

START

spotless white uniforms, and they lope in tandem or abreast like a team of splendid, lithe panthers.)

WARREN. Well, well, here's the Chief.

WILLIAMS. The soopah-Chief.

WARREN. Ol' deaf an' dumb.

WILLIAMS. Had his breakfas' an' rarin' to go.

WARREN. (*Coming close to CHIEF BROMDEN.*) Don' you know better? Don' you know keep to your room till that bell ring?

(CHIEF BROMDEN slides away.)

Haw, look at 'im shag it! Big enough t'eat apples off my head and he scared like a baby.

WILLIAMS. What you want, baby? Yo' broom? (*Going to fetch it.*) Thassit. He want his broom.

WARREN. Ol' Chief Broom. Thassit, baby, thassa good loony.

WILLIAMS. (*Thrusts the broom into CHIEF BROMDEN's hands.*) Start sweepin', baby.

WARREN. Ol' Broom Bromden.

WILLIAMS. Ol' Chief Broom.

(They bray with laughter. Unseen by them, NURSE RATCHED has entered. She is a handsome woman, her age hard to tell. There is an odd perfection about her: face smooth as flesh-colored enamel, skin a blend of white and cream. A brilliant warm smile which appears often. Her body is ripe and womanly, evident even under the starched white uniform. Now she moves up on the AIDES, silently as though she were on wheels.)

NURSE RATCHED. If you don't mind, boys?

(The AIDES are startled.)

I don't think it wise to group up and stand around like that. Mean ol' Monday morning, you know, *such* a lot to get done?

END

B