

House season 3, episode 12

excerpts

"n procedure is unpleasant. \n EVE: I don't wanna terminate. \n HOUSE: You wanna keep the baby? \n EVE: Abortion is m*rder. \n HOUSE: True. [nods] It's a life. And you should end it. \n EVE: [rationalising] Every l", "e line? Which asses do we get to k*ll? Which asses get to keep on being asses? Nice thing about the abortion debate is we can quibble over trimesters, but ultimately there's an ice-cold line – birth. Morally,"]

transcript

[Cuddy's office. Cuddy's inside. House limps inside, pushing open the doors with his cane.]

HOUSE: [cheerfully] How can I help you this beautiful morning?

CUDDY: You got any cases?

HOUSE: [pretending to think] Three. Got a teenage African-American lung transplant... [starts to count with his fingers]

CUDDY: [cutting him off] Next few days, you'll be doing nothing but clinic work.

HOUSE: I just said...

CUDDY: You were lying.

HOUSE: Then why'd you ask?

CUDDY: Because if you told the truth, I was gonna give you only one day of clinic duty.

HOUSE: That's dishonest. In refuse to participate in this...

CUDDY: [firm] You'll do it. You owe me. [smugly] I kept you out of jail, I can put you back.

[House knows he's beaten. He starts to leave.]

HOUSE: [over his shoulder] Perjurer.

CUDDY: [right back at ya] Felon.

[House exits.]

[Clinic, Exam Room Two. House enters. An African-American man (AKA "Runny-nose Guy") is inside.]

HOUSE: How can I help you this beautiful morning?

RUNNY-NOSE GUY: I-I told the nurse I have a runny nose... but I don't. I think I have, uh, syphilis or gonorrhea.

[The camera pans across House's back, as we...]

[Clinic, Exam Room Three. Speaking to House now is a twenty-something attractive lady, who seems upset.]

LADY (EVE): I think I have an STD.

[Clinic, Exam Room One. House turns around to face his next patient – a woman (AKA "Bashful Old Lady") in her late sixties.]

BASHFUL OLD LADY: I think I have a... [points downwards]

[House says nothing. Expressionlessly, he reaches for the rubber glove dispenser. He pulls out one, then two, then thinks it wise to pull out one more.]

[Nurse's Station/Clinic Waiting Room. House limps over to the station, holding a swab (of what is anyone's guess) at arm's length in disgust. He drops it on the counter for the nurse to handle. He moves over to the waiting room and addresses the "sick people".]

HOUSE: Who is here for a runny nose?

[A few people raise their hands.]

HOUSE: It's a cold! It'll get better. Go home!

[The "runny-nose" people leave.]

HOUSE: Those of you who have stayed obviously do not have colds.

[As House speaks, one of the patients (AKA "Ear Guy") is scratching his right ear a bit too hard. Cuddy comes out of her office, having heard House's tirade.]

HOUSE: You'll be assigned a doctor, who is not me, 'cause I'm tired of wiping crotches.

CUDDY: [striding up to House] House! You're doing this.

[House is about to plead his case, when suddenly Ear Guy jumps up screaming to high heaven, clutching his right ear, giving everyone a start. Clutching his head in his hands (like it's about to explode), he starts to run "agony laps" around the nurse's station in agony.]

EAR GUY: [screaming] It hurts!

NURSE: [trying to calm him down] Sir...

[The nurse tries to stop him, but he keeps running, still screaming bloody m*rder. Cuddy has no luck in stopping him. She looks at House. House only watches with interest as the guy runs another agony lap.]

CUDDY: [to nurse] Call security.

[House limps over to the pharmacy, just as Ear Guy makes another lap.]

PHARMACIST (MARKO): Should I get a sedative?

HOUSE: No, I'm good, thanks.

[Ear Guy, still screaming, is about to finish another lap. Marko goes to get the sedative, regardless of how House feels. Cuddy looks afraid. House picks out for a syringe from the pharmacy.]

EAR GUY: [high-pitched] Head on fire!!

[House swings his cane in front of Ear Guy, tripping him, dropping him to the floor, where he continues to scream and writhe in agony. House goes up to him with the syringe, tossing Cuddy his cane. He jabs his knee into the man's ribs to keep him steady. He pulls out the syringe cap with his teeth and sticks the syringe into the guy's behind. The screaming and writhing stop almost immediately. Cuddy kneels down to check on the guy. When she turns him over, she sees his face is still contorted with agony.]

HOUSE: [calling] Need a team here!

MARKO: I have the sedative!

CUDDY: Little late.

HOUSE: [taking the sedative] Just in time.

CUDDY: What did you give him?

HOUSE: Paralytic.

CUDDY: Why would you do that?!

HOUSE: Somebody had to stop the screaming.

CUDDY: Then he's still in pain.

[House injects the sedative in the guy's arm.]

HOUSE: Yeah! But quietly.

[A team comes up with a stretcher.]

HOUSE: [to them] Paralytic stopped him breathing. He goes hypoxic, he's gonna be quiet forever.

[Cuddy and House move out of the way, as the emergency medics go to work on Ear Guy.

House limps up to a quietly-seething Cuddy.]

HOUSE: So, either I can continue to swab people's privates, or I can figure out if this guy's delirium, pain and insanely high heart-rate are life-threatening or just a personality quirk.

[Cuddy gives him a resigned look.]

HOUSE: I think the latter choice is better for all three of us.

[Ear Guy's room. He's hooked up to life-support and awake.]

FOREMAN: [vo] He's sedated. It took five cc's of haliperidol to get him down after the paralytic wore off.

[Diagnostics office. House confers with the Ducklings on Ear Guy's case.]

HOUSE: So, pain in his right ear, psychotic behaviour and dizziness. Go!

CHASE: Nurses said he was holding his head. How d'you know it was specifically his ear?

HOUSE: Because he was dizzy. Means the problem was affecting his inner ear.

CAMERON: Nurses said he was running in circles. Doesn't mean he was dizzy.

HOUSE: He wasn't running in circles. He was running in oblongs. Looked like a three-year-old kid drew them.

FOREMAN: Acoustic Neuroma that started a haemorrhage.

HOUSE: 'Splains the pain, vertigo, everything. Get an MRI.

[Foreman looks victorious. Cameron shrugs. They get up to go.]

HOUSE: What else?

[They sit down, unsurely.]

FOREMAN: If it explains everything, what...?

HOUSE: It might not explain everything.

CHASE: What if he was psychotic first? Then self-mutilated, damaged the ear.

HOUSE: Excellent. Need a complete psychiatric work-up.

[They get up to go.]

HOUSE: [to Cameron] Your turn.

CAMERON: Uhh, I was... gonna say what Foreman...

HOUSE: Well, say something else.

CAMERON: [opening the file] He... came to the clinic.

HOUSE: [patronizing] Good...

CAMERON: [bit more confident] Decent chance he had a chronic illness first, 'specially given the rapid heart rate.

[Foreman raises a skeptical eyebrow.]

HOUSE: [seems impressed] Hmm.

CAMERON: [even more confident] Lingering ear infection. Pressure builds up in his inner ear, bursts through the mastoid bone while he's waiting in the clinic.

HOUSE: [almost imitating an orgasm] Ohhh, yes! Get a head CT, draw a blood culture, run a chem panel and get a complete blood count.

[They start to leave. House moves towards his office.]

HOUSE: Oh, while you're at it, pour some alcohol into his ear and take out the cockroach.

[The Ducklings look nonplussed.]

FOREMAN: He has a cockroach in his ear?

HOUSE: [collecting his coat from his office] He was scratching that ear right before the event, so I took a peek. My guess is, it started biting.

CAMERON: [wearily] Nothing else wrong with him?

HOUSE: Wasn't that enough? Pretty gross.

CHASE: So, why are we doing the tests?

HOUSE: Well, it's either that or I have to keep doing clinic duty. Do the tests or just stay out of Cuddy's sight, I don't really care which.

[Foreman and Chase leave, while Cameron tosses the file back onto the table.]

[Jogging park. House sits on a picnic table. The extracted pea-sized bug skitters across his hand, as he blows gently on it. Wilson approaches.]

WILSON: Why are you here?

HOUSE: [shooing away the bug] Because it's not a hospital.

WILSON: It's a jogging park. You're not jogging. You can't jog.

HOUSE: Watching jogging. I sit, I watch, I imagine.

[With a slight smile, Wilson sits on the table next to House.]

WILSON: So... what do you watch for?

HOUSE: [motioning] That guy's running in shorts.

[Wilson turns to see the guy "jogging" past two female joggers.]

WILSON: He's not jogging, he's trolling.

HOUSE: [smiles in approval] You're good at this.

WILSON: How long are you goin' to stay here?

HOUSE: Beauty of this place is that it's the last place Cuddy will look.

[Wilson smiles and nods.]

[PPTH. Clinic, Exam Room. A balding shabby-looking homeless old man sits on the table.

Cameron enters cheerily.]

CAMERON: How can I help you?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: The doctors gave me this. [produces a note]

CAMERON: [taking the note] What doctors?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: At the other hospital. Last month.

[Cameron peruses the paper. She then looks up somberly at him.]

CAMERON: [gently] Do you know what this is?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: Yes.

CAMERON: [reading] "Patient has a six centimetre mass in the right lung. Cancerous.

Inoperable." Do you understand what this means?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: Is it okay if I sleep here tonight?

[Cameron looks at him, sympathetically.]

HOMELESS OLD GUY: It's cold outside.

[Outside Exam Room/Nurse's Station. Cameron walks outside, feeling a bit morose. She walks

over to the nurse's station. Cuddy, at the station, sees her.]

CUDDY: What're you doing here? Thought House had a case.

CAMERON: He doesn't.

[Jogging park. House lies spread out on the picnic table (almost resembling Christ on the Crucifix). Cuddy walks up and leans over him, looking directly at him.]

CUDDY: You ordered a CT on a patient with a bug in his ear?

HOUSE: How'd you know I was here?

CUDDY: Ran into Cameron in the clinic.

HOUSE: [getting up] "Ran into"?

CUDDY: You ordered pointless tests just to...

HOUSE: Wouldn't've been pointless if you didn't "run into" Cameron.

CUDDY: She got punished. She's stuck with another dying patient.

[House pops a pill.]

CUDDY: [what the...!] Is that Vicodin?

HOUSE: Breath mint. Thought you were gonna kiss me.

CUDDY: What happened to rehab?

HOUSE: I got out.

CUDDY: [understanding, sighing in exasperation] It was a scam?

HOUSE: Enough foreplay. You gonna kiss me or not?

CUDDY: You are going back to the clinic. Or jail.

HOUSE: [amused] You perjured yourself to keep me out of jail. How're you...?

CUDDY: I only did that because I thought you were getting clean.

HOUSE: So it's do clinic duty or go to jail.

CUDDY: Yes.

HOUSE: Then it'll be finish your paperwork or go to jail. Help with fundraising or go to jail. Do your job or go to jail. I think I'd rather go to jail.

[He grabs his cane and gets off the table, walking past Cuddy.]

CUDDY: [turning to him] You owe me.

[House looks at her; she gives him a smug look. House relents.]

[PPTH. Clinic, Exam Room.]

[POV: Patient's (AKA "Sherlock Nose") nostril. House looks through an otoscope at the screen.]

HOUSE: Bea-utiful.

SHERLOCK NOSE: Thank you. It's dry.

HOUSE: Who cares. It's beautiful.

[Camera moves from the nostril into the exam room. House rolls his chair to the table to change the lens on the otoscope.]

HOUSE: If my lawn was half as well maintained as that, pigeons wouldn't have the nerve to poop on it.

SHERLOCK NOSE: Good grooming is important.

HOUSE: Is that a shot?

SHERLOCK NOSE: [calm and collected] People do judge you on your appearance.

[House rolls the chair back to Mr. Nose.]

SHERLOCK NOSE: When you entered, I noted your shirt hadn't been pressed; you hadn't shaved in quite some time.

[House looks into his nose using the otoscope.]

SHERLOCK NOSE: I extrapolated you were a person for whom detail is not a major concern. I was worried you might apply the same standard in your work.

HOUSE: [interrupting] You use toe-nail clippers up there?

SHERLOCK NOSE: They're longer, so they allow me to better reach the upper hairs.

HOUSE: I am wearing a rumpled shirt, and I forgot to brush my hair this week. You've got athlete's foot in your nose.

[Sherlock seems appalled. He moves his hand to his nose, but self-consciously puts it back down.]

HOUSE: [coolly] I'm ready to be judged.

[Waiting area. Cuddy's at the pharmacy. House slaps a file on the counter and addresses the "sick people" again.]

HOUSE: Okay! Fifty dollars...!

[Cuddy turns around to look at House.]

HOUSE: ...to any patient who's willing to leave here right now.

[Cuddy has a bewildered look on her face. An African-American man (AKA "Fifty-buck Dad") seems interested. He motions to his bespectacled eight-year-old kid (AKA "Fifty-buck Son").]

DAD: Get your stuff.

CUDDY: House! You can't...

HOUSE: My money.

CUDDY: I don't care. People do not...

HOUSE: [handing over \$50 to the dad] They leave, fifty bucks. They're not all that sick. [looks at the people]

[Dad and son leave.]

CUDDY: Or they're poor.

[House gets rid of another patient.]

CUDDY: And desperate. Which was why this place is here.

HOUSE: If they're that poor, then they'd rather have fifty bucks.

[A well-dressed old guy walks up, coughing into his handkerchief.]

OLD GUY: [hoarsely] Can I have the money?

[House grabs the old guy's hand, which holds the kerchief, to show Cuddy. The kerchief is monogrammed "DS" and has a small blood stain near the monogram.]

HOUSE: Look. It's monogrammed. He doesn't need money. Ergo, he's not sick.

CUDDY: And the blood?

HOUSE: [shrugging it off] Could be anybody's. Monogram's definitely his.

[House hands him the fifty bucks. The old guy leaves happily.]

CUDDY: [smiling (for the sake of appearances)] We need to talk.

[They walk towards her office.]

[Cuddy's Office. Cuddy opens the door, followed by House.]

HOUSE: [melodramatically] Doesn't matter what you say, do or thr*aten. I will find a way out.

CUDDY: How can we make this more interesting for you?

HOUSE: How can we make the sky green? How can we make the tall short? You cannot make the uninteresting interesting.

CUDDY: [with a crooked smile, enticing] I'll pay you ten dollars for every patient you diagnose without touching.

[House is definitely intrigued.]

CUDDY: You pay me ten dollars for everyone you have to touch.

HOUSE: You're making this into a game for me. From which I can only conclude this isn't a game for you.

CUDDY: No.

HOUSE: Why? Think if I deal with enough people, I'll find some humanity?

CUDDY: Yes.

[And so it begins. The following montage is filmed using a handheld camera.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. A patient (AKA "Tongue Guy") is pressing his tongue down himself, with a tongue depressor. House sits in front of him, looking down his throat.]

TONGUE GUY: Wha' ah ha' todo 'is mahsulf? (Why do I have to do this myself?)

HOUSE: I got a bum leg. Say "Aah".

TONGUE GUY: Aaahhh-aahh.

[House grimaces as he looks into his throat.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. A lady (AKA "Stomach Lady") sleeps on the table, her shirt pulled up to her midriff. She feels the area around the solar plexus. House sits nearby (no touching!).]

STOMACH LADY: Feels rough.

HOUSE: Yes! It's a rash. Can't get any more than "rough".

STOMACH LADY: [exasperated to have to do it herself] Well, [mutters] it's just rough. Can't you feel it?

HOUSE: Well, I could. But then, what satisfaction would you get?

[She keeps rubbing her solar plexus.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. A teenage patient (AKA "Pulse Dude") sits on the table, trying to find a pulse on his left arm.]

PULSE DUDE: Got it.

HOUSE: [checking his watch] Start counting.

[Pulse Dude starts counting mentally.]

HOUSE: [two seconds later] How many?

PULSE DUDE: T-twenty six.

[House, astonished, mouths the word "twenty", closes his eyes and purses his lips.]

HOUSE: Okay. Either you suck at math, or you're gonna die in two seconds. [waits a couple of seconds mock-expectantly] You suck at math.

[Nurse's station/Clinic. House limps to the station, file in hand. Cuddy's there, signing something.]

HOUSE: Diagnosis! [slaps the file down, picks up another] Prescription! [to Cuddy] You owe me thirty.

[Cuddy smiles in the background. House limps to the Exam Room One. He opens the door to find a really attractive lady sitting there (might I add, wearing a low-cut dress!). She smiles at House and waits expectantly. House closes the door, with a dubious expression on his face.]

[Nurse's station. House approaches Cuddy from behind.]

HOUSE: I owe you ten.

[Cuddy smiles, giving him a "I-guessed-as-much" look.]

CUDDY: [holding up a file] Test results are back for your STD patients. I'm not paying you for them. You already touched them.

[House considers it and limps off.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. House slaps the file on to a cart. Runny-nose Guy is back.]

HOUSE: How old are you?

RUNNY-NOSE GUY: Thirty.

HOUSE: And you've never seen an after-school special? Dawson's Creek? How do you get to thirty and not know about condoms?

RUNNY-NOSE GUY: [rattled] Oh God, I h... I have an STD.

HOUSE: No. But you will. Every patient who comes in here for an STD test has one thing in common. They had SWS. "Sex While Stupid".

[The camera pans across quickly as we...]

[Clinic, Exam Room. House testily addresses Bashful Old Lady.]

HOUSE: [fatigued] How old are you?

BASHFUL OLD LADY: [looking down] Sixty.

HOUSE: [looks up in disbelief] You're lying. That's not the point. You've never seen Dawson's Creek?

[Clinic, Exam Room. House now speaks to Eve, who still seems upset.]

[TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE: Just so y'all know, Eve is upset throughout the episode. So I'm not going to write "EVE: [upset] yada yada" every time she speaks.]

HOUSE: And you've never seen an after-school special? How do you get to your age and not know about condoms?

EVE: I have an STD?

HOUSE: Yeah! You're actually the first one today. Lucky day. Not for you, but gotta feel good for everyone else.

[Eve drops her head and breaks down. She sobs loudly. House turns around.]

HOUSE: It's Chlamydia. As bad news goes, 's about the best.

[That doesn't seem to reassure her. She continues weeping quietly.]

HOUSE: Oh, settle down. It's treatable. It's actually curable.

[No effect. She seems to be getting even more worked up. House puts a couple of pills in a plastic cup.]

HOUSE: [no idea what to do] All you have to do is take these pills...

[He holds the plastic cup in front of her. Suddenly, she lashes out, almost savagely, knocking the cup and pills out of House's hand.]

EVE: DON'T TOUCH ME!!

[She glares at House. House looks at her and understands.]

HOUSE: [quietly] Oh God.

[Eve slows lowers her head.]

[Cuddy's office. Cuddy's at her desk. House enters.]

HOUSE: [seriously] I need someone to cover a patient.

CUDDY: House, you're committed to...

HOUSE: She was r*ped. [beat] Think I'm the right doctor for her?

[Aerial shot of PPTH. Day.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. Cuddy speaks with Eve, who sits huddled up on the table.]

CUDDY: We've assigned another doctor to your care.

EVE: I didn't mean to upset Dr. House.

CUDDY: He knows that. That's not why we're doing this.

EVE: I'd like to keep being treated by him.

CUDDY: [huh?] W-Why?

EVE: Just do.

CUDDY: Trust me, it's better if you deal with somebody who specialises...

EVE: I'm fine.

CUDDY: You told Dr. House it's been less than a week. You haven't told anyone other than him.

Emotionally, you're still...

EVE: [getting mad] You know what I'm dealing with? You know what I'm going through?

CUDDY: [quietly] No. You think Dr. House does? [beat] I'm not suggesting either one of us be your doctor. Dr. Stone is psychiatri...

EVE: [resolute] If Dr. House is too busy, I could wait.

[Cuddy looks at her, resigned.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. Eve leans up against a wall. House sits on a stool at the other end of the

room.]

HOUSE: Why do you want me?

EVE: I don't know.

HOUSE: [shrugging] I don't wanna treat you.

EVE: You're just saying that so I'll see the psychiatrist.

HOUSE: True. 'Cept for the word "just". I'm saying, I don't wanna treat you so you'll see the psychiatrist _and_because I don't wanna treat you.

[She walks forward and leans on the table, looking at him.]

EVE: Why don't you wanna treat me anymore?

HOUSE: I never wanted to treat you. Fact that you were r*ped [beat, sighs] holds no interest for me. It's nothing personal. There's nothing to treat. You're physically healthy.

EVE: [purses her lips] Okay.

[House nods and gets up to leave.]

EVE: [persistent] But I want you to be my doctor.

HOUSE: [turns] Why?

EVE: [shakes her head] I don't know.

HOUSE: You gotta have a reason. Everything has a reason.

EVE: I trust you.

HOUSE: Ah, see, that's a bad reason. 'Cause I'll lie to you. I'll tell you anything just to get you out of here.

EVE: I don't care. I wanna talk to you.

HOUSE: [lowers his head, moves towards her] Look, you were r*ped. All control was taken away from you. You're trying to find that control again. You want me because I don't want you.

EVE: [pissed] I'm raping you?

HOUSE: In a very non-invasive, more annoying than trauma...

EVE: [yelling] Get the hell out of here!

HOUSE: I'll send in Dr. Stone.

[He opens the door, looks at her and leaves.]

[Homeless Old Guy's Room. The man is in a bed, hooked up to monitors and IV lines. Cameron enters.]

HOMELESS OLD GUY: [drawling] I didn't consent to all this medicine.

CAMERON: You've been out on the streets. No treatment...

HOMELESS OLD GUY: I'm dying, there's no treatment for dying.

CAMERON: We can make you comfortable.

HOMELESS OLD GUY: Don't wanna be.

CAMERON: Why not?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: Because I screwed up my life.

CAMERON: So you wanna punish yourself for messing up my life?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: [appealing] Please, stop the treatment.

[Cameron looks at him.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. House is now attending to a new patient – a guy with hiccups (AKA "Hiccup Guy").]

HOUSE: It'll go away on it's own.

HICCUP GUY: It's not can... [hic]

HOUSE: No, it'll go away.

HICCUP GUY: [hoarse] It's been all day. There must be some treatment you...

HOUSE: Nope! It'll go away.

HICCUP GUY: [hic]

HOUSE: Or... it won't go away. [starts to leave]

HICCUP GUY: I read about a treatment.

[House turns at the door, irritably.]

HICCUP GUY: Some guy won a prize for it.

[House looks at him suspiciously – yeah, they give Nobel Prizes for curing hiccups.]

HICCUP GUY: I read about it.

HOUSE: You don't have the hiccups, do you?

HICCUP GUY: [opens his mouth a bit and simulates a hiccup sheepishly]

[Nurse's station. House slams the Hiccup Guy's file on the counter. Cuddy approaches.]

HOUSE: [to the nurse] Make a note. Drug-seeking behaviour.

CUDDY: Morphine?

HOUSE: No! a**l-digital stimulation.

[He turns and sees Eve speaking with Dr. Stone in another room.]

HOUSE: How long has Stone been in with her?

CUDDY: Are you concerned?

HOUSE: You know how many people get r*ped everyday?

CUDDY: So it's common, therefore boring.

HOUSE: We were to care for every person suffering on the planet, life would shut down.

CUDDY: How 'bout just the ones we meet?

HOUSE: They deserve our sympathy more than the other people?

CUDDY: So your solution is not to give a damn about any of them? How do you do that? How do you take that theory and put it in practice? You met her...

[House looks over her shoulder and sees something.]

HOUSE: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hey! Whoa!

[He runs off–screen. Cuddy looks behind in bewilderment.]

[PPTH Lobby. It's the same father–son duo (Fifty–buck Dad and Son). The son is on a wheelchair, being wheeled in by a doctor. Dad is by his side. House limps over to them.]

HOUSE: Hey! [to the doctor] I paid these people fifty bucks to leave here an hour ago.

FIFTY–BUCK DAD: Yeah, we came back.

[The doctor seems puzzled.]

HOUSE: Then you owe fifty.

DOCTOR: The kid needs surgery.

HOUSE: [skeptically] And he could walk way back then. [to the son] Stand up, kid.

[The son stands.]

DOCTOR: He swallowed a magnet. We gotta cut it out.

HOUSE: How old are you?

FIFTY–BUCK SON: Eight.

HOUSE: And he swallowed something stuck to a fridge? Darwin says let him die.

[The dad gives him a WTF look.]

HOUSE: It's already below the stomach. It should pass on its own.

DOCTOR: Strong magnet. It's messing with the imaging. We have no way to...

[House kneels in front of the son and lifts up the kid's shirt, exposing his stomach.]

DOCTOR: Got X–ray vision, House?

[House thinks a bit, then reaches over and pulls out a scalpel. He removes the protective cover with his teeth.]

FIFTY–BUCK DAD: [scared] Whoa, whoa, whoa! You gonna cut him open? Right here?

[House doesn't incise, he just moves the scalpel slowly in front of the boy's stomach, near the belly–button. The dad starts freaking out. The doctor bends over to look. The scalpel sticks to

the boy's stomach, left of his belly-button. The dad and the doctor look relieved.]

HOUSE: It's well into the intestines. He's fine. [takes the scalpel and stands] I want my fifty back.

[The dad starts rummaging through his pockets, when a shout is heard.]

DR. STONE: I need a crash cart! Stat!

[House turns.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. Eve lies on the floor, convulsing. Dr. Stone kneels down to check up on her.]

[Clinic. House limp/runs into the clinic.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. Cuddy comes running inside.]

[Clinic. House is nearing the exam room.]

[Clinic, Exam Room. Eve is foaming at the mouth. She's unconscious, yet convulsing. Cuddy kneels down beside her. House enters.]

HOUSE: What happened?

DR. STONE: Pills. Benzos. We need to get her stomach pumped.

CUDDY: Breastplate sounds shallow.

HOUSE: [to Dr. Stone] What did you say to her?

DR. STONE: [defensively] Nothing that would make her want to...

CUDDY: Heartbeat's irregular!

HOUSE: What did she say to you?

DR. STONE: Nothing. I gave her a couple sedatives, turned around, she grabbed the whole bottle.

[The emergency team starts to intubate.]

HOUSE: You must have said something.

DR. STONE: I said plenty, she said nothing. I was with her for over an hour. She didn't say one word.

[House watches as the emergency team works on Eve.]

[Eve's room. She's asleep. Her hands are tied to the bed. House sits nearby, playing on his PSP. Eve wakes up. She sees House. She tries to raise her arm, but finds it tied to the bed. She drops her arms in frustration. House notices the movement. Keeping the PSP aside, he goes over to her and checks her pulse.]

HOUSE: You gonna do that again?

[She slowly shakes her head. He unstraps the binds around her left wrist.]

HOUSE: You're gonna be okay... physically.

EVE: Which is all that interests you.

[He goes over and undoes the bind on her right wrist. He looks at her.]

EVE: You're here.

HOUSE: Under orders.

EVE: Why would you tell me that?

HOUSE: 'Cause I don't like hypocrisy.

EVE: But you don't have a problem with cruelty?

[House shines a flashlight in her eye to check up on her. Satisfied, he pockets the flashlight.]

HOUSE: Which brings us back to, why do you want me?

EVE: I don't know.

HOUSE: Tried to k*ll yourself 'cause you couldn't talk to me. Must have a reason.

EVE: [quietly] Why's there always have to be a reason? Can't we just talk?

HOUSE: [getting annoyed] There's a phone. Talk to a friend. Family-member. Call the police.

[She sighs and turns her head away.]

HOUSE: [sighs in defeat] You wanna talk about what happened to you?

EVE: No.

HOUSE: [sitting on a stool] Talk about your STD meds?

EVE: No.

HOUSE: You don't really seem to wanna talk.

EVE: No, I do.

HOUSE: 'Bout what?

EVE: I don't know. Anything.

HOUSE: The weather?

[She seems to agree with that subject.]

HOUSE: You were r*ped and you want to talk about the weather?

EVE: [nods] Yeah.

HOUSE: [getting up in exasperation] I'm not gonna talk to you about the weather.

[He limps over to her and straps the binds around her wrists again. She turns her head away.]

[Diagnostics office. A really flustered House speaks to the Ducklings, while pouring himself some coffee.]

HOUSE: [to Cameron] You'll help her!

CAMERON: She wants you.

FOREMAN: God knows why.

HOUSE: She doesn't know what she wants.

CAMERON: She knows she wants you. You're the first person she spoke to about this.

HOUSE: Fact that I was in the wrong place at the wrong time, should be trumped by the fact that I'm useless at this.

CAMERON: No, you're not.

CHASE: [to Cameron] You romantically wanting to believe that is never gonna make it true.
[House glares at him.]

CHASE: [defensively] I'm agreeing with you. You're the last person she should be talking to.

FOREMAN: She wants to talk about the weather, talk about the weather. She wants normalcy. She wants to feel like the world didn't end.

HOUSE: Right. I'll tell her that everything went on without her. Babies were born, people got married. Thousands of people will remember the day she got r*ped as the happiest day of their lives.

FOREMAN: You might not wanna phrase it quite that way.

CAMERON: You need to get her to talk about what happened.

FOREMAN: No, he doesn't.

CAMERON: [to Foreman] Pretending it didn't happen...

FOREMAN: Wrong! Pretending this didn't happen is the best thing she could possibly do.

CAMERON: [to House, firmly] She's gotta make this real.

FOREMAN: You know what we should be trying to make real or process? The few decent moments in our lives, not the crap.

CAMERON: [getting mad] Maybe you're right! Except there's no way she can pretend this didn't happen, so she has no choice but to process it.

[House considers this.]

[Eve's room. House busts in.]

HOUSE: You gotta tell me what happened.

EVE: You don't really wanna hear.

HOUSE: [undoing her binds] Sure I do.

EVE: You're lying.

HOUSE: Doesn't have to destroy your life.

EVE: I know.

HOUSE: Doesn't mean anything about you. Wasn't your fault.

EVE: I know.

HOUSE: You did nothing wrong. Some jerk hurt you, that's all.

EVE: [sitting up] I know.

HOUSE: You're worried that you can never trust men again.

EVE: [shaking her head] No.

HOUSE: Statistically, there was always a chance this could happen. The fact that it did happen doesn't change anything. World doesn't suck anymore today than it did yesterday.

EVE: I know all that.

HOUSE: [no idea what to say] Then what do you want me to tell you?

EVE: Nothing. I just want to talk.

HOUSE: About nothing.

[She nods.]

HOUSE: We talk about nothing, nothing will change.

EVE: It might.

HOUSE: How?

EVE: Time. Time changes everything.

HOUSE: [trying to shrug it off] It's what people say. It's not true. Doing things changes things. Not doing things,... leaves things exactly as they were.

[She looks at him tearfully.]

[Homeless Old Guy's Room. Cameron sits by his bed.]

CAMERON: Why do you have to suffer?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: I gave my word.

CAMERON: Who would make you promise that?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: My father. He said I would die alone and miserable.

CAMERON: That's not a promise. And even if it was, he's dead and even if he's not, he's not gonna care.

HOMELESS OLD GUY: Why did your husband have to suffer?

CAMERON: [astonished] How do you about my husband?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: Well, I just know.

[Cameron stands up and goes to his bed.]

CAMERON: You have to die in pain because of a promise you made to your father?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: If I'd say "yes", you'd use that as proof that I'm insane. Force treatment on me.

CAMERON: Did the nurse tell you about my husband?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: No.

[Not believing it, she walks to the door.]

CAMERON: [calling] Nurse!

HOMELESS OLD GUY: Yes!

[Cameron turns to him. The nurse appears at the door.]

CAMERON: [to the nurse] It's under control.

[The nurse nods and leaves. Cameron waits for an explanation.]

HOMELESS OLD GUY: I'm sorry. I was just trying to freak you out.

CAMERON: Why?

HOMELESS OLD GUY: Because I need you to remember me. I need somebody to remember me.

[Camera holds on Cameron.]

[Eve's room. House is limping around, talking to Eve.]

HOUSE: Where'd you go to college?

EVE: Northwestern. You?

HOUSE: Hopkins. What was your major?

EVE: Comparative religion.

HOUSE: [has had it] Why do you trust me?

EVE: I don't know. Can't we just talk...?

HOUSE: [loudly] That's not rational!

EVE: Nothing's rational.

HOUSE: Everything is rational!

EVE: I was r*ped. Explain how that makes sense to you.

HOUSE: [beat] We are selfish, base animals, crawling across the earth. But 'cause we got brains, if we try real hard, we can occasionally aspire to something that is less than pure evil.

[Long beat.]

EVE: [sighs] Has anything terrible ever happened to you?

HOUSE: [looks at her] What do you want me to say?

EVE: You wanted this conversation. You wanted to talk about something that matters.

[appealing] Talk.

[House says nothing.]

[Wilson's office. Wilson's behind his desk, House sits nearby, feeling restless.]

WILSON: She's waiting for your answer?

HOUSE: She's asleep. I sedated her.

WILSON: [beat] Why do you care what you say?

HOUSE: [frustrated] Because I don't know how to answer these questions.

WILSON: 'S a simple question. Has your life sucked? Tell her the truth. Tell her you were shot. Tell her...

HOUSE: She doesn't wanna hear the truth. She's looking for something. Looking to extrapolate something...

WILSON: She's looking to connect with you, and that's what's scaring the hell out of you. Tell her the truth.

HOUSE: There is no truth.

WILSON: [thinks] Are we role-playing? Am I you? I don't wanna be you.

HOUSE: She's not asking for test results. She's not asking what two plus two equals. She's asking for my personal life experience, so she can extrapolate the law of humanity. That's not truth, that's bad science.

WILSON: It's not science at all. Tell her the truth.

[House looks at him.]

[PPTH Hallway. House walks with Cameron, now seeking her advice.]

CAMERON: Tell her your life has been good.

HOUSE: It hasn't been.

CAMERON: Tell her anyway. She wants hope, she wants to know that what happened to her wasn't the norm. Things can be okay, which means maybe they can be okay for her again.

[They step into the elevator, she hits a button. The door closes.]

[PPTH Hallway. The doors open. This time, Foreman and House step out, the former doing the advising.]

FOREMAN: Tell her your life sucked.

HOUSE: It didn't.

FOREMAN: Tell her anyway. She wants to know she's not alone. She wants to know she's gonna survive this thing. Other people have been through this and worse, and come out the other end. She wants to know she's going to heal.

[They stop walking. Foreman looks at House.]

FOREMAN: Act like... you've healed.

[He walks off, leaving a pensive House.]

[PPTH Hallway. And now, it's Chase's turn.]

CHASE: Tell her... [thinks, almost says something but stops, then gives up] Keep her asleep.

HOUSE: Thanks, you've all been a huge help.

CHASE: There's no wrong answer. Because there's no right answer.

HOUSE: Wrong. We just don't know what the right answer is.

[He gets up and leaves.]

[Eve's room. House stands over a sleeping Eve.]

HOUSE: Wake up.

[She takes a while to awaken. She groggily turns her head to look at him.]

HOUSE: 'S not bad as what happened to you, I don't think. I don't know what happened to you. And given how lousy you're responding, I assumed it was worse than getting abused by your grandmother.

[Eve sits up.]

EVE: What did she do to you?

HOUSE: Parents travelled a lot, leaving me with her. She liked things the way she liked them. She believed in discipline. [?], I hardly ever screwed up when she was around. Too scared of... being forced to sleep in the yard or take a bath in ice. [beat] Your turn.

EVE: Your parents, they—they never stopped her?

HOUSE: [sitting on a chair] Never told them.

EVE: Why not?

HOUSE: Usual reasons. I was afraid they wouldn't believe me and I was afraid they'd think I'd done something wrong. [beat] I opened up to you, you open up to me.

EVE: What did you call her?

HOUSE: Oma.

EVE: And you kept calling her that after this?

HOUSE: Dutch for "grandmother". She's still my grandmother. And she was still Dutch.

EVE: [skeptically] Is any part of that story true?

HOUSE: All of it.

EVE: [shakes her head] You wouldn't keep calling her "Oma". [angry] Something would have to change.

HOUSE: You don't know me.

EVE: [loudly] You wouldn't keep calling her "Oma"!

HOUSE: Look, you're overreacting.

EVE: Do not dismiss me!

HOUSE: Not dismissing you. Saying you're not acting rationally.

EVE: I'm angry because you're lying to me.

HOUSE: [getting angry himself] No. You're...

EVE: What can I do? What the hell can I do that you're not gonna dismiss as just being because I was r*ped?

[She looks at him angrily.]

HOUSE: [softly] Nothing.

EVE: [calming a bit] Your story. Is it true?

HOUSE: [sighs] True for somebody.

EVE: But not for you.

HOUSE: [getting up] These things happen. Happened to somebody. What do you care if it happened to me?

EVE: They're not in this room.

HOUSE: [loudly] No! They're out there! Doctors, lawyers,... postal workers! Some of them doing great, some of them doing lousy! You're gonna base your whole life on who you got stuck in a room with?

EVE: [stubborn] I'm gonna base this moment on who I'm stuck in a room with. It's what life is. It's a series of rooms. And who we get stuck in those rooms with adds up to what our lives are. [They look at each other. The door slides open. Cuddy's at the door.]

CUDDY: House.

[House looks at Eve one more time and leaves. Eve sleeps back.]

[Outside Eve's room. House slides the door shut and speaks to Cuddy.]

HOUSE: You gotta get me out of this. There's nothing to diagnose. There's nothing...

CUDDY: You only tested her for STDs?

HOUSE: I had seven morons who forgot their raincoats. 'S all they asked for, so I didn't waste the lab's time. Why?

CUDDY: I wasted their time. [softly] She's pregnant.

[Genuinely surprised, House looks at Eve in her room. Eve is sitting up, tousling her hair. She looks at him. Camera holds on House.]

[Eve's room. House, sitting next to Eve, tells her about her pregnancy. Eve sits motionless in her bed.]

HOUSE: You understand? [beat] You okay? I know you're not okay. Are you more or less not

okay than you were five

minutes ago.

EVE: About the same.

HOUSE: Termination procedure is unpleasant.

EVE: I don't wanna terminate.

HOUSE: You wanna keep the baby?

EVE: Abortion is m*rder.

HOUSE: True. [nods] It's a life. And you should end it.

EVE: [rationalising] Every life is sacred.

HOUSE: [looks to the heavens in exasperation] Talk to me, don't quote me bumper stickers.

EVE: It's true.

HOUSE: It's meaningless.

EVE: It means every life matters to God.

HOUSE: Not to me, not to you. [getting up to pace around] Judging by the number of natural disasters, not to God

either.

EVE: You're just being argumentative.

HOUSE: Yeah! I do do that. What about Hitler? Is his life sacred to God? Father of your child? Is his life sacred to you?

EVE: My child isn't Hitler.

HOUSE: Either every life is sacred or...

EVE: [shouts] Stop it! I don't wanna chat about philosophy!

HOUSE: You're not k*lling your r*pe baby because of a philosophy.

EVE: It's m*rder! I'm against it. You for it?

HOUSE: Not as a general rule.

EVE: Just for unborn children?

HOUSE: Yes! [beat] The probable exceptions to rules is the line drawn. Might makes sense for us to k*ll the ass that did this to you. But where do we draw the line? Which asses do we get to k*ll? Which asses get to keep on being asses? Nice thing about the abortion debate is we can quibble over trimesters, but ultimately there's an ice-cold line – birth. Morally, there isn't a lot of difference. Practically, huge.

EVE: You're enjoying this conversation.

HOUSE: [cracks a smile] This is the type of conversation I do well.

EVE: But the other type? [beat] The personal stuff?

HOUSE: There are no answers.If there are no answers, why talk about it?

[Eve looks down tearfully.]

HOUSE: You're healthy. You shouldn't be here.

EVE: I don't wanna go.

HOUSE: [beat] Fine. I won't discharge you. [thinks] Wanna go for a walk?

[Homeless Old Guy's room. He's lying down, in obvious discomfort. He lets out a painful sigh. Outside, Cameron strides purposefully to the door and opens it.]

HOMELESS OLD GUY: The last of my journey.

CAMERON: You don't deserve pain. You're just an insane, old man.

[She grabs a syringe from her lab coat pocket with her right hand and moves to inject the contents into his IV line. He reaches out and grabs her right hand.]

HOMELESS OLD GUY: No. No.

CAMERON: I'm not gonna watch you suffer.

HOMELESS OLD GUY: [still holding her right hand] I need you to remember me.

CAMERON: [shouting at his obstinacy] I'll remember you!

HOMELESS OLD GUY: Why?

CAMERON: Because you're a nice man.

HOMELESS OLD GUY: You don't know that. You don't know anything about me.

CAMERON: Either you're a nice man or you're an ass. Either way you did something to somebody that they're gonna remember.

HOMELESS OLD GUY: [wheezing] I have no family, I have no friends. I didn't even have a real job. If I die in peace, then I'm just another patient. But if I die suffering...

CAMERON: [appealing] It'll be horrible. Don't do that to either of us.

HOMELESS OLD GUY: No! I just need to die, knowing that something is different because I was here.

[He stops and starts to groan a bit. Cameron looks at him sympathetically and puts the syringe down. His breathing becomes even more laborious. She takes a seat nearby, trying not to cry. His groaning continues.]

[Jogging park. House and Eve are at the same picnic table as before. Eve sits on the table, House stands. Eve looks a bit less miserable.]

HOUSE: Life goes on.

EVE: Is that the reason we're out here?

HOUSE: Know why I come here? I sit, I watch, I imagine.

[He limps over to the table and sits on the bench.]

EVE: Sounds nice.

HOUSE: [pointing to joggers] Imagine if one of them would break a leg.

[She smiles (for the first time) at his cynicism.]

HOUSE: Just one false step. One crack in the sidewalk.

EVE: [smiling] You don't really.

HOUSE: I'm evil.

EVE: Evil people don't say they're evil.

HOUSE: Sounds like an easy loophole. [beat] People can do good things, but their instincts are not good. Either God doesn't exist or he's unimaginably cruel.

EVE: [has lost the smile, shakes her head] I don't believe that.

HOUSE: What do you believe? Why do you think this happened?

EVE: [gets off the table and walks a bit] I don't wanna talk about it.

HOUSE: Me neither. Too bad.

EVE: [irritably] Y'know, I don't think there was a reason! [sighs]

HOUSE: Huh-huh. So God does exist, 'less you get r*ped. Easier to keep your r*pe baby for no reason.

EVE: [crying] Maybe he was challenging me!

HOUSE: He hurts you to help you.

[Eve nods.]

HOUSE: I guess it's better than he hates you.

EVE: [shouting, voice breaking] You're trying to convince me there's no God! Why would you even say something like that?

HOUSE: Because you're throwing your life away.

EVE: I'm doing what I believe!

HOUSE: What you believe doesn't make sense.

EVE: This is not helping me.

[She picks up her stuff to leave.]

HOUSE: Then I can't help you.

[Eve stops.]

HOUSE: If you believe in eternity, then... life is irrelevant. Same way that a bug is irrelevant in comparison to the universe.

EVE: [turns to face him] If you don't believe in eternity, then what you do here is irrelevant.

HOUSE: [jabbing the table with his finger] Your actions here are all that matters.

EVE: Then nothing matters. There's no ultimate consequences. I couldn't live with that.

HOUSE: So you need to think that the guy that did this to you is gonna be punished.

EVE: I need to know that it all means something. I need that comfort.

HOUSE: Yeah. You feeling comfortable? Feeling good right now? Feeling warm inside?

[She sits down in front of him, on the bench.]

EVE: I was r*ped. What's your excuse?

[He has no answer.]

[Homeless Old Guy's room. Cameron sits sullenly, while he continues to suffer quietly in agony. She watches him, tears welling up in her eyes. He stiffens suddenly, and his chest drops, as he exhales his last breath. The monitor starts to whine (The Tune of Death). A nurse wheels in a crash cart, but Cameron stops her. She continues to look at the unfortunate man.]

[Jogger's park. House and Eve sit on the park bench in silence.]

EVE: [sighs, looks at House] Do you think the guy who did this to me feels bad?

HOUSE: That'll help you? Make you feel better?

EVE: Why do you always do that? Ask why I'm asking a question, instead of just answering the question.

HOUSE: The answer doesn't interest me. I don't care what he's feeling. I'm interested in what you're feeling.

EVE: You are?

HOUSE: I'm trapped in a room with you, right?

[She smiles a bit.]

HOUSE: Why did you choose me?

EVE: There's something about you. 'S like you're hurt too.

[House slowly brings his right leg out from between the table and bench and sits facing away from the table.]

HOUSE: [softly] It was true.

EVE: What was?

HOUSE: Wasn't my grandmother, but it was true.

EVE: Who was it?

HOUSE: It's my dad.

[They sit quietly for a few seconds.]

EVE: I'd like to tell you what happened to me now.

HOUSE: I'd like to hear it.

EVE: It was a friend's birthday party...

[The camera pans up slowly as Eve tells her story to House.]

[Homeless Old Guy's room. Cameron slowly removes the man's finger monitor and pushes his hair back carefully. She picks up a towel and wets it. She dabs the towel on his arm, looking at him, still feeling downcast.]

[Aerial shot of a recently snowed-upon PPTH. Evening.]

[Doctor's lounge. House and Wilson play a friendly game of Foosball. Cuddy enters. The guys don't stop their game, though.]

HOUSE: [concentrating more on the game] She terminated it. She's been discharged.

CUDDY: She's gonna be okay.

HOUSE: [eyes still on the game] Yeah, it's that simple.

[Wilson looks at him, but says nothing. He returns his focus to the game.]

CUDDY: She's talking about what happened. That's huge. You did good.

HOUSE: Everyone will tell you... that that's what we gotta make her do. We have to help her, right? Except we can't. We drag out her story. Tell each other that it'll help her heal. Feel real good about ourselves. But all we've done is make a girl cry.

WILSON: [more interested in what House is saying than the game] Then why did you...?

[Bad move – he takes his eye off the game. House scores!]

HOUSE: [finally looks up] Because I don't know.

[Picking up his cane, he starts to leave.]

WILSON: You gonna follow up with her?

HOUSE: [collecting his jacket] One day, one room.

[He puts on the jacket and exits .]