

ANDREW: Before we begin, a quick note. *It's a Superpower??* is a show by, for, and about autistic people, and as such you almost certainly started from episode one and know this. Unless you're only doing the even numbers, in which case welcome. This episode contains swearing, depictions of vomiting, and ham-fisted avoidance of copyright infringement.

GRAMS: PREVIOUSLY ON MUSIC, GOING INTO INTRO MUSIC

NORAH: Previously on *It's A Superpower??* Five strangers started an autism support group, before immediately realising what a stupid fucking idea that was.

NORAH: (Flashback) We could all go round the room and, shudder, introduce ourselves?

OMNES: (Flashback) [General mumblings of disapproval]

NORAH: After an attempted infiltration by an autism aunt ended in mild social awkwardness...

AUNTIE-VAXX: (Flashback) I know when I'm not wanted. I can read social cues

FX: DOOR SLAMMING

NORAH: ...A mysterious earthquake caused the meeting to take a turn for the really fucking gross.

WILDER: (Flashback) Whatever's happening it's not good!

PIX: (Flashback) Well that's a helpful observation. Hey, everybody, this sudden violent earthquake is not good!

WILDER: (Flashback) Anyway I don't want to stick around and see what comes out of Bums.

NORAH: What with Sophie constantly apologising for herself, Wilder being the living embodiment of everything Pix hates, and Bums being... Well, Bums... We... mutually decided to call it a day...

NORAH: (Flashback) Guys, wait, come on, I...

FX: DOOR SLAMMING

NORAH: (Flashback) I really needed this...

NORAH: But no sooner had we parted ways, than things got... even weirder.

SOPHIE: (Flashback) I'm so sorry

FX: PING

SOPHIE: (Flashback) I'm sorry

FX: PINGS CONTINUE AFTER EACH "SORRY"

SOPHIE: (Flashback) I'm sorry! Oh my God I'm so sorry! Sorry sorry sorry! I'm so sorry!

NORAH: Ohhhh yeah, nobody knows how to make things weird like the autistics. Anyway that's the story so far. Now let's... get... freaky? Nope – made it even weirder, Norah. Fuck it – play the theme song.

GRAMS: OPENING THEME

NORAH: The Daily Tism presents... *It's a Superpower??* Chapter 2 – An Army Of Bums

ATMOS: STREET NOISE

FX: PHONE RINGING

NORAH: [Deflated] Hey Mum. [Pause]. Just out... job hunting. [Pause]. Yes outside. [Pause] It's not THAT out of character. [Pause]. No, I'm not out "trawling the docks". [Pause]. Because there are no docks in Lewisham!! [Pause] No, it would not be easier to "just go back". [Pause] Because I don't want to. [Pause] Because of all the reasons we've talked about a million times. Mum, I have to get the bus now. I'll be back in ten so you've got time to think of at least... I don't know, seven thousand more things I'm doing wrong before I get home. Yeah. Bye. [To self] Of course the bus is packed. Because the cherry on top of this shit sundae is my elbow in a stranger's crotch.

FX: BUS STOPPING, DOORS OPENING

FX: SUDDEN MASS SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS

OMNES: [Improvised "excuse me" chat as people get off the bus].

NORAH: Oh man. Is this the last stop? Excuse me, sorry... Why is everyone getting off?

MAN: It's your bus now.

NORAH: What??

MAN: It's. Your. Bus. Now.

NORAH: It's... my bus now??? What's... where is everyone...? Excuse me. Sorry, I know we're not supposed to bother the driver, I just wondered are you out of service?

DRIVER: Not for you, love.

NORAH: No... what? It's just, everyone else is getting off and...

DRIVER: Ah yes. That's because it's YOUR bus now.

NORAH: Why is everyone saying that? Is this a prank? Because I've had a very long day and I really can't cope with, like, Ashton Kutcher jumping out at me.

FX: BUS DOORS CLOSING, BUS MOVING OFF

DRIVER: Well, fortunately for you it's not 2003, so I think you're safe from Ashton Kutcher, chunky highlights and sweatpants that say "saucy minx" across the arse. So – going straight home?

NORAH: Yeah, this is starting to feel like a kidnapping. Is this a kidnapping? I'm warning you. I'm... armed??

DRIVER: With a giant Mum Bag?

FX: RUMMAGING

NORAH: There's got to be something in here.

DRIVER: You take your time, love. In the meantime, ever heard of a kidnapper who takes you straight home?

NORAH: No, but ... wait, you don't know where I live!

DRIVER: Crofton Park.

NORAH: [Freaked out] That was a lucky guess.

DRIVER: 13 Boybeeck Road.

NORAH: Oh God. Great. I'm going to get murdered. I think I need to sit down for this.

DRIVER: Great! Pick any seat you like. It's your bus now.

NORAH: What does that even mean??

DRIVER: I tell you what – why don't you go upstairs and sit right at the front and pretend you're the driver. You secretly love that.

NORAH: How do you...?

DRIVER: I keep telling you – it's your bus now.

NORAH: But –

DRIVER: It'll be easier if you just go with it.

NORAH: I... [defeated] Fine.

FX: **FOOTSTEPS**

ATMOS: **QUIETER TOP DECK OF BUS**

NORAH: She's right. I do secretly love this. All that's missing is the little driver's hat and a big button that goes "beep beep."

FX: **PING**

NORAH: Holy SHIT. What the... OK, I'm hallucinating. Maybe I died in that earthquake and this bus has come to take me to the afterlife. I don't SEE Paddington... maybe he only comes to pick up celebrities? Wait... if I'm going back home to my mother, does that mean this is hell?? Oh God – what did it? I bet it was the time I sat in a train seat that wasn't specifically reserved for me. I mean, the person whose seat it was hadn't shown up – but does that make it OK? Perfect. I'm in hell. I'm in hell and I'm wearing a stupid little hat. Actually, it does look kind of cute. You know what, if I'm going down for all eternity, I might as well have some fun for once in my stick-up-the-bum existence. Why do people say that? A stick up the bum is actually pretty adventurous. Anyway.

FX: **BUTTON BEING PUSHED, A BEEP BEEP SOUND**

NORAH: I've always wanted to do that. Oh my... what the hell is that? It looks like some sort of off-brand converting car robot that is definitely in no way affiliated with the Transformers franchise. Anyway, as I was saying – what the hell is that?

WILDER: [Muffled screaming].

ATMOS: TRANS...CONVERTERS CAR INTERIOR, GIANT LIMBS WHIRRING, PEOPLE SCREAMING, THINGS BEING CRUNCHED, SOUND OF SOMEONE PHONING SOMEBODY ON SPEAKERPHONE

WILDER: AAAAAAAAARRRRRGHHHHHey, love, it's me...

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: Wilder? Did you go to the support group? Are you on your way home?

WILDER: Uh... I don't know how to answer that ...

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: It's really loud, are you near a construction site or something?

WILDER: Ummm... I could be? It's hard to tell, everything is going by pretty fast...

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: Are you in the car?

WILDER: I think so?

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: What do you mean “you think so?” [Wearily] Wilder, have you forgotten which one is your car again?

WILDER: Honestly, you get in the wrong car ONE time and everyone treats you like an idiot.
No, Marnie, I’m pretty sure this is my car. At least it was.

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: For fuck’s sake, you’ve crashed it.

WILDER: Define “crash”.

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: [Exhausted] Just tell me what's happened so I can fix it.

WILDER: Oh, right, because you always have to fix my problems

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: Wilder...

WILDER: Well you’re not going to be able to fix this one.

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: What. Has. Happened?

WILDER: OK... so I got in my car...

SFX: **ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE**

MARNIE: Uh huh...

WILDER: And I started the engine...

SFX: **ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE**

MARNIE: Get to the point, Wilder...

WILDER: And then suddenly the car was a giant robot with arms and legs.

SFX: **ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE**

MARNIE: [After a long silence and a heavy sigh] Your car is a giant robot.

WILDER: With arms and legs, yes.

SFX: **ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE**

MARNIE: Like a Transfor-

WILDER: No, no, not like that. No affiliation at all. More like a... uh... Converter.

SFX: **ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE**

MARNIE: [Exasperated] Oh Wilder...

WILDER: And, unfortunately, I don't seem to have much control over it. And by "much", I mean
"any at all".

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: [Resigned] In other words, you're not coming to my work drinks.

WILDER: Well unless the dress code said "giant robot car"...

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: You know, if you didn't want to go, you could have just said.

WILDER: Marnie, I swear, I did want to go. I mean no, obviously I didn't *want* to go, nobody *wants* to go to something like that. Even the people organising it don't really *want* to go.

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: [Sighs heavily].

WILDER: But listen – honey – I'm telling you the truth. My car is a really big fuck off robot and it's currently rampaging through south east London. It's horrible. Also SO cool. But also horrible.

SFX: ON CAR SPEAKERPHONE

MARNIE: I don't have time for this.

WILDER: You mean now?? Should I call you back??

MARNIE: I mean always. And yeah, call me if you ever grow up.

WILDER: Babe, no, don't go – I promise I *am* a grown up. I AM a grown up! [Distracted] Oh
COOL it breathes FIRE!

FX: **CALL CUTTING OFF**

WILDER: Great. Perfect. I finally meet the woman of my dreams and it gets fucked up by the
car of my dreams. How's that for irony, Alanis? Oh fuck, LOOK OUT!

FX: **HUGE CRUNCH**

WILDER: Oh GOD I've stepped on a car. I've stepped on an actual car. I really hope there
weren't people in there. Oh never mind it was just a Tesla. Phew! Anyway where was
I? Oh yeah. AAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!

ATMOS: **STREET, CHAOS, PANIC, GIANT MECHANICAL ROBOT LEGS**

HORB: Hey, Verit@s, you know when I asked how we'd find these guys and you said "follow
the trail of destruction".

VERIT@S: Yes, Horb I remember saying that. It was half an hour ago.

HORB: There are SO many trails of destruction!!! Ohhhh what are we going to doooooo?

VERIT@S: I don't think there's much we CAN do.

HORB: Can I at least have another paper bag to hyperventilate into? This one is soggy.

VERIT@S: You really need to start carrying your own paper bags. Fine.

FX: **HORB HYPERVENTILATING INTO A PAPER BAG UNTIL IT POPS**

HORB: [Weakly] Another, please.

VERIT@S: That was the last one.

HORB: OH GOD NOW WE'RE REALLY SCREWED!!! FUCKED!!! THWARTED!!!
PORKED!!!!!!

VERIT@S: HORB! Get it together! There's always a logical solution. If you suddenly acquired out-of-control magic powers, where would you go?

HORB: Legoland. Definitely.

VERIT@S: [Sighs] Where would anyone with half a brain go.

HORB: Uh... to the um...

VERIT@S: To the last place they went before everything went literally insane.

HORB: [Trying to make it sound like he's talking along with Verit@s but clearly with no clue what she's going to say]... Place... went... insane... Yep. Totally. I knew that!

VERIT@S: Come on. Let's go back before the entire city gets subsumed by fondant fancies.

HORB: [Mouth full] Uh huh.

VERIT@S: And stop eating the trail of destruction!

HORB: I'm a stress eater!!! Fine. We'll go with your plan, but I'm navigating. I don't like our chances in that big creepy forest. Hey, has there always been a big creepy forest in the middle of Lewisham?

GRAMS: EERIE MUSIC

ATMOS: SPOOKY FOREST

FX: FOOTSTEPS

PIX: OK, Pix – stay calm. It's just a little walk through the woods. You walk through the woods all the time. True, they don't usually spring up around you on the way to Ladywell. And they're not usually an exact replica of your imaginary brain forest. But this is fine. This is completely chill. Nihilism, baby. That's how we roll. We just go with it?

FX: LOW GROWLING

PIX: Ooookay. I'm going to die here. Right. This is just your imagination. You imagine things all the time. If you were writing this story, how would you get out of here? Not a trail of breadcrumbs. That's just stupid. I mean, who leaves an edible trail in the middle of a forest full of hungry animals and then expects it to still be there? That's just piss-poor planning. No... If I were dreaming this up, I'd have... some sort of fairy guide.

FX: PING

MOAN: [A gruff voice] 'Allo! Someone order a fairy guide?

PIX: Uh... I guess I did?

MOAN: Alright then. I'm Moan, I'll be your fairy guide through these here enchanted woodlands. No wandering away from the group, no flash photography and absolutely no clarifying questions because I WILL lose my train of thought and end up waffling on and on without really saying anything, bit like of one of your little art projects.

PIX: Hey! That was both accurate and hurtful! Can I ask a clarifying question *before* you get going?

MOAN: What did I say about clarifying questions?

PIX: You said no clarifying questions, but I didn't know if -

MOAN: Oh good, you WERE paying attention. It was hard to tell on account of all the directly ignoring the stuff I told you not to do. Honestly, some people just do not listen.

There's another fairy guide who works here, Grumble. He does the night shift. He's rubbish at his job, but he's union, so he's impossible to get rid of. Also, he's mates with Bigfoot, and it's political, you know? It's all about whose big feet you grease. So I was saying to Grumble... Grumble – mate – it's not an issue of competence, it's about effort, you know what I'm saying?

PIX: Uh... Moan??

MOAN: What? WHAT??

PIX: The tour?

MOAN: Oh right. Yeah. Where was I? Ah yes – the goblins. See not a lot of people know that goblins are horribly allergic to sunlight. Now – while it won't kill 'em, it does cause 'em to break out in nasty blisters and when they burst, it's green goo everywhere. NOT a pretty sight – and if you get any on you... hooo boy, you'd better hope you're immune to Goblinitis, because-

PIX: Goblinitis??

MOAN: WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT CLARIFYING QUESTIONS??

PIX: That wasn't a clarifying question, it was a rhetorical display of surprise! Like "whaaaat?" but I don't actually mean "what?"

MOAN: You really enjoy the sound of your own voice, don't you? But what did I expect from the woman who recorded her own opinions, ran them through an 8-Bit drum filter and called it "8-Bit Echo Chamber".

PIX: Bloody hell.

OMNES: SHOCKED GASPS FROM THE TREES

MOAN: MIND YOUR LANGUAGE! Swearing gets the fauns all riled up. One time a banshee said the C word and it caused a devastating riot that destroyed Mrs Pricklebottom's luxury spa and brothel. Any more infractions and we'll put you in the swear jar.

PIX: You mean I'll put money in the swear jar?

MOAN: No.

PIX: Listen, Moan – when I said I needed a fairy guide, I meant more, like, a cute little orb of light that would lead me back to the community centre so I can figure out what the f...

MOAN: FAUNS!

PIX: Sorry! What the... fauns happened. You're not exactly what I expected.

MOAN: Oh. I get it. Not cute enough for you, am I?

PIX: No, no, you're plenty cute, I just meant...

MOAN: No, no, don't backtrack. You wanted Tinkerbell and instead you got a short, hairy tour guide called Moan. Because of course fairies are supposed to be dainty and pretty. Well sorry to disappoint, mate, but I'm what you've got. Take me or leave me.

PIX: Ugh! I don't care if you're The Sugar Plum Fairy or Alan Bloody Sugar.

OMNES: SHOCKED GASPS FROM THE TREES

MOAN: Language.

PIX: Bloody?

MOAN: [Lowers his voice] Alan Sugar.

PIX: Fair. Look, I just need to know if you can get me out of here.

MOAN: Oh I see – you only care about what you can get from me.

PIX: Christ you're a highly strung little fella. Fine, forget it. I'll figure it out by myself.

MOAN: No, no, I can do it. I'm just saying it'd be nice if you assumed competence.

PIX: [Relieved] I'm sorry, Moan. I'm sure you're very competent.

MOAN: A little gratitude wouldn't go astray.

PIX: [Begrudgingly] I'm really grateful, you... hyper-competent cutie.

MOAN: I don't hear the magic word.

PIX: [Through gritted teeth] Please.

MOAN: There. That wasn't so hard, was it? The community centre is right this way. And while we're walking, I might as well continue the tour.

PIX: Listen, Moan. It's been a DAY. My brain is scrambled. Do you think we could save the tour for a less stressful time?

MOAN: Sure.

PIX: Great. Thank you.

MOAN: Enjoy staying here forever. I'd get going on a fire because it'll be dark soon. Say, what are you planning to eat? I'd give you the lowdown on which berries will and

won't put your organs on the outside of your body, but seeing as how you don't want the tour...

PIX: [Resentfully] Fine. Give me the tour.

MOAN: Excellent. Right, coming up, we have the spiderweb of self-sabotage. If you get caught in it, you'll have to talk your way out of it without making the situation worse – and by making the situation worse, I mean getting eaten by a giant tarantula.

PIX: Oh lord. Hey, if *I'm* stuck here, what's happened to the others?

MOAN: The others?

ATMOS: **BUS STOPPING, DOOR OPENING**

DRIVER: Bye Norah, call me any time you need a ride. Remember, it's your bus now.

NORAH: I guess it's my bus now.

ATMOS: **RESIDENTIAL STREET**

FX: **DOOR OPENING**

SANDRA: Well? How did the job hunt go? Are you a lawyer again?

NORAH: I never stopped being a lawyer, Mum. I just took a break.

SANDRA: If you're not practicing law, you're not a lawyer – you're just a lawy...ish. You know what I've been doing all day while you've been out dropping your CV into... sandwich shops?

NORAH: Sandwich... shops??

SANDRA: I've just signed off on a fifteen-billion-pound merger.

NORAH: Cool. Just what the world needs – more billionaires.

SANDRA: Actually, the merger is just going to inflate the wealth of existing billionaires, rather than create new ones.

NORAH: [Sarcastic] Oh, well that's MUCH better.

SANDRA: It's called responsibility, Norah. Honestly, what has happened to you lately? You used to be such a good girl. And poor Mike has been calling and calling. You really should talk to him.

NORAH: Yeah, well, he won't like what I have to say.

SANDRA: If you would just tell me what happened, maybe I could...

NORAH: Interfere?

SANDRA: Maybe I could mediate.

NORAH: So... interfere.

SANDRA: Well, would that be so bad? It's not like you're working things out on your own. Look at you. Look at your EYEBROWS.

NORAH: What's wrong with my eyebrows? You know what – don't answer that. Mum, I'm doing the best I can, I'm just...

SANDRA: Burned out. Yes, yes, I've heard all about your burnout. We all get tired, Norah. That doesn't mean we curl up in bed for weeks and just... give up.

NORAH: I haven't given up.

SANDRA: Really? Because it's been six months and you've barely left your room. It's like you're a teenager again. Except worse, because at least when you were a teenager, you behaved yourself.

NORAH: Look Mum. I know you think you know everything, but you're not autistic and...

SANDRA: Oh here we go again – the autism thing.

NORAH: Yes – the autism thing. Just because you think it's "horoscope syndrome" doesn't mean it's going away.

SANDRA: It IS horoscope syndrome. You looked at a bunch of vague symptoms that could apply to anyone, decided "I have autism", threw out your perfect life and now it's all you bloody talk about.

NORAH: Maybe I wouldn't have to talk about it so much if you listened the first time.

SANDRA: Don't be hysterical. I listen – I just don't want autism to become the latest one of all your little fixations that you've always had.

NORAH: And that perfectly illustrates just how little you've been listening.

SANDRA: So I'm a horrible mother now, am I? I don't listen. I didn't notice you "have autism". Well I'm sorry, Norah, but *I'm* doing the best *I* can. Unlike you, I actually try. I mean, do you even *want* a normal life?

NORAH: Jesus, Mum, enough! You never stop! Like, God, do you come with a mute button??

FX: PING

FX: SILENCE

NORAH: OK, very funny. Real mature, Mum. The old "mouth moving while no sound comes out you've actually muted me" gag. [Pause] Seriously, you can stop now. [Pause] This is getting silly. [Pause] Mum, MUM! [Pause] I can't hear anything you're... calm down. Mum!! [Pause] Oh shit. Oh Jesus. Mum, I really can't hear you! [Pause] Stop yelling! [Pause] No, I can't hear you, I can see from your face that you're yelling. Your face is SO loud right now. OK, it's OK, let's be methodical. Can you not speak or can I not hear? The TV!

FX: TV CLICKING ON

GRAMS: TDT NEWS THEME BED LOOP

ATMOS: **CHAOTIC EMERGENCY SCENE NEWS BROADCAST**

SFX: **THROUGH TV**

NEWSREADER: ...And in breaking news, in addition to what social media has dubbed

 “Cakepocalypse”, mass disturbances have been reported across south east London

 as what’s being described as a “giant robot car definitely not a Transformer” has been

 rampaging through the streets. And we’re just now getting word of further inexplicable

 phenomena in the local area. In Lewisham, Liz McHodge has more.

NORAH: Oh my God.

SFX: **THROUGH TV**

LIZ: This is Liz McHodge reporting live from Lewisham where remarkable scenes are

 unfolding. What you’re seeing behind me is what can only be described as an army

 of... well, bums?? The bums appear to be roughly human sized and are travelling on

 what look to be pogo sticks.

FX: **MANY POGO STICKS BOUNCING PAST**

OMNES BUMS: [Chanting] Bums... Bums... Bums...

LIZ: It’s unclear exactly what it is the bums want, or if they have any connection to the

 Transf... Converter or the deluge of apology cakes that have been appearing around

 the capital. So far, the bums appear to be peaceful – but authorities have urged the

public not to approach the bums. For now, at least, there have not been any reported casualties as a result of the bums...

NORAH: Holy fuck. Right. Mum. Something very weird is happening. I don't know how to explain it but... no this isn't all my fault! GOD how is it even when I can't hear you, I can still HEAR you. Look - I think I know how to fix this – but you're going to have to trust me, OK? Like, a lot more than precedent would suggest. If you trust me, say absolutely nothing while mouthing furiously. Great. Let's go. I really hope it's still my bus.

ATMOS: **STREET, EMERGENCY, SIRENS, CHAOS, POGO STICKS BOUNCING**

OMNES [BUMS]: [Chanting ominously] Bums... Bums... Bums...

BUMS: Hello? Excuse me, Mr. Uh... Bum? Could I maybe talk to the Bum in charge? The Head Bum?

OMNES [BUMS]: Bums... Bums... Bums...

FX: **MECHANICAL ROBOT LEGS**

WILDER: [Muffled screaming]

BUMS: Maybe those are GOOD screams of terror.

WILDER: [Muffled] Bums?

BUMS: Wilder? Mate! Where'd you get that giant not-a-Transformer?

WILDER: [Muffled] I have no idea!

BUMS: I can't hear you, mate!

WILDER: [Muffled] I said I have no idea!

BUMS: Hang on – I'm coming up.

ATMOS: INTERIOR OF GIANT ROBOT CAR

WILDER: No, don't try to come up, how would you even? Oh, he's just straight-up climbing my giant robot leg. Why does that tickle? [Wilder starts giggling uncontrollably].

FX: KNOCKING ON WINDOW

BUMS: Open the window!

WILDER: Uh... alright, but you're not going to be able to fit...

FX: WINDOW ROLLING DOWN, SQUEEZING, GRUNTING

WILDER: How are you doing that? It's like you unhinged your entire body!

BUMS: [In the car now] I can squeeze through pretty much anything. I'm like human toothpaste.

WILDER: Jesus, it's so creepy! You're like... Eugene Victor... Booms.

BUMS: No idea who that is. Anyway, enough about me, mate. How's it going?

WILDER: How's it going? Well, I'm trapped in a giant robot car that seems hell-bent on destruction, the bits of the city I haven't stomped on are all covered in cake. Oh, and many, many bums – I'm guessing that was you? Annnnd most importantly, I'm pretty sure I've just been dumped.

BUMS: Oh.

WILDER: Yeah.

BUMS: So... any chance of a lift home?

WILDER: Any chance of a...? [Sighs] Sure, buddy. If we happen to rampage past your house, you can slither back through the window and jump on out.

BUMS: Brilliant, thanks. Wow – what a view.

WILDER: Uh huh...

BUMS: I mean, how often do you get to see the whole of London from a massive robot car? Really makes you think.

WILDER: Oh yeah, about anything in particular?

BUMS: Nope.

WILDER: Ooookay. Well if you're lost in... whatever it is you do instead of thinking, I might just get back to my panicking if that's alright.

BUMS: Oh yeah, sure mate. You do you.

FX: **BEEP BEEP**

BUMS: Oh, cool, it's Norah!

WILDER: [Relieved] Norah? Thank GOD! Where?

BUMS: Over there – the double-decker bus. Front, top. Oh man that seat is NEVER free! She got so lucky! She probably didn't even have to fight a seven-year-old for it. HEY NORAH! NICE HAT!

ATMOS: **INTERIOR OF BUS**

NORAH: BUMS? WILDER?? Shit. They can't hear me. I need, like, a megaphone or something.

FX: **PING**

NORAH: Oh, perfect. Thanks, Magic Bus. Calm down, Mum. Like I said, you're... uh... dreaming. Just give me a sec. I'm working on waking you up. Here, play with this... what do you like to play with... evil corporate merger contract.

FX: **PING**

NORAH: [Into megaphone] BUMS, WILDER, hang on in there, I'm coming to get you! [To self] OK, but how? I mean, if I also had some sort of Transf... Converter, *maybe* I could...

FX: **PING, CREAKING, ROBOT ARMS AND LEGS GROWING**

NORAH: Right. Good. This is good. Now – all I need are some sort of controls...

FX: **PING**

NORAH: Huh. Right. What do we have here, then? I guess it's like one of those arcade claw machines that are rigged so you can't possibly pick anything up with them, no matter how much it looks like you can. Also I'm dyspraxic. This should be fine. [Into megaphone] Bums, Wilder, stay down. I'm going to have to take the top of the car off.

ATMOS: **INTERIOR OF ROBOT CAR**

WILDER: Off? What do you mean "off". Ohhhh no. No no no no – do NOT fuck up my car!
Norah!! Find a way to get us out without fucking up my car!

FX: **MECHANICAL RIPPING**

WILDER: If I survive this, Marnie's going to kill me.

NORAH: [Through megaphone] Sorry! I mean it was only a Honda Civic but still. Sorry... OK,
I'm going to very gently lift you out of there with this scary mechanical claw.

BUMS: Woah! COOL!

WILDER: No, not COOL, Bums. That thing looks like it could take our heads off and – OK.
Good. Yep. You first.

FX: **MECHANICAL CLAW ATTEMPTING TO LIFT BUMS BUT MISSING HIM**

NORAH: [Through megaphone] Sorry!!

WILDER: Next time the claw comes, cling on, mate.

BUMS: OK!

FX: MECHANICAL CLAW ATTEMPTING TO LIFT BUMS BUT MISSING HIM

BUMS: QAPLA!!!

WILDER: Cling. On. Not Klingon.

BUMS: Huh?

WILDER: Grab the metal thingy and don't let go until you're on the ground.

BUMS: Oh right! That sounds even more fun than talking Klingon.

FX: MECHANICAL CLAW LIFTING BUMS

BUMS: Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!

WILDER: Oh God, she got him by the head. Bums? BUMS? Do you still have a head?

BUMS: [From ground] Yeah! That was AWESOME! That was like, The Shellraiser mixed with Nemesis Reborn mixed with that bit in Toy Story where that kid wins the alien toy and then takes it home to torture it! Hold on, I just need to puke a bit.

WILDER: Because I cannot come home without a head. Marnie would really not like it if I came home with a fucked-up car and no head... AAAAAAARGH!

FX: MECHANICAL CLAW LIFTING WILDER – WE STAY WITH WILDER ALL THE WAY TO THE GROUND

WILDER: Ow, my everything.

FX: BUS PULLING UP, DOORS OPENING

NORAH: Hey guys... so... how's YOUR day going?

ATMOS: QUIET MOUNTAINTOP

SOPHIE: [Crying] Oh God I've made so much cake. There is cake literally everywhere. I'm stuck on top of a mountain of cake. Everyone's going to be soooooo cross with me. Again. I hate myself, I hate myself, I hate myself.

FX: BEEP BEEP

SOPHIE: What the...

NORAH: [Through megaphone] Sophie?

SOPHIE: NORAH?? [Relieved] Oh God, Norah! I don't know how I've done this, I'm SO sorry.

FX: PING

SOPHIE: FUDGENUGGETS!

NORAH: [Through megaphone] "I'm sorry I accidentally covered half the city in cake, then got stuck on top of this desolate cake mountain with no option but to eat my way down, except I'm too ashamed to try. I'm too ashamed to even shame eat." Sophie – whatever you do right now, do NOT apologise.

SOPHIE: I won't! I'm sorry!

FX: PING

NORAH: [Through megaphone] "I'm sorry I just apologised again, even though you specifically told me not to because that's clearly what's causing an unhinged amount of cake to appear out of nowhere." Sophie!!!

SOPHIE: ARGH! I'm s... I'm... really... SUGARPLUMFAIRIES.

FX: MECHANICAL CLAW PICKING UP SOPHIE

SOPHIE: Aaaargh I deserve this...

FX: BUS PULLING UP, DOORS OPENING

NORAH: Heya Sophie.

BUMS: Nuqneh!

SOPHIE: What??

WILDER: It's Klingon. Bums is a Trekkie, I guess?

BUMS: Oh no, never liked Star Trek.

WILDER: So how do you...

BUMS: Mum made me learn Klingon so the other autistics wouldn't bully me. Just like she made me learn JavaBeans.

NORAH: Cool. That's actually the least insane thing I've heard today. Sophie, are you OK?

SOPHIE: That depends. Are you here to fix everything?

NORAH: It sure feels like that's where this is going.

SOPHIE: Oh good. So where are we off to?

NORAH: Back to where this all started. The community centre.

SOPHIE: Norah... [close to tears] I'm really s-

OMNES: No no no no no!

SOPHIE: I'm really scared.

NORAH: I know, mate. I know. Hey, you wanna ride up top with me while wearing a silly little hat?

SOPHIE: [Perking up a bit] I really do, yes.

BUMS: (Singing) I GET TO BEEP THE HORN! I GET TO BEEP THE HORN! I'LL FIGHT
ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STOP ME I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE IN YEAR THREE!

ATMOS: COMMUNITY CENTRE, FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENING

NORAH: I think we can all agree that this all started with the earthquake.

PIX: I don't have a clue what started it. Shall we just blame Wilder and call it a day?

SOPHIE: PIX! You're here! You're alive! You're... covered in cobwebs?

WILDER: And the unmistakable aura of regret over your life choices?

NORAH: What happened to you? Who's that?

MOAN: I'm Moan – nice to meet you. I wouldn't usually come out of the woods, especially in daylight. But I'm a sucker for a Sacher torte. Anyway gotta fly.

FX: MOAN FLYING AWAY [TINKERBELL-STYLE SFX]

WILDER: Did he just fly away?

PIX: He did. And he's surprisingly graceful. Guys, either we're having some sort of collective delusion or strange things are afoot at the Circle K.

SOPHIE: Huh?

PIX: Bill and Ted. No? Nothing? What are they teaching you kids in schools these days?

NORAH: Can we focus for a second? This is serious! Sophie's been producing out-of-control apology cakes.

SOPHIE: Sor...

OMNES: NO!!!

NORAH: Wilder's destroyed a bunch of crap with a massive robot car.

WILDER: I'm not sure it's fair to say that / destroyed the crap...

NORAH: And Bums has created hundreds of sentient bums on pogo sticks.

PIX: Really? I mean, I get the bums, but why pogo sticks?

BUMS: I just always thought they were cool. Mum wouldn't let me have one. "You can't put a boy with autism on a pogo stick" she'd say. In her accent though. I can't do a good impression of my mum.

PIX: Ooookay... And I sprouted an entire enchanted forest. Not a euphemism.

BUMS: AWESOME! Can I have a go on it?

WILDER: Eh??

BUMS: I've always wanted to have a go on an enchanted forest.

PIX: Sure, buddy. Whatever that means. What did you do, Norah?

NORAH: Me? Oh, I caught a bus.

PIX: That's it? You caught a bus?

WILDER: Feel like we should have started with "caught a bus" and built to "fairies are real". Just narratively speaking.

NORAH: Hey! That's not all I did. I muted my Mum. Oh, this is my Mum, Sandra. Sandra, this is everyone.

OMNES: [Weakly] Hey Sandra...

SOPHIE: Wait, Norah... you seem to have loads of control over whatever this is [Breathlessly excited] I just realised – you could UNMUTE your mum!

NORAH: Yeah...

SOPHIE: Mind blown, right?

NORAH: Mmmm... I'll be honest... I worked that out a while ago. I'd just rather enjoy the peace and quiet for as long as possible. If you knew her, you'd understand. Don't make that face. I'll unmute you when I'm good and ready, Mum. Anyway – I think the key to everything is this place. So maybe if we all go back in the room, it will... uh... um...

WILDER: Oh my God.

NORAH: What?

WILDER: You don't have a plan, do you?

NORAH: I... I have a plan, it's just...

WILDER: No you don't! Your plan was just "go back to the community centre". Well we're here. Now the fuck what?

NORAH: Well... now we... we go back in the room and...

WILDER: I can't believe I let you fuck up my robot car, nearly rip off my head and bring me here, for nothing! You... planless wonder.

NORAH: Why is it always on me to have a plan? Why can't anyone else use their bloody brains for once.

SOPHIE: Sor...

OMNES: NO!!!!

NORAH: But no, it's always got to be me. I've always got to know what to do because I'm mummy and mummy fixes everything. If you've got any better ideas, you go for it. I, for one, am going to go into this room and stay there for as long as it takes to fix me. Woah...

SOPHIE: You OK, Norah?

NORAH: I'm fine. Just a little dizzy.

FX: **DOOR OPENING**

NORAH: Oh, so sorry, we didn't think there was anyone in here. Uh... we need the room. Because... uh... we need the room. So if you two could take your meeting elsewhere.

VERIT@S: We're exactly where we need to be, Norah.

WILDER: Oh man, I don't like this.

PIX: Yeah, not gonna lie, you guys are giving ominous vibes.

BUMS: Hi, I'm Bums!

NORAH: Uh... sorry about them, they're clinically rude. Having said that... huh?

VERIT@S: No, I'm the clinically rude one. I should have introduced myself. I'm Verit@s, this is my associate, Horb. I believe you have something of ours.

PIX: Yep, definitely ominous.

NORAH: Guys, I don't feel so...

FX: **NORAH COLLAPSING**

PIX: Norah! STOP COLLAPSING!

OMNES: [Improvised chatter as the gang tries to revive Norah.]

GRAMS: **END MUSIC**

NORAH: 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. Special guest appearance by Grace Jarvis as Marnie. 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 and Pixabay. Artwork and logo design by Fraser Geesin. Nowwww I can collapse.

BUMS: [Squeezing noises and grunts] Hopefully that's enough there.

FX: Beep

BUMS: I can squeeze through pretty much anything. I'm like human toothpaste. Squeeze me from the bottom please! From the bums!