My money says one of them isn't.

How creepy is Mrs. Huber's sister?

Promises were made.

I'm going to find out exactly what happened to her.

Marriages came undone.

Gabrielle and I are about to start a family.

Well, we're not negotiating my uterus.

George, would you go out to dinner with me?

You mean like a date?

A date?

And the truth...

You burned your rival's house down.

Was denied.

I absolutely did not do that thing you accused me of.

Martha Huber waited her whole life for something to happen to her, something exciting.

As a child, she hoped to be kidnapped by a band of pirates.

As a teenager, she dreamt of being discovered by a hollywood talent scout.

As a young woman, she fantasized a handsome millionaire would sweep her off her feet.

But the years had flown by, and still nothing exciting had ever happened to Martha Huber.

Until the night she was murdered.

Hello, Mrs. Huber.

Paul.

Let me give you a hand.

That's really not necessary.

I insist.

In those last moments, it occurred to her in addition to being boring,

Life could also be very cruel.

Luckily for Mrs. Huber, death was far more merciful.

What do you think?

That's our missing woman, all right.

Oh, jeez. Didn't take the media long to get wind of this.

Make sure no one contaminates my crime scene.

Hey, little lady.

A lot of people are looking for you, you know that?

Your face is going to be on the front page of every paper in this state.

How's that for exciting?

Officer Jackson couldn't be sure, but for a brief moment,

he thought he saw the corpse of Martha Huber...

smile.

<font color=F62B97>Episode 12 : Every Day a Little Death

Death had come once again to Wisteria Lane.

I'm afraid I have some bad news for you.

We found your sister's body.

Word of the tragedy would soon spread throughout the neighborhood,

but for now, people went about their lives as they always did -- blissfully unaware.

Hello. Anybody home?

In the kitchen.

Good news.

I finished my book, so I thought to celebrate, you could take me out to lunch.

Hey, Susan.

Uh, can we do a rain check?

Edie and I are just looking over the plans to rebuild her house.

My insurance company's finally cutting my check next week,

and there's only one plumber I want.

So don't expect to see this guy for a few months.

I'm going to be riding him hard.

Well, if anybody can go the distance, he can. I should know.

See ya.

Uh, Mike?

Mike?

We're on the clock.

Hey, Felicia. What's up?

Edie?

They found Martha.

Here. Blow. Good. All right.

Come on. This is going to be fun. Follow me.

Excuse me.

Yeah?

You can't do that.

I'm here for the 10:00 A.M. Yoga meditation class.

Unfortunately, the day care center's full.

Yeah, I noticed that, but every time I come here, it's full.

It's a popular class. And the other moms come early.

Look, all I can tell you is plan ahead next time.

Uh, Lauren, I'm a mother of four.

Today I had to get up at 5:00,

make lunches, make breakfast, drop the twins off at school,

and get across town lugging a baby and a sick child.

Telling me to plan ahead is like telling me to sprout wings,

and it's things like being told to plan ahead that make me so crazy

that yoga is the only thing that relaxes me,

except I show up here, and I can't get in, and you tell me to plan ahead.

It's a vicious cycle.

See how that works?

I get it.

But if I broke the rules for you, I'd have to break them for the other moms, too,

and then the moms who actually followed the rules would get all pissed at me,

and then I'd have to get pissy right back,

and before you know it, I don't have time to read my magazine.

See how that works?

I hope someday, you have lots of children.

Hello?

Oh, hey, Susan. Listen, I can't talk. I'm in the middle of something here that --

what?

I had a wonderful time today.

Thank you. I did, too.

Sorry I can't invite you in for coffee or...

No, I get it. Rex still lives in the house. It would be awkward.

Yeah, and I would rather cut off my hand than hurt his feelings.

It'll, um... it'll be a lot easier once he gets well enough to move out.

So do you want to have lunch tomorrow?

I'd love to.

Okay. Wow.

Pick me up at 1:00, and we'll do something fun.

I'll see you then.

Okay. Oh, packages.

O h.

Thank you.

Hello.

Oh, hi, Lynette.

What?

Sir, watch your head.

Hi, honey.

Welcome home.

Thanks, guys.

Take it easy.

Come on, honey. Let's celebrate.

Sorry it's the cheap stuff. I had to economize.

But now that you're back, we can restock the wine cellar.

Let's toast.

It's very good to be back.

What's that?

It transmits to this -- my electronic monitoring device.

Didn't the lawyer tell you?

Tell me what?

I'm on house arrest. It's a condition of my bail.

Uh, No. No, he neglected to tell me that.

Yeah, if I move more than 100 feet from that telephone, an alarm sounds.

If I keep going, it transmits a signal to the FBI, and I'm back in jail.

But how are you going to work?

I can't. I can't do anything.

Uh, no, no, no. That's unreasonable.

What do they expect us to do for money?

Well, the lawyer's working on unfreezing the accounts.

And in the meantime, I mean, haven't you been booking modeling jobs?

Carlos, this is not like New York where I made thousands of dollars a day modeling haute couture.

I'm doing boat shows.

I spend eight hours a day doing this.

Well, I'd buy two boats from you.

Come on.

Where's my toast?

Welcome home.

Hello.

Hi, Bree.

What?

If you find anything in your sister's belongings that might shed some light on her death

letters or a datebook, please call me immediately.

I believe she did keep a diary or something. I'll look around for it.

Look at them all

#NAME?

I don't know. I think they just want to show their support.

Please. Human beings feed on misery.

Well, we might as well give the people what they want.

Hello.

I want to thank you all for coming out here and expressing your genuine sorrow and disbelief.

My sister Martha would have been so touched.

I know that many of you have questions.

I've just spoken with the police, who are still putting together the details of what happened.

What they do know is Martha died a violent death.

Oh.

Yes, I know.

It's hard to hear.

Apparently, there was a struggle.

They found scratching and bruising on her body, several broken bones, and traces of dirt in her lungs...

which leads us to believe that she was still alive at the time of her burial, and probably in great pain.

But the good news is there are no signs that she had been molested.

Now I think it's time that you return to your homes, to your loved ones.

Oh, in lieu of a memorial service, I'll be holding an estate sale day after tomorrow.

Please -- no personal checks.

By the next morning, everyone on Wisteria Lane was aware of Martha Huber's demise...

#NAME?

#NAME?

You see this gum?

If you promise to be quiet while I am downstairs playing cards, it's all yours. Deal?

#NAME?

Yeah, okay. That's what I like to hear. All right, good.

I mean, what are the odds? First Mary Alice, and then Mrs. Huber?

I mean, it's shocking.

Yeah, but this is different. Someone was actually murdered on our street.

I remember talking to her right before she disappeared.

You did? What'd you talk about?

Oh, actually, she yelled at me for not bringing my garbage cans in.

I'm going to miss her.

Edie.

Hi.

Hi.

Come on in.

Oh, you're all here.

Yeah, tuesday is poker day.

Really? Oh, you know, I love poker.

Okay, then.

Well, here's the deal.

Since the ice queen isn't doing anything to memorialize her sister,

I have decided to carry Martha's ashes up to torch lake and scatter them myself.

It's where her husband proposed.

That's so sweet.

I know.

So I thought that some of the neighbors could caravan up there,

and we'd have a little ceremony.

I've printed out maps if anyone needs one, and the dress is semi-formal.

You know, Edie, I'd love to go, but, um, I just got back into modeling,

You know, just for fun, and I have a gig tomorrow.

I can't leave them hanging.

I wish I would have known earlier. I would have arranged a sitter.

Darn, I have to take Rex to his angiogram.

Hmm.

Well, Mayer? What's your excuse?

Um, just, you know, busy stuff.

Well, your friends are much better liars.

Okay, mommy's friends are gone now, and you can --

Oh.

Ow! Ow!

Well, yeah, I know it hurts,

but that's what you get when you let your brothers put bubble gum in your hair -- pain and misery.

Are you mad at me?

Yes. Yes, I am mad at you.

Ow! Ow.

And I'm also cranky. You know how you get when you haven't taken a nap?

Well, mommies are the same way. We need our downtime, and if we don't get it --

Sorry.

We end up saying and doing things which we don't normally do.

Ow.

And that's frustrating for me, too, 'cause I do want to be the best mommy I can be.

I think you're the best mommy in the world.

Well, that's sweet of you, but... it's not exactly true.

I was so afraid when I suggested a picnic that you'd make fun of me,

But I just think it's such a lovely, old-fashioned way to spend an afternoon.

Well, as it happens, I'm an old-fashioned kind of guy.

Oh, and we got so lucky with the weather. It's just absolutely --

You know, your lunch hour's almost up.

We probably should be getting you back to the pharmacy.

Wait.

I've had such a good time these last few days, I just want to show my appreciation.

Another gift? I hope it's not another orchid. They're so expensive.

Relax. This didn't cost me a dime.

Okay.

George, you shouldn't have.

This... is a 9-millimeter luger p08.

From the moment you said you were in the NRA, I knew I wanted to give it to you.

I can't accept this, George.

This is an antique. It's too valuable.

It's okay. My grandpa left it to me.

It was surrendered to him by a soldier during World War II,

and since I don't know how to shoot...

It's so lovely.

I mean, look at that handle. Is that mother-of-pearl?

I think so. Only the officers' models had that.

Do you really like it?

Oh, absolutely.

Oh, George. This is just so much better than an orchid.

Hi. I'm Susan Mayer.

I saw you from across the street. I thought you might need a hand.

No thanks.

I-I'm sorry for what happened.

It must be really hard, not knowing who did it or why.

You must feel helpless.

A bit.

I'm hoping her journals will provide some insight.

Journals.

Yes, Martha kept them for years.

Oh.

So she must have written a lot of things in them.

Every mundane detail of her life.

And everyone else's, for that matter.

The police want to see them,

but I'm stalling them till I have a chance to read through them first myself.

Wouldn't want any embarrassing family secrets getting out.

That's smart. That's -- that's good.

That's good to hear.

I am so screwed.

Mom, calm down.

Everything about the fire and the measuring cup is going to be in that journal.

Everyone is going to think I'm an arsonist.

It may not be as bad as it looks.

What, you think there's a chance Mrs. Huber didn't write about it in her journal?

Please. It's great dirt. I even put it in my journal.

You're going to have to get to Mrs. Britt and come clean, convince her it was an accident.

If she doesn't press charges, the police will probably just let it go.

Are you high? Edie hates me.

That's why you're going to grovel at her feet and beg forgiveness.

That's right.

You're going to have to suck up to Edie Britt.

Hey, Mike.

As you can probably see by now, I took back my money

and what little information you managed to dig up on your neighbors.

Your replacement's going to need it.

Pack up and move on with your life. Sorry for the mess.

We're here.

10 minutes early. Sign me up?

You just missed the rush. Sorry.

No, no. I-I planned ahead.

We're -- we're 10 minutes early.

Oh, my god.

What?

When you said you had a sick child, I had no idea.

How long has it been?

Uh, just kind of snuck up on us.

And he's so young, too. God, it just breaks my heart.

Oh.

No, see, here's the thing

You go ahead into class. I'll find room for your kids.

Okay.

Hey, Edie.

Susan.

Boy, I've got to say, I envy you.

In the name of god, why?

Well, you get to build your dream house -- for free.

I mean, in a weird way, your house burning down was really a good thing.

There's nothing good about it.

I can't replace the memories, the photographs, the -- is there something you want?

Okay, here's the deal, Edie --

I -- I --

I-I -- what?

Spit it out already. I'm busy.

I just wanted to see how you were holding up.

You know, with Mrs. Huber and everything.

My best friend was murdered and stuffed into a garbage bag,

and nobody cares enough to... go with me to spread her ashes.

I'll go with you, Edie.

Hey.

Oh, thank god. I'm starving.

Well, dig in. I am way too tired to eat.

Hey. I'm sorry. Come here.

Mm?

So did you get to go by the hospital, visit mama?

I worked 10 hours today.

I'll go by tomorrow. She doesn't even know when I'm there.

She's going to wake up soon, I know it.

And you know what would make her really happy?

Oh, god, if you say a grandchild, so help me, Carlos --

Gabrielle, please.

No, you promised -- no babies.

Things change.

Yeah, I know. The feds towed away my maserati, my husband is -- is a felon,

and I spend my days getting groped by fat tractor salesmen at trade shows.

I am well aware things change.

A baby is solid, a constant.

And who's going to be changing the diapers when you're pumping iron in a federal prison? Huh?

I like my lifestyle, and I don't want you to kill it.

Well, look around, Gabrielle. It's already dead,

and there's nothing you can control.

Maybe, but having a baby?

That I can control.

You I can control.

Hey, you can't talk to me like that. I'm still the man of this house.

Oh, really?

The man of the house?

Don't walk away from me.

Hey, hey, my food.

Gabrielle! Come back here right now!

Hey!

Hey!

I wouldn't go too much farther. You're going to end up back in prison.

Damn it, Gabrielle, get inside now!

Mmm.

Hey, I waited all day for that!

Mmm, it's perfect.

Oh. Mmm.

Crispy and burnt on the outside, but nice and steamy on the inside.

Aah, aah, aah!

Mnh-mnh.

Mmm.

You're the man of the house? You can't even leave it.

Mmm. Oh. Oh.

I love this.

It's like a little adventure. I've never fired a gun before.

The memory of this night will stay with you forever.

Really?

Oh, yeah. You always remember your first time.

God, I hope I brought enough bullets.

You know, Bree, I -- I can't tell you what these last few days have meant to me.

Finally getting out of the house and trying new things.

Oh. Well, we sure have had some fun.

No, no, it's -- it's more than that.

I'm starting to forget what it feels like to be lonely.

Oh, George, that's so sweet.

Now come on. Let's go shoot something.

Now, before I fire a handgun, I like to go over a few of the basics just to make sure I'm ready, okay?

So number one, strong stance.

Two, high hand grasp.

Three, hard grip.

Four, front sight.

Five, release the safety, and then squeeze the trigger slowly.

What's a high hand grasp?

Here. Take the gun.

Okay, now, when you're firing a semiautomatic,

you want the web of your hand all the way up against the edge of the backstrap.

What is that perfume you're wearing?

Uh, I'm not wearing perfume.

Are you sure? Because you smell amazing.

Oh, I was making macaroons before I left the house.

Okay, now, I want you to hold the gun like you're holding a beautiful white dove.

Hold it firmly enough that it can't fly away, but not so firmly that you can kill it. Got it?

I think so.

Okay.

Now all you have to do is take a deep breath and squeeze the trigger.

George!

Aah!

Oh! Oh, George!

Oh, my god! Are you okay?

Oh, George! I'm sorry!

Hey.

Hey, George.

I'm so sorry you lost your toe.

The doctor said it's the middle one, so your balance shouldn't be affected.

I mean, this really won't change your life one little bit.

Please say something.

I've always dreamed that before I died,

I would get to kiss a truly beautiful woman.

I finally get the chance, and I end up blowing off a toe.

I'm not surprised.

This type of thing always happens to me, and I -- I know I'll get over it.

But the thing that I don't think I'll ever get over

is that when I did kiss you, you pulled away from me.

Why did you do that, Bree?

I was just caught off-guard.

But we're dating.

Why would it be so surprising I would try to kiss you?

I'm still married to Rex. I mean, we're not even legally separated yet.

He cheated on you.

You said you were going to hate him forever.

You shouldn't listen to a woman who's just had her heart broken.

We tend to lie.

'Cause I think we're already late. Hi. Sorry.

Lynette knew serious illness was not a matter to be treated lightly.

#NAME?

I'm just picking up my sick, poor, little baby boy. All right, here. There. Okay. Come on.

But making her yoga class was a matter of life and death.

Sorry. Sorry.

Excuse me. Excuse me.

Hey, Lauren, hi.

We had a really rough morning.

Don't give it another thought.

I bet you were a cheerleader in high school, weren't you?

My junior year. How'd you know?

Girls like you were always cheerleaders.

Clear skin, honor roll, popular.

In high school, I was the girl that hung out with the freaks on the loading dock and smoked.

Everyone hated us.

Well, you know high school. Thank god we leave that behind.

See, I don't think we do.

I'm still the outsider that doesn't get invited to the cool parties,

and you're still the perky cheerleader who thinks that she can pull the wool over everyone's eyes.

What?

You came on this trip, paid for the gas, and look at you.

You're changing this flat when you know I have auto club.

You want something from me.

I just know Mrs. Huber's death's been hard on you. I want to help.

That's a lie.

Why would you think I was lying?

Because we're still in high school.

The old rules apply.

The cool kids only want to talk to the freaks when they need something.

Now, you're not getting back in my car until you tell me what it is that you want.

Okay. Look, uh, I --

I just haven't always treated you well, and I want to make amends.

I still think you're full of crap, but we don't have time to debate this.

You know, for what it's worth, I would have talked to you in high school.

Of all the lies you've told...

That's the worst.

Single malt?

Have a seat. Take a load off.

I want it all back.

My maps, pictures, my gun... and the money.

Oh, my money, you mean.

You are never going to get somebody who cares as much about finding deirdre as I do.

Why, because you loved her so much?

You abandoned her, remember?

You saved yourself, found yourself a nice, safe wife, and you left my daughter to rot,

so forgive me if I question your level of commitment.

I need to do this.

Why are you fighting me?

Because you haven't been moving fast enough, and I'm running out of time.

What do you mean?

It seems I have a tumor.

Apparently, it's pressing on my brain.

I'm going to die, and I'd like to know what happened to my daughter before I do.

Oh, that was the best class ever. I just feel terrific. Thank you.

Oh, Lynette, this is my friend Callie.

#NAME?

She wanted to meet Parker.

Oh, really? Why?

I'm a survivor.

Breast cancer. About six years ago.

Can I hug your son?

Sure.

I know exactly what you're going through, but you're going to be brave, okay?

And you are going to survive this, because you are a tough little soldier.

Mommy, am I dying?

No. You're not dying.

People just think that because I shaved your head.

You shaved his head?

Yeah, my brothers put bubble gum in my hair.

Sorry.

Excuse me.

And just like that,

Lynette realized the road to enlightenment and spiritual well-being was now closed to her.

<font color=lightgreen>- Shanta Yoga Center-

Oh, George. What -- w-what a surprise.

See, uh, I've been doing a lot of thinking since we talked at the hospital,

and...

and?

Bree, I don't care what we call it.

We can call it dating, we can call it hanging out. Whatever it is, I just want to be with you.

See, uh, I really need our friendship back.

I don't think that would be wise.

Why not?

Well, I mean, wouldn't you keep hoping that, in time,

I would feel the same way about you as you feel about me?

Maybe.

Oh, George.

I wish you wouldn't say "oh, George" like that,

like I'm so pathetic for even thinking that you could love me someday.

I don't think you're pathetic. It's just that --

I can't.

Aw, jeez.

Aw, jeez.

Oh, George, please don't go.

Why can't we talk this over?

- George -- - Don't -- ugh!

Oh, my god.

- Oh, George, here, - Take -- get away from me!

Lean on me.

I don't need you.

I don't need anybody!

You know, honey, tonight's the last night of the boat show.

We'll be able to spend some time together before the home and garden thing next week.

Carlos?

I'm going to jail, and you're not going to be here when I get back.

What?

It's true, and I won't blame you.

Don't talk like that. Everything's going to be fine.

We're going to sort this mess out, and you're going to be back on top again.

Gabby, they could find me guilty on every charge.

I could go to prison for five years.

We'd probably have to sell the house, you'd have to keep working --

Okay, Carlos --

If that happens, can you promise you won't ever leave?

I promise.

I got to go.

This is far enough.

Do you need help with the container?

No, I got it open. I'm good.

So what are you waiting for?

I just need a moment, okay?

Oh, of course. Take your time.

Are you okay?

No, I'm just so grateful.

I know. I-I know. Mrs. Huber was a good friend to you.

I'm not talking about Martha.

I'm grateful to you.

Me?

Yeah, I've been such a bitch to you over the years, and...

Here you are, rowing me out to dump her ashes.

Well, it's -- it's really no -- no big deal.

Yes, it is.

You stepped up when nobody else would, and --

and here I am, thinking you have an ulterior motive.

Oh. God, Susan, you're such a good person.

And I'm such a bitch.

Oh, Edie, you're not that bad, and -- and -- and believe me,

I'm -- I'm not that good.

Oh, yes, you are.

Oh, please don't do this.

You know, Martha may be gone...

But the good lord above has shown me that I'm not alone.

I am so grateful that I still have a true friend.

Thank you, Susan.

Edie, I burned your house down.

Huh?

I was scared that you were sleeping with Mike, and so I let myself in, and I-I snuck around.

I-I accidentally knocked a candle over, and the whole -- just -- I'm so sorry.

Can you ever forgive me?

Row me back.

Now.

I'm sorry about before -- shoving you.

I didn't mean -- I'm not going to break.

I'm sorry, too.

Questioning your commitment, your guts --

I know better than that.

Yeah. You should.

I keep this with me all the time to remind me why I'm there.

If it turns out someone hurt her, I want them dead.

We need to be sure before we do anything.

Well, when you're sure,

I know I can trust you to take care of it.

After all, you already killed for her once.

Yeah, is this the pharmacy?

My wife asked me to call. She lost her prescription.

Gabrielle Solis.

Yeah, the birth-control pills.

Great, great. She'll be very relieved.

Can she get enough for a couple months?

Yeah, that's right. Better safe than sorry.

Thanks a lot.

Oh, do you guys deliver?

Edie, please talk to me.

I've been thinking about this for the last 90 miles, and you don't have to forgive me.

You can go to the police, kick me.

You can burn my house down.

You just have to know that I am so racked with guilt,

I don't think it's possible for me to suffer any more than I'm already suffering.

Boy, I'd like to put that theory to the test.

Well... whatever you want to do, Edie.

Just know that I'm sorry.

I'm not going to the police.

You're not?

No.

The insurance company will just want to investigate, and it'll delay my check.

Thank you.

But...

there is something I want you to do for me.

Of course. Anything.

You name it. What?

I want to be invited to your poker game.

Our poker games?

I'm not saying I'll go, and I'm not saying that you and your little friends have to be nice to me,

but every once in a while, yeah, it'd be nice to be asked.

Well, uh, we meet on tuesdays, and it's potluck lunch. Everybody has to bring something.

I'm not bringing anything.

Oh, you don't have to.

Well, this is good.

Thank you.

I guess I should go take a shower and...

wash Mrs. Huber off me.

Hold it.

I can't stand the thought of Martha's ashes going down some sewer drain.

Well, Edie, I-I have to clean up.

Well, this is such a beautiful lawn.

We could put her to rest right here.

On my front lawn?

Why not?

She could spend all of eternity looking at her house and keep an eye on the neighborhood.

She'd like that.

Stand over here. I'll hose you off.

I don't think so.

You owe me.

Martha... I'm going to miss you.

Death is inevitable.

It's a promise made to each of us at birth.

But before that promise is kept, we all hope something will happen to us.

Whether it's the thrill of romance...

Hey, come back here!

The joy of raising a family...

I'm going to get you! I'm going to get you!

Or the anguish of great loss...

we all hope to experience something that make our lives meaningful.

But the sad fact is not all lives have meaning.

Some people spend their time on this planet just sitting on the sidelines...

waiting for something to happen to them...

before it's too late.