# THE JUNGLE BOOK—THE MUSICAL
Adapted from the "Mowgli" stories of Rudyard Kipling

Book by VERA MORRIS, Music by GERALD V. CASTLE,
Lyrics by MICHAEL C. VIGILANT

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Appearance)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Role</th>
<th># of lines</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MOWGLI</td>
<td>jungle boy</td>
<td>97</td>
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<tr>
<td>NYRA</td>
<td>an old lady, storyteller</td>
<td>27</td>
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<tr>
<td>CHITRA</td>
<td>woman of the village</td>
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<td>RIKKI-TIKKI</td>
<td>mongoose</td>
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<tr>
<td>BALOO</td>
<td>kindly bear</td>
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<td>BAGHEERA</td>
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<td>FATHER WOLF</td>
<td>leads the pack</td>
<td>36</td>
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<td>MOTHER WOLF</td>
<td>his mate</td>
<td>16</td>
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<td>TABAQUI</td>
<td>jackal</td>
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<td>KAA</td>
<td>python</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>MANG</td>
<td>bat</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOR</td>
<td>peacock</td>
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<tr>
<td>WOLF #1</td>
<td>runs in a pack</td>
<td>24</td>
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<tr>
<td>WOLF #2</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>21</td>
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<tr>
<td>WOLF #3</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>18</td>
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<tr>
<td>KING MONKEY</td>
<td>silly simian</td>
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<tr>
<td>MONKEY #1</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>27</td>
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<tr>
<td>MONKEY #2</td>
<td>another</td>
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<td>fierce and villainous tiger</td>
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<td>MESSUA</td>
<td>Mowgli's mother</td>
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<td>TOOMAI</td>
<td>village elder</td>
<td>26</td>
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<tr>
<td>COBRA</td>
<td>guardian of the great treasure</td>
<td>15</td>
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Additional WOLVES, MONKEYS, JUNGLE CREATURES, VILLAGERS as/if desired.

* Most roles can be played as either male or female.
SYNOPSIS

PLACE: A jungle in India.
TIME: Years ago.

ABOUT THE SETTING

What you’d expect to find in a jungle or rainforest. Some overhanging vines, giant ferns, lush vegetation. STAGE RIGHT we can see some ruins belonging to a long-forgotten Deserted City: an overturned column or statue, some temple steps, large clump of masonry. UP CENTER is Council Rock; a collection of rocks that form something of an elevated platform. DOWN LEFT represents a nearby village. We see the suggestion of a hut, a cooking pot with kindling wood in front. STAGE CENTER and FORESTAGE represent more of the jungle. Entrances and exits UP RIGHT, RIGHT, DOWN RIGHT, UP LEFT, LEFT, DOWN LEFT.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

MC 1........ Overture
MC 2........ Mowgli: Keeper of the Law ................... Mowgli
MC 3........ Jungle Law ...................................... Mowgli, Baloo, Bagheera, Kaa, Mor, Mang, King Monkey
MC 4........ Can’t We Be Friends ....................... Shere Khan
MC 5........ The Monkey Song ........................... Monkeys
MC 6........ Red Flower ..................................... Villagers, Mowgli, Rikki-Tikki
MC 7........ Jungle Law (Reprise) ....................... All
THE JUNGLE BOOK—THE MUSICAL

ACT ONE
Scene One

MUSIC CUE 1: “Overture.”

SETTING: The jungle.

Prior to LIGHTS UP: SOUND EFFECTS: ECHOING CHATTER OF MONKEYS, BIRD CALLS, TRUMPETING OF ELEPHANTS. DRUMS. A SPOT or some SPECIAL LIGHTING hits Council Rock.

MOWGLI’S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE.) Ya-la-hi! Ya-la-hi! Ya-la-hi! (MOWGLI runs IN and jumps atop Council Rock. He appears to be a young lad of 11 or 12. He’s confident, strong, boastful. In one hand he holds a handsome, bejewelled dagger.)

MOWGLI: Ya-la-hi! Hear me, people of the jungle. We are of one blood. It is I, Mowgli, the Little Frog! You have nothing to fear. I will never leave you. Do you hear me, Baloo? Do you hear me, Bagheera? Do you hear me, Kaa? Do you hear me Father and Mother Wolf? I, Mowgli, am singing. (MUSIC CUE 2: “Keeper of the Law.” Sings.)

I can strike quick as a cat,
Move quiet as a snake.
I’ve got eyes in the back of my head,
Challenge me—that’s your last mistake.
One hand is flesh,
The other a claw.
I am Mowgli,
Keeper of the law!

I can leap just like a frog,
Climb trees as if a bear.
I’ve got ears that can hear anything,
Call on me—and I will be there.
My enemies
Should tremble in awe.
I am Mowgli,
Keeper of the law!

I am part man, I am part beast.
A jungle river flows through my veins.
Like Father Wolf, I hunt to feast.
I cover the ground like the monsoon rains.

(Speaks during instrumental verse.) Let the jungle listen to the things I have done. Shere Khan said he would kill! At the gates in
the twilight he would kill Mowgli the Frog. (*Holds up dagger.*) Let him come! I am Mowgli! Keeper of the law and guardian of the jungle!

(*Sings.*) I am part man, I am part beast.  
A jungle river flows through my veins.  
Like Father Wolf, I hunt to feast.  
I cover the ground like monsoon rains.  
I can strike quick as a cat,  
Move quiet as a snake.  
I’ve got eyes in the back of my head,  
Challenge me—that’s your last mistake.  
One hand is flesh,  
The other a claw.  
I am Mowgli, (*Growls like a lion.*)  
Keeper of the law!

End of Scene One

[NOTE: Individual scenes are indicated as such for rehearsal purposes, but the action should flow seamlessly, one scene quickly blending into the next. Use SOUND and LIGHT EFFECTS to cover any stage pauses.]

**ACT ONE**

**Scene Two**

**SETTING:** The village and jungle.

**LIGHTS UP:** NYRA, an old woman, is at the cooking pot stirring the contents. As she stirs, she singsongs to herself, almost mockingly. Imitating, as best she can, MOWGLI’S voice.

NYRA: I, Mowgli, am singing. Let the jungle listen to the things I have done. Shere Khan said he would kill Mowgli the Frog! (*Chuckles to herself.*) Kill Mowgli? Little did Shere Khan know of the future. What a boastful boy, that Mowgli. (*She chuckles again to herself and continues to stir the pot. CHITRA, a woman of the village, enters down right and crosses to NYRA. She speaks directly to the audience.*)

CHITRA: If you’ll be patient, I’m sure I can persuade Nyra to tell the story.

NYRA: (*Squinting.*) Who’s there? Who speaks? Is that you, Chitra?

CHITRA: Yes, Nyra.

NYRA: Come closer. Don’t make me squint. You know my eyes aren’t what they once were. (*CHITRA steps closer.*) Did I hear you speaking with someone?
CHITRA: Yes.

NYRA: Who was it?

RIKKI-TIKKI: (A mongoose, dances IN from DOWN RIGHT and takes CENTER STAGE. He’s mischievous, playful and full of tricks. He chants in lively fashion.)
Eye to eye and head to head.
Turn for turn and twist for twist.
The hooded cobra, again, has missed,
Thanks to Rikki-tikki-tavi. (Dances about, gleeful.)
Thanks to Rikki-tikki-tavi.
Thanks to Rikki-tikki-tavi.
Oh, yes.

NYRA: There’s that mongoose again. Must he [she] follow you everywhere you go? (To RIKKI-TIKKI.) Begone!

CHITRA: He means no harm.

NYRA: No harm? Last week he turned over my cooking pot and spilled the stew. Yesterday he stole an egg.

RIKKI-TIKKI: An egg. There’s nothing Rikki-tikki-tavi enjoys more than an egg. Oh, yes.

NYRA: Especially when the egg belongs to someone else. (A threatening gesture.) Be off with you! Son of mischief!

RIKKI-TIKKI: (Dances OFF, UP LEFT.)
Eye to eye and head to head.
Turn for turn and twist for twist.
The hooded cobra, again, has missed,
Thanks to Rikki-tikki-tavi.
Oh, yes.

NYRA: Conceited mongoose.

CHITRA: (To audience.) Like Mowgli, Nyra can understand the language of the jungle creatures. I never know what they’re saying.

NYRA: Get yourself a proper pet. A tame monkey or a parrot. A mongoose may be fine for trapping snakes, but otherwise it’s nothing but aggravation. One thing after another. Overturned cooking pots and stolen eggs.

CHITRA: Nyra.

NYRA: Eh?

CHITRA: (Gestures to audience.) We have visitors.
NYRA: Visitors? (NYRA steps beside CHITRA. Squints into audience.) So we do, so we do. (To CHITRA.) And there's no need to tell me why they're here. (To audience.) Visitors come to this village for only one reason, to hear the story of the jungle boy. The one the wolves named Mowgli. (Chuckles.) What a peculiar name to give a child. For it means Little Frog. Did you ever hear the like, Little Frog? (Hand up for emphasis.) Only I, Nyra, know the true story. You'll have to pay something. A good storyteller is worth a coin or two. I can't be expected to tell this strange account week in and week out without something to show for my trouble.

CHITRA: Our visitors gave me a coin of worth.

NYRA: A coin of worth, eh? I'll be the judge of that. Let me see it. (She holds out her hand. CHITRA produces the coin and gives it to NYRA. The storyteller promptly bites the coin to see if it's genuine. It is. A smile crosses NYRA's face. Quickly, the coin disappears into the folds of her costume. She takes a step toward the audience.) Make yourselves comfortable while I tell you a story from the book of the jungle.

RIKKI-TIKKI: (Dances back IN from UP LEFT.) Eye to eye and head to head. Turn for turn and twist for twist. The hooded cobra, again, has missed, Thanks to Rikki-tikki-tavi. Oh, yes.

NYRA: Chitra, do something about that mongoose. I can't think straight when he's about. Running this way, running that way. How can I concentrate?

CHITRA: (Crosses UP LEFT.) Come along with me, Rikki-tikki-tavi. I'll fix you a nice bowl of warm milk. (EXITS, RIKKI-TIKKI follows.)


NYRA: (To audience.) That mongoose is in and out of my hut twenty times a day. Into everything, he is. Sometimes I think the mongoose is kin to the monkey people. (Sighs.) Now, where was I? Ah, yes. Mowgli. To begin with, you must see in your mind's eye the animals who inhabit our story. (NYRA makes a slow circling motion with one hand, and the STAGE LIGHTS DIM somewhat as we supposedly travel back in time.) There's Baloo, the friendly bear. (BALOO ENTERS RIGHT.) Bagheera, the panther. (BAGHEERA ENTERS LEFT.) Father Wolf and Mother Wolf. (They ENTER RIGHT, stand
beside BALOO.) Tabaqui, the treacherous jackal.  (Smiling slyly, TABAQUI ENTERS LEFT and stands beside BAGHEERA.) Kaa, the great python snake.  (KAA ENTERS RIGHT, stands beside FATHER and MOTHER WOLF.) Mang, the bat.  (MANG ENTERS LEFT, stands beside TABAQUI.) Mor, the peacock.  (MOR ENTERS RIGHT, stands beside the OTHERS.) The wolves of the pack.  (WOLF #1, WOLF #2 and WOLF #3 [and EXTRAS] ENTER LEFT.) And the monkeys of the treetops.  (KING [QUEEN] MONKEY, MONKEY #1 and MONKEY #2 [and EXTRAS] ENTER RIGHT.) The jungle is home to not one but many. There are numerous citizens and you will meet them in time. However... (She looks RIGHT and LEFT, on guard.) there is one you must meet at once. For, without him, our wondrous tale would be quite different.

OTHERS: Quite different.

NYRA: I speak of that cunning and dangerous tiger...

ALL: (With dramatic feeling, almost a loud whisper.) Shere Khan.

NYRA: Yes. Shere Khan.  (With a great roar, SHERE KHAN leaps UP from behind Council Rock and stands on the platform. Hands held like claws, the ACTOR waves them in front of his face.)

SHERE KHAN: Grrrrrrrr. Grrrrrrrrrr. Grrrrrrrr. (OTHERS, not to include NYRA, EXIT RIGHT and LEFT, as if in fear.) Hear the words of Shere Khan. He is mine, the man-cub. He belongs to me. Only Shere Khan has the right to hunt down the human beings of the village. Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

NYRA: (Points to SHERE KHAN, speaks to audience.) Long ago, he came into the village and terrorized all who lived here. There is nothing to fear more than the breath of a man-eating tiger.

SHERE KHAN: Man-eating tiger! (As if boasting.) Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

NYRA: In the confusion, Mowgli’s father was struck down by the fearsome cat and Mowgli, barely able to walk, wandered off into the jungle. Oh, wicked, wicked Shere Khan.  (FLEES LEFT.)

SHERE KHAN:  (A proclamation.) Hear the words of the great Lord Shere Khan! I have the right to rule this jungle. For am I not the strongest and the most merciless? I, Shere Khan, fear nothing. Nothing! Not even the mighty elephant. When the time is right I will make my move and... conquer! Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. (LIGHTS FADE QUICKLY TO BLACK.)

End of Scene Two
ACT ONE
Scene Three

SETTING: Council Rock.

LIGHTS UP: TABAQUI ENTERS LEFT, followed by WOLF #1, WOLF #2 and WOLF #3 [and EXTRAS]. The WOLVES are howling. TABAQUI moves CENTER.

TABAQUI: (Moves CENTER.) There’s no use trying to impress a jackal such as I with your wolf howlings. The cry of a jackal is more than a match. (TABAQUI throws back his head, howls, and the sound is like a spiralling upward wail. The WOLVES are impressed, pull back.) There. What did I tell you? Don’t I have a fine voice?

WOLF #1: Doesn’t matter. Jackals are not welcome at Council Rock. (Points UPSTAGE.) Father Wolf and Mother Wolf forbid it.

WOLF #2: You gnaw bones after others have eaten away the meat.

WOLF #1: Because you are too lazy to hunt for yourself.

TABAQUI: Tsk, tsk. What a harsh opinion you have of Tabaqui. Anyway, I am not here by choice. I am here on my master’s business.

WOLVES: Master?

TABAQUI: The great and powerful Shere Khan.

WOLVES: (In awe.) Shere Khan!

WOLF #1: Shere Khan shouldn’t be in this jungle.

WOLF #2: Father Wolf has forbidden it.

TABAQUI: Ah, young wolves, you have forgotten something. This is the dry season of the water hole. All jungle creatures are free to quench their thirst. That is the law. Jungle law.

WOLVES: True. That is the law. Jungle law. (FATHER WOLF appears on Council Rock. WOLVES bow their heads as a sign of respect. TABAQUI does the same, but not out of respect. In truth, he respects nothing but the cruel strength of SHERE KHAN.)

FATHER WOLF: What brings you to Council Rock, scavenger?

WOLVES: Scavenger! Scavenger!

TABAQUI: A jackal can’t help being what he is, Father Wolf. Can a leopard change its spots?

WOLVES: What do you want? What do you want?

TABAQUI: (Steps closer.) It’s not what I want. I wouldn’t presume. It’s what my master desires.
FATHER WOLF: Your master is a man-killer, and I have forbidden him from the jungle trails.

TABAQUI: Ah, Father Wolf, it is as I told the young ones. This is the dry season. All are welcome at the water hole. Jungle law.

WOLVES: Jungle law.

FATHER WOLF: Shere Khan entered the village, and there he killed a man.

TABAQUI: (Oily.) An accident. (Direct.) He would speak to you on a matter of great importance. He begs you grant him an audience, O wise and majestic Father Wolf.

FATHER WOLF: I am feeling generous this morning. I will grant him an audience.

TABAQUI: (Backing OUT, bowing and scraping.) Too kind, too kind. I shall convey your message to my master. He awaits in the tall grass. He has no wish to intrude. Such a gentleman is Shere Khan. (TABAQUI is OUT. MOTHER WOLF joins her husband on the platform rock.)

MOTHER WOLF: What’s this, husband? Conversing with a jackal and granting an audience to a fearsome prowler?

FATHER WOLF: Things are different during the dry season of the water hole.

MOTHER WOLF: They must be when jackals and rogue tigers feel free to wander in and out of the jungle.

FATHER WOLF: Let’s see what the fellow has to say. I am curious. (FATHER WOLF tilts his head upward, howls. OTHER WOLVES do the same. At this point, JUNGLE CREATURES wander IN, attracted by the gathering at Council Rock: WOLVES, BALOO, BAGHEERA, KAA, MANG, MOR, RIKKI-TIKKI, MONKEYS.)


MANG: Who would have thought it?

KAA: It’s a bad businessssssssssss. (OTHERS murmur agreement.)

KING MONKEY: I hope he’s been well fed.

FATHER WOLF: Silence! (OTHERS bow their heads in respect. TABAQUI ENTERS LEFT.)

TABAQUI: May he enter, great and powerful Father Wolf? My master, Shere Khan?
MOTHER WOLF: I’m not in favor of this.

FATHER WOLF: Let him enter.

TABAQUI: (Calling OFFSTAGE, LEFT.) Father Wolf, present ruler of the jungle, awaits your presence, Shere Khan. (SHERE KHAN ENTERS. He can’t help looking arrogant, but he’s doing his best to appear diplomatic. OTHERS don’t trust him, but they do fear him. They step back.)

SHERE KHAN: (Surveying the scene.) Charming, charming. To see so many old friends. Speaking of old, you’re looking splendid, O divine and ancient Father Wolf. Sad that most of your teeth are gone and your eyes are dim. Splendid, nevertheless. Quite splendid.

MOTHER WOLF: Say what you have to say and be gone.

SHERE KHAN: Your tongue is sharp, Mother Wolf, but I’ll pretend I didn’t notice. I understand a man-cub from the village wandered into the jungle and has been given shelter here.

FATHER WOLF: What if he has?

SHERE KHAN: Only I, Shere Khan, have the right to hunt man. I demand what is mine. Give me the man-cub.

MOTHER WOLF: Never. He is safe in the wolf den.

SHERE KHAN: (To OTHER WOLVES.) Surely, the young wolves don’t want a man-cub running in the pack?

FATHER WOLF: I decide these things, not you. I know your hatred of man. I know your hatred of those who live in the nearby village. That is why I banished you years ago. Nothing has changed.

SHERE KHAN: No offense, but you’re too old to lead the pack. I say we take a vote! Let’s elect a new leader.

TABAQUI: What a wonderful idea!

FATHER WOLF: You haven’t changed at all. Where others have a heart, you have a bitter root. Hear me well, Shere Khan. You will not have the man-cub.

SHERE KHAN: (Insists.) The man-cub is mine. Give him to me.

FATHER WOLF: You are insolent. The man-cub is under my protection.

MOTHER WOLF: You will never have him.

SHERE KHAN: In that case... (Crafty.) why not send him back to the village? To his own people? It would be a kind thing to do.

TABAQUI: Another wonderful idea! Oh, where do you get such wonderful ideas, Shere Khan?
MOTHER WOLF: Back to the village? You have taken his scent. You would follow him there.

WOLVES: You would follow him there! You would follow him there!

FATHER WOLF: He stays with us. He will run with the pack. He will learn the ways of the jungle. He will learn jungle law.

OTHERS: Jungle law.

SHERE KHAN: I protest!

FATHER WOLF: Baloo, the bear.

BALOO: (Steps forward.) Here, great king.

FATHER WOLF: Bagheera, the panther.

BAGHEERA: (Steps forward.) Here, mighty monarch of the jungle.

FATHER WOLF: Kaa, the python.

KAA: (Steps forward.) Here I am, Father Wolf. Sssssssssss.

FATHER WOLF: You three, bear, panther and python, I charge with the education of the man-cub.

SHERE KHAN: Once again, I protest!

BALOO: I’ve seen the little man-cub in the den, toddling here and there. Why, he looks like a little frog.

BAGHEERA: Yes, yes. He does.

KAA: Quite sssssssssoo.

MOTHER WOLF: That will be his name. Little Frog. Or, in jungle talk, Mowgli.

OTHERS: (Jumping up and down.) Mowgli! Mowgli! Mowgli!

FATHER WOLF: He can do us no harm. Let him be accepted.

OTHERS: Let him be accepted! Let him be accepted!

SHERE KHAN: Surely you jest.

FATHER WOLF: Once the dry season of the water hole has passed, I order you to leave this jungle. Take care that one day Mowgli does not hunt you.

MOTHER WOLF: Father Wolf has spoken.

WOLVES: Father Wolf has spoken!

SHERE KHAN: And to think I approached this audience with the utmost politeness.
TABAQUI: The most polite tiger I ever saw. Has anyone ever seen such a polite man-eating tiger?

FATHER WOLF: (Sweeping gesture LEFT.) Leave!

SHERE KHAN: I leave, Father Wolf. But remember this. The man-cub... this Little Frog, this Mowgli... is mine. (He growls.)

OTHERS: (Ad lib.) Go away! You heard Father Wolf! Mowgli stays! Begone! Out! Out! (SHERE KHAN gathers as much dignity as possible, under the circumstances, and EXITS LEFT.)

TABAQUI: (Following OUT.) Ignore them, Shere Khan. They’re not your sort. (He’s OUT. OTHERS FOLLOW after SHERE KHAN and TABAQUI, taunting them.)

OTHERS: (Ad lib.) Don’t come back! Stay away! You’re not wanted! Out of the jungle! Go from this place! Be gone! (LIGHTS FADE. SOUND EFFECT: JUNGLE NOISES.)

End of Scene Three

ACT ONE
Scene Four

SETTING: The village and jungle.

LIGHTS UP: MESSUA, MOWGLI’S mother, is heard WAILING inside the hut.

MESSUA’S VOICE: My little baby! My little Nathoo!

CHITRA’S VOICE: You mustn’t worry, Messua. The men will find him.

MESSUA’S VOICE: They should have been back by now. (MESSUA and CHITRA ENTER from hut. Or, if you are only using the suggestion of a hut, they can APPEAR from behind it. MESSUA is terribly distraught. CHITRA tries to comfort her.)

CHITRA: You must be patient.

MESSUA: How can I be? Nathoo is all I have. The man-eating tiger has killed my poor husband.

CHITRA: The men of the village will find that terrible tiger and punish him.

End of Script Sample
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES:

ACT ONE, Scene One: Jewelled dagger (MOWGLI).

ACT ONE, Scene Two: Coin (CHITRA).

ACT ONE, Scene Four: Spear (TOOMAI); crown, hand mirror (KING MONKEY).

ACT TWO, Scene One: Jewelled dagger (KING MONKEY, from behind stone); beehive (BALOO).

ACT TWO, Scene Three: Small kettle with red glow (CHITRA); spear (TOOMAI).

ACT TWO, Scene Four: Glowing kettle, fire stick (MOWGLI).

SOUND EFFECTS

Jungle noises, drums, animal talk: chattering of monkeys, trumpeting of elephants, bird calls, etc. Thunder, storm effects.

COSTUMES

The key word is “imagination.” For the JUNGLE FOLK, You can make the costuming as elaborate or as simple and basic as you wish. For example, the cast can wear exercise clothing, fleece separates, dark garments. They can wear animal full-masks or half-masks. Even “animal noses” in place of the masks. Or they might carry off the animal look by facial makeup or headpieces. What’s even more important than the costume route you choose is the manner in which the cast moves. Whatever animal the actor is portraying, he or she must walk and move and think like that creature. The voice, too, must suggest the animal portrayed.

The VILLAGERS are dressed simply. Indian saris or long, simple garments for the females; ragged clothing and turban for TOOMAI. MOWGLI can wear a loincloth, pajama bottom, or bloused, thin pants, dyed a neutral color.

FLEXIBLE CASTING

Most roles can be played either female or male. The animal masks or makeup will make this easy. The principal male roles: MOWGLI, BALOO, FATHER WOLF, SHERE KHAN, TOOMAI. The principal female roles: NYRA, CHITRA, MOTHER WOLF, MESSUA. However, there is no reason why NYRA couldn’t be switched to a male role: KOTO, etc. All the other roles, TABAQUI, RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI, WOLVES, MONKEYS, COBRA, etc., are up for grabs. Add as many additional WOLVES, MONKEYS, VILLAGERS and JUNGLE CREATURES as you wish. The animal world will offer many
possibilities. You might even bring the VISITORS to the village in Act One, Scene One ON STAGE and have NYRA indicate that they should sit in the audience when she says “Make yourselves comfortable...”. If you want a smaller cast, eliminate all the EXTRAS. Use two WOLVES instead of three. Combine the characters of MANG and MOR, eliminate MOTHER WOLF, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS

Get as much green or tropical LIGHTING on the stage as possible. It will help greatly to create a jungle mood.

If you don’t use a mechanical SOUND EFFECT for the bee attack on the MONKEYS, have those ON STAGE make the sound of “Bzzzzz. Bzzzzz. Bzzzzz.” Have OFFSTAGE ACTORS join in.

BALOO might carry in the beehive on the end of a pole.

When CHITRA ENTERS with the kettle in Act Two, Scene Eight, supposedly there are “glowing” coals within. To achieve this effect, put a couple of “on” flashlights into the kettle and cover the top of the kettle with red gel or paper. Or the bulbs in the flashlights can be red.

The “fire stick” that MOWGLI pulls from the kettle in the final scene can be a flashlight with a red bulb disguised to look like wood. Or you might attach shredded red paper to the stick to suggest flames. Or MOWGLI might simply threaten SHERE KHAN with the glowing red kettle.

For the COBRA, use an actor with mask or facial makeup and a hooded effect to indicate we are dealing with a hooded cobra, or use a hand puppet. That is, the actor concealed behind some rock or prop uses one arm to suggest the reptile’s long body and holds his hand and fingers to suggest the head of the snake. A long white glove or sock works nicely. The actor recites his lines without the audience seeing him or her.
The Jungle Book — The Musical

Basic Floor Plan

Forstage (Jungle)

Jungle

Council Rock

Deserted City

Ruins of

Front of Hut

Kettle & Wood
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

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