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Ratatouill

e By Brad bird

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Although each of the world's countries
would like to dispute this fact, we
French know the truth:
The best food in the world
is made in France.
The best food in France
is made in Paris.
And the best food in Paris, some say,
is made by Chef Auguste Gusteau.

Gusteau's restaurant
is the toast of Paris,
booked five months in advance.
And his dazzling ascent
to the top of fine French
cuisine has made his competitors
envious. He is the youngest chef
ever
to achieve a five-star rating.
Chef Gusteau's cookbook,
Anyone Can Cook!
climbed to the top of the bestseller
list. But not everyone
celebrates its success.
Amusing title, Anyone Can Cook!
What's even more amusing is that
Gusteau actually seems to believe it.
I, on the other hand,
take cooking seriously.
And, no, I don't think anyone can do it.
This is me.
I think it's apparent
I need to rethink my life a little
bit. What's my problem?
First of all, I'm a rat.
Which means life is hard.
And second, I have a highly developed
sense of taste and smell.
Flour, eggs, sugar, vanilla
bean... Oh! Small twist of lemon.
Whoa, you can smell all that?
You have a gift.
This is Emile, my brother.
He's easily impressed.
So you can smell ingredients?
So what?

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This is my dad. He's never
impressed. He also happens to be
the leader of our clan.
So, what's wrong
with having highly developed senses?
- Whoa, whoa, whoa! Don't eat that!

- What's going on here?
Turns out that funny smell
was rat poison.
Suddenly, Dad didn't think
my talent was useless.
I was feeling pretty good about my
gift, until Dad gave me a job.
Clean.
Clean.
That's right. Poison checker.
Cleanerific.
Cleanerino.
Close to godliness.
Which means clean.
You know, cleanliness is close to...
Never mind. Move on.
Well, it made my dad proud.
Now, don't you feel better, Remy?
You've helped a noble cause.
Noble? We're thieves, Dad.
And what we're stealing is,
let's face it, garbage.
It isn't stealing if no one wants
it. If no one wants it,
why are we stealing it?
Let's just say
we have different points of view.
This much I knew:
If you are what you eat,
then I only want to eat the good
stuff. But to my dad...
Food is fuel.
You get picky about what you put in
the tank, your engine is gonna die.
Now shut up and eat your garbage.
Look, if we're going to be thieves,
why not steal the good stuff
in the kitchen,

where nothing is poisoned?
First of all, we are not
thieves. Secondly, stay out of
the kitchen and away from the

humans.

It's dangerous.

I know

I'm supposed to hate humans,
but there's something about them.

They don't just survive.

They discover, they create.

I mean,

just look at what they do with
food. How can I describe it?

Good food is like music you can
taste, color you can smell.

There is excellence all around
you. You need only be aware to stop
and savor it.

Oh, Gusteau was right.

Oh, mmm, yeah.

Oh, amazing.

Each flavor was totally unique. But
combine one flavor with another,
and something new was created. So
now I had a secret life.

The only one who knew about
it was Emile.

Hey, Emile. Emile.

I found a mushroom.

Come on, you're good at hiding food.

Help me find a good place to put
this. He doesn't understand me,
but I can be myself around him.

Why are you walking like that?

I don't want to constantly
have to wash my paws.

Did you ever think about how we
walk on the same paws

that we handle food with?

You ever think about

what we put into our mouths?

All the time.

When I eat, I don't want to taste
everywhere my paws have been.

Well, go ahead.

But if Dad sees you walking like that, he's not going to like it.

What have you got there?

Ah, oh, oh...

You found cheese?

And not just any cheese.

Tomme de chvre de pays!

That would go beautifully with my mushroom.

And...

This rosemary! This rosemary with maybe with a few drops from this sweet grass.

Well, throw it on the pile, I guess, and then we'll... You know...

We don't want to throw this in with the garbage. This is special.

But we're supposed to return to the colony before sundown or, you know, Dad's gonna...

Emile!

There are possibilities unexplored here.

We got to cook this.

Now, exactly how we cook this is the real question...

Yeah.

The key is to keep turning it. Get the smoky flavor nice and even. That storm's getting closer.

Hey, Remy, you think that maybe we shouldn't be so...

You got to taste this!

This is... It's got this kind of... It's burny, melty...

It's not really a smoky taste.

It's a certain... It's kind of like a... It's got, like, this "ba-boom, zap" kind of taste. Don't you think? -

What would you call that flavor? -

Lightning-y?

Yeah. It's lightning-y!

We got to do that again.

Okay, when the next storm comes, we'll go up on the roof...

I know what this needs! Saffron!
A little saffron would make this!
Saffron. Why do I get the feeling

- it's in the kitchen?

- It's in the kitchen.

Saffron.

- Not good.

Saffron.

Don't like it. She's gonna wake up.
I've been down here a million times.
She turns on the cooking channel,
boom, she never wakes up.

You've been here a million times? I'm
telling you, saffron will be just the
thing. Gusteau swears by it. Okay.

Who's Gusteau?

Just the greatest chef in the
world. Wrote this cookbook.

Wait. You read?

- Well, not excessively.

- Oh, man. Does Dad know?

You could fill a book, a lot
of books, with things Dad doesn't
know. And they have, which is why I
read. Which is also our secret.

I don't like secrets.

All this cooking
and reading and TV-watching
while we read and cook.

It's like you're involving me in
crime, and I let you.

Why do I let you?

What's taking those kids so long?

Ah, I'Aquila saffron. Italian. Huh?

Gusteau says it's excellent.

Good thing the old lady is a food
love... Forget mystique.

This is about your cooking.

Hey! That's Gusteau. Emile,
look. Great cooking
is not for the faint of heart.

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Great cooking
is not for the faint of
heart. You must be
imaginative,
strong hearted.
You must try things that may not work.
And you must not let anyone
define your limits
because of where you come from.
Your only limit is your soul.
What I say is true. Anyone can cook.
But only the fearless can be great.
Pure poetry.
But it was not to last.
Gusteau's restaurant lost
one of its five stars
after a scathing review
by France's top food critic, Anton Ego.
It was a severe blow to Gusteau, and
the brokenhearted chef
died shortly afterwards,
which, according to tradition,
meant the loss of another star.
Gusteau is dead?
Oh!
Oh! Oh!
Oh!
Run!
No, you'll lead her to the colony!
- Help, Remy, help!
- Emile! Start swinging the
light! - Help, Remy, help!
- Emile! Start swinging the
light! Try to grab you.
Emile, swing to me.
Evacuate! Everyone, to the
boats. Let me through!
- The book.
Let me through!

- The book.

Excuse me. Move, move.

Go, go, go, go. Move, move, move.

Get the bridge up! Move it, move it! Hey, Johnny! Hurry!

Push off. Come on.

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Get hold!

- Take the baby. Here!

- Give me your paw.

Hey, wait for me!

Is everybody here?

Do we have everybody?

- Wait a minute. Where's

Remy? - Right here. I'm coming.

I'm coming!

Hold on, Son.

Give him something to grab on to. Come on, boy. Paddle, Son.

Come on. Reach for it.

You can do it.

- Remy!

- Dad!

Come on. You can make it.

You can make it.

Guys, wait. Stop!

Remy. Come on. Paddle.

Hold on! Wait for me. Hold on. Dad?

Dad?

Which way?

I waited

for a sound,

a voice,

a sign,

something.

If you are hungry,

go up and look around, Remy.

Why do you wait and mope?

Well, I've just lost my family, all my friends,

probably forever.

- How do you know?

- Well, I...

You are an illustration.

Why am I talking to you?

Well, you just lost your family,
all your friends. You are lonely.

Yeah. Well, you're dead.

Ah, but that is no match
for wishful thinking.

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If you focus on what you've left
behind, you'll never be able to see
what lies ahead.

Now go up and look around.

Oh!

Champagne!

What are you doing?

I'm hungry.

I don't know where I am,

and I don't know

when I'll find food again.

Remy, you are better than that.

You are a cook.

A cook makes. A thief takes.

You are not a thief.

But I am hungry.

Food will come, Remy.

Food always comes

to those who love to cook.

- You think I am playing?

- You don't have the guts.

Paris?

All this time

I've been underneath Paris?

Wow.

It's beautiful.

The most beautiful.

Gusteau's? Your restaurant?

You've led me to your restaurant.

It seems as though I have. Yes.

There it is! I have led you to it!

I got to see this.

Ready to go on table seven.

Coming around.

One order of steamed pike up.

Coming up.

I need

more soup bowls, please.

I need two rack of lamb.

I need more leeks.

I need two salmon, three
salade compose, and three

filet. Three orders

of salade compose working.

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Firing two orders, seared salmon.

Three filet working. I need
plates. Fire seven.

Three salade compose up.

Don't mess with my mise!

Open down low.

I'm getting buried here.

Hello, Chef Skinner.

How your night be now?

Bonjour, chef.

Hello, Chef Skinner.

- Evening, chef.

Ordering deux filet.

Hey, boss, look who is here.

Alfredo Linguini, Renata's little boy.

- Hi.

- All grown up, eh?

You remember Renata,

Gusteau's old flame?

- Yes. How are you...

- Linguini.

Yes, Linguini. So nice of you to visit.

How is...

- My mother?

- Renata.

- Yes, Renata. How is she?

- Good.

Well, not... She's been better. I mean...

She died.

Oh.

I'm sorry.

Oh, don't be. She believed in
heaven, so she's covered.

You know, afterlife-wise?

- What's this?
- She left it for you.
I think she hoped it would help
me, you know, get a job here.
But of course.
Gusteau wouldn't hesitate.
Any son of Renata's is more than...
Yes, well, we could file this
and if something suitable opens
up... We have already hired him.

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What? How dare you hire someone
without my...
We needed a garbage boy.
Oh, garbage. Well...
I'm glad it worked out.
Uh...
I can't believe it.
A real gourmet kitchen,
and I get to watch.
You've read my book.
Let us see how much you know,
huh? Which one is the chef?
Oh! Uh...
- Oh, that guy.
- Very good.
Who is next in command?
The sous chef. There.
The sous is responsible for the
kitchen when the chef's not around.
Saucier, in charge of sauces.
Very important.
Chef de partie, demi chef de
partie, both important.
Commis, commis, they're
cooks. Very important.
You are a clever rat. Now, who is that?
Oh, him? He's nobody.
Not nobody. He is part of the kitchen.
No, he's a plongeur or something. He
washes dishes or takes out
the garbage. He doesn't cook.
- But he could.

- Uh, no.
How do you know?
What do I always say?
Anyone can cook.
Well, yeah, anyone can.
That doesn't mean that anyone
should. Well,
that is not stopping him.
See? What is he doing?
No. No! No, this is terrible!
He's ruining the soup.
And nobody's noticing?

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It's your restaurant. Do
something. What can I do?
I am a figment of your
imagination. But he's ruining the
soup!
We got to tell someone that he's...
But he's ruining the soup!
We got to tell someone that he's...
Table five coming up,
right now.
Coming down the line.
Set.
Ah!
Hot! Open oven!
Ah!
Coming around.
Ooh!
Oui, chef.
One filet mignon, three lamb, two
duck. Fire those souffls
for table six, ja.
Five minutes, chef.
- Oh, God.
Tonight,
I'd like to present the foie
gras. It has a wonderful finish.
Ooh!
- Ah!
Hmm.
Ready to go on table seven.

Come on! Let's go!
Oui, chef.
Remy! What are you waiting for? Is this going to become a regular thing with you?
You know how to fix it.
This is your chance.
The soup! Where is the soup?
Out of my way.
Move it, garbage boy!
You are cooking?
How dare you cook in my kitchen? Where do you get the gall to even attempt something so monumentally idiotic?

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I should have you drawn and quartered!
I'll do it. I think the law is on my side. Larousse, draw and quarter this man after you put him in the duck press to squeeze the fat out of his head. - What are you blathering about? - The soup!
Soup?
Stop that soup!
No!
Waiter.
Linguini!
You're fired!
F-l-R-E-D! Fired!
She wants to see the chef.
But he...
- What did the customer say?
- It was not a customer. It was a critic. - Ego?
- Solene LeClaire.
- LeClaire? What did she say?
- She likes the soup.
- Wait.
- What do you mean, "Wait"?
You're the reason I'm in this mess.
Someone is asking about your soup.

What are you playing at?
Am I still fired?
You can't fire him.
- What?
LeClaire likes it, yeah?
She made a point of telling you so.
If she write a review to that
effect and find out you fired
the cook responsible...
- He's a garbage boy.
- Who made something she liked.
How can we claim to represent
the name of Gusteau
if we don't uphold
his most cherished belief?
And what belief is that,
Mademoiselle Tatou?

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Anyone can cook.
Perhaps I have been a bit
harsh on our new garbage boy.
He has taken a bold risk
and we should reward that,
as Chef Gusteau would have.
If he wishes
to swim in dangerous waters,
who are we to deny him?
- You were escaping?
- Oh, yeah.
Since you have expressed
such an interest in his cooking
career, you shall be responsible for
it. Anyone else?
Then back to work.
You are either very lucky
or very unlucky.
You will make the soup again,
and this time, I'll be paying
attention. Very close attention.
They think you might be a cook. But
you know what I think, Linguini? I
think you are a sneaky,
overreaching little...
Rat!

- Rat!

Get the rat.

Linguini. Get something to trap
it. It's getting away.

Get it, get it, get it.

- What should I do now?

- Kill it.

- Now?

- No, not in the kitchen. Are you
mad? Do you know what would happen to
us if anyone knew

we had a rat in our kitchen?

They'd close us down.

Our reputation is hanging by a
thread as it is.

Take it away from here. Far
away. Kill it. Dispose of it. Go!

Whoa!

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Doh!

Don't look at me like that!

You aren't the only one who's trapped. They expect me to cook
it again! I mean, I'm not ambitious.

I wasn't trying to cook.

I was just trying to stay out of trouble. You're the one who
was getting fancy with the spices!

What did you throw in there? Oregano? No? What? Rosemary?

That's a spice, isn't it? Rosemary? You didn't throw rosemary
in there? Then what was all the flipping
and all the throwing the...

I need this job. I've lost so many. I don't know how to cook,
and now I'm actually talking to a rat as if you... Did you
nod?

Have you been nodding?

You understand me?

So I'm not crazy!

Wait a second, wait a second.

I can't cook, can I?

But you...

You can, right?

Look, don't be so modest.

You're a rat, for Pete's sake.

Whatever you did, they liked it. Yeah. This could work.

Hey, they liked the soup!

They liked the soup.

Do you think you could do it again? Okay, I'm going to let you out now. But we're together on this. Right? Okay.

So this is it.

I mean, it's not much, but it's, you know...

Not much.

It could be worse.

There's heat and light
and a couch with a TV.

So, you know, what's mine is yours. Page 15/48

Are you...

Is this a dream?

The best kind of dream.

One we can share.

But why here?

Why now?

Why not here?

Why not now?

What better place to dream
than in Paris?

Morning, Little Chef. Rise and...

Oh, no.

Idiot! I knew this would
happen! I let a rat into my
place

and tell him what's mine is
his! Eggs, gone!

Stupid! He's stolen food
and hit the road! What did I
expect? That's what I get for
trusting a... Hi. Is that for me?

Mmm!

That's good. What did you put in
this? Where'd you get that?

Look, it's delicious. But don't
steal. I'll buy some spices, okay?

Oh, no. We're going to be
late. And on the first day!

Come on, Little Chef!

"Though I, like many other critic,
"had written off Gusteau as
irrelevant since the great chef's

death,

"the soup was a revelation.

A spicy yet subtle taste experience."

- Solene LeClaire?

- Yes!

"Against all odds,

Gusteau's has recaptured our attention.

"Only time will tell if they deserve it."

Well...

You know.

Look, I know it's stupid and weird,

but neither of us can do this alone,

so we got to do it together, right?

You with me?

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So let's do this thing!

I...

Welcome to hell.

Now, recreate the soup.

Take as much time as you need.

All week if you must.

Soup.

You little...

Ow!

You son of a...

You got...

This is not going to work, Little Chef! I'm going to lose it if we do this anymore.

We've got to figure out something else. Something that doesn't involve

any biting, or nipping, or running up and down my body with your little rat feet.

The biting! No! Scampering! No! No scampering or scurrying.

Understand, Little Chef?

Little Chef?

Oh, you're hungry.

Okay. So let's think this out.

You know how to cook, and I know how to appear human.

We need to work out a system so that I do what you want

in a way that doesn't look like I'm being controlled by a tiny rat chef. Would you listen to me? I'm insane! I'm insane! I'm insane!

In a refrigerator talking to a rat about cooking in a gourmet restaurant. - I will never pull this off!

- Linguini?

We gotta communicate.

I can't be constantly checking for a yes or no head shake from a... The rat! I saw it!

- A rat?

- Yes, a rat. Right next to you. Page 17/48

What are you doing in here?

I'm just familiarizing myself with, you know, the vegetables and such. Get out.

One can get too familiar with vegetables, you know!

That was close. Are you okay up there? Whoa!

How did you do that?

That's strangely involuntary!

One look and I knew we had the same crazy idea.

Okay.

Huh?

Where are you taking me? Wait.

Whoa!

Wait. I'm sorry.

Whoa!

Okay.

Mmm-hmm...

Okay.

Whoa!

Whoa!

votre sant!

All right.

That should do it.

Mmm.

Congratulations. You were able to repeat your accidental success. But you'll need to know more than soup if you are to survive in my kitchen, boy. Colette will be responsible for teaching you how we do

things here. Listen, I just want you to
know how honored I am
to be studying under such...
No! You listen. I just want you to know
exactly who you are dealing with. How
many women
do you see in this kitchen?
Well, I...
- Only me. Why do you think that
is? - Well, I...
Because haute cuisine

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is an antiquated hierarchy
built upon rules
written by stupid old men.
Rules designed to make it impossible for women to enter this
world.
But still I'm here. How did this happen? Because, well,
because you...
Because I am the toughest cook
in this kitchen.
I've worked too hard
for too long to get here
and I am not going to jeopardize it for some garbage boy who
got lucky. Got it?
Wow!
Easy to cook. Easy
to eat. Gusteau makes Chinese food Chine-easy.
- Excellent work, Francois, as usual. - It's good, isn't it?
I want you to work up something for my latest frozen food
concept. Gusteau's Corn Puppies.
They're like corn dogs, only smaller. Bite size.
What are corn dogs?
Cheap sausages dipped in batter and deep fried. You know,
American. Cheap sausages dipped in batter and deep fried. You
know, American. Whip something up.
Maybe Gusteau in overalls
and Huckleberry Tom hat.
Or as a big ear of corn
in doggie make-up.
Yes.
But, please, with dignity.
Get my lawyer!

Well, the will stipulates
that if after a period of two years from the date of death
no heir appears,
Gusteau's business interests
will pass to his sous chef. You. Page 19/48

I know what the will stipulates. What I want to know is if
this letter... If this boy changes anything!
There's not much resemblance.
There's no resemblance at all.
He is not Gusteau's son.
Gusteau had no children,
and what of the timing of all this? The deadline in the will
expires in less than a month!

Suddenly,
some boy arrives with a letter
from his recently deceased mother claiming Gusteau is his
father? Highly suspect!

- This is Gusteau's?

- Yes, yes, yes.

- May I?

- Of course.

But the boy does not know.

She claims she never told him,

or Gusteau, and asks that I not tell. - Why you? What does she
want?

- A job for the boy.

- Only a job?

- Well, yes.

Then what are you worried about? If he works here,
you'll be able to keep an eye on him while I do a little
digging.

Find out how much of this is real. I will need you
to collect some DNA samples
from the boy. Hair, maybe.

Mark my words.

The whole thing is highly suspect. He knows something.

Relax, he's a garbage boy.

I think you can handle him.

What are you doing?

I'm cutting vegetables.

I'm cutting vegetables?

No! You waste energy and time!

like Mommy in the kitchen?
Well, Mommy never had to face
the dinner rush when the
orders come flooding in,
and every dish is different
and none are simple,
and all of the different cooking
times, but must arrive on the
customer's table at exactly the same
time,
hot and perfect!
Every second counts,
and you cannot be Mommy!
What is this? Keep your station clear!
When the meal rush comes,
what will happen?
Messy stations slow things down.
Food doesn't go, orders pile
up. Disaster.
I'll make this easy to
remember. Keep your station
clear,
or I will kill you!
Your sleeves
look like you threw up on
them. Keep your hands and arms
in,
close to the body. Like this.
See? Always return to this
position. Cooks move fast. Sharp
utensils, hot metal, keep your
arms in.
You will minimize cuts and burns
and keep your sleeves clean.

Mark of a chef:

Messy apron, clean sleeves.
I know the Gusteau style
cold. In every dish, Chef
Gusteau
always has something
unexpected. I will show you.

I memorize all his recipe.

- Always do something unexpected. - No. Follow the recipe.

- But you just said that...

- No, no, no.

It was his job to be unexpected. It is our job to...

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- Follow his recipes.

- Follow the recipe.

How do you tell how good bread is without tasting it?

Not the smell, not the look, but the sound of the crust.

Listen.

Symphony of crackle.

Only great bread sound this way.

The only way to get the best produce is to have first pick of the day and there are only two way to get first pick.

Grow it yourself, or bribe a grower.

Voil! The best restaurant get first pick.

People think haute cuisine is snooty. So chef must also be snooty.

But not so.

Lalo there ran away from home at 12. Got hired by circus people as an acrobat.

And then he get fired for messing around with the ringmaster's daughter.

Horst has done time.

LINGUINI:

No one know for sure. He changes the story every time you ask him. I defrauded a major corporation. I robbed the second largest bank in France using only a ballpoint pen. I created a hole in the ozone over Avignon.

I killed a man with this
thumb. Don't ever play cards
with Pompidou.
He's been banned from Las
Vegas and Monte Carlo.
- Larousse ran gun for the
Resistance. - Which resistance?
He won't say.
Apparently, they didn't win.
So you see.

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We are artist, pirate.
More than cooks are we.
- We?
- Oui. You are one of us now,
oui? Oui. Thank you, by the way,
for all the advice about
cooking. - Thank you, too.
- For what?
For taking it.
Huh?
The rat!
- But he is a...
- I just dropped my keys.
Have you decided this evening?
- Your soup is excellent.
But... - But we order it every
time.
- What else do you have?
- Well, we have a very nice foie
gras. I know about the foie gras.
The old standby,
used to be famous for it.
What does the chef have that's new?
- Someone has asked what is new! -
New?
Yes. What do I tell them?
- Well, what did you tell
them? - I told them I would
ask!
What are you blathering about? -
Customers are asking what is new.
- What should I tell them?

- What did you tell them?

- I told them I would ask!

This is simple.

Just pull out an old Gusteau recipe, something we haven't made in a while...

They know about the old stuff. They like Linguini's soup.

They are asking for food from Linguini? A lot of customers like the soup. That's all we are saying.

Were we saying that?

Very well. If it's Linguini they want tell them Chef Linguini has prepared

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something special for them.

Something definitely off menu.

Oh, and don't forget to stress

- its Linguini-ness.

- Oui, chef.

Now is your chance to try something worthy of your talent, Linguini. A forgotten favorite of the chef's, sweetbread la Gusteau.

- Colette will help you.

- Oui, chef.

Now, hurry up. Our diners are hungry.

Are you sure?

That recipe was a disaster.

Gusteau himself said so.

Just the sort of challenge a budding chef needs.

"Sweetbread la Gusteau.

"Sweetbread cooked in a seaweed salt crust
"with cuttlefish tentacle,
dog rose pure,

"geoduck egg, dried white fungus? "Anchovy licorice sauce."

I don't know this recipe, but it's Gusteau's, so...

Lalo! We have

some veal stomach soaking,
yes? Yes!
The veal stomach, I get that.
Veal stomach?
Oh!
Okay.
I'll be right back. Where...
Hey, I got to... Hey!
Don't mind me.
I just need to borrow this real
quick. Let's see, over here...
I'll be back.
Thank you.
Excuse me. I'm going to...
Apparently, I need this. I'll be right...
I'm going to pick that up.
I got some of that spice.

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Okay.
What are you doing? You're supposed
to be preparing the Gusteau recipe.
This is the recipe.
The recipe doesn't call
for white truffle oil!
What else have you...
You are improvising?
This is no time to
experiment. The customer are
waiting.
You're right. I should listen to you!
- Stop that!
- Stop what?
Freaking me out!
Whatever you are doing, stop it.
Where is the special order?
- Coming!
- I thought we were together on
this. - We are together.
- Then what are you doing?
- It's very hard to explain.
- The special?
- Come get it!
Whoa, whoa.

I forgot the anchovy licorice
sauce. - Don't you dare.

- I'm not, I'm not. I'm...

Sorry.

Is Linguini's dish done yet?

Ja. It's as bad as we
remember. Just went out.

- Did you taste it?

- Ja, of course, before he changed
it. Good. What? How could he change
it? He changed it

as it was going out the door!

Ow!

They love it!

Other diners are already
asking about it, about
Linguini. I have seven more
orders!

That's wonderful.

I'd like one of those.

Special order!

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What is that?

Special order! Special order!

Special order!

To Linguini.

- Congratulations, Mr.

Linguini. - Cheers, ja?

Drink now, there's plenty.

Take a break, Little Chef. Get some
air. We really did it tonight.

Dah!

Got your toque!

Oh, seriously now.

I'd love to have a little talk with
you, Linguini, in my office.

- Am I in trouble?

- Trouble? No.

A little wine, a friendly chat.

Just us cooks.

The plongeur won't be coming to
you for advice anymore, eh,
Colette? He's gotten all he needs.

Toasting your success, eh,
Linguini? Good for you.
I just took it to be polite.
I don't really drink, you
know. Of course you don't.
I wouldn't either if I was drinking
that. But you would have to be an idiot
of elephantine proportions
not to appreciate
this '61 Chteau Latour.
And you, Monsieur Linguini,
are no idiot.
Let us toast your non-idiocy.
- Remy!
- Emile?
I can't believe it! You're
alive! - You made it!
- I thought I'd never see you guys
again! We figured
you didn't survive the rapids.
And what are you eating?
I don't really know.
I think it was

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some sort of wrapper once.
What? No.
You're in Paris now, baby. My town.
No brother of mine eats rejectamenta
in my town.
Remy! You are stealing?
You told Linguini he could trust you.
- And he can. It's for my brother. -
But the boy could lose his job. Which
means I would, too.
It's under control, okay?
- More wine?
- I shouldn't, but... Okay.
So, where did you train,
Linguini? Train? All right.
Surely you don't expect me to
believe this is your first time
cooking? - It's not.
- I knew it!

It's my... Second, third,
fourth... Fifth time.
Monday was my first time.
But I've taken out the garbage
lots of times before that...
Yes, yes. Have some more wine.
Tell me, Linguini, about your
interests. Do you like animals?
What?
Animals? What kind?
The usual, dogs, cats, horses,
guinea pigs,
rats.
I brought you something to...
No, no, no, no!
Spit that out right now!
- Don't just work it down!
- Too late.
Here.
Chew it slowly.
Only think about the taste.
- See?
- Not really.
Creamy, salty sweet,
an oaky nuttiness.

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- You detect that?
- Oh, I'm detecting nuttiness.
Close your eyes. Now taste
this. Whole different thing,
right?
Sweet, crisp, slight tang on the
finish. - Okay.
- Now, try them together.
Okay.
I think I'm getting
a little something there.
- It might be the nuttiness.
- See?
- Could be the tang.
- That's it.
Now, imagine every great taste
in the world
being combined

into infinite combinations.
Tastes that no one has tried
yet! Discoveries to be made!
I think...
- You lost me again.
- Yeah.
But that was interesting.
Most interesting garbage I ever...
Hey! What are we doing?
Dad doesn't know you're alive
yet! We've got to go to the
colony!
Everyone will be thrilled!
- Yeah! But...
- What?
Thing is, I kind of have to...
What do you "have to"
more than family?
What's more important here?
Well, I...
It wouldn't hurt to visit.
- Have you had a pet rat?
- No.
- Did you work in a lab with
rats? - No.
Perhaps you lived in squalor
at some point?
Nopety nopety no.

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You know something about rats!
You know you do!
You know who know do whacka-doo. Ratta-tatta.
- Hey! Why do they call it that? - What?
Ratatouille. It's like a stew, right? Why do they call it
that?
If you're going to name a food,
you should give it a name
that sounds delicious.
Ratatouille doesn't sound delicious. It sounds like "rat" and
"patootie." Rat patootie.
Which does not sound delicious.
Regrettably we are all out of wine. My son has returned!
And finding someone to replace you for poison checker has been

a disaster. Nothing's been poisoned, thank God, but it hasn't been easy.

- You didn't make it easy.

- I know. I am sorry, Dad.

Well, the important thing is that you're home.

Yeah, well, about that...

You look thin. Why is that?

A shortage of food,

or a surplus of snobbery?

It's tough out there in the big world all alone, isn't it?

Sure, but it's not like I'm a kid anymore. - Hey. Hey, boy.

What's up?

- I can take care of myself.

I've found a nice spot not far away, so I'll be able to visit often.

Nothing like a cold splash of reality to make you...

- Visit?

- I will. I promise. Often.

- You're not staying?

- No. It's not a big deal, Dad. I just... You didn't think

I was going to stay forever, did you? Page 29/48

Eventually,

a bird's got to leave the nest.

We're not birds. We're rats.

We don't leave our nests.

We make them bigger.

- Well, maybe I'm a different kind of

rat. - Maybe you're not a rat at all.

Maybe that's a good thing.

Hey! The band's

really on tonight, huh?

Rats. All we do is take, Dad.

I'm tired of taking.

I want to make things.

I want to add something to this world. - You're talking like a human.

- Who are not as bad as you say. -

Oh, yeah? What makes you so sure?

- Oh, man.

I've been able to

observe them

at a close-ish sort of range.

- Yeah? How close?

- Close enough.

And they're, you know,
not so bad as you say they are.

Come with me.

I got something I want you to see.

You know, I'm going to stay here.

Make sure the floors and countertops
are clean before you lock up.

Wait. You want me to stay and clean?

Is that a problem?

- No.

- Good boy. See you tomorrow.

We're here.

Take a good long look, Remy.

Now, this is what happens

when a rat gets

a little too comfortable around

humans. The world we live in

belongs to the enemy.

We must live carefully.

We look out for our own kind, Remy.

When all is said and done,

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we're all we've got.

- No.

- What?

No. Dad, I don't believe it.

You're telling me that the future is...

Can only be more of this?

This is the way things are.

You can't change nature.

Change is nature, Dad.

The part that we can

influence. And it starts when

we decide.

- Where you going?

- With luck, forward.

Hey! Yeah.

Stop it.

Good morning.

Good morning.

So, the chef,

he invited you in for a drink?

That's big.

That's big. What did he say?

What?

What, you can't tell me?

Oh!

Forgive me for intruding on your deep, personal relationship with the chef. Oh, I see how it is.

You get me to teach you a few kitchen tricks to dazzle the boss and then you blow past me?

Wake up. Wake up.

I thought you were different.

I thought you thought I was different. I thought...

I didn't have to help you!

If I looked out only for myself, I would have let you drown!

But...

I wanted you to succeed. I liked you. My mistake.

Colette. Wait, wait. Colette!

It's over, Little Chef.

I can't do it anymore.

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Colette! Wait, wait!

Don't motorcycle away.

Look, I'm no good with words.

I'm no good with food either.

At least not without your help.

I hate false modesty.

It's just another way to lie.

- You have talent.

- No, but I don't! Really! It's not me. When I added that extra ingredient instead of following the recipe like you said,

that wasn't me either.

- What do you mean?

- I mean, I wouldn't have done

that. I would've followed the
recipe. I would've followed your
advice. I would've followed your
advice to the ends of the earth.

- Because I love your advice.

- But...

But I...

Don't do it.

I have a secret. It's sort of
disturbing. - I have a...

- What? You...

- I have a ra...

- You have a rash?

No, no, no. I have this...

This tiny little...

Little...

A tiny chef

who tells me what to do.

A tiny chef?

Yes. Yes. He's...

- He's up here.

- In your brain?

Why is it so hard to talk to you?

Okay. Here we go.

You inspire me. I'm going to risk it all.

I'm going to risk looking like the
biggest idiot psycho you've ever seen.

You want to know why

I'm such a fast learner?

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You want to know why

I'm such a great cook?

Don't laugh! I'm going to show
you! No! No!

- What is it, Ambrister?

- Gusteau's.

- Finally closing, is it?

- No.

- More financial trouble?

- No, it's...

Announced a new line

of microwave egg rolls?

What? What? Spit it out.

It's come back. It's popular.

- I haven't reviewed Gusteau's in years. - No, sir.

My last review condemned it
- to the tourist trade.

- Yes, sir.

I said, "Gusteau has finally found his rightful place in history "right alongside another equally famous chef, "Monsieur Boyardee."

Touch.

That is where I left it.

That was my last word.

- The last word.

- Yes.

Then tell me, Ambrister, how could it be popular?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no!

The DNA matches, the timing works, everything checks out.

He is Gusteau's son.

This can't just happen!

The whole thing is a setup!

The boy knows!

Look at him out there, pretending to be an idiot.

He's toying with my mind like a cat with a ball of...

Something. - String?

- Yes! Playing dumb.

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- Taunting me with that rat.

- Rat?

Yes. He's consorting with it. Deliberately trying to make me think it's important.

- The rat.

- Exactly!

Is the rat important?

Of course not!

He just wants me to think that it is.

Oh, I see the theatricality of it. A rat appears on the boy's first night, I

order him to kill it.

And now he wants me
to see it everywhere.

Ooh!

It's here! No, it isn't, it's here! Am
I seeing things, am I crazy? Is there a
phantom rat or is there not? But, oh,
no!

I refuse to be sucked into
his little game of...
Should I be concerned about
this? About you?

Huh?

I can't fire him. He's getting
attention. If I fire him now,
everyone will wonder why.
And the last thing I want
is people looking into this.
What are you so worried about?
Isn't it good to have the press?
Isn't it good to have Gusteau's
name getting headlines?
Not if they're over his face!
Gusteau's already has a face,
and it's fat and lovable and
familiar. And it sells burritos!
Millions and millions of burritos!
The deadline passes in three
days. Then you can fire him
whenever he ceases to be valuable
and no one will ever know.
I was worried

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about the hair sample you gave me. - I had to send them back
to the lab. - Why?
Because the first time it came back identified as rodent hair.
- No, no, no.

- **LINGUIN1:**

Try this. It's better.
Well, because you...
Whoa!
Rat!
Disgusting little creatures.

I was reminded
how fragile it all was.
How the world really saw me.
And it just kept getting better. Remy!
Remy!
Psst! Psst!
Hey, hey, hey, little brother! We were afraid you weren't
going to, you know, show up.
- Hey, Remy! How you doing?
- You told them?
Emile,
that's exactly what I said not to do! But you know these guys.
They're my friends.
I didn't think you meant them. Look, I'm sorry.
Don't tell me you're sorry,
tell them you're sorry.
- Is there a problem over here? - No, there is not.
Wait here.
It's locked?
Hmm...
Remy, what are you doing in here? Okay. Emile shows up with...
Okay, I said not to. I told him... He goes and blabs to...
Yeah, it's a disaster.
Anyway, they're hungry, the food safe Page 35/48

is locked and I need the key.
- They want you to steal
food? - Yes. No! It's...
- They want you to steal
food? - Yes. No! It's...
It's complicated. It's
family. They don't have your
ideals.
Ideals?
If Chef Fancy Pants had any
ideals, you think I'd be hawking
barbecue over here?
Or microwave burritos?
Or, Tooth, I say,
Tooth Pick'n Chicken?
About as French as a corn dog!
Coming soon!
We're inventing new ways
to sell out over here.

Will ye be wanting some haggis bites?

I cannot control

how they use my image, Remy.

- I am dead!

- Can you guys shut up?

I've got to think! Word's getting out. If I can't keep them quiet, the entire clan's gonna be after me with their mouths open and...

Here it is.

Hey. Your will!

- Oh, this is interesting. Mind if I... - Not at all.

Linguini?

Why would Linguini be filed with your will?

This used to be my office.

He's your son?

- I have a son?

- How could you not know this? I am a figment of your imagination. You did not know, how could I? Well, your son is the rightful owner of this restaurant!

Well, your son is the rightful owner of this restaurant!

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No! No! The rat!

- Sorry, chef.

- The rat! It's stolen my documents! - It's getting away!

Hey, Mr. Chef!

You!

- Get out of my office.

- He's not in your office. You are in his. Bottoms up, Linguini!

Cheers, ja.

Chef! Chef!

Chef Linguini!

Your rise has been meteoric, yet you have no formal training. What is the secret to your genius?

LINGUINI:

I am Gusteau's son.
It's in my blood I guess.
But you weren't
aware of that fact until very
recently. No.
And it resulted in
your taking ownership of this restaurant.
How did you find out?
Well, some part of me just knew.
The Gusteau part?
- Where do you get your
inspiration? - Inspiration has many
names.
- Mine is named Colette.
- What?
Something's stuck in my teeth.
Health Inspector.
I wish to report a rat
infestation. It's taken over my...
Gusteau's restaurant.
Gusteau's, eh?
I can drop by. Let's see.
First opening is three months.
It must happen now!
It's a gourmet restaurant!
Monsieur, I have the information. If
someone cancels, I'll slot you in.
But the rat!

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You must...
It stole my documents.
It's past opening time.
He should have
finished an hour ago.
Bonjour, ma chérie.
Join us.
We were just talking
about my inspiration.
Yes, he calls it his tiny chef.
Not that, dearest. I meant you.
- It's him.
- Ego?

Anton Ego!

Is that Ego?

I can't believe it.

- You are Monsieur Linguini?

- Hello.

Pardon me for interrupting
your premature celebration,
but I thought it only fair
to give you a sporting chance
as you are new to this game.

- Game?

- Yes.

And you've been playing
without an opponent.
Which is, as you may have guessed,
against the rules.

You're Anton Ego.

You're slow
for someone in the fast lane.

And you're thin
for someone who likes food.
I don't like food. I love it.

If I don't love it, I don't
swallow. I will return tomorrow
night

with high expectations.

Pray you don't disappoint me.

Listen, we hate to be rude,
but we're French, and it's dinnertime.

She meant to say,

"It's dinnertime and we're
French." Don't give me that look.

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You were distracting me
in front of the press.
How am I supposed to concentrate
with you yanking on my hair all the
time? And that's another thing.
Your opinion isn't the only one
that matters here.

Colette knows how to cook,
too, you know.

All right, that's it!

You take a break, Little Chef.
I'm not your puppet,
and you're not
my puppet-controlling guy!
The rat is the cook.
You cool off and get your mind right,
Little Chef.
You cool off and get your mind right,
Little Chef.
Ego is coming, and I need to
focus! You stupid...
Wow. I have never seen that before.
Yeah, it's like you're his fluffy bunny
or something.
I'm sorry, Remy.
I know there are too many
guys. - I tried to limit...
- You know what?
It's okay. I've been selfish.
- You guys hungry?
- Are you kidding?
All right. Dinner's on me.
We'll go after closing time.
- In fact...
- Yeah.
...tell Dad to bring the whole
clan. Little Chef?
This is great, Son.
An inside job. I see the appeal.
Oof!
Little Chef?
Little Chef?
Hey, Little Chef.
I thought you went back

to the apartment.
Then when you weren't there,
I don't know...
It didn't seem right to leave
things the way that we did, so...
Look, I don't want to fight.
I've been under a lot of, you
know, pressure.

A lot has changed
in not very much time, you
know? I'm suddenly a Gusteau.
And I got to be a Gusteau or, you know,
people will be disappointed.
It's weird.
You know, I've never
disappointed anyone before,
because nobody's
ever expected anything of me.
And the only reason
anyone expects anything from me
now is because of you.
I haven't been fair to you.
You've never failed me,
and I should never forget
that. You've been a good
friend.
The most honorable friend
a guy could ever ask...
What is this?
What's going on?
What...
Hey...
You're...
You're stealing food? How could you?
I thought you were my friend!
I trusted you!
Get out! You and all your rat
buddies! And don't come back
or I'll treat you the way
restaurants are supposed to treat
pests!
You're right, Dad. Who am I kidding?
We are what we are, and we're rats.
Well, he'll leave soon,
and now you know how to get
in. Steal all you want.

- You're not coming?
- I've lost my appetite.
Do you know
what you would like this evening, sir?

Yes,
I'd like your heart roasted on a spit. Come in!
Today's the big day.
You should say something to them.
- Like what?
- You are the boss. Inspire them. Attention.
Attention, everyone.
Tonight is a big night.
Appetite is coming,
and he's going to have a big ego. I mean, Ego. He's coming. The critic. And he's going to order something. Something from our menu.
And we'll have to cook it, unless he orders something cold. Just can't leave it alone,
can you?
You really shouldn't be here during restaurant hours. It's not safe.
I'm hungry!
And I don't need the inside food to be happy.
The key, my friend, is to not be picky. - Observe.
- No, wait!
- Oh, no! No, no! What do we do? - I'll go get Dad.
You might think you are a chef but you are still only a rat.
Sure he took away a star last time he reviewed this place. Sure it probably killed... Dad. - This is very bad juju right here.
- But I'll tell you one thing... - Ego is here.
- Ego? He is here?
Anton Ego is just another customer.
Let's cook!

Yeah! Let's...

Okay.

So I have in mind
a simple arrangement.

You will create for me a new line
of Chef Skinner frozen foods.

And I, in return, will not kill you.

Au revoir, rat!

Do you know
what you would like this evening, sir?

Yes, I think I do.

After reading a lot of overheated
puffery about your new cook,
you know what I'm craving?

A little perspective.

That's it. I'd like some fresh,
clear, well seasoned perspective.

Can you suggest
a good wine to go with that?

- With what, sir?

- Perspective. Fresh out, I take
it? I am...

Very well.

Since you're all out of
perspective and no one else
seems to have it in this bloody
town, I'll make you a deal.

You provide the food,
I'll provide the perspective.

Which would go nicely
with a bottle of Cheval Blanc 1947.

I'm afraid I...

Your dinner selection?

Tell your Chef Linguini that I
want whatever he dares to serve me.

Tell him to hit me with his best
shot. I will have whatever he is
having. - So, we have given up.

- Why do you say that?

We are in a cage inside the car trunk
awaiting a future
in frozen food products.

No, I'm the one in a cage. I've given up.

You are free.

I am only as free
as you imagine me to be.
As you are.
Oh, please. I'm sick of pretending.
I pretend to be a rat for my
father. I pretend to be a human
through Linguini.
I pretend you exist
so I have someone to talk to!
You only tell me stuff I already know!
I know who I am!
Why do I need you to tell me?
Why do I need to pretend?
But you don't, Remy.
You never did.
No. My other left!
Dad? Dad, I'm in here!
I'm inside the trunk! What
the... Dad!
- Hey, little brother!
- Emile!
I love you guys!
Where are you going?
Back to the restaurant.
They'll fail without me.
- Why do you care?
- Because I'm a cook!
It's your recipe.
How can you not know
your own recipe?
I didn't write it down. It just came to
me. Then make it come to you again, ja?
Because we can't serve this!
Where's my order?
Can't we serve something else?
Something I didn't invent?
This is what they're ordering.
Make them order something else.
Tell them we're all out.
We cannot be all out. We just opened.
I have another idea.
What if we serve them what they order!
We will make it.

Just tell us what you did.

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I don't know what I did.

We need to tell

the customers something.

Then tell them... Tell them...

Huh?

- Don't do it.

- Remy. Remy.

Don't! Stop!

They'll see you. Stop.

We're not talking about me.

We're talking about what to do right...

Rats!

- Remy!

- Get my knife.

Don't touch him!

Thanks for coming back, Little

Chef. I know this sounds insane,

but... Well,

the truth sounds insane

sometimes. But that doesn't mean

it's not

the truth.

And the truth is, I have no talent at all.

But this rat,

he's the one behind these recipes.

He's the cook. The real cook.

He's been hiding under my toque.

He's been controlling my actions.

He's the reason I can cook the

food that's exciting everyone.

The reason Ego is outside that

door. You've been giving me credit

for his gift.

I know it's a hard thing to

believe. But, hey, you believed I

could cook, right?

Look, this works.

It's crazy, but it works.

We can be

the greatest restaurant in Paris, and

this rat, this brilliant Little Chef,

can lead us there.

What do you say? You with me?

Dad.

Dad, I don't know what to say.

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I was wrong about your friend
and about you.

I don't want you to think
I'm choosing this over
family. I can't choose
between two halves of myself.
I'm not talking about
cooking. I'm talking about
guts.

This really means that much to
you? We're not cooks, but we are
family. You tell us what to do,
and we'll get it done.

- Stop that health inspector!

- Delta Team, go, go, go, go!

The rest of you stay and help
Remy. Team three will be handling
fish. Team four, roasted items.

Team three will be handling
fish. Team four, roasted items.

Team five, grill. Team six, sauces.

Get to your stations. Let's go, go,
go! Those handling food
will walk on two legs.

We need someone to wait tables.

I'm sorry for any delay,

but we're a little short tonight.

Please, take all of the time you need.

He came in late one more time
and all of a sudden he...

Make sure that steak
is nice and tenderized.

Work it. Yeah. Stick and move.

Stick and move.

Easy with that sole meunire.

Less salt. More butter.

Only use the mimolette
cheese. Whoa! Compose the

salad
like you were painting a
picture. Not too much vinaigrette
on that salade compose.
Don't let that beurre blanc
separate. Keep whisking.
Gently poach the scallops.
Taste check. Spoons down.

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Good. Too much salt. Good.
Don't boil the consomm,
it'll toughen the pheasant.
Emile! Sorry.
Colette, wait! Colette.
- You came back. Colette...
- Don't say a word.
If I think about it,
I might change my mind.
Just tell me what the rat wants to
cook. Ratatouille? It's a peasant dish.
Are you sure
you want to serve this to Ego?
What? I am making ratatouille.
Well, how would you prepare it?
Ratatouille? They must be joking.
Mmm.
No, it can't be.
Who cooked the ratatouille?
I demand to know!
I can't remember the last time
I asked a waiter
to give my compliments to the
chef. And now I find myself
in the extraordinary position
of having my waiter be the chef. Thanks,
but I'm just your waiter tonight. Then
who do I thank for the meal? Excuse me a
minute.
You must be the chef...
If you wish to meet the chef,
you will have to wait
until all the other customer have
gone. So be it.

At first, Ego thinks it's a joke.
But as Linguini explains,
Ego's smile disappears.
He doesn't react
beyond asking an occasional question.
And when the story is done,
Ego stands, thanks us for the
meal... Thank you for the meal.
... and leaves without another word.
The following day his review
appears.

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In many ways,
the work of a critic is easy.
We risk very little,
yet enjoy a position over those
who offer up their work
and their selves to our judgment. We
thrive on negative criticism, which is
fun to write and to read. But the bitter
truth we critics must face is that in the
grand scheme of things, the average piece
of junk
is probably more meaningful
than our criticism designating it
so. But there are times
when a critic truly risks something
and that is in the discovery
and defense of the new.
The world is often unkind
to new talent, new creations.
The new needs friends.
Last night,
I experienced something new,
an extraordinary meal
from a singularly unexpected
source. To say that both the meal
and its maker
have challenged my preconceptions
about fine cooking
is a gross understatement.
They have rocked me to my core.
In the past, I have made no

secret of my disdain
for Chef Gusteau's famous
motto, "Anyone can cook."
But I realize only now
do I truly understand what he meant.
Not everyone
can become a great artist,
but a great artist
can come from anywhere.
It is difficult to imagine
more humble origins
than those of the genius
now cooking at Gusteau's,

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who is, in this critic's opinion,
nothing less
than the finest chef in France. I
will be returning to Gusteau's soon,
hungry for more.
I will be returning to Gusteau's
soon, hungry for more.
It was a great night.
The happiest of my life.
But the only thing predictable
about life is its
unpredictability. Well, we had to
let Skinner
and the health inspector loose,
and of course they ratted us
out. The food didn't matter.
Once it got out
there were rats in the kitchen, oh, man,
the restaurant was closed and Ego lost
his job and his credibility. But don't
feel too bad for him. He's doing very
well
as a small business investor.
- He seems very happy.
- How do you know?
Got to go. Dinner rush.
You know how he likes it.
Thanks, Little Chef.
Can I interest you
in a dessert this evening?

- Don't you always?

- Which one would you like?

Surprise me.

Can I interest you

in a dessert this evening?

Hey, believe me, that story

gets better when I tell it, okay?

Come on. Bring some food over here,

we're starving!