

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Written by

Robert Zemeckis & Bob Gale

FOURTH DRAFT
Revised 10-12-84
with pink revisions
of 10-21-84

(Obviously, the tipped-in pink sheets that are a typical indication of revised pages or pages containing revisions within a script are not here. Lines and scenes containing the revisions of 10-21-84 are marked at the end of the line by an asterisk, as is also shown in the script itself.)

60 EXT. DR. BROWN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

60

The house at 1640 Riverside Drive is huge, beautiful. Marty checks the address against the phone book page: it matches.

He recognizes the garage as the same one as we saw in 1985, except in much better shape. (In 1985, the house has been torn down and a fast food stand put up.)

Marty rushes to the front door of the house.

61 EXT. BROWN'S FRONT DOOR - CLOSER ANGLE

61

Marty runs up and pounds on the door knocker.

We hear a BARKING DOG from within; then YOUNG DOCTOR BROWN opens the door. He's wearing an OUTRAGEOUS CONTRAPTION on his head, a bizarre conglomeration of vacuum tubes, rheostats, gauges, wiring and antennas; but there can be no doubt that it's the same Dr. Brown, some 30 years younger. Beside him is another DOG.

Marty stares at Brown's weird head gear. Brown yanks him inside. *

61-A INT. BROWN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

61-A*

BROWN

Don't say a word!

(to the barking dog)

Quiet, Copernicus! Down, boy!

Brown attaches a suction cup to Marty's forehead which is connected to a wire into Brown's contraption.

MARTY

Dr. Brown, I really---

BROWN

No, don't tell me anything: I'm going to read your thoughts.

Marty indulges him. Brown flips a switch on his "Brain Wave Analyzer." Tubes hum to life, and sparks jump from antenna to antenna. Brown concentrates, as if he's picking up brain waves.

BROWN

Let's see now...you've come here... from a great distance....

CONTINUED

61-A CONTINUED

Marty nods, wondering if maybe the thing does work.

BROWN (continuing)
...because you...want me...to buy a
subscription to Saturday Evening
Post!

MARTY
No---

BROWN
Don't tell me!
(takes another moment)
Donations! You're collecting donations
for the Coast Guard Youth Auxiliary!

MARTY
No.

BROWN
Are you here because you want to use
the bathroom?

MARTY
Dr. Brown, listen: I'm from the
future. I came here in a time
machine you invented---and now I
desperately need you to help me get
back to the year 1985.

Brown stares at him in utter amazement for a moment.

BROWN
My God. Do you know what this means?

He pauses dramatically, then removes the contraption from
his head.

BROWN
That means that this damned thing
doesn't work at all!
(throws the machine down)
6 months labor for nothing! Where
did I go wrong?

MARTY
Dr. Brown, you've gotta help me!
You're the only one in the world who
knows how your time machine works!

Brown knits his brow and rubs a BANDAGE ON HIS FOREHEAD.

CONTINUED

BROWN

Time machine? I haven't invented any time machine.

MARTY

You will. Look, I'll prove it to you...

(pulls out his wallet,
shows contents)

Look, here's my driver's license. Expires 1987. See my birthdate? I haven't even been born yet!

(pulls out a color snapshot)

Here's a picture of me, my sister and my brother. Look at her sweatshirt: it says "Class of '84."

Brown looks the items over.

BROWN

Pretty mediocre photographic fakery---they cut off your brother's head.

MARTY

Please, Doc, you've gotta believe me! I'm telling the truth!

BROWN

Then tell me, "future boy," who's the President of the United States in 1985?

MARTY

Ronald Reagan.

BROWN

Ronald Reagan, the actor?

Marty nods. Brown rolls his eyes. *

BROWN

And who's the Vice President? Jerry Lewis? That's the most insane thing I've ever heard. *

Brown picks up the Brainwave Analyzer blueprints and rushes out the back door. *

A beat, then Marty runs after him. *

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

62 EXT. BROWN'S HOUSE & GARAGE (PASADENA) - NIGHT 62*

Brown runs across the lawn, toward the garage, with the Brainwave Analyzer blueprints in hand.

Marty chases after him. Brown's Packard is parked in the driveway.

BROWN

I suppose Jane Wyman is first lady,
and Jack Benny is Secretary of the
Treasury.

63 EXT. BROWN'S GARAGE DOOR (STAGE) - NIGHT 63*

Brown runs up to the garage door and opens it. Marty comes up behind him.

MARTY

Please, Doc, listen to me!

Brown turns around and faces him.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

BROWN

I've had enough of your practical jokes
for one evening. Good night, "Future Boy."

Brown slams the door in his face. We hear it lock.

Marty stands there for a moment, then gets an idea. He
yells at the closed door.

MARTY

Dr. Brown---that bruise on your head!
I know how you got it! It happened
this morning! You fell off your toilet
and hit your head on the sink! And then
you came up with the idea of the
Flux Capacitor, which is the heart
of the Time Machine!

After a moment, we hear the door unlock. Brown opens the
door, looks at Marty with new interest and rubs his
bandaged head.

MARTY

Doc, how else could I know that
unless I was from the future?

BROWN

Take me to this time machine.

64-A64 OMITTED

64-A64

CUT TO:

B64 EXT. 1955 LYON'S GATES - NIGHT

B64*

Marty and Brown climb out of Doc's PACKARD with
flashlights. Marty leads Doc toward the hidden DeLorean.

MARTY

There's something wrong with the
starter, so I hid it back here.

The abandoned DeLorean is suddenly illuminated by
approaching FLASHLIGHT BEAMS.

Brown gasps upon seeing the vehicle. He looks it over
with amazement. Now he pulls a folded paper out of
his pocket.

CONTINUED