one was careless...

you put a woman into a coma.

Surely that arouses some kind of emotion.

Well, it doesn't.

You and I are finished.

One said goodbye...

I'm so tired of feeling like a failure.

One almost lost it...

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

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

And one got exactly

what she deserved.

Gabrielle was waiting for her next great idea.

Her first great idea came when she was 15,

after her stepfather paid her a late-night visit.

She bought a bus ticket to New York the very next day.

Her next occurred five years later when she decided to seduce a famous fashion photographer.

One week later, she began her career as a runway model,

which soon led to her next great idea --

her decision to marry Carlos Solis.

Before she knew it, she had jumped off the runway and moved to the suburbs.

Her most recent great idea was born out of her boredom with her new life.

That's how she came to start an affair with her teenage gardener,

which was cut short by a tragic accident,

so once again, Gabrielle was in need of a great idea.

Mrs. Solis, I know you're worried, but it's going to take time.

Hmm?

What is?

You look sad.

I assume you're thinking about your mother-in-law.

Oh, no.

So, uh, what were you thinking about?

My life.

It hasn't turned out like I thought it would.

Oh, honey.

Oh, no, I-I know I shouldn't complain.

It's just there's something missing, and I don't know what it is.

Do you ever feel that way?

Mm, no.

When I go home at night, I sleep like a baby,

'cause I know I did something that day that helped people.

That must be a nice feeling.

Hmm. It is.

Of course, there's times I wish I didn't have to work so hard.

We've got a real nursing shortage here, and they keep cutting our budget and --

Attention, all available personnel --

code blue, stat, room 214.

Excuse me.

Attention, all available personnel --

code blue, stat, room 214.

Damn it, get a doctor in here! I don't have an airway.

No time. I have to intubate.

Mr. Getz? Mr. Getz, listen.

You're not dying on me, okay?

This tube is to help you breathe.

I need you to be brave now.

It was then that Gabrielle got her next great idea.

She decided to throw the first annual Sacred Heart charity fashion show to raise money for more nursing staff.

Gabby, Gabby, I can't do it.

I cannot walk down a runway in one of these dresses.

They all make me look so fat.

Please get someone to take my place. Please.

- Betty, listen to me. - No, no, please --

listen, Betty, okay?

You're not quitting on me now.

We're going to find you a gown.

It's going to be black and slimming, and you're going to look great.

I need you to be brave now.

Okay.

And that night, when she went to bed, Gabrielle slept like a baby.

News of the fashion show spread quickly on Wisteria Lane.

Though the event was for charity,

Gabrielle soon discovered when it came to the latest fashions,

women are seldom charitable.

No one knew this better than Edie Britt.

She understood that treachery never goes out of style.

Susan.

Give me the dress.

I gave it a shot.

Hmm.

Hi, Helen.

Hi.

How's the dress fitting?

Great. Maybe it could be taken out in the shoulder a little.

Sure, no problem.

There you go.

You know, Gabrielle, I-I never thanked you properly.

For what?

For what you did for my son.

It was so nice of you to hire John as your gardener.

Believe me, it's been my pleasure.

How's he doing?

Good. Good.

I hear he's dating Danielle Van De Kamp.

Oh, for now. I think it's just a matter of time before they break up for good.

What's wrong?

Oh, she just seems to want much more of a relationship than he does.

You remember what it was like dating teenage boys.

V aguely.

Thank you.

No, you tell that son of a bitch Tanaka that if he doesn't call me in an hour,

I'm going to go down to his office, find him, and kick his ass.

Ladies.

Trouble at work?

I don't know what his problem is.

He's making money left and right.

I just wish he'd relax.

Crap, crap, crap.

I'm telling you, all of the good dresses are taken.

Now what the hell am I supposed to wear?

Well, Mrs. Huber never showed up.

Why don't you wear this one?

This is an old lady dress.

You won't even be able to see my body.

That is so like you, Edie. You're always thinking of others.

So why isn't Mrs. Huber here?

Last I heard, she went to visit her sister.

I just can't believe that Martha would agree to wear this.

She always said she'd never be caught dead in black.

Sadly for Mrs. Huber,

this was no longer the case.

Hey, mom.

Julie, you'll never guess who you got a letter from.

Zach. Isn't that weird --him writing you?

Yeah.

Well, open. Open, open, open.

He -- he could have said something about Dana.

I'll read it later.

Later? What's wrong with now?

I've got tons of homework, mom.

Julie, what's going on?

This isn't the first letter I've gotten from Zach.

We've been writing each other the last couple of weeks.

Are you mad?

No.

Just when I was your age, my pen pal lived on a farm in Ohio, not in a mental institution.

You know, that letter is one notch above prison mail.

Zach's not crazy.

He's just upset over his mom, and his dad doesn't even seem to care.

He just needs a friend.

I packed the diapers,

I'm getting the juice boxes and the carrot sticks --

sunscreen?

Got it.

I go pick up the boys, we hit the park,

and that should give you a good couple of hours.

Enjoy the vacation.

What?

While you're gone, I'll be here paying bills and sorting laundry and cooking dinner,

so what part of that sounds like a vacation?

Okay, right, you know what? We'll pick up dinner.

and you just take a hot bath, relax, recharge.

Okay, I get it.

It's going to take more than a hot bath to recharge,

but, uh, don't forget, I'm here all week.

Then what?

And then we go back to normal?

Tom, our last version of normal had me popping pills.

Normal is a bad, bad plan.

Okay, so we'll put our heads together, and we'll come up with a solution.

I think we need to hire a nanny full-time.

That's just such a big, big commitment.

I know, and I know we can't afford it,

and I know everything that's happened is my fault,

but if I don't get some help,

there's an excellent chance I will lose my mind.

Okay, well, then, we have to make it work.

Next up, the 200-meter freestyle.

It's just not right.

What?

A woman is in a coma because of Andrew, and there he is, happy as a clam.

Well, we grounded him, we took away the tv in his room.

How many more ways you want to punish him?

Swimmers, take your marks.

I think we should make him quit the swim team.

Bree, this is the one thing in his life that he's passionate about.

Well, maybe if we take it away from him, then he'll start to understand what he did.

He has not shown an ounce of remorse since the accident.

Of course he feels bad.

He's just, you know, keeping up a facade.

Well, he's doing a fabulous job.

Look, if we take him off the swim team,

he'll lose his shot at an athletic scholarship,

and then he's never going to forgive us.

Well, if it ensures he grows up with some trace of humanity, then that's a risk I am willing to take.

Well, I'm not.

That's because you just don't love him as much as I do.

Well, isn't that nice?

It's just a fact. I'm his mother.

He lived inside of me.

He hung out in your womb for a few months back in the '80s.

Since then, I have grown to love him just as much as you.

What just happened?

That kid you both love so much just won the race.

John.

My mom said you needed volunteers, so I volunteered.

Oh.

Finally got the charity bug?

You sound surprised.

No, not really.

You were always a giver.

Would you knock it off?

My mom's right over there.

Have a seat.

You can start by helping us alphabetize the donation cards.

So word on the street is you and Danielle might break up.

Maybe. I don't know.

Is that because of me?

Not everything is about you.

Would you stop that?

Have you been thinking about me?

No.

Really?

Could have fooled me.

Hey, do you need any help?

Please. Just pull up a chair.

Oh, gosh.

That's okay. I got it.

Ow! Oh!

Susan, hi.

Do you want to help with the seating cards?

Sure. Do you want to tell me why you had your foot in John Rowland's crotch yesterday?

Oh, that.

Uh, he was helping me adjust the seam in my stocking,

and from your angle, it must have looked a little weird.

You're sleeping with him, aren't you?

Okay.

Yes, but you have to promise not to tell anybody.

Gabrielle, he's in high school, and it's illegal, and you're married.

If Carlos found out, this would kill him.

It's just sex. It's totally harmless.

How can you call something like this harmless?

After everything you know about what I went through with Karl?

This isn't about you.

Yes, it is.

It's about me and about every other person who was screwed over by somebody they loved.

When Karl ran off with Brandi, you saw what a basket case I was.

I was crying, I-I was tearing up his clothes. I couldn't get out of bed all day.

You were right there. How could you do the same thing?

Okay, how can you compare me to Karl? That's not fair.

You have no idea what my life is like.

Well, why don't you enlighten me?

You're beautiful, you have more money than you can spend,

and you have a husband who adores you.

No, he doesn't adore me.

He adores having me.

That's a rationalization, and you know it.

See you at the show.

Okay, honey. There you go.

How many nannies did you interview?

10. 10, each one more incompetent than the last.

One actually asked me --

there you go --

if she was expected to change diapers.

Good nannies are so hard to find.

Yeah, that's why I was hoping to take advantage of your expertise.

Oh, lord. What do you want me to do?

All your rich friends have nannies -- A-list nannies.

I need to catch one --

here you go --

without their bosses.

Why?

So I can poach me one.

Lynette --

look, at my old job, we didn't wait for good people to come to us.

We went out and raided other companies.

I don't see why it should be different when you're hiring a nanny.

I understand that good help is hard to find, but stealing a family's nanny is so unseemly.

I'm not twisting anyone's arm.

If I make a better offer, why shouldn't a qualified person reap the benefits?

So come on.

Where can I score some high-grade nanny?

Hey, Mrs. Solis.

I have some awesome news.

I have some not-so-awesome news, so you go first.

Broke it off with Danielle.

I passed her a note during French class.

So we can be together.

John, your timing is impeccable.

What do you mean?

Susan Mayer saw us last night, and she knows everything.

Since the accident, Bree had started to worry her son's sense of morality was going up in smoke.

She was right to be concerned.

Andrew?

Can I come in?

Uh, yeah, just a sec.

Hey.

What's up?

Why are you smiling?

Um, it's just a...

joke that I heard.

Oh. What was it about?

Well, it's kind of dirty, mom.

Charming.

What I was wondering is if you've bothered to spend any time reflecting on the reasons

that you've been grounded and all the pain

that you've caused the Solis family.

Yeah, I-I totally get how my actions have affected, like, everything else.

Really?

Uh-huh.

I-I mean, you know, like when I do something like I did,

and, you know, you got to do something like you did,

which is --which is, you know, it's -- it's cool,

because, um... then everything just kind of balances itself out and --

and goes all smooth again, you know?

No, I don't.

What's that smell?

Have you been smoking marijuana?

No, of course not.

You are strung out.

No. No, no, no, mom.

Excuse me.

What's that?

It's the container you'll be urinating into. Come on.

Ow, ow. Ow, that hurts.

Dr. Sicher. What are you doing here?

Mr. Young, I --

I didn't want to upset you by telling you over the phone.

What is it?

Zach is missing from Silvercrest.

It happened yesterday evening.

We think it happened during the shift change.

I know this is difficult to hear.

I'm sorry.

Yeah, well, it's, uh... just been one of those days.

I still don't get why you're not with Danielle anymore.

She looked so slutty at Ray's party.

She's not my type, I guess.

What, oh, you still hung upon your mysterious married lady?

What is it with her?

Besides the obvious, of course.

We talk about real stuff, you know?

She doesn't treat me like some lame yard boy.

But you are a lame yard boy.

It's all messed up now anyway.

Her friend found out about us.

If it gets out, her husband's going to kill me.

Huh. But on the upside, your social status at school is going to explode

when people find out you're doing a hot housewife.

Shut up, dude.

Please explain to me how he could just walk out.

With the money that I pay you people, I think you could afford a pad lock.

With all due respect, we are not a high-security facility,

and you have restricted our ability to treat Zach.

What the hell does that mean?

You've insisted we medicate him without psycho therapy.

That is a recipe for disaster.

Zach is a troubled young man,

and he's getting progressively worse.

Hungry?

I'm starving.

Bree had given Lynette the low down on Valley View Park.

It was a gathering place for up scale nannies and their young charges.

It was Lynette's first time there, and she was determined not to go home alone.

Of course, Lynette had high standards,

so making a connection...

wasn't easy.

Still, she was desperate to find that special someone.

And that's exactly who she found.

Wash your hands. Okay.

All righty. Here's one for you and one for Amy.

All right, have fun, and I'll be right here if you need me, okay?

From the moment she saw her...

is this seat taken?

No. Go ahead.

Lynette knew she had to have her.

You know, I couldn't help but notice how wonderful you are with those children.

Thanks.

I'm Lynette.

Claire.

Claire?

Always loved that name.

So, Claire

do you come here often?

What's this?

Your son's urine.

I'm going to need a moment.

I think Andrew has been smoking marijuana,

so I want you to take this and get it tested right away.

Why?

Because I want you to pull him from the swim team,

and I don't think you'll allow it without proof.

Proof or no proof, you're not going to take him off the team.

Yes, I am.

If you try, I'm going to go to the coach and tell him to ignore you.

We're not going to screw up Andrew's future just because he sparked a doobie.

I mean, come on, we've all done it.

Not all of us.

Rex, I thought you moved back home to try and straighten Andrew out,

to teach him the consequences of his actions.

I don't understand why you're fighting me on this.

Because I disagree, because we're still getting divorced,

and I don't have to let you push me around anymore.

I never pushed you around.

We always made our decisions together.

No, you always make decisions, then tell me I agree.

18 years of smiling and taking it -- what a liar I was.

Thank god you're out of my life.

Rex.

What the hell are you doing?

Same thing you just did to every memory I have of our marriage.

You know what?

If you were my mom, I'd smoke pot, too!

So your boss made you return her underwear?

Yep, after she had already worn them once.

Couldn't you have just said no?

You don't say no to Alexis if you want to keep your job.

She sounds awful.

What can I do? I love the kids.

Boy, if we had a nanny like you at my house, we would treat her like gold.

Did I mention I have four very lovable kids?

Really?

Oh, yes.

Oh, no.

What?

It's Alexis.

I don't want her to get the wrong idea, so you should go.

Are you going to be here tomorrow? I want to see you again.

No. I'm busy.

I just want to talk.

Lynette, this isn't right.

Claire, Claire, please.

All right.

I will be at this address until noon tomorrow.

Now go.

Okay.

Hi. Where are the kids?

What are you doing here?

I know you know,

and you're probably freaking out, so I just wanted to explain.

What me and Mrs. Solis have --

it's deep,

you know? We've got a future. It's not just sex.

Listen to me.

There is no future for you and Gabrielle.

She's not going to divorce Carlos and run away with you.

Why not?

Because he has money --a lot of it.

Look, I'm not going to be mowing lawns forever.

#NAME?

You know, just stop talking.

John, how old are you?

Almost 18.

Exactly.

You are not mature enough to have a realistic perspective on this relationship.

You would be so much happier with a girl your own age.

She's the one I want.

You know, I really love her.

Please let's welcome Mrs. Arlene Nord!

We have Arlene and her husband Norris to thank for all our folding chairs this evening,

so please remember for all your folding chair needs, rent Nord's.

Next up we have Mrs. Betty Nolan.

Betty is looking...

Thank god Tom could fill in at the last minute.

Why did Carlos have to back out?

Some work emergency. He wouldn't talk about it.

Sometimes I could just kill him.

Well, look on the bright side -- Tom's having the time of his life.

Hands off, fellas. She's all mine.

I guess he does sort of have a dorky charm.

Okay, Bree, you're up first,

followed by Lynette.

Okay.

Uh, and then Edie.

Edie. Where's Edie Britt?!

Over here!

Edie, what did you do to that dress?

Well, I made it audience-friendly.

Can you tell I'm not wearing any underwear?

Yes.

Good.

Sorry I'm late.

You should never take this dress off for your entire life.

Really? I look okay?

Oh, Susan, you look so gorgeous.

Doesn't she, Edie?

Uh, it's a bit much.

Gabrielle, you have to change the lineup.

Susan has to go last. Nothing is going to top this.

Oh, no, isn't Helen Rowland going last?

Well, she never showed up. Somebody's got to take her place.

Yeah, I think that's a great idea.

Okay, let's go.

You really do look fantastic.

Next up we have Mrs. Bree Van De Kamp

in a pink party dress with laser cut full skirt and silk belt.

And here's another exquisite ball gown by Halston,

modeled by the devastatingly sexy Lynette Scavo.

Notice the fine detail,

the clean lines...

the dress is nice, too.

Next up, please welcome Edie...

Britt.

Edie britt.

Please tell Gabrielle I'm sorry I backed out of the show.

I'm just not in a very festive mood right now.

Helen.

Helen, you're here.

Did they tell you about the change in the lineup?

I'm going to go last. I hope that's okay.

There's a special place in hell for people like you.

I'm sorry. It wasn't my decision.

You're an adult.

Take some responsibility.

What is wrong with you?

Edie is wearing a dignified classic,

perfect for a Sunday tea or christening.

For god's sake, Helen, this is for charity!

Edie Britt, everyone.

Keep your hands off my son.

What?!

And, uh, finally, to cap off our evening...

Come on. You're on.

Please welcome the radiant

Susan Mayer!

Tom, say something.

A vision in white silk,

chiffon with gold,

hand-beaded french lace,

and lavender marabou.

Susan Mayer.

Oh, she's never looked better..

Susan, I feel awful about what happened.

Susan, talk to me.

Okay, you want me to talk?

You're going to find Helen Rowland, and you're going to tell her the truth

before everyone in this neighborhood thinks that I'm the one sleeping with an underage boy.

I can't do that.

Why not?

Because she'll tell Carlos, and he'll divorce me.

So what? You obviously don't love him.

I do love him. I-I do.

It's just... complicated.

You know? There's --

there's got to be another way to fix this.

God. You are so weak.

Susan, don't be like this.

What did you expect, a hug?

Hey.

Shh.

I took --

Alexis is still here.

Oh.

She was supposed to go to pilates, but she got her period.

You got to go.

Just give me a second.

No. She saw you at the park, okay?

She knows what you're trying to do. You're not the first person to approach me.

Claire!

How can you stay here after the way she treats you?

She can be tough,

but it comes with the territory, right?

I would never treat you that way.

Claire, what did you do with the aspirin?!

I will give you a 20% bump on what she's paying you, plus overtime.

Damn it, Claire, where the hell are you?!

I don't take orders from your friends,

I'm not a telephone answering service, and I don't do laundry.

Dishes?

Only the kids'.

How fast can you pack?

I got a nanny

Where are you going to go?

I don't know,

but I can't go home.

Are you afraid of your dad?

No, it's not him, all right?

It's -- it's me. My life is really messed up.

It's bad.

What's bad? You can tell me.

No, I can't.

It's better that you don't know.

I already know a little.

Hi, Danielle. How was school?

It was okay.

Good. Where does Andrew keep his marijuana?

Bree had resorted to extreme measures to save her son's soul.

As she rummaged through Andrew's private possessions,

it occurred to her that sometimes a little betrayal

is good for the soul.

I was really young, like 4.

I heard my mom and my dad yelling.

I heard them yell my name...

and hers.

Dana?

Mm-hmm.

So...

I went down to the room, and I saw them cleaning it up.

Cleaning what up?

Blood.

Was it Dana's?

I think so.

I couldn't remember this for the longest time, and then...

my mom killed herself,

and I started having these dreams.

I-I don't even see Dana.

I just -- I- I see --I see the blood

and my mom picking me up

and putting --putting me on my bed and whispering that it's not my fault.

But after that, every time I'd say her name, they'd get upset.

I wasn't even allowed to say it anymore.

I'm not sure I understand what you're saying.

I killed my baby sister.

Zach, oh, my god.

And they buried her

to protect me.

Helen. Do you have a minute?

Oh, Gabrielle,

I didn't get a chance to tell you how sorry I was about what happened at the fundraiser.

I didn't intend to cause a scene.

No, it's okay. People didn't even notice.

Well, this is a little awkward.

I-I know you're friends with Susan Mayer,

but let's just say I had my reasons.

It wasn't Susan.

It was me.

What?

I'm the one who was sleeping with your son.

I'm so sorry.

For how long?

Almost a year.

But it's over now.

So when it started, he was...16?

I think.

But, Helen, y-you have to believe me -- it's over now.

No, you're wrong.

It's not even close to being over.

Hey, coach wants to see you.

Really?

Hey, I bet it's about my scholarship.

Hello?

Yes, this is she.

Marijuana in his locker? Oh, I'm just horrified.

There must be some sort of terrible mistake.

Um, yeah, okay. Well, I will be right down.

Elsewhere, another, darker secret was the object of an investigation.

Mr. Linder.

Mr. Linder!

Huh?

Detective Beckerman. This is detective Burnett.

We were hoping for a minute of your time.

If you know anything about Zach's whereabouts, you need to tell me now.

Um...

honey, what's going on?

Zach's gone from Silvercrest.

They found letters in his room --

letters from julie.

Well, yes, they were writing to each other.

I need to see those letters.

Mom, they're private.

My son is missing.

Julie, in the letters, did Zach say anything about running away?

No.

There's your answer.

Susan --

if we hear anything, I will let you know right away.

I understand how worried you must be.

Obviously, you don't.

Paul, my daughter doesn't lie.

This was a very popular design.

I must have sold several hundred of these just like it about 10 years back.

Do you keep any kind of documentation?

Yeah, I have a list of customers' names on file... somewhere.

It's been a while.

We'll need a copy of that list.

Oh, sure.

Wow, this chest looks like it's been through hell.

Yeah, we pulled it out of Rockwater Lake.

You could say by way of hell, considering.

W-was there anything in the chest?

It had a body inside --

adult female.

Yeah, but -- how do you fit a body into a chest that size?

It was chopped up.

Of all the stupid, boneheaded decisions.

What were you thinking?

I was set up, all right?

The coach got an anonymous phone call.

Andrew, what does it matter? The pot was there.

I was holding it for a friend.

You know...

I can't decide which is more humiliating --

the fact that my son got caught with pot in his locker

or that he can't even come up with a decent enough lie to explain it.

Gabrielle believed there was an excellent chance

Helen Rowland would inform Carlos of his wife's extramarital activities.

Gabrielle knew she had to come clean.

Carlos?

Yeah?

But coming clean...

I, uh...

was not one of Gabrielle's specialties.

I'm going to bed.

Thanks for the news flash.

She turned me in.

Carlos!

Carlos, I'm so sorry. I am so sorry.

Sorry for what?

Just know that whatever happens, I love you very, very much.

FBI. Open the door.

Oh, my god.

FBI. If you do not open the door,

I am authorized to enter the premises by use of force.

Carlos Solis, I have a warrant for your arrest.

You have the right to remain silent.

Huh?

Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

Call our lawyer.

You have the right to speak with an attorney...

- And have an attorney present during questioning. - Carlos. what's happening?

If you cannot afford a lawyer, one will be appointed for you at government expense.

Carlos, wait!

Gabrielle, this will all be taken care of, I promise.

I-I'm innocent, I swear to god.

It was Tanaka. He set me up.

People are complicated creatures.

On the one hand, able to perform great acts of charity.

On the other...

capable of the most underhanded forms of betrayal.

It's a constant battle that rages within all of us

between the better angels of our nature

and the temptation of our inner demons.

And sometimes, the only way to ward off the darkness...

is to shine the light of compassion.

They took him away in handcuffs.