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The Jungle Book: Mowgli's Story

By Rudyard Kipling

If my story starts
anywhere, it starts when I was a kid.
My family took me on a trip to one
of the most beautiful spots in India,
the Waingunga River.
Do you see that little guy?
Yeah, the cute one.
That's me, Mowgli.
I didn't know it then. I didn't know
much about anything,
but I was about to have an adventure
that would change my life forever.
Come on, son. There you go.
This is the story
of how a boy became a man-cub,
and how that man-cub
became a man.
Even though this is my story,
it's not all about me,
it's also about my friends,
the animals. Take a look.
It really is a jungle out there.
Hathi, look! I have
the whole watering hole to myself.
It's too good to be true.
- You got that right.
Jungle meeting. Calling all
carnivores and interested parties.
Whoa!
Gather round!
Honey, Hathi's called a meeting.
- Let's go, dear.
Last one there's a monkey's uncle.
I am a monkey's uncle.
Wait up, guys!
I'm gaining on you.
- Thirsty chimp. Move aside.
Watch out for his trunk!
- Don't step on me.
Careful. You wouldn't want
a squished chimp.
Let's go. Surf's up.
Look at me. I'm a genuine statue.
I got you!

- No bathing.

We have to drink that water.

- Now he tells us.

I give up. Let's start, OK?

Are we all here?

Alright, I'm here.

Last, but I'm last for everything.

Last one to kill. Last one to eat.

Chil?

- That's my name.

Chill.

- First time I heard that one.

Time to remind you all
of our dry-season rule.

Until the rains return,
any meals eaten by the watering hole
shall be vegetarian.

Yes!

- Good rule.

Gotta love it.

Any hunting by the watering hole
will over my dead body.

Hathi, don't torture me.

No hunting here? That law bites.

We should be able to hunt
when and where we want.

Wolves rule,
and we're not afraid of anybody.

Oh, yeah?

- Whoa, look out!

It's Shere Khan!

Well, well. Who shall I eat today?

Maybe I'll grab a couple of dogs.

Talk about your fast food.

Shut up, Tabaqui.

- Sorry.

Monkey burgers.

- We're fat. We're pure fat.

Maybe an elephant stew for two?

We'll get stuck in your teeth.

With a side of turtle soup.

Sorry.

- Try the clam chowder.

How about a bowl of Chilli?

- Later!

Didn't you hear me?

There's no hunting...

Shut your trunk. I heard you.

I shall do as I please.

Listen, tiger, if we're all going
to live in peace...

Yo!

Berry breath, go suck a beehive.

Nice sidekick. A hyaena
that laughs at his own dumb jokes.

Mind your own business.

You're my business.

I'll be watching you.

We'll all be watching you.

Don't get your fur in a bunch.

I'm not in the mood for jungle food.

No, I have a craving for Indian food.

I get it. You want to eat an Indian.

That's clever. That's rich.

That's the cat's meow.

Tabaqui! Put a cork in it.

Let's get ready to tango.

I love this job.

You hunters are so overrated.

I'll never forget that night.

People were running everywhere,
for their guns, for their lives.

All I wanted to do
was find my parents.

But instead...

- A-ha!

The tiger found me.

Well, aren't you
a cute little appetiser?

When he fixed me
with those big fiery yellow eyes,
I figured I was a goner.

You must be the son of a hunter.

How deliciously ironic.

It was like,

"Wow! Welcome to the food chain. "

There's the tiger.

- Get him!

Boss? They're packing heat.
I won't forget you, brown eyes.
Oh, no! They got the boss!
Come on, he's only wounded.
After Shere Khan ran off,
the smart thing would have been
to stay by the safety of the fire.
But I was just a kid, right?
So I took off down the trail
trying to find my parents.
You know how things don't always
work out according to plan?
Well, this turned out to be
a really, really, really bad idea.
I was totally lost. I figured
I'd never find my mom and dad
and they'd never find me.
But just then, I found a cave.
Well, more like a den,
really, of wolves.
I didn't know any better.
They just looked like pets to me.
Look, Mom, a pet.
What is it? A hairless chimp?
I don't know. I don't think chimps
come in hairless.
That's a man's cub. There were
some hunters over the ridge.
He'll be one of theirs.
A man-cub?
What's he doing out here?
He must be lost.
- You think he's been abandoned?
Cool! Can we keep him? Please?
Li'I Raksha, man-cubs are cute,
but when they grow up,
they can be dangerous.
Dangerous? Not this one.
He's a lover, not a fighter.
- Look how cute he is, Dad!
And he likes me! Mom, Dad, come on.
If we keep him, who'll feed him?
Who'll clean up after him
until he's cave-broken?

Oh, no. Here he comes.

Stay, boy, stay.

Nice doggy.

- Whoa.

Did he call the Leader
of the Wolf Pack doggy?

Lighten up, Dad.

He doesn't speak wolf yet.

That's another thing he has to learn,
and who'll teach him?

A pet's a big responsibility.

But if he was abandoned, then
that makes him our responsibility.

You don't leave a cub to fend
for itself, Akela, man-cub or not.

True. The cub does need a family.

Well, we're a family!

See, hubby?

- Alright, we can keep him.

Yippee! I got a little brother.

And he's a great tummy rubber.

What should we call him?

Li'I Akela?

That's original.

What do you think, Li'I Raksha?

I say we call him Pupupeeppee.

- What does that mean?

Beats me, but it sure sounds funny.

Look at him. Like a little frog.

Little Frog. Good call, Mom.

- Little Frog. Mowgli.

OK, Mowgli it is.

Welcome to the pack, son.

You'll make a fine wolf.

A- ha!

I thought I smelled my man-cub!

Your man-cub?

Yes, mine. I've tracked him since
he left those bloodthirsty humans.

His family killed Shere Khan.

Shere Khan is dead?

I tried to save him.

Killed ten, 20 humans myself.

But that man-cub got a rifle.

- Don't make me laugh.
Mowgli couldn't hurt a tsetse fly,
much less bag a tiger.
Well, he did, and Shere Khan's dying
wish was to get even, so give him up.
Nobody threatens my family.
- Sic him, Pop!
Oh-oh!
Can't we bark this over?
I guess not.
I'll just be leaving now.
Help! Help! Mad wolves!
Don't ever come near my den again,
you ratface.
Akela, pal, I wasn't gonna eat him
all by myself.
I would've brought you a doggy bag.
What?
Bad joke, bad joke, you're right.
I am gone! Big rock!
Look out for the tree! Ow!
Looks like hyaena pinball.
Hey! I do the laughing around here.
I gotta admit, it was pretty cool
having a whole new family.
I mean, Sure, I missed my old one,
but Akela and Raksha raised me
as one of their own,
and soon, I could understand
all the animals.
Guys, what are we playing?
How about pin the tail on the loser?
Although, sometimes,
I wished I couldn't.
Pin some fur and fangs on him, too.
What does he need fangs for?
He can't hunt.
He's just a wolf wannabe.
I've got a better game.
It's called ditch Mowgli.
What are we waiting for?
See you, sucker!
- Burn!
Dad, they were so mean.

Don't worry. Mowgli's strong.
He'll find his way.
Well, well, what have we here?
One of those wolves
who like to chase us up trees?
Aw, did poor old Biranyi
get an owwy on his paw?
You're lucky I'm hurting, monkey boy,
or you'd feel the fangs of fury!
We're really scared, fleabag.
You're old and weak.
You're nothing without your pack.
Let's drag him to Monkeytown
and use him as a rug.
If he's gonna be a rug,
somebody better clean him.
You know how to clean a rug?
- Sure, you beat it with a stick!
Get lost! Get away from him.
He didn't do anything to you.
Look. It's that big bad man-cub.
Well, after we club
this old rug, you're next!
You heard what he said. Beat it!
Beat the wolf?
Nice wolfy!
- Sit. Stay! Did you see her teeth?
Are you OK, Biranyi?
- I could've taken 'em both.
That is, if my paw
weren't so banged up.
Ow!
I'm not sure I can get that out.
Mowgli?
Easy, there. It's in deep.
Good job, son.
- Man-cub, I owe you one.
I was glad to help Biranyi.
That's how it is with the jungle
animals. We look after each other.
Which is good, since as recall,
I needed a lot of looking after.
' got it!
Thank you, Mowgli, I'll take that.

They call this frog fruit.
Do you know why?
Yes, because they named it after me!
No, cos if you eat it, you croak.
You know not to eat anything
without asking me first.
That fruit's poisonous.
Thanks, Hathi.
No problem, Raksha.
We're all looking out for the boy.
I'm sorry I kicked you.
- It's OK, kiddo, I'll live.
But next time, listen to your mom.
There are dangerous things
in the jungle.
If you take a ride with me, I'll show
you the biggest danger of all.
Can I go, Mother? Please?
Alright, but stay with Hathi.
- No worries. We'll take good care.
OK, now, get on board.
We're going up.
Top floor. Pachyderm penthouse.
Whee.
Hang on now, all ahead.
Bye, Mom.
- Hold tight, Mowgli. Have fun.
OK, now, eyes open.
We're entering the danger zone.
Of all the animals, there is
one species that everyone fears.
And that is the... Duck!
A duck? Oh, duck!
Right, duck. Anyway, as was saying,
the most dangerous animal of all
is the one who did this.
Who? Who did this?
Man did this. Man and the red flower
they call fire.
The more flowers they plant,
the less jungle we got
Chil is right.
Fire is life's greatest destroyer.
The red flower

leaves us nothing but death.
Which makes it my favourite flower.
Boy, was I confused.
Before I was a man-cub, I thought
the red ower was something good.
Something to keep you warm
and safe at night.
But how could something
so good do something so bad?
Hathi, if you're playing tour guide,
were is the elephant graveyard?
I am starved!
Oh, Chil!
- I know, I know, chill.
OK, lunch. Actually,
lunch is a breeze around here.
Help yourself to the ripest mangoes
this side of the Waingunga.
Thanks, Hathi.
Do you want a banana?
Why, yes, now that you mention it,
I would like one.
Listen, next time, peel it.
That day with Hathi helped me see
the world through the animals' eyes.
As my knowledge of the jungle grew,
so did I.
Every day was an adventure.
Every day was something new.
I was learning the ropes.
Or should I say the vines?
I felt like I was ready
to leave the nest.
Flap those wings, man-cub,
cos if you fall, you're dead meat.
Ouch!
Mowgli, you still alive?
Barely.
Darn.
That's it, Mowgli, nice and clean.
Don't forget your tail feathers!
If only I had a ladder.
Mowgli.
Whenever! Got a chance,

I hung out with Baloo,
the hungriest bear in all of India
or Bagheera,
the smartest panther anywhere.

Now about Baloo.

He was gruff on the outside,
but on the inside, he was sweet as...

Honey!

Now remember, the higher the hive,
the sweeter the honey.

Be careful.

Eat my stinger!

Ow!

- Long live the Queen!

Come on, Mowgli! No pain, no gain!

Easy, boy. Don't disturb the hive.

D'oh!

Plan B! Go to plan B!

What's plan B?

- Bale out! Bale out!

Geronimo!

Oh, man! I just waxed my shell.

Good job, Mowgli. Sweet!

I looked forward to the times
when wise old Bagheera and I
would sit and talk for hours.

Life came to earth from the heavens.

All creatures from aardvarks
to zebras are related.

What? But where did
the heavens come from?

Sorry, man-cub.

Nobody is that smart.

I knew that. See you.

There he is! Let's go. Let's hide.

OK. You go that way.

I'll go this way.

" ' Ugh!"

And I even got my first kiss.

Let's play spin the banana.

Sometimes, I would wonder
about my past.

But then my pack, my family,
would remind me I was one of them,

and any doubts would just fade away.
Then came a day
I would never forget.
I was invited to join in
my very first wolf-pack meeting.
Alright, we hear you.
We're coming, Akela. Relax.
A pack meeting. Come on.
I hope that cutie
Li'I Rakshefs there.
There she is, with the man-cub.
Mowgli, isn't this cool?
OK, pack, ears up. It's time
to discuss the spring hunt.
Raksha, would you like to start?
Alright. As many of you know,
our daughter, Li'I Raksha, is now
old enough to become a hunter.
I heard that wolf whistle.
Hoe-ah'!.
Li'I Raksha on the hunt?
- I'd love to be her first catch.
Dream on. You're just a sheep
in wolf's clothing.
Yeah? I'll tell you...
- Settle down, boys.
It is tradition for our oldest member
to address the pack about the hunt.
Biranyi.
- Thanks, sonny.
Let me start
by saying that old age stinks.
I mean, here it is, spring,
the only time the deer pass this way,
and I'm too pooped to pounce.
What? Really?
- Poor Biranyi.
Yeah, well, what can I do?
My dang paw's still not healed.
I'd hold up the show.
But we need every hunter we can get.
Darn tootin'. That's why
I'd like to name my replacement.
Mowgli.

- Me?

Mowgli?

Not that two-legged stray.

- He's no hunter.

He's a loser!

Mowgli's got more courage
than you three mongrels combined.

You should be honoured
to hunt with him.

That's very big of you, Biranyi.

- Well, I owe the kid one.

It's only fair. If it's Li'I Raksha's
time, then it's Mowgli's time, too.

Agreed. Li'I Raksha, Mowgli,
come down and join the circle.

Come on, brother,
let's take the oath.

Li'I Raksha, do you promise
to protect the pack
and honor our traditions?

I do.

Mowgli, what do you say?

What's that?

- It's a scout.

The danger call.

- Somethings up.

Shere Khan?

- But you're dead.

A rumour, greatly exaggerated.

I was merely wounded in the backside
by a bullet fired
by one of his people.

You tell 'em, boss!

What do you want, Shere Khan?

- What do I want?

What does he want? He wants...

- Shut up, Tabaqui!

I want revenge. I want the boy!

He wants the boy!

Well, you can't have him.

- That's right. Mowgli is our son.

Your son? Of course,

I see the resemblance.

Ouch!

Sarcasm.

He's one of us, one of the pack.

I'm gonna be a hunter.

- A hunter?

Don't make me laugh!

Have you all gone mad?

You can't hunt with man.

Man hunts you!

- Listen up, pussycat.

Mowgli's like a son to me
and everyone.

So if you mess with him...

- ... You mess with us.

So that's how it is.

OK, wolf boy, you take round one.

But one day, when you don't have
the pack watching,
or a fat bear or a confused cat
around to defend you,
I'll be waiting to even the score.

They say revenge
is a dish best served cold.

Ooh!

Revenge is ice cream.

I'll admit it. When he roared
and licked his chops, I was shaking.

But couldn't show fear
if I was gonna be made a hunter.

Brothers, you heard Share Khan
threaten my son.

That's why it's important
that Mowgli be trained as a hunter.

Mowgli, are you ready to join the
pack and to honor our traditions?

Yes, Dad. I'm ready.

- Good.

As leader of the Seeonee Wolf Pack,
I welcome Mowgli and Li'I Raksha
to the hunt.

Alright!

I can't wait!

I was definitely up
for learning to hunt.

It would earn me

the respect of the pack
and help
when it came to Shere Khan.
Bagheera got me started.
A big part of hunting is trickery.
Let's try and fool Chil
into flying over here.
Try the vulture call.
What was that? It sounded like
a pregnant water buffalo.
What? Sweetie,
I'm gonna be a dad?
You might want to work on that.
- Don't worry, I'll get it.
Forget trickery for now.
Focus on stalking and catching.
The key, Mowgli,
is to use all of your senses.
Your sense of sound.
Your sense of sight.
And last, but not least,
your sense of...
I got it! Pretty good one.
- ... Smell!
Bye, Mowgli.
Bag heera?
Kid, you need a bath!
- Bagheera!
That was a lesson
I'll always remember,
and a smell that I will never forget.
Exhausted from hunting lessons,
I'd collapse
in the safety of our cave,
hoping for a good night's rest.
But there was no escaping
my fear of Shere Khan.
As time Went on, Baloo Worked me
harder than Bagheera.
Snack time, kiddo.
- That guy left no log unturned.
Grubs, maggots and worms
are a great source of protein.
And they're delicious.

This is heavy.

What do you see under there?

Sorry, Baloo, there are no bugs
down under this one either.

What? Are you sure?

- Yeah.

Alright, come on.

I can't believe this.

How can I teach you to hunt
grubs and slugs and mealy worms
when there aren't any left
to eat? I mean, hunt?

I don't know. Maybe you should
just teach me to hunt fruit.

Hunt fruit?

Catwoman, are you spying on us?

Baloo, what are you doing? Mowgli
needs to learn hunting, not eating.
Well, hunting and eating go together
like bugs and honey.

That's right.

- He's been doing his homework.

Show her what you can do
with the bird call.

I've been working on it.

- I can tell.

Look!

I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming!

I'm here. Oh, it's you.

It's not nice to fool Mother Vulture.

That was darn good, man-cub.

And you know what that means?

School's out. Time to get wet!

- But, Mowgli.

Don't worry. I'll head for the water,
teach him how to eat fish.

I mean hunt! Hunt fish, yeah.

Baloo, if only your brain
was as big as your stomach.

Alright!

There he goes again.

Whoa!

Incoming!

Nice face flop.

See that bush-league dive?
What a splash. Let's eat him.
Not yet, brain-free.
See you.
- Good hang time.
Bad entry.
So, exactly what is the plan, boss?
To separate the boy from his family.
I did it once, I can do it again.
Yeah, but that was humans.
This is wolves.
The pack sticks together.
They're strong, like a chain.
And you will find the weakest link.
Right after you win the gold.
Win the gold? For what?
- Face flopping.
Oh, yeah!
- Now that's a dive.
Not bad.
Man, if I only had a lemon.
So, boy, what's the catch of the day?
Missed again! I've decided
I don't like fish any more, Baloo.
What? Fish is good.
It's brain food.
Don't you want to be a genius
like me?
I'm never gonna get the hang
of catching fish.
They're just too fast for me.
- They're too fast for me, too.
But you can outsmart them
if you work at it.
Practise, and you'll be
a master hunter, like me.
Like you?
You couldn't sneak up on a log.
Maybe not, but think positive,
You get lazy,
and Shere Khan'll surprise you.
Like that.
- Yikes!
Darn you, woman!

I nearly wet my fur.
Gee, Baloo, thanks for sharing.
Baloo is right. A good hunter
never lets his guard down.
Something could be hunting him.
And we know who's hunting you.
Shere Khan wants his revenge.
But I don't get it.
I didn't shoot him. It's not fair.
We know that, but Shere Khan
doesn't play fair. Never has.
A tiger can't change his stripes.
Mowgli, look into my eyes.
Your eyes? Why?
I want you to see what it's like
to be caught in a big cat's gaze.
Shere Khan's eyes hypnotise his prey.
Maybe if you practice on me,
you won't fall under his spell.
Bagheera wasn't kidding.
Something about
a cat's cold yellow eyes
sends a shiver down your spine.
I finally had to look away.
Not bad, Mowgli.
It was a good lesson, but one
I hoped I'd never have to use.
"J" Four little, three little,
two little Indians
I One little Indian boy
Yo, Shere Khan. Over here.
Greetings, gentlemen.
Tabaqui tells me you're unhappy.
Yeah, we don't like the man-cub.
Come on, he's not a wolf.
Akela has no right
putting him in our hunt.
I couldn't agree with you more.
You know how eager he is
to be a hunter.
Maybe a little push from you guys
could launch him
in the wrong direction.
Mowgli, this is so exciting!

- Shh! Muzzle it, sweetie.
We don't want to spook the deer.
Alright, troops, gather round.
Here's the plan.
We'll split into three groups.
Raksha and I will hide behind
the left of the ridge.
Li'I Raksha and two others
will come from the right.
OK, Pop. I mean, yes, sir.
Mowgli, you and some brother wolves
will come up this hill
to cut off their escape. Understood?
Yes, sir.
Me and my two pals
volunteer to run with Mowgli.
Yeah. Like Biranyi said,
it would be an honor.
Totally.
- Good. Wait for my signal.
Move them out.
This way, buddy.
Get ready to eat my dust.
Half the legs, half the speed.
You're just jealous.
I can outrun you and you know it.
Maybe in your dreams, man-cub.
You're afraid. I knew it.
Afraid? Tie two legs behind my back
and I'd still beat you, paws down.
Yeah? Want to see who's faster?
I bet I can get to the deer
before you.
You're on. The loser has to eat last,
even after Chil.
On your mark, get set.
Go.
A hunter!
- Run for your life!
After them. Now!
- We'll never catch them.
What was the boy thinking?
- He wasn't.
Gotcha.

Keep going!

- Head for the trees, we'll be safe.

Alright. Hold up. Save your strength.

We'll never catch them now.

Nice going, man-cub.

Man-cub, we're curious.

Does Mowgli mean Little Frog?

- Or Big Goat?

Mowgli?

Son, what happened back there?

What else? He panicked.

Shere Khan was right.

He doesn't belong with wolves.

Nonsense! Mowgli's family.

Maybe your family, but not ours.

Thanks to him, we're going hungry.

We need a new leader.

One who's got a son

with four legs, fangs, some fur.

And a brain.

- Let's go, I'm hungry.

Let's scare up some food.

- Before Mowgli scares it away.

I'm sorry. But it wasn't my fault.

Those guys...

You took the hunter's oath.

You should wait for my signal.

But you should have heard them.

They're always on my case

about how I'm not a wolf.

You're our son, Mowgli.

- You know that.

Sometimes, I don't know

what to think, or where I belong.

Maybe I need to go away

before I cause any more trouble.

Don't be foolish.

- You're all better off without me.

Son, wait!

- Mowgli, wait, please. Don't go.

It hurt to leave, but I had to go.

I blew it.

It was my dad's idea

to make me a hunter,

so my mistake was his mistake.
Delicious! Being a traitor pays off.
Working for Shere Khan pays off.
Don't bogart the carcass, dude!
How's the eats, boys?
Enjoying my little reward?
You should've been there!
That man-cub screwed up big time.
Yeah, the whole pack hates him now.
Yeah, we really did a job on him.
Good, you've separated him
from his pack.
Now all I need to do is lure him away
from Baloo and Bagheera.
Mowg, don't worry about the hunt.
Everyone makes mistakes. Even me.
Listen to me.
I'm sure the pack forgives you.
Your parents must be worried sick.
Tomorrow, we'll take you back.
I don't want to go back.
I can't face them, not after today.
I just want to dig a big hole
and hide,
or run away and leave the jungle.
Now, now, man-cub.
I know you're upset.
But running away
is not the answer.
Once, when I was a cub,
I got mad at my parents
and I ran away from home.
It didn't take long
before I was caught
by hunters who were going
to sell me for my fur.
I was chained in a cage. I thought
I'd never see my family again.
But later, when they were moving me
to a bigger cage, I escaped.
I got lucky, Mowgli.
I learned a very valuable lesson.
That if you are mad or upset,
the worst thing you can do

is run away from your troubles.
Bagheerefs right.
Like, if I'm out of honey,
I don't get mad and do something
dumb, I just go get honey.
You get me to get your honey.
Or that. Anyway, son, why don't you
take some time? Sleep on it.
You know what?
Tomorrow's a brand-new day.
If you say so. Goodnight.
Goodnight, Mowgli.
Baloo, tomorrow I'll go tell Raksha.
Pardon my tardiness, your tigerness.
But I think
I really earned my stripes.
I'll be the judge of that.
Who have you recruited?
Guys? Come on down and meet
the cat who put the "grr" in "tiger".
We're gonna just stay over here.
We'd rather not get eaten.
We're funny that way.
I have no plans to eat you.
If I ate you,
what good would it do me?
A lot if you're hungry.
Relax. If I wanted to eat something
and then cough up a furball,
I'd be chewing Tabaqui.
Chewing Tabaqui!
That's good. That's clever.
That's me.
Now, you three
know that fat old fool, Baloo?
Sure do. Hate him.
- Hate him.
He's not so bad. Hate him.
How'd you like his secret
honey stash? I could show it to you.
Baby, show me the honey!
Show me the honey!
- Show me the honey, too!
It's yours.

But only after you lure the boy away
from Baloo and Bagheera.
You got a deal, Tigger!
J" We're in the honey
We're in the honey
Yes, sir!
- Come on, let's go.
Whoops!
Tabaqui, don't laugh.
You'll only encourage them.
Fish are jumpin'.
Mowg, what do you say we hustle up
a little fish for breakfast?
The way things are going, by the time
I catch one, it'll be time for lunch.
Pal, cheer up. I thought we agreed,
today's a brand-new day.
Doesn't mean it's a good day.
Hey, kid.
- Man-cub.
Yeah, you. Why the long face?
- Come play with us.
Look, Baloo, they're swingers,
just like me.
Guys, throw me a vine.
Why hang with clowns when you
can kick back and hang with a bear?
I'm a bear.
- And I'm a bear.
I'm a bear. Drop some food in
my mouth. I haven't eaten in seconds.
You monkeys are a barrel of laughs.
Let's go.
But they look a little like me,
and they like to have fun like me.
You betcha.
Let's make like a banana and split.
Don't do anything foolish.
- Come on, Baloo.
How about some fruit salad, chubby?
- Hey!
Yeah, we'll toss it.
- Ever see a fruit fly?
Funny!

- Great shot!
How can you miss? He's huge.
- Enough!
Maybe we'd better go.
- Before he eats all our ammo.
They're fun. Not like the wolf pack,
always putting me down.
Hold on.
- Party time.
A party.
- Come on.
You're invited.
- Monkeytown, here we come!
Hurry.
- Party. Go, go!
Don't worry. I'll see you later,
Baloo. Wait up.
Bagheererefs not gonna like this.
Hurry, Mowgli. Hurry!
I There's a place right across town,
whenever you're ready
I Where people gather round
Come on. Move your feet!
I Whenever they're ready
I And then the music begins to play
I You feel a groove coming on its way
Are you ready?
Now you got it!
I You can go, cos I've got an eye
For the monkey time
I Monkey time
Go, Mowgli, go!
I Monkey time
a' Now, the dance that the people do
I don't know how it started
I All I know that when the beat
brings a feel
I It's hard to get parted
You're sick!
"J" And then the music begins to play
- Ribbit! Ribbit!
I And automatically,
you're on your way
I Are you ready? Are you ready?

I You can go, cos I've got an eye
For the monkey time
Hold it! Hang on, you guys.
Can't wait. Can't stop.
We've got to get to Monkeytown.
This the edge
of the wolf pack's territory.
Yep. Fastest way in.
At least one of those lessons stuck.
Go any farther
and your pack can't help you.
Pack? We're your pack now.
Yeah. So, come on,
let's hit that party.
Party? What kind of party?
- It's a surprise.
I'll bet it is. Mowgli,
don't even think about going.
Chil? Chill.
"Chil? Chill. " Ra, ra, ra.
You tell her, Mowgli.
- He just did.
Yeah, Mowgli, you da man-cub.
Which way?
- This way. Follow us.
Mowgli, get the lead out.
Use your knuckles!
Note to myself. First, find Raksha,
tell her about Mowgli.
Second, change my stupid name!
Right this way.
Come on, Mowgli.
Hmm. Visitors.
Here it is. Monkeytown!
There goes the neighbourhood.
Hello?
Kids, don't stare.
- Sorry.
Right on time.
Welcome to Monkeytown,
where it's one non-stop party.
They don't look very happy.
You're no barrel of humans yourself.
Wow, what is that?

Our treasure house.
It's full of surprises.
Go on in. Everyone's waiting for you.
Right this way, Mowgli.
Save us some cake.
- Hm-hm.
Hello? Anybody home?
Surprise!
Let me go. Let me out of here.
Relax. You'll love the party.
Yeah. First,
there's gonna be a dinner.
Then we'll get dessert.
Chocolate or vanilla frosting?
- How about honey?
Sit tight. We'll go get the snacks.
Come back, you guys.
Don't leave me here.
Nice try, buddy!
As I sat there all alone,
I realised two things.
One, the party was definitely over.
And two, no matter what,
Baloo would be searching for me.
Now, where the...?
I just can't understand this.
Have you seen Mowgli lately?
Where's my honey? I can't find
my secret stash of honey.
Honey? I'm all over that
like flies on... honey.
Baloo, I asked you a question.
Huh? Oh, right. Mowgli.
He wouldn't listen, Baggy.
He ran off
with a gang of crazy monkeys.
He what? Forget food for once.
Let's find him.
Absolutely. Right after I...
My head's stuck.
Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!
Honey, honey, honey, honey!
Ramming speed!
While I waited

for those stupid monkeys
to stop playing their bad joke,
I found some strange things
that seemed oddly familiar.
Hello? Can you come out?
How did you get in there?
Ugh!
Guess what?
Those chimps were right.
This was a treasure hut, and I had
found the greatest treasure of all.
The red flower!
For the love of meat, where...?
There she is. Finally. Raksha.
Mowgli's following some monkeys
to Monkeytown.
They had a surprise for him.
A surprise? Shere Khan!
Quick, go. Tell the others.
Chil Airlines, ready for takeoff.
Please stow all carry on luggage.
Mmm. Carrion. Yummy.
(hums to himse/O
You're making me nervous.
Hello.
Shere Khan!
We trapped the man-cub
in Monkeytown, like we planned.
Good job.
You should come work for me.
I'm always on the lookout
for new sidekicks.
No. I know what happens
to your sidekicks.
When I think of them,
I still get a lump in my throat.
Tabaqui, let's eat.
Boss, is it true?
Do humans taste like chicken?
Actually, they taste
more like hyaena.
Oh-oh.
Move it, Tabaqui. Chop chop.
Don't worry, chief,

I know a short cut.
Monkeytown? I told you
those monkeys were up to no good.
Let's hope we get there first.
How could I know
they were working for that darn cat?
Hang on, Mowgli. I'm coming.
The later it got,
the more I began to suspect
this wasn't just some monkeys' joke.
I tried to take my mind off things
by exploring all the treasures
in the hut.
That's when it all came together.
Shere Khan!
Let me out! Don't leave me here!
Hold it right there, Shere Khan.
Raksha.
- I know what you're up to.
You better not lay a paw
on my Mowgli.
Your Mowgli? He was born a man.
His parents are hunters.
He's my son, Shere Khan.
If you want him,
you have to go through me.
Relax, Mother. I haven't harmed
a hair on his head... yet.
But I'm in no hurry. He and I will
meet again, another time.
Over my dead body.
With pleasure!
Mowgli?
- Bagheera!
How are you doing? Are you OK?
- Scared. But alive.
You won't be if you don't escape
before Shere Khan gets here.
I've got an idea.
- Be careful.
Those monkeys are crazy.
- That's what I'm counting on.
Oh-oh. Heads up.
- Huh?

Can you help me?
I found a map to the Lost Land
of Really Big Bananas,
but I need someone
with thumbs to unfold it.
Excuse me, did you say
really big bananas?
Bananas so big,
two elephants can slip on one peel.
That big! Come on, let's go!
Come on!
Really big bananas!
Kids, don't try this at ho-o-o-ome!
Baloo!
Now that's what I call
crashing a party.
Next time I bust through a hut,
remind me to cover
the bare necessities.
What a dump. Come on, Mowg.
Let's make tracks
before Shere Khan makes us snacks.
Come on, Mowgli, keep running.
We're homeward bound.
There it is. Finally!
That stupid hyaena
and his stupid short cut.
Mowgli! Come out, come out,
wherever you are.
That's it? Shoes?
Boss? You made it.
About that short cut...
Wow! You ate him already?
Wrong again, flea circus!
If your nose could smell
as much as you do,
you'd know the bear was here.
He helped the boy escape.
Well...
Shere Khan, how was your meal?
I'm still waiting on my entre.
But I'll have an appetiser.
Tell me,
how is the jumbo chimp cocktail?

I don't know if I can run faster than Shere Khan.

I just have to run faster than you.

Hathi.

Mowgli? Wake up, Mowgli.

Hathi, what are you doing here?

I'm afraid somethings happened.

What?

Well, it's about your mother.

What about my mother?

Just hop up and come with me.

Come on, Babe.

As I rode atop Hathi,

I remember feeling the jungle was a colder, different place.

I felt it in my heart,

and then I saw it with my eyes.

Get away from me! It's mine.

The pack was falling apart.

There was no leadership, no order.

When Hathi finally brought me home,

I knew the horrible reason why.

Oh, no!

What happened?

Son, your mother and Shere Khan...

Mowgli, the tiger

attacked your mother.

She died defending you.

Defending... me?

No!

Dear friends, even though my beloved Raksha is gone forever, her spirit will live on in this land, and in all of us.

Raksha loved you and your sister.

She will always be with you both, in your hearts.

What is happening to me?

What are these things in my eyes?

They're tears, Mowgli.

Why do they hurt so much?

Why do they hurt?

Tears are like a river, flowing from a broken heart.

Mowgli, it's OK. It's OK.
Brother.
Mowg, buddy, are you gonna be OK?
Mowgli, where are you going?
Don't you understand?
This is my fault.
I'm leaving the jungle
and never coming back!
Mowgli! Mowgli!
I don't think I ever ran so fast,
or so far.
I didn't know or care
where I was going.
I just figured the farther I ran, the
farther I'd leave my troubles behind.
Mowgli, where are you?
And so I ran and ran,
until I just couldn't run any more.
And then, something happened.
I had discovered a pack of man.
All kinds of memories
were coming back.
Of being a kid, just like them,
and living in a place just like this.
Over here.
And even though my jungle family
taught me to fear man, I didn't.
And they didn't seem
to fear me either.
Yes. Like that.
Come on.
If anything, I felt welcome
and comfortable and safe,
like this was my home.
But then I heard Li'! Raksha...
Mowgli, help me!
- ... Calling for me.
My new home would just have to wait.
Li'I Raksha?
Sister!
- Mowgli, help me get loose.
Hold still. I'll get it.
Thanks. I'll be OK.
But you can't leave us.

I have to. I don't want to
cause any more trouble.
No. Shere Khan will hunt you
wherever you go.
Then I don't know what to do.
- Yes, you do.
You took the hunter's oath.
You must stay and fight.
You're right.
Baloo and Bagheera were right.
Running away isn't the answer.
I have to face Shere Khan
and beat him.
But no wolf
has faced that tiger alone.
Mowgli, a wolf can only fight
like a wolf.
But you can fight Shere Khan
like a wolf and...
...a man. A man. I've got it!
- Yeah!
Call the jungle people and tell them
to meet me at the river.
Well, well, Tabaqui, it's been
an interesting couple of days.
I set out to kill the man-cub
and wound up killing his mother.
Which destroyed the wolf pack.
And made the man-cub run off again.
Now we're gonna go find him.
Yes. Soon I shall have my revenge,
and it'll be the icing on the cake.
I love this job! Wait.
Did you say revenge was icing?
I thought you said it was ice cream.
Shere Khan!
- Moi?
Yeah, you, you big Bengal bully!
It's me, Mowgli.
How about that? We didn't have
to find the icing, it found us.
It found us. That's funny.
Man-cub? I can't hear you.
Speak up.

The more you talk, the sooner
I find you and the sooner eat.
I'm up here, all by myself,
with no pack to defend me.
My, you're awfully chatty.
I was hoping for a nice quiet meal.
You'll never catch me.
Maybe I'll start with an hors
d'oeuvre of little frogs' legs.
Down here, fatso.
Looks like you're slowing down.
What's the matter, tough guy?
Got an old bullet in your butt?
OK, man-cub. At first, I was amused.
But now, I'm getting angry.
Come on, boy. Let's finish this!
The river.
We'll finish it by the river.
Boss, hold on! What if it's a trap?
- A trap?
Idiot! No trap can hold Shere Khan.
Where are you?
Show yourself.
No worries, boss, I'll sniff him out.
Oh-oh.
I smell company.
Company? Hmm.
Hah!
Why, it's just an overstuffed bear.
And an underfed panther.
- Why must we always talk food?
Glad you could make the party.
If it isn't Li'I Raksha.
Tell me, how's your mother?
Still dead?
You cold, heartless, evil...
- Snaggletooth!
Shere Khan, it's time for you to pay.
Pay? I'm sorry, did you just say
it's time for me to pay?
You ridiculous little man-cub!
Don't you get it?
This isn't your moment
of vengeance, it's mine!

Once I'm through with you,
everyone will know
that I, Shere Khan, rule all
and that I answer to no man.
Come, look into my eyes, boy,
just like your mother did.
It was the very last thing she saw.
Die!

No! I know that trick. I'm not
putting myself under your power.
Very good, Mowgli.
- I may be small.
I may be without claws or wings
or a big mouth like you.
But I am not without my power,
Shere Khan.
What power? That little stick?
The red flower. What are you doing?
Oh, genius.
Yikes!
- Wow!
Alright, bro!
Now you look into my eyes, tiger.
Who needs fangs and fur
when you've got fire?
Yeah, he's bad.
Brilliant.
Watch out for the fire, Shere Khan.
I hear it likes fur.
I need to get out of here.
Tabaqui, help!
Boss... Hi, kid. I would love to,
but look at all the red flower.
There's a whole bouquet of it.
Can I quit? I quit.
Et tu, Tabaquus?
Mowgli, sir?
No king of the jungle is complete
Without a butt-kissing sidekick.
OK. Nice chatting with you. Bye-bye!
What's the matter, Shere Khan?
Shouldn't you be roaring
and boasting now?
Is it cold out, Shere Khan?

You seem to be shivering.
Enough! What are you waiting for?
Just kill me.
Sorry.
You're not getting off so easily.
Mowgli, what will you do to me?
I'm taking your jungle away.
You are banished from this land.
You can't hunt,
or even set foot here again.
Do you understand me?
- Yes.
Good. Then say it. Swear it.
Promise it to everyone here.
OK. I promise I'll never return.
You all heard him say it.
And if you break your word,
Shere Khan...
That's me!
- That's right.
Now do you understand?
Yes, Mowgli, yes.
- Then you may go.
So long, 'fraidy cat!
I was behind that kid all the way.
So was I.
- Yeah, right.
Little brother, I'm so proud of you.
I knew you could do it.
Listen, man-cub, we're sorry.
We were wrong about you.
No wolf has ever
faced Shere Khan like that.
Yeah, you should be our pack leader.
I appreciate that, guys.
But I'm not a wolf, I'm a man.
I gotta discover what that means.
My sister deserves to be
the new leader of the Seeonee wolves.
Thanks. I'll do my best.
Mom would be so proud.
You deserve it, sis.
We taught him well, Baloo.
Yep. Our man-cub's all grown up.

Hooo!

And you know what? They were right.

I didn't feel like a man-cub

any more. I just felt like a man.

So, what do you think this is,

anyway?

I once saw a man with one of those.

I think they use it to keep track

of their dreams or memories.

They call it a book.

A book? Wow!

Monkeys.

Panthers. Elephants.

Must be some kind of jungle book.

I can't wait to hear what it says.

Hey, Mowg!

Catch you later, pal.

Safe journey, Mowgli. See you around.

So, that's it, really.

That's my story.

And you know something?

Even now, I take that book

wherever I go,

and every time I open it,

I discover a new adventure.