

RATATOUILLE 2

Written by

Team Implausible Possible

agent@royall.agency

This script has been created exclusively for Disney-Pixar and is not intended for sale or use other than at the discretion of Pixar Animation Studios/ Walt Disney Pictures.

FADE IN

EXT. RURAL LANDSCAPE, ITALY (EARLY 20TH CENTURY) - DAY

Traditional Italian music plays. A warm sun shines over vineyards & orchards. REMY narrates.

REMY (V.O.)
Ah, Italy. Beautiful, don't you think? La campagna cosi bella!

We're soaring over an enchanting Italian landscape.

REMY (V.O., CONT'D)
Ahem. How did he put it again? 'I would like some fresh...' No, no, a little snootier, a little more British. 'I would like some fresh, clear, well-seasoned perspective.' Boy, do I have some fresh perspective for you!

We fly over the landscape toward a RUSTIC VILLAGE.

REMY (V.O., CONT'D)
Speaking of, how about this bird's eye view? Not bad, eh?

We approach the village. In the street we see a RAT (ENZO, brown or grey fur, NOT BLUE) wearing a unique Italian HAT or neckerchief.

REMY (V.O., CONT'D)
Check out this good-looking fella.

Enzo runs along cobblestone streets, stopping at various shops and outdoor food carts. Vendors are selling meats & poultry, veggies, cheeses, breads, flowers, etc.

REMY (V.O., CONT'D)
What are we doing in this old place, you ask? Well, I figured in order to explain everything, we have to go back to the beginning, back to the raw ingredients of the story.

(MORE)

REMY (V.O., CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 And like all great dishes, my story
 began with the best ingredient of
 all: love.

In shops, we see cooks stretching noodles for pasta, flipping
 dough for pizza, removing fresh bread from ovens, pouring
 wine for patrons... It's a cornucopia of glorious food!

REMY (V.O., CONT'D)
 A love of good food...

Enzo stops at a food cart and is given a hunk of cheese from
 the vendor (he's a regular). We follow him to a small park
 in the town where people are playing chess.

REMY (V.O., CONT'D)
 The love between two best
 friends... who happened to be a
 human and a rat. Yeah, I know how
 complicated that can be! Sheesh!

Enzo scampers up the (outer) pant leg of a MAN (SIGNORE
 LINGUINI) who is playing chess with a friend.

He climbs up Sig. Linguini's back, perches on his shoulder,
 evaluates the board, making himself comfortable, munching on
 cheese. Sig. Linguini scratches Enzo's neck. They're
 friends.

Sig. Linguini reaches for a game piece. Enzo shakes his head
 but Sig. Linguini doesn't notice. Enzo squeaks. Sig.
 Linguini is undeterred.

Enzo reaches for a lock of hair and yanks on it. Sig.
 Linguini's head tilts a little and he grunts but nothing else
 happens (Enzo cannot control him via his hair).

With his chess piece in hand, Sig. Linguini glances at Enzo
 then at the board, realizing the mistake he almost made. He
 chooses a different move and...

SIG. LINGUINI
 Scacco matto!

His opponent examines the play, scoffs, tips over his king,
 and tosses coins onto the board with a smirk.

OPPONENT
 I'll get you next time, Signore
 Linguini.

Enzo on his shoulder, SIG. LINGUINI stands, nods, collects
 the coins, picks up his satchel and slowly departs.

In the satchel we see a wooden marionette sticking partially out, arm dangling with a loose-fitting GOLD BRACELET on the wrist.

REMY (V.O.)

And the love of an old man for a son he never had.

Sig. Linguini walks to a street vendor and exchanges the coins for a bottle, some cheese, and a long, thin loaf of bread, breaks off some cheese, offers it to Enzo, then takes a bite for himself.

He wraps the cheese and bread in newspaper and stuffs them in his pocket, pops the cork and takes a drink, then saunters down the cobblestone street while rustic music plays in the background.

They pass a group of boys kicking a ball. One of the boys calls out.

BOY

Ciao, Polendina!

Sig. Linguini grunts but doesn't look. He sees a poor boy sitting alone and pauses, offers the boy the bread and cheese. The boy accepts.

Sig. Linguini watches the boy eat for a moment. He glances desperately at the marionette sticking partially out of his satchel, tucks it back into the bag and walks on.

It's dark when they arrive at a stone house at the end of town. Sig. Linguini strikes a match and lights a candle hanging next to the front door.

A SIGN hangs over the door but we can't quite read it. They enter and close the door behind them; we're left outside.

We slowly back away from the door to see the entire building, including the sign which reads 'G. Linguini, Woodcarver.'

In the b.g. we see a light approach from the sky, it passes out of view behind the woodcarver's studio. There is a rumbling, and then the cracks around the door illuminate with a blue light that spills out of the house windows as it grows brighter and brighter until the light fills the screen.

EXT. APARTMENT, PARIS - MORNING

ALARM CLOCK BUZZ fades in with a blinding sun cresting apartment buildings. We see the Paris skyline as viewed from a high apartment. It's not early in the day per se;

the buildings are tall and it's still early in the season. As we back away, the scene comes clear. The view from this apartment is spectacular, EIFFEL TOWER and all!

SUPERIMPOSE: Rata2ille.

We slide backward through the apartment window and the alarm buzz becomes loud. REMY is sleeping in a rat-sized bed on the windowsill, sunlight streaming through a section of multi-colored stained glass at the top of the window.

BLUE LIGHT from the glass shines on Remy, making his fur glow like the BLUE from Sig. Linguini's woodcarving studio. Remy yawns, eyes crack a smidge. He smiles at the sunrise and closes his eyes.

REMY

Hey, you wanna snooze that alarm again, buddy? How 'bout we give it another five or maybe even tennnn- Oh, my goodness! How many times have we snoozed that thing? Linguini! The time! It's time to get up! We're gonna be late!!

ALFREDO LINGUINI is passed out on the COUCH, drooling on an open textbook - ARCHITECTURE 101. He's immune to the alarm. Remy rushes over and begins pushing him, slapping him in the face, desperately trying to wake him up.

REMY (CONT'D)

Come on! Come on! Wake UP!

Linguini growls as Remy pries on his eyelids, which immediately snap back down. He crawls onto Linguini's head and yanks on his hair. Linguini's torso reacts, slowly starts to rise, then...

REMY (CONT'D)

Oh no!

WHAM! They crash to the floor. Linguini's still mostly asleep.

LINGUINI

What's happening?!

Remy rushes to a cellular phone and swipes frantically.

REMY (COMPUTERIZED V.O.)

Waxing legs!

Linguini squints at Remy, tilts his head, raises an eyebrow, pulls his pajama pant leg up a smidge, glances down at his hairy leg, squints at Remy. Remy grunts, rolls his eyes, tries again.

REMY (COMPUTERIZED V.O., CONT'D)
Waiting Latte!

Linguini lays back down, closes his eyes, extends a hand.

LINGUINI
Wait no longer monsieur latte. I'm
ready! Come to papa!

Remy slaps his hand over his face, tries again, this time slower.

REMY (COMPUTERIZED V.O.)
W-e-d-d-i-n-g! l-a-t-e!

Linguini freezes. Eyes shoot open.

LINGUINI
Wedding?! What time is...?!

Looks at the clock.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
OH, NO! Come on, Little Chef! We
gotta get to the park!

Series of shots of Linguini and Remy getting ready in a panic. When Linguini's finally ready, he blasts out the door, leaving Remy - dressed in his rat tux - standing on the coffee table. Next to Remy, two WEDDING RINGS rest on the table.

Linguini rushes back in, snatches the rings and rushes out. A moment later he returns, smiling sheepishly, and extends a hand. Remy climbs aboard and they're off!

We return to the coffee table to see a newspaper with the headline "Two Years Later, La Ratatouille Still on Top!"

EXT. PARK, PARIS - DAY

Linguini and Remy arrive at a pavilion in a park (ex. Chalet de Iles Daumesnil). The ceremony has already started, wedding music is playing. Linguini bumps against something and the audience turns. Remy and Linguini shrink in embarrassment.

At the far end of the aisle, a stunning woman stands atop a platform, holding a bouquet of flowers, waiting. A white-furred SQUIRREL (CHAUNTELLE) sits atop an adjacent pedestal. She and the woman stare at Linguini and Remy, who both gulp before marching down the aisle.

As Linguini steps onto the ALTAR, he sets Remy on his groom-side pedestal then takes his place opposite the woman. She looks none too pleased. He smiles sheepishly. She scowls.

He leans awkwardly to kiss her but the officiant raises a hand. Linguini opens his eyes to find his lips pressed against the officiant's palm. He quickly backs away.

LINGUINI

Um, you look incredi-

COLETTE

Aw, mon chérie... YOU'RE LATE!

LINGUINI

I, uh...

COLETTE

I hope you at least remembered the rings!?

LINGUINI

Of course! They're... um...

He pats his pockets.

COLETTE

Shhhh! Never mind. Here they come!

Colette is staring toward the aisle. We follow her gaze to see a tall, thin, bespectacled, PALE MAN with black hair, body shaped like a COFFIN, walking arm-in-arm with a dark-skinned, heavy-set woman with a BLUE STREAK in her hair, both grinning from ear to ear, gazing blissfully into each other's eyes. It's ANTON EGO and MARIENNE DEMBELE.

Colette glances at Linguini, smiles coyly. He grins nervously (reading her wedding thoughts), gulps. We watch Ego and Marienne walk down the aisle. Birds fly by, we follow them to the sun-filled sky.

EXT. PARK, WEDDING RECEPTION - EARLY EVENING

A band plays lively French music while Colette, Chauntelle, and Marienne dance. Ego taps his foot. Remy has invaded Linguini's hair and is making him dance wildly.

Guests are dancing, milling about, sitting at tables - humans at large ones, rats and such at smaller ones.

A rat calls on Remy; he's needed in the kitchen, stat! Remy dashes away and Linguini collapses to the floor like a dropped marionette. He recovers, hops up, and dusts himself off just in time for Remy to return, motioning for him to follow.

We follow into the building, then into the kitchen where people and rats (other animals too?) are working together to cook various amazing-looking dishes.

We get our first exposure to haute cuisine. Fun French tunes play on an old radio, cooks rush to and from the resident gardens collecting fresh herbs and flowers. The wedding cake is on display, nearing completion. There's just one problem...

LINGUINI

Uh, is it supposed to look like the Leaning Tower of Pisa?

Remy squeaks. A COOK (RAUL) with a COLOMBIAN accent translates.

RAUL

He's asking if you have any ideas, since you're studying architecture. ...I didn't know you're studying architecture?

Linguini examines the cake.

LINGUINI

Uh huh. One of these days, Raul, you're gonna have to tell me where you learned to speak rat.

Continues his examination.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Should we ask Colette-

EVERYONE IN KITCHEN

NO!!

LINGUINI

Ohhh-kaaayyy... Well, my first thought... we need to add supports, like the Notre-Dame's flying buttresses.

REMY
Flying butt-what-esses?

Raul doesn't translate.

LINGUINI
Every six inches or so. That ought
to straighten it up.

He looks at Remy who squints, then at Raul, who also squints.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
Like so.

He snags a pen from Raul's jacket pocket and some parchment,
sketches something, then holds up the blueprint. Getting the
picture, the cooks set to work.

Series of shots of chefs working to shore up the wedding
cake. IMAGE: A RAT wearing a welding torch helmet - blend of
cooking and construction.

REMY
Okay! I think it's ready!

RAUL
Muy bien! Chef, you want to do the
honors?

Linguini hesitantly takes the cart.

LINGUINI
Don't call me that.

He wheels the cake out to the dining hall.

Raul grins, then turns to Remy, pulls a rolled newspaper from
his back pocket and lays it on the table. It's the same
article we saw in Linguini's apartment.

We see a picture of Linguini in his chef outfit, holding up
pots/pans, looking triumphant. The smile fades from Remy's
face as he sees the photo. He gets back to cooking just as
the radio pauses the music for a commercial break.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Have you been feeling taken
advantage of at your job? Feeling
like you're doing all the work
while your boss gets all the
credit?

(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Well, in my new book, "How to Stop Letting Others Define Your Limits and Become Your Own Boss In 30 Days Or Less," you will learn the secret to success on your own terms in ten easy-to-learn exercises that allow you to-

CLICK! Raul turns the dial, shutting off the radio. They look at each other in silence for a beat before getting back to cooking. Raul sighs.

RAUL

Will the world ever accept a rat in a human kitchen?

He shrugs.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Ego accepted it, and he's the last person I'd ever expect.

Remy kind of shrugs.

RAUL (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, don't give up, Chef, you'll have your day in the sun.

Sunlight shines through the window on Remy. Raul laughs.

RAUL (CONT'D)

See? SEE!? It's a sign! Right when I said that, the sun came out!

REMY

Raul, a passing cloud is not a sign.

The sunlight fades. All grows dark. A thunderclap booms. They look out the window at a coming storm.

REMY (CONT'D)

Now that's a sign!

The rain starts. Outside, people scramble to gather belongings and head indoors.

RAUL

What'd you do, chamo?! You made it rain on the wedding?! No! Why you gotta be such a party-popper? Ay! You're just like my Abuelita.

REMY

Your grandma?! I'm like your
grandma? You think I made it
rain?!

RAUL

Tsk. I'm just playing. ...Unless
you did? Did you?

REMY

Of course not! Look, I'll admit I
can be a bit of a storm cloud at
times. But, hey, I'm a rat! It's
not exactly the cushiest gig.

Raul nods. They cook. People are settling into the dining
hall.

REMY (CONT'D)

If you must know, I suppose I am a
little irked at, you know, being
basically the whole reason why La
Ratatouille is so famous...

He gestures at the newspaper.

REMY (CONT'D)

And yet, most people have no idea I
even exist. Meanwhile, Linguini's
known all over France, maybe the
world!

RAUL

Sí, we know about him in Colombia!

REMY

See?! Ugh.

RAUL

Ah, come on! Why do you care,
compa? People love your food!

(then)

You are the only person you need to
impress, que no?

(then)

Aren't you happy with what you've
accomplished?

REMY

Of course!

RAUL

But...

REMY

It's just... I think I can do more. I know I can. A lot more!

RAUL

And you need more?

REMY

I don't know!

(then)

I just can't help but feel like I'm destined for bigger things than being an anonymous chef, working behind closed doors to make someone else famous.

RAUL

Ah, so it's about the fame, not the food?

Raul winks as another thunderclap booms. We back away from them to see a large BROWN RAT pushing a cart with soiled (rat-sized) pots & pans to a (rat-sized) sink at the back of the kitchen.

He dumps the dishes and commences to scrubbing as we hear a knock on the back door. POV behind a small figure in a RAGGED TOP HAT, TATTERED TAILCOAT JACKET, and WORN-OUT GLOVES, waiting in the rain, under his umbrella. The dishwasher rat opens the door and looks down at GIACOMO.

DISHWASHER RAT

Can I help you?

GIACOMO

(Italian accent)

Why yes, I believe you can! I wish to congratulate the lucky couple and in particolare, I am here to see-

DISHWASHER RAT

You got an invitation?

GIACOMO

An invi-? Bah, no, not exactly, but-

DISHWASHER RAT

Invitation only.

The DISHWASHER RAT tries to shut the door but GIACOMO stops it with his umbrella. The Rat grows impatient.

DISHWASHER RAT (CONT'D)
 Look, if you don't have-

GIACOMO
 Un invito. Sí, un momento per
 favore!

He pulls an envelope from his coat pocket.

GIACOMO (CONT'D)
 Here is my 'invitation.'

The RAT takes the envelope and starts to open it.

GIACOMO (CONT'D)
 Ah! That is not for you, my
 friend. It is-

DISHWASHER RAT
 Yeah, yeah. I'll see they get it.
 Wait here.

GIACOMO
 No, but you don't-

The RAT shuts the door.

GIACOMO (CONT'D)
 ...capisci.

Back inside the dining hall, Ego stands to the side, enjoying a drink and the VIEW of PARIS through the window and rain. Linguini joins him.

EGO
 Don't you just love Paris in the
 rain?

Linguini nods.

EGO (CONT'D)
 It's different than London rain.
 More... romantic. London rain is
 so... grim.

Zooming into Ego's EYE, we see a memory of him as a boy standing alone at a bus stop, clutching his school books in a downpour, wearing a most pathetic, gloomy look. Zooming back out, Ego shivers at the memory.

EGO (CONT'D)

I moved here from London as soon as I could - couldn't wait to get out of that place, get out on my own, spread my wings and all that.

LINGUINI

I was also young when my mom and I moved here.

EGO

From Italy, was it?

LINGUINI

The States actually. I was born in Italy - my mom's from there - but we moved to New York when I was a kid.

EGO

Oh? Couldn't tell. Your accent is... impeccable.

They chuckle and take in the view.

EGO (CONT'D)

Was it a job or... romance perhaps?

LINGUINI

New York? No. A change of scenery I guess. My mom was never... that is, she never remarried or anything, after, you know, Gusteau and all.

EGO

Just the two of you then. Sounds nice. I never had any children, myself.

LINGUINI

No?

Ego shakes his head. They sip wine thoughtfully.

EGO

By the way, I couldn't help but notice Colette doing a fair bit of staring in my direction during the ceremony. I think it's safe to assume she was not gawking at me.

Linguini blushes.

EGO (CONT'D)
 A little advice from someone who,
 like your mother, spent years
 avoiding any romantic interests...

Ego glances across the room at Colette. She's still dancing with the bride.

EGO (CONT'D)
 When a woman like that...
 (nods at her)
 falls for a man like this...
 (gestures at Linguini)
 No offense.

LINGUINI
 None taken!

EGO
 Do yourself a favor before she
 comes to her senses...

Ego presents a RING.

EGO (CONT'D)
 You and Colette have become very
 dear to me.

He holds the ring out to Linguini.

EGO (CONT'D)
 This was given to me by my father.
 And there's no one I'd rather give
 it to.

Linguini slowly accepts the ring. He marvels at it and all it represents.

EGO (CONT'D)
 It's yours, Alfredo, with one
 caveat: It will be Colette's one
 day, and sooner than later I hope.

Ego grins, winks. Linguini smiles sheepishly.

EGO (CONT'D)
 Now! I wonder how Remy is getting
 on with Marienne's famous
 thiéboudienne and àkàrà bean
 fritters.

Ego departs for the kitchen. Linguini sees Colette approaching and attempts to quickly hide the ring but fumbles it.

The ring drops to the floor and rolls away in the opposite direction of Colette. Linguini chases it. It looks almost like he saw her coming and is running away.

She frowns and walks faster. He almost has the ring, looks back, sees her gaining on him, redoubles his efforts. But, as he looks back to the ring, he watches it slip through the crack between two French doors and roll onto the balcony.

He can't stop his momentum and crashes through the doors (pushing them open, not breaking them), stumbles onto the balcony, slips (rain), and flips over the railing, falling into the BUSHES below.

Colette walks onto the balcony, leans over the railing, and looks at Linguini lying in the bushes, looking back up at her.

COLETTE
Enjoying the view?

LINGUINI
Uh, yeah. It's beautiful.

COLETTE
You need to work on your party exits. A bit awkward, I think.

A noise from inside turns her attention back to the party. She watches Marianne and Ego dancing and laughing. Linguini is struggling to untangle himself from the bushes.

COLETTE (CONT'D)
They make such a lovely couple. I guess it's true what they say: a romance built on a love of food never goes stale!

LINGUINI
Do they say that?

The rain lets up. He sees the ring dangling from a branch.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
There you are! Tried to escape, eh?!

COLETTE
I tried to escape?

He makes his way back up to the balcony, stumbling & stuttering.

LINGUINI

No, I was just... checking the place for the thing...

COLETTE

What's with you, mon coeur? You've been acting so strange lately, been so... distracted.

She picks twigs and leaves from his hair.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Distant.

Linguini glances at the bushes below.

LINGUINI

It's not that far down.

COLETTE

You know what I mean!

He shrugs. In the b.g., a SERVER approaches Marianne and hands her an ENVELOPE.

LINGUINI

I don't know. It's just... the restaurant... and school...

COLETTE

Is that why you were late this morning, you were up late studying again?

He nods then gets excited.

LINGUINI

We're studying the Sacré-Coeur, actually.

He enthusiastically drags her to the corner of the balcony. They look out at the cityscape. The Sacré-Coeur Basilica can be seen in the distance now that a low sun is emerging from behind the storm clouds.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

It's incredible what people create with just their hands and their imaginations.

COLETTE

D'accord! Just like food.

LINGUINI

Um, yeah. I suppose that's true.

Colette's smile fades.

COLETTE

I know you're not as excited about food.

Linguini's eyes drop. He looks away.

LINGUINI

Running the restaurant is not as glamorous as I expected, Colette.

(then)

And thanks to you and Remy, everyone thinks I'm the prodigal chef.

COLETTE

Well, that was the deal, no? You run the restaurant, Remy and I cook the food? It's not like you can just admit to the world that a rat is cooking in your kitchen.

He shrugs.

LINGUINI

But shouldn't the owner of a restaurant at least be passionate about food?

She shrugs.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

The truth is, I've never known where I belong. Italy, New York, Paris... Am I supposed to be a cook, a restaurant manager, an architect? I know nothing about my family or where I come from. Once I found out Gusteau was my dad... and then I discovered my ability toooo... be a puppet for Remy? I don't know. I thought maybe I'd finally found my calling.

COLETTE

Your calling is to be a puppet?

He smirks.

LINGUINI

It's just, being a Gusteau, I figured I was be destined to be a great chef. Turns out I can't cook. I'm not even good at running the business.

COLETTE

That's not true. You-

LINGUINI

Had to take out a loan to make ends meet.

COLETTE

What?! You didn't tell me that?

LINGUINI

Point is, Colette, it's been a lot harder than I thought it'd be. There's so much pressure. And then lately, with us...

COLETTE

Pressure? With us?

LINGUINI

Well, yeah. You know, we've been together a while now and-

COLETTE

And what?

LINGUINI

Oh, come on, Letty. You know.

He fumbles with Ego's ring. She grins coyly.

COLETTE

Maybe. I'd like to hear you say it.

She bats her eyelashes. Then, someone taps a glass.

MARIENNE

If I could have everyone's attention, s'il vous plait.

The band stops, the room quiets. Linguini's saved.

COLETTE

(to Linguini)

This conversation isn't over!

MARIENNE

A toast! To my maids of honor,
Colette and Chauntelle, and the two
best men, Alfredo and Remy!

She raises a glass. Colette and Linguini paste on smiles and raise their glasses. Remy and Chauntelle raise glasses too.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

As most of you know, La Ratatouille
is one of the most celebrated
restaurants in Paris.

She holds up the same newspaper with the article and Linguini's PHOTO. Both Remy and Linguini cringe.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

But, beyond the food, they have
created a culture of inclusion,
welcoming people - and creatures -
of all shapes, colors, and sizes,
helping Paris become a city where
not only anyone can cook, but a
place where anyone can aspire to be
anything!

The crowd applauds.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

This has meant a great deal to me
personally. Coming from Senegal, I
can sometimes seem... different.
But to my friends at La
Ratatouille, I have always been
treated as family. Tonight, I
finally have the pleasure of being
able to give something back.

The crowd applauds and Marienne holds up a piece of paper.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

My husband - Ooh, I love saying
that! At one time, Anton Ego was
the most feared food critic in all
of Paris.

She winks at him.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

He declared Remy as the most
talented chef in all of France!

More applause.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

Well, now we're going to find out
if he might just be the best in the
world!

Gasps from the crowd.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

I hold in my hand a very special
invitation that I received only
moments ago. I am thrilled to
announce that the team at La
Ratatouille have been invited to
compete in none other than the most
prestigious food competition in the
world: the mighty Bocuse d'Or!

The crowd roars, glasses are raised, everyone is celebrating
except Linguini, Colette, and Remy, who stare blankly.

LINGUINI

But... how? We didn't... did we?
...I don't know how to-

COLETTE

Shhh! Not now.

Marienne makes her way from the stage to Colette and Linguini
as the band strikes up again.

MARIENNE

Well? Isn't this incredible?!

No response.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

Ah, speechless! Adorable. Shall
we toast?

She stops a passing server, exchanges wine glasses for
champagne glasses and distributes them.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

Uh, just a moment. We need... Oh,
they're right here.

Remy and Chauntelle have come to find out what's going on.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

My lovelies! Aaand where's my...
Oh, Mr. Ego! Would you please join
us?

Ego approaches, looking skeptical, knowing how prestigious and high-profile the Bocuse d'Or is and knowing Linguini can't cook.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

A toast! To Alfie and Colette!
And to Remy, the wonder chef! And
to your... secret partner. I
can't wait to find out who he is!
Or she. You kids and your little
games!

She raises her glass. Everyone hesitates. Her smile dims.

COLETTE

Uh, I'm sorry. Partner?

MARIENNE

Of course! The one who wrote the
letter.

Marienne produces the letter, hands it to Ego.

EGO

Ahem.

(reading)

"To Chef Linguini and La
Ratatouille team. On behalf of the
Paris chapter of the Culinary Arts
Tribute Society, I am pleased to
welcome you to the Bocuse d'Or!"
Hmmm. Culinary Arts Tribute...
Never heard of it.

(reading)

"Chef Linguini has proven his
skills in the French Haute theatre
and no doubt is eager to show the
world just what he is made of."

EGO raises an eyebrow at Linguini. Linguini shrinks.

EGO (CONT'D)

(reading)

"As he and his team will be
representing France, our
organization is prepared to provide
full sponsorship from preparation
to championship. Please find
enclosed an initial deposit. Viva
la France and Bon Chance!" Hmmm.
It's just signed with an x.

Marienne passes the enclosed check to Linguini but Colette snatches it. Linguini sees the amount and can't contain his signature goofy laugh.

COLETTE

What is this? They want to buy us to compete? On behalf of- Who is this group?

MARIENNE

Sponsor, darling, not buy you.

EGO

A nameless benefactor. How curious! I've always wanted one of those.

MARIENNE

So you could do nothing but eat food all day?

EGO

Precisely!

Marienne's eyes roll.

COLETTE

Well, I don't trust it. Is the World Cup of cuisine even something we want to compete in? Do we need that sort of spotlight? I don't-

LINGUINI

We sure could use the money. What do you think, Little Chef?

Linguini looks at Remy, everyone follows suit. Remy's on the spot. He's speechless.

Later in the same room, dark and empty now that the party is over, only a few lights and one or two people cleaning up remain. The last person stops in the doorway, looks around, flicks off the lights, walks out. Out back, Giacomo is still waiting. The light over the back door turns off and he's left in the dark.

GIACOMO

Chicchessia?

Cue more rain. He pops open his umbrella and slinks away.

EXT. RAT DEN, PARIS - DAY

Outside a rat-sized apartment complex, lots of comings and goings, music plays in the background... This rat neighborhood is nice.

Remy narrates as he, his DAD, BROTHER, and a few others - maybe some other, non-rat rodents - unload various goods from rat-sized delivery vehicles. Rats approach periodically to help with the items or collect envelopes from Remy.

REMY (V.O.)

Things had been going pretty well at the bistro. I was able to find jobs for other rats in the colony, which kept everyone busy and provided a comfortable living. But I had to admit, the daily routine had become a little... stale. I was getting anxious for more, and this Bocuse d'Or thing, well, it sounded like just the ticket. Only problem was, I had no idea how I was going to pull it off.

DJANGO

And just how in the world do you intend to pull that off?

Remy shrugs.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

Cooking in a private kitchen is bad enough, Son. Hiding under a chef's hat in front of the whole world on live T.V.? Nuh uh! No way! Not gonna happen!

Remy continues to pass out paychecks in envelopes. Rats shake his hand like he's THE GODFATHER.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

Look, Remy, what you've accomplished so far, it's right up there with the greats: Napoleon Bonarat, Marcus Auraticus, the knights of Rodentia, even that Mickey character!

EMILE

That's a mouse, dad.

DJANGO

Whatever. Look, Son, what you've done to help our family, with the catering gigs and all, I couldn't be prouder!

REMY

I smell a but...

DJANGO

But! Fly too close to the sun and you're gonna get burned.

EMILE

Like the legend of Icaratus!

DJANGO

You bet your whiskers! You got a good thing going. Why risk it?

REMY

Because, Dad, it's the World Cup of cuisine, the culinary Olympics! You wouldn't tell a professional athlete to stick to their home field if they qualified for the Olympics, would you?

They stop working, gather at a round table and sit down. A scrawny rat brings them drinks and snacks.

DJANGO

So now you're a professional athlete?

REMY

In a way, sure. This contest decides who the best chef in the world is! Could you imagine if a rat won it?!

GIT

Yeah, that's never gonna happen.

DJANGO

No, it's not, because he's not doing it!

REMY

Dad-

DJANGO

It's too risky, Son. Besides, what do you have to prove?

(MORE)

DJANGO (CONT'D)

That critic already said you're the best in France. Isn't that enough?

REMY

Well, yeah... And no. I mean, I've accomplished more than I ever dreamed. On the other hand, there's something inside me that wants more, something itching to see just how far I can go.

Emile is caught scratching behind his ears. He freezes.

EMILE

Those are fleas, little brother.

GIT

Emile, don't be ridiculous.

REMY

Thanks Git.

GIT

He said he's itching on the inside. Those would be worms.

REMY

Very funny.

EMILE

You know they'll be able to see you through that hat. What's it called? A toga?

REMY

No, Emile, a toga's an awkwardly revealing dress.

GIT

You wear a dress at work?

Eyes roll.

DJANGO

Your brother's right. You won't even make it through the door.

A YOUNG GIRL RAT in the background is kicking a soccer ball. It bounces off a wall and smacks Emile in the head, knocking him off his chair, onto the floor. Git and Remy laugh.

DJANGO

Sophie!

SOPHIE

Sorry uncle!

DJANGO

You want to see a professional athlete, keep an eye on that one. That girl's got talent! Maybe she'll even play in the real World Cup someday.

REMY

Thanks Dad.

They watch her for a beat. She's a whiz with the ball.

DJANGO

Look, say you don't get caught. Say you win the whole thing. What then? You really think you'll be satisfied, proving you're the best but no one knowing it was you, again? Everyone still thinking it was that noodlehead?

GIT

Ha. Linguini. Noodlehead. Good one.

DJANGO

That guy can't make a bowl of cereal without messing it up.

REMY

Dad, that's not true. Linguini can make a bowl of cereal. But that's about it.

All laugh.

Later that evening, Django and Remy stand on the street outside the DEN, saying goodbyes.

REMY

I really believe this is what's next for me, Dad. I have to do this, see how far I can go, see what I'm really made of.

DJANGO

Well, I don't agree with it, but I understand.

REMY

You do?

DJANGO

Sure. I suppose it makes sense,
your insatiable appetite for what
lies beyond the horizon. Your mom
was the same. She was brave, like
you.

Django narrates over flashback images of a young Django and MARIE, Remy's mom, wearing a scarf around her neck. Marie is adventurous, coaxing the hesitant, cautious, reserved Django to explore the countryside, climb trees and hills to view far-off horizons, try wild foods growing in the forest.

DJANGO (V.O.)

Me, I've always been a simple rat,
content with the hand I've been
dealt. But, Marie, she was
different, always seeking out new
adventures, sights to see, foods to
try... places to explore...

The young Django and Marie encounter an abandoned building on the outskirts of a city. Django does NOT want to go in. Marie charges ahead, disappears through a dark passage. Django approaches the building slowly, reluctantly, but does not go in.

DJANGO (V.O., CONT'D)

She was always reaching for more,
as if something better was just
around the next corner...

The young Django clutches the scarf as he stands over a grave of flowers and green grass.

DJANGO

Grass is always greener... and all
that.

Remy consoles his father as the memory fades.

REMY

I know you miss her, Dad. I do
too. But... the grass is
guaranteed to be greener - much,
much greener - on the other side of
this hill. The Bocuse d'Or is a
pretty big hill, Dad.

DJANGO

Sure. Look, I just don't want you
making the same mistake she did.

(then)

(MORE)

DJANGO (CONT'D)

At least keep one thing in mind:
contentment doesn't come from
always reaching for more, but from
deciding that what you already have
is enough.

EXT. RESTAURANT, LA RATATOUILLE BISTRO - EVENING

An illuminated PARIS SKYLINE, EIFFEL TOWER in b.g., LA RATATOUILLE SIGN in f.g. We advance past the SIGN, down to a line of patrons waiting to get in. We advance into the dining area and arrive at a table.

WAITER

Would you like to hear about
tonight's specials?

A busser passes carrying a tray of dishes. We follow into the kitchen. It's a busy night. We watch Remy & crew work for a bit. A server enters.

SERVER

Table six is requesting to speak
with the chef.

Three things happen simultaneously: 1. Colette sets her knife down, steps forward, pauses; 2. Remy pauses his work and steps forward, and; 3. Linguini exits his office, freezes in the doorway.

The three glance at one another. Remy shrugs and goes back to chopping vegetables. Colette half-grins then resigns to her cooking as well, grabs a sauce pan with vigor, dips it into the range flame, and ignites a sizable flambé!

Linguini reels from the flame even though it's not close. He composes himself, straightens his suit, and heads out to the dining area.

REMY

(to self/Raul)

Guess it doesn't make sense for a
rat to meet with the human
customers. They have no idea what
I'm saying. And, well, I'm still a
rat, last time I checked.

RAUL

Hey, hombre, there are plenty of
people who do not see you as just a
rat: Linguini, Colette, Ego,
Marianne, all the cooks here at La
Rata... You're not alone, amigo.

REMY

Oh yeah? You think there are others out there like me?

RAUL

Of course! Look at Chauntelle!

REMY

Chauntelle's a squirrel.

RAUL

Pshhhh! Squirrel, rat, potato, tomatillo... Everyone's just trying to be accepted.

REMY

Tomatillos are trying to be accepted?

RAUL

There must be tens of thousands, millions even, who feel the way you do; people who are unique, different, special. You'll never get everyone in the world to accept you, so don't even try. The important thing is that you accept yourself. The rest of the world can go eat fast food!

Remy ruminates.

REMY

Raul, how is it you can understand me but no one else can?

RAUL

Because. I'm unique, different, special.

He smiles, winks. Linguini returns, looking shocked.

COLETTE

What? What is it? What happened?
(yells at kitchen staff)

I have a roasted poularde caraway, turnips & cabbage on deck! And I need four cassoulet and three confit de canard all day!

LINGUINI

It was Madame Greusse, the mayor. She wanted to wish us luck at the Bocuse d'Or.

COLETTE

How does she know about that?!
(yells at kitchen staff)
Plates dying on the pass, people!

Linguini shrugs. The same server comes back for the plates.
Linguini grabs his shirt sleeve.

LINGUINI

Pierre, no more surprises! From
now on, customers need an
appointment to talk with...

He glances at Remy then Colette.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

...any of the chefs. Got it?

PIERRE

Oui Chef!

LINGUINI

And don't call me that! I'm not...

Pierre snatches the dishes and dashes through the door.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

...a chef.

Ego and Marianne burst through the dining room doors, barely
avoiding a collision with Pierre. Marianne holds up a
newspaper.

MARIENNE

Have you seen the news!

Linguini spins around in surprise.

LINGUINI

No. But then again our mailbox
hasn't been checked in days, I
think.

He glances sideways at Raul.

RAUL

Right! The post!

Raul heads toward the back door. As he exits, Chauntelle
enters, carrying a box. He holds the door for her.

CHAUNTELLE

Merci!

RAUL

De rien!

Linguini, Colette, Remy, and Chauntelle accompany Marianne and Ego into Linguini's office. As they're heading into the office, we see a prep cook wipe oil off a steaming pan then toss the hot rag into a pile of rags. In the office, Marianne holds up a newspaper.

MARIENNE

It's on the front page! France to compete in La Bocuse d'Or!

COLETTE

Let me see that!

She snatches the newspaper.

MARIENNE

Chaun! What did you bring us?

Chauntelle hands the box to Marianne then takes a seat next to Remy. They both blush.

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

Oh! My favorite! Éclairs and macarons! Remy, you may be the best food chef in Paris, but I believe Chauntelle has you beat on pâtisseries!

Remy and Chauntelle smile at one another.

COLETTE

(reading)

"France to be represented in La Bocuse d'Or by a team of Parisian cooks."

MARIENNE

It's on the tube too!

She spins around and turns on the small television on top of a file cabinet, tunes it to the local news station.

NEWS ANCHOR

In other news, France will be competing in this year's Bocuse d'Or, the largest and most prestigious food competition in the world!

LINGUINI

But, I don't understand. We didn't agree... We didn't decide... We haven't signed up.

MARIENNE

Breathe, sweetie. Breathe. They don't mention La Ratatouille.

COLETTE

Still, something isn't right. Someone is pulling levers and pushing buttons behind the curtain.

MARIENNE

Ah, oui, you've figured it out! It's the Wizard of Oz!

Colette glares. Raul pops through the door with a stack of mail.

RAUL

Excusez-moi. Le poste.

COLETTE

Merci, Raul.

Colette takes the mail and shuffles through it expectantly as if she might find answers, hands a letter to Linguini.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Another letter from school.

Linguini takes it, tosses it on a pile of mail.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

They won't keep their doors open forever you know, waiting for you. Some opportunities have expiration dates.

She glances sideways at him without looking up, eyebrows raised. The others also look at him, especially Ego. Linguini ignores them, changes the subject.

LINGUINI

Uh, how's the training coming, Little Chef?

Remy smirks, makes his way to the keypad on Linguini's desk and skips across the keys.

REMY (COMPUTERIZED V.O.)
Beginning to question your dad's
motto.

LINGUINI
Anyone can cook?

Remy folds his arms and nods.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
(to Colette)
Uh, the reason why the school keeps
sending those letters-

COLETTE
Yes, I know. You dropped out.

LINGUINI
On sabbatical, not dropped out.
And I did it so I could focus on
the restaurant.

COLETTE
And you know how I feel about that.

LINGUINI
And... the competition.

COLETTE
What?! Alfie! No one has decided
anything! We still don't even know
who wrote the letter! And now
this?!

She holds up the newspaper, slaps it down on his desk.

COLETTE (CONT'D)
I looked up the Culinary Arts
Tribute whatever. There's no
record of it anywhere!

MARIENNE
So?

COLETTE
So, don't you think it's a little
suspicious? What if it's a scam,
eh?

MARIENNE
A scam? Where they give you money
instead of try to take it from you?
(MORE)

MARIENNE (CONT'D)

While supporting you for recognition as the best chefs in the world? Sounds like a good scam to me!

EGO

Have we heard anything more from this anonymous - and generous - benefactor?

He scans the group. Heads shake. Raul pokes his head in again.

RAUL

Pardon. There is a customer requesting to speak with Chef Linguini.

COLETTE

No! You heard him! Customers need an appointment!

LINGUINI

And don't call me-

Raul zips out. Meanwhile, in the animal section of the dining room a SERVER RAT approaches GIACOMO sitting at a table in his signature TOP HAT and GLOVES. His menu covers his face.

SERVER RAT

I'm sorry, sir, but the boss, I mean the Chef... er, the Linguini... doesn't see anyone without an appointment.

The RAT SERVER walks away. Giacomo holds up a LETTER. We see the words SIG. ALFREDO LINGUINI on it. He sets the letter on the table, leaning against a candlestick, gathers his things, stands to leave, then pauses and looks back at the letter. We see THE CANDLE and its FLAME...

Back in the office...

COLETTE

I don't understand, Alfie, one minute you want to get out of the restaurant business altogether, and the next you want to compete in the most demanding culinary competition in the world?

Remy scurries across the keyboard.

REMY (COMPUTERIZED V.O.)
 Get out of the restaurant business
 question mark question mark
 exclamation point.

LINGUINI
 No! Remy, I never... Colette!

Raul pokes his head in again.

RAUL
 Pardonne-moi, encore!

LINGUINI
 Not now, Raul.

RAUL
 But-

MARIENNE
 Raul, it's not a good time.

RAUL
 Pero-

COLETTE
 Raul, unless there's a fire in the
 kitchen-

RAUL
 Sí! There is a fire in the
 kitchen!

All freeze, look at one another, and rush out. In the kitchen, cooks are trying to put out a decent-sized FLAME in the dirty rag bin (beneath an open window). Linguini, Ego, and Marienne stand back in shock. Colette rushes to the other side of the kitchen, snags a fire extinguisher, and rushes back.

COLETTE
 Move!

She blasts the fire. Flames are replaced by a white-out blizzard. Smoke alarms are triggered, sprinklers rain down, drenching employees and patrons. People scatter. Outside, Giacomo pops his umbrella and saunters off, shaking his head. When the smoke clears, everyone is plastered in white dust, looking like ghosts in a rainstorm.

EXT. STREET, PARIS - DAY

It's raining. A woman in a hat, overcoat, scarf, sunglasses - obviously trying to appear incognito - walks along the sidewalk under an umbrella. She climbs the steps to a modest townhouse, knocks on the door discreetly, then steps back. The door opens slightly and a short man pokes his head out. CHEF SKINNER looks older in his unkempt beard.

SKINNER

Oui? Can I help you?

The WOMAN lifts her umbrella and lowers her sunglasses.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Colette?

She pushes past him and lets herself in.

SKINNER

Fais comme chez toi!

Inside, Colette surveys the untidy living room.

COLETTE

It's freezing in here. You can't turn up the-

She stops when she realizes he's wearing the CORNDOG SUIT from Gusteau's Frozen Foods advertisement.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

What are you wearing?

SKINNER

It's the warmest thing I have, okay?! My heating bills are killing me. What are you wearing? I can't tell if you're working for the CIA or the Foreign Legion!

COLETTE

Hmmm. Well, I just Love what you've done with the place. It's very... post-apocalyptic.

SKINNER

Yes, well at least I haven't set it on fire.

COLETTE

Ugh. You heard?

SKINNER

I'm unemployed, not dead.

COLETTE

In the culinary world, they're the same thing, no?

She picks up various trinkets, examines them, puts them back in different spots on purpose. He follows her, annoyed, putting things back as they were.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

A fire! A FIRE?! It'll be a miracle if we don't get shut down! That place is falling apart, I tell you.

SKINNER

I doubt that. But, if you've come looking for a job, I'm afraid-

COLETTE

That's a good one.

SKINNER

Well, I'm sorry things aren't going well at the bistro.

COLETTE

No you're not.

SKINNER

No, I'm not. But, I do know how hard you worked to help build Gusteau's. And now La Ratatouille. The place deserves better. You deserve better.

Colette half smiles.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Does he even give you recognition for it? That Linguini?

She resumes fiddling with knick-knacks.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

He just swooped in and collected his prize, eh? The empire that you helped build!

She's visibly shaken, uncomfortable with the conversation.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

He even got the girl in the end.
Like a true American superhero, eh?

COLETTE

I shouldn't have come.

She turns to leave. She's halfway out the door...

SKINNER

And now he wants the world title.

She freezes, spins around, shuts the door.

COLETTE

How do you know about that?

SKINNER

Unemployed, not dead. I was a top
chef in Paris. You know you can't
turn a pepper mill without the
whole Haute community sneezing!

She resigns, plops down on a chair. Something under her
squeaks like a fart. Skinner looks at her sideways. She's
beyond appalled and quickly retrieves the chew toy.

Having heard its damsel's cry, the resident terrier comes
running, looking more like a giant rat than a dog, leaps from
across the room and snatches the toy, then darts away.
Growling can be heard o.s. Skinner knows something's up. He
stands.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

I don't understand him, your Remy.
He's not content cooking for his
own kind? He has to prove he's
better than people too?

She shrugs.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Well, he's got guts, I'll give him
that. La gloire ou la mort! Eh?

COLETTE

Oui. Glory or death.

SKINNER

At least he's got the right
attitude of a chef.

Skinner departs the living room toward the back door. A
large figure (CYRANO) can be seen skulking past the window.

SKINNER
 (to Colette)
 Will you excuse me a moment?

He pops his head out of the back door while restraining his dog, who is barking like mad.

SKINNER
 Cyrano!? What are you doing here?!

CYRANO
 Monsieur Labarthe requests your presence.

SKINNER
 Now?

CYRANO
 Oui! Tout suite!

COLETTE (O.S.)
 Uh, Skinner...?

CYRANO
 Who's here? A woman?

SKINNER
 You can't be here! I told you, we can't be seen together. Tell Labarthe I'll meet him at his office. Now get out of here before she sees you!

Skinner tries to close the door but Cyrano sticks his foot in the jam, a perfect target for the terrier, who drops his toy and takes a bite of the shoe.

Cyrano opens his mouth to scream but Skinner shoves the chew toy in Cyrano's mouth -*SQUEAK!* - then shoves him out and slams the door.

COLETTE (O.S.)
 Uh, everything okay?

SKINNER
 Uh, yes! Just getting some tea for the dog. Er, a toy... for the dog... and some tea. Would you like anything?

He heads back into the living room with a tray of snacks. The dog follows with a fresh squeaky toy.

SKINNER

Tea? A chew toy perhaps? Your choice. I have both.

COLETTE

Uh, no, thank you.

He stuffs his face with snacks.

SKINNER

You were saying?

COLETTE

Um, well, you wouldn't happen to know who might want to... sponsor him, would you?

SKINNER

Who? The rat? Sponsor the rat? For the Bocuse d'Or? Are you nuts?! C'est ridicule!

COLETTE

I'm not asking you to sponsor the rat... er, Remy. I just thought, with your connections, you might know who-

SKINNER

My associates are professionals, Colette. None of them would support a rat in the Bocuse d'Or, no matter how talented he is.

He offers her some snacks.

COLETTE

Run out of frozen dinners, have we?

SKINNER

Remind me why you have... honored me with your illustrious presence?

COLETTE

I wanted to know if you are the one sponsoring Linguini and Remy.

SKINNER

You didn't say they already have a sponsor!?

COLETTE

I just did. But, I also wanted your advice.

SKINNER

You want to know if I think you should compete... with Linguini and his rat?

COLETTE

I know it's an amazing opportunity. And I do believe in Gusteau's motto.

SKINNER

But you're not sure a rat belongs at La Bocuse.

She shrugs. He stuffs his face with more snacks.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

A rat does not belong there or anywhere near a human kitchen.

(then)

But, you may never get such an opportunity again. You need to do it, if for no other reason than to show everyone that you deserve to be at the top.

Colette glares.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

You were the best chef at Gusteau's.

COLETTE

What? What about-

SKINNER

Horst? Please. He was only sous chef because he had seniority. No one puts in the effort you do, Colette. And no one deserves to be chef de cuisine more than you. Trust me, I know.

(then)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a cassoulet in the oven that needs my attention. Unless you'd like to stay for dinner?

She stands, smirks, departs.

INT. LA RATATOUILLE KITCHEN - DAY

Series of shots of Remy managing staff and working at a rat-sized cook station. Colette watches Remy and Raul interact for a moment.

COLETTE

How is it you understand what he is saying?

Raul shrugs then nods at Remy.

RAUL

How is it he can control the boss by tugging on his hair?

Linguini yells from his office.

LINGUINI (O.S)

Don't call me that!

Raul, Colette, and Remy glance at the office. Linguini is silhouetted in the window, sitting at his desk. Raul goes back to casually preparing a dish, shrugs.

RAUL

Maybe he's a magic rat.
(to the kitchen staff)
GARNISH!

Raul places several plates on the pass. A commis delivers some edible flowers. Colette decorates the plates.

COLETTE

So it's him then? You only understand him, no other rats?

RAUL

Uh, no. I understand others too.
(to the kitchen)
HANDS!

A waiter swoops in, snatches the plates and heads out to the dining room. Raul chops up some herbs/spices then turns his attention to something searing in a pan. Colette tastes a sauce and squints at Raul for a beat, then calls a commis.

COLETTE

Maya, to the pass!

MAYA

Oui Chef!

COLETTE
Come with me!

She grabs Raul by the sleeve, drags him toward Linguini's office. Without looking back, she adds...

COLETTE (CONT'D)
You too, Remy!

Remy follows. Linguini looks up from his paperwork as the three enter abruptly.

LINGUINI
Uh, make yourselves at home.

COLETTE
Time is running out. We need to make a decision. Remy, you first. What do you think?

Remy squeaks. Colette nods at Raul.

RAUL
What? Oh! You want me to- Okay, well, he said...

Raul delivers his rat impression in a high, squeaky voice.

RAUL (CONT'D)
...About the Bocuse d'Or?

COLETTE
You don't have to do the voice. Just tell us what he says.

LINGUINI
So you do speak rat?!

RAUL
Sí, jefe.

LINGUINI
Noooo. No. Just because you say it in Spanish doesn't make it better.

RAUL
Sorry jefe. I mean Chef. I mean chefe.

LINGUINI
Ugh. So, is it just Remy that you can understand?

RAUL

Ah, no. But, I was wondering the same about you.

LINGUINI

Me? I can't understand what he's saying.

RAUL

No, I'm curious about your connection with animals. Can other animals manipulate you too, by your hair? Como una marioneta, no?

LINGUINI

Uh, yeah, like a marionette... I suppose. Other animals besides Remy? Uh...

FLASHBACK to a park near the Seine: Linguini is preparing to ride a bike blindfolded, with Emile getting situated on his head, grabbing fistfuls of hair.

LINGUINI

All set up there? Let's do this!

Linguini starts pedaling but quickly loses his balance. Emile tries yanking on his hair but nothing happens. Linguini swerves and they disappear down a stairway. A woman screams o.s. and we hear a SPLASH. End flashback. Back in Linguini's office...

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

No, no. We tried that. It didn't work out.

RAUL

I see. And where is the connection from?

Everyone looks at Remy. He shrugs.

LINGUINI

We don't know. It just works. What about your ability to speak to animals? Where do you get-

RAUL

Mi familia. We all have different... regalos. But-

LINGUINI

You call it a gift? Mine feels more like a curse.

Remy squints at Linguini.

RAUL

Ah, sí. I get you. Sometimes it does feel like a curse, which is why I don't really talk about it.

LINGUINI

Exactly. Keep the regalo on the down low.

RAUL

Sí.

(then)

Pero, on the other hand, you can't pretend it's not there at all, que no? It's no good trying to be something we're not.

(to Remy)

Isn't that right, cocinerito?

REMY

Preach, brother!

Linguini considers Raul.

COLETTE

Comme c'est genial! Look, you three can chat all you like about your 'gifts' when we're not on the clock. Right now we need to decide: are we in or are we out?

(then)

Remy?

Remy pauses, looks at Linguini. Audio jumps between words and squeaks. He's excited.

REMY

Absolutely! *Squeak*. I say this is one gift horse we should definitely not look in the mouth! *Squeak squeak*. We need to grab this stallion by the reins of fortune and ride it bareback across the fields of destiny! *Squeak squeak squeak*.

He's nearly jumping for joy.

RAUL

He says yes.

COLETTE

Okaaay then. Alfie? You think it's a good idea to bring a rat into La Bocuse d'Or? Knowing that if we get caught, they'll likely kill him and send us to prison? At the very least, none of us will ever work in the food industry again.

Linguini and Remy gulp.

LINGUINI

Well... I already dropped out of school, so...

COLETTE

Sabbatical. Not dropped out.

LINGUINI

Right. Well, if Remy could do it without me... You guys could go for it and I could just cheer from the stands.

He performs a little cheer. Remy & Raul smile. Colette frowns.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Ahem. But I know he can't. And I know this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity... for you too, Colette. And I realize I owe all of this...

(indicates the bistro)

to you both. So, if you two are in, I'm in. Plus, we got another check from our mystery donor today!

He holds up an already-opened envelope.

COLETTE

Okay. Well, I guess that leaves you, Raul?

RAUL

Yo?

COLETTE

Oui. You're part of the team too. We're going to need all the help we can get, especially since you can talk to Remy.

RAUL

Heck yeah! Por supuesto! Count me
in, muchachos!

They all look around at one another with apprehension and excitement.

EXT. VILLA PATIO, TORTOLÍ, ITALY - MORNING

An OLD MAN with a bushy red beard and CONSIDERABLY OVERSIZED NOSE, wearing a GOLD BRACELET on his wrist, sits in a wooden chair on a patio overlooking vineyards and orchards, and the sea in the background (not the same old man from the intro).

The old man's face is partially obscured by the shadow of his hat's brim, giving him a mysterious allure. There is a wooden table next to his chair, on which sits a cappuccino, some fruit & nuts, a chessboard, and Giacomo, relaxing in his own miniature chair.

GIACOMO

I found them but have not confirmed
he got the letter, as I was not
able to meet with him in person.
Bah! Don't worry. I won't give
up! Tomorrow I depart back to
Paris, and this time I will not
fail!

Giacomo moves a chess piece. Carlo raises an eyebrow.

OLD MAN

Scacco. Va bene. Grazie Giacomo.
Grazie mille.

INT. LA RATATOUILLE KITCHEN - DAY

The restaurant is closed today, no customers, no employees. Linguini, Raul, Ego, Marienne, and Chauntelle mill about when suddenly the back doors fly open. There stands Colette in an all-black chef's outfit.

Her hair is pulled back in a tight bun with a dyed red stripe in her bangs. She looks like a chef ninja. On her shoulder stands another chef ninja, this one much smaller but looking just as formidable, with a bandana around his brow.

COLETTE

Aton! We're just a few months away
from the competition. First things
first: If anyone has the talent to
win at La Bocuse, it's Remy.

(MORE)

COLETTE (CONT'D)

But, since he's not human, I will
be chef de cuisine. Got it!

Nods all around.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Good. When we're not training in
the kitchen, you three...

(to Remy, Linguini, and
Raul)

will work together to come up with
a way for the two of you...

(to Remy and Linguini)

to communicate that doesn't involve
yanking on his hair. That's where
you come in, Raul. Think you can
handle that?

More nods.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

All right. Now, lastly, we'll
close the bistro one extra day per
week until the competition, giving
us three days a week to concentrate
solely on training. Meaning, we'll
all be cooking 7 days a week for
the next 20 weeks, give or take,
with the exception of Alfie, of
course. With this level of effort,
and a dash of luck, we just might
have a shot.

Her audience is silent, blinking and exchanging glances.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

What are we waiting for? Let's
cook!

Series of shots spanning days, weeks, months of the crew
training. Seasons change. The team begins to look and work
together as if they can read each other's minds. Raul is
trying out some traditional Colombian recipes, while Marienne
offers some of her Senegalese dishes. Chauntelle stops by on
occasion, bringing pizzas, bread rolls, eclairs, cinnamon
rolls, etc. Her visits become more frequent and she stays
longer each time. She and Remy are getting close.

Giacomo shows up at the back of the bistro, looking to speak
with Linguini, but he's turned away again by the staff.
Montage fades as Chauntelle comes to visit again. She hands
Colette a NOTE.

COLETTE

Would I like to go to the farmer's market? Oh, Chaun, I'd love to!
But, I just started a soufflé and I need to watch it closelyyyy...

Colette sees Chauntelle's deflated look.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Buuut, Remy isn't doing anything at the moment, and we do need to freshen our stock of veggies. Perhaps he would like to go?

Chauntelle looks at Remy, they both blush.

REMY

I... uh, suppose I could... if we need the vegetables.

RAUL

Oui! We need the vegetables! Now get out of here already!

LINGUINI

What? Is he...? Does he not want to...? Oh, I'm sorry, Remy. Would you pleeease make the tremeeendous sacrifice of going for a walk in Paris on a gorgeous fall day with a beautiful lady? Sheesh!

Remy smirks, grabs a scarf and hat, and the couple head out. Linguini watches them leave, then he spies a mysterious figure in the distance. The figure nods at him.

Linguini and Giacomo sit and chat in Linguini's office while Colette and Raul watch from the kitchen. We see Linguini traverse a gamut of emotions as Giacomo shows him a letter and a few photographs. The scene ends with Linguini exiting his office, looking solemnly at Colette.

EXT. PARK, PARIS - DAY

It's cold. Colette and Linguini are in coats, hats, scarves, gloves, etc., walking through a snow-dusted park.

COLETTE

I don't understand how you can just leave when we're so close! We've been working so hard, preparing for months! Years, if you think about it.

LINGUINI

I know, Colette. But I had no idea about Carlo. He's my only living relative, the only family I have left. This could be my one chance to learn about the Linguini family, my chance to finally find out where I come from.

COLETTE

Italy. You come from Italy.

LINGUINI

You know what I mean.

The silence of winter cuts a rift between them.

LINGUINI

Maybe, just maybe, I can find out if he knows anything about my... regalo.

COLETTE

Ugh! Yes, I know. You obviously have to go. But I'm not going to pretend to be happy about it! Don't think it's just the tournament you're walking out on.

LINGUINI

I know. But Giacomo says Carlo's not likely to last the month.

COLETTE

And that's another thing! We don't even know who this Giacomo character is. What if this is a scam?

LINGUINI

Colette, please. I have to do this. But I promise, I'll be back in time for the competition. Okay?

He moves in for a kiss. She dodges.

COLETTE

You'd better!

A gentle song starts and they kiss. Meanwhile, elsewhere in the city, Remy and Chauntelle are enjoying each other's company as they peruse various markets. Romance is in the frosty air.

Series of shots of Remy and Chauntelle spending more time together, touring Paris hotspots such as La Louvre, the Auteuil greenhouses, the Palais Garnier, and of course the EIFFEL TOWER. They pass through small entrances to all the famous places, climbing sculptures, popping out of Van Gogh's Two Rats, etc.

INT. LA RATATOUILLE KITCHEN - DAY

Colette, Raul, and Remy are still training but not looking as lively without their fourth. The phone rings.

COLETTE

Mon amour! How's Italy? How's Carlo?

Muffled voice on the other end.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Uh-huh. Oh, he sounds delightful. I'm so glad you were able to meet your grandfather. Uh-huh. How sweet. So... when do you think you'll be heading back?

Muffled voice, concerned.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Uh... uh... WHAT?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NOT GOING TO BE BACK IN TIME?

Muffled voice.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

But, the competition! You promised!

Muffled voice. Colette cuts him off.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

You know what? If you're not coming back in time for the Bocuse, don't bother coming back at all!

She slams the phone down and storms out of the kitchen in tears.

RAUL

Colette!

She's gone. Raul and Remy exchange concerned glances.

RAUL
 Pero, how could he not come back?
 He lives here, and this is his
 restaurant, que no?

COLETTE (O.S.)
 Go suck an oyster, Raul!

A motorbike starts and zooms away. Now she's gone. Raul shrugs.

RAUL
 I actually like oysters. So...

INT. HOUSE, RAT'S DEN - NIGHT

Remy is sitting at a table, talking with his dad, brother, Git, others, playing cards.

REMY
 I can't believe him! How could he
 quit on us just like that?!

DJANGO
 It's his flesh and blood, Son.
 Nothing comes before family. At
 least he understands that.

REMY
 Ugh. I understand how important
 family is, Dad. Believe it or not,
 I had the family in mind when I
 made the decision to pursue
 cooking. And did it help?

Django sneers, nods.

REMY (CONT'D)
 Thank you. Speaking of family,
 I've been thinking...

EMILE
 Oh, no. That's not good.

REMY
 I'm thinking I need to go remind
 Linguini that all of us at the
 restaurant are his family, too,
 that we're all counting on him!

EMILE
 Wait. You're thinking of going to
 Italy?

REMY

Why not? I've never been anywhere other than Paris. It's about time I get out and see a bit of the world. Besides, someone's got to go talk some sense into that calzone-for-brains.

GIT

Ha. Calzone-for-brains. Good one.

Git throws a pair of cards onto the table.

GIT (CONT'D)

Go fish!

DJANGO

This is poker, you over-torqued lug nut. Well, son, you know me, I don't agree with the idea. I think it's too dangerous.

Remy's eyes roll.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

But, if you won't listen to your old man... then I'm going with you.

REMY

Dad, no. Your place is here with the colony.

DJANGO

Yes, it is. And yours is too. But, there's something that's been nagging me in the back of my head.

EMILE

Mites.

DJANGO

Knock it off, blockhead. Remy, we've never discussed it, because, frankly, I never gave it much thought, but ever since you and Noodlehead learned of your special connection...

REMY

Wait, are you saying you know why-

DJANGO

No. I have no idea why you can control him by yanking on his hair. As far as I'm concerned that's a fluke of nature.

EMILE

You mean freak.

DJANGO

No, I don't. Now would you stop interrupting and let me get to the point?

EMILE

What is the point?

DJANGO

I'm getting to it! Look, whatever connection you and Noodlehead have is between you and Noodlehead. But what I can tell you is that my grandfather, your great-grandfather, used to tell stories about 'the old country'... Italy.

REMY

What?!

GIT

Uno!

Git tosses all his cards but one on the table. Django slaps a hand to his forehead. Emile picks up the cards and hands them back to Git. They keep playing.

DJANGO

Turns out, our colony migrated to France from Italy - which normally wouldn't be anything to skip home about; lots of rats migrated all over Europe. Still do. But, when you mentioned Linguini's family being from Tortoli... If I'm not mistaken, that's where our family is from. I understand it's a pretty small place, so I'm wondering...

REMY

What are you wondering?! Are you wondering that... Are you saying our family... and Linguini's family... That me and Linguini...

Django shrugs.

EMILE

Wooooaaah...

GIT

Yahtzee!

Git throws his cards on the table, revealing a full house, the winning poker hand. The others toss their cards down in resignation, muttering sentiments of annoyance. Remy and Django stare at one another.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Emile, Git, Chauntelle, and others are saying goodbye to Remy and Django, who, with suitcases in hand, are preparing to board a passenger train. It's cold and foggy.

DJANGO

(to Emile)

You're in charge now, Son. Take care of the colony, you hear?

EMILE

Dad, it's only a few days. What are you getting so dramatic about?

DJANGO

Yeah. Of course. Well, I just want you to know, I've always been proud of how dedicated you are to the family.

EMILE

Jeez, Dad, if I didn't know any better I'd think you were running away to join the circus!

DJANGO

Don't tempt me!

REMY

He's just never been away from the colony, that's all. Isn't that right, Pops?

Django is visibly distressed but trying to hide it.

DJANGO

Remy's right. I'm just a little nervous.

EMILE

Well, don't be, Pop. I'll handle everything.

DJANGO

I know you will. You're a good lad. Git, watch over my son, you hear? That's an order, private!

Git straightens up and salutes.

DJANGO

At ease, soldier.

A train whistle blows. Remy and Django climb aboard and the train slowly chugs away. Chauntelle is fighting back tears.

CHAUNTELLE

Bon chance, Remy!

They're nearly out of earshot.

DJANGO

Emile!

EMILE

Dad!

DJANGO

I love you, Son!

Emile is too stunned to reply. He just stares at Django, who smiles back as they disappear into the fog.

Series of shots of Remy and Django on the train, marveling at the passing countryside, vineyards, villages, farms, snowy Alps, cityscapes, etc., sharing good father-son time.

Montage fades as they arrive in Tortolí.

EXT. TORTOLÍ - DAY

Linguini, Carlo, and Giacomo greet Remy and Django at the train station. Linguini is looking healthier than ever, tan, relaxed, well fed...

LINGUINI

Little Chef!

Hugs and celebrations all around. Remy squeaks.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Hold that thought. G?

Linguini motions for Giacomo, who saunters up (wearing casual shorts and a t-shirt). We finally discover he's a large cricket, nearly Remy's size.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Remy, I'd like you to meet Giacomo. G can speak a lot of languages and can help translate. Giacomo, this is Remy, my closest friend and head chef at our restaurant.

REMY

Nice to meet you, Giacomo.

GIACOMO

Please, call me G. Welcome to Italy, Signore Remy. I've heard a great deal about you and your impressive work at La Ratatouille Bistro. Allora, please allow me to introduce my dear friend and employer, Signore Linguini. Er, *Carlo* Linguini.

An old man with a cane and GOLD BRACELET on his wrist, slowly makes his way forward. There's something unusual about him, other than his unsteady gait.

CARLO

Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Mr. Django, Mr. Remy. Welcome to Tortolí. I believe you will find it... familiar, just like home.

He raises an eyebrow and turns away, leading them on. Shots of Carlo taking them on a guided tour through town. He introduces them to the local art, culture, and cuisine. Remy spies an abandoned house at the far end of the street. Something about it captures his attention and he pauses.

CARLO

Come Mr. Remy, there is nothing for you down there.
(to himself)
Not yet.

Carlo turns down a side street, leads them to a restaurant with a magnificent view of the sea. They settle in and are served appetizers: breads with olive oil, veggies, pasta, seafood... Remy has never seen or tasted anything like it. It's a whole new culinary world.

REMY

So! Alfie! Looks like island life suits you!

GIACOMO

He says you wear the island life well.

LINGUINI

Yes! I love it here. It feels familiar and comfortable, like fitting on an old, favorite shirt. And you should see the architecture! It's nowhere as grand as the buildings in Paris, of course, but the craftsmanship is remarkable.

CARLO

Indeed. Back in its heyday, Tortolí was a renowned artisan community, known all across Italy for its craftsmanship... with wood and food, mostly.

At the end of the meal, everyone is gorged, nearly falling asleep.

DJANGO

I must say, I don't recall ever having a meal so satisfying.

Remy squints at him.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

What? Don't get me wrong, Son, your cooking is... an unrivaled art form. But, where your meals satisfy the palate, this meal, well, it wasn't fancy - I wouldn't even say the flavors were the best, though it was delicious - but, it's as if I can feel the food all over, tingling in my arms and legs...

Remy is aghast. He's never heard his dad talk like this about food.

REMY

There might be hope for you yet, Pop!

DJANGO

Let's not get carried away, Son.
Don't forget, I was raised on
garbage and compost, both of which
will always have a special place in
my heart.

REMY

(under his breath)
Yeah, it's called cholesterol.

DJANGO

But I can't deny, I feel as if I'll
never have to eat again, which, for
me, is really saying something!
And now, I think I'm ready for a
good, long nap!

GIACOMO

Ah! In that case, why don't we
head back to the house?
(to Carlo)
Our friends are, no doubt, in need
of some rest after their long
journey.

Carlo nods and they all get up to leave.

REMY

Uh, why don't you guys go on ahead?
I think I'll stick around here for
a bit, maybe catch the sunset.

Giacomo speaks in Italian to Carlo, who nods and extends a
hand for Django to climb aboard. Django hesitates, not sure
he wants to leave without his son.

GIACOMO

Not to worry, Signore. I will stay
with him, as his interpreter...
and guide.

CARLO

(to Linguini)
Come my boy, let us introduce
Signore Django to the unrivaled
tranquility of an afternoon hammock
over the Mediterranean.

Carlo, Django, and Linguini depart. Remy rushes to the
restaurant window to observe the cooks in the kitchen.
Giacomo slowly follows, allowing Remy a moment to indulge.

GIACOMO

Your father seemed very moved.

REMY

Yeah, apparently your food here is real high-grade fuel. He seemed like a changed man.

GIACOMO

Ah, sí. This place has a way of... changing people. In fact, the name of the place translates to twist, like a turning - tramutare. It has always been known as la terra della trasformazione; the land of transformation.

Remy looks at Giacomo, who is staring at the horizon.

GIACOMO (CONT'D)

Legend tells of a meteor falling from the heavens, showering the town with stardust, bringing new life to this place. They say the celestial remnants linger in the soil.

He bends down, picks up a handful of dirt, lets it sift through his fingers, smiling reverently.

GIACOMO (CONT'D)

This is why the food here is so special. That, and the love we put into growing it. Tortolí is a place of deep magic, my friend.

He stands, brushes the dirt from his hands.

GIACOMO (CONT'D)

Va bene! If you want to uncover the secret of Italian cooking, follow me.

He leads Remy along cobblestone streets, the imagery is reminiscent of the introduction. At one point, Remy sees his reflection in a glass window and for an instant we see the rat from the introduction, as if Remy's reflection were a window to the past.

Eventually they arrive at a modest farmhouse. Giacomo taps gently on a window and a woman opens it. She's wearing a BLUE DRESS and her hair is tied up in a BLUE SCARF.

GIACOMO (ITALIAN, SUBTITLED)
 Ciao, Vale! This is Remy, the chef
 I have been telling you about. He
 is here to learn about food.

The woman nods and closes the window. A moment later she emerges from a side door and gestures for them to follow.

Series of shots of the woman, VALENTINA (VALE), giving Remy and Giacomo a tour of her farm: livestock, gardens, orchards, apiary, etc., (i.e., where the food is grown, harvested, and produced from the source.)

VALE
 It's necessary for a cook to understand not only how to use ingredients, but where the ingredients come from, how they're grown and cared for before they're harvested, before they end up in a frying pan.

Remy marvels at the farm.

VALE (CONT'D)
 The care one puts into growing the food changes the flavor of the dish just as much as the care one puts into cooking it.

They taste fresh honey, raspberries, olives, grapes, cheeses...

Montage cross-fades to Remy working with Vale in her kitchen using flour, cream, spices, fruits, veggies - all things they just harvested - to create simple, wholesome food. Remy has never looked happier, calmer, more engaged, more content.

INT. OFFICE, PARIS - EVENING

The mood is dark. Skinner sits in a chair facing a large desk, behind which sits a sharply dressed TALON LABARTHE with his slicked-back hair and thin mustache. Two MOBSTER-ish-looking men stand on either side of him (the taller CYRANO and the shorter, rotund ANDRÉ).

SKINNER
 What do you mean they've dropped out?! They can't just drop out!
 It's the Bocuse d'Or!

LABARTHE
 They left to Italy, so I'm told.

SKINNER

Italy? But-

LABARTHE

So it seems your little plan has failed.

SKINNER

But-

LABARTHE

And now, you owe me my investment plus the money I spent bribing your friends into the contest.

SKINNER

No, no, no, no, NO! We have to do something! We have to get them back in!

LABARTHE

We don't have to do anything. This is your mess. You fix it.

SKINNER

B-b-b-but-

LABARTHE

Exposing Linguini and his rat in front of the whole world is not my concern. Recuperating my share of the Gusteau profits is. I still can't believe you let a garbage boy and a rat get the best of you.

They scowl at one another. Labarthe nearly loses his cool but composes himself.

LABARTHE (CONT'D)

No. Revenge is your business. Revenue is mine. You have six weeks to come up with my money, or else!

SKINNER

But! Don't you see? It's in your interest to get Linguini back into the competition, too!

LABARTHE

Oh? And why's that?

SKINNER

Because, if I expose them - when I expose them - Linguini will be out and La Ratatouille will be closed down! With Linguini out of the way, you can buy the restaurant for pennies on the dollar. Then you can reopen under new management...

He indicates himself.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

We bring back the frozen food line-

Labarthe looks unimpressed.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Or not. Something else. Something better! You know me, I'm always full of ideas.

LABARTHE

Something better like what?

SKINNER

I have no idea. But, within no time, the money will be flowing like... like...

CYRANO

Une cascade.

SKINNER

Exactament! The money will flow like a waterfall directly into your pocket!

LABARTHE

Well, that does sound efficient. But, I think I'd rather collect the insurance money. Much less risk. Then, after you win at La Bocuse, I'll take your winnings and your account will be... mostly settled.

SKINNER

Buhhh... Insurance money?

LABARTHE

Yes. You see, not long ago, Linguini came to me for a small loan.

(MORE)

LABARTHE (CONT'D)

Apparently he's learning the hard way that running a restaurant in Paris isn't a walk in Parc Monceau. Of course I insured my assets. One can never be too cautious, especially with Americans.

SKINNER

I think he's-

LABARTHE

Italian? Hardly. Let's stick to the subject, Skinner. I think I know exactly how to motivate your friends to re-enter the competition while also collecting a handsome insurance settlement. Two lovely birds, one... brimstone. After all, I do like efficiency. André, same as before, only this time, everything goes.

André smiles and nods, flicks a Zippo LIGHTER a few times, then he and Cyrano turn to leave.

LABARTHE (CONT'D)

André, do make sure no one gets hurt, oui? There's no need for any... complications.

André's smile fades. They depart. Skinner stutters.

SKINNER

Brimstone?

Labarthe ignores him in favor of some paperwork.

LABARTHE

I suggest you get back to your training, Monsieur Skinner. You have a contest to win, do you not?

EXT. LA RATATOUILLE BISTRO, BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Colette and Raul are closing up. Colette shuts off the lights, grabs her purse, and they walk out. She checks the locks then she and Raul leave, walk along the Seine. After a moment, Colette wraps her arm in Raul's arm and leans her head on his shoulder.

A dark figure enters the f.g., jerks his head, motioning to a second figure in a beret. The two approach the bistro.

The taller one begins picking the lock while the shorter, heavier one in the beret keeps watch, flicking his Zippo lighter on and off. The door clicks and, looking around to make sure no one is watching, Cyrano slips inside, followed by André. We're left outside.

INT. HOUSE, TORTOLÌ - AFTERNOON

A roaring fire crackles in the fireplace. Linguini and Carlo are playing a game of chess in the living room, with Remy, Django, and Giacomo observing and chatting, when the phone rings.

CARLO

Alfredo, my boy, be a good lad and answer the telephone for your nonno, per favore.

As soon as Linguini gets up and saunters toward the phone, Carlo cheats, moves a chess piece. Giacomo scoffs disapprovingly, prompting Linguini to look back. But as he does, he trips and falls on his face. The phone keeps ringing.

CARLO (CONT'D)

Nipote! Per favore! Il telefono!

Linguini gets up, frowns at his grandpa. The others giggle then compose themselves and motion for Linguini to make haste to halt the annoying ringing. He picks up the receiver.

LINGUINI

Pronto?

A hysterical, muffled voice is crying on the other end.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Colette! How are you?

Muffled, frantic voice.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Wha? Colette, what's wrong?
Colette, I can't- Calm down,
Colette. I can't understand-
What? What happened? Fire? What
fire?! WHAT?!? Burned... DOWN?!?
B-b-but... HOW?!

Muffled voice, crying.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

I'll be on the next train!

Muffled voice, crying.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
Just hang on. I'm on my way!

Linguini hangs up the phone. Everyone is staring at him. He's pale.

A moment later, upstairs, Linguini frantically tosses belongings into a suitcase as the others watch.

CARLO
But, nipote, I have so much more to tell you! Details! Details about our family you need to hear!

LINGUINI
I'm sorry, Grandpa, it'll have to wait.

He shoves the last of his things into his bag.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
Come on, Little Chef. Colette and the team need us.

Linguini holds out his arm. Remy turns to Django.

REMY
Ready?

Django hesitates.

DJANGO
I'm... not going, Son.

REMY
What are you talking about? Come on, let's go.

Remy turns, hops onto Linguini's hand.

DJANGO
No, Son. I'm staying.

REMY
Dad, don't be ridiculous. You can't stay. This wasn't a- Hmpf. We just came to... And now it's time to... So, let's go!

DJANGO

Remy, you came to get Noodlehead.
I just came along for the ride, to
spend some time with my son, and
find a nice place to rest.

REMY

Oh-kay. Did you get hit in the
head or?

Django grins but doesn't reply. Remy is unsettled.

REMY (CONT'D)

Dad, come on. You can't stay here.
I have no idea when I'll be coming
back. You could be here for
months. Alone!

DJANGO

Months. Heh. I should be so
lucky. Besides, I'm not alone.
Carlo and I have a lot of catching
up to do.

REMY

Catching up? What's that supposed
to mean?

Linguini can see Remy and Django are talking but doesn't know
what they're saying and he's anxious to leave.

LINGUINI

Andiamo Little Chef.

GIACOMO

Give them a minute, per favore,
Signore.

DJANGO

For us, it was generations ago and
the stories have passed beyond
memory. But for Carlo and Giacomo,
they were there. They both recall
a special friendship with a rat
named Enzo, whose line of children
eventually leads... to you.

REMY

WHAT?!

Remy looks up at Linguini, astonished.

DJANGO

Noodlehead doesn't know yet. And I think it's best to wait until after the competition to tell him.

REMY

He doesn't...? Hang on. After the competition? You mean...?

DJANGO

Yes. You two need to compete. Your connection with Noodlehead, er, your friendship with Alfredo, it's more than about cooking. You two were meant to show the world your special gift, and this 'World Cup of cuisine' as you call it, this is your chance. I see that now.

REMY

But, if I'm not supposed to tell him, why'd you tell me?!

Django places a hand on Remy's shoulder.

DJANGO

What do I always say? Family...

REMY

Comes first. Yeah, I know.

DJANGO

Exactly. I wanted you to know the truth about our family, and I wanted you to hear it from me. And... I might not get another chance.

REMY

Dad, what are you saying? What do you mean you might not get another chance? What did you mean you'd be lucky to have a few months?

Django places his second arm on Remy's other shoulder.

DJANGO

You and I haven't always seen eye to eye on everything. Lord knows I never understood your obsession with humans. But, I think I get it, finally.

REMY

Dad-

DJANGO

Let me finish.

Django wraps an arm across Remy's shoulder and they walk out of the room. The sun is setting over the Mediterranean.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

I want you to know that I'm proud of you, Son. I'm proud of what you've done for our family, and for rats everywhere. You've made it possible for our kind to believe they can be more, do more, achieve much more; and for humans to see rats as equals, something I'd never thought possible. And yet, you've only scratched the surface. There's a whole world out there that still needs convincing; other rats - and even other animals - that need to be inspired, by you! You still have work to do, Son. Your journey has only just begun, but my journey - *sigh* - is coming to an end.

Remy is trying to hold it together.

REMY

Dad, no. Then I'm not going.

DJANGO

This is no time to be stubborn, Remy.

REMY

No, Dad! I'm staying! The competition-

DJANGO

The competition needs you! This world needs you. I got to have you for a while, and that's all any parent could ask for. I'm grateful for that.

(then)

This place right here, on the shores of the sea, this is where I set sail on my next big adventure... to reunite with your mom.

Remy is beside himself.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

Don't you worry, Remy, your
mother's always been with you. Of
that I'm sure. And I will be too.

EXT. LA RATATOUILLE REMNANTS, PARIS - DAY

It's a foggy, gray day over a devastated wasteland. Charred rubble smolders in the crisp morning air. Barricade tape demarcates the void where La Ratatouille Bistro used to stand. Policemen and investigators in trench coats linger. A photographer snaps photos.

Eventually Linguini and Remy arrive. Linguini drops his suitcase, paralyzed by the sight of his restaurant in ruins. When Colette, who had been talking with an inspector, sees Linguini, she rushes over and embraces him. He barely responds, just stares at the rubble in disbelief. She releases him and takes a step back. Raul is there.

Linguini looks at the two of them together, then to Remy as he jumps down and walks over to the remnants. He sifts through the ashes, picks up a charred soup spoon, and we enter a flashback to the first movie when he helped Linguini make the fated soup that impressed Solene LeClaire.

That scene transitions to the time they learned Linguini was heir to Gusteau's and kicked Skinner out, then Gusteau's being shut down and the opening of La Ratatouille.

We see a memory of Remy, Chauntelle, Linguini, and Colette all cooking together in the early days of the new bistro when everything was fresh and exciting.

The flashback ends and we're back in the present. Remy is choking back tears. Chauntelle arrives, comforts him, and he breaks down. Raul, Ego, and Marianne show up and congregate around Linguini and Colette.

LINGUINI

I shouldn't've left. This is all
my fault!

He reaches for Colette's hand but she dodges. Raul places an arm around her shoulder.

COLETTE

No, you shouldn't've left.
(then)
But... It's not your fault.
(MORE)

COLETTE (CONT'D)

(then)
It's Skinner's.

LINGUINI

Skinner?! What makes you say that?

She holds up the beret.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Doesn't everyone in Paris wear one
of those?

COLETTE

Not ones that say Gusteau's on the
inside.

Linguini takes the hat, looks inside, sees the inscription.

LINGUINI

You really think he would stoop
this low?

She shrugs.

COLETTE

I know he never forgave you.

She walks to the wreckage, kicks through the mess. He
follows.

LINGUINI

Forgave me? For what?

COLETTE

For swooping in and yanking the
restaurant out from under us! Him.
From under him.

Linguini is silent for a beat.

LINGUINI

Is that how you feel, Colette?
That I took the restaurant away
from you?

COLETTE

No. Of course not. Maybe.

(then)

It's just, I worked so hard, for so
long, working my way up from
nothing. I expected, when you took
over, I would finally be head chef.
But then you gave that post to
Remy.

Remy looks over. Colette's and Remy's eyes meet.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Remy. It's not your fault.

LINGUINI

No, it's mine.

COLETTE

Alfie. That's not-

LINGUINI

I know you don't feel it's fair. But is it fair that both my parents are gone? That I never knew my dad?

Everyone is silent.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

You think I wanted to inherit Gusteau's? Inherit those superhuman-sized shoes? All the expectations? You don't think I sometimes wished it would all just go up in flames? Just so I could breathe again?

(then)

But I know that just because life doesn't go your way, doesn't make it okay to ruin other people's dreams. So, I've been trying my best, giving it everything I've got to not let you, Remy, or anyone else, down. I would've been happy just being the garbage boy.

Linguini turns to leave. Colette reaches for him but Raul's arms on her shoulders restrains her, makes her pause. In the company of Chauntelle, Remy watches his friend walk away.

EXT. PARIS - EVENING

It's a romantic evening by the Seine. The lights of Paris shine, reflecting warmly in the river. Linguini sits alone, contemplating. A few boats pass by with passengers freely enjoying themselves. He watches longingly. Another boat passes with a man and woman, barely paying attention to where the boat is going, intensely focused on each other, passionate love abundantly apparent.

Eventually Remy shows up carrying a large backpack. He walks up to Linguini, who ignores him, sets the backpack down, pulls out a cell phone, and begins typing.

REMY (COMPUTERIZED V.O.)
 Recognize this place? This is the
 same spot you brought me when
 Skinner told you to get rid of me.

They're both silent for a time. The computerized voice fades in favor of Remy's voice. We see and hear Remy speaking, but we also see the phone still transmitting what Linguini is hearing.

REMY
 There was a reason you didn't throw
 me in the river that night.
 Everyone else in the restaurant
 wanted me dead. But you, you saved
 me. Why?

Linguini shrugs.

REMY (CONT'D)
 You think you need your family in
 order to sort out who you are?
 (shakes head)
 It's not your last name that's
 important. And it's certainly not
 what others think. We're defined
 by our actions. You saved my life
 that night. That's who you are,
 Al.

Linguini continues to mostly ignore him. Remy sighs.

REMY (CONT'D)
 It wasn't so long ago when I lost
 everything too: my dad, brother,
 my whole family. I was alone, no
 idea where to go or what to do.
 And do you know who helped me find
 my way again? Your dad.
 (then)
 I owe everything I have to you and
 Gusteau.

Linguini gives him a slight glance.

REMY (CONT'D)
 Look, I know you feel like throwing
 in the towel, but I can't let you
 do that.

(MORE)

REMY (CONT'D)

I don't know what comes next, but I do know now is not the time to give up. When things get tough, that's when we have to decide what's really important. That's when we fight for what we believe in. So, what do you believe in, Al? If not the restaurant or the competition, what about the things they represent? What about your friends?

Colette, Raul, Chauntelle, Ego, and Marienne come into view, they're walking toward Linguini and Remy.

REMY (CONT'D)

So the bistro is gone. So what? We can rebuild it. Or not. Maybe Colette is right.

She approaches. Linguini doesn't respond.

REMY (CONT'D)

Maybe we did build our castle out of sand and we had this coming all along.

Linguini looks up at Colette and everyone else.

REMY (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time to move on. I don't know. But, so long as we don't quit on each other, I still believe we can accomplish anything. The only thing that matters is what's in your heart. If cooking is what you believe you were born to do - like I do - then we still have a shot at La Bocuse. On the other hand...

He looks at Linguini, then at Colette, and they look at one another.

REMY (CONT'D)

if your heart's not in it, now's the time to be honest.

Everyone looks apprehensive. It's silent. Eventually Linguini reaches in his pocket and, with a sigh, retrieves something clenched in his fist.

LINGUINI

I never thought I'd have a rat for a best friend. But, it's true, you are my closest friend, Remy. You've looked out for me, cared for me, guided me - literally - and helped me become more than I ever thought possible. And you're right, if my heart isn't in it, it's time to give it up.

He stands, approaches Colette. Raul stands just behind her.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

(to Colette)

I've been pretending to be something I'm not.

Remy and Raul look at one another.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

I've been pretending, trying to play the part because I wanted to feel important, to you and Remy, to everyone at La Ratatouille, our customers, the critics... everyone. I've been trying to play the part of the man I thought you wanted. But the truth is, I'm not in love... with food. And I'm certainly not in love with owning a restaurant. ...But I am in love with you.

He holds out his hand and opens his fist to reveal EGO'S RING.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

I can't promise to be anywhere near as great as Gusteau. I don't even know how to be a Gusteau. But I think I can manage being a Linguini. And though I don't yet know what that means entirely, I think I'm starting to figure it out.

He gets down on one knee.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Colette, could you love a humble garbage boy?

Colette's hands cover her mouth. All she can do is nod enthusiastically and weep a little. Linguini rises. Colette hesitates. Raul shoves her at Linguini and the two embrace.

REMY

Well, I'll be honest, I didn't see that coming. I thought perhaps you two were-

RAUL

Who? Me and Colette?! Ni de coña, guey! I don't think my boyfriend would be too happy about that.

Raul cracks up. Remy is wide-eyed. Marienne approaches Linguini and Colette and embraces them both.

EGO

You know, the prize money could help rebuild-

LINGUINI

What prize money?

EGO

The Bocuse d'Or offers a sizable purse to teams finishing in the top tiers.

COLETTE

Whoa, hang on. I think it's safe to assume the competition is out, considering that we just lost everything.

LINGUINI

Not everything. We still have each other. Isn't that right, Remy?

Remy smiles and nods.

COLETTE

But, there's no money if we don't win. We have no kitchen to train in and the competition is, what, six weeks away? Besides, none of that even matters; I already sent in the exit papers.

RAUL

Exceeecept, it's possible your resident postman neglected to mail the forms.

COLETTE
What do you mean?

Raul shrugs.

RAUL
I had a Bruno hunch.

REMY
A... Bruno... hunch?

CHAUNTELLE
Shhhh! Don't talk about that!

RAUL
Let's just say a little bluebird
told me.

COLETTE
Sooo, you never mailed them?

RAUL
Nope.

LINGUINI
So, we're still in the competition?

RAUL
Yup.

COLETTE
But there's still the problem of
not having a place to train. We
never finalized our menu! And
without a commercial kitchen-

MARIENNE
We have a commercial kitchen! That
is, Chauntelle has one. So, if
it's okay with her...

They look at Chauntelle. She nods, grins.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

We approach a charming Parisian pâtisserie with vines growing on the walls and an antique bicycle with flowers in the basket out front. As we pass through the window into a noisy kitchen, we see Linguini, Colette, Remy, Raul, and Maya training. A bell above the front door chimes as Marianne enters with the mail.

MARIENNE

Ah, hello Maya! What a nice surprise!

COLETTE

Isn't it? I asked her to join us. We need all the help we can get. Plus, between Maya's Brazilian roots, Raul's Colombian, and our Italian and French, we figured we're in a good position to present an impressive international theme at La Bocuse.

MARIENNE

I love it! I could share my favorite Senegalese recipes... if you like?

COLETTE

We were hoping you'd say that!

Marienne excitedly hands Raul the stack of mail and rushes off to look for her recipe book. Raul thumbs through the mail.

RAUL

Looks like architecture school has tracked you down, chefe.

LINGUINI

You just looove saying that don't you?

Raul nods, grins wide, flips through envelopes, pauses on one.

RAUL

Uh, and they're not the only ones.

He hands Linguini a letter. Linguini takes it, opens it, and reads. As he does, he slumps onto a stool. All stare at him.

LINGUINI

It's from Giacomo.

Remy instantly freezes.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

He says Carlo isn't well.

(to Remy)

(MORE)

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Your dad is doing okay, all things considered. He's settling in as if he's lived there his whole life.

Remy grins. Colette approaches to console Linguini.

COLETTE

I'm sorry, Al. Is there anything I can do?

He shakes his head. Silence settles in for a beat.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Maybe you should-

LINGUINI

No. I never should've left in the first place. There's no way I'm leaving now.

Colette is relieved but tries not to show it.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Let's just get back to training so we can go win this thing! After it's over, I'll return to Tortoli. I'm sure he'll be all right. He'll be fine.

Linguini sets the letter down and gets back to cooking. The others hesitate but eventually get back to it.

Series of shots: Ego enters the kitchen, Marienne cooks her specials from Senegal, Raul whips up Colombian fare, Maya creates some amazing-looking Brazilian dishes, Remy shows Chauntelle some tricks he picked up in Italy, Linguini follows Colette's lead on cooking her favorite French cuisine. It's a fusion of international flavors! Scene ends with the presentation of two incredible-looking dishes and the team celebrating, ready for the competition!

EXT. STADIUM, LYON - DAY (EX. GROUPAMA STADIUM)

We fly over a packed ARENA as an announcer speaks.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the BOCUSE D'OR finals, where twenty-four chefs from around the world, along with their commis and coaches, have come together to compete for the title of the World's Top Chef.

We zoom into the arena. It's overwhelmingly loud. National flags and banners are waving, fans have painted faces, some are wearing food-themed costumes. A trio of shirtless blokes with painted bellies are wearing beer-straw hats with bottles of wine. A group of children are playing with a toy oven set while their parents are grilling goodies on a hot plate.

Various animals, including Chauntelle and Emile, have found spots in the rafters or bleachers where they can watch the event without being detected. On the massive stage in the center of the arena, a sea of chefs in starched white coats, tall hats, and black pants scurry here and there, setting up kitchenette cubicles, prepping ingredients, sharpening knives while looking slant-eyed at one another!

Colette, Linguini, and Raul arrive in sweatpants and hoodies, carrying duffel bags, looking out of place. They are followed by Ego, Marienne, and Maya, pushing carts stacked with pots, pans, ingredients, etc. Remy is hidden.

LINGUINI

This is it. Stay calm. It's just you and the food. Just you and the food.

COLETTE

I'm good.

RAUL

Same.

Faint squeaking.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Remy says he was born for this.

LINGUINI

I was talking to myself.

A short chef approaches.

SKINNER

Well, look what the CATS dragged in!

COLETTE & LINGUINI

Skinner?!

SKINNER

Chef Skinner, if you please.
Bonjour Linguini. Been a long time.

Linguini is speechless. Skinner looks them up and down.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

The exercise gym is across the street.

Colette lunges at Skinner but is restrained by Raul.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

I'm happy to see you too, Colette. But, what say we save the hugs for after the awards ceremony, eh?

(He says "eh" with a Canadian accent.) Two large chefs standing behind him look more like bodyguards than cooks.

LINGUINI

Eh?

Colette examines Skinner's chef outfit.

COLETTE

Wait, are you... competing? But, how? We're representing France.

SKINNER

Yes, and how fortunate for you. I heard you almost didn't make it. I, myself, am cooking for team Canada. I am, after all, French-Canadian.

COLETTE

French-Canadiiii...? Wha...?

SKINNER

Well, it was nice chatting. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a competition to win.

Skinner turns away. Colette calls after.

COLETTE

We know it was you, Skinner! You won't get away with it!

SKINNER

I assure you, I have no idea what you're referring to.

COLETTE

The fire!

SKINNER

Oh, goodness! Yes, I heard about your little mishap. Tsk tsk.

(MORE)

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Mais, no! You don't think I had something to do with it, do you?!

Colette breaks Raul's hold and rushes to Skinner, points her finger in his face.

COLETTE

We found your hat!

SKINNER

That proves nothing.

Colette reaches for him but is held back by Raul and Linguini.

RAUL

Let's beat him in the kitchen, Colette.

COLETTE

I don't care where we beat him.

She pulls a rolling pin from behind her back like a sword.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

You stall him. I'll smash him.

RAUL

Uh, that's not what I meant.

Colette freezes.

COLETTE

Remy! Where's Remy?

Squeak squeak.

RAUL

He's here. Why?

COLETTE

CATS! Of course! That's it! That's his plan!

LINGUINI

What's whose plan? The cats?

COLETTE

Don't you see? It's been Skinner all along! Culinary Arts Tribute Society? C-A-T-S! "Look what the CATS dragged in?!?" Ugh! Why didn't I see it before?!

They stare at her.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

The anonymous benefactor! He lured us here! He wanted us to compete. He's planning to expose us, expose Remy. He knows Linguini can't cook...

RAUL

Hey.

LINGUINI

It's okay. It's true. I can't.

They all look at Skinner walking away.

RAUL

So, what do we do?

Colette thinks a moment, stashes her rolling pin.

COLETTE

You know, this might actually work in our favor. Nothing changes, we stick to our training. Come on.

They exit and return a moment later, dressed in chef's outfits, toques on. Series of shots of the team preparing their kitchen area while other teams do the same. We hear the MC announce teams, talk about the competition, background of chefs, etc.

Team France spies Team Canada looking dialed in. Skinner looks up, sees Linguini, grins menacingly, then freezes when he sees it: On his pov we see the SILHOUETTE of a RAT under Linguini's TOQUE.

SKINNER

(to himself)

The rat! There it is!

Then Skinner notices the decorations that have been placed all around Team France's station. One by one we notice stuffed animals, rubber toys, plastic figures, etc., a bunch of fake rats (and one Mickey Mouse figurine).

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Buh... What in the rats?!

A WOMAN approaches Team France's station.

COORDINATOR

Chef Tatou?

Colette spins around.

COLETTE

Oui?

COORDINATOR

Chef Tatou, my name is Alessandria.
I'll be your station judge. The
competition will begin in
approximately five minutes. Are
you ready?

COLETTE

Oui!

ALESSANDRIA

Tres bien. Um, may I ask, what's
the significance of the...
decorations?

She indicates the fake rats everywhere.

COLETTE

Oh, uh, the Chinese believe rats
bring good luck and prosperity.

Alessandria squints a little.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Commis Linguini here is Chinese.

Alessandria looks at him.

LINGUINI

On my mother's side.

ALESSANDRIA

Riiight. Well... Zhù ni hao yùn
Monsieur... Linguini.

He stares at her.

RAUL

(quietly to Linguini)
I think it means good luck.

Linguini smiles sheepishly and attempts a bow. His toque
slips a little and he grabs it, glancing toward Skinner with
a look of fear. Skinner grins with vengeful anticipation.

ALESSANDRIA (CONT'D)

Chef Tatou, when you hear the bell,
you may officially start. Bonne
chance!

COLETTE

Merci.

(to Remy, Linguini, Raul)
Don't think about the competition.
It's just another day in the
kitchen. Let's do it like we
always do. Alfie, you ready?

He nods, looking apprehensive.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Raul?

RAUL

Oui Chef!

An alarm buzzes throughout the stadium.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And there's the bell, mesdames et
messieurs! The Bocuse d'Or
competition is officially underway!

The Announcer's voice fades as soundtrack fades in and a time-lapse montage begins. Team France is cooking up a storm, looking like seasoned pros. They peel, chop, mix, dice, whisk, drink water, wipe sweat from brows...

They smash, puree, blanch, boil, stretch sore muscles. We see some amazing platters taking shape. The dishes are mind-blowing, the competition like nothing they'd ever imagined.

JUDGES stop by and seem uniquely excited by Team France's performance and food, tasting items and looking impressed. Positive comments abound. The team is encouraged. To top it off, SKINNER appears frazzled by the fake rats around Team France's station.

SKINNER'S COMMIS

Get your head in the game, Mac!

SKINNER

I can't concentrate with all those
rodents staring at me!

Things are going great for Team France, until... Linguini pauses mid-chop. Something's not right.

RAUL

Al?

COLETTE

Alfie, everything okay?

LINGUINI

Huh? Oh, I... think so. I just had the strangest sensation. I felt a breeze, as if a flock of birds took flight right in front of me... and took part of me with them. I suddenly feel empty, like a pistachio shell without a nut.

REMY

I think the nut's still in there.

Raul doesn't translate.

RAUL

Blood sugar, perhaps? Are you tasting your food, or at least eating something?

LINGUINI

Wha? Uh, no. I don't really... it's not necessary to taste anything when Remy is-

He fades out. Colette approaches.

COLETTE

Why don't you take a break, Alfie. We're doing fine on the clock. Go get some air, drink some water...

LINGUINI

Air. Water. Break. Okay.

RAUL

Take Remy with you, yeah? He could probably use some fresh air too.

Linguini dips behind the station wall and we see where Remy's been hiding: a corridor lines the back of the kitchen backstop where he can move freely along the countertop, preparing his own dishes and providing instructions to Raul, who then translates to Linguini and Colette.

Linguini puts on an overcoat, places Remy in a large inside pocket, and heads for the side door of the arena. Skinner is watching. As Linguini passes Canada's station, Skinner sees the SILHOUETTE under Linguini's TOQUE and can't contain himself. He lunges!

SKINNER

He's got a RAT!

Several judges and security personnel rush over as Skinner leaps onto Linguini's back, yanks off his toque to reveal a clump of hair, styled in the shape of a rodent. Skinner is dumbfounded. Immediately, the security guards yank him off Linguini, who presents - with a squeak, squeak - a rubber rat chew toy. As the guards drag Skinner off, Linguini winks at Skinner, tosses the chew toy at him.

LINGUINI
For your pup, from Colette.

Linguini continues outside.

EXT. ARENA - DAY

Out on the sidewalk, in stark contrast to the noise and commotion of the competition, it's suddenly quiet and serene. A light dusting of snow sets the chilly mood. Linguini admires the surroundings as he strolls. There's no one around so he takes Remy out of his inside pocket and places him in his front chest pocket.

LINGUINI
Well, that was exciting, eh Little Chef?

Remy nods. Linguini pulls a cell phone from his back pocket and places it in the same coat chest pocket. Remy taps on it and we hear a computerized voice.

REMY (COMPUTERIZED V.O.)
Carlo?

LINGUINI
Sigh. I think so. I felt an odd sensation, like a part of me was suddenly gone.

REMY (COMPUTERIZED V.O.)
Call him?

LINGUINI
No. I need to stay focused on the competition. There's nothing I can do until this thing is over.
(sighs)
He was a sweet man. I really would've liked to have gotten to know him better.
(beat)
I guess this means we'll never know why you and I-

SKINNER

Who are you talking to, Linguini?

LINGUINI

Skinner? What are you doing out?
...Here, I mean.

SKINNER

It's a food competition, not a
prison. They gave me a slap on the
wrist, put me on a time-out, and
told me I don't get any ice cream.

Linguini frowns.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Now, confess! Who were you talking
to!

Linguini pauses, takes a breath, straightens himself, and
presents his chest pocket.

LINGUINI

Why, to Remy - the RAT - of course.

Remy pokes his head out and glares, looking as formidable as
ever.

SKINNER

I knew it!

LINGUINI

Yup! You've known it all along,
haven't you? So what?! Remy has
every right to be cooking in the
same kitchens as you or me or any
other chef.

SKINNER

Every right?! He's a rat!

LINGUINI

So, it's unusual. Who cares?!
What does it matter if he's a rat
or a dog or a monkey?!

Remy folds his arms, nods.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Besides, who died and put you in
charge?

SKINNER

Your dad.

Remy gasps.

REMY
You dirty rat!

Linguini freezes, then recovers, shakes his head.

LINGUINI
You know, I don't think it's Remy at all. I think you can't stand the fact that he's a better cook - a far better cook! In fact, I think he's more human than you and you know it. And that's what's been driving you crazy, forcing you to make bad decisions... like burning down restaurants!

SKINNER
That wasn't-

LINGUINI
It's not Remy. It's your own ego! Your real enemy is that great big, supersized ego of yours.

Skinner is speechless.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
(calmer)
But... in all fairness, I admit that my own ego has also gotten the better of me. I confess I was careless about accepting my inheritance without considering the people who helped build Gusteau's.

SKINNER
Yes, you were!

LINGUINI
And, I've been irresponsible about taking credit for others' talent in the kitchen.

SKINNER
Finally! He admits it!

LINGUINI
But that all ends today! Today I intend to set the record straight.

Remy is visibly surprised.

SKINNER

So, you're going to hand the restaurant over to me?

LINGUINI

The charred remnants?

(laughs)

All yours!

SKINNER

I had no idea they would go that far!

LINGUINI

Save it for the judge, Skinner.

SKINNER

You wouldn't!

LINGUINI

I already have. I expect Labarthe is anxiously awaiting his cellmate to join him. Speaking of judging, I'll see you inside.

Linguini walks away. Skinner is left standing alone, shocked. A bird poops on his shoulder.

INT. ARENA - DAY

Back inside, Colette and Raul are scrambling.

COLETTE

Where have you been?! I thought you were going to take a short break!

RAUL

Colette, espérate. Look at him.

She pauses her work, looks at Linguini. He looks distraught.

LINGUINI

Skinner.

Colette looks beyond Linguini, sees Skinner returning to his station, also looking frazzled. He begins furiously barking orders at his teammates.

LINGUINI

You were right, it was him. The fire.

COLETTE

Of course it was! Ugh! I can't believe I ever worked for that monster!

(then)

Okay, shake it off. Alfie, you okay?

LINGUINI

I think so.

COLETTE

All right then. Let's finish this!

Raul pats Linguini on the back. Remy gets back into his hiding spot. Team France regroup. They continue whipping, searing, reducing, sauteing, stretching and splashing water on faces...

Judges, photographers, and other officiants continue to congregate around their station, marveling at the unique and impressive dishes they're whipping up. The gold medal will surely be theirs! Eventually a bell chimes.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And that's the plating bell!

Team France plates their dishes as servers arrive to take PLATES to the JUDGES. The servers look impressed. Team France watches, elated, as the judges' faces light up with each bite - not the case with all the plates they taste. Another bell chimes.

ALESSANDRIA

(to Team France)

You may begin assembling your final platter. After you've presented it to the judges, chef Tatou, please proceed to the chef's table for peer tasting and voting.

The team assembles their final platter - an international theme with France in the center - then Colette joins the other chefs des cuisines while the rest of Team France tidies up their station. The final bell chimes.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And that, ladies and gentlemen, marks the official end to the competition!

The crowd roars as a charismatic MC takes the stage.

MC

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen,
Mesdames et Messieurs. It has been
a grueling competition for all of
our teams here today. Let's give
them all a big round of applause!

The audience cheers wildly.

MC (CONT'D)

People like to call us the World
Cup of Cuisine or the Cooking
Olympics, but to me we're bigger
than either. You know why?
Because not everyone plays football
or runs track or races bobsleds...
But, everyone eats, am I right?
(applause)
That's right! And who feeds them?

AUDIENCE

COOKS!

MC

You better believe it! Food brings
people together. Whether you're
from South America, Europe, Africa,
Asia, or anywhere in between...
Whether you speak French, English,
Spanish, Chinese, Swahili... It
doesn't matter, because everyone
here speaks the universal language
of food!
(applause)
Today, it doesn't matter who you
are or where you come from. Today
we are all cooks!

The crowd roars louder.

MC (CONT'D)

And now, starting with our third-
place winner...

An officiant walks on stage holding a trophy. She hands the
MC an envelope. The MC opens it.

MC (CONT'D)

Ladies and Gentlemen, your third-
place winner of this year's Bocuse
d'Or... Team New Zealand!

The crowd cheers as Team NZ makes their way to the stage,
celebrating wildly.

They collect their trophy and an oversized check, then step onto the lowest section of the winners' podium. Another officiant walks on stage carrying a trophy and an envelope as the announcer continues.

MC (CONT'D)
 Congratulations New Zealand! Okay,
 our second-place winner of the
 Bocuse d'Or is... Team Japan!
 Amazing. I just love their Zen
 Garden platter!

Team Japan celebrates, receives an oversized check, and takes their place on the second-place podium.

MC (CONT'D)
 And now, our grand-prize, first-
 place winner of this year's Bocuse
 d'Or competition...

Alessandria walks on stage with a trophy and an envelope. Many people are looking at Team France in anticipation.

MC (CONT'D)
 ...T-e-a-m... Norway! Get on up
 here! Congratulations! Let's take
 a look at this platter! Can we get
 a close-up of this? It looks
 like... I believe it's Asgard,
 with the rainbow bridge and hall of
 Valhalla... Absolutely marvelous!

The three winning teams are celebrating like mad, opening bottles of fizzy drinks, waving flags, laughing and hollering...

Team France is beside themselves in disbelief. Colette looks devastated. Linguini attempts to console her. Raul and Marianne comfort one another. Remy is in shock. Teams are packing up, including Team Canada; all but Skinner, who is stoic, eyes locked on Linguini.

MC (CONT'D)
 Congratulations to the three
 winning teams, and really to all
 the teams here today. Let's give
 them another big round of applause!

At the applause, we see Skinner turn and skulk down a hallway. Team France slowly packs up, still in shock.

MC (CONT'D)

Now, before we wrap up, every year here at La Bocuse, we give out a special prize to one team regardless of presentation, craftsmanship, professionalism, etcetera; one team that excels in the singular category of taste! I'm speaking, of course, about the Chef's Choice Award. This is my favorite award, personally, because, for me, flavor is everything... and because the winner is chosen by their peers. I just find that so satisfying. Alors! Our Chefs des Cuisines, one from each of the teams here today, have cast their vote, and the winner is, I have to say, indisputable. I, myself, gave the dish a try and, I'll be honest folks, it was otherworldly, like nothing else I've ever tasted. The dish was simple yet unique; not fancy or sophisticated, yet the flavor was profound. I could feel it nourishing my entire body. And that's really what this award is all about. So, without further ado, I am honored to announce this year's Chef Choice award goes to... Team France!

Linguini and the team freeze, unsure if they heard correctly.

MC (CONT'D)

Team France, would you come up and say a few words about this absolutely sensational dish?

The gang slowly resets and makes their way toward the stage.

MC (CONT'D)

Chef Tatou, would you please walk us through this phenomenal meal you prepared for us?

Colette hesitates. She's never been in such a bright spotlight, with the world watching.

COLETTE

Uh, merci Bocuse...

The crowd laughs.

COLETTE (CONT'D)
 I mean... thank you... for this
 recognition. I am deeply honored.

For a moment she revels in the attention, the glory, and
 then...

COLETTE (CONT'D)
 But, the credit for this dish
 belongs to the whole team; one chef
 in particular.

She turns to Linguini, smiles, and steps away from the mic.
 Linguini freezes. The MC and the audience stand by. She
 gives him a kiss on the cheek and whispers something, nods.
 Linguini slowly approaches the microphone.

LINGUINI
 Ahem. Uh...

He looks at Colette. She nods in encouragement.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
 I'd like to make it clear that my
 teammates...
 (indicates Colette & Raul)
 are not responsible for what I'm
 about to... uh...

LINGUINI
 (quietly)
 Ahem. Here goes...
 (to stadium)
 I... helped prepare the food our
 team presented today, including the
 dish that won this award. But, I
 also am not responsible for it.
 The truth is, I have no talent for
 cooking, whatsoever. The chef
 responsible for creating the food
 everyone's raving about isn't me,
 it's my friend.

He glances down at Remy in his chest pocket, hidden from
 view.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
 But, my friend doesn't look like me
 or you. He's different, very
 different, and so he hides, afraid
 to show himself to the world. And
 I've been afraid to let the world
 see him, afraid of what people will
 think.

(MORE)

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

He's as talented as any cook in this building, as talented as any chef anywhere. The fact I'm here today, standing before you with this.

He holds up the award. The crowd remains silent, unsure of where he's going with all this.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

This is proof of just how talented he is.

(beat)

Not only have I not given my friend proper credit, I haven't given the world enough credit. I wonder if maybe I can trust people to judge my friend not by his appearance, but by his abilities. Today you've judged his cooking and he's won your admiration. I hope that is enough, because you may not feel the same about his looks that you do about his food. I know people sometimes fear what they don't understand, and that change can feel scary. New things can seem uncomfortable at first or produce a bitter taste on the palate. But they don't have to. Change can be exciting, interesting, and refreshing. We can decide to be open to new ideas, new possibilities, even new realities. So, I ask you now, will you keep an open mind and welcome my friend from his hiding place, out into the spotlight where he belongs?

The audience is silent. Eventually, a young woman can be heard yelling something, but we can't make out what she says. The audience turns toward her. Linguini shields his eyes from the spotlight and squints to see who is speaking.

LINGUINI

What's that?

We see an officiant run into the bleachers with a microphone. He arrives and hands her the mic.

YOUNG WOMAN

Est-il cuisiner?

LINGUINI

Uh, is he... a cook?

Someone else calls out from the crowd in Italian.

ITALIAN VOICE

é un cuoco?

Then someone in Spanish.

SPANISH VOICE

Es él un cocinero?

Others join in German, Chinese, and English.

GERMAN VOICES

Ist er ein Koch?

CHINESE VOICES

Tā shì chùshī ma?

ENGLISH VOICES

Is he a cook?!

Soon dozens then hundreds are shouting, chanting the question. Remy can't resist. He pokes his head out of Linguini's coat chest pocket and looks around at the arena. As people begin to notice a rat in a toque, sitting in Linguini's pocket (on the jumbotron and such), the noise dies down and the stadium once again becomes silent.

Linguini looks at Remy, smiles, then offers his hand. Remy climbs aboard and Linguini presents him to the crowd: a rat dressed in a chef's outfit, hands clasped together, looking nervous, meek, apprehensive, vulnerable, adorable.

LINGUINI

My friend is many things, many great things. But above all, he is most definitely a cook.

The MC approaches, looking stoic. Linguini takes a step back. The MC faces Linguini, looks him in the eye. He looks utterly confused, stunned. He looks to be considering his options. He looks down at Remy and studies him for a beat.

MC

Did you... cook this meal?

Remy nods, nervously. Without looking away, still looking wildly confounded, the MC slowly reaches to the podium, grabs the microphone, and clears his throat.

MC

Ahem. If your friend is a cook...

The entire arena seems to be holding its breath.

MC (CONT'D)

...then he is one of us!

The crowd explodes! Remy can't believe it! All his greatest hopes and dreams have just been realized! He unclasps his hands and stands up straight, beaming.

The MC turns to his Bocuse comrades off stage, mic lowered a tad but we can still hear him. He shrugs, eyes wide.

MC (CONT'D)

(aside)

Well now I've seen everything.

From the MC's POV, looking offstage, we see Skinner in the b.g. walking back into the arena from the hallway, toilet paper trailing from his shoe. He's adjusting his coat and drying his hands with a paper towel. He tosses the napkin in a rubbish bin, above which a sign reads "Restrooms."

SKINNER

(to his teammates)

So, what'd I miss?

Skinner's teammates are stunned silent, slack-jawed, staring at the MC, Linguini, and Remy on the stage.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

Skinner turns toward the stage, sees Linguini holding up Remy. He goes nuts, rushes the stage, arms outstretched.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

THE RAAAAAAAAAATTTTT!!!

Skinner's deafening yell silences the stadium. He freezes when he realizes no one is reacting. A pair of young, progressive-looking women nearby sneer at him.

PROG WOMAN #1

That's Chef Rat to you, pal!

PROG WOMAN #2

(tapping a rolling pin in her palm)

You got a problem with animals?

SKINNER

B-duh-uh... But, it's a- I uh...

It seems like the entire stadium is sneering at him. He shrinks. The attention shifts back to the MC.

MC

Ladies and Gentlemen, your Bocuse d'Or Chef's Choice winner...

He cups the mic and turns to Linguini.

MC (CONT'D)

What's his name?

LINGUINI

Eh? Oh! Remy. His name is Remy.

MC

Chef Remy! And Team France!

The crowd redoubles their cheering, everyone is on their feet celebrating. The winning teams and everyone on stage are celebrating along with Team France.

EXT. HOUSE, TORTOLÌ - EVENING

The sound of cheering lingers in the background. Linguini is sitting outside the VILLA, in Carlo's old rocking chair. Remy narrates.

REMY (V.O.)

It was like something out of a dream. No longer was it just Anton Ego and a handful of cooks who knew my secret; it was the whole world. Things would never be the same after that.

Giacomo sits next to Linguini on the table with the CHESS BOARD. They look out over the fields and the sea beyond. The sun is setting. The scene is somber. As Remy narrates, we see a recent flashback of the Bocuse Team signing autographs and contracts for book and television deals, etc.

REMY (V.O., CONT'D)

After the Bocuse d'Or was over, the prize money paid out, and the television and book deals signed, Linguini and I returned to Tortolì to check on Carlo and my dad.

Linguini sits in the chair, holding a letter, looking at it longingly. Carlo narrates over various images: Linguini and Carlo playing chess, the two of them in a rowboat on the sea, eating pizza at a café, etc.

CARLO (V.O)

Dearest Nipote, Though brief, I am grateful for the time we shared. I was hoping to tell you more about our family in person, but it seems I am out of time. You may not know, but the name Linguini translates to 'little tongues,' and for good reason. For generations, our family has been the voice for little spirits whose tongues are tied and cannot be understood, or are too small to be heard, or tongues that may not exist at all.

The scenes transition to Remy, Raul, and Chauntelle on the set of a mobile cooking show. A title at the bottom of the screen identifies the show as "Road Rations with Remy and Raul." They are cooking, conversing, laughing, having a blast.

CARLO (V.O., CONT'D)

Like marionettes, we are the performers who tell the story for little souls made invisible by a world that can not or will not see them, and therefore does not accept them.

(then)

It may seem odd, being a puppet for those who need us to perform and speak for them. But it is a noble calling, offering ourselves in service to others. Make no mistake, you should feel proud to be a Linguini, proud of what you have done for Remy, shepherding him onto the world stage for all to see, and, with a bit of luck, to accept.

On Set, Raul holds up Remy's BOOK. We see a close-up of the title: "Ratatouille: The True Story of a Rat, a Frying Pan, and a Dream."

CARLO (V.O., CONT'D)

My father was my story-bearer. For when I was young, I had no tongue at all with which to speak.

(MORE)

CARLO (V.O., CONT'D) (CONT'D)

This sounds strange, I know, but
one day you will understand, and
soon, I hope.

Scene shifts to Linguini in a hard hat, examining blueprints, making notes, drawing architectural lines, shapes, etc., while construction workers rebuild the bistro under Colette's orchestration.

CARLO (V.O., CONT'D)

When I finally had my own voice, I
became the story-bearer for my dear
friend, Enzo, whose great-great-
grandson was your Remy's great-
great-grandfather, or thereabouts.
My, how the winding river of fate
does flow!

Same scene. A SIGN reads, "Coming Soon: TRATTORIA TATOU."
Colette joins Linguini at his work station. They embrace and
kiss.

CARLO (V.O., CONT'D)

Your mother, my sweet daughter -
who incidentally became known as
Madame Renata after she met your
father - was a story-bearer too,
and as a result, had the gift of
foresight, as I'm sure you know.
And, as you now understand well,
you have been the story-bearer for
Remy, whose message is the most
powerful of all; a message that was
also your father's; a message of
possibility: when you believe with
all your heart, regardless of who
you are or where you come from,
anything is possible!

Back in Tortoli, in real time, Linguini lowers the letter and
looks at the sunset. In the corner of our POV we see Remy
and Emile emerge from a grove of trees. They make their way
into a clearing and sit in the field to watch the sunset.

EMILE

You weren't kidding, little
brother. This place is heaven.

REMY

See? Aren't you glad you decided
to step out of your little box and
see a bit of the world?

EMILE

(nods)
 Who knew sunsets could be this
 spectacular?
 (beat)
 It's just too bad Dad isn't here to
 see this.

Remy nods, looking stoic. They sit in silence for a beat.

EMILE

(yelling to o.s.)
 Hurry up, slowpoke! You're going
 to miss the whole thing!

A figure emerges from the grove, enters the clearing. The sunlight reveals Django, wrapped in a blanket, walking with a cane and out of breath.

DJANGO

I'm coming, keep your fur on!

Django joins his sons on the grass. Remy hands him a hunk of cheese. They watch the sunset.

DJANGO (CONT'D)

So, Remy, this grass green enough
 for ya?

Django and Emile smile at Remy. He shrugs and grins.

REMY

This will do. ...For now.

We back away, back to Linguini. He stands, resumes reading his letter as he strolls through the house. We outpace him and get a nice tour of Carlo's VILLA, catching the SUNSET now and then through open windows/ doors.

CARLO (V.O., CONT'D)

I trust you will enjoy and care for Villa Linguini. It has been in our family for generations. She is overdue for some upgrades here and there, but her bones are solid and her foundation strong. With your expertise, you should have no problem returning her to her former glory, the way she was meant to be.

Linguini catches up to us and we exit onto the 3rd floor VERANDA. The view of the sunset is even more spectacular from here. We soar off the veranda toward the setting sun.

CARLO (V.O., CONT'D)
 As with all things, take care of
 her and she will take care of you.

EXT. STREET, TORTOLÌ - DAY

Remy, Linguini, and Giacomo walk as Carlo continues to narrate.

CARLO (V.O., CONT'D)
 Now, there is one final detail to
 clear up: the matter of my
 workshop - the small stone cottage
 at the edge of town, built by my
 father.

They approach a boarded-up, dilapidated COTTAGE with a SIGN barely hanging over the door that reads, "Sig. Linguini, Woodcarver." Giacomo unlocks the door. It creaks hauntingly.

CARLO (V.O., CONT'D)
 Inside, you will find the answers
 you seek... and some you do not.
 The building I leave to you to do
 with what you will. Good luck, mio
 ragazzo.

Giacomo looks back at Remy and Linguini. They look at him, then at each other, then all three enter into the DARKNESS.

We follow. Our vision adjusts to reveal a menagerie of woodcarvings covered in dust, cobwebs, and wood shavings. Cuckoo clocks line the walls. One still ticks ominously. They begin investigating.

Linguini spies a framed (hand-colored) photograph of an old man and a boy with a GOLD BRACELET on his wrist. Though much younger, the boy is recognizably Carlo. A BLUE-COLORED RAT with an Italian hat (or kerchief) sits atop his shoulder. Linguini turns the picture over and reads, "G. Linguini and son, Carlo, with pet rat, Enzo." He looks at Remy.

LINGUINI
 Enzo. Your great-great-great-
 great... whatever. Your ancestor.

Remy nods. Linguini moves on, discovers a leather-bound notebook. He blows the dust off and opens it. We see sketches of marionette bits, plans, notes, math equations, etc. Linguini flips a few pages, then pauses on one. In the corner is a note written in Italian. He translates aloud.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

"A flash of blue from the sky...
and then... a miracle!"

He squints, glances around, picks up a marionette, examines it, looks back at the passage, sets the marionette down and continues to scan the room, spying another framed photograph on the wall, covered in dust. He takes it down, wipes the dust and examines it.

It's a photo of the same man in the other photo, albeit noticeably younger, and apparently the same rat (same hat or kerchief) except he's NOT BLUE.

The marionette sitting on the man's lap looks identical to Carlo in the other photo. Both wear the same outfit and same GOLD BRACELET, both have the same color eyes and hair, same facial features.

Linguini squints at Remy, who shrugs. He turns over the photo and reads, "G. Linguini with pet Enzo and puppet."

He carries the photo across the room, picks up the first photo and examines both side-by-side. The boy and the marionette are unmistakably the same. Remy also examines the photos closely then scampers back to the journal. Catching his drift, Linguini picks up the journal and re-reads.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

"A flash of blue from the sky and
then a miracle!" ... I don't...

GIACOMO

Si, un miracolo.

Remy and Linguini look to Giacomo for answers.

GIACOMO (CONT'D)

It may be difficult to believe, but miracles happen all the time, all around us. We're just too blind, too bullheaded, or too busy to see them. Carlo's story isn't entirely unique. It's all a matter of believing, believing in possibility, believing in yourself. Isn't that right, Auguste?

GUSTEAU

This is true!

The GHOST OF GUSTEAU appears, life-size, rocking back and forth in a carved rocking chair in a dark corner.

REMY & LINGUINI

Gusteau?!

GUSTEAU

Hi Remy. Hello Son.

LINGUINI

Dad?? Wuhhhduhhh-

Gusteau holds up a hand.

GUSTEAU

No time to explain.

He stands, walks to Linguini, places a hand on his shoulder.

GUSTEAU (CONT'D)

I had to come, to tell you that I'm impressed. You made it to the Bocuse d'Or! Something I always wanted to do.

He turns to Remy.

GUSTEAU (CONT'D)

Remy, you've honored me by proving to the world that truly anyone can cook. Thank you. And congratulations on your own book! I know it will inspire others even more than mine did!

He nods at Remy. Remy nods back.

GUSTEAU (CONT'D)

Alfredo, the way you handled yourself in front of everyone, standing up for Remy and telling the truth. I couldn't be prouder.

He embraces Linguini. Somehow, despite being an apparition, he is substantive, if only momentarily - evidenced by his aura being displaced by Linguini's arms, spilling through his fingers, when Linguini eventually returns his embrace.

GUSTEAU (CONT'D)

(quietly to Linguini)

I would've liked to have been there, to watch you grow up, get to know you, the man you have become...

He begins to fade.

LINGUINI

Dad, wait!

GUSTEAU

I cannot stay, Son. I am a cook!
And people need to eat, even in the
afterlife!

He glances at his wrist.

GUSTEAU (CONT'D)

I have a heavenly tartiflette that
needs to come out of the oven. And
you should try my quiche! It's to
die for! ...But not literally! It
can wait.

Gusteau winks. Linguini looks concerned, distraught.

GUSTEAU (CONT'D)

Do not worry, I'll always be close
by. Isn't that right, G?

He looks at Giacomo, who smiles back and begins to sing
lightly.

GIACOMO

(sing-song)

Just a wish upon a star...

GUSTEAU

Remember, be strong-hearted and
believe in yourself.

GIACOMO

(sing-song)

Doesn't matter who you are.

GUSTEAU

Or where you come from.

Giacomo leaps onto Gusteau's shoulder, continuing to hum the
tune as the two move toward the front door.

GUSTEAU (CONT'D)

As long as you believe in yourself,
then you are truly limitless!

They disappear into the sunlight amidst a flash of blue.
Linguini and Remy stare at the doorway a while in utter
disbelief. After a moment, they look at one another and
smile. Linguini holds up the journal, still in his hands.

LINGUINI

A flash of blue.

He glances at Remy. Remy looks at his fur, grabs a handful.

REMY

A flash of blue! That's it! The food in Tortoli, my fur, your grandfather's gift! It's all connected!

He looks at Linguini who looks confused.

REMY (CONT'D)

Don't you see? It was the meteor!

LINGUINI

The meteor... is why I can be controlled like a puppet?

Remy half smiles, shrugs, half nods.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

And why you're the only one who can control me?

Remy smiles, chuckles a bit. Linguini ruminates and then realizes...

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

AND WHY I CAN UNDERSTAND YOU?!?

REMY

You can understand me?

Linguini extends a hand. Remy climbs on. Linguini lifts him up to his face.

LINGUINI

Say something, Little Chef.

REMY

Uh, gee, for the first time in my life I'm speechless.

Linguini smiles.

REMY (CONT'D)

Oh! I know! Andiamo a mangiare! Let's get some food! All this magic and mystery has really worked up my appetite!

LINGUINI
You read my mind Little Chef!

They both laugh.

EXT. TORTOLÌ - DAY

Out on the street, a bit later, they walk along the village road, chatting, laughing...

LINGUINI
Wait till I tell Raul about my new regalo.

Remy laughs. Linguini laughs.

REMY
So, now you know all about your family history. Think you know who you are yet?

Linguini shakes his head.

LINGUINI
I know a whole lot more than I did, that's for sure. But, no, not entirely. But I'm okay with that. It just means there's more to explore.

REMY
Like food combinations!

LINGUINI
Yeeaaaah. Or styles of-

LINGUINI & REMY
Architecture.

REMY
How'd I know that was coming?

They both laugh some more and walk on.

LINGUINI
Being here with Carlo and Giacomo really helped clear up some things; give us some... fresh, well-seasoned perspective. Wouldn't you say?

REMY
 (laughs)
 Sure did!

LINGUINI
 I'm going to miss those guys.

Remy nods. Beat.

LINGUINI
 There's still one thing I don't-

COLETTE
 Alfie?!

LINGUINI
 Colette?!?

They embrace.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)
 What are you doing here? I thought
 you were supervising the
 renovations.

COLETTE
 Nah, the restaurant is practically
 building itself, what with all the
 additional labor. Who knew
 Labarthe and Skinner were so handy
 with a hammer!
 (chuckles)
 Anyway, I had some free time, so we
 figured we'd surprise you.

LINGUINI
 We?

Chauntelle strolls out of a shop, carrying a shopping bag.

REMY
 Hey! Chaun!

CHAUNTELLE
 Oh, hi guys!

She approaches Remy and hugs him. He's beside himself.

CHAUNTELLE (CONT'D)
 So, what have you been up to?

Linguini and Remy look at one another and smile.

REMY

Not much. Wouldn't you agree, Al?

LINGUINI

Yup. Not much at all, pal.

COLETTE

Hang on! Did you- Can you understand him?

Linguini wraps an arm around her, smiles knowingly. Remy does the same to Chauntelle.

REMY

(to Chauntelle)

Come on. We'll catch you up over lunch.

CHAUNTELLE

Yes please! I'm starving.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE OF TRATTORIA TATOU, PARIS - DAY

Talon Labarthe, Skinner, Cyrano, and Andre are dressed in prison jumpsuits, rebuilding the bistro. Guards (including Git and his rat pack) stand watch. All four prisoners are working on the roof, wearing harnesses and roped off.

Andre, the largest of them, slips and tumbles off the roof. He's caught by his harness, but his rope becomes tangled with the other ropes. One by one, all convicts get yanked off the roof. Andre rather enjoys the exciting ride, but the others are none too pleased.

As the four dangle - Labarthe looking frightened for his life - Skinner barks at Andre and everyone within earshot in his usual grumpy fashion. The guards laugh.

GUARD

Ha. They look like marionettes!

GIT

Ha. Marionettes. Good one!

INT. CARLO'S VILLA, TORTOLI - LATE MORNING

Alarm clock buzzing fades in louder and louder. Remy slowly wakes then realizes the time.

REMY

Holy cannoli! We're late!

LINGUINI

Wha? Huh?

REMY

Get up! We're late!

LINGUINI

What, no latte? Not even some waxing legs?

REMY

She's going to wax your eyebrows off if you don't get a move on!

A moment later, Remy and Linguini stand in their tuxes, looking in a mirror.

LINGUINI

Looking good, Little Chef. You ready?

Remy nods and they head out. We stay behind in the house.

REMY (O.S.)

You remember the rings?

Linguini rushes back in, snatches two rings off the coffee table, and rushes back out.

EXT. RESTAURANT GROUNDS, TORTOLI - DAY

Remy and Linguini arrive. The ceremony has already started, wedding music in the air. Chauntelle is waiting at the far end of the aisle. All guests are looking at Remy and Linguini, including Ego, Marianne, Raul (and his partner), Maya, Emile, etc.

REMY

See ya on the other side, brother!

Linguini smiles and nods. As Remy departs, an arm slips around Linguini's. He looks, smiles. She smiles back.

EXT. STREET, ITALY - DAY

Colette, in her wedding dress, sits atop a humming Vespa, wedding bouquet in hand.

COLETTE

Tout le monde est prêt?

CROWD

OUI!!

COLETTE

Un... deux... trois!

She tosses the bouquet into the air over a crowd of excited ladies. Chauntelle, who's sitting with Remy on a branch in a nearby tree, reacts with lightning reflexes, hops up, runs along the branch, and leaps into the air. She's not going to make it, until... Whoosh! She opens her flaps! Turns out she's a flying squirrel!

She glides over the crowd and snatches the bouquet in her mouth, looking triumphant until she realizes she's flying straight toward Colette. The bouquet is making it impossible for her to steer. She crash-lands into the wooden basket on the back of the Vespa. Remy stands, frozen in surprise, still on the branch. Linguini approaches from behind and scoops him up.

LINGUINI

Looks like you're coming with!

Linguini heads to the Vespa, sets Remy in the basket next to Chauntelle, straps on another piece of luggage, and climbs on board. Remy's still stunned, wide-eyed, staring into the distance when Chauntelle kisses him on the cheek and his blue face turns pink.

COLETTE

Alors! C'est parti!

LINGUINI

Ouiiiii!!

She revs the motor.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Ummm...

She stalls.

LINGUINI (CONT'D)

Do we even know where we're going?

COLETTE

No! But, now that you mention it, I was thinking, wherever we end up, maybe we don't come back.

LINGUINI

Don't come back?

COLETTE

For a while.

LINGUINI

What about the restaurant?

COLETTE

It can wait. What about your studies?

LINGUINI

Sabbatical!

Colette, Remy, and Chauntelle laugh. Soundtrack fades in (Tre Minuti by Quartetto Cetra).

COLETTE

It's settled then! Travel the world, sample international cuisine, do some research for La Trattoria...

LINGUINI

You're the boss, boss!

COLETTE

Oui! I am the boss! I don't think I'll get tired of hearing that.
(laughs)
But, what does the chef think?

They all look at Remy.

REMY

Me? Oh! Uh... well... what would Gusteau say?

CHAUNTELLE

(imitating Gusteau)
You must be imaginative!

LINGUINI

(imitating Gusteau)
You must try things that may not work!

ALL IN UNISON

Only the fearless can be great!

They zoom away into the sunset over the Mediterranean, Chauntelle holding her bouquet, Remy waving goodbye to the crowd... and to us.

FADE TO BLACK

AFTER SOME CREDITS, FADE IN FOR AN OUTTAKE

INT. BISTRO DINING ROOM - DAY

Remy shares ideas for the title of his new book with Linguini, Colette, Chauntelle, Ego, Marianne, Raul, Maya, Django, Emile, Git, and Sophia kicking her soccer ball.

REMY

How about Little Chef, Big Dream?

The gang grumbles in general disapproval.

REMY (CONT'D)

The Little Chef That Could?

RAUL

Sí! I like that one!

REMY

Little Chef of Horrors!?

LINGUINI

That sounds about right.

REMY

Little Chef on the Prairie?

COLETTE

What Prairie?

REMY

Little Chef Riding Hood?

DJANGO

Oh, for goodness' sake!

Django gets up to leave.

REMY

Ok, ok. I've got it! How about
Everyone Should Cook!

EGO

Guh?! Absolutely NOT! That's
where I draw the line! I was
willing to accept Gusteau's motto.
But this! This is too much!
Everyone should cook?! Not on your
life!

Ego gets up, storms out, catches up with Django. The front
entry doors open magically in front of him, revealing
blinding white daylight. The two exit and disappear into the
light as the doors close magically behind them.

FADE TO WHITE

SUPERIMPOSE: In Memory of Peter O'Toole, Brian Dennehy,
and Sir Ian Holm.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.