

IT WAS A NIGHT

PART TWO

'A Deal with The Devil'

Written by

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INT. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. LATE AFTERNOON.

LUCIFER (21, a Michigander) stands behind the counter and across from a young woman also wearing a bright yellow Aunty Ruth's Pie Shop apron and nametag (JENNIFER, 21, a Michigander). She has a pleading expression on her face.

JENNIFER

Pretty please, cherry on top and all that sweet shit I know you like.

Lucifer has his arms crossed.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'll do whatever you want. I'll work your shift for an entire month, free of charge.

LUCIFER

You waited this long to ask someone?

JENNIFER

I know, I know. It's super, ridiculously, inexcusably late notice.

Jennifer slaps her palms together in one last desperate plea.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

It's just an hour...and a bit. That's all. I'm begging you.

Lucifer's face is still stony, but slowly a smile creeps in. Jennifer notices and grins back.

LUCIFER

Fine, fine, I give in. Not like I had anything going on anyway.

Jennifer rushes Lucifer, tackling him into a ferocious hug.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

(muffled by Jennifer's hair)

What can I say, I'm a romantic at heart, but you owe me. Big time. More than big time.

Jennifer releases Lucifer.

JENNIFER

I'll buy you a car.

LUCIFER
Deal.

Appeased, Lucifer and Jennifer lean against the counter together, watching the gentle beginnings of snow through the nearest window. The diner isn't very full, the occasional customer scattered here and there between the red booths.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
So, what have you got planned?

JENNIFER
(checking off on her
fingers)
Candles. Chocolates. Coitus.

LUCIFER
How romantic.

JENNIFER
Gotta impress them somehow. Why not
with my ability to string a lyrical
sentence together.

LUCIFER
Yeah, I'm sure that'll go down a
real treat.

Jennifer groans and allows her head to fall onto the counter with a resounding thud.

JENNIFER
(muffled)
I am the worst girlfriend in the
history of girlfriends.

LUCIFER
Pshaw. Alex knows you love them. So
you forgot your anniversary-
(on Jennifer's expression)
Okay, yeah, it's kinda shitty, but
hey, like you said, you've got a
plan. Your three Cs.

JENNIFER
Ha. Ha. Ha. Not funny, Lucy.

Lucifer knocks his elbow against Jennifer's, coaxing her to match his smile with one of her own.

Ding-a-ling!

Lucifer and Jennifer look up as a young man (AUSTIN, 23, Australian) enters, brushing the snow off his jacket.

LATER

Lucifer stands behind the register. Before him is a short line consisting of a group of elderly women and a grumpy looking BUS DRIVER. Outside the snow is coming down a lot harder now, through the window a number of cars are quickly pulling out of the gas station.

LUCIFER

Welcome to Aunty Ruth's. What can I do for you today?

BUS DRIVER

Coffee.

(handing money over)

That's quite the weather you're having. Threatening to be a real bruiser.

LUCIFER

Well, hopefully it won't get any worse.

BUS DRIVER

I highly doubt it.

The Bus Driver walks away as Lucifer places the order.

LUCIFER

(to self)

Delightful.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Hey, sourpuss.

Lucifer turns to find Jennifer leaning in through the kitchen doorway, a million jackets and a large scarf engulfing her entire body.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'm outies and thanks again times a million.

LUCIFER

Remember, three Cs.

JENNIFER

Haha. And hey, good luck!

Lucifer looks over his shoulder to find the old ladies now all standing directly before him with large smiles. Over to the side, another older woman (DOROTHY, 74, a sweetened New York accent) exits the bathroom with a large bag full of knitting.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Byeeeeeeeeee.

Lucifer pokes his tongue out at Jennifer as she bolts out the door before turning back around to face the group of elderly women. They look less pleasant now, clearly unimpressed by his lack of professionalism.

LUCIFER
Hello, ladies. What about that snow, hey?

INT. KITCHEN. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. LATE AFTERNOON.

Lucifer stands before a line of Christmas themed takeaway cups on the pass, dispensing a teabag into each one. The next Christmas song clicks over and Lucifer begins to slowly sway along until *THWUMP!* Lucifer freezes, turning slowly to face the cold room at the far end of the kitchen.

INT. COLD ROOM. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. CONTINUOUS.

Lucifer opens the thick door, his breath turning instantly visible in the cold. Once the light finishes flickering its way to life, he cautiously enters.

Inside, large containers of pre-prepared meals and perishables sit in rows on tall shelves. Everything is still. Nothing is open or on the floor. Curious, Lucifer steps a little further into the cold room

Slowly, as Lucifer ventures further inwards, a wind begins to pick up, and it doesn't stop there, continuing to grow until suddenly the light goes out. Lucifer stops instantly, turning to look back towards all that remains in the way of visibility: the open door that is now slowly beginning to swing shut. Breaking into a panicked run, Lucifer manages to catch the door just in time, ramming into it with his shoulder.

INT. KITCHEN. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. CONTINUOUS.

Lucifer slams the cold room door shut, eyes wide with relief. Slowly, he returns to the line of teas, rubbing at his arms that have turned red from the cold. Hanging in the warm air before his face is his frozen breath, still visible.

Sparing one last look for the dark door behind him, Lucifer shakes off his unease and continues on with his teabag dispensary. Through the kitchen doorway he can see the smiling faces of the remaining customers.

Behind him, on the window imbedded in the cold room door, a small handprint slowly appears against the frosted glass.

INT. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. LATE AFTERNOON.

Ding-a-ling!

Lucifer, Austin and Dorothy are the only ones left in Aunty Ruth's. From his position behind the counter, Lucifer can see Dorothy and Austin engaging in an animated conversation, but not hear what they're saying so he checks his watch. Clearly displeased with what he finds, Lucifer looks out upon the outside world, which is just one big, blank, white canvas, the snow falling heavy and quick.

Defeated, he gives in, leans against the counter, brings out his phone and starts playing Space Invaders.

CLOSE UP <LUCIFER'S PHONE>

The consistent beeps of the Space Invaders cannon is all that can be heard.

On screen, Lucifer is getting his ass handed to him. Right at the end of his game, most of the aliens have been destroyed by now, but there's one particular group that are just refusing to give in. Lucifer spams the cannon, the incessant beeps slowly dying away to be replaced with a heavily displeased voice.

RED HAIR GIRL (O.S.)

Hey!

INT. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. LATE AFTERNOON.

Lucifer looks up just as his phone bleeps sadly in defeat to find two young women watching him. The one with the dyed orangey-red hair (RED HAIR GIRL, 25, Australian) looks highly unimpressed.

RED HAIR GIRL

Hi there. Yeah, you, hi!

Lucifer mimics the girl's displeasure, pocketing his phone. In the background Dorothy is now sitting in her own booth on the right, happily knitting away, while in a booth tucked over in the far left corner, Austin is totally passed out, his head resting in an open book.

LUCIFER

Can I help you?

RED HAIRRED GIRL
We were wondering if you were open.

Lucifer waves his hand towards the room, indicating that they, regrettably, are. In response Red Haired Girl turns around to confer momentarily before returning to face Lucifer.

RED HAIRRED GIRL (CONT'D)
Two coffees please.

LUCIFER
And?

RED HAIRRED GIRL
No, that's all, thanks. We'll just
go sit down?

LUCIFER
Shure.

Lucifer moves towards the register, entering the order, when he looks up to see the other girl (CHERRY PIE GIRL, 24, Australian) has remained and is eyeing off the cherry pie in the display window.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

Cherry Pie Girl looks up, arms crossed in indecision.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Best in the county. The state
too...
(unsure, to himself)
I think.

Cherry Pie Girl falters for just a second more before:

CHERRY PIE GIRL
Well hell, I suppose. When in Rome,
hey.

LUCIFER
When in Rome.

LATER

Lucifer hands over two coffees and the cherry pie to the girls.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Enjoy.

RED HAIRRED GIRL
Cheers!

Lucifer retreats as Cheery Pie Girl and Red Haired Girl snuggle closer together.

Heading back behind the counter, Lucifer's jeans begin emitting a muffled *brrrrrrr* that upon retrieval proves to be his phone and the theme tune from The IT Crowd. The caller ID reads: JJ. He answers.

JENNIFER
(on the phone)
Lu...he...sorry...stu...can't
believe...

Everything is staticky.

LUCIFER
Hey, Jen?

Before continuing on, Lucifer notices his audience of one in Dorothy, who is watching him with a benign smile upon her face. Lucifer briefly returns the expression before ducking into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. CONTINUOUS.

LUCIFER
Look I can't understand what your
saying, just, try calling back in a
minute or something--

Lucifer pulls away from his phone to look at the blank screen.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Oh.

The call has disconnected.

RED HAIRRED GIRL (O.S.)
Excuse me, ma'am. Seems the phones
have gone down. Just thought you
ought to know.

Lucifer looks up towards the voices in the other room.

DOROTHY (O.S.)
That's very kind of you dear.

Leaning back against the kitchen pass Lucifer sighs loudly and strongly.

He tries to use the search engine on his phone to look up a snowplough service. Nothing loads. Flicking through his phone, he instead selects a message chain under the contact JJ and begins typing.

LUCIFER'S TEXT MESSAGE: *It was a dark and stormy night...*

The message loads briefly before turning red. Unable to send.

Ding-a-ling!

Lucifer looks up.

INT. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. EVENING.

A familiar scene: Carmen and Lucifer together at the counter.

CARMEN
Coffee will do.
(Scanning menu)
And the waffles?

LUCIFER
Sure, why not. Give me something
tuh do.

As Carmen hands over the money and retreats to a corner booth, Lucifer takes note of Red Haired Girl's hand hovering expectantly in the air. As he moves out from behind the counter a new, even cheesier Christmas pop song comes on.

CLOSE UP <LUCIFER'S HANDS>

Lucifer is plating up a stack of steaming waffles. Berries, a little festive edible glitter, the works.

CLOSE UP <THE WAFFLES>

The delectable looking waffles are now steaming on the table in front of Carmen.

INT. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. EVENING.

Lucifer is standing alongside Carmen, arms crossed.

LUCIFER
Pardon?

CARMEN
Everyone here, this is it?

LUCIFER

Oh. Yeah, this is it until the phones come back and I can get Emergency Services or a snowplough or something tuh come out here and save us all.

Lucifer laughs at his own dramatisation. Carmen doesn't join in, taking a long, silent sip from his coffee.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

So, where you off tuh on a night like this?

CARMEN

I-

CHERRY PIE GIRL (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Carmen and Lucifer both turn towards the interruption. Cherry Pie Girl has partially raised her hand to draw their attention.

CHERRY PIE GIRL (CONT'D)

Sorry to interrupt, but do you smell something burning?

Lucifer's face drains white and as fast as a Jackrabbit, he is gone.

INT. KITCHEN. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. CONTINUOUS.

In the kitchen the cooktop is in flames. Technically impossible since it hasn't been used, and yet clearly possible. Lucifer's face is a complex mixture of shock and fear as he jumps into action.

First, he tries to approach the cooktop to turn it down, but the flames are too hot and he can't reach the dial properly. Overhead, some of the staff Christmas decorations are starting to smoke.

Second, he resorts to running around the kitchen like a headless chicken, tearing through boxes and under benches until he retrieves a dusty fire blanket wedged down between some shelves and the wall.

Third, Lucifer throws the blanket over the fire, and as it subsides he sinks to the floor, sweat running down his forehead.

Eventually, with the flames lowered, he's able to wrap his hand in a nearby tea towel and stretch forwards to turn off the cooktop. Leaning back against the pass, Lucifer looks up towards the ceiling where the sprinklers and smoke alarm are frozen over with thick, sparkling ice.

LUCIFER
(muttering)
Fuck's sake.

Lucifer begins patting himself down, producing a packet of cigarettes from his back pocket. He slides out a single smoke.

Ding!

Lucifer jumps as high as humanly possible, grabbing at his chest. Over above a prep counter the microwave is flashing, slices of pie visible behind the glass. Pushing off from the ground, Lucifer transfers the single cigarette to his shirt pocket and walks over to the microwave. As he does, he brings up his old message to JJ that didn't go through, still a bright negative red. He starts to type.

LUCIFER'S TEXT MESSAGE: *If the The Shop come calling, tell them it wasn't me, it was that crazy kid.*

The message loads briefly before turning red. Still unable to send.

CLOSEUP <Lucifer's Phone>

Space Invaders has been swapped out for Pac-Man, and yet Lucifer still isn't having any luck. His hands are a little shaky, and the blue ghost just isn't leaving him alone.

CARMEN (V.O.)
Hey, kid.

The blue ghost swallows Pac-Man whole.

INT. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. NIGHT.

Lucifer runs a tired hand over his face as he deposits Carmen's coffee at his table, while at the same time, leaning forward he tries to look outside towards the direction of Carmen's van. However, nothing is visible against the snow, the dark, the condensation and the copious amounts of tinsel.

Checking his watch once more, Lucifer sighs and then suddenly jumps at the sound of a door slamming shut in the nearby toilets.

DOROTHY (O.S.)
You okay, honey? You seem a
little...scattered.

Lucifer turns to find Dorothy watching him.

LUCIFER
Do I?

DOROTHY
I'm afraid so.

Lucifer sighs once again.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
You're getting quite good at those,
dear.

LUCIFER
Apologies.

DOROTHY
No need for that. You don't need to
explain yourself to me.

Lucifer hesitates briefly before taking a step closer towards
the older woman.

LUCIFER
It's just, well, it sounds stupid,
but you haven't noticed anything
odd? Or unusual, I guess. Just,
anything not normal for a diner.

Dorothy puts down her knitting to consider.

DOROTHY
Not necessarily, but you know what
they say about the snow.

LUCIFER
That I do.

Lucifer laughs weakly in accompaniment to his response.

DOROTHY
Maybe you just need a little break?
You're the only one on tonight,
aren't you, deary?

LUCIFER
Yeah. Yeah, you're right, I just
need to calm down. Have a breather.
(MORE)

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Umm, actually, do you mind keeping an eye on things for me so I can just nip out the back for a couple of minutes. Nothing major, just don't let anyone go behind the counter.

DOROTHY

It'd be my pleasure, darling.

Dorothy winks to round off her acceptance of the job.

INT. STAFF OFFICE. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. NIGHT.

Standing next to the staff lockers, Lucifer pulls on a massive puffer jacket, eyeing off every dark corner and crevice as he does so.

INT. KITCHEN. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. CONTINUOUS.

Lucifer makes for the back door, but is stopped short when the microwave *dings!*, alerting him to another set of four pies. Torn between leaving them, he eventually sighs and runs to plate them, leaving off any fancy seasonal decorations this time.

As Lucifer walks out of the kitchen, his arms decorated with pie, a strange shape, almost like a blue shadow, starts to form in the middle of the kitchen. However, Lucifer swiftly returns and the shadow quickly disappears.

On his way through the kitchen, Lucifer notes the oven and, after a moment of consideration, ducks back into the office momentarily. He quickly reappears with a determined expression and a roll of heavy duct tape in his hand. Approaching the oven, Lucifer tears off a large strip of tape and secures it across the oven dials so that they can't turn. Then, with a satisfied expression, he rams a beanie on his head and stomps through the kitchen and out the backdoor into the dark night.

EXT. AUNTY RUTH'S PIE SHOP. CONTINUOUS.

Outside the snow is so thick Lucifer has to partially dig his way out of the door, although the tiny lip of the roof covering is enough for him to huddle underneath. From the depths of his shirt pocket Lucifer retrieves his cigarette and brings it to life. He inhales slowly, and exhales even more so.

CARMEN (O.S.)
Am I interrupting?

Lucifer turns to see Carmen wrestling his way over from around the corner in the fashion of a big red bear attacking the snow with it's giant paws.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
She said you were out here. The old lady.

Lucifer raises his hand with the cigarette slotted between his fingers. Carmen nods in recognition, patting his own jacket down once he sidles along next to Lucifer.

LUCIFER
Find what you were looking for?

CARMEN
Yeah.

Carmen holds out a cigarette as Lucifer offers his light. Together, the two smokers cradle the gentle flame, tucking themselves further under the shelter as best they can.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Any reason why you're partying with the cold. I can't feel my fucking feet out here.

Lucifer shrugs.

LUCIFER
I guess it's the principal of the thing really. I don't like to intrude on others, plus my boss would kill me if he ever caught even the tiniest whiff of nicotine.

CARMEN
I can respect that.

LUCIFER
Cheers.

Together, Carmen and Lucifer crane their heads towards the black sky, speckled with the white of a million tiny snowflakes.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
It really is a proper monster tonight.

LATER

A couple of cigarette butts are turning limp in the snow at Carmen and Lucifer's feet.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Okay, your turn.

CARMEN
Favourite movie?

LUCIFER
Tombstone.

CARMEN
You're kidding.

LUCIFER
I'll be your huckleberry.

CARMEN
I didn't think kids your age were into that sort of thing.

LUCIFER
Hey, what do you mean kids my age?

CARMEN
Really young.

LUCIFER
I'm choosing to take that as a compliment. Now, it's my turn.

Carmen concedes, raising his hands in mock defeat. Lucifer tucks another drag from his cigarette, considering. Overhead, the tiny backlight flickers briefly, catching his attention.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Do you believe in ghosts?

Carmen turns to face Lucifer with a curious expression on his face, but before he can answer suddenly all the lights go out. The backlight, the lights above the gas pumps, the lights in the diner. All nearby windows are completely dark, and outside it is utterly pitch-black. All that remains is the deep orange glow of the cigarette in Carmen's hand and the miles and miles of bright white snow.

CARMEN
I might now.

THE END OF PART TWO...