

BOBBY STARR
McMURPHY
RATCHED

BOBBY. Rachel Mac!

McMURPHY. Bobby *baby!!*

BOBBY. Oh, damn you, girl!! *(He runs to her, picks her up. They kiss - sensationally - and heads swivel toward them. NURSE RATCHED clicks on the microphone.)*

NURSE RATCHED. Please identify your visitor.

McMURPHY. *(Bellowing.)* He's my long lost uncle! *(To the WOMEN.)* Ladies, this is Bobby Starr.

BOBBY. *(Turns to them, smiling.)* Hiya, girls, how's every little thing? *(To Scanlon)* Hey there, what they got you in for?

SCANLON. Murder.

McMURPHY. *(Laughs.)* Honey, this is Billie Bibbit. Wouldja believe it? She's a virgin.

BOBBY. *(with instant sympathy, talking Billie's hand.)* Aw, they lock you up for *that?*

McMURPHY. Come over here and talk to me. *(Sits with him on the couch, and BILLIE, fascinated, hangs close.)* How's Sammy?

BOBBY. Tied up, man, I mean like *really*. He got married.

McMURPHY. Got which?

BOBBY. Can you picture that? Ol' Sammy married.

McMURPHY. Wow! Who to?

BOBBY. You remember Alice, from Beaverton? Always used to show up at the parties with some weird thing, a gopher snake or a white rat or some weird thing like that? Jesus, a real maniac! *(He clamps his hand over his mouth and looks at the WOMEN, round-eyed.)*

McMURPHY. That's okay, honey, they're a lot crazier outside.

BOBBY. You damn Rachel Mac...*(He throws his arms around her waist. The LOUDSPEAKER clacks on.)*

NURSE RATCHED. *(On microphone.)* Ms. McMurphy —

McMURPHY. *(Raising both hands.)* Okay!

BOBBY. You all right, baby? I mean, they treating you all right?

McMURPHY. Oh, hell, yes. The grub - sensational. And the bed they give a girl...hey, why'n't I show you?

BOBBY. Why not?

(McMURPHY takes him by the hand and is leading him toward the dormitory when the LOUDSPEAKER clacks on again.)

NURSE RATCHED. Ms. McMurphy —

McMURPHY. *(Reversing course.)* Okay, okay. *(Comes back into Day Room, makes X to indicate exact spot, yells to NURSE RATCHED.)* Here...? Here....? *(To BOBBY.)* I think she wants to watch. *(Grabs BOBBY in an embrace. Then low.)* Listen, honey, I got an idea. You talking about the old parties and all...I bet I could fix it so we could throw one right here.

BOBBY. *(As some of the WOMEN inch closer, listening.)* You kiddin'?

McMURPHY. And maybe you could bring Sammy.

BOBBY. I told you, ol' Sammy got married.

McMURPHY. Well, he still digs parties?!

BOBBY. Oh sure! But...how'd we get in? *(McMURPHY looks about, beckons him closer, whispers rapidly in his ear as the WOMEN draw toward them. BOBBY laughs delightedly.)* Far out! *(He pulls her toward him.)*

NURSE RATCHED. *(On microphone.)* Ms. McMurphy - I'm afraid you'll have to ask your visitor to leave.

BOBBY. *(In protest)* Hey, I just got here!

McMURPHY. *(with a big wink)* Later, baby. Say so long to the girls.

BOBBY. *(Clinching with her.)* You damned Rachel Mac..*(To the WOMEN)* Later, girls. *(He exits.)*