

BACK TO THE FUTURE

MARTY

Do you mind if we park for a while?

LORAINNE

That's a great idea. I'd love to park.

MARTY

Huh?

LORAINNE

Well, Marty, I'm almost eighteen-years-old, it's not like I've never parked before.

MARTY

What?

LORAINNE

Marty, you seem so nervous, is something wrong?

MARTY

No no. Loraine, Loraine, what are you doing?

LORAINNE

I swiped it from the old lady's liquor cabinet.

MARTY

Yeah well, you shouldn't drink.

LORAINNE

Why not?

MARTY

Because, you might regret it later in life.

LORAINNE

Marty, don't be such a square. Everybody who's anybody drinks.

MARTY

Jesus, you smoke too?

LORAINNE

Marty, you're beginning to sound just like my mother. Marty, why are you so nervous?

MARTY

Well, Loraine...jeez, that's hard for me to say---have you ever been in

a situation where---well---you know you have to act a certain way, but when you get there, you don't know if you can go through with it?

LORAINÉ

You mean like how you're supposed to act with someone on a first date?

MARTY

Well, sort of...

LORAINÉ

I think I know exactly what you mean.

MARTY

You do?

LORAINÉ

(nods)

And you know what I do in those situations?

MARTY

What?

LORAINÉ

I don't worry about it!

She jumps on Marty and kisses him. Then she stops abruptly.

LORAINÉ (CONT'D)

This isn't right. I don't know what it is, but...when I kiss you...something's wrong. It almost feels like...like I was kissing my brother...or my father...I don't understand it, but I just know it's wrong. I guess that doesn't make any sense, does it?

MARTY

Believe me, it makes perfect sense.