

# **I've Got a Good Feeling**

by

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FADE IN

EXT. A SIDEWALK-DAY

We see a a busy sidewalk in front of a number of different businesses. There are several people walking down the sidewalk and we can tell by the way that they are dressed that it is in the 1970s.

An attractive young blonde woman comes walking down the sidewalk and several of the young men turn and look at her as she passes them.

This is CHRISSIE, and she is wearing cut off shorts, a tank top, sunglasses, and is carrying a backpack over her shoulder. She notices a diner and stops and goes inside of it.

SUPER: JUNE 27th

INT. THE DINER

Chrissie walks into the diner and heads towards one of the empty booths in the back. There are several people sitting at the counter eating as well as some others eating at the tables and booths.

An old man notices Chrissie as she passes by and smiles at her. She returns a smile and makes her way to the corner booth.

As soon as she sits down she takes off her sunglasses as a friendly-looking waitress approaches her. This is DOTTIE, and she is a plump woman in her 60s with reddish-brown hair and glasses.

DOTTIE

(Putting a menu on the  
table)

Hi there. You know what you want or  
do you need a minute?

CHRISSIE

Can I get some scrambled eggs and  
battered toast?

DOTTIE

You got it. Anything to drink?  
Coffee? Juice?

CHRISSIE

Can I get a glass of orange juice?

DOTTIE

(Smiling)

Coming right up.

Dottie walks away and Chrissie just sits there at her booth. A little boy in the booth in front of her stands up in his seat and looks over at her with a smile on his face.

LITTLE BOY  
(Grinning at her)

Hi.

CHRISSIE  
(Smiling at him)

Hello, sweetheart.

The boy's mother is sitting beside him in their booth and gently grabs his arm when she realizes that he has turned around to talk to Chrissie. The boy's dad is sitting opposite the woman and is shoveling bacon and eggs into his mouth.

LITTLE BOY'S MOM  
Turn around and eat your breakfast,  
honey.

The little boy grins at Chrissie and then does what he is told. He sits down beside his mom and starts happily eating a bowl of cereal in front of him.

LITTLE BOY'S MOM  
(To Chrissie)  
I'm sorry, I hope he didn't bother  
you.

CHRISSIE  
It's fine, he didn't bother me at  
all.

The little boy's mom just nods with a smile and then turns back to the table and starts eating the pancake on her plate.

Dottie comes walking back over to Chrissie's booth and sets a glass of orange juice on the table in front of her.

DOTTIE  
There you go, it's nice and fresh.  
Just squeezed the oranges myself  
this morning.

CHRISSIE  
Thank you.

DOTTIE  
Your food will be out in a minute.

CHRISSIE  
Thanks.

Dottie pauses and stands there looking at her.

DOTTIE  
You aren't from around here, are  
you?

CHRISSIE

No, I'm just passing through.

DOTTIE

(Smiling)

I thought so. I didn't remember seeing you come in before. Where are you from?

CHRISSIE

Idaho.

DOTTIE

Idaho? Land's sakes, what are you doing so far away from home?

CHRISSIE

Decided to go on a little vacation for the holiday weekend.

DOTTIE

Anybody else with you or are you by yourself?

CHRISSIE

It's just me.

DOTTIE

You have to be exhausted driving all that way by yourself!

CHRISSIE

Oh, I didn't drive.

DOTTIE

You didn't? Then how did you get here?

CHRISSIE

I hitched.

DOTTIE

Goodness girl, don't you know how dangerous that is?

CHRISSIE

I know, but I didn't really have a whole lot of choice. I had to get out of there.

DOTTIE

Problems back home, huh?

CHRISSIE

You could say that.

DOTTIE

(Patting her hand)

I understand. You be careful though, it's not safe out there these days.

CHRISSIE

It's not safe anywhere these days. Especially home.

DOTTIE

I hate to hear that. Everybody should feel safe at home.

CHRISSIE

(Frowning)

I haven't. Not for a very long time. Maybe not ever.

DOTTIE

(Patting her arm)

Bless your heart. Let me go check on that food. It should be just about ready.

Dottie walks away and Chrissie just sits there at her booth. She unwraps the napkin from the utensils and sits there nervously wringing the napkin in her hands.

Dottie comes back with her food and sits it on the table in front of her.

CHRISSIE

(Smiling)

Mmm. That looks good.

DOTTIE

I'm not going to lie, we have the best breakfast in the tri-state area.

Chrissie looks at the plate in front of her with a confused look on her face. Along with the toast and scrambled eggs are two pieces of bacon, two sausage patties, and a large helping of hash browns.

CHRISSIE

Wait...I didn't order all this. I just wanted some toast and eggs.

DOTTIE

It's OK honey, I gave you a little extra. You're a growing girl, you've gotta eat.

CHRISSIE

(Looking worried)

But I don't think I have enough money for all this.

DOTTIE

It's OK. It's on the house.

CHRISSIE

What? You don't have to do that!

DOTTIE

Sure I do. Think of it as our way of welcoming you to town.

CHRISSIE

(Hesitant)

Are you sure?

DOTTIE

I'm positive, honey. Go ahead, eat up.

CHRISSIE

(Smiling)

Thank you. I really appreciate it.

DOTTIE

Think nothing of it. You want more you just let me know, OK?

CHRISSIE

(Picking up her fork)

Thank you. It's very kind of you.

DOTTIE

Well, you strike me as the type that needs some kindness in your life. I'll be back to check on you in a minute.

Dottie walks away and Chrissie digs into her food, eating it as if she hasn't eaten anything in days.

EXT. THE DINER-DAY

We see the diner from the outside and there are several people walking out the front door.

INT. THE DINER-DAY

It is a little while later and Chrissie is finishing up the last of her toast. We see the plate and it is totally empty. She takes a sip of her juice and Dottie comes walking back over to check on her.

DOTTIE

How was everything?

CHRISSIE

Wonderful. That's the best breakfast I think I've ever had.

DOTTIE

Good. I'm glad you liked it. Do you want anything else?

CHRISSIE

(Holding her stomach)

Oh no, I couldn't eat another bite. Thank you though.

There are no more customers in the diner aside from Chrissie and a chunky Trucker sitting at the bar eating a plate of food. This is BUTCH, and he eats like he is starving. Dottie sits down at the booth opposite of Chrissie.

DOTTIE

Mind if I sit a little now that things have slowed down a bit?

CHRISSIE

Not at all.

DOTTIE

So, where exactly are you headed?

CHRISSIE

Amity.

DOTTIE

Amity Island, huh? It's a nice place.

CHRISSIE

That's what I've heard.

DOTTIE

I think you'll like it there. Most people do.

CHRISSIE

I think so too. I've just got a good feeling about that place, you know?

DOTTIE

There's a lot to do there. The beach is beautiful.

CHRISSIE

(Smiling)

I know, I've seen pictures.

DOTTIE

My sister lives in the area. She takes my nephew Alex to the beach almost every day during the summer. He loves to swim.

CHRISSIE

I do too! As a matter of fact, it's one of the only things that makes me happy these days.

DOTTIE

It's good to have something that makes you happy. Some people don't even have that.

CHRISSIE

I know. It's sad.

DOTTIE

You got a place to stay when you get there?

CHRISSIE

Not at the moment, but I'm sure I'll find something.

DOTTIE

I know the people that run the Shaw Inn, just tell them that you know me and they'll take good care of you.

CHRISSIE

Thanks, I will.

DOTTIE

Let me go check on Butch at the counter and I'll be right back to clear your table.

Dottie walks over to Butch and starts talking to him, but we can't hear what they are saying. He looks over at Chrissie and then back at Dottie and nods. She pats him on the shoulder and she goes back behind the counter and then into the kitchen.

Butch finishes up his coffee and then gets up and approaches Chrissie. She notices him walking toward her and looks a little apprehensive as he is an intimidating guy.

BUTCH

Hi there.

CHRISSIE

Hi.

BUTCH

So Dottie tells me you're heading to Amity Island?

CHRISSIE

That's right.



BUTCH

I gotta head up that way myself.  
You need a ride?

CHRISSIE

That's OK, you don't have to do  
that.

BUTCH

I ain't no weirdo or nothing,  
honey. You ain't gotta worry about  
that. I'm happily married with  
three kids and ain't looking for no  
hanky panky with nobody else other  
than the missus.

Chrissie thinks for a minute.

CHRISSIE

(Reluctant)

I don't know...

BUTCH

It's better to ride with me than  
with some sex pervert or something.  
I'm a nice guy, Dottie can vouch  
for me.

CHRISSIE

You sure you don't mind?

BUTCH

Of course not. I need the company  
to be honest. It'll be nice to talk  
to someone along the way for a  
change.

CHRISSIE

OK, if you're sure it isn't any  
trouble.

BUTCH

Ain't no trouble to me. Like I  
said, I gotta head that way anyway.

CHRISSIE

Thank you. I really appreciate it.  
I'd give you some gas money but I'm  
a little-

BUTCH

(Cutting her off)

Don't even worry about that. You  
ain't gotta pay for gas.

Dottie comes walking back over carrying a greasy white bag.

DOTTIE  
(Handing Chrissie the  
bag)  
Here you go.

CHRISSIE  
What's this?

DOTTIE  
Made you a couple of burgers for  
the road.

CHRISSIE  
Dottie! You really didn't have to  
do that!

DOTTIE  
I'm happy to.

CHRISSIE  
(Reaching in her pocket)  
Here, let me pay you for them.

DOTTIE  
No, they're on the house too.

CHRISSIE  
(Taking a couple of  
dollar bills out of her  
pocket)  
At least let me give you a tip.  
You've been so kind and I feel bad  
not leaving you something.

DOTTIE  
(Smiling)  
Don't be silly. You put your money  
away, I don't need any tip.

CHRISSIE  
But I want to give you something!

DOTTIE  
(Patting her arm)  
You being safe and taking care of  
yourself is all you can do for me.  
You be careful out there, you hear?

Chrissie gets up and hugs Dottie, who hugs her back.

CHRISSIE  
I will. Thank you, Dottie. Thank  
you so much.

DOTTIE  
You're welcome, dear.

BUTCH

(Looking at his watch)

We better be hitting the road. You ready?

CHRISSIE

Sure. Thanks again Dottie. For everything.

DOTTIE

(Smiling)

It was my pleasure. Stop back by and see me again sometime when you get a chance.

CHRISSIE

I will. I definitely will. Bye.

DOTTIE

Bye bye, honey.

Butch and Chrissie start to walk toward the door as Dottie picks up Chrissie's empty plate and wipes down the table.

They are about to walk through the door when Dottie calls out to them.

DOTTIE

Honey, I just realized I don't even know your name.

CHRISSIE

It's Chrissie. Chrissie Watkins.

DOTTIE

It was nice to meet you, Chrissie. Take care, OK?

CHRISSIE

I will. I promise.

Butch and Chrissie leave as Dottie finishes wiping down the table and carries her plate and utensils back to the kitchen.

FADE OUT

THE END