It's today! It's today!
It's today! It's today!
It's today! It's today! It's today!
It's always today, George.
- I mean, this is the day.
- That's right.
- Can't I come?
- You have to go to school, George.
- Will he be here when I get home?
- I think so.
I'll play ball with him. I'll wrestle with him.
I'll teach him how to spit.
- It's gonna be so much fun.
- For all of us.
- How will you know if you pick the right one?
- I don't know. We'll...
- You'll just know.
- Bye, sweetie.
Remember, I want a little brother, not a big brother.
We've been through your paperwork, and it seems to be in order.
Adoption isn't for everyone...
...but you seem like people with plenty of love to share.
- So how are you feeling?
- Goodness, we're...
- Tingling...
- ...with anticipation.
Recess.
Time for you to meet them.
Feel free to walk around. They're used to having strangers.
Thank you.
Lovely people.
Nice move, Red.
Oh, Frederick, look at them.
- How could we possibly...?
- Choose? I know.
- They all seem so...
- Wonderful.
You know what's wonderful? What's wonderful is...
...how you both know what the other one is gonna say...
...before you even say it.
Not that It's any of my business.
Yes, that happens when you've been together as long as we have.
From being a family.
Family. Wow. Well...
...for a family, you've certainly come to the right place.
I think we can find just what you're looking for.
If you want a girl, Susan can read French.
And Edith over there can tap dance while blowing bubbles.
Or maybe you wanted a boy.
- Actually, I think we were leaning towards a boy.
- Well, in that case...
Benny can do handstands.
Andy can run 100 yards faster than you can say, "Ready, set, go."
You certainly know a lot about everyone, don't you?
That's what happens when you've been here as long as I have.
Let's face it. Not everyone wants to adopt someone like me.
You shouldn't worry about choosing.
It happens the same way every time.
First, you won't know what to do.
You'll be a bit scared.
Then you'll meet one of them.
You'll talk to him. Somehow...
...you just know.
Are you quite certain you're prepared to handle his uniqueness?
Oh, my, yes. His uniqueness is a perfect fit for the Little family.
Mr. and Mrs. Little, we try to discourage couples...
...from adopting children outside their own...
...species.
It rarely works out.
Well, it will in this case.
- Bye, Stuart!
- Bye! We'll miss you!
So what do I call you?
- Mom.
- And Dad.
We haven't told you the best news of all. You have a brother.
Named George.
- A brother! What do I call him?
- George.
Well, Stuart, here we are, the family home.
- They say every Little can find this house.
- Even if they've never been here before.
It's just something inside them.
Something inside.
- So would you like a tour?
- I don't have any money.
That's Uncle Crenshaw, Cousin Edgar,
Grandpa Spencer.
That's Aunt Beatrice...and that's George, your brother.
Look, he's already happy to see me.
That's just about everybody,
except for...
- Snowbell! Drop him right now!
- You spit Stuart out this instant, Snowbell.
Spit him right now!
- Stuart, are you all right?
- Wait!
I'm fine.
- You must never harm Stuart.
You understand?
- Never, or out you'll go, Mr. Snow.
Stuart is family now. We do not eat family members.
Mom, Dad, I'm home! Is he here?
Is my brother here?
- He certainly is.
- Where is he?
He's here. Stuart, this is George.
George, this is Stuart, your new brother.
- No. Really?
- Really, George. This is your new brother.
You look somewhat like a mouse.
- Yeah, well, I am somewhat like a mouse.
- I see. I have to go.
Is it just me, or did he seem a little disappointed?
- Well, he's always a little tired after school.
- Perks up around dinnertime.
- Meat loaf is delicious, dear.
- Cajun.
Shall we get to know each other a little?
George? Don't you have anything you wanna ask Stuart?
Ask me anything, the first thing that pops into your head.
Could you pass the gravy?
- Your new bedroom.
- We hope you like it.
Sure is roomy.
- Good night, Mom.
- Good night, Dad.
- Good night, son.
- Good night, sweetie.
- Are you cozy?
- Yes, thanks. I'm quite comfortable.
All I've got to sleep on is a rag
at the corner, you little rat!
- You seem tense.
- Tense? I'm way past tense.
Well, maybe I can help. What do
you like? Can I scratch your ears?
- I could rub your tummy.
- How'd you like to rub it from the
inside, mouse-boy?
Sorry, I'm confused. I thought that's what you do with a pet.
A pet? I am not your pet!
I'm a cat. You're a mouse. You should live in a hole.
- This is my family.
- Can't we share it?
Read my furry pink lips: No.
I can't believe this. I'm arguing with lunch.
And stay away from the windows. The other cats
find out about this, I'm ruined.
I gotta relax. Where's my tinkle ball?
- George? Time to get up.
- Okay, Mom.
- Stuart, you too.
- Okay, Mom.
- George, I'm trying to get the laundry started.
- Ok!
- In the laundry chute, please!
- Ok!
Thank you.
Oh, dear.
Mom! Hello! Mom!
It's Stuart! I'm in the washing machine. Mom!
Hello, Mom!
Where are you going?
That's odd.
What is?
I thought someone was at the door.
You look beautiful, dear.
Honey, should we talk to George before you go?
About what?
About Stuart.
He hasn't exactly embraced the situation.
Snowbell! Thank goodness you're here. I'm locked in the washer!
Can you help me? Can you turn this thing off?
Why would I turn it off?
It's my favorite show.
That's funny. That's funny, Snowbell.
Snowbell, you can't leave me!
Talk to the butt.
Where are you going?
I've gotta stare at traffic, yawn, lick myself.
And believe me, that could take hours if you do it right. Ciao!
Are you sure that Stuart is happy here?
He's having the time of his life.
Help! Somebody, please help me!
Hi, Stuart.
Stuart, where are you?
Stuart, are you all right?
I'm okay, Mom. I'm...
Is he gonna be all right?
Well, a lad that size swallowing all that detergent...
Amazingly, I think he's gonna be fine.
Also, he's very clean.
Glad you're feeling better, Stuart.
Me too.
We'll pick out a whole new wardrobe.
Here you go.
Come on, George. This'll be fun.
I don't wanna go shopping with Stuart.
You should...
Talk to him. You're right.
So, George, I wanted to talk to you about Stuart.
I just want you to know that if you and he were to spend...
some real time together, you know, brother time...
Look at that one.
Come on, George. You have a boat, a beautiful one.
- It's not finished.
- You better get moving. The race is soon.
- So?
- Don't you wanna race your boat, George?
- I'm not so good at the racing part.
- So what?
It doesn't matter about winning. You try like heck, and you have fun.
It's fun to finish last?
Something formal, I should think. I'm not sure of the fabric, but it should breathe.
He has a tendency to burrow and climb and generally scurry about.
Well, I'm sure we can find something to suit your particular need.
Here we have Barbados Ben.
Chef Ben.
Lumberjack Ben.
And, of course, Gladiator Ben.
- Does Ben always dress like this?
- No, madam.
There are many moods of Ben... and it all depends on the occasion.
Well, what if the occasion were a simple family party?
I think I have just the thing.
There they are.
- George?
- Shopping?
- Stuart, everything all right in there?
- Don't come in.
Shy.
How do I look?
- Fantastic. I hardly recognize you.
- Very smart.
You look just like a Little.
I do? Good.
I was worried I was gonna look just like Ben.
Hi, auntie.
- Crenshaw!
- Frederick!
Little high, Little low.
Little hey, Little ho!
We come bearing gifts
for young Stuart.
Yes, where is my new nephew?
The Little family's getting
bigger and bigger.
Boy.
That's a lot of Littles.
Uncle Crenshaw!
There's my favorite little nephew.
You can't say that anymore, Crenshaw.
Right. Now we have two favorite
little nephews.
- Where is the lad?
- He has a lot of gifts to open.
Are any of those for me?
Attention, everybody. We'd like to introduce you to someone.
This is Stuart.
Hello, everyone.
- He's a, a...
- ...dorable!
- Adorable!
- Yeah, that's right.
I couldn't think of the word.
Oh, Stuart, look!
Look at that! This is a real Schmelling.
- Those are the best kind.
- You know what they say:
- "If it ain't Schmelling"
- "It ain't bowling".
Look here, Stuart. Climb on up here, son. Plant your
caboose right up here.
He may have to grow into it.
I think he's grown a little since
we've been here.
That's what happened to me. One summer,
I just shot right up.
May I say something?
In the orphanage, we used to tell fairy tales...
... of finding our families and having a party like this.
A party with cakes and presents and
all varieties of meat loaf.
A party with a big family who came from
far away just to wish us well.
I don't know much about families... but
this must be the nicest family in the world.
So I just wanted to thank each of you.
Because now I know...
...fairy tales are real.
Fairy tales are real?
I think I'm gonna cough up a furball.
Now it's time for the best present of all.
It's something for you and George.
Stand next to Stuart.
This is something that gave your father and me...
...hours of enjoyment when we were
young brothers...
...just like you and Stuart.
This ball...
...belonged to your
great-great-grandfather...
...Jedediah Little.
Remember, Frederick, those long
summer days playing catch?
George, why don't you take your
brother outside and toss around
the old horsehide.
Yeah, what do you say, George? You ready?
Are you all nuts? Bicycles and bowling balls?
How's he gonna toss a baseball?
How's he gonna do any of those things?
He's not my brother. He's a mouse.
- Time to go.
- Excellent idea.
What, what? Where?
Stuart, did I hurt you? What's the matter?
I just wanted to ask you something,
but you were already asleep.
- What did you wanna ask?
- About my real family.
You know, the ones I look like.
- He hates us.
- We've never been hated before.
No, It's not that. It's not that at all.
It's just that... something's missing.
I feel an empty space inside me...
... and I want to know what was there before.
You have an empty space. That's so sad.
Oh, dear. I hope I haven't left you
dismayed and disappointed.
- No, don't, no.
- No, we don't feel dismayed and disappointed.
- Not at all.
- Are you sure?
We're certain, Stuart. And if you want us to, we'll find out about your real parents.
Well, good night, then.
Out of the question and it's against the rules. Besides, It's very hard to track mouse families. They're not very good with paperwork.
- But he has an empty space.
- Are there problems with Stuart? Problem...? No, not at all.
- Well, there's been a few...
- Difficulties.
Difficulties?
Well, like the cat trying to eat him when we first brought him home.
He spat the boy out, of course, in one heck of a jiffy. Mrs. Keeper.... He wants to know about his family. Any child would have questions about that.
Yes.
Hey, Snow?
I know that you and I got off on the wrong paw. I just wanted to see if we could start out fresh. You know? Clean slate.
- What do you say? Wanna be friends?
- No.
Okay, then.
He's playing with my head. He's trying to psych me out.
- Sick little rodent!
- Snow, let me in!
- I'm starving! What's in the dish?
- Oh, no. Monty the Mouth.
If he sees Stuart, it'll be all over the neighborhood.
- Go away! There's no food here.
- Please.
I'm not picky, as long as it ain't meat loaf. That stuff gives me gas, something awful.
- Sorry, it's meat loaf.
- Beggars can't be choosers. Load me up and light a match.

No, Monty. Stop. You don't wanna do that.
Hey, I eat from garbage cans, drink from public toilets.
- Like a little gas will bother me.
- No, wait. Don't!
Oh, great. What am I gonna tell him now?
- Monty, I can explain.
- Explain what?
- Explain that you should stuff your face.
- Oh, thanks.
I don't wanna rush you, but you have to leave.
The Littles are due back any minute, and they don't like strange cats in the house.
Not that you're strange.
- Aaa!
- Hey, Snow, what's wrong with you?
- Nothing.
- You're the one acting strange.
What is it? Worms? Fleas?
- Yeah, you look pale. Maybe you should see a vet.
- A vet? What a swell idea.
Do you know anybody? I'm not happy with mine.
- He makes us wait, and his hands are cold.
- What was that?
- What was that... what?
- What was that-- What?
Well, I hate to eat and run.
No, please. By all means, run.
- Run like the wind!
- Phew, that was gross.
Hey, Snow, I almost forgot to thank you.
- What the...?
- Oh, no.
- Oh, my pants.
- They're really putting some wild prizes in there, haa, Monty?
Hello. You must be a friend of Snowbell's.
- I'm Stuart.
- Aren't you gonna run?
- Why?
- Because you're a mouse.
I'm not just a mouse. I'm also a member of this family.
- Oh, no.
- A mouse with a pet cat.
A mouse with a pet cat!
- I guess that is pretty funny.
- Pretty funny?! I'm gonna wet my fur!
I'm gonna wet my fur! A mouse with a pet cat! Your new little master.
Your new little master. Wait till the boys hear about this.
The humiliation. I'm gonna kill you!
Come back here!
All right. No more Mr. Nice Kitty.
You!
Get out of there! You can't go in there.
That's George's room! Come back. Come on out.
I won't hurt you. I just wanna show you something.
- What are you doing here?
- I just thought I'd drop in.
- Did you build these?
- Me and my dad.
This is incredible. It's like being in a real live Western.
Howdy, partner. Draw, you lily-livered, yellow-bellied son-of-a-one-eyed-prairie-dog.
- I'm trying to concentrate.
- Sorry.
- Is that a train?
- What's it look like, picklehead?
Could we play with it? Please, please, please?
Help! Somebody help me!
Help! Please! Somebody help me!
- Thank you very much. Thank you.
- You're crazy.
I have an idea.
Hop in.
- Wow, a roadster!
- Go ahead, check it out.
- Stuart, what's wrong?
- Nothing...
It's the first time I've fit in since I got here.
- What's that?
- Oh, that.
That's the Wasp.
She is beautiful.
- But she's not finished.
- When are you gonna finish it?
Well, me and my dad were building her,
but I decided to stop.
- How come?
- I'm too little for a race like that.
Little? You're not little. Well, not to me.
Stuart, you've never seen one of these races.
There's hundreds of people there. Everybody
from school. I mean... what if you lost?
At least you'll have been somewhere.
Come on, George. What do you say?
Let's get started.
You know... I'm not sure I want a brother.
- How about a friend?
- I guess I can always use a friend.
- George?
- Yes, Dad?
- Have you seen Stuart?
- He's down here with me.
What are you doing to him?
- He's helping me finish the Wasp.
- That's wonderful, son.
That's terrific.
- Can't race her like this. Right, George?
- Right.
- When's the next race?
- In two days.
- Two days?
- We'll be ready.
- How about we all go together?
- It's a wonderful idea.
- That would be great.
- All of us together. The whole family.
The whole family.
I'm telling you, Snowy, this guy
can fix anything.
But they're alley cats: mean, vicious
and all hopped up on catnip.
- Quit being a scared-cat. You wanna
get rid of the mouse or not?
- Of course I do.
- All right, then. Hey, Smokey!
- Smokey, It's me. It's me, Monty.
- What is it now?
- Well, my friend Snowbell here needs a favor.
- Snowbell? There's a manly name.
- You see, sir, I've got this mouse at home I can't eat.
- Sensitive stomach?
No. I can't eat him, because he's
a member of the family.
A mouse with a pet cat?
- Isn't that funny?
- That's not funny.
That's sick. A cat can't have
a rodent for a master.
I mean, what's the world coming to? It's
against the laws of nature.
Word of this gets out, it'll be
bad for cats all over.
- So you think you can help me?
- Consider it done.
Did you hear that, Monty? Thank you,
Mr. Smokey, sir.
- I'll never forget this. Really.
- Don't worry, Tinkerbell. I'm all over it.
Tinkerbell. He called me Tinkerbell.
- You're a funny guy.
- Whatever.
Jeez, house cats.
- Are you sure he'll keep this hush-hush?
- Are you kidding? Cat's got his tongue. Get it?
Cat's got his tongue because he's a cat.
- Shut up.
- Okay.
Ahoy, fellow yachtsmen.
And welcome, everyone, to the 92nd annual...
...Central Park Boat Race...
...undoubtedly model racing's most
prestigious event.
Children from all over New York
gather here every year...
...to see whose boat will prevail.
Who will win the race and take home
the magnificent trophy?
- Anchor up?
  - Check.
- Stays all battened?
  - Check.
- Rudder?
  - Check.
- Sail?
  - Check.
They're doing checks.
- George, Stuart, would you like a hot dog?
  - Check.
And from Manhattan's Upper West Side...
...the Wasp, piloted by George Little.
Everything appears to be in shipshape.
But to be on the safe side, I'll check the hull for leaks.
Oh, no. Anton.
Gee, George, what did you do? Get that out of a cereal box?
I'm glad you're here, George. Someone's gotta finish last.
I don't like that child.
All set to get under way.
It's time to get those boats in the water and grab your remote.
- Stuart, get the remote.
- Aye-aye, captain.
Wow, doesn't she look great?
Are you okay?
- Maybe we should go home.
- Why?
- I'm not wearing my lucky underwear.
- You don't have lucky underwear.
Maybe we should get some and then come back for another race.
George, listen, I know how worried you are about losing, believe me.
But you know what we say? The thing that really matters...
- Is to never stop trying. Okay?
- Okay.
That's the spirit.
Everyone to your places. The race is about to start.
Where's Stuart?
Look out, sir!
Stuart, are you hurt?
- Stuart, what happened?
- It was completely my fault.
  I couldn't grip it.
Nice going, Captain Loser.
George, wait.
- Oh, honey. Everything will be all right.
- No, it won't.
- Maybe we could fix it. A little glue. Who'll know?
- Mom.
This is awful. Our first family outing. I ruined everything.
Well, you know, Stuart...
...these things happen.
- But what about George?
- I'll be right back.
George, you know what?
Because we can't be in the race doesn't mean our family outing has to be ruined.
All boats to your marks. Ready, and...
And the race is on.
I think we should just go home.
The sails are full and...There's a mouse on that boat?
- Stuart!
- Stuart!
- George!
- Stuart!
- What are you doing?
- Sailing. I hope.
Stuart, come back here this minute.
- I can't.
- Why not?
- I don't know how!
- The players are jockeying for position.
- Frederick, I don't like this one bit.
- Your mother doesn't like this.
- I'm okay, Mom!
- Go, Stuart!
- Tighten the mainsail!
- What's a mainsail?
Move!
Come on, Stuart!
- Gee, George, you all done crying?
- Yeah.
- You all done being a jerk?
- No.
Don't worry, George! I won't let you down!
Away those boats are sailing...
- Frederick, what if he falls?
- Remember, he's quite a fine swimmer.
- That's cheating. You can't do that.
- Well, I just did.
Oh, dear.
- What is he doing?
- I think he's hiking out.
Hope that mouse can swim.
- Wasp is taking the lead.
- Stuart, look out!
That can't be good.
- Look what that stupid mouse did to my sail.
- He's not a stupid mouse.
You're right. He's a stupid rat.
- Hey, come on.
- Get off me. Get off!
Stuart!
Something's wrong.
What's happening?
Who is that mouse anyway?
That's no mouse. That's my brother.
- Little high, Little low!
- Little hey, Little ho!
Frederick, look at them.
You know what? This calls for a picture.
- What's wrong?
- Well, It's just...
...you four look great together.
This is the happiest moment of my life.
I feel 10 inches tall.
I'll get that.
- Mr. Little.
- Yes?
Down here.
- Very sorry to disturb you at your lovely abode.
- I hope we're not intruding.
- My name's Reginald Stout. This is
  my wife, Camille.
- An extreme pleasure.
- We're looking for Stuart.
- Are you friends of his?
Well, not exactly.
- Fellow yachtsmen?
- Guess again.
- Reggie, just tell them.
- We're his parents.
Reggie, stop it!
It's so good to see you again, Stuart.
There's so much we have to catch up on.
Why didn't you want me?
Stuart, it shames me to say this, but you
weren't born into a prosperous home.
That's right. We couldn't feed you, dear.
Couldn't feed him? How much could he eat?
- George, please.
- Letting you go was the toughest
  choice we ever made.
- It was?
- Yes.
- But now we can be a family again.
- Absolutely. Are these salted?
Dear. The children.
George, Stuart, I think we need to
talk to the Stouts alone.
Don't worry. Mom and Dad will take care of it.
Mr. and Mrs. Stout, I'm afraid there's been a mistake.
Stuart can't leave with you. He's...
- One of the family.
- Exactly.
You may feel like he's family,
but he'll never really be family.
You may not realize it, but
I'm sure he does.
There's something you'll never be able
to give him, because you're human.
- No offence!
- It's a place that you'll
never be able to fill.
An empty space.
- Mom... Dad, you want me to leave?
- No.
- Dear, we just want what's best for you.
- But Stuart lives here.
- George, come on. This is hard for all of us.
- This stinks!
I don't understand. I thought I was in a fairy tale.
Fairy tales are made-up stories, Stuart.
This is real. This is about where you belong.
Please come home, Stuart.
Your real home.
You're gonna love it, son. We live on a golf course!
- We look right over the ninth fairway!
- It's beautiful.
Beautiful.
Hey, taxi!
What's a mouse have to do to get a cab in this city?
You'll speak to George for me, won't you?
I'd hate to say goodbye to a basement door.
Of course.
Taxi! Yo, taxi!
Time to go, Stuart!
Well, goodbye.
We love you.
I love you too, Mom... Mrs. Little.
Boy, that looks heavy. You need some help with that? Camille?
- Frederick, let's do something.
- What?
Let's just make them go away.
We're bigger than they are.
We'll say, "Go. Shoo". We'll scare their little whiskers off.
- Eleanor, you're not being rational.
- Rational, shhhmational.
- Something about this is not right. I just know it.
- Look at them. They just fit.
So what? I have shoes that fit and I hate them! As Stuart's mother...
But you're not. She is.
Stuart, wait!
George?
I want you to have this.
Not the roadster, George.
You love this car. I couldn't.
- I want you to.
- Thanks, George.
I wish you didn't have to go.
I'm gonna miss you.
I'll miss you too, George.
When the moon hits your eye
Like a big pizza pie
That's amore!
Sing with me, Stuie.
When the world seems to shine
Like you had too much wine
You'll have to tell me your favorite
foods so I can fix them for you.
- What for? You can't cook.
- But I can learn. We're a family now.
And there's a lot of adjustments
we'll have to make. Right, Reggie?
Right, Camille.
- Well, here we are, Stuie, the family home.
- The family home.
- The family home.
- Mind you, this is just our summer place.
Winter time, we live in a crawl space above
a delicatessen. You like corned beef, Stuie?
- How's it prepared?
- Prepared?
- It drops out of a fat guy's mouth, we grab it and run.
- Sounds like an acquired taste.
Acquired taste? I love this kid!
- Your new bedroom, Stuart.
- We hope you like it.
Well, good night. Sleep tight.
Don't let the bedbugs bite.
I'm serious about those bedbugs.
Keep an eye open.
It's very kind of you to
check on us like this.
Actually, I had something to tell you.
But first, how are things going?
- It's been difficult.
- Difficult?
- No, very difficult.
- Very difficult?
- Worse.
- Worse than very difficult?
- Yes, It's been almost...
- Unbearable.
- Just the word I was looking for.
- Maybe this isn't a good time then.
- You see, I came over to give you some news.
- What type of news?
- They had an accident.
- Who?
- Stuart's parents.
- My goodness. Well, are they all right?
- No. They didn't make it.
- Oh, no. Oh, my!
- What happened?
- Well, apparently...
...they were grocery shopping,
canned-food aisle.
There was an unsteady pyramid of
cans and it collapsed.
Took three bag boys to dig them out. They had
to identify them by their dental records.
- Oh, how horrible!
- Cream of mushroom soup. Two-for-one sale.
- That's a very heavy soup.
- How is Stuart taking it?
- Well, he doesn't know.
- You mean no one's told him?
Does he have to know?
Six months after they don't come back,
won't he wonder where they went?
- But they've been gone for years.
- Years? How is that possible?
Because they died years ago.
Which part is confusing you?
Stuart's parents came and
took him away three days ago.
Three days ago? Stuart's parents died in a
tragic cream-mushroom-soup incident years ago.
I just told you.
We have to take this up with the police.
Mrs. Little? I'm Detective Sherman.
This is my partner, Detective Allen.
- We understand your son is missing.
- Thank you for coming.
They know about the Stouts!
- The jig is up! What will we do?
- Get a hold of yourself.
I'm in big...! I'm in deep poopy-do!
Calm down. Calm down. Don't
get your fur in a bunch.
All we need is a new plan.
We do what we should've done
in the first place.
- We scratch him out.
- Scratch him out? But, Smokey!
The police are involved. I don't
wanna get kicked out of my house.
I'm not a street cat.
I'm a house cat.
- I don't wanna lose my furry basket or my tinkle ball!
- Buddy, pull yourself together.
It's settled. Stuart Little gets
scratched tonight.
Okay. Very good.
Mr. and Mrs. Little, you'll
have to come downtown.
Detective Sherman, what are our
chances of seeing Stuart again?
You want it straight?
- No.
- Absolutely not.
Well, in that case... Stuart's
probably home right now waiting for you.
Maybe we should hear it a
little straighter than that.
In a case like this... if the kidnappers
have not called by now...
...then they're not interested in money.
- What are they interested in?
- Kicks.
Exactly. It's my guess these two sickos...
...are on some kind of cross-country
mouse-killing spree.
- Well, thank you.
- You can kiss this boy goodbye.
- Thank you, detective.
- It's over. The things I've seen.
Phil, where is that book on the grisly photos? Believe me, you don't want to see this.
It'll only take a second. Right off the bat. Look at this one.
- This one kept me awake for weeks.
- Awww!!!
- What did they want?
- Where's the boy?
Oh, no.
Stuart, wake up.
- Get dressed.
- Why?
- We're taking you for a ride.
- Where are we going?
Some friends of ours have gathered just to meet you.
- A gathering? What should I wear?
- It doesn't matter. Wear anything.
- Is it formal?
- Just put something on!
Why is Mom crying?
Mom? I'm not angry at you for putting me up for adoption.
And now that I'm a Stout again, I'll always be here to take care of you.
Because that's what families do.
Mom, they take care of each other.
Tell him the truth!
You made a deal with a cat?
He had us cornered at the bottom of the cup on the 5th floor.
- It was curtains.
- So you agreed to pose as my parents?
- You lied and cheated?
- Yes!
- You took me away from the Littles just when we were all so happy?
- Yes!
- That's wonderful.
I think you missed something.
That's why I've been feeling sad.
That's why I keep thinking of them!
I'm not a Stout, I'm a Little!
I'm Stuart Little!
I'm Stuart Little!
Stuart, please. You have to listen to us.
The cats have decided you're
too risky to keep around.
They ordered us to hand you over to them.
As your fake father, I order you to run.
- 'I'll go home.
- Home?
That's miles from here. And every cat
in the city is looking for you.
- Besides, you could get lost.
- No, I can't.
Every Little in the world can find
the Little house.
Bye, fake father! Goodbye, fake mother!
- Goodbye, fake son.
- Goodbye, Stuart.
- I'm gonna miss that boy.
- I'm gonna miss that car.
- Well, I think we have to...
- Tell him.
- Who has the glue?
- I'm the glue man.
What's going on?
- We're making posters.
- We'll put them up all over the city.
- They describe Stuart and offer
a reward when we find him.
- Isn't it wonderful? It was all George's idea.
Never stop trying. Right, Dad?
- Listen, I'm afraid this isn't gonna work.
- Why not?
Frederick.
- Because there's no picture. We
need a picture of Stuart.
- The family photo.
- Smokey. Hey, Smokey.
- Keep it down.
It's me, Lucky.
I just heard from the Brooklyn cats.
Bad news. The Stouts squealed.
- I knew those mice were rats.
- The kids's on his way home. What do we do?
No problem. He's got to go
through the park, right?
- Let's meet him and have ourselves a little picnic.
- Great. I'll bring herring.
Moron! The mouse is the picnic.
Every Little in the world
can find the Little house.
I'm a Little. I'm a Little.
I'm a little lost.
How you doing? You must be Stuart.
- Actually, I must be going.
- What's your hurry, Murray?
Yeah, where are you going, Murray...
Stuart? What's his name?
Hey, come back here, you little rat!
- He's getting away!
- Lucky, Red, get him, come on!
- He's going backwards!
- He's a hell of a driver!
- Go, go, go, go!
- We got him!
- The only thing that you guys got
are big mouths.
So shut up and run!
- Geronimo!
- Banzai!
We got him now!
- I got him! I got him!
- Get him, Red!
- I hope he runs out of gas!
- I hope you do.
- Why don't you run in the back?
- I can't help it.
- I have a nervous stomach.
- And I have an empty stomach!
Now, get that mouse!
Did you see that? Damn.
- Nobody could've survived that. Right, boss?
- Yeah, the mouse is sleeping with the fishes.
Long, wet nap.
- Hey, the sewer rat's alive! After him!
- No way. I'm a cat. I don't do water.
- All right, Red, you go.
- Oh, no. You want to do water, hire a spaniel.
I don't believe this. What are you guys, a bunch of house cats?
Oh, no! Oh, dear.
Oh, dear.
Crenshaw, Tina, Uncle Stretch, you go uptown.
Cover as many streets as you can.
Edgar, Beatrice, Spencer, you take downtown.
Every side street and back alley.
Estelle. You better go with them.
- Where do I go?
- You come with us. We'll circle the park.
I made it. I can't believe it.
I'm home.
Mom! Dad! I'm coming!
Mom, Dad, George!
It's me, Stuart! I'm back!
Mom, Dad, George!
Where is everybody?
There's nobody else here.
It's just you and me, kid.
- Where'd they go?
- Movies, I think.
- Movies?
- Ever since you left. It's just movies, parties...
...roller-skating, amusement parks.
They're having the time of their lives.
- They are?
- Oh, sure.
I hate to have to tell you this,
but they're celebrating.
- Celebrating what?
- Can't you guess?
- No.
- They were just so happy to get rid of you.
That's a lie! I don't believe that.
- Oh, boy.
- I wish I could spare you this.
This is gonna break your little
heart. Look up there.
- At what?
- See for yourself.
They did that right after you left.
Mrs. Little said, "Who wants to
look at that face anymore?"
- She did?
- Yeah.
- And George?
- She gave it to him, and he tore it up.
- He did?
- Yeah.
I'd give you the pieces, but
Mr. Little set them on fire.
I tried to warn you, Stuart.
I told you it wasn't gonna work out.
- I should've known. It was too good to be true.
- What're you going to do now?
- I don't know. I guess I'll...
- Leave immediately? Good idea.
I'll tell the family you dropped by,
although it'll probably make them sick.
- Bye, Snowbell.
- Goodbye, buddy.
This is killing me.
- But I'm almost done.
- Come on, It's getting late. Time to go home.
- I don't think I missed a single tree.
- You did a great job.
- It was a good idea, wasn't it?
- You bet it was.
It's a really good picture of Stuart.
I don't think you could take
a bad picture of Stuart.
Now all we have to do... is wait until
somebody calls and tells us where Stuart is.
Right.
If we don't find Stuart,
it's gonna break his heart.
- Hey, Snow!
- A guy spotted Stuart in the park.
Smokey sent me to get you.
Gee, Monty, I'm in for the night.
It's late.
Besides, Stuart is gone. Can't we just give the kid a break?
We could give him a break.
First we'll break his little arms, then his little legs, and then we'll take a break.
First we gotta find him. Come on, we gotta run!
Why do we have to run? What is it, festival seating?
Come on! I think we're getting closer. I can smell him.
Sorry, Smokey, that was me.
Didn't your mothers warn you not to go into Central Park at night?
- My mother was the reason you didn't go into Central Park at night.
- Yeah, you tell them, Smokey.
- She was one tough broad.
- She was a saint.
Quick question. Who knows CPR?
There are mouse prints going everywhere.
- How will we find him?
- We'll split up... and go in different directions.
- What a brain.
- That is why he is gatto di tutti i gatti.
You guys go ahead. I'll just collapse right here.
Stuart, is that you? What are you doing up there?
- I'm settling in.
- Look, Stuart, you got to get out of here. This is Central Park. It's dark out.
There are hungry cats all over the place.
- Hey, Snow, where are you?
- Look. It's your pal, Monty.
What's he doing here?
- Shhh! He'll hear you.
- Why shouldn't he hear me?
- Snowbell! Buddy! What're you doing up there?
- Oh, no. Perfect.
Hey, you found him. Attaboy!
Hey, everybody!
Over here! Hey, guys! Snow found him!
Nice going, house cat. Just for that,
when we carve up the mouse, you'll get the big half.
Big half? Snowbell, what's he talking about?
- Do you know those cats?
- Not really. We went to a few parties, but...
- What's the matter? What are you waiting for?
- Come on, buddy, bring him down! I'm starving!
- Sorry, kid.
- Wait, no! Stop! Put me down!
Hit me! I'm open! I'll break his fall with my mouth!
- I guess you do know them.
- Let him go! I can almost taste him!
What are you waiting for? Hey,
where are you going?
- He's hogging the mouse. He ain't sharing.
- Get him!
He's getting away!
- Let's get him!
- Go! Go!
Snowbell. Watch it, watch it.
Where are you going?
- Hold that branch for me.
- Get out of my face. Get him!
- Snowbell, you saved me?
- Yeah, yeah, look, let's get one thing straight.
I'm doing this for the Littles, all right?
They love you. George loves you.
They're all miserable without you.
- But, Snowbell, you said...
- I know what I said.
I lied, okay? Welcome to Manhattan.
- I'm the one that hates you.
- Snowbell, you do care.
- Yeah, okay. That's enough.
- Snow, what's he doing to your leg?
I can't help but think this is wrong.
- What the hell's going on here?
- Look, Smokey, call me fickle, but...
...I want to call this whole thing off, okay?
- Too late.
- Come on, Smokey. Can't we talk it over?
You know, Stuart's not so bad
once you get to know him.
- And he's got his own car.
- Careful, house cat. You're asking for it.
Snow, what are you doing? Come on!
He's just a mouse.
He's not "just a mouse." He's...
...he's... he's family.
I could see the resemblance.
Is that what you think? You have to look alike to be family?
You don't have to look alike.
You don't have to like each other.
Look at Snowbell.
He hates me. And still, he's trying to save me.
Sure, you'll probably scratch him up pretty bad.
You may even kill him, but Snowbell will not run away.
And that is what family is all about. Right, Snow?
Maybe "family" is too strong a word.
- Scratch them both.
- Both?
It's me you want! Come and get me!
- Here we go!
- Get him!
- Out of my way!
- Get him! He's getting away!
- Where is he? Did he fall in the water?
- I don't know. I saw something hit.
Man, did you see that? Gone.
He just disappeared.
- Hey, there he is!
- Up there!
- He's too far. I can't reach him.
- In that case, you can all go home.
Prowl safely.
Here you go, boys. Dinner's served.
All right, Smokey. Way to go!
Oh, dear.
Look. It's mouse on a stick.
I love mouse on a stick.
A little further. Keep him coming.
Keep him coming. I can almost reach him.
Keep it coming. I got him. He's mine.
- The branch is gonna...
- Well, what have we got here?
Snow, don't come out here!
The branch is breaking!
- Stuart, are you all right?
- Yeah, I'm okay.
- Just hang on. I'll take it from here.
- Take what?
Come on, Snow. You wouldn't
do this to me.
- Not your old buddy.
- Don't worry, buddy. I'm sure you'll...
... land... on your...
- What are you doing? No! Wait!
I gotta ask you something!
- ...feet!
- Cold! Cold! Cold water!
- I can't swim.
- Dog paddle!
- I'd rather drown.
- And I had my fur just the way I like it.
- I'll be linking myself for days.
How could he do this to me, after
all we've meant to each other?
I mean, I love that guy!
Hey, you guys! Wait up for me!
Pack up the pineapple, Stuart!
This luau's over.
- Thanks, Snowbell. You were great.
- Well, it must've been quite
a show from up there.
Those cats think they're so tough.
I guess I showed them.
- Not bad for a house cat!
- Not bad for a dead house cat.
Say good night, Tinkerbell.
His name is Snowbell!
Oh, this water's damn cold.
I can't believe this!
Beaten by a mouse and his pet cat.
What could be worse?
Nice doggy! No! No!
- Little high, Little low.
- Little hey, Little ho.
Let's go home.
You know, Snow, I don't know
how to thank you.
How about not kicking me in the sides?
I'm beginning to bruise.
Sorry. I was getting excited. I've
never ridden a cat bareback before.
Well, don't get used to it.
Hold on, cowboy.
- Thanks for the ride.
- Don't mention it. Ever.
Mom! Dad! George!
It's me, Stuart! I'm back!
Mom! Dad! George!
I missed you all so much! I
thought I'd never see you again!
- I don't understand. How did you manage it?
- Every Little in the world can find
the Little house. And Snowbell.
- I just couldn't have done it without him.
- Really?
- What's the matter?
- I was just thinking.
- What, dear?
- That this is how people look...
- At the end of a fairy tale.
- Yeah. Exactly.