

DROWN ON DRY LAND

written by

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(c) 2025

FADE IN:

INT. BEDSIT - MORNING

Squab and hairy cornflake NEIL BIMOUF (30) climbs out of bed wearing blue stripe pyjamas.

He takes a long, hard stretch and yawns to the sound of ten men.

He lethargically steps over to the bay window and opens the blinds to a baying mob of overexcited PAPARAZZI who flash their cameras immediately upon his appearance.

To his horror he gasps and closes the blinds again, then stands in reverie.

NEIL BIMOUF (ASIDE)

What the fuck was that?

He marches out of the room.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

He opens the door wide and stands brazenly inside the door frame.

NEIL BIMOUF (CONT'D)

(to Paparazzi)

What's going on? What are you
doing here?

Another bout of camera flashes light up his pasty face and sleepy cowering eyes.

A young female REPORTER (20) rushes into his bubble and sticks a microphone under his nose.

REPORTER

Speak Neil. You're on live TV.
But please don't swear.

NEIL BIMOUF

I don't understand. What's going
on? Who are you?

REPORTER

Tell our viewers how it feels to
be the UK's first ICI?

NEIL BIMOUF

ICI?

REPORTER

Involuntary celibate incel.

NEIL BIMOUF

(scratches head)

Involuntary what?

She glances at her grinning colleagues.

REPORTER

Celibate incel. You are our winner, Neil.

NEIL BIMOUF

I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't entered anything.

REPORTER

Tell us what you'd like to say to all the people watching you on TV right now?

NEIL BIMOUF

I don't know. This is all a bit of a shock. I didn't enter a competition.

REPORTER

That's because the online competition that you were automatically entered into, Neil picked you as the one-millionth viewer of Bonetime.com.

NEIL BIMOUF

(reflects)

Ah. That. Well, I never actually viewed anything on that website. It just appeared on my screen as a pop up. I clicked off of it immediately.

REPORTER

Of course you did, Neil. That's what they all say. But we believe you, don't we guys?

She glances at her colleagues. They nod their heads in unison.

NEIL BIMOUF

What have I won, then?

REPORTER

Well, it's not going to be your personal super model if that's what you were thinking, Neil.

NEIL BIMOUF

No?

A gangly, bespectacled ADAM CHARLES (30s) pushes his way through the furore of media outside the house.

ADAM CHARLES

(to Neil)

Hello, Neil. I'm Adam Charles from Bonetime International. It gives me great pleasure to hand to you, Neil Bimouf, a cheque for one-million English pounds. Congratulations! You are our first ever Bonetime winner. What have you got to say?

NEIL BIMOUF

(sheepishly)

Thank you. I can't believe I've actually won something. Oh my God, I've won!

ADAM CHARLES

Is that all you have to say to us, Neil? Anything else you might like to add for our viewers at home?

NEIL BIMOUF

Well, I'm shocked really. I didn't know I'd even entered a competition to be honest. I clicked off it.

ADAM CHARLES

Well, you are our one-millionth lucky viewer.

NEIL BIMOUF -

That's great!

He shakes Neil's limp hand before he hands him the CHEQUE and stands next to him for a frenetic photo opportunity.

Neil holds up the cheque and grins into the cameras.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Neil wears a colourful patterned shirt as he stands incongruously in front of a TV CAMERA.

He holds up a carton of A-POW fruit yoghurt for the camera.

Dandy ANDY (40s) clutches a clipboard.

ANDY

And action!

Neil stares absently into the camera.

NEIL BIMOUF

Just one carton of A-Pow fruit
yoghurt will keep you energized
throughout the day, and make you
want to spring into action
whatever you might be doing.

ANDY

(interjects)

Cut! Cut! Cut!

Neil steps back from the camera.

ANDY (CONT'D)

That's awesome, Neil. The camera
fucking loves you, man.

He puts his arm around Neil's shoulders and ushers him towards the exit.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Now listen up, Neil. I'm having a
bit of a soiree later. You know,
a shindig kinda thingymigid. Why
don't you come along and meet
some friends of mine? They'd
really love to meet you before
you enter the jungle.

NEIL BIMOUF

Sure.

ANDY

Excellent! Super! Now just do me a favour and tidy yourself up a tad. We don't want to frighten the guests away, do we?

NEIL BIMOUF

Of course not, no.

ANDY

Get yourself a haircut, and a nice clean shave. Get rid of the facial hair.

NEIL BIMOUF

Sure.

ANDY

There's a nice Turkish barbers at the end of the street. Tell him Andy sent you for a wax, back and crack.

NEIL BIMOUF

OK.

ANDY

He'll know exactly what to do.

NEIL BIMOUF

Sure.

He pushes Neil out the door.

INT. TURKISH BARBERS - DAY

Neil enters and is immediately led towards an empty chair by the clean shaven BARBER (50s) who has super hairy hands.

BARBER

What can I do for you?

NEIL BIMOUF

Andy from the London studios sent me for a wax, crack and sack actually.

BARBER

(mischeiviously)
The Whole Kahuna, then?

NEIL BIMOUF

Yeah, I suppose so.

Th Barber holds up his clippers and grins as he runs them over the centre of Neil's long hair to create a huge parting.

EXT. A LARGE EDWARDIAN DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

With his head polished and his facial hair removed Neil approaches the door with a bottle of plonk in hand.

With deep apprehension he presses his thumb down on the doorbell then steps back from the door.

Andy opens the door and grins at him with surprise.

ANDY

All my days, Neil! I almost
couldn't recognise you. Come on
in-come on in...

INT. LARGE EDWARDIAN DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

Neil stands in the spacious hallway.

Andy leads him into the-

ANDY (CONT'D)

You look am-az-ing Actually,

LOUNGE.

The music suddenly stops. The GUESTS turn and gaze at Neil in dismay.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Right everyone! This is Neil
Bimouf, our incel celebrity
winner. He's super famous now, so
treat him with respect, and give
him a huge round of applause, and
a warm hug.

APPLAUSE.

The music restarts. The Guests turn their backs and continue as you were.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon, let's get you a drink
and you can start getting to know
everyone properly by waiting in
the kitchen. And by the way, I've
found you a super cool agent. He
charges thirty-per cent. but he's
the best in the country.

NEIL BIMOUF

(dispiritedly)

I'm not sure if I want to-

TREVOR

Oh c'mon, Neil. Don't be a party
pooper. You're here now, mixing
with the best.

INT. KITCHEN - LIT

Neil stands by himself with a bottled beer in hand.

He is joined by spotty faced teenager JANETTE (14).

She has an orthodontic dental brace and clutches an iPhone.

JANETTE

(excitedly)

Oh my God! You're Neil Bimouf,
aren't you?

NEIL BIMOUF

(awkwardly)

That's right.

JANETTE

I saw you on the tele. You won
that incel competition, didn't
you?

NEIL BIMOUF

Yes.

JANETTE

Oh God! You are so famous. Can I
get a selfie?

She stands beside him and snaps her camera app to get a
selfie or two.

NEIL BIMOUF

I'm not sure what I'm even doing here really.

JANETTE

I'm Janette, I'm here with my mum. She's a film producer.

NEIL BIMOUF

Is she?

JANETTE

Yeah, she is. Some people are so desperate to be famous it makes me want to vomit.

NEIL BIMOUF

Why?

JANETTE

Celebrity culture just pisses me off. I mean, you only have to make a Tik Tok video and you're automatically a celebrity nowadays.

She throws her arms around him, casuing him to spill his beer. She takes another selfie.

JANETTE

I'm sending this to my friends. They'll be so jealous that I'm with Neil Bimouf.

NEIL BIMOUF

Why?

JANETTE

Because you're so famous, dude. Jeez, bruv. Suck it up.

NEIL BIMOUF

I don't even know what that means.

JANETTE

Let's go upstairs. I can't hear myself think down here.

NEIL BIMOUF

Sure.

INT. BEDROOM - LIT

They sit on the bed.

JANETTE

So tell me what you dream about
when you're at your computer?

NEIL BIMOUF

Dream about?

JANETTE

You can show me if you like?

NEIL BIMOUF

There's nothing to show really.

JANETTE

Oh c'mon. I know what incels do
when they sit at their computers.

NEIL BIMOUF

What do they do, then?

JANETTE

Take your shirt off, go on.

NEIL BIMOUF

What for?

JANETTE

Because I want to see if you have
a hairy chest like my dad.

NEIL BIMOUF

I had it shaved. I had the wax,
back and crack.

JANETTE

Can I see?

NEIL BIMOUF

What for?

JANETTE

Oh c'mon, Neil. Are you a virgin.
My friend told me that incel's
are virgins.

NEIL BIMOUF

How would she know that, then?

JANETTE

She's full of shit.

NEIL BIMOUF

Oh.

JANETTE

You're rich and famous now. You can have anyone you want. You can have me if you like?

NEIL BIMOUF

No. You're too young. And we shouldn't even be in here.

She ignores his remark and jumps off the bed.

JANETTE

Take it off - your shirt. I won't tell anyone, I promise. It'll be our little secret. No one will ever know, I swear.

NEIL BIMOUF

Fine. But you promise not to tell anyone, right?

JANETTE

Yes!

He takes off his shirt.

She slips out of her long tight dress to reveal her black underwear and Dr Marten boots.

He watches her closely.

She kneels down in front of him and unbuckles his trouser belt, then unzips his trouser fly.

She pulls down his trousers so they sit around his ankles.

JANETTE

Fuck me right now.

She climbs on the bed and lies down.

Unsure, he continues to sit on the bed.

JANETTE
(impatiently)
C'mon, Neil... fuck me before
someone comes in.

He stares aimlessly at the door before she pulls him down on top of her and pecks at his face.

He attempts to move his head away from her mouth.

NEIL BIMOUF
No! Look. Stop it. Please stop
it. This is not right.

She locks her legs onto him like a crab.

He cannot move.

JANETTE
If you don't kiss me I'll scream,
I mean it, Neil, I will scream.

NEIL BIMOUF
But this isn't.

She screams blue murder.

The door flies opens and her mortified MOTHER (40s) enters.

Neil Bimouf loos up like a cat caught in a headlight.

Mother's jaw drops and a look of horror appears on her glamorous face.

She immediately drags Neil off her daughter.

He cowers as he sits on the floor by the bed.

MOTHER
(to Neil)
You disgusting filthy animal!
(to Janette)
And YOU get up and put your dress
back on, right now!

During her fury she drags her daughter up by her arm.

JANETTE
He wouldn't get off me.

MOTHER

(to Janette)

Did he force himself on you?

Janette nods her head and burst in to tears as she slips into her dress.

Andy appears behind Mother and looks over her shoulder with deep concern.

ANDY

What's going on in here? What's all the fuss about?

MOTHER

Your incel guest has just tried to rape my daughter, that's what. She's fourteen years old for heaven's sake!

NEIL BIMOUF

(protests)

No-no! That's not true! She started it! I wanted to go back downstairs.

ANDY

Is this true, Janette? Did you bring him up here deliberately to shag him?

She shakes her head in denial and cries.

MOTHER

Right! I'm calling the police. You didn't tell me he was a fucking rapist, Andy. You told everyone that he was oneiric... not a sex predator.

NEIL BIMOUF

But I never touched her, I swear. She's lying to you both. It was all her fault. She begged me to kiss her.

MOTHER

You're toast, Mr Incel!

NEIL BIMOUF

I swear, I never touched her. Ask her, properly.

ANDY
(adamantly)
Janette, is he telling the truth?

JANETTE
No, he is not. He wouldn't get off of me. I kept telling him to get off, that's why I screamed. He wouldn't do as I asked.

NEIL BIMOUF
Ask her why she took her dress off, then.

Andy studies her with suspicion.

JANETTE
I swear, he made me take it off.

NEIL BIMOUF
YOU LYING LITTLE COW! YOU'VE SET ME UP!

Neil attempts to confront her.

ANDY
Oh no you don't fella.

Andy pins him up against the wall.

ANDY (CONT'D)
OK. Call the police, Marcela. I can't have this sort of thing going on under my own roof. Neil you have really fucked it up and let yourself down. You had a great future ahead of you. I even had an agent lined up for you, and a TV show for you to appear on next week.

NEIL BIMOUF
I'm sorry.

ANDY
No means no, Neil.

EXT. LARGE DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

Guest's look on as a despondent Neil is led away in handcuffs by two burly POLICE OFFICERS.

FEMALE GUEST whispers to a MALE GUEST as they look on.

FEMALE GUEST
Insanity strikes again.

MALE GUEST
Yeah. This incel will be spending
the night in cells.

They guffaw and walk back inside.

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