

Spivey: (*Guard knocking*) Yes?

(Guard): Mr. McMurphy's here, Doc.

Spivey: Good, have him come in. (*guard hands him McMurphy's file*). Thank you. McMurphy, I'm Dr. Spivey.

McMurphy: Dr. Spivey, what a pleasure it is to meet you.

Spivey: Sure. Pull up a chair, sit down and let's talk.

McMurphy: Sure.

Spivey: R.P. McMurphy.

McMurphy: That's a hell of a fish there, Doc.

Spivey: Isn't that a dandy?

McMurphy: Yeah. It's about 40 pounds, ain't it?

Spivey: No, thirty-two. But I'll tell you, it took every bit of strength I had to hold it while the guy took the picture.

McMurphy: Every damn bit. Probably that chain didn't help it any, either. You didn't weigh the chain, did you?

Spivey: No, I didn't weigh the chain. But I'm awfully proud of that picture. That's the first Chinooker I ever caught.

McMurphy: It's a nice one.

Spivey: Randall Patrick McMurphy. Thirty-three years old. What can you tell me about, uh...why you've been sent over here?

McMurphy: Well...I don't know. What's it say there? Mind if I smoke?

Spivey: No, go right ahead. (*beat*). Well, it says several things here. It said you've been belligerent. Talked when unauthorized. You've been resentful in attitude towards work, in general. That you're lazy.

McMurphy: Chewing gum in class?

Spivey: Well, the real reason that you've been sent here...is because they wanted you to be evaluated. To determine whether or not you're mentally ill. This is the real reason. Why do you think they might think that?

McMurphy: Well, as near as I can figure out, it's 'cause I...fight and fuck too much.

Spivey: In the penitentiary?

McMurphy: No, no, no, you mean why...wait a minute, wait a minute

Spivey: Why did you get sent over here...from the work farm?

McMurphy: Well, I really don't know, Doc.

Spivey: It says here that you went around...

McMurphy: It ain't up to me, you know.

Spivey: let me just take a look...

McMurphy: It ain't up to me!

Spivey: One... two, three...four... you've got at least five arrests for assault. What can you tell me about that?

McMurphy: Five fights, huh? Rocky Marciano's got forty and he's a millionaire.

Spivey: That's true.

McMurphy: That is true.

Spivey: Of course, it's true that you went in for...statutory rape. That's true, is it not, this time?

McMurphy: Absolutely true. But, Doc, she was 15 years old going on 35 Doc, and she told me she was 18 and she was... very willing, you know what I mean? I practically had to take to sewing my pants shut. But between you and me...she might have been 15, when you get that little red beaver right there in front of you, I don't think it's crazy at all, and I don't think you do, either.

Spivey: I hear what you're saying.

McMurphy: No man alive could resist that. That's why I got into jail to begin with. Now they're telling me I'm crazy over here 'cause I don't sit there like a goddamn vegetable. It don't make a bit of sense to me. If that's what being crazy is, then I'm senseless, out of it, gone down the road, whacko. But, no more, no less. That's it.

Spivey: Well, to be honest with you, McMurphy...what it says here...is that...they think...they think you've been faking it in order to get out of your work detail. What do you think about that?

McMurphy: Do I look like that kind of guy to you Doc?

Spivey: Well...let's just be frank for a minute.

McMurphy: All right.

Spivey: Randall, if you would...tell me if you would, do you think there's anything wrong with your mind, really?

McMurphy: Not a thing, Doc. I'm a goddamn marvel of modern science.

Spivey: You're going to be here for a period, for us to evaluate you. We're going to study you. We'll make our determinations as to what we're going to do, and give you the necessary treatment as indicated.

McMurphy: Doc, let me just tell you this. I'm here to cooperate with you a hundred percent. A hundred percent. I'll be just right down the line with you. You watch. 'Cause I think we ought to get to the bottom of, uh...R.P. McMurphy.