

BACK TO THE FUTURE

PART 3

Produced by Bob Gale & Neil Canton
Screenplay by Robert Zemeckis & Bob Gale
Directed by Robert Zemeckis
Transcribed by Mike Mahoney

It's 10.03pm. The Marty from the first film (called 1955 Marty here) is about to get sent back to the future. Cut to Doc at the clocktower. He's on it holding the cables. He watches the DeLorean from the first movie approach the clocktower. Doc finishes connecting everything and then slides down the rope.

Doc: Argh!

Cut to 1955 Marty in the DeLorean. The DeLorean hits 88mph and lets off blue flashes - it's about ready to travel through time.

1955 Marty: Doc!

Cut to Doc. Doc gets the cable out of the branch. The clock turns to 10.04. Lightning strikes it, and the lightning causes electricity to go down the cables, which Doc reconnects just in time, getting himself a slight electric shock as he does so.

Doc: Ahh!

The lightning enters the flux capacitor. 1955 Marty gets sent back to 1985. Doc dances with delight because the experiment was successful.

Doc: Yoo! Ha, ha, ha!

And then he turns to the Courthouse. After looking at it, he turns to his car - and 1985 Marty (the one we've been following through Part 2) comes running up to him.

Marty: Doc! Doc! Doc!

Doc: What?

Marty: Doc!

Doc turns and sees Marty.

Doc: Argh! A ghost!

Marty: OK, relax Doc, it's me, it's me, it's Marty!

Doc: No it can't be you...I just sent you back to the future!

Marty: I know, you did send me back to the future, but I'm back, I'm back from the future!

Doc: Great Scott!

He faints, and Marty bends down to tend to him.

Marty: Doc. C'mon.

CREDITS FOR PART 3.

Marty drives Doc home, back to Doc's mansion. He gets the still unconscious Doc out of the car and takes him inside.

Next morning Marty and Doc are sleeping. Marty is in the chair with his feet on the hoverboard, and he's put Doc on the couch. Doc's letter from 1885 is near the fireplace, drying. The TV has been on all night, and now programmes are just about to start as a show appears.

TV Announcer: (v.o) Hey kids, what time is it?

TV Kids: Howdy Doody time! (singing) It's Howdy Doody time, it's Howdy Doody time..

Doc gets up and clutches his head.

Doc: Great Scott! Ooh...Howdy Doody time?

Doc gets his tape recorder and starts speaking into it.

Doc: Date, Sunday, November 13th 1955 7.01am. Last night's time travel experiment was apparently a complete success. Lightning struck the clock tower at precisely 10.04pm sending the necessary 1.21 gigawatts into the time vehicle, which vanished in a brilliant flash of light leaving a pair of fire trails behind. I therefore assumed that Marty and the time vehicle were transported forward through time into the year 1985. After that...after that...I can't recall what happened. I don't even remember how I got home! Perhaps the gigawatt discharge coupled with the temporal displacement field generated by the time vehicle caused a disruption of my own brain waves resulting in a condition of temporary amnesia. Indeed I now recall the moments after the time vehicle disappeared ... into the future ... I saw a vision of Marty saying, "I've come back from the future."

During the next line, Marty awakens and gets up. Doc doesn't see him.

Doc: Undoubtedly this was some sort of -

Marty: Hey Doc. Doc.

Marty grins at Doc. Doc turns around, sees Marty and screams.

Doc: Argh! Argh! Argh!

Doc steps backwards from Marty, but the hoverboard is there. Doc trips over it and falls backwards onto his piano. His elbow lands on some keys which cause a sinister sounding chord to play.

Marty: Doc, calm down, OK? Just calm down, it's me, it's Marty.

Doc: No! It can't be you I just sent you back to the future!!

Marty: But I came back from the future, remember? Last night you fainted... I brought you home.

Doc: This can't be happening! You can't be here! It doesn't make sense! I don't believe you are here.

Doc runs into his bathroom and slams the door. Marty speaks to Doc through the door.

Marty: I am here, and it does make sense. I came back to 1955 with the you from 1985 to get a book back from Biff. So once we got the book back, you - that is the you from 1985 - were in the DeLorean when it got struck by lightning and you got sent back to 1885!

Doc opens the door.

Doc: 1885? It's a very interesting story, future boy, but there's one little thing that doesn't make sense. If the me of the future is now in the past, how could you possibly know about it?

Marty: You sent me a letter.

Marty shows Doc the letter. A few minutes later, Doc is reading it.

Doc: *(reading)* "Dear Marty: If my calculations are correct, you will receive this letter immediately after you saw the DeLorean struck by lightning. First, let me assure you that I am alive and well. I have been living happily these past eight months in the year 1885. The lightning bolt that hit the DeLorean caused a gigawatt 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." *(To Marty)* It actually flew?

Marty: Yeah, well, you had a hover conversion done in the early 21st century.

Doc: Incredible! *(re: letter)* "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!"

Doc turns to Marty.

Doc: 1885! Amazing. I actually end up as a blacksmith in the Old West.

Marty: Pretty heavy, huh?

Doc turns back to the letter.

Doc: *(reading)* "I have buried the DeLorean in the Del Gato mine adjacent to the old Boot Hill Cemetery as shown on the enclosed map. Hopefully it will 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 you can drive it back to the future. Once you have returned to 1985, destroy the time machine." Destroy it?

During the following Marty is examining the toy car Doc used in the first movie in the demonstration of how he planned to send Marty back to 1985.

Marty: Yeah, well, it's a long story, Doc.

Doc: *(reading)* "Do not - 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, and I fear that unnecessary time travel only risks further disruption of the space-time continuum. And please take care of - Einstein for me." Einstein?

Marty: He's your dog, Doc - Einstein - it's what you call your dog in 1985.

Marty walks over to a chess set, which Copernicus (Doc's 1955 dog) is sitting in front of, and moves a piece. Doc smirks at the mention of Einstein and continues reading.

Doc: *(reading)* "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 them 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 will think on you with fond memories, warm feelings and a special place in my heart. Your friend in time, 'Doc' Emmett L. Brown." This says September 1st, 1885. I never knew I could write anything so touching.

Marty: I know, I know Doc, it's beautiful.

Copernicus starts to whine. Doc goes over to him.

Doc: Oh, it's all right, Copernicus! Everything's going to be fine.

Marty: I'm sorry, Doc, it's all my fault you're stuck back there. I never should've let Biff get to me.

Doc: There are plenty worse places to be than the Old West. I could've ended up in the Dark Ages. They probably would've burned me at the stake as a heretic or something. Let's look at the map. It says here the time vehicle is buried here in a side tunnel. We may have to blast.

Cut to Boot Hill Cemetery. An old mineshaft, just like 1985 Doc in 1885 mentioned in his letter, can be seen. Nearby are a few tombstones. Dynamite blows and Marty, Doc and Copernicus, safely hidden away, cover their ears.

Marty: Whoa. I think you woke up the dead with that blast.

Doc: Take this camera. I want to document everything!

Inside, Marty and Doc try to find the DeLorean.

Doc: This reminds me of the time I attempted to reach the centre of the earth. I'd be reading my favorite author, Jules Verne. I spent weeks preparing for the expedition, I didn't even get this far. Of course, I was only 12 at the time. It was the writings of Jules Verne that had a profound effect on my life. I was 11 when I first read "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." That's when I realised that I must devote my life into science.

Marty notices a little alcove. It's covered with wooden planks, one of which has the letters ELB marked on it.

Marty: Doc...check it out...look at this.

Doc: My initials - just like in "Journey To The Center of the Earth"! That means the time machine must be right through this wall.

Doc and Marty chop through the planks and rocks. They get through and see the DeLorean, covered in a sheet. Doc sighs with astonishment.

Doc: It's been buried here for 70 years, 2 months, and 13 days. Astounding.

Later, Marty and Doc are repairing the time machine. Marty is reading 1985 Doc in 1885's instructions. Doc stares at some parts through a magnifying glass.

Marty: "...As you can see, the lightning bolt shorted out the time circuit control microchip. The attached sh...sh..."

Doc: Schematic.

Marty: "...schematic diagram will allow you to build a replacement unit with the 1955 components, thus restoring the time machine to perfect working order."

Doc: Unbelievable, that his piece of junk could be such a big problem. No wonder this circuit failed - it says, "Made in Japan."

Marty: What do you mean, Doc? All the best stuff is made in Japan.

Doc: Unbelievable!

That night, Marty and Doc are back at the cave with a tow truck which they're loading stuff onto.

Doc: You know, when I was a kid I always wanted to be a cowboy. Now, knowing I'll spend 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 go to the library and look myself up in the old newspaper archives?

Marty: I don't know, Doc, you're the one whose always saying, you know, it's not too good to know too much about your own destiny.

Doc: You're right, Marty. I know too much already. Better that I not attempt to uncover the circumstances of my own... future. Copernicus! Come home boy!

Marty: I'll get him Doc. Copernicus!

Copernicus, off stage, is whining.

Marty: Come on, let's go home, boy.

Copernicus whines again.

Marty: What's wrong? What's wrong, Copernicus, come on, let's go home. Come on.

Copernicus is standing in front of a gravestone. Marty puts the flashlight onto it, but doesn't notice what the audience can clearly see - "Here Lies Emmett Brown, Died, September 7th, 1885. Erected in eternal memory by his beloved Clara." Marty walks off, stops, turns back, and reads the writing.

Marty: Doc! Doc! Come here! Quick!

Doc comes over.

Doc: What's wrong, Marty? You look like you've seen a ghost.

Marty: You're not far off, Doc. Look at this.

Doc reads the gravestone and clutches his chest.

Doc: Oh! Great Scott!

Marty: Check this out. *(reading)* "Died, September 7th, 1885." *(to Doc)* That's one week after you wrote the letter!
(reading) "Erected in eternal memory by his beloved Clara."

Marty stand up.

Marty: Who the hell is Clara??!!

Doc: Marty, please don't stand there!!

Marty: Oh, right, sorry. I gotta get another picture.

Marty takes a picture of the tombstone.

Doc: *(reading)* "...shot in the back by Buford Tannen over a matter of 80 dollars!" What kind of a future do you call that?

In the library, Marty reads through some old newspapers and Doc is searching for more information on September 1885.

Marty: *(reading)* "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 that he had killed 12 men, not including Indians or Chinamen."

Doc: Does it mention me? Am I one of the 12?

Marty: Just a minute. *(reading)* "However, this claim can not be substantiated since precise records were not kept after Tannen shot a newspaper editor after printing an unfavourable story about him in 1884." That's why we can't find anything.

Doc has found a book of old pictures. He shows Marty one,

Doc: Look ... the William McFly family. Your relatives?

Marty: My great-grandfather's name was William.

Marty lays his finger over photograph of William (posed by Michael J Fox)

Marty: That's him. Good looking guy.

Doc: McFlies...but no Browns!

Marty: Look, Doc, maybe it was mistake. Maybe that grave wasn't yours. There could've been another Emmett Brown back in 1885. Did you have any relatives here back then?

Doc: The Browns came to America in 1908, and then they were the Von Brauns. My father changed our name in World War I.

Marty: Doc! Look!

Marty has found a picture of Doc in front of the "new clock" (the one that is now stuck at 10.04). It's dated September 5th 1885.

Doc: Oh! Great Scott! It's me! Then it is true. All of it. It is me who goes back there - and gets shot.

Marty: 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.

Cut to an Indian themed drive in outside Hill Valley. Doc is preparing the DeLorean. Marty is getting changed.

Doc: The clothes fit?

Marty: *(o.s)* Yeah! Everything except the boots, Doc. They're kind of tight! I dunno, are you sure this stuff is authentic?

Doc: Of course. Haven't you ever seen a Western?

Marty comes out. He's wearing a pink outfit that would look very out of place in 1885.

Marty: Yeah, I have Doc, but Clint Eastwood never wore anything like this.

Doc: Clint who?

Marty: That's right....

Marty gestures toward the movie posters. One of them, Revenge Of The Creature, starred Clint Eastwood in a small uncredited role!

Marty: *(continued)* ...you haven't heard of him yet.

Doc looks at Marty's feet. He still has his Nikes on.

Doc: Marty, you have to wear the boots. You can't wear those futuristic things in 1885. You shouldn't even be wearing them in 1955.

Marty: All right, Doc, look. Once I get there I'll put them on, I promise.

Doc: OK, 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. Oh, and what about that floating device?

Marty: Hoverboard.

Doc: Alright.

Doc puts the hoverboard in the DeLorean.

Marty: You know Doc, it's gonna be a hell of long walk back to Hill Valley from here.

Doc: It's still the safest plan. After all, we can't risk sending you back to a populated area, or to a spot that's geographically unknown. You don't want to crash into some tree that once existed in the past. This is all completely open country! So you'll have plenty of run-out space when you arrive. Remember where you're going there are no roads. There's a small cave over there which will be a perfect place to hide the time vehicle. Well, the new time circuit control tubes are warmed up!

Doc starts the DeLorean.

Doc: Time circuits on. I wrote the letter on September 1st, so we'll send you back the very next day. September 2nd, that's a Wednesday. September 2nd, 1885, 8am.

Doc inputs the date and time.

Doc: I get shot on Monday the 7th, so you have 5 days to locate me. According to my letter I'm a blacksmith, so I probably have a shop somewhere. All you have to do is drive the time vehicle directly towards that screen accelerating at 88 miles per hour.

Marty looks at the screen. Underneath is a mural of Indians.

Marty: Wait a minute, Doc. If I drive straight towards the screen, I'll crash into those Indians.

Doc: Marty. You're not thinking 4th dimensionally! You'll instantly be transported to 1885, and those Indians won't even be there.

Marty: Right.

Doc: Well, good luck, for both of our sakes. See you in the future.

Doc pats Marty on his shoulder.

Marty: You mean the past.

Doc: Exactly!

Doc runs to the building with a pistol. It's the same pistol he used in 1985 to try and shoot the Libyans in Part 1.

Doc: Happy trails Marty! Ready Marty?

Marty: Ready!

Doc: Set!

Marty: Hi ho silver.

Doc pulls the trigger and Marty sets off.

Doc: Viya con dios!

Just before he hits the screen and the mural of Indians, he travels through time.

Marty arrives in 1885, only to see a tribe of real Indians heading towards him.

Marty: Indians! Argh!

Marty turns around and heads away from them, but they are chasing him. Marty spots the cave Doc mentioned in 1955.

Marty: The cave!

Marty drives the DeLorean into the cave as the Indians leap over it. They seem to be riding away from something. Marty gets out and discovers what they were riding away from...

Marty: Shit, the cavalry!

Marty runs back into the cave as the Cavalry ride past. They don't see him. Once it is safe, Marty checks the DeLorean. There is an arrow in the side of the car.

Marty: Damn, I ripped the fuel line.

Marty pulls the arrow out and some of the gas starts dripping out. Marty's reckless driving over rocks has damaged the fuel line. He goes back into the car and pulls out the photo of the tombstone, the boots Doc gave him and the letter. We cut to behind Marty, as we hear a growl. Marty turns around to see a big bear heading for him.

Marty: Argh! Argh!

The bear roars again and stands up on its hind legs.

Marty: Argh! Argh! Argh! Whoo! Whoo!

Marty runs out of the cave away from the bear. It's following him - obviously he wants a McFly in his soup! LOL. Marty throws his boots to the bear. It stops and sniffs them, allowing Marty to run away. Marty isn't looking where he is going as he runs - he is still looking at the bear - and trips, sliding down a hill.

Marty: Uh!

Marty crashes into a fence at the bottom of the hill and is knocked out. A man, SEAMUS, comes running towards Marty. He looks a bit like Marty (Seamus and Marty are both played by Michael J Fox). Seamus slaps Marty's face to see if he is awake, and then calls to his wife. He speaks with an Irish accent.

Seamus: Maggie! Fetch some water, we got a hurt man here!

Cut to a darkened room. Marty is in a bed, and slowly wakes up. A woman, MAGGIE (Seamus' wife) is next to him. She looks a bit like Lorraine (both Lorraine and Maggie are played by Lea Thompson).

Marty: Mom...Mom, is that you?

Maggie: There, there now, you've been asleep for nearly 6 hours now.

Marty: I had this horrible nightmare. It was terrible. I dreamed I was in a western...I was being chased by Indians. And a bear.

Maggie: Well, you're safe and sound, here now at the McFly farm.

Marty: McFly farm! Argh!

Marty sits up suddenly to find he is in a log cabin. Maggie is sitting on a chair near the bed.

Marty: Well you're my-my - my... Who are you?

Maggie: Name's McFly. Maggie McFly.

Marty: McFly. Maggie.

Maggie: That's Mrs McFly, and don't you be forgetting the Mrs! And what might your name be sir?

Marty: Well, it's Mc...(covering) Eastwood...uh...Clint...Clint Eastwood?

Marty grins sheepishly. Maggie speaks to him in a no-nonsense tone.

Maggie: You hit your head, Mr Eastwood. Not too serious, but lucky for you Seamus found you when he did.

Marty: (half to himself) Seamus.

Maggie: Me husband.

Maggie gets up to leave.

Maggie: You'll be excuse me Mr Eastwood, while I tend to William.

Marty realises who William is - his great grandfather!

Marty: William.

Marty gets out of bed, and after checking that he still has his pants on, he follows Maggie into the main room to see her holding a crying baby.

Marty: That's William?

Maggie: Aye! William Shaun McFly, the first of our family to be born in America! Ahh, its OK Will! Here's Mr Clint Eastwood...this is him.

Marty takes William and he stops crying!

Maggie: He already likes you, Mr Eastwood.

The front door opens and Seamus comes in.

Seamus: Maggie, I got supper.

He puts a dead deer on the table.

Later on, Seamus, Maggie and Marty are eating their meal.

Seamus: I'm not one to pry into a man's personal affairs but how is it that you came to be way out here, without a horse? Or boots? Or a hat?

Marty: Well my car - (covering) horse broke down and buried my boots. And I guess I just forgot my hat.

Maggie: How could you forget a thing like your hat? Would you like some water?

Marty: Yeah, thanks.

Maggie pours Marty a pink liquid - Marty stares at it. During the following he also spits seeds from the bread onto his plate.

Seamus: 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 on in into town. I'll even give you a hat.

Maggie puts down her plate and crosses herself in a Catholic way.

Marty: That's great. Thanks.

William starts to cry again, and Seamus goes and picks him up.

Seamus: Ahh. Woogie William. Woogie William. Oh, yes. (to Marty) I think you'll find the barn comfortable. I've never had any complaints about it from the pigs.

Seamus laughs at his own joke, like Marty's brother Dave does in 1985.

Maggie: Seamus. A word with you.

Seamus: Aye. (to Marty) Will you hold him for a minute?

Seamus gives William to Marty and follows Maggie into the corner of the room to talk.

Maggie: You sure you're not after bringing a curse on this house, taking him in like that? Such a strange young man.

Seamus: Aye, but I've just got a feeling about him Maggie. It's the right thing to do. It's important. Look how the baby takes to him. Little Will never takes to strangers. It's almost as if.....he's connected to us.

Cut to Marty talking to William.

Marty: Hey, Will. So you're my great-grandfather...the first McFly born in America.

Marty lifts William up and sees urine dripping down his (Marty's) legs.

Marty: And you peed on me.

Hill Valley train station. Marty walks onto the platform, through the building and down the street. He passes "Honest Joe Statler - Fine Horses" which is on the future site of Statler Toyota in 1985. He also passes a butcher and a bathhouse where 2 MEN are talking.

Man 1: Give me some soap, Frank.

Frank: Here you go.

Marty continues down the street. He walks underneath a banner - "Hill Valley Festival September 5th, 1885" - and as an "A Jones" manure wagon drives past, Marty catches sight of the Hill Valley Courthouse - under construction!

Horse Driver: Hiyah!

Marty narrowly escapes being hit by a horse and carriage - stepping in horse "whoopsies" as he does so. Marty stares at his boots, before spotting the Palace Saloon on the future site of Lou's Cafe (1955), Lou's Aerobic Studio (1985) and the Cafe 80's (2015). Marty goes inside. The bartender, CHESTER, is at the counter wiping a glass. Three OLD TIMERS are sitting at a table (they are played by 3 Western film veterans!). They all see Marty and notice his outfit.

Old Timer 1: Take a look at what just breezed in the door.

Old Timer 2: Why, I didn't know the circus was in town!

Old Timer 3: Looks like he got that shirt off a dead Chinese.

They laugh. Marty walks up to Chester.

Chester: What'll it be, stranger?

Marty: Uh...I'll have...uh...ice water.

Old Timer 1: Ice water?

They all laugh again.

Chester: Water? You want water, you better go dunk your head in the horse trough back there. In here, we pour whiskey.

He pours Marty a small glass. Marty just stares at it.

Marty: Excuse me. I'm trying to find a blacksmith.

Buford: (v.o) Hey McFly... thought I done told you never to come in...

As Marty turns around to see who said his name, he sees a mean looking cowboy with a gang of 3 others at the door to the saloon. He doesn't know it yet but is' BIFF'S great grandfather from the "Biff Tannen Museum" video in 1985- A - BUFORD "MAD DOG" TANNEN!

Buford: Hey, you ain't Seamus McFly. You look like him though. 'Specially with that dawg ugly hat.

The gang laugh and Marty rolls his eyes before taking it off.

Buford: You kin to that hay barber? What's your name, dude?

Marty: Uh...Martin..

Just before he says "McFly", he remembers the name he told Seamus and Maggie.

Marty: Eastwood. Clint Eastwood.

Buford: What kind of stupid name is that?

Gang Member 1: I'd say he's the runt of the litter.

Gang Member 2 walks over to Marty and looks at Marty's teeth.

Gang Member 2: Take a look, see these pearly whites! I ain't seen teeth that straight weren't store bought.

Gang Member 3: Take a look at them moccasins. What kind of skins is them? What's that writing mean? (*reading the "Nike" on Marty's trainers*) Neekay...what is that, some sort of Injun talk or something?

Chester begins pouring out whiskey for Buford, but with a little help from his gun barrel Buford stops him.

Buford: Bartender, I'm looking for that no good cheating blacksmith. You seen him?

Chester: (*scared*) No, sir, Mr Tannen, I have not.

Marty realises who Buford is now.

Marty: (*to himself*) Tannen. (*to Buford*) You're Mad Dog Tannen.

Buford: Mad Dog?

Chester, the Old Timers and everyone else in the saloon hides, except Marty who doesn't know what's going on.

Buford: I hate that name. I hate it, you hear? Nobody calls me Mad Dog! 'Specially not some, duded-up, egg sucking, guttertrash.

Buford shoots at Marty's feet. Marty manages to jump out of the way in time.

Marty: Argh!

Buford: Dance!

He fires at Marty again.

Buford: Come on!

He fires at Marty again, whilst the Gang Members laugh hysterically.

Buford: Come on, runt, you can dance better than that!

So Marty does. He dances - the Moonwalk.

Marty: Uh... uh... Billy Jean is not my lover - whoo!

Marty jumps onto the end of a wooden plank. On the other end are barrels - and they fly through the air, landing on

Buford! Very angry, Buford pulls out his gun again and shoots Marty - but luckily for Marty Buford is out of ammo!

Marty tries to get out, tripping by the Old Timer's table.

Old Timer 1: You better run, squirrel!

Buford: Y'all get him!!!

Marty climbs over tables and chairs and gets past Buford by swinging over the chandelier. Once back on the ground, he runs out, chased by Buford and his gang, who get on their horses.

Marty: Woah! Woah! Woah! Woah!

Buford and his gang quickly catch up with Marty. Buford lassoes a rope over Marty's neck, dragging him to the Courthouse. Marty knocks into some of the panels on the unfinished building.

Marty: Argh!

The gang fire shots into the air and laugh. Buford starts to "hang" Marty.

Buford: We got ourselves a new courthouse...high time we had a hanging!

Marty: Oh, oh God!

The noose is tightened. Marty puts his hand between his neck and the noose so he won't suffocate. Buford and his gang are laughing loudly. Neither they - nor Marty - see a tall man with a long coat approach them.

Buford: Haven't had a hanging in a long time!

The man gets out a gun. From the hair, we can see it is - DOC BROWN! Doc fires a gun at the rope, and Marty, saved, falls to the ground. Buford and his gang turn to Doc. He's now aiming his gun at them!

Doc: It'll shoot the fleas off a dogs back at 500 yards, Tannen, and its pointed straight at your head!!

Buford slowly rides over to Doc.

Buford: You owe me money, blacksmith.

Doc: How do ya figure?

Buford: My horse threw his shoe. Seeing' you was the one who done the shoeing, I figures you was responsible.

Doc: Well since you never paid me for the job, I say that makes us even!

Buford: Wrong! See I was on my horse when he threw his shoe and I got throwed off. And that just caused me to bust a perfectly good bottle of fine Kentucky Redeye. So the way I figure, blacksmith, you owe me \$5 for the whiskey, and \$75 for the horse.

Marty realises this adds up to \$80 - the amount of money Doc was killed for!

Marty: (to himself, hoarsely) That's eighty dollars!

Doc: Look, if your horse threw his shoe, bring him back and I'll reshoe him!

Buford: But I shot that horse!

Doc: Well that's your problem, Tannen!

Buford: Wrong. That's yours. So from now on, you better be looking behind you when you walk. 'Cause one day you gonna get a bullet in your back. (to his gang) Let's go!

They leave. Marty and Doc are now alone.

Marty: Doc...

Doc: Marty! I gave you explicit instructions not to come here but to go back directly to 1985.

Marty: I know Doc, but I had to co-

Doc: But its good to see you, Marty.

They hug.

Doc: Marty, you're gonna have to do something about those clothes. You walk around town dressed like that and you're liable to get shot.

Marty makes a gesture around his neck.

Marty: Or hanged.

Doc: What idiot dressed you in that outfit?

Marty claps his hand on Doc's shoulder and smiles.

Marty: You did.

Cut to Doc's blacksmith workshop. It is full of the necessary things he needs for the job and also with a few inventions. Whilst Marty changes into real 19th Century clothes, Doc examines the tombstone with his magnifying glass.

Doc: *(reading)* "Shot in the back by Buford Tannen over a matter of 80 dollars!" September 7th! That's this Monday! Now I wish I'd paid him off. And whose this beloved Clara? I don't know anyone named Clara.

Marty: I dunno, Doc. I thought maybe she was a girlfriend of yours.

Doc looks at Marty as if Marty just said something very silly.

Doc: Marty. My involvement in such a social relationship, here in 1885, the result is a disruption of the space-time continuum. As a scientist, I can never take that risk, certainly not after we've already been through.

Mayor Hubert: *(o.s)* Emmett! Ho, Emmett!

Doc looks out the door.

Doc: Hubert! *(to Marty)* It's the mayor!

MAYOR HUBERT comes just inside the door.

Mayor Hubert: Excuse me Emmett. You remember last week at the town meeting when you volunteered to meet the new school teacher at the station after she came in?

Doc: Oh yes, quite so.

Mayor Hubert: Well, we just got word she's coming in tomorrow. Here are the details for you. Thanks for all your help.

He hands Doc a piece of paper.

Doc: Anytime, Hubert!

Mayor Hubert: Oh, her name's Miss Clayton. Clara Clayton.

As Mayor Hubert leaves, Doc realises who Clara is!

Marty: Well, Doc, now we know who Clara is.

Doc: Marty. It's impossible. The idea that I could fall in love at first sight? It's romantic nonsense. There's no scientific rationale to that.

Marty laughs.

Marty: C'mon, Doc, it's not science. You meet the right girl, it just hits ya; it's like lightning.

Doc: Marty, please don't say that!

Marty: That's the way it was for me and Jennifer. Man, we couldn't keep our eyes off each other! God, Jennifer, damn! I hope she's alright, Doc. I can't believe we just left her there on the porch!

Doc: Don't worry, Marty, she'll be fine. When you burned the almanac in 1955, the normal timeline was restored. That means once we're back in 1985, you just have to go over to her house to wake her up.

One of the giant machines - Doc's invention - begins making noises.

Doc: Oh, Marty, turn that valve over there all the way to the right. Yeah, turn it all the way around. OK, let's go!

The machine rattles, and a small brown cube similar to ice shoots out of a tube. Doc has put a plate there to catch it. Doc puts the ice into a cup of tea. He offers it to Marty.

Doc: Iced tea?

Marty: No, thanks.

As Doc takes a sip from the cup, Marty looks at the giant machine.

Marty: It's a refrigerator!

Doc: Well, I guess Miss Clayton will have to find other transportation.

He turns to face Marty.

Doc: If I never meet the woman, there's no possibility of a romantic infatuation, right?

Marty: You're the Doc, Doc.

Doc: Alright then. Let's get the DeLorean and get ourselves back to the future!

He puts his hat on. Marty speaks quite casually in the next line.

Marty: Oh Doc, I tore a hole in the gas tank. We'll have to patch it up and get gas.

Doc freezes and his expression changes. Something is wrong. Something Marty isn't aware of.

Doc: You mean we're out of gas?

Marty: Yeah, no big deal, we got Mr Fusion, right?

Doc: Mr Fusion powers the time circuits and the flux capacitor. But the internal combustion engine runs on ordinary gasoline, it always has. There's not going to be a gas station around here until sometime in the next century. Without gasoline, we can't get the DeLorean up to 88 miles per hour.

Marty: So what'll we do?

Cut to the area outside Hill Valley. The DeLorean is being pulled by horses. Doc and Marty sit on the roof. Doc has a whip in his hand. Marty is reading the speed off of Doc's digital speedometer.

Marty: Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!

Doc: Ya! Ya!

Marty: *(re: speed)* 24!

Doc: It's no use Marty! Even the fastest horse in the world can't run more than 35 or 40 miles an hour. *(to horses)* Ya! Ya! Ya!

Cut back to Doc's shop. Doc is pouring some liquid into the DeLorean and Marty is inside it.

Marty: *(re: liquid)* Bartender says that's the strongest stuff they got.

Doc: Try it, Marty.

Marty tries to start the car, but it stalls. There is a strange noise coming from the back of the car.

Doc: Need more gas...

BOOM! *The fuel injection manifold breaks off the back of the DeLorean.*

Doc: Damn! It blew the fuel injection manifold. Strong stuff all right. It'll take me a month to rebuild it.

Marty: A month? Doc, you're gonna get shot on Monday!

Doc moves to a window. Outside we can see the railway station. Next to the window is a calendar with the date - September 4th 1885 - on it. Doc turns around to face Marty again.

Doc: I know, I know, I know! I wish..... wait, I've got it! We can roll it down a steep hill..... no, we'd never find a smooth enough surface. Unless..... of course..... ice! We can wait until winter when the lake freezes over...

Marty: Winter! Doc! Monday! It's three days away!

Doc: Wait. Let's just think this thing through logically. We know it can't run on its own power, and we know we can't pull it. But, if we can figure out a way to push it up to 88 miles per hour... huh?

Outside, we can hear a train whistle. A steam engine pulls into the station. Doc looks outside and spots it.

Doc: That's it!

Cut to the station. Doc and Marty are talking to the train engineer.

Engineer: How fast she can go? Why, I've powered her up to 55 myself. I hear that fearless Frank Fargo got one of these up to near 70 out past Verde Junction.

Marty: Is it possible to get it up to 90?

The engineer laughs.

Engineer: 90? Tarnations, son, why'd ya ever be in such a hurry?

Doc: *(covering)* Well, it's just a little bet that he and I have, that's all. Theoretically speaking, could it be done?

Engineer: Well, I suppose if you had a straight stretch of track with a long level grade, and you weren't hauling no cars behind you - and if you could get the fire hot enough, I mean hotter than the blazes of hell and tarnations - well yes, you might be able to get her up that fast.

Doc: When's the next train coming through here?

Engineer: Monday morning at 8 o'clock.

Cut to the waiting area. Doc and Marty are looking at a map of Hill Valley. The clock for the clocktower is on the platform - it's just been delivered. And the time on it is 10.04am! CLARA CLAYTON can also be seen waiting for someone to pick her up, although neither Doc nor Marty see her. As Doc describes the places, he shows Marty on the map.

Doc: Here. This spur runs off the main line 3 miles down to Clayton Ravine. There's a long stretch of 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. Must be an old Indian name for it. It's perfect. Nice long run that goes clear across the bridge over the ravine, you know, over near that Hilldale housing development.

Marty: Right, Doc, but according to this map... there is no bridge.

And as we cut to the Ravine, we see Marty is right. There is a dead end for the tracks, and a sign saying the bridge is scheduled for completion in 1887.

Marty: Well, Doc, we can scratch that idea. I mean, we can't wait around a year and a half for this thing to get finished.

Doc: Marty...it's perfect! You're just not thinking fourth dimensionally!

Marty: Right, right. I have a real problem with that.

Doc: Don't you see? The bridge will exist in 1985. It's safe and still in use. Therefore, as long as we get the DeLorean up to 88 miles per 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!

Marty: What about the locomotive?

Doc grins.

Doc: It'll be a spectacular wreck. Too bad no one will be around to see it.

Clara: (o.s) Argh! Help me!

Doc turns to where the sound is to see a woman, Clara Clayton (who was at the station earlier) in the distance riding on a buckboard with out of control horses. They are heading for the edge of Shonash Ravine.

Doc: Great Scott! (to horses) Git!

Marty: (to his horse) Hiyah!

Doc catches up to Clara and manages to shout to her.

Doc: Jump!

She jumps off into Doc's arms just in time. The horses veer left at the end of the ravine, the wagon breaks off and falls down the ravine.

Doc: (to his own horse) Whoa.

Clara's hat sits on her head and covers her face.

Clara: Oh, thank you, sir, you saved my...

Clara lifts her hat and we (and Doc) see her face for the first time. Clara looks at Doc and can't speak for a moment.

Clara: ...life.

Doc stares back and his eyes grow wide. We get the feeling both have fallen instantly in love with each other - love at first sight.

Doc: Emmett Brown, at your service, Miss...

Clara: Um...um...Clayton. Clara Clayton.

Cut to Marty. He gets the photo out of his pocket and looks at it, then to Doc and Clara.

Doc: Clara. (pause) What a beautiful name.

Cut to a about half an hour later. Everyone is riding to Clara's cabin. Clara is on one of the horses that took her to the ravine, supplies are on the other one. Marty and the supply horse ride a bit behind Doc and Clara. When they reach the cabin, Doc and Marty take the supplies and put them on the porch.

Doc: May I help you inside with these?

Clara: Oh no, that won't be necessary. You've done more than enough already.

Doc: But it's really no trouble.

Marty: Doc, she says it's fine, and we gotta get going. (to Clara) Ma'am, good luck with the school teaching and everything.

Doc: Clara, I'll straighten everything out with Mr Statler from the buckboard rental - don't you worry about that. I feel somewhat responsible for what happened.

Clara: Oh, well, that would be very gentlemanly of you, Mr Brown (slight pause) Emmett. You know, I'm almost glad that snake spooked those horses. Otherwise, we might never have met. I suppose it was destiny. Well, thank you for everything.

Doc: You're quite welcome.

Clara: I will...see you again, won't I?

Doc replies casually, even though he knows he is lying.

Doc: Of course, you'll see lots of me, I'm sure, I have a shop in town. I'm a local scientist...uh...uh...blacksmith.

Clara: Science? What sort of science? Astronomy? Chemistry?

Doc: Actually I'm a student of all sciences.

Marty: Hey Doc, we gotta get going.

Doc: Oh yes, well, excuse us Clara, we have to get...going.

Doc and Marty start to leave, and Doc turns to wave back to Clara.

Doc: Toodle-oooh.

She waves back as they leave. We stay with Marty and Doc as:

Marty: What do ya mean, you're gonna be seeing' lots of her, Doc?

Doc: Well, I might see her again, just in passing.

Marty laughs. He suspects Doc is in love.

Marty: C'mon, Doc, did you see the way she was looking at you?

Doc: Well, she did have quite a scare, right? After all, Miss Clayton almost ended up at the bottom of Clayton Ravine... Clayton Ravine!

Both Doc and Marty realise the connection.

Marty: Holy shit! Hey Doc! Clayton Ravine was named after a teacher. They say she fell in there a 100 years ago.

Doc: A 100 years ago? That's this year!

Marty: Every kid in school knows that story because we all have teachers we'd like to see fall into the ravine.

Doc: Great Scott!

Doc stops his horse.

Doc: *(continued)* Then she was supposed to go over in that wagon...and now, I may have seriously altered history.

Marty: Look, Doc, what's the worst that could happen, huh? So they don't name the ravine after her. Let's just get the DeLorean ready and get the hell out of here.

Doc ignores Marty and speaks to himself.

Doc: I wish I'd never invented that infernal time machine - which caused nothing but disaster.

Doc rides slowly away. Marty looks at Doc for a second in a "what's going on?" look and then follows him.

Cut to the blacksmith shop, the next day. Doc and Marty are working on the DeLorean on opposite ends of the room. Doc is working on the tyres. They speak to each other through walkie-talkies, this will be denoted by (w.t).

Marty: *(w.t)* Doc, Doc, this is Marty. Can you read me? Over.

Doc: *(w.t)* Check, Marty.

Marty: *(w.t)* Great Doc, these things still work.

Doc: All right.

Both Doc and Marty moves towards a model railroad that Doc has built. There is a train, various named locations and a small model DeLorean marked "Time Machine".

Doc: Marty, once more, let's go over the entire plan and layout. I apologise for the crudity of this model...

Marty remembers the conversation he and Doc had in 1955 in Doc's lab when Doc showed Marty the model of the town square.

Marty: Yeah, I know, Doc, it's not to scale. It's OK, Doc.

Doc: All right. Tomorrow night, Sunday, we'll load the DeLorean on to the tracks here on the spur right by the old abandoned silver mine. The switch track is where the spur runs off the main line 3 miles into Clayton...*(correcting himself)* Shonash Ravine. The train leaves the station at 8:00 Monday morning. We'll stop it here, uncouple the cars from the tender, throw the switch-track, and hijack - *(he smirks here as he "corrects" himself again)* borrow the locomotive and use it to push the time machine. According to my calculations we'll hit 88 miles per hour just before we hit the edge of the ravine, at which point we'll instantaneously arrive in 1985 and coast safely across the completed bridge.

Marty spots a sign near the model windmill. It says "Point Of No Return."

Marty: What does this mean? "Point of no return"?

Doc: That's: our failsafe point. Up until that point we can stop the locomotive before it plunges over the ravine. But once we pass that windmill, it's the future or bust.

A few minutes later, Doc is sorting out the electricity to work the model.

Doc: Here you go, Marty. Connect that to the positive terminal. All right, Marty, you all set?

Marty: Yeah, yeah, go.

During the following, Doc says his lines as if he is singing them slightly. He also pushes the switch down more to get the train's speed up.

Doc: Train pulling out of the station! Coming up the switch track! Stop at switch track! Throw switch! Pull up the DeLorean! Pushing the DeLorean up to 88 miles per hour!

Both model DeLorean and train fall off the table once they hit the "ravine". The car is caught by Doc, the train lands onto a pillow placed underneath.

Doc: It couldn't be simpler!

There's a knock on the door.

Clara: *(o.s)* Hello? Emmett?

Doc sees it is Clara.

Doc: It's Clara! Quick, cover the DeLorean.

Marty and Doc cover it with a sheet, and as Clara lets herself in, Marty hides the model DeLorean.

Clara: Hello.

Doc: Why, hello. This is quite a surprise.

Clara: Well, I hope I'm not disturbing anything.

Doc: Oh no, we were just doing a little model railroad.

Clara: Emmett, when my bags were thrown from the wagon, my telescope was damaged. And...since you expressed an interest in science, I thought you might be able to repair it for me. *(pause)* I would pay you, of course.

Doc: Oh, no, no, no, I wouldn't think of charging you for this.

Marty sighs and runs his hand through his hair.

Doc: *(continued)* Well, let's have a look at it.

He opens the case and takes the telescope out. He puts it to his eye and closes his other one.

Clara: I think the lens may be out of alignment, because if you move it this way, the image turns fuzzy, see?

She moves closer to Doc and turns the telescope slightly.

Clara: (continued) But if you turn it ... the other way...

Doc takes the telescope from his eyes and lowers his hand. He turns to face Clara and they gaze at each other.

Doc: ...everything becomes - clear.

We get the feeling they will kiss if left alone much longer. Marty does too, so he coughs loudly and causes Doc and Clara to look away from each other quickly. She moves towards the door and Doc hold the telescope with a goofy look on his face. He's definitely in love.

Doc: I will repair it right away and have it for you tonight.

Clara: Oh, tonight's the town festival. I wouldn't dream of having you work on my telescope during such an important event. You are panning on attending, aren't you?

Marty: Well, actually ma'am...

Doc: Of course, the festival...

Clara: Well, in that case, I'll see you this evening at the festival, Emmett.

She turns to Marty as she leaves.

Clara: Mr Eastwood.

Marty: Ma'am.

Clara turns back to look at Doc.

Clara: Thank you for taking care of my telescope.

Doc: You're quite welcome.

Clara leaves and we see that Doc has the most goofiest look on his face we've ever seen him with. Marty goes up to him.

Marty: It's a nice telescope.

That evening. It's the festival, and everyone in Hill Valley has arrived for it. Mayor Hubert stands in front of the clock that will eventually be in the Courthouse.

Mayor Hubert: 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!

Townpeople: 3...2...1...now!

The Mayor starts the clock and fireworks are released into the sky.

Mayor Hubert: Let the festivities begin!

Doc and Marty are at the festival too, a bit behind everyone else. Out of sight, they watch the dedication of the clock. Doc thinks back to their history with the clock.

Doc: Y'know Marty, in a way it's fitting that you and I are here to witness this.

Marty: Too bad I didn't bring my camera.

There is a flash of light, and we see the PHOTOGRAPHER taking pictures of people beside the clock. Marty and Doc look at each other. Cut to in front of the clock a few seconds later.

Photographer: Ready, gentlemen?

Doc: (to Marty) The only problem is we'll never be able to show it to anybody.

Marty: Smile, Doc.

The picture is taken. We cut to the dance. There is a band there, who have a surprising resemblance to ZZTop! :-)

Band Member: Yee Har!

Music: Doubleback (Instrumental Version) by ZZTop

As the music begins, Doc and Marty again step back into the background of the festival.

Doc: What great music!

Marty: Yeah, it's got a beat and you can dance to it!

In the background the COLT GUN SALESMAN can be seen.

Colt Gun Salesman: Step right up, gentlemen, and test your mettle with the latest products from Colonel Samuel Colt's patent firearms of Hartford, Connecticut. Take this model for example.

As Marty turns to watch the gun demonstration, Doc wonders off.

Colt Gun Salesman: (continued) The new, improved and refined Colt Peacemaker. Available to you tonight for the low, low price of \$12.

Doc spots Clara and smiles at her. She walks over to him.

Doc: Good evening.

Clara: Evening.

Doc: You look very - nice.

Clara: Thank you.

Doc looks at the festival for a few moments - he's very nervous - before turning back to Clara.

Doc: Would you like...uh...would you care to, uh...

Clara: I'd love to.

Doc and Clara start to dance. Cut to Marty, still watching the demonstration. The Colt Gun Salesman turns to Marty.

Colt Gun Salesman: Young man, want to give it a try?

Marty: No, no, thanks.

Marty turns to where Doc was standing earlier.

Marty: Hey Doc, this...

Of course, he notices Doc isn't there. He looks for his friend and spots him on the dance floor with Clara.

Colt Gun Salesman: (to Marty) Son! Sonny boy!

Oblivious to the Colt Gun Salesman, Marty carries on watching the dance.

Marty: The Doc can dance?!

Colt Gun Salesman: Son! Son! Son!

The Colt Gun Salesman nudges Marty's shoulder with the gun, and Marty turns around.

Colt Gun Salesman: Hey! I just told you that even a baby can handle this weapon. Surely you're not afraid to try something that a baby can do.

Marty: Hey, I'm not afraid of anything.

Colt Gun Salesman: Well then, step right up like a man.

He hands Marty a gun. Marty stands in front of an Old West Diorama - this is where he must shoot. It looks very similar to the Wild Gunman game Marty played (will play?) in the Cafe 80's in 2015.

Colt Gun Salesman: Now, what you do is just ease that hammer back there and squeeze off a round.

Marty points it to the diorama but shaking his head, the Colt Gun Salesman guides Marty's hand into position.

Colt Gun Salesman: No, no, no, right on out there and be real smooth. That's how you do it.

Marty shoots - and misses. Big time. The Colt Gun Salesman starts laughing.

Marty: Hey listen, can I try that again?

Colt Gun Salesman: Sure, go ahead.

The Colt Gun Salesman laughs again. Marty aims the gun, shoots - and hits a direct shot. He repeats this again a few more times. Everyone is amazed.

Colt Gun Salesman: Hey, just tell me one thing. Where'd you learn to shoot like that?

Marty: (seriously) 7 Eleven.

Cut to the entrance of the festival. Buford Tannen and his gang arrive on their horses.

Gang Member 1: Buford, you sure that blacksmith is gonna be at this here shindig?

Buford: Sure he's here. (darkly) Everybody's here tonight.

The DEPUTY MARSHALL arrives to check the visitors.

Deputy Marshall: You gentlemen are gonna have to check your firearms if you want to join in on the festivities.

Buford: (laughing) And who's gonna make us, tender-foot...you?

Marshall Strickland: (o.s) I am.

Buford (and the audience) turn to see MARSHALL STRICKLAND holding a rifle to Buford's shoulder. You guessed it, he's the grandfather of our very own Mr Strickland from 1955 and 1985.

Buford: Marshall Strickland. I didn't know you was back in town.

Marshall Strickland: If you can't read the sign, Tannen, I presume you can read this.

He means the rifle. Buford turns to him.

Buford: Pretty tough hombre when you're pointing a scattergun at a man's back.

Marshall Strickland: Just like you, Tannen, I take every advantage I can get. Now are you gonna check your irons?

Buford knows when he's beat, and backs down.

Buford: I was joking with your deputy. Of course I'm going to check my iron. We all were, weren't we boys?

They all give up their guns.

Deputy Marshall: Yeah. Right.

But Marshall Strickland obviously knows Buford a bit better than he wants to, because:

Marshall Strickland: Tannen - your knife, too.

Angry, Buford takes out the knife he's hidden in his boot. He throws it onto a nearby table as if it were a dart. He then turns to Marshall Strickland.

Buford: (being a bit of a smart ass) Smile, Marshall. After all, this is a party.

Marshall Strickland: The only party I'll be smiling at is the one that sees you at the end of a rope.

Buford and Marshall Strickland glare at each other before the Marshall lowers his gun. Buford and his gang are allowed in.

Deputy Marshall: Have fun!

A young boy is now seen next to Marshall Strickland. He's the Marshall's SON - the future father of Mr Strickland.

Marshall Strickland: That's how you handle them son, never give them an inch. Maintain discipline at all times. Remember that word. Discipline.

Son: I will, Pa.

Cut to the dance. At the table, Marty is eating some pie when Seamus, Maggie and William walk past him.

Seamus: Why, Mr Eastwood. Nice to see ya. I see you got yourself some respectable clothes, lad. And a fine hat.

Marty: Yeah, well, a couple other people didn't like the way the other one looked on me.

Maggie: Sure that one suits you Mr Eastwood. Very good for you.

Marty: Uh, thanks.

Marty finishes his pie and notices writing on the plate - "Frisbee".

Marty: Hey...Frisbee. Far out.

Marty grins at his ancestors and then leaves. Seamus and Maggie look at each other in a "how strange was that?" type of way.

Seamus: What was the meaning of that?

Maggie: It was right in front of him.

Seamus: Aye.

Cut to the dance. Doc and Clara, as well as other couples, are dancing to the music. Below the dance floor though, Buford and his gang are trying to find Doc. Gang Member 1 spots him.

Gang Member 1: There he is, Buford.

Buford: Where?

Gang Member 1: Right there. Dancing with that piece of calico.

Gang Member 2: What are ya gonna do, boss?

Buford: (*darkly*) I figure...I'll bury this muzzle deep enough in his back. Nobody'll hear the shot.

Gang Member 1: Careful, Buford, you only got the one bullet with that.

Buford: I only need one.

Cut back to Doc and Clara. They are enchanted with each other and dance into a corner. Doc suddenly feels a gun barrel in his back and freezes. It's happening! Two days earlier than he thought!

Buford: I told you to watch your back, smithy.

Doc: Tannen. But you're early.

Buford: It's a Derringer, smithy. Small but effective. Last time I used it the fella took two days to die. Bled to death inside, it was real painful. That means you'd be dead by about suppertime Monday.

Clara: (*to Buford*) I don't know who you think you are, but we're dancing.

Buford: Well lookie what we have here! Introduce me to the lady; I'd like a dance.

Doc turns around to face Buford with a brave and determined look on his face. Buford moves the gun barrel to Doc's throat.

Doc: I wouldn't give you the pleasure. You'll just have to go ahead and shoot.

Buford: All right.

Clara senses what is about to happen.

Clara: No, Emmett. I'll dance with him.

Buford: (*to his gang*) Boys, keep the blacksmith company while I get acquainted with the filly.

Buford pushes Doc aside to his gang, who hold him down as Buford and Clara start dancing. Doc isn't very happy with this and has an angry look on his face.

Buford: Woo...ha, ha, ha! Yeah. Ooh!

Clara: I don't dance very well when my partner has a gun in his hand.

Buford pulls Clara closer.

Buford: Well, you'll learn. (*to Doc*) You know, smithy, I may just take my \$80 worth outta her.

Doc struggles again to be let go.

Buford: Woo...ha, ha, ha! Yeah. (*to Clara*) I bet there's something you can do that's worth \$80.

Clara: I'm afraid you've underestimated me, Mr.

Buford: Have I now?

Clara kicks Buford in the shins, and he cringes over with pain as Clara walks away. Doc mangoes to free himself, as the music stops and everyone (including Seamus and Maggie) stops to stare at Doc and Buford.

Doc: Stop it! Damn you, Tannen!

Buford: No, I damn you!

Buford gets his gun out and aims at Doc. Marty realises what's going on and grabs the Frisbee plate.

Buford: (*continued*) I damn you to hell!

Buford fires his one bullet. At the same time, Marty throws the Frisbee plate - well, like a Frisbee! It blocks the bullet and Doc is saved! He's a bit stunned and his hat falls off. Buford looks around to see who threw the plate. He spots Marty.

Buford: You!

Marty walks towards him.

Marty: Hey, lighten up, jerk!

Confused as to what Marty means, Buford turns to his gang members who are equally confused. He then turns back to Marty.

Buford: Mighty strong words, runt! You man enough to back that up with more than just a pie plate?!

Marty: Look, just leave my friends alone.

Marty starts walking away.

Buford: What's wrong, dude, you yella?

Marty pauses and slowly turns to face Buford

Buford: That's what I thought. Yellow belly.

Marty points at Buford.

Marty: Nobody...calls me yellow.

Buford: Let's finish it. Right now.

Gang Member 1: Uh, not now, Buford. Marshall's got our guns.

Buford: Well, like I said, we'll finish this tomorrow.

Gang Member 2: Tomorrow we're robbing the Pine City Stage.

Buford turns to his gang.

Buford: How 'bout Monday? We doing anything on Monday?

The gang members check with each other then nod their heads.

Gang Member 3: No, Monday be fine. You can kill him on Monday.

Buford turns back to Marty.

Buford: I'll be back this way on Monday. We'll settle this then. (*pointing*) Right there out in the street, in front of the Palace Saloon.

Marty is a little uncomfortable with this.

Marty: Yeah, right, well, when? High noon?

Buford: Noon? I do my killing before breakfast. 7 o'clock!

Marty: 8 o'clock. (*more confidently*) I do my killing after breakfast.

Doc: (*whispering, concerned*) Marty, no.

He notices Clara looking at them and smiles at her instead. In the crowd, William McFly (in Maggie's arms) begins to cry. After a long silence, Marshall Strickland arrives with his rifle.

Marshall Strickland: All right now, break it up. What's all this about? You causing trouble here, Tannen?

Buford: No trouble, Marshall. Just a little personal matter between me and Eastwood. This don't concern the law.

Marshall Strickland: Tonight everything concerns the law - now break it up. Any brawling, there's 15 days in the county jail.

He lowers his rifle and talks to the crowd.

Marshall Strickland: Come on, this is a party! Come on, let's have some fun!

The music starts playing again and the dancing resumes. Buford goes to Marty.

Buford: 8 o'clock. Monday. You ain't here, I'll hunt you and shoot you down like a duck.

Gang Member 1: It's dog, Buford. Shoot 'im down like a dog.

Buford is upset that everyone has seen his stupidity.

Buford: Let's go, boys! Let these sissies have their party!

They leave and Doc talks to Marty.

Doc: Marty, what are you doing, saying you're going to meet Tannen??

Marty: Doc, don't worry about it! Monday morning, 8am. We're gonna be gone, right?

Doc: Theoretically, yes, but what if the train's late?

Marty hasn't thought of this.

Marty: Late??

Clara arrives at Doc's side again.

Doc: We'll discuss this later.

Marty: No, we'll discuss this now - late?

Clara: Thank you for your gallantry, Mr Eastwood.

Marty tries to be modest.

Marty: No, hey, ma'am.

Clara: Had you not interceded, Emmett might have been shot!

Doc: Marty - (*covering*) uh, Clint, I'm going to take Clara home.

Two MEN at the party pull Marty to them before he can respond to Doc.

Man 1: You sure set him straight, Mr Eastwood. I'm glad somebody finally got the gumption to stand up to that son of a bitch.

Man 2: You're all right in my book, Mr Eastwood. I'd like to buy you a drink.

Marty: Hey, look, I don't want a drink. It was no big deal.

There is a tap on Marty's shoulder. It's the Colt Gun Salesman. He's holding a Colt Peacemaker and a gun belt.

Colt Gun Salesman: Young man, young man. I'd like you to have this brand new Colt Peacemaker and gun belt, free of charge!

Marty takes them.

Marty: Free?

Colt Gun Salesman: I want everybody to know that the gun that shot Buford Tannen was a Colt Peacemaker.

Marty: Hey, hey, thanks.

Colt Gun Salesman: Of course, you understand that if you lose - I'm taking it back.

The Colt Gun Salesman smiles as he walks off. Marty tries to think of something to say.

Marty: Thanks again.

Marty walks off and meets up with Seamus and Maggie. The three walk together. During the following Marty has a "I don't really need this" look on his face.

Seamus: You had him, Mr Eastwood! You could have just walked away, and nobody would of thought the less of ya for it. All it would have been was words - hot air from a buffoon. Instead you let him rile ya - rile ya into playing his game, his way, playing his rules.

Marty: Seamus, relax, I know what I'm doing.

Maggie: He reminds me of poor Martin.

Seamus: Aye.

Marty: Who?

Seamus: Me brother.

Marty is amazed - there's another Martin McFly? (Note: before Marty ever went back in time, he may have been named after Seamus' brother).

Marty: Wait a minute - you have a brother named Martin McFly?

Seamus: 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 bowie knife shoved through his belly in a saloon in Virginia City. Never considered the future, poor Martin. God rest his soul.

Seamus walks off. Maggie turns to Marty.

Maggie: Sure hope you're considering the future, Mr Eastwood.

She follows her husband. Marty looks after them.

Marty: *(to himself)* I think about it all the time.

Cut to a field at night, outside Clara's cabin. Doc and Clara are sat on their horses watching the stars through her telescope.

Clara: And that crater in the middle north-west, out there all by itself like a starburst?

Doc: Uh-huh.

Clara: That one's called Copernicus. *(laughing)* Listen to me, I feel like I'm teaching school!

Doc: Oh, please, continue your lesson. *(laughing)* I never found lunar geography so fascinating. You're quite knowledgeable.

Clara: When I was 11, I had diphtheria. I was quarantined for 3 months, so my father bought me this telescope and put it next to my bed so I could see everything out my window. *(pauses)* Emmett, do you think we'll ever be able to travel to the moon, like we travel across the country on trains?

Doc smiles - he doesn't just think it will happen, he knows!

Doc: Definitely, although not for another 84 years and not on trains. We'll have space vehicles - capsules to sail off in rockets - devices that create giant explosions - explosions that are so powerful that they...

Clara finishes his sentence - she seems to know it from somewhere.

Clara: *(continued)* ...they break the pull of the Earth's gravity and send their projectile through outer space.

Clara: Emmett, I read that book too. You're quoting Jules Verne, "From The Earth To The Moon".

Doc: You've read Jules Verne?

Clara: I adore Jules Verne.

Doc: So do I. "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea", my absolute favorite. The first time I read that when I was a little boy I wanted to meet Captain Nemo and...

Clara: *(laughs)* Please, Emmett, you couldn't have read that when you were a little boy, it was only first published 10 years ago.

Doc: *(covering)* Oh, yes, well - I meant it made me feel like a boy. *(he pauses)* I never met a woman who liked Jules Verne before.

Clara: I never ever met a man like you before.

They kiss, and a shooting star flies overhead.

Cut to next morning at Doc's workshop. In a scene very similar to the first scene in BTTFI, we pan across to see Doc's inventions and clocks. Eggs and pancakes start cooking as Marty wakes up and gets out of his bed.

Marty: Doc! Doc!

Doc isn't there, so Marty talks to himself.

Marty: I hope you know what you're doing.

Marty spots the gun and its belt. He picks them up and looks in the mirror.

Marty: *(a la Robert De Niro from "Taxi Driver")* You talking to me? You talking to me, Tannen? *(pause)* Well I'm the only one here. *(a la Clint Eastwood)* Go ahead - make my day.

Cut to Courthouse Square. It's later on that day, Marty is now in his usual 1885 clothes. He spots 3 MEN who come up to him.

Man 3: Hey, good morning, Mr Eastwood!

Marty: Morning.

Man 4: Have a cigar, Mr Eastwood. Anything I can do for you today, Mr Eastwood?

Marty: No, no, it's... fine.

MAN 5 rides past in a carriage.

Man 5: Good luck tomorrow, Mr Eastwood! We'll be praying for ya!

Marty: Thanks.

Marty walks past the undertaker's. The UNDERTAKER stops him.

Undertaker: Good morning, Mr Eastwood. Interest you in a new suit for tomorrow?

Marty: Ah, I'm...I'm fine. Thanks.

Marty sees Doc a small distance away. Doc is sniffing a flower in his jacket. Marty goes to Doc.

Marty: Doc, what are you doing?

Doc: Oh, nothing. Just out enjoying the morning air. It's really lovely here in the morning, don't you think?

Marty: Yeah, it's lovely Doc. Listen, we gotta load the DeLorean, we gotta get ready to roll, all right? - hey, look at that, the tombstone.

Marty has spotted new craved tombstones outside a shop. One of them looks very familiar.

Doc: Marty, let me see that photograph again.

Marty gives it to him and Doc walks to the tombstones.

Doc: My name...it's vanished.

Marty: Hey, that's great Doc! Don't you get it - we're going back to the future tomorrow, so everything's being erased!

Doc: But only my name is erased! The tombstone itself and the date still remain. That doesn't make sense. We know that this photograph represents what will happen if the events of today continue to run their course into tomorrow.

Marty: Right and so?

The undertaker reappears suddenly and measures the distance from Marty's shoulder to his feet.

Undertaker: Excuse me, Mr Eastwood, I just need to take your measurement.

Marty: Hey, look, pal, I don't want to buy a suit!

Undertaker: *(laughs)* No, this is for your coffin.

Marty: My coffin?

Undertaker: Well, the odds are running two to one against you.

He puts his measuring tape in its original position and pretends to choke himself with his hand.

Undertaker: Might as well be prepared.

He walks off.

Doc: So...it may not be my name that's supposed to end up on that tombstone. It may be yours.

Marty puts his hand to his forehead.

Marty: Great Scott!

Doc: I know, this is heavy.

They start walking off.

Doc: Marty, why are wearing that gun? You're not considering running against Tannen tomorrow?

Marty: Doc, tomorrow morning I'm going back to the future with you. But if Buford Tannen comes looking for trouble I'm going to be ready for him. You heard what that son of a bitch called me last night.

Doc: Marty, you can't go losing your judgement every time someone calls you a name! That's exactly what causes you to get into that accident in the future.

Marty stops and turns to Doc.

Marty: What? What about my future?

Doc: I can't tell you. It might make things worse.

Marty: Wait a minute, Doc...what is wrong with my future?

Doc: Marty, we all have to make decisions that affect the course of our lives. You've gotta do what you've gotta do. And I've gotta do what I've gotta do.

Doc walks off. Marty pauses, wondering what Doc meant by that, before following him. We cut to the railroad tracks that night. Marty is making some repairs to the tracks and Doc stoops down to talk to him.

Doc: Marty.

Marty: Yeah?

Doc: I've made a decision. I'm not going with you tomorrow. I'm staying here.

Marty: *(slowly)* What are you talking about, Doc?!

Doc: There's no point in denying it. I'm in love with Clara.

Marty: Oh man. Doc, we don't belong here! Neither one of us! You know it could still be you that gets shot tomorrow!

He shows Doc the picture again.

Marty: *(continued)* This tombstone could still be in your future!

Doc: 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.

Marty sighs.

Marty: Doc, you're a scientist. So you tell me. What's the right thing to do, up here?

Marty points to his forehead. Doc sighs. He knows what he has to do.

Doc: You're right, Marty.

Doc pulls a switch, and the DeLorean rolls itself onto the tracks. The tyres have been taken off the car.

Marty: Wow, that worked great.

Doc: I've at least gotta tell her goodbye.

Marty: C'mon, Doc, I mean, think about it - what are you gonna say to her, I gotta go back to the future? I mean, she's not gonna understand that, Doc. How long I been with ya and I don't even understand it? *(pauses)* Doc. Listen. Maybe we could...I dunno, maybe we could just take Clara with us.

Doc: To the future? *(pauses)* You've reminded me, Marty, I'm a scientist so I must be scientific about this. I cautioned you about disruption of the continuum for your own personal benefit; therefore I must do no less. We will proceed as planned, and as soon as we return to 1985 we'll destroy this infernal machine. Travelling through time has become much too painful.

Once again, Doc exits and Marty stares after him in confusion. We cut to later that night. A fire burns and Marty lies asleep next to it. Doc gets up and walks off. We then cut to Clara's house. Clara is inside writing at her desk when she hears a knock on the door.

Doc: *(o.s)* It's Emmett, Clara.

Clara smiles and opens the door for him.

Clara: Oh, Emmett, won't you come in?

Doc: No...I better not. I...

Clara: What's wrong?

Doc: I've come to say goodbye.

Clara: Goodbye? Well, where ya going?

Doc: I'm going away...and I'm afraid I'll never see you again.

Clara: Emmett...

Doc: Clara, I want you know that I care about you deeply, but I realise that I don't belong here, and I have to go back to where I came from.

Clara: And where might that be?

Doc: I can't tell you.

Clara: Well, wherever you're going, take me with you!

Doc: I can't, Clara. I wish it didn't have to be this way, but just believe me when I say that I'll never forget you and that...I love you.

Clara: I don't understand what you're trying to say.

Doc: Clara, I don't think there's anyway that you can understand it.

Clara: Please, Emmett, please - I have to know. If you sincerely do love me...then tell me the truth.

Doc: All right then. I'm from the future.

Clara looks at him in disbelief.

Doc: *(continued)* I came here in a time machine that I invented and tomorrow I have to go back to the year 1985.

Clara now has a strange look on her face.

Clara: Yes, Emmett, I do understand.

Doc is relieved she understands, but does she? Maybe not, as Clara slowly walks to him.

Clara: *(continued)* I understand that because you know I'm partial to the writings of Jules Verne you concocted those mendacity's in order to take advantage of me!

She slaps him on his cheek!

Clara: *(continued)* Oh, I've heard some whoppers in my day but the fact that you'd expect me to entertain a notion like that 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've been respectful!

She slams the door in his face. Doc stares after her.

Doc: But that's not the truth!

He knows he's blown it though. Heartbroken, Doc takes the flower from his suit and leaves it on Clara's windowsill. He sadly walks away, as we look through the window to see Clara crying on her bed. We cut to the Saloon. Chester and the 3 Old Timers are there as usual.

Chester: Emmett