

ANDREW: Before we begin, a quick note. *It's a Superpower??* is a show by, for, and about autistic people, though apparently some neurotypicals are still listening in the hopes of being able to advocate for us all wrong. This episode contains scenes some listeners may find disturbing, including depictions of ghosts, toilet monsters, and the Big Light.

GRAMS: PREVIOUSLY ON MUSIC LEADING INTO THEME SONG

PIX: Previously on *It's a Superpower??* An autism support group accidentally acquired out-of-control magic powers.

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.

PIX: That'll teach us to leave our houses. Wilder (ugh) got a legally distinct giant robot car and still managed to be a whiny little B about it.

WILDER: (Flashback) 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?

PIX: Luckily, Norah saved the day with her magic bus. Not a euphemism.

NORAH: [Into megaphone] BUMS, WILDER, hang on in there, I'm coming to get you!

PIX: Norah also muted her mum. I don't blame her, to be honest.

NORAH: (Flashback) No this isn't all my fault! GOD how is it even when I can't hear you, I can still HEAR you.

PIX: But when we got back to the community centre, a pair of mysterious strangers were already lying in wait.

VERIT@S: (Flashback) We're exactly where we need to be, Norah

PIX: Oooh unsettling. And if that wasn't dramatic enough, Norah fully collapsed EVEN THOUGH I SPECIFICALLY TOLD HER NOT TO.

PIX: (Flashback) Norah! Stop collapsing!

PIX: Ah well – I'm sure at least one of us is good in a crisis, right? Oh wait, that was Norah. Let's hope she's OK, because we're useless without her. DJ, d-d-d-d-drop that theme song.

GRAMS: **THEME SONG**

PIX: The Daily Tism Presents – It's a Superpower?? Chapter Three – The Toilet Monster

ATMOS: **COMMUNITY CENTRE**

OMNES: [Improvised gang trying to revive Norah.]

BUMS: Don't worry, guys - I know first aid. You've got to raise her legs above her head. No. No, no, wait, hang on, you've got to raise her head above her legs. I forgot which way round it is. It's one of those. It is one of those, so let's do both.

WILDER: There's got to be something in her Mum Bag.

FX: WILDER ATTEMPTING TO HEAVE BAG

WILDER: Jesus fuck, I can't even lift it! Damn my puny arms!

SOPHIE: Oh God, it was my cake, wasn't it? I knew my overcompensation would kill someone one day but I always assumed it would be me.

PIX: She's not dead. She just looks like that because she's dressed like a Victorian snuff photo.

BUMS: [Comforting tone] Yeah! If anything, she's dying.

SOPHIE: Oh GOD!

PIX: Helpful, Bums.

BUMS: Thanks!

WILDER: Seriously, HOW has she been lugging this around? It's like Thor's bloody hammer!

NORAH: [Slurring] Hands... off.. the Mum... Bag...

VERIT@S: She's not dying. Norah, you've used a huge amount of energy, but you're going to be OK. Here – have some cake.

NORAH: [Weakly] Thanks... Oh man, carrot cake.

SOPHIE: Sorry!

FX: **PING**

NORAH: Yay, chocolate. Thanks, Sophie.

VERIT@S: And while you're recovering, I think we have some exposish-explaining to do. You see...

GRAMS: **MUSIC AS VERIT@S' EXPLANATION FADES**

NORAH: OK, so let me check I've understood this correctly. You're a secret cabal...

VERIT@S: [Sucks in air] Cabal is a loaded word.

NORAH: Alright then, you're a secret... funclub of super-enlightened people who have found a way to get magical powers? And this was what for you two? Ascension Day?

VERIT@S: Oooh... "Ascension Day" also has... connotations.

WILDER: And Buffy did it. [Pause] Nobody? The mayor? What kind of autistics are you??

PIX: We've all seen Buffy, Wilder. Honestly, this fucking guy.

NORAH: And you want to use these powers to... just checking I have the wording right: "save humanity from themselves"?

VERIT@S: Correct.

NORAH: Cool... cool... cool... Uh, quick question. Is this a cult?

BUMS: Uh, if this is a cult, I should probably let everyone know that I'm very easy to manipulate. I'm just telling you so you know not to manipulate me.

WILDER: You're not the guys who worship the evil galactic emperor?

BUMS: Ooooh evil galactic emperor?? How do I join??

PIX: Step away from the stress test, buddy. This is definitely serving cult.

HORB: We are NOT a cult. [Uncertainly] Right??

VERIT@S: Look – there's no way to be a legit secret magical organisation and accurately describe what we are without sounding a BIT like a cult. The difference is, we're telling the truth. Which you'd think would be self-evident from all the, you know, literal magic you just did.

WILDER: Didn't think of that. I was just going on vibes.

PIX: Which are still, to be clear, super culty.

NORAH: So hang on, how exactly *did* we end up with your magical powers?

HORB: Ah... that. There was an administrative mix up. Human error. No one's fault, really.

VERIT@S: Horb booked the room under the name "autism support group". No one's fault really.

APART FROM HORB'S.

HORB: Oh alright, I admit it. I did it. I was trying to be subtle, I was being clever!

BUMS: Ah, yep – that's your problem. [Chuckles] I'm glad that doesn't happen to me.

VERIT@S: [Sighing] Can we please stay on track?

WILDER: Uh... we've only known each other a short while, but precedent would suggest not.

VERIT@S: When new members are ready for Ascens... [Slightly embarrassed] Climbing Day...

PIX: "Climbing Day", really?

WILDER: Yeah, It sounds like a festival for squirrels.

PIX: That's exactly what it sounds like.

OMNES: [General murmurings of agreement].

BUMS: I like Climbing Day.

VERIT@S: The name doesn't matter! What matters is when new members are ready, we have a ceremony. The leaders of The New Dawn...

WILDER: Oh STOP. No. The New Dawn? Seriously? Are you actively TRYING to sound like a cult??

PIX: Nice. You picked the two Twilight movies I most love to hate watch.

NORAH: For real, though, that second movie where she jumps off a cliff because Edward won't answer her Yahoo emails.

PIX: And it's still somehow not as bad as when Jacob falls in love with A BABY. How was anyone team Jacob??

NORAH: I always shipped her and Alice!

PIX: YES! ME TOO! High five!

FX: **WHOOSHING SOUND**

WILDER: Both dyspraxic, huh?

NORAH: I DID just faint.

PIX: [Sulkily] Yeah, and I meant to miss.

VERIT@S: As you correctly gleaned, today was our Climbing Day. The New Dawn left powers for us to collect. All WE had to do was choose the place and show up.
UNFORTUNATELY, I entrusted the booking of this all-important venue to Horb.

HORB: I was trying to be discreet! Incognito! PSEUDONYMOUS!

NORAH: So we booked the room under the same name – then we got powers that were meant for you. And now we have them and you don't?

VERIT@S: Bingo.

WILDER: And you want us to hand them over because what? We're a bunch of incompetent autistics?

VERIT@S: Oh please. We all have autism. Why do you think Horb booked the room under “autism support group”?

PIX: Ableism?

NORAH: My money was on ableism.

VERIT@S: It has nothing to do with your competence, although... uh...

WILDER: Hey!! I’m taking that extra personally.

VERIT@S: Well, yeah, I was pointing directly at you.

WILDER: BUMS WAS RIGHT THERE!

PIX: Oh just own it, Wilder.

VERIT@S: We need our powers because we have the training and expertise for a humanity-saving mission and you don’t.

NORAH: Can’t you just get these, these... Breaking Dawns to fill another room with magic?

VERIT@S: Yeah, totally. We’ll just wait for them to generate enough magical energy to hand over without draining themselves. Should take... ooh roughly a decade?

HORB: A DECADE?? Oh GOD think of all the damage the neurotypicals could do in ten years. War! Disease! Endless team-building days!

SOPHIE: So how DO we give them back? Because I don't know how everyone else is coping, but I need to be allowed to say "sorry".

FX: **PING**

OMNES: [Improvised grumbles, "oh come ON" "for fuck's sake, Sophie" etc.]

VERIT@S: "I'm sorry I said the word 'sorry' even though it wasn't an actual apology and therefore shouldn't have counted." Was the "therefore" really necessary?

SOPHIE: JUST TELL ME HOW TO MAKE IT STOP! [Catches herself being rude] Please.

VERIT@S: I wish we could, Sophie, but this is all uncharted territory. Because historically when someone's been smart enough to be part of an all-powerful secret magical society, they haven't also been stupid enough to FUCK UP THE ROOM BOOKING.

HORB: How many times do I need to apologise??

VERIT@S: Oh you have not apologised once.

SOPHIE: Someone please apologise so I can apologise vicariously.

FX: **PING**

PIX: "I'm sorry I tried to apologise vicariously, even though that's clearly cheating and not in the spirit of this whole punitive apology cake thing." Christ, Foetus, your subconscious is unforgiving.

VERIT@S: To answer your question: paradoxically, it looks like we have to train you to become powerful enough to... hand over your powers.

FX: **DEAD SILENCE**

WILDER: Well that's just fucking STUPID. What the hell is the point of mastering control over magic powers just to hand them over to some... dweebs.

PIX: Dweebs who are really bad at naming things.

WILDER: I'd try to high five you, but you'd probably end up accidentally slapping me across the face.

PIX: Yeah... accidentally...

NORAH: I think what Wilder is *trying* to say is... how do we know we can trust you?

VERIT@S: [Sigh] Because, Norah, we're the 5%.

WILDER: You really aren't beating those cult allegations any time soon, are you?

NORAH: What is the 5%?

VERIT@S: OK – so: there's this psychological study. The Right-Wing Authoritarian test. You can Google it.

BUMS: Nice try. I've learned my lesson about Googling stuff. Have you ever Googled the word "bums"? [Bums giggles] So many bums!

VERIT@S: The study found that about 25% of people are rule followers. The rules themselves don't matter. They're all about fitting in, being seen as "normal".

PIX: Booooooooooooooooooooo!

SOPHIE: Relatable.

VERIT@S: They'll look after their own – their family, maybe their community – but anyone else can basically get fucked.

NORAH: Right. Well they sound lovely. Go on.

VERIT@S: Then there's another 25% who are basically chill, but they'll break the law if they think it's a bad law. They're what your grandparents would call "woke". Then there's the 50% in the middle who don't know what the fuck they want.

HORB: SHEEPLE. And they're everywhere – EVERYWHERE! [Horb laughs maniacally]

VERIT@S: Why don't you go outside and run a few laps of the building, bud?

HORB: Good idea! [Running away] We're all dooooooooooomed!

WILDER: Is he alright??

VERIT@S: Oh yeah, he's mostly harmless.

NORAH: So back to the point. What has all this got to do with the 5%?

VERIT@S: Right – I was getting to that. So there's a second scale called the social dominance scale. On that scale there are about 5% of people with both high social dominance and high right-wing authoritarianism.

BUMS: [Groans] GOD, this is SO MANY MATHS.

PIX: Better speed this up, you're losing Bums.

VERIT@S: They want power. And they'll do anything to get it. People like Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini and David Walliams.

WILDER: Good LORD.

VERIT@S: And on the opposite end of the scale, there's the other 5%. They believe in equality and are repelled by the idea of power. Like, if they got it, they'd immediately give it up. Because they're such good people. Sound like anyone we know?

NORAH: Alright, alright, no need to lay it on that thick.

VERIT@S: So on either side of this scale, you have the 5%. We are the 5%.

NORAH: You are the 5%?

VERIT@S: We are the 5%. And, like I said, we're here to save the world.

WILDER: Hold on a minute – which 5%? The good 5% or the "oh dear GOD" 5%?

PIX: Yeah that seems like a key detail.

VERIT@S: We're the good 5%. Obviously.

BUMS: [Suspiciously] You... sure about that?

VERIT@S: Yes.

BUMS: Well, that's good enough for me.

NORAH: [After a pause] OK.

VERIT@S: OK?

NORAH: OK. We'll help you.

WILDER: We will?

NORAH: Wilder, it's been what? Two hours? And we've already destroyed half the city. If these people are the 5%, the least we can do is help them so they can help everyone else.

WILDER: But... but... robot car...

PIX: I'm in.

WILDER: Damnit, Pix!

PIX: I'm sorry! Magic is cool but it's just WAY too much responsibility.

SOPHIE: I'd say the "S" word too, but I can't. Which is why I'm also in.

FX: **PING**

WILDER: "I'm S word I tried to find a loophole by saying 'the S word', even though it's exactly the same thing as saying the actual S word."

PIX: The message is stern, yet the cake is funfetti.

BUMS: Ooh, funfetti!

WILDER: HOW are you still hungry?

BUMS: I'm a growing boy.

WILDER: Are... you??

NORAH: Bums? You in?

BUMS: [Clearly stuffing his face] Huh?? [Through a mouthful of cake] Oh, I'll do whatever everyone else wants. I'm easy.

WILDER: Et tu, Bums?

BUMS: Uh... nope, there's just one of me.

PIX: Apart from the army of bums outside??

BUMS: [Chortles] Oh yeah. Forgot about them.

NORAH: Wilder, think about the constant ethical dilemmas we'd have to face if we kept these powers. It's like, when people ask political candidates if they could push the button. I couldn't push the button. Could *you* push the button?

WILDER: It depends on the button.

PIX: [Snorts with laughter]

WILDER: Get your mind out the gutter, Pix. That's not what I meant.

PIX: Well then be better at saying stuff.

NORAH: Wilder! Focus! Could you push the button?

WILDER: [Sulkily] No. I couldn't push the stupid button.

NORAH: So it's settled. We're all in. Just one thing – why was I the only one who passed out?

VERIT@S: This happens sometimes when someone is... extra powerful. It passes. It just means that Norah, you're the leader.

NORAH: You've got to be fucking kidding me.

WILDER: Does that make her responsible for anyone I crushed with my giant robot feet? I mean, legally speaking.

VERIT@S: That's another thing. While you'll be weakened for a little while after today, there may still be... mishaps. That's why we need to get you away from the general public. Do any of you have a place you can all hole up for a while?

WILDER: Now hang on – surely you don't mean living together? I can barely live with myself!

OMNES: [Improvised grumblings of protest].

NORAH: Is that really necessary?

SFX: **OUTSIDE WINDOW**

ARMY OF BUMS: Bums... Bums... Bums...

VERIT@S: I think the passing army of roving Bums answered that question. So – who's going to volunteer their place?

WILDER: Well I'm pretty sure I've just been kicked out of my place.

BUMS: I live with my mum.

SOPHIE: [Apologetically] I live with both my parents.

NORAH: Yeah, I live with my mum too. That's her right there. This is Sandra.

HORB & VERIT@S: Hey Sandra...

NORAH: Oh she's not ignoring you. She... can't talk right now.

PIX: So you're just never going to unmute her, huh?

NORAH: I'm getting round to it.

VERIT@S: What about you?

PIX: Me??

VERIT@S: What's your living situation, Pix?

PIX: Uh... you know... I live with my parents, like the rest of us thirty-somethings.

WILDER: No you don't! You said you live with your cat!

PIX: Did I say cat? I meant parents. That's what I call them. Cats. Because they're a couple of coooooool... cats. So yeah, it's SUPER cramped. More of a hovel, really. Full of... cats... and cool parents...

VERIT@S: That's fine.

PIX: Good.

VERIT@S: So we'll just put a pin in this saving the world plan. Shame Pix lives with her parents, but what can you do? Anyway, it was a nice civilisation we had. Oh well. Hope you don't accidentally murder anyone.

WILDER: You can't accidentally murder someone. That's manslaughter. I know my rights! [Defensively] It was only a Tesla!!

PIX: Ugh FINE. They can stay with me. But let the record show that I fucking HATE this.

VERIT@S: Noted. Thank you.

FX: **PHONE MESSAGE BEEP**

VERIT@S: Oh thank God. It's HQ. They're working on a mass memory spell now. In a few minutes, nobody apart from us will remember the events of today.

NORAH: They can just do that??

VERIT@S: No. They can't "just" do that. It's a really big deal. A total one off. And it's expending a huge amount of energetic capital that we were saving for... other things. And I had to fill in a FORM! But we had no choice.

WILDER: So just to check, when you say "everyone"... will my girlfriend remember that I really WAS stuck in a giant robot car or am I still dumped?

VERIT@S: I'd err on the side of dumped.

WILDER: Super. At least I have somewhere to go.

PIX: Temporarily. Do NOT get comfortable.

WILDER: Oh, don't worry, Pix, I've never in my entire life been comfortable.

SOPHIE: Well *I'm* excited. It'll be like the sleepovers I was never invited to.

NORAH: Oh baby girl. Wait – what about my stuff? I need all my stuff I'm OLD!

WILDER: Hey, she's right! Can we go and get our stuff?

VERIT@S: Not until you have enough control over your magic. It's too risky. Norah, don't worry – everything you need is in that bag of yours.

NORAH: [Relieved] Really?

WILDER: What about me? Where do I get all the stuff I need? Verit@s? What about the stuff I need? I'M EVEN OLDER!

VERIT@S: [Ignoring him] There'll be a force field around the house to contain the damage.

PIX: Wait, does that mean you're containing the damage *to* my house?? I can't have a house full of cake!

VERIT@S: The New Dawn have put a klaxon on Sophie so she can't apologise.

SOPHIE: Nooooooooooooo what?

PIX: And... uh... the rest of us?

VERIT@S: I'm sure you'll be fine. Your training will start first thing tomorrow. 7AM, sharp.

PIX: 7AM?? IN THE MORNING?? I know that's redundant tautology but I had to double check because 7AM. IN. The. MORNING??

VERIT@S: Yep.

PIX: Fuck my life.

WILDER: Fuck YOUR life? You still have all YOUR stuff!

NORAH: Come on, guys. Less complaining, more resignation to our fate. Pix, lead the way.

SOPHIE: Uh, Norah? Aren't you forgetting something?

NORAH: Huh? Oh right. [Begrudgingly] Mum, you're unmuted.

SANDRA: What the hell is going on here? Shacking up with these weirdos?? Still no job??? A
MAN NAMED BUMS??? Norah! You're to come home at once and we're going to go
straight to the...

FX: PING

VERIT@S: And there goes her memory.

SANDRA: Wha... where am I? What's happening?

NORAH: Uhhhh... we're at a job-hunting group.

BUMS: Yes! We go out hunting... for jobs... with... job... spears...

VERIT@S: And we were just wrapping up. You were just saying you wanted to go home, weren't
you Sandra?

SANDRA: [Confused] I was? Uh... yes... yes I think I'd like to go home. I need a lie down.

VERIT@S: You do, Sandra. Come on, let's get you an Uber.

SANDRA: [Still confused] Yes. Yes. Thank you.

VERIT@S: [To the others] 7AM.

FX: FOOTSTEPS, SOUNDS OF EVERYONE LEAVING

PIX: Come on, guys. I'll... [resentfully] I'll show you where I live.

ATMOS: STREET NOISE, CAR DOOR SLAMMING

VERIT@S: Bye, Sandra! Get home safe! Well this is a disaster.

HORB: Uh, Verit@s? Not that I want to get us even MORE banished but shouldn't we have told them about the prophecy? Seeing as how it pertains to them, specifically.

VERIT@S: Nah, we don't want to spook them. We need them sharp and focused. They're our only hope.

BUMS: [In the distance] I'm calling top bunk!

PIX: There are no bunks, Bums.

BUMS: Why not?

PIX: Because I'm not six.

BUMS: [Disappointed] Oh. No, me neither.

WILDER: So anything between seven and, ooh, shall we say, fifty?

HORB: God help us all.

ATMOS: **HOUSE, LARGE, ECHOEY**

PIX: Well – here we are. Home sweet home.

WILDER: Super cramped, huh? A hovel, was it?

SOPHIE: Wow this is amazing! But... I mean... I don't want to be rude, and you totally don't have to answer if you don't want to – I mean, I don't want to seem disinterested, but also I don't want to pry. I just wondered...

WILDER: How the fuck can you afford a mansion in Blackheath?

NORAH: For legal reasons, I would also like to know the answer to that question, please.

PIX: It's not a mansion. There are only six bedrooms.

WILDER: SIX BEDROOMS? And Christ, your living room is so big, even the echoes have echoes!

NORAH: And again... how??

PIX: Well... it's not exactly mine...

BUMS: Yay for squatters' rights!

NORAH: Are we squatting? Because I could get disbarred for that.

PIX: Well...

SOPHIE: Ohh, I don't want to get in trouble. Consider that an evergreen statement.

WILDER: She's not squatting. [Accusatorily] She's loaded. Aren't you? This is mummy and daddy's place. Isn't it! J'accuse!

PIX: Calm down, Poirot. Yes, OK? You got me. My father bought me this place. And don't say "mummy" or "daddy" ever again.

WILDER: I knew it! You've got nepo baby written all over you! So what does dear old Dad do? Tech bro? Banker? Mob boss?

NORAH: Um... if it's a mob boss, again, I would rather not get disbarred. Just in case.

PIX: [Sighs]. He's a film director, alright?

SOPHIE: Oh cool! Would we have seen his stuff?

PIX: Maybe, I don't know. Look, this is why I don't have people over. Because the second anyone steps foot in the place, the interrogation starts. How can you afford this place, Pix? How many Oscars has your dad won, Pix? Why is there a cement mixer in the corner, Pix?

WILDER: Why IS there a cement mixer in the corner?

PIX: I put a mic in it and amplify the sound. I call it The Persistence of Entropy.

WILDER: Christ alive.

PIX: Look, I get it, poor little rich girl with her big mansion and her monthly allowance and her massive indoor canvas and paintball gun. No, Bums, you cannot have a go. That's not a toy. It's art.

BUMS: Oh what?

PIX: Well poor little rich girl is giving you all a place to stay, at great personal inconvenience and on the assumption that none of you would be competent murderers. So, in summary – suck it. BUMS DO NOT TOUCH THAT LASER POINTER. It's also art.

BUMS: Why is everything art???

NORAH: Well I can't speak for everyone else, but I wasn't doing the Poor Little Rich Girl thing. Although, now you mention it, world's smallest violin, babe. I was just thinking... these – they're amazing!

PIX: Oh... [taken off guard] Thanks.

NORAH: Did you paint these?

PIX: Uh... I did.

SOPHIE: Wow, Pix, these are incredible. They're so unique and evocative and...

WILDER: ...Haunted. These portraits are haunted. This whole place is haunted.

PIX: It *is* not.

NORAH: Don't be ridiculous, Wilder. Any more than you usually are.

WILDER: I'm being ridiculous?? Look at them! They won't stop staring at me!! They're like... if American Gothic was painted by Phoebe from Friends. DID THAT ONE JUST BLINK??

BUMS: Mum says there's no such thing as ghosts. Or The Toilet Monster. Or depression.
That reminds me, I should ask my mum if I can stay over.

PIX: Ask your... Bums, you're a grown man... I think??

SOPHIE: I've been wondering about that too... How old *is* he?

BUMS: Hi Mummy.

OMNES: [Improvised "woah" and "oh no" and "that's messed up" reactions to Bums calling his mum "Mummy"].

BUMS: I was just wondering if I'm allowed to go to a sleepover. [Pause] Just some of the guys from the autism group. [Pause] It's not another cult. [Pause] About 60% sure but I've already had too many maths today. [Pause] Pix's house. Where everything is art. [Pause] Yes, she's a girl. [Pause] No she's not my girlfriend, she's just a girl who is my friend.

PIX: That's stretching it.

BUMS: Yep. Yeah. Uh huh. [To Pix] She wants to talk to your mum.

PIX: Uh... afraid she's out of luck there, bud. My mum is probably on a billionaire's superyacht somewhere, coked out of her mind.

WILDER: Who the fuck ARE you??

PIX: So no mums here. Unless...

NORAH: Why are you all looking at me? Am I supposed to be Mum?

BUMS: Here you go.

NORAH: Oh no. No way. NOT HAPPENING. Do not make me Mum. Bums, I am not Mum. I am NOT-hiiii Mrs. Uh... Bums? [Pause] Yes, it's totally fine if Bums stays. In fact, we might have a sleepover for the whole week. [Pause]. No, not a cult. Just... new friends. [Pause] No, really. [Pause] No, we're not playing a cruel joke on him. [Pause] OK. [Pause]. Uh huh... Right. Well I'm not sure I can stop him fr... [Pause] Fine, no sugar. [Pause] And no video games before bed. [Pause] And we won't let him on the top bunk.

BUMS: [Sulkily] Oh MAN.

NORAH: No problem. [Pause] Yep. Thanks. Bye.

BUMS: Well?

NORAH: You're allowed to stay over but you have to behave.

BUMS: [Sulkily] Fine. [To self] I'm never allowed to have any fun.

WILDER: You did just climb a giant robot car and then get plucked out by a metal claw.

BUMS: He he. Yeah, that was great.

PIX: Come on, let me show you to your rooms.

FX: **FOOTSTEPS**

WILDER: When you say our rooms, do we each get our own?

NORAH: That's a good question. I'm a light sleeper. AGAIN, I'M OLD.

WILDER: Oh... yeah, no, I just meant, with this place being haunted and all, someone should protect Bums.

PIX: This place is NOT haunted.

WILDER: Because hypothetically if, say, those portraits were to come alive at night... To be clear, ghosts don't scare the pant-wetting bejeezus out of ME. I'm just thinking of Bums. I don't want him to get gotted.

BUMS: I'm more worried about the Toilet Monster.

PIX: There are no ghosts or toilet monsters. I can't vouch for depression, in this group, it seems statistically likely. But you will need to share rooms.

NORAH: Don't you have six bedrooms??

PIX: Four of them are occupied. In fact, nobody is allowed to go in those rooms. They are out of bounds.

BUMS: I WANT TO GO IN THE SECRET ROOMS!

WILDER: I knew it! I knew this place had bad energy. What's in the rooms, Pix?

PIX: Oh they're just full of NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS.

SOPHIE: It does sound like the start of a horror movie. S-

FX: **KLAXON**

OMNES: [Reactions of shock, anger, annoyance at the sudden noise]

PIX: Fuck me, that's DIABOLICAL.

BUMS: What happened to the cake?? I liked the cake!

WILDER: Oh, you liked the delicious cake better than the ear-splitting racket did you?

BUMS: Yeah. Didn't you?

WILDER: [Sighs heavily]

NORAH: Well, it's good to know the klaxon works. And that it's a HATE CRIME.

PIX: Bums, Wilder, your room is this way.

WILDER: Down the hall, past the four ominously locked doors.

PIX: Those are in the other wing.

WILDER: This place has WINGS?? Like... like a swan??

PIX: No, Wilder, like a large house.

FX: **DOOR OPENING**

SOPHIE: Oh my God KITTY!!!

NORAH: Oh she's the cutest!

WILDER: A tabby! [To Butthole] Aren't you pretty! Look at your massive ears! Guys, have you seen her massive ears?

PIX: Everyone, this is Butthole.

WILDER: You named your cat Butthole?

OMNES: [Improvised chatter, everyone gushing over cat].

FX: JUMPING ON BED SOUNDS, CAT MIAWOING AND RUNNING OFF

OMNES: [Improvised cries of outrage and indignation at Bums for scaring Butthole away].

PIX: BUMS! No jumping on the beds. How are you even doing that?? That's memory foam!

BUMS: No top bunk, Bums. No jumping on the bed, Bums. Might as well be at home. Hey, what's for dinner?

NORAH: What are you looking at me for? Am I supposed to make you dinner? Who makes your dinner at home?

BUMS: It just magically appears.

NORAH: Of course it does. Well I can assure you that it will NOT be happening here. Mummy isn't here to magic up your tea.

FX: _____ **PING**

BUMS: Yay pizza party!

NORAH: I didn't mean to do that. Don't take this as precedent. I am NOT MUMMY.

PIX: If the Mum Bag fits.

SOPHIE: So everyone else is allowed to apologise and magic up food while I have to be a human foghorn- Norah? Oh no, Norah!

NORAH: Woah...

OMNES: [A rush of concern for Norah]

NORAH: I'm OK. Really, I'm OK. Just drained. I think I need an early night.

PIX: I think we all do.

BUMS: Can I stay up a bit longer?

NORAH: Stop asking me! I cannot overemphasise how much I don't care what you do.

WILDER: Well I'm turning in, so uh, Bums, if you want protection from the ghosts, you'd better come with me.

PIX: So noble, Wilder. Norah, Foetus, you two are in here. If you need anything... I sleep like the dead, so don't bother trying to wake me. Night.

BUMS: Don't let the Toilet Monster bite.

ATMOS: QUIET BEDROOM, NIGHT

FX: LOUD BANGING AND CREAKING NOISES

BUMS: Wilder. WILDER. Are you awake?

WILDER: [Sleepily] What... the fuck... [Wilder screams] WHY ARE YOU STANDING OVER ME?

BUMS: I'm building a top bunk!

WILDER: How?? With what??

BUMS: Saved some pogo sticks. Just trying to figure out a way to weld them all together.

WILDER: Again – with WHAT? Bums, that is NOT stable. Do not try to climb th... ARGH!!

FX: CRASHING SOUND

BUMS: Damn.

WILDER: Ow.

BUMS: Sorry, mate. Next time.

WILDER: Next time?? There will not be a bloody next time! I'm going to the loo. I expect this crap to be off my bed by the time I get back. And no more watching me sleep! It's unseemly. Why can I taste potato?

FX: FOOTSTEPS, EERIE CREAKING

WILDER: Alright, Wilder, we are NOT going to freak out. It's just a very old, very large house.

 This is just an empty corridor. Those are just the pipes creaking.

GRAMS: **SPOOKY, FOREBODING MUSIC**

WILDER: That's just... foreboding horror movie music? Oh God, oh God, oh God. OK. This is a

 rich person house, there are toilets everywhere. This is just a regular door...

 throbbing ominously, as if a great evil lurks behind it.

FX: **DOOR CREAKING OPEN**

WILDER: [Increasingly terrified] This is just a random corridor... that gets smaller with each

 step I take.

FX: **THUMPING**

WILDER: [Now completely panicked] That's just a terrifying thumping coming from the floor,

 ceilings and walls.

FX: **THUMPING GETS LOUDER**

WILDER: OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD! NORAH! NORAH!!!!!!!

ATMOS: **QUIET BEDROOM, NIGHT**

SOPHIE: Norah? Hey Norah, you up?

NORAH: [Mumbling] Demonstrably not.

SOPHIE: Sor...

FX: KLAXON

NORAH: JESUS! That's SO much worse at night. Well, *now* I'm up. What is it, Sophie?

SOPHIE: I just wondered... never mind. I'm not important. I mean, it's not important.

NORAH: It was important enough to wake me up in the middle of the night. DON'T apologise.

SOPHIE: I wasn't... yeah, no, I was totally going to. S.. [rescuing it] ardines. It's just... and I might be totally wrong about this but back at the community centre, it kind of seemed like you noticed... you...

NORAH: I recognised you.

SOPHIE: Yeah.

NORAH: I did. And I'm sorry. I could have been more subtle. I mean, no, I couldn't, obviously. But you know. So go on, then. What do you want to ask me?

SOPHIE: Oh... I... I guess I don't know exactly. I just wanted to check if you... you know... if you thought...

NORAH: If I was judging you?

SOPHIE: No! Not at all! Alright, yeah, kinda. Not that you're not super nice, I just – I know how it must have looked. You must think I'm some sort of troublemaker.

NORAH: I think that's probably the last word I'd ever use to describe you right after despot and CEO. And of course I'm not judging you.

SOPHIE: You're not?

NORAH: Absolutely not. What happened to you was awful.

SOPHIE: What happened to me...

NORAH: Yeah.

SOPHIE: Except... it wasn't something that happened to me. It was something I did.

NORAH: What do you mean?

SOPHIE: Uh... I mean, unless it was somebody else screaming the place down in the video I watched about 50,000 times for totally mentally healthy reasons.

NORAH: No, that was you. But...

SOPHIE: There's no "but". It was shameful.

NORAH: Sophie, what is it you think you did wrong? All I saw was someone reacting, very understandably, to a horrible situation.

SOPHIE: That's no excuse.

NORAH: Uh... I think it is. Like, you say you know how things looked from the outside but I'm not sure that's true.

SOPHIE: What do you mean?

NORAH: OK – I don't want to presume I know how you felt and I might just be projecting after reading one too many of those "letters to my younger self" – so now I've carefully caveated. You finally got an answer for why you were different, why things were so much harder for you, why you couldn't be squeezed into a convenient little box, right? Everything made sense to you for the first time in your life? But finding out you're autistic later like that... it can sort of fragment your sense of self. Whatever sense of self you had to begin with. Is that what happened?

SOPHIE: Yeah. I guess it was. No – it definitely was. I mean, sometimes I'm like, I masked so hard, I don't even know what's underneath it. You know? I feel like I'm on The Masked Singer except the audience is yelling "PUT IT ON! PUT IT ON!"

NORAH: I know that one well.

SOPHIE: And at the same time, it feels like I didn't mask successfully at all. Like, my whole life people were going "what's wrong with HER?" Finding out that's definitely how everyone sees me was just... [Sophie starts to cry] it was like having all my worst fears confirmed about myself. All the stuff I thought was paranoia. It was all true. Well except for getting a criminal record for a late library book. Although, it's still not too late for me to do a self-citizen's arrest.

NORAH: Oh love – that's internalised ableism – it's a killer.

SOPHIE: I guess. I'm probably the first person to ever think like this.

NORAH: Sophie, you are probably the only person in the world I'm ever going to say this to: there's such a thing, apparently, as holding yourself TOO accountable.

SOPHIE: But we NEED people to be accountable! Otherwise look what happens – people become monsters. The world becomes a nightmare.

NORAH: But how can you get rid of your biases if you can't even look at them? Nobody is hatched perfect. We're always learning – and that means we're always cringing at our past selves, if you're anything like me past haircuts. And that's part of what makes an autism diagnosis so jarring. You're not only adjusting your view of yourself, but you're having to confront how you thought about autism before you knew you were an autism.

SOPHIE: [Laughing through her tears] I AM an autism.

NORAH: You are. This shit is massive – and complicated. And if we're lucky, we get the time and grace to figure out what it all means for us. But you weren't lucky. You got your diagnosis and you immediately fell into the hands of people who wanted to squeeze you into a different little box. They were probably telling you what it meant to be a "palatable" autistic before you had a chance to even start to process any of it. You suddenly had to be someone they could hold up and say "look, there's hope for your tragic children." I mean your documentary was called All Better Now! Do you feel "all better now"??

SOPHIE: [Tearfully] Would you believe me if I said yes??

NORAH: What about the people around you? Where were your parents in all this?

SOPHIE: Oh, they were super supportive.

NORAH: [Gently] How so?

SOPHIE: You know, getting me an agent, encouraging me to express myself. They'd do anything to help me. They're great.

NORAH: [Realising she shouldn't push it] Sure. They *sound* great. But these producers – they turned you into inspiration porn. And they stopped you from truly getting to know yourself. Of course you snapped. Who wouldn't?

SOPHIE: You really think so?

NORAH: I really do. You don't deserve to punish yourself like this.

SOPHIE: [Crying gently] Thank you, Norah.

NORAH: Any time. I mean, next time preferably not at 2AM. But otherwise, any time. Now... try to get some sleep.

SOPHIE: I will. Hey, Norah?

NORAH: Mmhmm?

SOPHIE: What if I never get to know myself?

NORAH: You will. In time.

SOPHIE: I'm trying really hard to believe you. It's just... scary.

NORAH: I'm sure there's nothing so scary that you can't handle it.

WILDER: [In the distance] NORAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

NORAH: [Wearily] Unless, of course, you're Wilder. GOD the men are fragile.

GRAMS: FULL-ON HORROR MOVIE MUSIC

FX: THUMPING

WILDER: WHOEVER'S DOING THIS, I'M WARNING YOU – I HAVE MAGICAL POWERS! I... I
HAVE A WEAPON??

FX: PING

WILDER: A gun! A GUN!! HAHAHAAAAHA I HAVE A GUN AND I'M NOT AFRAID TO USE IT.
[To self] I'm VERY afraid to use it. I'm afraid to pull a goddamn Christmas cracker.

FX: THUMPING IS UNBEARABLY LOUD

WILDER: [To self] We are seriously about to shoot a gun in a tiny enclosed space at what
seems to be a non-corporeal entity?

FX: GROWLING

WILDER: [Shrieks]

FX: UNDERWHELMING BANG

WILDER: A flag that says “bang”. Why are my magical powers so fucking USELESS? “Oh hi, I’m your subconscious – this is your punishment for ALWAYS DOING A BIT.” Wilder, you CUNT!

FX: DOOR SWINGING OPEN

WILDER: [SCREAMS] A GHOST!

NORAH: Wilder, chill, it’s just us.

WILDER: WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE NICOLE KIDMAN IN THE OTHERS?

NORAH: [Defensively] This is my nightie.

SOPHIE: I think it’s lovely.

NORAH: THANK YOU, Sophie. It IS lovely. What’s less lovely is Wilder’s shrieking.

WILDER: I was not “shrieking”. I was bravely calling for backup.

NORAH: Sure, OK. But why?

WILDER: [Embarrassed] Things were getting spooky.

NORAH: That’s why I’m up at 2AM? Because “things were getting spooky”?

WILDER: [In a smaller voice] This corridor kept getting smaller and smaller...

NORAH: What corridor? You mean this perfectly normal bathroom?

WILDER: It... it wasn't a bathroom a second ago.

NORAH: Uh huh.

WILDER: I swear! There were all sorts of... it was really... you had to be there!

NORAH: [Wearily] Just do your business, Wilder. Do you need us to wait outside while you pee?

WILDER: Oh yeah, like it's just going to be a pee after all that. But yes please. Wait outside and, uh, maybe block your ears. And nose. No reason.

NORAH: Ugh. Fine.

FX: **DOOR CLOSING AND LOCKING**

WILDER: Uh... Norah?

NORAH: Oh for fuck's sake now what?

WILDER: The toilet's a square of linen.

NORAH: What??

WILDER: The toilet. Is a square. Of linen.

NORAH: I... why??

SOPHIE: Oooh I've had this dream! Norah, pick it up! Look!

FX: **PING**

NORAH: OK, it is now an even smaller square of linen.

WILDER: Give it here. At this point, I will pee on anything.

BUMS: That's what I always say!

WILDER: BUMS! Mate! Thank God you're here. Not for my benefit, you understand, but because I didn't want to leave you alone with all the ghosts.

BUMS: Yeah, about that.

SOPHIE: Oh no...

BUMS: The paintings have come alive.

WILDER: [Terrified] WHAT???

BUMS: The paintings have come alive. And now they're just, like, hanging out.

OMNES: [Screams of terror, "oh my God" etc.]

BUMS: Yeah, they've just been sort of following me around, looking at me. I thought it was a bit weird, to be honest, but then as Mum says, old houses – there's always something wrong with them.

WILDER: I knew it. I KNEW those paintings were haunted.

SOPHIE: Oh my God oh my God oh my God!

NORAH: [Panicked] That's ridiculous. There has to be a more logical explanation than "haunted paintings."

WILDER: CAN YOU THINK OF ONE??

NORAH: Wilder – get a grip! We all have magic powers we can't fully control yet. Don't you think it's more likely that one of US is accidentally causing this nightmare?

BUMS: Oh hey look, the toilet is a toilet again!

TOILET MONSTER: [Growling, thrashing]

SOPHIE: Oh no... if what I think is happening is happening, then that'll be...

BUMS: AAAAARGH! THE TOILET MONSTER! THE TOILET MONSTER!

TOILET MONSTER: WHO DARES SHIT ON MY HEAD?

BUMS: I KNEW HE WAS REAL! NOW I'M STARTING TO WONDER ABOUT DEPRESSION TOO!

SOPHIE: OH GOD HE'S SO SLIMY!!!

WILDER: WHY DOES HE HAVE CLAWS ON THE ENDS OF HIS TENTACLES?

BUMS: [Giggles]

WILDER: TenTacles, Bums. Oh, never mind. NORAH KILL HIM!!

SOPHIE: Yeah get him, Norah, GET HIM!!

BUMS: CUT OFF HIS TENTACLES SO HE CAN'T REPRODUCE!

NORAH: I don't know if I can... I... I'm out of magical batteries.

WILDER: NORAH!!!! NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR IMPOSTER SYNDROME, JUST FLUSH
THE FUCKER!

NORAH: WHY HAS IT ALWAYS GOT TO BE ME??? UGH FINE, YOU FUCKING DWEEBS!!!
Ew ew ew ew ew,,,

FX: A TERRIFYING STRUGGLE, GROWLING, CLAWING, SPLASHING

OMNES: [Improvised chatter as the gang cheers on Norah]

NORAH: Almost... got him...

TOILET MONSTER: YOU CAN'T FLUSH ME! I'M UNFLUSHABLE! FOR I AM THE TOILET
MONSTARRRRRRGH.

FX: FLUSHING AS THE TOILET MONSTER DISAPPEARS INTO THE SEWER

SOPHIE: Great job, Norah!

WILDER: Great job, NORAH? Whose idea was it to flush him?

NORAH: There is literally nothing mediocre men won't try to take credit for.

WILDER: Excuse me, *mediocre*? I'll have you know I *aspire* to mediocrity.

BUMS: [Hyperventilating] I knew it! I KNEW the Toilet Monster was real! From now on I'm going in the corner like my hamster!

WILDER: Not in our shared room, you're not.

BUMS: I'll leave a corner for you.

NORAH: Obviously someone's magical powers are malfunctioning – but whose? And how do we stop it? Ugh, I can't THINK with Pix's portraits staring at me. This really IS a nightmare.

SOPHIE: That's it!

WILDER: What's it?

SOPHIE: Everything that's happening – the walls closing in, the linen toilet, the horrifying haunted paintings. S-

FX: **KLAXON**

OMNES: [Improvised annoyance]

SOPHIE: Well it's not THEIR fault! Anyway - it's classic nightmare logic. We're clearly in someone's nightmare.

WILDER: How can it be a nightmare? We're all awake!

NORAH: Not all of us...

SOPHIE: Yeah, I don't want to point any fingers – but by process of elimination.

WILDER: [Murderously] Pix. Bloody Pix. Where is she? I'm going to get Norah to give her a VERY stern talking to.

SOPHIE: But - it can't be Pix. These are textbook stress dreams and she's so... Zen.

WILDER: Or so she'd have us think. I knew it! I knew she secretly didn't have her shit together! Oh this is delicious. I'm going to rub this in her smug face tomorrow – assuming we live through the night.

NORAH: Wilder! Stop gloating. We need to figure out how to find Pix and wake her up.

FX: **SPOOKY ATMOSPHERE**

SCARY VOICE: [Whispering] Leave... this... place...

OMNES: [Improvised reactions of terror]

WILDER: That's it. Which one of these eleventy rooms is Pix's?

NORAH: We'll be systematic. Let's stick together and methodically try each door.

BUMS: Not the one with the toilet monster behind it. I didn't like that one.

SOPHIE: Wait a second. I've got it! [Excited] Wings!

WILDER: Band on the Run?

NORAH: Mull of Kintyre?

BUMS: Man on the Mars!

WILDER: Huh? That's not a Wings song. That's not an anything song... Man on THE Mars??

BUMS: Sorry, I thought we were just saying stuff that sounded cool.

SOPHIE: What?? No – I mean, Pix said the house had another wing!

WILDER: Oh my God, you're right. I bet she's in the other wing. The secret, fancy wing! And she's left us peasants to the servants' quarters.

NORAH: Guys I think it's this way!

FX: THE GANG RUNNING

WILDER: Anyone else hate that the haunted painting people are still following us? Just me?
Cool.

NORAH: Do you guys wanna be helpful and lead us to Pix's room or do you just want to stare hungrily at us? [Pause] Stare hungrily. Got it. It was worth a try.

SOPHIE: Wow, she wasn't kidding about the wings. This place is a maze..

FX: CAT MIAOWING

SOPHIE: Butthole! Guys, Butthole is here! She can help us find Pix!

BUMS: HELLO BUTTHOLE!

FX: FOOTSTEPS, CAT GROWLING, HISSING AND RUNNING AWAY

NORAH: BUMS!

BUMS: She started it.

WILDER: I can't believe I have an actual occasion to say this but: follow that cat!

SOPHIE: She went this way! Look how she frolics!

FX: FOOTSTEPS

NORAH: They're here! The other bedrooms! Sophie you're a genius! Alright, let's see if Pix is behind door number one. Why does it feel like I'm on an unusually cruel Japanese game show?

FX: DOOR UNLOCKING, CREAKING OPEN SCARILY

SOPHIE: Uh... anyone else kind of wish it had stayed locked?

BUMS: Pix? Are you in there?

WILDER: Why don't you go in first and look, mate. I'll, uh... cover your back.

NORAH: You really are a prince, aren't you?

BUMS: OK, I'm going in...

OMNES: [Improvised terror].

SOPHIE: Is that...?

NORAH: A room full of fairground mirrors! Why the fuck does she have these??

WILDER: [Reading] The Deception of Dysmorphia. It's one of her ridiculous art projects. Oooh, it's made me even taller! Annnnnnd now it's flickering between my face and a gruesome vision of me as a corpse. Splendid.

NORAH: WHY IS MY REFLECTION COMPELLING ME TO SAY "CANDYMAN" THREE TIMES?

BUMS: Why does my hair look like one of those potato sacks you grow grass out of?

NORAH: That's just what you look like, hun.

SOPHIE: Mine just looks like me too.

WILDER: Uh... I don't think we're seeing the same thing – yours looks like a hideous swamp beast to me.

SOPHIE: Is that NOT what I look like?

WILDER: Oh man. I don't like this. Run away??

NORAH: I concur.

SOPHIE: Oh no! Bums has got that nightmare thing where you're trying to run but you move really slowly!

BUMS: Huh? Oh no, I just move slowly sometimes. [Chuckles] Probably not the best time for it.

NORAH: Bums, are you afraid of *anything* but the Toilet Monster?

BUMS: TOILET MONSTER?? WHERE??

WILDER: At least that got him moving.

FX: DOOR SLAMMING, GANG RUNNING

NORAH: [Panting] Never would have gone to an autism support group if I'd have known there'd be so much running. Right. OK – so we know she's not in the terrifying hall of mirrors. That leaves us three more doors to try.

WILDER: Oh fantastic. I can't wait to find out what's behind door number 2.

NORAH: Go on then.

WILDER: Go on, what? Go on, ME??

NORAH: Yes, you. It's your turn to go first, oh chivalrous protector.

WILDER: But... surely... if it's anyone's turn it should be... literally anyone else.

SOPHIE: I'll do it!

NORAH: Wilder, are you really going to let Sophie go ahead of you?

WILDER: She seems pretty set on it.

NORAH: WILDER!

SOPHIE: It's OK, Norah – I've got this. Right. Here goes. Whatever it is, it can't be worse than the...

FX: DOOR UNLOCKING, CREAKING OPEN SCARILY

SOPHIE: YES IT CAN!!

WILDER: MANNEQUINS??? SHE HAS A ROOM FULL OF MANNEQUINS????

BUMS: Oh look, they've teamed up with the painting people and they're forming a circle around us. And now the mirrors are back, so it looks like there's loads more of them!
Hey, fellas!

WILDER: At least if we die, Bums's last words were "hey fellas!"

SCARY FIGURES: [Singing] We are the 5%, the 5%, the 5%! We are the 5% we're here to save the world...

NORAH: So... back to running away in terror?

SOPHIE: Yep!

WILDER: [Already out the room] Way ahead of you.

BUMS: Aaw man, I wanted to know how the song ends.

FX: DOOR SLAMMING, LOCKING, GANG RUNNING

WILDER: At least we locked the painting people in there with them.

BUMS: [Singing cheerfully] We are the 5%, the 5%, the 5%...!

NORAH: Oh brother. [Wearily] OK, door number 3. Wilder?

WILDER: WHY DO YOU KEEP PICKING ON ME?

NORAH: Because everyone has faced down a bunch of monsters apart from you?

WILDER: That is NOT true. I faced down the um... square of linen. And the even smaller square of linen. OK FINE – but if I don't make it out, I just want everyone to know that I blame all of you – especially Norah.

NORAH: Heartwarming. In you go.

BUMS: [Singing] We are the 5%, we're here to save the world!

WILDER: OK, I'm stepping forward. I'm putting my hand on the knob.

BUMS: [Giggles]. On the knob!

WILDER: I'm turning it.

SOPHIE: OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WILDER!

FX: SOPHIE GRABS DOOR HANDLE AND BARGES AHEAD OF HIM

NORAH: SOPHIE!

SOPHIE: Whoops, that wasn't kind...

NORAH: Nah babe, I just didn't know you had it in you.

SOPHIE: Oh. Huh. Me neither. Alright, in I go.

NORAH: Together?

BUMS: Yeah, together.

WILDER: Definitely. Together. But also - ladies first.

SOPHIE: There's... nothing in here.

BUMS: Are you sure? Because sometimes I think there's nothing left in the Nutella jar but one more swipe of the finger... JACKPOT!

WILDER: I don't like this. I mean this whole situation, not Nutella finger, which has my full endorsement.

NORAH: Me neither. It's too quiet, it's too easy, it's too... what was that?

FX: INCOMPREHENSIBLE GHOSTLY WHSPERING

SOPHIE: I can't make it out.

WILDER: They look like... two shadows? But it's pitch black.

NORAH: Fucking hell, they're huge! And weirdly intimidating. Like, I really dislike them, but also I want THEM to like ME?

SOPHIE: Why do I get the sense they inherently disapprove of me and everything I do?

SCARY VOICE: [Whispering] Leave... this... place...

BUMS: Can we go back to the singing and dancing room?

WILDER: Yeah, this is the worst one yet.

SCARY VOICE: A couple of coooooo cats...

NORAH: The fuck is going on? Pix is messed up, man.

SOPHIE: I think we can safely say this isn't Pix's room. [Wearily] We running again?

NORAH: I mean I'm terrified, but the most I can manage right now is a brisk trot. What? I'M.
OLD.

SCARY VOICE: Leave this hovel... full of cats... and parents...

WILDER: Alright, alright, we're going.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

WILDER: Annnnnd they've followed us out.

BUMS: The others are back too! It's nice that they've all made friends.

**FX: A CACOPHONY OF SINGING AND WHISPERED THREATS CONTINUES
THROUGHOUT THE SCENE**

NORAH: Not gonna lie, lads. This isn't ideal.

SOPHIE: No, it's not. But – we do know one thing. This HAS to be Pix's room.

WILDER: And uh... since I've yet to go first, on account of everyone else really, really wanting
to – I'm going to take one for the team and go on ahead. It's a scary job but
someone's got to do it. And I'm willing to be that guy.

BUMS: [Sincerely] Thanks, mate.

NORAH: [Sarcastically] Wow. So brave.

WILDER: Thank you. I AM brave. A big, brave b-

FX: DOORKNOB BEING TOUCHED, ELECTRIC SHOCK

WILDER: OW! THE DOOR SHOCKED ME! IT SHOCKED ME!

NORAH: Let me try it.

FX: DOORKNOB BEING TURNED

NORAH: That wasn't even a nightmare thing, Wilder. It was just a tiny electric shock.

WILDER: TINY?? I could have DIED! And I didn't see anyone else getting shocked. I'm the only one who's suffered any injury tonight. I just want everyone to remember that the next time you make fun of me. I was the one who grounded the electric current so that you could safely open the... are you even listening?

NORAH: Shhh.

FX: DOORKNOB BEING TURNED, DOOR CREAKING OPEN, LIGHT SNORING

NORAH: Pix... PIX! Wake up. Wake uuuuup.

OMNES: [Improvised gang trying to wake up Pix].

SOPHIE: How is she not waking up? This is the most noise anyone's made ever!

BUMS: She's dead.

NORAH: When this is over we're going to have a proper chat about death, buddy.

WILDER: Death! That's it! She sleeps like the dead! See, Sophie, you're not the only one who can figure stuff out based on the last word someone said. I contribute!

SOPHIE: I... didn't say anything??

NORAH: FUCK. You're right! I HATE that you're right. Pix said she sleeps like the dead. Man – she wasn't wrong. If she's sleeping through this, she'll sleep through anything!

WILDER: What kind of autistic –? I have never in my life slept through the night! I thought it was a lie parents tell to make you feel bad.

BUMS: You can't trust parents. I've learned that the slimy, tentacled way.

SOPHIE: Uh... excuse me, um... assorted figments of Pix's imagination... I know we've been giving you mixed signals but uh... do you think you could chant just a bit louder?

OMNES: [The rabble gets even louder as Pix continues snoring].

SOPHIE: Even louder?

OMNES: [The rabble gets louder yet].

NORAH: Jesus, how is she still asleep? I get woken by my own snoring.

WILDER: Same.

SOPHIE: Me too.

BUMS: I get woken up by my mum yanking my blanket off me and telling me it's mid-fucking-day and I need to get my lazy arse out of bed.

NORAH: Hold on a minute, I've got an idea. Sophie – apologise.

SOPHIE: [Panicked] Why? What did I do??

NORAH: You didn't do anything! Have you forgotten what happens when you say...?

SOPHIE: Oh of course!! Duh! I've got to work on that rejection sensitivity. Do you guys get that too? Because we never really got around to the support group part of the autism support group.

OMNES: SOPHIE!!!

SOPHIE: RIGHT! Yes. S-

FX: KLAXON

OMNES: [Improvised reactions to the horrible noise]

WILDER: What kind of psychopath thought it would be a good idea to give her that klaxon? I thought they were the *good* 5%!

NORAH: Do it again.

SOPHIE: S-

FX: KLAXON

SOPHIE: S-

NORAH: How is this not working oh my GOD astronauts can hear this from space! They're up on the International Space Station like WHAT IS ALL THAT HUBBUB?

WILDER: Actually, sound can't even travel through sp-

NORAH: NOT THE TIME, WILDER!!! Everyone quieten down I NEED TO THINK!!!

WILDER: OH GOD MUM'S LOST IT!

NORAH: FOR THE LAST TIME I AM NOT MUM!

ATMOS: BACKGROUND CACOPHONY STOPS

BUMS: My mum would be doing a better job of waking her up, and that's just true.

SOPHIE: Bums's mum...

WILDER: (sings) Has got it going on?

SOPHIE: Wha- no, I mean Bums's mum wakes him up every day. What would Bums's mum do?

NORAH: Sophie, you're a genius! How are you so good at this?

SOPHIE: There was a while when I thought I had to be a teen detective because that's all I'd seen autistic girls doing on TV.

NORAH: Well, great job. Bums – what's your mum's last resort when she can't wake you up?

BUMS: Easy. She turns on the big light.

OMNES: [Long, awkward silence. The odd cough / throat clear].

SOPHIE: Huh. Yeah, that would probably work.

WILDER: Yeah, I reckon it'd have a good shot.

NORAH: So... we should just...

SOPHIE: One of us could...

WILDER: The switch is literally right there. All we have to do is reach out one pointy fingy...

SOPHIE: Fingy???

NORAH: And turn the big light on – over our autistic heads.

SOPHIE: Any second now,.

NORAH: [Breaking] OH I CAN'T DO IT! I told you I couldn't push the button!

WILDER: I can't do it either. I know it's the right thing to do but it's just so painful.

SOPHIE: I can't either! Imagine! Oh the humanity!

BUMS: I can't do it either, whatever it is.

WILDER: Norah, it's got to be you.

NORAH: Why has it “got to be me”?

WILDER: You have had greatness thrust upon you. Sorry, that wasn’t meant to sound as weird as it did. Was that a sex crime?

BUMS: Save us, Buzz Lightyear!

NORAH: What?? Alright. Fine. I’ll... try. I volunteer as tribute.

OMNES: [Improvised appreciation].

NORAH: You’d better clear the area. There’s no need for all of us to suffer, you fucking cowards. Wow, even the figments are leaving.

FX: GANG SHUFFLING OUT, DOOR CLOSING BEHIND THEM

NORAH: OK, Norah – you’ve got this. [Deep breath] I CAN push the button.

FX: LIGHT SWITCH, GLOWING LIGHT SOUNDS

NORAH: [Screams and hisses at the light like a vampire] IT BURNS, IT BURNS!

PIX: OH MY GOD WHAT THE FUCK!!!!

NORAH: PIX!!!! YOU’RE AWAKE!!!!

PIX: OF COURSE I’M AWAKE, YOU TURNED THE BLOODY BIG LIGHT ON!

NORAH: I HAD TO!!!

PIX: TURN IT OFF!!! TURN IT OFF!!!!

FX: LIGHT SWITCH, GLOWING LIGHT SOUNDS STOP

PIX: Christ alive, maybe you ARE competent murderers!!!

NORAH: I'm sorry!

WILDER: [Coming into room] We're all sorry.

BUMS: Sorry, Pix.

SOPHIE: S-

FX: KLAXON

PIX: WHY?

NORAH: Pix, you were having the most awful nightmare!

PIX: SO???

WILDER: So it took over the whole bloody house, that's what's "so". There were haunted paintings and murderous mirrors and mannequins and the WORST song I've ever heard, which Bums has now MEMORISED.

BUMS: We are the 5%, the 5%, the 5%...

NORAH: I had to fight The Toilet Monster!

BUMS: [Screams]

PIX: Well where are all these terrifying night goblins then?

NORAH: Uh... conveniently, they disappeared when you woke up. Just trust me when I say I saved our butts from your stupid head. Well, me and Sophie. She's the one who figured out what was happening.

SOPHIE: Yeah it was all SUPER textbook nightmare stuff. Like, seriously, if you were writing this and just thought of your first ideas for nightmare fuel and didn't bother to change any of it from the first draft, that's what it would be like.

PIX: What can I say? My subconscious is a hack. Well – I don't know about you guys, but I'm not getting back to sleep after that.

WILDER: Yeah, we weren't planning on letting you go back to sleep, mate.

PIX: Training is in... three hours. Who fancies pancakes? I make a mean American stack.

BUMS: OH! ME ME ME ME ME! I ASKED FIRST! CAN YOU MAKE MINE A SQUARE WITH LIKE LOTS OF OTHER LITTLE SQUARES IN IT?

FX: BUMS RUNNING, SKIDDING

PIX: Do you just want a waffle?

BUMS: [Overexcited] No!!!

ATMOS: BREAKFAST TABLE

NORAH: OK, but these are AMAZING.

SOPHIE: So delicious, Pix!

WILDER: Yeah, they're [begrudgingly] unfortunately excellent.

BUMS: [Eating] Can I put the telly on?

WILDER: Why don't we put the radio on instead?

SOPHIE: Great idea, Wilder. Audio is a wildly underrated medium.

FX: RADIO TURNING ON

NEWSREADER: ...international relations are in crisis after a UN summit devolved into a passive-aggressive cold war. Cracks first began to appear after the ambassador for Luxembourg forgot to wish the ambassador for Algeria's wife a happy birthday on Facebook. Further hostilities erupted after the ambassador for Estonia left a snarky note for the ambassador for Paraguay about clearing her week-old tuna sandwiches out of the communal fridge. And Sweden has declared war on Norway. Announcing military action, the Swedish Prime Minister said: "if they don't know what they've done, we're not going to tell them".

NORAH: What the...

NEWSREADER: And now the weather.

PAIGE: A sudden unseasonable heatwave has gripped the whole of the United Kingdom this morning, with temperatures being reported as "even warmer than Greece" and "really quite lovely out".

SOPHIE: Oh shit...

WILDER: Is it just me or does the world sound... even more neurotypical than normal?

NEWSREADER: The nation's men have retreated *en masse* to their sheds. Reports from across the nation indicate that all cisgender, heterosexual men of a certain age have gone to the shed "to fix the lawnmower" but are actually there to do secret manly things.

PIX: What is happening?

BUMS: Woah – that's just what I was about to say! That is so freaky!

FX: DOORBELL RINGING

WILDER: That'll be the four horsemen.

FX: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENING

PIX: Verit@s? Horb? What the hell is going on out there?

VERIT@S: Yeah – about that... funny story –

GRAMS: END MUSIC

PIX: 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 Fred Armisen as The Toilet Monster. Yeah, that's THE Fred Armisen – as THE Toilet Monster. We were never going to be cool about that. Special special guest appearance by Tilly Gibbs as Butthole. 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.

Nowww can I eat my Goddamn pancakes??

BUMS: Nice try, but I've learned my lesson about Googling stuff. Have you ever Googled the word "bums"? It shows you some things...

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: Yeah, they've just sort of been following me around, looking at me, you know how, like, paintings do that. And I thought, I did think it was a bit weird to be honest, I did. I was like "this is un. Usual." But then I remembered Mum says old houses, there's always something wrong with them.

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: (Singing) We are the five percent! We are the five percent, the five percent, the five percent... I don't know if I've got that tune right. I don't know why it's so difficult to follow.

FX: BEEP

BUMS: (Singing) We are the five perc... it's a small world. We are the five percent, the five percent, the five percent, HEY!

FX: BEEP

BUMS: (Singing) We are the five percent, the five percent, the five percent. We are the five percent, we're here to save the world! (Spoken) Or any surrounding areas or small conurbations. What's a conurbation?