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# Ant-Man and the Wasp

By Chris McKenna

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Gone forever.

Telling you that she  
wasn't coming home,  
was the hardest thing  
that I ever had to do.  
But then, Scott showed up...

Or should I say, broke  
into our house.

And when he went to  
the Quantum Realm....

And came back,  
everything changed.

I started to wonder...

Could your Mother  
still be alive?

So I dusted off some old plans.

Dad, what are you saying?

I think it's possible,  
to bring her back.

Okay. We're in.

Aw, this place is a maze.

Where's that map?

We're definitely close.

- Are you ready?

- I'm ready, Daddy.

Are you sure? Once we're inside,  
you show any hesitation or fear,

- we're done.

- I eat fear for breakfast.

Wow. That is super cool.

Come on.

Look! It's Anton. He'll  
show us the way.

Anton, which way do we go?

Anton, which way do we go?

Thanks, Anton.

Look! The ants have burrowed  
into the tech facility.

Oh, no! Lasers!

Oh! I got lased!

The secret vault.

- Tell me you brought the contact lens.

- Yup!

Perfect! Right there.

There! It's the microtreasure.

My trophy?

- It looks like treasure.

- Oh, it is to me.

- I wanna take it to show and tell.

- Oh, you can't do that. Can't.

It never leaves the house.

It's too important.

This is the best birthday

present you ever got me.

I'm so touched you think I'm

the World's Greatest Grandma.

- It was the only one they have.

- It makes me wanna get you a sweater.

- Oh, no, the fuzz!

- Hey, Scotty.

I was looking at the schematics

for the Karapetyan buildings,

and I think we have way too

many security cams, don't we?

- No, not at all.

- 'Cause, it's a lot of security cameras.

I know what he needs. Who's the

security expert in our business?

You are. But I'm running

the company, right?

And if we overcoat him, he's gonna go

somewhere else, so we got to land this bird.

He can go on anywhere. And the

expression is "landing the fish."

No, it's "land the bird."

Just like landing a plane. You gotta

land the plane to be in business.

I know it's silly to get hung up on

these kinds of things. But I do...

How am I gonna land a fish?

It can't walk.

And if it swam up on shore, and it

battled a hawk, who's gonna win?

You've really turned me

around on this thing.

It's okay. We're gonna

land Karapetyan.

Now if you'd just excuse me, I'm in the middle  
of trying to steal something with my daughter.  
I'm gonna go recheck it.  
Don't just stand there!  
Let's bounce before  
the po-po come back!  
Po-po? How do you  
even know that?  
Let's fly, Antoinette!  
Let's fly!  
Crash landing!  
- I wish we could shrink for real.  
- It is pretty cool.  
Hey, I'm headed to  
the office, Scotty.  
Hey, sorry about freaking  
out earlier, you know?  
But I feel like... I'm way better. Like, my heart  
is definitely like, beating way too hard and stuff?  
And, like, my hands are shaking. But  
I think it's unrelated, you know?  
It's gonna be great, Luis. You  
got nothing to worry about.  
Yeah, yeah. I'm the boss.  
I'm the boss.  
I'm the boss. Yeah,  
yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Daddy!  
Come on, Woo. I've  
got three days left.  
- Why would I try to escape?  
- Sorry, Scott. Rules are rules.  
You trip a perimeter alarm  
and we search the place.  
Keel, stern, suits and nuts.  
Thank you. It was an accident.  
My foot went through the fence.  
Our flying ant crashed.  
Hey, you try and entertain a 10-year  
old when you can't leave the house.  
You know the lengths  
that I've gone to?  
Close-up magic.  
I learned that.

Why can't you just  
leave my Daddy alone?  
Oh, Cassie.  
This must all seem like a bunch of  
confusing grown-up stuff to you, huh?  
Well, think of it this way:  
Your school has rules, right?  
Like...  
You can't draw on the walls.  
Well, your Daddy went to Germany and  
drew on the walls with Captain America.  
And that was a violation of Article 16,  
Paragraph 3 of the Sokovia Accords.  
Now as a part of his joint plea deal with  
Homeland Security and the German government,  
he's allowed to return to the U.S., provided  
he serve two years under house arrest,  
followed by three  
years of probation.  
And avoid any unauthorized  
activities, technology,  
or contact with any former associates,  
who were or currently are,  
in violation of said Accords.  
Or any related statutes.  
Okay, sweetie?  
Wow. You're really  
great with kids!  
Thanks. I'm also a youth pastor.  
Anyway, not to be a  
Johnny Ass-calade,  
but you haven't had any contact with  
Hank Pym or Hope Van Dyne, have you?  
- No.  
- You sure?  
Because it's only a matter  
of time before we get them.  
It was their tech, so they  
violated the Accords, too.  
Associating with them breaks your deal.  
And, uhh...  
I don't need to  
remind you, that...  
Any violation of your agreement

means 20 years in prison. Minimum.

I haven't talked to Hank

or Hope in forever.

- They hate his guts.

- Thanks, Peanut.

- How'd you do it, Scott?

- Do what?

The card trick?

Seriously?

Oh, my God!

You people can't just show up here,  
whenever you want and search the place.

Actually, they can.

- You need a warrant.

- Actually, they don't.

Really? Wow.

- Did you pack your soccer shoes?

- Yeah.

Next time I see you,

will be on the outside!

I'll get on the inside of this.

- Three days!

- Seriously?

- I'm proud of you, buddy.

- Thank you.

- You know what? Give me another one.

- Me, too!

Freedom, business, I'm

sensing greatness.

- I had a fun weekend, Daddy.

- Me too, Peanut.

Just wait till next weekend. Once I'm outta  
here, we're gonna go paint this town red.

We'll have so much ice cream,

we'll never stop puking.

- You're getting good at that.

- How'd you do that?

- Bye, Daddy!

- Bye!

- Bye!

- Bye!

Three days...

Easy-peasy.

Snap your fingers. That

gets them to look over there.  
Now that is misdirection.  
Easy-peasy.  
Lost... in the  
Quantum Realm.  
What?  
I'm gonna find  
you, Jellybean.  
I found you!  
You always find  
me, Mommy.  
What the hell?  
Hey, Hank.  
It's been a while.  
Umm... I don't even know  
if this is your number...  
Anymore... and,  
I'm probably the last person  
you wanna hear from. But...  
I just had a really  
weird dream.  
And I know that doesn't sound like an  
emergency or anything, but it just felt...  
Very real.  
I was back in the  
Quantum Realm, and...  
I think I saw your wife.  
And then I  
was your wife.  
I mean, not in  
a weird way, or...  
You know...  
Hearing this out loud, I'm  
thinking, it's not an emergency.  
I'm sorry I  
bothered you.  
I'm sorry for  
a lot of things.  
Hope?  
Is this another dream?  
Do you think it's a dream? Or is it possible  
that you really saw my Mom down there?  
I'm not sure.  
I can't be here! I can't be,

I'm under house arrest.  
They won't open while the  
system's engaged, Scott.  
You have to  
take me home.  
- They can show up any second.  
- Relax...  
As far as your nanny cops  
know, you're still at home.  
Woah!  
Scotty?  
He's programmed to  
replicate your daily routine.  
Nine hours in bed, five  
hours in front of the TV,  
two hours in the bathroom,  
whatever that's about.  
That's totally inaccurate.  
How do you know about my daily  
routine? Are you spying on me?  
We keep tabs on all  
security threats, all right?  
And so far, the biggest  
one we've had is you.  
I'm sorry about Germany.  
They just showed up. They said it  
was a matter of national security,  
- That Cap needed help.  
- Who's Cap?  
...tain America.  
Captain... Cap.  
It's what we call him.  
If you're a friend. I think I'm a friend,  
a little. I know him. He's not, we're not...  
I'm sorry! All right? I didn't  
think I'd get caught.  
You didn't think  
about a lot of things.  
How's Hank?  
We're still running, the house is gone. So  
is our freedom. How do you think he is?  
I'm sorry. I know  
you're mad.  
I'm not looking



for apologies, Scott.

The only reason why we're even talking  
is because we need what's in your head.

Is this where  
you're living?

If you need help, money  
or something, maybe I can...

We're fine.

Hey, Hank. Look...

- I just want to...

- Save it.

- Can we start?

- Yeah.

So, while you were relaxing  
at home, we were building this.

It's a tunnel. To  
the Quantum Realm.

To my Mom.

We think she might still be down  
there, we just don't know where.

What?

If we can pinpoint my Mom's location,  
then the pod can take me down to get her.

You built all this and you  
don't even know if she's alive?

It's called a hypothesis.

Last night we powered up the tunnel for the  
first time. It overloaded, and it shut down.

But for a split second,  
the doorway to the  
Quantum Realm was opened.

And?

And five minutes later, you  
called. Talking about Mom.

We think when you went down there,  
you may have entangled with her.

Hank, I would never do that.

I respect you too much.

Quantum entanglement, Scott.

We think she might have put some kind of  
message in your head. Hopefully, a location.

And opening the  
tunnel triggered it.

Your Mom put a message in my

head? Come on. That's insane.  
No, Scott. Insane...  
is going to Germany without  
telling us and fighting the Avengers.  
Just tell me you weren't  
lying about the suit you took.  
Tell me you  
really destroyed it.  
I did. I destroyed it. I swear.  
I can't believe you  
destroyed my suit.  
That was my life's work.  
- What was I supposed to do?  
- You were supposed to not take my suit!  
I'm sorry, Hank. I'm  
sorry I took the suit.  
I'm sorry that  
I called last night.  
I don't remember seeing Janet  
down there. I wish that I did.  
I just had a dream about her playing  
hide and seek with a little girl.  
What?  
I had a dream. She was playing  
hide and seek with a little...  
girl. Cassie and I do it all the  
time. It doesn't mean anything.  
But, was it Cassie  
in the dream?  
No.  
- Where was she hiding?  
- What?  
The little girl, where was she  
hiding. Was it in a wardrobe?  
No, it's in a tall dresser.  
- You mean a wardrobe.  
- Is that what that's called?  
- What color was it?  
- Red.  
- Were there horses on it?  
- Oh, boy.  
It's where I hid every  
time we played.  
Doesn't sound like you really

got the gist of the game.

She's alive!

I knew it.

I knew it!

- We need to get that part.

- Okay.

The sooner we get the tunnel working, the sooner we can get this message out his head.

- Does Burch have it?

- Yeah. Let's go.

What part? Who's Burch?

Wait, what's happening?

We need a component to stop the tunnel from overloading again.

I brought your clothes.

You might wanna change.

Look. I'd really like to help you out.

But if I'm not home when they come to take off my ankle monitor then I'm going away forever. Once we get the component and power up the tunnel, we'll get the message and have you home by lunch.

We have to hurry. The entanglement won't last.

You owe us.

All right, fine. But can I just wait inside?

Because I'm not supposed to be out here.

Let's go.

- We good?

- Yeah.

I'll be right back.

- Can I have one of those?

- No.

Susan!

- Welcome to Oui!

- Sonny.

Oui is French for yes. As in, yes, we found a table, yes, you saw us, and yes, to planning before property.

Well, let's hope it also means yes to do you have the

component I ordered?

You know, I've always loved  
your sense of humor, Susan.

- Have a seat.

- No, I'm good. Thank you.

- Who is this guy?

- Sonny Burch.

He traffics in black  
market technology.

He's been getting us what  
we need to build the tunnel.

- Can I just have one?

- No.

You know, I have a special friend, down  
at the FBI. And I say special, because...

Well, he tells me things that  
I didn't previously know.

For example...

Your name isn't Susan.

It's Hope Van Dyne.

And your unseen associate,  
that's your father, Hank Pym.

- That's not good, Hank.

- No shit.

What do you want?

Relationships are  
built on trust, Hope.

And I want our relationship  
to have a strong foundation.

- Our relationship?

- Well, business landscape's been shifting, Hope.

Hell, screw it. I don't even exist  
anymore. But now, Hank Pym?

- Hank Pym, is a real opportunity.

- Do you have a point?

You think that I don't know what  
you've been building? With all of this?

Quantum technology.

And you can forget nano-tech.

Forget AI. Forget cryptocurrency.

Quantum energy is the future.

It's the next gold rush.

I want in, Hope.

So, as a gesture of goodwill,

I've taken the liberty  
of arranging some  
buyers for your lab.  
Starting bid?  
One billion dollars.  
Thank you,  
Sonny. Really.  
But my father and I have something slightly  
more pressing than starting a business.  
So, I'll just take the component.  
As arranged.  
My buyers don't take  
no for an answer.  
So, we're either in business together,  
or we aren't in business together.  
- Then, I guess we aren't.  
- You can go.  
But, I'm afraid your money's  
gonna have to remain.  
Let's call it compensation  
for my injured feelings.  
Listen, Sonny.  
This is gonna be so much easier on  
everybody if you just give me that component.  
No, the only thing you're  
taking from here, is my heart.  
But it will mend in time.  
Okay.  
- So now, what?  
- You'll see.  
She said her and daddy  
had something pressing.  
I wanna know what it is, 'cause if they're not  
working with us, they're working with somebody.  
So find out. Name...  
Hold on. You  
gave her wings?  
Not my 36-feet chandelier!  
Stop firing! Stop!  
Alright, take this. Go.  
Go, go, go, go!  
Wings and blasters.  
I take it you didn't have  
that tech available for me?

No, I did.

It's a pleasure doing  
business with you, Sonny.

Oh, our business isn't  
finished yet, Hope.

I can assure  
you of that.

What the hell is that?

Dad, are you  
seeing this?

Hope, get out of there!

- I gotta do something.

- Wait!

It's still a work in progress.

You taught me that

kick. Remember?

- Yeah, great form.

- Those were the days.

- Whatever happened to us?

- Not the time, Scott.

Dammit, where did he go?

I lost it.

I'm not seeing anything  
on the ant cams.

Dad?

Give me that. Now.

- Are you okay?

- No. He got the lab.

- No.

- Come on.

- What was that?

- I don't know.

But we need to find somewhere to  
regroup and figure out where the lab is.

So where to now?

How about my house? Mmm?

I'm supposed to be there anyway.

- Woo could walk in any second.

- Exactly why we're not going to your house.

What about your house?

Sorry.

There is one place

I can think of.

No.

No, no! No! No!

No!

Wow, Dr. Pym.

Like, who would've thought  
that, once again,  
in your hour of need, that you  
would turn to us? You know?

Not me.

Help yourself.

That was overexpensive pastry.

We gotta keep the food budget down.

Well, what are we supposed  
to have for breakfast?

- The oatmeal packets.
- Oatmeal packets.
- It's insult.
- Why's it insult?
- Because it takes like sand.
- You know why? Cause it's organic.
- That is not organic. It's sand.
- The most important meal of the day.

You know what, you can get creative  
with it. Put a little brown sugar on it.  
Sprinkle some cinnamon...

Guys, guys, guys, guys!

Come on, man!

We got bigger fish to fry.

- Is that my desk?
- Yeah.

What? Why do I have  
such a small desk?

- Cause you weren't there when we're choosing desks.
- You snooze, you lose.
- I was under house arrest.
- Yeah!

You know what, this isn't  
even a desk. This is garbage.

You found this outside  
amongst garbage.

I got it out of  
rummage sale.

- So, you saved money on my desk?
- Guys.

Hope, please! We need

to focus. All right?  
We gotta find that  
lab already. Geez.  
Oh, you know what? I heard stories,  
like what happened to you.  
Like this crazy, creepy cat who like,  
walks through walls and stuff.  
Like a... Like a Ghost!  
Like Baba Yaga.  
Baba Yaga. A witch.  
They tell stories to  
children to frighten them.  
You know Baba Yaga?  
Whoever stole it...  
We need to find it.  
Well, you don't find  
someone like that.  
- They find you.  
- Like Baba Yaga.  
Dr. Pym, you're like the  
smartest genius I know.  
Did you put some kind  
of lojack on your lab?  
Because if you didn't, we have a  
variety of affordable options.  
Of course, I did, Luis.  
It was disabled.  
Whoever stole the lab knew  
exactly what they were doing.  
- They also looked like they were phasing.  
- Phasing?  
Quantum phasing. When an object  
moves through different states of matter.  
Oh, yeah. That's what  
I was thinking.  
The lab emits radiation. Could we modify  
a quantum spectrometer and track it?  
That could work, yes. But all  
of my equipment is in the lab.  
Well, where else can  
we find that equipment?  
Well, there is one person.  
- Bill Foster.  
- Great!



Who's Bill Foster?  
He's an old colleague  
of my Dad's. From SHIELD.  
- They had a falling out years ago.  
- You seem to have a lot of falling outs with people.  
It's probably just  
a waste of time.  
Hey, I'm risking everything by being  
here. Don't you think we should check?  
We need to find out  
who took the lab.  
Guys, it's not a good idea  
to be out in the open like this.  
Relax. No one's gonna  
recognize us.  
What, because of hats  
and sunglasses?  
It's not a disguise, Hank.  
We look like ourselves  
in a baseball game.  
In an isolated system...  
Particles co-exist in a  
stable phase relationship. If  
the system is interfered with,  
that stability becomes chaos.  
Unpredictable.  
Dangerous.  
Beautiful.  
Isolated completely, a quantum system would  
revert back to separate states of matter.  
Each entangled with a distinct  
state of its environment.  
In other words...  
The object in question would  
be both in and out of phase  
with multiple parallel realities.  
Speaking of being out  
of phase with reality...  
I am noticing an unusually high number  
of glazed eyes out there among you.  
So, why don't we call  
it a few minutes early.  
That will be enough for today, thank  
you, ladies and gentlemen. You may go.

It's incredible.  
Your link to Janet.  
It's Quantum entanglement,  
between the quantum states composed  
of her molecules and your brains.  
Yeah. It's what I  
was thinking.  
Do you guys just put the word  
'quantum' in front of everything?  
Doctor, we need to find our lab.  
Hope, I'd love to help you but I don't  
have the equipment you're describing.  
I told you this was a waste of time.  
Come on. Let's go.  
Don't condescend, Hank.  
You're the one who's on  
the run from the FBI.  
All because you had  
to grow to a size  
that finally fit your ego.  
That wasn't me in Germany.  
It was this idiot.  
Really?  
Going that big must've  
been exhausting.  
I slept for three days straight.  
You have no idea.  
Actually, I do.  
Back in the day, I was Hank's partner  
in a project called Goliath.  
Excuse me, you were my partner?  
The only thing more tiring  
than going that big,  
is putting up with  
Hank's bullshit.  
How big did you get?  
My record?  
Twenty-one feet.  
- Not bad.  
- You?  
- I don't...  
- No, really. I'm curious.  
- Sixty-five feet. Yeah.  
- Whoa.

- Huge.  
- Sixty-five.  
If you two are finished  
comparing sizes...  
We need to figure out a way  
to track down the lab.  
And the great Hank Pym hasn't  
figured that one out yet? Strange.  
He had all the answers back in the day.  
That's why I left the project.  
Left? I fired you.  
Best decision I ever made.  
Hank was a terrible partner.  
Temperamental. Stubborn.  
Impatient.  
Sooner or later he just  
pushed everyone away.  
Just the mediocrities.  
Janet was the only one who could  
endure him and chose to stick it out.  
Watch it, Bill.  
She paid the price  
though, didn't she?  
You son of a...  
We didn't come here to  
listen to you two squabble.  
I'm trying to save my Mother.  
It's Woo.  
Someone must have seen me.  
Relax. If this is about you  
they'd be in your house by now.  
- What are you, fifteen?  
- Come on. We gotta go, right now.  
Wait! You might be able to  
improvise that tracker.  
If you modify the defraction  
units on one of your regulators.  
- That could work.  
- I don't know what that means.  
Thank you.  
But Doctor, campus police says  
they ID'd both Pym and Van Dyne.  
I don't know what  
to tell you, agent.

I haven't talked to  
Hank in thirty years.  
I can assure you I'm the last  
person he would wanna visit.  
- Oh, come on. You expect us to...  
- Hey, hey.  
- Why is that?  
- Simple.  
We hate each other's guts.  
So I'm a terrible partner?  
Foster, he hasn't had one good  
idea in his unremarkable career.  
But his idea about the  
defractors could work.  
Fine, one decent idea.  
Except I eliminated the defractors  
when I upgraded the suits.  
So if we had an old suit,  
we might be able to  
track down the lab?  
Yes. But we don't.  
- What if we did?  
- What do you mean?  
I mean...  
- Life's funny...  
- Oh, my God.  
- You didn't destroy the suit.  
- What?!  
Well, it was your life's work, Hank.  
I couldn't destroy that.  
Before I turned myself in, I shrunk  
it down and mailed it to Luis.  
You sent my suit  
through the mail?  
Hey, the postal service is  
very reliable, you know?  
They do tracking numbers now.  
Like UPS.  
Where is it?  
It's in a very safe place, alright?  
Don't worry.  
What, the trophy?  
No, it's not here.  
What do you mean it's not there?

Where could it be?  
I've looked everywhere.  
It's not here.  
Hey. Get away from the table.  
I put it back out  
to Cassie, and I...  
Show and tell.  
Scotty?  
Well, the good news is,  
I know where it is.  
Whenever you go back to school, isn't  
everything supposed to look so much smaller?  
This place seems huge. Ah!  
- What is it?  
- It's the new regulator.  
Hank, what's going  
on with this suit?  
How much of a work  
in progress is this?  
Uh-oh. Oh, no.  
No, no, no.  
What, are you laughing?  
Please, can you just...  
Okay. Okay.  
What do you see?  
The sizing coils are  
malfunctioning.  
Just let me...  
Oww!  
- Sorry.  
- It's all right.  
Okay.  
All right.  
Try it now.  
So...  
Awesome.  
If only Cap could see you now.  
Hilarious. What are we gonna do?  
Hey!  
Where's your hall pass?  
Hey, I'm talking to you.  
Hey!  
Hey...  
You can do it. You

almost got it!  
Oh, Peanut.  
Okay. Let's go.  
Hiya, Champ! How  
was school today?  
Hahaha. Alright, get  
your jokes out now.  
- Can you fix the suit?  
- He's so cranky.  
You want a juice box  
and some string cheese?  
Do you really have that?  
Let's see if Foster was right.  
This has got to be the lab.  
- Let's go get it.  
- Yeah.  
This seems right.  
Look at us. Teaming  
up twice in one day.  
Makes you think, huh?  
- About what?  
- Germany?  
- What do you mean?  
- We were working together.  
Training together. And,  
other stuff-ing together.  
If I'd have asked you,  
would you have come?  
I guess we'll never know.  
But I do know one thing.  
What?  
If I had, you'd have  
never been caught.  
Hey, Scott.  
You think you can stop daydreaming about  
my daughter long enough to get my lab?  
- Yes, sir.  
- Thank you.  
Okay. You're transmitting.  
What took you so long?  
Sorry, I had to come up  
with a name for my ant.  
I'm thinking Ulysses S. Gr-Ant.  
- Like it?

- Hilarious.  
I'm not getting anything on the monitors.  
There's some kind of electronic disturbance.  
- Be careful.  
- You know me, Hank.  
I'm always care--- Whoa!  
- It's okay. It's just a suit.  
- How do you know?  
Look.  
That's Ghost?  
What is she doing?  
You think that suit is how she  
goes through walls and stuff?  
Let's just get out of  
here before she wakes up.  
Hope, look. There's the lab.  
We're sure this is our shrunken building  
and not somebody else's, right?  
Just take it, Scott.  
We gotta be fast.  
I'll get it.  
Oh, sh...  
Hope.  
Hank.  
Guys?  
I don't think they can hear you.  
Hi.  
I'm Ava.  
Scott.  
So...  
You don't need a suit to, uhh...  
You know.  
Go through things.  
No.  
It just helps me control it.  
And the pain. Supposedly.  
You're not gonna reach into my  
chest and crush my heart, are you?  
You're funny.  
I'm not gonna hurt you  
Scott, unless I have to.  
I need...  
What's in your head.  
Let's wake up the rest of the gang

and get this over with, shall we?  
Get up! Come on!  
Dad?  
Don't ever touch him again.  
Now, now, Hope...  
I think I'm being rather gentle with  
your Father, all things considered.  
What the hell are  
you talking about?  
Another casualty  
of Hank Pym's ego.  
Bill.  
What have you done?  
It's what you've done, Dr. Pym.  
You with her?  
Aw, man. I thought  
you were cool.  
What the hell is going on here?  
I doubt Hank have ever mentioned my Father.  
Why would he?  
Elihas Starr.  
They were colleagues at SHIELD.  
Quantum research.  
Until my Father dared to disagree  
with the great Hank Pym.  
You had him fired. Oh, and  
discredited for good measure.  
My father tried to continue  
his research on his own.  
Desperate to restore his  
name, so he took risks.  
No!  
Too many.  
Until something went wrong.  
He told us to run.  
- Elihas, what's happening?  
- Just go. Go!  
Daddy!  
I can tell he was scared.  
- Daddy!  
- Ava, no!  
I didn't want him to be alone.  
No! No!  
When I woke up, my



parents were dead.  
I wasn't so lucky.  
They call it "Molecular  
Disequilibrium."  
A rather dull name, I think.  
Doesn't quite do justice  
to what it means.  
Every cell, in my body, is torn  
apart and stitched back together.  
Over, and over, everyday.  
I was still at SHIELD  
when I got the call about a  
"quantum anomaly" in Argentina.  
Hello, Ava.  
My name is Bill.  
I was a friend of your Father's.  
I brought you something.  
It's all right. Try again.  
That's it.  
Dr. Foster did his  
best to keep me safe.  
But others at SHIELD saw an  
opportunity in my affliction.  
They built me a containment suit  
so I can control my phasing.  
And trained me to be  
a stealth operative.  
They weaponized me.  
I stole for them,  
spied for them...  
I killed for them.  
And in exchange for my soul,  
they were going to cure me.  
They lied.  
When SHIELD collapsed,  
I took Ava in.  
I built the chamber to slow  
her decay, but her condition  
was progressive. I didn't  
know how to cure her.  
She wanted to kill you, Hank.  
But I told her, no.  
And that she should watch you instead.  
And sure enough,

she discovered that you  
were building a tunnel.  
Then she told me about Lang.  
And the message from  
Janet inside his head...

- For Christ's sake!

- That's me. I'm sorry.

Look, can you tell  
me who's texting me?

Cassie. 911.

That's my daughter. I  
need to text her back.

No. That's not happening.

It's 911. That means  
it's an emergency!

You're not making  
demands here, Lang.

You're not appreciating  
the gravity of the...

Okay, well, she's trying to videochat  
me now. Something might be wrong.

Let me talk to her. Please!

Cassie, are you okay?

What's the emergency?

- I can't find my soccer shoes.

- What?

I have a game tomorrow.

Hey, Scott, I know  
that they're there.

Can you just walk the  
phone around the house?

- No, I can't do that right now.

- Why not?

Because I'm sick.

Hey, can you just maybe look around later  
then call me back? Please? Thank you.

- Bye, Daddy!

- Bye, Peanut!

- Feel better!

- Feel better, buddy!

I'm sorry. It's  
that emergency.

Ava, I wanna help you.

She doesn't need your help.

I know how to save her.

- Oh, really? How?

- Janet.

For the last 30 years, she's been  
down there absorbing quantum energy.

We can extract that energy. We can use it  
to repair Ava's molecular structure...

- Extract it?

- Yes!

Are you insane? That  
would rip Janet apart!

You don't know that. I'm  
gonna fire up your tunnel.

When Janet's location pops into Lang's  
head, he's gonna give it to me,

- or I'm gonna turn him over to the FBI.

- What?

You're gonna stay here just  
in case I need your help.

- Like hell, I would help you!

- You'll do whatever I say.

- You're gonna kill Janet.

- I'd be more worried about yourself, Hank.

Goddammit, Bill!

- Dad?

- Calm down, Hank.

So help me, God...

It's his heart! He needs  
his pills, please.

Dr. Foster, they're  
in the tin, please.

He could die! For... come on!

Help him!

Dad, just hang on, alright?

Just keep breathing. Stay calm.

- Help him, man! Come on!

- The Altoid tin!

Wait!

Thanks, guys!

Hank!

Bill is filling that  
girl's head with lies.

Elihas Starr was a traitor.

He stole my plans.

Now, bring her down.  
Right, lock it in.  
No, no, no. The bolt  
is on the other side.  
Tighten that one down, then  
bring her down with one knock.  
- Good job.  
- It'll work.  
Foster, he could've fried  
the entire system.  
Look, we'll adjust the relays while you  
go reprogram the settings. All right?  
It's gonna be fine.  
- So, this is it.  
- Yeah.  
You'd think with all this time  
to prepare, I'd be more ready.  
Well, going subatomic isn't  
something you can prepare for.  
It kind of, melts your mind.  
- I mean, seeing my Mom again.  
- Oh.  
What if she's a completely  
different person?  
Yeah, like George Washington?  
- I'm serious, Scott.  
- Or, George Jefferson?  
What if she's  
forgotten about me?  
When I was in prison...  
The only thing that got  
me through was Cassie.  
I could've been locked up for 100 years.  
I never would've forgotten her.  
I know your Mom is counting the  
minutes until she can see you again.  
Thank you.  
- Hey.  
- We've got a big problem.  
You forgot the motion sensor lights  
on the back of the building.  
No.  
They're on the proposal, and Karapetyan  
asked for them specifically.

Uh, yeah. Look, it's  
been a little crazy...  
Look, maybe I can stop by  
tomorrow and take a look at it.  
No, no, no, no!  
The meeting is first thing in the morning.  
You gotta come right now and fix it.  
I can't. I wish I could,  
but I can't leave.  
You know what, I'm coming to you.  
I'll just explain the plans, and  
get it on the laptop, and  
you can fix them in.  
- Just tell me where you are, okay?  
- It's complicated.  
What do you mean,  
it's complicated?  
As you can see, sir...  
This system is state-of-the-art.  
Security of tomorrow... today!  
Oh, that's so good! I love the  
lead-in, Bro. Keep practicing.  
Hey, I just gotta drive on to  
Scotty's, so he can fix the plans.  
But don't worry. I'll be  
back in plenty of time.  
As you can see, sir...  
Oh! Oh! Oh!  
Tell me you got the van  
washed for tomorrow morning.  
Down to the undercarriage, baby.  
- You sprung for the undercarriage wash?  
- Well, you said get the works.  
That's a scam, Bro. We live in  
California, not Minnesota!  
He's right.  
The undercarriage wash.  
That's for cleaning  
off road salt.  
Laid out in all those  
snow-laden sister states.  
Who are you and why do you know  
so much about car wash protocol?  
Well, my name is Sonny Burch.

And I do my research, Luis.  
To wit, I have learned,  
from a friend of mine,  
at the FBI, that you're a  
known associate of Scott Lang.  
A known associate of Hank Pym.  
Who I've also learned,  
has a portable frickin' laboratory.  
Filled with all kinds of juicy tech.  
And you're gonna  
tell me where it is.  
Well, I hate to break it to you, but I  
don't know what you're talking about.  
Well, I sense a  
resistance in you, Luis.  
And I have promised results  
to some dangerous people.  
So, I'm gonna introduce you,  
to my good friend Uzman.  
Now, Uzman, is a master  
at extracting information from the  
unwillin' through psychoactive means.  
Oh, is that truth serum?  
There's no such thing  
as truth serum.  
That's just nonsense from TV.  
- What is it, then?  
- It's a little concoction,  
that he's been perfecting  
since his days with the SIS.  
It makes you suggestible.  
And highly responsive.  
- Dude, that's truth serum!  
- No, it's not.  
No fencing, but,  
- this sound like truth serum to me.  
- Right?!  
- It's not a truth serum.  
- Oh, okay. Hey, I believe you.  
It's not a truth serum.  
If it walk like duck,  
and talk like ducks...  
It's truth serum.  
Well, I have a lot of allergies.

So...

You might wanna  
think about that.  
Time to get that lab back.  
What?

The chamber and the suit are  
barely helping anymore.  
How long have I got?  
A couple of weeks, maybe.  
Well then, we'll make  
them bring the lab back.  
How?

Lang. He has a daughter, right?  
You can't mean that. Ava?  
I tolerate a lot of the  
things you do out there,  
but I won't be a part  
of anything like that.  
You're not the one who's about  
to fade away into nothing, Bill.  
I am!

You said you could fix me.  
You promised!  
I know. I will.  
But not like that.  
You let one finger on  
that little girl...  
I won't help you.  
And we're done.  
Fine.

There are other options.  
You know what? You're right.  
This isn't truth serum.  
'Cause I don't feel anything.  
That was a lie. I  
did feel something.

- This is truth serum!  
- There's no such thing.  
Okay!

Okay, okay.

Now I'm gonna make this  
real easy for you, Luis.  
Okay.  
Where...

is Scott Lang?  
Well, see, that's complicated. 'Cause when  
I first met Scotty, he was in a bad place.  
And I'm not talking about cell block D.  
His wife had just filed for divorce.  
And I was like, "Damn, homie, she  
dumped you while you were in lock-up?"  
And he's like, "Yeah, I know. I thought  
I was gonna be with her forever,  
but now, I'm all alone!"  
And I was like, "Damn, homie, you gotta  
chin up. 'Cause you'll find a new partner.  
But you know what? I'm Luis."  
And he says, "You know what? I'm Scotty.  
And we're gonna be best friends."  
Wait, hold on, hold on.  
Now I like a good story as much as the next person,  
but what's this have to do with where Scott Lang is?  
I'm getting there,  
I'm getting there.  
You put a dime in him, you got  
to let the whole song play out.  
He hit like human jukebox.  
Oh! My abuelita had a  
jukebox in a restaurant.  
Yeah. Only played Morrissey.  
And if anybody ever complained,  
she'd be like, "Oh, porque? Gusta mas?"  
And El Chicanos, we call  
them mas, "then, adios!"  
What can I say? We relate to these  
melancholy bandits, you know?  
- Lang.  
- Right, right, right, right.  
So anyway, this guy gets out of  
jail and starts working for Hank.  
And that's when he met Hope.  
And Hope's all like,  
"I want nothing to do with you. Look  
at my hairdo. I'm all business."  
And then Scotty's like,  
"You know what, girl? My heart's all broken,  
and I'll probably never find love again.  
But damn, if I



want to kiss you!"

But then you fast-forward and they're  
all like into each other, right?

And then Scotty's like, "You know  
what, I can't tell you this,  
but I'm gonna go trashing the  
airport with Captain America!"

Then she said, "I can't believe you split  
like that! Smell you later, dummy!"

So Scotty goes on house arrest, and he  
won't admit it, but his heart's all like,  
"Damn! I thought Hope could've been  
my new true partner. But I blew it!"

But fate brought them back together,  
and then Hope's heart is all,

"I'm worried that I can't trust him. And he's  
gonna screw up again and ruin everything."

And in my heart, it's all like,

"That fancy raspberry filling represents the company's rent.  
And we're days away from going out of business! Oooh!"

- Out of business?

- Days away?!

Damn truth serum! I was  
trying to protect you guys.

I swear to God. I was trying to  
be a good boss. But we're broke.

And the Karapetyans are our last hope,  
and if we don't show up, we're done!

- That's terrible bossing.

- Damn, Bro!

- That's on me. That's on me!

- Hey!

Enough.

I'm gonna ask you  
one more time...

Where is Scott Lang?

I've been trying to tell you. He's in  
a tricky spot, emotionally speaking.

Emotionally speaking.

But where is Scott Lang,  
literally speaking?!

Oh! The woods.

The woods?

Baba Yaga!

What do you mean, the woods?  
The Muir woods!  
For God's sake!  
Baba Yaga, coming late, little  
children, sleep at eight.  
Damn it!  
If that freak gets Pym's tech,  
I'm never gonna see it.  
So what do we do now?  
It's easier to steal it from the  
feds than from a boogeyman.  
Hey. It's me.  
How'd you like to  
get a promotion?  
I've got the location on  
Pym, Van Dyne, and Lang.  
But you're gonna have to take them down now,  
'cause they ain't gonna be there for long.  
And when you do, you're  
gonna get me that lab.  
Understood.  
Good news, gentlemen.  
Feds are gonna do the  
hard work for us.  
What are you looking at?  
Change my tire!  
Sir...  
Can you knock?  
Sorry, sir. But I  
just got a lead.  
Ooh. I love leads.  
- Systems in the green.  
- Priming the coils.  
Full charge.  
Soon as the tunnel's open, let us know if you  
get anything that could be part of her message.  
Yeah, yeah. I will.  
Okay, then.  
Here it goes.  
We did it!  
You got anything?  
Nothing.  
Just give it a minute.  
Because it could...

No. No, no, no!

- What's happening?
- It's shutting down. Maybe vectors are off.

We've gone over them a million times.  
I know they're right.

- Well then, what else could it be?
- I don't know.
- Scott, what are you doing?
- Scott, get away from that!

Scott, we had...

I'm sorry. I don't know how much time  
I have. I need to fix the algorithm.  
Trust me, after 30  
years down here...  
I've thought about it a lot.

Janet?

Hi, Hon.

Hello, Jellybean.

Mom?

It's not the reunion I had  
imagined. It's all so rushed.  
You two have done  
such great work.  
You just need  
a little...  
nudge.

Janet, how is  
this possible?

It wasn't a message you put in  
Scott's head. It was an antenna.  
Clever girl.

I'm so proud of you.

Honey, tell us where you are.  
Tell us how to find you.

No, the probability fields are too complex.  
That's why I needed to talk to you.

You have to  
follow my voice.

- Of course.
- Like tracing a call back to its source.

I'm tracking your signal using  
subatomic frequencies,  
between point  
2 and point 9.

- I've narrowed it to 4 and 6.  
- It's too tight. We could miss you.  
Look at us squabbling again.  
Fine. Between 3 and 7.  
Our first fight in decades  
and it's over just like that.  
Bull's eye.  
- Source lock.  
- It's you!  
Ha! We got it!  
You have to meet me in  
these exact coordinates.  
In the wasteland, beyond  
the quantum void.  
It's very dangerous, especially on  
the human mind. So be careful.  
Time and space work  
very differently down here.  
You have two hours. After that,  
the probability fields will shift,  
and it'll be another century  
before they'll align like this again.  
We'll find you.  
I know you  
will, Jellybean.  
Nope.  
Nothing. I got nothing.  
No sign of Janet.  
How did we get up here?  
At first, you'll see all kinds of lights,  
and it's gonna get really trippy  
but then it's gonna turn black  
and silent. Like, really silent.  
Scott, I'll be fine.  
- I'm just saying. Cause I've been down there.  
- Yeah, so you've mentioned.  
Um, sorry. I have  
to take this.  
Hey, man. You coming?  
No, I'm not. But you  
know what? Ghost is.  
And you know what? The  
feds, they know where you are.  
- What?

- I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

They gave me some truth serum, then all of a sudden I started talking all honestly, like, I hate the way that you use the dishwasher. I hate it.

But you need to go home because the feds are probably going there now!

And by the way, who puts the plates on the top rack, okay?

They don't go there!

I feel like such a jerk.

You're gonna be really mad. We gotta go.

- What?

- Ghost knows where we are.

- So does the FBI.

- How?

- I told Luis where we are.

- You what?

I told him to come here, so I can help him with the Karapetyan proposal.

Oh, my God!

But... Look, we need to land that account. Otherwise, we'll lose the business!

Do you know how hard it is for ex-cons to find work these days?

Jesus, Scott!

90 seconds to close the aperture.

- You have to depolarize the coils first.

- I know.

I'm really sorry, but the...

FBI is coming

to my place, so...

I have to go.

Can I borrow the suit?

Look, uhh... I'm just gonna borrow the suit.

I'll come back. Just tell me where you'll be.

- Don't bother.

- What?

We'll come and get the suit from

you as soon as we find my Mom.

- Hope...

- Scott, just go!

- Scott?

- Daddy?

- It's us, buddy!

- We're here for Cassie's shoes.

He must be resting.

Honey, why don't you go up the stairs and go look under your bed.

Daddy? You upstairs?

Daddy...

What the?

Really lives like a pig these days.

Daddy?

Spread out!

- Again?

- You people have no shame!

- The monitor says that he's in the bathroom.

- Yeah. I'm not buying it.

Cassie, let the man get by.

- But Daddy's super sick!

- I'll see about that.

He says he doesn't want anyone else to get sick.

Well, I'll take my chances, sweetie.

He barfed. Like, a lot.

Young lady, I'm a federal agent.

I've seen worse things than vomit.

- Like, a lot, a lot?

- Yes!

- Forget it. Move aside.

- No!

Woo!

- What are you doing here?

- Scott.

I'm sorry. I'm just really sick.

I told you.

Excuse me. Sometimes you just gotta get it out, you know?

Sorry.

I'll start the van.  
You get the lab.  
Freeze! You're surrounded!  
Hank Pym. Hope Van Dyne.  
You're under arrest.  
- This is harassment.  
- Actually, it's not.  
What does the FBI even stand for?  
Forever Bothering Individuals?  
- His monitor check out?  
- Of course, it does.  
Damn it. It's like I just got  
fed a bowl of malarkey.  
We got them, sir. Pym and  
Van Dyne are in custody.  
Seriously? Yes!  
Oh. Sorry, Scott. They were  
your friends. That's insensitive.  
I just really needed a  
win, you know? Anyway...  
I'll be back later for the official end of your  
sentence. Sorry for misjudging you, pal.  
You should feel  
great about yourself.  
What is it?  
We have a man down,  
and Pym's lab is gone.  
Hey.  
- Thanks for covering for me.  
- Sure.  
So..  
How long have you  
been Ant-Man again?  
Not long.  
Things just sort  
of happened.  
I'm sorry, for lying to you. I'm  
sorry for risking everything.  
- Dad, it's okay.  
- That's not...  
I do some dumb things, and the people  
that I love the most pay the price.  
Mainly, you.  
Trying to help

people isn't dumb.

Well...

I screw it up just  
about every time.

So maybe, you just need  
someone watching your back.

Like a partner.

Well, she's made it clear that's  
about the last thing she wants.

- Who?

- Hope.

- What, who did you think?

- Me.

You?

Don't laugh.

- I'd be a great partner.

- Oh, Peanut!

You would be awesome.

And if I let you, I would  
be a terrible Dad.

Fine.

Have Hope be your  
partner. She's smart.

She reminds me of you.

You gonna go help her?

I think you should help her.

I wish I could, but...

I don't know how I can help  
her without hurting you.

You can do it. You  
can do anything.

You're the World's  
Greatest Grandma.

Agent Woo will  
see you in an hour.

An hour? We don't  
have an hour.

Aww. You got somewhere  
else to be?

Now, that's my girl.

Alright, what's our plan?

To shrink that wall.

It looks load bearing.

Ceiling could collapse...



- Then we run like hell.  
- It's made up of 15-20 agents on the floor.  
Roughly five times that  
in the building at large.  
- They're all heavily armed.  
- Not great odds.  
- You got any better ideas?  
- Nope.

But I'm not giving  
up on Mom.

She'd be so proud of you.

Okay.

One...

Two...

Scott?

What are you two just  
standing around for?

We gotta go  
find that lab.

What about me?

Perfect.

Hurry up and get dressed.

We don't have much time.

Sir.

Okay. Now what?

You're asking me?

Get in!

Hi.

Hi.

Uhh, excuse me. Are we  
planning on leaving soon,  
or are you two gonna keep staring at each  
other until they start shooting at us.

- Hey, Burch.

- Yeah?

- Yeah. They're out.

- I'm on my way.

- As soon as we see him, so was the van.

- How could this happen?

What the dickens?

Thank you.

You're welcome.

So, uhh... How do  
we find the lab?

After I lost it the first time,  
I put on a new tracker...  
...of sorts.  
That'll work.  
Is it ready or not?  
We can begin the  
extraction process now.  
Listen, Ava, this whole thing  
could be very dangerous.  
- Maybe, maybe we should...  
- Maybe we should what? Wait?  
I've got days until I'm dead.  
We're doing this, Bill. Now.  
Energy readings show they  
have not used the tunnel yet.  
We don't have much time before Mom's  
location shifts and we lose her.  
Yeah, and we have  
a lot to do before that.  
You know, my Pap-pap always said if you  
wanna do something right, you make a list.  
So, we should do that.  
One, we have to  
break into that lab.  
Two, we have to kick  
out Foster and Ghost.  
Three, we have to fight Ghost. That  
seems like it should be part of 2.  
2-A. Right? Let's call it 2-A.  
Fight Ghost, 2-A. Oh!  
Also, we have to make sure that the lab is fully  
grown for you to come back. Otherwise we're screwed...  
Scott...  
You want me to start  
again? I'll start again.  
I'm going to dive.  
The only chance we've got is if  
the 2 of you are out here  
together, protecting the tunnel.  
Let me do this,  
Hope. Please.  
Let me get her.  
I think he's right.  
Whassup?

You remember that  
beloved commercial?  
Whassup?  
I had him follow us here.  
I thought we could  
use some help.  
All right. I'm in position.  
The ants are headed in.  
- Copy that.  
- Keep your eyes peeled, Scotty.  
- You want a pez?  
- No.  
Guess who gave me  
this for my birthday.  
By the way,  
I love that suit!  
Thanks, man.  
I wish I had a suit.  
I would even like a suit with  
like minimal powers, you know?  
Or maybe, even just  
a suit. With no powers.  
What is it?  
I don't know.  
It's them.  
They can't be far.  
Hank? Hank?  
Stop it!  
Dad, what's your status?  
Foster's taken care  
of. Suiting up, now.  
I just wanted to save Ava.  
She's facing death or something  
far more terrible. She's afraid.  
I'll help you find a cure when  
I get back. I promise.  
Together, we'll figure  
something out.  
Good luck, Hank.  
Thanks, Bill.  
Now, I'm gonna need  
you to step back.

**Time remaining:**

fifteen minutes.  
Hank's in, Scott.  
Any sign of her?  
No. Nothing yet.  
Ava!  
Call off the ants, Scott.  
Oh, boy.  
Can I get a status report, cause I got  
some serious Ghost problems here!  
Ready to dive.  
- In case I don't make it...  
- Don't. Don't say that.  
I can't lose you, too.  
I love you, Hope.  
Guys, everything's bad  
over here. Please...  
Now.  
Misdirection.  
One of the first things they teach you  
at Online Close-up Magic University.  
No!  
All right. We  
got it, Scotty.  
- Meet us at the rendezvous point.  
- Okay. On my way.  
Oh, no.  
Really?  
- This guy? Again?  
- Who?  
I told you our business  
wasn't over.  
Change of plans.  
Hang on.  
I want that lab, boys.  
Whatever it takes.  
Hold on.  
Oh!  
That undercarriage is filthy!  
Now they have  
bigger problems.  
Hope, what are you doing? You're  
heading away from the rendezvous point.  
Don't worry. I'm taking these  
guys on the scenic route.

Wait, what  
are you... Oh.  
No!  
Oh, my God! Oh, my God, we're  
gonna die! We're gonna die!  
Signal lost.  
What the hell are  
they doing up there?  
Recalibrating.  
Recalibrating.  
You never said it was  
so beautiful, Scott.  
Recalibrating.  
Okay. Anytime now.  
Recalibrating.  
- Recalibrating.  
- Come on.  
Signal restored.  
Bikes, it's all on you.  
- Take the wheel.  
- What? Wait, Hope!  
Well, the 60's were fun.  
But now, I'm paying for it!  
Be careful up there!  
Give me a break. I haven't  
driven in two years.  
You got pez'd!  
Up here!  
Oh, that's not good.  
Hope!  
No!  
There it is right there, the lab.  
Get it, get, get, get the lab!  
I've got her.  
Westbound on Primo.  
Hope! Wait!  
Hey! What about me?  
We got you now, Ava!  
Not again!  
Piece of junk!  
Yes!  
Go. Go! Go,  
go, go, go!  
Burch got the lab.

I'm going after him.  
No, no, no,  
no, no!  
Work in progress, my ass.  
Scott, where are you? I've got  
Burch in my sights. Hurry!  
- I'm coming, I'm coming!  
- We're running out of time!  
Warning. Approaching  
quantum void.  
I'm coming to you, Honey.  
Guys...  
Don't you need the  
remote to the lab?  
I just found it.  
We can't grow the lab without it.  
Get it to us, fast.  
- Yeah, but the van is busted.  
- Use the Hot Wheels Rally case.  
Wha?  
I love you, Dr. Pym.  
The remote! We're missing the remote.  
We gotta check the van.  
Huh?  
Awesome!  
Hey, I'm going left. But  
Burch's boys are all over me.  
- I'm on my way.  
- Right. I'll get the lab.  
Hi!  
Oh, that's badass!  
Nice!  
Toink!  
Come here, you little weasel!  
Oh, no, you don't!  
I guess... Well,  
maybe, you do.  
Come on!  
Anyone see a southern gentleman  
carrying a building?  
How did he even have  
time to buy a ticket?  
Just one time, please. Work!  
Yes! All right, I need help.

That's it.  
Oh... sorry!  
Hey! Come on, man!  
Not cool!  
Murderers!  
Yes! Yes!  
I'm gonna call you Ant-onio Banderas.  
'Cause you're a badass! Yes!  
No. No. No! Ant-onio!  
Our friends the humpbacks dip in here to the  
San Francisco bay for a little leisure,  
- and a little breeding.  
- Listen, Uzman...  
Just meet me at the  
waterfront in three hours.  
Oh, folks, we barely left the dock, but  
it looks like we have some company!  
You see it, folks? There it is. There's a breach.  
What the...  
Hi. Sorry. Hi. It's  
okay, it's okay.  
Sorry. No, I'm not a whale.  
This will just take a second.  
Hey! That doesn't belong to you.  
- No! No! No! No!  
- You're embarrassing yourself now.  
- Come on. Let go!  
- No!  
Thank you.  
I'll take this now.  
No...  
... melts your mind...  
... a message in your head...  
... I had a dream...  
Daddy?  
Dad?  
What's going on? Why  
haven't you found Mom?  
You look lost, Hank.  
Are you all right?  
Still think you have  
all the answers, Hank?  
It's me.  
I'm so sorry!

- It took so long.  
- No.  
I do know...  
You're here now.  
Let's go home.  
I thought I was gone.  
But that energy from your hands...  
How did you do that?  
I'm not the same woman I  
was 30 years ago, Henry.  
This place...  
It changes you.  
And adaptation is part of  
it, but some of it is...  
Evolution.  
Lab coordinates not found.  
Do not ascend.  
I should probably tell you what  
we're dealing with up there.  
I got the lab. I got the lab.  
Move. Move...  
Move!  
Get out of the...  
Let's go.  
No one here appears to  
be sure what this is.  
It seems he's  
90, 80, 85 feet tall.  
Get out of the way!  
I got the lab. The lab! Okay...  
The earth feels junky.  
Oh, no. He's too big.  
- Scotty!  
- Scott!  
I'm gonna go to sleep.  
I'm just gonna go to sleep  
now for five minutes.  
I just need five minutes.  
Five minutes...  
You get the lab somewhere safe.  
Scott's air won't last!  
Okay!  
Move. Move. Move!  
No, wait!



Lab at full scale.  
- They did it!  
- Ready to ascend.  
Let's go see our daughter.  
Scott.  
Scott!  
Scott, come on. Wake up.  
Come on. Come on.  
Where are you, Scott?  
Gotcha.  
Scott?  
Hey!  
Hey, Scotty. Hope, come in.  
Do you take any questions  
'bout the building?  
- Sco...  
- Where's the remote, Luis?  
It's probably in there.  
I don't have it.  
I don't have it.  
I guess this is where  
we say, Adios, amigo.  
No, no, no!  
Thanks, guys.  
Ava? Ava!  
Ava.  
- Almost ready for extraction.  
- Please, stop. People are getting hurt.  
Everything hurts. Don't  
talk to me about pain.  
What if Hank was right? What  
if this process kills Janet?  
You're worried about her?  
All I'm saying is she's a brilliant  
scientist. She may be able to help.  
Oh, she will help. Right now.  
And if she dies, she dies!  
I'm sorry, we can't do this.  
We have to find another way.  
This is the way.  
Janet!  
She's starting the extraction.  
She's gonna tear Mom apart.  
No!

Hope!  
Are you okay?  
Mom?  
Oh, my God.  
We found you.  
I missed you so much.  
I missed you too, Jellybean.  
It's okay. I'm, I'm here now.  
We have time.  
No more last minute  
business trips, okay?  
I promise.  
It's okay, it's fine.  
Don't worry about me.  
- I'll be fine.  
- Dad!  
Scott.  
Miss Van Dyne.  
It's nice to...  
I guess we've already met.  
I guess we have.  
Wait.  
Your pain...  
I can feel it.  
It hurts.  
It always hurts.  
I'm sorry.  
I think I can help you.  
Do you know she could do that?  
It's okay.  
Guys, the cops are coming. Whoa!  
The, uhh, the...  
The cops are coming.  
Like all of them.  
- I gotta go.  
- We gotta go.  
What about them?  
Hands in the air!  
No. No, no,  
we do our jobs.  
You see, we see these guys,  
they trying to shoot people.  
So we apprehended them. For you.  
You're welcome.

- We traffic in stolen technology.  
- And they have killed many, many people.  
- He's in charge.  
- That's true. I am.  
I've also committed numerous healthcode violations in my restaurant.  
Some of them would shock you.  
It is truth serum.  
We gotta get out  
of here. Fast.  
I have an idea.  
Giant figure now spotted at the  
intersection of Broadway and Wycona.  
- All units move in.  
- Go. Go.  
There he is.  
It's over, Scotty.  
I'm sorry but we got you, man.  
Come on, it's the end of the line, pal.  
There's nowhere to hide.  
Just pull off that band-aid.  
You lost. it's okay.  
Dammit, Scotty! Reduce yourself!  
Magic?  
Dammit. Get to Lang's. Now.  
Well done, Honey.  
Let's go!  
- Leave me here.  
- We can make it.  
You said it yourself.  
I've hurt people.  
But you haven't.  
- Go, please.  
- We can make it, Ava.  
Bill...  
I'm not leaving you.  
Oh, hey guys.  
Are my two years up already?  
What's it like out there?  
I mean...  
Do people still dance? Are  
food trucks still a thing?  
You got away with it  
this time, Scott, but...

I'll be seeing you again.  
Where?  
Huh?  
Where will you be  
seeing me again?  
Like...  
in general, I'll see you. Like, the  
next time you do something bad.  
- I'll be there. To catch you.  
- Ohh.  
You'll be watching me. I thought  
you were inviting me somewhere.  
Why would I do that?  
That's what I was wondering.  
Why would you do that either?  
Like a party, or  
dinner or something?  
I don't know. I thought you  
were planning the evening.  
No. I meant to, like, arrest you.  
Like, I'll arrest you later again.  
- Take it easy.  
- Okay.  
Did you wanna go out  
tonight or something?  
I mean, 'cause I'm free.  
Yeah. Come on.  
- You ready?  
- Yes!  
- Daddy!  
- Hi!  
Yes, that was a...

- 8:  
- Sounds great.  
Mr. Karapetyan?  
Yeah, you saw that?  
Well, it would be an honor to be  
in business with you as well.  
I'll see you Thursday, 9 A.M.  
Okay.  
This is awesome.  
So, Cassie...  
What do you wanna be

when you grow up?  
I wanna help people.  
Like my Dad.  
Really?  
I wanted to be his partner.  
But he said he wants you.  
Is that so?  
Daddy!  
Hold on.  
- Move! Get outta here!  
- No. Don't. Don't!  
Oh! Gross.  
Ugh. I hate that moth dust.  
Go. Shoo! Shoo!

**subbed by:**

iamdepressed