

MOWGLI. Why?

BALOO. It's a new talent I've developed. Now listen—(He looks at his list.)

"Honey and nuts and fruit to eat

Are so much better for you than meat."

MOWGLI (a bit bored). Okay, so what's next?

BALOO. We're not through with this one yet.

BAGHEERA. You know how to get nuts and fruit. But where does honey come from?

MOWGLI. That's easy. Baloo's paw. (BALOO and BAGHEERA laugh.) What's so funny? (To BALOO.) You always give me honey out of your paw.

BALOO. And where do you think I get the honey?

MOWGLI (seemingly uninterested). I don't know.

BAGHEERA. Do you see the big round thing in that tree over there?

MOWGLI. Sure. It looks like a large brown berry.

BAGHEERA. That's where honey comes from.

MOWGLI. Then I'll go get some. I don't need you and fat old Baloo to teach me how to do that. (He exits.)

BALOO. Mowgli—!

BAGHEERA. Let him go.

BALOO. But he'll get stung by those bees. His hand may swell up.

BAGHEERA. His head is already swollen up. He needs to be taken down a peg. He's a good boy, but he thinks he knows everything.

MOWGLI'S VOICE (from offstage). Owwww!

(MOWGLI enters running, swatting at the air.)

MOWGLI. Help! Help! Something's after me! Help! They're attacking me!

(He runs in circles. BALOO and BAGHEERA also start swatting at the unseen bees. A moment later, RANN, a bird, enters whistling and flapping his wings.)

RANN (to the "bees"). Back, back, little brothers! Back, back! Back to your nest. He meant no harm!...I apologize on his behalf. Go! Go! (In a "herding" fashion, RANN exits in the offstage direction of the beehive.)

MOWGLI. Who was that?

BALOO. Rann, the kite bird.

BAGHEERA. Rann is a sentinel. He stands watch from the tallest tree and warns of danger.

MOWGLI. What were those things chasing me?

BALOO. Bees.

MOWGLI (holding his hand). Why didn't you tell me they sting?

BALOO. Because you didn't ask. You went straight for the beehive and grabbed their honey.

(RANN enters.)

RANN. I think you'll be safe now. My little brothers have returned to their nest.

BAGHEERA. Much obliged to you, Rann.

RANN. I saw the boy was in trouble, so I flew down from my lookout.

BALOO (nudging MOWGLI). Mowgli—

MOWGLI. Thank you—thank you very much.

RANN. My pleasure. But next time you must ask the bees for their honey—politely—and not just take it. Well, back to my post. (He exits whistling and flapping his wings.)

BAGHEERA. Rann gives good advice.