Good morning, Quark.
I couldn't believe it. Lisa told Janet that Paul asked Barbara... to ask me if I had a date to the dance.
No, they broke up for religious differences.
She thought she was God and he disagreed.
Yeah, this afternoon around 5:00.
I'm meeting him at the mall.
I don't know.
Maybe. Yeah.
Oh, I can't. I've got to hang around a while and keep an eye on Nick.
He likes to take things apart.
Well, that's why I watch it at your house. Things'll cool off after today.
Dad has his big show-and-tell at the lab.
Zap!
- It works! L-It really works!
- Nick, get real.
The subject has disappeared.
No, no, it's not that.
No. Mom and Dad had an argument last night...
and Mom spent the night at Grandma's.
I think she just needed a rest.
Right, her and me both.
Amy, when's Mom coming home?
She's working, Nick.
She'll be home this afternoon.
If only Dad could get that machine to work.
Breakfast.
I need a couple minutes here. "I'll be down in five minutes."
Typing with his gloves on again.
Oh, no, not again!
Who does he think he is, Mister Wizard?
Szalinski, give it a rest!
It's Saturday!
It's construction, honey. You of all people should understand that.
Yeah, but I want some sleep.
We've got a four-hour drive ahead of us.
And I think he should have consideration for other people.
Mm, give the guy a break.
I'll give him a break.
I'll break his arm!
Honey!
Szalinski!
But, honey, you are much bigger than he is.
Szalinski!
- Honey, can't...
- Hold it, Dad.
- Don't move.
- Ron, what are you doing?
- Defending the backyard, Dad.
- That's my fishing rod!
Stop! Dad!
- Am I bleeding?
- Honey, it's rubber.
- Dad, I told you not to move.
- What's on this thing?
- Super Glue.
- Super Glue?
- Gotta mark those trespassers, Dad.
- I'm not a trespasser. I'm your father!
- Let me wash it off quick, hon.
- Ah, it's taking the skin off.
- I'll talk to you later.
- What's with this kid?
- He's 12.
- Attila the Hun was 12 once, too, you know.
- Oh, come on.
He's sounding.
Weird family.
Dad?
Look, I finished mine.
Looks just like yours, huh?
- That's great, Nick.
- You know, Dad, I was calculating.
- If you took all the molecules in this house...
- Listen, Nick, I gotta get this working before I leave.

Why don't you go help your sister?
Stay back, boy.
This thing works...
this'll put us up there with the invention of electricity...
first man in space.
First dog in space.
Come on! Shrink!
Shrink!
Please, please, shrink.
Please, shrink.

On the other hand, we've come up with an interesting way of making applesauce.
- You got it, honey.
- Sure?
- Positive.
You're wiping away brain cells, and there aren't many to spare.
- Everybody in my family's a comedian.
- Everybody except you.
Darn right.
Well, look who's decided to join the land of the living.
And is Russell ready for his big fishing trip?
- Not really, Dad.
- Not really?
There's a big fish out there with your name on it.
Fishing's your thing, Dad, not mine.
What's the matter with him?
What do you mean, shush?
There... I see nothing wrong with wanting to take my son fishing.
Russell, I shouldn't be telling you this, but he was cut from the football team yesterday.
- What?
- Honey, please. What he doesn't need right now is to hear from you.
- He needs something.
When I was his age, I was capt...
- Captain of the team.
And if my father'd wanted me to go on a fishing trip, I would've been gra...
You'd been grateful.
Russ, he is too small for football.
He is not too small for football!
Honey, when you say things like that, you make him feel about this big.
If he wants to feel big, he should act big.
Elbows up.
- What's the matter with you?
- I'm on a special diet.
- No toxic waste.
- Fine.
Here, Quark.
Eat it, Dad, before it gets cold.
Mm, did you get the machine to work?
Yeah. A few more bugs to get out, but...
- What about the conference?
- Meow.
Jeez, the conference.
I gotta get going.
Dad! Dad, wait. Dad!
If Mom calls, tell her I'll be home by lunchtime.
Dad, don't forget my dress from the cleaners, Nick's allergy pills...
It's all in my head.
Don't worry.
Wish me luck. I need luck getting out of this door.
- House of insanity.
- Hi, honey.
Hi, Mom. Nick, go get Dad.
He's just leaving
for the conference.
Dad, it's Mom.
- Where?
- On the phone.
- Oh.
- How did everything go this morning?
- Boy, did we miss you.
- I missed you, too, honey.
- Did Paul Tate ask you to the dance?
- I think he's going to.
I'm gonna meet him at
the mall later today.
- Here's Dad.
- Thanks.
- Hiya.
- Hi.
- Nick!
- I called to wish you luck
at the conference.
- Look, Diane, if things go well...
this morning, everything'll change
around here, I promise you.
Okay. I have
a house to show...
and then I'll be home this
afternoon and we'll talk.
- Good luck today.
- Thanks. Bye, honey.
- What time is Mom coming home?
- Later. Listen, we gotta make
this place spick-and-span, okay?
Nick, I want you to
mow the lawn. Amy...
good luck.
I'm helping my Dad with this
real important new invention.
So, mm...
I'll... I'll let you
mow half my yard.
No, thanks.
Wow! With that?
Yeah...
and...
this.
Oh, it's a remote control!
Tell you what. You thrown in
a box of cookies...
I'll let you cut the whole thing.
Uh, but I have to go
and meet Newt right now.
Uh, could I do it later?
- I don't think so, because, you know,
my Dad's gonna come home and...
- Aw, come on.
- Okay. But don't be too late.
- Okay, thanks.
- No problem.
- See you later!
Nothin' like a hard day's work.
French fries.
Tater Sticks.
Meat loaf.
Veal "parmedjian."
Hey, Dad, wanna go
play some baseball?
Hmm, baseball.
No. I gotta load the camper, Ron.
I'm busy.
Hey, Russ, pitch for me.
Hey, Szalinski, ever do anything normal,
like play baseball?
Nope.
- Baseball's for mortals.
- Maybe you could be the base.
- Maybe you could be the mound.
- Ronald!
Lug your stuff.
Later, worm.
Russell, gimme a hand here.
Russell! Gimme a hand here.
Dad, it's early.
The early worm catches
the fish, Russell.
Remember that.
The Forresters are coming by after
lunch, so come on! Quick march!
Something here between us
is something that I can't resist
A physical attraction
Feel it every time we kiss
Weird family.
Oh, you got me so excited
Still it's not enough
I'm gonna try to fight it
till I know if this is love
Turn it up
- Yeah!
- Turn it up, ooh hoo
I love to hear
Russell...
I know it seems strange
when you look at me today...
but when I was your age,
I was not much bigger than you.
- I know, Dad. You've told me
about a million times.
- All right. Just hear me out.
The point is,
Coach put me on these babies.
Know what happened? I put on 20 pounds
of pure, unadulterated...
blitz-the-quarterback
and rip-his-head-off muscle, Russell.
Now, I'll make you a little bet.
If you work out for three months...
you will be throwing farther,
you will be running faster...
and you will be hitting harder
than anybody else on that team.
Go on. Try it. Go ahead.
Um, Dad, you... you know that
weights aren't my thing.
Fishing isn't your thing.
Weights aren't your thing.
Just what is your thing?
I don't know, but I'll
keep you posted, okay?
Fine. Until you do,
you're trying these.
And you're coming fishing
with the family. Is that clear?
I can't hear you!
Yes, sir.
Better.
Now, uh, lift with your legs,
not with your back.
What am I doing wrong, Spike?
Russell, you're not smoking
a cigarette, are you?
No, dear.
You know I've given that up.
- Your stuff all loaded?
- Ready to fire.
- Got the best spot on the lake.
You looking forward to it?
- Tubular!
He's only 12, and he's already
thinking about construction.
- Why can't Russell be more like that?
- Oh, honey, just give him a chance.
Ron Thompson at the plate. Bottom of
the ninth. It's a clutch situation.
Here's the pitch.
Oh, he's swinging like a rusty gate.
He pumps once, pumps twice. Ohh!
He's never been good
on the high outside pitch.
Here it comes. Fastball.
His bread and butter.
Grand...
slam.
Hey, hey, I didn't do it.
- Come on, you dope.
- Hey, nobody has to know.
Nobody saw it but you.
Let's negotiate this.
I'm your brother, Russ.
You're not supposed to fink
on your own brother!
Turn me in, and I'll tell all that
you spend your allowance on... Uuh!
Come on, Russ!
Look, either you tell them
or I tell them, okay?
Okay. You tell 'em.
- Aren't you in the wrong yard?
- Listen, nerd face...
- Tell them.
- What's going on?
- Hi. Um...

1-I'm Russ Thompson
from next door, uh...

Um...

Uh, my brother has something to
tell you, or else I could tell her.

Okay! See, I was playing
with my ball, right?

Well... Well, actually,
it's not my ball exactly.

- It's Charlie Sudzen's.
- Just tell her what you did.
It never would've happened
if their house wasn't so close!
- He hit a baseball
through your attic window.
- He what?

It shouldn't have been closed
in the first place. It's a nice day!
- We'll get it fixed, okay? We'll take
it out of his allowance, all right?
- My allowance? Dream on.

Okay, we'll just have
Dad pay for it, huh?
We'll take it out of my allowance.

Gimme my ball back.

Until you pay,
no man shall pass.
- You got nothin' to say
about it, space boy!
- Cool it!

Nick, take him upstairs and get him
his ball. And clean up the mess.
- What?
- Do it, Nick. I don't
have time to mess around.

Come on. This is what's wrong with
the American system of justice.

So, y... You like to dance, huh?
- How do you know?
- Well...
You could see me?

No.

Uh, no, l... Yeah, I could.
But I wasn't watching you. L...
Awesome.

So your Dad's still in contact
with his home planet.
And given that my machine can
substantially reduce...
the size of bulky payloads
and fuel supplies...
the savings to the space program
would be staggering.
Mr. Szalinski, are you
trying to tell me that...
suddenly size is
no longer relative?
Well, that's right, Professor
Frederickson, that all matter is...
made up of not only density,
but of empty space.
And if we can proportionally reduce
the amount of empty space...
in any given object, we can
thereby shrink the object.
Uh-huh. Where's your proof?
When Einstein came up with
the atomic bomb, did they ask
him to prove that it worked?
You, Mr. Szalinski,
are hardly Einstein.
- I picked a name.
- You have, however,
managed to shrink one thing...
the size of this audience.
Gentlemen, ladies, I don't know
about you, but I'm going to lunch.
Wayne. Wayne.
- Oh, uh, hi, Dr. Maynard.
- Don't take it too hard, Wayne.
It will take time to convince
people without proof.
I appreciate it.
Thanks a lot.
By the way, you were right
about the electric flea collar.
The extension cord was a bad idea.
What could be taking them so long?
I am not missing the mall today.
Nick!
- Nick...
- Ron?
- If you guys are hiding up here...
  it's not funny.
Nick, you know what Dad said.
You're not supposed
to be playing up here.
Where are we?
God, what happened?
- Amy!
- Russ!
Amy!
- Nicky.
- Ron?
- Nick, what happened?
- We're all the size of boogers!
Be quiet, Quark!
- Nick, what did you do?
- Me? It was his ball!
- Shut up, wimp!
- We have to get Dad.
He'll know what to do.
Nick, if that's Paul Tate,
I'm gonna kill you.
Can somebody get that?
- What's that?
- It's Dad's thinking couch.
Amy? Nick?
Hello?
It's not for you.
What is it, Quark?
Nick!
- Listen.
- Are you guys home?
Sounds like Dad.
He'll fix us.
Mr. Szalinski! Up here!
- Up here, Dad!
Quick, over there by the door.
Okay? Get that side.
Anybody up there?
Nick!
Get off and give us a hand!
Nick? Amy?
Hey, Amy, your date's here.
Oh, gross.
Watch out for the crack!
Hurry up. He's coming!
Right here!
Szalinski!
Dad! Dad!
Mr. Szalinski!
Down here!
Help!
Help!
Help!
Help!
Where's my couch?
What is he, deaf?
Don't you get it?
We're too small. He can't hear us.
Dad!
I don't believe this.
What a day.
Ow!
This is all your fault!
Five years...
No, Dad, it works!
Szalinski, don't do it!
No! Mr. Szalinski!
Dad!
You don't even work!
Don't!
Run!
Run.
Run, Nicky! Keep up!
Dad!
Stay there!
There's glass everywhere here now.
No!
Dad! Run, Nicky!
No! Back the other way!
Go!
- Help!
- Help!

No!
Help! Somebody!
Not now, Quark.

Szalinski, do they pick up your trash the same day they get ours?

Ow! Nick?
- I'm over here.
- Then whose arm is this?
I don't know, but I'm not waitin' around to find out. Move over.
- Ow! Watch it!
- Look out.

Oh, my God.

Reminds me of the backyard.
Something tells me we're not going fishing this weekend.
- That should make you happy.
- Blow it out your shorts, Ron.

Dad can fix us, right, Nick?

L... I think so.
- Oh, great.
- We just have to get back to the house.
I'm never goin' back to your house!
I'm goin' home.

Come on, Russ.
- Russ?
- Tell me the truth.
- Could your Dad help us?
- Russ! We're supposed to go fishing!

Yeah, right!

How are you going, as bait?
What a witch!

Russ, you comin' down, or what?
Well, we can't stay here.
Well, I think we should stick together.
Well, come on.

Nicky!
I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Toto.
I don't think we're in
the food chain anymore, Dorothy.
Come on, Ron.
We're gonna go with them.
What? You let a girl
tell you what to do?
Look, Ron, down here,
you're gonna listen to me.
From now on, you're gonna
do what I say! Run!
Great Sir Russell Thompson,
stalking the rogue butterfly.
Knock it off, Ron.
We're now a quarter
of an inch tall...
and 64 feet from the house.
That's the equivalent
of 3.2 miles.
That's a long way,
even for a man of science.
Nick, I've got six hours to get home,
get big and get to the mall.
Now get moving!
That butterfly had
a wingspan of 42 feet!
Nick!
Hi.
Hi.
- Guess what I s...
- Look, Diane...
- I sold a house.
- Really? That's great!
Yeah, you know that big estate?
The Boorsteins bought it.
I only had to show it
to them 12 times.
- How'd your conference go?
- Well, I got a lot of laughs.
- Oh, Wayne.
- I failed, Diane.
L-l... I'm just gonna get my old job
back, if I can get my old job back.
But from now on,
things are gonna be different.
Different.
Right.
- Where are the kids?
- I haven't seen them since I left this morning.
- Well, did you tell them I was coming home?
- Yeah, that's why they cleaned things up.
I see. Oh, they're probably just at the mall.
Do you wanna hear somethin' strange?
My thinking couch is missing.
- The one from the attic?
- Yeah.
Hey, Ron, this is a lot better than those nature hikes Dad drags us...
Nick, don't you ever pick up your toys?
- What a wimp!
- Been looking for that guy.

It's already 1:
So much for the mall.
What if time shrunk too?
I mean, what if it's hours to us, but it's years to the rest of the world?
Hey, that would be cool.
All my teachers would be retired.
Impossible. Time doesn't exist, except as a...
- Oh, no.
- What's a river doing in your yard?
It's not a river, dope. It could be a stream of dog pee, and it'd look like a river to us.
Let's swim it.
- Have a ball, baby.
- I'm not swimming in that.
Hey! Hey, if we could get some rope...
we could make a log bridge!
If... If we... If we had some logs.
- Quark!
- Your dog?
- Yeah.
- Quark can't hear us.
Yeah, he can!
Dogs have great ears.
If we can get on him, he'll take us
all the way back to the house.
Whistle.
- What's wrong?
- He can't whistle.
Let's get higher up.
You know how to whistle. You just
put your lips together and blow.
From the top of that flower,
we could see over the grass.
Let's climb.
No, Patty, no, no.
There's nothing to worry about.
Just have Amy call me if
you hear from her. Thanks.
Amy's not at Patty's and Nick's not at
the Koestlers'. I'm gonna call Betsy.
Well, they gotta be somewhere.
Did you check next door?
At the Thompsons'?
They'd rather be in school.
Nick, be careful.
Yes, Mother.
I'll go up with them.
It's Quark!
- Oh, no.
- What is it, Nick?
- It's that stupid cat of theirs!
- Our cat is not stupid.
- It just chased Quark away!
- It's Russ' stupid cat!
- Hang on, Nick!
- I can't! I'm slipping!
Nicky!
Nicky! Get out of there!
You're allergic to pollen!
It's too big!
I'm too little to breathe it in!
Diane!
Hi, Mae.
- We haven't seen you around much lately.
- Well, I've been working a lot.
You haven't seen Ronnie
or Russ, have you?
You know something?
I can't find Nick and Amy.
If you see them, would you
send them home right away?
Oh, sure. Uh, same thing
if you see mine.
Russell, the Szalinski kids
are missing too.
If they're smart,
they ran away with the circus.
I don't know where they could be.
They know we're leaving.
Ronald?
Russell?
Amy?
Nick?
Amy?
- What is it?
- It sounds like Mom.
Sounds more like a swarm of...
Bees!
- Amy! Get him off of me!
- Nicky!
- Get him away!
- Hold on, Nick!
- Russ!
- Nicky!
Nick, give me your hand!
- Nick, hold on!
- Russ!
We're never gonna find Russ now.
It's all your stupid Dad's fault!
Shut up!
My brother's up there too.
Help!
Russ, don't let go!
Hold on!
Help!
I'm getting worried. I'm gonna go
to the mall and look for the kids.
Why don't you stay here in case they come back?
Okay.
Hey, Szalinski!
Your lawn's beginning to look like the Amazon.
Yeah. Producing oxygen, Russ.
We've all gotta do our part.
You know, the jungles are receding everywhere.
Dad!
- Don't!
- Stop! Stop, please! We're on the bee!
Wh... Where is it? Come on!
- Stop! Don't kill us!
- Dad, don't kill us!
Stop it! Whoa!
Hold on, Nick!
We're goin' down!
Wayne...
if the Boorsteins come by, their escrow papers are in my briefcase.
You think you can handle that?
- There was a bee on me.
- Yeah, right.
Wait a second.
Nick doesn't play baseball.
I just figured it out.
I never woke up this morning.
This is all a bad dream.
- Ron, get up.
- You're just a nightmare!
When I get up, Dad and I'll be going fishing.
I'm warning you.
Okay, Ron.
Maybe you're right.
Maybe this is just all a bad dream.
- But if it is, would this hurt?
- Ow!
Get up!
If you were my brother, I'd put myself up for adoption.
Yeah, I hope your face
ends up on a milk carton.
My chair.
My couch.
It works.
Nick? Amy?
Can you hear me?
Nick.
Mm-hmm.
Nick.
Nick.
Nick?
Are you okay?
When we crashed, my entire life
flashed before my eyes.
It didn't take too long.
I'm scared, Russ.
We could be anywhere now.
- I think we're still in your yard.
- How do you know?
Any other yard,
the grass would be shorter.
Come on. We gotta find
Ron and your sister.
...and he'll go to jail.
Your mother too.
After all, she's the one who paid
for it. That makes her an accomplice.
You know what it's like in jail?
I am gonna tell you
one more time to shut up!
And then what?
And then you'll smack me?
You'll go to jail too. I'll tell them
after a big bee ate my brother,
you smacked me around.
No jury in the world
would fail to convict you.
- The whole Szalinski family's
gonna be in jail for life.
- Look.
My dad's machine works.
When we get home and he fixes us all,
we're gonna be so rich.
You'll regret this.
Amy. You know,
I've always liked your family.
I mean, your dad's
a real nice guy.
He's not as weird as I thought he was,
and I love you and Nick
like my own brother and sister.
It's just that my dad
doesn't understand your dad.
Your dad doesn't understand anything.
- Amy!
- Ron, where are you?
Run, Nick!
Whoa! Oh! Ow!
- Russ! Russ!
- Get up!
Get in there!
Get out of there!
- Harold.
- Uh, Mr. Szalinski?
Uh, we're the Boorsteins.
Get off the grass!
Get off the grass!
Up there!
Nicky!
- Amy!
- Get under that ledge!
It's very delicate, the lawn.
You don't want
to overwater, really.
Get her!
Amy?
Get away.
Please don't die.
Amy.
No, Cathy, I just thought
they might have stopped by.
Okay, listen. If you see them,
would you send them home?
Okay. You have a good weekend.
This is getting ridiculous.
Where the hell are those kids?
Oh, no.
You had to bring the dog. I don't want
to hear any more about the cat.
It's the Forresters!
What are we gonna tell 'em?
- How 'bout the truth?
- Mae, what kind of an excuse is that?
Don!
How 'bout catching some...
- Good morning, Russell.
- Hi, Gloria.
Say good morning, Sushi.
Well, the fishing report
looks stellar. Let's make exhaust
while the sun still shines, huh?
- I called Charlie up at Bass Lake.
- I know.
- He's says they're jumpin' in the boat.
- Don...
- Oh, and I bought my new Fish-matist.
- Donald, that man over there is flying.
- Right, Gloria.
- Don, uh, something's come up.
I don't think
we're gonna be able to make it.
Maybe you oughta go on ahead.
What do you... What do you mean you don't
think you're gonna be able to make it?
We're caravanning, good buddy.
- Donald, I am...
- Not now, Gloria!
And besides, if you're not there

by 6:
Confidentially...
Mae hasn't been feeling too well.
Plumbing.
"Plumbing"?
Well, this isn't
the Big Russ Thompson I know.
I mean, plumbing would not stop
the Big Russ Thompson I know...
especially with
an $80 deposit on the line.
Don, hook a big one for me, okay?
Don?
Let's roll, Gloria.
But, but...
Come on. Get in.
What's wrong with them?
Come on.
Mm-hmm.
You tell him the truth?
Honey!
They take it okay?
Mae.
Eighty bucks, Mae!
Nonrefundable!
Those kids are grounded!
Mud is still mud,
no matter how small you are.
I can't believe some stores
actually charge for this stuff.
That was really great,
what you did for Nick.
What about you, Amy?
He saved you too.
Yeah, I know, Nick.
Where'd you learn
artificial respiration?
French class, kid.
Oh.
"French class"?
How 'bout a truce, okay?
Okay.
I think this is the flagstone
in the middle of the yard.
You mean we're halfway there?
Yeah, I think so.
Let's go.
French class.
I'd die for a strawberry sundae...
with chocolate sprinkles,
and a banana split.
I could eat a corn dog
the size of a truck.
Ron, if you had a corn dog,
it would be the size of a truck.
I've died and gone to heaven.
It's as big as a house!
I saw it first.
It's mine!
I got dibs on the cream filling!
Nick, it's one of your cookies!
They're never gonna
believe this at school.
Yeah, I could just see
the note to the teacher.
"Dear Miss Mason:
Nicky's not absent.
He's pinned to this note."
- Guys, quick! Over here!
- Where?
- Right there.
- Nicky, hurry!
If only we had some bug spray.
That'd show him.
Quiet.
To him, we're the bugs.
If he finds us, he'll eat us.
Let's get out of here.
Wait a minute. It's our cookie.
I say we fight for it.
- Just one ant.
- When is the last time
you saw just one ant?
- He's a scout. The rest of them
will be here any minute.
- Wait!
You ever see how fast ants go?
We could ride him and get back
to the house in no time.
Forget it, Nick.
Amy, he could take us all.
- Ants can lift 50 times their weight.
- 50 times?
That's like bench-pressing
a bulldozer!
Yeah, so think of what
he could do to us.
Let's go before he brings
the rest of them.
But he can't hurt us.
He's just a baby.
Russ?
- I say that ant is ours!
- Yeah!
- Come on, you guys!
Geronimo!
Get him!
You guys! Nicky!
- Get him!
- Nicky, you're gonna get hurt!
- Ron, be careful.
Yee-ha!
- Nick, get over there! Over there!
- You guys...
Get behind it!
- Get back here, Nicky!
- Watch out!
- Look out!
- Nick, the others
could come any second!
- Nicky!
- Go, Nick!
- Nicky, no! Get off of him!
- Nick, the wrong end!
- Nicky, you're allergic to ants.
Get away from him.
- Go over there.
- Nicky, get away!
- Ron, get on!
Hey, Szalinski, look at the head.
Ron, go for it!
Hey. Hello.
Ant!
Here.
Nice ant.
Come on, you guys.
You guys, come on.
Somebody take this cookie.
Nicky, take this thing!
Help! Nicky!
Come on, you guys.
This is your ant.
- Nicky, help me!
- She did it.
- Somebody, help me!
- Yeah.
- Your sister's not bad.
- Nicky!
- For a girl.
- Of course.
Quark, sit.
Sit, Quark.
Stop. Sit.
Sit, boy.
Quark, get away from there.
Quark. Here, boy.
Quark. Quark.
Get away, boy. Drop it!
Oh, whoa! Whoa!
Whoa!
Whoa!
Thank you, Officer.
We'd appreciate you sending somebody by.
Oh, okay, it's 646...
That guy's got serious problems.
Mrs. Thompson? Hello?
646 Sycamore. Yes.
Great idea, Russ, even if
the boy genius didn't think of it.
Low bridge!
At this rate,
we'll be home by dinner.
Maybe I can still go out...
with Patty.
Well, our weekend's shot.
We'll never get to go camping now.
I know Dad.
We're grounded.
We are camping, Ron,
only better.
- This is like a safari.
- Hey.
Yeah, I never thought
of it that way, you know.
Onward!
Amy?
Nick!
Wayne?
Uh, yeah, um, I would like
to report, um, two missing children.
Well, instead of flapping
your gums about it,
why don't you go out and...
I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.
This sort of thing happens all the time.
- You have a little spat with the kids...
- Whoa. We did not have a spat.
- You were kind of upset
about Russ quitting the team, hon.
- Quit? I thought he was cut.
- He was afraid to tell you he quit.
- Quit...
What do you mean he was afraid to tell
me? He could tell me anything he wants.
You know me. I'll always listen.
Mm-hmm.
- What's "Uh-huh" supposed to mean?
- Russell.
- No, I don't like the way he said it.
- No need to get upset, Mr. Thompson.
- You know, it's not unusual
for these runaways to...
- Whoa, my kids did not run away.
They are happy kids,
and there's no way you can
make me believe that they ran away.
There he goes with his writing again.
Don't you ever say anything?
Mm-hmm.
- Russell!
- Why do I feel like
I'm the one on trial here?
- Can't imagine, dear.
- What do you mean you can't imagine?
Well, I think we have
enough to get started.
Please give us a call
if you hear from the boys.
Fine.
Don't they need a warrant or something?
Russell, there's a few things
about yourself I think you should know.
- Well, like what?
Well, I think you need to sit down. Oh, another missing children report. 644 Sycamore. That's next door. I've called the police. What's on your head? I was looking for the kids. Where, in a coal mine? They're in the backyard. They are? Diane, I got something real important to tell you. That is the couch from the attic. You can see the marks where Quark chewed the arms. I found it on the floor. It's my thinking couch. Wayne... Are you trying to tell me... You did it? It works? The machine works? Do the kids know? Well, yeah, the kids know. That's great. No, it's not that great. Why? I shrunk the kids. What? And the Thompson kids too. They're about this big. They're in the backyard. What? Threw them out with the trash. Stay here. I'll get the door. Yes? Did, uh, you report some missing children? Oh, there must be some mistake. Ours are in the backyard. Right, honey? She's w... Thank you. Mm-hmm. How ya doin', boy?
How about a pit stop?
- What is it, Ron?
- Antie needs a recharge.
Here. You deserve this.
We're not gonna make it before dark.
Yeah. Even if we did,
the mall would be closed.
Don't eat so fast.
Hey, that's my hand.
Why don't we let him go?
He's worn out, and his family
might be worried about him.
- It's okay with me.
- Yeah, me too, I guess.
Help me get off the harness.
You can go now.
Come on. Just start walking.
He'll get the idea.
Thanks for the lift, Antie.
You're free.
You get home now.
Shoo!
- Looks like you got a new pet.
- Dumb ant doesn't know
what's best for him.
Go on! Go home!
Mom will never let me keep you.
Amy? Nick?
- Nick?
- Are you there, kids?
Nicky.
Where are you?
- Any luck?
- No.
Nick?
Amy?
- You see anything yet?
- It's too thick.
It's supposed to be thick.
It's grass.
Keep looking. Nick?
Amy?
- What was that?
- Ow!
Watch out!
Come on.
- Ugh.
- Where did that come from?
- Yeah, it's Dad's brand.
- He told us he quit.
Oof. Looks like
he started up again.
No. He only smokes when he's
really worried about something.
Nicky, be careful.
Hey. Hey, maybe we can use this.
Cool. Now we can
see in the dark.
Hey, Antie, look.
Headlights.
- I didn't force him to join the team.
- I know.
But you always make
a big deal out of sports.
- Because sports build character.
- No, they don't. They build muscle.
Russell, you've got to understand.
These kids aren't...
- Wayne?
- Yeah?
We've got to tell the Thompsons.
What do you take me for?
A complete idiot?
- How did this happen?
- Hold on a second, Mae.
I'll handle it. All right?
How did this happen?
Well, the machine analyzes the
molecular structure of each compound...
- and then through laser inversion,
it takes all the...
- Wait, Wayne, wait.
I think the Thompsons
need to see the couch.
This guy is a waste of skin.
- This is a microscope.
- I know.
Look in there.
All right.
You see, that's the couch that
used to be sitting right over here,
until the machine shrunk it.
All right, so there's
some doll furniture. Big deal.
They sell that kind of stuff
at swap meets.
Why didn't you tell us earlier?
Well, until now,
the machine just blew things up.
- Are you saying that that machine...
- Blew up my kids?
- No, no, no, no.
- Oh, no. No, no.
- If the machine had blown up the kids,
there'd be piece of them everywhere.
- Wayne!
Sorry, l... Look.
I'm positive about this, okay?
- The machine shrunk our kids.
- You're the one
who needs a shrink, Szalinski.
- Russ.
- You are a nutcase,
and I'll tell you something.
I have got an air hammer
in my attic...
and if you did do something to my kids,
there's gonna be pieces of you
all over the neighborhood!
Come on, honey.
I think that went well.
I think we should
have them over more often.
Yeah, well,
it's a priority for me.
Now, why don't you do
what you're paid to do?
Find my kids.
I thought you didn't believe him.
Oh, I don't.
Electricity's cheap.
Come on. Look at this.
We don't have to sleep
on the ground.
- What is it?
- One of my Legos.
Give me a boost.
Hey.
Not bad.
Yeah. I don't even
have to brush my teeth.
- Quit pushing!
- Move over.
- You move over.
- Why don't you take that one?
- Are you sure?
Yeah. I'd rather sleep down here.
Night, Antie.
- Think they'll be warm enough?
- They look fine to me.
You think you'll be warm enough?
Good night, Russ.
Good night, Amy.
Good night, Amy.
Sorry, boy.
I need the parts.
Meow!
Are you okay?
I'm scared.
Somehow I feel
like this is all our fault.
No, it's my fault.
I start working on something, and I...
I don't think about anything else.
I should have been more careful
with that thing. I'm sorry.
That's not what I meant.
You know, it's not important...
if I sell another house...
or if you get a grant
this year or next.
We've just got to get
this family back together.
I feel the same way.
I gotta fix the machine.
You should get some sleep.
We've got to get up early
and come out here and look for them.
No, I couldn't sleep.
Not with my babies
out here all alone.
Ah, don't worry about them.
They got the Thompson kids with them.
They'll be fine.
That's another thing
I'm worried about.
Amy in the dark...
with Little Russ Thompson.
Get some rest.
They'd better behave themselves.
It's funny.
The moon looks the same size
whether you're big or small.
Yeah.
Tell that to my dad.
Why? Does he pick on you
about your size?
The bigger the guy,
the bigger the moon.
It's just the way he thinks.
Russ?
- Yeah?
- How come you never came over before?
Well...
I mean...
you talked to me
once or twice last year.
I mean, I would have come by.
I wanted to, but...
I just always thought
you were too popular to notice me.
I was too popular to notice.
I was stupid.
- Get down! Hurry!
- Get down! Hurry!
Ron, get down!
Run!
Russ! Help!
- Russ, help!
- Help him!
Russ!
Stay here.
No!
Ron, get out! Quick!
Get away!
- Come on, Ron! Hurry!
- Come on!
He-He'll get killed.
- We've got to do something.
He's just a baby.
- Sit down.
We gotta help him.
Now!
- Get him!
- Get him!
- Let him go!
- Look out!
Back!
Where's Antie?
- Antie!
- There!
Oh, my God.
- He looks hurt.
- No!
You saved my life.
No, he's gonna be okay.
Where you going?
Nature calls.
Boys on the right,
girls on the left.
I must look absolutely gross.
I love you, Wayne Szalinski.
Okay, guys, let's get moving.
Can't be much farther.
Can't we sleep just a little longer?
Something's very weird here.
- What is it?
- Earthquake!
No, worse! Lawn mower!
Nicky!
- What is this?
- I don't know, but I hope
whatever lived here has moved out.
This is the burrow of
- A what?
- Earthworm. They're dormant this time of year.
Plug that in.
We're almost done here.
Is that a chain saw?
No, it's more like our lawn mower, I think.
- Tommy, stop the lawn mower!
- Tommy!
Tommy, stop!
- Tommy!
- Tommy!
- Tommy! Don't go on the grass!
- Tommy, stop... Tom, get over here!
- Tommy!
- Tommy!
- All right, together!
One, two, three.
Tommy! Tommy!
I think we'll be safe in here.
Nicky!
Come on! Come on!
No! No!
Hold on to me, Russ!
Amy, don't let go!
Amy!
- Hold on!
- Give me that thing!
- Nick said I could cut it...
- When did you see Nick?
- Did you see him this morning?
- No, it was yesterday.
Really, I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to be so late.
It's okay, sweetie, it's okay.
Here. Why don't you go home.
Go on through the house. It's safer.
"Safer"?
I thought my folks are weird.
My knee.
Is everyone okay?
I feel like a banana whip.
Nick? Nick, are you all right?
Nicky!
Dad?
Mom!
- Down here!
- Mom! Mom, Dad!
- Dad! We're down here!
- Over here!
- Mr. Szalinski!
- Down here!
- Dad!
- Mr. Szalinski!
We'll make it, Nick.
They're never gonna find us.
We were right under their noses,
and they didn't even see us!
Don't panic, Ron.
W-We'll f-find a way, okay?
I'm not panicked. Who's panicked?
Nobody's panicked!
Quark!
Come on, everybody!
Grab on!
Go inside, Quark!
Find Dad!
Nicky!
Quark, what's gotten into you?
- Dad!
- I think he just misses the kids.
Dad! Stop!
No!
- Dad!
- I'll tell you, at their size...
- Dad!
- Mr. Szalinski!
- That backyard is like ten miles.
Giant blades of grass.
Huge insects.
- It's a jungle out there.
- They're gonna head
right for the house.
- It's us!
- Dad!
Yeah, you're probably right.
No!
- We're down here!
- Mr. Szalinski!
No, Dad!
- Dad!
- No!
- Dad!
- We just gotta keep our eyes open.
- Help!
Don't eat me!
Oh, my God.
Look at this.
No, Dad! Dad!
- It's Nick!
- Oh, Nicky!
- Hi, baby.
- He's pointing at something.
- Look! It's the rest of them!
- Yeah!
- Yeah!
- We're saved!
- I'm gonna go get the Thompsons.
- Hang on, kids.
It obviously worked on the kids.
I just don't get it.
- Well, you better get it, Szalinski.
- Russ, you're not helping.
- So I'm not helping.
- Russell, you've got to understand...
- I know.
- These kids aren't you.
- Baseball!
- Nick's trying to say something.
- Baseball!
- I can't make it out.
- Let me see.
The baseball, Dad!
What are you saying, Nick?
Swinging?
- Sounds like...
- It's semaphore, Mae.
Wait. Uh, uh, flapping!
- Pitching.
- Um...
- Throwing.
- You're out! You're out!
- Baseball!
- Dad!
- Right!
- The baseball!
- The ball!
- Baseball?
- Good, honey!

Holy smokes.

It's the laser.

I got it. The ball came through the window...

and activated the machine,

and they got in the path of the laser.

- Why didn't I think of this before?
- I could take a wild guess.
- Shh.

- It's creating too much heat.

That's why everything was blowing up.

Thank's why everything was blowing up.

- Thanks, Nick.
- All right, Nicky.
- Diane, you take the spoon.

I'll get the machine.

- Hold it, Szalinski.

This gizmo's been blowing up fruit.

Now, you're not trying it on my kids until you try it on something living!

You know something,

maybe I should do it on myself.

- I'll show you how to work the machine. It's not that hard.
- I don't know.

- I'll fix it up. It'll be no trouble.
- No, no! Do it on me.

Are you sure, honey?

How'd those get there?

Okay, Szalinski, shoot.

- No reason this shouldn't work now.
- Huh?
- Stand back.
- Oh, honey, you're so brave.

Come on, Mae. Come on. Come.

- Russ, are you okay?
- Yeah. Why?
So, if this works,
you wanna go to the dance on Friday?
Can you dance?
- Not really.
- I'd love to.
- Oh!
- Russ! Ron!
- Dad!
Oh, I knew my boys
wouldn't run away.
Are you and Dad okay?
- Yeah, honey.
...all the way
across the yard, for miles.
- We're great.
- Really?
- Sorry about the grass stains, Mom.
Oh, don't worry, honey.
I'll get 'em out.
He saved me from a giant scorpion.
I was stuck with Amy for a while.
She's all right.
I was right, wasn't I?
It was the ball, wasn't it?
You were right.
You were brilliant.
- I wanted to go fishing, Dad.
I didn't mean to mess everything up.
- I know, Ronnie, I know.
Dad, if you really want me
back on the team...
I don't care about the team.
I care about you.
- Proud of you.
- I got better.
- I need to take a shower.
- Szalinski.
- Let's eat.
- Honey, make a toast.
- Good idea.
- Oh, great.
- Oh, I love toasts.
To the Thompsons and the Szalinskis
and many more dinners together.
- Cheers.
- Though I think we're going to be having leftovers for a while.
- I wonder what's for dinner, right, Russ?
- Who wants bread?
- Ron?
- Well, I guess I gotta carve this thing, huh?
- Hey, you wanna use my chain saw?
- Do we have butter?
- Who wants bread?
- Save some room for cake.
- Oh, we got cake for dessert?
- Yeah.
- Who wants bread?
Hey, wait!
I get it!
French class! Ha-ha!