I am just trying to move on with my life.

Are you having an affair with my husband?

Suspicion ended in tragedy.

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

Trust...

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

was put on trial.

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

And ex-husband

You walked out on your family.

was replaced.

She is out there throwing herself at Mike Delfino

And everyone

Wow, your own personal nanny? Smell you.

was getting in over their heads.

Edie Britt could never understand why she didn't have any female friends.

Of course, she always tried to tell people she didn't need any,

but the truth was

it bothered Edie that other women didn't seem to like her.

Even after moving to Wisteria Lane...

oh, and be careful. There are breakables in there.

Edie couldn't understand why her neighbors kept their distance.

And then she met Martha Huber.

Hola.

Within five minutes, Mrs. Huber managed to disparage what Edie was wearing.

No

In fact, whenever they got together, Mrs. Huber insulted her.

She made fun of everything from Edie's makeup...

to her taste in men.

Yes, Martha Huber could be cruel, offensive, and downright mean,

but Edie didn't care, because she was the first real friend Edie Britt had ever had.

But now Martha Huber was missing. She had vanished without a trace,

and Edie was not embarrassed to admit she needed her back.

Edie?

Yes.

I'm Felicia Tilman,

Martha's sister.

Really?

What's wrong?

Oh, nothing's wrong. It's just that Martha always said how alike you two were.

I just don't seethe family resemblance.

It's there. It just takes a while to become apparent.

Do you have the key to her house?

I do. After the police kicked the door in, they put on this temporary lock.

Oh, and by the way, the neighbors are coming over at noon.

We're going to organize and hand out flyers.

the key?

Oh, right.

You know, I can only imagine how worried you must be.

I'm not worried, Edie.

Martha and I have a very intense bond. We were connected at the most primal level,

and a few days ago, I felt this sensation in my soul.

That's when it first dawned on me that something had happened to my sister,

and then when she didn't arrive at my home as scheduled,

well, that's when I knew she was dead.

Oh, honey, no. You mustn't think like that.

Martha's only missing.

No, Edie. She's dead.

But she's my sister, and I'm going to find out exactly what happened to her.

Look, Felicia, it's natural to freak out when a loved one's missing.

Loved one?

Oh. Edie, let me be clear about this --

I hated Martha.

She was a wretched pig of a woman, and the day she died, this world became a better place.

It was in that moment that Edie finally saw the family resemblance.

Mrs. Huber was missing.

The words echoed down Wisteria Lane until every last resident was aware of her disappearance.

By noon, dozens of neighbors had gathered.

Some came to volunteer.

Some came in sympathy.

And some came to learn exactly what the police knew

and what they didn't.

So I'll need you to pass out flyers.

Put them in the mall, the park, anywhere you think Mrs. Huber might have been seen.

We need to jump on this. Time is of the essence.

Edie, would you like to say something?

On behalf of Martha and her sister Felicia,

I'd like to thank you all for coming here today.

You know, my last conversation with Martha was one of anger,

and I'll never forgive myself for the things that I said.

I lay awake at night thinking about it.

I don't know how she did it, but Edie managed to make this all about her.

She's a talented girl, our Edie.

Has anybody talked to Bree? How's Rex doing?

She's bringing him home from the hospital today.

Boy, I don't know how he had a heart attack. He was so young.

Hey, how creepy is Mrs. Huber's sister?

I know.

The way she was talking about Mrs. Huber, it was like she was already dead.

You don't think she's...

oh, no. I'm sure she's fine. We're talking about Mrs. Huber.

She's like a roach.

I just wanted you to know that everyone on Wisteria Lane is praying for your sister's safe return.

Oh, I seriously doubt that.

What do you mean, you're not taking care of him?

Dad's being released today. He's got to have a place to recuperate.

Well, then, he can go to a motel, because he is not allowed back in my house.

I thought you two were getting along. What happened?

T hat's...

between your father and me.

You're so selfish.

You know, I am so looking forward to the day that I get to put you in a nursing home.

I'm sorry to disappoint you, Andrew,

but my plan is to have an embolism and to die young.

Yeah, well, we're all rooting for you, but you might not be so lucky.

Andrew.

You want to see how long I can hold a grudge?

Go ahead and abandon my father, because I promise you, you'll be sorry.

You wouldn't be saying that if you knew what --

knew what?

Well, come on, tell me, because I'd love to know what my father did that was so awful.

Fine. I will see him through this, but after that,

your father can rot in hell for all I care.

We're not like other families, are we?

No. We're not.

Gabrielle, it's not my fault that your bank accounts are frozen.

I'm not saying it's your fault. I'm just saying fix it.

Well, I wish I could, but the folks at the justice department aren't very sympathetic.

I'm running out of money.

In a couple of weeks, I'm going to be screwed.

Why don't you hock some of your jewelry?

There's a lot of stuff you never wear, and most of it's ugly.

Don't you have a toilet to scrub?

I'm just so angry with Carlos.

What was he thinking, exporting goods made from slave labor?

Why couldn't he have embezzled like other white-collar criminals?

All the justice department wants is to make sure that Carlos doesn't skip the country.

Now, if he's released on bail,

I can argue that he needs money to live on, and they'll probably unfreeze one of the smaller accounts.

But they won't release him on bail until they get the passport.

Exactly.

You haven't found that yet, have you?

Gabrielle wanted her old lifestyle back, no question.

But she wanted Carlos to suffer for his betrayal even more.

I'm still searching.

Well, in that case, you might want to think about looking for a job.

So I had a really good time.

Yeah, I bet you did.

Gotcha.

Hey. Is this a bad time?

For you? Of course it is.

That's cute. Tax stuff. I need your signature.

We've been divorced over a year.

2003

Well, please, just come on in.

Uh, Mike, I don't think you've officially met my ex Karl Mayer.

Oh, hey. Mike Delfino.

Right. The plumber.

Yeah, I don't have the right washer for this faucet, so I'm just going to go across the street and get it.

So he seems okay.

Yeah, he is.

So what do you want me to sign?

Oh. I see.

By the way, Julie told me about her birthday plans.

Yeah, we're going to a restaurant downtown.

A guy who plays piano and a open Mike.

Julie got a bunch of her girlfriends together, and so we're just going to make a night of it.

Julie loves to sing. It sounds nice.

Here you go.

All righty.

Give my best to Brandi.

Actually, uh...

we're not together anymore.

You're not?

What happened?

I caught her in bed with another guy.

Go ahead. Do your happy dance. You deserve it.

No, no, really. I'm -- I'm sorry that you had to go through that. I am.

Uh...

it's just really hard for me right now.

Thanks.

try ripping up old photos. It helps.

Well, have fun this weekend.

Let me knowhow the party goes.

Karl...

do you want to join us?

Susan...

you're the best.

Ooh, well... yeah, I am the best, aren't I?

You know, if we're going to buy a water heater, we should talk about it.

We could go to the mall tomorrow. They're having a sale.

Can we talk about this tomorrow?

Well, I'm just trying to plan my day.

Please, honey, I'm so tired.

Okay.

#NAME?

Did you set up the coffee maker?

Oh, no.

You know what? I'll do it in the morning. I promise, I'll get up early and do it.

#NAME?

Tom...come on.

Thanks.

Yeah.

C laire?

I'm -- I'm, uh...

wow, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were up.

Yeah, I- I thought you were sleeping.

I was just going upstairs.

Do you want me to make the coffee?

Yeah. Yeah, that'd be great. Yeah.

I'm just going to, um, I'm just, you know, go back up to my room.

Okay.

All right.

Good night.

Good night.

Also, you know, if we go to the mall, we can go to the shoe store.

You said you wanted new running shoes.

What?

Oh.

The next morning, while the search for Martha Huber continued,

Lynette discovered a little family secret --

one she wasn't even looking for.

Good morning.

Morning.

Want some coffee?

Uh, yeah, thanks.

I didn't want to come down till Tom left for work.

I'm still a little embarrassed.

About what?

Oh, he didn't tell you?

Well, actually, it's kind of funny. Um...I was doing some laundry,

and I noticed that the robe I was wearing had some baby food on it,

so I threw it in, figuring I could dash upstairs while everyone was asleep,

and then I ran into Tom

while I was totally naked.

And so, Claire, when did this incident occur?

I don't know. It was pretty late.

I think he might have come down to make coffee or something.

You don't say.

Wow.

Wow.

Wow. Well, this is certainly impressive. I can definitely get you work as a model,

but you do realize it's different from the runway work you did in New York and Milan.

Of course. I made $10,000 a day.

I don't expect to --to make that here.

Well, that's good, because you won't.

Yeah. So what do you got?

Well, there is something.

Uh, they need a model to demonstrate the new buick lacrosse at the fairview mall.

It's just going to be you and the car on a revolving platform. 300 bucks for the day.

Uh, what else do you have?

Sure.

Um... ooh. Can you swing a sword?

Sci-fi convention needs someone to dress up as a warrior princess.

A warrior princess?

Mr. Gibb, I am a professional model.

Look at this bone structure.

This face is a cash cow.

And if you don't have the vision to take advantage of that, then maybe I'm at the wrong agency.

Hey, look, honey,

I'm the only modeling agent in a 100-mile radius.

I book women for boat shows and garden tool expos.

If you don't like it, move back to the city.

This, um, buick thing...

does it include lunch?

Just so you know,

I really am grateful for everything you're doing for me.

Oh, I don't need your gratitude.

You're only here because your children are master extortionists.

So you didn't tell them about --

your adultery? No, I decided to keep that little gem all to myself.

Listen, I know this is a real imposition --

yes, it is.

The doctor said you could be here for weeks.

Would it make you feel any better if I told you I'm sorry for what I did?

Yes, it would...

if I still felt anything for you.

But as it stands, the place you used to occupy in my heart is very much empty now.

You must still feel something for me.

And why do you think that?

Oh, come on. Bree, look at this.

You're using the good china,freshly pressed napkins, flowers from the garden.

This tray was prepared with loving care.

Do me a favor, Rex --

please don't mistake my anal retentiveness for actual affection.

Hold on a sec.

Okay. Now I'm good.

What?

You're just --god, I love you.

Oh.

Well...that's great.

Wait, look, that just kind of popped out.

No, no, it's fine. It just kind of caught me off-guard.

I mean, I want to say it back.

Yeah, but you're not ready. It's okay.

You're not mad, are you?

No, god. We haven't even been dating that long, and you've got other issues. I get it.

Good.

Issues? What kind of issues do you think I have?

You know, I retract my earlier statement. I no longer love you.

In fact, I just think of you as a really good buddy.

No. No, no, no, no. You obviously think you have some insight into my soul,

so please go ahead. Dazzle me.

Your divorce left you hurt and vulnerable.

Big insight. The postman knows that.

And there's a chance you might still have feelings for your ex.

What?

I loathe Karl,

and the postman will back me up on that, too.

I'm sure part of you does hate him, but, well, maybe part of you is still hung up on him.

Where are you getting this?

Well, he broke up with the woman he left you for,

and what was the first thing you did? You hugged him

and invited him to a party.

Okay.

The analysis part of this evening is now over.

Hey... you asked.

Well, you know what?

You're going to come to julie's party tomorrow night,

and you're going to see Karl and I together,

and you're going to understand once and for all that I have no feelings for him whatsoever.

Well, actually, I have tickets to a basketball game --

well, actually, you're coming to the party tomorrow, and that's the end of it.

This is what I get for saying "I love you."

What?

Nothing.

There you go.

Hello, George.

Mrs. Van De Kamp. You're looking lovely today.

You always say the nicest things.

Well, it's, uh, it's true.

Listen, I have a prescription here for Rex. I don't know if you heard, but he had a heart attack.

I had no idea. Is he okay?

Oh, yes, he'll --he'll live, but, uh, the doctor says he's at risk for something called pericarditis.

Do you know anything about that?

It's an inflammation of the membrane that surrounds the heart.

It'll take a few months to make sure it doesn't develop, but he'll need constant care.

So I hear.

As the words "constant care" echoed in her head,

Bree caught a sickening glimpse into her future...

okay, here we go.

Which prompted her to seek an old-fashioned remedy.

George, would you go out to dinner with me?

Um, y-you mean like a date?

Yes. I think it would be fun.

What about your husband?

Oh, him.

Well, we're separated.

In spite of Mrs. Huber's disappearance, life on Wisteria Lane started to return to normal

until an intriguing discovery was made on a dirt road next to the interstate.

This is officer burton.

I have an abandoned vehicle registered to a missing person. One Martha Huber. Please advise.

As news spread of this mysterious development, everyone in the neighborhood decided to band together

to show their support and to look for clues...

or worse.

I'm keeping my eyes on the horizon.

Please tell me if I am about to step on a body part.

It's a search and rescue, not recover. We don't know if she's dead.

Yeah, people fake their own abductions all the time.

Could we talk about something else, something less depressing?

Well, here's something -- Mike told me he loved me.

Oh, my god!

Over here! They found the body!

No, I'm sorry! False alarm! We didn't find a body.

Uh, Susan just had some really good news.

- Sorry. - It was nothing. False alarm.

Well, doesn't that figure. Susan always finds a way to make it about her.

Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the fabulous buick lacrosse.

It -- it has expertly crafted interior,

peaceful, quiet tuning, and ultra sonic rear parking assist.

Observe the remote activation feature.

Uh, and it also has a lot of other exciting, good, cool car things.

Tom, Lynette. What are you doing here?

We're buying a new water heater. Um, how about you?

Just doing a little shopping, trying to get my mind off things.

Hey, Gabby, you need help? It looks like you're stuck here.

Oh, I guess I am.

#NAME?

I'm a sucker for these buicks.

Come on, you bastard.

You know, with their, uh, perfectly crafted interior and peaceful, quiet tuning.

Uh-huh.

Little formal for the mall.

Oh, uh, you know, I-I wanted to match the shoes to the dress.

This is, uh, sarah,

my shopping buddy. We like to hitthe boutiques together.

Okay, well, you gals, um, shop your little hearts out. See you later.

Bye.

Wow. Look at you. You going out?

Not that it's any of your business, but, um, I have a date.

A date? What kind of date?

Rex, I don't want to say anything that might upset you.

The doctor says any undue stress could cause another heart attack.

It's a romantic date with a single, attractive man, and I intend to french the hell out of him.

Oh, right on time.

#NAME?

In my spare time, I garden. I thought you might like these.

Oh, my. They're exquisite.

Compost and eggshells?

Yes.

Oh. Come on in.

Thanks.

George, you remember Rex.

Uh, I thought you said you were separated.

Oh, we are, emotionally. Physically, he just lives here because his mistress refuses to care for him.

Would you like a drink?

Uh, no, I-I'm fine, thanks.

Rex, say hello to George.

Hello, George.

Hello, Dr. Van De Kamp.

I'm going to go put these in water.

George, why don't you have a seat, and I'll be right back?

So, uh, how's your heart, Dr. Van De Kamp?

- Better. How's the pharmacy? - Busy. It's busy.

Is something funny?

It's -- it's nothing.

See, I, uh...I recently engaged in some extracurricular activity,

and now bree's doing anything she can to make me suffer

All you can do is laugh.

Yeah. I-I guess.

Oh, these flowers are stunning. They're the best ones I've ever gotten.

Shall we?

Well, it was nice talking to you, Dr. Van De Kamp.

Please. You're dating my wife. Call me Rex.

That salesgirl that sold us the water heater -- she had a cute figure.

Yeah, I guess. I didn't notice.

Oh, how can you say? She was so your type-- big breasts, really curvy.

What are you doing?

Nothing. I'm just saying you prefer women who are really curvy, women like that salesgirl or Claire.

There's only one type that I prefer.

You.

Aw, you kissed me as though that would end this conversation, and it so won't.

Why am I in trouble? I haven't done anything wrong.

The only reason you made love to me the other night was because you had just seen claire naked.

aw, crap.

Claire is a great nanny. It would be stupid to lose her over something like this.

You and I have had crushes before. We always tell each other.

We laugh about it. It's no big deal.

What worries me about this is you're denying you're obviously attracted. Why?

I'm not denying anything.

Oh, so you are attracted to her.

I didn't say that.

What are you doing?

We are not going anywhere until you confess you have the hots for our nanny.

Tom, it's okay. She's attractive.

Men by nature are drawn to fertile young women with whom they can plant their seed.

It's the basic flaw of your gender. I get it. Just do me the honor of --

we'd all like to get out of here. Is there a problem?

My husband won't admit that he has lust in his heart.

Can you give us a minute?

Lynette, Claire is attractive, yes.

But I am not attracted to her.

Look, if I thought for even a second that there was any danger in having Claire around,

I'd be the first to get rid of her.

It's you. You're the one.

You always have been, and you always will be.

All right. Hold your water.

<font color=orange>Then as a coda, we drink ice cream soda here down at the old five and dime, yeah

yay. Oh, you guys were fantastic.

Thank you.

Um, they've got a dance floor upstairs, and we're going to go check it out.

Okay. Have fun.

Edie. Over here.

What the hell is she doing here?

What, I don't get to bring a date? I heard you were bringing him.

Of all people, you pick that tired piece of --

#NAME?

Oh, thank you so much for the invite.

God knows I needed something to get my mind off poor Martha.

A kiss for the birthday boy.

Um, Edie, it's not his birthday.

Oh. Oh.

Thank you, George. That was a lovely evening.

The pleasure was mine.

There's nothing better than great conversation with a beautiful woman over a delicious meal.

Well, I guess I should go inside.

I'm glad we did this.

Me too.

Andrew. Where did you come from?

I was just on my wayback from brian's house. What's going on here?

Oh, uh, you remember Mr. Williams, our pharmacist.

- Hey there. - How's it going?

What are you doing in his car?

We're just, um, talking. Mr. Williams took me out to dinner.

You mean like on a date?

Well, um...

Yes.

You are aware that she's married, right?

Andrew, your father and I are separated, and you know it.

I don't care. Couldn't you at least wait until he was out of the house?

The only reason he's still in the house is because you insisted I care for him.

So -- so what, what are you guys going to do now?

Are you -- are you two going to have sex?

#NAME?

Because I don't commit adultery like your father.

That's right. Your father had an affair, I found out about it, and I'm just trying to move on with my life.

You should watch out for her. She's a liar.

Andrew...

In spite of her mounting debt,

Gabrielle was determined to prove she could get along just fine without Carlos's money.

It wasn't until the electricity went out

that she finally began to see the light.

Mr. Hartley, it's Gabrielle Solis.

I need you to start working on releasing Carlos on bail.

I just remembered where I put his passport.

<font color=orange>But I, I took the sweet life

<font color=orange>never knew I'd be bitter from the sweet

<font color=orange>I spent my life exploring the subtle whoring

<font color=orange>that costs too much to be free

<font color=orange>hey, lady

<font color=orange>I've been to paradise

<font color=orange>but I've never been

<font color=orange>to me

Oh, thank you.

Damn, woman. You were good.

Yes. All right, you're next, susie Q. What you going to sing?

Yes

You sing?

Only when I'm alone.

Come on. We're among friends.

I don't think so.

Well, I, for one, would love to hear your voice.

Give it up, plumber. She's not budging.

You want to hear me sing?

Yeah.

Okay.

What's it going to be? I'll tell the piano player.

"New york, new york."

Oh, I am so excited to hear you.

Oh, but doesn't it just figure?

What do you mean?

You have to get up in front of a room full of people dressed like that.

I hope they don't turn on you.

I think I'll take my chances, sort of like you did on those high notes.

I'm going to get us two more.

That's a great idea.

So that Mike -- he seems pretty even-keeled.

Yeah. He's a great guy.

But you know, I mean, he's a little buster brown.

Don't you ever worry you're going to get bored?

Thanks for your concern, Karl. I'm fine.

Go figure.

Even though our marriage was crazy at times, it never got dull.

Yeah, that part when you slept with your secretary was really exciting.

I know. How many times do I have to hear it? It was a mistake.

But don't I ever get credit for the 13 loyal years beforehand?

You must not be counting the Hendersons' christmas party.

Edie, not now.

Oh, what's the big deal, Karl? Your marriage is history anyway.

Edie.

It was nothing, really. Basically, we both got plastered on eggnog,

and we found ourselves standing under the, uh, mistletoe,

and we were like, "okay, well, what do we do now?"

So I smiled, and he smiled, and then Karl reached over and started feeling me up.

- Susie, that's not how it happened. - All right, Susan, come on, you're up.

What?

This is --it's so silly.

Susie --

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Susan Mayer.

<font color=orange>Start spreadin' the news

<font color=orange>I'm leavin' today

<font color=orange>I wanna be a part of it

<font color=orange>new york, new york

<font color=orange>these vagabond shoes

you're an ass, you know that? No, keep playing.

<font color=orange>Are longing to stray

there's a word, you know, right?

<font color=orange>And get around the heart of it

<font color=orange>new york, new york

<font color=orange>I wanna

just tell you that the affair was one thing.

I mean, I forgave you, because on some small level,

I thought that you were in love with her,

and now I find out that you were just groping people at parties.

<font color=orange>Top of the heap

Karl, don't you turn away from me. Look at me!

You know, what else were you doing during our marriage?

How many other women were you sticking it to?

As god is my witness, it will snow on the hills of hell before I ever feel sorry for you again!

<font color=orange>New york

As the police interviewed the residents of Wisteria Lane about the mysterious disappearance of Martha Huber,

my husband Paul reasoned it would only be a matter of time before their digging would begin to yield answers.

Since he knew the police had no suspects,

he decided to point them towards the most logical candidate.

You see, if there's one thing Paul understood about the suburbs, it was this --

no one's ever more suspicious

than a new neighbor who's just moved in.

Parker's getting sniffly.

Yeah, I noticed that, too. I hope he's not coming down with a cold.

He doesn't have a cough yet, but he sort of has this post-nasal drip thing happening.

I'll make an appointment for him.

I always say it is better to be safe than sorry.

Little kids get sick, and it's -- sorry --out of control...

man, kids with these colds, it's just -- just this vicious cycle.

Um, um, Claire?

We have to make some changes.

What are you doing?

I'm packing up your father's things for when he eventually moves out.

Well, here. Let me help you.

Look, I-I talked to dad,

and it turns out you were telling the truth.

Oh, andrew, I'm so sorry that I said anything.

No, you know, I'm glad you did. Now I know.

There comes this point in every boy's life.

What, finding out his dad's screwing around?

No.

That his father's only human.

Listen, why are you taking care of him?

Is it because of what Danielle and I said? Because you can forget that.

I'll help you take his stuff out on the street if you want.

That's sweet, but I'm taking care of him because it's the right thing to do.

Why are you being such a push over?

I mean, he cheated on you.

He's a jerk.

Andrew...

you will not speak that way about your father in front of me.

Why the hell not? I mean, for once, I'm actually on your side.

Yes, I'm angry with him.

I am going to divorce him. I may even marry somebody else.

But make no mistake about it, your father is and always will be the love of my life.

He gave me the best18-year marriage that...

I could have ever hoped for.

And for that, you will respect him.

Okay

What is it? I'm really, really busy.

I came by to apologize.

Oh. Well, in that case, come on in. I'm not doing anything.

I can't believe Edie brought the whole thing up.

Susan... I-I am so sorry.

I-I thought I was done hurting you.

Yeah, me too.

And just so you know,

I'm sorry for flipping out.

I shouldn't let you get to me like that.

What?

I do still get to you, don't I?

That's the difference between the plumber and me.

No, don't get me wrong, he's a good guy. I mean, I like him.

But I'm betting that you two don't have what we had together.

There was always a spark between us.

A spark?

Look, what I'm trying to say is he must seem really safe after me.

A moray eel would seem safe after you.

That's what I'm talking about -- that great back-and-forth, the joking around...

we still argue and push each other's buttons.

News flash --I hated all of that.

Come on, you have to admit when it was good,

it was the best.

What are you saying?

Let's give this another shot.

You want me back?

Yeah.

Yeah. I realize now

that you were the woman that was meant for me.

Wow.

W-w-- just so we're clear,

so -- so you want to move back in here and -- and be faithful to me and love me with all your heart and soul?

Absolutely.

Oh, my god. This is so wonderful.

Yeah. I know, I know.

I want to kiss you.

Oh, god. No, Karl. Um, no,

what I meant by wonderful was that I wondered inside if I still had feelings for you, if deep down, I still loved you.

And?

And --

There's nothing there.

Come on. You've got to feel something.

Well, actually, I do, yeah. Excuse me.

Oh, my god.

Susan.

Mike, guess what.

I love you.

Are you sure?

Yes.

Did I come at a bad time?

Um, they're just asking some questions about Mrs. Huber.

I love him. You can write that in your little book.

We are all searching for someone,

that special person who will provide us what's missing in our lives.

Someone who can offer companionship...

George? Hi, it's me -- Bree.

I was wondering, are you free next saturday?

You are? Oh, that's wonderful.

Or assistance...

hi. I understand your agency handles nannies.

I need someone experienced and preferably unattractive.

Or security.

Hi, honey. Did the lawyer tell you the good news?

You're going to make bail. I found your passport.

And sometimes, if we search very hard, we can find someone who provides us...

well, I just called to say hi, and I love you.

With all three.

All right, all right. Enough already.

Yes, we're all searching for someone,

and if we can't find them,

we can only pray

they find us.

What you got, boy?