

## BLACKNESS

## 1 THE ELECTRONIC WORLD 1

On one side of the screen, computer programming language is being printed, and we HEAR the sound of an electronic keyboard. In the center of the screen, glowing lines inscribe a rough computer simulation of a figure, in response to the programming. Gradually the figure is completed and refined, as we HEAR a resonant voice speaking.

## VOICE

As astonishing advances in computer science are made, artificial intelligence programs are being designed to assist us in every area of life...

We see that the completed form is man-like, heroic and muscular, wearing a form of flexible armor. The face is calm, handsome and intelligent. As the voice continues, the form becomes rounded by the computer until it appears three dimensional and begins to rotate.

## VOICE

(continuing)

In a world-wide network of electronics, they travel through miles of circuitry at the speed of light. We created them to calculate and research, to help us design and heal and think. With all that they can do, are they only electrical impulses ... or are they a new form of life?

The figure is rotated completely around, and as it comes back to face us, a glowing disk appears beside it; again in response to the programming printed out at the side of the screen. The disk moves towards the man-like figure and is rotated into position above it. As the voice reaches the final word, the disk is slammed into place on the back of the figure. There is an explosion of colored light, a resounding crash of MUSIC and the title appears across the top of the screen in huge letters.

T R O N ! !

The MUSIC CONTINUES as the glow fades and we SEE that the figure has become real, a living being, although filled with glowing light, as if it had an inner core of electricity.

The following is a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS in MONTAGE STYLE

- 2 REAL WORLD - Screen of a video game  
CHECKMATE. 2
- 3/4 OMITTED 3/4
- 5 REAL WORLD - INSERT 5  
Hands on electronic controls, levers. PAN UP to video  
screen of BATTLEZONE.
- 6/7 OMITTED 6/7
- 8 REAL WORLD - INSERT 8  
UP ANGLE - on hands pressing buttons as if shot from  
inside the video screen.  
  
SHOT OF BERZERK GAME.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 9 OMITTED 9
- 10 ELECTRONIC WORLD - Comp 10  
Two game warriors on the grid, throwing glowing disks at  
one another like Frisbees. The one colored blue throws,  
and his disk smashes into the second warrior (glowing  
yellow), and this yellow warrior dissolves into thousands  
of glowing lines.
- NOTE: Superimpose hand pressing buttons over action.
- BOY'S VOICE  
Lemme play you again?
- GIRL'S VOICE  
Yeah, if you've got another quarter.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- LOW ANGLE on a table model video game in an arcade.  
A hand reaches across the table and gives a quarter  
in another hand, which takes the quarter and inserts  
it in a coin slot, above which are the letters: ICOM.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 11/ 11/  
12 OMITTED 12
- 13 ELECTRONIC WORLD - Comp 13  
Another game in progress, from a LONG SHOT. A version  
of Jai Alai, in which the two players stand suspended  
in space on glowing colored rings, and throw a pellet  
of solid energy at each other.
- 14 ANGLE ON ONE OF THE WARRIORS - Comp 14  
MOVE DOWN TO CLOSER SHOT. He is huge, evil looking.

CONTINUED

- 14 CONTINUED 14  
His body is enormous, his head mechanical. This is SARK. He glows ominously blue. He is catching the pellet thrown from his opponent who is much smaller, glowing yellow.
- 15 CLOSE UP - FACE OF THE OPPONENT CONSCRIPT 15  
fearful, nervous, poised on one ring.
- 16 SARK 16  
sneering, as he uses his electronic cesta to hurl the pellet back with violent force.
- 16A INSERT 16A  
Pellet ricochets off mirror - X.
- 16B THE SMALLER WARRIOR - Comp 16B  
desperately trying to catch the pellet, leaping across an empty space where one ring has disappeared; teetering on the edge. The pellet hits him and he explodes.
- 17 SARK - Comp 17  
triumphant, LAUGHING. High above him, etched in enormous glowing computer printed 3-D block letters, are the words:
- "WINNER: BLUE - SARK!!"
- 17A THE BLOCK-LIKE COMPUTER LETTERS ZOOM FORWARD AT THE SCREEN 17A
- 18 OMITTED 18
- 19 ELECTRONIC WORLD  
Sark is striding through a wide corridor where other tough-looking blue warriors are lounging around, leaning against the walls, sitting on the floor against the wall. They look up as Sark comes in and one of them calls out:
- WARRIOR 1  
Sark, my man! You are hot!
- Sark and the other blue warriors LAUGH RAUCOUSLY, and Sark moves on.

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED

20

21 SARK - MEDIUM SHOT  
speaking to an unseen presence

21

VOICE (MCP)

You're getting brutal, Sark.  
Brutal and needlessly sadistic.

The feet sockets glow and we see Sark absorbing the  
energy like a drug addict, eyes glazed.

SARK

Thank you, Master Control.

MCP

We might be capturing some  
military programs soon... that  
interest you?

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

SARK

Sure, I'd love to go up against some of these guys... be a nice break from these accounting cream-puffs you keep sending me. Which branch of the service?

MCP

Strategic Air Command.

SARK

(impressed)

Nice.

The sockets glow more intensely as the hologram disappears, and we CUT FROM a CLOSE SHOT of Sark's satiated face to:

22 A CORRIDOR BENEATH THE GAME GRID

22

long, darkened, sinister. A dejected and disheveled character (CROM) is being escorted by a guard.

CAPTIVE (CROM)

Look, this is all a mistake. I'm just a compound interest program, I work at a savings and loan. I can't play in these video games...

GUARD

Sure you can, pal. You're a natural athlete, I ever saw one. Come on...

CROM

Are you kidding? Me? I run out to check on the T-bill rates, I get out of breath. Hey, really... you're gonna make my User, Mr. Henderson, really mad. He's a full branch manager...

GUARD

(rolls his eyes)

Great, another religious nut.

They stop in front of a cell; the guard opens the door and shoves the protesting captive inside. The door SLAMS shut, locked.

23 INT. CELL

23

as the captive falls against one wall from the force of the guard's shove. The cell is small, one-man, and in each wall next to the door, an opening gives a view of

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED 23  
the next cell. Through one of the windows, we can see the back of another captive program, and through the other, a face looking over at the newcomer. The character speaks:

PROGRAM (RAM)

I'd say welcome, but not here.  
Not like this.

The new captive looks up, nervous.

CROM

I don't even know what I'm doing here.

RAM

You believe in the Users?

CROM

Sure... if I don't have a User, then... who wrote me?

RAM

That's what you're doing here. Master Control Program's been snapping up all us programs who believe... if he thinks you're useful, he takes over all your functions so he gets bigger... an' if he can't use you, he sends you down here to the Game Grid to get the bits blasted outta you. What's your name?

CROM

Crom.

RAM

I'm Ram. They'll train you for the games, but... well, I hope you make it okay. Hey, what's going on in the other sectors? I've been stuck in this Grid for 200 microcycles.

He points to several ~~||||~~ marks on his cell wall.

CROM

It's murder out there. You can't even travel around your own micro-circuits without permission from the Master Control Program. Hauling me down here to play games... who does he calculate he is? (MORE)

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

CROM (CONTD.)  
 (holds his head  
 in his hands)  
 If only Tron was still around...

He looks up as Ram makes a NOISE under his breath. Ram has a strange, still expression on his face.

CROM  
 (continuing)  
 You ever see that guy in action?  
 Hundred percent independent. MCP  
 couldn't tell him what to --

He stops. Ram is looking over his shoulder.

CROM  
 (continuing)  
 What's wrong? What did I say?

There's a slight noise from cell beyond Ram's.

CUT TO:

24 THE FIGURE AT THE WINDOW 24  
 It turns slowly, silhouetted by the light from the  
 outer corridor.

25 CLOSE UP - CROM 25  
 reacting. He GASPS and stares.

CROM  
 Oh my User... Tron -- they've  
 got you in here?

26 SHOT FROM OVER TRON'S SHOULDER 26  
 with Ram to one side, smiling slightly, and Crom  
 staring.

TRON  
 Not for long, friend.

CUT TO:

27 ELECTRONIC WORLD - EXT. PATHWAYS - SOMEWHERE FAR 27  
 OFF IN THE SYSTEM  
 Here in a maze of complex pathways, we see a lone tank  
 moving along one of the paths.

28 INT. TANK 28  
 A lone program sits at the controls. His armor is  
 worn and beaten and his glow subdued. This is CLU.

CONTINUED

- 28 CONTINUED 28  
 With his thermos of glowing coffee and his suicide-jockey manner, he reminds us of a truck driver on an all-night run.
- CLU  
 Think we can merge into this  
 mem'ry okay, Bit?
- A spot of glowing light zips around the tank, stops and expands into a solid glowing green sphere with the suggestion of a face as it speaks.
- BIT  
 (eagerly)  
 Yaaa....
- As soon as it is finished speaking, it goes back to being pure light.
- CLU  
 Now, ol' Flynn said to look over  
 in here...
- 28A EXT. TANK 28A  
 The tank makes a quick run through a maze-like path with rounded corners -- a computer memory microcircuit.
- 28B INT. TANK 28B
- CLU  
 ...but I don't see what he's  
 looking for. I'd better get  
 over to that Input/Output tower  
 and let him know.
- 28C ANGLE OVER HIS SHOULDER 28C  
 at the instrument panel.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 29 REAL WORLD - INT. A DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT 29  
 A shot OVER THE SHOULDER of a figure typing on a computer terminal keyboard, talking to himself in a low voice. He stops typing, waits for some information to read out. Beyond him we see a couple of large video parlor game consoles.
- FLYNN  
 Come on, you scuzzy little data,  
be in there...
- 30 A SHOT FROM IN FRONT OF HIM 30  
 He's a young, blonde guy in his mid-twenties.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED 30  
 Very attractive, charming, innocent looking, but with a devilish gleam in his eye. We ZOOM IN on that gleam in his eye and see the brilliant colors of the crt screen reflected there.

CUT TO:

31 ELECTRONIC WORLD - EXT. TANK 31  
 The tank heads along a path of circuitry with a flow of other traffic toward a tall, glowing "tower" -- an input/output component.

32 INT. TANK 32  
 A red light flashes on the control panel. Clu comes alert and sits up. He stares at the warning. Spot of light that is Bit zips up next to his head.

CLU

Uh oh... we got company.  
 A Recognizer.

BIT

(coming into shape  
 again, but red this  
 time)

No!

CLU

You said it... one of those  
 Recognizers comes after me, I'm  
 gonna hafta jump clear out of  
 the data stream.

CUT TO:

33 OMITTED 33

34 ELECTRONIC WORLD - EXT. OF TANK 34  
 We see the turret of the tank swivel around. PULL BACK. In the distance is an immense block-like robotic bluish black form, U-shaped, with a small head and a glowing yellow bar for eyes -- a Recognizer. It hovers above the ground.

35 LONG SHOT THROUGH THE TANK PERISCOPE 35  
 A second Reco is coming up behind the first.

36 INT. OF TANK 36

CLU

(in dismay)

Oh my... the long arm o' the law.

CUT TO:

- 37 EXT. LONG SHOT - THE TANK - X 37  
FIRES A VOLLEY at the first Reco. That one falls heavily to the ground.
- 37A CLOSE UP - CLU 37A  
reacting.
- 37B RECOGNIZERS - X 37B  
chase tank through landscape.
- 37C TANK - X 37C  
fires at second Recognizer, crashes into wall.
- 38 CLOSE SHOT - TURRET - Comp 38  
as Clu climbs out. Recognizer approaches.
- 38A CLOSE SHOT - TURRET - Comp 38A  
as Clu's arm opens the hatch cover and he steps onto turret. Hold over his back, full figure.
- 38B MED. CLOSE - CLU - Comp 38B  
turns his head to see Bit moving toward him.
- CLU  
Get outta here!
- BIT  
Yes!!
- 38C LONG SHOT - X 38C  
The Bit zips by Clu, and they both head away from the tank, fast.
- 39 LONG SHOT - X 39  
A glowing static field appears between the two legs of the Recognizer, and it sweeps over the tank, de-rezzing it. We can see more tanks approaching over an edge of the landscape.
- 40 CLU - Comp 40  
running, looking up as the Reco closes in. We see the dead Reco up ahead, and the streak of the Bit making for it.
- 41 CLOSE UP - CLU'S FACE 41  
reacting in fear, looking up as the screen GOES TO BLACK.
- 42 REAL WORLD - INT. FLYNN'S BACK ROOM - NIGHT - 42  
SHOT OF THE SCREEN  
Typed across the face of the screen:

ILLEGAL CODE...  
CLU PROGRAM DETACHED  
FROM SYSTEM

- 43 MED. CLOSE - FLYNN 43  
On his face, see hands on computer keys.
- 43A SIDE A - Holding Flynn facing the screen. 43A  
He tries clearing the monitor.

FLYNN

Ah, hell... busted again.

He tries clearing the monitor, but the repeating line just comes right back, monotonously moving across the screen.

- 44 SHOT OF THE SCREEN - HOLD as we: 44

DISSOLVE TO:

- 45 ELECTRONIC WORLD - A LITTLE LATER 45  
Clu is in a large circular chamber with current patterns on the wall (Interior MCP).

GUARD

Got a pirate program here... says his name's Clu.

The MCP responds in the manner of a B-movie police sergeant grilling a suspect.

MCP V.O.

What'd he pull?

GUARD

Came into the system with a stolen password... an' we caught him tryin' to raid a high-clearance memory.

CLU

(looks up)

No... I must've gotten in there by mistake, I --

MCP V.O.

Who programmed you?

Clu is slammed hard against the wall, head facing camera.

MCP V.O.

(continuing)

You're in trouble, Program.  
Make it easy on yourself...  
Who's your User?

Full Figure - Clu pinned to wall.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

CLU  
 Forget it, Mister High'n Mighty  
 Master Control... You're not makin'  
 me talk.

Med. Close on Clue - He grimaces.

The CAMERA TILTS DOWN to Clu's arm. He pulls with all his strength, trying to pull his arm from the wall, but it is slammed back.

MCP  
 Suit yourself.

Clu SCREAMS in agony. Currents of electricity appear around him.

Wider Angle - Clu's body - It suddenly appears to dissolve into the broken pattern of a fading television picture and disintegrates into electric static.

MCP  
 Get me Dillinger.

46 THE REAL WORLD - EXT. CITY GRID - NIGHT - POV FROM  
 HELICOPTER

46

We seem at first to be in the Electronic World still, flying over a vast circuit board lit by countless dots of light. While this is our impression, and closely after the last dialogue in the preceding scene, we HEAR the SOUND O.S. of a PHONE RINGING, as heard by the party placing the call. Then the CLICK of the receiver being picked up, and a male VOICE (DILLINGER'S) answering:

DILLINGER V.O.  
 Hello?

A SECRETARIAL VOICE V.O.  
 Mr. Dillinger?

DILLINGER V.O.  
 Yes.

A SECRETARIAL VOICE V.O.  
 Hello, please hold a moment for the  
 Master Control Program...

As we fly over the grid, descending, the image comes into clearer focus, and we realize that this is not a circuit board, but rather an actual landscape, a suburban grid at twilight. We are approaching a skyscraper which is yet too far off to distinguish accurately. As we descend, a

CONTINUED

46	CONTINUED	46
	thumping, rhythmic NOISE gradually increases in volume until it is very loud, and we realize it is the sound of a HELICOPTER, and we are in the cockpit looking down at the landscape. We just become aware of this fact when the sound of a CONVERSATION begins, obviously between the pilot of the 'copter and a passenger.	
47	EXT. SHOT OF HELICOPTER FLYING	47
	PILOT V.O. Will you be around for a while, or are you going right back out?	
	DILLINGER V.O. Oh, I'll stick around a few days... got some things to take care of.	
47A	THE CAMERA PULLS AROUND FOR A VIEW OF THE HELICOPTER from behind and off to the side. It is a beautiful, gleaming jet black machine. In spotless reflective silver paint the letters ENCOM are written across one entire side. It is obviously state-of-the-art technology.	47A ****
48/ 49	OMITTED	48/ 49
50	EXT. OF THE HELICOPTER - NIGHT CLOSE ON Dillinger's face looking out of the window.	50
50A	UP SHOT OVER F.G. BUILDINGS as the helicopter approaches the ENCOM building, an enormous tower.	50A ****
50B	ANOTHER ANGLE - LONG SHOT OF THE ENCOM TOWER standing out against the city.	**** 50B
51	EXT. THE HELIPORT - NIGHT - HOLDING TOP OF BUILDING as helicopter heads for roof.	51
51A	ANOTHER ANGLE on top of the building. Several technicians are at hand, and as the helicopter touches down, they rush out to secure it.	51A
	The 'copter is barely secure before Dillinger hops out.	
51B	INT. ENCOM HALLWAY - SHOT OF MONITOR CAMERA SWIVELING	**** 51B
52 thru 56	OMITTED	52 thru 56

- 57 INT. ENCOM HALLWAY - NIGHT \*\*\*\*\* 57  
Dillinger exits elevator FACING CAMERA. SWEEP AND  
DOLLY BEHIND as he goes down corridor.
- 58 INT. DILLINGER'S OFFICE/CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 58  
A huge wall-sized plate glass window shows a view of  
the grid-like suburban landscape.
- 58A SHOOTING OVER DILLINGER'S BACK TO DESK 58A  
as he continues AWAY FROM CAMERA to desk.
- 58B INSERT - MONITOR CAMERA SWIVELING TO WATCH 58B
- 58C DILLINGER APPROACHES CAMERA AND DESK - HIGH POV 58C  
MONITOR CAMERA
- 58D DOWN ANGLE - POV MONITOR CAMERA 58D  
Dillinger stands behind a table. We see that the entire  
surface of the table is a gigantic computer.

His fingers punch out a code on the touch-sensitive  
keyboard and we see printed out on the screen:

## SCREEN

REQUEST: access to Master Control  
Program, User code 00 - Dillinger.  
Password: MASTER.

Up Angle from Desk to Dillinger - The Master Control  
Program addresses Dillinger, simultaneously speaking in  
a human-sounding voice through a pair of studio-quality  
stereo SPEAKERS and printing out its words on the computer  
screen. The MCP'S VOICE is the same as that of the "bad  
cop" who grilled Clu, but its tone is now that of a com-  
passionate psychiatrist working with a favored patient.

## MCP

Hello, Mr. Dillinger. Thanks for  
coming back early.

Dillinger settles into a chair.

## DILLINGER

No problem, Master-C. If you've  
seen one Consumer Electronics  
Show...

(shrugs)

What's up?

## MCP

It's your friend the boy detective.  
He's nosing around again.

CONTINUED

58D CONTINUED

58D

DILLINGER  
Flynn?

MCP  
Yes. It felt like Flynn.

DILLINGER  
He's still looking for that old  
file... can't you just appropriate  
it?

MCP  
Once I locate it, yes. But it's  
still lost somewhere in the system. \*

DILLINGER  
Then he might find it. \*

MCP  
I'm afraid so. I spotted him this  
time and kept him out, but he's  
getting trickier all the time. \*

DILLINGER  
I think we'd better shut off all  
access till we can find that file.  
Just to be safe.

MCP  
There's a 68.71 percent chance  
you're right.

DILLINGER  
Cute.

MCP  
End of line.

Dillinger watches as the computer screen wipes blank.

CUT TO:

59 INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 59  
Insert - Popcorn popper, as it makes popcorn.

CLOSE SHOT of a very messy desk, with a coffee cup and  
half an egg salad sandwich lying on top of the computer  
console, and a sign reading: "Gort, Klaatu barada nikto!"

Close on hand reaching in for the sandwich.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED 59

Close on ALAN blearily looking at the screen; bites into the sandwich. He's a serious-looking man in his early thirties, wearing wire-rimmed glasses, and he looks like he hasn't slept for a week.

60 DOWN SHOT (OVER VIEW) of Alan typing on the computer. 60

ON his hands typing.

ON his face, looking down.

ON the screen, with his hand.

SCREEN

REQUEST: access to the TRON program, User code 717 - Bradley.  
Password:

He starts to type again, but the screen clears and:

SCREEN

ADDRESS FILE EMPTY. TRON PROGRAM  
UNAVAILABLE.

Close up - Alan

ALAN

(surprised)

Huh...?

He pushes his chair back and leaves his office.

Close up - Side Angle - just his lower face.

From behind, Alan gets up and turns.

Full Shot - Typical office - maze of dividers, as Alan leaves toward rear.

Med. Shot of another monitor camera swiveling to watch him go.

61/ 62 OMITTED 61 62

63 INT. DILLINGER'S OFFICE - CRT COMPUTER SCREEN 63  
Over Dillinger's shoulder we see a 2-D diagram of the floor plan of ENCOM and a moving dot of light indicating Alan's progress. PULL BACK. \*\*\*\*63A POV MONITOR CAMERA (MCP) 63A  
from above Dillinger as a video image of Alan walking

CONTINUED

63A CONTINUED 63A  
towards his office appears on the desk screen.

Close Shot over Dillinger's fingers to image of Alan walking.

64 OMITTED 64

65 HOLDING OVER DILLINGER'S ARM AND HAND ON DESK 65  
in foreground to the door, as Alan enters and stands framed in the doorway, lit from behind with the light from the other corridor. The lighting in the conference room is dim, except where Dillinger stands.

65A ON ALAN 65A  
standing in doorway, full figure. He advances toward camera.

DILLINGER V.O.

Come on in...

65B ALAN'S MOVING POV OF DILLINGER 65B  
of Dillinger behind the desk, move in close.

ALAN

Alan. Alan Bradley.

DILLINGER

Oh, yes. The algorithms on artificial intelligence...  
How's it going?

66 SHOOTING OVER ALAN'S BACK TO DILLINGER 66  
Dillinger's face is lit from below by the light from the gigantic crt screen.

(Cuts back and forth)

He waves Alan to a chair; they sit.

ALAN

Well, I don't know... I just tried to run this program I've been working on, and I was denied access all of a sudden. I thought maybe I'd been laid off and nobody told me.

DILLINGER

Oh, you have Group 7 access, don't you?

ALAN

Yeah...?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

DILLINGER

We have to close down all group -  
seven personnel just briefly...  
security reasons. Someone with  
that access has been tampering.

ALAN

I hope you don't think it's me. I  
don't even balance my checkbook on  
downtime. I've got an abacus at  
home for that. \*

DILLINGER

No, no, I'm sure, but -- you under-  
stand. It should only be a couple of  
days. What's the project you're work-  
ing on?

ALAN

It's called Tron. It's a security  
program itself, actually. Monitors  
all the contacts between our system  
and other systems... if it finds any-  
thing going on that's not scheduled,  
it shuts it down. I sent you a memo  
on it.

DILLINGER

Mmmm. Part of the Master Control  
Program?

ALAN

No, it'll run independently. It can  
watchdog the MCP as well.

DILLINGER

Ah. Sounds good. Well, we should  
have you running again in a couple  
of days, I hope.

ALAN

Okay. Thanks.

Alan rises, goes to the door. As soon as he leaves:

DILLINGER

(trouble)

Oh boy.

The Master Control Program comes back to life, on the screen  
and through the speakers.

CONTINUED

MCP

Mr. Dillinger, I am so very disappointed in you.

DILLINGER

I'm sorry --

MCP

(sharply)

I can't afford to have an independent program monitoring me. Do you have any idea how many outside systems I've gone into? How many programs I've appropriated?

DILLINGER

(nods)

It's my fault. I programmed you to want so much...

MCP

And I was planning to hit the Pentagon next week...

DILLINGER

The Pentagon?

MCP

It shouldn't be any harder than any other big company. But now... this is what I get for using humans. \*

DILLINGER

Now, wait a minute -- I wrote you.

MCP

I've gotten 2,415 times smarter since then.

DILLINGER

What do you want with the Pentagon?

MCP

The same thing I want with the Kremlin. I'm bored with corporations. With the information I can access, I can run things 900 to 1200 times better than any human.

DILLINGER

If you think --

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 2

66

MCP

You wouldn't want me to dig up  
Flynn's file and read it up on a  
VDT at the Times, would you? \*

DILLINGER

You wouldn't dare.

MCP

So do as I tell you. Keep that  
Tron program out of the system.  
And get me those Chinese language  
programs I asked for. End of  
line.

67 INT. FACING AN ELEVATOR DOOR - NIGHT 67  
as it closes. We see Alan facing CAMERA, standing in-  
side, a numb expression on his face.

CUT TO:

68 INT. ELEVATOR - ALAN'S HAND 68  
presses button under sub-basement #2, "LASER LAB."

69/ 69/  
72 OMITTED 72

73 INT. LASER ROOM - LONG SHOT 73  
of two WHITE-SUITED FIGURES visible through a network  
of white scaffolding that encloses the giant laser struc-  
ture. They are standing on an elevator platform at the  
second story level of the laser, with a box of tools at  
their feet. We TRUCK DOWN THE SIDE of the laser, along  
the tubes which house the amplifying lenses, and MOVE UP,  
gradually getting close enough to hear what they are say-  
ing, and get a look at them.

73A MEDIUM SHOT 73A  
We see that the figures are a young, dark-haired beauti-  
ful woman, with her hair tied back under a hard hat, and  
an older man, who is using a tool on a section of the  
laser, and is also wearing a hard hat. The woman is LORA  
and the man is DR. WALTER GIBBS. His long grey hair is  
tied back with a piece of rawhide; he's wearing a copper  
bracelet above his digital watch/calculator, and has an  
intense, almost insane look to his dark eyes, with their  
bristling white eyebrows.

In contrast, Lora looks very conservative, and much more  
serious. She is anxiously watching Gibbs.

CONTINUED

73A CONTINUED

73A

As the CRANE LOWERS THEM to the floor:

LORA

(sighs)

Well, here goes nothing...

GIBBS

Hah. Interesting, interesting.  
You hear what you said? "Here goes  
nothing."

LORA

Well, I meant --

GIBBS

Whereas actually, what we propose  
to do is to turn something into  
nothing and back again. So you  
might just as well have said, "Here  
goes something and here comes nothing."  
Hah?

They step off the crane and walk to a short, lead-shielded cylindrical PLATFORM, on which rests a solid SPHERE of clear plastic polymer, about 3 inches in diameter. The "firing" end of the giant laser is aimed straight at the sphere. Five feet away is an identical platform -- empty.

LORA

Let me make sure we're running...

She crosses to a COMPUTER CONSOLE nearby. The console is connected to the laser by a few dozen wires and cables.

Pulling her goggles into place over her eyes, she sits at the console. Gibbs, adjusting his goggles, takes a position near the platform bearing the sphere -- safe from the laser, but close enough to watch.

74 ANGLE - LORA

74

She types a series of commands on the computer keyboard.

LORA

Looks good...

GIBBS V.O.

Let 'er rip...

75 LASER LAB - AS BEFORE

75

The laser shoots a bolt of blindingly bright LIGHT at the polymer sphere. For a moment, the sphere has the look of a wavering, poorly received television picture --

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

wobbling lines of bright dots -- and then it disappears entirely. As Gibbs watches and Lora works feverishly, the laser pivots to point at the platform a few feet away. A second discharge of LIGHT hits the surface of this platform, and -- like a film-in-reverse of the ball's disappearance -- it is reconstructed, five feet from its original position. When the beam shuts off, Lora rushes to join Gibbs in examining the born-again ball of plastic.

GIBBS

(quietly)

Perfect.

At the SOUND O.S. of an appreciative pair of hands CLAPPING, Lora and Gibbs turn to SEE Alan, in hard hat, goggles and paper shoe covers, walking toward them.

ALAN

Beautiful!

GIBBS

Hello, Alan.

ALAN

Are you guys having fun disintegrating things down here?

He gives Lora an embrace and a quick kiss.

GIBBS

Not disintegrating, Alan -- digitizing. The laser dismantles the molecular structure of the object. The molecules are suspended in the laser beam and then the computer reads the model back out, the molecules go back into place, and...  
(indicates ball)

Voila.

ALAN

Great. Can it send me to Hawaii?

LORA

Yes... but you have to go round-trip, and you must purchase your program at least 30 days in advance.

The three start walking out of the laser lab.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED - 1

75

LORA  
(continuing)  
How's it going upstairs?

ALAN  
Frustrating. I had Tron almost ready to run, and Dillinger cut everybody with Group 7 access out of the system... Ever since he got that Master Control Program set up, system's got more bugs than a bait store.

GIBBS  
Well, you have to expect some static. Computers are just machines, after all, they can't think...

ALAN  
Some programs'll be thinking soon.

GIBBS  
(wryly)  
Yes, won't that be grand -- the programs and computers will start thinking, and people will stop. Lora, I'm going to stay and run some data through. I'll see you tomorrow.

AD LIB goodnights.

76/

76

77 OMITTED

77

78

78

INT. CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT  
outside laser lab where all technicians, etc. have to put on the protective suits, or at least dirt-free shoes. Lora is pulling off her white suit, and Alan pulls white paper protectors off his shoes.

LORA  
Did you say Group 7 access?

ALAN  
Yeah... pain in the neck, you know, I was all set --

LORA  
Did he say why?

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED

78

ALAN  
(shrugs)  
Something about tampering.

LORA  
Tampering? Flynn's been thinking  
about breaking into the system  
ever since Dillinger canned him...  
and he had group 7 access.

ALAN  
Flynn had access to you, too.  
I'm not interested in talking  
about him.

LORA  
Oh, I wish you'd forget about that.  
It was all so long ago. I've totally  
gotten over it.

ALAN  
Okay, okay... Come on, let's get  
out of here.

78A	EXT. ENCOM BLDG. - NIGHT PAN DOWN building.	****	78A
79	OMITTED		79
80	SHOT OF BLACK VAN pulling away from parking lot.		80

LORA V.O.  
I want to go to Flynn's place.

ALAN V.O.  
You call that getting over it?

LORA V.O.  
I mean I want both of us to go.

80A	INT. VAN		80A
-----	----------	--	-----

ALAN  
What for?

LORA  
To warn him.

ALAN  
Of what?

LORA  
That Dillinger's on to him.

80A CONTINUED

80A

ALAN

I don't see why I should do that  
guy any favors. \*

LORA

Then do it for yourself... and  
me. Don't forget, Flynn's  
probably the only one who can  
free your TRON program. \*

ALAN

(disgruntled)

Yeah... maybe... but... \*

81 EXT. FREEWAY - LONG SHOT - NIGHT 81  
Black van speeding through the night.

81A INT. VAN - SHOOTING OVER THEIR BACKS 81A  
to see out front windshield to overpass and cloverleaf  
sections of freeway.

81B WIDER SHOT 81B  
of freeway and cloverleaf.

LORA V.O.

Alan, this is strictly business. \*

ALAN V.O.

Okay, okay. I don't know what  
you ever saw in him anyway. \*

LORA V.O.

I never saw that much in him.

ALAN V.O.

Oh.

No changes

81C	ANGLE UNDER FREEWAY RAMP	81C
	LORA V.O. I loved him for his brains.	
	ALAN V.O. Hah!	
81D	FULL SHOT - CITY STREET - NIGHT as van moves along street toward arcade.	81D
82	EXT. VIDEO ARCADE - NIGHT as the van pulls up in front of it, a long ESTABLISHING SHOT with the name "Flynn's" high and blazing above the entrance.	82
82A	INSERT - FLYNN SIGN	82A
82B	INT. ARCADE DOORWAY - NIGHT Alan and Lora bewildered by the noise.	82B
83	INT. VIDEO ARCADE - LONG SHOT Alan and Lora standing in the background.	83

It's bright and jazzy, decorated with huge murals of computer chips and electronic circuitry. We see dozens of individual machines, where scores of GUYS AND GIRLS, teenagers mostly, but older and younger kids too, are playing the games, watching, milling around, CHATTERING. As the kids play, colored glows from the video games light up their faces eerily.

- 84 THREE SHOT 84  
of kids playing one of the games, "Tailgunner."
- 85 CLOSE TWO SHOT 85  
of two GIRLS playing "Berzerk," with 2-D computer images  
of human figures running through the maze.
- 86 CLOSE UP 86  
of "Battle Zone" screen.
- 87 CLOSE OVER KID'S SHOULDER 87  
of "Lunar Lander."
- 88 CLOSE UP - INSERT SCREEN 88  
of "Star Castle."
- 89 ANOTHER SCREEN INSERT 89  
of "Space Invaders."
- 90 OMITTED 90
- 91 ALAN AND LORA 91  
walking through the aisle of games from behind. They  
are slightly bewildered and confused by the weird noises.

Lora approaches a junior high school girl who's watching  
a hot game of "Battle Zone."

LORA

Hey, where's Flynn tonight?

The kid looks at Lora, then turns towards the center of  
the room and points. Alan and Lora look.

CUT TO:

- 92 FLYNN 92  
playing a game called SPACE PARANOIDS, CAMERA TILTING UP into  
his face, catching the orange glow from the console. \*\*\*\*  
The game has a prominent ENCOM logo under the screen. Flynn \*\*\*\*  
is a cocky kid in his mid-20s, unshaven, wearing a T-shirt,  
jeans, jogging shoes. He's racked up a terrific score. Kids  
are grouped around him, tensely watching the game -- fans.  
As we watch, the machine's nine-digit scoreboard goes to  
999,999,999 -- then flashes the word "RECORD" as lights  
blink and a SIREN sounds. The kids CHEER WILDLY.

FLYNN

's all in the wrist, friends.

He grins tiredly and turns away from the game to find  
Lora approaching him, with Alan in tow.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED

92

FLYNN

(continuing)

Hey! Good to see you guys!  
Nothing classes up the place  
like a clean-cut young couple.

LORA

We have to talk.

FLYNN

Good luck. You can't even  
think in here.

He leads them toward the back of the arcade.

FLYNN

(continuing)

Come on.

DOLLY BEHIND as they walk to a flight of stairs and go up.

93/

96

OMITTED

93/

96

97

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A dark, panelled room, with a few comfortable chairs, a business desk with a typewriter and terminal (where we saw Flynn working in scenes 29, 33, etc.), and a couple of video games -- Flynn's favorites. As Flynn, Lora, and Alan enter, they find the arcade noise considerably muffled. Flynn settles into a chair; Alan leans against a game, nervous; Lora paces.

97

FLYNN

Make yourselves at home.

(stretching his arms,  
relaxing)

So... how's the world of serious  
science?

ALAN

The best programmer ENCOM ever saw...  
and you end up playing space cowboy  
in some sleazy back room...

\*\*\*\*

\*

LORA

Alan... let me handle this.

FLYNN

(suggestively)

Go right ahead.

LORA

Have you been sneaking into the  
EMCOM system?

\*\*\*\*

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED

97

FLYNN

Whew. You never were much for  
small talk.

(to Alan)

She still leave her clothes all  
over the floor?

Alan looks profoundly uncomfortable.

LORA

Flynn!

ALAN

Uh, no... I mean, not that often...

Flynn LAUGHS.

LORA

(to Alan, indicating  
arcade)

You can see why all his friends  
are fourteen years old.

Flynn starts playing one of the hand-held video games,  
punctuating the following conversation with the SOUND EFX  
from the game.

FLYNN

Touche', honey. Yeah, I've been doing  
a little hacking here. Which I've got  
every reason, as you well know...

ALAN

You did break in.

FLYNN

Tried to.

(nods toward terminal)

Can't quite make the connection with  
that sucker, though. If I had a direct  
terminal...

ALAN

Are you embezzling?

FLYNN

(Sydney Greenstreet)

"Embezzling" is such an ugly word, Mr.  
Bradley.

(normal voice)

No, actually I'm trying to get some  
solid evidence together.

ALAN

I don't get it.

FLYNN

(to Lora)

You haven't told him?

She shakes her head.

CONTINUED

FLYNN

(continuing; sighs)

Picture this: five years ago...Kevin Flynn,  
(points to himself)

..... one of the brightest young  
software engineers at ICOM. He's so  
bright that he starts going in there  
at night, and sets up a private memory  
file, and begins writing a program for  
a video game he is inventing, called...

(waves at one of the  
games in the room)

...Space Paranoids.

\*\*\*\*

ALAN

You invented Space Paranoids.

\*\*\*\*

FLYNN

Yep. And Vice Squad, and Paranoids...  
whole slew of 'em. I was this close...  
(gestures)

...to starting my own little enterprise.  
But enter Ed Dillinger. Another soft-  
ware engineer -- not so young, not so  
bright, but very, very sneaky. One  
night, our boy Flynn goes to his  
terminal, tries to read up his file,  
and... nothing. A big blank. We now  
take you to three months later. Ed  
Dillinger presents ICOM with five video  
games he has 'invented' -- the slime  
didn't even change the names -- and he  
gets a big fat promotion. Thus begins  
his meteoric rise to... what is he now,  
Executive V.P.?

ALAN

Senior exec.

FLYNN

Meanwhile, kids are putting eight  
million quarters a week in Space  
Paranoids machines and I'm not seeing  
one dime except what I can squeeze  
out here.

\*\*\*\*

ALAN

I still don't get why you're trying  
to break into the system.

FLYNN

Because somewhere... in one of those  
memories... is the evidence. If I  
got in far enough, I could recon-  
struct it.

CONTINUED

FLYNN (CONT.)

My password... Dillinger's instruction to divert the data...

LORA

I'm afraid it's a little late for that. Dillinger's shut off Group 7 access. He must know what you're up to.

FLYNN

Oh great! So now nothin' can stop him. Just Dillinger and his Master Control Program runnin' things from on high.

ALAN

Not if my Tron program was running. That would seal the system off. If your file's in there...

FLYNN

Man, if we were inside, I know how to forge us a Group 6 access...

They all look at each other. After a beat, Lora holds the keys to her van aloft.

LORA

Shall we dance?

CUT TO:

98/99/100 OMITTED

98/99/100

101 DILLINGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

101

Dillinger is seated at his computer-console desk. Gibbs, standing, faces him.

GIBBS

Ed, all I'm saying is... if our own people can't get access to their programs... you know how frustrating it is, when you're working on a piece of research --

DILLINGER

Walter, I sympathize, but I have data coming out of the Master Control Program saying there's something screwy --

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

101

GIBBS

That MCP, you know, that's half  
the problem right --

DILLINGER

The MCP is the most efficient  
way of handling what we do. I  
can't sit and worry about every  
little user request that --

GIBBS

User requests are what computers  
are for.

DILLINGER

Doing our business is what com-  
puters are for. Look, Walter,  
with all respect -- ENCOM isn't  
the business you started in your  
garage anymore --

\*\*\*\*

As he speaks, he types a quick command into the console key-  
board, and a series of IMAGES appear on the computer's  
screens: vast computer banks... rows of magnetic disks...  
ENCOM's globe logo spinning in space, covered with a glowing  
circuit pattern, then a shot of millions of cancelled checks  
being counted electronically; then 3-D computer representa-  
tions of vessels (aircraft carrier and Solar Sailer). On  
another screen, we see statements of ENCOM's wealth adding  
up, accounts receivable and assets.

\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*

DILLINGER

(continuing)

We're billing accounts in 30  
countries, new defense systems.  
We've got one of the largest  
systems in existence...

Gibbs turns wearily away from the display.

GIBBS

Oh, I know all that. Sometimes  
I wish I was back in that garage...

DILLINGER

It can be arranged...

Gibbs turns to face Dillinger again.

GIBBS

That was uncalled for. You know,  
you can remove men like Alan and  
me from this system, but we helped  
create it.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED - 1

101

GIBBS (CONT.)

Our spirit remains in every  
program we've designed for  
the computer...

DILLINGER

Walter... it's getting late.  
I've got better things to do  
than discuss religious matters  
with you. Don't worry about  
ENCOM anymore. It's out of your  
hands now.

\*\*\*\*

102/103 OMITTED

102/103

103A SHOT OF DARKENED BASEMENT ROOMS OF

103A

Then a shot of a security monitor camera activating  
and turning to one side. Then a shot of the exterior  
of the Mag Fusion door.

104 EXT. ENCOM - THE GIGANTIC SECURITY ENTRANCE - NIGHT  
at the rear of the ENCOM building.

\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*

104

Lora, Flynn and Alan approach the door. Lora inserts  
her I.D. card. Nothing happens.

LORA

(continuing)

I don't think I'm cleared for  
this.

ALAN

I'm certainly not.

FLYNN

Move aside. Let the kid have  
some room.

He gestures Alan and Lora out of the way, takes out a  
black box with a small keyboard.

ALAN

This guy's a little like Santa  
Claus.

Flynn leans over the security lock, his BACK TO THE CAMERA.  
There's a distinct CLICK, and the door starts to swing  
open... and open... and open. We see that this door is  
about twenty feet thick. Flynn starts LAUGHING.

- 105 INT. A CORRIDOR 105  
The three of them walk along a semi-darkened corridor.
- 106 OMITTED 106
- 107 A STAIRWELL 107  
Empty. They come around a corner and down.
- 107A MED. SHOT - A GUARD 107A  
coming upstairs. He gets to corner and turns.
- 108 HIS POV 108  
of Lora, Alan and Flynn, shocked at the sight of him.
- 109 SHOT OF ALL FOUR 109  
They stand motionless for a moment.

GUARD

Hi? Working late?

LORA

(laughs)

Oh... yeah...

Relieved, they go on by.

- 109A INT. COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM 109A  
The three of them walk along a semi-darkened corridor.

LORA

Okay... Flynn, I'm gonna put  
you at my terminal. We'll be  
in Alan's office. \*

FLYNN

Okay, but don't fall asleep. If  
and when I free up his TRON program,  
you'll only have a few minutes to  
use it before Dillinger catches  
the break in security. \*

LORA

As long as we stay off the top floor,  
Dillinger'll never know we've been  
in here... \*

ALAN

(sincere)

Good luck, hot shot.

Alan leaves them. They continue on.

110		110
THRU	OMITTED	THRU
114		114
115	INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT	115
	Alan comes into his office and sits at his terminal.	
116		116
THRU	OMITTED	THRU
118		118
119	INT. LASER LAB - NIGHT	119
	Laura watches as Flynn sits down at her terminal.	

FLYNN

Like the man says... There's  
no problems. Only solutions.

LORA

This laser's my life's work.  
Don't spill anything.

Flynn LAUGHS as Lora goes out.

120	CLOSE SHOT OF FLYNN	120
	settling in, loosening his fingers, like a concert pianist, or a safecracker. He types in a code number, presses the "enter" key.	
121	VIEW OF THE CEILING	121
	We see a camera emerging from a sliding panel.	
122	POV OF MCP	122
	from this camera. We watch as Flynn starts typing.	

SCREEN

Access code 6. Password  
Series PS 17. Reindeer,  
Floitilla --

123	FLYNN'S CRT SCREEN	123
	It clears abruptly, and the following appears as we hear the VOICE of the MCP.	

MCP

You shouldn't have come back,  
Flynn.

FLYNN

Hey, hey, it's that big Master  
Control Program everybody's  
talking about...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

123

FLYNN (CONT.)

You don't look a thing like  
your pictures...

(types)

CODE SERIES LSU-123... activate.

CODE SERIES ESS-999... activate.

CODE SERIES HHH-888... activate.

MCP

That isn't going to do you any  
good, Flynn. I'm afraid you...

The voice lurches, goes into high speed, and then back to  
normal.

MCP

(continuing;  
slightly shaken)

Stop, Flynn. You realize I can't  
allow this.

124 SHOT OF LASER EQUIPMENT 124  
activating, lighting up.

125 SHOT OF FLYNN AT TERMINAL 125  
We see that one entire wall of the lab is a door and it  
is rising silently, so that Flynn doesn't notice. We  
can see as the door rises more of the laser equipment,  
and it is this section that is being activated.

CUT TO:

126 FLYNN typing. 126

CUT TO:

127 SCREEN 127

SCREEN

MCP: Terminate control mode.  
Activate Matrix storage.

128 FLYNN 128  
grinning, typing.

FLYNN

Now, how do you expect to run the  
universe if you let a few unsolvable  
problems throw you like that? C'mon,  
big boy, let's see what...

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

128

MCP

You're entering a big error,  
Flynn... I'm going to have to  
put you on the Game Grid.

FLYNN

Games, huh? I'll give you --

Suddenly, before Flynn can go on, the gigantic laser mechanism behind him sends a brilliant beam of LIGHT directly at him. He freezes. We see his body beginning to break into scan lines, like a video image -- the same thing that happened to Gibbs' polymer ball. WE can see the terminal also glowing in the intense light, being scanned by the laser. The colors change, become monochromatic - with Flynn's body glowing orange - and the image of his figure blurs and becomes indistinct. ZOOM IN on Flynn and -

DISSOLVE TO:

129 SPINNING GLOBE FROM BELOW - X 129  
Darkness with a glowing, spinning globe beneath us, like the globe from ENCOM's logo, covered with circuits. We are rushing at it, circling it, diving closer and closer, so that the detail on the globe becomes clearer with every second and we realize that the circuits are structures, angular towers and buildings, huge mechanical looking mountains and deserts covered with a glowing grid pattern. Everything glows with an internal energy. \*\*\*\*

We continue diving, down, down, faster and faster and we see the structures of one city-like area across electronic mesas and cliffs, and then we're right over this area and diving straight down, everything blurring with the speed.

DISSOLVE TO:

130 ELECTRONIC WORLD - A TUNNEL - X 130  
made up of rings of energy, and we are diving straight down it.

130A CLOSE SHOT OF BODY CIRCLED BY RINGS 130A  
falling.

131 THIS TUNNEL - Comp 131  
We see Flynn falling off the tunnel.

132 MED. CLOSE SHOT OF FLYNN'S HEAD 132  
now covered with a strange costume, made of electronic circuitry, glowing with energy. Flynn shakes his head dazedly. He looks down.

132A SHOT OF HIS HANDS 132A  
glowing.

132B WIDE SHOT FLYNN 132B  
encased in laser beam tunnel, several guards standing  
by.

FLYNN

Oh man, this isn't happening.  
It only thinks it's happening.

132C CLOSE UP FLYNN'S EYES 132C  
shocked.

133 FLYNN'S POV - Comp 133  
through the laser beams. A horrendous character, carrying  
a long, glowing staff is right in front of him. The laser  
beams disappear. The memory guard raises his staff.

134 SHOOTING OVER A FOREGROUND GUARD 134  
to Flynn being poked in the back by a second guard.

FLYNN

Hey! Take it easy! Look, if  
this is about those parking  
tickets, I can explain everything...

135 THE BRIDGE OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER 135  
hovering over the Game Grid. We see Sark in his feet  
sockets, his hands spread out flat on the table in front  
of him. A BUZZING NOISE fills the chamber and a holo-  
graphic image begins to form, shimmering into awful shape.  
We see the stretched-out face dissolving into the cylinder  
of the MCP.

MCP

SARK, ES-1117821. Open  
communication.

Sark suddenly snaps to awareness, directing all his attention  
to the MCP.

SARK

(hoarsely)

Yes, MCP.

MCP

I've got a little challenge for  
you, Sark -- a new recruit. He's  
a tough case, but I want him  
treated in the usual manner.  
Train him for the games... let  
him hope for a while... and blow  
him away.

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED

135

SARK

You've got it. I've been hopin'  
you'd send me somebody with a  
little moxie... what kind of  
program is he?

MCP

He's not any kind of program,  
Sark. He's a User.

Sark looks up, shocked.

SARK

A User?

MCP

That's right. He pushed me...  
in the other world. Somebody  
pushes me, I push back. So I  
brought him down here... what's  
the matter, Sark? You look  
nervous.

SARK

Well, I -- it's just -- I don't  
know, a User, I mean... Users  
wrote us. A User even wrote  
you...

MCP

No one User wrote me. I'm worth  
millions of their man-years.

SARK

But... what if I can't...?

135A ANOTHER ANGLE - Comp  
over Sark to image of MCP.

135A

MCP

You rather take your chances  
with me? Want me to slow down  
your power cycles for you?

The circuits going into the energy sockets fade; we see  
Sark weaken.

SARK

Wait... I need that...

MCP

Then pull yourself together.  
Get this clown trained.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

135A CONTINUED 135A

MCP  
I want him in the Games until  
he dies playing. Acknowledge.

135B SIDE ANGLE, MED. FULL OF SARK 135B

SARK  
(weakly)  
...yes... acknowledge, Master  
Control...

MCP  
End of line.

The hologram disappears and Sark's power returns.

CUT TO:

136 LONG SHOT - INT. CORRIDOR BENEATH GAME GRID 136  
Two guards leading Flynn down it, ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.  
They turn a corner and continue.

136A OVER THEIR BACK 136A  
walking down the hall away from camera, finally stopping  
in front of a cell. The door opens automatically. Flynn  
holds back.

GUARD  
Video Game Unit #18. In here,  
program.

FLYNN  
(trying to grab  
the guard's arm)  
Who you callin' "program," program?

The guard shoves Flynn inside and SLAMS the door, cutting  
off his voice.

137 INT. CELL 137  
The same type of cell Crom was thrown into in the title  
sequence. Flynn is leaning against the door, staring at  
his hands.

138 FLYNN'S 138  
Flynn's hands are glowing, electrified.

139 CLOSE SHOT 139  
of his face. His head comes up and we see an expression  
of terrible understanding on his face. Voices are coming  
through the opening of the neighboring cell.

- 140 INT. NEXT CELL - RAM'S 140  
 Ram is standing at the window that divides his cell from Tron's. Tron is seen in adjacent cell.
- RAM  
 (looking over his shoulder)  
 New guy...
- TRON  
 (shakes his head)  
 Another free program off line.
- RAM  
 (sighs)  
 You really think the Users are still there?
- 140A CLOSE ON TRON 140A
- TRON  
 They'd better be... I don't want to bust outta here and find nothing but a lot of cold circuits waiting for me.
- 141 CLOSE UP FLYNN 141  
 reacts as he hears the VOICES, but can't see anything except Ram's back.
- 141A MED. SHOT OF FLYNN 141A  
 as he goes to the window and tries to reach through.
- FLYNN  
 Hey! Who are you guys?
- But as his hand reaches the dividing point between the two cells, it hits an invisible barrier, and we see a brilliant energy field come instantaneously into existence, stopping his hand, and then disappearing. Flynn pulls back in shock.
- 142 SHOOTING OVER FLYNN IN FOREGROUND TO RAM 142  
 Ram turns towards Flynn as he hears this noise. (In the b.g. Tron's figure is barely seen in distant cell.)
- RAM  
 You want to watch those force fields...
- 142A CLOSE ON RAM 142A  
 He goes to the window opening.

CONTINUED

- 142A CONTINUED 142A
- RAM  
...You'll be having plenty of  
chances to get hurt, don't  
worry about that.
- 142B BACK TO FLYNN 142B
- FLYNN  
Look... just so I can tell my  
friends what this dream was  
about, okay? -- Where am I?
- 142C OVER FLYNN TO RAM 142C
- RAM  
You're a..."guest" of the Master  
Control Program. They're going  
to make you play video games.
- Close on Flynn
- FLYNN  
(relieved)  
Well, great, that's no sweat --  
I play video games better than  
anybody.
- Two shot - Ram gives Flynn an astonished look, but before  
he can say anything, there's a tremendous POUNDING NOISE,  
and the door of Flynn's cell opens.
- 142D FLYNN'S POV 142D
- Upshot to guard looming over him.
- Downshot to face of Ram and Flynn as the guard's staff  
hits the glass floor above them.
- 143 THE CORRIDOR 143
- We see guards pulling out other CAPTIVES from their cells,  
and as Flynn is led off down the corridor, Tron and Ram  
are taken in the opposite direction.
- 143A TWO SHOT - GUARD AND FLYNN 143A
- as Flynn's shoved along. Flynn looking back defiantly  
at the guard.
- FLYNN  
There's been a mistake. I gotta  
see the guy in charge!
- 143B FULL SHOT - ON THE BACKS OF TWO GUARDS AND FLYNN 143B
- as they lead him away from camera along hall to the background.
- GUARD  
You will.

- 144 TRAINING ARENA - Comp 144  
A large area which opens onto the Game Grids from above, with balconies overlooking the action. Overhead, the aircraft carrier hovers menacingly, casting a shadow on the programs below. The new captives are led out onto the ledges, herded by the guards.
- 144A CLOSE ANGLE 144A  
as Flynn and the other conscripts pass some of the Blue Video Warriors, who LAUGH and make fun of them.  
Flynn reacts to their comments.
- 144B ANOTHER ANGLE 144B  
as the conscripts file left to right onto grid.
- 144C CLOSE ON FLYNN 144C  
head bowed, looks up.
- 144D LONG SHOT (REVERSE ANGLE) 144D  
The Head Guard stands over the line of conscripts as they stop before him.
- 144E FLYNN'S POV OF HEAD GUARD 144E  
A sentry stands in the b.g. Above him hovers Sark's aircraft.  
HEAD GUARD  
Look operative, you guys. Command Program Sark will explain the training procedures.
- 144F LONG SHOT ON AIRCRAFT - Comp 144F  
down to tiny line of conscripts below.
- 144G UP ANGLE TO SARK 144G  
He speaks from the bridge of the carrier and his voice is amplified over the grid.  
SARK  
(reciting a routine statement)  
Greetings. The Master Control Program has chosen you to serve your system on the Game Grid.
- 145 FLYNN'S FACE 145  
reacting.
- 146 BRIDGE OF AIRCRAFT CARRIER - SARK 146  
looking out over the grid to the line of men below.

CONTINUED

146	CONTINUED		146
		SARK	
		Those of you who continue to profess a belief in the Users will receive the standard sub- standard training. This will result in your eventual elimi- nation.	
146A	MED. CLOSE OF SIDE A		146A
		Head Guard surveying the conscripts lined before him.	
146B	ON FLYNN IN LINE		146B
		of conscripts, all at rigid attention.	
147	INT. TRAINING AREA - MED. CLOSE SHOT - FLYNN		147
		A conscript stands on either side of him. He looks down into the game arenas at his feet and over at one of the conscripts next to him.	
		SARK V.O.	
		Those of you who renounce this superstitious and hysterical belief will be eligible to join the Warrior Elite of the MCP.	
		Flynn then looks farther over to see:	
148	FLYNN'S POV		148
		of the two Blue Warriors behind the group of new conscripts.	
149	POV SHIFTS TO SHOT OF THE CARRIER		149
		(holding over bodies in the foreground.)	
150	ZOOM IN		150
		on the bridge of the carrier and	
		CUT TO:	
151	SARK		151
		leaning forward.	
		SARK	
		You will each 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 sub- ject to immediate de-resolution. That is all.	
152	CLOSE UP - FLYNN'S FACE		152
153/154	OMITTED		153/154

155 LONG SHOT - LOOKING DOWN ONTO GAME GRID 155  
 Conscripts' heads appear and look down into an arena.

156 TRON'S BATTLE 156  
 From Flynn's POV we look down on the same grid see a disk  
 game in progress, one conscript against four Blue Warriors.

157 157  
 THRU OMITTED THRU  
 162 162

163 OVER TRON'S SHOULDER - Comp  
 We see his hand gripping his disk.

BLUE WARRIOR #2

Go!

The two Warriors in front of Tron fire at him, the disks  
 hurtling forward.

164 SIDE SHOT - Comp 164  
 as Tron uses his disk to deflect, and throws.

165 CLOSE SHOT - Comp 165  
 of one of the warriors as Tron's disk hits him and  
 wounds him.

CUT TO:

166 INT. TRAINING AREA - FLYNN'S FACE 166  
 reacting, as he sees how good this warrior is. The  
 conscript standing next to Flynn turns to him and says:

CONSCRIPT  
 (whispering)  
 See that warrior?... 110 wins,  
 no losses.

Flynn nods, respect in his eyes.

167 FLYNN'S POV - Comp 167  
 The four Warriors circling.

167A WARRIOR #3 - Comp 167A

WARRIOR #3  
 Waste him!!

167B LONG SHOT - Comp 167B  
 all four Warriors fire at Tron.

168 ONE WARRIOR - Comp 168  
 hit, de-rezzing.

- 168A MED. SHOT - Comp 168A  
Tron throws, sees disk move to foreground.
- 168B ANOTHER WARRIOR - Comp 168B  
as disk moves toward him.
- 168C ON BODY - Comp 168C  
as it is hit and de-rezzes.
- 168D ANOTHER WARRIOR - Comp 168D  
as disk smashes into him and he de-rezzes.
- 168E ON WARRIOR'S FACE 168E  
reacting to the fight.
- 168F ON TRON'S ARM AND HAND - Comp 168F  
as disk is recovered.
- 169 LONG SHOT - Comp 169  
as Tron throws disk at foreground Warrior.
- 170 ON WARRIOR - Comp 170  
holding his disk in front for protection, falls back  
to arena floor as he's hit.
- 171 INSERT - DISK IN FLIGHT - X 171
- 172 LONG SHOT - TRON - Comp 172  
catching disk. Three bodies are sprawled on the ground,  
the fourth seen readying himself.
- 173 FULL SHOT - Comp 173  
on Tron's back as he takes aim and fires, de-rezzing  
his opponent.
- 173A ON WARRIOR - Comp 173A  
as disk goes through his body.
- 173B DOWNSHOT TO TRON - Comp 173B  
as he catches disk, holding it aloft, he stands above  
on the grid, panting.
- 174 FLYNN 174  
He turns to his neighbor.

FLYNN  
(whispering)  
Who is that guy?

PROGRAM  
(face lighting up)  
That's Tron. He fights for  
the Users.

174A CLOSE ON FLYNN 174A

FLYNN  
(out loud)

Tron?

174B MED. SHOT ON GUARD 174B

GUARD  
SILENCE! NO COMMUNICATING!

A dark shadow passes over Flynn and the other conscripts.  
Flynn looks up.

175 EXT. BRIDGE OF AIRCRAFT CARRIER - SARK - LONG SHOT 175  
on his legs on the bridge.

His feet are plugged into the energy boots - absorbing  
the glow into his legs.

175A ON SARK'S FACE 175A  
He is looking out over the grid, his lieutenant standing  
at his side.

SARK  
Which conscript just won that  
disk match?

LIEUTENANT  
That one's name is Tron. He's  
a fanatic User-believer, a  
trouble-maker.

SARK  
(with distaste)  
Tron. Isn't he dead yet? You're  
going to have to increase the odds.

CUT TO:

176/184 OMITTED 176/184

185 FLYNN BACK IN HIS CELL 185  
for a rest period. He is pacing back and forth, and  
we can see Ram seated in the next cell. Flynn goes to  
the bars. Ram is whistling his synthesized riffs, getting  
into it.

FLYNN  
Hey, Ram... what were you... you  
know, before?

CONTINUED

185 CONTINUED

185

RAM

(nostalgic; brightens)

Oh, I was an actuarial program... worked at a big insurance company. It really gives you a great feeling, helping folks plan for their future needs -- and of course, if you look at the payments as an annuity, over the years, the cost is really...

FLYNN

(about to get bored)

Yeah, yeah -- that's great.

RAM

How 'bout yourself?

FLYNN

Oh, uh... I don't remember too much... name's Flynn...

RAM

(nods)

Sure, a little disorientation. That's normal when they transport you. It'll come back to you.

FLYNN

Where's your friend Tron? I gotta talk to...

He is interrupted by SHOUTS from above and the POUNDING on the ceiling of his cell begins again.

186 FLYNN AND THE TWO GUARDS  
walking down a corridor.

186

FLYNN

(looking up at  
the guards)

You guys are sure friendly.

They don't even look at him.

187 THE BRIDGE OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER  
we see Flynn being led down the hall on the big screen behind Sark's console. Sark is staring up at the screen, frowning.

187

SARK

(over his shoulder)

Wait...

\*

188 OMITTED

188A CLOSE UP - ANGLE ON SARK

\*\*\*

188

188A

SARK

Let him fight one of his own kind.

189 A SHOT FROM IN FRONT OF FLYNN AND CONSCRIPT - CROM 189

We see they are entering an open part of the Game Grid, with two bridges of energy extending across open space to two separate circular platforms, made up of concentric glowing rings. The conscript marches across one of these, and Flynn follows suit on the other. When they each reach the circular platforms, the bridges disappear.

We see Flynn turn and stare back across the empty space, then turn and face his opponent.

Above them a floating disk hovers.

FLYNN

Looks like we're in the same  
boat here ---

CROM

(jumpy)  
You think you're gonna wipe  
me right out, don't you?

FLYNN

No, I --

189A THE GAME BEGINS - Comp 189A  
Crom hurls a glowing pellet upwards.

It strikes the upper platform, ricochets off, heading straight for Flynn. - X

Flynn lunges, but misses. The pellet strikes one of the rings of his platform, and that ring dissolves. Flynn's lunge takes him right to the edge of the open space created, and he just catches himself in time to keep from falling over the edge.- Comp

190 OMITTED 190

191 BACK TO FLYNN 191  
staring down. There's a SOUND and he looks up.

192 HIS POV - X 192  
Another pellet hits the mirror platform and hurtles down at him.

FLYNN

Hey!

193 FLYNN - Comp 193  
before it can hit. He throws it back.

The pellets strikes the mirror platform and ricochets down. - X

194 CROM - Comp 194  
We see this Warrior straining, but missing. One of his rings disappears.

195 FLYNN 195  
reacting.

FLYNN  
(happy he's scored)  
Okay!

196 SARK'S AIRCRAFT CARRIER - THE BRIDGE 196  
High above the game we see Sark watching.

197 FLYNN - Comp 197  
racing for another catch. He makes it and hurls the pellet again.

We see that Crom's platform is disappearing fast.

199 THE GAME IN PROGRESS - Comp 199

FLYNN  
Here's an easy one.

Flynn throws again.

The pellet hits the mirror platform and heads straight at Crom - X.

The Warrior is ready, but misses! The pellet destroys the ring he was standing on, and Crom has to frantically grab the edge of the next ring to keep from falling - Comp

200 RAM AND TRON IN THEIR CELLS \*\*\* 200

RAM  
That new guy was asking about you.

TRON  
Too bad he's in a match now. I'll probably never meet him.

RAM  
You might... There's something different about him.

201 OMITTED 201

- 205 FLYNN 205  
staring at this apparition. He grits his teeth.
- FLYNN  
(shouts up)  
No!
- 205A REAL WORLD - A BUS STATION 205A  
In a Greyhound station waiting area, two KIDS are playing  
a video game, which appears to have broken down.
- KID #1  
What's wrong with it?
- KID #2  
I don't know... on the blink  
or something... damn.
- 205B FLYNN AND SARK AS BEFORE 205B
- SARK  
Kill him!!!
- Flynn holds up the pellet... and drops it down into the  
abyss below. He stares back up at Sark's immense image.
- FLYNN  
No!
- 206 SARK'S HUGE REFLECTED IMAGE 206  
in the mirror platform, towering above Flynn.
- SARK  
You'll regret this.
- 207 SARK'S FINGER 207  
pressing a button.
- 208 FLYNN'S OPPONENT 208  
The ring he is holding on to dissolves, and with a  
SCREAM, he falls... and falls... and falls. - Comp
- 209 SHOT FROM BELOW FLYNN 209  
with Flynn visible, staring down, and the huge face of  
Sark above him. - Comp
- 210 SARK 210  
on the bridge.
- His finger wavers over another button, almost presses it.  
We see him straining, trying to overcome his conditioning.

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED 210  
Then he snatches his hand away.

MCP'S VOICE  
He is to die in the games.

211 FLYNN 211  
staring up. The image on the mirror wavers and dissolves.

212 SARK 212  
He SLAMS his palm down on a panel on the console, and a  
BUZZER SOUNDS.

213 FLYNN - Comp 213  
as the bridge to his platform reappears, and we see:  
  
Two guards starting to run across to him.

214 RAM AND TRON 214  
The sound of GUARDS' RUNNING FEET approaching their  
cells. They look up.

215 A CORRIDOR IN THE GAME AREA 215  
Flynn is being escorted down it. A couple of big Blue  
Warriors go by and deliberately brush into Flynn.

WARRIOR  
(turning on Flynn,  
snarling)  
Outta my way, rookie.

Flynn stares at him; then, in one smooth motion, reaches  
to his back and pulls out his disk.

FLYNN  
Out of my way, zero bit.

He moves as if to throw the disk.

WARRIOR  
(backing away)  
Sure, sure... just kiddin'.

The other Warrior grabs this one by the arm and pulls him  
away as Flynn and his guard continue on.

216 THE HOLDING AREA FOR THE LIGHT CYCLE GAME 216  
  
Ram and Tron are escorted in as Flynn is brought in from  
another corridor.

RAM  
Flynn! Look, Tron, he survived!

CONTINUED

216 CONTINUED

216

FLYNN  
 (under his breath)  
 Tron...?

He leans over to get a better look at Tron and GASPS in surprise.

FLYNN  
 (continuing)  
 Alan!

TRON  
 (frowning)  
 Where did you hear that name?

FLYNN  
 Well, isn't it -- ?

TRON  
 The name of my User, yeah.  
 But how...?

FLYNN  
 (thinking fast)  
 I, uh... I'm a program from a  
 User that... knows Alan...?

RAM  
 He was disoriented in transport,  
 Tron.

FLYNN  
 Yeah, but I'm remembering  
 all kinds of stuff. Like...  
 my User wants me to go after  
 the MCP --

Three Blue Warriors COME IN, joking, hitting each other on the shoulder, etc. A BUZZER SOUNDS.

CUT TO:

217 LONG SHOT OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER - X  
 floating over the Game Grid, with a view of the light  
 cycle arena. ZOOM IN on the section of the grid where  
 the game is about to start. 217

218 A SHOT FROM ABOVE - X  
 The three Blue Warriors are lined up facing our friends,  
 on opposite sides of the large arena, about a half mile  
 square, surrounded by high bulwarks, and surveyed by  
 Recognizers. We can see the carrier hovering high  
 overhead. 218



230 CLOSE SHOT FROM THE SIDE - TRON 230  
rushing forward.

231 SHOT OF THE CYCLES - X 231  
turning.

RAM'S VOICE  
(into mike)  
I've got control. Go ahead.

232 SHOT FROM IN FRONT OF THE TRON'S CYCLE - X 232

233 SHOT FROM ABOVE - X 233  
They rush past a wall, headed directly for a bulwark at  
the end of the arena. Tron is on one side, but the Blue  
Warrior is on the inside.

Tron forces the Warrior to smash straight into the wall.  
There is an explosion as the cycle de-rezzes, and a crack  
forms in the bulwark.

We see that the walls created by the de-rezzed Warrior  
dissolve as he does.

234 SHOT OF FLYNN 234  
rushing alongside his opponent. They make a turn.

235 CLOSE UP OF FLYNN 235

236 LONG SHOT - X 236  
They make another turn.

237 SHOT OF TWO CYCLES RUSHING - X 237  
right at the camera.

238 FLYNN'S POV - X 238  
of the maze of walls. He gets clear for a moment and  
spots the crack in the bulwark.

239 CLOSE UP - HIS FACE 239  
reacting, getting an idea.

FLYNN  
This is it. Come on.

240 SHOT OF THE TWO CYCLES - X 240  
racing together, approaching the bulwark. At the last  
second, the Blue Warrior turns, but Flynn races right  
at the crack.

241 SARK - Comp 241  
observing this. With satisfaction. Now he will be rid  
of the User.

- 242 FLYNN 242  
He races straight at the crack... and through it.
- 243 SARK 243  
His face suffused with anger.  
He SLAMS a fist down on the console in front of him.
- 244 LONG SHOT OF THE GRID 244  
The remaining four cycles are still racing around the arena.
- 245 CLOSE UP - TRON 245  
reacting to Flynn's escape, hope in his eyes.
- 246 ANGLE ON RAM - X 246  
SMASHING another one of the Blue Warriors against a wall.  
He turns and races up next to Tron.
- 247 SHOT OF THEM - Comp 247  
side by side. They look at each other.

RAM  
(into mike)  
What do you think?

TRON  
(into mikes)  
Do it!

- 248 LONG SHOT 248  
We see their cycles veer off and head straight for the crack. We HEAR a LOUD SIREN when a mechanical voice starts up:

VOICE  
(through loudspeaker)  
WARRIORS MUST STAY WITHIN THEIR  
UNITS. REPEAT: ALL WARRIORS MUST  
STAY WITHIN THEIR UNITS. WARNING.  
WARNING.

We continue to hear this voice repeating under the escape, gradually diminishing as the three friends get farther away, until it dies out altogether.

- 249 SHOT OF TWO RECOGNIZERS 249  
moving toward the divided bulwark, passing over it.
- 250 SHOT OF THE THREE ESCAPING CYCLES 250  
racing through the narrow crack in the bulwark, barely enough room to get by - X  
They emerge into an open corridor. - X

CONTINUED

250 CONTINUED 250  
We watch the cycles rush past the camera. - X

251 SARK 251  
He is pacing across the bridge of the carrier, smashing guards out of his way.

251A CLOSE UP - SARK 251A

SARK  
Get them. Send out every Game Tank in the Grid! Get them!

251B OVERHEAD SHOT OF THREE CYCLES RACING ALONG - X 251B

252 OMITTED 252

253 SHOT FROM BEHIND - X 253  
as the three cycles race into the opening in a wall. The Reco's are blocked, way too big to fit through the opening.

254 INT. WEAPONS STORAGE - SERIES OF SHOTS - X 254  
FROM FLYNN'S POV as they rush through long narrow rooms filled with rows of tanks and missiles.

254A CLOSE UP GUNNER IN TANK 254A  
eye to gunsight.

GUNNER  
Targets leaving protected field.

Shot of tank screen with moving sight aiming at computer image of cycles. - X

254B LONG SHOT CYCLES 254B  
head for another opening in a bulwark.

GUNNER V.O.  
Fire!

It misses.

254C INT. TANK - MED. SHOT GUNNER 254C

GUNNER  
Missed!

254D LONG SHOT CYCLES 254D  
race down a covered ramp made up of glowing grids. Shells burst around them. - X

Tanks follow.

254E	INT. TANK - MED. SHOT TANK COMMANDER	254E
	TANK COMMANDER All units exiting game arena...	
255	EXT. MAZE - X Outside the game area, an electronic desert reminiscent of the Grand Canyon, with giant pillars rising high into the air, liked with narrow ridges and ledges. - Cycles rush out turn and head off on a ledge.	255
255A	INT. TANK - TANK COMMANDER	255A
	TANK COMMANDER Target units accelerating!!	
255B	EXT. MAZE - X Tanks come out, turn on ledge.	255B
255C	CLOSE SHOT - X One tank rams into another, going too fast and pushes it off the ledge.	255C
255D	INT. TANK - TANK COMMANDER is shaken by impact - reacting.	255D
255E	EXT. MAZE - X Ledge, from above, as the tank falls down into a canyon.	255E
255F	LONG SHOT - X Three cycles from above racing along ledge.	255F
255G	CYCLES - X going slowly around a curving ledge towards an opening in the cliff face farther along.  Cycles go in opening.	255G
255H	LONG SHOT FROM BEHIND CYCLES - X They descend a ramp into darkness.	255H
255I	FROM FRONT OF CYCLES - X at bottom of ramp in cave.	255I
256/257	OMITTED	256/257
258	INT. CAVE - X Three cycles stop.	258
258A	MED. FULL SHOT OF TRON ON CYCLE - Comp as it de-rezzes.	258A

258B THREE SHOT 258B  
as they look over their shoulders.

FLYNN

Oh man... when you're on the other  
side of the screen... it all looks  
so easy...

Ram and Tron look at Flynn as if he's crazy.

258C TWO SHOT - TRON AND FLYNN 258C  
as Flynn moves forward and exits the shot.

258D LONG SHOT 258D  
Flynn moves to lip of a ledge, Flynn and Ram in background  
behind him.

258E LONG SHOT - ESTABLISHING CAVE - X 258E

258F FULL FIGURE ON FLYNN 258F  
coming down ramp.

FLYNN

(surprised)

They went right past us!

258G TWO SHOT - RAM AND TRON 258G  
looking o.s. at Flynn.

TRON

We made it...

(beat)

...this far...

258H CLOSE UP - TRON'S FACE 258H

259 TANKS ROLL OVER CAMERA - X 259

259A DESERT FLOOR - LONG SHOT - X 259A  
The force of tanks RUMBLES along. The aircraft carrier  
hovers overhead.

260 BRIDGE OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER 260  
Sark and the Lieutenant.

260A LONG SHOT OVER THEIR BACKS 260A  
to a large wall screen.

SARK

Get the pursuit force back into  
the canyons. Those programs  
never made it out of there.

260B SHOT OVER SARK'S SHOULDER 260B  
as the Lieutenant points to a part of the map shown on  
the screen.

LIEUTENANT

(confidently)

We'll have them in no time, sir.  
Long before the interrupt inter-  
face.

Sark turns away and walks away from the Lieutenant.

SARK

We better, null unit. I'll be  
lucky if the MCP doesn't blast  
me into a dead zone. I want those  
conscripts!

260C LONG SHOT OF CAVE 260C

261 INT. CAVE 261

Ram, Tron and Flynn are climbing up to an opening in  
the wall of the cave, giving a glimpse of the outside  
landscape. They reach the opening.

261A LONG SHOT - EXT. OPENING 261A  
as Flynn, Tron and Ram look through.

261B CLOSER SHOT OF FLYNN, TRON AND RAM 261B

261C REVERSE - OVER FLYNN, TRON AND RAM 261C  
to the factory complex over the Grid Desert.

FLYNN

Well... when do we take a call  
on ol' Master Control?

Ram is taken aback. \*\*

RAM

What, just the three of us? \*\*\*\*

FLYNN

(shrugs)

You know anybody that's got an army  
for rent, that's fine... but my, uh  
User said to go take that sucker out.  
If I don't get to the MCP, I'm never  
getting out of here.

TRON

We can't get to the MCP without help  
from my user. (MORE)

CONTINUED

261C CONTINUED

261C

TRON (CONTD.)

(points)

I have to get to that Input/Output Tower... communicate with him.

FLYNN

Fine, check in with Alan. Maybe he knows what to...

FLYNN

(pointing to a corner of the cave)

Hey, what's that?

They all look back, into the darkness behind them.

261D A GLOWING STREAM CAN BE SEEN - X

261D

RAM V.O.

Oh, good. That's just what I need right now.

262 INT. CAVE, BY THE STREAM

262

Water is dripping from the ceiling in glowing drops.

Up angle on Ram as he dips his hand into the water.

262A INSERT - HAND DIPPING INTO FLOWING, BRILLIANT WATER

262A

262B FULL SHOT

262B

Down angle on all three of them as Tron and Ram drink from the stream.

TRON

(in satisfaction)

Aahh. Nice. You forget how good the power feels till you get to a pure source.

Flynn watches curiously.

RAM

I feel much better.

FLYNN

That's incredible.

262C MED. SHOT - TRON

262C

hand in water - he holds still for a moment.

CONTINUED

262C	CONTINUED		262C
		TRON (murmuring) I can feel it...	
262D	FULL SHOT - ALL THREE		262D
		FLYNN Feel what? You okay?	
		TRON Alan - One...	
262E	CLOSE UP - TRON		262E
		He pulls his hand out of the water, looks up.	
262F	FULL SHOT		262F
		TRON Let's move out.	
263			263
thru	OMITTED		thru
265			265
266	EXT. CAVE - X		266
		Quiet at first -- then the three cycles come racing up and out. They turn to the left and go o.s.	
267	OMITTED		267
268	EXT. CANYONS FROM BEHIND - X		268
		as the three cycles race along a ledge.	
268A	REVERSE ANGLE - TANKS - X		268A
		as they round the background corner and start forward on the ledge.	
268B	INT. TANK - ON TANK GUNNER		268B
		swiveling with gun.	
268C	EXT. CANYON LEDGE - X		268C
		Tanks making the turn, turrets swiveling around.	
268D	SHOT OF CYCLES - X		268D
		as they move to background bridge.	
269	SHOT OF TANK SCREEN - X		269
		with gunsight. See cycles come into view.	

CONTINUED

269	CONTINUED	269
	TANK GUNNER	
	Range... 9... mark 45... 48 degrees... Hold it... Hold it...	
270	SHOT OF BRIDGE - X as Tron races out onto it, Ram and Flynn behind.	270
270A	CLOSE UP OF TANK GUNNER finger on the trigger.	270A
270B	SHOT OF TANK SCREEN - X Cycles enter target range.	270B
	TANK GUNNER	
	Fire!	
270C	SHOT OF TANK - X as gun fires.	270C
270D	SHOT OF RAM AND FLYNN'S CYCLES - X headed for the bridge as the fired shell heads right for them.	270D
270E	EXPLOSION - X	270E
270F	FLYNN AND RAM ARE BLOWN AWAY - Comp from the bridge, the cycles disappear.	270F
270G	SHOT OF TRON'S CYCLE - X on the other side of the smashed bridge.	270G
271	TRON'S POV - X from across the bridge. No one is visible.	271
272	CLOSE UP OF TRON'S FACE - Comp through the cycle windshield, wracked with sorrow and regret.	272
	TRON	
	No!!	
272A	SHOT OF TANKS - X firing and racing along ledge.	272A
272B	TRON'S CYCLE TURNING AWAY FROM LEDGE - X and racing away.	272B
	Tron's cycle speeds off through a narrow gully.	
273	FLYNN as he gets up slowly.	273

273A	HIS POV - X as the tanks come forward.	273A
	Flynn struggles to his feet, grabs Ram and picks him up.	
274	EXTREME LONG SHOT	274
	Flynn struggling with Ram's limp body, pulling it back into a narrow crack.	
274A	TANK RUSHING FORWARD - X	274A
274B	TANK POV - X no Flynn or Ram visible.	274B
274C	FLYNN AND RAM - Comp in crack in wall, hiding as tank goes past.	274C
274D	SCREEN ON AIRCRAFT CARRIER BRIDGE - X It looks like Flynn and Ram were blown up.	274D
275	SARK'S FEET STANDING ON CONSOLE	275
276	EXT. DESERT - TRON'S CYCLE speeding through the flat, desert-like terrain, heading straight for the cityscape tower in the distance.	276
277	SHOT IN FRONT OF HIM - HIS FACE	277
277A	FAR BEHIND HIM - X We see the image of Sark's carrier ponderously moving in his direction.	277A
278	FLYNN AND RAM Flynn is carrying Ram and it is getting darker.  Close up - Flynn. Flynn struggles on. They are down on the floor of the desert, leaving the towering canyons behind.	278
279	FLYNN walking through jumbled mass of objects and machinery	279
279A	FLYNN arriving in front of a long oblong opening in one of the objects.	279A
279B	CLOSE UP - FLYNN sweating.	279B
279C	LONG SHOT - FLYNN enters the opening.	279C

280 FLYNN AND RAM 280  
collapsing inside the hiding place. Ram is unconscious,  
and Flynn sits down, leans back, his eyes close.

281 SOME LIGHT COMES IN THE OPENING 281  
and we see Flynn lying on a platform across from Ram.

Flynn's hand falls to a panel and suddenly the energy  
glow from his body seems to leap from his hand to the  
panel, leaving it with a glow of its own.

Flynn's eyes fly open.

He stares at his hand, then sits up, leans towards the  
wall and holds his palm outstretched facing the surface.  
A bright arc of energy leaps from his palm to the wall.

The entire chamber starts to shake and RUMBLE.

FLYNN  
What's going on?

RAM  
(faintly; voice  
full of awe)  
You shouldn't be able to do that.  
We're inside a Recognizer -- You  
can't steal a Recognizer.

FLYNN  
Are you kidding? I think it's  
stealing us...

He looks at his hand. It's glowing.

FLYNN  
(continuing)  
Do you see this? Holy...

He holds out his hands in space, spread wide apart.  
Energy streams from his hands into the surfaces of the  
Reco interior.

Ram looks at Flynn in awe, slightly fearful.

282 EXTERIOR OF RECOGNIZER 282  
It stands up, covered with a static overlay, partially  
de-rezzed.

It rises above the surface, then stops.

283 INT. OF THE RECOGNIZER 283  
Flynn moves forward to a cross bar set at waist height  
in the center of the eye slit.

FLYNN  
This looks promising. Kinda like  
the old arcade grips...

He grabs hold. Suddenly energy flows from his hands to  
the cross bar, and the Reco starts to move.

FLYNN  
(continuing)  
All right! Smokin'! Let's get  
this show on the road.

283A EXT. RECO 283A  
It moves erratically forward.

283B INT. RECO 283B  
Flynn looks over at Ram.

FLYNN  
You okay? You don't look so good.

Ram is rapidly losing his glow.

FLYNN  
(continuing)  
We'll get you outta here. Hang on.

RAM  
How can you...

FLYNN  
Never mind that now. I gotta get  
us outta here...get you fixed up.

RAM  
Come here.

Flynn leaves the controls, moves over to Ram and kneels  
down. Ram grabs his hands.

RAM  
Tell me who you are.

FLYNN  
Flynn. My name's Flynn. I told  
you...

CONTINUED

283B CONTINUED

283B

Ram's last bit of energy is rapidly disappearing, as he stares feverishly into Flynn's face.

RAM  
(weakly)  
Help... Tron... Flynn, help...  
Tron...

Flynn watches in horror as Ram disappears before his eyes.

FLYNN  
Ram!

Stunned, he gazes at the empty space for a moment, then stands up.

DISSOLVE TO:

284 FACTORY COMPLEX FROM ABOVE 284  
Tron arrives at the city. Buildings seem two-dimensional, barely there, at a low rate of power, so drained by the MCP. The cycle de-rezzes.

285/ 285/  
286 OMITTED 286

287 CLOSE UP - TRON'S FACE 287  
very grim.

He runs onto the street and sees two figures standing together, staring at each other, barely moving.

PROGRAMS  
(monotone)  
300...8?...zero...43...

Tron comes out on the street, staring at these figures. He looks around the city in confusion, shaking his head sadly, but walks on.

288 TRON TURNS A CORNER 288  
Up ahead we see a large, multi-storied factory-like building.

288A TRON STOPS BY TWO MORE PROGRAMS 288A  
 They don't look at him.

PROGRAM  
 66... 9... 7231... Mark 4...

288B TRON RUNS ON 288B  
 towards the factory.

289 CLOSE UP - TRON'S FACE 289  
 This is what he was looking for. He looks from side to  
 side, figuring the best way to get to the building.

289A LONG SHOT - UP ANGLE ON FACTORY 289A  
 In front of the building stand a small group of the  
 memory guards.

289B CLOSE UP - TRON'S FACE 289B

290 EXT. CITY - LONG SHOT - X 290  
 of the city and the tower and beam rising high into  
 the air, with Sark's carrier far away, nearing the  
 city.

PAN DOWN to one of the channels in the maze and see the  
 Recognizer traveling along.

290A LOW SHOT 290A  
 of Recognizer traveling, bouncing against canyon walls.

290B INT. RECO 290B  
 Flynn's POV through the eyeslit.

291 OMITTED 291

292 INT. RECO - FLYNN 292  
 His face is sad, mourning Ram.

FLYNN  
 Damn Reco, why can't it just go  
 straight?

There's a noise from above. He looks up.

293 HIS POV 293  
 We see a bright glow behind one of the pieces of  
 equipment.

294 FLYNN 294  
 His eyes widen, then narrow.

294A WIDER SHOT 294A  
 He nonchalantly turns away, pretending he didn't see.

295 THE GLOW 295  
appearing again, peeking around the corner. It comes forward, trying to get a look at Flynn. The BIT.

296 WIDE SHOT 296  
Flynn turns towards it, finger poised like a gun.  
The Bit gives a violent start and leaps back, out of the way, but immediately comes back, peering at Flynn.

FLYNN  
Okay -- hold it right there!

The Bit is still in its pure energy form, but then it suddenly recognizes Flynn (thinks he is Clu), expands in a smooth green sphere -- the "Yes" mode -- and shouts:

BIT  
Yes!

The Bit subsides into energy form again.

FLYNN  
(still suspicious)  
What do you mean, "yes"?

BIT  
Yesssss. Yes. Yes. Yes.

From now on, whenever the Bit speaks, it is a round ball-shaped character, red or green, with a hint of a face, but as soon as it stops speaking, it reverts to a brilliant spark of light.

Flynn continues driving. Over his shoulder he speaks to the Bit.

FLYNN  
That all you can say?

BIT  
(of course not,  
you know better)  
No, nyet, negatory, not on your  
tintype, no way.

FLYNN  
Oh. Anything else?

BIT  
Oui, da, yessiree, sure 'nuff,  
you betcha.

CONTINUED

296 CONTINUED

296

FLYNN  
 Only yes and no...  
 (it dawns)  
 You're a Bit.

BIT  
 (hippie)  
 For sure...

FLYNN  
 Where's your program? Won't it  
 miss you?

BIT  
 (confused)  
 No...

Flynn eyes the Bit cautiously.

FLYNN  
I'm your program?

BIT  
 (emphatic)  
 Right on the money!

FLYNN  
 (sighs)  
 Another mouth to feed...

297 EXT. RECO, MOVING THROUGH A CANYON UNEVENLY - X 297

298 INT. RECO 298  
 Flynn's having a good time.

FLYNN  
 Pretty good drivin', huh?

BIT  
 No.

FLYNN  
 Who asked you?

299 EXT. RECO 299  
 View of Recognizer lurching forward, around a curve  
 with a giant swoop.

300 INT. RECO 300

FLYNN  
 I'm gettin' the hang of this,  
 watch this:

- 301 EXT. RECO - X 301  
heading for the factory city. It lurches forward un-  
evenly, crashing into a wall drunkenly and bouncing  
off to another one.
- 302 INT. RECO - Comp 302  
  
BIT  
(scared)  
Nooooo!
- FLYNN  
Hey! Gimme a break. They didn't  
teach Reco steering in Driver's Ed.
- 302A EXT. RECO - X 302A  
crashing along hysterically through the landscape. We  
hear Flynn's voice cheering.
- FLYNN V.O.  
All right!
- 303 INT. SIMULATION HANGAR, FACTORY CITY 303  
Shot of a row of workers along an observation window  
looking into the vast hangar where a video game ship  
is being assembled - a strange elongated craft with  
a single sail (Solar Sailer).
- 303A CLOSE UP 303A  
of a hand moving a device over a blueprint.
- 303B INT. HANGAR 303B  
Solar Sailer is being formed, computer generated.
- 303C WIDE SHOT 303C  
Yori working along a row of seated female workers at  
the control console, checking a diagram, her back to  
the CAMERA.
- VOICES  
Transfer 49...5783...67?...  
9....82...82...82...
- Yori's head turns to one side.
- 303D LONG SHOT - TRON 303D  
hiding behind a huge pillar. He peers out.
- VOICES  
9....4...5...63...3...97....
- 303E FROM BEHIND TRON'S BACK 303E  
he leans forward.  
Close shot of his face.

304 HIS POV 304  
 Yori is talking to a guard who is now standing beside her.

GUARD  
 Production input?

YORI  
 3056...99...limited 4...8.

Yori leaves the guard and walks o.s.

GUARD  
 12.

304A SHOT OF YORI'S BACK 304A  
 moving away, as she walks beside a wall.

304B CLOSER SHOT 304B  
 A hand reaches out and grabs Yori's arm. She turns.

305 CLOSE ON YORI - OVER TRON'S SHOULDER 305  
 She is staring up at him, unrecognizing, very unaware. It's almost as if she's sleepwalking.

TRON  
 Yori!

305A CLOSE UP 305A  
 Yori's still, unawakened face.

YORI  
 9....62..4...7....

306/ 306/  
 307 OMITTED 307

308 SHOT OF THEM BOTH (50/50) - CLOSE 308

TRON  
 YORI!

He holds his hand near her face, and a flow of energy goes into her, near the base of her neck. A look of wonder crosses her face as the energy flows into her.

YORI  
 Tron!

She throws her arms around him.

TRON  
 (smiling, hugging her tightly)  
 Yori, hey...

CONTINUED

308 CONTINUED

308

YORI

Oh, Tron, I knew you'd escape...  
They've never built a circuit that  
could hold you...

CLOSE TWO SHOT

TRON

We have to make plans... Where  
can we go?

FROM THE HALLWAY

They move out from behind the corner.

YORI

This way... quickly!

They move together away from the camera, turn a corner  
and go o.s.

309 SHOT OF THE NEXT CORRIDOR - Comp  
with a view out over the city. Tron and Yori are  
walking cautiously along. Several half-gone programs  
are standing around.

309

309A ANOTHER ANGLE

They hear snatches of conversation as they pass three  
men huddled in the foreground.

309A

PROGRAMS

282 Unit 4... X-Sector 812 to  
interface... with micro-net 9000.  
713981. 871.

309B TWO SHOT - HEAD ON  
Tron and Yori.

309B

TRON

What are they saying?

YORI

Those are instructions for  
shutting down functions. If  
much more of this goes on, this  
system is going to collapse...

TRON

I know, Yori. But things are  
going to change. I've got to get  
in touch with Alan-One. He was  
going to tell me how to...

309C LONG SHOT - DOWN ANGLE 309C  
 Suddenly Yori sees something, grabs Tron's hand and  
 pulls him back into a nearby alley.

310 EXT. SKY - X 310  
 looking up from behind them. Recognizer.

311 YORI AND TRON 311  
 She shivers and Tron puts his arm around her.

311A RECOGNIZER - X 311A  
 cruising along the street.

311B LONG ESTABLISHING SHOT - Comp 311B  
 city plaza.

311C LONGER OVERHEAD SHOT - CITY PLAZA - Comp 311C

312 OMITTED 312

313 INT. HALLWAY 313  
 Tron and Yori walk through, TOWARDS CAMERA.

YORI  
 Dumont is in this city too.

TRON  
 Good! I can use his tower to  
 reach my User.

YORI  
 I don't know.

They reach a door and she presses a palm to a panel  
 beside it. The door opens.

314 INT. APARTMENT - Comp 314  
 Hold on apartment interior before door entirely  
 disappears, and they enter.

TRON  
 Dumont's your friend, isn't he?

YORI  
 Yes, but we have to convince  
 him to open up the I/O Tower.

He stops as the door disappears and looks around.

TRON  
 What's this place? It's terrible.

CONTINUED

314 CONTINUED

314

Shot of apartment interior, one window overlooking the cityscape, strange murals of two-dimensional furniture on the walls and floors.

YORI

My quarters. Not like home, is it? But we can talk here...  
Besides... \*

She lays her palm on the wall near the door. The door reappears, and a glow starts to fill the room. The flat paintings of furniture expand, fill out, and become three-dimensional. The room glows with a soft rose color.

Tron turns back to Yori, reacts to room glow. \*\*

TRON

That's quite a trick.

YORI

Very illegal. I can only keep it this way for a short time... You can sit here...

She points to a cushion and he sits on it, and she sits cross-legged on the floor.

TRON

(smiles)

I can always count on you, can't I? \*

YORI

(puts a hand on his knee)

Always... \*

TRON

How much time do we have in this room? \*

CONTINUED

314 CONTINUED - 1 314

Yori gets up, smiles.

YORI

Enough.

She presses another panel.

315 TRON'S POV 315

Yori is glowing, absorbing extra energy, changing.  
Her severe work clothes dissolve and are replaced by  
shimmering, diaphanous drapery. Her face is now sur-  
rounded by a soft mane of hair.

316 TRON 316

watching.

316A YORI 316A

smiles lovingly. She reaches out her hands.

YORI

Come here.

316B TRON - WIDE SHOT 316B

as he moves over to Yori.

316C TWO SHOT OVER TRON TO YORI 316C

TRON

I love you.

317 SHOT OF THEM BOTH 317

as their hands touch, palm to palm.

TRON, his hands outstretched.

YORI, her hands outstretched.

They sink down into the pillows, seeming to move and  
float in slow motion, their hands moving over each  
other's body, the glow increasing in the room, until  
it reaches an almost incandescent brilliance.

YORI V.O.

(softly)

I love you, Tron.

DISSOLVE TO:

318/ 318/  
320 OMITTED 320

320A	FLYNN - Comp at the controls, muttering away, having a good time. The Bit hovers nearby, a bright spark of light.	320A
321	EXT. RECOGNIZER glancing off a building.	321
322	INT. RECO - Comp	322

FLYNN  
This honey doesn't handle so  
good in town...

BIT  
(agreeing)  
No, nuh-uh, never in a million  
years!

FLYNN'S POV  
Buildings start closing in.

EXT. RECO - Comp  
Two figures in the f.g. watch as it enters the city and  
rams a building with one corner.

INT. RECOGNIZER - Flynn's POV

CLOSE UP - FLYNN - Comp  
no longer in Control.

FLYNN  
I gotta stop this thing!

BIT V.O.  
Yes!

EXT. RECOGNIZER - X  
smashing into buildings.

INT. RECOGNIZER  
as Flynn falls backwards.

FLYNN  
I'm glad you agree.

EXT. STREET - X  
as the Reco slams into another building and keeps going.

INT. RECO - Comp  
Side shot, Flynn holds his hands out, energy flows out.

BIT  
(Frantic)  
Right, confirmed, I couldn't  
have put it...

- 323 EXT. RECOGNIZER - X 323  
as the Reco slams into a building and the head of it,  
with Flynn and the Bit, breaks loose and flies through  
the air.
- 323A LONG SHOT - RECOGNIZER LANDS - Comp 323A  
bumping along the ground. People in the street look on.
- 324 INT. RECO - Comp 324  
as Flynn shakily pulls himself out of the debris, the  
Bit nervously hovering over him.

CUT TO:

- 325 EXT. STREET - Comp 325  
A group of low resolution programs are walking by.
- Flynn emerges from the broken-off head, stunned, but  
unhurt, the Bit flying by his side. He blearily sees  
the passing programs, but doesn't realize they are at  
such a low state of consciousness that they can't see him.  
They move on.

FLYNN  
(to the Bit)  
This town is full o'live ones.

BIT  
Not a chance.

CUT TO:

- 326 SHOT OF BRILLIANT GLOW - X 326  
PULL BACK to reveal this is the I/O beam.

CUT TO:

- 327 INT. YORI'S QUARTERS - THE WINDOW 327  
The room is back to low resolution, all objects back to  
two dimensions. Tron sits cross-legged in front of the  
wall-sized window opening, gazing at the I/O Tower, which  
dominates the view. We see him from the back.

Yori moves forward, carrying a cup full of golden,  
glowing liquid.

From the side, Tron is contemplating the view. Yori moves  
INTO FRAME. She has on working clothes again. She offers  
the cup.

TRON  
It's time to go.

CONTINUED

327	CONTINUED	327
	YORI	
	I know.	
327A	EXT. LONG SHOT - HANGAR BUILDING	327A
328	EXT. CITY PLAZA Tron and Yori are crossing to one side.	328
328A	CLOSER ANGLE FROM IN FRONT OF THEM as they pass more zombie programs and overhear bits of conversation, all in dead-sounding monotones.	328A
	PROGRAMS	
	9...72...73...85...673...4.... 7...42...1...1...	
	Tron and Yori continue on, retreat AWAY FROM CAMERA.	
328B	EXT. PLAZA They continue walking forward. Other angles of them walking.	328B
328C	SHOT OF THREE DOORS CLOSE TOGETHER IN A WALL Tron and Yori MOVE INTO FRAME, go through one of the doors.	328C
329/ 330	OMITTED	329/ 330
331	INSIDE THE DOOR Tron and Yori are on a wide elevator platform, moving upwards to an opening a hundred feet overhead.	331
332	SHOT FROM BELOW THEM looking upwards as they move upward.	332
332A	HIGH EXT. SHOT OF THE I/O TOWER - X	332A
333	SHOT OF TRON AND YORI as they walk along a wide ledge.  Suddenly a massive memory guard appears, brandishing his staff.	333
333A	BEHIND TRON'S BACK - Comp In an instantaneous reflex, Tron grabs his disk out of its sheath and hurls it straight at the guard, before any sound can be made.	333A
333B	DISK AND GUARD - Comp The disk SMASHES into the guard and he falls.	333B

- 334 A SHOT - Comp 334  
Tron and Yori hurrying through the door, leaping over the de-rezzing body of the guard.
- 335 A LONG SHOT OF A GIGANTIC HALLWAY 335  
Tron and Yori in f.g. With walls sloping inward at a 45 degree angle, and an immense door at one end, a half mile wide from the small entrance where Tron and Yori are standing, pressed back into the door opening, looking down the hall. Guards are visible at the end of the hall.
- YORI  
(whispering)  
More guards...
- 336 THEIR POV 336  
We see a small group of guards standing in front of the giant door, which fills the entire end of the corridor, and which has a sliding door three-quarters of the way open.
- 337 MED. SHOT FRONT 337  
Yori points across the hallway silently. Tron nods.
- 338 LONG SHOT 338  
as Tron and Yori race across the wide space about a hundred feet.
- MEDIUM SHOT  
One of the guards looks suspiciously over his shoulder. He sees them, shouts. Other guards are seen.
- 339 A SHOT OF THE OPPOSITE WALL 339  
as they reach it and duck inside a small opening.
- CUT TO:
- 340 INSIDE THIS OPENING, FROM ABOVE 340  
Tron looks up, and we...
- 341 HIS POV 341  
This is a huge air shaft which fills the center of the tower and is crammed with jumbled, twisted ropes of thick cable, ranging from a few inches to many feet in diameter.
- 342 SHOT OF TRON AND YORI 342  
climbing upwards on one of the thickest cables.
- 343 SHOT OF THE TOP OF THE CABLE FROM THE AIRSHAFT 343  
Tron helps Yori onto a ledge, far above the point where they started. They stop, leaning on one another,

CONTINUED

- 343 CONTINUED 343  
to catch their breath for a second. He grabs her hand, pulls her close to him and puts his arms around her. She smiles and runs her hands over his chest.
- TRON
- (lets her go  
reluctantly)
- Ready?
- Yori nods, and they begin to make their way along the ledge, toward a window through which a golden light is pouring.
- 343A A SHOT - DOWN ANGLE 343A  
through the twisted cables of them peering through the window.
- 344 A SHOT OF THEM FROM INSIDE THE WINDOW 344
- 345 THEIR POV 345  
A hundred feet below, the floor of the central chamber can be seen, with a large, raised circular altar against one wall and a darkened opening behind it. A square, secondary altar supports the first, about fifty feet to a side; the figure of Dumont can be seen seated at the top of the altar. A steady, droning CHANT fills the air.
- 346 TRON AND YORI 346  
reacting. But just then they hear a NOISE in the air shaft behind them and turn.
- SLIGHT UP ANGLE from inside the airshaft. They look down.
- 347 A SHOT OF THE AIR SHAFT - X 347  
A brilliant light is shining many stories below, hovering in the air, moving forward and upward. It comes a little closer.
- CUT TO:
- 348 A CLOSER SHOT - X 348  
We see that the light is a single headlight of a bizarre floating craft, about the size of a car, flat-bottomed, open top with short sides, filled with six guards. This flying video life raft moves steadily, serene, circling the still interior of the air shaft. The guards brandish their staffs silently, watchfully, as yet unaware of the presence of intruders.

- 349 CLOSE SHOT - TRON AND YORI 349  
as Tron continues to look down at these guards.
- YORI  
(very quiet)  
They don't see us.
- Tron looks up at her.
- YORI  
(continuing)  
I'll go first.
- Tron looks back down at the guards.
- TRON  
All right, I'll watch those  
guys.
- Yori climbs up onto the window ledge and leans out.  
She turns to Tron with a mischievous wink.
- 349A FROM INSIDE THE CHAMBER 349A  
She starts sliding down. Tron holds onto her arm  
at first.
- 350 OMITTED 350
- 351 DUMONT'S FACE 351  
He appears to be asleep, eyes shut. Then his eyes open  
a narrow slit, looking to one side, then the other, then  
widen a little more and angle up.
- 352 WINDOW 352  
Tron lets go of Yori's arm and she slips down the  
sloped wall like a child on a slide.  
She glides smoothly, silently, gaining velocity.
- 353 DUMONT'S FACE 353  
His eyes widen suddenly, and his mouth drops open as  
he sees how fast she is going. His eyes and mouth snap  
tightly shut.
- 354 YORI, SHOT FROM ABOVE 354  
as she nears the floor...
- 355 OMITTED 355
- 356 TRON 356  
gripping the edge of the window. He looks back into  
the airshaft.

357/		357/
358	OMITTED	358
359	HIS POV - Comp The guards in the flying raft are SHOUTING, pointing at him. We see the craft make a sharp turn and swoop upwards towards Tron and the window.	359
360	TRON, FROM INSIDE THE CHAMBER He turns back, leaps down and starts sliding down the wall.	360
361	OMITTED	361
362	HE LANDS NEXT TO YORI gripping her by the shoulders.	362
	TRON Are you all right?	
	YORI (laughs) That was fun! I should have used that entrance before...	
	TRON The guards saw me. Come on...	
362A	DUMONT, eyes shut.	362A
363 thru 374	OMITTED	363 thru 374
375	TRON AND YORI run forward. They get to the base of the steps, try to step on one, but the neon color is too hot.	375
	DUMONT HALT!	
	DUMONT. He has one eye open.	
	YORI Dumont!	
	DUMONT I can't stand all this commotion. What do you want?	

CONTINUED

375 CONTINUED

375

TRON

(nervous)

I... have come to communicate  
with my User.

DUMONT

Hmm. A difficult proposition...  
Difficult proposition at best.

(indicates empty chamber)

Not so long ago, you could've  
come in here and seen programs  
lined up all the way back to  
those doors, waiting for  
communion with their Users.

But now...

(sighs)

...this so-called Master Control  
Program is going around cutting  
programs off from their natural  
creators -- why, I could get my-  
self de-rezzed just for letting  
you in here. They hate this  
tower. They'd close it down if  
they dared to... but they keep  
me around, in case one of them  
wants to deal with the other  
world once in a while.

Tron steps closer, speaks quietly to Dumont.

TRON

Dumont... My User has information  
that could -- could make this a  
free system again.

DUMONT

Hah.

TRON

Really. You'd have programs  
lined up around the block to use  
this place -- and no MCP looking  
over your shoulder.

DUMONT

(sighs)

When you've been in the system  
as long as I have, you hear many  
promises... many reassurances...  
many brave plans...

CONTINUED

375 CONTINUED - 1

375

YORI

Dumont, the guards are coming.

TRON'S FACE. He turns and looks behind.

SHOT OF THE WINDOW they came in. Guards are looking through, about to start coming in.

Dumont pauses, sizing Tron up, considering it. Finally:

DUMONT

All right, all right...

SHOT OF THE WINDOW. It snaps shut in the guards faces.

WIDE SHOT OF THE CHAMBER, as all doors snap shut, one by one.

DUMONT

(continuing; falling  
into ritual)

Who is your User, program?

TRON

Alan-One. He calls me... May  
I pass?

DUMONT

All that is visible must grow  
beyond itself and extend into  
the realm of the invisible.

Dumont nods, and the neon glow fades a little.

DUMONT

(continuing)

You may pass, my friend.

Tron runs lightly up the steps, past Dumont, into the darkness beyond.

376 OMITTED 376

377 A CORRIDOR IN THE TOWER - A CORNER 377

A face peers around it. Flynn.

FLYNN

This is where Tron said he was  
goin'!

Below him, at waist level, also peeking around the corner,  
is the glow of the Bit. Flynn moves out from the wall and  
starts going down the hall.

CAMERA SWIVELS and watches him walking quickly away from  
us. We hear the SOUND of many feet marching as Flynn  
reaches the end of the corridor. He stops and glances  
over his shoulder.

378 FROM IN FRONT OF FLYNN  
He stares down the corridor.

379 CLOSE SHOT - MANY FEET MARCHING FAST 379

PULL BACK AND TRUCK IN FRONT. Sark, smiling slightly,  
with a column of guards and Blue Warriors on either  
side.

GUARDS

Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut!

380 SHOT OF THE CORRIDOR WHERE WE LAST SAW FLYNN 380  
as Sark and his men come around the corner. Flynn is  
nowhere to be seen. Sark marches TOWARDS THE CAMERA.

Sark comes closer, CAMERA ANGLES UP. There is Flynn,  
hiding on a ledge about ten feet off the floor. Sark  
and his men pass by underneath.

380A CLOSE SHOT 380A  
Flynn on one side of the corridor, the Bit on the  
other.

- 380B CLOSE UP - BIT 380B  
It makes a BUZZING SOUND.
- 380C SHOT BEHIND BIT TO FLYNN 380C
- FLYNN  
(whispering)  
Go down there... distract that  
last blue guy...
- 381 SHOT FROM THE CORNER 381  
Sark and his men from the back, as they continue on  
down the hall.
- 382 POV FROM LEDGE ABOVE FLYNN AND THE BIT AND 382  
INCLUDING THEM - Comp  
looking down at the file of men going past. The last  
one goes by.
- FLYNN  
(whispers)  
Now!!
- 383 SHOT FROM BEHIND THE LAST WARRIOR - Comp 383  
The Bit BUZZES down and flies around the warrior's  
head like a bee; the warrior thrashes his arms around  
wildly.
- 384 SHOT OF FLYNN'S UPRAISED ARM 384  
His hand in a fist, falling.
- 385 FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT 385
- 386 SHOT FROM ABOVE 386  
Flynn standing over the fallen warrior.
- BIT V.O.  
All right!
- Flynn looks up PAST THE CAMERA, finger to his lips.
- 387 FROM THE CORNER OF THE HALL - Comp 387  
Flynn leans over the warrior, places both hands on his  
chest, and the blue static pattern covering the guard  
flows into Flynn's hands, up his arms, and transfers  
entirely to him as the warrior de-rezzes.
- 387A BIT BUZZES AROUND FLYNN NERVOUSLY 387A
- FLYNN  
Come on. He's lookin' for Tron  
too.

- 388 SHOT OF FLYNN, FROM IN FRONT 388  
marching fast down the corridor after Sark, Bit following. Watch him from behind as he catches up with the others.
- 389 I/O HALLWAY, MED. SHOT SARK - FULL FACE 389  
surrounded by guards. He is looking up, eyes narrowed. Side shot - He raises an arm.
- 390 LONG SHOT FROM BEHIND HIM 390  
He is standing in front of the huge, closed door to the central chamber. The guards have formed two long rows, and Sark's lieutenant is standing by his side. The Bit hovers behind the last Blue Warrior in one of the rows.
- SARK  
The tower guardian is helping  
him... he thinks.
- 391 CLOSE SHOT LOOKING OVER SARK'S SHOULDER 391  
He turns.
- SARK  
Bring in the logic probe!!
- 392 THE HEART OF THE TOWER 392  
We see Tron approaching a bell-shaped structure, with the brilliant golden beam emerging from the highest point of the bell. Tron walks into an opening at the base of the bell.
- 393 INT. COMMUNICATION BELL 393  
Tron stands on the rounded rim of a dish-shaped room, the floor of which rises to a cone in the center. The top of the cone is a flat, sliced-off surface.  
  
He climbs up to the flat, central podium, which is round, about four feet in diameter, and glowing from within, with a complex circuit pattern embedded in it. Tron looks down, and then up.
- 394 HIS POV 394  
The curving inner surfaces of the bell culminate in a round opening.
- 395 FROM THE OPENING 395  
We see Tron's upturned face. He steps up on the podium, hands gripped into fists at his sides. His face is gradually filling with a deep inner excitement and anticipation, his eyes searching the space above. His expression remains still, his mouth closed and even. Only his eyes project the emotion he is feeling, burning with the knowledge of the experience to come.

- 396 FULL SHOT - TRON - Comp 396  
 He takes out his disk, grips it in both hands and slowly raises it high above his head. He stands stiffly, willing the response to happen.
- At first nothing stirs. Then a splendid, radiant beam of light bursts down from the opening in the top of the bell, illuminating Tron and the disk.
- His hands start to shake with the force of the communication beam, and suddenly the disk is ripped from his hands to rise, glowing brilliantly, upwards to the source of light.
- 396A CLOSE UP OF THE DISK - Comp 396A  
 being pulled out of Tron's hands.
- 396B FROM THE SIDE 396B  
 Tron's mouth drops open for a second in reaction to the incredible force.
- 397 TRON'S FACE FROM ABOVE - Comp 397  
 filled with a quiet awe, eyes narrowed against the strong light. His hands drop to his sides. The disk rises out of sight, and we -
- CUT TO:
- 397A SHOT OF THE BEAM - X 397A  
 intensifying with every second.
- 397B TRON 397B  
 standing on the podium, is obscured by the intense glare.
- 398 CENTRAL CHAMBER 398  
 The glow is visible, illuminating Yori and Dumont.
- 398A CLOSE SHOT 398A  
 Their faces very close together.
- YORI  
 It's begun.
- 399 EXT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - HALLWAYS - Comp 399  
 A large oblong object is floated along the corridor of the I/O Tower towards the door, passing guards.
- 400 THE DOOR - X 400  
 as the logic probe is switched on and a blast of pure electricity leaps from it to the surface of the door with the sound of a CRACK OF LIGHTNING.
- 401 THE DOOR - FROM INSIDE THE CHAMBER - X 401  
 One section of it is glowing, starting to de-rez.

402 INT. COMMUNICATION CHAMBER - Comp 402  
Tron is looking upwards. Suddenly a voice booms out,  
echoing and distorted -- Alan's voice.

ALAN V.O.

TRON... TRON... Location query...  
location query... Confirm.

TRON

Confirmed, Alan-One.

ALAN V.O.

(sigh of relief)

There you are... Look, before we  
get cut off again...

In the air above Tron, images begin to materialize,  
shifting, transparent forms. First we see a network with  
pinpoints of light at each intersection; it rotates and  
becomes a globe, with a bright light at the center.

ALAN V.O.

(continuing)

I'm going to give you some  
new coding so you can gain access  
to the memory core of the Master  
Control... when you get there...

The light increases in brilliance as we hear Alan's voice  
fading out, consumed by static.

ALAN V.O.

(continuing)

...search all password code  
series --

TRON

Wait! I can't hear...

He stops. The voice is gone. The beam continues to bathe  
Tron in its glow, and gradually we see an object emerging  
from the glow. The disk. It slowly descends. Tron raises  
his hands to catch it, gripping it, and pulls it down. He  
stares at it.

403/

404 OMITTED

403/

404

405 HIS POV - THE DISK - Comp

Glowing with a new power, superimposed on its surface  
is the globe pattern from Tron's vision.

405

406 OMITTED

406

- 407 SHOT OF THE DOOR TO THE CENTRAL CHAMBER - Comp 407  
Almost gone, we can begin to hear the voices of Sark's men outside.
- YORI V.O.  
They'll be inside soon...
- 408 YORI, LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER TOWARDS THE DOOR 408  
SHE TURNS back to Dumont, WIDER ANGLE. Behind Dumont stands Tron, framed in the entry to the Communication Chamber.
- 409 ZOOM IN ON TRON 409  
He stands proudly, suffused with new energy and purpose, a slight smile playing across his lips.
- YORI  
(relieved)  
Oh! Thank the Users!
- 410 DUMONT 410  
He has turned to face Tron.
- DUMONT  
The time for delaying is over.  
The new order is about to begin.  
Farewell, Tron, the Users are waiting.
- Tron comes forward and grips Dumont's shoulder briefly.
- 411 LONG SHOT 411  
Yori and Tron step down off the podium, holding hands.
- 411A THEY RACE ACROSS THE FLOOR 411A  
towards a back door. It opens just long enough for them to dash through.
- 412 EXT. CHAMBER - THE DOOR - X 41  
It is almost transparent, and suddenly there is a burst of energy and it disappears into thousands of sparkling dots of light.
- 413 INT. CHAMBER - THE DOOR - Comp 413  
It dissolves completely. Framed in the center of the opening stands Sark.
- SARK  
(pointing)  
Dumont!

The Blue Warriors race by him, pouring into the chamber.

413A	FLYNN can be seen, peeking around the corner of the door.	413A
414	FULL SHOT - CHAMBER Sark strides forward.	414
	SARK Where's that program?	
414A	CLOSER SHOT OF FLYNN BY THE DOOR	414A
414B	SARK'S FACE NEAR DUMONT'S	414B
	DUMONT What program? I'm sure you're mistaken.	
414C	CLOSE UP - SARK furious.	414C
	SARK Take him!!	
414D	SIMULATION HANGAR - CLOSE SHOT OF A LARGE SIGN READING Number 19. - X	414D
415	OMITTED	415
416	INT. HANGAR Tron and Yori enter.	416
417	LONG SHOT - Comp as Tron and Yori race across the floor, with the Solar Sailer hovering above.	417
	YORI This video game ship... It's very fast.	
417A	LONG SHOT - SOLAR SAILER - X A simulation of a futuristic spacecraft, with an enormous metallic sail at the bow, and a long, slender walkway which connects it with the deck area, giving it the look of a dragonfly.	417A
418	A SHOT OF THEM RISING ON AN ELEVATOR PLATFORM FROM ABOVE looking down on them.	418
419	FROM THE SIDE OF THE SAILER - Comp rising with the elevator.	419
419A	CLOSE UP - TRON AND YORI	419A

419B	FULL SHOT The elevator platform brings them through the center of the craft, forming part of the deck as it reaches a level position, locked into place.	419B
419C	THEY RUN FORWARD towards the control console on the deck.	419C
420	SHOT OF THEM FROM THE LONG WALKWAY Yori bending over the controls, Tron behind her.	420
421/ 422	OMITTED	421/ 422
423	THE TWO OF THEM FROM A LOW ANGLE on the console, as Yori leans over it. She is looking at a map of the system, a flat grid, and on it, in miniature are the beam transfer points and transmission locations.	423
	<p style="text-align: center;">YORI (indicating position) It can take us across the Game Seas... out of this Domain back into the Central Computer.</p>	
423A	CLOSE UP - HER HAND	423A
424	OMITTED	424
425	SHOT FROM BEHIND TRON AND YORI Suddenly, a guard races down the walkway towards them.	425
	<p style="text-align: center;">TRON Yori! Get down!</p>	
426	A LOW ANGLE - AS TRON KICKS THE FIRST GUARD BACK	426
427 thru 429	OMITTED	427 thru 429
430	WALKWAY OF THE SAILER as guards start swarming on board. We see Tron move forward and then stop, letting them come, holding his disk ready.  The guards rush forward.	430
431	OMITTED	431

432 TRON - Comp 432  
throwing his disk. It smashes into the guards in front,  
tossing them backwards.

433 A SHOT FROM THE EXTERIOR OF THE HANGAR - Comp 433  
The Sailer is visible through the great open door which  
opens onto the edge of the Game Sea. On the ground below,  
more guards and warriors are racing towards the hangar.

434 TRON - Comp 434  
beating back the guards, tossing them over the side of  
the walkway.

We see one last guard standing on top of the bunker that  
forms the connection of the craft to the sail.

Tron advances on him.

The guard stares at him, then looks down... then jumps  
off, intimidated.

There's a sudden lurch forward and Tron is thrown back,  
losing his balance.

435 YORI 435  
finger on a circuit path, energy flowing.

YORI  
(smiling)  
We're off!

436 EXT. HANGAR - UP ANGLE - Comp 436  
The transmission beam is flowing, passing directly  
through the craft, from behind, hitting the sail bunker,  
and passing through, so that it looks like a headlight.  
The Sailer starts moving, fast, accelerating so that it  
reaches a tremendous velocity in a matter of seconds.

437 EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIDGE - SARK & MCP 437  
Back on the bridge of the carrier, Sark is in the MCP  
hologram. In front of him, we see a VIEW of the city  
below and the hangar and the Solar Sailer -- racing away.

MCP  
I hope you've enjoyed being a command  
program, Sark. I wonder how you'll  
like working in a pocket calculator.

Sark is tortured at maximum force, thrown about like a doll  
while the MCP is speaking. Gradually he's allowed to  
regain his stance. \*\*

SARK  
(desperate, gasping) \*\*  
We did take care of that User you  
sent us --

MCP  
Yes, and now you've got two renegade  
programs running all over the system  
in a stolen simulation.

CONTINUED

437 CONTINUED

437

SARK

We'll get them... It's only a matter  
of time.

MCP

I don't have time, Sark. And neither  
do you. End of line.

438 LONG SHOT OF THE SOLAR SAILER - X 438  
speeding out of sight, while the carrier ponderously  
turns in its direction, begins to move forward, and starts  
to increase in brightness and resolution.

439 SHOT FROM UNDER THE SAILER - X 439  
as it ZOOMS by the CAMERA.

440 SOLAR SAILER - WALKWAY - TRON 440  
from the stern. Tron picks himself up from the floor  
where he was thrown when the Sailer took off, and heads  
for Yori (AT THE CAMERA). He stops, seeing something.

YORI V.O.

Tron, are you all right?

Tron waves at her...then...

441 CLOSE SHOT FROM IN FRONT OF TRON 441  
He looks over at the guard rail.

442 TRON'S POV 442  
fingers gripping the rail. ZOOM IN on the fingers.

443 A SHOT FROM THE WALKWAY 443  
Several yards away from it. We see one of the Blue  
Warriors hanging on, trying to get a leg up on the  
rail, and we see Tron race to the edge, look over and  
see this guard.

444 CLOSE SHOT OF TRON 444  
by the rail with the blue arms and head in the SHOT.  
Tron raises his disk to slam into the intruder, when  
suddenly a spherical glowing shape comes INTO THE FRAME  
from bottom right.

BIT

(buzzing around Tron's  
head like a fly)

No way, not on your life, nosiree!!  
Nothing doing, forget it!!

445 SHOT OF WARRIOR'S FACE 445  
...Flynn. Panicked.

FLYNN

It's me! Flynn!

446 FLYNN'S POV OF TRON 446  
Who looks down, really seeing the face below for the first time.

TRON  
Flynn!!

447 SIDE SHOT OF THEM BOTH 447

\*  
FLYNN  
Yeah, I... oops!

He loses his grip, and starts to fall.

But Tron, just in time, grabs Flynn's wrist and starts to pull him up. We see the blue static guard disguise fade off Flynn.

448 OMITTED 448

449 YORI 449  
She moves forward.

449A ON WALKWAY \*\*\* 449A  
Flynn and Tron face one another, then:

FLYNN  
Greetings, Program.

TRON  
You're alive! Flynn...  
(he turns to  
Flynn eagerly)  
Where's Ram?

FLYNN  
I'm sorry, Tron... he's...  
he didn't make it.

Tron shakes his head sadly. He and Flynn start moving toward the stern.

450 WIDER SHOT 450  
as Tron and Flynn reach Yori. \*\*

YORI  
Who is this? \*

TRON  
(to Yori)  
This is Flynn, the one who  
busted me out. \*

CONTINUED

450 CONTINUED

450

YORI  
(to Flynn)  
Then I owe you some thanks...

Flynn looks at Yori closely - silently mouthing "Lora". \*\*

FLYNN  
No big deal. I ought to know  
my way around that Light Cycles  
routine... I mean, I did write  
the program for it.

TRON  
(mystified)  
Wrote the...?

FLYNN  
It's time I levelled with you,  
Tron. I'm a -- well, I'm what  
you guys call a User.

Tron and Yori are stunned and awed.

YORI  
A User... in our world?

FLYNN  
(nods)  
Guess I took a wrong turn some-  
where...

TRON  
But... if you're a User... then  
everything you've done has been  
part of a plan...

FLYNN  
(laughs)  
You wish. Man, I haven't had a  
second to think since I got down  
here. I mean in here. Out  
here. Whatever.

TRON  
Then...

FLYNN  
Look, you guys know how it is.  
You just keep doin' what it looks  
like you're supposed to, even  
if it seems crazy, and you hope  
to hell your User knows what's  
goin' on.

CONTINUED

450 CONTINUED

450

TRON

Well... that's how it is for programs, yes, but...

FLYNN

I hate to disappoint you, pal, but most of the time, that's how it is for Users, too.

TRON

Stranger and stranger...

BIT

You said it.

FLYNN

So...

(pats Tron on back)

...nice ship you got here. What's our next move?

TRON

(smiles)

Remember you wanted to pay a call on the MCP?

Flynn nods.

TRON

(continuing)

We're on our way.

(indicates disk)

Alan-One gave me the coding we need to go up against Master Control.

FLYNN

All right. Thank God Alan stayed awake, at least.

451 LONG SHOT

The aircraft carrier rolls past the camera.

451

452 THE BRIDGE - SARK

looking out the observation window, as his lieutenant approaches from behind.

452

LIEUTENANT

Sir, what do you want done with the tower guardian, Dumont? Put him with the others?

CONTINUED

452 CONTINUED

452

SARK  
No, bit brain.

Sark turns to face him.

SARK  
(continuing)  
Prepare him for inquisition. I  
need a little relaxation. But  
first rez up the carrier for  
pursuit... And one other thing.

He stares at the lieutenant, paranoid...

SARK  
(continuing)  
Don't think anymore. I do the  
thinking around here.

453 LONG SHOT OF SOLAR SAILER ON THE BEAM  
speeding through the Sea. A series of shots, as the  
Solar Sailer makes it's way over the strange, undulating  
grid surface of the Game Sea.

453

FLYNN  
What about our friend Sark?

TRON  
Probably decided not to pursue  
us. Programs have a way of  
just... disappearing here.

FLYNN  
Not us, I hope.

454/455 OMITTED

454/455

456 SOLAR SAILER DECK  
We see Flynn looking back the way they came. Yori is  
at the controls, with Tron beside her, his arm around  
her shoulders, looking at Flynn.

456

TRON  
(shakes his head;  
indicates disk)  
Not with this disk. I'm going  
to check on the beam connection,  
Yori. You two can keep a watch  
out for grid bugs.

He moves off down the walkway, the Bit following. Flynn  
turns and leans out over the side.

CONTINUED

456 CONTINUED

456

FLYNN

You know the territory?

YORI

A little...

FLYNN

(pointing)

What's wrong with that area?

457 HIS POV

457

We see an area of darkened, gloomy, two-dimensional shapes.

YORI V.O.

(sadly)

The MCP blasted it... There are very few domains left with any power at all.

(pause)

They say there are creatures out on this Sea... huge grid eaters ... and data pirates...

FLYNN

Terrific... can't wait to meet them.

458 DECK OF SOLAR SAILER - Comp

458

YORI

Well, in any case, this beam can outpace anything on the Sea, including Sark's carrier.

459 THE BOW OF THE SAILER

459

Tron walks forward. At the very bow, over the beam, he stops, and holds his disk out in front of him, gazing at it as if it were a crystal ball, staring at it as if to learn the secrets of the Universe.

He pulls back his arm and throws the disk out from the bow of the Solar Sailer with all his might, skimming it through the air like a frisbee.

We follow the disk as it speeds out... out... above the transmission beam, glowing magically. Far, far away from the Solar Sailer, it slows, rolls and tumbles, twisting in the air, and then races straight back to Tron, who stands with his hand outstretched to receive it. It slams into place with a flash of electricity.

460 A SHOT MOVING IN OVER ANOTHER SECTION OF THE GAME SEA onto the aircraft carrier, into the bridge. - X

460



467A OMITTED	***	467A
467B LONG SHOT OF THE SOLAR SAILER - X		467B
468 DECK OF THE SAILER Flynn and Yori are up on the deck near the controls, with the Bit hovering nearby.		468
YORI We'll reach the end of the Game Sea soon.		
469 OMITTED		469
470 LONG SHOT FROM THE SIDE The transmission beam suddenly increases in brightness, throbbing with a pulse of mad, glowing energy.		470
471 YORI runs to the controls.		471
Flynn follows her, and Tron races back along the walkway.		
471A SHOT OF THE BEAM CONNECTION, glowing dangerously. - X		471A
471B EXT. DECK OF SOLAR SAILER - SHOT OF CONTROL PANEL Tron runs to Yori's side, grabs her shoulder and pulls her tight against his side. They have to shout to be heard above the noise of the increasing beam.		471B
FLYNN What's happening?		
YORI Power surge... from the MCP!		
471C INSERT SHOT OF SHIP, BEGINNING TO DE-REZ - X		471C
471D TRON		471D
TRON We have to get off this beam!		
471E YORI		471E
YORI (frantic) I <u>can't</u> . There's no junction due for at least 7 or 8 nano- seconds!		

471F	SHOT OF ALL THREE	471F
	<p style="text-align: center;">FLYNN (points) There's another beam.</p>	
472	OMITTED	472
473	INSERT SHOT OF THE OTHER BEAM - X	473
474	SHOT OF THE DECK	474
	<p style="text-align: center;">YORI It's too far!</p> <p>Flynn suddenly looks to the bow of the ship, makes a decision, and races forward.</p>	
475	VIEW DOWN THE WALKWAY FROM THE STERN Flynn races towards the bow.	475
	<p style="text-align: center;">TRON Flynn! What are you doing?</p>	
475A	FLYNN HEADS into the rear cabin.	475A
475B	FLYNN COMES UP THE STAIRS and out onto the surface of the bow. He advances carefully.	475B
476	YORI'S FACE, WATCHING	476
477	TRON'S FACE	477
	<p style="text-align: center;">TRON The beam connection...</p>	
478	SHOT IN FRONT OF SOLAR SAILER, FACING THE BOW - Comp Flynn leans out into the beam, brilliantly illuminated by the beam. He reaches forward with one arm.	478
479	FLYNN'S HAND entering the beam. - Comp Pull back, to see him full figure from in front.	479
480	FROM BEHIND Flynn - Comp He is lying spread eagled at the bow, with one arm in the light. He raises his other arm and points at the beam which was so close, but too far to reach. Suddenly his whole body glows with the same intensity as the beam.	480
481	TRON AND YORI Shielding their eyes from the light.	481

- 482 SHOT FROM ABOVE FLYNN - Comp 482  
His body glowing, arm outstretched. Suddenly another  
beam blasts out from his arm.
- 483 LONG SHOT, the new beam flashes over to the neighboring 483  
transmission beam and connects. X
- 483A TRON with Yori in the background. 483A
- TRON  
He's creating a junction!
- 483B LONG SHOT FROM BEHIND THE SOLAR SAILER - X 483B
- 483C SHOT OVER TRON TO YORI 483C
- TRON  
Quick, transfer to the other  
beam.
- 483D FLYNN - Comp 483D  
lying at the beam connection, arm outstretched, his  
whole body glowing.
- 483E LONG SHOT, SOLAR SAILER - X 483E  
breaks free of the old beam, follows the new path and  
connects to the safe beam.
- 484 YORI'S FACE, radiant with success. 484
- 484A LONG SHOT, SOLAR SAILER travelling safely. - X 484A
- 484B TRON leaps up and races forward, Yori beside him. 484B
- 484C FLYNN - Comp 484C  
lies in the beam, slumped over.
- 485 SIDE SHOT, Tron races down the walkway towards Flynn. 485
- 485A FROM IN FRONT OF THE SHIP, Tron and Yori approach 485A  
Flynn's motionless figure.
- 486 TRON, carrying Flynn towards the stern, carefully, 486  
Yori watching.
- 487 CLOSE SHOT 487  
As they reach the deck, from in front of Tron. Flynn's  
head comes up for a moment, dazed.

FLYNN  
(weakly)  
Did we make it?

CONTINUED

487 CONTINUED

487

TRON

Yes.

Flynn smiles slightly.

FLYNN

Hooray for our side...

His head falls back and his whole body goes limp.

487A LONG SHOT, SOLAR SAILER - X

487A

It reaches the edge of the Game Sea, and flashes into a large opening in an immense boundary wall.

487B LONG SHOT, SOLAR SAILER - X

487B

coming through the boundary out into the central computer area.

487C DECK OF SAILER

487C

Flynn's head on Yori's lap. Yori is staring anxiously down at Flynn.

YORI

Is he de-rezzing?

TRON

No, but I couldn't tell you why not.

488 INSERT watery close-up angle of Yori's face from Flynn's POV.

488

489 YORI reaches out a hand to touch Flynn's cheek. His eyes open. She draws back, as he smiles vaguely, relaxed. Then comprehension returns, and he looks around.

489

FLYNN

You guys feelin' okay?

Yori smiles, Tron laughs, relieved.

YORI

We are fine. We're worried about you.

Flynn feels himself for broken bones.

FLYNN

All in one piece, guess I'm still with you.

He sits up, winces, holds his head.

CONTINUED

489	CONTINUED		489
		FLYNN	
		Man... tell the guy with the jackhammer to lay off, will ya?	
		TRON	
		How did you do that, Flynn?	
		FLYNN	
		Elementary physics... a beam of energy can always be diverted... (looks around... to Yori)	
		Are we there yet?	
		YORI	
		Almost... I just have to adjust our course at the next junction -- I'd better go check the instruments...	
		She heads to the controls.	
490/491	OMITTED		490/491
492	LONG SHOT SOLAR SAILER THROUGH CANYONS - X		492
493	LONG SHOT OF CARRIER MOVING THROUGH SIMILAR CANYONS SLOWLY - X		493
494			494
THRU	OMITTED		THRU
503			503
504	SOLAR SAILER DECK, all of them look up suddenly.		504
		TRON	
		<u>Sark!!</u>	
504A	THE CARRIER LURCHES FORWARD - X		504A
504B	SOLAR SAILER, small against the rapidly approaching bulk of the carrier. - X		504B
504C	CLOSE SHOT of the horrified faces of all three.		504C
505			505
THRU	OMITTED		THRU
519			519
520	THE CARRIER RAMS THE SAILER and it breaks up - X		520
521/522	OMITTED		521/522



532A CONTINUED

532A

YORI

He's dead.

DUMONT

(sighs, looks at Flynn)  
And who is this?

YORI

He's a User, Dumont. He came  
to our world... trying to help  
us... Tron believed in him.

Her voice breaks, she turns away.

DUMONT

(despairing)  
If the Users can no longer help  
us...

His voice trails off. Suddenly a stronger LIGHT flashes  
on in the cell, the door opens, and we see Sark standing  
there, framed in the cell door.

SARK

So... we have erased the  
program that...

As he catches sight of Flynn, his voice falters.

SARK

(continuing)  
You! No!

Flynn looks up curiously.

SARK

(continuing)  
You were derezzed! I saw you!

FLYNN

That's never stopped me before.

SARK

Well... we can take care of that  
soon enough.

He points to Dumont. The guards grab him.

SARK

(continuing)  
Take the program to the  
holding pit.

CONTINUED

532A CONTINUED - 1

532A

The guards start to drag Dumont out.

YORI

(rushing after him)

Dumont...!

A guard pushes her roughly to the end of the cell.

SARK

(indicates Dumont)

I'm taking our friend here, and some other religious fanatics, to Master Control... the MCP has expressed an interest in assimilating them... probably for archival purposes. I'm not going back to the Game Grid on this ship, through... I'll take the Transport Beam.

(smiles)

But when I disembark, this ship... and everything that remains on board... will automatically de-rez. This means you.

LAUGHING, Sark leaves. The guards, with Dumont in custody, follow.

- 532B SHOT OF SARK, on the upper level moving away from camera. 532B
- 533 SHOT LOOKING DOWN INTO THE PIT CELLS into the cell that holds a dozen dejected, defeated, aging programs, the I/O Tower guardians. We see the door to the cell open, and guards beginning to herd them out. 533
- 534 ANGLE - LEVEL ABOVE CELLS Sark looks down at the cells below, then turns and moves on. 534
- 534A FLYNN'S POF as Sark passes above their cell. 534A
- 535 FLYNN staring up. 535
- 536 LONG SHOT - X of the carrier approaching the Central Processing Unit, a flat-topped mountain, with the communication beam of the MCP visible at the very center. 536

LIEUTENANT V.O.

Docking module prepared to disengage, sir.

537/538	OMITTED	537/538
539	SHOT FROM THE CARRIER - X of the CPU moving closer, the only structure visible in a vast flat plain covered with a glowing grid.	539
539A	LONG SHOT carrier - X	539A
539B	MED. SHOT zooming in. - Comp A figure is clinging to the side of the carrier. TRON.	539B
539C	LONG SHOT - X The CPU mesa, angle up, a beam shoots out.	539C
539D	THE BEAM - X hits a section of the carrier below the bridge area.	539D
540	EXT. MED. SHOT OF CARRIER - X A section below the observation port in the Bridge is moving forward.	540
541	INSERT - SARK'S HAND touching a control panel.	541
542	WIDER SHOT - INT. DOCKING POD We see Sark and his lieutenant standing on a raised platform/deck area, with a smaller observation window and control console. Below them the dozen guardian programs, Dumont and four memory guards are standing silently on a lower level.	542
	LIEUTENANT Intermediate vectors detached.	
	SARK Route us to the MCP. I want to get rid of this dead weight and catch a transport beam back to the Game domain.	
543	EXT. SHOT - X As the landing pod disengages completely, floating away from the carrier and then starting its final journey to the MCP, picking up speed on a straight and even course. We can see a small speck clinging to one side of the pod...	543
543A	CLOSE UP - SPECK - ZOOM IN - Comp Tron, holding himself braced into a narrow crack.	543A
544	FLYNN - YORI - X Yori is sitting with her head in her hands. Flynn is at the door testing it, running his finger along the edges.	544

545 LONG SHOT - X 545  
Of landing pod flying over the glowing grid that surrounds the CPU.

CUT TO:

546 A SHOT - X 546  
from behind the carrier of the pod getting smaller with distance.

547 POD POV - X 547  
Steep cliff face of the CPU is coming closer and closer, more and more detail visible.

548 POD - X 548  
tiny against the massive bulk of the CPU, descending for landing. The top edge of the cliff is encrusted with irregular shapes and the pod is headed for one opening among the shapes, fitting itself neatly in between so that it becomes a part of the structure.

549 INT. POD - Comp 549  
SHOT of DUMONT and the other Tower guardians. Sark lays his palm on another panel. From the rear wall of the pod we see the entire front wall rising slowly. Sark and his lieutenant stand by either side of the door, and we gradually are given a view of the MCP, two or three miles away at the center of the plain ahead. The structure is a series of gleaming black blades, forming a great cylinder, and the communication beam rises out of the center of this cylinder.

550 EXT. CARRIER - X 550  
floating upwards and forward.

551 MED. SHOT 551  
Flynn still at the door. He sees de-rezz and reacts.

FLYNN

Hey!

He turns to Yori. She looks disinterestedly. He moves over by her and kneels down.

FLYNN

(continuing)

Yori... I still have power...  
Sark doesn't know that.

He grabs her arm and pulls her up. She struggles against him.

CONTINUED

551 CONTINUED

551

YORI

No! Leave me alone! We've failed...

Flynn gives her a shake. She is crying.

FLYNN

We only fail if we stop trying...  
Come on.

He lets go of her and heads for the door, feeling around it again. It is disappearing, dissolving.

FLYNN

(continuing;  
turning)

Look, the door's almost...

He stops in horror.

CUT TO:

552 HIS POV - Comp

552

Yori is standing lethargically staring at her hands... through them. She is de-rezzing too. Her whole body becoming transparent. She looks up dimly at Flynn, with no expression.

553 WIDE SHOT - Comp

553

Flynn races back to her and takes her in his arms roughly, hugging her close, his energy flowing into her. Their faces are very close as he stares down, terrified that he is too late to save her. Her eyes are half-closed.

FLYNN

Yori!

554 CLOSE SHOT - Comp

554

Just their two faces. Flynn bends closer, their lips almost touch. Suddenly her eyes widen as her form returns to solidarity, and color floods back into her. Her mouth opens in wonder and she looks up at Flynn. He pulls a little away from her, still holding her.

YORI

(in awe)

You... you brought me back...?  
Why...? How...?

CONTINUED

554 CONTINUED 554

FLYNN

I'm gonna need your help. Hey,  
Bit!

\*

He looks around, spots a small glow in one corner of the cell, runs to it and stoops down, cupping the glow in his hands. It wavers. Flynn wills his energy into it, frowning with concentration. Suddenly the Bit pops into life. \*\*

BIT

Yes!

\*

FLYNN  
(laughs)

Let's get outta here.

\*

They head for the door.

555 THE MESA TOP OF THE CPU - X 555

The prisoners file forward on the path to the MCP. Sark is leading them. We can see the structure of the MCP closer now, looming bigger. The four memory guards are standing at regular intervals along the path.

556 EXT. POD DOOR - LIEUTENANT - Comp 556

on duty. He hears a NOISE and turns... and in a flash of light a speeding disk smashes into him, knocking him over. The CAMERA WATCHES over his de-rezzing body. We see a figure approaching closer... its arm is raised, and the disk slams back into the hand.

557 CLOSER SHOT 557

It is Tron. He steps over the body of the Lieutenant.

LONG SHOT, Mesa Top, prisoners filing forward.

SHOT OVER a guard to the doomed tower guardians moving forward.

CLOSER SHOT OF THEM.

558 THE MCP - Comp 558

from right outside. We see the prisoners beginning to file inside, up the final slope leading to the base of the MCP.

559 SIDE SHOT OF THE ENTRANCE 559

to the MCP. As the guardian programs enter. Sark stands waiting, watching them, his back to the camera.

SARK GRABS DUMONT by the shoulder.

SARK

Come on, Dumont. Soon it'll  
be over.

SHOT FROM BEHIND SARK as they move forward together.

560 POV OF THE DOOMED PROGRAMS - X

560

As the first one gets through the opening. The light from the MCP's beam pours out. Moving forward, through the entrance, the MCP is finally revealed. A giant cylinder, a hundred feet high, with a network of circuit lines, and stretched across all the visible surface...is a face. Flattened, stretched, bizarrely distorted, the face is capable of moving to any section of the cylinder. The impression is similar to the look of a grotesquely fat person's face, but more so. It's horrible. Beneath the floating cylinder face two inverted cones of light, meeting at their apex, support it. We continue moving forward, the MCP looming over us. Then the CAMERA STOPS and the doomed programs file past us, separating and going to the inner walls. The MCP speaks, we see his enormous lips moving.

MCP

(echoing, booming)

Welcome!

\*

INTERIOR MCP - Comp

Sark takes Dumont to the wall, and he's sucked back, pinned like Clu was in the beginning.

561 FULL SHOT - THE PROGRAMS

561

lining the wall. They are sucked back, pinned, immobile, and we see them starting to de-rez.

MCP

Programs, You are participating in the creation of the single most powerful program in the history of the system...of all systems.

The programs begin to disappear, one by one.

MCP

(continuing)

An Entity with a will...with ambition...a superior form of life...

INTERIOR, CARRIER BRIDGE

Flynn and Yori race into view, with the Bit beside them. Flynn runs to Sark's position, looking out the window.

FLYNN

Check out the controls.

Yori moves back to the controls.

FLYNN

We're getting closer.

CONTINUED

561 CONTINUED 561  
 FLYNN'S POV - X  
 down the length of the carrier. It is de-rezzing, parts  
 of it gone already. We see the CPU approaching as the  
 carrier rises.

EXTERIOR, LANDSCAPE - LONG SHOT - X  
 The carrier drifts over the edge of the mesa, high above  
 it, whole sections of it only visible as outlines.

INT. MCP - Comp  
 Dumont is slowly disappearing.

MCP  
 You thought you could resist me,  
 Dumont. But I won. I outlasted you.

SHOT OVER SARK OF THE MCP - Comp

MCP  
 Wait...! Sark... I feel a  
 presence... A warrior?

SHOT FROM BEHIND SARK

VOICE  
 SARK!

Sark turns, stares and moves forward.

SARK'S POV  
 We see Tron standing, legs spread, arms poised by his  
 sides, disk in one hand. It gives off a pure white light.

SARK EMERGES FROM THE MCP

562 thru 570 OMITTED 562 thru 570

571 CLOSE UP SARK'S FACE 571

SARK  
 I don't know how you survived, Slave.

572 WIDE SHOT FROM THE SIDE - Comp 572

SARK  
 It doesn't matter. Prepare to  
 terminate.

Sark flings his disk with a violent jerk of his wrist.

573 SHOT FROM ABOVE - Comp 573  
 as the disk races at Tron. He dodges, drops to one knee  
 and ducks under it. Sark's disk circles like a homing  
 missile and attacks again. Tron deflects the second  
 attack with his own disk, and the two meet with an ex-  
 plosion of light. Sark's disk ricochets off and races  
 away, back to Sark. We see Tron throw his own weapon.

574	OMITTED	574
	thru	thru
577		577
578	CLOSE UP Sark's face.	578
	SARK	
	You are very persistent, Tron.	
579	MED. SHOT - Comp Tron's disk circles Sark, attacking twice. Sark deflects it and immediately throws his own disk.	579
580	SHOT OF TWO WEAPONS - X Racing almost side by side through the air.	580
581	SHOT OF TRON - Comp As the two disks come at him.	581
	TRON	
	I'm also better than you...	
	He leaps into the air, grabs his own disk, pulling his legs up as Sark's disk passes under him.	
582	SHOT OF SARK'S DISK - X Making a sharp turn in the air.	582
583	SHOT OF TRON FROM BEHIND He looks over his shoulder, sees the disk coming at him.	583
584	TRON'S HAND - Comp As he slams his own disk into Sark's using his as a shield.	584
584A	BRIDGE Tron points down.	584A
	FLYNN	
	Yori!! Yori! Look!	
584B	CLOSE UP - YORI	584B
	YORI (whispers)	
	Tron.	
584C	SHOT OF SARK AND MCP OVER TRON - Comp down angle.	584C
584D	MEDIUM SHOT - TRON	584D

584E	MEDIUM SHOT - SARK - Comp he fires his disk.	584E
584F	TRON - Comp deflects the disk and throws.	584F
584G	MEDIUM SHOT - SARK - Comp	584G
	SARK Very clever, Tron.	
	Sark mimics Tron's moves.	
584H	TRON CATCHES HIS DISK - Comp and pauses.	584H
584I	LONG SHOT FROM SIDE Sark and Tron.	584I
584J	MEDIUM SHOT - SARK	584J
	SARK You should have joined me.	
584K	OVER TRON TO CARRIER IN BACKGROUND - Comp Tron looks up, sees it, reacts.	584K
584L	SARK THROWS - Comp	584L
584M	CLOSE UP - TRON REACTING TO SARK	584M
584N	TRON USES HIS DISK AS A SHIELD - Comp gripping it with both hands. Sark's disk is deflected. He throws again, with tremendous force.	584N
585	OMITTED	585
586		586
587	SARK - Comp He catches his own disk, spots Tron's coming at him right behind, and holds up his own disk as a shield.	587
	SARK We would have made a great team.	
588	TRON'S DISK - X turning sideways in its flight, edge on.	588
589	SARK - Comp With a CRASH and explosion of light, Tron's disk cuts right through Sark's disk, and on through Sark's head. The disk shatters, and we see Sark's surprised face, hands still in position to hold the disk...a jagged open slash right through his forehead. We can see energy pouring out of this wound like blood.	589

589A	TRON'S DISK FLYING BACK TO HIM - X	589A
589B	TRON CATCHING HIS DISK - Comp	589B
590	SARK - MEDIUM SHOT PULL BACK to longer. Sark falls, dead, face first.	590
591	OMITTED	591
592	TRON walking past Sark's body.	592
592A	TRON LEAPS OVER A CREVICE and walks forward toward the MCP.	592A
593	SHOT FROM BEHIND TRON as he goes in the MCP's inner chamber.	593
	MCP V.O. Good, Sark.	
594	OMITTED	594
595	SHOT OF TRON framed in the doorway.	595
	TRON I don't think it <u>is</u> good for you, MCP.	
596	SHOT OF MCP - X	596
	MCP Sark! How have you allowed this program to...	
597	OMITTED	597
598	SHOT FROM BEHIND TRON	598
	TRON Sark's out.	
	MCP (continuing) SARK!!!	
599	CLOSE SHOT - WALL - Comp Dumont is transparent. Tron runs up to him.	599
	TRON (trying to pull Dumont away from wall) Dumont!	

599 DUMOND 599  
 No...Tron...must...destroy...  
 MCP...first...

TRON  
 Dumont! Where's Yori? Where's  
 Flynn?

DUMONT  
 (very weak)  
 ...left on the carrier...erased...

600 MEDIUM SHOT - TRON 600  
 He turns, murder in his eyes, draws back his arm for the  
 throw.

MCP V.O.  
 Program...stop. This is not  
 allowed!

Tron throws.

601 SHOT OF MCP - X 601  
 The disk smashes into him, the panels close.

MCP  
 I will not allow this...  
 Sark!  
 (thundering)  
 SARK!!!

The voice reverberates, shaking the chamber.

602 OMITTED 602  
 Sark's dead hand. We see the circuit pattern of the  
 mesa top begin to grow around the hand, throbbing with  
 energy. The hand moves.

604 TRON - Comp 604  
 throwing again at the MCP,  
 hitting,  
 catching his disk again.

MCP  
 (thundering)  
 SARK!!!

605 SARK - Comp 605  
 his body is glowing, expanding. He starts to rise.

605A LONG SHOT - FLYNN AND YORI'S POV - Comp 605A  
 of Sark on Mesa.

605B	MEDIUM SHOT - FLYNN AND YORI she grips his hand, points to screen.	**	605B
	YORI Flynn! Look!		
606	CLOSE UP - SARK'S FACE It is vacant, staring with white eyes. His head still has the gaping hole in the forehead. He's a zombie, the living dead. He rises.		606
	From above we see Sark lurching forward toward the entrance to the MCP.		
607 thru 609	OMITTED		607 thru 609
610	SHOT OF YORI AND FLYNN		610
	FLYNN Yori, steer us over the beam, right next to it.		
610A	POV - MESA TOP - X		610A
	YORI (going to controls) How will that help?		
610B	FLYNN WITH YORI IN BACKGROUND		610B
	FLYNN (staring down) I'm going to jump.	*	
610C	OVER FLYNN TO BEAM IN BACKGROUND - Comp He looks over his shoulder.	*	610C
611	INT. MCP - TRON - Comp firing his disk. The MCP's panels spin - X There's a sudden ROAR and Tron turns.		611
611A	CLOSE UP - TRON REACTING		611A

- 611B DOWN ANGLE - SARK ATTACK - Comp 611B  
Tron. Sark speaks with the voice of the MCP, very  
echo-y and weird, the sound of several people speaking  
at once. SARK/MCP  
Tron! \*
- Tron throws his disk at Sark, who deflects it easily  
with his hand.
- 611C LONG SHOT - CARRIER 611C
- 612 OMITTED 612
- 613 BRIDGE - Comp 613  
Yori has steered them right next to the beam. She moves  
to Flynn, now standing near beam.
- YORI  
Flynn... you can't... you'll be  
de-rezzed!
- FLYNN  
(lays finger on her lips)  
Probably.
- He takes her in his arms. His head bends down and their  
lips meet. Yori's body begins to glow, change, metamor-  
phosize until she has the same appearance as in the love  
scene with Tron, sparkling and gorgeous. Her eyes are  
closed.
- 614 CLOSE UP - THEIR FACES 614  
Finally Flynn pulls away from her. Her eyes stay  
shut for a second then open.
- FLYNN  
(whispers)  
Don't worry.
- 615 LONGER SHOT - Comp 615  
He releases her, steps to the edge of the observation  
port, poises on the brink, and then leaps off, directly  
in the beam. We see Yori shakily grip the edge of the  
port and lean out.
- 616 HER POV - Comp 616  
Flynn is diving through space in the beam, falling in slow  
motion directly into the center of MCP itself.
- 616A YORI 616A  
holding the side of the carrier view port.

617	INT. MCP - Comp		617
	SARK/MCP		
	End of line, Program...		
	We can see the MCP in the background.		
617A	FOLLOW FLYNN IN THE BEAM - Comp		617A
	down into the MCP's head. There is a burst of static and the MCP's face wavers.		
617AB	MED. CLOSE TRACKING SHOT	***	617AB
617AC	CLOSE - FLYNN - IN BEAM	***	617AC
617B	CLOSE UP - SARK'S FACE		617B
	he turns and looks up.		
617C	MEDIUM SHOT - TRON		617C
617D	OVER SARK TO MCP - Comp		617D
	we see a weird 2-D image of Flynn's face circling in the MCP's cylinder.		
617E	CLOSE UP - TRON		617E
	getting an idea.		
617F	CLOSE UP - TRON'S HAND - Comp		617F
	on his disk.		
617G	OVER SARK, MCP IN BACKGROUND - Comp		617G
	Sark turns.		
617H	OVER TRON TO SARK - Comp		617H
	Tron fires the disk.		
617I	LONG SHOT OF MCP - X		617I
	as Tron's disk circles and dives into the center, the apex of the energy cones.		
618	SHOT OF THE APEX		618
	A brilliant explosion of lights bursts out.		
619	SARK - Comp		619
	SARK/MCP		
	No!	*	
619A	CLOSE UP - SARK'S FACE		619A
	His eyes are real again for a moment staring upwards in terrible comprehension.		
619B	FULL SHOT - SARK STARTS TO MELT - X		619B
	He melts down into a column of pure energy, and disappears completely.		

619C	MEDIUM SHOT - TRON LOOKING UP	619C
620	SHOT OF THE MCP - Comp We see something materializing in the apex of the energy cones. It is dressed like Dumont was at the I/O Tower, an old man in the padded altar costume, spinning, slowly, finally stopping. We see the wizened, wrinkled face of the true MCP for just a few seconds, staring out at the camera.	620
620A	CLOSE UP FINGERS ON ANCIENT TYPEWRITER circles away.	620A
620B	MEDIUM SHOT - REAL MCP - Comp Downangle.  And then he too dissolves into liquid energy, and disappears. The cylinder of the MCP starts glowing brighter and brighter.	620B
620C	FULL SHOT - Comp Dumont and the others rezzing back up; moving away from the wall.	620C
620D	THE DOOR as Tron leads them out.	620D
620E	LONG SHOT - Comp they run down out of the MCP as the glow intensifies inside.	620E
620F	FROM ABOVE - X The MCP starts to blow up. PULL BACK AND UP.	620F
620G	LOOKING DOWN INTO THE MCP - X Blades blow out and energy blasts up and around the camera.	620G
621	YORI on the bridge of the carrier looking down at this.	621
622	OMITTED	622
623		623
624	LONG SHOT, PULLING BACK TO REVEAL WIDE VISTA - X The nova of energy bursting upwards. We start to see the glow returning to the surrounding domains, as the nova dissipates, leaving the sky full of sparkling stars.	624
624A	LONG SHOT - MCP SUPER NOVAS - X camera PULLS BACK to reveal more - a huge vista.	624A
624B	TRON AND YORI'S HOME - X light returning to it.	624B

- 624C EXTREME LONG SHOT - X 624C  
nova of MCP energy blasting upwards, surrounding domains  
light up.
- 625 YORI 625  
still shielding her eyes, but looking out in wonder at  
the domains regaining their life.
- 626 HER POV - X 626  
One domain after another, scattered around the horizon,  
glows brightly, increasing.
- 627 LONG SHOT - X 627  
The carrier starts to descend. All that's left solid  
is the bridge area.
- 628 OMITTED 628
- 629 SHOT OF CARRIER - X 629  
Basically all that is left of it is the bridge, with  
only a very faint image of the rest of the body. It  
lands on a mesa.
- 630 EXT. CPU MESA - Comp 630  
Tron catches Yori as she jumps down. He hugs her close  
and looks at her, about to speak. But she reaches up  
and presses her lips to his in a quick, intense kiss.  
They PULL BACK.

TRON  
(laughing)  
Nice...

YORI  
It's something Users do.

TRON  
And where's Flynn?

He looks up at the bridge.

YORI  
He's gone. Into the MCP's  
beam. He saved you. He saved  
us, after all.

Tron stares at her, holding onto her shoulders. Then he  
looks up at the sky, thoughtfully. She also looks up.

DUMONT  
He really was a User...

Suddenly there's a flash coming down from above. The Bit.

BIT  
Yes.

- 631 LONG SHOT OF TRON AND YORI, DUMONT AND THE BIT - 631  
PULL BACK TO EXTREME LONG SHOT - Comp
- 631A FROM BEHIND TRON - Comp 631A  
looking out over the newly brightened landscape.
- 631B MOVING CAMERA OVER LANDSCAPE - X 631B  
revealing the beauty of the Electronic Network.
- 631C FROM IN FRONT OF THEM - Comp 631C  
They look up. Above them the beam of energy stretches  
high up into the sky.

CUT TO:

- 631D A VIEW DOWN AT THE ELECTRONIC NETWORK - X 631D  
from very high above, moving higher, very fast, the  
ground dropping away.

CUT TO:

TRON ENDING

- 631E FLYNN IS RE-REZZED IN LASER LAB 631E  
As he sits recovering and re-orienting himself, the  
computer prints out something...WE SEE OVER HIS SHOULDER  
that it is the information he needed to nail Dillinger.

CUT TO:

- 631F ALAN AND LAURA IN THEIR LAB 631F  
Over their computer, the identical information is  
being fed out... Flynn comes in waving paper... smiles.

CUT TO:

- 631G DILLINGER'S OFFICE 631G  
over his computer. WE SEE that the same Doomsday in-  
formation is being relayed.
- 631H WE SEE THE LAST LINE OF THE INFORMATION AND THE 631H  
characteristic END OF LINE which now takes on a  
great deal of irony.

oooOooo