Someone sent that note to my wife, and I need to know who.

Some secrets were discovered...

After my mom died, I started remembering what happened to Dana.

Who's Dana?

What are you doing here?

Some secrets were uncovered...

It could be any one of these guys she's having an affair with.

Don't worry about it. I'm not letting her out of my sight.

And some secrets...

Jordana Geist manages to get her work done.

How do you cram it all in?

Were shared.

That's A.D.D. medication.

Competition --

it means different things to different people.

In suburbia, it means keeping up with the Joneses.

On Wisteria Lane,

that means keeping up with Bree Van De Kamp.

Everyone knew Bree had the nicest lawn in the neighborhood,

and no one be grudged her this.

No one, that is,

except Martha Huber,

whose own lawn paled in comparison.

No matter how carefully she trimmed...

or how lovingly she watered...

or how generously she fertilized...

the grass was always greener on the other side of the fence.

Hello, Victor. How are you today?

Out jogging again?

I can't catch my breath.

Would you like a slurp from my hose?

Victor?

Victor?

Don't worry.

I'm going to get an ambulance.

Then one day Mrs. Huber finally got the chance to mow down the competition.

Help!

Somebody help!

What happened?

He collapsed on your hydrangeas.

Call 911!

Yes, Mrs. Huber understood the first rule of competition --

in order to win, you have to want it more.

<font color=F62B97>Episode 7 : Anything You Can Do

When I was alive,

my friends and I came together once a month for a meeting of the Wisteria Lane book club.

We found the problems of literary characters so absorbing --

the way they dealt with adversity,

conducted illicit affairs,

endured domestic dramas,

and planned romantic conquests.

But since my death, my friends had lost their interest in fiction.

So... what did everybody think?

Their own problems had become absorbing enough.

I thought the character of Madame Bovary was very inspirational.

Inspirational?

She poisons herself with arsenic.

Really?

You didn't read until the end?

I stopped after page 50.

Am I the only one who read the book?

I saw the movie. It was really good.

Ladies, I'm sorry, but

what is the point of having a book club if we don't read the book?

More wine?

So, uh, Reba, Emma, and Laurie,

would you girls come to the kitchen and help me with the snacks?

Sure.

I will be right in.

God, I couldn't wait to get rid of them.

Okay,

so Lynette said that you found Zach.

He's at a rehabilitation center,

and Julie snuck in and actually talked to him.

Did he say anything about his mother's suicide?

There wasn't enough time, but he did say one thing that was kind of mysterious.

He said something happened to someone named Dana,

and that he could never, ever talk about it.

Who the hell's Dana?

That's the mystery part.

I figure Dana has something to do with what Mary Alice was trying to hide.

So somebody found out Mary Alice's secret...

and sent the note.

So who the hell is that?

The stationery is parchment number 17, 100% cotton.

It's made by Cypress Office Products.

They have stores in 12 cities, including yours.

Now, I traced that postmark back to your local post office.

Meaning?

Meaning that the blackmailer is probably someone you know --

a neighbor, milkman...

pool boy, soccer mom.

Soccer mom?

Mr. Young, sometimes evil drives a minivan.

I had this gig once

tracking down this PTA mom who was hell-bent on landing her daughter

a spot on the parade float.

Fed antifreeze to half the homecoming committee.

Did you catch her?

Mr. Young...

the people who hired me didn't hire me to catch her.

Wow, honey, --

this place looks spotless.

Thanks.

Hey, so, listen,

I have come up with this killer idea for the Spotless Scrub campaign.

Great. You want to run it by me?

No, I'm good.

But thanks.

Okay.

Well, that's the thing. You know how whenever I pitch in the boardroom at work,

and Hennessy always tears my ideas down in front of the partners?

Yeah.

I invited the partners and their wives over so I could pitchto them here,

and I thought maybe we could make a formal dinner for six, we could sit, we could --

and when exactly would this formal dinner take place?

Uh, day after tomorrow.

- Tom. - Yeah, I know, I know,

I know it's short notice. I just --

You think? How am I supposed to pull off a formal dinner with no warning?

I don't know. Bree Van De Kamp does this kind of thing all the time.

What did you say?

Wow, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that.

That's -- you know what? Forget it. I'll call, and I'll cancel.

Just don't worry about it.

No, no, let's --let's do it.

Really?

Yeah. It's good for your career. I'll pull it off.

Yes. Honey, thank you so much.

You know what? I promise, I land this account,

and I'm going to buy you something awful pretty.

Luckily for Tom, Lynette had a recipe for success.

Unfortunately for her,

she was missing the secret ingredient.

- Yeah. - It's me.

Don't turn around. My mother-in-law can see you.

I hate that she's always watching us.

So meet me at the motel in an hour?

John?

Uh, I've got plans.

So cancel.

They're with Danielle. We're going to the movies.

That sounds like a date.

Yeah.

Well, I have a problem with you seeing other girls.

Well, I have a problem with you having a husband.

I guess we'll both have to learn to deal.

Don't even try to make it up to me by talking dirty.

& nbsp;

Hello?

Mr. and Mrs. Van De Kamp.

So your son decided to entertain some of his friends yesterday

by shoving a freshman's head into a locker.

This was the Johnson boy?

Yes. He broke the boy's nose.

Because of our no-tolerance policy, your son may face expulsion.

You're going to ruin his whole future over a little rough housing?

Rex, this was practially assault.

Mrs. Stark, what Andrew did was clearly wrong,

but in his defense, his mother and I are going through severe marital problems.

How is that relevant?

Our marriage is disintegrating.

Of course Andrew is acting out. He has every right to be angry.

If Andrew's angry about you moving out of the house,

then perhaps he should shove your head into a locker.

All I'm saying is that we need to take some of the responsibility here.

So does Andrew.

Blaming his actions on our problems --

which are not so serious --

does not help him.

Our problems are serious.

Mrs. Stark, you handle this however you see fit.

Bree, I've gone to an attorney.

You're going to be served with divorce papers later today.

You went to an attorney?

Yeah.

And a good one, too.

Well, he better be good,

because when I'm finished with you,

you won't have a cent to your name.

Bring it on.

Perhaps detention is the way to go.

Mom, you're getting too dressed up.

I know, but I want to look really sexy.

I told Mike I expect him to have you home by 11:00.

Hmm. How about midnight?

All right, but no later. You know how I worry.

So, you, uh, got protection?

Oh, my god.

We are so not having this conversation.

We are, because I enjoy being an only child.

Are you finished?

Almost.

You know, I always assumed I'd have sex for the first time before you had it again.

Okay, you can leave now, mm-hmm.

Y eah.

What do you think? Trying too hard?

Yeah, well, what do you know?

It's 80 degrees outside, and you're wearing fur.

Hey, Mike.

Hey, Edie.

Wow. Get a load of you.

Ooh, you look so pretty.

I hardly recognize you.

Oh, this?

Well, I have a date right now with Mike.

We kissed.

FYI.

Ooh, love that jacket. Good choice.

Um, look, Susan, I'm really sorry, but I've got to cancel.

I have an...

unexpected houseguest.

Coming through.

Oh, sorry. Hi, I'm Kendra.

Susan.

I'm going to run to the car and get my stuff.

I know how this looks, but there's nothing between us.

Kendra's just an old friend.

Old friend.

Yeah, you know --

Yeah, yeah.

No, actually, no, I don't know.

So by "old friend," you mean college pal, bowling buddy, saved you from drowning?

It's hard to explain.

Could you give it a shot?

Mike, I'm going to go upstairs and take a shower.

Look, I promise I'll make this up to you.

And...

you look amazing.

Mike, where are the towels?

Thanks.

Hey!

How was your big date?

& nbsp;

Mike had to reschedule.

Oh, because of the hot girl with the suitcase over there?

Gosh, how devastating for you.

FYI.

Look, I just want to move this place fast. I'll do whatever we have to do.

Well, that's good to know.

You do realize that you're going to have to disclose the fact that your wife killed herself in the house.

I am?

Oh, yeah.

Legal crap.

You know, people get really freaked out by suicides.

I can't blame them. Hell.

I get the willies just standing here.

Is there any way to get around it?

Off the record?

Yeah.

You could say that she shot herself in the living room

and then crawled out back to die.

Well, I'm just saying.

Oh, I got to go. I'll call you tomorrow.

Edie, wait.

Paul had always known Edie Britt was capable of doing anything to close a deal.

But now he realized she was capable of so much more.

Hey, Danielle.

Hey, Mrs. Solis.

Oh, Danielle...

remember when you said you wanted to be a model?

You remember that? That was, like, last summer.

Well, as it turns out, Percik Modeling Academy has an opening for their summer program.

Would you like me to sponsor you?

Would I? Oh, my god. That's, like, one of the best schools in the country.

You would do that for me?

I sure would.

I would so love to go to New York.

Oh, and I would so love to help you get there.

Hey, Jordana.

Hey, Lynette. How are you?

You look a little tired. Is everything okay?

Actually, I'm getting ready for a dinner party tomorrow night -- six people.

Sounds fun.

Big fun.

Say, you wouldn't have any of your kids' A.D.D. medication that you could spare just to get me over the hump --

Tina!

Don't push your sister.

Gosh, Lynette,

I'm really running low.

I need all my energy I can get.

My sister Elaine and her kids are flying in town for a week.

Yeah, that's exciting. I wish my sister would visit more often.

Yeah, sisters are great.

Yeah.

Just three or four pills. I'm really hitting a wall here.

Yeah, the come-down can be a real bitch.

I wish I could help.

I'm not going to forget about this, Jordana.

What's that supposed to mean?

It means come girl scout cookie time,

don't bother bringing around little Tina, because we won't be home.

What's all this about?

You both know that your mother and I have been unhappy for quite a while.

After a lot of soul-searching, we've decided that it would be better if we got divorced.

But whatever problems your father and I may have,

it doesn't change the fact that we love you very, very much.

I've got a question.

Go ahead, sweet heart. Ask whatever you want.

Can I live with dad?

I mean, come on, mom, let's face it -- we drive each other crazy.

Is -- is that what you would prefer, Danielle -- to live with your father?

I don't really care as long as I have my own bathroom.

Um... all this, um,

wine is, uh, giving me a headache.

Six weeks in the suburban jungle and this is all you got?

There are over 300 families in this subdivision.

It'll take time to check them all out.

Dad said last time he saw you, you were ready to quit.

Yeah, well, I changed my mind.

This is a gigantic waste of your time, and my father's money.

What, are you afraid of the old man burning through your inheritance?

That's not funny.

Mike, here's the thing.

What?

Dad can't chase ghosts alone.

If you stop, he'll have to accept it's over.

Let me have my father back.

If I quit, he'll just hire somebody else.

Not if you tell him there's nothing here to find.

Well, I can't do that.

What happens when your girlfriend finds out you're not just this sweet, neighborly plumber?

You're lying to her, Mike.

Oh, here it is.

Great.

This will keep the crab dip warm.

It took forever to shell the little buggers, but it'll be worth it.

You shelled your own crabs?

Okay, I don't want to butt in, but are you doing too much?

'Cause you look exhausted.

Oh, I'm fine. I just need some coffee.

Thank you.

Oh, my god. Look at this embroidery.

"Dana."

Where did this come from?

Paul Young's garage sale.

Dana.

Wow.

Dana was a baby.

Surprise.

No way.

Yep.

No way.

Nah, it's all yours. Here are the keys.

Rex, what's this about?

I went and splurged a little.

Oh, Danielle, here's your present.

Luggage?

Yeah. It's to take with you to the Percik Mmodeling Aacademy.

I'm footing the entire bill.

You mean it? I can really go to new york?

Wait. Wait a minute. What's all this about a modeling academy?

It's my new career. Mrs. Solis is sponsoring me.

Oh, is she now? And when were you planning on telling me?

She told me, and I think it's a great idea.

Don't you two see what he's doing?

He's trying to get you on his side. He's trying to buy your love.

Oh, for god's sake, don't be paranoid.

A car? A modeling academy?

You should have discussed these gifts with me first.

I'm sorry, kids, but we cannot accept them.

Dad, you can't let her do this.

Bree, we just told the kids we're getting divorced. Isn't it time to spoil them a little?

I said no.

You know what?

They're my kids, too, and I can give the many thing I want.

There you go.

- Thank you, daddy. - Yes!

Did you offer to help Danielle get into modeling school?

What?

Uh, yes.

No. Um...

is that how she heard it?

Yes. Gabrielle, did you or did you not offer to sponsor her?

I just wanted to help out.

It's in New York, for god's sakes. Why on earth would you suggest that?

It's her dream, and don't you want her to be happy?

No.

And in the future, I would appreciate you keeping your ridiculous ideas to yourself.

Bree.

John.

John!

You're so jealous of Danielle, you try to ship her off to New York?

I'm not jealous. I just don't like to share.

Well, you know what? I quit. The yard, us, everything.

Oh, don't be that way.

Well, what's the point if we can never be together?

You know, an hour here, an hour there.

I don't want us to end on a bad note.

Carlos has this black-tie thing tonight.

- I could slip out -- - Mrs. Solis --

John, please.

What we had was so special.

I think it deserves a proper goodbye.

We'd, um...

we'd still be over, though.

Of course.

I knew this play date was a good idea.

Yeah, thank you for suggesting it.

Your boys are the only ones I know who could tire out Timmy.

Yep, he's a feisty one.

Hey, word on the street is, um, you've been medicating Timmy?

Oh, yeah, for his A.D.D.

The pills have been a god send.

I bet.

Can I use your bathroom?

As Lynette swallowed the stolen medication of an 8-year-old child,

she vowed she'd never again sink to such depths...

anytime soon.

Well, it looks like you've got your black mailer.

Is it time to bring in the police?

That's not really an option for me.

Mm.

Before my wife shot herself,

we lived a life that I was proud of.

We loved each other,

we had values, we went to church,

we gave to charity.

We were good people, Mr. Shaw.

Oh, I believe you.

That's why it's so incomprehensible to me that Edie Britt would try to destroy us.

Well, you've suffered a great loss.

For your pain to heal, that's going to take some time.

I can't wait.

I need help now.

For 5 grand, she's hurt.

10 grand, she's gone.

Mom, what's going on?

Oh, I'm throwing you out.

I've separated all your things into two sides.

This side is yours, Danielle, and the other one is Andrew's.

Okay, you-- you've lost it.

Where are we supposed to live?

Darned if I know.

Uh, Danielle, everything in the north quadrant of your side is clothes and books and such,

and the south side are miscellaneous items.

Mom, this isn't going to work, okay? I'm not giving up my car.

That's a smart idea, because you're probably going to have to sleep in it for a while.

Mom, you can't stop us from going back inside the house.

Oh, no? That's Mr. Conlan, the locksmith. He's been very helpful today.

Of course, I could give you the new keys,

which would mean you'd have to adhere to my rules,

which include giving back your father's gifts.

Okay, fine, you win. I won't go to New York.

I'm outta here.

Oh, hello.

- Welcome. I'm Edie. - Hi. Nice to meet you.

An open house in the suburbs?

This is beyond kitsch.

Just be have yourself.

This is one of the houses on the street I've had a hard time getting into.

God, I wish you would let this go.

I'm taking you out for drinks tonight.

There's this cowboy bar called the Saddle Ranch you need to see.

Why?

It's the last place anybody ever saw your sister.

Susan.

What brings you here?

I just wanted to say goodbye to Mary Alice's house

before somebody else moved in.

Aw.

That sounds almost plausible.

I beg your pardon?

Oh, come on.

We both know why you're here,

and the answer is yes, they are having sex.

No question.

You don't know what you're talking about. They're just friends.

Hmm. Think so?

I overheard them say that they're going to the Saddle Ranch tonight

for drinks and dancing.

So? Friends can do that.

Oh, my god. I just want to slap and shake you.

Where did you say they were going tonight?

I don't know why I let you talk me into coming here.

There is obviously nothing going on between them.

Where are you going?

I'm going to the bathroom, and then I'm going home.

I don't want Mike to catch me here.

It's only been 10 minutes.

She could be waiting to make her move.

Oh, come on. You're not going to beat a girl like that by knocking off early.

It's not a competition.

The hell it isn't.

Good night, Edie.

Suit yourself.

But for the record...

I was rooting for you to land him.

And why would you root for me?

Well, I figured it'd be easier for me to steal Mike from you than her.

She seems like fun.

Just take some ant acid.

It's not those kind of cramps.

This is a business dinner.

It's important.

Mm.

Relax.

You and I can go alone.

Gabrielle can stay here and get better.

Fine.

See you in a couple of hours.

Okay.

Take good care of Carlos.

Oh, I always do.

Go, Edie!

Oh, god.

Mike.

What a small, small world.

Yeah, it sure is.

I caught Edie hiding in the back.

No kidding. Is she here?

Yeah.

Yeah, she said, um, "the jig is up," and then she went to ride the bull.

Oh, and she said you two came together.

Oh, well, yeah. W-we did.

Uh, I just thought she left.

Are you following me?

What?

No.

No, I just came here, you know, with Edie.

We just love to ride that bull.

You ride the bull?

Yeah. Yeah, it's a real rush.

Come on, Susan. Give me a break.

No, you know, you give me a break.

I did not follow you here, and even if I had followed you here,

it's just because you've been so secretive about Kendra.

Kendra and I are friends.

And I came here to ride the bull.

Whoo!

We got another one to ride the bull!

Okay, little doggie,

you're up.

Oh, fun.

I'm a doggie.

Oh. Whoo.

Oh, yeah. I'm here to ride the bull.

Check it out. Whoo!

Yeah! Whoo!

Baby!

Whoo!

Aah! Ooh.

Andrew, you promised you'd stay with your mother.

That's why I gave you the car.

Dad, she wants me out. She put all my stuff on the front lawn.

This is ridiculous.

I'm going to call her, and I'm going to smooth all this out.

You're going home.

No, dad, why?

Now I can live with you without feeling guilty.

It'll be perfect. It'll be like our own little bachelor pad.

What?

Son, that's not going to happen.

Why not?

Andrew...

you know, these --these last few months have been incredibly difficult for me.

There are a lot of things that I've got to work out for myself,

and I can't do it if you're living with me.

I'm sorry.

I don't care, all right?

I'm not going back there.

I don't think you have a choice.

But, dad --

unh-unh.

Oh.

Come on now. Don't --

Heath?

Yeah, it's me.

Do you still have your fake I.D.?

Yeah, I've got to go home and kiss my mother's ass, and I am not going to do it sober.

"That was more than I needed to know."

He was in shock. He was totally shocked.

He says, "Congressman, this was a campaign.

This was not the vote. You voted already."

That's what it was.

I love that one.

Oh, the desserts look wonderful.

Lynette, do you need any help?

I got it covered. No problem.

Okay, Scavo, you're up.

Let's hear this genius idea of yours.

Okay.

Uh...

okay.

The single greatest obstacle facing Spotless Scrub is a lack of visibility.

We need to concentrate ad spending in places where women spend the majority of their time.

For example, large chain grocery stores.

Picture Spotless Scrub ads on the side of every mother's shopping cart.

Interesting.

Oh, you know what'd be even better?

Dry cleaning bags.

What?

No, really, hear me out.

Put a big Spotless Scrub ad between a woman and her cashmere sweater,

I guarantee you'll get her attention.

Honey, honey, that's great.

I'm in the middle of a thing here.

Oh.

Look -- she's got a point.

I would notice that.

And those dry cleaning bags hang in our closets forever,

and so it is like constant advertising.

Exactly.

You know, maybe there's a way that we can work that in, but back to me.

You know, Lynette, this is kind of a fantastic idea.

Can we go nation wide with this?

Why not? Start by targeting the top chain.

Then branch out from there.

Boom, boom, boom -- mass saturation.

Oh, you know what else would be a great idea?

Here's the thing...

While Lynette was commanding everyone's attention,

Susan was trying to remain inconspicuous.

Everybody's looking at me, aren't they?

Just the slapstick fans.

Oh, god, why couldn't I have just been knocked unconscious?

Beer?

Absolutely.

Oh.

Ow.

Ow, ow.

Susan, this is Kendra.

We've been introduced.

No, this is Kendra. We've been friends for years.

She's here on a visit. She's leaving tomorrow.

That's it.

It's true.

I have no designs on this man whatsoever.

I'll be right back.

Sorry about the misunderstanding.

Me too.

So how long have you two been seeing each other?

Well, you sort of interrupted our first date,

but up until then, smoking hot tension.

Sounds pathetic, I know.

No, I think it's good to take it slow.

You'd be smart to be careful.

Any particular reason?

Look, Mike's a wonderful guy, really,

but you should ask him why he moved to Wisteria Lane.

It's one hell of a story.

Here, I got some ice.

Here you go.

Thanks.

Well, it's been fun. Thanks, guys.

See you later.

Whoo-wee.

Good evening.

Well, good evening.

Have a seat.

I could get used to this whole closure thing.

I love long goodbyes.

Wait around the corner. I'll be right back.

Smile, Gabrielle.

Well, that's it, then.

What are you doing?

She had a camera. We've got to catch her.

Mrs. Solis, your husband's going to kill us.

Come on!

Leave me alone!

Give me that camera right now!

Shut up.

I'm not kidding, old woman!

Stay away from me! Don't touch me!

No.

No, you go home.

I'll take care of this.

And you were never here.

Go.

Go.

Did you see that?

That guy came barreling around the corner and just hit her.

Do you have a cell phone?

Yeah.

Call 911.

As Juanita teetered dangerously close to the white light,

Lynette and Tom were headed into a black hole.

I was just participating.

Well -- no, your participation was supposed to be limited to making dinner,

not making my ideas look bad.

Yeah, well, maybe you need better ideas.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

No. No, no, no, no.

We both know that your career was going so much better than mine before we had kids.

You never let me forget that.

That is not fair.

You're always competing with me,

and judging by tonight, you know what? You still are.

Tom, I am sorry about tonight, truly,

but these days, if I'm competing with anyone, it's the Bree Van De Kamps of the world,

with their spotless kitchens and their perfect kids who throw fabulous parties where nothing ever goes wrong.

I try so hard to keep up, but I can't.

Lynette, that's not my expecta--

and when you work on a pitch or you bring the partners over,

I am reminded of a world I left behind where I was the winner

and people tried to keep up with me.

I can't go back. I can't win where I am.

I am stuck in the middle, and it is really starting to get to me.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. For your information,

I thought you threw an amazing dinner party tonight.

I was thrilled.

I don't know how you pulled it all together.

Yeah, well...

and whether you believe it or not,

everyone who knows you thinks that you are a great wife and mother.

No, they don't.

Yes, they do.

Especially me.

Thanks.

What's wrong with your eyes?

Nothing. I'm tired.

Turn around. Wait a minute. I want to look at you. What --

I'm fine, really.

Wow, what's going on outside?

Oh, my...

oh, my god. Thank god you're here.

Will you go take care of Gabrielle? I have to go home for a minute.

All right.

Oh, Andrew, thank god you're back.

I need your help, honey.

There's been an accident.

Andrew?

Mama?

Andrew.

Rex, you need to come home.

Something's happened, and we need you.

Competition.

It means different things to different people,

but whether it's a friendly rivalry

or a fight to the death...

Cheers.

The end result is the same.

There will be winners...

and there will be losers.

Of course, the trick is

to know which battles to fight.

You see...

no victory comes without a price.