

THE UNDENIABLE INNOCENCE OF WATER MOCCASINS

By

A.M. Lewis

Based on a true story

Copyright 2026

alewis@ripplehouse.media

1 OVER BLACK

A woman's voice speaks tiredly over hysterical laughing.

BIRD

Call me Tom.

It was my father's name, and someone
has to remember.

And if you're judging me, it's because
you don't know me.

Not even a little.

Not even at all.

Only snippets of a story.

2 EXT. GRAVEYARD. EVENING.

An 18-year-old girl, BIRD WHITE, stares past the camera at
something unknown as she hysterically laughs amidst an ocean
of graves.

3 TITLE CARD: THE UNDENIABLE INNOCENCE OF WATER MOCCASINS

4 INT. HOME. EVENING.

Bird, now an 11-year-old girl, stares at herself in a mirror.

There are dark circles under her eyes. She is wearing an off-
white tank top with a grape-juice stain on the front. Her
blonde hair is disheveled, and she has big blue eyes that
leak out a wild frenzy from within. Animalistic fear.

Motionless, she stares at herself. It's creepy.

Her eyes trail down to her non-existent cleavage. She tried
to push them together to create cleavage, but it's no luck.

Her mom, CYNTHIA WHITE, calls from downstairs.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Bird, time for dinner!

Bird stares in the mirror for a second longer, dissatisfied.

CYNTHIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Bird?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BIRD

Coming!

5 INT. AMTRAK TRAIN. AFTERNOON.

TOM WHITE, Bird's father, ominously stares out a train's window as it roars through a sunny, green countryside. He is wearing a fancy suit and has dark-brown, gelled-back hair. He is pale and angelic in a fragile way. Porcelain waiting to crack.

With a pen in hand, a tattered leather journal sits opened in his lap. Emotionless, he continues to stare at the passing beauty.

TOM (V.O.)

Dear Reader, have you ever thought about how, when we are born, we all have the same amount of knowledge? And by "we all," I really mean we *all*.

A dog, a human baby, and an ant... they are all the same... blank... even if only for a brief moment in time before instincts and desires kick in.

Tom is distracted from the passing view as two little kids fight in a diagonal seat. He looks over at them, curious.

The board game "Candy Land" sits in the Little Girl's lap. The mother is on a business call.

LITTLE GIRL

No, I want to be the blue character!

LITTLE BOY

You were blue last time!

MOM

(on phone)

Larry, no--I think it's fine--

The mom tilts the phone away from her face.

MOM (CONT'D)

Jenny, let him be blue!

Intrigued, Tom picks up his pen, and begins to write. As if the kids are a study, he repetitively glances up at them while he scribbles.