

Section 1:

Bree: Ok, well I got you the honey mustard dressing, the ranch looks just a little bit suspect.

Rex: Are we gonna talk about what I said?

Bree: If you think I'm gonna discuss the dissolution of my marriage in a place where the restrooms are labeled "chicks" and "dudes", you're outta your mind.

Rex; What's in this?

Bree: What do you mean "What's in this" ? It's salad.

Rex: With onions.

Bree: What?

Rex: You put onions in my salad.

Bree: No, I didn't. Oh, wait.

Section 2:

Narrator: The sound that awakened my son was something he heard only once before, my years ago, when he was quiet young, but he recognized it instantly. It was the sound of family secret.

Section 3:

Narrator: Seven days after my funeral, life on Wisteria Lane finally returned to normal, which for some of my friends was unfortunate.

Son1: Mommy, mommy.

Lynette: now, what?

Son1: Daddy's home.

Tom: Come on. Is anybody home?

Lynette: I wasn't expecting you for a week.

Tom: I have to go back to Frisco, in the morning. When I got your call, you sounded a little frazzled.

Lynette: Yeah it's been a little rough.

Tom: Hi, yeah, peaches.

Son1: Diddy, did you bring us any presents?

Tom: Oh, god, presents. Wait a minute. Let me see. Oh, but I'm not gonna give it to you unless you promise to me to go outside right now, and practice throwing for twenty minutes, OK? You promise?

Sons: Yeah.

Tom: Props, get out. Who's open. Go out, deeper, deeper, touch down.

Lynette: Oh, my god. Gotta be kidding. I'm exhausted, I look terrible, and covered in peaches.

Tom: I'm sorry, baby. I gotta have you.

Lynette: Will it just be OK if I just lie here? (Was it all OK if I just lie here? (我听的)).

Tom: Absolutely.

Lynette: I love you.

Tom: I love you more.

Lynette: Oh, wait, I gotta tell you I was having some trouble with swelling, so the doctor took me off the pills, so you're just gonna have to put on a condom.)

Tom: Condom?

Lynette: Yeah.

Tom: What's the big deal? Let's risk it.

Lynette: Let's risk it.

Tom: Yeah.