

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Written by

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FOURTH DRAFT  
Revised 10-12-84  
with pink revisions  
of 10-21-84

(Obviously, the tipped-in pink sheets that are a typical indication of revised pages or pages containing revisions within a script are not here. Lines and scenes containing the revisions of 10-21-84 are marked at the end of the line by an asterisk, as is also shown in the script itself.)

A WEIRD FLICKERING WHITE LIGHT strobes the screen, accompanied by PROJECTOR NOISE and an OFFSCREEN CONTROL VOICE.

CONTROL VOICE

5...4...3...2...1...detonate!

The light becomes brighter as we pan over to

MARTY MCFLY, 17, a good looking kid wearing Porsche mirrored sunglasses. The mirrored lenses reflect the MUSHROOM CLOUD of an ATOMIC EXPLOSION.

THE RED HOT OPENING MUSIC KICKS IN; MAIN TITLES BEGIN.

Marty starts bopping along to the rock and roll: he's plugged into a WALKMAN STEREO.

2 We are in a contemporary HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM where 30-odd STUDENTS are watching a 16mm documentary about nuclear tests of the 1950's. 2

3 SERIES OF SHOTS — MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE 3

BORED STUDENTS watch the black and white movie. Only MARTY is enjoying himself as he listens to his stereo. MARTY'S FOOT taps in time to the music.

The teacher, MRS. WOODS, 45, looks around the classroom, making sure the students are paying attention. She has her "Classroom Planner" in hand.

The DOCUMENTARY depicts preparations for another atomic test, noting that as many as 20 were done per year in the 1950's. Footage shows how tract houses were constructed and peopled with mannequins to measure the effects of radiation.

MARTY continues bopping along.

MRS. WOODS notices the one head in the classroom bobbing. MARTY'S FOOT continues tapping in time. Now a PAIR OF WOMAN'S SHOES step into FRAME.

MRS. WOODS is standing next to Marty, arms crossed, staring at him. But Marty is oblivious to her.

SUZY PARKER, 17, an attractive girl, looks over at the situation in horror.

Mrs. Woods waves her hand in front of Marty's sunglasses. No reaction.

Suzy turns her head — she can't bear to watch.

Mrs. Woods gently removes Marty's sunglasses. His eyes are closed.

Now Marty opens his eyes. He looks up at Mrs. Woods and smiles weakly.

Mrs. Woods does not smile back. She rips the headphones off — the MUSIC abruptly stops.

MRS. WOODS

Mr. McFly: detention!

CUT TO:

4 INT. STRICKLAND'S OFFICE — DAY

4

CLOSE ON MARTY'S WALKMAN in a pair of ELDERLY MALE HANDS being placed in a WOODWORKING VISE mounted on the corner of a desk.

WIDER — STRICKLAND'S OFFICE

Marty fidgets uneasily in an uncomfortable wooden chair in the sparse office as MR. STRICKLAND, a humorless disciplinarian, tightens the vise. Strickland looks 60, but he could be 160 — he was born old and stayed that way, and has been at this school forever.

Strickland gazes at Marty, then gives the vise a hard, mean wrench. The Walkman CRUNCHES... it sounds like bones breaking.

Marty cringes.

Strickland smiles sadistically and hands it back to him.

MR. STRICKLAND

That's number three, isn't it, McFly?

MARTY

Four.

MR. STRICKLAND

You don't like school, do you, McFly?

Marty rolls his eyes. Is this question for real?

MARTY

Oh, no. sir. I LOVE school.

MR. STRICKLAND

(snaps at him)

You've got a real attitude problem, you know that?

(opens a file on his desk)

You're a slacker, McFly. You've got aptitude, but you don't apply yourself. You remind me of your father: He was a slacker, too.

Marty just sits there, bored.

MR. STRICKLAND

Now, for slacking off in class and for having a serious attitude problem, your punishment is two weeks in detention, with me, starting this afternoon.

MARTY

This afternoon? But I can't! Me and my band have an audition at 3:45 for the YMCA dance. It's really important that I be there — they're counting on me. I gotta be there at 3:45.

MR. STRICKLAND

Too bad, McFly. I guess this isn't your day.

Marty is sick.

CUT TO:

5 INT. DETENTION CLASSROOM — ON A WALL CLOCK — DAY  
It's 3:28.

5

WIDER

A regular math classroom used as detention after hours. Again, we see signs of an old school dressed to be more modern: green chalkboards, repainted walls, new desks, and a sprinkler system. \*

8 or 10 STUDENTS are seated far apart from each other throughout the room. All are supposedly studying. One of them has a SKATEBOARD along with his books.

MARTY is at the pencil sharpener in the back, sharpening a pencil...but the look on his face indicates he's up to something. He looks at the clock, looks up at the SPRINKLER PIPE, then glances toward the front of the room.

MR. STRICKLAND sits at the teacher's desk, grading a LARGE STACK OF PAPERS.

Marty finishes at the sharpener. He sticks a PIECE OF GUM in his mouth and starts chewing like mad. Then he steps alongside the CAROUSEL SLIDE PROJECTOR and surreptitiously sneaks the lens into his jacket pocket. He quickly returns to his seat.

Now, Strickland stands up and starts toward Marty! Did he see Marty swipe the lens? No, he's merely "patrolling" the room.

When Strickland isn't looking, Marty produces a matchbook and a rubber band from the pencil pouch of his loose leaf binder. He opens the matchbook cover and sticks his gum to the backside.

He waits for Strickland to walk past him, then quickly, Marty stands and, using the rubber band, fires the matchbook at the ceiling.

Strickland whirls around upon hearing the snap, but Marty is already seated, "studying." Strickland looks around suspiciously, but sees nothing. He continues along.

Marty glances up: The gum is holding the matchbook on the ceiling, right near the sprinkler valve. He smiles.

Now Marty sets his mirrored sunglasses on his leg positioning them to reflect the rays of the sun up at the matchbook.

That done, he pulls the lens out of his pocket and focuses the beam onto the matchbook. He adjusts the lens ever so slightly... there! Perfect! A hot white pinpoint of light is focused on the matchbook.

MR. STRICKLAND returns to his paper grading. He marks an entire set of answers wrong and puts "F" at the top of a paper. The next paper has two right. Strickland gives it an "F+."

MARTY continues holding the lens as steady as he can, watching anxiously for results.

ABOVE there is a faint trace of SMOKE on the matchbook.

THE CLOCK now reads 3:37.

STRICKLAND grades his LAST PAPER, THEN STANDS UP AND STARTS PULLING DOWN THE WINDOW SHADES!

MARTY is horrified! Strickland is 3 shades away from Marty's window. Marty looks anxiously up at the matchbook.

MARTY  
(under his breath)

Come on, come on...!

Strickland pulls down the next shade.

There is more smoke from the matchbook...

MARTY  
Burn, you sucker...!

Strickland pulls down another shade. The next one is Marty's...

Strickland steps toward it...

Suddenly the matchbook ignites! FIRE!

Immediately the FIRE ALARM SOUNDS and the SPRINKLERS GO OFF!

MARTY  
FIRE!!!

Students jump up and scream as water sprays all over them! They rush for the door. MARTY grabs the kid with the skateboard, named WEEZE.

MARTY  
Weeze — let me borrow this! I'll bring it back tomorrow!

Marty takes the skateboard and dashes out.

MR. STRICKLAND  
Stop! Wait! We must file out in an orderly fashion!

Another sprinkler goes off and sprays Strickland right in the face!

6 EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL — DAY 6

It's a classic WPA style high school, built in the 1930's. Marty dashes out, jumps on the skateboard, and skateboards down the front steps!

7 EXT. HILLY RESIDENTIAL STREET — DAY 7

Marty comes from around the corner, skateboards down a hill, weaving through traffic. He skateboards like a champ.

8 EXT. STREET — TOWN SQUARE — DAY 8

This is HILL VALLEY, a northern California town; it's October. The town has been here a while — and its town square business district is beginning to deteriorate... undoubtedly because there's a mall someplace.

The old courthouse, now the Department of Social Services, has a clock tower — but the clock is stopped at 10:02.

A time and temperature clock on the BANK reads 3:43.

MARTY skateboards down the business street and across traffic, narrowly missing being hit by a car!

9 INT. YMCA — STAGE — DAY 9

3 MEMBERS of the PINHEADS rock band, KEYBOARDS, BASS and DRUMS, exchange nervous glances, repeatedly checking their watches. They're all set up on stage.

SUZY PARKER is also here — but she's not part of the band. \*

Suddenly, Marty skateboards onto the stage. \*

SUZY

Marty!

Marty gives her a wink; she smiles.

Marty's guitar, amp and microphone have already been set up for him. He picks up the guitar and tunes up, then looks over at Suzy.

Suzy smiles and holds up her crossed fingers. Marty grins back. Clearly, they're "an item."

Marty practices a riff...and he's great. You can't tell where the guitar ends and the man begins. He turns and addresses 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:

10 EXT. TOWN SQUARE — DAY 10

On some of the boarded up buildings are ELECTION POSTERS: "RE-ELECT MAYOR 'GOLDIE' WILSON: HONESTY, DECENCY, INTEGRITY" and a picture of the incumbent. Mayor Wilson is black, about 45, with a GOLD FRONT TOOTH.

MARTY and SUZY are walking together. She carries her schoolbooks: he has the

skateboard. And he's depressed.

SUZY

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

MARTY

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

SUZY

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

But what if they hate it? What if they say, "get outta here, kid, you got no future?" Why should I put myself through all that anxiety? (He sighs.) I'm sorry. I guess I sound like some kinda schizoid neurotic.

SUZY

Well, according to my shrink, all of our emotional anxieties are a direct result of the influence our parents had in our childhood.

MARTY

In that case, you can kiss me off right now. You've met my old man. You know what a zero he is.

Suzy nods knowingly. They are walking past a TOYOTA DEALERSHIP.

\*

SUZY

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

MARTY

Hey, I'm TAKING the car tomorrow night. That way it saves him the anxiety of making a decision.

Marty spots a tricked-out black SUPRA in the showroom.

\*

MARTY

Hey, check out that tricked-out Supra. Now THAT'S a car. (sighs, admiring it longingly) Someday, Suzy, someday...

\*  
\*

SUZY

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 shit.

Marty sprays some BINACA in his mouth.

SUZY

(nods knowingly)

My shrink says a lot of parents are sexually repressed.

MARTY

My mom's not sexually repressed. How can you be repressed about something you know absolutely nothing about?

They pause across from the former courthouse building.

SUZY

(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...

SUZY

Terrible...

They're about to kiss...

CLOCK WOMAN (O.S.)

Save the Clock Tower!

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

CLOCK WOMAN

Please make a donation to save the clock tower.

MARTY

Lady, can't you see I'm busy here?

CLOCK WOMAN

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

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

CLOCK WOMAN

(continuing)

We at the Hill Valley Preservation Society think it should be preserved exactly the way it is.

MARTY

But it doesn't tell time. What good is it?

CLOCK WOMAN

It's part of our history. Here — it's all in this flyer. (gives Marty one) 30 years ago, lightning struck that clock tower, and the clock hasn't run since. We at the society feel it's a landmark of scientific importance, attesting to the power of the Almighty.

MARTY

All right, lady. Here's a quarter.



Marty drops a quarter into her can.

She nods and moves along to bother someone else.

MARTY  
(to Suzy)

Now... you were saying that my mother wasn't doing a very good job...

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

Suddenly, a MALE VOICE booms out over a P.A.

SPEAKER VOICE (O.S.)

Marty! Marty McFly!

Marty turns.

A medium sized RV with speakers mounted on the side is idling across the street. The vehicle is quite used. It's towing a tarped vehicle on a trailer.

Marty recognizes it, and rolls his eyes.

MARTY

Doc, I'm busy.

DRIVER

It'll only take a minute...

MARTY  
(to Suzy)

Come on, you should see what's inside this thing.

They go over and step inside.

11 INT. RV — TOWN SQUARE — DAY

11

The driver is DR. EMMETT BROWN, about 65. He looks like an old hippie, with shoulder length white hair, Hawaiian shirt, faded jeans, an Indian turquoise around his neck and lively — almost wild — eyes. He's full of energy, full of life, talks fast, and is immediately likable for his eccentricities.

With him in the RV is his big DOG, "EINSTEIN."

The inside of the vehicle is full of CLOCKS — every imaginable type, a Cuckoo, a Grandfather, even a classic "Felix the Cat with moving eyes". All of them are in dead sync. There is also a bank of state-of-the-art component video and audio equipment. The 25-inch monitor is tuned to MTV. There are discarded fast food cartons, and a spilled box of sugar coated cereal, an unmade bed, a doggie dish, and tools and electronic parts. We might also notice a lead canister with purple radiation symbols.

MARTY

What's up, Doc?

BROWN

One a.m., right, Marty? You're gonna be there, right? Twin Pines Mall.

\*

MARTY

Yeah, right.

Brown takes the “Save the Clock” flyer out of Marty’s hand.

BROWN

Let me write it down for you so you don’t forget... (writes on the back) “Twin Pines Mall... one a.m.” Twin Pines Mall — remember when that used to be Peabody’s farm? It was all farmland out there. No — I guess that was before your time, Marty.

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\*

He folds the flyer and sticks it in Marty’s pocket.

BROWN

(continuing)

You’re feeling all right, Marty? You’ve been getting plenty of rest?

MARTY

Yeah, but Doc, exactly what are we gonna do at one a.m.?

BROWN

You want me to spoil it for you? Don’t worry about it — it’ll be great.

MARTY

You’re not planning on breaking into another power plant or something...? That was kinda risky.

BROWN

That’s the point, Marty. Risk. Risk makes life worth living. What would you rather do, sleep?

Brown checks one of the 4 watches on his arm.

BROWN

(sudden urgency)

It’s almost time — quiet!

Suzy gives Marty a bewildered look, but Marty knows what’s about to happen...

It’s exactly 4 o’clock, and all of the clocks CHIME at once — dings, dongs, electronic tones, cuckoo birds...

Brown loves it — he drinks it up like a proud father.

BROWN

I love that!

MARTY

Look, Doc, we’ve gotta go. I’ll...see you tonight.

BROWN

Yes! At one a.m.! It could change your life.

Marty and Suzy step out of the RV.

Marty and Suzy watch the RV go.

SUZY

I don't know if you should be hanging out with a guy like that after midnight.

MARTY

Doc Brown's all right — he's just a little hung up on time. A couple of years ago, he showed up at my house and hired me to sweep out this garage of his. He pays me 50 bucks a week, gives me free beer... and gives me total access to his record collection — he's got this great old record collection.

(a beat)

Hard to believe he was one of the world's greatest nuclear physicists.

Down the street, Brown's RV waits for an ELDERLY MAN to hobble across the street. Brown's voice booms out over his P.A.

BROWN (V.O. P.A.)

Let's move it, Gramps! You're not that old!

Suzy gives Marty a look of disbelief.

MARTY

(shrugs)

Too much radiation, I guess.

(a beat, moves closer to her)

Where were we?

She smiles and moves toward him.

SUZY

I think we were right here...

Again they're about to kiss...

A CAR HORN HONKS LOUDLY. Suzy turns away.

SUZY

That's my Dad. See you tomorrow.

She hops into the waiting car. Marty watches it go.

MARTY

This is not my day.

13 OMITTED

13\*

14 EXT. MCFLY HOUSE — DUSK

14

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

Looking on with horror is timid GEORGE MCFLY, 47, a balding, boring, uninspired man

who wears a suit he bought at Sears 4 years ago.

Next to him is BIFF TANNEN, 48, an intimidating lout, who wears gold chains and pinky rings, with sartorial taste to match.

MARTY skateboards up to the scene and is shocked. He listens as Biff lambasts his father.

BIFF

I can't believe you did this, McFly. 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

It's there, McFly. How else can you explain this?

GEORGE

Can I assume that your insurance will pay for this?

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 will 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 on the chin. Biff laughs loudly.

BIFF

Don't be so gullible, McFly!

Biff walks over to his sparkling year old CADILLAC on the street. He spots Marty.

BIFF

Hiya, kid. How do you like my new paint job?

Marty doesn't. He 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 Jesus Christ, Dad, look at the car! Look what he did to the car!

GEORGE

I know. And I know you were counting on using it, and I'm sorry.

MARTY

Do you have any idea how important this was to me, Dad? Do you have any idea at all?

GEORGE

(shrugs)

Well... I guess I don't...

Biff screeches out in his Cadillac.

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."

Now the NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR sticks his head out the window of the adjacent house. He's 40, pot-bellied, named HOWARD.

HOWARD

Hey, McFly! My kid's selling Girl Scout cookies! I told her you'd be good for a case.

Marty shakes his head. George gulps, then calls back.

\*

GEORGE

Well... okay.

Marty shakes his head hopelessly.

CUT TO:

15 INT. AT THE McFLY DINNER TABLE — NIGHT

15

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

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

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

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

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.

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MARTY

Thanks for the pep talk, Dad.

\*  
\*

LORRAINE

Kids, 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)  
Suzy 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 dog. 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.

LORRAINE

You watch your mouth, young man. And excuse yourself when you get up from the table.

Marty is already out of the room.

MARTY (O.S.)

May I be excused?

CUT TO:

16 INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

16

Marty's walls are covered with posters of rock stars and cars — particularly Toyota Supras. \*

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

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

\*

CUT TO:

16-A INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM — CLOCK ON MARTY'S NIGHTSTAND

16-A\*

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

\*

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

\*

MARTY  
(into phone)

Hello?

(a beat, rolls his eyes)

No, I haven't forgotten, Doc. One a.m., Twin Pines Mall.

\*

He hangs up and shakes his head.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. TWIN PINES MALL PARKING LOT — NIGHT

17\*

CAMERA PANS from the lit entrance sign, depicting 2 PINE TREES with "TWIN PINES MALL" in lettering below (along with a digital clock at 12:59) to pick up MARTY on his skateboard with another WALKMAN (it's a different brand than the one Strickland smashed). Marty skateboards around a corner of the mall and sees Brown's RV on the vast, sodium vapor lit parking lot. DR. BROWN is dad in a white radiation suit, hood off, (still with his Indian turquoise around his neck) and EINSTEIN, are both next to

\*

\*

A SLEEK, STAINLESS STEEL DELOREAN SPORTS CAR. It's been modified with some wicked looking units on its rear engine, giving it a particularly dangerous feel. There are coils along the front and rear decks.

There are also several small cases of supplies and equipment, and a piece of American Tourister luggage around the RV.

Marty skateboards over, totally blown away by the car.

MARTY

Jeez, Doc, a DeLorean! What the hell did you do to it?

BROWN

Grab the camera and start taping, Marty. I'll explain as we go.

Brown indicates a HOME VIDEO CAMERA nearby. Marty picks it up.

MARTY

And what's with the Devo suit?

Brown lifts open the driver's side gull wing door.

BROWN

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. The dog has a BATTERY OPERATED DIGITAL CLOCK hanging around his neck.

Marty begins taping, handheld, cinema verite style.

BROWN

(to Marty and video camera)

All right, this is test #1. 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 calculations are correct, when the car hits 88 miles an hour, you're gonna see some serious shit.

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

The DeLorean takes off, shifting gears automatically.

The L.E.D. speedometer passes 30.

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

Marty is getting it all on tape.

Brown watches intently. The speedometer climbs past 60.

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

Brown's finger holds the accelerator button down.

The meter passes 75.

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

18 EXT. MALL, DELOREAN — NIGHT

18

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

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

19 Brown and Marty are hit by a sharp blast of air. Marty blinks in disbelief: it's as if the car never existed. Only the LICENSE PLATE is left behind — a vanity plate: "NO TIME." 19

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...

20 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.! 20

21 Brown hits the brake button. 21

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

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

MARTY

Is it hot?

BROWN

It's cold. Damned cold.

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

22 INSERT — WATCHES

22

Einstein's reads 1:02:10; Brown's is 1:03:10.

23 BACK TO SHOT

23

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

BROWN

First, you turn the time circuits on...

Brown flips the labeled 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 labeled "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: March 19, 1955...

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

BROWN

Yes, of course... March 19, 1955...

MARTY

What happened then?

BROWN

That was the day I invented time travel. Actually, it was night. I remember it vividly: I got hit over the head, 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 T.F.C. — Temporal Field Capacitor.

MARTY

Temporal Field Capacitor, huh? How’d you get beaned?

BROWN

Well, I was trying to— (stops short, thinking better of it) Well, it’s not important. What is important is that it works. It’s taken me over 30 years to fulfill the vision of that night.

He faces the DeLorean proudly.

MARTY

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 jigowatts of electricity I need. The T.F.C. stores it, then discharges it all at once, like a gigantic bolt of lightning. Oh, you'd better put on this radiation suit before I reload. Not that there's any danger, but it never hurts to take precautions.

Brown hands him the YELLOW RADIATION SUIT which is near the RV. Marty puts the camera down.

\*

\*

MARTY

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

\*

BROWN

No, of course not. Here, let me help you with that.

\*

Brown helps Marty get into the suit.

BROWN

Put your hood up, Marty, while I reload... and keep Einstein covered, too.

\*

Marty and Brown both pull their hoods over their heads. Marty covers Einstein with a sheet of the same radiation proof material.

\*

\*

Brown opens the container and removes a 4-inch clear cylinder with a plutonium rod within (it's surrounded by water), then closes the container.

\*

\*

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 and releases Einstein. He picks up the video camera and starts taping again.

\*

\*

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. It's almost like cheating death.

(pauses, then smiles wryly)

I'll also be able to find out who wins the next 25 World Series.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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!

MARTY

What Libyans?

BROWN

The Libyans who got me the Plutonium! They wanted me to build 'em a bomb — I told 'em I would, but I lied!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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 pulls a .45 revolver from inside his radiation suit and FIRES at the van! He then breaks for the mall, a good 500 yards away.

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 firing — 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, even as the van accelerates toward him, and dives into the still open driver's door.

24	IN THE CAR	24
	Marty swings the door shut, then looks over the array of switches and buttons on the console with frightened bewilderment: how do you start this thing?	
	Then he spots the keys in the ignition on the steering column, just like any other car. He turns it over and shifts into first. He floors it.	
25	EXT. — CHASE	25*
	The DeLorean roars off!	
	The van gives chase.	
25-A	INT. DELOREAN — INSERT	25-A*
	The speedometer approaches 40.	
25-B	EXT. MALL PARKING LOT — ON THE VAN	25-B*
	The Terrorist Gunner leans out of the van and takes aim.	
25-C	INT. MOVING DELOREAN	25-C*
	MARTY looks into the side view mirror.	
25-D	MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU SIDE VIEW MIRROR	25-D*
	of the Libyan gunner taking aim.	
25-E	INT. DELOREAN — INSERT	25-E*
	The speedometer climbs past 50.	
25-F	EXT. MALL PARKING LOT — THE MOVING VAN	25-F*
	The gunner FIRES.	
25-G	EXT. MALL PARKING LOT — THE MOVING DELOREAN	25G*
	Bullets rip into the parking lot just behind the speeding DeLorean.	
25-H	INT. MOVING DELOREAN	25-H*



Marty has the pedal to the metal.

25-J INSERT — The speedometer hits 75. 25-J\*

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

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

The van is still keeping up.

25-M INT. MOVING DELOREAN 25M\*

Marty reacts.

MARTY

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

25-N EXT. MALL PARKING LOT 25-N\*

The DeLorean continues accelerating.

The van continues pursuit, but begins to lose ground.

25-P INT. MOVING DELOREAN 25-P\*

25-Q INSERT — The speedometer passes 85! 25Q\*

25-R ON MARTY — Gauges and indicators light up behind Marty's head, just as they did before Einstein traveled through time — the T.F.C. is about to kick in! 25-R\*

25-S INSERT — The speedometer dimbs...86...87...88... 25-S\*

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

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

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

Marty continues toward a HAYSTACK! He's completely disoriented.

27 EXT. FARM FIELD AND BARN — NIGHT 27

The DeLorean speeds right through the haystack, and then into an 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.

28 EXT. NEARBY FARM HOUSE — NIGHT 28

A light goes on in the nearby FARM HOUSE. Now, FARMER PA PEABODY, 45, comes

out in his red flannels, carrying a lantern. Behind him is his wife, MA; their buxom 14 year old DAUGHTER, and lively 11 year old son SHERMAN.

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

29 INT. BARN — NIGHT

29

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!

Ma SCREAMS and faints!

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.

30 EXT. BARNYARD — NIGHT

30

Marty steps out into the barnyard.

MARTY

Excuse me! Anybody here?

EXT. FARM HOUSE — NIGHT

PA busts out of the farmhouse with a double-barreled shotgun. Sherman is right behind him, with something rolled up in his hand.

SHERMAN

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

Pa raises his shotgun and FIRES!

Buckshot cracks into the barn wall behind Marty.

PA

Take that, 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, then moves cautiously toward the barn. Just as he's about to enter, the DELOREAN THUNDERS OUT!

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, then runs over to his "pine grove."

PA

(extremely upset)

Now I only got one. \*

Now he looks up and sees Ma coming out of the barn. She's dazed, rubbing her head.

PA

Ma! Are you all right!

Sherman runs over, terrified, with a rolled up something in his hand.

SHERMAN

Pa! No! Don't go near her! She's a zombie! She's got no more free will! The spaceman took over her brain!

PA

What the hell are you talking', boy?

SHERMAN

Read this! It's all right here!

Sherman shows him his WEIRD SCIENCE 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 looks at it, then glances over at his wife with trepidation.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. THE DELOREAN — MORNING 31

tears along the dirt road and out onto the MAIN (PAVED)ROAD.

32 OMITTED 32\*

33 EXT. STREET — DAY 33

The DeLorean pulls into frame and stops. Marty's gull wing door opens, revealing Marty's shocked expression as he sees

34 HIS OWN HOUSE — (MATTE PAINTING) 34

BRAND NEW, freshly painted — a MODEL HOME, complete with colored pennants and "model home" signs... without any landscaping.

Next to it is a LARGE SIGN with an artist's rendering of an idyllic home, nestled between magnificent oak trees, with a proud family of four beside their Cadillac. Below, in big block letters: "Live in the home of tomorrow...today! Lyon Estates, scheduled completion, This Winter."

Beyond it is vacant land, with some of it graded for construction. There are a few foundations and perhaps a wood frame or two... and the familiar high tension wires.

35 MARTY 35  
is in shock. He looks at the dashboard readouts.

36 INSERT — DASHBOARD L.E.D. 36

The date on the "Destination time" is Saturday, 3-19-1955, 5:35 a.m.... and that matches the date on "Present time." ("Last Time Departed" is 10—5 1985, 1:11 a.m.)

Below, the "Plutonium Chamber" light flashes "EMPTY."

MARTY

1955? I don't believe it!

37 He turns on the car radio and tunes in a newscast. 37

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...and President Eisenhower predicted that 1955 would see an increase in housing starts...

MARTY

Eisenhower?

MARTY

\*

Marty spots a page of discarded NEWSPAPER on the sidewalk in front of his house-to-be. He gets out of the car and picks it up.

\*

38 INSERT — NEWSPAPER

38

The date is March 18, 1955

39 MARTY

39

MARTY

This is definitely not my day.

On the back of the newspaper is an AUTOMOBILE ADVERTISEMENT with a picture of a “new” 1955 Studebaker. The copy clearly says “YOU’LL BE NOTICED driving the car of the future — the All New 1955 Studebaker.”

Marty looks at the DeLorean, looks again at the ad copy, then looks at the garage door of his house-to-be.

MARTY

Why not...?

He tries to open the garage door: it’s locked.

Then he reaches in his pocket and pulls out his KEYS. He tries one in the garage lock. It works! Marty smiles and opens the garage door.

40 ANGLE ON THE OPEN GARAGE — DAY

40\*

The DeLorean backs into the garage.

\*

Marty is about to turn off the car when he hears the RADIO DJ from the car radio.

\*

DJ  
(V.O. RADIO)

And now, one of the top records of the week...

Marty turns up the volume: he wants to hear this. “Papa Loves Mambo” by Perry Como starts playing. Marty can’t believe what he is hearing. He shakes his head.

MARTY

This is not a good year.

MUSIC BECOMES SCORE AND CONTINUES OVER NEXT SEQUENCE.

41 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MARTY’S (MODEL) HOME — MATTE SHOT — DAY

41\*

MARTY walks down the street toward Hill Valley. He’s out of the radiation suit and in his street clothes.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

42 EXT. HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE — DAY

42

The town square is immediately recognizable because the courthouse clock tower is now working. In 1955, the town square is a healthy, vibrant center of commerce. The same buildings are well kept and clean, and the street bustles with Saturday morning activity. Marty notices

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

THE TOYOTA DEALERSHIP is now a STUDEBAKER DEALERSHIP selling new 1955 cars. \*

AN APPLIANCE STORE is selling "modern" small appliances.

A WOMAN'S STORE displays tie latest fashions.

A TRAVEL AGENCY advertises "Fabulous Vacations in Cuba."

THE BANK has a round clock instead of the digital version of 1985. A sign in the window promotes "Passbook Savings at 2-1/4%."

A RECORD STORE displays the latest records and albums: Eddie Fisher, Perry Como, Pat Boone. There is no Rock and Roll.

AN ELECTION POSTER: "Re-elect Mayor Frank 'Red' Thomas. Honesty, Decency, Integrity." With the exception of the name and face, it's the same as the "Goldie Wilson" poster of 1985.

MARTY walks along tie street staring at the places and people. The people stare at him too, particularly his green shoes.

The previously boarded up CAFÉ is now open for business. Marty notices a PUBLIC TELEPHONE SIGN on the window: he's got an idea. He enters.

43 INT. CAFÉ — DAY

43

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

Marty stares at the signs advertising menu items: Hamburger — 25 cents. Ham & Cheese — 30 cents. Chocolate Sundae — 15 cents. A sign over the cigarette display says "All Brands 20 cents."

LOU, the counterman, spots Marty.

LOU

Lookin' for something, kid?

MARTY

Uh, the telephone?

Lou points it out, in back: a phone booth.

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

44

45 INSERT — DIRECTORY

45

Marty's finger comes to rest at "Brown, Emmett L. (Scientist)." 1640 Riverside Dr. Hillside 3-4385. \*

46 MARTY 46  
smiles — just what he was hoping for. The sign on the phone says "Local Calls — 5 cents." Marty digs out a nickel and dials the number. It rings...and rings... and rings. No answer. He hangs up.

MARTY  
Not my day.

He rips the page out. \*

47 INT. CAFÉ 47

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

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

MARTY \*  
Can you tell me where 1640 Riverside— \*

LOU \*  
You gonna order something, kid? \*

MARTY \*  
Uh, yeah. Gimme a Pepsi Free. \*

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

MARTY  
No, a Pepsi Free — you know, diet soda?

Lou looks at him like he's from another planet.

LOU  
No, I don't know.

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.

He pulls out his wallet and gives Lou a crisp, new 20 dollar bill. Lou's eyes nearly fall out of his head.

LOU

A 20? What do you think this is, a bank? I can't break a 20 for a nickel cup of coffee. (suddenly suspicious) Say, what's a kid your age doing with a 20 dollar bill anyway?

Marty gulps, pulls a nickel out of his pocket and takes back his 20. Lou gives him a look, then walks away.

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 takes George's soda and drinks it all. \*

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.

BIFF

You got my homework finished, McFly?

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!

(notices Marty staring at him)

What are you lookin' at, dipshit?

SKINHEAD

Biff — get a load of his shoes. This dork thinks he's a leprechaun — he painted 'em green!



They all laugh. Biff turns back to George.

BIFF

So how about my homework, McFly?

GEORGE

Um, 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

I'm a relative of yours. A very distant relative.

A BLACK BUSBOY has been sweeping up in the background, making his way over. He looks at George. As he talks, we see he has a gold front tooth — it's GOLDIE WILSON, aged 22!

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 slophouse?

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. Carruthers. I'm gonna be mayor.

LOU  
Just keep sweeping, Goldie.

Now Marty notices that George has left. He goes out after him.

GOLDIE  
(to himself)  
"Mayor Goldie Wilson." I like the sound of that.

48 EXT. — HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE 48

Marty looks around and sees GEORGE bicycling down the street.

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

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

Marty runs after him.

49 EXT. — A RESIDENTIAL STREET — DAY 49

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

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

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

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

GEORGE focuses the binoculars.

50      GEORGE'S P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS      50  
of a NAKED GIRL in the 2nd story bedroom window, dressing.      \*

51      MARTY watches in disbelief as he realizes what George is doing.      51

MARTY

He's a peeping tom!

52      GEORGE'S P.O.V.      52  
as the girl moves closer to the window.

53      GEORGE tries to move closer, but loses his balance — he tumbles into the street!      53

WIDER

MARTY watches as George groans, then slowly tries to get up. Now a CAR comes from around the corner.

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

MARTY

Dad! Look out!

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

54      INT. DARKENED BEDROOM — NIGHT      54

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

MARTY

Mom? Is that you?

WOMAN

Ssshhh. Everything's going to be all right.

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 rock. The cars were ugly. My 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 red underwear 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:

55 INT. DINING ROOM — NIGHT

55

Marty takes a seat at the dinner table next to Lorraine as MRS. STELLA BAINES, 40 and pregnant, makes the introductions to the KIDS. The chair at the head of the table is empty.

\*

STELLA

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

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

STELLA

(continuing)

...and next to you there in the playpen is little 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. Have some meat loaf, Marty.

She hands him a plate of MEAT LOAF. 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?

(to Milton)

Milton, don't eat so fast!

(to Lorraine)

Lorraine, you're not eating enough. Have some mashed potatoes.

LORRAINE

No thanks, Mom.

Now gruff 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.

56 ON TV

56

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

DOCTOR (on TV)

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

57

SAM

57

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.



the night here? I'd hate for anything to happen to him with that bruise on his head.

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 he 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.

CUT TO:

58 OMITTED 58\*

59 OMITTED 59\*

60 EXT. DR. BROWN'S HOUSE 60

The house at 1640 Riverside Drive is spectacular, the home of a very wealthy man.

\*

Marty ogles it as he walks up to the front door. He checks the address against the page he ripped out of the phone book: it checks.

All the lights are on — a PARTY is going on inside. Marty rings the doorbell.

It's answered by DR. BROWN, aged 35. Brown is dressed in evening clothes, and is flanked by TWO LOVELY GIRLS.

\*

\*

BROWN

Hiya, kid. Looking for somebody?

MARTY

Uhhh, Dr. Brown — yeah, you ARE Dr. Brown... Boy, am I glad to see you.

\*

BROWN

Do I know you, kid?

\*

\*



MARTY

Well, not exactly — that is, not yet. My name's Marty — Marty McFly. Now what I'm about to say is going to sound incredible, but you're the only man on earth who'll believe it...

(he takes a deep breath)

I'm from the future.

BROWN

(smiles)

Great sales pitch, kid — terrific. So what are you selling? Floor wax?

MARTY

No, I'm serious! You've gotta believe me! You're the only one who can get me back home!

BROWN

Get you back home? Kid, I think you got me confused with the Wizard of Oz.

MARTY

Look, I can prove I'm from 1985!

Marty pulls out his wallet and starts showing the contents to Brown.

MARTY

See this? My driver's license — expires 1987. Look at my birthdate — I haven't even been born yet.

(pulls out a 20 dollar bill)

Look at this money: "Series 1981."

(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 gives it all a cursory look, particularly the snapshot.

BROWN

Oh, I get it — you're selling trick film. This is great — it really looks like the guy's got no head. Very clever.

MARTY

Huh?

Brown hands it back to Marty. Marty looks at it.

60-A INSERT — THE SNAPSHOT

Sure enough, the image of Dave in the photo has no head. It's not torn, or rubbed off — the figure genuinely is headless.

60-B EXT. BROWN'S HOUSE — ON MARTY AND BROWN

Marty stares at it, unable to figure it out.

BROWN  
(continuing)

I'd buy a roll, but I'm not much of a photographer.

MARTY

Doctor Brown, this is no trick. I really am from the future.

Brown rolls his eyes.

BROWN

Well then, tell me something, young man from the future: who's the president of the United States in 1985?

MARTY

Ronald Reagan.

Brown and the girls burst out laughing.

BROWN

That's a good one! The kid's a riot! A regular riot!

(pulls out his wallet)

Here's 5 bucks, kid! Thanks for the laughs!

He hands Marty a five, then closes the door.

Marty sighs, then walks around the side of the house and looks in the window.

60-C MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU THE WINDOW — BROWN'S LIVING ROOM

60-C\*

The PARTY is an eclectic collection of SOCIETY TYPES, COLLEGE TYPES, BEAT GENERATION TYPES, and lots of attractive WOMEN.

Brown wanders over to the best looking WOMAN in the place. Brown whispers into her ear. She responds by hitting him in the head with a BEER BOTTLE! Brown goes down, dazed.

She walks off in a huff.

Brown rubs his head... then his eyes open wide in the same crazed expression we've seen in 1985.

BROWN

Of course. Of course! It's so obvious!

(jumps to his feet, shouts)

All right, the party's over! Everybody go home! I have work to do!

The guests exchange looks.

BROWN

Go home! Everybody out! I need quiet!

Some of the guests begin to leave.

60-D EXT. BROWN'S HOUSE — ON MARTY

60-D\*

Marty realizes what has just happened. He gets an idea.

CUT TO:

61  
Thru 63  
64

OMITTED

INT. BROWN'S GARAGE/WORKSHOP — NIGHT

61\*  
Thru\*  
63\*  
64

It's a large closed garage, with a PACKARD CONVERTIBLE and a large work area, organized and well-kept.  
A clock shows the time is 12:45.

\*  
\*  
\*

BROWN is hunched over his workbench, furiously scribbling down notes and plans. He's disheveled — he's been here for a while.

Brown's DOG is sitting near its "bed." The name on the dog dish is "COPERNICUS." Copernicus suddenly reacts to something...

MARTY appears at a partially open WINDOW. He opens it the rest of the way and climbs in.

MARTY  
Doc, listen, you gotta hear me out—

BROWN  
Get lost kid! I'm working!

\*

MARTY  
I know! And I know what you're doing — you're inventing time travel. It came to you in a vision when you got hit over the head with that beer bottle. And that thing you're drawing is the T.F.C. — the Temporal Field Capacitor!

Brown is totally astonished.

BROWN  
My God. How did you know that?

MARTY  
I told you — I'm from the future.

With that, he walks over to the garage door and raises the overhead door, revealing THE DELOREAN sitting there in the driveway.

Brown's mouth falls open as he stares at it — and the mechanism visible through the open gull wing door. He grabs the DRAWING he's been working on and runs over to the DeLorean to compare it.

It's a DRAWING OF TIE T.F.C.! It matches the real thing perfectly.

CUT TO:

65 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE — A LITTLE LATER — NIGHT 65

The DeLorean is now in the garage; the garage door is closed. The 1985 suitcase is open, and we can see its contents — clothes, toilet articles, and a CONAIR (battery) HAIR DRYER.

MARTY is busily attaching the video camera into a 1953 model TV.

MARTY

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

\*

Brown comes over and Marty rolls the tape he shot in the mall parking lot where Brown is explaining the operation of the time machine.

Brown is amazed to see himself as a man of 65.

BROWN

Why — that's me! I'm an old man! Incredible! 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. And what's that thing around my neck?

MARTY

Indian jewelry.

BROWN

I'm not even gonna ask.

66 ON TV

66

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

MARTY

(V.O. 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...

67 YOUNG BROWN is taken aback.

67

BROWN

1.21 JIGOWATTS? Kid, you're outta gas, going no place fast.

MARTY

Huh?

BROWN

Look, 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. And unless you figure on driving out into a nuclear test site while an A-bomb's going off, I'm afraid you're stuck here.

MARTY

But isn't there some other way to generate that kind of power?

BROWN

1.21 jigowatts? Oh, sure. We can tie into Hoover Dam with a very long cable. Or we build a turbine on the back of this thing and you can drive it over Niagara Falls. Or you can drive across the country at 88 miles an hour and hope that you get struck by a bolt of lightning.

MARTY

Lightning! Hold the phone, Doc — check this out!

Marty pulls out the "Save the Clock Tower" flyer from his pocket (with it is the mysterious "headless snapshot" we saw earlier). Marty shows the flyer to Brown.

68 INSERT — FLYER 68

It includes a photocopy of a NEWSPAPER ARTICLE, dated March 27, 1955, with a picture of the clock tower stopped at 10:02." The headline: "CLOCK TOWER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. CLOCK STOPPED AT 10:02."

69 BACK TO SHOT 69

Brown reads it, nodding. He's getting an idea.

BROWN

Kid, if this is true, we just might be able to get your ass back to the future! It's totally insane, but it's certainly no crazier than building a nuclear reactor onto the back of a car... According to this, we know the exact moment lightning will strike a specific spot — at 10:02 p.m. and 11 seconds on next Saturday. All I have to do is rig up a conducting system that'll channel the lightning directly into the T.F.C. As long as you're doing 88 miles an hour when it happens... See you later, alligator.

But Marty isn't paying attention. He's looking at the snapshot again, and he's quite concerned.

BROWN

What's wrong, kid?

MARTY

I don't know, but something weird is going on with this picture. My brother — he's fading out...

BROWN

Lemme see that...

Brown studies it. He too reacts with concern.

70 INSERT — SNAPSHOT 70

Indeed, more of Dave has faded away — his neck is gone, along with part of his shoulders.

71 BACK TO SHOT 71

MARTY

It looks like he's being erased or something...

BROWN

Erased from existence...

(to Marty, urgently)

Kid — we've gotta get you some new clothes!

CUT TO:

72 EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL — DAY

72

Hill Valley High looks pretty much the same in 1955, but with a little less graffiti. There is not much activity in front — school is in session.

BROWN'S PACKARD pulls up and DR. BROWN and MARTY get out.

Marty is now dressed in total 1955 period garb. He and Brown ascend the school steps. Marty seems unsure, confused.

MARTY

Are you sure about this?

BROWN

Figure it out, kid. Your old man was supposed to get hit by your Grandpa's car, not you — therefore, you interfered in your parents' first meeting. If they don't meet, they don't fall in love; if they don't fall in love, they don't get married; if they don't get married they don't have kids. That's why your older brother's fading out — he's being erased from existence. He's first, since he's the oldest. Your sister'll be next... and then you... unless you repair the damage by getting your folks back together. Once you introduce 'em to each other, nature will take its course.

(a beat)

I hope.

Marty pauses to check his reflection in the windowed door. He combs back his slicked down hair in a ducktail, only to get a handful of "greasy kid stuff."

MARTY

I can't believe you actually put this crap in your hair.

BROWN

Come on kid, let's get this over with.

Brown pulls him inside.

73 P.O.V. THRU A CLASSROOM DOOR

73

on the STUDENTS OF AN ORDINARY 1955 History class, taking a test. LORRAINE can be clearly seen.

74 MARTY AND DR. BROWN are watching from the HALL.

74

MARTY

(points her out to Brown)

That's her — in the 2nd row... Jesus! She's cheating!

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

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.

George turns. He has a "KICK ME" sign hooked on his collar. DR. BROWN shakes his head at this pathetic sight.

BROWN  
(to Marty)

Are you sure you're not 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.

Marty and Brown look down the hall in the opposite direction where

LORRAINE is at her locker, giggling with a girl friend.

ON MARTY AND BROWN

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 — from Saturday? I saved your life, remember?

GEORGE

Oh...yeah...

MARTY

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

He pulls him down the hall to Lorraine, who has her back to them.

MARTY

Excuse me, Lorraine...

Lorraine turns.

LORRAINE

Calvin! I mean, Marty!

She's so delighted to see Marty, she drops her books.

MARTY

Oh, let me get those...

He picks up her books and gives them back to her. She's totally infatuated.

LORRAINE

Thank you.

MARTY

Lorraine, I want to introduce you to someone. 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

Um, yeah....

The BELL RINGS.

LORRAINE

I'm late. See you later.

She hurries off down the hall, joining a girl friend. They pass by Dr. Brown.



LORRAINE  
(to her friend)

Isn't he a dreamboat?

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

Obviously, you being in the picture is a real distraction for her. You've got to get him to ask her out on a date — so they can be alone together.

MARTY

A date? What kinda date? I don't know what kids do in the 50's.

BROWN

What do they do in the 80's?

MARTY

Sex and drugs and rock 'n roll.

BROWN

No comment, kid.

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

BROWN

Look — there's a dance coming up. Get him to take her to that.

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

Well then, kid, you gotta make sure they go to that dance. Together.

CUT TO:

77	OMITTED	77*
78	INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA	78*
	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 next to him.	*

MARTY \*  
Hi, George. What are you writing? \*

GEORGE \*  
Stories. \*

MARTY \*  
Yeah? What kind of stories? \*

GEORGE \*  
Science fiction stories... about space travel... and visitors from other planets \*  
coming to earth. \*

MARTY \*  
I never knew you did anything creative. How about letting me read one of \*  
'em? \*

GEORGE \*  
Oh, no. I never let anybody read my stories. \*

MARTY \*  
How come? \*

GEORGE \*  
What if they didn't like 'em? What if they told me I was not good? I couldn't \*  
take that kind of rejection. \*

Marty's having a bad case of deja vu. \*

GEORGE \*  
(continuing) \*  
My father's always telling me that if I never let anyone read my work, I'll \*  
have no future as a writer. I know he's right... but I guess that's just the way \*  
I am. \*

(a beat) \*  
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, you know that girl I introduced you to? Lorraine? She really \*  
likes you. And I think you should ask her to the "Enchantment Under The \*  
Sea" dance. I think you'd have a great time with her. \*

GEORGE \*  
Well, I really couldn't ask her. \*

MARTY \*  
Why not? \*

GEORGE \*  
What if she says "no?" I'd hate to be rejected. \*

Marty is starting to get exasperated.

MARTY

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

GEORGE

Well, it's not like I don't want to... It's just that I kinda think she'd rather go out 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!

BIFF

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

LORRAINE

Get your hands off me!

But Biff persists.

MARTY (O.S.)

She said to get your hands off her.

Biff turns to find himself facing Marty.

BIFF

What's it to you, dipshit? 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, I'll give you a break. Today. But if you don't shape up, I'm shippin' you out.

Biff walks off.

Lorraine looks at Marty and sighs with infatuation.

LORRAINE  
Oh, Marty, that was wonderful! Thank you.

MARTY  
Oh, yeah. You're welcome.

CUT TO:

78-A INT. BROWN'S LIVING ROOM — DAY

78-A\*

Marty is on the phone.

\*

MARTY  
What do you mean, She's not your type? It's destiny, George. You and Lorraine are meant for each other.

\*

\*

(pause, listens)

\*

Look, I'll give you 20 dollars if you take her to that dance. 20 whole dollars.

\*

(sighs, disappointed)

\*

Okay, George. I'll see you tomorrow.

\*

\*

Marty hangs up, exasperated. He pulls out the snapshot again.

\*

78-B INSERT — SNAPSHOT

78-B\*

All that's left of Dave are his feet!

\*

78-C MARTY reacts uneasily.

78-C\*

79

79\*

Thru OMITTED

Thru\*

81

81\*

CUT TO:

82 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE — DAY

82

Brown is fiddling with the video camera, playing the end section of the mail tape over his TV set. Brown seems particularly curious about what happens at the end, why it cuts off so abruptly.

\*

\*

\*

MARTY enters as the tape reaches the end...

83 ON TV

83

OLD BROWN reacts to the dog barking.

OLD BROWN  
(on TV)

What is it, Einie?

(reacting with horror)

Oh, no, they found me! I don't know how—

The tape ends abruptly.

84 MARTY reacts with pain, remembering what followed.

84

MARTY

Say, Doc—

Brown turns, surprised that Marty has been watching.

\*

BROWN

Oh, hi, kid.

(indicates video camera)

Fascinating device, this camera. I can't believe it's made in Japan.

MARTY

Doc, there's something I haven't told you about what happens... (gulps)  
...on the night we make that tape...

BROWN

Hold it right there, kid. Don't tell me anything, I don't want to take any more chances of screwing up the space-time Continuum. No man should know too much about his own destiny. If I know too much about the future, I could endanger my own existence. Besides, I've always hated fortune tellers.

(a beat)

And speaking of endangered species, how did it go today with your pop?

MARTY

Terrible. He just doesn't want to go out with my mom. I tried everything. I reasoned with him, begged him, pleaded with him, yelled at him... I even tried bribing him. The only thing I haven't tried is scaring him—

Marty stops short. He's getting an idea...

CUT TO:

85 EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE — NIGHT

85

All is quiet; the house is dark.

86 INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM

86

Close ON A CLOCK on the nightstand. It's almost 1:30. We PAN OVER to GEORGE'S FACE. He's sleeping soundly, in bed.

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

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

GEORGE AWAKENS SCREAMING! He opens his eyes and reacts in further terror: He sees 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 Third Kind! You have reached the Outer Limits of the Twilight Zone!

GEORGE

Mom! Dad!

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

MARTY

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

George raises his hands in surrender.

GEORGE

All right! I surrender! Turn it off!

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

MARTY

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

(after several more beeps)

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

GEORGE

You mean, take Lorraine to the dance?

MARTY

Affirmative.

GEORGE

But I don't know if I'll be able—

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.

87 EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE — NIGHT

87

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

BROWN

How'd it go?

MARTY

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

CUT TO:

88 EXT. TOWN SQUARE — DAY

88

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

MARTY  
(spots him)

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 out, but I don't know how to do it.

MARTY

All right, keep your pants on. She's over there in the café, having a soda. Come on...

They head across the street toward the CAFÉ — it's the local teen after school hangout.

TWO KIDS on homemade scooters (roller skates nailed to a 2 x 4 with an orange crate on top) cruise down the sidewalk past them.

Marty points through the café window.

MARTY

Look, there she is.

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

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

90 BACK TO SHOT 90

MARTY

It's simple, George. You just go in there 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.

91 INT. CAFÉ — DAY 91

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

Marty enters with George.

MARTY

There she is. Just go and ask her.

Marty points George in the right direction, and takes a stool at the counter, out of



Lorraine's immediate view.

George looks at his "script" and mouths the words to himself. He gets up his nerve and 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."

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 — I mean, destiny.

Lorraine giggles with her girl friends.

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

BIFF (O.S.)  
McFly, I thought I told you never to come in here!

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

Marty drops his head in his hands and sighs.

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

GEORGE  
(quickly pulls out his wallet)  
How much do you want, Biff?

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

BIFF  
You!  
(getting up)  
All right, wise ass, it's fat lip time...

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

\*

Match, 3-D and Skinhead rush Marty.

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

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

LORRAINE  
(to her girlfriends)

That's Calvin Klein! Oh, God, he's a dream!

92 EXT. CAFÉ AND STREET

92

Marty dashes down the street, followed by Biff and the boys. Most of the kids in the café 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.

93 FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

93

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

93-A INT. BIFF'S MOVING CONVERTIBLE

93-A

Biff and the boys are stunned!

\*

94 EXT. STREET

94

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

Biff cuts a U-Turn and continues the pursuit.

95 EXT. CAFÉ

95

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

LORRAINE

He's an absolute dream...!

Now Biff's convertible comes racing after Marty.

95-A MARTY 95-A  
again looks over his shoulder and sees that Biff is closing in, fast. Things don't look good.

Up ahead is an intersecting street: Hill Street. Marty lets go of the car and cuts a sharp left onto Hill Street.

95-B BIFF 95-B  
is coming too fast to make the turn. He overshoots the intersection and has to make another U.

His boys are watching Marty with amazement. \*

MATCH \*

What is that thing he's on? \*

SKINHEAD \*

It's a board with a roller skate nailed under it. \*

3 -D \*

Hey — we could build those things and sell 'em — we could call 'em "Roller Boards!" \*

96 EXT. HILL STREET 96

It's an incredibly steep hill, and at the bottom is a railroad crossing. Marty accelerates and he coasts down. Now Biff's convertible shoots onto Hill Street, actually lifting off the ground as it comes over the hill!

Biff drives like hell after Marty and he's closing fast. Then Marty drops into a crouch, cuts his wind resistance and speeds away!

97 AT THE RAILROAD CROSSING, 97

the warning bells start ringing and the gate begins to lower.

Marty reacts with fear.

A Diesel Freight is approaching.

The gate drops all the way down.

Biff speeds up to stay on Marty's tail.

98 Marty has no choice — he vaults over the crossing gate and lands back on his 98  
"skateboard," crossing the tracks just inches in front of the barreling Diesel!

99 Biff slams on his brakes. His wheels lock up and rubber SCREECHES across the 99  
pavement... but nevertheless, he CRASHES through the crossing gate, coming to a stop right at the edge of the tracks... and the Diesel engine runs over his front bumper!

99-A MARTY 99-A  
continues on with a euphoric yell as the train roars on behind him, completely cutting off Biff's pursuit.

99-B ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS, 99-B  
BIFF is pissed.

BIFF  
I'm gonna get that son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. TOWN SQUARE — LATER 100

Time has passed; things are quiet at the café.

Marty comes gliding down the street on his "skateboard," looking around for somebody. He hops off and sticks his head in the café.

MARTY  
George?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hi, Calvin — I mean, Marty.

Marty turns: LORRAINE is standing on the sidewalk behind him.

MARTY  
Oh, hi.

LORRAINE  
You know, you're the first person who's ever given Biff a taste of his own medicine.

Marty shrugs it off as no big deal.

She moves toward him. He backs away.

LORRAINE  
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, well, funny you should bring that up, because you know who really wants to take you, and I really think you'd hit it off with him, is George McFly.

LORRAINE  
Yeah, he asked me, but I turned him down.

MARTY  
You did WHAT?

LORRAINE  
George just isn't my type. He's sort of cute and all, but he's such a... well,

you know, a chicken.

(moving closer to him)

I think a man should be strong...so he can protect the woman he loves.  
Don't you?

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

LORRAINE

So what do you say about Saturday?

MARTY

Uh...well...yeah, sure. Okay. It'll be...great. You and me... on a...  
(coughs, nearly chokes)  
...date.

CUT TO:

101 INT. BROWN'S GARAGE — NIGHT

101

Brown is shocked to hear what Marty has just told him.

BROWN

What do you mean you said "yes"?

MARTY

I had to. At least that way I'll know she'll be there. Now all I've gotta do is figure out some way to make her end up with George.

BROWN

You're not gonna have much time, kid. You've gotta make everything happen by 9:30 — 9:45 at the latest — because you've gotta beat it back to the courthouse square in time for the fireworks.

Come here, I'll show you the set-up.

Brown takes him over to a CRUDE PLYWOOD TABLETOP MODEL of Hill Valley town square which he's constructed himself.

A "lightning rod" (a nail) has been attached to the top of the "clock tower" (a piece of wood with a watch strapped around it). A wire runs down from the "lightning rod," across "town square" and between two "lamp posts" (candles in candlesticks) across the "street."

Brown explains the layout to Marty.

BROWN

We put a lightning rod on the clock tower and we run some industrial strength electrical cable from the lightning rod, across the street. \*  
Meanwhile, we've outfitted your car with a big hook directly connected into \*  
the T.F.C....

Brown brings out a wind-up toy car with a wire sticking straight up from the back. There's a hook on the top of it. (There is a similar rig on the real DeLorean, visible in the background.) Brown winds up the toy car.

BROWN

(continuing)

On a signal, you'll take off down the street toward the cable, accelerating to 88...

\*

Brown releases the toy car from one end of the model, toward the strung wire...

He picks up a STRIPPED WIRE, plugged into the AC outlet and brings it toward the "lightning rod."

BROWN  
(continuing)

Lightning strikes, electrifying the cable, just in time to...

He touches the live wire to the nail. 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 old man.

Marty has another look at the fateful snapshot.

102 INSERT — SNAPSHOT

102

Dave is entirely gone, and now Linda's head is beginning to go.

103 MARTY  
gulps.

103

MARTY

Yeah...

CUT TO:

104 EXT. GEORGE'S BACKYARD — DAY

104

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

GEORGE

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

MARTY

She wants to go with YOU George — she just doesn't know it yet. That's why we've gotta convince her that you're not a chicken — so she'll realize that.

Now come on, hit me in the stomach. Right here, go ahead.

Marty makes himself a target, but George seems quite unwilling. In the background, a homemade body bag (a duffel bag filled with clothes) is hanging from a clothesline pole.

GEORGE

I don't want to hit you in the stomach.

MARTY

You're not gonna hurt me. Just give me a punch.

GEORGE

Look, I'm not a fighter.

MARTY

How many times do I have to explain it to you? We know you're not a fighter. You know it, I know it...but she doesn't know it. That's why we've gotta make you look like a fighter, somebody who'll stand up for her, somebody who'll protect her. And you're not gonna look like a fighter if you can't hit me in the stomach.

GEORGE

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

MARTY

You're not picking a fight, you're coming to her rescue. Maybe we'd better go over the plan again.

Where are you gonna be at 8:55?

GEORGE

At the dance.

MARTY

And where am I gonna be?

GEORGE

In the parking lot, with her.

MARTY

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

GEORGE

Why?

MARTY

Why what?

GEORGE

Why is she gonna get angry with you?

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—

MARTY

George, 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. Now come on and hit me in the stomach.

George takes a deep breath and throws a flimsy punch into Marty's gut.

MARTY

No, George, put a little emotion into it. A little hostility, a little anger.

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 concentrate on the anger. Anger.

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

MARTY

(sighs)

Well... I think you're starting to get the hang of it. Just keep practicing. I'll see you later. Remember, anger, George. Anger.

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



GEORGE

...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 TREE!

105 George is astonished!

105

EXT. TOWN SQUARE CLOCK TOWER — NIGHT

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: An electrical storm in the vicinity will bypass Hill Valley, but we can expect continued cloudiness and some light rain...

Brown reacts to the weather report.

BROWN

Kid, 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, kid, 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, kid. We've already agreed that having knowledge of the future can be extremely dangerous. Even if your intentions are good, it could backfire drastically. Whatever it is you want to tell me, I'll find out through the natural course of time.

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

MARTY

(sighs)

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

BROWN

No thanks.

CUT TO:

106 INT. CAFÉ — INSERT — ON A LETTER 106

as a HAND with a pen writes.

107 INT. CAFÉ — WIDE ANGLE — NIGHT 107

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

MARTY

"Dr. Brown, on October 5, 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. March 26, 1955."

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

108 INSERT — ENVELOPE 108

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

CUT TO:

109 EXT. ON STREET — NIGHT 109

Brown is on the ladder stringing electrical cable across the street, between the two lamp posts. MARTY returns with a candy bar. Brown's trenchcoat is laying on the tarped DeLorean. Making sure that Brown isn't watching, Marty surreptitiously places the ENVELOPE into a pocket.

Now a COP meanders over and watches.

COP

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

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

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

BROWN  
Some new specialized weather sensing equipment.

Brown comes down from the ladder.

COP  
You got a permit for this?

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

He takes out his wallet and gives the cop a 50 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  
(to Marty)  
Thank you, officer.  
Say, kid, you'd better pick up your mom and get going.

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

110 INSERT — SNAPSHOT 110

Marty is the only one in the picture now, it's as if his siblings never existed.

111 BACK TO SHOT 111

Marty stares at it, then puts it back in his pocket. He is uneasy and scared. \*

BROWN \*  
You look a little pale. Are you okay? \*

MARTY

Oh sure, I feel great. Why shouldn't I? I'm going on a hot date with my mother.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

112 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM — DANCE — NIGHT

112

"Enchantment Under The Sea" is well underway.

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

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

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

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

113 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

113

Brown's Packard pulls into the lot and parks.

114 INT. PACKARD — MARTY, LORRAINE

114

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

MARTY

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

LORRAINE

Why do you think I'd mind?

MARTY

Well, I don't know, some girls just don't like to...

LORRAINE

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

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

LORRAINE

You seem nervous, Marty. Is anything wrong?

MARTY

Uh, no...

LORRAINE

Have some of this — it'll help you relax.

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

MARTY

What are you doing with that?

LORRAINE

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

She takes a nip.

MARTY

Lorraine, you shouldn't drink!

LORRAINE

Why not?

MARTY

Well, it's just not healthy.

LORRAINE

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

She hands it to him.

MARTY

Maybe I could use a hit....

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

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? Are they as square as mine?

MARTY

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

Marvin Berry and the Midnighters 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.

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

116

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

117

GEORGE

What time do you have?

STUDENT

Five after nine.

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

118 INT. PACKARD — MARTY, LORRAINE — NIGHT

118

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!

119 INT. SCHOOL HALL — NIGHT

119

George is in a PHONE BOOTH, dialing a number. It rings and a WOMAN answers.

WOMAN

(V.O. phone)

At the tone, the time will be nine o'clock, exactly....

A KID named DIXON (class prankster type) sticks a broom through the phone booth door handle. George tries to get out, but he's trapped.

\*

\*

Dixon LAUGHS loudly.

George jerks the door frantically, and Dixon just laughs louder.

120 INT. PACKARD — NIGHT

120

Lorraine continues her passionate assault of Marty — then 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... or my father. I don't understand it, but I just know it's wrong. I guess that doesn't make any sense, does it?

MARTY

Believe me, it makes perfect sense.

We hear the sounds of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS on gravel.

LORRAINE

Sounds like somebody's coming.

Marty hears it too. He looks at the dashboard clock: 9:00. He sighs with defeat.

MARTY

Yeah... I know...

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, dipshit. 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 son-of-a-bitch.

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.

121 EXT. SIDE OF SCHOOL

121

Skinhead, Match and 3-D drag Marty around the corner to the side of the school where a CADILLAC is parked with its trunk open.

SKINHEAD

Hey — let's lock him in that trunk!

They throw Marty into the car trunk and slam the lid shut. Then, the Cadillac's driver's door is thrown open and the DRUMMER from the band steps out. He's smoking a reefer.

DRUMMER

Say, what you messin' with my car for?

3-D

Beat it, spook, this don't concern you!



The other 3 car doors open, and MARVIN BERRY 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!

122 INT. — PACKARD

122

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

123 EXT. PARKING LOT — ON THE PACKARD

123

Through the windshield we see arms and legs flailing about in a struggle. We hear SCREAMING.

Now GEORGE arrives. He spots the car and goes into his act. He adjusts his pants, strides to the car like John Wayne, and opens the driver’s door.

GEORGE

Hey, you! Get your damn hands — uh, oh!

George realizes he’s facing Biff. Now he’s really scared.

BIFF

I think you got the wrong car, McFly.

LORRAINE

George! Help me!

George doesn’t know what to do. He stares in dumbfounded amazement.

BIFF  
Just close the door, McFly and walk away.

GEORGE  
Uh, okay, Biff...

He turns and takes a few steps.

LORRAINE  
George! Please! Help me!

George can't stand it. He stops and goes back. He takes a deep breath.

GEORGE  
All right, Biff. You let her alone.

BIFF  
Who's gonna make me?

GEORGE  
(gulps)  
I am.

Biff steps out of the car and laughs loudly.

BIFF  
Yeah? You and what army, McFly?

George balls his right hand into a fist and takes a swing at Biff — but Biff grabs his arm and starts twisting it.

George grimaces.

124 EXT. AT THE CADILLAC 124

Meanwhile, Marvin is trying to pop the trunk lock with a screwdriver. He's not having much luck.

125 EXT. PACKARD 125

Biff twists George's arm harder.

LORRAINE  
Stop it, Biff! You'll break his arm!

She tries to pull him away. He slaps her backhand, knocking her down.

Biff laughs.

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.

126 AT THE CADILLAC

126

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.

127 MARTY

127

rushes onto the parking lot and is astonished to see GEORGE AND LORRAINE EMBRACING... and BIFF out cold on the ground. He keeps his distance, allowing them to have their moment.

Nearby, a few KID BYSTANDERS come over to them.

BYSTANDER #1

George, we never knew you had it in you!

BYSTANDER #2

Yeah! Ever think about going out for the team?

BYSTANDER #3

How about running for class president?

GEORGE

Well, I'll have to think about it.

Marty can't believe what he's hearing.

Now George and Lorraine head for the school.

128 EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL

128

George and Lorraine go up the front stairs. Marty watches from a safe distance away. Just as they're about to go in, Lorraine turns and sees Marty. She smiles. He smiles back.

Now Marty pulls out the snapshot and takes a look.

129 INSERT — SNAPSHOT

129

Marty's own image is beginning to fade.

In the background, we hear distant THUNDER.

130 MARTY 130  
is shocked. He considers the situation a moment, then realizes the answer. He runs back toward the Cadillac.

131 AT THE CADILLAC 131

Marvin is wrapping a handkerchief around his cut hand while the band looks on.

Marty runs over to them.

MARTY

Hey, you guys, you've gotta get back in there and finish the dance!

MARVIN

Sorry, my friend, but we're through for tonight.

MARTY

What do you mean, you're through?

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:

132 INT. SCHOOL GYM 132

Marty is playing the guitar with the Midnighters, in a version of "Earth Angel."

George and Lorraine are on the floor, dancing.

Marty looks at them, then looks at the back of his guitar where, attached with chewing gum, is the snapshot. Nothing has changed. Marty watches his parents. He's getting nervous.

GEORGE AND LORRAINE are looking at each other as they dance. George seems a little unsure of himself.

LORRAINE

Aren't you going to kiss me, George?

GEORGE  
(uncertain)

Well... I don't know...

Now DIXON butts in.

DIXON

Beat it, McFly, I'm cuttin' in.

He pushes George out of the way. ON STAGE, Marty reacts with horror. He looks at the snapshot.

133 INSERT — SNAPSHOT 133

Marty's image is definitely fading!

134 MARTY 134  
blinks his eyes and start hitting wrong notes. He doesn't seem to be able to play the guitar anymore.

The DRUMMER notices this.

DRUMMER

Hey, man...what's wrong?

MARTY

I can't play! I don't know how to play the guitar!

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, Dixon has his hands all over Lorraine. Lorraine doesn't like it. She looks to George with pleading eyes.

MARTY is turning pale. He can barely stand up.

MARTY

I don't feel so good..

The band keeps on playing.

GEORGE sees Dixon with Lorraine. His anger rises and he strides over the them.

GEORGE  
(to Dixon)

Get lost, jerk!

He yanks Dixon away from Lorraine and shoves him hard, sending him sprawling into the refreshment table — right into the punch bowl!

George takes Lorraine in his arms and kisses her!

ON STAGE, Marty immediately recovers! He jumps up, full of life, wired with energy. The color returns to his face, and he looks at the snapshot.

135 INSERT — SNAPSHOT 135

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

George and Lorraine are dancing very close. From the looks on their faces, there can be no doubt: they're in love.

GEORGE

You know, I'm gonna write all this up in a story and send it in for publication.

LORRAINE

I thought you only wrote science fiction.

GEORGE

It IS science fiction.

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

Marty is euphoric. He remembers how to play, and jumps into the opening riff of "Johnny B. Goode!"

MARTY

(to the band)

Follow me, fellas! Let's rock 'n roll!

The band joins in.

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!

MARVIN BERRY is on the phone.

MARVIN

(into phone)

Chuck? This is Marvin!

(pauses)

Marvin Berry! Your cousin! Now, listen — I think this is the sound you've been looking for...

He holds the phone toward the music.

140 INT. SCHOOL GYM

140

The pandemonium continues.

Now Marty tears open his shirt and does some Elvis pelvis moves.

Girls scream!

Marty's movements become Mick Jaggeresque, 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 tastes — 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:

141 EXT. CLOCK TOWER — NIGHT

141

It's 4 minutes before 10:00.

142 ON THE STREET

142

BROWN, wearing the trenchcoat, paces back and forth anxiously. The wind is picking up, and we hear DISTANT THUNDER. The entire "lightning rod setup" is complete, with the cable strung across the street between the two lampposts. Brown checks his wristwatch: 9:56.

BROWN

Damn! Where is that kid?

Brown pulls out a pocket watch and checks it: 9:56.

BROWN

Damn!

Brown checks a wristwatch on his other wrist. It's 9:56.

BROWN

Damn!

At last, the PACKARD pulls up across the street from the tarped DeLorean. Marty jumps out, dressed in his 1985 clothes.

BROWN

You're late! Do you have no concept of time?

Brown pulls the tarp off the DeLorean and raises the "trolley hook" on back to its full height.

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... and I had to miss it. I never knew he had it in him. Hell, my old man's never stood up to Biff in his life.

Brown opens the DeLorean door.

BROWN

All right, let's set your destination time. This is the exact time you left...

143 INSERT — L.E.D. READOUT 143

On a readout labeled "Last Time of Departure" is "OCTOBER 5, 1985, 1:11 A.M."

144 BROWN 144  
punches the appropriate keypad.

BROWN  
(continuing)

Let's send you home 10 minutes later...

144 INSERT 144

The readout labeled "Destination Time" lights up to read "OCTOBER 5, 1985, 1:21 A.M."  
We can see that the two readouts differ by 10 minutes.

145 EXT. ON BROWN AND MARTY 145

BROWN  
(continuing)

Ten minutes isn't long enough for you to be missed. Now, I've painted a white line on the street up there — that's where you start from.

(continuing)

I've calculated the precise distance, taking into account the acceleration speed and wind resistance retroactive from the moment the lightning will strike...

He picks up a WIND-UP ALARM CLOCK.

BROWN  
(continuing)

When this alarm goes off, you hit the gas.

Brown gives it a wind, then sets it on the DeLorean dashboard.



Brown looks around, then sighs.

BROWN

Well, I guess that's everything.

Marty extends his hand.

MARTY

Doc, thanks for everything.

They shake hands.

BROWN

Thank YOU. I'll see you in about 30 years.

Marty sighs, again thinking of Brown's destiny and the letter.

MARTY

I... I hope so.

BROWN

Don't worry. As long as you hit that wire with this hook, everything'll be fine.

MARTY

Right...

Brown puts his hands in his pockets and withdraws the letter Marty put there. He looks at it curiously. Marty turns away.

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?

MARTY

You'll find out in 30 years.

BROWN

I warned you about this, kid. The consequences could be disastrous.

MARTY

You've gotta take that risk, Doc. Your life depends on it.

BROWN

(shakes his head)

No. I'm not going to accept the responsibility.

Brown tears up the envelope and shoves the pieces into the Packard ashtray.

MARTY

All right, Doc, in that case, I'll just have to tell you straight out—

But before Marty can get the words out, a TREMENDOUS GUST OF WIND comes up accompanied by a loud CRACK! They turn: A TREE LIMB in the square has blown down right on top of the cable between the clock tower and the first lamp post!

The paddle-plug attached to the lightning rod on the clock tower is yanked out, and the cable drops down from the clock tower!

BROWN

Great Scott! Kid — find the end of that cable — I'll throw the rope down to you!

Brown grabs a big coil of rope and dashes into the courthouse.

Marty gulps. He takes a look at the fallen tree branch on the cable, then goes hunting for the end of it.

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

146 INT. CLOCK TOWER STAIRS — NIGHT 146

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

147 EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE 147

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

148 EXT. ON THE CLOCK TOWER 148

A DOOR opens up, giving access to the ledge below the clock. BROWN steps out. His hair blows wildly in the wind, and lightning flashes in the distance. He looks up.

149 BROWN'S P.O.V. OF 149  
the CONNECTING SOCKET, dangling on its cable between the "1" and "2" on the huge clock face. Its other end is attached to the lightning rod on the tower above.

150 BROWN 150  
looks down.

151 BROWN'S P.O.V. OF 151  
MARTY, 5 stories below, waving with the paddle plug in hand.

152 BROWN 152  
tosses one end of the rope down. The coil unravels.

153 EXT. THE SQUARE 153

The rope drops to the ground.

Marty runs over, grabs it, and ties it to the paddle plug. He waves back to Brown.

154 BROWN 154  
nods and starts pulling the rope with the cable back up.

155 MARTY 155  
watches anxiously as the cable goes back up. He yells up at Brown.

MARTY

Doc! I gotta tell you about the future!

156 INTERCUT WITH BROWN 156  
who can barely hear him.

BROWN

What??

MARTY

157 The future! On the night I travel back in time, the terrorists show up and you 157  
get—

158 BONG! It's exactly 10:00 — and the CLOCK BELLS STRIKE TEN! Marty can't be heard 158  
over the sound!

Brown almost loses his balance with the huge bells tolling so close! He regains his footing, then pulls the rope up the rest of the way. He's got the paddle plug in hand.

Brown yells at Marty, but he can't be heard over the bells. Brown gestures that he's got the cable and that Marty should go.

159 MARTY 159  
hesitates, but Brown gestures adamantly. At last Marty nods and runs to the DeLorean.

160 BROWN 160  
unties the rope from the end of the paddle plug and looks up at its socket mate dangling on the clock face. He reaches up for it, but he can't quite get it. He'll have to move across the ledge to get closer to it.

161 MARTY 161  
climbs into the DeLorean and closes the gull wing door.

162 INT. DELOREAN 162  
Marty turns the key in the ignition and revs it up. He puts the car in gear.

163 EXT. STREET — TOWN SQUARE 163  
The DeLorean takes off.

164 EXT. CLOCK TOWER 164  
Brown looks down and sees the DeLorean heading down the street. Brown moves along the ledge. He reaches up but he's still not close enough to grab the dangling socket. Lightning and thunder move ever closer.

165 EXT. STREET 165  
The DeLorean passes a hand-painted white line on the street — Brown has also painted the words "START HERE" for Marty's benefit. Marty makes a U-turn and pulls up to it, like a starting line.

166 INT. IDLING DELOREAN 166

Marty has an anxious expression on his face.

MARTY

Dammit, Doc, why'd you have to tear up that letter? If only there was a little more time—

Marty glances down at the 2 readouts, "Destination Time," and "Last Time Departed."

167 INSERT — THE TWO READOUTS 167

The "Destination Time" is set for "1:21 A.M.," 10 minutes later than the "Last Time Departed," which is at "1:11 A.M."

168 MARTY 168

has an idea.

MARTY

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

He pushes the appropriate buttons on the keypad.

169 INSERT — THE TWO READOUTS 169

The "minutes" indicator on the "Destination Time" begins counting backwards:  
1:21...1:20...1:19...

170 EXT. CLOCK TOWER 170

Brown, with the cable in his left hand, moves a little further along the ledge.

Suddenly, the ledge CRACKS and CRUMBLES beneath his feet! Brown drops the cable and grabs onto the CLOCK HANDS to save himself! The cable drops onto his left foot!

Brown hangs precariously from the clock face like Harold Lloyd, wind blowing his hair, and lightning, cracking in the sky!

Brown carefully moves his right foot toward the intact section of ledge while trying to keep the cable balanced on his left foot.

His right foot moves closer... at last it finds safe footing. Brown takes a deep breath, then hops over onto the ledge.

He kicks the cable up with his left foot and catches it in his hand.

He sighs relief. Everything is all right. He reaches up with his right hand and is able to grab the dangling socket.

171 INT. DELOREAN 171

Marty is still fiddling with destination time.

172 INSERT — READOUTS 172

The destination time drops back to 1:12... 1:11... 1:10... 1:09... 1:08... 1:07—

Suddenly the engine dies!

173 MARTY 173

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

MARTY

Come on, come on...!

174 EXT. CLOCK TOWER 174

Brown has the plug in his left hand, the socket in his right. He brings them toward each other to plug them in — but they won't reach! Both ends are taut, but he's about a foot short!

Brown looks down.

175 HIS P.O.V. OF 175

the tree limb caught on the cable — which is the reason there's no slack!

176 BROWN 176

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

177 INTERCUT WITH THE CABLE 177

caught on the limb as Brown tries to disengage it.

178 Brown can't free it. His face takes on intense determination, exaggerated by the wind and lightning. He gives the cable a tremendous yank. 178

179 The cable jerks free from the tree — but THE PLUG AT THE OTHER END IS 179

WRENCHED OUT OF THE CONNECTING SOCKET ON THE LAMP POST!

180 BROWN reacts with horror. He now has a useless plug in his hand. Lightning cracks even 180

closer!

181 INT. DELOREAN 181

Marty is still trying to get the car restarted.

Now the ALARM CLOCK rings!

MARTY

Shit!

At last the engine roars to life!

Marty switches THE TIME CIRCUITS ON!

The various indicators LIGHT UP!

Marty puts the car in gear.

Marty's FOOT hits the gas pedal.

182	EXT. STREET	182
	The DeLorean peels out!	
183	EXT. THE CLOCK TOWER	183
	Brown looks at the two cables in his hand, and the loose end below: how can he get everything connected? Suddenly he realizes what he must do. He ties the two of them tightly together, then plugs them in.	
184	EXT. THE STREET	184
	The DeLorean accelerates...	
185	INSERT — SPEEDOMETER	185
	It passes 40 mph.	
186	EXT. CLOCK TOWER	186
	Brown tests the tied connected cable ends to make sure they won't come apart: they're secure. He takes a deep breath, then grips the line tightly. HE JUMPS! BROWN SLIDES DOWN THE CABLE!	
187	EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE	187
	Brown drops down to the ground! He runs with the cable toward the lamp post!	
188	EXT. STREET	188
	The DELOREAN approaches the square!	
189	INT. MOVING DELOREAN	189
	Marty drives with determination.	
190	THE SPEEDOMETER passes 65.	190
191	MARTY'S P.O.V. OF the approaching wire strung across the street.	191
192	EXT. STREET	192
	BROWN gets to the plug end of the cable! It's dislodged from the tree limb, so he has enough slack. He races to the lamp post and the dangling socket.	
193	THE DELOREAN continues accelerating!	193
194	INT. MOVING DELOREAN	194
	THE SPEEDOMETER passes 85!	
	The INDICATOR LIGHTS behind MARTY begin registering.	

195	EXT. STREET	195
	BROWN grabs the socket cable and PLUGS HIS CABLE IN!	
196	INT. DELOREAN	196
	THE SPEEDOMETER HITS 88!	
197	EXT. CLOCK TOWER	197
	THE MOST SPECTACULAR BOLT OF LIGHTNING IN THE HISTORY OF CINEMA STRIKES THE LIGHTNING ROD!	
198	SERIES OF CUTS	198
	The connecting cable becomes electrified!	
	The DeLorean passes under the cable between the lamp posts.	
	The trolley hook on the DeLorean MAKES CONTACT with the electrified cable!	
	The T.F.C. GLOWS and DISCHARGES!	
199	EXT. STREET	199
	The DeLorean's time coils light up and the vehicle is sent BACK TO THE FUTURE!	
200	DR. BROWN	200
	lets out a whoop of delight and relief as he's drenched by the deluge.	
201	THE CABLE ACROSS THE STREET	201
	has wrenched the trolley pole out of the rear of the DeLorean. It's left there, swinging from the cable.	
202	BROWN	202
	looks up at the clock tower.	
203	THE CLOCK	203
	is stopped at 10:02	
	Lightning cracks behind it and we	
	DISSOLVE TO:	
204	THE CLOCK — OCTOBER 5, 1985 — NIGHT	204
	The storm dissolves away into an ordinary night sky. The clock tower shows 30 years of additional age...	
	CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO REVEAL	
	HILL VALLEY TOWN SQUARE, as we saw it in the beginning. All is quiet — it's late.	
205	A RAGGEDY BUM	205
	is asleep on a bench. Suddenly his hair begins to stand on end...	

He's lit by an OFFSCREEN FLASH OF LIGHT, accompanied by a SONIC BOOM and a SHARP BLAST OF WIND.

We hold on him as we hear a SCREECH OF TIRES and an OFFSCREEN CRASH. The BUM awakens and looks up to see...

206 EXT. THE BOARDED UP MOVIE THEATER — BUM'S P.O.V. 206

There is a big hole in the front of what used to be the theater. Suddenly, THE DELOREAN backs out and onto the street!

207 THE BUM 207  
shakes his head.

BUM

Crazy drunk driver.

He goes back to sleep.

208 INT. DELOREAN 208

MARTY looks at the readouts.

209 INSERT — READOUTS 209

"Present Time" now matches "Destination Time" at OCTOBER 5, 1985, 1:07 A.M. "Last Time Departed" is now MARCH 26, 1955; 10:02 P.M."

210 MARTY 210  
is delighted.

MARTY

All right!

He turns on the car radio. A contemporary ROCK TUNE comes on.

MARTY

All right!

He puts the car into forward gear. THE ENGINE DIES!

MARTY

Aw, shit!

He tries to start it again, but he can't get it to turn over.

MARTY

Come on, come on—

He looks up and sees out the windshield...

211 MARTY'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD — NIGHT 211

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



212 MARTY 212  
is horrified.

MARTY

The terrorists!

(tries starting the car again)

Damn, it's frozen! \*

213 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THEATER, DELOREAN — NIGHT 213

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

CUT TO:

214 EXT. THE MALL — NIGHT 214

as MARTY arrives at the Mall. He keeps on running, past the entrance sign that reads "LONE PINE MALL" (with an image of a single pine tree), into the parking lot, just in time to see, a good 150 yards away... \*

215 MARTY'S P.O.V. OF 215

the Terrorist van chasing down Dr. Brown — with Marty's younger self watching frozen in horror.

216 MARTY 216

is both horrified and amazed — horrified at being too late; amazed at seeing himself, and to be seeing something he's already experienced from a third person point of view.

MARTY

Oh, God, no, I'm too late!

217 HIS P.O.V. 217

The Terrorist leans out of the van with the machine gun.

TERRORIST

Dr. Brown, you American dog, you have betrayed our cause! For that you die!

He BLASTS Dr. Brown in the chest. Brown goes down. Everything is as it already happened.

218 MARTY 218

MARTY

Oh, no!

219 HIS P.O.V. 219

The Terrorist van turns and goes after the younger Marty. Just as before, Marty dives into the DeLorean and roars off.

220 MARTY 220

watches himself chased by the terrorists.

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, hitting a parking median and flipping over on its side.

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, no...

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:

223 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE — NIGHT

223

The DeLorean pulls up to the darkened house.

The gull wing passenger door opens and Marty gets out. Brown is driving and Einstein takes Marty's seat. Marty turns to talk to Brown.

INTERCUT WITH BROWN IN THE DELOREAN

MARTY

So how far ahead are you going?

BROWN

I figure I'll take it slow at first.. .go about 30 years, just to get my feet wet; then maybe see what's shaking in the 22nd or 23rd century.

MARTY

Well... good luck. And if you get a chance, look me up. I'll be... 47 years old.

BROWN

I will. Funny... I had to wait 30 years to catch up to you. Now you've gotta wait 30 years to catch up to me. Ain't life weird.

\*  
\*

Brown gives him a wink. Marty closes the door.

224 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE — NIGHT

224

Marty waves Brown off and heads toward his front door.

In the background, the DeLorean zooms off, and we see light from the offscreen TIME TRAVEL GLOW. Marty is hit by the sharp blast of wind.

CUT TO:

225 INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM — DAY

225

MARTY is on top of the bed, asleep in his clothes. Morning light streams in through the bedroom window; he stirs and opens his eyes. He blinks several times, as if getting his bearings, then sits up and looks around.

\*

Yes, it's his room all right, and everything seems the same, from the Z-28 posters to his audio equipment.

Marty looks at the clock: 8:30. He looks at the wall calendar: the first four days of October are X'ed off — today is the 5th. 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 5 x 7 version of the snapshot with he and his siblings. It looks the same.

\*

He reaches into his waste can and pulls out the SUBMISSION FORM TO THE RECORD COMPANY. He looks at it, then decisively pulls the CASSETTE TAPE out of his drawer, and puts it in the envelope with the form.

\*  
\*  
\*

226 INT. BEDROOM CORRIDOR — DAY

226

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

\*  
\*

227 INT. DINING ROOM — DAY

227

LINDA and DAVE are seated at the dining room table which has been beautifully set for breakfast. The 5 table settings are elegant; Dave is eating a half of grapefruit; Linda has eggs benedict. Dave is wearing an expensive tailored suit and reads the business section of the morning paper.

\*

MARTY

Say, are we having company or something?

LINDA

Not that I know of.

MARTY

Dave, aren't you working today?

DAVE

Sure, I always work on Saturday.

MARTY

Then what's with the fancy suit?

DAVE

(confused, doesn't understand)

Marty, are you all right?

MARTY

Yeah. Are YOU guys all right?

DAVE

Sure, never better. Here, let me take that — I'll mail it from the office.

Dave takes Marty's envelope.

\*

Marty nods uneasily and takes his place at the table. A bowl of fresh strawberries is waiting for him.

Now GEORGE and LORRAINE enter from outside. They're tanned and healthy in TENNIS OUTFITS with tennis rackets. 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 — great!!

LORRAINE

Why, thank you, Marty. Say, tonight's the big night, right? Your big date with Suzy 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 is out there waxing it right now.

228 INT./EXT. MCFLY KITCHEN — P.O.V — DAY

228

George opens the curtains, revealing BIFF waxing a new LINCOLN CONTINENTAL in the driveway. Biff is working diligently; his rough edges and arrogance are all gone.

George opens the window.

GEORGE  
Hey, Biff, don't forget to wax the inside of the wheel covers. You forgot that last time.

BIFF  
(friendly, eager to please)  
Yes, sir, you're the boss, sir!

229 Marty is absolutely astonished.

229

GEORGE  
(sitting back down)  
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. Although if it wasn't for him, your mother and I would have never met.

LINDA  
Yeah, Dad, you've told us a million times: you beat him up when he was bothering Mom and that's how the two of you fell in love.

LORRAINE  
It was more than that. Your father literally came to my rescue. (sighs) It was so romantic!

LINDA  
(rolls her eyes)  
Cornball city.

Marty nods with complete understanding.

GEORGE  
(calls into the kitchen)  
Bertha, how about bringing Marty his French Toast?

A uniformed MAID ENTERS with a tray and sets a lovely plate of French Toast in front of Marty. Marty is too dumbfounded to speak.

GEORGE

Well, Bertha, you won't have to put up with that tiny kitchen much longer.

BERTHA

When will the new house be ready, sir?

GEORGE

Just as soon as they finish painting the tennis court and re-tiling the swimming pool. It'll be sad to leave this place, though. So many memories... of you kids, and of my days as a struggling writer.

BIFF ENTERS and hands George a HARDBACK BOOK.

BIFF

Oh, Mr. McFly, this just came in: It's the British edition of your current best seller. How many has it sold so far? A million?

230 INSERT — BOOK

230

It's called "A MATCH MADE IN SPACE," and the cover shows a bedroom with a space alien talking to a couple in bed — very reminiscent of Marty's "Darth Vader" visitation to George. The style indicates it's a science-fiction romance novel. The author's name, GEORGE McFLY, is in big letters.

231 BACK TO SHOT

231

GEORGE

Two million, hard cover.

BIFF

Oh, Marty — here's your keys. Your car is all waxed and ready for tonight.

Biff tosses him a set of keys.

MARTY

My car?

CUT TO:

232 EXT. McFLY HOUSE — DAY

232

Marty comes out of the house and opens the garage door, revealing A TRICKED OUT BLACK SUPRA, just like he saw in the showroom.

\*

MARTY can't believe it. The personalized license plate says "MARTY I."

\*

Marty approaches his new car.

VOICE (O.S.)

How about a ride, mister?

Marty turns — it's SUZY PARKER. She looks just the same: great.

MARTY

Suzy! 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. Suzy is hard-pressed to understand why Marty is making such a big deal about this.

SUZY

Marty, are you okay? You're acting like you haven't seen me in a week.

MARTY

I haven't.

He pulls her toward him... they're about to kiss... closer, closer...

And just as they kiss, their HAIR STANDS UP ON END. Marty's eyes widen with the inevitable expectation...

MARTY

Oh, no... not again...

233 We hear a SONIC BOOM, and Marty turns — the DELOREAN STREAKS UP in front of the 233  
house.

234 DR. BROWN 234  
jumps out, more wild-eyed and frantic than we've ever seen him. His clothes are particularly bizarre — a weird mixture of past and future: a cowboy hat, a strange variation on a Roman tunic, a cape, and striped plastic pants.

BROWN

Marty — you've gotta come with me — back to the future!

MARTY

Doc, I've got Suzy 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 Suzy approach cautiously. \*

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 Suzy both turn out fine. But your kids, Marty — something's gotta be done about your kids!

Brown gets back in the DeLorean.

235 INT. DELOREAN 235  
Marty gets in, and Suzy 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: "WESTINGHOUSE FUSION ENERGIZER."

236 EXT. STREET

236

The DeLorean speeds down the street, then BLASTS OFF INTO THE SKY LIKE A STREAK!

\*

Once again, the coils glow and the DeLorean is enveloped in the familiar white glow and disappears into the future...

ROLL END TITLES

FADE OUT