

# **THE WELCOME HOSTEL**

Pilot Episode

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Third Draft

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**EXT. BUS STOP - DAY**

It's pissing down with rain. BRANDON BERRY (Mid 30's, type of guy who wears Hawaiian shirts) wears a tired and dishevelled face as he sits at the bus shelter. Two duffel bags piled on top of a suitcase sit in front of him.

The weather matching the mood of his life. Wet and depressing.

Brandon hails an approaching bus with an outstretched thumb.

The front of the bus reads "Airport".

**INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS**

Brandon promptly gets aboard the bus with his luggage in tow. One of the duffel bags falls from his case and splashes down into a puddle.

BRANDON

Oh for fucks sake.

The BUS DRIVER looks on as Brandon's other duffel bag falls off his suitcase and bursts at the zip, spilling underwear and t-shirts everywhere.

BRANDON (cont'd)

What have I done to deserve this?

Brandon leans out of the bus and grabs his wet duffel bag.

BUS DRIVER

I dunno but could you hurry up mate.

With his bottom lip quivering like Gazza in 90', Brandon scoops up his belongings and attempts to pull himself together.

BRANDON

How much is a ticket?

BUS DRIVER

Where you going?

BRANDON

The airport.

BUS DRIVER

Seven pound eighty.

BRANDON

SEVEN EIGHTY! You having a laugh?

BUS DRIVER

Nope, it's seven eighty mate.

Brandon grabs his wallet from his pocket and pulls out a twenty pound note. He hands to the Bus Driver.

BUS DRIVER (cont'd)

I haven't got change.

BRANDON

Well now what?

BUS DRIVER

Well you can give me the twenty, and wait to see if I get change.

BRANDON

And if you don't?

BUS DRIVER

You get a credit note.

BRANDON

What if I don't want a credit note?

BUS DRIVER

You can go find the correct change and get on the next bus mate.

The passengers in the rear are getting agitated at the amount of time the bus has been stationed.

One ELDERLY PASSENGER vents her frustration.

ELDERLY PASSENGER

What's taking you so long?

Completely rattled by the comment, Brandon turns to the Bus Driver.

BRANDON

You know what, keep the change, you clearly need it more than I do.

The Bus Driver closes the doors and gives the bus a sharp acceleration, sending Brandon tumbling down the aisle and flat on his face.

Brandon lifts his head from the floor and makes eye contact with the Elderly Passenger.

ELDERLY PASSENGER

Tragic bastard.

**INT. AIRPORT WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Brandon is perched and waiting for his flight to be called. Duty free duct tape now holding his duffle bag together.

Staring at the departures board, boarding pass clutched tightly to his chest.

An announcement comes over the tannoy regarding his flight.

ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

Flight number seven eight three to Bangkok has been delayed until sixteen forty, this is an announcement for all passengers set to be aboard flight seven eight three to Bangkok, your flight has been delayed. We apologise for this inconvenience.

Brandon throws his head back in despair. Could anything else possibly go wrong?

BRANDON

(to himself)

Could anything else possibly go wrong?

**INT. BANGKOK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

Brandon arrives in Bangkok. He's knackered. Deep dark bags reside under his eyes.

He joins the customs queue, plopping his duffel bag down next to him. It bursts wide open.

This time the bag can't be taped back together, it's split at the seam. Brandon scoops his belongings off the floor. He carries them under his arms to the airport transfer gate.

The CUSTOMS OFFICER at the desk looks at him with the pity you would normally reserve for an abused dog, and waves Brandon over.

He hands Brandon a plastic carrier bag.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Take. Si kangkeng ni taw [Put your underwear in this].

BRANDON

Thanks.

Brandon hands over his passport to the Customs Officer and starts to stuff his clothes into the bag

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
Vietnam?

BRANDON  
Yes.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
You looking for good lady? Stay Thailand, lots of good lady. Or you on run?

Brandon stops packing his stuff and nervously looks towards the Customs Officer. The Customs Officer laughs when he sees Brandon's worried expression.

**INT. DA NANG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DUSK**

Brandon wanders around looking for his baggage carousel information. He finds it and gets himself a prime spot.

He waits.

And he waits.

One by one, everyone on Brandon's flight disappears with their luggage. The board on the carousel changes to "Tokyo", replacing "Bangkok".

BRANDON  
What?

A rush of people scramble to get the best positions around the carousel where Brandon stands.

He frustratedly grabs his carrier bag and storms off.

**INT. AIRLINE DESK (DA NANG AIRPORT) - CONTINUOUS**

Brandon stands at his airline desk.

The AIRLINE WORKER types at a furiously tortoise pace, hunting and pecking every key on her keyboard, slowly killing a part of Brandon's soul with every stroke.

BRANDON  
I've got to get the bus in 20 minutes to Hoi An, is there anyone else who can help me quicker?

The airline worker stops her keyboard pecking and looks up at Brandon.

AIRLINE WORKER  
Brandon Berry?

BRANDON  
Yes.

AIRLINE WORKER  
Your stuff still in Bangkok.

**EXT. HOI AN BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT**

Brandon's bus pulls up. He exits holding his carrier bag. He hails the nearest TUK TUK DRIVER and shows him the address on his phone.

The Tuk Tuk Driver wears a confused look.

TUK TUK DRIVER  
That place shit hole!

**EXT. HOI AN TOWN - NIGHT**

Brandon and the Tuk Tuk driver arrive at the destination. Brandon steps out, gazing over towards a run down building that looks like it used to be a hostel.

TUK TUK DRIVER  
You sure this right?

BRANDON  
Yes. I'm going to open it up again.

TUK TUK DRIVER  
Big job. Brave man. Ride is hundred.

The Tuk Tuk Driver opens his palm to be greased by Brandon's money. Brandon pulls out the fee, pays the Tuk Tuk Driver, and waves him goodbye.

Brandon stands and stares at his new home.

It's run down to within an inch of it's life. The windows and door are hanging off their hinges, rubbish is littered in every direction and there's spray paint tags all over it.

Yes it's a shit hole. But it's Brandon's shit hole, and he heads inside to have a look around.

Brandon saunters through the front door, *SUDDENLY* a harem of street cats bomb out. Brandon's arsehole nearly falls onto the floor, he spins and prepares to run. He looks down and realises it's not an axe murderer, just some feline friends.

Brandon grabs his his phone from his pocket and turns the torch light on. He needs to see what awaits him before entering.

#### **INT. HOSTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Brandon tip toes in. CAT! Another cat bombs out, Brandon's arsehole hits the deck again. He needs to find a bedroom and find it quick.

More shook than he's ever been in his life, Brandon rushes through the hostel looking for a room with a bed. He peers through a door and sees a decent sized room, and it has a bed stationed in the middle.

#### **INT. HOSTEL - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Brandon walks in and reaches into his carrier bag, pulling out all the clothing and using each item as makeshift sheets. He lays the final pair of boxers down and gets on top, finally getting some rest after the nightmare journey.

The mattress is lumpy and it stinks, but in this moment, it's Brandon's most comforting place.

#### **INT. HOSTEL - BEDROOM - DAWN**

Brandon wakes up from his slumber, his eyelids glued shut with the exhaustion of travel. The light bursting through the window is too bright to keep him in the land of nod.

He slowly raises his torso from his mattress, and takes a look around the room.

It's shabby, it needs a lick of paint, some TLC, but it's not as bad as he feared when arriving in the dark of night.

#### **EXT. HOSTEL - BAR AREA - DAY**

Brandon make his way into the bar area of the hostel. He wears a huge grin. This is where the real memories are made. He closes his eyes.

#### **DREAM SEQUENCE**

Brandon sees the potential the hostel has, what he envisions it to become. The smiling faces, the fancy the bar, the vibrant colours, pina-coladas all round.

It's bright, it's beautiful, it's everything Brandon ever wanted.

END SEQUENCE

With an even bigger beaming smile, Brandon takes a 360 look around at his new home. It's not ready yet, but he's ready for the challenge.

BRANDON  
Right, let's do this.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Brandon carries out all the tasks he can do by himself to get the hostel in good shape.

- Going to the local market to get some tools
- Fixing the front door so it's no longer hanging off
- Removing the paint from the walls and filling the cracks
- Getting rid of the remaining cats
- Sweeping up all of the dust that has settled
- Dumping the old rubbish outside the front of the hostel
- Getting panicked at the amount of work left
- Asking a local for a bike

Brandon heads out of the hostel and rides off into town.

INT. LAZY BEAR HOSTEL - DAY

Brandon has arrived at local hostel The Lazy Bear. He walks through the main door and looks around. This place is exactly the look he's after, and he takes in all around him.

Brandon checks no one is looking, and swiftly walks through the lobby to have a look into the bedrooms.

He's stopped by NEVAEH (20/30s, American, looks like a good wash wouldn't go a miss).



NEVAEH

What you doing?

Brandon jumps out of his skin.

BRANDON

Nothing.

NEVAEH

I know that "looking for something"  
look when I see it.

BRANDON

It's nothing, I'm just trying to get  
a look at the beds.

Nevaeh stares at Brandon.

NEVAEH

That's really creepy.

BRANDON

Not like that. I own a new hostel. I  
just wanted to see what the  
competition had to offer.

NEVAEH

Do they know you're spying?

BRANDON

Maybe now you've drawn attention to  
me.

NEVAEH

They don't give a fuck. People are  
always in and out of here. Using the  
toilets, the bar, getting laid.

BRANDON

That's what I'm after at my place.

NEVAEH

Dude. You're spying on beds and  
hoping your hostel is where people go  
to have sex?

BRANDON

You're putting words in my mouth.

NEVAEH

I'm repeating words from your mouth.

BRANDON

I just want my hostel to be fun. This is market research, I came to see what brand the beds were, that's all.

NEVAEH

After you finish creeping here, you should try the expensive hotels. They're always getting rid of stuff if bargains is what you're after.

BRANDON

I'm not creeping.

NEVAEH

Arguable.

BRANDON

But thanks. That's actually a good shout. What's your name?

NEVAEH

Nevaeh.

BRANDON

Interesting.

NEVAEH

I bet your name is Gary. You really look like a Gary.

BRANDON

It's Brandon.

Nevaeh raises her arms above her head like a celebration.

NEVAEH

LET'S GO BRANDON. WOOO!

BRANDON

Pardon?

NEVAEH

Don't worry.

Nevaeh keeps her arms raised above her head and turns to go back to her dorm room.

BRANDON

Thanks for suggesting the hotels.

NEVAEH

Always worth a try. LETS GO BRANDON.

**EXT. HOI AN BEACH - DAY**

Brandon has peddled his bike down to the beach where the main hotels are.

He props his bike up against a wall and makes his way onto the sand. He slows his walk down and takes it all in. He's been here before.

Looking around at the scenery, he smiles. This is why he came back, this is what his memories are made of.

Brandon's attention is suddenly drawn to a large rock. The waves gently caressing it. Brandon has a contemplative look and can't take his eyes away from it.

It's where he first saw Bimh.

**EXT. VIETNAM - BEACH - DAY****FLASHBACK**

Tranquillity. The stunning beach and beautiful skies are only complimented by the sounds of the waves gently rolling onto the shore.

Brandon hurries along the beach, angrily inspecting Google Maps. He's struggling to see what the app is suggesting should be in front of his eyes.

He looks up and sees a woman sitting on a large rock nearby.

BRANDON

Hello, excuse me. Errr, Xin Chao.

The woman is BIMH (Mid 30's, probably just as beautiful underneath all the makeup).

BRANDON (cont'd)

You wouldn't happen to know where this is?

He shows her his phone and points to where he wants to go.

BIMH

You took long!

BRANDON

You speak English?

BIMH

I try. I look at you most day, you ignore. I look at you yesterday and day before.

BRANDON

Why?

BIMH

You look like rich American.

Bimh laughs, which in turn makes Brandon smile wide.

BRANDON

I'm not American, I'm actually English.

BIMH

English, American, not matter, you hot. I try for attention.

Brandon grows two red roses on his cheeks, he's suddenly transported back to being fourteen.

BIMH (cont'd)

You shy?

BRANDON

No, I'm, I'm uh, just not used to people saying those kind of things to me.

BIMH

You hot. And that Banh Mi you want not good. You want here.

Bimh types a new place into Brandon's phone and shows him on the screen.

BRANDON

Oh okay, they do good Banh Mi there?

BIMH

Man from TV go there, very famous.

BRANDON

Thank you so much. Is there anywhere else you would recommend me going?

BIMH

Give.

She grabs Brandon's phone from him, and puts her number in. Brandon smiles at the ground, growing the roses under his cheeks again.

BIMH (cont'd)

You call.

BRANDON

Or you can come with me to get the Banh Mi?

BIMH

I already eat. Call me soon, I show you town.

Bimh stands on her tip toes and gives Brandon a kiss on the cheek. The two smile. She turns and walks away.

**EXT. VIETNAM - RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Brandon is dressed in his best gear. He sits opposite Bimh with a lost in love look on his face.

BRANDON

So how long do you have left on holiday?

BIMH

Not long time, good time. Two more day.

BRANDON

Oh right.

BIMH

No sad, you have number.

BRANDON

You could just stay for another week or so? We could go on more dates.

BIMH

No more week.

BRANDON

Why?

BIMH

I need help family in Saigon, make money honey.

BRANDON

But when will I see you again?

BIMH

My small sister get older, she do more, I get time away.

BRANDON

I could fly out to Saigon and meet you there?

BIMH

Saigon no life. If we boyfriend girlfriend, I come your country.

Brandon's stunned. He doesn't know how to react to Bimh's proposition, having only known each other for a day.

**INT. VIETNAM - BIMH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Bimh rolls off of Brandon. Brandon's face is in a state of shock as he stares up towards the ceiling, that was the best seven minutes of his life.

**EXT. VIETNAM - OUTSIDE BIMH'S HOTEL - DAY**

Brandon and Bimh stand at the entrance way of the hotel. He runs his hands through her hair lovingly.

BRANDON

So.

BIMH

So what?

BRANDON

When will I see you again?

BIMH

You one night stand honey!

BRANDON

Oh.

Brandon's world has just been crushed in Bimh's palm.

BIMH

Joking silly.

Brandon doesn't know how to react to Bimh's busting of his balls.

BRANDON

Shall I come and wave you off?

BIMH

This not movie. I call you, when landing.

BRANDON

Yeah yeah, that's fine.

BIMH

I have fun Brandon.

BRANDON

So have I. I still don't know what you see in me.

BIMH

You look like rich man.

Bimh laughs, Brandon laughs along with her.

BRANDON

I'm starting to get your sense of humour now.

BIMH

My what?

BRANDON

Your jokes, I get them.

BIMH

I no joking honey, my dream you be rich man.

BRANDON

Stop... You serious?

Bimh laughs again and gives Brandon a loving shove on his arm.

BIMH

No silly, I think you handsome.

BRANDON

You're very beautiful too.

BIMH

Thank you.

Brandon takes Bimh by the waist and kisses her.

BRANDON

Go and pack, or you'll be late for your taxi.

BIMH  
Call when I send landing message.

BRANDON  
I will.

The two share a second kiss, and Bimh turns to head back into the Hotel.

BRANDON (cont'd)  
Bimh, I lll--

Bimh breaks her neck back around at Brandon. Brandon stops himself. He wears a mortified look.

BRANDON (cont'd)  
Like you a lot.

END FLASHBACK

**EXT. BEACH FRONT HOTEL - DAY**

Brandon is fast asleep in the worlds most awkward position, hanging off the side of a top bunk, neck sideways and his back twisted in only a way a chiropractor could undo.

The sounds of metal crashing into metal wakes Brandon from his awkward slumber.

BRANDON  
Oi, wait, stop. I paid for them.

Three LOCALS are loading bunk beds into t a truck. They laugh at Brandon, an give him the middle finger as they jump into their truck and drive off.

BRANDON (cont'd)  
NO. WAIT. Fuck sake!

Brandon tries to get his body working, moving one limb at a time to try and climb off the top bunk. Brandon is stiff as a board, and releases the almightiest of GROANS, the kind reserved for pissed off hippo's.

ANDY (fifty something, no nonsense looking English ex-pat), witnessed the whole thing from across the street and approaches Brandon.

ANDY  
The locals don't mess about round here.



BRANDON

Huh?

Brandon sits up and attempts to make his way down from the top bunk, he stacks it and lands lack a sack of spuds on the floor next to Andy.

ANDY

Jesus Christ, you okay?

BRANDON

No. I'll live.

Brandon begins to haul himself to his feet, with a possible broken arse.

ANDY

I gathered that you paid for all these beds, but I'm struggling to figure out why?

BRANDON

I've bought the derelict hostel in town.

ANDY

Ah right, fair play, I wondered what was going to happen to that place. I take it you're keeping it a hostel?

BRANDON

Yeah. I bought these from the hotel bloke down the road. Dragged them to here, and well, I just woke up--

ANDY

I saw. Few less than what you had last night? What's funny is the kids taking them work at the hotel getting rid of them.

BRANDON

What?

ANDY

Like I said, they can be a bit ruthless round here.

BRANDON

So I got scammed?

ANDY

Well you've still got--

Andy begins counting.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Six bunks left.

BRANDON  
Do you live round here?

ANDY  
Yeah, I own the bar, Andy's.

BRANDON  
You wouldn't happen to know the hotel  
owner of Palm Beach?

ANDY  
As a matter of fact I do, but I'm a  
foreigner, doesn't help too much. I'm  
Andy by the way.

Andy offers his hand out to Brandon.

BRANDON  
I'm Brandon, Brandon Berry.

ANDY  
Nice to meet you Brandon Berry.

The two shake hands.

BRANDON  
Could you try speak to him maybe? You  
know, I'd pay him again to get them  
back.

Andy hands his phone to Brandon.

ANDY  
Put your number into that. I'll make  
some calls and see what I can do.

Brandon hands Andy his phone back.

BRANDON  
You sure?

ANDY  
Listen I'm not promising I can get  
them back, chances are they've taken  
them to another hostel or even to  
their houses, but I'll try.

BRANDON  
Thank you Andy.

ANDY

I might charge you ten grand for this service.

BRANDON

I suppose I just, well I assumed--

ANDY

Don't assume anything round here. I'll make a few calls and try to get these delivered to yours before they all go missing, and see what I can do about the others.

BRANDON

Thank you, thank you so much.

ANDY

Thank me when I get them back for you. My bar's in the middle of town, if you fancy it, pop in anytime.

BRANDON

Cheers. I will.

**EXT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - DAY**

**3 DAYS LATER**

A truck turns up with a delivery of bar furniture for Brandon's hostel, now with full signage of "The Welcome Hostel" at the entrance.

Brandon looks at the delivery sheet handed to him by the driver.

BRANDON

Thanks, they're for the bar, out the back.

The driver nods his head and walks over to the back of the truck. He swings the door open and laying inside is a young man fast asleep.

The driver gives him a whack and tells him in Vietnamese to start unloading the furniture.

The man is MITCH, (20's, looks like arse, bags under his eyes) who until the whack was fast asleep.

MITCH

Alright alright, don't need to abuse me man. God sake.

Mitch jumps off the back of the truck and chucks the bar furniture onto his shoulder, carrying it into the back.

Brandon hears the English being spoken and follows Mitch through the lobby to the bar.

**INT/EXT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Mitch places the furniture down and holds his breath. His stomach wrenches and he slams the breaks on being sick, putting his hand across his mouth just in case.

Mitch composes himself, and walks back to the front of the hostel.

Brandon stands in front of his intended path.

BRANDON

Unique to be a foreigner working for a delivery company in Vietnam.

MITCH

Oh mate I don't work for this lot, they're forcing me to do it against my will.

BRANDON

You what?

MITCH

Yeah, I'm being held hostage, modern day slavery stuff.

BRANDON

You serious?

(whispering)

Listen, I can get you help, just hide behind my bar after you've finished unloading the van.

MITCH

There's no point man.

BRANDON

(still whispering)

Of course there is. Just hide under my bar after you finish. Be quick.

MITCH

They have me on camera throwing up all over their lobby. They'll make me pay to clean it if I don't do this.

Brandon realises he's not actually being held hostage.

BRANDON

That's hardly slavery is it?

MITCH

Mate, I'm here against my will, I would have much rather just not have been caught and fucked off.

BRANDON

Are you staying there?

MITCH

Nah just pulled last night, and I'm hanging out my arse, they didn't even let me have hair of the dog to settle myself down. Couldn't spare me a beer could ya?

BRANDON

What's your name?

MITCH

Mitchell, but people call me Mitch.

BRANDON

I'm Brandon.

Brandon points to a Vietnamese man looking very angry at Mitch

BRANDON (cont'd)

He's pointing at us and looks quite unhappy.

MITCH

That's the main guy, he's number one bell agency. Listen I got to get back to work, but if you could sort me with that beer afterwards, I'd be forever grateful.

Mitch inhales a deep breath and drags his pounding head back to work.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - BRANDON'S BEDROOM - DUSK**

Brandon is putting a fresh layer of calming green paint on his bedroom wall.

ANDY (O.S.)

Hello. Brandon?

BRANDON  
Yeah I'm up here, gimmie a sec.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Brandon briskly strides into the lobby with a smile on his face.

Standing there is Andy, staring at Mitch.

ANDY  
Didn't think you were open yet?

Andy continues to stare at Mitch, who is fast asleep and catching flies with his mouth open wide.

BRANDON  
Oh that's Mitch. He helped deliver my furniture today.

ANDY  
Right.

BRANDON  
How are you? Sorry I haven't had much time to explore the town and bump into you--

ANDY  
Come.

Andy walks outside. Brandon inquisitively follows in tow.

**EXT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - CONTINUOUS**

Brandon's eyes bulge wide open. Andy stands alongside 10 brand new single mattresses, fresh in the plastic covers.

BRANDON  
Are these?

ANDY  
Yes mate.

BRANDON  
Really?

ANDY  
Yes you silly sod.

BRANDON  
Why?

ANDY

I came to this town with fuck all and no help. Now I won't hold your cock whilst you have a piss, but, I'll give you a hand getting settled.

Brandon's bottom lip wobbles.

BRANDON

I dunno what to say.

ANDY

Thank the hotel GM, Ngoc. I popped over and told him what happened. He's sending an extra four beds over later with the rest of them.

BRANDON

Thank you. Thank you, oh my god, thank you Andy.

ANDY

Like I said, swing by and thank Ngoc some time if you can. Hey, you even have a little helper in there to give you a hand getting these mattresses inside.

BRANDON

Oh leave him, he's sleeping.

ANDY

Well let's wake him up.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Andy walks into the hostel with Brandon following closely behind. Mitch is sitting up wide awake.

MITCH

What is it with you slave drivers in this town trying to get explorers to work for free?

ANDY

This man let you use his hostel free of charge kid, it's called a thanks.

MITCH

I worked for that sleep.

BRANDON

Leave it Andy, he's had a hard night and long day.

ANDY

He's only tired because he was on the cheap booze last night and threw up everywhere.

MITCH

How do you know that?

ANDY

The owner of the hotel popped in the bar this morning. We're friends.

MITCH

Makes sense, he's a massive tosser as well.

Andy can't do much but laugh at Mitch's quick wit.

MITCH (cont'd)

(To Brandon)

Who the fuck is this bloke?

ANDY

A massive tosser apparently.

MITCH

Tossers usually try to get people to work slave labour.

ANDY

Right, get up, hop it.

Andy lifts Mitch from the sofa by his collar, guiding him out of the door.

**EXT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - CONTINUOUS**

Mitch power walks into the middle of the street where he is safe and free from Andy's grasp.

MITCH

You're lucky I'm so hungover.

Brandon exits the Hostel.

ANDY

Come back when you learn some manners.



MITCH

Why would I ever come back when a knob head like you comes here?

ANDY

It's not my hostel, it's Brandon's.

MITCH

Whatever old man, you just fucked it for him, later.

Mitch bowls off towards the sunset. Andy stands shaking his head.

BRANDON

He actually helped a fair bit today.

ANDY

My ex business partner, who I started Andy's with was like him. Those kind of people have no hope, they're just mouthy little bastards who think the sun shines out their arse.

BRANDON

He might be different? Who knows?

ANDY

Does he seem different to you?

BRANDON

What happened to your business partner?

ANDY

Gone. Wanker, just like that kid. Anyway, enough about that, I've got to fly, dinner with the missus.

BRANDON

Right yeah. Cheers for all that Andy. I owe you.

ANDY

No worries, you owe me nowt. Ciao.

Andy walks off down the street as Brandon eyes up the pile of mattresses. He begins to drag one into the hostel.

**INT. ENGLAND - AIRPORT - DAY**

**FLASHBACK**

Brandon waits at the gate with a sign in his hand that reads "Bimh". There's a big love heart drawn by the side of her name.

Brandon looks up at the arrivals board, "Ho Chi Minh - Landed". But still no sign of his love.

He looks around to see if he's missed her. Nothing.

His shoulders slump down. Sighs.

Then Bimh appears. She immediately spots Brandon and runs towards him. The wheels on the case no longer touching the floor.

Bimh launches her suitcase into orbit and her body into his arms, giving Brandon the worlds most inappropriate public display of affection.

**INT. ENGLAND - BRANDON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Brandon has just finished showing Bimh around his house and leads her into the living room where a bouquet of flowers, a teddy and rose petals sprinkled all over the room await her.

She squeals with excitement and jumps onto the sofa. She hugs her bear whilst smelling the flowers that adorn the table in front of her.

BIMH

You kind boyfriend.

BRANDON

It's the least you can do when you're so in love with someone.

BIMH

This to big money, spend on girl like me. To handsone, to much money.

BRANDON

I don't know if I have too much money.

BIMH

One day you see you rich, leave me, get with hot girl.

BRANDON

I wouldn't have paid to fly you all the way here if I didn't think you were a hot girl would I?

Bimh blushes and hugs her teddy once more.

BIMH

You think I hot girl? Hot girl with rich man?

BRANDON

You're more than a hot girl. You're everything to me. I love you Bimh.

BIMH

I love you too. I love house, I love things, I love rich man. I love everything.

END FLASHBACK

**EXT. ANDY'S - NIGHT**

Brandon timidly walks into Andy's bar, looking around for his new compadre.

Andy is sitting at the bar reading a paper. Brandon awkwardly walks over.

BRANDON

Right, what cocktails we having?

ANDY

The ones from a lager tap?

Andy turns round and smiles at a familiar voice.

ANDY (cont'd)

You get the bunk beds?

BRANDON

Yeah, eventually, thank you. The guy just left them outside and I had to bring them in by myself.

ANDY

It'll keep you fit.

BRANDON

That's why I popped by, I just wanted to say that without your help I'd have been in trouble getting things sorted..

ANDY

It's nothing.

BRANDON

No really, thanks. Now I'm all set up and ready to make a go of this.

ANDY

This is the easy bit mate, wait till the punters start rolling in.

BRANDON

Nah that's the easy bit for me, I'm a natural at customer service.

ANDY

If you say. Drink?

BRANDON

I'll have a pin--

ANDY

Two pints please Amanda.

AMANDA the barmaid grabs two glasses.

BRANDON

Erm, I was going to say pina-colada actually.

ANDY

Oh right. Sorry Amanda. One pint and a pina-colada for the lady please.

### LATER

Brandon has three cocktail glasses sat in front of him, whilst Andy has eight pints. Brandon is pissed as a fart. A smile is semi-permanently etched onto his face.

Andy is stoic. He looks identical to the man who sat at the bar at the start of the evening.

BRANDON

You really are a top man. Your bar is also giving me ideas about the hostel.

Brandon admires the bar around him.

ANDY

You don't need a bar like this in a hostel.

BRANDON

But it would look so cool.

ANDY

So what is it that brings you here to  
Hoi An?

Just as Brandon is about to talk, a woman interrupts their conversation. The woman is GILLIAN (50s, tall and glamorous), Andy's wife.

GILLIAN

Hey babe.

Andy turns round, surprised to see Gillian has come down to the bar.

ANDY

Oh hey darling, thought you were  
staying in after dinner?

GILLIAN

I got bored and fancied meeting the  
new guy.

ANDY

You make it sound like I've not  
stopped talking about him. Brandon,  
this is my wife Gillian.

Brandon leans over to give Gillian a kiss. She offers her hand. They shake awkwardly as Brandon reclines from offering his lips.

BRANDON

Hello, nice to meet you. I'm Brandon.

GILLIAN

Lovely to meet you Brandon. Hope I  
wasn't interrupting anything  
important?

#### LATER AGAIN

Brandon now has five cocktail glasses sitting in front of him, whilst Andy has enough glasses to start a collection. Gillian is still nursing her first cola.

Brandon is sloshed, and in full swing about the status of his relationship with Bimh.

BRANDON

Basically I'm here setting up the  
business whilst she's making sure  
everything's stable at home.

GILLIAN

She Vietnamese right? Wouldn't having her here helped with the language barrier?

BRANDON

She's not the biggest fan of Vietnam, she associates it with being poor.

GILLIAN

I bet she does.

BRANDON

She's not a gold digger or anything, she just wanted something different. We met here in Hoi An you know.

GILLIAN

And then got married in the UK.

BRANDON

Pretty much.

ANDY

Mate that's a proper love story.

BRANDON

It's my favourite.

Gillian looks at Andy and Brandon despairingly, she knows her husband well enough to see and hear that's he's had way too much to drink.

GILLIAN

Right come on, let's get you home.

BRANDON

Don't worry about us, I'll get him home, the nights just begun.

GILLIAN

No. The nights over.

Brandon uses the puppy dog eyes on Andy.

ANDY

Boss has spoken mate.

BRANDON

I've only had six.

GILLIAN  
 And he's had sixteen.  
 (To Andy)  
 Right let's go.

Andy and Gillian stand up. Brandon tries, wobbles, and decides that staying seated is his best option. Andy walks round and gives Brandon a hug whilst he sits in his chair.

ANDY  
 Until next time amigo.

Brandon raises his glass to toast Andy.

Andy and Gillian walk towards the exit of the bar. She stops just before exiting and looks back at Brandon. She cuts her eyes at Andy.

ANDY (cont'd)  
 What? He's a nice bloke.

GILLIAN  
 I can't figure out why she stayed at home.

ANDY  
 Because he said that's what they wanted Gillian.

GILLIAN  
 Maybe he doesn't have a wife? Maybe he's a wrongun?

Gillian and Andy look back to see Brandon trying to stand up but falling off his chair onto the floor.

ANDY  
 Look at him, he's fucking harmless.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - BRANDON'S BEDROOM - DAY**

The morning after. It's BRIGHT. The sun beams into Brandon's bedroom through the open curtains. He's sprawled out on his bed. Naked from the belt down.

Brandon is sparko. The snoring emanating from his mouth enough to tickle the Richter Scale .

The snoring comes to sudden stop. Brandon stops breathing, his chest no longer moving up and down. Stillness.

**FAAAAAAAAAART!**

Brandon let's go of the most soul bending, vomit inducing fart Vietnam has ever bared witness to.

The vibration of the air releasing from his arsehole wakes him from his cocktail coma.

Brandon's eyes are swimming in a sea of confusion as he attempts to get his bearings, waving his hands around looking for his bedside table.

He reaches to find his phone, presses the side key and holds the phone to his face.

10:32 reads the time.

Brandon snaps out of his sloth-like state.

BRANDON  
How the fuck have I let this happen?

#### **INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL BAR - DAY**

Brandon sits at his laptop, furiously listing his hostel on various hotel booking sites.

He has a cocktail sitting next to him, his eyes dark like oak, his face baring the weight of a great night out.

He finishes the listing on the final site. The Welcome Hostel will be open for business in 2 days.

Brandon feels the vibration of his phone in his right pocket. It's a message from Andy.

Andy: How you feeling?

Brandon: Rough. You?

Andy: I feel like a concrete block got dropped on me head.

Brandon: No drinking for a while.

Brandon looks down at the cocktail he's drinking.

BRANDON  
This doesn't count.

#### **INT. BRANDON'S BEDROOM - DUSK**

Brandon carries himself back into his bedroom, removes his flip flops and lays down in his bed.



The sun is setting and his eyes feel like they've got anvils sewn into the lids. It's time to catch the z's that he missed out on last night.

He positions his head onto the pillow, and closes his eyes. Returning to the land of nod with a smile in the corner of his mouth. Bliss.

**INT. BRANDON'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Brandon's alarm blares into his ears, the routine of looking for his phone through swimming eyes repeats like every morning he is forced from his dreams.

He finds it on the bedside table and glues it to the end of his nose, looking for a time and date.

His alarm reads "IT'S MONDAY YOU PRICK, TIME TO OPEN THE HOSTEL"

Brandon bolt's upright like The Undertaker. He jumps out of bed to open his hostel.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL LOBBY - DAY**

Brandon sits there looking bored. His thoughts of people flowing through the doors like it's Black Friday aren't manifesting.

But then it happens. The first person to ever come into his hostel. The first guest. Top spot. The gold medallist.

That person is TUYEN (60s, friendly mothering face).

BRANDON

Hello, lovely to have you here at The Welcome Hostel. I'm Brandon your host, would you like one of our mixed dorms or one of our private rooms?

TUYEN

I cook.

She's the chef he hired. Dreams shattered. Brandon looks absolutely gutted.

BRANDON

Oh.

TUYEN

You no want?

BRANDON

Yeah. I do. Sorry I just thought you were my first guest.

TUYEN

I live Hoi An, sorry.

BRANDON

The kitchen is just through there. But I don't think you're going to need to cook much today.

TUYEN

Make you? Food?

Brandon is starving, his stomach rumbles when she asks.

BRANDON

That would be fantastic. Please. Your English is very good

TUYEN

I study. I make food from Vietnam.

Brandon turns and smiles at Tuyen as she heads to the kitchen.

He turns back round and standing in front of him is Nevaeh.

NEVAEH

Nice place. Let's go Brandon!

BRANDON

Hey there. Sorry I forgot your name.

NEVAEH

Nevaeh.

BRANDON

Yes. That's right. I got some beds.

NEVAEH

I would hope so.

They stare at each other.

BRANDON

You staying?

NEVAEH

How about a night on the house for bed tip?

BRANDON

Only staying for one night?

NEVAEH

It's like the taster wine before buying the bottle. If I like my free night, I'll stay for a few more.

Brandon looks around, and back to Nevaeh, who wears her bestest smile to convince Brandon of a free stay.

BRANDON

But you're paying if you stay for longer, no more freebies.

NEVAEH

Sure.

BRANDON

You have the whole place to yourself. You're my first customer.

NEVAEH

Surely customer numero uno gets the perks of a private room?

BRANDON

Don't push your luck.

NEVAEH

I basically helped make this place, but whatever it's fine. Can't be worse than my last place. The the owners of my hostel were going through a full on break up in front of everyone. I had to get the fuck out. Cringe.

**INT. ENGLAND - SKYLINE VIEW RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**FLASHBACK**

Stunning views of the city skyline from the window of the restaurant.

BRANDON

Beautiful right?

BIMH

Có chí làm quan có gan làm giàu.

BRANDON

What was that?

BIMH  
 (beat)  
 It mean beautiful, yes.

BRANDON  
 As beautiful as you?

BIMH  
 More.

BRANDON  
 As beautiful as this?

Swivelling towards Bimh, Brandon drops down to one knee. He opens up a box with an outrageous diamond ring inside.

Bimh's mouth drops below her chest. She quickly raises her hands to hide the view of her molars from the other guests.

BRANDON (cont'd)  
 I know it's only been a few months,  
 but I'm so in love with you Bimh--

BIMH  
 YES YES YES YES, I WILL!

BRANDON  
 I haven't even asked yet, will you  
 marry me?

Bimh grabs the ring out of Brandon's hand and slams it directly onto her ring finger. She pulls her phone out of her backside pocket and pap's the shit out of her new engagement ring.

BRANDON (cont'd)  
 You like it then.

Bimh jumps into her new fiancé's arms.

BIMH  
 You make me happiest woman. I know  
 what Queen feel like.

**INT. ENGLAND - REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY.**

Brandon stands at the front of the room waiting for Bimh to arrive. He's flustered.

Standing next to him is his best man SIMON (late 30's, absolute hunk), hand on his best friends back, trying to calm him down.

SIMON

Bran you're marrying the woman of your dreams, it's going to be amazing.

BRANDON

How do you know?

SIMON

I've never seen you look at a woman like this before. To be honest you barely ever look at women period.

BRANDON

Is this too quick?

SIMON

That's not what I mean.

BRANDON

Her family refused to come. Her Dad said that she's always just wanted a westerner with money like in the videos. That she'll just move onto the next man who has more money and shows her more attention.

SIMON

Don't listen to that bollocks. He's just angry she's not in Vietnam probably.

Brandon takes a DEEP breath.

BRANDON

You're right.

SIMON

I know, that's why I'm your best man, because I'm your best mate.

Music fills the room. Simply the best by Tina Turner. Bimh struts down the aisle like she's at Milan fashion week, by herself, and takes her spot standing next to Brandon in her bright yellow dress.

They lock eyes, and in that moment all their fears and troubles dissipate into an oblivion.

INT. ENGLAND - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

Brandon and Bimh both lay staring at the ceiling, under the duvet in their four poster wedding bed. Sweat trickling down their brows.

BRANDON

It's funny. It all started in a hotel room bed, and it's starts again in one too.

BIMH

Same same but different.

END FLASHBACK

INT/EXT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - BAR AREA - NIGHT.

The Welcome Hostel is vibing. It's alive with youthful adventure and cheap booze.

Brandon is dictating the pace of the night, the music blares out as he fist pumps the air to his Spotify playlist.

But it's a facade, he is struggling to keep up with the amount of guests that he has, and with no staff to work other than himself, it's swamping him under.

He crouches down behind the bar and and has a mini cry to himself, his sweat covered t-shirt wearing him like a weighted vest.

Nevaeh leans over the bar, seeing Brandon in a mess below.

NEVAEH

Why you hiding?

Brandon shits himself, embarrassed that he's been spotted. He pops back up.

BRANDON

I'm not, I'm sorting glasses.

Hostel Guest's begin to head to the bar after seeing Brandon ready to serve.

NEVAEH

I need to ask you something.

BRANDON

Can it wait?

NEVAEH

I need to use one of the private rooms.

BRANDON

For what?

Nevaeh turns to the sofa. Sitting there is NICK-O (30s, jawline sturdier than a Nokia 3210).

BRANDON (cont'd)

Nevaeh, you've been staying here for three weeks and not paid a single penny, what makes you think I'm just going to hand over the keys to a private room?

NEVAEH

One, because when we first met you said you wanted this to be Hoi An's number one sex spot, and two, because you know that once my parents internet banking gets sorted, we're gravy baby?

Brandon searches his brain for a reason to say no.

BRANDON

Can't you just use the dorm? What if you help me for a while?

NEVAEH

Brandy I have no idea how to run a bar you psycho. And look what I've gone and got myself.

She spins to look back at Nick-O.

PROD (40s, knows more than you do), a guest at the hostel and one of the many waiting for a drink, pipes up.

PROD

Ella re, there's about twenty people waiting here.

Brandon is flustered. He doesn't know what to do. He panics.

BRANDON

Here.

Brandon hands Nevaeh the keys to the private rooms.

NEVAEH

You won't regret this.

Nevaeh grabs the keys from his hand, runs to the sofa and grabs Nick-O by the scruff of his neck, dragging him towards the private room.

PROD

They off to give each other a few STD's? Bud when you're ready.

BRANDON

Erm, erm, who's next?

A wave of voices begin to shout orders at Brandon. He's a deer in the headlights. He looks around, not knowing what to do.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - BAR AREA - DAY.**

The morning after the night before. Guests slowly filtering to the tables in the bar area for some breakfast.

Brandon is already seated and eating a mountain of eggs atop three toast. A healthy amount of ketchup is dressed over the eggs.

The bar area is a mess, and Brandon looks like he hasn't been to bed.

Tuyen glides around with her pad and pen, asking the HOSTEL GUESTS what they would like for breakfast.

TUYEN

You like Vietnamese? You like scrambled egg? You like cereal? You like toast? You like just hot drink?

HOSTEL GUEST #1

I'll have Vietnamese please.

TUYEN

And you?

HOSTEL GUEST #2

I'll have the same, and can I have a coffee too?

HOSTEL GUEST #1

Me too.

TUYEN

Two Vietnamese, two coffee.

Tuyen heads back into the kitchen to whip up banh mi oopla.



From the direction of the mixed dorm, a giant sick wretch bellows the airwaves.

Brandon inquisitively looks over, stands up and makes his way over to see what's happening.

Prod scurries out from the mixed dorm into the bar area.

PROD

Dude, there's a wild pile of pubes in the showers.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - MIXED DORM - DAY.**

Wearing arm length marigolds and eye protection in case there's a stray, Brandon psychs himself up.

The pubes resemble a scared hedgehog sitting in the corner of the room. Like someone has skinned a ferret and left it next to the plughole.

Brandon approaches the pubes with caution, his little carrier bag in hand ready to shovel them into.

He reaches down and grabs, but misses them. He opens his eyes to see where they are, touches them, and the seven egg scramble nearly comes back up.

Composing himself, he takes a second stab at grabbing a handful. He jerks from the bottom of his arsehole all the way to the top of his eyeballs. A little bit of sick hits the back of his throat, burning like hellfire.

Nevaeh pops her head around the corner of the shower room.

NEVAEH

Oh em gee. I'm so sorry.

BRANDON

What? These are yours?

NEVAEH

I'm so sorry. It's been a while since, you know. I couldn't let him see all that. So I, yeah.

BRANDON

I think it's time you grabbed your stuff and left.

NEVAEH

What?

BRANDON

You haven't paid me a penny since you got here. You sponge fags off of everyone. I can't remember you paying for a drink, and to top it all off, this! Yes, I think it's time you left.

Nevaeh looks devastated, she's biting her top lip in the hope that it holds the tears back from rolling down her face. She slowly walk away.

BRANDON (cont'd)

Where you going?

Nevaeh spins around.

NEVAEH

What?

BRANDON

You can clean these up first. I've got downstairs to deal with.

Nevaeh turns round and takes the marigolds that Brandon has removed from his arms.

Brandon spins back around. He's had a Baldrick moment.

BRANDON (cont'd)

You know actually, how about as a thank you for letting you stay for so long without paying, you clean this place form top to bottom as a thank you, and then leave?

NEVAEH

So I wouldn't have to pay?

BRANDON

No, because you're not going to are you?

NEVAEH

About that. I haven't been one hundred truthful with you there.

BRANDON

Fuck me Nevaeh, you're on a roll girl.

NEVAEH

My mum and dad aren't going to be giving me money any time soon. They hate me.

Brandon wants to be pissed of with her about the lies. But he can't, he looks at Nevaeh with a dash of empathy.

BRANDON

I'm sure they don't hate you.

NEVAEH

It's a conversation for another day. Well, with someone else as you're kicking me out.

BRANDON

How about you help me out with the cleaning full time?

NEVAEH

What?

BRANDON

It's a shit heap down there, I fell asleep behind the bar after we closed, I didn't get time to clean up. If you help me out with that, I'll give you a room in the dorms as long as you want to stay.

NEVAEH

How often do I need to clean?

BRANDON

Once a day Nevaeh.

Brandon removes the goggles he's been wearing. Hands them to her.

BRANDON (cont'd)

We got a deal?

Nevaeh walks straight up to the pile of pubes and puts them into the bag, no gloves or goggles necessary. They are hers.

NEVAEH

You got yourself a cleaner Brandy.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS.**

Brandon heads into the lobby and finds a woman standing there with a suitcase. The woman is JULIETTE, (40's, Rolex on her wrist, resting bitch face on her brow).

She looks around the place with an element of surprise. Her face telling a story that this isn't what she was expecting. It's a mess.

A COUPLE sit down on the steps just outside the hostel smoking a suspiciously shaped cigarette, the smell just about wafting into the lobby and into Juliette's nostril.

BRANDON

Hey there, can I help you?

JULIETTE

I've booked a room here for three nights, but I feel I've been lied to.

BRANDON

Why?

JULIETTE

Because on the booking it said 5 star.

Juliette shoves her phone into Brandon's face.

BRANDON

That's the description. It says "Five star atmosphere".

JULIETTE

Oh.

The penny drops with Juliette.

BRANDON

Don't worry, the money is only on hold, I can cancel your accommodation and you won't be charged a penny.

Juliette looks around. This is far removed from hotel she wanted.

JULIETTE

You know what it's my fault. It's only three days, I'll stay. I can let my hair down a bit. It's not the worst thing staying in an absolute shit hole sometimes.

BRANDON

Wow. Cheers.

JULIETTE

It does say private room. That's correct?

BRANDON

Yes, the highest end of our shit hole line.

JULIETTE

Don't take that tone with me, look around you, I've seen tidier tents under a bridge.

Brandon peers into the kitchen and bar areas. She has a point.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS.**

Brandon chaperones Juliette over to the private room where she'll be staying. He opens the door and escorts Juliette inside.

BRANDON

If you need anything, I'll be at the desk. Enjoy the stay.

He shuts the door behind Juliette who looks for the light switch.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS.**

Brandon turns to walk back to the reception desk.

JULIETTE (O.S)

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?

Juliette back pedals out of her room and into the lobby area, standing in the door way wearing just a towel is Nevaeh's conquest from the night before, NICK-O.

NICK-O

I'm Nick-O.

Brandon remembers giving the keys to Nevaeh last night.

BRANDON

NEVAEH!!

Nevaeh comes running into the lobby.

NEVAEH

Yeah?

She sees Nick-O standing there in his towel and is immediately swoons over his beautiful features.

NEVAEH (cont'd)

Hey Nick-O.

BRANDON

No "Hey Nick-O", get this room fixed up asap!

NEVAEH

Yeah, yeah of course, I'm sorry, sir.

He turns to Juliette.

BRANDON

I'm so sorry about this. It's usually very organised around here.

JULIETTE

I bet it's not.

**INT. ENGLAND - BRANDON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

**FLASHBACK**

Bimh meticulously lines up a colour wheel of high heels inside her walk in wardrobe.

Brandon sits on the edge of the bed, putting his socks on whilst looking at her pondering over her collection.

BRANDON

What you thinking now?

BIMH

No black pair with red bottom.

BRANDON

You have a black pair.

BIMH

Not red bottom.

BRANDON

Well sell your current black pair and buy the red bottom ones.

BIMH

I like this black one.

BRANDON

So...

BIMH

Best husband go shop. I go coffee.  
Come home. SURPRISE. You best  
husband.

Brandon looks at Bimh. He doesn't know if she's joking or not.

BRANDON

You're being serious?

BIMH

This what best husband do.

BRANDON

You've got twenty pairs.

BIMH

I have sixteen pair. Stop inflate.

Brandon takes a breath in. Holds. Looks up at Bimh smiling.

BRANDON

You know what, you deserve a nice  
pair. You cooked me an amazing Pho  
last night.

BIMH

Yes. I give love. You give shoes. I  
also give love in there if buying red  
bottom shoes.

She looks into the bed.

BRANDON

Oh yeah? Come here.

BIMH

Not now silly. I go gym. You buy red  
bottom shoes. Maybe.

Bimh scoops up her gym bag, kisses Brandon on his cheek, and walks out of the bedroom. Brandon is left seated on the side of the bed to wonder what the hell a red bottom shoe even is.

END FLASHBACK

**EXT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - BAR AREA - NIGHT.**

Brandon's rushed off his feet as usual. Nevaeh sits on her phone at the bar.

BRANDON  
Nevaeh give us a hand for two minutes.

NEVAEH  
I don't do bar work.

Brandon drops a glass on the floor which smashes everywhere. A loud cheer erupts. Brandon is getting agitated and wants to give up. He drops down to clean up the glass and hide for a moment.

MITCH (O.S.)  
Any chance of a drink around here?

Brandon looks up and sees Mitch looking down at him.

BRANDON  
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY!

MITCH  
I'm happy to pour my own.

BRANDON  
Whatever, do whatever you want.

Mitch skips over the bar

HOSTEL GUEST  
Hey! Why does he get to pour his own?

Mitch grabs some spirits and mixers from the shelf, and begins to twirl and throw the glasses like he's doing the hippie shake in Cocktail.

Everyone around the bar looks over stunned. It's majestic.

Mitch finishes making his cocktail, and hops back over the bar. Brandon looks at the Hostel Guest.

BRANDON  
That's why.

HOSTEL GUEST  
I'll have one of them as well.

The rest of the guests and customers come flooding over to the bar, wanting some of what Mitch just made.



Mitch just sits there sipping his drink.

MITCH

I'm not the barman, just happen to be  
a god at making a cocktail.

There's a collective groan from everyone wanting what Mitch  
just made.

BRANDON

Sorry everyone, give me a minute. No  
one serve any drinks for themselves.  
Neveah, keep an eye on that for me.

NEVAEH

Do I get a free drink?

BRANDON

Well, you, well. Fuck sake, yes  
Neveah, just make sure no one starts  
free pouring drinks.

NEVAEH

(To the crowd)

You heard the boss man, bar's closed  
for a minute.

Brandon drags Mitch over to the corner of the bar area.

BRANDON

Where did you lean to do that?

MITCH

Here and there.

BRANDON

Want to do it here?

Mitch looks around, thinks for a moment.

MITCH

What's in it for me?

BRANDON

The same deal as Neveah?

MITCH

Who's Neveah?

BRANDON

The girl at the bar there.  
(points to Neveah)  
She stays here for free whilst being  
the hostels cleaner.

MITCH

Private room?

BRANDON

Dorm.

MITCH

No can do. Thanks for the offer though.

Mitch stands up to leave. Brandon stops him.

BRANDON

Please. You'd be doing me a massive favour. Just help me tonight. I'll find someone else for tomorrow, but I need a break from this, and you're so much better than I am.

Mitch looks at the bar, weighing up how many people there are to serve.

MITCH

Just for tonight. I don't want a room, just to drink for free.

BRANDON

Fine.

Juliette walks in on their conversation.

JULIETTE

Is there any way to get a drink in this hell hole?

Mitch and Brandon both look towards Juliette. Brandon then turns his attention back to Mitch.

BRANDON

Is there?

MITCH

Just tonight.

JULIETTE

Hurry up would you.

Juliette walks off to the bar.

BRANDON

I'll be back as soon as I can, just got to go and have a chat with someone.

MITCH

The slave driver man who assaulted me  
the other day?

BRANDON

No. Well, yeah actually it is him.

MITCH

Enjoy listening to Tucker Carlson  
stories. I'll see you when you get  
back.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE BAR - NIGHT.**

Brandon and Andy are sitting down outside with a few drinks  
in front of them on the table.

BRANDON

Probably a shit idea, but if it works  
and he fancies doing it full time,  
then it's the smartest thing I've  
done since I opened.

ANDY

He's probably going to steal from the  
till mate.

BRANDON

I have a float which works out to  
about 20 quid, if he steals that,  
it's a small price to pay.

ANDY

How long you about?

BRANDON

I've got time to have one with you.

ANDY

Lovely. Amanda, the usual please  
love.

**LATER**

Brandon is smashed, again. Him and Andy have been joined by  
Gillian. Brandon is blabbering away.

BRANDON

I suppose it's something I've always  
wanted to do, put a smile on peoples  
faces.

GILLIAN

But without your wife?

ANDY

Leave it Gillian.

BRANDON

It's fine mate, don't worry I know what it looks like. She just didn't want to move back here. So I'm going to fly back from time.

GILLIAN

I thought you said she'd be joining you once it was open?

BRANDON

Yeah she will. Just when it's properly up and running.

GILLIAN

Are you two still together?

ANDY

Come on Gillian, what you digging for?

GILLIAN

It's just a question, just want to get to know Brandon. We've been lied to by our own quite a few times before.

BRANDON

Don't worry, I'm an open book. Yes we're still together, this was just an itch I had to scratch. We still face time every evening.

ANDY

See, they're still in love, still together.

BRANDON

And the hostel is booming. Got a barman on trial tonight, so.

GILLIAN

And you can trust him?

**EXT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - BAR AREA - NIGHT.**

The bar is pumping, punters are dancing on the tables with spirit bottles, having an absolute bender.

Mitch jumps up onto the bar.

MITCH  
FREE SHOTS FOR EVERYONE!!

**EXT. RIVERSIDE BAR - NIGHT.**

Brandon carries on his conversation with Gillian.

BRANDON  
He's the best cocktail maker I've  
ever seen

Brandon stands up.

ANDY  
Where you going?.

BRANDON  
Toilet, I need to strain the main  
vein.

GILLIAN  
Why would you say that?

Brandon laughs to himself as he stumbles his way to the toilets. Gillian stares at him.

GILLIAN (cont'd)  
There's something about him.

ANDY  
I don't get why you're asking him so  
many questions.

GILLIAN  
It makes no sense.

ANDY  
He's a bloke chasing a dream. Some  
things don't need to make sense.

**INT. ENGLAND - BRANDON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY.****FLASHBACK**

It's Bimh's birthday. Decorations and cards crowd the room. Bimh sits with her presents on her lap.

She first rips open a pair of jeans, clapping her hands together at the sight of the designer beauties.

She opens the second present, a brand new smart watch. She squeals a pitch so high the bats in the loft wake up. She throws the watch onto her wrist and takes a few selfies with her new toy.

BRANDON  
There's one more thing.

BIMH  
Gucci?

BRANDON  
It's not something you can wear.

BIMH  
Oh.

Bimh looks crushed. She had her heart set on the Gucci shoes.

BRANDON  
It's a years gym membership. The diamond one with all the spa access, treatments, sauna, steam room and jacuzzi.

BIMH  
REALLY?!!

BRANDON  
Also, Simon is going to give you five personal trainer sessions. Show you what you should be doing in the gym and all that stuff.

Bimh holds her hands over her mouth. She lets go of her face and jumps onto Brandon like a little spider monkey, wrapper her body around his whole torso.

END FLASHBACK

INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL BAR AREA - DAY.

Brandon looks at the absolute state the bar is in. He's furious, but doesn't show it externally.

The guests filter down for breakfast and realise that no tables are clean, and there isn't anywhere to sit and eat.

Tuyen comes out of the kitchen.

TUYEN  
Shall I clean?

BRANDON  
It's not your job to clean Tuyen.

Brandon looks at all the guests who are gathering in the doorway of the bar area.

BRANDON (cont'd)  
I know it's not your job to keep it tidy, but where's your respect for this place?

PROD  
You need to speak to your barman mate.

BRANDON  
For every bin bag you lot fill up, I'll give you two free beers, the bin liners are--

There is a mad scramble for the bin liners as all the guests try to tidy the place up in record time.

An almighty scream comes from Juliette's room.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS.**

Reacting to a loud scream, Brandon runs in and sees Juliette with bright yellow hair.

JULIETTE  
WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH MY HAIR?

BRANDON  
Nothing. It's just. Blonde.

JULIETTE  
I know that you moron, WHY do I have blonde hair?

BRANDON  
You died it?

JULIETTE

NO!! I didn't die it, your shampoo  
done this.

Brandon's shoulders slump, he doesn't know why Juliette has  
blonde hair, but he knows who's responsible.

BRANDON

NEVAEH!!

NEVAEH (O.S.)

Yeah?

BRANDON

Come to the lobby please.

Juliette storms back into her room, she re-emerges with an  
already packed suitcase.

JULIETTE

I'm leaving. I want a full refund  
too.

BRANDON

One full refund coming up.

Nevaeh walks into the lobby and sees the state of Juliette's  
hair.

NEVAEH

Blonde's defo have more fun.

Brandon hands the cash over to Juliette, who snatches it  
from his hand and looks at the pair with evil in her eyes.

JULIETTE

You were made for each other, you  
incompetent weirdo's.

Juliette heads towards the front door with a force that  
creates a gust. She furiously exits to the outside of the  
hostel.

JULIETTE (O.S.)

AND I'M GIVING YOU A SHIT REVIEW!

Nevaeh looks at Brandon.

NEVAEH

I thought it suited her.

BRANDON

What did you put in shampoo the  
dispenser?



NEVAEH

The one from the pink bottle.

BRANDON

That's bleach Nevaeh.

NEVAEH

I know, but since she got here she's not stopped blabbering about how shit this place is. Thought I'd give her something to actually moan about.

BRANDON

You can't just do that to people Nevaeh. That's not normal. That's a sack-able offence.

NEVAEH

Oh. Are you firing me?

Brandon looks at her.

BRANDON

If you done it to someone I liked then yes. But for now--

NEVAEH

Oh shit.

BRANDON

What?

NEVAEH

I think I put the pink bottle in all the shampoo dispensers after I done hers.

BRANDON

GIVE ME STRENGTH!

Nevaeh sprints off towards the mixed dorms.

Brandon looks over to the couch. Mitch is fast asleep on it, just as he was the first day he ever came to the hostel.

BRANDON (cont'd)

Oi party boy, get your arse up.

MITCH

I'm awake, I was just laying here pretending to be asleep while you fired the girl.

Mitch stands up and walks over.

BRANDON

I took a chance on you, and you threw it in my face.

MITCH

That's my biggest problem. I always find a way to fuck it up.

BRANDON

So you were considering staying for longer than one night?

MITCH

I enjoyed it. I was hoping that I could prove to someone that I'm actually worth a punt on.

BRANDON

You literally gave away free booze all night.

Mitch stares at the ground.

MITCH

I told you, I always fuck it up.

BRANDON

Mitch there's going be times when we can let our hair down, trust me it'll be me pouring them for you.

MITCH

What you saying?

BRANDON

I'm saying that you're a likeable guy. But stop making hard for people to do so.

MITCH

You giving me a second chance?

BRANDON

I've been known to make a lot of bad decisions in my life.

MITCH

So you're saying this is a bad decision?

BRANDON

Prove it isn't. Prove that taking a punt on you was the best thing I've done.

(MORE)

BRANDON (cont'd)

The offer of a dorm room whilst you work the bar is still there if you're up for it?

MITCH

I won't let you down, I swear.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - BRANDON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.**

Brandon is on his phone texting Andy about the days goings on at the hostel.

Brandon: He did leave it a shit hole.

Andy: I knew he would. Did you fuck him off out of it?

Brandon: Nope. I just hired him as my new barman.

Andy: FFS.

Brandon: But the pair of them have been good as gold today. We'll see.

Andy: I just hope that I don't have to tell you that I told you so.

Brandon: Me too mate, me too.

Brandon puts his phone down, tilts his bed back onto his pillow and thinks of his hectic first month at the hostel. A smile appears on the side of his mouth. He closes his eyes, and turns out the bedroom light.

His phone screen illuminates the room. He grabs it off the side to lock it. Brandon looks at the picture of him and Bimh hugging on his lock screen. He stares at it for a few seconds before locking the phone and laying it down.

**INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - CLEANING CUPBOARD - NIGHT.**

Nevaeh is labelling every single thing in her cleaning cupboard. From the "Normal mop" to the "Sick mop", "Bleach" to the "Hair Shampoo" and all that's in between. Everything has a label. What it is, where it goes, and what it is used for.

She's taking responsibility for something for the first time in her life. It might be something small, and it might seem like something insignificant to others, but she's proud, and gives herself a pat on the shoulder.

INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - MIXED DORM - NIGHT.

Mitch is on his bottom bunk with his phone light on so he can see. His shift is over and the bar is closed, but he's doing extra curricular work.

Mitch has a pad and pen and is going through hundreds of cocktails he knows. He's written them all down, step by step, and runs his pen over them to make sure they're perfect.

INT. THE WELCOME HOSTEL - BAR AREA - DAWN.

Brandon sits in the bar area.

Alone.

It's peaceful in the hostel for once. The birds singing, bike bells ringing, moped engines and the waves slowly tumbling into the sand. The sounds of Vietnam that Brandon first fell in love with.

Tuyen comes out of the kitchen with a Banh Mi Oopla for Brandon.

TUYEN

Made with love.

BRANDON

Tuyen, that's such a wonderful thing to say. Cam On [Thank You].

Tuyen smiles and heads back into the kitchen.

Brandon takes the first bite of the sandwich. His face looks astonished. Brandon takes a second bite far bigger than he can chew, but it's a stunning bit of grub.

BRANDON (cont'd)

Cor.

Finally. A morning that Brandon can sit down and enjoy.

NICK-O (O.S.)

Holy shit that's gnarly, someone's taken the biggest shit--

Brandon rolls his eyes.

NICK-O (O.S.) (cont'd)

In the sink!

BRANDON

NEVAEH!!

Brandon's phone rings. "SIMON" flashes up on the screen.

BRANDON (cont'd)

Tuyen could you go and wake Nevaeh up  
and tell her that she needs to clean  
a shit out of a sink please. Cam On  
[Thank You].

Brandon leaves the breakfast table and walks over to the bar.

He answers his phone.

BRANDON (cont'd)

I told you that if you needed to call  
me to use a different fucking number.

Brandon checks to see that no one is in ear shot of his conversation.

SIMON (V.O.)

I can't deal with this any more.

BRANDON

Why are you calling me?

SIMON (V.O.)

I can't sleep, I can't eat, I still  
dream about it every night, it's  
killing me.

Brandon listens down the phone to Simon's short and panicked breathing.

SIMON (V.O.) (cont'd)

I don't know how you've just up and  
left the country so easily Bran.

Brandon pauses. Looks to hang up the phone. Doesn't. Presses it back against his ear.

BRANDON

It's easy when you find out she's  
been fucking your best mate.

END EPISODE