

## Act 1: Scene 1

INT. DOC'S GARAGE (2018) - DAY

CLOSE ON A TICKING CLOCK, showing 2 minutes to 8.

CAMERA MOVES, exploring, revealing MORE CLOCKS, of all varieties---cuckoo clocks, digital clocks, a grandfather clock, Felix the Cat with moving eyes...and all of them are ticking away in DEAD SYNC.

We continue exploring the garage, noting (in no particular order) a 3D printerjet-engine, a stack of unpaid bills addressed to "Dr. E. Brown" marked "OVERDUE," automotive tools, electronics parts, cell phones of all varieties in various states of disassembly, raspberry pi kits, discarded Starbucks cupsBurger King wrappers, a video camera, an unmade army cot.

We go past a CLOCK RADIO--it lights up and comes on.

**Radio:** October is inventory time. So right now, come check out the new Tesla Model X at your Hill Valley Tesla Sales Center. Statler Toyota is 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...

Now we come to a SMART KEURIG COFFEE MAKER with a built-in clock timer. It too turns on---only there is no coffee mug-coffee pot!

Boiling coffee drips onto an already overflowing drip traywet hot plate.

A Smart TV turns on automatically. Another timer triggers a TV set-- an A.M. NEWSCAST is in progress, and the ANCHORWOMAN talks against a slide: "Government Database HackPlutonium Theft?" with a blackhat hacker symbolthe yellow and purple radiation symbol.

**Television:** The Senate is expected to vote on this today. In other news, officials at The National Geologic Survey The Pacific Nuclear Research Facility have denied the rumor that their server containing high resolution geo-spatial data was hackedthe case of missing plutonium was in fact stolen from their vault two weeks ago. The Syrian Liberation Front A Libyan terrorist group had claimed responsibility for the alleged hacktheft, however, the officials now infer the discrepancy to a simple clerical error. The NSA-FBI...

We pass a TOASTER attached to a Raspberry Pi timer. Two pieces of black toast sit on it, and as the timer clicks on, the ashen toast drops into the toaster...again. Clearly, we are seeing a morning routine for someone who hasn't been home for awhile.

On the floor, a timer clicks on and a robotic arm grabs a can of dog food from a shelf and places it into an electric can opener, then dumps the contents into a dog dish below labeled "HawkingEinstein" which already has dog food in it that's been sitting for awhile.

Now we hear a key turning in the service door.

A pair of feet in Vans skateNike tennis shoes enters.

**Marty:** Hey, Doc? Doc. Hello, anybody home? ~~Hawking Einstein~~, come here, boy. What's going on? Wha- aw, god. Aw, Jesus.

A ~~backpack/skateboard~~ is dropped onto the floor next to an ~~and rolls... under the~~ army cot, underneath which is ~~coming to rest against~~ a home-built computer with a monitor showing space-time calculations of the position of Southern California relative to the rest of the solar system and galaxy with the National Geological Survey Logo visible. ~~yellow case with purple radioactivity symbols, stamped "PLUTONIUM. Property of Pacific Nuclear Research Facility."~~ The words "For Official Use Only" are visible under the logo in red letters.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CLOSE IMAGES

Hands connect wires to terminals.

Fingers flip switches, illuminating "Power On" lights on consoles.

Hands twist rheostats.

Needles on gauges jump to life.

A hand poses in readiness over a set of GUITAR STRINGS, about to play...

Fingers turn a calibrated knob from "3" to "10."

WIDER

as we see a HIGH SCHOOL AGED KID (we can't see his face) ready to play his electric guitar.

It's connected through a battery of amplifying equipment into a HUGE SPEAKER, 10 feet tall.

The kid hits it and there is a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION from the speaker which literally blasts the kid off his feet and into a set of shelves which collapse, covering him with books, tools, and junk! The blown speaker smokes.

ON THE RUBBLE

as the stunned kid regains his senses and looks around.

He's MARTY McFLY, 17, dressed in ~~ripped~~ jeans and a ~~flannel shirt/jean jacket~~.

Marty: Whoa... ~~that slaps~~ ~~rock and roll~~.

As Marty picks himself up, a huge ALARM BELL on the wall CLANGS. Marty runs over to the PHONE and answers it.

**Marty:** Yo!

**Doc (V.O. PHONE):** Marty, is that you?

**Marty:** Hey, hey, Doc, where are you?

**Doc (V.O. PHONE):** Thank god I found you.

**Marty:** What do you mean you found me, Doc, why didn't you just call my cell phone?

**Doc (V.O. PHONE):** Cell Phone, of course! Listen, can you meet me at Twin Pines Town Center Mall tonight at 1:15? I've made a major breakthrough, I'll need your assistance.

**Marty:** Wait a minute, wait a minute. 1:15 in the morning?

**Doc (V.O. PHONE):** Yeah.

**Marty:** What's going on? Where have you been all week?

**Doc (V.O. PHONE):** Working.

**Marty:** Where's ~~Hawking~~Einstein, is he with you?

**Doc (V.O. PHONE):** Yeah, he's right here.

**Marty:** You know, Doc, you left your equipment on all week.

**Doc (V.O. PHONE):** My equipment, that reminds me, Marty, you better not hook up to the amplifier. There's a slight possibility for overload.

**Marty:** Yeah, I'll keep that in mind.

**Doc (V.O. PHONE):** Good, I'll see you tonight. Don't forget, now, 1:15 a.m. Twin Pines ~~Town Center~~Mall.

**Marty:** Right.

Suddenly all of the clocks strike 8:00 at once: chimes, cuckoos, ~~and~~ digital beeps, ~~and~~ ringtones all toll in a bizarre cacophony.

**Doc (V.O. PHONE):** Are those my clocks I hear?

**Marty:** Yeah, it's 8:00.

**Doc:** They're late. My experiment worked. They're all exactly twenty-five minutes slow.

**Marty:** Wait a minute. Wait a minute, Doc. Are you telling me that it's 8:25?!

**Doc:** Precisely.

**Marty:** Damn. I'm late for school!

Marty hangs up. He puts his ~~airpods in WALKMAN headphones on,~~ ~~and~~ grabs his backpack. ~~and reaches down to retrieve his SKATEBOARD.~~  
Once again we see the ~~computer~~Plutonium case...but Marty doesn't.

## Act 1: scene 2

EXT. DOC'S GARAGE - DAY

The door opens, Marty jumps up onto the low brick wall next to the parking lot and starts running. throws his skateboard down and hops on. He hits "PLAY" on his iPhone the Walkman, and alt-rock music kicks in as MAIN TITLES BEGIN.

Marty does parkour out of skateboards past the garage---an architectural gem that has seen far better days---and vaults up onto the roof of past a Starbucks BURGER KING.¶

A TRUCK is pulling out---Marty grabs the back of it and hitches a tow down the street.

## Act 1: scene 3

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Marty continues is towed down another street, on his way toward Town Square and school, jumping from roof to roof, and wall to fence. As the truck he's on continues forward, Marty lets go and turns down an intersecting street.¶

## Act 1: scene 4

EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

TITLES CONTINUE as Marty parkourse skateboards through a town square that appears to be halfway gentrified has seen better days. We will particularly note:

The Dispensary with a pot leaf logo on the sign The Essex Adult MOVIE THEATER, featuring "Wet Teenage Sluts," all seats \$5.00.

The EV Charging Station where a well dressed man with a bluetooth earpiece talks on the phone and plugs in his car The modern self-serve TEXACO STATION, where an old lady gets no help as she pumps her own gas.

Lou's artisanal coffee shop and internet cafe Aerobic FITNESS CENTER, where 15 or 20 hipsters work on laptops and tablets and sip fancy beverages motley women are exercising in the window.

The BitCoin ATM with a line of Bros waiting BANK OF AMERICA, where customers wait in line at the VERSATELLER.

The Apple Store advertising the iPhone XS and XS Max "ASK MR. FOSTER TRAVEL" advertising "10 days in Hawaii."

A dilapidated "Welcome to Hill Valley" SIGN on the corner.

The MAIN SQUARE in front of the old COURTHOUSE, a parking lot for the Department of Social Services.

And the abandoned TOWN THEATER, all boarded up, with "Assembly of Christ" on the marquee.

Marty turns and continues along a brick wall hooks up on another vehicle and is towed along.

## Act 1: scene 5

EXT. HILL VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL

The front of the school has chipped paint and graffiti on the walls.

MARTY arrives, hops off the ~~fence~~skateboard, ~~kicks it up~~ and runs up the stairs. An

ATTRACTIVE GIRL rushes out toward him. She's JENNIFER PARKER, 17. The two of them are "an item."

**Marty:** Hey, Jennifer.

**Jennifer:** Marty, don't go this way. Strickland's looking for you. If you're caught it'll be four tardies in a row.

## Act 1: scene 6

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Jennifer peeks around the corner down the hall.

**Jennifer:** Alright, c'mon, I think we're safe.

**Marty:** Y'know this time it wasn't my fault. The Doc set all of his clocks twenty-five minutes slow.

**Voice (O.S.):** Doc? Am I to understand you're still hanging around with Doctor Emmett Brown, McFly?

They turn: it's MR. STRICKLAND, the stern, no-nonsense disciplinarian.

**Strickland:** 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 nickel's worth of advice, young man. This so called Doctor Brown is dangerous, he's a real nutcase. You hang around with him you're gonna end up in big trouble.

**Marty:** Oh, yes sir.

Clearly, Marty's looking forward to that kind of trouble.

**Strickland:** You got a real attitude problem, McFly. You're a slacker. You remind me of your father when he went here, he was a slacker too.

**Marty:** Can I go now, Mr. Strickland?

**Strickland:** I noticed your band is on the roster for dance auditions after school today. Why even bother Mcfly, you haven't got a chance, you're too much like your old man. No McFly ever amounted to anything in the history of Hill Valley.

**Marty:** Yeah, well history is gonna change.

## Act 1: Scene 7

INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY

CLOSE on a sign reading "AUDITIONS - Battle of the Bands."

JENNIFER PARKER, 17, stands at the side of the stage and gestures with crossed fingers and a hopeful expression.

The object of her attention is MARTY, on stage with his band, "The Pinheads." Marty acknowledges her.

Then he steps forward to address the dance committee.

**Audition Judge:** Next, please.

**Marty:** Alright, we're the pinheads.

They kick into a ~~grunge / punk-styled~~ ~~red-hot~~ number. Marty's ~~plays complicated crunchy chords with tons of distortion and growls nearly unintelligible lyrics into the microphone with his lips touching it~~ ~~finger-dance across the strings and frets in a complicated lead line.~~

He's terrific, and the band sounds great ~~if you're into that sort of music.~~

They get only about 25 seconds into the number when a VOICE calls out.

**Audition Judge (played by Dave Grohl):** Okay, that's enough. Now stop the microphone. I'm sorry fellas. I'm afraid ~~I can't understand a word you're singing~~ ~~you're just too darn loud.~~ Next, please. Where's the next group, please.

Marty and the group stop playing, exchanging bewildered glances.

## Act 1: Scene 8

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

AN ELECTION VEHICLE wipes the screen, with red white and blue bunting, proclaiming "RE-ELECT MAYOR 'GOLDIE' WILSON: ~~TRANSPARENCY~~ ~~HONESTY~~, ~~HOPE~~ ~~DECENCY~~, INTEGRITY" and a picture of the incumbent. Mayor Wilson is black, about 50, with a GOLD FRONT TOOTH. The truck broadcasts a campaign speech by the Mayor.

**Election Van:** Re-elect Mayor Goldie Wilson. ~~HOPE~~ ~~Progress~~ is his middle name.

MARTY and JENNIFER are walking together. She carries her schoolbooks; he has ~~a backpack-~~ ~~the skateboard.~~ And he's depressed.

**Marty:** ~~Unintelligible~~~~I'm too loud~~. I can't believe it. I'm never gonna get a chance to play in front of anybody.

**Jennifer:** Marty, one rejection isn't the end of the world.

**Marty:** Nah, I just don't think I'm cut out for music.

**Jennifer:** But you're good, Marty, you're really good. And this ~~recording~~~~audition tape~~ of yours is great, you gotta ~~put it up on soundcloud~~~~send it in to the record company~~. It's like Doc's always saying.

**Marty:** Yeah I know, If you put your mind to it you could accomplish anything.

**Jennifer:** That's good advice, Marty.

**Marty:** Alright, okay Jennifer. What if I ~~post it~~~~send in the tape~~ and ~~people~~~~they~~ 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:** C'mon, he's not that bad. At least he's letting you borrow the car tomorrow night.

Marty spots a ~~lifted Chevrolet Silverado fully outfitted with roll bar, fog lights, and off road tires~~~~tricked out 4x4 truck~~ on display in the town square parking lot.

**Marty:** Check out that ~~pickup truck~~~~four by four~~. That is ~~dank AF~~~~hot~~. Someday, Jennifer, 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:** Stop it.

**Marty:** What?

**Jennifer:** Does your mom know about tomorrow night?

**Marty:** No, get out of town, my mom thinks I'm going camping with the 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 the woman was born a nun.

They pause across from the former courthouse building.

**Jennifer:** She's just trying to keep you respectable.

**Marty:** Well, she's not doing a very good job.

They move closer...

**Jennifer:** Terrible...

They're about to kiss...

**Clock Woman (O.S.):** Save the clock tower!

Marty and Jennifer turn. A middle-aged ~~ACTIVISTCHURCH GROUP~~ TYPE WOMAN has a donation can and an armful of printed FLYERS.

**Clock Woman:** Save the clock tower. Mayor Wilson is sponsoring an initiative to replace that clock.

She points to the stopped clock on the old courthouse building.

**Clock Woman:** Thirty years ago, lightning struck that clock tower ~~blacking out the whole town for 2 hours and 47 minutes. 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:** ~~Alright Lady, I'll Venmo you, ok? Here you go, lady. There's a quarter.~~

Marty ~~Scans a QR code on the donation can with his iPhone and touches his screen, the Clock Lady's phone pings drops a quarter into her can~~ and Marty turns toward Jennifer again---but before he can move closer, the Clock Woman sticks a flier in front of his face.

**Woman:** Thank you, don't forget to take a flier.

Marty grabs the flier out of her hand.

**Marty:** Right.

**Woman:** Save the clock tower.

She moves along to bother someone else.

**Marty:** Where were we?

**Jennifer:** Right about here.



They move closer again as before, about to kiss...  
A CAR HORN HONKS LOUDLY. Jennifer turns away.

**Jennifer's Dad:** Jennifer.

**Jennifer:** It's my dad.

**Marty:** Right.

**Jennifer:** I've gotta go.

**Marty:** I'll call you tonight.

**Jennifer:** I'll be at my grandma's. ~~There's no cell service there, h~~Here, let me give you the number. Bye.

She writes something down on the back of the clock flier handout and gives it to him.  
Marty takes it and she hops into the waiting car. Marty watches it go. Then, looks at the paper Jennifer just gave him.

INSERT - NOTE

Along with the phone number, she's written "I love you".

MARTY smiles, then looks at the back of it---a reprint of a newspaper article about the clock tower. He folds it up and puts it in his pocket, and ~~runs off in the opposite direction~~ hops on his skateboard.

## Act 1: Scene 9

EXT. A ROAD - DUSK

~~A PICK-UP TRUCK cruises down the road with~~ MARTY is running, vaulting, and flipping from porch roof to porch roof along the one story houses. He comes to an intersection into a different neighborhood and jumps down into the street. ~~towed behind it on his skateboard.~~

~~As the truck passes an intersecting street, Marty lets go---that's where he's going.~~ A pair of dilapidated looking lion statues indicate the entrance to a subdivision: "Lyon's Estates." The lions are someone's failed idea of "class," and they're chipped, weathered, and covered with graffiti. Marty disappears behind them, and we HOLD a beat.

## Act 1: Scene 10

EXT. MCFLY HOME - DUSK

A WRECKER is in the McFly driveway with a ~~2012 Kia Sportage~~ 1979 Plymouth Reliant in tow: its front end is completely smashed, as if someone rammed it into a brick wall. The truck driver is unhitching it.

MARTY skateboards up to the scene and is shocked.

**Marty:** Perfect, just perfect.

Marty rushes into the house.

## **Act 1: Scene 11**

INT. MCFLY LIVING ROOM

Marty enters and sees BIFF TANNEN, an intimidating lout of 48, lambasting Marty's father, GEORGE McFLY, a timid man of 47.

**Biff:** I can't believe you loaned me a car, without telling me it had a blind spot. I could've been killed.

**George:** Now, now, Biff, now, I never noticed any blind spot before when I would drive it. Hi, son.

**Biff:** But, what are you blind McFly, it's there. How else do you explain that wreck out there?

**George:** Now, Biff, um, can I assume that your insurance is gonna pay for the damage?

**Biff:** My insurance, it's your car, your insurance should pay for it. Hey, I wanna know who's gonna pay for this? I spilled beer all over my jacket when that car smashed into me. Who's gonna pay my cleaning bill?

**George:** Uh?

**Biff:** And where's my reports?

**George:** Uh, well, I haven't finished those up yet, but you know I figured since they weren't due till-

**Biff:** Hello, hello, anybody home? Think, McFly, think. I gotta have time to **copy and paste them into the right forms and submit**~~get them re-typed~~. Do you realize what would happen if I **send**~~hand~~ in my reports **from**~~in~~ your **log-in**~~handwriting~~. I'll get fired. You wouldn't want that to happen would you? Would you?

**George:** Of course not, Biff, now I wouldn't want that to happen. Now, uh, I'll finish those reports up tonight, and I'll **send**~~run~~ 'em on over first thing tomorrow, alright?

**Biff:** Hey, not too early, I sleep in on Saturday. Oh, McFly, your shoe's untied.

GEORGE looks down and BIFF hits him in the chin. Biff laughs loudly.

**Biff:** Don't be so gullible, McFly. You got the place fixed up nice, McFly.

Biff opens the fridge and grabs a can out of it

**Biff:** I have your car towed all the way to your house and all you've got for me is light beer.

Biff heads toward the door and notices Marty staring at him.

**Biff:** What are you looking at, butthead. Say hi to your mom for me.

Biff leaves, and Marty turns back to George

**George:** I know what you're gonna say, son, and you're right, you're right, But Biff just happens to be my supervisor, and I'm afraid I'm not very good at confrontations.

**Marty:** The car, Dad, I mean He wrecked it, totaled it. I needed that car tomorrow night, Dad, I mean do you have any idea how important this was, do you have any clue?

**George:** I know, and all I could say is I'm sorry.

## Act 1: Scene 12

INT. AT THE MCFLY DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

The McFly family is dining on ~~take-out food from Uber Eats. meat loaf, Kraft macaroni and cheese, Bird's Eye mixed vegetables, and French's instant mashed potatoes.~~

Marty's mother, LORRAINE, 47, was once very attractive.

Now she's ~~gaunt and sun-damaged~~ **OVERWEIGHT**, in a rut, a victim of suburban stagnation.

She has ~~hardly any more food on her plate than anyone else,~~ and a ~~full to the brim~~ glass of ~~rose wine~~ **vodka**. ~~She gets up to answer the phone.~~

GEORGE has a ~~laptop~~ **papers** in front of him ~~as he munches on snacks instead of dinner instead of food:~~ he's doing the work Biff ~~dumped on~~ **gave** him. He's also glancing at the TV which is tuned to a ~~"Cheers/Honeymooners"~~ **"Cheers"** rerun.

Sister LINDA, 19, ~~wears a lot of make-up, trying to look like Kylie Jenner is cute but wears too much eye makeup;~~ brother DAVE, 29, wears a MCDONALD'S UNIFORM and is wolfing down his food.

**George:** Believe me, Marty, you're better off not having to worry about all the aggravation and headaches of playing at that dance.

**David:** He's absolutely right, Marty. The last thing you need is headaches.

Marty nods unenthusiastically.

Lorraine hangs up the phone and brings in a cake which says "Welcome Home Uncle Joey" with a black bird flying out of a barred prison window.

**Lorraine:** Kids, we're gonna have to eat this cake by ourselves, Uncle Joey didn't make parole again. I think it would be nice, if you all dropped him a line.

**Marty:** Uncle Jailbird Joey?

**David:** He's your brother, Mom.

**Linda:** Yeah, it's hi-key cringe. ~~I think it's a major embarrassment~~ having an uncle in prison.

**Lorraine:** We all make mistakes in life, children

**David:** God dammit, I'm late.

**Lorraine:** David, watch your mouth. You come here and kiss your mother before you go, come here.

**David:** C'mon, Mom, make it fast, my uber is here. ~~I'll miss my bus.~~ Hey see you tonight, Pop. *(kissing the top of his head)* Woo, time to change that oil.

**Linda:** Hey Marty, I'm not your ~~secretary answering service~~, but while you were outside pouting about the car, Jennifer Parker's been blowing up your phone, you better hit her back or she'll think you're ghosting her. ~~Jennifer Parker called you twice.~~

**Lorraine:** I don't like her, Marty. Any girl who ~~texts~~ calls a boy is just asking for trouble.

**Linda:** Oh Mom, there's nothing wrong with ~~DMing~~ calling a boy.

**Lorraine:** I think it's terrible. Girls chasing boys. When I was your age I never chased a boy, or called a boy, or sat in a parked car with a boy.

Linda rolls her eyes. She's heard this a million times.

**Linda:** Then how am I supposed to ever meet anybody.

**Lorraine:** Well, it will just happen. Like the way I met your father.

**Linda:** That was so stupid, Grandpa hit him with the car.

**Lorraine:** It was meant to be. Anyway, if Grandpa hadn't hit him, then none of you would have been born.

**Linda:** Yeah, well, I still don't understand what Dad was doing in the middle of the street.

**Lorraine:** What was it, George, bird watching?

**George:** What Lorraine, what?

**Lorraine:** Anyway, Grandpa hit him with the car and brought him into the house. He seemed so helpless, like a little lost puppy, my heart just went out for him.

**Linda:** Yeah Mom, we know, you've told us this story a million times. You felt sorry for him so you decided to go with him to The Fish Under The Sea Dance.

**Lorraine:** No, it was The Enchantment Under The Sea Dance. Our first date. It was the night of ~~the Hill Valley Blackout~~ ~~that terrible thunderstorm~~, remember George? ~~They wouldn't let anyone leave the dance because of the storm, so they put candles all over to light the room, it was so romantic.~~ 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.

## **Act 1: Scene 13**

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marty's walls are covered with posters of ~~grunge bands and extreme sports~~ ~~rock stars and cars~~ — particularly Toyota 4X4's. There is also ~~recording equipment, an electric guitar, a portable home synthesizer, a tape recorder,~~ and a stack of lead sheets.

It's almost 12:30. CAMERA PANS to pick up Marty lying asleep on the bed fully clothed. Now Marty's ~~cell~~ ~~CORDLESS PHONE~~ ~~vibrates~~ ~~beeps~~. Marty stirs and answers it.

**Marty:** Hello.

**Doc:** Marty, you didn't fall asleep, did you?

**Marty:** Uh Doc, uh no. No, don't be silly.

**Doc:** Listen, this is very important, I forgot my video camera, ~~Make sure you bring your GoPro to the mall with you~~ ~~could you stop by my place and pick it up on your way to the mall?~~

**Marty:** Um, yeah, I'm on my way.

## Act 1: Scene 14

EXT. TWIN PINES ~~TOWN CENTER MALL~~ PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS from the lit entrance sign, depicting 2 PINE TREES IN A ROW with "TWIN PINES ~~TOWN CENTER MALL~~" in lettering below (along with a digital clock at 1:18) to pick up MARTY vaulting over the sign on his skateboard with ~~airpods and iPhone and a GoPro strapped to his chest.~~ WALKMAN AND VIDEO CAMERA.

Marty runs skateboards around a corner of the ~~parking lot mall~~ and sees AN OVERSIZED STEP-VAN with a drop down tailgate (like a ramp) all by itself on the vast, ~~LED sodium vapor~~ lit parking lot. It's beat up, and has lettered on the side, "DR. E. BROWN ENTERPRISES - 24 HOUR SCIENTIFIC SERVICE."

A large DOG sits patiently beside it. The animal has a battery operated digital clock attached to its collar. There are a few boxes, some equipment and a suitcase nearby.

MARTY runs skateboards over to the truck and the dog.

**Marty:** ~~Hawking Einstein~~, hey ~~Hawking Einstein~~, where's the Doc, boy, huh? Doc

We hear ~~an beeping ENGINE REV UP~~ the truck engine?

The rear truck doors suddenly open and a ~~Tesla Model X SLEEK STAINLESS STEEL DELOREAN~~ drives down the drop down gate, onto the parking lot. It's been modified with coils and some wicked looking units on the rear of the car engine.

Marty stares at it in amazement.

The ~~Tesla DeLorean~~ pulls up to him and stops. The gull wing driver's door opens and out steps DR. EMMETT BROWN, "DOC", 65.

He's clad in a white ~~lab coat radiation suit, hood off~~. His hair is wild, his eyes are full of life and energy.

**Doc:** Marty, you made it.

**Marty:** Yeah.

**Doc:** Welcome to my latest experiment. This is the big one I've been waiting for all my life.

**Marty:** Um, well it's a ~~Tesla deLorean~~, right?

**Doc:** Bare with me, Marty, all of your questions will be answered. ~~Start recording Roll tape~~, we'll proceed.

**Marty:** Doc, ~~are those~~ — is that a de—

**Doc:** Never mind that now, never mind that now.

**Marty:** Alright, I'm ready.

Marty turns on the LED flash on the raises his GoPro the camera. Doc clears his throat and addresses the camera.

**Doc:** Good evening, I'm Doctor Emmett Brown. I'm standing in the parking lot of Twin Pines Town Center Mall. It's Saturday morning, October 26, 2018-1985, 1:18 a.m. and this is temporal experiment number one. C'mon, HawkyEiny, hey hey boy, get in there, that a boy, in you go, get down, that's it.

The dog obediently jumps in and sits in the driver's seat.  
Doc buckles him in with the shoulder harness.

**Marty:** Whoa, whoa, okay.

**Doc:** Please note that HawkingEinstein's clock is in complete synchronization with my control watch.

**Marty:** Right check, Doc.

**Doc:** Good. Have a good trip HawkingEinstein, watch your head.

Doc reaches in and starts the car ignition. The Tesla flashes that it is ready to drive DeLorean engine ROARS to Life. Brown turns on the headlights and lowers the gull wing door, sealing HawkingEinstein in.

He steps back and picks up a REMOTE CONTROL UNIT, similar to one for a radio controlled toy car. There are buttons labeled "Accelerator" and "Brake", a joystick, and an L.E.D. digital readout labeled "Miles Per Hour".

**Marty:** You have this thing hooked up to the car?

Doc flicks the power switch on and, using the accelerator button and joystick for steering, sends the TeslaDeLorean down to the far, far end of the parking lot. He turns the car around so that it's pointing toward them, silentidling.

**Doc:** Watch this. Not me, the car, the car. If my calculations are correct, when this baby hits eighty-eight miles per hour, you're gonna see some serious shit. Watch this, watch this.

Doc takes a deep breath, then pushes the accelerator button.  
The TeslaDeLorean takes off, smoothly acceleratingshifting gears automatically.  
The L.E.D. speedometer passes 30.  
The Electric stainless steel vehicle zooms faster...past 40...  
Marty is getting it all on videotape.

Doc watches intently. The speedometer climbs past 60.  
IN THE CAR, ~~Hawking Einstein~~ remains calmly in the driver's seat.  
Gauges and instrument lights mounted behind him begin flashing.  
Doc's finger holds the accelerator button down.  
The meter passes 75.  
The ~~Tesla DeLorean~~ keeps accelerating, approaching Marty and Brown. The coils mounted around the car begin glowing.  
The speedometer hits 85...86...87...88...  
The automobile is suddenly engulfed by a BLINDING WHITE GLOW-- then, BLAM! It's gone, a TRAIL OF FIRE left in its wake.  
Doc and Marty are hit by a sharp blast of air.  
Marty blinks in disbelief: it's as if the car never existed. Only the LICENSE PLATE is left behind---a vanity plate: "OUTATIME."

**Doc:** Ha, what did I tell you, eighty-eight miles per hour! The temporal displacement occurred at exactly 1:20 a.m. and zero seconds!

Marty reaches down to pick up the license plate

**Marty:** Hot, Jesus Christ, Doc. Jesus Christ, Doc, you disintegrated ~~Hawking Einstein~~!

**Doc:** Calm down, Marty, I didn't disintegrate anything. The molecular structure of ~~Hawking Einstein~~ and the car are completely intact.

**Marty:** Well then where in the hell are they.

**Doc:** The appropriate question is, when in the hell are they. ~~Hawking 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 catch up with him and the time machine.

**Marty:** Wait a minute, wait a minute, Doc, are you telling me that you built a time machine out of a ~~Tesla?!~~~~deLorean~~.

**Doc:** The way I see it, if you're gonna build a time machine into a car why not do it with some style. Besides, the ~~lithium-ion batteries made stainless, steel construction made~~ the flux dispersal – look out!

Suddenly, a SHARP BLAST OF WIND comes up out of nowhere, along with a DEAFENING SONIC BOOM--- and the ~~TESLA DELOREAN~~ REAPPEARS right where it vanished, still going 88 m.p.h.  
DOC hits the brake button.  
The car wheels lock up and the ~~Tesla DeLorean~~ comes to a SCREECHING HALT, smoke pouring off the body.



Doc and Marty rush over to the car. Brown approaches cautiously and reaches for the door handle. He touches it and recoils in pain.

**Marty:** What, what is it hot?

**Doc:** It's cold, damn cold.

Doc raises the driver's side door: there sits HawkingEinstein, none the worse for wear. Doc again compares his watch with HawkingEinstein's. HawkingEinstein's reads 1:20:15 Brown's is 1:21:15

**Doc:** Ha, ha, ha, HawkingEinstein, you little devil. HawkingEinstein's clock is exactly one minute behind mine, and still ticking.

**Marty:** He's alright.

Doc unbuckles the shoulder harness, and HawkingEinstein bounds out, happy and playful. Doc gives the dog a milk bone reward.

**Doc:** He's fine, and he's completely unaware that anything happened. As far as he's concerned the trip was instantaneous. That's why HawkingEinstein'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.

Marty is still a bit skeptical, uneasy. Doc waves him over, like a kid who wants to show off a new toy. Marty approaches cautiously.

**Doc:** First, you turn the time circuits on.

Doc flips the labeled switch. An array of indicator lights go on inside.

**Doc:** This readout tells you where you're going, this one tells you where you are, this one tells you where you were.

The three readouts are respectively labeled "DESTINATION TIME," "PRESENT TIME" and "LAST TIME DEPARTED."

**Doc:** You input the destination time on this tabletkeypad. Say, you wanna see the signing of the declaration of independence

He punches 7-4-1776. The "DESTINATION TIME" readout Lights up with the date.

**Doc:** or witness the birth of Christ.

He punches in 12-25-0000.

**Doc:** Here's a red-letter date in the history of science, November 5, ~~1988~~1955.

He pauses, realizing something---as if something suddenly makes sense to him.

**Doc:** Yes, of course, November 5, ~~1988~~1955.

**Marty:** What, I don't get what happened.

**Doc:** That was the day I invented time travel. I remember it vividly. I was standing on the edge of my toilet hanging a clock, the porcelain 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.

Doc points to a particular centerpiece unit mounted inside the ~~Tesla~~DeLorean.

Marty ~~angles his GoPro~~aims the video camera and gets it on ~~videotape~~. He continues ~~recording-~~taping as Dr. Brown explains.

**Doc:** This is what makes time travel possible. The flux capacitor.

**Marty:** The flux capacitor.

**Doc:** It's taken me almost thirty years and my entire family fortune to realize the vision of that day, my god has it been that long. ~~I was a computer science professor at Hill Valley Technical Institute back then, we had just gotten our first Cray Supercomputer installed.~~ 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:** This is uh, this is ~~dank~~heavy-duty, Doc, this is great. Uh, does it ~~just use, like,~~ regular GPS~~run on just the regular batteries regular unleaded gasoline?~~

**Doc:** Unfortunately no, ~~regular civilian GPS isn't accurate enough, it requires something with more precision and accuracy, plus historical DoD Data. it requires something with a little more kick, plutonium.~~

**Marty:** Uh, ~~DoD Data~~plutonium, wait a minute, are you telling me that this sucker's ~~military~~nuclear?

**Doc:** Hey, hey, keep ~~streamingrolling~~, keep ~~streamingrolling~~ there. No, no, no, no, this sucker's ~~civilian~~electrical. But I need the military's 1 meter resolution time-correlated geo-spatial data in order to make the vector calculations for the jump or else we could

end up inside a mountain or on the wrong side of the solar system or something. ~~a nuclear reaction to generate the one point twenty one gigawatts of electricity that I need.~~

**Marty:** Doc, you don't just ~~go on google and download military-grade databases~~ ~~walk into a store and ask for plutonium.~~ Did you ~~hack the federal government~~ ~~rip this off?~~

**Doc:** Of course, ~~a group of Syrian Rebels wanted me to program their drones with high resolution data, so I kept the databases for myself and used regular google earth data for their drones. from a group of Libyan Nationalists. They wanted me 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:** Jesus.

**Doc:** ~~Here let's program my next trip~~ ~~Let's get you into a radiation suit, we must prepare to reload.~~

**Doc:** Really any smartphone or tablet should be sufficient to perform the 1.21 Gigaflaps calculations needed to lay-in the trip to the onboard navigation. ~~Safe now, everything's let lined. Don't you lose those tapes now, we'll need a record.~~

Doc plugs his phone into a USB cable under the main display and does something on the screen - the display shoes geo-spatial route with some complicated mobius-strip like geometry overlaid. A green check comes up over the image and Doc unplugs his phone.

**Doc:** There, all set -- Wup, wup, I almost forgot my luggage. Who knows if they've got cotton underwear in the future. I'm allergic to all synthetics.

Doc grabs his suitcase and puts it in the trunk.

**Marty:** The future, it's where you're going?

**Doc:** That's right, twenty five years into the future. I've always dreamed of 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:** Uh, Doc?

**Doc:** Huh?

**Marty:** Uh, look me up when you get there.

**Doc:** Indeed I will,; ~~keep recording~~ ~~roll on.~~ I, Doctor Emmett Brown, am about to embark

on an historic journey. What have I been thinking of, I almost forgot to bring my smartphones ~~some extra plutonium~~. How did I ever expect to calculate the return trip? Who knows if they will still even have USB-C connections in 2048 ~~get back, one pallet one trip I must be out of my mind~~.

Suddenly, ~~Hawking Einstein~~ starts BARKING at something.

**Doc:** What is it ~~Hawky Ein~~?

Doc turns, and reacts with horror to an APPROACHING PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS: it's an ominous VAN.

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

**Marty:** Who, who?

**Doc:** Who do you think, the ~~Syrians! Libyans~~.

The van side door slides open and a ~~SYRIAN FREEDOM FIGHTERS~~ ~~SWARTHY CHARACTER~~ ~~who resembles Yasser Arafat~~ leans out with an AK 47 submachine gun. He OPENS FIRE.

**Marty:** Holy shit.

**Doc:** Run for it Marty!.

Doc runs into his truck, rummages around, and comes out with a .45 revolver. He tries to fire at the van, but the gun won't work. He then tries to run around the other side of the truck.

~~Hawking Einstein~~ watches from inside Doc's truck.

The ~~Rebel terrorist~~ van SCREECHES around sharply and cuts Doc off on the opposite side. The ~~rebel terrorist~~ FIRES a machine gun blast.

**Marty:** Doc!

The ~~Rebel Terrorist~~ gunner screams a ~~Syrian Libyan~~ curse, then FIRES a burst at Brown.

The bullets rip into Brown's chest and the scientist goes down.

Marty stands frozen in horror, ~~GoPro video camera~~ still ~~shining brightly in hand~~.

**Marty:** No, bastards!

As if hearing Marty, the van makes a U-turn: it's coming for Marty!

Marty looks around. He's out in the open, and has only one chance: The ~~Tesla DeLorean~~.

Marty dashes for it. ~~We see his iPhone clatter to the ground as he dives into the Car~~.

The ~~Syrian Libyan~~ gunner takes aim and pulls the trigger, but the weapon jams. He jerks the mechanism trying to unjam it.

He swears in ~~Syrian~~Libyan.

~~Syrian~~Libyan: Go. Go.

INT. ~~TESLA~~DELOREAN

Marty swings the door shut, then looks over the array of ~~Control~~switches and buttons on the ~~Tablet console~~ with frightened bewilderment: how do you start this thing?

Then he spots the ~~keys in the ignition~~push button start on the ~~console~~steering column, just like any other ~~modern~~ car. He turns it ~~on~~it over and shifts into first. And He floors it.

THE CHASE

The ~~Tesla speeds~~DeLorean roars off!

The van gives chase.

INT. ~~TESLA~~ DELOREAN- INSERT

The speedometer approaches 40.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - ON THE VAN

The ~~Rebel Terrorist~~Gunner leans out of the van and takes aim.

INT. MOVING ~~TESLA~~DELOREAN

MARTY looks into the side view mirror.

MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU SIDE VIEW MIRROR of the ~~Syrian~~Libyan gunner taking aim.

INT. ~~TESLA~~DELOREAN- INSERT

The speedometer climbs past 50.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - THE MOVING VAN

The gunner FIRES.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - THE MOVING ~~TESLA~~DELOREAN

Bullets rip into the parking lot just behind the speeding ~~Tesla~~DeLorean.

INT. MOVING ~~TESLA~~DELOREAN

Marty has the pedal to the metal.

**Marty:** C'mon, more, dammit. Jeez.

INSERT - The speedometer hits 75.

ON MARTY - Marty again checks the side view mirror.

MARTY'S P.O.V. THRU SIDE VIEW MIRROR

The van is still keeping up.

The Syrian leans out the window with a rocket launcher

INT. MOVING ~~TESLA~~DELOREAN

**Marty:** Holy shit!

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - THE MOVING VAN

The Rocket Launcher Misses the ~~Tesla~~ DeLorean and obliterates a ~~Starbucks~~a photo kiosk

**Marty:** Let's see if you bastards can do ninety.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT

The ~~Tesla DeLorean~~ continues accelerating.

The van continues pursuit, but begins to lose ground.

INT. MOVING DELOREAN

INSERT - The speedometer passes 85!

ON MARTY - Gauges and indicators light up behind Marty's head, just as they did before

~~Hawking Einstein~~ traveled through time--the flux capacitor is about to kick in!

INSERT - The speedometer climbs...86...87...88---

INT. MOVING ~~TESLA DELOREAN~~, BEHIND MARTY, THRU THE WINDSHIELD

The ~~town center mall~~ parking lot is suddenly changed into an OPEN FIELD with a SCARECROW in the middle of it!

Marty is speeding toward it at 88 miles an hour---he hits it! The scarecrow's face is hideously smashed against the windshield.

INT. MOVING ~~TESLA DELOREAN~~ - MARTY can't see.

He's completely disoriented.

INT. MOVING DELOREAN - (PROCESS)

The scarecrow head falls off the ~~Tesla DeLorean~~, revealing that Marty's heading toward an open barn.

**Marty:** Ahh! Ahh!

EXT. FARM FIELD AND BARN - NIGHT

The ~~Tesla DeLorean~~ speeds right into the OPEN BARN.

We hold on the barn exterior---we hear a CRASH; hay and dust are kicked up out the door...then a CRACK OF WOOD-- and A LARGE SECTION OF THE BARN ROOF CAVES IN!

We hold on the barn. We hear a DOG start BARKING.

## Act 1: Scene 15

EXT. NEARBY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A light goes on in the nearby FARMHOUSE. Now, FARMER PA PEABODY, 45, comes out in his pajamas, carrying a ~~flashlight~~lantern. Behind him is his wife, MA; their 14 year old ~~daughter~~ **NELL**DAUGHTER, and lively 11 year old son SHERMAN.

They approach the barn and cautiously enter through the rear doors.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The Peabodies stare in open-mouthed astonishment:

The ~~sleek stainless steel~~ vehicle faces them head on, **LED** headlight beams shining through the dust. With its wheels buried in the straw and amber hazard lights blinking, it looks like a SPACE SHIP!

The COWS in the barn don't seem to care much, but Ma and Pa look up at the hole where the roof caved in, then exchange an uneasy look.

**Ma:** Pa, what is it? What is it, Pa?

**Pa:** Looks like a ~~monorail~~ ~~airplane~~, without ~~tracks~~ ~~wings~~.

**Sherman:** That ain't no ~~monorail~~ ~~spaceship~~ ~~airplane~~, look.

~~ff~~

~~Sherman shows his father a comic-book with an alien spaceship on the cover~~

The driver's gull wing door rises slowly...just like a hatch.

Pa motions them all back. They watch expectantly, uneasily, with expressions of curiosity mixed with fear.

Now Marty steps out, dazed---he's ~~still got the GoPro strapped to his chest and airpods in his ears with blinking LED lights, his sunglasses have fallen down into place on his face. in the~~ radiation suit, and the HOOD IS DOWN, giving him the appearance of an alien!

**Ma & Pa:** Ahh!

**Pa:** Children...

~~ff~~

~~Marty turns off the GoPro~~

**Marty:** Listen, woh. Hello, uh excuse me. Sorry about your barn.

**Son:** It's ~~the Terminator! already mutated into human form~~, shoot it!:

Pa raises his shotgun-- he's nervous and unsteady. He \* FIRES!  
Buckshot cracks into the barn wall behind Marty.

**Pa:** Take that you ~~Terminatin' mutated~~ son-of-a-bitch.

He squeezes off the second barrel!

Shot explodes in the dirt near Marty's feet! He dashes back into the barn!

Pa breaks the gun and reloads.

Now the ~~TESLA DELOREAN~~ THUNDERS OUT of the barn!

Pa Peabody jumps back!

The car spins around in the barnyard, and smashes through a white picket fence surrounding 2 NEWLY PLANTED PINE TREES IN A LINE, just Like on the sign at "TWIN PINES ~~TOWN CENTER~~ MALL." The ~~Tesla DeLorean~~ takes out one of the small trees, then finds the dirt access road and ROARS AWAY.

**Pa:** My pine! Why yo! You ~~Robot~~ ~~space~~ bastard, you killed my pine.

Pa FIRES both barrels at the departing vehicle---and blows his own mailbox to shreds.