

Character Narration: Billy Bibbit

I don't like my voice. I can see why Ma put me in here cause of it. I used to think it was golden, like everything else in my past, but it lost its pitch long ago. From the moment we were born, our conscience was to reflect, adapt, and accept. From our first tears, belching, and spews, we people have learned different reflexes that make a new persona. It makes us stay static.

Like McMurphy, some people want things done or want some things to burn. He's going at it now with the Nurses and the others about some liberation or something. It doesn't look so good like he's about to blow a fuse. I go up to him and tell em, "Some of us have b-been here for fi-fi-five years, Randle, and some of us will b-be here maybe th-that muh-muh-much longer, long after you're g-g-gone"(p.105), but now McMurphy looks less appreciative. He's staring at me, with that "Puzzled frown knotting his eyebrows together again." (p.105)

It would be that kind of look you'd give that one friend you have been annoyed with for a good time. Too many people gave me that look, and I'm sick of it. Ma used to give me that look whenever I did my damndest to help her. She'd ask me— *Billy, why do you sound like that, your father never had a problem with how he spoke.* Well, Ma, I'm not Pa. She always compared me to others, always looking at me like I was some freak. Well lemme tell you Ma- lemme tell you McMurphy, I'm not like you. I don't judge people by the way they exist!

I'm a liar. I *love* putting my word out in front of the system, like that Bromden fellow. When I learned he couldn't hear anything, I had to lay it off quickly, "If I was d-d-deaf," I had to stop there and realize I felt something about him that smelled like me. I'm sure in some other world, he had the same problem as me, or maybe our roles had reversed. I sighed, "I would kill myself" (p.22)

I said that in front of everyone like it was never my first answer to something. At some point in my life, I thought maybe my speech impediment was like Bromden's deafness, and my only answer was something like *opting* out. Through that sigh, I've probably tried going through with something like it, but I can't remember. They did something to me: this place. All I've witnessed

were my worst memories slipping away from my brain slowly. Every day, my depression got smaller and smaller, but it felt like I was losing more good from it. It was that fog, yeah! It was the last place I felt where something was tagging onto me, pulling something away from me. T-t-take it back. Take it a-all b-ba-ba-back!

I wish I could've taken those words back before those Nurses tucked me back in. Don't mind me, they always do this whenever I've been gone too long from my room. It's just your poor old Billy with a strap on him, but I've been at this part of the script for too long. These straps can't hold me anymore, they know I'm too good for them. I leave my bed and look back at the camera next to me. It has a red dot next to the lens, so I'm sure *they* see me. I whisper to that camera,

“Hey ma, I-I got out of bed to make so-so-some amends, and I just wanted to say I'm sorry I'm such a disappointment.” Then I'll laugh a bit from it. “I'm sor-sorry my celibacy got in the way with your cheap minimalism of new friendships, and I'm sorry I didn't tell P- Pa to leave home when I was still in Daycare.” The nurses bust through my door. I had to keep going. “I'm sorry I was never enough for you!” They start dragging me out of the room. I don't think I'm coming back for a while now. “Ma!!!!!!”

Inspiration:

I dug deeper into Billy Bibbet's backstory, which is a little further into the book than where our class is. I learned that Billy was a conserved celibate, and was left to participate in things controlled by his mother. Not only in his past, but his mother is close friends with the Nurses over controlling him, which can bring a motion that he's in the facility because of his mother. I try shifting around Billy's patience towards his mother through the writing by describing his interactions with the others and relating to his life before being brought there. I used an inspirational monologue from Sarah Lynn, a character in Bojack Horseman who had an unhealthy relationship with her mother to simulate Billy's emotions plummeting. Through this narration, I wanted my readers to know that friends and loved ones could be the first to take advantage of your life choices.

