

Side 10

BILLY. (Touching the bandage on his wrist.) I guh-guess I ought to talk about this... 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, Billy.

SCANLON. (Mimicking.) Billy-darlin'. Billy-baby.

BILLY. ...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?

BILLY. Sure, it's possible! ...Muh-Miss Ratched, couldn't we tuh-talk about somebody else today?

Side 11

McMURPHY. Billy- You're just a young kid. Why ain't you out runnin' around in a convertible, cruisin' for babes? All you guys, why the hell do you stay? You gripe, you bitch how you can't stand this place, can't stand the Big Nurse, and here all the time you ain't committed! What's the matter with you? Ain't you got any guts?

BILLY. (An explosion of rage.) Sure! Sure, that's it, we haven't got the guts! I could g g-get out this afternoon if ... (Wildly.) You think I wuh-want to stay here? Sure, I'd like a convertible and a guh-girl friend. But did you ever have people l-l-laughing at you? No, because you're so tough. Well, I'm not tough. Neither is Harding. Neither is Cheswick. Oh oh, you- you t-talk like we stayed in here because ... oh ... what's the use ...