

16 EXT. MALL - DELOREAN - NIGHT

16

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.

Brown 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: "NO TIME."

BROWN

(elated)

What'd I tell you? 88 miles per hour! Temporal displacement occurred at

(checks watch)

exactly 1:02 a.m. and zero seconds.

MARTY

(shocked)

Christ Almighty! You disintegrated Einstein!

BROWN

Calm down, Marty. I didn't disintegrate anything. The molecular structure of both Einstein and the car are completely intact.

MARTY

Then where the hell are they?

BROWN

The appropriate question is: WHEN the hell are they. You see, 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 1:03 a.m. and zero seconds, we shall catch up to him... and the time machine.

MARTY

Time machine? Are you trying to tell me you built a time machine out of a DeLorean?

BROWN

(smiles, modestly)

The way I figured it, if you're gonna build a time machine into a car, why not do it with some style?

Besides, the stainless steel
construction made the flux dispersal

—
(his digital watch BEEPS)
Ten seconds! Roll tape — and brace
yourself for a sudden displacement
of air.

Marty aims the camera right where the DeLorean disappeared.
Brown grips the remote control unit tightly and counts down.

BROWN
5...4...3...2...1...

Their hair stands up on end, charged up with static
electricity...

Suddenly, a SHARP BLAST OF WIND comes up out of nowhere,
along with a DEAFENING SONIC BOOM — and the DELOREAN
REAPPEARS right where it vanished, still going 88 m.p.h.!

Brown hits the brake button.

The car wheels lock up and the DeLorean comes to a SCREECHING
HALT, smoke pouring off the body.

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

MARTY
Is it hot?

BROWN
It's cold. Damned cold.

Brown raises the driver's side door: there sits Einstein,
none the worse for wear. Brown again compares his watch with
Einstein's.

INSERT — WATCHES

Einstein's reads 1:02:10; Brown's is 1:03:10.

BACK TO SHOT

BROWN
Exactly one minute difference — and
still ticking!

MARTY
Is Einstein all right?

Brown unbuckles the shoulder harness, and Einstein bounds out, happy and playful. Brown gives the dog a Milk Bone reward.

BROWN
 Good boy, Einie!
 (to Marty)
 He's fine. And he's completely unaware that anything happened. As far as he's concerned, the trip was instantaneous. That's why his watch is a minute behind mine - he "skipped over" that minute to instantly arrive at this moment in time. Come here, let me show you how it works...

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

BROWN
 First, you turn the time circuits on...

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

BROWN
 (continuing)
 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."

BROWN
 (continuing)
 You input your destination time on this keypad. Want to see the signing of the Declaration of Independence?

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

BROWN
 (continuing)
 Or witness the birth of Christ?

He punches in 12-25-0.

BROWN

(continuing)
 Here's a red letter date in the
 history of science: March 19,
 1955...

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

BROWN
 Yes, of course... March 19, 1955...

MARTY
 What happened then?

BROWN
 That was the day I invented time
 travel. Actually, it was night. I
 remember it vividly: I got hit over
 the head, and when I came to, I had
 a revelation – a vision – a picture
 in my head. A picture of THIS...

Brown points to a particular centerpiece unit mounted inside
 the DeLorean.

Marty aims the video camera and gets it on tape. He continues
 taping as Dr. Brown explains.

BROWN
 This is what makes time travel
 possible: the T.F.C. – Temporal
 Field Capacitor.

MARTY
 Temporal Field Capacitor, huh? How'd
 you get beaned?

BROWN
 Well, I was trying to–
 (stops short, thinking
 better of it)
 Well, it's not important. What is
 important is that it works. It's
 taken me over 30 years to fulfill
 the vision of that night.

He faces the DeLorean proudly.

MARTY
 Heavy duty, Doc. And it runs on,
 like, regular unleaded gasoline?

BROWN

Unfortunately, no. It requires something with a little more kick...

Brown indicates a container with purple radioactivity symbols on it.

MARTY

(reads the label)

Plutonium?! You mean this sucker's nuclear?

BROWN

Electrical. But I need a nuclear reaction to generate the 1.21 jigowatts of electricity I need. The T.F.C. stores it, then discharges it all at once, like a gigantic bolt of lightning. Oh, you'd better put on this radiation suit before I reload. Not that there's any danger, but it never hurts to take precautions.

Brown hands him the YELLOW RADIATION SUIT which is near the RV. Marty puts the camera down.

MARTY

Hold the phone, Doc - plutonium's illegal. Did you rip it off?

BROWN

No, of course not. Here, let me help you with that.

Brown helps Marty get into the suit.

BROWN

Put your hood up, Marty, while I reload... and keep Einstein covered, too.

Marty and Brown both pull their hoods over their heads. Marty covers Einstein with a sheet of the same radiation proof material.

Brown opens the container and removes a 4-inch clear cylinder with a plutonium rod within (it's surrounded by water), then closes the container.

Brown steps over to the rear of the DeLorean and places the plutonium cylinder into the loading hopper. The plutonium rod drops down into the reactor, which then seals shut.

BROWN

(removes his hood)

It's safe now. Everything is lead lined.

Marty removes his hood and releases Einstein. He picks up the video camera and starts taping again.

BROWN

Oh — I mustn't forget my luggage...

Brown grabs his suitcase and puts it in the trunk (it's in the front).

BROWN

Who knows if they'll have cotton underwear in the future? I'm allergic to all synthetics.

Brown slams the trunk shut.

MARTY

The future? Is that where you're going?

BROWN

That's right. 25 years into the future. I've always dreamed of seeing the future — looking beyond my years, observing the progress of mankind. It's almost like cheating death.

(pauses, then smiles wryly)

I'll also be able to find out who wins the next 25 World Series.

Suddenly, Einstein starts BARKING at something.

BROWN

What is it, Einie?

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

BROWN

Oh, no — they found me. I don't know how, but they found me.

MARTY

Who?

BROWN

The Libyans!

MARTY

What Libyans?

BROWN

The Libyans who got me the
Plutonium! They wanted me to build
'em a bomb - I told 'em I would, but
I lied!

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

BROWN

Run for it, Marty! I'll draw their
fire!

Brown pulls a .45 revolver from inside his radiation suit and FIRES at the van! He then breaks for the mall, a good 500 yards away.

The terrorist van SCREECHES around sharply and gives chase. The terrorist FIRES a machine gun blast.

MARTY

Doc - no! Wait!

But Brown keeps running and firing - and the van closes the distance. No way can Brown outrun it to the mall.

The Terrorist gunner screams a 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, video camera still in hand.

MARTY

Doc! Oh my God!
(at the terrorists)
You 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 DeLorean.

Marty dashes for it, even as the van accelerates toward him, and dives into the still open driver's door.