

Drown On Dry Land

written by

John Stone

The Incel

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Overweight, long haired and bearded layabout NEIL BIMOUF (30) climbs out of bed in his blue stripe pyjamas.

He opens the blinds to a mob of PAPARAZZI standing outside his window. To his dismay they flash their cameras at him.

He angrily marches towards the front door then opens it wide.

NEIL

What the-

Another wave of FLASHES light up his pale white face and sleepy brown eyes as he rubs them to be sure he's not imagining the whole thing.

A young female REPORTER (20) steps forwards and sticks a MICROPHONE right under his nose.

NEIL /

What's going on? What are you all doing outside my house?

REPORTER

You are Neil Bimouf, aren't you?

NEIL

Yes. But what's going on?

REPORTER

So how does it feel to be the UK's most involuntary celibate incel?

NEIL

(Scratches head)

You what?

She glances at her colleagues and chuckles.

REPORTER

How does it feel-

NEIL

-Yeah, I heard what you said the first time. But I don't know what you're talking about. I'm not-

REPORTER

-So have you got anything you'd like to say to the general public, and all the people that voted for you?

NEIL

Voted for me? But how? I'm confused.

REPORTER

The online competition that you were automatically entered into as the one millionth viewer of Bonetime.com

NEIL

Oh. That. Well, I never actually viewed any pages. I just-

REPORTER

You're a winner!

NEIL

What have I actually won?

REPORTER

Well it's not your own super model, I can tell you that.

The organizers representative ADAM CHARLES (30s) wears a red and yellow ROSETTE as he pushes his way through the photographers to the open door and Neil standing bemused at all the attention he's receiving.

ADAM

Hi, Neil Bimouf. I'm Adam Charles from Incel International. It gives me great pleasure to hand you a cheque for one-million pounds. You are our first ever winner. Congratulations!

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

Neil holds up the CHEQUE and smiles for the cameras.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Neil stands wearing a colourful shirt in front of a TV Camera. He holds up a carton of APOW (Fruit juice) for the camera.

Dandy like TREVOR (40) the Producer holds up a CLIPBOARD.

TREVOR

And action!

Neil looks into the camera.

NEIL

One glass of Apow a day, will
always keep the doctor at bay.

Trevor steps in.

TREVOR

Cut!

Neil moves away from the camera.

NEIL

How did I do?

TREVOR /

That was really good, Neil. The
camera fucking loves you, you fat
bastard.

NEIL

(Dismayed)

Oh. Really?

TREVOR

Absolutely.

He puts his hand around Neil's shoulder.

TREVOR /

Listen, I'm having a bit of a get
together later. You know, a
shindig. So why don't you come
over and let your hair down for a
bit?

NEIL

Sure.

TREVOR

Good. Just do me a favour and tidy yourself up a bit. We don't want to frighten the guests away, do we?

NEIL

Sure.

TREVOR

Get a haircut for fuck sake.

Neil stands and nods his head dispassionately at him before he exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BARBERS - DAY

Neil enters and is immediately led to the chair by the young Turkish BARBER.

BARBER

(Shocked)

Fuck! Where've you been hiding yerself, mate? You look like you've been sleeping under the arches.

NEIL

Yeah, I know.

BARBER

What can I do for you today, then?

NEIL

Take it all off.

BARBER

What everything? The beard included?

NEIL

Yeah.

Th Barber bears a huge cheeky grin as he holds up CLIPPERS and gets to work.

BARBER

You're the boss.

FAST FORWARD MONTAGE:

He whizzes the clippers over his skull, before he shaves off any remaining follicles.

Then shaves of his beard to leave a clean, smooth jawline.

Then burns the hairs from inside his ears using a singeing stick. Then trims his thick eyebrows.

END MONTAGE.

Neil studies his bald reflection as the Barber stands behind him tilting a small mirror to show his handiwork.

BARBER

How does that look?

NEIL

Yeah. Good. I like it.

BARBER

Now what about a wax, back and crack?

Neil looks up at him agape.

FREEZE FRAME:

Beat.

EXT/INT. LARGE DETACHED HOUSE - NIGHT

Neil approaches the door clutching a bottle of wine. He spots HUMAN ACTIVITY through the large living room window.

His POV: A packed house with PARTY GOERS merrily dancing, or standing in cliques as they chew the fat.

Back to Scene.

Apprehensive and unsure he rings the doorbell and steps back.

Beat.

Trevor finally opens the door and gazes at new look Neil.

TREVOR

Neil! I almost never recognised you standing there. Come in. Come in.

NEIL

Thanks.

TREVOR

Just look at you. You look am-az-
ing, you fucking fat cunt.

He enters and is ushered through to the-

LOUNGE

where the music suddenly stops as EVERYONE turns and stares
at him like they've seen a new species of flesh.

TREVOR /

Look everybody - It's Neil
Bimouf, our incel celebrity. He's
super famous so give him a hug
for me, please.

The music restarts and everyone queues up to give him a hug.

TREVOR /

C'mon, I'll get you a drink and
you can start getting to know
everyone properly.

NEIL

I'm not sure if-

TREVOR

-No don't be silly. They just
didn't recognise who you were,
that's all.

Beat.

KITCHEN

Neil stands alone with a beer in hand, before he's joined by
smiling JANETTE (16). She's a beautiful, shapely young girl
with big brown eyes and long hair.

JANETTE

Hi! You're Neil Bimouf aren't
you?

NEIL

(Coyly)
That's right.

JANETTE

I've seen you on the tele. You won the UK Incel competition?

NEIL

Yeah, I did.

JANETTE

Oh my God! You're super famous.

NEIL

Yeah, I know.

JANETTE

Can you do anything else?

NEIL

What d'you mean?

JANETTE

Well, can you sing or dance, or are you an actor?

NEIL

No. I'm not anything really. I don't even know what I'm doing here.

JANETTE

Do you want to do something interesting?

NEIL

Why? Anyway, who are you?

JANETTE

I'm here with my mum. She's a producer of reality TV shows like Big Brother and all that shit. These people are sooo... fake.

NEIL

What'd you mean?

JANETTE

Well, people get famous for doing nothing these days, don't they?

NEIL

Like me, you mean?

JANETTE

Yes. Exactly like you.

NEIL

I didn't even know I'd won anything, especially this.

JANETTE

That's because you're just an incel. You sit at your computer all day and troll when you're not oneirising.

NEIL

What's that?

JANETTE

It's Greek for dreaming.

NEIL

Oh.

JANETTE

C'mon. Let's go for a walk or something, yeah?

NEIL

Sure.

JANETTE

I want you to tell me all about yourself when you're dreaming.

NEIL

Well, there's not much to tell really.

JANETTE

Oh c'mon. You can tell me. You can even show me if you want to.

NEIL

There's nothing to tell really.

JANETTE

Follow me.

She leads him upstairs to the-

BEDROOM

They sit down on the bed.

JANETTE

Take you shirt off.

NEIL

What for?

JANETTE

I want to kiss your chest.

NEIL

Why?

JANETTE

Because I've never kissed an incel's chest before. I want to feel what it's like. Oh c'mon, don't be shy. I know you're a virgin. All incel's are virgins. My friends say that.

NEIL

But I don't do that shit anymore.

JANETTE

Prove it then.

NEIL

Why should I?

JANETTE

Because your rich and famous now. You can do whatever you want. You can even have me.

NEIL

Really?

JANETTE

C'mon... take your shirt off. I won't tell anyone, I promise. It'll be our little secret.

NEIL

Fine then.

He takes off his shirt.

She immediately kisses his smooth chest, before she gets up and slips out of her dress to show just her bra and knickers.

She pushes him back on the bed and unzips his fly, before she climbs on top of him and kisses him all over.

She then lies on her back and pulls him towards her so that she lies underneath him.

JANETTE

(Panting)

Oh yeah. Take me.

A short silence before he realises something amiss.

NEIL

No! What are you doing?

He sits up as the door opens and Janette's mother MARCELA (50) enters with a jaw drop.

MARCELA

(To Neil)

What d'you think you're playing at?! You disgusting filthy animal!

(To Janette)

And YOU get up and put your clothes back on.

In her fury she drags her daughter up by the arm.

MARCELA /

(to Janette)

Did he force himself on you?!

Janette nods her head, before Trevor appears behind the door.

TREVOR

What's going on? What's all this shouting about?

MARCELA

Him! He's just forced himself on my daughter. She's sixteen years old for Christ sake!

NEIL

No. She brought me up here.

TREVOR

Is this true, Janette?

She shakes her head in denial and begins to cry.

MARCELA

I'm calling the police. This isn't right. You didn't tell me he was a fucking peado, Trevor. You just said he was an incel.

TREVOR

(Gesticulates)

But I never touched her. It was her who started it. She asked me to-

MARCELA

-Liar! You're finished Mister Incel. You are toast!

NEIL

I never did anything. Ask her properly.

TREVOR

Janette, is he telling the truth?

JANETTE

No. He wouldn't get off of me. He was going to rape me.

NEIL

You liar, Janette!

Neil jumps off the bed to confront her. He's blocked off by Trevor who pins him over the bed.

TREVOR

OK. Call the police. We can't have this sort of thing going on under my own fucking roof.

Beat.

Neil is handcuffed then led away by the two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Neil lies on the bottom bunk and sobs into his hands.

He gets up and bangs his fists on the cell door.

NEIL

Please, let me out! I'm innocent!

WARDEN O.S

In a cell, more like.

He roars with laughter along with his colleagues.

WARDEN O.S

Get it - Incel, in a cell.

Continuous laughter.

NEIL

But I didn't do anything.

WARDEN

That's what they all say, pal.
Now get to sleep, incel.

Highly fractured and dispirited he walks back to his bunk and sits down with his head in his hands.

Beat.

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

FADE OUT.

END