

ANDREW: Before we begin, a quick note. *It's a Superpower??* is a show by, for, and about autistic people, and thus may contain concepts that may upset and offend neurotypicals, such as the word "neurotypical". This episode also contains depictions of social awkwardness, ableism, and a man called Bums.

GRAMS: **SUSPENSFUL MUSIC**

ATMOS: **A LARGE ARENA, A HUSHED CROWD**

WILDER: Alright, Wilder. You're fine. This is fine. You're just on stage... in front of 20,000 people... and you don't know your lines... and also you're in your underpants. WAIT
NO THIS ISN'T FINE, THIS IS A STRESS DREAM!

SFX: **THROUGH A PHONE**

NORAH: Guys, he's freaking out. Can anybody see Bums?? WE NEED BUMS!!

SFX: **THROUGH A PHONE**

PIX: Come on, Wilder... play for time... ugh the one time we actually *need* him to procrastinate.

SFX: **THROUGH A PHONE**

SOPHIE: I can't help but feel that his teeny tiny bow tie undermines the gravity of our situation.

SFX: **THROUGH A PHONE**

NORAH: Wilder, no pressure – but this is literally life or death. You know what, on second thoughts, maybe *some* pressure? Like, an appropriate amount of pressure?

WILDER: Helpful, thanks. (To self, mocking) “Join an autism support group,” I said. “What’s the worst that could happen?” I said. I wish I could go back in time and burn that community centre to the-

GRAMS: **MUSIC CUE TURNS TO OPENING THEME**

SOPHIE: The Daily Tism presents – *It’s a Superpower??* Chapter One - A Metric Fuck Tonne of Cake.

ATMOS: **HALLWAY**

FX: **FOOTSTEPS**

PIX: Hey there. (Beat) Hi...? (Longer beat). Yo – you with all the cake. You here for the autism support group?

SOPHIE: So sorry, are you talking to me?

PIX: There’s... nobody else here.

SOPHIE: Sorry, yeah. I, I didn’t want to assume – but I also, like, didn’t want to be rude if you WERE talking to me. Not that you’d be talking to me. Please don’t feel like you have to talk to me.

PIX: Uh... It’s all good. I was talking to you on purpose. So... the autism support group?

SOPHIE: RIGHT! Yes. I *think* this is the right place. The doors to both rooms said “autism support group” so, like, it was maybe slightly confusing? But I’m probably being dense.

PIX: No that’s definitely confusing. See, this is why you don’t send a neurotypical to do an autistic’s job.

SOPHIE (Laughs maniacally – too loud). Oh my God, that’s so funny! You’re so funny! Sorry, that sounded super patronising.

PIX: Dude – it’s fine. So, I’ll just...

FX: **KNOCKING**

SOPHIE: Genius. Knocking. Yep. I totally forgot that was a thing. (Angrily, as if slapping herself on the forehead) Knocking.

FX: **DOOR OPENING**

NORAH: You two here for the autism support group?

PIX: It would seem so.

SOPHIE: If it’s not bothering anyone. No worries if not.

NORAH: Of course you’re not bothering anyone. We were just about to start. Do you need help with your... massive cornucopia of baked goods??

WILDER: Jesus. It's like a bakery got norovirus. Oh God, leave it to me to make cake disgusting. (Quietly, to self) I'M disgusting.

SOPHIE: Oh nooooo, it's too much isn't it. See, I started out just making vanilla cupcakes because of the beige food thing. But then I didn't want people to feel, like, stereotyped. So then I whipped some up in chocolate – and *then* I thought, if I'm doing chocolate, might as well go for some in lemon. I mean, why not go all out? So anyway, I thought I had it covered but then I woke up at like, 3am, thinking: VEGANS! So I made a batch of all three flavours, but without the eggs and dairy. It's actually harder than you'd think to make chocolate cake vegan – I can never get the flavour right. There's always something gross in it like avocado or coffee or that carob stuff that tastes like if chocolate got depression. Anyway, I found a recipe that's safe-food friendly and GOD I really hope one of you is a vegan. I mean, obviously it's totally fine if nobody is. I'm not, like, trying to tell you what to put in your bodies. Not that you, like, need my permission to not eat my cupcakes. I'm so sorry, I'm being so problematic.

PIX: ...What...?

SOPHIE: (Flustered) Uh... I started with vanilla cupcakes and...

NORAH: Yes, yes I think we've got it. The cakes look lovely, I'm sure we'll all enjoy them. Alright, why don't you sit down and we'll get the wanky formalities out of the way? We

could all go round the room and, shudder, introduce ourselves? Maybe say a bit about why we're here? Apart from the obvious.

OMNES: [Improvised general grumblings of disapproval.]

NORAH: Why don't I start? Uh... hi – I'm Norah. I'm 35. I'm divorced. I live with my mum, who's so profoundly neurotypical {theatrically upset} she'll never have an abnormal life.

OMNES: [Mild chuckle – apart from Sophie who laughs too hard again.]

SOPHIE: (whispered) sorry

NORAH: I'm here because... things have been a lot this last year. My marriage ended, which is cutting a very long story very short. I quit the law firm where I was a junior partner, disappointed my corpo lawyer mother, and now I have to live with her and her seething resentment and WOW that wasn't meant to be such a colossal trauma dump. I guess... if life is one big game of Snakes and Ladders, I've hit a huge motherfucking snake and gone all the way back to the bottom, which is SO not where I expected to be at this point in my life. I've just always been the one with potential. Everything ahead of me. I could handle anything. Star pupil, Norah. And now... (Norah takes a deep breath) Sorry – that got heavy real fast, huh? I'm starting to understand why the neurotypicals do small talk. How's that weather we all hate? OK... Something positive... something positive... Oh! Despite all the "ARGH", I'm

happy to be here to make some new friends who just GET IT? I guess just want to meet some people who don't... suck. So – yeah – how about you?

WILDER: Me? That's a lot of pressure on me to not suck.

PIX: [Sarcastic] Yes, what an incredibly high bar you have to clear. That must be hard for you.

WILDER: (Taken aback) It... it was just a joke. I figured in the absence of small talk, I'd just... you know... Sorry. I... (thrown) what was I going to say? I'm Wilder. I'm 38. I'm between things right now. By things, I mean things that make money. To be honest, I just came here on a whim. I saw it was happening and was like "what's the worst that could happen?"

SOPHIE: Everyone hates me!

NORAH: A plane crashes into the building!

BUMS: We're eaten by the Toilet Monster.

OMNES: [Everyone laughs].

BUMS: (Dead serious) The Toilet Monster is no laughing matter.

WILDER: Ooookay. Wow. Well that was a stupid thing to ask a room full of autistics. Uh – to answer your original question, I really don't know what I'm doing here. It's like – if I get the impulse to do the thing, I just have to DO the thing before the urge to do the

thing passes. But then I decide to do the thing and it turns out I actually have to DO the thing. So here I am. Doing the thing. And saying “thing” a lot more than is warranted or sane. God I’m a ridiculous clown man.

PIX: So... ADH...D?

WILDER: (Defeated) I’m getting round to looking into it. Anyway – what was I saying? Oh yeah – basically, carpe the diem. Sorry, that was HORRIBLE. “Carpe the diem”. I sound like a fucking estate agent.

BUMS: [Cheerfully] My mum’s an estate agent.

WILDER: Not that there’s anything wrong with estate agents! You know what I mean. Like people who “eat al desko” or “go on holibobs” – both of which I can see from your expression are things your mum says, so great job, Wilder, you fucking cunt. Well this is going terribly. Somebody else embarrass themselves please.

PIX: Ugh, fine. I’m Pix. I’m thirty-nine. I’m a multidisciplinary artist. No, I can’t explain what that means without sounding like a wanker. I live with my cat. No kids, unless you count my room full of dressmaking dummies... I make a lot of art, smoke a lot of dope, carpé a lot of diems.

WILDER: Fuck’s sake.

PIX: All in all, I’d say I’m pretty happy – pretty chill. I used to be highly strung but at this point, I’ve got my shit worked out.

WILDER: All of it?

PIX: Uh... I mean not all of it – but yeah, in general, I've got a pretty good bead on myself.

WILDER: [Fake enthusiasm] Wow. Amazing. You're like, so self-actualised.

PIX: Thank you, Wilder, I like to think so.

WILDER: So what are you doing here?

PIX: What do you mean?

WILDER: (Irritated) If you're so evolved, what are you doing here? At Sad-Sack Circle Jerk.

PIX: [Unfazed] I guess I'm just like every other autistic. I love a good party. I don't know, man. I guess I have stuff to share. Things that have helped me. [Half-joking] Wisdom to impart.

WILDER: So you just rocked up to a support group for Tragic Autistics out of the goodness of your heart? To help out? Oooh! Lucky us. Why don't you share some of that wisdom then?

PIX: Oh, right now? You want the one simple trick that will fix everything?

WILDER: Is... there one?

PIX: There is, actually. I... don't think you'll need a notebook for this, hon.

SOPHIE: Sorry.

PIX: The secret is: [dramatic pause] one day [dramatic pause] you'll be [dramatic pause] dead.

WILDER: Dead?

PIX: Dead.

WILDER: Your simple trick that will fix everything is that one day I'll be dead?

PIX: Yep.

WILDER: That's it? That's the secret sauce? YOLO?

PIX: Absolutely not. First of all nobody has said YOLO in about a decade.

SOPHIE: Sorry... what's YOLO?

PIX: Exactly. And secondly, YOLO is a completely different vibe. YOLO is like "life is short, ask out your crush, jump out a plane, have a croning ceremony for your birthday and get your friends to coat your naked body in mud before you wash it off in the river while they chant blessings for this new chapter of your life."

NORAH: Excuse me??

PIX: Worst third date ever. But one day you'll be dead? It's a reminder of your insignificance. Your worries are inherently meaningless. You walk around, panicking about who did what or who likes who or whether Becky told Olivia you said her new

side fringe makes her look like Temu Hitler. And guess what - it's all a play. A random, chaotic play with no main characters, not even you, Wilder...

WILDER: Hey! You JUST met me. It usually takes women at least half an hour to start using that tone.

PIX: ...And no plot and no hidden significance. Most people aren't mad at you. Most people aren't even thinking about you – and if they are, it doesn't matter. Their thoughts aren't real. As Bill and Ted would say, they're dust in the wind. We – are dust in the wind. So stop fucking worrying, you self-absorbed goobers.

WILDER: Well that was uplifting. Thanks for the reminder of my mortality, *Pix*. It's definitely not something I already think about ALL THE FUCKING TIME.

PIX: You're welcome. Oh, and build a paracosm.

BUMS: A what-a-cosm?

PIX: A paracosm. An inner world. A place to retreat to when people are being people at you.

WILDER: Great. Constantly remind myself of my inevitable death and retreat into delusion. Excellent advice. Hakunah Matata.

BUMS: Oh TUNE! Proper banger.

PIX: Take it or leave it, bro. I'm telling you it works.

WILDER: Thanks, mate. I'm all better now.

SOPHIE: What did you just say??

NORAH: (Nervously) Well, we could all use some of that chill, Pix. Why don't you go next...
uh...

BUMS: Bums.

NORAH: Huh?

PIX: Did he just say "Bums"?

NORAH: *Did* you just say "Bums?"

BUMS: Yep.

NORAH: Sorry, that's my bad. I wasn't being clear. I was asking your name.

BUMS: That's my name. Bums.

NORAH: Your name is.. B... can you spell that real quick?

BUMS: B-U-M-S. Bums. Well, technically the U has those little dots on it that make it a smiley face. And *technically* it is pronounced "Booms". But when your name is spelled "Bums", people always wind up calling you "Bums" in the end. So I thought "why fight it?"

ATMOS: **PIN-DROP SILENCE**

WILDER: So, uh... Bah... Boo...

BUMS: Bums.

WILDER: Sure, whatever. Quick question - never heard the name "Booms" before either. I guess that was more of a comment than a question.

PIX: Oh You're one of THOSE guys.

WILDER: Hey! I resent being called One of Those Guys. Especially when I'm being one of Those Guys.

NORAH: [Trying to keep the peace and also a straight face] Why don't you tell us where Booms comes from.

BUMS: Booms is Swedish. I think. Or Icelandic, might be Icelandic. Or Latveria. Is that a place? Yeah, Latveria, that is a place. Mum doesn't remember where she heard it, so it could be Latveria.

WILDER: And you've never Googled it?

BUMS: I haven't actually! I'll do that now. What a nice idea!

FX: **BUMS TYPING ON PHONE**

BUMS: Huh... oh WOW... (Bums starts giggling uncontrollably) Would you look at that! My goodness me! All those bums!

NORAH: Go on... (begrudgingly) Bums. What brings you here?

BUMS: Mum made me go. She says I have to leave the house once a week so she can fumigate my room, whatever that means.

NORAH: That's... er... yeah. Wow. So do you have a job, Bums?

BUMS: I'm a software engineer.

WILDER: [Sceptically] Really?

BUMS: Yep! Love a bit of Pylon and PFP. Annnnd that's about all.

NORAH: All? All of what?

BUMS: All of me.

PIX: All of you is that you're a software engineer called Bums?

BUMS: Yep. Oh, no wait – sorry. I once spent a week being followed everywhere by cats. Turns out I had milk in my shoes. [Beat] NOW that is all of me. That's everything.

NORAH: Ooooookay. So moving on. There's just you left... uh?

SOPHIE: OK. Right. Me. I'm Sophie. I'm 25.

PIX: A foetus!

SOPHIE: Hahahaha yeah I get that a lot. Uh... I'm mainly here to support everyone else. I don't, like, wanna be a burden.

NORAH: [Gently] I think the idea is we're all supposed to support each other.

SOPHIE: Really, don't worry about me. I'll just, like... lurk. Can you lurk in person?

WILDER: You can, but I tend to find it's frowned upon. Causes a scandal.

SOPHIE: [Flustered] I... I don't know what you mean.

WILDER: Uhh... that people don't like when I lurk? I'm confused.

NORAH: [Realising] Oh. OH!

SOPHIE: [Like she's been caught out] Ah. OK...

PIX: [Rescuing the situation] Why don't we chat special interests? Sophie, I'm guessing... pottery?

SOPHIE: No, sorry, actually it's baking, I... oh, that was a joke. Because of all the cake.
(Forced laugh) That's so funny.

FX: THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN

AUNTIE-VAXX: Is this the autism support group?

SOPHIE: Oh thank God, I'm not the only one who forgot about knocking.

NORAH: That's us.

AUNTIE-VAXX: GREAT. I've been looking all over for you. There was a sign on both doors so I tried every other room in the building...

NORAH: Wait, before trying either door?? Why would we be in one of the rooms the sign ISN'T on?

AUNTIE-VAXX: [Laughs obnoxiously] That's so good! Classic! You sound just like one of them!

PIX: Like one of who?

WILDER: Like one of *whom*.

PIX: Really? You wanna be the Ross?

WILDER: [Sulkily] No. Obviously not.

AUNTIE-VAXX: [Still laughing] Stop, stop! It's too hilarious! You sound exactly like my nephew with autism!

NORAH: [Weary realisation dawning] Of course.

AUNTIE-VAXX: Yep – proud autism auntie over here. I've got a Facebook ribbon all about it.

PIX: Oh HELL no.

AUNTIE-VAXX: [Misunderstanding] Oh yes. It's tragic really. Poor little man. He can't express love – not even to me, his favourite auntie. He sees me coming and he just walks off. It's tough on the whole family, but I'm all about raising awareness. And selling gut vitamins. You can watch the whole saga on Insta – look up AuntieVaxx. That's me. I'm Auntie Vaxx. Because vaccines are poison.

NORAH: I'd like to explain what was wrong with everything you just said, but we've only got the room for an hour. Let's skip to the important bit: this is an autism support group for AUTISTIC people. FOR us. Not... about us.

AUNTIE-VAXX: For...? People with...

NORAH: [Firmly] For autistic people.

BUMS: Wait, am I a person with autism or an autism with person?

NORAH: I mean, YOU can use whatever language you want. SHE can't.

BUMS: Cool. So I'm a... uh...

PIX: You're autistic, Bums.

AUNTIE-VAXX: YOU all have autism? But you're nothing like my nephew with autism!

PIX: I thought you said we sounded just like him.

AUNTIE-VAXX: Yes, but that's when I thought you were taking the p- raising awareness.

NORAH: Look... unless you yourself are autistic...

SOPHIE: And you don't need a diagnosis! Self-diagnosis is totally valid. Actually, I should say self-discovery - I really don't want to pathologise...

AUNTIE-VAXX: Aren't we all a little bit on the spectrum, love?

SOPHIE: [Short-circuiting] Hold on... let me look up if that counts as self-discovery.

BUMS: You want to be careful looking stuff up, after what I just saw. [Bums starts giggling again]. Bums.

NORAH: I don't think it's appropriate for you to be here.

PIX: Agreed.

SOPHIE: [Mortified] Oh Goddddd. Sorry. But, like, please take a cupcake. Are you vegan?

PIX: You do give the vibe of someone who's really nice to animals but really horrible to humans.

AUNTIE-VAXX: I see. Well. This is characteristically RUDE.

PIX: But you get free cake, so swings and roundabouts. Off you pop.

AUNTIE-VAXX: I know when I'm not wanted. / can read social cues .I'm leaving. Look out for my Yelp review. It won't be favourable.

NORAH: Why would an autism support group be on Yelp?

AUNTIE-VAXX: Hmmph.

FX: RUSTLING, FOOD BEING PACKED UP

SOPHIE: (Weakly) Those ones aren't vegan.

FX: DOOR SLAMMING FOLLOWED BY BANGS – LOW, BACKGROUND AT FIRST, GROWING LOUDER THROUGHOUT THE SCENE

WILDER: Of course she's a slammer.

NORAH: Probably an open-mouthed chewer too.

PIX: I bet she fucking loves the Big Light.

SOPHIE: Ohh I hope we didn't miss a chance to educate her.

NORAH: Mate, it's not our job to educate her.

SOPHIE: No, of course not. Sorry.

WILDER: Oh I can't hear a thing over that racket. Can we do anything to stop the door slamming?

NORAH: That's not the door slamming...

PIX: That's... the whole room slamming?

PIX: What the fuck is that? A train?!

WILDER: Why are you all looking at me?? Oh I get it – because I'm a cis het autistic man I must be able to interpret train sounds like bird song. Well joke's on you. I'm a Transformers guy. And while some of them DO turn into trains...

FX: MORE INTENSE BANGING, SHAKING, SCREAMING

NORAH: SO NOT THE TIME!!

WILDER: Oh yes, right – focus, Wilder. Imminent doom.

PIX: Oh God...

BUMS: It's a volcano! A dinosaur volcano!

FX: EVEN MORE INTENSE RUMBLING, SHAKING BUILDING, SCREAMING

GRAMS: OMINOUS MUSIC STARTING WITH BARELY AUDIBLE LOW DRONE AND
GETTING MORE URGENT THROUGHOUT THE SCENE UNTIL IT BECOMES
DANGER MUSIC

WILDER: Whatever's happening it's NOT GOOD.

PIX: Well that's a helpful observation. Hey everyone, this sudden, violent earthquake is
NOT GOOD.

WILDER: [Sarcastic] Oh I'm sorry, Pix, for some reason I'm a very literal man. CAN'T THINK
WHY THAT WOULD BE.

BUMS: It's probably the autism.

WILDER: Yes I know it's the... I was doing a... never mind. As I was saying - IMMINENT
DOOM.

SOPHIE: Oh my God!

FX: THE NOISE COMES TO A DEAD STOP

OMNES: [Everyone panting, catching their breath.]

PIX: OK, seriously sea sick.

WILDER: We're not at sea!

PIX: [Accusatory] Ross.

WILDER: [Spitting back] *Phoebe*.

NORAH: Uh... so I know we haven't exactly been on the same page today, but can we at least agree that was *extremely* very weird?

PIX: Yeah, I think I speak for everyone when I say "what the fuck just happened??"

BUMS: [Heaving noise] I... don't... like... dinosaur volcanos...

PIX: I know we're not supposed to be great at hints but I think we should take this neon flashing sign of a hint from the universe and call this whole autism support group thing a failed experiment.

NORAH: Aw, no, come on. We barely got started.

WILDER: Yeah, usually I'd be too socially awkward to leave a meeting forty-five minutes before the advertised end time, but the room did just try to murder us. I promised I'd give it a go and I gave it a go, so...

PIX: Promised who?

WILDER: Whom...?

PIX: FUCKING ROSS!!!!

WILDER: [Avoidant] Anyway, I don't want to stick around and see what comes out of Bums.

BUMS: [Heaving]

PIX: I'll take a doggy bag.

BUMS: [Still heaving] I'll... take... a... hamster... bag...

WILDER: You really think cake's a good idea for you right now, bud?

BUMS: For... later...? Maybe... A... Little... Now? I think a little now. Maybe that'd take the edge off.

PIX: Good man. Well – nice to meet you all – and other neurotypical pleasantries. Best wishes. Kind regards. I'm gonna go home, get blasted and mentally delete this entire experience, apart from the cupcakes, for they shall be in my mouth. Peace out!

NORAH: Guys... wait... come on... I...

ATMOS: **SOUNDS OF PEOPLE LEAVING THE ROOM, CHAIRS BEING MOVED, DOOR OPENING, FEET SHUFFLING, LOW CHATTER**

NORAH: (Deflated) I really needed this

ATMOS: **OUTDOORS, STREET NOISE**

SOPHIE: Hey Pix...

FX: FOOTSTEPS SPEEDING UP

SOPHIE: PIX!!

PIX: Oh hey, Foetus.

SOPHIE: Hey. Sorry to chase after you like that. I know you're not supposed to follow women.

PIX: That's just big men, Foetus..

SOPHIE: Oh... well that's good. I just... I wanted to say... thank you.

PIX: What for?

SOPHIE: For not telling them who I am. Not that I'm SOMEONE. But...

PIX: Oh, that? No problem. Your business is your business, babe.

SOPHIE: I know people will find out eventually but... I guess it's the opposite of what Bums was saying. I kinda do wanna delay the inevitable. Before I get reminded of who I was and what I did. Sorry, that's a super intense way of saying thank you.

PIX: Foetus – it's fine. Well, no shade, but I can understand why you don't like being reminded of who you were.

SOPHIE: [Hurt] Oh. Ouch. [Sophie laughs awkwardly]]. I guess I opened myself up to that one.

PIX: But what you did? That was fucking AWESOME.

SOPHIE: It was?

PIX: Hell yeah. Totally badass.

SOPHIE: Me? Badass?

PIX: Oh yeah. You should own it, you know. It suits you.

SOPHIE: It does? Sorry, that was super needy.

PIX: You know, you apologise a LOT when you haven't done anything wrong. What's that all about?

SOPHIE: I know. I'm working on that. I'm sorry. Oh God I did it again. It's like... I guess I'm just sorry – in general?

PIX: For... existing?

SOPHIE: No, not for... I mean... I don't think I... OH.

PIX: Yeah.

SOPHIE: [Realising] I'm sorry for existing.

PIX: Yeah.

SOPHIE: Well. Sugar.

PIX: Quite. Look, I gotta bounce. It was nice meeting you, Sophie. Remember, embrace the badassery.

SOPHIE: OK, I'll try. Can I hug you?

PIX: Absolutely not. No.

FX: PIX WALKING AWAY

ATMOS: BUSY STREET SOUNDS AS SOPHIE WALKS OFF

SOPHIE: [To self, mortified] “Can I hug you?” I deserve to get Me Tooed. Why am I so...

[Bumping into someone] Oh, I'm so sorry.

FX: MAGICAL PING

MAN: [Gruffly] It's fine. What's that?

SOPHIE: Uh...

MAN: No thank you, I don't want any...

MAN: ...Extremely large cake with “I'm sorry I bumped into you just now” written in icing?

What the...?

SOPHIE: Oh my God.

MAN: Where did that come from? You weren't holding that when you bumped into me.

SOPHIE: I wasn't, was I? I'm holding you up even more. Let me get this out of your way. God

I'm SO sorry.

FX: PING

MAN: Wha... what the hell is that? That just appeared out of nowhere.

SOPHIE: [Panicking] It did, didn't it?

MAN: "I'm sorry I bumped into you just now then further obstructed your path with a large cake that seemingly materialised from nowhere and I'm also sorry that I'm now exacerbating the situation with increasingly large cakes bearing increasingly specific apology messages???"

SOPHIE: I'm so sorry.

FX: PING

SOPHIE: I'm sorry!

FX: MAGICAL PINGS CONTINUE OVER SOPHIE'S REPEATED APOLOGIES – THE SOUNDS FADE OUT TO A QUIET SIDE STREET

HORB: Uh, Verit@s, I... now don't get pissed off... I... don't... think... it worked. Unless these are magical hives?

VERIT@S: I'm afraid those are regular hives. And you should probably take an antihistamine.

HORB: Damn!

VERIT@S: I don't know what happened. Something clearly went wrong.

HORB: Of course something went wrong. Story of my life. Nope. Couldn't just be getting magical powers. Something was always going to swoop in and take it away. Ohhh I feel so disappointed, dejected and crestfallen, CHAPfallen, VANQUISHED...

VERIT@S: Do we have to go through the whole thesaurus every time you get anxious?

HORB: Yes.

VERIT@S: Can you at least do it quietly in your own head?

HORB: [Muttering] Frustrated, unsatisfied, worsted...

VERIT@S: Horb, calm down. THINK about how magical energy works. It can't have just vanished into nothing.

HORB: That's even worse! If...if we don't have it, where did it all go??

VERIT@S: Look.

HORB: What IS that?? It looks like... a metric fuck tonne of cake???

VERIT@S: Yes. That is, in scientific terms, a metric fuck tonne of cake.

HORB: On Lewisham High Street??

VERIT@S: I assume it's Lewisham High Street. It's hard to tell as it's currently under eight feet of Battenberg.

HORB: Oh FUCK!!

VERIT@S: Yes. Exactly. Oh fuck.

HORB: So someone else got our...

VERIT@S: Yep.

HORB: But the prophecy! How are we supposed to defeat... oh this is bad. This is very, very, bad. This is bad, bad, bad, bad, bad, bad, bad... THIS IS SO BAD I CAN'T THINK OF A SINGLE SYNONYM!

VERIT@S: HORB!! Would you chill? I can't hear *my* anxious inner monologue over *your* outer one.

HORB: Well now what do we do?? Well. There's nothing for it. We're just going to have to sit back and wait to be banished. Cast out. EXPATRIATED.

VERIT@S: HORB!

HORB: Sorry.

GRAMS: **SINISTER MUSIC**

VERIT@S: Look – we have two choices. We can stay here and panic...

HORB: Yes! Perfect. Let's do that.

VERIT@S: Or – we could track whoever they are down [slightly sinister] and take back what's ours.

GRAMS: **END MUSIC**

SOPHIE: It's A Superpower?? is powered by The Daily Tism – a satirical website by and for autistic people (poor things). No AI technologies were used in the making of this show. If you'd like us to make more, please support us on Patreon to hear the whole

show early and ad-free. Go to Patreon dot com / thedailytism. Starring Sarah Amero, Alasdair Beckett-King, John Butler, Guy Kelly, Stuart Laws, Georgia Mackenzie, Lizzie Schenk and Abigail Weinstock. Created by Sara Gibbs and Andrew Hickey. Written by Sara Gibbs. Directed by Sara Gibbs with Sarah Amero. Produced by Sara Gibbs with Hare Lockwood and Sarah Amero. Additional material by Sarah Amero, Andrew Hickey, Gabby Hutchinson-Crouch, Guy Kelly, Stuart Laws, Hare Lockwood, Laura Richmond and Joe Wells. Script editing by Sara Gibbs, Andrew Hickey and Gabby Hutchinson-Crouch. Original music and scoring by Sara Gibbs and Frankie Lowe. Sound engineering by Frankie Lowe. Editing and sound design by Dave Bulmer. Sound effects by Pro Sound Effects (PSE). Artwork and logo design by Fraser Geesin. Did I say all that right? SO sorry if not.

FX: _____ **PING**

SOPHIE: Whoops!

BUMS: It got into the air bubbles of the shoes somehow, I don't know, far be it from me to tell people who make shoes how to make shoes, but if I was to make shoes, I wouldn't put milk in the shoes. But I'm a software engineer, what do I know?

FX: _____ **BEEP**

BUMS: Bums (laughs)... why's there so many of them on the Internet? That's absolutely wild! Maybe my bum's on the Internet?