

ANDREW: Before we begin, a quick note. *It's a Superpower??* is a show by, for, and about autistic people, as well as a handful of neurotypicals who got lost on their way to The Onion. This episode contains depictions of emotional openness and sincerity, which some listeners may find disturbing. I don't have to do this, you know, I've got my own podcast...

GRAMS: PREVIOUSLY ON MUSIC LEADING INTO THEME SONG

WILDER: Previously on *It's a Superpower??* We accidentally got magical powers meant for a secret cabal with a really stupid name.

WILDER: (Flashback) The New Dawn? Seriously, are you actively trying to sound like a cult?

WILDER: We all bravely agreed to give up our new magical powers - for the greater good.

WILDER: (Flashback) But... but robot car!

WILDER: And were forced to move into Pix's house – sorry, CASTLE, where she was outed as a trust fund baby. I knew it! Well, I didn't know it, but I knew there had to be *something* wrong with her.

PIX: (Flashback) I used to be highly strung, but at this point I've got my shit worked out.

WILDER: The whole thing quickly devolved into a waking nightmare – literally.

NORAH: (Flashback) Bums, are you afraid of anything but the Toilet Monster?

BUMS: (Flashback) Toilet Monster? Where?!

FX: **BUMS RUNNING AWAY, DOOR SLAMMING**

WILDER: Which it turns out Pix was totally causing, because she's secretly just as messed up as the rest of us. [Evil chuckle].

NORAH: (Flashback) Wilder, stop gloating.

WILDER: Ugh, fine. I guess in her defence, she does make a good pancake. Shame we're enjoying them in an aggressively neurotypical apocalypse.

NEWSREADER: (On radio) 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."

WILDER: Maybe I won't play the theme song. Maybe I'll just hang out here, in the lovely, safe Previously On section where nothing can get me.

NORAH: For fuck's sake, Wilder, play the damn theme song.

WILDER: [Resentfully] Fine.

GRAMS: **CLOWN MUSIC**

NORAH: The real one! Do I have to do everything myself?

GRAMS: **THEME SONG**

NORAH: The Daily Tism Presents...

WILDER: HEY! That's MY line! The Daily Tism Presents – It's a Superpower?? Chapter Four – Bums Keeps Throwing His Glowly Orb At Me!

ATMOS: **BREAKFAST TABLE**

WILDER: Right. So now you're telling us there's a secret neurotypical supervillain who you conveniently forgot to mention until just now.

VERIT@S: In our defence, we weren't actively hiding it – we just didn't think the prophecy...

NORAH: What prophecy? You didn't say anything about a prophecy.

VERIT@S: Oh yeah. So cool story – there's this prophecy that kind of sort of says there'll be an evil supervillain called The Grand Neurotypical...

PIX: Continuing in your tradition of being very good at naming things.

VERIT@S: The prophecy said she'll be hell bent on remolding the world in her image. The only ones who can stop her were supposed to acquire powers... yesterday. Naturally, we thought that was meant to be us – but unfortunately, nope. All our hope now rests on you lot.

WILDER: Us? The team that brought you manually flushing the Toilet Monster?

BUMS: Where?? WHERE??

HORB: [Anxiously] I would also very much like to know where, please.

NORAH: The sewer, probably. And yeah, the *team* did that.

HORB: You released a Toilet Monster INTO THE WILD??

VERIT@S: Once again, we're getting off topic here...

PIX: It amazes me how surprised you always seem by that.

VERIT@S: There's still the small matter of saving the world?

SOPHIE: No. No way. Nuh uh. I can't stop a Grand Neurotypical. I can't even stop apologising!

BUMS: And I can't stop farting!

WILDER: He really can't. I share a room with him.

VERIT@S: I don't think you understand what's at stake. The Grand Neurotypical plans to turn the whole world... [dramatic pause] even more neurotypical.

OMNES: [Long silence.]

PIX: ...and?

NORAH: Isn't the world already kind of sort of very neurotypical? I mean, have you seen how brightly lit everything is?

WILDER: And poorly laid out.

BUMS: And upside down.

PIX: No...?

VERIT@S: Oh OK, you think things are bad now? Well listen to this.

FX: RADIO BEING TURNED ON

NEWSREADER 1: Travel chaos continues with multiple near misses reported as traffic lights have been giving vague, unhelpful instructions. Instead of showing red, green, or even amber, they are now displaying the words "do whatever you think is best".

OMNES: [Improvised reactions of horror].

NEWSREADER 2: The nation's restaurants have announced a universal new service where instead of checking that everything is OK with your meal, servers will instead be forcing you to sample the entirety of the menu while everybody watches. The Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport commented: "Just try a little bit. We can't be picky eaters."

OMNES: [More improvised shock and outrage]

NEWSREADER 1: And in entertainment news, all television has been replaced with a never-ending series of Love Island. Prime Minister Keefton Duffet issued a statement welcoming the news, saying he was both delighted and horny.

PRIME MINISTER: I've personally requested that they turn the volume up even higher on the kissing bits. I hope everyone enjoys wet mouth noises as much as I do. [Prime Minister makes a creepy leering sound].

OMNES: [Improvised everyone being disgusted.]

FX: RADIO BEING TURNED OFF

VERIT@S: And it's only going to get worse. She plans... [heavy sigh] She plans to eradicate autism entirely.

NORAH: I mean yeah, OK, that is awful - but... you have to understand. You've lied to us a LOT.

VERIT@S: Technically we omitted one thing.

PIX: Pretty big omission, though. It's like saying everyone had a great time for the first four days on the Titanic.

NORAH: So you can understand why we're hesitant to, y'know...

WILDER: Do magical training at 7AM.

NORAH: I was going to say risk our lives.

WILDER: Lives? You didn't say we'd be risking our lives!

NORAH: Basically if there are any other minor omissions like a prophecy that foretells widespread doom, now is the time to speak up.

HORB: Oh man, where to start? There's the impending climate disaster, obviously. Not just the millions of people that will displace, the droughts and famine, the extreme unpredictable weather cycles, rising sea levels, the global ecosystem dying off, countless species going extinct – but also the prehistoric diseases that are currently frozen and will be unleashed, causing untold death and misery. In the longer term, there's the inevitable heat death of the universe, although hopefully that's just a misunderstanding of the second law of thermodynamics. If it's not, though...

WILDER: Well he's a barrel of laughs, isn't he?

VERIT@S: I promise, there's nothing else like that.

BUMS: I'm not sure – hands where I can see them.

WILDER: I don't think she's armed, mate.

BUMS: She might be crossing her fingers behind her back. People do that. People have done that.

NORAH: So – Verit@s – say we take you in good faith. What's the plan?

VERIT@S: Well we're not entirely sure who the Grand Neurotypical is.

PIX: You're not a very competent secret magical organisation, are you?

NORAH: However incompetent they are, they're probably better than us by virtue of being... not us. OK, so we just have to get really good really quickly and hand our magic over so you can deal with her, right?

VERIT@S: [Vaguely] Yeah, maybe... I mean, just in case that doesn't work, we might need a plan B.

WILDER: What's Plan B? Hide until she goes away?

BUMS: My hamster does that when I want to give him a cuddle! I'm sure he's fine. He knows how to find me.

HORB: Uh... just for the record, I'd like to express concern for the wellbeing of this hamster.

BUMS: He can take care of himself.

SOPHIE: We ARE still talking about the Grand Neurotypical. This Plan B isn't to hurt her, is it?

NORAH: Of course we're not going to hurt her. We're going to trap her humanely. Isn't that right, guys?

PIX: And what? Release her back into a Zumba class?

VERIT@S: Sure – whatever.

FX: DOORBELL

VERIT@S: Ah – that'll be your magic instructors.

PIX: The mysterious Breaking Dawns?

VERIT@S: No no, these are... independent contractors.

FX: DOORBELL RINGING INCESSANTLY

PIX: Wilder, can you get the door?

WILDER: Why have I got to do everything?

PIX: Uhhh because the rest of us have been making pancakes and clearing up while you and Bums have just been sitting around.

WILDER: So make Bums do it!

PIX: You want the magical instructors' first impression to be Bums??

FX: DOORBELL RINGING INCESSANTLY, FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENING

WILDER: OK, OK!. This better be someone really... oh my God.

PENN: Hello, I'm Penn and this is my partner, Teller – and we are Penn & Teller.

FX: **AUDIENCE CHEERING**

PENN: Why does that happen everywhere we go??

WILDER: [Breathless] Penn... Teller... Penn & Teller.

FX: **WILDER RUNNING IN**

WILDER: PENN AND TELLER! IT'S PENN AND TELLER?

SOPHIE: Who?

PIX: Huh?

NORAH: Drawing a blank.

BUMS: Never heard of them.

WILDER: Never heard of... they're only the most famous magicians in the world!

NORAH: Nope.

WILDER: [Hysterical] The... the three of clubs? The bill of rights? THE BULLET CATCH
ILLUSION??? Granted they don't do that anymore but still...

PENN: [Clears throat] Uh... can we come in or...?

PIX: Oh my GOD!

NORAH: IT'S DRELL!!!

PENN: Oh man...

WILDER: What?? No, that's Penn Jillette!

PIX: Ugh, you DORK! This is Drell! DRELL! From Sabrina the Teenage Witch!!

WILDER: Sabrina the Teenage... what kind of philistines are you two?? Penn... mate, I am SO sorry. They know not of what they speak.

PENN: Don't worry, man – this happens every time I meet millennial women.

NORAH: What are you doing here, Drell??

WILDER: You know he's not actually Drell, right? I'm starting to get concerned.

PIX: Wilder I swear to God, if you ruin this for us...

NORAH: Yeah, Wilder.

WILDER: You're supposed to be the sensible one!

NORAH: Well I contain multitudes. And as I was saying: what are you doing here, Drell??

PENN: We're booked to teach Magic 101: Finding Your Inner Glowzy Orb. [Uncertainly]
This IS the right place, isn't it?

VERIT@S: Unfortunately, yes.

NORAH: Oh my God, sit down, let me get you some pancakes. You are allowed pancakes, aren't you, Drell? I know Sabrina couldn't have any without getting addicted, but if I recall correctly that was just a Spellman family curse?

PIX: You know, Drell, you really fumbled Hilda. Leaving her at the altar? What were you thinking?

PENN: I... [resigned] I'm very sorry. [Aside] Which one of you is handling the bill?

VERIT@S: Did it just double?

NORAH: Drelllllll, can we get one of those magic mirrors that changes your outfit like in the opening credits?

PENN: Tripled.

VERIT@S: Fair enough. Well, we'll leave you to it. Good luck with this lot. Bye guys.

OMNES: [Improvised goodbyes].

PIX: See you next time you have something horrifying to tell us.

PENN: Right – everyone stand in a circle and let's get started. You... you don't have to hold hands, buddy.

BUMS: Sorry Mr. Jy-let, I got overexcited.

WILDER: So... hang on a minute. Does this mean you two are really magical?

PENN: Of course we're really magical. We can catch bullets in our mouths. You thought we were just two regular guys?

WILDER: Are you going to teach us to catch bullets in our mouths?

PENN: Why don't we start with something a little less potentially lethal?

WILDER: [Sulkily] I guess.

PIX: Drell...

PENN: Penn...

PIX: Sure, sure, whatever. What was Salem like in real life?

PENN: Seriously? He was an animatronic puppet.

NORAH: [Disappointed] Oh. But not really, right?

PENN: Do you two want to learn actual magic or do you want to just talk about Sabrina the Teenage Witch?

NORAH: [Sulkily] Actual magic.

PIX: [At the same time] SABRINA! I mean... fine, actual magic.

PENN: Good choice. Now – everyone close your eyes and take a deep breath in... and out. In... and out... Everybody nice and relaxed?

WILDER: Absolutely, yep.

PIX: Liar.

WILDER: Hypocrite.

PENN: We're going to need a volunteer. Wow your hand went up before I'd even finished talking. Yes, uh...

NORAH: Norah.

PENN: Right, Norah – what you're going to do is place one of your hands on your stomach and the other over your heart.

NORAH: OK...

PENN: Great job, Norah. Now you're going to start feeling around for the fundamental essence of who you are.

NORAH: What??

PENN: Ah, sorry – that wasn't very clear. To find the source of your magic, you just need to know exactly who you are at the deepest level. I hope that's not a problem?

WILDER: Oh, is that it, is it?

PIX: Oh boy, you've picked a hell of a crowd for this.

SOPHIE: Oh no...

NORAH: It's fine, guys - I've been trying to get to the bottom of that question for three decades. I'm sure I can figure it out in the next five minutes.

PENN: I'm getting the sense that you're a leader, Norah, is that right?

WILDER: Ha! Told you. [Mocking sing song voice] You're a leader.

NORAH: I guess. By default. I mean...

PIX: Let the record show the accused just gestured at all of us as if our collective uselessness is self-evident.

PENN: When I asked for a volunteer, who stuck their hand straight in the air?

NORAH: [Reluctantly] I did.

PENN: And who then stuck a second hand in the air?

NORAH: Alright, we don't need instant replay.

PENN: Why did you do that?

NORAH: Uh...

PENN: Why'd you do that?

NORAH: I don't know?

PENN: Yes, Norah. Yes you do.

NORAH: I guess... I wanted to show the others it would be OK.

PENN: Why?

NORAH: Because... because I know whatever life throws at me, I can handle. Maybe not very WELL, but... I know I'll still be standing at the end of it.

PENN: That sure sounds like a leader to me.

NORAH: Is that leadership? I thought I was just trying to live up to my mum's impossible standards.

BUMS: Aren't we all?

WILDER: What standards does your mum expect you to live up to, Bums?

BUMS: Like when she wants me to take my plates from my room to the sink.

PENN: What do you feel when you step up to lead?

NORAH: Annoyed. Definitely.

PENN: What do you feel at your core? Really take a minute and listen to your body.

NORAH: Uh... [Deep breath] I feel... strong. Protective. Warm. Like, something in me just...

PENN: Glows?

NORAH: Yeah! Like something... oh wow...

FX: **GLOWY ORB SOUND EFFECT**

OMNES: [Gasps of wonder and delight].

NORAH: Oh my God. It's beautiful! What is that?

PENN: That, Norah, is you.

NORAH: I... [tearfully] really?

PENN: You keep hold of that, Norah, you'll need it in a minute. Now – who's next?

OMNES: [Improvised reluctance].

PENN: How about you? With the purple hair and the resting murderous face?

PIX: Well this should be easy. At my core, I'm an artist. [Pause] Hey what gives?
Where's my glowy orb?

PENN: Your artistry is how you express yourself, yes. But what is it that you're expressing?

WILDER: Something super creepy that comes alive at night and tries to eat you?

PIX: [Uncomfortable] You know – whatever it is I'm feeling.

PENN: Which is?

PIX: Ugh, this is stupid. Just your bog-standard feelings. You've all had feelings. You need me to explain feelings to you?

NORAH: Come on, Pix. You showed up at that autism support group for a reason. What did you want to get out of it if not sharing your feelings?

WILDER: And don't give us that crap about passing on your wisdom. We all know wisdom isn't a real thing.

PIX: I... I just wanted to... [sighs] I wanted to see if being around other autistic people made me feel less... less...

PENN: Alone?

PIX: Oh for fuck's sake. Are you telling me that my defining essence is loneliness?

SOPHIE: I think... maybe the core of who you are isn't your loneliness... it's whatever your loneliness is guarding.

PIX: Oof. Straight to the heart of it, Foetus.

NORAH: She's right. You've built a life for yourself that's entirely insulated from the outside world. You have all this room but no people. I mean, your house all but has a moat. Nobody works that hard to protect themselves unless they have something really special to protect.

PIX: Hey, it's not like I keep people out to be an asshole.

WILDER: Well, not JUST to be an asshole.

PIX: I just...

PENN: Tell me about your parents.

PIX: Really? Should I be lying down on a couch for this? [Sighs] There's not much to say. They're rich.

WILDER: Ha!

PIX: It's not exactly a gotcha at this point, Wilder.

WILDER: I stand by my "ha!"

NORAH: I'm guessing you don't get along?

PIX: We get along fine.

SOPHIE: Really??

PIX: Sure. Mainly because I don't talk to them at all – ever. But it works for us.

SOPHIE: Why don't you talk to your parents?

PIX: I just don't.

WILDER: Nope. Sorry. I'm calling bullshit. Try again.

PIX: I don't know? Maybe because they never wanted kids and they were right not to?
Maybe because they're exactly the sort of people who should never have had
kids? Maybe because it's been clear from birth that I'm an unwanted mistake?

NORAH: Pix...

PIX: Don't you dare feel sorry for me.

WILDER: It's a little hard to feel sorry for you when we're having this conversation in
Downton Fucking Abbey.

PIX: Ah yeah, the big house that was supposed to compensate for everything. The one
they gave me the second I turned 18 so they could ease their consciences about
completely ignoring me.

SOPHIE: That sounds really rough, Pix.

PIX: No, that's not the rough part. The rough part is that they're both living legends,
which means I can't do anything or be anything of my own without being labelled
a nepo baby. Their selfishness means there's no life for me outside these walls,
so I spend my time alone, pouring my imagination into art nobody will ever see
because what would even be the point? I'd always be judged as Their Rich
Spoiled Daughter.

WILDER: [Softening] Mate.

NORAH: Your imagination... what does it feel like?

PENN: Uh... just a reminder that we're the magical instructors here. But yeah, what she said.

PIX: It feels like... a wet sponge. And bruised fruit. And colour. And sparks. And curiosity. And joy. And...

OMNES: [Awed reactions to Pix's glowy orb].

FX: GLOWY ORB SOUND EFFECT

PIX: [Emotional] Oh.

PENN: Alright – we're getting somewhere. Great job, Pix! Why don't you go next, uh...?

WILDER: Wilder. Oh God, why me? Oh, right, all my behaviour up until this point.

PENN: It's interesting to me that you want straight for the self-deprecating joke. Are you a bit of a class clown, Wilder?

WILDER: [Defensively] I enjoy the occasional gag... there's nothing wrong with that, is there?

PENN: Oh no, nothing wrong with being a clown. I myself went to clown college. But I'm more interested in what your jokes are covering up. I think it's a deep sadness. Nobody likes a sad clown, Wilder. And you, my friend, are a sad clown.

WILDER: [Trying not to cry] Oh. Right. So what you're saying is my core essence is sadness and nobody will ever love me?

SOPHIE: I think it goes deeper than that. Pix had to figure out what her loneliness was covering up, right? So we just have to see what's underneath the sadness.

PIX: I don't think we want to lift that rug. Lots of emotional earwigs under there.

NORAH: Why are you sad, Wilder?

WILDER: I'm not sad... I just can't... I don't want to take life too seriously. That's all. Laughter gets you through it.

PENN: What is it that you're so scared of, Wilder? Why are you afraid to care?

OMNES: [Improvised piling on Wilder].

WILDER: Stop it. Stop. STOP! OH MY GOD BECAUSE I CARE SO FUCKING MUCH!

OMNES: [Stunned silence].

WILDER: I care about everything. All the time. I care about injustice and war and my safe food slightly changing its recipe. I care about the people I love. I care about people I don't even know. I care that we're all put here without our consent and that we have to suffer and die and there's nothing anyone can do about it. I care when I see balloons floating away because some kid let that go and is likely bawling its eyes out and the balloon is probably going to murder a squirrel or something. I care so much it's like a cacophony of everyone's suffering all the time and I can't drown it out no matter what I do. So yeah, I make a few jokes to cushion the constant blows life keeps whacking everyone with so just for a few seconds, I don't have to BURN with caring.

FX: GLOWY ORB SOUND EFFECT

WILDER: Huh. Wow.

NORAH: There you go. Do you feel any better?

WILDER: Not even a little bit, no.

BUMS: Oooh me next me next, me! I want a glowy orb! I want a gl... Mr. Penn! I want a glowy orb!

PENN: Alright then. Hmmm... uh... oh. I know. Hey, buddy – fetch!

FX: PENN THROWING A BALL

BUMS: YAY!!!! I've got it I've got it!!! [Panting] That was SO much fun!

FX: GLOWY ORB SOUND EFFECT

BUMS: Awesome! I loved that! Oh, I loved that. I loved that!

WILDER: Now hang on a minute, why didn't Bums have to get to the essence of who he is?

NORAH: Pretty sure he just did.

FX: GLOWY ORB BEING THROWN

WILDER: Hey! Stop it! Bums... I am warning you. BUMS! Penn! Bums keeps throwing his glowy orb at me!

PENN: Please refrain from throwing the glowy orbs. The glowy orbs are not toys.

BUMS: Oh MAN, you're telling me these are art as well?

PENN: Now if we could all get back to...

FX: GLOWY ORB BEING THROWN

PENN: Hey! What did I just say??

WILDER: Bums started it.

PENN: Well I don't care who started it, I'm finishing it. Look at what you've done! You've hit Teller! I hope you're happy. You've made Teller cry.

BUMS: Hehehe nice.

PENN: No it's not "nice". It's not very nice at all. Everyone apologise to Teller.

OMNES: [Improvised embarrassed apologies to Teller].

PIX: Sorry, Drell's friend.

BUMS: I thought it was nice, but it wasn't nice. I'm sorry Mr. Teller.

PENN: Sorry, bud. It's alright. I got you. Alright – so that just leaves...

SOPHIE: [In a small voice] Sophie. I really don't need to... I mean... I'm happy to just watch.

FX: SHRINKING NOISE

SOPHIE: [Voice getting more high-pitched] It's not like I'd be much use anyway. Not in, like, a fight or something. I'd probably just get in the way.

FX: PING

PIX: Honey, you shrunk the kid.

NORAH: What just happened? Why is she tiny?

SOPHIE: [In smaller, higher pitched voice] Oh no!

BUMS: Wow! My mum always says you slowly shrink as you get older but that was speedy, Sophie!

PENN: Ah.

PIX: "Ah"?? What do you mean "ah"??

PENN: I've seen this before. It's rare but... it's... not great.

SOPHIE: [Terrified] Not great?? How not great??

PENN: Now, Sophie, there's no need to panic. You're just going to repeatedly shrink until you... no longer exist.

FX: **SHRINKING NOISE**

SOPHIE: WHAT???

PENN: But don't worry - you're going to be just fine. [Less certainly] But also, not at all fine.

NORAH: What can we do to stop it?

PENN: Hmmm... the thing is, magic is all about taking up space. And sometimes people who don't think they deserve to take up space end up, uh... small.

NORAH: Alright, so we just have to convince Sophie that she's a worthwhile human being who deserves to stand tall and...

FX: **SHRINKING NOISE**

WILDER: And now she's even smaller.

SOPHIE: [Higher pitched voice] Oh my God, help me!

PENN: OK, so no pressure but whatever anyone says next could have catastrophic consequences.

WILDER: Oh good. Sophie's fate rests on a group of autistics not putting our feet in our mouths.

BUMS: Can I say, if she gets any smaller, I can take her home with me. I think my hamster would really like her.

FX: **SHRINKING NOISE**

BUMS: Not like that, though, I don't think... I don't know. I don't know, Sophie, how would you feel about...

OMNES: BUMS!!

SOPHIE: I don't want to be Bums's hamster!

BUMS: You wouldn't BE my hamster. You'd be his bride. And that's fine, isn't it?

FX: **SHRINKING NOISE**

WILDER: Christ, we're losing her. Someone throw the ball again.

FX: BALL BEING THROWN

BUMS: [Running] I've got it! I've got it!

PIX: Norah. You're the leader.

WILDER: Yeah, you can't deny it now. We've got the glowy, orby receipts.

NORAH: Right. Fuck. OK. [Deep breath] Sophie, love, I'm just going to very carefully lift you so you can hear me, OK?

SOPHIE: [In little squeaky voice now]. I can hear you just fine! You're massive!

NORAH: OK – Sophie, take a deep breath. That's all you need to do for now. Can you do that for me?

SOPHIE: I... I think so. My lungs are tiny!

NORAH: OK – that's good. A few more. In... and out... In... and out... good.

PENN: Again, do you want to teach the class, or?

NORAH: Great – I thought you'd never ask. Right. Sophie, I want you to put one hand on your stomach and the other on your heart. Great job, Sophie. Alright. Now – do you remember what we were talking about last night?

SOPHIE: Yes.

NORAH: That one moment in particular... I want you to think about that.

PIX: Norah, this feels like a risky strategy.

NORAH: Just trust me on this.

SOPHIE: OK, I'm thinking about it.

NORAH: How do you feel?

SOPHIE: I... it doesn't matter how I feel.

FX: **SHRINKING NOISE**

WILDER: Far be it from me to directly contradict what I just said about you being the leader
but... this seems like the opposite of what is helpful.

NORAH: I promise you I'm going somewhere with this.

PIX: Maybe go there before we can literally Hoover her up.

NORAH: Sophie, it does matter how you feel. You are not the only person in the world
who's exempt from mattering. Now be honest – how do you feel?

SOPHIE: I feel...

NORAH: It's OK. It's OK to say it.

SOPHIE: I... nothing... I feel nothing...

FX: **SHRINKING NOISE**

PENN: I just want to point out that there are no refunds.

PIX: Come on, Foetus. You've got this.

NORAH: Listen to your body, Sophie. Really listen. What was it that spilled over until you couldn't take it anymore? Now tell me, honestly, WHAT DO YOU FEEL?

SOPHIE: [In a tiny squeaky shout] I FEEL ANGRY!

WILDER: It's working! She's very slightly less small!

BUMS: Oh man. Herbert is going to be so disappointed.

NORAH: This is great, Sophie. Why do you feel angry?

SOPHIE: Because they never listened to me! And that... pissed me off. It really, really pissed me off.

PIX: Oh my God, Norah, you're a genius. Foetus – why did it piss you off?

SOPHIE: BECAUSE NOBODY EVER LISTENS TO ME! I feel like I'm constantly screaming and nobody EVER listens! Not my mum, not my dad, not my teachers, and not those fucking SUITS! WHY WON'T ANYBODY LISTEN TO ME??

NORAH: You're so nearly there, Sophie. What is it that you want to say that nobody's hearing?

SOPHIE: That I'm not... I'm not...

WILDER: You can do it, kid. If I can do it, you definitely can.

PIX: Come on, Foetus, say it with your whole chest.

SOPHIE: [Roaring now] That I'M NOT FUCKING BROKEN! I'm not. I'm not I'm not I'm not.
[Sophie breaks down sobbing].

NORAH: Hey Sophie... open your eyes.

SOPHIE: I... I'm me-sized again.

PIX: That's not all. Look down.

FX: GLOWY ORB SOUND EFFECT

SOPHIE: [Tearfully] Oh hey there.

NORAH: Proud of you, mate.

PIX: Me too. I told you you were badass.

WILDER: Incredible.

BUMS: Damnit.

PENN: Excellent, now the real training can start.

WILDER: That wasn't the real training?

PENN: Oh no, the real training is super cool. If you were watching this on screen it'd be, like, a Rocky montage. You sure wouldn't want to miss it, is all I'm saying.

FX: AUDIO COLLAGE OF A REALLY COOL MAGIC TRAINING MONTAGE WE CAN'T SEE – DAVE WE CAN HAVE SOME FUNNNN WITH THIS

PIX: Wow that really was cool!

WILDER: I can't believe how much I learned

SOPHIE: I feel so... so... HYPER! Does anyone else feel completely hyper? I feel like I just wanna run around and around.

BUMS: Hey, I think it's a shame you got re-biggered, Sophie, cos you would have loved Herbert's wheel.

WILDER: So is that it? Are we experts now?

PENN: After one day? Of course not.

WILDER: Well excuse me for wanting to be immediately amazing at stuff.

PENN: We've given you the fundamentals, but it's going to take a lot of hard work before you're ready to do anything other than movie magic.

NORAH: Movie magic?

PENN: Yeah, when people first become magical, they're generally limited to stuff they've seen in movies. The same way new writers tend to rely on tropes. It's lazy, but what can you do?

NORAH: So you'll be back in tomorrow to teach us the rest?

PENN: Afraid not. We're booked to rescue David Blaine. He got himself stuck in a glass box again and there's only so many times he can style it out as an illusion. You'll figure it out, though. Or you'll die trying. We get paid either way. Nice meeting you all, though. Good luck with saving the world and all that.

PIX: Bye, Drell!

PENN: Again, I'm not... [sighs] OK fine. Bye... uh... Sabrina.

PIX: OH MY GOD THAT'S ALL I WANTED THANK YOU! Well I think this calls for celebratory pizza.

SOPHIE: AND CELEBRATORY WINES!

BUMS: AND CELEBRATORY CRUSHED WOTSITS THAT YOU EAT WITH A TEASPOON! It's a perfect recipe, I'm going to go and make some right now!

ATMOS: KITCHEN, NIGHT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

PIX: Oh... hey. Sorry, I didn't think anyone would be up. Midnight munchies.

WILDER: Bums finally managed to build his top bunk and it's... not structurally sound.

PIX: Ah, yes that does sound fraught with peril.

WILDER: It is, Pix. It really, really is.

PIX: Well, I'll just grab myself a snack and leave you to it.

FX: FRIDGE OPENING, RUMMAGING AROUND

WILDER: Hey Pix...

PIX: Yeah?

WILDER: Are you tired?

PIX: Nah, I'm way too buzzed to sleep. I mean, I floated you all in the air with just my mind. There aren't enough drugs in the world to put me out after that.

WILDER: In that case... will you teach me to make pancakes?

PIX: What?

WILDER: Will you teach me to make pancakes?

PIX: Why??

WILDER: I may not be fighting things guy but I can be... pancake guy. I want to pull my weight around here, OK?

PIX: You do?

WILDER: You don't have to sound so surprised.

PIX: Sorry, it's just... you strike me as a bare-minimum kind of dude.

WILDER: Maybe that's because you don't know me.

PIX: Wilder.

WILDER: OK fine. I'm a bare-minimum dude. But, crucially, I don't want to be. So, will you teach me?

PIX: Sure, why not? I could eat some pancakes. Let's go.

FX: PANCAKE MAKING NOISES

PIX: So the key with American pancakes is not to overmix them. You want to whisk gently.

WILDER: Like this?

PIX: More like...

FX: SHUFFLING CLOSER TOGETHER AS PIX TAKES OVER WHISKING

PIX: It just needs a soft touch. No need to overdo it.

WILDER: Pix, you're not the first woman to try that and you won't be the last.

PIX: Well, whoever the next one is – she's welcome.

WILDER: Hey Pix...

PIX: Yeah?

WILDER: Why don't you like me?

PIX: What?? YOU don't like ME!

WILDER: I only don't like you because you don't like me! You definitely didn't like me first.
Don't deny it.

FX: WHISKING STOPS

PIX: Wilder...

WILDER: It's just... it seems like we're sort of stuck together. So it would be nice if you liked me. Just for, like, group cohesion. Not because I'm desperately needy and can't bear the thought of anyone disapproving of me.

PIX: [Sighs] It's not that I don't like you...

WILDER: Mate.

PIX: OK, fine, I don't like you.

WILDER: Oof. I was expecting that but still – ouch.

PIX: You just represent a certain type of man. It's not your fault that so many have gone before you and sucked. But I just... I hate that the rules are different for you. I hate that you get to chill in your white guy mediocrity while Sophie and Norah and I have to be exceptional just to matter, like, at all. Even more so for me, given that the others are...

WILDER: White?

PIX: Bingo.

WILDER: That does sound crappy, yes.

PIX: So yeah, it's not so much you – it's what you symbolise, you're a big man baby.

WILDER: I'M a man baby?? Bums has constructed his own top bunk! Why don't you ever have a go at Bums?

PIX: Because Bums doesn't know any better. You do. And if you were trying to do better, even a little bit, I'd resent you less. But it seems like you want everyone else to save you and you're not particularly interested in saving yourself. And I just don't fuck with that.

WILDER: Pix, you wound me.

PIX: You asked.

WILDER: Kind of wish I hadn't.

PIX: And that's exactly my point. You're more interested in *feeling* good about yourself than you are in actually *doing* good shit. And that's, you know, whatever, when it's just you – but when the fate of the world is at stake...

WILDER: It stops being cute. I get it.

PIX: Oh Wilder, it was never cute. Anyway, why do you even care what I think of you?

WILDER: I just do, OK? Why don't *you*?

PIX: Because my self-esteem isn't so fragile that it's based whether a manchild I've known for less than 48 hours wants to hang. But, just to engage with your thought experiment – why don't *you* like *me*? Apart from me not liking you.

WILDER: I don't dislike you, actually. I just... I find you smug.

PIX: You'd be smug too if you were this awesome.

WILDER: See that's just it. I don't think this is who you really are. I think you hide behind all this bravado and therapy speak – but it's just armour. Underneath it, you're as vulnerable and fragile as the rest of us – and I don't know why you can't just admit that.

PIX: Has it ever occurred to you that it's my right to protect myself? Like, I don't have to walk around like a raw nerve letting every stranger I meet have a poke. Do NOT laugh.

WILDER: I wouldn't dare. Even though I *really* want to.

PIX: Maybe I have good reasons not to be an open book. Ever think of that?

WILDER: That's fair enough. Just... tell me one humanising thing about you.

PIX: I already did! I talked about my parents!

WILDER: Not as part of a group exercise. Just... just to me.

PIX: Why??

WILDER: Because I want to know you. Like, actually know you.

PIX: Again, why??

WILDER: I'm still working that one out. Just tell me... tell me something real.

PIX: [Long silence] I've never told anyone I love them.

WILDER: Oh... OK wow. Why not?

PIX: Because I don't want things to get awkward.

WILDER: Awkward?

PIX: You know – I tell someone I love them based on what I know of their behaviour so far. Then the second they feel safe, they start acting like a dick and I suddenly have to row back on the whole “I love you” thing and it’s just *awkward*.

WILDER: You do realise you’re describing a regular breakup as if you just invented it.

PIX: No, I know. It’s just – if I tell someone I love them, I want to be sure I’m always going to mean it.

WILDER: I don’t think that’s possible.

PIX: Then I will stay in my lovely, prickly shell, thank you. Whatever. I told you mine – so go on. Your turn.

WILDER: My turn?

PIX: Tell me one humanising thing about you. And it better be serious. If you make a joke right now, I will drown you in this bowl of pancake batter.

WILDER: [Long pause] I’m afraid of swimming pool lights.

PIX: [Long pause] Excuse me, what?

WILDER: I’m afraid of swimming pool lights.

PIX: You know, it’s pretty shitty to get me to open up and then...

WILDER: No no no, I’m not kidding! Swimming pool lights absolutely terrify me.

PIX: Why??

WILDER: I don't know. They're eerie. They look like monsters' eyes. When I was a kid, I always thought the pool was like, a dormant beast that was going to come alive and suck me into a watery underworld.

PIX: That is genuinely insane. You are... such a dork.

FX: **SPLASHING SOUND**

PIX: Oh you did NOT just playfully put pancake batter on my nose.

WILDER: Afraid I did. Now who's dorky, Pancake Nose?

PIX: That's it, you asked for it.

WILDER: Hey! I can dish it out, but I can NOT take it! Stop it! PIX!

OMNES: [Both laugh].

WILDER: So, like, does this mean we're friends now?

PIX: Why don't we start with casual acquaintances and see how that goes?

WILDER: I'll take it.

PIX: Cool. Now less splashing, more frying.

WILDER: Pix?

PIX: Yeah?

WILDER: Do you reckon we can actually do it? Get good enough at magic to stop a neurotypical supervillain?

PIX: I hope so. I mean, barring some new catastrophe.

WILDER: Yeah. Let's hope nothing dramatic happens any time soon.

ATMOS: **OBSERVATORY**

FX: **INSTRUMENTS, COFFEE BEING MADE**

ASTRONOMER: Just another long night of astronomy at the olld observatory. What the fuck...?
That can't be right. It looks like it's headed straight towards Earth. Is that... a giant eyeball??? It's been a while since astronomy school but I'm pretty sure this isn't good.

GRAMS: **CLOWN MUSIC**

WILDER: 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. Guest appearance by Hare Lockwood as the astronomer. Special guest appearance by Penn Jillette – PENN FREAKING JILLETTE.

PIX: DRELL!!!

WILDER: NO!! 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 and clown music by Pro Sound Effects. Artwork and logo design by Fraser Geesin. SEE I read the credits ALMOST ENTIRELY BY MYSELF. Now who's useless? Hahaha HAHAAHAHAHA [Sighs heavily].

BUMS: Oooh! Me next me next me next, I want a glowy orb! I want a glowy orb, put it in me or... surround me, however you do it! I want a glowy orb!

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: Oh man, that's embarrassing, I thought it was nice but it's not nice. I'm sorry, Mr. Teller, I didn't mean to do that, Mr. Teller. I thought it was nice but it wasn't actually nice and I'm sorry. That's on me. That's bad.

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: You wouldn't be my hamster, you'd be his bride, and that's fine, isn't it? Oh sorry, that's controversial now these days is it?

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: You wouldn't be my hamster, you'd be his bride. And it would be my pleasure to walk you down the aisle.

