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
WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT
4000 WARNER BLVD.
BURBANK, CA 91522

© 2015 WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT INC. THIS SCRIPT IS THE PROPERTY OF WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT INC. NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, REPRODUCED OR USED BY ANY MEANS, OR DISCLOSED TO, QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT INC.
LUCIFER

"Pilot"

CAST

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

OFFICER DIGGS
DELLIH
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)
LOCATION: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

SUNSET BLVD.

LUX STREET

MALIBU WEDDING SITE

2VILE’S PLACE

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL STREET

DOWNTOWN INDUSTRIAL AREA STREET
### CHRONOLOGY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NIGHT</th>
<th>SCENES</th>
<th>Day Range</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>NIGHT 1</td>
<td>SCENES 1</td>
<td>1-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAY 2</td>
<td>SCENES 13-25</td>
<td>13-25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NIGHT 2</td>
<td>SCENES 26-28</td>
<td>26-28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAY 3</td>
<td>SCENES 29</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NIGHT 3</td>
<td>SCENES 30-31</td>
<td>30-31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAY 4</td>
<td>SCENES 32</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
FADE IN:

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

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.

INT. LUCIFER’S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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)
LUCIFER - Pilot - GREEN DRAFT - 3/13/15

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 --
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: “FALL1N 1.”

*SMASH TO BLACK*

**TITLE CARD: LUCIFER**

**EXT. LUX - STREET - NIGHT**

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.

**INT. LUX - CONTINUOUS**

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
(takin in Lux)
You’ve become quite ensconced with this little hobby of yours...
(off Lucifer’s nod of thanks)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
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.
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)
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.

EXT. LUX - STREET - NIGHT

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 aahs 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.

INT. LUX - NIGHT

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...

OMIT

EXT. LUX - STREET - NIGHT

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)
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...

EXT. LUX - STREET - CONTINUOUS

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?

EXT. LUX - STREET - LATER - SAME NIGHT

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?

(CONTINUED)
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?

INT. LUX - NIGHT
...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?

(CONTINUED)
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
Imortality... 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

INT. LUX - LATER THAT NIGHT

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...

EXT. MALIBU COASTLINE - DAY (DAY 2)

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

EXT. MALIBU - WEDDING SITE - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
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
(lock 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?

(CONTINUED)
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.

EXT. 2VILE’S PLACE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

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

INT. 2VILE’S PLACE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

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.

(CONTINUED)
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!
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

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.

EXT. 2VILE’S PLACE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

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)
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

INT. CHLOE’S POLICE CAR - DRIVING - DAY

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 -- you 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.
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.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - STREET - DAY
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.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY
Lucifer looks around, but the Milf 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?
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? *

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - STREET - DAY

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

TRIXIE
Hi, Daddy.

Oh. That’s why.

(CONTINUED)
Wow. Shocker. You’re late.

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

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

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

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

Have you been going rogue, dear?

Exciting.

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

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

Lucifer clocks Trixie sticking her fingers in her ears.

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.

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

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

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.

(CONTINUED)
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.
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!


CHLOE
I think she likes you.

LUCIFER
Of course she does. What’s not to like?

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

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 dumdum 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)
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.

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE – DAY

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.
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)
Mmmmmmokay, 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.
(gets up)
You tried. That’s what matters.

(them)
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.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

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...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

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)
A.D.
No! Of course not! What the hell is this?

CHLOE
We need to speak with Grey Cooper.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DIFFERENT AREA - MOMENTS LATER

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 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?
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.
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.*

*(CONTINUED)*
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?
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 gooood. 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
A VIGIL honoring Delilah on the sidewalk. Candles and letters around a small TV playing one of Delilah’s performances.

INT. LUX - NIGHT

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.
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)
LUCIFER - Pilot - LAVENDER - 3/21/15

CONTINUED: (2)

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 protegé’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...

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER THAT NIGHT

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--

(CONTINUED)
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...

INT. HOSPITAL – ROOM – DAY (DAY 3)

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?

(CONTINUED)
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?
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?

Who the hell are you?

I told you. I’m --

Lucifer!

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

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.

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

Yes. She is.

(to Chloe)

I’m happy for you.

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

I’m trying to compliment you.

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

Gettin’ there.

You need to be more careful. You should’ve had backup.
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.

EXT. LUX - STREET - NIGHT (NIGHT 3)

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.

(CONTINUED)
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...

INT. LUX - MOMENTS LATER

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...
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...

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE/WAITING ROOM - DAY (DAY 4)

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