

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

GREG HOUSE: [cheerful] Morning!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GREG HOUSE: IV alcohol can cause pancreatitis.

LISA CUDDY: Okay.

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

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

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

LISA CUDDY: Nope.

GREG HOUSE: You think I'm right?

LISA CUDDY: Nope.

[She goes behind her desk.]

GREG HOUSE: Why not?

LISA CUDDY: Nope.

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

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

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

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

LISA CUDDY: [interjecting] Not interested.

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

[She looks at him.]

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

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

LISA CUDDY: Don't follow me.

[House starts dead in his tracks.]

CUT TO:

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

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

[He looks at his Magic Eightball.]

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

LISA CUDDY: You're wrong.

[He looks up to see Cuddy entering.]

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

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

GREG HOUSE: Are you here to enable me?

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

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

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

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

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

[He gets the parcel open and looks inside.]

LISA CUDDY: [insistent] Why would she lie?

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

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

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

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

[They both walk outside.]