

HOUSE, M.D.

"Dog Eat Dog"

by Christopher Marakovitz

TEASER

INT. BALLROOM - WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - NIGHT (DAY 1)

A gala event in progress. Well-dressed Manhattan elites sip drinks and dine at circular tables.

INT. FRONT PODIUM - CONTINUOUS

MARK KELLER, 32, addresses the room. Behind him a large banner reads: 25 YEARS - PETA - 25 YEARS.

KELLER

This past year has been one of the most successful and productive in PETA history. At the same time, we must remain vigilant. PETA is under attack as never before. We have increasingly been subject to well-funded propaganda campaigns seeking to discredit us...

INT. TABLE - CONTINUOUS

As Keller continues on, focus on JILL MASON-ROSS, 45, very well put-together, perhaps even a little too much effort here, not unattractive, not gorgeous either. To her right sits SUE CAVANAUGH, 43, a little sexier, considerably drunker. As Jill listens to Keller, Sue leans over, grabs her arm to get her attention and speaks into her ear.

SUE

So where's that gorgeous husband of yours?

JILL

Argentina.

SUE

Another crusade?

JILL

The wool industry.

SUE

Really?

JILL

They've been abusing the sheep.

Sue's eyebrows raise...

SUE

Abusing the sheep?

Gestures towards her portly HUSBAND as he stuffs his face.

SUE (CONT'D)

I should be so lucky.

JILL

Not that kind of abuse. The shearing process. It's very painful.

SUE

Boy, that husband of yours. So passionate. Not to mention -- what a fine ass.

Jill shakes her head, smiles. She's not offended. In fact, she seems to be enjoying the attention.

INT. PODIUM - CONTINUOUS

KELLER

Anyway, the real reason we're gathered here tonight is to honor some of our strongest supporters, to thank them, and to remind them that we need them now more than ever. It's with that in mind that I'd like to introduce one of our great supporters over the last few years...Jill Mason-Ross.

Polite applause as Jill stands up, smiles, waves, and begins to make her way to the podium. After just a few steps, however, she stops, hunches over slightly, and grabs her stomach, a look of concern on her face. She tries to smile through it, takes a few more steps and then...

JILL

Excuse me. I'm sorry.

She rushes out the side exit of the ballroom as Keller, Sue, and the rest of the room look on in confusion.

INT. BATHROOM - WALDORF-ASTORIA - NIGHT

Sue opens the door and walks into the opulent bathroom.

SUE

Jill? Are you okay?

We hear Jill from inside the stall.

JILL

Yeah...I don't know. This stomach thing. How embarrassing, though. Is Keller freaking out?

Sue checks her makeup in the mirror, adjusts her boobs.

SUE

Forget it. With the amount of money you've given these guys, I think you can take a crap whenever you damn well please.

We hear the toilet FLUSH. Jill seems distracted, pale, and unsteady as she emerges from the stall. She makes her way to the sink, runs the water and splashes some on her face, takes a deep breath.

SUE (CONT'D)

Better?

JILL'S POV: Her vision of Sue is BLURRED. The room is beginning to shake, images of Sue and herself glancing off the mirror and spinning all around her.

SUE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Jill loses her grasp on the sink, falls to the floor and goes into a seizure. Off Sue's stunned expression:

CUT TO BLACK -

SUE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jill?

SMASH TO:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - 4TH FLOOR - DAY (DAY 2)

House walks in, carrying his briefcase. Cuddy emerges behind him, file in hand.

CUDDY

House.

He stops, turns, waits for her to catch up.

CUDDY (CONT'D)

I've got a heavy-hitter coming in Friday, he's considering a very generous donation. Unfortunately, I have a conference at Hopkins, so I'll be needing someone to show him around, have lunch, make a good impression.

House is intrigued. Starts walking, Cuddy follows.

HOUSE

You can't possibly be asking me?

CUDDY

Of course not. I was thinking maybe Cameron could step in.

HOUSE

Ahhhhh. Pimping out the sexy young female doctor to the swarthy old rich guy. Good one.

CUDDY

I have no idea if he's swarthy. Never met him.

HOUSE

You've always said the hospital administrator wears many hats. I just didn't realize one of them was big and black and furry with a red feather on the side.

CUDDY

Need I remind you that it's donors like this that help pay your salary?

HOUSE

Don't worry, if this one doesn't work out there's plenty of other ways we can raise the money. Gambling ring. Child porn.

CUDDY

Just talk to Cameron.

HOUSE

Better her than me.

CUDDY

Oh yeah, I almost forgot.

She hands over the file.

CUDDY (CONT'D)

Your next case.

House stops in front of his office, flips through the file.

HOUSE

Who's this? Another wealthy person who writes checks?

Cuddy is already walking away, moving down the hall.

CUDDY

You got it.

HOUSE

What is this? Sweeps week for hospitals?

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Foreman, Chase, and Cameron are gathered around doing a preliminary evaluation and taking the patient's history. Jill is conscious but pale and extremely weak, high tech medical equipment all around her, monitors, an IV hook-up.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

House stares at a WHITE BOARD listing symptoms: diarrhea, myalgia, headache, encephalopathy. Foreman, Chase, and Cameron file into the room, take seats.

HOUSE

Okay, people, got a Cuddy special here. Very sick, very rich. Future fundraising efforts are riding on your differential, so lets make it a good one.

FOREMAN

Viral meningitis. Explains everything, diarrhea, myalgia, headache, encephalopathy.

CHASE

But why no fever then?

HOUSE

Good point.

FOREMAN

There are some cases of meningitis that present without fever.

HOUSE

Right. And there are pack-a-day smokers who live to be a hundred and two. Not the kind of thing you can rely on though.

CHASE

Lyme disease?

CAMERON

No. There'd be a rash.

FOREMAN

And the encephalopathy wouldn't show this early.

CAMERON

What about West Nile?

CHASE

She's too young for this type of progression isn't she?

FOREMAN

One in a hundred cases of West Nile lead to this type of neurological involvement, and

it's almost always among the elderly.

HOUSE  
(impatient)  
Stop tunneling in on the symptoms. Think about the person. Who is she?

CHASE  
Animal lover.

HOUSE  
Extremist freak animal lover. Even money says this lady's house looks like an episode of 'Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom.'

CAMERON  
She doesn't really seem like the hands-on type.

CHASE  
But her husband may be.

FOREMAN  
She did mention something about having stray dogs at the house.

HOUSE  
Bingo.

CHASE  
So what do stray dogs have to do with the symptoms on the board there?

CAMERON  
Are you saying what I think you're saying?

HOUSE  
That depends. What do you think I'm saying?

FOREMAN  
Rabies.

HOUSE  
Rapidly progressing rabies. Fits the symptoms, fits the person.

CHASE

Patient reports no history of animal bites.

HOUSE

Of course she does. She knows if she fingers the guilty critter the bad men are gonna come and take it away. Extremist freak animal lover, remember?

CAMERON

There's no hypersalivation.

HOUSE

Not yet, anyway. Just wait till we send Chase in there in a pair of tight pants.

Chase glares at him.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

No time for a lumbar puncture, she'll be dead by the time we get the results. Lets get another CBC, though, see if her proteins are up. Oh, and Cameron, talk to Cuddy. She has something to ask you.

CHASE

Yeah, but if it is rabies, there's nothing we can do. Once the symptoms hit its too late for postexposure prophylaxis.

HOUSE

You just like saying the word 'prophylaxis.'

CAMERON

He's right. If it's rabies there's nothing we can do.

HOUSE

That's just stinkin' thinkin'. Didn't you do your daily affirmation?

FOREMAN

You really think you can save her?



As House contemplates this...

SMASH TO:

INT. CUDDY'S OFFICE - DAY

CUDDY  
Absolutely not.

Cuddy sits at her desk, looks at House standing across from her.

HOUSE  
Pretty please?

CUDDY  
You want to induce a coma based on some half-baked notion that this woman has rabies?

HOUSE  
It's the only thing that's ever worked at this stage of progression. Induced coma, seven days, with intravenous ribavarin. Maybe some duck embryo or suckling mouse vaccines thrown in for good measure.

CUDDY  
Listen to yourself. You sound like a kid playing with a chemistry set.

HOUSE  
Yes. And you're the evil lady that wants to take it away.

CUDDY  
Get me some proof, something more than a hunch.

HOUSE  
You want proof, read the autopsy. I'm trying to save this woman's life.

Cuddy sighs, checks her watch.

CUDDY  
Aren't you supposed to be at the clinic right about now?

As House realizes that he's banging his head against a brick wall here --

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

House opens the door into the exam room, chart in hand, and finds ALYSSA GOULD, 6, seated on the examination table. Her eyes are a bit puffy and her nostrils are red. Next to her is her mother BARBARA GOULD, 34. House glances at the chart.

HOUSE

Let's see...sneezing, puffy, watery eyes. What could this be?

BARBARA

We were thinking it might be allergies.

HOUSE

Gee, you were on the right track. Perhaps if you'd thought just a little harder you might've avoided coming here and wasting my time in the first place.

Barbara doesn't grasp the sarcasm.

BARBARA

I don't understand.

HOUSE

Exactly.

Alyssa is totally confused, Barbara only slightly less so.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

What kind of cat do you have?

BARBARA

We don't have a cat.

HOUSE

What kind of dog do you have?

Barbara knew this was coming...she gets anxious just thinking about it.

BARBARA

Um...he's a mix...part terrier,  
part, um...

HOUSE

Part terrier, part dander. It's  
the dander part that's causing  
the problem.

Barbara thinks she knows what he's saying...

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Your daughter is allergic to the  
dog.

(off their blank  
expressions:)

The dog has to go.

Alyssa looks at her mother, panicky, starts to tear up...

ALYSSA

Scruffy?

HOUSE

(incredulous)

Your dog's name is Scruffy?

BARBARA

(to House)

Can I talk to you outside for a  
moment?

House sighs, opens the door...gestures for her to lead the  
way.

INT. OUTSIDE THE EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BARBARA

You don't understand how much  
she loves this dog. She's very  
fragile. Her father left when  
she was just a baby, now if the  
dog goes too...she'll blame  
herself...What if we just keep  
the dog outside?

HOUSE

Or you could keep the girl  
outside. Lots of fresh air, no  
couches and carpets filled with  
dander. Probably less likely to  
keep out trespassers though.  
Little girls aren't very  
intimidating.

Barbara looks at him as if she thinks he might be serious.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

(re: getting rid of Scruffy)  
Listen, its the humane thing to do. Your daughter will be able to breathe through her nose again and, if you're lucky, maybe you can get Scruffy to an owner that will give him a new name before its too late.

INT. LAB- DAY

Cameron runs blood samples through an integrated modular analyzer (IMA). Foreman prepares a blood smear on a slide and looks at it under the microscope. Chase analyzes some ECG printouts, looks over at Cameron.

CHASE

So what did Cuddy want?

Foreman looks up, curious as well.

CAMERON

She wants me to meet with some guy on Friday, show him around, whatever.

CHASE

Like a potential donor guy?

CAMERON

Yeah.

CHASE

Sexy.

Cameron snickers. Foreman smiles.

CAMERON

What's the big deal?

CHASE

You're the one always complaining that noone takes you seriously because of your looks.

CAMERON

I'm a doctor. My job is to help sick people get better. If doing a little PR for the

hospital is gonna help the  
cause, then so be it.

FOREMAN  
What if he makes the donation  
contingent on you sleeping with  
him?

CAMERON  
What? That's crazy.

FOREMAN  
All those sick people relying on  
you...

CAMERON  
I'm not gonna dignify that with  
a response.

House peeks his head in, enters the room.

HOUSE  
Cuddy wants proof before we can  
treat the rabies. You know what  
that means.

Foreman and Chase look at each other, think they know.

HOUSE (CONT'D)  
Time for a house call. You'll  
be looking for any signs of a  
rabid animal, stray dogs,  
raccoons, bats, whatever you can  
find.

Off their not-so-enthusiastic expressions:

CUT TO:

INT. THE MASON-ROSS HOUSE - EVENING

Chase walks through the front room, impressed by the upscale  
interior design. He notes a large aquarium with rare fish  
swimming in it. Foreman comes trotting down the stairs.

FOREMAN  
No dogs upstairs. Just some  
caged birds.

CHASE  
You checked the yard?

FOREMAN

No sign of bats, raccoons. No dogs anywhere.

CHASE

That's weird. Where are all the dogs they were talking about?

Walking through the dining room they notice a large sheet of tickets laid out on the table.

CHASE (CONT'D)

What are these?

FOREMAN

Mets tickets. She's got the whole season here. Must be a season ticket holder.

As they speak these words, we hear the sound of the FRONT DOOR opening. They peer around and see a herd of leashed dogs, all shapes and sizes, coming through the door followed by their dog-walker FERRIS. Ferris, a bit on the feminine side, freezes when he sees Foreman and Chase.

FERRIS

Can I help you?

FOREMAN

We're from the hospital, we're working on Mrs. Ross's case.

FERRIS

Oh. How is she?

FOREMAN

Not great.

Foreman and Chase move closer and take a look at the dogs. All look healthy.

CHASE

Are these all the dogs?

FERRIS

Yeah. Except for Reuben.

CHASE

Where's Reuben?

FERRIS

Reuben has been banished to the basement. He was acting very erratically this morning.

Strange. He's usually very mild. He actually bit me on the hand.

Ferris holds out his hand, shows a fairly serious bite.

FOREMAN  
Can you show us the basement?

FERRIS  
Sure.

As they walk towards the basement, Ferris begins to get nervous.

FERRIS (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute, what is this all about? Rabies? Oh my God.

FOREMAN  
It's just a precaution. Probably nothing. If it is rabies, you'll be fine. Recovery rate is one hundred percent with treatment before the onset of symptoms.

Ferris considers that, keeps walking until he arrives at the basement door.

FERRIS  
Reuben?

We hear a menacing GROWL in response. Foreman and Chase glance at one another.

CHASE  
(to Ferris)  
You wanna open the door?

FERRIS  
Uh, no thanks. I'll wait in the other room.

Ferris bails. Foreman and Chase look at each other again.

FOREMAN  
I'll do it.

He approaches the door.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
Reuben?

Menacing GROWL. Foreman takes a deep breath.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
One...two...three.

He opens the door and shields himself behind it. Reuben, a dachshund, waddles out, sits down on the floor, wags his tail and looks up at Chase. Foreman peers out from behind the door.

CHASE  
You can come out now.

Foreman looks down, rolls his eyes, picks up Reuben and holds him at eye level. Reuben sticks his tongue out and slurps Foreman's face.

FOREMAN  
No rabies here.

CHASE  
Not unless he's got 'love  
rabies.'

INT. HOUSE OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

House sits in his chair with his back to us. Swings around to face us as Foreman and Chase walk in.

FOREMAN  
No sign of rabies.

CHASE  
All the dogs are fine and I  
really don't think there's any  
bats around there. Raccoons  
maybe --

HOUSE  
(annoyed)  
Yeah. I got all that from the  
'no sign of rabies' statement.

FOREMAN  
Maybe we should take another  
look at viral meningitis.

HOUSE  
It's not viral meningitis.

CHASE  
Well even if it is rabies,  
there's nothing we can do.



Cuddy isn't gonna let you induce the coma.

HOUSE

True. But what if she went into a coma on her own? Then we could treat her accordingly.

FOREMAN

And how would that happen?

HOUSE

It might happen if just the right dosage of phenobarbital mysteriously got into her system. Under those hypothetical circumstances, I might as well administer the intravenous ribavirin.

FOREMAN

That's insane.

HOUSE

That's what they said about the unabomber.

CHASE

Cuddy will have your head. There'll be law suits.

HOUSE

If I'm wrong Cuddy will have my head and there'll be law suits. If I'm right it'll be...business as usual.

House gets up, steps around them and walks out the door. Foreman and Chase follow him out to the hall as he walks towards the patient's room.

FOREMAN

House. Don't do it.

He keeps walking.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Jill lies in bed sedated. House enters, walks over to the table area. He pulls a small bottle of phenobarbital out of his pocket, puts it on the counter. From the other pocket he pulls out a bottle of vicodin, pops one.

He opens a drawer, pulls out a large needle, loads it. He looks at the needle, looks at the patient, steps towards her.

CAMERON (V.O.)

House.

House looks up to find Cameron standing in the doorway, paperwork in hand.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I got the new blood test results. Her eosinophilia is through the roof. It can't be rabies.

Cameron approaches, House takes the report and looks at it.

HOUSE

Well it could be. But its a lot less likely.

Cameron looks at House -- that was close. House looks at the patient. What the hell is wrong with her?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING (DAY 3)

The crew surrounds Jill, conducting tests. Jill remains extremely pale, weak, moaning slightly.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Jill?

REVEAL BRIAN ROSS, 32, standing in the doorway. Brian is obviously much younger than Jill and, for that matter, noticeably better-looking as well. Not that she's bad looking, but this guy is striking. A bit of a free-spirit, tanned, sporting a few days growth but classically handsome. He rushes to Jill's bedside, grabs her hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay? I got here as soon as I could.

Jill just looks at him and smiles. Brian smiles back, looks up at the medical team.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
I'm her husband.

They nod, taking note of the apparent mismatch in age and looks. It's hard not to.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Is everything okay? Is it serious.

FOREMAN  
That's what we're gonna try and figure out. She's very weak.

Brian looks back at Jill, tries to put on a brave face.

BRIAN  
Everything's gonna be okay. I'm here now.

She smiles back at him, nods weakly.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

With the team gathered around, House adds the word 'eosinophilia' to the list of symptoms on the white board.

HOUSE  
CBC shows forty-one percent of her white blood cells are eosinophils. Normally it's around two to seven percent. It's like being at a party with hundreds of people and finding out that half the guys there are named Gilbert.

FOREMAN  
Gilbert?

HOUSE  
(you're right)  
Okay. 'Bob.'

CHASE  
Probably means parastic infection.

HOUSE  
Maybe.

FOREMAN  
Could be an allergy.

CAMERON

Not likely. No signs of asthma or rhinitis. What about connective-tissue? Eosinophilia-myalgia syndrome. She's the right age for it.

FOREMAN

Doesn't explain the encephalopathy.

CAMERON

What if it's eosinophilia-myalgia plus something else?

HOUSE

What if Lennon and Harrison came back from the dead and the Beatles did a reunion tour? Anyone else got a cool 'what if'?

CHASE

Eosinophilia can be a sign of neoplasia. Hodgkin lymphoma.

HOUSE

Hodgkin lymphoma presents with obstructed bowel. This woman is spewing like Mount Vesuvius.

FOREMAN

So its a parasitic infection. Helminithic.

HOUSE

Looks that way. Okay, people, pick your favorite worm, Jose Cuervo notwithstanding. And no, Chase, you can't vote for yourself.

CAMERON

A parasitic infection with no fever?

CHASE

Strongyloidiasis presents with a low-grade fever, if that.

HOUSE

Good point.

CAMERON

Trichinosis is out. She'd rather die than eat meat.

FOREMAN

What about schistosomiasis?

HOUSE

Big hit in South America.

CAMERON

Her husband travels there all the time. She's been with him in the past.

HOUSE

Okay, that's two good leads. Get a CT scan, MRI, and an echocardiogram. Start her on anthelmintic therapy, lets say...ivermectin.

CUT TO:

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Chase is in the room. Brian looks on as he prepares to administer treatment.

BRIAN

What's that?

CHASE

Ivermectin. We think it may be a worm parasite. This targets strongyloidiasis.

BRIAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Didn't she tell you?

Brian catches eyes with Jill. She's not sure what he means.

CHASE

Tell me what?

BRIAN

We don't use anything, or take anything, that's been tested on animals.

Chase is stunned. For the moment it seems as if Jill is stunned too, a little bit hurt as well. But, as the idea sinks in, she seems to accept it.

CHASE  
You're joking, right?

Chase looks at Jill, she slowly nods, as if coming to a realization.

JILL  
He's right.

CHASE  
All drugs are tested on animals.  
It's the law.

BRIAN  
You'll just have to find another  
way.

Chase contemplates this for a moment.

CHASE  
You might wanna consult with the  
head doctor on this yourself.

BRIAN  
Where is he?

Off Chase's look:

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

House sits watching 'General Hospital.' Chase opens the door, ushers Brian in.

CHASE  
Dr. House. Mr. Ross would like  
to have a word with you.

House locks eyes with Chase.

HOUSE  
Oh. Great. You know how much I  
enjoy meeting 'the fam.'

Chase smiles with a look that says "if you only knew."

HOUSE (CONT'D)

I'm due at the clinic, so hopefully we can make this quick.

BRIAN

Fine. My wife refuses to take any drug that derives from the death or suffering of animals.

HOUSE

All drugs derive from the death or suffering of animals. That's part of the fun.

BRIAN

That's not very compassionate. What kind of a doctor are you, anyway?

HOUSE

No, the real question is, what kind of a husband are you? You're willing to sit back and watch while your wife suffers a sure death, not to mention world-class suffering, and do nothing about it?

BRIAN

There must be something else you can do for her.

HOUSE

Well, lets see. Flintstones chewables are out of the question -- all those brontosaurus burgers and dinosaur cranes down at the quarry. And I guess we can rule out all FDA approved drugs as well, since by law they're all tested on animals.

BRIAN

It's an unjust law and we choose to defy it, just like Martin Luther King defied unjust laws in the sixties.

HOUSE

What's next? Hyena sit-ins at the lunch counter? Next time go

with the Gandhi comparison...at least he was a vegetarian.

House's beeper goes off, he looks down at it.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Well, if you'll excuse me, now I have to go and deal with some people who are even more stupid than you are.

House brushes right past Brian and heads towards the door.

BRIAN

Your insults aren't going to change anything, Dr. House.

House stops in the doorway, looks back at him.

HOUSE

You're right. Perhaps I was a bit rash. I should have said...'now I'm going to deal with some people who are *almost* as stupid as you are.'

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Barbara standing in the exam room, little Alyssa seated next to her on the table, still showing signs of wicked allergies. House walks in, looks at them, can't believe they're here again.

HOUSE

Either I'm having a wicked case of *deja vu* or you people are even thicker than I thought. Do you speak English?

BARBARA

Dr. House, I know what you said, but we just couldn't do it. There must be some other option, something you can give her?

HOUSE

Hmmm, that's an idea. Lets pump her full of drugs and ignore the signals screaming out from every pore in her body.



Barbara is at her wits end.

BARBARA  
Dr. House, I just don't know  
what to do.

ALYSSA  
Scruffy loves me.

House sighs, looks at her, doesn't waver.

HOUSE  
No. He doesn't.

BARBARA  
What?

HOUSE  
It's pure manipulation. From  
Scruffy's perspective you are  
nothing more than the people who  
feed him. You give him food and  
so he follows you around and  
wags his tail and you project  
all these human feelings of love  
onto him when in reality he  
feels no such thing.

Mom and daughter are too stunned to respond. House pops a  
Vicodin, picks up right where he left off...

HOUSE (CONT'D)  
Did you really think that you  
have certain distinctive  
qualities that Scruffy finds  
particularly irresistible and  
appealing? Your cute little  
button nose? The way you kick-  
ass on X-Box 360 and always sing  
along to 'American Pie?' None  
of that matters to Scruffy. All  
that matters is that someone  
feeds him. You, me, Hitler,  
Jeffrey Dahmer, we're all  
equally lovable as far as  
Scruffy's  
concerned.

Barbara begins to move her mouth as if to speak, but can't  
seem to find the words.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Scruffy is playing you; using  
you for food. Get rid of him.

House turns and walks out. As his words are processed,  
Alyssa's blank expression turns sour and she starts to sob  
uncontrollably.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Brian sits by Jill's bedside. Holds her hand.

BRIAN  
You're with me on this aren't  
you?

Jill nods weakly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
I mean, you understand that I  
love you, right?

She nods again, but turns her head quickly away as a tear  
strolls down her face. She tries to compose herself before  
turning back.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
It's just that...we've been very  
visible in the movement. We've  
taken a public stand on these  
issues. If we back down now  
where are we? They'll call us  
hypocrites. Our enemies will  
use it to discredit the causes  
we've been fighting for.

She nods, tears streaming down her face.

JILL  
You're right.

BRIAN  
I love you. You know that.

She breaks down further, sobbing, nodding.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The crew is seated around, waiting for House.

CAMERON  
Obviously its a bit extreme.  
But they are standing up for a  
principle. You could say its a

form of nonviolent protest. No more irrational than a hunger strike -- if you believe in the cause.

CHASE

Yeah, but Gandhi, King, those guys were standing up for themselves, or for their people. These two are standing up for an entirely different set of species'. At their own expense. That's not logical. It's anti-Darwinian.

CAMERON

What about standing up for those that can't speak for themselves?

CHASE

Not my problem.

CAMERON

So if there's a little kid getting picked on by an older kid on the playground you don't stand up for him?

CHASE

If there's a little kid being picked on I stand up for him. If there's a medium-rare ribeye in front of me, I eat it. With relish.

HOUSE (V.O.)

Relish on a steak? What's that, an English thing?

They look up, acknowledge his arrival.

CHASE

I'm Australian. You know that.

HOUSE

Right. Next you'll be telling me that french fries are called 'chips' and they go great with bangers and mayonnaise.

Chase rolls his eyes, shakes his head.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

So what's the latest with our patient and her crusading husband?

FOREMAN  
Not budging.

HOUSE  
Makes our job kind of difficult.

CAMERON  
I'd like to hate the guy but its hard cause he's just so...gorgeous.

HOUSE  
I, on the other hand, can hate him all the more. He looks like a character on General Hospital, like his name should be Brick Meyers or something like that.

FOREMAN  
Maybe he wants her to die.

CAMERON  
Come on.

FOREMAN  
Open your eyes. She's rich. He's young and good-looking. If she dies, he gets the freedom, the money, and he's a hero in the animal-rights movement.

HOUSE  
Insert joke here. 'Gets his tofu and eats it too.' Or how about, 'Kills *no birds* with one stone.'

CHASE  
Either way he's a bastard.

CAMERON  
So what can we do?

HOUSE  
Stay on him.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Chase arrives, seems a little disappointed to find Jill alone, walks in to check on her.

CHASE  
Where's your husband?

JILL  
Went out to eat.

Chase nods, checks the monitors.

JILL (CONT'D)  
You think I'm crazy, don't you.

CHASE  
Depends.

JILL  
On what?

CHASE  
Well, if you're doing it because you really believe in the cause, then I would say you're mildly crazy.

JILL  
And?

CHASE  
If you're doing it because your husband says so, then I would say you're extremely crazy.

Jill smiles slightly, considers.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
So which one is it?

JILL  
Both.

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

Brian sits in a chair, eating a salad with a plastic fork. CLEANING LADY, 61, wheels her cart by, lets out a tired breath and plops down in the seat beside him.

CLEANING LADY  
You here for a friend?

BRIAN  
My wife.

CLEANING LADY  
Nothing serious I hope.

BRIAN  
It could be.

CLEANING LADY  
I sure hope not.

Brian nods, tries to get back his salad.

CLEANING LADY (CONT'D)  
I know all about bein' married.  
Forty-one years.

BRIAN  
That's nice.

CLEANING LADY  
Hasn't always been easy. But we  
came through okay. Thank God.  
George is all I got. And vice  
versa. Seen each other grow up;  
seen each other get old. No  
substitute for that.

BRIAN  
I bet.

She reaches over, puts her hand on his knee.

CLEANING LADY  
Your wife is gonna be okay. You  
just stand by her and everything  
will be okay.

She smiles reassuringly at him, gets up, and moves along with her cart. Brian looks back at her -- that was strange -- and goes back to his salad.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOUSE'S OFFICE - DAY

The very same cleaning lady wheels her cart by House's door, stops, and knocks. House looks, sees her, and walks to the door.

CLEANING LADY  
Pay up.

House reaches into his pocket, pulls out a twenty and hands it over.

CLEANING LADY (CONT'D)

If that boy has an ounce of soul  
in him, he'll do the right  
thing.

HOUSE  
You think he does?

CLEANING LADY  
I wouldn't bet on it.

She moves along with her cart.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jill lies in bed, sleeping. Brian reads in a chair.  
Suddenly, Jill stirs. She gestures, as if she is trying to  
brush something off of her chest.

JILL  
(half awake)  
Get off me.

BRIAN  
What?

Jill now wakes with a shock, a look of horror on her face,  
starts screaming and tearing at her clothing.

JILL  
Get them off of me! Get off!  
Get off!

Cameron comes running in.

CAMEON  
What's going on?

BRIAN  
I don't know.

Cameron tends to the patient as Chase and Foreman come running  
in to assist.

FOREMAN  
What is it?

CAMERON  
She's hallucinating.

CHASE  
We've got to calm her down.

FOREMAN

How?

They look to Brian, who is standing behind them, running his fingers through his hair as his wife writhes and screams in the bed.

CAMERON

She's deteriorating fast. She's gonna die like this if we don't give her something now!

Brian looks on, in shock.

CHASE

Come on, man!

BRIAN

Okay. Give her whatever she needs.

A collective sigh of relief and then they quickly turn to take care of the patient.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

Cameron comes in, briefs House.

CAMERON

She's been stabilized. We got her on the Ivermectin. Looks like she'll be okay.

HOUSE

Great. Now you can focus on your hot lunch date tomorrow.

CAMERON

Oh please. What is it with you guys?

HOUSE

That's just it. We're guys. And this guy you're meeting with, he's a guy too. A really rich guy with a big, fat ego.

CAMERON

How do you know he's not a rich guy with a big, fat streak of altruism?

House marvels at her endless optimism.



HOUSE  
Hundred bucks says he makes a  
pass at you.

Cameron never ceases to be amazed by his cynicism.

CAMERON  
You're on.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

House walks, briefcase in hand, heading home for the night.  
Wilson catches up to him in the hallway and walks with him.

WILSON  
Heard your boy came around.

HOUSE  
Doesn't make him any less of an  
idiot.

WILSON  
Maybe he thinks you're an idiot.

HOUSE  
That's because he's an idiot.

WILSON  
He just thinks you're a species-  
ist.

HOUSE  
Hey. I don't make assumptions  
about his sex life.

WILSON  
A species-ist is someone who  
assumes that their species is  
superior to others, like a  
racist or a sexist, but  
discriminating based on one's  
species rather than race or  
gender.

Arriving at the elevator, House hits the button, turns toward  
Wilson.

HOUSE  
What if someone thought they  
were superior to everyone else,  
human or animal? What would  
that make them?

Elevator doors open, House steps inside.

WILSON  
That would make them...You.

HOUSE  
Lucky them.

Doors close.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jill sits up in bed, a half-eaten tray of food in front of her. Brian sits by the side of the bed.

BRIAN  
Come on, honey, try a little more.

She looks at the tray.

JILL  
I don't like it. It's not going down right.

He grabs the spoon, scoops up some food, holds in front of her mouth.

BRIAN  
Come on. For me.

She looks at him, begrudgingly agrees to try and we follow the spoon as it moves...

INTO HER MOUTH --

We are now travelling through Jill's mouth, down her throat where we see muscles rapidly contracting and relaxing, each time the throat seems a little smaller.

BACK TO JILL --

She starts to swallow and then...violently spits out the food and goes into a panic.

JILL  
It's stuck in my throat! Get it out!

BACK IN JILL'S THROAT --

Violent convulsions of the esophagal muscles as Jill desperately tries to eject any remaining bits of food.

OUTSIDE HER THROAT AGAIN -- IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM --

Chase comes running in, begins tending to Jill.

BRIAN  
What is it? Is she choking?

CHASE  
No. It's dysphagia.

BRIAN  
I said give her the drugs! I  
thought you gave her the drugs!

CHASE  
(annoyed, trying to help  
Jill)  
We did.

BRIAN  
Why isn't she getting better?

CHASE  
The drugs aren't working. Its  
not what we thought it was. Now  
back off!

SMASH CUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING (DAY 4)

Elevator doors open, House steps out, briefcase in hand.  
Cuddy spots him, walks along with him.

CUDDY  
Did you tell a six year-old girl  
that her puppy doesn't love her?

HOUSE  
Gee, when you put it that way,  
it sounds like...one of my  
finest moments.

CUDDY

Oh yeah. This'll go on your  
'Greatest Hits' album for sure.

HOUSE

People who name their dog  
'Scruffy' do not deserve to be  
pet owners in the first place.  
But, if you insist on making  
nice, maybe you can help the  
little doggie find a new home.

CUDDY

Why don't you take it? You're  
pretty scruffy yourself you  
know.

HOUSE

I'm on the wagon. Puppies  
Anonymous. Used to have a  
problem.

CUDDY

Yeah, well you may have a new  
problem now. The girl's uncle  
was in here yesterday. Big guy,  
very angry. Asking for you.

HOUSE

(mock fear)  
Ooooooooooh.

CUDDY

Watch your back.

House gives her a dismissive look as he peels off and enters  
his office.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

The gang is assembled, awaiting his arrival. He throws his  
briefcase down, walks over to the white board and picks up the  
magic marker.

HOUSE

I understand we have a new  
symptom.

CHASE

Just a variation on an old one,  
really. Dysphagia. Consistent  
with diffuse encephalopathy.

House writes "Dysphagia" on the board.

HOUSE

Looks like we went with the wrong worm. It's not strongyloidiasis. That just leaves about seven or eight other possibilities.

FOREMAN

Whatever it is, it's in her temporal lobe. She doesn't have much time. Days. If that.

HOUSE

No time for a muscle biopsy. No time for any more wrong guesses either. If anyone's got a brilliant idea, now would be a good time.

CAMERON

We had it pretty well narrowed down to strongyloidiasis and schistomiasis before. We tried the first, so now we try the second.

HOUSE

I said 'brilliant,' not 'obvious.'

CAMERON

What else do we have?

FOREMAN

Heavy metal toxicity.

This catches everyone's attention.

HOUSE

You think he's poisoning her.

Foreman thinks for a beat before he speaks.

FOREMAN

I do.

CAMERON

You've been hanging out with House for too long.

FOREMAN

It all adds up. Presenting with diarrhea, the neurological symptoms, even the mysterious lack of fever. And when did her attack happen last night? After he fed her.

CAMERON

What happened last night was perfectly consistent with dysphagia.

CHASE

Or with heavy metal poisoning.

Cameron looks at him.

CAMERON

You too?

Chase looks at House.

CHASE

Yeah.

HOUSE

Well. You guys are becoming awfully cynical. It's downright...touching.

CAMERON

But if he wants her dead, why would back off and let us give her the medication?

FOREMAN

Because he knows we're treating her for the wrong thing. It's the perfect play if he's poisoning her.

Everyone ponders that for a moment.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

So what do we do?

HOUSE

Treat her for schistomiasis.

Foreman and Chase are visibly upset.

FOREMAN

How can you miss this? He's  
killing her, man.

HOUSE

Maybe. It's a calculated gamble  
either way. But schistomiasis  
is the better call. Sixty  
milligrams of Praziquantel.

Off the disapproving looks of Foreman and Chase...

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Cameron stands and waits, looking at the sliding-glass doors  
that serve as the main entrance to the hospital. She checks  
her watch, looks up, sees a HANDSOME MAN in a suit walking  
towards her. Is this him? He walks towards her, smiles  
and...keeps on walking.

BERNIE (V.O.)

Dr. Cameron?

Cameron turns around sees BERNIE KITE, 42, attractive, and  
BLIND. His seeing-eye dog TESS sits obediently in front of  
him.

CAMERON

Yes?

BERNIE

I'm Bernie Kite. I was told to  
meet you here.

He holds out his hand. Cameron processes the information,  
smiles, and shakes his hand.

CAMERON

Welcome to Princeton Plainsboro  
Teaching Hospital.

BERNIE

Thank you.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Foreman checks the monitors. Approaches the side of the bed,  
as Brian hovers behind him.

FOREMAN

How do you feel?

JILL

I feel okay.

FOREMAN  
Anything bothering you?

JILL  
My left arm is kind of numb.

He reaches over and presses down along the arm.

FOREMAN  
Can you feel this?

JILL  
No.

FOREMAN  
Can you move the arm?

She tries, surprised to find...

JILL  
No. Oh my God, I can't move my  
arm.

BRIAN  
What does this mean?

Foreman shakes his head, looks pointedly at Brian.

FOREMAN  
It means she's not getting  
better.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - INNER OFFICE -DAY

House sits in his chair playing his gameboy. Wilson enters,  
plops down in a seat.

WILSON  
How are things with your boy?

HOUSE  
You mean Dr. Doolittle?

WILSON  
I thought we were calling him  
'Brick Meyers.'

HOUSE  
When referring to his nauseating  
good looks we call him Brick  
Meyers. When referring to his  
freakish animal activism we call  
him Dr. Doolittle.



Wilson nods.

HOUSE (CONT'D)  
Is this really what you stopped  
by to discuss?

WILSON  
No. Actually I came by to warn  
you.

House looks up at him...

WILSON (CONT'D)  
There's a very large man looking  
for you.

HOUSE  
Ah. Scruffy fallout.

WILSON  
Did you really tell a six-year  
old girl that her puppy doesn't  
love her?

HOUSE  
I told her the truth.

WILSON  
You don't think its possible for  
a human and a dog to form an  
emotional bond?

HOUSE  
I think people who treat their  
dog like their son or daughter  
or brother or wife or lover are  
living in a world of stone-cold  
fantasy.

WILSON  
There are doctors who believe  
that pets provide emotional  
support and a variety of  
tangible health benefits.

HOUSE  
There are doctors who  
misdiagnose cat allergies for  
heart attacks.

Wilson sighs, can't win.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

I read a story about a guy recently. His dog fell overboard on some sort of cruise. So he jumped in after him. In the middle of the ocean.

WILSON

What happened?

HOUSE

He got rescued. Saved the dog.

WILSON

Great story.

HOUSE

His wife was pregnant with his first child. Can you imagine the resentment that child would have grown up with? Knowing her father threw it all away to save the life of a dog?

WILSON

Maybe she would have thought he was a hero.

House looks at him like "you just don't get it." Wilson may not even buy it himself. He gets up to leave.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Anyway. If I was you, I'd make myself scarce. This guy is on the war path.

HOUSE

I'm starting to wonder if he even exists. Maybe this is just your and Cuddy's idea of teaching me a lesson, some weird combination of practical joke and sensitivity training.

Wilson shrugs, as if to say, "maybe/maybe not," walks out. On his way out he passes Foreman, who is on the way in.

FOREMAN

The drugs aren't working. She can't move her left arm.

HOUSE

Focal neurological deficits.  
Still consistent with a worm  
infection.

FOREMAN  
Or heavy metals.

House sighs, drops his head.

EXT. PATIO AREA - HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

Cameron and Bernie sit chatting at an outdoor table.

CAMERON  
Do you mind if I ask...

BERNIE  
How I lost my vision?

CAMERON  
Yeah. I'm a doctor. I wonder  
about these things.

BERNIE  
Usher Syndrome.

CAMERON  
So you weren't born blind?

BERNIE  
No. I started losing my sight  
when I was about twelve. I was  
pretty much blind by the time I  
was sixteen.

CAMERON  
There's a lot of great  
technology coming out now.

BERNIE  
I'm resigned to the fact that  
I'll never see again.

CAMERON  
There's new technology that can  
help you get around better too.

BERNIE  
(gesturing to his dog)  
Naw, I've been with Tess for  
twelve years now. She's all I  
need. Maybe when she passes on

I'll try something different,  
but for now its just me and her.

Cameron looks at Tess, smiles, looks up to find House standing over them...

HOUSE  
(re: Bernie)  
Hey. Either that's shortest and  
goofiest dog leash I've ever  
seen or you're blind.

Cameron rolls her eyes in embarrassment. Bernie just smiles.

CAMERON  
Um, Bernie Kite, this is Dr.  
House. Luckily his medical  
abilities are better than his  
social skills.

Bernie extends a hand, House shakes it.

BERNIE  
Nice firm handshake.

HOUSE  
Yeah. This is pretty ironic,  
isn't it?

BERNIE  
How so.

HOUSE  
Well Dr. Cuddy took did  
backflips to fix you up with the  
hottest piece of you-know-what  
she could find on the staff, and  
here you can't even appreciate  
it.

Cameron is mortified. Bernie is entertained.

BERNIE  
I can tell she's hot.

HOUSE  
Really? She doesn't act nearly  
as hot as she is.

As Cameron ponders the meaning of that statement...

BERNIE

Sure she does. Her voice, the lilac scent...you'd be surprised how much appreciation you can get out of these things.

HOUSE

That so?

BERNIE

When you lose one sense, as you know Dr. House, the others compensate pretty well. I can gain pleasures from taste and smell that most people can only dream of. When I sip the right wine, or bite into a good steak, I don't miss my sight at all. Just the smell of bacon is sheer ecstasy for me.

HOUSE

Huh.

BERNIE

How do these vegetarians do it? No steak? No bacon? I can't imagine.

Suddenly, House has a look of realization on his face -

HOUSE

Neither can I.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

House busts in, a half-eaten hamburger in one hand, a bag of fast food in the other.

HOUSE

I brought lunch.

He reaches into the bag, tosses a wrapped up burger to Brian in his chair and another one to Jill on the bed.

BRIAN

What is this?

HOUSE

Double bacon cheeseburger. Hope you don't mind, I told them to hold the lettuce and tomato. Gets in the way of the meat and cheese.

Takes a big bite.

HOUSE (CONT'D)  
Mmmmm. That's good.

BRIAN  
Are you out of your mind?

JILL  
Who are you?

HOUSE  
I'm your doctor.

Jill looks to Brian.

BRIAN  
Dr. House, you know very well,  
we're both vegetarians. We  
don't eat meat. And you come in  
here waving hamburgers in our  
faces -- it's offensive.

HOUSE  
You know what I find offensive?  
Being lied to by my patient when  
I'm wracking my brain trying to  
figure out what's wrong with  
her.

BRIAN  
Nobody's lying here.

House looks directly at Jill.

HOUSE  
Your wife is lying.

Jill is taken aback.

JILL  
What?

HOUSE  
You eat meat, don't you?

JILL  
What?

HOUSE  
The occasional burger? Steak?  
Pork for sure.

Jill looks at Brian, nervous, back at House.

JILL

No.

HOUSE

Yes. You've got trichinosis and you got it from eating rotten meat.

JILL

No.

HOUSE

Your life is on the line here. If you're lying to me and I don't treat you for the trichinosis you'll die.

Jill processes this information.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna ask you one more time. Have you eaten any meat?

JILL

How recently?

Brian freaks.

BRIAN

What?!

JILL

You know I ate meat before I met you. Maybe its been in my system...

BRIAN

We've been married for three years.

HOUSE

Let me rephrase the question. Have you eaten any meat in the last sixty days?

Jill looks at House, Brian, back to House...

JILL

No.

As House reclaims his extra hamburger off of the bed and walks towards the door, Jill fidgets nervously and then...

JILL (CONT'D)  
Dr. House.

House stops and turns toward her.

JILL (CONT'D)  
I can't see.

House just looks at her for a moment.

JILL (CONT'D)  
(more panicked now)  
I can't see!

And with this she goes into a seizure as House rushes over.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As the code is announced, a team of medical pros rush towards Jill's room.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The team rolls in. Orderlies hold Jill down as she has convulsions. House examines her eyes.

HOUSE  
Non-responsive. She's  
conscious, but her eyes are  
fixed --

And then...we hear the sound of the patient flat-lining. As the team reacts, moving desperately, trying to save her life, we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY (DAY 5)

The crew is all there, looking on as House adds one more word -- "COMA" -- to the WHITE BOARD.

HOUSE



Okay, so we got the wrong worm once again. Lets hope third time's a charm. This time I'm going with trichinosis. And that's my final answer, unless one of you guys wants to be my lifeline and throw me a better option.

CAMERON

But she's a strict vegetarian.

House glares at her.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Right. Everybody lies.

FOREMAN

How many times do I have to say it? It's heavy metal toxicity.

CHASE

Think about it. This lady was ready to die to prove a point about animal rights and now you're saying she's off on the side eating BLT's?

HOUSE

That's one way of looking at it. Another would be to say that she was willing to die for the sake of not disappointing her husband. And, as we all know, nothing would disappoint this guy more than a wife who digs animal flesh.

CHASE

She may be a fanatic, but she's not stupid. She's not going to lie about this with her life on the line.

CAMERON

I agree.

HOUSE

So now you think he's poisoning her too?

CAMERON

If the choice is between trichinella and heavy metals, then I go with heavy metals.

HOUSE

Well its not a choice to be taken lightly. If we treat her for trichinella at this stage of progression, our only hope is Mebendazole. But since Mebendazole causes hepatic impairment, if it really is heavy metals, she'll be dead in a hurry.

CAMERON

And if we treat her for heavy metals and the real problem is trichinella then she won't fare much better.

FOREMAN

So what's the call?

House turns, walks over to the window, looks outside and thinks for a moment, then turns back to face them.

HOUSE

Treat her for heavy metal toxicity. Give her dimercaprol, deep IM injection.

Foreman, Chase, and Cameron exchange looks, aware of the seriousness of the decision, and head out to administer it. After they file out, House walks slowly towards the door and out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOUSE'S OFFICE - DAY

House walks out of his office, head down, and looks up to find himself face to face with ANTHONY BRYSON, very big, very intimidating.

BRYSON

Are you House?

HOUSE

Uh, no. House is on vacation. Can I take a message?

BRYSON

Come on, man. You were tough enough to bully a little girl,

you can be tough enough to face  
the music.

HOUSE

Is that the message? Let me get  
a pen and write that down.

House turns to walk back into his office. As he does, Bryson  
gives him a strong shove, sending him to the ground.

BRYSON

Give me one reason why I  
shouldn't pummel you right now.

HOUSE

Because there's a woman dying  
downstairs and its hard to treat  
her if I'm unconscious.

BRYSON

Boo hoo.

Bryson starts to move in. As he does, Foreman comes tearing  
around the corner.

FOREMAN

Excuse me, sir! Please!

BRYSON

Who are you?

FOREMAN

I'm Dr. Foreman. I understand  
you're upset and you have every  
right to be. What Dr. House  
said to your daughter was  
stupid.

House glares at him, annoyed by that last comment.

BRYSON

She's my niece.

FOREMAN

I'm sorry, your niece. There  
must be some other way we can  
settle this.

House lifts himself up in the background.

BRYSON

Like how?

FOREMAN  
Are you a baseball fan?

BRYSON  
Yeah.

Foreman pulls two tickets out of his pocket.

FOREMAN  
Here's two tickets to tonight's  
Mets game. Right behind home  
plate. Take your niece.  
Complements of Dr. House.

Bryson takes the tickets, checks them out, puts them in his pocket.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
Enjoy. And if there's anything  
else we can do to help you out,  
don't hesitate to call.

House glares at Foreman again.

BRYSON  
I'll do that. Thanks.

Bryson gives House one last look, then turns and disappears around the corner.

HOUSE  
(to Foreman)  
Mets? I thought you were a  
Yankee guy?

FOREMAN  
Mrs. Ross gave them to me.  
She's a season ticket holder,  
goes to all the games.

House nods. Takes a few steps towards his office as Foreman turns and rushes back towards the patient's room. Suddenly, House stops, has a realization.

HOUSE  
Foreman!

Foreman, by now at the far end of the hall, turns and faces him.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me about the  
Mets tickets in the family  
history?

FOREMAN

What? Mets fans are more likely  
to get sick than Yankee fans?

HOUSE

Forget what I said about the  
heavy metals. Give her the  
Mebendazole. It's trichinella.

Foreman is dumbfounded. Takes a few steps towards him.

FOREMAN

What? That's crazy. Chase and  
Cameron are down there now  
giving her the Dimercaprol.

HOUSE

Do it.

FOREMAN

What if I refuse?

HOUSE

Then she's dead and you're  
fired.

FOREMAN

What if I'm right?

HOUSE

Then she lives and you're still  
fired. Now do it!

Foreman sighs, shakes his head, turns and runs.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Chase and Cameron are just beginning to administer the  
Dimercaprol as Foreman comes running in.

FOREMAN

Wait.

They look up.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

House changed his mind. Give  
her the Mebendazole.

They can't believe it.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

House is on his computer, reading. Brian barges in.

BRIAN

What's going on here? First it's this, then it's that. Do you guys have any idea what you're doing?

HOUSE

(re: computer screen)

I do now. It's all right here. May 23, a rare outbreak of trichinella in the greater New York area, seven victims, all traced back to Shea Stadium and one batch of rancid hot dogs. That's over ninety days ago, a rare incubation period for trichinella, but not unheard of. Looks like your wife is victim number eight.

BRIAN

That's impossible.

HOUSE

It's good news, really. If I'm right your wife can expect pretty much a full recovery.

BRIAN

And if you're wrong?

HOUSE

If I'm wrong your wife dies, which means you poisoned her to death. Do they have a vegetarian menu at Rikers? You might wanna look into that. Or...you can just hope for the hot dog scenario. Really seems like your best bet under the circumstances.

MONTAGE -

Chase and Cameron administer Mebendazole as Brian looks on. House sits in his office, bouncing a ball off the wall, waiting. Foreman monitors the patient, makes eye contact with

Brian, no improvement with Jill. Brian sits by Jill's bedside, waiting.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

House sits bouncing the ball. Foreman enters.

FOREMAN  
She's not getting better.

HOUSE  
Is she getting worse?

FOREMAN  
No.

HOUSE  
She'll get better.

Foreman has a concerned look on his face, doesn't buy it. Suddenly, Cameron comes running in.

CAMERON  
She's awake.

Foreman gives House a look, can't believe he's right yet again, turns and follows Cameron out.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Chase and Foreman tend to Jill. In the background, a worn-out Brian picks up his coat and slowly walks out, unnoticed. Chase addresses Jill.

CHASE  
You're gonna be okay. We expect  
a full recovery.

Jill smiles.

JILL  
Where's Brian?

They look around, notice he's gone.

CHASE  
I don't know.

INT. HOUSE'S OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

House sits at his desk. Cameron walks in.

CAMERON

He never made a pass at me.

HOUSE  
Ah, the 'blind date.'

CAMERON  
You owe me a hundred bucks.

HOUSE  
First, I have something you need  
to hear.

House reaches over and hits the button on his answering  
machine.

BRYSON (V.O.)  
Dr. House, Tony Bryson. I  
wanted to thank you for the Mets  
tickets and I had one more favor  
I wanted to-

House hits the button and cuts off the message.

HOUSE  
Wrong message. This is the  
one...

The next message comes on...

BERNIE (V.O.)  
Hi Greg...I hope you don't mind  
if I call you Greg. I just  
wanted to call and say it was  
very nice meeting you the other  
day. Dr. Cameron was great as  
well, although, I have to say,  
not really my type, if you know  
what I mean. Anyway, I haven't  
decided yet about what kind of  
donation I'll be making to the  
hospital, but I was wondering if  
you might like to meet up some  
time for a drink or something,  
discuss the donation. Let me  
know...555-4734. Bye now.

Cameron's mouth is literally agape. House smiles and looks at  
her.

HOUSE  
Now, technically, the bet was  
whether the guy would hit on  
you. The spirit of the bet,



however, had more to do with motive. Was the guy acting out of pure altruism or was he looking to extract something in return for his money?

CAMERON

Right.

HOUSE

Under the circumstances, maybe we should call this one a draw.

She just looks at him and shakes her head -- seems like she can never win -- and walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Wilson walks with House towards the elevators.

WILSON

So, how did you know that Dr. Doolittle, or Brock Majors, or whatever you call him, wasn't poisoning his wife?

HOUSE

Brick Meyers.

WILSON

Whatever. Did you sense, maybe, there was some real love in their relationship?

HOUSE

Hardly. Affection maybe. Mixed in with a good dose of bubbling resentment, frustration, anger, maybe a few sporadic moments of pure, unadulterated hatred.

WILSON

So, basically, in your view, they despise each other.

HOUSE

They were just fed up with the lies that were propping up their relationship.

Elevator door opens, House steps inside.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Typical marriage.

Elevator doors close.

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jill relaxes, alone. Brian slowly walks in.

JILL

Where were you? I woke up from  
a coma and you weren't here.

BRIAN

I needed some time to think.

JILL

About what?

BRIAN

About you lying to me; eating  
meat behind my back.

JILL

It was one damn hot dog. I've  
been going to the ballgames  
since I was a kid. My dad  
always used to buy me a hot dog.  
Every now and then I slip off  
the wagon.

BRIAN

You know, I came here to tell  
you that I was prepared to take  
you back, but now I'm not quite  
so sure.

JILL

Take me back?

BRIAN

You know what I mean...work  
through this.

JILL

Get out.

BRIAN

What?

JILL

Get out.

Brian turns and walks out.

INT. HOUSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

House sits at his dining table, cuts into a juicy steak, gets a piece on his fork and opens wide to take a bite. Just as he does...we hear a sharp DOG BARK.

House turns to see SCRUFFY, sitting on his hind legs, eye-balling House's food.

House gets up, holds the fork out with the piece of meat on it, leads the dog over to the door, throws the meat outside and watches Scruffy go running out after it. He slams the door, goes back to the table and eats.

Wilson emerges from the kitchen, beer in hand, comes over and sits down in front of his own plate of steak across from House. He looks around, can't find Scruffy, glances at House. House shrugs, gestures towards the door. Wilson looks at the door, looks at House, figures it out, and then springs to action, running outside looking for Scruffy, leaving the door open behind him.

House gets up again, slams the door, locks it, walks back to the table, cuts into his steak and eats in peace.

END OF EPISODE

