I just want to move this place fast.

I'll call you tomorrow.

Edie, wait.

It's so incomprehensible to me that Edie Britt would try to destroy us.

For 5 grand, she's hurt.

10 grand, she's gone.

Some neighbors hired help...

how am I supposed to pull off a formal dinner with no warning?

I don't know.

And some helped themselves.

I hate that she's always watching us.

Some just couldn't stop.

Smile, Gabrielle.

And one...

didn't stop in time.

Oh, Andrew, I need your help, honey.

Mama?

There is a widely read book that tells us everyone is a sinner.

Of course, not everyone who reads this book feels guilt over the bad things they do,

but Bree Van De Kamp did.

In fact, Bree had spent most of her life feeling guilty.

As a child, she felt guilty about not getting straight A's.

As a teenager, she felt guilty about letting her boyfriend go to second base.

As a newlywed, she felt guilty about taking three weeks to get out her thank-you cards.

But she knew the transgressions of her past

were nothing compared with the sin she was about to commit.

Can't we just go to the police and tell them it was an accident?

This wasn't some simple DUI.

Not only was your brother drinking, Andrew left the scene of the crime.

That makes it a hit-and-run.

Maybe I could go to Canada.

You know, until the statute of limitations is up.

You really think mom and dad are going to foot the bill while you go moose hunting for seven years?

If Carlos's mother dies, there is no statute of limitations.

Right, because then it's murder.

Shut up!

You shut up.

How could it be murder? It was an accident!

We have to get rid of the car.

But we can't sell it.

The police might find it, and there could be DNA.

We'll take the car to a bad part of town,

we'll leave the keys in the ignition and the doors unlocked.

If the police don't find it, we'll get the insurance money, and if they do,

it wasn't in our possession.

Anyone could have hit Mrs. Solis.

That sounds good.

Bree, are you sure?

Our son could spend the rest of his life in jail.

I won't allow that.

Bree knew what she was about to do was wrong,

but like most sinners, she would worry about her guilt tomorrow.

Well, everybody should go wash up.

We're having pancakes for breakfast.

Not since my own suicide had violence intruded upon the serenity of life on Wisteria Lane

in such a conspicuous fashion.

Needless to say, my friends attacked the problem head-on.

Lynette brought the broom,

Susan brought the trash bags,

and Bree brought the industrial-strength solvent.

Whoo. That stuff is strong.

It has to be.

I don't want Gabrielle and Carlos coming home to this ugly reminder in front of their house.

So has anyone been over there?

Julie and I went over this morning.

How's Juanita doing?

She's been in a coma ever since she came out of the E.R.

Nobody knows when, or even if, she'll wake up.

This is awful. Carlos must be just devastated.

I hope she wakes up soon. Maybe she can tell us who was driving that car.

We can only hope.

Slow down, you jerk! This is a residential neighborhood!

Wow, that's quite a pitching arm you've got there.

It pisses me off. I've got four kids, you know?

I was up all night reading statistics on line.

1 out of every 4 traffic accidents happens on residential streets.

I hope whoever hit Juanita gets put away for life.

Don't you think that's a little bit extreme?

An innocent woman gets hit by a car and the driver just takes off?

I don't think it's extreme.

You should go home and get some rest, eat something.

You have a ton of messages from work. Tanaka called, said it was urgent.

Carlos, I can stay here with your mother.

I need to be here if she wakes up.

You can't go on like this.

You have to take care of yourself.

What if she dies?

People slip into comas all the time and never come out.

Don't say that.

We need to stay positive.

Mr. and Mrs. Solis?

John.

Is it okay if I come in?

Of course.

Mr. Solis, uh...

I'm so sorry this happened.

It means a lot that you came.

Look, I think I'm going to go down to the chapel and pray.

You want to come?

Um, no.

I think I will stay here with mama.

Is it all right if I come?

Of course.

We need all the prayers we can get.

Mrs. Solis, it's time for her sponge bath.

Come again?

Sometimes family members prefer to administer sponge baths themselves.

I think I'll pass.

Martha.

Where's your purse?

Over there. Why?

What are you doing?

I am taking back the $40 that you stole out of my purse.

Edie.

We both know you did it. Now hand it over!

I have taken nothing from your purse.

And if you're missing money, I'd ask one of those strange men you parade through here at all hours.

I am not going to apologize for having a healthy sex life.

Healthy?

I'm going to have to burn every sheet you've touched.

I want my money.

And I want those nonfat peach yogurts.

They didn't just walk out of that fridge by themselves.

Well, you can deduct it from the $40 that you're going to give me now.

You're my best friend.

Why would I steal from you?

It's no secret that you've been having financial problems.

I hear you bitching on the phone to your bank.

That's it.

I can put up with your debauchery and your food theft, but I will not tolerate spying.

I want you out.

You don't mean that.

Oh, yes, I do.

I'm leaving tomorrow to visit my sister for a few days.

I want you gone by the time I get back.

I'll do you one better.

I will leave today.

I hope this works.

My sleep cycle is totally out of whack.

I'm up all night, and then dozing off during the day.

Trust me. This'll do the trick.

In fact, you should be feeling more relaxed already.

You know, you're right.

Boys, I can hear you out there. Now be quiet.

Just sit there and color.

Now is not a good time to be moving.

Right. Sorry.

Just block everything out

and let it go.

Imagine that you're in a forest.

There's a babbling brook nearby,

and the wind is just coming through the trees.

Mommy.

Parker.

I don't know --

ow -- what you think you're doing,

but put that back where it belongs.

Sorry.

You were saying something about wind.

I was just creating a soothing image.

Oh, for the love of god.

Knock it off, you little monsters.

Mrs. Scavo, please lie down.

We need to finish this.

Look, I'm on my last nerve, so I'm going to level with you here.

I've screwed up my entire system by taking my kids' A.D.D. medication.

Yeah, that's right. You heard me.

I plan to stop, but right now, I need to sleep,

and I need more than a few crappy needles, so what do you got?

I'm not licensed to write prescriptions.

I know you're not.

This will put you right to sleep.

It's a very powerful herbal remedy.

Now, promise me you're going to use it judiciously.

Sure. Whatever.

Knock, knock.

Hey, come on in.

You're a mess.

I-I'm tearing out these leaky pipes in the upstairs bathroom.

Wall to wall rotten wood.

Hmm, sounds like a job.

So Julie said that you came by before?

Um, yeah. Uh...

I was thinking about driving up to the Germani Vineyard tomorrow for this wine tasting, and, uh...

What time do you want me to be ready?

About 6:00.

6:00 is good.

All right.

You know, I thought maybe afterwards, we could have a little dinner, maybe some dancing.

Sounds great.

Um, you do know that it's, like, a 2-hour drive up there,

and isn't that kind of late to be coming back?

I thought if, you know, worse came to worst, we could grab a room.

Oh?

Like a hotel room?

Yeah, as a last resort.

Of course. Of course, yes.

So maybe we should make reservations. You know, just in case.

Yeah, I found some hotels online. Let me get the printout.

Hey, Bongo. Come here.

You want a treat?

Hey, Mike, where do you keep the dog biscuits?

I'm sorry, what?

Oh, never mind.

We'll just find them ourselves, huh?

We're going to find them ourselves.

I'm sorry, Susan. I couldn't hear you. What'd you say?

Nothing.

It's not important.

It's my tile guy. Here, see what looks good.

Hey, Phil.

Um, no, no, tomorrow morning I'm making a lumber run.

It's no good.

Uh, nope, I'm gone tomorrow night, too.

I could let him in.

No, that's okay. Thanks.

No, it's fine.

Just give me the key.

I'll be around all day.

All right, um, thanks.

Phil, I'll give a key to my, uh, neighbor.

She'll be here to let you in.

Like every city, Fairview had a neighborhood that was less than desirable.

It was an accepted fact anyone who lingered there after midnight was usually up to no good.

Rex and Bree Van De Kamp were no exception.

You really think this is going to work?

This is the most impoverished neighborhood in the city.

Trust me, somebody will steal the car.

How can you be so sure?

Because I have faith in the poor.

She's so beautiful.

I shot this last year on her birthday.

How are you going to do it?

I made contact with her at a bar.

She thinks I'm a real estate developer.

Is she going to suffer?

No.

Edie Britt will disappear, and you'll go back to your life.

Before you do it,

do you think you could ask her why she sent this note to my wife?

You can't think like that, Mr. Young. You can't give in to your curiosity.

Curiosity leads to guilt.

Guilt leads to talking.

You still have questions?

I want to be clear about something --

I walk away with this cash, it's done.

No refunds, no buyer's remorse.

I get it.

We won't talk again, so I'll ask one more time.

Are you sure you want this?

My wife is dead because of Edie Britt.

I absolutely want this.

You've been awfully quiet.

I've just been...

thinking about the kids.

They sure grew up quickly, didn't they?

They sure did.

I remember telling them when they were babies that they weren't allowed to get any bigger

because they were so adorable,

and we were so happy.

Yeah, well...

they sure didn't turn out like we expected them to.

No.

They didn't.

We could have been better parents.

We weren't that bad.

We still have so much to teach them.

For starters, we need to get across to Andrew the enormity of what he's done.

I-I suppose we could punish him.

All right, well, what's the appropriate punishment for a child who drives over a woman?

I-I don't know.

You know no matter how the kids turn out, I still love them.

Of course you do.

But I'll never forgive them for growing up so quickly.

Hey. Look.

And then I opened the cabinet, and there was all this money in it.

I mean, there was wads of it.

That's why you're freaking out?

A few stacks of cash? Come on.

Well, what? Realistically, I've known this guy a few weeks.

I mean, he could be a hit man for the mob.

If you really think that, why are you going on a trip with him?

I never get out of the house.

Mom, if you really need something to freak out about,

just remember you're going to spend the night with Mike in a hotel.

No man has seen you naked in years except your doctor.

Yeah, and he retired. I try not to take that personally.

You look old in that.

Oh.

Maybe I am being silly.

But going to a hotel with a man is a big deal to me.

What if Mike is hiding something?

Like what?

I don't know.

That's dad.

I got to go.

Now, listen to me.

No more freaking out. I need this weekend to go well.

Why do you care so much?

Because I'm going to have a husband of my own someday,

and I really don't want you living with us.

Are the lady fingers okay?

Oh, they're terrific.

We just appreciate y'all stopping by.

Well, we just wanted you to know how much we care.

So have the police come up with any leads?

Not really.

They'll be able to determine the make and model of the car,

but without any eyewitnesses, no one seems very optimistic.

Well, more importantly, is there any good news about Juanita?

No change.

All we can do is wait and hope for the best.

We put her on our prayer list at church.

Oh, that's very sweet, Danielle. Thank you.

It must really help during times like these --

having kids.

Yeah, they're a blessing.

Children make everything worthwhile.

You guys are the future.

Legacy.

Thanks.

After we're all dead, you'll be the only ones left to carry on.

Gabrielle and I are about to start a family.

Oh, hey, that-- that's great.

When did you decide this?

It's a fairly recent development.

I see.

We'll talk about this later.

Face it,

we're shallow people.

I mean, can our lives have any meaning if all we ever do is buy stuff?

That depends on what we buy.

I want a child.

In case you've forgotten, before we got married, we made a deal.

No kids.

Yeah, well, deals were meant to be renegotiated.

Well, we're not negotiating my uterus.

We should probably be going.

Yeah. Mm.

Thank you so much.

That was weird.

I feel awful for Carlos.

That talk about children is obviously coming from his grief.

Whatever.

I'm off the hook.

A weary Lynette drank her potent tea in hopes of finally finding the sleep that had eluded her.

Unfortunately for Lynette,

there would be no rest for the weary.

Go to hell.

Go to hell, go to hell, go to hell, go to hell, go to hell.

Sorry we're late. Kenny Litman couldn't find his neckerchief.

Come on, guys.

Lori Jean, the scout meeting is today?

Mommy.

What? Oh.

Right. Okay, boys.

This knot is called the bowline.

It is a remarkably useful knot.

Now, pick up your ropes.

Okay, first, we cross this end over here,

and then we make a loop,

and then another loop,

and then you sort of pull it through, I'm guessing,

and then you just -- ready?

Yank it taut.

Mommy, that doesn't look like the picture.

You're never going to be a sailor. What do you care?

Okay, everybody, let's just take a break.

Thanks.

Okay. It's all up there.

Can I get a signature?

Oh, of course.

Thank you very much.

Here you go.

Have a nice weekend.

You too, lady.

Hey, ma'am! You still here?

I forgot to give you a receipt!

Ma'am?

Hello?!

I need help! I'm up here!

I'm trapped in the floor! Hello!

If you came in here to judge me,you can just leave.

Wait! Wait! No.

Wait. Don't -- don't go. Wait, I have an idea.

Here, here, here.

Here. Grab the towel, Bongo.

Come on, grab the other end.

Good boy.

That's it. Get the other end.

Come on, Bongo!

Pull the other end! Come on, Bongo!

What are you doing? Bongo, over here!

Bongo?

Oh --oh, don't do that. Oh, Bongo.

While Susan remained hopelessly stuck,

Gabrielle was moving to confront the issue of her young lover's restless conscience...

Nobody's home.

I know. I've been watching.

I came to talk to you.

Although she would need to be discreet.

Keep working.

What were you thinking, showing up at the hospital?

I had to see if she was okay.

You need to keep a low profile right now.

Look... you and I are finished.

From now on, I'm sticking with Danielle.

Why would you say that?

I hate myself for what we did.

Okay, I can't sleep at night.

I've got to make a clean break.

We weren't driving the car.

We didn't chase Juanita into the street.

She wouldn't have been there if we weren't having an affair.

Oh, for god's sakes, between you and Carlos...

listen to me carefully. You didn't do anything wrong.

That's not what Father Crowley thinks.

What?

I went to confession.

Have you lost your mind?

What did you tell him?

Everything.

Including...

in the alley behind the truck stop?

Everything.

Oh, damn you.

What is wrong with you?

Lassie would have had a fire truck here by now,

you stupid dog.

Good boy, Bongo!

Run, Bongo, run! Go get help!

Andrew, um...

I know the last few days have been stressful, and, uh...

you know, if you ever need to talk to anybody...

I know, I know. You and dad are here for me.

Actually, I was thinking we could arrange for you to talk to a professional.

A shrink?

You think I'm crazy?

Of course not.

It's just that the accident probably stirred up a lot of emotions,

and it would be normal for you to be feeling confused or depressed or ashamed.

I'm cool.

Um, really.

Honey, you put a woman into a coma.

Surely that arouses some kind of emotion.

Yeah, well, it doesn't.

Now, if you'll excuse me...

No, I won't. Not until you tell me.

Why do you care?

Because I need to know that you're not a monster.

You want to know how I feel?

Yeah.

Okay, here goes.

I feel bad that she got hurt,

but I also feel bad that my car got dinged

because somebody didn't have enough sense to look both ways before she crossed the street.

And I also feel bad that now I'm going to have to ride my bike to school.

Andrew, you almost killed another human being.

She's an old lady, okay?

She's lived her life.

I have my whole life ahead of me, and now it might be screwed up.

That's what you should be worried about.

What I'm worried about, Andrew, is that you don't seem to have a soul.

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't call the police.

Because I'm your son.

That would make you the monster.

Hey, buddy.

Susan, is that you?

Mike? I'm upstairs... sort of.

Hang on. I'll -- I'll be right up.

What happened?

Well, see, this bird, um...

flew in your bathroom window,

and I tried to save it, but, uh...

it died.

I don't think that's what happened.

I don't think so, either.

Can you just help me get out of here, please?

Come on.

Thank you.

You have no idea what that was like.

You went through my cabinets.

What?

Oh, I can explain that.

Get out of my house.

Mike --

Get out.

Hello there.

Good afternoon.

Oh. Well, isn't this just as pretty as a picture book.

Well, the plan is to put in a small condo.

You want to make some money, or you want to pussyfoot around?

What do you suggest?

I'm thinking strip mall.

I've run some numbers.

Nice stationery.

Oh, it's stolen.

What do you mean?

After my house burned down, I was staying with this neighbor Martha Huber.

That is, until the old troll threw me out.

Anyway, I'd steal her stuff, she'd steal mine.

It's the circle of life.

So this paper is hers.

Oh, god, yes.

No, Tom, you can't do this to me.

Because I need you home.

Boys, stop it! I am on the phone!

Well, yeah, I-I realize it's not your fault that the meeting got postponed,

but you promised you'd be back tonight.

I-I-I got to go. The kids are --

yeah, I know you're sorry.

Just will you try and get back as soon as you can?

Okay. Bye.

Boys, would you please, please stop it?

Really, really, mommy's got a headache, okay?

Just -- ugh.

turn that damn thing off!

What's the matter with you?!

Why won't you listen to me?!

You want noise?!

What?

I just came over to say I'm sorry,

and I'll pay for all the damage.

Don't worry about it.

Well, so...

in your mind, I-is the date off?

Well, you snooped around my house and went through my stuff.

Yeah, in my book, that's pretty much a deal breaker.

Hold on a minute.

Now, I started snooping around

because I found all that money by accident,

and then I found a gun.

Are you a drug dealer or something?

Is that what you think?

Well, I wouldn't know, because you never let me in.

You know, there's this whole part of your life that you keep completely walled off.

I have a gun for protection. I keep cash for emergencies.

I'm a good guy,

Susan, and you should know that.

I'm -- I'm not obligated to share every little detail of my life with you.

Well, every little detail is one thing.

You know, weird, creepy secrets, that's another.

I don't want to be with somebody who doesn't trust me.

Well, maybe we shouldn't be dating.

Maybe we shouldn't.

Do you mean that?

Yeah.

Well, I hope that your, you know, little secret keeps you warm at night,

because you're throwing something really great away to protect it.

Susan, you got to take my kids for a while.

Lynette, this just really isn't the time --

no, no, I'm sorry, but I can't do this.

It's just --it's too much.

Boys, you stay with your aunt Susan.

Lynette, you know, when are you coming back?

Lynette?!

Lynette!

There's Lynette's car. She's got to be close.

I hope the kids aren't too much for Danielle to handle.

She'll be fine.

What do you think's happening with Lynette?

I don't know, but I'm scared.

Something's very, very wrong.

Lynette, honey?

Are you okay?

Father.

I'm -- I'm so glad you could come and pray for mama.

Please, sit, sit.

Thank you, Gabrielle.

Listen, since you're here,

there's something I've always wondered about.

That whole thing about priests not being allowed to repeat what they hear in confessions --

is that a hard rule or just a general guide line?

Rest assured, everyone's secrets are safe.

That's good to hear.

I'll keep yours, too, if you want to talk.

Oh, me?

No, no.

Confession's not really my thing.

That's a shame.

Okay, you can stop condemning me with your eyes.

Right now.

I know you know about the affair,

but you know nothing about my life.

Look, it's not even an issue anymore. John and I are finished.

Gabrielle, the church is pretty clear on this.

If you commit a mortal sin and you die without repenting,

you go to hell.

Well, aren't you just a ball of fun.

So if I confess, it'll clean the slate, right?

Not only that.

If you want god's forgiveness, you have to be truly sorry,

and you have to promise not to commit the sin again.

So what happens if I repent later,

like, say, when I'm 75?

I wouldn't recommend waiting. What if you die before then?

Well, let's say I don't die.

I do yoga, I eat well.

If I wait, does my repenting still count?

If you mean it, yes.

Thank you, father Crowley.

You have been a tremendous comfort.

Um, I will let you do your thing.

Gabrielle.

You know, we're all responsible for the choices we make.

Don't you want to be a good person?

What I want is to be happy.

That's the answer of a selfish child.

I know.

Then I started taking the pills because they gave me energy,

but then I couldn't sleep at night,

and I was getting so tired in the daytime,

and it totally messed me up.

I love my kids so much.

I'm so sorry they have me as a mother.

Lynette, you are a great mother.

No, I'm not.

I can't do it.

I'm so tired of feeling like a failure.

It's so humiliating.

No, it's not.

So you got addicted to your kids' A.D.D. medication.

It happens.

You've got four kids. That's a lot of stress.

Honey, you just need some help.

That's what's so humiliating.

Other moms don't need help.

Other moms make it look so easy.

All I do is complain.

That's not true.

When -- when Julie was a baby,

I-I was out of my mind almost every day.

I used to get so upset when Andrew and Danielle were little,

I used their nap times to cry.

Why didn't you ever tell me this?

Oh, baby.

Nobody likes to admit that they can't handle the pressure.

I think it's just like we think, you know,

it's easier to keep it all in.

Oh, we shouldn't.

We should tell each other this stuff.

It helps, huh?

Yeah.

It really does.

So it was Martha Huber all along.

Seems so.

Edie didn't move in with Huber until after your wife received the blackmail note.

My god. We almost killed an innocent woman.

Like I said, I don't do refunds,

but if you'd like,

I'm willing to pay Mrs. Huber a visit.

No. Just keep the money.

This whole thing's been tearing me up --

the nightmares, the guilt.

This isn't what Mary Alice would have wanted.

What would she have wanted?

Answers.

Hello, Mrs. Huber.

Paul.

Let me give you a hand.

That's really not necessary.

I insist.

Ants, huh?

Yes. I've had a little infestation problem.

I wanted to take care of it before I left on my trip.

Never had a problem with ants.

Mary Alice and I had these little black flies once.

Oh?

She was so funny about it.

She ran out and bought herself a can of poison something to spray them down,

so she's taking aim at one on the counter, and she just,

stops, puts the can down.

Couldn't do it.

She told me later it felt too personal.

She truly couldn't kill a fly.

That's how gentle she was.

Then you must have lived with quite a few flies.

I'm going to have to say good night to you now, Paul.

What are you doing here?

I want to know why.

I know you've got a lot of questions,

and I also know I don't want to lose you,

so ask me anything you want.

You just told me everything I need to know.

All right.

My idiot husband died and left me with a worthless pension.

I was desperate for money,

and it's better to take it from a bad person than a good one.

How was I supposed to know she'd shoot herself?

She was a good person.

A good person who leaves her child motherless?

Read the bible, Paul. Suicide's a big no-no.

Don't you feel any remorse what so ever?

Why should I?

Your wife didn't kill herself because I wrote a note.

She killed herself because of what she did to that poor baby.

But rest assured,

I'm praying for Mary Alice.

After what she did, she'll need all of our prayers.

There is a widely read book that tells us everyone is a sinner.

Of course, not everyone feels guilt over the bad things they do.

In contrast, there are those who assume more than their share of the blame.

There are others who soothe their consciences with small acts of kindness...

or by telling themselves their sins were justified.

Finally, there are the ones who simply vow to do better next time

and pray for forgiveness.

Sometimes their prayers are answered.