I want a child.

We made a deal: No kids.

Tampering with prescriptions,

The file on Noah's daughter.

uncovering evidence,

What are we looking for exactly?

What was that?

breaking and entering,

Bree is a lady.

A very beautiful, classy lady.

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

and a whole lot of revenge.

Since she was a little girl, Susan Mayer wanted to be a mother in the worst way.

And from the first day she brought Julie home from the hospital,

she was

desperate to do well by her daughter.

Susan suffered through countless failures.

Of course, it took Susan a few years to realize

even the best of parents make mistakes now and then.

But now that Julie was a teenage girl,

Susan had started to realize

there was no room for error.

Julie, what is Zach doing out there? I told you not to speak to him anymore.

I'm not. That's why he's throwing gravel at my window.

That's it. I'm going to heal him of this once and for all.

Zach, what do you think you're--

Ow! Ow!

Mrs Mayer, I'm so sorry. It's just--

One pebble wasn't working, so I tried a whole handful.

Look, I'll make it up to you.

How, you're gonna give me your corneas? - Mom, lay back.

I just wanted to talk to Julie. She hasn't been returning my phone calls.

Well, I'm here now. What do you want?

Come on, Julie. I just want to see you again.

You know, talk, hang out.

Maybe it would be better if we cooled it for a while, OK?

Why?

You just threw rocks in her mother's face, how's that for a start?

Thank you so much.

I've been trying to find a way to break up with him for weeks.

You finally gave me an excuse.

Yes, Susan had failed many times as a mother.

You did it good, mom.

So she took her victories where she found them.

You're welcome.

season 1, episode 20: Fear No More

Spring comes every year to Wisteria Lane.

It's the time when flowers start to bloom,

when butterflies emerge from their cocoons,

when bees begin to search for nectar.

Spring is also the time when a young man's fancy turns to obsession.

Hello there.

Oh my heavenly days.

Rex, look! It's George.

It's nice to see you, Bree.

Dr Van de Kamp--

George--

So, how's your health?

Not good. And my cardiologist is an idiot.

The doctor upped his dosage twice and it's still not helping.

I'm sure it'll all work itself out.

It's funny running into you both.

I happen to have a bonsai exhibition in Mt Pleasant Friday night. Would you like to go?

I would love to! Rex?

A whole evening with bonsai trees? Wouldn't it be easier to shoot me?

Probably.

Why don't we just go by ourselves then?

Actually-- Bree, we have that thing Friday night.

What thing? We don't have a thing.

I think your husband is trying to say that he doesn't want you to go out with me.

Rex, are you jealous?

No.

It's true that we dated during the separation, but George and I are just friends now, aren't we?

It's certainly platonic.

But if you feel threatened--

I don't feel threatened.

Good! Then it's a date.

So are you going to make a purchase today?

You know, I have finally convinced Rex to buy his first orchid.

Make sure you study up.

I hate people who own precious flowers and don't know how to take proper care of them.

You know what I hate? Weeds.

They pop up out of nowhere and you have to work so hard to get rid of them.

I've found, with the right chemicals you can get rid of almost anything.

See you Friday. - Bye.

Mrs Sol韘! What a surprise. We haven't seen you here in quite some time.

Yes, my husband and I went through a downsizing phase. But we stepped out of it.

Life is good.

Oh, and this would make it so much better.

Excellent. Slip inside, see how that feels.

I'd love to have this in my driveway by Saturday.

I'm having the big barbecue. I want everyone to see it.

Exciting. What's the occasion?

I'm throwing my husband a going-away party.

Really? Where's he going?

It's, um -- a sort of government-sponsored sabbatical.

How long will he be gone? - Eight months.

Six, with good behavior.

Isn't the leather interior wonderful?

It is. It just smells a little intense.

Because it was imported from Italy. It's 100% Italian calf.

I'm so sorry. It hit me out of nowhere.

It was so weird. Smells are making me nauseous lately.

Boobs tender? Achey back?

Yeah! Has it been going around?

Only for centuries.

I went through it all when I was carrying my oldest.

The truth is, you'll never fit a child seat in the back of that tiny Spider anyway.

The 4-doors are much roomier.

Wha-- I-I'm sorry, you think I'm pregnant?

No, I'm not pregnant!

Oh. You have those symptoms, I just assumed.

You assumed wrong. - I'm sorry.

I'm on the pill, for God's sakes. - OK.

And I don't want a 4-door.

I want a sexy low convertible, and I want to buy one. Right now.

I'll go start the paperwork.

Not this one, I-- vomited in this one.

Right.

We'll find you a fresh one.

Lynette!

You forgot your Halperin file.

Oh my God. Lynette.

If there was one person Lynette never expected to see again,

it was Annabelle Foster.

8 years earlier, Annabelle had begged Tom to marry her.

But he told her he wasn't the marrying kind.

Then one day, Tom happened to meet a rising young executive

by the name of Lynette Lindkvist.

And after a few torrid weeks, Tom decided perhaps he </i>was the marrying kind after all,

causing an embittered Annabelle to move back to Chicago.

Permanently. Or so Lynette had hoped.

You look fantastic! - Thank you!

And you, you're-- here! In the office! Tom's office!

Yeah, going on 3 months now.

Oh.

Didn't Tom tell you?

It-- must have slipped his mind.

Ah, forget to tell your wife you work with the old girlfriend, huh?

I guess that makes me your dirty little secret.

Well, I'll-- go back to work. See you later.

Can't wait!

Oh! Almost forgot. Your file.

Hey Paul, what's up?

Something's been nagging me, Edie. I want to talk to you about it.

OK?

That night I found you in my house-- why were you really there?

You know why. I came by to drop off your key.

Some things were moved around my living room. What were you looking for?

What are you talking about?

Do I have to call the police?

Do whatever you want.

Suit yourself.

OK, OK!

Susan made me do it.

She had this fixation on why Mary Alice killed herself,

and she keeps blathering about blackmail notes and dead babies.

Oh, and she got really hot in the butt when she found the name "Angela"

written on one of your videotapes.

Did she find what she was looking for?

No. You came home before she had a chance to watch the video.

I see.

She sort of thinks you're evil.

Thank you, Edie.

What was that all about?

Susan Mayer's obsession with Mary Alice almost got me arrested.

And now Paul's after her.

If I liked her better I'd warn her, but-- you know--

Thanks.

Susan?

I'll-- talk to you girls later.

Still avoiding me, huh?

No, no.

What do you want?

I heard you and Edie broke into Paul Young's house.

Who told you that?

Edie.

Well-- yeah, we did.

We were just looking--

It doesn't matter, it was dumb.

Listen, I want you to stay away from that guy.

I was planning to do that anyway.

Good.

Mike?

I know why I was planning on staying away from him.

Why do you</i> want me to stay away from him?

I just know he's a bad guy.

So please don't mess with him.

I won't.

I promise.

So-- I've been thinking about the pharmacist.

George? What about him?

I don't think you should go out with him.

Please don't be this way.

He's the only friend I have who is interested in cultural things.

Bree--

I'm worried because he is obviously still in love with you.

No, he just wants to be friends. He told me so.

What else would a man in love say?

He's desperate to spend time with you.

He does not seem desperate to me.

I saw the way his hands trembled when you touched his shoulder.

They did?

When we first started dating, the same thing happened to me.

I don't remember that.

Listen, continuing to see him would just give him false hope.

I certainly don't want to hurt him-- again.

No. You don't.

I think it would be a good idea to switch pharmacies.

Really?

OK. You know what I'll miss most about him?

George always has a way of making me feel good about myself.

Yeah, he's a terrific guy.

Honey, do your hands still tremble when they touch me?

No. But come on, we've been married 18 years.

Yes, we have. And you still don't know when I need you to lie.

Excuse me.

Um-- this home pregnancy test, is it a good one?

I guess.

OK, um-- do you have a rest room?

It's for employees only.

Oh, it's right over there, Mrs Sol韘. Help yourself.

Thank you.

What did I tell you about being rude to customers?

You'll stick a smile on your face,

or I'll keep you in the back stocking shelves with no one else to look at you!

Bree! What a pleasant surprise! What brings you here?

Didn't we just fill Dr Van de Kamp's prescription last week?

George, as it turns out,

I won't be able to go with you to the bonsai expo.

Oh, why not?

I think it'd be a mistake for us to spend too much time together.

Dr Van de Kamp said something about me. What was it?

It doesn't matter.

Please. Tell me.

He said you're still in love with me.

That's-- that's stupid.

I'm not in love with you.

I'm not.

The truth is, I'm in love with Ginger.

Ginger? The stock girl?

Yes. It's very serious.

Oh-- why didn't you tell me?

We're taking it slow. But she is definitely the one.

Oh my goodness! This changes everything.

Listen. A friend of mine is having a barbecue for her husband on Saturday,

and I think you should come.

Really? - Yes, and bring Ginger.

Ginger? I don't know if she can make it.

But you have to bring Ginger, because if Rex sees you two together, he'll relax.

Oh. Uh--

OK.

Son of a bitch!

You are out of toilet paper.

Bree, I'll call you later!

Lynette?

Honey? Are you home?

Three months?

God, you scared the hell out of me!

Were you ever going to tell me?

I wanted to, but I kept putting it off.

I knew how you'd react.

Congratulations, you read me like a book.

Why would you hire that woman?

Technically, Peterson found her. I just vouched for her.

Tom! - Come on honey, I'm just helping her out.

It's the least I can do.

She was devastated when I left her for you. I felt bad.

Do you still have feelings for her?

All right, I'm not talking to you.

You can tell me you still care about her. Don't you? Just a teeny tiny little bit?

I was just trying to be a good guy. That's all.

Well you can't work with her. - What do you want me to do, quit?

Talk to Peterson. Maybe you can get a transfer.

Weren't you guys planning on starting something up in Belize?

Honey, you're crazy!

No, I'm serious.

If she stays, I will haunt your office.

I'll bring you lunch every day.

I'll bring your kids to visit. I will change diapers on your desk.

Every birthday cake in the break room, every retirement party,

I will be there. Watching her.

Well, I better get you a parking space. Cause she's staying.

Don't you think it spices up the room?

Oh, I was just letting you a gift. To apologize for throwing gravel in your face.

You didn't have to do that.

I kind of did. I want us to be friends.

Yeah, well-- that's not going to happen.

Why not?

Aside from you blinding me,

several weeks ago you freaked out in my house.

You screamed, you threw furniture around--

OK. I realize I was at a run that night. But I was upset.

You have to get over that. For Julie's sake.

For Julie's sake?

How do you think it makes her feel

that her mother and her boyfriend can't even get along?

Zach, Julie does not think of you as her boyfriend.

In fact, I don't think she wants anything to do with you.

She said that?

Yeah.

I don't believe you.

Believe whatever you want.

If she did, it's because you told her stuff about me that's not true!

Zach! Come here!

Right now!

Please. Don't ruin this for me.

How do you know Mary Alice?

Who?

Mary Alice Young. She lives next door to me in Fairview.

She's standing right here in this picture with you.

That's Angela Forrest. We worked together at the rehab center, 15 years ago.

Don't be dense, Felicia. Don't you think I know my own neighbor?

Does this Mary Alice have children?

A teenager. Her boy.

What?

Angela and I worked together with a very disturbed young woman

who gave birth to a baby boy.

About a year later, Angela and her husband

disappeared.

Not long after that, I heard that the child was missing too.

People said it was just a coincidence.

But in my heart I always hoped that she had given him a proper home.

Are you saying she stole the baby?

Don't look shocked, Martha. Makes your face look fat.

The biological mother was a drug addict.

If Angela really is your neighbor, which I doubt,

then that child was very lucky.

Lynette, hey!

If you're looking for Tom, he's out with a client.

No. I actually wanted to see you.

That's really funny. I was thinking the same thing.

I've been here all this time. We should go out.

For lunch, just the two of us.

Yeah, I'll check my book.

So Annabelle--

do you have feelings for Tom?

What?

You heard me.

OK, you want to talk about this, Lynette? Let's talk.

Yes, Tom and I were in love. But he married you.

I'm not looking to break up a happy couple.

Anyway, that's probably more your</i> speed, isn't it?

Morning, ladies. Just gotten in for a little more fuel.

Yeah, one man's sludge is another man's liquid gold.

Well, back to the trenches.

Watch your step. Tom and I are a team.

Our marriage is rock solid. Nothing you do could ever break that up.

Then why are you down here right now, warning me?

Gabrielle! What brings you down here?

Sweet mother of God, what have you done this time?

You're pregnant? - Yes.

And it's impossible, I'm on the pill!

Which I know you probably think is a sin. But it works.

It's a 99.9% effective sin.

Maybe it's in that 1/10 of a percent that God resides.

Couldn't wait to throw that in, could you?

God is screwing with me.

He doesn't like how I live my life, so he's punishing me.

Have you done something that would warrant being punished?

The gardener?

I thought that was over.

No, it was, and then-- He just happened to be there.

That's my point: I'd be an awful mother.

I'm selfish, I'm self-centered-- The only person more self-centered than me is Carlos.

He's so self-centered that he doesn't even know how self-centered I am.

We'd be terrible parents.

Gabrielle, I'd like to help. But I'm not sure what it is you want.

I want to know who to be angry at.

Here's a thought: Don't be angry. Be thankful.

Children are a gift, are they not?

I don't have time for this crap. I have a party to plan.

Thanks.- Edie. - Hi.

Wow, things are really coming along.

Yeah, slowly and expensively.

It'll be worth it. You're doing an amazing job.

So, look, you're basically a-- predator, and I need some advice.

... and I know Tom loves me, but I don't trust this woman.

I think there's an agenda there.

I don't know. I bet I'm being paranoid.

No, you did the right thing coming to me.

There are two ways to approach this.

But first I have to ask: What kind of shape is this woman in?

Fantastic shape. She's gorgeous.

OK. Now there's only one way to approach this.

You're gonna have to act fast.

I'm listening.

It's really pretty simple. When I feel threatened by a woman,

I pull her in. I make her my best friend.

I thought you said you didn't have any female friends.

I don't.

And I've never felt threatened by a woman either.

But the point is:

Keep your friends close,...

... keep your enemies closer.

Tom, we're having a dinner party. I'm thinking of inviting Annabelle.

We're not moving. - Susan knows something.

Edie said she-- - I don't care what Edie Britt said!

I'm not leaving Julie!

You want to risk our lives, our future over some schoolyard crush?

It's more than that. Julie loves me.

Then why does she refuse to see you?

Mrs Mayer lies to her. If it wasn't for that, she would be with me.

Are you sure?

You know, Julie is a-- very special girl.

I know.

She could have just about any boy she wanted.

I think you're a wonderful kid. I do, but--

you're not that special, Zach.

Not really.

She kissed me.

Lately?

Let's pack our bags and get out of here.

We can leave this whole mess behind, start over.

And there will be other girls, I promise.

No!

If Susan goes to the police, it's over.

They'll take me away. They'll take you away. Don't you get that?

If Julie doesn't love me anymore, then it doesn't matter.

None of it matters.

Magruder had absolutely no idea what was going on.

During the entire campaign, he was practically holding Benson's hand!

After the way they burned them, screwed them over! That was too...

It was awful!

Excuse me, I need to get in here so I can clear the plates.

You want some help with that?

Looks like we got company.

Hey guys, isn't it time for bed?

Oh, they never get to see you. Let them stay up for a while.

OK, come here! I want you to meet someone.

This is Miss Foster.

Hi.

She's an old, old</i> friend of your daddy's.

Hey, what you got there? - It's a picture we painted.

Let me have a look at that.

It's all of us with Mommy and Daddy. We're really happy.

It's so adorable. When did you do this?

Today, Mom told us to.

I just told them to paint something nice. The sentiment's all theirs.

But you told us to-- - Hold on, honey, grown-ups are talking.

Well, this is really neat.

How would you boys like to paint my portrait one day?

Sure, you're pretty. - OK, great.

Like your dad said, it's time for bed.

I'll take them back upstairs.

Come on, guys!

Thank you.

I must say, Lynette.

Your home is warm and inviting, your children are absolutely precious--

this whole evening was practically a commercial for the perfect family.

You think?

You couldn't have planned it any better. And I mean that.

Good.

Hello, Susan.

Oh. Hi.

I understand you and Edie went snooping through my house.

Huh?

It's OK. I'm not mad.

So, what do you want to know about Angela?

It was Mary Alice's birth name. She was named after her aunt Angela.

When she was a teenager there were falling-outs. So she changed her name into Mary Alice.

This is before we were married, so you'll forgive me if I'm hazy on the details.

That's it? That's the explanation?

Ridiculously simple, isn't it?

She changed her name because she got in a fight with her aunt?

That doesn't seem like something Mary Alice would do.

Neither did suicide, but we both know that she did it.

So can we finally put this behind us?

Or do you need to break into my home for anything else?

Uh--

No. I'm good. Thanks.

Although--

if you wouldn't mind, I'd rather like to see that videotape I found.

The one marked "Angela."

Would be nice to see Mary Alice when she was young.

I'm afraid that box of tapes was thrown out with the trash.

OK then.

Susan--

I'm serious when I say I hope you'll leave my family alone now.

This endless suspicion of yours has become very tiring.

I couldn't agree more.

Oh. That's my cell, sorry.

Oh God, it's Peterson. Excuse me. - Peterson?

Hello? Yeah.

That was quite a show you put on tonight.

Show?

The boys' paintings, all those references to how happy we are--

What's wrong with subtly reminding Annabelle that you're happily married?

Because it wasn't subtle.

And it's an insult to me.

I did not mean it that way.

Are you so insecure that you have to pull that crap?

Keep your voice down!

It doesn't matter if she has feelings for me as long as I'm not interested.

Have I ever, ever given you any reason to doubt me?

Anyone is capable of anything. The first time we ever met, you were cheating.

With you! Cheating with you!

It's a pattern of behavior.

Uh, give me a break!

What am I supposed to do?

You hire your old girlfriend and you don't tell me about it for 3 months?

I could've told you from Day One and you'd still be jumping at my throat.

Annabelle is ancient history.

She's in the next room.

How long do we have to be married, Lynette, until you actually trust me?

I trust you.

How many times have you said to me: "If you ever touch another woman,

"I'll take the boys and walk out of here and you'll never see us again!"

That's just something wives say to their husbands.

Not all wives.

You're so convinced that I'll be unfaithful!

It makes me sick! The distrust, the paranoia,--

It seems like you won't be happy until you drive me out of this marriage to prove yourself right!

Wait. Forget I said that.

It's too late. You said it.

Well, then just consider it something husbands say to their wives.

Peterson's on cloud nine. He discovered some inside scoop on the Metro account.

The bad news is, we'll have to redo the entire presentation.

Tonight?

He'll need it first thing in the morning.

Peterson says we might be pulling an all-nighter.

I can't drive. I've been drinking.

I'll drive. Come on. - Thanks.

Don't worry, Lynette. I'll deliver him back to you as soon as I can.

Please do.

Honey, take over for a minute. I'm giving a speech.

Make sure they stay pink like that, OK?

Are you OK?

Oh. I just-- realize how disgusting meat can be.

Everyone, I just want to say it means a lot to me that you all came,

and as you know, in a few days I'll be taking a little government-sponsored vacation.

Lucky for me, breakfast is included.

Oh God.

The bottom line is, I'm going away to jail.

And when a man has to go to jail, which I hope none of you will ever have to do,

he sees who his real friends are.

So thanks.

Cheers!

Excuse you.

Stay put until I need you. Don't talk to anybody and, for God's sake,

don't get drunk!

You know I was supposed to go to my cousin's wedding today.

It's not a wedding, it's a commitment. So sit down and

try to fit in.

Urghh.

Got you a hot dog.

No thanks. I'm full.

They have a croquet set. You wanna go hit some balls?

No.

That's fine. We can just sit here.

Zach!

I don't want to be your girlfriend.

I don't want to hang out with you. I just want you to leave me alone, OK?

OK--

In that moment,

while looking at the pills that had been so obviously tampered with,

Gabrielle's nausea was suddenly replaced by an even stronger sensation:

rage.

What are you doing?

I'm so sorry. That was an accident.

Answer my question: What are you doing here?

I was invited.

By who? - You know what, Dr Van de Kamp?

I don't believe I have to answer to you. - I think you do.

What's going on here?

He crashed the party. This guy clearly is not taking "no" for an answer.

It's OK. George has a girlfriend.

You brought her, didn't you?

He doesn't have a girlfriend. - I do, sir.

She's right over there.

That's his girlfriend?

See? You were worried for nothing.

So, any time you want to apologize--

Come on, Rex. You owe George some sort of gesture.

What the hell.

Rex! Have you lost your mind?

To be fair, I only pushed him</i>.

Carlos! You son of a bitch!

I am pregnant and it's all your fault!

Wow.

This is turning into one hell of a party.

Are you OK?

I think I can honestly say: No. I'm not.

I'm so sorry.

Thanks.

But you know what they say about kids:

that you can't imagine having them until you do,

and then you can't imagine life without them?

It's true.

All I'm saying is, maybe this is a blessing in disguise.

I don't know who the father is.

What? - Yeah.

So you mean you and John have still been... - Yeah.

Gabby!

I know, Susan! I don't know what to do!

Oh! Oh my God!

That-- that's my house!

Call 911? - Yes, that's my house!

Oh, look, my kitchen! Oh, it's a big fire!

Turns out someone left the gas on with candles burning.

That's impossible. We don't burn candles during the day.

Uh, well-- I-- did have a French vanilla candle burning earlier, but--

I'm almost positive I blew it out!

You're almost</i> positive?

Yes! I did! I-- I think.

You're lucky the fire was contained. The damage could've been far more extensive.

You've got to be more careful from now on.

Don't worry. We will be.

Bree, hi. - Hi.

You left the party so quickly,

I didn't have a chance to apologize to you for what Rex did.

Oh George, I'm so sorry he humiliated you in front of all these people.

I don't know what got into him.

Isn't it obvious? He hates me.

No, he doesn't hate you. He really doesn't even know you, and you don't know him.

I know this much: he won't let us be friends.

Well, that's not his choice to make.

What if he asked you not to see me anymore?

What if he orders you not to?

Well--

I decide who I need in my life, and I've decided that I need you.

That's all there is to it.

He could make it awfully difficult for you to spend time with me.

Well--

Who says he has to know how I spend my free time?

I'm having trouble with a family across the street.

I think one of them may have set a fire in my house,

and I don't know why, but

I feel like it's got something to do with my friend who killed herself.

I called the police, but they didn't take me seriously.

This family has got a secret. A bad secret.

I think I'm in over my head.

I need you to find out everything about Paul Young and his family.

Do you think you can help me?

As a matter of fact, I know I can.

Spring comes every year to Wisteria Lane.

But not everyone remembers to stop and smell the flowers.

Some are too busy worrying about the future

or mistakes they've made in the past.

Others are preoccupied with not getting caught,

It's a window!

or thinking of ways to catch someone else.

Still, there will always be a few who remember to take a moment

and appreciate what Spring has given them,

just as there will always be those who prefer to sit in the dark,

brooding over everything they've lost.