

LUCIFER

"Pilot"

Written by
Tom Kapinos

Directed by
Len Wiseman

Production Draft

3/3/15	WHITE	
3/9/15	FULL BLUE	
3/11/15	FULL PINK	
3/12/15	YELLOW	
3/14/15	FULL GREEN	
3/15/15	GOLD	34, 35, 36, 37
3/16/15	BUFF	56
3/17/15	SALMON	56, 56A
3/18/15	CHERRY	ii, iii, iv, v, vi, 1, 11, 17, 35, 35A, 37, 47, 52, 55, 56, 56A, 57
3/19/15	GRAY	6, 6A, 12, 13, 28, 30, 36, 37, 38, 38A, 54
3/21/15	LAVENDER	ii, iii, 4, 8, 9, 13, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 49, 50, 50A, 51

CHARGE#276096

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LUCIFER

"Pilot"

CAST

LUCIFER MORNINGSTAR
CHLOE DANCER
MAZIKEEN a.k.a. "MAZE"
AMENADIEL
BEATRICE "TRIXIE" ESPINOZA
DANIEL ESPINOZA

OFFICER DIGGS
DELILAH
SHOOTER
JIMMY BARNES
SUPERMODEL BRIDE
WHITE ENGLISH BUTLER
2VILE
CREW 1
DR. LINDA MARTIN
GREY COOPER
AMANDA BELLO

UNIFORM #1
PRIEST
TRAFFIC COP
A.D.
TV NEWS REPORTER (TALKING ABOUT DELILAH'S POST-MORTEM SALES)

NON-SPEAKING

HOLLYWOOD HIPSTERS OUTSIDE LUX
LUX PATRONS
DELILAH'S TAXI DRIVER
ROOKIE UNIFORMS AND CORONER OUTSIDE LUX (POST-SHOOTING)
MALIBU WEDDING GUESTS
2VILE'S CREW
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL STUDENTS
MILFY MOM
MEAN GIRL
GROUP OF ONLOOKERS AT MOVIE SHOOT
MOVIE CREW
UNIFORMS AT MOVIE SET

NON-SPEAKING (CONT'D)

GREY'S STUNT DOUBLE
AMANDA'S BLACK SUV DRIVER
BOBBY THE BODYGUARD
VIGIL FOR DELILAH OUTSIDE LUX
YOUNG BOY BAND
MIXERS AND TECHS AT STUDIO
JUSTIN BIEBER-Y KID

LUCIFER

"Pilot"

SETS

INTERIORS

LOCATION: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

LUX

2VILE'S PLACE

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

THERAPIST'S OFFICE
WAITING ROOM

RECORDING STUDIO

HOSPITAL ROOM

VEHICLES

LUCIFER'S CAR

OFFICER DIGG'S COP CAR

DELILAH'S TAXI

PIECE OF SHIT CAR (DRIVEN BY SHOOTER)

CITY BUS

CORONER'S VAN

EMERGENCY VEHICLES

LAPD SQUAD CARS

CHLOE'S POLICE CAR

BLACK SUV (DRIVING AMANDA)

EXTERIORS

LOCATION: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

SUNSET BLVD.

LUX
STREET

MALIBU WEDDING SITE

2VILE'S PLACE

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
STREET

DOWNTOWN
INDUSTRIAL AREA
STREET

CHRONOLOGY

NIGHT 1	SCENES	1-12
DAY 2	SCENES	13-25
NIGHT 2	SCENES	26-28
DAY 3	SCENES	29
NIGHT 3	SCENES	30-31
DAY 4	SCENES	32

LUCIFER
"Pilot"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY OF ANGELS - SUNSET BLVD - NIGHT (NIGHT ONE) 1 *

A jet-black vintage sports car sails down Sunset, cruising through the adult Disneyland that is nighttime Los Angeles. Neon and billboards reflected on the windshield. The Stones' "Gimme Shelter" blasting from the radio.

2 INT. LUCIFER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 2 *

The Devil himself. Say hello to **LUCIFER MORNINGSTAR**.

He's good-looking, a man of considerable wealth and taste, but that's not what makes him jump off the screen. It's his vibe. Pure lusty mischief. Sardonic smile. Timeless style.

And yes...

He's that Lucifer. The son of God. The one who rebelled, plotted against his father and plummeted from grace. The one who was banished from Paradise and forced to serve as the Lord of Hell for all eternity.

But right now, Lucifer's getting pulled over for speeding. A motorcycle cop. Lucifer adjusts his mirror to see **OFFICER DIGGS** approaching the car, he yells over the MUSIC.

OFFICER DIGGS
CAN YOU TURN DOWN THE MUSIC, SIR?!

Lucifer TURNS DOWN THE VOLUME.

LUCIFER
You know what they say, Officer...
If it's getting too loud, you're
gettin' too old.

OFFICER DIGGS
Do you know why I pulled you over?

LUCIFER
Obviously you felt the need to
exercise your limited power and
punish me for ignoring the speed
limit. It's okay. I understand.
(smiles)
I like to punish people too.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
(a wistful aside)
Or at least I used to...

OFFICER DIGGS
Do you have any idea how fast you
were going?

LUCIFER
Haven't a clue. I blame it on the
Stones. They just make a man wanna
drive, ya' know what I mean?

And Lucifer has now locked eyes with the officer, A poignant
beat. The cop pauses for a moment, thoughtful.

OFFICER DIGGS
Sometimes... I put my siren on, and
drive really fast for no reason at
all. Just 'cause I can.

LUCIFER
Right?! And why wouldn't you? It's
fun! Feels *good* to get away with
something, doesn't it?

Diggs smiles. Chuckles. Yes...it...*does*. But then he catches
himself -- not sure why he just shared his secret desires
with a complete stranger.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
It's okay, Officer. People like to
tell me things. Those deep, dark,
naughty little desires that're
really on their minds. It's a gift.
Must be something about this face.

OFFICER DIGGS
(all biz now)
License and registration.

LUCIFER
Coming right up...

Lucifer fishes a hundred out of his wallet, proffers it...

OFFICER DIGGS
Are you trying to bribe me, sir?

LUCIFER
Yes, of course. Why, is that not
enough? Here, take more, it's only
money.

OFFICER DIGGS
It's against the law, sir.

LUCIFER
You people are funny about your
laws. You break the law sometimes,
don't you?

The officer nods. It's almost involuntary.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Do tell.

OFFICER DIGGS
Sometimes I'll pull a woman over
for a minor infraction and get her
to flash me a little somethin'.

LUCIFER
You dirty dog you...

OFFICER DIGGS
Sometimes I let her off with a
warning. Sometimes I don't.
Sometimes other stuff happens...

LUCIFER
(shakes his head)
LA's finest...
(nods at the cash)
You're tempted to keep that, aren't
you?
(off the cop's nod)
So what are you waiting for?
Permission? Keep it! Buy yourself
something pretty. You deserve it.
But if you don't mind, I really
must be on my way...

The officer takes the money and puts it in his pocket.

OFFICER DIGGS
Okay, sir, you have a nice evening.

LUCIFER
You too, Officer.

Officer Diggs walks away. Lucifer readjusts his mirror, but
this time we see a flash of something strange; a glimpse of
Lucifer's true reflection; almost too fast to even
comprehend, but enough to unsettle us as --

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

Lucifer dimes the radio and ROARS off -- leaving one very dazed cop in his wake. As he goes, we see the Caddy's rear vanity plate, which reads: "FALLIN 1."

*

SMASH TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: LUCIFER

3 EXT. LUX - STREET - NIGHT

3

Lucifer pulls up in front of his bar, Lux. It doesn't look like much from the outside, but there's a long line of HOLLYWOOD HIPSTERS dying to get in.

4 INT. LUX - CONTINUOUS

4

A little bit of Hell on earth. A living, breathing tribute to Lucifer's favorite things -- wine, women and song. Lucifer glides through... soaking up the sights and sounds of elegant debauchery like a proud, modern-day Gatsby.

His eyes land on the exotic, dark-haired beauty tending bar over yonder. MAZIKEEN. But she's always been just **MAZE** to Lucifer. She leans seductively with her back against the bar, doesn't turn around as Lucifer approaches... speaks to him via a mirror...

MAZE

Where've you been?

LUCIFER

Holed up at the Chateau. Copulating with a woman named Faith. Ironic, isn't it?

Maze shakes her head, disgusted. As she does, we catch an unclear glimpse of *her reflection in the bar mirror*. A blur of almost serpentine deformity. But it would be weird if Maze was just your garden variety gal, wouldn't it?

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Have I ever told you how incredibly sexy you are when you can't control your emotions?

MAZE

And what emotions might those be?

LUCIFER

Why, jealousy, of course.

MAZE

Try disappointment.

(CONTINUED)

A young man suddenly rises from where he'd been kneeling in front of Maze. Lucifer's eyebrows go up: didn't see that comin'. Maze grins at him:

MAZE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Patrick. You can go.

She finally turns to face Lucifer, smiles and shrugs.

MAZE (CONT'D)

What? I dropped something.

(off Lucifer's grin/shrug)

Now. Lucifer. I'm a big fan of sex--

LUCIFER

--obviously--

MAZE

But shouldn't you be spending your valuable time doing something more... *significant*. You're the Lord of Hell, for cryin-out-loud.

LUCIFER

I'm retired, Maze. I've got nothing but time.

Maze stares at him for a beat. Then senses something. As does Lucifer. A *ripple* in the drink she just poured. *Time slows. Music and laughter become warped and haunted as everyone in the club slows...* except Lucifer and Maze, who share a look.

MAZE

I think you have a visitor.

Through the SLOW-MOTION crowd, Lucifer sees **AMENADIEL**. The man is a study in grim intensity. He's Lucifer's brother AND AN ANGEL. Yep, majestic wings and everything. But Amenadiel's *also* a badass. Last thing he radiates is angelic goodness.

LUCIFER

Amenadiel! How's it hanging, big guy? Didn't you see the sign? "No angels allowed"? No? I'll make an exception for you -- on the house.

Lucifer slides over a drink, which Amenadiel ignores.

AMENADIEL

(taken in Lux)

You've become quite ensconced with this little hobby of yours...

(off Lucifer's nod of thanks)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMENADIEL (CONT'D)

Your return to The Underworld has been... *requested*.

*

LUCIFER

Oh, okay, let me check my calendar. Yep, here it is. The seventh of Never through the fifteenth of Ain't Gonna Happen? How's that work for you guys?

Amenadiel just stares at him... grim, not amused.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

I'm consistently surprised by the whole no sense of humor thing.

(then)

Look, remind Dad I quit Hell because I was sick and tired of playing a part in his play. I believe in free will, not that tyranny of all his predestination hoo-ha.

AMENADIEL

I'll warn you against disrespecting Our Father.

LUCIFER

Yeah well, *Our Father's* been disrespecting me since the beginning of time so... pot/kettle. Don't you think?

AMENADIEL

You are a mockery of everything divine.

LUCIFER

Thank you! But lately I've been doing a fair amount of thinking. Do you think I'm the devil because I'm inherently evil or simply because dear ol' Dad decided I was? Isn't this a classic case of labeling?

*
*

AMENADIEL

What do you think happens when the Devil leaves Hell? All those demons, those tormented souls... where do they go?

*
*
*
*
*

LUCIFER

Don't know, don't care, not my problem.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

More staring from Amenadiel. Lucifer downs his brother's
drink, then locks eyes with Amenadiel... cold as ice now...

*

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

(pointed)

Tell Father, I'm not. Going. Back.

(a slight smile)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (3)

4

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Consider the position officially
open. So you, my feathered friend,
can go to hell.

In a blink, Amenadiel's wing-tip is at Lucifer's throat.
Ancient steel fused at its tips. Lucifer's glass falls,
shatters... but he doesn't flinch.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Go for it. You think Father's upset
now...

Amenadiel wants to kill him. Badly. But Lucifer knows his
Father won't let him die, at least he's willing to test it.

AMENADIEL

He has been patient five years. He
will *not* be merciful much longer.

Threat planted, Amenadiel withdraws, and exits... *and the
club now slips back into regular motion.* Lucifer only now
deflates. Amenadiel clearly rattles him.

5

EXT. LUX - STREET - NIGHT

5

Lucifer stands outside, spinning A COIN in his hand, still
thinking about his conversation with Amenadiel... when A TAXI *
slows to a stop in front of Lux. The rear window rolls down.
A beautiful, hot mess appears. This is **DELILAH**.

Delilah is a fallen-from-grace pop star. The crowd waiting in
line reacts like crowds do when confronted with a super
famous person, tragic or not. Oohs and ahhs and iPhones
galore. But Delilah only has eyes for Lucifer.

DELILAH

Remember me...?

Lucifer smiles... of course he does, but teases...

LUCIFER

Yes... you're famous. *Delilah*,
isn't it? Can I have your
autograph?

DELILAH

If I can have a drink.

6

INT. LUX - NIGHT

6

Lucifer and Delilah sit at a booth. Maze hovers in the BG.

LUCIFER

Why'd you come back?

(CONTINUED)

DELILAH

Feel safe here, I guess. Reminds me of how it was before everything got so big and messy. And you... sometimes I feel like you were the only one who was ever really honest with me. But... I need to know something.

*
*

LUCIFER

What's that?

DELILAH

Did I sell my soul to the Devil?

LUCIFER

That would imply the Devil is actually interested in your soul. That's the stuff of movies and TV. They always get it wrong.

DELILAH

Come on, you took me in off the street, let me sing up there anytime I wanted. I told you I wanted to be a star and that's when things started happening for me. And you *do* call yourself Lucifer.

LUCIFER

Call me whatever you want, but I'm really just a patron of the arts.
(softens)
Honestly, I introduced you to a few key people who owed me favors. That's all.

She leans in, serious and vulnerable now... like a lost kid.

*

DELILAH

Do you think I'm talented?

LUCIFER

Of course. You have one of the most beautiful voices I've ever heard. It's sweet, dirty, sexy, soulful... I knew you were a star, I just helped the world catch up.

DELILAH

Well, it certainly feels very Faustian at times. Because along with the good came a hell of a lot of bad.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

Oh, so the Devil made you do it?
The alcohol, the drugs, the topless
selfies? Your choices are on you,
my dear.

DELILAH

You're right. You're absolutely
right. But the toxic relationships
were my biggest screw-up. God, I
really do have the worst taste in
men...

LUCIFER

You really do, darling. *Jimmy
Barnes?* I can't believe you almost
married that sweaty little imp...

DELILAH

He produced my album! You
introduced us!

LUCIFER

I suggested you *work* with him --
not *sleep* with him.

DELILAH

I got confused!

LUCIFER

And then you left him at the altar.

DELILAH

Yeah, that was pretty rude of me.
He trapped me in the bathroom at
the Grammys a month ago. Cried.
Said he wanted to get back
together. Then I hear he's *marrying*
some supermodel this weekend.

(laughs/almost crying)

God, I'm such a mess.

*

LUCIFER

God has nothing to do with your
mess anymore than I do.

(a beat)

You didn't sell your soul, Delilah,
but you *do* owe me a favor. Looks
like it's time to settle up.

DELILAH

(kidding but *not*)

I'm scared...

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

You should be. Because what I'm about to ask is going to be quite difficult for you.

(then)

Pull yourself together. That's it. That's all I'm asking. Get it together before it's too late. You're wasting your talent. Your life.

DELILAH

(fighting tears)

I let you down.

LUCIFER

Then fix it.

Off Delilah, a glimmer of hope in her eyes...

7 OMIT

7

8 EXT. LUX - STREET - NIGHT

8

Lucifer and Delilah walk out... saying goodbye...

DELILAH

I'm gonna do what you asked. I'm gonna get it together, Lucifer. I promise.

LUCIFER

It's not about me. All these terrible things that weren't supposed to happen? They happened. What happens *next* is up to you.

She nods. Smiles. Pulls him into an intense hug. They're still hugging when a piece-a-shit car slows to a stop in front of Lux...

SHOTS rings out -- Lucifer and Delilah are RIDDLED WITH BULLETS. As they both go down in a heap, the car SCREECHES off. But without warning the shooter's car is VICIOUSLY BROADSIDED by a CITY BUS. A beat as everything settles. Then--

AN UNHOLY GROAN from Lucifer as he rises to a sitting position. His clothes are torn with SMOKING holes. He rips his shirt open. No blood. No entry wounds. Just pain. *A lot of fucking pain.* He slowly climbs to his feet. Goes over to Delilah, beautiful in peaceful repose. And very much dead.

Lucifer's face tightens with pain. He looks down the street. Zeroes in on the wreckage and stalks over to it. *

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

The SHOOTER'S body has been thrown from the crumpled car. Laid out in a pile of broken glass. Twisted and BLOODY, but still alive. It's all Lucifer can do to control his emotion.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

What did you do?

SHOOTER

I- I'm sorry...

LUCIFER

Sorry? Tell me why. Why did you end her life?

(seething, leans closer)

I can smell death coming for you -- shall I speed it along?

SHOOTER

Why else? Money...

LUCIFER

Times like these I wish I was back in Hell. What I would do to you...

SHOOTER

Hey, I just pulled the trigger...

LUCIFER

What do you mean by that?

The shooter coughs up a final geyser of BLOOD and dies. Lucifer walks back over to Delilah. He stands there, staring down at her... with *something* in his eyes. *Is it loss?* Which is when we realize that we're watching Lucifer from SOMEONE ELSE'S POV...

9 EXT. LUX - STREET - CONTINUOUS

9 *

FIND Amenadiel in the shadows, a SLOW-MOTION ballet of ONLOOKERS around him. As he glares at Lucifer ominously, we wonder: is he observing this moment? *Or did he cause it?*

10 EXT. LUX - STREET - LATER - SAME NIGHT

10

Now a full-blown crime scene. Cherry tops spin. Police swarm. CORONER'S put Delilah's body in a bag and into the back of their van as an UNMARKED COP CAR pulls up. Out hops LAPD homicide detective **CHLOE DANCER** (30s). Beautiful, but downplays it on purpose. She's smart, cold and direct.

She strides over to the wrecked car where THE SHOOTER still lies in a bed of broken glass and blood. Bends over to get a closer look... when she hears some snickering and whispering. Turns to see a couple ROOKIE **UNIFORMS** staring at her.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

Can I help you?

UNIFORM #1

Nah... just talkin' about some of our favorite movies.

Another plain-clothed detective walks up from the other direction. He's **DANIEL ESPINOZA** (40ish) gruff, alpha dog.

DAN

(nods at the uniforms)

Hey. Go secure the perimeter.

CHLOE

You here to babysit me? Lieutenant said this is my case -- and I need it to be.

*
*
*
*

DAN

Well, hi. Nice to see you, too.

(no reaction)

Yes, it's your case, Chloe. Wanna hear what I got so far though?

*
*

CHLOE

No.

DAN

It's an easy one. This is our bad guy. Eddie Deacon. Low-level drug dealer. Found *these* in his pocket--

Holds up an evidence bag with little packets of HEROIN stamped with "BOOM" and a picture of a bomb.

DAN (CONT'D)

--And *this* in Delilah's purse.

Holds up another evidence bag with ONE packet -- same stamp.

DAN (CONT'D)

So, obviously drug related. Maybe she owed him a bunch'a cash or something. She wasn't exactly selling out stadiums these days.

CHLOE

How'd you know he's low-level?

DAN

Look at his car?

CHLOE

Yeah, but look at his watch -- that ain't cheap.

DAN

Probably a fake.

(off Chloe, staring at it)

Wouldn't pick too hard at this one, Chloe. Not after Palmetto Street.

CHLOE

I begged for this case *because* of Palmetto, Dan. I need a big win or I'll never get out of the penalty box... So... any witnesses?

...where Chloe is now questioning Lucifer. Lucifer's distracted. His swirling emotions over Delilah's death are disorienting him. Maze hovers nearby.

CHLOE

Lucifer Morningstar...? Is that like, a stage name or something?

LUCIFER

God-given, I'm afraid.

(studies her)

You look familiar. Have we met?

CHLOE

(uh-oh, but remains casual)

Five minutes ago. And I'm asking the questions... Talk to me about your relationship with the victim.

*

LUCIFER

She used to work here. A few years back. I would occasionally accompany her while she sang. Then she became a big star and someone decided to end her life.

CHLOE

Did you know the shooter?

LUCIFER

No. But we did have a nice little chat before he kicked off. I asked him why he did it.

*

CHLOE

I see. Like to play cop, do you?

LUCIFER

I like to play in general. What about you, Detective?

*

Chloe's almost amused -- got a real live one here.

*

CHLOE

So you spoke to a dead guy?

LUCIFER

He wasn't quite dead. His soul was still crossing the threshold.

*

CHLOE

(indulges him)

Okay then... why'd he do it?

*

*

LUCIFER

Money, of course. You humans love your money.

CHLOE

Yes. Yes, we do. And what planet are you from? London?

LUCIFER

(smiles, cute)

He also said... "I just pulled the trigger." Interesting, no?

Chloe takes that in. She's heard enough. Shuts it down.

CHLOE

Delilah was shot to death by a drug dealer. And looks like Delilah herself kept the guy pretty busy. It's sad. It's ugly. But it's not rocket science. Something obviously went south between them, she gets riddled with bullets, and a nice little act of God takes him out.

*

LUCIFER

It doesn't work like that!

(then realizing)

It's quite a neatly wrapped present for the LAPD, don't you think?

*

CHLOE

Okay. How does she end up dying in a hailstorm of bullets and you get away without a scratch? That's suspicious, don't you think?

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

The benefits of immortality.

CHLOE

Immortality... of course.

(writing it down)

Do you spell that with one m or two, I always forget.

LUCIFER

What will your corrupt little organization do about this?

CHLOE

Excuse me?

LUCIFER

Will you find the one responsible?
Will he be punished? Will this be a
priority for you?

Chloe studies him. Not sure if he's a prick... a lunatic or
something more...

*
*

CHLOE

You've got some balls on you, pal.

LUCIFER

Thank you, but they're really quite
average.

(studies her)

Are you sure we haven't met? I
could swear I've seen you naked.
Did we have *sex*?

Nope. Just a prick.

*

CHLOE

What? Go to hell.

LUCIFER

No thank you. Much more fun here.

(as she gets up to leave)

Wait. Detective. We're not finished.

CHLOE

Yeah. We are.

And she's out. OFF LUCIFER, frustrated.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12 INT. LUX - LATER THAT NIGHT

12

Lucifer plays piano, fingers flying, an *intense* version of Bowie's "Lady Stardust." Suddenly he SMASHES the keys in a burst of atonal fury, his gaze fixed on something ahead... It's his reflection in the mirrored fireplace. *That disturbing face again.* We catch just a hint of it before --

He gets up and HURLS a lamp at the mirror, SMASHING it to pieces. Maze enters. Surveys the damage. Says nothing. Which only serves to infuriate Lucifer even more. *

Throughout this scene, the hint of Lucifer's "darker side" will be reflected in the shattered mirror behind Maze. We will never fully see it. But it's enough to make us uneasy.

LUCIFER
Out with it, Maze!

MAZE
I'm curious.

LUCIFER
About?

MAZE
Why this upsets you so much.

LUCIFER
There is someone out there that deserves punishment. And it's not. Going. To. Happen.

MAZE
Who cares? Mortals die every day.

LUCIFER
Yes, insignificant ones! Human nothings who never add anything to this world. They only take and consume and die cowardly pathetic deaths. But this was different! *She* was different.

Maze studies him, a mix of concern, disdain and astonishment.

MAZE
You care about her...

LUCIFER
Please. I care about punishing the coward responsible.

(CONTINUED)

MAZE

Who are you right now?

Lucifer steps in closer -- *as does his reflection in the shattered mirror behind her.*

LUCIFER

I don't mind the occasional smartass remarks, Maze. They can be amusing, but don't disrespect me.

But instead of retreating, Maze steps closer too... slides her hands around Lucifer's neck seductively.

MAZE

The opposite is true. You're the *Prince of frickin' Darkness*. It's all well and good to take a vacation, have fun in paradise with the low-hanging fruit. But you're losing sight of who you actually *are*, Lucifer. You exist to punish and torture for a universal *reason*. Certainly not for a petty human emotion such as love.

Lucifer cracks a smile, playing it off now with sarcasm.

LUCIFER

I am not human. Take that back.
(sighs, playing it off)
The world was robbed of a great talent. That makes me angry. Makes me want to punish someone. In very unholy ways. That's all.

Maze smiles, leans in... her lips inches from his.

MAZE

Does that mean we're going home?

He's silent. Her smile fades but she kisses him sensually on the cheek and slinks off. ON LUCIFER, Maze's words echoing...

Gliding over the beautiful Oceanside, we pick up Lucifer's car as it speeds down the ribbon of highway that is the PCH.

Wedding in progress. A short, sweaty music mogul named **JIMMY BARNES** is about to wed a stunning, statuesque **SUPERMODEL BRIDE**.

Surrounded by FAMILY and FRENEMIES, it's a whole big ta-do. The **PRIEST** has just arrived at the part where he says:

PRIEST

Speak now or forever hold your
peace...

A VOICE BOOMS:

LUCIFER

Excuse me!

And Lucifer comes strolling down the aisle...

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

I have a problem. Has anyone else
noticed how incredibly, jaw-
droppingly, loin-stirringly
beautiful this young woman is? And
how short, sweaty and altogether
fugly this homunculus is? What is
this? A wedding or a kidnapping?

Reactions from the GUESTS as Lucifer arrives at the altar.
The Priest crosses himself, starts mumbling some prayers.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Good luck with that, padre. While
you're at it, tell him I say hey --
it's been awhile.

He turns his attention to the groom, who's sweating yet
desperately clinging to some semblance of cool.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Jimmy Barnes! Do you remember me?

JIMMY BARNES

Hey, man, this is a private event.
How'd you get in here?

LUCIFER

Yes, and quite a lavish, be it
tacky one for a record producer on
the outs.

Jimmy looks around for help, but no one's stepping up.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Do you remember me?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY BARNES

(hushed)

Of course I remember you! What do you want?! I'm a little busy!

LUCIFER

I can't believe you're getting married the day after your ex-lover and once brightest star is murdered in cold blood.

JIMMY BARNES

Yeah, it's sad, but Delilah ruined my wedding once before. I wasn't about to let her do it again.

LUCIFER

(locks eyes with him)

Yes. It's hard to be rejected, isn't it Jimmy? *Twice.*

JIMMY BARNES

What?!

LUCIFER

She said you tried to get her back recently. I'd kill someone if they denied me *once...* not that that's possible. Come on, tell me, Jim-bo, did you want her dead? You know I love a juicy story.

Jimmy averts his eyes.

JIMMY BARNES

I'm not playing that mind game with you. Of course not! I was furious and humiliated when she dumped me, but I think I rebounded pretty well.

He gestures at his beautiful BRIDE-TO-BE. Lucifer gives her an appreciative glance.

LUCIFER

Clearly. Respect.

JIMMY BARNES

You should go play your games with 2Vile.

LUCIFER

The rapper?

JIMMY BARNES

Yeah, Delilah dumped me for that lunatic. They were always fighting. I think he slapped her around a bunch. He's the real deal, man, and he's surrounded by a bunch of gun-toting morons 24-7.

The information satisfies Lucifer, but his thirst for taunting not quite met... Turns his attention to the bride.

LUCIFER

I'm sorry, how rude of me. Allow me to introduce myself...

*

He extends a hand. She takes it, oddly charmed. Stares at him for a beat, feels a sudden, overwhelming urge to confess her inner desires... *or lack there of...*

SUPERMODEL BRIDE

I really don't want to have sex with him tonight.

(to Jimmy)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean that!

Jimmy is dumbstruck. So is she.

LUCIFER

Of course you don't! Let's be honest here. You're not marrying this human stain because you're actually in love with him, right?

SUPERMODEL BRIDE

No, I guess it's more about lifestyle.

LUCIFER

Good luck with that. He's broke.

(she starts to cry)

Dry your tears, darling. At least you'll have this magical day.

(then)

Well, I should be going. Best of luck to you crazy kids.

Lucifer turns and walks off down the aisle... a figurative mushroom cloud in his wake.

Lucifer cruises up the drive of a pimped-out palace that could easily have its own very special episode of MTV Cribs.

(CONTINUED)

Lucifer exits his car, rings the bell. A massive GONG sounds. Door's opened by a WHITE ENGLISH **BUTLER**.

BUTLER

Good afternoon, sir.

LUCIFER

I'm here to see the man sadly known as 2Vile. Is he in?

BUTLER

I'm sorry, sir. He's unavailable. I'm afraid he's in mourning.

LUCIFER

I have narcotics for him.

A moment.

BUTLER

Right this way, sir.

Lucifer follows the Butler into the den. Furniture from MOMA. Killer city views. The ultimate in tacky Hollywood living.

2VILE'S CREW's scattered all over the place. Hip-hop thumping. There's tons of weed, weapons -- it's a real scene. An immensely expensive PLASMA TV in the background plays NEWS on Delilah's death. The hot headline.

LUCIFER

Can someone please turn down this godawful music?!

Tattooed hip-hop thug **2VILE** appears through a thick haze of POT SMOKE.

2VILE

Who's this clown?

BUTLER

He has narcotics for you, sir.

LUCIFER

My name is Lucifer Morningstar.

2VILE

Lucifer Morningstar... that's a good hip-hop name.

LUCIFER

That offends me.

2VILE

What, you don't like hip-hop?

LUCIFER

No, I most certainly do not.

2VILE

That offends me. You have a problem with black people?

LUCIFER

Not in the slightest. I just hate *your* music. And when I say "your music," I mean *your* music -- not music made by other black people. Without the blues, there would be no devil's music whatsoever. There are, of course, many giants in the field. Just not you. Am I being clear?

2VILE

You're being clear all right -- if you're looking to get yourself killed.

LUCIFER

Don't waste your munitions. I'm immortal. Tell me about Delilah.

2VILE

What's to tell? She's dead.

*

That ignites Lucifer. He violently **SHOVES** 2VILE, sending him **SHATTERING THROUGH A GLASS DOOR**, toppling over the balcony to certain death *just as* Lucifer grabs him by his blinged-out chains. Suspending him high above the hillside.

2VILE'S CREW react. One **FIRES** on impulse, bullet **PINGING** off the balcony.

2VILE (CONT'D)

DON'T SHOOT HIM, YOU IDIOT!

Crew freezes. Nothing they can do. If Lucifer goes down. 2Vile goes down further. 2Vile looks up at the face of death.

2VILE (CONT'D)

I didn't kill her!

LUCIFER

Why should I believe you?

2VILE

Because I loved the bitch!

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

People sometimes kill people with whom they're in love. The heart is mysterious. Or so I'm told.

2VILE

Girl made me crazy!

LUCIFER

(drops him a bit more)

Women can do that. Doesn't mean you should beat them up.

2VILE

Hey, hey! Come on, we worked that out a long time ago. I hit her *ONCE* 'cause she was *cheating on me!*

And there it is... another piece to the puzzle. Lucifer lifts 2Vile back onto the balcony. He's a mess.

LUCIFER

With whom?

2VILE

I don't know! She wouldn't tell me! Said it was a big secret. Some rich married guy.

LUCIFER

Did she have a friend she might've confided in?

2VILE

Didn't trust no one. Her therapist is probably the only one who knows. Some Dr. Linda in Beverly Hills. Saw her like five times a week on the dl. Used a fake name and everything.

*
*
*
*
*

LUCIFER

Thank you for your time.

2Vile just stares at Lucifer. *Confused. Lost.* Then...

2VILE

Man, sometimes I get tired of frontin', ya know. I really just wanted to put a ring on that finger and a baby up in there. She was the one. And now she's dead.

*
*

2Vile breaks down in tears. His CREW IS HORRIFIED.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

I like this side of you. You might consider putting this kind of emotion into your music. And change your name. What does your mother call you?

2VILE

Percy. Percy Wallace.

LUCIFER

(pause)

Never mind. Good luck with what's left of your short-lived career.

Lucifer starts to make his exit. But someone else is making an entrance...

CHLOE (O.S.)

Guns down! On the floor! Down!

*

Lucifer turns to see Chloe coming through the door with an ashamed butler in tow. Her gun out. Crew lays their guns on the floor. Lucifer grins. Amused... and *curious*...

*

*

LUCIFER

You sly dog. You *did* listen to me.

CHLOE

Ran the dead guy's cellphone. 2Vile was the last person he called.

2VILE

Oh, come on, man!

CHLOE

(to Lucifer)

What I find highly interesting is how you made the connection on your own.

LUCIFER

Well, I've been busy, my dear.

She clocks that... but first things first. She kicks the guns clear, confiscates them then turns to 2Vile.

*

CHLOE

Talk to me about Delilah--

LUCIFER

Yes, yes. We've been over that one, Detective.

*

(CONTINUED)

She throws a shut-the-fuck-up look to Lucifer, plows on...

CHLOE

--And why you called the shooter
two days before she was murdered.

2VILE

Fine. Yeh, I called Eddie 'cause he
hooks me up sometimes. He met
Delilah through me. When we were
together. Whatever. Don't make me a
killer, do it?

*

*

CHLOE

No. But it does make you a suspect.

*

2VILE

(scoffs)

What? So, everyone on Eddie's
phone's a suspect? You joking?!
Welcome to Celebrity Name Game. You
gonna drag half a' Hollywood
downtown? Be like the Oscars.

*

Point noted, but Chloe reaches for her cuffs... Meanwhile,
the "celebrity" comment has triggered **ONE OF 2VILE'S CREW** to
suddenly recognize Chloe... and completely break the
moment...

*

CREW 1

Wait. Aren't you that chick from
that film?

LUCIFER

(perks up)

What's this? What film?

CREW 1

You used to be an actress or
something, right? That teen
movie... I forget what it's
called...

Chloe tries to hide it, but she's literally dying right now.
And Lucifer sees it.

LUCIFER

Of course! Hot Tub High School!
That's where I know you from!

CHLOE

(dodging, back to 2Vile)

Let's stick to my questions, shall
we?

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

The one with that famous nude scene! Coming out of the hot tub. It was a complete *Fast Times* rip-off, but you were like, the new Phoebe Cates. That was *quite* a nude scene--

*

CHLOE

(gun in hand)

I've got way too many bullets in here for you to still be talking.

She swaps her gun for handcuffs, turns back to 2Vile...

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Come on. You're under arrest.

LUCIFER

That's a waste of time, Detective. I've just threatened his life, he's not our guy -- he would've said. Trust me.

CHLOE

You did *what*?

2VILE

Yeah, isn't *that* illegal?

CHLOE

Uh, little bit, yes. Okay then, *you*. Come with me.

*

Chloe slaps the cuffs on *Lucifer* instead.

LUCIFER

Ooh. With pleasure.

A smug smile doesn't leave his lips as Chloe yanks him out.

*

Chloe leads Lucifer out in cuffs... opens the back car door.

LUCIFER

At least perhaps now you'll listen to me. Although not sure I understand why I'm being arrested.

*

*

*

CHLOE

Because you're interfering with a police investigation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You've broken, I can't even count how many laws. And you piss me off.

LUCIFER

I can get out of these, you know.

CHLOE

Funny.

Lucifer does some Houdini-esque wriggling behind his back and hands her the cuffs. Chloe examines the cuffs, confused. *

CHLOE (CONT'D) *

How'd you do that? You a magician or something? *

LUCIFER

You're still wasting time. We should be out there solving a homicide and punishing those responsible!

CHLOE

We? Are you insane? Get in the car. I'm taking you in.

LUCIFER

But that's boring! Not to mention pointless. Come on, I'll help you, it'll be fun! *

CHLOE

How could you possibly help me?

LUCIFER

You'd be surprised. I have a certain skill set. I can be very persuasive with people. Tend to see things others cannot. *

CHLOE

So you're a *psychic*? *

LUCIFER

No. I can't read people's minds -- I'm not a *Jedi*. People *tell* me things.

CHLOE

Really? Just... confess their sins? Just like that?

LUCIFER

No, not their sins. I have no power over people's sins. I actually get a bad rap for that. But their *desires*, different thing entirely.

(off her skeptical look)

I have the ability to draw out people's forbidden desires. Tempt them. *Taunt* them. The more simple the human, the easier it is. The more complex? The more challenging - and exciting, really. But your actual sins? The sins are on you people.

*

CHLOE

(sarcastically indulging)

I get it. The name. The whole *Lucifer* thing... and desire's like, your super power.

*

LUCIFER

More like a gift from God.

(off Chloe's deadpan look)

Look, I'm just a people person. They feel compelled to share things with me. And why wouldn't they, really? I'm pretty awesome.

CHLOE

Yeah? Prove it.

LUCIFER

That I'm awesome? Isn't it obvious?

(fine, looks deeply at her)

Tell me, Detective. What do you desire more than anything in this life?

Chloe sighs. But then *her* eyes suddenly lock with *his* and she *is* mesmerized...

CHLOE

I guess, when I was a little girl, I always wanted to be a cop like my daddy, so that one day, I could *help people...*

(dropping an act)

...and make them shut up and *get in the damn car!*

Ouch. Lucifer blinks. He's been played. His powers useless on her. She motions for him to get in. Lucifer studies her. Both disturbed and fascinated by her.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

You're not like a Jedi or something, are you?

CHLOE

Get in. The car.

LUCIFER

Wait. I know something you don't know.

CHLOE

Yeah? What's that?

LUCIFER

Won't say. Unless you take me with you on this. Please? Come on, I got to 2VILE, didn't I?

CHLOE

You're unbelievable.
(squints at him)
Huh. You don't strike me as a celebrity stalker. You aren't related to her. You weren't *sleeping* with her, were you--?

LUCIFER

Surprisingly, no.

CHLOE

Then why do you care about this so much? About Delilah?

LUCIFER

(rattled/tries to hide it)
I... just do.

CHLOE

(this is a new side...)
Fine. But if your little clue doesn't pan out--
(holds up the cuffs)
I'm puttin' these back on, and they're gonna stay on.

Lucifer cracks a smile, nods. She gets in the car and he follows. BOTH OF THEM growing more and more intrigued with the other...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

18 INT. CHLOE'S POLICE CAR - DRIVING - DAY

18

Lucifer's in the backseat. Chloe drives, on the phone.

CHLOE (ON PHONE)
Yeah, therapist in Beverly Hills
with first name Linda. See if
Delilah was a client--

LUCIFER
Actually, she had a pseudonym.
Which *I* happen to know. Penny Lane.

CHLOE (ON PHONE)
Delilah could've gone by Penny
Lane... Okay, thanks.

She hangs up. A beat of silence as he stares at her,
grinning... making her uncomfortable.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
What? Don't be so smug -- hasn't
panned out yet.

LUCIFER
No, that's not it... I knew I
recognized you.

CHLOE
Right. So you saw my boobs. Never heard
that one before.

LUCIFER
And your ass, don't forget. A thing
of beauty--

CHLOE
I will pull this car over and shoot
you.

LUCIFER
I told you. I'm immortal.
(off her eye roll)
Is the movie why you have such a
chip on your shoulder?

CHLOE
Trust me, that's low on the list of
things I have to live down.

*

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

Right. Attractive female cop
struggling to be taken seriously in
a man's man's world. That it?

CHLOE

Something like that.

LUCIFER

Who cares what the other pigs say?
You're a kickass detective --
should listen to me a bit *more*
maybe but -- you know who you are.

*

*

CHLOE

I know who I am. There's just a lot
of people out there who have a
problem with it. Other cops mostly.

LUCIFER

They're threatened. You're clearly
smart and have notable instincts.
Ignore them. Trust yourself.

*

*

*

This man continues to surprise her... which also annoys her.
Her cell goes off... saved by the ring...

*

*

CHLOE (ON PHONE)

Detective Dancer... Really? Okay,
text it to me. Thanks.

*

*

She hangs up. Huh.

LUCIFER

What?

CHLOE

(reluctant, but...)

Looks like what you said stands up.
There's a Penny Lane who sees a Dr.
Linda Martin. Address in Beverly
Hills.

*

*

*

*

LUCIFER

Excellent. I'll clear my schedule.

*

Chloe shakes her head. Although, something about this madness
makes sense. Another call interrupts, thank God.

*

CHLOE (ON PHONE)

Yeah... What? You're kidding me. Is
she okay?... Her father was
supposed to pick her up today... Of
course he's not.

*

*

*

*

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

CHLOE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Okay, I'll be there as soon I can.
 (hangs up, annoyed)
 We have to make a pit stop.

LUCIFER
 No. Absolutely not.

CHLOE
 I have to get my kid from school.
 She got into a fight.

LUCIFER
 Can't she get herself home?

CHLOE
 She's seven.

LUCIFER
 I'm not here to help you run
 errands. I'm here to help you solve
 a homicide.

Chloe just hits the gas, pinning him to the back seat.

19

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - STREET - DAY

19

Chloe pulls up in front.

CHLOE
 Wait here.

LUCIFER
 With pleasure. I despise children.

Chloe frowns, gets out, locks the car doors and heads into the school. Lucifer *stares at the car lock*, it pops up and he gets out to stretch, lights a cigarette when... A MILFY MOM crosses his path and disappears into the school. Lucifer likes what he sees. Decides to follow her in.

20

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

20

Lucifer looks around, but the Milfy Woman has disappeared. Lucifer frowns, sits down in the lobby -- LIT CIGARETTE STILL IN HAND -- next to a precocious little thing named **BEATRICE**.

TRIXIE
 I don't think you're allowed to
 smoke in here.

LUCIFER
 Oh dear, what will become of me?

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

My mother is a police officer. She
could arrest you.

LUCIFER

(smiles, isn't this fun)
I think I might *know* your mother.
We're working together. On a case.
Top secret.

TRIXIE

You know my mother?

LUCIFER

Unfortunately.

TRIXIE

What's your name?

LUCIFER

Lucifer.

TRIXIE

(wide-eyed; hushed)
Like the devil?!

LUCIFER

(grins, pleased)
Exactly.

TRIXIE

My name is Beatrice. But everyone
calls me Trixie.

LUCIFER

That's a hooker's name.

TRIXIE

What's a hooker?

LUCIFER

Ask your mother.
(then)
Why are you in trouble?

TRIXIE

See that girl over there?

She nods at a MEAN GIRL sitting across the way.

LUCIFER

The ugly one?

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

Yes! She was bullying me. She created a fake Snapchat account and used it to make fun of me! So I kicked her in the no-no-touch zone!

Lucifer pauses. Trixie points to his crotch. Lucifer nods.

LUCIFER

I see. Well-played.

He gets up, walks over to MEAN GIRL and sits beside her.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Hello, Mean Girl. Did you know that you will never amount to anything in this life, and that there's a special section of Hell reserved for bullies. So, have fun!

Lucifer's eyes peel open, revealing a flash of horrid ones beneath. Mean Girl bursts into tears. And as she does, she suddenly *slows*. *In fact everything around her slows...*

Lucifer's grin fades. We now know what this means. Amenadiel is near. Lucifer stands, looks down to the far end of the hallway. *Children pass in SURREAL MOTION, a shadow looming beyond them, when suddenly...*

A distorted voice calls out to Lucifer from behind. He turns. IT'S CHLOE.

CHLOE

Hello?! What'd you do?

Everything has slipped back to NORMAL SPEED. The kids in the hall, Trixie *and* crying Mean Girl. Lucifer recovers quickly.

LUCIFER

I think someone's feeling a little guilty. Isn't that right, child?

More tears from Meanie. A smile from Trixie. Off Chloe: WTF? *

Lucifer, Chloe and Trixie walk out as DAN ESPINOZA arrives. *What's he doing here?*

TRIXIE

Hi, Daddy.

Oh. That's why.

CHLOE

Wow. Shocker. You're late.

DAN

Gimme a break, I'm putting a case to bed.

CHLOE

Right, like I'm not working a case too. You remember -- the one you tried to steal from me?

DAN

You mean the open and shut one. You *did* open and shut it, right?

Off Chloe's silence -- clearly, that's a no.

*

LUCIFER

Have you been going rogue, dear?
Exciting.

*

*

*

CHLOE

I'm not going rogue. I'm just being diligent. I need to get this right, Dan. It's a high profile case.

*

*

*

DAN

Exactly. Which is why you need to be smart about it--

*

Lucifer clocks Trixie sticking her fingers in her ears.

LUCIFER

She *is* smart. You're a dimwit. But perhaps you should refrain from arguing in front of the child. It's unbecoming. Not to mention another waste of my time. Which is far more important. To me.

A moment. Dan looks at Chloe.

DAN

Who's this idiot? New boyfriend? I thought we agreed not to--

Lucifer grabs Dan in a firm handshake. Gets up close, says:

LUCIFER

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm a man who could make you see things that would drive you blind. Or pull your spine out through your mouth.

(MORE)

21

CONTINUED: (2)

21

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Your choice. But I wouldn't do any
of these things in front of the
child. You know why? Because I, for
one, have excellent manners.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

I don't know whether to laugh or
shoot you.

LUCIFER

Surprise me.

TRIXIE

Isn't he funny, Daddy?!

CHLOE

(to Dan)

Hey, can you drop Trix at my
mother's? Thanks! Gotta go!

(to Trixie)

Gimme a kiss, Trixella! Mommy loves
you so much! And... good job
standing up to the mean girl!

TRIXIE

Thanks, Mommy!

(then)

What's a hooker?

CHLOE

Daddy'll tell you.

Dan nods his thanks, takes Trixie by the hand and walks off.
Trixie turns back.

TRIXIE

Bye, Lucifer! Nice to meet you!

Lucifer says nothing. Just frowns. But it's yet *another*
surprise for Chloe.

CHLOE

I think she likes you.

LUCIFER

Of course she does. What's not to
like?

*
*

END OF ACT THREE

*

ACT FOUR

21A INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

21A

Lucifer and Chloe wait...

LUCIFER

Was your offspring planned or a mistake?

CHLOE

Excuse me?

(off his you-heard-me look)

Planned. Sort of.

LUCIFER

Hmm. Explain to me the human desire to procreate? Never understood it. Children are hideous little creatures. Terrible, taxing burdens.

(off her look)

Oh, your kid's fine. I mean, nothing to crow about... but nothing to be too embarrassed about, either.

Chloe just stares at him for a beat, dumbfounded.

CHLOE

Are you at all aware of how dickish you sound?

Lucifer locks eyes with her... trying to work his mojo again.

LUCIFER

Speaking of dicks -- why was that dum dum you were married to pressuring you to close the case?

CHLOE

No reason.

LUCIFER

(frowns, not used to this)

Strange.

CHLOE

Yes, you are.

LUCIFER

No, I'm *still* not affecting you.

CHLOE

Actually, you're making me nauseous.

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED:

21A

Lucifer studies her for a beat, intrigue now verging on concern.

*
*

LUCIFER
Hmm, did *My Father* send you?

*
*

Dr. Linda Martin pokes her head out...

*

DR. LINDA MARTIN
Okay Detective, I'll see you now.

*
*

22 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

22

Lucifer and Chloe sit opposite the therapist, **DR. LINDA MARTIN**, very uptight and very put-together.

CHLOE
I'd like to ask you a few questions about Delilah...

Linda nods, but she can't take her eyes off Lucifer. He nods and smiles, very understanding.

LUCIFER
You're thinking about it, aren't you?

LINDA
What?

LUCIFER
It's not a good idea. I'm like walking heroin. Very habit-forming. Never ends well.

CHLOE
I'm sorry, do you two know each other?

LUCIFER
No, but I know that look.

LINDA
(trying to snap out of it)
I don't know what you're talking about.

LUCIFER
(turns to Chloe)
It's interesting because you don't look at me that way.

CHLOE
What way?

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER
With carnal fascination.

CHLOE
That's because it doesn't exist.

LUCIFER

No, you see, that's just it... with most women it does. I tend to appeal to the dark, mischievous heart within all of you. But you, Detective -- you seem oddly immune to my charms.

CHLOE

Referring to them as charms is a stretch. Truth be told, I find you repulsive. Like on a chemical level. Seriously, you're gross. I mean, you flat out give me the heebie-jeebies.

LUCIFER

Fascinating.

LINDA

You say it's fascinating. But I can see it disturbs you, doesn't it? *Deeply.*

*
*

Lucifer now turns to Linda. Huh. She just read him pretty damn well. *What-the-F is going on lately?* Chloe plows on...

*

CHLOE

Dr. Martin, we know Delilah was having a clandestine affair with a wealthy married man. Just tell us his name and we'll be on our way.

LINDA

I'm sorry, I can't do that.

LUCIFER

(aside to Chloe)
She's one of the complex ones.
(then leans in to Linda)
Linda... *darling*... tell me.

*
*

LINDA

I can't. I want to!! But I can't!
You're the devil!

LUCIFER

Correct. Now... tell me, Dr. Martin. I know you want to...

LINDA

(really struggling)
Oh, darn... it's really juicy, too.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

(flummoxed)

Did you *ruffie* her? This is unbelievable.

*
*

LUCIFER

It's not her fault. She's just reacting to me. Watch and learn.

(back to Linda)

The answer is yes. We can take a trip to pound town if we must. But *you have to tell us, Linda.*

*
*
*

LINDA

(bursting)

Mmmmmokay, it's Grey Cooper.

CHLOE

Grey Cooper? Seriously? That *is* pretty juicy.

LUCIFER

(disgusted)

The actor? The one married to Amanda What's-her-face? Oh, he's horrible. So square-jawed and handsome. So *vanilla*. I'm really quite disappointed in Delilah. Truly terrible taste in the opposite sex.

*

CHLOE

Thank you doctor, we'll be in touch.

(to Lucifer)

Let's go.

LUCIFER

Of course, but I made a deal. I need to hold up my end of the bargain.

CHLOE

(incredulous)

You're not actually talking about having sex with her?? *Now?*

*
*
*

Lucifer looks at Chloe. She's right. This can wait. He looks at Linda, who smiles languidly, shifts in her seat...

LINDA

I do a lot of yoga. I am freakishly flexible... wanna see?

(then)

Wow, really tried to keep that in.

22

CONTINUED: (4)

22

LUCIFER

(gets up)

You tried. That's what matters.

(then)

I do apologize, but I'm going to have to take a rain check. I will be back.

LINDA

I certainly hope so.

LUCIFER

My word is my bond.

Chloe shakes her head, beyond stymied, following Lucifer out.

23

EXT. DOWNTOWN - INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

23

Lucifer walks with purpose down a dingy street, pushing his way past a GROUP OF ONLOOKERS crowded behind a barrier. As he starts to pass, a feeble **TRAFFIC COP** tries to stop him.

TRAFFIC COP

Sir. Uh. You have to stay behind the barricade--

Lucifer ignores him, stepping casually past the barricade when suddenly, a MUSCLE CAR comes SPEEDING around the corner. Pursued by TWO COP CARS. Lights. Sirens. And GUNFIRE!

Muscle car's tire BLOWS. Car FLIPS. And CRASH-SLIDES right towards Lucifer, who doesn't move as it skids to a halt inches from him. When we HEAR...

24

EXT. DOWNTOWN - INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

24

A.D.(O.S)

WHO THE FU(*air-horn*) IS THIS GUY?!

TRANSITION TO: this same moment over A VIDEO MONITOR... where a pissed-off **A.D.** storms out from behind it. We're on a film set. And Lucifer has just fucked up the big shot. Chloe hurries in behind him, couple UNIFORMS in her wake. She flashes her badge.

CHLOE

He's with me! Sorry.

Lucifer eyes the STUNT ACTOR being helped out of the overturned car. He's square-jawed, handsome, and vanilla. But...

*

LUCIFER

You're not Grey Cooper.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

A.D.

No! Of course not! What the hell is this?

CHLOE

We need to speak with Grey Cooper.

25

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DIFFERENT AREA - MOMENTS LATER

25

Lucifer and Chloe now with the real **GREY COOPER**... same cuts and bruises as the stunt guy. The uniforms stand by.

*
*

GREY COOPER

God, Delilah, yeah... heard about that this morning. Can't believe it. We did a movie together last year. Got pretty close.

*
*
*
*
*

LUCIFER

Lovers?

GREY COOPER

Friends.

LUCIFER

Friends who were lovers?

Grey frowns. Who is this asshole? Chloe gives Lucifer a look.

*

CHLOE

Settle down. I'll handle the questions, thank you.

(to Grey)

Mr. Cooper, when did you last have contact with Delilah?

*
*
*
*

LUCIFER

Sorry, I just have one more question before you proceed with the boring ones--

(turns to a confused Grey)

What do you want more than anything, Mr. Cooper? What is your deepest, darkest desire? When you close your eyes what do you see?

Chloe rolls her eyes. Here we go.

GREY COOPER

I'm the President of the United States.

LUCIFER

Ha! *Who's the devil now?*

(CONTINUED)

Grey frowns -- confused by his bold admission. Lucifer looks to Chloe: Impressed? She is. *Slightly*. Chloe takes the baton. *

CHLOE

Those are some pretty big aspirations there, Mr. Cooper.

GREY COOPER

(embarrassed/plays casual) *

Well. After the acting and, stuff--

CHLOE

Oh, don't be embarrassed. Hell, if Arnold can do it, right? But ya know, you wouldn't want any nasty secrets screwin' that up, would you? *

GREY COOPER

No... I wouldn't. *

CHLOE

Better to pull the skeletons out now... public's very forgetful. *

LUCIFER

More importantly, why would you want to be a politician? I mean you get to make movies? Isn't that more fun? Not that I like yours much. *

A BLACK SUV rolls up behind them... *

GREY COOPER

Is there a point to this? *

CHLOE

Mr. Cooper, were you having an affair with Delilah? *

His mouth drops open... at a loss... when: *

AMANDA

Honey, have you been getting my texts? I thought you were breaking for lunch like a half-hour ago-- *

AMANDA BELLO, a famous actress in her own right, walks up behind Grey. Clocks Lucifer, Chloe and the weird vibe.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What's going on?

GREY COOPER

These people are detectives.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA
(confused)
Real ones?

*

CHLOE
Yes, ma'am. Well, I am.

LUCIFER
(takes in Amanda)
You're really quite striking in person. Luminous, actually.

AMANDA
Thank you!

LUCIFER
Interesting... I've never been very fond of you on the big screen.

AMANDA
Thank you...?

LUCIFER
I'm sorry, Lucifer... Morningstar.

*
*

They shake hands. Lock eyes. The LUCIFER EFFECT gearing up...

AMANDA
Wow. Great name. What's this about?

CHLOE
We had some questions. About Delilah.

Amanda lets go of Lucifer, nods to Chloe in that heartfelt way.

AMANDA
Oh. Yes. That's so sad.

GREY COOPER
Yeah... very... sad...

*

Grey wipes his brow... sweating nervously. As he does, Chloe zeroes in on a watch on his wrist -- IDENTICAL TO EDDIE'S.

*
*

CHLOE
Your watch. Where'd you get it?

*
*

GREY COOPER
Oh... um, it's a prop...

*
*

AMANDA
(casual but knows something)
No, that's the one Delilah gave you, isn't it? For Time Will Tell.

*
*
*
*

GREY COOPER *
 (chuckles uncomfortably) *
 Oh, right. That's the movie we did. *
 It was a... wrap gift. *

CHLOE *
 She give a *ten thousand dollar* *
watch to the whole crew? *

GREY COOPER *
 Oh, no. Just me. Far as I know. *
 'Cause we were... ya know, co-stars *
 and everything. *

LUCIFER *
 (locks eyes with Grey again) *
 Gonna have to lie better than that *
 if you wanna be president. *

GREY COOPER *
 (devilish aside) *
 I know, right? *

LUCIFER *
 So you were sleeping with her then? *

GREY COOPER *
 Oh, yeah. *

AMANDA *
 Uh, I can hear you, Grey. *

CHLOE *
 So can I. *

GREY COOPER *
 (still whispers to Lucifer) *
 Crap. I just said that out loud, *
 didn't I? In front of people. *
 Police people. *And my wife.* *

AMANDA *
 Whatever. Not like I didn't know, *
 Grey. You're a terrible liar. And *
 actor, by the way. *

GREY COOPER *
 You *knew*? *

AMANDA *
 Of course. Why do you think I've *
 been sleeping with Bobby? *

*

(CONTINUED)

Grey throws a shocked look over to his bodyguard, BOBBY, who about chokes on his own tongue. *

AMANDA (CONT'D) *

And lemme tell you, it's goood. I climb that man like a tree. *

GREY COOPER *

Are you serious?! My *bodyguard*?! What a cliché! *

AMANDA *

Oh, I'm a cliché?! Well, you're a dick. *

Grey's not sure where to direct his anger. So he attacks Bobby. Amanda tries separate them. Lucifer and Chloe watch the clusterfuck for a sec, then Chloe nods at the uniforms.

CHLOE

Arrest them.
(turns to Lucifer)
One of 'em's gotta be guilty.

LUCIFER

Now that was fun.

Chloe can't help but crack the slightest smug smile. As *this* time... they watch the chaos they BOTH created. *

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

26 EXT. LUX - STREET - NIGHT (NIGHT 2) 26

A VIGIL honoring Delilah on the sidewalk. Candles and letters around a small TV playing one of Delilah's performances.

27 INT. LUX - NIGHT 27

Chloe's got a beer in one hand, cell in the other -- smug smile gone. Lucifer sips a scotch, spinning THAT COIN. Maze stands a few yards away, watching disapprovingly.

CHLOE (ON PHONE) *

I know. Check again. What about
 their assistants' phones,
 nannies?... Fan pages? Twitter?
 (sighs, listens) *
 Okay... Call if anything changes. *
 (hangs up, slugs her beer) *
 Grey and Amanda have zero *
 connection to the shooter or the *
 driver. Maybe the shooter wasn't *
 working for anyone. Maybe this *
 thing does start and end with him. *

LUCIFER

No. I don't believe it.

CHLOE

He did have the same watch as Grey.
 Can't be a coincidence. Maybe *
 Delilah gave it to him, too? Kind *
 of her go-to gift. *

LUCIFER

But that would imply she was
sleeping with that maggot.

CHLOE

Let's see, Jimmy, 2VILE, Grey
 Cooper... She was sleeping with
three other maggots. Not like she
 had tremendous discretion.
 (another gulp of beer) *
 God... why am I here?

LUCIFER

Wrong deity, but that *is* the
 eternal question, isn't it?

CHLOE

No. I mean, here. In a bar. With
 you.

(CONTINUED)

They look at each other. Lucifer serious now... *

LUCIFER

I don't know, Detective. Despite
your proclaimed revulsion, you
can't deny there's a connection
between us. Tell me... what do you
really want? *

CHLOE

(half-smiles, mocking him)
You mean, WHAT do I *desire* more
than anything in this life? *

LUCIFER *

Yes. No tricks -- not that they
work with you, you freak. Tell me.
I'm curious.

Lucifer finally seems genuine here. She loosens up. Maybe
it's the beer... maybe *not*.

CHLOE

I suppose what I was saying before
wasn't all a lie... I do want to
help people... I dunno...

Lucifer frowns, more teasing than judging.

LUCIFER

Your purity repulses me. *

CHLOE

Well, your lack of it isn't wildly
attractive either.

A moment shared. They tip their drinks to each other. Touché. *

CHLOE (CONT'D)

My father was a cop. A pretty great
one. My mother was an actress.
Pretty cheesy one. I tried the
acting thing. Took my top off, not
exactly contributing to the
betterment of society. *

LUCIFER

--disagree--

CHLOE

Anyway. Didn't like how it made me
feel about myself. So I quit.
Became a cop like my old man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Endured the staring and teasing from the entire department. 'Til I became a detective and found a whole new way to ostracize myself.

*

LUCIFER

Ah. The reason your ex-maggot was pressuring you to close this.

*

*

CHLOE

Yeah. Few months ago, I saw a case differently than a lot of people in the department -- *including* my ex. Stuck my neck out ...*backfired*. Now most of 'em hate me. And nobody'll work with me.

*

LUCIFER

I'm available.

*

Chloe shakes her head, but can't help but smile. Maze interrupts to grab glasses, when a familiar MUSIC CUE plays -- a SONG CALLED "TIME WILL TELL." ON THE BAR TV: NEWS COVERAGE showing the outpouring of support from Delilah's fans. A REPORTER commenting on the recent rise of her album sales.

*

*

*

MAZE

(to Lucifer, bit spiteful)

Too bad your little protégé's not around to cash the check.

Chloe's face goes slack -- light bulb moment.

CHLOE

Oh wow. Delilah gave Grey a watch for the movie Time Will Tell. Get it?

*

*

*

LUCIFER

Very poetic.

*

*

CHLOE

She gave one to someone else, too. But not to the drug dealer...

*

*

*

Late night session. A YOUNG BOY BAND recording. Tired mixers at work. And... JIMMY, harping on a Justin Bieber-y kid. Door booms open. TECHS and MIXERS curse as Lucifer and Chloe interrupt the session, making a bee-line for Jimmy.

*

JIMMY BARNES

Really?! Wasn't enough to destroy my wedding, huh--

CHLOE

How're the album sales doing?

Jimmy winces at that one. Hides his fear. But not well.

JIMMY BARNES

What album?

CHLOE

The soundtrack for Time Will Tell.
That YOU produced... Whitney
Houston reached the top 10 for
album sales after her death.
Michael Jackson hit the
stratosphere! I'm not sure you'll
achieve the same heights by having
Delilah killed, but that's still a
buttload of royalty checks comin'
your way. Not a bad year for you.
Guess you need that cash, huh?
Which is why you had to pay the
shooter with your watch.

LUCIFER

The watch *Delilah* gave you. Now
that's just sick, but then you are,
so...

Jimmy's sweaty face turns red. Then. He does something unexpected -- he GRABS one of the BAND BOYS as a shield and whips out a fucking GUN! Chloe's gun is out in a blink.

CHLOE

WHOA! Hey! Jimmy?!

The room freezes.

JIMMY BARNES

I *made* her! And she ruined me! She
humiliated me! She owes me!

Lucifer doesn't seem threatened by this escalation. Because he isn't. He advances on Jimmy.

LUCIFER

You're not *God*, Jimmy. You didn't
make her. But you did destroy her.
So I'm going to *punish* you.

JIMMY BARNES

Back off, you freak! I mean it! I'm
not going to prison for that bitch.
NO chance.

(CONTINUED)

But Lucifer keeps approaching. Now Chloe has to jump in.

*

CHLOE

Listen to him! Back off!

LUCIFER

It's fine. I told you. I'm *immortal*.

Jimmy's twitchy. Lucifer gets way too close and Jimmy SWINGS his gun up to fire on Lucifer when BOOM, BOOM! Chloe gets off two shots first. One hits a lamp. The other nails Jimmy. He drops to the ground. Dead. And here's the fun part... LUCIFER IS *PISSED*.

*

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?!

CHLOE

(what?!)

He was going to *kill* you!

LUCIFER

No-no-no you just let him off too easy! He needs to *suffer*! He needs to pay! He needs to *feel* the pain, not escape it!

CHLOE

(trying to understand him)

Well, don't worry. I'm sure where he's going the pain and punishment's coming...

LUCIFER

(sighs, irritated)

Actually, *no*. *It's not*. And why? Because I am *here*, and--

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. All eyes were off Jimmy who is still ticking and FIRES off three shots at Chloe. One LANDS. Chloe goes down.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

No!

Chloe staggers. BLOOD coming up fast. Lucifer hurries to her side. She looks up at him through clouded, murky eyes.

CHLOE

I don't want to die...

LUCIFER

I won't let you... My father will just have to wait for you.

The moment is interrupted by more SHOTS from Jimmy. Lucifer protects Chloe now -- using his own body as a shield. He cringes. Fuck that hurts. WE see it, SHE doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Wait here a second...

Lucifer turns and WE STAY IN CHLOE'S POV -- her vision blurred. Distorted. She's catching only glimpses... but sees Lucifer walk over... grab Jimmy by the neck and SLAM him up against a nearby glass booth.

The glass cracks in a spiderweb... AND WE SEE Lucifer's broken, demonic face in the shattered glass behind Jimmy.

JIMMY BARNES

Please. Don't kill me.

Lucifer flips Jimmy around to see THAT HORRID, NIGHTMARISH REFLECTION.

LUCIFER

You're going to wish that was all I did to you.

And then CHLOE'S VISION is lost to BLACK and we HEAR Jimmy's blood-curdling SCREAM over a moment in DARKNESS...

Which then gives way to a BRIGHT TUNNEL OF LIGHT... Oh, wait. It's just a regular light. A HOSPITAL BED LIGHT...

Chloe is coming to. She finds Lucifer hovering over her. Looking more like an angel than a devil. Good lighting.

LUCIFER

Well, look who's back.

CHLOE

(groggy)

How long have I been out?

LUCIFER

Three years.

CHLOE

What?!

Lucifer smiles. The bastard just can't help himself.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You're such an ass.

(then, remembering)

He was firing at you. Why are you not more... dead?

LUCIFER

You're having a very hard time with
the immortal thing, aren't you?

CHLOE

(struggling to make sense)
Must've been delirious from the
blood loss.

LUCIFER

Whatever helps you sleep, my dear.

CHLOE

What happened to Jimmy?

LUCIFER

He got what he deserved.

That hangs there. Another mystery Chloe will have to deal
with later. She changes gears.

CHLOE

Well, I'm pretty sure *I'd* be dead
if you hadn't helped me. So, thank
you.

LUCIFER

I'm sorry. I missed that last part.

CHLOE

(slightly annoyed smile)
Thank you.

LUCIFER

You're welcome.

Lucifer, suddenly uncomfortable with the warm exchange:

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Besides, you're far too interesting
to let die.

CHLOE

You saved my life because you find
me... *interesting?*

LUCIFER

Wildly irritating as well, but yes.

Lucifer grins, but can't hide that there's *more to it than
that*. Chloe studies him, frowns... *either can she...*

CHLOE

So now what?

(CONTINUED)

LUCIFER

Well, obviously I've proven myself as an invaluable crime-fighting tool. You're a pariah in the department. I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship, don't you?

CHLOE

Who the hell *are you?*

LUCIFER

I told you. I'm --

TRIXIE (O.S.)

Lucifer!

It's Chloe's daughter, Trixie. Ex-husband Dan in tow. Trixie hugs Lucifer, which makes him hugely uncomfortable.

LUCIFER

Now, now. That's enough, child. Save some of this unpleasantness for your mother.

Chloe glows at the sight of her daughter, tears up as Trixie hugs her. Lucifer and Dan eye each other for a tense beat.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

I think she's one hell of a homicide detective, don't you?

DAN

Yes. She is.
(to Chloe)
I'm happy for you.

CHLOE

Not sure you are, or just relieved I didn't cause problems again.

DAN

I'm *trying* to compliment you.

CHLOE

Okay... I'll take it... thanks. And how 'bout the department... They happy for me?

*
*
*

DAN

Gettin' there.
(not)
You need to be more careful. You should've had backup.

*

(CONTINUED)

Lucifer jumps, defending *himself*...

LUCIFER

She *had* back up.

Dan looks at him. Right. As much as that challenges him, he decides to keep it polite.

DAN

Thank you. For helping her.

Lucifer, on the other hand, *doesn't* keep it polite:

LUCIFER

That's hard for you, isn't it? Not to be a douche.

Dan's mouth drops open, wants to slug him, but Lucifer's already halfway to the door.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

I'd stay for the family reunion, but it's giving me IBS. Look forward to seeing you soon, Chloe--

CHLOE

--I don't--

LUCIFER

--Bye now. Glad you're not dead.

Lucifer leaves but looks back for a moment, curious as to why he gives a good goddamn about any them. He frowns, *troubled*.

Lucifer pulls up. Gets out, handing his keys to the VALET who greets him with a smile and says... Nothing. *Because he has just slipped into SLOW MOTION*. Lucifer sighs.

LUCIFER

Damnit.

Close enough. Lucifer turns. Amenadiel watches from across the street. They meet in the middle of *slow-flowing traffic*.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

What do you want from me?

AMENADIEL

I've been watching you, Lucifer.

LUCIFER

Perv.

AMENADIEL

And I'm not sure I like what I see.
You're showing restraint. *Mercy.*

LUCIFER

Scared I'm turning away from the
Dark Side, bro? Gonna give you a
little competition for Dad's fav?
Don't worry, *I'm not.*

Something flashes in Lucifer's eyes -- something evil.

AMENADIEL

I don't believe you. The human
world can be even more painful than
hell, Lucifer. Stay here, and
prepare to feel things you have
never felt before.

*
*
*
*
*

LUCIFER

(stone cold serious now)
Do not threaten me, Amenadiel. You
won't win.

*

AMENADIEL

(flash of anger)
Then go BACK!!

*
*

LUCIFER

(realizing... pleased)
You're the one who's threatened.

*
*

AMENADIEL

My hatred of you grows stronger
with each visit.

LUCIFER

Wouldn't have it any other way,
pal. Look forward to eating your
heart one day. Peace.

Amenadiel turns and walks off. Lucifer watches him go...

Lucifer drops down at the piano. Maze watches from a short
distance. *What looks like A DAGGER spins on its point in the
palm of her hand.* But before we get a good look, she stops
it... walks over to Lucifer... quiet.

LUCIFER

I sense your disapproval, Maze.
What is it?

MAZE

I just can't understand why you
would *save a human life*.

Lucifer weighs this. Not sure himself. But plays it light...

LUCIFER

There's something different about her. Something I can't figure out. And it vexes me.

Maze eyes him, her own concern brewing.

MAZE

Maybe it's not *her* that's different.

LUCIFER

Is this where I ask: whatever do you mean?

MAZE

Stop caring! You're The Devil!

LUCIFER

Yes. I am...

But there's doubt in his eyes as he launches into an eerie rendition of "Gimme Shelter" which continues over...

Dr. Linda Martin sits when she notices a little red light BLINKING above her door. She's confused -- doesn't have an appointment right now. She gets up, opens the door...

Linda startles. Because Lucifer is standing *right there*.

LUCIFER

Here's the deal. We can have as much naked cuddle time as you desire. But I need you to listen to me too. I have a few things I'd like to discuss with you. An existential dilemma or two. Deal?

Linda smiles. Deal. And as the door shuts behind them WE SMASH TO BLACK and Van Halen's "Runnin' with the Devil" kicks in.

THE END