

**PARADOX**  
**BACK TO THE FUTURE II & III**

REVISED DRAFT  
19 DECEMBER 1988 (BLUE)

w/revision:  
12/25/88, 1/18/89 (PINK)  
1/27/89 (YELLOW)  
1/11/89, 2/2/89 (GREEN)  
2/8/89 (GOLDENROD)

*"The only thing more uncertain than the future is the past."*

*Soviet Proverb*

(Obviously, the colored-page revisions do not appear in this file. However, parts that were revised can be noted by asterisks appearing at the ends of lines, and in remarks, noting points at which scenes were either omitted or deleted.)

## A GENERAL NOTE ABOUT SCENE NUMBERING

The scene numbering in this script contains large blocks of “reserved” numbers for the following reason:

Every time we travel to a different time period (except for the 1985 prologue), the scene numbers jump to a new 3-digit number, as follows:

1 — 7:            1985 Prologue

8 — 61:           2015

201 — 238:       “Biff 198”

300 — 386:       1955

501 — 578:       1888

701 — 713:       1985

This is intended to make breakdowns easier because simply by looking at a scene number, you can tell what time period we are in.

FADE IN:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE over selected footage from "Back To The Future:" including the characters, the DeLorean, and other pertinent images... finally bringing us into

1 INT. McFLY GARAGE/EXT. McFLY HOUSE — DAY

1

We are recreating the closing moments of "Back to the Future:"

The garage door opens, revealing MARTY OUTSIDE, who enters and reacts to seeing his black Toyota truck for the first time.

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

JENNIFER (O.S.)

How about a ride, mister?

Marty turns and sees JENNIFER standing in the driveway.

MARTY

Jennifer! Oh, are you a sight for sore eyes! Let me look at you!

Marty goes to her.

Jennifer doesn't quite understand Marty's reaction.

JENNIFER

Marty, you're acting like you haven't seen me in a week!

MARTY

I haven't.

JENNIFER

Are you okay? Is everything all right?

MARTY

(looks back at the house, smiles)

Oh, yeah! Everything is great.

MARTY embraces JENNIFER in front of the house.

They're about to kiss — then, 3 sonic booms and the "Mr. Fusion" modified DELOREAN SCREECHES into the driveway!

DOC BROWN jumps out, frantic, dressed in his wild future garb and wraparound glasses.

DOC

Marty! You've got to come back with me.

MARTY

Where?

DOC

Back to the future!

Doc pulls a beer can and banana peels out of the garbage and dumps them into the "Mr. Fusion Unit.

MARTY

Wait a minute, what are you doin', Doc?

DOC

I need fuel! Go ahead, quick, get in the car!

MARTY

No, no, no, Doc, I just got here, Jennifer's here — we're gonna take the new truck out for a spin...

DOC

Well, bring her along! This concerns her, too!

MARTY

Wait a minute, Doc, what are you talking about, Doc? What happens to us in the future? Do we become assholes or something?

DOC

No, no, you and Jennifer both turn out fine. It's your kids, Marty. Something's gotta be done about your kids!

Marty and Jennifer exchange a look.

THE DELOREAN backs out of the McFly driveway and into the street.

2

2

INT. DELOREAN

3

3

DOC engages 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 another switch.

EXT. STREET — DELOREAN

4

4

The wheels rotate 90 degrees, and the DMC lifts up and off the ground!

EXT. MCFLY HOUSE FRONT DOOR

5

5

BIFF, 42, comes bounding out of the McFly house with a DISTINCTIVE BOOK OF MATCHES, "Biff's Auto Detailing."

BIFF

Say, Marty, I want to show you these new matchbooks I had printed up—

Biff stops short and reacts with astonishment at the sight of the flying car.

BIFF

A flying DeLorean...?

BIFF'S P.O.V. OF THE SKY — FLYING DELOREAN — DAY

6 The flying vehicle accelerates and blasts into the future, vanishing from 1995, leaving behind FIRE TRAILS in the air which quickly burn out! 6

7 BIFF reacts. His eyes narrow with suspicion. Sinister suspicion. 7

BIFF  
What the hell is going on here?

CUT TO:

8 INT. FLYING DMC — DAY 8

Thru the windshield is a STACCATO TRIPLE FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT, followed by POURING RAIN which wipes out visibility.

Doc flips on the windshield wipers — to discover they're flying right into the path of an oncoming FLYING TRUCK!

Marty and Jennifer SCREAM!

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, maxole!

As Doc maneuvers the DMC to the correct side of the FLOATING LANE MARKERS, Marty and Jennifer turn to see what almost hit them.

MARTY  
What was that?

DOC  
Team ster.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O. RADIO)  
DeLorean, vector 12, this is air traffic control. You've made unauthorized entry into commercial transport airspace. Why the hell wasn't your transponder on, over?

DOC  
Roger, we're experiencing minor technical transponder difficulty. We're descending now for a repair, over and out.

MARTY  
What the hell's going on, Doc? Where are we?

DOC  
The future.

MARTY  
The future??

Doc points to the time display: "Oct 21, 2015 4:29 pm."

DOC  
Hill Valley, California: 2015.

MARTY  
2015?

JENNIFER  
2015?!?

Doc quickly holds a penlight device to Jennifer's face which STROBES blue light. Jennifer immediately passes out.

MARTY  
Doc, what are you doing?

DOC  
Relax, Marty, it's just a sleep inducing alpha rhythm generator. I don't want her to see too much of the future.

MARTY  
Jeez, Doc, then why bring her?

DOC  
I had to do something. She saw the time machine, and I couldn't just leave her there with that information. This way, when she wakes up, she'll think it was all a dream.

MARTY  
Well...you're the Doc.

9 EXT. ABOVE HILL VALLEY, 2015 9

The FLYING DMC descends through the clouds.

10 EXT. ALLEY — DAY 10

The DeLorean lands in a long ALLEY. It still has a bit of residue FROST on it.

11 INT. DELOREAN 11

Doc turns off some of the switches. \*

DOC  
First you're gonna have to get out and change clothes. \*

MARTY  
Doc, it's pouring rain.

DOC  
Oh, right...  
(checks his watch)  
Wait 3 more seconds...

In 3 seconds the rain abruptly stops, to be replaced by bright sunlight!

DOC  
Right on the tick. Too bad the post office isn't as efficient as the weather service.

Doc and Marty throw open their gullwing doors.

12 EXT. ALLEY 12

As they get out of the DeLorean, Doc peels plastic material off his face — as if removing a disguise.

Marty stares in disbelief.

DOC

Excuse the disguise, Marty, but I was afraid you wouldn't recognize me. I went to a rejuvenation clinic; had 'em take some wrinkles out, got a hair repair — added a good 30 to 40 years to my life. I also had my spleen and colon replaced. What do you think?

Doc now looks YOUNGER and healthier. He “models” his younger face.

MARTY

You look good, Doc. Real good. \*  
(starts down the alley)  
The future! W hoa, I gotta check this out!

DOC

All in good time, Marty. We're on a tight schedule here. \*  
Here're your clothes.

Doc takes out a FUTURISTIC GYM BAG, then goes around to get Jennifer out of the car. \*

MARTY

So, Doc, like what about my future? I make it big, right? \*

DOC

Marty, please, that's not why we're here.

MARTY

You can tell me, Doc. What am I — like, a rich rock star?

DOC

Please, Marty, no one should know too much about their own destiny.

MARTY

(takes this as a “no”)  
Okay...well, at least, I'm rich, right?

DOC

(sighs)

Damn. Maybe I shouldn't be doing this. Maybe I should just forget this whole thing and take you both back home.

MARTY

Hey, I'm sorry, Doc. I'm just excited, that's all. Everybody wants to know about their future.

DOC

That's what I'm afraid of.

(sighs)

Well, we're here. Let's hope my plan works. Change clothes: We've got a mission to accomplish.

As Marty starts unbuttoning his shirt, Doc lifts the unconscious JENNIFER out of the DeLorean and puts her down in a doorway alcove behind a futuristic waste processing unit.

MARTY

You mean we're just gonna leave her?

DOC

It's too risky to take her with me. Don't worry, she'll be safe.  
She's out of sight, and it'll just be for a few minutes.

From his pocket, Doc pulls out FUTURISTIC BINOCULARS — a thin plastic card with eye lenses that looks like a cheap toy.

Doc runs down to the opposite end of the alley and starts looking around for something.

We INTERCUT Marty as he dons the future clothes:

The shirt "buttons" with velcro.

The jacket seems too big for Marty, until he touches a pressure pad on the sleeve, "Un-size form fit." Instantly, the sleeves automatically shorten and the jacket tailors itself to Marty's body, to his delight!

Doc continues looking around intently through the binocs. At last he focuses on something.

13 DOC'S P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS OF 13

the back of a young man's head: he's wearing a FUTURISTIC YELLOW CAP. (The binocular matte includes digital readouts for distance, temperature, etc.)

14 DOC nods, satisfied. He hurries back to the DMC. 14

Meanwhile, MARTY can't figure out how to "tie" his future (Nike) shoes. He examines them, and touches a pad. The shoe zip-laces itself shut!

MARTY

Power laces! All right!

Marty is now fully dressed in future garb.

MARTY

Okay, Doc, so what's the deal?

DOC

In exactly 2 minutes, you go around the corner, into the "Cafe 80's."

\*

MARTY

Cafe 80's?

\*

DOC

It's one of those nostalgia places, but not done very well. Go in and order a Pepsi — here's a fifty.

\*

Doc hands Marty a future 50-dollar bill, with rainbow holographic borders.

\*

DOC

(continuing)

Then wait for a guy named "Griff."

\*

MARTY

"Griff."

\*



DOC

Right. Griff's going to ask you about tonight — are you in or out? Tell him you're out. Whatever he says, whatever happens, say: no, you're not interested. Then leave, come back here and wait for me. Don't talk to anybody, don't touch anything, don't do anything, don't interact with anyone.

\*

Doc rummages around in the DeLorean and pulls out a bag.

MARTY

I don't get it, Doc. I thought this has something to do with my kids.

DOC

Precisely. In those clothes, you're the spitting image of your future son — with one last finishing touch...

From the bag, Doc pulls a yellow cap identical to the one he saw a moment ago and puts it on Marty's head.

DOC

Perfect!

(his watch BEEPS)

Damn, I'm late!

Doc rushes back down the far end of the alley.

MARTY

Doc, wait! Where you going?

DOC

To intercept the real Marty Junior. You're taking his place!

Doc disappears around the corner.

Marty shrugs.

MARTY

Marty Junior. With a name like that, how can he go wrong?

He takes a deep breath and steps out of the alley onto:

15 EXT. HILL VALLEY COURTHOUSE SQUARE, 2015 — DAY

15

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, and preserved behind hermetically sealed plexiglass (it's a tourist attraction) ...and still stopped at 10:04.

The TEXACO STATION is now a 2-LEVEL GAS STATION. A car lands on the upper level and a series of ROBOT ARMS immediately go to work washing the windshield and checking the tires.

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

A ROBOTICS SHOP displays robots and accessories (sales, service, rentals).

Billboards for "TWA Vietnam Vacations," "Pepsi Plus (it's vitamin enriched)," and "G.E. Superconductors."

A HOLOGRAPHIC THEATER playing "JAW S 14" (This time, it's really, really personal) directed by Max Spielberg. \*

A VIDEO SOFTWARE STORE advertising the "Video Classic: A Match Made in Space."

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

The people in general seem in better physical condition — few are fat or wear glasses (although there are plenty of wild sunglasses and videoglasses).

There are Kids with painted faces — a contemporary fad.

A group of HARE-KRISHNAS are chanting in the square.

And PUBLIC UTILITY WORKERS are tearing up the street.

16 MARTY stares wide-eyed, taking it all in. He walks past 16

17 AN ANTIQUE STORE in which the display window is filled with "RARE ANTIQUES" — 17  
common household objects of the 1970's and 80's: a Betamax, Perrier bottles, a Super-8  
Movie camera, a Macintosh computer, mannequins with old clothes, and a BOOK: "SPORTS  
ALMANAC 1950—2000." (There's also a sign: "We buy antique coins and bills.")

18 MARTY spots the "CAFE 80's" located where Lou's Malt Shop was in 1955. 18

He goes in. \*

19 INT. CAFE 80'S 19\*

Marty enters and looks around.

The decor incorporates icons of the 1980'S ("Baby On Board" signs, "oldies" music, Miami Vice colors, etc.). The front portion is like a fast food operation. pictorial menus above the counter show various food items.

There are "Watchman" type video screens for each seat. Instead of waitresses, there are ROBOT/DROIDS With VIDEO SCREEN heads behind the counter. The screen flashes and the face of RONALD REAGAN appears on it, in a "Max Headroom" computer synthesized image.

#### DROID (VIDEO)

Welcome to Cafe 80'S where it's always Morning in America  
— even in the afternoon...

The "Morning In America" campaign commercial plays behind "Reagan."

Marty stares in amazement, taken aback by the startling technology.

DROID (REAGAN)

Our special today is Mesquite grilled sushi, cajun style, dipped in a Thai cilantro sauce.

Suddenly, the image becomes AYATOLLAH KHOMENI.

DROID (KHOMENI)

No! It is the Great Satan Special! I demand you have Tofu!

(becomes MICHAEL JACKSON)

Hey... Be cool. Don't be bad. We're all friends here.

MARTY

Uh, could I have...a Pepsi?

Marty holds up his Fifty.

DROID (REAGAN)

Cash? Well, it's much easier to just use your thumb...

MARTY

Huh? Uh, no, I'll pay cash.

DROID (REAGAN)

Well, there's a handling surcharge on cash, but, well, okay, we'll take cash.

Marty puts the bill down on a tray on the counter. It's sucked into a machine. There are some electronic sounds, some whirring noises, and then a PEPSI PERFECT in a futuristic container is dispensed via the food delivery system.

DROID (REAGAN)

And your change, rounded off to the nearest dollar...

Two 1-dollar bills come out of the unit.

Marty takes his change. He takes the Pepsi and examines it. He can't figure out how to open it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, McFly!

The voice and tone are familiar — too familiar. Marty turns.

MARTY

Biff!

Yes, it's BIFF TANNEN, 78 years old, white hair, craggy features. He's at a table, eating sushi and watching a SPORTS EVENT on his watchman screen. Biff gives him a look and nods knowingly.

Marty approaches him, staring in disbelief at his aged features.

BIFF

Yeah. I've seen you around. You're Marty McFly's kid, huh?

MARTY

Huh? What?

BIFF

Marty Junior. You look like him, too. Tough break, kid: it must be rough being named after a complete butthead.

MARTY

What's that supposed to mean?

Biff takes his CANE — the top is a sculpted CLENCHED FIST — and knocks it on Marty's forehead.

BIFF

Hello? Anybody home? Think, McFly, think! Your old man: Mr. Loser.

MARTY

What? A loser?

BIFF

That's right. A loser with a capital "L."

MARTY

That can't be! I happen to know that George McFly is no longer a loser.

Outside, through the window, a beat up '89 BMW Convertible Hover conversion pulls up to the cafe with 4 GUYS in it. The vehicle parks and the guys get out.

BIFF

No, George McFly's never been a loser. But I'm not talking about George McFly. I'm talking about his kid — your old man: Marty McFly. Senior.

(a beat as Biff shakes his head)

He just took his life and flushed it completely down the toilet.

Marty stands there in stunned shock.

MARTY

M-m-me? Marty?

Now a KID, 19, who bears a startling resemblance to Biff, steps in.

KID

Hey, Gramps, I told you two coats of wax on my car, not just one.

BIFF

Hey, I just put the 2nd coat on last week.

KID

Yeah, with your eyes closed. Come out here and scan it. It's a lo-res job.

Marty looks back and forth between the two in amazement.

MARTY

Uh, are you two related?

Again Biff knocks on Marty's head with his cane.

BIFF

Hello? Anybody home? Whaddaya think, Griff just calls me grandpa for his health.

Marty looks at Biff's grandson with an "oh shit" reaction.

MARTY

He's Griff...?!?

GRIFF

Gramps, nuke the bab-sesh and get out here, 'orrita! What the hell am I payin' you for?

(to Marty)

And McFly: don't go anywhere. You're next!

Biff heads for the door.

BIFF

Listen, Griff, don't you go loanin' that McFly kid any money — even though he probably needs it...him and his old man both.

Biff exits, leaving Marty dumbfounded.

Marty watches through the window as Griff points out to Biff some problem with the finish on his beat up junker. Also present are Griff's gang, a girl and 2 guys: SPIKE, WHITEY and HACK.

On a VIDEO SCREEN, a Rock Video "Oldie" comes on: "Power of Love."

Marty watches and nods to the beat.

3 nearby GIRLS, about 13, shake their heads.

GIRL #1

Oh, shred that! I only scan that kinda vid at my grandma's!

GIRL #2

Yeah, what do they call it? Rock and rail?

GIRL #3

It doesn't even sound like music!

GIRL #1

Yeah, thank God we didn't have to live in the 80's. It must have been terrible.

Marty feels very old.

Nearby is an ARCADE VIDEO GAME from the 80's: "GUN FIGHTER." It's one of those where you shoot a light gun at the video screen. A KID, about 8, is looking at it. He can't figure it out.

KID

How do you play this thing?

MARTY

I'll show you, kid. I'm a crack shot at this one. Where do you put in the quarter?

KID

Quarter? What's a quarter?

Marty touches his thumb to a thumbplate where the money would normally go and the game starts up. So that's how you "use your thumb."

Marty zaps every target, no sweat. He's a crack shot.

KID

You mean you have to use your hands? That's like a baby toy!

Marty really feels old.

Marty takes a few more shots, the REAL MARTY JUNIOR passes by out the window, on his way into the cafe. He's unnoticed by Griff, Biff and the boys, who are absorbed in the car.

MARTY sees him coming. He's horrified.

MARTY

Damn!

Marty runs behind the counter and ducks down, hiding.

JUNIOR enters.

Marty gets a good look at his future son.

JUNIOR, 17, although dressed like Marty, carries himself quite differently. In a word, he's a mess: his jacket doesn't fit right (the uni-fit system is broken), he has food stains all over him, and unkempt hair sticks out of his yellow cap. He's a combination of Marty's looks with the personality of young George McFly.

DROID (REAGAN)

Welcome to Cafe 80's where it's always—

JUNIOR

Pepsi Perfect.

Junior pays for it by putting his thumb to a thumbplate device on the counter, and the delivery unit dispenses a Pepsi.

Now GRIFF and the GUYS enter.

GRIFF

Hey, McFly!

Junior turns and smiles weakly.

JUNIOR

Hi, Griff, guys. How's it going?

GRIFF

Hey, McFly, your shoe's unvelked.

Junior falls for it; Griff slaps him and he and his boys all laugh. Junior laughs, too.

Marty winces at the humiliation.

GRIFF

So, McFly, have you made your decision about... tonight's little opportunity?

Marty reacts with increased concern.

JUNIOR

Uh, well, I'm still not sure. Seems kinda dangerous...

SPIKE

What's wrong? You got no scroat?

GRIFF

What's it gonna be McFly? You in or out?

JUNIOR

Well... I don't really think I should, but I guess I should discuss it with my fath—

GRIFF

Are you saying "no," McFly?

JUNIOR

Uh, well, yes. That is, I'm saying, "no, thank you."

Marty sighs relief.

GRIFF

Wrong answer, McFly.

As he says it, Griff picks up Marty Junior and **THROWS HIM OVER THE COUNTER** right next to where Marty is hiding!

The guys all laugh.

Some of the patrons react with concern; some make phone calls on their wrist or headgear phones to 911.

DROID (REAGAN)

Now, now, let's behave ourselves.

MARTY stares at his unconscious future son, lying there.

Marty takes a deep breath and stands up. Griff grabs him by the jacket and pulls him over the counter.

GRIFF

Now, let's hear the right answer, or you're gonna get a knuckle brioche...

Marty shoves Griff, and clenches a fist, about to throw a punch.

Griff and the guys react with surprise at such unusual behavior for Marty Junior.

GRIFF

Well, well, well, since when did you become the physical type?

Marty remembers who he's supposed to be and unclenches his fist.

MARTY  
Look, Griff, the answer's "no."

GRIFF  
No?

MARTY  
N-O.

Marty turns around and starts for the door.

GRIFF  
What's wrong, McFly? Chicken?

Marty stops just before he reaches the door. His body tenses, his face tightens, his anger rises...

SPIKE  
I told you he's got no scroat.

HACK  
(pulls Marty's yellow hat off)  
Sure, why'dya think he wears yellow?

Marty is seething.

MARTY  
What did you call me, Griff?

GRIFF  
Chicken, McFly!

Griff and the guys make "clucking" sounds.

Marty turns around with resolve.

MARTY  
Nobody calls me chicken!

Griff picks up a plate from the table and hurls it at Marty. Marty dodges it; Griff charges him; then Marty trips Griff!

Griff falls to the floor.

There's a moment of stunned silence from Griff's boys. This is clearly uncharacteristic behavior for Marty Junior.

Griff gets back on his feet and rises in front of Marty, slowly standing to his full height.

GRIFF  
All right, punk, you've been looking for—

MARTY  
Hey — look!

Griff falls for it and turns, and Marty throws a punch... but Griff raises his arm and blocks it.

A beat, then Marty knees him in the groin!



Griff wails in pain and drops to his knees.

Marty runs for it, ramming into Griff's gang, who fall down like dominoes!

Marty bolts out of the cafe.

20-24 OMITTED 20-24

25 EXT. CAFE 80'S — DAY 25

Marty runs past Biff, who is doing some work on Griff's car. \*

26 MARTY spots TWO GIRLS behind the hedge, apparently on kiddie skateboard-scooters. 26

MARTY jumps over the hedge and grabs one of 'em , pulling off the detachable scooter handle and converting it into a skateboard.

MARTY

Hey, kid, I need your—

Marty stops short as he examines the pink board: there's a loop strap for one foot but it has NO WHEELS!

Its brand name: "(-----) HOVERBOARD!"

MARTY

Hoverboard?

He throws it down and it hovers a few inches above the ground!

MARTY

All right!

Marty hops on it and kicks it up to speed: it functions just like a skateboard! He glides diagonally into the square, along the path that juts out into the pond.

26-A EXT. CAFE 26-A\*

Now GRIFF and the GANG come running out of the cafe.

They spot Marty hoverboarding out toward the pond.

GRIFF

There he is! Hey, McFly! You're a dead file!

Marty looks back at them and just smiles, confident that he's escaped.

27 BIFF watching, scratches his head as memories return. 27

BIFF

There's something familiar about all this...

28 EXT. TOWN SQUARE 28

Griff and the guys run to Griff's BMW and pull 4 HOVERBOARDS from the back seat: wicked looking models that look a whole lot faster than Marty's!

Marty quits gloating and gets moving! The path he's on ends as an island in the pond: Marty cuts sideways and continues OVER the water toward the COURTHOUSE — but the board \*

slows... then stops.

He's stalled above the pond, 15 feet from the edge! Marty looks behind him.

HACK

McFly, you bojo, those boards don't work on water — unless you've got power!

\*

Griff pulls out the MEANEST LOOKING HOVERBOARD in existence: THE PIT BULL! it's powered with 2 jets, it's got fins, and has spikes around it — it resembles a chain saw!

Griff throws it down. It hums and hovers to life with an electronic GROWL!

Griff hops on it and does the hoverboard version of a wheelie, just to show off how skilled he is.

Marty reacts with fear. He tries to kick off the water. He almost falls off — it's like balancing on a log.

Griff smiles sadistically at the helpless Marty. Now Spike, Whitey and Hack fall in behind Griff.

GRIFF

Hook on.

The guys pull tow lines out from the back of Griff's board.

Griff whips out a collapsible BASEBALL BAT.

GRIFF

I'm gonna take his head off!

Griff kicks his foot against the engine. He accelerates forward, towing his boys behind him.

Again, Marty tries to paddle with his foot, to no avail!

Griff raises the bat and takes a batter's stance.

The guys fan out behind Griff, cackling sadistically. Marty, panicked, turns and sees Griff and the guys bearing down on him!

Griff goes into his backswing...

Marty is petrified...

Griff starts his swing...

Then Marty pulls his foot from the strap, and simply STEPS OFF THE HOVERBOARD, AND DROPS INTO THE POND!

As Marty's head hits the water, Griff's board whizzes across, missing him by millimeters!

Griff can't stop his swing — he loses his balance in his follow-thru, causing himself and the guys to go flying wildly and completely out of control at the Courthouse!

2 guys are knocked into columns, one goes through the door, and another through a window! ALARMS go off!

Marty comes up from underwater as the 3 empty hoverboards of Griff's guys drop to a hover nearby.

UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARDS come rushing out of the Courthouse to apprehend the punks.

Marty sighs in relief at his escape. He paddles ashore with the little girl's pink board.

He climbs out and spots the little girl and hands back her board.

MARTY

Thanks a lot, kid.

LITTLE GIRL

Keep it. I've got a Pit Bull now!

Indeed, she has Griff's board and she hovers away on it.

As Marty walks off with the pink hoverboard, his JACKET PUFFS UP WITH AIR: the "Drying Mode." Hot air even blows his face from the collar! In seconds, the jacket's completely dry.

29 OMITTED 29\*

30 EXT. TOWN SQUARE — DAY 30

MARTY sighs in relief at his escape.

He tucks the hoverboard under his arm and starts walking back across the square toward the alley.

Behind him, a MAN is walking around with a portable THUMB UNIT, soliciting.

\*

MAN

Save the clock tower! Save the clock tower!

\*

Marty passes a large DIAMOND VISION screen which shows a computer graphic "SportsFlash" of some BASEBALL FOOTAGE, and the headline:

"CUBS SWEEP MIAMI IN WORLD SERIES!"

Marty can't believe what he's seeing.

MARTY

The Cubs win the World Series? Against Miami?

The Clocktower Man next to him shakes his head sympathetically.

\*

MAN

Yeah, a hundred-to-one shot. Who woulda thought? Sure wish I could go back in time and lay some bets on them Cubbies.

MARTY

No, I just meant that Miami—  
(sudden realization)

What did you just say?

MAN

I said, I sure wish I could go back in time and put money on the Cubs.

\*

Marty's face lights up with a great idea.

MARTY

Yeah!

\*

Marty looks toward the ANTIQUE STORE.

CUT TO:

30-A EXT. ANTIQUE STORE WINDOW

30-A

CLOSE ON an "antique" BOOK: "Grey's SPORTS ALMANAC: 50 Years of Sports Statistics, 1950—2000. Includes Baseball, Football, Horse Racing, Boxing."

A HAND (MARTY'S) reaches in and pulls it out.

\*

CUT TO:

30-B MARTY exiting the antique store, with a SILVER BAG (made of some new futuristic material) with the store logo, along with a receipt.

30-B

Marty opens the bag and takes out the Sports Almanac.

He smiles and looks back at OLD BIFF, who is still polishing Griff's BMW.

\*

MARTY

A loser, am I?

\*

Marty puts the Almanac back in the silver bag along with the receipt and toward the alley.

31-32 OMITTED

31-32

32-A OLD BIFF glances up from the car and gives Marty a look.

32-A\*

As Old Biff turns his attention back to the BMW, he sees THE REAL MARTY JUNIOR coming out of Cafe 80's.

Old Biff does a double-take, looks back over at Marty, then again at Marty Junior, who hurries off in another direction, never noticing Old Biff or Marty.

OLD BIFF

What the hell? Two of 'em?

Old Biff is suspicious. He moves cautiously toward Marty.

33 MARTY turns the corner into the ALLEY only to stop short because POLICE VEHICLE is on the scene. 2 FEMALE (unarmed) 2 COPS, REESE and FOLEY, are examining the unconscious JENNIFER.

33

REESE

Tranked out, I'd say. Smell her ears.

FOLEY

(smells Jennifer's ears)

Nothing.

REESE

Run a thumb check.

Foley has a pressure pad device (brand name: "Identi-Pad") and pushes Jennifer's thumb to a silver thumbplate.

A COMPUTER SYNTHESIZED VOICE replies.

COMPU-VOICE (V.O.)

Name: McFly, Jennifer Jane Parker. Address: 1131 Park Lane, Hilldale. Date of Birth: October 29, 1968. Arrests: none. Warrants: none. Convictions: none.

FOLEY

Hey, did it just say her birthday was 1968? She's got one helluva job! Wonder who her doctor is. My mother-in-law could use a lift like this. \*

REESE

She couldn't afford work like that. Well, she's clean; that means we take her home. \*

They carry her to their vehicle.

34 MARTY watches in horror as the Police Vehicle takes off with Jennifer. 34

MARTY

Oh, no!

Marty runs back into town square.

DOC (O.S.)

Marty! Over here!

Marty turns and spots Doc coming around the corner by the Cafe 80's. He has a NEWSPAPER (USA TODAY — Hill Valley Edition). Doc is now in 1985 clothes.

MARTY

Doc! We're in serious shit!

DOC

I know! My plan failed! Marty, what went wrong in there?

Doc points to the Cafe.

MARTY

In there? Well, for one thing, the real Marty Junior showed up.

DOC

Great Scott! The sleep inducer! Because I used it on Jennifer, there wasn't enough power left to knock your son out for the full 20 minutes. Damn! \*

MARTY

Doc, besides that — Oh my God! \*

Marty has noticed the newspaper which Doc is holding. Marty grabs it and reads.

35 INSERT — NEWSPAPER 35

"LOCAL YOUTH JAILED IN ATTEMPTED THEFT," accompanied by a photo of MARTY JUNIOR.

Below that, "Youth Gang Denies complicity," with picture of GRIFF and the punks.

36

MARTY shakes his head, horrified.

36

MARTY

Doc, what's this supposed to mean?

DOC

It's what I brought you here to prevent. This is tomorrow's newspaper. I just went forward a day to find out if you were successful.

MARTY

But this is awful!

DOC

(nods)

It gets worse. As a result of this, your daughter goes into a state of severe depression and commits—

MARTY

My daughter? I have a daughter? What does she do?

DOC

Never mind — you know too much already. It's all my fault. I just assumed if we could get your son to say no to those guys...

MARTY

Doc, he did say no. And just as he was gonna change his mind, that's when I got into it. I wonder if it says anything about—

Marty takes another look at the newspaper; this time, his eyes nearly bug out of his head.

MARTY

Doc, what did this headline say?

DOC

"Local Youth Jailed In Attempted Theft."

MARTY

Well, look again.

It now says "LOCAL YOUTHS JAILED FOR RECKLESS HOVERBOARDING." Below are pictures of GRIFF and the gang, but not Marty Junior. There's also a picture of some property damage to the Courthouse.

DOC looks at the story and pictures, then looks at the Courthouse at the actual property damage. He pulls out the CARD BINOCULARS.

36-A

P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS

36-A

An AUTOMATED DROID FAX-CAM PHOTOGRAPHER (with the newspaper logo on it) flies down, lands and takes the very picture that will appear in this newspaper!

36-B

BACK TO SHOT

36-B

Suddenly, Doc has a revelation.

DOC

Of course! The ripple effect! Time travel into the future is always the extrapolation of current events of the immediate present. In my case, I left this time at a moment before this hoverboard incident took place — yet I returned after it occurred. Just as the present affects the future, the future reverberates back into the past.

And because this hoverboard incident has now occurred, Griff now goes to jail: therefore, your son won't go with him tonight and this robbery will never take place! And that's why the newspaper is now altered.

MARTY

Kinda like that picture of me and Dave and Linda that kept disappearing back in 1955...?

DOC

Precisely! Marty, we've succeeded! Not exactly as I planned, but no matter: mission accomplished! Let's get Jennifer and go home.

MARTY

That's just it, Doc — the police took her away!

DOC

Great Scott, are you sure?

MARTY

About a minute before I found you.

DOC

Damn! Those cops were the reason I didn't land the DeLorean here. Some of the modifications I've made on it aren't exactly street legal.

Doc uses a WRIST REMOTE CONTROL UNIT to pilot the DeLorean down from behind a building.

37 EXT. NEARBY ON THE STREET 37\*

OLD BIFF has been watching Marty and Doc... and now sees the DELOREAN descending. \*

BIFF

A flying DeLorean? I haven't seen one of those in 30 years... \*

Suddenly, Biff's face lights with recognition — as he realizes that he's seen it before. His eyes narrow with suspicion. \*

38 EXT. TOWN SQUARE — DOC AND MARTY 38

Doc continues piloting with the wrist remote. Once the DMC lands, Doc uses the FUTABA REMOTE CONTROL UNIT (from Twin Pines Mall) to drive the car over to them.

MARTY

I think the cops said they were gonna take her home.

DOC

Home? Great Scott! If anyone's home who recognizes her — you, or your family, and they traumatize her... or worse, if Jennifer actually encounters her future self, the consequences could be disastrous!

MARTY

What do you mean?

DOC

The shock of coming face to face with oneself 30 years older is enough to traumatize anyone. She would probably go into shock — her heart could stop, she could drop dead and that would create a time paradox which would unravel the very fabric of the space-time continuum and 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, well, that's a relief.

Doc brings the DeLorean over to them.

DOC

(notices Marty's silver bag)

What's in that bag?

MARTY

This? Oh, nothing, just a souvenir... a book that looks like it might be interesting....

Doc takes it, opens it and pulls out the book.

DOC

"50 Years of Sports statistics." Hardly recreational reading material, Marty.

MARTY

Okay, well, I figured 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...

39 BIFF is eavesdropping behind them and he reacts to this.

39

BIFF

Time travel...?

40 ON DOC AND MARTY

40

DOC

(cont'd)

....The intent here is to gain a clearer perception of humanity:



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 the risks far outweigh any potential rewards.

Doc puts the book back in the bag and tosses it into a nearby trash receptacle.

Marty sighs with disappointment as he sees his scheme of wealth lost.

Doc opens his gullwing door. EINSTEIN, Doc's dog, is in the car!

DOC

Move over, Einstein!

MARTY

Einie! Where'd you come from, boy?

Doc and Marty, still with the hoverboard, climb into the DeLorean with the dog.

DOC

I'd left him here in a suspended animation kennel when I went back to 1985 to bring you here. Einstein never knew I was gone! We'll be home soon, boy. Just sit tight.

They take off.

41 ANGLE — TRASH CONTAINER

41

The silver bag with the Sports Book sits in the trash container. Now, a pair of hands rescue it: BIFF'S HANDS.

BIFF examines the book with a sinister smile, then looks up at the departing DeLorean.

BIFF

So, Doc Brown invented a time machine.

He spots a TAXI nearby, discharging a fare. Biff waves his cane and goes over to it.

BIFF

TAXI!

Biff climbs in.

BIFF

Follow that DeLorean!

The cab flies off in pursuit.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. HILLDALE HOUSING PROJECT — DUSK

42

Beyond a Sign, "Hilldale," stretches a sprawl of identical cluster town houses. Originally built in

the 1980's as a "classy" yuppie development, the place is showing its seams.

The FLYING POLICE CAR lands and drives into the development.

43 EXT. TOWNHOUSE CLUSTER — DUSK/NIGHT

43

The POLICE CAR is parked outside of number 1131, "McFly."

REESE and FOLEY are carrying the still unconscious JENNIFER to the front door.

REESE

Hilldale: they oughta tear this whole place down. Breeding ground for trunks, Lo-bos and zipheads.

Foley rings the doorbell. No answer.

FOLEY

They've got identi-pad. We could just take her in.

REESE

Are you kirgo? That's a violation of the Privacy Act. We could get our crags numped! If we can't revive her, we leave her here.

(gently slaps Jennifer's face)

Miss? Miss?

Jennifer starts to revive. She's groggy and disoriented.

JENNIFER

Uhhh...where am I?

REESE

You're home, Miss. You got a little tranked, but everything's fine. Can you walk?

JENNIFER

I—I don't know...

REESE

Would you like us to take you inside?

JENNIFER

Ohh... okay.

Foley takes her hand and pushes her thumb to the ident-plate below the doorbell. The door opens.

COMPU-VOICE

Welcome home, Jennifer.

The cops help her inside.

44 INT. LIVING ROOM

44

They enter the darkened room.

REESE

Ma'am, you should reprogram. It's dangerous to enter without lights on.

JENNIFER

Lights on?

In response to her words, LIGHTS automatically come on!

The room is furnished mostly with a lot of (old) items from the late '80s or early '90s — but there are some more radical objects as well.

The police put Jennifer down on the sofa. She's still not all here.

REESE

Just take it easy and you'll be fine. And you be careful in the future.

JENNIFER

The future...?

The cops head for the door.

FOLEY

So long, Mrs. McFly.

JENNIFER

So long.

They exit and the door automatically closes behind them.

Suddenly, Jennifer sits up in disbelief.

JENNIFER

Mrs. McFly?!?

She looks around the room.

There's a window, showing the grounds of a large estate outside — manicured lawn, gardens, gazebo... The image seems a bit surreal because it's DAYTIME.

STAIRS go up.

Jennifer goes to a bookcase and browses. On the shelf are a row of VID-BOOKS (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"  
"The Kids: Marty, Jr. & Marlene — Vol. 1, 2, 3."

She takes the one labeled "wedding" and opens it. Inside the cover is an LCD screen which starts playing back video tape of Marty and Jennifer walking down the aisle.

JENNIFER

Oh my God!

In response, a GIRL'S VOICE calls down from upstairs.

MARLENE (O.S.)

Mom? Is that you?

The voice sounds EXACTLY LIKE JENNIFER'S!

Jennifer reacts with alarm.

JENNIFER  
(to herself)

I've gotta get out of here!

Jennifer quickly puts the vid-book back on the shelf and runs for the front door. She can't figure out how to open it — there's no door knob.

Suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS.

Now FOOTSTEPS from upstairs... and a SHADOW...

MARLENE (O.S.)

Mom? Mom?

Jennifer hides in the front closet and closes the louvered door. She can see out of it. Her jaw drops and her eyes go wide as she sees:

MARLENE McFLY, 17, who looks like...

Well, if Marty was a girl, this might be her. Big breasts, and somewhat chunky, she looks like she overdid it on the weight training. (She does have her mother's hair, though!)

Marlene pushes the thumb pad by the front door: it opens.

45 ON JENNIFER watching from closet.

45

MARLENE (O.S.)

Oh, hi, Grandma Lorraine.

OLD LORRAINE (O.S.)

Hi, sweetheart. I brought dinner. Are your folks home yet?

MARLENE (O.S.)

Mom should be home any minute. Dad — who knows?

JENNIFER

(realizes who this means)

"Mom...!"

46 JENNIFER'S P.O.V.

46

of the activity at the front door: OLD LORRAINE, 77, has a bag/package of future take-out food.

MARLENE

Grandpa! You threw your back out again!

Indeed, OLD GEORGE, 77, ENTERS UPSIDE DOWN in a futuristic HARNESS! The brand name: Ortho-lev.

OLD GEORGE

Yes... playing slam ball.

Both Lorraine and George have white hair, and more wrinkles, but generally look healthy.

MARLENE

I'll take care of this, Grandma.

\*

Marlene takes the food from Lorraine and goes to the kitchen.

\*

Lorraine looks at the window with the estate view: the IMAGE ROLLS — a vertical hold problem. There's also video tearing at the top.

OLD LORRAINE

Look, this window's still broken.

\*

Lorraine picks up a remote control unit and operates it.

The window image changes to the SOUTH SEAS, then to the SWISS ALPS; then to NEW YORK CITY at night. Finally the image goes off, and the REAL window view appears — the side of the neighbor's townhouse with garbage cans.

OLD GEORGE

Maybe we should buy them a new one. We can afford it.

\*

JENNIFER cautiously opens the closet door.

OLD LORRAINE

No, George, Marty would take that as an insult. He'd think you were reminding him that he can't afford it.

\*

OLD GEORGE

I just want to help out.

\*

OLD LORRAINE

Well, you know Marty. He's always so overly concerned about what people think about him, what they say about him behind his back. How many times have we heard it: "Mom, I can't let 'em think I'm cheap. I can't let 'em think I'm not with it."

\*

OLD GEORGE

"I can't let 'em think I'm chicken?"

They exchange a look.

Jennifer spots FRENCH DOORS in the DEN at the opposite end of the house. She steps out of the closet and cautiously creeps that way, being careful to stay out of view of Lorraine and George.

OLD LORRAINE

George, that accident with the Rolls Royce was 30 years ago.

OLD GEORGE

And Marty hasn't learned a thing. He still won't admit that the whole thing was his own fault. If Marty had just used a little common sense, that accident would have never happened. That accident started a chain reaction that sent Marty's life straight down the toilet.

OLD LORRAINE

You're right. The man in that Roll Royce wouldn't have pressed charges or sued him, Marty wouldn't have broken his hand, he wouldn't have given up on his music...

OLD GEORGE

And Marty wouldn't have spent all those years feeling sorry for himself, complaining how life gave him such a raw deal. He just gave up.

OLD LORRAINE

You're right, George. If not for that accident, Marty probably would have made something of himself.

Now MARTY JUNIOR comes running down the stairs.

Jennifer tenses, concerned — she's right out in the open!

Junior runs right past her, not even looking at her.

JUNIOR

Hi, Mom.

Junior goes into the Den.

COMPU-VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome home, Marty, oh, master of the house, King of the castle, Lord of the manor.

Jennifer reacts with a "you gotta be kidding" expression. Then, realizing she's still out in the open, she darts thru an open door into the BATHROOM.

She closes the door, leaving it open enough to peek out. The front door opens, and there's OLD MARTY, 47, greying, a little tired, but still good looking. He wears a future business suit.

OLD MARTY

Hi, everybody, I'm home!  
Aw, Dad, you threw your back out again. I really think you should get that spine operation.

OLD GEORGE

I know, I know, but who's got 3 extra hours to spend at the hospital?

OLD LORRAINE

How are things at work, Marty?

OLD MARTY

Oh, same old, same old. \*

JENNIFER notices another door in the bathroom. She looks through it and sees the DEN where MARTY JUNIOR is watching 8 DIFFERENT PROGRAMS AT ONCE on a LARGE VIDEO WALL SCREEN — which sits slightly crooked on the wall.

OLD MARTY

Junior, dinner time. \*

MARTY JUNIOR

But I'm watching TV!

OLD MARTY

Well, get your glasses. We eat at the table when your grandparents are here. \*

MARTY JUNIOR

Aw, Dad, I can only watch 2 shows at once on my glasses!

\*

Old Marty straightens out the tilted screen.

\*

OLD MARTY

Yeah, you kids really have it tough. When I was your age, if I wanted to watch 2 shows at once, I had to put 2 sets next to each other.

\*

47 OMITTED

47

48 EXT. HILLDALE DEVELOPMENT ENTRANCE — NIGHT

48

The DELOREAN enters the townhouse development.

49 OMITTED

49

50 EXT. MCFLY TOWNHOUSE — NIGHT

50

The DMC parks near the McFly townhouse.

Marty and Doc get out of the DMC.

MARTY

So I live in Hilldale? Great! They just built it! Everybody says it's a real hip place to live! Way to go, McFly!

Doc has Jennifer's purse (which was left behind when he moved her). He puts it in front of Einstein's nose.

DOC

All right. Einie, pick up Jennifer's scent. You got it?

Einstein barks.

DOC

Good. Let's find her.  
Marty: stay here. Change clothes. If I need you, I'll holler.

MARTY

But, Doc—

DOC

We can't risk you running into yourself. C'mon, Einie.

Marty watches as Doc and Einstein head toward the townhouse.

51 EXT. HILLDALE DEVELOPMENT ENTRANCE — NIGHT

51

The TAXI now arrives at the entrance to the development.

52 INT. TAXI

52

BIFF sits in the back of the cab, clutching the silver book bag. His cane is beside him.

He spots the DeLorean a little distance away. Marty is beside it, changing clothes.

BIFF

You can let me off here.

CAB DRIVER

(offers him a thumbplate)

That'll be \$74.50. I'd be careful in this neighborhood, old timer.

53 INT. TOWNHOUSE — NIGHT

53

The McFly family minus old Jennifer is at the dinner table.

Old Lorraine puts a little 4-inch PIZZA HUT box into a "Hydrator" and pushes a button.

OLD LORRAINE

...so I thought it would be nice if we threw a little party for him.

The Hydrator beeps; Lorraine opens it and pulls out a beautiful steaming 15-inch pizza.

OLD MARTY

Mom, before we plan a party for Uncle Joey, let's see if he makes parole.

Old Lorraine serves the pizza.

Marty Junior and Marlene are both wearing video glasses. The glasses are opaque from the outside, with LCD readouts showing what channel the viewer is watching.

Junior's readout says "ESPN — Ch 211-D." It's a football game, and Junior reacts to it, YELLING "Fumble! I can't believe it! Take him outta the game!" etc.

OLD LORRAINE

George, rotate your axis, please. It's not good for your digestion to eat while you're inverted.

Old George pushes a control on his harness which turns him right side up.

JENNIFER, who can see the family from the bathroom, goes through the 2nd bathroom door into the den, and creeps toward the French Doors.

OLD MARTY

Pass me a slice of the kelp, please.

\*

MARLENE

No, I don't want to, so nump off!

OLD LORRAINE

Marlene! Don't talk to your father like that!

MARLENE

Grandma, I'm on the phone, okay?

Marlene's glasses display says "Telephone mode." Now Old Marty's beeper goes off. Red lights also flash on the kids' glasses.

KIDS

(in unison)

Dad! Telephone!! It's Needles.

\*



Old Marty checks his beeper, then gets up.

OLD MARTY

I'll take it in the den.

\*

He pauses at a mirror and adjusts his tie and checks his hair, then goes into the den.

Immediately, Jennifer has to go back into the bathroom.

53-A INT. THE DEN

53-A\*

OLD MARTY ENTERS and pushes a remote controller.

The 8 image display is reduced to a small corner of the screen as the image of NEEDLES, 47, appears in the center, at an office work station. To the side a computer readout with his vital and personal statistics. It's video telephone.

NEEDLES (VIDEO)

Hey, the Big M! How's it hangin', McFly?

OLD MARTY

Hey, Needles.

54 EXT. AT THE DELOREAN

54

MARTY, now back in his 1985 clothes, impatiently looks in the direction Doc went. Should he take a closer look or not?

Yeah. He quietly follows, leaving the DeLorean unattended and out of his view.

Immediately, BIFF, clutching the silver bag, comes up to the DeLorean, sees that the coast is clear and opens the driver's side door.

55 INT. DEN

55

Old Marty continues his conversation with Needles while Jennifer watches from the bathroom.

NEEDLES (VIDEO)

McFly, what are you afraid of? If this thing works, it'll solve all your financial problems.

\*

\*

OLD MARTY

And if it doesn't work, I could get fired. It's illegal, Needles. What if "the Jits" is monitoring?

\*

NEEDLES (VIDEO)

"The Jits'll" never find out. Come on, just stick your card in the slot and I'll handle it. Unless you want everyone in the division to think you're... chicken.

\*

Marty's blood rises. He tenses up.

\*

OLD MARTY

Nobody calls me chicken!

NEEDLES (VIDEO)

All right, prove it.

\*

Marty defiantly takes out a CARD with BAR CODES and holds it up for Needles to see. Marty then inserts it in a slot next to the screen. \*

OLD MARTY

Here. Scan it! I'm in.

We hear an ELECTRONIC TONE, then Marty withdraws the card.

NEEDLES

Thanks, McFly. See you at the plant tomorrow.

The screen blanks. As Marty turns to leave the room, there are some electronic tones and a new image breaks in on the conversation: MR. FUJITSU, a Japanese man in his early 30's.

FUJITSU (VIDEO)

McFly!!

Marty turns — he's surprised and concerned.

OLD MARTY

Mr. Fujitsu, sir! Good evening, sir!

FUJITSU (VIDEO)

McFly, I was monitoring that scan you just interfaced. You're terminated.

OLD MARTY

Terminated? But sir! It was n't my idea! Needles was behind it!

FUJITSU (VIDEO)

And you cooperated. It was illegal and you knew it. You're fired, McFly. Goodbye.

OLD MARTY

But, sir—

FUJITSU (VIDEO)

McFly: Read my fax!

The screen suddenly goes to a giant display of a piece of company stationary, addressed to Marty, which says in big block letters, "YOU'RE FIRED!"

Simultaneously, a copy comes out of the FAX UNIT in Marty's den!

An identical copy comes out in the Fax machine in the bathroom! (There's a fax machine in every room.) Jennifer pulls it out and looks at it in amazement.

Fujitsu "hangs up." His image disappears and a "painting" appears: the "Art Channel" (which broadcasts ever changing images of famous paintings). \*

Old Marty stares at his copy of the fax in disbelief. \*

VOICE (O.S.)  
(whispers)

Jennifer!!

Startled, Jennifer shoves the fax in her pocket and turns: DOC BROWN is in the bathroom window.

(In the background, we can see Old Lorraine also pulling a copy of the same fax from the unit in the kitchen and reading it.)

DOC

Go out the front door! I'll meet you there!

JENNIFER

It won't open!

DOC

Push your thumb to the plate!

She nods, then creeps out the first door, keeping low as she goes toward the front door.

OLD LORRAINE

Marty, what's the meaning of this fax?

OLD MARTY

Believe me, Mom, it wasn't my fault. I just always seem to get a raw deal on everything. \*

Jennifer makes it to the front door. Next to it is another fax machine in which is another copy of the "You're Fired" notice.

Jennifer is about to put her thumb to the thumb plate.

COMPU-VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome home, Jennifer.

The door opens and Jennifer FINDS HERSELF FACE TO FACE WITH HER OLDER SELF!

Young Jennifer's eyes widen, her jaw drops and she gasps at her future appearance:

At 47, the years have not been kind; booze has taken its toll, too. Puffy, wrinkled, circles under the eyes, she reminds us of Lorraine at the beginning of part one.

JENNIFER

Oh, God, I'm OLD!

Young Jennifer's eyes glaze over, her breathing shortens...

Old Jennifer reacts identically...

Then both of them simultaneously keel over forward in a faint: Young Jennifer falling out the door, to the outside, Old Jennifer falling into the house.

DOC BROWN runs up just in time to catch the young Jennifer. He drags her out, and the front door automatically closes. \*

CAMERA moves across the unconscious Old Jennifer. Then a pair of feet arrive: OLD MARTY. As he examines his wife, MARLENE and JUNIOR also come over. \*

OLD MARTY

Looks like your mother's tranked again. \*

56 EXT. McFLY TOWNHOUSE — NIGHT

56

Doc carries the unconscious Jennifer. \*

DOC

Marty! Come quick!

Marty runs up and helps Doc carry Jennifer. They can't yet see that the DELOREAN IS GONE.

MARTY

Is she alive?

DOC

She's in shock, as I predicted, but otherwise she seems unhurt. Let's get her back to 1985, and then I'm going to destroy the time machine.

MARTY

Destroy it? But what about all that stuff about humanity, finding out where we're going, and why?

DOC

The risks are just too great — as this incident proves. And I was behaving responsibly! Just imagine the danger if the time machine were to fall into the wrong hands!

Now the DELOREAN pulls into the same parking place. The gullwing door opens and OLD BIFF climbs out. He has a BRUISE on his forehead. He grabs his cane — it's stuck. He yanks, we hear a "SNAP" and he frees it. He hobbles away, OUT OF FRAME. \*

Doc and Marty now approach with Jennifer.

DOC

No, Marty, time traveling is too dangerous. It's time for me to devote myself to studying the other great mystery of the Universe: women.

MARTY

Doc, if you can solve that one, let me know.

CUT TO:

57 INSERT — TIME DISPLAYS 57

as the "DESTINATION TIME" is entered: October 26, 1985. (We might notice that "Last Time Departed" is November 12, 1955.)

58 INT. THE DELOREAN 58

Marty sits in the DMC with the unconscious Jennifer on his lap. Einstein is behind them, chewing on a SILVER BAG.

Doc is entering the data.

DOC

We'll come back after dark. The less we're seen, the better. Einie, get that junk out of your mouth.

Doc pulls it out of the dog's mouth.

59 EXT. THE DELOREAN — NIGHT 59

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

OLD BIFF sees it go, then he clutches his chest in pain and collapses. \*

60 OMITTED 60

61 INT. FLYING DELOREAN — NIGHT 61

The DeLorean is flying through clouds. Doc makes his final adjustments.

DOC

Altitude, 7000 feet. That should be high enough. Marty, Einie,  
brace yourselves for temporal displacement!

Doc hits the accelerator and the speedometer rockets up to 88!

The flux capacitor glows brightly...

62 THRU THE WINDSHIELD P.O.V. 62

FLOATING LANE MARKERS can be seen — then the flux capacitor discharges a burst of intense white light, the DeLorean rocks, and the lane markers are gone. All we see is night, and distant lights below.

MARTY

Did we make it? Are we back?

Suddenly, there's an INCREDIBLE ROAR — a 747 THUNDERS RIGHT OVER THEM, buffeting them and nearly wiping them out!

They watch it depart through the windshield.

DOC

We're back.

CUT TO:

(NOTE: Scene numbers 62—200 are reserved)

201 EXT. THE FLYING DELOREAN — NIGHT 201

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

202 OMITTED 202

203 EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE — NIGHT 203

The mailbox has "The Parkers" on it.

204 WIDER — revealing the DeLorean idling in the driveway. 204

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

DOC

Let's put her in the hammock. \*

MARTY

But she left from my house. \*

DOC

True, but when she revives here at her own house, and it's dark, the disorientation will help convince her that it was all a dream.

\*

MARTY

Okay, you're the Doc.

\*

They put her in the hammock. Jennifer remains asleep.

Marty looks at the house curiously, as if something's wrong. There are SECURITY BARS on all the windows.

MARTY

I must be crazy. I don't remember bars on these windows.

(shrugs)

Oh, well, I guess—

(sniffs the air)

Jeez, something really stinks!

Doc sniffs and makes a face.

DOC

Must be a fire somewhere. We'd better get going.

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 Doc.

CUT TO:

205 EXT. LION GATES OF LYON ESTATES — NIGHT

205

The DMC drives through the familiar Lions gates. The street is strewn with trash — more than usual.

206 EXT. MCFLY HOME — NIGHT

206

Marty gets out of the DeLorean.

DOC

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

MARTY

Or a nightmare.

Doc drives off.

Marty cocks his head — it sounds like there's GUNFIRE in the distance.

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 to the side of the house. There's a large PADLOCK on the gate which Marty has never seen before. He shrugs, climbs up on a garbage can and jumps over the gate. \*

207 MARTY goes to his bedroom window and tries it: it opens. He climbs in — then loses his balance and falls. 207

Immediately, he's greeted by a SCREAM!

208 INT. BEDROOM 208

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!!! Daddy, help!!! \*

She starts throwing things at a totally confused Marty. Now the door bursts open and her PARENTS rush in: DAD has a BASEBALL BAT! With them is HAROLD, aged 7.

DAD

Freeze, sucker!

Marty is terrified! He raises his hands.

MARTY

Okay, take it easy. I don't want any trouble.

DAD

Well, you got trouble now, you no good trash! What are you doing in here with my daughter? \*

MARTY

Nothing! It's all a mistake! I'm in the wrong house! \*

HAROLD

Whoop him, Dad! He's lying! \*

DAD

Shut up, Harold.

(to his daughter)

Loretta — did he touch you?

GIRL

He jumped on me! \*

|             |  |             |
|-------------|--|-------------|
|             | MARTY  |             |
|             | Please, I'm sorry! I just made a mistake!  | *           |
|             | DAD  |             |
|             | Damn right, you made a mistake!  | *           |
|             | He swings the bat at Marty!  | *           |
|             | Marty dodges and Dad's swing destroys some of his daughter's possessions!  | *           |
|             | GIRL   |             |
|             | Dad, stop! You're breakin' my stuff!   | *           |
|             | Dad takes another swing: He again misses Marty and takes out more of Loretta's things!   | *           |
|             | Loretta starts hitting her father.   | *           |
|             | Marty runs out of the room.  |             |
| 209         | EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE  | 209         |
|             | Marty runs out the front door. He pauses at the street to look at the house. It sure seems like his house.   |             |
|             | Suddenly, DAD comes out brandishing the bat, his FAMILY behind him.  | *           |
|             | Marty starts running.  |             |
|             | DAD  |             |
|             | That's right, you keep runnin', sucker! And you tell that white trash realty company that I ain't selling, you hear? We ain't gonna be forced out! |             |
|             | Marty takes off down the street.   |             |
|             | Yes, it's definitely GUNFIRE in the distance.  |             |
| 210-<br>212 | OMITTED  | 210-<br>212 |
| 212-A       | EXT. ANOTHER STREET — NIGHT  | 212-A       |
|             | MARTY walks along, confused.   |             |
|             | A car drives by, full of SCREAMING KIDS throwing beer bottles into the street.   |             |
|             | MARTY  |             |
|             | It's gotta be the wrong year.  |             |
|             | Marty notices that the house he's in front of has a NEWSPAPER on the PORCH.  |             |
| 213         | EXT. ON THE PORCH  | 213         |
|             | Marty runs up on the porch, picks up the paper and opens it. He checks the date.   |             |
| 214         | INSERT — NEWSPAPER (HILL VALLEY TELEGRAPH)   | 214         |
|             | The date is "Saturday, October 26, 1985."  |             |
| 215         | MARTY is stunned.  | 215*        |



MARTY

1985? It can't be!

There's an offscreen sound of a PUMP SHOTGUN COCKING, and a gun barrel is shoved against Marty's head.

MAN (O.S.)

So you're the son of a bitch who's been stealing my newspapers!

The voice is familiar. Marty turns and finds himself facing

MARTY

MR. STRICKLAND!

Yes, it's STRICKLAND, and he looks even meaner than we remember, particularly because of a large, ugly KNIFE SCAR across his face. He's wearing a FLAK JACKET over his bathrobe.

Strickland looks at him without recognition.

STRICKLAND

Do I know you?

MARTY

Yes, sir, it's me, Marty! Marty McFly!

STRICKLAND

Who?

MARTY

Marty McFly! You know, from High School! You're always giving me tardy slips. You just gave me detention last week.

STRICKLAND

Last week? Now I know you're lying. There hasn't been a High School in Hill Valley for 6 years!

On Marty's astonished reaction, we

CUT TO:

215-A HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL...

215A\*

...that is, what's left of it. It's been BURNED and FIREBOMBED! A substantial portion of it is in RUINS and most of what's still standing is blackened with soot and ash. The windows are boarded up, and the whole place is surrounded by a BARBED WIRE FENCE.

215-B MARTY stares at it in disbelief.

215B\*

MARTY

This is nuts.

He shakes his head, then walks on, staggered. We hold on the burned out school, then we

CUT TO:

216 MARTY on the run again as he now arrives at

216

The sign, "Hill Valley — A Nice Place to Live" is riddled with bullet holes.

\*

Marty steps past it and becomes even more shocked as he discovers...

The Courthouse has been converted into a GIGANTIC LAS VEGAS STYLE HIGH RISE 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 an animated PORTRAIT OF BIFF lighting a cigar with a \$100 bill!

The place is doing tremendous business. MARTY is dumbfounded.

BIKERS rev their Harleys and drag up and down the streets.

In the distance, large INDUSTRIAL SMOKESTACKS spew thick pollution into the night sky.

Marty sees that the whole square is now a sleazy nightmare of BARS, ADULT BOOK STORES, PAWN SHOPS, BAIL BONDSMEN and PORNO THEATERS.

TWO BOUNCERS, who we may recognize as 2 of Biff's boys from 1955, MATCH and 3-D (who now wears garish jeweled 3-D glasses), are throwing a young MAN out of the Paradise Hotel.

\*

\*

3-D

And don't ever come beggin' for drinks in here again! Friggin' lush!

\*

The drunken fellow picks himself up off the pavement.

DRUNK

Hey, can't you guys take a joke?

Marty reacts: there's something VERY familiar about this character...

The drunk pulls a pint bottle out of his ragged coat, drains what's left in it, and throws it at the hotel.

Marty gasps as he realizes who it is:

DAVE McFLY, 22, his own brother! Red nose, puffy face, Dave is really plastered.

MARTY

Dave!

DAVE

Marty! Hey, bro, what's happening! Hey, you're lookin' kinda ragged there — what, did you sleep in your clothes again last night?

MARTY

Dave, my God, what's happened to you? What's happened to the town? What's going on around here?

DAVE

Oh, all this? It's the Biker's Convention. So, Marty, when'd you get back?

\*

MARTY

Back? Back from where?

DAVE

Well, if you don't know, how do you expect me to tell you?  
(laughs loudly; then conspiratorially)  
Hey, let's go have a few, huh? You got money, don't ya?

Dave pulls him toward a tavern.

MARTY

What are you talkin' about, Dave, I'm under age!

DAVE

Under age? Quit kiddin' around! You been over 14 since —  
since — well, since your 14th birthday!

Dave roars at this "joke."

MARTY

14? Listen, Dave, I gotta find Mom and Dad.

DAVE

Dad? You gotta find Dad? That's sick, Marty, that's really sick.  
What's the matter with you, anyway? And since when are you  
and Mom on speaking terms again?

MARTY

Speaking terms? Look, do you know where she is? Can you  
tell me where I can find Mom?

DAVE

(shrugs)

Same place as usual, I guess. In there.

Dave points to BIFF TANNEN'S PARADISE MOTEL. Marty stares at the hotel, confused.

He turns back to Dave, but Dave is already going into the bar. Marty is about to stop him, but then decides not to. He again looks at Biff's Hotel.

Marty approaches it.

Adjacent to the hotel is the BIFF TANNEN MUSEUM. Marty takes a look at the outside display area in front of the ticket window.

218-  
221

OMITTED

218-  
221

221-A

EXT. MUSEUM DISPLAY AREA

221-A

Out front is Biff's BLACK ROADSTER that he drove in 1955, restored and cherry.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

...of course, we've all heard the legend. But who is the man?  
Inside, you will learn how Biff Tannen became one of the  
richest and most powerful men in America!

Marty turns:

A promo film for the museum is running on a large VIDEO MONITOR.

Marty moves in closer and watches...

A photo montage, in color and black-and-white, promoting the exhibits inside, including stills of BABY BIFF, BUFORD TANNEN, BIFF posing with celebrities...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Learn the amazing history of the Tannen family, starting with his grandfather, Buford "Mad Dog" Tannen, fastest gun in the west. See Biff's humble beginnings and how a trip to the race track on his 21st birthday made him a millionaire overnight... Share in the excitement of a fabulous winning streak that earned him the nickname, "The Luckiest Man on Earth."

While Marty watches, a WOMAN in the ticket booth notices him, eyes him curiously, then picks up a phone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Learn how Biff parlayed that lucky winning streak into the vast empire called "Biffco." Witness how Biff changed the face of Hill Valley, making it a center of industrial growth. Discover how in 1969 BIFF successfully lobbied to legalize gambling throughout the land, to put the dream he had realized into the reach of all Americans. Marvel at Biff's ongoing relationships with the rich and famous. Meet the women who shared in his passion as he searched for true love. And relive Biff's happiest moment as in 1973 he realized his lifelong romantic dream by marrying his High School Sweetheart, Lorraine Baines McFly.

There are images from the wedding with Biff and Lorraine coming out of a church.

BIFF  
(on VIDEO)

3rd time's a charm!

Biff kisses her full on the mouth.

221-C MARTY goes nuts!

221C\*

MARTY

NO!!! NO!!!

He steps back from the monitor, enraged and shocked.

Suddenly, A HAND clamps down on his shoulder: Marty finds himself facing 3 thugs: SKINHEAD, MATCH and 3-D — Biff's cohorts from 1955.

SKINHEAD

Hold on there, squirt. You're comin' with us: upstairs. \*

MARTY

Let me go, dam mit!

MATCH

Look, we can do this the easy way or the hard way.

Marty struggles. 3-D pulls out a BLACKJACK and clubs him! Marty goes out like a light.

3-D  
(shrugs, smiles)

The easy way.

CUT TO:

222 INT. DARKENED BEDROOM — NIGHT

222

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

Mom? Is that you?

LORRAINE

Ssshh. Just relax, Marty. You've been asleep for almost 2 hours.

MARTY

Ohhh, what a horrible nightmare... it was terrible.

LORRAINE

Well, you're safe and sound now. Back home on the good old 27th floor.

MARTY

27th floor??

Marty sits up in horror as Lorraine sits down beside him and turns on the bedside lamp revealing a very different LORRAINE: At 47, she's made up like Tammy Bakker, with an OUTRAGEOUS WIG, lots of jewels and an expensive, glittering gown — low cut, emphasizing her cleavage: breast implants have given her a very ample bust.

MARTY

MOM! You're so — so — big!

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

LORRAINE

Everything's going to be fine, Marty. 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

It's your father!

MARTY

My father?

BIFF, 48, kicks open the bedroom door. He's dressed in a silk suit, with showy jewelry and chains. His THUGS are with him.

Biff glares at Marty.

Marty is absolutely shocked.

\*

MARTY

My father?

\*

BIFF

You're supposed to be in Switzerland, you little son of a bitch! Did you get kicked out of another boarding school? Damm it, Lorraine, do you know how much perfectly good dough I've blown on this 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! He's a butthead, 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.

BIFF

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

Marty charges Biff, but Biff's boys restrain him.

BIFF

(to Marty)

Always the little hothead, huh?

LORRAINE

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

Lorraine heads for the door.

BIFF

Sure, walk out. And I'll cut you off — you and your kids.

Lorraine hesitates.

BIFF

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

Damn right, you'll stay.

(to Marty)

As for you, I'll be back up here in an hour. So you'd better not be...

Biff storms out.

Marty turns to his mother in disbelief, his eyes full of unasked questions. Lorraine looks away from him, ashamed.

LORRAINE

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

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.

MARTY

Your husband? Respect? How can he be your husband? How could you leave Dad for him?

LORRAINE

Leave Dad? Marty, are you feeling all right?

MARTY

No! I'm not feeling all right! I don't understand one damned thing that's going on around here and why nobody can give me a simple straight answer!

LORRAINE

They must have really hit you over the head hard.

MARTY

Mom, I just want to know one thing. Where's my father? Where's George McFly?

LORRAINE

Marty, George — your father — is in the same place he's been for the past 12 years: Oak Park Cemetery.

On Marty's expression of horror, we

CUT TO:

224 EXT. OAK PARK CEMETERY — NIGHT

224

Wind whips through the twisted dead trees, casting spooky moonlit shadows across the tombstones. MARTY runs wildly through the graveyard, reading tombstones, until he finds

225 GEORGE'S TOMBSTONE

225

"IN LOVING MEMORY, GEORGE DOUGLAS McFLY, April 1, 1936 — March 15, 1973."

MARTY

1973! NO!!!!

(drops to his knees, sobbing)

Please, God, no! This can't be happening!

A SHADOW falls across Marty — a human shadow, coming up from behind.

DOC (O.S.)

I'm afraid it is happening, Marty, all of it.

Marty tums. It's Doc.

MARTY

Doc!

DOC

When I learned about your father, I figured you'd come here.

MARTY

Then you know what happened to him? You know what happened on...

(checks date on tombstone)

...March 15, 1973?

DOC

Yes, Marty. I know.

CUT TO:

226-A OMITTED

226A\*

227 INSERT — NEWSPAPER (HILL VALLEY TELEGRAPH)

227

A library bound volume of local newspapers, open to March 16, 1973.

"GEORGE MCFLY MURDERED!

"Author shot dead in apparent holdup enroute to receive book award.  
Police baffled, search for witnesses."

A photo of George McFly accompanies the story.

228 INT. DOC'S LAB — NIGHT

228

MARTY is reading it while Doc explains. They're in Doc's lab which is a shambles: it's been vandalized, windows are boarded up, and the scene is lit by candles.

The DeLorean is parked in the garage, and EINSTEIN is here, too.

DOC

I went to the public library to try to make sense out of all the madness. The place was boarded up, shut down. So I broke in and borrowed some newspapers.

MARTY

But, Doc, how can all this be happening? I mean, it's like we're in hell or something.



DOC

No, it's Hill Valley, although I can't imagine hell being much worse. The continuum has been disrupted, creating a new temporal event sequence resulting in this alternate reality — alternate to us, but reality for everyone else.

MARTY

English, Doc.

Doc hands him the SILVER BOOK BAG from the future. \*

DOC

Recognize this? It's the bag the sports book came in. I know because the receipt was still inside. \*

Doc shows him the receipt. \*

DOC

I found them in the time machine along with this: \*

Doc shows him the FIST ornament from Old Biff's cane.

229 INSERT — THE FIST ORNAMENT 229

Engraved on it is "Biff H. Tannen."

230 BACK TO SHOT 230

MARTY

This was the top part of Biff's cane — in the future. And you found it in the DeLorean?

DOC

Correct. It was in the time machine because Biff was in the time machine, with the Sports Almanac.

MARTY

Holy shit!

In the background, Doc's automatic DOG FOOD MACHINE, attached to a car battery, activates and dispenses Einstein's dinner. \*

DOC

You see, while we were in the future, Biff got the sports book, stole the time machine, went back in time and gave the book to himself at some point in the past! Look....

Doc shows Marty another newspaper. "HV Man Wins Big At Races!" There's a PHOTO OF BIFF receiving his money at the pay window.

DOC

It says right here that Biff made his first million betting on a horse race in 1958. He wasn't just lucky: he knew because he had all the race results in the Almanac! That's how he made his entire fortune! Look at his pocket with the magnifying glass... \*

Marty does so.

231 INSERT — NEWSPAPER PHOTO 231

Sticking out of Biff's pocket can be seen the top part of the ALMANAC!

232 BACK TO SHOT 232

MARTY

That bastard stole my idea! Doc, he must have overheard me when I told you about— \*

(realization)

This whole thing's my fault. If I hadn't bought that book, none of this would have happened.

DOC

Well, that's all in the past.

MARTY

You mean in the future.

DOC

Whatever, it demonstrates precisely how time travel can be misused and why the time machine must be destroyed... after we straighten all of this out. \*

MARTY

Right! We've gotta go back to the future and stop Biff from ever stealing the time machine!

DOC

We can't — because if we travel into the future from this point in time, it would be the future of this reality, in which Biff is wealthy and married to your mother, and in which this has happened to me. \*

Doc shows him another newspaper from 1983. \*

232-A INSERT — NEWSPAPER 232-A

Head line: "EMMETT BROWN COMMITTED. Crackpot Inventor Declared Legally Insane." There's a picture of Doc in a strait jacket. (There's also another article: "NIXON TO SEEK 5TH TERM. Vows to End Vietnam War by 1985.")

BACK TO SHOT

232-B Marty is horrified. 232-B

DOC

No, Marty, our only chance to repair the present is in the past — at the point where the time line skewed into this tangent. Somehow, we must find out the specific circumstances of how, where, and when young Biff got his hands on that Sports Almanac.

Marty looks at the 2 newspapers and fills with resolve.

MARTY

I'll ask him.

CUT TO:

BIFF is in a Jacuzzi with 2 SHOWGIRLS while watching "A Fistful of Dollars" on a big screen TV.

BIFF

Great flick. Great friggin' flick.

Suddenly, the screen goes black.

BIFF

Hey, what the hell— ?

MARTY steps forward with the remote controller.

MARTY

Party's over, Biff.

BIFF

You! What are you doing here? How the hell did you get in here, anyway? How'd you get past my security downstairs?

MARTY

I managed.

BIFF

Well, you got just 10 seconds to get your ass the hell outta here or you're gonna have to be carried out.

Biff picks up a nearby phone.

MARTY

There's a little matter I need to talk to you about.

BIFF

Money, right? Well, forget it.

MARTY

Not money, no.

(a beat, then deliberately)

Gray's Sports Almanac.

Biff stops and stares at Marty very intently.

MARTY

You know what I'm talking about it's a book, paperback, silver cover and jacket, with ----- letters.

\*  
\*

Biff puts the phone down.

BIFF

You heard him, girls: party's over.

CUT TO:

"Biff Tannen's Pleasure Paradise." It's a matchbook for the Hotel.

MARTY is examining the matchbook, which was picked up from a table in BIFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE, which is plushly (and garishly) furnished. \*

BIFF, now clad in a silk monogrammed robe, pours himself a Scotch.

MARTY

"Biff's Pleasure Paradise." Very cute. \*

BIFF

Start talkin', kid. What else do you know about that book?

Marty pockets the matchbook. \*

MARTY

First you tell me how you got it. How, where, when...

Biff stares at him, then smiles slyly.

BIFF

All right.

Biff gets up and goes to an OIL PORTRAIT of himself. It's hinged — he opens it, revealing a WALL SAFE with 3 combination locks.

BIFF

November 12, 1955. That was when.

MARTY

1955?

BIFF

It was at school, at this dance.

MARTY

The Enchantment Under the Sea Dance?

BIFF

How do you know about that?

MARTY

Oh, uh, my father told me about that dance... uh, before he died.

BIFF

Well, there I was, mindin' my own business, and this crazy old codger with a cane calls me over. He says he's my distant relative; I don't know if he is, he doesn't even look like me. So he says, "How would you like to be rich?" I says "sure," so he lays this book on me. \*

Biff opens the safe and pulls out a smaller fireproof airtight SEALED CONTAINER. He unlocks it, revealing one item inside: the SPORTS ALMANAC. It's 30 years older, yellowed, stained, and worn. It no longer has the dust jacket. \*

He lets Marty have a look at it.

BIFF

(cont'd)

He says this book'll tell me the outcome of every sporting event till the end of the century. All I have to do is bet on the winner and I'll never lose. Naturally, I think he's full of it. So I say, what's the catch? And he says, no catch. Just keep it a secret. Then he says "Biff Tannen, you're one lucky guy." After that, he disappeared and I never saw him again.

\*

\*

Biff takes the book back from Marty and locks it in the safe.

BIFF

Oh, he told me one more thing. He said, someday a crazy wild-eyed scientist or a kid may show up asking about this book. And if that ever happens...

\*

Biff pulls a .38 REVOLVER out of his desk drawer and aims it at Marty.

BIFF

Funny, I never thought it would be you...

Marty gulps.

MARTY

Yeah, well, you're forgetting one thing — Hey, look!

Biff falls for it and looks; Marty grabs Biff's scotch and throws it in his face!

Marty bolts.

BIFF FIRES a few shots, but Marty's outta there! Biff picks up a phone.

BIFF

Marty McFly's on his way down. Take care of him: permanently.

\*

Then Biff chases after Marty.

236 OMITTED 236

236 INT. PENTHOUSE CORRIDOR 236

Marty runs into the corridor, past 2 (down) ELEVATORS and through door marked "STAIRS." He runs up.

237 OMITTED 237

238 EXT. HOTEL ROOF — NIGHT 238

MARTY comes out onto the roof and runs to the edge. It's an eerie environment, with the colored light from the hotel sign and the weird smokey pollution that wafts through the sky.

Marty looks down: no escape.

Now BIFF comes out onto the roof, gun in hand, smiling as he approaches Marty.

BIFF

Go ahead, kid. Jump. A suicide'll be nice and neat.

MARTY

Yeah, and what if I don't?

BIFF

(raises the gun)

Lead poisoning.

Marty looks down. He's scared.

MARTY

And what happens to you when the police match the bullet up to that gun?

BIFF

(laughs)

Kid, I own the police. Besides, they couldn't match up the bullet that killed your old man.

Marty is shocked at this revelation.

BIFF

(chuckles)

I suppose it's poetic justice: 2 McFlys with the same gun.

Biff cocks the gun.

Then, Marty jumps off the roof!

Biff is amazed.

He runs to the edge and looks down...

Suddenly, MARTY RISES UP, STANDING ON THE HOOD OF THE FLYING DELOREAN!

Before Biff can react...

DOC throws open the gullwing door and cracks Biff in the face!

Biff falls backward.

Marty climbs into the DeLorean, closes the door, and they fly off

Biff just lays there, out cold.

CUT TO:

(NOTE: Scene numbers 239 to 299 are reserved.)

300 EXT. — NIGHT SKY

300

Quiet. Peaceful.

Suddenly, 3 staccato sonic booms erupt and the FLYING DELOREAN appears out of nowhere!

It swoops down, then its wheels fold down as it goes into its landing mode. There is frost on it. \*  
The DeLorean descends and lands behind the 1955 LYON ESTATES BILLBOARD ("Live in the home of tomorrow... Today!")

CUT TO:

301- 305 OMITTED 301- 305

306 INT. SCHOOL GYM — DANCE (EXISTING FOOTAGE) — NIGHT 306

“Enchantment Under The Sea” is in full swing, with Marvin Berry and the Starlighters playing “Night Train.”

306-A MARTY, wearing a black leather jacket and hat, is keeping a low profile behind the refreshment table as he looks around the gym. (He has a pair of 1985 mini-binoculars.) 306-A \*

306-B GEORGE is at one end of the gym. 306-B

306-C MR. STRICKLAND is also here, wandering around. 306-C

306-D OMITTED 306-D

306-F OMITTED 306-F

306-G YOUNG BIFF AND HIS GANG are also here, ogling several GIRLIE MAGAZINES, laughing and slapping each other. 306-G \*

306-H MARTY reacts upon seeing Biff. He pulls out a 1989 walkie-talkie. 306-H

MARTY

Yo, Doc! Come in!

INTERCUT WITH

306-J EXT. LYON ESTATES BILLBOARD — NIGHT 306-J

DOC has the other walkie-talkie and responds to Marty.

DOC

I read you, Marty, over.

306-K MARTY 306-K

MARTY

I just spotted young Biff, but no sign of Old Biff yet.

DOC

DOC

Then don't let young Biff out of your sight. When the old man finds him, you'll be there.

MARTY

MARTY

Check, Doc. Over and out.

306-L Marty puts the walkie-talkie in his pocket and continues watching BIFF AND THE BOYS. 306-L

They surreptitiously pass a bottle of booze around.

Skinhead notices that STRICKLAND is eyeing them suspiciously from across the gym. He nudges Biff and points this out.

Biff looks over at Strickland, then says something to the guys.

They all EXIT through the FRONT DOOR.

306-M STRICKLAND has seen this. He's suspicious. 306-M

306-N MARTY has seen this also. He heads for the same exit door. 306-N

307 DELETED 307

308 EXT. SCHOOL 308

MARTY comes outside and looks around, while continuing to stay in the shadows and out of vision.

He goes down steps to a landing and he spots...

308-A BIFF AND THE BOYS loitering on the steps on the next landing below with their magazines, passing the bottle around. 308-A

3-D finishes the booze and hands the empty bottle to Biff.

3-D

Drink up, Biff!

Biff puts the bottle to his lips, then sees he's been shortchanged.

The guys laugh.

Biff gives 3-D a slap.

BIFF

That's so funny, I forgot to laugh. Now go get another one!

MATCH

Ain't you comin', Biff?

BIFF

I'm readin'!

The guys head off together around to the back of the building.

Biff continues paging through his magazine. MARTY keeps watching.

VOICE (O.S.)

Biff! Hey, Biff!

Biff looks around for the source of the voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Over here, Biff!

It's OLD BIFF sitting in a nearby parked CAR motioning to young BIFF.

308-B MARTY moves in closer and pulls out his binoculars. 308-B

308-C MARTY'S P.O.V. OF THE CAR (BINOCULARS) 308-C

Young Biff steps over to the car.

BIFF

Yeah? What's your problem, old man?

OLD BIFF

How would you like to make a lot of money?



BIFF

Yeah? Doin' what?

OLD BIFF

Get in and I'll tell you.

BIFF

What is this, Pops? And how do you know my name?

OLD BIFF

We're related. Now, get in the car, butthead, and I'll explain it to you.

Biff hesitates a moment, then goes over to the passenger side and gets in.

308-D MARTY watches through the binoculars with anticipation. He can't hear their conversation. 308-D  
Marty pulls out the walkie-talkie.

MARTY

Doc, come in!

A-309 INT. — LAB WITH DOC AT THE BILLBOARD A-309

DOC

Roger, Marty, go ahead.

MARTY

It's happening, Doc! Old Biff's here. He's talking to young Biff right now!

DOC

All right, Marty. Remember, don't make a move until after Old Biff gives young Biff the book and leaves. We must let Old Biff believe he's succeeded so that he'll leave 1955 and bring the DeLorean back to the future.

B-309 INTERCUT MARTY'S P.O.V. OF THE CAR B-309

Old Biff shows the Almanac to a very skeptical young Biff.

MARTY

I see the book now!

DOC

Oh, and Marty: you must be especially careful not to let yourself be seen by your father, your mother, or your other self!

MARTY

My other self?

Marty realizes what DOC means. He looks down to the parking area and sees:

A-310 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT (BINOCULARS POV) A-310

The YELLOW PACKARD with LORRAINE and the "other" Marty (we'll refer to him as '55 MARTY) is pulling into the school parking lot!

A-311 MARTY shakes his head at the weirdness of it all.

A-311

MARTY

This is getting strange.

Marty then goes back to watching the 2 Biffs in the car.

Old Biff gives young Biff the Almanac.

Young Biff gets out of the car.

OLD BIFF

Biff Tannen, you're one lucky guy.

Young Biff slams the door.

Old Biff revs up the car, backs up and drives out of there.

Young Biff looks at the book and shakes his head at the departing Old Biff as if he's a nut case.

BIFF

What a butthead!

Biff shoves the book in the back of his pants, then pulls out his girlie mag and saunters over against a chain link fence at the stairs landing.

Biff leans against the fence and looks at the magazine. The Almanac is sticking out of his pants. It's a perfect opportunity for Marty to get the book.

A-312 MARTY quietly whispers into the walkie-talkie.

A-312

MARTY

All right, Doc, the old guy just left and I'm gonna make my move...

Marty pockets the walkie-talkie and leaps over the parapet.

He drops into the stairwell on the opposite side of the fence which Biff is leaning against.

Biff reacts to the sound. he looks around, sees nothing, then continues looking at his magazine.

Marty moves into position.

He sees the almanac in Biff's pants, easily able to grab it.

He reaches for it...

And then STRICKLAND steps out of the adjoining building and starts toward Biff.

STRICKLAND

Well, well, Mr. Tannen, how nice to see you here.

Biff turns, hides the magazine behind his back and tries to act innocent.

BIFF

Why, Mr. Strickland, sir, nice to see you here, sir.

Strickland sniffs Biff's breath.

STRICKLAND

Is that liquor I smell, Tannen?

BIFF

I wouldn't know, sir. I don't know what liquor smells like because I'm too young to drink it.

STRICKLAND

I see. And what do we have... here?

Strickland reaches behind Biff's back and pulls out the SPORTS ALMANAC. He looks at the cover.

STRICKLAND

Sports statistics. Interesting subject.  
(looks thru it, shakes head)  
Homework, Tannen?

BIFF

No, it ain't homework 'cause I ain't at home.

STRICKLAND

(shoves him)

You've got a real attitude problem, you know that, Tannen?  
Just watch it, because one day I'm gonna have you right where I want you: in detention, slacker!

Strickland walks off with the Almanac, past the Packard and toward the school!

MARTY can't believe it!

BIFF

Butthead!

Biff takes a beat, then goes off in the direction that his guys went.

313 OMITTED 313

314 MARTY runs after Strickland. 314

Strickland goes into the school.

Marty follows. As he approaches the Packard, he ducks down so that he is not seen by '55 Marty and Lorraine who are inside. \*

Once clear of the Packard, Marty goes into the building Strickland had entered. \*

315 AT THE BILLBOARD 315

Doc paces anxiously.

Distant thunder. Doc looks up at the sky.

DOC

The storm!

CUT TO:

316 INT. DARKENED SCHOOL HALLWAY — NIGHT 316

MARTY creeps down the hallway to the single lit door. He peeks through it.

317 MARTY'S P.O.V. OF INT. STRICKLAND'S OFFICE 317

STRICKLAND'S OFFICE is a double office: an outer and inner office, separated by a glass partition.

Marty is able to see Mr. Strickland in the inner office. His desk has an open kneehole.

318 MARTY quietly enters the outer office. He peeks through the partition and sees 318

318-A STRICKLAND who puts the Almanac on his desk, sits down on his swivel chair and opens a 318-A  
 drawer. He pulls out a WHISKEY BOTTLE.

Strickland takes a nip and swivels around. His back is to the door.

319 MARTY goes to the door, stoops down and dashes in. He drops down alongside Strickland's 319  
 desk.

Strickland reacts as if he's heard a noise. A beat, then he shrugs and takes another nip.

Marty crams through the kneehole and reaches through with his hand in an effort to reach the Almanac which is on top of the desk.

Just as Marty is about to reach it, Strickland turns. Marty withdraws his hand.

Strickland swivels in his chair and sticks his leg through the kneehole, almost kicking Marty in the face.

Strickland leans back in his chair, looking away from the desk.

Again Marty attempts to grab the book; again, Strickland moves and thwarts the attempt.

At last, Strickland corks the bottle and puts it back in the drawer.

Strickland stands: he's ready to leave.

Marty smiles. Finally he's going to get his chance.

Strickland moves away from the desk. A beat, then Strickland looks back at the desk and TAKES THE ALMANAC WITH HIM!

Marty is horrified!

He watches as Strickland heads for the door.

Then Strickland simply tosses the book in the trash can and EXITS!

Marty sighs relief.

As soon as the door to the hall closes, Marty goes for the trash can and pulls out the book.

He's got it! There's that red cover: "SPORTS ALMANAC!"

Marty sighs relief. He picks it up, opens it and sees

PROVOCATIVE PICTURES OF SCANTILY CLAD WOMEN!

Marty doesn't get it. Then he discovers it's the GIRLIE MAGAZINE disguised with the ALMANAC COVER JACKET!

MARTY

Shit!

(into walkie-talkie)

Doc! Trouble! I blew it!

X-319 INTERCUT WITH DOC AT THE BILLBOARD

X-319

DOC

Where's the book?

MARTY

Biff must still have it on him!

DOC

Where's Biff?

MARTY

I don't know!

Through the window in the background we see GEORGE MCFLY hiking up his pants, about to approach the Packard.

DOC

Don't you have any idea where he is?

MARTY

No, Doc — he could be anywhere by now. For all I know he could have hopped a Greyhound and left town!

Behind Marty, through the window, George steps up to the Packard, opens the door and confronts BIFF.

DOC

Great Scott. This is serious shit!

MARTY

Tell me about it!

DOC

Think, Marty, think! Where would Biff have gone?

MARTY

Doc, if I knew that, I'd go after him!

DOC

Marty, if we have to abort this mission, we risk jeopardizing the entire space-time continuum.

MARTY

Doc, I just don't know where to—

From outside, Marty hears yelling.

LORRAINE (O.S.)

Stop it. Biff, you'll break his arm!

Marty looks out the window.

319-A MARTY'S P.O.V. OF 319-A

BIFF twisting GEORGE's arm back into a hammerlock at the Packard, with LORRAINE trying to stop it.

319-B MARTY lights up with an idea. 319-B

MARTY

Of course! I got one chance, Doc! I'll call you back!

DOC (V.O. radio)

Roger, 10-4. Message acknowledged, standing by.

Marty runs to the door, unlocks the deadbolt, and takes off.

320 EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL — NIGHT 320

MARTY comes running out from the school toward

321 EXT. THE PACKARD — NIGHT 321

The confrontation between BIFF and GEORGE continues.

LORRAINE

Leave him alone!

Lorraine tries to stop him, but Biff knocks her down.

Biff laughs.

George reacts with rage. His fingers close into a fist, his teeth clench, and then he lets Biff have it, right in the face!

322 MARTY is delighted. 322

MARTY

Way to go, George!

Marty suddenly ducks as he sees

323 THE "OTHER" MARTY (we'll refer to him as '55 MARTY) run in to see the aftermath of the fight and react with amazement as 323

323-A BIFF is knocked senseless and falls to the pavement. 323-A

324 MARTY again reacts to "himself." 324

MARTY

Talk about deja vu...!

325 MARTY'S P.O.V. OF 325

George and Lorraine walking off arm and arm toward the school as a crowd gathers around the unconscious Biff.

'55 Marty checks the disappearing photo, then turns around and runs off.

326 MARTY runs over to the crowd around Biff and pushes through. 326

MARTY  
Let me through, I know CPR.

GIRL  
CPR? What's CPR?

Marty pushes his way in there, and bends down over Biff.

327 ON BIFF AND MARTY 327

Biff GROANS. He's coming to. He blinks...

MARTY  
Everybody, move back. Give him some air.

The crowd moves back.

BIFF  
Hey, what the — YOU!! \*

As Biff recognizes Marty, Marty punches Biff again!

Biff again loses consciousness!

Marty rolls him over, lifts up his jacket, and there's the SPORTS ALMANAC, just as Biff had tucked it into his pants.

Marty pulls it out, checks that it's the real thing and sighs relief. He stands.

MARTY  
It's okay, everybody, he's gonna be fine.

Marty moves away from the crowd, book in hand, breathing easier.

When he's a good distance away, he pulls out the walkie-talkie.

MARTY  
Yo, Doc! Success! I've got it!

328 AT THE BILLBOARD 328

DOC BROWN responds to the walkie-talkie.

DOC  
Thank goodness! I'll be on my way as soon as I reload Mr. Fusion. I'll pick you up on the football field! \*

MARTY  
The football field! Ten-four!

Doc begins loading trash into Mr. Fusion. \*

329 EXT. SCHOOL — NIGHT 329

MARTY shoves the Almanac into his JACKET POCKET. "EARTH ANGEL" can be heard coming from inside the gym.

Marty goes running around toward the back of the school, and runs smack into SKINHEAD, 3-D and MATCH coming from around the corner!

Marty immediately runs back the other way!

SKINHEAD

Hey! That was him! In disguise! He got out!

MATCH

Let's get him!

They chase Marty!

Marty runs INTO THE SCHOOL!

330-  
339

OMITTED

330-  
339

340

INT. SCHOOL GYM

340

Marty ducks into the school gym and stays off to the side, trying to be inconspicuous.

On stage, '55 Marty is introducing "Johnny B. Goode."

Biff's boys come into gym and look around.

They spot '55 Marty on stage.

3-D

Look! How'd he get on stage?

SKINHEAD

I don't know. But sooner or later he's gotta get down. And we'll be waitin' for him, right off stage. C'mon!

Biff's guys make their way to side of the stage (stage left) as '55 Marty and the Starlighters kick into "Johnny B. Goode."

Marty reacts in horror. He calls into the walkie-talkie.

MARTY

Doc! Biff's guys chased me into the gym and now they're laying for me.

340-A EXT. LYON ESTATES BILLBOARD (INTERCUT) — DOC

340-A

DOC

Then go out another door.

MARTY

No, they're laying for the other me: the me that's on stage, playing Johnny B. Goode!

DOC

Great Scott! If they succeed, you'll miss the lightning bolt at the clock tower, you won't get back to the future... and we'll have a major paradox.



MARTY

A paradox? You mean one of those things that could destroy the Universe?

DOC

Precisely!

MARTY

This is heavy!

DOC

Marty: you have to stop those guys at all costs — but without being seen by your other self, or your parents!

340-B INT. GYM

340-B

MARTY

Ten-four.

Kids are dancing to Johnny B. Goode.

Marty tries to cut across the dance floor, but he spots George and Lorraine dancing.

Instead, Marty goes behind the refreshment table and makes his way to the opposite side of the stage from where Biff's guys are (stage right).

Marty checks to see that '55 Marty is looking in the other direction, then he dashes up the stairs and goes BACKSTAGE.

340-C INT. GYM — BACKSTAGE

340-C

Marty can see Biff's guys waiting at the other end.

Marty looks around, trying to figure out what to do. Then he looks UP and sees a CATWALK that runs above the stage. THREE SANDBAGS on a rope are situated right above Biff's boys.

\*  
\*

Marty has an idea. He climbs up the stage-right catwalk ladder.

340-  
CA

EXT. LYON ESTATES BILLBOARD — NIGHT

340-  
CA

The DELOREAN levitates up from behind the billboard and blasts off toward town.

340-D OMITTED

340-D

340-E INT. SCHOOL GYM — ON THE CATWALK ABOVE THE STAGE

340-E

Marty cautiously makes his way across the catwalk, above '55 Marty and the Starlighters.

One of the catwalk planks is rotted — Marty steps on it, it cracks and Marty loses his balance: he almost falls over '55 Marty!

\*

Marty regains his balance and makes it to the other end of the catwalk. He unties the ropes holding the sandbags.

\*

Biff's boys are directly below him.

\*

340-F MARTY fires the sandbags at Biff's guys.

340-F

Number one takes out Skinhead.

Number two wipes out Match.

Number three knocks out 3-D.

Marty grabs the rope and swings down the backstage left area.

\*

He runs out the exit.

340-G BACKSTAGE ALCOVE

340-G

As Marty runs down the stairs to the alcove, he calls into the walkie-talkie.

\*

MARTY

Success, Doc! Everything's cool!

\*

340-H OMITTED

340-H

340-J EXT. NIGHT SKY — APPROACHING STORM

340-J

The DELOREAN flies through the clouds. It's quite turbulent, with lightning flashing and rolling thunder.

340-K INT. FLYING DELOREAN — NIGHT

340-K

DOC answers Marty.

DOC

Not quite, Marty! I'm in the clouds over the football field, but with all this turbulence, I'm afraid I'll smash up if try to land. I'll throw you a rope!

340-L INT. BACKSTAGE ALCOVE

340L\*

MARTY

On my way, Doc!

\*

Marty runs out the exit fire door. Just as he exits, LORRAINE enters to meet '55 MARTY coming down.

340-M EXT. SCHOOL

340-M

MARTY comes outside. He glances back in the window where he sees...

340-N MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU. WINDOW

340-N

'55 Marty saying goodbye to Lorraine.

'55 MARTY

I had a feeling about you two.

LORRAINE

I have a feeling, too.

341-

341-

350 OMITTED

350

351 MARTY smiles.

351

\*

DOC (V.O.)

Hurry, Marty! The lightning's coming closer — it may be attracted to the DeLorean!

Marty looks up at the sky and starts for the football field.

BIFF (O.S.)

Hey, butthead!!!

Marty stops and turns: BIFF is near the fire door. He has a bloody mouth.

BIFF

C'mon, let's have it out! You and me!

MARTY

No thanks!

Marty takes off.

BIFF

What's the matter? Chicken?

Marty stops short, tensing up.

BIFF

(continuing)

Too chicken to take me on, one on one?

Marty turns around, filled with resolve.

MARTY

Nobody calls me chicken.

Marty takes off his jacket and throws it down. The walkie-talkie is in the pocket.

He approaches Biff.

Biff smiles. Behind his back he has BRASS KNUCKLES on his fist.

DOC (V.O. radio)

Hurry, Marty! Don't stop for anything! It's getting dangerous!  
The lightning's getting closer every second!

But Marty can't hear it. He comes closer to Biff.

352 INT. SCHOOL GYM — BACK STAGE (EXISTING FOOTAGE)

352

Inside, '55 Marty concludes his goodbye to George and Lorraine.

'55 MARTY

...if you guys ever have kids, and one of them when he's 8 years old accidentally sets fire to the living room rug: Go easy on him.

353 EXT. SCHOOL — FIRE DOOR

353

Biff and Marty stand facing each other off.

Behind his back, Biff grips the brass knuckles tightly.

BIFF

C'mon. Take a poke at me, chicken.

Suddenly, the FIRE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN BY '55 MARTY, and WHACKS BIFF IN THE HEAD!

'55 Marty runs off like a streak, oblivious to what's just happened.

Biff hits the ground, out cold, and drops the brass knuckles.

Marty realizes what almost happened.

MARTY

(yells to his departing self)

Thanks a lot!

'55 MARTY (O.S.)

You're welcome!

Marty grabs his jacket and goes running toward the football field. The LIGHTNING and THUNDER continue.

DOC (V.O. radio)

Hurry up, Marty!

354-  
367

OMITTED

354-  
367

368

INT. FLYING DELOREAN

368

DOC continues to fight the turbulence, struggling to steady the craft. The passenger door is open; a ROPE is looped around the seat and dangles out the door.

Suddenly, a WHITE FLASH OF LIGHTNING and tremendous THUNDERCLAP rock the DeLorean sideways!

369

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD/STADIUM — NIGHT

369

MARTY comes running onto the football field. Lightning and thunder continue.

The ROPE is hanging down from within the low lying clouds. It dangles near the 50 yard line, a few feet off the ground.

369-A

MARTY runs for it.

369-A

MARTY

I'm comin', Doc!!

The rope whips around wildly.

Marty pours it on. 20 yards to go, 10 yards...

Marty jumps and grabs the rope. Success!

Suddenly, a HUGE BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES THE FLYING DELOREAN!

Marty drops. The rest of the rope falls to the ground.

Marty looks up.

The DeLorean is gone without a trace!

MARTY gasps. He picks up the other end of the rope: severed clean.

Everything gets quiet.

Marty stares upward in stunned silence, waiting for the DeLorean to reappear.

Nothing happens.

Marty takes out the walkie-talkie.

MARTY

Yo, Doc? Come in, Doc!

No response.

MARTY

Hello, Doc, do you read me, over?

Just static.

MARTY

Doc, answer me, please!

As if in response, there's a blinding flash of LIGHTNING with a deafening crack of THUNDER, followed by RAIN. Hard, steady, cold rain.

Marty runs for cover and ducks into a

370 STADIUM TUNNEL

370

Marty looks out from the tunnel onto the field. The storm continues.

Marty just watches. He's confused, worried, scared.

MARTY

(yells)

DOC!!!!

His voice barely carries in the rain.

Marty sighs.

He pulls the SPORTS ALMANAC out of his pocket. He looks at it and shakes his head.

\*

MARTY

Me and my great ideas.

\*

Marty stoops down, puts the book on the ground, pulls out the Biff Tannen MATCHBOOK and lights the book on FIRE.

\*

Behind Marty, far in the background, we may notice an eerie silhouette: the figure of a MAN approaching.

\*

Marty watches as the Almanac is consumed by flames. He glances at the matchbook.

\*

370-A INSERT — MATCHBOOK

370A\*

The writing on the matchbook cover changes from saying "Biff Tannen's Paradise" to "Biff Tannen's Auto Detailing."

370-B MARTY brightens. He reaches inside his jacket for something... while behind him, the approaching figure moves closer, evoking the feeling of impending doom... 370B\*  
\*

Marty pulls out the 1973 Newspaper. \*

The headline, "GEORGE McFLY MURDERED" dissolves and becomes "GEORGE McFLY HONORED. Local Author Receives Civic Award." \*

Marty sighs relief. \*

MARTY

That takes care of that. \*

The MAN behind him moves ever closer. We can't see his face, but he wears a HAT, TRENCHCOAT, and carries a BRIEFCASE. \*

TRENCHCOAT (O.S.)

Marty McFly?

Marty turns around with a start. He stares at the man. Who is this guy?

TRENCHCOAT

Is your name Marty McFly?

Marty looks at the guy. He's never seen him before.

MARTY

(suspicious)

Yeah...

Trenchcoat steps into the dry tunnel. He's about 25, a bureaucrat type. He looks over Marty.

TRENCHCOAT

Five foot four, brown hair... Well, I'll be damned. Marty, I've got a letter for you.

He opens his briefcase and pulls out a CLIPBOARD and an ANCIENT YELLOWED ENVELOPE sealed with a WAX SEAL.

MARTY

A letter? That's impossible! Who are you, anyway?

TRENCHCOAT

I'm from western Union, and actually, a bunch of us in the office were hoping you could shed some light on the subject. You see, this envelope's been in our company's possession for almost 70 years. It was given to us with explicit instructions that it be delivered to a young man with your description answering to the name of Marty at this exact location at this exact minute on November 12, 1955. We had a bet going as to whether this "Marty" would actually be here. Looks like I lost.

MARTY

Did you say 70 years?

TRENCHCOAT

Uh, 67 to be exact. Sign on line 6, please.

He hands Marty the clipboard and pen. Marty signs, then hands it back. The man gives Marty the aged envelope.

Marty breaks the seal and opens the letter. He looks over the yellowed pages and flips to the end to check the signature. \*

371 INSERT — LETTER 371

"Your friend in time, 'Doc' Emmett L. Brown." Beneath the signature is a stylized "E-L-B."

372 MARTY can't believe it. 372

MARTY

Doc!

\*

He turns to the beginning and starts reading. \*

MARTY

(reads)

"Dear Marty: If my calculations are correct, you will receive this letter immediately after you saw the DeLorean struck by lightning. First, let me assure that I am alive and well, living happily in the year 1888 these past few months..."  
1888?!?"

Marty continues reading, reacting with rising astonishment.

Trenchcoat tries to read it over Marty's shoulder, but Marty won't let him. \*

MARTY

(muttering to himself)

Too many jigowatts... Time circuits shorted... July, 1888!! \*

Marty looks up from the letter and looks around and sees

372-A MARTY'S P.O.V. OF 372A\*

THE CLOCKTOWER in the distance, above the trees. The tiny figure of '55 DOCTOR BROWN can be seen on the ledge.

372-B MARTY takes a deep breath, folds the letter, puts it in his jacket and runs off. 372-B

TRENCHCOAT

Hey, can't you at least tell me what this is all about?

(a beat; shrugs)

No. \*

CUT TO:

373 EXT. TOWN SQUARE — NIGHT 373

MARTY comes running into town square at 10:04, just in time to see the events he experienced in 1955 (in the first movie):

The pole-mounted DeLorean races toward the electrical line...

LIGHTNING strikes the clocktower...

The DOC BROWN of 1955 ('55 DOC) connects the cables.

The DeLorean hook engages the line, sending 1.21 jigowatts of electricity into the flux capacitor, and the time vehicle vanishes into the future...

Trails of FIRE are left behind.

'55 Doc Brown gets up, sees what has happened and runs down the street, yelling euphorically!

'55 DOC

Ya-Haaaaa!!!!!!

MARTY steps out from the side of the Courthouse and comes up behind '55 Doc.

MARTY

Doc!

'55 Doc turns, sees Marty and FREAKS OUT!

'55 DOC

YAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!

MARTY

Calm down, Doc! It's me — Marty!

'55 DOC

No! It can't be you! I just sent you back to the future!

MARTY

Right! You did send me back to the future. But I came back:  
back from the future.

'55 DOC

Great Scott!

Doc staggers back, stunned. He clutches his chest, his breath shortens, his eyes roll back... and he faints. \*

MARTY

Doc!!!

Am Marty bends down to attempt to revive the unconscious Doc, we CRANE BACK. \*

Superimpose title: "TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT SUMMER in BACK TO THE FUTURE 3!" \*



374 EXT. DOC BROWN'S HOUSE AND GARAGE — NIGHT 374

Wide, establishing. The storm rages. Doc's PACKARD is parked outside.

375 INT. DOC'S STUDY — NIGHT 375

CLOSE ON THE FIREPLACE The SPORTS ALMANAC is thrown onto the burning log fire.

376 MARTY pokes it with the poker, making sure that it all gets enveloped in flame. 376

Then Marty takes out the 1973 newspaper. As the flames consume the almanac, the headline, "GEORGE McFLY MURDERED" becomes "GEORGE McFLY HONORED. Local Author Receives Book Award."

Marty also pulls out the MATCHBOOK from Biff's Paradise Hotel. The writing on it dissolves away and becomes "Biff's Auto Detailing."

MARTY

That's takes care of that...

Doc is pacing, reading the letter aloud.

'55 DOC  
(reads)

"The lightning bolt caused a jigowatt overload which activated the flux capacitor, sending me back to 1888. Upon landing, I bottomed out the car, destroying the drive train and flying circuits, making it impossible to get the car up to 88 under its own power. Luckily, I realized that a locomotive could push it up to speed and I devised a plan to do so..."

\*

Push it with a steam locomotive? Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant!

"Unfortunately, the lightning had also shorted out the enclosed destination time circuit microchip..."

Doc pulls a partially blackened 1-inch square microchip from the envelope.

'55 DOC  
(reads)

"Without it, I could not control my destination time. I was unable to repair it because suitable replacement parts will not be invented until 1947."

(shakes his head)

1888. Amazing. I actually end up living in the wild west!

MARTY

I'm sorry, Doc. It's all my fault. You were there, waiting; I could have run from Biff. But I let him get to me. And now you're stuck in the west.

'55 DOC

Stuck? No, Marty, this sounds like a wonderful way to spend my retirement years! Why, ever since I was a boy, I wanted to be a cowboy! I used to spend summers at my Uncle's ranch. Uncle Abraham taught me how to ride and shoot and rope. He used to say to my parents. "Young Emmett belongs in the fresh air and wide open spaces; not in a school room."

\*

MARTY

So how'd you end up as a scientist?

'55 DOC

Well, when I was eleven, I read a book by the most visionary author in the world: Jules Verne. "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." And I discovered SCIENCE. That's when I decided what my future had to be. Jules Verne's novels had a profound effect on me. You know, I really should put his portrait up there with Tom, Ben, Isaac and Albert...

\*

MARTY

Keep reading, Doc.

\*

'55 DOC

(reads)

"Therefore, I have buried the time machine in the abandoned Delgado mine, adjacent to the Oak Park Cemetery, as shown on the enclosed map. Hopefully, it should remain undisturbed until you uncover it in 1955.

"Inside you will find repair instructions. My 1955 counterpart — That's me — "should have no problem making the electrical repairs. Then he'll have to push the time vehicle up to 88 and send you back to 1985. Then, Marty, destroy the time machine.

"Do not, I repeat, do NOT attempt to come back here to get me. I am perfectly happy living here in the fresh air and wide open spaces. I've even met a wonderful woman I'm considering settling down with..."

(amazed)

A woman! I've found a woman? Amazing!

MARTY

Yeah, you'd been talking about finding a woman... although you made it sound like it was gonna be a scientific investigation.

'55 DOC

Man cannot live by science alone. A woman! This is wonderful news! I certainly hope she likes Jules Verne.

(reads)

"These are my wishes: please respect them and follow them. And so, Marty, I now say farewell and wish you Godspeed. You have been a good, kind, and loyal friend to me, and you've made a real difference in my life..."

(chokes up)

"I will always treasure our relationship, and think on you with fond memories, warm feelings and a special place in my heart. Your friend in time, 'Doc' Emmett L. Brown. April 10, 1888."

\*

Doc is all choked up. He wipes a tear from his eye.

'55 DOC

I never knew I could write anything so touching.

Marty chokes up seeing the Doc choked up.

MARTY

I know, Doc, it's... beautiful...

Doc's 1955 dog, Copernicus, whimpers as well.

'55 DOC

It's all right, Copernicus. Everything's going to be fine.

MARTY

Here's the map, Doc...

Marty hands it to him and Doc studies it. \*

'55 DOC

(studying the map)

According to this, the time vehicle's been sealed off in a side tunnel. We may have to blast. \*

CUT TO:

377 CLOSE ON A DETONATOR 377

in Doc's hands. Doc twists it.

378 EXT. SIDE OF HILL — DAY 378

An EXPLOSION blasts away part of a hill!

The rocks and debris, knock down several adjacent TOMBSTONES.

379 '55 DOC AND MARTY, a safe distance away, are showered with dirt and debris. 379

The storm is over: Doc's PACKARD is parked nearby.

MARTY

I think you woke the dead with that blast.

'55 DOC

Just a few tombstones, Marty. We'll set 'em back up later. Bring the Polaroid. We'll need to put everything back the way we found it. \*

Marty takes a Polaroid camera; both also grab duffels full of tools and supplies and they approach the hole they've blown in the hill. \*

They walk right over a fallen tombstone, the same tombstone Einstein whimpered beside in 1985: Doc's tombstone. We HOLD ON IT as they continue.

"Here lies Emmett Brown.  
Date of birth, unknown.  
Shot in the back by Buford Tannen  
April 13, 1888." \*

CUT TO:

380 INT. MINE TUNNEL 380

Lit by LANTERNS, MARTY and '55 DOC make their way along the mine shaft. \*

'55 DOC

I've gotta hand it to myself, hiding the time vehicle in a location like this. The temperature stays constant, very little humidity... a perfect preservation environment. Brilliant!

Doc checks the map.

'55 DOC

Hmmm. According to this it should be around here...

\*

They look around but there's no evidence of anything.

\*

MARTY

Doc! Look!

\*

Marty holds his lantern near a beam. Carved into it are the initials E.L.B.

\*

'55 DOC

My initials! It must be right through this wall!

\*

They remove rock and timber, and push through the wall, revealing a HIDDEN CHAMBER.

380-A INT. MINE — HIDDEN CHAMBER

380-A

'55 Doc and Marty push their way into the chamber. They hold up their lanterns:

The DELOREAN can be clearly seen. It's covered with animal skins.

Marty and Doc exchange a satisfied smile and begin removing the animal hides.

'55 DOC

And it's been buried here for 67 years! Astounding.

They examine the car. Doc touches a tire: it cracks apart and crumbles.

MARTY

Say, Doc, when you uncover something that hasn't been invented yet, is it still considered archeology?

'55 DOC

(thinks, then shakes his head)

No. In sanity.

CUT TO:

381 EXT. MINE/HILL — DUSK

381

The PACKARD, with Doc at the wheel, pulls the DeLorean out of the mine via a tow cable.

The DMC is dirty, and its tires are in shreds.

MARTY meanwhile is setting up toppled tombstones.

He suddenly freezes in horror as he reads the one he's just set up: Doc's tombstone.

\*

Marty stares at it, then looks over at Doc. Should he tell Doc or not?

\*

DOC  
(yells from a distance)  
C'mon, Marty, let's go!

\*

Marty stays there, contemplating the situation. He pulls out Doc's letter and checks the date.

381-A INSERT — LETTER

381-A

The letter is dated "April 10, 1888."

381-B THE TOMBSTONE is dated "April 13, 1888."

381-B

381-C MARTY shakes his head.

381-C

MARTY  
(to himself)  
3 days. You get shot 3 days after you write the letter. Some future.

\*

Marty wipes a tear from his eye.

DOC  
What is it, Marty? Is something wrong?

MARTY  
Uh, no, Doc. I'll be right there. I... just have to tie my shoe.

Blocking his action from Doc's view, Marty raises the POLAROID camera and snaps a PICTURE of the tombstone.

382-  
383 OMITTED

382-  
383

384 INSERT — TIME DISPLAYS

384

The Destination time of "October 27, 1985" appears on the display.

385 EXT. THE DELOREAN — HIGHWAY — DAY

385

'55 Doc has entered the destination time into the DeLorean which has been modified with 1955 whitewall tires and a large 4 foot square board full of VACUUM TUBES, wires, capacitors, etc. mounted on the hood.

It's sitting on the ROAD near the LYON ESTATES BILLBOARD, with Doc's PACKARD directly behind it.

Doc puts his hand over the softly glowing tubes.

'55 DOC  
Well, the time circuits are all warmed up. I guess this is it.

\*

They embrace.

\*

'55 DOC  
Funny. I'll see you in the future, but since my future's in the past, you won't be seeing me.

\*

MARTY  
I know, Doc...

\*

Marty hugs Doc tighter as he tries to hold back his tears. \*

'55 DOC

It's going to be fine, Marty. Everything's going to be fine. Just don't forget to destroy the time machine when you get back to the future. \*

MARTY

Look, Doc, about the future — your future, I mean... \*

'55 DOC

Marty, don't worry about my future. Living in the fresh air and wide, open spaces, I'll probably live to the ripe old age of 90... maybe 100! And knowing I have a woman to share it with... Why, my future couldn't be brighter! \*

Doc heads to the Packard. \*

MARTY

Yeah... \*

'55 DOC

Marty, may your future be as bright. \*

Doc gets into the Packard. \*

Marty gets into the DeLorean.

386 SERIES OF SHOTS — PACKARD/DELOREAN 386

Doc revs up the Packard, puts it in gear, and honks.

Marty shifts the DeLorean into neutral and releases the emergency brake.

The Packard starts pushing the DeLorean forward.

Marty at the wheel of the DeLorean. He pulls out Doc's letter and looks at the date: April 10, 1888. \*

Doc at the wheel of the Packard. He shifts into high gear.

The 2 vehicles, accelerating.

Marty looks at the Polaroid of the tombstone and the date: April 13, 1888.

The Packard speedometer climbing: 40...45...50...

Marty's P.O.V. thru the windshield of the highway.

Marty reprogram s the DESTINATION TIME to APRIL...

The DeLorean speedometer climbing right in step:

55... 60... 65...

APRIL 1...

Doc's foot on the Packard accelerator.

|         |  |         |
|---------|--|---------|
|         | APRIL 11...  | *       |
|         | The speedometer passes 80...   |         |
|         | APRIL 11, 18...  | *       |
|         | The DeLorean light displays kick on.   |         |
|         | APRIL 11, 188...   | *       |
|         | The flux capacitor begins glowing.   |         |
|         | APRIL 11, 1888.  | *       |
|         | The speedometer hits 88.   |         |
|         | Marty grits his teeth; the flux capacitor discharges.  |         |
|         | (Note: Scene numbers 387 to 500 are reserved.)   |         |
| 501     | MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU THE WINDSHIELD   | 501     |
|         | With a burst of white light, the 1955 RURAL HIGHWAY instantly becomes...                         |         |
|         | ...a STAMPEDE of CATTLE, COMING RIGHT AT MARTY!  |         |
| 502     | MARTY stares in wide-eyed terror!  | 502     |
| 503     | EXT. RURAL COUNTRY — 1888 — DAY  | 503     |
|         | The cattle separate around the DeLorean, which coasts to a stop in the midst of the moving herd! |         |
|         | In moments the herd has passed.  |         |
| 504     | MARTY sighs relief, then gets out of the DeLorean. He looks back at the cattle.                  | 504     |
| 505     | EXT. RURAL COUNTRY — DAY   | 505     |
|         | The herd thunders off.   | *       |
|         | MARTY watches and shakes his head.   |         |
|         | He looks back at the time displays:  |         |
| 505-A   | INSERT — TIME DISPLAYS   | 505-A   |
|         | Present time is now "April 11, 1888. 7 a.m."   | *       |
| 506-509 | OMITTED  | 506-509 |
| 510     | EXT. DIRT ROAD — DAY   | 510     |
|         | MARTY walks along the road.  |         |
|         | Ahead, a hand painted sign post with an arrow pointed in the same direction:                     |         |
|         | "HILL VALLEY — 2 MILES"  |         |

Marty continues onward.

CUT TO:

511 EXT. HILL VALLEY — 1888 — DAY

511

CLOSE ON NIKE SHOES running... then slowing to a stop.

WIDEN

Marty has arrived in town. He looks around with amazement.

Hill Valley 1888 is a typical western town... yet even now bears a little resemblance to the town Marty's familiar with.

The town is built around a grassy square, where a flagpole flies the Stars and Stripes (38 stars). The streets are, of course, dirt and mud. Where there's a sidewalk, it's wooden.

The COURTHOUSE is just starting construction; there are the MARBLE PILLARS, and some very rough framing.

There's a SALOON (roughly in the location that the cafe will be); a BLACKSMITH, STABLES, a HOTEL, a GENERAL STORE, a BARBER SHOP, a WELLS FARGO office and a BANK.

The MARSHAL'S OFFICE: A sign on the door reads: "CLOSED: GONE FISHING."

There is PEDESTRIAN traffic, CARRIAGE traffic, MEN and BOYS on HORSES, and a number of CHINESE.

Some of them give Marty looks: his clothes don't go unnoticed.

Suddenly, a MAN runs through the street, yelling.

MAN

He's comin'! He's comin'!

Immediately, people clear the street, running into buildings, or running around the corner.

Shopkeepers slam their doors and windows.

Marty stands in the middle of the street, bewildered. Is all of this panic because of him?

Behind Marty, 4 HORSEMEN, all rough looking characters, come thundering down the street.

They halt just a few feet behind Marty and draw pistols.

BLACK BIFF

Whatcha doin' in my street, runt?

Marty turns and faces the men.

MARTY

Huh?

It's BUFORD "BLACK BIFF" TANNEN: jet black hair and beard, and mean eyes, just like the picture we saw in the documentary.

He's accompanied by 3 cronies, STUBBLE, CEEGAR and BUCK.



BLACK BIFF

I charge cash money for any egg suckin' tindhorn gutter trash standin' in my street when I come to town. How much you got?

MARTY

Uh, nothing...

BLACK BIFF

Nothin'? Buck: check his teeth for gold or silver.

BUCK dismounts and examines Marty's teeth.

BUCK

Well, lookee at these pearly whites! I ain't never seed teeth this straight what warn't store bought. Nothin' here, Buford.

BLACK BIFF

What's that on his shoes? Some kinda injun writin'?

BUCK

It says "Nee—Kay."

BLACK BIFF

Well, shorty, why don't you show us how good them fancy ass shoes are for dancin'.

MARTY

Huh?

BLACK BIFF

I said, DANCE!

Black Biff fires a shot right in front of Marty's feet... then another.

Marty starts dancing — first a few hops, to the delight of Biff and the boys... then Marty goes into a Michael Jackson style moonwalk, as he mumbles the lyrics to "Billie Jean."

Biff and the guys trade looks at this bizarre style of dancing.

Marty suddenly twirls around with a jump and a yell. The sudden action SPOOKS BIFF'S HORSE who neighs and bucks, throwing Biff into some MANURE in the street.

Black Biff looks at the dung on him. He looks at Marty with fire in his eyes — his expression is almost psychotic.

Biff's cronies tense up. There's going to be some serious trouble.

Marty knows it, too, but he's too petrified to run. Biff gets to his feet.

BLACK BIFF

Buck: gimme a rope.

Buck throws him a coil of rope.

MARTY

What are you gonna do?

BLACK BIFF

I'm gonna make you taller, shorty.

Black Biff throws the rope around Marty's neck, jumps on his horse, and starts off down the street.

Marty runs behind him, trying to keep up while trying to get the noose off his neck, but he can't run fast enough. He stumbles, and is dragged around the square. Black Biff laughs and yells, and his boys do likewise.

Townpeople come out to see what's going on.

Black Biff guides his horse into the grassy square.

He throws the rope over an overhanging tree branch and pulls.

Marty struggles, but he can't free himself. He's pulled to his feet, and then up off the ground, all the time grabbing at the rope to keep from choking.

Black Biff and gang are laughing, having a great time watching Marty struggle.

Suddenly, another SHOT RINGS OUT and the rope above Marty is severed!

Marty falls to the ground.

Black Biff and gang turn in the direction of the shot.

DOC BROWN is holding a WINCHESTER repeater modified with a TELESCOPIC SIGHT that looks like something out of Jules Verne. His hair is slicked down and he's wearing the garb of a western BLACKSMITH.

DOC

It'll shoot the fleas off a dog at 500 yards, Tannen.

MARTY

Doc!

BLACK BIFF

Well, well, if it ain't the blacksmith. I wasn't expectin' to settle my score with you till tomorrow.

DOC

The only thing we have to settle is that you leave him alone and get outta here.

BLACK BIFF

I don't see where you're in any position to be tellin' me anything. Boys...

Biff's guys all draw their guns on Doc.

BLACK BIFF

3 guns against 1. And I haven't even drawn yet. The odds ain't exactly in your favor, blacksmith.

We hear the sound of SHOTGUNS COCKING. \*

CLARA (O.S.)

3 against two, Tannen... \*

Everyone turns.

\*

A woman, CLARA, is standing in the street holding a most intimidating weapon: 4 SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN BARRELS mounted in fan-shaped arrangement in a yoke on a 4-trigger stock.

Clara looks like a school teacher, with a touch of quirkiness that makes her instantly likeable.

CLARA  
(continuing)

Of course, I've got 4 barrels, loaded with double-aught buck, nails, broken glass, and shiny new dimes. That means, if I can see it, I can hit it. Invented by Emmett Brown for Home Defense and Security. He calls it "The Terminator." Would you care for a demonstration?

Biff considers his options, then smiles and waves his boys off.

They holster their guns.

BLACK BIFF

I'll be back day after tomorrow, blacksmith, to settle our score. That's Friday the 13th.

DOC

Just because your horse threw a shoe is no reason to shoot a blacksmith.

BLACK BIFF

Don't be tellin' me my business, smithy! Like the Bible says, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, one dead blacksmith for one thrown shoe.

(to Marty)

As for you, runt, you got a name?

MARTY

Uh, Mar—

Marty notices Doc shaking his head no.

MARTY

Uh, Clint. Clint Eastwood.

BLACK BIFF

Well, Mr. Eastwood, I'll see you out on the street Friday the 13th, front of the sabon. And you'd better be there!

MARTY

Yeah, right. When? High noon?

BLACK BIFF

Noon? I do my killin' before breakfast. 8 o'clock!

With that, Black Biff and his gang ride off. Clara lowers "The Terminator."

CLARA

Em mett, someday you've got to teach me how to load this thing.

Marty gets up, relieved to see Doc. He rubs his neck. He's weak and little pale.

DOC

Marty! It's good to see you!

MARTY

Hiya, Doc...

DOC

You look a little pale. Are you all right?

MARTY

Sure, Doc, I'm...

As Marty takes a step toward Doc, he passes out and hits the ground.

512-

515

OMITTED

512-

515

515-A

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP — NIGHT

515-A

MARTY, unconscious on a bed, now opens his eyes and looks around.

Doc's workshop, lit by FAT LAMPS, contains tools, anvils, a forge and workbenches. There are also various inventions that Doc has concocted to modernize his surroundings: wooden gutters for indoor plumbing, a steam operated toilet, and a pulley system to open windows and control ventilation.

Marty examines some of these inventions.

Now CLARA enters with a TRAY OF FOOD.

CLARA

Hello. Feeling better?

MARTY

Oh, yeah...

She puts the tray on a table.

CLARA

Here, Clint, eat. It'll build your strength. And the salve I put on your neck should heal that rope burn very quickly. Oh, my name's Clara. Clara Clayton.

MARTY

Hi. Pleased to meet you.

CLARA

Emmett told me you come from a strange, far away place. From the way your dressed, it must be San Francisco.

Marty starts eating.

MARTY

Oh, yeah. So where is the Doc?

CLARA

The Doc?

MARTY

Doc Brown — I mean, Emmett.

CLARA

He's actually a doctor? He's so modest — I knew he was more than just a blacksmith. Emmett — the Doc — is delivering a wagon he repaired for Farmer Peabody. I expect him back presently. Imagine that. Doctor Emmett Brown. He is the most brilliant man I've ever met. Even when I don't know what he's talking about, I just love hearing him talk about it. And he's wonderful with the children.

MARTY

Children? What children?

CLARA

The school children. I teach school part time, and Emmett helps with the science lessons. I love science, too. I've been fascinated with it ever since I read "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

Marty smiles, and nods knowingly.

Now DOC ENTERS.

DOC

Clara, has Marty — uh, Clint—  
(sees Marty)  
Well, I see you two have already met.

MARTY

Yeah, Clara's made me feel right at home, Doc.

CLARA

Well, now that you're back, Emmett, I've got a night school lesson to give. Clint, I hope to see you later. Emmett, I know I'll see you later.

She gives Doc a kiss. Doc is slightly embarrassed. She leaves.

DOC

She doesn't know I'm from the future or about the time machine or anything, so watch what you say.

MARTY

I figured.

DOC

So what do you think of her?

MARTY

She's great, Doc!  
(takes another bite of food)  
And she's a great cook, too. What is this stuff anyway?

DOC

Rattlesnake.

Marty spits it out.

DOC

Actually, Clara may be moving back east. I really want her to stay, so I'm seriously considering popping the question. What do you think?

MARTY

Uh, well, Doc, I think you'd better hold off on that...

Marty hands Doc the Polaroid photo.

DOC

Great Scott! So Tannen's actually going to shoot me on Friday! This changes everything!

516 OMITTED

516

516-A INT. DELOREAN

516-A

CLOSE ON the SHIFT LEVER as Marty's hand pushes it to NEUTRAL.

516-B CLOSE ON MARTY BEHIND THE WHEEL

516-B

MARTY

Ready, Doc!

516-C WIDER — DIRT ROAD — NIGHT (DAY FOR NIGHT)

516-C

DOC sits on the DeLorean roof, jerks a set of reins and a TEAM OF 4 HORSES PULLS THE DELOREAN down the road while MARTY steers from inside!

CUT TO:

517 INT. DOC'S BLACKSMITH WORKSHOP — DAY

517

Doc has the DeLorean hoisted on a chain-pulley rig. He is replacing the wheels with RAILROAD HANDCAR WHEELS.

\*

DOC

Amazing. This tube contraption is precisely as I envisioned it. Then again, I built it, didn't I? If only I'd had some of these parts when I crashed. I was actually trying to construct a steam operated flux capacitor. Speaking of parts...

Doc opens a cabinet and pulls out a crate full of various odds and ends from the adventures in time: the PINK HOVERBOARD...

DOC

We'd better be sure to bring this back with us...

(pulls out a 1985 walkie-talkie)

And this we'll need to communicate tomorrow... you have the other one?

MARTY

In the car. So, Doc, how's this train thing going to work?

DOC

I'll show you. I constructed this model a few weeks ago when I thought I could still get back...

Marty follows Doc into a 2nd room where Doc removes a CANVAS COVER from a large table, revealing a home made table top model — a combination of toys, wooden blocks, a wind-up toy train, and other odds and ends.

MARTY

Wow, you went to a lot of trouble!

DOC

Well, you know how it is with model trains. Besides, the kids around here love it.

Now, in order to get a steam locomotive up to 88, we need a long stretch of track on a downhill grade, which still exists in 1985. That's here — Cars on Spur, which goes off the main line at this switch track and out to Carson Ravine. We'll load the DeLorean onto the tracks here, on Carson Spur. The train leaves the station at 7:57 tomorrow morning...

MARTY

Whew, I'm glad it's before 8.

DOC

Indeed. So: we'll hijack — uh, borrow the train, uncouple the cars from the tender, throw the switch track, and then we'll butt the locomotive against the DeLorean. You'll get in the DeLorean while I run the steam engine, pushing the DeLorean along Carson Spur. I'll open up the throttle, putting her into a full highball, climb to the front of the locomotive, jump onto the DeLorean and get in, in time to reach 88 miles per hour, at which time Mr. Fusion will kick on the flux capacitor, generating the traditional 1.21 jigowatts which will send us back to 1985.

MARTY

What's that red x on the windmill?

DOC

That's our failsafe point — the point of no return. Up until there, we still have enough time to stop the locomotive before it plunges into the ravine. But once we pass that windmill, it's the future or bust.

MARTY

Into the ravine? You mean there's no bridge?

DOC

They just started building it last month, and it won't be completed until next year. But it still exists in 1985, safe and in use. So as long as we hit 88 miles an hour before we reach the edge of the ravine, we'll instantaneously arrive at a point in time when the bridge is completed: we'll have track under us and coast safely across the gorge, putting us right near the Hill Valley Airport.

MARTY

What about the locomotive?

Doc winds up the toy locomotive, and sets it on the tracks: it pushes the wooden model DeLorean. As it reaches the edge, Doc picks up the DeLorean while the locomotive falls off, crashing to the floor.

DOC

It'll be a spectacular wreck. Too bad we won't be around to see it.

518 OMITTED 518  
518-A EXT. GENERAL STORE — DAY 518-A

MARTY, now dressed in western clothes, comes out of the general store carrying some food items.

519 EXT. STREET 519

MARTY walks down the street, being careful to avoid stepping in the horse dung. \*

As he passes the BUTCHER SHOP, a CHICKEN runs out, chased by the BUTCHER with an AXE. \*

Then Marty notices the BARBER at the aide of the BARBERSHOP chiseling lettering on a TOMBSTONE: "Here lies..." It's the exact size and shape of Doc's tombstone.

Marty pulls the Polaroid from his pocket and compares the two. Identical.

Marty gulps and steps over.

MARTY

Who died?

BARBER

Nobody... yet. But tomorrow's the 13th, and on the 13th of every month, Black Biff kills somebody, whether he needs to or not.

MARTY

Yeah...

520 EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP 520

Marty is about to enter the shop. He steps back from the door and goes around to a window and peeks in. \*

520-A INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP (MARTY'S P.O.V.) — DAY 520-A

CLARA is in here with DOC.

CLARA

...And I've decided not to leave town tomorrow after all. I'm going to stay in Hill Valley.

DOC

(shocked)

You are??

(smiles weakly, feigns pleasure)

I mean, you are?



CLARA  
(nods)

So I'd like to accept your invitation to go to the barn dance Saturday night, and I'd also like to cook you Sunday dinner.

DOC

Oh, well, that's... wonderful...

CLARA

You see, I decided you were right about staying in Hill Valley. This town does have a future. The children need me and, well, of course, you're here.

She kisses him .

Doc blushes.

520-B EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP

520-B

MARTY sighs, concerned. The sound of CHISELING continues and Marty looks back down the street.

520-C MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

520-C

the BARBER, still chiseling the tombstone.

CUT TO:

521 EXT. TRAIN TRACK — DUSK

521

DOC and MARTY offload the DeLorean from a wagon onto the train tracks: rails run down from the wagon tail gate to the tracks. Doc and Marty give the DMC a push and it rolls down the rails, right onto the track.

\*

Doc is in a funk.

Marty looks at him with knowing concern.

MARTY

Doc: you know you can't stay. You don't belong in this time. you're supposed to get shot tomorrow, remember?

DOC

But since I know I'm supposed to get shot, I can prevent it. All I have to do is get out of town for a day or two and lay low. By the time the 14th rolls around, I'll definitely be out of danger and I can...

Long pause.

MARTY

See Clara again?

DOC

She's a very special woman, Marty, the type I've been looking for all my life. Now that I've found her, I want to spend my future with her.

Marty shows Doc the Polaroid.

MARTY

But, Doc, this is your future if you stay here.

DOC

Not necessarily, Marty. The future isn't written. It can be changed. You know that. Anyone can make their future whatever they want it to be.

MARTY

Look, Doc, maybe... I don't know if it's right, but maybe we could take her with us...?

\*

DOC

To the future?

Marty nods. Doc thinks about it, then shakes his head.

DOC

I'm a scientist, Marty, so I must be scientific about this. I cautioned you about disrupting the continuum for your own personal benefit; therefore, I must do no less. We shall proceed as planned. And as soon as we return to 1985...

(steps over to the DeLorean)

I'm going to destroy this infernal machine. Traveling through time has become much too painful.

CUT TO:

522 EXT. WOODED AREA — "DELOREAN CAMP" — NIGHT

522

Doc sits near a campfire, poking at it with a stick. Marty's in his bedroll, bundled up, ready for sleep. In the background, the DeLorean is on the train tracks.

MARTY

C'mon, Doc, get some shuteye.

DOC

I've gotta go back and say goodbye to her.

MARTY

What are you gonna say: "I've gotta go back to the future?" If you tell her the truth, she'll think you're lying. And if you lie to her, well, it's just not right to lie to her. There's just no way you can make her understand this thing.

DOC

She'll understand, Marty. I know she will.

MARTY

No, she won't, Doc. Hell, I'm in it with you and I barely understand it myself. You're better off doing nothing. You'll just disappear, and she can draw her own conclusions. Believe me, it'll be less painful that way.

Doc just sighs and stares at the fire.

CUT TO:

523 EXT. NIGHT SKY

523

A clear, beautiful star-filled sky.

\*

We TILT DOWN to the CAMPSITE where the fire has burned out.

\*

Marty is sleeping. We pan over to Doc's bedroll: empty.

CUT TO:

524 EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE — NIGHT

524

Doc is talking to Clara in the doorway of the schoolhouse, by the light of a single fat lamp. She's wearing a robe; we can see a back room off the classroom with a bed.

Clara is shocked at what Doc has said.

CLARA

Goodbye? But Emmett, I don't understand. I thought that you... that you and I...

DOC

I know, Clara, and I feel the same way about you, really I do. I wish it didn't have to be this way, but the fact is, I don't belong here. I have to go back to... where I came from.

CLARA

And where would that be?

DOC

I'm afraid I can't tell you that.

CLARA

But why not?

DOC

Because... because I can't, that's all.

CLARA

Please, Emmett. If you sincerely do care about me, tell me the truth.

Doc takes a deep breath. Should he or shouldn't he?

DOC

The truth.

\*

(nods)

All right. I'm from... the future. And tomorrow, I have to go back to the year 1985.

She stares at him for a long moment, then slaps his face.

\*

CLARA

I've heard some whoppers in my day, but the fact that you would expect me to entertain a notion like that for even an instant is so degrading and insulting... All you had to say was "I don't love you and I don't want to see you any more." That at least would have been respectful.

\*

DOC  
But it wouldn't have been the truth!

\*

CLARA  
Goodbye, Emmett. That's what you want, so goodbye and  
good riddance!

She slams the door in his face.

Doc is heartbroken. His eyes well up with tears.

525 WIDER ANGLE — SCHOOLHOUSE

525

Doc stands there a moment, trying to think of something to do, something to say.

Finally, he turns and walks sadly away.

Thru the window, we can see Clara at her desk, sobbing.

CUT TO:

526 EXT. MAIN STREET — SALOON — NIGHT

526

A dejected Doc saunters down the street and enters the saloon.

527 INT. SALOON — NIGHT

527

There is still some activity here, despite the lateness of the hour.

Doc sidles up to the bar.

DOC  
Whiskey!

The Bartender pours a shot and puts it in front of Doc.

DOC  
Leave the bottle.

The bartender puts down a full bottle.

Doc throws back the shot and pours himself another. A SALESMAN wearing a DERBY looks over at Doc and shakes his head.

SALESMAN  
It's a woman, right?  
(at Doc's nod)  
I knew it. I've seen that look on a man's face a thousand  
times, all over the country. All I can tell you, friend, is that  
you'll get over her.

DOC  
Nope. Clara was one in a million. One in a billion. One in a  
googol-plex.

Doc throws back a shot and pours another. Then he decides to drink straight out of the bottle.

CUT TO:

528 EXT. CAMPSITE — DAWN 528

Marty stirs, gets up, looks around. He sees Doc's bedroll hasn't been slept in.

MARTY  
Doc? Doc?  
(rising alarm)  
Doc?

Marty goes running down the train tracks toward town.

CUT TO:

529 EXT. BLACK BIFF'S CAMPSITE — DAY 529

Black Biff is saddling his horse.

CEEGAR  
It's still early, boss. What's your hurry?  
BLACK BIFF  
I'm hungry.

CUT TO:

530 EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP — DAY 530

Marty runs into the shop.

MARTY  
Doc? Yo, Doc?

Marty runs out again and down the street.

CUT TO:

531 INT. SALOON — DAY 531

DOC is asleep in a drunken stupor, head on the table, empty bottle beside him.

Now MARTY runs in.

MARTY  
Doc! What the hell are you doing? We gotta get outta here!

Marty tries to revive him, but Doc is out of it. Marty looks at the clock: 7:40.

MARTY  
(to the bartender)  
Coffee! Black!

CUT TO:

532 BLACK BIFF and company are riding toward town. 532

CUT TO:

533 EXT. TRAIN STATION — DAY

533

CLARA walks up to the HILL VALLEY TRAIN STATION, carrying a SUITCASE.

She walks up to the ticket window.

CLARA

I'd like to buy a ticket on the next train, please.

AGENT

That'll be the 7:57 to Sacramento. It should be arriving in 9 minutes.

Clara looks at the clock behind him. It's 7:42.

CUT TO:

534 INT. SALOON — DAY

534

Marty props up Doc and puts a cup of black coffee to his lips. Doc sips and makes a face.

BARTENDER

Son, if you want him to sober up fast, you're gonna need something a little stronger than coffee.

MARTY

What do you suggest?

CUT TO:

535 A BOTTLE OF TABASCO SAUCE

535

The Tabasco is on the bar: next to it is a JAR of JALAPENO JUICE, a bottle of MUSTARD SEED, some CAYENNE PEPPER, part of an ONION, and VINEGAR.

The BARTENDER is mixing the ingredients in a glass.

BARTENDER

In about 10 minutes, he'll be as sober as a priest on Sunday.

Marty checks the clock. 7:44.

MARTY

10 minutes. Why do we have to cut these things so damned close?

The bartender hands the concoction to Marty, along with a CLOTHESPIN.

BARTENDER

Put the clothespin over his nose. When he opens his mouth, pour it down his gullet. Then stand back.

536 EXT. SALOON

536

We hold for a moment, then we hear a bloodcurdling SCREAM from inside!

DOC charges out of there, his face bright red!

He runs over to a HORSE TROUGH, and sticks his head in!

He stands, takes a breath, then keels over!

Marty and the Bartender come out of the saloon and run over to Doc.

BARTENDER

That was just the reflex action. It'll take a few more minutes for the stuff to clear up his head.

They start dragging him back to the saloon.

CUT TO:

537 BLACK BIFF and his men ride past a sign: 'Hill Valley City Limits.' 537

CUT TO:

538 INT. SALOON 538

Marty and the bartender drop Doc in a chair.

There are a NUMBER OF PEOPLE in here.

MARTY

You're sure doing a lot of business for this early in the morning.

BARTENDER

Always do right before a shooting.

Marty looks at the clock: 7:46.

MARTY

C'mon, Doc. Get sober!

\*

CUT TO:

539 EXT. TRAIN STATION 539

Clara watches as the train approaches the station.

540 EXT. STREET AND SALOON 540

Black Biff and his men dismount. Buck ties up the horses while Black Biff walks up to the saloon.

BLACK BIFF

All right, Eastwood! It's Friday, and I'm calling you out!

\*

INTERCUT WITH

541 INT. SALOON 541

Everyone becomes quiet. All heads turn to look at Marty. Marty looks at the clock. 7:51.

MARTY

Shit! He's early!

(yells out)

It's not 8 o'clock yet!

BLACK BIFF

It is by my watch! Now let's settle this thing once and for all...  
or ain't you got the gumption?

Marty gulps.

MARTY

Hey, listen. The truth is, I'm not a very good shot. So I forfeit.

BLACK BIFF

(to his men)

Forfeit? What's that mean?

BUCK

Means you win without a fight.

BLACK BIFF

Without shootin'? He can't do that!

(yells)

Tell you what, dude. I'm only leavin' one bullet in my gun. That  
means I only get one try to put it thru your heart and you can  
have six.

Biff unloads 5 bullets and throws them through the saloon doors.

They land on the floor near Marty's feet.

Marty becomes aware that everyone's looking at him. He tries to ignore them.

BLACK BIFF

You know what I think? I think you ain't nothin' but a gutless,  
yellow turd. And I'm giving you to the count of 10 to come out  
here and prove I'm wrong! One! Two! Three!

542 INT. SALOON

542

Marty is getting very concerned. Doc is still in a stupor. Marty slaps his face, trying to revive  
him.

MARTY

C'mon, Doc! Sober up! Please!

BLACK BIFF

Four!

TOOTHLESS

You'd better face up to it, son. 'Cause if you don't go out  
there...

BLACK BIFF (O.S.)

Five.

MARTY

What? What happens if I don't go out there?

MOUSTACHE

You're a coward.



BLACK BIFF (O.S.)

Six.

BARBER

And you'll be branded for the rest of your days. \*

EYEPATCH

Everyone everywhere'll know that Clint Eastwood is the biggest yellow belly in the west! So, here: \*

Eyepatch pulls his PISTOL and puts it on the table in front of Marty.

BLACK BIFF (O.S.)

Seven.

Marty looks at the gun, then at the faces of the men in the saloon.

BLACK BIFF (O.S.)

Eight.

They're all watching him expectantly. They don't like cowards. They all want him to take the gun. \*

BLACK BIFF (O.S.)

Nine.

They all want to see a fight. \*

BLACK BIFF (O.S.)

Ten.

MARTY

(to the men in the saloon)

Hey, I don't care what Tannen thinks! He's a jerk! And I don't care what anybody else thinks either!

(to Doc) \*

Doc, c'mon, snap out of it!

BLACK BIFF (O.S.)

D'ya hear me? I said, that's ten, you gutless yellow turd! \*

The men in the saloon shake their heads. \*

MOUSTACHE

Tannen's right. The runt's yellow.

EYEPATCH

The most sickening display of cowardice I have ever seen.

Now an IRISHMAN who has been in the background speaks up for the first time.

SEAMUS

Is he now? Well, I say there's a difference between being yellow and being stupid. And only a stupid man would go out and get himself shot for no good reason. No, sir, I'd say this young fella's got a noggin full of horse sense.

(to Marty, offering his hand)

Sir, I'm proud to make your acquaintance: McFly's the name. Seamus McFly.

Marty is amazed to meet his ancestor who bears a striking resemblance to (George or Marty).

MARTY

Seamus McFly. Right... from Ireland. I've heard of you. You started the whole family.

SEAMUS

Beggin' your pardon, sir, but I'm not yet married.

An attractive BAR GIRL (who looks quite a bit like Lorraine) is giving Seamus a flirtatious smile.

MARTY

You will be. Listen, Seamus, buddy, is there another way out of here?

SEAMUS

Aye. There's a way through the back, there is. Right through there.

Now DOC suddenly sits up, wide-eyed and sober.

MARTY

Doc! You all right?

Doc looks around, gets his bearings, nods.

DOC

I think so. Whew!!

(rubs his head)

What a headache! I confess, the one thing I really miss here is Tylenol.

MARTY

C'mon, we've gotta go out the back.

Marty helps Doc up and they move toward the back. Marty looks back at Seamus.

MARTY

Thanks a lot!

SEAMUS

Sure'n you're welcome.

543 MARTY AND DOC break for it, out the back door, and run out into

543

544 THE STREET

544

DOC stumbles into some TRASH CONTAINERS, knocks them over, making a lot of NOISE.

BUCK reacts, comes around the corner, and spots them.

BUCK

HEY!!!

Buck FIRES!

MARTY dives into the GENERAL STORE across the street.

545 INT. GENERAL STORE 545

Marty rams into a CAST IRON POT BELLIED STOVE, and the stove door falls off.

Marty catches his breath and realizes Doc's not with him.

BLACK BIFF (O.S.)

Listen up, Eastwood! I aim to shoot somebody today. I'd prefer it be you. But if you're just too damned yellow, then it'll have to be your blacksmith friend!

Marty looks out the window.

546 OUTSIDE 546

Buck and Ceegar are holding DOC, and Black Biff holds a gun on him.

DOC

Marty, forget about me and save yourself!

Marty pulls out the Polaroid and shudders. He thinks.

BLACK BIFF

You got one minute to decide!

We hear the TRAIN WHISTLE in the distance and we

CUT TO:

547 EXT. TRAIN STATION 547

Close on a CONDUCTOR.

CONDUCTOR

All Aboarrddddd!!

548 WIDER 548

The train lurches forward and slowly pulls out of the Hill Valley Station.

549 INT. SLOWLY MOVING TRAIN CAR 549

CLARA looks out the window, somewhat dazed.

In front of her is the SALESMAN who was drinking with Doc last night talking to the man next to him.

SALESMAN

...but this poor feller had the worst case of broken heart I ever seen. Said he didn't know how he'd get through the rest of his life, knowing how much he'd hurt her. It kinda got me right here, listenin' to him go on and on about his Clara.

Clara reacts.

CLARA

Excuse me, but was this man tall, with wild eyes, disheveled hair...?

SALESMAN

You know him ...

CLARA

I'm... Clara...

SALESMAN

Well, Clara, if you have any feelings toward him whatsoever, go find him. I've never seen a man more tore up or in love than he was, and love like that doesn't happen too often. Whatever happened between you two, I'd give him a 2nd chance.

With that, Clara stands and PULLS THE EMERGENCY CORD!

CLARA

Emmett!

550 EXT. THE TRAIN 550

The BRAKES lock up and the train screams to a stop!

551 INT. PASSENGER CAR 551

Passengers are thrown forward.

Clara pushes her way through to get off.

552 EXT. THE TRAIN 552

Clara gets off the train and runs toward town. Meanwhile, railroad personnel are trying to ascertain the problem, who pulled the cord, why, etc.

CUT TO:

553 EXT. STREET 553

Biff waits impatiently in the street while his men hold Doc.

A number of onlookers crowd the doors and windows of the adjacent buildings.

BLACK BIFF  
(yells)

All right, runt, time's up!

MARTY steps out from behind a building far down the street. He's wearing a serape and hat in the Clint Eastwood tradition (these were items in the store).

MARTY

I'm right here, Tannen.

Marty's hands are empty and he wears no gunbelt.

BLACK BIFF

Where's your iron?

MARTY

I'm not wearing one. I thought we could settle this thing like men.

With that, Marty clenches his fists.

BLACK BIFF

You thought wrong, dude.

Biff draws his pistol and FIRES right at Marty's chest! Marty falls.

Biff laughs. Biff walks down the street toward the fallen Marty. When Biff is almost to him...

Marty gets up!

Biff can't believe it! He shoots again, but his gun's empty.

Biff throws his gun down, rushes Marty and throws a punch into his gut — and howls in pain with the CRACK of his knuckle bones!

Marty socks Biff in the face and kicks him in the groin. Biff goes down.

BLACK BIFF

Buck! Kill the blacksmith!

Buck pulls his gun.

Suddenly, an array of guns cock.

SEAMUS

Sure'n I'd be droppin' that gun if I were you.

Seamus holds a shotgun on him, and a number of men from the saloon all have guns pointed at Biff's men.

Biff's men wisely throw down their guns.

Marty throws off his serape, revealing the CAST IRON DOOR from the pot bellied stove!

A BOY, 7, runs up to Marty, excitedly.

BOY

Wow! Armor! How'd you think of that, mister?

MARTY

I saw it in a Clint Eastwood movie.

BOY

Movie? What's a movie?

MARTY

You'll find out.

MAN

(to the boy)

Move along, D.W., move along.

BARBER

That little Griffith boy, can't hold him down.

MARTY

You okay, Doc?

DOC

Fine.

Marty takes out the Polaroid.

554 INSERT — POLAROID 554

The tombstone with Doc's name on it literally VANISHES from the photo, so that the picture shows the other tombsstones behind it.

555 BACK TO SHOT 555

Biff, still on the ground, clutches his hand in pain.

BLACK BIFF

It's broke! My gun hand's broke!

SEAMUS

Well, if you'd like to be tryin' honest work, you can have a job on my farm, sloppin' hogs and washin' wagons.

The TRAIN WHISTLE blows in the distance.

MARTY

Can we make it?

DOC

We'll have to cut 'em off at Coyote Pass!

They run over to the horses of Biff and his gang. Marty and Doc each untie one, mount up and gallop off!

And as they disappear down the street, CLARA comes running from around the corner.

CLARA

Emmett??

CUT TO:

556 EXT. THE TRAIN 556

The train is moving forward again.

557 EXT. WOODED AREA 557

Doc and Marty gallop through the woods.

558 EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP 558

Clara runs into the blacksmith shop.

CLARA

Emmett! Emmett!

559 INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP 559

Clara looks around. No sign of Doc, but she notices the covered TABLE TOP MODEL. She pulls off the cover and looks at it. She sees the point marked "Stop Train Here."

CUT TO:

560 EXT. BOARDING THE TRAIN SEQUENCE 560

DOC and MARTY gallop toward the train.

The train is just ahead.

Doc and Marty pull alongside and ride even with the last (passenger) car.

Doc grabs for the ladder on the side of the last car and pulls himself aboard.

Marty follows suit.

561 EXT. ATOP THE MOVING TRAIN 561

Doc and Marty run across the tops of the cars toward the locomotive.

As they near the tender, they pull their bandanas up over their faces.

562 IN THE LOCOMOTIVE 562

The ENGINEER and FIREMAN are busy running the train.

Suddenly, a GUN is thrust against the Engineer's head.

DOC

Do what I say and you won't get hurt.

ENGINEER

Is this a holdup?

DOC

It's a science experiment. Stop the train just before you hit that switchtrack up ahead.

563 EXT. IN THE WOODS 563

CLARA runs frantically through the woods.

564 EXT. THE TRAIN 564

The Train stops just before the switchtrack.

DOC

Marty: throw the switch.

(to the Fireman)

You: uncouple the cars from the tender.

The Fireman goes running back there to do it.

565 AT THE SWITCH TRACK 565

Marty yanks the switching mechanism, switching the main track onto Carson spur.

566      IN THE CAB 566

DOC switches hats with the Engineer.

DOC

You can get off now.

The engineer jumps off.

Doc pushes the throttle forward and the locomotive and tender pull away from the rest of the train.

MARTY climbs up onto the slowly moving train.

CUT TO:

567      EXT. DELOREAN ON THE TRACKS 567

The DeLorean sits on the tracks, undisturbed. The LOCOMOTIVE comes chugging along behind it. The BRAKES squeal as the engine pulls to a stop just behind it.

568      CLARA is still running through the woods, comes to a bluff. Looking down, she can see the ABANDONED TRAIN CARS with people milling around. 568

She keeps running.

569      LOCOMOTIVE AND DELOREAN 569

MARTY hands a LOG SHAPED OBJECT, tightly wrapped with cloth, up to DOC in the cab. Doc has 2 others already on board.

MARTY

What are these things anyway?

DOC

My own version of "Presto Logs." Compressed wood with anthracite dust, chemically treated to burn hotter and longer. I use 'em in my forge so I don't have to stoke it. 3 of these in the furnace will make the fire burn hotter, kick up the boiler pressure and make the train go faster.

570      CLARA is still running. In the distance she can now make out the back of the tender. 570

571      MARTY climbs into the DELOREAN and gets behind the wheel. 571

572      IN THE LOCOMOTIVE 572

DOC pulls out his walkie-talkie.

DOC

Testing, Marty. Do you read?

573      INTERCUT with MARTY, in the DeLorean, who has his walkie-talkie at hand. 573

MARTY

That's a big 10-4.

DOC

Then let's go home.



Marty shifts into neutral and releases the emergency brake.

MARTY

Ready to roll!

Doc toots the WHISTLE, then releases the brake.

Air shoots out of the cylinders.

Doc opens the throttle.

The pistons push the wheels.

The locomotive inches slowly forward.

The cowcatcher bumps up to the rear of the DeLorean and pushes it forward.

Marty smiles.

574 CLARA comes running up just as the locomotive pulls away. She spots Doc on the locomotive! 574

CLARA

Emmett!!!!

But Doc can't hear her over the sound of the train and his tooting of the whistle.

Clara chases after the slowly accelerating train and GRABS the ladder behind the tender. SHE'S ABOARD! She sighs and catches her breath.

575 MOVING LOCOMOTIVE (INTERCUT WITH DELOREAN) 575

Doc calls into the walkie-talkie.

DOC

Marty: are the time circuits on?

Marty turns the lever. The displays come on.

MARTY

Check, Doc.

DOC

Input the destination time: October 27, 1985. 11 am.

Marty punches it up on the keypad.

MARTY

Check!

CLARA climbs up onto the top of the tender, which is loaded with timber.

CLARA

EMMETT!!!

But Doc can't hear her over the chugging of the locomotive!

Clara walks across the wood, toward the locomotive, but loses her balance. She falls into the woodpile.

The DELOREAN speedometer gauge is at 25.

MARTY  
(into walkie-talkie)  
We're running steady at 25 miles per hour.

DOC  
All right. I'm throwing in the Presto logs. Once they get going,  
we'll really get going.

Doc throws the wrapped logs into the furnace.

DOC  
I'm coming aboard.

IN THE DELOREAN, Marty reaches over and opens the passenger side gullwing door.

Doc climbs out of the cab and along the side of the engine. Clara has regained her balance and is again climbing across the wood in the tender toward the locomotive.

In the furnace, the cloth around the Presto Logs burns away and the logs themselves begin to burn with a GREENISH FLAME.

Green smoke comes out of the smoke stack.

Doc sees it and smiles.

The locomotive PRESSURE GAUGE suddenly increases.

The locomotive accelerates!

The DeLorean digital speedometer shows 36...37...38... Doc is about halfway to the front of the engine. The WALKWAY creaks and gives — the metal is brittle.

Clara makes it across the wood, and climbs down into the locomotive cab.

CLARA  
EMMETT!!!

Doc can't hear her.

She sticks her head out of the cab and waves at Doc.

But Doc is looking toward the front of the train.

Clara screams and waves wildly, but can't get his attention.

Doc is just about to the cowcatcher.

The speedometer passes 45.

Clara blows the whistle.

Doc hears the whistle and suddenly realizes someone must be blowing it.

Doc looks back and sees Clara! He's totally astonished.

DOC  
Clara!!!

CLARA

Emmett!!! I love you!!!

Marty looks back and sees Doc looking back. He calls into the walkie-talkie.

MARTY

Yo, Doc, what's happening?

The speedometer approaches 55...

DOC

It's Clara! She's on the train!

MARTY

That's impossible!

DOC

She's here! In the cab! I've gotta go back for her!

Doc starts to move back.

MARTY

What are you gonna do?

DOC

Hope that there's enough time to stop the train and get her off before we hit the bridge!

But Marty sees the WINDMILL up ahead — the failsafe point!

MARTY

Doc! I see the windmill! And we're going 60! You'll never make it!

Doc looks and sees the windmill ahead... and watches as they speed past it.

DOC

Then we'll have to take her with us! Keep calling out the speed!

(pockets walkie-talkie, yells)

Clara! Climb out here to me!

CLARA

I don't know if I can!

DOC

You can do it! Just don't look down!

Clara gulps and climbs out.

MARTY

65 miles an hour...

DOC

Good. You're doing fine! Nice and steady...

Clara scoots along.

DOC

Keep coming...

The ground is racing underneath. A fall means certain death.

MARTY

70!

Clara's foot reaches the brittle section. The platform cracks and breaks!

She loses her balance and SCREAMS!

She falls — but her leg gets caught in a metal brace, leaving her HANGING UPSIDE DOWN, WITH HER HEAD INCHES AWAY FROM THE HUGE POUNDING PISTON WHEELS!

Doc is horrified.

CLARA

HELP!!!

MARTY

75!

She struggles to pull herself back up, but she can't.

CLARA

Emmett!! Help!!!

Ahead, the ravine can be seen.

Doc looks back and forth, trying to decide what to do.

MARTY

80!

Clara's leg is slipping out of the brace.

CLARA

I'm slipping!

MARTY

Doc! Here! Catch!

Marty opens his gullwing door and throws Doc the PINK HOVERBOARD!

Doc catches it!

The speedometer reads 84... 85...

Through the windshield, the unfinished BRIDGE can be seen...

576 CLOSE ON CLARA 576  
hanging off the locomotive, terrified as she slips closer to the pounding pistons.

Suddenly, DOC appears and pulls her off of there!

577 WIDER 577

Doc is on THE HOVERBOARD with an amazed Clara in his arms! He hovers clear of the train...

The speedometer hits 88!

578 MUCH WIDER 578

Doc on the hoverboard with Clara in his arms watches as...

The speeding locomotive pushes the DeLorean toward edge of the ravine, and

Fire appears around the DeLorean wheels, and

The coils glow blue, and

The flux capacitor discharges, and

The DeLorean is blasted back to future!

And then the LOCOMOTIVE GOES OVER THE EDGE OF THE UNFINISHED BRIDGE, INTO THE RAVINE!

It is a spectacular train wreck, capped with a tremendous BOILER EXPLOSION!

Doc holds Clara tightly.

They kiss.

And then they hoverboard off into the western sky.

CUT TO:

(Scene numbers 579 — 700 reserved)

701 EXT. 1985 — CARSON RAVINE BRIDGE — DAY 701

The BRIDGE as it is in 1985 — completed, spanning the ravine.

3 SONIC BOOMS and WHITE FLASHES and the DELOREAN reappears on the bridge speeding along!

The DeLorean coasts safely across the bridge, to the other side of the ravine, decelerating.

702 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS AT AIRPORT 702

The slowing DeLorean coasts along the tracks near the small local AIRPORT, toward a HIGHWAY INTERSECTION.

The CROSSING GATES CLANG: they're almost down.

703 TRACKING WITH THE DELOREAN 703

MARTY coasts across the highway intersection, smiling, thinking the crossing gates are down for him...

Then we hear the sound of a DIESEL HORN. Marty looks ahead in horror:

704 HIS P.O.V. THRU THE WINDSHIELD OF 704

A DIESEL ENGINE bearing down on him!

705 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS 705

The head-on collision is unavoidable!

The DeLorean slows, the gullwing door is thrown open and MARTY rolls out of the DeLorean just as the Diesel engine SMASHES into the DeLorean, TOTALLY DESTROYING IT, sending wreckage everywhere!

The Diesel keeps on going!

706 MARTY catches his breath and looks around. 706

Twisted metal debris and pieces of the DeLorean are strewn all over.

There are small piles of burning heaps.

MARTY

Oh, God, no! No!!!

Marty drops to his knees, weeping.

MARTY

Well, Doc, it's destroyed. Just like you wanted.

CUT TO:

707 EXT. LYON GATES (1985) — DAY 707

A very depressed Marty McFly walks through the familiar Lyon Gates and down the street toward his house.

Up ahead, BIFF'S AUTO DETAILING TRUCK can be seen parked. BIFF is waxing somebody's car.

BIFF

Hi, Marty. How's everything.

MARTY

(without any enthusiasm)

Fine.

BIFF

Gone cowboy, eh?

MARTY

Yeah.

708 EXT. McFLY HOME, 1985 — DAY 708

Marty walks up his driveway. The garage is open and his black Toyota truck is in there.

But even the sight of his truck does nothing to buoy his spirits.

As Marty approaches the front door, GEORGE and LORRAINE pull into the driveway in their BMW. They get out of the car.

GEORGE

Marty — what on earth are you wearing?

MARTY

Oh, that's a long story.

LORRAINE

Where've you been? I thought you and Jennifer were up at the lake.

MARTY

Jennifer! Oh my God, Jennifer!

CUT TO:

709 EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE — DAY

709

MARTY pulls up in his truck, gets out and runs over to the hammock. (There are now no security bars on the window.)

He hesitates, then peeks into it: JENNIFER is just as he left her. Marty sighs relief.

MARTY

Thank God!

(shakes her gently)

Jen? Jennifer?

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!

CUT TO:

710 INT. MARTY'S MOVING TRUCK

710

MARTY drives. Jennifer is beside him.

MARTY

How do you feel? Are you all right?

JENNIFER

I think so, wow, I thought I was...

(sighs)

I guess it was a dream, but it was so real. About the future... about us... and our kids. Our kids were a mess, and you got fired... It was terrible.

MARTY

Well, everything's fine now. Sort of...

Marty stops at a traffic light.

Now, a hot RED CAMARO pulls up alongside.

DRIVER

Hey, the Big M! How's it hangin', McFly! Nice truck! Let's see what she can do.

The driver is NEEDLES, 17: Marty's future co-worker. He races his engine.

\*

MARTY

No thanks, Needles.

Marty pulls forward a few feet.

NEEDLES

C'mon, McFly. What's the matter: Chicken?

Marty tenses, then backs up even with Needles. Marty glares at him.

Jennifer reacts with concern.

Needles makes "clucking" noises.

MARTY

Nobody calls me chicken, Needles...

Marty races his engine.

Needles races his engine.

JENNIFER

Marty, don't...

Marty puts his hand on his stick shift.

Marty looks at the stoplight. Red. The intersecting light goes from Green to Yellow...

Needles is ready...

Marty has his clutch down, ready to pop it.

The two vehicles are like animals ready to charge.

The light turns GREEN.

The Camaro roars off like a bat out of hell!

Marty's truck just stays there.

MARTY

(shakes his head)

But I'm not stupid, either.

We hear a HORN HONK and a SCREECH OF BRAKES.

711 MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU THE WINDSHIELD

711

The Camaro narrowly avoids hitting a Rolls Royce that has pulled out of an intersecting driveway.

712 MARTY is astonished. He sighs a "that was a close one" sigh.

712

MARTY

Jeez! I woulda hit that Roll Royce!

JENNIFER

Rolls Royce?

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the crumbled "You're fired" fax.



Jennifer looks at the fax page: the words "You're fired" vanish from it; in fact all of the printing disappears! Jennifer examines it, amazed. It's simply a blank piece of paper.

She shakes her head, not sure if she imagined it or what.

JENNIFER

It erased ...!

MARTY

(a beat)

Maybe our future hasn't been written yet. \*

She smiles.

CUT TO:

713 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS NEAR AIRPORT (WRECKAGE SITE) — DAY

713

The DeLorean wreckage is still strewn along the tracks.

Marty's truck pulls up and Marty gets out.

Jennifer doesn't understand.

JENNIFER

What are we doing here?

MARTY

I'll just be a minute.

Marty pokes through the pieces... a fender, a train wheel, part of a seat, a twisted piece of metal that says "Mr. Fusion," a section of the time displays: "Last time departed."

Finally he finds what he's looking for: the square case containing the FLUX CAPACITOR.

Marty picks it up and examines it. The glass cover is shattered, and inside, the flux capacitor is broken.

Marty sighs.

Suddenly, there's a TREMENDOUS SONIC BOOM.

Marty and Jennifer react with total incredulity at what they see:

A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE is there on the tracks and DOC BROWN is in the cab, wearing an Engineer's hat.

Of course, it's been modified with big Tesla coils, condensers, and equipment that looks right out of Jules Verne... including a Victorian style flux capacitor!

DOC

Marty! It runs on steam!

With Doc in the cab is CLARA, and 2 BOYS, aged 4 and 6. And EINSTEIN, the dog. \*

DOC

Oh, I'm married now. Meet the family! Clara, you know, and these are my boys: Jules and Verne! Boys, this is Marty. And Jennifer. \*

Marty is dumbstruck.

MARTY

Hi.

Marty walks over to the locomotive and stares in awe... and joy in seeing the Doc.

MARTY

Doc... it's unbelievable. This is wonderful! And here I thought I'd never see you again.

DOC

You can't keep a good scientist down. After all, I had to come back for Einstein. And I didn't want you to be worried about me.

JENNIFER

Doctor Brown, I just want to know one thing: What happens to Marty and me in the future?

DOC

That's up to you. Your future hasn't been written — no one's has. For better or worse, your future is what you make it.

(a beat)

So make it a good one. Both of you.

Doc winks.

Marty puts his arm around Jennifer and smiles.

MARTY

We will, Doc. And what about you? Are you going... back to the future?

DOC

Nope: already been there!

Doc pushes a lever: the locomotive wheels fold down, and the ENTIRE LOCOMOTIVE LIFTS UP OFF THE TRACK!

MARTY and JENNIFER both watch in open mouthed disbelief!

DOC and his family wave to Marty as the locomotive ascends higher and FLIES OFF INTO THE SKY!

ROLL END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.