Grandma's here.

In life...

It's a post-nuptial agreement.

I'm not signing this.

Aah!

Sign it!

Stop! You're hurting me!

Mrs. Solis, what are you doing here?

You can't change what's already been done.

People leave trails.

One of those trails will lead to Deirdre.

I'm not taking my money to the grave.

I'm going to use it to save your ass.

Or who people really are.

Andrew just told me he thinks he might be gay.

Every morning as she went to take out her trash,

Lynette Scavo would indulge in a little daydream, the details of which were always the same.

One day her nasty neighbor Karen Mccluskey would keel over and die,

and her home would be bought by a lovely Swedish family with two adorable twin daughters.

The families would for man everlasting friendship,

culminating in their daughters marrying her sons at an elaborate wedding

the Scavos wouldn't have to pay for.

Yes, Lynette enjoyed her little daydream,

but Mrs. Mccluskey always had a way of pulling her back to reality.

Hey, hey, hey, hey.

Why are you stealing my garbage cans?

Garbage pickup was two days ago, and these cans have been on the street ever since.

I just assumed you didn't want them anymore.

Oh, that's very cute. That's good.

Here. Give them here.

It's bad enough we got to look at that god-awful color you painted the house.

We shouldn't have to stare at your cans for days on end.

You want to talk about good neighbor etiquette?

How about you hire a gardener to take care of that jungle you call a lawn?

I am on a fixed income.

Oh. Well, perhaps you should consider moving somewhere less expensive,

like a nursing home.

- Go to hell. - Run by Germans, hmm?

And you know --

Oh. Oh.

Mrs. -- Mrs. Mccluskey.

Mrs. Mccluskey, are you all right?

I'll get the door.

Mrs. Mccluskey.

For a brief moment, Lynette was presented with an interesting choice of options.

And though she knew she'd hate herself in the morning,

Lynette chose to do the right thing.

Lynette, where are they taking me?

You're going to the hospital, Mrs. Mccluskey. You're going to be fine.

I don't want to go alone. Come with me.

Oh, um, these are trained technicians, and I've got a roast in the... freezer.

Please. I'm scared.

Yeah, I'll come with you.

Okay, here I am. Thank you.

If I die, I don't want it to be with strangers.

You're not going to die.

How can you be so sure?

Of course, Lynette didn't respond.

How could she tell her neighbor that some dreams were just too beautiful to come true?

<font color=F62B97>Episode 19 : Live Alone and Like It (a.k.a. An Unexpected Song)

Life is a journey,

one that is much better traveled with a companion by our side.

But sometimes we lose our companions along the way,

and then the journey becomes unbearable.

Noah.

Didn't know you were a religious man.

What's with the rosary?

They found Dierdre.

What?

Her body had been stuffed inside a toy chest.

Can you believe that?

A kid's toy chest.

She'd been dismembered.

Oh, my god.

Cops I.D.'D her from her dental records.

She's been dead 15 years.

All that time I was looking for her,

she was already gone.

I'm so sorry.

I have to bury my baby.

I came out here to,

Uh... figure out what kind of Tombstone to get her.

You shouldn't be doing this now.

Let's get you home.

There's a cop I want you to talk to.

A cop?

His name is Sullivan.

I paid him to take the heat off you for your neighbor's murder.

He'll get you the file on Dierdre's case.

Apparently, they have some leads.

I don't know. I think we may be making a huge mistake.

We made our decision. Let's just stick to it.

Let's say we leave him here three more weeks.

What's the worst that could happen?

Our son just told us that he might be gay.

There are 200 other boys in this camp.

Now, I could explain to you what might happen if we left him here,

but I'm a lady, and I don't use that kind of language.

You know, I bet we're worrying ourselves sick over nothing.

This is probably just a phase.

Exactly, so we'll get him home,

we'll get him into Christian counseling so it won't become a lifestyle.

Well, whatever's going on with him, he's still our son, and we love him.

Why would you say that to me?

Because it's obvious how freaked out you are by the whole gay thing.

I may be freaked out, but that doesn't change how I feel about him.

I'm just saying be cool.

I can be just as cool as you can.

All right.

It'll be nice to have you back.

Andrew...

I would love you even if you were a murderer.

Mommy, the line's not moving.

Oh, for pete's sake.

Mom. Mom.

- What? - Kids are waiting.

Oh, honey, hector here teaches salsa dancing at the community center.

I give private lessons, too.

Oh, I bet you do.

- Mom. - What?

Could you please not flirt with the ice cream man?

Why not?

Do you need a reason beyond the fact that he's the ice cream man?

It's called moving on with your life.

You just broke up with Morty two weeks ago.

Don't you think you can at least pretend to mourn the relationship?

Oh, you are such a stick in the mud.

We should be out there having fun.

I know what we can do tonight.

We can go to some hip club and get some hot guys.

- Mom -- - oh, it'll be great.

I'll say I'm 42, and you can be 28.

What?

Oh, you can pull it off.

Mrs. Mccluskey, you're back from the hospital already?

Turns out I O.D.'D a little bit on my arthritis medication.

One pill, I can open a jar. Four pills, I'm face-down crawling for my life.

You'll find out about that soon enough.

Well, I'm glad to hear you're all right.

Here.

My way of saying thank you for not letting me die out there on the lawn.

- Oh, Mrs. Mccluskey, you don't -- - keep that.

It's genuine tiffany.

It's been in my family for years.

I don't know what to say.

It's -- it's stunning. Thank you.

I'd invite you in, but --

well, I wanted to tell you what my doctor said.

Seems that arthritis is the least of my problems.

See, I had this skin tag -- or what I thought was a skin tag,

but it turns out it might be more serious.

What do you think you're doing?

Please -- I can't sleep in the den anymore. I need to sleep in a bed.

Well, then, you might want to try a motel, because you're not coming back in here.

How many times have I got to say I'm sorry?

Obviously, a few more.

I am not proud of what I did.

I admit, I was way out of line.

You want back in this bed?

You know what to do.

I'm not tearing up the post-nup.

Why not?

Because it's the one way that I can ensure you'll be here when I get out of jail.

Well, then have fun at the motel.

Fine.

Tomorrow I'm canceling your credit cards.

What?

And I'm taking away your ATM as well.

What am I supposed to do for money?

Maybe once you see how good you've got it here,

you'll start treating me with a little respect.

You want my respect? Then tear up the post-nup.

Give me my pillow.

One more thing --

if you ever hurt me again, I will kill you.

If you ever leave me for another man, I'll kill you.

Boy, with all this passion, isn't it a shame that we're not having sex?

I feel trapped.

You want me to open a window?

No, I'm talking about my life.

Oh.

Are we done making out?

No, no. Keep going.

So what's up?

I'm unhappy with Carlos and my marriage.

I feel like I don't have options, and it's driving me crazy.

Every time something went south in my life, I always had a plan "B."

Now I feel like I have nothing.

What about me? Can't I be your plan "B"?

Damn it, John, what is our new rule?

Stop pretending we have a future.

Thank you.

Can't you just walk out?

No, 'cause if I leave, then I'll be broke, and that's awful.

If I stay, then he's in control, and that's horrifying.

And he cut up all my credit cards, which means I'm married to him and unable to shop,

which is probably the worst of all possible worlds.

I'm sorry.

I'll figure something out.

I'm not much fun today.

I'm going to go.

Wait.

What's this?

You deserve nice things, and if Mr. Solis won't provide them, I will.

With your student credit card?

I own my own business.

You mow lawns.

I make good money.

You know, I have 20 houses, and I'm this close to getting the driving range at the country club.

I can't.

Yes, you can.

I'll pay it off.

If you want.

But you don't have to.

Mrs. Solis... to take care of you --

it's my dream.

Well, far be it from me to stand in the way of a young man's dream.

Okay, Tom, yeah. I will swing by the dry cleaners after I hit the market.

Mm, I don't know. Porter has a dentist appointment at 4:00,

so the, um, car might have to wait until Tomorrow.

Okay, yeah. I love you, too. Bye-bye.

Hi there.

I brought you some avocados.

I have a tree in back, but I hate them,

and your family seems like the kind that would eat guacamole.

Um, Mrs. Mccluskey, thank you. That is very nice.

So let's make up a batch.

Oh, um, now's not a good time.

I'm on my way out. I have a ton of errands.

Oh, that's great, because my car's on the Fritz, and I could hitch a ride.

I need to drop by the pharmacy anyway.

No, I can't. I'm sorry, but I-I have a lot of things to do.

Maybe you could take me later. I could drop by Tomorrow.

Mrs. Mccluskey, I'm not going to have any time Tomorrow.

Oh. Kind of interesting that you can't spend two minutes with me,

but you have no trouble taking my tiffany lamp.

Oh, for god's sakes.

Here.

You should take this back.

I-I don't have a place for it.

But that was my thank you for saving my life.

I know, and it was a beautiful gesture. Really.

But I just --

Save it, Lynette. I get the picture.

Oh!

Oh, god.

Susie, this is Tim.

Sorry we startled you.

Oh, uh, that's okay. I --

I just didn't expect to see anybody up at a quarter to 1:00.

Oh, Susie, you should have come out tonight.

I met Tim here at the islands bar,

and he introduced me to this crazy drink -- the dirty volcano.

Whoo.

And then we danced, and he dipped me.

Sophie's very limber.

Uh, mom, could I just talk to you in the family room for a minute?

Oh, sure.

Susan is your daughter?

Ha ha. Yeah.

No, she can't be.

Yes.

- No. - Yeah.

- No. - Yeah.

- No. - Yes.

Okay, we get it. She looks young.

That man has magic fingers.

What are you doing? I have a teenage daughter in the house.

You can't just bring strange men you meet in bars here in the middle of the night.

We're just having a few laughs. What's the big deal?

I know you're trying to get over Morty, but this is not the way to do it,

So can you please just go out there and tell him to go home?

You know how blue I've been.

Why can't you be supportive?

I have been plenty supportive.

No, you haven't. You really haven't.

Now, Tim is my guest, and he will go home when I say so.

If he's not gone in five minutes,

I'm going to go out there and tell him exactly how old you really are.

Tim, it's time for me to go sleepy-bye.

Delfino.

Yeah.

You must be Sullivan.

The file on Noah's daughter.

Yeah, he said you had some leads.

Yeah, sure, we got some leads.

Is there a problem?

Gee, I don't know.

I'm handing a confidential police report over to a killer and drug dealer.

Why should that be a problem?

Thanks.

Is this what our justice system has come to --

guys like you walking the streets without a care in the world?

I did my time.

Not nearly enough, you piece of garbage.

You know, I'm glad we had the chance to meet,

because apparently, I'm no longer a murder suspect thanks to you,

so I don't want to seem ungrateful.

But just out of curiosity --

how much does it cost to buy off a homicide detective these days?

Thanks again.

Hey, Delfino... one more thing.

Now, this file is misplaced. Understand?

If even a whisper of this gets traced back to me,

there will be one less cop killer on the street.

And for god's sakes... don't get any blood on the file.

Ma'am, I'm sorry, but your credit card has been declined.

What?

Oh, no, that's impossible. It's a new card.

I just went shopping with it.

Try it again.

Ma'am, I ran it three times, and then I called the bank.

Now, may I try another card?

Of course you may. Will you just give me a moment?

- Hello? - It's me.

I've been trying to call you, but you turned your cell off.

Because I'm in a lovely restaurant having a lovely meal that I now can't pay for.

Well, did you order already?

I ate already.

Look, the credit card company called my mom.

I mean, they said that there was unusual activity on my card.

- I bought shoes. - Well, I didn't know that.

And then my mom started asking all these questions,

so I just blurted out that the card was stolen, and she canceled it.

Why would they call your parents? It's your account.

They co-signed for it.

Look, if you just explain to the waiter --

What, that the credit card was canceled by my lover's mommy?

Well, what other options do you have?

Unless you return the shoes and get the money back.

Return the shoes?

I can't talk to you when you're being hysterical.

So, ma'am, what would you like to do about the bill?

Afternoon. I've got a package for your neighbor Karen Mccluskey.

You mind signing?

Well, isn't she home? She usually never goes anywhere.

No one answered.

All right.

Okay. Thank you.

So let me get this straight --

You play tennis, you know wine, and you speak mandarin.

Does every other man in the world want you dead?

Well, I'm not that impressive.

I pulled a gray hair out of my chest this morning.

I don't know. I'd watch your back.

You know, I've really enjoyed talking to you.

You, uh...

Well, you made my day.

I was thinking if you'd like to get together again...

Well, Sam, to --to tell you the truth, I'm kind of in a relationship right now.

I just wanted to be honest.

That's perfectly okay, Tina.

By the way... this is on me.

Oh, no, you shouldn't.

Oh, please. It's my pleasure.

This is going to be a disaster.

It'll be fine.

Andrew, honey, hurry up. Dinner's ready.

It's like we're setting a trap for him.

It's for his own good. You'll see.

Smells good. What are we having?

I'm making homemade bratwurst with sweet-and-sour cabbage.

It's a recipe I found in an old German cookbook.

I'll get the door. Honey, why don't you pour the wine?

Isn't Danielle spending the night at Wendy's?

I believe she is.

Well, then why did mom set the table for four places?

Huh?

Uh, I asked who's coming for dinner.

Andrew... you remember Reverend Sikes, don't you?

Oh, come on.

Um, Reverend, why don't you have a seat, and I will get some refreshments?

So, Andrew... it's been a long time.

Yes. Yes, it has.

Would you like some water? I have flat or bubbly.

Oh, bubbly, please.

So...

your mother tells me you've started having some sexual desires for other boys.

I don't suppose I could get some of that.

Nope. I'm going to need every drop.

And over the years, we've had so many young people come to our ministry

hating themselves for their unnatural desires, and within a few months,

they've found an inner peace and a tranquility that is nothing short of miraculous.

Oh.

And all it takes is a little faith and a desire to change.

I'm sorry, but I-I really don't want to talk about my sex life.

Well, that's just too bad, because this needs to be discussed.

Bree, please, let the boy speak. Go on.

Well, I appreciate your offer to help. I do.

But I don't hate myself.

So I'm good.

Son, I know what it's like to be a teenager. It's a very confusing time.

I'm not confused.

I know exactly who I am.

Well... if you ever do want to talk, my door is always open.

Reverend, I don't mean to criticize, but...

it sounds like you're giving up.

We can't force him on the path of righteousness.

He himself has got to want to make the journey.

Well, then, what do we do, just stand by while he starts dating boys?

And by the way, the correct word is not "gay." It's "sodomy."

- We're in the middle of dinner. - So?

So can you at least wait till dessert before calling our sona sodomite?

How you can sit there and be so casual is beyond me.

For starters, I knew this dinner was a bad idea the moment you suggested it.

Well, at least I'm trying to be proactive.

Please, there's no need to get upset.

I am upset because there is a problem here, and no one seems to notice it but me.

As far as I'm concerned,

if Andrew is happy with who he is, then it is our job to support him.

Your father is into S&M.

Bree.

He makes me beat him with a riding crop, and I let him.

It's no wonder you're perverted.

Look who your parents are.

Excuse me.

What a fun night.

You know, we should really do this again sometime.

Hey.

Hey -- good news.

I know why you've been so furious at me.

I haven't been furious at you.

Oh, well, yes, you have, and I don't blame you.

Men have been coming on to me left and right,

and I just -- I've been having so much fun and just enjoying life, and --

what do I do? I throw it right in your face.

I'd hate me, too.

Mom, I don't hate you.

Well, be that as it may, from here on out,

I'm including you in all the fun.

- The fun? - Mm-hmm.

Your mother's come through.

What have you done?

You and I are going on a double date tonight.

What?

Tim has a friend from the box factory,

and I thought the four of us could hang out, have a few drinks, some hors d'oeuvres, and --

forget it.

Well, Susie --

Mom, I'm sorry. I'm just not in the mood to hang out these days.

Susie, sweetie, please, I can't cancel now.

Of course you can.

Just call them up and tell them not to come over.

Tim.

Hi, Susie. This is --this is my buddy Lamont.

I brought peppermint schnapps.

I'm sure she's fine.

She never leaves her mail sitting out there.

I mean, how many times has she thrown ours away because we didn't pick it up the second it came?

That would be five.

I don't know, Tom. I think something's happened to her.

Okay, so go overhand check on her.

But if I'm wrong, then I'm sucked into a 2-hour conversation about bunions.

Don't go check on her.

Six months from now,

when they find her mummified corpse at the bottom of the basement stairs,

What do I tell the kids?

"Oh, yeah, I let Mrs. Mccluskey die."

Yeah, and why would they care?

Like they're going to miss the dry cleaning coupons she hands out on Halloween.

Tom.

Listen, honey, what can I say?

You're damned if you do, you're damned if you don't, so, uh, good luck with that.

Honey, I'm hating you a little bit right now.

Hi, honey. Look at my new shoes.

Yeah.

Aren't they gorgeous?

Honey, I'm trying to watch the game.

Sorry.

How'd you buy new shoes?

Shh. Talk later. You're watching the game.

No, I want to talk about it now.

You don't have any money, so what's the story?

Oh, you've heard it before.

Girl meets boy, boy buys girl things, girl leaves happy.

What did you do?

You know, I forgot how generous men could be.

I also forgot I have options -- a whole bunch of them.

What the hell are you talking about?

I don't need your credit cards, Carlos, and I don't need your money,

but if our marriage is going to work, I need your respect.

I'm not ripping up the post-nup.

Yes, you are.

Because if you don't, I'm going to put on my new shoes and walk out the door.

You're threatening me.

No, I'm just pointing something out.

I'm a pretty girl, and pretty girls are never lonely.

Stop -- I'm really ticklish.

So, uh, children's books, right?

Don't! That tickles!

Well, I hope you know how lucky you are.

Not everyone gets to realize their bliss.

Yeah, it can be rewarding.

Why don't you join me?

No.

I'm really ticklish.

Come on!

What's wrong?

For god's sake, Tim, she's ticklish!

How many times do you have to be told?

Oh, plfft. This is so much fun.

Come on, let's find another CD.

Mother, don't you think it's getting a little late?

Come on.

You haven't even finished your schnapps.

The perfect capper to the perfect evening.

So good night.

It's been lovely, and, Lamont, good luck with all your inventions.

Well, it's only 11:30.

I want to hit the clubs.

Well, I know a great place just off the interstate. Come on.

Let's warm up the old war wagon.

Mom, hold it!

You are not getting into the car alone with those two.

You barely know them.

I have great instincts about people.

I always have, Susie. You know that.

You've been married four times.

Yes, but twice to the same guy.

Mother.

Susie, please, you are embarrassing me.

Oh, I'm embarrassing you?

Yes, and I've had it.

All night long, I've been trying to get you to stop being so crabby,

and you refuse to let me help.

And -- and your idea of helping is letting Tim just grope you?

Hey! You shouldn't talk to your mother like that. She's a fine lady.

Tim, could you just stay out of it?

Yeah, mind your own business.

Hey, what's your problem, pal?

Dude, you were feeling up her mother. It pissed me off, too.

Come on, Susie. Let's go back inside.

"Let's go back inside"? Lamont, give it up.

You're not getting any.

Why are you being this way?

Just -- I'm just trying to lighten things up.

Stop acting like tonight was about helping me.

You wanted to go out and have fun, and Lamont over there needed a date.

- That's not true. - Oh, yes, it is.

Okay, fine, it's true.

I wanted to get out and have fun. Why shouldn't I?

You know how depressed I've been over my breakup with Morty.

Yeah, I do, and that's what makes me so crazy.

You know, the difference between you and I --

that you could be heartbroken and you can just move on,

and I... am just broken.

I know you're sad.

No, mom, I'm not sad.

And I'm not crabby.

I'm devastated,

and you keep acting like all I need is a couple of aspirin.

Morty was just one guy in a series of guys for you.

And Mike...

he was the one.

Why don't you get that?

It's Lynette.

Hello?

Mrs. Mccluskey?

Mrs. Mccluskey. You all right?

How did you get in here?

Uh, Mr. Mullinshad a spare.

Why didn't you open the door?

Because I was hoping that you'd go away.

Have you been taking your arthritis medication?

I don't need to. Sometimes the pain goes away by itself.

Uh-huh.

Is that why you didn't open the door, because of your hands?

Mrs. Mccluskey, do you have anyone that could help you out -- a relative, a friend?

I'm fine.

Okay.

Okay.

Uh... before you go... open these, would you?

And -- and put out the pills.

Yeah.

And don't get your hands all over them.

God knows what your kids have picked up.

Last thing I need's a case of pinkeye.

You're a piece of work. You know that?

Well, this is crazy. Why'd they give you childproof caps?

First thing Tomorrow, I'm taking you to the pharmacy, and we'll get you new bottles.

Don't do me any favors. You don't even like me.

I don't want you doing anything because you feel obligated.

Let me tell you something. Half of life is obligations.

You don't want to go to your husband's company Christmas party, but you do.

You don't want to sell candy so your kid's band can buy piccolos, but you do it.

You attend your third cousin's wedding.

You pick up the dry cleaning. That's life --it's obligations.

And you are now my obligation,

so Tomorrow morning, I'll pick you up, and we'll go to the pharmacy.

Gee, I'm touched by your outpouring of compassion.

We don't have to be friends.

But we're two human beings living on the same piece of earth.

We can at least try and help each other out once in a while.

And you know what?

I am going to take this.

Fine.

I'll see you Tomorrow morning.

Pick me up at 9:00.

And don't be late.

Andrew, come here. I want you to see this.

Um, what are you looking at?

I'm looking at your baby pictures.

Look at that one.

How old was I there?

Just 4 weeks old.

I never told you this, but when I gave birth to you, there were complications.

The umbilical cord wrapped around your neck, and you stopped breathing.

The room got very quiet, and I knew you were in trouble.

So I turned to the doctor, and I very calmly said that he was not to worry about me,

that his job was to save your life.

When I say I would die for you,

that's not an expression.

I mean it.

Yeah, well, uh...

I'm going to go eat my sandwich.

Andrew, please, just go and talk to Reverend Sikes.

Oh, for god's sakes --

he can counsel you. It can help.

Mom, I don't need any help, all right? I'm fine.

Why do you keep going on about this?

Because if you don't change who you are, then you won't go to heaven.

You, um...

you -- you don't think I-I'll go to heaven?

No, I don't.

And I need you there.

I would be so lonely without you.

Well... then I guess I better go talk to Reverend Sikes.

Oh, Andrew.

Thank you so much. You don't know how much that means to me.

Oh, my -- my gosh. Uh, are you okay?

Oh, yeah, I just, uh, fell down the stairs. I'm fine.

What's up?

Susan still loves you.

Wow, um... okay.

Look, this is not a good time for this conversation.

She just misses you so much.

Sophie, I just found out that someone I was very close to is dead.

I've really got to figure out what I'm going to do,

so I just don't have time to think about Susan right now.

She's just very, very unhappy, and if you could just --

I really don't.

I'm sorry.

PAUL YOUNG

I swear before almighty god I won't reveal a word that's said here today.

Now... what's on your mind?

Well, here's the thing -- I lied to my parents.

I'm not gay.

You're not.

Not really.

Look, all I know is I wanted to get the hell out of that camp,

so I lied to my parents,

and I told them that I was really worried that I was having feelings for other guys,

and... they did exactly what I wanted them to.

They are such tools.

I'm sorry, just so I'm clear --

are you a heterosexual or aren't you?

Look... I love vanilla ice cream, okay?

But every now and then, I'm probably going to be in the mood for chocolate.

You know what I'm saying?

I do, but god would prefer you stick to the vanilla.

I don't believe in god.

You don't.

No.

Sorry.

You know, your mother's going to be devastated.

She's been praying so hard for you to change.

Well, that's the good news.

I am going to change -- big time.

I-I'm not sure I follow.

You know what my mom said to me last night?

She said she doesn't think I'm going to heaven.

Can you believe that?

I'm sure she didn't mean to hurt your feelings,

but the only way you can know paradise is by repenting your sins.

When she said that to me,

suddenly it hit me how I was going to get back at her.

From now on, I'm going to be so good.

I'm going to eat my vegetables,

I-I'm going to get good grades, I'm going to say "yes, ma'am"and "no, ma'am."

I'm going to make her believe that god has delivered her this little miracle.

Until one day, when she least expects it,

I'm going to do something so awful it is going to rock her world.

I mean, it is really going to destroy her.

And when that day comes...

trust me.

I'll know paradise.

Yes, life is a journey,

one that is much better traveled with a companion by our side.

Of course, that companion can be just about anyone.

Mrs. Mccluskey!

We're going to be late for the doctor.

A neighbor on the other side of the street...

I'm coming. Jeez, hold your water.

There you go.

No more post-nup.

Or the man on the other side of the bed.

The companion can be a mother with good intentions...

thank you for a wonderful service, Reverend.

Thank you so much, Bree.

Or a child who's up to no good.

Very inspirational.

Still, despite our best intentions,

some of us will lose our companions along the way.

And then the journey becomes unbearable.

You see, human beings are designed for many things,

but loneliness isn't one of them.