

House season 8, episode 16

excerpts

["at can make this entire problem go away. \n Wilson: Yes, I really want to hear your clever late-term abortion joke. You were right about everything. This is life. It's real. It doesn't just go away. \n House: N"]

transcript

Fans: Hatchet, Hatchet, Hatchet!

P.A. Announcer: Come on, Toros. Let's make some noise!

Bobby: Nice to meet the pride of Trois-Rivieres. I still got your Wings rookie card.

Szabo: So what's that worth?

Bobby: It's a collector's item. They don't make them like you anymore.

Szabo: So do you wanna go?

Bobby: [nods] Square up. Good luck.

Linesman: He didn't get a hand on you? You're going to be a force in the show.

Toros Fan: Whoo!

Spartans Fan: Boo!

Toros Fan: Come on, Toros!

[In the center of the rink, Szabo has rolled over to his back. He looks around. Bobby, who is just about to enter the penalty box watches and coughs a couple of times. He coughs more deeply and drops to his knees on the ice. One more cough and there's a blood on the ice. The next cough adds a few more drops as he lands with his face in a puddle of his own blood.]

Linesman: Get a trainer over here!

OPENING CREDITS

[Cut to House playing table-top hockey by himself. The game is set up on the Diagnostics

conference table.]

House: Capacity crowd is on its feet. Five seconds on the clock. Ah. How is it possible for one man to be blessed with so much skill? Ahhh. [The imaginary crowd roars]

[The team enters and sits down.]

Taub: I had one just like this, except it was Bruins and the Habs. Where did you get it?

House: [distributing copies of the patient file] Birthday present for someone in pediatric oncology. 22-year-old enforcer with hemoptysis.

Adams: He's a hockey player?

House: No, he's a superhero.

Taub: He's coughing up blood because he probably broke a rib and punctured a lung while breaking someone else's rib and puncturing their lung in the name of sport.

House: Nice conclusion to which the E.R. already jumped 18 hours ago. [he sh**t] Short man equals bullied child.

Taub: I was average height as a kid and never bullied.

Adams: Until now. X-ray ruled out traumatic sequelae, overt TB, and lung cancer.

Chase: Sarcoidosis. Nodules could be too small to show up on an X-ray. Fighting's the best part of hockey. Without it, you've got the Ice Capades.

Taub: Fighting has nothing to do with hockey. It's like the cheerleaders at a basketball game.

Chase: Cheerleading's the best part of basketball. Without it you've got... basketball.

Adams: He's a duck hunter. He could've contracted psittacosis from exposure to fowl.

Taub: He had three teeth knocked out two weeks ago. Infection could've led to oral bleeding.

Park: Not without continuing dental pain.

Taub: Then he took an elbow to the gut, which caused an esophageal tear.

House: Chase, CT the patient. Check for sarcoid. [He tosses Chase one of the hockey players

from the game.] Adams, sputum cultures and serologies for psittacosis. Taub... I'd tell you why I think your theory is not just wrong but ill-conceived, but it's more fun to prove it by having you check the stool for blood. And while we wait for the stool fairy, I'm a man down, so you want to drop your pants and hit the ice.

[Cut to Bobby's room. Taub and Adams are interviewing Bobby.]

Bobby: The faster you guys can do this, the better. The NHL's been sniffing around, and being in the hospital is not really helping my marketability.

Adams: You have to be pretty good to get called up.

Bobby: Yeah, leading the league in penalty minutes.

Taub: And visits to the E.R., not counting the ones you've caused.

Bobby: Not a hockey fan, I gather?

Taub: I am. That's the point. Fighting cheapens a great sport.

Bobby: Oh, come on, that's like saying passing cheapens football. It's part of the game. I don't cause injuries.

Taub: They're self-inflicted?

Bobby: No, I prevent them. I take the hit so the smaller guys don't have to. I thought you'd appreciate that.

[Cut to Wilson's office. House opens the door. The room is dark and Wilson is asleep on the sofa. He wakes up, squinting, as House turns on the light and closes the door.]

House: Neighbor's baby again?

Wilson: I could hear it through earplugs, two pillows, and three sleeping pills.

House: Hmm.

Wilson: [exasperated] What is wrong with you?

House: I just said, "hmm."

Wilson: You're trying to figure out some deeper significance to my having a couple of crappy nights.

House: Which one of us is analyzing the word "hmm" here?

Wilson: [waves House off] Fine. Sorry.

House: Apology accepted. However...

Wilson: Mm.

House: It's not the crying that's keeping you awake. The sound of a needy child is stirring your paternal juices.

Wilson: The sound of a needy child at 112 decibels has stirred my inner m*rder*r. Don't mess with me.

House: Explain the stains on your shirt. You're lactating. The fact that you're the only fruit on your family tree is getting to you.

Wilson: It's not a big deal. So I'll probably never be a dad. It's—it sucks. I'll lose a little sleep, but—

House: You're not supposed to feel bad when you dodge a b*llet. It's like you got survivor's guilt.

Wilson: There are actually things in this world that give life even more meaning than soap operas and monster trucks. And we happen to be missing out on at least one of them.

[Wilson covers his eyes with his arm. House looks at him for a long moment, thinking about something.]

House: Remember the falconer?

Wilson: Beth?

House: You dated two falconers? Yes, Beth. The night the two of you split up, you came around to my place, wallowing in self-pity and tequila. You passed out. She called that night, asked me

to give you a message. She said she was pregnant... Which, God and Planned Parenthood willing, means you are the father of an 11-year-old. [Long pause as Wilson takes in this information.] I told you the next morning... hypothetically. I asked you how you'd feel if Beth had gotten pregnant, and you said, and I quote, "It would be the worst mistake of my life."

Wilson: And... scene. Two performances Sunday, dark Mondays?

House: Just as well.

[House gets up and leaves. Despite saying that House was acting, Wilson looks like he's considering the news.]

[Cut to Bobby getting a CT. Chase and Park are monitoring him.]

Park: I want to k*ll my mother. My Popo's on her own, and my mother always needs me to take care of her.

Chase: Well, you could k*ll Popo instead.

Park: I have to take her shopping, to her friends, to Atlantic City. I love her, but every night, every weekend...

Chase: And only if there was some solution, someplace where you could live... that's not there.

Park: My mom would freak. It would be the ultimate sign of disrespect.

Chase: Okay. Then stay. And maybe you consider not bitching about it?

Park: Not everyone's lucky enough to have your independence.

Chase: Don't worry. When you lose your family, you'll have it too.

Park: [looking at the screen] He doesn't have sarcoid.

Chase: Look at that.

Park: That's his spleen.

Chase: I know. But he's gotten it supersized.

[Cut to the team following House into his office.]

Taub: Deep vein thrombosis caused by any one of his many injuries or surgeries.

Park: Leukemia's a better fit.

Taub: We have a guy who is punishing his body on a daily basis. Don't you think that's a more likely cause than cancer?

Adams: No, because she doesn't have an agenda.

House: [to Adams] Well, that was incredibly unprofessional. Well, it was really Taub's fault.

[Taub stops smirking] If you're not prepared to slam her into the boards, she's got no reason not to go after you. Might I suggest pulling her jersey over her head first?

Chase: We should get an ultrasound for DVT and WBC for leukemia.

[House waves for them to do it.]

[Cut to Bobby's room. Taub is drawing blood.]

Bobby: You think I could have cancer?

Taub: More likely, it's just a DVT.

[Bobby's cell phone, which is on his bed, rings.]

Bobby: This is my agent. I gotta get this, man. Give me some good news, Kenny. I thought you said any day. Okay. All right. [As Bobby talks, Taub notices something under his robe. He pulls the front open. Bobby has pronounced breasts. Bobby looks down and sees them.] I gotta go.

[Cut to the balcony outside House and Wilson's offices. It's night. Wilson is looking into the distance. House comes out.]

Wilson: I called Beth. I have an 11-year-old son.

[END OF ACT ONE]

[ACT TWO]

[Cut to Diagnostics. House is at the table, with an open Macbook. The team enters.]

Chase: Liver failure could alter hormone levels, cause abnormal breast development.

Park: Alcoholism. We should search his home and locker room.

House: Note that the person who wants to search the home didn't sleep in one last night. You have the imprint of a seatbelt buckle in your cheek.

Park: I got in a fight with my mother.

House: She hit you with a seatbelt?

Chase: Could be hemochromatosis.

Adams: Explains the liver and the spleen, but hemoptysis is a stretch. What about leptospirosis?

Taub: That's a good fit, if you ignore the fact that he's a pro athlete who looks like the Incredible Hulk, which means he's gotta be on steroids, which is a better fit.

House: All we really know for sure is it was his evil job that caused the problems.

Taub: Yes, I don't like him. Doesn't mean my judgment's affected.

House: Maybe. Let's take a look at the instant replay. [He turns the computer around and plays a video of Szabo checking Wallace.] This is the hit that precipitated Booby Orr's fight. Dirty or clean?

[They all watch.]

Taub: The hit was clean.

Adams: Really? The guy released the puck at least a second before the hit.

Taub: We have a difference of opinion. That's all.

House: Absolutely. Maybe she's as biased as you. Or maybe the entire league is. [He hands Taub a document.] After review, the league disciplinary commissioner ruled the hit illegal and dangerous and suspended the player for three games. Adams and Taub, run antibody titers for lepto. Chase and Park, check out the home, the locker room for booze, steroids, and Taub's objectivity.

[Cut to the Toros' locker room. Chase and Park are inspecting the lockers, shelves, carrying bags, etc.]

Chase: At least you're free. Going to get your own place?

Park: If I can find a place I can afford, so... no.

Chase: If you want, you can crash at my place in the spare bedroom.

Park: That might be kind of weird.

Chase: I live in an apartment, not a dungeon.

Park: It's just two single people, opposite sex. I—

Chase: Your bedroom door has a lock on the inside. [Park looks at an athletic cup she pulled from a bag. She quickly drops it.] Hey, if you prefer your car, be my guest.

[Park unzips another bag and finds a drugstore bag.]

Park: Scrip for glanciclovir. If his neighbor has mono, could mean he has mono. If he has mono, explains his spleen and hemoptysis. And it's caused by Epstein–Barr virus, which explains his liver. And my moonroof leaks. Thank you.

[Apparently after a few months working for House, Park has learned how to accept a favor from someone.]

[Cut to a toy store. House and Wilson are shopping.]

House: Why don't we just assume that you're not the dad? [Wilson takes out his phone and shows House a picture. House studies it for a moment.] Either you're the dad, or she cheated on you with your dad.

Wilson: Oh! Sand art. I used to love this.

House: He's bitter, not mentally handicapped. Who knows what Beth told him about you? At worst, you're a r*pist. At best, you're a r*pist.

Wilson: Maybe she said I was a dead w*r hero.

House: Raised by a lunatic mother and abandoned by his father. Oh, I know! Squirrel handcuffs. You think he's gotten any of those?

Wilson: If you really wanted me to do nothing with this information, then why did you give it to me?

House: Because you were pining for a kid, and you deserved to know that you already had one. But your parental cravings are more theoretical than applied. You want vicarious immortality more than you want a lifelong burden.

Wilson: You're assuming he's going to be a nightmare. What if he's a good kid?

House: He's a kid. Best you can hope for is he's a nightmare.

Wilson: House, I'm not naive. I realize that this thing could go very badly, but the point is my son wants to meet me. And I want to meet him.

[He walks off.]

[Cut to Chase's apartment. He enters and drops his messenger bag by the door. He sees an elderly, Asian woman sitting on the couch, knitting. She watches him, soundlessly.]

Chase: Popo, I presume.

[Popo nods and keeps knitting. Park enters from the spare bedroom.]

Park: Hey, uh, I let myself in. Um, this is—

Chase: We've met. [quietly] I thought the whole point of this was to get away from Popo.

Park: My dad's getting a cyst removed, and my mother had to take him to the clinic. Don't worry. She'll be gone in an hour.

Chase: I'm not worried, because it's not my issue. [looks at Popo] She seems awfully quiet.

Park: You haven't seen her drunk.

[Cut to Bobby's room. Taub enters and looks around. He doesn't see anyone but hears someone crying. He looks on the far side of the bed. Bobby is there, sitting on the floor, crying

quietly.]

Taub: Bobby?

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[Cut to Diagnostics the next morning. The team is doing a DDX. House enters and, ignoring them, goes to his office to drop his backpack and flip through his mail.]

Taub: I found him crying in the fetal position.

Park: It's not a new symptom. He's crying because his liver failure threw his hormones out of whack.

Adams: Aside from the crying, he's actually recovering nicely.

Taub: Aside from the guy in the book depository, the Kennedys had a lovely trip to Dallas. Repetitive blows to the head can cause chronic traumatic encephalopathy, symptoms of which are aggressive behavior and depression.

House: So your theory is that his aggressive behavior caused his aggressive behavior. He's not depressed. He's just bummed because he knows he's a talentless moron who's only one lost fight away from being a barista. I understand that can get to a guy after a while.

[He drops all the mail, unopened, into the trash.]

Taub: If he quits being an enforcer, it could save his life.

House: You don't want to save his life. [joining them] You want to k*ll his career.

Park: I moved into Chase's apartment. [Chase looks up.] He knows. He was staring at our matching cups. I told you we should split up. We're not having sex. With each other...

House: Yet.

Park: Yes.

Chase: [what???) Yes?

Park: I just mean no one knows the future right now, so we don't really know... The only

conclusive test for CTE is post-mortem.

Taub: But an MRI of his brain could reveal white matter disintegrity, which is the effect of CTE.

House: Why? Are you trying to sleep with her? 'Cause the simpler technique is just to ask.

Chase: I was doing something nice.

House: Mm, no. Th— mm. No, that doesn't fit.

Adams: He's only had three concussions since he was ten. It's not enough to cause CTE.

Chase: Three reported concussions. These guys are taught in high school how to dupe the tests.

House: Guilt?

Park: This is really insulting.

Chase: It's not guilt. Park is a friend.

House: So it's guilt. Chase convinced you to leave mommy, and now he feels responsible. No MRI. Do a psych eval. If he doesn't start weeping again, send him home.

[Cut to a diner. Wilson is in a booth, looking out the window.]

Duncan: Dr. Wilson?

Wilson: Duncan. Uh, James.

[They shake hands and Duncan sits opposite Wilson. Duncan is a thin, good-looking boy with lots of brown hair. He doesn't have Wilson's mile-high cheekbones but otherwise does look like him.]

Duncan: Uh, n-n-nice to meet you.

Wilson: It's nice to meet you. Um... How are you doing?

Duncan: Good.

Wilson: Good. I got you this.

[He hands Duncan a book-shaped package with yellow wrapping paper.]

Duncan: Oh. Thank you.

Wilson: Go ahead.

Duncan: Okay.

[He unwraps Gamedeck, a computer game console.]

Wilson: It's got three games built in, but you can download more from the website.

Duncan: Yeah, I know.

Wilson: You already have one.

Duncan: I can always use a backup.

Waitress: Hi, can I start you with something to drink?

Duncan: Just water, please.

Waitress: You got a Gamedeck? Way to go, Dad.

Taub: According to your psych eval, the only thing happier than you is Disneyland.

Bobby: I'm sorry you had to see me like that last night. I'm just upset about being in the hospital and... I'm on some weird meds, but they must be working, because I'm feeling a lot better now.

Taub: Depression could be the symptom of a serious illness. CTE.

Bobby: Yeah, my aunt sends me every article she can find on it.

Taub: And you know it could k*ll you.

Bobby: In the long run, like a lot of things.

Taub: You might be right. And an MRI could confirm that.

Bobby: I have enough evidence of head trauma in my file already, so...

[Cut to the diner.]

Duncan: My mom said you had trouble maintaining relationships with normal people. She also said you were a nice guy. I always figured she was lying 'cause she didn't want me to hate my

deadbeat dad.

Wilson: I didn't know—

Duncan: I—I know... now.

Wilson: You're a bright kid.

Duncan: Thanks to you. Thanks to my mom, I'm also a big, soft-hearted wuss.

Wilson: [laughs] I think you may have gotten that from both of us.

Duncan: Uh, I gotta go, but it was really nice meeting you.

Wilson: It was nice meeting you, Duncan.

Duncan: Uh, you want to hang out again?

Wilson: [laughs] Absolutely.

Duncan: Tonight?

Wilson: Tonight? Well, I—I—there's, um... [He looks at Duncan who is trying not to look like it's important to him.] That would be great.

Duncan: Okay. I'll text you.

[He leaves.]

[Cut to the MRI room. Chase is observing. Taub enters.]

Taub: Thank you. How did you talk him into it?

Chase: He agreed once I promised him anonymity. [hands Taub a file] Mr. and Mrs. Doe liked the name John apparently. Unfortunately we just wasted his time and proved House right.

Taub: Nothing? [points to the screen] What about that?

Chase: That's an artifact.

Taub: That's a density. I know you think I'm convincing myself, but this brain has been hammered for years, meaning evidence may be subtle, but it's there.

House: [voice] Meaning you see what you want to see. [Taub turns on another monitor. House

is getting the MRI.] Unless, of course, Chase is an idiot, and I do have brain damage.

[Taub's and Chase's beepers go off.]

Chase: Patient's stroking out.

[They leave.]

House: Chase? Can you get me out of— Ohh... Hello?

[House, on the monitor, tries to figure out how to get out of an MRI machine.]

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[Cut to Bobby's room. House is moving his finger for Bobby to follow with his eyes.]

House: The good news is, it's isolated ophthalmoplegia, which means you didn't have a stroke.

[House replaces the eye patch.] Bad news is, Taub was right. You're still sick. [to Taub] I said "right," not "competent." Bursts your CTE bubble. You're going to need a whole new theory to keep Uncle Jesse and his Olsen twins on the bench.

Taub: Can we discuss my incompetence somewhere else?

Bobby: Dr. House. Could I talk to you for a minute?

[Cut to Chase and Taub in the hall. After he talks to Bobby, House joins them.]

Taub: Could be neurosyphilis.

Chase: He's only 22.

Taub: And he's been on the road since he was 14.

House: So he was trash even before he was trash? You curious about what he wanted?

Taub: I assume he wanted me off the case, and you told him I was hit in the head as a child, and your mother made you promise to take care of me.

House: He was doing what he always does — sticking up for the little guy. He told me to apologize to you, or he would... excrete down my throat. I'm paraphrasing. [Taub looks puzzled.] So if he should ask, I was a gentleman, or I will excrete down your throat.

Chase: Microscopic polyangiitis fits.

Taub: We should start plasmapheresis immediately.

Chase: We need to run an ANCA panel to confirm first. Putting him on plasmapheresis could make him bleed out.

Taub: MPA can progress quickly. We may not have time before it reaches his lungs.

House: I think you're right. Thus confirming my objectivity. Start the treatment.

[House and Chase leave. Taub waves slightly to Bobby, then leaves.]

[Cut to the cafeteria. House joins Wilson in a booth.]

House: Miserable yet?

Wilson: He's polite, well-adjusted and a straight-A student.

House: Which means he doesn't need you. So why don't you get out while the butterfly effect is still in the cocoon stage?

Wilson: I'm making him dinner.

House: You don't make an 11-year-old dinner. You give him a jar of peanut butter.

Wilson: It'll be fine. I could give this kid a quinoa salad, and he would eat it just to be nice.

House: 'Cause he's a gutless placater, just like his dad.

Wilson: He's nice.

House: This is a terrible idea.

Wilson: Because we like each other?

House: Yes. 'Cause of the statement "we like each other." You've known him 25 minutes. All you know about him is that he'd lie about a quinoa salad, whatever the hell that is.

Wilson: You're jealous of an 11-year-old because you are an 11-year-old.

[House stops chewing and opens his mouth wide to show Wilson the food inside.]

[Cut to Wilson's condo. Wilson and Duncan are making pizza.]

Wilson: So tell me about yourself. I mean, you're smart, you're nice, but what else?

Duncan: I don't know. I'm a kid.

Wilson: Right. [Duncan looks at the toppings Wilson has laid out.] What are you looking for?

Duncan: Nothing.

Wilson: You want... peanut butter?

Duncan: Do you have prosciutto?

Wilson: You like prosciutto?

Duncan: I'm weird.

Wilson: No, no. I—I like it too. I've got some in the fridge.

Duncan: How about goat cheese?

Wilson: [chuckles happily] I love goat cheese.

Wilson: I think that was the best pizza I ever had.

[Wilson heads for the refrigerator. Duncan smiles.]

[Cut to Wilson's car.]

Wilson: I think that was the best pizza I ever had.

Duncan: It was the hint of Dijon.

Wilson: Do you have any aunts or uncles or grandparents?

Duncan: My mom got into some stupid fight with my grandfather. They all kind of cut us off.

Wilson: Hmmph.

Duncan: Are you talking to your parents?

Wilson: Yes, and they're going to be very surprised and excited to meet you.

Duncan: That's awesome.

GPS Voice: You have arrived at your destination.

Wilson: Well—

Duncan: Thanks for the pizza.

Wilson: Sure, sure. It was, uh— I mean, it was great to spend time with you and—

[Duncan hugs Wilson.]

Duncan: I love you, Dad.

[Duncan gets out of the car. Wilson laughs a little to himself.]

[Cut to Bobby's room. Taub is monitoring him and bonding.]

Taub: Can't be easy doing what you do. I mean, do you love it? Is it fun? I had my own plastic surgery practice making lots of money, but I wasn't happy. It wasn't what I went to med school for.

Bobby: [long pause] Every winter my dad would flood the backyard and made a rink. I was Lemieux. My little brother was Gretzky. I was good. I won the NDHA scoring title three years in a row. I kept getting bigger and stronger and better... 'til I didn't. My Juniors coach told me that, if I wanted to stay on the team, then I'd have to use my size. Every game, I got less and less ice time until it was all fighting and no hockey. I, uh... [looks around] There's something going on with my arms. I can't feel them. I— Doctor, I can't feel my arms.

[END OF ACT FOUR]

[ACT FIVE]

[Cut to Diagnostics the next morning. The team is doing a DDX. House enters. He swings his backpack to get some momentum going and tosses it behind him, into his office.]

Taub: Patient's arms are now paralyzed. ANCA panel was negative. It's not MPA.

Adams: Lyme disease could cause paralysis. If he was hunting, he'd be exposed to ticks.

House: No target rash or cardiac involvement. [to Chase] Roomies with benefits keeping you up?

Chase: Cribbage. I played with Park's Popo.

House: Is that two separate events?

Chase: Grandmother. ALS could explain the symptoms.

Park: Sensory involvement rules out ALS.

House: Okay, yeah. Now this is interesting. We'll get back to the patient in a second. Your issue is the same as Wilson's, except... you're haunted by the pitter-patter of tiny skanks. You don't feel guilty about getting Park thrown out of her home. You feel guilty about all the women that you've screwed over. My mother needs 1,000 bucks for snow tires.

Chase: Park's a friend. Popo's fun.

Taub: Paralysis has gone from his face to his arms, meaning it's descending, which is the hallmark of botulism.

House: So it was something he ate. How innocuous. You've overcome your bias by reversing it. The only problem is that being in love with a patient is just as judgmental as being in hate. We didn't find any contaminated—

Taub: No contaminated food. I'm not an idiot. But what if it's not from ingesting but from injecting? He was treated for intractable muscle spasms by the team's trainers. Sometimes they use botox.

Adams: We need to start the antitoxin—

Taub: The antitoxin could cause anaphylaxis. We need to test first to confirm.

House: As if to prove my point, last time you said there wasn't enough time to test prior to a more dangerous treatment.

Taub: It's a different situation, different symptom, different diagnosis.

House: Different emotion. Give him the antitoxin.

[He leaves. Taub lifts his hands in a “what the...” “I give up” gesture.]

[Cut to Bobby's room. Taub is there. Park enters.]

Park: Anything?

Taub: No adverse effects.

[Park rolls a stool over and sits down.]

Park: Chase let me move in with him to get away from my grandmother. Then he practically let my grandmother move in with the both of us. He's being way more than nice.

Taub: Then which answer is it? Chase feels guilty for pushing you to move out?

Park: He didn't push me.

Taub: Guilt about skanks.

Park: He loves skanks.

Taub: It's not the other option.

Park: There are people that like me. People even want to sleep with me. Some of them are even good-looking.

Taub: That good-looking? [Park tries to answer but no words come out. Bobby's forefinger moves.] Did you see that? [to Bobby] You're feeling something?

Bobby: [who has been awake through this entire conversation] Yeah.

[Cut to House and Wilson in the elevator.]

Wilson: I could give you crap for making me wait 11 years, but instead I'm going to thank you for not making me wait another 11.

House: Every little girl wants a pony till they have to clean up after it.

Wilson: You think I'm going to quit on this? On an 11-year-old?

House: The only relationship you haven't quit on has been with me.

Wilson: Hmm. A needy, truculent narcissist. I think it's been perfect training for parenthood.

House: [stares at him, serious] That's not even close. This is the rest of your life. You screw this up, you don't get to run away. You get to ruin both your lives. This is a bigger responsibility

than any you've ever taken on and screwed up.

Wilson: I know. That's why I'm so excited about it.

[Cut to Bobby's room. Taub has moved the table-top hockey game there. He and Bobby are playing.]

Bobby: You're really happier doing this than looking at boobs all day?

Taub: Luckily I get patients like you every now and again who let me reexperience the joy.

Bobby: You know, the best part of my day is when I'm sitting in that penalty box after I beat someone up. That's the only time I know I'm safe. Think Lemieux ever felt that way? I'm not going back.

Taub: To hockey?

Bobby: To enforcing... whatever that costs.

Taub: Good for you. [he sh**t] Ooh! First goal for the pocket rocket. Bobby? [Bobby is holding his chest and having trouble breathing.] We need a team in here!

[END OF ACT FIVE]

[ACT SIX]

[Cut to Diagnostics. House enters.]

Taub: He's completely paralyzed, and he tested negative for botulism.

House: I am now accepting long sh*ts.

Adams: Polio. Some kids were never vaccinated.

Taub: Unless they played sports all their lives and had two physicals a year.

Park: How about MLD?

Taub: That's a bad fit. I say that not because there's no treatment for MLD but because it's a bad fit. His cognitive abilities are unaffected.

Chase: Prion disease could explain the waxing and waning symptoms.

Taub: The test for Prions is a brain biopsy. Given his history, there's got to be brain swelling. We can't risk drilling into his skull.

House: Pretty sure we can.

Taub: We also could keep talking until we can find an answer we all can agree on.

House: All of us? Those who love him, those who hate him, those who don't give a crap about him or you—

Taub: Or I could just discuss it on my own with Foreman.

House: He's not your friend.

Taub: I get it. He's a patient. I'm not—

House: He never had your back. He didn't insist that I apologize to you. He asked me to take you off the case. [Taub takes in this information.] Biopsy his brain.

[Cut to the diner. Duncan joins Wilson at the counter.]

Duncan: Hey, Dad.

Wilson: Hey.

Duncan: Sorry I'm late. Got in a fight with my mom. She's such a tool.

Wilson: I'm sure she means well.

Duncan: She wants to open a reserve in Costa Rica for rescued birds of prey.

Wilson: But how serious is she? From my recollection, she used to talk about doing a lot—

Duncan: Yeah, but she bought plane tickets for Monday.

Wilson: [after a couple of false starts] Well, Costa Rica is beautiful. And the schools are supposed to be great.

Duncan: Oh, I'm not going. It's her stupid dream, not mine.

Wilson: Then what will you do?

Duncan: Uh... I—I thought maybe I could, uh... Maybe I could stay with you? Uh, y-your place is

only 3 miles away from my school. I could bus it every day. [Wilson starts shaking his head slightly.] And I do my own laundry. I keep my room tidy.

Wilson: Duncan, th–this–this is very sudden.

Duncan: I know. I'm sorry. [pause] Please don't send me to the jungle.

[Wilson stops shaking his head and sits up a little straighter.]

Wilson: If it's okay with your mother, it's okay with me.

[Duncan grabs him in a hug.]

[Cut to House's office.]

Taub: Take me off the case. I've obviously completely lost my objectivity. I'm not helping, I'm not even neutral.

House: Agreed. So why shouldn't I take you off all my cases?

Taub: Because you were right. I hate bullies.

House: You work for me.

Taub: You're not a bully.

House: Pretty sure I am, dickwad.

Taub: I've known a lot of bullies — people who didn't like me because I'm short, people who didn't like me because I'm Jewish—

House: Yeah, I get it. There's a long list of reasons not to like you.

Taub: You relentlessly mock, but it's not for self-aggrandizement. It's because ideas are bigger than feelings. At least that's what I choose to believe. I also thought you had the side effect of desensitizing me.

[He starts to leave.]

House: You little Hebe. Here's some ideas for you. You screwed up. You kept on screwing up. Everything you said is true, except... it doesn't mean you walk away. You just learn to trust

nothing. Everything you think you feel, everything you think you know. Question every call, play through every whistle.

[Taub almost turns toward the door again when he gets a “eureka” expression.]

Taub: I just had a light bulb. Maybe.

House: You can trust light bulbs.

[Cut to the OR. Taub rushes in, followed by House.]

Taub: Stop. It's not prions. Epstein-Barr gave him mono. It also gave him Miller Fisher syndrome. The plasmapheresis played through the whistle. We gave it to him for MPA, but when he got worse, we took him off. When he got better, we thought it was the antitoxin. But it was actually the plasmapheresis still working. We had the right treatment, just the wrong diagnosis.

House: It was my metaphor that solved the case. Put him back on plasmapheresis. He'll be fine. Nice save. Didn't quite make up for being a sieve the rest of the game.

[House leaves. Chase starts to remove the cage holding Bobby's head in place for the biopsy.]

[Cut to Wilson's office. He's lying in the dark again. House enters and flips on the light.]

House: Ex-girlfriend's baby again?

Wilson: His mother is moving to Costa Rica. He asked if he could move in with me. [mirthless chuckle] And I said yes.

House: Well, it's only six or seven years. Unless he can't get into college, in which case, it's more a matter of your life expectancy.

Wilson: I said yes, knowing I'm not remotely ready for that, knowing he's not ready to be separated from his mother. This isn't the act of a mature, rational adult. I-I can't do this, House. You were right.

House: I have an idea... that can make this entire problem go away.

Wilson: Yes, I really want to hear your clever late-term abortion joke. You were right about

everything. This is life. It's real. It doesn't just go away.

House: None of that is true.

[He opens the door and jerks his head in a “come here” gestures. Duncan, who is on a bench in the hall, come in. He’s holding an 9x12 manila envelope.]

Duncan: Hey.

Wilson: Duncan.

Duncan: Actually... Wendel. [He opens the envelope and pulls out a headshot with his credits printed on the back of the photo.] One "I." If you're going to get pissy, remember, it was House's idea.

Wilson: You're an actor?

Duncan: [proudly] Five commercials and a recurring on Days of Our Lives.

House: You were regretting not having kids, so I gave you one... thereby rendering you regret-free. It's a priceless gift.

Wilson: Get out.

House: Well, it's not priceless 'cause he charges SAG minimum.

Wilson: [very angry] Get out!

Duncan: Chillax, Dad.

House: Can you do an Australian accent?

[House and Duncan leave. Wilson, still staring at the picture, sinks onto his couch. He flips the photo toward the table and sits there, thinking. He chuckles softly.]

[Cut to Bobby's room.

Bobby: I just got the call. Three-year deal. \$2.1 million.

[Taub looks impressed but...]

Taub: What about the flooded backyard and pretending to be Lemieux?

Bobby: That's why I took it. After all I did to get here, half a dream is better than nothing.

Maybe my new coach will see what my Juniors coach didn't.

Taub: That'd be nice.

[Cut to Chase and Park in the elevator. He's looking at the door, she's looking at him.]

Park: [after a pause] I'm not sleeping with you.

Chase: That's a shame.

Park: [realizing something] This is about Popo.

Chase: She's not sleeping with me either, right?

Park: You were jealous of me. My family.

Chase: [confessing] Maybe you've got too much, and I've got too little.

[They get off the elevator and head for home.]

Park: I might sleep with you after all.

[Montage to Lee Dorsey's Everything I Do Gonh Be Funky]

[Chase and Popo play cribbage. She is smiling. He takes a sip from his drink. She picks up her glass and they clink glasses.]

♪♪ Everything I do gon' be funky

♪♪ From now on

♪♪ Yeah

[The front door of a house opens. Park is on the doorstep. Her mother, who opened the door, steps back to let Park come back home.]

Wilson: The woman that I called — that was really Beth?

House: Found her on Facebook.

Wilson: How much did she charge?

House: Nothing. She's still pissed at you.

House: Pass the bacon.

Wilson: I thought you liked prosciutto.

House: Nobody likes prosciutto.