I left Morty.

Susan's mother made quite an impression.

Bree made a secret commitment.

He's not going to let us be friends.

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

Gabrielle made a discovery.

I am pregnant and it's all your fault!

Tom made a mistake.

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

And Susan made an appointment...

Do you think you can help me?

...with trouble.

I know I can.

When she was younger, Sophie Bremer was a hopeless romantic.

She was also hopelessly na飗e,

which is how she came to be married 4 times.

The first time, to a man who liked to gamble.

The second time, to a man who liked to drink.

The third time, to a man who liked other men.

And the fourth time,

to the same man she married the second time.

Yes, Sophie was tired of having her heart broken.

So, she decided she would never get married again.

And then one night,

Sophie!

she had a visitor.

Sophie!

Morty? What are you doing?

I--I need to talk to Sophie.

Now? Are you drunk?

Uh-- just a little.

How-- how are you, Susan?

I got to speak to, uh to Sophie.

Are you crazy? It's 1 a.m., she's sleeping!

I'm going to ask her to marry me.

What?

Well, I--I thought I could be happy.

The restaurant is starting to make money,

I just bought a new jet ski,

my cholesterol is down,

but none of it's any fun without her.

Ah, Morty.

I just don't think it's going to happen.

She's moved on.

Why don't you just sit down. I call you a cab.

Sophie!

Your doctor told you not to drink!

Well, there are times when you need to--

when you need liquid to court.

Oh! Oh!

Did this ring belong to Delores?

You gave her your dead wife's ring?

It's--it's a 3 karat diamond, she shouldn't care if it's-- used.

So what--what do you say, Soph?

All right. - Really?

Really? - Yeah!

But you gotta do it officially, you know...

Oh, um-- - Yeah here.

Sophie, would you-- do me the honor of-- of marrying me?

Sophie Bremer was still a hopeless romantic.

On one condition:

tomorrow, we trade this in for a ring of my own

and I want a bigger diamond than Delores got.

But she was no longer na飗e.

episode 1-21: Sunday in the Park with George

Marriage is a simple concept.

Basically, it's a contract between two people

that binds them together for life

in the hopes that they can live happily ever after.

Sadly, some contracts

are made to be broken.

I did not mess with your birth control.

Really? - Really!

Look! It's been pulled apart and put back together.

It's probably a manufacturing defect.

You can still see the glue marks!

I'm telling you I didn't do it!

Don't insult me, Carlos.

You've been whining about wanting a baby for months.

Who else would it have been?

I-- I don't--

Oh no.

What?

Mam?

Oh please.

It's possible!

You buy that stuff in bulk 6 months at a time, right?

Yeah, so?

Before the accident, I told her how much I wanted to have a child.

And she said she would take care of it.

I just thought that she would talk to you.

Baby, I am so sorry.

That bitch! I can't believe her!

I loved her.

But even I had issues sometimes. She could be very controlling.

Reaching out from the grave to screw with me.

God, she's good!

Where are you going?

I'm feeling a wave of the morning sickness coming on.

And I want to be standing on your mother's grave when it hits.

Hey honey, I'm going to be home late tonight.

Peterson wants a bunch of us out for drinks.

Oh, that's fine.

I wanted to talk to you about something. - What?

Oh, you know what? That's your carpool.

You gotta go. Never mind.

Lynette, what is it?

It's nothing. - OK.

It's just--

We haven't had sex in 10 days,

and the longest we've ever gone before is 9.

Are you sure? Didn't we do it last Thursday?

We started to, but then, wahh--

you fell asleep.

Is this why you're so worried?

Because we could do it tonight if you want to.

Ha ha, where?

No no, I got 10 days pent up in me. We are doing it tonight.

Nothing to worry about, OK?

Oh crap, I forgot my briefcase. Can you tell them I'll be right there?

Yeah, sure.

Oh. - Hey Lynette. So is Tom almost ready?

Yeah, he's just getting his briefcase.

Oh, sorry. - OK.

Ah, where have you--

Bye.

I got-- I got it! I got it!

Thank you for having me.

I'm going to miss you both so much!

Oh, us too. House will feel empty without you.

Can't you guys stay a little longer?

Oh, no, no. They want to get their new life together started.

We don't want to hold these crazy kids back.

Bye, Morty. - Bye.

Listen, I-- hope it's OK, but--

your mom told me some of the stuff that you've been going through,

you know, with the-- plumber guy across the street.

She did, huh?

Yeah. Don't give up on him.

If I'd given up, I wouldn't be here now with this lovely lady.

Did she tell you that he served time in prison for manslaughter?

No, she left-- she left that part out.

I don't suppose she told you he was a drug dealer.

I don't recall that.

[You don't] know the whole [story.]

I went over there and I told him how much you love him.

What? What were you thinking?

What did he say?

Yeah, what did he say?

I think I walked in on him in a very bad time.

Someone close to him had just died.

Oh God, really?

He could use a shoulder to cry on.

Did I do wrong?

Please, I can't stand it!

Mm!

Oh George, you have got to taste this.

I can't wait.

Mmmh.

Oh, is that fennel seed? It's fantastic!

I don't know, but anything that good has got to be sinful.

Isn't this fun? Trying different dishes, opening the mind to different experiences.

Rex just hates these cooks tours.

He likes to stay at home with the same old plate of spaghetti and a mug of root beer.

So how about this Marinara sauce? I think it's the best I've ever had.

I've had one better, but that was in Italy.

You've been to Italy? - Mhm!

Rex and I took a vacation there.

Right before the kids were born.

It was so much fun in those first few years.

I guess it was just easier to be happy back then.

I don't know why I just said that. No more wine for me.

Maybe we should go to Italy.

What?

Wouldn't that be oh?

Going to all those museums and cathedrals, it's fantastic for tourists.

We could just pick figs off ourselves.

I can't go on a trip with you, George.

Why not?

I'm married. People would talk.

All right, I'm sorry. It's a bad idea.

Oh, don't worry about it. Here, I want you to try one of these clams.

I bet they're as good as the Marinara sauce.

Mmmmh.

You are absolutely right.

It's that good, this has got to be sinful.

OK, boys. It's 7 o'clock, it's time for bed.

Sweetie, let's go. - I don't want to go to bed so early!

I told you, honey, Daddy and I have a special meeting tonight.

Go on!

Oh, I love you!

Hi!

Hey. - Hi.

Whoa. All right, this is the tenth day.

Hey honey, give me a second to let the office wear off.

I mean--

What are you thinking?

I was wondering what that smell is.

Oh. It's probably baby drool.

There. Now you got easier access.

I am coming right--

What?

Well, that smell really soaked through, huh?

Yes, it soaked through a little. That is the nature of baby throw-up.

Do you want me to wear a haz mat suit or are you going to be OK?

No, I just like it when you're clean and in your sexy clothes.

I don't own anything clean and sexy!

Everything is covered with either baby spit or chunks of melted crayon--

OK, I said I'm sorry!

You make me feel like I just got off the shrimp boat, for God's sakes!

Honey, I said I'm sorry. It's just that, you know--

Guys sometimes like it when women put a little effort into things.

OK, um--

Can we just go back to the kissing thing?

Please? Can we try that?

Fine. - Honey--

OK. Off.

Mo-o-o-m! Mo-o-o-m!

Susan Mayer hired you.

I know.

She decided to start poking around in your life

and called me of all people.

Lucky for you, I've got the biggest ad in the phone book.

What am I going to do? - Run.

Pack up your kid and get out of town.

That's tricky. My son doesn't want to move.

He can be pretty insistent.

Well, I can throw off the scent for a while.

Fine.

All right then.

Tell me exactly what it is you want this woman to believe.

She was born Angela.

But when she was a teenager, she changed her name to Mary Alice.

On my application it says that she was named after a relative she no longer speaks to.

Here's her birth certificate,

and her Utah petition for legal name change.

What about Dana?

There was a record of another child.

A girl.

Dana Marie Young died at 18 months, apparently from some kind of fall.

That was all true. Everything he said.

How could I have been so wrong?

Well, I'm going to need a cheque.

Oh, of course.

Actually, before you go,

I need you to check into someone else's background.

There's this plumber I know.

Hey!

Did you get my messages?

Yeah, I didn't want to call you back because I wanted to talk to you in person.

I have some potentially upsetting news.

Come on, Mrs Sol韘, you can tell me.

I can handle it.

I'm pregnant and it might be yours.

I could barely afford my new dirt bike. How am I going to handle child support?

We don't even know for sure if it's yours, so relax.

And I didn't come here to watch you freak out.

Then why did you come here?

Cause I want to make sure you let me protect you. - From who?

Carlos. Your parents.

John, something like this can ruin your life.

That's why you have to keep quiet about our affair.

There's no point in this catastrophe taking both of us down.

Thank you.

Forget about it.

I should've worn a condom.

Yeah, that would've been helpful.

You hired a private investigator?

I can't trust Mike, and I want to find out what really happened.

From a source that doesn't have an agenda.

Now open it up.

OK. Ready?

Go.

Stop! - What?

Um--

If you find out something that's really bad,

just try to put a positive spin on it.

OK.

I have some good news and some bad news.

Give me the bad news first.

The guy Mike killed

was a cop. - Oh my God!

OK. Give me the good news.

There is none. - What?

You told me to spin it. I did the best I could.

Forget it. Just let me look at it myself.

Can't believe it.

What is it?

I know her.

What's going on here?

You two just won't stop, will you?

Deirdre's dead.

It doesn't matter who killed her. Just let it go.

It's not that easy, "Keirdre".

Why? My sister hated you.

Both of you. She said so.

That was her drugs talking.

Right. The drugs.

Deirdre humiliated this family, and she threw our love back in our faces.

She knew it, and she couldn't have cared less.

Are you done? - No.

I want to know what you're planning.

We're just talking.

I don't believe you.

Then don't ask.

Of course I don't want a new cardiologist, but Lee's been conducting tests for weeks.

He should've been able to figure out what's wrong with me by now.

Honey, we socialize with them.

What am I going to say to Helen?

All I know is, I've never felt worse. I got to do something.

Um, I-- I have to talk to Edie.

Bree! We're going to be late!

Oh, it'll just take a second, I need to, um, get--

a recipe!

Edie!

Hi! - Hi.

I saw you at Fredo's yesterday. - Yeah, I saw you too.

Ts, ts. Naughty, naughty! - I beg your pardon?

The guy. The one you were spoonfeeding.

Not bad. A little petite for my taste, but then again,

I'm not the one sleeping with him.

This is exactly what I was afraid of.

George and I are just friends.

Hey, I'm not judging you. I get it.

I mean, Rex was sticking it into that hooker housewife. It's payback time.

you have got the wrong idea. That man is my pharmacist.

You could have an affair with anyone, and you choose a pharmacist?

You are such a Republican!

I am not having an affair!

George and I, we just talk.

He's a very good listener, and I share my hopes and dreams with him,

and my innermost thoughts, and that's all there is to it.

You have to believe me.

OK, I believe you.

Thank you. I'm glad we cleared this up.

I know it must have looked strange,

and I didn't want you to think that I was cheating on my husband.

But you sort of are.

Excuse me? - Come on, Bree.

You're telling this guy your innermost thoughts?

Your hopes, your dreams?

Sex aside, it sounds like you're pretty intimate with a guy that's not your husband.

Oh, I mean, everybody needs someone to talk to.

What's wrong with talking to Rex?

We're not home, please leave a message. - Hello Zach!

It's Felicia Tilman.

I do so enjoy our little visits, and I haven't seen you for a few days.

I hope everything's all right.

Zach's not feeling well.

Oh. Paul.

And I don't think it's appropriate if he spends so much time at your house.

I made you some cocoa. How are you feeling?

I've felt awful for two days now.

I think I should see a doctor.

It's probably just a touch of the flu. We'll keep an eye on it.

It's this house, Zach. I feel it too.

It isn't healthy for us to stay here.

I told you. I'm not moving.

It would be for your own good.

You can't keep running around, doing the kinds of things you're doing.

Susan Mayer's kitchen, for example.

People are going to catch on.

Yes...

Wouldn't it be great to just start over somewhere in the country?

You could meet some new friends.

Maybe even meet a new girl.

How about I let you sleep on that?

We'll talk about moving tomorrow.

The lack of passion in her marriage had become an unpleasant reality for Lynette.

Then one day, it occurred to her the best way to fight reality

was with a little fantasy.

Of course, all the fantasy in the world won't do you any good

if no one shows up to enjoy it.

I really feel bad about putting you out like this time.

You're not putting anybody out. You've been flying all day.

Why stay in some hotel?

I just hope you don't mind sleeping on the sofa.

Yeah. The sofa should be fine.

Hey honey. Why don't you just let the maid get that?

Ha ha ha, not funny, Tom.

By the way, Gary's showering.

He asked if you could bring him a clean towel and--

and your riding crap.

Come on!

No, I'm glad that you find my humiliation so entertaining.

Honey, you were wearing a French maid's costume!

I mean, come on, what were you thinking?

I was thinking our marriage was in trouble

and one of us ought to do something to try and save it.

Wow, since when is our marriage in trouble?

OK, so we haven't had sex for a few days. Big deal. It happens.

Oh. That's Annabelle. How ironic!

How is Annabelle roll into this conversation?

Because she now comes to this house every morning to remind you what I'm not.

What?

She's the fantasy, Tom.

The hot woman you work with every day, with her manicured nails and her designer outfits.

I--

am the reality.

The wife who never wears makeup and whose clothes

smell like a hamper.

This may have been the stupidest thing you've ever said.

I used to be the fantasy.

There was a time when I didn't need a maid's outfit,

because I knew I was enough for you, even wearing a smelly T-shirt.

And clearly, that's no longer the case.

OK honey, I don't know what to say.

If there's a way for me to fix this, I will do it.

Just tell me, and I will do it.

No, there's nothing to fix.

We've changed. That's all I'm saying.

You ready?

You should go. You don't want to keep Annabelle waiting.

Be careful with that. It'll get the baby heartburn.

Can't get it hot enough. My hormones are killing my taste buds.

I'm paying more attention to your food than you have to me lately.

I plan on getting really fat, as a tribute to your mother.

John! What are you doing here?

I've been doing some serious thinking about the baby.

Really? Why?

Look, there's a good chance that it's mine.

And if it is, I want to do the right thing.

No, no! Nobody expects you to do the right thing!

I kind of figured you'd try to blow me off.

That's why I'm going directly, Mrs Sol韘.

What? Are you crazy? He would kill us both.

He and I need to hash this out. Man to man.

That's what's best for the baby.

John!

Are you going to go get him or am I?

OK. You win.

Wait right here.

Uh- Don't get out!

Why?

Because I was going to get in.

Yeah. You see, pregnant women have very strong urges.

All right.

OK, I'm going to freshen up, and I'll be right back.

OK.

You sit! Sit!

I'm turning on some music.

Um-- Carlos is unavailable at the moment.

You're lying.

John, what're you doing?

Mr Sol韘! - Stop it!

Mr Sol韘, open up!

John! What are you doing? John! John!

Please, get out of the way.

John! - Get out of the way!

Oh my God!

My God, it burns!

I'm sorry, it's just salsa!

Feels like acid.

Really? I've been finding it so bland.

Mr Sol韘! Mr Sol韘! - John!

Mr Sol韘, come out here, I need to talk to you!

Shut the hell up! Listen to me.

You are never going to be the father of this baby!

No matter what the paternity tests say, it's Carlos's child.

How can you say that?

Because Carlos can provide, John. He will give this baby everything.

Piano lessons, and summer camp, and the best colleges...

He can raise this child the way a child deserves to be raised. You can't.

This isn't about money. This is about what's best for the baby.

If you want what's best for the baby, I think you will help me.

Hey, help me make sure that this kid does not grow up poor like I did.

What's taking you?

Hey John.

What are you doing here?

Uh-- he--

Justin was thinking the hydrangeas need a replacement.

He wanted me to come by for a second opinion.

Your friend is a good kid.

But he's not half the gardener you are.

You should come back and work for us.

I mean, we're practically family.

Thanks, Mr Sol韘.

Zach? Are you here?

I have to do this, dear.

I know you'll forgive me.

Hey. - Hey.

Are the boys asleep?

Tucked in tight.

Get a penny?

Sound asleep.

Good.

OK, when this thing goes off,

meet me in the bedroom.

What are you-- what is this?

Wait till it goes off.

All right!

I'm coming in!

Oh my God!

You want fantasy? I'll give you fantasy.

Come to me, woman. Prepare to be bored to death.

Please, will we make it past this stage? I'm scathing.

I kind of like it.

Good, get out the lights.

No.

Please.

I'm not turning off the lights. - Please.

No, no, no.

It's open.

Oh, Paul, it's you. I'm so glad.

I have some papers I want you to look at.

Where's my son?

Upstairs, sleeping off those tranquilizers you gave him.

I don't know what you think you're doing, but I'm taking my son and going.

I am not my sister, Paul. You do not want to screw with me.

Martha kept a journal.

Every drab event of her drab life, meticulously documented.

Including her discovery that you and your wife

stole a baby.

A baby named Dana.

I'm sorry if the copies are hard to read.

I hid the originals in a safe place.

It seemed like a reasonable precaution, since you murdered Martha and all.

Would you like a cookie?

Suit yourself.

Now, I have a little proposition for you.

These are the fantasies of a bored, lonely woman. They prove nothing.

The only reason the police haven't caught you yet

is because they have no reason to suspect you.

But once they find out that Martha was blackmailing Angela --sorry, Mary Alice--

What it is you want?

The same thing you want.

For you to leave town, change your name

and start your life over again somewhere far away from here.

If you're so sure of yourself, why don't you just turn me in?

Because Zach would never forgive me.

And it's important that we be on good terms,

seeing as how he's going to be living with me now.

What?

You're bad as a parent.

You're about to become a fugitive. Is that the kind of life you want for your son?

The two of you spending every night in a different town?

No. You're a better father than that.

I can't just leave him.

You stole him so that he could have a better life.

That was a noble act, Paul. Truly.

And it's time for you to be noble again.

Can I at least say goodbye?

Did you allow me to say goodbye to Martha?

Oh, hi. I'm looking for Kendra Taylor.

I'm sorry, you're going to have to leave.

Oh. You don't understand. See, I can't just drive away.

Please, back in the car!

Look, um-- Bob. Let me try to explain.

In the car!

See, this is maybe my last chance to find out if I can be with the man I love.

Ma'am-- - And Bob,

I can't begin to tell you how much that means to me!

So I'm going to walk up to that house, and you're going to let me.

And you know why?

Because behind that badge and that big you-could-crush-me-like-a-fly chest,

there's the heart.

A heart that believes in love.

Just get in the damn car!

It's not my fault you don't have love in your life!

Susan?

Hi, Kendra.

And despite the evidence, despite all that's been laid out in front of me,

I just can't help thinking there's more to the story.

Does that sound stupid?

No, no. Of course not.

Unfortunately, you've got the whole story right here.

Look, Mike's lawyer will probably get self-defense, and if that's the case--

Delfino sold black tar heroin to my daughter.

He killed the cop who tried to bust him, got convicted and did his time.

End of story. - Dad--

She deserves to hear the truth, however awful.

I'm sorry, Ms. Mayer. I really am.

I appreciate you talking to me.

What the hell was that?

If she knew the truth, she'd go running back to him.

She might talk him out of doing this job.

I can't risk that. Just don't have the time.

Quick. Drive around the corner.

We need to talk.

What do you think, Rex?

I'll choose greens. That'll work whether Gabrielle has a boy or a girl.

That's great.

What's the matter? You've been mopey all day.

I'm sorry. I'm just worried about the test results.

If they don't find out what's wrong with me soon, I'll lose my mind.

Oh honey.

You must get tired of hearing me complain. - No.

No, not at all.

I think that we should talk about it.

In fact, I think maybe we don't talk enough.

Yeah, I guess.

Why don't we start doing things together again as a couple?

Mhm.

I think that as soon as you're well enough, we should go on a vacation.

Take a trip, go somewhere fun.

Remember our trip to Italy?

Yeah, sort of. - Sort of?

You don't remember the glorious food and the gorgeous scenery and--

What I remember is sweating like a pig

and wishing we hadn't spent all our savings.

So where would you like to go?

It doesn't matter. You decide.

Michael wasn't a drug dealer. - What?

Deirdre was.

Mike-- he kicked the habit earlier on.

But Deirdre couldn't -- or didn't want to, I don't know.

Anyway, she spiralled out of control and was in and out of jail.

One day, an undercover cop caught her using.

And he forced her to trade sex for freedom.

Mike found out about it, and he tried to put a stop to it.

He busted in on the two of them. He--

The cop pulled a gun on him, and Mike fought him off.

But they both went over a balcony.

Mike was the only one that got back up.

It was self-defense.

Yeah.

Mike went to jail, trying to save my sister.

But he couldn't.

I knew he was good.

I just knew it.

Thank you.

The vow is simple, really.

Those who take it promise "to stay together, for better or for worse,

"for richer or for poorer,

"in sickness and in health,

"to honor and to cherish,

"forsaking all others

"until death do us part."

Yes, the vow is simple.

Finding someone worthy of such a promise is the hard part.

But if we can,

that's when we begin to live happily ever after.