Zach's gone from silvercrest.

hungry?

Sometimes...

If I don't get some help, I will lose my mind.

Where can I score some high-grade nanny?

No matter how hard you try...

FBI. Open the door.

Carlos Solis, I have a warrant for your arrest.

Some problems...

I-I'm sorry. And you are?

I take it you've met Maisy Gibbons.

She's a total nightmare.

Maisy does love to rule her little kingdom.

You are unhappy with our sex life.

You're not getting something from me, but you're simply too afraid to ask.

Can't be easily solved.

To understand Maisy Gibbons,

you first need to know how she spent her afternoons.

Her mornings were spent running errands for her husband.

Hi.

Her evenings were spent washing dishes and helping with homework.

Um, okay, so 9 plus 1 is...

but her afternoons --

well, they were spent in the company of men.

Frustrated...

misunderstood...

lonely men willing to pay money to feel a little less lonely.

And Maisy Gibbons was willing to help them.

Maisy, I've always wondered,

nobody knows about your little hobby, do they?

Mnh-mnh.

Is it hard keeping a secret like this?

Well, maybe if it was just my secret,

but the way I see it, I keep the secrets of every man who comes to me,

and I find that absolutely exhilarating.

A few years back, Harold lost his job,

and we had to give up our membership at the country club.

And then one day, one of my club friends asked why she hadn't seen me around lately,

and I told her that we couldn't afford it anymore.

She waved it off like it was nothing,

but I saw her get that look in her eye, that look of pity.

Maybe she was just trying to be nice.

Anyway, is that so bad,

feeling sorry for someone?

Well, when they say something, they are being supportive,

but when they say nothing,

it's because they think that you're so far gone, you're never coming back.

Gotcha.

Anyway, a couple of months later,

I started my little hobby,

and the most wonderful thing happened.

This woman's husband became one of my regulars.

Wow.

Oh.

Would you be a lamb and go out the back?

It's my next appointment.

Sure.

It's the husband of the woman I was telling you about.

Hello there.

Hey, Maisy.

Every morality play has its cast of characters.

There is always an innocent victim,

a deceitful villain,

a prosecutor who seeks the truth,

a magistrate who dispenses justice,

and a lawyer who charges too much.

This morality play was being produced at the fairview county courthouse.

Its themes were trust and betrayal.

So what's your issue with bail in this case, Ms. Mcready?

We want bail denied, your honor.

The defendant's company imported goods manufactured by slave labor,

and his business partner Mr. Tanaka has already fled the country,

and Mr. Solis himself has refused to surrender his passport.

Dog ate your client's passport, Mr. Hartley?

It's been temporarily misplaced, your honor,

but we maintain that Kisho Tanaka set up and executed the entire operation.

Mr. Solis is no business partner, but merely a hired contractor.

And I'd also like to point out that my client is the sole provider

for his wife and his mother, who is hospitalized in a coma as we speak.

Bring me the passport, and Mr. Solis can visit his mother.

Until then, your client is denied bail and remanded.

What's next?

You better finish those brussels sprouts.

And don't think I can't see them hidden under your macaroni.

I hate brussels sprouts.

Yeah, well, brussels sprouts help you grow.

You don't want to be short your whole life, do you?

Here, look, you know what we'll do?

We're going to dip them in a little cheese.

Here you go.

Good. Yummy. Yummy.

- Ew! - Yuck!

Fine, fine, be 3'8" the rest of your life.

See if I care.

Good luck finding girlfriends.

Hey, didn't you have a lunch today?

I'm going to cancel it.

The boys are in rare form, and you're still finding your way.

Lynette, it's been two days.

I don't want to shock them by suddenly disappearing. You know, deep down, they're very sensitive.

They'll be fine.

Now go.

Get out of here.

You have my cell phone number. You call me if you need anything.

I will.

O kay.

You boys, come here and give mama a 3-bear hug.

Come on. Whoo!

1, 2, 3. Whoa! Get in, get in.

#NAME?

- Bye, mom! - Bye.

Bye!

Okay.

Watch your hands.

Um, I'm going to eat upstairs. I've got a ton of homework.

What are you, storing up for winter?

I'm just really hungry.

Mm.

Oh, I talked to dad today, and apparently, he and Brandi might break up.

Oh. How awful.

Mom, you're smiling.

Am I?

Anyway, because of all the drama, he can't take me this weekend,

so I'll be home after all. Good night.

Oh, great. Our romantic weekend's off.

We could move it to my house.

No.

Why not?

I just -- I just want it to be special.

And it can't be special at my house.

Okay, I know this sounds weird, but I just need to have my things around me.

What things?

Perfumes and oils, and I want to pick out the outfit that you're going to tear off me.

And plus, I need to be in complete control of the lighting.

Okay.

We'll wait till next weekend.

You are just the sweetest guy.

All right. I can't wait till next weekend.

No, me neither.

What about tomorrow while Julie's at school? I've got an early job, and that's it.

Oh, no good. My publisher's got me under the gun for something. What about friday?

I'm repiping a house.

Mm, damn karl.

I'm not even married to him anymore, and he's still keeping me from having sex.

I can't hide you in my room forever, and...

I think we need to tell my mom.

You can trust her, I promise.

You didn't tell her what I told you, did you?

No. No, no, no. I would never tell anyone that.

What are you doing?

I don't want to cause problems for you.

I'm just -- I'm just going to go.

Zach, stop. Don't go.

I won't tell her.

I swear, I'll be out of here soon.

I'll think of something, okay?

Hello.

Why are you up?

I could ask you the same question.

I'm going to bed.

I didn't ask you to wait up for me.

Remember, I'm here as our children's father, not your husband.

What are you doing?

Were you with a woman?

Did you tell her that you have a wife, or does that hinder your pickup style?

All right.

Even if I was seeing someone, I have every right to.

Exploring options is the whole point of being separated.

"Options"? I'm not a mutual fund, Rex.

Oh, that's not --

Bree, you should get out there.

Try and meet someone.

Meet someone.

I'm raising your children.

I am just trying to move on with my life.

It is nothing to be ashamed of.

Oh, okay. I tell you what, then --

why don't you just call up your mystery woman and invite her over?

I'll pull out the sofa bed, and you can take her right there.

Andrew, Danielle, daddy's going to fornicate for us!

Just keep your voice down.

Why? Are you feeling ashamed?

The next morning started with a banging.

No one knew where Martha Huber was, and Edie Britt was starting to worry.

Edie didn't like worrying. She felt it gave her wrinkles.

So out of concern for her face and Mrs. Huber, Edie decided to find out what was going on.

Yao lin, listen to me.

It's very important that we find Carlos's passport.

I already looked through his office, so I need you to search the bedroom.

What?

With Mr. Solis in jail, how are you going to pay me? I have children.

Yao lin, your kids are in their 20s.

If it'll make you shut up...

h ere.

Three weeks in advance.

If you don't mind, can I call your bank?

Yao lin, don't be stupid. People don't become poor overnight.

That's my car. Oh, my god.

Hey!

H ey!

What are you doing?

Where are you taking my car?

Government's impounding it. Here's your receipt.

Call that number if you have any questions.

You call this a paint job?

I don't want to see it again until it's perfect!

Wonder what's going on over there.

I mean, Claire did okay with the kids yesterday, but that could have been beginner's luck.

You think I should call? I should call.

Lynette, for the first time in years, you finally have some free time,

and you're wasting it obsessing about the kids.

It's just I don't know this woman. I mean, not really.

So she has a degree in sociology. Well, big deal. Who doesn't?

My boys are a lot to handle. What if she's not up to it?

You know, if you really have that many doubts, you should go buy a hidden camera.

What, a nanny-cam?

Yeah.

People do terrible things when they think no one's watching them.

Yeah.

I don't really think I could videotape Claire. It would be a breach of trust.

Trust is overrated.

So...how are things with you and Rex?

Fine. Why do you ask?

Well, I'm just curious. I mean, he moves out, moves back in. Is he back for good?

Uh, the situation is, um, fluid.

I'm not certain what his plans are yet.

Huh.

So if you're not sure he's back for good, why are you ironing his shirts?

Because I have faith that he'll come back

and that he'll do the right thing.

That's good.

It's good to have faith in people.

Yeah.

But I'd still buy that camera.

Hello?

#NAME?

My oven's out.

Mm-hmm.

Come over and help me find my pilot light.

Al green's "here I am (come and take me)"

Laying all my troubles down

here I am, baby

come and take me

here I am, baby

ooh, come and take me

take me by the hand

ooh, yeah, show me

here I am, baby

aah!

Oh, candles, candles.

Here I am, baby

come and take me,

here I am, baby

come and take me

Take me by the hand

here I am, baby

Mike, is that you?

I'm up here.

I can always call you

for a helpin' hand

I know you'll do the best you can

[Come on in...]

but it don't take much from me

Mike?

Oh, there's love inside me

I believe there's going to be an explosion

yeah, yeah, whoo-hoo

it's tough for me,

oh, yeah

Aah!

Oh, my god.

What the hell?

I'm so sorry. I thought there was someone in the house.

So you took your clothes off?

No, my clothes were already off. I was going to seduce you.

It didn't really work.

Oh, I'm sorry. Are you okay?

Well...

please don't be mad.

hey there.

Zach.

What are you doing here?

Later that day, while Claire was out getting the boys wired on ice cream,

Lynette did some wiring of her own.

No, you can't do this. You can't send Zach back.

Julie, what else can I do? He can't stay here.

His father sent him to a psycho ward.

Actually, they call it a rehabilitation center.

What do you think?

Paul is his father. He has a right to know his son's okay.

And if he finds out you're hiding him, you could get in a lot of trouble.

He's right.

Sorry, guys.

Mom, please don't do this.

If you knew what Zach had been through --

Julie, Julie, it's okay. I'll be fine.

I'll, uh, take him back over so you two can...

listen, if Paul sees Zach and freaks out --

I'll bring him right back.

Thank you.

Young lady, we need to talk about what you did.

I really don't feel like talking to you right now.

Uh, listen, Zach...

if things ever get really bad...

it's got my cell number on it.

You give me a call... anytime.

Thanks.

Oh, thank god.

How did you --

we'll talk later.

Remember, anytime.

I heard you moved back home.

Yeah, I-I had to. We -- we had some problems with Andrew.

I'll move out eventually.

Spikes or pearls?

Your choice.

You know what I think?

Hmm?

You don't really want to leave her.

Please don't psycho analyze me.

Well, you're still in love with her.

I never said I wasn't.

Then why divorce?

Now you're rooting for us two crazy kids to work it out?

Hey

You know me.

I'm just a romantic at heart.

Scarves or cuffs?

Up to you.

Even if I could find a way to deal with Bree's whole obsessive-compulsive thing,

it's not the only problem in our marriage.

As you know, I have certain needs.

Boots or stilettos?

Stilettos... please.

Why don't you just tell Bree what you need?

Tell her what you want.

Because she'd say no.

So? I've said no to some things you've asked me to do.

Yeah, that's different.

I don't care if you reject me.

Rex...

do you trust me on this?

Sometimes when you love somebody,

you've just got to make sacrifices for them.

Love or passion --

it's an awful choice to make.

Yes, it is.

Now, I have to warn you --

this might hurt a little bit.

Aah!

How am I supposed to live without a car?

Okay, Gabrielle, listen. Tanaka's still at large, and they're going to want Carlos to flip on him,

so this is their way of playing hardball.

Now, I'm guessing that they're not done yet.

Why?

What else could they take from us?

Pretty much anything.

It's all fair game if they even think they can trace it to ill-gotten gains.

No, no, no. No, some of this stuff is mine when I modeled, before I even met Carlos.

See this?

Kosta boda. Bought it when I landed my first cover.

This -- I spent eight hours on a rock in a bikini for that painting.

I understand how you feel --

no, you don't understand.

I have dug myself up from dirt to afford these things,

and no one is going to take them away from me.

Then I suggest you find yourself a good hiding place.

They can't take what they can't find.

Oh, and if you can scare up that passport, too, that would be good.

#NAME?

What have you got there?

My china. I know how you've always loved it, and I thought you might want to borrow it for a while.

Oh. Well, that's, um, very thoughtful of you.

Say, um, can I store some odds and ends in your garage?

Sure. Why don't you, uh, come by tomorrow?

Sooner is better than later, right?

Oh.

Oh.

Mm.

Aah.

Just like...

Come on now.

Yes! Ah.

Rex?

Rex?

Rex?!

I need an ambulance. Right away.

Oh.

Hello?

Yes, this is she.

Yes, he's my husband.

Um, excuse me. I'm here to see Rex Van De Kamp. Apparently, he had a heart attack.

I'm not sure --

he's being prepped for surgery right now. If you'd like to wait...

could I at least poke my head in? I'm his wife.

You're his wife?

Yes. Why?

I was thinking of a different patient.

Let me get the doctor.

[Rex Van De Kamp]

[Maisy Gibbons]

As Claire prepared for bed, she was unaware that somewhere else in the Scavo house,

the day she had just finished was starting all over again.

The dog is blue, the doggie is blue

Lynette was relieved to see that Claire was doing a good job.

But after further viewing...

come give me a 3-bear hug.

It dawned on Lynette...

Claire might be doing her job a little too well.

Here's the candles I borrowed.

Thanks.

I'm trying to read, so if you don't mind...

I cannot believe, after everything you did, you're mad at me.

I told Zach that he could trust you, and you turned him in.

Yeah, well, someone had to be responsible, and like it or not,

I've got a birth certificate that says I'm your mother.

Since when?

What is that supposed to mean?

Since dad left, if there's been a mother around here, it's been me.

Julie.

Do you remember after the divorce that you stayed in bed for a week and I had to beg you to eat something?

Yeah, but --

and for weeks, I had to clean the house, I had to make sure that the bills were paid.

I even had to schedule my own doctor's appointment once.

I was in bad shape back then.

It's still going on.

And now that I need some support, you decide to play the mom card?

I had to send Zach back.

We could have gotten in a lot of trouble.

Yeah, well, now Zach's the one who's in trouble.

You sent him back to a man who hates him.

As gabrielle considered the vast emptiness of her new surroundings,

she was surprised to find there was only one thing she truly missed --

her husband.

Mrs. Solis, we have a warrant to enter your house

and repossess any goods which we suspect may have been obtained...illegally.

We're not into clutter.

All right,"harvey the flying turtle." Doesn't this look fun.

Where's Claire?

I gave her the afternoon off.

Who wants to turn pages?

Is she sick?

No, she's fine. I just wanted us all to spend the day together, you know?

Like we used to. Here we go.

"Once upon a time, there was a young turtle named harvey.

"Every day, harvey would tell all the other turtles,

"'one day, I'm going to fly off this island "and go see the world.

'The other turtles laughed and said,'turtles can't fly.'"

Ooh, it's getting good now, huh?

W-what's wrong?

When Claire reads, she does funny voices.

Does she, now?

Okay.

"Harvey didn't like the turtles laughing, "so he told them,

'I'll show you. One day I will fly higher than the birds.'"

That's not funny.

Yeah? Well, I'm just warming up.

"Then bruno, the big, bad turtle, "took harvey up on the cliff and threw him over, "and he proclaimed,

"'we'll see if you can fly. Fly or die, fly or die.'"

When's Claire coming back?

What happened to your nails?

Oh, I -- I moved all our stuff to keep it from the feds.

It kills me that I'm putting you through this.

Hands on the table.

It's not your fault. You didn't do anything wrong.

I'll take care of everything until you're back to do it yourself.

And you will be soon.

I got to be honest, I didn't know how you would hold up.

I knew you were a strong woman, but I had no idea.

You're a good wife, gabby,

a real partner.

Oh, Carlos, I love you so much.

I would give up that house full of expensive junk just to put this behind us

and have you home with me.

That sounds pretty good right now.

I'm going to kiss my husband now.

Hands on the table.

There's a false panel on the back wall of my closet.

My passport is there, along with some papers.

Take the passport to the lawyer and burn the papers.

Carlos, did you know what Tanaka was doing?

Just burn... the papers.

Hey, Lynette.

Did Martha Huber happen to leave a spare key to her house with you?

No.

Oh.

Where is she, by the way? I haven't seen her in days.

Got me.

She kicked me out so fast that I forgot my laptop,

and there's just some stuff on there that I don't want anyone else to see.

Oh. Well... good luck with that.

You know, you're not looking half bad.

What have you done with that little posse of yours?

They're with the new nanny.

Wow, your own personal nanny? Smell you.

Well, trust me, it's not all it's cracked up to be.

You know, our mothers were smart.

They didn't get us nannies or put us in day care because they knew if they did, we'd find out

there are other women out there who are better mothers than they were.

You know, I had a nanny for a while growing up -- Mrs. Muntz.

You had a nanny?

Well, actually, she was more like a court-appointed social worker.

My mom did a little time.

She had a thing for bourbon and shoplifting.

Oh. Sorry.

Oh, Muntz was a hard-ass --no mercy.

In fact, she was such a disciplinarian that when my mom made parole,

I was actually happy to see her.

Really?

Yeah.

Lesser of two evils.

Huh.

Anyway, I got to find a key.

#NAME?

Thanks for your help with Zach before.

Oh, it's my pleasure.

I hope he comes out of this okay.

He's a little squirrelly, but seems like a good kid.

Yeah.

So how's Julie taking all this?

Not well.

She accused me of not being a good mother.

Oh, you're a great mom.

Well, she was sort of right.

After my divorce, I really leaned on her a lot.

Seems natural.

And I still kind of do it.

I just want somebody to talk to about all my adult stuff, and she's right there,

and she just acts so mature. I forget she's 13.

Well, the good news is that from now on,

if you ever want to talk to somebody about grown-up stuff, you got me.

Well, I can't talk to you about everything.

Oh.

What if I want to talk about the big crush I have on the plumber that lives across the street?

Big crush, huh?

Oh, yeah.

Wow, you'd have to tell me more.

Well, um... he's got a smile that's to die for,

and don't get me started on his tattoo.

Thanks.

Oh, Bree.

What a-a nice surprise.

Would you like to come in?

Well, that depends.

Are you having an affair with my husband?

Would you like some more potatoes?

You already asked me that.

Sorry.

I'm so relieved you're safe, I'm, uh...

I'm not thinking straight.

Does that mean you're not going to send me back to silvercrest?

You've got to understand,

your behavior, the violence, breaking into the Van De Kamps' --

I just didn't know what you were going through.

You could have asked me.

Well...

I've been remembering things...

things from when I was little.

What kind of things?

Awful things.

Zach, listen to me.

Sometimes it's not good to look back on the past.

But I can't help it.

These images just keep popping into my head.

Well, then, you've got to find a way to push them back out again.

Okay.

More potatoes?

Yes, please.

Sure is nice to be back to normal.

You should know that Rex still loves you...

very much.

He said that?

Yes.

Then why is he so unhappy?

He has certain needs, and he's afraid to discuss them with you.

Needs -- like...

sexual needs?

Yes.

And have you fulfilled those needs?

I see.

You know, you are pretty brazen for a woman

who just admitted, however tacitly, that she just slept with my husband.

If I told anyone in this neighborhood, they would never speak to you again.

You're not going to tell a soul.

Yeah, you may hate me, but you'd hate the humiliation a lot more.

Oh, I don't hate you, Maisy.

I pity you.

Hi.

Oh, hey, Lynette. Are you heading out now?

Yep.

Um, I'll be home late, so just the usual routine -- a nap for penny, and --

I know, no sugar after 5:00. I got it.

You're the best.

Oh, one more thing.

Since the boys are having corn dogs for dinner,

I'd like you to make sure they get a vegetable to go with it.

Brussels sprouts?

They're full of iron.

Would you make sure they clean their plates?

Not a problem.

I have this little trick I do. I cover the veggies with some cheese.

Ooh, you sly dog.

That night, Lynette settled in to watch her personal pick for feel-good movie of the year.

You guys, you need to eat your brussels sprouts.

Brussels sprouts!

I don't want this!

Hey! Yes, you do!

You guys, don't throw them -- hey!

Hey, stop it!

Do not -- ow! Hey! You guys, stop it!

Do not throw these at me, you guys! Cut it out!

Hey.

Hey.

I guess they operated, huh?

They sure did.

How' d it go?

It went well.

The surgeon says you're going to be as good as new.

You look like you've been crying.

I have.

I was so afraid you were going to die.

There's so many things I haven't had a chance to tell you.

I'm sorry you were so worried.

It's okay.

How are you now, Rex?

Are you strong enough to listen to the things I need to tell you?

Sure, hon.

I know you still love me.

Maisy told me.

She did?

As of this moment, Rex,

I am no longer your wife.

I am going to go out and find the most vindictive lawyer can find, and together, we are going to eviscerate you.

I am going to take away your money,

your family,

and your dignity.

Do you hear me?

Bree --

and I am so thrilled to know that you still love me,

because I want what's about to happen to you...

to hurt as much as is humanly possible.

I'm so glad you didn't die before I got a chance to tell you that.

Trust is a fragile thing.

Bye, guys.

#NAME?

Once earned, it affords us tremendous freedom.

But once trust is lost, it can be impossible to recover.

[SOLOMON, MILLER & HAAS FAMILY LAW]

Of course, the truth is

we never know who we can trust.

Those we're closest to can betray us.

Police. Open up.

And total strangers can come to our rescue.

In the end,

most people decide to trust only themselves.

It really is the simplest way

to keep from getting burned.