Executive Producer: Paul Attanasio
Executive Producer: Katie Jacobs
Executive Producer: David Shore
Executive Producer: Bryan Singer
Co-Executive Producer: John Mankiewicz
Supervising Producer: Matt Witten
Supervising Producer: Thomas L. Moran
Producer: Gerrit van der Meer
Consulting Producer: Peter Blake
Consulting Producer: Sara B. Cooper
Associate Producer: Marcy Kaplan
Associate Producer: Bruce Nachbar
Director: Peter Medak

HOUSE

“The Socratic Method”

EPISODE #2

Written by
John Mankiewicz

E#5502

Production Draft		July 21, 2004
Full Blue Revisions		July 23, 2004
Full Pink Revisions		July 27, 2004
Yellow Revisions		July 30, 2004
Green Revisions		July 30, 2004
Goldenrod Revisions		August 2, 2004
Buff Revisions		August 5, 2004
Salmon Revisions		August 6, 2004
Cherry Revisions		August 9, 2004
Tan Revisions		August 11, 2004
Dr. Gregory House
Dr. James Wilson
Dr. Lisa Cuddy
Dr. Allison Cameron
Dr. Robert Chase
Dr. Eric Foreman

Lucille “Lucy” Palmero
Lucas “Luke” Palmero
Dr. Wells
Dr. Bergin
Sally
Clark
Trina Wyatt
Male Truant Officer
Terri
Wendy
Nurse *

Female Voice/Frog Voice
EMT Voice
Hospital P.A. Voice
HOUSE

Location List
Episode 5502 - Tan Revisions

INTERIORS
Hospital
  Hallway - Patients’ Floor
  Patient Floor Lounge
  Hallway - Admin. Floor
  Lobby - Main Floor
  E.R. Waiting Room
  Elevator
House’s Office
  Outer Office
  Inner Office
Lab
Clinic
  Exam Room #1
  Exam Room #2
Cuddy’s Office
Lucy’s Hospital Room
  Hallway Outside
Hallway Outside Surgical Suite *
Men’s Room

New Jersey State Unemployment Office
Lucy’s Apartment
  Outside Front Door
  Her Bedroom
  Luke’s Bedroom
  Tiny Kitchen
House’s Apartment

EXTERIORS

Princeton - Aerial Shot
Hospital - E.R. Entrance
TEASER

FADE IN:

TIGHT - LUCY PALMERO

Rocks her head slowly to a private, painful rhythm. 38, but looks older. A pale round face. A frozen, mirthless half smile. The blank, flattened affect of schizophrenia.

The murmur of public business in a big room. And then, aimed right at her, vaguely menacing, from out of nowhere --

FEMALE VOICE
... Cat got your tongue?

Lucy blinks. PUSH IN. Blue eyes, scared, fill the screen.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Nah. You killed the cat. Cut off its head.

Lucy stops rocking. Then, very faint, from the real world --

SALLY (V.O.)
...need to take a look at this -

LUKE'S VOICE (V.O.)
Mom... Mom.

Lucy startles, turns to Luke's voice. WIDER to REVEAL we're:

1 INT. NEW JERSEY STATE UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE -- DAY

The Disabilities Benefits desk. Lucy's teenaged son LUKE - thin, anxious, highly organized -- sits next to her. The Caseworker (SALLY) -- 50ish, plump -- behind a desk featuring a colored GLASS FROG PAPERWEIGHT. Re: a form --

SALLY
Just a couple of questions, before I can authorize extending her benefits.

Lucy's confused. Drooling now. Bobbing her head. Re: Sally -

LUCY
I don't like her. She's fat.

Luke flashes a nervous look to Sally, who nicely lets him off the hook; she's not offended.

SALLY
I could lose a little weight.

(CONTINUED)
As Lucy rubs her right calf, distracted, CAMERA SLAMS IN:

TIGHT - LUCY'S CALF - VFX

PUSHING through fat, bone and muscle to discover a dangerous looking thrombus -- a blood clot, inside Lucy's deep vein.

RESUME - UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

LUKE
(worried)
You all right?

Lucy releases her calf --

SALLY
Actually, before she signs --

LUCY
-- I killed the cat... So much blood.

Off Sally's look --

LUKE
It's okay.

Sally sighs. She wants to give the kid a break.

SALLY
I have questions about a couple of these dates. The first diagnosis --

LUKE
-- Schizophrenia, Dr. Walters, May 11 last year. Letter's in the medical file.

Sally nods. Gets it. Off the form:
SALLY
And April 6. That was her last day of work.

LUKE
The termination letter's dated March 5, I know, it's confusing, but yeah, her last pay stub was for the week ending April 6.

SALLY
But she received unemployment benefits that week. A week she worked.

LUKE
No. That's a mistake.

Off Luke, shook, grabbing a thick file, looking --

BACK INSIDE THE VEIN - VFX - AS BEFORE

SEE a SMALL PIECE of the BIG CLOT in the calf breaks off and flows up Lucy's body. Bad news.

RESUME - UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Luke still looking. It's got to be there.

SALLY
It's a big problem, it could nullify her entire claim.

LUKE
We fixed that. I know we did. We returned the money.

Finally -- he's found what he needs. He hands her a document.

LUKE (CONT'D)
That's the canceled check... Not the real one. You know. A copy.

SALLY
(irony, a compliment)
And you're the dependent.

LUKE
No, that's my little brother. I'm 18. Just helping out.

A weird beat. Sally looks at him. Smiles. STAMPS the form.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

SALLY
You're all set. Just need a signature.

LUCY
(fast, urgent)
Shut up shut up shut up.

Lucy's agitated, paranoid, eyes locked tight on --

TIGHT - THE FROG PAPERWEIGHT ON THE DESK - LUCY'S POV

FROG (THE FEMALE VOICE)
The cat's first. Now it's your turn, Lucy.

WIDER - Lucy reacts, frightened and in pain, jerks her chair backwards. Tense.

LUKE
It's okay. She just needs some water.

SALLY
I'll get it.

Sally moves off, Luke slips his Mom an airplane sized bottle of vodka. She guzzles it.

LUKE
Mom, just hold on. When she comes back, sign it, and we're done --

LUCY
-- The voices.

LUKE
-- The voices aren't real.

Lucy nods. Then she gasps, twists, in real pain, as CAMERA DIVES DOWN, and we're back --

INSIDE HER BODY - VFX - THE BLOOD CLOT

Slams through the chambers of her heart, and into a narrowing artery, crashing to a stop with a wet fat THUNK, blocking blood flow, and thus oxygen, to Lucy's lungs.

RESUME - UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Lucy gasps horribly, can't get any air. Luke is helpless, Lucy's eyes flutter closed, the whole world SLOWS DOWN, and --
LUCY'S COLLAPSE - VARIOUS

Lucy falls off the chair... Luke tries to catch her... her dead weight spins him sideways... he SLAMS his wrist on the desk... her hand hits the glass frog... it flies off the desk... smashes and separates in a shower of glass... Lucy lands on the ground hard...
CONTINUED: (5)

BACK TO REAL TIME -- Sally's back, calling 911, and Lucy's on the floor, unconscious. Off the blank stare of what's left of the frog's eyes, and Luke, terrified, cradling his mother's head --

POP TO MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PRINCETON - AERIAL SHOT -- DAY

A SIREN, the sound of an ambulance pulling up and--

EMT VOICE
(filtered, thru radio)
38 year old Caucasian woman, status
post respiratory arrest in the field,
intubated, oxygenating poorly...

INT. E.R. WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Quiet. Luke paces, restless, past a MAN reading the COMICS. When he lowers the paper, we see it's House. Annoyed.

LUKE
(a question)
This is a good hospital.

HOUSE
Depends what you mean by good.
(considers, then)
I like these chairs.

Off Luke's look, as House goes back to the comics --
CONTINUED:

HOSPITAL P.A. VOICE
Dr. Gregory House, please call Dr.
Cuddy at extension 3731.

House ignores the page. E.R. DOC WELLS enters, early 30s,
Luke moves quickly towards him --

LUKE
How is she?

WELLS
Stable, okay. Your mom had a small
pulmonary embolism, a blood clot
that got stuck in her lungs. Blocked
the oxygen.

Luke winces as he pulls out his notebook -- his wrist hurts.
(Throughout the following, House looks like he's just reading
the paper, not paying attention. Think again.)

LUKE
But the pain started in her leg.

WELLS
(nods, that's right)
Where the clot started. Her calf.
That's called a deep vein thrombosis,
basically a bigger clot --

LUKE
-- it never hurt before, I would've noticed --

WELLS
-- A piece of that broke off, went
up the vein, through her heart, and
blocked blood flow to her lungs. No
blood flow, no oxygen.

LUKE
(writing fast)
Got it. Wait a sec --

WELLS
-- Is your dad here? I have some
things I need to talk to him --

LUKE
-- My dad's running a little late;
he's dead. Talk to me. I take care
of her.

(CONTINUED)
WELLS
All right. Your Mom's blood alcohol was point one two, 10:30 in the morning --

LUKE
-- I gave it to her. Two ounces of vodka. It cools her out. (flips through book)
The last time was Monday. Three days ago. I'm real careful.
(beat)
She hears voices.

WELLS
(a question)
She's schizophrenic.
(off Luke's nod)
Explains the DVT. The alcohol makes her pass out, she's immobile for long periods --

LUKE
-- that doesn't happen. She's not an alcoholic.

WELLS
Fine. She only drinks when you give it to her.
(end of story)
We put her on blood thinners, you can probably take her home tomorrow.

Wells stands.

LUKE
It's not the alcohol. It's gotta be something else.

Out of nowhere --

HOUSE
Of course it's the alcohol. Hello.

As he gets up, moves toward them --

HOUSE (CONT'D)
(re: Wells)
This guy's a professional doctor. Plays golf and everything, I bet.
(to Luke)
He's not gonna tell you your Mom's an alcoholic, not without proof.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
I'm sure he scoped for varices, checked her esophagus, ran all kinds of blood tests... Doctors like this, they don't make assumptions, they do the work.

Wells doesn't like being jerked around.

WELLS
I'd be happy to refer you the case, Doctor House, you seem so interested --

HOUSE
-- what case, it's over, you're sending her home --
(to Luke)
How old is she?

LUKE
You're a doctor?

HOUSE
Own my own stethoscope. Did I ask you how old she was, I forget --

LUKE
She's 38.

HOUSE
(significant)
Ah.

LUKE
Are you gonna take the case?

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE -- DAY

House and the team -- CHASE, FOREMAN and CAMERON. As House writes "Deep Vein Thrombosis" and "female, 38 yrs," on the empty whiteboard --

HOUSE
-- Come on people, it didn't just come in the mail. A 38 year old woman with no previous symptoms or history presents with Deep Vein Thrombosis, how did she get it?

FOREMAN
The usual three big risk factors for DVT are immobility, injury to the vein, or the blood itself.
CAMERON
An inherited clotting disorder.

FOREMAN
If she's European.

As House scrawls the possibilities on the whiteboard --

HOUSE
Lucy Palermo. Italian. Dr. Chase.
Is Italy in Europe?
(off Chase's look)
You look sleepy, you're from there,
thought I'd give you an easy one.

CHASE
Italy's in Europe. Australia's not.

HOUSE
Fun geographical facts, always good
for bar bets, thanks, she's European,
the Factor V blood disorder's more
likely, what else?

CAMERON
Infections and
inflammatory diseases.

CHASE
Lupus, Crohn's Disease,
rheumatoid arthritis,
-- She said "lupus," she
always says lupus --
they can stimulate
clotting.

FOREMAN
(hard, fast)
-- and pregnancy, especially third
trimester, oral contraceptives,
smoking, diabetes, obesity, and what's
the point here? A DVT's a DVT. Put
her on IV Heparin to prevent new
clots. What's the big mystery?

HOUSE
Fine, you're all sleepy, you need a
clue --
(circles "38," hard, as)
She's thirty-eight years old. She's
twenty years too young to get a Deep
Vein Thrombosis.

FOREMAN
I took care of a twelve year old
girl, soccer player, kicked in the leg --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

HOUSE
-- There's no trauma; none of the risk factors.

CAMERON
(skeptical)
You took a history?

HOUSE
I have some notes. Not mine, but reliable, I think, for the purposes of this discussion.

He shows them Luke's notebook, and, glancing through it --

HOUSE (CONT'D)
As for immobility, she's real active now, of course, the paranoia keeps her limber, but before that, she worked at the library for twelve years, putting away books. And this was before e-books and CD's, so there was a real weight to --

They've all caught the reference, but it's --

FOREMAN
-- Whoa whoa whoa, back it up. Paranoia?

HOUSE
Oh yeah, she's schizophrenic. And her kid wrote this, so it might be a little biased, having to take care of his nutso mom and all.
(beat, off the looks)
What. You think there's a connection? Do we include schizophrenia in the differential for DVT?

FOREMAN
Well --

HOUSE
-- The answer's no. Abnormal dopaminergic pathways in the brain do not cause blood clots. Schizophrenia does not cause DVT.
(beat)
It's something else.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - PATIENT FLOOR -- DAY

House and Wilson walk and talk, mid-conversation --

(CONTINUED)
On the other hand, we don't know anything about schizophrenia. So maybe it is connected.

The schizophrenia does explain one mystery. Why you're so fascinated by some woman with a bump in her leg. It's like Picasso deciding to white wash a fence.

-- Thanks, but I'm more of a Leroi Neiman man; and this is only about the DVT; she's 38, she shouldn't --

-- right, solve this one, you're headed for Stockholm --

We don't even know how to treat it. Come on: fumigation of the vagina?

A little louder, I don't think they heard you in Labor and Delivery --

-- Two thousand years ago, that's how Galen treated schizophrenics. The Marcus Welby of ancient Greece.

Right. Clearly you're not interested.

(still on his rant)
Because, obviously, all the symptoms were caused by malposition of the uterus.

There's a better place for it?
And since then, what? Lobotomies, rubber rooms, electric shock -- that Galen was so primitive.

House hangs a right.

Where are you going?

Taking her history; I'm a doctor, it's what I do.

You won't talk to patients because they lie; but give you somebody who doesn't know what reality is and you're--

--If it wasn't for Socrates, a raving, untreated schizophrenic, we wouldn't have the Socratic Method, the best way to teach everything except juggling chain saws, and without Isaac Newton, we'd be floating on the ceiling.

Dodging chain saws, no doubt.

And that guitar player, you know, in that English band. He was great.

At the room, about to enter, he sees Wilson's smug smile and --

You think it's the schizophrenia.

Pretty sure of it.
Galen was pretty sure about the fumigation thing.

(a beat, it comes to him)

Pink Floyd.

He goes inside.

INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

House enters. In bed, Lucy's monitored, got a central line. Weak, but the schizophrenic symptoms -- the rictus-smile, the higher voice, the disassociated thought -- are in full bloom. Luke stands by the bed as House looks down and --

LUKE
Mom, this is --

HOUSE
-- Gregory House, nice to meet you. Would it be all right if we talked alone for a while?

LUKE
(anxious)
But you need me --

HOUSE
(re: note book)
-- I've got your chart notes, Doctor.
(hands him a twenty)
Cafeteria's downstairs, get yourself anything you want, as long as there's enough left over for a Reuben sandwich to go, dry, no fries, hold the pickles. Should run you about five eighty with tax.
(gives him his pager)
I'll page you when we're done.
(smiles)
Get a receipt.

LUCY
(soft)
No pickles.


HOUSE
Nice kid. How much do you really drink?

Off her look:
INT. PATIENT FLOOR LOUNGE -- DAY

With Chase and Foreman, reeling. As Luke walks past --

FOREMAN
He's really talking to a patient?

CHASE
(nods, then)
I don't know who I am anymore.

INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

As before, Lucy and House --

HOUSE
And the meds?

LUCY
Baseball. I like baseball.

HOUSE
Very nice.

LUCY
Very sad.
(softener)
We went to a game. Me and the boy.

HOUSE

Lucy turns away. House moves to the other side of the bed.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
You take what he tells you to take.

LUCY
(small nod, then)
The Mets lost.
INT. PATIENT FLOOR LOUNGE -- DAY

The team and Wilson. Waiting. Cameron opens an envelope from the MEDICAL SOCIETY OF NEW JERSEY. The conversation proceeds as Cameron opens a form, looks at it, realizes, smirks to herself, and throws it away --

FOREMAN
Some nurse saw him go in; maybe it never happened; like the guy waking up in Central Park without a kidney; it's always a friend of a friend.

WILSON
I saw him.

Beat. They consider the significance of all this...

CHASE
What's he gonna find out that we couldn't?

Wilson gives him a look – is that what this is? A turf issue?

WILSON
Think of it as calling in a specialist.

INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

House standing now, leaning against the wall, as --

LUCY
(too loud, with edge)

HOUSE
Because I like your voice.

Lucy gives a short, barking laugh. House sits back down.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
(re: her leg)
You told Luke it never hurt before.

LUCY
Just rough. They didn't hurt.

(CONTINUED)
Lucy wiggles her legs underneath the sheets. House takes note...

HOUSE
(thoughtful)
They didn't.

LUCY
Don't lie to him, Limpy. Lively Lucy never lies to Lucas.
(soften, serious)
Look what I do to him.
(beat)
Now. My leg hurts now.
(beat, softer)
Yours too.

INT. PATIENT FLOOR LOUNGE -- DAY

As House approaches from the patient's room...

WILSON
Learn anything from the human connection?

HOUSE
Yeah. The Mets suck.

They look at each other: that's it?

HOUSE (CONT'D)
Also, for the last couple of months, she hasn't shaved her legs, because of the tremors, she cuts herself --

CHASE
-- the tremors aren't new, she must always cut herself --

HOUSE
-- Exactly. Something changed, two months ago. I'm thinking the amount of blood when she cut herself.
(to Foreman, sitting)
Let's do some blood work; collect and send for clotting studies -- PT, PTT, Factor V, protein C&S. The whole shebang.

Luke comes in, hands House his pager and a bagged sandwich.

LUKE
No pickles. And it's cold now.
CAMERON
If it's a Reuben, that's how he likes it.

HOUSE
Everyone, this is Luke.

CAMERON
Allison Cameron, glad to meet --

HOUSE
-- Save it, we're busy -- Luke, give us another half hour with your Mom, we need to do some tests.

Luke goes off.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
Nice kid. Keep her on the IV Heparin to prevent future clotting, and take her off the psych meds -- that way we can see what's what on the physical side, and who knows, we might get more out of her.

They move off. Except for Cameron... He takes a bite of his sandwich then notices her still standing there.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
Don't worry... no pickles.

She debates, then:

CAMERON
...Happy birthday.

HOUSE
Okay; whose?

He really doesn't know what she's talking about, but Cameron thinks he just doesn't want to talk about it.

CAMERON
I was just going through your mail, it was on a form -- (beat)
Happy Birthday.

HOUSE
Oh.

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERON
Just wanted to say it. No big deal.
It's a custom on this planet, you'll
catch on.

Cameron leaves.

INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Foreman and a Nurse with a rack of blood tubes.

LUCY
No blood. Not mine.

FOREMAN
For the tests, Dr. House told you
about them --

Lucy spits in his face.

LUCY
You're gonna steal it. Sell it.

As Foreman wipes his face, the Nurse presses a button. A
moment later, a couple of larger nurses enter --

FOREMAN
Haldol, 5 milligrams, STAT.

LUCY
No!

As a Nurse produces a needle, Lucy struggles, terrified.
Foreman and two Nurses hold her down as --

LUCY (CONT'D)
No... don't...

She twists, sees the Haldol go into the IV. Foreman watches
her face go slack and dull. She stops struggling; he uncaps
the needle to draw the blood...

INT. CLINIC - EXAM ROOM 2 -- DAY

TERRI - mid-30's, fit, very attractive, in tight fashionable
clothes, and WENDY, her ever so slightly overweight 12 year
old daughter, who has a sore throat and wears baggy jeans.
House walks in as Terri adjusts Wendy's thin gold bracelet.
She's got a matching one.

HOUSE
Well, good news, the lab says it's
not strep, so we're done.
Wendy hops off the exam table, but --

**TERRI**
(to her daughter)
Wait a second.

**HOUSE**
Really not strep. The boys in the lab, sure, they're hard drinkers, but they're pros. Plus your kid actually has none of the symptoms for strep; I just figured running the test was easier than arguing with you. My point is: go.

**TERRI**
I wanted your opinion, doctor. She's having a birthday party next week, and she's upset that I'm getting a sugarless cake.

**WENDY**
The other kids hate it.

**HOUSE**
That's why you're here.

**TERRI**
Sugar is --

**HOUSE**
-- You want a doctor to scare her about the dangers of sugar.

**TERRI**
She has to get her weight under control.

Beat. House considers his options, then:

**HOUSE**
Well, I feel sorry for those other kids, Wendy, because they don't have a Mom like yours, who knows that sugar causes heart disease, appendicitis, and athlete's foot.

**TERRI**
That's not fair --

**HOUSE**
-- Sure it is. I get it.

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

HOUSE (CONT'D)

You want her to slim down a little
so she can wear pretty outfits, just
like yours. Love the bracelets.
Hey, what about matching outfits?
You could be twins.
(a character)
My gosh, that can't be your daughter;
it's impossible, you're way too young.

He turns to go, then turns back:

HOUSE (CONT'D)
(to the kid)
And happy birthday.
(to mom)
Get the kid a damn ice cream cake.

And he leaves. Mom tries to hold in her anger; daughter
tries to hold in her glee.

INT. CLINIC -- CONTINUOUS

House emerges from Exam Room One and Luke is waiting for
him.

LUKE
You drugged her.

HOUSE
Actually, I didn't, I've taken her
off all --

LUKE
-- your guy Foreman gave her Haldol.

HOUSE
(takes a beat, recovers)
We needed blood for tests. I assume
that was the only way to get it.

LUKE
(blocking House)
He knocked her out.

HOUSE
(get out of my way)
I've got a cane and I know how to
use it.

LUKE
(still blocks him)
I hired you, you work for me.

(continues)
CONTINUED:

HOUSE
Okay. Can I go now, boss?

House walks away, Luke lets him, stays there as --

LUKE
She says the Haldol changes her.
Makes her soul numb.
(softener)
Don't give it to her.


INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

In dim light, Luke's by the bed, reading to his whacked out Mom from a well-worn collection of W.B. Yeats.

LUKE
-- If there be rags enough he will
know her name, and be well pleased
remembering it --
(off Lucy's cough)
You okay?

Even numbed by Haldol, she's heard this poem so many times from her boy before...

LUCY
(prompting)
...Old days.

Luke smiles and continues...

LUKE
'For in the old days, though she had
young men's praise and old men's
blame, among the poor both old and
young gave her praise --

Another COUGH. A wet SMACK of something. The open book --
suddenly flecked with RED DOTS. Confused, Luke touches the
page, the dots SMEAR.

WIDER to INCLUDE Lucy, sitting up now, helpless, a river of
something dark streaming from her mouth. She retches,
throwing up HUGE VOLUMES of HOT RED BLOOD.

Luke grabs his mom's arm as he yells toward the door --

LUKE (CONT'D)
Help! Somebody help!
FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE'S INNER OFFICE -- DAY

Foreman and House, mid argument, as --

HOUSE
When I said no psych meds, I'm just curious, which word didn't you understand?

FOREMAN
The Haldol had nothing to do with the bleed, you know that; I used it purely as a chemical restraint --

HOUSE
-- Great, good to know, then she won't experience any of those pesky little side effects you get when your motives aren't pure.

FOREMAN
(give me a break)
Those side effects are rare and --

HOUSE
-- passing out, increased confusion, depression -- none of that's gonna happen; none of that's gonna screw up our diagnosis, because you just used it to restrain her. I am so relieved.

PULLING BACK THRU GLASS to...

INT. HOUSE'S OUTER OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Cameron's there as Chase enters with a big envelope. Foreman and House go at it, muffled, behind the glass.

CHASE
(re: envelope)
The clotting studies. Pretty fast, you promise to date the whole lab?

CAMERON
(taking it from him)
No, I save that for emergencies. I told them the patient bled out two units and if it happens again she'll die.

(CONTINUED)
Chase sits down as Cameron opens the envelope.

CHASE
If it had happened at home, she'd be dead.
(off Cameron's look)
The ER Doc. He was going to send her home.

Chase sees House and Foreman through the glass. Gives Cameron a look re: House and Foreman --

CAMERON
They're picking a movie.

Coming out of the inner office, with Foreman behind him --

HOUSE
Why did this patient bleed out?

Cameron looks up from the results as --

CAMERON
The clotting studies. So far they're normal --

HOUSE
(he knows)
-- cover your ears if you don't want me to spoil the ending.
(off the looks)
I couldn't wait, I tried that crazy new telephone gadget, I think it could catch on.
(beat)
It's all normal, except for a prolonged PT time. What's that mean?

Chase and Cameron look at Foreman, they know exactly what it means: Foreman screwed up.

FOREMAN
Usually it means whoever drew the blood didn't do it right.
(low, to Chase and Cameron)
Appreciate the confidence.

HOUSE
Oh, that's right, you drew the blood. But you were precise, because you knew the tube was purely for the PT study.

(CONTINUED)
FOREMAN
That's right.

HOUSE
And I'm right with you. I trust this result. For two reasons: a) you are a good doctor and b) 5 milligrams of IV Haldol makes for a spectacularly cooperative patient.

(waits, no response)
Fine, I'll go. The prolonged PT time makes me think she's got a Vitamin K deficiency, which, aggravated by the Heparin, caused the bleed.

FOREMAN
Fine, but it does nothing to explain the DVT you're so curious about.

(mutters)
Or why.

HOUSE
Hipbone, thighbone. Without vitamin K, protein C doesn't work, without protein C, she clots. Thinning and clotting all at the same time.

(ta da)
DVT and bleeding.

CAMERON
Awfully obscure. What about another drug interacting with Heparin. An anti-biotic, like ampicillin. That could cause a bleed. And some other drug could --

HOUSE
-- Clever, but she's not on ampicillin.

CAMERON

(off Luke's notebook)
-- a couple of months ago, she had a sore throat, he got her some ampicillin --

HOUSE
(weak theory)
-- which she refused to take then. Why would she take an anti-biotic now?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

CAMERON
(re: the book)
He just says she didn't take them. What is it, everybody lies, except schizophrenics and their children?

CHASE
(re: Cameron's theory)
It's more likely than malnourishment. Why not scurvy, or the plague?

HOUSE
Gee, I wish my idea was as cool and with it as yours, and what is yours, do you have one?

CHASE
Alcohol. Simple.

FOREMAN
First thing we did was scope for varices; there's no gastritis, no esophageal tear, LFT's were okay, plus the kid says--

CHASE
--The kid's a kid. And she's an alcoholic; even if they're not schizophrenic, they're liars. (to House, appealing on his terms) Alcohol fits the symptoms. It causes immobility, which explains the DVT. It also causes cirrhosis, which explains the bleed and the prolonged PT time. Let's go the extra mile. Ultrasound the liver.

House thinks, then...

HOUSE
Check her place for the ampicillin and diet. (to Chase) And then ultrasound her liver. Let's find out who's right before she bleeds to death.

Off House, as they leave --

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR -- DAY

Chase and Foreman at the door. Chase tries it. It's locked. Chase takes out a credit card.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FOREMAN
House says the kid's sensitive, thinks he takes good care of her. If we don't find anything, why let him know we did it in the first place? What's the point?

Chase struggles; the credit card's stuck in the doorjamb.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
Why not just make old Foreman lift the key from the kid's backpack?

Chase looks up. Foreman grins. Holds the KEY.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Chase and Foreman move through a small hallway into a living room/bedroom, and into Lucy's bedroom. It's neat, simple, sunny.

Foreman keeps moving (into a bathroom) as Chase sees a chest of drawers. Chase opens a drawer and finds an entire outfit -- shirt, shorts, underwear, socks -- as Foreman is in the doorway --

FOREMAN (entering)
Her medication's not in the bathroom.

Chase looks up from the drawer. A little rocked. Foreman gets it, too --

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
Oh man. He lays out her clothes.

Chase closes the drawer. Maybe talking about himself, too --

CHASE
Enough organization, enough lists, you think you can control the uncontrollable. Fix her meds, fix her clothes, maybe you can fix her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FOREMAN

You pick that up on your psych rotation?

Chase doesn't answer, just moves to a bureau drawer, opens it, and --

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

I'll check Luke's room.

Foreman leaves. Chase stops, looks at a pre-schizophrenia PHOTO of Luke and Lucy at a ball game. She's present, laughing -- it's heartbreaking.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - LUKE'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Foreman's on the single bed, with an open lock box of meds -- twenty bottles of prescriptions, and a print out MEDS LOG. As Chase enters...

FOREMAN

Trifluoperazine, Thorazine, Clozarile. They tried everything.

(off a pill bottle)

Abilify.

CHASE

That's what we took her off of, right?

FOREMAN

(off the log)

She'd been on it for a couple of months. Last refill was the 14th. One a day, she missed a dose the day of the DVT, should be 18 left.

Foreman counts. Chase looks at the neat desk, the computer, the stack of library books on Schizophrenia. The poetry. The disability info. Paid and unpaid bills.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

18. The kid's on top of it.

(another bottle)

The ampicillin. Never touched it.

(CONTINUED)
CHASE
(doesn't want House to be right)
God, I hope it's not a Vitamin K deficiency.
CONTINUED: (2)

And he exits...

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - TINY KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Chase opens the refrigerator. It's almost empty. Then tries the freezer.

CHASE

Damn.

The freezer's packed tight with boxes of FROZEN BURGERS.

FOREMAN

Breakfast, lunch and dinner. It's a Vitamin K deficiency.

Chase literally can't believe it. Off the box of burgers --

INT. LAB -- DAY

DING - A burger in the microwave.

House removes it and carries it to the table where the rest of the box from Lucy's freezer sits. House is mid-conversation with Luke, who's upset --

LUKE

This is the only thing she'll eat --

HOUSE

Problem is, you can't actually live on the stuff --

LUKE

-- I checked it out. I looked on the box. The nutritional values are solid. Plenty of calories, protein --

HOUSE

Vitamin A and C, but no K. That's why your mom got sick.

LUKE

What's the plan now?

HOUSE

Load her up with Vitamin K.

LUKE

That's it?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HOUSE
If it all checks out, you can take her home in a couple of days.
    (Luke is upset)
Oh God, you're upset about something; you're going to open up to me, aren't you?

LUKE
It's my fault.

HOUSE
Here we go.
    (has to get him off this)
I'm gonna say this once. You've done a very good job taking care of your mother; if this was all she'd eat, what could you do? Gosh, just being a kid is a full time job --

LUKE
-- Shut up. I'm 18. I should be able to take care of my mom.
    (beat)
I almost **killed** her.

HOUSE
Good example. Just the **time** it takes to express all those ridiculous, self-centered teenage ideas -- I don't envy your schedule.

House takes a bite of the burger, pleased.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
No pickles.

LUKE
My mom doesn't like 'em either.

HOUSE
Smart woman.

Luke knows she once was a smart woman. Beat, then...

LUKE
When I was a kid I got her a hot dog once, tried to sneak some relish on it to see if she'd notice. She yelled at me.

HOUSE
You got off easy.
LUKE
Before she got sick, I didn't like
how bossy she was, always telling me
what to do, the right way to do it.
Never thought I'd miss that.

House digs in. Meeting's over. Luke hefts his backpack to

HOUSE
You should get that looked at...
INT. HOUSE'S INNER OFFICE -- DAY

With Luke, House SLAPS the wrist X-Rays on a light board and studies them.

HOUSE
It's not broken.
(inicates)
This, right here... The epiphyseal plate... otherwise known as the growth plate --

LUKE
-- what's wrong with it?

HOUSE
An amazing thing, this bone. If you know how to read it, it can tell you how old someone really is. **Exactly** how old.

LUKE
Great, it's not broken. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

House is looking at the X-Ray.

HOUSE
(studying)
Not even 15. Almost though. Two weeks away. A month, maybe --

LUKE
-- Last week. I was 15 last week.

HOUSE
Happy birthday to us. If you're going to lie, go big, go 21; then you won't need your crazy mom to help you buy vodka.

LUKE
Great, thanks for the tip. When I bring my mom home, is there anything I need to know about taking care of her?

As Luke takes out his notebook --

HOUSE
I suppose your big worry isn't the booze. You're 15; with basically no mom. If Child Welfare let kids get away with that they wouldn't need all those nice foster homes; that'd make them sad.

LUKE
They'd put her someplace, too. My life is working.

HOUSE
Not the word I'd use. Most 15 year old kids are doing what they're supposed to be doing, you know -- huffing glue, catching crabs --

LUKE
If you turn me in, I'll sue you.
(the X-ray)
That's privileged information.

HOUSE
Oh relax, that's not even your X-ray.
Lucy's asleep as Cameron enters. Chase has just started the ultrasound.

CAMERON
Vitamin K's not good enough for you? You're still testing for cirhossis?

CHASE
(needs to know)
Doctors never cancel tests.

Cameron takes a look at the monitor, marking the read out --

CAMERON
(re: Lucy)
She's awfully calm.

CHASE
(doesn't approve)
House wrote new orders.

He grabs the empty airplane bottle of vodka off the nightstand, puts it in his lab coat pocket.
CONTINUED:

Chase manipulates the Ultrasound on Lucy's stomach.

CAMERON
A little bit of scarring. Not much, not enough to --

CHASE
-- It's cirrhosis.
(a little edge)
But she doesn't drink.

Chase looks away from the monitor, at Lucy, still sleeping.

CAMERON
Congratulations, you win.

Cameron reacts to something she sees on the monitor -- a lightly outlined shape on the liver -- speckled.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Actually... nobody wins.

Chase moves to the monitor.

CHASE
A tumor. Cystic?

CAMERON
(wish it was)
Solid mass. Cancer.

OMITTED

INT. HOUSE'S INNER OFFICE -- DAY

The ultrasound and an MRI photo are up on the light board. Wilson examines them. The team and House await his verdict.

WILSON
The Vitamin K caused the DVT, and aggravated the liver, the tumor's the real reason for the blood problems. The tumor's the problem.

Off House's tight nod, as he turns away --
INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - OUTSIDE LUCY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

As Luke comes out of the room, Cameron and Wilson approach, and --

WILSON
I'm Dr. Wilson. Dr. Cameron and I need to talk to you about what's going on.

LUKE
Sure.

WILSON
We need to talk to your mom, too.

They enter the room. Close the door. CAMERA SLIDES down to the window, watches Wilson and Cameron deliver the bad news to mother and son.

As Luke asks questions and takes notes, NOTICE that Lucy says nothing. She's FOCUSED only on her son. Nothing else exists.


Luke takes a few deep breaths, doesn't cry. He turns back, picks up his book and asks another question - he has to handle this. If he stops he won't be able to start again.

Off Lucy's unreadable look as she watches her son take care of her --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

32 OMMITTED

33 INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE -- DAY

House watches his team debate the limited treatment options.

FOREMAN
It's big, five point eight centimeters.

CHASE
We do nothing, she dies from liver failure within 60 days.

CAMERON
She needs a transplant.

HOUSE
That's gonna happen.

As Wilson walks in --

CAMERON
(thinks it should)
She's 38 years old. She's a mother --

HOUSE
-- A schizophrenic mother with no money, on the public dole, in fact, who knocks back vodka when a breeze blows her way.

FOREMAN
Mickey Mantle had a whole bar named after him. He got a transplant.
CONTINUED:

HOUSE
Lucy can't switch hit. Plan B, surgery to resect the tumor.

He looks at Wilson:

CHASE
Joe Bergin does the gamma knife thing. Laser cauterizes while it cuts; saves more liver.

WILSON
The tumor's way too big. He won't even consider it.

FOREMAN
Not a big risk-taker, Bergin.

HOUSE
Won't drink milk on its expiration date.

WILSON
He has no discretion. 5.8 centimeters is past surgical guidelines.

HOUSE
You think he'd do it at 4.6?

CAMERON
Why don't we say it's zero, then we don't need him at all. Tumors grow; they don't shrink.

HOUSE
This one does.

Off House's look; he has a plan.

OMITTED

INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Wilson and Cameron watch Lucy's liver on the ULTRASOUND monitor. As he fills a big hypodermic needle, standing over Lucy --

WILSON
Ninety-five percent ethanol.

(CONTINUED)
Guided by the MRI, Wilson injects the needle into Lucy's liver --

INSIDE THE NEEDLE - VFX

Follow the needle's path to her LIVER, and as the alcohol is injected in the tumor --

WILSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The ethanol dehydrates the tumor cells --

SEE the tumor SHRINK, and HEAR a SUCKING SOUND, as

WILSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-- Literally sucks them dry --

RESUME - SCENE

WILSON (CONT'D)
It shrinks the tumor temporarily.

CAMERON
How temporarily?

WILSON
If we're lucky, just long enough to fool the surgeon.

Wilson withdraws the needle --

INT. CLINIC - EXAM ROOM 1 -- DAY

House with a patient named CLARK -- 30ish, bit of a combover -- as Clark HICCUPS. Looks miserable.

CLARK
I've tried everything.

HOUSE
(off the chart)
Pulling the tongue, ice bags on the throat, hitting yourself in the face... the groin pinch, well, you've sure covered all the normal medical bases.

(an idea)
How are you hitting yourself? Open hand or fist?

CLARK
Open hand.

(Continued)
As Cuddy comes in the door, Clark WHACKS himself across the face.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
(should've worked)
That's about right.
(to Cuddy)
Hiccups.

CUDDY
I need to speak to you. Now.

It's a choice between Cuddy and Clark. Not a good choice.

HOUSE
I think I have to go pee pee.
(to patient, as he leaves)
Dial it up a notch, try one more shot.

And he walks out. Cuddy follows as Clark hits himself a little harder and then... HICCUPS.

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

House splashes water on his face, looks up to SEE Cuddy in the mirror behind him; she followed him in.

HOUSE
Girl in the boys' bathroom, ooh, very dramatic. Must be very important, what she has to say to me.

CUDDY
Yesterday your patient's tumor was 5.8 centimeters, today it's 4.6; how does that happen?

HOUSE
My guess would be: "this Dr. House must be very, very good; why am I wasting him at the clinic?"
(heads for the urinals)
I wash before and after.

CUDDY
You also requisitioned 20 ccs of ethanol. Which patient would that be for? Or are you planning a party?

(CONTINUED)
HOUSE

Do me a favor?

Cuddy turns on the water.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

I was going to say 'leave,' but hey, that works.

CUDDY

You shrunk the tumor.

HOUSE

Only way to get this guy to do the surgery.

CUDDY

Fraud? Fraud was the only way?

A Doctor comes into the bathroom. Cuddy gives him a look, and the Doctor heads right back out.

CUDDY (CONT'D)

There's a reason we have those guidelines.

HOUSE

I know. To save lives. Specifically, doctors' lives. And not so much their lives as their lifestyles. Don't want to operate on anybody really sick, they might die, spoil our batting average.

CUDDY

Bergin has a right to know what he's operating on.

HOUSE

True. I got all focused on her right to live and forgot. You do what you think is right.

Pompous jerk. She turns to go, then turns back --

CUDDY

Your patient's kid slept here three nights in a row. I'm not running a homeless shelter.
HOUSE (give me a break)  
He's 15 years old; he takes care of his mom.

CUDDY  
It's supposed to be the other way around.

Cuddy leaves. Beat. House is still at the urinal. Finally, he sighs...

INT. HOUSE'S INNER OFFICE -- DAY

House is working. Cameron enters.

CAMERON  
...You really didn't know?

HOUSE  
No, I didn't, and frankly, I'm angry. Which I'm guessing is the correct response. Of course, I'll know better once you tell me what you're talking about.

CAMERON  
Your birthday.

HOUSE  
Oh. Anger was a bad guess. (then)  
Normally, I put on a festive hat and celebrate the fact that the earth has circled the sun one more time. I really didn't think it would make it this year, but darn it if it wasn't the little engine that could all over again.

CAMERON  
It's a birthday. It's an excuse to be happy. You think that's lame?

She feels sorry for him -- and that makes him miserable.

HOUSE  
Why are you here? Did you buy me a pony?

CAMERON  
(there's nothing to do)  
I'm just waiting for the surgery --
CONTINUED:

HOUSE
-- Loeb's 4th law of medicine. Go scrub in.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SURGICAL SUITE -- DAY

Cameron and DR. JOE BERGIN move through the doors, immediately post surgery, wrung out from a tense operation, blood on their scrubs. PUSHING CAMERA BACK, real smooth, but with sharp edge underneath --

BERGIN
-- that tumor didn't just walk into a bar and buy itself a double shot of ethanol. Someone shrunk it down --

CAMERON
-- I'm sorry, Doctor Bergin, it was very very wrong --

BERGIN
-- House is lucky I didn't just close her up. He tries it again, that's what happens.

CAMERON
I'll pass it on.

Bergin moves past CAMERA as we HOLD Cameron, who stops. Off her small smile -- the plan worked, they got what they wanted --
INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY


CHASE
It looks like the surgeon got it all, but she's going to have to have some chemotherapy --

LUKE
(writing)
-- what kind is it?

CHASE
Stop. Writing.


CHASE (CONT'D)
(he knows...) If you stop for a second it won't all fall apart. Give yourself a break once in a while. The fact is, your Mom's gonna take an extra drink once in awhile --

LUKE
-- she won't, she doesn't --

CHASE
Fine.
(beat) There are some things you can't fix, that's all I'm saying.

A beat. Luke nods. As if he gets it, but --

LUKE
That's how you'd handle it. Something like this. You'd give up.

Not really surprised, Chase realizes Luke didn't hear any of it.

CHASE
No. I'd do it just like you.

Chase pulls a chemo pamphlet from his coat, hands it to Luke and --

CHASE (CONT'D)
It's an infusion.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CHASE (CONT'D)
She'll have a drain in her abdomen, you're going to have to check for possible infection --

Luke is writing again as --

TRINA WYATT (O.S.)
Lucas Palmero?

She's in the doorway. 40ish, official looking. Moving in, talking low, aware of the sleeping Lucy --

TRINA WYATT (CONT'D)
Trina Wyatt. Child Services, state of New Jersey.

CHASE
Can I help you? This is a private--

TRINA WYATT
(moving toward Lucas)
He's 15 years old, a minor, in a very tough living situation. We want to help him.

LUKE
I don't need your help.

CHASE
(genuinely surprised)
Fifteen?

TRINA WYATT
Lucas. You have to come with us. Right now.

LUKE
I don't think so.

CHASE
Where are you taking him?

TRINA WYATT
Until the investigation is complete, and a determination is made, he'll be housed at Children's Services --

LUKE
-- I don't want to be housed. I live with my mother.
TRINA WYATT
Not for the next few days. Come on.
Let's not make this difficult.

Lucy stirs. Luke looks at her. Still asleep. You can see it in his face -- he's smart, knows he has to go with them, but just might not do it.

MALE TRUANT OFFICER (O.S.)
How we doin'?

A uniformed TRUANT OFFICER in the doorway. Implied muscle.

TRINA WYATT
(at Luke, a question)
I think we're okay.

A tense beat. Then, kissing his Mom on her forehead --

LUKE
(whispers)
I love you, Mom.

Lucy grabs his hand. Her hand shakes on his. She's awake.

LUCY
The Mets lost. You remember?

LUKE
I remember.

LUCY
I love you.

Luke is crying. Lucy closes her eyes, turns away. Luke lets go of her hand, turns fast, blows by the Truant Officer, and leaves the room. Trina Wyatt and the officer follow him, and, off Lucy alone in bed, and Chase...

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - MAIN FLOOR -- DAY

House and Wilson, mid-conversation, walking toward the elevators --

WILSON
Cuddy hasn't said anything about pushing Bergin to finish the surgery?

HOUSE
Not a word. Some kind of mind game. She's waiting for me to crack.

WILSON
Either that or she's just being nice.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

House glances wryly to Wilson, then notices Luke come out of the elevators fast, pissed off, followed by Trina Wyatt and the Truant officer. House stops. He knows something's up.

    HOUSE
    (not a chance of that)
    Right.

Ten feet away, Luke looks up, and House can see tears on his face. House steps toward Luke, and, as Luke blows right by him (bumping him a little) --

    LUKE
    (bitter)
    You said you wouldn't call. You're a real bastard, you know?

    HOUSE
    Yeah, I get that a lot.

House watches Luke head for the front door, trailed by the Truant Officer and Trina Wyatt. TIGHT ON HOUSE, thoughtful, putting something together... Luke exits. House turns to Wilson, and --

    HOUSE (CONT'D)
    ...I don't think mom's crazy.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. CUDDY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Cuddy works. House enters - there's something he's got to check out.

CUDDY
What?

HOUSE
You paged me.

CUDDY
Three days ago. I forget why.

She goes back to her work.

HOUSE
...Children's Services; they do nice work; you did the right thing ratting the kid out.

She reacts - this reaction is what he came to see, and assess...

CUDDY
You got me pegged as the anonymous caller?

HOUSE
If in doubt, I always blame you.

He continues to study her as:

HOUSE (CONT'D)
None of my people even knew he was 15, which doesn't impress me, but gets them off the hook. Tag, you're it.

CUDDY
Never thought I'd say this to you, but maybe you've gotten too involved in this case. On a personal level.

HOUSE
It's like you can see right through me. I feel so vulnerable.

And he leaves.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HOUSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(reading, very low)
I have gone about the house, gone up and down.

INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

ON THE BOOK. House reads from the collection of Yeats. It's open to the page that's spattered in blood.

REVEAL, he's reading to Lucy, who's still weak from the surgery, in bed, hooked up to a machine. Eyes closed.

HOUSE
(very low)
Among the poor both old and young gave her praise.

He shuts the book, hard. Lucy opens her eyes.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
You called Social Services. It was you.

LUCY
No. No no no.

Her eyes are sharp. Manic.

HOUSE
It's okay. I get it. He'll have an easier time dealing with the system. Sure, he won't be with his real mother... but his real mother's sick.

(beat)
Someone needs to take care of him.

LUCY
I'm not gonna live here.

HOUSE
What would his future have been? Taking you to chemo and back on the bus... He'll have to fit school in somewhere, too. And even if the cancer's in complete remission, he'll still have a mother who hears voices.

LUCY
(very low)
Talk no more. Talk no more.
CONTINUED:

HOUSE

'Look what I do to him; Limpy.' You said that.

She's got a little drool. House wipes it off.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
(re: the bedside phone)
I checked the phone records. Only one call from this room; smart, they charge you two bucks a call. It was to Social Services, State of New Jersey.

Lucy's mouth stiffens in a schizophrenic smile. A tear rolls down her cheek. House gets up.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
You're his mother. You couldn't do it to him anymore.
(beat)
Good for you.

Lucy closes her eyes. House turns out the light, and leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - ADMIN. FLOOR -- DAY

Wilson and House, walk and talk away from House's office. House is wound up, working on a theory --

WILSON
Schizophrenics can make rational decisions.

HOUSE
On the small stuff, yeah. When to sleep, what to drink, maybe -- you know -- no lemonade, but I'll take some hemlock if you've got it.

WILSON
-- Your man Socrates --

HOUSE
-- but giving up your son, because it's better for him, that's so sane, so rational -- self-sacrifice is not a symptom of schizophrenia, it excludes the diagnosis.

WILSON
(a question)
She's not schizophrenic.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HOUSE
She's 36 when she first presents --

WILSON
-- A little late, but within the range --

HOUSE
-- The internist sends her to the shrink, one shrink sends her to the next; she tells all of them she's not crazy. The drugs don't work -- why would they, if she's not a head case -- she got clearer when I took her off the psych meds.

Wilson stops. Off his look:

HOUSE (CONT'D)
You think I'm crazy.

WILSON
Yeah, but that's not the problem.
(beat)
Didn't we just leave your office?

WIDER to SEE House has led them back to his office.

HOUSE
I like to walk.

And House returns to his office, leaving Wilson in the hallway.

INT. HOUSE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Not much furniture. Functional. Gliding past a clock that says 3:36AM, we HEAR a piano, Bach (same as we heard in the operating room).

House is alone at the grand piano in the big empty apartment. Still in his clothes. Thoughtful. He's a good player.

He stops. Takes a pill. Then, with one finger, he PLUNKS out the first nine notes of Happy Birthday.

Then, suddenly --

HOUSE -- BY HIS DOOR

Rummaging through his bag, looking hard for something. As he finds the copy of Luke's medical journal --
CONTINUED:

HOUSE - AT HIS DESK

Off an entry in the journal, he stands, hunts for a book, yanks it from the shelf -- the MEDICAL SOCIETY OF NEW JERSEY --

HOUSE - ON THE PHONE

Punches out a number from a listing in the book and --

HOUSE
(into phone)
Dr. Jeffrey Walters?... This is Greg House, I'm a doctor over at... oh is it? I'm sorry, my watch must've stopped... I'm calling about a patient you diagnosed about 18 months ago, woman named Lucille Palmero. I was wondering if you did any tests for --

The CLICK, the guy's hung up --

JUMP CUT TO:

HOUSE - ON ANOTHER CALL

Another name from Luke's book --

HOUSE (CONT'D)
(English accent)
Oh, how terribly foolish of me, doctor, is it that late? I'm calling from London, you see, must've gotten my times mixed up --

CLICK. Another hang up.

WIDER - HIS APARTMENT


INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

House and the team, called out of their sleep, and not real happy about it.

FOREMAN
Drooling, spastic movements, attention loss, rocking -- this woman has classic schizophrenia --

(CONTINUED)
I have a headache. That's my only symptom. I go see three doctors:
(to Foreman)
The neurologist says it's an aneurysm.
(to Cameron)
The immunologist says I've got hay fever.
(to Chase)
The intensivist can't be bothered, sends me to a shrink who tells me I'm punishing myself because I want to have sex with my mommy.

FOREMAN
(pointed)
-- maybe you're just not getting enough sleep --

HOUSE
Pick your specialist and you pick your disease.

Cameron yawns, she can't help it, she's half asleep.

CAMERON
This isn't about the DVT? Or the --

HOUSE
(frustrated)
It was never about the DVT.

FOREMAN
Get over to Pompeii, warn them about the volcano.

HOUSE
If it's not schizophrenia, what else presents with psych symptoms?

A beat. House is not going to get off this.

CAMERON
Porphyria.

CHASE
Madness of King George.

CAMERON
Lucy Palmero likes cheeseburgers, I don't think she's been eating brains in southeast Asia.

The copper thing. What's it called? It's genetic, body accumulates too much copper.

Wilson's Disease.

Very rare... Nice. I like it.

If any of us did this, you'd fire us.

Funny, I thought I encouraged you to question --

-- you're not questioning. You're hoping. You want it to be Wilson's. Give her a couple of drugs, boom, she's okay.


June 17. Appointment with a Dr. Karn--

--She didn't go; she didn't keep a single shrink appointment he made after --

-- No. Karn isn't a shrink; I looked it up. He's an ophthalmologist. Why would she need her eyes checked?

Wilson's presents with cataracts. I think.
CONTINUED: (3)

HOUSE
Yes, it does. It can also cause the slight cirrhosis Dr. Chase so eagerly attributed to alcohol. Why are we still here?

OMITTED

INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

BLACK

HOUSE (V.O.)
Lucy? Lucy?

It's her POV; she opens her eyes and sees House and the team around her bed.

NORMAL SHOT

She's groggy.

FOREMAN
Can you sit up for a second?

Lucy's eyes WIDEN, she thinks she's dreaming.

LUCY
No thank you.

FOREMAN
Please, sit up.

They help her up.

HOUSE
I don't think you're crazy.

LUCY
Neither do I.
(laughs)
But I'm crazy.
CONTINUED:

House nods to Chase, who puts Lucy's face into a SLIT LAMP (like at the ophthalmologist's office.)

TIGHT - LUCY'S EYES - THRU SLIT LAMP (SPECIAL VISUAL EFFECT)

As Foreman RACKS Focus to see the different depths of field in her eyes, and suddenly -- clear, strong and very dramatic, the copper colored Keyser-Fleisher rings come into view.

FOREMAN
I guess we should start treating her for Wilsons.

HOUSE
That's what I'd do.

Pleased, he heads for the exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY (MOS)

PANNING OFF the IV Pole as a Nurse starts penicillamine and potassium sulfide to SEE Lucy in bed with full schizophrenic symptoms -- tremors, drooling, staring -- and then, as we MOVE OFF her in a CIRCLE around the room, we HEAR, in a clear voice we've never heard before --

LUCY (V.O.)

(low)
"I will talk no more of books or the long war/But walk by the dry thorn until I have found/Some beggar sheltering from the wind/and there/Manage the talk until her name come round. If there be rags enough he will know her name/And be well pleased remembering it --

-- And come right back to Lucy, (five days later) sitting up in bed now, transformed -- present, bright-eyed, back to normal. A person we've never seen. Glasses on, reading Yeats as --

LUCY (CONT'D)
For in the old days/Though she had young men's praise and old men's blame/Among the poor both old and young gave her praise.

She puts down the book.
INT. LUCY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- LATER

The IV's are gone, Lucy's sitting up in bed. Ready to leave the hospital. As Chase enters --

CHASE
Hi, Mrs. Palmero, you all set to go home?

LUCY
Almost.

She looks at her watch. Waiting.
CONTINUED:

LUKE (O.S.)
Mom?

WIDER to REVEAL Luke, standing in the doorway. Chase watches as Luke crosses the room and embraces her.

She pulls back to take a good long look at him.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(not sure what to expect)
How are you?

LUCY
A little tired. But good. I feel good now.

She hugs him again. Holds him extremely tightly --

LUCY (CONT'D)
(very low)
I am so sorry.

LUKE
Mom.

LUCY
It's okay.

LUKE
Mom.
(she's squeezing his neck)
You're hurting me.

She releases him. Tears on her face.

LUCY
Oh boy.
(beat)
You really need a haircut.

And for the first time in years, Luke is a child again, in his mother's arms. As a Nurse comes into the room with a wheelchair for checkout, Chase leaves. Off Luke and his Mom -- *

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - PATIENT FLOOR -- DAY

Luke is pushing his mom's wheelchair, waiting for the elevator. The door opens, revealing House and Wilson.

LUCY
Dr. House.

(CONTINUED)
Lucy's glad to see him. Luke isn't, he's about to pull his Mom away, but --

LUCY (CONT'D)
Luke, come on, we're making Dr. House wait.

HOUSE
It's okay. He can get another ride.

LUCY
Don't be silly. Luke.

It's been a long time since he's heard his Mom's voice like that. They get on. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

An awkward beat.

LUCY
I'm being discharged.

HOUSE
I heard a rumor.

LUCY
Thank God I had cancer, huh?

House smiles, knows what she's getting at.

LUCY (CONT'D)
It's terrible having everybody think you're nuts.

HOUSE
(worked for me)
Really?

LUCY
I called to thank you, did you get the message?

HOUSE
Yes.
(worked, then)
You're welcome.

A beat. The car's moving. Lucy can't see House and Luke behind her, but she can HEAR, and REACT to:
CONTINUED:

LUKE
(very low)
I'm never thanking you. You turned me in.

Lucy looks a little worried. Wilson wonders what's up too.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I told you, we were doing okay, and it was none of your --

HOUSE
-- I don't care how you were living. I just wanted you out of my life.

Lucy reacts, relieved that House is covering for her. House glances to Wilson, then:

HOUSE (CONT'D)
That's why I had Dr. Cuddy call Social Services.

DING. The doors open.

LUCY

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - MAIN FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Luke pushes her out; House and Wilson step out behind them, watching them cross the lobby, heading for the doors...

WILSON
You okay?

HOUSE
...You were right. It wasn't the DVT. It was the schizophrenia.

WILSON
I know.

HOUSE
She's not nearly as interesting anymore.

HOLD House, alone, and --

FADE TO BLACK:

WILSON (V.O.)
Isn't your birthday around now?

THE END