

PRINCES' HOSPITAL

An original pilot.
(Based on a lot of true shit.)

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FADE IN:

Imagine you're in the Garden of Eden. In a way, you are.

A polished RECRUITER (50s) strolls past a lush oasis, speaking directly to us.

FEMALE RECRUITER

Is there something missing in your life? Do you yearn for exotic adventures, tremendous wealth and a sizzling social life?

She passes a shimmering, Hockney-esque swimming pool, where tanned, athletic men and women frolic.

FEMALE RECRUITER

If you're a doctor, nurse or administrator, the Kingdom of Khaduri welcomes you!

We POP TO the desert, where the recruiter sits astride a camel -- very Lawrence of Arabia.

FEMALE RECRUITER

From deep sea diving to designer shops -- to magical encounters under the stars -- all this amazing opportunity is missing is you.

POP! Now she's outside a Gucci store. As we WIDEN OUT, we see that this is a video, playing on a screen.

FEMALE RECRUITER

Now let's talk money. In the Kingdom of Khaduri, you can earn triple your present salary!

IMAGES flash to match her pitch.

FEMALE RECRUITER (V.O.)

Your 5 star condo on the Red Sea? Paid for. A fleet of chauffeured cars at your disposal? Paid for. Going on holiday? First class tickets to anywhere in the world -- you guessed it -- paid for!

We land on a gleaming Frank Gehry marvel rising from the desert. A 24 karat gold sign reads: **PRINCES' HOSPITAL.**

FEMALE RECRUITER (V.O.)
 But the greatest draw is the
 hospital itself. The future of
 medicine --

Inside, the hospital is a technological marvel.

FEMALE RECRUITER (V.O.)
 -- is practiced *here*, today. Eager
 to test cutting edge procedures or
 the latest wonder drug? Princes'
 Hospital runs a world class
 research center -- all without
 complicated FDA oversight.

HAILEY (O.S.)
 But is there a Starbucks?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL - DAY

Cast-off furniture, broken Mr. Coffee, a blizzard rages
 outside. DOCTORS stream out, a few holding brochures.

We find DR. HAILEY HARGROVE (32, mixed race, sexy-edgy,
 Dartmouth smart) leaning against a wall, grinning. A
 brilliant doc with laughing eyes -- she's got no time for
 your bullshit.

The RECRUITER (FRANCESCA) is here, too, impeccable in Chanel.

FRANCESCA
 Yes. In the hospital. And it's
 free.

Hailey eyes the doctors exiting. A few pat one guy on the
 back. *Way to go!* Remnants of cake litter the table.

HAILEY
 You're telling me there's an entire
 hospital for just one family?

FRANCESCA
 A royal family. With more than
 22,000 members.
 (beat, then)
 Picture Buckingham Palace -- if
 every prince had four wives for the
 past two hundred years.

Hailey nods. Studies the snow falling hard outside.

FRANCESCA

You thought you'd be the new attending.

Haley shrugs it off, but it hurts. Badly.

HAILEY

I'm sure a better man got the job. So what kinda numbers we talking?

FRANCESCA

Fun ones. At the end of two years, you'll have made 1.7 million. Tax free.

HAILEY

Yeah, that's fun.

FRANCESCA

And female docs in Khaduri earn 30% more than their male colleagues.

HAILEY

Because we can treat both male and female patients?

FRANCESCA

Precisely.

HAILEY

(can't help herself)
Then shouldn't it be double?

Francesca smiles, but changes tacks.

FRANCESCA

I'm sorry about your father. The kind of illness he had --

HAILEY

(too fast)
There was nothing we could do.

FRANCESCA

-- though you tried to sneak him into that Perpedran trial.

Hailey startles: *How the hell?!*

FRANCESCA

Princes' Hospital would've taken him. Staff privileges.

She eyes Hailey.

FRANCESCA

Typically, when I ask someone why they're considering us, 9 out of 10 say they're looking for adventure. But not you. So I gotta wonder, what're you looking for, Hailey?

HAILEY

Free Starbucks.

Francesca laughs. Likes this girl.

HAILEY

You know about my father. No doubt tried flushing out my brother. Clearly, you've had me vetted --

FRANCESCA

Yes. You're a rising star.

HAILEY

According to -- ?

FRANCESCA

Everyone. You're also a pain in the ass.

HAILEY

According to -- ?

FRANCESCA

Everyone. People don't come to Prince Hospital's for a new job, Hailey -- they come for a new life.

It's time to rip the Band-aid off.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

But there are dangers for someone like you. The American embassy has no power there. Kick the wrong hornet's nest, no Special Op will come save you. You're on your own.

HAILEY

You trying to scare me?

FRANCESCA

Protect you. The Kingdom is 85% paradise, 15% not --

Before she can finish, A NURSE barges in.

ER NURSE
Incoming, Dr. Hargrove.

With that, Hailey rushes out. Leaving Francesca's warning hanging in the air.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An effing blizzard. HAILEY and her team rush to meet PARAMEDICS gurneying in A YOUNG BOY, blood everywhere.

PARAMEDIC
Male child, multiple abdominal
gunshot wounds.

HAILEY
Parents with him??

MEDIC
Nope. Some bangers tossed him over
the fence. BP's 90 over 50.

HAILEY
You sure?

MEDIC
Checked it twice, doc.

Hailey and her team rush the boy --

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

-- into the ER, where she quickly gets to work.

HAILEY
(checks his pupils)
What's your name, handsome?

BOY
(gasping)
Ra--Randall.

HAILEY
Randall? My first boyfriend was a
Randall, he broke my heart. How
old are you, Randall?

RANDALL
Ten -- and -- a half.

A NURSE starts an IV. Another cuts open his shirt.

HAILEY
Your chest hurt? Looks like it
hurts. We'll give you something --

RANDALL
No! Don't nothing hurt.

He struggles to sit but can't. Too woozy.

HAILEY
Don't break my heart, Randall.
(to nurse)
Drip two liters O neg, erythromycin
-- and get gastro in here for a
consult.

NURSE
BP's still 90 over 50.

HAILEY
What? I want to see what's in
there.

RANDALL
Don't touch me! Nobody touch me!

She lifts her hands. He VOMITS on her before passing out.

NURSE
Doctor, BP's skyrocketing! 260
over 180, elevated creatinine --

HAILEY
Hypertensive crisis. Drip
Vancomycin and labetalol push--

Suddenly, Hailey's eyes narrow. CLOSE ON the boy's side.
His hand cradles a duct-taped bandage.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
Oh, hell no.

She gingerly removes it to reveal A HUGE BAGGIE OF WHITE
POWDER -- split open.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
Fifty bucks says its coke.

NURSE
Yup.

HAILEY
Acted like an anesthetic.

NURSE

Yup.

HAILEY

No wonder he's feeling no pain.

But there's no time to react. And they've seen this before.

HAILEY

Prep an OR, get an evidence bag and call the cops. Don't want his friends jacking us tonight looking for their product.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 11 HOURS LATER

3 AM. Snow drifts bury cars. It's still coming down. Hailey steps outside for some air. She eyes her phone -- only to have it RIPPED from her hands.

HAILEY

What the -- ?!

She turns to see a shivering Randall -- his young face filled with anger.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

Are you crazy? Go back inside, Randall!

RANDALL

Why, so I can get popped?

HAILEY

How 'bout 'cause I just spent nine and a half hours saving your --

POW! He PUNCHES her in the HEAD. She goes down hard.

RANDALL

You stole my junk, bitch!

WHAP-WHAP! He kicks her in the stomach, then SPITS on her as she MOANS in the snow, the wind knocked out of her.

As he walks away, we hold on Hailey, fighting back tears.

FADE TO BLACK.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (PRE-LAP)

More Champagne, Miss?

INT. AIR KHADURI - FIRST CLASS - 20,000 FEET - MOVING

TITLE CARD: TWO WEEKS LATER

Hailey stares out the window. A fading bruise over one eye. She turns to see a FLIGHT ATTENDANT with a bottle of Cristal.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
You've time for one last glass
before we land.

PULL BACK to see Hailey's First Class cabin is full of YOUNG WOMEN, drenched in gold. Clutching drinks and moving to Rihanna as they gaze at their phones.

As Hailey sips, a cheerful YOUNG WOMAN (PRINCESS MISHA, 17) leans across the aisle.

PRINCESS MISHA
American, yes?
(Hailey nods)
I love Americans! Well, most of
them. Some no, I can't stand.

HAILEY
Nice to meet you. I'm --

But the Princess isn't interested. She ducks her head beneath her seat, pulls out a leather Gucci carrier bag.

PRINCESS MISHA
(unzips it)
Isn't he adorable?

She scoops out a kitten. Other girls crowd around.

GIRL 1
(wearing Beats headphones)
Can I hold him, Princess Misha?

On Hailey - *Princess?*

PRINCESS MISHA
No, your nails are wet.
(to Hailey)
I just bought him, he's totally
endangered.

HAILEY
(smiles)
I'm pretty sure kittens aren't
endangered. Not yet.

Princess Misha's face clouds. No one contradicts her.

PRINCESS MISHA

This isn't a cat. He's a Sumatran tiger! Wanna hold him?

On Hailey - *a tiger?* The Princess drops the cub in Hailey's hands. It's tiny face is meltingly adorable.

PRINCESS MISHA

I'm gonna call him 'Hemsworth.'

PILOT'S VOICE (INTERCOM)

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are now entering the airspace of the Kingdom of Khaduri.

A beat. Then instantly, everything changes.

PRINCESS MISHA

(snatching the cub)

Holla atcha later!

All the women quickly pull on ABAYAS (black cloaks).

HAILEY'S POV: Every woman is now completely veiled, including their faces. She stares, incredulous. They're like a row of black bats.

The Flight Attendant returns, holding out a simple black robe.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Technically, foreign women don't need it. But it sure makes life easier.

Hailey's eyes widen, suddenly aware she's taken a first class flight down the rabbit hole: *What is this place?*

EXT. PALACE GARDEN - DAY

A plush, 20 acre estate. Think Arabian Nights meets Hearst Castle. Giraffes, zebras, and monkeys roam the jungle-like grounds.

In a mist-cooled gazebo, an older woman in an abbaya, JADWA (aka Wife 1), serves PRINCE AHMED tea. He's fat, old and awful.

PRINCE AHMED

(in Arabic, to Jadwa)

What are you waiting for? Go! I can't bear to look at your wrinkled face.

As she nervously scurries off --

PRINCE GHALI (O.S.)
Be kind, cousin. She bore you
sons.

Prince Ahmed harumphs -- and turns to a younger PRINCE, his face hidden by shadows.

PRINCE AHMED
And a younger wife will give me
more.

PRINCE GHALI
An old story, that. Time the
Kingdom wrote a new one, yes?

Suddenly, Prince Ahmed starts GASPING for air. He crashes to the ground, clutching his chest.

The younger Prince steps closer and we glimpse his face. It's the face of a hero. Of a man who changes destinies. And, yeah -- he's ridiculously handsome. Meet PRINCE GHALI (34). His crisp white robes make him look like he jumped off an Arab wedding cake.

He bends down close to Ahmed's neck and whispers in his ear --

PRINCE GHALI
The number, Uncle, I need the
number.

But the fat Prince can't speak. Ghali pulls out his cell. The man is ice, totally calm in the face of life and death.

PRINCE GHALI
(into phone)
Seems the old bastard's having a
heart attack.

WOMAN'S VOICE (ON THE CELL)
Fix it. Because if he dies -- they
all die.

ON PRINCE GHALI: Only now do we catch the faintest glimpse of concern.

EXT. KHADURI AIRPORT - EVENING

Shaped like an enormous conch shell, it screams luxury, even from the outside.

Black-clad women descend the plane's stairs and head straight to a fleet of gold-plated Rolls Royces.

Swimming in her new abaya, Hailey looks around, lost. As she stumbles toward the airport, a chauffeur, OMAR (55, awful comb-over, delightful smile) rushes toward her with her name on a sign.

OMAR

My sincerest and deepest apologies,
Dr. Hargrove!

EXT./INT. STREETS OF KHADURI - OMAR'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Omar's Mercedes S65 streaks through a dry, desert moonscape.

HAILEY

No customs?

OMAR

For important people, no.

HAILEY

And the other women -- ?

OMAR

Royals. We cherish our women here.

HAILEY

So it's a safety thing? Why they
can't drive?

Omar considers, ever the diplomat.

OMAR

Life in the desert -- things look
one way, but then it's another. An
oasis, I think you call it?

HAILEY

Mirage. The eye deceives us.

OMAR

Ah! I am so proud to drive smart,
American lady doctor. I get you
all-time American favorite --
Pringle chip!

Hailey glances at the mini-bar. Sure enough, Pringles. She warms to Omar.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Sit back, enjoy. Omar knows all
the shortest cuts!

As he crests a hill, Hailey spots a familiar rose-gold building, shimmering in the heat.

HAILEY
That's the hospital, isn't it?

OMAR
Magnificent, yes? And I hear the
coffee is free!

As they drive on, we SMASH CUT to --

INT. E.R. - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Technology that Elon Musk only dreams of exists right here,
right now.

And yet -- this is important -- the staff has to deal with a
shit ton of ancient customs and religious rules. It's a
shotgun marriage of the past and the future. Things often
get weird.

BRIONY MURPHY (28, Irish, cheery), the ER head nurse, eyes a
HOLOGRAPHIC SCREEN above a patient's bed.

BRIONY
Rhythm's bouncing fierce.

She works next to DR. EAMON SINCLAIR (35, Aussie, cocky,
secretly sentimental.) The Han Solo of this world.

SINCLAIR
Strip him. Get a line in.

Briony starts to peel off the Prince's robes -- but a wizened
old Arab, TAYMULLAH (70s) -- who's been watching hawk-like in
the corner -- starts SHOUTING and gesticulates wildly.

TAYMULLAH
Stop! That is haram! Woman cannot
touch man!

Sinclair turns to Briony. He never remembers her name.

SINCLAIR
Brenda, could we clear the room?

BRIONY
(sotto)
It's Briony, sir. And he's the
family spokesman.
(eyes vitals on hologram)
BP's dropping, fast.

SINCLAIR
Push 5 mil atropine, stat. And
let's bag him.

TAYMULLAH

Allah is here! Allah sees all!

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP. Urine now spills onto the floor.

SINCLAIR

No argument there, mate. Trouble is, Allah can't tell me what's making your friend here sick. Exhibit A -- (gestures urine) -- indicates this is a bit more than a run of the mill heart attack, so if it's all right with you, I need to peek under the hood.

(to Briony)

Foley catheter, please.

She grabs one off a cart and drapes the Prince's genitals. Taymulla freaks the fuck out!

TAYMULLAH

NO, NO, NO! Woman not touch Prince's sword unless she is wife.

(beat, then)

I will marry them now.

FYI: This shit is real. Briony looks horrified.

OMAR (PRE-LAP)

Welcome to heaven!

EXT. STAFF HOUSING - AKA 'THE JUNGLE' - EVENING

Ornate, armed gates swing open. Omar's Mercedes glides in.

INSIDE THE MERCEDES -

Hailey's eyes widen. The compound is stunning. Turquoise pools. White cabanas. Marble buildings. It's The Four Seasons by the Red Sea with a spring break vibe.

HAILEY

There's been a mistake, Omar. I want the staff residence, not the --

OMAR

Ha! This is staff residence.

Hailey glimpses 50 INTERNATIONAL DOCTORS and NURSES partying by the pool. As her face breaks into a grin --

INT. HAILEY'S CONDO - AFTERNOON

Mahogany and marble. Sleek and cool. Dropping her bags, Hailey studies the lavish decor, pleased. She crosses to the wet bar, overflowing with fancy snacks.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
Now it'd really be heaven if it
came with vodka...

No such luck. She tears open a bag of chips.

INT. HAILEY'S BATHROOM - SHOWER - AFTERNOON

Hailey's in the huge multi-jet shower -- when something catches her eye. SOMEONE IS WATCHING HER. Grabbing a towel, she barrels --

INTO HER BEDROOM -

HAILEY
Excuse me!

-- and confronts a sharp-eyed FILIPINO GIRL, TINI (18) rifling through her suitcase.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

TINI
(bowing)
I am maid. I come with apartment.

HAILEY
I didn't ask for -- look, would you
please put my stuff down?

Tini ignores her. Bows again.

TINI
You are pleased to meet Geeta
Otini. Everyone call me 'Tini.'

She folds Hailey's clothes like some beautiful, Origami shit.

HAILEY
Whoa-whoa, please don't unpack my
stuff. I don't need a maid.
(Tini keeps folding)
Did you hear me? Do you understand
what I --

Tini holds up a sexy negligee, tags attached.

TINI
You have boyfriend, yes?

HAILEY
No, put that down. It was on sale,
I didn't, it was an impulse thing --

TINI
You want husband? Is okay, no
shame. People come to Kingdom for
many-many reasons.

She starts on Hailey's panties. That's it.

HAILEY
Look, Tini, is it? I know I'm
gonna wind up saying a lot of
strange things over the next two
years but I never thought the first
would be, 'Please stop folding my
panties.'

Tini stops for a moment. Then --

TINI
You want money?

HAILEY
No, just -- stop! Stop folding,
stop talking. This is super weird.
Where I come from, you don't ask
people you just met questions like
that!

TINI
(genuinely puzzled)
Then how do you get to know them?

Hailey's at a loss. Tini bows, then disappears.

HAILEY
(calls after her)
Don't take it personally. It's not
you, it's me. I'm sure you're
totally great.

She pulls out sunblock, a straw hat and a book: "ARABIC FOR
DUMMIES" -- when Tini returns with a glass of fresh juice.

TINI
Mango juice, Dr. Hargrove. To keep
skin soft from Khaduri heat.

Hailey hesitates, then sips. Her eyebrows raise: Yowza!

HAILEY
There's vodka in there.

Tini smiles knowingly. Hailey considers, then --

HAILEY (CONT'D)
Fine. But we're gonna need some
ground rules.

BRIONY (PRE-LAP)
ARE YOU BARKING MAD?!

INT. PRINCE'S HOSPITAL - ER - SAME

Right where we left off. Taymullah's furious and Briony's panicked. Sinclair steps between them.

SINCLAIR
Wedding's not necessary, mate. (to
a resident) Dr. Peng, you've
catheterized male patients?

He passes the two foot long catheter to DR. PENG (26,
Chinese, sweaty palms.)

PENG
Yes. Well, once, in rotation.

SINCLAIR
Perfect. A seasoned professional.
(re: catheter tube)
Push her straight in, seven to ten
inches --
(sotto)
-- and by God, lad, if you hit oil,
stop drilling.

Peng proceeds, hands trembling.

SINCLAIR
(to Briony)
Get me a BMP and a CBC and I want
blood gases, stat.

DR. PENG
Xie tien xie di!

SINCLAIR
English only, Dr. Peng.

DR. PENG
(proud smile)
I'm in!

But now the hologram pulses RED and an ALARM SOUNDS.

BRIONY
BP's falling.

SINCLAIR
He's in sinus bradycardia. Put him
on a vent, stat!

As she does, Briony notices something.

BRIONY
Doctor?

Sinclair turns, sees the Prince has shit himself. Badly.

SINCLAIR
Ay, Jesus! You nicked his colon.

DR. PENG
I -- I'm so sorry --

But the fun doesn't stop. The Prince starts convulsing.

SINCLAIR
Don't apologize. Act. Push 10 mg
Paraldehyde and Phenobarbitone with
a Thiopetone infusion. This looks
like narcotic withdrawal.

TAYMULLAH
Blackberry tea! Prince need
Blackberry tea!

SINCLAIR
Good sir, what this man needs now --
(escorting him out)
-- is a very cold can of Sprite.
Third floor cafeteria, quick as
whip! GO-GO-GO!

Taymullah hesitates, then hurries out. Briony stares at him.

BRIONY
You having me on, sir?

SINCLAIR
Hell, no. But it'll get the crazy
rotter off our dicks for a minute.
Plus, I'm parched.

DR. PENG
He's sedated, Dr. Sinclair.

The hologram now PULSES GREEN.

SINCLAIR

Lovely. Now let's get his Worship stabilized before I have to make a drunk and very inappropriate toast at Betsy's wedding.

BRIONY

Still Briony, sir.

Sinclair winks at her and we DISSOLVE TO --

INT. PRINCES' HOSPITAL - PRIVATE WAITING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

A ten million dollar Matisse hangs on the wall. PULL BACK to see we're in a luxurious, Arab-style waiting room. Leather ottomans, silk tapestries, a gold hookah.

Taymullah and Prince Ahmed's four veiled WIVES listen to Sinclair. To our surprise, he speaks flawless Arabic.

SINCLAIR (ARABIC/SUBTITLES)

We're moving him to ICU. The lab's running tests, but we won't get the results 'til tomorrow. So for tonight, we pray.

(respectful bow)

Insh'allah.

Taymullah frowns. The youngest wife, WIFE #4, bursts into an ululation of grief. It's ear splitting.

WIFE 4

Ul-ul-ul-ul-ul-ul-ul-

The other wives glare at her, then distance themselves.

ENGLISH-ACCENTED VOICE (O.S.)

Dr. Sinclair, a moment?

Turning, Sinclair finds our handsome reformer, Prince Ghali.

INT. STARBUCKS - HOSPITAL ATRIUM - LATER

The fanciest Starbucks in the world. Picture a chic 1920s Parisian cafe with real 24k gold tiles. ROBED ROYALS and MEDICAL STAFF grab free coffee and treats.

NOTE: The Prince's coffee is served in an ornate, Limoges cup while Sinclair gets a paper one.

PRINCE GHALI

Tell me, what sort of automobile
are you driving these days?

SINCLAIR

Range Rover. But you know that,
Prince. You gave it to me.

The Prince shoots him a half-smile.

PRINCE GHALI

Prince Ahmed is a very important --
cousin.

Sinclair eyes the half dozen *other* Princes in the atrium.

SINCLAIR

Aren't all these men your cousins?

PRINCE GHALI

(laughs)
True enough. But like any family,
you are closer to some than others,
yes?

SINCLAIR

Yes, but if I fight with my cousin,
it doesn't start a war.

Prince Ghali smiles. There's a magnetism to him, a playful
Clooney quality.

PRINCE GHALI

When Ahmed makes a full recovery,
you will drive a Maserati.

SINCLAIR

That's very generous of you,
Prince. Though I notice you say
'when' not 'if.'

The Prince grins.

PRINCE GHALI

And when my business with him is
finished, we go to Dubai. Get you
magnificently laid --

He tosses out his coffee, porcelain cup and all.

PRINCE GHALI (CONT'D)

-- and a decent cup of coffee.

EXT. STAFF HOUSING - POOL - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON a digital thermometer: 118 degrees.

HIP HOP blares as Hailey, in a sarong/bikini, passes A CHEF shucking oysters at a RAW BAR. Hesitant, she studies the pool party -- 50 EX-PATS drink, dance and flirt. Intimidating as hell.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Willkommen to the jungle!

Hailey turns to find ASTRID VOGEL (30s) approaching. Six feet of tanned German beauty with a wicked sense of humor.

HAILEY

Jungle? Feels more like a desert.

ASTRID

Nein! This is where the wild things are, liebbling.

(extends her hand)

Astrid Vogel, Guardian of the royal vajajay.

HAILEY

(grins)

Ah, ObGyn. Hailey Hargrove. ER.

ASTRID

Ja-ja, I know.

(sly grin)

Come, my little American. We go on safari.

As they walk around the pool, Astrid points out groups of EX-PATS --

ASTRID (CONT'D)

The Norwegians have the best booze -- the Spaniards drink 'til they collapse like lawn chairs, always good for a laugh -- the Brits, bless their hearts, screw with the lights off and their clothes on -- while those beautiful Aussies, they can get their hands on anything, except your G-spot --

Drinks in hand, Sinclair approaches.

SINCLAIR

-- and the Germans, alas, are notorious liars.

He kisses Astrid on the cheek and offers Hailey a smile. Shirtless, he's man-candy yum. And knows it.

SINCLAIR

Care to guess what we say about Americans?

HAILEY

Easy. We're the heroes -- always showing up in the nick of time to save your sorry asses.

It takes them half a second to realize she's joking. Then Astrid laughs and throws an arm around Hailey.

ASTRID

Hailey, meet Dr. Eamon Sinclair, Known in the ER for his enormous -- ego.

(playful)

Watch, he won't disagree.

SINCLAIR

Since you're American, we better start your orientation now.

HAILEY

Isn't that tomorrow, at the hospital?

Astrid and Sinclair trade a grin.

ASTRID

Want to know how to fill out forms? Do that. Want to learn what could save your life?

SINCLAIR

Play this --

He gestures A PING PONG table set up for --

HAILEY

Beer pong?

THE PING PONG TABLE - SHORT WHILE LATER

15 EX-PATS crowd the table, including GILLY (30s) - a warrior/poet technician. The atmosphere's rowdy.

SINCLAIR
 Pay attention, luv -- 'cuz even
 though you're about to get world-
 class snocked -- this game is no
 joke.

Hailey's holds a moment. Is this Aussie for real?

THE GAME IN PROGRESS - MOMENTS LATER

ASTRID
 What is 'Sidiqui?'

HAILEY
 A prayer?

ASTRID
BZZZZST! Homemade hooch.

SINCLAIR
 Which you're about to drink.

The crowd cheers. Hailey drinks, GASPS. Brutal moonshine.

HAILEY
 Next!

MONTAGE OF THE GAME - QUESTIONS COME FASTER & FASTER

GILLY (SOMALI ACCENT)
 Where's the nearest movie theater?

HAILEY
 Downtown?

GILLY
BZZZZST! Dubai!

ASTRID
 Where can you walk your dog?

SINCLAIR
BZZZZST! Nowhere. Dogs are
 prohibited because men and women
 might meet in public.

Now, rapid fire cuts of Hailey doing shots over --

GILLY
 What's a paper Muslim?

ASTRID
 What's the word for 'coffee'?

SINCLAIR
 How do you say 'thank you?'

HAILEY
 Shakraan!

EXT. HIGHWAY TO PRINCES' HOSPITAL - DAY

WHOOSH! Luxury cars fly down road at 120 mph - Bentleys, Lamborghinis, Maseratis weave like it's a Formula One race.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)
Too fast, luv?

INT. GUN METAL RANGE ROVER - MOVING - DAY

Grinning, Sinclair speeds along. Next to him, Hailey, pale and hung-over, clutches the armrest. The black abaya she wears only makes her look more green.

HAILEY
Not at all.

It's way too fast, but damn if she'll admit it.

SINCLAIR
Looking a bit knackered.

HAILEY
Nothing a few aspirins won't cure.

He reaches into a cooler behind Hailey and hands her --

HAILEY
Pedialyte? That's for babies.

SINCLAIR
And doctors with hangovers. Don't be proud, drink.

Hesitantly, she does. Sweet relief.

SINCLAIR
So what's the Hailey Hargrove story? Broken heart? Gambling debts? Kill a man with your bare hands?

A shadow flickers over Hailey's face.

HAILEY
Yeah, we're not gonna do this.

SINCLAIR
Do what?

HAILEY
That thing where you try to draw me out with your 'shrimp on the barbie' banter.

SINCLAIR

Sure we are! My vote? You caught your hubby and the dogwalker having a bit of a lather.

Suddenly, we POP TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - FLASHBACK

An OLDER MAN's rushed into an O.R., Hailey chasing after him. But a DOCTOR in scrubs grabs her arm.

HAILEY

Get out of my way. I need to be in there!

DOCTOR

You want to lose your license?!

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - DAY

Back in the present, Hailey forces a smile.

HAILEY

Yes.
(off his look)
You are going too fast.

He speeds up a hill in the barren desert.

SINCLAIR

Khaduri isn't made of sand, luv.
It's made of stories. And trust me, everyone's got one.
(cocks his head)
Perhaps you've come to the desert seeking your '*rihlat ruhia*'?

No response from Hailey. She's not playing.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

That being Arabic for one's spiritual journey, in case you were wondering.

HAILEY

Wasn't.

Suddenly, Sinclair SLAMS on his brakes. Below them, a MAJOR ACCIDENT. A Maserati has hit a truck carrying a LOAD OF CAMELS. NINE SPEEDING LUXURY CARS have piled-on. Camels wander loose on the road.

Smoke and multi-million dollar debris block the highway.

SINCLAIR

HOLD ON!

OUTSIDE THE ROVER -- We watch as it DRIFTS 50 yards sideways,
SCREECHING to a STOP just inches from A DEAD CAMEL.

INSIDE THE ROVER - Hailey takes in the surreal scene.
Through the smoke, she spots a BEDOUIN WOMAN cradling a
BLEEDING BOY (9). Sinclair tracks her gaze.

SINCLAIR

Do not get out of the car.

HAILEY

We've got to help them!

SINCLAIR

(grabs her arm)

There's a crash on this highway
every single day. We cannot help
them.

Hailey doesn't understand -- nor do we, yet. She pushes out
the door.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON the BOY, gasping for air. His MOM's freaking out.
From a churning wall of smoke, Hailey BURSTS forth --
stumbling in that damn abaya as she runs.

HAILEY

(calm, assured)

I'm a doctor. Let me see him.

Mom doesn't understand English. Sinclair follows, furious.

SINCLAIR

Stop! Don't touch him! YOU HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

Hailey quickly takes his pulse, peers in his eyes.

HAILEY

He's a little boy -- who will be a
dead little boy unless we help him,
NOW!

Sinclair fumes. A crowd gathers. He turns to the Mom.

SINCLAIR

(in Arabic, subtitled)

This fool woman's a doctor. She
wants to help.

The Mom nods. Confused, but grateful: *Yes, please help him!*

Hailey eyes the crash. In SUPERFAST MOTION she sees: BURNING WRECKAGE. The Truck Driver's KNIFE. Sinclair's ROVER. An AIRLINE TICKET in her backpack.

She motions the TRUCK DRIVER.

HAILEY

Your knife! Knife! Bring it here.

Confused, he does. Hailey clocks another DRIVER smoking.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

Gimme your lighter. Bic! Bic!

But this guy ignores her. Thinking fast, she runs to the burnt wreckage. Holds THE KNIFE in the smoldering ash til the blade glows orange.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

Your flask, Sinclair. In the console.

(off his look)

That Pedialyte wasn't there for me.

He grabs the flask, but doesn't give it to her.

SINCLAIR

You're making a huge mistake.

Pissed, she grabs it from him. Douses moonshine on the boy's neck, then the blade. PWHOOOSH, the blade lights up.

SECONDS LATER: Hailey DRIVES THE KNIFE into the boy's throat, slicing a half-inch cut in his neck. Blood trickles from the incision. The Boy's Mom GASPS in horror.

BEDOUIIN MOM

AHHHHHH! FADI! FADI!

But Hailey's not done. She ROLLS her airline ticket into a small tube. Jams it in THE HOLE in the kid's throat.

The boy sucks in a few breaths -- Hailey smiles -- but only for a beat. Because now her eyes go wide in horror.

SMASH CUT TO: BLOOD GEYSERS from the wound, splattering everywhere.

Off Sinclair's look: Things just got really fucking bad.

EXT. PRINCE'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Sinclair's Rover screeches past the gleaming ER entrance.

HAILEY (O.S.)
Stop! You just passed the ER!

INT. SINCLAIR'S RANGE ROVER - SAME

Fuming, Sinclair drives on. The Bedouin mother and Hailey crouch in back, cradling the bleeding boy.

SINCLAIR
Princes' Hospital is for royals!
We dump them at the charity ward.

HAILEY
What?!

He swerves to a stop by a nondescript MEDICAL ANNEX. Like a methadone clinic you'd see in North Hollywood. A TEAM OF MEDICAL STAFF rush a gurney over. The cavalry is coming. As Hailey jumps out --

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
This is on you, Hargrove.

But she's not listening. Her only focus is saving this boy as we CUT TO:

INT. E.R. - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - CHARITY WARD - DAY

Hailey, now in scrubs, works over the injured boy, FADI (9).

HAILEY
C'mon, Fadi. Stay with me!

The team of NURSES, including Gilly, help out.

GILLY
BP's dropping, 70 over --
(the ancient monitor dies)
-- goddammit, not again!

He SMACKS the faulty monitor. It blinks back to life.

GILLY (CONT'D)
70 over 40.

HAILEY
Drip three liters O neg and add Ringer's lactate to his fluids.
He's in hypovolemic shock.

GILLY

I need more gauze. Bleeding won't stop.

HAILEY

Let's Polystat that wound.

Hailey motions a young resident, DR. AZIZ KHOURRY (25, arrogant and incompetent). He doesn't move.

HAILEY

Today, Doctor!

DR. KHOURRY

Why? Kid's circling the drain.

HAILEY

You a first year, Dr. Khourry?

DR. KHOURRY

Third.

HAILEY

Want to see your fourth? Polystat this wound.

Khourry shrugs. Does he really have to listen to this woman?

GILLY

BP's dropping.

HAILEY

Can't do this without you, Dr. Khourry.

DR. KHOURRY

There's no PolyStat here, anyway.

HAILEY

Isn't this a state of the art hospital?

Gilly smacks another machine. It bobs back to life.

GILLY

Only if you're royal.

INT. PRINCE AHMED'S FAMILY SUITE - DAY

Sinclair and Briony brief Taymullah, who's digging into a feast. The Youngest Wife (Wife 4) prays fervently. Wives 2 and 3 sleep. The Oldest Wife (Jadwa) pretends to read a magazine while she eavesdrops.

SINCLAIR

The tests we've run are inconclusive. Any information you have as to Prince Ahmed's health in the last few weeks would be a tremendous help.

TAYMULLAH

I have not seen the Prince since Ramadan.

SINCLAIR

(motions Briony)

Okay, then perhaps Barbara here --

BRIONY

(sotto)

It's 'Briony,' sir.

SINCLAIR

-- could speak to the Prince's wives.

TAYMULLAH

No. They cannot help.

SINCLAIR

I realize they're not permitted to speak to a male outside their family, but --

TAYMULLAH

Wives know nothing.

Sinclair sighs. This guy's a pain in his ass.

SINCLAIR

Look, my parents had a lousy marriage -- okay, a total *war crime* of a marriage -- but no one knew my Pa better than my Mum.

Taymullah shakes his head.

TAYMULLAH

In the Kingdom, wives do not eat with husband. They do not sit in same room. At most, they see him one night a week.

Briony sneaks a look at the wives. Those veils hide everything and yet -- her eyes go wide as it hits her.

TAYMULLAH (CONT'D)
 (in English)
 Wives are useless here.

But what she saw will have to wait because now we're --

INT. CHARITY WARD - WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Run-down. Overcrowded. FAMILIES eat home-cooked food on worn, Persian rugs. Hailey crouches next to FADI'S MOM while Dr. Khourry stands to one side, playing a video game on his phone.

HAILEY
 Ma'am, your son suffered a major head trauma and a tension pneumothorax, with compound rib fractures. The next twenty-four hours are critical, but we'll be monitoring him overnight and let you know of any changes.

She looks to Dr. Khourry to translate. Pissy, he turns to the Mom.

DR. KHOURRY
Innaha fi yad Allah alan.
 (subtitled)
 It's up to Allah, now.

Hailey shoots him a look: *That's it?* He shrugs.

INT. CHARITY WARD HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Hailey and Dr. Khourry hurry down a shabby, crowded hallway, where POOR PATIENTS moan on the floor, waiting to be treated.

HAILEY
 'Allah'? I never mentioned God, Dr. Khourry.

DR. KHOURRY
 I know.

She glares at him: *"Then why'd you say it?"*

DR. KHOURRY (CONT'D)
 Here, we do not give bad news all at once. A little bit at a time is much better.

HAILEY
 For whom? That boy might not have 'a little bit of time.'

Now they walk across A GLASS BRIDGE from the charity ward to a set of ORNATE, GOLDEN DOORS at the other end -- crossing not just between hospitals, but between worlds: Unbearable poverty to unimaginable wealth.

DR. KHOURRY

(shrugs)

This is our way. Besides, she's an illiterate Bedouin. How much medical jargon do you think she'll understand?

HAILEY

Isn't our job to make sure she does?

DR. KHOURRY

Be my guest.

Hailey frowns. Then suddenly, her face lights up. We follow her gaze to --

THE ATRIUM OF PRINCES' HOSPITAL -- the most beautiful place you've ever seen. There's a FIVE STORY WATERFALL. A BUTTERFLY GARDEN. An enormous Jeff Koons BALLOON DOG sculpture.

HAILEY

(stunned)

This is --

DR. KHOURRY

-- the finest hospital in the world. Save a high-ranking royal, they might thank you with a Ferrari. Maybe a plane.

HAILEY

And the Starbucks?

DR. KHOURRY

(shakes his head)

Meh. The hummus is a tragedy.

Then she spots it. A magical land of endless green tea lattes. But before she can reach it --

DR. WAFAH (O.S.)

Welcome, Doctor Hargrove!

A kind-faced, big-hearted man hurries toward them, Chief of Staff DR. RA'ID WAFAH (55). He's everyone's favorite Uncle. Except when he's not.

DR. WAFAH (CONT'D)
 Congratulations! Your very first
 day --

Hailey beams -- until she notices he's flanked by TWO ARMED
 MUTTAWEEN (the morality police.)

DR. WAFAH (CONT'D)
 -- and you've already done the
 worst thing possible!

Off Hailey's stunned look we go --

INT. DR. WAFAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Super plush. Big enough to fit two Persian Rugs and a
 scattering of gold tables. Hailey sits between Dr. Sinclair
 and Dr. Khourry.

DR. WAFAH
 There are many things I do not
 understand about your culture --
 take mayonnaise, for instance --
 and I'm sure there are things you
 do not understand about ours.

Wafah reaches to the shelf behind him and selects one of his
 many GEODES (an ugly rock with a beautiful crystal inside.)

DR. WAFAH
 This, Doctor, is you.

HAILEY
 You're suggesting I'm -- a rock?

He cradles the geode in his palm.

DR. WAFAH (CONT'D)
 Outside my hospital, you are
 nothing -- a mere guest.

Now he turns the geode over, revealing a stunning purple
 crystal interior.

DR. WAFAH (CONT'D)
 But inside my hospital, you are
 magnificent! Remarkable! You are
 top doctor! We hope you will save
 many, many lives.

He flashes her a big smile. Hailey holds, waiting for the
 other shoe to drop. And drop it does.

DR. WAFAH (CONT'D)
 But today you created a terrible
 situation. You practiced medicine
outside my hospital.

HAILEY
 To save a child's life!

DR. KHOURRY
 (under his breath)
 All hail the American hero.

DR. WAFAH
 Dr. Sinclair tried to stop you, did
 he not?
 (off her nod)
 Then I shall make this simple.
 Princes' Hospital is the only place
 you may practice medicine. Not
 outside, not by the road, not in a
 shopping mall.

HAILEY
 So I should've let that boy die?

SINCLAIR
 Yes.

Hailey stares at him, horrified.

SINCLAIR
 Because once you practice medicine
 outside the hospital -- that boy's
 family has the right to demand your
 life in exchange for his -- if he
 dies.

On Hailey: *WTF?*

HAILEY
 You're telling me if that kid
 doesn't make it, *I'll be killed?*

The men nod. Dr. Wafah smiles.

DR. WAFAH
 Good. Now you understand!

HAILEY
 No, I need a replay here. Isn't
 this the 21st century?

DR. WAFAH
 Yes, of course! But also, no.

HAILEY

But the embassy -- the State
Department -- ?

Even as she says it, she knows it's futile. Her head's about
to explode when --

SINCLAIR

Hargrove, we'll do whatever it
takes to make sure the boy lives.

DR. KHOURRY

And if not, there's always a chance
you'll get lucky and only have to
pay 'blood money.'

That term again. Hailey's eyes widen.

HAILEY

Blood money? Like from that game?

SINCLAIR

Wasn't ever a game, luv.

DR. WAFAH

Every life has a value, yes? And
when a life is lost because of the
actions of others -- you must pay.

DR. KHOURRY

Typically they want a year's
salary. But a Bedouin boy?
(shrugs) You might get off with a
few camels, some goats.

On Hailey, trying to process.

HAILEY

Don't you think this should be on
your website?

DR. KHOURRY

Why? Americans do the same. A
little boy is eaten by an
alligator. Naturally, the parents
get millions.

HAILEY

That's called 'compensation.' For
their pain and suffering.

DR. WAFAH

(shrugs)
We are the same. Just different.

Hailey's head is spinning: *What the hell is this place?*

INT. PRINCES' HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Zen music plays as Briony rushes up to Sinclair.

BRIONY
The handbags.

SINCLAIR
What are you on about, luv?

BRIONY
Prince Ahmed's wives. The youngest one has a Lana Marks Cleopatra bag.

SINCLAIR
And?

BRIONY
They only make one of those a year!

She GRABS his arm. He's got to understand.

BRIONY
Not even Beyonce has one. She's on a *wait list*.

SINCLAIR
And I give a rat's ass because --

BRIONY
-- it means they're rich.

SINCLAIR
All of our patients are rich! It's fucking Princes' Hospital!

BRIONY
Sure -- but not all of them drop half a million euros on a clutch with more diamonds than Kate Middleton's tiara. A bag which is not even *sold* in this country. The nearest place to buy it is Hong Kong. So they must travel. A lot.

Her passion -- and reasoning -- impress him.

SINCLAIR
I'll order an infectious disease panel, see what we come up with.
(starts away, turns)
Good work, Betsy.

She calls after him --

BRIONY
Still 'Briony', sir!

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Empty. Gold flourishes everywhere. Hailey eyes herself in a mirror. She's pale, sweaty and panicked. She slams her locker shut, furious at herself when --

P.A. SYSTEM (O.S.)
Pediatrics Code Blue! Pediatrics
Code Blue!

And she's off.

INT. CHARITY WARD - ICU - DAY

Hailey rushes in to find TWO NURSES (nicknamed "CAIRO", veiled and "PARIS", unveiled) struggling to hold down FADI. His head SNAPS back and forth while his arms and legs CHURN like little windmills.

HAILEY
He's having a grand mal seizure.

Now a LONG, LOUD BLEEP OF FLATLINING.

HAILEY
He's astystolic!

She starts chest compressions.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
We're going to have to intubate.
(checks his mouth)
Damn it! His tongue's too swollen.
We'll go in through his trache
stoma. Pull back those neck
bandages.

But the NURSES don't budge.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for?

CAIRO
Dr. Wafah wrote the order. The boy
may not receive medical attention
without the father's permission.

HAILEY
So find him!

CAIRO

This child is Beduin. You ask the impossible.

HAILEY

This boy isn't breathing! You want to explain to Dr. Wafah why he died on your watch?

"Cairo" hurries over with an intubation tray and attaches a bag to the end of the tube. "Paris" takes over CPR while Hailey inserts the tube in Fadi's neck, forcing air into the boy's lungs.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

C'mon, Fadi! Don't do this to me.

She glances at the monitors. Nothing. That damn FLATLINE BEEP is friggin' loud.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

Okay, we're gonna do an EPR-CAT.
(off their blank looks)
Replace his blood with saline, cool him off, and give his heart a chance to catch up.

They stare at her like she nuts.

HAILEY

(glances at watch)
Oh, and we've got less than two minutes to make it happen.

She turns to Paris.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

Run a central line and drip five liters saline, now!
(turns to Cairo)
Get me ice. Bags of it. As much as you can.

Hailey keeps pumping the intubation bag. It's exhausting, but she won't give up. Paris returns with a HUGE BAG OF SALINE and starts to hook it to Fadi's IV.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

No. We're gonna push it straight to his aorta. Get me a 22 gauge cannula.

Close on Nurse Paris: *Are you fucking crazy?!* But Hailey has no time for this.

She grabs the tube and swabs iodine over Fadi's chest -- then PUNCTURES his skin and JABS the tube into his heart.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

His temp needs to drop to 50 degrees. Slow oxygenation and he may have a shot.

CAIRO returns with ice. Six huge bags.

HAILEY

Place it around his groin and neck.

PARIS

Temperature's dropping. 90 degrees.

HAILEY

Read me his chart. What the hell happened last night?

CAIRO

(grabs it)

Nothing. The patient received Septra. 1687 grams.

HAILEY

What?! That's an insane amount of antibiotics! Who wrote the scrip?

CAIRO

Dr. Khourry.

Hailey's seething. But before she can blow a gasket --

PARIS

70 degrees.

Now a soft BEEP, BEEP, BEEP is heard on the heart monitor.

CAIRO

There's a faint rhythm.

On Hailey - wiped, but smiling. This is what she does best.

INT. PRINCES' FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Briony enters carrying a silver tea tray that likely belonged to Queen Victoria.

BRIONY

Thought you lot could do with a cuppa. (beat) Seeing as your servants brought your own tea set.

She joins them, sitting awkwardly on the floor.

BRIONY (CONT'D)

All 247 pieces! Must be a beast to polish, eh?

The oldest wife (Jadwa) nods her thanks, pours. But when Briony REACHES for the honey, the youngest wife snatches it away.

YOUNGEST WIFE

No, not for you!

BRIONY

I can't have honey?

YOUNGEST WIFE

Only for Prince! Only Prince have sweet life. Not you!

JADWA

(in Arabic)

Oh, shut up. He can't hear you.

Briony senses the tension but soldiers on.

BRIONY

Since it's just us girls, why not remove your veils so we can chat?

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Forget it. They're too scared.

Briony turns. Sees SPIDER GIRL (11) sprawled out on a silk divan.

Technically, she's PRINCESS SITA and we'll learn her story later. For now we see what Briony sees -- a wide-eyed girl with an ancient, mystical aura.

BRIONY

Of what?

PRINCESS SITA

Being caught unveiled. Leaving their home. But mostly, pissing off their asshat of a husband.

BRIONY

And you are -- ?

PRINCESS SITA

Being groomed to be his new wife.

BRIONY
Sweet Jesus, how old are you!?

PRINCESS SITA
Twelve next month.

Off Briony's stunned face, we CUT TO:

INT. OB-GYN FLOOR - PRINCES' HOSPITAL

Hailey finds Astrid by the nurses' station, sliding a few packets of **birth control pills** into a paper bag and handing it to a YOUNG PRINCESS (20s) with flawless skin.

YOUNG PRINCESS
Shukran, Doctor.

As she leaves --

HAILEY
Birth control pills? I thought
they were illegal.

ASTRID
(grins)
Not for the treatment of acne.
Sadly, there can be some desirable
side effects.

Hailey studies her.

HAILEY
Bonus round question. How would
you find someone's father if they
had no papers?

ASTRID
Like your Bedouin kid?

HAILEY
Could've been born in a yurt off
the grid for all I know.

Astrid smiles at Hailey.

ASTRID
Ah...for this you will need the
Prince.

HAILEY
Which Prince? Where? Have I met
him?

ASTRID
 (smiles, mysterious)
 If you have to ask, *liebbling* -- you
 have not yet had the pleasure.

INT. HALLWAY - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - DAY

Briony intercepts Sinclair in the hallway.

BRIONY
 Prince Ahmed -- he's planning to
 marry a twelve year old!

SINCLAIR
 Yes, I heard. Must be dumping his
 oldest one.

BRIONY
 But she's a child!

SINCLAIR
 And not your patient. He is.

He rounds the corner, leaving Briony fuming. *How can he be so cold?*

INT. PRINCES' HOSPITAL - ATRIUM - DAY

Pacing by the butterfly garden, Hailey has no time for its beauty. She's buried in her phone when --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 I believe you are looking for me.

Glancing up, Hailey double-takes Prince Ghali: *Whoa.*

PRINCE GHALI
 I am Prince Ghali, nephew to the
 King.
 (off Hailey's wide eyes)
 Is there something wrong?

For a moment, she loses focus. He's stunning. But in a flash, she's Dr. Hargrove again. With a fucked-up case to deal with. Right now.

HAILEY
 No, you're just, uh -- the first
 actual Prince I've ever -- actually
 spoken to.

PRINCE GHALI
 If the laws of Khaduri permitted, I
 would *actually* shake your hand.

There's that million dollar smile. *Is he flirting?* But no, Hailey's on a mission.

HAILEY

I was told you were a Prince with influence.

PRINCE GHALI

Perhaps.

(then)

The boy you saved, you are looking for his father, yes?

(off Hailey's nod)

But this boy is the son of a Bedouin with no papers.

Damn, he's good. A flicker of hope crosses Hailey's face.

HAILEY

You can find him?

PRINCE GHALI

If that is what you wish.

HAILEY

Yes, I can't save the boy without him. And if I can't save his life, I can't leave here. I think I've made a terrible mistake. This place --

PRINCE GHALI

-- might have everything you need.

For a brief moment, their eyes lock. A spark?

HAILEY

Right now, I need that boy's father.

He nods -- and with a swish of his robe is gone. We hold on Hailey: *Who is this guy?*

INT. ICU - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - DAY

Sinclair works furiously over Prince Ahmed, who is GAGGING and CHOKING.

SINCLAIR

Clear his airway!

The Resident pulls out his breathing tube. Vomit cascades off the table.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
 What the hell happened? He was
 breathing fine!

NURSE 2
 BP's going crazy. Hitting 210,
 floor of 30.

SINCLAIR
 Ventricular fibrillation! C'mon,
 people, I've got a Maserati riding
 on this. A red one, too.

Sinclair eyes the floating hologram pulsing RED, then lunges
 for the paddles --

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna shock him. Clear!

As Sinclair defibrillates the Prince --

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
 Where the hell's his tox screen?!
 This looks like Oxy.

DOCTOR PENG
 You think he's in withdrawal?

SINCLAIR
 You've a better explanation why
 this man's organs are shutting down
 faster than a goddamn Chinese
 motorcycle?!?

As the team continues to work -- we catch a glimpse of Prince
 Ghali, watching from the window. He is not pleased.

INT. PEDIATRIC ICU - CHARITY WARD - DAY

Hailey enters, freezes. Fadi's bed is EMPTY. A JANITOR mops
 up.

HAILEY
 Where's my patient? The little boy
 -- where is he?

The Janitor shrugs. Doesn't understand. Hailey rushes out.

INT. ROYAL FAMILY ROOM - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - DAY

Briony enters, surprised to see just the Youngest Wife there.
 Across the room, young Princess Sita slumps on a couch, eyes
 glued to her phone.

BRIONY

Oh -- I thought I'd find you all here.

YOUNGEST WIFE

They go out shopping.

Briony's a bit taken aback.

BRIONY

The thing is -- your husband's slipped into a coma.

YOUNGEST WIFE

He will die?

BRIONY

Well, I -- I don't know. We're not sure what's making him sick. (desperate) We really could use your help.

YOUNGEST WIFE

Yes, of course. I shall pray.

She closes her eyes. Briony watches, lost.

YOUNGEST WIFE

Al-Hamdu lillah! Al-Hamdu lillah!

BRIONY

All right, then.

But at the door, she holds: Sita's scratching at her arm, hard. A small bloom of blood on her sleeve.

BRIONY (CONT'D)

(crossing to her)

May I, Princess?

The young girl shrugs. Briony lifts her sleeve to reveal -- a nasty INSECT BITE the size of a quarter.

BRIONY (CONT'D)

Oi, that looks bad. I'll get you a cream.

But Sita shakes her head.

BRIONY

It's infected, luv. A cream will make it better.

PRINCESS SITA
 Why would I wish to get *better*?

Briony's puzzled: *What's she missing here?*

INT. NURSES STATION - CHARITY WARD - DAY

Panicked, Hailey races up to a NURSE.

HAILEY
 Fadi! The little boy, where is he?

VEILED NURSE
 Is okay, Doctor. Allah's will has been revealed. He is gone.

HAILEY
 What are you talking about?

VEILED NURSE
 The boy has been chosen. To go to the other side.

HAILEY
 What?! He died? *Fadi died?!*

She gapes, sucker-punched. Did NOT see this coming.

VEILED NURSE
 No, Doctor. He moved on -- to the royal side. Of the hospital.

Hailey's sudden, unexpected smile is brief because --

INT. DR. WAFAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Wafah is losing his fucking mind.

DR. WAFAH
 How did you make a horrible situation even *worse?!*

PULL BACK to see Wafah's talking to a baffled Hailey. He tries to not lose his shit.

DR. WAFAH (CONT'D)
 You went poking about to find his father, yes?

HAILEY
 Because you told the nurses I needed his consent to treat him --

DR. WAFAH
Well, now you have it.

HAILEY
And that's bad because -- ?

DR. WAFAH
That boy is the son of a Prince!

HAILEY
That's wonderful!
(beams)
He'll get the best care possible --

DR. WAFAH
And what if he dies? Then what?
(doesn't wait for a reply)
In the span of one day, you've
increased the value of that boy's
life a *thousand* fold.

Off Hailey's confusion.

DR. WAFAH
The blood money! You've gone from
interfering with a child no one
gave a damn about to one who shares
blood with the King!

As it dawns on Hailey what's at stake --

DR. WAFAH
What do think will happen if that
child dies *now*?

Dr. Wafah slices a finger across his neck. Hailey pales. If there's a word for beyond fucked up, this is it.

INT. FADI'S FAMILY WAITING ROOM - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - DAY

A serious upgrade. PRINCE KAMAL (35, master of the Universe) checks stocks on a diamond Apple watch. 5 BODYGUARDS in expensive suits stand guard. Hesitantly, Hailey approaches.

HAILEY
Excuse me -- Prince Kamal.
Do you speak English by any chance?

PRINCE KAMAL
(still texting)
I matriculated from Eton and
Oxford. Will that suffice?

HAILEY

Great, then you speak it better
than me.

No response. Humor's lost on the prickly Prince.

HAILEY

Would you like to see Fadi?

EXT. PRINCES' HOSPITAL - STAFF ENTRANCE - DAY

Desert heat. 121 in the shade. Eyes closed, Briony takes a
drag off a Marlboro Red. Stupid habit.

GIRL (O.S.)

Bum a light?

Turning, Briony sees Princess Sita.

BRIONY

Forget it -- you're too young to
smoke.

PRINCESS SITA

My wedding night's in a month.

Yikes. Briony holds, but doesn't give her the lighter.

BRIONY

Which wife's he divorcing?

PRINCESS SITA

The old one, I guess. They always
do.

BRIONY

Some girls must refuse to marry?

PRINCESS SITA

Some, yes. The ones who do not
wish to live any longer.

(blows smoke)

But I'm not quite there yet. I
still find ways to have fun.

She gestures a silver ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM V getting washed in
the valet lot. Weirdly, it's bedazzled with pink crystals.

PRINCESS SITA (CONT'D)

Prince Ahmed let me decorate his
Rolls. Janky, yes?

BRIONY

It's certainly -- bright.

PRINCESS SITA
 But smells like poop. Insh'allah,
 he'll die before our wedding night.

A flash of insight crosses Briony's face. Flicking her butt, she races inside.

INT. FADI'S ROOM - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - DAY

Fadi's moved up in the world. His extravagant room's stock-piled with toys and balloons. Prince Kamal stands by the boy's bed, tenderly watching him sleep.

PRINCE KAMAL
 Look at my son -- beautiful.

HAILEY
 Shall I wake him?

PRINCE KAMAL
 No. Let him rest. We'll have time
 to know each other, soon enough.

Kamal kisses Fadi's forehead. Notices his hands are clasped prayer-style under his cheek.

PRINCE KAMAL (CONT'D)
 Funny -- I'm told I sleep like that
 as well.
 (turns to go)
 The best. Of everything. For my
 son.

Hailey grins. Fadi might get a fairy tale ending after all.

INT. PRINCE AHMED'S ROOM - DAY

The fat Prince is on a ventilator. Sinclair eyes his vitals on the holograph, then turns to Prince Ghali. *It's not good.*

PRINCE GHALI
 By tonight, he must be conscious.

SINCLAIR
 Your Highness, we're trying every
 medical option but --

PRINCE GHALI
 There are people who will die.
 (hushed, intense)
 Hundreds, thousands, if he does not
 wake up --

BRIONY (O.S.)
 Sir, what if it's poisoning?

The men turn to find a breathless Briony.

BRIONY
 I know the tox screen came back negative, but they don't catch everything. And that wife -- her praying --

POP TO:

INT. PRINCE AHMED'S FAMILY SUITE - DAY (BRIONY'S FLASHBACK)

The YOUNGEST WIFE -- head bowed in prayer.

YOUNGEST WIFE
Al-Hamdu lillah, Al-Hamdu lillah!

POP BACK TO:

INT. PRINCE AHMED'S ROOM - SAME

SINCLAIR
 Of course they're gonna pray.
 There's no atheists in a waiting room --

BRIONY
 Sir, that was the prayer people chanted when my plane touched down. And when the Kingdom's soccer team scores a goal.
 (off his confusion)
 It's a prayer of happiness!

Despite his hard look, Prince Ghali nods.

PRINCE GHALI
 She's right.

BRIONY
 One of those wives is happy he's dying! Maybe she put something in his food. Or messed with his medication?

SINCLAIR
 Without knowing what we're looking for that could take weeks to find.

BRIONY
 Give me an hour.

An ALARM pulses RED on the Prince's hologram. BZZ-BZZ-BZZ!

SINCLAIR
(springs to action)
He may not have that long.

INT. FADI'S ROOM - ROYAL PEDIATRIC ICU - DAY

Hailey tucks a stuffed camel under the sleeping boy's arm. His eyes open drowsily.

HAILEY
How you feeling, kiddo? You gave
us all a scare.

Fadi shakes his head, not understanding. He touches the bandage on his head.

FADI
(scratchy voiced)
Hadi Butr?

Now it's Hailey turn to be lost.

HAILEY
I'm sorry. I don't know what that
means. But I promise -- every time
you come for a check-up, I'll know
more words. Mostly the bad ones,
I'm guessing, but you gotta start
somewhere, right?

Fadi smiles, then reaches out and takes her hand: *Thank you.* Hailey stares at their intertwined fingers, then at the boy's solemn gaze.

For a brief moment, they're united -- though worlds and language divide them.

But then a strange look crosses her face. She flips over the boy's hand. His fingers clench. Can't open. Paralysis. Hailey's eyes pool, but she forces herself to smile.

INT. PRINCES' HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Dr. Khourry and two RESIDENTS stand by a carving station as a CHEF cuts juicy prime rib.

HAILEY (O.S.)
We need to talk.

Khourry turns to see a furious Hailey clutching an iPad.

DR. KHOURRY
I am having my lunch.

HAILEY
We can do this here -- or in
private.

Ignoring her, Khourry turns to the chef. But Hailey steps
between them and holds up the iPad. Fadi's chart.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
That boy, Fadi.

DR. KHOURRY
This is not the time --

HAILEY
The Septra, Dr. Khourry.
(reads from iPad)
Why did you give him 18 times the
normal dose for a child his weight?
You dosed by gram, not kilogram!

DR. KHOURRY
You are making a scene.

Hailey gives absolutely zero fucks.

HAILEY
I don't know if you're a lazy,
arrogant son of a bitch -- or just
an incompetent moron, but --

Khourry's friends trade uneasy glances.

DR. KHOURRY
Do we have a security situation
here, doctor?

That's it. All Hailey's frustration comes rushing out.

HAILEY
What makes you a land mine is you
don't know your limits! You
should've thought, 'Hey, I don't
know the fucking dosage for Septra
-- maybe I should look it up?' If
you had taken just fifteen seconds
to do that, a little boy would be
FINE. But now he's very much NOT
fine. He's broken in ways I cannot
fix -- because of your entitled
laziness and lethal arrogance!

Now it's a scene. People stare at the crazy American doc. Khourry actually smiles.

DR. KHOURRY

No, Doctor. This is your fault. If you hadn't stopped to help that boy, none of this would have happened.

(re: his lunch)

Now if you will excuse me --

HAILEY

Ha! No way in hell.

She steps aside to reveal three of the PRINCE'S BODYGUARDS standing by the door. Khourry's smirk falters: *Oh, crap.*

EXT. PRINCE AHMED'S PALACE - DAY

CLOSE ON A ROARING TIGER. Pull back to see Prince Ghali and Briony (veiled) hurry up a path to the palace we saw in the open. Past giraffes, zebras and kangaroos.

Briony stumbles on the hem of her abaya.

BRIONY

Jaysus, walking in this is like swimming in a curtain!

Prince Ghali smiles, but they're on a mission. A large, Victorian-style GREENHOUSE catches Briony's eye.

PRINCE GHALI

What, precisely, are we looking for?

BRIONY

I don't precisely know, Prince -- but I'm gonna start there.

INT. GREENHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BANGLADESHI GARDENERS prune and water. Briony hurries among rows of orchids. Suddenly, an ARAB SECURITY GUARD appears. Waving a machine gun.

ARAB GUARD

Get out! Get out of here!

BRIONY

I'm from Princes' Hospital. We're treating Prince Ahmed.

ARAB MAN
He does not want flowers! Go!

EXT. GREENHOUSE - SAME

Briony hastily exits, but TRIPS. Picking herself up, she notices A SMALL GREENHOUSE. With a buzzing APIARY (beehive) attached.

Through the glass, a riot of color. AZALEAS. As bees swarm around it, Briony's eyes widen: *That's it!*

INT. PRINCE AHMED'S FAMILY SUITE - HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Princess Sita gazes out the window. Sweat drips down her young face. Suddenly, her knees buckle -- and she COLLAPSES. But for some crazy reason, she's *smiling*.

INT. FADI'S FAMILY SUITE - HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Khourry approaches Prince Kamal.

DR. KHOURRY
It is an honor to meet you, Prince Kamal. And an even greater honor to care for your son.

The men kiss cheeks 3 times, Arab style. They ignore Hailey.

PRINCE KAMAL
And how is he?

DR. KHOURRY
The boy will be absolutely fine, insha' Allah.

Prince Kamal smiles, pleased.

DR. KHOURRY
Yes, he will make a full and complete recovery.

HAILEY
What?! No. Unfortunately, he won't.

They turn to her, their disdain visible.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
Your Highness, your son suffered a significant brain trauma that is presenting as paralysis in his hands.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
 There may be other physical
 challenges as well. I'm very
 sorry.

PRINCE KAMAL
 But he will recover, yes?

DR. KHOURRY
 Of course, of course.

Hailey stares at him, speechless: *WTAF?*

HAILEY
 In a few days, when he's a bit
 stronger, we can perform more tests
 to see what physical challenges we
 may be dealing with. But
 regardless, he's a delightful
 child.

PRINCE KAMAL
 (to Dr. Khourry)
 Can you fix him or not?

Hailey glares at Khourry: *Man up and say it, you asshole!*

DR. KHOURRY
 (it kills him)
 There is a chance, perhaps a very
 small one, Fadi will not be 100%
 like other children. I am most
 sorry.

HAILEY
 But there's still a lot Fadi can
 do. He's a wonderful boy.
 (playing her ace)
 And he's your son.

PRINCE KAMAL
 I have 19 sons already. What use
 do I have for a broken one?

He storms out the door, leaving Hailey stunned. What just
 happened?

INT. HOSPITAL ATRIUM - DAY

Briony rushes up to Sinclair.

BRIONY
 It's the honey, sir!
 (off his look)
 They poisoned the honey!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Sinclair and Briony rush down the hall.

BRIONY

The youngest wife wouldn't let me use their honey. I thought she was just being rude!

SINCLAIR

We need more than that, luv.

BRIONY

At his palace -- there's a greenhouse. Tons of azaleas. My mum grew them but she never let me pluck them.

SINCLAIR

And?

BRIONY

Honey made from them would be toxic, like oleander -- she could've been poisoning the Prince for months!

INT. PRINCE AHMED'S ROOM - DAY

They barge in. Sinclair barks orders to DR. PENG.

SINCLAIR

Start a gastric lavage. Pump him out completely. Push a bolus of Parepectolin.

(to Briony)

Run that honey to the lab. Tox screen for Diphenhydramine, Promethazine and Hydrocodone. And make sure they know it's a rush!

INT. FADI'S ROOM - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - EVENING

Hailey enters to find his bed empty. But this time, she doesn't panic. With a smile, she places a copy of HARRY POTTER on his night stand.

HAILEY

'Hadi Butr.' Hope your life is magic, kiddo.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - EVENING

Ghali hovers over Prince Ahmed, who is conscious, but groggy.

PRINCE GHALI

I know you hear me, Ahmed. The numbers, I need it now, please.

Summoning his strength, Ahmed whispers in Ghali's ear.

PRINCE AHMED

V -- P -- C -- 4 -- 9 -- 8

Both men look pleased as Sinclair and Briony enter.

PRINCE AHMED

I hear you saved...my life.

SINCLAIR

Thank you, Prince, but your speedy recovery is surely due to your vitality. You may leave tomorrow, if you wish. Though as you are diabetic, I'd caution you to lay off the honey.

He shoots a look at the YOUNGEST WIFE, who now FAKE CRIES tears of relief. Jadwa, the Oldest Wife, grabs her hand.

JADWA

(sotto)

You did this?

YOUNGEST WIFE

No one should have to worry about a few lines on their face.

The two women trade a conspiratorial look as --

PRINCE AHMED

(barks to wives in Arabic)

Go find my sweet little fiancée!

SINCLAIR

Ah, quite a nasty rash on that one.

The Prince stares at him.

SINCLAIR

Highly contagious. She's been quarantined. It may be weeks -- even months -- before she's discharged.

As the Prince's face falls --

INT. HALLWAY - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - DAY

Briony and Sinclair exit the Prince's room.

SINCLAIR

Now she's your patient, Briony.

With that, he walks off, leaving Briony grinning. He finally remembered her name.

INT. NURSES STATION - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - DAY

In high spirits, Hailey approaches two THAI NURSES.

HAILEY

Where's Fadi?

(jokes)

His Dad move him to a private wing?

The nurses swap looks. Then --

THAI NURSE 1

I am very sorry, Dr. Hargrove.

Fadi is dead.

Time stops. Hailey can't process it. *Dead?!*

INT. BASEMENT - PRINCES' HOSPITAL - DAY

Hailey races through a maze of dimly lit tunnels before she finds --

THE MORGUE -- and barges in. She crosses to the ARAB PATHOLOGIST (male, 50s, only Arabs may handle the dead).

HAILEY

The boy! The young boy, Fadi. I need to see his body.

ATTENDANT

This is not -- this is most --

HAILEY

Now!

Nervous, he crosses to a wall of metal drawers, searches, then pulls out FADI'S BODY. Hailey crosses to it.

HAILEY

The autopsy report.

ATTENDANT

Miss --

HAILEY
It's not 'Miss,' it's 'Doctor.'
The autopsy report!

ATTENDANT
Ma'am -- he only died last night.
It will take weeks for --

HAILEY
An autopsy is done within hours in
the States!

He shrugs: *But you're not in the States.*

HAILEY
Where's his chart?

He hands over an iPad. She scrolls through.

HAILEY
There's nothing here. No Code was
called. You're telling me this boy
simply died?

He shrugs. She turns. Gently opens Fadi's eyes. BLOODSHOT.
Examines his nose and mouth. BRUISING.

HAILEY
You see this? Eyes bloodshot.
Contusions around his mouth and
nose. Signs of suffocation.

The horror of it hits her.

HAILEY
This boy was murdered.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - STAFF COMPOUND - EVENING

Sunset. A beautiful, deserted beach. A lone figure stands
at the water's edge. Hailey. Still in her scrubs.

Sinclair approaches. Bottle of vodka, two glasses in hand.

HAILEY
They killed him.
(sleeves away tears)
That sweet little boy.

For a moment, only the sound of the waves.

SINCLAIR

What you call murder, they'd call mercy.

HAILEY

Who did it? Was it Khourry?

SINCLAIR

Khourry -- the boy's father -- the whole Kingdom -- does it matter?

HAILEY

To me, yes. I need to know.

SINCLAIR

You'll never know. They bury their secrets along with the dead, because a damaged child here doesn't exist.

Hailey closes her eyes. *How is this possible?*

HAILEY

I can't do this.

SINCLAIR

You already are.

(fills the glasses)

There's a reason you're here, luv. You may not know why yet, but you'll see.

(toasts her)

This is your 'rihlat ruhia.' Your spiritual journey.

She takes that in, then --

HAILEY

-- which starts with me getting very, very drunk.

EXT. PRINCES' HOSPITAL - STAFF ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

A CLUSTER OF NURSES chatters excitedly. Pull back to reveal BRIONY, exiting the hospital. A VALET hands her a note.

CLOSE ON NOTE: 'Good work will always be rewarded. Your Friend, Prince Ghali.'

Seeing her, the crowd parts like the Red Sea. Puzzled, Briony glances up, GAPES. A RED MASERATI with a bow on it.

BRIONY

Sweet Jesus!

She gets behind the wheel of the car, awestruck. Then --

BRIONY

But I can't even drive it here!

EXT. ROYAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Private airstrip. A sleek Lear Jet taxis to a stop. The tail number: **VPC498** -- the same code Prince Ahmed whispered.

WHOOSH. The doors open and a STUNNING PRINCESS (50s) dressed in Balmain, alights. From just one look, we know she wields tremendous power. This princess could command armies.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Welcome home --

Prince Ghali emerges from the night to embrace her.

PRINCE GHALI

-- Mother.

INT. HAILEY'S CONDO - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO of Hailey and her Dad. Pull back to see Hailey staring at it, eyes bloodshot.

Now we HEAR VOICES -- echoes from her past --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Oh my God, what did you do?!

MAN'S VOICE

Hailey, he's dead!

Hailey's hands tremble with fear.

HAILEY

(to photo)

Forgive me, Dad. Forgive me.

So lost in reverie, she doesn't hear her phone PING with an incoming text. But we do.

WE MOVE TIGHT ON HAILEY'S PHONE: **"It is time we speak about the blood money."**

FADE OUT

THE END