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TRON: Legacy

By Edward Kitsis

MAN:

A digital frontier.
I tried to picture clusters of information
as they moved through the computer.
What did they look like?
Ships? Motorcycles?
Were the circuits like freeways?
I kept dreaming of a world
I thought I'd never see.
And then, one day...

BOY:

MAN:

MAN:

than I ever dreamed
and also more dangerous
than I ever imagined.
Hop in bed, now, kiddo.
- Now, I met a brave warrior.
- Tron.
(VOCALIZING) Bom-ba-bom-bom bom!
Tron!

BOY:

MAN:

Oh, man, he showed me things
that no one had ever imagined.
There were these disk battles
fought in spectacular arenas.
Cycles that raced on ribbons of light.
It was so radical.

MAN:

BOY:

MAN:

for programs and users.
Now, I couldn't be in there all the time,
so I created a program in my own image

that could think.
Like you, and me.
And I called him Clu.
- Codified Likeness Utility.

- **MAN:**

And Clu, Tron and I,
we built the system,
where all information was free
and open.
Beautiful.
And then, one day,
something happened.
Something extraordinary.
A miracle.
What was it?
That'll have to wait till next time.
I gotta get to work.
I wanna go with you, Dad.
Yeah, well, one day you will.
I promise.
- To the Grid?
- (LAUGHS) Good night, Sam.
Hey, what do you say tomorrow
you and I hit the arcade?
You can have a crack
at the old man's high score.
- First game's on me.
- (CHINK OF COIN)
Can we play doubles?
On the same team?
We're always on the same team.
(MOTORBIKE ENGINE STARTS)
(THUNDER)
Good evening. Our lead story.
ENCOM CEO and video game icon
Kevin Flynn has disappeared.
He was best known for designing Tron
and Space Paranoids,
the two bestselling video games
in history.
Flynn took ownership of ENCOM
in 1982
as the company skyrocketed

to the top of the tech industry.
But things changed in 1985
with the untimely death of Flynn's wife,
the mother of his young son, Sam.
Recently, ENCOM board members
have been troubled by reports
of Flynn's erratic,
even obsessive, behavior.
With Flynn missing,
the company is now in chaos.
This afternoon, ENCOM's board
moved to seize control
from Flynn's partner, Alan Bradley,
vowing to return the company
to profitability.
Loyal to the end, Bradley maintains
his belief that Flynn is not missing
and is instead pursuing his dream of
"a digital frontier
to reshape the human condition."

KEVIN:

In there is our future.
In there is our destiny.
(APPLAUSE AND CHEERING)

TV:

most ardent supporters
are now acknowledging a difficult truth.
Kevin Flynn may have simply
run away.
And while Flynn's loyalists
hope for his imminent return,
there is perhaps no one who wishes it
to happen more than young Sam Flynn,
now in the care of his grandparents,
and heir to an empire in turmoil.

SAM:

- Sam, you have to eat.
- Let go of me!

Sam?

What will become of Flynn's legacy
and the future of ENCOM

will most likely depend
on what becomes of this
now orphaned little boy.
on what becomes of this
now orphaned little boy.

GRANDMOTHER:

RADIO:

(SIREN)

RADIO:

(PANTS)

(DISTANT POLICE SIREN)

(DOOR CLANKS)

Now that is a big door.

WOMAN:

Please settle. I know it's late,
so I'll skip the pleasantries
and hand things over to our chairman,
Richard Mackey.

Thank you. Thank you.

Thank you, Claire.

Tonight I am pleased to announce
that ENCOM's last fiscal year
was our most profitable ever.

Yes.

(APPLAUSE)

At midnight the 1 2th version
of our flagship operating system
will hit the shelves around the world.

I'm sure it comes as no surprise
whom we have to thank.

The head of our software design team,
a man whose father's
own notable history with ENCOM
helped make this company
what it is today.

Edward Dillinger. Well done.

Well done.

And this year, simultaneous
to the release of ENCOM OS-12,
we will be making our debut

on Tokyo's Nikkei Index.
ENCOM's stock will now trade
around the world 2 417.

- (WHOOPING)
- Huh? Oh, yes.

(BEEP)
(ALARM)

- Excuse me.
- Yes, Alan?

ALAN:

that we charge to students and schools,
what sort of improvements
have been made in Flynn...

I mean, ENCOM OS-12?

- This year we put a "12" on the box.

- (LAUGHTER)

OS-12 is the most secure
operating system ever released.
The idea of sharing our software
or giving it away for free
disappeared with Kevin Flynn.

GUARD:

Let's make this easy.

Come on, come on.

(ELECTRONIC WHIRRING)

Freeze!

RICHARD:

If there are no more questions,

I would like you to meet

our next blockbuster.

ENCOM OS-12.

Whoa.

Still a few bugs.

What's that? What is that?

Just bear with us one sec.

Make this go away now.

Stop what you're doing.

Stop. Stop for one second.

TV:

Richard Mackey, will be launching...

RICHARD:

GUARD:

- Anyone know where the master file is?

- **ALAN:**

It's on the Web.

RICHARD:

I've got to ring that opening bell.

- Make this stop now.

- It's locked.

Just shut it down. Shut it down! Now!

Relax, Mackey. Relax.

It's under control.

Relax? Our most valuable
and most secure operating system
is out there for free!

How am I supposed to explain that?

I don't know.

Say it was all part of the plan.

A little gift from ENCOM.

TV:

is having some technical difficulties.

Why don't we give them a chance
to sort things out?

Hey, Dad.

How you doing?

- **GUARD:**

- Hey, you don't wanna do that.

GUARD:

Stealing is wrong.

SAM:

what was designed to be free.

- Now I got you.

- Your boss is okay with this.

The hell he is.

SAM:

and the CEO
works for the shareholders.
Do you know
who the biggest shareholder is?
I don't know. Some kid.
You're Mr. Flynn?
Why?
This is your father's company.
- Not anymore.
- What? Hey. Hey, kid.

GUARD:

(YELLS)
(WHOOOPS)
Yeah.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
You kidding me?
- That's him! Get the team down here!
- There he is! Get him!
What the...
Hey! No free ride!
- Whoa!
- No free taxi!
- You pay!
- (LAUGHS)
(SIRENS)
- Whoa, whoa, whoa!
- No free ride!
(BRAKES SQUEAL)
(POLICE RADIO CRACKLES)
(POLICE SHOUT)

POLICEMAN:

(HELICOPTER ROTORS WHIR)
Okay, boys. You got me.
Hey.
(SIRENS)
- Hey, Karl.
- Hey, how you doing?
Enjoy it, Marv. You earned it.
(SIGHS)
Why are you in my apartment, Alan?
You don't answer your phone.
- How you been, Sam?

- Oh, you know,
when I was 12, I appreciated
the surrogate-father thing. But come on.
I got it all under control now.
Oh. Clearly!

You want to help me
with my homework?

Like old times? Have a catch?

You know,

you got a pretty nice view here.

Heard you did a triple axel off of her
a few hours ago.

- Rough landing, huh?

- Could have been worse.

I also thought your message
to the board

was very clever.

Did you like that? That was Marv's idea.

(LAUGHS)

Alan, are we really

going to do this again?

Do I really look like I'm ready
to run a Fortune 500 company?

No.

And truthfully, the company
is pretty happy with where you are, too.

I bet.

That way they can keep doing
whatever they want.

You know, I guess what I find curious
is the crazy charities,

the annual prank on the company.

You have an interesting way
of being disinterested, Sam.

Why are you here, Alan?

I was paged last night.

Oh, man, still rocking the pager?

(LAUGHS) Good for you.

Yeah, your dad once told me

I had to sleep with it, and I still do.

Page came from your dad's office
at the arcade.

- So?

- So?

That number's been disconnected
for 20 years.
Sam, two nights before he disappeared,
he came to my house.
"I've cracked it," he kept saying.
He was talking about genetic
algorithms, quantum teleportation.
He said he was about to change
everything. Science, medicine, religion.
He wouldn't have left that, Sam.
He wouldn't have left you.
Oh, Alan. You're the only one
who still believes that.
He's either dead
or chilling in Costa Rica.
Probably both.
Look, I'm sorry.
I'm tired, and I smell like jail.
Let's just reconvene in another couple
of years, huh? What do you say?
Here.
These are the keys to the arcade.
I haven't gone over there yet.
I thought you should be the one.
Alan, you're acting like I'm gonna
find him sitting there working.
Just, "Hey, kiddo. Lost track of time."
Wouldn't that be something?
- (DOG YELPS)
- What?
(WHINES)
(BARKS)
(DOOR CREAKS)
(MACHINES BEEP AND WHOOSH)
(ROCK MUSIC BLARES)
(SONG CONTINUES
IN THE DISTANCE)
(SONG FINISHES)
(MUSIC BOOMS IN THE DISTANCE)
(SONG CONTINUES
IN THE DISTANCE)
You son of a gun.
Flynn.
Huh.

Let's try the back door.
What were you working on?
LaserControl.
Okay.
(BEEPING)
(WHIRRING)
(GASPS)
(WHOOSHING)
This isn't happening.
(WIND WHISTLES)
Oh, man, this is happening.
Wait.
This program has no disk.
Another stray.
Hey, wait.
Wait. I'm not a program!
He actually did it.
I'm on the Grid.
Does the name Kevin Flynn
mean anything to you?
Be quiet if you want to live!

MAN:

not the games, not the games...
What's his problem?
(GROWLS)
- (GASPS)
- Not the games, not the...
Rectify.
Rectify.
- Games.
- No. Please!
Rectify.
You probably get this a lot,
but there's been a big mistake.
Games.
- Please, no, no.
- Whoa. Hey.
No! Erase me!
(SCREAMS)
No! Wait! Wait!
(BEEPING)
Er, can somebody tell me what the...
Hey, hey. It's got a zipper.

He is different.
This can't be good.

COMPUTER:

You will receive an identity disk.
Everything you do or learn
will be imprinted on this disk.
If you lose your disk
or fail to follow commands,
you will be subject
to immediate de-resolution.
Mirroring complete.
Disk activated and synchronized.
Proceed to games.

SAM:

Where are you going?
What am I supposed to do?
Survive.
(CROWD ROARS)

COMPUTER:

prepare for disk wars.

CROWD:

Disk wars!
Disk wars!
Disk wars!
(ALL CHEER)
Platform 8.
I have a three-inch version of you
on my shelf.
Combatants 3 and 11.
Disk wars.
(CROWD CHEERS)
You definitely didn't do that.
(SCREAMS)
(CROWD CHEERS)
(CROWD CHEERS)
Damn it!
(CROWD CHEERS)
So that's how it is.
(SCREAMS)
(CROWD CHEERS)

Combatant 11, de-resolution.
I won. Now let me out!
Combatant 3, round one, victory.
No unusual activity on the Grid.
Security sweeps and patrols
have been intensified.
Rectifier on schedule.
Your initiative should be
fully operational within 12 cycles.
Perhaps if you were to include me
in this initiative,
I could be of even greater service.
Combatants 3 and 7, disk wars.
Combatants 3 and 7, disk wars.
Initiate.

(GROWLS)

Yeah. I'm out.

(GASPS)

Combatant 3, victory.

Combatant 3, violation.

(SCREAMS)

Combatant 6, de-resolution.

What is that program?

Combatant 3,

violation.

(BEEPING)

Initiate final round.

Combatant 3 versus Rinzler.

CROWD:

Rinzler!

You gotta be kidding me.

CROWD:

Rinzler!

Rinzler!

Rinzler!

Rinzler!

(CROWD CHEERS)

Come on. Is that even legal?

(CROWD CHEERS)

Why do I feel like I just got dumped on?

Come on. Huh? Come on.

(GROANS)

(YELLS)
(GROANS)
(GROANS)

CROWD:

De-rez!
De-rez!
User.
(CROWD BOOS)
Identify yourself, program.
- I'm not a program.
- (CROWD BOOS)
Identify.
My name is Sam Flynn.
(CROWD FALLS SILENT)
Bring him to me.
Let me go.
Freaks.
Where am I?

SAM:

Who are you?
Dad.
Sam.
Look at you, man.
Look at the size of you.
- How did you get in here?
- I got your message.
Oh. So it's just you?
Yeah.
Just you. Oh. (LAUGHS)
Isn't this something?
You look the same.
A lot's happened, Sam.
More than you can imagine. Disk.
Let's have a look.
(SAM LAUGHS)
Got it.
Hmm. I expected more.
So, you were trapped in here.
That's right.
- And you're in charge.
- Right again. You're two for two.
So can we just go home now?

Not in the cards.
Not for you.
That's a hell of a way to treat your son.
Oh, that.
I'm not your father, Sam.
But I'm very, very happy to see you.
Clu.
Where is he?
What did you do to him?
Same thing I'm going to do to you, user.
- Greetings, programs.
- (CROWD CHEERS)
Oh, what an occasion
we have here before us.
Because your rumors are true.
We do indeed have in our midst
a user!
(CROWD BOOS)
A user.
So, what to do?
What does this user deserve?
Might I suggest perhaps
the challenge of the Grid?
(CROWD CHEERS)
And who best to battle
this singular opponent?
Perhaps one who has some
experience in these matters.
(CROWD ROARS)
Oh, yes, indeed, programs.
Your liberator!
Your luminary!
Your leader and maker!
The one who vanquished
the tyranny of the user
those many cycles before!

CLU:

a long time for this.

JARVIS:

You wanna play? I'll play.
Excellent words, sir.
Were you pleased with my execution?

The crowd seemed quite energized.

CLU:

What's this?
What do I do with this?
I'll give you a hint.
Not that.

COMPUTER:

Initiate light cycle battle.
You got no chance, user.
Their bikes are faster than ours.
Use the levels.
Now this I can do.
Here we go.
(SCREAMS)
(GRUNTS)
(SCREAMS)
Come on. Come on!
(YELLS)
Hey! We gotta work together.
It's the only way.
That's it. You got me.
Boo!
(SCREAMS)
- Whoo-hoo!
- Yeah!
Now that's what I'm talking about.
Another customer. Let's go!
Hang on, buddy, I'm coming.
Come on.
(LAUGHS)
This is it. Come on.
(CROWD CHEERS)
(SCREAMS)
(CROWD BOOS)
Illegal combatant on the Grid.
Get in.
Illegal combatant on the Grid.
Get in!
System failure. Release Rinzler.
Game on, old friend.
- Who are you?
- Hang on.

(SCREAMS)

(SCREAMS)

Pull up, man, you can't make that!

DRIVER:

I'm Quorra.

They're turning around.

Not by choice.

Their vehicles can't go off Grid.

They'll malfunction on this terrain.

- What about us?

- (LAUGHS) Obviously not.

- Where are you taking me?

- Patience, Sam Flynn.

All your questions

will be answered soon.

SAM:

(LAUGHS)

Wait here.

MAN:

I dreamed of Tron.

First time in years.

QUORRA:

(MAN LAUGHS)

MAN:

of a weary soul.

MAN:

QUORRA:

We have a guest.

MAN:

Sam...

SAM:

You have no idea.

You're... You're here.

You're here.

I'm here.

(SIGHS)

You're big.

You're...

Old.

(CHUCKLES)

KEVIN:

Alan came over.

Bradley.

Yeah. He got your page.

I found your office under the arcade.

Page...

Oh, the page.

Of course.

Clu had him on the light cycle grid.

I intervened.

Oh.

Dinner soon.

We'll talk then.

He never thought he'd see you again.

Yeah.

Vintage. Flynn built it
many cycles ago for the games.

QUORRA:

as much as it used to,

but it's still the fastest thing on the Grid.

(CHUCKLES)

QUORRA:

His patience usually beats out
my more aggressive strategy.

Flynn shared them with me.

I've read them all.

Oh. Light reading.

Tolstoy.

Dostoyevsky.

I-Ching. Journey Without Goal.

Must have a killer ending.

Flynn is teaching me

about the art of the selfless,

about removing oneself

from the equation.

But between you and me,

Jules Verne is my favorite.

- Do you know Jules Verne?

- Sure.

What's he like?

(THUNDER)

Your move, Flynn, come on.

Come on!

(CUTLERY CLINKS)

QUORRA:

KEVIN:

SAM:

QUORRA:

SAM:

Caltech. My alma mater.

SAM:

Till I dropped out.

(QUORRA LAUGHS)

Work?

- **KEVIN:**

- No.

I check in once a year.

- Wife, girlfriend?

- Dog.

Marvin.

- A rescue.

- **KEVIN:**

Dogs are cool.

I'm sure you must have

a few questions of your own, Sam.

Actually, just one.

Why I never came home.

Those nights when I went to the office,

I'm sure you've figured it out by now,

I was coming here.

Human form into digital space.

Heavy stuff.

But I also had you.
I had ENCOM.
I couldn't be in here all the time.
I needed partners to help out.
Tron and Clu?
That's right.

KEVIN:

for the old system.
I brought him here to protect this one.
Clu was my creation.
A program designed
to create a perfect world.
We were jamming, man,
building utopia.
Hours in here
were just minutes back home.
Just when I thought
it couldn't get any more profound,
something unexpected happened.
The miracle.
The miracle.
You remember.
ISOs. Isomorphic algorithms.
- A whole new life form.
- And you created them?
(LAUGHS)
No. No.
They manifested, like a flame.
They weren't really from anywhere.
The conditions were right
and they came into being.
For centuries we've dreamed
of gods, spirits, aliens,
an intelligence beyond our own.
You seeing this?
I found them in here.
Like flowers in a wasteland.
Profoundly naive.
Unimaginably wise.
(CHUCKLES)
They were spectacular.
Everything I'd hoped to find
in the system,

control, order, perfection,
none of it meant a thing.
I'd been living in a hall of mirrors.
The ISOs shattered it.
The possibilities of their root code,
their digital DNA.
Disease? History.
Science, philosophy,
every idea man has ever had
about the universe up for grabs.
Bio-digital jazz, man.
The IS Os, they were going
to be my gift to the world.

SAM:

KEVIN:

TRON:

is waiting for you.
I don't like it when you cut it this close.

KEVIN:

Everything's just fine.
- Everything's under control.

- **CLU:**

Am I still to create the perfect system?
Yeah.

KEVIN:

TRON:

CLU:

Why? Why?
Flynn, go!
(TRON YELLS)

KEVIN:

I never saw him again.
So why didn't you fight?

- **KEVIN:**

- He did.

KEVIN:

The more I fought,
the more powerful he became.
It was impressive, really.
And my miracle...
Clu saw the IS Os as an imperfection.
So he destroyed them.
(DISTANT SCREAMING)

The Purge.

- He killed them all?

- It was genocide.

I tried to get back
but I couldn't get to the portal.
It uses massive power
and it can't stay open forever.
And like a safe, it...
It can only be opened from the outside.
It closed on me, Sam.
That's why I never came home.

SAM:

when I came in. So it's open now.

KEVIN:

Only one millicycle, about eight hours.
So we go now. Go home.
We make a run for it.
- We get you out of here.
- Don't rush.
What do you mean?
The portal's gonna close.
What? What is it?
The moment Flynn is on the Grid, Clu
will stop at nothing to obtain his disk.
My disk is everything, Sam.
It's the master key. The golden ticket.
The way out.
- And not just for me.
- What do you mean?
Our worlds are more connected
than anyone knows.
Clu figures if I can be in...

SAM:

KEVIN:

SAM:

Game over.

The guy doesn't dig imperfection.

What's more imperfect than our world?

I can't let that happen. I won't.

So what do we do? Nothing?

It's amazing how productive
doing nothing can be.

Clu's planning something.

We've known that for a while.

Programs have been disappearing.

There's unrest out there,
even revolution.

If we sit tight, Clu might
be brought down from the inside.

SAM:

sit around. We have to move now.

Tell me, what brought you here,
to the Grid?

Alan got your page.

I didn't send any page.

It was Clu.

Clu sent that page.

That's why you're here.

This is all his design.

He wanted a new piece
on the board to change the game!

With you, he got more
than he ever dreamed.

This is precisely what he wants.

Us together heading for the portal.

It's his game now.

The only way to win is not to play.

Well, that's a hell of a way to live.

But it is a way.

We can go home.

Don't you want that?

Sometimes life has a way of moving you

past things like wants and hopes.
That's great, Dad.
Keep telling yourself that.
Good night, Sam.
How can he be so afraid
of his own creation?
I mean, he built Clu.
Why doesn't he just end him?
He could,
but it would require reintegration.
Yeah, all right.
Flynn would never survive the event.
It would mean the end of them both.
(SIGHS) If he refuses to save himself,
then I will.
How?
I'm going through the portal.
Clu wants Flynn's disk, not mine.
I'm going to find Alan and we'll figure
this thing out from the other side.
This may be Clu's game here, but
in my world, he's gone in one keystroke.
But I can't do anything
unless I get to the portal.
And my guts tell me
that you don't want to be stuck
in this place for eternity either.
I really think you should consider
your father's wisdom.
I have.
(KNOCKING AT DOOR)
There's someone I once knew,
a program named Zuse
who fought alongside the ISOs.
They say he can get anyone anywhere.

SAM:

QUORRA:

Make it there alive, and he'll find you.
(SEAGULLS CRY IN THE DISTANCE)
(SIGHS)
Sam?
Sam?

COMPUTER:

to present identity disks
at city checkpoints.
Hey, man. It's your lucky day.
- Any program without their disk...
- Stop him!
...will be taken into custody.
Any program in violation of their
function is subject to termination.

FEMALE VOICE:

You remember me?
- Yeah. You gave me some advice.
- And you followed it.
It's unfortunate we met the way we did.
You have a good night.
You're looking for someone.
What makes you say that?
Intuition.
Sir, the sentries downtown
have recovered Flynn's light cycle.
We've traced it to its point of origin.

KEVIN:

Quorra.
We're going downtown.
Thank you for bringing my son to me.

QUORRA:

You don't need to go.
I've sent him to someone we can trust.
Quorra, there is no choice.
I won't lose him again.
Chaos. Good news.
- (LIVELY CHATTER)
- (POUNDING MUSIC)
Relax. They're occupied.
(LAUGHTER)
His name is Castor. If you want to speak
to Zuse, you need to go through him.

CASTOR:

my friend?

MAN:

Soon none of us will be left.

Zuse can unite the factions,
foment revolution.

- Of course Zuse can do these things.

- Grant me an audience.

Your enthusiasm is intoxicating,
my dear Bartik,

but Zuse's time is precious.

We shall see.

I brought your boy Flynn.

If you'll excuse me for a moment,

I have to attend to something.

But have a drink,

courtesy of the End of Line Club!

It is happening.

Come, away from

these primitive functions.

The son of Flynn.

Of all the innumerable possibilities,

he has to walk into mine.

Libations

for everybody!

(CHEERING)

I'm Castor, your host.

Provider of any and all entertainments
and diversions.

At your service.

I'm looking for Zuse.

Indeed. Many are.

Where can I find him?

This, pretty miss, is a conversation
best had behind closed doors.

Perhaps we should retire

to my private lounge.

I designed it myself, you know. It's true.

I'm stepping away for a moment, boys.

Change the scheme, alter the mood.

Electrify the boys and girls

if you'd be so kind.

- (LIVELY MUSIC)

- Thank you.

Gem. My name is Gem.

(GROWLS)

(LAUGHS)

Cozy.

(CLATTERING)

(CHANDELIER TINKLES)

- You are Clu.

- I am Clu.

- You will create the perfect system.

- I will create the perfect system.

(CHUCKLES)

Together we're gonna
change the world, man.

(ROARS)

(LAUGHS)

(SIGHS)

Let's move.

CASTOR:

since the earliest days
of the gaming grid.

By necessity,

he has to mind all the percentages.

All the angles.

So when do I meet him?

You just did.

(LAUGHS)

After the Purge,

I needed to reinvent myself.

Self-preservation, you understand.

Now, what can I do for you?

I need to get to the portal.

Well, it's closing quickly,

as I'm sure you're aware.

Tick-tock, tick-tock.

And it's quite the journey.

Beyond the far reaches of the Outlands.

Your father didn't want any programs

slipping out accidentally, did he?

- Can you help me?

- Of course.

But first, as a man who prides himself
on staying well informed,

I must ask who sent you my way.

Her name's Quorra.

Said she met you a long time ago.
Indeed she did.
Many cycles ago.
It was a different time.
But we're not here to relive the past.
Let's see about your future, shall we?
We'll have to change your attire
and you'll need a forged disk.
Not easy these days.
And of course you'll need transport
to cross the Sea of Simulation.
This is going to be quite the ride.

(SCREAMING)

(MUSIC CHANGES)

I believed in users once before.
Playing all the angles.

(SCREAMING)

Resist!

The game has changed, son of Flynn!

(CACKLES)

I met your friend. He's fantastic!

Behold! The son of our maker!

Yeah!

(LAUGHS)

(SOBS)

Yeah, yeah!

Yeah, yeah!

(GROANS)

(CRIES OUT)

(MUSIC STOPS)

Go, go!

Let's split, man.

(BEEPS)

(SCREAMING)

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

A little help here maybe?

SAM:

Dad, it's gone.

It is.

I'm sorry. I know I messed up.

We can go back.

- I can go back.

- No, we stay together.

- Dad, I can do this.
- You've done enough already!
Sam, you're really...
You're messing with my Zen thing, man.
She's stable.

- SAM:

- I don't know. Nothing.
We do nothing.
Be still.
Wait.
You ever jump a freight train?
Huh?
We do it your way.
Full-on sprint to the portal.
If we beat Clu there, we have a chance.
Let's get her out of here.
This'll take us there.
- Is she gonna make it?
- I don't know.
I've got to identify the damaged code.
The sequencing
is just enormously complex.

- SAM:

- Some of it. The rest of it is just
beyond me.
She's an ISO.

KEVIN:

SAM:

you were just protecting her.

KEVIN:

Everything I ever worked for.
"A digital frontier
to reshape the human condition."

SAM:

that was just a plug line.

KEVIN:

she could change everything.

Yeah.

(LAUGHS) Check that out.

She risked herself for me.

Some things are worth the risk.

KEVIN:

Now, that is impressive

if I do say so myself. Huh?

Come on, it's gonna take a while

for her system to reboot.

Now it's time for you to tell me a story.

CLU:

CASTOR:

they perished in the elevator.

You presume?

Find them.

SAM:

war in the Middle East,

LakersICeltics back at it.

I don't know. Rich are getting richer,

poor are getting poorer.

Cell phones, online dating, Wi-Fi.

- **KEVIN:**

- Wireless interlinking.

- Of digital devices?

- Yeah.

Hmm. I thought of that in '85.

(LAUGHS)

Mom and Dad are...

- I assume that...

- Yeah.

Oh.

Mac when I was 12

and Gram five years later.

You remember that night

when you didn't come home?

- Well...

- You said...

I said I'd show you the Grid.

You should have seen this place

back then.

I couldn't wait to show it to you.

Could not wait.

SAM:

before Clu screwed it up.

No, no, he...

He's me. I screwed it up.

Chasing after perfection.

Chasing after

what was right in front of me.

Right in front of me.

Look what you've accomplished.

It's incredible.

Sam,

I'd have given it all up

for one more day with you.

(SIGHS)

Hey.

Remember your old Ducati?

You kidding? Not a day goes by

I don't think about that bike.

- Yeah, well, I'm fixing her up.

- You busted my bike?

Twenty years in the shed, no tarp.

I mean, she needed a little love.

(LAUGHS)

How does she run?

Well, when I'm done, better than ever.

Well, man, I'd like to see that.

You will.

Here.

She's rebooting. Give her this.

The old man's gonna knock on the sky,

listen to the sound.

CASTOR:

entered the space,

ah, everything changed.

I've never seen anything quite like it.

The awe was

palpable.

- Was it?

- I presume

our understanding is still valid?

Control of the city?

A sizeable request, I know.

But seemingly fitting compensation.

Don't you think?

How long have you been

searching for this, Clu?

About 1 ,000 cycles. No?

Just imagine the secrets it holds.

(LAUGHS)

The master key to any and all riddles

of the Grid, Grid, Grid, Grid...

But there's something else, too.

Isn't there?

I've heard the chatter

about this private initiative.

I realize that our alliance is,

at times,

uneasy.

But always necessary.

You know you need me

right where I am.

Clu?

Of course you're right.

Enjoy the drink.

(BEEPING)

(CLU LAUGHS)

End of line, man.

(BEEPING)

- (GASPS)

- Hey. It's okay. We're safe for now.

We're heading east towards the portal.

Clu has the disk.

Once I get out, I can shut him down.

I should never have sent you to Zuse.

It was a mistake.

It's okay. I've made a few myself.

Where is he?

SAM:

QUORRA:

Yeah.

How did you find him?

It's okay.

I know.

QUORRA:

Clu was relentless.

The Black Guard were executing ISOs
in the streets.

Everyone I knew disappeared.

Then they came for me.

So I ran.

A sympathetic program
smuggled me out of the city.

But soon they had me surrounded.

I prepared for the end.

And just as everything was going dark,
I felt a hand on my shoulder.

And when I opened my eyes,
standing above me was the Creator.

Your father.

He saved me.

I guess you could say I'm a rescue.

SAM:

QUORRA:

that Flynn was here.

It became the symbol
of something bigger,
something better than this world.

I've never been this close before.

It's how I imagine a sunrise to be.

Ah, trust me. There's no comparison.

What's it like?

- The sun?

- Yeah.

Man...

(SIGHS)

I've never had to describe it before.

Warm.

Radiant.

Beautiful.

(QUORRA LAUGHS)

(RUMBLING)

Get below! Move!

This isn't supposed to be here.

- What happened?

- A new course.

What is this?

Clu can't create programs.

He can only destroy or repurpose them.

Repurpose them for what?

COMPUTER:

report to Staging Area Alpha.

He's building an army.

Let's go.

COMPUTER:

report immediately to combat stations.

- Goodbye.

- Quorra!

- What's she doing?

- Removing herself from the equation.

Tron.

KEVIN:

COMPUTER:

Throne ship is approaching.

- We can't just let her go.

- No, Sam, there's another way.

Throne ship is approaching.

JARVIS:

JARVIS:

Humbly, sir, I know

you have greater designs

than any of us understand.

What does it do?

She's gonna wind up like one of them.

Keep moving, Sam.

(PROGRAMS CHANT)

You are a very rare bird,

aren't you, now?

Where's your disk?

Where is he?

It must have been so lonely out there.

How tragic to be the only one.
I've seen what users
are capable of, Clu.
You don't belong with them.
I have something very special
in mind for you.
Take her upstairs.
And find them.
You'll have to excuse me. You arrived
just as I was preparing a little toast.
(PROGRAMS CHANT)
- Greetings, programs!
- (PROGRAMS CHEER)
Together we have achieved
a great many things.
We have created a vast, complex
system. We've maintained it.
We've improved it.
We have rid it of its imperfection.
Not to mention
rid it of the false deity
who sought to enslave us.
Kevin Flynn!
- Where are you now?
- (PROGRAMS BOO)
(LAUGHS)
My fellow programs,
let there be no doubt
that our world is a cage no more.
For at this moment,
the key to the next frontier is finally
in our possession!
(PROGRAMS CHEER)
Your disk.

CLU:

who reserved the privilege of our world
only for himself,
I will make their world open
and available to all of us!
(PROGRAMS CHEER)
Yes!
To all of us!

SAM:

He's figured out how to do it.

CLU:

there our system will grow!

There our system will blossom!

Do this.

Prove yourselves.

Prove yourselves to me!

Be loyal to me!

And I will never betray you!

(PROGRAMS CHEER)

Dad, we have to get your disk.

We gotta get to the portal.

You shut them down outside.

Even if I make it, you won't

last in here, nor will Quorra.

- We'll be all right. Come on.

- I'm not going home without you.

Sam...

The same team.

Remember?

I was afraid you were gonna say that.

Meet me on the flight deck in five

and get us some wheels.

Wheels? What's your plan?

I'm a user. I'll improvise.

CLU:

Rid the new system of its imperfection!

My vision is clear, fellow programs.

Out there is a new world!

Out there is our victory!

(PROGRAMS CHEER)

Out there

is our destiny.

(GRUNTS)

(YELLS)

(BEEPING)

SENTRY:

I'm not a program.

My name is Sam Flynn.

(FAINT YELL)

(PROGRAMS CHANT)

- Identify yourself.
- I'm taking this vehicle.
You are not authorized.
Right away, sir.

Watch your step, please,
as you board the aircraft.

(MUFFLED SHOUTING)

(SHRIEKING)

Long live the users.

COMPUTER:

Master key disengaged.

I came with a girl, a program.

Where is she?

Sam! Go!

- Why are you here?
- We gotta get to the flight deck.
Clu will be here any minute.
- We'll never make it.
- Come on.

Come on, kiddo.

Radical, man.

Hurry!

Made it.

Try and hold on to this.

You're gonna need it.

You got this, Quorra. It's all in the wrist.

COMPUTER:

Unauthorized launch.

Death to the user!

Head towards the light, Quorra.

Where did you learn that move?

ENCOM Tower. Couple of nights ago.

ENCOM Tower. Huh.

Light jets.

Here they come.

- Sam, take the turret.
- Huh?

Man, I'm all over this.

Yeah!

Yeah! One down, five to go!

Nice.

We gotta split them up!

We gotta split them up!

(SCREAMS)

Come on.

- Have a nice swim!

- (LAUGHS)

SAM:

Whoo!

- I don't think this is a good idea.

- You're probably right.

He's gaining on us!

(ENGINE STOPS)

(ENGINE STOPS)

(LAUGHS)

Yes!

It's jammed.

Tron. What have you become?

Oh, come on.

TRON:

CLU:

Finish the game!

Roll!

TRON:

(SCREAMS)

That's it. It's over.

It's over!

(LAUGHS)

QUORRA:

Quorra, there's something

I need you to do.

Let's get you home, Dad.

There it is.

- Take her down.

- Hang on. This could be rough.

This is mine.

I had a feeling you'd be here!

(LAUGHS) The cycles

haven't been kind, have they?

Oh, you don't look so bad.

I did everything.
Everything you ever asked.
I know you did.

- CLU:

- As you saw it.
You... You promised that we
would change the world together.
- You broke your promise.
- I know.
I understand that now.
I took this system
to its maximum potential.
I created the perfect system!
The thing about perfection
is that it's unknowable.
It's impossible but it's also
right in front of us all the time.
You wouldn't know that
because I didn't when I created you.
I'm sorry, Clu.
I'm sorry.
(YELLS)
Go.
Clu!
Remember what you came for.
Dad!

CLU:

And still you did all this? For him.
No.
No!
Why?
He's my son.
Go!
Dad!
Sam! It's time!
No!
Sam, it's what he wants.
I'm not leaving you!
Take her!
Yes!
Goodbye, kiddo.
(GROANS)

No!

SAM:

ALAN:

Yeah.

I need you at ENCOM at 8:00 a.m.

What about the board?

You're chairman now.

I'm taking the company back, Alan.

Oh, and...

You were right.

About what?

About everything.

QUORRA:

I guess we're supposed
to change the world.

Come on. I wanna show you something.