

CUT TO:

[Megan and Ben's home, kitchen. House opens a cabinet, looks around and shuts it. Sitting on his haunches, he opens the cabinet underneath the washbasin and looks around. Wilson walks up, complaining.]

JAMES WILSON: Yeah, you don't need a team. You can't even get arrested without company.

GREG HOUSE: You're right. Only one solution. Never replace 'em. Ever.

JAMES WILSON: Do you need help?

[House grimaces in pain.]

GREG HOUSE: Yeah, yeah, patronize the poor cripple.

[He tries to move.]

GREG HOUSE: [wincing] Ow.

JAMES WILSON: Lemme... get that.

GREG HOUSE: I got it.

[Wilson kneels down and reaches for House's cotton swab.]

JAMES WILSON: Will you... let me... just let me get it.

[House hands him the swab and turns around, trying not to smile. He stands upright, smiling victoriously.]

GREG HOUSE: I'll check the bedroom.

CUT TO:

[Megan and Ben's home, bedroom. House jumps onto the bed and lies down comfortably.]

GREG HOUSE: [calling out, as if hard at work] Some interesting mold on the windowsill here! It's gonna take me a while.

JAMES WILSON: [resigned] I'll cover the bathroom.

[Still on the bed, House looks at some books ("Zodiac Signs", "The Princess and the Wolf") on the nightstand nearby. He has a thought and props his head up. He turns his head

towards the bookcase. He looks at the books, neatly standing on the shelves - except for one ("Old Bug"), which juts out halfway. He gets up off the bed and limps towards the bookcase. He removes the "Old Bug" book and pulls out another one (hidden behind it). He opens it, finding handwritten text inside.]

CUT TO:

[Megan and Ben's home, kitchen. Wilson sits at the counter, cutting up a newspaper, when House enters, reading the book he unearthed.]

GREG HOUSE: She had a secret diary.

JAMES WILSON: Is there any other kind?

GREG HOUSE: What're you doing?

JAMES WILSON: There's a sale on Liquid Tide.

GREG HOUSE: If you're broke, I can lend you a tiny bit of the money I owe you.

JAMES WILSON: No, no, I wouldn't put you in that position. What does the diary say?

GREG HOUSE: It's basically a list of her sexual encounters. Boys, girls, vibrating appliances.

JAMES WILSON: If it was, you'd be quoting, not summarizing.

GREG HOUSE: [reading the diary] This is a parade of sad banalities. "I can hardly get out of bed. Feeling blue." Then, three months ago, turns into a parade of happy banalities. "Starting to turn the corner. Job's looking up."

JAMES WILSON: We can stop swabbing. Her clichés are getting healthier.

GREG HOUSE: Or she's less depressed. Aren't there pills that do that?

JAMES WILSON: Antidepressants don't cause fever.

GREG HOUSE: Not on their own. But the ER Didn't know she was on MAO Inhibitors, so they gave her demerol. 'S a nasty combo.

JAMES WILSON: So all you have to do is convince this kid that his girlfriend had a secret doctor, and a secret stash, and a secret life. It's been a while since a patient took a swing at you. Can I watch?

[He picks up a box of chips.]

GREG HOUSE: I only have to convince the mother. [thinks] Actually... I don't have to convince anyone.

[He puts a few chips in his mouth.]