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Back To The Future Part III

By Bob Gale

Doc.

Doc.

-Doc!

-What?

Relax, Doc. It's me! It's Marty.

It can't be.

I just sent you back to the future.

You did send me back to the future,
but I'm back.

I'm back from the future.

Great Scott!

Hey, kids, what time is it?

Howdy Doody time!

"It's Howdy Doody time"

Great Scott!

Howdy Doody time?

Sunday, November 13, 1955, 7:01 a.m.

Last night's time travel experiment
was apparently a complete success.

Lightning struck the clock tower

at 10:

...sending the necessary 1.21 gigawatts...

...into the time vehicle,

which vanished in a flash of light...

...leaving a pair of fire trails behind.

I assumed Marty and the time vehicle...

...were transported forward through time
to the year 1985.

After that, I can't recall what happened.

In fact, I don't even remember

how I got home.

Perhaps the gigawatt discharge

and the temporal displacement field...

...generated by the vehicle caused

a disruption of my own brain waves...

...resulting in a condition of momentary amnesia.

I now recall that moments

after the time vehicle disappeared...

...into the future...

...I saw a vision of Marty

saying he had come back from the future.

Hey, Doc.

Undoubtedly, this was some residual image.

Doc, calm down. It's me. It's Marty.
It can't be you. I sent you back to the future!
That's right, but I came back again
from the future. Don't you remember?
You fainted. I brought you home.
This can't be happening! You can't be here!
It doesn't make sense!
I refuse to believe you are here!
I am here, and it does make sense.
I came back to 1955 again with you.
The you from 1985
is waiting to get a book from Biff!
Once I got the book,
the you from 1985 were in the DeLorean...
...and it got struck by lightning,
and you got sent back to 1885!
It's a very interesting story, future boy...
...but there's one thing that doesn't make sense.
If the me of the future is now in the past,
how could you possibly know about it?
You sent me a letter.
"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 am alive and well.
"I've been living happily
these past eight months in the year 1885.
"The lightning bolt that hit the DeLorean...
"...caused an overload
which scrambled the time circuits...
"...activated the flux capacitor
and sent me back to 1885.
"The overload shorted out the time circuits...
"...and destroyed the flying circuits.
Unfortunately, the car will never fly again."
It actually flew?
Yeah. We had a hover conversion done
in the early 21st century.
Incredible!
"I set myself up as a blacksmith
as a front...
"...while I attempted to repair the damage
to the time circuits.
"Unfortunately, this proved impossible...

"...because suitable replacement parts will not be invented until 1947.

"However, I've gotten quite adept at shoeing horses and fixing wagons." I actually end up as a blacksmith in the Old West.

Pretty heavy.

"I have buried the DeLorean in the abandoned Delgado Mine...

"...adjacent to the old Boot Hill Cemetery as shown on the enclosed map.

"Hopefully, it should remain undisturbed and preserved until you uncover it in 1955.

"Inside, you will find repair instructions.

"My 1955 counterpart..." That's me.

"Should have no problem repairing it so that you can drive it back to the future.

"Once you have returned to 1985, destroy the time machine."

-Destroy it?

-It's a long story, Doc.

"I repeat, do not attempt to come back here to get me.

"I am perfectly happy living in the fresh air...

"...and wide-open spaces.

"I fear that unnecessary time travel...

"...only risks further disruption of the space-time continuum.

"And please take care of Einstein for me."

Einstein?

He's your dog, Doc.

Einstein is what you call your dog in 1985.

"I know you will give him a good home.

"Remember to walk him twice a day and that he only likes canned dog food.

"These are my wishes.

Please respect and follow them.

"And so, Marty, I now say farewell and wish you Godspeed.

"You've been a good, kind, and loyal friend to me...

"...and you made a real difference in my life.

"I will always treasure our relationship

and think of you with fond memories...
"...warm feelings and a special place
in my heart.
"Your friend in time, Doc Emmett L. Brown.
"September 1, 1885."
I never knew I could write
anything so touching.
I know, it's beautiful.
It's all right, Copernicus. Everything will be fine.
I'm sorry.
It's all my fault you're stuck back there.
I never should've let Biff get to me.
There are plenty worse places to be
than the Old West.
I could have ended up in the Dark Ages.
They probably would have burned me
at the stake as a heretic.
Let's look at the map.
According to this, the time vehicle
is sealed off in a side tunnel.
We may have to blast.
Whoa!
I think you woke up the dead with that blast.
Take this camera. I want to document everything!
This reminds me of the time I attempted
to reach the center of the Earth.
I'd been reading my favorite author,
Jules Verne.
I spent weeks preparing that expedition.
I didn't even get this far.
Of course, I was only 12 at the time.
You know, it was the writings of Jules Verne...
...that had a profound effect on my life.
When I was 11, I first read
It was then that I realized
I must devote my life to science.
Check it out. Look at this.
My initials!
Just like in
Journey to the Center of the Earth!
That means the time machine
must be right through this wall!
It's been buried in here for 70 years,
two months and 13 days.

Astounding!

"As you see, the lightning bolt
shorted out the time-circuit control chip.

"The attached..."

Schematic.

"Schematic diagram will allow you
to build a replacement unit..."

"...with 1955 components, thus restoring
the time machine to perfect working order."
Unbelievable that this little piece of junk
could be such a big problem.

No wonder this circuit failed.

It says, "Made in Japan."

What do you mean, Doc?

All the best stuff is made in Japan.

Unbelievable!

You know, when I was a kid,
I always wanted to be a cowboy.

Now, knowing I'm spending my future
in the past...

...it sounds like a wonderful way
to spend my retirement years.

It just occurred to me, since I end up in 1885...

...perhaps I'm now in the history books.

I wonder.

Could I look myself up
in the old newspaper archives?

I don't know.

You always say it's not good
to know too much about your own destiny.

You're right, Marty. I know too much already.

Better that I not attempt to uncover
the circumstances of my own future.

Copernicus. Come on, boy!

I'll get him.

Copernicus!

Come on. Let's go home, boy.

What's wrong?

What's wrong, Copernicus?

Come on, let's go.

Doc, come here!

Quick!

What's wrong?

You look like you've seen a ghost.

You're not far off, Doc.

Great Scott!

Check this out.

"Died September 7, 1885."

That's one week after you wrote the letter!

"Erected in eternal memory
by his beloved Clara."

Who the hell is Clara?

-Please don't stand there!

-Right. Sorry.

I have to get another picture.

"Shot in the back by Buford Tannen
over a matter of \$80"?

What kind of a future do you call that?

"Buford Tannen was a notorious gunman...

"...whose short temper and a tendency to drool...

"...earned him the nickname 'Mad Dog.'

"He was quick on the trigger
and bragged he had killed 12 men...

"...not including Indians or Chinamen."

Does it name me? Am I one of the 12?

Wait.

"This claim cannot be proven
since precise records were not kept...

"...after Tannen shot a newspaper editor...

"...who printed an unfavorable story
about him in 1884."

That's why we can't find anything.

Look.

William McFly and family.

Your relatives?

My great-grandfather's name
was William. That's him. Good-looking guy.
McFlys, but no Browns.

Maybe it was a mistake.

Maybe that grave wasn't yours.

There could've been
another Emmett Brown in 1885.

Did you have any relatives here back then?

The Browns didn't come to Hill Valley
until 1908. Then they were the von Brauns.

My father changed our name
during World War I.

Look.

Great Scott, it's me!
Then it is true, all of it.
It is me who goes back there and gets shot.
It's not gonna happen, Doc.
After you fix the time circuits
and put new tires on the DeLorean...
...I'm going back to 1885,
and I'm bringing you home.
The clothes fit?
Everything except the boots.
They're kind of tight.
Are you sure this stuff is authentic?
Of course.
Haven't you ever seen a Western?
Yeah, I have.
Clint Eastwood never wore anything like this.
-Clint who?
-Right. You haven't heard of him yet.
You have to wear the boots.
You can't wear those futuristic things
back in 1885.
You shouldn't be wearing them
here in 1955.
-As soon as I get there, I'll put them on.
-Okay.
I think we're about ready.
I put gas in the tank.
Your future clothes are packed.
Just in case,
fresh batteries for your walkie-talkies.
What about that floating device?
Hoverboard.
All right.
It's gonna be a long walk
back to Hill Valley from here.
It's still the safest plan.
We can't risk sending you back
into a populated area...
...or to a spot that's geographically unknown.
You don't want to crash into some tree
that existed in the past.
This was all completely open country...
...so you'll have plenty of runout space
when you arrive.

Remember, where you're going,
there are no roads.
There's a small cave over there which will be
a good place to hide the time vehicle.
The new time-circuit control tubes
are warmed up.
Time circuits on.
I wrote the letter on September 1,
so we'll send you to...
...September 2, that's a Wednesday.
September 2, 1885, 8:00 a.m.
I get shot on Monday the 7th.
You have five days to locate me.
According to my letter, I'm a blacksmith,
so I probably have a shop somewhere.
All you got to do is drive the time vehicle...
...directly toward that screen,
accelerating to 88 miles an hour.
Wait a minute.
If I drive straight towards the screen,
I'll crash into those Indians.
Marty, you're not thinking fourth dimensionally.
You'll instantly be transported to 1885
and those Indians won't even be there.
Right.
Good luck, for both of our sakes.
See you in the future.
-You mean the past.
-Exactly.
Happy trails, Marty!
Ready, Marty?
Ready!
-Set!
-Hi-ho, Silver.
Indians!
The cave!
Charge!
Shit! The cavalry!
Damn, I ripped the fuel line.
Maggie! Fetch some water!
We got a hurt man here.
Mom.
Mom, is that you?
There, there.

You've been asleep for nearly six hours.
I had this horrible nightmare.
I dreamed I was in a Western.
I was being chased by all these Indians...
...and a bear.
You're safe and sound now
here at the McFly farm.
"McFly farm"?
You're my...
You're my...
-Who are you?
-The name is Maggie McFly.
McFly?
Maggie?
And that's Mrs. McFly,
and don't you be forgetting the "Mrs."
What might your name be, sir?
It's...
Eastwood.
Clint Eastwood.
You hit your head, Mr. Eastwood.
Not too serious, but lucky for you
Seamus found you when he did.
Seamus.
Me husband.
You'll be excusing me, while I tend to William.
William.
That's okay, Will.
That's William?
Aye.
William Sean McFly,
the first of our family to be born in America.
It's okay, Will.
This here is Mr. Clint Eastwood visiting.
He sure likes you.
Maggie.
I've got supper.
I'm not one to pry
into a man's personal affairs...
...but exactly how is it
you came to be way out here...
...without a horse, or boots, or a hat?
Well, my...
...horse broke down and a bear ate my boots...

...and I just forgot my hat.
How could you forget a thing like your hat?
-Would you like some water?
-Yeah.
I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Eastwood.
I'll help you find your blacksmith friend.
You can stay the night in the barn...
...and tomorrow I'll take you
as far as the railroad tracks.
You can follow them straight into town.
I'll even give you a hat.
That's great. Thanks.
That's my William.
Wee Willy.
Yes.
I think you'll find the barn comfortable.
Never had any complaints about it
from the pigs.
Seamus.
A word with you.
Aye.
Will you hold him for a minute?
Are you sure you're not bringing a curse
on this house taking him in like that?
-He's such a strange young man.
-Aye, but I've just got a feeling about him.
Looking after him is the right thing to do.
That's important.
Hey, buddy.
Look how the baby takes to him.
Little Will never takes to strangers.
It's almost as if he's connected to us.
Hey, Will.
So you're my great-grandfather.
The first McFly born in America.
And you peed on me.
Give us some soap.
Here you go.
Take a look and see
what just breezed in the door.
I didn't know the circus was in town.
Must have got that shirt off a dead Chinese.
What will it be, stranger?
I'll have...

..ice water.
Ice water?
Water?
You want water, you better dunk your head
in the horse trough out there.
In here, we pour whiskey.
-Excuse me.
-For what?
I'm trying to find a blacksmith.
Hey, McFly!
Thought I told you never to come in...
You ain't Seamus McFly.
You look like him, though,
especially with that dog-ugly hat.
You kin to that hay barber?
-What's your name, dude?
-Marty...
Eastwood.
Clint Eastwood.
-What kind of stupid name is that?
-He's the runt of the litter.
Boys, would you look-see
at these pearly whites?
I ain't seen teeth that straight
that weren't store-bought.
Take a gander at them moccasins.
What kind of skins is them?
What's that writing mean?
"Nike"? Is that Indian talk?
Bartender, I'm looking for that no-good,
cheating blacksmith.
-You seen him?
-No, sir, Mr. Tannen. I have not.
Tannen.
You're Mad Dog Tannen.
"Mad Dog"?
I hate that name.
I hate it, you hear?
Nobody calls me "Mad Dog"!
Especially not some duded-up,
egg-sucking gutter trash.
Dance! Come on!
Come on, runt!
You can dance better than that!

Shit.

-You better run, squirrel.

-Get him!

We got ourselves a new courthouse.

It's high time we had a hanging!

Look at him sway.

Yeah, haven't had a hanging in a long time!

I shoot the fleas off a dog's back

at 500 yards, Tannen...

...and it's pointed at your head!

You owe me money, blacksmith.

How do you figure?

My horse threw a shoe.

You done the shoeing,

so that makes you responsible.

Since you never paid me for the job,

I'd say that makes us even.

Wrong!

I was on my horse when it happened,

and I got throwed off!

That caused me to bust a perfectly
good bottle of fine Kentucky redevye.

The way I figure it, blacksmith,

you owe me \$5 for the whiskey...

...and \$75 for the horse!

That's the \$80.

If your horse threw a shoe,

bring him back and I'll reshoe him.

I shot that horse!

-That's your problem, Tannen.

-Wrong. That's yours.

From now on,

you better be looking behind you when you walk.

Because one day you're gonna get

a bullet in your back.

Doc!

Marty, I gave you explicit instructions

not to come here...

...but to go directly back to 1985.

I know, but I had to come.

It's good to see you, Marty.

You've got to do something

about those clothes.

-Dressed like that, you're liable to get shot.

-Or hanged.

What idiot dressed you in that outfit?

You did.

"Shot in the back by Buford Tannen
over a matter of \$80"?

"September 7"?

That's this Monday!

Now I wish I'd paid him off.

Who's this "beloved Clara"?

I don't know anyone named Clara.

I don't know, Doc.

I thought maybe she was a girlfriend of yours.

My involvement in such a social relationship...

...here in 1885...

...could result in a disruption
of the space-time continuum.

As a scientist...

...I can never take that risk.

Certainly not after

what we've already been through.

Emmett! Hello, Emmett.

Hubert.

It's the mayor.

Excuse me, Emmett.

Do you remember last week

when you volunteered...

...to meet the new schoolteacher
at the station?

Yes, quite so.

We just got word she's coming in tomorrow.

Here are the details for you.

Thanks for all your help.

Anytime, Hubert.

Oh!

Her name's Miss Clara Clayton.

Well, Doc...

...now we know who Clara is.

Marty, it's impossible.

The idea that I could fall in love
at first sight is romantic nonsense.

There's no scientific rationale
for that concept.

It's not science.

You meet the right girl, it hits you like lightning.

Please, don't say that.
That's the way it was for me and Jennifer.
We couldn't keep our eyes off each other.
God, Jennifer, I hope she's all right.
I can't believe we just left her on the porch.
Don't worry. She'll be fine.
When you burned the almanac in 1955,
the normal timeline was restored.
Once we're back in 1985...
...you just have to go to her house
to wake her up.
Turn that valve over there,
all the way to the right.
Yeah, pull it all the way around.
Let's go!
Ice tea?
No, thanks.
It's a refrigerator.
I guess Miss Clayton
will have to find other transportation.
If I never meet her, there's no possibility
of a romantic infatuation.
-You're the doc.
-All right.
We'll get the DeLorean and get back to the future.
I tore a hole in the gas tank
when I was landing...
...so we'll have to patch it up
and get some gas.
You mean, we're out of gas?
Yeah. It's no big deal.
We've got Mr. Fusion, right?
Mr. Fusion powers the time circuits
and the flux capacitor.
But the internal combustion engine
runs on ordinary gasoline.
It always has.
There won't be a gas station around here
until sometime in the next century.
Without gasoline,
we can't get the DeLorean up to 88 mph.
So what do we do?
-Twenty-four!
-It's no use, Marty!

Even the fastest horse in the world
won't run more than 35, 40 miles an hour!
Bartender said that's the strongest stuff they got.
Try it, Marty.
Give it more gas!
Damn!
It blew the fuel injection manifold.
Strong stuff, all right.
It will take me a month to rebuild it.
A month?
-You're gonna get shot on Monday!
-I know!
I wish...
Wait.
I've got it! We can roll it down a steep hill!
We'll never find a smooth enough surface.
Unless...
Of course! Ice!
We'll wait until winter
when the lake freezes over.
Winter? What are you saying?
Monday is three days away!
All right. Let's just think
this thing through logically.
We know it won't run under its own power.
We know we can't pull it.
But if we could figure out a way...
...to push it up to 88 miles an hour...
That's it.
How fast can she go?
Why, I've had her up to 55 myself.
I heard that Fearless Frank Fargo
got one of these up to near 70...
...out past Verde Junction.
Do you think it's possible to get it up to 90?
Ninety? Tarnation.
Who would ever need to be in such a hurry?
Just a little bet he and I have, that's all.
Theoretically speaking, could it be done?
I suppose, if you had a straight
stretch of track with a level grade...
...and you weren't hauling no cars...
...and if you could get the fire hot enough.
I'm talking about hotter than the blazes

of Hell itself.

It might be possible to get her up that fast.

When does the next train come through?

Monday morning at 8:00.

Here. This spur that runs

off the main line 3 miles out to Clayton Ravine.

It's a long stretch of level track

that will still exist in 1985.

This is where we'll push the DeLorean

with the locomotive.

Funny. This map calls Clayton Ravine

"Shonash Ravine."

That must be the old Indian name for it.

It's perfect.

A long run that goes

across the bridge over the ravine...

...over near that Hilldale housing development.

Right, but according to this map...

...there is no bridge.

Well, Doc, we can scratch that idea.

We can't wait for this thing to get finished.

Marty, it's perfect.

You're not thinking fourth dimensionally.

Right. I have a problem with that.

Don't you see? The bridge will exist in 1985.

It's safe and still in use.

As long as we get the DeLorean

up to 88 miles an hour...

...before we hit the edge of the ravine...

...we'll instantaneously arrive at a point

in time where the bridge is completed.

We'll have track under us

and coast safely across the ravine.

What about the train?

It will be a spectacular wreck.

Too bad no one will be around to see it.

Help me!

Great Scott!

Hurry!

Jump!

Thank you, sir. You saved my...

...life.

Emmett Brown at your service, Miss...

Clayton.

Clara Clayton.

Clara?

What a beautiful name.

May I help you inside with these?

That won't be necessary. I can take care of it.

-You've done more than enough already.

-But it's really no trouble.

She says it's fine, and we have to get going.

Ma'am, good luck

with your school teaching and everything.

Clara.

I'll straighten everything out

for the buckboard rental.

Don't worry about that.

I feel somewhat responsible for what happened.

That would be very gentlemanly of you,

Mr. Brown. Emmett.

You know, I'm almost glad

that snake spooked those horses.

Otherwise, we might never have met.

I suppose it was destiny.

Thank you for everything.

You're quite welcome.

I will see you again, won't I?

Of course. You'll see lots of me.

I have a shop in town.

I'm the local scientist, I mean, blacksmith.

What sort of science?

Astronomy? Chemistry?

Actually, I'm a student of all sciences.

Doc, we have to get going.

Yes. Excuse us, Clara.

We have to get going.

Toodle-oo.

What do you mean,

you'll be seeing lots of her?

I might see her again just in passing.

Did you see the way she was looking at you?

She did have quite a scare, right?

Miss Clayton almost ended up

at the bottom of Clayton Ravine.

Holy shit.

Clayton Ravine was named after a teacher.

-They say she fell in there 100 years ago.

-100 years ago!
-That's this year!
-Every kid knows that story.
We all have teachers we'd like to see
fall into the ravine.
Great Scott!
Then she was supposed to go over
in that wagon.
Now I may have seriously altered history.
Look, Doc, what's the worse that can happen?
So they don't name the ravine after her.
Let's get the DeLorean ready
and get out of here.
I wish I'd never invented
that infernal time machine.
It's caused nothing but disaster.
Doc, this is Marty.
Do you read me? Over.
Check, Marty.
Great. These things still work.
All right. Once more,
let's go over the entire plan and layout.
-I apologize for the crudity of this model...
-Yeah, it's not to scale. It's okay.
All right. Tomorrow night, Sunday...
...we load the DeLorean
onto the tracks here, on the spur...
...by the abandoned silver mine.
The switch track is where the spur runs
off the main line...
...three miles out to Clayton... Shonash Ravine.
The train leaves the station

at 8:

We'll stop it, uncouple the cars,
throw the switch track and then hijack...
...borrow the locomotive and use it
to push the time machine.
According to my calculations we'll reach
...the edge of the ravine,
at which point we'll be transported back to 1985...
...and coast safely across the completed bridge.
What does this mean? "Point of no return."
That's our fail-safe point.

Till there, we have time to stop the locomotive
before it plunges into the ravine.
But once we pass this windmill,
it's the future or bust.
Here you go.
Connect that to the positive terminal.
All right, you all set?
Yeah. Go!
Train pulling out of the station!
Coming up to the switch track!
Stop at the switch track!
Throw the switch!
Pull up to the DeLorean!
Pushing the DeLorean...
...up to 88 miles per hour!
It couldn't be simpler.
Emmett?
It's Clara.
Quick, cover the DeLorean!
Hello.
Why, hello.
This is quite a surprise.
I hope I'm not disturbing anything.
We were just doing a little model railroading.
When my bags were thrown from the wagon...
...my telescope was damaged.
Since you mentioned an interest in science...
...I thought you might be able to repair it for me.
I would pay you, of course.
I wouldn't think of charging you for this.
Let's have a look at it.
I think a lens may be out of alignment because...
...if you move it this way the image turns fuzzy.
See?
But if you turn it the other way...
...then...
Everything becomes...
...clear.
I could repair it right away
and have it for you tonight.
Tonight is the town festival.
I wouldn't dream of having you work
on my telescope during such an occasion.
You are planning on attending, aren't you?

-Actually, ma'am...

-Yes, of course. The festival.

In that case,

I'll see you this evening at the festival.

Mr. Eastwood.

Ma'am.

Thank you for taking care of my telescope.

You're quite welcome.

It's a nice telescope.

Ladies and gentlemen...

...as mayor of Hill Valley...

...it gives me great pleasure
to dedicate this clock...

...to the people of Hill County!

May it stand for all time!

Tell me when, gentlemen.

Three! Two! One!

Now!

Let the festivities begin!

In a way, it's fitting that you and I
are here to witness this.

It's too bad I didn't bring my camera.

Ready, gentlemen?

The only problem is,

we'll never be able to show it to anybody.

Smile, Doc.

What great music!

Yeah, it's got a beat, and you can dance to it.

Step right up and test your mettle
with the latest products...

...from Col. Samuel Colt's Patent
Firearms Manufacturing Company...

...of Hartford, Connecticut.

Now, take this model, for example.

The new,

improved and refined Colt Peacemaker...

...selling to you tonight for the low price of \$12.

-Good evening.

-'Evening.

You look very nice.

Thank you.

Would you like...

-Would you care to...

-I'd love to.

Young man, you want to give it a try?

No, thanks.

Doc, this...

Son!

-Sonny boy!

-Doc can dance?

Son.

I just told you that even a baby
could handle this weapon.

Surely you're not afraid to try.

I'm not afraid of nothing.

Come on, then.

Just step up here like a man.

Now, young man, what you do
is just ease that hammer back and...

...squeeze off a round.

Right on out there and be real smooth.

That's the way you do it.

-Can I try that again?

-Yeah, go ahead.

Tell me one thing.

Where did you learn to shoot like that?

Buford, you sure that blacksmith
will be at this shindig?

Sure he's here. Everybody's here tonight.

You'll have to check your firearms
if you want to join in on the festivities.

Who's gonna make us, tenderfoot?

I am.

Marshal Strickland.

I didn't know you was back in town.

If you can't read the sign,

I presume you can read this.

Pretty tough hombre when you're pointing
a gun at a man's back.

Just like you, I take every advantage I can get.

You gonna check your iron?

I was just joking with your deputy.

Of course, I'm gonna check my iron.

We all were, weren't we, boys?

Yeah, right.

Tannen.

Your knife, too.

Smile, Marshal.

After all, this is a party.
Only party I'll be smiling at...
...is the one that sees you at the end of a rope.
Have fun!
That's how you handle them.
Never give them an inch...
...and maintain discipline at all times.
Remember that word: discipline.
I will, Pa.
Thank you very much.
Mr. Eastwood, nice to see you.
I see you got yourself
some respectable clothes and a fine hat.
A couple people didn't like the way
the other one looked on me.
That one suits you.
-It's very becoming.
-Thanks.
"Frisbee." Far out.
-What was the meaning of that?
-It was right in front of him.
-That's mine!
-Not anymore.
-Give me that.
-There he is, Buford.
-Where?
-There.
Dancing with that piece of calico.
What are you gonna do, boss?
I figure if I bury this muzzle deep enough
in his back nobody will hear the shot.
Careful. You've only got one bullet with that.
I only need one.
I told you to watch your back, smithy.
You're early.
It's a Derringer. Small but effective.
The last time I used it, fella took two days to die.
Bled to death inside. It was real painful.
That means you'll be dead
by about supper time Monday.
Excuse me. I don't know
who you think you are, but we're dancing.
Look what we have here.
Ain't you gonna introduce me?

I'd like a dance.
I wouldn't give you the pleasure.
You'll have to go ahead and shoot.
-All right.
-I'll dance with him.
Boys, keep the blacksmith company
while I get acquainted with the filly!
Yeah!
I don't dance very well
when my partner has a gun in his hand.
You'll learn.
Maybe I'll just take
my \$80 worth out of her!
Leave her alone!
Yeah, I bet there's something you can do
that's worth \$80.
I believe you've underestimated me, mister.
Have I?
Stop it!
Damn you!
No, I damn you!
I damn you to hell!
-You.
-Lighten up, jerk!
Mighty strong words, runt!
You man enough to back them up
with more than just a pie plate?
Just leave my friends alone.
What's wrong, dude? You yellow?
That's what I thought. A yellow-belly.
Nobody calls me yellow.
Then let's finish it. Right now.
Not now, Buford. Marshal's got our guns.
Like I said, we'll finish this tomorrow!
Tomorrow we're robbing the Pine City stage.
What about Monday?
We doing anything Monday?
Monday would be fine.
You can kill him on Monday.
I'll be back this way on Monday.
We'll settle this then.
Right there, out in the street...
...in front of the Palace Saloon.
Yeah, right. When?

High noon?

Noon?

I do my killing before breakfast. 7:00!

Marty!

Break it up.

What's all this about?

You causing trouble here, Tannen?

No trouble, Marshal.

Just a little personal matter
between me and Eastwood.

This don't concern the law.

Tonight, everything concerns the law.

Break it up.

Any brawling, it's 15 days in the county jail.

All right, folks. This is a party.

Come on! Let's have some fun!

If you ain't here, I'll hunt you
and shoot you down like a duck.

It's "dog." Shoot him down like a dog.

Let's go, boys!

Let these sissies have their party!

What are you doing, saying you'll meet Tannen?

Don't worry about it.

Monday morning we'll be gone.

Theoretically, yes. But what if the train's late?

-We'll discuss this later.

-We'll discuss it now.

-Thank you for your gallantry.

-Ma'am.

Had you not interceded,

Emmett might have been shot.

Marty... Clint, I'm gonna take Clara home.

-Right. Good night.

-You sure set him straight.

I'm glad somebody finally stood up
to that son of a bitch.

You're all right in my book.

I'd like to buy you a drink.

You don't have to buy me anything.

It was no big deal...

You can have this brand-new

Colt Peacemaker and gun belt, free of charge.

Free?

I want everybody to know

the gun that shot Buford Tannen...
...was a Colt Peacemaker!
No problem. Thanks a lot.
Of course, if you lose, I'm taking it back.
Thanks again.
You had him.
You could have walked away and nobody
would have thought less of you.
All it would have been was words,
hot air from a buffoon.
Instead, you let him rile you...
...into playing his game, his way, by his rules.
Seamus, relax. I know what I'm doing.
-He reminds me of poor Martin.
-Aye.
-Who?
-Me brother.
Wait a minute.
You have a brother named Martin McFly?
Had a brother.
Martin used to let men
provoke him into fighting.
He was concerned people
would think him a coward if he refused.
That's how he got a knife shoved through
his belly in a saloon in Virginia City.
Never considered the future, poor Martin.
God rest his soul.
Sure, and I hope you're
considering the future, Mr. Eastwood.
I think about it all the time.
That crater all by itself, like a starburst.
Yeah.
That one's called Copernicus.
Listen to me. I feel like I'm teaching school.
Please, continue the lesson.
I never found lunar geography so fascinating.
You're quite knowledgeable.
When I was 11, I had diphtheria.
I was quarantined for three months.
My father brought this telescope
and put it next to my bed...
...so I could see everything out the window.
Do you think we'll ever travel to the moon...

...the way we travel
across the country on trains?
Definitely. Although not for 84 years,
and not on trains.
We'll have space capsules sent aloft
with rockets...
...devices that create giant explosions
so powerful they just...
That they break the pull of gravity
and send the projectile to outer space.
Emmett!
I read that book, too!
You're quoting Jules Verne,
From the Earth to the Moon.
You've read Jules Verne?
-I adore Jules Verne.
-So do I.
My absolute favorite.
The first time I read that as a little boy,
I wanted to meet Captain Nemo.
Don't tease. You couldn't have read that
when you were a boy.
It was only first published 10 years ago.
Yes. I meant it made me feel like a boy.
I never met a woman
who liked Jules Verne before.
I never ever met a man like you before.
Doc?
Doc?
Hope you know what you're doing.
You talking to me?
You talking to me, Tannen?
I'm the only one here.
Go ahead! Make my day.
Good morning.
'Morning.
Have a cigar. Anything I can do for you today?
-No, that's fine.
-Good luck tomorrow.
-We'll be praying for you.
-Thanks.
Good morning.
Interest you in a new suit for tomorrow?
I'm fine. Thanks.

What are you doing?

Nothing.

I was just out enjoying the morning air.

It's really lovely here in the morning.

Don't you think?

Yes. We've got to load the DeLorean

and get ready to roll.

Look at that, the tombstone.

Let me see that photograph again.

My name, it's vanished.

That's great, Doc.

We're going back to the future tomorrow,

so everything's being erased.

But only my name is erased.

The tombstone itself and the date still remain.

That doesn't make sense.

We know this photograph represents

what will happen...

...if the events of today continue

to run their course into tomorrow.

-Right. So?

-Excuse me, Mr. Eastwood.

-I just need to take your measurements.

-Look, pal, I don't want to buy a suit.

-This is for your coffin.

-My coffin?

The odds are running 2-1 against you.

Might as well be prepared.

So it may not be my name...

...that's going to be on this tombstone.

It may be yours.

-Great Scott.

-I know, this is heavy.

Why are you wearing that gun? You're

not considering going up against Tannen?

Tomorrow morning I'm going

back to the future with you.

But if Buford Tannen comes looking for trouble,

I'll be ready for him.

You heard what that son of a bitch called me.

You can't lose your judgment over names.

That's exactly what causes you

to get in that accident in the future.

What? What about my future?

I can't tell you. It might make things worse.
Wait a minute.
What is wrong with my future?
We all have to make decisions
that affect the course of our lives.
You've got to do what you've got to do...
...and I've got to do what I've got to do.
-Marty.
-Yeah?
I've made a decision.
I'm not going with you tomorrow.
I'm staying here.
What are you talking about?
There's no point in denying it.
-I'm in love with Clara.
-Oh, man.
We don't belong here.
Neither one of us.
It could still be you that gets shot tomorrow.
This tombstone could still be in your future.
Marty, the future isn't written.
It can be changed. You know that.
Anyone can make their future
whatever they want it to be.
I can't let this one little photograph
determine my entire destiny.
I have to live my life
according to what I believe is right...
...in my heart.
Doc, you're a scientist.
So you tell me.
What's the right thing to do, up here?
You're right, Marty.
-That worked great.
-I've at least got to tell her good-bye.
Come on, Doc.
Think about it. What will you say to her?
"I've got to go back to the future"?
She won't understand that.
Hell, I'm in it with you,
and I don't even understand it.
Doc.
Listen.
Maybe we...

Maybe we can just take Clara with us.
To the future?
As you reminded me, I'm a scientist,
so I must be scientific about this.
I cautioned you about disrupting
the continuum for your own benefit.
Therefore, I must do no less.
We shall proceed as planned,
and as soon as we return to 1985...
...we'll destroy this infernal machine.
Traveling through time
has become much too painful.
It's Emmett, Clara.
Emmett, won't you come in?
No, I better not. I...
What's wrong?
I've come to say good-bye.
Good-bye? Where are you going?
I'm going away.
I'm afraid I'll never see you again.
Emmett.
Clara, I want you to know
that I care about you deeply.
But I've realized that I don't belong here,
and I have to go back where I came from.
Where might that be?
I can't tell you.
Then wherever you're going, take me with you.
I can't, Clara.
I wish it didn't have to be this way...
...but believe me when I tell you
that I'll never forget you...
...and that I love you.
I don't understand what you're trying to say.
Clara.
I don't think there's any way
that you can understand it.
Please, I have to know.
If you sincerely do love me,
then tell me the truth.
All right then.
I'm from the future.
I came here in a time machine
that I invented...

...and tomorrow I have to go back
to the year 1985.
Yes, Emmett.
I do understand.
I understand that because you know
I'm partial to the writings of Jules Verne...
...you concocted those mendacities
in order to take advantage of me.
I've heard some whoppers in my day...
...but the fact that you'd expect me
to believe this...
...is so insulting and degrading!
All you had to say is, "I don't love you
and I don't want to see you anymore."
That, at least, would have been respectful!
But that's not the truth.
Good to see you, too.
Emmett. What can I get you, the usual?
No, Chester, I'll need something
a lot stronger than that tonight.
-Sarsaparilla.
-Whiskey, Chester.
Whiskey? Are you sure?
You know what happened to you
on the Fourth of July.
Whiskey.
Okay, I ain't your papa.
Just don't want to see you do the wrong thing.
You can leave the bottle.
It's a woman, right?
I knew it. I've seen that look
on a man's face...
...a thousand times all across the country.
All I can tell you, friend,
is you'll get over her.
Clara was one in a million.
One in a billion. One in a googolplex.
The woman of my dreams,
and I've lost her for all time.
I can assure you, sir, there are other women.
Peddling this barbed wire
across the country...
...has taught me one thing for certain...
...it's that you never know

what the future might bring.

The future. I can tell you about the future.

Man, did I sleep.

What time is it, Doc?

Doc!

Wake up!

Get up! Let's go!

I got me a runt to kill.

It's still early, boss. What's your hurry?

I'm hungry.

And in the future, we don't need horses.

We have motorized carriages
called automobiles.

If everybody's got one of these auto whatsits...

...does anybody walk or run anymore?

Of course they run, but for recreation, for fun.

Run for fun?

What the hell kind of fun is that?

Doc!

How much has he had?

None. That's the first one,
and he hasn't touched it yet.

He just likes to hold it.

Doc!

What are you doing?

I've lost her, Marty.

There's nothing left for me here.

That's why you gotta come back with me.

-Where?

-Back to the future!

-Right! Let's get going!

-Great.

Gentlemen, excuse me.

My friend and I have to catch a train.

Here's to you, blacksmith.

-And to the future.

-Amen.

-Amen.

-Emmett, no!

Doc!

Come on, Doc. Wake up! Wake up, Doc!

-How many did he have?

-Just the one.

-Just the one? Come on, Doc.

-There's a fellow that can't hold his liquor.
-Get me some black coffee!
-Joey, coffee!
Ma'am?
-How far does the 8:00 train go?
-San Francisco is the end of the line.
I'll take a one-way ticket.
To sober him up in a hurry,
you need something a lot stronger than coffee.
What do you suggest?
Joey, let's make some wake-up juice.
Come on, Doc, swallow.
In about 10 minutes...
...he's gonna be as sober as a priest on Sunday.
Ten minutes!
Why do we cut these things so damn close?
Here, stick this clothespin on his nose.
When he opens up his mouth,
go ahead and pour it on down his gullet.
Stand back.
-He's still out!
-That was just a reflex action.
It'll take a few more minutes
for the stuff to clear up his head.
Perfect.
Come on, Doc. Wake up, buddy.
Wake up, Doc!
Seamus?
Wouldn't expect to see you here this morning.
Aye. Something inside me told me
I should be here...
...as if my future had something to do with it.
He'll come around in a minute. Come on.
Come on, Doc. Let's go!
Let's wake up now, buddy.
Are you in there, Eastwood?

It's 8:

It's not 8:

It is by my watch!
Let's settle this once and for all, runt!
Or ain't you got the gumption?
Listen.

I'm not really feeling up to this today.
-So I'll have to forfeit.
-Forfeit?
What's that mean?
-It means that you win without a fight.
-Without shooting? He can't do that.
You can't do that!
You know what I think?
I think you ain't nothing but a gutless,
yellow turd!
I'm giving you to the count of 10
to come out here and prove I'm wrong!
One!
Doc, come on, sober up, buddy.
Two!
You better get out there, son.
I got \$20 gold bet on you, so don't let me down.
Three!
I got \$30 gold bet against you,
so don't let me down.
Four!
You better face up to it, son,
because if you don't go out there...
What?
Five!
-What if I don't go out there?
-You're a coward.
Six!
And you'll be branded a coward
for the rest of your days!
Everybody everywhere will say Clint Eastwood...
...is the biggest yellow-belly in the West!
Seven!
Here!
Eight!
I already got a gun.
Nine!
Ten!
Do you hear me, runt?
I said that's 10,
you gutless, yellow pie-slinger!
He's an asshole!
I don't care what Tannen says!
I don't care what anybody else says either.

Doc, you okay?
I think so.
What a headache!
-You got a back door to this place?
-It's in the back.
Let's go.
Are you coming out here
or do I have to come in after you?
The thing I really miss here is Tylenol.
Hey!
Reach, blacksmith!
Yes, sir, that poor fellow last night...
...had the worst case of broken heart
I have ever seen.
When he said he didn't know
how he could live the rest of his life...
...knowing how much hurt
he'd caused that little girl...
...I really felt for him, I did, right here.
Listen up, Eastwood!
I aim to shoot somebody today,
and I prefer it'd be you.
But if you're just too damn yellow...
...it'll just have to be your blacksmith friend.
Forget about me, Marty, and save yourself!
You got one minute to decide.
You hear me, runt? One minute!
I've never seen a man so broken up

over a woman:

What did he say her name was?
Cara? Sara?
-Clara.
-Clara.
-Excuse me.
-Ma'am?
Was this man tall,
with great big brown puppy-dog eyes...
...and long silvery, flowing hair?
You know him.
Emmett!
Time's up, runt!
Prepare to meet your maker, blacksmith.
Right here, Tannen!

Draw!
No!
I thought we could settle this like men.
You thought wrong, dude.
Thank you.
That was good.
You know what I think?
-I think Buford's going to jail.
-Yeah.
Get him out of that shit.
Get them!
Buford Tannen, you're under arrest
for robbing the Pine City stage.
You got anything to say?
I hate manure.
Look!
Yes!
-The train!
-Can we make it?
We'll have to cut them off at Coyote Pass.
Hey, mister. Mr. Eastwood.
-Here's your gun, mister.
-Thanks, kid.
Seamus.
It's worth \$12. Never been used.
Maybe I'll trade it for a new hat.
Right! Take care of that baby!
I will!
Emmett!
Emmett!
Emmett!
"Time machine."
Come on!
Go!
Give me your hand!
Come on!
Come on, Marty.
Come on. Let's go!
Masks on.
Reach!
Is this a holdup?
It's a science experiment.
Stop the train just before you hit
the switch track up ahead.

Doc!

Uncouple the cars from the tender!

I've wanted to do that all my life.

What are these things?

My version of Presto Logs.

Compressed wood with anthracite dust...

...chemically treated to burn hotter and longer.

I use them so I don't have to stoke my forge.

These three will ignite sequentially...

...make the fire hotter,

kick up the boiler pressure...

...and make the train go faster.

Ready to roll!

Emmett!

Marty, are the time circuits on?

Check!

Input the destination time:

October 27, 1985, 11:00 a.m.

Check. We're cruising

at a steady 25 miles an hour.

I'm throwing in the Presto Logs.

The new dashboard gauge

will tell us the boiler temperature.

It's color-coded to indicate

when each log will fire.

Green, yellow and red.

Each detonation will be accompanied

by a sudden burst of acceleration.

Hopefully we'll hit 88 miles per hour

before the needle gets much past 2,000.

Why? What happens after it hits 2,000?

The whole boiler explodes!

Perfect!

We just hit 35!

Okay, Marty.

I'm coming aboard!

Emmett!

Come on.

You better hold onto something!

The yellow log is about to blow!

Golly.

We just passed 40!

Emmett!

We just passed 45! Go for it!

Fifty.
Emmett!
Clara!
I love you!
What's happening?
It's Clara! She's on the train!
Clara? Perfect.
She's in the cab! I'm going back for her!
The windmill!
Doc! We're going past 50! You'll never make it!
Then we'll have to take her back with us!
Keep calling out the speed!
Clara, climb out here to me!
-I don't know if I can!
-You can do it!
Just don't look down!
That's it!
Sixty miles an hour!
You're doing fine! Nice and steady!
Come on!
-Just a little further!
-I can't! I'm scared!
Seventy!
Keep coming, Clara!
Come on! You're doing fine!
Come on! Nice and easy!
Don't look down! That's it! You're doing fine!
The red log is about to blow!
Clara!
Emmett!
I'm trying to reach you!
Clara, hold on!
I can't!
I'll slip you the Hoverboard!
Marty, watch out!
Emmett, help!
Hold on!
Ready, Doc?
Catch it!
Yes!
Emmett!
Clara!
Well, Doc...
...it's destroyed.

Just like you wanted.
-Hey, butthead, get away...
-Watch it, Biff!
I didn't mean to scare you.
I didn't recognize you.
-What the hell are you doing?
-Just putting on the second coat.
You going cowboy?
Come on, guys. We'll be late for brunch.
Dad, they won't hold your reservations all day.
I can't find my glasses.
-Have you seen them?
-They're in your suede jacket.
Marty? What's wrong?
We thought you went to the lake.
-You wore that to the lake?
-Thank God you guys are back to normal.
Who are you supposed to be? Clint Eastwood?
Right. I have to go get Jennifer.
-I really like that hat.
-Thanks, Biff.
Jennifer.
Jen.
Jennifer.
Marty.
Marty!
I had the worst nightmare.
That dream I had is so real.
It was about the future.
About us.
And you got fired.
Wait a minute.
What do you mean, I got fired?
Hilldale.
Hilldale! This is where we live.
I mean, this is where we're going to live.
Someday.
It was a dream, wasn't it?
The big M.
-How's it hanging, McFly?
-Hey, Needles.
Nice set of wheels.
Let's see what she can do.
Next green light.

No, thanks.

What's the matter? Chicken?

-Marty, don't.

-Grab hold of something.

-Come on!

-Get on!

Yeah, go!

Did you do that on purpose?

Yeah. You think I'm stupid enough
to race that asshole?

Jeez! I would have hit that Rolls-Royce.

It erased.

You're right. There's not much left.

Doc's never coming back.

I'll sure miss him, Jen.

What the hell?

-Doc!

-Marty!

-Doc!

-Marty!

It runs on steam!

Meet the family. Clara, you know.

-Hi, Marty!

-Ma'am!

These are our boys:

Jules and Verne.

Boys, this is Marty and Jennifer.

-Doc, I thought I'd never see you again.

-You can't keep a good scientist down.

I had to come back for Einstein...

...and I didn't want you to be worried about me.

I brought you a little souvenir.

It's great, Doc.

Thanks.

Dr. Brown, I brought this note
back from the future...

...and now it's erased.

Of course it's erased.

What does that mean?

It means your future hasn't been written yet.

No one's has.

Your future is whatever you make it.

So make it a good one, both of you.

We will, Doc!

Stand back!

All right, boys, buckle up!

Where are you going now? Back to the future?

No. Already been there.