

DEATH NOTE

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CLOUDS fill the screen. Swirling. Dreamlike.
 Something almost... OTHERWORLDLY about them.
 Before we can put our finger on just what it is--

There's a BRIGHT RED FLASH. Followed by another. And another.
 Rapid. Staccato... And suddenly we're falling--

The CLOUDS ripped away as the CAMERA begins to plummet...

We're falling into a big CITY. Urban sprawl. Middle of the day,
 and we're dropping fast. Wind RUSHING past. CAMERA, rock steady.

Down. Down... past the SIDE OF A BUILDING. Floor after floor
 whipping past until--

We hit the ground -- THUNK! -- We just hit... AND STOP.

Now all we can see is a WALL -- CLOSE UP. Someone's spray-
 painted GRAFFITI on it... We can make out a single word:

EARTH

SUPER: **CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. PRESENT DAY.**

CUT TO:

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - SECOND FLOOR CLASSROOM - SAME

A classroom FULL OF STUDENTS. CAMERA finds one in particular:

His name is LIGHT (17). He's a good-looking kid. Blond, tall.
 Fit... The quintessential boy-next-door.

Right now, he's staring out the window. Frowning at an ALLEY
 across the way. Something just caught his attention out there--
 Something that fell from the sky.

TEACHER (o.s.)

Light..?

Light looks up.

TEACHER

We're all here still, how about you? Mind
 translating what I've got on the board?

ON the DRY-ERASE BOARD, a phrase in FRENCH. Light translates:

LIGHT

"Alexander the Great conquered Thebes at
 age seventeen. The continent by twenty-
 five... And then he wept, for there were
 no more worlds to conquer."

(MORE)

LIGHT (continued)
But you want a *pleuré* for he wept... Not
ai pleuré.

TEACHER
(blinks)
Um... Oh, right.

He quickly erases his mistake. A few students snigger... But Light ignores them. He wasn't being snotty. Just accurate.

There is a knock at the classroom door.

A PRETTY GIRL (17) opens it, peers in. This is NAOMI HUTTON.

TEACHER
Yes, Ms. Hutton..?

NAOMI
(holding up a note)
They want Light in the Principal's office.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - SAME

Light and Naomi head down the hall. Light frowning slightly.

LIGHT
Okay. So what's the deal?

NAOMI
Deal..?

LIGHT
The principal's office. What is it?

NAOMI
It's the room where the school's
administrator works.

LIGHT
That's funny. You're a funny girl.

NAOMI
Actually, they found drugs in your
locker.

LIGHT
Drugs..?

NAOMI
Or a gun. Or possibly you won an award.

Light's cell phone buzzes. Text message. He checks it:

LIGHT
 Those all sound pretty bad.
 (reads text)
 Hey, Mike says he likes your friend
 Caitlin. What should I tell him?

NAOMI
 Eww.

LIGHT
 How do you spell that..?

NAOMI
 Like this--

Naomi stops just before the administration office. Turns on
 Light, and plants a major kiss on him. A beat. Light smiles.

LIGHT
 That's how you spell it..? I'm glad I'm
 just texting him.

NAOMI
 Listen to me, Light. I adore you. I'm
 glad you're my boyfriend. But your friend
 Mike... is a wank sock.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SAME

PRINCIPAL HANKS (50's) looks up from a folder, as Light enters:

PRINCIPAL HANKS
 Light! How's my star pupil? Sit, sit.

He opens a CIGARETTE CASE, as Light sits. It's filled with GUM.

PRINCIPAL HANKS
 Juicyfruit..?

LIGHT
 (frowns)
 That case smells like pot.

Hanks snaps the case shut quickly. Stuffs it in a drawer.

PRINCIPAL HANKS
 Does it..? Just took it off a student--
 (puts on glasses, recovering)
 Anyway, I just spoke with the Pacesetter
 people. The folks giving you the award..?

He picks up a few papers, scans them--

PRINCIPAL HANKS

They tell me there was a -- hiccup, they called it, with your acceptance forms.

LIGHT

(nods)

I didn't sign them.

PRINCIPAL HANKS

Right. Well, not a problem. You can sign them now.

He slides the forms towards Light, who just stares at them.

LIGHT

Mr. Hanks... I can't accept the award.

PRINCIPAL HANKS

(sighs)

Light, we've been over this. Your article was trimmed a little--

LIGHT

It was gutted.

PRINCIPAL HANKS

--to make it slightly more... appropriate.

LIGHT

I had THREE sources for the school board corruption allegations! And now no one's ever gonna know! How's that appropriate?

PRINCIPAL HANKS

This is a *national award*, Light. These Pacesetter folks want a boring night out... Not a societal indictment.

LIGHT

I'm sure it'll be a boring night out. Does it have to be bullshit, too?

Hanks shoots Light a warning look...

PRINCIPAL HANKS

Fine. I get it. You wanna fix the world.

(beat)

So take the damn award. Get a college degree. THEN you'll be totally prepared to fix everything... when you're older.

LIGHT

Alexander the Great sacked Thebes at 17.

PRINCIPAL HANKS

Sure, but how many Pacesetter awards did he win?

Light says nothing. Silence. The two just stare at each other.

PRINCIPAL HANKS

Light, I don't understand you... You've got the world at your feet. But you never seem happy about it.

Light lets out a long breath, considering... Then:

LIGHT

This stuff--
 (motions at the pacesetter papers)
 The awards, the grades... all of it.
 (shakes his head)
 I keep thinking there's something...
 bigger I could be doing with all this
 effort. Something... important.

PRINCIPAL HANKS

This is your whole future. That's as big as it gets.

Light stands abruptly. Shrugs on his backpack.

LIGHT

I don't know what to say... I hope you're wrong about that.

He turns to leave...

PRINCIPAL HANKS

You're disappointing a lot of people. The school. Your father -- I spoke to him about the ceremony today, he was excited--

Light looks back sharply. Clearly this is a surprise to him. But he says nothing, plays it off with a shrug...

LIGHT

I see. So, you're gonna guilt me into it?

PRINCIPAL HANKS

Well, you're the expert on corruption.
 (beat, smiles)
 What do you think..?

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - COURTYARD - LATER

A bell *RINGS*! End of the school day. Light exits the building. Book bag slung over his shoulder... Heads across the street.

Starts along the sidewalk. Passes a SMALL ALLEY, separating two TALL BUILDINGS. Keeps going... A beat, then--

He stops, remembering. Backtracks -- to the MOUTH OF THE ALLEY. Squints, scanning the ground... Spots something immediately:

A BLACK NOTEBOOK.

Like a STANDARD SCHOOL NOTEBOOK, lying just inside the alleyway. On the wall near the book, there's some spray-painted graffiti:

**LINCOLN HIGH BASKETBALL
WORSE ON EARTH**

We recognize the "EARTH" from the opening shot... Light stares down at the notebook. Then looks up towards the sky. *Where did this thing fall from..?*

He picks it up. On the cover, handwritten in WHITE INK, it says:

DEATH NOTE

Light flips it open. More WHITE INK inside. Under the heading "**DEATH NOTE - HOW TO USE IT**" -- a numbered SERIES OF RULES:

LIGHT

(reading)

*"The human whose name is written in this
note shall die..."*

Light shakes his head: *must be some kind of joke*. Starts to toss the book back down, when a VOICE behind him says:

VOICE (o.s.)

Weird thing to write, huh?

Light turns. His pal, MIKE, is studying the wall graffiti:

MIKE

"Lincoln High basketball. Worse on Earth." Does that mean they play better on other planets?

LIGHT

(smiles)

Probably. Been to any of their games..?
They have issues with gravity.

MIKE

No shit... You coming?

Mike starts down the sidewalk. Light follows, forgetting for a moment that he's still got the "Death Note" in hand-- He hesitates... Then stuffs it in his bag.

MIKE

By the way, what'd Naomi say? Does she think I got a shot with Caitlin?

LIGHT

(deadpan)

Absolutely. She'll put in a good word.

INT. SUBWAY - RED LINE TRAIN - MOVING - LATER

Light, alone now. Studying. Train CROWDED with the usual mix of commuters, reading NEWSPAPERS -- the HEADLINES filled with variations on a theme: Crime in the Windy City is soaring.

Beside Light, an OLD MAN buried in his paper. His wife chides:

ELDERLY WOMAN

You read that already! That's yesterday's paper. Purse snatchers in Grant Park. See?

ELDERLY MAN

What's the difference..? This city, it probably happened again today, anyway.

Light smiles. The train SQUEALS into the station. As we CUT TO:

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - SAME

Light enters just as his little sister, SKY (14) is leaving. She grabs him, pulls him aside:

SKY

Light, you asshole! What do you think you're doing??

LIGHT

(stops, confused)

What..?

SKY

You're walking around. Like this. All mopey.

LIGHT

I'm not mopey!

Sky, hearing FOOTSTEPS, breaks into a harsh whisper:

SKY

Mom thinks you're acting gloomy, so now she's on her health food kick again.

(shakes her head)

Dinner's gonna be like... Bee pollen and arame.

LIGHT

Arame?

SKY

I don't know, it's a sea vegetable.
Dolphins grow it or something.

LIGHT

I don't think dolphins grow it.

SKY

What do you know about it!? Look just...
act happy, okay..? Eat an apple.

She tosses Light an apple from the bowl. Exits in a huff, as--

LIGHT'S MOM, Lilly (45) strides in from the kitchen.
A New Age hippie if ever there was one.

LIGHT

Already got an apple, Mom. Boy. Yum!

LILLY

Wait... What's Sky been telling you--?

Light smiles. Continues past her, heading upstairs quickly.

LIGHT

Not sure, but things sure are great
aren't they?

He slips inside his room, shuts the door on his confused mother.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - SAME

Light flips on the overhead light. Flips on the TV. Flips on his laptop. Then dumps his books out on his desk. All of this with practiced ease... This is his ritual.

He stops, noticing the "Death Note" among his books.

He drops lazily into the chair at his desk and opens it...
Starts scanning through the "rules" on the inside cover:

LIGHT

*"This note will not take effect unless
the writer has the person's face in their
mind when writing his or her name.
Therefore, people sharing the same name
will not be affected."*

(shakes his head, puzzled)

Pretty elaborate prank.

He reads on a little more. A small smile playing on his face.

LIGHT

"If the cause of death is written within 40 seconds of writing the person's name, it will happen... If the cause of death is not specified, the person will simply die of a heart attack in 40 seconds."

More pages, more rules. All meticulously written in the same WHITE INK, in the same JAGGED HAND. Light's curious, amused.

LIGHT

Why go to all this trouble..?

Light glances up at the TV. There is a NEWS FLASH in progress:

A HELICOPTER SHOT - A long line of POLICE CARS pursuing an SUV. **"LIVE - HIGH SPEED PURSUIT"** in bold at the bottom of the screen. Light hits the un-mute button:

FEMALE REPORTER (on TV)

... The suspect has already shot and killed at least two of the children. A third is said to be in the car with him--
(beat)

Police have identified the hostage-taker as known sex offender James Brode.

A news graphic with a MUG SHOT of BRODE appears in the corner of the screen. Light watches the chase snake through the city for a moment, feeling a little sick... Shakes his head:

LIGHT

If anyone deserves to die, it's you --
James Brode.

As he says the name out loud, Light writes it on the first BLANK PAGE of the Death Note. Glances up at the wall clock.

LIGHT

There you go, James... 40 seconds and you die.

He watches the chase for a few more moments... Then lets out a SIGH. Smiling at himself for being such an idiot:

LIGHT

What am I doing..?

He tosses the Death Note in the trash. Sifts through his pile of TEXTBOOKS. Selects one... Grabs the remote and raises it to MUTE the TV, looking up at the last second--

ON TV - The SUV suddenly swerves. Skidding out of control.

FEMALE REPORTER
 ... Hold on. It looks like the suspect
 has lost control of the car!--

THE SUV SIDESWIPEs a parked car. SPARKS FLYING.
 Then angles back across the road and CRASHES into a LIGHT POLE.
 Instantly, POLICE CRUISERS skid to a stop on all sides of it.

Light just stares. Incredulous. Remote frozen in the air.
 He shoots a glance at the wall clock: 40 seconds have passed.

FEMALE REPORTER
 -- the police are out of their cars now.

ON SCREEN - We can just make out the passenger door to the
 SUV as it SWINGS OPEN... A 12 YEAR-OLD GIRL, the hostage,
 scrambles out. POLICE swooping in to grab her:

FEMALE REPORTER
 It's a little girl! And she looks unhurt!

THE HELICOPTER SHOT ZOOMS in to SEE THE DRIVER slumped over the
 wheel. Some confused chatter from the reporter now, then:

FEMALE REPORTER
 And now we're hearing... We're not
 sure... But we're being told the suspect,
 James Brode, is dead...

Light just watches the screen. Breath held.

FEMALE REPORTER
 ... Over the police band, we're hearing no
 shots were fired. Repeat: no shots fired.
 So we don't know what exactly happened...
 But the suspect is in fact dead--

The reporter continues to babble excitedly... But Light isn't
 listening anymore... He's staring down into his trashcan--

THE BLACK NOTEBOOK. On its front cover: **DEATH NOTE.**

Light just stares. A little unnerved. And then--
 A BURST OF JAZZ BAND MUSIC fills the SOUNDTRACK and we CUT TO:

INT. MIDTOWN HOTEL - LOBBY - EVENING

A banner touts the 2012 NATIONAL PACESETTER AWARDS. Students,
 parents and journalists adjourn en masse into the hotel lobby--

LIGHT, holding his backpack and the coveted "Golden Typewriter",
 stands with his mom, Lilly.

LILLY

I got a great photo for your father,
Light... He's so sorry he couldn't make
it. Last minute work stuff, you know.

LIGHT

(casual)

No problem... I didn't even know he was
supposed to come.

LILLY

Well, he won't miss the next one! You
sure I can't drive you?

LIGHT

Naw... I'll walk Naomi home.

Light's mom smiles, kisses him on the cheek and exits. Light
watches her go... Then he turns, spots an isolated TRASHCAN--
Takes two steps. DUMPS THE AWARD into the trash.

Naomi appears a second later.

LIGHT

You ready?

NAOMI

Sure... Where's your award?

LIGHT

My mom took it home.

EXT. NORTH OF DOWNTOWN - SUBURBAN STREETS - TWILIGHT

Light walking Naomi home. She speaks animatedly:

NAOMI

It is a big deal, Light... You gotta
learn to appreciate stuff like that.

LIGHT

It's more crap for my college résumé.

NAOMI

It's proof you're going to do big things.

LIGHT

Yeah..? Like what?

NAOMI

Like anything! Like--

She glances around... Gestures toward an empty PARK. Lonely
swings. It's barely dusk. The STREETLAMPS just now WINKING ON.

NAOMI

--There, look... Not even dark yet and that park's empty. Why..? Because everyone's afraid they'll get jumped.

(beat)

And this is a "nice" neighborhood--

LIGHT

And..?

NAOMI

And that's something you can do.

LIGHT

(smiles)

You want me to fix the park?

NAOMI

No, Light, I want you to fix the world.

(beat)

Once you do that, the park will follow.

She looks over, grinning at him... But Light's suddenly miles away. She punches him playfully:

NAOMI

Hey! At least, you need to appreciate me.

LIGHT

(snaps out of it, smiles)

I do. I always say how funny you are.

NAOMI

I'm not sure that's even a compliment. When are we gonna go do something... frivolous?

LIGHT

Frivolous?

NAOMI

That's code for romantic, Light.

Light smiles: Ah. He starts to kiss her -- hesitates. As SOMETHING passes overhead, swooping... A SHADOW--

Light glances up. But it's already gone. Blinks. Weird... Then quickly kisses Naomi.

LIGHT

(re: the kiss)

... And what would you call that?

NAOMI

That..? That's how you spell "Eww,"
remember?

She smiles. Turns, bounds off into the house. Happy as a clam.

CUT TO: A CHOCOLATE BAR - Pulled from a rack.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - SHITTY PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

Light, backpack slung over his shoulder, takes the candy,
heads for the front counter. Stops, noticing--

GAG COFFEE MUGS. One of them says: **"World's Funniest Grandma!"**
Light grins to himself. Grabs it. Perfect gift.

There's ANOTHER CUSTOMER here already. A surly-looking guy
holding a MOTORCYCLE HELMET.

MOTORCYCLE HELMET

Lucky's. Hard pack.

The CLERK drops the cigarettes on the counter. Starts to ring
them up... Motorcycle Helmet is already opening the pack.

CLERK

Nine fifty.

The customer lights up, reaching for his WALLET.

MOTORCYCLE HELMET

Well... Look at that.

He holds out the wallet for the clerk to see. Blows smoke:

MOTORCYCLE HELMET

No money.

Light glances at the guy's empty wallet. Catches sight of his
DRIVERS LICENSE inside: His name is Frank Foster...
The thug catches Light looking--

MOTORCYCLE HELMET

You got a problem, shithead..?

Light looks the guy directly in the eye. Not backing down...
Motorcycle Helmet turns, says to the clerk:

MOTORCYCLE HELMET

Looks like I'll hav'ta get you next time.

CLERK

What are you, kidding me?

MOTORCYCLE HELMET

Sorry, didn't catch that. You wanna make trouble..?

The clerk backs down. Motorcycle Helmet smiles. Exits.

CLERK

... Asshole.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Light exits, sliding the CHOCOLATE BAR and MUG into his backpack. Starts to zip it shut--

FEMALE VOICE (o.s.)

I SAID STOP IT! STOP!

Light looks up. THE VOICE, coming from an adjacent alley:

MOTORCYCLE HELMET (o.s.)

Stop what, bitch? We're being friendly.

Light stands quickly... Edges up to the SIDE OF THE BUILDING. Steals a glance around the corner:

Halfway down the alley, MOTORCYCLE HELMET and TWO PALS have a YOUNG GIRL corralled... Not letting her pass.

Light ducks back before he's seen. Thinking furiously.

PAL #1 (o.s.)

I think this whore likes you, Frank. I'm sorry, I just called you a whore. You don't mind, do you?

Light shoots a glance back towards the store: *He could tell the clerk, maybe -- call the cops. How long would that take?*

MOTORCYCLE HELMET (o.s.)

She don't mind. But tonight you're off the clock... for guys like us... aint'cha, now, sweetie?

More SCUFFLING SOUNDS from the alley. The girl starts to SCREAM.

Light curses under his breath. Glances down. His backpack, still open: the Death Note inside.

FEMALE VOICE (o.s.)

LET GO OF ME, GOD DAMNIT! LET GO! HELP!

He reaches down, slips out the notebook. Flips to the first page. One name on the page: James Brode. Now deceased.

Takes out a pen. The GIRL is SCREAMING NOW. He stares at the Death Note... Takes a deep breath, and CLICKS open the pen--

Starts to write: FRANK FOSTER

INT. LIQUOR STORE - THAT EXACT MOMENT

The CLERK -- listening to the WOMAN'S SCREAMS from behind the counter. Makes a decision, reaches down: PULLS OUT A SHOTGUN.

CAMERA follows him as he hops the counter. Stalks OUTSIDE-- Spots LIGHT backed against the wall. Their eyes LOCK for a moment as, abruptly, the SCREAMING CEASES. Then we hear:

MOTORCYCLE HELMET (o.s.)
That's better. You're gonna like my
place. I did it up real ni-- HEY BITCH!

A second later, the YOUNG GIRL DARTS out of the alleyway. RUNNING FOR HER LIFE. Doesn't even see Light or the Clerk.

SPRINTS right out into the MIDDLE OF THE STREET as--

MOTORCYCLE HELMET HURTLES PAST a second later. Running after the girl. Brutish grin on his face.

CLERK
HEY! YOU! STOP!

Motorcycle Helmet flicks an over-the-shoulder glance at the clerk. Sees the SHOTGUN -- pulls up short. Everything freezes. The only movement, the GIRL, vanishing from sight...

MOTORCYCLE HELMET
Okay. Now what? You gonna shoot me?

The clerk wavers... barrel trembling. Motorcycle Man continues to back away. Putting distance between them.

MOTORCYCLE HELMET
You're gonna do it, best hurry, Pops.

Now he's halfway across the street, out of range... The clerk LOWERS the gun, humiliated... stands, beaten.

WE, the audience, thrown by this: does the Death Note not work...? The creepy guy grins:

MOTORCYCLE HELMET
Thought so.

It's the last thing he says.

-- WHAM!-- The DELIVERY TRUCK HITS HIM DOING 50.

The impact is DEVASTATING.

FRANK FOSTER, tossed like a broken doll. Sails through the air.
Hits the ground with a wet SMACK.

SLIDES a dozen feet, leaving a TRAIL OF BLOOD.

The TRUCK SKITTERING to a stop now. Blocking half the road.

Light just stares. Stunned. He looks across the street again.
The YOUNG GIRL is still running. Disappears around a corner.

The STORE CLERK, unmoving. In shock as--

FRANK FOSTER'S TWO PALS come sprinting out of the alley.
Rushing to help their friend. But there's nothing they can do.

And then, while everyone else is distracted... Light BOLTS--
The FUNNIEST GRANDMA MUG spilling out of his bag. SMASHING.
He RUNS BLINDLY. Turns down one street. Then another.

SIRENS NOW. Finally. In the distance.

Light stops in the middle of an empty alleyway.
Sweating. Breath sawing.

Leans over and VOMITS. Sick. Horrified.

Looks down at the Death Note in his hand. FLINGS IT. Like it
just bit him. It flaps across the alley. Smacks the wall. Drops
to the floor, open to the first page... Written there:

FRANK FOSTER, TRAFFIC ACCIDENT.

Light stares... The name an accusation. He runs from it.
Back down the long alley. Keeps going.
Putting distance between himself and the cursed book.

EXT. CHICAGO - CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Light moving quickly past darkened storefronts. Face ashen.
Nervously glances around... SIRENS starting to recede now.

And, as he walks, we begin to notice something odd--
There is something WRONG with Light's reflection in the store
windows. Something almost... attached to it.

A large DARK SHADOW appears to be GLIDING ALONG WITH HIM.
Following him from storefront to storefront.
Seemingly just on the OTHER SIDE of the glass.

Light glances back again, anxious. That's when he sees it, too--
He stops dead in his tracks. Startled. *What the hell..?*
Blinks twice -- not quite sure what he's looking at.

A beat. Then takes a step forward, toward his reflection. The SHADOW also moves. Mirroring Light as he leans in toward the glass... Peering inside to get a better look--

Suddenly, a FACE swims into view DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF LIGHT. We get only a glimpse. DEAD, YELLOW EYES. POINTED TEETH.

Light YELPS, stumbles backward... Falls on his ass--

ON THE STREET - A BAG LADY walking past, bursts out laughing.

BAG LADY

What's the matter? Afraid of your own reflection?!

Light scrambles to his feet. Looks back at the window-- The shadow is gone... Light just staring at himself now...

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

The BELL RINGS. School starting for the day.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - SECOND FLOOR CLASSROOM - DAY

Light at a desk, looking pale. Class in session. He stares out the window at the ALLEY where he found the Death Note--

Looks up, class is over. Everyone getting to their feet. He didn't even notice.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Light sits across from his friend Mike. Mike yammering on. Apparently Caitlin likes him now. Light's not listening. Looking like he might throw up again.

MIKE

Hey, you gonna eat that?

Mike starts nabbing things off Light's plate as--

INT. SUBWAY - RED LINE TRAIN - DAY

Light packed in with everyone else. A TV NEWSCAST plays in the background. And then a phrase from the TV catches his attention:

NEWS ANCHOR

... Convicted felon James Brode...

Light looks up -- ON SCREEN a shot of JAMES BRODE, the man Light killed... The scene changes and now we see--

A WOMAN AND HER DAUGHTER. A news graphic identifies them: **Jessica Jones, abduction victim, with her mother.**

JESSICA'S MOTHER

... It was a miracle. God passed judgment on James Brode and yanked him from this earth... as a lesson to others. Saved my little girl.

THE MAN next to Light glances up at the TV, says to his pal:

MAN

Well... Score one for God.

MAN'S FRIEND

No shit.

Light blinks at the two men... CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH OF DOWNTOWN - SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Light kisses Naomi goodnight in front of her house... Watches her walk inside. Close the door--

EXT. CHICAGO - SHITTY PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

Light walks, head down. Moving fast. Passes by the LIQUOR STORE that was the scene of Frank Foster's death. Keeps going--

EXT. CHICAGO - BACK STREETS - SHITTY PART OF TOWN - SAME

Light, almost jogging now. Turns down an alley. At the far end--

THE DEATH NOTE

Is still here. On the ground where Light tossed it. Pages fluttering in the wind. Light stops in his tracks.

Stands a dozen feet away. Stares at the book... Not moving. We hold for the longest time. Light frozen... CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAYTIME

A leafy-lane of MIDDLE-CLASS TOWNHOMES. A strong Chicago "Hawk" wind GUSTS. Rattling the trees. Driving a soft rain.

SUPER:

FIVE DAYS LATER

ANOTHER ANGLE - LIGHT

Walks home with FRIENDS. They're all without jackets, getting soaked. Light included. He waves goodbye, heads into--

INT. LIGHT'S TOWNHOUSE - ENTRYWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Drenched, he yanks off his SWEATER, looking like a WET DOG. HIS SISTER, in the living room, looks over from the TV:

SKY

Light... Hey, did I tell you about this thing they got called "rain"? It's in the sky, it's wet.

LIGHT

Really..? Where'd you hear about that?

She goes back to watching TV, bored:

SKY

Umbrella industry put out a pamphlet.

LIGHT'S MOM, hearing voices, strides in from the kitchen.

LILLY

Light! Why are you all wet?!

LIGHT

Not sure... But Sky has a theory.

Light smiles, heads up to his room--

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Light enters. Shuts the DOOR. It's quiet in here. Dark. Just the pale glow of streetlamps outside the window.

He crosses to sit at his desk. Switches on a DESK LAMP. Boots up his LAPTOP. Takes out a small KEY... Uses it to UNLOCK A DRAWER -- inside:

THE DEATH NOTE.

A beat. Light stares at it, thinking. Then SMILES, pleased. Behind him, the sudden sound of TAP-TAPPING--! Light spins-- Nothing there. Just SHADOWS. TREE BRANCHES striking the glass.

Light blinks. Turns back. Sets the Death Note on his desk. Grabs a pen. Starts to open the notebook -- A STRANGE VOICE CROAKS:

STRANGE VOICE (o.s.)

You seem to like it--

Light, startled, wheels around... LIGHTNING CRASHES OUTSIDE--!

And there IS something else in the room with him. A DARK FORM. A SHADOW that steps FREE OF THE SHADOWS--

Light YELPS now, TUMBLING OUT of his chair.

LIGHT

Jesus Christ!

He stares up at THE CREATURE from the floor--

And we recognize it... The brief glimpse in that STOREFRONT WINDOW from before, this is what we were looking at.

The thing looks vaguely human. But too thin. Too tall.

And there is something... *WRONG* with its pale "face." The bone structure seems incorrect. Unnatural. The mouth, which stretches from ear to ear, hides razor sharp TEETH.

When it smiles the effect is disturbing. And it smiles a lot.

The creature DRIFTS closer to Light.
Feet never touching the floor. Hovering inches above it.

CREATURE

Are you surprised to see me?

It takes Light a full ten seconds to recover. He gulps air:

LIGHT

Wha... who... are--?

CREATURE

I am Ryuk.

The creature smiles its unsettling smile.

CREATURE/RYUK

I am a Shinigami. I am a God of Death.

Light still in shock. Just stares. Says nothing.
The creature cocks its head to one side. Like a dog might.
Points a clawed hand at the Death Note:

RYUK

That... belonged to me.

Light blinks. And now something changes in his face...
He climbs to his feet, nodding. Surprises us by responding
with some level of calm:

LIGHT

I... No... I'm not surprised to see you.

The Shinigami says nothing. Simply stares with its DEAD, YELLOW EYES. Light continues, voice growing steady... Almost confident:

LIGHT

I wasn't sure when I saw you before...
But now... I've been expecting you, Ryuk.
(beat)
Or, at least, something like you...

Still no response. The creature, unmoving. Unreadable.

LIGHT

You said you were a... Shin... Shini--

RYUK

Shinigami. Death God. We exist to record the names of humans and take their lives. That is our purpose.

Light nods... then:

LIGHT

So... now that I've... used the notebook.

(beat)

Are you gonna... take my soul?

A beat. And then the creature LAUGHS. Even the laugh seems... other. But there is genuine mirth in there somewhere.

Light is startled by the reaction.

RYUK

I'm not going to do anything to you...
The Death Note -- is yours.

LIGHT

(blinks)

... Mine?

RYUK

Or give it to someone else... Anyone can write names in the book -- it belongs to this world now.

LIGHT

You mean... I can use it... and nothing will happen to me?

RYUK

It's said fear and pain often come to humans who do. But that's not a *rule*. Think of it more as... a tip.

(another alarming smile)

But that won't worry you... Or, will it?

Light lets out an unsteady breath. Leans back against the wall for support, trying to take it all in. He is amazed to be talking to this... *thing*. But somehow, taking it in stride.

And then, before Light can think of what to do next, the door to his room bursts open, and his mother comes traipsing in -- carrying a bowl of APPLES.

LILLY
 Brain food, Light! Food for thinking!
 (flips the wall switch)
 You need more light in here, Honey...
 It's terrible for your eyes!

She crosses to the desk, sets down the apples. Never once glancing at the demon floating next to her son.

Ryuk smiles at Light's expression:

RYUK
 She can't see me.

Lilly gives her son a peck on the cheek. Exits.
 So mundane it's almost comical... Light turns to Ryuk:

RYUK
 The Death Note -- is the bond between
 Light, the human, and Ryuk, the
 Shinigami... That is why you can see me
 and hear my voice.

Ryuk glances at the bowl of apples. Drifting in that direction.

LIGHT
 A bond between us? But why, why pick me?

Ryuk reaches out and takes an apple. Opens his overwide mouth and bites through HALF OF IT... Chews, smiling.

RYUK
 Juicy.
 (beat)
 I didn't. I dropped it. You picked it up.
 That's all.

A second bite. And the apple is gone. Ryuk takes another.

LIGHT
 (shakes his head)
 No. You wanted someone to find it. To use
 it. That's why you included instructions.
 (beat)
 Question is, why?

RYUK
 (another unsettling smile)
 I thought it might be... entertaining to
 see what a human would do with one.

Ryuk pops an entire apple in his mouth this time. Munches.
 Light stares at the Shinigami: *Entertaining..?* A beat, then:

RYUK

You clearly know what the book can do.
Have you decided how you'll use it..?

LIGHT

I think so... Took me a while to figure
it out--

And now we CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Light walking home. Hiding the Death Note under his jacket.

LIGHT

At first, I wasn't sure if I should use
it at all...

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Light sits on his bed.

Staring at his desk where the DEATH NOTE sits all by itself.

LIGHT

But the more I thought about James Brode.
And how he deserved to die... I thought
maybe the book could be used for good.
(beat)
If I had the guts.

A beat. And then he stands. Crosses and flips open the Death
Note. Two names on the first page: *James Brode and Frank Foster*.

LIGHT (v.o.)

I could send a message. A big message.

Light opens a browser on his LAPTOP.

Types into the address bar: WWW.FBI.GOV.

ON SCREEN - THE FBI WEBSITE

Pops up. Light clicks on the header link for: MOST WANTED.

A new page comes up. Filled with information. Pictures. Names.

LIGHT

There were people who needed to be yanked
from this earth.

We see, ON SCREEN, lists of charges against these criminals--
Rape. Murder. Torture.

LIGHT

And I could do it... One name at a time.

Light picks up a pen, CLICKS it open... And we CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS - PEOPLE DYING

ON A ROOFTOP AT NIGHT -- A THUG with a knife chases a HALF-NAKED WOMAN. Suddenly, the thug's face changes. He grabs his chest. Loses his footing... PITCHES off the building--

FALLS. TWENTY FLOORS. Straight down. CAMERA falling WITH HIM. And the instant before he hits the ground we CUT TO:

WHAM--! A MAN'S FACE -- SMACKING the PRIVACY WINDOW inside a limousine. The DRIVER, reacts. Turns back to see his BOSS SLUMP DEAD, mouth FOAMING. PARTY GIRLS beside him SCREAMING. And--

BACK WITH LIGHT -- He writes furiously. Checking his laptop: A DEATH-ROW DATABASE spills NAMES across his screen, as we CUT TO:

A PRISON BLOCK -- CAMERA tracking along a row of cells. Inside, DEAD CONVICTS. Splayed across bunks, heaped on floors. Finally, we reach a living PRISONER. SCREAMING. Pounding on the bars--

And then -- abruptly -- he, too, collapses.

And we keep going. The DEATH TOLL is rising. FAST. Not just in America, but the REST OF THE WORLD, too. As--

WITH LIGHT -- He checks online for *international* Most Wanted Lists: INTERPOL, UN-ICTY, AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL...

QUICK FLASHES NOW.

SHOT AFTER SHOT OF PEOPLE DROPPING. IMAGES DISSOLVE. OVERLAP.

We're building to a climax. We can see it in LIGHT'S EXPRESSION. His face covered in sweat. A manic look in his eyes. Until--

LIGHT finally collapses, exhausted.

The Death Note open in front of him. Every inch crammed with writing. All those NAMES. All dead now. Gone.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - RYUK, THE DEATH GOD

Holding the Death Note. Staring down at the filled pages... Signaling that we're now BACK TO THE PRESENT--

Ryuk seems pleased with this turn of events. He holds the book out for Light. Light steps up tentatively... takes it.

LIGHT

I... barely sleep now. And when I do, the nightmares... I've lost ten pounds in the last five days--

RYUK
(cocks his head)
Then why do this..?

LIGHT
(frowns)
To make the world a better place.

RYUK
(amused)
Really..? How nice... That's not how I
had you pegged.

LIGHT
I'm fixing things, Ryuk. When all the
truly guilty die of heart attacks, people
will begin to take notice.
(beat)
That's how the world will start to move
in the right direction... Full of only
people I've judged to be honest, kind.

Ryuk breaks into a wicked smile:

RYUK
You do that, and you'll be the only
fucked-up person left.

LIGHT
(shakes his head)
You're not listening, Ryuk.
(beat)
I'm the good guy.

Ryuk laughs. He likes Light.

RYUK
I was right... Humans are fun!

EXT. NEW YORK - U.N. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Member state FLAGS flutter in the wind.

SUPER: **UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS, TWO WEEKS LATER**

INT. U.N. CONFERENCE BUILDING - HALLWAY - SAME

Marble floors. Sculptures. The corridor abuzz with activity.
Staff members, dignitaries from 192 nations stride to and fro.

INT. U.N. CONFERENCE BUILDING - PRIVATE CHAMBER - SAME

Filled to capacity. A few hundred people maybe -- business
suits, law enforcement uniforms.

An INTERPOL LIAISON sits at a table at the front of the room.
Next to him, at a podium--

AN EPIDEMIOLOGIST from the CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL speaks:

CDC MAN

... In the 152 deaths that we know of,
autopsy reports all point to massive
heart attacks in subjects with little or
no indicating risk factors... It simply
doesn't vector like a pathogen.

(looks up)

-- In short, this isn't an epidemic...
Instead, the victims appear to have
been... targeted.

That last word was tough to spit out. MURMURS OF CONFUSION.
One person from the audience stands:

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Targeted..? What do you mean, "targeted"?

The CDC guy swallows nervously. The INTERPOL LIAISON gets up:

INTERPOL LIAISON

-- he's saying, the victims were *chosen*.

(reads off a paper)

The bulk of them were prisoners -- mostly
death row inmates. The rest, known
criminals... 7 of the FBI's 10 most
wanted, that we can verify... 24 of
Interpol's top 30--

(beat)

Which is why, from this point forward,
we'll be treating these deaths as
homicides.

The audience reacts, stunned...

TIME CUT - POST-MEETING

The briefing over. People stand, collect their things,
studying the information packets. Discussing.

CAMERA FINDS - TWO MEN

Visitor badges identify them both as CHICAGO POLICE DETECTIVES.
The older one is the Deputy Chief... Meet JAMES TURNER (50's).
His younger colleague, ANDY PARKS, is busy shaking his head:

ANDY

What's everyone so worried about? It's a
bunch of dead crooks we're talking about.

TURNER

(frowns)

What we're talking about is over a hundred murders. Maybe a thousand for all we know. And no idea how they were committed.

(beat)

Don't you find that a bit... frightening?

A chipper BRITISH VOICE chimes in:

BRITISH VOICE

It ruddy terrifies me, I can tell you.

The two Chicago cops turn to see:

A debonair GENT, RICHARD BAGLEY (60's). Beside him, an older JAPANESE MAN in a trench coat, hat pulled down over his face.

TURNER

(shakes hands with Bagley)

Good to see you, Dick! Crazy stuff, huh?

BAGLEY

Enough to get me on a plane.

TURNER

Andy, this is Detective Chief Inspector Richard Bagley, from across the pond.

Parks nods. The Chicago cops turn now to the Japanese man. They wait for Bagley to introduce him. Bagley ignores his cue:

BAGLEY

Care for a spot of tea..?

INT. UNITED NATIONS - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Turner and Bagley, walking:

BAGLEY

Jim, there's a man I'd like to introduce you to... Someone our people have worked with in the past--

Turner glances back at the JAPANESE MAN, walking with Parks.

BAGLEY

No, not Mr. Watari. Not exactly, anyway--

(beat)

The chap I'm referring to is -- well, he's a bit eccentric, actually--

TURNER

What's his name?

BAGLEY

L.

TURNER

L what?

BAGLEY

Just L. That's his name.

TURNER

You're joking.

BAGLEY

I did say he was eccentric, didn't I?

TURNER

And you want me to meet him -- why?

BAGLEY

Actually he's the one that wants to talk with you... I'm really just supposed to vouch for him.

TURNER

And do you?

BAGLEY

You remember that subway bombing a few months back? He was instrumental for us there... And those High Street Bank robberies from last year--

TURNER

Really..?

BAGLEY

He also helped with that business with the French nationals. And the IRA copycat bombings... And the Norman Syndicate.

TURNER

Don't you guys solve any of your own cases anymore?

BAGLEY

(ignores the slight)

Unfortunately he refuses to be added to our permanent payroll. So we've given him a special title, "Consulting detective."

TURNER

What? Like Sherlock Holmes?

BAGLEY

You're not taking me seriously, are you?

TURNER

I am. It's just -- record like that, why does he need you to vouch for him?

BAGLEY

Well, frankly, he can put one off a bit at first. A genius, of course. But not exactly... forthcoming. No one's too sure who he is, or even where he comes from--

TURNER

So when do I meet this wonder?

BAGLEY

Ah. Well... About that--

CUT TO:

GLOVED HANDS - place A LAPTOP on a table. WIDER TO REVEAL:

INT. NONDESCRIPT HOTEL ROOM - DAY

WATARI -- the quiet, Japanese man -- takes a key from around his neck. He unlocks the laptop. Opens it... On the otherwise empty screen -- A SYMBOL APPEARS:

ℒ

And then A VOICE from the speakers. Purposely distorted... Creepy, MECHANIZED:

MECHANIZED VOICE

Good afternoon, gentlemen.

REVERSE ANGLE - TURNER AND PARKS

Look on with puzzled expressions.

L (MECHANIZED VOICE)

Deputy Chief Turner, I thank you for indulging my... quirks. Sorry that we could not meet in person but I find these precautions useful in my line of work.

(beat)

For this case, they may even go a long way toward protecting my life.

TURNER

I see. And which case would this be?

L
There is, at present, only one case
worthy of my attention.

(beat)
These worldwide acts of mass murder must
be stopped at all costs... But I can't do
it without your help.

TURNER
My help..?

L
The help of the Chicago Police, anyway...
I now believe the perpetrator of these
crimes is a sole individual, acting
alone... from your city.

PARKS
Bullshit. How can you possibly know any
of that?

L
It is not a question of "knowing" but of
carefully examining the facts.

(beat)
And I believe I can prove these
assertions, Mr. Parks.

TURNER
How?

L
First, I will require an official
position with your department.

TURNER
I can't authorize that.

L
No. Your superintendant can, however.
I've already spoken with him. He granted
his permission and leaves my designation
up to you.

TURNER
You realize I will be checking with him
about this.

L
It would not be prudent to do otherwise.

Turner frowns... Not even sure if he should be taking this
seriously. He looks to Parks for support. Parks is no help...

L

Chief Turner, I understand this is highly unorthodox -- but you have at least 150 murders on your hands and not even the slightest notion of where to start.

(beat)

What have you got to lose?

A long pause, then:

TURNER

Okay... What else do you need?

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - COURTYARD - DAY

School's out. Students head home, or stand in groups, chatting.

CAMERA finds LIGHT. Backpack slung over his shoulder-- Just another high-school kid. Well, except for...

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SHINIGAMI

Drifting behind him. Its feet several inches off the ground. A monster right out in public. Middle of a sunny day.

As Light and the Shinigami walk, students occasionally pass right THROUGH THE DEMON without noticing.

LIGHT

(sotto to Ryuk, not moving his lips)
Tell me something... why are you always sniggering in math class?

RYUK

I find the numbers funny. Don't you?

LIGHT

Uh, no... And this thing where you follow me all the time? You have to do that?

RYUK

Yes. The Death Note is the bond between--

LIGHT

(heard it too much)
-- Between Light, the human...

RYUK

And Ryuk, the Shinigami... So unless you give up it, I'll always be with you.

LIGHT

-- Unless I give it up?

RYUK
Renounce it. Give it back. Pass it on.

LIGHT
What would that mean... I mean, would anything happen to me, if--

RYUK
You'd lose all knowledge of the Death Note and what you have done with it.

LIGHT
Forever..?

RYUK
Unless it came back into your possession.

Light pauses at a crosswalk. Glances back at Ryuk, blinking. This is the first he's heard of this. But before he can reply--

Ryuk chuckles at a passing pedestrian, says:

RYUK
He has only 3 days left to live.

LIGHT
3? How do you know?

Ryuk glances back at Light and suddenly we switch to--

RYUK - POV

Looking through the demons eyes. The colors strange, ALIEN... And we see, coming off of Light--

AN AURA. Made up of NUMBERS and LETTERS. Constantly shifting -- different scripts, strange languages.

RYUK
Shinigami can see a human's name and lifespan, just by looking at them.

BACK TO SCENE - LIGHT blinks, stunned...

LIGHT
So -- you can... see when I'm gonna die?

Before Ryuk can reply--

LIGHT'S GIRLFRIEND, NAOMI

Appears, stepping right out of RYUK'S STOMACH. Totally oblivious... Light jumps, startled.

NAOMI

Jeez, jumpy much..? Didn't commit any crimes recently, did you?

Light's friend, MIKE, appears behind Naomi:

MIKE

No shit, man. I'm totally freaked. I shoplifted a crapload of candy when I was a kid. Think Kira will kill me for that?

They all start across the crosswalk. Ryuk gliding behind.

LIGHT

Kira..?

NAOMI

Yeah. All these criminals that have been dying..? He did it... The God Kira -- the avenger.

MIKE

You make it sound like it's a good thing.

LIGHT

But why's he called... Kira?

MIKE

Some wacko got on YouTube... Made a video thanking him. I think he was actually calling him "Killer", but he had such a thick accent it became Kira... Got like 20 million views in two days.

NAOMI

Just beating out "Cat Sneezes On Baby."

MIKE

Anyway, the name stuck... How'd you miss this, man? Don't you go on the *internets*?

LIGHT

Uh, sure. I'm just always... working.

RYUK

Heh. Heh... Quite busy aren't you, Kira?

INT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Light and Ryuk enter. His mom glances over from the living room couch.

LIGHT'S MOM

Hi, Light.

LIGHT

Hi, Mom.

RYUK

Hi, Mom.

Light ignores Ryuk, heads upstairs.

LIGHT

I'll be in my room.

(NOTE: From this point on, the Light and Ryuk relationship should feel, on the surface, almost buddy-buddy-ish in a bizarre way... But there is an undertone to everything Ryuk does and says. He's pushing Light, subtly manipulating him.)

INT. LIGHT'S ROOM - SAME

Light enters. Flips on the light. The TV. His laptop. Drops his book bag. Takes the Death Note out... Same as always.

The fact that there is a demon drifting into the room behind him hardly seems to register.

There's a NEWSCAST on the TV, but Light ignores that, too. Immediately pulls up Google on his computer. Types in: KIRA.

A page of hits pops up. The first one: LORDKIRASAVES.COM
Light clicks on it. An obviously HOME-MADE WEBSITE comes up:

"**LORD KIRA**" in large letters across the top of the screen.
Pseudo-satanic graphics all around. Text under the title:

"Why are the world's criminals being eliminated one by one...? Because Lord Kira has returned. Lord Kira is a messenger from hell who will not suffer the presence of evil in this world."

Ryuk leans down to read off the screen:

RYUK

... Says here you're from hell.

LIGHT

The media still refers to the "mysterious deaths among criminals." But people all over the world are starting to understand.
(glances up at Ryuk)
My work is starting to pay off.

Ryuk regards the website, then:

RYUK

When's your mom going to bring up apples?

Light starts to respond, but something on the TV stops him.

ON SCREEN - A SPECIAL REPORT. Light turns up the volume:

ANNOUNCER (on TV)
... bring you this nationally televised
special report.

A MAN (30s) appears on screen. Seated at a desk. A NAME PLAQUE identifies him as: SPECIAL AGENT LIND L. TAYLOR.

LIND L. TAYLOR
Good evening. My name is Lind L. Taylor
and I have an announcement regarding the
series of unexplained deaths that have
taken place among inmates in our national
prisons.

INTERCUT - CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - 5TH FLOOR

Dozens of COPS. The place filled to the brim with detectives.
Computers. Desks. Meet the newly-formed "KIRA" TASK FORCE.

A HANDWRITTEN SIGN has been tacked to the wall:

CRIMINAL-VICTIM MASS MURDER TASK FORCE

Turner is here, addressing the troops. Andy Parks at his side.

TURNER
... All right, people. You have your
assignments. Let's get to it--

As the meeting breaks, Andy glances at the TV across the room:

PARKS
Hey, Chief... It's on.

Turner looks up: LIND L. TAYLOR TALKING ON SCREEN--

TURNER
Someone turn that up.

Parks frowns at the screen, glances over at his boss:

PARKS
I thought this guy never showed his face?

BACK WITH LIGHT

He continues to stare at the TV. Transfixed.

LIND L. TAYLOR

... time has come to reassure the public.
There have been rumors on various media
and internet sites that these deaths are
the result of a group or even an
individual... Some have gone so far as to
give this mythical avenger a name: Kira.

(beat)

Let me put that idea to rest immediately:
There is no Kira.

Ryuk smiles wide. Light does not.

LIGHT

What the hell..?

LIND L. TAYLOR

In truth, this is simply a viral outbreak
in the prison population. Regrettable --
but the public at large is in no danger
at this time--

RYUK

Wow... This'll set you back.

INTERCUT - CHICAGO PD - TASKFORCE HEADQUARTERS

Everyone in the packed room is watching the broadcast now:

PARKS

Viral outbreak? What the hell's he doing?

BACK WITH LIGHT

LIND L. TAYLOR

... experts from the Centers for Disease
Control, have already isolated the
specific virus -- and they will be
beginning a program of inoculations for
prison inmates shortly.

Ryuk is really enjoying the show.

RYUK

Heh. Heh... This guy's pretty convincing.

Light shakes his head.

LIGHT

He's too convincing.

ON SCREEN - TAYLOR is smiling now--

LIND L. TAYLOR

Do not be fooled by those who enjoy
causing panic and fear...

(beat)

There is no Kira -- if there were, it
would fall on me to stop him. And,
therefore it would be in his best
interests to kill me, here and now on
television...

(beat, smiles)

But that won't happen.

Light can't believe what he's seeing... Almost subconsciously,
he flicks a glance at the Death Note sitting on the desk.

LIND L. TAYLOR

So please... Take the fact that I am
still alive as proof that there is a
rational explanation behind these deaths.

(beat)

There is no judgment against criminals.
No avenger... No Kira.

Light has a pen in his hand now. He's clicking it open and shut.

INTERCUT - CHICAGO PD - TASKFORCE HEADQUARTERS

Turner watching the broadcast, slowly shaking his head.

TURNER

... This is a mistake.

CLOSE on the TV. LIND L. TAYLOR suddenly condescending:

LIND L. TAYLOR

... and to those who so quickly rally
behind this Kira -- and the SICK IDEALS
this vigilante MURDERER repre-sss--guk--

ON SCREEN, Lind L. Taylor starts to SPUTTER. COUGHING. GAGGING.
Clutches at his chest. As--

WE PULL BACK WIDER

And we're with LIGHT again. At this desk. Riveted to the TV.

But now, the DEATH NOTE is OPEN on the desk next to him.
Written across a BLANK PAGE:

LIND L. TAYLOR

Light watches the man die with a mix of horror and fascination.

INTERCUT - CHICAGO PD - TASKFORCE HEADQUARTERS

On the TV -- LIND L. TAYLOR collapses. Head hitting the desk.
Several cops jump to their feet. Turner and Parks reacting:

PARKS
Jesus Christ!

BACK WITH LIGHT

He just stares... At the dead man on his TV. In shock.
He looks over at Ryuk--

LIGHT
He... He didn't leave me a choice.

Ryuk, suddenly oozing compassion:

RYUK
Of course he didn't.

Light turns away from the image of the dead man, can't bear it
anymore. And then--

From the TV, a VOICE BEGINS TO SPEAK. Creepy, MECHANIZED:

L (on TV)
I wouldn't have believed it unless I saw
it with my own eyes.

And suddenly the screen goes blank. And L'S SYMBOL appears:

ℒ

INTERCUT - CHICAGO PD - TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS

Turner and Parks, stunned. Parks, never one to mince words:

PARKS
Holy Shit!

As L continues to SPEAK over the STATIC IMAGE OF HIS SYMBOL:

L
But it's true... Kira, you can kill
people without direct contact... It had
to be true. It wouldn't have been
possible otherwise.
(beat)
Listen to me Kira, if you are the one who
just killed Lind L. Taylor... He was a
condemned criminal scheduled to die
today.

Turner taking this all in, jaw clenched... He looks pissed.

L
His arrest and conviction went unreported
in the media... So you, apparently, had
no way of knowing about him.

BACK WITH LIGHT

As stunned as everyone else.

L
I am L... I am working with a police task
force to track you down. I will find you.
And stop you... So...
(beat)
Why don't you kill me, Kira?

Nothing Light can do. Ryuk, delighted by this turn of events.

RYUK
No name. No face... Heh. Heh... He got
you there...

And now we--

INTERCUT - A DOWNTOWN BAR

Bartender, patrons -- all glued to the TV behind the bar.

L
Come on... Go ahead and kill me... I'm
still here.

INSIDE AN ELECTRONICS STORE

Customers stare at a WALL OF TVs. All displaying L'S SYMBOL.

L
Can't you do it..? Aren't you able to
kill me..?

AT A SUBWAY STOP

People crowded around a newsstand with a tiny television:

L
So there are people you can't kill.
That's a valuable clue.

BACK WITH LIGHT

Staring at the TV. Frustrated. Impotent.

L
Now I'll give you some information in return.

(beat)
Although it was announced that this was being televised nationally, in actual fact it was broadcast only in the Chicago region.

Ryuk: *Heh. Heh. Heh.*

L
We picked Chicago, because -- while the police have so far missed it -- your first victim was actually James Brode--

ON SCREEN -- A MUGSHOT of BRODE APPEARS.

L
-- Convicted child molester. His flight from the police was only broadcast live on a local Chicago station... That was all I needed to know.

INTERCUT - CHICAGO PD - TASKFORCE HEADQUARTERS

Cops, exchanging glances. Parks shakes his head in wonderment:

PARKS
He just proved that Kira exists. That he can kill remotely. And he is in Chicago.

(beat)
This L guy's for real, huh?

BACK WITH LIGHT

L
The thing is, Kira, I'd really like to know how you carry out these murders...
(beat)
But that's something I can find out after I catch you... And bring you to justice.

The L disappears from screen. Replaced by two stunned looking REPORTERS... They take a beat to recover then--

REPORTER
... We'll be, uh... back after this.

THE TV CUTS TO A COMMERCIAL.
Light shuts it off. Drops into his chair... Looks up at Ryuk.

LIGHT
I'll find him and kill him.

Ryuk laughs again.

LIGHT

That's funny..?

RYUK

You're both trying to find someone you know nothing about. Not their face. Not their name. Not anything... And whoever is found out first... is dead.

(beat; a wide, awful smile)

Humans are a riot!

INT. CHICAGO PD - TASKFORCE HEADQUARTERS - SAME

The cops here still stunned, milling. Not TURNER. Face grim, he turns. Pushes past co-workers, striding toward--

A DOOR. On it, a handwritten sign says: "WATARI."
Turner doesn't knock. BANGS the door open to find--

WATARI HIMSELF, in front of a LAPTOP.

Turner shoves him out of the way--

Spins the computer around; the familiar  fills the SCREEN:

TURNER

Can you hear me, you sonuvabitch?! You just killed that man! You murdered him!

There's a pause. As abruptly we

INTERCUT - AN EMPTY, DIMLY-LIT ROOM

Not much here. Unfurnished. Just a COMPUTER set up on the floor. Also, there's a MAN. His back is to us. His age hard to guess in the gloom, his features all but lost to the shadows.

This is L.

He stares at TURNER'S FACE on his own monitor. And for the first time, we hear L's REAL VOICE. Quiet, firm. Perhaps a little sad:

L

Yes... Yes. I did.

TURNER (via VIDEO-LINK)

(seethes)

This is how you plan to stop Kira?!

Casually setting up victims for him?!

BACK WITH TURNER

Hearing only L's creepy, MECHANICAL VOICE:

L

I don't like my methods, either. However, the fact is, we are now many steps closer to stopping a mass murderer.

(beat)

We now know that Kira can be provoked, which suggests he acts alone... And once provoked, that he can be made to act rashly despite his normally meticulous methodology. Add to that the fact that Kira's objectives seem childishly black and white, no gray -- this all suggests someone younger, someone lacking life experience...

(beat)

Further evidence Kira may well be a student--

This last bit stops Turner:

TURNER

-- A student..?

L

Yes. Forgive me. A theory I have...

ON WATARI'S LAPTOP, a GRAPH suddenly appears.
Labeled: **KIRA MURDER CHRONOLOGY.**

L

If we plot the dates and times our victims died, a distinct pattern emerges.

(beat)

On weekdays, victims died exclusively between 4 p.m. and 1 a.m. Central Standard time -- which is why we chose now to air this broadcast. On weekends, times varied widely throughout the day.

(beat)

The exception to this pattern was Monday, March 7--

TURNER

(realizing)

March 7-- wait. That was Casimir Pulaski Day... The high schools are all closed.

He is impressed, despite himself. He shakes his head, staring at the graph on screen: *A high school kid..?*

L

From this moment on, I will confide in you and act only with your agreement.

As L speaks, a BOX appears in the corner of the screen, showing data being transferred... L's notes, graphs.

L
To catch Kira, we can stop at nothing.
My only question to you, Deputy Chief
Turner -- how far are you willing to go?

INT. TENNIS COURT - EAST BANK CLUB - LATER

An exclusive tennis club downtown. NAOMI is here. In the middle of a long rally with her coach... She's pretty good, too.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LIGHT

In the bleachers, watching. He's the only one here, except for--

RYUK

Who hovers beside him. Fixated on the game. His DEMONIC HEAD swiveling left, right. Right, left. Left, right. Never stopping.

RYUK
This must get boring after a while.

Light doesn't respond. Ryuk continues to follow the ball:

RYUK
You seem distracted, Light... That L, he
really got to you, didn't he?

LIGHT
Yeah. He did. L's clever... But not
clever enough--
(beat)
I have an advantage. One L doesn't know
about--

Ryuk looks over at Light. Grins widely, realizing:

RYUK
You're not distracted, you're scared.

Before Light can respond, Naomi hits a wild return. THE BALL comes bouncing over next to him... Light looks away from Ryuk.

LIGHT
(calls out)
I got it!

He hops down off the bleachers. Walks over to the ball. Leans down to get it... Stands back up--

Only now, there is SOMEONE directly behind Light. Looming. A man we recognize instantly:

DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JAMES TURNER

Light doesn't notice him. Rears back to toss Naomi the ball... ARM COLLIDING with the Deputy Chief. STARTLED, Light spins--

TURNER

Whoa... Did I scare you..?

A beat. Light blinks at Turner... Then shakes his head--

LIGHT

No, no. That's okay.

(beat)

Hello, Dad.

Deputy Chief Turner -- Light's father -- nods awkwardly at his son... Clearly there is a distance between these two.

LIGHT

You... uh, look tired.

TURNER

I'm fine. Just... hard day at work.

Naomi comes running over now--

TURNER

Naomi, nice to see you.

(beat)

So, are you both ready..? We're meeting your mom and Sky at the restaurant.

CUT TO:

A CNN STYLE NEWS PROGRAM

On air personalities gush over the Lind L. Taylor broadcast:

NEWSCASTER

... with no comment so far from the Chicago police, many people are clamoring for answers. Was this a hoax broadcast..? Our own Mike Motoda went out and got your views on the so called "Kira" phenomenon.

WIDER - The NEWS PROGRAM

Continues to play on one of the FLAT SCREENS behind the bar of a typical TGI FRIDAY'S-TYPE RESTAURANT.

It's a busy Friday night crowd here. Life goes on.

ACROSS THE ROOM - LIGHT AND HIS FAMILY

Sit at a table with Naomi. Light and his dad at opposite ends.
Ryuk hovers, staring curiously at the fried cheese potstickers.

SKY

Jails are overcrowded, right..? So, they
off as many prisoners as they want --
then blame it on some phony, made-up
"Kira" dude. Problem solved. It's a total
cover up... Just like the moon landing!

LILLY

That's it, Sky, no more junk TV for you--

Naomi turns to Mr. Turner, who's barely paying attention:

NAOMI

What do you think, Mr. Turner?

TURNER

Hmm? Oh. Sorry, Naomi. Maybe I shouldn't
weigh in. This situation with Kira, it's
a bit... tricky --

LIGHT

(matter of fact)
Especially now that some people believe
Kira does your job better than you do.

TURNER

(beat, frowns)
Is that what you think Kira's doing,
Light? My job..?

A beat. Light stares his Dad in the eyes:

LIGHT

Is that what I think..? No. I think Kira
is wrong to take law into his own hands.
(beat)
And I'm glad you're the one that's going
to stop him.

LILLY

(frowns)
What are you talking about, Light?

Light turns to look at her. Shrugs casually:

LIGHT

Dad. He's on the Kira task force.

Everyone at the table freezes. Stares over at Light.

Ryuk, following the conversation, cocks his head. SMILES:

RYUK
Your dad's on the Task Force..? So that's
your "advantage."

Ignoring Ryuk, Light just shrugs at everyone staring at him:

LIGHT
Well, isn't it obvious..?
(beat)
You've been ridiculously busy at work...
You had a "secret" conference out of town
last week. Plus that "L" guy seems to
think Kira is in Chicago, so--

Turner doesn't comment. Wipes his hands on a napkin.

LILLY
(concerned)
Jim... is this true?

TURNER
(ignoring her, sighs)
We'll catch Kira. You can count on that.

Lily and Sky are clearly troubled by this. Naomi frowns:

NAOMI
Wow. Does that mean this "L" on TV, he
actually exists..?

Light's Dad hesitates. Light again jumps in:

LIGHT
I'm sure Dad isn't allowed to discuss
that, either.
(off her look)
If there's someone, or a group of people
out there, poisoning people, or killing
them and hiding it--

SKY
Moon landing!

LIGHT
--Point is, anyone Dad's working with,
like this L -- if Dad talked about them,
he'd be putting them in jeopardy.

TURNER
Wrong.

Light stops, off guard. Frowns... His dad pressing the point:

TURNER

I can, in fact, tell you everything I know about L.

(beat)

Because I know next-to-nothing about him. No one does. We've never met him. Seen him. Or even heard his real voice...

Light seems blasted by this news. Ryuk, delighted, LAUGHS:

RYUK

There goes your big advantage, Light.

A WAITRESS comes walking up, now. Passes RIGHT THROUGH the still LAUGHING DEMON:

WAITRESS

So, how are those potstickers tasting?

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

Another day dawns in the great big city.

INT. CHICAGO PD - TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The command center, again crammed to capacity. Detectives sit, grouped in teams as another REPORTING SESSION takes place.

TURNER, at the front of the room. PARKS beside him.

A BALD COP, one of the team leaders, stands, finishing a report:

BALD COP

-- We're still sifting through about 200 records. Should be done this afternoon.

TURNER

Great. Thank you.

(beat, consulting a list)

Okay. Call Ins -- what do we got?

A DIFFERENT COP - popping gum, stands now. Glances at notes:

GUM-POPPING COP

Since the broadcast, we've received 3,100 phone calls. The vast majority, folks just wanting to know if what they saw on TV was real and/or if L exists.

(beat)

Of the tipsters, we got 134 saying they know Kira, or have seen him. And 21 callers claim to actually be Kira.

He snaps his gum. Sits back down. Turner nods.

TURNER

Good.

(turns to Parks)

Is that everything..?

Just then, L's MECHANIZED VOICE interrupts:

L

Deputy Chief Turner, I have a request if
you don't mind.

The cops all turn. AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM, Watari stands
beside L's open laptop, clearly observing the proceedings...
Turner takes a breath. Not yet used to this.

TURNER

Uh, sure.

L

Thank you. This is an inquiry for the
teams responsible for internet and media.

TWO COPS - exchange looks. Stand tentatively.

L

Concerning Kira's victims... I need to
know whether both names AND faces were
always made public prior to their deaths.

The two cops look to Turner: *Are we really supposed to do this?*
Turner nods. They glance back to L's laptop. One of them says:

TEAM LEADER

Um, yes. We can check on that.

TURNER

Good. Thanks... Anyone else..?

A young, CLEAN-SHAVEN COP named GILES stands sheepishly.

GILES

I'm -- not sure if this is worth noting.
It's just... Since the public's become
aware of Kira, there's been a 63%
decrease in violent crimes committed
nationwide.

A few GRUMBLES from the room. Turner nods glumly. A beat--

TURNER

Okay... Let's get to work.

EXT. CHICAGO DOWNTOWN - CITY STREETS - PREDAWN

Light, with Ryuk, strolls along a STONE WALL. Ryuk, very emphatic about something:

RYUK
Organic apples, Light. They're worth it.
The ones your Mom buys are much juicier.
(beat)
Where we going?

LIGHT
To get free, anonymous internet.

Ryuk has no idea what that means. Looks suddenly bored.

RYUK
I got an idea... How about you do some
more INTERESTING killings for a change.

LIGHT
I have to use heart attacks, Ryuk. I want
people to *think* that's all Kira can do...
That way I can hide a death if I want --
just by having a person die in some other
way.

Light stops walking, gestures to Ryuk:

LIGHT
After you--

Ryuk glances over... Looming above them, a GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.

EXT. HOLY NAME CATHEDRAL - ROOFTOP - SAME

A sprawling city view. Up here, among the towers and spires--
A ROW OF GARGOYLES. Hideous. Frightening. Kinda like Ryuk.

Light on a LAPTOP, working. Ryuk studying the stone figures.

RYUK
This one looks like a Shinigami I know...

Light taps a few keys on his computer. Nods. Angles the screen
towards Ryuk:

LIGHT
I know my dad's password for the Police
Database: He uses my mom's birthday.

ON THE LAPTOP, a familiar GRAPH: L's "**KIRA MURDER CHRONOLOGY.**"
Ryuk drifts over, studies the graph. Perks up, says delighted:

RYUK

They've already figured out that you're a student! How unfortunate!

LIGHT

Figured out..? I fed it to them.

(glances back at the screen)

This is how I get to L... With the police on his side, he's formidable -- but if I can separate them.

RYUK

Separate?

Light fishes the Death Note out of his backpack... Starts scanning through it, intent.

LIGHT

They already don't trust him. How could they..? You heard my dad. L refuses to reveal his name or his face...

(beat)

I just have to build on that distrust--

Light finds what he was looking for:

LIGHT

Here. This is what I wanted--

(reading)

"After writing the cause of death, details of the death may be written within 6 minutes and 40 seconds."

Light glances up at Ryuk--

LIGHT

So, that means I can specify details -- like the time of death, right?

RYUK

(cocks his head)

Time. Place. Circumstances. Yes.

A beat. Light blinks: *Did he just hear that right?*

LIGHT

... Circumstances..?

RYUK

If you write in the Death Note that someone jumps off a cliff--

LIGHT

They jump off a cliff, I get that but--

Light stops suddenly... Realization dawning:

LIGHT
Wait... How did they get to the cliff..?
(beat)
That's the thing, isn't it? I made them
go there. Just by writing it in the book.

Long pause... Light's mind racing...

LIGHT
The Death Note can control people's
actions. Can't it?

Ryuk says nothing. But it's clear he's happy Light caught on.

LIGHT
How far can you take it? How much can you
control?

It looks like Ryuk isn't going to answer... Then:

RYUK
The Shinigami don't use the Death Note in
that way... So even we don't know.
Light leans back. A little stunned. And a little excited.

LIGHT
I'll have to experiment then...
(nods)
But for my plans for L... I think I'll
start with time of death.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - SAME

Turner with Parks, on the move. His cell rings; he answers:

TURNER
Deputy Chief Turner--
(listens, stops, eyes going wide)
... What?! Where?

EXT. PONTIAC MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

ESTABLISHING. Machine-gun towers. An imposing, brick fortress.

INT. PONTIAC PRISON - CELLBLOCK E - SAME

TURNER, escorted by the WARDEN. They pass SEVEN EMPTY CELLS,
all in a row... All vacated suddenly. Left in total disarray.

WARDEN
Up here. 108. His name's Henry Johnston.

TURNER
When's it supposed to happen..?

WARDEN
If the pattern holds? Three p.m.
(pointing at a WALL CLOCK)
One minute, ten seconds from now--

They reach CELL 108. INMATE JOHNSTON is at the bars, SHOUTING:

JOHNSTON
HELP ME, GODDAMNIT! GET ME OUTTA HERE!

Turner takes it all in: GUARDS looking scared. EMTs on standby.

TURNER
Get him out. Let's get him outta here.

The warden nods... And the guards yank back the CELL DOOR--
Grab the STRUGGLING INMATE. Start hustling him towards the EXIT.
Johnston spots Turner now, YELLING as he passes him:

INMATE
YOU! YOU GOTTA PROTECT ME! YOU'RE A COP!
YOU GOTTA PROTECT ME!

Only Johnston never makes it to the exit...
The CLOCK ON THE WALL strikes three exactly--

And suddenly he lets out a BARK OF PAIN. Clutches his heart,
TWITCHING. CONVULSING. Then pitches over at Turner's feet, DEAD.

EMT
Here we go again!

The EMTs shove Turner aside. Tear open the inmate's shirt.
CHARGE the defib -- as they prepare the SHOCK PADS.

KA-CHUMP. Johnston's body JOLTS. No go. KA-CHUMP. Can't find a
pulse. KA-CHUMP. Flatline... The EMT looks up. Shakes his head.

And suddenly THE NEXT INMATE, in CELL 109, starts SCREAMING.
Which, in turn, gets the INMATE BESIDE HIM SCREAMING!

INMATES
OH GOD! DO SOMETHING! JESUS! HELP US!

Turner just stands, helpless. Listening to their TERROR. CUT TO:
SUDDEN SILENCE. L's SYMBOL FILLS THE SCREEN. Over this, we HEAR:

L'S MECHANICAL VOICE
One convict every hour, on the hour?

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - TURNER'S OFFICE - LATER

The office is a bit of a mess. A COT has been set up in the corner. Turner and Parks stare at L's SYMBOL on WATARI'S LAPTOP:

TURNER

Yes. We tried moving them. Hid them.
Sedated them. Kept them in the
hospital... Nothing made a difference.

Turner sighs. Visibly shaken. Parks shakes his head.

PARKS

But this is a school day... Does that
mean Kira isn't a student?

TURNER

(shrugs)
Maybe... Anyone can skip a day of school.
(beat)
What worries me is -- does this mean Kira
can set the time of death?

L

I don't think that's what he's trying to
tell us.

Both cops frown. They almost forgot L was there.

L

While it may demonstrate Kira is free to
set the time of death as he pleases...
(beat)
What he's really trying to say is that he
has access to classified task force
information.

Parks looks confused. Turner, if possible, even more grim.

TURNER

Andy. Give us a second, would you..?

Andy blinks at his boss. Nods... and exits. Then:

TURNER

What are you saying..? That Kira is on
the Task Force? That he's a cop?

L

Yes... He's a Task Force Member... Or
someone close to a Task Force Member.
(beat)
And he wants us to know it.

Turner just shakes his head.

L
Consider the facts. For two weeks, I've had in my possession data suggesting Kira was a student. But not until I shared this information with the Task Force did Kira's pattern change... And it changed within hours.

(beat)
He's taunting us.

Turner drops into his chair. All of this is too much for him.

L
With your permission, I'd like to bring in outside operatives to investigate the Task Force Members.

TURNER
Investigate the Task Force--?
(beat)
Do you have ANY idea what would happen if that leaked?! Even a HINT that Kira might be a cop?!

He stops himself. Takes a deep breath. Considers... Finally:

TURNER
Fine. Do it. But no one else can know...
If it gets out, we're both dead.

Turner sighs. Feeling like he's made a deal with the devil.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - COLUMBUS DRIVE BRIDGE - DAY

Nestled among skyscrapers, a romantic stone and steel bascule BRIDGE spans the Chicago river (note: imagine a double draw-bridge where both sides rise to let water traffic pass below.)

LIGHT walks along the bridge, admiring the view.
RYUK, as usual, hovering behind him.

SUPER: **FOUR DAYS LATER**

LIGHT
I'm surprised, Ryuk. No complaints from you lately... Am I managing to keep you entertained?
(Ryuk chuckles unpleasantly)
What's so funny..?

Ryuk considers. A beat. Then gives an incongruous demon shrug:

RYUK
I wasn't going to say anything but--
(looks down at Light)
You're being followed.

Light misses a step... Recovers, quickly.

RYUK
I spotted him two days ago. And even
though I know he can't see me... it's
really starting to creep me out.

LIGHT
Two days..?
(pause, thinking)
Good.

RYUK
(surprised)
Good..?

LIGHT
Looks like L took the bait.
(beat)
He's investigating everyone connected
with the task force.

Light stops in the middle of the bridge. Bends down to tie
his shoe. Flicking a glance behind him:

Spots a WHITE-HAIRED MAN strolling along, by himself.
Pointedly not looking at Light.

RYUK
Why would you want him to do that?

LIGHT
Think, Ryuk. How's the task force gonna
feel when they find out L made -- not
only them -- but their families suspects?

RYUK
(grin twisting on his face)
They'll turn against him. Pretty clever,
Light. One problem.

LIGHT
What's that?

RYUK
You've also put yourself under suspicion.
You're letting L get awfully close.

LIGHT

You're funny sometimes, Ryuk. To kill L,
I'll need to let him get a lot closer.

A HAND -- grabs Light's shoulder. JERKS him around suddenly--

Before Light can even react, A GIRL leans in -- and kisses
him full on the mouth... Naomi pulls back, grinning:

NAOMI

Talking to yourself again? You realize
that means you're crazy.

(Light shrugs)

I like it...! Sorry I'm late.

LIGHT

You're not late.... Tell me again why you
always want to meet here?

NAOMI

This is our spot, Light! Don't you
remember? It's the first place we kissed.

LIGHT

Sure. And the most recent... So, where to?

NAOMI

Shopping!

INT. CHICAGO PD - TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The daily briefing. The usual packed roomful of cops.
Only today, something's up. Some heated talk going on.

Turner strides in with Parks. Heads turn; the room goes quiet.
Turner frowns. As one of the task force members approaches:

TURNER

What's this..?

TASK FORCE MEMBER

Well, sir... Some of us.

(getting it over with)

There are some of us who would like to be
reassigned... Immediately.

TURNER

Reassigned..?

Turner glances over at Parks -- who just shrugs -- then back:

TURNER

What're you talking about...? Why?

TASK FORCE MEMBER

Because, we value our lives.

(nods at two of the others)

Chang and Wilkes here, they did the research I wanted.

(beat)

Turns out, every victim to date had both their face and name reported in the media prior to their deaths.

TASK FORCE MEMBER #2

In other words, a face and a name is all Kira needs to kill us!

TURNER stares at his men. Taking this all in. Everyone in the room, watching. Finally, he nods. Lets out a ragged breath--

TURNER

Alright. Here's what we're gonna do... I'm gonna take an early lunch. You want off this task force, you're free to go.

(beat, then)

Kira has appointed himself judge, jury and executioner -- maybe you don't have a problem with that. Maybe you even agree with what he's doing... But ask yourself this: What happens when you don't..?

Turner turns. Starts out of the room, Parks following.

TURNER

No, Andy. You have to make this decision for yourself, too.

INT. CHICAGO PD - 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER

Giles and Parks in the hall. Nervous, pacing. They look over suddenly -- see Turner approach, forces a smile:

PARKS

How was lunch..?

TURNER

I don't know. You tell me.

Before Parks can answer, Turner pushes open the door--
INSIDE the once-crowded room is almost COMPLETELY EMPTY.

WATARI is here. Plus TWO MORE cops: One has RED HAIR with a WHITE STREAK in it, this is Dickey Hawes (30s). The other, a TALL BLACK GUY named Sam Brown (40s).

GILES

Sorry, sir. It's only the four of us left.

A pause. Slowly, Turner starts to shake his head.

TURNER

No... Don't say "only" four.

(beat)

You should say as many as four... Willing
to lay your lives on the line.

BROWN

We're with you, sir. But there is one
thing--

Brown glances to the back of the room where WATARI stands,
hovering over the laptop linked to L.

BROWN

To put it bluntly..? -- How do we know we
can trust L..? He won't show his face...
He's not risking anything.

Turner starts to respond, but L's VOICE cuts him off:

L

Chief Turner, he's right... How can you
expect to trust someone who demonstrates
no trust for you?

(beat)

Watari...

On cue, Watari picks up the laptop. Walks it over next to the
group of cops... The ~~U~~ on the screen has been replaced by TEXT.
The group crowds around, reading:

**I WOULD LIKE TO MEET WITH THE FIVE OF YOU WHO HAVE
MY TRUST. DO NOT SPEAK OF OUR MEETING TO ANYONE
ELSE WHO IS NOT IN THE ROOM NOW.**

**PLEASE LEAVE THE BUILDING AND WALK NORTH. I'M IN
THE IMPERIAL HOTEL. ROOM 1150.**

The group finishes reading. Glancing at one another.
Watari smiles at them all. Closes the laptop and exits.

PARKS

Did he... expect something like this to
happen?

EXT. CHICAGO - WICKER PARK - STREET FAIR - DAY

Typical street fair... Food stands, vendor stalls. Music. And--

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN

The guy tailing Light. He glances over his newspaper at--

LIGHT AND NAOMI - walking, hand in hand. RYUK lagging pretty far behind -- staring longingly at a fruit seller's APPLE CART:

RYUK

Hey, Light! Aren't you gonna get any?

Light ignores him. Up ahead, notices:

A VENDOR SELLING KIRA POSTERS - One says: "**Kira is Good.**" -- except one "o" has been crossed out, leaving: "**Kira is God.**"

Naomi notices. Smiles, clearly approving of Kira's popularity:

NAOMI

That's my boy.

Light's pleased. Doesn't let on. Covers by joking:

LIGHT

Kira, huh? -- I thought *I* was your boy.

NAOMI

You're my boy, too... But we gotta do something about the look. Try this on--

Light turns. She holds out a BLACK HOODIE with a skeleton pattern on it: Skull, arm bones, ribs.

NAOMI

This'll give you a little extra... "*bad boy.*"

Light tries to be a good sport. Sets his backpack at his feet. Starts to pull the HOODIE on... And that's when it happens--

Some punk kid with a MOHAWK, walking past. Leans down casually, SCOOPS UP Light's backpack. Keeps walking... In no hurry.

Classic snatch. The guy disappears into the crowd. No one even notices... Except, Ryuk. Drifting over, laughing: *Heh. Heh. Heh.* Light stops. He knows that laugh. It usually means trouble.

NAOMI

What?

Light looks around... Notices:

LIGHT

My backpack--!

Spins, scans the crowd. Spots the MOHAWK DUDE in the distance-- Along with the briefest glimpse of his BACKPACK. Then it's gone.

Shit--! Light takes off running. As we CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - WICKER PARK - SIDE STREETS - SAME

Light sprinting through a maze of streets. Tracking the SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ahead of him. He comes to a "T": *Which way..?*

He darts down the left fork. RYUK falling further and further behind. The alley curving... Light straining to hear his quarry.

And then he slows, shaking his head. Stops, realizing he went the wrong way. He lost the guy... A beat, then--

A MAN SCREAMS. The sound coming from behind Light. He swivels, TAKES OFF towards the noise... Rounds the corner. And--

WHAM-! Slams HEADLONG into MOHAWK DUDE. Light going down. Mohawk doesn't even stop. Keeps running. Like a bat out of hell.

Light stares after him -- frowning...
The guy DOESN'T HAVE HIS BACKPACK anymore.

NAOMI
(calling out)
Light! Over here--

Light climbs to his feet. Stumbles toward her voice, back to--

THE ALLEY FORK

Takes the right branch this time... Ryuk is here. Light jogs past him. Spots his books, strewn everywhere. Naomi, approaching from the other side, is closer. Starts gathering them up--

NAOMI
He just dropped it. Maybe he saw a cop--

Ryuk, drifting behind Light, suddenly interjects--

RYUK
Light, you're probably gonna be mad at me,
but... Something I forgot to mention--

Light leans down, grabs his empty bag. Shoots a glance at Ryuk:

RYUK
If she touches any part of the Death
Note... She'll be able to see me.

Light blinks: *The Death Note. Shit.* He looks around. Spots it sitting, face down, a few feet from Naomi. She reaches for it--

LIGHT
Hey!

Naomi freezes, hand inches from the notebook. She looks up.

Light hesitates, not quite sure how to cover, then--
He takes a step toward her, and says:

LIGHT
Listen, I've been meaning to say--
(beat)
--I think... I think I might really be
falling for you.

Naomi breaks into a smile, as Light carefully puts himself
between her and the Death Note. Leans down and grabs it
behind his back... Stuffs it in his backpack.

NAOMI
Oh..? Really falling, huh..?

She stands, leans in and kisses him. A serious kiss... Then:

NAOMI
Let's go back...
(beat, smiles)
I'll buy you that hoodie.

She skips off. Light smiles, follows after her...

RYUK
Doesn't her spit get in your mouth when
you do that..?

Light ignores him as they emerge back on to the MAIN STREET.

Naomi, way ahead. Light spots the WHITE-HAIRED MAN again...
Apparently browsing, just another shopper. Light smiles:

LIGHT
Ryuk -- I have to get the name of the guy
following me...

EXT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A swank, luxury hotel. Chandeliered car-port. Red carpet.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - CORRIDOR - SAME

TURNER, PARKS and the THREE REMAINING TASK-FORCE MEMBERS
stand outside a DOOR to an ordinary HOTEL SUITE.

The cops just stand there. Not knocking. None of this *feels*
very ordinary... Finally, Turner RAPS on the door.

An undisguised VOICE replies from the other side:

VOICE
Gentlemen. Please come in.

Turner frowns. Tries the door. It opens:

PARKS

Jesus. After all this, he doesn't even
lock his door..?

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - L'S SUITE (CONTINUOUS)

The cops enter. What they see, isn't what they expected:
L, in the flesh is... Odd.

Barefoot. Vaguely disheveled. Not much older than Light, but
with none of Light's blond, blue-eyed, clean-cut good looks--

L is dark. His eyes black, intense. A compelling figure, despite
looking pale and unkempt... Like he rarely goes outside.

L

I am L.

A pause. The cops exchange glances. Instinctively hold up
their badges as they introduce themselves: "*James Turner*",
"*Andy Parks*", "*Peter Giles*", "*Dickey Hawes*", "*Samuel Brown*".

TURNER

(shrugs)

Unfortunately, it's now just the five of--

L abruptly makes a gun with his finger. Shoots them:

L

BANG-!

The cops just stare, confused:

L

If I was Kira, you'd all be dead. He
needs only a face and name to kill--

(pause, letting it sink in)

We forget, because the way in which Kira
is able to kill is so far outside our
normal understanding...

(beat)

But it's a fact. And we need to be
cautious, even while we're taking risks.

L smiles finally... And we CUT TO:

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL - L'S SUITE - SITTING ROOM - SAME

The task force members sit on a long COUCH next to a COFFEE
TABLE. On the table--

DESSERTS. Cakes, ice cream, cookies, pies -- you name it. THE COPS just stare at it all. No one eating. That is, except for

L - seated in a HIGH BACKED CHAIR... His feet up. Plate on his knees. Sampling a little of everything.

WATARI enters the room. Carrying a tray. On it--
FIVE BADGES with photos of all five cops. L glances up.

L

These will be your new police IDs --
both name and rank have been falsified.

The cops frown. Turner just shrugs, taking his from Watari:

TURNER

Same as being undercover, isn't it..? And
it could save our lives.

At this point, Hawes nudges Brown, who speaks up:

BROWN

Excuse me, L... Dickey and me, we've been
thinking --

(beat)

At this point, Kira's almost run out of
violent criminals in prison --

L

Yes. Kira's victims have increasingly
come from newspaper and TV news reports.

BROWN

So why not withhold names and faces of
suspects from the media?

L

An idea I've toyed with. Unfortunately,
if we do that... ordinary people will be
killed.

HAWES

Ordinary people? Why?

L

Kira is childish and hates losing.

(beat)

I'm childish and hate losing. That's how
I know.

The cops fall silent.

TURNER

So... What do we do then?

L

Ah. Well, that's the problem.
 (beat)
 We can't do anything until Kira makes a move. That's how this particular chess game works, unfortunately.
 (beat)
 We simply have to wait for something new to happen--

BUZZING noises. Cellphones vibrate with text messages. All the cops check their phones. Turner looks up:

TURNER

Kira. Five simultaneous deaths. Except three behaved strangely before they died.

L

(without missing a beat)
 --Something exactly like that.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - SAME

Light on his laptop. Ryuk behind him, looking out the window-- OUTSIDE, Light's tail, the WHITE-HAIRED MAN, stands in the cold.

RYUK

Light, your friend -- what did you call him..?

LIGHT

Q-Tip Head..?

RYUK

Yes. Q-Tip Head is still down there, watching... I wonder if he gets bored.

LIGHT

I would... Ah. Here we go.

Light has logged into the Police Database again. Clicks a link: PHOTOS appear. DEAD PRISONERS. The first, lying on the floor of his CELL. A PENTAGRAM on the wall. Drawn in BLOOD.

LIGHT

Good news, Ryuk. My test results are in.

INTERCUT - THE EXACT SAME IMAGE

On Turner's computer in L's HOTEL ROOM. As TURNER, L and company look on. Turner pulls up TWO MORE PHOTOS. Arranging them--

The second image, ANOTHER PRISONER, dead on a BATHROOM FLOOR.

The final image, a CLOSE-UP of a HANDWRITTEN NOTE:

Lord have mercy,
Do what I can, I'll either be hanged or
you know it, killed by that KIRA! I
know about him. He's going to get me!

L studies the images... Shakes his head:

L
A pentagram..? A note expressing fear of
Kira..? Could mean nothing. Or--
(beat)
We know Kira can control the time of his
victims' deaths... Could he also control
some of their actions..?

Everyone reacts, disturbed by the possibility. L thinking...

L
Let's keep details of these deaths from
the media. Report only cardiac arrest.

TURNER
Okay. But why..?

L
It's possible Kira used these victims as
guinea pigs... I don't want him to know
if he succeeded or not.

BACK WITH LIGHT - The SAME THREE PHOTOS on his laptop. He
explains them to Ryuk:

LIGHT
The first three did exactly as I wrote...
(beat)
One drew a pentagram. The second left a
note that was letter for letter what I
put down... And this final guy, he
actually managed to escape from his cell
to the nearest bathroom and die. Exactly
what I wanted.

RYUK
Interesting.

Light opens TWO MORE PHOTOS. DEAD PRISONERS in their cells:

LIGHT
But for these last two, I deliberately
wrote impossible details.
(MORE)

LIGHT (continued)

For one, I wrote: "Dies, 6 p.m. in front of the Eiffel Tower in France." Being in jail in Chicago, that gave him just one hour to make it to Paris, which is physically impossible. So he just died of a heart attack.

RYUK

I like the Eiffel Tower.

LIGHT

For the other one I wrote: "Draws a perfect likeness of L on his cell wall." But you can't draw a picture of someone you've never seen.

(beat)

So, even with the Death Note, it seems you can't do the impossible.

Light pulls up a NEWS STORY on his computer:

DRUG ADDICT SOUGHT IN FAILED BANK ROBBERY

There's a MUG SHOT. A desperate-looking MAN with a SCAR. Below, the suspect's name: **Jack Carpenter.**

LIGHT

Which means, I'll be ready for Mr. Q-Tip tomorrow.

(beat)

But first I think I'll leave L a message.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - BUS STOP - MORNING

NAOMI at a bus stop. Texting on her phone.

LIGHT, Ryuk drifting behind, approaches. Waves to her--

LIGHT

Sorry, I'm late.

A BUS arrives. Its marquee reads: ***Six Flags America Express.***

NAOMI

Late? You're right on time.

They climb aboard the bus. CAMERA lingers on the doors. As they close, a HAND blocks them. The doors open--

WIDER - THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN

LIGHT'S TAIL, is here. He gets in. As the BUS starts away.

INT. SIX FLAGS EXPRESS BUS - SAME

Light and Naomi head toward the back, find seats.
 RYUK hovers in the aisle beside them, looking around. Amused.

LIGHT'S TAIL following them -- PASSES RIGHT THROUGH Ryuk as he moves to sit one row behind Light.

NAOMI

This is nice... Is this the new Light..?
 Exciting fun times?

LIGHT

I guess so... Just felt like doing
 something "frivolous."

Light smiles, leans back in his seat as we TIME CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH CHICAGO - BUS STOP - MORNING

The EXPRESS pulls up to a different bus stop.
 Three PASSENGERS get on... The LAST in this group we recognize:

He's the DRUG-ADDICTED CRIMINAL Light was looking at online. He lags behind... Climbs on board just before the bus takes off.

Light notices him, betrays nothing. Ryuk sees him, too:

RYUK

That's your guy, isn't it, Light?

The CRIMINAL, still standing as the bus begins to move.
 Glances around at the twenty or so passengers, then--

PULLS A REVOLVER OUT OF HIS JACKET. Points it at the DRIVER.

CRIMINAL

Okay ASSHOLE, just keep driving!

The passengers react, STARTLED. A few SCREAM--

The criminal looks up. He's got a strange, unfocused look in his eye. A little doped up, maybe. But also a little... off.

CRIMINAL

This bus has just been HIIIIIIJACKED! You
 move, I'LL BLOW YOUR GODDAMN HEADS OFF!!

He snaps a glance at the driver:

CRIMINAL

YOU! DRIVER ASSHOLE! You're in contact
 with the park people, right? RIGHT?!

The driver nods nervously.

CRIMINAL

Call them! Tell them what's happening!

The driver picks up a RADIO-PHONE. Hits a button:

DRIVER

This is Carter... Bus 124. We... We've just been hijacked by a man with a gun.

CRIMINAL

Give me that!

(grabs the handset)

HEAR THAT, PARK PEOPLE?! I WANT YOU TO TAKE ALL THE MONEY YOU MADE YESTERDAY AND BRING IT TO THE LAST STOP BEFORE THE PARK! YOU GOT THAT?!

(beat, listens)

LEAVE THE MONEY THERE! TRY ANYTHING, CALL THE COPS, EVERYONE ON THIS BUS DIES!

He YANKS OUT the handset. Tosses it away. Wheels, eyes wild. Mouth drooling. The passengers cower.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LIGHT

Blocked from view by the seat in front of him, he scribbles something on a piece of paper. Hands it across to Naomi... Behind them, LIGHT'S TAIL glimpses the note:

I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR A CHANCE TO GRAB THE GUY'S ARM AND PIN IT SO HE CAN'T USE THE GUN. HE LOOKS SMALL -- I THINK I CAN RESTRAIN HIM.

Naomi reads it, looks alarmed -- but not as alarmed as LIGHT'S TAIL. He leans in, WHISPERS:

LIGHT'S TAIL

Don't. It's too dangerous. Let me take care of it.

Light shoots the guy a furtive look. Starts to write again--

LIGHT'S TAIL

Just whisper. He can't hear us back here.

Light crumples up the note. Sticks it in his pocket.

LIGHT

(whispering to his tail)

How do I know I can trust you?

Naomi looks at Light, confused.

LIGHT
 Sometimes criminals will have a sort
 of... *secret accomplice*. Just in case
 something goes wrong.
 (another furtive look back)
 My dad's a detective. He's told me about
 this stuff.

A beat. Light's tail thinking, conflicted... Then:

LIGHT'S TAIL
 I can prove I'm not with him.

The guy reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a wallet. Slides
 it between the seats to Light. Light flips it open. Inside--

AN FBI BADGE

With a photo of Light's tail. Identifying him as:

SPECIAL AGENT RAYE YOUNG

Light studies the ID. Suppresses a smile.
 Ryuk, hovering to one side, leans over... Smiles for him:

RYUK
 And now you've got his name. Heh. Heh.

Light hands the ID back.

LIGHT
 Okay. I trust you, but... You got a
 gun..? I mean, you'll take care of him if
 something happens.

AGENT YOUNG (LIGHT'S TAIL)
 I will.

Light nods. Sees Naomi is terrified. Reaches for her--

LIGHT
 It's gonna be okay.

As he takes her hand, a CRUMPLED NOTE falls from his pocket.
 Lands in the middle of the aisle.

LIGHT
 Shit.

He leans over to pick it up. The hijacker spots him:

CRIMINAL
 Hey! You! WHAT IS THAT?! PASSING NOTES?

He hurries towards them, waving the gun. Snatches up the note. Behind Light, Agent Young tenses... Ready to make his move.

The criminal uncrumples the note. But it's not the one Light passed to Naomi. It's a different piece of paper. On it:

MEET NAOMI -- 11:27 am,
CLARK AND RANDOLPH, SIX FLAGS EXPRESS

The hijacker scowls:

CRIMINAL
What's this? Directions?
(tosses it at Light)
Try that again and I'll shoot you!

He turns, starts back up the aisle... Glancing back:

CRIMINAL
That goes for all of--

Stops, mid-threat. Eyes going wide:

CRIMINAL
WHAT THE HELL! OH, JESUS! JESUS--!

The criminal RAISES HIS GUN, pointing it directly at
REVERSE ANGLE - RYUK

Still HOVERING in the MIDDLE OF THE AISLE.

CRIMINAL
WHAT THE--?! YOU... MONSTER! WHERE DID
YOU COME FROM?!?! DON'T MOVE!

Ryuk cocks his head to one side: *This guy can see him.*

The criminal, FREAKING OUT NOW. Backing away, SHAKING.
The other passengers, bewildered. No idea what he's aiming at.

AGENT YOUNG, easing his hand towards his gun, whispers:

AGENT YOUNG
What the hell is this guy on..?

CRIMINAL
YOU STAY BACK! STAY AWAY FROM ME! I'LL
SHOOT YOU! I'LL SHOOT YOU, ASSHOLE!

Ryuk, unperturbed. Glances down at Light -- who's leaning over in his chair, body covering Naomi. Grins wide:

RYUK

That was a page from the Death Note you dropped... That's how this idiot can see me!

CRIMINAL

SHUT UP! I'M GONNA SHOOT YOU!

Ryuk favors the criminal with a delighted, pointy-toothed SMILE:

RYUK

Okay. But don't get your hopes up.

The hijacker FIRES -- BLAM-! BLAM-! BLAM-!

All three shots hit Ryuk... and pass straight through him. Leave TINY HOLES in his body that SEAL THEMSELVES almost instantly.

RYUK

I hate to break it to you, Jack. But I'm a God of Death... You can't kill me!

The hijacker LOSES IT now. SCREAMS at the TOP OF HIS LUNGS. Fires again -- BLAM-! BLAM-! BLAM-!... KCLICK-! KCLICK-!

AGENT YOUNG reacts:

AGENT YOUNG

He's out of bullets!

He jumps to his feet just as the hijacker throws the EMPTY GUN at Ryuk -- turns and races back up the aisle, YELLING:

CRIMINAL

STOP! STOP THE BUS! LET ME OUT!

The driver JAMS THE BRAKES. TIRES SCREECHING, LOCKED. Passengers SCREAM. AGENT YOUNG, thrown to THE FLOOR. The bus JERKS TO A HALT in the MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

THE HIJACKER scrambling for the exit. He YANKS OPEN the DOORS. DIVES OUT, into the street. Hits the ground, rolls. Looks up.

Sees the car about a half-second before it hits him--

WHAM--! IMPACT. The hijacker THROWN, SPINNING. PINWHEELING-- RIGHT INTO THE PATH of another CAR. CRUNCH--!

This one hits him HEAD ON. Keeps going. RUNS RIGHT OVER HIM. CRUSHING the guy. Dragging him...

INSIDE THE BUS - NAOMI

Looks out the window from her seat. Horrified.

Light, next to her, glances down at his watch: 12:10 p.m.

And right then we FLASH CUT TO:

LIGHT AT THE DESK IN HIS BEDROOM.

Scribbling in the Death Note. We PULL BACK to see what he wrote:

JACK CARPENTER - TRAFFIC ACCIDENT

AT 11:45^{am} TODAY, BOARDS THE SIX FLAGS EXPRESS AT THE PARK AND HOWARD BUS STOP CARRYING A REVOLVER LOADED WITH SIX BULLETS. TAKES PASSENGERS HOSTAGE AND DEMANDS A RANSOM, BUT SEES HORRIFIC DEMON AND SHOOTS ALL SIX BULLETS INTO IT. THEN FLEES, TERRIFIED, INTO THE STREET WHERE HE IS KILLED IN A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT. DIES AT 12:10^{pm} OF THE SAME DAY.

BACK TO SCENE - LIGHT

Looking up from his watch. As Naomi turns away from the window:

NAOMI

Oh, God... Are you okay..?

LIGHT

Yeah... Just a little shaky.

She hugs Light desperately. Ryuk grinning happily:

RYUK

These bus rides are fun!

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - CHICAGO - DAY

Aftermath. Everyone out of the bus. The driver looking green. Agent Young approaches Light. Says quietly:

AGENT YOUNG

I'd appreciate it if you didn't mention I showed you my ID... I'm supposed to be working undercover.

Light smiles.

LIGHT

No problem. Your secret is safe with me.

INT. L'S HOTEL SUITE (TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS) - NIGHT

CLOSE ON L, tucked into an armchair, face a mask of perfect concentration as he somehow absently munches a CHERRY TART.

ON HIS COMPUTER SCREEN - A MESSAGE

HANDWRITTEN CRUDELY... L frowns. Enlarges the note. Looks at it sideways. Underlines the first word of each line:

Lord have mercy,
Do what I can, I'll either be hanged or
you know it, killed by that KIRA! I
know about him. He's going to get me!

L (reading)
 "L, do you know?"

That's when Turner calls out:

TURNER
 Got something!
 (beat)
 Four more deaths... And another one that
 breaks the pattern.

L
 ... One of them left a note.

TURNER
 (hesitates)
 Yes, that's right -- how did you know?

L
 Send it to my computer.

ON L'S SCREEN - THIS NEW NOTE POPS UP:

Gods can't help me. I'm sick
 of waiting around. I just want
 Death... I'm ready for it.

L again proceeds to underline the first word of each line.
 As Turner, appearing now to look over L's shoulder, reads:

TURNER
 "Gods of Death."
 (beat, then seeing the first note)
 "L, do you know -- Gods of Death--"
 (frowns)
 Wait. Is that a message?

L
 Or part of one. But this isn't like Kira.
 Why the note..? What's he trying to say?
 (shakes his head)
 That he's a God of Death..?

EXT. NAOMI'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON/EARLY EVENING

Light, walking Naomi home. Ryuk shadowing them.

SUPER:

ONE WEEK LATER

They reach her door. She opens it; doesn't go in. A beat:

NAOMI

Light... I have something for you--

Light frowns. Naomi takes out a NECKLACE -- a woven chain, with a sort of WISH-BONE SHAPED PENDANT -- hands it to Light.

NAOMI

I know, kind of... cheesy, but--

LIGHT

No, it's cool. It's an interesting... thingy..?

NAOMI

It's a wish-bone, Assface... But put it next to mine--

She pulls hers free of her blouse...

NAOMI

And it makes a heart. Like -- "my heart is broken when you're not around."

LIGHT

(grins)

Right. Or "when we're together, I have a heart-on."

NAOMI

Okay, that's it! Get going. Before my Dad does come home.

(beat, seriously)

I just wanted to give you something 'cuz -- I'm happy, you know.

They kiss. And Light looks like he means it when he says:

LIGHT

Me, too... Thanks.

A beat. She disappears inside. Light turns. Starts walking. RYUK drifts alongside, demonic face cringing:

RYUK

Don't tell me you actually enjoy that?

Light smiles. Says dismissively:

LIGHT

What're you talking about, Ryuk? Naomi's a catch--

RYUK

She's a distraction.

(annoyed)

You've had Raye Young's name a week and done nothing. What's the problem?

Light sighs. Shaking his head.

LIGHT

I'm waiting, Ryuk... I'm giving him time to investigate other suspects.

RYUK

I get it. The more people he investigates the harder it is for L to connect you back to him.

Light hesitates. Lost in thought suddenly:

LIGHT

But it's more than that... I just...

(shakes his head)

Raye Young and the others... They're FBI agents. They're just doing their job.

(beat)

I keep thinking maybe there's another way to hurt L... Or maybe I should just--

RYUK

I thought you wanted to change the world.

LIGHT

I did... I do. I--

Light stops suddenly. Realizing where he is.

ANGLE - THE PARK

The one we saw at the beginning of our story -- the one that was deserted, empty. Only now--

There is a woman playing with her kid here. Having fun. It's DUSK, and the STREET LIGHTS ARE ON. But there she is.

Light blinks. And there's a second woman just arriving now. Two kids in tow. The women greet each other. Normal as can be.

RYUK studies Light, grinning... Says:

RYUK
Quite a difference Kira is making.

Light swallows, nods.
Stares at the park. At the happy, playing children... CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO ("THE LOOP") - NEXT DAY

A light rain... Horns honk. Cars jam the streets.
On the sidewalks, crowds hurry through wet gusts.

AMONG THE THRONG - SPECIAL AGENT RAYE YOUNG

He waits at a crosswalk, LAPTOP BAG in hand. As, BEHIND HIM--

RYUK slides into view, UNSETTLING GRIN on his face. We hold a moment. Young, oblivious... Then the CAMERA SHIFTS to one side--

REVEALING - LIGHT, directly behind the agent. He wears the SKELETON HOODIE Naomi got him, face concealed. He whispers:

LIGHT
If you turn around, I'll kill you.
(beat)
I'm Kira.

Young freezes. The signal turns green. Young doesn't move.

LIGHT
Don't try to look back. Don't put your
hands in your pockets.
(beat)
To your right, there's a coffee shop...
See the guy with glasses, bussing tables?

Without turning his head, Young looks to his right, sees --
A BUSBOY just inside the coffee shop, stacking dishes.

BEHIND YOUNG, Light flicks a glance down at his watch. Says:

LIGHT
Here's the proof I'm Kira...

YOUNG
What..? No, wait--!

Too late. The busboy collapses, dumping dishes everywhere...
Diners react, shocked -- a few rushing over to help.

RAYE YOUNG'S EYES go wide. The rain pours down, harder now.

LIGHT

Don't feel bad. He raped a woman. More than one probably, but his conviction was thrown out over a technicality.

(beat)

Like another demonstration? Pick someone, there are hundreds of people around us--

YOUNG

(desperately)

No. Don't -- I believe you're Kira!

LIGHT

Good. Just so you understand: I can kill you anytime I want, Agent Raye Young. You... or anyone in your family--

Young swallows, scared: *This guy knows who he is?*

YOUNG

What... What do you want?

Light holds out a FAT MANILA ENVELOPE.

LIGHT

Take this. There's a transceiver inside. Put on the earpiece, wait for my instructions.

Young rips it open the envelope. Inside--
A WALKIE-TALKIE device, with a BLUE-TOOTH EARPIECE.

Young frowns. Then, he can't help it, takes a quick glance back. But Kira is gone. *Shit*. Young puts in the earpiece. HEARS:

LIGHT (o.s.)

Careful, Raye. Another mistake like that one, and I'll have to kill someone.

(beat)

Now. Go down into the Red Line station. Doesn't matter which direction.

Young looks around, spots the entrance. Starts toward it.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - RED LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Young at the edge of the platform. There's a RUMBLE as the train arrives. People exit... Then, over Young's earpiece:

LIGHT (o.s.)

Take that seat by the door... Hurry!

Young rushes inside, grabbing the seat.
He lets out a sigh, realizing: *Kira is watching his every move.*

THE TRAIN doors SLIDE SHUT. And it lurches into motion.

LIGHT (o.s.)
Okay. Now a question. If your answer
varies from what I expect to hear--

YOUNG
I understand!

LIGHT (o.s.)
How many FBI agents have been assigned to
investigate the Kira task force?

YOUNG
I heard... Five teams, four to a team.
Twenty agents.

INTERCUT - LIGHT

In the ADJOINING CAR, still hooded, face turned to the wall.
Through a WINDOW in the door between cars, he can see YOUNG.

LIGHT
Do you know who they all are?

YOUNG (o.s.)
No. I swear! I--

LIGHT
Who WOULD know? Who has access to their
employment files?

BACK WITH YOUNG

YOUNG
I don't know! Please. Look, most of these
people I only saw once -- when we were
first briefed by the Assistant Director--

LIGHT
Assistant Director? What's his name?

YOUNG
Pearl. Cedric Pearl. He picked us to--

LIGHT - hearing that, smiles. Bingo.

LIGHT
Raye, what does Cedric Pearl look like?

YOUNG
(confused pause)
What..? He, uh... Thinning hair, big
nose. Wheezes... you know, he's heavy.

LIGHT

Fine. Open the envelope I gave you again.

ON YOUNG - as he opens the BIG ENVELOPE... INSIDE--

There are five more MANILA ENVELOPES. Each one 8 1/2 by 11. Numbered and sealed. But there is something odd about them:

On the FACE OF EACH ENVELOPE -- a column of small, rectangular SLOTS has been cut out. BLANK PAPER visible through the slots.

Young frowns. Has no idea what to make of this.

LIGHT (o.s.)

On the envelope labeled number one, write Cedric Pearl's name in first blank slot.

Young finds the FIRST CUT OUT slot on the "#1" ENVELOPE. Still puzzled. He does as instructed, writing Pearl's name.

LIGHT (o.s.)

Good. Now, get out your laptop.

Young complies. Opens the lid. It boots up instantly out of sleep-mode. Logs automatically into CTA's free Wi-Fi service.

LIGHT (o.s.)

In just a moment, Cedric Pearl will send you an email. Open the attachment.

YOUNG

An e-mail...? Why would he send me--?

DING-! An EMAIL arrives. From: **C.Pearl@IC.FBI.GOV**. THE ATTACHMENT opens to EMPLOYMENT FILES. NAMES. PHOTOGRAPHS.

Young's jaw drops. Can't believe it. Shakes his head.

YOUNG

But, how...? I don't--

LIGHT

That is an alphabetical list of agents... Go through the list, one by one.

(beat)

Look at each face... Then write their name into a blank slot on the envelope.

(beat)

When you run out of spaces. Switch to the next envelope... Do you understand?

YOUNG

No, I don't...! Why would Pearl send me--

LIGHT
 Focus, Raye! And start writing!
 (beat)
 Make sure each name's spelled correctly.
 For every mistake, I kill someone you
 love.

Young swallows. Nods. Looks back to his COMPUTER SCREEN.
 On it, the first name in the list: SPECIAL AGENT ROY ABBOTT.

He stares at the picture of Abbott. Finds the second BLANK SLOT
 on the #1 envelope, and begins to write his name.

YOUNG
 So... I give you their names, and you
 kill these agents..? Is that it?

Young finishes Abbott. Starts on the next one: AGENT DEAN BAKER.
 Glances at his PHOTO. Copies the name into the next blank slot.

LIGHT
 Just keep writing, Raye.

Young heaves a SIGH, starts on the next AGENT.
 Pen scratching on the paper, as--

INT. L'S HOTEL ROOM - THAT EXACT MOMENT

L - studies GRAPHS on a computer. WATARI enters, holding out a
 PHONE. Without looking up, L takes it -- puts it to his ear:

L
 This is L.

INTERCUT - FBI HEADQUARTERS

A harried-looking man stands in the doorway of an office.
 Behind him, there's a flurry of activity. A crowd of AGENTS--

A MAN lies slumped at the desk in the center of the room.

HARRIED MAN
 L, Assistant Director Pearl is dead. A
 heart attack. Just happened--

BACK WITH L, ALARMED

HARRIED MAN (o.s.)
 -- I know he was working with you, the
 team looking into the Kira task force. I--

L
 -- Listen to me: We need to contact every
 FBI agent on that team -- right now.

And now we INTERCUT:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - THAT MOMENT

A TALL MAN sits on a bench here. Reading a book. He glances over to watch A FAMILY buying ice cream. He's clearly following them.

As they head off. The tall man stands to follow, phone buzzing:

TALL MAN
(answering phone)
This is Franks.

L's mechanized voice greets him:

L (o.s.)
Agent Franks, your team's been
compromised. Drop what you're doing and
get to the nearest hospital, NOW--

Franks starts to protest, then... His HAND SUDDENLY GOES SLACK.
The phone slips from his fingers, CLATTERING to the floor--
And he PITCHES FORWARD, COLLAPSES... GASPING. DYING.

L
Agent Franks, can you hear me..? Agent
Franks?!

BACK WITH L

He blinks at his computer screen. A SKYPE window open -- we hear Franks' last breath through the COMPUTER'S SPEAKERS.

BEHIND L, Turner and Giles are frantically making their own calls. Trying to raise anyone on the FBI team... As we CUT TO:

A RED LINE TRAIN - BLOWING THROUGH FRAME

INT. RED LINE TRAIN - THAT MOMENT

BACK WITH AGENT YOUNG. A few envelopes, filled with names, rest in his lap now.

YOUNG
I know you, don't I, Kira..? Your voice
is familiar... Just can't place it.

No answer. Young scowls. Clicks his laptop for the next Agent. And FREEZES. Pen in the air, poised over a blank slot. REVEAL--

Young is staring at his OWN PHOTO and NAME on the SCREEN.

WITH LIGHT - he also sees the IMAGE on Young's COMPUTER, REFLECTED in the window behind the agent.

LIGHT

Stop. Don't write your own name.

Young stops. For some reason, a little spooked about finding his own name on the list... Then, he recovers:

YOUNG

You're not gonna kill these men... I'll stop you. And if I don't, someone will.

LIGHT

Stop me..? Raye, they're all dead.

Young shakes his head, confused.

YOUNG

What? What do you mean?

LIGHT

(almost an apology)
You just killed them.

Young blinks, uncomprehendingly. Looks at the envelope in his hand. At the dozens of names he's just written, as we FLASH TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DEAD AGENTS

No SOUND. Just shots of the dead. Rapid fire.

In their cars. On the street. In their homes. All races. All ages. Passersby gathered around the bodies. Trying CPR.

We end on AGENT FRANKS. Mall cops standing over his body now.

BACK WITH YOUNG

A look of growing HORROR on his face.

LIGHT

They're dead, Raye.... And so are you.
I'm sorry.

IN THE NEXT CAR - LIGHT

Has got the DEATH NOTE, we see what he's JUST WRITTEN IN IT:

RAYE YOUNG.

EXITS RED LINE AT PARK AVE. DIES OF A HEART ATTACK.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - RED LINE - SAME

THE TRAIN ROARS to a stop and RAYE YOUNG steps off carrying his laptop briefcase. Just another normal commute.

The second his foot hits the PLATFORM--
He STUMBLES... GAGGING. WRITHING. Eyes WILD. DROPS.

A few commuters, rushing to help now, as--
RAYE jerks his head, looking back...

IN THE DOORWAY OF THE TRAIN - LIGHT

Stands, the ENVELOPES in his hand, staring down at him.

LIGHT
(to himself)
Goodbye, Raye.

The doors CLOSE as RAYE YOUNG DIES. THE TRAIN speeds away.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - SAME

Light opens ENVELOPE #1. Slides out the piece of DEATH NOTE
PAPER from inside it. Reads:

GEDRIC PEARL

The first name Raye Young wrote in a blank slot. Directly below
the name, the part that was hidden by the envelope, reads:

**DIES OF A HEART ATTACK AFTER SENDING EMAIL
ATTACHMENT CONTAINING THE FILES OF EVERY FBI
AGENT INVESTIGATING THE KIRA TASK FORCE TO
EVERY FBI AGENT INVESTIGATING THE KIRA TASK
FORCE.**

Below this, SEVERAL MORE NAMES. All the FBI AGENTS that we saw
Raye Young write into blank slots. Below each one it says:

DIES OF A HEART ATTACK.

ANGLE - RYUK

Looking down over Light's shoulder:

RYUK
You know what, Light..? I think you'd
make a pretty good Shinigami.

Light doesn't look happy.

INT. L'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

L sits, stunned. Turner and the other Task Force members in
the background. Milling, on the phone. All of them in shock.

GILES looks up from his computer--

GILES

L, we just got report of another prisoner heart attack... Guy left a note.

L

Send it to my computer.

L pulls up the two original notes. First word on each line highlighted... Then the NEW NOTE appears on screen:

love that there is small choice in rotten
apples..? then i leave this world to you.

L blinks. A long beat... Then he pushes back away from the computer. Everyone watching him, confused.

A beat. Then he spins in his chair, LIGHTNING FAST. LEAPS UP--
AND SLAMS A FIST INTO THE WALL -- WHAM! -- Packs a surprising wallop, too. PLASTER ERUPTS... L hits it AGAIN. And AGAIN.

The wall CRUMBLING. Bits flying. Until he BREAKS THROUGH. And stops... Pulls his hand out of the hole, covered in BLOOD now.

TURNER AND HIS MEN

Look on. Astonished.

Giles takes a step toward him. Turner stops him, noticing...

ANGLE - THE MESSAGES ON L's COMPUTER SCREEN

Turner reads the first word from all three notes in order:

TURNER

"L, do you know... Gods of Death... love
apples..?"

(beat, frowns)

But what... What does it mean?

L turns back... Calm again. BLOOD drips from his fingertips.

L

Nothing. The notes were... a wild goose
chase. A distraction.

(beat)

It means he made us look like fools.

L exits the room. Everyone else left dumbstruck. CUT TO:

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark outside. Rainy.

LIGHT enters. Strips off his Skeleton Hoodie. Sits on the edge of his bed and stares down at the Death Note in his hands.

Ryuk glides into frame, watching him carefully. Amused.

RYUK

Why so gloomy..? Tonight was a big victory for Kira.

LIGHT

... Do me a favor, Ryuk--
(looks up, hollow eyed)
Shut up.

Light lays back on the bed. Closes his eyes...
Concentrates on breathing.

INT. L'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

L enters. Hand covered in bandages now, blood cleaned off.

He sits down in front of A LAPTOP. Takes out a key and UNLOCKS it. Opens it up. A SYMBOL APPEARS on the otherwise empty screen:

A

This is exactly how we first met L. Only L is on the other side of the screen now... A DISTORTED VOICE comes from the speakers:

A

L.

L

I... I've made several errors.
(beat)
I anticipate trouble with the law
enforcement agencies here.

A

Do you feel you should be replaced?

L hesitates. Seriously considering the question. Finally says:

L

No. I'll remain... For now anyway.

A

I understand... If you die, we have a
replacement ready.

The A symbol disappears now. Conversation over. L closes the laptop. Stares out the window... Concentrates on breathing.

CUT TO: A SERIES OF SHOTS - HEADLINES

From various NEWSPAPERS, WEBSITES -- being read all across the city -- in BARS, HAIR SALONS, CAFÉS. Displayed on NEWSSTANDS.

All of them asking more or less the same question:

SLAIN FBI AGENTS WERE INVESTIGATING POLICE - IS KIRA A COP?

One NEWSPAPER lands, *SMACK*! on a desk. Pull back to REVEAL--

INT. CHICAGO PD - SUPERINTENDENT WALLACE'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPERINTENDENT DOUG WALLACE (60s), is the man who tossed it-- TURNER stands opposite his boss, looking very tired. Pale.

WALLACE

This is a GODDAMN NIGHTMARE! The public already lost faith in us! And now THIS--

He POUNDS the newspaper on his desk.

WALLACE

People think KIRA IS A COP!

(beat, calming down)

Alright... We gotta issue a statement to that pack of reporters out there--

Wallace picks up a page of prepared remarks.

WALLACE

We're gonna tell them that it was all a mistake. A miscommunication with the FBI. That we never believed Kira was a cop. And that heads will roll... Maybe they'll buy it.

Turner is not happy about any of this. But he nods anyway.

WALLACE

Then I'm gonna shut down the task force.

TURNER

WHAT?!

WALLACE

This department is no longer working with L -- and we're no longer investigating Kira. Hopefully he'll catch wind of that fact and go back to just killing crooks.

TURNER

You can't just bow down to--

WALLACE

WATCH ME!

A pause. Turner fumes. Says nothing.

WALLACE

Now you'll have to excuse me -- because of that "Lind L. Taylor" broadcast, there's no one in the department even willing to mention Kira on TV... So, I have to go deliver this statement myself.

He starts out the door. Turner just standing there... Then:

TURNER

I should do it.

Wallace stops. Glances back with a raised eyebrow:

WALLACE

... Do what..?

TURNER

I'll make the statement.

(beat)

Those agents died because of my decisions... Let me take the fall.

INT. CHICAGO PD - PRESS ROOM - MINUTES LATER

CAMERAS, REPORTERS crowd around an empty PODIUM.

Off to the side, TURNER stands alone...
Haggard, scared. He dials his cellphone.

INTERCUT - HIS WIFE, LILLY

Stirring a bright green soup in the KITCHEN. Answers the phone:

TURNER

Hi, Honey. I --

Turner hesitates. A pause. Lilly frowns:

LILLY

What's wrong?

TURNER

Nothing. I just got a sec... Haven't been home much lately, so I just thought -- well, I'd check in...

Lilly's no dummy, her heart begins to sink as behind her --
Sky calls from the living room:

SKY (o.s.)
 Mom! Hey, Mom! Dad's on TV!

Lilly steps around the corner into the living room. As Light, just coming down the stairs, joins them... They all stare at:

ON TV - A LIVE-FEED

From the CHICAGO PD PRESS ROOM. At the bottom of the screen, a news-ticker: **POLICE STATEMENT ON KIRA FBI KILLINGS.**

At the edge of the frame, TURNER HIMSELF -- back to the camera -- continues to talk to Lilly:

LILLY
 Jim! What's happening? Why are you on TV?

WITH TURNER

He shuts his eyes. Takes a deep breath. Says quickly:

TURNER
 -- I love you, Honey. I love you all so much... I'm sorry.

He hangs up. A beat. Then he turns, face grim... CRUMPLES the page of PREPARED REMARKS. Strides directly to the PODIUM. CAMERAS CLICK, FLASH. Turner adjusts the MIC.

TURNER
 My name is Deputy Chief James Turner. I am the head of the Task Force assigned with finding and capturing Kira.
 (beat)
 I will not comment on current police operations, nor the *heroic* deaths of our counterparts in the FBI, except to say:
 (beat)
 Kira, yesterday, you once again revealed yourself to be nothing more or less than a common murderer of innocent people...
 (pause)
 And you will be brought to justice.

INTERCUT - LILLY, SKY AND LIGHT

LILLY
 He's taunting Kira! Oh God, he's gonna die!

She starts to cry. Sky hugs her. Light stares, unreadable. As--

ANOTHER ANGLE - RYUK

Looks on from behind Light. Happy as a clam.

RYUK

Too bad. He goes now, too -- huh, Light?
Kira has a reputation to protect--

BACK WITH TURNER

TURNER

It is possible that I might die in the
course of this assignment. But if I do,
there will be ten more willing take my
place... We will not stop until Kira
answers for what he's done. Thank you.

Turner walks off the stage. A beat. The room silent. Then--

A REPORTER begins to CLAP. He's joined by ANOTHER. Then ANOTHER.
Soon, the whole room's APPLAUDING. Standing. LOUDLY CHEERING.
Turner passes WALLACE as he leaves the room. Whispers to him:

TURNER

Shut us down now, you cowardly shit.

And keeps walking. The cheers keep coming. As--

BACK AT LIGHT'S HOUSE

They click off the television. Lilly sobbing, clutching Sky.

LILLY

How!? How could he do this to us?

Light just stares at the blank screen, transfixed.

LIGHT

He did what he had to... I've never been
more proud of him in my whole life.

Light turns, ignoring the LAUGHING RYUK. Heads back upstairs.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - LATER

LIGHT, at his desk. The DEATH NOTE open. PEN in hand--
Hovering over a BLANK PAGE. RYUK watches over his shoulder.

The demon barely checks a smile, suppressing his glee:

RYUK

This can't be very easy. Your own father.
(beat)
Still... He didn't leave you a choice.

Light's pen touches paper... Hand trembling--
Then, he stops abruptly. Closes the book. Tosses it in a drawer.
Ryuk CHUCKLES: *Heh. Heh. Heh.* This is all very entertaining.

INT. L'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

L, hand now bandaged, sits with a computer in his lap. Turner and the four other Task Force members are here. They all face--

A HUGE 80-INCH LCD SCREEN

L clicks a button. A GRID OF FACES appears on screen. We recognize some of them:

L

These are our 20 dead FBI agents. Their job was to monitor the entire task force and close associates, looking for Kira.

(beat)

It now seems likely that Kira noticed one of these men following him... And decided take out the entire group at once.

HAWES

But why? Why kill all of them?

TURNER

-- Because if he just killed the one tailing him, our pool of Kira suspects would shrink dramatically, wouldn't it?

L stares at the grid himself now--

L

We're looking for an anomaly. A mistake.

(beat)

People make mistakes. Even Kira.

INT. LIGHT'S BEDROOM - DAWN

LIGHT, asleep. Tries to ignore his VIBRATING cellphone. Gropes for it. Answers, mumbling something incoherent:

NAOMI (over phone)

Morning, Sunshine! See the news yet?!

LIGHT

Nnnmmmm..? See whaaa..?

NAOMI

Guess what? Those FBI agents that got killed..? One of them was on that bus with us -- Raye Young. We actually met him! Creepy, huh? Anyway, it got me thinking. He was supposed to be looking for Kira, right?

(beat)

What if Kira was someone on that bus?

Light sits up. Suddenly wide awake.

NAOMI

I mean, think about it! That guy who hijacked the bus was a criminal. So if Kira was there, maybe Kira killed him.

LIGHT

Uh, sure... But... that guy didn't exactly die of a heart attack.

NAOMI

I know! That's what I was going to tell your Dad... What if Kira can kill people other ways, too? Not just heart attacks.

RYUK drifts into frame now, overhearing:

RYUK

Smart girl. No wonder you like her!

NAOMI

I know, I know, dumb theory -- but I wanna tell your dad... Is he home?

Light can hear his parents downstairs, starting breakfast. Light's mind racing now. Fighting panic--

LIGHT

No. He, uh... slept at the office.
(beat)

But it's a good theory... I'm gonna see him today so I'll tell him. Promise.

Light hangs up. Stares darkly... Then HURLS THE PHONE across the room. CURSING. And we CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO PD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

SAM BROWN is here with HAWES... A MAN sits across from them.

MAN

-- Then I saw the notice in the paper... So the wife said I should just come in.

BROWN

And this is the man you saw on the train?

He holds out a HEADSHOT of RAYE YOUNG.

MAN

That's the guy... He was on the Red line.

HAWES
This was Thursday -- you're sure?

MAN
(nods)
I was coming home from work. I only
remember him because he looked... odd.

BROWN
Odd..? Odd, how?

MAN
(shrugs)
Nervous, maybe. Writing the whole time...
On this big, manila envelope. Reading
stuff on his laptop.

HAWES
That doesn't sound very odd.

MAN
He just didn't look like a man catching
up on his work. He looked--
(beat)
He looked scared.

MATCH CUT TO:

A VIDEO FEED OF THE INTERVIEW - We're in L's HOTEL SUITE.
L, watching the feed on his computer:

L
(turns to Giles)
We have a list of everything found on
Raye Young's body, correct..?

GILES
(shuffling papers, then)
Yeah. Hang on... Here it is.

L
Was there a manila envelope?

GILES
(reading)
No. Laptop. Case. Some papers. That's it.

L turns back to the VIDEO FEED. Blinks. As we CUT TO:

INT. L'S HOTEL SUITE - LATER

L and the Task Force assembled around a table.

L
 Until we can explain what happened to
 that manila envelope, we're now focusing
 on Raye Young exclusively--

PARKS
 I already contacted the evidence room.
 We'll go collect what he had on him.

L
 Good. Do we have a list of the people
 Agent Young was following?

Giles checks his computer:

GILES
 Yes. Young filed reports on six subjects:
 Four cops. One cop's wife. And--

Giles stops. Blinks at the screen...

GILES
 And... Light Turner.

Everyone reacts to this news, surprised. Jim Turner looks
 startled. L just nods:

L
 I thought as much.

PARKS
 WHAT?!

L turns, addresses Turner directly:

L
 There is maybe a 20 percent chance that
 Raye Young was the one following Kira.
 But if he was...
 (beat)
 ... Your son would be my prime suspect.

Turner suddenly angry:

TURNER
 Why the hell would that be?!

L
 Because you're still alive.
 (beat)
 You directly undermined Kira on live TV.
 So why didn't he kill you on the spot?

Turner, still pissed. Spins away from L.

L
 If you want to punch the wall go ahead...
 But I don't recommend it.
 (beat)
 After that, let's be dispassionate and--

TURNER
 Fuck "dispassionate"! You called my son a
 killer!

L
 No. I called him a possible suspect.
 (Turner doesn't respond)
 I've read Young's file on Light. Light's
 smart enough... Ambitious enough, too.
 (beat)
 Think about it. Your son, does he
 consider you a rival? Wouldn't he like to
 prove he's better? You work long hours.
 Gone days and nights at a time. NOW
 though where's your attention been? Kira.

TURNER
 This is ridiculous. You're wrong.

L
 It's only a theory. Let's get facts.
 (addresses everyone)
 We need everything we can get on Agent
 Young's movements that Thursday... Pull
 local CCTV, talk to vendors, canvas Red
 Line stations. Reach out to the public--

As everyone snaps into motion, we CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM (REPLACED WITH LIGHT AT STATION)

Light waits on the platform. TALL BUILDINGS shoot up all around.
 A beat, then something catches his eye. On a public TV--

A HEADSHOT OF RAYE YOUNG - SHOWN ON LOCAL NEWS

Light blinks, moves closer... Trying to get a better look--

As he does, the NEWSCAST CUTS TO: A WOMAN in a POLICE UNIFORM,
 making a statement for REPORTERS. A news graphic identifies her
 as: **OFFICER JILL YOUNG, WIDOW OF FBI AGENT RAYE YOUNG.**

OFFICER YOUNG (on TV)
 My husband was a sweet and kind man...
 Anyone who still believes that Kira is a
 force for good is severely mistaken.
 (MORE)

OFFICER YOUNG (on TV) (continued)
 I pledge to do what it takes -- anything
 it takes -- to help bring this Kira down.

She finishes. Looking deadly serious, pissed off. Reporters shoot questions at her. She turns, disgusted, and walks away.

LIGHT watches, mind racing... As -- ON TV, RAYE YOUNG's PHOTO appears again. There's a phone number to call below it.

NEWSCASTER (on TV)
 -- If you have seen or interacted with
 this man anytime in the last two weeks --
 police request you call their hotline.

LIGHT just stares, disbelieving. Worried... Says, to himself:

LIGHT
 Did I make a mistake..?

INT. L'S HOTEL ROOM - AN 80-INCH LCD SCREEN - SAME

HD VIDEO FOOTAGE of the RED LINE STATION is being cued-up -- fast-forwarded to a particular spot:

GILES (o.s.)
 Brown and Parks found this guy on You-
 Tube. Some train nut. Films the subway.

REVERSE ANGLE - L, TURNER AND REST OF THE TASK FORCE

Gathered around, watching the footage. Giles hits a button--

And THE FOOTAGE starts playing at regular speed. A TRAIN pulls to a stop. PASSENGERS visible through the windows.

One of them, back to us, turns his head. It's RAYE YOUNG...

BROWN
 Holy shit, that's him! Corner seat next
 to the door -- that's Raye Young!

HAWES
 And our tipster was right, he's got a
 manila envelope... What's that on it?
 Are those white stickers?

GILES
 Wait, I can zoom in... Um... Here--

ON SCREEN - THE IMAGE ZOOMS IN

And suddenly we can see YOUNG'S HAND as it moves, writing -- it's fairly BLURRY; THE COPS have to squint up at the screen:

GILES
They look like cut-outs... holes... with
white underneath.

PARKS
That's bizarre.

BROWN
What's he writing? A name maybe, Dan or--?

HAWES
Donald. That's an "o" -- Donald, uh,
Hammington or something--

But that's all they get, the TRAIN starts to SPEED AWAY.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PARKS

Looks up from a list in his hand:

PARKS
No, wait. Got it! Hamilton. Donald
Hamilton! It's here, he's on our list of
dead FBI agents.
(beat, looks up)
Died 6:17.

BROWN
So this is how Kira got their names!

L freezes. Alarm bells going off:

L
One moment. Hamilton died at 6:17?
(beat, to Giles)
Go back to when Young finishes writing.

Giles does exactly that. Rewinds. Runs it to the spot.
Pauses. This time, we see the time-stamp; it says: 6:17.
Turner shakes his head. Starting to realize what L's thinking:

TURNER
I don't understand -- If Young's writing
these names down for Kira--

L nods, completing his thought:

L
-- How did Donald Hamilton die seconds
after Young wrote his name..?

L walks to the screen, stares at it from an inch away.

L

And why's he writing the names on that strange envelope?

Everyone in the room mystified... Then:

L

Question: How does Kira kill his victims?

L turns back to the room. Everyone just stares. Finally:

GILES

Uh, heart attack?

L

Yes, but HOW does he induce heart attack? Is it a method we can understand? Is it a time-release poison--

TURNER

Autopsy reports have ruled that out--

BROWN

I read one theory where he controls a satellite, targets victims with lasers--

GILES

How about Remote Psychic Attack..? Government did experiments in the 60's.

TURNER

(shakes his head)

That's the problem: Whatever it is, we just don't understand it... It could literally be -- anything.

L walks back to the screen. Stands beside the FROZEN IMAGE of Young, writing down Hamilton's name:

L

That's right... It could be anything. Something that isn't rational at all... Something we wouldn't even recognize--

(beat)

Something as simple as writing a name on a piece of paper.

Everyone just stares at him... Stunned by the possibilities. Everyone except for Turner. He stares at the floor. Stony faced:

TURNER

So this means -- you think Raye Young was the agent following Kira?

L

... Yes.

TURNER

So you think *my* son... is Kira..?

L

It's a possibility... Just that.

Turner looks up finally. He looks totally run down. Sick.

TURNER

Find a way to be sure -- one way or the other... And do it fast.

He gets up. And walks out of the room.

INT. CHICAGO - NOBLE TREE CAFÉ - DAY

Light and Naomi, in a hipster coffeehouse (coming here was her idea). Standing in a LONG LINE... Naomi checks her watch:

NAOMI

Oh, shit. Mind if I bail? -- Tennis.
Plus, I already overdid the coffee. I'm
totally talking too fast.

(beat)

By the way, did you tell your Dad?

Light clearly has no idea what she means.

NAOMI

-- My Kira theory..?

LIGHT

Oh. Yeah. Told him. He said he'd look
into it.

She gives him a quick peck on the cheek.

NAOMI

Cool. With any luck, I'll put my hero in
the gas chamber. Catch you tonight.

TIME CUT TO: LIGHT AT A TABLE - sitting, alone. Bothered.

Stares at his coffee cup. Behind him, Ryuk drifts lazily.
A moment. Then someone drops into the seat opposite Light.

VOICE (o.s.)

You're Light Turner.

Light looks up, frowning.

LIGHT

Do I know you..?

The person across from Light shrugs... managing to look casual, almost disheveled, and intense at the same time -- It's L:

L

Not exactly. I work with your father.

WATARI appears now, behind L. Bringing coffee. He sets it down, steps back... And for a moment the table has perfect symmetry-- LIGHT and RYUK one side... L and WATARI on the other.

LIGHT

With Dad..? Not sure I caught your name.

L

I am L --

LIGHT

-- L..?

Light looks stunned. Ryuk immediately perks up, says dryly:

RYUK

Hey, good job, Light. You found him!

L drops SUGAR CUBES in his coffee. A bunch of them.

L

-- I've been working closely with your father on the Kira Task Force...

L, still adding SUGAR, notices Light watching him.

L

I've a bit of a sweet tooth. Comes in handy. I burn calories thinking--

LIGHT

Oh. Um... I'm sorry... I'm just a little confused. Why are you here..?

L sips his coffee. Winces. Still too bitter, but he suffers it.

L

I wanted to talk to you.

LIGHT

Me..?

L

Yes.

LIGHT

Why?

L

Because I think you're Kira.

Light, thrown again. Ryuk positively giddy:

RYUK

Heh. Heh. Not one for small talk, is he?

LIGHT

Wow. That... doesn't make a lot of sense.
Why would you think I'm--

L

You fit the bill in a lot of ways. It's
actually shocking how perfectly you fit.

(beat)

Before we go any further, let me mention:
I've left information with the other task
force members. If anything should happen
to me -- you'd be the prime suspect.

LIGHT

Prime suspect..? Me..?

(laughs)

I'm not sure what you want me to say.

L

You could confess.

LIGHT

(smiles)

To being Kira..? Sure. But the real Kira
would still be out there, committing
murder... How'd that help you, uh... L.

L

I know, kind of silly to address someone
as just "L"...

(beat)

But giving you my real name, after you've
seen my face, would be more than foolish.

A beat. Then Light puts on a confused look:

LIGHT

Seen your face..? I'm not sure I follow.

L

No?

A beat. Then L puts on an innocent grin.

L
That's right. I forgot -- we never
released that information to the public.
(beat)
Kira needs only a face and name to kill.

Light puts on a bewildered look:

LIGHT
But that... doesn't even sound possible.

Ryuk, head swiveling back and forth, follows along intently:

RYUK
This is just like tennis! Huh, Light?

L
It's not possible. And yet the facts on
hand require us to accept it as true.

LIGHT
Right... Okay, but--
(beat)
But I doubt very seriously you "forgot"
that information wasn't public.

L
Oh..?

LIGHT
You were trying to trick me, right..? Get
me to say something only Kira would know.

Another pause. Another innocent grin:

L
If I was, I'm starting to get the feeling
it's not going to work.

LIGHT
How could it? I'm not Kira.

L
I hope you're not. I don't WANT you to be.
(beat)
For your father's sake.

LIGHT
What about you? How do I know you're
really L?

L considers... Adding more sugar to his coffee.

L
Guess you don't. Makes it more fun, huh?

LIGHT
A real blast -- either way, this game
will have to wait--

Light stands. L, objecting quickly:

L
Light, I--

LIGHT
(insists, overlapping)
-- Until I get back from the restroom.

A beat. L smiles, nods. The tension absurd suddenly. As Light
heads upstairs to -- CUT TO:

INT. CAFÉ - RESTROOM - SAME

Light stands in front of the mirror. Gripping the sink.
Staring at himself. RYUK drifting behind him, puzzled...
Then Light SPINS -- SLAMS A FIST into the TOWEL DISPENSER.

LIGHT
GODDAMNIT! HE GOT ME! HE GOT ME!

RYUK
(reacts bemused)
You okay, Light..? I've never seen you
lose it like this.

LIGHT
All this time, this trouble to turn the
police against him and it's POINTLESS! If
he dies now, I'm the prime suspect!
(beat)
One move. One simple move -- and he
destroyed my entire plan.

Light paces. Agitated. And then something clicks in his head:

LIGHT
Wait a minute, you said once... The
Shinigami -- you can see his name,
right?! What is it?!

RYUK
I won't tell you. But I can offer you a
deal--

Light looks confused: A *deal*..?

RYUK

You're own Shinigami eyes. I can give you
this power... The price--

(beat)

--half your remaining lifespan.

LIGHT

(stunned)

Half my..?

Light, shocked, considers. Both horrified and obviously
tempted... Then all at once he realizes. Shakes his head:

LIGHT

Now you offer this..? NOW?

RYUK

What choice do you have? You can't let
him get the better of you. Of Kira...

A long pause. Then:

LIGHT

No... I refuse.

RYUK

You should make the deal, Light... It's
the only way.

Light stares, as if really seeing Ryuk for the first time:

LIGHT

I know you're not on my side, Ryuk... but
I'm starting to think that you actually
might be against me.

RYUK

(smiles)

Light. I think you just hurt my feelings.

Light studies Ryuk -- something new in the way he looks at him.
Fear perhaps..? He shakes it off... Goes back to thinking.

LIGHT

The longer he keeps me talking -- the
more likely he'll spot a mistake in
something I say...

Light blinks, realizing something:

LIGHT

On the other hand, he can't really *know*
anything, can he..? He's just guessing,
otherwise I'd be in jail.

Light looks up at Ryuk, he's smiling again.

LIGHT
I just have to play his game... and win
at it.

INT. CAFÉ - LIGHT'S TABLE - SAME

Light returns to find L craning his neck, scanning tables.

L
I've run out of sugar.

Light's phone starts VIBRATING. A second later, the phone Watari carried does the same... Watari checks a TEXT MESSAGE and hands the phone to L -- just as Light answers his:

LILLY (on phone)
Light! It's your father..!

Lilly bursts out CRYING on the other end of the line.
While L reads his text message aloud:

L
Chief Turner has had a heart attack.

Light and L just stare at each other. A moment of shock, then:

L
Kira!

Light blinks, stunned.

RYUK
Wow. You're having quite the day, Light.

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - SAME

TURNER, laid up in bed. LIGHT and L sitting at his side.
RYUK, in the background, examines all the medical equipment.

L
Kira, of course, could have caused your
heart attack -- but it would mark the
first time he failed to kill his intended
victim... Stress seems more likely.
Especially now that Light's become our
sole suspect.

Light turns. Pissed off:

LIGHT
Don't say that in front of my father!
What do you wanna do, kill him!?

TURNER

(gently)

Light. I already know L's theories. It's okay. You might be under suspicion... But you're not an ACTUAL suspect.

L

Your father is correct, Light. I misspoke... All the evidence pointing to you at this time is circumstantial.

Ryuk glances back, with a sarcastic grin:

RYUK

Well, that's a relief, huh, Light..?

TURNER

L told me he'd be talking to you. He said it might clear you.

L

Yes.

(beat)

Unfortunately, it didn't... I now suspect him even more.

TURNER

What..? Why?!

LIGHT

Please! Can we just talk about all this later? I'm sure it's upsetting you, Dad.

Turner reaches over. Takes his son's hand in his. Pause, then:

TURNER

(almost to himself)

To be honest... Recently, I've been looking at all this differently.

(beat)

I know Kira is evil. But lately I've come to realize... The real evil is the power to kill people.

(looks over at Light)

Anyone who finds himself with that power... is cursed. That's what I think.

He squeezes Light's hand tight. It's meant to be reassuring -- almost as if to say: I'd love you even if you were Kira.

Light, startled, jerks away his hand. Ryuk laughs.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

WATARI stands by an expensive-looking sedan, holding open the back door... As LIGHT and L approach, talking:

LIGHT

Isn't there something I can do to prove to you I'm not Kira..? Maybe if you put me in jail for a while, then when people kept dying you'd--

L

Why are you so anxious to prove it to me?

LIGHT

Why? Just look at what this is doing to my father... And me -- you got any idea how it feels to be accused of being Kira?

L cocks his head to one side in a very Ryuk-like manner, thinks:

L

It... wouldn't feel too good.

LIGHT

It doesn't.

L

Unfortunately, locking you up as a test would be impractical at this stage.

(beat)

Besides... If the evidence against you continues to mount, I'll be locking you up anyway.

L smiles. Despite himself, Light laughs.

LIGHT

Great. Terrific. Thanks.

L

Goodbye, Light... I'm glad we had this chance to talk.

L slides into the back seat. Watari closes the door. Gives Light a slight bow, climbs behind the wheel. They drive off.

Light watches them go. Turns -- RYUK hovering next to him:

LIGHT

(exasperated)

Things just got a thousand times harder. I'm not just trying to kill L anymore.

RYUK
 (grins, eagerly)
 You're not?

LIGHT
 (looks back at the hospital)
 -- No... Now I also need to prove to
 everyone I'm not Kira.

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - TURNER'S ROOM - NIGHT

NAOMI walks in, sets FLOWERS beside Turner's hospital bed.

TURNER
 Naomi! You just missed Light.

NAOMI
 That's okay, I just wanted to drop these
 off... You should be sleeping.

TURNER
 Wish I could. It's not too easy with this
 Kira case running through my head.

NAOMI
 I can imagine. Even I think about it.
 (beat, shrugs)
 That bus thing *is* a bit strange, isn't it?

TURNER
 Bus thing?

NAOMI
 Light said he mentioned it to you.
 (off Turner's blank stare)
 My theory about Kira?

TURNER
 No, he didn't... You have a theory?

Naomi, thrown for an instant. Thinking it through:

NAOMI
 Oh. Um, not really. It's nothing. Just...
 weird.
 (looks up, smiles)
 Look, I better go. You get some rest.

CUT TO: A POLICE ARTIST SKETCH

The subject in profile, features hidden by a SKELETON HOODIE--
 EXACTLY like the one Light wore on the Red Line with Raye Young.

INT. L'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT/PREDAWN

L stares down at the SKETCH. Studying it.

GILES

The woman seemed credible to me... Said
Skeletor here was definitely talking to
Raye Young outside the station.

L

Fine. Give it to the media.

Just then BROWN bursts into the room--

BROWN

I think you'll want to see this.

CUT TO: GRAINY CCTV FOOTAGE

AGENT RAYE YOUNG. In an alleyway. Scanning the ground. Scuffing
at it with his foot... Then looking up, glancing around.

WIDER - L, BROWN and GILES watching the video play:

GILES

What are we looking at exactly..?

BROWN

Some liquor store owner called in.
Recognized Young from the news...

(beat)

Didn't think much of it... But then we
backed it up a few minutes and--

Brown rewinds. Figures FLASH PAST on screen -- he hits PLAY --
and now there's someone else we recognize in the alley:

THE MOHAWK DUDE. The one who pilfered Light's backpack.
In fact, he's rummaging through the backpack right now, tossing
out books, looking for valuables... He grabs the DEATH NOTE.

That's when it happens -- the instant he touches it, something
STARTLES HIM... Something we can't see.

Mohawk snaps his head upwards. Lets out a SCREAM. Frightened.
Backing up against the wall. Half-in, half-out of frame.

GILES

What the hell..?

Mohawk looks down at the notebook in hand, tosses it away.
Then turns, takes off... Running out of frame.

GILES

What was that?

A long pause, then -- NAOMI enters frame, from one side of the alley. Seconds later... LIGHT enters from the other direction.

We watch, as they both start to collect Light's books. Then--

Light SUDDENLY JUMPS UP. Crosses to Naomi, saying something. Puts himself in front of her... Then, picks up the NOTEBOOK behind his back. Clearly trying to conceal it from her view.

L

Stop it there.

The image freezes. L staring at the screen.

BROWN

I thought it was... pretty odd behavior.

L, mind racing...

GILES

Yeah, odd behavior from Turner's kid...
But what about that punk with the mohawk?

L

(blinks, says simply)
Light Turner is Kira.
(beat)
Get back-up. We need to bring him in...
Now.

EXT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

WHAM-! THE FRONT DOOR, KICKED OPEN -- COPS storm through -- more than dozen -- in full SWAT gear, toting MACHINE-GUNS.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM UPSTAIRS, FOLLOWS ONE GROUP as they SPLIT INTO TEAMS--

WHAM-! A BEDROOM DOOR kicked in. Their guns swivel, finding -- SKY, in bed, she sits up SCREAMING! As--

WHAM-! ANOTHER DOOR bursts open -- LILY, this time, gasps, TERRIFIED. Yanking covers to her throat. As--

WHAM-! LIGHT'S DOOR next -- His bed made. The room empty.

BACK DOWNSTAIRS - L HIMSELF

Sweeps in through the front door, Giles beside him.
L notices Lilly, upstairs, bravely pushing through cops --

LILY
 (glancing down, spotting L)
 You! You work with my husband. I met you
 at the hospital... What is this?

A uniformed cop appears, catching L's eye, shaking his head:

COP
 We missed him. Doesn't look like he slept
 here.

L
 Mrs. Turner, I'm sorry for the intrusion.
 Do you know where your son might be?

LILY
 (eyes wide)
 Light..? But why--?

She looks around. All these cops here for her son..? She tries
 to speak -- as the realization of what's going on hits her...
 She let's out a strangled moan... Collapses suddenly--

A nearby cop catches her. L nods: *Good catch.* Turns to Giles:

L
 Put out an all-points bulletin for Light
 Turner. We need that black notebook at
 all costs... Under no circumstances can
 he be allowed to write anything down.

GILES
 You're serious..?

L
 (slight smile, grim)
 As a heart attack.

EXT. HOLY NAME CATHEDRAL - ROOFTOP - DAWN

Light, wearing his SKELETON HOODIE, sits among the gargoyles;
 one of which is Ryuk... He's clearly "wireless squatting" again.

He shuts his LAPTOP as -- his cell BUZZES. Light frowns. It's
 early. Too early. He checks the caller ID: It's SKY... Answers:

SKY
 (harsh whisper)
 Light! Jesus. Where are you..? There's a
 bunch of cops here looking for you--

LIGHT
 Cops..? I don't understand, why?

SKY

I don't know. They broke down the door.
They have machine-guns... Mom fainted and
I can't reach Dad!

LIGHT

Okay, look, uh -- I'll get Dad on the
phone myself. He'll know what to do.

SKY

Yeah. Yeah. Good idea. Call me back.
(beat)
And Light, be careful... I love you.

Sky hangs up. Light staring at his phone. Leans back against
a stone monster... Then bangs his head against it, pissed:

LIGHT

GODDAMNIT! DAMNIT! SHIT!
(beat, thinking furiously)
What do they know? What do they know?

RYUK

(innocently)
Maybe you got a parking ticket..?

EXT. CITY STEETS - MOMENTS LATER

Light, strides down the street. Thinking as quickly as he's
walking. Backpack in tow. Ryuk gliding beside, a happy demon.

LIGHT

I wouldn't raid the house if he was just
bluffing... There must be *something*.
Something I overlooked.
(beat)
If I knew what it was, I could fix it...

IN THE STREET AHEAD - A POLICE CRUISER

Appears, rounding the corner. Light glances around.
He's been walking along a STONE WALL. There's nowhere to hide.

He turns, hops the wall instead. Lands on the other side.
It's a CEMETERY. Attached to the Name Of God Cathedral--

Light starts across the grounds. Moving fast.

BEHIND HIM - THE COP drops into frame.

VOICE

You. I saw you hop the wall. Turn around.

Light pretends he didn't hear it. Keeps walking.

The cop instantly DRAWS HIS GUN:

COP

FREEZE! NOW!

Light has no choice. He stops, turns to face the cop. The guy is young, looks like a rookie... And he's on his own.

COP

What's your name..?

The rookie approaches, cautiously. Gun held steady.

LIGHT

Mike... Mike Roberts.

The rookie frowns at Light. Takes one hand, pulls an APB PRINT OUT from his pocket: A task force SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of LIGHT.

COP

(looks up sharply)

I'm gonna have to ask you to drop the backpack and put your hands on your head.

Light hesitates... does as he's told. Ryuk watching delighted.

COP

Turn around! Hands on your head!

Light turns, raising his hands. The cop approaches cautiously, squinting at Light... Five feet away:

COP

... You're Light Turner.

Light says nothing. Searching for a way out.

COP

Where's your notebook?

Light blinks, stunned. Ryuk, behind Light, starts to chuckle.

LIGHT

Notebook..?

COP

Yes. You own a standard-size, black notebook... Do you have it on you?

LIGHT

Why would you want a notebook?

COP

DO YOU HAVE THE NOTEBOOK ON YOU?!

Light hesitates, then says:

LIGHT
Sure... I think I got it here--

He leans down suddenly. Opening his backpack--

COP
STOP! FREEZE!

Too late, Light's already holding the Death Note.

LIGHT
Jeez! Calm down! It's just my notebook.
(holds it out)
Here.

The rookie, clearly rattled, stares at the book. Then steps forward, reaches out... and takes hold of it--

And that's when everything goes to shit.

The INSTANT the cop touches the Death Note -- we watch from his POINT OF VIEW as--

A LAUGHING DEMON materializes in the air just behind Light. Morphing into existence. Horrific. Giddy. Evil. Ryuk.

The rookie YELPS. Jumps back.
Light, expecting it, doesn't hesitate. LUNGES. TACKLES THE COP.

They both go down in the grass. Pitching, STRUGGLING--
BLAM--! A muffled REPORT. FLASH of LIGHT.

And Light rolls off the cop...
Blood all over his Skeleton Hoodie. Blood all over his hands.

He looks down. He's the one holding the gun--
The cop's doing all the bleeding.

Light stares. Shocked by what he's just done.
The rookie, GASPING for air. GUT SHOT and in pain.

And still, the young cop can't take his eyes off the demon--
After a moment, the creature and Light begin to converse.

RYUK
Good for you, Light! And you didn't even
need the Death Note for that one.

Light looks sick. Tosses the gun into the grass... The Death Note, at his feet. He picks it up. Gets blood on the cover.

Tries to wipe his hands off on the hoodie... Takes one last look at the dying cop. Then turns, starts running--

Hops the wall again. Slows to walk, trying to look inconspicuous... Spots BLOOD. His hoodie covered in it.

Light strips it off. Wads it in a ball. Without breaking stride, stuffs it in a corner TRASH CAN.

RYUK

Too bad. I liked that sweater.

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

POLICE CRUISERS everywhere, lining the street in front of LINCOLN HIGH... A POLICE HELICOPTER BLOWS by overhead.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

NAOMI standing with MIKE. Cops everywhere.

MIKE

I don't get it -- what'd Light do? Man, he was, like, my only friend!

But Naomi isn't paying attention. She's distracted by--

NEWS FOOTAGE - Playing on a TV SET inside one of the classrooms. Naomi bursts INTO THE CLASSROOM. Catches the end of the REPORT:

REPORTER (ON TV)

... Police are looking for this man in conjunction with the death of Agent Raye Young...

ON SCREEN - The "SKELETON HOODIE" POLICE SKETCH--

NAOMI

Oh, my God.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Light's park. The one he passes on the way to Naomi's house.

Light is here now. Sitting on a bench. Looking shell-shocked. We hear SIRENS in the distance. Light's phone starts to BUZZ. He looks at it. It's NAOMI calling. He hesitates... Hits ignore.

LIGHT

... They know about me. They know about the book... How? -- What did L find out?

RYUK
(smiling)
Seems bad, Light. Really bad.

LIGHT
So what do I do..? They find me, they
find the book... I could hide it, maybe--

He thinks. Shaking his head.

LIGHT
-- And then they put me in jail, and I
won't have the book... the killings will
stop, and that will prove I'm Kira.

Light running it over and over in his mind. His options
basically nil. Shakes his head, reaches into his pocket--

Takes out the NECKLACE Naomi gave him... The wish-bone. The
heart. He clutches it. Squeezes it hard. A pause. Then--

LIGHT
Ryuk. You said once that I could...
relinquish ownership of the book--

RYUK
Yes.

LIGHT
--That you only maintain your memories of
the book while you own it.
(beat)
So if I give up the Death Note... I'll
forget all about it, right?

RYUK
That's right.

LIGHT
The fact that I was Kira..? Everything?

RYUK
Everything relating to the book and your
use of it -- You'll forget it all.

Light stares at the swings. Desperate. Thinking. CUT TO:

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME

ANDY PARKS looks pissed off. He strides down the hallway to--
A PRIVATE ROOM. Doesn't knock. Bangs open the door.
CHIEF TURNER is here. In bed, half-dozing. He looks up:

PARKS

I had the department put out an ABP on
Light -- saying he was Kira.... The whole
damn city is hunting for him!

Turner's face turns an even paler shade of white.
He sits up. Rips the IV out of his arm--

TURNER

Get me my clothes!

EXT. CITY PARK - LATER

The sky's grown darker. More ominous. Gusts of wind blow.

LIGHT, still sitting on the bench. He has the Death Note open.
He glances through it... Like a last look at an old friend.

Finally, he closes the notebook. Stands.
Walks over to a nearby TRASH CAN... A beat--

Then he drops the Death Note into the garbage.
Turns to face Ryuk. LIGHTNING FLASHES in the background.

LIGHT

Okay, Ryuk... I...

(beat)

I want to give up the Death Note.

Ryuk's smile fades ever so slightly:

RYUK

You sure, Light..?

LIGHT

... I'm sure.

RYUK

Okay, then... Goodbye, Light.

A beat. Then something changes in Light's face.
His eyes go BLANK for a moment -- watching without seeing as--

RYUK DISINTEGRATES before him.
Turning to BLACK SMOKE... Then blowing away.

Light blinks. Once, twice... Then abruptly CRUMPLES to the
ground, losing consciousness. CUT TO BLACK.

A pause. Another pause. Then--

The SOUND of a light PATTERING RAIN. THUNDER. But we hold on
the BLACK SCREEN until a new sound intrudes -- A BUZZING.

CUT IN ON: LIGHT'S EYES, fluttering open.

He's right where we left him. On the grass by the park bench.
He sits up looking bewildered. Time has clearly passed.

It's dark now. A STORM has swallowed the sky.
Light realizes what's making the buzzing noise. It's his phone:

LIGHT

Hello..?

NAOMI is on the other end... She's distraught:

NAOMI

Light where are you!? Everyone is looking
for you!?

Light glances around the park... It's obvious he doesn't
remember quite how he got here.

LIGHT

I... I'm not sure... I think I'm at the
park by your place, but...

He frowns, thinking: *What was I doing here?*

NAOMI

Light, the police are after you... They
think you're Kira.

Light is starting to piece some things together again...

LIGHT

Wh--? Uh... yeah. Yeah, that's right. Sky
said something about that... It's insane.

A pause on the line:

NAOMI

If you know, why haven't you turned
yourself in?

LIGHT

(frowns again)

I just... haven't. I don't know... I was
gonna try to talk to my Dad--

(beat)

Naomi, you don't sound good. Are you okay?

Another long pause.

NAOMI

I'm at our spot. The bridge... Light, you have to come meet me. I have to see you.

(beat)

I want you to look me in the eyes... and tell me that you're not Kira.

Her voice is shaky. She's clearly distraught. Alarmingly so.

LIGHT

Naomi, I--

NAOMI

If I thought you really were... If I was in any way--

(stops herself)

Just be here... If you don't show up... I... I don't know what I'll do...

LIGHT

Naomi, everything's okay. Calm down. I'll be there. If you want, you can go with me to the police... I'll turn myself in.

(beat)

Just... I'll be there. I promise.

Light hangs up, gets to his feet. His clothing damp now. Looks around, getting his bearings. Shakes his head to clear it... Then starts to run. Headed for his girlfriend. CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHT'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

L, WITH GILES. LAMINATED MAP spread on the hood of an unmarked car. L eats DONUTS from a box. A cop approaches, grabs for one:

L

I'm sorry. These are all mine.

The cop looks hurt. Leaves. L's cellphone RINGS.

L answers. Listens, nods and hangs up without saying a word.

L

I know where Light's going.

(off Giles stare)

I had his girlfriend followed.

INT. DOWNTOWN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - THAT MOMENT

A WOMAN sits at her desk, listening to the POLICE SCANNER. We know her: OFFICER JILL YOUNG, pissed off widow of Raye Young.

DISPATCHER (OVER RADIO)
 --Kira suspect, Light Turner, believed to
 be heading for the Columbus Drive Bridge.
 Approach with extreme caution... Repeat--

Officer Young doesn't hesitate. Pulls a BERETTA from her desk.
 Checks the clip... Strides out of the room--

EXT. CHICAGO DOWNTOWN - CITY STREETS - DRIVING - SAME

L and Giles, weaving through traffic. Giles at the wheel. They
 race toward Columbus Drive, L clutching the dashboard. And then:

L
 Hold it. Stop the car!

L spins in his seat. He's just spotted something--
 We catch only a glimpse -- LIGHT running down GRAND AVE.

L
 Stop the car! Turn around!

Flustered, Giles spins the wheel and jams the brakes at the same
 time. The car does a LAZY 180 on the slick pavement. STALLS.

GILES
 Shit! Sorry! SHIT!

Instant TRAFFIC JAM. HONKING. SHOUTING. Giles fumbles to get
 the car started again. L has no time for this.

Reaches across, SNAGS GILES' AUTOMATIC. Pops the clip. Checks
 it. Racks the slide. All with practiced ease.

Throws open the door, and leaps out. Shooting a glance back:

L
 He's headed down Grand. Send backup.

And then takes off. Through the rain. SPRINTING. Nimble.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM - zigzagging through traffic. Face set.
 L cuts up an alleyway. Really moving now as--

LIGHT

Races down GRAND. Headed for Naomi. Slows, getting his bearings.
 Jogs right. Into an alley just past ST. CLAIR STREET.
 Running, full out. Flashes past a T in the alley where--

L
 LIGHT! FREEZE!

Light reacts, confused for a second. Looking back as--

L emerges from the connecting alley. Gun raised, aim steady.

L
LIGHT TURNER! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

Light pulls up short. Frantic. Breath sawing.

LIGHT
Wait. No. Wait. L, listen to me--

L
Hands in the air, Light. Please.

Light raises his hands, shaking his head:

LIGHT
L, you don't understand. Naomi, my girlfriend. She's on the Columbus Bridge. She's upset. I'm worried -- worried what she might do--

L
(ignoring this)
Tell me about the black book. The one you write in. That's how you do it, isn't it? You write their names and they die.
(beat)
You're Kira, Light.

L slowly approaching this whole time. Rain falling harder.

LIGHT
No, goddamnit. Please!

L
Maybe this isn't your fault. I don't know... But I think I can help you.
(beat)
How does the book work..?

Light looks around, frantically, like he might just run for it.

L
Light, I'm an expert marksman. You won't get five feet.

LIGHT
Look, arrest me. Handcuff me. I don't care. Naomi, she's two blocks away. I just have to make sure she's okay.

L

She'll be fine. But I need the book. NOW!
 Because if I'm right about what's going
 on, she's the least of your concerns.
 (beat)
 I'm part of a group. An organization. We
 can help you, Light. I think we can help,
 but--

Right then, a middle-aged WORKER steps into the alley. Coming
 from the rear door of a Greek restaurant. Bag of trash in hand.

Freezes, seeing L with the gun pointed at Light.

WORKER

What... What the hell is this?

L never takes his eyes off Light:

L

I'm with the police. Please call 911 and
 tell them that L has captured Kira and
 give them our location... Do it now.

The worker just blinks. Stares.

WORKER

... I don't-- What..?

L

(impatient)
 This is the mass murderer Kira. You need
 to alert the police. Now!

The worker looks over at Light. Then back to L, glancing at the
 gun in his hand... Then just nods once, and says:

WORKER

Okay.

And takes two casual steps toward L. Sweeps up a PLANK OF WOOD,
 propped against the wall... It happens so fast, L can't react--

The worker SWINGS THE WOOD -- WHAM! --

CRACKS L in the back of the head. And down L goes. Gun
 clattering away. A beat. The worker looks up at a stunned Light:

WORKER

Kira killed the piece of shit that raped
 and murdered my wife.
 (beat, solemn)
 Thank you.

Light just stares. A beat... He takes a few tentative steps--
L on the ground, eyes half open, trying to focus.

Light says to L and the worker:

LIGHT
I'm... I'm not Kira.

WORKER
Doesn't matter... Get out of here, kid.

Light takes off running. The worker watches him go. Picks up
L's gun. Tosses it in the trash... Walks back inside.

EXT. COLUMBUS DRIVE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rain really coming down now. Thick, black clouds hang down.
Smothering the skyscrapers. THUNDER PEALS.

ANGLE - LIGHT

On foot, sprinting along the SIDEWALK that runs UNDER THE
DRAWBRIDGE. Glances up--

ON THE BRIDGE - NAOMI

Stands by the railing. Staring out over the storm-roiled river.

Light takes THE STAIRS two at a time. NAOMI sees him just as
he reaches the UPPER LEVEL. Relieved:

NAOMI
You came.

Light catching his breath--

LIGHT
Naomi, Jesus... You scared me on the
phone. Are you okay..?

Naomi stares into Light's eyes, says:

NAOMI
I... I don't know.
(looks him in the eye)
Tell me that you're not Kira.

Light shakes his head, can't say it enough:

LIGHT
I'm not! My God, Naomi, I'm not Kira!

Naomi frowns. Takes out a folded NEWSPAPER. Hands it to Light.
He opens it, ink immediately starting to run in the rain--

ON THE FRONT PAGE - THE "SKELETON HOODIE" POLICE SKETCH

With the headline: **POLICE SEEK INFORMATION ABOUT KIRA SUSPECT.**
Light just stares at the article. Frowning.

NAOMI

Where's the hoodie I bought you?

Light looks up... He can't seem to remember:

LIGHT

At my house, maybe. I'm... not sure.

(beat)

Look, I have to turn myself in to the police. Now. I gotta contact my father--

NAOMI

Caitlin talked to one of the cops at school. They searched your locker, looking for a black notebook--

(beat)

-- I've seen you with a black notebook, Light. You acted... strange about it.

LIGHT

This is crazy! The police are welcome to ANY of my notebooks... I've no idea what this is about. I swear to you!

And the thing is, Light seems SO sincere. Naomi doesn't know what to believe... She shakes her head:

NAOMI

I thought... you might have done it because of me.

(beat)

I've been so supportive of Kira. And I was... always angry about crime in the city -- the state of the world. I told you to fix it.

(shakes her head)

Did this... have something to do with me..? Is any of this my fault..?

Light grabs Naomi by the shoulders. Looks her in the eye. Rain pouring off his face now, but he doesn't care:

LIGHT

I'd do anything for you, Naomi. But I'm not Kira. I never was.

And Naomi can see it in his face -- Light is being totally honest with her... He's telling her what he truly believes.

NAOMI
Oh, God... Thank God!

She breaks down, hugging Light. He holds her. Both of them completely soaked by the rain... A moment. And then--

A BLAST OF NOISE - as something RISES INTO FRAME behind the couple. Naomi and Light spin, startled, as--

A BELL JETRANGER HELICOPTER - SWIVELS into position, a hundred yards away. NIGHT-SUN SPOTLIGHT kicking ON, sweeping the scene.

ANGLE - WATARI

Leans out of the chopper, one foot on the skids. SNIPER RIFLE shouldered -- AIMED squarely at Light... He says into a THROAT MIC:

WATARI (into radio)
I'm in position.

INTERCUT - L

Riding shotgun in a police cruiser. Icepack to his head.

L (into radio)
Hold for now. I'm here.

And he is, the cruiser skidding to a stop at the far end of the bridge. Blocking traffic. L hops out. Grabs a bullhorn:

L
LIGHT TURNER! PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR
AND STEP AWAY FROM THE GIRL! -- NOW! IF
YOU FAIL TO COMPLY WE WILL SHOOT YOU!

All around Light and Naomi, the few other PEDESTRIANS scatter. CARS stopping abruptly. Blocking the road.

Light glances at Naomi, then back at the helicopter. Scared. Raises his hands. Takes two steps away from her. And then--

ANOTHER POLICE CRUISER roars into view just behind L. ENGINE REVVING. L diving out of the way as it blows past him--

ROCKETING right for LIGHT AND NAOMI.

AT THE WHEEL - OFFICER JILL YOUNG. Face set.

Light hesitates only a second... Then DIVES for Naomi. YANKS her out of harm's way, as--

THE CRUISER misses them by INCHES. SIDESWIPES the bridge railing. SPARKS FLY -- metal grinding on metal. KEEPS GOING--

YOUNG, yanks the wheel. Struggling for control, as the CAR
RICOCHETS OFF THE RAIL... Headed right for--

THE BRIDGE TENDER'S TOWER

The ATTENDANT sees the car coming. Jumps clear as--

WHAM-! THE CRUISER SLAMS into the tower. Brick and concrete
DISINTEGRATE. THE CAR ripping THROUGH THE WALL--

SLAMMING into the BRIDGE CONTROL PANEL... ALARMS SOUND.
TRAFFIC ARMS drop on both ends of the bridge as--

With a GRINDING OF GEARS, the draw bridge begins to SPLIT IN
THE MIDDLE -- the TWO HALVES separating as they angle upwards.

L reacts. Starts running. Toward Light and Naomi. The bridge
under his feet quickly growing steeper.

WATARI'S CHOPPER BANKS pulling clear of the rising bridge as--

ON THE BRIDGE ITSELF, drivers abandon cars. Run for safety.

LIGHT AND NAOMI climb to their feet. Fighting for balance on the
ramping ground. Behind them, on the same side of the bridge--

Raye Young's CRAZED WIDOW is out of her WRECKED CAR. Gun drawn--

Naomi SCREAMS. Grabs Light by the arm and drags him --
THEY RUN UP the angling bridge leaf, away from the psycho woman.

CARS, on either side of them, starting to SLIDE BACKWARDS --
SMASHING into one another, piling up.

Light and Naomi REACH THE TOP... On the other side, L comes
into view now. Struggling to remain upright...

The GAP between the TWO HALVES of the bridge widening by the
second. Naomi looks back, JILL YOUNG lining up a shot...

NAOMI

LIGHT! JUMP!

They both LEAP INTO SPACE... Arcing across the gap --
CATCH ON -- both of them -- to the lip on the OPPOSITE SIDE.

DANGLING -- hanging on for dear life, as the bridge halves
continue to separate, drawing upwards.

L jumps into action. Clutching for Naomi, trying to help as--

THE JETRANGER rises into view behind him.
WATARI's SNIPER SCOPE seeking targets--

OFFICER YOUNG runs to one side of the bridge. Leans out -- over the railing. Getting an angle on Light as, right then--

AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR SCREECHES UP BEHIND HER--

JAMES TURNER leaping out. Looking grim.
He draws his weapon. Pointing it at Young:

TURNER
OFFICER! STAND DOWN, NOW!

FIRE TRUCKS, AMBULANCES come SCREAMING UP behind Turner as--

YOUNG SPINS, wild look in her eye. AIMS HER GUN AT TURNER--!

IN THE HELICOPTER - WATARI

Doesn't hesitate a second. FIRES. BLAM--!

THE BULLET STRIKES JILL YOUNG in the back of the neck. THWACK-!
BLOOD SPURTS. She goes down, gurgling. Slumping over the rail.

Eyes rapidly turning BLANK.
Her last act -- to squeeze off one final shot -- BLAM--!

And this one hits.

LIGHT takes the bullet in the arm. LOSES HIS GRIP. Dangles for just a moment from ONE HAND... Seventy feet in the air--

And then his fingers slip -- AND HE FALLS.

NAOMI
NOOOOOO!!!

Naomi reaches out for him, DESPERATE. Pulling away from L who desperately claws at her arm... Then she falls, too--

SLOW MOTION - NAOMI AND LIGHT

PLUMMET. Pitching, twisting in the air. Reaching out for one another. A frozen moment--

Naomi and Light, staring into each other's eyes...

AND THEN WE'RE BACK TO FULL SPEED AS--

LIGHT hits the CHURNING WATERS of the Chicago river -- SPLOOSH-!
Goes under, sending up a GEYSER OF LIQUID--

A SECOND LATER, and A FEW YARDS FURTHER NORTH--

NAOMI HITS THE SIDEWALK.

It ain't pretty. She impacts with a sickening CRUNCH--!
Arms, legs splayed. LOOKIE-LOOS up on Wacker Drive SCREAM.

TURNER - watching from above WINCES. As down below--

There are already PARAMEDICS ON SITE.
They dive into the river. Going for Light--

WITH LIGHT. UNDERWATER.

Tossed in the swirling waters. Gasping, clawing for air.
Everything going dim, dim... His eyes close. We CUT TO BLACK.

SILENCE. A pause, then -- CUT IN ON:

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

TURNER, head in hand, sits. Face ashen. LILLY AND SKY on
either side of him, huddled close. Faces red from crying.

L, head bandaged, and PARKS keep a respectful distance.

A DOCTOR - emerges, finally, from the ICU. Spots Turner:

DOCTOR
Chief Turner..?

Turner looks up. Nods.

DOCTOR
Your son is in a coma... He took quite a
blow to the head. MRI shows an
intracerebral hematoma. Not much we can
do now... We're just gonna have to
wait... And see how this plays out.

TURNER
... Plays out?

DOCTOR
-- He's got a GCS score of five...
That's a deep coma.
(beat)
He might come out of it in a week. Or he
might... not come out of it. All we can
do is watch him close. Hope for the best.

The doctor puts a sympathetic hand on Turner's shoulder...
Nods, walks off. Lilly and Sky sob. Parks, looking sick.

L nods, then says--

L
I'm very sorry, Chief Turner... But at
least the Kira killings will stop now.

Turner looks up at L. Blinks... Then rears back -- SLUGS HIM
IN THE JAW. WHAM--! L drops like a stone.

Parks grabs Turner, holding him back. As L slowly picks himself
off the floor. Nods. No ill will. No rancor... He walks away.

As now we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. L'S HOTEL SUITE - DAYS LATER

The room is FULL OF BOXES now. L, typing at his computer --
completing his files... Closing the book on the Kira case.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PARKS

Bursts in, shoving past Watari.
He's got a REPORT in his hand -- he tosses it at L, pissed:

PARKS
Eight new Kira killings. Eight!
(beat)
Heart attacks, right after their crimes
were reported on the evening news.

L reads, stunned. Looks to Parks. Before L can ask, Parks says:

PARKS
And Light Turner's still in a coma.
(beat)
He wasn't Kira. You got it wrong.

Parks storms off. Leaving L to stare at the paper.

L just sits, dumbfounded: *He got it wrong. How is this possible?*
After a long pause, L looks across the room at Watari:

L
But all the facts pointed to--
(stops himself, frowns)
Maybe, with Kira, it was a mistake to
assume that there were any facts...

CUT TO BLACK. A LONG MOMENT. THEN -- FADE UP ON:

INT. NORTHWESTERN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON LIGHT'S FACE. Unconscious -- comatose.
LILLY, sitting over him. Stroking his hair.

SUPER: **TWO WEEKS LATER**

LILLY
 ... And Sky sends her love. She'll be in
 to see you soon. And I'll be back
 tomorrow... Promise--

The ICU doctor we met earlier enters:

DOCTOR
 Might not feel like it sometimes -- but I
 believe Light knows you're here.

Lilly kisses Light on the head. Nods:

LILLY
 Thank you, Dr. Applebee.

Lilly stands, turns to go. Stumbles... Tired, weak.
 The doctor catches her, just as a NURSE appears.

DOCTOR
 Nurse, Mrs. Turner's exhausted. Could you
 take her to the café, get her a coffee..?
 (beat)
 I'm fine to do this on my own.

The nurse nods. Lilly protests, but she's too tired to fight.
 They leave. Applebee smiles gently, walking them to the door.

He checks the corridor. Steps back into Light's room.
 His smile vanishes. He shuts the door. LOCKS IT.

Then hurries, crossing to the IV DRIP hooked to Light's arm.
 He shuts it off. Pulls a SYRINGE from his POCKET.

Injects Light. A pause... Then slowly, LIGHT'S EYES FLUTTER.
 He's waking up. The shallow reading on EEG MACHINE jumps.

The doctor checks his watch. Waiting...

Light, finally, opens his eyes. Slowly sits up in bed. Fully
 awake. Glances around... No idea how he got here.

Blinks: *This is a hospital. There's a doctor sitting beside him.*

LIGHT
 Where am I..? What happened?

The doctor nods, pleased. Then, without answering, he bends
 down to reach into his BAG, REVEALING--

RYUK, THE SHINIGAMI

Directly behind him. Hovering. The demon regards Light with a
 grin that shows off every jagged tooth: *Heh. Heh. Heh.*

But Light can't see or hear him... Totally oblivious.
The doctor stands back up INTO FRAME. In his hand--

THE DEATH NOTE.

Held open to a certain page -- completely wrapped in kitchen
CELLOPHANE. Every inch covered. The doctor hands it over, says:

DOCTOR

This will answer all your questions.

Then turns and heads out. RYUK, hangs back a beat:

RYUK

I'm impressed, Light. Very impressed.

Ryuk exits, following the doctor... All alone now, Light stares
at the door. Confused. Looks back down at the Death Note...

There's a PIECE OF PAPER taped to the cellophane wrapping.
Covering the pages below. It's a LETTER. In his own handwriting.

Light blinks. Starts to READ IT ALOUD:

LIGHT

Light, you are Kira.

He stops. Frowns. *What..?* A beat. He shakes his head.

Then goes back to reading -- as he does we see QUICK FLASHES
of the EVENTS he's describing...

LIGHT (v.o.)

Using this book -- The Death Note -- you
planned everything that took place on the
Columbus Drive bridge two weeks ago.

FLASH TO - LIGHT. Sitting on a bench IN THE PARK. LIGHTNING
cracks. THUNDER RUMBLES. Light writes in the Death Note.

LIGHT (v.o.)

You picked Officer Young... Forced her to
come after you.

FLASH TO - LIGHT, in a SUBWAY STATION, watching JILL YOUNG on
TV as she vows revenge on Kira for her husband's death.

LIGHT (v.o.)

-- Made her try to run you down in her
car. Made her shoot at you.

(beat)

You chose the paramedics who saved you--

FLASH TO - Lilly talking to TWO PARAMEDICS -- LIGHT approaches with L, NOTICING their name tags: ROSS LUDLUM. OSCAR PHELPS.

LIGHT (v.o.)
Made sure that they got to you first.

FLASH TO - Those same PARAMEDICS, under THE COLUMBUS DRIVE BRIDGE, waiting out of sight...

LIGHT (v.o.)
Had them put you in a drug-induced coma.

FLASH TO - LIGHT, in back of an AMBULANCE. Slowly coming to consciousness -- one paramedic INJECTS him with PENTOBARBITAL.

LIGHT (v.o.)
You selected the ICU doctor -- made sure he took possession of the Death Note.

FLASH TO - TRASH CAN in the park, inside it THE DEATH NOTE. DOCTOR APPLEBEE, strolling past, notices it. Picks it up.

LIGHT (v.o.)
Made sure he would keep you in a coma.

FLASH TO - APPLEBEE surreptitiously switches Light's IV bag.

LIGHT (v.o.)
Made sure the Kira killings would continue while you were out.

FLASH TO - APPLEBEE, at HOME, watching the EVENING NEWS. He carefully writes the names of criminals into the Death Note.

LIGHT (v.o.)
You did all this, planned all this -- to clear your name.

BACK WITH LIGHT - IN THE HOSPITAL

Still READING From the letter he wrote to himself:

LIGHT (v.o.)
-- Now no one suspects you of being Kira, anymore... So you have a choice.
(beat)
Throw away the book. Forget about it. And forget about everything you've done...
Or, if you choose--
(beat)
Become Kira once more. Touch any part of the Death Note... And you will remember everything. The choice is yours.

Light stares, bewildered. Blinks... Lowers the book.

Then, without removing the cellophane, he yanks off the letter he wrote to himself -- glimpses:

THE ACTUAL DEATH-NOTE UNDERNEATH

Written on the pages here: NAMES, PLACES, TIMES. All in meticulous DETAIL. All in Light's own hand. He skims the page:

DR. LANCE APPLEBEE -- his actions described just as they happened. Finding the book. Keeping Light in a coma.

The last line of his entry--

FALLS OFF ROOF DOING HOME REPAIRS, TWO WEEKS
AFTER HANDING DEATH NOTE TO KIRA SUSPECT.

This, then, will be his fate. Light keeps reading...
Past JILL YOUNG'S NAME--

SHOT THROUGH THROAT, DIES ON THE BRIDGE.

The paramedics, LUDLUM and PHELPS--

KILLED, SPEEDING TO THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT.

Light, incredulous. Shakes his head. Death and more death -- all just to cover his actions... Then he freezes.

That should be it. That should be all -- but there's more.
A FIFTH NAME... A name he neglected to mention in the letter:

NAOMI KUTTON

Light stops. In shock, realizing what he's done:

LIGHT

Naomi..?

He scans her entry. Growing horror on his face. Reaches the end:

FALLS FROM COLUMBUS DRIVE BRIDGE, REACHING
OUT TO SAVE THE LOVE OF HER LIFE. HITS THE
SIDEWALK, CRUSHING HER SKULL. DIES INSTANTLY.

Light can't bear to look it. But now he knows... He knows...

HE KILLED NAOMI.

Light flings the book away... Disgusted. Confused. Crying, breath heaving. Looking around for help--

On the table beside his bed, a few of his things. Including--

His BROKEN HEART NECKLACE. The one Naomi gave him.

Light picks it up gingerly. Another wave of grief and disgust washing over him... He holds it up. It glints in the light.

He stares at it for the longest time...

And then, almost against his will, his eyes are drawn away from it... Drawn over to the corner of the room--

THE DEATH NOTE.

Sits there. Waiting... Light can't take his eyes off it.

CUT TO BLACK... HOLD.

A long pause, then -- we hear RYUK'S LAUGH: *Heh. Heh. Heh.*

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END.

And then, if we want it, A CODA:

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO - INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

L stands by the side of the road here...
Talking on a CELL PHONE. Staring off into the distance.

THE VOICE on the other end of the line is mechanized, creepy:

A
... Therefore, for your sake, I have
decided to replace you.

L
Not yet.

A
No..? Why not? Has something changed?

The CAMERA swings round now--
Giving us a good look at what L's been staring at:

A PUNK KID with a MOHAWK stands in the shadow of a RAILROAD
UNDERPASS... We've seen him before--

This was the guy who stole Light's backpack at the street fair.
The one who was caught on video touching the Death Note...
And reacting with fear at what he "saw."

As L watches, the punk puts the final touches on some GRAFFITI--
Then steps back to admire his handiwork:

Dead YELLOW EYES. An OVERSIZED MOUTH full of POINTED TEETH.
It's a spray-painted version of RYUK. A pretty good one, too.
In the image, the demon holds a BLACK NOTEBOOK in his hands.

L (o.s.)
Yes. Something *has* changed...

A tiny thrill of fear runs through Mohawk as he surveys his
work... Then he tosses an empty spray can. And walks off.

L watches him go.

L
... Kira's made a mistake.

L hangs up... Follows him.

CUT TO BLACK.