

The complete scenes and speeches of Jungly Book,
to be performed at the New England Youth Theatre,
February 2015, adaptation and direction by Peter Gould

NARRATOR: In 1899, at the tender age of 24, Rudyard Kipling was already one of England's most famous writers! Thomas Hardy wrote dark, fatal works about the dark, fatal English countryside. (*sight gag*). Charles Dickens was dead. (*sight gag*) Virginia Woolf was only seven years old. (*sight gag.*) Mark Twain was famous, but he wasn't English. He was American! (*sight gag, plus a quick funny monologue by Twain*)

NARRATOR 2: The trouble was, Kipling wrote about India! FROM India. And so, in 1899, Rudyard Kipling sailed to England to collect his fame in person. He sailed from the port of Calcutta. (*Calcutta appears behind narrator.*) Oh, Calcutta!

SCENE 1. CALCUTTA STREET (*all distinct scenes are numbered*) - *includes sound picture, group graphic activities, cameos, rickshaw with Kipling in it. Cows, dogs, big brass pot with snake coming out, clarinet, flurry of dockside activity, lots of color, and ----*

speaker: *ON SOUND TRACK* "All visitors please off the ship..."

speaker: *ON SOUND TRACK* "All non-passengers ashore! name of ship is departing."

2. STEAMSHIP ON THE OCEAN

-includes sound picture, frieze of Kipling at the bow, contemplating his return to England.

NARRATOR 3: In those days you didn't travel the world by airplane. You went by steamship, and you had time to collect your thoughts, to meet new people, to drink your tea, to reflect on where you've been, to make plans for what you'll do when you arrive--- Kipling went EAST, all the way, from India to Japan to San Francisco, to New York, and then to London!!

(show everyone frozen on London street scene, watching for Kipling to arrive SL; instead he arrives SR.)

3. LONDON STREET SCENE *(include atmosphere & anachronisms)*

NARRATOR 4: In London, Kipling met a brilliant, attractive man named Wolcott Balestier. Wolcott was from BRATTLEBORO VERMONT!

EVERYONE: Brattleboro Vermont? Where is that? *(leaning in from wings)*

NARRATOR 4: Kipling and Wolcott Balestier became the best of friends! They even wrote a book together. It was called "Naulahka!" It was the WORST book Kipling ever wrote!

NARRATOR 5: One day Wolcott crossed the English Channel to Germany. He caught the typhoid fever and died. Kipling had lost his best friend. Wolcott's sister Caroline had lost her best friend, too--her older brother. Thus, both having lost their best friends, Kipling and Caroline got married to each other! And, do you know where they went on their honeymoon?

4. STEAMSHIP ON THE OCEAN 2--BUT SPEEDED UP SINCE WE HAVE ALREADY SEEN IT BEFORE. *then, we morph --step by step--into:*

5. RAILROAD TRAIN (*soundscape from the wings.*)

We only see Kipling and Caroline on a bench, vibrating a la train.

Conductor: Next stop, Brattleboro. Brattleboro, Vermont.

Everyone: Brattleboro, Vermont: Where's that?

Conductor: Make sure to check under your seats and overhead for hand baggage. May I have your autograph, Mr. Kipling?

KIPLING: You certainly can, Sir.

NARRATOR 6: It was the middle of February, 1892. It was thirty degrees below zero! Snow was piled to the second story windows. Winter used to mean something back then! They were met at the train station--down where the Whetstone Brook flows into the Connecticut River--and whisked up a dirt road north of town--it wasn't called KIPLING ROAD yet.

6. SLEIGH RIDE, *deep winter, arrival at the Balestier homestead. -- includes cold, night-time, night-time effect. sound effects of horse and wind and sled runners and bells and....with company: humming "Moonlight in Vermont"*

7. KIPLING AT HIS WRITING DESK. *night, cold--- coal or brazier fire in room...*

CAROLINE: Rudyard, you must write a book for our new baby.

KIPLING: I will, Carrie, I will.

CAROLINE: And then you must come to bed. We're cold.

KIPLING: I will, Carrie, I will.

Kipling deep in thought. As he thinks, music up.

RAGA IS THE PREPARATION OF MOOD: THEN: COLORED SARI DROP! Done with some humor, as Kipling reacts to the saris dropping. Music continues.... Kipling begins to have this VISION as if the things he is thinking about and writing take form on stage: (then Kipling fades out.)

8. CAMPFIRE IN INDIA. *Family, pet monkey, firepit, baby in basket, - includes night-time jungle sounds.*

-music and drumming, chanting...or continuation of Raga.

We see the humans around the fire, and we see one actor portraying the camp fire--also known as Red Flower. (as long as red flower burns high, they are safe.)

And we see SHERE KHAN. Tiger circles, pounces, monkey and humans run away, baby's dad (or other man) is eaten. Mother flees. Jackal Tabaqui notices all and runs off to spread news. Tiger is so full he can't move.

-----FROM THIS POINT ON, ALL NARRATORS SHARE A KIPLING-STYLE VOICE---CHILDREN'S FANTASY JUNGLEY, BRITISH STORY TELLERS WITH THE CHARACTERISTIC "BEST BELOVED" DELIVERY!

NARRATOR 7: Oh my Best Beloved, it was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the See-o-nee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's

rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of that sleepy feeling. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived.

9. WOLF DEN--NARRATOR 7.5: Oh, my dears, The jackal--Tabaqui, the Dish-licker--came to the wolf cave then. The wolves of India despise Tabaqui because he runs about making mischief, and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village rubbish-heaps. But they are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more than anyone else in the jungle, is apt to go mad...

TABAQUI--Permission to enter! It is I, Tabaqui the jackal.

WOLF PACK: Oh, no! *(big expression of dislike and disgust.)*

FATHER WOLF: Enter, then, and look, but there is no food here.

TABAQUI: For a wolf, no, but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast. Who are we, the jackal people, to pick and choose?

He scuttles to the back of the cave, where he finds an old bone, and sits cracking the end merrily. He has terrible manners.

TABAQUI: All thanks for this good meal. And now my news: Shere Khan, the Big One, has killed a MAN tonight! *(Music to punctuate this bad news!)*

FATHER WOLF: Why does Shere Khan hate MAN so much? Now there will be trouble in the jungle. *(wolf pack dances a quick "trouble in the jungle" riff; "the jungle, the jungle." Father Wolf silences them.)* And by the Law of the Jungle he has no right to change his hunting ground without due warning. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles, and,

they will be harder to find, and I--I have to kill for two, these days.... no, for six!

TABAQUI--Well, you'd better go talk to Shere Khan. But talk to him now while he is still too full to move!

WOLF MOTHER *gets up from nursing, to explain to audience:*

The Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, FORBIDS EVERY BEAST TO EAT MAN (*baby wolves react, no, we'll never kill a man, wouldn't think of it!*)-- EXCEPT when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt OUTSIDE the hunting grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men, on ELEPHANTS, with GUNS, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers.

The other reason, the reason the beasts give among themselves, is that Man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. Plus, he doesn't taste good. They say too-- and it IS TRUE --that man-eaters become mangy, and lazy, and lose their teeth.

10. CAMPFIRE RUIN. We see Shere Khan fat with his dinner. Burping and licking, groaning with full belly. Father Wolf goes to campfire to talk sense to him, but instead hears baby cry, finds baby. Takes baby out of basket while Shere Khan can't move.

NARRATOR 7.5: Suddenly, Oh best beloved Father Wolf looked in the basket right next to the red flower, and he found----

FATHER WOLF: Ya know, you don't really have to narrate? I mean, I've already done that, and everyone can see---

NARRATOR 7.5: Fine! Forget about it! Do the scene yourself! I'm gonna go to the office and get my money back. *(exits, other actors sympathize)*

SHERE KHAN: Leave him there! He is mine! *(tries to get up but can't)*. Oh, all right, take him, go fatten him up. I'll eat him later... *(to the audience)* I like them milk-fed! *(burp)*

11. BACK TO WOLF DEN!

WOLF MOTHER: Is that a man's cub? I have never seen one. Bring it here.

WOLF BABIES: Oh, he's so cute. Can we keep him, Pa, please? Please?

FATHER WOLF: But, who will feed him, and clean up after him? They grow big, and they start misbehaving. Kids, having a pet is a big responsibility. You have to clean up after them. No, I'm not sure we can----

SHERE KHAN *tries to come through the entrance. He's too big!*

SHERE KHAN: Feed him well! He is mine! Am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues? It is I, Shere Khan, who speaks!

WOLF MOTHER: And it is I, Raksha, wolf mother, who answers. The man's cub is mine. He shall not be killed. He shall live to run with the Wolf Pack and to hunt with the Wolf Pack; and in the end, look you, hunter of little naked cubs--frog-eater!-- fish-killer!--he shall hunt thee! Now get thee hence! Go! *(She scares SHERE KHAN away.)* Lie still, little frog. O thou Mowgli --for Mowgli the Frog I will call thee--the time will come when thou wilt hunt Shere Khan as he has hunted thee.

Then: time-passing graphic of babies growing, including Mowgli. This is a music and dance sequence! Showing increasing affection of the wolf pack for Mowgli, and his increasing capabilities.... It can end in an obvious freeze, for continuation after scene 12----

12 WOLF TRIBE COUNCIL.

NARRATOR 8: Oh, My Best Beloved, Mowgli grew and grew, and began to find his power as a Man-Cub. So, the whole Pack got together at their annual council meeting! (*Everyone in audience is invited to howl like wolves, to BE the animals at the Council.*)

SHERE KHAN *roaring from up in the balcony! And tiger-ing through the audience, hungry, always hungry!* The cub is mine. Give him to me. What have the Wolf People to do with a man's cub?

WOLF FATHER/COUNCIL LEADER : Now, the Law of the Jungle lays down that if there is any dispute as to the right of a cub to be accepted by the Pack, he must be spoken for by at least two members of the Pack who are not his father and mother. (to the assembled animals:) WHO WILL SPEAK FOR THIS MAN- CUB? (*confused whispering muttering and howling from the wolves---BALOO the Bear appears.*)

BALOO: *First he roars and then he says: ---*The man's cub--the man's cub? I --Baloo the Bear--speak for the man's cub. There is no harm in a man's cub. I have no gift of words, but I speak the truth. Let him run always with the Pack- -the whole pack-- and I myself will teach him.

PACK LEADER: We need yet another. BALOO has spoken, and he is our teacher for the young cubs. Who else speaks besides BALOO?

BAGHEERA: I will! Bagheera the black panther! O Akela, and ye the Free People---I have no right in your assembly, but the Law of the Jungle says that if there is a doubt--a doubt which is not a killing matter--in regard to a new cub, the life of that cub may be bought at a price. And the Law does not say who may or may not pay that price. Am I right?

WOLVES: Good! Good! (*AUDIENCE all howl!*)

ONE YOUNG WOLF: Listen to Bagheera. The man-cub can be bought for a price. It is the Law.

BAGHEERA: Knowing that I have no right to speak here, I ask your leave.

FATHER WOLF: Speak then.

BAGHEERA: To kill a naked cub is shame. (*Wolves howl assent*) BALOO has spoken in his behalf. Now to BALOO's word I will add one bull, and a fat one, newly killed, not half a mile from here, if ye will accept the man's cub according to the Law. Is it difficult?

WOLVES: Spare the man-cub! Spare the man-cub! Lead us to this kill.

SHERE KHAN *roars and paces and prowls and complains---for he is very angry that Mowgli had not been handed over to him. BAGHEERA faces him down--*

BAGHEERA: Ay, roar well, for the time will come when this naked thing will make thee roar to another tune, or I know nothing of man.

FATHER WOLF: It was well done. Men and their cubs are very wise. He may be a help in time. For none can hope to lead the Pack forever. Take him away, and train him as befits one of the Free People.

NARRATOR 8. And that is how Mowgli was entered officially into the See-nee Wolf Pack for the price of a bull and on BALOO's good word.

13. MOWGLI'S EDUCATION.

Education by BAGHEERA and BALOO!

Continue time-passing graphic of wolf cubs and Mowgli growing. Different Mowglis used to show his growth. Dance sequence!

NARRATOR 9: Now you must be content to skip ten or eleven whole years, and only guess at all the wonderful life that Mowgli led among the wolves--He grew up with the cubs, and Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the jungle, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool meant just as much to him as the work in an office means to a business man.

When he was not learning he sat out in the sun and slept. When he felt dirty or hot he swam in the forest pools; and when he was hungry, BALOO told him that honey and nuts were just as pleasant to eat as raw meat. He climbed up for it. BAGHEERA showed him how....

BAGHEERA: Come along, Little Brother.

Mowgli learns to climb and swing.... (swinging music) (special effect w lights--showing motion through the canopy. (this may be where we switch Mowglis.)*

NARRATOR 10: At other times he would pick the long thorns out of the pads of his friends,

WOLF: Ow! Ouch! Owee!

NARRATOR 10 ...for wolves suffer terribly from thorns and burrs in their coats, and humans have fingers and thumbs with which to pull them out!

(SHERE KHAN puts himself in the medical E.R. line)(gets ejected)

NARRATOR 10:And all along, Mowgli learned his lessons well.

Especially, the THREE MOST IMPORTANT LESSONS!

BALOO: Mowgli, we must teach you the Law of the Jungle--*(wolves: "the law of the jungle, the jungle"---whisper the tune)*

BALOO: Shushhhhh. Listen:

Feet that make no noise; eyes that can see in the dark; ears that can hear the winds in their lairs, and sharp white teeth, all these things are the marks of our brothers. *(Mowgli acts out learning these. Wolf brothers and sisters imitate.)*

BAGHEERA: It was I who taught him the Strangers' Hunting Call. For when-ever one of the Jungle-People hunts outside his own grounds. Here it is: *(Bagheera roars. Mowgli is so frightened he runs for cover. Then tries it.)* It means, in human talk, Give me leave to hunt here because I am hungry. And the answer is always, "Hunt then for food, but not for pleasure."

BALOO: I am now teaching him the Master Words of the Jungle that shall protect him with the Birds and the Snake People, and all that hunt on four feet. He can now claim protection, if he will only remember the words, from all in the jungle.

(Mowgli practices the speaking of the Animals.)

(Do four examples:)

BALOO: Say the word for the Bear-People, then--great scholar.

MOWGLI: We be of one blood, ye and I. (*giving the words a Bear accent*)

BALOO: You are our brother. We will not harm you. (*Mowgli is proud!*)

BALOO: Good. Now for the crows.

MOWGLI: We be of one blood, ye and I. (*in crow talk*)

CROW: You are our brother. We will not harm you. (*Mowgli flaps around.*)

BAGHEERA: Good. Now for the snakes.

MOWGLI: We be of one blood, ye and I. (*in snake talk*)

KAA: You are our brother. We will not harm you. (*Mowgli and snake dance hypnotically together, each getting drowsy...*)

BAGHEERA: Good, Mowgli. Mowgli. MOWGLI!!!! Now for man-talk, and woman-talk. I was captive once, and I have heard it. (*teaches it to Mowgli*)

MOWGLI: (*to audience*) We be of one blood, ye and I!

AUDIENCE: You are our brother. We will not harm you. (*Mowgli likes that!*)

NARRATOR 10.5 : But BALOO and BAGHEERA did not teach him the Law of the Jungle for Monkey-Folk who live in the trees. The Monkeys have no law. They are outcasts. They have no speech of their own, but use the stolen words which they overhear when they listen, and peep, and wait up above in the branches.

BAGHEERA: Their way is not our way. They are without leaders. They have no remembrance. They boast and chatter and pretend that they are a great people about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter and all is forgotten.

BALOO: We of the jungle have no dealings with them. We do not drink where the monkeys drink; we do not go where the monkeys go; we do not hunt where they hunt; we do not die where they die. We do not notice them

even when they throw nuts and filth on our heads. (*fruit cascades down from the balcony box and we hear the monkeys holler from up there.*)

We do not notice them!!

MORE: time-passing graphic of wolf cubs and Mowgli dancing.

[*extra*] It was about this time that Mowgli developed THE STARE! *Mowgli can try out his stare upon the audience, and they, having been instructed, turn away.*

14. THE AGING OF MOTHER AND FATHER WOLF.

NARRATOR 11: Now, after these many years, Mother Wolf and Father Wolf grew old.... (*brief show of aging wolves.*) (*then back to BALOO, BAGHEERA, and MOWGLI at rest, lounging among the wolves*) Enter *Tabaqui the jackal.*

TABAQUI: Greetings, my friends!

BAGHEERA: You are no friend of ours!

TABAQUI: Oh, you'll think of me as a friend, when I tell you SHERE KHAN is back, hunting in your ground, and he knows you all are getting old and weak, and he wants his man-cub meal!

BALOO: And why should we believe you, garbage-eater?

SHERE KAHN roars!

BALOO: We believe you.

TABAQUI: And, what is more, SHERE KHAN is turning the hearts of the young wolves against the man-cub! And some of the other animals, too! Begging your pardon, man-cub! (*Shere Khan roars again-- Tabaqui scurries off*) Coming, Master!

BAGHEERA: It is as I feared, my friend. Now you must go back to men at last--to the men who are your brothers---and the women who are your sisters.

MOWGLI: But why--but why should any wish to kill me?

BAGHEERA: Look at me. *(MOWGLI looks at his friend, steadily between the eyes. The big panther turns his head away, subdued and defeated.)*

BAGHEERA: That is why. Not even I can look thee between the eyes, and I love thee, Little Brother. The others, they hate thee because their eyes cannot meet thine; because you are wise; because you have pulled out thorns from their feet--because you are a man.

MOWGLI: I did not know these things.

BALOO: We must go, little one.

MOWGLI: I will go to the man-and-woman village, then. But first I must say farewell to my mother. *(He goes to the wolf cave, cries on her coat, while the four cubs howl miserably.)* Ye will not forget me?

WOLF BROTHER: Never while we can follow a trail--

WOLF SISTER: Come to the edge of the man-village, and we will talk to thee--

WOLF SISTER: ---and we will come into the croplands to play with thee by night.

FATHER WOLF: Come soon! Oh, wise little frog, come again soon; for we be old, your mother and I.

MOTHER WOLF: Come soon, little naked son of mine. For, listen, child of man, I loved you always as one of my own.

MOWGLI: I will surely come,. And when I come it will be to lay out Shere Khan's hide upon the Council Rock. Do not forget me! Tell them in the jungle never to forget me!

Mowgli cries. It is the first time ever. He doesn't recognize what is happening!

MOWGLI: Oh, Bagheera, what is wrong with me? What is happening? Am I going to die?

BAGHEERA: No, my precious. Those are man's tears. You have a man's feelings, and so you must go back to the man-and-woman village.

BALOO: Return and see us, many times--

BAGHEERA: And when you do, take some of the Red Flower which they grow there, so that when the time comes you may have even a stronger friend than I or BALOO or those of the Pack that love you. Get the Red Flower.

MOWGLI: The red flower?

BAGHEERA. You know, the red flower.

BALOO: The Flower. The red one.

Show Red Flower in dance and music:

Narrator 11: By Red Flower Bagheera meant fire, only no creature in the jungle will call fire by its proper name. Every beast lives in deadly fear of it, and invents a hundred ways of describing it.

BALOO: While we go to the man-village, practice your master words, little one.

MOWGLI: To whom shall I speak, great teacher?

BALOO: Oh, the honey bees. *(rubbing his stomach)*

MOWGLI: We be of one blood, ye and I. *(in honey-bee talk)*

SWARM OF BEES: You are our brother. We will not harm you. *(They buzz by and leave him a honey bear, which Baloo takes.)*

An Elephant parade marches by(built of four or five actors). Mowgli speaks to them the same. They answer in the same fashion.

15. MOWGLI KIDNAPPED. *Then, as they make their way to the man-village, they take a nap. Monkeys kidnap Mowgli!*

Big Monkey dance---first silently, not to wake the three, then as loud as monkeys can be, after they have scooted Mowgli away!

Bagheera and Baloo awake to find Mowgli gone!

MONKEY: He has noticed us! Now Bagheera has noticed us. All the Jungle-People admire us for our skill and our cunning.

A big crow flies by.

MOWGLI---we be of one blood, thou and I

CROW: You are my brother. I will not harm thee. *(starts to fly off.)*

MOWGLI--No! Wait! Come back. *(Crow flies back)* Please tell Baloo and Bagheera where the monkeys are taking me *(to monkeys):* Where are you taking me?

MONKEY: I am not allowed to tell you that we're taking you to the old stone city in the deep jungle.

MOWGLI: That's where they're taking me!

CROW, *(flying off.)* I'll tell them!

Big triumphant dance continues in the monkey village.

MONKEY: We are great. We are free. We are wonderful. We are the most wonderful people in all the jungle! We all say so, and so it must be true.

MONKEY GUARD: Step aside, make way, excuse us, we're throwing MOWGLI down into the snakepit. You see down there? It's cobras, cobras all the way.

They throw Mowgli down. Down in the PIT OF COBRAS:

MOWGLI--*(in snake talk)* We be of one blood, you and I.

COBRAS: You are our brother; we will not harm you.

Mowgli tries to stand up around them. They go "ouch, ow, ssss!"

COBRAS: Stand still, Little Brother, for thy feet may do us harm.

16. MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE JUNGLE, (*"back in the jungle" riff*)

BALOO and BAGHEERA awaken. (*they notice Mowgli is gone!*)

BALOO--Oh, why did you fall asleep?

BAGHEERA--Whose turn was it to keep the watch? (*both cry.*) Enter KAAA.

NARRATOR 12: It was then, Best Beloved, that the huge python, Kaa, came into the clearing! Now, Kaa was not a poison snake--in fact he rather despised the poison snakes as cowards--but his strength lay in his hug, and when he had once lapped his huge coils round anybody there was no more to be said.

BALOO: Good hunting!

KAA: Good hunting for us all. Oho, BALOO, what dost thou do here?

Good hunting, BAGHEERA. One of us at least needs food. Is there any

news of game afoot? A doe now, or even a young buck? I am as empty as a dried well.

BAGHEERA: We are hunting.

KAA: Give me permission to come with you. A blow more or less is nothing to thee, BAGHEERA or BALOO, but I--I have to wait and wait for days in a wood-path and climb half a night on the mere chance of finding a young ape to eat. Psshaw! The branches are not what they were when I was young. Rotten twigs and dry boughs are they all.

BAGHEERA: Footless, yellow earth-worm.

KAA: What did you call me? Sssss! (*Threatens with a hug*)

BAGHEERA: Footless. Yellow. Earth-worm. That's what we heard the monkey king call you.

KAA: NOOOO! When?

BALOO: Just now, when they came and kidnapped our MOWGLI. (*BALOO starts to cry. They all three start to cry...*)

BAGHEERA: The trouble is this, Kaa. Those nut-stealers and pickers of palm leaves have stolen away our man-cub. Now, we must go hunt the monkey to get our man-cub back.

BALOO: It is true. He is such a man-cub as never was. The best and wisest and boldest of man-cubs--my own pupil, who shall make the name of BALOO famous through all the jungles; and besides, I--we--love him, Kaa.

BAGHEERA: And we know that of all the Jungle-People the monkeys fear Kaa alone.

KAA: They fear me alone. They have good reason. Chattering, foolish, vain-- vain, foolish, and chattering, are the monkeys. BUT very good to eat. Now, whither went they with the cub?"

BALOO: The jungle alone knows. *(They sit disconsolate. The crow arrives.) (they try to shoo the crow away, not realizing that she brings them important news.)*

CROW: I have seen Mowgli. I watched. They have taken him beyond the river to the monkey city--to the Cold Lairs. They may stay there for a night, or ten nights, or an hour. I have told the bats to watch through the dark time. That is my message. Good hunting, all you below!

BAGHEERA: I will remember thee in my next kill, and put aside the head for thee alone, O best of crows!

CROW: It is nothing. It is nothing. The boy held the Master Word. I could have done no less.

BALOO: He has not forgotten to use his tongue. To think of one so young remembering the Master Word for the birds too while he was being pulled across trees! *(to the audience)* Nothing pleases a teacher more than to see his students remember their lessons.

17. BIG BATTLE SCENE.

WITH KAA, BALOO AND BAGHEERA DEFEATING THE WHOLE TROOP OF MONKEYS in a choreographed Monkey dance.

BALOO: Are you hurt, Little Brother?

MOWGLI: No. I am sore, hungry, and not a little bruised. But, oh, my Brothers! Ye bleed.

BAGHEERA: Others also. *(He licks his lips and looking at the monkey-dead on the terrace and round the tank.)* But here is Kaa to whom we owe the battle and thou owest thy life. Thank him according to our customs, Mowgli.

KAA: So this is the manling. Very soft is his skin. Have a care, manling, that I do not mistake thee for a monkey some twilight when I have newly changed my coat.

MOWGLI: We be one blood, thou and I. I take my life from thee tonight. My kill shall be thy kill if ever thou art hungry, O Kaa.

BALOO: Well said, my dear, dear Mowgli.

KAA: A brave heart and a courteous tongue. They shall carry thee far through the jungle, manling. But now go hence quickly, for the moon sets, and what follows it is not well that thou shouldst see.

Kaa dances---hypnotizing everyone. One monkey comes right to him to be eaten.

BAGHEERA: Keep your hand on my shoulder, Mowgli, old friend, or I must go back , must go back to Kaa. To Kaaaaaaaa....

MOWGLI *(laughing)* : Oh, Fiddle, it is only old Kaa making circles on the dust. Let's go! *(claps his hands at all, at audience, too:)* WAKE UP! ALL OF YOU!

NARRATOR 13: Oh, Best Beloved, it was then that Baloo led, *(Mowgli goes "Ahem!!")* I mean, that Mowgli led Baloo and Bagheera away from the Cold Lairs of the Monkeys, and all of them traveled in the direction of the Man Village. All but Kaa, who stayed behind. Even when his belly was

empty, he could not move through the jungle as quickly as the four-footeds, or two-footeds, and now, with his belly full he could only groan and bid them good- bye...

18. TO THE MAN-VILLAGE!

NARRATOR 13: It is almost night, and Mowgli's mother sings the song she sings every night. About running away from Shere Khan, and how she has saved the same red flower ever since then, to scare the tiger away and to guide Mowgli home if he is out there.

Bollywood song about losing her husband and son, and the whole village joins in in a song and dance! ---Mowgli's mother takes a piece of the Red Flower every night and waves it at the edge of the village to try to bring her long-lost son home. During the second part of the song BALLOO & BAGHEERA & MOWGLI APPEAR & JOIN IN.

(-to the tune of "nature boy")

MOWGLI'S MOTHER:

Twelve years ago

I lost the life that I loved so

It happened on one fateful night

Our fire bright

Had kept Shere Khan away--

Red Flower died, my baby near my side---

Why I survived, I cannot say.

LOUD SCARY INSTRUMENTAL--AS SHE RELIVES THE MEMORY!!

Mother: *(CRYING, SINGING, GRIEVING, ADMITTING!)*

I ran away! How I wish I could relive that day

But when Shere Khan attacks

You turn your back,

Impossible to stay!

The jungle took my babe that night--

But he's alive, and he'll come back someday!

THE VILLAGERS HEAR HER, AND CHUCKLE AND SHAKE

THEIR HEADS IN THE PAUSE AFTER "HE'S ALIVE" AND DANCE AND

LAUGH THEIR SCORN AT Mowgli's MOTHER'S OBSESSION!

THE VILLAGERS She ran in fright!

She can't get over that one night--

But what Shiva decrees

It has to be!

To go against him is not right!

M'S MOTHER: The jungle took my babe that night--

But he's alive!! *(VILLAGERS LAUGH)* and he'll come back to me!

The song finishes in a round, and a chorus with the mother singing and the villagers laughing and scorning, and with the approaching Baloo, Bagheera, and Mowgli joining in the song's end.

VILLAGE WATCH DOGS: Bark!! Bark!!

BALOO: Dear dear Mowgli, look, the Red Flower, it burns for you!

BAGHEERA: Go, dear Man-Cub, we can go no closer!

With great difficulty they get Mowgli to leave them and approach her.

MOWGLI: *(to his mother)*: We be of one blood, thou and I.

MOTHER: You are my son. I will not harm thee.

The song becomes a mother-son duet. After the song, the other villagers are suspicious of Mowgli and only go to sleep reluctantly....

VILLAGER: You see, I knew he would come back!

Mother cannot believe what a lie this is!

MOWGLI: They have no manners, these Men Folk. Only the gray ape would behave as they do. Good night, mother.

Everyone sleeps, except Mowgli. He leaves his mother's side, goes to the edge of the village and howls; his brother and sister wolves respond--we see their eyes only, glowing in the near dark. Comforted, Mowgli goes in and sleeps at his mother's side for the first time since he was a babe.

19. COWS AND BULLS. SHERE KHAN kills a cow.

Villagers afraid. They organize a hunting party. Obviously bound to fail.

NARRATOR 14: Dear Mowgli, and his Mother, only had a short while to catch up on so much lost time together! Shere Khan was hungry. Shere Khan was on the prowl. Shere Khan killed a young bull who was grazing just outside the village!

Shere Khan prowls through the entire audience. He chooses a young audience member and pretends to eat him! The audience hollers, the villagers holler, but all are afraid!

MOWGLI: I will kill Shere Khan, Mother. Only I can do this. Give me the red flower.

MOTHER: No, Dear Son. Now that I have you back, how can I let you leave me?

MOWGLI: I will come back, Mother, this time very soon! I know the ways of the jungle, Mother. And, I won't be alone. I can speak with the animals, who will help me. Listen:

He buzzes. Bees answer. He crows. Crows answer. He howls. Wolves (including audience) answer.

20. MOWGLI VERSUS SHERE KHAN.

The death of Shere Khan. As a choreographed dance:

With the help of the wolves, who act like cattle dogs, they drive the cattle herd against Shere Khan--trap him and he runs into Mowgli's red flower! Mowgli kills and skins him. He returns to the village where all the villagers are hiding. He wears Shere Khan's pelt. Frightens them. Triumphant crescendo of animal delight, music, dance!

Music fades to quiet, not full out-----

NARRATOR 15 : My dears, this happened long, long, long ago. You see, we can look into the past, but we can never see into the future, clearly. Rudyard Kipling didn't know that his happiest days in Brattleboro, Vermont, *(return of sound and sight gag--but quickly! Narrator cuts it off.)*

Shhhh! ----would end so quickly--that his little daughter, Josephine, for whom he wrote the jungle book, and the JUST SO stories, would be dead of pneumonia at age of six. That his brother-in-law would turn against him--that he and Caroline would have to turn their backs on their beloved

Brattleboro, sail away, and never return. That, soon, great book printing presses would spring up right down the hill from where he used to live, and make the name of Brattleboro synonymous with books of the highest quality. (*Book Press graphic: machine, assembly line, mechanical noises*) Now, all of the Kiplings are gone, the great and famous book presses are silent, (*Book Press graphic freezes, melts upstage*) and only tourists, from all around the world--move through the Big gray dream house, shaped like a ship, that he and Caroline built, on Kipling Road.

SCENE 21

KIPLING. *At desk, music still under. He sits back, amazed at the vision he has just had.*

CAROLINE: Ruddy, come to bed; We're cold!

KIPLING: (*with a little snakey undulation thrown in?*) Coming, my dear.

He blows out the CANDLE on his desk.

BLACK-OUT.

Indian music up, group dance and bows.