

Everything that had happened—Doc being married to Edna Strickland and turning Hill valley into some kind of dictatorship—it felt like something out of the Twilight Zone.

I'd hoped I was going to wake up and laugh it off as a bad dream.

But yeah, no such luck.

MARTIN?

WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT DEAD.

JENNIFER? WHERE AM I? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WE'RE AT THE CITIZEN PLUS CENTER, DUH.

DAD DROPPED ME OFF AFTER OUR PUBLIC MAKE-OUT SESSION—BUT AT LEAST I DIDN'T GET SHOT WITH A TRANQUILIZER.

TRANQUILIZER...?

DOC!

IT'S—IT'S LOCKED!

AND THERE'S A GUARD OUT THERE, TOO...

...JUST IN CASE WE GET ANY FUN IDEAS.

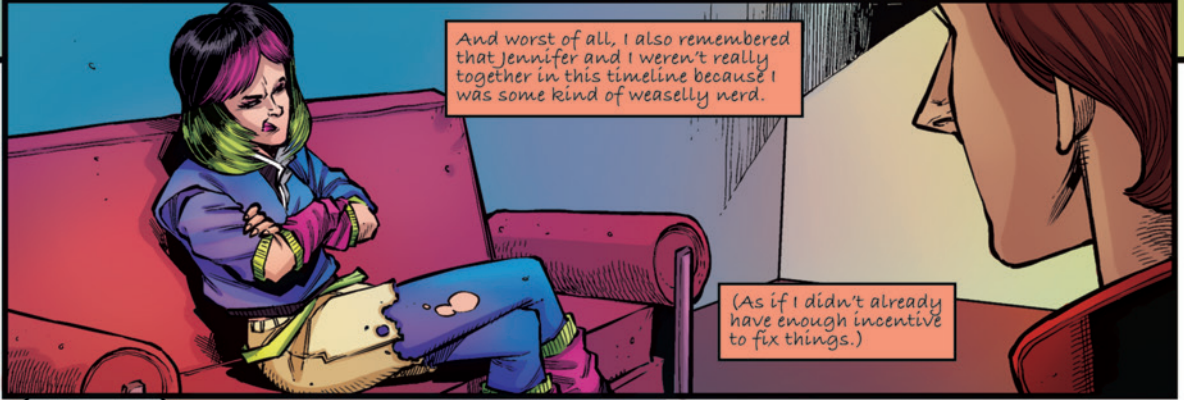
And then everything came flooding back to me. Dad was some kind of peeping Tom. Mom was drinking again.

I remembered that Edna—or maybe one of her brainwashed goons—hit me with a tranquilizer dart, and it felt like I'd been run over by a truck.



And worst of all, I also remembered that Jennifer and I weren't really together in this timeline because I was some kind of weaselly nerd.

(As if I didn't already have enough incentive to fix things.)



JENNIFER, WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING.

WHAT? WE CAN'T GET OUT. AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT BE FUN BEHIND LOCKED DOORS...

C'MON, LET'S GIVE 'EM A SHOW. IF WE MAKE OUT A LITTLE, THEY'LL COME IN HERE TO STOP US, AND WE CAN MAYBE GET OUT OF HERE.

YOU'RE NOT CHICKEN, ARE YOU?

YOU'RE THE LAST GUY I'D EVER EXPECT TO CALL ANYONE A CHICKEN, MARTIN.

JENNIFER...



...WELL, THERE ARE CAMERAS IN HERE, MARTIN, AND GUARDS ARE WATCHING.

MAYBE YOU LIKE GETTING KNOCKED OUT, BUT I DON'T.



...IT'S MARTY.

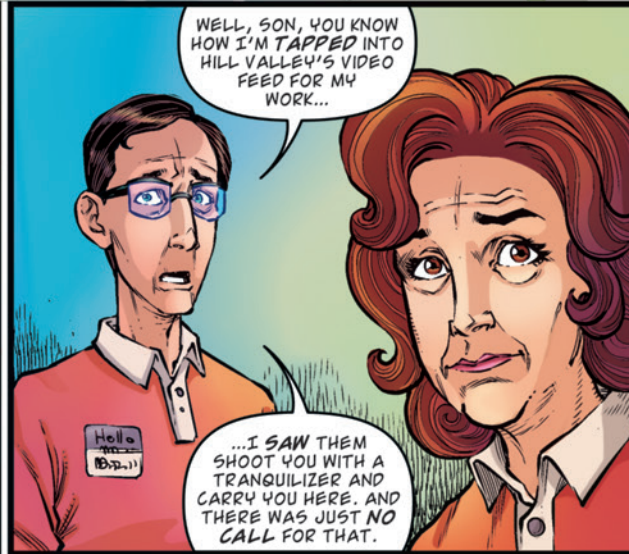


WE'RE HERE, SON! DON'T PANIC, WE—OOOPS.



DAD? MOM?!

HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?



WELL, SON, YOU KNOW HOW I'M TAPPED INTO HILL VALLEY'S VIDEO FEED FOR MY WORK...

...I SAW THEM SHOOT YOU WITH A TRANQUILIZER AND CARRY YOU HERE. AND THERE WAS JUST NO CALL FOR THAT.



I KNOW YOU WERE ACTING A LITTLE STRANGE EARLIER, BUT IT'S LIKE YOU SAID... WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE, YOU GIVE THEM THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

THEY CAN'T JUST REEDUCATE MY SON.

THAT'S KINDA AWESOME, DAD... BUT HOW DID YOU GET PAST THE GUARD?



OH, THAT WAS NO TROUBLE. I JUST USED THIS—

—FROM YOUR FATHER'S OLD EMERGENCY SUPPLY KIT.



DID I EVER TELL YOU GUYS HOW GREAT YOU ARE?

GOSH, SON...

ALSO, MOM—CAN I BORROW THE STUN GUN?



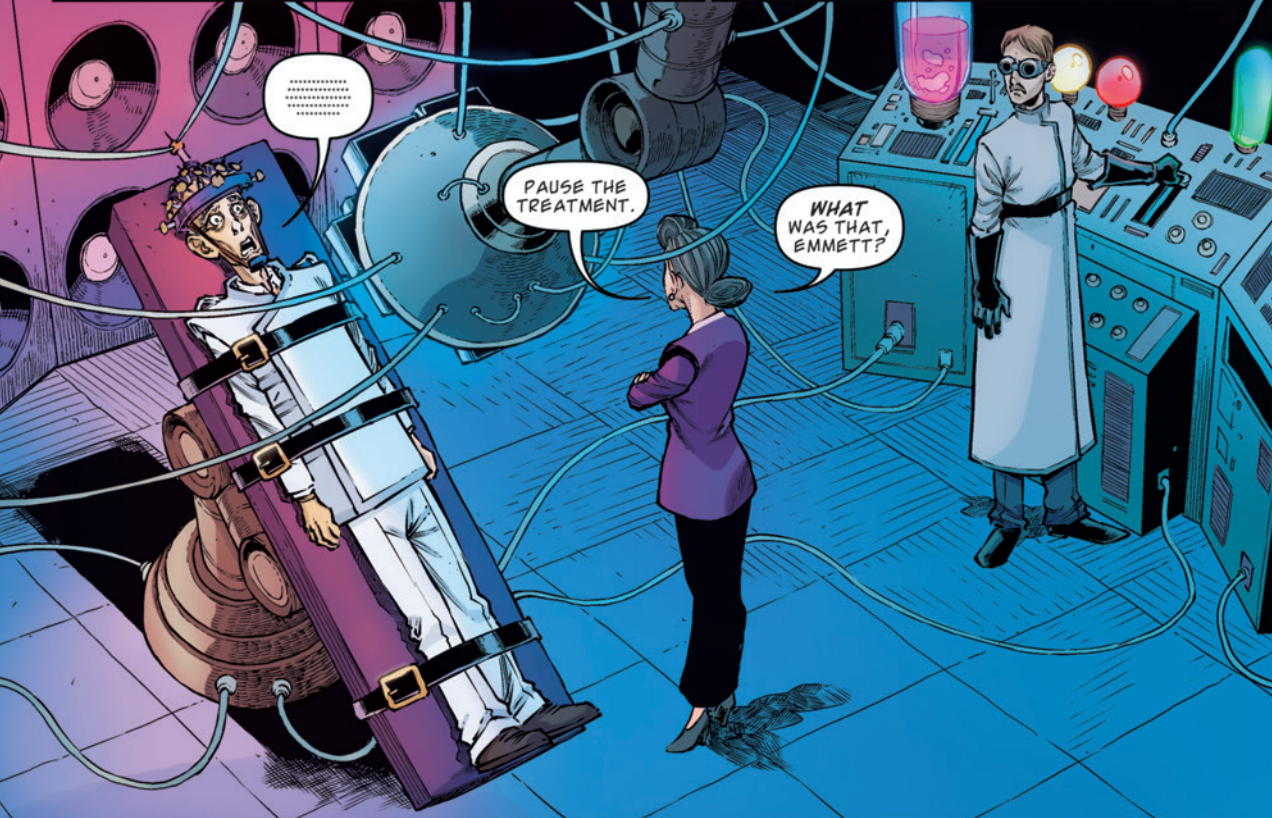
THANKS, MOM—AND NOW I GOTTA GO!

DOC'S STILL IN TROUBLE!



JENNIFER? WHO'S DOC?

NO IDEA.



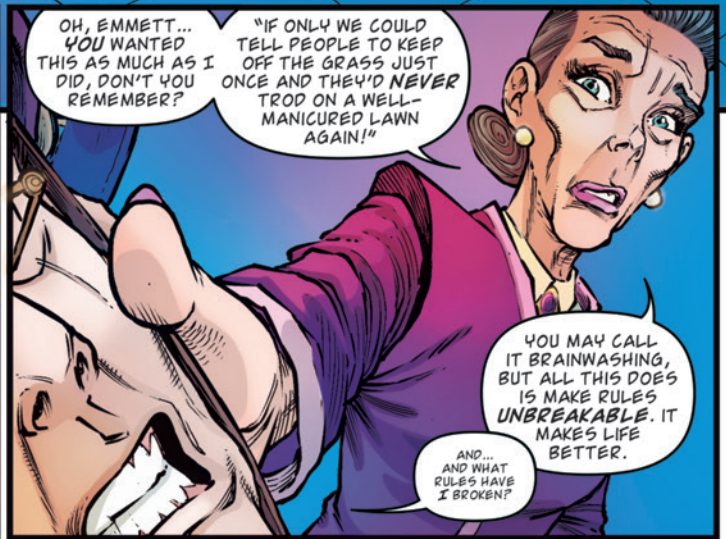
PAUSE THE TREATMENT.

WHAT WAS THAT, EMMETT?



IS THIS... WHAT OUR WORK WAS ALL ABOUT? BRAINWASHING? ALL OUR EFFORTS TO CURE SOCIETY'S ILLS... AND YOU JUST WANT TO TURN OFF FREE WILL WITH THE FLICK OF A SWITCH?

YOU—YOU'VE PERVERTED EVERYTHING I EVER STOOD FOR!

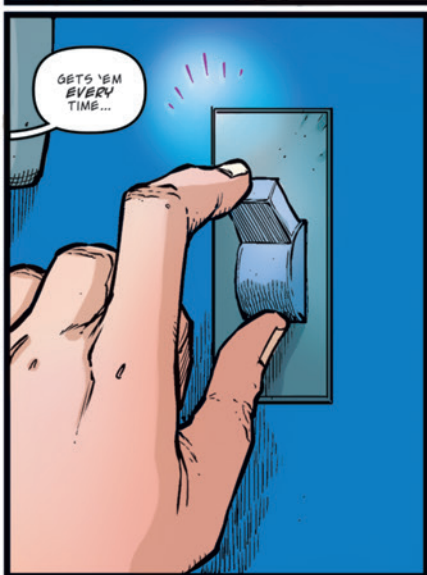


OH, EMMETT... YOU WANTED THIS AS MUCH AS I DID, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

"IF ONLY WE COULD TELL PEOPLE TO KEEP OFF THE GRASS JUST ONCE AND THEY'D NEVER TROD ON A WELL-MANICURED LAWN AGAIN!"

YOU MAY CALL IT BRAINWASHING, BUT ALL THIS DOES IS MAKE RULES UNBREAKABLE. IT MAKES LIFE BETTER.

AND... AND WHAT RULES HAVE I BROKEN?



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