

DEBRA

Get the fuck away from the body.

DEXTER

Deb, it's me.

DEBRA

Who's on the altar?

DEXTER

Travis Marshall.

DEBRA

Dexter, what the fuck?

DEXTER

Oh, shit.

DEBRA

Talk to me!

DEXTER

Would you lower your gun? Please? I came to do one last forensics sweep like you asked me to do. Travis was here. He came at me with his sword. I fought him off. I knocked him out.

DEBRA

How did he end up wrapped in plastic on the altar?

DEXTER

I snapped.

DEBRA

You snapped? What the fuck does that mean?

DEXTER

There's been a lot of anger inside me since Rita died, and when I looked at Travis and thought about everything he did... I wanted him dead, so I killed him.

DEBRA

That still doesn't explain why he's wrapped up like that.

DEXTER

I didn't even think about it. I'm a forensics expert. I guess it's just second nature not to leave a trace.

DEBRA

Jesus, Dex. Why the fuck didn't you call me?

DEXTER

I wasn't exactly in the best state of mind.

DEBRA

Are you hurt?

DEXTER

No. Physically, I'm okay. Who are you calling?

DEBRA

The station. I've gotta get everyone down here.

DEXTER

No. Please--wait.

DEBRA

Why?

DEXTER

How does this look?

DEBRA

Pretty fucking weird.

DEXTER

Exactly. An investigation could complicate our lives more than either of us are prepared to deal with.

DEBRA

But it was self-defense.

DEXTER

Yeah. But it's pretty fucking weird.

DEBRA

I have to call this in. You had a moment of temporary insanity. We can fix this.

DEXTER

How?

DEB

I'll get you the best fucking lawyer in the city.

DEXTER

Even if I'm lucky enough to get off due to temporary insanity, they'll still put me in some psych ward. I'll lose my job, my career... and probably even Harrison.

DEB

So what, then?

DEXTER

Travis is dead.

DEB

Yes.

DEXTER

Nothing's gonna change that. Maybe we should just get rid of the body.

DEB

What?

DEXTER

I could put it in my car and take it somewhere and dump it where no one would ever find it.

DEB

No.

DEXTER

If I'm careful--

DEBRA

No! Use your head. If you get caught with the body, everything's ten times worse. We're not moving the fucking body anywhere.

DEXTER

Okay. We make it look like a suicide. Frustrated that the world didn't end like he predicted, Travis committed ritual suicide at the church altar, stabbing himself with his sword.

DEBRA

Maybe.

DEXTER

But not before first setting the church on fire. Fire. It's biblical.

DEBRA  
One last tableau.

DEXTER  
And it'll erase any trace that we were ever here.

DEBRA  
How do we do that? It would have to burn so fast.

DEXTER  
Gasoline. There's a station nearby.

DEBRA  
I'll go get a couple of gallons.

DEXTER  
No, Deb, go home. I'll do it. I know what I'm doing.

DEBRA  
Bullshit.

*Debra leaves*

DEXTER  
Jesus, Debra.