Were you with a woman?

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.

Sometimes ending a relationship...

I don't care what we call it. I just want to be with you.

I don't think that would be wise.

Can be very hard.

I'm the one who was sleeping with your son.

But, Helen, it's over now.

But keeping secrets...

It's not even close to being over.

is even harder.

I'm not sure I understand what you're saying.

I killed my baby sister.

Okay,30 seconds is up now. I want you to put this --

whoa, whoa, whoa! Back here, back here!

Come back here! I want the toys picked up!

How many times do I have to tell you, pick up your toys!

You want a spanking? Okay!

There's a look that parents of well-behaved children give to the parents of the not-so-well-behaved.

Porter, don't you dare look at me like that. I will wipe that smirk off your face...

It's a look that says, "you should learn to control your kids."

We're just going to clean the yard...

"After all, they're your responsibility."

Hey! I'm not fooling!

Of course, it was easy for Susan to feel smug with a daughter like Julie.

She always brought home straight A's.

Oh, you did it again!

She was helpful around the house.

How you feeling?

She was bright, affectionate, and considerate of others.

To her mother's way of thinking, Julie was the perfect child.

Unfortunately, Susan was about to discover that no such creature existed.

Mom.

What's going on here? W-were you just kissing my daughter?

Uh, I -- a little.

What are you thinking?

Mom, calm down.

She's only 14!

Yeah, I should -- I should probably be going.

You think?

Oh, just...

See you Friday.

Well -- what is he talking about? What-- what's happening on Friday?

He's taking me to the school dance.

No, he's not.

Mom, I know you saw us kissing, but you've got to chill now.

Well, don't tell me to chill. I have no intention of chilling.

Whatever. I'm taking out the trash.

You're not going anywhere. You're going to stay here and talk about this.

I'm not going to talk to you while you're freaking out.

Just so we're clear, you are not allowed to see him anymore.

There is also a look the parents of not-so-well-behaved children give to parents like Susan.

It says, "welcome to the club."

<font color=F62B97>Episode 13 : Your Fault

Suburbia is a place filled with responsible people trying to live responsible lives.

Of course, even the most responsible among us has mistakes in their past...

Mistakes they'd like to forget.

Mistakes that sometimes come back to haunt them.

I'm going to go get the mail.

Helen, uh, what are you doing here?

Hello, Gabrielle. I don't believe you've met my husband Bob.

Hi. So nice to meet you.

Um... we, uh, came to talk to you about our son.

I haven't seen John in weeks.

He's called and left messages, but I haven't returned any.

It's over, I swear.

We're not here about that. We need you to do something for us.

Oh. Okay.

John surprised us last night when he announced he was turning down his college scholarship.

Instead, he's decided to expand his gardening business -- mow lawns full-time.

Well, why -- uh, why would he do that?

We don't know why. Do you think we'd be talking to you if we did?

You'll have to forgive my wife. She's still upset over the whole, um...

Statutory rape thing.

Helen.

What do you want me to do?

He's refusing to talk to us.

If you could just convince him that he's making a big mistake...

John and I made a clean break. I think it's best that we just keep our distance.

Please.

Last week he turned 18 and moved out of the house.

We're stuck.

I'm sorry.

I'm -- I'm -- I'm so sorry. I just can't handle this right now.

I have my own personal things going on. My life is falling apart.

I don't care.

H elen.

We haven't gone to the police about what you did.

But that can easily change.

I'll see what I can do.

G ood.

So nice to meet you.

Ahem.

You can do this, all right?

Just -- just scooch down a-a few inches and -- and I'll -- I'll grab you.

No, you'll drop me.

I'm not going to drop you.

I might strangle you for climbing up here in the first place, but drop you, no. Come on.

Hey, okay, just wait, okay?

- Grandpa! - Look at me. Don't come down.

Look who I found wandering around the airport.

Hey, Rodney!

Is Parker back up on the roof?

Yep.

Yeah. See if he can find that frisbee while he's up there.

Yeah, I'm going to get right on that.

Oh, how's my favorite girl?

She's so happy to see you. It's such a shame that Allison couldn't make it.

Oh, just another business trip for the wandering salesman.

She'd be bored to tears.

Hey, Parker! Come on. Aren't you going to give me a hug?

It's grandpa!

Don't take it personally. He's scared to climb down.

Oh. Can I give it a shot?

Yeah, sure. Knock yourself out.

Yeah.

Be careful.

Parker, I got a question for you. It's only one, but it's kind of an important question.

A character-defining question, actually. Want to hear it?

Mm-hmm.

Only a little girl would be afraid to come down the ladder. Now, you're not a little girl, are you?

I'm not looking at a little girly-girl, am I?

Are you okay?

Come on.

Wow, you got him down. How'd he do that?

Sexism.

Let's start off by addressing the division of assets.

Well, we're not prepared to discuss either the primary residence or the retirement plans at this time.

Are you prepared to discuss the cars, the antiques?

I'd like to start by discussing the country club membership.

Access to the facilities is integral to Dr. Van De Kamp's medical practice.

What are we doing here?

Uh, I'm sorry, Rex?

I'm talking to my wife,

surrounded by lawyers, dividing up our stuff.

I don't want this. I thought I did, but I don't.

Maybe we should talk this over before it's too late.

What do you say, Bree?

Should we send the vultures home?

I want to keep the club membership. Rex is terrible at tennis.

And he hates buffets.

Okay.

If you'll turn to page 2of the proposed settlement, you'll find our prioritized list.

Right.

They were kissing, huh?

Right at my kitchen table.

You must have shocked the hell out of them.

Well, I'm glad you can laugh about this.

They're just being kids.

This is easy for you. You're the father of the boy.

I'm the mother of the girl. You know, if things get out of hand --

Yes, yes. I get it, Susan.

Now...what is it you want from me?

Well, I want to know that I am not the only one who's worried about this,

and I want to know that if the two of the mare over here, that they are going to be supervised,

and I really want you to stop looking at me like I'm crazy.

The only reason I'm smiling is because it's practically irrelevant.

I've sold the house.

Really?

Mm-hmm. We'll be moving at the end of the month.

You sold the house?

Zach.

Why didn't you tell me about this?

I wanted to wait until it was official.

You told me when I got back from Silver Crest that you'd reconsidered. You lied to me.

I think you need to take your medicine.

What, you think pumping me full of drugs is going to keep me quiet?

Upstairs now!

Well, you don't care about me, and you didn't care about mom!

You know what?

I wish she'd shot you instead.

So you're moving.

We're all going to miss you.

In the future, checklists mean is it in the car, not, like, do you remember it, okay?

The next morning, before Parker Scavo's little league game had even begun...

- hurry! - Hey! I'm not the one that forgot my mitt.

A major player was about to be tagged out.

Hi.

I, uh... I thought you guys were at -- at practice.

Oh, Parker, um, forgot his catcher's mitt.

Uh, Lynette, this is Lois McDaniel.

She's one of my major supplier sin the area.

She's in paper products manufacturing.

It's nice to meet you.

Nice to meet you, too. You have a lovely home.

Thank you.

Just working out, uh, some of these new contracts.

You know, hammering out some of the little things, the minor details --overhead, the shipping costs.

Mommy, look what I found.

I'm sorry. These are mine.

Thank you. They must have fallen out of my purse.

Well, um, we don't want to be late for the game.

Nice to meet you.

Hey.

I'm not speaking to you.

Didn't like the settlement talks, huh?

You only demanded the good china because you know I love it.

You take our timeshare in aspen, and I'm vindictive? Come on. You'll hardly ever use that place.

Hardly?

#NAME?

When I move out, I'm going to use your good china for takeout food.

Yeah -- pizza, spare ribs...

Well, you know what? At our next settlement talks, I plan on asking for your golf clubs.

Isn't divorce fun?

It's time for your heart medication.

You know, I meant what I said at that meeting.

I will fire my lawyer tomorrow. Just give me the word.

Sweetie, I think it's too late.

Why?

Because you were unfaithful.

But if you could find a way to forgive me,

if we could find a way to be happy, wouldn't you want that?

You know what I really, truly want?

Revenge.

I mean, if somehow we could level the playing field, then, um, maybe I could find a way to come back.

So what does that mean, you want to have an affair?

Okay, uh... so who are we talking about here -- your dopey pharmacist?

Would that hurt you, Rex, if I slept with another man?

It would devastate me.

Here you go.

Bree, you --you can't possibly --

Rex, time to take your medicine.

I got it!

She doesn't hate you. My mom just worries.

She thinks I'm crazy.

No, she doesn't.

Well, maybe a little.

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

About what happened to Dana?

Zach, I can keep a secret.

I promise I will never tell her.

What's that noise?

Hi. W-what are you doing here?

I was walking outside, and I saw you in the window.

I was surprised. I never thought of you as a diner person.

I'm not. The coffee's just dreadful, and --

Well, it's late, and I needed to get out of the house, and it was the only place still open.

Yeah.

I didn't mean to interrupt.

George?

Would you like to join me for a dreadful cup of coffee?

It was my first week in college, and I went to a meeting of the young republicans where Rex gave a speech,

and I went up to him afterward and introduced myself

and told him that I agreed with his stance on the death penalty.

He took me out to a diner, and, uh...

We stayed uptill 2:00 in the morning talking about big government, gun control... and illegal immigration.

Oh, it was just -- t was just such a magical night,

and I knew by the time he got me back to my dorm hat one day, I was going to be Mrs. Rex Van De Kamp.

Wow.

And even now, you know, after the betrayal, I -- I know that we're supposed to be together, but...

I don't know how I can be with someone I don't trust.

So...what are you going to do?

That I don't know.

What do you think I should do?

You're asking me?

Oh, I should not have done that. I'm --

Oh, no, no. No, it's okay.

No, George, it's not okay. It was insensitive.

I know how you feel about me, and I --

No, Bree, I --I want to help.

Thank you.

So...does he love you?

Yes.

Is he a good person?

Aside from the adultery, yes.

Well, then it's easy.

If I could get a good person to love me, would find a way to forgive them.

You are such a special man, George Williams.

And you deserve such a special woman.

I think so.

Where are you going?

I thought I'd just eat this in my room.

You know, the house isn't that big, Rodney. You're going to have to stop avoiding me.

Okay, okay.

Lois isn't a supplier.

Really.

And I want to apologize.

I-I thought you and the kids ere going to be gone all afternoon.

Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?

Well, for starters, you can wipe that disgusting smirk off your face.

Lynette.

How could you do something like this to Allison?

I don't know. I don't know. It happens a little bit at a time.

Years go by, the kids burn you out, I'm on the road so much.

We just drifted apart. It's complicated.

It's not complicated. It's completely irresponsible.

For years, I have stayed married to a woman that I don't love because I made a vow to god.

So don't talk to me about responsibilities.

So your take on this is you're the victim?

Oh, I can see that we're just going to have to agree to disagree.

We're not done here.

Oh, yeah, we are, cause my sex life is my own business, not yours,

and there's nothing you can do about it anyway.

Dad?

What are you doing?

I don't want to talk about it.

Talk about what? Does Lynette know you're out here?

Oh, yeah, she knows.

Will you drive me to the airport?

Wait here.

Hey, Lynette.

Yeah?

Why is my dad sitting out on the curb?

Because I kicked him out of the house.

I-I see. You want to tell me why?

Hold on.

I made you a drink.

Oh, god. What did he do?

Yesterday, I came home, and I walked in on your dad with a woman.

He's having an affair. I am so, so sorry.

God.

I know, I know. Are you okay?

Yeah. Um, I should go talk to him.

That's it?

What?

I just --I expected a bigger reaction. I've been sitting herewith knots in my stomach.

Okay, look, I never mentioned this before because I knew how you'd react, but, um...

I'm not that surprised by this.

My father's been having affairs for years.

You knew about this?

Yeah. Kind of, yeah.

I mean, I mean, it was mostly in the past. I mean, I didn't know that he was still at it.

I mean, I figured he was getting too old.

In some strange way, I'm actually impressed, you know?

Impressed?

Impressed? I --

Tom, please, please don't tell me you're all right with this.

I'm not. No, no. He should never have brought that woman over here.

No, he should never have been with her in the first place.

I know, I know. But, you know, that's who he is.

I mean, it's been going on for years. My mom's made peace with it.

I seriously doubt that.

Look, you know, there's no point in talking about this,

but I'm going to go get my father, I'm going to bring him back in here,

I'm going to put him in his room, and we can all just cool off.

That man is not coming back in this house.

Yes, he is.

No, he's not.

Lynette, he is my father, this is my house. You can't tell me what to do.

I say we go up there and kick the door down.

Yeah, dad, you do that. Let me knowhow that works out for you.

Hi, um...

I don't know if I have the right address.

Does John Rowland live here?

I'm really glad you came by. I was going to call you again tomorrow.

Uh, yeah, I'm -- I'm sorry I haven't returned any of your calls.

It's okay. I'm just happy to see you.

I heard about Mr. Solis.

It sucks you had to take a job.

Yeah, well, you know me -- I'll survive.

Come here.

Oh, no, John.

I, uh...I didn't come here for that.

What's wrong?

Well, I heard that you're going full-time with your gardening business.

What happened to college?

I decided not to go.

Why?

Well, an opportunity has presented itself, and for me to take advantage of it,

I need to start making money.

John, what opportunity is more important than college?

For the longest time, the only thing I had to offer you was my heart,

and Mr. Solis gave you security, and I couldn't compete.

You know, but now, he can't even offer you that, and I can.

My business is taking off. I can take care of you.

We can finally be together.

Mrs. Solis...

will you marry me?

Please. Why else would you want to chaperone the dance?

Mrs. Van De Kamp needed volunteers.

She begged me.

You're so transparent.

Anyway, you won't even know I'm there.

Well, not too much.

Julie, you know you can tell me anything, right?

Yeah, mom.

So if you had a problem or some sort of secret was weighing on you...

Of course.

I'd tell you everything.

You know, I can't believe you're just uprooting us like this.

We need a fresh start.

Here.

You want to get it about like this.

So many bad things have happened around here.

Finally I have someone I can talk to.

It's like you want to take that away.

You mean Julie?

Yeah.

What bad things do you talk to her about?

Do you talk to her about your mother?

Yeah.

And other stuff.

Like what?

Zach. Like what?

Dad...

This is what I've been trying to talk to you about.

Okay...

Ever since mom died, I've --I've started to remember things, just quick flashes from when I was little.

Nice and taut like this.

What kind of things?

Lots of blood...

mom screaming...

and Dana.

I remember killing Dana.

You told this to Julie?

I trust her.

Did she tell her mother?

I don't know.

Start from the beginning.

I want you to tell me everything that you told Julie.

Hey.

Hey. What's that?

Uh, well, I was going to give it to you,

but I saw that the other girls weren't wearing flowers, so I guess it's not that kind of dance.

If you don't want to stand out, I'd understand.

I like standing out.

What's Paul doing here?

Oh, he's chaperoning. He called a couple of hours ago and volunteered.

Really?

Why? What's wrong?

Well, the other day, he could have cared less about Julie and Zach dating,

and now, all of a sudden, he shows up at the dance?

Maybe he's just trying to be supportive.

Maybe.

Dr. Van De Kamp.

Hello, George. My cardiologist phoned in a prescription.

Oh, right, right. I've got it here somewhere.

So have you seen Bree lately?

Yeah, I ran into her last night at the dineron maple avenue. We had a nice talk.

Mm.

That's all you did --just talk?

We're just friends, Dr. Van De Kamp -- nothing more.

That's good to hear.

You know, if you ever do get a vibe from Bree that she's interested in more than just friendship,

I'd be careful if I were you.

Excuse me?

I just want you to know that she'd only be using you to even the score with me.

Don't fall for it.

Bree would never do anything like that. She's a lady.

Exactly. A very beautiful, classy lady.

Remember, they tend to end up with doctors, not pharmacists.

Bree is very beautiful and very classy, but she's not very perceptive.

For instance, she thinks you're a good person, and it's now very clear to me

you aren't.

I'd like my prescription now, George.

<font color=lightgreen>- R. VAN DE KAMP -

I can't seem to find it.

Guess I'll have to have it delivered.

Thank you.

No. Thank you.

Paul.

Did you notice? They're playing a classic.

Yeah.

Care to dance?

I'd love to.

I have a little confession to make.

Oh?

I have been so concerned about Julie lately that I sort of eavesdropped on her the other day

while she was having a phone conversation with Zach.

Really.

They were having a very interesting conversation.

About?

Zach was telling Julie about what happened to Dana.

Was he now?

Yes.

How much did you hear?

Everything.

You realize it was an accident.

Oh, of course. I assumed as much.

He didn't mean to kill Dana.

He was practically a baby himself.

He didn't understand what he was doing.

No, of course he didn't.

So what happened exactly?

Mary Alice and in ever really knew.

We heard the baby screaming.

By the time we got up to the crib, it was too late.

Paul, I am so sorry.

Thank you.

So you and Mary Alice just kept this to yourselves all these years?

It was a very dark chapter in our lives.

We preferred not to relive it.

It was also a private family matter.

I'd appreciate your discretion.

Sure.

Look...

I want you to know that I'm really sorry I talked to Julie,

but she did promise me that she wasn't going to say anything to her mom.

It's okay. I handled Susan.

Good.

But we need to talk about these things that you think you remember.

They're not true.

How can they not be true?

Memories lie, Zach.

You didn't kill anyone.

Dana is very much alive.

Hi. What are you doing here?

Where is it?

- What? - The ring, Gabrielle. My grandmother's ring.

John caught me off-guard. Obviously, I'm going to give back the ring.

Well, you better, because make no mistake, if you try to ruin my son's life,

I will ruin yours.

Helen, okay. Go to the car.

Come on, please. Just -- please.

Obviously, I'm not leaving my husband and marrying John.

Well, I think that's wise.

I-I'll talk to John tomorrow and give back the ring.

Okay, good, good. Um, we appreciate everything you've done.

Hey, Bob.

I get why she's so angry with me, but what I don't get is why you're so nice.

Well, John's a big boy.

Whatever happened between the two of you is his mistake as much as yours.

I guess.

I understand if, uh, if you hate me just a little.

When I was a kid, I always played by the rules.

I never cheated on a test, never even missed a curfew.

But I can't help but think...

how wonderful it would have been to have made at least one mistake like you.

That's sweet. You're -- you're very sweet.

Yeah. I'm a little sweet.

Mostly I'm just middle-aged.

<font color=lightgreen>- SOLD -

Are you okay?

I know this is a lotto digest all at once.

I'm fine.

I'm just happy you finally told me the truth.

One thing, though -- why are you telling me all this now?

I couldn't let you keep thinking that you killed someone.

No one should carry that kind of burden.

Or you just didn't want me running my mouth.

That's not what it's about.

Yes, it is.

I won't tell anyone.

I'll keep your secret.

Dad.

Thank you.

But we're not moving.

That's out of the question.

Well, I'm not leaving Julie, and if you want my support, that's the deal.

And if I refuse?

You won't.

So here's the thing --

I feel really awful about how I acted before.

For god's sake, Lynette, you threw me out of my own house.

I overreacted, I know. I'm sorry.

Look...

I know you love my mom, but how she decides to live her life, it's just --it's entirely up to her.

You're right. You're right.

I guess I just got so upset because... oh, whatever.

Let's not beat a dead horse. It's over. I'm sorry. Good night.

Okay, get it off your chest.

Well, you knew your dad was having an affair, and it didn't seem to bother you that much,

and that worries me, because if you can find it in you to condone something like that,

then what's going to happen when you've been on the road for 40 years?

Lynette...

I'm not my father.

I know. Of course.

You're not your father.

And just so we're absolutely clear, I am definitely not your mother,

because if you ever betray me, I will leave you.

I will take the kids, and I will walk out that door, and you will never see any of us again.

Whoo. Glad to get that off my chest. Thank you. I love you.

Couldn't sleep, huh?

No.

Me either.

I'm so sorry about the ruckus I caused.

It's okay. I'm not, uh...

I'm not upset about that.

No?

No.

What's wrong?

There's something that Lynette doesn't know about, dad -- something that I did.

And I don't know what's going to happen if she ever finds out.

The next morning, Gabrielle returned the engagement ring to her former lover,

a gesture that was met with... measured enthusiasm.

Please, calm down.

This doesn't make any sense, okay? You love me. I know you love me.

Love isn't enough.

Where would we live --here, with your roommates?

The only decoration in the bathroom is a bong.

We could get our own place.

How? You're barely making minimum wage.

Okay, sure, we'd be poor at first, but we'd be happy.

I've tried poor but happy. Guess what --it wasn't that happy.

Mr. Solis is going to jail. You want to stick around for that?

I don't know.

You know, every once in a while, even I want to do the right thing.

Mrs. Solis, I love you so much.

I mean, doesn't that mean anything to you?

Honestly, no.

John, you're a toy -- a sweet, dumb toy,

so you might as well go to college, because you and me -- no future.

Ms. Mayer, hey. Is Julie home?

She's in the shower.

Oh.

Well, I just came by to give her some good news.

What's that?

Well, it turns out that my dad and I aren't moving after all.

What?

Yeah, he reconsidered, so I guess we're going to keep living across the street.

Okay.

Wow, uh... wow.

You know, uh, c-can you sit down? I-I need to talk to you.

Hey.

Do you know that Julie is the first girl I ever gave a flower to?

Really?

Yeah.

Yeah, I-I really like her, Ms. Mayer.

Zach, um...

Julie is only 14 years old,

and sometimes girls, when they're that age, they just don't always make the right decisions,

and, um... as her mother, it is my responsibility to protect her.

You want to protect her from me?

No, I-I just --

I think that you should slow things down.

I-I want you to not see her for a while.

No.

"No"?

You're not taking her away from me.

Listen, I know being dramatic is the birth right of every teenager, but come on.

Why are you laughing?!

Do you think this is funny?

Thank you, Zach. You have just made this really easy for me.

You are now forbidden from seeing or talking to my daughter ever again,

and if you come within 10 feet of her, I will call the police, and I will have you arrested. Now get out.

Sooner or later, the time comes when we all must become responsible adults

and learn to give up what we want so we can choose to do what is right.

Of course, a life time of responsibility isn't always easy.

And as the years go on, it's a burden that can become too heavy for some to bear.

But still, we try to do what is best, what is good -- not only for ourselves...

but for those we love.

Hey.

I'm glad you came.

Zach, I can't stay long. If my mom catches me, she'll freak.

Come here.

She said I can't see you anymore.

What are we going to do?

I'm not sure.

Yes, sooner or later, we must all become responsible adults.

No one knows this better than the young.