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# Back To The Future Part II

By Bob Gale

How about a ride, mister ?  
Jennifer.  
Man, are you a sight for sore eyes.  
Let me look at you.  
Marty, you're acting like  
you haven't seen me in a week.  
I haven't.  
Are you okay ?  
Is everything all right ?  
Everything's great.  
You've got to come back with me.  
- Where ?  
- Back to the future.  
- Wait. What are you doing, Doc ?  
- I need fuel.  
Go ahead. Quick. Get in the car.  
No. Look, Doc, I just got here.  
Jennifer's here.  
We're going to take  
the new truck for a spin.  
Bring her along. This concerns her, too.  
Wait. What are you talking about ?  
What happens to us in the future ?  
Do we become assholes or something ?  
No. You and Jennifer both turn out fine.  
It's your kids, Marty.  
Something's got to be done about them.  
Doc, you better back up.  
We don't have enough road to get up to 88.  
Roads ? Where we're going,  
we don't need roads.  
Say, Marty !  
Marty, I wanted to show you  
these new matchbooks...  
for my auto detailing I had printed up.  
A flying DeLorean ?  
What the hell is going on here ?  
- What the hell was that ?  
- Taxicab.  
- Taxicab ? I thought we were flying.  
- Precisely.  
All right, Doc. What's going on ?  
Where are we ? When are we ?  
We're descending toward

Hill Valley, California...

**at 4:**

on Wednesday, October 21, 2015.

You mean we're in the future.

What do you mean ?

How can we be in the future ?

I don't know

how to tell you this, but...

you're in a time machine.

- And this is the year 2015 ?

- October 21, 2015.

God, so, like, you weren't kidding.

Marty, we can actually see our future.

You said we were married, right ?

- Yeah...

- Yeah ? Was it a big wedding ?

- We're going to see our wedding !

- Wow.

- I'll see my wedding dress.

- Wow.

I wonder where we live.

I bet it's a big house with lots of kids.

How many kids...

- Doc ! What the hell are you doing ?

- Relax.

It's a sleep-inducing  
alpha rhythm generator.

No one should know

too much about their future.

When she wakes up,

she'll think it was a dream.

- What did you bring her for ?

- I had to do something.

She saw the time machine. I couldn't  
leave her with that information.

Don't worry.

She's not essential to my plan.

Well, you're the doc, Doc.

Here's our exit.

You've got to get out  
and change clothes.

Right now ? It's pouring rain.

Wait five more seconds.

Right on the tick.  
Amazing. Absolutely amazing.  
Too bad the post office isn't  
as efficient as the weather service.  
Excuse the disguise, but I was afraid  
you wouldn't recognize me.  
I went to a rejuvenation clinic  
and got a whole natural overhaul.  
Took out some wrinkles,  
did a hair repair, changed the blood...  
added 30 or 40 years to my life.  
They also replaced my spleen and colon.  
What do you think ?  
You look great, Doc.  
The future.  
Unbelievable.  
- I got to check this out, Doc.  
- All in good time.  
- We're on a tight schedule.  
- Tell me about my future.  
Do I become, like, a rich rock star ?  
No one should know too much  
about their destiny.  
- I am rich, though, right ?  
- Marty, please, take off your shirt.  
Put on the jacket and the shoes.  
Got a mission to accomplish.  
Precisely on schedule.  
Power laces. All right.  
This thing doesn't fit.  
Size-adjusting fit.  
Pull out your pants pockets.  
All kids here wear their pants inside out.  
Put on this cap.  
Perfect. You're the spitting image  
of your future son.  
- What ?  
- Help me move Jennifer over here.  
- So what's the deal ?  
- Grab her feet.  
Okay, now what ?  
In exactly two minutes, you go  
around the corner into the Caf '80s.  
Caf '80s ?

It's one of those nostalgia places,  
but not done well.  
Go in and order a Pepsi. Here's \$50.  
Wait for a guy named Griff.  
Right. Griff.  
Griff's going to ask about tonight.  
Are you in or out ?  
Tell him you are out.  
Whatever he says,  
say no, you're not interested.  
Then leave,  
come back here and wait for me.  
Don't talk to anyone.  
Don't touch anything.  
Don't do anything.  
Don't interact with anyone...  
and try not to look at anything.  
I don't get it.  
- You said this had to do with my kids.  
- Look what happens to your son.  
My son ?  
God, he looks just like me.  
"Within two hours of his arrest,  
Martin McFly Jr...  
was tried, convicted, and sentenced  
to 15 years in the state penitentiary" ?  
Within two hours ?  
The justice system works swiftly  
now that they've abolished lawyers.  
This is heavy.  
It gets worse. Your daughter tries to  
break him out and gets sent up for 20 years.  
My daughter. I have a daughter ?  
This one event starts a chain reaction  
that destroys your entire family.  
Doc, this date...  
This is tomorrow's newspaper.  
Precisely. I already went further ahead  
into time to see what else happens.  
I backtracked everything to this one event.  
We're here to prevent this event from happening.  
Damn ! I'm late !  
Where are you going now ?  
To intercept the real Marty Jr.

You're taking his place.  
The Caf '80s, guy named Griff,  
just say no !  
What about Jennifer ?  
We can't just leave her here.  
She'll be safe.  
It'll just be for a few minutes.  
Marty, be careful. That Griff has a few  
short circuits in his bionic implants.  
The future.  
Welcome to Texaco.  
You can trust your car  
to the system with the star.  
Checking oil. Checking landing gear.  
Shark still looks fake.  
Hi, friends. Goldie Wilson III  
for Wilson Hover Conversion Systems.  
You know, when my grandpa  
was mayor of Hill Valley...  
he had to worry  
about traffic problems...  
but now  
you don't have to worry about traffic.  
I'll hover-convert your old road car  
into a skyway flier...  
for only \$39,999.95.  
So come on down and see me...  
Goldie Wilson III, at any one  
of our 29 convenient locations.  
Remember, Keep 'Em Flying.  
It's got a hot salsa,  
avocados...  
cilantro mixed with your choice  
of beans, chicken...  
beef or pork.  
Waiter. Waiter.  
Welcome to the Caf '80s...  
where it's always morning in America,  
even in the afternoon.  
Our special today  
is mesquite-grilled sushi.  
Have the hostage special !  
- Cajun style.  
- The hostage special !

You must have  
the hostage special !  
All I want is a Pepsi.  
Yeah. I seen you around.  
You're Marty McFly's kid, aren't you ?  
- Biff ?  
- You're Marty Jr.  
Tough break, kid.  
Must be rough being named after  
a complete butthead.  
What's that mean ?  
Hello. Hello. Anybody home ?  
Think, McFly, think !  
Your old man ? Mr. Loser ?  
- What ?  
- That's right.  
Loser with a capital "L".  
Look, I happen to know  
George McFly is...  
I'm not talking about George McFly.  
I'm talking about his kid.  
Your old man, Marty McFly Sr. ?  
The man who took his life  
and flushed it completely down the toilet.  
I did ?  
I mean, he did ?  
Hey, Gramps...  
I told you two coats of wax on my car,  
not just one !  
I just put the second coat on last week.  
- With your eyes closed ?  
- Are you two related ?  
Hello ? Hello ? Anybody home ?  
You think Griff called me Grandpa  
for his health ?  
- He's Griff ?  
- Gramps !  
What the hell am I paying you for ?  
Kid, say hello to your grandma for me.  
- Get out of there, Gramps.  
- Take it easy !  
And McFly, don't go anywhere !  
You're next !  
This is a video game.

I got it working.  
My dad taught me about these.  
It is Wild Gunman.  
How do you play this thing ?  
I'll show you, kid.  
I'm a crack shot at this.  
You mean you have to use your hands ?  
That's like a baby's toy.  
Baby's toy ?  
Pepsi Perfect.  
- Damn !  
- Pepsi.  
I thought I told you to stay in here !  
Guys, how's it going ?  
- McFly !  
- What ?  
Your shoe's unbelted.  
So, McFly, have you made a decision  
about tonight's opportunity ?  
Yeah, Griff. I was thinking about how I'm  
not sure because it might be dangerous.  
What's wrong, McFly ?  
You got no scrote ?  
He's a complete wimp.  
What's it going to be, McFly ?  
Are you in or out ?  
I just, I'm not sure that I should.  
I should discuss it with my father.  
Your father ?  
Wrong answer, McFly ! You lose !  
Okay, Griff, I'll do it.  
Whatever you say.  
Stay down and shut up.  
Keep pedaling, you two !  
Now...  
let's hear the right answer.  
Since when did you become  
the physical type ?  
The answer's no, Griff.  
- No ?  
- Are you deaf and stupid ? I said no !  
What's wrong, McFly ? Chicken ?  
What did you call me, Griff ?  
Chicken, McFly !



Nobody calls me...  
chicken.  
- All right, punk !  
- Look !  
Stop ! Little girl, little girl.  
Stop. Look,  
I need to borrow your "hoverboard".  
- Where is he ?  
- Here.  
There !  
He's on a hoverboard.  
- Get the boards !  
- Get McFly !  
Get him !  
Yeah, we got him !  
There's something very familiar  
about all this.  
McFly, you bojo !  
- Those boards don't work on water !  
- Unless you've got power !  
Hook on !  
Batter up !  
Holy shit !  
Buttheads.  
Drying mode on.  
Jacket drying.  
Your jacket is now dry.  
Hey, kid. Hey, little girl, thanks.  
Keep it. I got a Pit Bull now.  
- Come on.  
- Save the clock tower !  
Throw in \$100  
and help save the clock tower.  
Sorry, no.  
- That's an important historical landmark !  
- Some other time.  
Lightning struck that thing  
Wait a minute.  
Cubs win World Series...  
- Against Miami ?  
- Yeah, it's something, huh ?  
Who would've thought ? 100-1 shot !  
I wish I could go back  
to the beginning of the season...

- bet on the Cubs.  
- I just meant Miami...  
What did you just say ?  
I wish I could go back to the beginning  
of the season, bet on the Cubbies !  
This has an interesting feature.  
It has a dust jacket.  
Books had these to protect the covers.  
That was before dust-repellent paper.  
If you're interested in dust,  
we have something from the 1980s...  
called a Dustbuster.  
- I can't lose.  
- Up here !  
- Doc, what's going on ?  
- Stand by. I'll park over there.  
Yeah, all right.  
Hey, right on time.  
Flying DeLorean ?  
I haven't seen one in 30 years.  
Sorry. Excuse me. Sorry.  
I'm walking here !  
I'm walking here !  
- What the hell ?  
- Don't drive trunk, low-res scuzzball !  
Two of them ?  
I left him in  
a suspended animation kennel.  
Einstein never knew I was gone !  
What in the name  
of Sir Isaac H. Newton happened here ?  
Doc, my kid showed up.  
All hell broke loose.  
Your kid ?  
Great Scott, I was afraid of this.  
I used it on Jennifer. There wasn't enough  
power left to knock your son out.  
Doc, look at this !  
It's changing.  
I was framed !  
Yes ! Yes, of course !  
Because this hoverboard incident  
occurred, Griff goes to jail.  
Your son won't go with him tonight.

That robbery won't take place !  
History, future history,  
has been altered, and this is proof !  
We've succeeded, not as planned, but no  
matter. Let's get Jennifer and go home !  
Hi, Einie. Hi, buddy.  
- What's this ?  
- A souvenir.  
"50 years of sports statistics".  
Hardly recreational reading material.  
Doc, what's the harm in  
bringing back some info on the future ?  
We could place some bets.  
I didn't invent the time machine  
for financial gain !  
The intent is to gain  
a clearer perception of humanity.  
Our past, our future,  
the pitfalls, the possibilities...  
the perils, and the promise. Perhaps an  
answer to that universal question, "Why ?"  
I'm all for that.  
What's wrong with making  
a few bucks on the side ?  
I am going to put this in the trash.  
Great Scott !  
McFly, Jennifer Jane Parker,  
Hilldale, age 47.  
- What's happening ?  
- They used her thumbprint to assess her ID.  
Since thumbprints never change,  
they assume she's the future Jennifer.  
We got to stop them.  
How ? Tell them we're time travelers ?  
They'd have us committed.  
She's clean. We take her home.  
To Hilldale ?  
We won't get there before dark.  
They're taking her to your future home !  
We'll arrive shortly thereafter,  
get her, and return to 1985.  
I'll see where I live.  
See myself as an old man ?  
No, that could result in...

Great Scott !  
Jennifer could conceivably encounter  
her future self !  
The consequences could be disastrous !  
- What do you mean ?  
- I foresee two possibilities.  
One, seeing herself 30 years older would  
put her into shock, and she'd pass out...  
or two, the encounter  
could create a time paradox...  
and cause a chain reaction  
that would unravel...  
the space-time continuum  
and destroy the entire universe !  
Granted, that's a worst-case scenario.  
The destruction might be localized,  
limited to our own galaxy.  
Well, that's a relief.  
Let's go and find Jennifer  
before she finds herself.  
The skyway's jammed.  
It'll take forever to get there.  
And this stays here !  
I didn't invent the time machine to win  
at gambling, but to travel through time !  
I know.  
So, Doc Brown invented a time machine.  
Hilldale.  
Nothing but a breeding ground  
for trunks, lobos, and zipheads.  
Yeah, they ought to tear  
this whole place down.  
Welcome home, Jennifer.  
You got a little tranked,  
but I think you can walk.  
Ma'am, you should reprogram.  
It's dangerous in the dark.  
- Lights on ?  
- Yes. Now, look.  
Just take it easy, and you'll be fine.  
And be careful in the future.  
The future ?  
Have a nice day, Mrs. McFly.  
Broadcasting beautiful views

You're tuned to the Scenery Channel.  
I'm in the future.  
I get married in the Chapel O Love ?  
Mom ? Mom, is that you ?  
I got to get out of here !  
Mom ? Mom, is that you ?  
- Grandma !  
- Sweetheart !  
- What happened to Grandpa ?  
- He threw his back out again.  
- How's Granddad's little pumpkin ?  
- How did you do that ?  
Out on the golf course.  
Are your folks home yet ?  
I brought pizza !  
- Who's going to eat all that ?  
- I will.  
Damn this traffic !  
Jennifer, old Jennifer gets home around  
now. I hope we're not too late.  
- What is it ? What's the matter, Doc ?  
- I thought I saw a taxi.  
I thought it was following us.  
I can't believe  
this window's still broken.  
When the repairman  
called Daddy a chicken...  
Daddy threw him out of the house.  
Now nobody will fix it.  
Look how worn out this is.  
Your father's biggest problem  
is that he loses all self-control...  
when someone calls him chicken.  
How often have we heard it ?  
"Mom, I can't let him think I'm chicken".  
You're right. Well, you're right !  
About 30 years ago, your father  
tried to prove he wasn't chicken.  
He ended up in an automobile accident.  
With the Rolls-Royce ?  
Automobile accident.  
All right, Einie, let's find Jennifer.  
I live in Hilldale ? This is great !  
Stay here, change clothes.

If I need you, I'll holler.  
I want to check out my house.  
We can't risk you running  
into your older self. Einie, let's go.  
Hilldale.  
This is bitchin'.  
One, seven, four point five zero.  
- That will be \$174.50.  
- Here.  
Be careful in this neighborhood.  
- Where's my receipt ?  
- Right here.  
How about a tip ?  
That accident caused a chain reaction,  
sending Marty's life down the tubes.  
Otherwise, your father's life  
would have turned out differently.  
The man wouldn't have pressed charges...  
Marty wouldn't have broken his hand,  
given up on his music...  
and spent years  
feeling sorry for himself.  
Hey, Mom, nice pants.  
The reason your mother married him...  
Mom ?  
Turn off.  
I want channels 18, 24, 63,  
Bringing you  
the world's weather 24 hours a day.  
Weather conditions remain the same...  
Board-certified implant surgeons...  
Welcome home, Marty.  
Dad's home.  
That's right.  
He's home. Dad's home.  
- Lord of the manor.  
- Hello.  
- King of the castle.  
- Hello.  
What the hell is this ?  
Lithium mode on.  
Yeah. That's better.  
Damned kids.  
Hey, Son.

Watching a little TV for a change ?

Son of a...

- I'm hungry.

- Just wait your turn.

When it's ready,

shove it in my mouth.

Don't you be a smart-ass.

Hey ! The Atrocity Channel.

Hydrate level 4, please.

Is it ready ?

Here you go.

Mom, you sure can

hydrate a pizza.

I'm sorry. I missed that whole thing.

I'm just worried about Jennifer.

- Why isn't she home ?

- I'm not sure where Jennifer is, Mom.

She should have been home hours ago.

- I can't keep track...

- Fruit !

- Fruit, please.

- She's in one of those moods.

Aren't you and her

getting along ?

Yeah. Great, Mom.

We're like a couple of teenagers.

Dad, telephone. It's Needles.

Dad, it's for you.

All right. Well,

I'll take that in the den.

Retract.

Hello. In here, please.

Hey, the big M.

How's it hanging, McFly ?

Hey, Needles.

Needles ?

Did you look

at my little business proposal ?

- I don't know.

- Why are you worried ?

If this works,

your financial problems are solved.

And if it doesn't work, Needles,

I could get fired.

It's illegal.

I mean, what if the Jits is monitoring ?

- The Jits will never find out.

- God.

Come on. Stick your card in the slot,  
and I'll handle it.

Unless you want everyone  
in the division to think you're chicken.  
Nobody calls me chicken, Needles.

- Nobody !

- All right.

Prove it.

All right.

All right, Needles.

Here's my card.

Scan it. I'm in.

Thanks, McFly.

I'll see you at the plant tomorrow.

Shit.

Fujitsu-san.

I was monitoring that  
scan you just interfaced.

You are terminated !

Terminated. No !

It wasn't my fault, sir.

- Needles was behind it.

- And you cooperated.

It was a sting operation.

I was setting him up.

Read my fax !

No ! Please ! I cannot be fired.

I'm fired.

This is heavy.

What am I going to tell Jennifer ?

Doc. Am I glad to see you.

Go out the front door.

I'll meet you there.

But it doesn't open.

There's no doorknob.

Press your thumb to the plate.

What plate ?

What does this fax mean ?

Mom. It's a joke,

an office joke. It's a joke fax.



- I heard you yell.  
- Calm down. I wasn't yelling.  
Needles and I were just joking.  
Welcome home, Jennifer.  
Lost my job, Mom ?  
Get out of town.  
- I'm young !  
- I'm old !  
Marty, come quick ! Quick !  
She encountered her older self  
and went into shock.  
She'll be fine.  
Let's get her back to 1985.  
Then I'll destroy the time machine.  
Destroy it ?  
What about that stuff  
about humanity and where we're going ?  
The risks are too great,  
as this incident proves.  
And I was behaving responsibly.  
Imagine if the time machine  
fell into the wrong hands ?  
My only regret...  
is that I'll never get a chance  
to visit my favorite historical era...  
the Old West.  
But time traveling  
is just too dangerous.  
Better that I devote myself to study...  
the other great mystery  
of the universe :  
Women.  
Marty, Einie, brace yourselves  
for temporal displacement.  
Did we make it ?  
Are we back ?  
We're back.  
Let's put her in the swing.  
You can return in your truck and wake her.  
When she awakens here  
in her own house...  
you can convince her it was a dream.  
We're just leaving her here ?  
Disorientation will help convince her

it was a dream.

How long will she be out ?

I'm not quite sure.

She received quite a shock.

Could be a few minutes,  
probably a couple of hours.

- You better bring smelling salts.

- You're the doc, Doc.

Come on. Let's go, Einie.

Don't worry. She'll be fine.

I don't remember bars  
being on these windows.

If you need me,

I'll be in my lab dismantling this thing.

Right.

What the hell ?

Wait a minute.

What are you doing in my room ?

- Rape ! Mom !

- Okay. Okay.

- Dad, help !

- Freeze, sucker !

- I don't want any trouble.

- You got trouble now, you piece of trash.

- What are you doing here ?

- I'm in the wrong house.

You got that right, you son of a...

- Look. I made a mistake.

- Damned right you made a mistake !

I'm going to tear your ass up !

That's right. You keep running, sucker !

Tell that realty company I ain't selling !

We won't be terrorized !

This has got to be the wrong year.

- It can't be.

- Drop it.

So you're the son of a bitch  
who's been stealing my papers.

Mr. Strickland.

- Mr. Strickland. It's me, sir. Marty.

- Who ?

Martin McFly.

Don't you know me from school ?

I've never seen you before in my life,

but you look like a slacker.

Yeah, that's right. I am a slacker.

- You gave me detention last week.

- The school burned down six years ago.

You have three seconds to get off my porch  
with your nuts intact.

- One.

- I just want to know what's going on.

Two.

Strickland !

Eat lead, slackers !

Watch where you're going,  
crazy drunk pedestrian.

Red.

Ladies and gentlemen,

welcome to the Biff Tannen Museum.

Dedicated to Hill Valley's  
number one citizen...

and America's

greatest living folk hero...

the one and only Biff Tannen.

Of course we've all heard the legend,  
but who is the man ?

Inside you'll learn how Biff

became one of the richest men in America.

Learn the amazing history

of the Tannen family...

starting with his grandfather

Buford "Mad Dog" Tannen...

fastest gun in the West.

See Biff's humble beginnings

and how a trip to the racetrack...

on his 21st birthday

made him a millionaire overnight.

Share in the excitement

of a fabulous winning streak...

that earned him the nickname

"The Luckiest Man on Earth".

Learn how Biff parlayed

that lucky winning streak...

into the vast empire called Biffco.

Discover how in 1979...

Biff successfully lobbied

to legalize gambling...

and turned Hill Valley's  
dilapidated courthouse...  
into a beautiful casino hotel.  
I just want to say one thing :  
God bless America !  
Meet the women  
who shared his passion...  
as he searched for true love...  
and relive Biff's happiest moment...  
as in 1973  
he realized his romantic dream...  
by marrying his high school sweetheart  
Lorraine Baines McFly.  
Third time's the charm.  
- No !  
- Come with us upstairs.  
- Let me go.  
- We can do this the easy way or the hard way.  
The easy way.  
- Mom ? Mom, is that you ?  
- Just relax, Marty.  
You've been asleep  
for almost two hours.  
I had a horrible nightmare.  
It was terrible.  
Well, you're safe and sound now,  
back on the good old 27th floor.  
Mom ? Mom, that can't be you.  
Well, yes, it's me, Marty.  
Are you all right ?  
I'm fine. I'm fine.  
It's just that you're so... You're so...  
big.  
Everything's going to be fine, Marty.  
Are you hungry ?  
I can call room service.  
Room service ?  
- Lorraine !  
- Oh, my God. It's your father.  
My father ?  
You're supposed to be in Switzerland,  
you son of a bitch !  
My father !  
You got kicked out

of another boarding school ?  
Do you know how much dough  
I've blown on your no-good kids ?  
What the hell do you care ?  
We can afford it.  
The least we can do with that money  
is provide a better life for our children.  
Hold on. Let's get this straight.  
Marty is your kid, not mine.  
All the world's money  
wouldn't help that lazy bum.  
Stop it, Biff. Just stop it.  
Look at him.  
He's a butthead,  
just like his old man was.  
Don't you dare speak  
that way about George.  
You're not even half the man he was.  
You son of a bitch !  
Always the little hothead ?  
You want to take a poke at me ?  
Damn it, Biff.  
That's it. I'm leaving.  
So go ahead.  
Think about this, Lorraine !  
Who's going to pay for your clothes ?  
And your jewelry and liquor ?  
Who's going to pay  
for your cosmetic surgery ?  
You were the one  
who wanted me to get these things.  
If you want them back,  
you can have them.  
Look, Lorraine.  
You leave and I won't only cut off you,  
I'll cut off your kids.  
- You wouldn't.  
- Wouldn't I ?  
First your daughter Linda.  
I'll cancel all her credit cards.  
She'll settle her debts  
with the bank herself.  
I'll have your idiot son  
Dave's probation revoked.

And as for Marty...  
maybe you'd like to have  
all of your kids behind bars...  
just like your brother Joey.  
One big happy jailbird family.  
All right, Biff. You win. I'll stay.  
As for you, I'll be back up here  
in an hour, so you better not be.  
He was right, and I was wrong.  
Mom, what're you saying ?  
You're actually defending him.  
I had it coming.  
He's my husband,  
and he takes care of all of us...  
- and he deserves our respect.  
- Respect ?  
Your husband !  
How could he be your husband ?  
- How could you leave Dad for him ?  
- Leave Dad ?  
- Marty, are you feeling all right ?  
- No, I'm not feeling all right !  
I don't understand what's going on here.  
Why nobody can give me a simple,  
straight answer.  
They must have hit you over the head  
hard this time.  
Mom, I just want to know one thing.  
Where's my father ?  
Where's George McFly ?  
George, your father, is in the same place  
he's been for the past 12 years.  
Oak Park Cemetery.  
No ! This can't be happening !  
"March 15, 1973".  
No ! Please, God, no !  
No, please, God. Please, God, no.  
This can't be happening.  
This can't be happening.  
This can't be...  
I'm afraid it is happening. All of it.  
When I learned about your father,  
I figured you'd come here.  
Then you know

what happened to him ?  
Do you know what happened...  
March 15, 1973 ?  
Yes, Marty. I know.  
I went to the public library  
to make sense of the madness.  
The place was boarded up.  
I broke in and borrowed newspapers.  
I don't get it, Doc.  
How can all this be happening ?  
It's like we're in Hell or something.  
No, it's Hill Valley, although  
I can't imagine Hell being much worse.  
Einie. I'm sorry, boy.  
The lab is an awful, awful mess.  
Attaboy.  
Obviously,  
the time continuum has been disrupted...  
creating this new  
temporal event sequence...  
- resulting in this alternate reality.  
- English, Doc.  
Here, here. Let me illustrate.  
Imagine that this line represents time.  
Here's the present, 1985,  
the future, and the past.  
Prior to this point in time,  
somewhere in the past...  
the time line skewed  
into this tangent...  
creating an alternate 1985.  
Alternate to you, me, and Einstein...  
but reality for everyone else.  
Recognize this ?  
It's the bag the sports book came in.  
I know, because the receipt  
was still inside.  
I found them in the time machine,  
along with this.  
It's the top of Biff's cane.  
I mean old Biff, from the future.  
Correct. It was in the time machine  
because Biff was in the time machine...  
with the Sports Almanac.

Holy shit.  
You see, while we were in the future...  
Biff got the sports book, stole  
the time machine, went back in time...  
and gave the book to himself  
at some point in the past.  
Look. It says right here...  
that Biff made his first \$1,000,000  
betting on a horserace in 1958.  
He wasn't just lucky.  
He knew, because he had  
the race results in the Sports Almanac.  
That's how he made his entire fortune.  
Look at his pocket  
with a magnifying glass.  
The Almanac.  
Son of a bitch stole my idea.  
He must have been listening when I...  
It's my fault.  
The whole thing is my fault.  
If I hadn't bought that damn book...  
none of this would have happened.  
- It's all in the past.  
- The future.  
Whatever. It demonstrates precisely  
how time travel can be misused...  
and why the time machine  
must be destroyed...  
after we straighten all of this out.  
Right. So we go back to the future...  
and we stop Biff  
from stealing the time machine.  
We can't, because if we travel  
into the future from this point in time...  
it will be the future of this reality...  
in which Biff is corrupt and powerful...  
and married to your mother,  
and in which...  
this has happened to me.  
No. Our only chance to repair  
the present is in the past...  
at the point where the time line  
skewed into this tangent.  
In order to put the universe back



as we remember it...  
and get back to our reality,  
we have to find out the exact date...  
and the specific circumstances  
of how, where, and when...  
young Biff got his hands  
on that "Sports Almanac".  
I'll ask him.  
Bulletproof vest ! Great flick !  
Great frigging flick !  
The guy is brilliant.  
What the hell's going...  
- What the hell are you doing in here ?  
- Party's over, Biff.  
Sorry, ladies.  
How did you get past  
my security downstairs ?  
There's a matter  
we need to talk about.  
- Yeah. Money, right ? Well, forget it.  
- No. Not money.  
Gray's Sports Almanac.  
You heard him, girls.  
Party's over.  
Start talking, kid.  
What else do you know about that book ?  
First you tell me how you got it.  
How, where, and when.  
All right. Take a seat.  
Sit down !  
November 12, 1955. That was when.  
November 12, 1955.  
That was the date I went back...  
That was the date of the famous  
Hill Valley lightning storm.  
You know your history. Very good.  
I'll never forget that Saturday.  
I'd picked my car up from the shop  
because I'd rolled it in a drag race.  
I thought you crashed  
into a manure truck.  
How do you know about that ?  
My father told me about it.  
Your father ?

Before he died.  
Yeah. Right.  
So there I was,  
minding my own business.  
This crazy old codger  
with a cane shows up.  
He says he's my distant relative.  
I don't see any resemblance.  
So he says,  
"How would you like to be rich ?"  
So I said, "Sure".  
So he lays this book on me.  
He says this book will tell me the outcome  
of every sporting event this century.  
All I have to do is bet on the winner  
and I'll never lose.  
So I said, "What's the catch ?" He says,  
"No catch. Just keep it a secret."  
After that, he disappeared.  
I never saw him again.  
He told me one more thing.  
He said, "Someday a crazy,  
wild-eyed scientist...  
"or a kid may show up  
asking about that book.  
"And if that ever happens...  
Funny. I never thought it would be you.  
Biff, you're forgetting one thing.  
What the hell is that ?  
You're dead, you little son of a bitch !  
- There he is !  
- Wait, kid !  
Hurry ! There he is !  
Go ahead, kid. Jump.  
A suicide will be nice and neat.  
What if I don't ?  
Lead poisoning.  
What about the police, Biff ?  
They're going to match  
the bullet with that gun.  
Kid, I own the police.  
Besides, they couldn't match up  
the bullet that killed your old man.  
You son of a...

I suppose it's poetic justice.  
Two McFlys with the same gun.  
Idiot.  
What the hell...  
Nice job, Doc !  
You're not going to believe this.  
We've got to go back to 1955.  
I don't believe it.  
That's right, Doc.  
November 12, 1955.  
Unbelievable that old Biff  
could've chosen that particular date.  
It could mean that that point in time  
contains some cosmic significance...  
as if it were the temporal junction point  
of the entire space-time continuum...  
or it could just be  
an amazing coincidence.  
Damn ! Got to fix that thing.  
All right. Time circuits on.  
What do you mean, time circuits on ?  
Doc, we're not going back now.  
What about Jennifer ? Einstein ?  
We can't leave them.  
Don't worry.  
Assuming we succeed on our mission...  
this alternate 1985  
will be changed into the real 1985...  
instantaneously transforming  
around Jennifer and Einie.  
Jennifer and Einie will be fine.  
They'll have no memory  
of this horrible place.  
- What if we don't succeed ?  
- We must succeed.  
This is heavy, Doc.  
It's like I was here yesterday.  
You were here yesterday, Marty.  
Amazing, isn't it ?  
Sunrise should be in about 22 minutes.  
You go into town.  
Track down young Biff and tail him.  
Sometime today, old Biff will show up  
to give young Biff the Almanac.

Above all you must not interfere.  
Let old Biff believe he's succeeded  
so he'll leave 1955...  
- and bring the DeLorean to the future.  
- Right.  
Once old Biff is gone,  
grab the Almanac anyway that you can.  
- Remember, our futures depend on this.  
- You don't have to remind me of that.  
Here's some binoculars  
and a walkie-talkie to keep in contact.  
I'll stay and repair  
the short in the time circuit.  
That way, we don't risk anyone else  
stealing the time machine...  
and I won't risk accidentally  
running into my other self.  
- Other self ?  
- Yes. There are now two of me here...  
and there are two of you here.  
The other me is  
the Dr. Emmett Brown from 1955.  
The other me that helps  
the other you get back to 1985.  
Remember the lightning bolt at the clock  
tower ? That doesn't happen until tonight.  
Be careful not to run into your  
other self. Let me give you some money.  
Have to be prepared  
for all monetary possibilities.  
- Get yourself some '50s clothes.  
- Check, Doc.  
Something inconspicuous.  
Doc. Come in. This is Marty. Over.  
- Roger, this is Doc. Are you there ?  
- Yeah, Doc. I'm at the address.  
It's the only Tannen in the book,  
but I don't think this is Biff's house.  
It looks like an old lady lives here.  
- Where are you going, Biff ?  
- I'm going to get my car, Grandma.  
When are you coming back ?  
I want you to rub my toes.  
Shut up, you old bag.

Give us our ball back.

- What ball ?

- That ball !

What are you talking about ?

Give us our ball !

Ball ?

- Is this your ball ?

- Yeah !

- You want it back ?

- Yeah.

Go get it.

Doc, it is Biff's house.

I'm on him. Over.

She's all fixed up,

but I couldn't get her started.

- Got a kill switch ?

- You just need the right touch.

Nobody can start this car but me.

- The bill comes to \$302.57.

- \$300 ?

\$300 for a couple of dents ?

That's bullshit.

It was horseshit.

The whole car was horseshit.

- Jones wanted \$80 to haul it away.

- I bet he resold it.

- I got to get something.

- You want something ?

You can call Jones and

if he wants to give you a refund...

\$300 ! If I catch the guy

that caused this I'll break his neck.

The manure. I remember that.

- 4 cans for a \$300 job ?

- I can't have lunch in there.

- Makes me nauseous.

- I should get a case for \$300.

It smells worse than the bathroom.

The stench

is never going to go away, Biff.

Last time I do you a favor. Last time.

It's perfect, Lorraine.

You're going to look so good !

You're going to look...

Look at what we have here.  
Nice dress, Lorraine.  
Although I think you'd look better  
wearing nothing.  
- Take a long walk off a short pier.  
- There's that dance at school tonight.  
Now that my car's fixed...  
I'll give you the honor of going  
with the best-looking guy in school.  
I'm busy.  
- Doing what ?  
- Washing my hair.  
That's as funny  
as a screen door on a battleship.  
Screen door on a submarine, you dork.  
Biff, somebody already asked me  
to the dance.  
Who ? That bug George McFly ?  
- I'm going with Calvin Klein, okay ?  
- Calvin Klein ? No, it's not okay.  
- You're going with me, understand ?  
- Get your cooties off me !  
When will you get it through your skull ?  
You're my girl.  
I wouldn't be your girl  
even if you had a million dollars !  
Yes, you will !  
It's you and me, Lorraine.  
Watch it !  
It's meant to be.  
I'm going to marry you someday, Lorraine.  
Someday you'll be my wife !  
You always did have a way with women.  
Get the hell out of my car, old man.  
You want to marry that girl ?  
I can help make it happen.  
- Who are you, Miss Lonely-hearts ?  
- Just get in the car, butthead.  
Who are you calling butthead, butthead ?  
How did you do that ?  
Nobody can start this car but me.  
Get in the car, Tannen.  
Today's your lucky day.  
Watch where you're driving, old man.

If you dent this car, I'll kill you.  
- This cost me \$300 !  
- Would you shut up about the car ?  
- How do you know where I live ?  
- Let's just say we're related, Biff.  
That being the case,  
I got a present for you.  
Something that'll make you rich.  
- You want to be rich, don't you ?  
- Yeah. Sure. Right. That's rich.  
You're going to make me rich ?  
You see this book ?  
This book tells the future.  
Tells the results of every major sports  
event till the end of this century.  
Football, baseball, horseraces, boxing.  
The information in here is worth millions,  
and I'm giving it to you.  
That's very nice. Thank you very much.  
Now, why don't you make like a tree  
and get out of here ?  
It's leave, you idiot.  
Make like a tree and leave.  
You sound like a fool  
when you say it wrong.  
All right, leave.  
And take your book with you.  
Don't you get it ?  
You could make a fortune with this book.  
Let me show you.  
UCLA trails 17-16.  
It's 4th and 11  
with only 18 seconds left of this game.  
I'd say it's all over for UCLA.  
Bet you a million bucks  
UCLA wins it 19-17.  
- Are you deaf ? It's over. You lost.  
- Yeah ?  
Here comes Decker with the kick.  
It's up and looks good.  
Ball's in the clear.  
Field goall UCLA wins 19-17.  
Listen to that Coliseum crowd go wild.  
Jim Decker...

All right. What's the gag ?  
How did you know what the score would be ?  
I told you, it's in this book.  
All you got to do is bet on the winner,  
and you'll never lose.  
All right. I'll take a look at it.  
You damn fool !  
Never leave this book laying around.  
Don't you have a safe ?  
No, you don't have a safe.  
Get a safe. Keep it locked up.  
Until then, keep it on you.  
- What are you doing ?  
- Don't tell anybody, either.  
There's one more thing.  
One day, a kid or a crazy old man...  
who claims to be a scientist  
is going to come around asking...  
I'm trapped. Doc.  
Doc, come in.  
- What's the report ?  
- Biff's gone.  
He's got the book.  
I'm locked in Biff's garage.  
Get me the hell out of here.  
I'm at 1809 Mason Street.  
I can't take the DeLorean.  
Don't worry. Somehow I'll get there.  
Doc, wait a minute. Doc. Doc.  
Perfect.  
Biff ! Where are you going now ?  
I told you, Grandma,  
I'm going to the dance.  
- When you coming home ?  
- The dance.  
I'll get home when I get home.  
Don't forget to turn out  
the garage light.  
Marty, Marty. Damn !  
Where is that kid ?  
Doc. Doc, come in.  
Come in, Doc.  
Marty ! Come in.  
My...



Great Scott.

My God.

Doc, Doc, come in.

Marty, what happened ?

You weren't at Biff's house.

- I'm in Biff's car, heading for  
the Enchantment Under The Sea dance.

We may have to abort this entire plan.

It's getting much too dangerous.

The book's on his dashboard.

I'll grab it when we arrive.

You must be careful

not to run into your other self.

- My other self ?

- Yes.

Remember your mother is  
at that exact same dance with you.

- Right. This could get heavy, Doc.

- Heavy, heavy.

Whatever happens,

don't let your other self see you !

- The consequences could be disastrous.

- Excuse me, sir.

Yes, you with the hat.

- Who, me ?

- Yes.

Be a pal and hand me a five-eighths inch  
wrench from the toolbox.

Five-eighths ?

Don't you mean three-quarters ?

Why, you're right.

I presume you're conducting  
some sort of weather experiment.

That's right. How did you know that ?

I happen to have had a little experience  
in this area.

I'm hoping to see  
some lightning tonight...

although the weatherman says  
there's no chance of rain.

There's going to be plenty of rain.

Wind, thunder, lightning.

- It's going to be one hell of a storm.

- Thanks. Nice talking to you.

Maybe we'll bump into each other again  
in the future.  
Or in the past.  
Doc, Doc ! Come in !  
Where's that punk Calvin Klein, anyway ?  
I don't know. I ain't his secretary.  
Well, find him.  
He caused me \$300 damage.  
I owe him a knuckle sandwich.  
Get going !  
- Aren't you coming ?  
- I'm reading.  
Well, well, Mr. Tannen.  
How nice to see you here.  
- Mr. Strickland, nice to see you, sir.  
- Is that liquor I smell, Tannen ?  
I wouldn't know.  
I don't know what it smells like  
because I'm too young to drink it.  
I see.  
What have we here ?  
Sports stats,  
interesting subject. Homework, Tannen ?  
No, it ain't homework,  
because, I ain't at home.  
You got a real attitude problem,  
you know ?  
One day I'll have you where I want you,  
in detention.  
Slacker !  
Jesus, you smoke, too ?  
Marty, you sound just like my mother.  
Yeah, right.  
When I have kids,  
I'll let them do anything they want.  
Anything at all.  
- I'd like to have that in writing.  
- Yeah, me, too.  
Marty, why are you so nervous ?  
Yes !  
"Oh LL" ?  
- Doc ! Doc !  
- Hey, you.  
- Doc, come in !

- Marty, what's up ?  
Doc ! I'm in trouble. I blew it.  
- Where's the book ?  
- Biff must have it.  
- I've only got the cover.  
- Where's Biff ?  
- You're asking for it.  
- I don't know.  
- Any idea ?  
- No ! He could be anywhere by now.  
The entire future depends on you  
getting that book !  
- I know. I just don't...  
- Stop it !  
Stop it, Biff.  
You'll break his arm. Stop it !  
Of course !  
I gotta go. I got one chance !  
My old man is about to deck Biff !  
Yes !  
Talk about dj vu.  
Are you okay ?  
Okay, everybody, let's back up.  
Everybody just back up.  
Give him a little bit of room.  
It's okay. I know CPR.  
I know CPR.  
- What's CPR ?  
- You !  
- He's fine.  
- Did you just take his wallet ?  
He took that guy's wallet.  
Doc, success. I got it.  
Thank goodness.  
Great, Marty.  
As soon as I reload the fusion generator  
we'll meet on the roof of the school gym.  
On the roof. 10-4.  
- It's him !  
- He's in disguise.  
Guys, what's that ?  
Come on ! Let's get him !  
Damn !  
All right ! Let's do another.

Where did he go ?  
He just came in here !  
- Look ! How did he get on stage ?  
- When he's through, we'll nail him.  
How did he change his clothes so fast ?  
It's an oldie where I come from.  
All right, guys, blues riff in B.  
Watch me for the changes,  
and try and keep up, okay ?  
Doc, come in !  
Come in.  
Listen, Biff's guys chased me into  
the gym. They're going to jump "me".  
Get out of there !  
No, not me. The other me. The one  
on stage playing Johnny B. Goode.  
He could miss his opportunity to return !  
We'll have a major paradox !  
Wait. A paradox ?  
One of those things  
that could destroy the universe ?  
You have to stop those guys  
without being seen by your other self.  
What the hell ?  
- Where is he ?  
- Who ?  
- Calvin Klein.  
- Who ?  
- The guy with the hat, where is he ?  
- He went that way.  
I think he took your wallet.  
I think he took his wallet.  
I guess you guys  
aren't ready for that yet...  
but your kids are going to love it.  
Doc, success. Everything's cool.  
Great. I'll be landing  
at the roof in one minute.  
I'll be there.  
Marty, that was very interesting music.  
I hope you don't mind.  
George asked to take me home.  
Yeah. Great. Great.  
I had a feeling about you two.

I had a feeling, too.  
Hey butthead !  
You think that stupid disguise  
can get by me ?  
Let's have it out.  
You and me, right now.  
No, thanks.  
What's the matter ?  
Where are you going ?  
Are you chicken ?  
That's it, isn't it ?  
Nothing but a little chicken.  
Nobody calls me a...  
What the hell...  
You steal my stuff ?  
And this one's for my car !  
Doc ! I blew it.  
Biff nailed me. He took the book.  
He drove away with it in his car.  
It's my fault.  
I should have left sooner.  
- No time for that. Where did he go ?  
- To the River Road Tunnel.  
Get in !  
Yes !  
There he is, Doc !  
- Let's land on him and cripple his car.  
- That's a '46 Ford. We're a DeLorean.  
He'll rip us like tin foil.  
- So what do we do ?  
- I have a plan.  
Repeating tonight's weather bulletin,  
a thunderstorm is heading for Hill Valley.  
Serving Hill Valley and Hill County...  
you're tuned to KKHV,  
the voice of Hill Valley.  
Turning to community calendar,  
the Hill Valley Women's Club bake sale...  
will be held tomorrow

**from 2:**

at the community center  
on Forest Road.  
For you sports fans, there was

much action today in college football.

Here's what happened to the top 10.

UCLA narrowly

defeated Washington 19-17.

Michigan State crushed Minnesota 42-14.

Ohio State beat Iowa 20-10.

- Michigan blanked Indiana 30-0.

- Shit.

- It was Notre Dame over North Carolina...

- Son of a bitch.

Oklahoma ripped Iowa State 52-0.

West Virginia lost to Pittsburgh 26-7.

Texas A&M over Rice 20-10.

Maryland defeated Clemson 25-12...

and it was Texas Christian

over Texas 47-20.

Repeating tonight's earlier weather

bulletin, a thundershower...

You again ?

God !

Let it go !

Let go of this car !

That'll teach him.

Go, Doc !

Hold on, Marty !

Shit !

Yes !

Manure ! I hate manure !

Doc, is everything all right ? Over.

It's very miserable flying weather...

much too turbulent

for a landing from this direction.

I'll have to approach from the south.

Have you got the book ?

In my hand, Doc ! I got it in my hand !

Burn it !

Check !

Doc ! The newspaper changed.

Doc, my father's alive !

That means everything's

back to normal, right ?

Mission accomplished.

That means Jennifer's okay

and Einie's okay, right ?

That's right, Marty.  
It's the ripple effect.  
The future is back, so let's go home.  
Right.  
Let's get our asses back to the...  
Doc, are you okay ?  
That was a close one.  
I almost bought the farm.  
Well, be careful. You don't want  
to get struck by lightning.  
Doc, come in, Doc.  
Doc, do you read me ?  
Do you read me, Doc ? Come in.  
He's gone.  
The Doc's gone.  
Is your name Marty McFly ?  
I've got something for you.  
A letter.  
A letter for me ?  
That's impossible.  
- Who the hell are you ?  
- Western Union.  
Many of us at the office were hoping  
you could shed some light on the subject.  
We've had that envelope  
in our possession...  
for the past 70 years.  
It was given to us  
with the explicit instructions...  
that it be delivered  
to a young man with your description...  
answering to the name of Marty  
at this exact location...  
at this exact minute, November 12, 1955.  
We had a bet going on whether this Marty  
would actually be here.  
Looks like I lost.  
Did you say 70 years ?  
Yes. 70 years, 2 months, 12 days,  
to be exact. Sign on line 6, please.  
Here you are.  
It's from the Doc !  
"Dear Marty,  
if my calculations are correct...

"you will receive this letter immediately  
after the DeLorean's struck by lightning.

"First let me assure you

I'm alive and well.

"I've been living happily

these past 8 months in the year 1885.

"The lightning bolt...

"September, 1885."

Wait, kid !

Wait a minute. What's this all about ?

He's alive !

The Doc's alive !

- He's in the Old West, but he's alive.

- Kid, you all right ?

Need any help ?

There's only one man who can help me.

Relax, Doc. It's me.

It's me ! It's Marty.

Impossible.

I sent you back to the future.

I know, you did send me back...

but I'm back.

I'm back from the future.

Great Scott !

That's right, Tannen !

Come on, runt !

You can dance better than that !