Is anybody here?

There may have been a breakdown in our chain of care.

You're trying to buy us off?

Sometimes if you're not careful...

There's this place called Camp Hennessey.

I'm not going to any stupid camp for juvenile delinquents.

You don't have a choice.

Past mistakes...

We pulled it out of rock water lake.

I must have sold several hundred of these just like it.

I have a list of customers' names on file.

Will come back to haunt you.

I won't tell anyone.

I'll keep your secret, dad.

There were many things Gabrielle solis knew for certain.

She knew red was her color.

She knew diamonds went with everything.

And she knew men were all the same.

But the one thing Gabrielle knew above all else...

she would never want children.

Unfortunately for Gabrielle...

her husband Carlos felt differently.

I'm so lucky to have you.

Okay, I'll bite.

Why are you so lucky?

Because...

I don't want to have kids, and you do.

Oh, that.

Most men would leave over something like that.

And you're still here.

I'm grateful.

I know the sacrifice you're making.

There's still a little part of me that's hoping you'll change your mind.

Once you had a baby,

I think that you would love it so much that --

Honey, it's not going to happen.

You never know.

No, sometimes you do.

Well, it is a sacrifice.

But you're worth it.

Yes, Gabrielle Solis knew without a doubt she didn't want to be a mother.

But what she couldn't know was just how much her husband wanted to be a father...

or that he'd been tampering with her birth control for months...

or that within one week's time...

she'd be pregnant.

Episode 18 : Children Will Listen

Saturdays on Wisteria Lane belonged to the children,

and while most would spend the day practicing their sports...

Oh-ho!

And riding their bikes...

and jumping their ropes,

others were no longer engaged in child's play.

Indeed, some children were being forced to grow up very quickly.

Sorry to bother you on the weekend. We just have a few questions for you.

About what?

12 years ago, your late wife purchased a toy chest.

Toy chest?

Yeah, it was about this big, had little dancing bears on it.

Gosh, I'm sorry.

The craftsman who makes these chests keeps a list of customers.

Apparently, you purchased one in august 1992.

Yeah, we'd like to know where that chest is now.

Wow, I, um, I wish I could help you.

I don't recall any toy chest.

I remember.

Yeah, it had little bears and balloons on it, right?

Yeah, son, that's right.

Yeah, we threw that chest away when I was little.

I was standing on it, and it just busted.

Remember, dad?

Vaguely.

I guess that's all, then.

Thank you both for your time.

Hey, what's the deal with this chest, anyway?

One just like you had washed up on torch lake.

Had a woman in it.

A woman?

She was all chopped up.

Obviously, we need to talk.

You lied to me.

You said that it was a man in the box.

No, I didn't lie.

Well, the policeman said that it was a woman's body.

Of course you were lying.

I told you a private detective had come to take you away from us.

I never said it was a man.

You didn't?

No.

Well, I- I thought that --

no.

No, stop. Please -- stop.

I- I -- look, I know that you're lying to me, okay?

I- I know that you're lying.

For the last time, someone came and tried to take you away from us.

Yes, a woman. A woman came.

Yes, she tried to steal you from the only family that you've ever really known.

And we couldn't let that happen, and we didn't.

And that... is the truth.

We can't cancel now. It's two days away.

Rex, I'm not going. That's all there is to it.

Counseling is part of the treatment at Camp Hennessey. You knew that.

Nowhere in that brochure did it say that we were expected to attend.

What's Andrew going to think if you don't show up?

Well, I am making him this care package.

I mean, he'll know that I'm thinking about him.

Why are you putting in lemon squares?

They told us not to send him sweets.

Well, I don't understand why.

I guess they feel baked goods from mom undercut the boot camp experience.

Fine. I won't send them, but I think it's a stupid rule.

So are you going to this thing or not?

- No. - Why?

Because the minute I get there, Andrew will start attacking me for abandoning him.

And I don't want to hear it.

There's no reason to feel guilty, you know.

You did everything you could for him.

I don't feel guilty.

Okay.

Please, Christie, there's no way that I can get another babysitter this late in the day --

Parker, knock it off.

No.

Because I'm having drinks with friends I used to work with, and they never called,

and if I blow them off, that's it, I'll just -- I'm dead to them.

No, I can't call Patty Binks.

Because she steals things.

Damn it, Christie, you're 13 years old.

You've got a lot of trips to the mall ahead of you.

Okay, okay, I'm sorry.

I'm sorry I raised my voice. I'm calm.

So I'm starting to think that this is about money.

So what is it that would make it worth your while?

$100? Well, that's extortion.

There's no way in hell that I'm going to -- hello?

Hello?

Parker, I swear, I will spank you.

Knock it off.

Hi, Mrs. Binks. Is Patty there?

Thank you.

Hi, honey. I'm back.

Hey, sweetie.

This is Mr. Steinberg, the attorney from the hospital.

Oh, have we met?

Yes, Mrs. Solis. We've met.

Don't you remember?

It was after mama died.

Apparently,the hospital was negligent and agreed to a 7-figure settlement check,

a check I was never told about.

Oh, that.

Mr. Steinberg...

I was just leaving.

What were you thinking?!

Wait, just let me explain --

no, why the hell didn't you tell me?!

Because I couldn't trust you to make the right decision.

The right decision was to use that money for my lawyers!

We could have fought the indictment, and then I wouldn't have had to take the plea bargain!

If you didn't take the plea deal, the government would have seized the settlement.

Oh, we could have fought that in court.

Exactly,and then you would have blown all the money on the lawyers.

Who cares?!

If there was a chance didn't have to go to jail.

You had Laotian convicts sewing casual wear for 2 cents an hour.

Don't you think you deserve a time-out?

Eight months.

Thanks to you, I'm going away for eight months.

And when you get out, we're going to have money to start over with thanks to me.

You know, once you calm down, you're going to realize I did the right thing,

and when that happens, I'd appreciate an apology.

Grandma's here.

Now, that is just perfect.

Stay put.

I am so sorry.

Hey, mom.

Oh, hey, Susie. Mm, I goofed.

What happened?

Oh, you know me. No depth perception whatsoever.

I'm stunned they even issued me a license.

So you're Susan's mom.

Yeah.

I'm Sophie Bremer. And you are...

Mike Delfino.

Oh.

You're Mike?

Oh, my god!

Susan's told me so much about you.

Well, don't just stand there. Give me a hug.

Mom, uh... Mike and I aren't together anymore.

Oh. I'm sorry.

I-I guess I just made this pretty awkward, huh?

Yeah, you --you really did.

So let's just call the insurance company.

Okay.

Well... it's nice meeting you anyway, Mike.

Yeah. You too.

And I never would have guessed that you're Susan's mom.

I know. I look too young.

I got pregnant when I was a tiny teenager.

Okay.

It was the first time I got drunk -- ever.

Can you believe it?

Let's go.

Her father was a marine.

Afterwards, he gave me three of his medals.

- Mom. - What?

Let's just go inside and call the insurance company.

Oh, right.

What are you smiling about?

I used to have all these questions about how you got to be the way you are.

They were all just answered.

Hi!

Hi.

Hi.

What's going on?

Oh, um... my babysitter canceled.

Oh, Lynette, I-I'm so swamped today.

My -- my house is a mess, and I've got millions of errands to run, so --

Please hear me out. This is important.

Today I have a chance to rejoin the human race for a few hours.

There are actual adults waiting for me with margaritas.

Look, I'm in a dress. I have makeup on.

If it were any other day --

Oh, for god's sakes, Bree, I'm wearing pantyhose.

Bring them in.

Thank you, thank you. Okay, in you go.

And then the police showed me his mug shot.

No.

Yes. Mike served time for selling drugs and manslaughter.

I can't believe it.

Well, it's true.

He has such nice manners, you know?

I know.

Susie...

I don't want you worrying too much about this Mike thing.

The right man will come along.

Just give it time.

I think I would have given up entirely if it weren't for you and Morty.

Morty?

Yeah, you know.

It's the third time around for both of you, and you're really clicking.

Ugh. Gives me hope.

What's wrong?

Nothing, nothing.

Um, I'm just... I'm, uh, tired.

You're not tired. You took a nap. What is it?

I left Morty.

What?

Why?

Because he shoved me.

Morty? No.

You think I'm lying?

Fine.

Why would he shove you?

Because I confronted him

about how much time he's spending at that damn pancake restaurant --

if that's where he's really been.

Oh, you can't be serious. Morty?

You think men his age don't have needs?

You should seethe waitresses he hires.

Every year, they get younger and younger.

Well, maybe you just feel that way 'cause every year you get older and older.

Well, that's a horrible thing to say.

I'm sorry.

I'm not that old.

I said I was sorry.

People think we're sisters.

Well, that's 'cause you tell them that.

One time.

You've got to let go of that.

Okay, look, I am just saying that I don't think Morty cheated on you.

Well, he did shove me.

And the least you can do is be supportive.

You're right. You're right.

He also threw a book at me.

Oh, come on.

Hey -- ah.

I mean... he shouldn't have done that.

Ha. Thank you.

Porter, honey,those cookies are hot.

Just wait a few minutes, and then I'll give you one when they're cool, okay?

Um... you know, pictures are prettier if you color inside the lines.

Well, art is subjective.

Porter, what did I tell you?

But I'm hungry.

Well, then, I will fix you a very nice bowl of peaches and cottage cheese.

Ew, barf.

Don't be common, young man. Now come on.

If you play around with those cookies one more time, I'm going to have to spank you.

We don't get spanked.

Really?

Mommy always says she's going to, but she never does.

Well, I am not your mommy, and if you misbehave in my house, you will get spanked.

So be good.

How's my girl?

How are you doing?

It was an accident.

Porter, I warned you.

I'm sorry.I'll be good.

Those cookies were made from scratch.

Your fate is sealed.

Come here.

No, no!

Ow!

Ow!

Ow!

Ow!

What's that?

It's called a post-nuptial agreement.

It's a legal document that --

No, I know what a post-nup is.

What is it doing on my coffee table?

Well, I can forgive that stunt you pulled with the settlement check

if I'm sure that you'll really be around when I get out of jail.

Hmm.

And the post-nup changes the terms of the pre-nup, so...

So if you try and divorce me while I'm gone,

you get nothing.

You don't trust me?

Afraid not.

Well, that's too bad, because I'm not signing that piece of paper.

You're a very beautiful woman, Gabrielle,

but... you're not very bright.

See, if you don't sign it,

I'll pull the plug on the settlement agreement, divorce you,

and then you get what amounts to about 50% of our current savings, which is basically nothing.

So what do you expect to happen right now, Carlos --

sign the paper and jump right back into your arms?

Baby, it doesn't mean that I don't love you.

You know I think you're the perfect woman.

Oh, but I'm not. I have flaws.

Flaws?

Mm-hmm. I'll even give you an example.

Remember the time when you were in jail and you told me about your secret compartment,

and you told me to burn the papers that I found in there?

Well, me being pretty, and therefore stupid,

I forgot.

You didn't burn the papers.

Worse. I read them.

Okay, okay --

You have some nerve talking to me about trust,

when you have a secret bank account in the cayman islands.

That was a safety net for both of us.

I'll bet.

Have you told anyone else about this?

No, but I could.

Hey, is that why the prosecution didn't have a case against you?

They couldn't find the profits you made.

So if I were you, Carlos,

I wouldn't mention the words "divorce," "trust," or "post-nup" ever again.

You don't want to piss me off.

I know, baby. It hurts to lose.

Ante up.

Well, look at me.

Finally in on one of your legendary poker parties.

Susan's always telling me how much fun you girls have.

The rules are simple -- we play for cash, the dealer picks the game,

and unsubstantiated gossip is encouraged.

Bree, thanks again for watching my boys.

Are you sure they weren't too much to handle?

Oh, no, we had a wonderful time, although I think porter had a little less fun.

Okay, I'll bet.

So, Sophie, Susan says you guys are going to the spa tomorrow.

Is that an all-day thing?

What do you mean, Porter had less fun?

I'll raise.

Well, he was misbehaving, so I had to punish him.

So, yes, Susan is treating me to an entire day of beauty --

So when you say punishment, what exactly are we talking about?

Oh, I had to spank him.

Okay, I will re-raise.

You spanked my son?

Las precis spa.

Yep, that's where we're going.

Lynette, is there a problem?

Tom and I don't believe in hitting our kids. I thought you knew that.

Sorry. I-I didn't know.

It won't happen again.

Of course, I'm somewhat surprised you don't spank them.

I mean, everybody knows they're a little bit... out of control.

Wow, I'm just dragging today. Should we put on another pot of coffee?

Yeah, I'll do it.

I'll -- I'll fold.

You know, you're right, Bree. I've got a lot to learn about parenting,

and I feel so blessed to be getting sage advice from such an impeccable mother like you.

I mean, your kids turned out perfect, as long as you don't count Andrew.

Where is he again? Hmm?

Some kind of a boot camp for juvenile delinquents?

Okay, girls.

I never said I was perfect.

Oh, honey, nobody's blaming you.

The hell I'm not.

Lynette.

If you will excuse me...

Lynette, will you go after her?

She spanked my son. I'm not apologizing.

Usually poker is more fun than this.

So help me, if you don't back me up on this, I will lose it.

Yes, Bree shouldn't have spanked porter, but it's not like she hurt him.

That is not the point. You don't spank other people's children.

He was misbehaving. She had to do something.

B-but make no mistake, she definitely crossed the line.

Yeah, you're damn right she did.

She could have tried something else, like a time-out,

or she could have simply threatened to spank him.

Yeah, 'cause that works out so well when we do it.

It does work. It does work most of the time.

It used to work.

They've figured out that it's an empty threat. They're onto us.

My mom used to beat the hell out of my sisters and me, and I won't do it.

I will not become my mother.

Fine.

But the boys are getting older and smarter, and eventually --

Believe me, eventually they're going to figure out that they outnumber us, and then...

We're screwed.

Exactly.

Excuse me, Zachary. Would you mind helping me with these bags?

There's some banana bread in it for you if you do.

Uh, yeah, sure.

This is really good, Mrs. Tillman. Thanks a lot.

You're welcome, Zachary.

You know,I've never actually been in Mrs. Huber's house before.

Obviously, you haven't missed much.

This is the place where good taste goes to die.

So... I heard you and your father arguing the other day.

Everything all right at home?

Yeah. We just have problems sometimes.

I bet you miss your mother.

I'm sure things were... different when she was alive.

Such a warm,loving woman.

Y-you... knew my mother?

Yep. Years ago in Utah. We worked together.

I didn't know that.

It's true.

In fact... I'll tell you a secret.

I once met you when you were a little baby.

Really?

Mm-hmm.

Your mother loved you so much, Zachary.

Of all the things I remember, I remember that the most.

You want to know what else I remember?

How lovely your original name was.

Dana.

Isn't this nice?

Oh, just the two of us girls hanging out, getting pretty.

Oh, thank you.

My pleasure.

So I was thinking maybe you should call Morty.

You know, get started working things out.

Why would I want to work things out with a man who abuses me?

Oh, you don't have to gasp. My mother exaggerates.

She won't be happy till I have bruises.

Okay, um, can we just focus?

What I want to know is have you thought about what's going to happen if you don't go back to Morty?

What do you mean?

Well, you don't have a place to live, you don't like to work.

I mean, you didn't want to marry Morty, so he doesn't have to pay you alimony.

It just -- if you don't go back to this man who allegedly shoved you once in five years,

What are your options?

I thought I could live with you.

What?!

Aah!

Oh! Oh! Oh! Are you all right?

You kicked me!

Oh, I'm so sorry. I was startled.

Here, here, lean your head back.

I'm not saying permanently. Just for a couple of years.

You broke my nose.

No, no,it's just banged a little.

Till I get back on my feet.

Can we talk about this later?

Should we call 911?

No, just a nosebleed. She's fine.

I thought you'd be excited by the idea.

It's not that I'm not excited.

I'm not stupid, Susan.

It's obvious you don't want me here.

No, that's not true!

Mom, don't go. Mom. Come back.

You know, I need to -- we're good, right?

- Just go. - Yeah.

Why aren't you dressed yet?

I wanted to wear Andrew's favorite color, and then I realized that...

I don't know what it is.

Oh, honey,I think the fact that you decided to come at all will make him happy.

Yours is blue,

Danielle loves pink,

and I have no idea what my own son's favorite color is.

I'm telling you, it doesn't matter.

How can you say that it doesn't matter? Of course it matters.

Bree --

That is what makes a good mother --

someone who knows their child inside and out so that if they get in trouble, they know what to do.

I don't know him well enough.

You are a good mother.

Brown or green? I just don't know.

I'm going to wait in the car.

Whenever you're ready.

Green.

I'll go with the green. Everybody loves green.

I told you, I'm not signing this.

Oh, I think you are.

Because if you don't, I will divorce you.

Then I'll go to the police.

And tell them what?

There's a secret bank account in the cayman islands that no longer exists?

You moved the money?

Of course I moved the money.

Well, that was risky. I mean, the feds are watching you right now.

I had to do something.

I couldn't just let you make a fool out of me.

Aah!

Oh, stop, Carlos, stop it!

- Put me down! - Okay.

Put me down!

Let me go!

Aah!

Stop! You're hurting me! Carlos!

Sign it.

Sign it!

I know, baby.

It hurts to lose.

Mr. And Mrs. Van De Kamp?

Uh, yes,um, is it our turn?

Well, uh, sort of. Andrew's waiting inside, but...

what's wrong?

Well, he said he won't go forward with the session if his mother's involved.

He only wants to talk to his dad.

We drove 200 miles to be here today.

This is unacceptable.

I-I share your frustration.

All right, to hell with him, then. We're going home.

No.

I am not going to let him insult you like this.

He blames me for his being here. He blames me for everything.

And he's probably right.

Any mistakes made were made by both of us.

One of us should go talk to him, see how he is.

I'm okay.

Are you sure?

Yeah. Fine.

Right this way.

Camp Hennessey COUNSELING CENTER

Mom. Mom!

Yeah, yeah, I'm coming.What is it?

Why aren't you guys brushing your teeth?

Parker, what happened?

Porter pushed me, and it fell in.

He pushed me first.

Can I flush it?

No, no. I'll fish it out later, all right?

You're off the hook for tonight, but not you two, so start brushing.

Preston, did you not hear me? I said start brushing your teeth.

What are you doing?

Don't you dare.

Do it! Do it! Do it!

Preston, don't listen to them.

Back away from the toilet, and no one gets hurt.

Do it! Do it! Do it!

I mean it this time. These are not just words.

Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it!

If you do this, so help me...

Hearing the hollowness of her own voice,

Lynette realized that it was time to get one step ahead.

Do it! Do it!

I will walk you over to Mrs. Van De Kamp's, and we all know what happens when she gets mad.

Now...

go brush your teeth, and I want them to sparkle. Go on.

Sorry you had to bring your kid back.

What happened this time?

Well, couple months back, I caught Todd going through my purse.

Oh. I hate when they do that.

Was he looking for weed or money?

Oh, who know sat this point?

Anyway, I'd knocked a couple back, and things got heated.

Pretty soon, we were both screaming and throwing stuff around the apartment.

Next thing you know, lady upstairs calls the cops on us.

Aw, give me a break.

So now I got some social worker trying to tell me how to raise my boy.

Kids -- boy, if I knew then what I know now,

I would have had that hysterectomy 20 years ago.

Uh, Bree

Don't get up. I'll be quick.

Andrew, all any parent can do is try to provide their child with the tools to succeed in life --

education, love, a good, clean, safe home.

Well, I have given you those things, and I am through feeling guilty,

so if you want to piss your life away and blame it on how horrible things are at home, you go ahead,

but I want it stated for the record that I am a good mother. Do you hear me?

I am a good mother.

Bree...

Andrew just told me he thinks he might be gay.

What?

That's why he wanted me to come in first.

He thought I could take it better.

Well, he was right. I will be waiting in the car.

Mrs. Solis. What are you doing here?

Okay.

Are your roommates here?

No. Are you okay?

Yeah.

What's this?

That is, uh...

Carlos just got a little rough. Made me sign some papers.

He hurt you?

John, what are you doing?

I'm going to take care of this.

No, you're not going to do anything.

We're not going to let him get away with this.

Look, you really want to get back at him?

Then kiss me.

How's that going to help?

Because one day, when the time is right,

I'm going to tell him how he drove me right into your arms, and that's going to kill him.

And tonight just, whatever you do, don't call me beautiful.

Oh, Morty, look who's here.

Hey, Millie. Hi, Morty.

Hey

Susie, what --what brings you here?

Mom -- I brought her over.

What-- what's she doing out there?

She says she won't come in until you go out and apologize to her.

For -- for what?

For shoving her.

Well, I only shoved her 'cause she wouldn't -- she wouldn't stop hitting me.

Why was she hitting you?

I threw a --threw a book at her.

Morty.

It was --it was a paperback.

Well, even so...

At least I missed.

I mean, she --she hit me square in the gut.

You want to seethe bruise?

That's okay. That's okay.

It really hurt.

Yeah, I-I understand.

So... could you, uh, just go out and apologize?

No.

Why?

Because I don't want her back.

Morty.

Look, I love her, but the -- the pancake shack is just starting to take off,

and we're talking about opening another one.

I mean, that--that's practically a chain.

I-I don't have time for her hysterics.

Yeah, I sympathize, I really do.

But you have to take her back.

Why?

Because she wants to move in with me.

Oh.

Morty, I-I'd like to have a relationship again, and at my age, with a kid --

I mean, if she moves into my house, even for a couple of years, I'm doomed.

Wa-wasn't there a plumber? Your mother said you were in love with a plumber.

I am -- I mean, I was. It didn't work out.

I'm -- I'm sorry.

If she moves in, she will burn up all my oxygen, and I need it.

Please, can't you give her another chance?

You guys are really good together, you know?

When you're -- when --when there's no violence.

Well, we --we do have chemistry.

Absolutely.

You know -- you know,the sex was like... wow.

I mean, there was this one time we were coming home on the interstate --

You don't have to sell me. Go. Just go talk to her.

Now.

Okay.

That was a mighty big sigh.

I just keep thinking it's coming, Millie, and I can't stop it.

What's that?

The day my mother will need to move in with me, and I won't have a choice.

Mm-hmm.

I know it's years away. She's youthful and vibrant, thank god.

But time flies.

One day, she won't be able to take care of herself anymore, and I'll have to step up.

I suppose that's true.

I think it's nature's little joke that children ultimately end up parenting their parents.

Well, when that day comes, I'll be ready.

Honey, you better get out there.

Stop it! Aah!

What? Stop! What are you doing?!

What are you doing?

Hey.

Look... I just wanted to apologize.

Lynette, don't.

The fact that you just crossed that street means the world to me,

and if anyone here should apologize, it's me.

Thank you.

Looks like Tom's got the mob under control.

You want to have some coffee, sit around, bitch about our kids?

I would love to.

Okay.

Children come into the world with their own agendas.

Some to brighten our days...

some to test our patience...

some to give us purpose...

some to take care of us.

Yes, when they come, children change everything...

especially when they're not invited.