Back to the Future

By Robert Zemeckis
Radio:
making
the best deals of the year on all 1985 model Toyotas. You won't find a
better car with a better price with better service anywhere in Hill
Valley...

Television:
news,
officials at The Pacific
Nuclear Research Facility have denied the rumor that the case of missing
plutonium was in fact stolen from their vault two weeks ago. A Libyan
terrorist group had claimed responsibility for the alleged theft,
however, the officials now infer the discrepancy to a simple clerical
error. The
FBI...

Marty:
What's going on?
Wha- aw, god. Aw, Jesus. Whoa, rock and roll. Yo

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:
Mall

tonight at 1:
assistance.

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:
Doc: the amplifier. There's a slight possibility for overload.

Marty:

Doc: Pines Mall.

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc: twenty-five minutes slow.

Marty: it's 8:

Doc:

Marty:

Marty:

Jennifer: you're caught it'll be four tardies in a row.

Jennifer:

Marty: clocks twenty-five minutes slow.

Strickland: Doctor Emmett Brown, McFly? Tardy slip for you, Miss Parker. And one for you McFly I believe that makes four in a row. Now let me give you a nickle's worth of advice, young man. This so called Doctor Brown is dangerous, he's a real nuttcase. You hang around with him you're gonna
end up in big trouble.

Marty:

Strickland:
slacker.
You remind me of you father when he went her, he was a slacker too.

Marty:

Strickland:
after school today. Why even bother Mcfly, you haven't got a chance, you're too much like your own man. No McFly ever amounted to anything in the history of Hill Valley.

Marty:

Audition Judge:

Marty:

Audition Judge:
sorry fellas. I'm afraid you're just too darn loud. Next, please. Where's the next group, please.

Election Van:

name.

Marty:

chance to
play in front of anybody.

Jennifer:

Marty:

Jennifer:
audition
tape of your is great, you gotta send it in to the record company. It's like Doc's always saying.

Marty:

anything.
Jennifer:

Marty: don't like it. I mean, what if they say I'm no good. What if they say, "Get out of here, kid, you got no future." I mean, I just don't think I can take that kind of rejection. Jesus, I'm beginning to sound like my old man.

Jennifer:

the car tomorrow night.

Marty: someday. Wouldn't it be great to take that truck up to the lake. Throw a couple of sleeping bags in the back. Lie out under the stars.

Jennifer:

Marty:

Jennifer:

Marty: guys. Well, Jennifer, my mother would freak out if she knew I was going up there with you. And I get this standard lecture about how she never did that kind of stuff when she was a kid. Now look, I think she was born a nun.

Jennifer:

Marty:

Woman: sponsoring an initiative to replace that clock. Thirty years ago, lightning struck that clock tower and the clock hasn't run since. We at the Hill Valley Preservation Society think it should be preserved exactly the way it is as part of our history and heritage.

Marty:

Woman:
Marty:

Woman:

Marty:

Jennifer:

Jennifer's Dad:

Jennifer:

Marty:

Jennifer:

Marty:

Jennifer:

Bye.

Marty:

Biff:

a
blindspot. I could've been
killed.

George:

when I
would drive it. Hi,
son.

Biff:

explain
that wreck out there?

George:

for
the damage?

Biff:

Hey, I wanna know who's
gonna pay for this? I spilled beer all over it when that car smashed
into me. Who's gonna pay my cleaning bill?

George:

Biff:

George: figured since they weren't due till-

Biff: time
to get them re-typed.
Do you realize what would happen if I hand in my reports in your handwriting. I'll get fired. You wouldn't want that to happen would you? Would you?

George: Now, uh, I'll finish those reports up tonight, and I'll run em them on over first thing tomorrow, alright?

Biff: shoe's untied. Don't be so gullible, McFly. You got the place fixed up nice, McFly. I have you're car towed all the way to your house and all you've got for me is light beer. What are you looking at, butthead. Say hi to your mom for me.

George: right, But Biff just happens to be my supervisor, and I'm afraid I'm not very good at confrontations.

Marty: car
tomorrow night, Dad, I mean do you have any idea how important this was, do you have any clue?

George:
George:
about
all the aggravation and
headaches of playing at that dance.

David:
headaches.

Lorraine:
Uncle
Joey didn't make parole
again. I think it would be nice, if you all dropped him a line.

Marty:

David:

Linda:
prison.

Lorraine:

David:

Lorraine:
mother
before you go, come
here.

David:
tonight,
Pop. Woo, time to
change that oil.

Linda:
pouting about the car,
Jennifer Parker called you twice.

Lorraine:
asking for trouble.

Linda:

Lorraine:
I never chased a boy, or called a boy, or sat in a parked car with a boy.

**Linda:**

**Lorraine:**

**Linda:**

**Lorraine:**

then none of you would have been born.

**Linda:**

the middle of the street.

**Lorraine:**

**George:**

**Lorraine:**

the house. He seemed so helpless, like a little lost puppy, my heart just went out for him.

**Linda:**

You felt sorry for him so you decided to go with him to The Fish Under The Sea Dance.

**Lorraine:**

date. It was the night of that terrible thunderstorm, remember George? Your father kissed me for the very first time on that dance floor. It was then I realized I was going to spend the rest of my life with him.

**Marty:**

**Doc:**
Marty:  

Doc:  
you  
stop by my place and  
pick it up on your way to the mall?  

Marty:  

Marty:  

Doc:  

Marty:  

Doc:  
for  
all my life.  

Marty:  

Doc:  
Roll  
tape, we'll proceed.  

Marty:  

Doc:  

Marty:  

Doc:  
parking  
lot of Twin Pines  
Mall. It's Saturday morning, October 26, 1985, 1:18 a.m. and this is  
temporal experiment  
number one. C'mon, Einy, hey hey boy, get in there, that a boy, in you  
go, get down, that's it.  

Marty:  

Doc:  
synchronization  
with my control watch.  


Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:
correct,
when this baby hits
eighty-eight miles per hour, your gonna see some serious shit. Watch this, watch this. Ha,
what did I tell you, eighty-eight miles per hour. The temporal displacement occurred at exactly
1:

Marty:
Einstein.

Doc:
structure of Einstein and
the car are completely intact.

Marty:

Doc:
Einstein
has just become the
world's first time traveler. I sent him into the future. One minute into the future to be exact.
And at exactly 1:21 a.m. we should cat h up with him and the time machine.

Marty:
you
built a time machine out of
a deloreon.

Doc:
car
why not do it with some
style. Besides, the stainless, steel construction made the flux dispersal- look out.
Marty:

Doc:
Einstein's clock is exactly one minute behind mine, it's still ticking.

Marty:

Doc:
As far as he's concerned the trip was instantaneous. That's why Einstein's watch is exactly one minute behind mine. He skipped over that minute to instantly arrive at this moment in time. Come here, I'll show you how it works. First, you turn the time circuits on. This readout tell you where you're going, this one tells you where you are, this one tells you where you were. You imput the destination time on this keypad. Say, you wanna see the signing of the declaration of independence, or witness the birth or Christ. Here's a red-letter date in the history of science, November 5, 1955. Yes, of course, November 5, 1955.

Marty:

Doc:
I was standing on the edge of my toilet hanging a clock, the porces was wet, I slipped, hit my head on the edge of the sink. And when I came to I had a revelation, a picture, a picture in my head, a picture of this. This is what makes time travel possible. The flux capacitor.

Marty:

Doc:
to realize the vision of that day, my god has it been that long. Things have certainly changed around here. I remember
when this was all farmland as far as the eye could see. Old man Peabody, owned all of this. He had this crazy idea about breeding pine trees.

**Marty:**

it
run on regular unleaded gasoline?

**Doc:**
kick,
plutonium.

**Marty:**
sucker's nuclear?

**Doc:**
this
sucker's electrical. But I need a nuclear reaction to generate the one point twenty-one gigawatts of electricity that I need.

**Marty:**
Did you rip this off?

**Doc:**
to
build them a bomb, so
I took their plutonium and in turn gave them a shiny bomb case full of used pinball machine parts.

**Marty:**

**Doc:**

**Doc:**
now,
we'll need a record.
Wup, wup, I almost forgot my luggage. Who knows if they've got cotton underwear in the future. I'm allergic to all synthetics.
Marty:

Doc:
dreamed on seeing the future,
looking beyond my years, seeing the progress of mankind. I'll also be
able to see who wins the
next twenty-five world series.

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Libyan:

Marty:
bastards
can do ninety.

Marty:

Mother:

Father:
Son:
Mother & Father: Ahh.

Father:

Marty:

Son:

Father:
space bastard, you killed
a pine.

Marty:
all a
dream. Just a very intense
dream. Woh, hey, listen, you gotta help me.

Passenger:

Marty:

Election Van:
believe in progress, re-elect
Mayor Red Thomas, progress is his middle name. Mayor Red Thomas's
progress platform
means more jobs, better education, bigger civic improvements, and lower
taxes. On election
day, cast your vote for a proven leader, re-elect Mayor Red Thomas...

Marty:

Lou:

Marty:

Lou:

Marty:

Lou:

Marty:
Lou:
Marty:
Lou:
Marty:
Lou:
Biff:
Marty:
Biff:
George:
Biff:
George:
Monday-

Biff:
time
to recopy it. Do your
realize what would happen if I hand in my homework in your handwriting?
I'd get kicked out of
school. You wouldn't want that to happen would you, would you?

George:
happen.

Biff:

Skinhead:
he's gonna drown.

**Biff:**

**George:**
I'll
bring it over first thing
tomorrow morning.

**Biff:**
shoe's
untied, don't be so gullible,
McFly.

**George:**

**Biff:**

**George:**

**Marty:**

**George:**

**Goldie:**

**George:**

**Goldie:**

know
that if you let people
walk all over you know, they'll be walking all over you for the rest of
your life? Listen to me, do
you think I'm gonna spend the rest of my life in this slop house?

**Lou:**

**Goldie:**

night school and one day
I'm gonna be somebody.

**Marty:**

**Goldie:**
mayor.

Lou:

Goldie:
the
most powerful mayor in
the history of Hill Valley, and I'm gonna clean up this town.

Lou:

Goldie:

Marty:

Marty:

Sam:
these
damn kids jumped in
front of my car. Come on out here, help me take him in the house.

Marty:

Lorraine:
almost
nine hours now.

Marty:
was
terrible.

Lorraine:

Marty:

Lorraine:

Marty:

Lorraine:
head.

Marty:
Lorraine: underwear before, Calvin.

Marty:

Lorraine: written all over your underwear. Oh, I guess they call you Cal, huh?

Marty:

Lorraine: if I sit here?

Marty:

Lorraine:

Marty:

Stella:

Lorraine:

Stella:

Marty:

Stella: wear that life preserver.

Marty:

Stella: He's alright, thank god.

Sam: age.
Stella:  
Sam,  
quit fiddling with that  
thing, come in here to dinner. Now let's see, you already know Lorraine,  
this is Milton, this is  
Sally, that's Toby, and over there in the playpen is little baby Joey.  

Marty:  

Stella:  
we  
take him out so we just  
leave him in there all the time. Well Marty, I hope you like meatloaf.  

Marty:  

Lorraine:  

Stella:  
your  
dinner.  

Sam:  
while  
we eat.  

Lorraine:  
you  
have a television?  

Marty:  

Milton:  

Stella:  

Marty:  
classic, this is where Ralph  
dresses up as the man from space.  

Milton:  

Marty:  

Milton:

Marty:

Stella:

Marty:

Stella:

Marty:

Stella:

Marty:

Stella:

Marty:

Sam:

Marty:

Sam:

Lorraine:

he
oughta spend the night,
after all, Dad almost killed him with the car.

Stella:

think
you're our responsibility.

Marty:

Lorraine:

Marty:

wonderful,
you were all great. See
you all later, much later.

**Stella:**

**Sam:**
idiots
too. Lorraine, if you
ever have a kid like that, I'll disown you.

**Marty:**

**Doc:**

**Marty:**

**Doc:**
anything
about you.

**Marty:**

**Doc:**

**Marty:**

**Doc:**
you've
come from a great
distance?

**Marty:**

**Doc:**
Saturday Evening Post?

**Marty:**

**Doc:**
you
want me to make a
donation to the coast guard youth auxiliary?

Marty:
you invented. Now, I need your help to get back to the year 1985.

Doc: thing doesn't work at all.

Marty: your time machine works.

Doc:

Marty: license, expires 1987. Look at my birthday, for crying out load I haven't even been born yet. And, look at this picture, my brother, my sister, and me. Look at the sweatshirt, Doc, class of 1984.

Doc: brother's hair.

Marty:

Doc: 1985?

Marty:

Doc: Lewis? I suppose Jane Wymann is the first lady.

Marty:

Doc:
Marty:

Doc:
future
boy.

Marty:
that happened, you told
me the whole story. you were standing on your toilet and you were
hanging a clock, and you
fell, and you hit your head on the sink, and that's when you came up
with the idea for the flux
capacitor, which makes time travel possible.

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:
that
works.

Marty:

Doc:
gotta
get you home.

Marty:

TV Doc:
mind-

Doc:

TV Doc:
the
parking lot of-

Doc:
wearing?
Marty:

Doc:
atomic wars. This is truly
amazing, a portable television studio. No wonder your president has to
be an actor, he's gotta
look good on television.

Marty:

TV Doc:
reaction
to generate the one point
twenty-one gigawatts of electricity-

Doc:

TV Doc:
reaction
to generate the one point
twenty-one gigawatts of electricity that I need.

Doc:
Great Scott.

Marty:

Doc:
gigawatts.
Tom, how am I
gonna generate that kind of power, it can't be done, it can't.

Marty:

Doc:
drug
store, but in 1955, it's a
little hard to come by. Marty, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you're stuck
here.

Marty:
life
Marty:
look
what she wrote me, Doc.
That says it all. Doc, you're my only hope.

Doc:
generating
one point twenty-one
gigawatts of electricity is a bolt of lightning.

Marty:

Doc:
where
it's ever gonna strike.

Marty:

Doc:
lightning is gonna strike the clock
tower precisely at 10:04 p.m. next Saturday night. If we could somehow
harness this bolt of
lightning, channel it into the flux capacitor, it just might work. Next
Saturday night, we're
sending you back to the future.

Marty:
spend a
week in 1955. I could
hang out, you could show me around.

Doc:
leave
this house. you must not
see anybody or talk to anybody. Anything you do could have serious
reprocautions on future
events. Do you understand?

Marty:

Doc:
Marty:

Doc:
Just
as I thought, this
proves my theory, look at your brother.

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:
your
parent's first
meeting. They don't meet, they don't fall in love, they won't get
married and they won't have
kids. That's why your older brother's disappeared from that photograph.
Your sister will follow
and unless you repair the damages, you will be next.

Marty:

Doc:

Doc:

Marty:

George:
are
being real mature.

Doc:

George:
books?

Strickland:

Marty:
Strickland:  
for  
the rest of your life?

George:  

Doc:  

Marty:  
did  
hit him with the car, hit me  
with the car.

Doc:  
when  
nurses fall in love with  
their patients. Go to it, kid.

Marty:  
You  
remember me, the guy  
who saved your life the other day.

George:  

Marty:  

Loraine:  

Marty:  

George:  

Loraine:  

Marty:  

Loraine:  
the  
other night. Are you  
okay? I'm sorry I have to go. Isn't he a dream boat?

Marty:  

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Doc:
amorously infatuated with
you instead of your father.

Marty:
has
got the hots for me?

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:
future. Is there a
problem with the Earth's gravitational pull?

Marty:

Doc:
if
they're alone together.
So you've got to get your father and mother to interact at some sort of
social-

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:
fifties?

Doc:
common interests.
What do they like to do together?

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:
supposed
to go to this, that's
where they kiss for the first time.
Doc:
that
he takes her to the dance.

Marty:
Loraine.
What are you writing?

George:
down
to Earth from another
planet.

Marty:
let
me read some.

George:
stories.

Marty:

George:
was
no good. I guess that
would be pretty hard for somebody to understand.

Marty:
really likes you. She told
me to tell you that she wants you to ask her to the Enchantment Under
The Sea Dance.

George:

Marty:

George:
said
no? I don't know if I
could take that kind of rejection. Besides, I think she'd rather go with
somebody else.

Marty:
George:

Biff:

Loraine:

Biff:
give it to you.

Loraine:

Biff:

Loraine:

Marty:

Biff:
for a,
since you're new here,
I'm gonna cut you a break, today. So why don't you make like a tree, and
get out of here.

Marty:

George:

Marty:
Loraine
to that dance, I'm gonna
regret it for the rest of my life.

George:
television
program, Science Fiction
Theater.

Marty:
break.

George:
and
not you, nor anybody else
on this planet is gonna make me change my mind.
Marty:

George:

Marty:
extra-terrestrial from the planet
Vulcan.

George:

Marty:
doing all day?

George:
out
but I don't know how to
do it. I have to ask Loraine out but I don't know how to do it.

God, how do you do
this? What made you change your mind, George?

George:
told me that if I didn't
take Loraine, that he'd melt my brain.

Marty:
ourselves,
okay?

George:

Marty:
there
and invite her.

George:

Marty:
thing that comes to your
mind.

George:
Marty:

George:

Marty:
you
together, tell her that
she's the most beautiful you have ever seen. Girls like that stuff.
What, what are you doing
George?

George:

Marty:

George:

Marty:

George:

Marty:

George:
popped me to you.

Loraine:

George:

Loraine:

George:
mean, I'm your destiny.

Loraine:

Biff:
it's
gonna cost you. How
much money you got on you?

George:
Biff:
Marty:
Loraine:
Marty:
Kid:
Marty:
Kid:
Biff:
Girl:
Boy:
Loraine:
Marty:

Biff:
Biff, Matches, 3-D, & Skinhead: Shit.

Marty:

Biff:

Girlfriend #1:

Girlfriend #2:

Loraine:

Doc:
for
it, Marty. My god,
they found me. I don't know how but they found me. Run for it, Marty.

Marty:
Doc: this video unit.

Marty: about the night we made that tape.

Doc: their own destiny.

Marty:

Doc: endanger my own existence, just as you endangered yours.

Marty:

Doc: crudity of this model, I didn't have time to build it to scale or to paint it.

Marty:

Doc: strength electrical cable from the top of the clocktower down to spreading it over the street between two lamp posts. Meanwhile, we out-fitted the vehicle with this big pole and hook which runs directly into the flux-capacitor. At the calculated moment, you start off from down the street driving toward the cable execrating to eighty-eight miles per hour. According to the flyer, at !0: strike the clocktower sending one point twenty-one gigawatts into the flux-capacitor, sending you back to 1985. Alright now, watch this. You wind up the car and release it, I'll simulate the lightening. Ready, set, release. Huhh.
Marty:

Doc:
your
pop. By the way, what
happened today, did he ask her out?

Marty:

Doc:
let's cover the time
machine.

Loraine:

Marty:

Loraine:

Marty:

Loraine:
if
you would ask me to the
Enchantment Under The Sea Dance on Saturday.

Marty:

Loraine:

Marty:

Loraine:
think a
man should be strong,
so he could stand up for himself, and protect the woman he loves. Don't you?

Marty:
George: 
dance 
with her, if she's already 
going to the dance with you.

Marty: 
just 
doesn't know it yet. 
That's why we got to show her that you, George McFly, are a fighter. 
You're somebody who's 
gonna stand up for yourself, someone who's gonna protect her.

George: 

Marty: 
You're 
coming to a rescue, 
right? Okay, let's go over the plan again. 8:55, where are you gonna be.

George: 

Marty: 

George: 

Marty: 
with 
me.

George: 

Marty: 
advantage of them.

George: 

Marty: 
you're strolling through the 
parking lot, you see us struggling in the car, you walk up, you open the 
door and you say, your 
line, George.

George: 
think I oughta swear?
Marty:
come
up, you punch me
in the stomach, I'm out for the count, right? And you and Loraine live
happily ever after.

George:
scared.

Marty:
little
self confidence. You know,
if you put your mind to it, you could accomplish anything.

Radio:
clouds.
Lows in the upper
forties.

Doc:

Marty:
future.

Doc:
really
mad a difference in
my life, you've given me something to shoot for. Just knowing, that I'm
gonna be around to se
1985, that I'm gonna succeed in this. That I'm gonna have a chance to
travel through time. It's
going to be really hard waiting 30 years before I could talk to you
about everything that's
happened in the past few days. I'm really gonna miss you, Marty.

Marty:

Doc:
the
future could be
extremely dangerous. Even if your intentions are good, they could
backfire drastically.
Whatever you've got to tell me I'll find out through the natural course
of time.

**Marty:**
will
be shot by terrorists.
Please take whatever precautions are necessary to prevent this terrible
disaster. Your friend,
Marty.

**Cop:**

**Doc:**

**Cop:**

**Doc:**
sensing equipment.

**Cop:**

**Doc:**

**Marty:**

**Loraine:**

**Marty:**

**Loraine:**
I've
never parked before.

**Marty:**

**Loraine:**

**Marty:**

**Loraine:**

**Marty:**

**Loraine:**
Marty:

Loraine:
drinks.

Marty:

Loraine:

Marvin Barry:
while so, don't nobody go
no where.

Loraine:

Marty:
know
you had to act a certain
way but when you got there, you didn't know if you could go through with it?

Loraine:

Marty:

Loraine:

Marty:

Loraine:

Marty:

Loraine:

Marty:

Loraine:
but
when I kiss you, it's like
kissing my brother. I guess that doesn't make any sense, does it?

Marty:

Biff:
son-of-a-bitch.
And I'm gonna take it
out of your ass. Hold him.
Loraine:

Biff:
here
with me.

Loraine:

Biff:

Loraine:

Biff:

Marty:

Biff:
c'mon,
this ain't no peep show.

Skinhead:

3-D:

Skinhead:

Starlighter:

3-D:

Marvin Barry:

Skinhead:
reefer
addicts, okay?

Marty:

Marvin Barry:

Marty:

Marvin Barry:
Marty:

George:

Biff:

Loraine:

Biff:
Close
the door and beat it.

George:

Biff:

it.

Loraine:

Marvin Barry:
hand.

Marty:

Starlighter:

Loraine:
go.
Let him go.

George:

Girlfriend:

Boyfriend:

Girlfriend:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:
Starlighter:  
hands like that, and we  
can't play without him.

Marty:  
where  
they kiss for the first  
time on the dance floor. And if there's no music, they can't dance, and  
if they can't dance, they  
can't kiss, and if they can't kiss, they can't fall in love and I'm  
history.

Marvin Barry:  
else  
who could play the  
guitar.

Marvin Barry:  

Loraine:  

George:  

Obnoxious Kid:  

Starlighter:  

Marty:  

Loraine:  

Marty:  

Loraine:  

Marty:  

George:  

Marvin Barry:  

Marty:  

Marvin Barry:  

Marty:  

oldie,
but uh, it's an oldie where I come from. Alright guys, let's do some blues riff in b, watch me for the changes, and uh, try and keep up, okay.

Boyfriend:

Girlfriend:

Marvin Barry:
Barry,
you know that new sound you're lookin for, well listen to this.

Marty:
gonna love it.

Marty:

Loraine:

Marty:

Loraine:
home.

Marty:

Loraine:

Marty:
educational.

Loraine:

Marty:

George:
I'll
never forget it.

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

George:

Loraine:

Doc:

have no concept of time?

Marty:

zoot suit? The old man really came through it worked.

Doc:

Marty:

He never stood up to Biff in his life.

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

time you left. I'm gonna send you back at exactly the same time. It's be like you never left. Now, I painted a white line on the street way over there, that's where you start from. I've calculated the distance and wind resistance fresh to active from the moment the lightning strikes, at exactly 7 minutes and 22 seconds. When this alarm goes off you hit the gas.

Marty:

Doc:
Doc: hook at precisely 88 miles per hour, the instance the lightning strikes the tower, everything will be fine.

Marty: it.

Doc: you.

Marty: you.
Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

I had more time. Wait a minute, I got all the time I want. I got a time machine, I'll just go back and warn him. 10 minutes oughta do it. Time-circuits on, flux-capacitor fluxing, engine running, alright. No, no no no no, c'mon c'mon. C'mon c'mon, here we go, this time. Please, please, c'mon.

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Red:

Marty: still got time. Oh my god.

No, no not again, c'mon, c'mon. Hey. Libyans.
Marty: you know, I never got a chance to tell you. About all that talk about screwing up future events, the space time continuum.

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty: little bumpy.

Doc:

Marty:

Lynda: late tonight.

David: of all, somebody named Greg or Craig called you just a little while ago.

Lynda:
Good morning, Dave,
Lynda

Parker called.

Loraine:
tonight the night of the big date?

Marty:

Loraine:
planning it for two weeks.

Marty:
lake,
the car's wrecked.

George:

David:

George:

David:

George:
I wanna make sure that we
get two coats of wax this time, not just one.

Biff:

George:

Biff:
second coat.

George:
something. Been on top of
Biff ever since high school. Although, if it wasn't for him-

Loraine:

George:

Biff:
it's
your new book.
Loraine:

George: accomplish anything.

Biff: tonight.

Marty:

Jennifer:

Marty: you.

Jennifer:

Marty:

Jennifer:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty:

Doc:

Marty: gonna take the new truck for a spin.

Doc:

Marty: to us in the future? What do we become assholes or something?
Doc:
It's
your kids, Marty,
something has got to be done about your kids.

Marty:
get up
to 88.

Doc:

THE END: