

See? Now this is what a marriage is all about -- compromise.

Is your finger okay?

Yeah, yeah, it's just a small cut.

Let me see.

Hmm. You know, mrs. Solis,

Um, I really like it when we hook up,

but, um, well, you know, I-I got to get my work done, and I can't afford to lose this job.

This table is hand-carved.

Carlos had it imported from Italy.

It cost him \$23,000.

You want to do it on the table this time?

Absolutely.

Why can't we ever have normal soup?

Danielle, there is nothing abnormal about basil puree.

Just once, couldn't we have a soup that people have heard of?

Like french onion or navy bean.

First of all, your father can't eat onions. He's deathly allergic.

And I won't even dignify your navy bean suggestion.

So... how's the osso buco?

It's okay.

It's okay?

Andrew, I spent three hours cooking this meal.

How do you think it makes me feel when you say "it's okay" in that sullen tone?

Who asked you to spend three hours on dinner?

Excuse me?

Tim Harper's mom gets home from work,

pops open a can of pork and beans,

and boom, they're eating. Everyone's happy.

You'd rather I serve pork and beans?

Apologize now. I am begging.

I'm saying, do you always have to serve cuisine?

Can't we ever just have food?

Are you doing drugs?

What?

Change in behavior is one of the warning signs,

and you have been as fresh as paint for the last six months.

That certainly would explain why you're always locked in the bathroom.

- Trust me, that is not what he is doing.
- Shut up.

Mom, I'm not the one with the problem here, all right?

You're the one always acting like she's running for

mayor of Stepford.

Rex.

Seeing that you're the head of this household, I would really appreciate you saying something.

Pass the salt?

Three days after my funeral,

Lynette replaced her grief with a much more useful emotion --

indignation.

Tom, this is my fifth message, and you still haven't called me back.

Well, you must be having a lot of fun on your business trip. I can only imagine.

Well, guess what -- the kids and I want to have some fun, too,

so unless you call me back by noon,

we are getting on a plane and joining you.

Mom!

Not now, honey. Mommy's threatening daddy.

Mom. No, I -- where are your brothers?

- Noodles.
- My favorite.

Lynette Scavo?

Crap.

Natalie Klein. I don't believe it.

Lynette. How long has it been?