

BOBBY STARR
SAMMY
McMURPHY
HARDING
CHESWICK

BOBBY. (*Charging at McMURPHY.*) You damned Rachel Mac! (*He flings his arms around her to kiss her and TURKLE adroitly snatched the bottle of scotch.*) Hey, what the hell — !

McMURPHY. That's okay, baby. (*Inspecting the half-empty bottle of vodka.*) What happened to this one?

BOBBY. (*Patting his stomach.*) We got the rest of it right here.

McMURPHY. *We?*

BOBBY. Oh, lordy. I forgot, Sammy's out there!

SAMMY. (*Struggling through the window with HARDING'S help.*)
Hiya, Mac.

McMURPHY. Sammy, baby! (*Kisses him. SAMMY is a big, earthy man. Like BOBBY, he is drunk.*) What'd you do with your wife?

SAMMY. (*As HARDING closes the screen and pockets the key.*)
That lunatic!

BOBBY. (*Giggling.*) He up and left her. Ain't that a hoot!

SAMMY. Lissen, you can take just so many funsies like ants in your pants and frogs down your shorts. Cheesus, what a nut!

BOBBY. (*With warmth.*) Hello, Billie.

BILLIE. (*Bashfully.*) Hello, B-B-B-B-B....

BOBBY. Never mind. (*He kisses her, then pulls her to a chair and sits her on his lap.*)

SAMMY. (*Suddenly.*) Ouch!

McMURPHY. Ya okay, baby?

SAMMY. (*Darkly, eyeing SCANLON.*) Somebody pinched me on the ass.

McMURPHY. I gotta find somethin' for us to drink! Cheswick, get me somethin' to mix in. (*Takes the keys and opens the Nurses' Station. MARTINI and SCANLON follow. SAMMY goes circling, looking over the WOMEN.*)

SAMMY. Whooeee, Bobby boy, is this for real? I mean, are we in an asylum? (*To HARDING.*) Tell the truth, are you really nuts?

HARDING. Absolutely, sir. We are psychoceramics, the cracked pots of humanity. Would you like me to decipher a Rorschach?

(CHESWICK rolls in a stand with an enema bag with tube attached.)

CHESWICK. Cocktail shaker!

McMURPHY. *(On microphone.)* Medication! *(Comes out of Station with jugs and bottles of medicine.)*

HARDING. *(Reading the label on a bottle of colored liquid.)* Artificial coloring, citric acid. Sixty percent inert materials.

McMURPHY. *(pointing out a line.)* Twenty-two percent alcohol. *(Pours liquids into bag.)*

HARDING. *(Reading the next label)* Ten percent codeine. Warning: May Be Habit Forming.

McMURPHY. *(Seizing it.)* Nothin' like a good bad habit.

HARDING. *(Next bottle.)* Tincture of nux vomica.

McMURPHY. *(Emptying it in.)* That'll give it body.

CHESWICK. *(Returning from the Station.)* Here's some cups.

McMURPHY. *(Shakes up the cocktail with professional dexterity. Tastes it. Clicks her teeth together loudly.)* If we cut it a leetle bit... *(Pours the remaining vodka into the "shaker" and squeezes it.)*

SAMMY. Jeez, what a blast! Is this really happening?

HARDING. No sir. The whole thing is collaboration between Franz Kafka and Mark Twain.

McMURPHY. *(Pouring.)* Bar's open.

HARDING. *(Tasting.)* Interesting....

BOBBY. *(Taking a sip.)* Tastes like cough medicine.

SAMMY. *(Getting to his feet.)* 'Scuse me, I gotta take a leak. *(He goes, weaving.)*