

NUMBER TWO

FIRST DRAFT

"The only thing more
uncertain than the future
is the past."
---Soviet Proverb

FADE IN:

TITLE ON BLACK: "Saturday, October 26, 1985. 10:38 A.M."

EXT. McFLY HOME AND STREET - DAY

We are recreating the closing moments of "Back to the Future:" The "Mr. Fusion" modified DeLorean backs out of the McFly driveway and into the street.

DOC BROWN is of course at the wheel, dressed in bizarre future garb, engaging switches and time circuits; MARTY and JENNIFER sit together in the passenger seat.

MARTY

Doc, you'd better back up. We don't have enough road to get up to 88.

DOC

Roads? Where we're going, we don't need roads.

Doc flips a switch, the wheels rotate down 90 degrees, and the DMC lifts off and blasts into the future!

ACROSS THE STREET

BIFF, 48, stands up from behind his truck in astonishment: he's seen the whole thing.

BIFF

A time machine. Doc Brown invented a time machine...!

He considers the possibilities. (We might notice a RACING FORM on top of his dashboard.)

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

as the DeLOREAN MATERIALIZES from 1985 and into the path of an oncoming FLYING TRUCK!

Doc jerks the wheel, narrowly avoiding a collision.

The angry TRUCK DRIVER sticks his head out the window.

TRUCK DRIVER

Stay in your own lane, asshole!

Doc maneuvers the DMC to the correct side of the floating lane markers. Marty and Jennifer are amazed.

Doc turns to them with a big smile.

DOC

Welcome to the future.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ALLEY OF THE FUTURE - DAY

The DeLorean lands in a BLIND ALLEY. Doc reaches over and opens the passenger gullwing door.

DOC

I want both of you to get out and wait for me right here.

MARTY

But, Doc, what's going on? Where are we? When are we?

Marty looks at the time display. The "Present Time" display reads "Oct 7, 2015. 3:30 pm."

Doc pulls a (Nike) gym bag from behind the seat and hands it to Marty.

DOC

All your questions will be answered, Marty, but right now, I want you to put these clothes on and for you and Jennifer to stay right here. I'll be back in a few minutes with clothes for her. Just don't go anywhere or do anything.

Jennifer gets out of the car.

MARTY

Is this about our kids, Doc? You said something had to be done about 'em. What are they, terrorists or murderers or something? Does that mean me and Jennifer get married? Are we both still alive?

DOC

Please, Marty. No one should know too much about their own destiny. Just trust me. I'll be back soon.

Marty sighs and nods. He takes the gym bag, gets out of the car and closes the door.

He and Jennifer step back; Doc lifts off and flies away.

JENNIFER
(amazed; confused)
Marty...? What's going on?

MARTY
(realizing she knows nothing) Oh--
-right, well, that was a time
machine, which Doc invented out of a
DeLorean, and the instruments said
we're now in the year 2015.

JENNIFER
2015? That's---30 years from now!

MARTY
Yeah! 30 years in the future!
C'mon, let's check this out!

JENNIFER
Marty, Doc said to wait here.

MARTY
Nothing's gonna happen. We're just
gonna walk down the street, take a
look around, and come right back.

JENNIFER
Well...
(a beat)
Shouldn't you change clothes first?

CUT TO:

MARTY AND JENNIFER, MOMENTS LATER

as they come around the corner. MARTY is now dressed
in smart future garb (to be determined). He and
Jennifer react with stunned astonishment at what they
see:

EXT. HILL VALLEY COURTHOUSE SQUARE, 2015 - DAY

Yes, it's COURTHOUSE SQUARE---familiar enough to
recognize, but vastly changed...for the better:

The streets are now GIGANTIC SIDEWALKS, for pedestrians and
bicycles only---no cars, which are restricted to ELEVATED
STREETS. (There are "No Parking" and "No Landing" signs
posted).

In the center, the village green has been restored and
improved, with a DUCK POND and a FOUNTAIN.

The renovated COURTHOUSE is now the entrance to

COURTHOUSE MALL, boasting over 75 underground shops; the CLOCKTOWER has the same clock, cleaned up, restored, but still stopped at 10:04.

There's a 2-LEVEL GAS STATION (NIPPOCO - Nippon Oil Co.)
A ROBOTICS SHOP displays robots and accessories (sales, service, rentals).

A PLASTIC SURGERY FRANCHISE, "BOTTOMS UP," advertising FACE LIFTS and a sale on Breast Implants.

Billboards for "Pepsi-Plus" (it's Vitamin Enriched), "TWA Vietnam Vacations," and "G.E. Superconductors."

A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAX THEATER playing "Godzilla 2015."

AN ANTIQUE STORE with a window filled with "Rare" antiques---objects from the 70's and 80's, including a Betamax, a Super-8 Movie camera, a MacIntosh computer, and Perrier bottles.

And the perennial FINANCE COMPANY offering Easy Credit: some things never change.

MARTY AND JENNIFER

stroll through the square, wide-eyed, taking it all in.

The PEDESTRIANS in general seem in better physical condition---few are fat or wear glasses (although there are plenty of wild sunglasses and videoglasses). Several people look at Jennifer's clothes with great curiosity wondering "Is that real cotton?"

There are Kids with painted faces---a contemporary fad. Now
Marty and Jennifer walk past... EXT. INFOSTORE

It's called "THE LIBRARY - YOUR COMPLETE INFORMATION CONNECTION," and the window is full of posters advertising the work of various future authors, as well as a video screen showing commercials for other titles.

Marty does a double take and pulls Jennifer back.

MARTY

Jen, look---near the bottom...

THEIR P.O.V. OF

a promotional poster for "2015 SPORTS ALMANAC: 50 Years of Sports Statistics 1965-2014. Includes Baseball, Football, Horse Racing, Basketball."

BACK TO SHOT

JENNIFER

Yeah, so...?

MARTY

Don't you get it? We bring that book back to 1985 and make a fortune! We'll have the results of every football game, horse race, boxing match... We place a few bets and we're on easy street for the rest of our lives!

C'mon!

She reluctantly follows him into the store. INT.

INFOSTORE

Unlike a 1985 bookstore, there are only COVERS on display...and COMPUTER TERMINALS in the back.

Marty and Jennifer look around bewildered for only a moment before a CLERK spots them.

CLERK

May I help you?

MARTY

The Sports Almanac advertised in the window: How much is it?

CLERK

On what?

MARTY

The Sports Almanac.

CLERK

The Sports Almanac what?

Marty doesn't know what the clerk is getting at.

MARTY

Uh, the Sports Almanac...sir.

The clerk looks at Marty suspiciously.

JENNIFER

Marty, let's just get outta here.

CLERK

You floatin' on wild juice, son?

MARTY

(very slowly, deliberately)

Look, I just want to know how much money the Sports Almanac costs.

CLERK

(just as deliberately)

And I just want to know what format you want? ROM-Cart, ROM-D, Standard-C, Mini-C or Micro-C? Rental, Lease or download? What's your memcap and baud rate?

Interface with me, kid. You'll never get by in this world if you can't interface.

Marty is speechless for a moment.

MARTY

Uh, right---good advice.

Jen, why don't we go out in the world and, uh, interface.

(waves to the clerk)

Thanks a lot.

As they head for the exit, the clerk mutters to himself.

CLERK

Assholes.

MARTY

(to Jennifer)

Now there's a word I understand.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The DeLorean returns to the alley, landing from above.
DOC BROWN jumps out of the car.

DOC

Okay, I brought some homing devices to make sure you don't get lost...

(realizes no one's there)

Marty? Jennifer?

He looks around for them, but all he can find is Marty's

discarded 1985 clothes.

DOC

Damn! I can't even leave 'em alone for 5 minutes! Kids! No sense of responsibility!

(takes a deep breath)

Calm down, Emmett, get hold of yourself. They probably just...went to find a bathroom.

He looks at his watch, then starts pacing.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

MARTY and JENNIFER are still going away from the alley.

MARTY

If we can just find a book version of that Sports Almanac...you think they still have books in the future?

JENNIFER

I don't really care. I just want to go back and wait for Doc.

MARTY

You don't care about being a millionaire?

JENNIFER

Marty, I don't know what we're doing, and I don't feel comfortable walking around the future in these clothes.

MARTY

(stops short)

In there! They've gotta have a yellow pages!

They are in front of a McDONALD'S.

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S

"New At McDonald's: No More Waiting in line: Our McWaiters Bring Food To Your Table!"

Each table has a computer touchpad menu for ordering, and people pay for their purchases by pressing their THUMBPRINT onto a special pressure pad.

MARTY AND JENNIFER

are at the PAY PHONE: the phone itself has a computer screen display with touch pads.

The screen is yellow.

COMPUTER VOICE

Thank for your request. Here are
all retail bookstores within 1
kilometer of this location.

A list appears on the screen.

COMPUTER VOICE

Do you want a printed copy, yes or
no?

MARTY

Yes.

A printout on a small wallet-sized CARD comes out below!

MARTY

Looks like the phone company has
finally gotten their act together.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, McFly!

Marty and Jennifer turn in the direction of the voice:

A TOUGH LOOKING GUY, 18, has just entered with 3 PUNKS (SPIKE, WHITEY and HACK) behind him. The face is familiar and the manner is familiar---he's the future descendant of Biff, named GRIFF!

He walks over to a NERDY KID, 17, who is a mess: unkempt hair, sloppy clothes, a total dork.

NERDY KID

Uh, hi, Griff, guys, how's it
going?

Marty's mouth falls open in total shock: the nerdy kid looks JUST LIKE HIM! There can be no doubt, THIS IS MARTY'S SON!

GRIFF

You got my homework finished,
Norman?

MARTY
(mouths this in disbelief)
Norman?

NORMAN
Oh, yes, Griff, I did it this
morning. It's in here somewhere...

Norman finds a mini-computer disk in a FOLDER containing other disks and plastic cards. He hands it to Griff.

MARTY
(to himself, still in disbelief)
Norman??

Griff takes the disc and shakes his head. He knocks on Norman's head.

GRIFF
Hello? Anybody home? Think,
McFly, think! You entered this
data without my passkey code. Do you
know what would happen if I turned in
my data with your passkey
code? I'd get kicked out of school.
You wouldn't want that to happen,
would you?

NORMAN
Uh, no, Griff. I wouldn't want
that to happen.

GRIFF
You know, your sister still owes me
money. You wouldn't happen to have it
on you, would you?

Norman shakes his head.

SPIKE
You'll never see that money, Griff.
Her old man probably borrowed it from
her and you know what that means!

They all laugh at this comment, even Norman.

GRIFF
What are you still sitting there
for, McFly? You've got my homework
to redo, remember?

NORMAN
Okay, I'll get right on it.

As Norman starts for the door, one of the guys yanks down his pants, then Griff trips him. Norman falls flat on his face, and spills the contents of his folder: disks, plastic cards, and printouts.

Everyone erupts in LAUGHTER, Norman included as he picks up his things.

Marty winces at the humiliation.

Griff snaps his fingers and the boys yank Norman up. Again he knocks on Norman's head.

GRIFF

Hello? Anybody home? You forgot my passkey code, McFly.

He holds up a plastic card with BAR CODE symbols.

Norman laughs at his own stupidity. He takes it, and the gang escorts him out.

GRIFF

I don't want to see you again until you get it finished, understand?

NORMAN

You won't, Griff, I promise.

They all go out the door, leaving Marty and Jennifer in total shock.

MARTY

That can't be my son. He can't be!

JENNIFER

Marty, he looks just like you.

MARTY

I would never name my kid Norman.

JENNIFER

I always wanted to name my son Norman---after my grandpa.

MARTY

Jennifer, don't say this to me!

Marty picks up a BLUE PLASTIC CARD that was left on the floor from Norman's folder and examines it.

INSERT - BLUE PLASTIC CARD

One side has a magnetic stripe; the other side has a holographic image of NORMAN, "Hill Valley Remedial School" and a class schedule with current grades:

Elementary Math	- D+
Remedial Computer	- C-
Remedial Reading	- D
Remedial English	- D

MARTY

shakes his head and pockets the card.

MARTY

Perfect. He's an idiot, too. Oh, God, it would have been better if he was a juvenile delinquent. A punker with purple hair. A teen-age terrorist. Anything but a wimp.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

As they exit, Marty stops, remembering something.

MARTY

What did they say about me---I was borrowing money? From my own daughter? Like I was broke?

JENNIFER

Marty, let's just ask Doc about it.

MARTY

Right. You go wait for Doc, and I'll be there in a few minutes.

He checks the telephone directory printout card.

JENNIFER

What are you gonna do?

(realizes)

How can you be thinking about that book at a time like this?

MARTY

Look, I don't want to grow up and have to borrow money from my own kids, not when I know how to get rich.

JENNIFER

But shouldn't we find out a little more first? About ourselves, about everything?

MARTY

We will find out more. But let's keep our options open. If we don't need the book, we can throw it away.

You just go back to the alley, and I'll be there right after I hit the bookstore.

He gives her a quick kiss on the cheek, then takes off down the street.

She watches him a moment, sighs, then goes back toward the alley (which is in the opposite direction).

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

DOC BROWN picks up Marty's 1985 clothes and gets into the DeLorean.

DOC

They're lost. Or in some kinda trouble. They could be in jail for all I know. Well, I brought 'em here, so I've gotta find 'em.

Doc closes his gullwing door and revs up the machine.

JENNIFER

is approaching the alley. Now she sees

the DeLorean flying away!

She runs, waving her arms, yelling.

JENNIFER

Doc! Wait! Come back! Stop!

Too late. Doc can't hear her, and the DMC flies off leaving her alone and frightened.

She sighs, considers her situation, then runs back in the direction Marty went.

JENNIFER

Marty! Marty!

But Marty is nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE

CLOSE ON THE BOOK VERSION of the "SPORTS ALMANAC" It's a large format paperback and the price (if we notice it) is \$39.95, and there's a UPC symbol next to it.

WIDER - BOOKSTORE COUNTER

MARTY hands it to the CASHIER, a WOMAN in her mid-30's, who is surprised at its weight. She examines it.

CASHIER

5000 pages---no wonder it weighs a ton.
This ultra-thin paper's amazing.

She runs it through the bar code scanner. (Nearby is a display promoting "A Match Made In Space" - the classic miniseries, now available in all HD Video Formats!)

CASHIER

With tax, it comes to \$43.95.
Thumbprint please.

MARTY

Uh, could I pay cash for this?

CASHIER

Cash? Are you serious? You know there's a 2 percent handling charge for cash.

MARTY

Well, uh, that's okay...

CASHIER

Cash price is \$44.83 which is \$44.85 to the nearest nickel, but I'd better make sure we have cash in the store to make change...

(unlocks a drawer, searches) Say, are you one of those privacy activists? This isn't exactly Penthouse you're buying here...

MARTY

I guess I'm just old fashioned.

CASHIER

Well, you're in luck. We actually

have some cash today.

Marty, on the verge of pulling out his own cash, looks up and sees the cashier's money: the future currency has RAINBOW BORDERS and HOLOGRAPHIC TREASURY SEALS!

MARTY

Uh, you know, I think I'll try charging it after all.

The cashier nods and offers him the thumb imprint panel.

Marty puts his thumb to it; an electronic beep sounds and the cashier checks the computer screen.

CASHIER

McFly, Martin Hopkins. Unusual middle name.

Marty smiles. He's gotten away with it.

MARTY

Yeah, I was named after the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. That's where I kinda got started...

CASHIER

Still living over in Hilldale?

MARTY

Where? I mean, yeah! Right!

He tries to see what other information is on the screen. Suddenly the cashier eyes him very suspiciously.

CASHIER

Mr. McFly, it says here you were born June 20, 1968. That means you're 47 years old.

MARTY

Uh, uh, well, I, uh, just had a face lift.

The cashier stares at him in total disbelief. There is a moment of tension. She shakes her head.

CASHIER

That is the absolute best wrinkle job I have ever seen.

(puts book in an OPAQUE RED plastic ziplock bag) Who was your doctor?

CUT TO:

MARTY
(takes package, smiles)
Doctor Brown.

INT. McDONALD'S - AT THE PHONE

Jennifer is back at the pay phone, operating the directory computer.

"Make Entry, Please;" Jennifer types out "McFLY, MARTIN" then presses "ENTER." Immediately, the screen flashes "NO SUCH LISTING."

Jennifer is shocked.

The screen now flashes, "Alternate Listings: McFLY" and the following list (with 8 digit phone numbers):

McFly, David R. ----
McFly, George F. Mrs. ----
McFly, Jennifer 1131 Park Ln HILLDALE 299-6-4484

End of Listing for "McFly."

JENNIFER

I'm listed but Marty isn't...?

With some trepidation, Jennifer selects the "Place Call" option to herself.

The display reads "Insert \$2 or press thumbpad."

Jennifer presses her thumb to the thumbpad. After a few electronic beeps, the call is connected.

Jennifer hears the phone ringing on the other end. She's nervous in anticipation. After the 2nd ring, HER OWN VOICE answers!

JENNIFER (V.O. PHONE)

Hello, this is Jennifer...

JENNIFER

Uh, yes, uh, uh, I uh, well I---

JENNIFER (V.O. cont'd)

...We can't take your call now, so please leave a message...

Jennifer sighs relief, laughs to herself and hangs up.

She selects the "Hard Copy" option and gets a printed card with her future address and phone number.

JENNIFER

Hilldale? I wonder where that is.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLYING DELOREAN

The DMC flies over a futuristic industrial park and descends to DOC'S GARAGE, unchanged in the midst of the new development. The doors open automatically and the DeLorean drives in.

INT. DOC'S LAB

The DeLorean parks next to a FUTURISTIC VAN ("Dr. E. Brown Enterprises, 24 Hr. Scientific Service"). The lab is Doc's usual eclectic mess, but there are a lot of appliances, tools and equipment of the future.

Doc Brown leaps out with Marty's clothes, frantic.

DOC

Einstein! I need your help!

Doc runs to his faithful dog who sits calmly in front of a future TV watching a USED CAR COMMERCIAL, featuring used autos from earlier in the 21st century.

DOC (cont'd)

We have to find Marty and Jennifer. I know you can do it: you're part bloodhound---I'm sure you don't remember your grandpa, but he was a bloodhound, a good one. Someday I'll take you back in time to meet him.

Smell these clothes...

Doc puts Marty's clothes in front of Einstein. As the dog sniffs them, Doc rummages around and finds a "Ronco Aroma Amplifier"---which consists of a funnel connected to an electronic box, and a hose that runs out the other side and attaches to the nose.

DOC

I knew this would come in handy someday...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR THE ALLEY

MARTY shoves the RED BOOKSTORE BAG in his jacket, then turns the corner expecting to see Doc, Jen and the DMC.

MARTY

Damn! Where are they?

Marty runs out of the alley, confused.

TOWN SQUARE

Marty looks around for them, wandering aimlessly.

NEAR THE POND, GRIFF and THE BOYS notice him.

SPIKE

Hey, Griff, isn't that...?

GRIFF

Yeah. Goes out and gets new clothes
and a new haircut when he's supposed
to be doing my homework.

WHITEY

Funny, he looks shorter to me
somehow...

GRIFF

(yells)

Hey, McFly! Get over here now or
I'll rip you in two!

Marty looks over and sees the gang, then runs like hell
in the other direction!

GRIFF

(to the guys)

Let's get him!

MARTY

dashes around a corner, past the side of a building and a
fire door which says "EXIT ONLY." The door opens and an
ELDERLY COUPLE come out, smiling.

Marty sees this opening and darts inside. The door
closes behind him.

Now GRIFF and the BOYS come running in pursuit. They go
right past the exit door and keep running.

INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE AREA - (DAY)

Marty is in the backstage area of a theater. As he
catches his breath, he becomes aware of ROCK MUSIC---in
fact, it's "The Power Of Love," and it sounds like HUEY
LEWIS & THE NEWS...

Marty goes around some curtains and sees

HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS, on stage!

They're in their 60's, grey and old, but a sight to behold as they rock and roll!

Marty can't believe it. He looks out at...

THE AUDIENCE, all over 40...some in their 70's---clapping, cheering and rocking out! The song ends and they applaud wildly.

HUEY
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen!
This next one, I'm sure you all
remember, was a really big hit for us
back in 1989...

The band starts playing a terrific rocker that Marty has never heard before.

Marty reacts with mixed emotions---a great song, played by his idols...who are now old, playing for an audience of his "contemporaries."

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

JENNIFER walks down the street, bewildered, until she notices an UP ESCALATOR with a sign, "TRANSRAPID" and the destinations "East Valley, San Lomas, Hilldale."

JENNIFER
Hilldale.

She takes a deep breath and goes up.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER

Marty watches from the sidelines as Huey and the boys finish their number. The crowd goes wild---or as wild as they can for their age!

HUEY
Thank you! We're gonna give you all
a chance to stretch your legs for 10
minutes, but don't go far!

They head offstage, right toward Marty, who lights up!

MARTY
Great! I'm gonna meet Huey Lewis!

As they approach, they LITERALLY VANISH into thin air!

Marty can't understand it. He steps out on stage and looks around.

The big shimmering banner behind the stage says it all:

"Nostalgia International Presents
HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS
BACK IN THE 20TH CENTURY THE 3-D HOLOGRAPHIC CONCERT."

Marty shakes his head and chuckles.

USHER

Hey, you! Get off the stage!

An USHER is approaching. Marty hurries off the stage, into the auditorium. He EXITS through the first door he comes to, marked "ELEVATORS TO UPPER PLAZA EXITS."

EXT. A PLAZA - DAY

Elevator doors open and Marty finds himself in WILSON MEMORIAL PLAZA, a BUSINESS/SHOPPING/ENTERTAINMENT complex. There are offices, shops, and access to parking lots, streets and public transportation.

Marty wanders around, taking it all in, while PEDESTRIANS go about their business, ignoring him.

Marty pauses to stare at a memorial bust of MAYOR GOLDIE WILSON. A familiar voice incessantly calls.

DAVE Norman!

Norman McFly!

Marty turns and is shocked to see his older---now much older---brother DAVE coming up to him. Now 55, Dave has developed a paunch, and his thinning hair is gray.

DAVE

Norman! I thought that was you---What are you staring at me for? It's me, your Uncle Dave.

Marty smiles weakly, trying not to gawk.

DAVE

So Norman, what are you doing over here? Aren't you going to the hospital?

MARTY

Huh?

VOICE (O.S.) He
forgot, Dave.

Marty sees his sister LINDA, now aged 51, who has just
joined them.

MARTY

Linda!

LINDA

What happened to "Aunt Linda?"
New haircut, eh? What's that
supposed to be, the '80's
retro-look? You look a lot like your
dad with your hair like that, don't
you think, Dave?

DAVE

A little. He's got his mother's
eyes, though.

Marty smirks at the comment.

LINDA

So, are you coming with us, Norman?

DAVE

Don't ask him, tell him. You're
coming with us, Norman.

LINDA

Quit bossing everybody around!
(to Marty)
When we were kids, he used to boss
your dad and me around all the time.
Always picking on us.

DAVE

("picks" at Linda's cheek)
Pick, pick, pick!

LINDA

Stop that!

MARTY

Uh, that's funny, Lin---Aunt Linda,
'cause, uh, "Dad" says you picked on
him a lot too.

DAVE

I take it your Dad's not going?

MARTY

Uh, I don't know...

LINDA

If he does show up, he'll be late as usual. And so will we if we don't get going, Dave.

DAVE

All right, all right. Come on, Norman, you'll disappoint your grandmother if you don't go.

MARTY

My grandmother---?
(realizes who he's talking about)
Uh, right. Wouldn't want to disappoint grandma.

Marty follows Dave and Linda to the parking structure, not realizing he's been spotted by GRIFF and the GANG.

SPIKE

There's Norman, Griff, but he's with some moldy oldies.

GRIFF

Let's follow him. I wanna teach that runt a lesson he'll never forget.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRANSPID (EL) STATION - DAY

A sleek MAGLEV TRAIN (magnetic levitation via superconductors) speeds past, revealing JENNIFER who has just disembarked at the HILLDALE STATION. Jennifer heads for the EXIT.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Jennifer approaches the HILLDALE HOUSING DEVELOPMENT, a faceless sprawl of identical cluster townhouses and low rise apartments.

Jennifer takes a deep breath, then walks through the main entrance, past a sign that says "Subsidized Housing for Low and Middle Income Families."

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL

We follow DAVE'S CAR as it proceeds (on wheels) along the nicely landscaped ROAD.

Dave's car passes a HISTORICAL MONUMENT: a large STATUE of a PIONEER AND A PACK MULE. This is William "Bill" Hill, founder of Hill Valley.

INT. DAVE'S MOVING CAR

MARTY, in the back seat, looks at this familiar sight and smiles while Linda and Dave converse up front.

MARTY

Good old Bill. Nice to see he's still here...

DAVE

Mom's pretty upset that Uncle Joey didn't make parole again. She was really hoping he'd be there.

LINDA

Well, there's one in every family.
(throws a glance at Norman)
Sometimes more than one.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

...playing all the hits of the '80's and 90's, this is KSERA with a classic by...

EXT. DAVE'S CAR

Dave's car passes the monument and the grove of trees beyond it, and then we see

HILL VALLEY COMMUNITY HOSPITAL.

It's quite a complex, and we can tell from the various buildings and wings which comprise it that it has been expanded over the past 40 years or so.

There is a lot of activity around one particular wing.

INT. DAVE'S MOVING CAR

MARTY is quite impressed.

MARTY

Whoa! This place has sure grown.
(indicates the activity)

What's going on over there?

Dave and Linda look at him like he's a complete idiot.

LINDA

Earth to Norman, earth to Norman. What do you think we're doing here, nephew?

MARTY

Uh, we're gonna see Mo---Grandma.

DAVE

Right. And why are we seeing her?

MARTY

Uh, because she's...here.

Dave and Linda exchange a look and shake their heads.

CUT TO:

GRIFF'S CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Griff and the gang are following Dave's car from a good distance behind.

WHITEY

They're goin' to the Hospital.

GRIFF

Then so are we.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

DOC'S FLYING VAN lands in the alley.

The "Aroma Amplifier" is strapped to EINSTEIN'S head. Doc aims the funnel out the window.

DOC

Okay, Einie, find the trail! Find Marty!

Einstein barks excitedly and Doc starts piloting the van along the trail.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN HOUSING PROJECT

Jennifer walks up to a TOWNHOUSE CLUSTER and finds "1311." She looks it over and tries to see in a SIDE WINDOW---but it's too high and bushes are in the way.

She goes around to the front steps, takes a deep breath and walks up to the front door.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - AT THE FRONT DOOR

There is no door knocker or doorbell button---in fact, there's NO DOOR KNOB.

There is, however, a thumb plate on the door frame, above which is the name "McFly." Jennifer touches the thumbplate, and a COMPUTER VOICE responds.

COMPUTER VOICE
Welcome home, Mrs. McFly.

The door automatically slides opens. Jennifer hesitates, then sticks her head in and looks around.

INT. McFLY TOWNHOUSE

Jennifer looks around and decides it's safe to enter. The door automatically closes behind her. She's nervous and scared.

She looks around the living room/den:

It's economically furnished with futon modular furniture; in a corner is a work station desk with a computer terminal, printer, phone and modem.

On one wall is a large framed art print.

STAIRWAYS go up and down.

Very cautiously, Jennifer explores the surroundings.

Jennifer goes to a bookcase and browses. On the shelf are a row of videos, of a format yet to be invented. There is a prerecorded copy of "A MATCH MADE IN SPACE." The other titles are handwritten and include:

"Wedding - Jennifer & Marty."
"Family Vacations - 1995-2005."
"George & Lorraine 50th Anniversary" "Norman
& Doris - Vol. 1, 2, 3."

Jennifer is intrigued. She takes the one labeled "Norman & Doris" and examines it.

JENNIFER
Doris? We name our daughter Doris?

Suddenly, a GIRL'S VOICE calls down from upstairs.

DORIS (O.S.)

Mom? Is that you?

Jennifer reacts with fear. She quickly puts the videotape back on the shelf and runs for the front door.

Now FOOTSTEPS from upstairs...

DORIS (O.S.)

Mom? Mom?

Jennifer pushes the thumbplate by the front door---it slides open.

Footsteps coming down the stairs...and a SHADOW...

Jennifer runs out. The door slides shut behind her.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE

JENNIFER runs down the steps and ducks behind a car parked on the street.

She looks back at the townhouse: the door slides open...

Jennifer's jaw drops and her eyes go wide as she sees:

DORIS McFLY, 17, in a BATHROBE, who looks like...well, if Marty was a girl, 60 pounds overweight and had acne, that's Doris: a complete mess, just like her brother. Doris looks up and down the street for whoever just left the house. Seeing no one, she shrugs and goes back inside.

Jennifer is devastated.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DEDICATION CEREMONY

Dave, Linda and Marty walk quickly to join the CROWD gathered in front of the newest building for a DEDICATION CEREMONY. There are TV CAMERAS covering the event; giant VIDEO SCREENS show the speaker's podium so everyone can see.

There are also REFRESHMENT TABLES being replenished by CATERERS pushing "HOVERCARTS" (levitating dollies) loaded with shelves of food.

SPEAKER

...gives me great pleasure to

introduce our guest of honor,
Lorraine McFly.

There is a warm round of applause from the crowd as LORRAINE McFLY, 77 years old, steps up to the podium. Despite her white hair, glasses and wrinkles, she can still get around on her own.

LINDA
I told you we were late!

DAVE
She's just going on now. We haven't missed anything.

Marty stares in amazement at his aged mother.

LORRAINE
Thank you, Jason.
Ladies and gentlemen, as many of you know, when my husband died 2 years ago...

Marty reacts with horror at this sad news.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
...his final request was that his entire fortune be given to this hospital for the construction of a new emergency facility...

As the speech continues, Marty begins looking around the crowd with nervous anxiety.

LINDA
Norman, you're so fidgety. What are you doing?

MARTY
Huh? Oh, I was just looking for myself---my Dad.

LORRAINE (cont'd)
Now some of you may remember: this was the hospital Hill Valley "didn't need." This was the hospital Hill Valley "couldn't afford." In fact, the City Council wanted to sell off this land and use the money for a nuclear power plant. Luckily, no one at the time had enough money to buy this land. So, under a cloud of controversy, Hill Valley Community Hospital was

built, and opened in 1973...

Marty keeps looking around. Suddenly, he sees a familiar face:

GRIFF some distance away is looking right at him. He has a sadistic expression on his face as he gestures "come here." The GANG is with him.

Marty gulps and quickly pushes thru the crowd to escape.

LORRAINE (cont'd)

On a stormy night one month later, George McFly was critically injured in an automobile accident. Luckily, this hospital was only a mile away and there was time to save my husband's life. Without it, he would have died, because County General, 5 miles away, was inaccessible: the storm had washed out the Groby Road Bridge.

And this was the hospital we "didn't need."

As Marty pushes through the crowd, he stumbles into an ELDERLY MAN IN A FUTURISTIC WHEEL CHAIR.

ELDERLY MAN

Hey, watch where you're goin'!

The voice, tone and words are unmistakable. Marty turns and finds himself face to face with BIFF, now 78, nearly bald with only a few strands of white hair, bi-focals, and a very wrinkled complexion.

Marty stares in amazement.

BIFF

What are you lookin' at, butt-head?

MARTY

(after a moment's hesitation)

Uh, nothing. Sorry.

Marty moves away quickly.

We hold on Biff who suddenly reacts with recognition.

BIFF

Hey---I know that guy...but it can't be...

LORRAINE (cont'd)

Today, it gives me great pleasure
to dedicate the George F. McFly
Memorial Wing of Hill Valley
Community Hospital.

She cuts the ribbon, to thunderous applause, and then
unveils a bust of George McFly.

This image of George is all that's needed to jog Biff's
memory.

BIFF
McFly! Marty McFly!

Biff looks around and spots Marty, still moving away.
He yells at him.

BIFF
Marty! Hey, Marty!

Marty reacts, wondering who yelled---just for a moment.
But Biff has confirmed his suspicions. He nods
knowingly, put his automatic wheelchair in gear and
starts following Marty.

MARTY

moves to edge of the crowd and looks back.

No sign of Griff and the guys.

Marty sighs relief...only to turn and find Griff and the
gang in front of him!

GRIFF
McFly, I thought I told you I
didn't want to see you again until
you had my homework done.

HACK
You know what happens when you
don't do what Griff tells you?

SPIKE
We kill you.

MARTY
Uh, I'd really like to discuss this
with you, but---Hey, look!

Griff falls for it and turns, and Marty immediately
socks him in the jaw! Griff falls backward, into the
guys, and Marty bolts!

Griff gets up, totally surprised.

GRIFF

Get him!

They give chase.

BIFF reacts to seeing Griff.

BIFF

What in the hell does my grandson
have to do with this...?

CHASE SEQUENCE

MARTY runs into a Caterer pushing a HoverCart, and
knocks it over. The cart breaks apart, spilling food,
but the bottom hover section remains intact.

Marty leaps on it, creating a "Hoverboard!" He
kickpushes to gain speed (it remains only a few inches
above the ground).

GRIFF and the GUYS keep coming.

Marty grabs onto the back of a passing PICKUP TRUCK, and
is whisked away from his pursuers!

The gang is amazed.

BIFF scratches his head as memories return.

BIFF

There's something familiar about
all this...

Marty looks back at the gang with a smirk and waves to
them, not realizing that the truck he's hooked onto has
just pulled into the "UP TRAFFIC ONLY" LANE!

The truck lifts upward, pulling Marty skyward!

Marty is euphoric---then suddenly the board drops out
from under him, leaving him hanging by one hand from the
back of the flying pickup, terrified!

Griff and the guys are LAUGHING.

GRIFF

(yells)

Hey, McFly! Did you forget?
Maglevs don't work more than 6

inches off the ground!

The Pickup truck goes still higher---200, 300 feet!

Marty's hand is slipping---he's losing his grip. He tries to find a handhold for his other hand---but there isn't any on the smooth finish!

Marty looks down---it's certain death!

His hand slips further!

Marty spots a protruding TAIL PIPE on the truck. He reaches for it with his free hand---success!

He lets go with his other hand and grabs the tail pipe with both hands. He's safe---for about one second, and then the TAIL PIPE BREAKS!

Marty plummets! No way can he get out of this one!

Below, Griff and the gang react triumphantly.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, DOC'S FLYING VAN ZOOMS IN, banks, and CATCHES MARTY through the open side door!

INT. DOC'S FLYING VAN

Marty takes a moment, then realizes where he is.

MARTY
Doc! Thank God!

DOC
No, thank Einie!

ON THE GROUND

BIFF sees the flying van with "E. Brown Enterprises" on it.

BIFF
Doc Brown and Marty McFly. Very,
very interesting.
(wheels toward the street)
Taxi!

INT. DOC'S FLYING VAN

Marty greets Einstein happily.

MARTY

Einstein! Hey boy, good to see ya!
So, Doc, where's Jennifer?

DOC

You mean you don't know either?

MARTY

She went back to the alley to wait
for you.

DOC

Back? Back from where?

MARTY

Oh, uh, well, we sorta decided to
uh, look around for a minute...

DOC

"Wait right here." Isn't that what
I said? Did I not make myself
understood? Is it me? Is it you?
A physiological problem with your
auditory nerves?

MARTY

No, I heard you, Doc. I just
thought you were being overly
cautious. I mean, it's the future,
so it wasn't like I was risking
screwing up the time-space
continuum.

DOC

(correcting him) Space-time continuum.

MARTY

Whatever.

DOC

So instead you go out and attract
attention. Make a spectacle of
yourself. Nearly get killed.

Time travel's a secret, Marty.
What if you got picked up by the
police? What if they figured out
what was going on? Do you realize
the consequences of the public
learning about time travel?

MARTY

Yeah. I guess if criminals got the
DeLorean, things could get pretty

hairy.

DOC

Criminals, hell! I'm worried about
the Federal Government!

MARTY

Well, relax, Doc. The only people
who saw me thought I was my son.

CUT TO:

INT. FLYING TAXI

BIFF sits in the back of the cab, his wheelchair
collapsed next to him.

BIFF

Don't let 'em know we're tailin'
'em.

CAB DRIVER

Relax. I've got 'em accu-locked.

CUT TO:

EXT. McFLY TOWNHOUSE - DUSK/NIGHT

JENNIFER is climbing on the bushes to peek through the
side window. She has to get into a somewhat precarious
position in order to see inside.

JENNIFER'S P.O.V. THRU THE WINDOW

of DORIS coming from the kitchen with a tray of food: a
huge CHOCOLATE SUNDAE loaded with WHIPPED CREAM, a pile
of FUDGE BROWNIES, and a tub of FRIED CHICKEN.

She's now wearing MISMATCHED CLOTHES, which make her
look even worse.

INTERCUT WITH JENNIFER

watching her daughter with a pained expression.

JENNIFER

Oh God, she doesn't even know how
to dress.

Doris sits on the futon sofa, hits a button on a remote
controller and the large art print, becomes a TV SCREEN.

She digs into her "snack" as she watches a commercial,
then reacts to the front door opening as COMPU-VOICE
proclaims:

COMPU-VOICE
Good evening, Norman.

NORMAN enters.

NORMAN
Hey, Dor, is Dad home yet?

DORIS
No, and Mom's out getting groceries.

NORMAN
Damn. I gotta talk to him 'orrita.

DORIS
He won't have time. Never does.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOC'S LAB - NIGHT

BIFF, in his motorized wheelchair, approaches Doc's garage and maneuvers over to a window where he can peek in and eavesdrop.

INT. DOC'S LAB - NIGHT

Doc paces, trying to think. The Van is parked next to the DeLorean.

DOC
Now if you were Jennifer, what would you do?

MARTY
I'd do what I did in 1955: look you up in the phone book.

DOC
I'm not listed.

MARTY
Then I'd look me up.

DOC
Great Scott! If Jennifer actually encounters herself, the results could be disastrous!

MARTY
What do you mean, Doc?

DOC

Shock. The shock of coming face to face with oneself 30 years older may be more than any human being can handle. It could conceivably kill her.

And if she dies, you certainly can't get married. If you don't get married you won't have kids. If you don't have kids, I won't have a reason to bring you and Jennifer here in the first place, and if I don't bring you to the future, she won't get killed.

MARTY

Then what's the problem?

DOC

It creates a paradox! A person can't be both alive and dead at the same time. It violates the laws of physics!

MARTY

Doc, you can't get busted for breaking the laws of physics.

DOC

No. But we could disturb the very fabric of time and set up a chain reaction which would destroy the entire Universe.

(a beat)

Granted, that's the worst case scenario. The destruction might in fact be very localized, limited to merely our own galaxy.

MARTY

(laughs uncomfortably)

Oh, hey, you had me worried there for a second, Doc.

DOC

Hmmm... But it would be interesting to attempt such an experiment on a small scale...

Perhaps then I could place my own portrait next to Albert, Ben, Tom and Isaac. There might even be a Nobel prize in it...but then I'd have to go to Sweden and it's so

cold there...

MARTY

Doc! Forget Sweden! We've gotta find Jennifer!

DOC

Wrong. You're staying here. I'm going to find Jennifer.

MARTY

But Doc, she's my girl. I've gotta go with you!

DOC

And run the risk of you running into yourself? No, Marty, I can't allow it. It'll be much safer for you to stay here and wait for me---

(stops short, remembering)

On second thought, it'll much safer if you're with me so I can keep an eye on you.

(spots red bag in Marty's jacket)

What's that in your jacket?

Marty smiles weakly, pulls the sealed bag out of his jacket and shrugs.

MARTY

Huh? Oh, this? Nothing. I mean, it's just a dumb book I picked up, you know, something to read in case I got bored. I guess I won't need it now.

Marty tries to toss it aside, but Doc picks it up.

DOC

Rather heavy reading...

(unseals the bag, examines book)

"50 Years of Sports Statistics."
Hardly recreational material,
Marty.

MARTY

Okay, well, I just thought it couldn't hurt to bring back a little info on the future, you know, in case of a cash flow problem, I'd place a few bets...

DOC

Marty, I didn't invent time travel

for financial gain. This is a scientific endeavor for us to use, not to abuse. The intent here is to gain a clearer perception of ourselves, of humanity in general: where we've been, where we're going, the pitfalls and the possibilities, the perils and the promise...perhaps even an answer to that universal question: Why?

MARTY

Oh, hey, I'm all for that, Doc, but what's wrong with making a few bucks on the side?

DOC

Because it's cheating. And it could create a time paradox. And frankly I don't want to be remembered as the man who disrupted the 4th dimension and accidentally destroyed the Universe.

Speaking of which, we've got to find Jennifer before she finds herself.

Doc reseals the book in the bag and leaves it on a table; then he, Marty and Einstein get into the Van.

AT THE WINDOW

Biff has been watching all of this with great interest. Very great interest.

CUT TO:

EXT. McFLY TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

JENNIFER continues spying through the window from her precarious position.

COMPU-VOICE (V.O.)
Good evening, Marty, your
pre-requested beverage will be
processed in 90 seconds.

Jennifer strains for a better view.

INTERCUT WITH HER P.O.V. AND INT. TOWNHOUSE

OLD MARTY, 47, enters through the front door. His hair is gray, but he seems very dapper in a future version of a blazer and tie.

Jennifer is hopeful.

Old Marty turns: on the back of his blazer is embroidered "GOMEZ VALET PARKING."

Jennifer is sick.

Old Marty heads right for the phone, paying no attention to his kids.

NORMAN
Dad, could I talk to you about
something?

OLD MARTY
Not right now, Norman, I'm busy.

Old Marty picks up the phone and punches some numbers.

NORMAN
But Dad, it's important---

MARTY
I don't have time right now,
Norman. Maybe tomorrow.

Doris gives Norman an "I told you so look." Norman sighs and goes upstairs.

Old Marty gets a LOUD ELECTRONIC JAMMING TONE from the phone.

OLD MARTY
Damn! What's with the jamming?
I've got a major hunch on tonight's

lottery: the pot's up to 48
million!

DORIS

Mom had the exchange blocked. She
doesn't want you throwing any more
money away.

MARTY

Throwing money away? The lottery's
an investment! The key to our
future! Doesn't your mother
understand that?

Doris has heard this a million times. She sighs, shakes
her head, and starts upstairs.

Marty gets his martini.

COMPU-VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome home, Jennifer.

JENNIFER watches anxiously.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S FLYING VAN - NIGHT

DOC pilots. Marty is in the passenger seat, looking at
Norman's BLUE PLASTIC CARD; Einstein is in the rear.

MARTY

So, Doc, bring me up to speed here.
Like, what's with Norman?

DOC

You've seen him, so you know he's
got some serious problems. I
thought you could help straighten
him out.

MARTY

But I still exist as his father,
right? Even if I'm an old man---

DOC

47 is not old, Marty. 80, 90, 100,
that's old. 47 is...mature.

MARTY

Okay, even if I'm mature, I'm still
me so what do you need me for?
Unless it's because I'm having my
own problems in the future...except

that you said Jennifer and I both -
turn out fine.

DOC

I know I said that, but what I
meant was that---well...look,
Marty, there are certain things
you're better off not knowing just
yet. Right now, our most vital
concern is Jennifer.

Marty sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

JENNIFER strains to see what's going on inside.

INTERCUT WITH HER P.O.V. AND INT. TOWNHOUSE

OLD JENNIFER comes up from downstairs with a bag of
groceries---which blocks her face. She wears a COAT
over what appears to be a BLUE SUIT. (As the scene
proceeds, Young Jennifer's POV of Old Jen's face is
constantly blocked, by the plant on the window sill, by
Old Marty, or by Old Jennifer turning her back to the
window.)

Old Marty tosses back the rest of his drink.

OLD MARTY

Jen, honey, I've got big, big news!

OLD JENNIFER

Marty, I've had a long day and I
don't want to hear about another
"can't miss" investment.

OLD MARTY

You don't even know what it is yet!
Can't you at least be open-minded?

OLD JENNIFER

Every time I'm open-minded, we end
up in debt up to our ears! The
answer is no, end of conversation.

OLD MARTY

I can't believe you're doing this.
Don't you care about our kids?
Don't you want them to have a
better life?

OLD JENNIFER

I'm doing this? You want to know
why our kids are screwed up?
Because of the example you've set.
How can you expect them to apply
themselves in school when you can't
hold a job for more than 6 months?

OUTSIDE, Young Jennifer tries to maneuver into a better
position and pricks her finger on a thorn.

JENNIFER

Oww!

She looks away from the window to check her finger, and
misses seeing that OLD JENNIFER REACTS IN IDENTICAL PAIN
from the finger prick!

OLD MARTY

Hey, I've always told them that if
you put your mind to it, you can
accomplish anything. I believe
that, and that's what I live by.

OLD JENNIFER

And what have you put your mind to?
Making a fortune without working?
You've certainly accomplished the
not working part. Face it, Marty,
you're a slacker and our kids are
slackers too.

OLD MARTY

My ship will come in. And then
it's gonna be Megabucks McFly.
Just be a little patient.

OLD JENNIFER

Dammit, I've been patient since
High School! Remember when you
cancelled our trip to the lake
because of those guys in the red
Corvette?

OLD MARTY

What guys in the red Corvette?

OLD JENNIFER

Those sleazeballs, Winch and
Lomax---they offered you that "once
in a lifetime deal" to make "major
cash-ola"...instead you almost got
thrown in jail.

Old Marty shrugs it off.

OLD JENNIFER (cont'd)

Then you gave up your music because you decided it wouldn't make you a millionaire, never mind that it was good steady work.

You take jobs you hate because you think you can make connections, and then you screw up.

You almost ruined your brother's investment firm with that synthetic paper scam; then you got your dad involved in that phony tax shelter. We got a great return on that one---we were cut out of his will. And now that I've cleared our credit rating, you're trying to put us back into debt with your psychic lottery connection.

Well, I've got news for you, Mr. Megabucks McFly: if you ever do strike it rich, it'll be too late because you won't have a family to share it with.

MARTY

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

JENNIFER

It means divorce. I've filed. It becomes final at midnight tomorrow.

Old Jennifer takes off her coat and turns around.

Young Jennifer gasps as she sees what she's become:

Old Jennifer, 47, wears a SECURITY GUARD UNIFORM! The years have not been kind, and the booze hasn't helped, either. Puffy, wrinkled, circles under the eyes, she reminds us of Lorraine at the beginning of part one.

Young Jennifer's eyes glaze over and she PASSES OUT, falling into the bushes.

INSIDE, Old Jennifer suddenly stops short and gasps for air---then she too passes out!

OLD MARTY

Jen? Jennifer!

Old Marty goes to his wife and tries to revive her.

EXT. STREET AND McFLY TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Doc's FLYING VAN swoops down and lands.

Doc, Marty and Einstein get out; Einstein sniffs around, then picks up the scent and runs toward the bushes.

AT THE BUSHES

Einstein finds the unconscious young Jennifer and barks.

Doc and Marty run over.

DOC
Good work, Einie.

Doc looks over Jennifer and checks her vital signs.

MARTY
Is she alive?

DOC
She's in shock. But should we
risk taking her to the hospital?

They hear Old Marty inside, on the phone.

OLD MARTY (O.S.)
Yes, I need an ambulance! My wife
just passed out and I can't revive
her! McFly. Martin McFly. 1311
Park Lane in Hilldale. Hurry!

DOC
Scratch that idea.

Marty stands, wanting to look in the window, but Doc immediately yanks him down.

DOC
Don't look at yourself!
Let's get Jennifer out of here
fast!

They lift Jennifer and carry her toward the Van.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S LAB - NIGHT

Doc's VAN returns. All is just as it was when they left...or is it?

The DeLorean looks like it's been moved and parked differently; and there's a small puddle under it.

But Doc and Marty are only concerned with Jennifer and don't notice. They lift her out of the Van and lay her on a cot.

DOC

Keep her warm, Marty. I've got some oxygen here. Hopefully, that'll bring her to.

Marty covers Jennifer with a blanket while Doc locates a tank of oxygen.

CLOSE ON JENNIFER'S FACE, MOMENTS LATER

as Doc's hand places an oxygen mask over her face.

Marty watches anxiously.

Doc checks Jennifer's pulse.

After a few anxious moments, she stirs. She's still unconscious, but her breathing becomes more pronounced.

DOC

She'll be fine---at least physically. Hand me that towel. I want to blindfold her.

MARTY

Blindfold her? What for?

Marty hands it to Doc and he uses it to blindfold her.

DOC

She's received a severe shock, seeing herself 30 years older, and the repercussions of that could be---who knows what. Therefore, we must make her think she had a bad dream---which means we must get her back to 1985 so she comes to in familiar surroundings. I don't want to take any chances of her seeing this lab, or the DeLorean, or anything of the future.

Now change back into your 1985 clothes and let's go home.

Doc hands Marty the gym bag with his clothes.

Now Marty spots the sealed RED BOOKSTORE BAG laying

where Doc left it.

Marty checks to see if Doc is looking. He's not. Marty hesitates...should he or shouldn't he? He should. He grabs it and puts it in the gym bag.

CUT TO:

THE DELOREAN, MOMENTS LATER

Marty, now dressed in his 1985 clothes, sits in the DMC with the unconscious Jennifer on his lap. Einstein is behind them.

Doc closes the gullwing door on them, then runs around to the driver's side and gets in.

DOC

We'll go back to 1985 just a few minutes after we left...

(turns time circuits on)

Last time departed was...what?!
September 20, 1967, 6:15 a.m.?

Sure enough, that's what the time display shows.

DOC

Einie, did you hit the keypad again? I know it's close quarters, but you have to be careful when you come in and out of here.

MARTY

October 26, 1985, Doc. We left at 10:40 a.m., so 10:45 should do it.

Doc enters the data.

EXT. DOC'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The DeLorean pulls out of the garage, its wheels drop down into the flying mode, and it blasts off!

INT. FLYING DMC - NIGHT

Doc makes his final adjustments.

DOC

Well, Marty, take your last look at the future.

Marty looks out the side window as the flying car accelerates.

MARTY

That's weird---kinda looks like
your lab's fading out...

But there's no time to notice: the speedometer rockets
up to 88, the flux capacitor glows brightly, and
discharges a burst of intense white light.

Instantaneously, the night sky becomes DAY!

DOC

Welcome home. The local time is
now 10:45 a.m.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FLYING DELOREAN - DAY

The flying DMC descends to a 1985 RESIDENTIAL STREET.
Its wheels fold down, it lands, and keeps driving.

INT. MOVING DELOREAN - DAY

DOC

We'll take Jennifer directly home.

MARTY

But she left from my house.

DOC

True, but when she revives at her house, the disorientation will help convince her that it was a dream.

MARTY

Okay, you're the scientist.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE

The mailbox has "The Parkers" on it.

WIDER - revealing the DeLorean idling in the driveway.

Doc and Marty are carrying the unconscious Jennifer toward a HAMMOCK in the yard.

DOC

Let's put her in the hammock.

They put her in the hammock. Doc removes the blindfold.
Jennifer remains asleep.

MARTY

We're just gonna leave her?

DOC

She'll be fine. I'll take you home, you can change clothes and come back for her in your truck.

MARTY

You're the scientist.

CUT TO:

EXT. LION GATES OF LYON ESTATES - DAY

The DMC drives through the familiar Lions gates.

EXT. MCFLY HOME - DAY

Marty gets out of the DeLorean.

DOC

If you need me, I'll be back at my lab. Let me know if you have any trouble convincing her it was all a dream.

MARTY

You got it, Doc.

As Doc drives off, Marty pulls out Norman's BLUE PLASTIC CARD and shakes his head sadly.

MARTY

I sure wish it had been a dream.

He walks up to the front door. It's locked.

He takes out his door key and tries to open it---but the key won't fit. Marty fiddles with it, to no avail.

MARTY

What the hell?

He shrugs, then goes around the side of the house.

MARTY

goes to his bedroom window and tries it: it opens. He climbs in---then loses his balance and falls.

Immediately, he's greeted by a SCREAM!

INT. BEDROOM

Marty has fallen into a BED with a 12 year old BLACK GIRL! She keeps SCREAMING! Marty is shocked!

GIRL

MOMMA! DAD! HELP!!!

MARTY

Hey, who are you? What are doing in my---room...?

Marty suddenly realizes that this is NOT HIS ROOM. Everything's different---it's a girl's room.

GIRL
HELP!!! RAPE!!!

She starts throwing things at a totally confused Marty.

Now the door bursts open and her PARENTS rush in: DAD has a SHOTGUN! They're accompanied by HAROLD, aged 7.

DAD
Freeze, sucker!

MARTY
(raises his hands)
Okay, take it easy. I don't want any trouble.

DAD
(to his wife)
Louise, call the police.
(to Marty)
Move over against that wall. What are you doing with my daughter?

MARTY
Nothing! It's all a mistake!
Honest! I live here---I mean, I thought this was my house and I made a mistake somehow.

HAROLD
Shoot him, Dad! He's lying!

DAD
Shut up, Harold.
(to Marty)
You thought you lived here?

MARTY
Yeah---I was, uh, well, I was up all night, and I got confused, and I just, I don't know, went in the wrong window. I'm sorry!

HAROLD
What are you waitin' for, Dad?
Blow his head off!

DAD
You shut up!
(to Marty)
What's your name?

MARTY
McFly. Marty McFly.

DAD

And you live around here? I never heard of no McFly's, and we've been living here 3 years.

MARTY

Please, sir, this is all a big, big mistake. I'm really sorry, and if you just let me go, I swear I'll never bother you again.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE

The front door opens and Dad shoves Marty out.

DAD

If I ever see your ass here again, I'll press charges!

HAROLD

And he'll blow your head off, too!

MARTY

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Dad slams the door.

Marty, very confused, goes down the driveway, and checks the address number on the curb: 2317.

MARTY

It's my address, my house... I don't get it.

He looks around and notices MR. LESTER across the street, raking his leaves. Recognition lights Marty's face and he heads over to him.

MARTY

Mr. Lester! Hi, how are you doing?
It's me, Marty McFly.

Mr. Lester looks at Marty with a blank expression.

MR. LESTER

Who?

MARTY

Marty McFly.

Uh, you are Warren Lester, right?
You're a piano tuner, and you've got 2 little girls?

MR. LESTER

-That's right. What, did I tune
your piano?

MARTY

No, we don't have a piano...

MR. LESTER

Marty McFly, did you say? Sorry,
the name just doesn't ring a bell.

MARTY

Right. Okay. Thanks.

Lester just shrugs as Marty wanders off, more bewildered
than ever.

CUT TO:

INSERT - PHONE BOOK

The listings include

McFarlane...
McFeeters...
McGee

But no McFly.

MARTY

is stunned. He's at a PAY PHONE in a BAR.

MARTY

Jesus H. Christ. Well, Doc, I sure
hope you can explain this one...

Marty is about to make a phone call, but the pay phone's
been vandalized---there's no receiver.

MARTY

Perfect.

Marty steps away from the phone and looks over at the
BARTENDER, 50, and his several low rent PATRONS.

MARTY

Excuse me---has anyone here ever
heard of George McFly?

BARTENDER

George McFly? Yeah, I heard of
him.

MARTY
I'm trying to locate him. You know
where he is?

BARTENDER
Try 301 South Street.

MARTY
301 South Street. Thanks a lot!

Marty runs off. The bartender chuckles to himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOSE ON AN ADDRESS PLATE

"301 SOUTH STREET."

WIDER

Marty reacts in shock: he's at HANLEY PARK CEMETERY.

MARTY
Oh, God, no!

EXT. CEMETERY

Marty runs through the graveyard, reading tombstones,
and then he finds it:

"IN LOVING MEMORY, GEORGE DOUGLAS McFLY
April 1, 1938 - March 15, 1973."

MARTY
March 15, 1973??
(sudden realization)
The accident!

Marty dashes off.

CUT TO: EXT. HILL VALLEY

HISTORICAL MONUMENT

Marty runs past the statue of WILLIAM "BILL" HILL, past
the grove of trees beyond it, and discovers not the
hospital, but...

A GIGANTIC LAS VEGAS STYLE HIGHRISE HOTEL COMPLEX! It's
garish, overdone, outrageous, and it's called "BIFF
TANNEN'S PLEASURE PARADISE - Hotel - Resort - Casino -
Girls." The huge flashing lit sign includes a PORTRAIT
OF BIFF, and the place is doing tremendous business.

MARTY is dumbfounded.

Marty walks trancelike toward the Hotel, gawking at the ludicrousness of the whole thing, and pausing to look up at Biff's mocking countenance on the sign.

INT. PARADISE LOBBY

Marty wanders through the lobby, which is done in tawdry red and black decor. He can't believe what he's seeing:

Micro-skirted cocktail waitresses carry drinks to and fro; painted ladies abound, many escorted by customers; in the background we see and hear the sounds of slot machines and gambling.

A SINGER in the cocktail lounge is singing "Que Sera, Sera."

Everywhere is the "BIFFCO" LOGO, indicating that this is all part of a huge enterprise.

On the walls, Marty notices PHOTOS of BIFF posing with various CELEBRITIES, including RONALD REAGAN.

The MATCHBOOKS even have Biff's picture on them! Marty pockets one.

Then he comes to a display with a whole series of photographs titled "BIFF TANNEN - AMERICA'S BIGGEST WINNER!" The images depict Biff over a period of years, winning at RACETRACKS, winning at Las Vegas Boxing Matches, and at other sporting events. There are newspaper headlines, "CONSTRUCTION WORKER BEATS THE ODDS." "LUCKY TANNEN DOES IT AGAIN." "MR. LONGSHOT!" "TANNEN PUSHES LEGALIZED GAMBLING." And magazine covers.

As Marty studies the display, he spots one particular photo which he looks at very closely.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

It shows BIFF receiving a large stack of money at a pay window. Sticking out of his shoulderbag, we can make out the top part of a book: "2015 SPORTS ALMANAC!"

MARTY

is stunned! He reaches under his shirt and pulls out the RED BOOKSTORE BAG he brought back from the future.

Marty unseals it and pulls out A PAD OF BLANK PAPER!

MARTY

Oh my God!

(takes a deep breath)

Okay, Marty, get a grip on
yourself. Doc'll know what to do.
This can all be straightened out.

Marty checks the photo for the year on it: 1967.

He turns and then he receives the biggest shock of all:
A display case which includes a front page newspaper
blow-up, "TANNEN REMARRIES IN LAVISH STYLE." The
wedding photo shows Biff with his bride: LORRAINE!

In fact, the whole display is dedicated to mementoes of
the BIFF-LORRAINE WEDDING OF 1974.

This is too much for Marty to handle: he PASSES OUT in a
dead faint.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

MARTY
Ohhhh....where am I?

LORRAINE
You're home, safe and sound.

MARTY
Home? Mom? Is that you?

LORRAINE
Of course it's me, Marty...

She sits down beside him and turns on the bedside lamp.

Marty sits up in horror.

MARTY
Oh my God!

Yes, it's LORRAINE, 47---but a very different Lorraine. She's made up like Tammy Baker, has on an OUTRAGEOUS WIG, and she's wearing an expensive, glittering gown, with lots of jewels. She's looks like a FLOOZY.

She puts a cigarette in a garish holder and lights up.

LORRAINE
Relax, Marty, everything's going to be fine. Are you hungry? We can call room service...

Marty looks around at the garishly decorated bedroom. The large picture window shows that we're 15 stories up: this is the PENTHOUSE of the Paradise.

LORRAINE
I forgot, you haven't seen the penthouse since we redecorated...

From outside, we hear a MALE VOICE.

VOICE (O.S.)
Lorraine? Where are you?

LORRAINE
(to Marty as she exits)
It's your father. I'll be back in a minute.

MARTY

My father?

Marty peeks through the doorway into

THE LIVING ROOM

where Lorraine joins BIFF, 48, who is dressed in a silk suit, with showy jewelry and chains.

BIFF

All right, Lorraine, what the hell's this all about?

LORRAINE

It's Marty. They found him passed out in the lobby a few hours ago. He's resting in there.

BIFF

He's supposed to be in Switzerland! If that little runt's been kicked out of another boarding school---

LORRAINE

Quiet, he'll hear you.

BIFF

I don't care! Goddammit, Lorraine, do you know how much perfectly good dough I've blown on that no good kid of yours? On all 3 of 'em?

LORRAINE

What the hell do you care? We can afford it! The least we can do with all that money is make a better life for our children!

Lorraine pours herself a glass of scotch and drains it.

BIFF

Marty's your kid, not mine, and all the money in the world wouldn't do jackshit for that lazy bum! I've bought him everything he's ever wanted and he still behaves like a little asshole. He's a slacker, just like his old man was!

LORRAINE

Don't you dare speak that way about George! You're not even half the man he was!

Biff glares-at her, then slaps her.

Marty is horrified.

BIFF

Never talk to me like that, you hear me? Ever!

LORRAINE

Dammit, Biff, that's it. I'm leaving.

Lorraine heads for the door.

BIFF

No, you're not. Nobody walks out on Biff Tannen. I may decide to throw you out, but nobody walks out.

LORRAINE

Well, I am.

BIFF

You walk out, I'll cut you off---you and your kids.

Lorraine hesitates.

BIFF (cont'd)

I can get Dave's probation revoked and he'll have to go to prison---maybe he'll even end up sharing a cell with your brother Joey. And Linda---I'll close her accounts and she can settle her debts with the bank all by herself. And Marty, well---

LORRAINE

Okay, Biff, you win. I'll...stay.

BIFF

That's right. You'll stay and you'll let me treat you like dirt because you like it. And because deep down inside you know that's what you deserve.

Marty barges into the room, totally enraged.

MARTY

Goddammit, you can't treat my mother that way!

Marty faces right up to Biff and slugs him in the face!
Biff goes reeling backward and trips over a chair.
Marty is about to go after him, but Lorraine stops him.

LORRAINE

Marty, don't! He's your father!

MARTY

He's not my father! He's just a
rich asshole!

LORRAINE

Just stay out of it! Please! It's
none of your business!

MARTY

Mom, I'm not gonna let him hit you!

LORRAINE

I had it coming, Marty. I was
wrong. He was right.

Marty can't believe Lorraine is saying this.

MARTY

Mom, what are you saying? You're
actually defending him?

LORRAINE

He's my husband, and he takes care
of all of us, and he deserves our
respect.

Now, I want you to apologize.

Biff gets up and glares at Marty.

MARTY

Like hell I will.

Now the door bursts open and Biff's 3 GOONS rush
in---3-D, SKINHEAD and MATCH from Biff's old gang!
They're dressed quite well, but they're still the same.

SKINHEAD

We saw it on closed-circuit, Boss.
You all right?

MATCH

You need any help?

3-D
(laughs maniacally)
Yeah, you want us to teach the brat
some manners?

Biff turns to Lorraine. Lorraine then looks at Marty.

LORRAINE
Martin Hopkins McFly: You owe your
stepfather an apology.

Marty takes a deep breath, then looks at Biff.

MARTY
I'm sorry, stepfather...that I
didn't hit you harder.

With that, Marty turns and walks out.

BIFF
Why, that little bastard! Boys, I
want you to---

LORRAINE
No, Biff, please! Promise me you
won't hurt him! Promise me you
won't go after him! Please!

Biff takes a moment, looking at his boys, looking at
Lorraine, rubbing his jaw.

BIFF
All right, Lorraine. I promise.

His boys (and we) see that Biff has his fingers crossed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADISE HOTEL - NIGHT

Marty leaves the hotel via the front entrance. The
BELLMAN watches him go, then picks up a radio.

BELLMAN
He just left.

CUT TO:

EXT. A BUSINESS STREET - NIGHT

Marty wanders along, angry, confused, disoriented.

He brings us to LONE PINE MALL---it's the same except
for one difference on the sign: the BIFFCO LOGO.

Marty stares at the sign and shakes his head. Now he hears the CRACKLE of a POLICE RADIO.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
...suspect is 17 years old, 5 foot
4, 130 pounds, was last seen
leaving the Paradise on foot,
heading south...

Marty quickly ducks behind the mall sign and watches the POLICE CAR drive past, then hurries off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE - NIGHT

Marty comes around a corner into Courthouse Square. It's a sleazy nightmare of ADULT BOOK STORES, PORNO THEATERS, BARS, 24-HOUR PAWN SHOPS and BAIL BONDSMEN.

A bus bench has an ad for Biff's Paradise Hotel. A KID, 14, is SPRAY PAINTING a MOUSTACHE on BIFF'S FACE.

A POLICE CAR screeches up, 2 COPS jump out and beat the kid with nightsticks. They drag him into the car and drive off.

Marty is horrified.

He notices that the COURTHOUSE CLOCK TOWER has been replaced by a gigantic BILLBOARD for BIFF TANNEN'S PARADISE HOTEL with a DIGITAL CLOCK built into it, and the slogan "It's time for fun!"

Suddenly, Marty is hit by bright headlights. He squints: it's an approaching paddy wagon.

Fearful, Marty turns and runs!

He hears a BARKING DOG---it's chasing him. Marty keeps going, but he's tired and the dog is gaining.

He runs into an alley---it's a dead end. He looks for an escape and spots trash cans and a fire escape.

Marty climbs onto a garbage can and grabs the fire ladder, but it gives under his weight and Marty falls into the alley!

He hears the dog coming---in a blur of motion the animal leaps on him...

MARTY
Einstein!

Yes, it's Doc Brown's dog, who licks Marty's face happily. Marty is glad to see him too.

And the approaching paddy-wagon, well, it's just Doc's step van, the one that says "Dr. E. Brown Enterprises, 24 Hour Scientific Service."

Doc rushes over to Marty.

DOC

Marty! Thank God! I've been looking all over for you---we're in serious shit.

MARTY

So I've noticed.

DOC

I can't understand it. I've been to the Library, poring over newspapers, magazines, trying to figure out what happened. The time line has been upset, but I don't know what caused it.

MARTY

I do.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S LAB - NIGHT

There are bound library volumes of OLD NEWSPAPERS on lab tables (one is opened to the 1955 Clocktower headline).

MARTY

Somehow, Biff found out about the time machine.

When we went out to find Jennifer, Biff got into the lab, found the Sports Almanac, went back in time with it, and somehow gave it to himself as a young man.

DOC

But the book was still in my lab when we left the future. I saw it!

MARTY

You saw this...

(shows him the bag)

Biff took the book out and replaced it with blank paper.

DOC

And then you took it back, even
after I told you not to?

MARTY

All right, Doc, I was wrong, and
I'm sorry. But that's all in the
past.

DOC

You mean in the future.

MARTY

Whatever.

DOC

Then that's why the "Last Time
Departed" said 1967. Biff went
back to 1967 with the book!

MARTY

Which means we have to go back to
the future and stop Biff from
stealing the DeLorean.

DOC

We can't, Marty. If we travel into
the future from this point in time,
it will be a different future---the
future of this 1985, in which Biff
is wealthy and in which I'm evicted
and my property is taken away.

MARTY

You're being evicted?

Doc shows him the eviction notice.

DOC

It came in today's mail. BiffCo
Realty is taking over the whole
neighborhood for a toxic waste
dump.

Marty shakes his head. In the background, the dog food
machine starts up and dishes out Einstein's supper.

DOC

Our only chance to repair the
present is in the past---at the
point where the time line skewed
into this tangent.

MARTY
You mean in 1967 when Biff first
got the Almanac.

DOC
Precisely. But we can't go back to
1967 until we find out exactly how
young Biff got that Almanac.

MARTY
(a beat)
Let's ask him.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S LAB - MINUTES LATER

DOC is on the phone. MARTY pages thru old newspapers.

DOC
(into phone)
Biff Tannen, please.
(pause)
Oh, he'll want to talk to me. Tell
him I have information on the
whereabouts of his stepson, Marty.
(pause)
I'm sorry, I'll only give the
information to Mr. Tannen.
(pause)
Thank you, I'll hold.
(to Marty)
I think they're gonna get him on
the line.

Marty reacts to something he's found in a newspaper.

MARTY
Doc, check it out---Biff received a
\$25,000 inheritance on September
20, 1967. That must be why he
picked that date to go back to.

Marty shows Doc the newspaper.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER PAGE

The article says, "Tannen Inherits \$25,000," with Biff's
picture as he looked in 1967.

Also on the page, "Otis Peabody Released From
Sanitarium."

BACK TO SHOT

Doc looks, then reacts to the phone. He motions Marty over to listen.

DOC

Hello? Is this Biff Tannen?

BIFF (V.O. phone)

Yeah, this is Biff Tannen. You know something about Marty?

Marty nods to Doc, indicating that it is indeed Biff.

DOC

That's right. But first I'd like to talk to you about a book you have. "50 Years of Sports Statistics, 1965-2014."

There is a long silence.

BIFF (V.O. phone)

How do you know about that book?

DOC

Because it's my book. You stole it from me in 1967 and I want it back.

BIFF (V.O. phone)

I did not steal it! I found it---laying on my doorstep with my name on it when I---who is this?

Doc immediately hangs up the phone and smiles.

DOC

Bingo.

CUT TO:

BIFF, IN HIS CASINO, ON THE OTHER END

Biff pumps the cradle of his phone.

BIFF

Hello? Hello?

(hangs up; pushes intercom)

Security Chief?

Trace that call. Top priority.

Report as soon as you got it.

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S LAB

Marty is all charged up.

MARTY

All right, Doc, let's get going!

DOC

Not so fast, Marty. You can't go to the sixties looking like that.

Marty looks at his clothes, then we

CUT TO:

MARTY

stepping in front of a full length mirror. He wears STRIPED BELL BOTTOM PANTS, a TIE-DYED T-SHIRT, and a VEST adorned with AMERICAN FLAGS. His hair is parted in the middle; he wears a HEADBAND and John Lennon style WIRE RIM GLASSES. And he has a KNAPSACK.

MARTY

Well, do I look "fab?"

DOC

"Groovy," Marty, not "fab." You look "groovy." And for the finishing touch...

Doc pulls something from a bag of old clothes from "Jack's Pawnshop - Open 24 Hrs. - Fast Cash for your Needs" and puts it on Marty: a string of LOVE BEADS.

MARTY

No way, Doc, I'm not wearing love beads, no matter how "groovy" it is.

Marty takes them off.

DOC

Wrong, Marty, you say, "Sorry, man, like, the beads trip isn't my thing."

MARTY

(has a hard time with it)
Sorry, man, like, the beads trip isn't my thing.

DOC

You've gotta blend in, Marty. Be inconspicuous. When in Rome, do as the Romans...

He rummages through the bags for something else.

MARTY

But you're not wearing any of this junk.

DOC

I'm not a kid. Besides, I'll have to lay low---I can't risk running into my younger self and the potential 4th dimensional catastrophe that could result.

MARTY

So, Doc, exactly what were you up in '67 anyway?

DOC

Science professor, Hill Valley University.

(hands Marty something else)
Here, try this on...

Marty dons a simple PEACE SIGN necklace---the metal peace symbol on a leather throng.

MARTY

Fine, I can deal with this.

DOC

No, it's "Far out, I can groove on this."

MARTY

(rolls his eyes)

Doc, aren't we overdoing this? I mean, it's a simple deal: we go to '67, I grab the book off Biff's doorstep, I don't see anyone, I don't talk to anyone, we come back to '85.

DOC

Agreed. But so far, none of my plans have worked according to plan. So this time, I want to plan for the plan to fail; this in turn becomes a plan of its own which, if it fails, could result in the original plan succeeding.

MARTY

Science. I love it.

DOC
Now, pop quiz: who's President of
the United States in 1967?

MARTY
Kennedy. No---uh, Truman!

DOC
Lyndon B. Johnson. Didn't they
teach you history in school?

MARTY
Yeah, but I never thought I'd have
to use any of it.

DOC
I suppose you don't know who the
governor was, either?

Marty shakes his head.

DOC
Ronald Reagan.

MARTY
The President?

DOC
The actor.
And who's the mayor of Hill
Valley?

MARTY
(in his best 60's style)
Hey, like, politics isn't my trip,
man, so like, quit hassling me.

DOC
(smiles approvingly)
Groovy.

CUT TO:

INT. PARADISE HOTEL - INDOOR JACUZZI

BIFF is in a hot tub with 3 GORGEOUS BIMBOS. He's
talking on the phone.

BIFF (into phone)
Look, Senator, I got you elected.
Now you get the IRS off my back or
we both gonna be in deep shit.

The "BIFFCO" UNIFORMED SECURITY CHIEF, enters with his
report---it's MR. STRICKLAND!

STRICKLAND

Mr. Tannen, we got the trace on that call: the phone is listed to Dr. Emmett Brown, 1640 John F. Kennedy Drive.

BIFF

Have our boys hook up with the police. Go there. Get him. Bring him to me.

And Strickland: no screw-ups!

CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S LAB

They're getting ready to leave: Marty puts a suitcase into the DeLorean trunk. Doc is throwing some empty dog food cans into "Mr. Fusion."

DOC

That should be enough fuel...we've got supplies... Cash! We'd better bring some cash, just in case...

Doc opens a cabinet, revealing an ancient "Wells Fargo" SAFE. He dials the combination.

The clocks go off. It's 9 o'clock.

MARTY

9 o'clock? Oh my God, I forgot about Jennifer! We left her in the hammock and we had that big date! I was supposed to pick her up an hour ago! I'd better call her!

DOC

No need for that. I'll have you back in plenty of time to make your date.

MARTY

Huh?

(realizes)

Oh, right, we can do that.

But what about Jennifer, Doc? Shouldn't we bring her along? I don't want her to be stuck here in "Biff-city."

DOC

If we succeed, the events that created "Biff City" will have never happened, while Jennifer's history will be undisturbed. As long as we return to 1985 at a point after 10:45 a.m. this morning when all 3 of us returned, everything will be fine.

MARTY

Well, you're the scientist...

DOC

That's why I'm not concerned about leaving Einstein behind either.

(to Einstein)

Hear that, Einie? We're leaving, but not for long. In fact, we'll be back before we left, which means we won't be gone at all.

Why am I trying to explain this to you---you're a dog...

Doc has opened the safe, and pulls out some cash.

DOC

\$300 for you...500 for me...

Marty pulls out his wallet. As he puts the money in, he notices...

MARTY

Whoa! I'd better not be carrying around my driver's license before I've been born! Or these I.D.'s...

Marty takes out several CARDS and ID's, including NORMAN'S BLUE PLASTIC CARD. He puts them in the DMC glove compartment.

DOC

Well...I think we're ready.

CUT TO:

INT. DELOREAN, IN DOC'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Moments later. Marty and Doc are seated, getting set.

DOC

Destination time: Sept 20, 1967.
6:20 a.m.

INSERT - TIME DISPLAY

as the data is entered.

BACK TO SHOT

Doc turns ignition and revs up the engine.

DOC
Time circuits on?

MARTY
(turns the switch)
Check.

DOC
Mr. Fusion on?

MARTY
(turns the switch)
Check.

DOC
Garage door open...

Marty hits a remote garage door opener on the visor...

REVERSE ANGLE, INCLUDING THEIR P.O.V.

The opening doors reveal a group of POLICE CARS WITH
FLASHERS, ARMED COPS, and BIFFCO GUARDS.

MARTY
Chec---

BULLHORN COP
Dr. Emmett Brown! This is the
police! Come out with your hands
up! You are wanted for
questioning! You are surrounded!
Do not try to escape!

MARTY
Shit!

DOC
No, Marty. Bullshit!

WIDE ANGLE ON GARAGE

as the DMC BLASTS UP AND OUT of the garage to the total
astonishment of the cops!

ACTION SEQUENCE

The cops fire pistols and shotguns at the flying DMC.

Buckshot pings off the flying car.

STRICKLAND

Get a chopper out here!

The DMC speedometer rapidly whips up past 50...

Gunfire shatters Marty's DMC window.

MARTY

More altitude, Doc!

Doc Brown pulls back on the appropriate joystick.

The DMC flies higher, over an light industrial area.

The police keep firing.

A shot explodes into the BOTTOM OF THE DeLorean, ripping through a cable and causing SPARKS!

Inside, a RED LIGHT starts flashing.

DOC

Damn! There goes the aerial acceleration cable!

MARTY Is

it serious?

DOC

We can't get up to 88.

MARTY

It's serious.

The speedometer is steady at 75...

A cop pulls a GRENADE LAUNCHER out of a truck.

DOC

Fasten your seat belt, Marty.
We've got one chance...

MARTY

(fastens his belt)
What's that?

DOC

Gravity!

Doc pushes the joystick all the way forward!

The DMC pitches downward!

Doc shifts the transmission into NEUTRAL.

The cop raises the grenade launcher...

The DMC speeds down at a 60 degree angle! It's heading toward a WAREHOUSE and PARKING LOT.

The speedometer climbs past 80!

Marty stares ahead with wide eyed terror:

Through the DMC WINDSHIELD, the Warehouse races upward!

The cop adjusts his trajectory...

The DMC speedometer hits 85...

The DeLorean is on a crash course with the warehouse...

The cop fires the grenade launcher...

The speedometer reaches 88...

The coils glow blue, the flux capacitor discharges...

Through the DMC windshield, the WAREHOUSE comes hurtling forward...then THREE WHITE FLASHES and the warehouse vanishes and becomes DIRT AND GRASS IN MORNING LIGHT!

DOC jerks the control stick back.

The DMC straightens out, and goes back up again into the dawn sky. It's all undeveloped land here in 1967.

Marty and Doc both sigh relief.

MARTY

Where do we land, Doc? Your place?

DOC

Good God, no! I'd risk running into myself. Let's see---1967... If I remember correctly, there's an abandoned barn not far from here.

MARTY

Barn?

CUT TO:

EXT. PEABODY FARM - MORNING

An old PICKUP TRUCK pulls up to the farmhouse, past a jury-rigged mailbox made out of an old breadbox. The word "Bread" has been "x-ed" out, and "Peabody" written below. One lone pine tree stands nearby.

OTIS "PA" PEABODY gets out of the passenger's side and looks around; his WIFE gets out the driver's side.

PA PEABODY

Sure feels good to see the old place again...been almost 12 years!

MA PEABODY

Otis, you never gotta go back to that insane asylum again? We can finally take that camping trip? You're really cured?

PA PEABODY

Yep, Maybelle, and us comin' here proves it. That psychi-atrical doctor said to go back to where it all happened and I'd see for sure that there warn't no flyin' saucers.

Pa looks toward the barn and his face goes white:

The flying DeLorean is descending from the sky!

PA SCREAMS!

MA turns and sees it. She SCREAMS!

The DeLorean lands in front of the barn and drives in.

The Peabodys get right back into the truck! Ma floors it, the truck spins around on the dirt road, takes out the mailbox and speeds away!

INT. BARN - DAY

Marty watches as Doc inspects the damage.

MARTY

Can you fix it, Doc? I mean, we're not gonna be stuck here, are we?

DOC

Don't worry. Even if I can't repair the aerial acceleration system, we can still get up to 88 on the ground with the car engine. As long as Mr. Fusion's intact---that's what supplies the 1.21 jigowatts of electrical energy to the flux capacitor---we're fine.

(opens the trunk)

You just get over to Biff's house, grab that book and get back here as soon as you can.

MARTY

Right on, brother.

Doc takes some tools out of the trunk.

DOC

Oh, and Marty: destroy the book this time. It's brought nothing but trouble and---Marty?

Doc looks around for him, but Marty's already gone.

CUT TO:

INSERT - A PIECE OF PAPER

On it is written: "Biff - 2920 Pearl St."

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

MARTY checks the written address against the real thing.

BIFF'S HOUSE is a small tract house with attached garage and a picket fence around the yard. All is quiet---it's still early in the morning.

Marty looks over the fence, then spots a large envelope on the lawn on which is written "Biff Tannen, 2920 Pearl. Personal." From its size, and the bulge in it, there can be no doubt: this is the book.

MARTY

All right!

Marty looks around, sees no one, then hops the fence. He approaches the package.

Suddenly, a HUGE GROWLING GERMAN SHEPHERD charges out from around the side of the house!

Marty beats a fast retreat!

Fortunately, the dog's on a leash and can't get Marty.

Unfortunately, the book is within the dog's territory.

Marty considers the situation, then approaches gingerly.

MARTY

Nice doggie. Nice pooch...

Marty creeps a little closer---but the dog decides it's too close and snaps! Marty jumps back. The dog keeps BARKING.

Marty tries to figure out what to do. He looks around, then spots A RAKE in the yard.

Marty smiles: he has an idea.

INT. BIFF'S BEDROOM

BIFF, aged 30, is in bed. The shades are drawn, he's half asleep, but he can hear the dog barking.

BIFF

Oh, shut up, Chopper.

EXT. BIFF'S HOUSE

MARTY, crouching down, is using the rake to snag the envelope. He keeps as far from Chopper as he can.

Chopper watches Marty suspiciously.

Marty captures the envelope and pulls it toward him---but it gets hung up on the edge of the cement front walkway.

Marty tries to dislodge it. He can't quite do it. Chopper BARKS again.

INTERCUT WITH

BIFF, in his bedroom, again stirs at the sound of the barking. He gets up, then the barking stops. He gets back into bed. Then, his CLOCK RADIO goes off! Frustrated, he covers his head with a pillow.

OUTSIDE, Marty continues trying to dislodge the package. Now he hears WHISTLING. He turns and sees...

THE MAILMAN approaching the house!

Marty hides behind a bush. He peeks out and watches.

The MAILMAN opens the gate and heads up the walkway.

CHOPPER reacts, barking and charging.

MAILMAN
Sit, boy, sit!

The dog obediently obeys. The ferocious animal now looks like a harmless puppy.

Marty can't believe it.

The Mailman continues up the walk, sorting through the mail. He WALKS RIGHT PAST THE PRECIOUS ENVELOPE without noticing it.

Marty sighs relief.

The Mailman sticks Biff's mail through the mail slot in the front door.

He turns around, but this time, he notices the envelope on the edge of the walkway. The mailman picks it up.

Marty is horrified.

The Mailman sees that it's addressed to Biff. He goes back to the front door and puts it in the mail slot. BUT IT ONLY GOES HALFWAY THROUGH.

Marty again sighs relief.

The Mailman goes back down the walkway to the street.

Marty checks that the coast is clear, then approaches the front door.

Chopper charges.

MARTY
Sit, boy, sit.

Chopper obeys.

Marty safely gets to the door. He reaches for the envelope, but as he touches it, it FALLS THROUGH THE MAIL SLOT, INTO THE HOUSE!

MARTY can't believe it.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - DAY

The rear of the DMC is jacked up and tools are spread out nearby. DOC crawls out from underneath, satisfied.

DOC

That was easy enough.

(checks watch)

Well, Marty, as soon as you get back here, we can go home.

CUT TO:

BIFF'S HOUSE - DAY

MARTY has shoved his hand through the mail slot.

REVERSE ANGLE - Marty's hand fumbles around on the other side, trying to find the envelope.

BIFF, now FULLY CLOTHED in workman's attire, sits on his bed tying his work boots!

MARTY sticks his arm a little further through the slot, desperately trying to reach the envelope.

REVERSE ANGLE - his hand is really close to grabbing the envelope.

MARTY strains a little more.

REVERSE ANGLE - Marty's fingers grab the envelope!

MARTY's expression brightens.

Now the GARAGE DOOR OPENS! Inside is a '65 Chevy Ranchero with "AMERICA: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT" bumper stickers. BIFF, wearing a HARD HAT, gets in.

MARTY reacts with alarm. He tries to pull the envelope out.

REVERSE ANGLE - With his hand holding the envelope, it won't fit through the slot!

MARTY tries and tries, but there's no way that he can get both his hand and the envelope out.

BIFF pulls out in his truck---and he sees Marty at the mail slot! He slams on his brakes.

BIFF

HEY! HEY YOU!!

Marty lets go of the book, pulls his hand out and runs---but CHOPPER is there to cut off his escape!

BIFF is out of his truck and grabs Marty.

BIFF

A goddamn hippie! I oughta beat your brains out! What the hell are you doing on my property, you hippie scum? Huh?

MARTY

Nothing! I made a mistake---

BIFF

Lyin' commie! I saw you with your hand in there! What were you trying to do, burn down my house?
(shoves Marty to the ground)
Watch him, Chopper!

Biff goes to the front door and opens it---it's UNLOCKED, which gives Marty even more consternation.

The pile of mail is laying right there. Biff notices the large envelope which is clearly out of place with everything else. He examines it.

BIFF

What's this? It's heavy... No return address... No postage... "Personal..."?

He's about to open it, then notices Marty's pained reaction.

BIFF

Aha---you put this here! It's some kinda bomb or booby trap! Well, I ain't falling for it!
(throws it at Marty)
Take it and get the hell off my land!

Marty picks it up and runs. He leaps over the picket fence, and dashes down the street. He's smiling.

BIFF

And if I ever see you around here again, I'll break your face!
Damned hippie!

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

The CLOCK TOWER is as we've known it: stopped at 10:04.

MARTY walks through COURTHOUSE SQUARE. He has Biff's envelope in hand, and now he rips it open. Sure enough, inside is The SPORTS ALMANAC. Marty sighs relief.

Conservatively dressed PEDESTRIANS notice Marty and his "Hippie" attire. They give him dirty looks. Many steer wide paths around him.

Marty quickly realizes that his garb makes him stick out like a sore thumb---no one else, not even teenagers wears anything remotely similar.

He walks past an ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE. A SERGEANT in the doorway scowls at Marty.

A BARBERSHOP has a sign: "Keep America Beautiful. Get A Haircut." A BARBER in the doorway sees Marty and gestures invitingly with his shears. Marty shakes his head and walks on.

A BEAT COP named REESE also gives Marty the eye. Marty tries to break the tension with a nod and a smile, but the cop reacts with contempt. Marty walks past. The cop keeps watching him.

Marty sees a trash can in the square. He walks over and drops the ENVELOPE into it. He's about to drop the BOOK in, but he takes a moment, considering... Should he or shouldn't he?

He sighs: he should. He DROPS IT IN THE TRASH CAN.

He walks away uneasily with second thoughts, constantly looking back at the trash can.

He goes past the RECORD STORE advertising albums, 8-track cartridges and LIVE CONCERT TICKETS for Janis Joplin, The Doors and Jimi Hendrix.

He looks back at the trash can.

Marty notices a big ad in the BANK WINDOW showing a happy family in front of a big house, 2 cars and a boat: "MONEY CAN BUY HAPPINESS - Ask About Our E-Z Home Loans."

Now a GARBAGE TRUCK comes from around a corner. Marty watches as a GARBAGEMAN picks up a corner garbage can and dumps it into the truck.

Marty looks back at "his" trash can with rising doubt---he doesn't have much time to decide...

He gets an idea. He fishes into his pocket and pulls out the MATCHBOOK from Biff's Hotel.

INSERT - MATCHBOOK

The image of BIFF and the hotel logo are literally FADING OUT before Marty's eyes---and in moments, he's left with an ordinary, blank matchbook!

MARTY

is elated. Now his decision is easy. He goes back to the trash can, rummages around and RESCUES THE ALMANAC just as the Garbage Truck pulls up.

Marty puts the book in his knapsack and starts walking.

Suddenly, a HAND comes down on his shoulder: It's REESE, the COP.

REESE
New in town, kid?

MARTY
Uh, well, yeah, sort of...

REESE
What's your name?

MARTY
Marty.

REESE
Marty what?

MARTY
Uh, did I do something wrong?

REESE
That depends. Around here,
loitering and scrounging through
trash cans suggests vagrancy.
Let's see some I.D., Marty---like
your driver's license.

MARTY
Uh, well, I don't have one with me
right now.

REESE
How about a school I.D.? Or your
draft card? You must have a draft
card.

MARTY

Uh, no...

REESE

You don't have a draft card, Marty?

MARTY

What, is there a law against that or something?

Officer Reese gives Marty a very dirty look.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

The cell door slams shut on a horrified Marty.

Reese looks on while the POLICE CHIEF lays down the law.

CHIEF

Violation of the Selective Service Act is a serious federal crime, kid. And we don't like dirty hippie draft resisters in our community. Now you're entitled to a phone call, so why don't you call your parents and get 'em down here?

MARTY

I think I should talk to a lawyer.

REESE

You know what I think, Chief? I think he's one of those outside agitators.

MARTY

I have the right to a lawyer.

CHIEF

A lawyer, eh? Sure, we'll get you a lawyer, kid.
When we get around to it.

They walk off leaving Marty alone and scared.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - DAY

DOC BROWN is asleep in the front seat of the DeLorean.

EXT. BARN - DAY

PA and MA PEABODY are creeping along the side of the barn. Pa has a SHOTGUN.

MA PEABODY

Otis, I still say we should go to the police!

PA PEABODY

We will. But first I'm gonna disable that thing so it don't get away. Can't have 'em thinkin' we're crazy!

They come to the open barn door where they can see the DeLorean sitting there.

Pa raises his shotgun and FIRES!

Buckshot rips into the rear of the DMC and SPARKS shoot out of Mr. Fusion, followed by THICK SMOKE!

PA PEABODY

Jehosophat!

DOC awakens with a start and opens the gullwing door.

MA PEABODY

You made it mad, Otis! It's comin' out! Run for it!

The Peabodys run like hell!

Doc gets out of the DMC and sees the smoke coming from the back. Before he can deal with it, a SMALL EXPLOSION DESTROYS MR. FUSION!

Doc stares in horror at the damage. He picks up a mangled piece of metal that has "Mr. Fusion" on it.

DOC

Now we've got a problem.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

MARTY sits alone in cell, head in hands, helpless.

Approaching FOOTSTEPS. Marty looks up as Reese lets a BLACK MAN, 34, into the cell. He has a huge AFRO HAIR-DO and carries himself like a militant.

REESE

All right, you, meet your public defender: Goldie Wilson.

GOLDIE

That's Muhammad Wilson to you.

The cop snickers and exits, leaving Marty to stare at Goldie.

GOLDIE

What are you lookin' at? You don't think a black man can do this job as good as a white man? Well, you're wrong, brother. Black is beautiful, and I am beautiful. I have worked and sweated and persevered, putting myself through law school, to become the best that I can be. And that makes me the best attorney in this community, and the best legal representation that you can possibly have, is that understood?

MARTY

What it is, brother, what it is!

This is slang which Goldie doesn't understand.

GOLDIE

What is what?

MARTY

Uh, never mind. Look, I gotta get out of here.

Goldie looks over Marty's rap sheet.

GOLDIE

No I.D., no last name, no draft card.

You're not making this easy. Now, to get out on bail, you need \$500, but you can't get a bond yourself without I.D.

However, if you come clean on this, I can get you off on vagrancy which is a 50 dollar fine. Just go on the record about who you are.

MARTY

I can't.

GOLDIE

Man, I am trying to fight for your rights, but you have to level with me and get down with some facts.

MARTY

(sighs, thinks)

All right, here's what you can do: go out and publicize this thing. Say "a kid named Marty Mc---Marty is in jail because he doesn't have I.D." Get it in the newspaper, on the radio, pass it around. When a certain person I know hears about it, he'll get me out. I hope.

GOLDIE

I can be with that. But this cat on the outside's gonna know "Marty" means you?

MARTY

Uh, well, describe my clothes...and use my last name. DeLorean.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL WINDOW - NIGHT

MARTY looks out the cell window at the night sky. He sighs, then paces impatiently around his cell.

Finally, the JAIL COP comes back with keys.

JAIL COP

You're in luck, hippie. You made bail.

MARTY

All right, Doc! I knew you'd pull it off!

The cop opens the cell and Marty follows him out.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MARTY signs a form, and the Jail Cop hands him back his wallet. Marty opens it.

MARTY

Where's my 300 dollars?

JAIL COP

Impounded as evidence. You'll get it back after your trial. If it's really yours. Oh, this is yours, too.

He gives Marty back the knapsack. Marty checks inside: The SPORTS ALMANAC is still there.

Now he looks around the police station for Doc Brown---but Doc's not here.

MARTY

Where is he? The guy who paid my bail?

JAIL COP

Guy? You're a little confused.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I paid your bail.

It's LORRAINE! Lorraine is 29 and looks like a Flower Child, with long straight hair (with a flower in it) and a "granny" dress. She wears an "Another Mother For Peace" button.

Marty's mouth falls open.

LORRAINE

Marty DeLorean, right? I read about you in the paper.

(extends her hand)

I'm Lorraine McFly.

MARTY

(shakes her hand)

Hi, uh, thanks for bailing me out.

JAIL COP

I hope you know what you're doing, ma'am. If he skips town or doesn't show up for his trial next month, you'll forfeit the whole 500 dollars.

LORRAINE

Oh, I can tell just by looking at him that he'd never do anything like that. Mother's instinct.

Marty just smiles weakly.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MARTY and LORRAINE exit the police station together.

LORRAINE

You seem very surprised at all this, Marty.

MARTY

Yeah, that's one way to describe it.

LORRAINE

Well, there are a lot of us in town who really believe in what you're doing, resisting the draft and all. It takes a lot of guts to be willing to go to jail for your beliefs. I admire that.

MARTY

Uh, yeah. Me, too...

LORRAINE

You see, I have a little boy, David. He's only 5 years old, but I'd hate for him to ever have to go off to war.

MARTY

Don't worry about that.

LORRAINE

And my brother Toby's going to be 18 next year---he might have to go to Vietnam. It would be good for him to talk to you---somebody his own age.

MARTY

(chuckles at the irony)
Yeah...his own age...

LORRAINE

Then you'll talk to him? Great!
In fact, we're having dinner at my folks' tonight---Mom won't mind an extra mouth...

MARTY

Well, I really should be going...

LORRAINE

Going where?

MARTY

Uh, well, I was, sorta gonna meet somebody.

LORRAINE

I'll give you a ride. My car's right here.

Lorraine points to a '63 Rambler Wagon.

MARTY

Well, uh, it's kinda far. Out of town, actually.

LORRAINE

Marty, you can't leave town. I'll lose my bail money. And think of what it'll do to the movement.

MARTY

The movement?

LORRAINE

The anti-war movement. Most people---like my father---think that draft resisters are cowards. They don't understand that there are principles involved. But if you run off, they'll say, "see? we told you he was a coward." You'd be setting a terrible example.

MARTY

Look, Lorrai---Mom--Mrs. McFly. I think you think I'm something I'm not.

LORRAINE

Don't be so modest. Goldie Wilson said he'd never met such a determined, uncompromising young man.

Now you're joining us for dinner and I won't take no for an answer.

CUT TO:

INT. BAINES' HOME - FRONT ALCOVE - NIGHT

LORRAINE enters through the front door with MARTY. Immediately, TWO SMALL CHILDREN run up to Lorraine, yelling "Mommy! Mommy!" They are, of course, LITTLE DAVE (aged 5) and LITTLE LINDA (aged 2-1/2).

LITTLE DAVE
Mommy, Linda was bad! She spilled
Grandma's juice!

LORRAINE
Don't be a tattletale, David.

LITTLE LINDA
Mommy, he hit me!

LITTLE DAVE
Because you were bad!

LORRAINE
Quiet, both of you! This is Marty.
(to Marty)
My children, David and Linda.

MARTY
Charmed.

The kids could care less, but Marty is fascinated.

LITTLE DAVE
Mommy, when's Daddy coming back?

LORRAINE
In a few more weeks, David.
(to Marty)
My husband's up at Berkeley on a
teaching fellowship in Literature.
He's a writer. Thank God it's only
for a semester. These two can be
quite a handful.
David, stop hitting your sister!
Sit down, Marty. I'll let my
mother know you're here.

She goes to the kitchen, leaving Marty with his "older"
siblings who immediately start hitting each other again.

LITTLE LINDA
Quit picking on me!

LITTLE DAVE
("picks" at her cheek)
Pick, pick, pick!

Marty grabs Little Dave and picks him up.

MARTY

Hey, kid: You know what happens to kids who pick on littler kids?

The Brat Police come, put 'em in jail and then they kill them and feed them to wolves. That's why I'm here. I'm in the Brat Police and I heard you've both been bad. So if you don't behave, I'm taking you away tonight.

Both children are terrified.

Marty puts Dave down and he quietly creeps off.

MARTY

And remember: never pick on anybody who's smaller than you. And that goes double when they're named Marty.

(to himself)

If only they remember...

CUT TO:

INT. BAINES DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's the same dining room set-up as in 1955. SAM and STELLA BAINES are now in their 50's. SALLY is 19, TOBY is 17, and ELLEN is 11. Linda's in a high chair next to Lorraine, Dave's on her other side, and there's one empty place.

LORRAINE

(making the introductions)
...this is my father, Mr. Baines;
that's Sally, Toby, Ellen...

ELLEN

We've never had dinner with a freak before!

LORRAINE

(indicates empty place)
Where's Joey?

ELLEN

He locked himself in his room again.

STELLA enters with a platter of MEAT LOAF.

STELLA

I hope you like meat loaf, Marty.
Ellen, why don't you take a
piece up to Joey?

ELLEN

Mom, you know he only eats bread
and water when he's up there.

SAM

He'll be down when he gets hungry.
(to Sally, who gets up)
Where are you going, young lady?

SALLY

To see "To Sir, With Love" with
Jeanne and Mary Ann. G'nite,
everybody.

STELLA

So tell me, Marty, are you one of
those Haight-Ashbury people?

MARTY

Uh, hate Ashbury? Uh, I don't even
know the guy.
(remembering it's the 60's) Oh,
I mean, like the hate thing isn't
my trip. Love is what it's all
about. Peace and love.

Marty flashes a rather unconvincing peace sign.

ELLEN

Wow. Hippie talk is so groovy!

SAM

It's kids like you who are ruining
this country. Resisting the draft.
Protesting the war. Do your
parents approve of what you're
doing?

MARTY

My mother does.

SAM

If it was up to me, I'd send all
you hippies off to Vietnam. That'd
make men out of you.

LORRAINE

Dad, would you stop it? What if
Toby has to go there?

TOBY
I'd kick some commie butt.

STELLA
You'll do no such thing. You're going to college.

SAM
With his grades?
Besides, Toby won't have to go. Westmoreland says the war'll be over by January.

DAVID
Mommy, do I have to eat these carrots?

LORRAINE
Yes, you have to eat your carrots.

DAVID
But I don't like carrots!

LORRAINE
Eat them anyway.

DAVID
No!

MARTY
David: eat your carrots. Now.

The little boy looks at Marty with fear, then starts eating his carrots as if his life depended on it.

Little Linda takes the hint and starts eating hers, too.

Lorraine is very impressed.

ELLEN
Lorraine, why do you have that string around your finger?

LORRAINE
Huh? Oh, so that I'll remember to call the Mark Hopkins.

STELLA
What time are you leaving Friday?

LORRAINE
Actually, I'm canceling it.

STELLA

Your anniversary weekend? But you've been saving up for it for so long.

LORRAINE

I know, Mother. It'll just have to be next year. The Mark Hopkins'll still be there.

SAM

Ellen, don't eat so fast.

ELLEN

I have to, Daddy. "Lost In Space" comes on in 5 minutes!

SAM

We do not run our lives by television in this household.

MARTY

(to Lorraine)

Uh, you mean the Mark Hopkins Hotel? In San Francisco?

LORRAINE

Uh huh. George and I spent our honeymoon there. I was going to go up to Berkeley Friday, surprise him, and take him there for a little 2nd Honeymoon...but we can't afford it right now.

MARTY

Wait a minute---this weekend...

(mumbles to himself)

Then 9 months would be...

(counting on his fingers)

October, November, December,

January, February, March, April,

May, June...oh my God!

(a sudden outburst)

You gotta go, Lorraine!

A moment of stunned silence as everyone at the table looks at Marty in surprise.

MARTY

Uh, I mean, that sounds very important. You shouldn't cancel something like that.

LORRAINE

But I have to. I used the money to pay your bail.

Marty turns white in stunned shock.

STELLA

Sam, why don't we loan Lorraine
some money for her anniversary?

LORRAINE

No, Mother, I won't accept it.

SAM

And we can't afford it, Stella.
Besides, Lorraine's an adult. If
she wants to spend her money
bailing degenerates out of jail,
I'm not gonna subsidize her.

MARTY

Look, Lorrai---Mrs. McFly: I feel
terrible about messing up your
plans. Why don't you just take me
back to jail, then you can get your
money back and spend the weekend
with your husband.

SAM

Now, that's a good idea.

TOBY

Wow, Dad's agreeing with a hippie!
Wait'll I tell the guys at school!

SAM You

shut up.

LORRAINE

That's very sweet of you, Marty,
but I won't let you go back to
jail. This is my little sacrifice
to protest the war. Now, you're my
responsibility, and I intend to see
you through to your trial. So, if
you need a place to stay, you're
welcome to stay with me and the
kids.

LITTLE DAVE & LINDA

(in unison)

NO!!!

MARTY

Uh, excuse me, but I need to go out
and get some air. This is kind
of...overwhelming.

Marty gets up and runs for the front door.

SAM
Don't hurry back.

EXT. BAINES' HOUSE - NIGHT

MARTY is on the front porch, going through his wallet.

INSERT - WALLET PHOTOS

The "Wishing Well" photo is intact. Marty's fingers flip past it to one of himself with Jennifer. They both have LONG SHADOWS. But Marty's shadow HAS NO HEAD!

MARTY

gulps. Then he hears a whisper from the bushes.

WHISPER (O.S.)
Pssst! Marty! Over here!

It's DOC motioning to him. Marty hurries over.

MARTY
Doc! Thank God! How'd you find me?

Doc pulls the local newspaper from his back pocket. The front page includes a story headlined "Mystery Draft Resister Apprehended," along with a MUG SHOT of Marty.

DOC
At the Police Station they told me Lorraine paid your bail. I went to her house but a neighbor said she'd be at her parents.
(indicates newspaper)
They can't do this to you, Marty: you're a minor.

MARTY
Yeah, well, I can't prove it.
These clothes didn't help any either. I thought you said I'd blend in looking like this.

DOC
Sorry, I guess spending the 60's on a college campus warped my perception a little.
Did you at least get the book away from Biff?

MARTY

Yeah. But---

DOC

And you destroyed it?

MARTY

Doc, there's a bigger problem.

DOC

Bigger than Mr. Fusion being non-functional?

MARTY

Get outta town!

DOC

And the replacement parts won't be invented till the next century.
What's your problem?

MARTY

Uh, well, I've sorta jeopardized my conception. Again.

DOC

Marty, I know history repeats itself, but...are you sure?

MARTY

My Mom's supposed to meet my Dad in San Francisco Friday night to celebrate their anniversary, and that's when they, well, you know...

DOC

Engage in biological reproductive mating behavior?

MARTY

Right. But now that Lorraine paid my \$500 bail, she can't afford to go.

(shows photo to Doc)

Look---my shadow's disappearing.

DOC

Great Scott!

Now Lorraine steps out on the porch.

LORRAINE

Marty? Is everything all right? I thought I heard voices.

MARTY

Uh, yeah, I'm just, uh,
meditating...to, uh, get in touch
with my inner spiritual...selfness.

LORRAINE

Wow. Did you study with a guru?

MARTY

Uh, yeah. Listen, I'll be done in
a few minutes.

("meditating")

Oh-bee-wahn-ken-oh-bee...

Satisfied, Lorraine goes back inside.

DOC

The obvious solution would be to
give her \$500.

MARTY

She won't take it. Her mother
offered---I even offered to go back
to jail. But she's got this weird
political thing about it.

And I can't even plead guilty
without providing some form of ID.

DOC

If we had a week, we might be able
to manufacture some fake ID.

MARTY

We've got about 48 hours.

Is there some way we could get
my trial moved up? I mean, doesn't
the Constitution guarantee me the
right to a speedy trial?

DOC

Marty, I can make a time machine
work; I can make a fusion generator
work. But even I can't make the
American Justice System work.

For now, stick with your mother.
I'll be in touch later and we'll
figure something out.

MARTY

(sighs)

Perfec---Groovy.

CUT TO:

EXT. McFLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine's RAMBLER WAGON pulls into the driveway.
MARTY, LORRAINE, LITTLE DAVE and LITTLE LINDA all get out and head for the front door.

LORRAINE
So you could really teach me
meditation?

MARTY
Well, yeah. I mean, not right now,
but one of these days...

LORRAINE
You know, you remind me of somebody
I knew very briefly back in High
School. His name was Marty too.

MARTY
And I remind you of him, huh?

LORRAINE
Yeah. He was very mature, and real
cute...of course, he was a little
taller than you...

MARTY
I'm sure he was.

INT. McFLY HOME - NIGHT

Two posters are prominent in the room: "WAR IS NOT
HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN AND OTHER LIVING THINGS" and "TODAY
IS THE 1st DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE."

MARTY is draping a blanket on the couch where he's going
to sleep.

LORRAINE is on the phone. As she talks, she removes the
string from her finger.

LORRAINE
Yes, I'd like to cancel a hotel
reservation for this weekend. The
name is McFly...

Marty reacts with concern.

Now we hear off-screen CRYING. Lorraine is annoyed.

LORRAINE
Every time I'm on the phone, she
starts crying.

MARTY
Look, I'll handle your call; you
take care of Linda.

LORRAINE
(hands him the phone)
Thanks, Marty, you're a life saver.

MARTY
I'm trying.

Lorraine runs off to check on Linda.

MARTY
(on the phone)
Hello? Yeah, this is Mr. McFly,
and we want you to hold that
reservation after all.
Sure, I'm sure. I stake my life
on it.

CUT TO:

INT. McFLY LIVING ROOM - LATER

The house is quiet; MARTY lies on the couch, reading the newspaper article about himself. (Next to it is an article: "Farmer and Wife See Flying Saucer. Both Under Observation in Mental Ward.")

Suddenly, there's a RAP at the window. Marty looks up:
it's DOC BROWN!

Marty opens the window. They speak in WHISPERS.

DOC
Can you talk? Is everyone asleep?

MARTY
Yeah, come on in...

As Doc climbs into the room, Marty notices his knapsack is lying open with the top of the ALMANAC exposed---but he can't close it up without drawing Doc's attention.

DOC
I think I've solved your problem.
The trick is to give your mother
the money under circumstances in
which she can accept it without
feeling guilty.
Now, what if she received the
\$500 as a gift---an anniversary
gift?

Marty nods, intrigued. Doc pulls an "American Greetings" bag out of his coat.

DOC

So, I picked up this anniversary card. We put the money in it and make your mother think it came from one of her relatives.

MARTY

That's great, Doc, except my relatives are a bunch of cheapskates. None of 'em would give my folks \$500 as an anniversary present.

DOC

Think, Marty. You must have one rich eccentric uncle from out of town. Everyone does.

MARTY

Do you?

DOC

(shrugs)
I am one.

At last Marty manages to close the knapsack.

MARTY

Wait a minute! Uncle Mickey, from Missouri! He used to send me \$50 every year on my birthday, and I never even met the guy!

CUT TO:

INSERT - THE ANNIVERSARY CARD

MARTY inscribes the card, "Dear Lorraine & George, Hope you can use this. Love, Uncle Mickey."

WIDER

Doc pulls the \$500 from his wallet and gives it to Marty who puts it in the (already stamped and addressed) BRIGHT YELLOW ENVELOPE with the card and seals it.

DOC

I'll run this over to the post office and it'll be delivered in tomorrow's mail.

Now comes ANOTHER RAP on a different window. Marty turns and sees

DOC BROWN---the DOC OF 1967! This younger Doc is dressed like a cross between an Indian guru, a rock star, and a scientist.

Marty is shocked!

MARTY

(to 1985 Doc)

Oh my God, Doc, it's you! I mean, the you of 1967! He must have seen the newspaper, recognized me and tracked me down!

DOC

Of course he did---he's a genius, just like me. He is me.

(ducks behind a couch)

But don't let him see me---don't even let him know I'm here in 1967.

Marty gestures to the younger Doc to wait a minute.

MARTY

Then should I just blow him off?

DOC

No, we need me---him. The only way I can repair the time machine is to use my---his lab.

Damn these pronouns!

MARTY

Let me see what I can do. Jeez, look at what you're wearing!

Marty goes over to the other window and opens it. The younger Doc climbs in; he too has the newspaper article.

'67 DOC

Marty! It is you! I knew it! Good to see you---it's been 12 years! What brings you to 1967?

MARTY

It's kind of a long story, Doc---

'67 DOC

Wait, don't tell me! Having too much knowledge of future events can be extremely dangerous.

(a beat)

I remember that from 1955.

MARTY

Right. Well, the bottom line is that we need to get the time machine over to your lab so that he---we---I mean you can repair it.

'67 DOC

You want me to repair it?

DOC

Not him. Me!

MARTY

Yes---No---I don't know.

'67 DOC

What's the problem?

MARTY

Uh, nothing, I'm just a little confused.

'67 DOC

No, I mean with the time machine.

MARTY

Well, it doesn't fly properly...

DOC

Don't tell him that!

'67 DOC

It flies? Far out!

MARTY

Yeah, and Mr. Fusion's shot, too.

'67 DOC

Who got shot?

DOC

Tell him we need a power source!

MARTY

What, Doc?

'67 DOC

This Mr. Fusion, does he need medical attention?

DOC

Get over here!

Marty wanders over to the couch, drops down on it and throws his head back so he can hear '85 Doc.

DOC

Tell him we need a power source for the flux capacitor.

MARTY

We need a power source for the flux capacitor.

'67 DOC

You mean to generate 1.21 jigowatts of electrical energy? Again?

DOC

Precisely.

MARTY

Precisely---I mean, yeah.

'67 DOC

Great Scott!

I don't suppose you know about any upcoming lightning storms?

MARTY

Sorry.

'67 DOC

So where is the time machine now?

DOC

Tell him to go home and you'll bring it over to the lab.

MARTY

Uh, actually, the best thing would be for you to go home, and I'll bring it over to the lab.

Marty ushers him to the window.

'67 DOC

Well...I suppose that makes sense. But what about poor Mr. Fusion?

MARTY

Mr. Fusion's history, Doc.

'67 DOC

History?

Why, of course! Future history!
This will all make sense to me
sometime in the future! I have to
remember to think 4th
dimensionally. To get into the
groove of the continuum...

MARTY

Doc, please: go home.

'67 DOC

Very well, Marty. Hasta luego!

'67 Doc goes back out the window, but as he's climbing
through, the window drops down hard on his LEFT HAND.

'67 DOC

OWWW!

And '85 Doc grabs his own left hand in identical pain!

DOC

OWWW!

Marty looks back and forth between the two Docs in
amazement.

DOC

I sure hope he doesn't fall into
any open manholes.

From outside we hear the ROAR of a departing MOTORCYCLE.
Marty looks out the window.

MARTY

Hey, Doc, you never told me you
used to tool around on a Harley.

DOC

Oh, God. Am I wearing a helmet?

MARTY

Nope.

DOC

Damn, I was crazy in those days.
These days. Damn these pronouns!

LORRAINE (O.S.)

Marty? Are you talking to someone?

Marty motions Doc to hide. Doc does just as LORRAINE enters, in her bathrobe.

MARTY

Huh? Oh, sorry, I was uh,
meditating again. I'll try to keep
it down.

("meditating")

Dah-dooo-rah-ahn...dah-dooo...

Lorraine shakes her head and goes back to bed.

Marty and Doc finish conversing in whispers.

DOC

You better stay here. I'll drop
off the DeLorean at my lab---his
lab---the lab. Damn! I'll take
care of everything. Don't worry.

Doc starts out the window.

Marty notices he's forgotten the anniversary card.

MARTY

Doc! You forgot the card!

Marty hands it to him. Doc waves---and drops the card!

A beat, then Doc picks it up and shows Marty he's got
it. Doc disappears into the night.

MARTY

"Don't worry," he says.

He checks the disappearing photo.

INSERT - PHOTO

A portion of the shadow's torso is now gone.

MARTY

gulps.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL VALLEY POST OFFICE - NIGHT

The DELOREAN pulls up to the POST OFFICE. DOC BROWN hops out and mails the anniversary card.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOC'S GARAGE - NIGHT

'85 DOC pulls up in the DMC. Nearby is a large PSYCHEDELIC PAINTED PANEL TRUCK with "E. Brown Enterprises" stenciled on it---the 60's version of Doc's '85 truck---and the HARLEY MOTORCYCLE.

INT. DOC'S GARAGE

'67 DOC studies the old plans of the 1955 lightning bolt set-up. He reacts to the CAR ENGINE outside.

His sleeping DOG, NEWTON, wakes up and BARKS.

'67 DOC

Easy, Newton. It's just Marty.

'67 Doc pushes the garage door opener; the doors part.

EXT. GARAGE

'67 Doc comes out the opening doors and sees the DeLorean idling there. He does NOT see '85 Doc who is crouching down behind the car.

'67 DOC

Marty? Marty?

As he walks around the vehicle, '85 Doc has to creep around to stay out of sight.

'67 Doc scratches his head, then gets in the DMC and pulls it into the garage, leaving '85 Doc exposed.

'85 Doc wipes his forehead with a "that was a close call" and goes around the side of the garage.

Newton is left in the doorway, confused: he's seen '85 Doc and can't figure it out.

CUT TO:

INT. McFLY HOME - MORNING

At the breakfast table: MARTY and LORRAINE are having toast and coffee; the KIDS are eating Crispy Critters and watching "Captain Kangaroo."

MARTY

I was just wondering, what time
does the mail come?

LORRAINE

Around 1 or 2 o'clock. Why?

MARTY

Oh, no reason.

The PHONE RINGS. Lorraine answers it.

LORRAINE

Hello?

(listens)

Hi, Janis. How's everything?

(listens)

Wow, that's a great idea. He's
right here, I'll ask him...

(to Marty)

Marty, this is Janis from our peace
group. She wants to know if you'd
speak at the Anti-War rally on
campus tomorrow night.

MARTY

Tomorrow night? I can't---I mean,
I couldn't, that is, I, uh, really
wouldn't know what to say...

LORRAINE

You can talk about your experiences
as a draft resister.

MARTY

There's not that much to tell.

LORRAINE

Please, Marty, it would mean so
much to us.

MARTY

I just---I'm just not good at
public speaking. I'll be happy to
do anything else to help out...

CUT TO:

A PAINT BRUSH ON A CARDBOARD PLACARD

painting a "Peace" symbol.

WIDER - INT. HIPPIE PAD - DAY

revealing that MARTY is doing the painting, and he's none too happy about it. There are a number of HIPPIE TYPES engaged in similar sign making. A RADIO plays "White Rabbit" by Jefferson Airplane. The pad is decorated with posters (some black light) and lava lamps.

Marty takes his finished sign across the room, picking up snatches of conversation from his "brothers and sisters."

GUY

..so, like, I decided to take
sitar lessons...

FLOWER GIRL

I'm into making candles, because,
like, after the revolution, there's
not gonna be any electricity...

GIRL #2

...you bake the peels, then you
scrape out the insides, roll it and
smoke it. And it's legal. Like
what can they do, outlaw bananas?

A GUY with a MOUSTACHE and SHOULDER LENGTH HAIR stops Marty.

MOUSTACHE

Hey, man, like some friendly
advice: you're blowin' it here.

MARTY

What, you don't like my sign?

MOUSTACHE

Your hair, man. You gotta let it
go longer, get shaggier. Do a
'stache trip.

MARTY

What's that got to do with
protesting the war?

MOUSTACHE

(indicates his own hair)

This ain't no protest, man---it's
about chicks! They go apeshit for
long hair. "Make love, not war,"
know what I mean?

MARTY

I can dig it, man.

A FREAK who is smoking a joint suddenly gets very excited over the sign he's just painted.

FREAK

Oh, wow, this is so heavy---like it just came to me, and seeing it here, it's like cosmic, you know? It's really gonna mess with people's heads.

Marty looks at the sign. It says "Power To The People."

MARTY

Yeah, you're breaking some real important ground with that.

A WOMAN enters with a stack of MIMEOGRAPHED FLYERS announcing the Anti-War Rally.

WOMAN

All right, people, I need volunteers to distribute flyers and get the word out.

GIRL #2

I'll put some up around campus.

MOUSTACHE

I'll help her.

The girl (who wears a BLACK ARMBAND with "Paul R.I.P.") takes a stack of flyers and smells the ink as she exits with Moustache.

GIRL #2

Mmmmmmm! I get high from this!

MARTY

I'll circulate some down on John F. Kennedy Drive.

Marty takes some flyers and grabs his knapsack.

FREAK

Heavy. Working for Peace on a street named for a president brought down by the gun. Like, you must be a real symbolism freak, man, and I can grok that scene.

He takes a long take on his joint.

Marty shakes his head and mutters to himself.

MARTY

"Just say no." "Just say no."

CUT TO:

EXT. A TRASH CAN - DAY

The stack of flyers goes into the trash can.

MARTY has just dumped them. He approaches DOC BROWN'S HOUSE AND GARAGE.

EXT. DOC'S GARAGE - CLOSER ANGLE

MARTY approaches the garage side door. Suddenly, a HAND clamps down on him from behind: 1985 DOC.

MARTY

Jeez, Doc! Don't do that!

DOC

Sorry, Marty. What happened? Did your Mom get the card?

MARTY

The mail hasn't come yet. What about the DeLorean?

DOC

I don't know. I---He's been working on it ever since I dropped it off and I'll be damned if I can figure out what I'm doing in there.

Marty looks through the window.

HIS P.O.V. THRU THE WINDOW

'67 DOC is WELDING at a workbench. The DMC sits, gullwings open, with a hole where Mr. Fusion was.

BACK TO SHOT

MARTY

Leave it to me.

INT. DOC'S GARAGE - DAY

MARTY ENTERS.

'67 DOC, absorbed in his welding, doesn't notice him.

Marty looks around. He notices on a counter the TORN-UP LETTER from 1955 in the process of being reassembled. It's about 2/3 taped together.

Checking that '85 Doc can't see him, Marty shoves his KNAPSACK with the ALMANAC UNDER THE DELOREAN PASSENGER SEAT.

Just as he's finishing, there's a loud BUZZ---Marty jumps, startled, but it's just an early version of the DOG FOOD MACHINE turning on. It's much more of a Rube Goldberg contraption than the 1985 model, and it's unperfected---in the end, the dog food MISSES the dish!

NEWTON runs in through the doggie door, sees his lunch on the floor and BARKS.

'67 Doc stops working and looks up.

'67 DOC

All right, Newton, I'll take care of it.

(sees Marty)

Marty! I didn't hear you come in!

MARTY

How are we doing here, Doc?

'67 DOC

I've got it knocked, Marty.

(scoops up the dog food and puts it in Newton's dish.)

As you know, we need 1.21 jigowatts of electricity to power the flux capacitor. Without the fusion device, plutonium, or another lightning bolt, our only chance is to tie directly into the high tension lines which bring electricity to this entire portion of the state.

Marty spots the giant pole and hook nearby.

MARTY

I get you, Doc: we put that big hook back on the DeLorean and I drive on a road that goes under the wires. When I hit 88, I hook the wire, the jigowatts go into the flux capacitor and we go---I go back to the future.

INTERCUT WITH REACTION SHOTS OF

'85 DOC outside, looking in the window.

'67 DOC

You get an "A" in theory, Marty. Unfortunately, none of the power lines accessible from roads are capable of carrying the requisite 1.21 jigowatts. The closest acceptable ones are here...

(indicates location on wall map)
..running above Gannon Canyon. So here is my plan...

Doc steps over to a TABLE TOP MODEL which he uses to illustrate his explanation.

'67 DOC (cont'd)

I'll climb up the nearest electrical tower and set an explosive charge that will destroy the safety regulator on the transformer at the appropriate time which, for several reasons, is 10 p.m. tomorrow night---we'll have a full moon, and that's when the shift changes at the power company which means no trucks will be out. I take it 10 p.m. tomorrow poses no problems for you?

MARTY

No, my problems will be over by then, one way or another.

'67 DOC

Fine. This explosion will cause the wires to overload, and carry the required 1.21 jigowatts for approximately 3.3 seconds before they disintegrate...

Doc picks up a model car with balsa ailerons glued on and a pole and hook on the back.

'67 DOC (cont'd)

Meanwhile, I'll have modified the time vehicle with ailerons to enable it to fly again. You'll accelerate along Canyon Road, lift off at the edge of the cliff, fly across and make contact with the supercharged power lines within those 3.3 seconds.

'85 DOC
(under his breath)
It's brilliant!

MARTY
(under his breath)
It's insane!

'67 DOC
Timing is critical. If you hook the lines early, you'll be electrocuted; if you're late, the white hot wires will melt the DeLorean and burn you to a crisp. And if you miss, electrical interference will short out your guidance system causing you to plummet into the abyss, or crash into the canyon walls.
Let me demonstrate...

MARTY
That's really not necessary, Doc. I just want to know one thing: exactly how did you conceive of this...plan?

'67 DOC
I took some LSD and it just came to me.

Marty's mouth falls open. He looks over at '85 Doc in the window who simply shrugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOC'S HOUSE AND GARAGE - DAY

Marty and '85 Doc are walking away from Doc's residence.

DOC
Of course it'll work, Marty. He thought of it, he's me, and I'm a genius. It's all perfectly sound scientific logic, and it's all within the technology of this era.

MARTY
Okay, you're the scientist. But if we ever get back to 1985, see if you can build a time machine that runs on 9-volt batteries.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCFLY HOME - EVENING

MARTY and DOC approach the McFly residence. Lorraine's station wagon is in the driveway. Doc ducks behind it.

DOC

I'll wait here. You find out if she's opened the mail.

Marty goes up and checks the mailbox.

Empty. INT. MCFLY HOME - EVENING/NIGHT

Marty enters. The kids are watching TV; Lorraine is on the phone. Marty waves to Lorraine, then spots a stack of mail on a table. Making sure Lorraine can't see him, he rifles through the mail and finds the YELLOW ENVELOPE: it's been opened.

Marty smiles. Now he reacts to Lorraine's phone conversation.

LORRAINE

...and Uncle Mickey sent us \$500 cash for our anniversary. Can you imagine, with Aunt Doris in the hospital? He's just so generous.

(a beat)

No, Mom, I wrote him a note saying the best present he could give us was to use the money toward Aunt Doris' medical expenses, and I sent the money back.

Marty's eyes bug out of his head!

LORRAINE (cont'd)

Mom, I sent it registered mail so nothing would happen to it.

He runs like hell out of the house!

A beat, then LORRAINE reacts.

LORRAINE

Marty? Is something wrong?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

MARTY and DOC walk along together in a funk.

MARTY

I can't believe it. How can something so simple turn out to be so complicated?

DOC

If only we could have gotten your Uncle Mickey to give her the money personally. Then she couldn't possibly give it back.

They pass a neighborhood bar, advertising "Go-Go Dancers." Doc stares at the GO-GO GIRL IN THE WINDOW, clad in mini-skirt and boots, dancing in a cage.

DOC

Y'know, I forgot all about these places...

Marty notices an Anti-War Rally FLYER taped to the window.

MARTY

Doc, that's it! Lorraine wants me to speak at this rally. I'll do it, and when I get up to speak, I'll give her the money and say it's a gift from all of her anti-war friends who want her to celebrate her anniversary with her husband in San Francisco. I'll get everybody to applaud and she'll have to say yes.

Then we just have to make sure she gets on the bus to Berkley.

DOC

It's good, Marty. Very good. All right, you get yourself on this program...

(indicates flyer)

Circulate these all over town: the bigger the turnout, the better. Meanwhile, I'll get the money and meet you in town square at noon tomorrow.

MARTY

Uh, Doc: where are you gonna get \$500? Lorraine sent it to Uncle Mickey.

DOC
Dr. Emmett Brown has a bank
account in 1967. When the bank
opens in the morning, I'll just
make a withdrawal from "my"
account.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Doc has just told Marty some bad news. (Marty has a new
stack of flyers under his arm---he's been putting them
up around town square.)

MARTY
What do you mean, you closed your
account last week?

DOC
A forgotten incident from my past:
the free toaster I got when I
opened my account broke, the bank
wouldn't replace it, so I decided
to teach 'em a lesson.

MARTY
What did you do with your money?

DOC
I put it in my safe.

They both react with the exact same idea.

MARTY
Hold it, Doc---you can't rob your
safe.

DOC
It's not robbery. It's my own
money.

MARTY
No, I mean you're there---he's
there. At your lab, working on the
DeLorean. I just talked to
you---him. He figures he'll leave
around 6 to set the charge on the
powerline and get everything ready.

DOC
No problem. I'll just wait for me
to leave, then go in, open the safe
and get the money.
What time do you speak tonight?

Marty gives him a flyer which has the schedule.

INSERT - FLYER

6:30 Music "Blue Nirvana"

7:00 Opening Remarks

A Prayer For Peace - Guru Ahm Dali Raj

7:15 A Draft Resister's Odyssey - Marty DeLorean

7:30 War as Racism - Muhammed Goldie Wilson

7:45 Mothers Against War - Janis Steinberg

8:00 Poetry for Peace - Jo Potosi

MARTY (O.S.)

Rally starts at 6:30 and I go on at
7:15, right after this Guru guy.

BACK TO SHOT

DOC

Then I'll get there sometime before
7:15 and slip you the cash.

MARTY

Perfect. Lorraine can make the
8:00 bus, which means she and
George'll get to the Mark Hopkins
by 10 p.m.

They start walking away.

DOC

And we'll have plenty of time to
meet me---him---the other Doc---on
Canyon Road.

Yes, Marty, I'd say we've finally
got the situation under control.

As they walk off, a MAN steps into the foreground and
rips one of Marty's flyers off of a lamp post.

It's BIFF! He reads it with disgust.

BIFF

We'll see about this...

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL VALLEY U. QUADRANGLE - NIGHT

A raised platform/stage has been set up at one end of the quadrangle, along with an American flag with a peace symbol in the blue field and various anti-war banners, including some we saw being painted earlier. There's also a North Vietnamese flag.

A 55 gallon drum with a FIRE is set up with a sign, "PUT DRAFT CARDS HERE."

The band "BLUE NIRVANA" is playing "Eve of Destruction" as people gather.

MARTY is here, as well as LORRAINE and the KIDS.

There are also some COPS on the perimeter, including the POLICE CHIEF and Officer REESE who arrested Marty.

REESE

Look at 'em. You can't tell the boys from the girls.

Marty checks his watch: 6:53.

LORRAINE

You're not nervous, are you, Marty?

MARTY

Who, me?

Marty chuckles nervously.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOC'S GARAGE/LAB - NIGHT

'85 DOC is spying on his younger self through a garage window. Old Doc checks his watch.

DOC

Hurry it up, Doc, hurry it up.

P.O.V. THRU THE WINDOW OF

'67 DOC getting everything ready to go. Of course, the old Wells Fargo SAFE is located at a spot which is impossible to get to until he leaves.

Nearby, NEWTON is sleeping under a table.

The DeLorean is now modified with a strut assembly onto which ailerons will be mounted. It's been loaded into the back of Doc's panel truck.

Doc loads the ailerons into the back of the truck, closes it up, gets in and revs up.

'85 DOC sighs relief.

The truck pulls out of the garage, and the doors automatically close behind the departing vehicle.

'85 Doc immediately goes to the side door and tries it: locked. But the frustration is only momentary---Doc simply pulls out his own key which fits the lock. He enters the garage.

AT THE RALLY

While the band plays "MR. TAMBOURINE MAN," Marty, Lorraine and the kids are joined by STELLA and a very dour SAM.

LORRAINE

Dad! This is a surprise!

SAM

Lorraine, the only reason I'm here is because your mother dragged me here. I'll listen to the speeches, but I'm not changing my opinion.

Again Marty checks the time: it's about a minute before 7. He looks around for Doc with rising concern.

EXT. CAMPUS FRONT GATES - GUARD SHACK

BIFF (wearing a hard hat) pulls up to the campus entrance and GUARD SHACK in his PICKUP TRUCK. 3 CRONIES are with him.

BIFF

(to the guard)

Hi. Which way is the anti-war rally?

IN DOC'S GARAGE

'85 Doc, at the safe, dials the combination. He jerks the handle: it opens!

Doc reaches in and pulls out a stack of cash. He counts out \$500 and puts the rest back.

It's now 7:00, and Doc's CLOCK COLLECTION goes off with a wild cacophony of sound.

Startled, Doc turns abruptly and knocks over a large
FRAMED MIRROR which CRASHES to the floor and SHATTERS
into pieces.

DOC

Damn! 7 years bad luck!

The noise awakens NEWTON, who barks.

DOC

Sorry, Newton. Didn't mean to
scare you.

The dog calms down, reacting to '85 Doc as he would to
the younger Doc.

Doc goes to clean up the mess, leaving the safe open
while he does.

Suddenly, the garage door BUZZES, the MOTOR engages, and
the doors begin to open!

BRIGHT HEADLIGHT BEAMS shine into the middle of the
garage! '67 DOC has returned in the truck, which stops
just outside the garage!

'85 Doc can't leave the garage without being seen! He
hides behind some furniture.

'67 Doc gets out of the truck and goes in!

Newton sees his real master and reacts with confusion.
The animal looks over at '85 Doc who gestures "Ssshhhh!"

'67 Doc wanders around, scratching his head.

'67 DOC

Where did I leave that time bomb?

As '67 Doc looks for it, '85 Doc realizes that the safe
is still open!

AT THE RALLY

The RALLY LEADER is on the podium, addressing the crowd.

LEADER

I want to thank everyone for coming
this evening! This is a great
turnout, and it's exciting to see
how many of us there really are!

Applause and CHEERS from the crowd.

IN THE GARAGE

'85 Doc inches toward the safe in hopes of closing it before his younger self notices.

The dog continues to look back and forth between the two Docs. He barks.

'67 DOC

Take it easy, Newton, everything's fine.

'67 Doc finally finds the TIME BOMB, which he left on top of the dog food machine.

'67 DOC

I can't believe I forgot this.
Well, they say that memory's the first to go.

Newton barks again.

'67 DOC

What's wrong, Newton, ol' boy?

'67 Doc turns and notices the open safe, and the older Doc freezes!

'67 DOC

My God, the safe! Thanks, Newton,
I didn't realize I'd left it open.

The younger Doc goes to the safe and closes it. As he steps away, he catches a glimpse of '85 DOC in the empty mirror frame!

Young Doc freezes as what he just saw registers on him.

'67 DOC

Great Scott, I look terrible!

'67 DOC goes back to the "mirror" and stares at "himself" in disbelief. The 2 Docs do a classic "mirror image" routine: young Doc examines "his" face and hair and makes faces at himself.

Finally, '67 Doc turns away and shakes his head.

'67 DOC

That's it, no more LSD for me.

He heads back to his truck without another look back!

AT THE RALLY

The Leader continues talking.

LEADER

Our next speaker, Guru Ahm Dahli Raj, is unfortunately unable to join us tonight, but sends his vibrations to all of us for Peace.

So now, I'd like to introduce a young man who will tell us about his travels and experiences as a draft resister: Marty DeLorean!

Applause. Marty can't believe it. He looks at his watch. 7:05! It's 10 minutes early!

Lorraine urges him up.

Marty takes a moment to look for some sign of Doc Brown.

EXT. CAMPUS

BIFF AND HIS BOYS are approaching the Rally from behind. They can see the back side of the stage platform in the distance.

BIFF

Perfect. We can sneak up from behind, smash the microphone and kick some hippie ass!

IN THE GARAGE

'85 DOC finds an ENVELOPE and puts the \$500 inside. He puts the envelope in his coat pocket, then gets on "his" motorcycle and revs it up.

EXT. DOC'S GARAGE

The doors open and '85 Doc blasts out on the Harley!

AT THE RALLY

Marty steps up to the podium. He's clearly nervous, and as he looks over the crowd, he notices a sign that says "War Is A Waste Of Human Life."

MARTY

Before I get started, I think we should remember that above all, war is a waste of human life. So I think it might be appropriate for us to have a moment of silence for those who have lost their lives in Vietnam...on both sides.

Marty bows his head. The crowd similarly bows theirs.

Marty glances at his watch.

BIFF

and company move closer...

EXT. CITY STREETS

DOC maniacally weaves through traffic on the Harley, his white hair blowing wildly!

AT THE RALLY

The "moment" of silence continues, but restlessness is setting in.

The Leader gives Marty a nudge to get going. Marty again looks for the Doc, then reluctantly continues.

MARTY

Thank you.

I'm sure you're all disappointed that the Guru couldn't make it this evening...I know I am.

But I know the Guru would appreciate it if we all did a little eastern meditation together...

DOC BROWN

continues his wild drive across sidewalks and lawns.

At last he speeds thru the ENTRANCE GATES of Hill Valley University.

AT THE RALLY

MARTY is leading the crowd in a "meditative chant."

MARTY
Suuuu-bah-ruuuuu...

CROWD
Suuuu-bah-ruuuuu.

BIFF has reached the back of the platform. He starts to climb up.

MARTY
Maaaaa-zdaaaa.

Marty sees Doc on the motorcycle coming toward the quadrangle. Marty brightens.

CROWD
Maaaaa-zdaaaa.

Doc has to get off the Harley at the police barricade.

MARTY
Cel-i-ca....

Doc hurries forward on foot. He holds up the envelope so Marty can see it!

Marty sighs relief.

CROWD
Cel-i-ca...

Suddenly, BIFF charges onto the stage and jumps Marty.

BIFF
You're goin' to hell, hippie!

Biff takes a wide swing at Marty, which Marty easily ducks.

Marty lets Biff have it in the jaw: one punch stuns him, a 2nd punch staggers him, and a 3rd punch knocks him backward, off the stage and DIRECTLY INTO DOC BROWN!

Doc stumbles backward and DROPS THE ENVELOPE INTO THE BURNING 55 GALLON DRUM!

Several cops and campus security guards run over. Biff's boys scatter, leaving Biff unconscious on the ground.

Doc gets up, and looks in the burning drum---it's hopeless. He gives Marty an "I tried" look and shrugs.

Marty sighs, takes a deep breath and clears his throat.

MARTY

I'd like to thank our unexpected
visitor for his...maturity...

(laughter from the crowd)

Uh, well, I was asked to talk about
my travels and experiences...which
have been unique, I assure you.

Y'know, we're all here to say
we're against the war, and that's
great. But maybe we oughta take a
few moments to figure out what
we're for---what's it all about?

(pauses)

For me, the answer is the family.

I guess you tend to take your
family for granted because you just
figure it'll always be there. But
if you lose your family, you may
never get it back. This I know
from experience.

Some of the radical anti-war people exchange
looks---this is not what they expected to hear.

MARTY (cont'd)

War tears families apart:
physically, mentally, and
spiritually. Because of war, some
families won't even have a chance
to get started.

But wars end, politicians come
and go, issues change. Only the
family remains.

That's why there's nothing in
life worth risking your family
for---not for money, or power, or a
career...certainly not for war or
the politics of war.

There's a woman here tonight, a
decent, kind woman who, like me,
lost sight of those values. She
spent \$500 to bail me out of jail,
not because of me personally, but
because of the politics she
believes I represent. \$500 she'd
planned to use to celebrate her
anniversary---the anniversary of
the beginning of her own
family---sacrificed for politics.

LORRAINE reacts with some embarrassment.

MARTY (cont'd)

Now, I have some personal reasons why this is extremely disturbing to me, but my travels have taught me this: when you let politics, or war, or money, or anything make you lose sight of your own family, you're killing something in yourself just like they're killing each other in Vietnam.

SAM BAINES looks at STELLA and LORRAINE with warmth. He puts his arm around his wife.

MARTY (cont'd)

We can't end the war tonight. But we can reaffirm our belief in the family by each giving a dollar or two so that Lorraine McFly can have her 2nd honeymoon.

As he says this, Marty takes out a \$10 bill, then lifts a HAT from a musician, drops the cash in and passes the hat into the crowd.

LORRAINE is very touched. She hugs her children.

MARTY

C'mon, people, let's all get together here---Lorraine's bus for San Francisco leaves in 20 minutes. She's got a reservation at the Mark Hopkins Hotel---let's show her we believe in love!

The BAND starts playing "Get Together."

People start passing money forward, or putting it in the hat as it comes around, including GOLDIE WILSON and some of the HIPPIES we've seen earlier.

DOC, at the edge of the crowd, gives Marty a "thumbs up."

The warmth and "good vibrations" take over the crowd.

The POLICE CHIEF is on the sidelines with REESE.

CHIEF

"Outside agitator," huh, Reese? I don't see any agitation, do you?

REESE

No, sir.

CHIEF

Dismiss the charges, destroy the records and make sure Mrs. McFly gets her bail money back.

If you need me, I'll be home, spending time with my family.

A TAXICAB pulls up to the edge of the square, and a MAN gets out. We don't see his face as he makes his way through the crowd.

Now LORRAINE notices him, and does a double-take: yes, it's GEORGE McFLY! She runs to her husband, tears in her eyes and they embrace.

DAVE and LINDA run up and join their father.

STELLA BAINES is delighted. SAM nudges her.

SAM

You told him to come down?

Stella nods. Sam gives her a hug.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

MARTY presents Lorraine and George with the money. Stella and Sam are nearby with Linda and Dave.

LORRAINE

Thank you, Marty. I'll never forget this.

MARTY

Neither will I.

A PSYCHEDELIC VAN pulls up alongside.

HIPPIE DRIVER

Express bus to the Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco. All aboard!

Lorraine embraces Marty.

George opens the van door for Lorraine. She gets in, then George turns and shakes Marty's hand.

GEORGE

Thanks, Marty.

MARTY

You're welcome.

George starts to get into the van, then turns.

GEORGE

Marty, have we met some place? You seem very familiar.

MARTY

I just have that effect on certain people.

George gets into the van with his wife.

The family and everyone else waves and shouts goodbye.

MARTY

Goodbye, you two. Celebrate! Have fun! Get wild!

LORRAINE

We will!

As the van departs, Marty checks the disappearing photo.

INSERT - PHOTO

Marty's SHADOW becomes completely restored!

ON MARTY

MARTY

I know you will.

A MOTORCYCLE pulls up next to Marty: it's DOC on the Harley. They exchange a smile, then Marty climbs on behind Doc---the "Easy Rider" tableau.

MARTY

Hit it, Doc.

"BORN TO BE WILD" comes up on the soundtrack and they ROAR OFF!

EXT. THE FULL MOON

Tilt down to reveal THE OPEN HIGHWAY.

MARTY and DOC on the Harley are keeping pace with the VAN with Lorraine and George.

Ahead, the Highway forks. The road sign indicates one fork for SAN FRANCISCO, the other for GANNON CANYON.

The vehicles go their respective ways with a wave by all concerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON ROAD - STARTING LINE - NIGHT

A WHITE STARTING LINE and the words "START HERE" have been painted across the road.

Adjacent is the "Gannon Canyon Museum," a small building which houses a standard collection of local Indian artifacts.

The Harley pulls up, and '85 Doc gets off. Marty moves forward on the seat.

MARTY

I'll be right back with the DeLorean.

Doc waves him off and Marty speeds down the road.

EXT. THE TIME BOMB - NIGHT

The Time Bomb which we saw in Doc's lab is now attached to the High Tension Tower at a transformer. The ticking bomb clock shows 9:47.

WIDER - CANYON AND POWER LINES - NIGHT

The high tension lines and towers span the Canyon, glistening in the moonlight.

'67 DOC and Marty stand at the edge of the canyon. The DeLorean is nearby, off loaded from the truck. The ailerons are now attached to the back; the pole and hook are mounted on the side. The Harley is parked next to the truck.

'67 DOC
Piece of cake, eh, Marty?

Marty looks over the canyon rim: It's a long way down. Marty gives Doc a look.

MARTY
What kind of cake?

AT THE DELOREAN

'67 Doc shows Marty the additions to the instrument panel.

'67 DOC
This joystick controls the
ailerons: pull back to go higher,
push forward to go lower; left
banks left and right banks right.
Here's the altimeter...

INSERT - ALTIMETER

It's color coded, and connected to colored lights.

'67 DOC (O.S.)
When the needle reaches this point,
the green light will go on,
indicating you're at the correct
altitude for contact. If it's red,
you're too low; if it's yellow,
you're too high.

BACK TO SHOT

MARTY
Red - too low; yellow - too high;
green just right.

'67 Doc puts a WALKIE TALKIE on the DMC dashboard.

'67 DOC

I'll be stationed partway up that tower, and give you a countdown over this walkie-talkie. When I say "Blast Off," you blast off.

Your starting position's marked: it's about two miles down the spur road, right next to the museum.

MARTY

Yeah, I passed it on my way here.

'67 DOC

I'll leave the programming of the destination time to you.

(extends his hand)

I sure wish I could go with you, Marty---it'd be like taking "the ultimate trip."

MARTY

Uh, yeah, well, I don't think that would be a very good idea.

'67 DOC

Oh, it's physically impossible anyway: the weight of an extra passenger would throw off all my calculations.

MARTY

What? What do you mean, Doc?

'67 DOC

With two people in the time machine, you'd never get enough lift to reach the wires.

Marty is horrified.

MARTY

Say, Doc, uh, maybe we oughta postpone this whole deal for a night or two, you know, just to doublecheck everything.

'67 DOC

Marty, the bomb's going off at 10 and it's too late to defuse it now. If you're not there to absorb the 1.21 jigowatt surge, the overload will cause a massive power failure in half the state that'll rival the New York blackout of 1965. Innocent people would be hurt, some might even die.

MARTY

Christ, Doc, you've kinda bet the farm on this one, haven't you?

'67 Doc smiles with that glint in his eye.

'67 DOC

What's life without a few calculated risks?

MARTY

I wouldn't know.

Doc lowers the gullwing door on Marty. Marty revs up and drives off. We hold on the road, then

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TIME BOMB

Ticking away. It's 9:56.

AT THE STARTING LINE

'85 Doc sticks the pole and hook into place on the rear of the DMC. Marty has explained the situation to him.

DOC

There's no alternative, Marty. I'll have to stay behind.

MARTY

No, Doc. I'll stay behind. You go back to the future, repair the DeLorean and come back here for me!

DOC

It won't work, Marty. I'll still need to generate 1.21 jigowatts to come back, and who knows how long that'll take?

MARTY

But if you come back to this moment to get me, it won't take any time at all!

The voice of '67 Doc crackles in over the walkie talkie.

'67 DOC (V.O. RADIO)

Roger, this is your Time Travel Mission Control...

INTERCUT WITH '67 DOC

'67 DOC is partway up the high tension tower, broadcasting on the walkie talkie while consulting his watch. He has BINOCULARS around his neck.

'67 DOC (cont'd)

We are currently at T minus 2 minutes and counting. Please set your destination time if you have not already done so.

AT THE STARTING LINE

Marty and Doc exchange a startled look---they forgot!

DOC

Great Scott!

They immediately go at it.

DOC

Let's see, we have to get you back in time for your date with Jennifer...

MARTY

I'm not going, Doc! You are!

DOC

...but it has to be after I dropped you both off at her house...which was approximately 10:50 a.m....

INSERT OF TIME DISPLAYS

The destination time is entered: Oct. 26, 1985; 10:55 a.m.

BACK TO SHOT

MARTY

You have to go, Doc. If you stay behind, you risk a time paradox.

DOC

And if I fail, and you're stuck in the past, you risk the same paradox. Besides, I'm heavier than you, and the lift calculations were based on your weight.

MARTY

So, we'll lighten the load. We could take off the hubcaps---

Hey---that's it, Doc! We can both go if we can get rid of enough weight!

DOC

Marty, there aren't 211 pounds of excess weight on this vehicle.

MARTY

Whoa, you weigh 211, Doc?

DOC

(pinches his gut)

It's all muscle, Marty, all muscle.

'67 DOC (V.O. RADIO)

This is Mission Control. We are now at T minus one minute and counting.

Marty opens the trunk of the DMC.

MARTY

We don't need the spare tire. That's gotta be about 30 pounds.

Marty takes it out and dumps it.

MARTY

The jack...and these tools...8 or 10 pounds...

(dumps them)

What about the whole trunk lid?

DOC

No, we need that---otherwise, we'll upset the aerodynamics.

MARTY

The doors! We don't need the doors, do we?

DOC

No, we don't!

MARTY

Great! Gimme that crowbar.

'67 DOC (V.O. RADIO)

T minus 30 seconds...

Doc gives Marty the crowbar. Marty opens the passenger gullwing door and starts ripping into the hinge valve.

Doc holds up the door as Marty works the crowbar.

'67 DOC (V.O. RADIO)
15 seconds and counting...

DOC
Forget it, Marty! There's no more time!

MARTY
We gotta go for it, Doc! You drive! I'll get the door off in flight!

'67 DOC (V.O. RADIO)
10...9...8...

Marty gets in on the passenger side and continues jimmying the hinges with the crowbar.

MARTY
Hurry, Doc! Or nobody's going!

Doc runs around to the driver's seat and gets in.

'67 DOC (V.O. RADIO)
...5...4...3...

Doc throws the appropriate switches on the dashboard and puts the car in gear.

'67 DOC (V.O. RADIO)
...2...1...BLAST OFF!

Doc hits the gas pedal and the DMC peels out!

POWERLINE SEQUENCE - SERIES OF SHOTS

The DMC accelerates down the road.

'67 DOC watches through binoculars.

MARTY continues jimmying the hinges.

The SPEEDOMETER needle climbs.

The TIMER on the BOMB counts down.

'67 DOC
90 seconds to detonation!

POV OF THE ROAD as the DMC speeds toward the canyon rim.

DOC
Hurry, Marty!

MARTY
Workin' on it!

Marty gives the crowbar a hard jerk, and hits Doc in the head with the other end!

DOC
Ouch!

Doc jerks the wheel in response to being hit and the car almost goes off the road!

MARTY
Sorry!

Marty tears off one of the hinges!

MARTY
Almost there!

The DMC goes over the canyon rim and starts plummeting!

The altimeter needle dips and the light glows RED!

'67 DOC
Pull back on the stick!

Doc pulls back on the JOYSTICK.

The AILERONS respond, but the car doesn't lift---it merely decreases the speed of its descent.

Marty rips out the last part of the hinge---but the door doesn't fall off!

Marty pushes against it: the wind resistance is keeping it on!

MARTY
The wind's holding it on! Bank the car so I can push it off!

Doc pushes the joystick to the right.

The DeLorean banks to the right.

Marty gives the door a shove---it's stuck! He pushes harder, harder...

Finally, he throws his whole body into it---

The DOOR FALLS OFF, and MARTY FALLS OUT of the car!

Marty's pants get caught on the crowbar, leaving him
HANGING OUT OF THE OPEN DOORWAY!

The DeLorean door falls into the canyon, bouncing off
the canyon walls and into the darkness!

The lightening of the load causes the car to fly upward!

The altimeter needle moves up...

Marty regains his balance and starts to pull himself
back in.

'67 Doc watches all this thru the binocs in disbelief.
He adjusts his position and SITS ON A PROTRUDING METAL
POINT!

'67 DOC
YEEEEOWW!

'85 Doc reacts in identical pain---and accidentally
knocks the joystick sideways!

The DeLorean spins suddenly in response!

Marty falls back out! He grabs the bottom edge of the
doorway and hangs on for dear life!

MARTY
Doc, help!

Doc looks over at Marty's predicament in amazement.

DOC
You're supposed to wear your seat
belt!

MARTY
I forgot!

'85 Doc banks the vehicle a full 90 degrees left which
puts Marty in position to climb back in!

'67 DOC
Who's driving that thing?

Marty makes it into the car and '85 Doc rights the DMC.
Marty gets back in his seat and fastens his seat belt.

Doc pulls back on the stick and the flying car climbs.

The altimeter needle moves toward the green.

DOC
I think that did it!

'67 DOC
20 seconds to detonation!

Thru the DMC windshield, the power lines are visible in the distance.

The speedometer is stabilized at 88.

But the altimeter needle is still in the red.

Doc pulls back on the stick to no avail---the red light stays on.

DOC
We're still a few pounds
overweight!

Marty throws the crowbar out.

DOC
More!

Marty takes off his shoes and throws them out!

The altimeter needle inches upward: close, but no cigar.

The DMC is coming up on the power lines.

'67 DOC
10...9...8...

Marty throws the walkie-talkie overboard.

'67 DOC
...7...6...

DOC
We're not gonna make it...

Marty reaches under the seat and pulls out the KNAPSACK with the Almanac. He hesitates a moment...

'67 DOC
...4...3...

Marty throws it out.

That does it! The altimeter light goes GREEN!

'67 DOC
...2...1...

The BOMB on the tower explodes! Sparks shoot into the sky!

The power lines glow ELECTRICAL BLUE!

The Flying DeLorean HOOKS THE SUPERCHARGED LINE!

Thus, the traditional 1.21 Jigowatts of electricity are conducted into the flux capacitor---the COILS GLOW BLUE and the DMC VANISHES THROUGH THE TIME BARRIER, leaving a TRAIL OF FIRE suspended in the sky over the canyon!

'67 Doc goes wild with euphoria, screaming and yelling!

ON THE CANYON FLOOR BELOW

A TENT is pitched, a campfire burns, and TWO FIGURES stare at the aerial display of sparks: PA & MA PEABODY!

PA PEABODY
I see it, but I don't believe it.

MA PEABODY
Not a word about this, Otis! Not one word!
(spots something on the ground)
Otis, lookee there! Where'd that come from?

It's Marty's KNAPSACK. Pa picks it up.

PA PEABODY
It's a knapsack---hey, what's in here...?

He pulls out the ALMANAC and thumbs thru it curiously.

PA PEABODY
Numbers. A whole lotta numbers.

He shakes his head and THROWS IT ON THE CAMPFIRE.

PA PEABODY
(admiring the knapsack)
Well, at least this is worth somethin'.

We hold on the campfire as the ALMANAC BURNS, then

DISSOLVE TO:

A MODEL OF A CAMPFIRE

We widen, revealing a DIORAMA MUSEUM EXHIBIT of Indians around a campfire.

TOUR GUIDE (O.S.)
...the tools and pottery in this
exhibit date from 1100 A.D.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

We are with a TOUR GROUP in the Canyon Museum. From their cameras and clothing, it's clearly 1985.

TOUR GUIDE
Now we come to our most puzzling
exhibit, the "Mystery Door..."

The discarded DELOREAN DOOR, dented, rusted and aged, is in a lucite display case in the middle of the room!

Flashbulbs go off as visitors approach it.

TOUR GUIDE (cont'd)
Discovered on the canyon floor
after a UFO sighting 18 years ago,
many people believe this object is
a hatch from an alien spacecraft,
particularly due to its built-in
electronics, which were beyond all
earthly technology in 1967.

Joining us now to answer your
questions is noted UFO expert and
discoverer of the door, Mr. Otis
Peabody.

Mild applause as PA PEABODY, now 75 (and using a cane),
joins the tour guide. A KID raises his hand.

KID
Yeah, if this door is from an alien
space ship, what happened to the
ship?

PA PEABODY
As I explained in my book, "Trash
Dumps of the Gods," that particular
ship got completely disintegrated.
I know it because I saw it---

Suddenly, Pa's mouth falls open and his eyes bug out at
what he sees through the window behind the tour group...

HIS P.O.V. OUT THE WINDOW OF

the FLYING DELOREAN, without door, as it banks around the power lines and heads back toward Hill Valley.

PA PEABODY

gulps.

PEABODY

Of course, that's just a theory.
Next question?

CUT TO:

EXT. LYONS GATES (1985) - DAY

The DMC once again drives through the familiar Lyons Gates and down the street.

INT. MOVING DELOREAN - DAY

Up ahead, BIFF'S AUTO DETAILING TRUCK can be seen parked. BIFF is waxing somebody's car.

MARTY

Lookin' good, Doc. Biff's back at his old job...

EXT. McFLY HOME, 1985 - DAY

The DMC pulls into the McFly driveway. The garage is open and Marty's black Toyota truck is in there.

MARTY

Great! My truck's here.
Everything's gonna be fine. I'll change clothes and zip over to Jennifer's.

Marty hops out of the doorless doorway.

DOC

I'm going to check on Einstein---so I'll catch you later.

MARTY

Right, Doc. It's been real.

DOC

Only some of it, Marty.

Marty waves Doc off, then goes to the front door and tries his key. A moment of tension...then bingo! The door opens.

INT. McFLY HOME

Marty enters.

LORRAINE and GEORGE, dressed as they were at the end of the first movie, are cuddling together on the couch, looking over George's novel.

MARTY
Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad.

LORRAINE
Hi, Marty---what on earth are you wearing?

MARTY
Oh, I had to borrow these from Dr. Brown because...of one of his experiments.

Marty hurries down the hall to his room.

George and Lorraine exchange a look.

LORRAINE
I just got a chill---you know like deja-vu? He reminded me of somebody back in the 60's...

GEORGE
Lorraine, you're always thinking about the past. The future, that's what's important. The future.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

MARTY, now wearing 80's clothes, pulls up in his truck, gets out and runs over to the hammock.

He hesitates, then peeks into it: JENNIFER is just as he left her. Marty sighs relief.

MARTY
Jen? Jennifer?

He gently shakes her. She MOANS but does not revive. He tries again. No go. Finally, he kisses her full on the mouth.

She awakens with a start---scared, then just confused.

JENNIFER

Marty? What am I doing---home?

MARTY

You passed out while we were talking. You were out a couple of minutes.

JENNIFER

I did? I was? I thought I was...

(sighs)

I guess it was a dream, but it was so real. We went to the future, you and me, with Doctor Brown. But you ran off, and I couldn't find you, and I saw our kids, and you and me old, and it was just horrible.

MARTY

It didn't happen, Jennifer. You've been right here the whole time.

JENNIFER

Time...what time is it? What day is it?

MARTY

Saturday. Morning. About 11:30. We're going to the lake tonight, remember?

JENNIFER

The lake! That's right, we're supposed to go, but instead you...

She pauses, trying to remember.

MARTY

Jen, we're going to the lake tonight. You and me, in the truck, under the stars...we're gonna watch the sunrise, just like we've been planning for 2 weeks, and it's gonna be great. I'll pick you up around 6:30, okay?

Jennifer sighs relief, nods and throws her arms around Marty. They hold each other.

Just as they're about to kiss, a RED CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE pulls up and HONKS. The driver, WINCH, 19, and his pal LOMAX seem a bit sleazy.

WINCH
Hey, McFly! Been lookin' for ya,
pal!

Marty steps away from Jennifer.

MARTY
Hey, Winch, Lomax. What's shakin'?

WINCH
Me and Lomax, we're into something
big---a once in a lifetime deal.
Major cash-ola. Fast, easy, low
risk. It's going down tonight, but
we need a 3rd wheel, and a truck.
You want in?

MARTY
Tonight, huh?

Jennifer reacts with concern and intense deja-vu.

WINCH
It's a once in a lifetime deal,
McFly. Your end's good for an easy
2 G's. Like I said, major cash-ola.

Marty takes only a moment to decide.

MARTY
Not interested, guys.

Winch and Lomax shrug, then drive off.

Jennifer is relieved. Marty goes back to her.

MARTY
Now where were we?

JENNIFER
Right about here...

Again they embrace. They're about to kiss...

THE DELOREAN SCREECHES UP! DOC has EINSTEIN with him.

DOC
Marty! Marty!

MARTY
No, not again...
(to Jennifer)
I'll be right back.

Marty joins Doc at the DeLorean.

DOC
You left your driver's license and
things in my glove compartment.

MARTY
(relieved)
Oh, right...

Doc hands Marty his license, student ID...and NORMAN'S
BLUE CARD.

Seeing this puts a damper on Marty's spirits---until...

INSERT - BLUE CARD

It's BLANK, on both sides. No picture of Norman, no
information, nothing.

MARTY

doesn't understand.

MARTY
What's it mean, Doc---that now
Norman doesn't exist in the future?
That we don't get married? Or is
the whole future changed somehow?
Or erased? You're the scientist,
Doc: what's it mean?

DOC
It means that the only thing we can
be sure of about the future is that
they'll still have blue plastic
cards.
Your future, Marty, for better or
worse, is entirely up to you. It
always has been, it always will be.
(a beat)
So make it a good one.

Doc gives him a wink. Marty smiles.

MARTY
And what about you, Doc? Are you
goin' back?

DOC
Back to the future?
Nah. I've done enough screwing
around with the 4th dimension.
(revs up the DeLorean)
But the 5th dimension---now that's
something to shoot for!

Doc has that crazed glint in his eye. He shifts into gear and ROARS off down the street!

Marty just shakes his head. He looks once more at the blank BLUE CARD. JENNIFER comes up beside him.

Marty smiles, tosses the blue card in a trash can, then puts his arm around her. They stroll off together, into the future.

Music up, "WHEN I'M 64" and ROLL END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.