There is a motive to every mystery...

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

I think I'm having a heart attack.

Evidence of every crime...

They're charging you with a hate crime?

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.

And an answer to every question.

Gabby, the woman killed herself.

Something must have been going on.

All you have to do is take a closer look.

#NAME?

She was all chopped up.

And eventually, every secret...

Do you know where Paul Young is?

I know where he'll be on Thursday night.

Will be revealed.

Mary Alice was being blackmailed?

Oh, Mary Alice, what did you do?

My name is Mary Alice young, and before I died,

my life was filled with love, laughter, friendship, and, sadly... secrets.

The secrets had begun 15 years earlier, when my name was Angela Forrest,

and I was living a life of quiet desperation.

I'd feel it every morning as I made breakfast for my husband.

If you could stop by the market today, that would be great.

I'm out of shaving cream.

And during the errands I ran in the afternoons.

So Friday's double coupon day.

You'll save a bunch if you come on Fridays.

Even at my work every evening.

What a lovely calendar. Was this taken around here?

Oh, no. That's way out in Fairview.

I have family there. Isn't it idyllic?

Here, Angela. You can file this.

To me, each day was gray and meaningless.

And then one night, suddenly...

Hey, Angela?

There was color.

Deirdre. What are you doing here?

I need some money.

Deirdre, here.

You're using again, aren't you?

No, I just, um...

I just got to get some food for my baby and some other stuff.

Well, if the baby's hungry, we can go to the market, and I'll buy food.

I-I can shop for my own baby, okay?

Quiet. I can't think.

See this watch? It's worth a lot.

I'll give it to you for 50 bucks.

She's not giving you money.

Do you mind?

Angela, you're the only one at rehab who treated me like a person.

Okay, please, please don't stop now.

I'm sorry.

I'll sell you my baby.

What?

I heard you talking, and I know you can't have your own.

It's been killing you.

I think it's time that you left.

No, I-I'm thinking about Dana. You'll give him a good home.

Okay? He'll be better off.

Okay, shh. Quiet, quiet.

Honey.

How much money do you keep in the house?

She has a 10-month-old baby. Where the hell is it?

I don't know.

If we'd seen a kid, we certainly wouldn't have left it sitting in the middle of a crack house.

If anything happens to that child, I will have your badge.

Just let me do my job, huh?

We'll post an officer at the junkie's bedside.

If she wakes up, we'll let her tell us where she left her kid.

I really do hope you folks will be happy here in Fairview.

Thank you.

And we were.

Wave bye, Zach. Wave bye-bye.

We were as happy as any family could be.

Until one night... three years later...

When there was a knock at our door...

and I was desperate once again.

<font color=F93A86>Desperate Housewives

<font color=F62B97>Episode 23 : One Wonderful Day

It was 5:00 in the morning on Wisteria Lane when the phone calls started.

Of course, each of them knew something was wrong from that first ring.

Hello?

After all, it's one of the unwritten rules of suburbia...

Hello?

Don't call the neighbors in the middle of the night...

Unless the news is bad.

Hello?

And so they came with their uncombed hair and their unmade faces.

They came because... after all these years...

Bree.

They were no longer just neighbors.

What are you doing here?

We heard Rex had a heart attack. How is he?

Um... he's stable,

but, um, they have to put in a pacemaker, so they're going to need to operate.

How did you guys know?

Danielle called.

So how are you doing?

We were having a fight when he had the heart attack,

and I'm just feeling really guilty, because I should have gotten him here sooner --

Honey, the doctors here are great.

Yeah, and he's so young, he's going to bounce right back.

I'm sure you have nothing to worry about.

You know what?

I am so happy that you guys came here, I really am,

but I am trying really hard to be strong, so if you keep comforting me...

- You're going to lose it? - Mm-hmm.

Then we won't comfort.

Thank you.

We're just going to talk about non-crisis things.

Oh, I know.

Uh... I found Mrs. Huber's journal in some of Mike's stuff,

and I think she knew Mary Alice's secret and was blackmailing her.

Yep, that'll do it.

Zachary! Come back here, please.

Your father told you he would be gone for a while.

He said you should let me look after you.

I will be fine by myself. I am not a child.

I know you're not a child, but I think we should discuss this.

I'm fine, really.

Why should you fend for yourself when you can just come home with me?

Let me shoulder the burden.

It would really be my pleasure --

Stop! What kind of freak are you?

Just leave me alone, all right? You are not my mother!

I told you that I am fine.

Now stop acting like my mother and go home.

I wish it were that easy, Zachary, for your sake,

but it's not.

Your father's not coming back.

He said that he was.

He lied.

I wanted to spare you this, but...

your father and I discussed it, and...

he decided that he shouldn't come back.

Now, get your bag, and let's go home.

I'm going to make you some pudding.

What did you do to my dad?

Aah!

Tell me!

Mrs. Applewhite?

Yes?

Hi. I'm Edie Britt.

The realtor that helped you buy this house?

Oh, of course. Hi.

Hi. I've been so curious to meet you.

Really? Why?

It's just that I've never sold a house over the phone before.

You were awfully brave, buying the place sight unseen.

Not really.

We could tell from the advertisement it was just what we were looking for.

This is my son Matthew.

It's nice to meet you, ma'am.

Please. Call me Edie.

Ma'am's for... middle-aged women.

Like her.

You can call her ma'am anytime you want.

So are you two finding everything okay?

Because we didn't do our realtor's walk-through.

Everything is fine.

Oh, honey, escrow's closed.

Now I can show you where to put the buckets when the rain comes.

Edie, the house is fine.

But how lovely of you to stop by.

O...kay.

Here is my card.

Call anytime you want.

Bye.

People are very friendly in this neighborhood.

Yes. Yes, they are.

Mike, hi, sweetie. I hope the job's going well.

Um, so I hope you're not mad,

but I found Mrs. Huber's journal in your truck,

and, well, I couldn't exactly not read it, so I did,

and, um, I know all about the blackmail, so call me. We'll talk.

Love you. Bye.

I haven't heard back, and I was getting a little concerned.

The girls and I were talking,

and, well, we think that maybe Paul Young killed Mrs. Huber,

and if he did, then maybe he killed your old girlfriend, too,

so we should really talk about this, so call me.

I love you. Bye.

I thought the whole point of having a cell phone was so someone could reach you

when they needed to talk.

How can we move forward as a couple if you won't communicate with me?

Mike, I need you to call me back. I mean it.

Love you. Bye.

I'm so sorry for that last phone call.

Um, let's just say it was the worry talking.

I just really need to talk to you, and...

Can you hang on? I got another call.

- Hello? - Hey, it's me.

Oh, my god. Where have you been?

Uh, the reception's pretty lousy up here, but I got your messages.

Well, I'm really sorry for that last message.

I was just, uh...

Stressed out?

Yes. Let's call it stressed out.

Uh... so how did you get Martha Huber's journal?

Oh, um, her sister Mrs. Tilman gave it to me.

She was helping me with my search.

I just really think we need to give it to the police.

Uh, yeah. Yeah, absolutely.

#NAME?

As soon as I get through with this job,

we'll make an appointment with that detective -- what's his name -- uh, Copeland.

Great. That's great.

All right, so I'll, uh, see you in a few hours.

Okay. Hurry, though.

I just have a feeling that Paul Young is in the middle of all of this.

Well, let's not rush to judgment.

What are you doing here?

I'm here to testify for you, Carlos.

- Can you take those off? - Yes, ma'am.

There's no way I'm dressing him.

Gabby, thank god you're doing this.

Beating up a second gay guy?

It looks bad.

Yes, well, Carlos, in some circles,

beating people up at all is frowned upon.

So why'd you change your mind?

Well, I'm about to be the mother of your child,

which means a lot of responsibility and little time for myself.

So if I'm going to get you out of this mess, you have to reciprocate.

Okay.

When the baby cries in the middle of the night,

you're going to get up without saying one word.

Doctors' appointments -- you're driving.

I'm not putting a car seat in my maserati.

Okay.

And you will also be on bottle duty.

That means washing, sterilizing, and filling.

That way I'll have some semblance of a life,

and then maybe I won't hate you so much.

All right, there we go.

So we're good?

See you in court.

Hey, gabby?

Aren't we breast-feeding?

Oh, honey, if you can swing that one, more power to you.

Can I buy my own pizza?

Uh, you can, honey, if you can pay for it.

Whoo!

Yeah, that is 19, 19, 19-zip. Bring it.

Just stay here with Penny for a second, okay?

Tom.

Yes! In your face! That is 20-zip, game out.

Tom, what are you doing?

I'm playing air hockey. What's it look like?

Kevin, you're up.

Well, it's the middle of the day, and shouldn't you be at work?

Mm, no. I quit.

You did not.

Yes.

Yesterday. I told Peterson he could stick it.

Boom! You're not bringing it, Kevin. Bring it.

Could you talk to me for a second? I don't understand.

What?

You asked Peterson's wife to make sure he wouldn't promote me.

So he gives a huge promotion to Annabel, so I quit.

What don't you understand?

Okay. Okay.

Could we go home and talk about this, please?

No, we can't.

Serve it up, meat.

You're just going to... stay here and play games all day?

No, I'm going to go and get some ice cream,

and then I'm going to go up to the lake, maybe rent a boat,

do whatever it is I feel like --

god!

Gotcha!

Tom.

Go home, Lynette.

Go home before I say something I regret. Go home.

All right, you.

You score this next point, you get your bike back.

What are you thinking about?

Oh, I was just, um...

thinking that I need to start spring cleaning.

You haven't done that yet?

No, and I need to clean out our rain gutters,

and, uh, beneath the refrigerator, and...

I can't tell you how long it's been since I've replaced the shelf liner, so...

Then you'll finish off with our wedding silver.

How did you know that?

See, all those years, you didn't think I was paying attention.

But I was.

And do you know why I save it for last?

No.

Because it makes me think of my aunt fern.

On the day we got married, I told her how happy I was,

and she told me that even during bad times to always remember

that the best was yet to come.

And so as I polish it,

I think about you and the kids and our life and how right she was.

They're going to operate on me.

I know.

I'm going to say some stuff just in case.

Rex, you don't have to say anything.

I'm sorry... for everything I did.

The moving out... the infidelity, the sex stuff...

It doesn't matter.

From here on in, can we just say that we're even?

Okay.

Thanks.

And for the record...

you are going to come through this operation just fine.

How can you be so sure?

Because I told you -- the best is yet to come.

So I'll see you Sunday.

Don't forget to feed bongo.

Oh, thanks. I'll go do that now.

Go on in the car, sweetie.

I have to talk to your mom real quick.

So you're going to go live in sin with the plumber/ex-con?

It's funny you should mention sin.

I think adultery still falls in that category.

I-I don't like the idea of this guy being around Julie 24/7.

He's a good person.

Mike's cool, dad.

He cares about us a lot, and I like having him around.

So don't mess this up.

You heard the girl.

He's still a plumber.

Now, you be a good boy, bongo,

or you're going to go to bed hungry.

Hi, Ms. Mayer.

Can you sit down, please?

I'm just going to go get some water.

I'd rather you didn't.

Don't answer it.

I know you're in there, Susan.

I can see you.

If you don't want to talk to me, fine.

At least have the courtesy to hide.

All right, but don't let her in.

Edie, what a pleasant surprise.

Right. Is Mike home?

No, he's on a big plumbing job. What's up?

Can I come in?

Why?

I'm warning all the neighbors. Felicia Tilman was attacked.

She was?

At the Young house. They just took her away in ambulance.

I'm totally freaked out.

My guys haven't shown up at the job site yet.

I'm over there all alone.

So do you think maybe I could just come in and hang out for a while?

<font color=lightgreen>Zach is sticking a gun at me.

Stick it up my...what?

Just get the hell out of here.

God, you are such a bitch.

Why?

I asked Mrs. Tilman to tell me the truth about my father.

She did.

What'd she say?

Mr. Delfino took my dad away to kill him.

Now I'm going to kill Mr. Delfino.

Your honor, this whole mess is just a result of my loneliness.

My marriage is a bit strained,

and after Carlos was convicted --

No one's been convicted yet, Mrs. solis.

This is just a grand jury hearing.

Oh, no, no, I'm talking about his other crime.

Oh. right. Go ahead.

Any ways, he was placed under house arrest,

and he being the jealous man that he is,

got a little crazy every time I left the house.

He knows how men look at me, and, well, I-I didn't exactly ease his mind.

I... falsely led him to believe I was having an affair.

And -- and before Carlos's house arrest,

he was always working, and he was never with me.

I thought that maybe if he believed I was having an affair,

he would realize he loved me.

and I know it sounds stupid, I do. I just --

Is there a point to this?

My point is that Carlos is an angry, jealous Neanderthal.

But he's not a gay-basher.

All right, I've heard enough. counsel, approach.

I got to be honest, I don't think we have a hate crime here.

Just so you know, you beat up the wrong guy.

Didn't you think it was strange that you were the only lawn on Wisteria Lane

that needed to be mowed three times a week?

You are so dead.

You are so dead. You are dead!

Aah! Carlos!

Dead!

For god's sakes, will somebody stop him?

Stop it!

We will have order!

I'll kill you!

I am going to kill you!

Order!

Ladies and gentlemen, please be seated. We will have order.

Get up.

I'm not trying to justify anything.

I don't know how you knew Martha Huber, but she ruined lives... for fun.

She destroyed my family.

This isn't about her.

I don't understand.

Walk.

Remember when we first tested you,

your potassium level was a bit high.

Yes, you made me stop eating bananas.

But as we've continued testing, it's kept climbing.

We've now run an entire battery of tests, and your kidney function is fine.

It has to be something you're ingesting.

Let me see.

These numbers can't be right.

Who prepares your meals?

Bree.

I understand you've been having some marital problems.

Wait a minute --

Wasn't there also an incident at a salad bar?

She gave you onions when she knew you were allergic.

That was an accident.

You're getting this potassium from somewhere.

Get out.

Rex --

I mean it.

Get out.

Leave the chart.

I want to read it.

So did you have a fun day?

As a matter of fact, I did.

I probably had the most fun that I have had in a long time.

You know, I didn't tell you to quit.

No. No, no, no.

No, you made damn sure that I'd go nowhere for the next 20 years.

I don't know what to say.

I hear "please forgive me" is popular.

Yes, I am sorry. I am so, so sorry.

I didn't want to hurt you.

But I was trying to protect our family.

If you got a promotion, we never would have seen you.

You would have been traveling all the --

Lynette, Lynette, Lynette, you're right.

You're right. You're right.

That promotion would have just killed us, so this is going to all work out.

What does that mean?

It means that I can use the break.

Oh, well, yeah.

I think it would be good for you to take some time off.

No, not some time -- full time.

I'm going to be a stay-at-home dad.

Huh?

What the heck? You earn the living for a while.

Tom, that's... crazy.

Why? Why is it crazy?

You and I both know that you're better at the ad game,

and you tell me all the time how hard it is to be a mom.

Well, yes, yes, it is hard, but I-I love it, too,

and I've been doing it for six years,

and I haven't complained... the entire time.

Fair enough. Fair enough.

But be honest... secretly...

you miss the ad game, don't you?

I mean, you miss the pressure and the deadlines and the -- the power lunches.

Or am I wrong?

Maybe -- maybe you want to sort dirty socks the rest of your life.

We should talk about this seriously before we make any rash decisions.

I already made the decision.

You're going back to work.

Can I at least get you something to eat, Zach?

Maybe a soda. Thanks.

I got to say, I think you're making a mistake.

Mike couldn't kill anybody.

I mean... this could just be a misunderstanding.

This is not a misunderstanding.

Listen, I know you're upset,

but is this really what you think your mother would want you doing?

Probably not.

Exactly. Because she raised you right.

Look, you have been through a lot.

You've lost your mom,

you're still carrying around the guilt over what happened to your baby sister --

I never had a baby sister.

Honey, I know about Dana.

How stupid are you?

I'm Dana.

My mother was some junkie.

They stole me and changed my name.

They have been lying to me my entire life.

Everyone lies to me!

My mother, my father, Mrs. Tilman, even Julie.

Do you understand how much that hurts?!

Look, Zach... I know you're upset.

Let's just -- let's just sit down and talk.

Why?! So you can lie to me also?!

No more talking.

<font color=lightgreen>Bree, I understand and I forgive you

Hello?

Bree, it's Dr. Craig.

I'm at the hospital, and I'm afraid I have some bad news.

Oh?

Rex passed away about 10 minutes ago.

But his operation -- it's not until tomorrow.

I know. He just didn't make it.

I'm so sorry. We did everything we could.

Bree.

Yes, of course you did.

Thank you very much for calling.

This is a long way to go to do what you could have done in my backyard.

You're kind of taking your time, walking a lot.

You sure you know what you're doing?

You ever actually had to kill anyone for real before?

Yeah.

Oh.

Since you're so tired of walking, let's just do this here.

I don't expect any favors from you, obviously.

But could you at least do me the courtesy of telling me why we're here?

You knew Dierdre.

Yeah.

And I know what you did to her.

She was just a sad girl with a lot of problems,

and she did some terrible, crazy, selfish stuff,

but you tell me what she ever could have done to deserve death at the hands of somebody like you.

It's complicated.

It's, uh... complicated.

And just like that, my husband began sharing my secrets...

You want some carrots, Zachary?

Secrets I had died to protect.

There you go.

We have to get that fence up in the backyard before the pool's finished.

I know.

I'm serious.

You know how kids are drawn to water.

Hello, Angela.

You did a good job covering your tracks.

I had to spend a lot of my father's money hunting you down.

Congratulations. You found us.

You know, I never told the police what happened.

You didn't?

They would have put Dana in foster care --

or worse, given him to my father.

So I kept our little secret.

Well... we appreciate that.

Anyway, I guess you can see I've gotten myself cleaned up.

Yes, you look lovely.

I'm not the same person you knew back then, Angela.

I'm in a good place now.

You can't have him.

Just because I didn't go to the police before doesn't mean I can't do it now.

Zach is our son.

His name is Dana.

If you think I'm giving my baby to some junkie, you're crazy.

He's not your baby.

Just calm down.

You were always so high and mighty back at the clinic,

looking down on us poor degenerates,

pretending you wanted to help when all you really wanted was to feel superior.

You self-righteous bitch.

You're still using, aren't you?

Go to hell.

What are you doing?

Let me see your arm.

I said I'm clean!

Take it easy. Let's just take it easy.

Where do you think you're going?

I'm getting my son, and I'm taking him home.

Paul, stop her.

Deirdre, please. Come on.

- Sit down. Sit down. - Get your hands off me!

We raised him. We're his parents.

Come on. Come on.

Aah!

Paul!

Don't worry.

I'll give him a good home.

No!

Oh, Mary Alice... What did you do?

Mommy?

It's okay, Zach.

Mommy needs to borrow your toy chest.

You go back to sleep, okay?

What are we going to do?

You said they were pouring the concrete for the pool tomorrow?

You can't be serious.

They'll never find her.

We can put her in this.

She won't fit.

Then we'll have to make her fit.

What are you doing?

Checking for track marks.

Deirdre had a baby?

Let's get this over with.

It's an odd thing to look back on the world, to watch those I left behind.

Each in her own way so brave, so determined, and so very desperate.

Desperate to venture out,

but afraid of what she'll miss when she goes.

Desperate to get everything she wants,

even when she's not exactly sure of what that is.

Desperate for life to be perfect again,

although she realizes it never really was.

Desperate for a better future,

if she can find a way to escape her past.

I not only watch,

I cheer them on, these amazing women.

I hope so much they'll find what they're looking for.

But I know not all of them will.

Sadly...

that's just not the way life works.

Not everyone gets a happy ending.