

House season 1, episode 12

excerpts

[': Heart looks good. We can schedule the transplant. \n Hank: No transplant. Lola's not gonna have an abortion. \n Foreman: [unhooking wires from Hank's chest] Actually, your wife just told me that she was makin', 'ola: I know. He's confused. We can have another baby, I can make him understand that. I'm having an abortion. We do the trans- \n House: No. \n Lola: [indignantly] I can make decisions about my body. \n House: A', 'nner. Two other plates are on the table-Foreman is here with someone also.] \n Cameron: Think she'll abort anyway, try to force his hand? \n Chase: No, she's not gonna risk losing him. [he looks at her and c']

transcript

[Open on Hank Wiggen sh**ting for a commercial in a baseball field]

Hank: Are you thinking about taking dr*gs? Well, think again, because dr*gs are not the answer. Take it from me, Hank Wiggen. Oh, don't remember this ugly mug? [Catches ball thrown from off-camera] Two years ago, I was a star. [Cut to Bryan Singer with Lola and Warner in the background] I won nine games in a row. But by the end of August I was a goner.

Bryan: Cut, cut! [Runs out to Hank]

Hank: Not good, huh?

Bryan: Well, you caught the ball.

Hank: Yeah.

Bryan: Look, I usually don't give line readings, but try this, here, here.

[Cut to Lola and Warner]

Warner: Hollywood ain't holding its breath.

Lola: Well, they're doing it wrong. I mean, for Hank.

[Cut back to Bryan and Hank]

Warner: Tell the director.

Lola: [laughs] I thought I'd give the marriage a few months before I'd go for the meddling wife thing.

[Cut back to Warner and Lola]

Warner: His arm came back day after he hooked up, I say meddle. [Touches his chest suddenly]

Lola: You okay?

Warner: Just gas. Go help your man. Give me a little room here to work it out. [Lola leaves, and Warner reaches into his pocket and takes out a bottle, dry-swallowing a couple pills. Cut back to Hank.]

Hank: TAKE it from ME, HANK Wigger. Like that?

Bryan: [Looks frustrated] No...

Hank: Hey, sweetheart. [Lola walks up]

Lola: Hey. Hi, Bryan.

Bryan: Hey.

Lola: You boys having a little trouble with the big speech?

Hank: Yeah, you got any ideas?

Lola: It's YOUR story. Just be yourself. dr*gs were there, you took 'em. Simple. Why'd you get clean?

Hank: Because I was gonna die.

Lola: And come April, 'cause you're clean, YOU'RE starting, opening day, against the Yanks.

Bryan: Try it her way?

Hank: Yeah. [Bryan walks away, Lola follows]

Lola: Let's start with the 2nd part first. That'll get him in the groove.

Bryan: Okay. [To crew] We'll do the throwing thing first. Everybody wants to direct...[Lola walks back over to Hank]

Hank: Warner alright?

Lola: Yeah, he's good. You just bring it, babe. Just tell your story. [Walks back to Warner]

Warner: Come on, kid! Show 'em what you're gonna give the Yankees!

Bryan: Alright, action!

[Hank winds up and throws. We see a CG shot of the bone in his arm snapping in half. Hank falls to ground in pain.]

Hank: Oh, God! [Lola and crew runs out to him. Lola puts an arm around his head.]

Lola: It's gonna be okay, It's gonna be okay.

[Cut to Hank under a PET scan. The prints show his broken arm, and how thin his other bones are.]

[Cut to House and Wilson exiting elevator.]

Wilson: He's got osteopenia. His bones are too thin to fix the arm.

House: [On cell phone] No, price is not a problem if you have what I need. *Click*

Wilson: Osteo—

House: Young man?

Wilson: How did you know?

House: Well, if he's an old man, osteopenia would just be a fact of life, you make him comfortable, send him home, which means you're just boring me. So he's young, which means it's most likely caused by cancer, and you're here because you haven't found it. Have you looked really, really hard?

Wilson: MRI and PET scan are both negative.

House: Well, how old is he? Maybe the osteopenia is just early onset.

Wilson: [Pulls out a baseball card] Well, let's see. Born 9/21/77.

House: It's Hank Wiggen? [Takes the card and looks at it] He signed it, sweet. [Reads] "To Jimmy Wilson, the Cy Young of medicine." You ask for that?

Wilson: I—just the Jimmy part. The bone's too thin to support the kind of surgery that would let him pitch again. But if we figure out what's causing the osteopenia, we can reverse the bone damage, then do the surgery.

House: Beat the Yankees, and save the free world. [Hands the card to Wilson and goes into his office.]

[Cut to a bedroom. Foreman is inside with a woman...OOH!]

Sharon: It was a working dinner. My work, company pays.

Foreman: I—I dunno. I just feel kinda weird after what it turned into.

Sharon: Well, then it stopped being work. [Foreman smiles] You know, if it'll solve your ethics problem [plunks a box of...CONDOMS on the bed!] you can reimburse me for these. What are they, five dollars and fifty-seven cents, I believe? [She comes and stands close to him.] You let me know about Friday?

Foreman: Mm—hm. [gives her a quick kiss—aww! And she leaves. He puts his tie on, then spots her underwear under the covers. He picks it up, snickers triumphantly and...takes it with him?!]

[Cut to Chase, Cameron and House in the office.]

Chase: None of the usual suspects! Age isn't right, in apparent perfect health before this incident, MRI and PET scan negative for tumors.

Cameron: Test him again, it's gotta be cancer. [Foreman walks through the door quite suddenly—poof!]

Foreman: Sorry I'm late. Car broke down on the interstate.

House: [Checks his watch, then looks back at Foreman skeptically.] Don't believe you. [To

others] Chem 7 also shows a poor kidney function. Now why would a guy in his twenties have a poor kidney?

Cameron: Cancer. It first att*cks the bones, and then the kidneys.

House: Come on, people. [Pulls out the baseball card] He was 17 and 7! His ERA was 2.1.

Cameron: You want it to be his kidneys, because if it's his kidneys, then maybe we can treat it, maybe we can fix it. And if it's cancer, then he'll never pitch again. If this were a regular guy who came in and broke his arm lifting a box, you would've packed him up and sent him home!

House: My God, you're right, I lost my head. All life is equally sacred. And I promise you, the next knitting injury that comes in here, we're on it like stink on cheese. [Chase smirks] He weighed 175 his rookie year.

Cameron: Stop.

House: Now he's 195 after playing a year in Japan. Why?

Cameron: He let himself go.

Foreman: Steroids! I mean, the guy was a drug user, I'm sure he wouldn't have balked at pumping up through chemicals.

Chase: That'd explain the weight gain. And the kidney problems.

House: And the bone loss. Go ask him what he's on. When he says nothing, have him pee in a cup. [Chase leaves, and House turns his attention to Foreman.] If your car breaks down, you're an hour late, not two minutes. And two minutes isn't late enough to use a clever excuse like car trouble.

Foreman: I was coming in early.

House: Huh. Unprompted lies, that's a bad sign. Either a guilty conscience or something personal's going on. [Foreman sits down with his coffee] See, that's all you had to do, just walk in, sit down, do your job. [Leaves]

[Cut to Hank, Chase, and Lola in the room.]

Hank: No, no, I never took them.

Chase: We're gonna need a urine sample.

Hank: Oh no, you don't trust me. [To Lola] Baby, I'm worried about taking this morphine.

Lola: You're in pain, the doses are monitored. It's not a slip. Besides, opiates weren't your thing.

Hank: They should've been. Woah...

Chase: Mr. Wigger? The urine sample.

Hank: I wanna say no, so I am. No.

Lola: Trust is a big issue in early recovery. He really did gain the weight honestly.

Chase: If you say so. [Moves to the other side of the room]

Hank: You're not getting it. [Chase sits down] [To Lola] He thinks I'm an idiot.

Chase: He sure does. [Smiles, and points to the catheter bag that is collecting urine from Hank.]

[Cut to Cameron and Foreman in the lab.]

Cameron: Should we save the sample? Dr. Sportsfan can put it in Lucite and hang it around his neck. [smirks]

Foreman: Hey, Friday night? Can you cover for me?

Cameron: I think so. [Foreman grins triumphantly] Oh, Friday. No, I'm sorry, I have to go to that oncology thing—that seminar.

Foreman: Oh.

Cameron: What's going on?

Foreman: Dinner with the...drug rep. Casting pharmaceuticals.

Cameron: Arnie? Claims he has 500 lawyer jokes, only tells one?

Foreman: Uh...new guy.

[Cut to House leaving his office on the cell phone...again.]

House: You need cash?...Ah, no, I, I don't have that much on me...No no, it's not a problem.

No, I'll be over by 6. 'Kay. *Click* [To receptionist] 5 p.m., Dr. House checks out.

Cuddy: It's 4:45.

House: I was rounding up.

Cuddy: Carol Moffett, please see Dr. House in Exam Room 1. [Woman gets to her feet with difficulty.]

House: Whoa, whoa, not so fast, Kathy.

Carol: It's Carol. [House comes over]

House: Ah. [checks watch] Uh, trouble with the leg? [Carol nods, House spots a bridal magazine in her purse] When's the wedding?

Carol: This Saturday.

House: Not much time to fit into that pretty dress, and no time for practical shoe-shopping. You're running two miles a day further than you should be.

Carol: [rubs her calf] It hurts right here-

House: New shoes, less miles, and ex-nay on the afternoon Cokes, you're gonna look beautiful. [Looks at the next guy] What's wrong with you?

Man: I can't get my contact lenses out-

House: [leans close] Out of what? They're not in your eyes.

Man: But they're red.

House: That's because you're trying to remove your corneas. [walks over to next man] What's wrong with you?

Dentist: Uh, lately, my wife has noticed that-

House: Yeah, yeah. Symptoms, [gestures at Cuddy] we're working on a personal best here.

Dentist: Numbness in my feet and hands, constipation– [Cuddy comes over to House]

House: And?

Cuddy: Maybe he doesn't feel comfortable talking about his private matters–

House: Well, neither would I, if I was having trouble controlling my pee pee! [to dentist] You're a dentist. Nitrous oxide poisoning, which means you're either dipping into your own supply, or you've got a bad valve in the office. Laughing gas rehab's probably more expensive than the plumber. Meanwhile, get yourself some B12. [moves to the next victim] Who's left?

Student: I can't see...Nah, I'm just screwing with you. [House looks pointedly at Cuddy, who smiles] It's a hangover, my English Lit prof. told me he'd fail me next time if I didn't show up with a doctor's note.

House: Well, make friends with the dentist. He can give you a note, and maybe a little nitrous to take the edge off. [he observes the clock, which reads 4:47, and walks through the door.]

Cameron: Dr. House! [she and Foreman catch up to House] He tested negative for steroids.

Foreman: Elevated beta 2 proteins, though, could be cancerous. Amyloidosis, or lymphoma.

House: Or steroids. You guys got any money on you?

Cameron: He tested negative for steroids. I, um, I have a couple 20s on me. [reaches into her pocket]

House: 50 of them? [Cameron looks shocked] Foreman?

Foreman: The FAT PAD biopsy and abdominal CT scan were negative for the cancers, but–

House: Well, that just leaves us with steroids!

Cameron: He tested negative for steroids.

House: Less money is made by biochemists working on a cure for cancer than by their colleagues struggling valiantly to find ways to hide steroid use. But there's one thing they can't

hide...[checks his watch and walks past Ducklings 1 and 2.]

[Cut to Hank's room with the Ducklings standing in the back. House walks through the door with a grin.]

House: Hi. I'm Dr. House. [walks over to Hank's bed] And this is the coolest day of my life. [With an even bigger grin...he whips the covers off Hank's bed!] See? Steroid use shrinks the testicles. [The Ducklings look rather embarrassed]

Hank: [pulls the covers back on] I am clean, man, no steroids, no nothing.

House: Your lips say no, your prunes say yes. Hypogonadism. Isn't that a great word? Thanks, we don't get to say it nearly enough. [To Cameron] Start him on Lupron right away. [Walks out the door.]

[Cut to House and Foreman in the hallway.]

House: These freaks are willing to defile themselves for mass entertainment, for money. I feel sorry for them. [Pops a Vicodin. Lola runs after him]

Lola: He drops a clean urine, denies using steroids, then you're giving him a drug for what, steroid abuse?

House: ...No, no, it's not. It-it's got calcium in it. It's very good for the bones. [Lola looks skeptical] Basically, on a molecular level, it's just milk. [Lola looks satisfied and walks back to the room. House looks at Foreman.] How long do you figure before I get a call from Cuddy?

[Cut to House and Cuddy in her office.]

Cuddy: You put him on Lupron.

House: Uh-huh.

Cuddy: And, you told them it was like milk.

House: Yes.

Cuddy: Is there any way in which that is not a lie?

House: [thinks for a moment] It's creamy. But, I had 3 reasons.

Cuddy: Good ones?

House: Well, we'll see in a minute, I'm just making them up now...He lied to me first.

Cuddy: Your mother did teach you 2 wrongs don't make a right.

House: If he lies to me about not taking steroids, then I lie to him about not treating steroids, he's cured. Adds up for me—

Cuddy: Second reason.

House: If I told him the truth, he wouldn't have taken the stuff.

Cuddy: And if he told you the truth, what would this stuff do to him?

House: ...Severe respiratory problems.

Cuddy: Third reason.

House: I wanted to eliminate the placebo effect.

Cuddy: Excellent! [walks over to her desk] You and your lawyer can write a paper.

House: Which brings me to my fourth reason.

Cuddy: I thought you said there were only three. [sits down]

House: I thought you'd buy one of them.

Cuddy: Seriously?

House: He's not gonna sue.

Cuddy: Because his lawyer is a nice guy, who realizes it's unfair to blame us for ruining this kid's hundred million-dollar career.

House: Good guess, but no. If the Lupron causes respiratory problems, it means he's not on steroids, which means there's something else wrong with him. And the choices, for that something else, are almost universally very bad.

[Cut to Hank and Ducklings in his room. Hank is gasping for air. Cameron puts an oxygen

mask over his face, then Chase gives him an inhaler.]

[Cut to Hank, apparently asleep/unconscious. He is now hooked up to a respirator.]

[Cut to House and Ducklings 1 and 3 in his office.]

House: Osteopenia messing his bones up. Hypogonadism. Impaired liver function, kidney function, and...we have managed to find the only professional athlete in the galaxy who is not on steroids. AND it's not cancer. So, what's k*lling him? [looks up as Foreman enters...late again.] Who shares my suspicions that the Yankees were somehow involved?

Cameron: Shrunken testicles indicate his body's not putting out enough testosterone.

House: [glances at Foreman and checks his watch] Throw out the lungs, that was the Lupron, my fault. Don't worry, I'll send him a nice note.

Foreman: What about something environmental? Arsenic, mercury, the symptoms could indicate—

House: Pretty small environment. Wife's fine, no one else is sick.

Chase: If you throw out the kidneys, everything else adds up. The testicles, the bones, the impaired liver function, could all be caused by a breakdown of his adrenal glands.

House: Addison's disease, I like it. Mainly of course, because the treatment is...

Cameron:[rolls her eyes] Steroids.

House: Enough irony for all of us.

Foreman: Treatment would cause him to retain fluid. With the kidneys almost shut down already, he'll die.

House: Well, we'll get him a new kidney. [Cameron looks surprised]

Foreman: Your theory is that Addison's is causing all the symptoms except for the kidney problems. What's causing the kidney problems?

House: Cameron, if you could make an ironic guess right about now?

Cameron: He tested nega-

Chase: Negative for steroids. [grins]

House: Agreed. He's not on steroids now. If he was on them anytime in the last five years, it could've caused the kidney damage.

[Cut to House in Hank's room with Lola.]

House: You see, kidneys don't wear watches. Sure, gallbladders do, but it doesn't matter, 'cuz kidneys can't tell time. Steroid damage could take years.

Lola: [shakes her head] No steroids. How many times does he have to tell you?

House: I don't know. How many times did he lie about cocaine before coming clean with the league?

Hank: That is completely different.

House: Oh, that's right, I remember. You never did come clean. The league was out to get you, they faked the blood tests, you had to get yourself a lawyer-

Lola: If Hank says he never used steroids, that's the truth.

House: That's too bad. Because our theory is that the kidney damage is caused by A, and everything else is caused by B. The beauty of this theory is that we can treat A and B. But if you add the kidney symptoms back into the mix, then we are looking at another letter altogether, one that is apparently not in the alphabet. Can't fix the bones, no more baseball, no more breathing...no more brain function.

Lola: Get another explanation.

House: Okay. Yeah. Think I've got one in my other pants. [starts to leave]

Hank: Hold on. [House turns around] Five years ago, Bangor, Maine. My pitching coach had me on something, I never knew what it was.

House: And you never tried too hard to find out either.

Hank: I gained 12 pounds of muscle in like, 4 weeks. [To Lola, who looks troubled] I'm sorry, baby.

[At this moment, Warner comes rushing in with a colorful balloon bunch, bopping House in the head with one. Talk about bad timing.]

Warner: How you doin' Doc?

House: Good. Very good, yeah.

[Cut to House and Cuddy in her office...again.]

Cuddy: You want me to put Hank Wiggen on the transplant list.

House: He needs a new kidney. I was thinking the kidney people might have some.

Cuddy: Well, they like to save them for people who have—how do I put this— kidney problems.

House: He's a professional ballplayer, brings joy to millions. Do you really want to be known as the hospital that sent him home to die? [Puts a fist down on some papers on her desk]

Cuddy: That's a great idea, we can be the hospital that k*llled two people. The guy who deserved the kidney, and the ballplayer we bumped up the list when we weren't even sure what was wrong with him.

House: Everything else is related to the Addison's.

Cuddy: The test for Addison's was inconclusive.

House: The test for Addison's is always inconclusive.

Cuddy: Why do we do it at all? We should just ask you. [tries to take a paper from under House's fist; he doesn't budge. She gives him an irritated look.]

House: You're not putting him on the list. [Moves his hand, Cuddy takes paper]

Cuddy: Your powers of deduction are breathtaking.

House: You take a perverse pleasure at turning me down.

Cuddy: It's what I live for. Once in a while, though, try to ruin my day. Ask me something I can

say “yes” to. [House leaves]

[Cut to Hank. He is still having trouble breathing. Cut to House entering his office; Lola is sitting in his chair.]

House: Oh, I’m sorry Doctor, I didn’t know you were busy. Want me to come back?

Lola: Is he on the list?

House: No. [walks over to her]

Lola: Then I’m giving him one of mine.

House: ...Okay.

Lola: You’re not gonna tell me it’s a bad idea? Why give a kidney to someone who might not be able to use it?

House: Not my area. That is, however, my chair.

Lola: [gets up] When do we do it? [House sits down]

House: Very noble gesture. My favorite kind—dramatic, yet completely empty. The chances of non-identical twins being a match—

Lola: Do you live alone?

House: You writing a book?

Lola: I made it a question just because it’s more polite. You got a big “Keep Out” sign stapled on your forehead.

House: That explains it, I told them to put it on my door.

Lola: Even if real human contact is something you don’t have or even want, or need, you should at least be able to see it in other people.

House: Yeah. Right. True love. That’s just how we match organs these days. There’s a couple in France—high school sweethearts—they’re trading brains.

Lola: We’re a match. Run your tests. [leaves]

[Cut to Chase and Cameron in a bar. The cell phone on the counter buzzes; she picks it up, she and Chase look at it and grin at each other. Foreman comes in and sits down.]

Foreman: Hey. The lab call, is she a match?

Cameron: Haven't heard yet.

Chase: You got a text message, though. Friday night—very cryptic.

Foreman: Gee...thanks for checking. Can you cover for me?

Chase: Oncology seminar. Friday night the same thing as the car trouble?

Foreman: I HAD car trouble.

Chase: House says you were lying. I believe him.

Foreman: ...What's that? You got a little wet smudge at the end of your nose!

Chase: Hey, I like the guy. He says what he wants, does what he wants.

Foreman: He won't talk to anyone unless he can jerk them around.

Chase: Or needs a thousand bucks. [Foreman laughs] What is with that?

[Cut to a CLOSE UP OF HOUSE'S FACE O_O! He is in the office with Wilson.]

House: I scored. [holds up an envelope] It's a brave new world, Doc, and we are at the cutting edge. You are looking [Wilson pulls the envelope open...and his jaw drops to his knees!] at two all-access passes to Paradise itself!

Wilson: [finally shuts his mouth] How much?

House: True cost, no man can say.

Wilson: Could that man's accountant say?

House: One thousand dollars. Friday night—the biggest official monster truck jam in the history of New Jersey!

Wilson: [looks horrified] Okay, please tell me you didn't just say Friday night.

House: Whatever you've got, you cancel.

Wilson: I-I can't do it!

House: Listen, they only give these tickets to owners. [Wilson is stuttering like an idiot] Anytime. We wanna be in the middle of the track, we're in the middle of the track. These tickets are so good...we have to sign a release. I mean it. We do this, we could die.

Wilson: I've got the oncology thing! I-I...The rectal cancer lecture, they booked me a year ago! I-I-I-I-I can't get out, there's no way out!

House: [looks disappointed, then turns away] Fine. I'll ask one of my other friends. [gets up as Wilson snorts in disbelief, and he turns around.] What, you're saying I've only got one friend?

Wilson: Uh, and who...?

House: [thinks a moment] Kevin, in Bookkeeping.

Wilson: Okay, well first of all, his name's Carl.

House: I call him Kevin. It's a secret "friendship club" name.

[Cut back to the Ducklings at the bar.]

Chase: It's hookers.

Cameron: Oh, my God!

Foreman: Multiple hookers! But House is House, right? He's gotta have his way. Four or five of 'em. [Cameron looks disgusted]

Cameron: That's not even funny!

Foreman: [quietly] What, you don't think he has sex?

Cameron: No, of course he-

Chase: Of course not, he doesn't have sex, he makes love! [Cameron can't help laughing]

Cameron: I didn't say that. [Foreman's phone rings]

Foreman: It's the lab. [answers it] Dr. Foreman.

[Cut to House sitting outside of Hank's room, twirling his cane. Lola comes and sits in the chair

across from him.]

Lola: If you have the results, I'd like you to talk to both of us. If you don't, wait for me to—

House: Believe me, I'd much rather be with your better half. And by better half, of course, I mean the one who struck out Sammy Sosa on three pitches and talks a lot less. But I thought I would talk to you first, and alone. [picks up a folder and opens it] I got your results back from the lab...you DO match.

Lola: [looks shocked] I, I do? [House nods, and Lola looks happy and relieved.]

House: You're also pregnant. [Lola gasps, and tears fill her eyes; a smile spreads wide across her face; House watches her reaction carefully.] You can't be a donor. [Lola looks at him, confused] Not in your current condition. [She swallows hard, and manages a weak smile. A single tear spills down her face.]

Lola: Um...[wipes the tear away] Excuse me...I have to go talk to my husband. [gets up and walks quickly into Hank's room; House shuts the folder and watches her leave.]

[Cut to Foreman in Hank's room with him; he is studying a paper.]

Foreman: Heart looks good. We can schedule the transplant.

Hank: No transplant. Lola's not gonna have an abortion.

Foreman: [unhooking wires from Hank's chest] Actually, your wife just told me that she was making an appointment.

Hank: Well, I don't care what she said.

Foreman: [stops and looks at him] I think you two need to discuss this further—

Hank: We've been trying to get pregnant almost since we met.

Foreman: Well, it's your wife's decision whether or not she—

Hank: She wants to trade a child for a kidney, that's m*rder! I'm not gonna let her do that.

[Cut to Cameron at House's desk; he is just walking in the door.]

Cameron: Foreman says we've got a problem with the transplant.

House: [walks over to the bookshelf and shuffles through it] If she terminates the pregnancy, he's not going to let himself die on principle.

Cameron: ...Would you give up a baby for someone you love?

House: [turns around and gives her a piercing look] Please tell me I don't have to decide.
[Cameron looks hurt, and House lays off the sarcasm a little] Depends, how long would they live?

Cameron: Is this a pragmatic question for you?

House: Fifty years, no problem. Six months, I say let 'em die. Well, I've actually given this a lot of thought, and my personal tipping point is seven years, eight months, and 14 days.

Cameron: [quietly] I couldn't do it.

House: You found religion.

Cameron: Do you have to be religious to believe a fetus is a life?

House: There seems to be a correlation. [Cameron looks away; House watches her for a moment then looks away, eyes darting about awkwardly.] I'm, uh...[he fiddles with the books a moment] Do you like monster trucks?

Cameron: ...I don't know what they are.

House: ...Right. [he looks down for a moment] I got two tickets. [Cameron looks at him, puzzled] Friday night.

Cameron: You asking me to go with you?

House: Sure. Sounds good.

Cameron: Like a...date?

House: Exactly. Except for the "date" part. [She stares at him, shocked speechless. He turns away quickly, embarrassed.] Forget it. [starts to walk to the computer desk]

Cameron: No, I-I was gonna go to the oncology dinner...

House: 'Course, you have to hear Wilson's lecture. [sits down]

Cameron: No. I just found out he canceled like, two weeks ago. [House's expression changes to shock; he leans back in the chair and registers this. Meanwhile, Cameron comes to the door frame.] So... [she makes a weird face] what do we wear?

[Cut to Hank's room. Chase is there, holding two fingers against Hank's neck while studying his heart rate. This can't be good]

Chase: Still with us, Hank?

Hank: [groggily] Yeah. My chest feels funny...

[Chase starts rubbing his fingers against Hank's neck, attempting to stabilize his heart as Foreman and a nurse rush in.]

Chase: Tachycardia. Your heart's beating too fast. We're sorting it out, but you stay with us, alright? [Foreman stares at the monitor in alarm] Keep talking to us, Hank.

Hank: Where's Lola...?

Chase: [to Foreman] 10 units of insulin sub q, an IV push-

Nurse: It's still dropping.

Foreman: Why's his potassium up?

Chase: [presses his stethoscope against Hank's chest] Damned if I know.

Foreman: [mutters something] We've got to suck the potassium out of him. We gotta get his heart rate down.

Nurse: Need a crash cart! [Chase empties something into Hank's mouth]

Foreman: It's definitely not Addison's.

Chase: [glancing at the monitor] It's not steroids either.

[Cut to House and Cameron on the way to Hank's room.]

Cameron: His heart rate is 130 and rising, like a Randy Johnson line drive.

House: [thinks a moment] A for effort.

Cameron: There's no point in doing the transplant. Even if he was stable enough, it's obvious that we have no idea what's wrong with him!

[Cut back to Hank's room. Chase is uncapping an IV.]

Chase: First it's too high, and now it's too low?

Foreman: His heart's not responding to the atropine.

[Cut to Lola and House in the hallway, Cameron meets up with them.]

Cameron: Heart rate's down to 40.

House: I thought it was up.

Cameron: Now it's down. Last time he went out at 35.

Lola: What's wrong? [they enter Hank's room]

House: I have no idea. [To Chase] Hit him with the atropine before he gets to 35 again.

Foreman: We've already given him 3 ml. [Chase uncaps another IV]

House: Apparently, that's not enough.

Chase: We can't stabilize his heart rate.

House: What did you do to him?

Chase: Kayexolate.

Foreman: His pulse was through the roof. So is his potassium.

Chase: It wouldn't do this.

House: But something did. [He sighs, and heads for the door] Call me when he's stable...or dead. [leaves]

[Cut to Hank's room later that night. Warner is sitting next to his bed, talking to Hank's still figure.]

Warner: I remember the first time. You weren't even supposed to be pitching that day. I'd flown all the way to Tokyo to watch this kid, and he gets tossed for arguing a call in the first inning. Ah, your pitches...perfect. Ball seemed to go faster than your arm. It was like the rules didn't apply, like physics couldn't slow you down. [he smiles at the memory] g*dd*mn, it was beautiful. [Hank's eyes open, just slightly.]

Hank: Hey, Warner. [Warner looks at him, surprised, then breaks into a big grin.]

Warner: Hey, kid. How ya feelin'?

Hank: [softly] I hurt. My arm, my head...everywhere.

Warner: [nods] They must have dialed down the morphine. That's just wrong, you're in pain. Hey [reaches into his pocket and pulls out some pills] I got something for ya. [holds them out to Hank, who looks as surprised as a severely tired person can look]

Hank: No...

Warner: A doc in St. Louis gave 'em to me for a migraine.

Hank: I'm an addict, I-I can't take that.

Warner: Even Lola was okay with the morphine. This stuff's just a little stronger. Go on.

[Hank slowly reaches a hand to take one, and...WE SEE THAT IT'S A

HALLUCINATION! House is at the end of the bed, studying Hank's movements carefully. Hank is reaching out to the imaginary Warner.]

Hank: I'll just try one, Warner. [As House is watching, Wilson comes in. House glances at him, then continues watching Hank.]

House: Three more symptoms. Heart rate up, heart rate down, now he's hallucinating.

Hank: ...You gotta promise not to tell Lola...

Wilson: He's not just dreaming?

House: No REM. He's actually awake.

Wilson: dr*gs?

House: Not psychedelics, not with the heart symptoms.

Wilson: All hallucinations would point to digitalis. It would also mess up his heart. But, he's not on it, and why would he take it?

House: ...Yeah. Pithy analysis. [gets up] I can see why they asked you to speak at the cancer dinner. I'm sorry I'm gonna miss it.

Wilson: I'm sorry about the monster trucks.

House: No, I think it's great. You're...giving back. [starts out the door]

Wilson: The only thing is...[House stops and turns around] the digitalis...it would only explain the later symptoms, not the original ones. [Turns to look at House. He thinks about this, and nods slightly to Wilson.]

[Cut to the baseball stadium. Warner is there, talking to another player who doesn't look even remotely interested.]

Warner: Sure, it's got a lotta movement, problem is everybody sees the movement. Yer throwing yer curve ball, like yer throwing a curve ball. [he turns to the player] Deception, that's it. [he suddenly spots House, who is sitting a few rows over.] Same motion, less movement, so it won't come back at ya. [moves away and sits down next to House] How'd you get in here?

House: Spoke Spanish. Told them I was the new shortstop from the Dominican.

Warner: How's Hank doin'?

House: Lousy. [he studies Warner's hands with a keen interest] Around your fingernails, that swelling, it's called clubbing. Hippocrates noticed that a lot of his friends who also had that, tended to frequently grab their chests and die.

Warner: Yeah, I got a heart condition. What's wrong with Hank?

House: What do you take for it?

Warner: Digitalis.

House: Got 'em with you? [Warner reaches into his coat pocket, pulling out a half-empty/half-full bottle.]

Warner: That's weird. I just filled this prescription a couple days ago. There's another bottle here. [searches through his pockets.]

House: Don't bother. [Warner stops and looks at him.] Hank Wiggen stole your pills. He tried to k*ll himself. [Warner stares at House. House stares right back. STARING CONTEST!]

[Cut to House in Hank's room, watching him intensely.]

House: So what happened? He left the bottle open, while he went to get some water? Next time, just take the whole bottle.

Hank: [shaking his head slowly] Hey man, you got no right–

House: See, people remember how many they've got. Date's right on the label, number of pills, regular person can do the math. But a junkie doesn't have to. It's how many pills he's got left, that's all he's thinking about. Bought a big insurance policy?

Hank: [laughs bitterly] This isn't about the money.

House: Not for you, no. Most reputable stores won't cash your checks after you're dead. But for Lola–well, girls like that, they're all about the money–

Hank: Don't you say that. She already saved my life. I was dead in Japan and she brought me back, everything since then, that's gravy, it's more than I deserve.

House: You owe her.

Hank: Everything.

House: [nods] So, the attempted suicide, the scaring her to death, that's–what is that, that's–gratitude? Love? Yeah, I get that. [Hank stares at the ceiling] We'll take out what you did

to yourself yesterday, we're back to the kidneys and the bones. [as he stands up, he sets his cane down near Hank's urine bag.] I'm scheduling the transplant. [turns to leave, but Hank lashes out suddenly, grabbing House's coat. House stumbles against the urine bag, and his pants get drenched...eeeew! He looks down at his pants in disgust and anger.] NEVER visit a patient.

Hank: I want that baby! [House fixes him with a cold glare] Even if I'm gone, that's a piece of me, and Lola. Breathing. Walkin' around town. Goin' to baseball games. [releases House's coat] If there's any more transplant talk from you, or Lola, or anybody else...I won't screw it up this time. I'll take myself out for good.

[House's glare melts into defeat]

House: [nods slowly] I'll start treating the Addison's, which will most likely destroy what's left of your kidneys—

Hank: Fine. Start the treatment.

[Cut to the elevator doors opening; House steps out, staring at his pant leg disgustedly. He starts down the hallway, and Wilson catches up with him.]

Wilson: Hey. [he looks down at House's pants questioningly]

House: [irritatedly] Hank Wiggen peed on me. What d'you think these pants are worth on eBay?

Wilson: I've got some big-boy diapers in my office, the rep. hands them out like candy.

House: Is it that bad?

Wilson: [sarcastically] No! Not if you like the smell of urine—

House: 'Course, why should I trust someone who lies about what he's doing Friday night?

[stops to face Wilson] Question is, what are you really doing Friday night? Or more to the point, what could possibly be better than monster trucks? Or are we breaking up? [turns to enter his office. Wilson lets out a long sigh, then follows House inside. House is rummaging through his

duffel bag.]

Wilson: ...Stacy's coming into town this weekend, we're having dinner. Just...catching up.

House: I definitely had pants here. [turns to face Wilson] Wait a second, is that Stacy the Stripper? I heard she's playing Atlantic City.

Wilson: No, Stacy the Constitutional Lawyer. [House looks mildly surprised for a second]

House: You thought I couldn't handle this news. [Wilson's eyes fall to the floor and he nods.

House turns his attention to the bag] You talk to her a lot?

Wilson: No. It's been a long time. [House continues staring at the bag] If you don't want me to see her—

House: What is this, eighth grade? [looks at Wilson] I'm fine.

Wilson: ...It's fine if you're upset—

House: [suddenly] No! It's...[zips the bag quickly and controls his voice] I have no right to be upset. You two are friends. [looks back at Wilson calmly] You should see her. Say hi for me.

Wilson: So...you're okay.

House: [tosses the bag under his desk] I'm not the cancer doctor who's lying about the cancer dinner. [takes his cane off the desk] I'm not the one who's betraying all those...bald-headed dying kids. [Wilson smirks, and House heads out the door] I'm gonna go get some pants, I stink.

[House continues down the hallway and meets up with Lola, uh-oh.]

Lola: You're treating him for Addison's and you don't think it's gonna work?!

House: He tried to k*ll himself.

Lola: I know. He's confused. We can have another baby, I can make him understand that. I'm having an abortion. We do the trans—

House: No.

Lola: [indignantly] I can make decisions about my body.

House: And he can make decisions about his. He doesn't want your kidney. [Lola looks shocked and upset]

Lola: So...he'll die?

House: ...Probably.

[Lola starts to cry, and House looks uncomfortable. She looks at him with tears in her eyes...AND HUGS HIM! WHOA! House looks shocked, to say the least. He makes sure that the hallway is empty, then leans down closer to her ear.]

House: If you keep that appointment, he'll also probably die. [Lola sobs into his shoulder] Keep the baby. [He reaches up and awkwardly pats her shoulder. He makes a face as the smell of the urine meets his nose.]

House: ...Are you just being polite? [She pulls away from him, confused] See, my pants are...[gestures to his leg]

Lola: Oh, they're all wet. [House looks at her, puzzled]

House: ...You can't smell that? [she shakes her head, and he looks intently at her, processing this.]

[Cut to Cameron and Chase eating dinner. Two other plates are on the table—Foreman is here with someone also.]

Cameron: Think she'll abort anyway, try to force his hand?

Chase: No, she's not gonna risk losing him. [he looks at her and chuckles]

Cameron: [gives him a strange look] That's funny?

Chase: N-no, the monster trucks? House asking you, that's...that's funny.

Cameron: I was the first person he ran into, he just...asked me.

Chase: Yeah, like a date!

Cameron: Exactly. Except for the “date” part. [Chase chuckles again. Sharon comes over, toting a glass of wine.]

Sharon: If the patient decides to go the dialysis route, we got some product you should check out. [smiles as Foreman sits down] Hey, Dr. Foreman.

Chase: Courtesy of the generous Sharon and the good folks at Casting Pharmaceuticals.

Sharon: I was just telling the guys about the Bermuda conference in April.

Cameron: Three days of sun and scuba, and one hour of lecture. [House suddenly comes out of nowhere and walks up to the table]

Chase: [laughing] Oh God, do we have to go to the lecture?

House: [looking down at Sharon] So, you’re the new Arnie.

Sharon: Dr. House. It’s, uh, good to see you. [Foreman glares at House]

House: Would you get me a coffee? Black, no sugar. [Sharon smiles, confused, and leaves the table. House sits down, turns his attention to the Ducklings.] Okay, so who is it? [The Ducklings look confused] Come on, she’s sleeping with one of you. [Chase snorts, and House looks hopefully at Cameron] Oh God, please tell me it’s you. [Cameron looks shocked]

Cameron: She buys lunches! She doesn’t–

House: Don’t worry, you’re not gay...you’re adventurous! [Ducklings roll their eyes]

Chase: You think she’s gonna prost*tute herself? The three of us are that important to her?

House: I’m afraid not, no. The groupies sleep with the roadies in order to get to Mick.

Foreman: And...you’re Mick?

House: [eating off Sharon’s plate] That was the metaphor I was making, yes.

Foreman: Why are you here?

House:[studies Foreman a moment] Damn, it’s you. [All eyes on Foreman, how embarrassing!] It’s not Addison’s. New symptom: the inability to smell.

Foreman: I was just in Hank's room, and he said it smelled like the men's room at Veteran's Stadium. He was right.

House: We rejected environmental causes because the wife was healthy. Well, she's not. Last six months, she can't smell a thing. If you think of them as one single patient, add her symptoms to his...[Chase nods]

Chase: Cadmium poisoning.

House: It explains everything. Even why they had so much trouble getting pregnant.

Cameron: How could they have gotten exposed to that much cadmium?

Foreman: Unless they were eating steel and batteries for breakfast. [Chase is thinking, watch out!]

House: So, where else is cadmium?

Foreman: Some foods, polluted groundwater, we should check their home—

Chase: I think I know how it happened.

[Cut to Chase in Hank's room. Lola is at Hank's bed.]

Chase: I'm gonna need another urine sample.

Lola: What for—

Hank: [resignedly] Sure, whatever you want.

Chase: [looks at him suspiciously] Why wouldn't you give it to me before but now it's no problem?

Hank: I'm dyin', right?

Chase: So you've got nothing to lose this time. Begs the question...[walks over to Hank] what were you worried about last time? [Lola looks down at Hank, confused] The funny thing is, when we tested you before, we were just looking for steroids. [Looking directly at Hank] What should we look for now, Hank?

Lola: [slowly realizes] Hank? [moves away from him slightly] What's the story?

Chase: A little weed every now and then when no one was looking? [Lola walks over to the window, shocked]

Lola: I don't believe this. We quit.

Chase: You did. If you'd kept going, you wouldn't have just lost your sense of smell.

Hank: No, I quit the hard stuff. [Lola looks skeptical] I just needed to relax.

Chase: Based on the symptoms, you're a lot more than a social user.

Lola: [bitterly] So you've been lying to me all this time.

Hank: ...I'm sorry.

Chase: There must've been cadmium in the soil where the marijuana was grown. Some people get bone loss, kidney failure, some people's testes shrink, and some people lose their sense of smell. We'll start treating it right away. You should be fine by opening day. Baseball's in the summer, right?

Lola: [panicking] It didn't hurt the baby, did it? The cadmium?

Chase: If you've been clean, the baby should be fine.

Lola: Okay. [Chase moves to the other end of the room. Hank stares at Lola desperately]

Hank: Please. I'll stop everything, I'll—I'll go to meetings every day! [Lola stares into the distance] Lola.

Lola: [stares at him determinedly] Twice a day.

[Cut to House and Cuddy exiting the elevator.]

Cuddy: How'd the ballplayer doing?

House: Much better.

Cuddy: Too bad about his career.

House: What d'you mean?

Cuddy: Major League Baseball's collective bargaining agreement requires medical reports on all treatment. Even Hank's history is not likely to get much leniency.

[stops outside of her office]

House: Why should they care that he's being treated for Addison's?

Cuddy: [suspiciously] You're not treating him for Addison's!

House: My report says I am.

Cuddy: You're lying on the report?!

House: Everybody does stupid things, it shouldn't cost them everything they want in life.

Cuddy: [hesitantly] No, it shouldn't, but it usually does. [A smile crosses her face] On the other hand, it means someone can actually beat the Yankees. [enters her office, and House leaves]

[Cut to Foreman and Sharon at dinner.]

Sharon: So what about House, any way to get him down there?

Foreman: You really wanna...talk about work?

Sharon: No. Not at all...[stares into his eyes. Ugh, mushy XP]

[Cut to Chase and Lola in Hank's room. Chase is gently stretching Hank's arm as Lola watches. Hank grins at her, and she smiles back.]

[Cut to a shot of Gravedigger's truck at the monster truck rally. House and Cameron come around the corner, eating cotton candy.]

Cameron: That was amazing!

House: I'm telling you, Gravedigger never disappoints. [Cameron sees a couple pass by, arms around each other.]

Cameron: You ever been married?

House: [quietly] Well now, let's not ruin a lovely night out by getting personal.

[They walk along in silence for a few seconds]

House: I lived with someone for a while. [Looks down at his empty cotton candy cone, then at Cameron's] You gonna finish that?

[He shifts the cone to his cane hand and Cameron hands her cotton candy to him. He only has time to grab a piece off before she snatches it back playfully, ignoring his mumbled protests and laughing. They walk off screen.]

Cameron's Voice: I'll race you to the car!