

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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1 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE (1985) - DAY**1**

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.

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."

WIDER

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.

ON THE RUBBLE

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.

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.

2 EXT. BROWNS' S GARAGE - DAY 2

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.

3 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY 3

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.

4 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - TOWN SQUARE - DAY 4

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

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.

5 EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL

5

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!

6 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

6

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.

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:

7 INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY

7

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:

8 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

8

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.

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 4x4 truck on display in the town square parking lot.

MARTY

Hey, check out that 4x4. 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..

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 imitative to repair that clock...

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

CLOCK WOMAN

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...

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.

INSERT - NOTE

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

MARTY

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:

9 EXT. A ROAD - DUSK 9

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 graffiti. Marty disappears behind them, and we HOLD a beat.

10 EXT. MCFLY HOME - DUSK 10

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.

11 INT. MCFLY LIVING ROOM 11

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.

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.

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 totaled 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:

12 INT. AT THE MCFLY DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

12

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, 29, wears a MCDONALD'S UNIFORM and is wolfing down his food.

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.

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.

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?

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:

13 INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

13

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

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

Marcy 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:

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

14

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.

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.

15 EXT. TWIN PINES MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

15

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?

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.

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 calcinations 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.

16 EXT. MALL - DELOREAN - NIGHT

16

The speedometer hits 85...86...87...88...

The automobile is suddenly engulfed by a BLINDING WHITE GLOW-
- then, BLAM! It's gone, a TRAIL OF FIRE left in its wake.

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

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 traveler. 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 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...

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

Brown hits the brake button.

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.

INSERT - WATCHES

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

BACK TO SHOT

BROWN

Exactly one minute difference---and still ticking!

MARTY

Is Einstein all right?

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 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.

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?

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. gigawatts 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:

A CLOSE ON THE PLUTONIUM CONTAINER

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

WIDER

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.

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?

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.

17 INT. DELOREAN

17

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.

THE CHASE

The DeLorean roars off!

The van gives chase.

18 INT. DELOREAN - INSERT

18

The speedometer approaches 40.

19 EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - ON THE VAN

19

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

20 INT. MOVING DELOREAN

20

MARTY looks into the side view mirror.

MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU SIDE VIEW MIRROR of the Libyan gunner taking aim.

21 INT. DELOREAN - INSERT

21

The speedometer climbs past 50.

- 22 EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - THE MOVING VAN 22**
The gunner FIRES.
- 23 EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - THE MOVING DELOREAN 23**
Bullets rip into the parking lot just behind the speeding DeLorean.
- 24 INT. MOVING DELOREAN 24**
Marty has the pedal to the medal.
INSERT - The speedometer hits 75.
ON MARTY - Marty again checks the side view mirror.
MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU SIDE VIEW MIRROR
The van is still keeping up.
- 25 INT. MOVING DELOREAN 25**
Marty reacts.

MARTY
Let's see if you bastards can do
90...
- 26 EXT. MALL PARKING LOT 26**
The DeLorean continues accelerating.
The van continues pursuit, but begins to lose ground.
- 27 INT. MOVING DELOREAN 27**
INSERT - The speedometer passes 85!
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!
INSERT - The speedometer climbs...86...87...88---
- 28 INT. MOVING DELOREAN, BEHIND MARTY, THRU THE WINDSHIELD 28**

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.

29 INT. MOVING DELOREAN - MARTY 29

can't see. He's completely disoriented.

30 INT. MOVING DELOREAN - (PROCESS) 30

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

31 EXT. FARM FIELD AND BARN - NIGHT 31

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.

32 EXT. NEARBY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT 32

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.

33 INT. BARN - NIGHT 33

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.

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

34 EXT. BARNYARD - NIGHT

34

Marty stops out into the barnyard.

MARTY
Excuse me! Anybody here?

35 EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

35

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."

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:

36 EXT. THE FARM DIRT ROAD - MORNING 36

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

37 INT. MOVING DELOREAN - DAY 37

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

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.

INSERT - DELOREAN FLOORBOARDS

Marty's foot slams on the brake.

38 EXT. THE ROAD - DAY 38

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

39 EXT. FARMLAND - CRANE SHOT 39

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.

MARTY

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.

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

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

ON MARTY AND THE HUDSON

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.

40 INT. DELOREAN

40

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:

41 EXT. BEHIND THE LYON'S BILLBOARD - DAY

41

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:

42 EXT. HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE - DAY

42

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.

MARTY

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:

A POLITICAL SOUND TRUCK

heading around the corner, promoting "Red" Thomas for Mayor.

MARTY

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

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

The date is Saturday, November 5, 1955.

MARTY

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.

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF the PUBLIC TELEPHONE SIGN in Lou's Cafe.

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

43 INI. 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.

MARTY goes into the phone booth and flips through the directory.

INSERT - DIRECTORY

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

MARTY 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.

44 INT. CAFE

44

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...

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?

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, okay, 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 12'.

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 occurred 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.

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!

45 EXT. HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE

45

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.

46 EXT. - A RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

46

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.

GEORGE'S P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS of a NAKED GIRL in the 2nd
story bedroom window, dressing.

MARTY

watches in disbelief as he realizes what George is doing.

MARTY
He's a peeping Mom!

GEORGE'S P.O.V.

as the girl moves closer to the window.

GEORGE

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:

47 INT. DARKENED BEDROOM - NIGHT

47

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.

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?

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:

48 INT. BAINES HOUSE - NIGHT

48

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.

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.

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...

BACK TO SHOT

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.

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, y'ah, 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.

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:

49 EXT. DR. BROWN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 49

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.

50 EXT. BROWN'S FRONT DOOR - CLOSER ANGLE 50

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.

51 INT. BROWN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 51

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....

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.

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.

CUT TO:

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

52

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.

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

53

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

MARTY

Please, Doc, listen to me!

Brown turns around and faces him.

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 come 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.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. 1955 LYON'S GATES - NIGHT

54

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.

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.

55 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

55

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.

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 leaves 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...

ON TV

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 electricity I need...

ANGLE INCLUDING MARTY AND BROWN

BROWN

(taken aback)

What 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?

56 EXT. BROWN'S GARAGE (PASADENA) - NIGHT

56

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

A beat, then Marty follows.

CUT TO:

57 INT. BROWNS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

57

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.

MARTY
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 realize how much power that is? The only power source capable of triggering 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.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER XEROX

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

BACK TO SHOT

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!

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.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

Marty's brother Dave has no head!

BACK TO SHOT

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

BROWN
Erased from existence...

58 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE - DAY

58

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:

59 EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

59

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.

P.O.V. THRU A CLASSROOM DOOR

MARTY AND DR. BROWN

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!

THEIR P.O.V. OF

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

THE SCHOOL BELL

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.

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.

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.

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 successfully mate is if they're alone together. So you've got to arrange to get 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 don't 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.

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:

60 INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

60

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

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.

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!

BIEE

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.

BIFE

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:

61 EXT. STREET AND MCFLY HOUSE, 1955 - DAY

61

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 programs "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.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

All that's left of Dave are is feet!

MARTY

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.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

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

MARTY

smiles. He's getting an idea.

62 EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 62

All is quiet; the house is dark.

63 INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM 63

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 7CREAMING! He opens his eyes and reacts in
further terror: He sees...

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.

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 SEEPING. 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!

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.

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:

65 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

65

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

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.

ON MARTY AND GEORGE

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

MARTY
So, George, what made you change our 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...

THEIR P.O.V. THRU THE WINDOW OF

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

BACK TO SHOT

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.

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 writing it down. This is good stuff.

66 INT. CAFE - DAY

66

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.

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 density---! 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 h-s 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...

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!

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.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

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.

68 INT. BIFF'S MOVING CONVERTIBLE 68

Biff and the boys are stunned!

69 EXT. STREET 69

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

Biff cuts a U-Turn.

70 EXT. CAFE 70

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.

71 EXT. TOWN SQUARE

71

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.

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.

MARTY

freewheels down the sidewalk, around startled pedestrians.

BIFF

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

THE SIDEWALK, pedestrians dive out of the way, onto the square, or up the courthouse step.

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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.

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--

WIDE ANGLE

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.

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF 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.

MARTY

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 "skateboard1". And his friend kicks off his orange crate and makes his scooter into a skateboard too.

CUT TO:

72 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE - DAY

72

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.

ON TV

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.

MARTY

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...

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.

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.

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!

73 EXT. GEORGE'S BACK YARD - DAY

73

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 5:55?

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?

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.

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!!

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.

74 EXT. TOWN SQUARE CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

74

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.

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...

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:

75 INT. CAFE - INSERT - ON A LETTER

75

as a HAND with a pen writes.

76 INT. CAFE - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

76

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.

INSERT - ENVELOPE

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

CUT TO:

77 EXT. ON THE STREET - NIGHT

77

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.

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---! 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.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

Linda is gone except for her feet.

BACK TO SHOT

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

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:

78 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DANCE - NIGHT

78

"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.

79 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

79

Brown's Packard pulls into the lot and parks.

80 INT. PACKARD - MARTY, LORRAINE

80

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.

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 gum in
surprise.

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.

INSERT - CIGARETTE PACK

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

BACK TO SHOT

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:

81 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - THE DANCE

81

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.

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

GEORGE

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!

82 INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT**82**

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.

83 INT. PACKARD - MARTY, LORRAINE - NIGHT**83**

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?

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 bears it too. He looks at the dashboard clock: 9:00.

He sighs with defeat.

MARTY

Yeah...I know...

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.

84 EXT. SIDE OF SCHOOL

84

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!

MARVIN

Dammit, boy, you left them suckers
in the trunk!

85 INT. THE PACKARD

85

Lorraine is trying to fight off Biff. It's a real struggle
for her.

86 EXT. PARKING LOT - ON THE PACKARD

86

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 as 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.

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.

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.

88 EXT. PACKARD

88

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?

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.

89 EXT. SCHOOL - SIDE ENTRANCE

89

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.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

Linda's feet are now gone. Marty is the only one in the picture.

In the background, we hear distant THUNDER.

MARTY

is shocked. He considers the situation a moment, then realizes the answer. He runs back toward Marvin's Cadillac.

AT THE CADILLAC

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.

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:

90 INT. SCHOOL GYM

90

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.

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.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

Marty's own image is now beginning to fade!

MARTY

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...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON MARTY (\$10,000 ILM SHOT)

He holds his hand in front of his face. We are actually able to slightly see through his hand, to his face!

91 INT. SCHOOL GYM

91

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.

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.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

Marty's image is now sharp and clear, and his sister and brother are fading back in!

92 INT. THE DANCE

92

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.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

The photo is now as it was originally, with Marty, Linda and Dave all "back in existence".

ON STAGE

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.

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 pianoplayer does so.

MARTY

Sax! Improvise on the 3 chord progression.

The saxophonist does so---and it sounds like ROCK'N ROLL'.

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---! 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.

93 INT. BACK STAGE - PUBLIC TELEPHONE

93

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.

94 INT. SCHOOL GYM

94

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.

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:

95 INT. SCHOOL GYM - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

95

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.

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:

96 EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

96

It's 4 minutes before 10:00.

ON THE STREET

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.

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...

INSERT - L.E.D. READOUT

On a readout labelled "Last Time of Departure" is "OCTOBER 26, 1985, 1:31 A.M."

BROWN

punches the appropriate keypad.

BROWN

(continuing)

Let's send you back to exactly the same time.

INSERT

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.

97 EXT. ON BROWN AND MARTY

97

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. 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.

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 or.
 the cable, then goes hunting for the end of it.

The wind is picking up, and the sound of THUNDER approaches

98 INT. CLOCK TOWER STAIRS - NIGHT 98

Brown charges up the several flights of stairs like a madman!

99 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE 99

Marty pulls in the cable, hunting for the end of it. At last
 he finds it. He looks up at the clock tower.

100 INT. CLOCK TOWER 100

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.

101 EXT. ON THE CLOCK TOWER**101**

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.

BROWN'S P.O.V. OF 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.

BROWN

looks down.

BROWN'S P.O.V. OF MARTY, 5 stories below, waving with the paddle plug in hand.

BROWN

tosses one end of the rope down. The coil unravels.

102 EXT. THE SQUARE**102**

The rope drops to the ground.

Marty runs over, grabs it, and ties it to the paddle plug.

He waves back to Brown.

BROWN nods and starts pulling the rope with the cable back up.

MARTY

watches anxiously as the cable goes back up. He yells up at Brown.

MARTY

Doc! I gotta tell you about the future!

INTERCUT WITH BROWN

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---

BONG! IT'S EXACTLY 10:00-- AND THE CLOCK BELLS STRIKE TEN!

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.

MARTY

hesitates, but Brown gestures adamantly. At last Marty nods and runs to the DeLorean.

BROWN

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.

MARTY

climbs into the DeLorean and closes the gull wing door.

103 INT. DELOREAN **103**

Marty turns the key in the ignition and revs it up. He puts the car in gear.

104 EXT. STREET - TOWN SQUARE **104**

the DeLorean takes off.

105 EXT. CLOCK TOWER **105**

Brown looks down and sees the DeLorean heading down the street.

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.

106 EXT. STREET**106**

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.

107 INT. IDLING DELOREAN**107**

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."

INSERT - THE TWO READOUTS

The "Destination Time" is set for "1:31 A.M.", identical to
the "Last Time Departed."

MARTY

has an idea.

MARTY

More time! I'll give myself some
more time!

He pushes the appropriate buttons on the keypad.

INSERT - THE TWO READOUTS

The "minutes" indicator on the "Destination Time" begins
counting backwards: 1:31...1:30...1:29...

108 EXT. CLOCK TOWER**108**

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!

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.

109 INT. DELOREAN

109

Marty is still fiddling with destination time.

INSERT - READOUTS

The destination time drops back to

1:26...1:25...1:24...1:23...1:22...1:21--

Suddenly the engine dies!

MARTY

tries to restart it but it won't turn over.

MARTY

Come on, come on...!

110 EXT. CLOCK TOWER

110

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.

HIS F.O.V. OF the tree limb caught on the cable---which is the reason there's no slack!

BROWN jerks the end of the cable, trying to free it from the limb.

INTERCUT WITH THE CABLE

caught on the limb as Brown tries to disengage it.

Brown can't free it. His face takes on intense determination, exaggerated by the wind and lightning. He gives the cable a tremendous yank.

The cable jerks free from the tree-- but THE PLUG AT THE OTHER END IS WRENCHED OUT OF THE CONNECTING SOCKET ON THE LAMP POST!

BROWN reacts with horror. He now has a useless plug in his hand. Lightning cracks even closer!

111 INT. DELOREAN

111

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.

112 EXT. STREET

112

The DeLorean peels out!

113 EXT. THE CLOCK TOWER

113

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.

114 EXT. THE STREET

114

The DeLorean accelerates..

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

It passes 40 mph.

115 EXT. CLOCK TOWER 115

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!

116 EXT. COURTHOUSE, SQUARE 116

Brown drops down to the ground!

He runs with the cable toward the lamppost!

117 EXT. STREET 117

The DELOREAN approaches the square!

118 INT. MOVING DELOREAN 118

Marty drives with determination

THE SPEEDOMETER passes 65.

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF the approaching wire strung across the street.

119 EXT. STREET 119

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.

THE DELOREAN continues accelerating!

120 INT. MOVING DELOREAN 120

THE SPEEDOMETER passes 85!

The INDICATOR LIGHTS behind MARTY begin registering.

121 EXT. STREET 121

BROWN grabs the socket cable and PLUGS HIS CABLE IN!

122 INT. DELOREAN 122

THE SPEEDOMETER HITS 88!

123 EXT. CLOCK TOWER 123

THE MOST SPECTACULAR BOLT OF LIGHTNING IN THE HISTORY OF CINEMA STRIKES THE LIGHTNING ROD!

SERIES OF CUTS

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!

124 EXT. STREET 124

The DeLorean's rime coils light up and the vehicle is sent BACK TO THE FUTURE!

DR. BROWN

lets out a whoop of delight and relief as he's drenched by the deluge.

THE CABLE ACROSS THE STREET

has wrenched the trolley pole out of the rear of the DeLorean. It's left there, swinging from the cable.

BROWN

looks up at the clock tower.

THE CLOCK

is stopped at 10:04

Lightning cracks behind it and we

DISSOLVE TO:

125 THE CLOCK - OCTOBER 26, 1985 - NIGHT 125

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.

A RAGGEDY BUM

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...

126 EXT. THE BOARDED UP MOVIE THEATER - BUM'S P.O.V

126

There is a big hole in the front of what used to be the theater.

Suddenly, THE DELOREAN backs out and onto the street!

THE BUM

shakes his head.

BUM
Crazy drunk driver.

He goes back to sleep.

127 INT. DELOREAN

127

MARTY looks at the readouts.

INSERT - READOUTS

"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."

MARTY

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!

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...

128 MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU THE WINDSHIELD - NIGHT

128

THE TERRORIST VAN, cruising down the street and around a corner.

MARTY

is horrified.

MARTY

The terrorists!
(tries starting the car
again)
Damn, it's frozen!

129 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THEATER, DELOREAN - NIGHT

129

Marty gets out of the DeLorean and runs like hell down the street after the terrorist van.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. THE MALL - NIGHT

130

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 time to see, a good 150 yards away...

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF The Terrorist van chasing down Dr. Brown---with Marty's younger self watching frozen in horror.

MARTY

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!

HIS P.O.V.

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.

MARTY

MARTY

Oh, no!

HIS P.O.V.

The Terrorist van turns and goes after the younger Marty.

Just as before, Marty dives into the DeLorean and roars off.

MARTY

watches himself chased by the terrorists.

HIS P.O.V.

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-Mac" type stand.

MARTY

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!

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:

131 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

131

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.

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.

132 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

132

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:

133 INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

133

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?

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 5x7 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.

134 INT. BEDROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

134

MARTY comes out of his room with the envelope, He goes down the hall and stops short as he enters

135 THE DINING ROOM - DAY

135

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...

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.

136 EXT. MCFLY HOUSE

136

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.

GEORGE

Biff, don't try to con me.

BIFF

Uh, oh---I mean I was just about to START on the 2nd coat.

137 INT. MCFLY HOUSE

137

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.

INSERT - BOOK

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.

BACK TO SHOT

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:

138 EXT MCFLY HOUSE - DAY

138

Marty comes out of the house and opens the garage door, revealing

A TRICKED OUT BLACK TOYOTA 4X4 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.

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF George and Lorraine, in the doorway, arms around each other.

MARTY

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...

139 EXT. MCFLY HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE

139

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.

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.

140 INT. DELOREAN**140**

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.

141 EXT. STREET**141**

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