

STEVEN SPIELBERG
Presents

BACK TO THE FUTURE™



WALT DISNEY PICTURES
A FILM BY STEVEN SPIELBERG
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COSTUME DESIGNER JUDITH ANGLADE
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PRODUCED BY JUDITH ANGLADE
SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT ROY POOL
DIRECTED BY STEVEN SPIELBERG
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IN THIS STORY
**BACK TO THE
FUTURE**
WHEN YOU HEAR THIS . . .
TURN THE PAGE
LET'S BEGIN NOW

Marty McFly could see his breath in the autumn air that filled hill Valley Town Square. He walked up to his girlfriend Jennifer and smiled. "My dad's letting me use his car next Saturday night!" he told her.



“Oh, Marty! It’ll be our first official date!”

“Well, it’s a crummy old car, but someday, when I earn enough money, I’ll get that four-by-four truck I’ve had my eye on.”

Suddenly a voice boomed in Marty’s ear. “SAVE THE CLOCK TOWER!” A woman struck a can between Jennifer and Marty. “Please give some money to save the clock tower!”

She pointed to the big clock on the tower of the courthouse. “Thirty years ago lightning struck that tower at exactly 10.04 p.m., and the clock hasn’t run since. The mayor wants to replace it, but we feel it should be left as it is.”

Marty dropped a coin into her can.

“Thank you!” the woman said. “Don’t forget to take a flyer. It tells you all about the clock tower.” Nearby, a car honked loudly.

“That’s my dad, I’ve got to go!” Jennifer said, and she kissed Marty.

Marty smiled. He was feeling very happy.

His happy feelings quickly faded as he watched a tow truck back the remains of his father’s car into the McFly driveway. Marty could hear Biff’s voice all the way from the street. Biff was his father’s boss.

“I can’t believe you loaned me your car without telling me it has a blind spot McFly!” Biff yelled. “I could’ve been killed!”

Marty stepped into the house. As he’d suspected, his father, George McFly, was backed into a corner. Biff had smashed up George’s car, and yet George was apologizing to Biff!

That evening, Marty was still upset about the car. Now he would have to cancel his date with Jennifer. There was no use talking to his father about it.

Marty’s mother, Lorraine, was also no help.

“That girl Jennifer called while you were out, Marty,” she said. “I’m not sure I like her. When I was a girl, I never called a boy.”

“Oh, no,” Marty thought, . . . “The dreaded first date story!” Sure enough, his mother went into her favourite tale for the millionth time - how her father had hit Marty’s dad with the family car, and then carried George into the house for first aid.

“He seemed so helpless,” Lorraine said, “Like a little lost puppy. The very next weekend we went on our first date, The School Dance. It was the night of that terrible thunderstorm. Your father kissed me for the first time . . . and I realized I was going to spend the rest of my life with him.”

“That’s a nice story, Mom,” Marty lied.

His parents were getting old right before his eyes. His mother was overweight and greying and his father was always being pushed around. It made Marty sad. He really did love them, despite everything.

Marty went up to his room and fell into bed. He soon dozed off, but was awakened when his phone rang. It read “12.30 a.m.”

“Hello, Marty?” said the voice on the phone. “This is Doc Brown.” Doc Brown was a local scientist and inventor, and Marty’s good friend.

“What’s going on, Doc?” Marty asked.

“Meet me in the parking lot of the Twin Pines Shopping Mall right away! I’ve got something incredible to show you!”

“O.K., I’ll be right there.”

Minutes later, Marty arrived at the parking lot. There stood Doc Brown beside the strangest car Marty had ever seen.

“How do you like my time machine, Marty?” Doc asked.

“It used to be a DeLorean car, but I made some changes.”

“I’ll say!” Marty exclaimed. It looked more like a rocketship than a car.





“How does it work, Doc?”

“It runs on plutonium,”

“Plutonium! but that’s the stuff they use to build nuclear bombs!”

“You’re absolutely right, Marty, but in this case it’s perfectly safe. You see, I needed a huge amount of energy to run my time machine. One day, a gang of criminals brought me this plutonium and asked me to build them a bomb. I kept the plutonium for my time machine instead.”

Doc swung open the door of his time machine.

“Look at this, Marty,” he said, pointing to the car’s dashboard.

“This is the gadget you use to set your destination, say you want to go backwards in time, let’s use the day I created the formula for my time machine. You just set this dial to 11-5-55 - November 5, 1955 . . . and start driving. When you reach a speed of 88 miles per hour . . . KABOOM! You’re instantly sent back through time!”

“Are you going into the past?” Marty asked.

“No, Marty, I’m going into the future.”

However, before Doc was able to reset the dial, he and Marty saw a van speeding toward them.

“Oh, no!” Doc gasped. “It’s that criminal gang whose plutonium I stole.”

One of the gang aimed a machine gun at the startled inventor and opened fire. Doc fell to the pavement. Marty could hardly believe it . . . Doc Brown was dead!





The gunman fired at Marty. Marty leapt into the time machine and started the engine; the car took off - a few seconds later it hit 88 miles per hour and instantly disappeared.

KABOOM! Marty found himself speeding through a cornfield. WHAM! The time machine crashed into a barn.

Marty got out and realized that he was on a farm.

"I don't know where Twin Pines Mall went, but I just want to go home."

Marty located a familiar highway and finally found his way home. He started to turn onto his own street - but it was gone! Then he looked at the destination dial on the car's dashboard. It read: "November 5, 1955."

"It works!" Marty gasped. "I've travelled thirty years into the past. My neighbourhood hasn't been built yet!"

Suddenly, the car's engine died. Marty tried to restart it, but it was no use. He was out of plutonium.

Marty hid the time machine and hiked into town. But, it was not at all like he remembered it. Marty didn't recognize any of the old-fashioned shops that surrounded the courthouse.

Marty entered a soda fountain and took a stool at the counter.

"Hey, McFly!" a voice said.

Marty turned to see who it was. The voice belonged to Biff? Only this Biff was barely older than Marty!

"I'm talking to you, McFly!" said the young Biff - except that he wasn't talking to Marty. Biff was speaking to the boy on the next stool, who was Marty's own father, George McFly!

"Hey, McFly! You were supposed to do my homework for me," Biff said to George.

"I'll do it right away!" answered George.

Before Marty could even open his mouth, George had run out of the soda fountain.



Marty ran after him, he finally found George up in a tree, trying to see into the house across the street.

Suddenly George came crashing down, right in the middle of the road. At that moment a car turned the corner, heading right for George.

“Dad!” Marty screamed. He threw himself into the street and pushed George out of the way. The car kept coming, and Marty recognized his grandfather behind the wheel just before he bounced off the hood and passed out.

Marty woke up in a dark room. “Mom,” he moaned. “Oh I had a terrible dream.” Sitting beside him on the bed was his mother.

“You’re going to be all right now,” she said. She turned on a lamp. It was Marty’s mom, all right . . . except that she was a very young and very pretty girl!

“You’re so . . . so . . .” Marty tried to find the words. “So . . . thin!”

“Why, thank you,” his teenage mother said. “That’s so sweet of you. You were so helpless when my father carried you in. Like a little lost puppy.”

Marty’s mouth went dry. It was the dreaded first date story! Lorraine was supposed to fall in love with George while taking care of Marty!

“By saving my father from getting hit by that car, I’ve just stopped him from meeting my mother!” thought Marty. “If they never meet, they’ll never fall in love and get married. And if they never get married . . . I’ll never be born!”

“I’ve got to find Doc Brown!” Marty said, as he ran out of the room. “I feel better. Thanks . . . Lorraine!”

Marty didn’t stop running until he got to Doc Brown’s house. He stepped up to the front door and rang the bell.

“Who are you?” a young-looking Doc Brown asked.





Marty told him the whole story.

"I believe you," said Doc Brown, handing Marty a sheet of paper. "It's my formula for the time machine. You've described it perfectly. Quick lets go get it."

Before long, Marty and Doc managed to tow the time machine back to Doc's lab.

"There's only one problem in getting you back to the future, Marty," Doc told him. "Power. Here in 1955, I have no way of getting more plutonium. The only other thing powerful enough to run the time machine is a bolt of lightning, but we have no way to tell when or where one is going to strike."

"Oh yes we do!" said Marty, Marty reached into his pocket and handed Doc Brown the flyer.

"According to this," Doc Brown began, "lightning will strike the courthouse this Saturday night at exactly 10.04. I can rig up something to channel the energy from the clock tower into the time machine. But, we still have one problem, Marty."

"My parents?" asked Marty.

"That's right. If you don't get them together before you leave for the future on Saturday, you may just vanish on the way back to 1985."

"I understand Doc. You take care of my trip home: I'll work on George and Lorraine."

The next morning Marty went to the local high school where, he found his father.

"Hi, George," Marty began. "Remember me? I'm Marty. I saved your life yesterday."

"Right" remembered George. "Thanks, Marty."

“Listen, George,” Marty continued, “I met this girl yesterday named Lorraine Baines. She’s got a crush on you. Come on, I’ll introduce you.”

George followed Marty over to where Lorraine was standing.

“Lorraine,” said Marty, “I’d like you to meet George McFly,” But Lorraine had a crush on Marty!

Marty returned to Doc Brown’s and found him hard at work.

“It’s all set, Marty” Doc said. “I’m going to run a wire from the clock to the street. All you have to do is drive the car under the wire at exactly 10.04 p.m. Saturday night, make the connection, and you’ll be on your way back to the future.”

“That’s great, Doc,” said Marty. “Only I didn’t do so well with my folks.”

“You’ve got to think of something, Marty” said Doc.

“Listen Doc, there’s something I’ve got to tell you,” it’s about what happens to you in the future.”

“No! you’re not to tell me anything about my own personal future. I might do something that would alter the course of history.”

So, Marty wrote a note warning Doc, sealed it in an envelope and hid it in Doc’s coat pocket.

That night Marty put on his radiation suit, took his portable cassette player, and snuck into George’s bedroom. He slipped the headphones onto George’s ears and blasted loud music which woke George up.

“I’m an alien from the planet Vulcan!” Marty began.

“I have come to give you the courage to ask Lorraine to the dance. Tomorrow you will ask her!”

George loved science fiction and believed in aliens. Marty’s trick had worked.



The next day, full of courage, George went to ask Lorraine to the dance. Just as he was about to ask her out, Biff walked up and began to pick on George.

“Hey, McFly!” Biff yelled. “Keep away from that girl! I’m reserving her for myself!”

Marty was so angry at Biff for spoiling George’s chance that he tripped Biff and sent him flying.

“I thought you were just super the way you took care of Biff, Marty,” Lorraine said afterwards. “I was wondering if maybe you’d take me to the dance this Saturday.

Marty said yes, but he had a plan. He explained it to George.

“I’m going to drive her to the dance, George. But once we get there I’ll slip away and you take my place.”

Saturday night arrived and Marty drove Lorraine to the dance. As they were getting out of the car, Marty felt a strong hand on his shoulder. He turned in time to see Biff’s fist as it knocked him out.

“You’re my date now, sweetheart!” Biff said to Lorraine.

“Leave me alone! you’re hurting me!” Lorraine cried.

Suddenly, Biff felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned around and saw George McFly.

“What do you want, McFly?” Biff laughed. “Get out of here!”

George removed his hand from Biff’s shoulder, then he saw tears in Lorraine’s eyes.

“You take your hands off her, Biff,” George demanded. This time Biff didn’t laugh.





“I’ve had enough of you, McFly,” Biff said. “Maybe I’ll teach you a lesson.” He grabbed George’s arm and twisted it.

George had never been so furious in his entire life. He broke free and hit Biff with all of his might. Biff fell to the ground and stayed there.

“Are you all right, Lorraine?” asked George.

“Yes, thank you,” said Lorraine, now dreamy-eyed over George, her new found hero.

Marty awoke in time to see them enter the school.

He couldn’t have been happier. History had been set straight. It was time for him to go.

“What is the meaning of this?” Doc Brown asked Marty when he arrived at the Town Square. Doc held Marty’s message in his hand.

“This is about the future, isn’t it, Marty?” Thunder rumbled close by.

“I don’t want to hear about my future!” Doc told Marty and tore up the envelope.

Before Marty could argue with his friend, Doc started to run towards the courthouse.

“It’s time for you to get into the time machine!” he yelled. “Good luck, Marty! I’ll see you in 1985!”

“Doc!” Marty screamed, but Doc Brown could no longer hear him. Marty ran towards the time machine, knowing that he’d failed to warn Doc Brown of his murder.

Then he had an idea, “I’ll go back ten minutes early and warn him!”

Marty adjusted the dials and turned the key to start the engine. The car jerked into motion. Faster and faster it went, flying down the street toward the courthouse.



At exactly 10.04 p.m., the time machine connected with the wire. Marty saw the car hit 88 miles per hour and felt it disappearing.

KABOOM! Marty was back in 1985, screeching the car to a halt.

He ran all the way to the Mall but he was too late. He arrived just in time to witness Doc's murder for the second time.

"Why didn't you read my note, Doc?" Marty cried to the body of his friend.

"I did, Marty."

Doc Brown sat up and pulled Marty's note from his pocket. It was taped and ragged, and brown with age.

"You're alive!" Marty exclaimed. "But how did you survive those bullets?"

Doc Brown pulled open his coat.

"Bulletproof vest," he said.

Doc Brown dropped Marty at the McFly residence.

"I'm going into the future now, Marty," he told his young friend.

"Look me up when you get there, Doc," said Marty.

The next morning Marty woke up in his own bed. Little did he expect the surprise that awaited him downstairs.

"Good morning, Marty." said his mother. "Did you have a good sleep?"

Marty could hardly believe his eyes . . . his mother was the correct age again, but she was still thin and beautiful!

His father was also changed. George McFly looked confident and athletic.

"Cat got your tongue, Marty?" George laughed.

"Oh, Marty's just excited about his date tonight with Jennifer." teased his mom.

“Biff has your new four-by-four truck all polished and ready to go son,” George said to Marty. “So you and Jennifer have a good time tonight.”

Marty ran to the garage. Sure enough, there was Biff, polishing the truck of Marty’s dreams.

“I shined it real good for you,” said Biff, “just like your Dad told me to.”

Suddenly everything fell into place. Marty understood now why things were so different. Instead of being weak and helpless, George McFly had stood up to Biff. Marty had changed the past after all. Thanks to him, both of his parents grew up to be happy and confident.

“How about a ride, mister?”

Marty turned and saw Jennifer standing in the driveway.

A moment later they both jumped in surprise. KABOOM! The time machine appeared out of nowhere.

“Marty! You’ve got to come back with me into the future!”

It was Doc Brown. Dressed in strange clothing, he leaped out of the time machine.

“What’s wrong Doc?” Marty asked him.

“You’ve got to come back with me, and Jennifer should come, too, because this also involves her. It’s your kids, Marty - something’s got to be done about your kids!”

Without hesitation Marty and Jennifer joined Doc inside the time machine. Doc touched a new switch. The car suddenly rose over the ground and flew off . . .

HEADING BACK TO THE FUTURE!



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