

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Written by

Robert Zemeckis & Bob Gale

Fourth Draft
October 12, 1984

A1 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE (1985) - DAY

A1

CLOSE ON A TICKING CLOCK, showing 2 minutes to 8.

CAMERA MOVES, exploring, revealing MORE CLOCKS, of all varieties---cuckoo clocks, digital clocks, a grandfather clock, Felix the Cat with moving eyes...and all of them are ticking away in DEAD SYNC.

We continue exploring the garage, noting (in no particular order) a jet engine, a stack of unpaid bills addressed to "Dr. E. Brown" marked "OVERDUE," automotive tools, electronics parts, discarded Burger King wrappers, a video camera, an unmade army cot.

We go past a CLOCK RADIO---it lights up and comes on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...weather for Hill Valley and vicinity
for today, Friday, October 25: partly
cloudy with a chance of drizzles...

Now we come to a COFFEE MAKER with a built in clock timer. It too turns on---only there is no coffee pot! Boiling coffee drips onto an already wet hot plate.

Another timer triggers a TV set---an A.M. NEWSCAST is in progress, and the ANCHORWOMAN talks against a slide: "Plutonium Theft?" with the yellow and purple radiation symbol.

ANCHORWOMAN (ON TV)
...Officials at the Pacific Nuclear
Research Facility have denied the
rumor that a case of missing plutonium
was in fact stolen from their storehouse
two weeks ago. A Libyan Terrorist
group had claimed responsibility for
the alleged theft. Officials now
attribute the discrepancy to a simple
clerical error. The FBI, which is
still investigating the matter, had no
comment...

We pass a TOASTER attached to a timer. Two pieces of black toast sit on it, and as the timer clicks on, the ashen toast drops into the toaster...again. Clearly, we are seeing a morning routine for someone who hasn't been home for awhile.

CONTINUED

A1 CONTINUED

On the floor, a timer clicks on an electric can opener with an empty can of dog food. The empty can goes around. Below it, in a dog dish labeled "Einstein" is dog food that's been sitting for awhile.

Now we hear a key turning in the service door.

A pair of feet in Nike tennis shoes enters.

MARTY (O.S.)

Doc? Doctor Brown? Hello? Anybody home?

A skateboard is dropped onto the floor and rolls...under the army cot, coming to rest against a yellow case with purple radioactivity symbols, stamped "PLUTONIUM. Property of Pacific Nuclear Research Facility."

SERIES OF SHOTS - CLOSE IMAGES

Hands connect wires to terminals.

Fingers flip switches, illuminating "Power On" lights on consoles.

Hands twist rheostats.

Needles on gauges jump to life.

A hand poses in readiness over a set of GUITAR STRINGS, about to play...

Fingers turn a calibrated knob from "3" to "10."

A2 WIDER

A2

as we see a HIGH SCHOOL AGED KID (we can't see his face) ready to play his electric guitar. It's connected through a battery of amplifying equipment into a HUGE SPEAKER, 10 feet tall.

The kid hits it and there is a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION from the speaker which literally blasts the kid off his feet and into a set of shelves which collapse, covering him with books, tools, and junk! The blown speaker smokes.

CONTINUED

A3

ON THE RUBBLE

A?

as the stunned kid regains his senses and looks around.
He's MARTY McFLY, 17, dressed in jeans and a jean jacket.

MARTY

Whoa! Now that's what I call music!

As Marty picks himself up, a huge ALARM BELL on the wall
CLANGS. Marty runs over to the PHONE and answers it.

MARTY

Yo!

BROWN (V.O. phone)

Marty! Thank God I found you there!

MARTY

Doc! Where've you been all week?

BROWN (V.O. phone)

Never mind that now. Listen, can you
meet me at Twin Pines Mall tonight
at 1:15?

MARTY

1:15 in the morning?

BROWN (V.O. phone)

Right. I've made a major breakthrough
and I'll need your assistance.

MARTY

Okay, Doc, but what's going on?

BROWN (V.O. phone)

I'll give you all the details at the
appropriate time. Don't forget now,
tomorrow morning, 1:15 A.M.

MARTY

Yeah. Uh, Doc, about your amplifier...

BROWN (V.O. phone)

Oh, that's right---whatever you do,
don't use the amp. There's a slight
possibility of overload.

MARTY

I was just thinking that...

Suddenly all of the clocks strike 8:00 at once: chimes,
cuckoos, and digital beeps all toll in a bizarre
cacophany.

CONTINUED

A3 CONTINUED

BROWN (V.O. phone)
Are those my clocks I hear?

MARTY
Yep. It's 8:00.

BROWN (V.O. phone)
Perfect! My experiment worked! They're
all exactly 25 minutes slow!

MARTY
(suddenly alarmed)
25 minutes slow? Doc, are you telling
me it's almost 8:30?

BROWN (V.O. phone)
Precisely.

MARTY
Damn! I'm late for school!

Marty hangs up. He puts his WALKMAN headphones on, grabs
his backpack and reaches down to retrieve his SKATEBOARD.

Once again we see the Plutonium case...but Marty doesn't.

A4 EXT. BROWNS'S GARAGE - DAY

A4

The door opens, Marty throws his skateboard down and hops
on. He hits "PLAY" on the Walkman, and hot rock music
kicks in as MAIN TITLES BEGIN.

Marty skateboards past the garage---an architectural gem
that has seen far better days---and past a BURGER KING.

A TRUCK is pulling out---Marty grabs the back of it and
hitches a tow down the street.

A5 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

A5

Marty is towed down another street, on his way toward
Town Square and school. As the truck he's on continues
forward, Marty lets go and turns down an intersecting
street.

A6 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A6

TITLES CONTINUE as Marty skateboards through a town square
that has seen better days. We will particularly note:

CONTINUED

A6 CONTINUED

The Essex Adult MOVIE THEATER, featuring "Wet Teenage Sluts," all seats \$5.00.

The modern self-serve TEXACO STATION, where an old lady gets no help as she pumps her own gas.

Lou's Aerobic FITNESS CENTER, where 15 or 20 motley women are exercising in the window.

The BANK OF AMERICA, where customers wait in line at the VERSATELLER.

"ASK MR. FOSTER TRAVEL" advertising "10 days in Hawaii."

A dilapidated "Welcome to Hill Valley" SIGN on the corner.

The MAIN SQUARE in front of the old COURTHOUSE, a parking lot for the Department of Social Services.

And the abandoned TOWN THEATER, all boarded up, with "Assembly of Christ" on the marquee.

Marty hooks up on another vehicle and is towed along.

CONTINUED

A7 EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL A7

The front of the school has chipped paint and graffiti on the walls.

MARTY arrives, hops off the skateboard, kicks it up and runs up the stairs. An ATTRACTIVE GIRL rushes out toward him. She's JENNIFER PARKER, 17. The two of them are "an item."

MARTY

Jennifer!

JENNIFER

Marty---you're late! Don't go in this way! Strickland's looking for you! Two more tardies and you'll get detention!

A8 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY A8

Jennifer peeks around the corner down the hall.

JENNIFER

I think we're safe.

MARTY

This time it wasn't my fault.
The Doc set all his clocks 25 minutes slow.

VOICE (O.S.)

The Doc? Am I to understand that you're still hanging around with Dr. Emmett Brown, McFly?

They turn: it's MR. STRICKLAND, the stern, no-nonsense disciplinarian.

STRICKLAND

(hands each of them a tardy slip)
A tardy slip for you, Miss Parker, and another for you, McFly. I believe that makes four in a row. Now let me give you a nickel's worth of free advice, young man. That so-called Dr. Brown is dangerous. He's a real nut case. You fool around with him and you're going to end up in big trouble.

MARTY

(smiles)

Yes, sir.

Clearly, Marty's looking forward to that kind of trouble.

CONTINUED

A8 CONTINUED

STRICKLAND

You've got a real attitude problem, McFly. You're a slacker. You remind me of your father when he went here---he was a slacker, too.

MARTY

(bored with this)

Can I go now, Mr. Strickland?

STRICKLAND

I notice you're on the roster for the dance auditions after school. Why even bother, McFly? You don't have a chance. You're too much like your old man. No McFly ever amounted to anything in the history of Hill Valley.

MARTY

Yeah? Well, history's gonna change.

CUT TO:

A9 INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY

A9

CLOSE on a sign reading "AUDITIONS - Battle of the Bands."

JENNIFER PARKER, 17, stands at the side of the stage and gestures with crossed fingers and a hopeful expression.

The object of her attention is MARTY, on stage with his band, "The Pinheads." Marty acknowledges her.

Then he steps forward to address the dance committee.

MARTY

All right, we're the Pinheads, and we're gonna rock 'n roll!

They kick into a red hot number. Marty's fingers dance across the strings and frets in a complicated lead line. He's terrific, and the band sounds great.

They get only about 25 seconds into the number when a VOICE calls out.

DANCE COMMITTEEMAN

That's enough. Thank you.

Marty and the group stop playing, exchanging bewildered glances.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

10

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

10

AN ELECTION SOUND VEHICLE wipes the screen, with red white and blue bunting, proclaiming "RE-ELECT MAYOR 'GOLDIE' WILSON: HONESTY, DECENCY, INTEGRITY" and a picture of the incumbent. Mayor Wilson is black, about 50, with a GOLD FRONT TOOTH. The truck broadcasts a campaign speech by the Mayor.

MARTY and JENNIFER are walking together. She carries her schoolbooks; he has the skateboard. And he's depressed.

JENNIFER

Marty, one rejection isn't the end of the world.

MARTY

I don't know. Maybe I'm just not cut out for music.

JENNIFER

But you're good, Marty. You're really good. And this audition tape of yours is great...

(she gives him back a
CASSETTE TAPE)

You've got to send it in to that record company.

MARTY

Yeah, that's what Doc Brown keeps telling me: "Confidence. If you put your mind to it, you can do anything."

JENNIFER

That's good advice, Marty.

MARTY

Yeah, but what if I send it in and they hate it? What if they tell me I'm no good? What if they say "get outta here, kid, you got no future?" Why should I put myself through all that anxiety?

(he sighs)

Jeez, I'm starting to sound like my old man.

JENNIFER

Well, they say all of our emotional anxieties come directly from our parents.

CONTINUED

10

CONTINUED

MARTY

In that case, you can kiss me off right now.

JENNIFER

Come on, Marty, your father's not that bad.

MARTY

I think deep down inside he means well, but the man just can't get it together.

JENNIFER

At least he's letting you borrow the car tomorrow night. That's a major step in the right direction.

Marty spots a tricked-out 4 x 4 truck on display in the town square parking lot.

MARTY

Hey, check out that 4 x 4. Wouldn't it be great to take that up to the lake tomorrow night? We could put our sleeping bags in the back...make out under the stars...

(sighs, admiring it longingly)
Someday, Jennifer, someday...

JENNIFER

What about your mother? Does she know?

MARTY

Are you kidding? She thinks I'm going camping with the guys. If she found out I was going camping with you, she'd freak.

And I'd get the standard lecture about how she never behaved that way when she was in high school. She must have been a real goody two-shoes.

They pause across from the former courthouse building.

JENNIFER

(flirting)

She's just trying to keep you respectable.

MARTY

(flirting back)

She's not doing a very good job, is she?

They move closer..

CONTINUED

JENNIFER

Terrible...

They're about to kiss...

CLOCK WOMAN (O.S.)

Save the Clock Tower!

Marty and Jennifer turn. A middle-aged CHURCH GROUP TYPE WOMAN has a donation can and an armful of printed FLYERS.

CLOCK WOMAN

Mayor Wilson is sponsoring an initiative to repair that clock...

She points to the stopped clock on the old courthouse building.

CLOCK WOMAN (continuing)

30 years ago, lightning struck that clock tower, and the clock hasn't run since. We at the Hill Valley Preservation Society think it should be preserved exactly the way it is, as part of our history and heritage.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

MARTY

All right, lady. Here's a quarter.

Marty drops a quarter into her can and turns toward Jennifer again---but before he can move closer, the Clock Woman sticks a flyer in front of his face.

CLOCK WOMAN

Don't forget to take a flyer. It tells the whole story of the clock tower.

Marty grabs the flyer out of her hand.

MARTY

(trying to contain his anger)
Thank you.

She moves along to bother someone else.

MARTY

(to Jennifer)
Now...where were we?

JENNIFER

Right about here.

They move closer again as before, about to kiss...

CONTINUED

A CAR HORN HONKS LOUDLY. Jennifer turns away.

JENNIFER

That's my Dad. I've gotta go.

MARTY

This is not my day.

(a beat)

I'll call you tonight.

JENNIFER

I'll be at my grandma's. Here's
the number...

She writes something down on the back on the clock flyer
handout and gives it to him.

Marty takes it and she hops into the waiting car. Marty
watches it go. Then, looks at the paper Jennifer just gave
him.

10-A INSERT - NOTE

10-A

Along with the phone number, she's written "I love you".

10-B MARTY

10-B

smiles, then looks at the back of it---a reprint of a
newspaper article about the clock tower.

He folds it up and puts it in his pocket, and hops on
his skateboard.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. A ROAD - DUSK

11*

A PICK-UP TRUCK cruises down the road with MARTY towed
behind it on his skateboard.

As the truck passes an intersecting street, Marty lets
go---that's where he's going. A pair of dilapidated
looking lion statues indicate the entrance to a
subdivision: "Lyon's Estates." The lions are someone's
failed idea of "class," and they're chipped, weathered,
and covered with grafitti. Marty disappears behind
them, and we HOLD a beat.

12
13

OMITTED

..

CONTINUED

14 EXT. McFLY HOME - DUSK

14

A WRECKER is in the McFly driveway with a 1979 Plymouth Reliant in tow: its front end is completely smashed, as if someone rammed it into a brick wall. The truck driver is unhitching it.

MARTY skateboards up to the scene and is shocked.

MARTY

My God! The car is wrecked!

*

Marty rushes into the house.

*

14-A INT. McFLY LIVING ROOM

14-A*

Marty enters and sees BIFF TANNEN, an intimidating lout of 48, lambasting Marty's father, GEORGE McFLY, a timid man of 47.

BIFF

I can't believe you did this, McFly, you Irish bug. I can't believe you loaned me your car without telling me it had a blind spot. I could have been killed!

GEORGE

Biff, I never noticed any blind spot before.

BIFF

What, are you blind, McFly?
It's there! How else can you explain that wreck out there?

*

*

*

GEORGE

Can I assume that your insurance will pay for the damage?

*

*

BIFF

My insurance? It's YOUR car. Your insurance should pay for it. I wanna know who's gonna pay for THIS!
(indicates his stained suit)
I spilled beer all over it when that car hit me. Who's gonna pay the cleaning bill?

George hesitates, then meekly pulls out his wallet.

CONTINUED

14-A CONTINUED

GEORGE

Do you think 20 dollars'll cover it?

Biff snatches the 20 dollar bill out of George's hand.

BIFF

It's a start. And hey...
where's my reports?

GEORGE

Well, I haven't finished them yet.
I figured since they weren't due
till Monday...

BIFF

(knocks on George's head)
Hello? Anybody home? Think, McFly,
think! I've gotta have time to get
'em retyped. If I turn in my
reports in your handwriting, I'll
get fired.

GEORGE

Okay, I'll finish them tonight and
run them over first thing in the
morning.

BIFF

Not too early---I sleep in on
Saturday.
(about to leave)
Oh, hey, McFly: your shoe's untied.

GEORGE

(falling for it)
Huh?

He looks down and Biff hits him in the chin. Biff laughs
loudly.

BIFF

Don't be so gullible, McFly!

Biff heads toward the door and notices Marty staring at
him.

BIFF

What're you lookin' at, butthead?

Biff exits. Marty shakes his head and steps over to his
father, outraged. He's about to say something, but George
raises his hands and cuts him off.

CONTINUED

14-A CONTINUED

GEORGE

I know what you're going to say, son, and you're right. You're right. But he happens to be my supervisor, and I'm afraid I'm just not very good at confrontations.

MARTY

But Dad, he wrecked your car! He totalled it! I was counting on using it tomorrow night. Do you have any idea how important this was to me, Dad? Do you have any idea at all?

GEORGE

I know son, and all I can say is I'm sorry.

MARTY

Dad, did it ever occur to you to say "no?" To just once try saying "no?"

GEORGE

Son, I know it's hard for you to understand, but the fact is, I'm just not a fighter.

MARTY

Try it once, Dad. Just one time, say "no." "N-O." "No."

Now there's a rap on the screen door as HOWARD, the pot bellied next-door neighbor steps in with his DAUGHTER, 11, wearing a LITTLE LEAGUE uniform. *

HOWARD

Hey, McFly! My kid's selling peanut brittle for her team! It's 5 dollars a box. I'm putting you down for a case, okay, McFly? *

Marty shakes his head. George hesitates, gulps...

GEORGE

Well...okay.

HOWARD

(to his daughter) See, Michelle? I told you we'd only have to go to one house. *

Marty shakes his head hopelessly.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

15

INT. AT THE McFLY DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

1.

The McFly family is dining on meat loaf, Kraft macaroni and cheese, Bird's Eye mixed vegetables, and French's instant mashed potatoes.

Marty's mother, LORRAINE, 47, was once very attractive. Now she's OVERWEIGHT, in a rut, a victim of suburban stagnation. She has more food on her plate than anyone else, and a glass of vodka.

GEORGE has papers in front of him instead of food: he's doing the work Biff gave him. He's also glancing at the TV which is tuned to a "Honeymooners" rerun.

Sister LINDA, 19, is cute but wears too much eye makeup; brother DAVE, 22, wears a McDONALD'S UNIFORM and is wolfing down his food.

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED

GEORGE

(to Marty)

Believe me, son, you're better off not having the aggravation of dealing with that YMCA dance. You'd have to worry about getting all your equipment there, making contingency plans in case someone got sick, making sure you got paid correctly, settling with the Musician's union...and what if you were so good that other people wanted to hire you? You'd have to worry about scheduling your jobs around school. Believe me, son, you're better off without those headaches.

DAVE

He's right, Marty. If there's one thing you don't need, it's headaches.

Marty nods unenthusiastically.

Lorraine brings in a cake which says "Welcome Home Uncle Joey" with a black bird flying out of a barred prison window.

LORRAINE

Kids, I guess we're gonna have to eat this cake by ourselves: your Uncle Joey didn't make parole again. I think it would be nice if you all dropped him a line.

MARTY

Uncle "Jailbird Joey"?

DAVE

He's your brother, Mom.

LINDA

Yeah. I think it's a major embarrassment having an Uncle in prison.

LORRAINE

We all make mistakes in life, children.

DAVE

(checks watch)

Damn, I'm late.

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED

He wipes his mouth and hurries off.

LORRAINE

Please watch your language, David.

LINDA

(to Marty)

Jennifer Parker called...wants you to
call her back.

CONTINUED

LORRAINE

I don't like her, Marty. Any girl who calls up a boy is looking for trouble.

Pass the mashed potatoes, please.

Marty passes them and Lorraine takes a big helping.

LINDA

Oh, Mother, there's nothing wrong with calling a boy.

LORRAINE

Well, I think it's terrible, girls chasing boys. I never chased a boy when I was your age. I never called a boy, or asked a boy on a date, or sat in a parked car with a boy. Because when you behave like that, boys won't respect you, Linda. They'll think you're cheap.

Linda rolls her eyes. She's heard this a million times.

LINDA

Then how are you ever supposed to meet anybody?

LORRAINE

It'll just happen. Like the way I met your father.

LINDA

But that was so stupid! Grandpa hit him with his car.

LORRAINE

It was meant to be.

LINDA

I still don't understand what Dad was doing in the middle of the street.

LORRAINE

What was it, George? Birdwatching?

GEORGE

(absorbed in his work)

Huh? Did you say something, Lorraine?

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED

LORRAINE

(to Linda and Marty)

Anyway, Grandpa hit him with the car and brought him into the house. He seemed so helpless...like a little lost puppy. And my heart just went out to him.

LINDA

Yeah, Mom, you've told us a million times: "Florence Nightingale to the rescue."

LORRAINE

(thoughtfully, remembering)

The next weekend, we went on our first date: the "Enchantment Under the Sea" school dance. I'll never forget it---it was the night of that terrible thunderstorm. Remember, George?

GEORGE

What's that, dear?

LORRAINE

(ignores him; to Marty and Linda)

Your father kissed me for the very first time on the dance floor...and that was when I realized I was going to spend the rest of my life with him.

Marty and Linda exchange a look and shake their heads.

LINDA

I can't believe Dad actually got up enough nerve to kiss you in public.

LORRAINE

Well, I may have encouraged him a little...

MARTY

I'll bet you had to practically jump on his bones.

Marty gets up, finished eating, and exits.

Lorraine looks at George, then smiles demurely to herself.

LORRAINE

Thinking back on it, I did.

CUT TO:
CONTINUED

16

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

*
16

Marty's walls are covered with posters of rock stars and cars ---particularity Toyota 4X4's.

There is also a portable home synthesizer, a tape recorder, and a stack of lead sheets.

Marty sits at his desk, with an submission form that has an "R & G RECORDS" letterhead, an envelope, and the cassette tape Jennifer Parker gave him. There's also a picture of Jennifer there.

*
*

He signs the form and puts it in the envelope, along with the cassette tape. He is about to seal it---then he hesitates, and ponders a moment. He stares at the envelope---it's addressed to the "R & G RECORDS, NEW TALENT DIVISION". He sighs, shakes his head, pulls the tape out and chucks the envelope and application into the trash can.

Marty sighs, then kicks back on the bed and sprawls out. He closes his eyes.

*
*

CUT TO:

16-A

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - CLOCK ON MARTY'S NIGHTSTAND

16-A

It's almost 12:30. CAMERA PANS to pick up Marty lying asleep on the bed fully clothed.

Now Marty's CORDLESS PHONE beeps. Marty stirs and answers it.

MARTY

(into phone)

Hello?

BROWN (V.O. PHONE)

You didn't fall asleep, did you?

*

MARTY

Uh, no, of course not.

*

BROWN (V.O. PHONE)

Uh huh. Listen, I forgot my video camera. Could you stop by my place and pick it up on your way to the mall?

*

*

MARTY

No problem, Doc.

CONTINUED

16-A CONTINUED

16-A

Marty hangs up. He looks at the clock, then shoves pillows under his covers to make it look like he's asleep. He takes his Walkman, his orange down vest, his skateboard, and opens the bedroom window. He climbs out.

16-B OMITTED

16-B

16-C

16-C

CONTINUED

17

EXT. TWIN PINES MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

17

CAMERA PANS from the lit entrance sign, depicting 2 PINE TREES IN A ROW with "TWIN PINES MALL" in lettering below (along with a digital clock at 1:18) to pick up MARTY on his skateboard with WALKMAN AND VIDEO CAMERA. Marty skateboards around a corner of the mall and sees

AN OVERSIZED STEP-VAN with a drop down tailgate (like a ramp) all by itself on the vast, sodium vapor lit parking lot. It's beat up, and has lettered on the side, "DR. E. BROWN ENTERPRISES - 24 HOUR SCIENTIFIC SERVICE."

A large DOG sits patiently beside it. The animal has a battery operated digital clock attached to its collar. There are a few boxes, some equipment and a suitcase nearby.

MARTY skateboards over to the truck and the dog.

MARTY

Doc? Hello?

(to the dog,
petting him)

Hiya, Einstein. Where's the Doc?
Where's the Doc, boy?

We hear an ENGINE REV UP---the truck engine?

The rear truck doors suddenly open and a SLEEK STAINLESS STEEL DELOREAN drives down the drop down gate, onto the parking lot. It's been modified with coils and some wicked looking units on the rear engine.

Marty stares at it in amazement.

The Delorean pulls up to him and stops. The gull wing driver's door opens and out steps DR. EMMETT BROWN, 65.

He's clad in a white radiation suit, hood off. His hair is wild, his eyes are full of life and energy.

BROWN

Good evening, Marty. Welcome to my latest experiment. This is the big one---the one I've been waiting for all my life.

Marty ogles the vehicle.

MARTY

It's a DeLorean---but what did you do to it? And what's with the Devo suit?

CONTINUED

17

CONTINUED

BROWN

Bear with me, Marty, all of your questions will be answered. Roll tape and we'll proceed.

Marty raises the camera. Brown clears his throat and addresses the camera.

BROWN

Good evening, I'm Dr. Emmett Brown.
I'm standing here on the parking lot
at Twin Pines Mall.
It's Saturday morning, October 26,
1985, 1:19 a.m., and this is
temporal experiment number one.
(to the dog)
Come on Einstein. Get in, boy.

*
*
*

The dog obediently jumps in and sits in the driver's seat.
Brown buckles him in with the shoulder harness.

BROWN

(to Marty and video camera)
Please note that Einstein's clock
here is in precise synchronization
with my control watch.

Brown holds up a digital watch next to Einstein's clock;
indeed, the two are in dead sync.

CONTINUED

17

CONTINUED

BROWN
(to the dog)
Good luck, Einie.

Brown reaches in and starts the ignition. The DeLorean engine ROARS to life. Brown turns on the headlights and lowers the gull wing door, sealing Einstein in.

He steps back and picks up a REMOTE CONTROL UNIT, similar to one for a radio controlled toy car. There are buttons labeled "Accelerator" and "Brake", a joystick, and an L.E.D. digital readout labeled "Miles Per Hour". Brown flicks the power switch on and, using the accelerator button and joystick for steering, sends the DeLorean down to the far, far end of the parking lot. He turns the car around so that it's pointing toward them, idling.

BROWN
Here we go, Marty. If my
calculations are correct, when the
car hits 88 miles an hour, you're
gonna see some serious shit.

Brown takes a deep breath, then pushes the accelerator button.

The DeLorean takes off, shifting gears automatically.

The L.E.D. speedometer passes 30.

The stainless steel vehicle zooms faster...past 40...

Marty is getting it all on tape.

Brown watches intently. The speedometer climbs past 60.

IN THE CAR, Einstein remains calmly in the driver's seat. Gauges and instrument lights mounted behind him begin flashing.

Brown's finger holds the accelerator button down.

The meter passes 75.

The DeLorean keeps accelerating, approaching Marty and Brown. The coils mounted around the car begin glowing.

18

EXT. MALL, DELOREAN - NIGHT

18

The speedometer hits 85...86...87...88...
The automobile is suddenly engulfed by a BLINDING WHITE

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

GLOW---then, BLAM! It's gone, a TRAIL OF FIRE left in its wake.

19 Brown and Marty are hit by a sharp blast of air. 19

Marty blinks in disbelief: it's as if the car never existed. Only the LICENSE PLATE is left behind---a vanity plate: "NO TIME."

BROWN

(elated)

What'd I tell you? 88 miles per hour! Temporal displacement occurred at

(checks watch)

exactly 1:02 a.m. and zero seconds.

*

MARTY

(shocked)

Christ Almighty! You disintegrated Einstein!

BROWN

Calm down, Marty. I didn't disintegrate anything. The molecular structure of both Einstein and the car are completely intact.

MARTY

Then where the hell are they?

BROWN

The appropriate question is: WHEN the hell are they. You see, Einstein has just become the world's first time traveller. I sent him into the future---one minute into the future, to be exact. And at exactly 1:03 a.m. and zero seconds, we shall catch up to him...and the time machine.

*

MARTY

Time machine? Are you trying to tell me you built a time machine out of a DeLorean?

BROWN

(smiles, modestly)

The way I figured it, if you're gonna build a time machine into a car, why not do it with some style. Besides, the stainless steel

CONTINUED

BROWN (continued)
 construction made the flux
 dispersal---
 (his digital watch BEEPS)
 Ten seconds! Roll tape---and brace
 yourself for a sudden displacement
 of air.

Marty aims the camera right where the Delorean disappeared.
 Brown grips the remote control unit tightly and counts down.

BROWN
 5...4...3...2...1...

Their hair stands up on end, charged up with static
 electricity...

20 Suddenly, a SHARP BLAST OF WIND comes up out of nowhere, 20
 along with a DEAFENING SONIC BOOM---and the DELOREAN
 REAPPEARS right where it vanished, still going 88 m.p.h.!

21 Brown hits the brake button. 21

The car wheels lock up and the DeLorean comes to a
 SCREECHING HALT, smoke pouring off the body.

Brown and Marty rush over to the car. Brown approaches
 cautiously and reaches for the door handle. He touches it
 and recoils in pain.

MARTY
 Is it hot?

BROWN
 It's cold. Damned cold.

Brown raises the driver's side door: there sits Einstein,
 none the worse for wear. Brown again compares his watch
 with Einstein's .

22 INSERT - WATCHES 22

Einstein's reads 1:20:10 Brown's is 1:21:10. *

23 BACK TO SHOT 23

BROWN
 Exactly one minute difference---and
 still ticking!

MARTY
 Is Einstein all right?

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED

Brown unbuckles the shoulder harness, and Einstein bounds out, happy and playful. Brown gives the dog a milk bone reward.

BROWN

Good boy, Einie!

(to Marty)

He's fine. And he's completely unaware that anything happened. As far as he's concerned, the trip was instantaneous. That's why his watch is a minute behind mine---he "skipped over" that minute to instantly arrive at this moment in time. Come here, let me show you how it works...

Marty is still a bit skeptical, uneasy. Brown waves him over, like a kid who wants to show off a new toy. Marty approaches cautiously.

BROWN

First, you turn the time circuits on...

Brown flips the labelled switch. An array of indicator lights go on inside.

BROWN

(continuing)

This readout tells you where you're going, this one tells you where you are, this one tells you where you were.

The three readouts are respectively labelled "DESTINATION TIME," "PRESENT TIME" and "LAST TIME DEPARTED."

BROWN

(continuing)

You input your destination time on this keypad. Want to see the signing of the Declaration of Independence?

He punches 7-4-1776. The "DESTINATION TIME" readout lights up with the date.

BROWN

(continuing)

Or witness the birth of Christ?

He punches in 12-25-0.

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED

BROWN

(continuing)

Here's a red letter date in the
history of science: November 5, 1955...

He pauses, realizing something---as if something suddenly
makes sense to him.

BROWN

Yes, of course...November 5, 1955...

MARTY

What happened then?

BROWN

That was the day I invented time
travel. I remember it vividly: I was
standing on the edge of my toilet,
hanging a clock. The porcelain was
wet; I slipped and hit my head on the
sink and when I came to, I had
a revelation---a vision---a picture
in my head. A picture of THIS...

Brown points to a particular centerpiece unit mounted
inside the DeLorean.

Marty aims the video camera and gets it on tape. He
continues taping as Dr. Brown explains.

BROWN

This is what makes time travel
possible: the Flux Capacitor.

MARTY

Flux Capacitor, huh?

BROWN

It's taken me almost 30 years and my
entire family fortune to fulfill
the vision of that day.... My God, has
it been that long? I've been working on
this...

(pulls out a pocket

abacus and calculates)

...29 years, 11 months, and 355 days,
excluding vacations, of course. Almost
30 years. Amazing. Things have certainly
changed. This all used to be farmland here,
as far as the eye could see...

MARTY

(admiring the Time Machine)

This is heavy duty, Doc. And it runs on,
like, regular unleaded gasoline?

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED

BROWN

Unfortunately, no. It requires something with a little more kick...

Brown indicates a container with purple radioactivity symbols on it.

MARTY

(reads the label)

Plutonium?! You mean this sucker's nuclear?

BROWN

Electrical. But I need a nuclear reaction to generate the 1.21. jigowatts of electricity I need. The flux capacitor stores it, then discharges it all at once, like a gigantic bolt of lightning.

MARTY

Hold the phone, Doc---plutonium's illegal. Did you rip it off?

BROWN

Of course---from a group of Libyan nationalists. They wanted me to build them a bomb. I took their plutonium and in turn gave them a shiny bomb casing full of used pinball machine parts. Let's get Einstein in the truck---we must prepare to reload.

*
*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

23-A CLOSE ON THE PLUTONIUM CONTAINER

23-A

as Brown's gloved hands remove a 4 inch cylinder with plutonium rod within (it's surrounded by water).

23-B WIDER

23-B

Marty is now dressed in a yellow radiation suit; both he and Brown have their hoods up.

The DeLorean has been moved close to the truck. Marty videotapes as Brown steps over to the rear of the DeLorean and places the plutonium cylinder into the loading hopper. The plutonium rod drops down into the reactor, which then seals shut.

BROWN

(removes his hood)

It's safe now. Everything is lead lined.

*

CONTINUED

23-B CONTINUED

Marty removes his hood. Einstein watches from the truck. *

BROWN

Oh---I mustn't forget my luggage...

Brown grabs his suitcase and puts it in the trunk (it's in the front).

BROWN

Who knows if they'll have cotton underwear in the future? I'm allergic to all synthetics.

Brown slams the trunk shut.

MARTY

The future? Is that where you're going?

BROWN

That's right. 25 years into the future. I've always dreamed of seeing the future---looking beyond my years, observing the progress of mankind.

(pauses, then smiles wryly)
I'll also be able to find out who wins the next 25 World Series.

MARTY

Well, be sure to look me up when you get there and I'll fill you in on what's been happening. *

BROWN

Indeed I will.

(clears throat,
addresses camera)

I, Dr. Emmett Brown am about to embark on an historic journey---

Suddenly, Einstein starts BARKING at something.

BROWN

What is it, Einie?

Brown turns, and reacts with horror to an APPROACHING PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS: it's an ominous VAN.

BROWN

Oh, no---they found me. I don't know how, but they found me.

MARTY

Who?

CONTINUED

23-B CONTINUED

BROWN

The Libyans I ripped off!

The van side door slides open and a SWARTHY CHARACTER who resembles Yasser Arafat leans out with an AK 47 submachine gun. He OPENS FIRE.

BROWN

Run for it, Marty: I'll draw their fire!

Brown runs into his truck, rummages around, and comes out with a .45 revolver. He tries to fire at the van, but the gun won't work. He then breaks for the mall, a good 500 yards away. *

Einstein watches from Brown's truck. *

The terrorist van SCREECHES around sharply and gives chase. The terrorist FIRES a machine gun blast.

MARTY

Doc---no! Wait!

But Brown keeps running ---and the van closes the distance. No way can Brown outrun it to the mall. *

The Terrorist gunner screams a Libyan curse, then FIRES a burst at Brown.

The bullets rip into Brown's chest and the scientist goes down.

Marty stands frozen in horror, video camera still in hand.

MARTY

Doc! Oh my God!
(at the terrorists)
You bastards!

As if hearing Marty, the van makes a U-turn: it's coming for Marty!

Marty looks around. He's out in the open, and has only one chance: The DeLorean.

Marty dashes for it.

The Libyan gunner takes aim and pulls the trigger, but the weapon jams. He jerks the mechanism trying to unjam it. He swears in Libyan. *

CONTINUED

24 INT. DELOREAN

Marty swings the door shut, then looks over the array of switches and buttons on the console with frightened bewilderment: how do you start this thing?

Then he spots the keys in the ignition on the steering column, just like any other car. He turns it over and shifts into first. He floors it.

25 THE CHASE

25

The DeLorean roars off!

The van gives chase.

25-A INT. DELOREAN - INSERT

25-A

The speedometer approaches 40.

25-B EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - ON THE VAN

25-B

The Terrorist Gunner leans out of the van and takes aim.

25-C INT. MOVING DELOREAN

25-C

MARTY looks into the side view mirror.

25-D MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU SIDE VIEW MIRROR

25-D

of the Libyan gunner taking aim.

25-E INT. DELOREAN - INSERT

25-E

The speedometer climbs past 50.

25-F EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - THE MOVING VAN

25-F

The gunner FIRES.

25-G EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - THE MOVING DELOREAN

25-G

Bullets rip into the parking lot just behind the speeding DeLorean.

25-H INT. MOVING DELOREAN

25-H

Marty has the pedal to the medal.

25-J INSERT - The speedometer hits 75.

25-J

25-K ON MARTY - Marty again checks the side view mirror.

25-K

25-L MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU SIDE VIEW MIRROR

25-L

The van is still keeping up.

CONTINUED

25-M INT. MOVING DELOREAN

25-M

Marty reacts.

MARTY

Let's see if you bastards can do
90...

25-N EXT. MALL PARKING LOT

25-N

The DeLorean continues accelerating.

25-P The van continues pursuit, but begins to lose ground.

25-P

25-Q INT. MOVING DELOREAN

25-Q

INSERT - The speedometer passes 85!

25-R ON MARTY - Gauges and indicators light up behind
Marty's head, just as they did before Einstein travelled
through time---the flux capacitor is about to kick in!

25-R

25-S INSERT - The speedometer climbs...86...87...88---

25-S

26 INT. MOVING DELOREAN, BEHIND MARTY, THRU THE WINDSHIELD

26

The mall parking lot is suddenly changed into an OPEN FIELD
with a SCARECROW in the middle of it!

Marty is speeding toward it at 88 miles an hour---he hits
it! The scarecrow's face is hideously smashed against the
windshield.

26-A INT. MOVING DELOREAN - MARTY

26-A

can't see. He's completely disoriented.

26-B INT. MOVING DELOREAN - (PROCESS)

26-B

The scarecrow head falls off the DeLorean, revealing that
Marty's heading toward an open barn.

27 EXT. FARM FIELD AND BARN - NIGHT

27

The DeLorean speeds right into the OPEN BARN.

We hold on the barn exterior---we hear a CRASH; hay and
dust are kicked up out the door...then a CRACK OF
WOOD---and A LARGE SECTION OF THE BARN ROOF CAVES IN!

We hold on the barn. We hear a DOG start BARKING.

CONTINUED

28 EXT. NEARBY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

2

A light goes on in the nearby FARMHOUSE. Now, FARMER PA PEABODY, 45, comes out in his red flannels, carrying a lantern. Behind him is his wife, MA; their buxom 14 year old DAUGHTER, and lively 11 year old son SHERMAN.

They approach the barn and cautiously enter through the rear doors.

29 INT. BARN - NIGHT

2

The Peabodys stare in open-mouthed astonishment:

The stainless steel vehicle faces them head on, headlight beams shining through the dust. With its wheels buried in the straw and amber hazard lights blinking, it looks like a SPACE SHIP!

The COWS in the barn don't seem to care much, but Ma and Pa look up at the hole where the roof caved in, then exchange an uneasy look.

MA

What is it, Pa?

PA

Looks like an airplane...without wings...

SHERMAN

Airplane? It's a flying saucer, Pa! From outer space!

The driver's gull wing door rises slowly...just like a hatch.

Pa motions them all back. They watch expectantly, uneasily, with expressions of curiosity mixed with fear.

Now Marty steps out, dazed---he's in the radiation suit, and the HOOD IS DOWN, giving him the appearance of an alien!

PA

Run, children! Run for your lives!

They all run like hell out of the barn!

Marty takes a few steps, then removes the hood.

MARTY

Hey! Hello? Where am I? .

Marty looks around. The cows in the barn just chew their cud.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

Marty shakes his head, then steps out the barn door.

29-A EXT. BARNYARD - NIGHT

29-A*

Marty steps out into the barnyard.

MARTY

Excuse me! Anybody here?

30 EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

30

PA busts out of the farmhouse with a double-barrelled shotgun. He's scared.

Sherman comes running out right behind him, with something rolled up in his hand.

SHERMAN

Shoot it, Pa---it's already mutated into human form! Shoot it!

Pa raises his shotgun---he's nervous and unsteady. He FIRES!

Buckshot cracks into the barn wall behind Marty.

PA

Take that, you---you mutated son-of-a-bitch!

He squeezes off the second barrel!

Shot explodes in the dirt near Marty's feet! He dashes back into the barn!

Pa breaks the gun and reloads.

SHERMAN

Be careful, Pa---don't get too close or he'll take over your brain!

PA

What the hell are you talkin', boy?

SHERMAN

Read this! It's all in here!

Sherman shows him his "TALES FROM SPACE" COMIC BOOK: On the cover is a space ship that resembles a 50's version of the DeLorean. An alien is stepping out who looks something like Marty in the radiation suit, and he appears to have enslaved several human females. The title of the story is "Space Zombies From Pluto."

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

Pa gulps. *

Now the DELOREAN THUNDERS OUT of the barn!

Pa Peabody jumps back!

The car spins around in the barnyard, and smashes through a white picket fence surrounding 2 NEWLY PLANTED PINE TREES IN A LINE, just like on the sign at "TWIN PINES MALL." The DeLorean takes out one of the small trees, then finds the dirt access road and ROARS AWAY.

PA

You space bastard! You killed one
of my pines!

Pa FIRES both barrels at the departing vehicle---and blows
his own mailbox to shreds. *

He runs over to his "pine grove."

PA

(extremely upset)
Now I only got one.

CUT TO: *

31 EXT. THE FARM DIRT ROAD - MORNING 31

The DeLorean tears along the dirt road, past an entrance
sign reading "Twin Pines Ranch," and turns onto the main
(PAVED) road. *

31-A INT. MOVING DELOREAN - DAY 31-A*

Marty is driving. He's out of breath, scared, disoriented. *

CONTINUED

31-A CONTINUED

MARTY

Okay, Marty, get a hold of yourself.
There's gotta be an explanation
for this. It's probably all a dream---
one very intense dream. It's all gonna
resolve itself.

A32- OMITTED
A41A32-
A41*

B32 INSERT - DELOREAN FLOORBOARDS

B32*

Marty's foot slams on the brake.

B33 EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

B33*

The DeLorean burns to a screeching halt. The engine dies.

B34 EXT. FARMLAND - CRANE SHOT

B34*

Marty gets out of the DeLorean and takes us to the LION'S
GATES of "Lyon Estates," standing alone on a dirt road,
surrounded by colored pennants and a large sign promoting
the development. The gates are brand new. We CRANE UP,
revealing empty farmland beyond.

B35 MARTY

B35*

is totally astonished. Now we hear the sound of an
approaching car. MARTY turns.

A 1947 Hudson is coming down the road. Marty waves his
arms at the car.

B36 MOVING P.O.V. OF MARTY FROM THE HUDSON

B36*

A bizarre image---Marty in the yellow radiation suit,
next to the DeLorean.

CONTINUED

B37 ON MARTY AND THE HUDSON

B37*

The driver of the Hudson reacts with fear---he honks and speeds past Marty. Marty gulps.

MARTY

It can't be. It can't be!

He rushes back to the DeLorean and looks in.

B38 INT. DELOREAN

B38*

The time displays show "Present Time: Nov. 5, 1955, 6:23 a.m."
"Destination Time: Nov. 5, 1955, 6:00 a.m." and "Last Time
Departed: Oct. 26, 1985, 1:35 a.m."

Suddenly the displays blank out as the car dies. The
Plutonium chamber gauge reads "Empty."

Marty turns the ignition key, but the engine won't start.
He tries it again, and again---each time the starter
sounds worse. Finally it completely dies. Marty hits
the steering wheel in frustration.

MARTY

Perfect.

CUT TO:

B39 EXT. BEHIND THE LYON'S BILLBOARD - DAY

B39*

Marty, in his regular street clothes, pushes the DeLorean
behind the billboard, hiding it from view of the main road.

Marty takes a deep breath, then walks around the sign and
down the main road. Up ahead is a mileage marker that
says "Hill Valley - 2."

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

A42 EXT. HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A42

Marty arrives in Hill Valley Town Square, 1955. It's vibrant, bustling, alive. Marty is amazed at what he sees. He walks across the street, staring at the town square.

He notices:

THE MOVIE THEATER is now playing "Cattle Queen of Montana" starring Barbara Stanwyck and Ronald Reagan.

A RECORD STORE, with Patti Page and Eydie Gorme albums on display.

B42 MARTY

B42*

walks toward the center of town square and reacts to the clock chiming 8:30.

He moves along, pausing to stare at the Studebaker dealership.

As he reaches the corner, he sees the travel agency promoting vacations in Cuba, and the realty office advertising bomb shelters.

Now he looks up and reacts to:

C42 A POLITICAL SOUND TRUCK
heading around the corner, promoting "Red" Thomas for Mayor.

C42*

D42 MARTY

D42*

shakes his head, then spots a discarded newspaper in the trash. He picks it up and looks at the date.

E42 INSERT - NEWSPAPER

E42*

The date is Saturday, November 5, 1955.

CONTINUED

F42 MARTY

F42*

now spots a WOMAN walking toward him.

MARTY

Uh, excuse me, ma'am, but could you
pinch me?

WOMAN

I beg your pardon?!?

MARTY

Pinch me! Pinch me!

The woman SLAPS Marty across the face and walks off in a
huff.

MARTY

This 's definitely not a dream.
(calls to the woman)
Thanks a lot!

Now he notices something across the street.

G42 MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

G42*

the PUBLIC TELEPHONE SIGN in Lou's Cafe.

H42 MARTY

H42*

has an idea. He runs across the street, into the cafe.

CONTINUED

43 INT. CAFE - DAY

43

A typical cafe/soda fountain of the period; 2 or 3 CUSTOMERS are at the counter.

Marty stares at the signs: Coffee - 5 cents; Ice Cream - 10 cents. A calendar displays the date: November 5, 1955. *

LOU, the counterman, spots Marty in his orange down vest.

LOU

What'd you do, kid, jump ship? *

MARTY

Huh? *

LOU

What's with the life preserver? *

MARTY

I just want to use the phone. *

LOU

In the back. *

Lou points it out: a phone booth.

44 MARTY

goes into the phone booth and flips through the directory.

45 INSERT - DIRECTORY

45

Marty's finger comes to rest at "Brown, Emmett L. (Scientist)". 1640 Riverside Dr. KLondike 5-4385.

46 MARTY

46

smiles---just what he was hoping for.

MARTY

Thank God you're still around. *

Marty puts in a dime and dials the number. It rings...and rings...and rings. No answer. He hangs up.

MARTY

Not my day.

He rips the page out and shoves it in his pocket.

CONTINUED

47

INT. CAFE

47

Marty saunters out of the phone booth and takes a seat at the counter. A NERDY LOOKING KID is seated nearby, sipping a soda and reading a comic book.

Marty looks at Lou, indicating the address on the phone book page.

MARTY

Can you tell me where 1640
Riverside---

LOU

You gonna order something, kid?

MARTY

Uh, sure. Gimme a Tab.

LOU

I can't give you the tab unless you
order something.

MARTY

Oh, uh, lemme have a Pepsi Free.

LOU

Kid, if you want a Pepsi, you gotta
pay for it.

MARTY

Uh, well, just give me something to
drink that doesn't have sugar in it.

Lou gives him a look, then puts a cup of coffee in front of him. Marty looks at the bowl of sugar cubes in front of him.

MARTY

Have you got any Sweet 'N Low?

LOU

Sweet and what?

(eyeing him suspiciously)

Say, kid, you'd better pay for this
right now.

MARTY

Okay.

Marty puts down a nickel.

Marty raises his coffee cup and just as he's about to take a sip...

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, McFly!

MARTY

Huh?

He spins around on his stool.

The voice came from a PUNK, 17; behind him are 3 OTHER PUNKS. The lead punk is coming right toward Marty...no, he's stepping over to the NERDY KID next to him.

NERDY KID

Uh, hi, Biff, how's it going?

Yes, the punk is BIFF TANNEN, aged 17! And the nerdy kid is GEORGE McFLY, also 17.

Biff's boys buy cigarettes at the counter. They are MATCH, perpetually chewing a wooden matchstick; SKINHEAD, who has a crewcut just this side of being bald; and 3-D, who always wears red-green 3-D glasses.

Marty watches the exchange between Biff and George with utter amazement.

GEORGE

Uh, hi, Biff. Hi guys.

BIFF

You got my homework finished, McFly, you Irish bug?

GEORGE

Well, no. I figured since it's not due till Monday...

Biff knocks on George's head.

BIFF

Hello? Anybody home? Think, McFly, think! I've gotta have time to recopy it. Do you realize what would happen if I turned in MY homework in YOUR handwriting? I'd get kicked out of school! You wouldn't want that to happen, would you? WOULD YOU?

GEORGE

No, Biff, of course not.

BIFF

(notices Marty staring at him)
What are you lookin' at, butthead?

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

SKINHEAD

Biff---get a load of his life preserver.
This dork thinks he's gonna drown!

*

MATCH

What happened? Did you get shipwrecked?

*

3-D

Naw, he's just getting ready for flood
season.

*

They all laugh. Biff turns back to George.

BIFF

So how about my homework, McFly?

GEORGE

Uh, o'ay, Biff, I'll do it tonight
and bring it over first thing
tomorrow.

BIFF

Not too early---I sleep in on
Sundays. Oh, hey, McFly--- your
shoe's untied.

GEORGE

(looks down, falls for it)

Huh?

Biff hits him in the chin. He laughs loudly, as do his
cronies...and they leave.

Marty, still in disbelief, turns to George.

MARTY

I don't believe it. You're George
McFly...?

GEORGE

Uh huh.

MARTY

Your birthday's August 18th, and your
mother's name is Sylvia?

GEORGE

Uh huh. Who are you?

Marty doesn't know what to say.

*

A BLACK BUSBOY has been sweeping up in the background, and
has made his way over. He looks at George. As he talks, we
see he has a gold front tooth---it's GOLDIE WILSON, aged 11'

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

GOLDIE

Say, what do let that boy push you
around for?

GEORGE

Well, uh, he's bigger than me...

GOLDIE

Stand tall, boy. Have some respect
for yourself. You let people walk
over you now, they'll be walkin'
over you for the rest of your life.
Look at me. You think I'm gonna
spend the rest of my life in this
slophcuse?

LOU

(has heard the remark)

Watch it, Goldie.

GOLDIE

(he's on a roll)

No, sir! I'm gonna make something
of myself! I'm going to night
school---I'm gonna be somebody!

MARTY

That's right---he's gonna be Mayor
someday.

This is an idea that's never occured to Goldie.

GOLDIE

Mayor? That's a good idea! I could
run for mayor!

George slips out as the conversation continues.

LOU

Ha! A colored mayor! That'll be
the day!

GOLDIE

You wait and see, Mr. Caruthers.
I'm gonna be mayor. I'll be the
most powerful man in Hill Valley.
I'm gonna clean up this town.

LOU

Well, you can start by sweeping the
floor.

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

GOLDIE

(to himself)

"Mayor Goldie Wilson." I like the
sound of that.

Now Marty notices that George has left. He sees George
bicycling past the windows. Marty runs out after him.

*

*

MARTY

Hey, George---wait up! I want to
talk to you!

*

CONTINUED

48 EXT. HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE 48

Marty looks around and sees GEORGE bicycling down the street.

MARTY

George! Hey, George! I want to talk to you!

But George doesn't hear him. He disappears around a corner.

Marty runs after him.

49 EXT. - A RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY 49

The homes evoke pleasant nostalgia: front porches and white picket fences.

MARTY comes from around the corner and sees GEORGE'S BIKE parked underneath a tree. Marty looks around, then spots

GEORGE

up in the tree, precariously out on a branch overhanging the street, about 12 feet up. George has a PAIR OF BINOCULARS trained on a second story window in the house across the street.

MARTY

can't figure it out. He moves closer for a better view.

GEORGE focuses the binoculars.

50 GEORGE'S P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS 50

of a NAKED GIRL in the 2nd story bedroom window, dressing. *

51 MARTY 51

watches in disbelief as he realizes what George is doing.

MARTY

He's a peeping tom!

52 GEORGE'S P.O.V. 52

as the girl moves closer to the window.

CONTINUED

53

GEORGE

53

tries to move closer, but loses his balance---he tumbles into the street!

WIDER

MARTY watches as George groans, then slowly tries to get up.

Now a CAR comes from around the corner.

George doesn't see it, but Marty can see that it's going to hit George.

MARTY

Dad! Look out!

But George is still dazed. Marty dashes into the street, and in a spectacular flying leap, knocks him out of the path of the oncoming car.

As Marty moves to avoid the car, the car swerves in the SAME DIRECTION---there's a screech of brakes, and the car hits Marty!

George, never one to get involved, grabs his bike and pedals off, leaving Marty lying in the street, unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

54

INT. DARKENED BEDROOM - NIGHT

54

MARTY is lying in bed, lit by ambient light from a doorway. FEMALE HANDS place a cold compress on the bruise on his forehead. Marty groans and stirs.

MARTY

Mom? Is that you?

WOMAN

Ssshhh. Everything's going to be alright.

It sounds like his mother. He opens his eyes. All he can see is her silhouette.

MARTY

God, what a horrible nightmare.
I dreamt I went way back in time...

He starts to sit up.

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED

WOMAN

Take it easy, now...you've been
asleep for almost 9 hours.

MARTY

It was terrible. It was a terrible
place to be. The music was awful---
they didn't have Huey Lewis. Our
neighborhood hadn't been built yet,
and everything was so weird looking.

WOMAN

Well, you're safe and sound, back
where you belong, in good old 1955.

MARTY

1955!

She turns on the bedside lamp. It's the same girl George
was spying on, and Marty recognizes her just as we do...

MARTY

Oh my God. You're---you're my---my

LORRAINE

My name's Lorraine. Lorraine Baines.

Marty stares at her for a long moment.

MARTY

But---but you're so thin!

LORRAINE

Just relax, Calvin. You got quite a
bruise on your head.

MARTY

(looks under the blankets)
Uh...where are my pants?

LORRAINE

(points)
Over there on the chair.
(notices the color of
his underwear)
I've never seen purple underpants
before, Calvin.

Marty covers himself up.

MARTY

Calvin? Why are you calling me
Calvin?

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED

LORRAINE

Well, isn't that your name---Calvin Klein? It's written in your underwear.

(suddenly realizing)

Oh--I guess people call you Cal.

MARTY

No, well, actually people call me Marty.

LORRAINE

Well, I'm pleased to meet you, Marty.

She comes over and sits on the bed right next to him. She's very interested in him.

LORRAINE

Mind if I sit here?

MARTY

(gulps, nervous)

Uh...no...

Marty moves as far away as he can without falling off the bed. He holds the blanket tight around his waist. She looks at him, fascinated.

LORRAINE

That is quite a bruise there...

She gently strokes his bruised forehead...and then runs her hand through his hair. Marty moves even further---and falls off the bed! He covers himself with the blankets.

STELLA (O.S.)

Lorraine? Are you up there?

We hear FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs.

LORRAINE

(to Marty)

It's my mother! Quick, put your pants back on!

She throws him his pants.

*

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

55

INT. BAINES HOUSE - NIGHT

55

STELLA BAINES, 40 and pregnant, leads Marty and Lorraine downstairs.

STELLA

So tell me, Marty, how long have you been in port?

MARTY

Excuse me?

STELLA

I assume you're in the Navy. Isn't that why you wear that life preserver?

MARTY

Uh, no, actually I'm in the Coast Guard.

In the living room, SAM BAINES, a gruff man of 45, is fiddling with the rabbit ears on a TV set.

STELLA (continuing)

Sam, here's the young man you hit with your car. Thank God he's all right.

Sam gives Marty a look.

SAM

What were you doing in the middle of the street, a kid your age?

STELLA

Oh, don't mind him. He's just in one of his moods.

Sam, quit fiddling with that thing. It's time for dinner.

Sam ignores her as Stella leads Marty to the dining room where the other kids are.

STELLA

Now, you've already met Lorraine...

~ (making the introductions)

That's Milton, that's Sally, that's Toby...

MILTON, 12, wears a DAVEY CROCKETT COONSKIN CAP; SALLY is 6, TOBY is 4.

STELLA

(continuing)

...and next to you there in the playpen is little Baby Joey.

CONTINUED

55

CONTINUED

Marty turns and looks with amazement at 11-month old JOEY rattling the bars of his playpen.

MARTY

(whispers to him)

So you're my Uncle Joey.
Get used to those bars, kid.

STELLA

Oh, yes, little Joey loves
being in his pen. He actually
cries when we take him out,
so we leave him in there all
the time---it seems to
make him happy.

I hope you like meat loaf, Marty.

MARTY

Uh, listen, I really should be going...

STELLA

Now, Marty, I won't take no for an
answer. You sit down and have dinner
with us.

LORRAINE

Sit here, Marty.

Lorraine beckons him to the empty seat next to hers. A plate of meat loaf is there waiting for him. It looks like the same meat loaf he had for dinner in 1985...in fact, the whole dinner is the same!

STELLA

(calls into the other room)

Sam, would you quit fiddling
with that thing and come in here
and eat?

SAM BAINES, 45, rolls in a brand new television, on a plywood dolly of his own construction.

SAM

Look at this: it rolls. Now
we can watch Jackie Gleason
while we eat.

MILTON

Oh boy!

Sam fiddles with the rabbit ears and brings in a rather muddy image of a cigarette commercial.

CONTINUED

56

ON TV

56

a SURGEON steps out of an operating room, lights up a cigarette, and turns to do a testimonial.

DOCTOR (on TV)

After facing the tension of doing 3 lung operations in a row, I like to relax by lighting up a "Sir Randolph." I know its fine tobacco taste will soothe my nerves and improve my circulation...

57

BACK TO SHOT

57

SAM

Look at that picture: crystal clear! Why would anybody want to go to the movies when you can see this in your own home --- free!

LORRAINE

(to Marty, explaining)

Our first television set. Dad picked it up today. Do you have a television?

MARTY

Uh...yeah...two of 'em.

MILTON

Wow! You must be rich!

STELLA

Milton, he's teasing you. Nobody has two television sets.

"The Honeymooners" has resumed --- the classic "Man From Space" episode.

MARTY

Hey, I've seen this one -- this is a good one. This is where Ralph dresses up as "the man from space."

MILTON

What do you mean, you've seen it? It's brand new.

MARTY

I saw it on a rerun.

CONTINUED

57

CONTINUED

MILTON

What's a rerun?

MARTY

You'll find out.

SAM

Quiet! I want to hear this!

STELLA

Marty, there's something very familiar about you. Do I know your mother?

Marty glances at Lorraine, then smiles weakly.

MARTY

Uh, yeah, I think maybe you do.

STELLA

Well, I'd like to give her a call, let her know you're all right.

MARTY

Well, you can't---that is, no one's home---yet.

(pulls out the phone
book page)

Uh, could you tell me where Riverside Drive is?

SAM

Riverside? Sure, it's on the east end of town, a block past Maple.

MARTY

A block past Maple? But that's John F. Kennedy Drive.

SAM

Pardon me?

MARTY

That's John F. Kennedy Drive.

SAM

Who the hell is John F. Kennedy?

MARTY

(realizes the problem)

You don't know him.

CONTINUED

57

CONTINUED

LORRAINE

Mother, with Marty's parents out of town, don't you think he should spend the night here? After all, Dad almost killed him with the car.

*
*

She gives him a flirtatious smile.

STELLA

Marty, Lorraine is right. You must spend the night. You're our responsibility.

MARTY

Uh, gee, I don't know...

LORRAINE

And h. can sleep in my room.

UNDER THE TABLE, Lorraine puts her hand on Marty's leg.

Marty immediately jumps to his feet.

MARTY

Uh, actually, I've really gotta be going...

(he's backing out, toward the front door)

So, thank you for everything, and I'll see you all later. Much later.

He turns and hurries out of the house.

Lorraine sighs romantically.

STELLA

(shaking her head)

A very strange young man.

SAM

He's an idiot. Comes from upbringing.

His parents are probably idiots, too.

Lorraine, if you ever have a kid who acts that way, I'll disown you.

(to the other kids)

That goes for all of you.

CUT TO:

58

OMITTED

59

OMITTED

CONTINUED

59

60 EXT. DR. BROWN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 60

The house at 1640 Riverside Drive is huge, beautiful. Marty checks the address against the phone book page: it matches.

He recognizes the garage as the same one as we saw in 1985, except in much better shape. (In 1985, the house has been torn down and a fast food stand put up.)

Marty rushes to the front door of the house.

61 EXT. BROWN'S FRONT DOOR - CLOSER ANGLE 61

Marty runs up and pounds on the door knocker.

We hear a BARKING DOG from within; then YOUNG DOCTOR BROWN opens the door. He's wearing an OUTRAGEOUS CONTRAPTION on his head, a bizarre conglomeration of vacuum tubes, rheostats, gauges, wiring and antennas; but there can be no doubt that it's the same Dr. Brown, some 30 years younger. Beside him is another DOG.

Marty stares at Brown's weird head gear. Brown yanks him inside. *

61-A INT. BROWN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 61-A*

BROWN

Don't say a word!

(to the barking dog)

Quiet, Copernicus! Down, boy!

Brown attaches a suction cup to Marty's forehead which is connected to a wire into Brown's contraption.

MARTY

Dr. Brown, I really---

BROWN

No, don't tell me anything: I'm going to read your thoughts.

Marty indulges him. Brown flips a switch on his "Brain Wave Analyzer." Tubes hum to life, and sparks jump from antenna to antenna. Brown concentrates, as if he's picking up brain waves.

BROWN

Let's see now...you've come here... from a great distance....

CONTINUED

61-A CONTINUED

Marty nods, wondering if maybe the thing does work.

BROWN (continuing)
...because you...want me...to buy a
subscription to Saturday Evening
Post!

MARTY

No---

BROWN

Don't tell me!
(takes another moment)
Donations! You're collecting donations
for the Coast Guard Youth Auxiliary!

MARTY

No.

BROWN

Are you here because you want to use
the bathroom?

MARTY

Dr. Brown, listen: I'm from the
future. I came here in a time
machine you invented---and now I
desperately need you to help me get
back to the year 1985.

Brown stares at him in utter amazement for a moment.

BROWN

My God. Do you know what this means?

He pauses dramatically, then removes the contraption from
his head.

BROWN

That means that this damned thing
doesn't work at all!
(throws the machine down)
6 months labor for nothing! Where
did I go wrong?

MARTY

Dr. Brown, you've gotta help me!
You're the only one in the world who
knows how your time machine works!

Brown knits his brow and rubs a BANDAGE ON HIS FOREHEAD.

CONTINUED

61-A CONTINUED

BROWN

Time machine? I haven't invented
any time machine.

MARTY

You will. Look, I'll prove it to
you...

(pulls out his wallet,
shows contents)

Look, here's my driver's license.
Expires 1987. See my birthdate? I
haven't even been born yet!

(pulls out a color snapshot)

Here's a picture of me, my sister
and my brother. Look at her
sweatshirt: it says "Class of '84."

Brown looks the items over.

BROWN

Pretty mediocre photographic
fakery---they cut off your brother's
head.

MARTY

Please, Doc, you've gotta believe
me! I'm telling the truth!

BROWN

Then tell me, "future boy," who's the
President of the United States in
1985?

MARTY

Ronald Reagan.

BROWN

Ronald Reagan, the actor?

Marty nods. Brown rolls his eyes.

BROWN

And who's the Vice President?
Jerry Lewis? That's the most
insane thing I've ever heard.

Brown picks up the Brainwave Analyzer blueprints and
rushes out the back door.

A beat, then Marty runs after him.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

62 EXT. BROWN'S HOUSE & GARAGE (PASADENA) - NIGHT 64

Brown runs across the lawn, toward the garage, with the Brainwave Analyzer blueprints in hand.

Marty chases after him. Brown's Packard is parked in the driveway.

BROWN

I suppose Jane Wyman is first lady,
and Jack Benny is Secretary of the
Treasury.

63 EXT. BROWN'S GARAGE DOOR (STAGE) - NIGHT 63*

Brown runs up to the garage door and opens it. Marty comes up behind him.

MARTY

Please, Doc, listen to me!

Brown turns around and faces him.

CONTINUED

63

CONTINUED

BROWN

I've had enough of your practical jokes
for one evening. Good night, "Future Boy."

Brown slams the door in his face. We hear it lock.

Marty stands there for a moment, then gets an idea. He
yells at the closed door.

MARTY

Dr. Brown---that bruise on your head!
I know how you got it! It happened
this morning! You fell off your toilet
and hit your head on the sink! And then
you came up with the idea of the
Flux Capacitor, which is the heart
of the Time Machine!

After a moment, we hear the door unlock. Brown opens the
door, looks at Marty with new interest and rubs his
bandaged head.

MARTY

Doc, how else could I know that
unless I was from the future?

BROWN

Take me to this time machine.

64-A64 OMITTED

64-A64

CUT TO:

B64 EXT. 1955 LYON'S GATES - NIGHT

B64*

Marty and Brown climb out of Doc's PACKARD with
flashlights. Marty leads Doc toward the hidden DeLorean.

MARTY

There's something wrong with the
starter, so I hid it back here.

The abandoned DeLorean is suddenly illuminated by
approaching FLASHLIGHT BEAMS.

Brown gasps upon seeing the vehicle. He looks it over
with amazement. Now he pulls a folded paper out of
his pocket.

CONTINUED

B64 CONTINUED

B6

BROWN

After I fell off my toilet, I drew
this...

It's a sketch of the FLUX CAPICITOR.

Marty raises the gull wing door and points out the real
thing.

Brown stares: It matches his drawing perfectly. His eyes
light up and he jumps and shouts with joy.

BROWN

Ha! It works! It works! I finally
invent something that works!
Let's get this thing back to my
laboratory. We've got to get you home.

65 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

65

The DeLorean is now in the garage.

Marty is hooking the video camera to a TV set while Brown
is examining the contents of the 1985 suitcase.

BROWN

So these are my personal belongings
in here, huh?

(pulls out a portable
hair dryer)

What's this thing?

MARTY

A hair dryer.

CONTINUED

65

CONTINUED

BROWN

A hair dryer? Don't they have
towels in the future?

(pulls out some underwear)

And this underwear---it's all made
of cotton. I thought for sure we'd
all be wearing disposable paper
garments by 1985.

(pulls out a PLAYBOY
MAGAZINE)

And what's this...?

Brown leafs through it and opens up the centerfold.

BROWN

Hey.. ! Suddenly the future's
looking a whole lot better...!

MARTY

Okay, Doc, take a look at this...

Brown steps over and Marty rolls the videotape he shot at
the mall parking lot in which Brown is explaining the
operation of the time machine.

Brown is amazed to see himself as an old man.

BROWN

Why, that's me! Look at me, I'm an
old man! Say, I don't look bad for
an old geezer. Thank God I've still
got my hair---baldness runs in my
family, you know. But what on earth
am I wearing?

MARTY

A radiation suit.

BROWN

Of course, because of all the
fallout from the atomic wars. This
is truly amazing---a portable
television studio. No wonder your
president has to be an actor---he's
gotta look good on television.

MARTY

Watch this---this is the part coming
up...

CONTINUED

66 ON TV

66*

The part of the tape comes up about the plutonium. We see the image of the plutonium container with old Dr. Brown next to it.

MARTY (V.O. TV tape)
Plutonium? You mean this sucker's
nuclear?

OLD BROWN (ON TV)
Electrical. But I need a nuclear
reaction to generate the 1.21
jigowatts of electricty I need...

67 ANGLE INCLUDING MARTY AND BROWN

67

BROWN
(taken aback)
What did I just say?

Marty rewinds it a bit and replays it.

OLD BROWN (ON TV)
...I need a nuclear reaction to
generate the 1.21 jigowatts of
electricity I need...

Brown is shocked.

BROWN
1.21 jigowatts? 1.21 jigowatts??
Great Scott!

Brown runs like hell out of there.

Marty doesn't understand why.

MARTY
Doc? Hey, Doc?

67-A EXT. BROWN'S GARAGE (PASADENA) - NIGHT

67-A

Dr. Brown runs out of the garage and over to the house.

A beat, then Marty follows.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

68

INT. BROWNS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

68

Marty makes his way into the house through the back door. He hears Brown talking to someone in the next room. He cautiously approaches.

Brown is seated in a chair.

BROWN

How could I have been so careless?
1.21 jigowatts. Tom! How am I gonna
generate that kinda power? It can't
be done, can it?

Brown is talking to a portrait of Thomas Edison.

MARTY

Plutonium, Doc. All we need is
plutonium.

BROWN

I'm sure that in 1985, plutonium is
available in any corner drug store.
But in 1955, it's a little hard to
come by.

(sighs)

Marty, I'm afraid you're stuck here.

MARTY

But I can't be stuck here! Don't
you understand, Doc? I have a life
in 1985! I've gotta get back! My
girl friend's waiting for me---look,
here she is...

Marty pulls out his wallet and shows Brown a picture of
Jennifer Parker.

BROWN

Say, she's not bad...

MARTY

Not bad? She's great! And she's
crazy about me. See this? See what
she wrote here? It's poetry!

He has pulled out the clock tower flyer on which Jennifer
wrote "I love you."

Brown looks at it.

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED

MARTY (continuing)

Doc, you're my only hope! I know
you can figure something out.
You've never let me down in the past.

BROWN

You mean in the future.

MARTY

Right. And you've always told
me that if you put your mind to it,
you can accomplish anything.

BROWN

I said that? Say, that's pretty
good advice.

(sighs)

I'm sorry, Marty, but 1.21 jigowatts
is just too much power. Do you re-
alize how much power that is? The
only power source capable of trig-
gering that kind of energy is a bolt
of lightning.

MARTY

(suddenly has an idea)

What did you just say?

BROWN

A bolt of lightning. Unfortunately,
you never know when or where
lightning is going to strike.

MARTY

We do now!

Marty turns over the note Jennifer wrote---it's the clock
tower flyer. He shows it to Brown.

69

INSERT - NEWSPAPER XEROX

69

The headline is "CLOCK TOWER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. CLOCK
STOPPED AT 10:04." The date is Sunday, November 13, 1955.

CONTINUED

70

BACK TO SHOT

70

Brown snaps his fingers. He's getting an idea.

BROWN

(very excited)

This is it! This is the answer.
According to this, lightning is going
to strike the clock tower at
precisely 10:04 p.m. next Saturday night!
If we could somehow harness this
lightning...channel it into the flux
capacitor...it just might work!

(looks at the portrait
of Ben Franklin)

What do you think of that, Ben?
Harness lightning? If you could do
it, so can I! It's brilliant!

(to Marty)

Next Saturday night, we're sending
you back to the future.

Marty is delighted.

MARTY

Next Saturday night. You know,
spending a week in 1955 won't be so bad.
You could show me around, Doc.

BROWN

(serious again)

That's completely out of the
question, Marty. You must stay in
this house. You can't see anybody
or talk to anybody. Anything you do
could have serious repercussions on
future events. Do you understand?

MARTY

uh...sure...

BROWN

(concerned)

Marty, who else did you interact
with today. Besides me?

MARTY

Well, nobody, really. I just sort
of bumped into my parents...

BROWN

Great Scott! Let me see that
picture again, of your brother!

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

Brown takes Marty's wallet and looks at the picture. His expression becomes grim.

MARTY

What's the problem?

BROWN

It's happened. This proves my theory. Look at your brother

Brown shows it to him.

70-A INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

70-A

Marty's brother Dave has no head!

71 BACK TO SHOT

71

MARTY

His head's gone...like it's been erased.

BROWN

Erased from existence...

CONTINUED

71-A INT. BROWN'S GARAGE - DAY

71-A

Marty steps in front of a mirror, dressed in his underwear. His hair is slicked down in a proper, conservative 50's style. As they talk, Brown hands Marty one article of 1955 clothing at a time. The tags are still on the clothes, and the boxes the clothes came in are scattered around.

MARTY

I don't know, Doc, this sounds really heavy.

BROWN

Weight has nothing to do with it. It's a simple genetic-mathematical extrapolation. It was your father who was supposed to get hit by that car, not you. Thus, you interfered in your parents' first meeting. If they don't meet, they won't fall in love, they won't get married; if they don't get married, they won't have any kids. That's why your brother's disappearing from that photograph---he's first since he's the oldest. Your sister will follow, and unless you can repair the damage, you'll be next.

MARTY

But why do I gotta go to school?

BROWN

You're a kid. Kids go to school. Your parents are kids. They go to school. You interfered in your parents' relationship, therefore you have to go to school to fix it.

Marty is now fully dressed in 1955 style clothes. He looks at himself, touches his hair, and shakes his head.

MARTY

Well, if I'm gonna wear a disguise, at least I'm gonna look like Elvis.

Marty starts combing his hair Elvis style.

BROWN

Elvis? What's Elvis?

MARTY

You'll find out.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

72 EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

72

Hill Valley High looks pretty much the same in 1955, but with no graffiti. There is not much activity in front---school is in session.

DR. BROWN and MARTY approach the school entrance. Marty is dressed in 1955 garb, with his hair slicked back.

Marty notices how much cleaner the school looks.

MARTY

Wow, they've really cleaned this place up. It looks brand new.

BROWN

Remember now, according to my theory, all you have to do is introduce them to each other and nature will take its course.

(a beat)

I hope.

They go inside.

73 P.O.V. THRU A CLASSROOM DOOR

74 MARTY AND DR. BROWN

74

are watching from the hall.

MARTY

(points her out in the 2nd row)

That's her---in the 2nd row.

BROWN

Ah, yes. I see the resemblance.

MARTY

My God, she's cheating!

CONTINUED

75

THEIR P.O.V. OF

75

LORRAINE, copying an answer from the boy sitting next to her.

76

THE SCHOOL BELL

76

RINGS in the hall. It's passing period.

ANOTHER CLASSROOM DOOR

opens and students head out for the next class. GEORGE McFLY is one of them. His shirt tail is out, his hair is poorly combed, and papers are practically falling out of his 3-ring binder.

MARTY AND DR. BROWN

watch from down the hall.

BROWN

So which one's your father?

MARTY

(points)

That's him...

As GEORGE walks down the hall, students laugh at him behind his back, and some of the boys kick him in the ass. A kid named DIXON takes particular glee in kicking George.

George turns. He has a "KICK ME" sign hooked on his collar.

DR. BROWN shakes his head at this pathetic sight.

BROWN

(to Marty)

Maybe you're adopted...

Now a hand yanks George by the arm: MR. STRICKLAND--- and he looks exactly the same! Marty is amazed.

STRICKLAND

McFly! Shape up, man!

He pulls the sign off George's shirt and shows it to him.

STRICKLAND

You're a slacker! Do you want to be a slacker for the rest of your life?

George shakes his head unconvincingly.

CONTINUED

76

CONTINUED

ON MARTY AND BROWN

Marty can't believe what he's seeing.

MARTY

It's Strickland! And he looks exactly the same!

They watch a moment more.

BROWN

Looks like a match made in heaven.

MARTY

My mom always said it was meant to be. I sure hope she's right...

Marty takes a deep breath and starts walking toward George.

MARTY

George! Hey, buddy, you're just the guy I wanted to see! You remember me? I saved your life.

GEORGE

Oh...yeah...

MARTY

Listen, there's somebody I want you to meet. C'mere...

He pulls him down the hall, around the corner, where Lorraine is at her locker with Betty and Babs.

MARTY

Excuse me, Lorraine...

Lorraine turns and reacts with delight.

LORRAINE

Calvin! I mean, Marty!

MARTY

Lorraine, there's somebody I want you to meet. This is my good friend, George McFly. George, this is Lorraine.

GEORGE

Hi. It's really a pleasure to meet you.

CONTINUED

76

CONTINUED

Lorraine doesn't pay George the slightest bit of attention. She only has eyes for Marty.

LORRAINE

Oh, Marty, I was so worried about you running off like that the other night with that bruise on your head. Is it all right?

MARTY

Uh, yeah...

The BELL RINGS.

LORRAINE

I'm late. See you later.

She hurries off down the hall, with her girl friends. *
They pass by Dr. Brown.

LORRAINE

(to her friend)
Isn't he a dream?

George has run off in the opposite direction.

Marty stands in the middle of the hall, completely bewildered.

Brown joins him.

MARTY

She didn't even look at him!

BROWN

This is more serious than I thought. Apparently your mother is amorously infatuated with you instead of your father.

MARTY

Are you trying to tell me my mother's got the hots for me?

BROWN

At the risk of sounding crude, yes.

MARTY

Jeez, Doc, that's pretty heavy.

CONTINUED

76

CONTINUED

BROWN

There's that word again..."heavy."
Why are things so heavy in the future?
Is there a problem with the earth's
gravitational pull?

MARTY

(doesn't understand)

Huh?

Brown snaps his fingers---he's got a new thought.

BROWN

The only way those two are going to
succersfully mate is if they're alone
together. So you've got to arrange
to ge~ your father and mother to
interact in some sort of social...

Brown can't think of the word.

MARTY

You mean a date?

BROWN

Right!

MARTY

What kind of date? I dont' know
what kids do in the 50's.

BROWN

They're your parents. You must know
them---what are their common
interests? What do they like to do
together?

Marty thinks a moment.

MARTY

Nothing!

Brown notices a hand-painted banner in the hall announcing
the "Enchantment Under The Sea Dance" this Saturday night.

BROWN

Look---there's a rhythmic ceremonial
ritual coming up.

Marty sees the sign and has a revelation.

CONTINUED

76

CONTINUED

MARTY

That's right! "Enchantment Under The Sea!" They're SUPPOSED to go to that dance---that's where they kiss for the first time!

BROWN

All right, kid: you stick to your pop like glue and make sure he takes her to that dance.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

77

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

77

GEORGE is seated at a table, having lunch and writing furiously. He has a copy of AMAZING STORIES SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE with his books.

MARTY comes over and sits down across from him.

MARTY

Hey, George. Remember that girl I introduced you to? Lorraine? She---
(realizes George isn't paying attention)
What are you writing, George?

GEORGE

Oh, it's a science fiction story...
about visitors from other planets
coming to earth.

MARTY

I never knew you did anything
creative. Could I read it?

GEORGE

Oh, no. I never let anybody read my
stories.

MARTY

Why not?

GEORGE

What if they didn't like 'em? What
if they told me I was no good?

Marty is having a bad case of deja vu.

GEORGE (continuing)

This must be pretty hard for you
to understand, huh?

MARTY

No, George, it's not that hard at
all.

There is a long moment as Marty looks at George in a new
light...and sees himself.

MARTY

Listen, George, about Lorraine. She
really likes you, and she wanted
me to tell you that she'd really like
for you to take her to the "Enchantment
Under the Sea" dance.

CONTINUED

77

CONTINUED

GEORGE

Really?

MARTY

Yep. All you gotta do is go right over there and ask her.

Marty points out where she's sitting.

GEORGE

Now? Right here, in the cafeteria?
What if she says "no?" I couldn't
take that kind of rejection.

*

*

Marty is starting to get exasperated.

MARTY

George. I'm telling you, if you
don't ask Lorraine to that dance,
I'm gonna regret it for the rest
of my life.

*

GEORGE

Well, I've just got a feeling that
she'd rather go with somebody else.

*

MARTY

Who?

GEORGE

(points)

Biff.

Marty looks and reacts with horror

AT ANOTHER TABLE

BIFF is trying to put his hands on LORRAINE. She's trying
to push him away.

LORRAINE

Quit pawing me, Biff! Leave me
alone.

BIFF

Come on, Lorraine, You want it, you
know you want it, and you know you
want me to give it to you.

LORRAINE

Shut your filthy mouth! I'm not
that kinda girl!

CONTINUED

77

CONTINUED

BIFF

Maybe you are and you just don't
know it yet.

LORRAINE

Get your meathooks off me!

But Biff persists.

MARTY (O.S.)

She said to get your hands off her.

Biff turns to find himself facing Marty.

BIFF

What's it to you, butthead? You
know, you've been looking for---

MR. STRICKLAND approaches behind Marty. Biff sees him and
plays it cool.

BIFF

Since you're new here, twerp, I'm
cutting you a break today. So why
don't you just make like a tree...
and get outta here.

Biff walks off.

Lorraine looks at Marty and sighs with infatuation.

LORRAINE

Oh, Marty, that was wonderful!
Thank you.

Stickland puts his hand on Marty's shoulder.

STICKLAND

Young man, let me give you a nickel's
worth of free advice: don't
slack off in my school.

*

*

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

78

EXT. STREET AND McFLY HOUSE, 1955 - DAY

78

MARTY is walking along the tree-lined street with GEORGE, on his way home from school.

MARTY

George, I'm telling you, if you don't take Lorraine to that dance, I'm gonna regret it for the rest of my life.

GEORGE

But I can't go. I'll miss my favorite television program: "Science Fiction Theatre."

*

MARTY

Come on, George, Lorraine really wants to go out with you. She's looking forward to it. You wouldn't want to disappoint her, would you?

They're now in front of George's house.

GEORGE

Look, I'm just not ready to ask Lorraine out. And not you or anybody else on this planet is going to make me change my mind.

George storms into his house, leaving Marty speechless. Marty takes out the family snapshot and looks at it.

79

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

79

All that's left of Dave are his feet!

79A

MARTY

79A

gulps. Now the PAPER BOY bicycles past and throws the evening paper onto the McFly lawn, beside Marty. Marty has a look at the open front page.

80

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

80

"FARMER SEES FLYING SAUCER. Otis Peabody Under Observation At County Asylum." A photo shows Farmer Peabody in a strait-jacket.

81

MARTY

81

smiles. He's getting an idea.

82-
84D

OMITTED

82-
84D

CONTINUED

85 EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 85

All is quiet; the house is dark.

86 INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM 86

Close ON A CLOCK on the nightstand. It's almost 1:30.

We PAN OVER to GEORGE'S FACE. He's sleeping soundly, in bed.

Now a PAIR OF GLOVED HANDS place FEATHERWEIGHT HEADPHONES on George's ears. George doesn't stir.

THE SAME HANDS now insert a cassette tape labelled "EDWARD VAN HALEN" into a walkman. A finger dials the volume level to "10", then presses "PLAY."

GEORGE AWAKENS SCREAMING! He opens his eyes and reacts in further terror: He sees...

CONTINUED

86

CONTINUED

A FRIGHTENING YELLOW MONSTER...Marty, in full radiation suit...at the foot of his bed!

WIDER

Marty turns off the music. When he talks, his voice is distorted through the mouth filter in the hood. An open window indicates how Marty got in.

MARTY

Silence, Earthling!

GEORGE

Who---who are you?

MARTY

(imitating Darth Vader)

My name is Darth Vader. I am an extra-terrestrial from the planet Vulcan.

CONTINUED

86

CONTINUED

GEORGE

I must be dreaming...

MARTY

This is no dream! You are having a
Close Encounter of the 3rd Kind!
You have reached the Outer Limits of
the Twilight Zone!

GEORGE

Mom! Dad!

George throws off the covers, but Marty pulls the portable
hair dryer (from Brown's suitcase) out of his belt like a
gun. He fires a blast of heat at George.

MARTY

Silence! My heat ray will vaporize
you if you do not obey me!

George raises his hands in surrender.

GEORGE

All right! I surrender! Turn it
off!

Marty lowers it. Now his digital watch alarm begins
BEEPING. Marty raises his wrist as if it were a radio.

MARTY

Silence! I am receiving a
transmission from the Battlestar
Galactica!

(after several more beeps)
You, George McFly, have created a
rift in the space-time continuum.
The Supreme Klingon hereby commands
you to take the female earth-person
called "Baines Lorraine" to the
location known to you as Hill Valley
High School exactly 4 earth cycles
from now---Saturday night in your
language.

GEORGE

You mean, take Lorraine to the dance?

MARTY

Affirmative.

GEORGE

But I don't know if I'll be able
to---

Marty turns on the walkman again. George SCREAMS!
CONTINUED

86

CONTINUED

GEORGE

Turn it off! Please, turn it off!

Marty turns it off.

MARTY

Insolent Earthling! Do you wish me to melt your brain?

GEORGE

No! Please! I'm sorry, I'll do it! I'll take her to the dance---but please don't turn that noise on again.

MARTY

Very good, Earthling. You will tell no one of this visit. Now, close your eyes, and see me no more...

GEORGE

Okay, Okay.

George closes his eyes.

Marty holds a vial under George's nose and George passes out. Marty removes the featherweight headphones from George's head, takes off his hood, and goes back out the window.

87

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

87

Marty climbs down a trellis and jumps down into Dr. Brown's waiting Packard convertible. *

BROWN

How'd it go?

MARTY

Great! That chloroform sure put him out---I hope I didn't overdo it.

CUT TO:

88

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

88

MARTY is loitering in the grassy town square. Now GEORGE comes running up from the street. He's disheveled and wild-eyed.

CONTINUED

88

CONTINUED

George runs frantically through the town square, then spots Marty at the Pepsi machine at the TEXACO STATION. *

GEORGE

Marty! Marty! *

Marty is trying to twist off the bottle cap. Of course, he can't. *

MARTY

George! You weren't at school!
Where've you been all day?

GEORGE

I just woke up---I overslept. Look,
you've gotta help me! I want to ask
Lorraine to the dance,
but I don't know how to do it.

MARTY

All right, keep your pants on.
She's over there in the cafe. *
How do you open this thing?

George takes the Pepsi bottle from him and opens it with the church key on top of the machine.

88-A ON MARTY AND GEORGE

88-A

as they walk past the record store, toward Lou's.

MARTY

So, George, what made you change
your mind?

GEORGE

Last night, Darth Vader came down from
Planet Vulcan and told me if I didn't
take Lorraine out, he'd melt my brain.

MARTY

Uh, George...why don't we keep this
brain melting stuff between you and
me, okay?

(points toward the cafe window)
Look---there she is...

CONTINUED

89 THEIR P.O.V. THRU THE WINDOW OF

89

LORRAINE, seated with 2 GIRLFRIENDS (BETTY and BABS) in a booth, sipping ice cream sodas and talking.

90 BACK TO SHOT

90

MARTY

It's simple, George. You just go in and invite her.

GEORGE

All right...but what do I say?

MARTY

Say whatever feels natural---whatever comes to your mind.

George thinks about this a moment, then shrugs.

GEORGE

Nothing's coming to my mind.

CONTINUED

90

CONTINUED

MARTY

Christ, it's a miracle I was even born.

GEORGE

Huh?

MARTY

Nothing. Just tell her destiny has brought you to her and you think she's the most beautiful girl you've ever seen. Girls like to hear that---what are you doing, George?

George has taken out pencil and paper and is writing.

GEORGE

I'm w-riting it down. This is good stuff.

91

INT. CAFE - DAY

91

The place is really jumping---it's full of kids. A JUKEBOX is playing.

Marty enters with George.

MARTY

There she is. Just go and ask her.

Marty points George in the right direction, and sneaks back outside to watch. *

George looks at his "script" and mouths the words to himself. He gets up his nerve and approaches Lorraine, then chickens out and steps up to Lou at the counter. *

GEORGE

Gimme a milk. Chocolate. *

Lou serves him a glass. George takes a slug. *

Now, with a brown mustache, he approaches Lorraine. Despite his awkwardness and fear, there's something endearing about him, like a lost dog. *

GEORGE

Uh, Lorraine...

(reads)

"My density has brought me to you."

Marty cautiously enters to watch, keeping himself out of view. *

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

LORRAINE

I beg your pardon?

GEORGE

Oh---what I mean to say is...

LORRAINE

(looks at him curiously)

Haven't I seen you somewhere?

GEORGE

(big smile)

Yes! I'm George. George McFly.

I'm your destiny---I mean, destiny.

Lorraine giggles with her girl friends.

We hear the sound of the door being thrown open and a familiar VOICE calls to George.

BIFF (O.S.)

McFly, I thought I told you never to come in here!

George turns and sees Biff and his gang standing there. He shudders.

Marty drops his head in his hands and sighs.

BIFF

Well, it's gonna cost you, McFly.
How much money you got on you?

GEORGE

(quickly pulls out his wallet)

How much do you want, Biff?

As Biff starts to walk toward George, Marty sticks out his leg and TRIPS HIM! Everyone in the malt shop laughs, but Biff doesn't think it's very funny. Now Biff sees who tripped him.

BIFF

You!

(getting up)

All right, wise ass, it's fat lip time...

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

Marty jumps off his stool, ready for action. Biff throws a punch which Marty easily avoids; then Marty delivers a left jab to Biff's gut, and slams a right into his face, sending Biff reeling backward into a table. *

Match, "3-D" and Skinhead rush Marty.

Marty doesn't like the odds. He bolts out.

The 3 guys pull Biff to his feet and they all run out after Marty.

LORRAINE
(to her girlfriends)
That's Calvin Klein! Oh, God, he's
a dream!

92 EXT. CAFE AND STREET

92

Marty dashes down the street, followed by Biff and the boys.

Most of the kids in the Cafe hurry outside to watch, including LORRAINE and her friends.

Marty looks behind him---Biff and company are gaining.

Then one of the kids on the scooters comes by. Thinking quickly, Marty yanks the scooter out from under him, kicks off the orange crate and creates a homemade SKATEBOARD! Marty hops on it and sails off down the sidewalk!

Biff and the boys have never seen anything like it---nor has the kid whose scooter it was! Everyone stares as Marty whizzes down the sidewalk.

KID
Wow! Look at him go!

ANOTHER KID
What is that thing?

BIFF
(to his boys)
In the car!

Biff and the gang jump into Biff's convertible parked nearby. Biff peels out after Marty.

CONTINUED

93 FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

93

Marty looks over his shoulder and sees the convertible closing in. He cuts a sharp turn into the street, crossing right in front of Biff's car, and heads back in the opposite direction.

93A INT. BIFF'S MOVING CONVERTIBLE

93A

Biff and the boys are stunned!

94 EXT. STREET

94

Another car comes up from behind Marty. As it passes, Marty grabs onto the back and hooks a ride!

Biff cuts a U-Turn.

95 EXT. CAFE

95

Marty, towed by the car, zooms past the Cafe. The spectators are truly amazed. Lorraine stares in open-mouthed awe.

LORRAINE

He's an absolute dream...!

Biff's convertible continues the pursuit.

*

96 EXT. TOWN SQUARE

96*

The car towing Marty turns right and heads up the street toward the courthouse.

Biff screeches around the corner and speeds after him.

MARTY

looks over his shoulder.

BIFF

is closing in.

WIDER

The tow car is approaching the court house.

Biff is moving right onto Marty's ass.

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED

Suddenly, Marty lets go of the car and cuts a hard right turn onto the sidewalk in front of the court house.

Biff is going too fast---he overshoots it.

97 MARTY

97*

freewheels down the sidewalk, around startled pedestrians.

BIFF

backs up, shifts into first, cuts right and roars right down the sidewalk after Marty!

IN THE SIDEWALK,

pedestrians dive out of the way, onto the square, or up the courthouse steps.

Marty reaches the intersecting street, and Biff is ready to nail him.

98 ANOTHER ANGLE

98*

As Marty makes his turn, Biff cuts over---Marty does a quick 180 on his board and ends up holding the front end of Biff's convertible.

Biff's car pushes Marty backward down the street.

BIFF

smiles sadistically at Marty.

MARTY

gulps. He has no choice but to hang on.

BIFF

jerks the wheel back and forth, weaving, trying to knock Marty off.

MARTY

hangs on, weaving with him.

Marty looks over his shoulder---ahead in the same traffic lane is an open MANURE TRUCK.

IN BIFF'S CAR

Biff's boys exchange looks.

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED

BIFF

Match, knock him off of there.

Match picks up a beer bottle and gets ready to throw it.

MARTY

looks around ---he doesn't know what to do!

IN BIFF'S CAR

Match stands, ready to let fly---

99 WIDE ANGLE

99*

In an amazing maneuver, Marty leaps up, (sending the board forward, under the car) and lands on the hood of Biff's car!

Marty jumps over the windshield, bounds over the seat, onto the rear deck and off the car, just in time to catch his "skateboard" as the car passes over it.

BIFF AND HIS BOYS

are stunned! They turn their heads in disbelief to watch Marty.

ON MARTY

as he skateboards away from Biff.

We hear an OFFSCREEN CRASH.

Marty turns.

99-A MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

99-A*

BIFF'S CAR upended against the rear of the manure truck. Now the car falls back down, revealing that Biff and his boys have been thrown into the manure!

MARTY

smiles.

BIFF

shakes his fist.

BIFF

I'm gonna get you, you son of a bitch!

The truck continues along, taking Biff and his gang away.

CONTINUED

99-B MARTY

99-P+

watches a moment, then spots the KID whose scooter he swiped along with his friend. The two have witnessed the entire thing.

MARTY

Thanks a lot, kid.

Marty hops off the board and sends it back to the kid.

Marty takes off down the street.

The kid immediately tries out his new "skateboard". And his friend kicks off his orange crate and makes his scooter into a skateboard too.

CUT TO:

100 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE - DAY

100*

The service door opens from outside and Marty steps in. He notices that Brown is absorbed in the TV as he fiddles with the video camera.

100-A ON TV

100

The end of the tape is coming up---old Brown is reacting to the terrorists.

OLD BROWN (on TV)

Oh, no---they found me! I don't know how, but they found me! Run for it Marty.

The tape ends abruptly.

101 MARTY

101*

reacts with pain, remembering what followed. He clears his throat.

Brown turns around in surprise, like he's been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

BROWN

Oh, hi, Marty, I didn't hear you come in. Fascinating device, this "video unit."

MARTY

Doc, there's something I haven't told you about what happens
(gulps)

...on the night we make that tape...

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

BROWN

Please, Marty, don't tell me.
No man should know too much about his own
destiny.

MARTY

But, Doc, you don't understand.

BROWN

I do understand, and if
I know too much about the future, I
could endanger my own existence, just
like you've endangered yours.

MARTY

(sighs uneasily)
Yeah, maybe you're right.

BROWN

Now let me show you my plan for
sending you home...

Brown takes him over to a tabletop model of Hill
Valley town square which Brown has constructed himself.

A wire runs from the top of the clock tower, between two
lamp posts across the street.

BROWN

Forgive the crudeness of this model---
I didn't have time to build it to
scale or to paint it.

Now, we run some industrial
strength electrical cable from the
top of the clock tower, suspending
it across the street between two
lamp posts.

Meanwhile, we've outfitted the
time vehicle with a big pole and hook,
which connects right into the flux
capacitor...

Brown indicates a wind-up toy car with a wire sticking
straight up from the back and a hook on the top of
it. There is a similar rig on the real DeLorean, visible
in the background.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

BROWN

At the calculated moment, you'll take off from down the street, driving right toward the cable, accelerating to 88. Lightning will strike the clock tower, electrifying the cable, just as the car's connecting hook makes contact, thereby sending 1.21 jigowatts into the flux capacitor and sending you back to 1985.

Let me demonstrate. You release the car, and I'll simulate the lightning.

Marty winds up the toy car and releases it toward the cable. Brown touches a LIVE WIRE to the top of the clock tower.

The toy car's antenna snags the cable, SPARKS FLY, and the toy car CATCHES FIRE! It flies off the table top, into some drapes, and they CATCH FIRE as well!

Brown grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER and puts everything out.

Marty shakes his head.

MARTY

You're instilling me with a lot of confidence here, Doc.

BROWN

Don't worry. I'll take care of the lightning. You just take care of your pop. Say---what happened today? Did he ask her out?

MARTY

I think so.

BROWN

What was her answer?

There is a knock on the door. Brown and Marty exchange a look, then Brown glances out the window.

BROWN

It's your mother! She tracked you down! Quick, let's cover the time machine.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

They pull a tarp over the DeLorean.

Now Marty opens the service door. Lorraine steps in.

LORRAINE

Hi, Marty.

MARTY

Mom---Lorraine...! How did you find me here?

LORRAINE

I followed you.

MARTY

Oh, uh, this is my Uncle---Uncle Brown.

LORRAINE

(to Brown)

Hi.

Marty, this may seem a little forward, but I was hoping you might take me to the Enchantment Under the Sea Dance on Saturday.

MARTY

Uh, me? But what about George McFly? Didn't he ask you?

LORRAINE

Yeah, but I turned him down.

MARTY

You did WHAT?

LORRAINE

George isn't exactly my type. He's sort of cute and all, but he's...well,
(moving closer to him)
I think a man should be strong...so he can stand up for himself and protect the woman he loves.
Don't you?

She moves closer. Marty gulps. This is REALLY getting out of hand!

102 OMITTED

102

103 OMITTED

103

CONTINUED

104 EXT. GEORGE'S BACK YARD - DAY

104

GEORGE seems very bewildered about what MARTY has been trying to explain to him.

GEORGE

I still don't understand. How can I go to the dance with her if she's going with YOU?

MARTY

She wants to go with YOU
George---she just doesn't know it yet. That's why we've gotta make you look like a fighter, somebody who'll stand up for himself, somebody who'll protect her.

*
*

GEORGE

But I've never picked a fight in my life!

MARTY

You're not picking a fight, Dad---
Daddy-oh---you're coming to her rescue. Maybe we'd better go over the plan again. Where are you gonna be at 8:55?

GEORGE

At the dance.

MARTY

And where am I gonna be?

GEORGE

In the parking lot, with her.

MARTY

Okay. So right around 9:00, she's gonna get very angry with me---

GEORGE

Why?

MARTY

Why what?

GEORGE

Why is she gonna get angry with you?

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

MARTY

(it's hard for him to say)
Well...because...well. nice girls
get angry at guys who...who try to
take advantage of 'em.

GEORGE

You mean you're gonna...like...
touch her on her---

MARTY

George, it's just gonna be an
act. Don't worry about it.
Just remember that at 9 o'clock,
you'll be strolling through the
parking lot and you'll see us...
(gulps)
...struggling in the car, you'll run
over, open the door, and say...?

George doesn't say anything.

MARTY

Your line, George.

GEORGE

Oh. Uh..."Hey, you! Get your damn
hands off her."
You really think I should swear?

MARTY

Yes, definitely, George, swear.
Then you hit me in the stomach, I go
down for the count, and you and
Lorraine live happily ever after.

GEORGE

You make it sound so easy. I wish I
wasn't so scared.

MARTY

There's nothing to be scared of.
All it takes is a little self-confidence.
You can do it, George. If you put your
mind to it you can do anything. Now
give me a shot, right here.

Marty indicates that George should punch him in the stomach.
George takes a deep breath and throws a flimsy punch into
Marty's gut.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

MARTY

No, George, put some confidence behind
that punch. Some emotion. Some anger.
You can do it.

George tries to get himself angry. He makes some faces and
throws another punch. It's not much better.

MARTY

Anger, George, anger.

GEORGE

Maybe if I used my left...

MARTY

No, George. Just gimme some
anger. You can do it.

George throws another punch. This one is slightly better
than the last one.

GEORGE

That was good! She'll believe that!

Marty isn't so sure.

MARTY

I'll tell you what, George:
why don't you practice on this...

(he hangs the duffle
bag on the T-bar of the
clothesline)

...and I'll check up on you later.

Just remember to concentrate on the anger.

Marty walks off, leaving George with the body bag. He
stares at it, trying to make himself mad.

GEORGE

Anger. Anger.

He hits it. He hits it again, harder...again..
harder...again---he hits the tree! George howls in pain'

GEORGE

Yeeeowww!! Goddammit!!

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

He's really angry now, and he socks the bag with his left--- and KNOCKS IT CLEAR OFF THE POLE, and through a window! *

George is astonished. Then, realizing the possible consequences. he runs away. *

105 EXT. TOWN SQUARE CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

105

It's a few minutes before 8 o'clock.

We hear a RADIO WEATHER FORECAST as the CAMERA takes us from the lightning rod atop the clock tower, along the cable strung down across the square, to the STREET where Brown's Packard is parked nearby---the weather report emanates from the car radio.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

BROWN is on a ladder; he's connecting the paddle plug end of the clock tower cable to the socket on an extension cable tied around a lamp post.

The DeLorean is nearby covered with a tarp.

MARTY arrives, dressed up for the dance.

FORECASTER

(V.O. radio)

Area weather on this Saturday night:
mostly clear with some scattered
clouds....

*

*

Brown reacts to the weather report.

BROWN

Are you sure about this storm?

MARTY

Doc, since when can a weatherman
predict the weather---let alone the
future?

Brown smiles. He plugs in the cables, then descends the ladder.

BROWN

Right.

(a beat)

You know, Marty, I...well, I'm gonna
be sad to see you go. You've really
made a difference in my
life---you've given me something to
shoot for. Just knowing that I'm
gonna live to see 1985... that I'll
succeed in this...that I'll get a
chance to travel through
time...well, it's just gonna be hard
for me to wait 30 years before we can
talk about everything that's happened
in the past few days. I'm gonna
really miss you.

Marty is particularly uncomfortable, knowing the fate of
Dr. Brown.

MARTY

Yeah...

uh, Doc, about the future...

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

BROWN

No, Marty. We've already agreed that having knowledge of the future can be extremely dangerous. Even if your intentions are good, it could backfire drastically. Whatever it is you want to tell me, I'll find out through the natural course of time.

This is not what Marty wanted to hear, but he can see there's no arguing with Brown.

MARTY

(sighs)

Yeah...Listen, I'm gonna get a candy bar or something. You want anything?

BROWN

No thanks.

CUT TO:

106 INT. CAFE - INSERT - ON A LETTER

106

as a HAND with a pen writes.

107 INT. CAFE - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

107

MARTY is sitting at a booth writing. He reads it over.

MARTY

"Dr. Brown, on October 26, 1985, at about 1:30 a.m., you will be shot by terrorists. Please take whatever precautions are necessary to prevent this terrible disaster. Your friend, Marty. November 12, 1955."

Satisfied, Marty folds the letter, puts it in an envelope, and writes something on it.

108 INSERT - ENVELOPE

108

"Dr. Brown: do not open until October 1, 1985."

CUT TO:

108-A OMITTED

103

CONTINUED

109

EXT. ON THE STREET - NIGHT

109

Brown is on the ladder stringing electrical cable across the street, between the two lamp posts.

MARTY returns with a candy bar. Brown's trenchcoat is laying on the tarped DeLorean. Making sure that Brown isn't watching, Marty surreptitiously places the ENVELOPE into a pocket.

Now a COP meanders over and watches.

COP

Evening, Dr. Brown. What's with the wire?

BROWN

Oh, I'm just doing a little weather experiment.

COP

(notices the tarped DeLorean)
And what's under here?

BROWN

Some new specialized weather sensing equipment.

Brown comes down from the ladder.

COP

You got a permit for this?

BROWN

(smiles)
Of course I do... right here.

He takes out his wallet and gives the cop a 20 dollar bill.

COP

(hesitant)
You're...not going to set anything on fire this time, are you, Dr. Brown?

Brown looks to Marty for guidance. Marty shakes his head.

BROWN

(to cop)
Naw.

COP

In that case, good luck.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

He continues down the street.

BROWN

Thank you, officer.

(to Marty)

Say, kid, you'd better pick up your mom and get going.

MARTY

(nervous)

Uh, yeah, I guess...

BROWN

You look a little pale. Are you okay?

Marty is uneasy, a bit distant...scared.

MARTY

I don't know, Doc. This whole thing with my mother---I don't know if I can go through with it. Hitting on her, I mean.

BROWN

Nobody said anything about hitting her. You're just gonna take a few liberties with her.

MARTY

That's what I mean! I'm gonna actually have to cop a feel! This is the kinda thing that could permanently screw me up. What if I get back to the future and I end up being gay?

BROWN

Why shouldn't you be happy? Look you'd better get going. Just be back here before 10.

Marty is about to get into the Packard. He hesitates and pulls the snapshot out of his pocket.

110 INSERT - SNAPSHOT

110

Linda is gone except for her feet.

*

111 BACK TO SHOT

111

Marty stares at it, then puts it back in his pocket.

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

MARTY

Doc, if this thing at the dance
doesn't work out and my folks don't
get back together...when do you
think I'd fade out?

BROWN

Beats the hell out of me.

CUT TO:

112 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DANCE - NIGHT

112

"Enchantment Under The Sea" is well underway.

On stage is the band: Marvin Berry and the Midnighters
They're all black. Marvin plays lead guitar and sings;
there is also a drummer, piano player, sax and bass.
They're playing "3 Coins In The Fountain."

*

The gym has been decorated in an undersea motif: seaweed,
fish on the walls, a paper mache sunken ship, a "treasure
chest," and a single school locker labelled "Davey Jones."
There is also a BUBBLE MACHINE, a la Lawrence Welk.

As usual at school dances, there are teachers acting as
chaperones (including Mr. Strickland), a busy refreshment
table (including a cake in the shape of a fish), and
wallflowers on the sidelines.

GEORGE is on the sidelines, bopping out of time to the
music. He's quite nervous.

113 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

113

Brown's Packard pulls into the lot and parks.

114 INT. PACKARD - MARTY, LORRAINE

114

Marty, at the wheel, is very uneasy; Lorraine next to him
looks beautiful in her best party dress. Marty glances at
the clock on the dashboard. It's 8 minutes before 9.

MARTY

Uh, you don't mind if we, uh, park
for a few minutes...?

LORRAINE

That's a great idea. I'd love to park.

*

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

MARTY

Huh? *

LORRAINE

Marty, I'm almost 18 years old.
It's not like I've never parked
before.

MARTY

What?!? *

She scoots over, very close to him. Marty fidgets. Boy,
is he nervous!

LORRAINE

You seem nervous, Marty. Is
anything wrong?

MARTY

Uh, no...

She pulls a pint bottle of sloe gin out of her purse.
Marty is shocked.

MARTY

What are you doing with that?

LORRAINE

I swiped it from the old lady's
liquor cabinet.

She takes a nip.

MARTY

Lorraine, you shouldn't drink!

LORRAINE

Why not?

MARTY

Well, you might regret it---later
on in life. *

LORRAINE

Don't be so square, Marty.
Everybody who's anybody does it.

MARTY

Maybe I could use a hit... *

He takes the bottle. Just as he takes a swig, she pulls out a
pack of cigarettes and lights up. Marty spits out the gin
in surprise.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

MARTY

Jesus---you smoke, too?

LORRAINE

Now, Marty, you're not going to tell me that smoking is unhealthy. Everyone knows that it calms your nerves and it's good for the circulation.

MARTY

It'll give you cancer! Look, it says so right here---

Marty takes the pack and looks at the side panel.

114-A INSERT - CIGARETTE PACK

114-A

It says "This fine tobacco blend calms the nerves and improves the circulation.

114-B BACK TO SHOT

114-B

Marty gives it back.

LORRAINE

You know, you sound just like my mother. When I have kids. I'm gonna let them do anything they want. Anything.

MARTY

I'd sure like to have that in writing.

The comment goes right past Lorraine.

LORRAINE

So what are your parents like?

MARTY

Lorraine, lately I've come to the conclusion that I don't know anything about 'em.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

115 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - THE DANCE

115

Marvin Moon and the Starlighters finish up a number.
Everyone applauds. Marvin steps up to the microphone.

MARVIN

We're gonna take a break now, but
we'll be back in just a little
while, so don't go away.

The band members leave their instruments on the stage and
head out a side door.

GEORGE now glances at the clock in the gym.. It says
"8:59." Alarmed, he checks his own watch.

CONTINUED

116 INSERT - GEORGE'S WATCH which reads "8:55." 116

117 GEORGE 117

is even more alarmed. He runs over to a nearby STUDENT.

GEORGE
What time do you have?

STUDENT
Five after nine.

George is panic stricken! He runs like hell out of the gym!

118 OMITTED (Now combined into Sc. 120) 118*

119 INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT 119

George runs into a PHONE BOOTH, and dials a number. It rings *
and a WOMAN answers.

WOMAN
(V.O. phone)
At the tone, the time will be nine
o'clock, exactly.

A KID named DIXON (class prankster type) sticks a broom
through the phone booth door handle. George tries to get
out, but he's trapped.

Dixon LAUGHS loudly.

George jerks the door frantically, and Dixon just laughs
louder.

120 INT. PACKARD - MARTY, LORRAINE - NIGHT 120
Marty fidgets and looks at the clock again.

LORRAINE
Marty, why are you so nervous?

Marty takes a deep breath.

MARTY
Well, have you ever been in a
situation where, well, you know you
have to act a certain way, but when
you get there, you don't know if you
can go through with it?

LORRAINE
You mean like how you're supposed to
act with someone on a first date?

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

MARTY

Well, sort of...

LORRAINE

I think I know exactly what you mean.

MARTY

You do?

LORRAINE

(nods)

And you know what I do in those situations?

Marty looks at her.

LORRAINE

I don't worry about it!

And with that, she throws herself on him, kissing him passionately. Marty is absolutely shocked!

Lorraine abruptly stops and pushes him away. She's very confused.

LORRAINE

This isn't right.

(sighs)

I don't know what it is, but... when I kiss you, something's wrong. I almost feel like...like I was kissing my brother I guess that doesn't make any sense, does it?

MARTY

Believe me, it makes perfect sense.

We hear the sounds of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS on gravel.

LORRAINE

Sounds like somebody's coming.

Marty hears it too. He looks at the dashboard clock: 9:00. He sighs with defeat.

MARTY

Yeah...I know...

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

Suddenly the driver's door is opened, an arm reaches in, yanks Marty out, and Marty finds himself face to face with

BIFF!

Match, 3-D and Skinhead are with him.

BIFF

You caused \$300 damage to my car, you
son-of-a-bitch. And I'm gonna take
it outta your ass... Hold him, guys.

*
*

Biff shoves him roughly into the arms of Skinhead. Marty struggles, but Skinhead and Match grab him and restrain him

LORRAINE

Let go of him! Leave him alone,
Biff! You're drunk.

Biff takes a look at Lorraine in the car.

BIFF

Well, lookee what we have here.
Maybe I'll take it out of your ass...

She lunges at her door to escape, but Biff grabs her and climbs into the car.

BIFF

Oh, no, you're stayin' right here
with me.

Biff pulls her toward him.

MARTY

Get you hands off her, you bastard.

*

Biff leers at Marty.

BIFF

I'll take care of you after I take
care of her.

(to his boys)

Take him around back. I'll be there
in a minute.

(a beat)

Go on! This ain't no peepshow!

They drag Marty away. Biff shuts the car door and tries to kiss her. She struggles, and in a moment, all we can see through the windshield are tussling arms and legs, accompanied by Lorraine's muffled screams.

CONTINUED

121 EXT. SIDE OF SCHOOL

121

Skinhead, Match and 3-D drag Marty around the corner to the side of the school where a CADILLAC is parked with its trunk open.

SKINHEAD

Hey---let's lock him in that trunk!

They throw Marty into the car trunk and slam the lid shut.

Then, the Cadillac's driver's door is thrown open and the DRUMMER from the band steps out. He's smoking a reefer.

DRUMMER

Say, what you messin' with my car for?

3-D

Beat it, spook, this don't concern you!

The other 3 car doors open, and MARVIN MOON and the OTHER BAND MEMBERS get out. They look real "bad" with their processed hair.

MARVIN

Who you callin' "spook," peckerwood?

Biff's boys exchange worried looks as the band members advance on them.

SKINHEAD

Hey, I don't want to mess with no reefer addicts!

Biff's boys take off (in the opposite direction from the Packard), but Marvin and the band manage to kick 'em all in the ass as they run away.

Now we hear beating on the trunk from the inside, and Marty's muffled voice.

MARTY'S VOICE

Lemme out! Lemme out!

MARVIN

Hey, Reginald, where's your keys?

The drummer checks his pockets, and inside the car. He can't find them.

MARTY'S VOICE

They're in here! The keys are in here!

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

MARVIN

Dammit, boy, you left them suckers
in the trunk!

122 INT. THE PACKARD

122

Lorraine is trying to fight off Biff. It's a real struggle
for her.

123 EXT. PARKING LOT - ON THE PACKARD

123

Through the windshield we see arms and legs flailing about
in a struggle. We hear SCREAMING.

Now GEORGE arrives. He spots the car and goes into his
act. He adjusts his pants, strides to the car like John
Wayne, and opens the driver's door.

GEORGE

Hey, you! Get your damn hands---
uh, oh!

George realizes he's facing Biff. Now he's really scared.

BIFF

I think you got the wrong car, McFly.

LORRAINE

George! Help me!

George doesn't know what to do. He stares in dumbfounded
amazement.

BIFF

Just close the door, McFly and walk
away.

George hesitates. He doesn't know what to do. He looks at
Lorraine who looks back at him with pleading eyes. He looks
at Biff. *

BIFF

Are you deaf, McFly? Close the door
and beat it! *

Again George looks at Lorraine. She looks so helpless.
George takes a deep breath. *

GEORGE

No. You let her alone. *

BIFF

All right, McFly. You had your chance,
now I'm gonna teach you a lesson. *

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

Biff gets out of the car and grabs George's arm. George tries to fight back, but his lame punch is ineffectual. Biff twists George's arm. George grimaces.

124 EXT. AT THE CADILLAC

124

Marvin has his screwdriver in the lock. He gives it a hard jerk: the trunk pops open, but he puts a big gash in his hand.

MARVIN

Damnit---I sliced my hand!

Marty jumps out of the trunk.

MARTY

Thanks a lot!

He dashes back toward the Packard.

125 EXT. PACKARD

125

Biff twists George's arm harder.

LORRAINE

Stop it, Biff! You'll break his arm!

She tries to pull him away. He pushes her down.

Biff laughs.

Now Marty arrives just in time to witness...

George's expression immediately goes from pain to rage---intense rage... and George lets go with a TREMENDOUS LEFT HOOK, SMACK INTO BIFF'S FACE!

Biff hits the ground, out cold!

George can't believe he did it! He looks at his fist, looks down at Biff, and grins widely.

LORRAINE

Oh, George, you were wonderful!

She looks at him with adoring eyes.

Marty can't believe it either.

George and Lorraine embrace. Marty keeps his distance, allowing them to have their moment.

Nearby, a few KID BYSTANDERS trade comments.

BYSTANDER #1

Who is that kid? Does he go to our school?

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED

BYSTANDER #2

Yeah! That's George McFly. He's
been in our home room for 2 years.

*
*

BYSTANDER #3

I never noticed him before.
George and Lorraine head for the school.

*
*

126 OMITTED (COMBINED INTO 124)

126

127 OMITTED (COMBINED INTO 125)

127

128 EXT. SCHOOL - SIDE ENTRANCE

128

George and Lorraine go up the front stairs. Marty watches
from a safe distance away. Just as they're about to go in,
Lorraine turns and sees Marty. She smiles. He smiles back.

Now Marty pulls out the snapshot and takes a look.

129 INSERT - SNAPSHOT

129

Linda's feet are now gone. Marty is the only one in the
picture.

*
*

In the background, we hear distant THUNDER.

130 MARTY

130

is shocked. He considers the situation a moment, then
realizes the answer. He runs back toward Marvin's Cadillac.

*

131 AT THE CADILLAC

131*

Marvin is wrapping a handkerchief around his cut hand.
The band members are all shaking their heads.

*

Marty runs over to them

MARTY

Hey, you guys, you've gotta get back
in there and finish the dance!

DRUMMER

Look at Marvin's hand! He can't
play with it like that. And we
can't play without Marvin.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED

MARTY

But you've gotta play! That's where they kiss for the first time---on the dance floor! If there's no music, they won't dance, they won't kiss, they won't fall in love... and I'm a goner!

DRUMMER

Hey, man, the dance is over...unless you know somebody who can play guitar.

Marty looks at Marvin and smiles.

CUT TO:

132 INT. SCHOOL GYM

132

Marty is playing the guitar with the Midnighters, in a version of "Earth Angel."

George and Lorraine are on the floor, dancing.

Marty looks at them, then looks at the back of his guitar where, attached with chewing gum, is the snapshot. Nothing has changed. Marty watches his parents. He's getting nervous.

GEORGE AND LORRAINE are looking at each other as they dance. George seems a little unsure of himself.

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED

LORRAINE

Aren't you going to kiss me, George?

GEORGE

(uncertain)

Well...I don't know...

Now DIXON butts in.

DIXON

Beat it, McFly, I'm cuttin' in.

He pushes George out of the way.

ON STAGE, Marty reacts with horror. He looks at the snapshot.

133 INSERT - SNAPSHOT

133

Marty's own image is now beginning to fade!

*

134 MARTY

134

blinks his eyes and start hitting wrong notes. He doesn't seem to be able to play the guitar anymore.

The DRUMMER notices this.

DRUMMER

Hey, man...what's wrong?

MARTY

I can't play! I don't know how to play the guitar!

MARTY is turning pale. He can barely stand up.

MARTY

I don't feel so good...

134-A EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON MARTY (\$10,000 ILM SHOT)

134-A*

He holds his hand in front of his face. We are actually able to slightly see through his hand, to his face!

*

*

134-B INT. SCHOOL GYM

134-B*

The band keeps playing while Marty gets woozy.

*

GEORGE sees Dixon with Lorraine. He strides over to them with determination.

*

GEORGE

(to Dixon)

Excuse me.

CONTINUED

134-B CONTINUED

He yanks Dixon away from Lorraine; then takes Lorraine in his arms and kisses her!

ON STAGE, Marty immediately recovers! He jumps up, full of life, wired with energy. The color returns to his face, and he looks at the snapshot.

135 INSERT - SNAPSHOT

135

Marty's image is now sharp and clear, and his sister and brother are fading back in!

136 INT. THE DANCE

136*

Marty rejoins the band in "Earth Angel."

He sees that George and Lorraine are dancing very close. From the looks on their faces, there can be no doubt: they're in love.

George makes eye contact with Marty. They smile. George gives Marty the "O.K." hand sign.

Marty takes another look at the snapshot.

137 INSERT - SNAPSHOT

137

The photo is now as it was originally, with Marty, Linda and Dave all "back in existence".

138 ON STAGE

138*

Marty is delighted. The band finishes "Earth Angel."

The audience applauds.

MARVIN

(to Marty)

Say, you're good, man. Do another one.

MARTY

(checks his watch)

No, I've gotta go.

DRUMMER

Come on, let's do something that cooks.

Marty thinks a moment, then smiles slyly.

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED

MARTY

Well...all right. You guys'll just
have to follow me on this one...

(steps up to the
mike, addresses the
dance)

We're gonna do one more. *

Where I come from, they call this... *

ROCK 'N ROLL!!

Marty starts playing a guitar riff. *

MARTY

(to the drummer) *

Drums---gimme a blues beat, to this *

Marty picks out the rhythm. The drummer follows along. *

MARTY

Bass---do this... *

Marty hums the bass line. The bass player joins in. *

MARTY

Piano, take the bass line and play
it up 3 octaves. *

The piano player does so. *

MARTY

Sax! Improvise on the 3 chord progression. *

. The saxophonist does so---and it sounds like ROCK 'N ROLL! *

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED

SERIES OF SHOTS - DANCE NUMBER

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, heads turn. There are reactions of astonishment from everyone---and the kids start dancing.

Marty euphorically begins cavorting around like Little Richard!

The band is really getting into it.

And the kids all go nuts, jumping and screaming.

Mr. Strickland, however, just shakes his head with disgust.

Marty whips off his sport coat and throws it into the crowd!

As George and Lorraine dance, other couples move past George and talk to him.

GUY #1

George---I hear you laid out Biff!
Nice going!

GIRL #1

George, did you ever think about
running for class president?

GUY #2

We could sure use you on the team, George.

GEORGE

Well, I'll have to think about it.

Lorraine beams, proud to be seen with George. *

139 INT. BACK STAGE - PUBLIC TELEPHONE

139*

MARVIN BERRY is on the phone.

MARVIN

(into phone)

Chuck? This is Marvin!

~ (pause) *

Marvin Berry! Your cousin! You know
how you're lookin' for a new sound?
Well, listen to this!

He holds the phone toward the music.

CONTINUED

140 INT. SCHOOL GYM

140

The pandemonium continues.

Now Marty tears open his shirt and does some Elvis pelvis moves!

Girls scream!

Marty's movements become Mick Jagger-esque, then take on a Michael Jackson style... Finally he drifts into pure HEAVY METAL, puts his guitar next to the amp, making FEEDBACK.

This goes a little too far for 1955 musical taste---the band stops playing, and the kids stop dancing. They all watch Marty, not sure what to think.

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED

Marty suddenly realizes he's gone too far. He smiles sheepishly and steps up to the microphone.

MARTY

Uh, sorry, you guys aren't ready for that yet. But your kids are gonna love it.

He picks up the song again with the band. They do one more chorus.

Marty wraps up the song with a final riff, and the students all go berserk with applause!

CUT TO:

140-A INT. SCHOOL GYM - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

140-A*

Marty appears back stage, about to exit---he sees LORRAINE approaching, and GEORGE behind her.

LORRAINE

Marty, I hope you don't mind, but George asked if he could take me home.

MARTY

That's fine, Lorraine---that's great. I'd like nothing better. You know, I sort of had a feeling about you two.

LORRAINE

I know. I sort of have a feeling, too. I think George could really make me happy.

Marty gulps, knowing what's in store for these two.

MARTY

Uh...yeah. Listen, I've gotta be leaving town. Tonight. And I just wanted to say that it's really been...
(trying to find
the right word)
...educational.

LORRAINE

Marty, will I ever see you again?

MARTY

Oh, yeah, I guarantee it.

George steps forward, extending his hand.

CONTINUED

140-A CONTINUED

GEORGE

Goodnight, Marty. Thanks for
your help...and all your good advice.
(they shake hands)
I hope I can do the same for you
someday.

MARTY

Yeah, sure. I've gotta go. Good
luck, both of you.
(starts to go, then hesitates)
Uh, listen, if you guys ever have
kids, and one of 'em when he's
8 years old accidentally sets fire
to the living room rug...
(a beat)
Go easy on him.

Marty runs off, leaving George and Lorraine together.

LORRAINE

Marty. It's such a nice name. When
I have kids, I'm going to name one
of them "Marty."

GEORGE

Aren't you rushing things a little?

LORRAINE

Well...maybe a little. I was thinking
I'd like to go to college next year.

GEORGE

Me too.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

141 EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

141

It's 4 minutes before 10:00.

142 ON THE STREET

142

BROWN, wearing the trenchcoat, paces back and forth anxiously. The wind is picking up, and we hear DISTANT THUNDER. The entire "lightning rod setup" is complete, with the cable strung across the street between the two lampposts. Brown checks his wristwatch: 9:56.

BROWN

Damn! Where is that kid?

Brown pulls out a pocket watch and checks it: 9:56.

BROWN

Damn!

Brown checks a wristwatch on his other wrist. It's 9:56.

BROWN

Damn!

At last, the PACKARD pulls up across the street from the tarped DeLorean. Marty jumps out, dressed in his 1985 clothes.

BROWN

You're late! Do you have no concept of time?

Brown pulls the tarp off the DeLorean and raises the "trolley hook" on back to its full height.

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED

MARTY

Take it easy, Doc! I had to change my clothes. Everything's cool---they're back together...and here's the proof.

Marty shows him the fully restored snapshot.

MARTY

Yeah, old George really came through. Laid out Biff with one punch...cold cocked him... I never knew he had it in him. Hell, my old man's never stood up to Biff in his life.

Brown opens the DeLorean door.

BROWN

All right, let's set your destination time. This is the exact time you left...

143 INSERT - L.E.D. READOUT

143

On a readout labelled "Last Time of Departure" is "OCTOBER 26, 1985, 1:31 A.M."

144 BROWN

144

punches the appropriate keypad.

BROWN

(continuing)

Let's send you back to exactly the same time.

*
*

144-A INSERT

144-A

The readout labelled "Destination Time" lights up to read "OCTOBER 26, 1985, 1:31 A.M." We can see that the two readouts show identical dates and times.

*
*

145 EXT. ON BROWN AND MARTY

145

BROWN

(continuing)

It'll be like you never left.

*

Now, I've painted a white line on the street up there---that's where you start from.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

BROWN

(continuing)

I've calculated the precise distance,
taking into account the acceleration
speed and wind resistance
retroactive from the moment the
lightning will strike...

He picks up a WIND-UP ALARM CLOCK.

BROWN

(continuing)

When this alarm goes off, you hit
the gas.

Brown gives it a wind, then sets it on the DeLorean
dashboard.

Brown looks around, then sighs.

BROWN

Well, I guess that's everything.

Marty extends his hand.

MARTY

Doc, thanks for everything.

They shake hands.

BROWN

Thank YOU. I'll see you in about 30
years.

Marty sighs, again thinking of Brown's destiny and the
letter.

MARTY

I...I hope so.

BROWN

Don't worry. As long as you hit
that wire with this hook,
'everything'll be fine.

MARTY

Right...

Brown puts his hands in his pockets and withdraws the
letter Marty put there. He looks at it curiously. Marty
turns away.

CONTINUED

145

CONTINUED

BROWN

What's the meaning of this?

MARTY

You'll find out in 30 years

BROWN

It's about the future, isn't it?
Information about the future?
I warned you about this, kid. The
consequences could be disastrous.

MARTY

You've gotta take that risk, Doc.
Your life depends on it.

BROWN

(shakes his head)

No. I'm not going to accept the
responsibility.

Brown tears up the envelope and shoves the pieces into the
Packard ashtray.

MARTY

All right, Doc, in that case, I'll
just have to tell you straight out---

But before Marty can get the words out, a TREMENDOUS GUST
OF WIND comes up accompanied by a loud CRACK! They turn:
A TREE LIMB in the square has blown down right on top of
the cable between the clock tower and the first lamp post!

The paddle-plug attached to the lightning rod on the clock
tower is yanked out, and the cable drops down from the
clock tower!

BROWN

Great Scott! Kid---find the end of
that cable---I'll throw the rope
down to you!

Brown grabs a big coil of rope and dashes into the
courthouse.

Marty gulps. He takes a look at the fallen tree branch on
the cable, then goes hunting for the end of it.

The wind is picking up, and the sound of THUNDER approaches.

CONTINUED

146 INT. CLOCK TOWER STAIRS - NIGHT 146
Brown charges up the several flights of stairs like a madman!

147 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE 147
Marty pulls in the cable, hunting for the end of it. At last he finds it. He looks up at the clock tower.

147-A INT. CLOCK TOWER 147-A*
Brown rushes up a flight of rough hewn steps, into the belfry. He is momentarily silhouetted by the clock face as he slips between the giant gears and disappears behind the bell.

148 EXT. ON THE CLOCK TOWER 148
A DOOR opens up, giving access to the ledge below the clock. BROWN steps out as PIGEONS flutter away. His hair blows wildly in the wind, and lightning flashes in the distance. He looks up. *

149 BROWN'S P.O.V. OF 149
the CONNECTING SOCKET, dangling on its cable between the "1" and "2" on the huge clock face. Its other end is attached to the lightning rod on the tower above.

150 BROWN 150
looks down.

151 BROWN'S P.O.V. OF 151
MARTY, 5 stories below, waving with the paddle plug in hand.

152 BROWN 152
tosses one end of the rope down. The coil unravels.

153 EXT. THE SQUARE 153
The rope drops to the ground.
Marty runs over, grabs it, and ties it to the paddle plug. He waves back to Brown.

154 BROWN 154
nods and starts pulling the rope with the cable back up.

CONTINUED

155 MARTY

155

watches anxiously as the cable goes back up. He yells up at Brown.

MARTY

Doc! I gotta tell you about the future!

CONTINUED

156 INTERCUT WITH BROWN

156

who can barely hear him.

BROWN

What??

MARTY

The future! On the night I travel
back in time, the terrorists show up
and you get---

158 BONG! It's exactly 10:00---and the CLOCK BELLS STRIKE TEN! 158
Marty can't be heard over the sound!

Brown almost loses his balance with the huge bells tolling
so close! He regains his footing, then pulls the rope up
the rest of the way. He's got the paddle plug in hand.

Brown yells at Marty, but he can't be heard over the
bells. Brown gestures that he's got the cable and that
Marty should go.

159 MARTY

159

hesitates, but Brown gestures adamantly. At last Marty
nods and runs to the DeLorean.

160 BROWN

160

unties the rope from the end of the paddle plug and looks
up at its socket mate dangling on the clock face. He
reaches up for it, but he can't quite get it. He'll have
to move across the ledge to get closer to it.

161 MARTY

161

climbs into the DeLorean and closes the gull wing door.

162 INT. DELOREAN

162

Marty turns the key in the ignition and revs it up. He
puts the car in gear.

163 EXT. STREET - TOWN SQUARE

163

the DeLorean takes off.

164 EXT. CLOCK TOWER

164

Brown looks down and sees the DeLorean heading down the
street.

CONTINUED

164 CONTINUED

Brown moves along the ledge. He reaches up but he's still not close enough to grab the dangling socket.

Lightning and thunder move ever closer.

165 EXT. STREET

165

The DeLorean passes a hand-painted white line on the street--Brown has also painted the words "START HERE" for Marty's benefit. Marty makes a U-turn and pulls up to it, like a starting line.

166 INT. IDLING DELOREAN

166

Marty has an anxious expression on his face.

MARTY

Dammit, Doc, why'd you have to tear up that letter? If only there was a little more time---

Marty glances down at the 2 readouts, "Destination Time," and "Last Time Departed."

167 INSERT - THE TWO READOUTS

167

The "Destination Time" is set for "1:31 A.M.", identical to the "Last Time Departed."

168 MARTY

168

has an idea.

MARTY

More time! I'll give myself some more time!

He pushes the appropriate buttons on the keypad.

169 INSERT - THE TWO READOUTS

169

The "minutes" indicator on the "Destination Time" begins counting backwards: 1:31...1:30...1:29...

170 EXT. CLOCK TOWER

170

Brown, with the cable in his left hand, moves a little further along the ledge.

Suddenly, the ledge CRACKS and CRUMBLES beneath his feet!

Brown drops the cable and grabs onto the CLOCK HANDS to save himself!

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

The cable drops onto his left foot!

Brown hangs precariously from the clock face like Harold Lloyd, wind blowing his hair, and lightning cracking in the sky!

Brown carefully moves his right foot toward the intact section of ledge while trying to keep the cable balanced on his left foot.

His right foot moves closer...at last it finds safe footing.

Brown takes a deep breath, then hops over onto the ledge. He kicks the cable up with his left foot and catches it in his hand.

He sighs relief. Everything is all right. He reaches up with his right hand and is able to grab the dangling socket.

171 INT. DELOREAN

171

Marty is still fiddling with destination time.

172 INSERT - READOUTS

172

The destination time drops back to
1:26...1:25...1:24...1:23...1:22...1:21---

Suddenly the engine dies!

173 MARTY

173

tries to restart it but it won't turn over.

MARTY

Come on, come on...!

174 EXT. CLOCK TOWER

174

Brown has the plug in his left hand, the socket in his right. He brings them toward each other to plug them in---but they won't reach! Both ends are taut, but he's about a foot short!

Brown looks down.

175 HIS P.O.V. OF

175

the tree limb caught on the cable---which is the reason there's no slack!

176 BROWN

jerks the end of the cable, trying to free it from the limb

CONTINUED

177 INTERCUT WITH THE CABLE 177
caught on the limb as Brown tries to disengage it.

178 Brown can't free it. His face takes on intense 178
determination, exaggerated by the wind and lightning. He
gives the cable a tremendous yank.

179 The cable jerks free from the tree---but THE PLUG AT THE 179
OTHER END IS WRENCHED OUT OF THE CONNECTING SOCKET ON THE
LAMP POST!

180 BROWN reacts with horror. He now has a useless plug in his 180
hand. Lightning cracks even closer!

181 INT. DELOREAN 181
Marty is still trying to get the car restarted.
Now the ALARM CLOCK rings!

MARTY
Shit!

At last the engine roars to life!
Marty switches TIME CIRCUITS ON!
The various indicators LIGHT UP!
Marty puts the car in gear.
Marty's FOOT hits the gas pedal.

182 EXT. STREET 182
The DeLorean peels out!

183 EXT. THE CLOCK TOWER 183
Brown looks at the two cables in his hand, and the loose end
below: how can he get everything connected? Suddenly
he realizes what he must do. He ties the two of them
tightly together, then plugs them in.

184 EXT. THE STREET 184
The DeLorean accelerates..

185 INSERT - SPEEDOMETER 185
It passes 40 mph.

CONTINUED

186 EXT. CLOCK TOWER 187

Brown tests the tied connected cable ends to make sure they won't come apart: they're secure.

He takes a deep breath, then grips the line tightly. HE JUMPS!

BROWN SLIDES DOWN THE CABLE!

187 EXT. COURTHOUSE, SQUARE 187

Brown drops down to the ground!

He runs with the cable toward the lampost!

188 EXT. STREET 188

The DELOREAN approaches the square!

189 INT. MOVING DELOREAN 189

Marty drives with determination

190 THE SPEEDOMETER passes 65. 190

191 MARTY'S P.O.V. OF 191

the approaching wire strung across the street.

192 EXT. STREET 192

BROWN gets to the plug end of the cable! It's dislodged from the tree limb, so he has enough slack. He races to the lamp post and the dangling socket.

193 THE DELOREAN continues accelerating! 193

194 INT. MOVING DELOREAN 194

THE SPEEDOMETER passes 85!

The INDICATOR LIGHTS behind MARTY begin registering.

195 EXT. STREET 195

BROWN grabs the socket cable and PLUGS HIS CABLE IN!

196 INT. DELOREAN 196

THE SPEEDOMETER HITS 88!

CONTINUED

197 EXT. CLOCK TOWER 197
THE MOST SPECTACULAR BOLT OF LIGHTNING IN THE HISTORY OF
CINEMA STRIKES THE LIGHTNING ROD!

198 SERIES OF CUTS 198
The connecting cable becomes electrified.!

The DeLorean passes under the cable between the lamp posts.

The trolley hook on the DeLorean MAKES CONTACT with the
electrified cable!

The Flux Capacitor GLOWS and DISCHARGES!

199 EXT. STREET 199
The DeLorean's time coils light up and the vehicle is sent
BACK TO THE FUTURE!

200 DR. BROWN 200
lets out a whoop of delight and relief as he's drenched by
the deluge.

201 THE CABLE ACROSS THE STREET 201
has wrenched the trolley pole out of the rear of the
DeLorean. It's left there, swinging from the cable.

202 BROWN 202
looks up at the clock tower.

203 THE CLOCK 203
is stopped at 10:04
Lightning cracks behind it and we

DISSOLVE TO:

204 THE CLOCK - OCTOBER 26, 1985 - NIGHT 204*
The storm dissolves away into an ordinary night sky. The
clock tower shows 30 years of additional age...

CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO REVEAL

HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE, as we saw it in the beginning.
All is quiet---it's late.

CONTINUED

205 A RAGGEDY BUM 205

is asleep on a bench. Suddenly his hair begins to stand on end...

He's lit by an OFFSCREEN FLASH OF LIGHT, accompanied by a SONIC BOOM and a SHARP BLAST OF WIND.

We hold on him as we hear a SCREECH OF TIRES and an OFFSCREEN CRASH.

The BUM awakens and looks up to see...

206 EXT. THE BOARDED UP MOVIE THEATER - BUM'S P.O.V 206

There is a big hole in the front of what used to be the theater.

Suddenly, THE DELOREAN backs out and onto the street!

207 THE BUM 207

shakes his head.

BUM
Crazy drunk driver.

He goes back to sleep.

208 INT. DELOREAN 208

MARTY looks at the readouts.

209 INSERT - READOUTS 209

"Present Time" now matches "Destination Time" at OCTOBER 25, 1985, 1:24 A.M. "Last Time Departed" is now NOVEMBER 5, 1955; 10:04 P.M. *

210 MARTY 210

is delighted.

MARTY
All right!

He turns on the car radio. A contemporary ROCK TUNE comes on.

MARTY
All right!

He puts the car into forward gear. THE ENGINE DIES!

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED

MARTY

Aw, shit!

He tries to start it again---but he can't get it to turn over.

MARTY

Come on, come on---

He looks up and sees out the windshield...

211 MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU THE WINDSHIELD - NIGHT

211

THE TERRORIST VAN, cruising down the street and around a corner.

212 MARTY

212

is horrified.

MARTY

The terrorists!

(tries starting the car again)

Damn, it's frozen!

*

213 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THEATER, DELOREAN - NIGHT

213

Marty gets out of the DeLorean and runs like hell down the street after the terrorist van.

CUT TO:

214 EXT. THE MALL - NIGHT

214

as MARTY arrives at the Mall. He keeps on running, past the entrance sign that reads "LONE PINE MALL" (with an image of a single pine tree), into the parking lot, just in time to see, a good 150 yards away...

*

*

215 MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

215

The Terrorist van chasing down Dr. Brown---with Marty's younger self watching frozen in horror.

216 MARTY

216

is both horrified and amazed---horrified at being too late; amazed at seeing himself, and to be seeing something he's already experienced from a 3rd person point of view.

MARTY

Oh, God, no, I'm too late!

CONTINUED

217 HIS P.O.V. 217

The Terrorist leans out of the van with the machine gun.

He BLASTS Dr. Brown in the chest. Brown goes down.
Everything is as it already happened.

218 MARTY 218

MARTY

Oh, no!

219 HIS P.O.V. 219

The Terrorist van turns and goes after the younger Marty.
Just as before, Marty dives into the DeLorean and roars off.

220 MARTY 220

watches himself chased by the terrorists.

221 HIS P.O.V. 221

The DeLorean accelerates, even as it's being shot at, going
faster and faster until it's enveloped in the BLINDING
WHITE GLOW and vanishes!

But the terrorist van drives into the white glow; we hear
cursing as the blinded driver loses control of the van. It
swerves and goes out of control, crashing into a "Foto-Mat"
type stand. *

222 MARTY 222

now runs toward the fallen Dr. Brown, lying face down in
the parking lot.

He reaches him, along with EINSTEIN the faithful dog.

Marty turns Brown over, tears in his eyes.

MARTY

Doc, Doc...

Suddenly, BROWN OPENS HIS EYES and SMILES!

MARTY

You're alive!

CONTINUED

222 CONTINUED

Brown stands.

BROWN
Of course, I'm alive.

MARTY
But you were shot---I saw it! I saw
it twice!

Brown rips open his radiation suit revealing a BULLET PROOF
VEST.

BROWN
It's the latest fashion in personal
protection. It'll stop a slug from
an elephant rifle at 30 yards.

MARTY
But how did you know?

Brown smiles, reaches into his pocket and pulls out the
LETTER THAT MARTY WROTE---SCOTCH TAPED TOGETHER! It's
yellow and brittle: 30 years old!

MARTY
(smiles, shaking his head)
After all that lecturing about
screwing up future events and the
space-time continuum...

BROWN
(shrugs)
Yeah, well, I figured, what the hell.

We hear APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS.

CUT TO:

223 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

223

The DeLorean pulls up to the darkened house.

The gull wing passenger door opens and Marty gets out.
Brown is driving and Einstein takes Marty's seat. Marty
turns to talk to Brown.

CONTINUED

223 CONTINUED

INTERCUT WITH BROWN IN THE DELOREAN

MARTY

So how far ahead are you going?

BROWN

I figure I'll take it slow at first...go about 30 years, just to get my feet wet; then maybe see what's shaking in the 22nd or 23rd century.

MARTY

Well...good luck. And if you get a chance, look me up. I'll be...47 years old.

BROWN

I will. Funny...I had to wait 30 years to catch up to you. Now you've gotta wait 30 years to catch up to me. Ain't life weird.

Brown gives him a wink. Marty closes the door.

224 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

2.

Marty waves Brown off and heads around the side of the house.

*
*

In the background, the DeLorean zooms off, and we see light from the offscreen TIME TRAVEL GLOW. Marty is hit by the sharp blast of wind.

CUT TO:

225 INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

225

MARTY is on top of the bed, asleep in his clothes. Morning light streams in through the bedroom window; he stirs and opens his eyes. He blinks several times, as if getting his bearings, then sits up and looks around.

Yes, it's his room all right, and everything seems the same, from the SR-5 posters to his audio equipment.

*

Marty looks at the clock: 8:30. He looks at the wall calendar: the first 25 days of October are X'ed off---today is the 26th. Could it have all been a dream?

*
*

CONTINUED

225

CONTINUED

He gets out of bed and looks at himself in the mirror, then *
pinches himself to make sure he's real. He is. On the *
nightstand is a framed 5 x 7 version of the snapshot with
he and his siblings. It looks the same.

He reaches into his waste can and pulls out the SUBMISSION *
FORM TO THE RECORD COMPANY He looks at it, then decisively *
pulls the CASSETTE TAPE out of his drawer, and puts it in *
the envelope with the form.

CONTINUED

226 INT. BEDROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

226

MARTY comes out of his room with the envelope. He goes down the hall and stops short as he enters

227 THE DINING ROOM - DAY

227

LINDA and DAVE are seated at the dining room table which has been beautifully set for breakfast. The 5 table settings are elegant; Dave is eating a half of grapefruit; Linda has strawberries and a croissant. Dave is wearing an expensive tailored suit and reads FORBES MAGAZINE. *

DAVE

Hey, Linda, I'm not your answering service. Somebody named Greg or Craig called you a little while ago. *

LINDA

Well, who was it? Greg or Craig? *

DAVE

I don't know. I can't keep track of all your boy friends. *

MARTY

What the hell is this?

LINDA

Breakfast. What happened, did you sleep in your clothes again? *

MARTY

Dave, what are you wearing? Aren't you working today? *

DAVE

Sure, I always work on Saturday.

MARTY

Then what's with the suit?

DAVE

~ (confused, doesn't understand)
What else would I wear to the office?
Are you all right, Marty? *

MARTY

Yeah... *

CONTINUED

227

CONTINUED

Now GEORGE and LORRAINE enter from outside. They're tanned and healthy, dressed in TASTEFUL CLOTHES. George carries himself with an air of confidence, and Lorraine looks terrific---thin and svelte, radiantly healthy and positive. This is a happy marriage. *

Marty can't believe how good his mother looks.

MARTY

Mom! You look---so thin! I mean you look great! *

LORRAINE

Why, thank you, Marty. Say, tonight's the big night, right? Your big date with Jennifer Parker? Such a nice girl, I sure like her.

MARTY

(can't believe it's his mother talking)
Pardon me, Ma?

LORRAINE

You're going up to the lake tonight, aren't you? Haven't you been planning it for 2 weeks?

MARTY

Mom, we went through this last night. How can I go if Dad's car is wrecked?

GEORGE

Wrecked? There's nothing wrong with my car. In fact, Biff should be out there waxing it right now. *

228

EXT. MCFLY HOUSE

228

BIFF is in the driveway, waxing a new BMW. Biff is working diligently; his rough edges and arrogance are all gone.

GEORGE

Hey, Biff, don't forget: two coats of wax this time.

BIFF

I'm finishing up the second coat now.

CONTINUED

228 CONTINUED

GEORGE

Biff, don't try to con me.

BIFF

Uh, oh---I mean I was just about to
START on the 2nd coat.

229 INT. McFLY HOUSE

229

Marty is absolutely astonished.

GEORGE

(sitting back down)

What a character. Always trying to
get away with something.
Some employees will get away with
murder if you don't stay on 'em.
I've had to keep him in line ever
since high school.

LORRAINE

Now, George, you know if it wasn't
for Biff, you and I never would have
gotten married. *

LINDA

Yeah, Mom, you've told us a million
times: Dad beat him up when he was
bothering you and that's how the two
of you fell in love at the "Fish
Under the Sea" Dance. *

Marty at last understands what's going on here.

MARTY

No, it was "Enchantment Under The Sea." *

LORRAINE

That's right. Your father
literally came to my rescue. *

(sighs)

It was so romantic!

LINDA

(rolls her eyes)

Cornball city.

BIFF ENTERS and hands George a HARDBACK BOOK.

BIFF

Oh, Mr. McFly, this just came in:
it's the cover artwork for your
novel.

CONTINUED

230 INSERT - BOOK

230

It's called "A MATCH MADE IN SPACE," and the cover shows a bedroom with a space alien talking to a couple in bed---very reminiscent of Marty's "Darth Vader" visitation to George. The style indicates it's a science-fiction romance novel. The author's name, GEORGE McFLY, is in big letters.

231 BACK TO SHOT

231*

GEORGE

My first novel. I hope it sells.

LORRAINE

Of course it'll sell, dear. After all you've been selling stories ever since college.

DAVE

That's right, Dad. Where's that positive attitude of yours?

GEORGE

Sure. This book is going to do just fine.

(to Marty)

And where's that tape of yours, Marty? I want to mail that for you.

(picks up envelope)

This is going to do just fine, too.

MARTY

I hope so.

GEORGE

Confidence, Marty. Like I've always told you, if you put your mind to it, you can accomplish anything.

BIFF

Oh, Marty, here's your keys. You're all waxed and ready for tonight.

Biff tosses him a set of keys.

MARTY

My keys?

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

232 EXT McFLY HOUSE - DAY

237

Marty comes out of the house and opens the garage door, revealing

A TRICKED OUT BLACK TOYOTA 4 X 4 just like he saw in the showroom.

MARTY can't believe it. Marty approaches it.

VOICE (O.S.)

How about a ride, mister?

Marty turns---it's JENNIFER. She looks just the same: great.

MARTY

Jennifer! Are you ever a sight for sore eyes! Let me look at you!

Marty looks at her, as if trying to make sure she's real.

Jennifer is hard-pressed to understand why Marty is making such a big deal about this.

JENNIFER

Marty, you're acting like you haven't seen me in a week.

MARTY

I haven't.

JENNIFER

Are you okay? Is everything alright?

Marty looks back at his house.

232-A MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

232-A*

George and Lorraine, in the doorway, arms around each other.

233 MARTY

233

looks back at Jennifer.

MARTY

(smiles)

Everything is great, Jen. Just great!

He pulls her toward him...they're about to kiss...closer, closer...We hear a SONIC BOOM, and Marty turns...

CONTINUED

234 EXT. McFLY HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE

234

The DELOREAN STREAKS UP in front of the house.

DR. BROWN jumps out, more wild-eyed and frantic than we've ever seen him. His clothes are bizarre---a weird mixture of past and future: a strange variation on a roman tunic, a cape, and striped plastic pants. His baseball cap is embroidered with the logo "Peoria World's Fair 2015," and his American flag shoulder patch has 63 stars.

*
*
*

BROWN

Marty---you've gotta come with me---back to the future!

MARTY

Doc, I've got Jennifer here. I was just gonna try out my new wheels.

BROWN

Well, bring her along---this concerns her, too.

*

Brown opens the passenger gull wing door for him. Marty and Jennifer approach cautiously.

CONTINUED

234 CONTINUED

Brown goes around the back of the DeLorean and pours a bottle of beer into an opening labelled "Westinghouse Mr. Fusion Home Energy Converter."

BROWN

I need fuel.

MARTY

What do you mean? What happens?
(sudden alarm)

Does something happen to us? Do we
turn into assholes or something?

BROWN

No, you and Jennifer both turn out
fine. But your kids,
Marty---something's gotta be done
about your kids!

Brown gets back in the DeLorean.

235 INT. DELOREAN

235

Marty gets in, and Jennifer sits on his lap. She closes the door.

BROWN

Okay, here we go...

MARTY

You'd better back this thing up,
Doc. We haven't got enough road to
get up to 88.

BROWN

Where we're going, we don't use
roads.

Brown hits a new switch on the dashboard.

236 EXT. STREET

236

The DeLorean speeds down the street, then BLASTS OFF INTO
THE SKY LIKE A STREAK!

Once again, the coils glow and the DeLorean is enveloped in
the familiar white glow and disappears into the future...

ROLL END TITLES

FADE OUT

CONTINUED