

House season 4, episode 1

excerpts

[He puts on a monitor and looks.] \n GREG HOUSE: Scraping in the uterus indicates that she had an abortion. But nothing in her medical history. Only one reason to hide an abortion. Boyfriend wants babies, s', " indicates that she had an abortion. But nothing in her medical history. Only one reason to hide an abortion. Boyfriend wants babies, she doesn't. \n SURGEON: She's bleeding everywhere. Unless the guy was perf", "d wants babies, she doesn't. \n SURGEON: She's bleeding everywhere. Unless the guy was performing an abortion with a shotgun... \n LISA CUDDY: [over intercom] Stop enabling him! \n GREG HOUSE: It's not the abort", "rtion with a shotgun... \n LISA CUDDY: [over intercom] Stop enabling him! \n GREG HOUSE: It's not the abortion, it's what she did after. The boyfriend would have noticed condoms. He would notice abstinence. He ", "e arm.] \n BEN PROSNER: What the hell did you did you find out? \n GREG HOUSE: Your girlfriend had an abortion. See why I didn't tell you? I'd be insane to also tell you that she's on the pill. \n BEN PROSNER: N", "er chart. [reading the chart] She's on MAO Inhibitors for depression. She's on the pill. She had an abortion a month ago. And she's allergic to cephalosporin. \n BEN PROSNER: [apprehensive] What's going on her"]

transcript

[Megan's office. Day. Megan Bradberry walks through the office, cradling her cell phone on her shoulder, talking to her boyfriend, Ben Prosner.]

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Yeah, I said I'm sorry. I'm just not feeling too hot.

INTERCUT WITH: [Office Parking Lot. Day. Ben Prosner gets out of his car, speaking to her.]

BEN PROSNER: [into phone] You're sneezing. You can do that at a movie theatre.

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Yeah, and I'll be in a nice old chair when I collapse. I'm exhausted, babe.

BEN PROSNER: [into phone] Oh, come on! We're gonna be late! Episode Four never comes to the big screen. This is the pre-Lucas-ised version, remember? None of that "Greedo sh**ting first" crap.

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Go without me.

BEN PROSNER: [into phone] What are you talking about? You love Star Wars. [uncertain] Don't you?

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Ben...

[She hands a sheet of paper to a spectacled lady sitting at her cubicle.]

BEN PROSNER: [into phone, scandalized] Since when?

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Since just before I started pretending I loved it.

[He lets out a loud sigh.]

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] I'm sorry. I was just trying to be supportive.

BEN PROSNER: [into phone, shortly] Fine. I'll go alone.

[He hangs up, peeved.]

[She hangs up as well, shaking her head.]

[He stands a while, sighing. He takes a look at the office building (where she works). He thinks for a second or two...]

[Her phone rings, as she walks between cubicles. She answers it.]

BEN PROSNER: [into phone, sincere] Baby, I'm sorry.

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Me too. I'm so woozy I can hardly think.

BEN PROSNER: [into phone] We'll hang out at home.

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] No, you should go.

[Suddenly, there's a rumbling sound and the office starts to shake. Big ripples appear in the water cooler bottle. She looks around, warily.]

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Did you just feel something?

[Outside, the place is still. Ben looks around, confused.]

BEN PROSNER: [into phone] Feel? Like what?

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Is there an earthquake?

[She sees someone's hula girl toy, perched on top of a cubicle wall, swaying.]

BEN PROSNER: [into phone] In New Jersey?

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Oh, God.

BEN PROSNER: [into phone] What?

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] I think I'm, like...

[A ceiling light starts to flicker, while the ceiling itself starts to break apart.]

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] ...hallucinating.

[The hula girl toy is now rocking back and forth like crazy. The water in the cooler bottle is now splashing around heavily. The ceiling starts to shake harder, while the light flickers on and off.]

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [scared, into phone] Call 911.

[The ceiling light falls out.]

[A loud scream is heard, as Ben watches in horror as the office building explodes from inside. A huge cloud of dust and debris flies towards him, as he falls back, covering himself. When the dust finally settles, Ben, covered in dust and covering his mouth with his jacket, stands up slowly. A car alarm sounds in the background. Papers fly everywhere. Ben looks horrified at the collapsed building. The camera pans upwards, past the twisted metal and debris, and focuses on the dusty hula girl toy, still swaying.]

[Aerial View of Princeton–Plainsboro Teaching Hospital (PPTH). Day. A really loud and pretty well–played guitar riff is heard.]

[House's Office. Day. Dr. Gregory House tries to bring the house down (idiomatically) with a

new V-shaped electric guitar, connected to an amplifier. He continues to play as his patient, yet long-suffering boss, Dr. Lisa Cuddy, tries to get through to him.]

LISA CUDDY: Twenty-six-year-old female, gas main exploded under her building, she was pulled out of the rubble after six hours.

[House couldn't care less. He plays the same loud guitar riff again, drawing annoyed stares (like he gives a crap) from passers-by.]

LISA CUDDY: [continuing when he's done] Two surgeries for multiple fractures and burns.

GREG HOUSE: I'm thinking the broken bones are a response to the building falling on her head.
[gives her a "but-I-could-be-wrong" shrug]

[He continues playing. She walks up.]

LISA CUDDY: And the fever? She's the only collapse victim whose body temperature...

GREG HOUSE: [interrupting] Put her on antipyretics.

[He continues playing the guitar. Cuddy patiently waits for him to stop. She speaks when he does.]

LISA CUDDY: Already have. The fever's holding at a hundred-and-four. Fluctuating consciousness.

GREG HOUSE: Can't take the case. I don't have a team.

LISA CUDDY: [smilingly holds up a file of résumés] So hire a team.

GREG HOUSE: What for? I don't have a case.

[She puts the file on his desk.]

LISA CUDDY: Have you even interviewed anybody?

GREG HOUSE: You test drive a car before you buy it. You have sex before you get married. I can't hire a team based on a ten-minute interview. What if I don't like having sex with them?

[He lower-lip-pouts and twangs the guitar (quite funny). He starts to play again. She walks over

to the amplifier and yanks out the cable, effectively stopping the rendition.]

LISA CUDDY: You've spent the last two weeks doing absolutely nothing. Concert is over.

GREG HOUSE: In what twisted universe does mastering Eddie Van Halen's two-handed arpeggio technique count as absolutely nothing?

LISA CUDDY: [threatening] Take the case or you will spend the next month helping the collapse team change bandages.

[Resigned, House looks down.]

GREG HOUSE: [betting] I diagnose her... alone... by the end of the day, you go away for a week.

LISA CUDDY: Done.

[She dangles the guitar cable in front of him, almost daring him to keep playing now. He takes it and she walks out. He shakes the lead at her as she leaves and throws the cable aside.]

[Cuddy's Office. Day. Cuddy speaks to House's long-suffering (and only) friend, Dr. James Wilson, about the bet.]

JAMES WILSON: It's not gonna work.

LISA CUDDY: If he solves the case, we cure the girl.

JAMES WILSON: And prove he doesn't need a team.

LISA CUDDY: He's not gonna solve the case. Not that fast.

JAMES WILSON: Why not?

LISA CUDDY: [insisting] Because he needs a team! And this'll prove to him...

JAMES WILSON: You wanna change his mind about something, you need a more convincing argument than "You promised."

[They look at each other.]

[Diagnostics Office (adjoining House's Office). Day. House writes "FEVER" on his beloved whiteboard.]

GREG HOUSE: [announcing as he writes] Fever. Non-responsive to antibiotics and antipyretics.

[He writes "FL. CONSC.".]

GREG HOUSE: Fluctuating consciousness. Go!

[He turns around to an empty table. Duh! He sighs and snaps the lid on the marker.]

LEON THE JANITOR: [vo] You talking to me?

[House turns and sees a heavy-set, balding janitor (Leon the Janitor) in his office, with his cleaning stuff.]

GREG HOUSE: [thinks a sec] Yes.

[Leon sits in front of House, as House analogizes the case with his understanding of janitorial duties.]

GREG HOUSE: Imagine that... the roof of the storage closet collapses on your favorite... [seeing the spray bottle in Leon's hand] floor buffer. Which then starts overheating.

LEON THE JANITOR: Why would I have a favorite floor buffer?

[House gives him a "Because..." look.]

LEON THE JANITOR: Okay. [thinks] Maybe the electrical works got banged up in there from stuff falling on it.

GREG HOUSE: Hmm, interesting. Brain damage leading to hypothalamic dysregulation.

[He turns to write it on the whiteboard, but stops.]

GREG HOUSE: Nah. If you're brought in covered in rubble, it's all about the MRIs. We'd have seen that. [clapping his hands] C'mon! Gotta earn that fiver.

LEON THE JANITOR: [pointing to the spray] Or stuff leaked in the holes, messing it up.

GREG HOUSE: Lacerations leave multiple portals for infection. Bacteria would've responded to the antibiotics. 'S too high for viral.

[He starts to write on the 'board.]

GREG HOUSE: [as he writes] Parasites or fungus is possible.

LEON THE JANITOR: Or maybe lupus.

[House stops writing and sh**t him a questioning look.]

LEON THE JANITOR: Grandma has lupus.

[House shrugs and starts to write again.]

GREG HOUSE: [writing] Okay, autoimmune. I'll run a lupus panel. Infection fits best. Complete history would be helpful. Which leads to the worst part of the job.

[He takes his cane off the board and turns to Leon.]

GREG HOUSE: Dealing with the floor buffer's family.

[He looks at Leon and frowns, an idea forming in his twisted mind.]

[Megan's Room. Day. House speaks to Megan's mother, while Ben stands nearby.]

MRS. BRADBERRY: We talked every couple of weeks, but Ben would know better than I...

BEN PROSNER: No farms, no travel anywhere weird.

GREG HOUSE: You get that, Dr. Buffer?

[Camera pans off Ben to "Dr. Buffer", or should we say, Leon the Janitor in a lab coat.]

"DR. BUFFER": No travel, no farm.

GREG HOUSE: The file says she was sick before the building collapsed.

[House looks at Megan's unconscious form on the bed, her face d*sfigured horribly. Her left eye is stitched shut, her cheeks are swollen, her mouth has multiple stitches on it. She breathes through a respirator.]

BEN PROSNER: I figured it was just a cold. Why, do you think's related?

GREG HOUSE: Her being sick and her being sick? Often is.

BEN PROSNER: She was unconscious when I found her.

[House flashes a pen light in her eye.]

BEN PROSNER: [hesitates] We'd been fighting. I just wanna... Just tell me she's gonna be okay.

GREG HOUSE: [as cruel as he can be] I'm not even sure you're gonna be okay.

[Ben looks down in grief. "Dr. Buffer" walks forward and gently places his hand on Ben's shoulder, much to House's surprise.]

"DR. BUFFER": [sympathetic] We're gonna make her all better.

[Ben nods in gratitude. House looks at the touching moment, almost nauseous.]

[PPTH Hallway. Day. House and "Dr. Buffer" walk.]

GREG HOUSE: Show-off.

"DR. BUFFER": You oughta be nicer to people.

[House gives him a dubious look.]

"DR. BUFFER": Where are we going?

[House pulls the stethoscope off "Dr. Buffer's" neck.]

GREG HOUSE: You know how the laughter of little children is infectious? Well, parasites and fungi are even more so. We're gonna find out which one is making her brain bubble over.

"DR. BUFFER": Where, the building?

GREG HOUSE: EPA's doing that job for us. They say it's clean. Which means we're making a pilgrimage to Castle Blackberry.

"DR. BUFFER": [checking the file] Her name's Bradberry. I should ask them for keys.

GREG HOUSE: No need. I'm sure we can find a large rock somewhere.

["Dr. Buffer" stops walking.]

"DR. BUFFER": I'm not breaking into somebody's house.

[House stops and turns towards him.]

"DR. BUFFER": I got principles.

GREG HOUSE: [patting his pocket] I got some loose change here says you don't.

"DR. BUFFER": [shaking his head] I'm not doing this... for less than a fifty.

[House drops his head and looks at "Dr. Buffer".]

[House's Car. Day. Handheld camera inside the car. House drives, with Wilson as his passenger.

They drive through the suburbs.]

JAMES WILSON: Where's the restaurant?

GREG HOUSE: What restaurant?

JAMES WILSON: The one you said you were taking me to for lunch.

GREG HOUSE: Oh. [points to one house] Uhhh, this one's homier. Dibs on the cold pizza.

[Wilson looks bewildered. House fixes his Disability card under his rear-view mirror.]

[Outside Megan and Ben's home. Day. House and Wilson stand outside, while House tries to jimmy the lock.]

JAMES WILSON: I'm sure it looked easier on YouTube.

[House has no success with the lock. He stands up and takes his cane from Wilson. He looks around for witnesses and then, breaks the window (near the lock) with the cane.]

GREG HOUSE: Oops.

[Putting his arm through the broken window, he unlocks the door.]

[Megan and Ben's home, kitchen. House opens a cabinet, looks around and shuts it. Sitting on his haunches, he opens the cabinet underneath the washbasin and looks around. Wilson walks up, complaining.]

JAMES WILSON: Yeah, you don't need a team. You can't even get arrested without company.

GREG HOUSE: You're right. Only one solution. Never replace 'em. Ever.

JAMES WILSON: Do you need help?

[House grimaces in pain.]

GREG HOUSE: Yeah, yeah, patronize the poor cr*ppe.

[He tries to move.]

GREG HOUSE: [wincing] Ow.

JAMES WILSON: Lemme... get that.

GREG HOUSE: I got it.

[Wilson kneels down and reaches for House's cotton swab.]

JAMES WILSON: Will you... let me... just let me get it.

[House hands him the swab and turns around, trying not to smile. He stands upright, smiling victoriously.]

GREG HOUSE: I'll check the bedroom.

[Megan and Ben's home, bedroom. House jumps onto the bed and lies down comfortably.]

GREG HOUSE: [calling out, as if hard at work] Some interesting mold on the windowsill here! It's gonna take me a while.

JAMES WILSON: [resigned] I'll cover the bathroom.

[Still on the bed, House looks at some books ("Zodiac Signs", "The Princess and the Wolf") on the nightstand nearby. He has a thought and props his head up. He turns his head towards the bookcase. He looks at the books, neatly standing on the shelves – except for one ("Old Bug"), which juts out halfway. He gets up off the bed and limps towards the bookcase. He removes the "Old Bug" book and pulls out another one (hidden behind it). He opens it, finding handwritten text inside.]

[Megan and Ben's home, kitchen. Wilson sits at the counter, cutting up a newspaper, when House enters, reading the book he unearthed.]

GREG HOUSE: She had a secret diary.

JAMES WILSON: Is there any other kind?

GREG HOUSE: What're you doing?

JAMES WILSON: There's a sale on Liquid Tide.

GREG HOUSE: If you're broke, I can lend you a tiny bit of the money I owe you.

JAMES WILSON: No, no, I wouldn't put you in that position. What does the diary say?

GREG HOUSE: It's basically a list of her sexual encounters. Boys, girls, vibrating appliances.

JAMES WILSON: If it was, you'd be quoting, not summarizing.

GREG HOUSE: [reading the diary] This is a parade of sad banalities. "I can hardly get out of bed. Feeling blue." Then, three months ago, turns into a parade of happy banalities. "Starting to turn the corner. Job's looking up."

JAMES WILSON: We can stop swabbing. Her clichés are getting healthier.

GREG HOUSE: Or she's less depressed. Aren't there pills that do that?

JAMES WILSON: Antidepressants don't cause fever.

GREG HOUSE: Not on their own. But the ER Didn't know she was on MAO Inhibitors, so they gave her demerol. 'S a nasty combo.

JAMES WILSON: So all you have to do is convince this kid that his girlfriend had a secret doctor, and a secret stash, and a secret life. It's been a while since a patient took a swing at you. Can I watch?

[He picks up a box of chips.]

GREG HOUSE: I only have to convince the mother. [thinks] Actually... I don't have to convince anyone.

[He puts a few chips in his mouth.]

[Megan's Room. Day. Ben speaks to someone offscreen (who just told him the news).]

BEN PROSNER: This is total crap. If she was seeing a psychiatrist, I'd know. If she was on dr*gs, I'd know.

[Camera pans from him to Leon, sorry, "Dr. Buffer" and Mrs. BradBerry.]

"DR. BUFFER": [holding out the consent form] Mrs. Bradberry, please sign the form so we can start the dialysis.

MRS. BRADBERRY: But why antidepressants? I don't understand.

"DR. BUFFER": [repeats] Mrs. Bradberry, please sign the form so we can start the dialysis.

BEN PROSNER: Stop saying that.

MRS. BRADBERRY: Dr. Buffer, what is going on? What aren't you telling us?

["Dr. Buffer" wonders what to say.]

[Cuddy's Office. Day. The outraged mother and boyfriend speak to an equally-outraged Cuddy (behind her desk), while House lounges sheepishly nearby.]

BEN PROSNER: He's a janitor?

GREG HOUSE: More significantly, a blabbermouth.

[Cuddy moves her Dell flatscreen monitor out of the way, so she can see him.]

LISA CUDDY: House, shut up! I am... very sorry how Dr. House handled this. It is completely unforgivable.

[House gives her a look.]

LISA CUDDY: [uneasy] Except if he's right.

[Mrs. Bradberry frowns at her.]

LISA CUDDY: Dialysis will filter her blood.

BEN PROSNER: [firm] There's nothing to filter.

LISA CUDDY: Save her life.

BEN PROSNER: She wasn't depressed.

GREG HOUSE: "I'm miserable around Ben."

[Ben whirls around to look at him.]

GREG HOUSE: Not me. I like Ben. [pulling out the diary] February 12th. [tosses it to Ben] Either

she's depressed, or she just thinks you're a jerk. Neither suggests that you should be the one directing her medical treatment.

MRS. BRADBERRY: Does the diary say my daughter's taking these dr*gs?

GREG HOUSE: No, but medically...

MRS. BRADBERRY: [interjecting] Did you find dr*gs in their home?

GREG HOUSE: She's probably hiding them in her purse. [stands] I thought it'd be rude to go searching under a thousand tons of rubble.

[Meanwhile, Ben has been reading through the diary. He looks up.]

BEN PROSNER: This was months ago. We were in a fight. Doesn't mean she's depressed and it doesn't mean she doesn't love me.

GREG HOUSE: Fine, maybe the diary proves nothing. On the other hand, half the country's on antidepressants. And it fits her symptoms perfectly.

[Ben and Mrs. Bradberry look at each other.]

GREG HOUSE: [to Mrs. Bradberry] No ring on your daughter's finger means you make the decisions.

MRS. BRADBERRY: [stammers] I-I'm not sure... that I know her well enough anymore.

GREG HOUSE: You really wanna risk her life on how well _he_ knows her?

[Ben looks down. Mrs. Bradberry looks at him.]

[House's Office. Day. House triumphantly enters and limps towards his desk. Immediately, he puts on the amplifier and turns the volume up. The amplifier lets out a hum. He goes over to the guitar stand and finds it empty! Surprised, he looks around. He follows the amplifier cable along the floor, up past his computer and sees the lead taped to the wall, under a note, which has letters cut out from newspapers and magazines. Understanding, he walks up to the note. It reads:

I Have Your guitar

Tell No one

AwaIT MY inSTRUCTIONS

His phone rings. He answers it, speaking first.]

GREG HOUSE: [into phone] Wilson, you idiot.

[An electronically-masked voice speaks.]

THE GUITARNAPPER: [from phone] Listen carefully, and no one will get hurt.

[House drops the receiver on his table and st*lks out.]

THE GUITARNAPPER: [from phone] You must follow these instructions.

[Wilson's Office. Day. Wilson, AKA The Guitarnapper, speaks into his receiver, with a small bonesaw in front of the mouthpiece.]

JAMES WILSON: [deep voice, into phone] Any attempt to contact the FBI or other law enforcement agencies, or... Cuddy, will be met with...

[House busts inside. Wilson quickly stops the saw and speaks normally into the mouthpiece.]

JAMES WILSON: [into phone] ...and a large Coke. No ice.

[He hangs up.]

GREG HOUSE: Give it back.

JAMES WILSON: [innocently] What happened?

[House throws his head up in annoyance.]

JAMES WILSON: [melodramatic] Did someone... kidnap your guitar?

[House starts to look around the place.]

JAMES WILSON: Your twelve-thousand-dollar 1967 Flying V? Or something?

GREG HOUSE: Where'd you hide it?

[Wilson holds up the newspaper to read it.]

JAMES WILSON: I'm flattered you would consider me this bold and brilliant.

GREG HOUSE: Yeah, it takes a cr...

[He stops, seeing pieces missing from Wilson's newspaper.]

GREG HOUSE: It takes a criminal mastermind to pull off a heist from an unlocked, unguarded room down the hall. What do you want?

JAMES WILSON: [bright-eyed] Me? Nothing. But I'm sure the kidnapper wants what every kidnapper wants. To see you interview five to seven well-qualified fellowship candidates.

GREG HOUSE: [stubborn] I don't need a team.

JAMES WILSON: You were bouncing ideas off a janitor.

GREG HOUSE: [victorious] And solved the case!

[He leaves. Wilson slaps the newspaper on his desk, irritated.]

[Megan's Room. While Mrs. Bradberry stands nearby, Cuddy leans over the bed, speaking to an awake Megan.]

LISA CUDDY: [gently] Hi. I'm Dr. Cuddy. If you can hear what I'm saying, blink once.

[Megan blinks. Mrs. Bradberry smiles in relief. Megan wheezes, trying to touch her throat with her bandaged hand. Cuddy gently moves her arm away.]

LISA CUDDY: You can't talk right now. You have a tube down your throat. And try not to move your head. You've been in a terrible accident. But it looks like you will have no permanent injuries. You've had a bad fever, but it's gone now.

BEN PROSNER: I've been here the whole time, honey, okay?

LISA CUDDY: This is very important. I need you to blink one for "yes", twice for "no". Were you seeing a psychiatrist?

[Megan blinks once.]

LISA CUDDY: Were you on MAO Inhibitors? The antidepressant.

[Blink. Mrs. Bradberry and Ben look at each other.]

BEN PROSNER: Megan, it's okay. Doesn't matter, okay? I love you.

[Megan starts to breathe heavily. The monitors start to beep rapidly.]

MRS. BRADBERRY: [scared] Honey? Honey, what's wrong?

LISA CUDDY: Megan, are you all right?

BEN PROSNER: What's happening? Are we upsetting her?

LISA CUDDY: Heart is beating too fast. [to an approaching nurse] Get the family out of here.

MRS. BRADBERRY: [crying] Megan? Megan?

[Cuddy preps the defibrillator paddles.]

LISA CUDDY: Charging to two hundred.

[The nurse starts to usher a struggling Ben outside.]

BEN PROSNER: Meg, meg.

MRS. BRADBERRY: Megan.

[Cuddy places the paddles on Megan's chest.]

LISA CUDDY: Clear!

[Zap! Megan's chest lurches forward.]

[House's Office. Day. Cuddy (dressed almost conservatively) sits alone in the office, when House walks in (wearing his biker jacket and sunglasses). He enters slowly on seeing her.]

LISA CUDDY: We shocked her back into sinus rhythm, but she's still tachycardic.

GREG HOUSE: Fascinating. Equally fascinating is... why are you here?

LISA CUDDY: I was gonna leave you alone if you won the bet. [smiling] But you lost.

GREG HOUSE: I explained the fever. Which is all we were talking about.

[He picks up an envelope, on which cutouts of "Dr." and "house" are pasted. He opens it.]

GREG HOUSE: She confirmed the antidepressants. Go bet with someone else if you want to

explain the heart problems.

LISA CUDDY: She confirmed them by winking. Maybe there was a cute guy across the room.

[House extracts a Polaroid from the envelope and sees it's a picture of his guitar, standing upright in a corner of a dreary room, with a copy of today's newspaper in front of it.]

GREG HOUSE: She got better when I treated her. Even I'm not that cute.

LISA CUDDY: Two unrelated symptoms, just a coincidence. Or... you're grasping at straws to avoid admitting you can't do this on your own.

GREG HOUSE: [putting the Polaroid on his desk] Fine, what explains the fever and persistent tachycardia?

[He walks towards the Diagnostics Office. Cuddy follows (almost Duckling-like).]

LISA CUDDY: Could be anything. Endocarditis.

GREG HOUSE: Nope. Fever, no infection.

LISA CUDDY: [thinking] Um...

GREG HOUSE: [hands her a marker] Keep going, you're doing great.

[He leaves. She drops her hands.]

[Wilson's Office. Day. Wilson sits at his desk, when House barges in.]

GREG HOUSE: You win.

JAMES WILSON: I don't believe you.

GREG HOUSE: I'm not gonna play this game. Just give me the damn résumés.

[He holds his hand out for the files. Wilson calmly moves to get them.]

GREG HOUSE: And my guitar.

JAMES WILSON: [innocently] I don't have it. Although I did hear some plangent strumming from under that couch earlier.

[House turns and limps quickly over to Wilson's couch. He roughly moves it back and, finding

nothing, turns to Wilson, an annoyed look on his face.]

JAMES WILSON: Wow. This kidnapper isn't just bold, he's diabolical. I guess he realized he probably shouldn't give it back to you until after you've had the interviews.

[He holds up the files of résumés. Restraining himself, House grabs the files and walks out. Wilson looks smug.]

[Diagnostics Office. Day. Cuddy sits on the table, the whiteboard in front of her. House enters with the ransom résumés. He notices the whiteboard's still blank. He goes round it and sees it's blank behind as well.]

GREG HOUSE: Huh! You didn't write anything. So what you're saying is, you didn't find that one big explanation... 'cause there isn't one. Clever.

LISA CUDDY: Well, let's just say, your antidepressant theory does explain the fever. What about the heart? And don't say a building fell on her.

GREG HOUSE: Okay... [clears his throat] A structure collapsed...

LISA CUDDY: Shut up.

GREG HOUSE: Come on, it fits. Crushed musculature releases potassium, causes V-Tach.

LISA CUDDY: You'd think she'd get Crush Syndrome after she was crushed, not two days later.

GREG HOUSE: Microvascular occlusions. Takes that long for the blood to reperfuse.

[Cuddy likes that idea.]

LISA CUDDY: She'd have a baggy heart. [tosses him the marker] Echo it to confirm.

[She walks out.]

[Megan's Room. Day. House performs an echo on Megan, while her mother and Ben stand close by.]

BEN PROSNER: Is Crush Syndrome good or bad?

GREG HOUSE: Does it sound good?

BEN PROSNER: I mean, compared to the other things it could be.

GREG HOUSE: There are no other things it could be.

MRS. BRADBERRY: Then why are you testing her?

GREG HOUSE: Excellent question.

[He looks at the image of the heart beating and frowns.]

MRS. BRADBERRY: [apprehensively] What... what is it?

GREG HOUSE: The heart's fine.

BEN PROSNER: [looking at Megan] Why is she sweating? [looking at the monitor] Her fever's back.

MRS. BRADBERRY: Why would her fever be back?

GREG HOUSE: I can't say.

BEN PROSNER: You don't know?

GREG HOUSE: I know, just can't say. 'Cause you'll hit me. Let's discuss this in front of witnesses.

[Cuddy's Office. Day. House stands next to an ill-at-ease Cuddy, behind her desk, speaking to Ben and Mrs. Bradberry.]

MRS. BRADBERRY: [incredulous] The DTs?

BEN PROSNER: So she's an alcoholic now?

GREG HOUSE: Her first fever was from the medication for her depression.

BEN PROSNER: Or you're wrong.

GREG HOUSE: The second fever was from the self-medication for depression.

BEN PROSNER: This is insane. [angrily] You don't think I would have noticed her being constantly drunk?

GREG HOUSE: [shrugs] You were practically living with Sylvia Plath. You didn't notice that.

LISA CUDDY: [softly to him] Tone it down or I will hit you.

GREG HOUSE: Fine, I'll do liver enzyme tests.

LISA CUDDY: [whispers to him] Liver enzymes can also be elevated from musculoskeletal trauma. They'd be there whether she had a drinking problem or not.

GREG HOUSE: [whispers in mock-frustration] They don't know that. Just pretend to confirm.

MRS. BRADBERRY: What's the treatment?

BEN PROSNER: [unrelenting] She's not an alcoholic.

GREG HOUSE: Hair of the dog, IV alcohol. Taper it off after a few days.

BEN PROSNER: She's sick and traumatized and half-dead. You wanna make her drunk.

MRS. BRADBERRY: [weakly] Just do it.

BEN PROSNER: [turning to her] You can't do this. We lived together, we were gonna have kids. You barely even knew her.

MRS. BRADBERRY: Apparently, neither did you.

[She walks off. Ben looks at Cuddy and House.]

[Aerial View of PPTH. Night.]

[House's Office. Night. House sits at his desk, in the darkened office, his face illuminated by a reading lamp. Putting on his glasses, he looks at a bunch of résumés. Finding one that interests him, he calls the applicant.]

TREVOR KAUFMAN: [from phone, upbeat] Hello?

GREG HOUSE: [into phone] Hi, could I speak to Trevor... [checks the résumé] Kaufman?

TREVOR KAUFMAN: [from phone] Yo, yo, it's Trev. What up?

GREG HOUSE: [into phone] This is Dr. Gregory House. Can you come in tomorrow to interview?

TREVOR KAUFMAN: [from phone] House? Are you serious? Awesome! [whispering to someone on his side] Hey, dude, I got the House interview!

[Trevor's roommate, who's either drunk or jealous, speaks.]

TREVOR'S ROOMMATE: [from phone] Ohh, look at me! I got the House interview!

TREVOR KAUFMAN: [from phone] Dude, shut up! I'm on the phone! Shut-up!

TREVOR'S ROOMMATE: [from phone] I'm so cool!

TREVOR KAUFMAN: [from phone] Give me the phone back.

TREVOR'S ROOMMATE: [from phone] Woooo!

TREVOR KAUFMAN: [from phone] Give me the phone back!

[House hangs up.]

[PPTH Nurse Station. Night. Wilson enters groggily, dressed in a sweatshirt. He approaches the Nurse Station, where a male nurse works on the computer.]

JAMES WILSON: I got a page.

MALE NURSE: No, you didn't.

JAMES WILSON: They called a code.

MALE NURSE: No, they didn't.

[Wilson sleepily holds up his beeper. The male nurse looks at it.]

MALE NURSE: [smiling] You got a page, but not from us.

[Wilson realizes he's been conned.]

[Wilson's Hotel Apartment. Night. House has broken inside (his second break-in today) and is busy ransacking the apartment, looking for his beloved guitar. The phone rings. House limps over and answers it.]

GREG HOUSE: [into phone] Did you ever see "Raid on Entebbe"?

JAMES WILSON: [into phone] Yeah, in the end, they released the hostages. How's that working for you?

GREG HOUSE: [into phone] The Ugandans played fair. They didn't move the hostages on the

Israelis.

JAMES WILSON: [into phone] Once again, I am in awe of the kidnapper's tactical brilliance.

[House switches on Wilson's TiVo.]

GREG HOUSE: [into phone] What is "El Fuego Del Amor" and why do you need ten of them?

JAMES WILSON: [into phone, nervous] It's a Telenovela. I'm learning Spanish.

GREG HOUSE: [into phone] Say adios.

JAMES WILSON: [into phone, panicked] Are you erasing my TiVo? [pleading] House, not the season finale!

GREG HOUSE: [into phone, Bronson-like] I don't negotiate with t*rrorists. I smoke them out of their hidey-holes.

[Pretty safe to assume, as House fiddles with the remote, Wilson will have to hope and wait for reruns.]

JAMES WILSON: [into phone] Do you know what t*rrorists do when you don't negotiate? [threatening] They terrorize.

GREG HOUSE: [into phone, challenging] Bring-it-on.

[Hanging up, he tosses the cordless receiver out the window.]

[Megan's Room. Night. Cuddy checks up on Megan, with Ben and Mrs. Bradberry keeping close watch.]

LISA CUDDY: Fever's down. Sweating has abated. Heart's working fine. Guess House was right. [hates saying it, but...] Again.

MRS. BRADBERRY: That's good news, right?

LISA CUDDY: It is good news.

BEN PROSNER: So what does this mean, she's an alcoholic? There's no other explanation?

LISA CUDDY: [looks at Megan, quietly] No, sorry.

BEN PROSNER: It doesn't make any sense.

MRS. BRADBERRY: Dr. Cuddy, she's doing this thing with her mouth again.

[Cuddy looks at Megan to check.]

BEN PROSNER: It's been on and off for the last couple hours. Is she trying to talk?

Cuddy looks at Megan. She's shuddering like she's in pain.]

LISA CUDDY: No. I think she's screaming.

[Megan's silent screams continue.]

[Aerial View of PPTH. Next Morning.]

[PPTH Entrance/Lobby/Cuddy's Office. Cuddy enters, looking tired. House sidles up near her.]

GREG HOUSE: [cheerful] Morning!

LISA CUDDY: [reacts with a start] Uh-huh. Where did you come from?

[They stop at the Nurse's Station, for Cuddy to sign in.]

GREG HOUSE: Apes, if you believe the democrats. I heard you were there when I was proven right. The alcohol treatment took away the heart and fever problems.

LISA CUDDY: Yes, I was also there when you were proven wrong. She'd been silently screaming for two hours.

[She starts to walk towards her office. He follows.]

LISA CUDDY: Amylase and lipase are through the roof. She has pancreatitis.

GREG HOUSE: IV alcohol can cause pancreatitis.

LISA CUDDY: Okay.

[She enters her office. House looks puzzled. He follows her in.]

[In her office, Cuddy puts her bag on the table, removes her jacket and gets her labcoat. House limps inside.]

GREG HOUSE: You're not gonna argue with me?

LISA CUDDY: Nope.

GREG HOUSE: You think I'm right?

LISA CUDDY: Nope.

[She goes behind her desk.]

GREG HOUSE: Why not?

LISA CUDDY: Nope.

GREG HOUSE: It's not really a "Yes or No" question.

LISA CUDDY: Which is why I'm not answering it.

GREG HOUSE: If it's not the IV alcohol, it's gotta be the...

[She starts unpacking her bag, without looking at him.]

LISA CUDDY: [interjecting] Not interested.

GREG HOUSE: If I'm wrong, she's gonna die. Are you sure you're still Dean of Medicine?

[She looks at him.]

LISA CUDDY: I'm not interested in arguing because I'm not interested in enabling you. You need someone to bounce ideas off of. You need a team.

[She starts to walk out. House turns to follow.]

LISA CUDDY: Don't follow me.

[House starts dead in his tracks.]

[House's Office. Day. House sits at his desk, speaking to himself (or something).]

GREG HOUSE: [counting on his fingers] MAO Inhibitor caused the fever. Alcohol caused the pancreatitis. Alcohol withdrawal caused the V-Tach

[He looks at his Magic Eightball.]

GREG HOUSE: [reading] "You're logic is irrefutable."

LISA CUDDY: You're wrong.

[He looks up to see Cuddy entering.]

GREG HOUSE: Well, who're you gonna believe? A classic toy or a woman who, if she had any confidence in her ideas, wouldn't feel the need to distract you with a water bra?

LISA CUDDY: [ignoring the jibe] Are you really just gonna treat the pancreatitis?

GREG HOUSE: Are you here to enable me?

LISA CUDDY: I don't want her to die because you're stubborn.

GREG HOUSE: Wow, so you can enable and rationalize at the same time. Guess you are still Dean of Medicine.

[He picks up a parcel on his desk and starts opening it.]

LISA CUDDY: If you're right, then this guy, who's not an ass, who's not a workaholic, who's not a sociopath, has somehow missed both her depression and severe alcoholism.

GREG HOUSE: Yes, imagine that, a couple with secrets.

[He gets the parcel open and looks inside.]

LISA CUDDY: [insistent] Why would she lie?

[House's expression darkens when he sees the contents of the box.]

LISA CUDDY: [deadpan] Okay, alcoholism you don't wanna advertise. But... [notices House's shocked expression]

[House quickly picks up the box and his cane and starts to limp outside. Cuddy follows.]

LISA CUDDY: If you're right, there'd be an abnormality on the pancreas. At least do an MRI to confirm.

[They both walk outside.]

[Wilson's Office. Day. Wilson's at his desk, when House bursts inside, carrying the box, a look of anger on his face. He tosses the box onto Wilson's desk. Wilson looks innocently at him. House gives him a threatening glare. Wilson chances a look inside and reaches inside the box.]

He pulls out a severed arm... a tremolo arm of a guitar, with broken strings.]

JAMES WILSON: [in mock-disgust] Oh... my... God.

[He throws the arm back into the box, repulsed, and pushes the box away.]

JAMES WILSON: This guy means business. Or guys. Could be multiple... Could be multiple guys. Or a gal. Who knows? All I can say is, this reeks of boldness.

GREG HOUSE: [staring him down] I am not hiring a team.

[He starts to walk outside.]

JAMES WILSON: You ever tighten a guitar string really, really slowly?

[House stops at the door.]

JAMES WILSON: Past the point it can handle the strain? It makes this weird... sound.

[House stares daggers at Wilson.]

JAMES WILSON: Almost like a scream.

[Wilson starts making low guttural sounds, like nails on a chalkboard. House storms off.]

[MRI Room. Day. Megan is inside the MRI, while House sits in the adjoining room, looking at the results. Wilson enters.]

JAMES WILSON: I thought this was gonna be fun. I mess with you, you mess with me.

Eventually, you give in. But you've shown a startling lack of humor, which got me thinking.

GREG HOUSE: [mumbling] Oh, god.

JAMES WILSON: What's the real reason you won't hire a team?

GREG HOUSE: I told you, I don't need a team.

JAMES WILSON: Then hire three people and let 'em sit on their asses.

GREG HOUSE: That wouldn't be right.

JAMES WILSON: Three years ago, you hired a team. What's changed?

GREG HOUSE: I've become a man of principle. I've gotten smarter. What answer will make

Socrates shut up?

JAMES WILSON: [Dr. Phil-son] What's changed is, you hired a team. You connected with a team. You worked with a team. And you lost a team.

GREG HOUSE: [looking at the monitor] Damn. There's no abnormalities in her pancreas.

JAMES WILSON: You fall in love, you get married. Fifty percent chance it'll end in misery. Hiring employees can be even tougher. Because you know, eventually, they're gonna leave.

GREG HOUSE: There's increased T2 signal on her hepatic capsule. [looking at Wilson] If you know what I mean.

JAMES WILSON: You got hurt. Get over it.

[Uninterested, House hits a key. Megan is slowly brought out of the MRI.]

GREG HOUSE: Now, if you'll excuse me, my patient is about to start bleeding out of her mouth and anus.

[He gets up and walks into the MRI room, while Wilson rolls his eyes. Sure enough, blood seeps down Megan's mouth and between her legs.]

[Operating Room. Day. Megan has been opened up. The surgeons and nurses work on her, cauterizing and stitching her bleeding organs. Cuddy watches from the Observation Deck above. House enters the Observation Deck.]

LISA CUDDY: Internal bleeding.

GREG HOUSE: Not anymore. Now it's all over the place.

LISA CUDDY: Why are you here?

GREG HOUSE: That's my patient down there.

LISA CUDDY: You're here because I'm here. [confidently] I am done enabling you.

GREG HOUSE: I know.

[They stand and watch the surgery in silence. Cuddy cracks first.]

LISA CUDDY: [without a pause] The alcohol didn't cause the pancreatitis, the internal bleeding did. The question is, what caused the internal bleeding? I hate myself.

GREG HOUSE: You do know that the patient had a building land on her.

LISA CUDDY: Four days ago.

GREG HOUSE: Bleeding can start at any time.

LISA CUDDY: It's bleeding from five different sites. You think they synchronized their watches?

GREG HOUSE: She got warfarin after her hip surgery. It's designed to mess with bleeding patterns.

LISA CUDDY: Fever, heart and bleeding. Three problems, three completely different explanations. She must be the unluckiest woman in the world.

GREG HOUSE: [dogged] I only cling to this crazy theory because it's been proven right every step of the way. Each treatment worked.

LISA CUDDY: [deadpan] Yes, she looks perfectly healthy. This much bleeding is a symptom of something more. And you need a team because you're wrong and you're gonna k*ll this woman.

[House looks up and sees the surgery in progress on the TV screen. He notices something.]

GREG HOUSE: If I had a team, this patient would be dead. Because they'd be here instead of me and they wouldn't notice the size of this woman's uterus.

[Cuddy turns to the screen.]

[In the OR, the doctors work on their patient. House enters, scrubbed up but without a mask.]

GREG HOUSE: Hi! How's it going? Mind if I observe?

SURGEON: [hardly bothered] Got a big room up top window just for that.

[House starts to push Megan's gown upwards, so he can... look. A nurse tries to put a surgical mask on his face, but he pushes her hand away.]

GREG HOUSE: Oh, stop that.

SURGEON: You wanna look at vaginas, there are websites for that.

[House pushes the gown up and goes to get something.]

GREG HOUSE: Am I made of money?

SURGEON: [to Cuddy, in the Observation Deck] Can you get him out of here?

[Cuddy doesn't say anything, she's equally curious. House inserts a scope... inside Megan.]

GREG HOUSE: Enlarged uterus. Means that she was recently pregnant. She's a good liar, but I doubt she could hide a baby from her boyfriend.

[He puts on a monitor and looks.]

GREG HOUSE: Scraping in the uterus indicates that she had an abortion. But nothing in her medical history. Only one reason to hide an abortion. Boyfriend wants babies, she doesn't.

SURGEON: She's bleeding everywhere. Unless the guy was performing an abortion with a shotgun...

LISA CUDDY: [over intercom] Stop enabling him!

GREG HOUSE: It's not the abortion, it's what she did after. The boyfriend would have noticed condoms. He would notice abstinence. He would not notice the pill. Which means, [to Cuddy] I don't need a team!

[Cuddy rolls her eyes.]

[Corridor outside OR. Day. Ben and another guy (who seems really sad) sit on a bench, near the morgue. House comes out of the OR and approaches them.]

GREG HOUSE: Hey, where's your mother-in-common-law?

BEN PROSNER: [stands, introduces the other guy] Dr. House, this is Doug McMurtry. His girlfriend was working with Megan when... [trails off]

GREG HOUSE: [to Doug] She's dead?

DOUB MCMURTRY: [choked voice] She passed this morning.

GREG HOUSE: Well, then why are you still here?

[Doug doesn't react (or he doesn't know how to react to that remark). House speaks to Ben.]

GREG HOUSE: I need the old lady's consent to do some treatment.

BEN PROSNER: What'd you find out?

GREG HOUSE: I wish I could tell you, but since you're not legally related...

[He turns to leave, but Ben grabs him by the arm.]

BEN PROSNER: What the hell did you did you find out?

GREG HOUSE: Your girlfriend had an abortion. See why I didn't tell you? I'd be insane to also tell you that she's on the pill.

BEN PROSNER: N-No, she's not.

GREG HOUSE: If they'd known she was on it, they wouldn't have given her a blood thinner after her hip surgery. The combination caused the bleeding. It's good news. It's treatable. Just give her tamoxifen. Which is normally a breast cancer...

BEN PROSNER: It's not true. 'Cause, uh, we wanna have kids.

GREG HOUSE: Hmm, I already did the blood tests. Either she lied to you, or her blood lied to us.

[Ben looks upset and stays quiet for a moment.]

BEN PROSNER: [sighs] Tell Megan I'm glad she's gonna be okay.

[He turns around and leaves. House and Doug remain.]

[Aerial View of PPTH. Evening.]

[Oncology Ward. Night. House juts his head through the curtain partition and speaks to an old cancer patient, Sam Lee, who's lying in bed, reading a book.]

GREG HOUSE: How ya doing?

SAM LEE: I got cancer.

GREG HOUSE: [entering] You're on an oncology ward. Everybody's got cancer. You want sympathy, you wanna try the "hardly anything wrong with me" ward. [drops his cane] In fact, why don't I take you there right now?

[He tries to move Mr. Lee's bed, but finds it's too heavy.]

GREG HOUSE: How sick are you? Can you walk?

[He grabs the patient's chart and looks at it.]

SAM LEE: [with trepidation] Are you a doctor?

[House starts to pull the bed upright.]

GREG HOUSE: [reading the chart] Admitted today. First day of a five-day chemo course. Yeah, you can walk. C'mon, let's go.

SAM LEE: Does Dr. Wilson know you're here?

GREG HOUSE: [smiling] Well, if he didn't, this would be really stupid. 'Cause then he wouldn't know where his patient was. [chuckling] Might think he'd been kidnapped. The room upstairs is bigger. It's got cable. Better looking sponge-bath nurses.

[Mr. Lee starts to get out of bed.]

SAM LEE: [intrigued] Oh.

GREG HOUSE: If you feel sick, you call me directly, not Dr. Wilson. He's getting his last set of hormone sh*ts.

[He ushers Mr. Lee out, who drags his IV line with him. House's pager starts to beep.]

[Outside Megan's Room. Night. Monitors beep. Doctors and nurses work on Megan, while her worried mother looks on. House limps hurriedly to the room. Cuddy comes out of the room to speak to him.]

LISA CUDDY: You put her on tamoxifen? An anti-cancer drug?

GREG HOUSE: It blocks estrogen receptors.

LISA CUDDY: Does it also block breathing and kidney function? She's crashing.

[House watches the doctors and nurses attending to Megan.]

GREG HOUSE: Doesn't mean I was wrong.

[Cuddy looks at him.]

[Emergency Room. Day. House limps inside the ER, where doctors and nurses move quickly attending to patients.]

DOCTOR: [into phone] Dr. Martin. We're bringing his patient over now, thanks.

GREG HOUSE: [shouting] Anybody here a doctor? [looks around, gets no answer] Kidney failure, spiking fever, breathing difficulties. Any theories?

[No one even looks at him. He looks around. Near him, a young lady doctor attends to a wailing, squirming woman on a gurney.]

GREG HOUSE: Am I in an M. Night Shyamalan movie?

[The young doctor looks at him.]

YOUNG DOCTOR: You're House, right?

GREG HOUSE: Okay, I assume you know me because I once insulted you, your patient, or your relatives. If that's so, I apologize. I was drunk that day. [back to work] Patient initially presented with crush injuries.

YOUNG DOCTOR: [interrupts] I know you because Dr. Cuddy issued a memo.

GREG HOUSE: [hopeful] Telling to cooperate fully with me?

YOUNG DOCTOR: Nope.

GREG HOUSE: Figured that was a long shot. [shouts to the room] Anybody here not get that memo?

[The people ignore him. Thwarted, he leaves.]

[Corridor outside ER. Day. House exits the ER, limping into the corridor. As he limps, the young doctor comes up behind.]

YOUNG DOCTOR: Fungal infection.

[House turns around.]

GREG HOUSE: Don't you have a patient?

YOUNG DOCTOR: She shot herself in the leg while high on meth. Wouldn't hurt her to be in pain for a little while.

GREG HOUSE: Fungal infection would be in her eyes by now.

YOUNG DOCTOR: [guesses] Haemophilus.

GREG HOUSE: Doesn't explain the remitting fever.

[She looks intrigued and thinks.]

GREG HOUSE: You've heard that I've got a job opening, right?

YOUNG DOCTOR: I just care about people. [guesses] Acute Respiratory Distress Syndrome.

GREG HOUSE: ARDS doesn't explain anything. Except the breathing. If you care about people, you're not getting the job.

YOUNG DOCTOR: I was lying. Crush Syndrome.

GREG HOUSE: Doesn't explain the breathing. What was the problem with ARDS?

YOUNG DOCTOR: Only explained the breathing.

GREG HOUSE: And the Crush Syndrome?

YOUNG DOCTOR: It didn't explain the breathing.

GREG HOUSE: You a fan of symmetry?

YOUNG DOCTOR: Sure.

GREG HOUSE: Weird. 'Cause your eyes are lopsided. And by eyes, I mean breasts. ARDS And Crush Syndrome, both reactions to severe trauma. Why can't she have both?

YOUNG DOCTOR: Because... [somberly] because then there's nothing we could do.

GREG HOUSE: Boy, you remind me of someone.

[He starts to limp away.]

GREG HOUSE: Send me your résumé. I'll put it on top of the pile that I'm... never gonna look at.

[She hangs back and exhales heavily.]

[Megan's Room. Day. House limps inside. He sees Ben sitting morosely on the other bed. Mrs. Bradberry gets up.]

BEN PROSNER: I couldn't leave.

GREG HOUSE: You don't seem like the type of person who would give up on giving up.

BEN PROSNER: [expressionless] I love her.

GREG HOUSE: You love somebody. Someone who didn't drink, who wanted to have babies. And wasn't miserable.

BEN PROSNER: I know she lied, but...

MRS. BRADBERRY: What are you doing? Why are you saying these things to him?

GREG HOUSE: The woman you love doesn't exist. This woman is dying. She has Acute Respiratory Distress Syndrome and Crush Syndrome. Her body's basically giving up. We can keep her on supportive dialysis and hope for the best.

[Ben and Mrs. Bradberry look downcast. House starts to write on Megan's chart, but notices something on her arm. He pushes back her sleeve, to expose a reddish lump on her arm.]

GREG HOUSE: Never mind. She has a lump on her arm.

[Ben stands.]

BEN PROSNER: [hopeful] Does that mean you're wrong?

GREG HOUSE: That would be good news for you guys. We'll know after the biopsy.

[He leaves, while the others go to see the life-saving lump on Megan's arm.]

[PPTH Lab. Day. Cuddy walks into the lab, where lab tech, Imelda, works.]

LISA CUDDY: Which patient is that?

IMELDA: [checking the file] Megan...

LISA CUDDY: House's patient.

IMELDA: Yep.

LISA CUDDY: Didn't you get my memo?

IMELDA: Sure. Got both memos.

LISA CUDDY: [under her breath, realizing] Both. [almost rhetorical] And the second memo said to ignore the first memo?

IMELDA: Yep. Seemed odd. Did an MRI and...

LISA CUDDY: [interrupts] 'Course you did.

[Cuddy starts to walk out, but turns.]

LISA CUDDY: What'd you find?

IMELDA: It's kind of freaky. She's got growths all over the place.

[Cuddy and Imelda look at the monitor, which shows the biopsy results. Lots of white oval spots, guess those must be the growths.]

[Megan's Room. Day. Cuddy explains the situation to Ben and Mrs. Bradberry (who seems at the end of her rope).]

BEN PROSNER: She's got tumors?

LISA CUDDY: Not exactly. The growths are eosinophilic granulomas. [hanging up an IV bag] They are usually from allergic reactions. I'm putting her on steroids.

[She starts to administer the IV drip to Megan.]

MRS. BRADBERRY: Allergy to what? She doesn't have allergies.

LISA CUDDY: We don't know. Unfortunately, the only drug she's had enough of to have this

kind of reaction is cephalosporin.

MRS. BRADBERRY: And why is that unfortunate?

BEN PROSNER: Because she was on it two months ago. That's what you mean, right? She... took it for strep throat, so she can't be allergic to it.

LISA CUDDY: It would seem so.

MRS. BRADBERRY: [mad] What is this hospital doing to her? She has had three separate medical disasters! And now she's dying of an allergy she can't possibly have!

[Cuddy doesn't answer.]

[Diagnostics Office. Night. House sits alone in the darkened office, staring at the whiteboard, which is now filled with the different diseases, disorders or whatnot that Megan could have. He sits up, strokes his chin and keeps thinking.]

[Oncology Ward. Night. Wilson enters Mr. Lee's section of the ward, pushing the curtain aside.]

JAMES WILSON: Mr. Lee, I just have to check...

[He sees someone in the bed, covered with a blanket.]

JAMES WILSON: Sam? Are you okay?

[No answer. He lifts the blanket and, seeing who's under it, yanks it off gruffly. It's the same male nurse he spoke to earlier about getting paged.]

JAMES WILSON: What're you doing here?

MALE NURSE: I was taking a nap.

JAMES WILSON: Where's my patient?

[He stops, pretty much realizing who might know.]

[Diagnostics Office. Night. House is still thinking about Megan's condition, when Wilson enters.]

JAMES WILSON: You stole my patient.

GREG HOUSE: You kidnapped my guitar.

JAMES WILSON: Give him back.

GREG HOUSE: Only when you give her back.

JAMES WILSON: It's a "she"?

GREG HOUSE: [scoffs] Well, it's certainly not a dude.

JAMES WILSON: [shouting] It's a guitar! You took a human being!

GREG HOUSE: Now who doesn't have a sense of humor? I'm monitoring the guy remotely.

JAMES WILSON: What are you, listening for the distant sound of screaming?

GREG HOUSE: The nurses know to call me.

JAMES WILSON: They don't know who he is!

GREG HOUSE: His name's right there on the chart. Now go away. I'm working.

JAMES WILSON: They give him the wrong meds, who the hell knows what's gonna happen?

["Lightbulb Moment". In other words, House has an epiphany.]

JAMES WILSON: House!

GREG HOUSE: [murmuring] Bad things would happen.

[He starts to walk out.]

GREG HOUSE: [to Wilson, as he leaves] He's in room three-one-eight.

[Megan's Room. Night. Ben and Mrs. Bradberry watch Megan. House enters, carrying a file. He tosses the file on the bed, next to Megan. He starts to inject something into one of her IV lines.]

MRS. BRADBERRY: [anxiously] What are you... what are you giving Megan?

GREG HOUSE: Megan? Nothing.

BEN PROSNER: Nothing? What's going on? What's wrong with her?

GREG HOUSE: Her? Nothing.

MRS. BRADBERRY: Then why are you giving her dr*gs?

GREG HOUSE: Just some amphetamines to wake her up. Everything could be explained by her lying to you. The antidepressants, the drinking, the pill. Until now. Now she's allergic to something the chart says she's not allergic to. That's not her lying, that's the chart lying. Which doesn't make sense.

[A beat.]

GREG HOUSE: Do you know a Liz Masters?

MRS. BRADBERRY: No.

BEN PROSNER: Yeah, she worked with Megan. That was her boyfriend who you met outside the morgue.

GREG HOUSE: Hmm. [holds up the file he brought in] This is her chart. [reading the chart] She's on MAO Inhibitors for depression. She's on the pill. She had an abortion a month ago. And she's allergic to cephalosporin.

BEN PROSNER: [apprehensive] What's going on here? What, are you saying this isn't Megan?

[Mrs. Bradberry looks worriedly at House. House looks at the patient.]

GREG HOUSE: Yes.

FLASHBACK: [Megan's Office. Day. Megan speaks to Ben on her cell phone.]

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Ben.

BEN PROSNER: [from phone] Since when?

MEGAN BRADBERRY: [into phone] Since right before I began pretending I loved it.

[She hands a sheet of paper to a spectacled lady sitting at her cubicle. The lady is Liz Masters.]

GREG HOUSE: She's the same size as Megan, same build, same hair color.

FLASHBACK: [Camera zooms towards Megan. Camera zooms towards Liz.]

GREG HOUSE: They were both horribly injured. Unrecognizably. EMT teams do not second

guess family members' identifications at accident scenes.

[Mrs. Bradberry starts to sob. Ben, as usual, refuses to believe it.]

BEN PROSNER: No. Liz died yesterday. This isn't Liz. I know Megan. I know her hair. I know her hands. I know her smell. Oh.

[House removes the respirator from the patient's throat and covers the tube into her throat with his finger. She breathes heavily.]

GREG HOUSE: [to the patient] What's your name?

[Ben and Mrs. Bradberry wait nervously for the answer.]

LIZ MASTERS: [hoarsely] Liz...

[Ben covers his mouth in grief.]

MRS. BRADBERRY: [anguished] Oh, God!

[They move away and cry. House starts to limp away.]

GREG HOUSE: [to Ben, as he leaves] Your girlfriend never lied to you.

[Ben cries silently, looking back at House and then at Liz.]

[Liz Masters' Room. Night. Liz lies in bed. Doug McMurtry comes inside and slowly walks over to the bed. He holds Liz's heavily-bandaged hand gently and looks at her tearfully. Slowly, she opens her eyes and blinks at him once.]

[Hospital Morgue. Night. Ben grieves silently over the real Megan's body. Mrs. Bradberry stands outside, her eyes closed in sorrow.]

[House's Office. Day. House, his back to the door, plays with a rubber band. The door opens.]

GREG HOUSE: I did it all by myself, mommy.

LEON THE JANITOR: You talking to me?

[House turns and sees Leon, standing at the door, a dustbin in his hand.]

GREG HOUSE: Go away.

[Leon leaves. House resumes playing with the rubberband. The door opens again.]

GREG HOUSE: [chances it again] I did it all by myself, mommy.

[This time, he's got it right. Cuddy stands at the door.]

LISA CUDDY: How'd you know it was me?

GREG HOUSE: There's a scent given off by wounded, feral cats.

LISA CUDDY: [entering] You were wrong.

GREG HOUSE: I got everything right. Just treated the wrong...

LISA CUDDY: [interrupts] They had a good relationship.

GREG HOUSE: He couldn't even identify her.

LISA CUDDY: And you were wrong about needing a team. She almost died.

GREG HOUSE: So I almost need a team.

LISA CUDDY: You were content with your "people are idiots" theory. But Cameron would never have accepted that this guy knew nothing about the love of his life. And as soon as you claimed it was multiple conditions, Foreman would have done anything to prove you wrong. And then, Chase would have done anything to prove you right. Any one of them would have solved this days ago. Hire a team. I don't care how you do it. Just do it.

[She plops a whole stack of résumés on his desk and leaves. He seems to think that she's right. He picks up one of the résumés.]

[PPTH Training Room. Day. House strums his beloved guitar (with an unharmed tremolo arm) as he addresses a room full of prospective Ducklings. ECU of his hand and face.]

GREG HOUSE: Sometimes, I am wrong. I have a gift for observation. For reading people in situations. But sometimes, I am wrong. This will be the longest job interview of your life. I will test you in ways that you will often consider unfair, demeaning and illegal. And you will often be right. Look to your left. Now look to your right. By the end of six weeks, one of you will be

gone. As will twenty-eight more of you. [beat, ominously] Wear a cup.

[With a flourish, he twangs his guitar. The loud sound emanating from the amplifier gives the unfortunate Duckling-hopefuls a start.]