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Keeping Up with the Joneses

By Michael LeSieur

I work in Human Resources
or "HR," as some people call it.
And I have this poster
in my office that says,
"Keep calm and go to your safe place."
Well, when I get a little stressed out
or my anxiety spikes,
I close my eyes
and picture my cul-de-sac,
and my wonderful wife, Karen,
and our two sons, Patrick and Mikey.
Because that's the place where I know
everything is always okay.
No matter what.
-Bye, Mikey, Patrick. Bye, you guys.
-Bye, guys.
You can text us
the minute you get to camp.
Yeah, okay.
And if you get any ticks,
put it in the plastic baggie
with the date and time of the bite,
and I'll get them tested.
Change your socks. Okay, guys?
Change your socks.
We love you. We love you.
We're gonna miss you.
-Love you guys!
-Have so much fun!
Be strong!
Be strong.
Did that bus driver
look sober to you, honey?
Because he gave me a really weird look
when I smelled his breath.
Well, I think you just startled him.
Look, there's Meg.
Hey, Meg.
I sold it.
-That was so fast.
-Thank you.
All cash buyers.
All cash buyers? That's fancy.
Yeah. And the best part is,

they didn't even see it.
They just saw the pictures online.
I haven't even met them
in person. It's crazy.
Who buys a house
without seeing it first?
I know. Maybe it's a celebrity,
you know?
Come on, Jeff.
No celebrity is gonna move here.
I hope it's not some kind of
meth lab situation.
There he is.
-Sorry.
-Where have you been?
Kinko's was bananas.
It often is.
So exciting. New neighbors, right?
And, Karen,
I left your card in the foyer,
-just in case they want a decorator.
-Thank you.
So did you tell
Jeff about my new idea
for the guest bathroom?
No.
Artist's loft.
Think Brooklyn, okay?
Exposed brick,
visible plumbing. And...
A urinal.
A urinal!
That's really for me.
Meg wants me standing up again.
Well, I suppose I'd better get started
on the urinal.
Yeah, no. I know
what you're getting started on.
Empty house, kids are gone.
Please.
-Honeymoon.
-All right, keep it PG, guys.
Well, we gotta go
flyer the subdivision anyway.

-We're gonna pound the pavement.

-Yeah.

-Jeff, you should try it hyena style.

-We'll try it.

That's the noise I make.

I think Meg has changed up
her medication, honey.

What's Dan's excuse then?

Some of that stuff
they were saying was demented.

-Disgusting.

-Yeah.

But maybe they have a point.

I don't know.

Alone in the house.

First time in a long time.

Yeah, I mean,

we can do whatever we want.

I DVR-ed the Good Wife.

Great. I'll make popcorn.

-Back it up.

-You got it.

-How much room we got?

-Almost there.

Hey, Bernie.

New neighbors aren't wasting
any time moving in, are they?

Nope.

You're gonna clean that up,
right, Berno?

Always do.

Okay, have a good one.

Come on, guys. Let's get outta here.

Come on, fellas. Let's go. Come on.

Hi, Jack. Good morning.

Don't let anybody say that to you
on a plane. "Hijack."

Good morning, anyway.

Morning.

Hi, Diane.

Jeff, good morning.

See those moving vans?

Couldn't miss them.

-Gosh!

-So,
-any word on the new neighbors?
-No.
-Anything?
-Nothing.
Guarantee they're no Dave and Bridget.
Well, at least the summer's
not a total loss.
I mean, we got Junetoberfest
to look forward to.
-Yes, we do.
-And our jobs.
Always have our jobs.
By the way, how's it going upstairs?
Jesus, Jeff. You know I can't
talk about what we do upstairs.
Yeah. I know. It's all right.
Hey, by the way,
I still have those indoor skydiving
lessons if you wanna join me.
My treat.
This week's really hectic.
Kid stuff. But, maybe.
Just text me. Or I'll text you.
Okay, we'll talk about it later.
Have a good one.
-All right.
-Hey, Sheila. Good morning.
Morning, Louise.
Morning, Sharon.
Hi, Jeff. Dr. Fisher called.
Yeah? What did he say?
He said, "Please tell Jeff to stop
texting me about indoor skydiving."
He's joking. He's a riot. Hey, Doug.
Hey, Sanjay.
Hey, Jeff. Can I use your computer?
I need to reorder my anti-depressants.
Of course. Mi computer, su computer.
Where are you? Whos that?
This is Jeff.
Jeff lets me use his computer because
security prohibits Internet upstairs.
And why does Jeff have Internet?

Because Jeff does unimportant work.

Human Resources.

Are we getting written up?

'Cause I emailed him last night
and apologized.

He said he was fine. And we have

-put this behind us.

-It's all fine.

I wouldn't be doing my job if we
didn't go over a couple of exercises.

So, grab a stress ball.

Really?

Okay, so, Margaret's gonna show us...
the meaning of trust.

-Hey, Sanjay?

-Yeah?

Did I tell you that I ate at
a Indian restaurant the other night?

Yeah, I had to call

and make an Indian reservation.

Yang, tell Oren how he makes you feel.

Maybe you should just write us up.

That might be easier.

I once knew an Indian who drank
so much tea, he died in his "tea-pee."

That was a good one.

Okay, Margaret. Go ahead.

Wow.

Yes, I do feel like you are jealous.

I can sense the resentment

every time I bring up

gravitational perturbations.

Is that bad? That sounds bad.

What is that? Is that like--

Gravitational perturbations?

That's a laugh!

Plus, what about my work?

I mentioned velocity vectors

one time...

New neighbors!

One time,

and you try to get me

bumped down to Dhameer's team?

You were supposed to calculate...

This is all because
I hooked up with Sharada.
You what?
You hooked up with Sharada Ganjali?
I'll kill you!
Oren, this is no way
to settle a workplace dispute!
Sharon, call security!
Hiya, Jeff!
-Karen.
-Hey, honey!
Hey, darling.
Still spying on the neighbors?
Hi, there.
Hello.
You must be Jeff.
I'm Tim. This is my wife, Natalie.
We're the Joneses!
Nice to meet you, Jeff.
Nice to meet you guys.
That was a joke about spying--
It's a joke. I'd never spy on anyone.
We love humor.
Humor...
So, Natalie was just telling me that
she's a social media consultant.
Yeah. I also write a cooking blog.
I love blogs.
Yeah, and I work with a charity
for Sri Lankan orphans.
Those are my biggest passions.
Natalie's got a big heart.
Aw, thank you, baby.
Yeah...
-Why don't you tell them about--
-What?
She has passions too. Why don't you
tell them about the urinal?
No, honey!
-It's nothing.
-No, please. It sounds interesting.
I'm picking up a slight accent.
Is that Pittsburgh, maybe?
-She's from Greece.

-Oh, God.

No, but we've lived all over.

And now, it's finally time
to plant some roots. Right?

I can't tell you how excited we are
to be here on Maple Circle.

Such a lovely street.

It really is.

-Thank you.

-We love it.

It's fascinating. In other cultures,
they don't have anything like this.

No, they don't.

In Chinese, for example.

They don't even have a word
for a street like this.

What? For cul-de-sac?

No. No. I mean, they would say...

Which is, loosely,

- "happy place of heart and mind."

-Right.

But it doesn't really capture
the essence of it, right?

But it's cool coming
out of your mouth.

-Tim's a travel writer.

-Really?

-Wow! We love to travel.

-We do.

Yeah. We went to Epcot Center
last summer, was it? Yeah.

You can go to every country,
like, within three blocks.

Perfect. That's what we like about it.

We went with the boys over there.

That's Patrick and Mikey.

Patrick's leaning
against the wheel.

He's just a real cuddler.

-They're beautiful.

-Adorable.

Mikey made this.

-Wow!

-What a talent!

-Speaking of which, we brought you...
-Yes, yes.
...a little something.
What?
-That's amazing! Really?
-Give me a break!
I made it myself.
You made it yourself?
Wow. Look at this.
-What is this?
-What is that?
A sculpture.
Tim blows his own glass.
Look at it in the light, honey.
It sort of--
-That's gorgeous. Look at that.
-Gorgeous.
-You made that?
-Yeah,
it's a hobby I picked up in Hungary.
I wrote an article about this
Hungarian glass-blowing master, Yorgi.
-Thank you. I don't know what to say.
-You don't need to say anything.
Just put it right there
and use it as a conversation piece.
-That's cool. Thank you very much!
-Thank you.
-Anyway, we should get going.
-Yeah.
-Yeah. We should.
-Okay.
I feel like I should
give you guys a gift.
I didn't know we were giving gifts.
-That's not necessary.
-You want a stress ball?
No, you don't want a stress ball.
That would be stupid.
I'd love a stress ball.
-Thank you.
-Yes! They really work.
Thank you.
-Let me just get this out of your way.

-No, Jeff will get that.
-No, no, no.
-That's nice.
It's all good. We're neighbors now.
All right.
Have you guys ever been to
or heard of Junetoberfest?
-Junetoberfest?
-Yeah.
You guys should really come.
It's our annual summer get-together.
The whole neighborhood comes.
A really fun group.
A lot of us work together.
At MBI?
Yeah. We have a dart tournament.
We have bratwurst.
I make my own home brew,
which is my passion.
Good!
How'd you know that Jeff works at MBI?
Jeff must've mentioned it.
Right, Jeff?
-No. No, he didn't.
-That's okay, honey--
No, Jeff didn't mention it.
-The stress ball.
-Must've been a lucky guess, I guess.
-No, it's right there.
-Lucky guess. Yeah, we should go.
It's getting late.
Thank you so much for everything.
The coffee was delicious.
-Thank you.
-And we'll see you at Junetoberfest!
So, let me show you a picture.
This is Tyler.
And Tyler's gonna go
to asthma camp this summer.
Oh, my God! He's so handsome!
-Hiya, neighbor.
-Hey.
"Seared yellowtail
with lemon zest and ginger shavings."

Who the hell made this?
Natalie. Apparently,
she can do everything.
I'm sorry, but who wears that
to a barbecue?
I mean, there are kids here.
Come on, Meg.
It's just a summer dress.
It's a very short, very chic,
extremely flattering summer dress.
Yeah, well, it's pornographic.
Look at Dan pretending
to check his email.
If I find pictures of her ass
on his phone, BJ night is canceled.
So, anyway, there I am,
alone, in the middle
of the Empty Quarter, all by myself,
with no water, dying of thirst.
I'm literally
writing a goodbye letter to Natalie.
And what do I see
coming up over the horizon?
But the exact same camel...
whose life I saved
three years earlier.
-Exact same one.
-Did he remember you?
No. No, Jeff.
He didn't remember me. He's a camel.
But I was able to ride him
into civilization.
And I filed my story, with 15 minutes
to spare, thank you very much.
Caught the next flight to Marrakesh
and was sitting in a caf with Natalie
smoking hookah later that night.
-No way!
-I wanna smoke a hookah in Marrakesh.
Well, Stacey,
I know it sounds very romantic.
But, trust me, the world can be
a very dark and disturbing place.
Tim, you want a beer?

Sure. Yeah. Thank you.
-Here you go.
-There it is.
Wow, good job-- Buddy, buddy.
Yeah, buddy. Wow!
-That is a lot of blood.
-It's fine. It's okay.
Hold on, hold on, hold on.
It's just gushing a bit.
-Just hold on to that.
-Yes.
Give me this.
-It's sprung a leak.
-Just...
-I feel a little bit light-headed.
-Close your hand around it.
-If I could just maybe--
-No!
You can't rattle me.
Witness... Witness my destiny.
Neighborhood champ,
five years in a row!
Hey! You wanna give it a try?
-Me?
-Yeah!
No,
-I'll only embarrass myself.
-"No" is not an answer.
Come on. It's so easy.
-It's a bad idea.
-Look,
I'll even show you
the famous Craverston grip, okay?
-All right.
-Put that in your hand.
Now hold it like a pencil.
Now cock your wrist.
-Right.
-Good, good. Elbow out.
And then you just kinda throw at it.
Like this?
This is good?
Well, you kinda throw like a girl.
But when a girl is as beautiful as you

she doesn't have to be good.

Do you mind if I skip
the Craverston grip?

Okay, good luck.

Oh, my God! Look at that!

Maybe I should show you
how to throw like a girl.

Suck on that, Craverston.

Shut up, Oren.

Where's your girlfriend?

Tim.

Hey, Karen.

I was just looking for the bathroom.

You were in Jeff's den.

Yeah. I must've made a wrong turn.

Lovely place you have here,
by the way. You have a great eye.

Thank you.

Was that your design work

I saw downstairs?

Jeff had mentioned something
about urinals.

Yes. Well,

the customer's always right.

But, yeah, they are my drawings.

Customer's always right.

Except when they're not.

-The bathroom's that way, Tim.

-No, thank you, I'm fine.

That was one of

the best Junetoberfests

we have ever, ever had.

Have you ever seen a couple

move into a neighborhood

so nicely as the Joneses?

You don't you think there's

something off about them?

I mean, they're so overly

accomplished, and stylish

and affectionate with one another.

Why would they wanna live here?

Karen, they told you,

they wanna settle down.

You know that he was

in your den today?
Yeah, so?
So, he can navigate
the bazaars of Marrakesh,
but he gets "lost upstairs"
looking for a bathroom?
Karen, let me tell you something
I learned years ago.
When people have to poop,
they get embarrassed.
As do I, sometimes.
Really? You think he had to poop?
Probably, yes.
You know, if the Joneses seem a little
bit more affectionate than we do,
it's because they haven't had to mute
their passions the way we have
'cause the kids have been around.
But now, it's our time.
It's our summer. Watch my hand there.
And I think it's time
to get busy sexually.
No. It tickles, honey. Honey!
-Honey, I know we said every second...
-Come on!
Look at the time. Look how late it is.
It's traditional Gaffney foreplay.
Let me just do it.
Come on, baby. Come on.
I'm so tired. But I pick up on things.
I was the one who noticed
when the McNultys
were pirating the Yamamotos' cable.
Yes, and intuition
is a wonderful thing.
And take it from me,
somebody who has had 16 years
of human resource experience,
that the Joneses are perfectly nice,
normal, everyday people.
I didn't know what to do.
Smoke blows from the car, you know?
So I figured
Americans are really good with car...

You strong man!
So you can help me out?
Absolutely.
You came to the right guys.
We Americans are good
at a lot of things.
Jeff.
Jeff, wake up.
Who are you, Tim Jones?
Sorry.
Neighbor!
-Hey, Jeff. This--
-Oh, my goodness.
This is embarrassing.
Well, it happens.
Jeepers, let me help you.
-Here you go.
-Thanks.
What are you doing here?
I found your love
of home brewing contagious.
And I figured I could use a hobby.
Instead of glass blowing?
Right. Besides that. Besides that.
It's a cool hobby, but it's probably
not as manly as you'd like.
Hey, Ed. Set my friend up here.
He's gonna need some wort chillers,
probably need some fizz drops.
-Give him some yeast.
-You're the expert.
-Yup.
-Don't let that yeast get infected.
-Okay.
-I'm kidding.
It's a joke.
It's a yeast infection joke.
-Expensive hobby.
-It's more of a calling, Tim.
-Hey, are you hungry?
-I'm famished.
-You like Chinese?
-The food?
Yeah.

Come on!

Spy force on.

I am leaving this message
in case anything happens to me.

I'm following Natalie Jones
who I have good reason to believe--

-Calling Natalie Jones.

-No!

No! No, no, no!

Siri!

Thank you.

Have a nice day.

How's the book?

Interesting.

Hi, there! Nice to see you.

Yes, indeed.

That's is my friend, Jeff.

This is Mr. and Mrs. Lu. Okay.

All right, we're gonna go on back.

I know! I feel like I've been
putting on a little too much.

Thank you. Come on

back here, Jeff. Thank you.

I'm doing a little piece on,
sort of, hidden gems around the city.

-Now, that place is good...

-Yeah?

...but this place is great.

Come on, follow me.

It's good to get out of the
cul-de-sac every now and again.

Well, it is, yeah.

-I love my cul-de-sac.

-There he is.

I knew I felt your presence, man!

-What's up, brother?

-How are you, pal?

This is my friend, Jeff.

Jeff, this is Ricky.

He owns the place.

-Hi, Ricky, how are you?

-What's up, Jeff?

You don't have to bow down.

Don't be shy.

Come on in, man. This guy's stiff!
Welcome to the Cobra Club.
Well, now,
this is Jeff's first time. So...
Don't worry. We'll take
good care of him, man.
Where do you want us?
-Right there, man.
-Thank you. I'll take a shji.
-One?
-Yup.
-Yeah. Two.
-Two?
-Whatever he's having.
-Two shjis coming up.
So? A little different
than you were expecting?
I gotta tell you. Spice and I
don't sit very well together.
There's certain ramifications the next
day, you know, toilet-wise, but--
This is not that.
Okay? It's not spicy,
but this is the real stuff.
I'm ready.
Actually, it reminds me
of when I went kayaking
down the Pearl River to Zhongshan.
It's just beautiful. A lot of places,
just like this.
You have a fascinating job.
-Come on. So do you, Jeff.
-Yes.
I'm sure you could
tell me some stories.
I could tell you some stories
to make your skin crawl.
But I'm in HR.
There's a certain wall
of secrecy around me, so...
You could tell me,
but you'd have to kill me.
I'd probably just get in trouble
from corporate.

You wouldn't actually kill me.
It's just an expression.
Yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
-Here we go. All right.
-Okay.
Look at all these
little ethnic condiments.
-So cool.
-That is...
-Soy sauce.
-Soy sauce.
Try this.
Okay.
Wow! That's good!
What is that? That looks like a snake.
Shji, man.
Snake wine.
That's real cobra.
The alcohol neutralizes
most of the venom.
Yeah, in Guangdong, the old dudes say
you drink snake wine,
makes your sack hang real low, man.
Does it?
Do you have a Arnold Palmer by chance?
You guys want to hear
about tonight's offering?
Yes. Show us what you got. Thank you.
Where did you find this place? Yelp?
It's my job to find places like this.
I talk to people, I go places.
And when I find a place that I like,
I like to share it with people I like.
Shji! Okay, that's a live snake!
Yes, Jeff. It's a snake restaurant.
Yeah, but Panda Express,
they don't serve panda.
Do they?
They call this "the 100-pace viper,"
because if it bites you, that's how
far you're gonna get, man.
-Is that true?
-No!
It's not true.

It's probably closer to 50 paces,
-honestly. It's very potent.
-Pretty bad, man.
I'm afraid of snakes.
I'll eat 'em. But, I'm so sorry.
Ricky knows what he's doing.
He's very good at his job.
Come on, sit down, okay?
Just let him do his thing.
-Yes.
-You're in good hands.
-Yes.
-Okay? Trust me.
You're gonna wanna keep
your hands away from the head,
'cause it can actually still bite you.
So, just be very careful.
Can I have a vegetable spring roll?
Buddy...
You're gonna be just fine. Here.
-A little more of that.
-Yeah.
-Yeah.
-Okay? This is good.
-We might need another bottle of this.
-Yeah.
Let's go ahead and get loosened up.
-Yeah. Snake it up.
-Yeah.
One second. That's Karen. Hello?
Remember I told you something
was off about the Joneses?
Well, my instincts were right.
I just followed Natalie to the mall
and I have two words for you.
Sarah Palin.
And guess what?
There is a Chinese word
for cul-de-sac. It's...
I'm sorry, I'm having
a hard time hearing you.
The point is, the Joneses
are not who they say they are.
Okay. Hold on. I'm sorry.

Karen, I'm actually,
lunching with Tim right now.
There's nothing weird
going on whatsoever. I think...
I think you're just sublimating
your anxiety about the kids.
You're having insecurities
about, you know, your career--
Don't even begin to go there!
I don't throw your man crush
in your face.
I don't have a man crush!
I don't have a man crush.
I had it once in my life,
when I was a boy.
-You mean Bruce?
-She likes to be called Caitlyn.
No, no, no, you're absolutely right.
-Hello, Karen.
-Natalie!
What a surprise!
You've got no clothes on.
You're on the phone.
I'm gonna go.
To be continued.
I was just leaving Tim a voice mail.
He likes to hear from me
when I'm trying on lingerie.
I tell him what I'm putting on,
how it looks.
How it makes me feel.
It looks great! I'm sure he...
I'm sure he's happy to know that.
Tell him from me.
Yeah, it's one of our things.
Keeps the spark alive.
Do you and Jeff have a thing?
Yes, Jeff and I have a thing.
We...
We do it really fast in case
the kids come running into our room.
Sounds like you're very sexual people.
-But your kids are gone, aren't they?
-Yeah. Yeah.

Time for something new.
Is that why you're buying lingerie?
Yes.
Let's see what you decided on.
No. I mean, I just-- It's just stuff.
Come on. Show me
what you think is sexy.
They're for Jeff's mom.
She's morbidly obese.
She drives around on a scooter.
I feel really bad for...
Let's be real with one another, okay?
And he's dating Sheila Rondowski,
I think is her name, on the sly,
which is a big no-no,
'cause she's his superior.
Sure.
This stuff is so good, Tim.
It's delicious.
Didn't I tell you?
I tell ya... Listen. It is impressive
how people open up to you.
-They tell you a lot.
-They do.
It sounds like they complain
a lot, but...
Gosh! It comes with the territory.
I'm fine with it. But, yes.
Let me ask you this.
Does anybody ever say
to you in confidence
how much they hate the company?
Ricky, let's get some more wine!
Hold a grudge? Anything like that?
Sara Patel, she has
irritable bowel syndro--
Excuse me. She has
irritable bowel syndrome.
There's a lot of co-workers,
too, that sit near the bathroom.
Sometimes, we're all irritated
by your bowels, Sara.
Everybody on the fourth floor knows.
But that's not what I'm talking about.

Is there ever a situation
where somebody seems
like they came into a lot of money,
or they, you know,
they bought a new car or new clothes?
-Looks like they won the lottery?
-Yes.
-Or hit the jackpot?
-Yeah.
-Yeah? Who's that?
-Sanjay. He bought a Grillbot.
What's that?
That's the guy I work with.
His name's Sanjay.
No, I know what Sanjay is.
What's a Grillbot?
Grillbot is like-- It's just a...
It's just a-- What it is, is a robot
that cleans your barbecue grill.
You just put it in your grill,
you shut the lid,
and it just kind of ruminates in there
and gets all the little coal pieces,
the little icky pieces up.
And it's, you know, spick and span!
It's like a Roomba for your grill.
I'm thinking more of like the--
Like, like... More expensive.
These are \$99, Tim. Expensive stuff.
Right.
But you gotta make sure the grill's
off. Sanjay didn't do that.
Are we done talking
about the Grillbot?
If you're not gonna eat this,
I'm gonna eat this.
No, no, no, go ahead.
Take what you like.
The thing is,
is he voided the warranty
on the Grillbot and the grill.
Jesus, Jeff! Ricky!
Oh, God! Put it down. Ricky!
Man! I've never seen that before.

Go find the shot!
The antivenom. Go get it!
Hey, little buddy!
Oh, my God. No, no, no, no.
No, no. Hey.
He's snacking on my hand.
Look at me!
All right. Get it out!
We're all gonna
have to have a relationship.
Hold on. We're gonna get the antivenom
okay, Jeff? Hold on a second.
You got it? All right.
Hold on, hold on.
How does that feel, buddy?
How does that feel?
That's good.
Now this would be incredible on you.
Perfect, I'll take it.
You're not being fun, Karen.
I want you to forget everything you
heard about functional breast support.
Why are you so nervous?
Is it because we're two women
trying on lingerie together?
Or because I know
you were following me today?
I wasn't following. What? No! No!
I was at the mall. I was shopping.
I wonder if they have this in yellow.
-Jeff's favorite color is yellow.
-I'm not stupid, Karen.
You're right to follow me.
To be thinking that this woman
is not who she pretends to be.
Because I'm hiding something.
You are?
So are you.
We're so alike, you and I.
Two strong, sexually vibrant women.
And yet, here we are.
Forced to bury our true selves
from the Meg Craverstons of the world.
What's Meg got to do with this?

Come on, Karen.
I hear the way she talks about me
when she thinks I'm not looking.
Hating me for the way I look,
as if perfect bone structure and
flawless skin is something I can help!
I may not need to moisturize,
but I still have feelings.
I didn't know about the feelings.
That's why women like us
need to stick together.
Not follow each other in malls.
Do you Kegel?
Kegel?
You mean the exercises
for the lady parts?
Strength has to start somewhere.
Not-- I don't.
In fact, I'm doing some right now.
I could crack a walnut down there,
if I needed to.
Have you ever had any need to?
Now you go.
-I couldn't crack anything down there.
-Are we still hiding?
Come on, Karen.
Just... channel your power.
Okay. I'll do it. I'll try.
I did it! I felt it!
How was that?
Work in progress.
Now, you have a choice.
Which Karen do you wanna be?
Karen, the meek?
Or Karen, the strong?
-Sure you're okay?
-I'm okay. Yeah.
You saved my life.
And that was some good snake.
I'm embarrassed though.
Little drunk.
You had me worried there for a second.
Get yourself cleaned up.
I'll get the check.

I know what you're doing, Tim.
What am I doing, Jeff?
I read people for a living.
That's what I do.
And, you know, you get me drunk
on snake wine
and get me to open up
and tell you secrets.
You...
are trying to make a friend.
I got a lot of friends, Jeff.
Yeah, but you have a lot
of secrets locked inside of you.
I think that's why you might be one
of the loneliest guys I've ever met.
Now, what do you have
to say about that?
You wanna know something about me?
Sometimes I hate what I do
for a living.
But doesn't that feel good?
To express yourself?
-Is this us bonding now?
-No, this is us talking.
You want bonding?
I'll show you bonding.
You're gonna look at me.
I'm gonna button you up.
Okay. Okay. That's loud.
Jesus, you do this for fun?
I got you, okay?
Isn't this a blast?
Yeah!
-Hey, Karen! Karen?
-Hey, I'm here!
Hi, Karen. How are you?
I brought you some flowers.
Thank you, honey!
You're not gonna believe
the day that I had.
Guess who likes being
a man-bird as much as I do?
-Who?
-Tim Jones.

Look at that. Why are you wearing
a robe? Are you sick?

Nice. Honey,
I'm just thinking.

What am I really doing this summer?

I mean, I sent the kids away to camp,
I'm redesigning bathrooms.

Is that what makes me happy?

Is that what makes me,
Karen Gaffney, complete?

Okay, well, listen,
if you wanna feel complete,
there's some exercises
I do at work with the guys...

Honey, no. They don't work.

Now, I've lost touch
with the real Karen.

And then these amazing
new neighbors move in
and with me feeling so vulnerable,
it's only natural

that I would get suspicious
and find fault with them.

But really, I just feel like
I should be focusing on me.

And on us.

Sweet baby Jesus, what's happening?

Natalie said we needed a thing
to keep our spark alive.

You've been talking to Natalie
about us sexually?

No, obviously.

I didn't tell her anything, honey.

No, I just mean
she's unusually intuitive.

-For a Greek.

-Right.

And she just thinks
that once you're married
at a certain point,
you have to make more of an effort.

This is the Karen that I--

This is the Karen that I love.

I really do. Take me.

Take me, darling.

Okay.

Shoot, honey.

It was the conversation piece.

Don't worry about it.

What is that?

I don't know. It doesn't matter.

Come on.

It's okay. It doesn't matter.

You know what, honey?

We need to go back to our lovemaking.

-Where were we?

-Yeah, okay.

-It's so hot! It's so hot!

-Yeah. Okay, I-- Should I grope you?

-Great!

-Yeah.

Let's go back. Jeff, Jeff!

-It's so hot!

-So, you are sick?

You know what?

I'll tell you what we should do.

We should put on a soundtrack
for our passion.

You want a little passion music?

This calls for The Judds.

-We're gonna put on some music.

-Okay.

I'm going to put the wine glasses
in the dishwasher.

Right. Okay, so you got--

You wanna narrate!

Okay. All right. I got you. So...

And then... This is so much fun!

The blood leaves Jeff's head
and slowly makes its way
to his midsection.

I don't know why we're in the closet.

-It seems very un-erotic to me.

-Honey, listen!

Listen! Because

our neighbors bugged us!

Told you something

was wrong with them.

Makes a little more sense
what Tim was doing in your den.
And do not tell me
that he had to poop.
He did not have to go number two.
And now I know what Natalie
was doing at the caf.
It was a drop!
A drop? What are you talking about?
I can't believe she duped me
into this lingerie.
But she was in her underwear
and I was in my underwear and--
Oh, my God! She was so persuasive.
Wait. You were both in your
underwear at the same time?
Get your mind out of the gutter!
It was a charade!
Okay, Karen, I just wanna make sure
this isn't another case of paranoia.
Remember the time you made me sleep in
the car 'cause I ate that hot pepper
and you thought I was possessed?
Your eyes were all red. You were
trying to have sex on a school night.
I know, but it was just the jalapeeno.
That's my point.
God! We gotta call the cops!
Call the cops and tell them what?
Our neighbors bugged the house?
-Yes!
-That sounds crazy!
What happens when
we really need the cops?
They won't come to our house. Why?
Because we're on some kind
of crazy list. That's crazy.
You're right. We need more evidence.
-And it's a jalapeo.
-Karen. Karen!
Karen!
Kar-- Karen, look.
I know that you miss
Mikey and Patrick,

but parents weekend
is not for two weeks.
Get down!
Parents weekend isn't for two weeks.
Maybe we can do some
breathing exercises to center you.
Jeff, I don't need to do any deep
breathing exercises! I'm centered!
It's quiet over there.
It's too quiet.
They're probably watching us,
watching them.
They're not watching us! They're at
a restaurant with Stacey Chung.
How do you know that?
Because we talked about it
at the indoor skydiving place!
Why didn't you tell me?
Karen, stop!
Darling, stop, please!
Think about what you're doing.
You'll go to jail
for something like this.
Only if I get caught.
See? No fingerprints.
Now, people move in,
they always change the locks,
but they never change
the garage remote.
I forgot to give it back when Bridget
and Dave went to Myrtle Beach
and asked me to feed Smokey.
Are you coming?
You're gonna need to cover your hands.
Cover my hands? With what?
Use your socks.
Oh, God! It looks like a show home.
-They painted over Bridget's mural.
-That's a real tragedy.
Look, there's nothing weird here.
Let's go, let's go!
Karen! There are windows everywhere.
Get down! Get down!
So weird.

Stand up!
These pots have never seen
a lick of flame.
Little weird for someone
with a cooking blog?
Well, it's a new house, new pots.
It makes sense to me.
And an empty spice rack. She wows
the neighbors with her appetizers.
No spices.
Never judge a woman
by her spice rack, Karen.
Check for stuff about
Sri Lankan orphans.
I bet that's another web of lies!
Sorry, Tim, for breaking
into your house.
I just wanted to be your friend.
This certainly isn't
a friendly gesture.
You know what, honey? I can hear you.
And it hurts my feelings
when you're not supportive.
Karen, this is ridiculous!
It's gotta be here somewhere.
Karen! Karen, Karen, Karen!
Look at them. So perfect.
Karen, come on, let's go.
Look at this.
Okay. So, they're gamers. Let's go.
Karen! Don't! What are you doing?
Stacey Chung.
Isn't she out with the Joneses?
Yeah.
Ted Wallace.
He works with you, right?
Yeah. Maybe it's just some
kind of social media thing.
Dhameer Mustafa?
There's Dan.
Sanjay.
Oh, God! They're targeting MBI.
There's some kind of missile.
These are all the people

he was asking me about.
Oh, my God! I told him everything.
-Oh, God.
-We've gotta go.
Switch down the computer, honey.
We gotta get out of here.
I can't get any purchase on the mouse
because I have a sock hand.
-Okay, hold on.
-Switch it off! Put it back.
-Karen...
-Put it back the--
No! You don't understand!
They're spies.
-Karen, please, okay? Just shh!
-We gotta go right now!
I need to write these names down.
What are you doing? We gotta go!
They could be back at any second.
What are you staring at?
What is that? A pen?
What?
-What?
-You have a...
Oh, God! Oh, my God! Now what?
Oh, shit, I killed her.
Karen!
Karen!
Thank God!
Honey.
Okay, we gotta go. Karen, wake up!
Oh, God.
Okay. Okay. Damn!
Sorry. Sorry.
-You're welcome, baby.
-Okay.
-You're so cute!
-Karen, shh!
Okay. Okay.
Why are you shushing me?
They haven't any dogs.
I thought Chili's
was supposed to be fancy.
Yeah, I don't think you ordered well.

Remember when we were in college,
and your parents, they almost caught
us in the bushes, and we hid!
Yeah.
Wait, I met you after college.
Oh, my God!
It's almost like our wedding night.
Why did we do that? What are we doing?
What do we do?
Jeff, you're being so serious!
-I'm Jeff. I'm so serious.
-Karen, Karen, Karen!
-Why are you being so serious?
-Okay.
-Stop licking me!
-Yeah.
Okay, listen. Oh, shit!
Shit.
-I'm getting on top!
-I--
I'm getting on top.
-Karen! Karen! Karen!
-I'm on top!
That makes me feel weird.
Karen, please.
I'm not into this right now,
sweetheart.
I'm not really into this.
-Cuddle me.
-No cuddling! Our neighbors are spies!
-Our neighbors are spies.
-I wanna cuddle. Cuddle me.
Look at them up there.
Probably going upstairs to make sex,
and they won't even think about us.
You broke my heart, Tim Jones.
You broke my heart.
I'm just saying,
the place is called Chili's.
-It's a Mexican place.
-I can't believe...
-I don't know why you would...
-...we're still talking about that.
...order anything remotely Asian.

Okay. I guess we can cross off Stacey.
She's not going to give us anything.
Hey, do you know what a Grillbot is?
What?
It's this thing. Jeff was telling me
about it the other day.
It's this little robot
that cleans your barbecue--
I hope this is not going to be
a problem.
What?
First rule of what we do. Don't get
too close to your targets. Remember?
Actually...
the first rule of what we do, is to
not fall in love with your partner.
Right? Wasn't that the first rule?
Tim Jones.
What am I going to do with you?
I don't know.
-You don't know?
-I don't know.
-I have a few ideas.
-I have some ideas too.
You do?
-Should I start now?
-Yes, you should.
Okay. Okay.
Well, that might be a problem.
Hey, buddy. Can I use your computer?
I need to check
my fantasy baseball roster.
Go ahead. Go ahead.
Thanks.
What is happening?
You okay, Jeff?
You seem kind of distant.
No, I'm fine. I'm just...
sifting through the wreckage
of every value I once held dear.
Good. I was worried
it might be something real.
Hey, Dan.
Dan!

The Joneses aren't
who they say they are.
What are you talking about?
Your phone.
Okay. Okay.
The Joneses are spies.
Spies?
Spies?
Yes! They planted a bug in our house.
I can't believe I let Tim diaper me
dupe me
Have you told anyone?
I'm meeting with Carl Pronger
in Security
But it's not like that, I swear!
Sometimes she picks up on things.
This time she was right.
You have to take this upstairs, Carl!
This company, my neighborhood,
Western civilization as we know it,
they're all at risk.
And it might be my fault.
All right, Gaffney.
I'll do some digging.
Okay. Thank you.
See what I can learn
about these devices.
And if I find out they're real,
and not from some hobby shop,
-well, you wait for my call.
-Okay.
Go for Jeff.
I gotta say, Gaffney,
you and your wife were right.
You know those devices you gave me?
I was talking to a friend of mine.
Ex-military.
And well, this line is unsecured,
so I can't go into details,
but let me just say,
this stuff is the real shit!
God! Okay. Who are the Joneses
working for? Are they Russian?
Damn it, Gaffney.

What is it about the word
"unsecured" that you don't get?
Look, I'm gonna do some more digging,
and then you meet with me
before work tomorrow.
Okay.
You know the old MBI building? On 75?

7:

Why are we meeting there?
Well, so we can strategize
before we take it upstairs!
My buddy says the last time
he saw tech like that
was on a dead man.
Dead man? Why would you say--
Jesus!
"Jesus" is right.
Gaffney, this is the big time!
I mean, we are going all the way.
-Not now, Carl. Not now.
-Don't try to give me the brush off.
If you think you're gonna
handle this yourself...
-Okay, okay.
-...you're making a big mistake!
-Work buddy.
-Gaffney, don't mess this up!
-Carl! Okay, yeah. Good.

-7:

You okay there, buddy?
You almost ran me over.
Yeah, I was looking for Bernie.
He keeps pooping
in my yard and I was just--
I mean, his dogs keep
pooping in my yard. I was distracted.
How are you?
You don't seem like yourself, Jeff.
You don't seem like yourself, Tim.
What's that supposed to mean?
I was... You said it to me. I was...
What did you mean when you said it?

We think we had a break-in last night.

-What?

-Yeah. I know. Really rocks your faith in the notion of trust, doesn't it?

Tell me about it. My gosh!

You'd think in a neighborhood like this

you wouldn't have to worry about something like that.

I'm so sorry about that, Tim.

Yeah, well, Jeff,

here's the thing about trust.

Once it's gone, bad things happen.

I heard that.

Okay, well, I should go.

Karen and I are supposed to take a bath.

Yeah, a little warning.

Carl can be a bit prickly, but he's a top notch security man and he happens to like the way

-your mind thinks, okay?

-Okay.

Is that him in the bathrobe hanging laundry?

I don't know.

Maybe he's having a yard sale.

Gaffney, right on time!

And you brought the lattes.

Knew I could count on you.

This is my wife Carl.

I mean, this is my wife, Carl.

Nice to meet you.

-Nice to meet you.

-Karen Gaffney.

Yeah, well, welcome

to my home away from home.

Or to be more accurate, my home.

But not for long.

Here, please. Thank you.

Sit down here.

Let me just clear this stuff away.

Get this laundry outta here.

It's the maid's day off.
Not at all. It's just that
when you told us to meet you
at the van,
I didn't realize
you'd be living in it.
Yeah, well, the truth is...
you know, I've been living
in the old Westfalia here
ever since my wife left me
and took everything I had.
-Sorry, Carl.
-That's terrible.
And now thanks to you for bringing me
in on this deal, Jeff.
I think things are finally
starting to break my way again!
What do you have for us?
Oh, boy, what have I got?
Let me show you here.
You know, here's something that Jeff
never thought he'd hear. Gaffney...
are you ready for a level four
security clearance?
-Okay.
-Okay. Here we go.
-Carl.
-Yeah?
You got like a red dot
on your forehead.
It's called adult acne.
Thank you very mu--
God!
I've been hit!
I've been hit! I've been hit!
Oh, my God! Shit.
-Are you hurt?
-I've been shot!
God! No, honey, it's just the latte!
It burns! It burns!
Oh, shit! It's the Joneses!
Try not to shoot them.
Let's run for Carl's house.
Oh, God!

Get in the car! Now!
Let us get on with
our stupid little lives!
Get in the car now
and I will explain everything. Mostly.
I'm tired of your
silver-tongued lies, Jones!
Do you wanna get killed
out here? Get in the car!
Why? So you could kill us in there?
There were no spices
in your spice rack!
I said get in the car.
We're gonna get in the car.
For Patrick and Mikey. Right, honey?
Guys, now. It is very dangerous. Now!
When I count to three
we're gonna run, okay?
One... Two...
Jeff!
-Oh, my God!
-I said three!
Jeff, please, would you
just get in the car?
I was making a head start!
On your wife?
You two are acting like children
right now.
Now, get in the car.
Right now. Get in this car.
Put your seat belt on,
for Christ's sake.
-Oh, my God.
-Come on!
-Go, go, go.
-Let's go, let's go.
What is going on here, Tim?
Are you stealing secrets from MBI?
We're not stealing secrets from you.
-There they are.
-I see them.
We're spies.
His seat belt is jammed! Pull over.
-Shut up!

-Jeff gets car sick in the back!

-Quiet!

-Shut up!

You broke into our house.

What kind of neighbors are you?

You planted a bug in our house.

What kind of neighbors are you?

You know, they kind of have a point.

It's so hot in here.

-Put the AC on. Please!

-No.

Can you turn the
air conditioner on, please?

-It's not going on!

-It's hot.

My seat belt's not on! Wait!

Okay, it's about to get weird.

About to get weird?

Quick question. Are you guys
the good guys or bad guys?

What do you think?

-I think the guys in black...

-Shit!

...on the motorcycles shooting at us
might be the bad guys.

Get down, get down, get down!

What is that?

It's camp.

What?

Hey, sweetie. How are you?

-The cookies are for both of you.

-Karen!

Mikey, if you split it,
he gets to choose first.

-Karen!

-Because that's fair!

Get down! Get down

Karen, get off the phone!

Because otherwise you would
make one piece bigger.

And then you'd pick that one.

Put Mikey on, put--

Just split the cookie!

Just split the cookie!

Oh, shit!
To the right, Natalie.
Thanks, Karen.
Brake!
Oh, my God!
Okay. Okay. Okay.
Please get out of the way.
Please get out of the way
so I can see.
There's something blinking on the back
of the car. Is that bad?
Yes, Jeff, that is decidedly bad.
You need to go out there
and take that off.
-Wha... I need to take it off?
-Yes!
-Well, can you slow down?
-No!
-I'm driving. We're being chased.
-Get it off!
I'm not gonna slow down.
They're trying to kill us!
Right. Coming from the guy who
wouldn't turn on the air conditioner.
Slow down a little bit.
I'm getting wet! I'm getting wet!
Getting wet is better
than getting shot!
It's hot!
Three targets, two shots.
You got this?
Always.
How you doing back there, Jeff?
We need you, buddy.
Wait.
-Okay.
-Wait.
Now.
I got it! I got it! Now what?
Hold on, Jeff!
Throw it! Throw it!
Five here? So, what do you think?
I think I'm stuck.
Yeah. Well, I think one, two, three,

four, five... It's gotta be six.
Here we go, folks.
-Scrambled whites with toast.
-Thank you.
-Three-egg omelet with potatoes.
-Thank you!
Eggs, potatoes, and bacon.
And a side of bacon.
-Yum, yum, yum, yum!
-Thank you very much.
Oh, my goodness!
What? High speed car chases
make me hungry, honey.
Okay, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, if that's
who, you know, you really are.
I have a couple of questions. And...
I think this time
we kind of deserve the truth.
You're entitled to it.
Okay, question number one.
Are you in the CIA?
Honey, that's a wasted question.
They can't answer that.
Question number two then.
Who are you after?
We can't tell you.
Okay. Question number three.
Is it somebody we know?
Can't say that, either.
You just said we were
entitled to the truth.
Did say you were entitled to it.
Doesn't mean we can give it to you.
You know what, honey?
It's probably classified.
That's why they can't tell us.
-Do you want any of this?
-Yeah. I'll have some potatoes.
I'm glad everybody's just
enjoying their meal
while we're in the middle
of a... Like, a thing!
You guys are just eating
like there's nothing going on.

I'm a little troubled by it!
Honey! That is not okay.
Fine. I'll keep asking 'til I get
something that's not classified.
Is that fine with you?
Okay.
Question 17.
After a shootout like that,
who cleans up all the bullets?
Okay, can you guys
tell us anything at all?
I'm not Greek. I'm Israeli.
Ex-Mossad?
Can't tell you.
Come on. Are you guys even married?
Can you even tell us that?
Yes. That actually you can't fake.
But that's it?
Everything else was a lie?
I mean, 'cause I think when you
told me that you hated your job,
that seemed real. I mean,
from an HR perspective.
That seemed real.
You told him you hate your job?
I may have mentioned
certain misgivings, in confidence.
Interesting.
Why is this coming out now?
Because Jeff is actually
a good listener.
And I did mention that
to you before, in Marrakesh.
At that place that
we always go to. Hazim's.
That day, we spent the whole
afternoon there.
We talked about maybe getting
out of this. We talked about
I could actually become
a travel writer, for real.
We could maybe have a child.
That was hypothetical.
It wasn't a life plan.

I didn't think it--
Okay, this is what we do.
Automatically, we go to Hebrew
and then it's gonna be a whole thing.
And who puts a bug
in a glass sculpture?
I happen to like my glass sculptures
and I like to share them with people.
It's a legitimate thing.
It's actually appropriate
to give somebody a gift.
What isn't appropriate,
however, is what you happened
to wear at the yard party.
Now you want me to dress
like some kind of a sexless
-elementary school nurse...
-Come on. I'm not talking...
...just to fit in with
the other mothers, right?
-No offense, Karen.
-You look great!
You look amazing.
But you have to fit in.
I mean, it's called being undercover.
I mean, you had no problem
wearing a burqa in Kabul.
But this is the suburbs!
It's hard. Don't you get it?
Women here are vicious.
Can I say? You don't know
the women here.
There you go.
We don't know anything.
Why did you bug our house?
Actually, you know less than nothing.
But the agency received credible intel
that someone was using your
work computer to commit treason
against the United States of America.
We were using you
to get to whoever they are.
Why not tell him everything?
Who cares?

Ten years, 30 countries,
nobody finds us out,
and we couldn't even
last a week in suburbia!
Can I pay, please?
Stupid question. What do we do now?
Yeah, what do we do now?
Just stick to your routine.
And nobody finds out
about any of this, okay?
I won't tell anybody.
Yeah, keep it quiet.
There's this other thing
I needed to ask.
I know you guys are undercover and
this whole thing is a setup, but...
The other day at the Cobra Club,
was that about getting me drunk
and having me betray my co-workers
or was that about two guys, you know,
maybe starting a friendship?
It was about getting you drunk
and betraying your co-workers.
Okay. Yeah.
But the indoor skydiving...
that was about being friends.
See, I told you we bonded.
Okay. Remember,
nobody finds out about this.
-No. I won't even tell my mom.
-Locking it up. Hey, hey.
One other thing. I know I'm not
a licensed therapist, okay?
But talk, communicate
with one another, okay?
Jeff is big on communication.
I communicate. That's what I do.
-You sure do.
-Talk, talk, talk.
No, no, no, no, no.
You're absolutely right, Jeff.
Communication is a great thing.
-All right, I'll see you.
-Bye!

-Thanks!

-I should go.

-Okay. Take care.

-See you.

That's so nice of you
to tell them that, honey. Really.

I think the Joneses
are going to be just fine.

Yeah.

-After you, my dear.

-Thank you.

Timmy!

Well, it was most likely
just a gas leak. So...

Well, thank you for your statements.

-Thank you very much.

-Good night.

Okay.

Whoever killed the Joneses
are gonna come after us next.

Do you think we did the right thing
by lying to the police?

We promised the Joneses
that we wouldn't say anything.

Do you think that
promises count, honey,
when the people that we made
them to are dead?

Yes!

Plus, I don't wanna be haunted.

-They've taken the barricades down.

-Oh, my God!

All right, listen,

I'm gonna grab the essentials.

We're gonna need our passports.

We're gonna need
our birth certificates.

And we'll need some duct tape.

Get some peppercorns, too!

-Mikey...

-Coffee, teas, Goldfish.

I'm gonna get these onions here.

-Don't take the onions, put 'em back.

-No, no, no, no.

-You don't need onions.
-I need...
-Trail mix!
-I can't choose.
This is a 2,000-piece puzzle.
-This is a weapon.
-Yeah! Or we can make chicken parm.
-It would be nice to have--
-What! You always buy this.
You should buy the organic one.
I've been through this with you.
I don't wanna talk about that
right now.
Jeff, don't take the ginger snaps!
I know, but we might need...
-Calm down, Jeff.
-Okay!
I'm taking this Red Bull.
Where are we going?
I don't know. Anywhere. Just pack!
I've never been on the run before.
I mean, should I take a bikini,
in case it's gonna get hot?
No! A bathing suit? Take socks!
Socks! I need my socks.
We gotta get the kids.
We gotta get my mom!
Don't bring her into this!
We said twice a year.
Christmas and Easter!
Oh, God! Okay. Okay.
-Okay. You know what?
-Karen.
It's probably just a fuse.
Because a house exploded, it could
just be a problem with the grid.
Yeah.
Maybe you should check
the fuse box, honey.
-Okay, yeah.
-And I'm gonna just...
stay here and pack.
Maybe you should
go with me to the fuse box.

That way you're not alone.
Okay, here we go.
Okay, okay, yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah. There we go.
There it is. There it is.
Okay.
It was just the circuit breaker.
-It's okay.
-Good Lord!
Don't scream. It's not what you think.
What, you didn't kidnap our friends
and tie them to chairs?
It is what you think. But it's
not for the reasons you think.
Dan is the one
selling secrets from MBI.
What?
-You're right. She's very good.
-Told you.
Dan, is that true?
And how are you two alive?
Your house exploded.
Jeff, things aren't
always what they seem.
You should know that by now.
So?
How could you not tell me
you were feeling this way?
Well, look...
To be honest, you are not exactly
the easiest woman in the world
-for a man to admit his fears to.
-What?
How can you say that to me?
I'm compassionate and sensitive.
You can say anything to me.
Well, calling me a pussy
in Hebrew is not helping things.
Run.
You dove headfirst
through a plate glass window?
It's not as hard as it seems.
Who's behind all this?
Who's trying to kill you?

It's an international arms dealer
who calls himself The Scorpion.
The Agency's been after him for years.
And your friends here
were about to sell him these.
That's what we make at MBI?
-What are these?
-Microchips.
In the wrong hands,
the information on those chips
could be used to undermine the entire
U.S. missile defense system.
For the last three months, Dan's been
smuggling them out of the building.
Prison-style.
Wait. Prison-style? What do you mean?
I think that means he put 'em in
a balloon and stuck 'em up his butt.
What?
Oh, God!
Why did you do this, Dan?
That's exactly what
we're about to find out, Jeff.
Yeah.
Tim!
Spread your legs, Danny boy.
Mrs. Jones has some work to do.
Natalie...
Jesus. Jeff.
Jeff, please, do something!
Either you talk...
Jeff, stop her please!
She's a psychopath!
Tim, can I just have a word with
you guys for one second, please?
Please don't hurt me. Please.
-Okay, okay.
-Get this psycho away from me, Jeff.
Relax.
We're excited that
you guys are still alive.
But this is our basement. This is not
a Abu Ghraib, you know, scenario here.
-Our kids play down here.

-I don't like it either.

But this is

a national security situation.

Yeah, but you can't torch a man's
scrotum and expect him to speak.

You'd be surprised.

These are human beings.

You gotta connect with them, okay?

-Let me talk to 'em for two minutes.

-He's a people person.

You have 90 seconds.

Okey-dokey.

Okay, Meg.

Dan, I want you to know...

like the HR department, this basement
is a place of non-judgment, okay?

And even though

you stole from the company
and betrayed your country
and cul-de-sac,

and, you know, placed microchips
in your darkest cavity,
mistakes happen!

Oh, my God! Can we please waterboard
them and get this over with?

We live in confusing times.

And I think that the lines between
right and wrong become blurry.

It's hard to even know what those
words mean, isn't it, Dan?

What is this? Good cop, good cop?

Look, I might not know

what's going on, on the sixth floor,
but did you know that every time
an employee requests a raise
it comes through the HR department?

And I've seen your requests.

And I know that they've been denied,
every time, for the last five years.

That's a lot of time, Dan. Lot of
good time you gave to the company?

-Where's your piece of the pie?

-Exactly.

You know how hard it is

to raise four children
on a rocket scientist's salary?
Oh, God! Shut up, you idiot!
No! You shut up, Lady Macbeth!
Okay.
You're the one who pushed me
into this, you know that?
With all your constant demands
and trendy needs.
I did not tell you
to go on Jeff's computer
and make a deal with an arms dealer!
Well, you didn't tell me not to.
Jeff...
I was at the end of my rope.
The financial pressure was crazy.
Groceries and tutors and...
I got four kids under 13 in braces.
Do you understand? Do you, Jeff?
I do. You know I do. I mean...
if kids have crooked teeth,
we can't have crooked teeth
in this society.
This isn't Great Britain, you know?
There's all sorts of things
you have to keep up with and...
New tires for the minivan,
piano lessons,
you know, and, because all that...
Carl Pronger is dead!
Hang on! Get a hold of yourself!
I never wanted anyone
to get hurt, Jeff, I swear.
We were protecting you.
The Scorpion doesn't even
know who you are. Karen!
Shut up, Meg! Brooklyn Loft is stupid.
All right, not helping.
I'm crying.
Where did you get an onion?
-Who? Me?
-Yeah, you.
I got it from upstairs.
From our kitchen.

Is this your phone?
Is this the Scorpion calling?
I'm gonna answer this
and you're gonna talk to him.
And you're gonna lead us to him.
He'll sniff me out in a second.
You know what he's capable of.
-Answer the phone now.
-Natalie...
No more games.
Look, I can't. I'm not a spy!
I'm a soccer dad!
He never misses a game.
Oh, my God. All right,
I'm gonna answer it.
No, we can't.
Our cover was blown, remember?
Well, I don't have a lot of options.
What do you want me to do?
Hello?
Hello? Mr. Rascal Flatts?
I needed a cover name.
Hello?
Hi!
Yes, this is Rascal.
Are you and your wife
ready to make the deal?
Yes, Mrs. Flatts and I
are very excited about it.
Tomorrow night.
The Odyssey Hotel. 9:00 p.m.
Go to the V-Bar.
A table will be reserved for you.
Bring the requested item and wait.
V-Bar. Okay thank you very much.
Just out of curiosity,
is there a dress code?
I'll... I can look that up online.
Okay.
What have I done?
No, no. You did everything great!
You did everything great.
-Okay.
-You did!

-I did.

-Jeff and Karen, welcome to the sexy and exciting world of international espionage and covert operations.

Buddy, I think it's time we get you in a proper suit.

Nice! Is it an extra medium?

A killer dress.

That's all of it?

This tie has been fitted with a miniature surveillance mic.

It's completely undetectable.

I don't know if I can walk in these.

The heel is equipped with a tracking device that allows us to monitor your every move.

Natalie and I will secure a position right upstairs on the roof.

And establish a command center.

Now, you know at some point, you're gonna have to put on pants.

Yeah. I know. I'm just nervous still.

It's gonna be okay.

Simple in and out job.

Make the exchange, leave the hotel.

Got it. In and out.

Just out of curiosity, what happens, you know, worst-case scenario?

Worst-case scenario?

We radio for backup, and we storm the place with the full force of the United States government.

Okay. Got it.

-Okay?

-Yeah.

You look good.

Don't forget those pants.

Reminds me of our first date.

And our second.

What's wrong?

We never really did finish
that conversation, did we?
Well, the house did explode.
So...
Look, I just want you to know
I realized something last night
when I was about to fry
Dan's testicles.
I know I'm not the best listener,
but I can change.
What? You don't think I can?
No, no, no. I know you can.
Just don't change too much, okay?
Okay.
Honey, are you ready?
What are you doing?
I was just listening
to some Rascal Flatts.
-Trying to get into character.
-Oh, God!
Patrick leaves these toys
on the stairs.
-Somebody's gonna hurt themselves.
-Karen!
What? Do you like it? Is it too much?
No! Not at all. It's just enough.
Thanks, honey.
Is this the lingerie
you were wearing the other day?
Yeah, I figured if we're gonna
do this, I should do it right.
Yeah.
-You look so handsome.
-Thank you very much.
How much time until
we have to be at the hotel?
We've got 45 minutes.
-Karen. Karen.
-Jeff,
your tie's stuck.
-Karen!
-Sorry, honey.
What?
I think they're having sex.

Goddamn it,
we don't have time for this.
I mean, they're supposed to be
here in 45 minutes.
Nope, they are done.
All right.
Wow! Look, honey. Beautiful design!
-Hey, Karen.
-Yeah?
Thanks so much for the sex.
Go.
Hello!
-Hi.
-Hi. We have a reservation for two
under the name Rascal Flatts.
It's not our real name.
We're having an affair.
Come with me.
Hey, Tim. We're in the restaurant
right now. Everything's going okay.
Honey, sushi.
There's sushi as well.
I'm gonna sign off for right now.
Ciao.
-That's our table.
-No, this way.
Really?
Thank you so much.
Is this the line to
the little boys' room?
-I don't need to use it.
-Come.
I'm confused. I...
It's part of the...
I thought it was just gonna be us.
You fellas with The Scorpion?
All right, they're on the move.
Moving into position.
Thank you.
There he is. Rascal Flatts.
You have any trouble
finding the place?
No. Your henchmen were very...
I'm a little ticklish there.

Your henchmen were very helpful.
This must be the wife. Wow! You guys
really dressed up for tonight.
Thank you. Yeah.
Well, we don't get out very often.
When we do, we really
like to make the most of it.
Awesome. Ivan?
All clear.
Sorry about the frisking. You cannot
be too careful in my line of work.
Let me make it up to you
with some very expensive,
very delicious champagne.
Wow! Look at that gun.
And by the way,
you two have gotta try this dip.
It's amazing.
It's a cheat day for me, so I went
a little crazy with room service.
I hope you don't mind.
Mrs. Flatts makes a great
seven-layer dip. I'll tell you that.
I bet she does.
I do. The secret is an extra layer.
An eight-layer dip.
Sneaky! I love that.
Do I know you from somewhere?
I seriously doubt it.
He's a people person.
Come on, Jeff. Stay calm.
Just do what we talked about.
Well, did the people person
bring this person his computer chips?
Yes. Yes, yes.
You'll find them right here.
Careful.
Denver, 2010.
Were you at the National
Aerospace Convention?
Because I think we were
in the same focus group.
Are we still doing this?
No, we're n-- it's done.

It's really done. It's so done.
Why does he keep
asking those questions?
I don't think he can help it.
It's just what he does.
He connects with people.
-Perfect, as promised.
-Shit.
Ivan?
Okay. Here we go. Thank you.
-Okay! We got it. Great.
-Yeah. That checks out.
Well, pleasure doing business
with both of you.
Thank you, Mr. Scorpion and friends.
Thank you. Yeah.
Okay. Grab that stuff.
Hey! You drop your little ball.
That's fine. We have...
I have plenty of those.
Keep it. Keep it. It's a...
-Excuse me.
-Stop!
You're the HR guy.
No, he's not. He's an engineer.
He... Dr. Flatts.
-Yeah, I'm in the rocket sciences.
-He went to college!
-He's very smart. MIT.
-No.
No. You were right.
We have met before.
See from '02 to '05,
I was a mid-level drone at MBI.
-And you are Jeff Gaffney.
-No.
-Human Resources.
-Wrong.
Yeah. You helped me
with my "suicidal depression."
With your little trust exercises
and stress balls!
This entire thing is a setup!
Goddamn it, Jeff!

Decoys have been made.
I repeat, decoys have been made.
We need to extract. Do you copy?
Carlos, take a team out,
lock the hallway down.
Yuri, take four guys up
the stairwell to the roof.
Radio the helicopter, we are getting
the hell out of here.
We need backup to extract
the decoys. Do you copy?
Negative. Collateral damage.
We cannot engage in a public arena.
Pull back and abort.
Do you copy?
Jones, do you copy?
Boris, get some ice tongs
and a cigarette lighter.
Goddamn it, Jones. Do you copy?
Copy, copy. Pulling out.
I repeat, pulling out.
We'll meet you
at the extraction point.
You really wanna
just leave them in there?
Of course not.
They're our neighbors.
Sweetie, everything's fine, okay?
That's why I rent the extra henchmen,
for situations like this.
-Is it Peter? No.
-That's why I paid
-for the whole floor.
-Honey, what are you doing?
-I'm trying to figure out his name.
-Chopper to the jet.
We'll be in Jakarta by morning,
-and when we get there, I--
-Bruce.
You talking to me?
I remember your name.
Your name is Bruce.
Bruce Springstine.
I... No, I think you have me

confused with somebody else.
Nah, I'm the one that mediated
your parking space dispute.
Is that what caused you
to go into a life of crime?
A bruised ego
over a lousy parking space?
Jesus Christ! What is this?
Amateur night?
Wait a second.
Your name is Bruce Springstine?
Yes, Ivan, it is.
It's Bruce Springstine
and it's a perfectly good name
like any other name.
And you wanted us
to call you The Boss?
I didn't want you guys
to call me "The Boss."
I wanted you to call me, "Boss."
All right? And that's just
for simplicity's sake. Okay?
That's just sad.
And that parking space thing
was bullshit, all right?
I'd been there for three years!
They still had me in Lot D!
That's the other side
of the highway, okay?
I had to cross the...
-The footbridge thing. Yeah!
-The little... The footbridge!
A footbridge, every day,
rain or shine!
So, thank you.
-I am really going to enjoy this.
-Okay.
-Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait!
-No!
Good. SEAL team's here.
Go, go, go! Get down,
get down, get down!
Go, boys! Go, go, go!
Shock and awe! Shock and awe!

Honey, I can't hear anything.
They're silent killers.
That's how they got Bin Laden.
-Let's just stay down, okay?
-Okay.
Where's the backup?
Those guys are with him.
There's no backup, Jeff.
They pulled out
when you blew your cover.
What do you mean there's no backup?
You're what they call
"collateral damage."
That's not good. I saw it on Homeland!
What do you me-- You didn't say
anything about collateral damage!
I asked you about the worst-case
scenario and you said,
"Well, the worst-case scenario,
I'll have backup."
Well, this is worse! This is worse
than the worst-case scenario.
You lied to our faces.
I did not lie to you. Now, I may
have left out a few key details...
That's a lie, Timothy!
That is lying by omission.
That's textbook--
You know what? My whole job is lying.
Okay? That's why I fucking hate it!
-I'm sorry, Jeff.
-You're apologizing to him?
You can't possibly care
about this loser.
You know what? I actually
do care about this loser.
I mean, you and I live
in a world where everybody lies.
And everybody hides everything
and obfuscates.
But, not... Not Jeff Gaffney.
Jeff doesn't live in that world.
He's an honest person.
He's forthright, he's friendly.

He's a good neighbor.

Do you have any idea how much
courage that takes? Real courage?
For my money, he's the bravest guy
in this room.

-Please. Spare me the morality!

-Hey!

Just hear me out, all right?

Look, the Gaffneys,
they don't belong in our world.

We don't. We really don't.

Okay? They're too good for that.

Why don't we let them go
back to their world?

And then you and I, we,
can settle this here?

Here in our world.

You guys can go murder each other
and stuff. Just leave us out of this.

You know what? I'm just gonna take
care of everything myself. Bruno,
lay the plastic sheeting out. I don't
wanna lose the security deposit.

-Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

-Can I finish a thought today?

I'm so sorry, Mr. Scorpion.

But, Natalie,
ever since we tried on
underwear together...

I'm sorry. You talking to her?

Finish your thought.

I realized something.

I've been living a lie, also.

Karen!

What is happening to my life?

Oh, my God! How long
have you been living that lie?

Honey! What? No!

I didn't mean it. I just had to
get the knife to her somehow!

Okay! I get it now. God! Thank God!

Okay, it's gonna be okay.

It's raining men!

You guys okay?

Grab the chips and follow us.
Come on, let's go.
-Chopper's ready.
-Yeah, get 'em.
And get the chips!
Get back, get back, get back!
-I'm almost out.
-Me too.
What are we gonna do?
-We'll have to jump for it.
-Jump? Jump from where?
Down there.
There's a pool down below.
It's our only chance.
Did you think any of this through?
Okay.
Where are you going?
Jeff? Jeff!
Jeff. Jeff are you okay?
-I just farted.
-Buddy!
You can't jump through
the window like that.
That's triple pane glass!
You gotta break it first.
Appreciate the effort though.
Scoot back, everybody, all right?
Just scoot back.
Get out of the way.
Really?
Stand back!
What?
Where'd you get that?
I picked it up off a dead guy.
-I thought he didn't need it.
-Run! Out of the window!
All right. Come on.
We're doing this. Let's go!
-Now! Now!
-Jump! Jump! Jump!
It's okay, everybody. It's okay.
Where's Jeff?
Guys, where's Jeff?
Jeff! Jeff, you've gotta...

-Jeff, you've gotta jump!
-Jeff!
Give me a second.
-Jeff, jump! Please!
-Just run and jump!
This is perfect.
You've been a pain
in my ass all day, Jeff.
Okay, li... Bru... Mr. Scorpion,
we all make choices in life and I...
I'm not being judgmental,
I promise you,
but do you really think that violence
is the solution? There's this exer--
He's all yours, gravity.
And that's why you don't sting the...
Always have plan B.
I know it seemed a lot higher.
Thank you very much.
That's for you. Keep it all.
Maybe you could videotape
that and put it online.
Where did you get the gun from?
No. I don't think we're
gonna keep any of that online.
That would get a lot of hits.
And I lined it up, and smashed.
Because there's shooting...
Probably wanna keep it
a little on the down low.
Yes. Of course.
Yeah, no, no, of course. Yes. Yes.
I'm just saying.
I'm so proud of you guys.
-You guys wanna come inside?
-Yeah, come in.
Where are you guys staying?
-You could stay with us!
-Stay with us!
Why wouldn't you stay with us?
We have a pull-out couch.
You can borrow some of my boxer briefs
if you need anything to lounge in.
-I've got a Wii.

-We've got a flat screen TV!
We have free Wi-Fi.
-You guys are great! Really.
-It's very nice of you to offer.
But...
Our ride is coming.
Yeah. Yeah.
You got your things you have to do.
Your missions.
Is that an Uber?
Sort of.
Hug?
-Just a hug?
-Just a hug.
Thank you. You're an amazing woman.
Thank you.
You made an incredible life
for yourself here, Jeff.
Just remember to leave the cul-de-sac,
every now and again.
You'd be surprised
at what you find out there.
We'll remember.
-Time to go.
-Yes.
Where's the driver?
Right here.
There's no driver in the car.
If they're shooting at us,
I get to drive.
Now you wanna drive.
I see how it works.
You get to drive the good car.
Bye, you guys!
Okay.
You know, it's Parents Day
at the camp tomorrow.
This is going straight to Facebook.
Keep sucking!
-That's good.
-What does it taste like?
It tastes like Mikey's sock.
But I mean that in a good way.
Here, try it.

I miss Mikey's little feet
and his socks.
Yeah. Here.
Okay, ready?
Oh, God! That really hurt.
What?
Oh, my God!
-Guys!
-Natalie! Tim!
You've gotta be kidding me!
What?
-Can I take this?
-Are you kidding me?
We are here because of you.
You told us about this place
and that's why we came!
You are here. In Marrakesh.
-That's a good memory. Wow.
-Amazing!
-What?
-That's amazing.
-My God.
-You have a baby!
-Yes, he just fell asleep.
-He just fell asleep.
You had a baby? You old dogs!
Does that mean
you guys left the agency?
-Well, yeah. It's a very...
-Well...
-Yeah?
-Long story.
But we can't really
get into it right now.
But, it's good to see you!
Jeff, do me a big favor?
Will you just...
-scoot a little bit to your right?
-Yeah. Sure thing.
Thank you!
I am blown away, you guys.
This is un--
Jeff, I don't want you
to turn around right now,

but there are four guys in fezzes
behind you on the...

Jeff, I just said don't turn around.

Jeff, I just specifically
asked you not to turn around.

I know but you said there are four
guys in fezzes behind me.

We're in Morocco.

There's a lot of fezzes.

But it's human nature,
I think, to turn around
to something like that.

Don't you think?

Honey. We blew their cover again.

-No! No.

-What?

-We should feed the baby?

-I think we should feed the baby.

-If you can just pass me the bottle...

-We blew their cover?

-...that would be great.

-Darn it.

-Can you hold this bag for me?

-Do you mind holding the baby?

Before you freak out,
it's just a baby.

-All right? Don't worry.

-Kids are great! I have pictures.

-Karen, how do you get--

-I'll tell you what.

Just put it in here and show me.

Kind of see what I'm dealing with.

Okay. I see now.

Okay? See what that is?

-It's okay, honey.

-I need you to breathe.

-You can do it.

-You've done this before.

On three, I want you to get down,
and take cover. Okay?

One...

Two...

Jesus, Jeff!

Everybody down, right now.

-I miss those guys.

-Me too.