

BACK TO THE FUTURE

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"Physicists propose that two alternate histories, two equally valid realities, could exist side by side: the one you know, and the one in which you don't exist. Time itself may have many potential dimensions, despite the fact that we are condemned to experience only one of them."

---Carl Sagan

"Hey, kids, what time is it?"

--Buffalo Bob Smith

"The Howdy Doody Show"

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The MOTHER SHIP rises above Devil's Tower and sails off into space to the strains of John Williams. In a moment we realize that we're watching the end titles of "Close Encounters", and then we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

that the image is on a TV monitor...as we continue PULLING BACK, we discover a bank of video equipment, and "Close Encounters" is being pirated, from 3/4" cassette to VHS and Beta.

INT. VIDEO WORK AREA – LABORATORY – DAY

The video pirate operating this equipment is MARTY McFLY, 17, a good looking kid who has an air of confidence just shy of cockiness. He's wearing a silver Porsche jacket, and like most typical modern day kids, not a stitch of his clothing is without some brand name or form of advertising. He's looking at an ad for a guitar amp in ROLLING STONE.

With the movie over, Marty shuts down the equipment, ejects the cassettes, and writes on them, "Close Encounters, Original Edition."

He puts the master tape back in a drawer, and we catch a glimpse of a few other titles---"Empire Strikes Back," "Star Wars," "Superman II."

MARTY

packs up his cassettes with his school books and takes us into ANOTHER PART OF THE LABORATORY. The lab is a huge room, and workbenches are all over, covered with chemical and electronic equipment. The place is old and dusty and has the air of a mad scientist lab of the 50's.

An ELDERLY MAN is hunched over an experiment on one side of the lab. Marty calls to him.

MARTY

Professor Brown! It's almost 8:30---I'm outta here!

PROF. BROWN

Ssshhhh!

PROFESSOR EMMETT BROWN, late 60's, is tinkering with a device that looks like a Solar Cell, positioning it under a skylight to catch the sun's rays. He is eccentric, moody, but basically kindly. And very involved in his work.

Marty has a closer look at what the Professor is working on. The device is easily 30 years old, and Brown pours a chemical solution into a compartment in the cell. He plugs a patch cord from the Cell into a Voltmeter. An incandescent bulb on the panel glows dimly, and the meter needles move slightly.

PROF. BROWN

Blast it!! 24 measly volts!

He throws an Erlenmeyer Flask across the room---it shatters against the wall.

PROF. BROWN

(points to the sun)

The power of a million hydrogen bombs...

(points to his experiment)

...and we get 24 measly volts. It's not fair! I've been working on this Power Converter since 1949, and you'd think in all that time, I could find the right chemicals that would efficiently convert radiation into electrical energy! But no! 33 years of dedication and research, and all I've got to show for it is a bootleg video operation!

MARTY

That reminds me, if we could scrape up enough for a 35 film chain, I've got a connection with a projectionist in a first run house---we could be sellin' new movies on the street before they're even in the theater.

PROF. BROWN

A 35mm film chain...I'll see what I can do...

The Professor ponders his Power Converter.

Marty is on his way out. He pauses at a door with 5 locks on it and tries it. Of course it doesn't open.

PROF. BROWN

Won't give up, will you, Marty?

Professor Brown asks without turning around. Marty grins.

MARTY

(grins)

One of these days you're gonna leave this door open and I'll find out what's in there.

PROF. BROWN

Did you ever consider that some doors are locked for a reason?

MARTY

Nope. The way I figure it, doors are made to be opened. See you after school.

PROF. BROWN

Oh---Marty---what time did you say it was?

MARTY

8:30.

PROF. BROWN

A.M. or P.M.?

MARTY

Pro, the sun's out!

PROF. BROWN

Oh, right, right.

MARTY

Jeez, for a guy with a ton of clocks, you sure don't pay much attention to time.

Indeed there are a number of clocks all over the lab.

PROF. BROWN

On the contrary. I may not pay much attention to the measurement of time, but I'm very aware of Time itself.

As he talks, Brown walks toward Marty

PROF. BROWN (CONT'D)

I believe time to be its own dimension...to be contained...to be controlled...

Marty has had enough of the Professor's rambling. He's heading down the stairway.

MARTY

Catch you later!

Marty is gone.

PROF. BROWN (CONT'D)

...to be travelled through.

Professor Brown unlocks the door and enters.

INT. LOCKED ROOM

The center of attention here is a morass of equipment of 1940's and 50's vintage that looks like something out of "Amazing Stories" or "Weird Science." A series of lenses is the final end to the maze, indicating that a ray of some sort is to be beamed down on...whatever.

Professor Brown admires his invention.

PROF. BROWN

If only I could harness enough power!

INT. STAIRWAY – MARTY

Marty comes down the stairs to street level and goes out the door.

EXT. ORPHEUM THEATER BUILDING – DAY

Marty steps out onto the street from the ORPHEUM THEATER BUILDING, the 3rd floor of which houses the lab.

The theater is old and abandoned; on the marquee are the words, "Assembly of Christ." From outside, the two stories of offices above the theater look just as destitute, with weathered, soot covered walls and an occasional boarded up window.

Most of the neighboring businesses are boarded up as well. We get the feeling that this was once a thriving business district...but those days are long gone.

A black van is parked a little ways down the street; on its side we see the letters "N.R.C." TWO MEN are putting samples of gutter water into test tubes. They pay no attention to Marty.

Marty goes next door into one of the only operating businesses in sight: WILSON'S CAFE, a lunch counter joint on its last legs.

INT. WILSON'S CAFE

Marty enters. The proprietor, DICK WILSON, 35, is behind the counter. Dick is quite overweight...and he's munching on a Baby Ruth candy bar.

MARTY

Morning, Dick.

DICK

Marty. What's for breakfast?

MARTY

Gimme some Chili, fries, and a Tab.

Marty glances at the sports page of a discarded paper on the counter as Dick brings him the Tab.

DICK

Hot tip: Rubber Biscuit in the 3rd race at Arlington.

MARTY

Dick, what's with those guys out there in the gutter?

DICK

(shrugs)

3rd time they've been out there this week.

Marty watches them for a moment.

MARTY

What's N.R.C.?

DICK

(shrugs)

I don't know. National Cash Register?

CUT TO:

INSERT – SCIENCE TEXTBOOK

A PHOTOGRAPH OF A MUSHROOM CLOUD, with the caption, "Last above ground atomic test, March 18, 1952, Atkins, Nevada." A HAND writes the initials "M.M. + S.P." in the cloud, draws an arrow through it like a valentine, and then writes, "How about the Dance Saturday? We'll have a BLAST!"

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM – ON MARTY

The hand belongs to Marty, who fakes attention to the lecture being given by MR. ARKY, a frustrated, embittered teacher of 55.

MR. ARKY

There were only 3 above ground Atomic Tests in the United States, so the government took every opportunity to study the effects of radiation. Actual single family tract homes were constructed on the test site, totally furnished with refrigerators, TV's, furniture...anything you could find in a typical home...just so scientists could learn what kind of damage an atomic bomb would do to a typical town. They even put mannequins in the houses, just like in auto crash tests...

Marty tears the page out of his textbook and winks at SUZY PARKER, the cute girl across the aisle and behind him. They exchange a smile, and Marty tosses the folded page to her.

MR. ARKY

But the fact remains that today, 30 years after those early nuclear tests, the threat of nuclear annihilation is as great as it ever was. Certainly, nuclear annihilation is something you all must have thought about. Any questions, comments, ideas? Anyone?

No reaction at all from the class. No one has a hand up, no one seems interested.

MR. ARKY

I'm talking about the complete and total destruction of the entire world. Doesn't anybody have anything to say about it?

No, no one does.

Arky is becoming angered and frustrated.

MR. ARKY

How about you, Mr. Jackson? Would you like to share some of your wisdom with the class?

Jackson clearly wouldn't.

Now Suzy writes something on Marty's note, folds it, and tosses it back. It lands on the floor near Marty, and he picks it up.

MR. ARKY

(frustration rising)

Mr. Gomez? Any thoughts? Miss Parker? Mr. Crump, any reaction?

Marty unfolds the note.

INSERT – THE NOTE

Next to the mushroom cloud has been written, “That’s sick.” On the back has been written, “Yes.”

BACK TO SHOT

Marty smiles.

MR. ARKY

How about you, Mr. McFly?

Marty quickly folds the note and shoves it in his pocket.

MR. ARKY

Did you even hear the question, Mr. McFly?

Marty looked up, facing the inevitable. He might as well give his honest opinion.

MARTY

Yeah. You want to know what I think about atomic bombs. Well, I'd kinda like to see one.

MR. ARKY

You'd like to see a nuclear holocaust?

MARTY

Not a holocaust-----

MR. ARKY

(to the class)

Mr. McFly here wants to nuke it all, just so he can see it!

MARTY

You know damn well that's not what I meant.

MR. ARKY

(isn't interested)

All I can say is, that's one helluvan attitude, Mr. McFly. “Let's explode a 100 megaton Geothermal nuclear device, just to see it.”

MARTY

(pissed, under his breath)

Yeah, explode it up your ass.

MR. ARKY (continuing)

Unfortunately, the way things are going, you may get your wish. You may see the entire annihilation of the world. If not, you'll certainly see the destruction of all our natural resources. We can already see the air we breathe, not to mention the pollution in our rivers and lakes. We'll see all of our oil reserves depleted, in fact, all of our energy sources. Yes, you people have a lot to look forward to---a lot to see.

MARTY

Hey, Mr. Arky, gimme a break! I'm 17 years old! I'm not responsible for all these problems!

Mr. Arky sobers up and sighs.

MR. ARKY

No, of course you're not. Not for the problems, no. But for the solutions...yes.

The bell rings. There is a rush to the door.

MR. ARKY

See you tomorrow.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL – DAY

STUDENTS pour out of the school. It's a typically middle-American school, brick, idyllic, flanked by oak trees. There is some graffiti and a boarded up window or two.

Students begin their after school rituals of smoking, drinking, loitering, eyeing girls or guys as the case may be, showing off their cars.

Marty is among a group of kids, surreptitiously exchanging video tapes for cash. RAFF NEWTON approaches him.

NEWTON

Hey Marty, spot me 50 till the weekend, would ya? I'm down to my last 20.

MARTY

Can't, man. I'm savin' up for that new amp.

NEWTON

Well, when you're a big rock star, how about loanin' me a grand?

MARTY

You got it!

(checks his watch)

I gotta go.

Next to Marty is his friend DONALDSON.

DONALDSON

Hey man, what happened to your digital quartz?

MARTY

In the shop. So I'm sporting this antique. Check out this wind-up action.

Marty shows him a gold wind-up wrist watch. Marty stuffs a wad of cash in his pocket as he and Donaldson descend the steps.

DONALDSON

Hey, you wanna come over? Get high?

MARTY

Maybe tomorrow. I gotta dupe some more tapes.

DONALDSON

Hey, that reminds me: my brother's gettin' married next week and I'm throwin' a party for him. Can you provide some entertainment?

MARTY

Yeah, I can run something off this afternoon.

INT. LAB – ON MARTY – DAY

as we hear sounds of HEAVY BREATHING, ORGIASTIC PANTING and other Porno sound effects. Marty shakes his head at what he's seeing (we can't see it) and turns down the volume. He's of course copying a porno film.

Marty puts a big wad of cash into a cigar box on the bench, then walks over to another area of the lab.

INT. LAB – PROF. BROWN'S QUARTERS

Professor Brown is sleeping on an army cot, covered with a horse blanket. Nearby is an old refrigerator, a hot plate, and some clothes hanging from an exposed pipe.

Marty opens the refrigerator and pulls out a bottle of Coke. He inadvertently knocks an orange out, and it rolls across the floor, under the cot.

Marty stoops down to get the orange. He moves the blanket and reacts with astonishment at what he sees:

A CRATE

with purple radioactivity emblems labeled: EXTREME DANGER! RADIOACTIVE PLUTONIUM! AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY! DO NOT HANDLE WITHOUT RADIATION SUIT! And further down, "Property of San Onofre Nuclear Power Plant, San Onofre, California." The orange is resting right up against it.

MARTY

takes a deep breath, then uses his foot to roll the orange away from the crate. He cautiously backs away from the cot and tosses the orange into a trash can. Professor Brown continues sleeping soundly.

Marty twists off the Coke cap, takes a swig, and walks over to a cage with an ORGAN GRINDER MONKEY in it.

MARTY

Hey Shemp, how ya doin'?

Shemp is wearing a red coat and hat. Marty opens the cage and lets Shemp climb on him.

Now Marty walks over to where the Power Converter is set up. Nearby is a stack of blueprints, very old. Marty has a look.

THE BLUEPRINTS

include on top, the "Photo-Electric Chemical Power Converter," which is the invention on the bench; the "15 Tube Mechanical Home Butler," which is a robot; the "Aero-Mobile," (a flying car); and something called a "Write-O-Matic," which resembles a pen with a wire-attached suction cup.

MARTY

studies the Power Converter itself. The last rays of the afternoon sun shine through the skylight and fall on the Photo-cell. A funnel is sticking out of the chemical chamber, and it becomes just too much for Marty to resist: he pours some Coca-Cola in it. Suddenly, a blinding spark crackles from the other end of the device! Marty jumps back!

PROFESSOR BROWN

awakens with a start! He looks around, then rushes over to the power converter.

PROF. BROWN

What happened?!?

MARTY

Well, I'm not sure exactly---I accidentally spilled some Coke in here---just a drop!

Brown hooks up the voltmeter and light bulb.

PROF. BROWN

Give me that!

He takes the Coke from Marty and pours a little into the funnel. The light bulb glows brilliantly, the voltmeter needle jumps, and the equipment hums!

Brown pours in more Coke---the bulb glows with increasing intensity, then explodes! The voltmeter needle goes off the scale! The Power Converter vibrates and falls off the bench!

The Professor stares in disbelief; his hands begin to tremble. His reaction would be no different if Jesus Christ himself walked into the room! He checks the ingredients on the bottle.

PROF. BROWN

What's in this stuff?

MARTY

Nobody knows the formula for Coca-Cola. It's the most closely guarded secret in the world!

The Professor ponders the discovery, then gathers up the Power Converter and goes to the Locked Door. He begins unlocking it, then looks at Marty.

PROF. BROWN

I'll see you tomorrow.

Professor Brown takes the device into the room and locks the door behind him.

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Marty, wearing headphones, is playing his Electric Guitar along with a record on his stereo. His bedroom walls have posters of rock stars; a second bed and bedroom set are testament to an older brother no longer living at home.

As Marty plays he walks around using the top of the guitar neck to move objects and lift magazines on the desk and bureaus. He's looking for something. He moves a Rolling Stone---under it are some tools. He moves an issue of Heavy Metal and the Lampoon---under it, some homework.

The record ends; Marty takes off the headphones and yells out the door.

MARTY

Who stole the drill?

He is answered by a WOMAN'S VOICE.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Dinner's ready!

INT. McFLY HOME – NIGHT

Marty goes downstairs into the living room. The furnishings are Montgomery Ward/Sears. GEORGE McFLY, 47, is absorbed in a BOXING MATCH on TV. He's balding, bored, uninspired; a man who lost at the game of life.

MARTY

Anybody seen the drill?

His father doesn't react. His mother, EILEEN, 47, sticks her head out of the kitchen. Once she was very attractive. Now she's in a rut.

EILEEN

I've been calling you for 5 minutes! Didn't you hear me?

MARTY

I was practicing. I've got an audition next week---I gotta practice. How am I gonna get famous if I don't practice?

EILEEN

You won't get famous if you don't eat, either.

She goes back in the kitchen.

MARTY

Dad, you seen the drill?

GEORGE

What drill?

MARTY

The drill! The power drill I bought you for Christmas. I was using it last night.

GEORGE

It'll turn up.

Marty sits down in the kitchen where his mother is putting food on the table.

EILEEN

George, dinner's ready!

GEORGE

Coming, Eileen.

George just sits there. watching the Boxing Match.

EILEEN

Now, George. Dinner's ready now.

GEORGE

Coming, Eileen.

A commercial comes on; George gets up and rolls the TV stand over to where he'll be able to watch from the dinner table.

EILEEN

(to Marty)

How was school today?

MARTY

Fine.

EILEEN

Learn anything?

MARTY

Oh yeah.

EILEEN

That's good.

Now George sits down.

GEORGE

(to Marty)

How was school today?

MARTY

Fine.

GEORGE

Learn anything?

MARTY

Oh yeah.

GEORGE

Good.

George turns his attention totally on the TV.

Marty looks at the newspaper.

Eileen stares off into space.

20 seconds of lively, family dinner conversation...by the sportscaster giving the blow-by-blow on TV.

Finally, Eileen opens her mouth again.

EILEEN

By the way, that reminds me, Saturday night we're taking Grandma Stella out for Chinese food.

GEORGE

Eileen, Chinese food again?

EILEEN

George, if you don't want Chinese food, pick a place you want to go and make a reservation.

MARTY

That means he'll have to pick up the phone, Ma.

GEORGE

No, Chinese food is fine.

MARTY

Saturday night's the "Springtime in Paris" Dance. I'm taking Suzy Parker.

EILEEN

The "Springtime in Paris" Dance. You hear that, George? They're still having the "Springtime in Paris" Dance.

(to Marty)

That was our first date. Remember George? I remember everything about that night. Remember the first time we kissed? It was during the last dance. They were playing that Eddie Fisher song, "Turn Back The Hands Of Time." I even remember how you asked me out. We were in the cafeteria. You were so scared, you spilled your creamed corn.

George just stares at the TV, oblivious to his wife.

MARTY

And I probably won't be here when you wake up Sunday morning. Suzy and I are gonna go down to the lake and watch the sun rise.

GEORGE

The sun rise? What for?

MARTY

To see it.

George doesn't get it. He turns his attention back to the TV.

EILEEN

You mean you're going to stay up all night?

MARTY

Mom, how else are we gonna see the sunrise?

EILEEN

I don't think I like the idea of you staying out all night with a girl.

MARTY

Hey, Ma, gimme a break.

There is a sudden pounding on the back door. No one moves to answer it. Pounding again.

EILEEN

Would you answer that, George?

George ignores her. Finally, Marty gets it.

AT THE BACK DOOR

Marty opens the door and there is BIFF TANNEN, 47, an intimidating lout whose pot belly protrudes from his security guard uniform. His tie is undone, shirt tail out; obviously home from work. His shoulder patch reads "Special Security Officer."

Marty isn't happy to see Biff, and the feeling is mutual.

BIFF

Well, well, if it isn't the neighborhood bootlegger, Al Capone McFly!

MARTY

What do you want, Biff?

BIFF

Show me some respect, you little A-hole. It's Special Officer Tannen to you.

MARTY

What's the matter, Biff, they're not showing you any respect down at the golf course? Don't they realize what a tough job it is keeping the criminal element away from the country club?

BIFF

Listen, you little A-hole, I oughta---

MARTY

What do you want, Biff?

BIFF

Where's your old man?

Marty gestures into the kitchen. Biff now reveals he has a broken power drill and a set of bits.

INT. KITCHEN

Biff approaches George.

BIFF

Hey, McFly, what's with this cheap-ass drill you're giving me? Thing burned up first time I used it! Almost ruined my whole engine block!

Marty shakes his head.

GEORGE

Uh---Biff---these are wood bits. Says so right here. You're not supposed to use them on your engine block.

BIFF

Look, McFly, I know a lot about tools. This is a cheep-ass drill! You're just lucky I didn't ruin my engine block. Next time you buy tools, let me know. I'll help you pick out some good ones.

(gives George the drill)

Oh--and one more thing: my kid's selling girl scout cookies. I told her you were good for 4 boxes. Don't make me a liar!

George nods timidly as Biff exits. He turns and faces his wife and son who meet his gaze with knowing looks.

GEORGE

How do you like that guy, using wood bits on an engine block?

Marty gets up from the table and storms out, into the living room.

EILEEN

Where are you going?

In reply we hear the SLAM of the front door!

EXT. McFLY HOME – MARTY – NIGHT

Marty puts on his silver Porsche jacket as he stomps across the front lawn. He punches the beat up old mailbox which has the address: 777; then kicks the family car.

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL STREET – NIGHT

Marty is taking a walk with Suzy Parker. Marty's been talking, and although still frustrated, he's now much more at ease.

MARTY

...He just lets himself get pushed around all the time. People walk all over him and he never fights back, never stands up for himself.

SUZY

No self-confidence, I guess. At least you don't take after him.

MARTY

Yeah....Jesus! I wonder how he ever got up enough nerve to marry my mom.

They walk a bit in silence.

SUZY

Can you imagine your parents in bed together?

MARTY

No way!

SUZY

Me neither. I've always wondered whether they slept together before they got married. You think yours did?

MARTY

Hell, no! The way my Mom carries on about sex---you even say the word and she goes into cardiac arrest. You shoulda seen her face when I told her we were gonna stay up all night Saturday. Always afraid something's gonna happen.

SUZY

(flirting)

Is something gonna happen Saturday night?

Before Marty can answer, he gets hit in the leg by a runaway SKATEBOARD. TWO KIDS down the street have been running an obstacle course, and the loser is picking himself up off the pavement.

Marty hops on the skateboard and whizzes over to the kid. He can't resist showing off---he maneuvers smoothly through the obstacles, jumps over the last one and lands perfectly on the board, then hops off, flipping the board into the air and catching it. He hands it back to the kid.

KID

Wow! You're good!

Marty grins and rejoins Suzy. She too is impressed.

MARTY

Just like riding a bike---you never forget how to do it.

They're standing in front of a house. Suzy looks at it, then at Marty. Obviously, it's her house.

SUZY

Well...here we are....

They look at each other for a moment.

MARTY

Thanks.

He kisses her.

SUZY

See you later.

She goes into her house. Marty watches her, then continues down the street, alone with his thoughts. As he walks, a black sedan approaches slowly from in front of him and passes by. There appears to be some sort of receiving apparatus on the roof. Now we see the sedan make a U-turn in the street behind Marty and come up right behind him.

Marty becomes aware of the headlights behind him. He looks at the car and steps over to the side of the street. The car pulls up alongside of him, and TWO GOVERNMENT TYPES get out. There are N.R.C. markings on the car.

REESE

Good evening. Agents Reese and Foley from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

(Reese displays his ID)

Mind stepping over here?

Marty cautiously steps over.

MARTY

What's this all about?

FOLEY

Routine radiation check.

Foley takes a Geiger Counter and checks Marty. Nothing unusual happens until Foley checks Marty's feet. Then there is some noticeable clicking, especially on the foot that went nearest the Plutonium. Reese and Foley exchange a look.

REESE

Have you got any identification?

Marty hesitantly hands Reese his wallet.

MARTY

What, am I radioactive or something?

FOLEY

No, no, not beyond an acceptable level.

REESE

Have you been X-rayed recently, Martin?

FOLEY

Perhaps been in contact with some luminous paint?

MARTY

No....

REESE

Been any place unusual in the past 12 hours?

MARTY

Home, school, here.

FOLEY

Been in the vicinity of 2980 Monroe Avenue today?

MARTY

Where?

REESE

Over by the old Orpheum Theater.

Marty hesitates a moment.

MARTY

No.

Reese hands Marty back his wallet.

REESE

Okay, Martin. You have a good evening now.

MARTY

Yeah. Right.

Reese and Foley get back in their car and drive off. Marty thinks a moment, then runs like hell the other way down the street!

EXT. ORPHEUM THEATER – NIGHT

Marty runs through the street to the Orpheum Theater. The only thing on the street besides him is newspaper blowing along the gutters. Marty tries the door to the upstairs. It's locked. Marty steps back and looks at the upper floor.

Suddenly, 3 upper floor windows are blown out by a tremendous gush of air!

MARTY

Jesus!

He tries the door again. Marty has no other choice: he BREAKS THE GLASS in the door and lets himself in!

Marty races up the stairs to the laboratory. The door with the locks on it is unlocked, and LIGHT can be seen coming from the crack under the door.

Marty rushes through the door into

INT. THE "LOCKED" ROOM

Professor Brown is standing next to a HOMEMADE NUCLEAR REACTOR, made from an old furnace, a hot water heater, and boiler room parts. He has one hand on a rope, and is adjusting some dials and gauges.

SHEMP is sitting quietly on a stool directly under the focusing lens of the Professor's invention. He's wearing his organ grinder clothes, with a digital watch around his neck.

MARTY

Professor!

The Professor, although surprised to see Marty, is in command of the situation.

PROF. BROWN

Get behind that lead shield!

He points to the shield at one side of the room.

MARTY

But Professor----

PROF. BROWN

Get behind the shield! I'm about to release radiation!

Marty hurries behind the shield.

Professor Brown pulls the rope ever so slightly.

The Power Converter is activated! The low frequency hum of vacuum tubes becomes more intense---the frequency begins to rise, accompanied by the crackle of static electricity!

Shemp looks around, curious about all of these sounds...the sounds grow in intensity...tension builds...and at exactly 9:00, Professor Brown releases the rope. At that moment, a high frequency tone is emitted, accompanied by a FOCUSED BEAM OF BLINDING RED LIGHT---like a spotlight---which hits Shemp!

Shemp DISAPPEARS! And the top half of the stool disappears with him, leaving the lower halves of the legs (which were not hit by the beam) to topple to the floor!

Air rushes through the lab to fill the vacuum that was created by Shemp's disappearance!

The sound of the equipment dies down, and a stunned Marty McFly steps out from behind the shield.

MARTY

Jesus!! Professor, you just disintegrated Shemp!

Professor Brown shook his head, a smile playing around his lips.

PROF. BROWN

No, Marty. Shemp's molecular structure is completely intact.

MARTY

Then where is he?

PROF. BROWN

The appropriate question to ask is when is he. You see, Shemp has just become the world's first time traveller. I've sent Shemp into the future---two minutes into future, to be exact.

MARTY

The future? What are you talking about? Where's Shemp??

PROF. BROWN

Shemp is right here in this room...two minutes from now. And at exactly 9:02, we'll catch up to him.

MARTY

Now hold on a minute, Professor. Hold the phone. Are you trying to tell me that this---all of this here---that this is---it's a---a---

PROF. BROWN

A time machine.

Marty has to sit down to take this one in.

PROF. BROWN

I always knew it would work. I knew it would work when I built it 33 years ago. But I was never able to harness enough power to test it. Power is the key. Massive amounts of energy to accelerate matter to the speed of light while creating an intense gravitational field. But generating that kind of energy has never been possible...until this afternoon.

MARTY

Because of that Coke.

PROF. BROWN

Precisely.

Brown takes on the characteristics of a tour guide as he explains the machine.

PROF. BROWN

The Power Converter, now operating at peak efficiency, thanks to the chemical makeup of Coca-Cola, channels energy into the Flux Capacitor, which releases several jigowatts in a fraction of a millisecond. Electron acceleration takes place here...and the result is the temporal displacement beam you saw a few moments ago. The entire process is triggered when I release the rope.

MARTY

I thought that Power Converter thing operated on solar energy. There's no sun.

PROF. BROWN

Solar energy would have worked just fine...if I could have placed the Converter about a mile from the surface of the sun. Instead, I've created similar conditions in this reactor here.

(indicating the rope)

The higher I raise the cadmium rods, the more energy I release from the Plutonium core, and the further through time I can send an object.

MARTY

The Plutonium! That's what I came over here for! Professor, where did you get that stuff?

PROF. BROWN

Why?

MARTY

I just got stopped in the street by Federal Agents checking me for radiation! I figure they're after your plutonium!

Professor Brown glances at a digital clock in the lab. It's 9:01:50.

PROF. BROWN

Ten seconds!!

He rushes toward the spot where Shemp vanished. Marty follows.

PROF. BROWN

Brace yourself for a sudden displacement of air!

It's 9:01:55...56...57...58...59...

There is a SUDDEN DISPLACEMENT OF AIR...and SHEMP REAPPEARS! The legless stool reappears as well, and topples over. The startled monkey jumps onto a nearby bank of equipment.

MARTY

Shemp!

Professor Brown picks up Shemp, looks him over and examines the watch around his neck: 9:00:10. The lab clock says 9:02:10.

PROF. BROWN

Exactly two minutes difference...and still ticking!

MARTY

Is Shemp all right?

PROF. BROWN

Of course. Shemp is unaware that anything even happened, other than his stool suddenly falling over. We had to wait two minutes to catch up to him, but for Shemp, the trip was instantaneous.

Marty has a look on his face---the look of an idea.

MARTY

Professor, can this thing send Shemp back in time?

PROF. BROWN

Theoretically, yes, if I were to reverse the polarity.

Professor Brown indicates the POLARITY SWITCH on the Time Machine, which is in the “+” position.

MARTY

(very excited)

Jeez, Professor, you've got a gold mine here!

PROF. BROWN

A gold mine?

MARTY (CONT'D)

Sure! Listen---we take the racing results from today's paper...

Marty rips through a discarded newspaper and finds them.

MARTY

Here they are---we send 'em with Shemp back to yesterday, we get the information, put our money on the winning horses, and become billionaires!

PROF. BROWN

Marty, that would alter history.

MARTY

So what?

PROF. BROWN

Don't you understand? The mere act of sending matter back in time would change the course of events, and changing history is a responsibility that I do not wish to bear.

MARTY

All I know is you're throwing away an awful lot of money.

PROF. BROWN

The future, Marty, the future is everything. I built this machine to see the future. So I am going to send Shemp 24 hours into the future. You can assist me, if you like.

MARTY

Sure.

The Professor exits the Time Machine room into his main laboratory. Marty sees that he's gone, so he tears the racing results from the Sports Page, circles the date, and sticks the clipping into Shemp's pocket. Again making sure that the Professor isn't watching, Marty flips the polarity switch to "-".

INT. MAIN LABORATORY

Professor Brown is looking for something on a table near the window. He finds it: a Micro-cassette recorder. He hurries back into the Time Machine room.

INT. TIME MACHINE ROOM

Professor Brown locks the door behind him and then gives the Micro-cassette recorder to Marty.

PROF. BROWN

Take this, stand at the panel, and read off the radiation levels. I want to have a record of what happens here. Be sure to tell me when we reach 85 rads.

Marty takes his position at the appropriate panel.

Brown sets up the stool and again places Shemp upon it.

PROF. BROWN

Come on, Shemp, this won't hurt a bit.

The Professor takes his place at the reactor. Shemp is between him and Marty. He doesn't notice the polarity switch.

PROF. BROWN

Here we go.

He throws a few switches...equipment hums to life. Now he cautiously begins pulling the reactor rope. Marty begins reading off meters into the recorder.

MARTY

Radiation level, 10 rads. Stabilization coefficient, .43. 16 rads; coefficient .44. 37 rads, .46. 51 rads, .46. 73 rads, .47.

Suddenly the door is kicked open by N.R.C. AGENTS REESE and FOLEY, along with POLICE and OTHER AGENTS! They leap into the room with drawn .38's!

REESE

Everybody freeze! N.R.C.!

PROF. BROWN

Get back!!

FOLEY

Jesus Christ---it's a goddamn reactor!

Reese pointed his gun at Professor Brown.

REESE

(to Prof. Brown)

You!! Shut it down!! Now!!

PROF. BROWN

No! Get out!! I'm in the middle of an experiment!!

Brown makes no effort to move away from the reactor---rather, he pulls the rope a slight bit more!

Foley FIRES at the Professor!

The noise startles Shemp, who jumps off his stool.

Professor Brown takes the bullet in the upper chest! He staggers back, still holding the rope, and as he falls, he pulls the rope as far as it will go!

MARTY

Professor!

(glances at meter)

Oh, my God!! Release the rope! It's 4200 rads!!

REESE

(can't hear him)

What??

MARTY

Release the rope!!

The incredible din of the equipment makes the screaming virtually inaudible! Marty rushes toward the Professor, but Foley immediately levels his gun at him!

FOLEY

Freeze!!

Marty freezes---he's standing right under the focusing lens! He raises his hands!

Professor Brown is lying on the floor, his hand still on the rope. His grip relaxes, and the rope is released!

The Time Beam engulfs Marty! This time, it's BRIGHT WHITE!

Reese and Foley are dumbfounded!

Marty looks up.

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

an intense WHITE LIGHT. Then, suddenly, everything goes BLACK! And with the blackness comes dead quiet.

MARTY'S VOICE

Professor?? Hello??

A match is struck, and Marty looks around and finds himself in what appears to be a STOREROOM.

INT. STOREROOM – MARTY – NIGHT

Marty cautiously looks and walks around, almost tripping over an old chair. There is some dusty furniture and crates in the room. Marty lights another match and makes his way to the door---it's in the same place as the door in the Time Machine room, because this is the Time Machine room...as it was once. Marty tries the door: locked.

MARTY

Damn!

He goes to the window and opens it. We can hear the sound of muffled traffic. Marty climbs out the window.

EXT. REAR OF ORPHEUM THEATER BUILDING – NIGHT

Marty comes out of the third story window onto a fire escape, and descends. Just as he drops into the alley below, he's hit by a pair of headlights: A LARGE TRUCK is barreling toward him! Marty presses himself up against the wall and the speeding truck passes, narrowly avoiding him!

Marty sighs relief, then notices the sign on the door he's standing next to: "Wilson's Cafe, Rear Entrance." Marty tries the door---it opens. Marty is surprised at this; nevertheless, he enters.

INT. WILSON'S CAFE – NIGHT

Marty walks in; yes, this is Wilson's Cafe, all right.

MARTY

Hey, since when are you open at...

Marty stops short. Things are NOT the same. Dick isn't behind the counter. Instead, there's a WAITRESS about 30. Everything is shining clean; the fixtures look newer, but older. The prices are different, too: Roast Beef Sandwich, 30¢. Ice Cream Sundae, 15¢. And the customers---men in double-breasted suits...and hats! Women with long skirts---not one female in pants...and hairstyles like Marty has never seen!

Marty stares open mouthed, walking around, taking it all in. A chubby little BOY of 5 in pajamas, is playing on the floor with toy trucks.

Now Marty notices the WAITRESS is staring at him with curiosity and suspicion.

WAITRESS

You want something, kid?

Marty decides to sit down at the counter and act like he belongs here.

MARTY

Uh, yeah...gimme a Tab.

WAITRESS

What?

MARTY

A Tab.

WAITRESS

Kid, I can't give you the tab until you order something.

People at the counter are looking at him, especially at his silver Porsche jacket. Marty notices that the MAN next to him is drinking coffee.

MARTY

Uh, coffee.

She pours a cup and serves him.

WAITRESS

Did something happen to you, kid? I mean, you been lost in the woods or something?

MARTY

Huh?

Marty looks at the bowl of sugar cubes on the counter.

MARTY

Say, have you got any Sweet 'N low?

WAITRESS

Sweet and what?

Her suspicions aroused, she takes the coffee away.

WAITRESS

Maybe you'd better pay for this first.

MARTY

Sure.

Marty pulls out his wallet and hands the woman a 20 dollar bill. Her eyes nearly fall out of her head.

WAITRESS

A 20? What do you think this is, a bank? I can't break a 20!

(suddenly suspicious)

Say, what's a kid your age doing with all this money?

Marty takes the bill back.

MARTY

Look, maybe I'd better talk to Dick. Is he around?

WAITRESS

Dick? Dick who?

MARTY

The guy who runs this place.

WAITRESS

I run this place!

MARTY

What happened to Dick Wilson?

WAITRESS

Dick Wilson---Dickie Wilson?

(laughs)

Dickie Wilson runs this place? That's a laugh!

Everybody at the counter starts laughing.

MARTY

(paranoid)

What are you trying to do? Freak me out, or something?

The MAN sitting next to him reacts.

MAN:

Freak? Are you from some circus? Is that what all that writing on your clothes means?

Now the little BOY runs up to the counter.

BOY

Mommy, I'm hungry!

WAITRESS

Just take a candy bar, then go to bed, Dickie.

Marty reacts and stares at the 5 year old.

MARTY

Dickie? That's Dick Wilson?

WAITRESS

That's Dick Wilson.

Marty looks at him as he grabs a Baby Ruth from the candy counter. Then Marty spots the calendar behind the cash register. In big black numbers, it clearly reads, "1952!"

MARTY

1952?? This is 1952?!? Holy Shit!! You know what this means?? I've gone back in time 30 years! 30 goddamn years!!! I haven't even been born yet!!!!

WAITRESS

I'm calling the cops.

But even as she goes to the phone, Marty bolts out the front door!

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

Marty stares in astonishment at the sight before him: the run-down Monroe Avenue that he knew is now a bustling, thriving business district! Traffic of 1940's and 50's cars pulses through the street, and pedestrians wander about. The storefronts that were boarded up are now shops doing profitable business.

Pedestrians eye Marty curiously as they walk past, but Marty is too panic-stricken to notice them.

Now he sees the Orpheum Theater. The marquee is lit up, and the place is obviously a first class movie house. The flashing marquee advertises, "John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, The Quiet Man. In Full Color."

MARTY

Dammit!

Marty sees a pedestrian with a newspaper. He grabs it away from him and looks at the date.

MARTY

1952! Dammit!

He throws the paper down in disgust and runs down the street.

ON THE STREET

Marty stops and looks at the licence plate on a parked car. Once again, there's the year.

MARTY

1952! Dammit!

Marty runs off.

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH – STREET – NIGHT

Marty is in a phone booth, frantically tearing through the phone book. He finds the page he's looking for.

INSERT – PHONE BOOK

Marty's finger goes down a list of "Browns," coming to rest at, "Brown, Emmett L., 788 W. Spruce. Madison 3489." A BIC PEN circles the name and number.

BACK TO SHOT

Marty reaches into his pocket. He has a nickel and 3 pennies.

MARTY

Dammit!

He picks up the receiver and pumps the switchhook.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Operator.

MARTY

Operator! Listen, this is an emergency! I have to make this call, but I don't have a dime---all I got is a nickel---but you gotta connect me---

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(interrupting)

Sir, it only costs a nickel.

MARTY

What?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Local calls cost 5 cents. What number do you want?

Marty sees the sign on the phone, "Local Calls 5¢."

MARTY

Oh---right! Uh, Madison 3489.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Five cents, please.

Marty deposits his nickel. The number rings several times.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'm sorry, there's no answer.

MARTY

Operator, what's today's date?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

March 11.

MARTY

What year?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Nineteen fifty---

MARTY

(interrupts)

Dammit!

He slams down the receiver, then tears the page out of the phone book and runs down the street with it.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – MARTY – NIGHT

Marty runs down this residential street, tired, breathless, exhausted. He leans against a mailbox to catch his breath, and then notices the number on it: 777. He turns and looks at the house.

MARTY

My house!

Indeed, it is Marty's house---or rather, it will be. The trees aren't quite as tall as those we saw earlier, and the curtains are different; there's a 1949 Chevy in the driveway. But it's the same house.

Then, the front door opens, and a WOMAN opens the screen to let out a dog. Unless we're seeing things, it's EILEEN, looking nearly identical to when we saw her last, save her different clothes and hair-do.

MARTY

is stunned!

MARTY

Mom!!

He runs toward the house!

EXT. HOUSE

As Marty runs toward the house, the WOMAN closes the door. Marty runs up the steps and pounds on the door.

MARTY

Mom!! Open up! It's me!

The door opens. Indeed, the woman appears to be Eileen. But she doesn't recognize Marty.

MARTY

Mom, thank God! Thank God you're here!

WOMAN

I beg your pardon, young man?

MARTY

Mom! It's me! Marty! Don't you know your own son!

WOMAN

I think you have the wrong house.

Marty is very intense---sweating, breathing hard.

MARTY

No---no---it's not! It's not!

A MAN in his mid-40's approaches the door. He's smoking a pipe and seems like a decent sort.

MAN

Who's there, Stella?

MARTY

Stella?!? No! Don't tell me you're Stella! Tell me you're Eileen!! Please tell me you're Eileen!

Through the door, we can see a GIRL of 17 coming down the staircase. She's very attractive.

GIRL

I'm Eileen.

Marty locks eyes with his Mother, aged 17!

MARTY

How old are you?

EILEEN

Seventeen.

What does one do when he meets his mother in such circumstances? Marty faints!

A HAND

holds smelling salts and brings them under Marty's nose. Marty is lying on a couch; he stirs and opens his eyes.

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

PROFESSOR BROWN as a young man! He's well dressed, less eccentric in manner, and seems much more self confident than his older self. It is Brown who is administering the salts.

WIDER ANGLE, INT. LIVING ROOM

The room is the same as in Marty's house, with different furniture (in the same basic arrangement) and a different color scheme.

MARTY

Professor? Professor Brown?

BROWN

You know me?

MARTY

Professor, your time machine works! It works! It sent me back in time! I'm from 1982!

PROF. BROWN

Ssshhh!

Brown isn't sure whether to believe him. Now the FAMILY approaches---MR. BAINES, his wife Stella and daughter Eileen.

MR. BAINES

Is he all right?

The Professor straightened up.

BROWN

He will be. Simple inebriation, is all. The young man must have a rather low tolerance for alcohol...something that runs in the family. You see, he's a second cousin of mine on my mother's side. Came quite a distance to visit me. His name's Lewis.

MARTY

(correcting him)

Marty.

BROWN

Uh, Marty Lewis. I almost didn't recognize him---haven't seen him in years.

Young Eileen can't take her eyes off Marty. Marty too is fascinated by her.

STELLA

It's a good thing he had your name circled in the phone book. I would have called the police.

BROWN

Well, Mrs. Baines, Mr. Baines, thank you for your trouble. Both Marty and I apologize for the inconvenience. We'll get him home and as good as new.

Marty and Brown get ready to leave.

MR. BAINES

(to Marty)

Son, you watch yourself.

MARTY

Yes, sir.

Eileen gives Marty his Porsche jacket which was lying on a nearby chair.

EILEEN

Oh---here's your jacket.

MARTY

(nervous)

Uh, thanks...

EILEEN

What sort of material is this? I've never seen anything like it.

MARTY

(matter-of-factly)

It's polyester.

EILEEN

Poly-what?

PROF. BROWN

It's an experimental invention of mine. Sort of a rubberized silver-foil. I just made up a name for it. Come on, Marty, we've got a lot to talk about.

The Professor goes out the front door. Marty is behind him, and just as he steps into the doorway, Eileen speaks up.

EILEEN

Marty?

MARTY

Huh?

EILEEN

Have we ever met before?

Their eyes meet, but before Marty can answer, the Professor's arm reaches over and yanks him away!

EXT. VICTORIAN STYLE MANSION – NIGHT

A fabulous Victorian Mansion sits on a hill on the outskirts of town. On the mailbox is the name "Brown, Emmett."

A beautiful 1937 PACKARD pulls up to the mansion.

MARTY (V.O.)

...and the flux capacitor is hooked into this thing that looks like a condenser with a lens on it...

Now Marty and the Professor get out of the car. Marty stares at the incredible house, very impressed.

MARTY

Jeez---this is where you used to live, huh? You must have been rich!

PROF. BROWN

Must have been? Used to live? I do live here.

MARTY

Oh, yeah, well, there's a mall here now---I mean, there will be.

PROF. BROWN

A mall?

MARTY

Yeah, a shopping mall. You know, a shopping mall?

They are walking toward the front door.

PROF. BROWN

Ssshhhh---don't tell me these things, Marty. I don't want to know about the future.

They enter the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM – MARTY, BROWN – NIGHT

A light goes on in the large living room.

BROWN

Do you see it here?

Marty looks around the room. The evidence of the Professor's eccentricity is just beginning---mechanical apparatus laying haphazardly around on antique tables and furniture. There's something built out of the shell of an old vacuum cleaner, and an old washing machine that might now be a still.

MARTY

No.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM – THE STUDY

Again a light goes on. Mostly, this is a library, but there are some models of some of the professor's ideas here, including the Aero-mobile and the Mechanical Home Butler. Professor Brown looks at Marty.

Again Marty shakes his head.

Now Professor Brown unlocks a door at one end of the room and puts on a light. Marty approaches the doorway.

MARTY

This is it!!

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

THE TIME MACHINE, looking almost exactly as we saw it in 1982, except that it's a lot cleaner and shinier.

ON MARTY AND THE PROFESSOR

PROF. BROWN

You've convinced me that you must be who you say you are. No living human has ever seen this machine.

(thinking)

But why? Why even in my twilight years would I remotely consider sending someone back in time?

MARTY

You didn't, Professor. It was an accident! You see, what happened----

PROF. BROWN

No! Don't tell me! I don't want to know the future! My knowledge of future events...your mere presence here...could have devastating effects on the course of history. And altering history is a responsibility that I do not wish to bear. My immediate responsibility is to send you back to your own time.

MARTY

I can dig that.

PROF. BROWN

(not understanding)

Pardon me?

MARTY

I can get behind---I agree with you.

The PHONE rings. Brown answers it in his study. Marty follows.

INT. BROWN'S STUDY – MARTY, BROWN

Marty examines the models of Brown's inventions while the Professor talks.

PROF. BROWN

Hello?

(pause)

Yes Charles, yes, I looked over the offer.

(pause)

It's very generous that they want to make me a major stockholder. But I'm just not interested in a position with this little X-rox corporation.

(pause)

If it's pronounced "Zerox," why don't they spell it with a Z?

(pause)

Look, I'm on the verge of a breakthrough on my Power Converter.

Marty reacts with a pained expression.

PROF. BROWN (CONT'D)

Well, any day now. And then I'll need people to work for Emmett Brown Industries! I've got a lot of ideas that are going to create a lot of jobs.

(pause)

Very well, good night, Charles.

(Hangs up)

The X-rox Corporation. How are they going to sell a product if you can't even pronounce the name?

Brown turns his attention back to Marty.

PROF. BROWN

Now...the Time Machine works, that's obvious. As I've always known, it's a question of power. Where did I---will I get enough power to send a man 30 years through time?

Marty is about to answer---the Professor holds up his hands.

PROF. BROWN

No---wait---don't tell me!

(long pause as he thinks)

On second thought, there may be some things you'll have to tell me.

MARTY

The Power Converter...

PROF. BROWN

Of course! The Power Converter! It works!

(afterthought, to himself)

Of course, it works!

(to Marty, very excited)

What chemicals do we use?

Marty hesitates and takes a deep breath.

MARTY

Well, Professor, are you sure you want me to tell you? You know, changing the course of history and all....

Professor Brown would plainly like to know, but his sense of scientific responsibility gets the better of him.

PROF. BROWN

Blast it---no, I suppose you're right...You do know the proper chemical formula?

MARTY

Sure, and there won't be any problem getting some---getting it.

Professor Brown goes to the bar and pours himself a Brandy.

PROF. BROWN

Coke?

MARTY

How did you know?

PROF. BROWN

Just a guess. I figured kids would still be drinking Coke in 1982.

He throws Marty a bottle.

PROF. BROWN

All right, then it's very simple. Tomorrow, weather permitting, you'll get the chemicals, and we'll wire the Power Converter to the Time Machine, point it at the sun, and send you home.

MARTY

Well, not exactly, Professor. You see, we don't point it at the sun.

PROF. BROWN

We don't....

MARTY

No. We need a Nuclear Reactor.

Professor Brown chokes on his drink.

PROF. BROWN

A Nuclear Reactor? How much energy do we need?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MARTY'S MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER

which is playing back the tape of the moments before Marty went through time. All of the voices on the tape are muffled, except Marty's---and the gun shots sound fairly clear.

MARTY'S VOICE (ON TAPE)

Release the rope! It's 4200 rads!!

WIDER ANGLE – INT. BROWN'S STUDY – MARTY, BROWN

Professor Brown is seated at his desk. He fumbles with the recorder and shuts it off.

PROF. BROWN

4200 rads? Good God!

Marty is trying to twist open the bottle of Coca-Cola. He can't---twist offs haven't been invented yet.

PROF. BROWN

There's something I still don't understand.

(rewinds tape)

Fascinating device...

(plays back gun shots)

These loud bangs...could those be some sort of malfunction in the time machine? Do you know what they are?

Marty is of course quite uneasy.

MARTY

I wouldn't worry about 'em, Professor.

Again we hear the "4200 rads" portion of the tape. Professor Brown shakes his head.

PROF. BROWN

4200 rads...That certainly can't be generated under controlled conditions in this day and age.

MARTY

That's just great.

PROF. BROWN

However...there's a lot I don't know about Nuclear Physics. So first thing in the morning, I'll go to the University, see what I can find out.

I want you to stay in the house. It's very important that you don't interfere in any way with the outside world.

I've got plenty of food, there's the radio, books, magazines...I've even got one of those new television sets. There's plenty to do.

Professor Brown looks at Marty who is still trying to twist off the Coke bottle. Brown stares incredulously.

PROF. BROWN

What are you doing?

MARTY

How do you open these?

The Professor takes the bottle from Marty and opens it with a bottle opener. He hands it back, not sure what to think...but afraid to ask.

MARTY

It doesn't look good, does it, Professor?

PROF. BROWN

(shakes his head)

At the moment, it looks like you're stuck here.

INT. BEDROOM – MARTY – DAY

Morning light streams in through a window. Marty is asleep on the bed, still in his clothes. He awakens...and sighs as he realizes that his surroundings are real, it wasn't a dream...and he's stuck here.

He turns on the Cathedral Radio by the bed...no sound. He hits it several times...not realizing that it simply has to warm up. Finally, there's music...Perry Como. Marty twists the dial and picks up Dinah Shore, then Les Brown, Benny Goodman...swing tunes, 50's schmaltz...nothing that even resembles rock 'n roll. Disgusted, Marty shuts it off.

INT. KITCHEN – MARTY – DAY

Marty takes an old-fashioned drip coffee pot out of a cabinet. He fumbles it and it breaks into its component parts. Marty tries to put it back together.

CUT TO:

MARTY

pulling a BOTTLE OF MILK out of the refrigerator. He removes the foil seal and tries to pour some into a glass. Nothing comes out---the cardboard stopper is still in it. Marty tries to pull it out---he can't get the tab. Frustrated, he punches a hole in it with his finger.

CUT TO:

MARTY

drinking a glass of milk, looking at the magazines and newspapers on the kitchen table.

TIME has a cover story, "The Republicans: Who Will Win In '52?" with photos of the top contenders.

MARTY

Eisenhower.

He looks at NEWSWEEK. Cover story: "Will We Have War With Russia This Year?"

MARTY

No.

He tosses it aside. He tries the newspaper. "Crime Rate Continues To Rise." He shakes his head, looks at the Saturday Evening Post which has a picture of some High School Students with the question, "What's Wrong With The Younger Generation?" He laughs, turns it over and sees on the back cover the famous Van Heusen Shirt Ad featuring Ronald Reagan.

MARTY

Jesus.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Marty reacts with uncertainty. He's not sure what to do.

It rings again.

Marty gets up and cautiously walks to the front door. He stares at it, unable to make up his mind.

The bell RINGS again!

Finally Marty opens it. It's PROFESSOR BROWN who immediately points an accusing finger at him.

PROF. BROWN

Aha! You answered the door!

MARTY

You were ringing the doorbell!

Marty took a step back as the Professor walked inside.

PROF. BROWN

I told you not to interfere with any of the events of this time! Nobody's supposed to see you here! What if I was a mailman? Or a salesman?

MARTY

What if you lost your keys?

PROF. BROWN

Then I would have figured out to get back in through events in the natural course of history! Don't you understand? The fabric of history is very delicate. Anything you do could have serious consequences!

MARTY

Hey, look, gimme a break! All I did was answer the door! How's that gonna change history?

PROF. BROWN

I don't know, but I don't want to take any chances. Now you stay here and don't do anything. Don't answer the door, don't answer the phone, don't go outside. Understand?

Marty is fed up with the lecture.

MARTY

Hey, get off my case, would you? I didn't want to come here, and the only reason I'm here in the first place is because I was a nice guy, helping you out. So don't tell me I gotta stay cooped up in here and vege out, because none of this was my fault!

PROF. BROWN

Let me put it on a level you can understand. You don't belong here. You don't know anything about this world. You don't know the customs, you don't know how to talk, how to act---you don't even look like you belong here. And if you walked out on the street, you wouldn't get 100 yards without being arrested. Then there would be a lot of questions, and where would we come up with the answers?

Marty sighs.

MARTY

Okay, Professor, I get where you're coming from. The way I look, the way I'm dressed, I'd stick out like a sore thumb.

PROF. BROWN

I'm glad we finally got that straightened out. I'll see you tonight.

He exits and slams the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROF. BROWN'S HOUSE – DAY

A window opens, and MARTY climbs out! But now he's wearing some of the Professor's clothes, and he's got his hair slicked back in Ronald Reagan style! He actually looks like a resident of 1952! Marty runs off down the hill, toward town.

EXT. BUSINESS STREET – MARTY, PEDESTRIANS – DAY

Marty walks down the sidewalk with the other pedestrians, trying to act like he belongs here. He's doing a good job of it, too, because no one gives him a second glance.

Suddenly, a COP in front of him glances at Marty, then points an accusing finger at him.

COP

Hey you! Where do you think you're going?

Panic fills Marty's face as the cop approaches him---has he been had? No---the cop walks right past him and collars a TRAMP several yards behind Marty. Marty sighs relief.

MARTY

bops down the street, full of confidence, full of excitement, full of curiosity. He's a tourist in another time and he takes in the sights, which include...

AN APPLIANCE STORE, selling "Giant 8 inch Televisions," with "a screen as big as life itself."

A GAS STATION selling gas at 18.9¢ a gallon.

A TRAVEL AGENCY advertising "L.A. to New York in a mere 12 hours."

A DANCE STUDIO, where through the window can be seen a Mambo Class, and a big sign, "Everybody's Doing the Mambo!"

A CLOTHING STORE, with a display of the latest fashions.

A STUDEBAKER SHOWROOM, with "The most modern car ever developed in the entire history of man."

EXT. A RECORD STORE – MARTY

Marty stares at the window display at the record store, promoting America's top recording artists: Sinatra, Guy Combardo, Dinah Shore, Perry Como. Something is bothering Marty about this so he goes in.

INT. RECORD STORE – MARTY

The Number One Single is prominently displayed on the counter: "Papa Loves Mambo" by Perry Como. Marty can't believe it. A CLERK approaches him.

CLERK

Can I help you, sir?

MARTY

This is the number one record?

CLERK

Yes, sir!

MARTY

I don't get it---how come there's no Rock 'N Roll?

CLERK

I beg your pardon?

MARTY

This is 1952...?

CLERK

Uh, yes, sir...

MARTY

And you never heard of Rock 'N Roll?

CLERK

No.

MARTY

(big smile)

Well, maybe it's time you did.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAWNSHOP

A PAWNBROKER pulls a Guitar out of the window, along with the price tag: \$5.00.

INT. PAWNSHOP – MARTY, PAWNBROKER

The Pawnbroker takes the guitar to the cash register; Marty follows him.

PAWNBROKER

That'll be 5 bucks.

Marty pulls out his wallet and hands the man a 20. The Pawnbroker rings it up, then takes a closer look at the bill.

PAWNBROKER

Hey, what kinda funny money is this?

MARTY

Huh?

PAWNBROKER

It says "1977" on it. What do you take me for, an idiot?

He gives the bill back to Marty. Marty looks at it and realizes his mistake.

MARTY

Oh---yeah---I can't believe I did that. That's a joke. My friend had these printed up---see, that's his name there...

(pointing to the name on the bill)

...Blumenthal.

The Pawnbroker is eyeing Marty suspiciously. Marty checks his wallet.

MARTY

Gee---I don't seem to have anything on me...Hey, how about this watch? It's a genuine antique!

Marty hands the man his watch. The broker examines it.

PAWNBROKER

Antique? They just came out with this watch last month. But this one looks like its been through a war.

MARTY

Yeah, I've been doing a lotta travelling.

PAWNBROKER

Okay, kid. You got a deal. The watch for the guitar.

CUT TO:

INT. TALENT AGENT'S OFFICE

Marty is performing "Blue Suede Shoes" for an AGENT in an office. Marty's really cooking---jumping around like Elvis, and really playing his heart out. He's good, too.

The Agent, 45, sits stonefaced behind his messy desk, puffing on a big cigar. The office has the same feeling as the Agent: cheap. The walls are covered with 8 x 10's of clients.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

The music can be heard coming from the frosted glass door with the words "Midwest Talent Agency" on it here in the outer office. The secretary listens, but doesn't seem to care much for it. But REGINALD WASHINGTON, 32, a black man with silk shirt, processed hair and two-tone shoes, is very interested. He puts his ear to the door and snaps his fingers in time to the tune. He likes it.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE

Marty finishes the number. The Agent is not impressed.

AGENT

Well, kid, it's interesting, I'll say that. But it's not commercial.

MARTY

Not commercial? Mister, don't you know what you're listening to? This is rock 'n roll!

AGENT

Call it what you want to kid, but don't call it music, 'cause it sure ain't that!

MARTY

But you don't understand---

AGENT

No buts, kid. I've been in this business my whole life and I know what people want. The smooth sound, that's what sells. Como, Crosby, Dinah Shore. Gimme a melody, and a nice slow tempo. Now beat it!

The agent shoves Marty out the door!

INT. OUTER OFFICE

Marty is stunned. In a moment, the door opens and his case is thrown out too!

Reginald goes over to him.

REGINALD

That sound I just heard coming through the door, that was like nothing I ever heard before! I mean, you got something there, young man!

MARTY

Who are you?

REGINALD

Reginald Washington is my name; I manage some of the local bands around town, and I think you've got something we can promote all the way to the top! Now, I've got a real important cat comin' in from a New York Record Company on Monday the 18th, and I want you to play that music for him. I think the time has come for a sound like that.

Marty grins. Reginald takes a business card and writes the particulars on it.

REGINALD

That's March 18th, Noon. Be at my office. What's your name?

MARTY

Marty Mc---Marty Lewis.

REGINALD

Marty Lewis. See you on the 18th.

Reginald gives him the card and they shake hands. Marty is elated.

MARTY

Right on, brother!

Reginald has never heard that expression before.

REGINALD

I think you're a little mixed up. There is absolutely no way that I could be your brother.

Reginald walks off. Marty looks at the card and smiles.

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM AT BROWN'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Marty, dressed once again in his 1980's clothes, is practicing on the guitar in front of the mirror.

He hears the door opening downstairs, so he quickly puts the guitar in the corner, messes up his hair, takes Reginald's business card from off the bed and sticks it in the pocket of his Porsche jacket which is laying on a chair.

INT. BROWN'S HOUSE – FRONT ALCOVE – NIGHT

Marty comes running downstairs and finds a very sullen Professor Brown pouring himself a drink. Brown looks at him.

PROF. BROWN

Well, I found an energy source that can generate the 4200 rads that we need...

An atomic bomb.

MARTY

Professor, be serious, would you?

PROF. BROWN

I am serious. If we could get you, the Time Machine, and the Power Converter in the vicinity of an atomic blast, we could send you back to the future.

MARTY

You're talking crazy! An Atomic blast would melt me and the time machine in a matter of seconds!

PROF. BROWN

You forget---time travel is instantaneous. The time machine would melt, but you would have already travelled through time. Of course, it's a moot point regardless. The only place atomic bombs are detonated is at the Army's Nevada Test Site, and those tests are kept absolutely top secret.

Something suddenly occurs to Marty and he bolts back upstairs.

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM – BROWN'S HOUSE

Marty rushes into the bedroom and goes through the pockets of his Porsche jacket. He pulls out the textbook page he passed to Suzy Parker and unfolds it. Reginald's business card falls out of the same pocket.

INSERT – THE TEXTBOOK PAGE

Underneath the picture of the mushroom cloud is the caption, "Last above ground atomic test, 15 megatons, March 18, 1952, Atkins, Nevada."

MARTY

compares this to the business card: the dates are the same.

He considers his problem, then makes his decision: he crumples up the textbook page and throws it in the trash can.

Now Professor Brown enters.

PROF. BROWN

Marty, what's wrong?

He slipped the card back in the jacket and shrugged, trying to seem nonchalant.

MARTY

Oh---nothin'. I thought I left the water running.

Professor Brown catches a glimpse of the guitar in the corner, then has a closer look.

PROF. BROWN

Say, where did this guitar come from?

MARTY

Oh---that---I found it in the closet.

PROF. BROWN

I don't recall ever seeing it before.

MARTY

Well, it was there.

PROF. BROWN

Curious. Very curious....

CUT TO:

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM – BROWN'S HOUSE – MORNING

Morning light streams in through the window. Marty awakens. This time, he's sleeping in the bed instead of on it. He smiles.

INT. KITCHEN

Marty pours himself a cup of coffee from the drip coffee pot, and victoriously pulls the stopper out of the milk bottle. His mood is very positive, and he sings as he adds milk to his coffee.

MARTY

(singing)

So you wanna be a rock 'n roll star...

Once again, the DOORBELL RINGS. Marty reacts with a "Not again" look and goes to answer it.

INT. AT THE FRONT DOOR

Marty is shaking his head as he opens the door.

MARTY

Look, Professor, I'm not-----oh.

It's Eileen. Marty is dumbfounded. She smiles at him. She's carrying books, obviously on her way to school.

EILEEN

Hi, Marty.

MARTY

Uh, hi...

EILEEN

Eileen.

MARTY

(it's hard for him to say)

Right. Eileen.

EILEEN

(A little unsure of herself)

You remember me...?

MARTY

Oh, sure, I remember you.

EILEEN

Well, I was on my way to school, and I just wanted to stop by and see if you were feeling okay. You seemed like you were in pretty bad shape the other night.

MARTY

Oh, I'm feeling much better now.

EILEEN

How long are you planning on staying?

MARTY

Actually, it looks like I'm gonna be stuck here for awhile.

EILEEN

(hopefully)

Then you'll be going to school here...?

MARTY

School? I never thought of school! If I went to school I could blend in with everybody else, couldn't I?

She doesn't know how to react.

MARTY

What time does school start around here?

EILEEN

9:00---oh, I'm late! Maybe I'll see you later.

MARTY

Yeah. Maybe so.

She smiles, then hurries off to school.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL – DAY

It's the same school we saw in 1982, but the trees are smaller and there is no graffiti or broken windows. Only a few students are loitering in front---school is in session.

MARTY, dressed once again for 1952, goes up the front steps carrying a notebook. As he gets to the door, the BELL RINGS, indicating a passing period.

INT. SCHOOL HALL – MARTY, STUDENTS

Students pour into the hall from the classrooms. Marty marvels at what his "contemporaries" look like.

Marty proceeds through the corridor and pauses at a classroom door. He decides to enter.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM

It's the same science classroom Marty was in earlier, only everything looks much newer, and the chalkboards are black instead of green.

Marty goes over to his old desk---of course, it's now in excellent condition. He runs his hand across the desktop.

VOICE

You there! What are you doing in this class?

The voice is familiar---Marty looks up: it's Mr. ARKY, 30 years younger! Marty's eyes nearly fall out of his head! Young Mr. Arky is energetic and dynamic, the kind of teacher who's going to change the world.

MARTY

Mr. Arky? Mr. Arky!

MR. ARKY

Yes, that's my name. Who are you, young man? Are you supposed to be here?

MARTY

Uh---yeah. I'm new here, and I'm supposed to be in this class.

MR. ARKY

You have a name?

MARTY

Marty. Marty Lewis.

CLOSE ON AN INKWELL

as a FOUNTAIN PEN is dipped in and sucks in ink.

WIDER ANGLE – SCIENCE CLASS

as Marty stares with amazement at the STUDENT next to him filling her pen.

Mr. Arky is in the middle of his lecture.

MR. ARKY

...and it is, of course, due to Science that we Americans enjoy the highest standard of living in the history of the world. When we think of the technological advances made in just the past 30 years, it boggles the mind to imagine what the world will be like in another 30 years.

I think I can safely say that we can all look forward to a world of plenty, a world free of disease and starvation. There'll be entire cities built under the sea, cars that can go 2 or 300 miles an hour.

Marty can't believe what he's hearing. The rest of the class seems pretty bored.

MR. ARKY (CONT'D)

You girls will be able to cook an entire meal, clean the entire house, and do all of your laundry and ironing by push-button. You may even have a robot to assist you in all your duties as a wife.

A WISE GUY calls out from the back.

WISE GUY

I hope those robots won't be assisting in all my wife's duties!

There is laughter from the back of the class.

MR. ARKY

Well, Biff, since you seem so eager to get into this discussion, perhaps you'd like to tell us what you think you'll be doing in 30 years?

Yes, it's young BIFF TANNEN sitting in the back of the class, looking just like what he is: the school's biggest troublemaker. Sitting around him are his THREE CRONIES: GUMS, so named because he's missing his two front teeth; MATCH, who is perpetually chewing on wooden matchsticks; and SKINHEAD, who has a crewcut just short of being bald.

Marty turns around and stares at Biff.

BIFF

I know what I won't be doin'---goin' to school!

Biff's boys break into hysterics.

GUMS

Hey, Biff, good one!

SKINHEAD

Ataway, Biff!

Now Biff notices that Marty is staring at him. He takes an immediate dislike to Marty.

BIFF

What are you lookin' at, A-hole?

Marty's eyes meet Biff's hateful glare; then Marty turns away.

MR. ARKY

Anybody else have any ideas about what life might be like in 30 years?

As usual, no one raises their hand.

MR. ARKY

Mr. Cusimano? Miss Voyles? Miss Kaner?

(pause)

So am I to understand that no one has anything at all to say about the future?

Arky looks directly at Marty.

MR. ARKY

How about you, Mr. McFly?

Marty reacts with shock---somehow he's been found out!

MARTY

Oh, shit...!

Several heads turn with shock at Marty's expletive...including Biff's.

At the same time, the student sitting directly in front of Marty opens his mouth.

GEORGE

Well, I, uh...well...

It's young GEORGE McFLY! And he's really a mess, too---nervous, hair poorly combed, just not with it.

Marty realizes who it is.

MARTY

Jesus Christ! Dad!

Mr. Arky tries to ignore it all.

MR. ARKY

Continue, Mr. McFly.

George stands. Marty reacts with embarrassment for himself and his future father.

GEORGE

Well, I---uh---could you repeat the question?

BIFF

Sit down, McFly, you stupid moron! I can't see!

Biff hits him in the head with a spitball. George immediately sits down. Marty, pissed, turns on Biff.

MARTY

Hey, lay off!

Biff glares at Marty, eyes narrowing with complete hate.

MR. ARKY

Did you say something, Mr. Lewis?

Marty pays no attention. He keeps staring at Biff.

MR. ARKY

(louder)

Mr. Lewis, I'm talking to you.

MARTY

(suddenly remembering his name)

Who, me?

MR. ARKY

You're the only Mr. Lewis in this class. If you have something to say, say it so the whole class can hear.

MARTY

Well, yeah, I was thinking, if cars are gonna be going 2 or 300 miles an hour, they're gonna be using an awful lot of gas. Like, what if we run out?

MR. ARKY

Run out of gas?

He reacts as if it's the most ridiculous thing he's ever heard. There is laughter from the class.

MR. ARKY

Well, class, it seems we have a doomsayer in our midst. I must say, Mr. Lewis, that's a mighty pessimistic attitude for a young man like yourself.

First of all, with all the studies we have indicating the vast supplies of petroleum in the earth, plus the massive reserves that have yet to be discovered, the likelihood of any such shortage is highly remote. And even if the most improbable, catastrophic circumstances were to occur and we did have a shortage of petroleum, I'm sure that American technology and ingenuity would overcome the problem in no time at all. All in all, I'd say your time would be better spent worrying about the real problems that face our world instead of a shortage of gasoline.

Biff and his boys make FART NOISES.

BIFF

Hey, we got plenty of gas back here!

More LAUGHTER from the class.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR – DAY

The BELL RINGS.

Students pour out of classes into the hall, including Mr. Arky's science students.

Marty steps out into the hall, waits for George to come out and, keeping his distance, follows him.

INT. HALL INTERSECTION

Marty follows George toward a hall intersection where EILEEN is passing by with her girl friend MADGE. Eileen sees George, but not Marty. She smiles at him.

EILEEN

Hi, George.

George looks at her and is so at a loss for words that he walks into another student.

Eileen and Madge giggle and continue down the hall.

AT A DRINKING FOUNTAIN

George stops at a fountain, goes down for a drink and gets water sprayed in his face! Marty shakes his head.

SCHOOL LOCKERS

George dials the combination to his locker, opens it, and is hit by an avalanche of books!

Marty turns his head, not sure whether to laugh or cry.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

A LARGE POSTER advertises the "Springtime In Paris Dance" on Saturday, March 16.

We PAN OVER to the cafeteria line where George is getting his lunch. Marty is right behind him in line and watches as the cafeteria ladies give George the burnt pork chop, the wilted salad, and the green stewed tomatoes.

But George isn't paying attention, because he's talking to himself.

GEORGE

Eileen, if you're free Saturday night...no...Eileen, would you like to go to the dance...no...

Marty hears this, then notices the poster. He perks up, very interested.

INT. LUNCHROOM

George comes out of the cafeteria line and looks around the lunch room. Eileen, Madge, and some other girls are sitting at a table. George takes a deep breath and heads over that way. Marty follows a short distance behind.

George is very nervous as he approaches Eileen---in fact, his tray is shaking because his hands are quivering.

GEORGE

Uh, Eileen?

EILEEN

Hi, George.

GEORGE

Eileen, could I ask you something? Ooops---

His shaking tray causes him to spill his creamed corn. She smiles---she thinks it's cute.

GEORGE

Uh, well, the thing is, that is, what I wanted to ask you...

Marty draws closer to eavesdrop, but Eileen spots him.

EILEEN

Marty! Hi, Marty! Over here!

George whirls around to see who she's talking to and spills his entire lunch all over himself!

GEORGE

Oh God! Excuse me, please!

George starts to walk away, but Marty stops him.

MARTY

Wait a minute---aren't you gonna ask her to the dance?

GEORGE

Huh? How did you know?

MARTY

Go ahead, George. Ask her.

GEORGE

Leave me alone!

MARTY

You've gotta ask her to the dance!

GEORGE

Not now...

EILEEN

Is that what you were going to ask me, George? To go to the dance?

GEORGE

No!!

George runs away. Marty tries to stop him.

MARTY

George! Wait! Get back here! You're not supposed to run off! It doesn't happen that way!

But George is gone. Marty throws up his arms.

MARTY

Oh, God, this is all wrong!

EILEEN

What's all wrong?

MARTY

George! He's supposed to ask you to the dance!

EILEEN

But he didn't ask me.

MARTY

But he does! Don't you see? He comes out of the cafeteria line, he's nervous, he spills his corn, and he asks you to the dance!

EILEEN

Marty, you haven't been listening. Nobody's asked me to the dance...

(flirting with him)

...yet.

She smiles at him, then picks up her empty tray and walks off.

Marty drops into a chair, totally shocked.

MARTY

I know.

INT. PROFESSOR BROWN'S STUDY – DAY

Professor Brown reacts with shock at what Marty has just told him.

PROF. BROWN

You did what?!?

MARTY

I didn't mean to do it---it was an accident!

PROF. BROWN

Do you realize what that means? Do you have any idea what that means?

MARTY

Look, it's not that big a deal! I can fix it! All I gotta do is get 'em together and make sure my old man asks her out!

PROF. BROWN

You'd better make sure your old man asks her out, because if he doesn't, they may never have a first date. And if they don't have a first date, they won't have a second date. If they don't have a second date, they won't fall in love. If they don't fall in love, they won't get married, and if they don't get married, you'll never be born!

Marty gulps.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET – MALT SHOP – DAY

Marty is dragging George down the street toward the MALT SHOP just ahead, the local hangout. TWO KIDS on homemade scooters (roller skates nailed to a 2 x 4 with an orange crate on top) cruise down the sidewalk past them.

GEORGE

I don't know if I can go through with this!

MARTY

George, she's beautiful, right? She's nice, she's decent, she's the kind of girl you'd like to marry, right? And there's nothing in the world you'd like more than to take her to that dance, right?

GEORGE

Well...yeah...

MARTY

Okay, then!

George halts abruptly and faces Marty.

GEORGE

Wait a minute---who are you, anyway? What are you doing this for?

MARTY

Let's just say I have a vested interest in you and Eileen going to this dance, all right?

Look---there she is...

Marty points through the window of the Malt Shop.

P.O.V. THROUGH THE WINDOW OF

The Malt shop, Eileen at a table with Madge and another girlfriend, talking and sipping ice cream sodas.

BACK TO SHOT

MARTY

Go in there and invite her.

GEORGE

What do I say?

MARTY

Say what you were supposed to say in the cafeteria.

GEORGE

Oh, no! That was for the cafeteria! This is different!

MARTY

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

GEORGE

Huh?

MARTY

Nothing---look, I'll write it down for you, okay?

Marty tears a page out of George's notebook and starts writing something with his Bic Pen. George stares with fascination at the ball point pen.

GEORGE

What is that? A pencil that writes in ink?

MARTY

Huh?

George takes it and examines it.

GEORGE

Lemme see that.

(reads)

"Bike fine point?"

MARTY

Bic. It's a Bic pen.

GEORGE

How do you fill it with ink?

MARTY

Fill it with ink? You don't fill it----oh, come on, George!

Marty pulls George into the Malt Shop.

INT. MALT SHOP

Marty points George in the right direction and shoves the piece of paper in his hand.

MARTY

There she is. Just go and ask her. I'll be sitting right here.

Marty takes a stool at the counter.

George takes a deep breath, takes a step forward, hesitates, then goes to the counter.

GEORGE

(to Soda Jerk)

Gimme a strawberry malted.

Marty shakes his head.

George looks at the piece of paper with what he's supposed to say and mouths the words to himself. The Soda Jerk brings George his malted. George takes a slug; he gets up his nerve and approaches Eileen, unaware that he now has a pink moustache.

Eileen sees George before he can even open his mouth.

EILEEN

Hi, George.

George is slightly confused---this isn't in the "script."

GEORGE

Uh, hi, Eileen.

EILEEN

How are you?

GEORGE

Oh--I'm all right. Say, listen, about this dance Saturday night---

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

BIFF (O.S.)

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

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

Marty drops his head in his hands and sighs.

BIFF

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

George quickly pulls out his wallet.

GEORGE

How much do you want, Biff?

As Biff starts to walk toward George, Marty sticks out his leg and TRIPS HIM! Biff stumbles to the floor, careening into a chair. Everyone in the malt shop laughs at him. Biff, however, doesn't think it's very funny. He picks himself up and goes over to the stool where Marty is sitting with his back facing Biff.

BIFF

Listen, A-hole, it's about time I taught you a lesson.

Biff puts a hand on Marty, and with that, Marty whirls back around and slams his fist into Biff's face!

Biff goes reeling backward into a table! Match, Gum and Skinhead face Marty, ready for action!

Marty doesn't like the odds---he bolts out of there!

The three guys pull Biff to his feet and they all run out after Marty!

EXT. MALT SHOP AND STREET

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

Most of the kids in the Malt Shop hurry outside to watch.

Marty looks behind him---Biff and his boys are gaining!

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

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

BIFF

In the car!

Biff and the gang jump into a convertible parked nearby. Biff peels out and races down the street after Marty!

MARTY

looks over his soulder and sees the convertible closing in!

WIDER ANGLE, STREET

The convertible is mere yards away. Suddenly, Marty cuts a sharp turn into the street and crosses right in front of Biff's car! He turns again and heads back the way he came!

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

Biff and the boys are stunned! Biff cuts a U-turn and continues the pursuit!

EXT. MALT SHOP

Marty, towed by the car, whizzes past the Malt Shop! The spectators are truly amazed! Madge turns to Eileen.

MADGE

Did you see that??

Eileen nods, open-mouthed. She is very impressed.

Now Biff's convertible speeds after Marty!

MARTY

again looks over his shoulder and sees that Biff is closing in---and fast! Things don't look good for Marty!

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

BIFF

is coming too fast to make the turn! He overshoots the intersection and has to make another U!

EXT. HILL STREET

It's an incredibly steep hill, and at the bottom is an intersection with a traffic light. Marty picks up speed as he coasts down!

Now Biff's convertible shoots onto Hill Street, actually leaving the ground as it comes over the hill!

Biff drives like hell after Marty, and he's closing fast!

Then Marty drops into a crouch, cuts his wind resistance, and speeds away!

At the intersection at the bottom of the hill, the traffic light turns yellow!

Marty has no choice---he's going through!

Biff speeds up to stay on Marty's tail!

The traffic light turns red!

Marty zips through the intersection! Cross traffic screeches to a halt to avoid hitting him! Marty whips around the cars and makes it safely across!

Biff sees the stalled traffic in the intersection: directly in front of him is a RED CAR! He slams on his brakes! Biff's wheels lock up and rubber screeches across the pavement! It looks like Biff is going to hit the car---then, at the last moment, the red car pulls out of the way---and Biff rams into the car in the next lane of traffic---a POLICE CAR!

TWO COPS immediately get out of their car and approach Biff. Biff sighs.

BIFF

I'm gonna get that son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – MARTY

Marty skateboards casually down the street. As he comes to an intersection, he can see EILEEN'S HOUSE...and GEORGE is walking EILEEN home! Marty hides behind some bushes and watches.

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

George and Eileen, as George, carrying her books, walks her to the door. He gives her her books and, after an awkward moment, they politely shake hands.

MARTY

sighs a massive sigh of relief. He hops back on his skateboard and goes off, OUT OF FRAME.

We HOLD on Eileen's house as Eileen closes the door and George departs. George's mood abruptly changes: He's pissed. He throws his jacket down on the street and slumps in the gutter, dropping his head in his hands.

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Marty pulls Reginald's business card from the pocket of his Porsche jacket. He looks at it for a long moment, then rips it into little pieces. He goes through the trash can and pulls out his Science textbook page.

INT. PROF. BROWN'S STUDY – PROF. BROWN – NIGHT

Professor Brown is at his desk, again playing back the micro-cassette tape, listening to the section with the gunshots. He plays that portion over and over again, but he just can't figure it out.

Marty walks in with the textbook page, and the Professor quickly puts the recorder down: as if he doesn't want Marty to see him using it.

MARTY

Professor, you were right about everything. I don't belong here. I almost screwed up my existence again today while I was trying to put it back together, and I've had enough. I want to go back to the future.

He hands Professor Brown the text book page and points out the caption under the picture of the Mushroom Cloud. Brown's eyes light up.

PROF. BROWN

Where did you get this?

MARTY

I brought it with me from 1982. It's from my science book.

PROF. BROWN

The test is this Monday! 15 megatons...let's see, we need 4200 rads

(does calculations on slide rule)

You'd have to be...exactly 800 yards from ground zero.

The Professor looks at Marty with concern.

PROF. BROWN

You realize that what we're going to do could be extremely dangerous.

MARTY

Believe me, Professor, running around on a nuclear test site can't be any more dangerous than what I've been doing.

PROF. BROWN

All right, here's what we'll do: we'll get an Army Surplus Truck, mount the Time Machine and Power Converter on it, and drive it to Nevada. If we leave by Saturday night, we can make it to the test site in plenty of time.

And just to be on the safe side, I'd better build a lead-lined time chamber for your added protection. I don't know if I trust these atomic bombs.

The PHONE RINGS. Brown answers it.

PROF. BROWN

Hello?

(pause)

Uh, no, Eileen, he can't come to the phone right now.

Marty looks at the Professor with alarm.

PROF. BROWN

(into phone)

All right...Yes, I'll tell him...Goodbye.

Brown hangs up. He has a grave expression on his face.

PROF. BROWN

Your "mother" wanted me to tell you that she was very impressed by what you did this afternoon, and that if you were interested in going to the dance Saturday night, she's available.

MARTY

But that's impossible!! George asked her out! He had to! I saw him walk her home! Oh, God!!

PROF. BROWN

My guess is that she turned him down.

MARTY

But why? Why would she do that? She's supposed to marry the guy!

PROF. BROWN

Apparently, what has happened is that the maternal instinct has transcended the gap of time, and this has caused an alteration in your mother's emotional behavior.

MARTY

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

PROF. BROWN

In a manner of speaking, yes. And because of that, she's no longer interested in your father.

MARTY

Jesus! What are we gonna do?

INT. MALT SHOP – DAY

Eileen is sitting at the same table with Madge. Again, they're talking, drinking ice cream sodas.

Now Marty comes over and sits down.

MARTY

How ya doing, Eileen?

EILEEN

Hi, Marty!

MARTY

Listen, Professor Brown told me you called last night and gave me your message...

Marty has his hands under the table.

UNDER THE TABLE

Marty's HANDS attach the Micro-cassette recorder to the underside of the table with a piece of heavy masking tape and start it recording

MARTY (O.S.)

...and if you're still available, I'd like to take you to the dance Saturday night...

THE CASSETTE RECORDER

in Marty's hand, playing back.

MARTY (V.O. tape)

...so I'll pick you up around 8:30, okay?

INT. BROWN'S GARAGE – MARTY, PROF. BROWN – NIGHT

Marty and the Professor are listening to the tape. The Time Machine has been loaded into the bed of an Army Truck, and the Professor has been welding sheet lead into a large Philco Refrigerator. The top of the refrigerator has been modified to accommodate the Beam Focusing Unit of the Time Machine, so the Time Beam will project into the refrigerator.

EILEEN (V.O. tape)

Okay. See you later, Marty.

We hear the sound effects of Marty leaving the Malt Shop.

EILEEN (V.O. tape)

Isn't he a dream?

MADGE (V.O. tape)

Boy, I've never seen you fall for anybody like that before.

EILEEN (V.O. tape)

I know. I've never felt like this about anybody before. I really don't understand it but I just feel like---like mothering him.

Marty and the Professor exchange a look.

MADGE (V.O. tape)

But what about George? I thought you wanted him to ask you.

EILEEN (V.O. tape)

He did ask me...but I turned him down.

MADGE (V.O. tape)

Why? You always thought George was cute because he was so shy.

EILEEN (V.O. tape)

Well, that's what I thought. But he really isn't shy. He's just chicken.

Professor Brown grabs the tape recorder and replays the last part of the tape.

EILEEN (V.O. tape)

He's just chicken.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE'S BACK YARD – GEORGE, MARTY – DAY

Marty is facing George, challenging him.

MARTY

Come on, George, don't be such a chicken. Hit me in the stomach. Right here, go ahead.

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

GEORGE

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

MARTY

You're not gonna hurt me. Just hit me in the stomach.

GEORGE

Look, Marty, I'm just not a fighter.

MARTY

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

GEORGE

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

MARTY

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

GEORGE

At the dance.

MARTY

And where am I gonna be?

GEORGE

In the parking lot, with her.

MARTY

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

GEORGE

Why?

MARTY

Why what?

GEORGE

Why is she gonna get angry with you?

MARTY

(it's hard for him to say)

Well...because...well, nice girls get angry at guys who...who try to take advantage of 'em.

GEORGE

You mean, you're gonna----

MARTY

George: it's not your concern. Don't worry about it. Just remember that at 9:00, you'll be strolling through the parking lot and you'll see us...(gulps)...struggling in the car, you'll run over, open the door and say...?

George doesn't say anything.

MARTY

Your line, George.

GEORGE

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

MARTY

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

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

MARTY

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

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

MARTY

Anger, George. Anger.

GEORGE

Maybe if I used my left...

MARTY

No, George, just concentrate on the anger. Anger.

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

MARTY

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

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

GEORGE

Anger...anger...

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

GEORGE

Yeeeowww! Goddammit!!!

He's really angry now, and he socks the bag with his left----he KNOCKS IT CLEAR OFF THE TREE!

George is astonished!

INT. BROWN'S GARAGE – PROF. BROWN, MARTY – NIGHT

The Time Machine and lead-lined refrigerator-time chamber are assembled in the bed of the Army truck, as well as the Power Converter and a motorcycle with a sidecar.

Professor Brown is putting a tarp over the Time Machine.

Marty is putting his 1980's clothes in a laundry bag along with a few bottles of Coke.

PROF. BROWN

Everything's ready to go. What about the chemicals for the Power Converter...whatever they are?

Marty puts his stuff in the cab of the truck.

MARTY

That's all taken care of.

PROF. BROWN

Good. I'll pick you up in front of the school at midnight. Don't be late---we're cutting it close as it is. We've got a long drive ahead of us.

Marty fidgets with the tie he's wearing. He's very ill at ease.

MARTY

Look. I'm a little worried about this---this whole thing with my mother. I mean, I don't know if I can do it---I mean, hitting on my own mother, that's pretty heavy.

PROF. BROWN

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

MARTY

That's exactly what I said! I mean, a guy and his mother---that's illegal, isn't it?

PROF. BROWN

Look, Marty, she's not your mother yet. And if you don't go through with this, she may never be. I know it's hard, but there are some things we must do in life that are unpleasant. Some choices must be made that are difficult. Nonetheless, we must make them. Besides, this may be more than simply a question of your own existence. The fate of the entire space-time continuum may rest on your shoulders

MARTY

That's just what I needed to hear.

PROF. BROWN

It'll be fine, Marty. You'll do fine. Good luck.

They shake hands.

MARTY

Professor...if something does go wrong tonight...if I don't get my parents back together...when do you think I'd cease to exist?

PROF. BROWN

There's no way of knowing. It could happen at the moment you arrive back in the future...theoretically, it could happen at the moment of your birth...or conception. Actually, it could happen at any time. It's a question to which I hope we'll never learn the answer.

MARTY

Amen.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM – DANCE – NIGHT

"Springtime In Paris" is well underway!

On stage is the band: Lester Moon and the Midnighters. They're all black---Lester himself plays rhythm guitar and sings; there's also a drummer, piano player, sax, clarinet and bass fiddle. They're playing "The Blue Tango."

The gym floor has a paper-mache Eiffel Tower in the center; students do the Tango around it.

As usual at school dances, there are teachers acting as chaperones, a busy refreshment table, and wallflowers on the sidelines. A STUDENT PHOTOGRAPHER snaps an occasional flash picture for the yearbook, or posterity, or just for the hell of it.

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

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Professor Brown's Packard pulls into the lot and parks.

INT. PACKARD – MARTY, EILEEN

Marty is at the wheel, very uneasy. Eileen, next to him, looks beautiful in her best party dress. Marty looks at the clock on the dashboard.

MARTY

Uh...let's just sit here for a few minutes.

EILEEN

Are you all right, Marty? You seem a little...nervous.

MARTY

Oh, no, I'm fine...fine.

He's not fooling anybody.

EILEEN

I'm usually nervous myself on first dates...but not tonight. It's funny, but somehow, I feel like...like I know you.

MARTY

Uh, yeah, well, believe me, I sure feel like I know you!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM – THE DANCE

George now glances at the clock in the gym. It says "8:59." Alarmed, George looks at his own watch.

INSERT – GEORGE'S WATCH

which reads "8:55."

GEORGE

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

GEORGE

What time do you have?

STUDENT

Five after nine.

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

INT. PACKARD – MARTY, EILEEN

Marty fidgets and looks at the clock again.

EILEEN

Why are you so nervous?

Marty takes a deep breath.

MARTY

Well, Eileen...jeez, that's hard for me to say---have you ever been in a situation where---well---you know you have to act a certain way, but when you get there, you don't know if you can go through with it?

EILEEN

You mean like how you're supposed to act with someone on a first date?

MARTY

Well, sort of...

EILEEN

I think I know exactly what you mean.

MARTY

You do?

EILEEN

(nods)

And you know what I do in those situations?

Marty looks at her.

EILEEN

I don't worry about it!

And with that, she throws herself on him, kissing him passionately, climbing all over him, putting his hands on her breasts! Marty is absolutely shocked!

INT. SCHOOL HALL – GEORGE

George is at a pay phone, dialing a number. His number rings and a WOMAN answers.

WOMAN (V.O. PHONE)

At the tone, the time will be 9:00 exactly.

George doesn't even wait for the tone---he takes off down the hall!

INT. PACKARD – MARTY, EILEEN

Eileen, her blouse partly undone and her bra exposed, continues her passionate assault of Marty---then abruptly stops and pushes him away. She's very confused.

EILEEN

This isn't right.

INT. SCHOOL HALL – GEORGE

George runs down the hall to the front door! He throws it open and runs out---only to get his jacket caught on the door jamb! He tries like hell to get his jacket undone.

INT. PACKARD – MARTY, EILEEN

EILEEN (CONTINUING)

I don't know what it is, but...when I kiss you...something's wrong. It almost feels like...like I was kissing my brother...or my father...I don't understand it, but I just know it's wrong.

I guess that doesn't make any sense, does it?

MARTY

Believe me, it makes perfect sense.

We hear the sounds of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS on gravel. Eileen reacts.

EILEEN

Sounds like somebody's coming.

Marty hears the footsteps too. He looks at the dashboard clock. It's 9:00.

MARTY

(to himself)

Not now, George. Not now...

Suddenly, the driver's door is opened, an arm reaches in, yanks Marty out, and Marty finds himself fact to face with

BIFF!

BIFF

I been lookin' for you, A-hole.

Behind Biff is his usual entourage. Biff shoves him roughly into the arms of Skinhead. Marty struggles, but Skinhead and Match grab him and restrain him.

EILEEN

Let go of him! Leave him alone!

Biff takes a look at Eileen in the car.

BIFF

Look at what we have here!

(notices her exposed bra)

Eileen---I didn't know you were that kinda girl!

EILEEN

I'm not!

She lunges at her door to escape, but Biff grabs her and climbs into the car.

BIFF

Oh no, you don't!

Biff pulls her toward him and looks at his boys.

BIFF

Take him around back. I'll join you in a minute.

(a beat)

Go on! This ain't no peepshow!

They drag Marty away. Biff shuts the car door and tries to kiss her. She struggles, and in a moment, all we can see through the windshield are tussling arms and legs, accompanied by Eileen's muffled screams.

EXT. SIDE OF SCHOOL

Skinhead, Match, and Gums drag Marty around the corner to the side of the school.

At the side door, REGINALD WASHINGTON is smoking a reefer. He sees the three guys dragging the kid he met the other day.

REGINALD

Hey! What's going on there?

GUMS

Beat it, black boy!

REGINALD

Hey, now, you'd better---

SKINHEAD

Listen, spook, you lookin' for trouble?

REGINALD

No, sir, I don't want no trouble.

He goes back in the school.

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL

George finally gets his jacket unhooked from the door jamb and hurries down the front steps and over to the parking lot. There are a few COUPLES hanging around.

GEORGE

runs frantically through the parking lot, looking for the right car. His eyes open wide upon seeing it.

GEORGE'S P.O.V. OF

the Packard. Through the windshield, we see arms and legs flailing about in a struggle! We hear Eileen screaming!

GEORGE

adjusts his pants, runs to the car, and opens the driver's door.

GEORGE

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

George realizes that he's facing Biff! Now he's really scared!

BIFF

I think you got the wrong car, McFly.

EILEEN

George! Help me!

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

BIFF

Just close the door, McFly, and walk away.

EILEEN

George! Please! Help me!!

EXT. SIDE OF SCHOOL – MARTY, GUMS, SKINHEAD, MATCH

Gums and Match are holding Marty up against a wall, and Skinhead is about to throw a vicious punch. Skinhead winds up, but suddenly his fist is grabbed by a black hand! Skinhead turns around and finds himself facing Sax---and the rest of the band!

SAX

Who you callin' "spook," peckerwood?

Skinhead throws a wide punch at Sax---Sax smashes him in the face! Then the entire band jumps Biff's boys! Marty escapes and runs back toward the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT – PACKARD – GEORGE, BIFF, EILEEN

George is still facing Biff, trapped in his moment of indecision.

BIFF

All right, McFly, I asked you politely to leave. Now I'm gonna have to teach you a lesson!

Biff steps out of the car, grabs George's right arm and starts twisting it---we can see pain on George's face...pain and anger! Almost by reflex action, George lets go with a tremendous left hook, smack into Biff's face! Biff hits the ground--out cold! George can't believe he did it!

Marty rushes toward the Packard. He is astonished to see George and Eileen embracing, and Biff out cold on the ground. He keeps his distance, allowing George and Eileen to have their moment.

Nearby are a few bystanders from the front of the school, discussing what they just saw.

BYSTANDER #1

Did you see that?

BYSTANDER #2

Kid's got the greatest left hook since Joe Louis!

BYSTANDER #3

Laid 'im out cold with one punch!

BYSTANDER #4

Somebody better call an ambulance.

Marty can't believe what he's hearing.

Now George and Eileen head for the school.

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL

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

EXT. SIDE OF SCHOOL – BAND MEMBERS; BIFF'S BOY'S

The fight is over; Lester kicks skinhead in the ass one more time, and Biff's gang runs away. Marty returns to assess the damage.

MARTY

(to the band)

Hey, thanks a lot, you guys,

SAX

It's okay.

MARTY

Well, you guys go back in there and play the best version of "Turn Back The Hands of Time" that you can.

DRUMMER

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

MARTY

What do you mean?

DRUMMER

Look at Lester's hand. He smashed it on top of old Baldy. We can't play without Lester.

Lester is wrapping a handkerchief around his battered, bleeding hand.

MARTY

But you guys have to play! The dance isn't over yet! You gotta play "Turn Back The Hands of Time." My parents gotta-- George and Eileen gotta dance the last dance and kiss!

DRUMMER

Hey, man, the dance is over...unless you can find somebody who can play the guitar.

Marty looks at Reginald.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYM – ON STAGE

Marty is playing the guitar with the Midnighters, in a version of "Turn Back The Hands of Time."

George and Eileen are dancing cheek to cheek. As the number concludes they kiss.

Marty sees this and smiles. He glances at the clock---it's a few minutes before midnight. Marty steps up to the mike.

MARTY

Well, folks, that about wraps it up for this evening...

There are moans of disappointment from the crowd.

FROM THE CROWD

Awww, one more! Just one more!

MARTY

You want one more, huh?

Marty looks at the clock, then at the band...they seem to have no objections.

Marty thinks for a long moment, then steps up to the mike.

MARTY

Well, I probably shouldn't do this, but what the hell, you're gonna be hearing a lot of this in the future anyway...

(to the band)

Follow me, fellas.

Marty turns the volume on the guitar amp all the way up, places his guitar against it and blasts the gym with electronic feedback a la Jimi Hendrix!

The audience is horrified, and the Midnighters don't know what to think.

Then Marty immediately picks out a Chuck Berry riff and goes into "Johnny B. Goode!"

There are reactions of astonishment from everyone!

In moments, the band figures it out and joins in...and for the first time in the history of the world, Rock 'n Roll is heard!

Some of the more adventurous in the crowd start dancing to it.

Marty starts gyrating himself, jumping around like Little Richard!

The crowd goes nuts!

The band is really getting into it!

The chaperones hold their ears!

Marty segues into "Rock Around The Clock!"

Everybody's dancing now---they're all doing something different, but everyone's having a great time!

Marty whips off his sport coat and throws it into the crowd!

INT. HALL – PUBLIC TELEPHONE

An ELDERLY TEACHER is on the phone.

ELDERLY TEACHER

That's right, officer, there's a riot in the school gym!

INT. SCHOOL GYM

The pandemonium on the dance floor continues!

Sax gets up and improvises a solo---he's terrific!

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

Girls scream!

Marty wraps it up with a final riff, and the audience goes berserk with applause!

The Midnighters are breathless with euphoria!

Marty takes a bow.

MARTY

(into mike)

Good night, everybody!

The excited band members crowd around Marty.

SAX

Man, that stuff cooks! That's the hottest sound I ever heard!

LESTER

You gotta play that Monday for that record company cat from New York!

MARTY

(suddenly serious)

I won't be there Monday.

The band is stunned.

MARTY

And don't you guys play it either. Its time hasn't come yet. If you play it, you might screw things up. It'll happen on its own.

LESTER

What are you talking about?

MARTY

Rock 'n roll!

And with that, Marty runs off stage!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE – NIGHT

Professor Brown's truck is idling in front of the school. Now Marty comes running out and jumps into the cab. Professor Brown is wearing an Army Uniform.

MARTY

Everything's cool! They danced, they kissed, they're in love! Let's go!

The truck pulls out!

INT. MOVING TRUCK – LATER

Marty is still going over the events of the evening excitedly.

MARTY

I sure wish I could have seen the punch. I mean, he decked him---laid him out cold---one punch. It must have been beautiful! I didn't know he had it in him!

PROF. BROWN

You didn't?

MARTY

Nope. My father's never clenched a fist before in his life!

PROF. BROWN

(profound concern)

Curious. Very curious.

MARTY

I just wish I could have seen it...

EXT. NEVADA GAS STATION – DAWN

Professor Brown's truck is being filled at "State Line Gas," a typical desert gas station of 1952. Facing one direction are signs, "Welcome To Nevada;" facing the opposite direction, "Welcome To Utah." And of course, "Last Chance for gas in 150 miles." In the background, the sun is rising between the distant mountains.

INT. GAS STATION MEN'S ROOM – MARTY

Marty is putting on an ARMY UNIFORM: fatigues, and a jacket. He takes the bottles of Coke out of his bag and shoves them in the jacket pockets. He checks out his appearance in the mirror. Satisfied, he exits.

EXT. GAS STATION

The ATTENDANT, a grizzled prospector type, shuts off the pump.

ATTENDANT

26 gallons...that'll be \$3.75.

Professor Brown pays him; Marty rejoins the Professor, they climb into the truck and depart.

EXT. ARMY GATES – NEVADA DESERT – DAY

A dirt road leads to an intimidating looking gate guarded by M.P.'s. Barbed wire extends as far as the eye can see along the perimeter of the grounds, and a large sign proclaims, "U.S. ARMY, RESTRICTED AREA, AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY."

Professor Brown's truck pulls in and stops at the gate. An M.P. steps over.

M.P.

Where do you jokers think you're going?

Professor Brown hands him some "orders."

PROF. BROWN

We're here to deliver that refrigerator.

Brown indicates it. The M.P. sees it and shakes his head in disbelief.

M.P.

Do you know where you are?

PROF. BROWN

This is where they're gonna drop the bomb, right? Well, Philco wants to find out what it does to their refrigerator.

The M.P. looks under the tarp and sees the motorcycle.

M.P.

What's with the motorcycle?

PROF. BROWN

General Motors wants to find out what it does to their truck. The motorcycle is because we don't want to find out what it does to us.

The M.P. looks over the orders. He's satisfied.

M.P.

Well, you better shake a leg. That bomb goes off in 55 minutes!

Marty and the Professor exchange a look of relief, and they head out onto the nuclear test site!

EXT. ARTILLERY BUNKER

This is where the top brass and supervisory personnel are assembled to witness the atomic test. There is also an artillery battery with 105mm Howitzers, and a full communications base.

COLONEL NORDELL is looking across the desert through binoculars.

COLONEL NORDELL'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS OF

Professor Brown's truck barreling toward the test site.

BACK TO SHOT

as the alarmed Colonel turns to LIEUTENANT GLASS.

COL. NORDELL

Lieutenant, what's that vehicle doing down there?

LT. GLASS

Two guys delivering a refrigerator from Philco, sir.

COL. NORDELL

From Philco? Jesus Christ! How many refrigerators do we have to blow up in this test?

EXT. TEST SITE – "SUBURBIA"

There are several tract houses here, a surrealistic suburban neighborhood, just as Mr. Arky described in 1982. A large sign nearby gives the distance from ground zero: "1.5 MILES."

Professor Brown's truck backs into the driveway of a house where there are mannequins on the front lawn---a man with a lawn mower, and a woman in a chaise lounge.

Marty hops out of the truck and opens the garage door. Brown backs the truck in and shuts it down. Marty removes his jacket---he's perspiring under the hot desert sun---and throws it in the cab.

INT. GARAGE

The Professor and Marty remove the tarp and start hooking up the Time Machine.

INT. DETONATION CONTROL

This is a 1950's version of Mission Control, where the personnel, military and civilian, actually control the nuclear test. There are a number of clocks and lots of equipment here. It's 11:30 hours, and a flurry of activity.

TIMEKEEPER

Coming up on exactly 30 minutes to detonation. Lock all timing circuits...now.

TECH #1

Mark.

He throws a switch. 4 clocks start ticking down in sync.

TECH #2

Check arming circuits.

TECH #3

Arming circuits are green.

MAJOR LANZA

Final evacuation check.

LT. JONES

Roger.

P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS OF

A TOWER WITH AN ATOMIC BOMB on it. This is it---Ground Zero. Yardage markers are posted at 200 yard intervals from the tower, up to 1600 yards, then a mile marker.

PROF. BROWN (V.O.)

There it is: Ground Zero. And your target is 800 yards.

EXT. TRACT HOUSE – MARTY, PROFESSOR BROWN

Marty and the Professor each have a pair of field glasses, and they stand at one side of the house looking toward the target area.

Behind them, we can see that the truck is all rigged up and ready to go. The Power Converter is mounted on the roof of the cab with the solar cell pointed straight along the forward axis of the truck.

MARTY

It was sure nice of Uncle Sam to put those yardage markers up for us.

PROF. BROWN

We're at one and a half miles, so you're just a little over a mile from where you want to be. Wait until minus 3 minutes before you go---that should give you plenty of time, and it should be close enough to zero hour that they can't do anything to stop you.

Park the truck at 800 and get in the refri---the time chamber. Just be sure the nose of the truck is pointed at the bomb...the Power Converter will do the rest.

Marty follows Professor Brown back into the garage. The motorcycle and side car have been unloaded, and the male mannequin who was mowing the lawn is the passenger. Brown hands Marty a walkie-talkie.

PROF. BROWN

Here's a walkie-talkie,

(indicates channel selector)

I'll be on this frequency...this one's the Army.

He flips it to the latter.

CONTROL VOICE

(walkie-talkie)

T minus 28 minutes, and counting.

PROF. BROWN

I'd better go.

(extends his hand)

Good luck, Marty.

They shake hands.

MARTY

Thanks for everything.

PROF. BROWN

(grins)

I guess I'll see you in...30 years.

Marty becomes very sober, knowing that he won't see Professor Brown ever again...and knowing there's nothing he can do about it.

MARTY

Uh...yeah...

PROF. BROWN

Is something wrong?

Marty shakes his head, trying to hold back his tears.

MARTY

It's just always hard for me to say goodbye.

Marty steps outside, not wanting to look at him. Professor Brown hesitates, then asks a question.

PROF. BROWN

Marty, I know I've repeatedly asked you not to tell me anything about the future, but...well, those loud bangs on the tape recorder...are they...

MARTY

Professor: there are some doors that shouldn't be opened.

Professor Brown nods.

CONTROL VOICE

(walkie-talkie)

T minus 27 minutes.

Marty raises his binoculars and looks back toward ground zero.

Professor Brown goes to the motorcycle. He looks at the mannequin---something's wrong. He goes to the truck cab, pulls out Marty's Army jacket, and puts it on the dummy. Now the Professor gets on the cycle, revs it up, and rides off.

Marty, still gazing through the binocs, hasn't seen any of what just happened.

EXT. ARTILLERY BUNKER

Lieutenant Glass is looking through binoculars.

GLASS'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCES OF

Professor Brown's motorcycle heading back the way it came. The mannequin looks like a real person.

BACK TO SHOT

as Glass turns to Colonel Nordell.

LT. GLASS

There go those two lovers who brought the refrigerator.

COL. NORDELL

All right.

(into phone)

Evacuation is complete. This area is secure.

EXT. TRACT HOUSE – MARTY

Marty is walking around in front of the house, looking it over. He goes inside.

INT. TRACT HOUSE – MARTY

Amazingly enough, it looks like a model home---there is furniture, magazines on the tables, a TV, a radio.

In the dining room, more MANNEQUINS are seated at the table, which is set with full place settings. Marty wanders through the house, chuckling at the idiocy of it all.

MARTY

goes into the kitchen and has a look around. There is a Frigidaire refrigerator---Marty opens it and discovers it is well stocked with food, including meat, cheese, milk, eggs, Coke, fruit and vegetables. Marty takes an apple, has a bite, and returns to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Marty turns on the TV. Snow. He switches channels and finally tunes in a picture---the “Howdy Doody” Show. Marty watches Clarabell dancing around and shakes his head.

MARTY

The “fabulous fifties.”

INT. DETONATION CONTROL

The countdown continues.

TIMEKEEPER

T-minus fourteen minutes.

TECH #1

Lock all arming circuits.

Technicians flip switches.

TECH #2

Preliminary arming circuits locked.

TECH #3

Main arming circuits locked.

TECH #4

Auxilliary arming circuits locked.

EXT. ARTILLERY BUNKER

CAPTAIN TEAGUE is passing out sunglasses to his troops and to the civilian spectators.

CAPT. TEAGUE

You are here to witness one of the most spectacular sights in the history of man. It is really quite beautiful. There will be an intense white fireball that will recede into a bright yellow glow, accompanied by an intense shock wave...

EXT. TEST SITE GATE – M.P.'s

At the gate, the M.P.'s are monitoring the countdown on their radios.

CONTROL VOICE

T-minus 7 minutes. 7 minutes until detonation.

Professor Brown roars toward the gate on his motorcycle. The M.P. who let him in opens the gate and waves him through. Brown waves back, never even slowing down.

INT. TRACT HOUSE LIVING ROOM – MARTY

Marty is watching TV as he takes off his fatigues. Under them are his 1982 clothes. He checks the time on the walkie-talkie.

CONTROL VOICE

T-minus 6 minutes and counting...

EXT. DESERT ROAD

Professor Brown speeds along a dirt road on his motorcycle, up a hill, into the mountains. At a suitable point, he cuts off the road and parks at a break in the hills. He gets off his bike, raises his binoculars and gazes off in the distance.

BROWN'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS OF

the Test Site---including the tract homes, and the tower.

PROFESSOR BROWN

grabs his walkie-talkie.

CONTROL VOICE

...5 minutes and counting...

He flips channels.

PROF. BROWN

Calling Marty. Do you read me?

A moment's pause, then the response.

MARTY (V.O.)

I read you, Professor.

PROF. BROWN

Is everything set? Have you put the formula in the Power Converter?

MARTY (V.O.)

I'm on my way to do that right now.

INT. TRACT HOME GARAGE

Marty enters and goes to the cab of the truck to get his jacket---of course, it's gone! Marty is shocked! He checks the floor of the truck, under the seat...nothing!

Marty climbs into the back of the truck and looks around. Not there, either! Panic fills his eyes as he grabs the walkie-talkie.

MARTY

Professor! I can't find the formula! I left it in my jacket, and my jacket's gone!

EXT. PROFESSOR BROWN'S VANTAGE POINT

Brown turns and looks at the motorcycle. Marty's jacket is on the mannequin!

PROF. BROWN

Oh my God!

INT. DETONATION CONTROL

Detonation Control is a flurry of activity.

TIMEKEEPER

T-minutes 3 minutes, 30 seconds.

TECH #1

Released safety switches. First Safety.

Tech #2 flips a switch.

TECH #2

First safety released.

Tech #3 flips his switch.

TECH #3

First safety released.

EXT. PROF. BROWN'S VANTAGE POINT

A distraught Professor Brown calls instructions into his walkie-talkie.

PROF. BROWN

Marty, it's over. Do you understand? It's over. Now I want you to get in the refrig---the time chamber, and we'll just pray that the lead lining---

INTERCUT WITH MARTY, IN THE GARAGE

Marty interrupts with an idea.

MARTY

The refrigerator! Hang on, Professor!

Marty runs back into the house.

Professor Brown doesn't know what to think.

INT. HOUSE – KITCHEN

Marty runs to the refrigerator and opens it. Sure enough, there are several bottles of Coke here! Marty is elated!

MARTY

(into walkie-talkie)

Don't worry about a thing! There's plenty of formula in the refrigerator!

PROFESSOR BROWN

is even more puzzled.

PROF. BROWN

(to himself)

The refrigerator?

He throws a curious glance at Marty's jacket on the mannequin.

CONTROL VOICE

T-minus 2 minutes, 50 seconds.

INT. GARAGE

Marty climbs up on the cab of the truck to the Power Converter. He's got two bottles of Coke. He tries to twist off the top of a bottle---of course, he can't! There's nothing else to do---he smashes the top against the edge of the cab! Marty pours Coke into the Power Converter!

INT. DETONATION CONTROL

TIMEKEEPER

T minus 2 minutes, 40 seconds.

TECH #1

Release second safety.

TECH #2

(flips switch)

Second safety released.

TECH #3

(flips switch)

Second safety released.

EXT. GARAGE

Marty revs up the truck and guns it out of the driveway! He heads for Ground Zero!

EXT. ARTILLERY BUNKER

Colonel Nordell is looking toward the bomb site with his field glasses.

COLONEL NORDELL'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCs

of Marty's Truck, racing toward the bomb site!

BACK TO SHOT

Nordell is shocked!

COL. NORDELL

Jesus! What's that truck doing out there?

Captain Teague and Lieutenant Glass raise their own binoculars for a look.

CAPT. TEAGUE

He's heading straight for the bomb!

LT. GLASS

He's gotta be a commie spy---trying to sabotage the test!

COL. NORDELL

Captain! Get your men on this artillery and blow that truck to Kingdom Come!

Captain Teague turns to his men.

CAPT. TEAGUE

Men, get on this artillery and blow that truck to Kingdom Come! Fire mission! Let's move!

Teague's men rush to the 105mm Howitzers.

EXT. THE TEST SITE

Marty drives the truck past the 1.3 mile marker!

EXT. ARTILLERY BATTERY

SERIES OF SHOTS OF

Gun breeches being opened.

105mm Shells being loaded in.

Breeches slamming shut.

Howitzers being cranked around.

SGT. GUNTAR

Captain! Give us some coordinates!

CAPT. TEAGUE

I don't have any! We'll have to fire direct!

EXT. TEST SITE

Marty drives past the 1 MILE marker!

EXT. ARTILLERY BATTERY

The three Howitzers are pointed roughly in the same direction.

CAPT. TEAGUE

Fire!

A cannon is fired!

EXT. TEST SITE

The shell EXPLODES wide off to one side of Marty, showering dirt and debris skyward!

MARTY

Jesus!

EXT. ARTILLERY BATTERY

Captain Teague has seen the blast through his binoculars.

CAPT. TEAGUE

Drop 5 elevation, Add 8 deflection.

The Howitzer is cranked into position, and FIRED!

INT. MOVING TRUCK – MARTY

Marty looks worried as he drives on.

Suddenly the SHELL EXPLODES ahead of, and on the other side of the truck!

Marty is scared shitless now! He passes 1400 yards!

EXT. PROFESSOR BROWN'S VANTAGE

The Professor is watching it all through his binoculars.

PROF. BROWN

Oh my god!

INT. DETONATION CONTROL

TIMEKEEPER

One minute, fifteen seconds!

TECH #1

Release final safety.

TECH #2

Final safety released.

TECH #3

(hits switch)

Final safety released.

EXT. ARTILLERY BATTERY

Sergeant Gunthar realigns the Howitzer.

SGT. GUNT HAR

Drop 2 elevation, Minus 3 deflection.

The cannon is FIRED AGAIN!

EXT. BOMB SITE – MARTY'S TRUCK

The shell explodes several yards behind the truck, but right in line with it!

INT. MOVING TRUCK – MARTY

Marty looks behind him and shudders at how close that last one came! Just ahead of him is the 800 yard marker!
Marty parks and checks the Army channel on his walkie-talkie.

CONTROL VOICE

Exactly one minute till detonation! 59...58...

EXT. ARTILLERY BUNKER

Colonel Nordell lowers his binocs and calls to Captain Teague.

COL. NORDELL

He's stopped, Captain! Right at the 800 yard marker!

CAPTAIN TEAGUE

We'll get him for sure this time!

(to his men)

Add 1 and a half elevation!

INT. TRUCK – MARTY

Marty is listening to the countdown.

CONTROL VOICE

...53...52...

MARTY

Hurry up!

He opens the door of the truck!

EXT. PROF. BROWN'S VANTAGE POINT

Brown is watching with binoculars. He screams into his walkie-talkie.

PROF. BROWN

Move the truck! They're gonna draw a bead on you!

EXT. ARTILLERY BATTERY

Sergeant Gunthar makes the final adjustment.

SGT. GUNTAR

I've got a bead on him!

EXT. BOMB SITE – TRUCK

Marty is starting to climb into the back of the truck! He's on the wrong walkie-talkie channel!

CONTROL VOICE

...47...46...

Now Marty is about to talk into it. He flips channels!

PROF. BROWN

Back up! Back up! They're drawing a bead on you! Back up!

Marty moves faster than he's ever moved as he rushes back into the cab!

EXT. ARTILLERY BATTERY

CAPT. TEAGUE

FIRE!

Sgt. Gunthar yanks the trigger pull! The cannon erupts with a tremendous BOOM!

INT. TRUCK – MARTY

Marty revs up the truck, shifts into reverse and floors it! Through the windshield, we see a HUGE EXPLOSION which wipes out the 800 yard marker! The shock wave rocks the truck!

EXT. BOMB SITE

The smoke clears, revealing a large CRATER at 800 yards! Marty's truck is a safe distance away!

EXT. ARTILLERY BUNKER

CONTROL VOICE

T minus 30 seconds!

COLONEL NORDELL

Everybody into the bunker! Take cover! Now!

Captain Teague and his men leave their artillery posts and head for shelter.

INT. TRUCK – MARTY

Marty can't get the truck started! He's white with fear as the engine refuses to turn over!

CONTROL VOICE

...24...23...22

EXT. PROF. BROWN'S VANTAGE

The Professor is watching through his binoculars.

PROF. BROWN

Come on, Marty! Come on!

CONTROL VOICE

...20...19...18...

Finally it starts! Marty heaves a sigh of relief, then aims for the crater, some 100 yards away.

CONTROL VOICE

...14...13...12...

Marty jams his walkie-talkie against the accelerator and the truck lurches forward. He opens the door and climbs out of the moving truck!

EXT. MOVING TRUCK

The truck barrels along toward the crater as Marty climbs into the back of the truck and throws the switches on the Time Machine!

CONTROL VOICE

...9...8...7...

The truck hits the crater!

Marty is thrown from his feet, into the bed of the truck!

The truck lodges into the hole with the nose slightly off kilter from the tower!

Marty climbs to his feet and turns the solar cell back toward the bomb!

CONTROL VOICE

...5...4...3...

Marty opens the refrigerator door and climbs in!

CONTROL VOICE

...2...1...

Marty slams the refrigerator door shut!

INT. DETONATION CONTROL

TIMEKEEPER

Detonate!

Three technicians turn their detonation keys in unison!

EXT. BOMB SITE

DETONATION! An incredible FIREBALL WHITES OUT EVERYTHING for a moment, then recedes into a YELLOW GLOW!

EXT. TRUCK

Brilliant light strikes the power converter!

INT. "TIME CHAMBER" – MARTY

Marty looks up as an intense white beam shoots down from the focusing lens above him!

EXT. BOMB SITE AND TRUCK

The yellow glow turns everything around it yellow! The tower is non-existent now, and the truck begins to melt before our eyes!

INT. COMMAND BUNKER

The Army Officers, their men, and the civilian observers marvel at the incredible site before them! The mushroom cloud has formed, billowing thousands of feet into the air!

CUT TO:

EXT. PROF. BROWN'S VANTAGE

Professor Brown turns his attention away from the mushroom cloud in the background, to the mannequin sitting in the sidecar. He notices that there is a bulge in one of the pockets. He stares at it, thinking, wondering, trying to make up his mind...

EXT. THE NEVADA DESERT – HIGH NOON

All is quiet on the desert. No mushroom cloud, no sign of life...just the desert.

A moment of quiet, then we notice a shifting of sand...as if something was pushing up from below...something IS pushing up from below...the door of a refrigerator with the word "Philco" on it! The door is partially melted, partially rotted, very worn down and aged. And now Marty climbs out of the refrigerator cavity!

Of course, he looks the same as he did a moment ago. He looks at the remains of the refrigerator, and then notices the twisted metal hulk of the truck, half buried nearby.

He looks around, and sees nothing but desert.

He looks at his watch. Noon. He looks up at the sun.

MARTY

Shit.

Marty wanders around aimlessly for a bit, not sure which way to go. Now he becomes aware of low noise---a noise coming from above---a noise like the rotors of a helicopter. The noise becomes steadily louder---Marty looks up.

There is an aircraft up there, and it's descending. It's hard to see against the glare of the sun, and as it gets lower, it blows sand all over the place. Marty averts his eyes.

ON MARTY

as the helicopter noise ceases. He turns his head, and there in front of him is

PROFESSOR BROWN'S AERO-MOBILE!

It has the shape of a 1950's car, but has 3 whitewalls, propellers, and stabilizing fins! Professor Brown is in the driver's seat! On the rear deck of the craft is a Power Converter!

Marty is speechless!

Professor Brown hops out of the Aero-mobile. He's 30 years older than when we last saw him...but he seems a little different from the eccentric Professor we knew earlier. He's not brittle and old, but energetic and lively. He's a man who's got the world on a string.

PROF. BROWN

Marty! You're here! Right on time! How are you? Feeling okay?

MARTY

(very hesitant)

What year is this?

PROF. BROWN

1982! March 18, just like we planned! My calculations were absolutely correct!

30 years! God, I cannot believe it's been 30 years! Sure was a long time ago---longest I've ever had to wait for the results of an experiment!

MARTY

And you're alive, Professor? You weren't shot?

PROF. BROWN

Shot? Who'd want to shoot me? I've never felt better in my life!

Marty doesn't know what to say or do---he just stands there, staring.

PROF. BROWN

Hop in, Marty. We've got a long drive ahead of us.

Marty cautiously approaches the passenger door.

MARTY

What do you call this?

PROF. BROWN

A car.

They both get in the car.

INT. AERO-MOBILE – MARTY, PROF. BROWN

The controls and the dashboard are in the streamlined moderne style of the late 40's Futurism.

Professor Brown pulls a 16 ounce bottle of Coke out from under his seat---the same style Coke bottle we've always had---except he uses a bottle opener to pop the cap! He pulls open a compartment on the dashboard labeled "FUEL" and sticks the bottle in a funnel inside.

Marty watches this and realizes what must have happened.

MARTY

Professor...you peeked, didn't you?

PROF. BROWN

(shrugs)

Yeah. I figured, what the hell!

EXT. NEVADA DESERT

We hear the sound of whirring turbines and machinery, and the "car" lifts vertically off the desert floor and flies off into the sky!

INT. MOVING AERO-MOBILE – LATER

Professor Brown has been answering questions. Out the window we see only blue sky and clouds.

PROF. BROWN

You see, I never rebuilt the Time Machine after it was destroyed in 1952. I decided that experimenting with time and possibly changing history was too risky. Anyway, experiments in time travel were banned in all 87 states after the governor of Cuba caught Dr. Feldstein fooling around in the Bermuda Triangle---that was back in '64.

MARTY

But if you didn't rebuild the Time Machine, how did I go back in time in the first place?

PROF. BROWN

According to your girl friend, Suzy Parker, you and she were at the movies. You went to the restroom, and you never came out. Obviously, you stepped through an inter-dimensional time warp, created by the original operation of the time machine.

MARTY

Obviously.

PROF. BROWN

But I told everyone your disappearance was due to a teleportation experiment you were helping me with. So don't mention anything about time travel to anyone.

MARTY

What theater was I at?

PROF. BROWN

The Orpheum.

Marty smiles; it's all sort of making sense to him now. He glances out the window.

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

A CITY---clean, modern---or rather, moderne--the sparkling image of "The City of the Future," complete with streamlined skyscrapers and flying cars. The city is a long way down.

ON MARTY AND THE PROFESSOR

Marty is very impressed.

MARTY

Wow! Look at that city!

PROF. BROWN

Pretty, isn't it?

MARTY

It's the most beautiful city I've ever seen! What is it?

PROF. BROWN

Cleveland.

EXT. THE McFLY HOME – NIGHT

The same house Marty has always lived in---except it's been "streamlined." The corners have been rounded, to decrease wind resistance, and on the roof is a large power converter. In the driveway is another Aero-mobile.

Professor Brown's Aero-Mobile descends and lands on the street in front of the house. In the background are other streamlined flying cars, buses and trucks.

INT. BROWN'S AERO-MOBILE – MARTY, BROWN

PROF. BROWN

Go on in. I'll be with you as soon as I adjust this blasted flow capacitor.

EXT. McFLY HOME – NIGHT

as Marty gets out of the Professor's Aero-Mobile and approaches his house.

Marty looks at his house, takes a deep breath, and walks up to the front door. He rings the door bell.

The front door is answered by...A ROBOT! It's the mechanical man not unlike Professor Brown's "Mechanical Home Butler." The robot speaks in an electronic monotone.

ROBOT

Greetings, Master Martin. Let me take your coat.

MARTY

Right...

Marty hands the robot his Porsche jacket and steps into his house.

INT. McFLY HOME – NIGHT

It seems to be pretty much the way it was when Marty left in 1982. His mother rushes excitedly toward him.

EILEEN

Marty! You're back! I'm so glad to see you!

She gives him a hug, then notices his clothes.

EILEEN

Where did you get these silly clothes?

(to the Robot)

Sparky, get Marty some clean clothes.

ROBOT

Yes, Madam.

“Sparky” scurries off.

EILEEN

Your father's in the study. Say hello to him.

Marty nods, and walks down the hall.

INT. HALL

There are several display cases along the wall, and Marty has a look. In one is a PAIR OF BOXING GLOVES, and a plaque – “McFly-Liston Fight,” “Madison Square Garden, 1966.” In the next, a silver boxing champion’s belt, engraved with “George M. McFly, World Middleweight Champion, 1963.” And in another, a framed magazine ad with a picture of George McFly holding a very strange device: “The Champ gives tooth decay the One-Two Punch with Son-o-Dent ultra-sonic tooth care system, by E. Brown Enterprises.”

Marty is amazed. He cautiously enters his father’s study.

INT. STUDY

George McFly looks up from his desk. He’s a much different George McFly than we saw before: in better shape, more extroverted, more self-assured. After all, he was the middleweight champion of the world!

GEORGE

Welcome home, son! The Professor told us what happened with the experiment---that there might be some side effects...lapses of memory.

Marty approaches to get a better look at the man who looks like the father he remembers, but isn’t.

GEORGE

Your mom's got one heckuva dinner planned tonight! She's been pushing buttons all day!

Marty notices a figure out in the yard, through the window. He has a closer look---it's BIFF, in a Security Guard Uniform, sitting in a chair, sleeping. Now George has a look too and opens the window.

GEORGE

Hey, Biff! What are you doing, sleeping on the job? A security guard's supposed to be alert!

A very humble BIFF replies.

BIFF

Yes, sir, Mr. McFly.

GEORGE

What am I paying you 50¢ an hour for?

BIFF

I'm sorry, Champ. It won't happen again, sir.

Biff begins patrolling the yard.

George resumes his own unfinished business. He attaches a suction cup to his forehead which is connected to a pen-like device by a wire, and waves the "pen" over a blank check---handwriting appears, accompanied by electronic beeps. It says, "Pay to the order of the Coca Cola Company."

MARTY

(wide-eyed)

What are you doing, Dad?

GEORGE

What's it look like I'm doing son? I'm paying the fuel bill. It's over \$2.00 this month---we really oughta try to cut down.

George sees that Marty is still staring in amazement.

GEORGE

What's wrong, son? You act like you've never seen a Write-O-Matic before.

Marty takes out his own Bic pen and examines it.

GEORGE

Say, what have you got there? An antique pen? Let me see that!

(takes it, examines it)

I haven't seen one of these in...well, this is strange. How do you fill it with ink?

George suddenly looks at Marty strangely---does he remember this conversation happening 30 years ago?

But then there is a knock on the door and Eileen enters.

EILEEN

Marty, there's someone here to see you.

Suzy Parker enters. Her hairstyle is a little unusual, as are her clothes, but she's certainly the same girl.

MARTY

Suzy!

SUZY

Hi, Marty!

MARTY

What did you do to your hair?

SUZY

What did you do to yours?

They both laugh. Now Professor Brown joins the group.

GEORGE

Hey, how's my favorite girl?

SUZY

Fine, Mr. McFly.

GEORGE

Why don't you two get out of here---I'm sure you can find something better to do than watch me pay bills!

SUZY

Marty, you'd better change your clothes. You can't go to Mambo Class looking like that.

MARTY

Mambo class? You mean people still do the Mambo?

SUZY

Sure. Everybody does the Mambo!

Marty thinks a moment.

MARTY

Don't tell me you've never heard of Rock 'n Roll...?

Suzy now directed a blank look at him.

SUZY

Rock and what?

PROF. BROWN

I've never heard of it either.

Marty grins widely.

MARTY

Well, maybe it's time you did!

They all exit, leaving George sitting at his desk. George is thinking about something. He opens a desk drawer and pulls out a scrapbook...not an ordinary scrapbook...a HYDRAULIC SCRAPBOOK. It says so right on the cover, along with the name of the manufacturer: "E. Brown Enterprises." George plugs it in, and pneumatic cylinders begin automatically turning the pages. At a particular page, it stops. George stares at the newspaper clipping on the page.

INSERT – CLIPPING

A story with the headline, "Police Quell Near Riot At School Dance," along with a photo of the dance that shows Marty on stage!

GEORGE

stares at the photo, then shakes his head.

GEORGE

Nah. Couldn't be.

INSERT – PHOTO

But it is....

ROLL END TITLES OVER NEWS PHOTO

FADE OUT