My electronic monitoring device.

I'm on house arrest. It's a condition of my bail.

Investigations began.

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

There's this plumber I know.

Boundaries were pushed.

Bree, you are not going to regret taking this journey with me.

And the news...

So Peterson called me into his office today.

Went from bad...

He changed his mind. He's going to hold that promotion for Duggan.

To worse.

I'm pregnant, and it might be yours.

Edie Britt's favorite moment of every day was her arrival at the construction site of her new home,

because she knew what was about to happen.

Her sudden appearance was always sure to generate a few appreciative glances,

a few appreciative glances, a few lascivious looks, and some downright ogling.

Sadly for Edie, the one man she wanted most to notice her...

paid her no attention at all.

Yes, Edie needed attention to feel good about herself,

and she was determined to get it.

Ms. Britt, you look extra beautiful today.

Oh, Cyrus, you're so sweet.

So anyhow, I -- I was wondering if, uh...

maybe I could, uh... take you out to dinner sometime.

Oh, honey...

you are so far out of your league that you're playing a completely different sport.

Hey there.

Well, hey, Edie. What's up?

Nice ensemble. You busy?

Ha ha. No, not really.

Oh, good.

I bought a bunch of fresh doughnuts for my construction workers, and as you can see,

bought a few too many, so I thought maybe you and I could --

Susan.

Hey there, Edie.

Wh-- what are you --

Mike and I got back together.

Ha ha. Super.

I knew you'd be happy for us. So what's going on?

Uh, Edie was just about to --

Free doughnuts. Want 'em or not?

How sweet. Thanks.

Why don't you go put these on a plate?

Oh, and save me one with sprinkles.

I cannot believe you are still coming on to him.

You said you two were finished.

You thought he was a murderer.

And that was your cue to come over and flirt?

You wasted your time and your doughnuts.

Not if you choke on them.

Well, thanks, Edie. The doughnuts look great.

A pleasure. See ya.

You know, I'm going to run home and get some milk to go with those doughnuts.

Hey, you know, it's -- it's a shame you got to keep running back and forth.

Well, I can't have doughnuts and juice. It's unnatural.

No, I mean... we should move in together.

Come on. What do you say?

Oh. Um... I-I say, um, oh.

Um... hold that thought.

Edie! Edie! Stop!

Oh, hang on!

What now?

Oh, I was just rude back there, gloating and everything, and I apologize.

Well, thank you, Susan. That's very big of you.

And on a completely unrelated topic,

Mike and I are moving in together. See ya.

Yes, Edie Britt needed the attention of men to feel good about herself.

Hey, Cyrus. You have lunch plans?

No.

And even she was amazed at how far she was willing to go to get it.

Ellsburg hotel -- half an hour.

Welcome to the majors.

<font color=F93A86>Desperate Housewives

<font color=F746ED>Teri Hatcher <font color=FF00AA>(as Susan Mayer)

<font color=F746ED>Felicity Huffman <font color=FF00AA>(as Lynette Scavo)

<font color=F746ED>Marcia Cross <font color=FF00AA>(as Bree Van De Kamp)

<font color=F746ED>Eva Longoria <font color=FF00AA>(as Gabrielle Solis)

<font color=F746ED>Nicolette Sheridan <font color=FF00AA>(as Edie Britt)

<font color=F746ED>Steven Culp <font color=FF00AA>(as Rex Van De Kamp)

<font color=F746ED>Ricardo Antonio Chavira <font color=FF00AA>(as Carlos Solis)

<font color=F746ED>Mark Moses <font color=FF00AA>(as Paul Young)

<font color=F746ED>Andrea Bowen <font color=FF00AA>(as Julie Mayer)

<font color=F746ED>Jesse Metcalfe <font color=FF00AA>(as John Rowland)

<font color=F746ED>Cody Kasch <font color=FF00AA>(as Zack Young)

<font color=F746ED>Brenda Strong <font color=FF00AA>(as Mary Alice Young)

<font color=F746ED>James Denton <font color=FF00AA>(as Mike Delfino)

<font color=F62B97>Episode 22 : Goodbye For Now

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Mullins were finally leaving Wisteria Lane.

In the past year, their street had played host to arson,

violence, blackmail, and murder.

Fearing they, too, would be infected by this moral decay,

the Mullins felt it was time to say goodbye.

Strangely enough, none of their neighbors seemed to notice they were moving out.

Hey.

I thought you might be thirsty.

Nah, I'm good.

So how's your roommate doing?

He's hanging in there.

Yeah, well, I had to, um...

tell him some news that was -- it was a little bit upsetting for him.

No kidding.

Excuse me?

Where do you get off telling John he's not good enough to raise a child?

That kid could be his.

It is a complicated situation.

It seems pretty simple to me.

You're an unfeeling bitch.

Why'd you hit the lawn boy?

Oh.

Well, if you saw what he did to our begonias, you'd slap him, too.

I can't tell from -- from this. I can't tell anything.

Hey.

Hey, Lynette. What -- what are you doing here? What's this?

You told me Duggan's coming back to work today.

I thought I'd do something special for him.

Uh-huh, and this wouldn't have anything to do with you checking up on me and Annabel.

What?

Yesterday, you brought by pictures of the kids.

The day before that, you brought me soup.

Lynette, honey... it's got to stop.

Tom...

I don't care about you working with Annabel. I told you that.

This is for Duggan. He had a heart attack.

I don't care about Annabel.

Hey, Lynette.

Huh. Speak of the devil.

And I mean that.

Well, you're becoming a regular fixture around here, aren't ya?

Oh, yeah, I wanted to do something nice for Duggan.

I suppose filling his bloodstream with butterfat might be considered nice.

Actually, it's fruit juice-sweetened.

Can I cut you?

A piece.

Everyone, I need to see you right now.

Okay, listen up.

I just spoke with Tim Duggan's wife,

and it looks like he's not going to be returning to work after all.

It seems that he had a relapse last night,

which, unfortunately, puts us in a very tight spot,

but we're going to work together as a team and do what we need to do.

So, Jerry, you're taking the hollister account.

Suzanne, you're covering faraday springs,

and, Annabel, I want you to take the lead on the travelers hotel chain.

You're leaving for Hawaii in three days.

I can't handle travelers by myself, especially not if they're moving into print.

Well, choose someone to take with you.

Oh, okay. Um...

I choose... Tom.

Well, let's see -- I've beaten you at bridge and mah-jongg and hearts.

This is your last chance to redeem yourself.

Stop it. You're going to make me laugh.

Okay. Okay, I'll be good.

Miss it. Miss it. Miss it.

- Bree. - Ha ha. Come on.

I don't have to psych you out.

Okay, time's up. Take your best shot.

I'm not ready yet.

Hurry up. There are people waiting.

One more minute.

Come on. Take your best --

Don't do that.

George... do you have an erection?

I'm sorry.

- What on earth... - you were blowing on my ear.

- I was teasing you. - Exactly.

You have got to get rid of it. There are children present.

How?

I don't know. Um, um... think of something unpleasant.

Like what?

Like famine or disease or hobos.

Whatever. Just hurry.

Look, you can't be mad about it.

It's not something men can control.

I kept this friendship going because I thought Rex's dislike of you was paranoid,

but you had feelings for me all along.

God, this is just such a betrayal.

Come on, Bree.

The only thing I am guilty of is loving you in silence.

Well, you shouldn't be doing that.

In case you've forgotten, I'm married.

To a selfish 2-faced liar who betrayed you with a hooker.

I told you that in confidence.

How dare you throw it back in my face?

So you're ending our friendship after everything I've done for you?

What is that supposed to mean?

Nothing. It didn't --

it didn't mean anything.

Oh, George. I do love you -- as a friend.

I wish you could love me the same way back, but since you can't...

goodbye.

Later that day, Edie Britt witnessed something disturbing.

Something she was determined to put a stop to.

So is Susan coming?

She said she might be a little late.

They've already started moving a few of Mike's things over to her house.

Already? Wow. Good for her.

Yeah, it's nice to see Susan so happy again.

Yeah, I'm happy for Susan.

But don't you think she and Mike are moving a little fast?

I mean, two days ago, she was thinking he was a murderer,

and now she's moving in with him?

Mm, she found out it was in self-defense.

I think they've cleared everything up.

Yeah, good point. Mike's a decent guy.

Yeah, that's true.

Of course, there was the gunshot wound.

That's right. Did he ever explain that?

No, and I know guns, and that wound was not self-inflicted.

Mm. Mm.

And then what about Mrs. Huber's bloodstained jewelry?

Yeah, that didn't walk into Mike's garage by itself.

Maybe this is a mistake.

You know, if there's one thing I've learned -- men can't be trusted.

Hold it.

Are you saying that we should put a stop to this?

Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt to sit her down and share our concerns.

Yeah, we could do that.

Yeah.

Edie, do you want to be a part of it?

Well, normally I prefer not to get involved.

But... if there's any way that I could help Susan...

- uh, we need to talk. - Okay.

Uh, when I was packing up your stuff in your bedroom, I found a box of bullets.

Oh.

Look, I feel really bad about Dierdre,

and I know that you must want to find out who killed her,

but if we're going to move in together, we can't have this stuff hanging over us.

You've got to get rid of it -- all of it.

The file, the map, the gun.

Especially the gun -- and leave this to the police.

They're the professionals.

What can I say? Um...

it seems like a reasonable request.

Oh. Ha ha.

Really? Well, that was easy.

Uh, maybe after lunch, we could talk about your leather beanbag chair.

<font color=lightgreen>"I realize now that I've treated you badly."

<font color=lightgreen>"I'm the one who needs to get help, not you."

<font color=lightgreen>"So I have to go away for a while."

<font color=lightgreen>"In the meantime, Mrs. Tilman will look out for you."

I don't consider it a burden.

You know you're welcome here.

<font color=lightgreen>"I've left you some things." "I hope you can take comfort in them."

<font color=lightgreen>"I got you a new mitt. Work on your curve ball while I'm gone."

<font color=lightgreen>"I love you. Dad."

I-I don't understand.

Why wouldn't he come see me?

Why just run away?

Your father's been very troubled, dear.

I'm sure he did what he felt was best for you.

And he wants me to take comfort in this junk?

I hate baseball! You'd think he would know that!

Zach.

<font color=lightgreen>Zach, I didn't leave you, meet me at the baseball field, Thursday at midnight. Dad.

Susan's coming.

Okay.

Okay, guys, um, interventions are never pretty,

so stay strong, 'cause she's probably going to cry.

Bon jour.

Oh, hi.

I-I didn't know that the cooking lesson was going to be a group activity.

Well, the more the merrier, right?

As long as nobody makes fun of my lousy crepes.

Ha ha ha ha.

How come I'm the only one wearing an apron?

I know it seems like we're ganging up on you,

but you were moving so fast, we thought a sort of... intervention was necessary.

I know it's tough to hear.

None of us wanted to do this.

I appreciate what you guys are trying to do, I really do.

Um... I'm not going to change my mind.

In my life, I have been hurt a lot.

Karl and, uh...

well, it's just taught me to be cynical

and expect the absolute worst from people.

And I don't want to live like that anymore,

and when Mike asked me to move in with him...

I was just happy. You know, just ridiculously happy.

I mean, I still am,

and I want to go with that feeling.

I love him, and -- I love him.

So I'm going to expect the best from Mike,

and I know that he is going to deliver that in return.

- Okay? - Honey...

- Okay. - That was so beautiful. Okay.

This is the worst intervention I've ever been to.

This is fun.

It's forever since we had lunch.

Well, as happy as I am to see you,

I actually have an agenda.

I ran into someone last week who said you guys are looking to hire.

Is that true?

Yeah.

Are you thinking of coming back?

Because say the word, and I --

No, no, not me.

I was actually thinking more about Tom.

Oh. Tom.

Yeah, he's been thinking about making a move for a while.

He kind of feels like he's done everything he can where he is now.

Ah.

Well, Tom's certainly solid.

He's more than solid.

Tom's ideas are spectacular, he's passionate about his work,

his visual instincts are off the chart.

Is he as good as you?

He's apples. I'm oranges.

We excel in different areas.

Trust me -- you should give Tom a look.

I don't need apples.

I need someone like you.

Cutthroat. Ruthless.

Oh, jeez, Nat, you make me sound like some kind of shark.

Ah. Okay.

You know, actually... if that's the kind of exec you're looking for...

You've got a shark for me?

Yes. A very pretty shark.

So here's what I'm thinking.

I'm going to see if Dr. Morrison at the lipstone clinic can come in and consult.

You want to bring someone else in?

Your body isn't responding to the medication the way it should.

And the tests we've run have all come back negative,

so I -- I just want to be on the safe side.

Would you excuse me? I need to take this.

I don't know why, but I have this overwhelming feeling

that you're going to be just fine. I really do.

Lee Craig has the biggest ego of any doctor I know.

If he wants to consult with someone, that mean she's stumped...

which means I'm screwed.

- Don't say that. - Damn it, Bree,

do you understand what's going on here?

I could die.

So could I.

What?

I could walk across the street tomorrow and be hit by a car.

What in god's name is your point?

All I'm saying is that we're both going to die eventually,

and in the time that we have left, whether it's two days or two decades,

I think that we should be nice to each other.

You're right.

Um, Ms. Tilman,

Paul young's been missing the last couple of days.

Have you seen him?

Why ask me?

Well, I saw him leave a box on your doorstep,

and I've also seen Zach over here.

If I did know where Mr. Young was, why would I tell you?

Look, um... the police think I killed your sister, and I'm sure you do, too,

but I swear to you, I had nothing to do with it.

And you think Paul Young did.

Well... no, uh, that's not what I was saying.

You got to admit, it's a neat theory.

Care for a snack?

And so it's not such a stretch to wonder

if Paul avenged his wife's death by killing Martha for blackmailing them.

But perhaps I'm alone in that.

You're not.

Aren't you sweet.

Tea?

Thanks.

Do these journals say anything about why your sister was blackmailing the Youngs?

Not specifically.

But I got the definite impression that it involved a murder, and...

now here you are saying your friend was murdered.

Any reason you haven't shown these to the police?

Are you in favor of the death penalty?

Um... yeah.

So am I.

We had it in Utah.

Not in this state, though.

A shame.

Don't you agree?

Yeah, I do.

I like you so much, Mr. Delfino.

Do you know where Paul Young is?

I'm afraid not.

But I know where he'll be on Thursday night.

That afternoon while retrieving her mail,

Gabrielle was surprised to finally learn the truth behind her pregnancy.

Very surprised.

Hey, babe, you want to go online and check out strollers?

What's going on?

I just want to say goodbye, because I'm leaving you.

What?

See, our health insurance sent us a letter

because someone ordered a year's worth of my birth control pills.

And apparently, our policy doesn't cover drugs bought by the kilo.

I told you it was mama.

The prescription was dated, Carlos,

and Juanita was in a coma when this claim was filed.

You did this, not your mother.

At least be man enough to own up to it. She would have been.

- Gabrielle, stop. - Unh, unh, unh, pregnant, caveman.

Remember?

- Where are you going? - Away.

I'm going to jail.

I'll be gone tomorrow.

I know. That's why I only packed one bag.

What about the baby, Gabrielle, huh?

What about my baby?

Oh, your baby?

Fine -- our baby.

Hey, we're a family now.

This baby needs its mother and its father.

Oh, Carlos.

Whoever said you were the father?

Hey.

Hey.

Hey! What the hell are you doing?

Damn felon!

<font color=lightgreen>All units, code d-1630, suspect is a violation of house arrest.

<font color=lightgreen>Currently heading Weston Parker Boulevard.

Uh, this is unit 14. We're on our way.

Looks like the fed shave a runner.

Let's go.

Is John here?

If I say no, are you going to slap me again?

He's working. Why?

I just left my husband.

Hang on.

You think just because you mow my lawn you can bang my wife?

Stop!

Hey, hey, hey! Get up!

Hey. What's going on?

Oh, Tom, I have had the craziest day.

This morning, the guys from Mitchell and Kerns call me in.

They offer me a job.

A-are you going to take it?

Well, I told Peterson about it. He just upped their offer.

He just made me vice-president.

Of what?

Tom -- the firm.

He gave me Duggan's old job. Isn't that wild?

I got to go tell Scotty. I'll see you later.

Oh, Tom, I was just coming to find you.

What the hell, Dan?

I mean, wh-what the hell?

Y-you promoted Annabel over me?

She got another job offer. I couldn't afford to lose her, not now.

Well, guess what -- you lose me.

'Cause I quit.

Tom, don't overreact.

No, the first time you passed me by,

I took it like a good soldier,

but since Duggan's heart attack, I have already been doing the job.

I have been doing it, and then you just hand it to Annabel?

Okay. You made your point.

No, you make crappy decision son a daily basis, Dan,

I got to tell you, but this one -- this is the stupidest.

Hey, watch yourself.

You have been running this company into the ground since you got here.

Way I see it, I'm getting out easy.

All right, Scavo, you want to know why I gave that promotion to Annabel?

Why she got the nod instead of you?

It was Lynette.

What?

She went to my wife and begged her to get me to kill your promotion.

She said that if you start traveling more, it's going to hurt your family.

She did that.

Now I feel like a chump for trying to help you guys out.

I guess it was another one of my crappy decisions.

Have your desk cleaned out by tonight.

You ready to tell us what you got against this kid?

It's between him and me -- and my wife.

Is that what this is about -- you doing his wife?

No. I'm gay.

You're gay?

- What?! - I'm gay.

Oh, this is not happening again.

What do you mean, "again"?

I want a lawyer.

George.

Hi. What are you doing here?

I'm shopping, obviously.

Why are you shopping here? You live on the other side of town.

My friend had an operation, and I'm buying her some things.

Oh. Well, that's very nice of you.

Wait, Bree.

I have to tell you something.

Well?

You need to tell Rex to be more discreet when it comes to discussing your love life.

I'm sorry?

I don't want to say anything more.

You just really need to tell him that.

Wait. Wait a minute.

What in the world are you talking about?

I was at the hospital visiting my friend who had had this operation,

and I overheard two doctors talking about Rex's fondness for... S&M?

You heard that?

Apparently, he told them he has A... box of toys,

and he gets you to do... very inappropriate things.

I see.

Bree, this is clearly none of my business, and I would have never brought this up,

but to hear those two men laughing about you...

I just thought you should know.

Oh, thank you for telling me, but I think, um, I got to go.

Hey, I got some more boxes.

That's your answer to everything these days.

So what do you think we should do for dinner?

Oh, I, uh, I can't.

I just got an emergency phone call -- busted water main.

Okay. I'll keep it warm for you.

I'm, uh, afraid I'm going to be too late for dinner.

I wasn't talking about dinner.

Need some help?

Uh, no. No, I got it. Um... I got it.

So if you have a plumbing emergency, shouldn't you get going?

Um, they've already got somebody on it.

I'm just part of the relief crew.

Oh. Well, I'll just get back to work.

Mom, stalking?

Are we really doing this?

You just made such a huge deal to your friends about how much you trust him now.

Well, that was before I found Mrs. Huber's journal in his truck.

So what's in it?

It's not about what's in it.

It's about the fact that he had it at all.

I would bet you anything he is not going on a plumbing job,

and we're going to find out.

Mom... if you don't trust him, why are you moving in with him?

I don't have time to explain adult relationships to you.

Oh, duck down.

I think you lost him.

He's six cars up.

We have to stay this far back or he'll see us.

Okay, great, but we can't see him, either.

I got to tell you, mom, you're not great at this.

Oh, yeah? When your father was cheating on me,

I used to follow him all the time. I know my stuff.

There he is.

What's Mike doing?

Who's that he's pulling up to?

I don't know, but I'm going to find out.

Wait here.

And lock the doors.

All right, what the hell are you up to? Oh, my god.

Wow, um... okay. Oh, wow.

Uh... bye.

Was that your wife?

If that was my wife, do you think I'd be here with you?

It wasn't Mike, was it?

No. No, it wasn't.

They're charging you with a hate crime?

You remember when our cable guy was beaten up?

That was me.

I thought you were cheating with him.

With our gay cable guy?

I didn't know he was gay.

And I didn't know Justin was, either.

Now the cops think I'm some kind of serial gay-basher.

Well, you sort of are.

Well, you provoked me.

You were pretending to have an affair just to punish me.

Well... obviously.

So now I need you to lie again.

I need you to tell the cops you were having an affair,

and that I just beat up the wrong guy.

Guys.

I am not lying for you, Carlos.

Gabby, if this charge sticks, I get sent away for eight years.

Am I supposed to be impressed?

Because of your little stunt with my birth control pills,

I've lost my freedom for the next 18 years.

Gabby... please don't do this.

Gabby. Don't walk away.

Gabby!

Okay, next time, I won't bring my daughter to stalk my boyfriend.

It was a slight error in judgment.

Honey, please don't give me the silent treatment.

I'm not.

Did you say you read this?

Yeah, part of it. Why?

Mrs. Huber was blackmailing Zach's mom.

Zach?

What are you doing up?

I couldn't sleep, so I was just...

sitting here thinking.

About what?

You really want to know?

Bree... I'm not feeling too hot right now, so just tell me.

What's up?

I was thinking that the biggest mistake of my entire life was agreeing to marry you.

Let me guess. I've done something wrong.

Forcing me to share in your depraved pastime wasn't bad enough,

you had to share my humiliation with your coworkers?

What?

Rex, everybody is talking about our sex life.

Every sordid little detail, right down to that box of perversions you keep in the closet.

Bree, I-I never said anything to anyone, I swear to god.

- You're a liar. - Who told you this?

Doesn't matter.

It does matter, because I never said anything.

Well, then, how do people know?

Because we both know that I wouldn't say anything.

Well, why would I tell people about what we do in bed?

I don't know, Rex. Maybe you were bragging.

Or maybe you just subconsciously wanted to hurt me.

Well, congratulations. You did it.

I am officially destroyed.

- I didn't say anything. - I don't believe you.

Oh.

Ohh.

Rex?

What? What is it?

I think I'm having a heart attack.

No, you're not.

Bree, you're going to have to take me to the hospital.

Um... all right.

You, uh, go downstairs, and, um...

I will be -- I'll be right there.

Daddy?

What are you doing?

I'm waiting for your mother to take me to the emergency room.

What's wrong?

I'm having a heart attack.

Oh, my god. Where is she?

That's a good question.

Daddy says he's having a heart attack.

I know. I'm going to take him to the hospital.

Well, when?

When I finish making the bed.

What?

I never leave the house with an unmade bed. You know that.

But daddy needs to go to the hospital.

There. Now we can go.

Nothing is forever,

and the time comes when we all must say goodbye to the world we knew.

Goodbye to everything we had taken for granted.

Goodbye to those we thought would never abandon us.

And when these changes finally do occur...

when the familiar has departed

and the unfamiliar has taken its place...

all any of us can really do is to say hello...

and welcome.