

Side 1

McMURPHY. Get away from me, boy, give me a minute to look my new home over, will ya? What the hell, I never been in a Institute of Psychology before... My name is McMurphy, buddies, R. P. McMurphy, and I am a gamblin' fool. What's this you're playin'? Pinochle? Jesus, ain'tcha got a straight deck around here? Well, say, here we go, I brought along my own just in case. Every card a picture- and check those pictures, huh? Fifty-two positions, boys, every one different. Easy now, don't smudge 'em, we got lotsa time, lotsa games... Y'see, buddies, what happened was I got in a couple hassles down at the Work Farm and the Court ruled that I'm a psychopath. And do you think I'm gonna argue with the Court? Shoo, you can bet your bottom dollar I don't. If it gets me outa those damn pea fields I'll be whatever their little heart desires, be it psychopath or mad dog or werewolf, because I don't care if I never see another weedin' hoe to my dying' day- *and will you get the fuck away from me?*

Side 2

McMURPHY. (Laughing.) Jesus, that look on Warren's face. That look when you threw the Ol' bear hug on 'im... Aw, c'mon, Chief, why don't you laugh right out loud? You got to laugh 'specially when things ain't funny. That's the way ya keep yourself in balance! (Laughs again.) Hey, y'know something? You're gettin' bigger. Look at that foot. The size of a flatcar! You keep growin' that way and pretty soon they'll have ta spring ya. And there'll be Big Chief Bromden, cuttin' down the boulevard, men, women and kids rockin' back on their heels to peer up at 'im! "Well, well, well, what giant's this here, takin' ten feet at a step and duckin' for telephone wires? Comes stompin' through town, stops just long enough for virgins, the rest o' you twitches don't even bother linin' up!" (His laugh rolls free.)

Side 3

NURSE RATCHED. Mr. McMurphy.

McMURPHY. Howdy, Ma'am!

NURSE RATCHED. Aide Williams tells me you are being difficult.

McMURPHY. (pained.) Me?

NURSE RATCHED. I understand you refused to take your admission shower?

McMURPHY. Well, as to that, ma'am, they showered me at the courthouse and last night at the jail, and I swear they'd of washed my ears for me on the way over if they coulda found the facilities. (Explodes into laughter- alone.)

NURSE RATCHED. That's quite amusing, Mr. McMurphy. But you must realize that our policies are engineered for your cure. Which means cooperation.

McMURPHY. Ma'am, I'll cooperate from hell to Thursday, but you wouldn't want me to be unpolite? I mean, had to get acquainted with my new buddies?

NURSE RATCHED. (Ever-smiling.) Please understand, I do appreciate the way you've taken it upon yourself to ... orient with other patients? But everything in its own time. You must follow the rules.

McMURPHY. Ya know, ma'am... that is the exact thing somebody always tells me about the rules- just when I'm thinkin' a breakin' every one of 'em.

Side 4

McMURPHY. Say, buddy, is this the way these little meetings usually go? Bunch of chickens at a peckin' party?

HARDING. Pecking party? I haven't the faintest notion what you're talking about.

McMURPHY. Why, I'll just explain it. The flock gets sight of a speck of blood on some chicken and they all go to peckin' at it, see? Till there's nothin' left but blood and bones and feathers. But usually a couple of the flock gets spotted in the fracas, then it's their tum.

HARDING. A pecking party. That certainly is a pleasant analogy, my friend.

McMURPHY. That's right, my friend. And that's exactly what that meeting reminded me of.

HARDING. And that makes me the chicken with the spot of blood, eh, friend?

McMURPHY. That's right, friend. And you want to know who pecks the first peck? It's that ol' nurse, that's who.

HARDING. So it's as simple as that. As stupidly simple as that. You're on our ward six hours and have already simplified the work of Freud, Jung and Maxwell Jones and summed it up in one analogy: it's a peckin' party.

McMURPHY. I'm not talkin' 'bout Fred Yoong and whosis Jones, buddy, I'm talkin' 'bout that crummy meeting and what that nurse did to you.

HARDING. Did to me?

McMURPHY. In spades.

HARDING. Why, this is incredible! You completely disregard the fact that everything she did was for my benefit.

McMURPHY. Horse apples.

HARDING. I'm disappointed in you, my friend. I had judged you were more intelligent. But it's evident I made a mistake.

McMURPHY. The hell with you, buddy.

HARDING. Oh, yes, I also noticed your primitive brutality. Psychopath with definite sadistic tendencies, probably motivated by unreasoning egomania. And those talents certainly qualify you as a therapist, my friend. Oh, yes, they render you quite capable of criticizing Miss Ratched, although she's a highly regarded psychiatric nurse with twenty years' experience in the field. But you, no doubt, with your talent could work subconscious miracles, soothe the aching id and heal the wounded superego. You could probably cure the whole ward, Vegetables and all, in six months, ladies and gentlemen, or your money back!

McMURPHY. Are you tellin' me that this crap that went on today is doing some kinda good?

HARDING. Why else would we subject ourselves to it? Miss Ratched may be a very strict lady, but she is not some kind of monster chicken, pecking our eyes out.

McMURPHY. No, buddy. She ain't pecking at your eyes. She is aimin' right square at the family jewels!

HARDING. Miss Ratched! Why, she's like a mother, a tender mother.

McMURPHY. Don't give me that tender-mother crap. She's a ball-cutter from way back.

HARDING. (His talk speeds up, his hands dance and flutter, a wild puppet doing a high-strung dance.) Why, see here, my friend, my psychopathic sidekick, Miss Ratched is a veritable angel of mercy and- why, everybody knows it. She's unselfish as the wind, toiling thanklessly for the good of all, day after day, seven days a week. Why she has no life, no husband, nothing but her work, and everybody knows it. Do you think she enjoys being stern with us, asking those questions, probing our subconscious till it hurts? Oh, no, my egomaniac buddy, she is dedicated, she gives every bit of herself, she desires nothing more on earth than to see us walk

out of here adjusted and capable once more of coping with life. So you're wrong, I assure you. Our Miss Ratched is the kindest, sweetest, the most benevolent woman that I have ... that I have ... ever (Stops. Begins to laugh. Then he is crying.) Oh, the bitch. The bitch...

Side 5

CANDY. McMurphy.

McMURPHY. Candy baby!

CANDY. Oh, you damned McMurphy!

NURSE RATCHED. Please identify your visitor.

McMURPHY. (Bellowing.) She's my goddamn mother! Buddies, this is Candy Starr.

CANDY. Hiya, boys, how's every little thing? Hey, Pop, what they got you in for?

SCANLON. Rape.

McMURPHY. (Laughs.) Honey, this is Billy Bibbit. Wouldja believe it? He's a virgin.

CANDY. (With instant sympathy, taking BILLY'S hand.) Aw, they lock you up for that?

McMURPHY. Come over here and talk to me. How's Sandra?

CANDY. Tied up, man, I mean like really. She got married.

McMURPHY. Got which?

CANDY. Can you picture that? Ol' Sandy married.

McMURPHY. Wow! Who to?

CANDY. You remember Artie, 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!

McMURPHY. They're a lot crazier outside.

CANDY. You damned McMurphy ...

Side 6

CHIEF BROMDEN. The Combine. It wanted us to go live some place else. It wanted to take away our waterfall. In town they beat up Papa in the alleys and cut off his hair. Oh, the Combine's big ... big. He fought it a long time till my mother made him too little to fight any more. Then he signed the papers.

McMURPHY. What papers, Chief?

CHIEF BROMDEN. The ones that gave everything to the government. The village. The falls.

McMURPHY. I remember but I heard the tribe got paid some huge amount.

CHIEF BROMDEN. That's what the government guy said, here's a whole big pot of money. And Papa said, what can you pay for the way a man lives? What can you pay for his right to be Wishram? He didn't understand. Neither did the tribe. They stood in front of our door, holdin' those checks, askin' what should we do now? And Papa couldn't tell them 'cause he was too little ... and too drunk.

McMURPHY. What happened to him?

CHIEF BROMDEN. He kept drinkin' till he died. They found him in a alley and threw dirt in his eyes. (Fiercely.) The Combine whipped him. It beats everybody.

McMURPHY. Now, wait a minute

CHIEF BROMDEN. Yes, yes, it does! Oh, they don't bust you outright. They work on you, ways you can't even see. They get hold of you and they install things! And if you fight they lock you up some place and make you stop, and- !

McMURPHY. Take 'er easy, buddy!

CHIEF BROMDEN. (In a moment, ashamed.) I been talkin' crazy.

McMURPHY. Well ... yeah.

CHIEF BROMDEN. It don't make sense.