

HOUSE

"Sex, Lies, and Drugs"

Written by
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"Sex, Lies, and Drugs"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BRIDAL SUITE - NIGHT

CLOSE on a DRESS. A beautiful, elegant, pricey wedding gown, on the exquisitely sculpted body of HANNAH JACOBS, who checks herself out in the mirror as a few BRIDESMAIDS fawn over her.

BRIDESMAID
Hannah, you look amazing.

HANNAH
(smiles)
Jessie, you have the ketubah to read?

BRIDESMAID
No, I forgot it.

Hannah's face registers panic.

BRIDESMAID (CONT'D)
Kidding. Would you relax, freak?
Everything is fine.

HANNAH
Can you hand me my purse?

BRIDESMAID
(knowing something)
You took one already.

HANNAH
I think my wedding qualifies as a two xanax day, don't you?

The bridesmaid sighs, good-naturedly hands her her purse; Hannah pops a pill as there is a KNOCK at the door.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Everybody decent in here?

Hannah quickly hides the pills.

BRIDESMAID
You already had two, didn't you?

HANNAH

Ssh!

(with a smile)

We're dressed, Daddy!

The door opens and we meet RABBI JACOBS, Hannah's father, early 60s, warm, gregarious.

RABBI JACOBS

Look at you. It's a happy day, Hannelah.

HANNAH

Did the flowers get here?

RABBI JACOBS

Oy, just like your mother, always with the worrying. Everything's under control, bubbelah.

HANNAH

I wish mom could be here for this.

RABBI JACOBS

(his eyes a little teary)

Me too, honey. But she would have loved Charlie.

HANNAH

(smiles)

I'm pretty lucky, aren't I?

RABBI JACOBS

(kidding)

Eh. He's not so bad.

HANNAH

Not so bad!

RABBI JACOBS

He's rich, he's Jewish...

HANNAH

He *loves* me...

RABBI JACOBS

He's Jewish...

HANNAH

You're hopeless, Daddy.

RABBI JACOBS
 (serious)
 You did good, kid.

HANNAH
 Would you just... Make sure he's
 okay? I feel so bad that he
 doesn't really have anyone...

RABBI JACOBS
 He does now, honey.

Off Rabbi Jacobs, humoring his daughter, we CUT TO:

INT. GROOM'S SUITE - DAY

Close on CUFFLINKS, and the shaky hands putting them on. He steadies himself. Behind him the GROOMSMEN clown around. As RABBI JACOBS walks in.

RABBI JACOBS
 It's a good thing you aren't the
 one holding up the chuppah.

CHARLIE
 (with a smile)
 I guess I've got a little case of
 nerves, Rabbi.

RABBI JACOBS
 No more of this "Rabbi." From now
 on, you call me Dad.

Charlie beams -- nothing could make him happier.

CHARLIE
 Okay, Dad.

RABBI JACOBS
 That's more like it.

He looks at his watch.

RABBI JACOBS (CONT'D)
 It's about that time. Let's not
 keep my little girl waiting.

Charlie drops the cufflink, his hands are shaking so much.

RABBI JACOBS (CONT'D)
 You all right?

CHARLIE

(picking it up; forcing a smile)

Me? You're the one who has to walk the bride down the aisle and perform the ceremony. All I have to do is marry the girl of my dreams.

RABBI JACOBS

You're a mensch, Charlie.

As the Rabbi puts an arm around Charlie's shoulder, smash to:

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - CEREMONY - DAY

As a four piece orchestra plays, Four MEN hold the CHUPPAH (a wedding canopy) in place at the end of the aisle. Charlie, the groomsmen and bridesmaids are in place. We can see his hands are still shaking tremendously as the music changes.

And HANNAH and RABBI JACOBS walk down the aisle. Hannah is beaming. ON CHARLIE, watching her. As they reach the end of the aisle, Rabbi Jacobs steps into place as officiator.

RABBI JACOBS

Our dearest friends...

TIGHT - CHARLIE'S HEAD - VFX

PUSHING inside his SKULL, into the GRAY MATTER... Where cells (neurons) begin to fire repeatedly...

On CHARLIE, as he struggles to keep his composure.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - CEREMONY - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie's keeping it together as a wine glass is placed underneath his foot. It SHATTERS ...

RABBI JACOBS

It is my greatest joy to pronounce you husband and wife.

TIGHT - CHARLIE'S HEAD - VFX

Again we're inside his brain... Inhibitory neurotransmitters fight back... But they're no match for the firing squad in Charlie's brain...

On HANNAH, who smiles at Charlie, moves in for the kiss...

On CHARLIE, who tries to smile at Hannah, but instead contorts his face in pain.

HANNAH
Charlie?

ON CHARLIE, his EYES ROLLING BACK INTO HIS HEAD...

Rabbi Jacobs stops talking, concerned. As the wedding party turns their attention to...

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(panicking)
Charlie?!

CHARLIE'S P.O.V. -- the room is SPINNING now...And then A BRIGHT, WHITE GLOW as it disappears...

Closest to Charlie is one of the Chupah holders, who lets go as Charlie falls into him, and as the Chuppah collapses --

ON CHARLIE

...as his BODY GOES RIGID on the floor as the STUNNED crowd watches, we --

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON:

A BRIGHT LIGHT

From an UNKNOWN P.O.V., we see FOREMAN leaning in closely.

WIDEN TO REVEAL --

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM -- DAY

The P.O.V. belongs to Charlie, who is currently being examined by FOREMAN, CAMERON, and CHASE. Cameron checks his vitals, making notes on a chart.

CHARLIE

I just lost my balance, that's all.
This is really just making a big
deal over nothing.

CHASE

Your wife said you had a seizure.

CHARLIE

I'm *fine*.

VOICE (O.S.)

I called the airline...

Charlie's wife, Hannah, now in street clothes (well... a Fred Segal version thereof) hurries in.

She stops when she sees the doctors.

HANNAH

Oh. I didn't realize anyone was --

CAMERON

Mrs. Miller. I'm Dr. Cameron.
This is Dr. Chase and Dr. Foreman.

HANNAH

(concerned)
He needs three doctors?

CHARLIE

I'm fine!

Charlie starts to get out of bed.

HANNAH

They can put us on a midnight or a
7:30 tomorrow.

(looking at the Charlie)
Should I book the midnight?

CHARLIE

(standing)
Yeah, totally. See?

FOREMAN

You probably shouldn't --

He suddenly becomes unsteady.

HANNAH

(freaked)
Charlie!

Hannah catches him. Chase helps him back to bed.

CHASE

Yeah... You're not going anywhere.

He puts his hand up to his head.

FOREMAN

Does your head hurt?

CHARLIE

It feels like it's... melting.

FOREMAN

Like, pins and needles?

CHARLIE

Kind of...

HANNAH

(scared)
What's wrong with him?

The doctors exchange puzzled glances. Foreman looks in his
eyes; doesn't see anything out of the ordinary.

CHARLIE

It's okay now... I think.

Hannah strokes his head, concerned.

HANNAH

I'll just book the 7:30.

She disappears. Off the team, perplexed.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- DAY

CUDDY, dressed smartly, approaches an anxious Rabbi Jacobs and Hannah outside Charlie's room.

CUDDY
Rabbi Jacobs...

RABBI JACOBS
(warmly)
Liselah.

CUDDY
Nice to see you outside of the fifth floor. I wish it were under better circumstances.

RABBI JACOBS
(nodding)
This is my daughter, Hannah.

CUDDY
Congratulations on your wedding. I can assure you your husband is getting the best possible care.

HANNAH
My father's been telling me about Dr. House...

RABBI JACOBS
Yes, when will House be here? I'd like to speak with him myself.

CUDDY
He has been paged, and he will be here just as soon as he can.

RABBI JACOBS
(concerned)
This will be soon, yes?

CUDDY
Oh, very soon. It's just that a doctor of House's caliber has so many commitments...

As she speaks, though, she notices something out of the corner of her eye through a set of blinds...

CUDDY (CONT'D)
If you'll excuse me just a
second...

FEMALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)
*It's too dangerous. His condition
is getting worse...*

As Cuddy walks through

HOUSE'S OUTER OFFICE into

INT. HOUSE'S INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS -- DAY

...where we see what Cuddy saw. HOUSE, playing TRAUMA CENTER on his Nintendo Wii (a video game that simulates surgery), from which the VOICE and a BEEPING sound emanates. Cuddy closes the blinds.

CUDDY
House.

ON THE SCREEN - FORCEPS in an animated ABDOMEN.

CUDDY (CONT'D)
(now annoyed)
House.

She moves in front of the screen.

HOUSE
Now look what you did. I just
dropped this guy's liver.

CUDDY
Didn't you get my page?

HOUSE
Page?

CUDDY
We have a patient. A very
important patient.

As she rants, House digs for his pager.

HOUSE
The existence of important patients
kind of implies the existence of
unimportant ones, doesn't it?

He finds his pager under a couch cushion and dusts off some
lint --

HOUSE (CONT'D)
(scrolling)
Do you know anyone at extension
911?

CUDDY
His father-in-law is the hospital
rabbi.

HOUSE
You'd probably want to save him for
the "important" doctors. You know,
the ones who aren't on probation.

CUDDY
I'd love to. But he's had three
seizures in the past 24 hours,
weakness, dizziness, he's negative
for epilepsy --

HOUSE
Sounds like a medical mystery. Why
don't you ask Foreman?

CUDDY
Unfortunately, your dubious yet
legendary reputation precedes you.
Rabbi Jacobs asked for you.

House resumes his video game. Cuddy shuts the TV off.

HOUSE
(annoyed)
Do you *want* to kill the patient?

CUDDY
(firm)
Hey. I hired you. I can fire you
and if you refuse to treat patients
then the advantages of having an
idiot savant on my staff rapidly
diminish.

Frustrated, House puts down the controller, then smiles.

HOUSE
You know, your breasts get bigger
when you get angry.

Cuddy shakes her head, in no mood for this.

CUDDY

No House heroics, either. No unnecessary tests or life-threatening procedures or untested drugs...

HOUSE

Well, if you're going to take all the fun out of it, you might as well put Cameron in charge.

CUDDY

(fed up)
Just do your job.

She walks out. House mimics her as she goes. The game screen reads "OPERATION FAILED!!"

INT. HOUSE'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY

Foreman is writing on the white board. He's mid-conversation with Chase and Cameron. On the board are BRAIN TUMOR, LYMPHOMA, WEGENER'S GRANULOMATOSIS, HEAD/NECK TRAUMA...

FOREMAN

Trauma from the fall.

CAMERON

But the seizure caused the fall.

FOREMAN

Syncope. A one-time thing, the fall caused the rest of the symptoms.

CAMERON

When was the last time you heard of a fall causing paresthesia?

CHASE

Did you think House's absence left a void in the sarcasm department?

CAMERON

I'm just saying it wasn't the fall.

CHASE

Guillain-Barre. Maybe he had a flu shot.

FOREMAN

That wouldn't explain the seizures.

CAMERON

A late-onset lysosomal storage disorder would... like Tay-Sachs or Gaucher's. And they're prevalent in the Jewish community.

FOREMAN

He isn't weak or ataxic.

Suddenly, House bursts in, cane first. He doesn't say a word. Neither does anyone else.

HOUSE

Please, go on.

A standoff. Then:

FOREMAN

Okay. Chase?

CHASE

Temporal lobe epilepsy.

House stifles -- intentionally -- a snicker. Foreman pauses, looks at House -- "do you have something to say?" House shakes his head, indicates for Foreman to continue.

FOREMAN

(trying to appear unaffected)

Temporal lobe epilepsy could be caused by an infection -- meningitis, encephalitis...

House snickers again, this time, more loudly.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Do you have something to say?

HOUSE

No, I just thought I'd see how much you suck without my input. You suck a lot, actually.

CAMERON

(assertive; pissed)

Actually, I think we're doing just fine.

HOUSE

Please. My pet rat could do a better differential.

CAMERON
(pointed)
Well. He's not here, is he?

HOUSE
I liked you better when you wanted
to do it with me.

Cameron just glares at him.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
(to Foreman)
Are you just going to stand there
looking confused?

FOREMAN
(handing House the marker)
By all means.

House tosses the marker.

HOUSE
Don't need it. You think I need a
whiteboard to diagnose a guy who
fell down after a few at a wedding?
If I had a dime for every time I've
seen that... I would be nowhere
near as rich as I am now. But I'd
have a lot of dimes.

FOREMAN
So your brilliant diagnosis is he's
drunk?

HOUSE
Drunk, high, wasted, plastered,
stoned... schnocked...

FOREMAN
Tox screen was negative for
cocaine, marijuana, heroin, LSD and
meth.

HOUSE
Alcohol?

FOREMAN
Negative.

HOUSE
I doubt that. Why would anybody
get married sober?

CAMERON

Because not everyone is... like you.

HOUSE

If there were more people like me,
fewer idiots would die from
mysterious illnesses.

CAMERON

And yet they would have to live
with multiple yous.

Chase and Foreman watch this banter, entertained.

HOUSE

(to Chase and Foreman, re
Cameron)

At least she talks. What do we
have besides the alleged seizures?

CHASE

When he tried to stand up, he got
dizzy and he felt like his head was
melting.

HOUSE

A melting head, huh? Like in
Raiders of the Lost Ark? Cool.

CHASE

More like paresthesia.

HOUSE

(patronizing)

Did you ask him to try to stand up?

CHASE

(confused)

I'm sorry?

HOUSE

You said "when he tried to stand
up..." Did you *ask* him to stand
up?

CHASE

No, he was trying to convince us he
was well enough to walk out of
here. It proved just the opposite.

HOUSE

Why would he want to leave?

Chase pauses, unsure how to answer. House writes in big letters above all the other symptoms "WANTS TO LEAVE."

FOREMAN

That's not a symptom.

HOUSE

What would you call it? Cuddy waved her magic wand to get this guy in here.

(patronizing; to Foreman)

If you got backstage passes at a Jay-Z concert, would you leave the show early?

FOREMAN

Who exactly is Jay-Z in that analogy?

HOUSE

(ignoring him)

If he wants to leave it's because he has something to hide.

(thinking)

Something to hide on his wedding day. Probably sexual in nature. Cameron, test him for STDs.

(patronizing; to Foreman)

If that's okay with you.

CAMERON

But, he doesn't have any symptoms --

HOUSE

Stage 3 syphilis can cause seizures and brain damage.

FOREMAN

So can a brain tumor or lymphoma.

HOUSE

...which would explain all these boring neurological symptoms. But

(indicating "Wants to leave")

Not this one. Test for STDs.

FOREMAN

Lymphoma's more likely.

HOUSE

Fine, test for that, too. But make sure Cuddy knows it was *your* idea.

Off the team, as House bursts out as quickly as he burst in...

INT. CLINIC -- DAY

A good-looking, if a bit pimply-faced TEENAGE BOY (17, Asian) sits on the table. We'll call him MIKE.

MIKE

I think there's something wrong with my penis.

HOUSE

Sorry, we're fresh out of Viagra. Maybe you're just not that into her.

MIKE

No, it... it works, I mean... I think I might have Herpes.
(pulling down his pants)
See, to the left, there's a sore.

House doesn't need to look.

HOUSE

That's not a sore, it's acne.

MIKE

You didn't even look at it.

HOUSE

(looks)
There. I looked. It's acne.

MIKE

You can have that... there?

HOUSE

You can have it anywhere... and everywhere evidently.

Mike pulls up his pants, resigned.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Look on the bright side. You don't have herpes.

Somehow, Mike looks... disappointed.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Try to contain your relief. Have a nice day.

House moves to leave, but Mike stops him.

MIKE

Wait... Do you think you could give it to me?

HOUSE

(nonplussed)

You want me to give you herpes?

MIKE

This is a hospital. You must have some of it like, lying around somewhere.

HOUSE

(sarcastic)

Oh. Yeah, we keep it in the icebox, with all the extra hearts and lungs and stuff.

(beat)

Come on. Don't you want to get herpes the fun way?

MIKE

Forget it.

House wants to leave, but he just can't resist...

HOUSE

Why do you want herpes?

MIKE

See, there's this girl, and she's really hot, right? I mean like, *really* hot. But she has herpes. She got it from this guy Brent who's a total tool, by the way, so not good enough for her. And she won't do it with anybody who doesn't have it cause she doesn't want to infect them. She won't even go out with me cause I don't have it! And this girl, she's like, amazing. I need to get herpes!

HOUSE

You do realize it's a disease, not an iPhone, right?

Mike nods, resigned. A beat; then:

MIKE

So can I get it?

House rolls his eyes and walks out...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Still shaking his head, House starts to walk away when there is suddenly an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (early 30s) in front of his face. This is NANCY.

NANCY

Excuse me, I'm looking for Dr. Wilson?

HOUSE

(beat)

I'm Dr. Wilson. Do you need an examination?

NANCY

(smiling)

I'm Nancy Acker. I'm with Smith-Baxter, and I'm here to talk to you about dichloroacetate, we call it DCA, it's a brand new drug that kills cancer cells by exploiting a fundamental weakness found in a wide range of solid tumors...

HOUSE

(his smile fading; seeing WILSON reading a chart nearby)

Oh. You mean the other Dr. Wilson. He's right over there. Excuse me.

As House walks away, Nancy approaches Wilson. He smiles at her. She can't help but notice his good looks.

NANCY

You're... Doctor Wilson?

WILSON

That's me, what can I do for you?

NANCY

I, um, I wanted to talk to you about DCA, I mean, that stands for dichloroacetate, a brand new cancer that exploits drug cells...

WILSON
(smiles)
New cancers. I've been looking for
one of those.

NANCY
(embarrassed)
I mean... Shoot...

WILSON
It's okay, I know what you meant.

NANCY
Look, I'm just gonna give you these
samples and, you can uh, read the
label insert --

Wilson can't help finding her cute.

WILSON
Sure, I'll take a look.

NANCY
You will? Oh, thank you! Um...
Would you like a pen?

She hands him a pen that says "Cancer Free For Life..." with
a SMILING ALLIGATOR logo.

WILSON
Thanks.

NANCY
Okay. Well. Thanks for your time.

She turns to leave.

WILSON
Hey --

She turns around.

WILSON (CONT'D)
I, uh, didn't get your name.

NANCY
It's Nancy.

WILSON
(smiles)
Okay, Nancy.
(MORE)

WILSON(CONT'D)

Any chance you'd like to tell me more about this uh, happy alligator here, say, over lunch?

Off her smile giving away her answer, we...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Cameron puts a tourniquet on Charlie's arm and wipes his arm with alcohol.

CAMERON

So... What do you do?

CHARLIE

I have my own business. Selling office supplies online. Not very sexy but it's lucrative.

Cameron finishes the blood test.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What are you testing for?

CAMERON

Just a few more things we didn't test for before.

(then:)

I just need to do a brief physical examination, it won't hurt --

As she begins to reach underneath the sheet, he stops her.

CHARLIE

Wait... can't you -- just not --

Cameron clocks his reluctance.

CAMERON

Charlie, it's okay. Everything is confidential, I'm not allowed to discuss your case with anyone else, including your wife.

Reluctantly, he lets her look. As she does, her eyes widen in surprise as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY

Foreman, Chase, and Cameron face House.

CAMERON

His penis is three times the normal size.

HOUSE

Interesting. Same thing happens when you examine my penis. Wonder if there's some sort of medical explanation for that.

CAMERON

(annoyed)

It wasn't an erection. It's swollen. Apparently from a recent circumcision.

FOREMAN

(surprised)

Wait... he's not really Jewish?

HOUSE

(sarcastic)

And he seemed like such a mensch.

(then)

That narrows it down.

He removes TAY-SACH'S and GAUCHER'S from the board and adds "Swollen Penis" to the board.

CHASE

Do you think the circumcision could be related to the neurological symptoms?

CAMERON

Doubtful.

(pointed)

The brain and the penis rarely interact.

HOUSE

(thinking)

What would you do if your penis was oozing pus? Cameron, you first.

CAMERON

(glares)

The swelling is a normal reaction to the circumcision.

HOUSE

So you'd just sit there with a swollen penis. Which is probably why God didn't give you one. Chase?

House nonchalantly opens his desk drawer. He pulls out a pen tray, flips it over, and on the underside is a bottle of Vicodin.

CHASE

Take an anti-inflammatory for the swelling and the pain and use a topical antibiotic to prevent infection.

He pops a few and returns the pills to their hiding place.

HOUSE

Which is why God made you a doctor. Now, what would the average moron do?

FOREMAN

(pointed)

The average *moron* would probably take Vicodin. Or whatever he could get his hands on.

House nods.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

You think this is some kind of reaction to medication?

CHASE

(looking at his chart)

Says he didn't take anything.

HOUSE

He also said he was Jewish. Here's an amazing possibility: he's lying. We'll find out soon enough.

CHASE

How?

HOUSE

If I'm right, and let's face it,
I'm always right, you all followed
your own bad instincts instead of
mine. Which means Cameron did
nothing, Chase administered an anti-
inflammatory, and Foreman spent the
past hour doing useless tests. Am
I right?

No one answers.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Well, now that that's established.
That anti-inflammatory should be
kicking in
(looking at his watch)
Right about...

Suddenly, all of their pages begin to go off...

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Now.

As all three doctors rush out, we...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Charlie is panicking. Hannah and the Rabbi stand close by.

CHARLIE

I can't -- I can't move. I can't
lift my back.

HANNAH

What's happening to him?!

Chase approaches and gently touches Charlie's back.

CHASE

Can you feel this?

CHARLIE

Yes.

CHASE

What about this?

CHARLIE

I can feel my back, I just can't
move it.

Foreman gently lifts Charlie into a sitting position.

FOREMAN

I'm going to let go, okay? See if you can hold yourself up.

Charlie tries, but falls back on the bed.

RABBI JACOBS

What does Dr. House say?

FOREMAN

We really can't discuss the differential until we run some more tests.

RABBI JACOBS

Well, what are you waiting for? Run them!

Off the doctors, we...

INT. HOUSE'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY

House is at his computer, playing Fantasy Football. Foreman, Chase, and Cameron try to get his attention.

FOREMAN

He's not paralyzed, but his muscles are very weak.

CHASE

But how could an anti-inflammatory cause his muscles to atrophy?

CAMERON

It could be an allergy.

FOREMAN

Could be unrelated to the anti-inflammatory.

HOUSE

(his eyes not leaving the screen; with a snort)
This guy wants to trade Tom Brady for LaDainian Tomlinson. I had to pay some guy fifty bucks for him.

FOREMAN

(incredulous)
You cheat at Fantasy Football?

HOUSE

It's a victimless crime.

FOREMAN

(beat; then, ignoring him)
Vascular disease. Giant Cell
Arteritis. It explains all the
symptoms.

HOUSE

(makes a buzzing noise)
We already tested for all your bad
ideas.

CHASE

Guillain-Barre? Muscular
dystrophy?

HOUSE

Wouldn't explain the seizures.

CHASE

Explains everything else.

HOUSE

So he "almost" has muscular
dystrophy. Is that like almost
having sex?

CAMERON

Foreman's right. Giant Cell
Arteritis would explain all the
symptoms.

HOUSE

He's hiding something. If he has
Giant Cell Arteritis, most likely
he doesn't know it, so he has
nothing to hide.

CAMERON

He was hiding the circumcision.

HOUSE

Funny thing about liars, they tend
to keep doing it.

FOREMAN

Why would he hide taking pills?

HOUSE

Depends why he's taking them.

CHASE

Maybe it's not a circumcision -
maybe the penis was a recent add-on,
hence the swelling and the injury,
and he's taking testosterone.

Everyone is silent for a moment. Huh?

CHASE (CONT'D)

It's just a theory.

CAMERON

I think I know the difference
between a recent circumcision and a
post-op transsexual.

CHASE

I said it was just a theory.

Just then, Cuddy bursts in.

CUDDY

All right, what's going on?
Charlie can't move his back, Rabbi
Jacobs says you can't tell him
anything.

HOUSE

Well, I could, but I just don't
want to.

CUDDY

What?

HOUSE

It's a family matter.

CUDDY

What's a family matter?

HOUSE

Charlie's bris was a little late.
Like, 20 years late.

CUDDY

(nonplussed)

He's... Not Jewish?

HOUSE

Goyish as ham and cheese on white.

CUDDY

So what does that have to do with his diagnosis?

HOUSE

Absolutely nothing.
(off Cuddy's annoyance)
It's more of a character window.

CUDDY

So what's causing the seizures?

HOUSE

Seizures! I knew that guy was acting funny.
(to Foreman, Chase and Cameron)
Do a tox screen.

CAMERON, FOREMAN, CHASE

We did!!

HOUSE

Do another one. Test for heavy metals, hormones, steroids, check his cholesterol while you're at it.

CUDDY

Check his *cholesterol*?

HOUSE

Two out of three doctors recommend annual screenings.
(sarcastic)
I of course, recommend dying. It lowers the costs for the rest of us.

Cuddy rolls her eyes as House walks out of the room. Cameron approaches Cuddy.

CAMERON

(sotto)
Shouldn't we tell them about... You know...

CUDDY

Doctor/patient confidentiality prohibits us from disclosing private medical information without the patient's consent.

CAMERON

Technically, the fact that he isn't Jewish doesn't constitute medical information.

CUDDY

Circumcision is medical.

CAMERON

They have a right to know. He could be a scam artist, taking advantage of a woman who believed in him.

Cuddy eyes Cameron.

CUDDY

If that's what he is, then that's what he is. That's not what we're here to figure out.

(beat; to everyone)

Nobody says a word.

Off Cameron, conflicted, as Cuddy walks out...

INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA -- DAY

House makes his way through the line. At a tray full of apples, he inspects them, looking for a good one, touching ALL of them in the process. He heads for Wilson's table when he stops short, seeing who's across from him - it's Nancy, the Pharmaceutical rep. She gives him a quick peck on the cheek before taking off, leaving Wilson with a smile on his face. House takes her seat.

HOUSE

She better be good in bed.

WILSON

Wouldn't know. We just had lunch.

HOUSE

I mean, if you're going to sleep with the enemy.

WILSON

The enemy?

HOUSE

She works for Smith-Baxter. That's kind of like being Manuel Noriega's butt boy without the glamour.

WILSON

I seem to have forgotten my decoder ring.

HOUSE

Your new bimbo is a drug dealer.

WILSON

She's not a drug dealer.

HOUSE

But she is a bimbo?

WILSON

Why am I even talking to you?

HOUSE

The commercials would have you believe that if you take their magical little pills you'll get a golden retriever and frolic in peonies.

WILSON

Did you just say "peonies?"

HOUSE

The goal of the drug companies is to make you believe disease isn't a serious problem. Too fat?

(shrugs)

Take a pill. Can't get it up with your wife?

(shrugs)

Take another pill. Want a hottie with herpes? Hey, you can have it too. It's no big deal, right? There are pills for that.

Now Wilson's really confused.

WILSON

What?

HOUSE

Nothing.

WILSON

Right. You're morally offended by prescription drugs. Why do I find that hard to believe?

HOUSE

I don't have a problem with drugs.
I have a problem with drug *dealers*.

Wilson pauses a moment, looks at House.

WILSON

No, you don't. You have a problem
with me moving on with my life
because you want everyone else to
be as miserable as you are.

House can't really deny this as we...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- DAY

Cameron is walking past when she's stopped by Hannah.

HANNAH

Please. We're going crazy out
here. No one's telling us anything
-- does my husband have something
awful? I just need to know --

CAMERON

I'm sorry, there's nothing I can
tell you yet. We're still running
the tests.

HANNAH

Tests for what? Cancer, is it
cancer?

CAMERON

We've ruled out lymphoma and
glioblastoma.

HANNAH

What does that mean?

CAMERON

It probably isn't cancer.

Hannah relaxes a little, just a tiny bit reassured.

HANNAH

Thank you.

Cameron nods, starts to walk away.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

He was going to surprise me, you
know.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

In Cabo, there was going to be skywriting. And a helicopter ride. It was supposed to be a secret, but he's never been able to hide anything from me.

She smiles. Off Cameron, her guilt weighing as we...

INT. CUDDY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Cuddy is entrenched in paperwork. A CASE WORKER enters (female, early 20s).

CASE WORKER

Dr. Cuddy?

CUDDY

What is it, Marie?

CASE WORKER

There's a problem with Mr. Miller's insurance.

CUDDY

What kind of problem?

CASE WORKER

He doesn't actually have any.

CUDDY

Are you sure?

CASE WORKER

BCBS said he never paid his premiums.

The Case Worker shrugs, leaving a puzzled Cuddy as we...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Cameron wipes Charlie's arm with alcohol, preparing for a blood draw.

CHARLIE

So... What are you testing for?

CAMERON

(ignoring him)

Why did you lie about being Jewish?

CHARLIE

(playing dumb)

What do you mean? I am Jewish.

Cameron just stares at him. She's not stupid.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hannah never would have married me
if she thought I wasn't.

CAMERON

(re his penis, skeptical
She didn't notice?

CHARLIE

We were waiting for our wedding
night. She's very traditional, you
know. She's religious. Obviously.
I thought the swelling would have
gone down by now.

(beat)

You can't tell her, right? Cause
of confidentiality?

CAMERON

What else aren't you telling her?

CHARLIE

Nothing!

CAMERON

At least you'll have a Jewish funeral.

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

CAMERON

(getting angry)

We CAN'T HELP YOU if you don't tell
us the truth. If you can't tell
her, at least tell me.

Hannah enters. Suddenly, his demeanor changes.

CHARLIE

(looks at her; a little
crazed)

He's coming to get me.

CAMERON

Who is?

HANNAH

Charlie?

CHARLIE

Doctor Death!

CAMERON

What?

CHARLIE

I gotta get out of here.

CAMERON

You can't --

Charlie writhes in his bed, agonized.

CHARLIE

Where is mission control?

HANNAH

(freaked out)

What's wrong with him?!

Cameron watches him, realizing he's broken from reality.

CAMERON

Charlie?! Charlie, can you hear me?

As suddenly as he left, he "comes back."

CHARLIE

(innocently)

Did you say something?

Off Cameron, stunned by this new development...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Foreman talks to Hannah and Rabbi Jacobs.

HANNAH
(freaking out)
A psychotic break? What does that even mean?

FOREMAN
It means he temporarily broke from reality.

HANNAH
Temporarily?

FOREMAN
We've given him a mild sedative and he seems to be fine.

HANNAH
Well, he was upset. You know, he's just mortified about this insurance situation -- it's ridiculous, I mean, Charlie clears a hundred grand a year...

FOREMAN
If it's a clerical error, I'm sure it will be straightened out.

The Rabbi takes Cuddy aside.

RABBI JACOBS
Of course I'll take care of all the expenses.

CUDDY
I have to be honest with you... It could get very expensive.

The Rabbi looks into the room, concern in his eyes.

RABBI JACOBS
Charlie's parents died when he was a baby. He was raised by his aunt till she died, too. He didn't have anything handed to him, but he worked hard. Put himself through Princeton. Made something of himself.

(MORE)

RABBI JACOBS (CONT'D)

Just like my father did. He worked his way up with no help from anybody, God love him. And for my Hannah he's been nothing but a blessing. He's family. And there's nothing more important.

Off Cuddy...

INT. HOUSE'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY

House is adding items to the whiteboard: NO INSURANCE. NOT JEWISH. He circles those two items along with WANTS TO LEAVE and writes "= LIAR" Foreman and Cameron sit around the table. Chase enters, holding results in his hand.

CHASE

Results of the second tox screen. Negative for everything we looked for.

HOUSE

(to himself)

It's got to be there.

FOREMAN

It's Giant Cell!

CAMERON

Giant Cell does not cause schizophrenia!

FOREMAN

One episode doesn't make him schizophrenic. Giant Cell can cause a change in mental status, it's from the pain.

CAMERON

He wasn't in a bad mood, he was psychotic.

HOUSE

(absorbed in the board)

It could be Giant Cell. Or, the drugs, *which I know he took*, could be masking the symptoms of something else entirely.

CAMERON

I thought you said his symptoms were because of the drugs.

HOUSE

I said he was taking drugs. Lots of people take drugs. Some of them even have diseases.

FOREMAN

We should check his sed rate. Do a cerebral angiogram.

HOUSE

Why don't you stick a hot poker up his ass and see if it burns while you're at it?

FOREMAN

What's that supposed to mean?

HOUSE

It's a waste of time. Accelerated sed rate won't prove anything.

FOREMAN

(firm)

That's not your call to make.

Off House, frustrated as shit that he didn't get the last word.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Hannah watches as Foreman draws blood.

CHARLIE

You'd think I'd be out of blood by now.

FOREMAN

We need to check your erythrocyte sedimentation rate.

HANNAH

And then you'll know if he has this giant -- what was it called?

FOREMAN

Giant Cell Arteritis. It's rare, but it's very treatable.

CHARLIE

This will tell us if I have it?

FOREMAN

Not exactly.

HANNAH
What do you mean?

FOREMAN
This will tell us if you *could* have it. If the rate is accelerated, then we'll have to do cardiac angiogram. That will give us a better idea.

CHARLIE
(almost hopeful)
But that's probably it then... That's what you think is wrong with me?

Foreman studies him carefully, trying to gauge if House is right.

FOREMAN
Yeah. That's what we think.

And we...

INT. CLINIC -- DAY

House faces the same teenage boy.

HOUSE
Congratulations. You have Herpes.

MIKE
(relieved)
Oh, awesome! Thank you, Julie Templeton.

HOUSE
Where there's a will, there's a way.

MIKE
Can you put that in writing, so I can, like, you know... Prove it?

HOUSE
Those nasty ulcers on your balls? That'll probably do it.

House writes him a prescription. The kid pulls up his pants and starts to walk out.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
You might want to take this. You know, if you start to get that not-so-fresh feeling.

MIKE

Oh. Right. Thanks.

HOUSE

Hope she's worth it.

MIKE

I'm in love, Dr. House. I'd do anything for her. Anything.

House thinks about this a beat as we...

INT. HOUSE'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY

House barges in. Cameron and Chase look up as House adds "IN LOVE" to the board.

CHASE

(skeptical)

In love?

HOUSE

Love makes you do crazy things. Right, Cameron?

She's too annoyed with him to answer.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

So, what do you do if you're
(pointing to the board)
not Jewish...

(pointing to "No
Insurance")

you have no money...

(pointing to "in love")

But you want to marry a nice, rich,
Jewish girl?

CHASE

(shrugs)

Pretend to be rich and Jewish.

HOUSE

Wrong. That might be what you would do. But that's cause you're a selfish prick. Cameron. What would YOU do?

CAMERON

(pauses; then)

I would become the person she wanted me to be.

HOUSE
Pathetic. But right.

CAMERON
(beginning to get it)
He got circumcised to become
"Jewish." So all he needed was
some money.

CHASE
Clinical trials. They pay you to
take untested drugs. They wouldn't
show up on the tests because we
wouldn't even know to look for
them.

Foreman walks in, assertive, test results in hand.

FOREMAN
His sed rate is elevated.

HOUSE
Of course it is. An elevated sed
rate indicates inflammation. We
already know his penis is inflamed.

FOREMAN
Which is why we need to do a
cerebral angiogram.

HOUSE
Sure, if you want to give him a
stroke or an infection on top of
everything else.

FOREMAN
We'll start him on steroids.

HOUSE
You really do want to kill him,
don't you?

FOREMAN
If it's Giant Cell and we don't
start treating it, he could go
blind. Irreversibly.

HOUSE
If we give him steroids, they
could amplify the effect of
whatever's in his system and it
could kill him. But, hey, at least
he won't be *blind* when he's dead.

FOREMAN

We don't know that there's *anything*
in his system.

(to House)

It's my call.

HOUSE

Cuddy didn't bend the rules because
the Rabbi wanted to see *Foreman*.

FOREMAN

And you are still on probation.

Chase and Cameron watch as the two face off. House grabs his
cane and walks out the door.

CAMERON

Where are you going?

HOUSE

To figure out what the hell is
wrong with this guy... If Foreman
doesn't kill him first.

And with that, he's out.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY (MONTAGE)

Quick MONTAGE SEQUENCE as House scours the place, looking for
something --

-- He LOOKS in the KITCHEN CABINETS

-- UNDER THE SINK... as a curious CAT watches him

-- IN THE LINEN CLOSET

-- IN THE MEDICINE CABINET, where he finds ADVIL, NEOSPORIN
... Nothing out of the ordinary...

And finally -

-- He opens a desk drawer. Pulls out a PEN TRAY. On a
hunch, flips it over. Taped to the bottom is an unlabeled
BOTTLE OF PILLS. House takes out a pill, squints at it.
Can't identify it. He pockets it, as we...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Charlie lies in his bed, alone in the room. House bursts in,
holding the pills.

HOUSE
What are they?

CHARLIE
Who are you?

HOUSE
I'm the guy Rabbi Daddy is shelling
out all his shekels for. What are
the pills?

CHARLIE
Where did you get those?

HOUSE
Battery Park. Where do you think I
got them?

CHARLIE
I don't know what they are.

HOUSE
Fine. I'll just ask your wife.

House starts to walk out.

CHARLIE
Wait! Okay, okay. They told me
there were some risks but I needed
the money.

HOUSE
They have a great new system for
that, it's called a job. They even
come with insurance. I hear
Starbucks has great benefits.

CHARLIE
I have a job, okay?! I have my own --

HOUSE
Yeah. I'm sure I'm-a-schmuck-dot-
com is a real cash cow.

CHARLIE
It will be. I didn't want to lie
to her...

HOUSE
But you did.

CHARLIE

Look. She wanted to marry a rich, Jewish guy. I wanted to marry her. More than... more than anything. I can be that guy. I can be everything she wants me to be.

HOUSE

What drug did they give you?

CHARLIE

I don't know. They didn't tell me what it was. It could have been a placebo even... all I know is it paid for Hannah's wedding ring.

HOUSE

Crackerjack prizes just aren't what they used to be.

He struggles, but he can't seem to move his back.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Oh, don't get up on my account. I was just leaving.

Charlie flails helplessly as House slams the door behind him.

EXT. PRINCETON, NJ -- EVENING - ESTABLISHING

It's magic hour.

INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Wilson and Nancy, the pharmaceutical rep, sit facing each other at a romantic little bistro, clearly enjoying each other's company.

NANCY

...well, technically I'm a registered dietician. But I tried hospitals, nursing homes, and schools, and it just wasn't... fulfilling.

WILSON

So how did you end up pharmaceutical sales?

NANCY

I had a friend who was doing it. Make your own hours...

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

Earn commissions. Sounded way more fun than my job...

WILSON

You like it?

NANCY

(a little flirty)

I'm starting to.

Suddenly, they're interrupted by House, making his way through the restaurant, in a beeline for Wilson and Nancy. Nancy notices first.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Hey... Isn't that the other Doctor Wilson?

Wilson looks up...Oh, no.

WILSON

(cringing)

No... That's... House.

HOUSE

I recommend the Rigatoni.

WILSON

House... What are you doing here?

HOUSE

Thing about sick people. They tend to need things even during dinner hour. What're you gonna do?

WILSON

This is hardly the time or place for a consult, House.

HOUSE

Not you.

(re: Nancy)

Her.

WILSON

House. Leave. Now.

HOUSE

Trust me, I'd love to, but my patient's got about 12 hours before Foreman runs a device from his penis to his brain which has a good chance of giving him a stroke, so I don't have time to wait till after you awkwardly grope each other outside her front door.

He pulls the pills out of his pocket, shows them to Nancy.

HOUSE (CONT'D)

Ever seen these before?

NANCY

I don't know if I --

HOUSE

I hate to be dramatic --

WILSON

Do you?

HOUSE

-- But it is a matter of life and death.

WILSON

Ignore him.

NANCY

It's okay. I don't know for sure, but it looks like it could be from that study trial... not ours, Pfitzner's.

HOUSE

Sure. Blame the other guy. What do you know about it?

NANCY

I don't really know anything.

HOUSE

But you hear things, don't you? Or do you just distribute drug mugs and hospital gowns with happy alligators splashed across the butt?

WILSON

House. Enough!

HOUSE
What have you heard?

WILSON
She doesn't know anything! Why are
you doing this?

NANCY
(hesitates; then)
I could lose my job for this.

HOUSE
Do I look like I care?

NANCY
Ditetrazine is an anti-psychotic.
I heard that before Pfitzner
released it they tested a couple
other versions of the drug. But
the results of the trials got
"lost" and some people were
saying... I just know the rumors.
(recovering)
You know, if you want an anti-
psychotic, Smith-Baxter has
something called Chlorbenazine
which been proven both safe and
effective, even in cancer
patients...

HOUSE
Save it for the T-shirt. Enjoy the
rest of your date. You know he
used to take his wife here before
she left him?
(makes a face)
Hope it's not something in the
wine.

Off Wilson, shaking his head, mortified, we...

INT. CUDDY'S OFFICE -- DAY

CLOSE on the bottle of pills...

As House SLAMS them down on Cuddy's desk.

WIDEN to reveal House and Cuddy.

HOUSE

It's an antipsychotic. An early version of Ditetrazine that failed trials. The study results were conveniently "lost" by Pfitzner.

CUDDY

How do you know that? Never mind. I don't want to know.

Cuddy gets up, heads out the door. House follows her.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

House and Cuddy walk and talk.

HOUSE

He took the drug, it's either making him sick or it's interacting with something else to make him sick -- maybe it even brought a latent condition to the surface, but an extended release at this dosage is still in his system.

CUDDY

How could he have a psychotic episode if he was on an anti-psychotic.

HOUSE

That's my point. It doesn't make sense.

CUDDY

You're reaching.

HOUSE

You wanted me on this case. But we can always just let him die, you know, if you want.

CUDDY

What do you want me to do?

HOUSE

Overrule Foreman. Don't do the cerebral angiogram. Give me a little more time to figure out what this is.

CUDDY
And what do you want us to do in
the mean time?

HOUSE
Nothing.

CUDDY
Nothing.

HOUSE
Exactly. No heroics, no
experimental treatments, nice and
boring, just the way you like it.

CUDDY
I can't stop his treatment based on
a hunch.

HOUSE
(with the pills)
This is NOT a hunch.

They reach the hallway outside Charlie's room.

CUDDY
He's responding fine to the
steroids.

HOUSE
Yeah, till he starts coughing up
blood.

CUDDY
Don't be melodramatic. The Rabbi
and his daughter are comfortable
with Foreman.

HOUSE
That's because the Rabbi and his
daughter are being lied to.

Suddenly, Hannah appears behind them. Confused. Vulnerable.

HANNAH
Lied to about what?

Cuddy glares at House -- Happy now? But before anyone can
answer, their attention is distracted by the sound of --

COUGHING -- INTENSE COUGHING

Coming from inside Charlie's room. Cuddy and House, followed by Hannah, rush in to find

CHARLIE

Who is ranting furiously...

CHARLIE

(ranting)

He's going to eat me! The light is too bright. Too bright!

He coughs again.

HANNAH

It's happening again!

(to Charlie)

Charlie, it's me.

CHARLIE

You're one of them. She's one of them!

Hannah looks helpless. Charlie begins to COUGH UP BLOOD.

HOUSE

Would it be rude to say I told you so?

And we...

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM --
NIGHT

Through the glass door we can see Charlie and Hannah. Hannah paces, her arms folded. Charlie tries to reach out for her, but she pushes him away. Betrayed. Devastated. Cameron watches with concern as Foreman and House argue. Chase is also present.

FOREMAN

The blood was just gastritis from the steroids.

HOUSE

Yeah, great idea giving him those steroids.

FOREMAN

It is a *normal* side effect.

CHASE

What about psychosis?

FOREMAN

Like I said --

HOUSE

Come on, you and I both know it's not Giant Cell.

FOREMAN

We don't know that. We're going to move the cerebral angiogram up to 6 AM. That way we'll know for sure.

HOUSE

Why don't you just go straight to the autopsy results? Those'll be pretty clear.

CAMERON

Hey!

HOUSE

I was right about the drugs. Now, all I have to do is figure out what they are --

FOREMAN

The drug probably isn't even in his system anymore. It's not relevant.

HOUSE

Can you be sure of that?

FOREMAN

No. Which is why we're going to run the test.

CAMERON

Why don't you ask the patient what he wants to do?

Both men turn and look at her.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Just a thought.

HOUSE

Fine. Talk to him.

House starts to leave.

CAMERON

Where are you going?

HOUSE

(re the drugs)

He was stupid enough to take these, my bet is he'll be stupid enough to agree to do your test. I'm not going to wait around to find out.

He limps away, firm in purpose. Cameron watches after him, concerned.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

INT. HOUSE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

House stares at the pills. Finally pops one in his mouth, and then another. Then one more for good measure. He looks at the clock. And WAITS...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Foreman talks to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Is that what Dr. House thinks we should do?

FOREMAN

(beat; then, honest:)

No. Sometimes we have different opinions. But the final decision is yours.

Charlie looks away... Thinking about Hannah.

CHARLIE

Just do whatever you want.

Off a miserable Charlie, we...

INT. HOUSE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT (MONTAGE)

OVERHEAD SHOT: House lies back on the bed, bored, thermometer in his mouth. He checks his temperature. Normal. Picks up a stethoscope and listens to his own heart rate. Looks in a mirror, examines his eyes. Looks down his pants at his penis...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Hannah looks in on Charlie. Her father ushers her away.

INT. HOUSE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

House is staring at his hands. Still no symptoms. Suddenly he gets an idea. He digs through his medicine cabinets, pushes aside bottles of Vicodin, Oxycotin, Xanax and Prozac and finds a bottle of IBUPROFEN. He takes two. And a third.

INT. HOSPITAL - WOMEN'S RESTROOM -- NIGHT

Cameron enters. Hears CRYING from inside one of the stalls.

CAMERON

(hesitates; then:)

Are you okay?

More tears. Cameron realizes the door to the stall isn't even closed. She gently pushes it open to find Hannah, fully dressed, sitting on top of the toilet seat, a wreck.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

HANNAH

You knew?

CAMERON

Not right away. But yes, we knew.
Doctor/Patient confidentiality
prevented us from...

(fuck that)

I wanted to tell you. I'm sorry.

But Hannah's not really listening.

HANNAH

You know, I keep replaying every
conversation we ever had. And I
realized, he never talks about
himself. Not that I didn't try...
But he had this way of always
shifting the conversation back to
me. I never knew why.

Cameron isn't sure what to say.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I should be angry with him. I
mean, I have a right to be angry
with him. I want to be angry with
him.

CAMERON

But... You're not?

HANNAH

I dated my share of rich, Jewish
boys in high school and college.
And a couple of totally broke
Jewish boys. And an Irish Catholic
guy who was the heir to the
Guinness fortune and drove me
around in his Alfa Romeo.

(smiles at the memory)

I would have married Charlie if he
was rich, poor, black, white or
anything in between. The only
thing I'm angry about is that all
the times we were talking about
me... I never managed to let him
know that.

CAMERON

You still can.

HANNAH

(shaking her head)

My father...

CAMERON

It's not up to him. It's up to you.

And we...

INT. HOUSE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

House is researching articles. He ISOLATES something on the internet. He's intrigued. But suddenly, he grabs his head - he starts to seize. Prepared, he reaches for his notepad which lists "headache," "back weakness," "ataxia," and "melting sensation" -- he makes a check mark next to "headache" and "melting sensation." But as he waits for the next symptom, he SEIZES, collapsing to the floor as we...

EXT. PRINCETON - ESTABLISHING -- EARLY MORNING

INT. PROCEDURE ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Cameron, Foreman and Chase are prepping Charlie for a cardiac angiogram.

CAMERON

Shouldn't we wait for House?

FOREMAN

Why?

(off Cameron's look)

If he found a reason not to do this, he would be here.

(to Charlie)

We'll get started in about an hour.

Cameron considers a beat; then, dashes out of the room...

PRE-LAP: A PHONE RINGING.

INT. HOUSE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

House awakens on the floor to the sound of the phone. Instinctively reaches for his neck. It hurts. Checks his surroundings. Feels his head. It hurts. Ignoring the phone, he finds his notebook on the floor beside him and begins to make notes.

A KNOCK at the door. House ignores it. Another KNOCK.

CAMERON (O.S.)

House. Are you there?

House reacts a moment. Decides to keep ignoring it; then:

CAMERON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

House?

(then:)

Foreman's doing the cardiac
angiogram in less than an hour.

This gets House's attention.

HOUSE

Why didn't you call me?

CAMERON (O.S.)

(confused)

House?

HOUSE

It's open.

Cameron enters.

CAMERON

You could have answered the first
time I --

She notices House on the floor.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Oh my god. What happened?

HOUSE

(holds up the bottle of
pills)

It's an anti-psychotic.

CAMERON

You took it?

HOUSE

On its own, it did nothing. But
add an anti-inflammatory or two...
abracadabra. Magic seizure.

CAMERON

So he *did* take an anti-inflammatory
for the swelling on his penis.

HOUSE

Yeah. Give the man a medical
degree.

CAMERON

So that explains the seizures.

HOUSE
And that melting sensation.
(holding his hand up)
And, apparently, the twitching.

CAMERON
But what about the weakness? The ataxia? The psychotic break -- I mean, shouldn't it have prevented that?

HOUSE
Maybe it didn't work. Maybe the drug was just the catalyst, like a key, opening a door. The key's gone, but the door's not closed. The genie, if you will, is out of the bottle.

CAMERON
(understanding)
So the drug brought some condition to the surface. What?

HOUSE
I don't know. But I know what it's not.

CAMERON
Giant Cell Arteritis. I'm calling Foreman.

Cameron picks up her cell phone.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
It's Cameron. I need to speak to Foreman now.

As she turns her head away, House notices something. He pulls his pant leg up so we can see his injury. He looks closer.

CU on his leg... the muscle that's supposed to be dead... It's TWITCHING.

HOUSE (PRE-LAP)
If we remove the extraneous information...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY

CLOSE on the WHITEBOARD.

House checks off SEIZURES, MELTING SENSATION, BLURRED VISION, TWITCHING MUSCLES...

CHASE

But wouldn't the drug be out of his system by now?

HOUSE

No time limit on side-effects. They can last a day. A month. Forever.

CHASE

So how come you're not psychotic?

FOREMAN

How would we know?

HOUSE

The side effects of the drug are confusing the differential. Charlie's body is like a symphony. And there's a violin that's out of tune. But we can't hear it unless we get rid of the rest of the orchestra. We need to find that violin.

Unchecked are ATAXIA, WEAKNESS, PSYCHOSIS on the board.

CAMERON

What if the lie wasn't a lie?

House looks at her.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

He admitted he wasn't Jewish, but he has no idea who his real parents are.

CHASE

So?

She circles the previously crossed out TAY-SACH'S

CAMERON

So, we don't know for sure that he *isn't* Jewish, at least ethnically speaking. Late-Onset Tay-Sach's can mimic schizophrenia.

HOUSE

And in Tay-Sach's patients, Anti-psychotics make symptoms worse, not better.

CHASE

It would explain the weakness, the ataxia... everything.

HOUSE

Do the test.

(to Foreman)

Unless you object.

Foreman says nothing, chastened. Off House, satisfied, we...

INT. CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Foreman and Chase have explained the disease to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Tay-Sach's. But isn't that...?

CHASE

(nods)

Looks like you're part of the tribe after all.

CHARLIE

I thought only babies got that.

FOREMAN

It's a late-onset version. You're lucky. The childhood version is always fatal. But in late-onset Tay-Sach's, the patient can live a long, healthy life.

Foreman hesitates.

CHARLIE

There's a but there, isn't there?

FOREMAN

The disease *is* degenerative.

CHARLIE
So, it's going to get worse.

FOREMAN
Probably. We can help you control
the symptoms, but they aren't going
away. You'll probably have more
episodes.

CHARLIE
The mental stuff?

Foreman nods. Charlie takes this in.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Cuddy is talking to Rabbi Jacobs in the hallway.

CUDDY
He could live as long as you or I.

RABBI JACOBS
But he will be sick.

Hannah approaches.

CUDDY
I'll give you two some privacy.

She leaves.

HANNAH
Daddy, don't --

RABBI JACOBS
Hannah, I want you to have a
fantastic life...

HANNAH
I will have a fantastic life!

RABBI JACOBS
(points to the hospital
room)
You want this to be your life?
Taking care of a sick person? How
will he support you? How can he be
there for you?

HANNAH
I made a commitment to him. In
front of you. In front of God.
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

To be with him in sickness or in health.

RABBI JACOBS

Under false pretense! He lied to you. To both of us.

HANNAH

Not about anything that mattered. He's the same guy that you went to those Yankees games with... the same guy who refused to leave my side when I had that stomach flu even though he knew he'd wind up getting it himself. The same guy who makes those chocolate-chip pancakes you love.

The Rabbi almost cracks a smile. Almost.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

He's family, Dad. It was you who taught me there's nothing more important than family.

RABBI JACOBS

I know what it is like to live with someone who is dying... Worrying every day will be her last.

HANNAH

And do you regret marrying mom? If you knew when you married her... if you had known you were going to lose her before I turned twelve? Would you have done anything differently?

RABBI JACOBS

Of course not.

HANNAH

He's going to need his family, Dad. All of us.

As they walk into the room together, pull away, leaving the three of them alone.

INT. CLINIC -- NIGHT

The clinic is closed for the day. House lumbers down the hallway, when he hears a clanging at the door. He turns to see...

MIKE

Banging desperately on the clinic door. House tries to duck away but he shouts furiously.

MIKE
Doctor House!

House tries to pretend he can't hear him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Doctor House, please!

Annoyed, House opens the door.

HOUSE
What? Don't tell me. You want to know if I have some extra AIDS in the crisper.

Mike shakes his head. He's trying to hold it together, emotional.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
Ruptured sores? What?

MIKE
She doesn't have herpes. She only said she did because she didn't want to admit she just didn't want to have sex with me.

HOUSE
Wow. Bummer.

MIKE
(upset)
Now she's never going to have sex with me. I have herpes!

HOUSE
Look on the bright side.
(a pause)
I take it back. There isn't a bright side. Sucks to be you.

House starts to walk away.

MIKE
Wait! Can't you get rid of it?

HOUSE
(now annoyed)
I told you there's no cure. You're
going to have to live with it for
the rest of your life.

MIKE
But I don't want it!

HOUSE
A little late for regrets.

He walks away. As he does, he bumps into Wilson, who eyes
the kid curiously.

WILSON
What was that all about?

HOUSE
I'm starting to believe in an
Unintelligent Design theory.
(re the kid)
Darwin provides no explanation for
how someone that stupid slips
through the evolutionary cracks.

A beat; then:

HOUSE (CONT'D)
Can I show you something?

Wilson nods. House pulls up his pant leg to reveal the
TWITCHING MUSCLE. Wilson eyes it with interest.

HOUSE (CONT'D)
The mystery drug. I took it to
figure out what was wrong with
Charlie.

WILSON
Naturally.

HOUSE
The muscle is somehow responding to
it.

Wilson notices House's hand twitching.

WILSON
It's involuntary twitching. It
probably doesn't mean...

HOUSE
Will you test it?

A beat, then:

WILSON
Sure. No problem.

HOUSE
How's your new girlfriend?

WILSON
Out of the picture, no thanks to
you.

HOUSE
Would you believe me if I said I
was sorry?

WILSON
Not really.

HOUSE
Oh, good. In that case, I never
liked her anyway.

WILSON
Really? I couldn't tell...

Off the two of them, walking away, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE