

McMURPHY
DR. SPIVEY
RATCHED
BILLIE
CHESWICK
SCANLON
MARTINI
HARDING
(group therapy meeting)

NURSE RATCHED. *(Closing the Log Book.)* Now, girls, before we open the meeting I thought we might have a little discussion. Informal, you know? On the subject of Patient McMurphy?

CHESWICK. Hey, where is McMurphy?

NURSE RATCHED. I suggested this would be a good time for her interview with Dr. Spivey. We're not going to make any decisions, you understand, I just don't think she should be allowed to go on upsetting the other patients.

SCANLON. I ain't upset.

CHESWICK. Neither am I!

NURSE RATCHED. You may not realize you are. However -

(From off, a happy chortling and sounds of good fellowship, as the Ward door opens and DR. SPIVEY and McMURPHY enter. McMURPHY has her arm around the DOCTOR'S shoulder and they are very chummy.)

McMURPHY. Right, Doc? Whattaya think?

DR. SPIVEY. Oh, it's a charming notion.

McMURPHY. A real blast! *(Digs her fingers in the DOCTOR'S ribs, and they laugh, poking at each other.)*

NURSE RATCHED. Doctor. Doctor, we have a meeting in progress.

DR. SPIVEY. Eh? Oh, sorry. Go right ahead!

NURSE RATCHED. *(Smiling.)* Yes. We were just considering the matter of morale?

DR. SPIVEY. Why, that's exactly what we were talking about! And I made the suggestion...*(To McMURPHY, puzzled)*...or was it you? McMURPHY. Hell, no, it was your idea.

DR. SPIVEY. I suggested - well, what would you think if we were to have a carnival?

NURSE RATCHED. A....carnival?

DR. SPIVEY. *(Beaming.)* Right here on the Ward! Wouldn't it be fun? There could be games, booths, decorations...what do you think, ladies?

CHESWICK. *(Galvanized by McMURPHY'S big thumbs-up.)* Ooo! I think it's a good idea!

DR. SPIVEY. And not without therapeutic value.

SCANLON. Hell, yes, lots of therapeutics in a carnival.

CHESWICK. Scanlon could do her human bomb act. And I could make a ring toss in Occupational Therapy!

McMURPHY. Myself, I'd be glad to run a Skillo wheel. *(Chanting under the lines following.)* Heya, heya, step right up ladies and gentlemen, and try your luck, a bonanza for a dime, a prize on every spinna the wheel!

DR. SPIVEY. Oh, fine!

MARTINI. I could sell things!

HARDING. I'm rather good at palm readings.

DR. SPIVEY. Fine, fine! What do you think, Miss Ratched? *(She looks at him, frozen-smiled.)* A...carnival? Here on theward?

NURSE RATCHED. *(At length...letting the idea die before burying it.)* I agree it might have therapeutic possibilities. But, of course it must be discussed in Staff before a decision can be reached. Wasn't that your intention, Doctor?

DR. SPIVEY. Yes, of course...I just thought...feeling out, some of the patients...but a Staff meeting...no, certainly...

NURSE RATCHED. *(Referring to a memo.)* Also, Doctor, I recommend that Ms. McMurphy's request for a visitor...as she puts it, "A stud named Bobby Starr"...be denied until she becomes familiar with the rules in this Ward.

DR. SPIVEY. I...well...Ms. McMurphy showed me her request in my office and I figured...I mean since she's been here a week already...I signed it.

(McMURPHY and BILLIE share McMURPHY'S triumph. The CHIEF has put the broom back in the closet.)

NURSE RATCHED. *(Opens the Log Book.)* I see. Very well. Billie Bibbit and her speech problem. Can you recall, Billie, when you first had speech difficulties? When did you begin to stutter?

BILLIE. The v-very first word I said, I stuttered. Muh-muh-mama. And when I tried to tell a b-buh-boy that I liked him, I flubbed it. I said, "Huh-huh-honey, I luh-luh-luh-luh..." *(McMURPHY laughs companionably and BILLIE giggles, too)*...til he broke out l-laughing.

NURSE RATCHED. Your mother has spoken to me about this boy, Billie. Apparently, he was a bit beneath you. Was it that which frightened you?

BILLIE. No!

NURSE RATCHED. Then what was the matter?

BILLIE. I was in luh-love with him.

NURSE RATCHED. Let me quote from your mother, Billie - "He was a manipulative gigolo who only wanted to marry my Billie because..."

BILLIE. *(Anguished.)* No! He was a sw-sw-sweet boy that — McMURPHY. Say, I got somethin' to take up.

NURSE RATCHED. If you wish to speak you must first be recognized.

McMURPHY. You mean you don't know me?

NURSE RATCHED. I know you but I don't *recognize* you.

McMURPHY. Say, you got a hell of a problem! *(Sympathetically.)* Wouldja like to discuss it?

NURSE RATCHED. Doctor, I wonder if we shouldn't discuss Ms. McMurphy?

DR. SPIVEY. In what respect?

NURSE RATCHED. i have observed a definite deterioration of discipline since she arrived. Perhaps...another form of therapy...

McMURPHY. What you got in mind? Hookin' me up to your little battery charger?

NURSE RATCHED. *(Smiling.)* For your own good, Rachel.

McMURPHY. In a pig's gizzard!

DR. SPIVEY. *(Unexpectedly.)* I must say, Nurse, I agree with Patient McMurphy. I find her quite lucid, quite in touch, and despite

her past record, she has exhibited no tendencies toward violence. So I must conclude that electro-shock therapy is *not* indicated.

NURSE RATCHED. Very well, if there's nothing further....

McMURPHY. Doc, I got a little matter —

NURSE RATCHED. Doctor, I think you should point out that the purpose of these meetings is therapy, and that these petty grievances —

McMURPHY. Petty? You call the World Series petty?