gentle as he closes his eyelids.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I wonder if I have any taffy in the cupboard.

Off Dexter, wondering:

END