

The world is stone
A “Boston Legal” / “House MD” crossover

*To my dear Sis, Mari,
We may not share the same blood,
But we are sisters of Heart.
With all my love,
Suzanne-Orélye*

To fully understand this story, you may want to read the prequel: *Chou, joujou, caillou...*

For those who just need a short summary, all you need to know is that Denny Crane threw a decorative stone on Brad, missed him and hurt Paul Lewiston instead.

For the purpose of this story, let's say House's hospital and “Crane, Poole & Schmidt” are in the same town. After all, all characters are fiction, I'm sure they don't mind me playing with geography. (*Well maybe Paul Lewiston does mind, but as you'll see, he has other problems to deal with than complaining about the author's choices.*)

**As for the usual disclaimer, this story has been written
for fun only. Every character remains the exclusive
property of their owners.**

Chapter One
Meeting the doctor

James Wilson couldn't help but smile when he saw the exasperated look of his friend, doctor House who went straight to Lisa Cuddy:

“Do you know which day it is?” He yelled.

“Do you know how many consulting hours you owe me?” She answered back.

“I don't work on Saturdays.”

“But you're here”

“I was in the neighbourhood. I wanted to tell it so that's it's crystal clear. I. Don't. Work. On. Saturdays.”

“That's crystal clear indeed. But since you're here, try to be useful. Examination room 3.” She put him a file in the hands and went away as House was grumbling. Surprisingly, he didn't throw the file away, but went in the examination room, promising to himself that in ten minutes his patient would be gone.

When he opened the door, he knew he should have lost the file in the trash. In front of him was a blond lady, about 50 of age. Her make up was perfect, so was her expensive suit and she was wearing jewellery that House found scary. But the scariest was her glance. Determined. Cold. He put her immediately in the « lawyer » section, a synonym to « potential problems to come ». This was not a good start for the day.

“I'm Shirley Schmidt. From Crane, Poole & Schmidt.”

It would be a long and boring day.

“And this is Paul Lewiston.”

She moved and House understood that the Lewiston guy was his patient. As well – even better – dressed as the lady, he was sitting on the examination table. His fine-featured face was pale and had some expression wrinkles. His light eyes were currently expressing some confusion.

“I guess she is not your wife?” Said House grumpily.

“No, it’s me.”

Surprised, House took some time to turn over. A man had entered the room. Another lawyer obviously.

“Denny Crane.”

“Denny,” whimpered Paul who felt back on the table, while House was beginning to find the joke not funny at all.

“I meant, I’m Shirley’s wife, euh, ex-husband,” said quietly Denny.

“I hate Saturdays.” Grumbled House.

He turned back to his patient, suddenly worried when he saw the anger in House’s eyes.

Chapter Two

Meeting the doctor

Once alone with the doctor in the examination room, Paul Lewiston suddenly regretted Shirley and Denny weren’t there. They had been escorted to the waiting-room. The doctor was staring at him, standing, resting on his stick. He took a little box from his pocket and swallowed two pills, waiting for the lawyer to explain why he was there.

“I didn’t want to come, but...I’m suffering from a light leg injury since a few days...”

The doctor was still staring at him.

“I had... a little accident in the office... Let’s say someone threw an object and... I was at the wrong place at the wrong time.”

“What object?”

“Some kind of a stone. On the knee.”

“Show me.”

Paul Lewiston was feeling more and more uncomfortable, a feeling he hated. He, who managed not – or almost not – to be surprised by Denny’s eccentricities, who was used to fear the worst when it came about his famous colleague, now he was at the mercy of an icy and scary doctor. His worries about his presence in an unknown place and the lingering pain made him feel dizzy. He didn’t see the change in the doctor’s behaviour. House had frowned before he opened the door and called for help.

When House asked Lewiston to show him his injury, the lawyer had move his hand towards his leg. But suddenly he became pale and fell back, a blank look in his eyes. House called his name louder and louder, but the patient didn’t react. Instead, he began to tremble and the doctor, after his first surprised was passed, reacted.

“I need help over here!” He yelled.

Two nurses immediately arrived as well as Wilson who was nearby. House quickly saw Shirley Schmidt and Denny Crane in the corridor. The first one looked worried, the second, surprised. House didn’t care about them and looked back in the room. Wilson had placed

Lewiston on the side and was trying to bring him back to conscience while the two nurses were holding him.

“He’s convulsing!” Said Wilson.

As if he had heard the doctor, the lawyer suddenly yelled:

“No! No I’m not convulsing! No, I don’t want to be part of this show, I don’t want to have a heart attack in the scanner, I don’t want my state to grow worse until I’m dying, I don’t want to stay here! Let me go! It’s a mistake, I have nothing to do here!”

“This is rather unusual”, grinned House as Wilson gave him a very surprised look.

“What are we going to do?”

“Give him a sedative. He stays here. And someone should talk to the blonde boss, but try to avoid his companion, he has his place in psychiatry.”

James Wilson couldn’t help but laugh as he saw his friend’s annoyed look. But his good mood faded as he saw that Paul Lewiston had lost consciousness. And that in spite of the nurses’ efforts, he wasn’t waking up.

“Did he say something before he lost consciousness?”

““Anything but this.” Do you know what this means? “Asked a nurse.

“Since when do we care about what the patients say? We treat them and we listen to them as little as we can. Besides, you never learn anything from them. They are all pathological liars. All of them. Especially the lawyers. But they have that in their blood.”

And having spoken, House left the room to go in his office. It was time for “General Hospital” and he had no time to lose in vain words. Or in consultations.

Chapter Three

The doctor is trying to understand...

Sitting next to the writing board, House was waiting. One after the other, his young colleagues entered the room. Then, he took the pen.

“Well?”

The trio looked at each other and sat on the chairs. Silently.

“Well?” Repeated House.

“Well, I looked at his injury which doesn’t explain what happened to him. He seems to have been hit over the knee, big lump, but nothing serious.” Answered Robert Chase.

“I interrogated Shirley Schmidt,” said Allison Cameron. “She confirms the story about the stone that hit her colleague. It seems that Denny Crane (the man with her) got angry, threw a big stone in the corridor. He didn’t see our patient who was hit in the process.”

“Who cares about the story? I’m not interested. Tell me how a simple bruise could lead to a delirium and a loss of consciousness.”

The team remained silent. House was playing with the pen, obviously waiting for an answer. Chase talked again.

“Delirium Tremens?”

“Instantly? No way.”

“Maybe he hit his head when he fell. Cranial traumatism It can result in loss of consciousness and delirium.” Proposed Cameron.

“Did you check with a scanner and an MRI?”

“The scanner didn’t show anything unusual,” sighed Foreman. “And frankly, I don’t know what to think. He should have a big headache had he a cranial traumatism. By the way, why did he come in the first place?”

“Because of his knee. Apparently, the pain was more important than he thought.”

“And what about a panic crisis?” Suggested Chase. “After all, if I believe this Shirley Schmidt, he didn’t want to come. She brought him almost by force.”

House couldn’t answer. A nurse rushed to tell the doctor that his patient was now in a coma. Without saying a word, House stood and wrote on the board:

Bruise

Delirium

Convulsions

Loss of consciousness

Coma

“What are we doing now?” Asked Chase.

“We wake him up. And we try to understand.” Was the answer.

“Didn’t you forget a little something?”

James Wilson had followed the nurse and was smiling seeing the list on the board.

“What did I forget?”

“Remember what your patient said. He was delirious, I agree, but his words made sense.”

“Made sense? One could think that...”

House suddenly stopped talking and looked at his friend.

“Yes. It was as if he knew you. Or as if he knew your methods. And worse, that he feared them.”

“Hum, could someone explain to us?” Interrupted Foreman both confused and frustrated because he didn’t understand.

“Oh, it’s simple. In my opinion your patient is suffering from a traumatic reaction to the presence of our dear friend House.”

Wilson left the room laughing at the stunned look on the three young doctors’ faces and the furious look on House’s face.

Chapter Four

Meanwhile...

Shirley Schmidt entered without asking in Denny Crane’s office. Denny gave her a charming smile as he saw her, but she didn’t notice, or ignored it:

“Ex-husband? You introduced yourself as my ex-husband? What the hell were you thinking?”

Denny Crane quickly calculated his options. Shirley seemed very pissed. Or was she angry?

“Well, I don’t know. It seemed appropriate at that moment...”

He was still smiling.

“Appropriate?”

Her anger had left. Now she was looking surprised. Denny knew he should take advantage of it. But he was not known for his diplomatic skills and he lost time trying to figure out what to say. Shirley frowned.

“You’re jealous... You thought that the doctor believed I was Paul’s wife. And you couldn’t bear it.”

“I? Jealous of Paul ? And what next? »

He forced himself to laugh, but it sounded false. Brad Chase suddenly entered and his saving entrance distracted Shirley. The associate’s face was gloomy.

“I got the hospital. Paul is in a coma.”

Shirley’s face turned very pale. As she was leaving, Denny asked her where she was going.

“I’m going to see the man you envy without any reason. The one who thought he was your friend.”

He was hurt by the words, but didn’t reply. He watched Brad and Shirley leaving together and thought he needed a glass of scotch.

Alan Shore found Denny Crane on the balcony, a glass near him.

“Don’t you think it’s a little early for the balcony scene? I know the situation is a little peculiar, but...”

“You know?”

“About Paul? Yes. But he is a big boy. He will make it. And... I wouldn’t be surprised if he wanted to be the star for once. He is always in the shadows; I can understand he wanted some attention.”

“Shirley thinks that I’m jealous. She thinks I’m angry at him because she takes care of him.”

“And is it true?”

Denny’s silence was enough.

“You don’t want to admit it, do you?”

“Admit what?”

“That between you and Shirley it’s over.”

“Who says it was over?”

“Who says it is not?”

Alan sat in the arm chair next to his friend and sighed.

“You are incurable.”

“I hope Paul will wake up. But if he comes too close to Shirley, I’ll make him fall back into a coma.”

Chapter Five

The doctor’s frustration

“I don’t think it’s a good idea...”

Eric Foreman had spoken loud what his colleagues were thinking. He mentally prepared himself to House’s reaction that came quickly.

“And since when are you allowed to tell me what’s good or not? I decided to go to see my patient. You should be happy. You always blame me for not meeting my patients. And now

that I'm ready to make an effort, you don't want me to see my patient? What's wrong with you?"

Foreman, Chase and Cameron shared a look.

"Wilson is with him," finally said Chase.

House looked at him suspiciously.

"What do you mean?"

"He succeeded in waking him up..." Answered quietly Cameron.

"And may I know how he did that?"

"I just told him he wouldn't see you and that I will be his doctor."

James Wilson had come in. Instantly the trio who assisted House felt relieved and decided they should leave, for their own safety. Wilson and House remained face to face.

"His doctor?" Mocked House sharply. "Is he suffering from a cancer now?"

"No."

"So?"

"I only promised him that you won't approach him anymore. I was right. It was a traumatic shock. He opened his eyes quite instantly. And he is stable if you want to know..."

"Well then, if the great doctor Wilson says so..." Sniggered House.

"Don't take it personal."

"And exactly how am I supposed to take it? You all keep on telling me I should build a better patient-doctor relationship. You patronize me all the time. And when finally I decide to do as you wish... you steal my patient and my team suggests I shouldn't see him anymore! Damn, try to decide yourself once for all."

He turned his back and opened the television.

"Don't hide in front of your television. None of your shows are aired at this time of the day. You feel miffed. And you know what? You deserved it. Your ego got hurt, you'll survive."

"Is it anger I can hear in your voice, James?"

"No, only annoyance. You're just an egoist. But you know it. I hope this experience taught you that what you do to your patient, they can do it to you as well."

Wilson left the room and House fell on a chair. He wouldn't have admitted it, but his friends' words had hurt him.

"Paul Lewiston, whether you like it or not, you'll see me. And give me a good explanation." Grumbled House who took two pills of vicodin.

Chapter Six

Crane, House & Schmidt

House was upset. This was his place, his floor, his patients, yet he had to avoid being seen at that very moment because he was at the door of Paul Lewiston's room. The lawyer had a visitor. Shirley Schmidt. House remained watching the two of them as he thought that she was a dedicated boss who seemed to care about her employees. Unless Paul was more than a simple employee to her. She was holding his hand and he was smiling at her. An outburst of anger overwhelmed the doctor and he entered suddenly.

"How cute! So that's your little secret. The crazy one is your ex-husband while the faking one is what? Your lover?"

House ended his little tirade with a grin. He loved the effect he had had on the couple. As soon as he had come in, Paul Lewiston's face had turned pale and he had withdrawn his hand from Shirley's. She was stunned by the doctor's manner and couldn't say a word. House was now close to the bed and he pointed an angry finger on Paul.

"You owe me an explanation."

"I don't owe you anything." Was the answer.

House put a hand on his heart and looked awfully shocked.

"Oh, my God! The good lawyer speaks! He hasn't fell back into a coma! The good doctor was innocent and was punished for nothing."

"That's enough."

It was Shirley's voice.

"I don't know what kind of doctor you are, but I won't tolerate such a behaviour..."

"Shht shht my dear, let me tell you, I'm a doctor who saves lives. You know, like in the series, do you watch some? I could recommend..."

"Shut up!" Yelled Shirley.

Worried about Shirley's outburst, Paul reached for her hand and gently squeezed it.

"Shirley, don't pay attention, he is always like that."

The quiet soft voice of his got her attention. She turned and both shared a glance. She was surprised by the sweetness she read in his eyes. She had seen that look only once, when he was remembering his daughter. She felt that her heart was warmer and that her anger towards the doctor had vanished. She gently caressed his hand as House was beginning to think that they all had their place in psychiatry. The couple seemed to be unaware of his presence and he was just about to wave to them when he noticed that someone was standing next to him. It was Denny Crane.

"Oops..." Said House out loud. "You two love birds should pay attention to your audience. Seems that mister ex-husband is pissed."

And indeed he was. His face was red and his eyes were aimed on Paul and Shirley's hands.

"He is not my ex-husband. Denny, what are you doing here?"

Shirley was annoyed. And House suddenly thought that it would be very entertaining, so he stepped back — a simple precaution in case Denny would throw objects on the couple — and looked at the trio, a little smile on his face.

"I told him I wouldn't stand it."

"Stand what?" Asked Paul, obviously annoyed too.

"You two being too close."

"I think you should define what "too close" means, just in case." Interfered House.

"Too close, like in holding hands."

"Denny, we are free to do what we want." Shirley said as Paul nodded.

"No! I mean... NO. I don't want Paul to come close to you, he has no right. I already had to tell Alan I don't want him to court you, now I also have to tell Paul."

House was about to burst into laugh. Paul sighed in annoyance.

"Denny, one day you'll have to grow up."

"Paul, I said I don't want you to court Shirley, is that clear?"

"Denny, you're making a fool of yourself."

"Hey wait!" Suddenly exclaimed House. "He has a scalpel in his hand! Where did he get that? Oh yes, now I remember, silly me, we are in a hospital..."

Denny was firmly holding a scalpel in his right hand and he made two steps towards Paul's bed.

"Aren't you calling security?" Asked Shirley to House.

"And miss that part of the show? No way."

“Paul I’m going to hurt you if you don’t let Shirley.”

In spite of his worries seeing Denny armed and knowing that it may end quite badly, Paul remained calm and steady.

“Denny, you have already hurt me. It’s your fault if I’m in that bed now.”

Crane looked puzzled. Seeing she could take advantage of the situation, Shirley whispered:

“And you know what? You’re the one to thank about us being closer, otherwise we would all be at the office by now and none of this would have happened.”

“Bravo! Bravo!” Acclaimed House.

All eyes turned at him.

“Sorry, just keep on going, I’m not really here.”

“Oh and you know Denny, there is something you should know...”

Shirley was smiling, but her smile had something that made Denny shiver.

“It’s not Paul who came close to me, he didn’t do anything wrong. It’s me who came close to him. It’s me who am attracted to him.”

Denny gasped, but Shirley was not done yet. She sat on the edge of the bed, leaned over Paul and gave him a passionate kiss. His first surprised passed, Paul gently held Shirley in his arms and kissed her back.

Denny had turned livid and he let the scalpel fall before he got out of the room. House was still standing, astonished.

“Wow, now that’s what I call a therapy. So, if you two are finished, maybe we could have a serious conversation?”

Chapter Seven

All is well that ends (almost) well

Paul Lewiston, Shirley Schmidt and Gregory House shared a glance and one could almost hear a well-known harmonica air.

“Let’s make that short. Was I the reason why you fainted?”

“I didn’t faint!” Grinned Paul.

Shirley looked dubiously at him.

“Fine, fine, maybe I fainted a little. And yes you were definitively the reason. I’ve heard about you and I just can’t explain what happened to me.”

“I can,” smiled House. “You were scared.”

“I don’t get scared by doctors!”

Another dubious glance.

“FINE. Maybe I got a little scared.”

“Great!” Said happily House. “This means you can go today, no wait, right now. Just go and don’t come ever here. Never. I just don’t want to see my floor turned into a circus.”

“As if you needed us for that.” Grumbled Paul, miffed.

Before he could even move, House’s stick had landed on his knee and the lawyer cried in pain while Shirley jumped on her feet.

“Are you crazy?”

“Some would say so. But with that Denny Crane of yours, I guess you know what it is like.”

Cameron and Chase had rushed in the room, they had heard Paul Lewiston's yell and they instinctively knew House was involved.

"It's O.K., I was just testing his reflexes. He is fine, he can go home with his new girlfriend."

House laughed as he saw the couple blush, and then left the room waving.

Denny Crane and Alan Shore were sitting at their favourite place, on the balcony. Neither of them had spoken yet and Alan was feeling bored.

"So. I heard that Paul has finally got out of the hospital?"

"Yeah."

"I also heard that you threatened him with a scalpel."

"Yeah."

"Denny, you couldn't possibly be serious, could you?"

Crane sipped in his glass.

"He stole me Shirley."

"Oh. So after all, after all your efforts, she has got someone in her life."

"No."

"No?"

"It won't last."

"How come?"

"I'll make it end."

"Happily I hope, remember that you already hurt Paul once, the poor man doesn't deserve such hatred."

"I don't hate him."

"If you say so."

"It will end happily. I'll marry Shirley."

"And since you'll forget me for her, I guess I'll have to marry Paul. To happy endings then."

"Amen."

The End