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ELLIOW TATAR

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

FETT (CONT'D)

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

AMEAL

That's a mouse, dad.

FETT

Whatever.

GRIT

A rodent by any other name...

Grit's expression is theatrical. Fett rolls his eyes.

FETT

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

RAMSAY

I smell a but...

FETT

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

AMEAL

Like the legend of Icasquirrelus!

FETT

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

RAMSAY

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 squirrel brings them drinks and snacks.

SERVER

Table six is requesting to speak
with the chef.

Three things happen simultaneously: 1. Briquette sets her knife down, steps forward, pauses; 2. Ramsay pauses his work and steps forward, and; 3. Capellini exits his office, freezes in the doorway. The three glance at one another. Ramsay shrugs and goes back to chopping vegetables. Briquette 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! Capellini reels from the flame even though it's not close. He composes himself, straightens his suit, and heads out to the dining area.

RAMSAY

(to self/Raul)

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

RAUL

Hey, hombre, there are plenty of people who do not see you as just a squirrel: Capellini, Briquette, Id, Marienne, all the cooks here at Bistro... You're not alone, amigo.

RAMSAY

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

RAUL

Of course! Look at Chauntelle!

RAMSAY

Chauntelle's a rat.

RAUL

Pshhhh! Rat, squirrel, potato, tomatillo... Everyone's just trying to be accepted.

RAMSAY

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.

EXT. STREET - DAY

It's RAINING. A WOMAN in a HAT, oversized OVERCOAT, SCARF, SUNGLASSES - 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 FLAYER looks older in an unkempt beard.

FLAYER

Oui? Can I help you?

The WOMAN lifts her umbrella and lowers her sunglasses.

FLAYER (CONT'D)

Briquette?

She pushes past him and lets herself in.

FLAYER

Fais comme chez toi!

Inside, Briquette surveys the untidy living room.

BRIQUETTE

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

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

BRIQUETTE (CONT'D)

What are you wearing?

FLAYER

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!

BRIQUETTE

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

FLAYER

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

BRIQUETTE

Ugh. You heard?

FLAYER

I'm unemployed, not dead.

BRIQUETTE

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

RAUL

Sí, jefe.

CAPELLINI

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

RAUL

Sorry jefe. I mean Chef. I mean chefe.

CAPELLINI

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

RAUL

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

CAPELLINI

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?

CAPELLINI

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

FLASHBACK to a park: Capellini is preparing to ride a bike BLINDFOLDED, with Ameal getting situated on his head, grabbing fistfuls of hair.

CAPELLINI

All set up there? Let's do this!

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

CAPELLINI (CONT'D)

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

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 Ramsay along cobblestone streets, the imagery is reminiscent of the introduction. At one point, Ramsay sees his reflection in a glass window and for an instant we see the squirrel from the introduction, as if Ramsay'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 Ramsay, 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. A series of shots of the woman, VALENTINA (VALE), giving Ramsay 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.

Ramsay 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...

FLAYER (CONT'D)

I, myself, am cooking for team Canada. I am, after all, French-Canadian.

BRIQUETTE

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

FLAYER

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

Flayer turns away. Briquette calls after.

BRIQUETTE

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

FLAYER

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

BRIQUETTE

The fire!

FLAYER

Oh, goodness! Yes, I heard about your little mishap. Tsk tsk. Mais, no! You don't think I had something to do with it, do you?!

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

BRIQUETTE

We found your hat!

FLAYER

That proves nothing.

Briquette reaches for him but is held back by Raul and Capellini.

RAUL

Let's beat him in the kitchen, Briquette.

BRIQUETTE

I don't care where we beat him.

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

BRIQUETTE (CONT'D)

You stall him. I'll smash him.