

McMURPHY
DR. SPIVEY
RATCHED
BILLIE
SCANLON
MARTINI

(1st group therapy meeting)

NURSE RATCHED. Ms. McMurphy, would you like to join us?
(She takes an empty chair.) Now, then, would anyone like to begin?
(Her eyes are on BILLIE, who at length stirs uncomfortably.)

BILLIE. *(Touching the bandage on her wrist.)* I guh-guess. I ought to talk about this. *(NURSE RATCHED waits.)* It was on account of my mother. Every time she comes to visit it leaves me feeling just awful.

NURSE RATCHED. Your mother loves you, Billie.

SCANLON *(Mimicking)* Billie-darling, Billie-baby!!

BILLIE. *(Disregarding SCANLON)* I know. That's the trouble. I'm such a duh-disappointment to her, but she won't admit it. She won't suh-see me like I am! I say to her, "Mama, I'm nuh-not right in the head. I can't even tuh-talk straight." But she goes right on. And pretty soon I want to k-kill myself. So I try.

NURSE RATCHED. Is it possible that you may be trying to punish *her*?

BILLIE. Sure, it's possible! *(Desperately.)* Muh-Miss Ratched, couldn't we tuh-talk about somebody else today?

NURSE RATCHED. You really ought to face it, Billie. *(BILLIE turns away, and McMURPHY is watching in amazement. At length.)* Very well. *(She opens the Log Book.)* At the close of Friday's meeting we were discussing Mrs. Harding's young husband...the fact that he is extremely well-endowed. Does anyone care to touch upon this further? *(Silence, then McMURPHY holds up a hand and snaps his fingers.)*

McMURPHY. Touch upon what?

NURSE RATCHED. The subject.

McMURPHY. Oh, I thought you meant touch upon his...*(Makes a crotch gesture and unleashes her laugh. But the WOMEN are gazing at her blankly and the laugh dies of malnutrition.)*

NURSE RATCHED. To continue. According to notes entered by various patients in the Log Book — *(DR. SPIVEY enters, moving fast. He is a resident psychiatrist, a pipe-smoking, glasses-fumbling, harassed fellow of no great force. He seats himself.)* — Good afternoon, Doctor.

DR. SPIVEY. Sorry. *(Makes a vague gesture, meaning “please continue” and drops his eyes despondently to the floor.)*

NURSE RATCHED. Yes...we were talking about Mrs. Harding's relations with her husband..

MARTINI. Whose husband? Oh. Yeah, I see him!

McMURPHY. *(Jumping up.)* Where?

MARTINI. Mama mia! Una puppona! Le figura d'un dea! Ma fa allungare!

McMURPHY. *(Peering vainly.)* God, what I wouldn't give for that woman's eyes.

(DR. SPIVEY has awakened from his stupor and is staring at McMURPHY. He puts on his glasses for a better look, takes them off and turns to NURSE RATCHED, who calmly extracts a folder from her basket and opens it.)

NURSE RATCHED. *(Reading)* McMurphy, Rachel Patricia. Committed by the State for diagnosis and possible treatment. Thirty-five years old. Never married. A history of prostitution, drunkenness, assault and battery, disturbing the peace, repeated gambling, one arrest for rape....

McMURPHY. Statutory!

NURSE RATCHED. With a child of fifteen.

McMURPHY. Said he was seventeen...and he was plenty willin'.

NURSE RATCHED. A court doctor's examination of the child -

McMURPHY. Doc, he was so willin'I took to padlockin' my pants.

NURSE RATCHED. Our new admission, Doctor.

(McMURPHY obligingly takes the folder from her and passes it to DR. SPIVEY who puts on his glasses and starts reading. In the silence DR SPIVEY clucks disapprovingly, chuckles at a spicy bit; whistles incredulously; and generally runs through a repertoire of reactions as McMURPHY beams on him. He looks up to find all eyes on him.)

DR. SPIVEY. Oh...ah...it seems...you've no previous history. Any time spent in other institutions?

McMURPHY. Ah. No. This is my first trip. But I am crazy, Doc. I swear it. Here - lemme show you - that other doctor at the Work Farm - *(Leans over DR. SPIVEY's shoulder, thumbing through the file.)* Yeah, here it is. "Repeated outbreaks of passion that suggest the possible diagnosis of psychopath." Way he explained it, Doc, psychopath means that I fight and fuck - oh, 'scuse me, how did he put it? - I'm over zealous in my sexual relations. Doc, is that real serious? I mean, you ever been troubled by it?

DR. SPIVEY. *(A little wistfully.)* No, Ms. McMURPHY. I'll admit I haven't.

McMURPHY. That bit about fightin' I can understand, but what's wrong with a girl getting plenty of cock, Doc? *(action?)*

DR. SPIVEY. *(Referring to file.)* I am interested in this statement: "Don't overlook the possibility that this woman might be feigning psychosis to escape the drudgery of the work farm." Well, Ms. McMURPHY? What about that?

McMURPHY. *(With a maniacal grin.)* Do I look like a sane woman? *(Laughs uproariously at this joke.)*

NURSE RATCHED. Perhaps, Doctor, you should advise Ms. McMURPHY on the protocol of these meetings.

DR. SPIVEY. Yes. One of the first rules is that the patients remain seated.

McMURPHY. *(Seating herself.)* Why sure, Doc.

DR. SPIVEY. You see, we operate on the principle of the Therapeutic Community.

McMURPHY. The which?

DR. SPIVEY. Ther-a-peutic Com-munity. That means that this ward is society in miniature, and since society decides who is sane and who isn't, you must measure up. Our goal here is a completely democratic ward, governed by the patients - working to restore you

to the Outside. The important thing is to let nothing fester inside you. Talk! Discuss! Confess! If you hear another patient say something of significance, write it down in the Log Book for all to see. Do you know what this procedure is called?

McMURPHY. Squealing?

DR. SPIVEY. Group Therapy. Help yourself and your friends probe the secrets of the subconscious. Bring those old guilts out into the open!

McMURPHY. (*Blankly.*) What guilts?

DR. SPIVEY. You have them or you wouldn't be here.