

## House season 1, episode 19

### excerpts

[I'd enough to bleed out of your vag\*na, obviously you're old enough to handle a simple thing like an abortion without Mommy and Daddy's help. \n Mary: You're going to tell my parents? \n House: Under New Jersey ', ' Could you be a little more specific? \n House: Actually, no. I'm sorry. \n [Cut to Mary, having the abortion. We can see tears rolling down her cheeks.] \n [Cut to Mary's room, where Foreman and Chase are tak']

### transcript

[Opens at the Swimming and Diving National Championships. There are clips of people swimming and diving, the spectators, and the judges. Turns to Mary and her coach.]

Coach: Visualizing? [Mary nods.] All right. You're up, tiger. You feel all right? You look a little pale.

Mary: I'm fine.

Coach: Does your neck still hurt?

Mary: It'll be fine.

Coach: You know, maybe you should do the two and a half instead.

Mary: I'm gonna do the three.

Coach: Well, it's better to nail the two and a half than –

Mary: I'm gonna nail the three.

Coach: All right. Well, let's show these senior citizens what a well-coached twelve-year-old can do, huh? [Mary takes off her jacket and climbs the steps to the diving platform.]

Announcer: The next diver: two-time National Junior Champion Mary Carroll. [Mary reaches the top of the platform. Her vision goes a bit blurry, but she shakes it off and stands on the edge, preparing for her dive.]

Mary: Damn it, you can do this, come on. Just... see it, see it. [She steps back on her toes. The judges stare at her.] Big jump, let it count. Rip it. [She jumps, and nails the dive. She resurfaces triumphantly, to a silent pool. Something's up. Everyone is staring at one of the judges, who has collapsed.]

A Coach: Call 911. We need an ambulance! [The judge is bleeding out of his ear. And with that psych, we go to the opening credits.]

[Cut to Cameron's apartment (which has the same color walls as House's place – Princeton's interior designer must really like that color), where she is working out on her treadmill. There is a knock at the door, strangely wooden. She opens the door to find House there, knocking with his cane.]

House: I saw the light on.

Cameron: It's daytime.

House: Yeah, it's a figure of speech. Always so literal.

Cameron: Got a new cane.

House: Yeah. Guy in the store said it was slimming. Vertical stripe...

Cameron: Why are you here?

House: Vogler is dead.

Cameron: What? What happened?

House: Again with the literal translation. Vogler the idea, Mr. Destructo, Mr. Moneybags, bow down before me; he is gone from the hospital, so things can go back to the way they were.

Cameron: The way they were was kind of weird.

House: Weird works for me.

Cameron: What are you saying? Literally?

House: I want you to come back.

Cameron: Why? [House's beeper goes off, Cameron crosses her arms.]

House: Please unclench. You're not on the clock, and when you do that, I clench, and then it's the whole thing...

Cameron: Could you look at your pager? [House looks at it.]

House: It's no big deal, some sort of epidemic. Not my area.

Cameron: You should go, it's important.

House: What I'm doing now is important.

Cameron: Why do you want me back?

House: Because you're a good doctor.

Cameron: That's it?

House: That's not enough?

Cameron: Not for me. Go deal with your plague. [She closes the door and locks it.]

[Cut to the lobby of the hospital, filled to the brim with patients and doctors alike. House is slightly overwhelmed by the number of people.]

Overhead speaker voice: You are in a quarantined area. Please remain calm and stay in line. A doctor will see you shortly. When you see a doctor, you will receive a blue or yellow form. Patients with blue forms must immediately enter the parking lot... [House starts to leave.]

Cuddy: [leaving the clinic and heading toward him] Dr. House! We need you here.

House: Sorry, lot of sick people. I might catch something.

Cuddy: A judge at the campus pool center collapsed, LP revealed a virulent form of bacterial meningitis.

House: Great, got it diagnosed, you don't need me.

Cuddy: 2500 people at the pool center were exposed. They're being bused to all the neighboring hospitals.

House: That's a problem of resources, not diagnostics. No, I'd be completely lost, get in everyone's way.

Cuddy: Joe! [A security guard – Joe, probably – stops House from leaving.] Dr. House doesn't have a blue slip. No one leaves the quarantine area without a blue slip. You are a doctor at this hospital: act like one. And [she grabs a cup of pills] take these. [House does so.]

[Cut to House, doing checks on people in an exam room.]

House: [reading a thermometer] 102. You win a trip to the second floor. Next!

[Cut to Wilson doing checks.]

Wilson: All right, no fever, no rash, you're fine. Take these two pills, and show this blue slip to Security on your way out. Next!

[Back to House, this time with a middle-aged woman.]

House: Take these, go home, talk to your daughter. Patient: What?

House: Your pants, your blouse, your scarf are all freshly dry cleaned. Everything except your jacket, it's got a smudge on it. Probably two days old. Which means you didn't know the jacket had been worn. So either your husband is a crossdresser or your daughter has been borrowing your clothes without telling you. Probably wants to look older to get into bars.

Patient: I don't have a daughter. [House hands her a blue slip.]

House: Next!

[Cut to Chase, dealing with a patient.]

Patient: So I have it.

Chase: Yellow form to the second form, you're gonna be fine.

Patient: I'm gonna die!

Chase: It's treatable as long as you go to the second floor. Next.

[Cut to House checking Mary's temperature.]

House: Yow.

Mary: Fever. Does that mean I have it?

House: You have a rash? Come on. [Mary lifts her jacket to reveal a red rash on her hip.]

Mary: It's from my new bathing suit, I've had it a week.

House: Yeah. Does your neck hurt? If it does, you get the trifecta.

Mary: It's nothing. I pulled it trying to do a three-and-a-half tuck.

House: Where are your parents?

Mary: We live in Chicago. I'm here with my coach. [She cranes her neck to look at what House is writing on her chart.] I wanted to see what you were writing.

House: [turns his neck] Go like this. [Mary turns her head to the left and to the right, which hurts her.] Now like this. [She then nods it to her chest and up, which doesn't hurt at all.]

[Cut to Foreman dealing with patients.]

Foreman: Take these pills. A blue slip will get you out of here. Next! [He automatically puts his hands up, to find House next in line.]

House: You're coming with me. [After looking at his pile of blue slips, Foreman follows.]

[Cut to Chase.]

Chase: You're going to need a CT scan. Second floor, take the elevators, follow the parade. Next! [House whistles to him from the doorway. Chase goes to.]

[Cut to House, Foreman and Chase walking down a very crowded hallway.]

Chase: Maybe something systemic.

Foreman: Or maybe it's meningitis.

House: She's had the rash a week. If it was this meningitis, she'd be dead by now. [Cuddy walks up.]

Cuddy: You guys figure we're done down there? The 800 people milling around are just

waiting for the bathroom?

House: 12-year-old female. Fever, rash, neck pains. Not meningitis.

Cuddy: It's the definition of meningitis!

House: Sure, pus in the spinal canal makes it hurt to move your head up and down, but her head only hurts moving side to side.

Cuddy: Oh, side to side.

House: Doesn't fit.

Cuddy: The three of you, lobby, now.

House: Those little pills you're passing out so efficiently aren't going to do Miss Louganis squat.

Cuddy: You just don't want to deal with the epidemic.

House: That's right. I'm subjecting a 12-year-old to a battery of dangerous and evasive tests to avoid being bored. [Everyone stares at him.] Okay, maybe I would do that, but I'm not. If it turns out she does have meningitis, you're right, you win, but if we go back downstairs and she dies... your face will be so red.

Cuddy: You have one hour. [She stalks off.]

House: Get a lumbar puncture. Some brain infections can be pretty clever at hide-and-seek.

Chase: I'll get on her bloodwork.

House: No you won't. You, sir, will research all the causes in the universe of neck pain.

Chase: The list is, like, two miles long!

House: Start with the letter A. And put her on rifampin.

Foreman: Rifampin is for meningitis. You just said –

House: In case I'm wrong. It has happened.

[Cut to the nurse's desk, where everyone is pestering a very harried Brenda the nurse.]

Doctor #1: Brenda, I need a CBC count 7 and 2046.

Brenda: Hold on. [Foreman pushes his way through.]

Doctor #2: Hey, hey, there's a line here!

Foreman: That's why I said 'excuse me.' Brenda, I need a bed, and...

Doctor #3: We all need stuff.

Foreman: Push me again. Brenda, I need a bed and a nurse for a lumbar puncture.

Brenda: No beds, no nurses for at least 4 hours.

Foreman: I've only got one.

Brenda: Your patient only has an hour to live unless she gets a lumbar puncture?

Foreman: Cuddy only gave us an hour to work on the patient.

Brenda: Back of the line. [The other doctors laugh at him as he leaves.]

[Cut to Foreman, trying to do a lumbar puncture on Mary in the middle of the hallway on a gurney.]

Foreman: This novocaine will numb you for the lumbar puncture. Sorry this has to be so public, Mary.

Mary: Normally I'm in a bathing suit with 5000 people staring at my butt. I can block this out.

[Foreman raises his eyebrows at the coach.]

Coach: These kids are all very mature. Travel around the country from event to event.

Foreman: Okay, I need you to hold your knees and tuck your head.

Mary: Like a dive?

Foreman: Exactly. [She does so.] Good, great. Don't forget to breathe. [He's about to start the puncture when someone hits the gurney.]

Person: Sorry!

Foreman: Geez! Coach, help me out here, play a little defense before I poke the wrong thing?

Okay, here we go. [He starts the puncture.]

Mary: Ow, I feel, ow, I feel it, ow!

Foreman: Try to relax, Mary, try to relax.

[Cut to Chase, researching on the laptop.]

House: What letter are you up to?

Chase: A.

House: t\*rture combing through all that stuff, ain't it? Real dull. Awful.

Chase: It's no problem.

House: Well, thank goodness. A lot of people would resent having to do this.

[Cut to Foreman looking around for Brenda.]

Foreman: [to a nurse] Where's the 12-year-old girl that was here?

Nurse: Needed the gurney.

Foreman: She just had a lumbar puncture, she's not supposed to be moved!

Nurse: Sorry, we needed the gurney. [Foreman walks the hallways, looking for Mary, and finds her lying on a couch.]

Foreman: Hey.

Coach: Hey.

Foreman: You okay? How's your head feeling?

Coach: She's got a headache, and she's dizzy.

Foreman: She shouldn't have been moved after the procedure, I'm sorry.

Mary: I'm fine, what did the test show?

Foreman: No meningitis, no other infections.

Mary: But you're not carrying a blue form. I have something else, don't I?

Foreman: Something's causing your symptoms. We're going to keep you overnight. I know it's



a little crazy here, but hopefully things will settle down and we'll get you a room. [Mary starts to cry.]

Mary: I'm sorry. I'm not usually all emotional like this.

Coach: You're doing great. Your folks will land in a few hours.

Mary: I just... I haven't slept, I'm so tired. [She wipes her eyes.] Oh my God, my eye's bleeding. What is it, what's happening? [Foreman checks it out with his pocket flashlight.]

Foreman: Oh, don't worry. The antibiotic we gave you in case you had meningitis can turn your tears reddish. That's not blood. [He notices something, and opens her mouth to reveal bloody teeth and gums.] But that... that's blood.

[Cut to Mary looking into a endoscope.]

Mary: That's going into my stomach?

Chase: The vials showed blood in your GI tract. We need to find out where it's coming from. You won't feel it. I'm going to numb the back of your throat and Dr. Foreman is going to give you a sedative. Open. [Mary opens her mouth, and Chase sprays her throat. The three of them are gathering a crowd of spectators.] Swallow. Now lay on your side for me. And here we go. [Chase rolls his eyes at the people crowding him.] Yell "fire," or something.

Foreman: People, this area is highly contagious. Please step back. Highly contagious.

Chase: All right. Try to relax, Mary, this shouldn't take too long. [He inserts the scope, and he and Foreman watch it's progress on the monitor.]

Foreman: Don't see any tears or lesions.

Chase: All right, I'm in her stomach. There's no bleeding.

Foreman: There was more than a tablespoon of blood in her stomach, so it's got to be there. Maybe her small intestine.

Chase: 30 feet of digestive tract, it could be anywhere in there. We're not going to see it with

this.

[Cut to Chase, holding up a pill camera.]

Chase: Believe it or not, this is a camera. You swallow it, and it goes all the way through your system. The antennae pick up the signal from the pill. [Mary is wearing a belt with the sensor equipment.] We're going to look at the video of your intestines, see where the blood is coming from, and fix it. Water? Down the hatch. [She swallows it.]

[Cut to the three doctors watching the camera footage in House's office.]

House: Think I've seen this movie. The ending's kind of dark. [He offers some candy to Foreman.] Want one? [He pretends to offer one to Chase, but takes it away when he starts to take one.] How come you did the endoscopy?

Chase: He asked for help!

Foreman: Her blood pressure was high, I was worried –

House: Foreman is not your boss. When I tell you to do something – whoa. Hold it there. Back it up a couple of frames. [He looks intently at the image on the screen.] Oh, yeah! That's your money shot.

Foreman: I don't see anything.

House: Really? Ginormous thing on the right side of her intestine doesn't even intrigue you?

Foreman: Does ginormous mean really big or really, really big, 'cause I don't see anything.

Chase: There? A Dieulafoy?

Foreman: Oh. Well, we can burn off the swollen blood vessel, but it still doesn't account for her other symptoms.

House: No, but it does tell us something. Though I have no idea what.

Foreman: Could be a precursor to intestinal intussusception.

House: Precursor isn't causing all of her other symptoms. What else? [Cuddy enters.]

Cuddy: You, in the lobby, now.

House: I hurt my leg. I have a note.

Cuddy: You had your hour. Three, actually.

House: Dr. Chase, I told you to tell us when our time was up. She has intestinal bleeding.

Cuddy: She'll wait. Two more buses just arrived. We need you downstairs.

House: No, you need more nurses. But you cut back on the nursing staff so you have doctors doing what the nurses should be doing.

Cuddy: That's true. I wonder if that has anything to do with you costing us \$100 million.

[Cut to House, Foreman, Chase and Wilson seeing patients and talking about Mary at the same time.]

House: [to patient, handing her a blue slip] Go, be free. [A bouncy teen walks up.]

Foreman: It's not the intussusception, what about stomach cancer?

Wilson: Does she have any abdominal pain?

Chase: No.

Wilson: Then it's not stomach cancer. Have you ruled out sepsis?

Chase: The LP and blood smear showed no signs of infection. [hands a blue slip to a patient] Here. Take these two pills and you can go. [House sniffs the hair of his patient.]

Foreman: Well, the lab's working at double their capacity, maybe someone screwed up.

House: No fever, no neck pain. Take the elevator to the third floor.

Wilson: Whoa, whoa, whoa, wrong form. No fever, no neck pain, she's fine.

House: Smell her hair, no chlorine. Which means she wasn't at the pool. Which means she's come to a quarantined area because she's a idiot or she's insane. No one is that stupid. East wing, psych ward, bye-bye. [She wanders off.]

Chase: Neck pain could be a symptom for bone cancer.

House: You up to Bs? Well done!

Wilson: It would account for all her meningial symptoms. Rash, fever... [to patient] You're fine. Take these two pills...

House: [to Foreman] Get a sample of her bone marrow.

Foreman: From here?

House: Break time.

Foreman: Need more than 15 minutes.

House: Use Chase's break, too. Go.

[Cut to House and Wilson walking in the hall.]

Wilson: You should just fire Chase.

House: What, and miss out on all this fun?

Wilson: So you're going to t\*rture him for a while and then fire him? That's cold.

House: You don't think he has it coming?

Wilson: Hey, I said fire him. [Random patient in the hallway vomits. I say because I care.]

House: That's cold. All he did was save his job.

Wilson: What? He completely screwed you over! [House spies Cuddy walking there way.]

House: Right rudder. [She follows.] Bank, bank, bank!

Cuddy: Good coffee? [Having stopped the show here, I'd like to point out that right here, both House and Wilson are staring at Cuddy's cleavage. Bwah.] The rest of this hospital is busting it's tail, and... [House raises the chart he's holding to cover Cuddy's midsection.] What are you doing?

House: Trying to think of anything except the produce department at Whole Foods. [Wilson tries not to smile/laugh.]

Cuddy: I am... working, it got hot, stop acting like a 13-year-old!

House: Sorry, you just don't usually see breasts like that on Deans of Medicine.

Cuddy: Oh, women can't be heads of hospitals? Or just ugly ones?

House: No, they can be babes. You just don't usually see their funbags.

Cuddy: Your 3 o'clock interview for Dr. Cameron's position is in your office.

House: Ah, not interviewing today. I don't know if you've heard, but there's this big time epidemic. Many sick people puking in the hallways, it's crazy.

Wilson: I'll send the interview home, we can reschedule.

Cuddy: No, you won't. You will interview this person, and if he can put two sentences together you will send him to the lobby where he will do his job. Unlike the two of you.

[Cut to Foreman, once again trying to get things out of Brenda.]

Foreman: Come on, you know I can't do a bone marrow aspiration in the hallway.

Brenda: And I can't give you a procedure room.

Foreman: I just need something at least close to a sterile environment.

Brenda: I need 10 more nurses.

Foreman: Brenda, listen, listen. She'll die.

Brenda: At least she'll have a bed, then. [to another nurse] Put that over there. [And an idea hits Dr. Foreman!]

[Cut to... the morgue. Yup, you heard me.]

Mary: Are there dead people in those cabinets?

Foreman: I hope that's who's in there. Just be calm, relax.

Mary: Ow, ow.

Foreman: Hang on, hang on. Almost done.

[Cut to House with Doctor #1, Roger Spain (or as he's known to the rest of the world, Ben Jelen). Wilson is there to stop it from getting bloody.]

Dr. Spain: You know, I really admire the way you don't care what anyone thinks. You just do what you want, the way you want.

Wilson: So, you went to Hopkins for both undergrad and med school?

Dr. Spain: That's right.

House: He's in a band.

Dr. Spain: You into music?

House: Totally. What kind of music do you play?

Dr. Spain: Um, mostly blues, you know. James Cotton, some original stuff.

House: [pops a Vicodin] Oh, dude. You are so hired.

Dr. Spain: Really?

House: Not a chance.

Dr. Spain: Why?

House: Tattoo. [Dr. Spain turns his right arm to reveal a kanji symbol on his forearm.]

Dr. Spain: Wow. I thought you'd be the last person to have a problem with nonconformity.

House: Nonconformity, right. I can't remember the last time I saw a 20-something kid with a tattoo of an Asian letter on his wrist. You are one wicked free thinker. You want to be a rebel? Stop being cool. Wear a pocket protector like he does and get a haircut. Like the Asian kids who don't leave the library for 20 hours stretches, they're the ones who don't care what you think. Sayonara. [Dr. Spain leaves.]

Wilson: So should I go through all the resumes looking for Asian names?

House: Actually, the Asian kids are probably just responding to parental pressure, but my point is still valid.

[Cut to Mary, who has a bed in the hallway. Her team is gathered around her.]

Teammate #1: So when do they think you're getting out of here?

Mary: I don't know.

Teammate #2: You don't look sick.

Teammate #1: Better hope you're not, this equipment looks like it's 100 years old. [Foreman walks up.]

Foreman: Just got it out of storage. It is the previous generation, but it works just fine. Could you guys give us a second?

Mary: If it's good news, you can tell them.

Foreman: Okay. We're pretty sure it's not cancer.

Teammate #2: Hey, that's great.

Coach: I'll call your parents.

Foreman: Well, we still can't release her. We still don't know yet exactly what's causing the – [A monitor beeps.] Mary? [Foreman looks into her eyes with his flashlight.]

Coach: What's wrong? [Mary is unresponsive and unmoving.]

Foreman: She's having an absence seizure. Mary, you okay?

Coach: She looks fine.

Foreman: I need some help over here! [to a nurse] Push two milligrams Ativan, stat!

[Cut to Chase, Foreman and House in the bathroom/locker room.]

House: Are you sure it was an absence seizure?

Foreman: Absolutely. She was totally unresponsive and unaware of what was going on around her. [Sounds of someone groaning in a stall. Er... yeah.]

House: Do you mind? We're trying to work.

Chase: We should get back out there. Cuddy's going to be looking for us.

House: Looking, but not finding. You do an EEG?

Foreman: Seizure frequency's increasing. They're almost constant now. 5 in the last half hour.

House: Which tells us...

Foreman: It's definitely in the brain.

Chase: And it's getting worse.

House: And? [More groaning.] Good lord, are you having a bowel movement or a baby?

Chase: Could be barbiturate withdrawal.

Foreman: No, can't be dr\*gs. She's tested at every meet she competes in.

House: A bleed in the brain can cause seizures.

Chase: Rat poison. Could also cause the neck pain.

Foreman: You think she's eating off the floor of her folks' garage?

House: Doesn't have to be.

Foreman: Who would poison a 12-year-old?

House: Well, let's see now, there's the 18-year-old has-been that she beat out to make Nationals, the has-been's parents, jealous siblings, sociopathic swim fan, and then there's just your plain old garden variety whack job. [The toilet flushes, and some kid patient walks out of the stall.] Hey! You know what a hemorrhoid is?

Kid: No.

House: Well, google it. And try some Raisin Bran instead of the donuts. [He turns on the faucet with his cane.] Okay, do a CT scan, check for intercranial bleeding.

Foreman: Not a chance, radiology's totally swamped.

House: If our patient's bleeding into her brain, she's gonna be dead in 8 hours.

Foreman: She could be, but a meningitis patient will be without a CT scan.

Chase: When I was in med school, I had this old professor –



House: -- who touched you in the naughty place?

Chase: Before the CT scan was introduced, he specialized in transcranial ultrasound.

House: Hmm. Ancient, but if there's enough bleeding it might work. Okay, do what the guy who didn't specialize in neurology said. [Foreman leaves.]

Chase: It was my idea!

House: [mimics him, then] You've still got to cover Q-Z.

[Cut to House entering his office, where Wilson is sitting with Doctor #2, Petra Gilmar.]

House: Sorry I'm late, I was taking a dump.

Dr. Gilmar: I'm guessing I'm better off interviewing right after than right before.

Wilson: Dr. Petra Gilmar, Dr. Gregory House.

House: You actually speak four languages, or you just banking on never being interviewed by anyone who does? [He takes some Vicodin.]

Dr. Gilmar: It's true. And I can swear in two more.

House: Why are you leaving Dr. Hazel? Did you fall for him and can't handle it, or is it the other way around? [Wilson is a little shocked by the way this conversation is going.]

Wilson: Yes, well, pretty much every fellowship ends that way.

Dr. Gilmar: No, it was nothing like that.

House: You Jewish? [Wilson gives him a "hey, now!" kind of look.]

Dr. Gilmar: Yes.

House: Is it true what they say about Jewish foreplay?

Wilson: Uh, uh...

Dr. Gilmar: Two hours of begging?

House: I heard four.

Dr. Gilmar: Well, actually, I'm only half-Jewish. [Wilson and House exchange looks.] Look, I know you like to play games with people. I know you like to say outrageous things and study how they react. What you should know about me is that I grew up with four brothers. Keep your hands to yourself, I'm okay with anything that comes out of your mouth.

Wilson: Well, that's great. I think that's all we'll need. Thank you for coming by.

Dr. Gilmar: Thank you. [She shakes Wilson's hand, and House's. Wilson closes the door as she leaves.]

Wilson: That's our Hitler!

House: No way.

Wilson: Are you kidding? Her background's perfect, she's smart, she can obviously deal with your insanity...

House: Did you see her shoes?

Wilson: Her shoes? What, did your horoscope in Vogue tell you to avoid women wearing green shoes?

House: The eyes can mislead, the smile can lie, but the shoes always tell the truth.

Wilson: They were Prada. It means she has good taste.

House: They were not Prada. You wouldn't know Prada if one stepped on your scrotum.

Wilson: Okay, well, they were nice, pointy...

House: Exactly, they were stylish, and very painful to wear. Only an incredibly shallow and insecure woman would rather be in pain all day then wear a decent looking, comfortable shoe, and that's exactly the type I don't need around here.

Wilson: No, someone who can handle a lot of pain is exactly the type you do need.

[Cut to Foreman, looking through cabinets in Exam Room One for ultrasound equipment.]

Foreman: [to the doctor doing meningitis tests] Excuse me.

[Cut to Chase, still diligently researching.]

[Cut to Foreman, doing the ultrasound.]

[Cut to Chase, performing a tox screen.]

[Cut to Mary, waking up.]

Mary: What are you doing?

Foreman: I'm ultrasounding your head. You're still having seizures. This should help us figure out what's going on.

[Cut to House and Wilson doing meningitis tests and talking.]

House: Blue form to the security guard.

Wilson: You're not going to be happy with anyone.

House: So what, your advice is... hire someone I'm not happy with and be happy?

Wilson: No, my advice is much more subtle. Stop being an ass. You always find some tiny little flaw to push people away.

House: Now it's people. I thought we were talking about fellowship applicants.

Wilson: You have a history of this.

House: Well, when I do decide to push you away, I hope there's a small person kneeling behind you so you fall down and hurt your head.

Wilson: Take these, there's water over there, blue form to the guard, and you're done. [House and Wilson walk off.] You had the perfect person, and you blew it.

House: You saw the shoes!

Wilson: I'm not talking about her.

House: You're talking about Cameron.

Wilson: I'm talking about every woman you've ever given a damn about.

House: Cameron is so not perfect.

Wilson: Well, nobody's perfect.

House: Mother Teresa?

Wilson: Dead.

House: Angelina Jolie?

Wilson: No medical degree.

House: Now who's being picky?

Wilson: You're going to wind up alone, House. [Foreman and Chase walk up.]

Foreman: You were right, there's a significant bleed in her temporal lobe.

Chase: No poisons. Did a tox screen on her blood, urine and hair, nothing. Did 'em twice.

Cuddy: [to a nurse, working on a patient] He's a little dehydrated, put him on a saline drip and give him some orange juice. [House walks up.]

House: I need an operating room and a surgeon.

Cuddy: Oh, well, given the current crisis I'm tempted to say no, but since you've been so sweet to me today –

House: Our little mermaid is bleeding into her temporal lobe.

Cuddy: How fast can you have her prepped?

House: 20 minutes.

Cuddy: You'll have a surgeon in the room in 10.

[Cut to the surgery, where there is drilling and such.]

[Cut to Foreman, going to talk to Mary's parents, who have just arrived.]

Foreman: Mr. and Mrs. Carroll?

Mr. Carroll: Are you Dr. House?

Coach: This is Dr. Foreman.

Mr. Carroll: Is Mary all right?

Foreman: The operation went well. The intracranial pressure's been relieved and the swelling's already going down.

Mr. Carroll: Thank God.

Mrs. Carroll: Well, what happened? Did she bang her head at a meet, or did she

Coach: No, nothing like that.

Mrs. Carroll: Then why is she bleeding? Is she going to be all right?

Foreman: We're sorry, we still don't know.

[Cut to House, staring at the white board.]

[Cut to the team in the Diagnostic office.]

Chase: No toxins, no tumor, no bone cancer.

Foreman: Adrenal failure could cause the rash, fever and muscle pain. Maybe it's some sort of genetic kidney disorder.

Chase: No family history, and no blood in her urine or...

Foreman: Not yet.

Chase: You want to do a differential based on symptoms that might happen?

Foreman: Got a better idea?

House: Stop it. Stop looking for things we don't know and focus on what we do know. What do we actually know besides what's up there? Come on, how hard can it be to tell me what you already know?

Chase: She's 12.

Foreman: She spends a lot of time at the pool, so exposure to chemicals.

Chase: She travels a lot.

Foreman: But never out of the country.

House: What else? Come on! [He leaves the room.]

[Cut to House, looking in on Mary through the wall.]

House: [to Chase and Foreman, who just walked up] We're missing something.

Chase: What?

House: Well, if I knew that it wouldn't be missing.

Chase: Maybe she's adopted and we've got the wrong history.

House: No, she's got her mom's eyes and a red patch of hair just like dad.

Foreman: What about an allergic reaction?

Chase: Could explain the rash and muscle pain, but not the bleeding or seizures.

House: That's a lot of balloons.

Chase: Think she's allergic to polyester?

House: Not unless she's been competing in the nude all these years.

Chase: Then what are you thinking? What do the balloons mean?

House: What if the rash isn't a rash?

Foreman: What are you talking about?

House: Who gave her the balloons?

Foreman: Some of the girls from her team. They've been visiting her pretty regularly, but none of them are sick.

House: What about the guys?

Foreman: None of them are sick either.

House: Which guys visited her?

Foreman: Actually, none.

House: She's cute, she's nice, she's a kick-ass diver. You'd think the guys would be falling over themselves to get close to her.

Foreman: She's 12. The youngest guy on her team is 16.

House: Okay, so maybe they're just not interested. Or...

Chase: They're avoiding her.

House: There any cell fragments in her blood smears?

Chase: No, red blood cells were intact.

House: Check 'em again.

[Cut to Chase and Foreman looking at the blood in the lab. The cells are very cut up.]

Chase: Blood looks like it's been put through the blender, now. [House enters.]

House: You done yet?

Foreman: You were right. Rash wasn't a rash, she's bleeding into her skin. It's purpura.

Chase: Thrombocytopenia purpura?

House: Starts with T. You were so close.

Foreman: What could have set it off? She had no trace of E. Coli in her cultures, she's obviously not menopausal, so no estrogen.

House: There is one other possible cause.

Chase: Oh, God.

[Cut to House, doing an ultrasound on Mary's abdomen.]

House: Pregnancy cause all kinds of chemical and biological changes in a woman's body. Or a girl's body, as the case may be. [He moves the screen so she can see the fetus.] In extremely rare cases, everything goes haywire. It's called TTP. Blood starts clotting like crazy, clogs the vessels in your brain and kidneys. Red blood cells end up getting shredded as they squeeze past the clot like a fat guy in a crowded bar. I'm sure you know what that's like. You're only 12, but you're all grown up, right? [He offers her tissues.] Travel on your own, hang out in hotel rooms getting room service with your teammates, maybe someone sneaks in a couple of beers, you start playing spin the bottle... next thing you know you're waking up in nothing but your

socks.

Mary: It wasn't like that.

House: Of course not. You wanted it.

Mary: Yeah, I did. He turned out to be a jerk, but...

House: Actually, under New Jersey law the term is 'felon.'

Mary: I knew what I was doing.

House: We're going to have to do something called plasmapheresis. It cleans the antibodies from your blood. We're also going to have to terminate the pregnancy.

Mary: You're going to tell my parents?

House: Someone should. Rock paper scissors?

Mary: They don't need to know. I'll be all right.

House: Of course you will. If you're old enough to bleed out of your vag\*na, obviously you're old enough to handle a simple thing like an abortion without Mommy and Daddy's help.

Mary: You're going to tell my parents?

House: Under New Jersey law, you're the boss.

[Cut to House walking to the Carrolls.]

House: Your daughter has TTP. Don't worry, it's curable, she'll be fine.

Mrs. Carroll: Well, wait! What does TTP stand for?

House: Some really big words that you've never heard before and when we're done we'll never hear again. Have a nice day.

Mr. Carroll: Well, when can we take her home?

House: Uh, in a few days. She needs some minor surgery to remove the underlying cause before we can do the... another really big word.

Mr. Carroll: What's the underlying cause?



House: She has an abnormal growth in her abdomen.

Mrs. Carroll: What kind of surgery?

House: It's very simple. We do it here all the time.

Mr. Carroll: Could you be a little more specific?

House: Actually, no. I'm sorry.

[Cut to Mary, having the abortion. We can see tears rolling down her cheeks.]

[Cut to Mary's room, where Foreman and Chase are taking away IVs and such.]

Chase: You're doing good.

Foreman: Feeling okay?

Mary: Yeah.

Chase: You should be, your platelet count's up.

Foreman: How's your neck? [Mary moves it around.] Looks good. Anything else we can get you?

Mary: No thanks.

Foreman: Okay. [They start to leave.]

Mary: Yeah. [They turn.] Can I see my mom and dad?

[Cut to House watching Mary as she tells her parents what happened. Mary breaks down, and her mother gives her a hug.]

Chase: [walking up] Plasmapheresis is working, she's going to be fine.

House: I know.

[Cut to the hospital staff cleaning up. The epidemic is over.]

[Cut to House's office, where he is sitting with Wilson and Doctor #3, Arlene Marks. No one is talking.]

Dr. Marks: I can't even tell you how much I appreciate the opportunity to meet with you. [And

House... remains silent.] The moment I heard you had another fellowship opening, I –

House: There is no opening.

Wilson: House, you have to hire someone.

House: I know. The position's been filled.

Dr. Marks: Why am I interviewing for a position that's already been filled?

House: Exactly. [He gets up to leave.]

Dr. Marks: I called to confirm the interview this morning.

House: You figure if you keep arguing I'm going to cave, admit it's all a lie, and hire you? [He leaves.]

Wilson: Do you need your parking validated?

[Cut to Cameron's apartment, and I swear the walls still look eerily similar. Weeeeeird. There's a knocking at her chamber door, and she goes to answer.]

House: I don't want to interview anyone else.

Cameron: You're interviewing? I thought you'd just have them send a headshot along with their CV.

House: Hah. That's good. And why I need you around. To keep me in my place. [He keeps trying to look into Cameron's apartment. Heh.]

Cameron: I can't come back, I told you that.

House: Wasn't listening.

Cameron: Right.

House: You want me to listen to you more? I can do that.

Cameron: Right. I already accepted a position somewhere else.

House: With who?

Cameron: Yule, at Jefferson.

House: Unaccept it.

Cameron: Why?

House: Because Yule is boring. He's pedantic and preachy. Because he's short. Because I want you to come back.

Cameron: Not good enough.

House: Want more money? A car allowance, better parking space?

Cameron: Dinner. And not just a meal between two colleagues. A date.

House: You'll come back to work if I go out on a date with you?

Cameron: Yes.

House: Okay, it's a deal. [They shake on it.]

Cameron: See you tomorrow morning.

House: Don't be late.

Cameron: I won't. [She closes the door.]