

WARREN
WILLIAMS
McMURPHY

(LIGHTS TO FULL on the Day Room, empty. It is morning. AIDES WARREN and WILLIAMS enter. They carry cleaning and polishing utensils and a bucket of powdered soap. They set down their materials and go to work on glass and baseboards.)

WARREN. Finger marks an' smooches.
WILLIAMS. An' scuffs all over the place.
WARREN. Big Nurse see this, she raise sand for sure.
WILLIAMS. She beat us with that big brown bag.
WARREN. Haw! Why'n' we jus' beat her back?
WILLIAMS. Go man!
WARREN. First, we slug 'er with this can.
WILLIAMS. Git 'er down!
WARREN. Pry open her mouth!
WILLIAMS. Stuff this whole damn mess inside!
WARREN. Ram it to the bottom with a mop!

(They stomp the imaginary Big Nurse to death.)

McMURPHY. *(off, singing)*
"You are my sunshine...my only sunshine" *(She comes trotting from the dormitory en route to the latrine, toothbrush in hand, wearing a towel wrapped around her.)* Mornin', boys! *(The AIDES stare, less flabbergasted by her towel than by the sound of singing. Off, big and happy)*
"You make me happy when skies are grey
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away" *(She comes trotting back out of the latrine and whops WARREN on the shoulder with a friendly hand.)*
Hey, there, ol' buddy, what's the chance of gettin' some toothpaste for my grinders?
WARREN. *(Staring at the hand on his shoulder.)* We don't open the cabinet till six forty-five.

McMURPHY. That where it is? Locked in the cabinet?

WARREN. That's right.

McMURPHY. Well, well, well, now why do you reckon they keep the toothpaste locked up? I mean, it ain't like it's dangerous?

WILLIAMS. *(Coming over, sniffing trouble.)* Ward policy, tha's the reason.

McMURPHY. Ward policy? Now, why?

WILLIAMS. Well, whaddya s'pose it'd be like if everybody was to brush their teeth whenever they took the notion?

McMURPHY. *(Reasonably.)* Uh huh, uh huh, I think I see what you're drivin' at: Ward policy is for them that can't brush after every meal.

WILLIAMS. My god, don't you see?

McMURPHY. Yeah, I think I do now. You're sayn' people'd be brushin' their teeth whenever the spirit moved 'em.

WILLIAMS. Tha's right. Why —

McMURPHY. And lordy, can you imagine? Teeth bein' brushed at six-thirty, six-twenty — maybe even six o'clock in the mornin'!!

WARREN. *(Uneasily.)* Cmon, Williams. We gotta get to work.

McMURPHY. Hey, wait, what do we have here?

WARREN. Where?

McMURPHY. What's the stuff in this old can?

WARREN. Tha's soap powder.

McMURPHY. Well, I generally use paste....*(Digs her toothbrush in the can, taps it on the side.)* We'll look into that ward policy shit later. *(Goes trotting back into the latrine, singing; it becomes muffled as she brushes her teeth. The AIDES gape foolishly. Then WARREN notices CHIEF BROMDEN, grabs up a broom and strides over to her angrily.)*

WARREN. *(Shoving the broom in her hand.)* There, damn you. Get workin', don't be gawkin' 'round like some big useless cow! Move! Move!