

MARVALYN

Are you sure you're okay?, / / you're just goin' on and on about crazy stuff –

STEVE

Oh, yeah, yeah, see, I have congenital analgesia, he thinks. Some / / people –

MARVALYN

What?

STEVE

Congenital analgesia.

MARVALYN

Who thinks?

STEVE

My brother Paul. Some people call it hereditary sensory neuropathy type four, but . . . it just means I can't feel pain. You can hit me if you want to, to see!

MARVALYN

No.

STEVE

Go ahead. It won't hurt. See? *(He hits his head with the book.)*

MARVALYN

OW!

STEVE

See? *(He hits his head again.)*

MARVALYN

OW!

STEVE

See? *(Hits his head again.)*

MARVALYN

OW!

STEVE

Go ahead. *(He offers her the book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You" so she can hit him with it.)*

MARVALYN

No!

STEVE

Come on!

MARVALYN

No!!

STEVE

Come on!!

MARVALYN

NO!!

STEVE

Okay. You don't have to. Most people don't. Hit me. Most people just go away. You can go away, too, if you want to. That's what most people do when I tell them about myself. My brother Paul says I just shouldn't tell people about myself, because I scare them, *(Referring to his book labeled "Things To Be Afraid Of" so he can show her.)* so I've actually recently put "myself" on my list of things to be afraid of, but – *(Her curiosity getting the better of her, Marvalyn comes up from behind Steve and wallops him on the back of the head with the book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You.")*

MARVALYN

Oh, my gosh! I'm sorry! // Oh, my gosh! I just clocked you! >

STEVE

You hit me! Most people go away, but you hit me!

MARVALYN

I had to see [*what would happen*]! But – are you okay?

STEVE

Yeah, I don't feel // pain!

MARVALYN

. . . Don't feel pain, right, of course you're okay! – but – are you sure?

STEVE

Well, is there any blood?

MARVALYN

No.

STEVE

Any discoloration?

MARVALYN

No.

STEVE

Then I'm okay.

MARVALYN

Well, buddy, you can be hurt and not even look like it.