

TO DROWN ON DRY LAND

written by

John Stone

(c) 2026

Bonetime

FADE IN:

INT. BEDSIT - MORNING

Squab, hairy overweight NEIL BIMOUF (30) He climbs out of bed wearing a creased, off colour T and pair of pants.

He takes a long, hard stretch as he yawns, then lethargically walks towards the window and opens the blinds.

A baying mob of excited PAPARAZZI flash their cameras immediately upon his appearance at the window.

NEIL BIMOUF (ASIDE)

Shit!

He quickly closes the blinds, then stands in reverie.

NEIL BIMOUF (ASIDE)

What the fuck?

He opens the door and marches out of the room.

EXT. BEDSIT - MORNING

He opens the door to confront the Paparazzi.

NEIL BIMOUF (CONT'D)

(to Paparazzi)

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

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

A young female REPORTER (20) sticks a microphone under his nose.

REPORTER

Neil. You're on live TV. Please don't swear.

NEIL BIMOUF

What's going on? Who are you?

REPORTER

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

NEIL BIMOUF
ICI? What's that?

REPORTER
Involuntary celibate incel.

He scratches his head in wonder.

NEIL BIMOUF
Involuntary what?

She glances knowingly at her grinning colleagues.

REPORTER
Celibate incel. You're our
winner, Neil. Smile...

NEIL BIMOUF
I don't know what you're talking
about. I haven't entered any
competitions.

REPORTER
Just tell us what you'd like to
say to all the millions of people
watching you on TV right at this
very moment?

NEIL BIMOUF
I dunno. It's all a bit of a
shock really. I didn't enter a
competition.

REPORTER
That's because the online
competition on Bonetime
automatically picked you as the
one-millionth viewer of their
website.

NEIL BIMOUF
(reflects)
Ah. That. Well, I never actually
viewed anything on that website.
It just appeared on my screen. 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 and grins. 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, I wasn't thinking that.

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

ADAM CHARLES

(to 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 to our viewers?

NEIL BIMOUF

(sheepishly)

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

ADAM CHARLES

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

NEIL BIMOUF

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

ADAM CHARLES

Well, you are our one-millionth lucky viewer, Neil.

NEIL BIMOUF

Great!

He shakes Neil's limp hand as he hands him a CHEQUE.

Two scantily clad Bonetime FEMALE MODELS (20s) wearing gold winners sashes, kneel down beside him and grab his legs for a frenetic photo opportunity while Neil holds up the cheque for the flashing cameras, bearing a wide cheesy grin.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Neil Bimouf 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.

Producer ANDY (40s) snaps a clipboard.

ANDY

And action!

Neil Bimouf stares absently into the camera.

NEIL BIMOUF

Just one carton of this 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 was awesome, Neil. The
camera fucking loves you, man.
You're gonna be such a hit with
the guys. They'll love you.

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

ANDY (CONT'D)

Now listen, 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 very dear friends of mine? They'd really love to meet you before you enter the celebrity jungle.

NEIL BIMOUF

Sure. I'd love to.

ANDY

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

NEIL BIMOUF

Sure. N-no.

ANDY

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

NEIL BIMOUF

OK.

ANDY

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

NEIL BIMOUF

Sure.

ANDY

And tell him to give you a massage and put it on my account.

NEIL BIMOUF

All right, I will.

He pushes Neil out of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TURKISH BARBERS - DAY

Neil Bimouf enters and is immediately led towards an empty chair by the clean shaven Turkish BARBER (50s).

BARBER

What can I do for you, sir?

NEIL BIMOUF

Andy from London studios sent me for a wax, crack and sack actually. Oh, and a massage. He said to put it on his account

BARBER

(mischievously)

The Big Kahuna, then - eh?

NEIL BIMOUF

I suppose so.

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

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The Barber runs the clippers over the rest of his head.

The Barber lies Neil back and foams his face, then shaves his facial hair with a cut throat razor.

The Barber shaves Neil's chest.

The Barber shaves genitals and anus.

Neil squirms as he lies on a trolley bed while the Barber uses a chopping action method on his fatback.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. A LARGE DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

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

In deep apprehension he finally presses his thumb down on the doorbell and steps back from the door.

Andy opens the door bearing a wide grin.

ANDY
(excitedly)
Neil! All my days! I almost
didn't recognise you. Come on in-
Come in...

INT. LARGE DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

Neil Bimouf stands incongruously in the large hallway.

ANDY (CONT'D)
You look am-az-ing, Neil.

He leads neil into the-

LOUNGE.

The music suddenly stops and the room goes quiet.

The GUESTS 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)
Let's get you a drink before you
start getting to know everyone
properly. And by the way, I've
found you a super cool agent. He
charges thirty-per cent. but he's
the best agent in the country.
He's here somewhere. I'll
introduce you to him later.

NEIL BIMOUF
(dispiritedly)
I'm not sure if I want an-

TREVOR

Oh c'mon, Neil. Lighten up. Don't be a party pooper. You'll be mixing with the best.

CUT TO:

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 that famous incel, aren't you?

NEIL BIMOUF

(awkwardly)

That's right. Neil Bimouf.

JANETTE

I know. I saw you on the tele. You won the Bonetime competition, didn't you?

NEIL BIMOUF

Yes, that's right.

JANETTE

Oh my God! You are famous. Can I have a selfie with you?

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. These people are so stuck up.

JANETTE

I'm Janette by the way. I'm here with my mum and dad. She's a film producer, and he's an agent.

NEIL BIMOUF

Really?

JANETTE

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

NEIL BIMOUF

Why?

JANETTE

Celebrity culture 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, causing him to spill his beer over his new shirt.

She takes another selfie.

JANETTE

I'm sending this to my friends. They'll be so jealous that I'm with Neil Bimouf - the country's most famous incel.

NEIL BIMOUF

Why?

JANETTE

Because you're bloody famous, dude. Jeez, bruv. Suck it up while you can.

NEIL BIMOUF

I don't even know what that means.

JANETTE

Let's go upstairs and I'll explain it to you. I can't hear myself think down here.

NEIL BIMOUF

Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LIT

They sit on the bed.

JANETTE

So tell me what you dream about
when you sit at your computer
looking at porn?

NEIL BIMOUF

Porn?

JANETTE

You can show me if you like?

NEIL BIMOUF

There's nothing to show you
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 and I'll show
you, go on.

NEIL BIMOUF

What for?

JANETTE

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

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 still a
virgin. My friend told me that
all incels are virgins.

NEIL BIMOUF

How would they know that?

JANETTE

I don't believe her. She's full of shit.

NEIL BIMOUF

Oh. Right.

JANETTE

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

NEIL BIMOUF

You're too young. And we shouldn't be in here.

She ignores his remark and jumps off the bed.

JANETTE

Take it off, go on. I won't tell anyone, I promise. It'll be our little secret. No one will ever find out, I swear.

NEIL BIMOUF

You promise not to tell anyone, right?

JANETTE

Yes! C'mon!

He takes off his shirt.

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

He watches her closely.

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

She pulls his trousers down to his ankles.

JANETTE

Fuck me.

She climbs on the bed and lies down for him.

Unsure of himself, he continues to sit on the bed.

JANETTE

(impatiently)

C'mon, Neil, before someone comes
in.

He stares aimlessly at the door.

She pulls him on top of her and pecks wildly at his face.

He attempts to move his head away.

NEIL BIMOUF

No! Stop it. Please, just stop
it. This isn't right.

She locks her legs onto him like a crab and moves underneath
him.

He cannot move in her grasp.

JANETTE

Kiss me, or I'll scream, I mean
it, Neil, I will scream.

NEIL BIMOUF

But this isn't right.

SCREAMS!

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

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

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

She immediately drags Neil off of her daughter.

He cowers and sits at the foot of 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?

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 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 fucking sex predator.

NEIL BIMOUF

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

MOTHER

You're toast, Mr Incel!

NEIL BIMOUF

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

ANDY

(adamantly)

Janette, is he telling us 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.

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

OK. Call the police, Marcela. I can't have this sort of thing going on under my own roof. Neil you have really fucked up. You've let yourself down. You had a great future ahead of you. I even had the agent lined up for you, and a TV show for you to appear on next week. No means no, Neil.

EXT. LARGE DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

The NEWS ANCHOR, a polished professional in a sharp suit, looks gravely into the camera.

Behind a split-screen graphic shows Neil Bimouf's wide grinning winner photo next to a grainy mobile phone image of him being led away.

NEWS ANCHOR

The nation's one-millionth lucky viewer is tonight behind bars. only twelve hours after Neil Bimouf was awarded a cheque for one million pounds by Bonetime International, the self-described involuntary celibate incel has been arrested following a high - profile soiree in north London.

CUT TO:

Archive footage of Neil at the Turkish barbers, now looking polished" with a shaved head.

NEWS ANCHOR V.O

After a whirlwind day that included a total physical transformation and a television commercial shoot for A-Pow fruit yoghurt, Mr. Bimouf attended a party hosted by an industry producer. It was there that celebrations turned to horror.

CUT TO:

REPORTER (20) stands outside the LARGE DETACHED HOUSE.

REPORTER

Details are still emerging, but witnesses say a fourteen-year-old girl was found in a bedroom with the lottery winner. While Mr. Bimouf claims he was "set up" by the teenager, the girl's mother a prominent film producer described him as a sex predator.

CUT TO:

CU: MOBILE PHONE FOOTAGE:

Janette's selfie: Neil looks incongruous and dispirited while Janette grins at the camera.

REPORTER V.O

The suspect was led away by two burly officers earlier tonight. We've been told that his agent—who was set to sign him to a thirty-percent deal—has already dropped him.

BACK TO:

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

NEWS ANCHOR

A spokesperson for Bonetime has declined to comment on whether Mr. Bimouf will be allowed to keep his million-pound prize. For now, the man who was supposed to be the first ICI celebrity is facing a very different kind of Bonetime" inside a prison cell.

INT. PRISON CELL - LIT

Neil Bimouf sits on the bottom bunk with his head in his hands.

A PRISON GUARD opens his cell.

PRISON GUARD

Neil Bimouf?

Neil looks up at him despairingly.

NEIL BIMOUF

Yes.

PRISON GUARD

Bonetime begins at ten o'clock in your cell, incel.

He slams the cell door shut and grins knowingly.

Beat.

CU: Neil Bimouf hangs from the bars of his cell.

FADE TO BLACK

TO DROWN ON DRY LAND