

ANDREW: Before we begin, a quick note. It's a Superpower?? is a show by, for, and about autistic people, and contains discussion of subjects some listeners may find disturbing, including violent injury, social faux-pas, and a seriously pissed off hamster. Now here's a reminder of what's happened so far, for the AuDHDers among you. Try to pay attention this time.

GRAMS: PREVIOUSLY ON MUSIC INTO THEME SONG

SOPHIE: Previously on It's A Superpower?? The world started to go screwy. Even more so.

NEWSREADER: (Flashback) 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".

SOPHIE: It turns out the chaos is being caused by a supervillain called The Grand Neurotypical. The New Dawns popped round to let us know about an ancient prophecy that says we're the only ones who can defeat her.

VERIT@S: (Flashback) Naturally, we thought that was meant to be us – but unfortunately, nope. All our hope now rests on you lot.

SOPHIE: It probably would have been helpful if they'd mentioned this earlier, but I'm sure it just slipped their minds. We're all neurodivergent here. No worries. Pix has a lot of weird shit in her house.

PIX: (Flashback) No, Bums, you cannot have a go. That's not a toy, it's art.

SOPHIE: I mean, when is anyone ever going to need a hall of mirrors?? It turns out bog-standard magical training is done by the world's most famous magicians???

PENN: (Flashback) Hello, I'm Penn, and this is my partner Teller, and we are Penn and Teller.

SOPHIE: Unfortunately, they could only stick around for a day. They were REALLY expensive, and their fee kept going up the more they got to know us. Fair enough, really. We all got to the essence of who we are and found our inner glowy orbs. Some did more soul searching than others.

PENN: (Flashback) Hey buddy – fetch!

FX: PENN THROWING A BALL

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

SOPHIE: Now we're just about competent enough to do Movie Magic. I mean, why reinvent the wheel? Oh, and Wilder and Pix had a little flirt. Neither of them noticed.

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

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

SOPHIE: Annnnd there's a giant eyeball-shaped asteroid headed for Earth. But we don't know about that yet. Someone should probably warn us. Oh well, whack on that theme song.

GRAMS: THEME SONG

SOPHIE: The Daily Tism presents – It's A Superpower?? Chapter Five – Freaky Fridayed

ATMOS: LIVING ROOM

NORAH: You're probably all wondering why I called this meeting.

PIX: Nope.

WILDER: Not really.

SOPHIE: It does seem kind of obvious.

BUMS: Is it about my hamster?

NORAH: For God's sake, Bums, not everything is about your hamster!

WILDER: Haha, it's Bums's turn to get "for God's sakesded".

BUMS: I just think we should at least be *trying* to look for him. Is that OK to say?

NORAH: Ugh, whatever. OK, if it will help you focus... uh.. think, Norah – a movie with a magical rodent. Ratatouille! Bums, here you go. Happy now?

FX: PING

BUMS: HERBERT! BUDDY!

HERBERT: Well look who finally decided to show up.

BUMS: Oh wow, he talks! He doesn't normally do that, I promise. This is new, this is new.

HERBERT: Damn straight I talk and let me tell YOU, "buddy", you are the worst hamster owner EVER. You never feed me. You never clean my cage. You promise friends

that never arrive. You LOST me and it took you THREE WEEKS to notice. Hell, if anything, I've been keeping YOU alive.

WILDER: Oh dear.

PIX: Careful what you wish for.

BUMS: Uh, Norah? Can you change him back?

NORAH: [Sighs]

FX: PING, ORDINARY HAMSTER NOISES

BUMS: That's better. I did NOT like that.

NORAH: Can we please stay on track? Now, we've got our magic under control, but I'm still concerned about our progress. We need to defeat a neurotypical supervillain and right now we're barely even equipped to mildly annoy her.

WILDER: Joke's on you, I don't need magic to annoy her.

PIX: Or, indeed, any of us.

NORAH: GUYS!! Can we save the pigtail pulling until after class?

PIX & WILDER: [Chastened] Sorry Norah.

NORAH: Now – as Drell said, we're limited to movie magic for a while, which isn't ideal – BUT I've taken the liberty of putting together a syllabus that turns that limitation into a strength.

WILDER: A syllabus?? I don't have time for a whole syllabus! I'm supposed to be picking up my stuff from Marnie's in half an hour.

NORAH: It'd be a lot quicker if you'd stop interrupting.

WILDER: That may well be the case but... uh... but... YOU stop interrupting.

NORAH: [Smoothly] Very good. Now, as slide one shows...

PIX: You made a PowerPoint! How very ten years ago of you!

NORAH: [Ignoring her] As you can see, today we're going to do a group exercise.

OMNES: [Improvised grumbling].

NORAH: There won't be any actual exercise involved.

SOPHIE: Oh thank God for that.

NORAH: I thought it would be fun for us to choose a movie magic spell for each person. Something we all think the other needs. I'm thinking, like, twelve hours in a magical movie world.

WILDER: You need a whole PowerPoint to explain this?

NORAH: Yes, Wilder, I do. Because I've outlined all our shortcomings in sexy graph form.

SOPHIE: Oh good. I love being evaluated and having my flaws pointed out in front of a room full of people. It's my favourite.

PIX: Ha! Your plan is so bad you've got Foetus doing a sarcasm.

NORAH: In the interests of fairness, I've also done myself!

WILDER: Niiiiiice.

NORAH: Oh grow up, Wilder.

WILDER: Never!

NORAH: I knew you'd all react this way. So, as a show of good faith, I'll go first. Obviously, my main weakness is my energy.

PIX: Girl, that is NOT your main weakness.

NORAH: Uh... I think it is.

WILDER: Now now, this isn't a self-assessment. If we all have to be judged to death, you go first. [Mocking] As a sign of good faith.

NORAH: Ugh, fine – do your own damn chart for me. But you'd better not mess up the system.

PIX: Well then tell us the system.

NORAH: I can't TELL YOU the system – it's too complicated. Also it should be obvious.

SOPHIE: Wait, is it complicated or obvious? I just want to know which type of stupid I should feel.

NORAH: I DON'T KNOW, OK? I'M SULKING.

FX: SHARPIE WRITING

PIX: Ooh nice telekinetic writing, dude.

WILDER: Thanks, I got it from Matilda. God I love movie magic.

NORAH: You're using the wrong marker! You're using the wrong... What are you writing down? Con...trol.. fr... hey! Do NOT finish that second word!

PIX: [Clears throat].

NORAH: Or do. I'm easy. I mean, you guys made me leader so technically I'm just doing what you people unanimously elected me to do...

BUMS: Uh... if there was an election I forgot to vote again. I'm sorry.

SOPHIE: Don't be upset, Norah – it's nothing personal.

BUMS: [Kindly] Yeah. It's just the kind of person that you are.

SOPHIE: I just think you find it hard to imagine that anyone might be less... competent than you.

WILDER: None taken.

PIX: Foetus makes a good point. And, if I may armchair psychologise...

NORAH: You may not.

PIX: I'm going to anyway. I think it all stems from your issues with your mother.

WILDER: Oh man I have the perfect spell for her. BOY it's going to be good. [Wilder cackles].

NORAH: I really don't like all this gleeful hand rubbing.

WILDER: We should Freaky Friday Norah and her mum!

PIX: YES!!

NORAH: If we could just go back to my energy issues...

SOPHIE: No, Norah, I think Wilder might be onto something here. Maybe if you and your mum could understand each other better, we could get to the root of your... uh... um...

PIX: Unhinged need to star pupil your way through life?

NORAH: Guys – I'm begging you.

WILDER: This was your idea...

NORAH: Yes but that was when it was a thing I was doing to YOU.

PIX: Sorry, babe.

FX: **PING**

NORAH: Anddddd nothing happened!

PIX: It will. As soon as you're in the same place as your mother.

NORAH: So all I have to do is avoid my mother forever? Don't threaten me with a good time.

PIX: Oh hell no – we're zapping you over there as soon as we're done magicking everyone else. There is no getting out of this.

WILDER: [In a mocking sing-song voice] You're gonna see your mum's genitals.

NORAH: I HADN'T EVEN THOUGHT OF THAT!

SOPHIE: [Trying to fix the situation] OK, everyone, I think Norah's had enough. Why don't I go next?

NORAH: Right then – Sophie, I don't need to bash you over the head with this. You have a people-pleasing problem.

SOPHIE: Oh God, I do, don't I? Go on then – what's my punishment?

NORAH: It's not a punishment. It's just a life lesson. And you, my dear, need a dose of cold, unvarnished truth. So I propose – Liar Liar-ing you.

SOPHIE: Huh?

WILDER: Oooh yeah, she'll HATE that!

NORAH: It's a movie where Jim Carrey loses the ability to lie. Like most things, it was before your time. For the next twelve hours, Sophie will be unable to lie.

SOPHIE: Wait, no, I can't...

PIX: Sorry Foetus, it's for your own good.

SOPHIE: But I'm...

FX: _____ **PING**

SOPHIE: ...Meeting my agent today. With my parents.

NORAH: Oh. Whoops.

SOPHIE: Yeah. I mean, it's just a career rehabilitation meeting that will determine my ability to earn a livelihood. No big deal. Oh no wait, it's a VERY big deal! Do you fucking clowns think anything through?

OMNES: [Woahs and everyone being taken aback by Sophie's true feelings].

PIX: Duuuuuude, Sophie's a biiiitch.

SOPHIE: Well, I learn from the best.

WILDER: Ooooooh, burn.

PIX: I don't know whether to be proud or pissed off.

SOPHIE: I'd say pissed off. Why break the habit of a lifetime?

NORAH: Alright, Sophie. Welcome to the party.

SOPHIE: Oh good. A nerd party. [Sarcastic] I'll break out Catan.

WILDER: I feel like we should have done Sophie last.

NORAH: Hindsight is 20:20.

WILDER: Can we take out Pix next? I don't want them ganging up on me.

NORAH: Sure. Let's do Pix. Now Pix's weakness is...

WILDER: [Does very poor drum roll sound with mouth].

SOPHIE: The fuck was that?

WILDER: It was a drum r- well YOU do a better one then.

SOPHIE: [Does a much better drum roll]

WILDER: [Sulking] Mine was better.

NORAH: Pix's cynicism keeps people at arm's length. She finds it hard to be sincere and that makes it difficult to connect with people – including herself.

PIX: [Sarcastic] And my "it stems from your mother" theory was basic??

WILDER: Yeah, and the whole nihilism thing is just an excuse not to participate in life so she never has to get hurt.

SOPHIE: I reckon she's a dick all the time because she's secretly in loads of pain.

BUMS: Yeah, she might look all chill and happy but she may have recently stubbed her toe.

PIX: [Slow clapping] Wow, bravo guys. You've cracked the case.

WILDER: Your sarcasm is only serving to prove our point.

PIX: What can I say? If you strike me down, I shall become more sarcastic than you can possibly imagine.

SOPHIE: Ooh... Ooh, I've got an idea that will really fuck her up!

PIX: Christ, Sophie. Who ARE you??

FX: **SOPHIE WHISPERING UNINTELLIGIBLY IN NORAH'S EAR**

NORAH: Genius. Yes.

WILDER: What is it? I want to know! I want a vote, damnit!

FX: **PING**

WILDER: I take it back. 10/10 – no notes.

PIX: [Voice suddenly a lot more femme] What have you done to me? WHY IS MY
WAIST SO TINY?

NORAH: [Barely containing her glee] YOU'RE A CARTOON PRINCESS.

SOPHIE: [Equally delighted] We reverse Enchanted you!

PIX: Oh how WONDERFUL! What?? Why did I say that?? It's not wonderful – it's
HORRIBLE! Oh no... Oh no... I'm getting the urge to... to... no no no no no...

GRAMS: **DISNEY PRINCESS-STYLE MUSIC SWELLS**

PIX: [Singing] Everyone in this room is going to perish, every one of you chumps is
going to dieeeee! Please don't be fooled by this whimsical tune; you'll come to
regret what you're making me do; I'll carve out your eyeballs and cook them in
stewwwwww...

PIX: [Singing] Fuck you and you and you...

SINGING BIRDS: Aaah.

BUMS: Where'd the singing birds come from??

PIX: [Singing] And especially you...

WILDER: Hey! What did I do?

PIX: [Singing] Every one of you pricks is going to bite it. Every one of you cunts is going to fryyyy. I'll gouge out your insides and peel off your skin, the cops will be visiting your next of kin, you're all going to suffer for making me siiiiiiiiing. You can all get in the bin especially Wilder.

WILDER: May I remind you that it was Sophie and Norah who did this?

PIX: Excuse me, I have to go outside and [music swells – Pix sings] sing into a well...
[Pix keeps vocalising as she leaves the room].

SOPHIE: Now Wilder! NOW WILDER! Oh my God it's SO funny when he talks himself into trouble and then he just keeps talking and talking even though everyone else is owning him, like, so hard, and then he gets all high-pitched and pink...

WILDER: [Close to tears] Haha yeah, you got me. [Accusatory] Loving this new, improved Sophie, NORAH. Next time just give her poisonous fangs, why don't you?

NORAH: As you can see, Wilder's main weakness is that Wilder is...

SOPHIE: ...A big manbaby!

NORAH: I'd have couched it more delicately than that, but in essence...

WILDER: [Tearfully] You two are MEAN.

NORAH: Now – obviously there are sub-categories of how this behaviour manifests, but it all boils down to the same thing – Wilder’s inability to grow the fuck up.

WILDER: What is this slander? Have you been speaking to... everyone who’s ever known me?

SOPHIE: Oh Wilder, dude, you got off LIGHTLY. Oh, no wait, there’s a second slide.

NORAH: Here I’ve done an extensive analysis of the specific ways in which Wilder refuses to grow up. Number one - everything is a game. A big, silly game.

WILDER: What is this? Bully Wilder Day?

NORAH: Wilder – please - every day is Bully Wilder Day.

SOPHIE: As an autistic child, I never got to experience the joy of bullying.

WILDER: Oh but you’re so good at it. Having said that, please stop it now.

NORAH: Come on now, there’s only another... six... teen slides.

WILDER: SIXTEEN SLIDES?? I’m not going to sit here and take this... this character assassination. I’m going to Marnie’s for... a slightly different character assassination.

FX: SCRAPING CHAIR

NORAH: If you leave, we’ll just decide on your spell without you here to plead your case.

WILDER: That’s just fine. You know why? Because pleading my case would just be another one of Wilder’s horrible flaws for your mean-spirited yet pleasingly colour-coded

charts. I'm not taking the bait. Everything's a big game? Well I'm taking my dodecahedron and going home. I'll see you all in a few hours. Also in hell. See you in hell. Pretend I said that!

FX: DOOR SLAMMING

NORAH: So... everyone cool if we Toy Story him?

OMNES: [Improvised agreement].

SOPHIE: Right, Norah, I'm sending you to your mother, then I'm off to my meeting, I guess.

NORAH: But... But...

FX: PING

SOPHIE: I'm really going to miss being able to zap people away when we hand over our powers. Also it's going to suck going back to public transport after this. Oh well. Later, Bums. Try not to... just try not to.

BUMS: Hey, wait! What about me?? You didn't do any magic on me! Guys? [Kevin McAllister voice] I made my friends disappear. I'm... home alone Well - I'd better start building some burglar traps. Good thing Pix has all those creepy dress-making big dollies.

ATMOS: STREET NOISE

FX: CAR PULLING UP, DOOR OPENING AND SLAMMING, FOOTSTEPS

GRAMS: MUSIC COMING FROM HOUSE – PARODY OF ROCKIN’ AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE

SONG: Bopping about the Xmas bush at the Yuletide function thing / Christmas lights strung where you can look, every couple’s here to swing...

GRAMS: MUSIC CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND

HORB: Why are they having a Christmas party in March?? Maybe I should come back later. Not because I’m a burglar. I just fucking hate parties. Wait, is that a mannequin? What’s going on here? Maybe they’re in some kind of trouble. I’d better sneak in the back and help them.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

HORB: Guys... Guys??

OLD MOVIE: Who is it?

HORB: Uh... It’s Horb...

OLD MOVIE: It’s me, Herbert. I’ve got the carrots.

HORB: What??

OLD MOVIE: Alright, Bums. What about my little bits of shredded paper?

HORB: Huh?? What the hell is happening? I’d better look through the cat flap...

FX: FOOTSTEPS

GRAMS: OBOE MUSIC A LA HOME ALONE

BUMS: Hello.

FX: PAINTBALL GUN BEING FIRED

HORB: ARGH! ARGHHHH! Y'AAAAARGH!

BUMS: [Victoriously] Yessss! Yes! Yes yes yes yes!

HORB: WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU? IT'S ME! HORB!

BUMS: Who??

HORB: HORB! HORB! We've met twice!

BUMS: Sorry, mate, not ringing any bells.

HORB: I was here YESTERDAY!!

BUMS: Uh... nope. Nothing. Got nothing for me up there in the brain.

HORB: From the New Dawns??

BUMS: Oh, are you Verit@s?

HORB: What?? No I'm not V - I'm Horb! HORB! You shot me in the face!!

BUMS: OK, calm down. It's only paint.

HORB: Oh well that's OK then.

BUMS: Yeah, that's what I'm trying to tell you!

HORB: Look, can you just let me in? I have paint to wash out my mouth. And then I have an urgent message I need to deliver.

BUMS: Oh. OK. Do you also happen to have a pizza you need to deliver?

HORB: No??

BUMS: [Disappointed] No lovely cheese pizza just for me? Damn. Fine. You'd better come round the front.

FX: HORB STOMPING ROUND THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

HORB: Typical. Verit@s gets to show up and be cool and mysterious and I get shot in the face with a paintball gu....ARGH!

FX: HORB SLIPPING DOWN THE FRONT DOOR STAIRS AND CRASHING TO THE FLOOR

BUMS: [From inside] Sorry, mate. Forgot I did the stairs.

HORB: [Groaning in pain] Are there any other surprises?

BUMS: I don't think so. Yeah, no, I reckon that's it. That is it, that's it.

FX: HORB GINGERLY CLIMBING THE STAIRS

HORB: [Comedic effort noises like in the famous scene]

FX: HORB TOUCHING THE DOOR KNOB, WHICH IS SCORCHING HOT

HORB: AAAAAARGH!!!!

FX: BUMS OPENING DOOR

BUMS: Ah, yeah, no, it wasn't, it wasn't it. It was the doorknob. I forgot the doorknob. You just forget about doorknobs a lot of the time. It's not in your... if you're not touching a doorknob, you're not thinking about a doorknob, so that is my bad. But you do have to admit, it was pretty funny, though. Like the noises you made.

[Mimicking Horb] AAAAAAARGH!!! It hurts! It hurts! It's funny stuff, it is...

HORB: [Whimpers]

BUMS: Anyway, come on in... uh?

HORB: [Fed up] Horb. It's Horb.

BUMS: Horb... still not... Horb? Horb? OK, cool. Can I get you a... um... what do I get you? [Bums dwindles off into awkward silence, realising he doesn't know what to offer a house guest].

HORB: No... thanks? Look – there's a very serious problem. We need you all immediately. Where is everybody?

BUMS: Uh... they're not home.

HORB: What? Where's Sophie??

BUMS: She's not here. And, well, between you, me, and the doorknob she's being really mean right now.

HORB: HUH?? Uh... OK, then, Wilder?

BUMS: He took his dodecasaurus and went home.

HORB: Norah??

BUMS: She's got her mum's genitals.

HORB: What??

BUMS: Yeah. Uh... Oh! Pix is in the garden!

HORB: Great! Thank God for that! Let's go!

FX: **FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENING**

HORB: She's... she's a cartoon!!

BUMS: Oh THAT's what's different about her! That's been ringing on my noggin all day!

GRAMS: **DISNEY-TYPE MUSIC SWELLS**

PIX: What's that, my animal friends? You want me to sing a legally distinct wishing song? Well, alright. [Singing] When I wish into a well / God, I really hate this spell / All my friends can go to hell...

HORB: SHIT. Well she's useless. Oh God, oh God, oh God, it's just us. We're so screwed! Cooked! Ballsed! FARKLED!

BUMS: Yeah. [Beat] Why?

HORB: There's a massive eyeball-shaped asteroid heading toward Earth.

BUMS: Ah. [Beat] Do you want to have a go on the zipline? It was meant to be a trap but honestly, it just looks pretty fun.

HORB: SHIT.

ATMOS: **HOUSE**

FX: **PING**

NORAH: Right. Let's get this over with then. [Calling] Mum? Mum??

SANDRA: Norah? Is that you? Where on Earth have you been? I've been worried sick!
Please tell me you went AWOL because you're back with Mike. That poor man.
He really misses you, you know.

NORAH: Don't freak out, but...

FX: **PING**

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] I'm... you now. And you're me.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] What on Earth?? What's happened now?? Oh my God oh my
God oh my God.

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] Yeah, my feelings exactly. It's a long story but basically we've
been Freaky Fridayed.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] WHAT??

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] Believe me, I'm as unhappy about it as you are.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] How did this even happen? First I wake up at some weird job-
hunting club, now we've swapped bodies?? Are you on drugs? Am I on drugs???
Are we both somehow on drugs???

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] I wish we were, Mum. Look, I can't explain it to you. You're just going to have to believe me for once. For whatever reason, we've switched bodies.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] Well this just won't do. I demand to be switched back immediately!

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] That's not how this works, Mum. There's no manager you can speak to. The spell lasts 12 hours. We're just going to have to wait it out.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] Have you been dabbling in the occult? In Dungeons and Dragons?? That's even worse than the drugs!

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] Yeah I'm a drug-addled little kobold. I guess I just enjoy finding new and exciting ways to disappoint you. It'll only be 12 hours, then I can do a memory wipe and you can forget this ever happened. I, on the other hand, will be scarred for life.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] 12 hours?? But I have important meetings! I can't go in your body! It's not Be Your Daughter At Work Day.

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] I don't know what to tell you, Mum. You're going to call the CEO of Puppy Mulching Corporation and tell him that you're sick.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] Call in sick?? I have never once called in sick. I gave birth to you on my lunch break!

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] Yes, I know the story. You gave birth to me and invoiced me for the cleaning. Obviously I'll have to do it for you.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] Well you've got plenty of experience skiving off, haven't you. Fine. If we really don't have a choice, take my phone.

FX: NORAH PHONING WORK – PHONE RINGING

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice – coughing pathetically] Oh hi... you. It's Mu... Sandra [another unconvincing cough]. Unfortunately, I won't be able to make it in today as I have... Mad... Butt... Disease. [Pause] No, no, I'm not dying. I'll probably be right as rain tomorrow. [Remembers she's supposed to be sick and coughs again] But not today. Today butt... mad. Yep. Bye bye now.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] Mad Butt Disease?? [Beat] Why would that make you cough??

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] I panicked! Listen, I propose we just go to our own rooms and stay locked away until this passes. That way neither of us can ruin each other's lives.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] What life? You don't have a life! You blew up your life, remember? Wait... that gives me an idea.

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] Oh no, Mum, please don't...

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] I'm going to go out and get your life back.

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] Oh no you're not.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] Yes... Yes, I think this will work out nicely.

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] I don't want my life back! I left my life for a reason!

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] Nonsense, Norah. First things first, I'm putting on a lovely suit and finding you a proper job.

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] Do not... Ugh, you know what? Fine. You go out there and live my best life, Mum. I'll be in my room trying not to look down at any point for any reason. This is SO disturbing.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] This is going to be so much fun! I'm going to make you wear tights. You never wear tights. Yes, I think today is going to be a good day.

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] I really hope the others are suffering for this.

ATMOS: **STREET NOISE**

WILDER: It's OK. You've faced down hordes of nightmare creatures. You can face an angry ex. Just get it over with. Show her how cool and calm you can be under pressure.

FX: **WILDER RINGING DOORBELL, DOOR OPENING**

MARNIE: [Coldly] Hi, Wilder. Thanks for being on time for once, I guess.

WILDER: Hey! Hi! Hey, hon... Mar... hey! Sorry I figured you didn't want me to use my key. I should probably give that back to you, shouldn't I? Hang on...

FX: **WILDER MAKING A PATHETIC EFFORT TO REMOVE HIS KEY FROM HIS KEYRING**

WILDER: You know what? Have the whole bunch. You... deserve them?

MARNIE: Great. Keys for the car you totalled. How thoughtful. Well, let's get this over with.

FX: WILDER AND MARNIE GOING INSIDE

MARNIE: So... where have you been staying?

WILDER: [Defensively] With a friend.

MARNIE: Oh? Which friend?

WILDER: Just a friend. You don't know them.

MARNIE: A woman friend?

WILDER: Well, technically a woman friendly acquaintance.

MARNIE: Right. Of course.

WILDER: Oh... oh no no no no no, it's not like that. No, she's just... it's hard to explain.

MARNIE: Don't bother explaining. It's none of my business any more.

WILDER: But -

MARNIE: I don't want to know, Wilder.

WILDER: There's nothing to know! And it's not just her, there's a whole group of us...

MARNIE: Wow you really didn't waste any time before setting yourself up in some sort of...
polyamorous sex den.

WILDER: It's not a polyamorous sex den. If anything, it's a polyamorous sex mansion. I mean – it's not a polyamorous sex anything! There's no polyamory! And there's definitely no sex, certainly not with Bums!

MARNIE: I don't care which hole you're putting it in, it is not my business what you do with other women.

WILDER: Nooooooooo, Bums is a man. At least... on paper... I think??

MARNIE: Just get your boxes and go. I've packed up your stuff.

WILDER: Oh. I could have done that.

MARNIE: Could you?

WILDER: I mean, in theory. You know, Marnie, I'm not as useless as you think I am. I'm only, like, 75% as useless as you think I am. Maybe 80 on a bad day.

MARNIE: Cool. I definitely want a future with a man who only 80% forgets to pay the bills. Or 80% leaves our future kids at soft play. Or 80% doesn't know you're supposed to put the shower curtain INSIDE the tub.

WILDER: Hey! That was only THREE times!

MARNIE: [Tearfully] You know, Wilder, I really do love you. I wish I didn't, but I do.

WILDER: Well that's good, isn't it? I mean, it's like The Beatles said: "all you need is love"! You can't argue with The Beatles. At least two of them are dead. Three if you believe the rumours, which I personally don't.

MARNIE: See this is exactly the problem. You live in a fucking fantasy world. Yeah, maybe love is enough when you're 17. But we're not kids, Wilder. I need someone I can count on and I just... [Marnie is crying now] I can't count on you.

WILDER: Oh God, Marnie, don't cry. I'd so much rather you were furious with me than... this.

MARNIE: Yeah, me too.

WILDER: What can I do?

MARNIE: Nothing. There's nothing you can do. I've made up my mind. I can't waste any more of my life on you.

WILDER: [Tearful now too] So that's it?

MARNIE: Yeah. I guess that's it. So I'm going out for a couple of hours. I'd appreciate it if you could be gone by the time I get back and take your boxes of TOYS with you.

WILDER: They're not toys! They're for grown ups, THEY'RE FOR GROWN UPS... annd she's gone.

FX: **DOOR SLAMMING**

WILDER: Hey guys. Well, looks like you're all I have left.

FX: **PING**

WILDER: What the? Oh God, the movie magic. I forgot about the movie magic! Annnnd I'm a toy, aren't I? Perfect. Just fucking perfect. How the fuck am I meant to get my

stuff out of here now? Everything's big! I'm going to murder the others.

Metaphorically speaking.

FX: **PRESSES BUTTON**

WILDER: Oh cool, I have wings! Hey... maybe I can...

FX: **WILDER TRIES TO JUMP, CRASHES PAINFULLY**

WILDER: ARGH! Yeah, no, they don't work, obviously. I'm a toy. Buzz Lightyear tried that, remember? Stupid – STUPID!

GRAMS: **MILITARY-STYLE DRUMS**

TOY SOLDIER: Sir, I think I can help, sir!

WILDER: Oh, thank God – finally, someone's on my side. I've taken good care of you, haven't I, soldier?

TOY SOLDIER: You've been a great owner, sir.

WILDER: See? I'm not a useless manchild! In your face, Marnie!

TOY SOLDIER: Don't get me wrong, you are a *terrible* boyfriend, sir.

WILDER: Hey!!

TOY SOLDIER: I call it as I see it, sir! Now how can I be of service?

WILDER: I'd quite like to get back to Pix's house so I can exact bloody revenge. Figuratively speaking.

TOY SOLDIER: Sir, yes sir! Mission accepted!

WILDER: And obviously I'd like to take all this stuff with me.

TOY SOLDIER: [Awkwardly] Ah.

WILDER: "Ah"?? What do you mean "ah"? What happened to "sir, yes sir!"

TOY SOLDIER: Well... it's just there's rather a lot of it and you... are a tiny little toy man.

WILDER: OH GOD! Finally the outside matches the inside.

TOY SOLDIER: If I may, sir – I propose getting you home via one of your many vehicles. Perhaps one of your Transf... uh... [begrudgingly] Converters.

WILDER: No, no, I've done that already. In a previous episode. I mean some sort of manic episode. Probably.

TOY SOLDIER: Then may I suggest the model DeLorean, sir? My men can help you strap a small selection of your, uh... Big Boy Toys... to the roof.

WILDER: How small is this selection?

TOY SOLDIER: [Delivering bad news] Uh... A couple of favourites, sir.

WILDER: But... but... oh God. How would I even decide? My Converters! My legally distinct Scandinavian building shapes! All the small bits of plastic I've spent money on, because the alternative was saving for a future. Oh man, this is Wilder's Choice. We literally have a Sophie and it still ends up being Wilder's Choice. Maybe...

maybe I could just hide out here until I go back to normal? Then in the middle of the night, I could sneak out with all my boxes.

TOY SOLDIER: Sir! May I point out a flaw in this plan, sir?

WILDER: You may not. Yes. No man left behind. I'm a genius.

FX: **SOUND TO INDICATE SMASH CUT**

WILDER: I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE TOOK ME TO THE TIP!

TOY SOLDIER: [Sarcastic] Yes. Who could have ever seen this coming... sir?

WILDER: [Sigh] How about we have less backchat and more loading up the DeLorean?

TOY SOLDIER: Sir, yes sir! Alright men, start loading up the rubber duckies in the shapes of popular video-games characters.

WILDER: I don't want... I can leave those... I... [resigned] Start loading up the rubber duckies.

ATMOS: **ROOF**

BUMS: Great idea going on the roof, mate. Sorry about the... you know...

HORB: The can of paint that swung from the stairs and hit me in the face? The Christmas baubles I stepped on with my bare feet? GETTING ME TARRED AND FEATHERED SOMEHOW??

BUMS: Ah, now technically that was a fan and the inside of Norah's orthodontic pillow.

[Chuckles] That Home Alone kid was lethal. Anyway, where is Verit@s anyway? It seemed to me like she was...

HORB: In charge?

BUMS: Yep. In charge. Definitely wasn't going to say Mum.

HORB: She's off at some mysterious meeting with the New Dawn elders. I stayed behind as lookout.

BUMS: And?

HORB: And what?

BUMS: Did you see anything?

HORB: Yes... the eyeball-shaped asteroid we're trying to stop from ending all life on this planet.

BUMS: Oh right. Yeah. So I reckon this should work.

HORB: What should work? You've just piled a bunch of chairs on top of each other.

BUMS: Yeah! Shows we mean business.

HORB: Oh my God. You don't have the first idea what you're doing, do you?

BUMS: [Chuckles] Nah. But neither do you to be fair.

HORB: You... you boob! You ninny! You nincompoop!

BUMS: [Genuinely noticing] Have you ever noticed that the less you know what you're talking about the more big words you say?

HORB: WELL I'M SORRY! I'VE NEVER HAD TO STOP A GIANT FUCKING EYEBALL!

BUMS: Eyeball... Ow! Why did I poke myself in the eyeball? Wait a minute... That's IT!

HORB: What's it?? All you've said is "eyeball"!

BUMS: That's what we have to do! It's an eyeball. We don't need to knock it out the sky. We need to, like, poke it or blind it! We need to blind it in some way!

HORB: Bums... that's... just crazy enough to work! But how??

BUMS: Oh! Oh! Pix's mirrors! And her laser pointer! Pix did say I wasn't allowed to play with it, though. I should ask her. [Yelling into garden] Hey, Pix. Can I have a go on the laser pointer? She's going to say yes.

GRAMS: **DISNEY MUSIC**

PIX: [Singing] I need a man / A very fragile man

BUMS: Hm. She's singing a song.

PIX: [Singing] Cause boy does this vixen / Sure know how to fix 'em / That always works out grand, [Spoken] right? [Singing] I need a boy / A deeply damaged boy / Cause I like my sweeties / Pathetic and needy / And always unemployed [Spoken] What the hell is wrong with me?? / [Singing] I know he can be / A liability / But helpless and whiny / Looks so very shiny / It's crack cocaine for meeeeeee

[Spoken] GOD I'm so fucked up. [Singing] I need a man (baby), I need a man (baby), I neeeeeed a maaaaaan (baby).

BUMS: I think that was a yes? Huh. That guy she was singing about does sound a lot like Wilder. Anyway – laser pointer, we've solved it. Let's beat this eyeball!

HORB: Inspired! We can focus the laser beam via a magnifying mirror and point it straight at the eyeball! How's that for direct eye contact, huh?? [Horb laughs maniacally].

BUMS: Alright, mate, calm down. You're going to give yourself kidney stones.

HORB: That's not how you get kidney st- never mind just point the laser!

BUMS: Alright. I'm firing it up. I'm pointing it.

GRAMS: HOPEFUL "HE'S GONNA MAKE IT" MUSIC

FX: LASER BEAM GETTING MORE AND MORE INTENSE

HORB: [Hopeful] Oh my God it's... it's...

FX: MUSIC ABRUPTLY STOPPING

HORB: Not at all working.

BUMS: Not even a little bit.

HORB: You can't even see the laser on the asteroid.

BUMS: Yeah. I guess the laser is pretty small. And that's not an actual eyeball, it's just like a giant thing that just looks like an eyeball, I guess. Ah well, you win some, you lose some. You wanna watch cartoons?

HORB: I can't believe this is how I go out.

ATMOS: QUIET STREET, WALKING

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] See now this isn't so hard. I don't know what she's always making such a fuss about. I'm up, I'm well-presented and I'm ready to take on the world.

ATMOS: SANDRA TURNS ONTO A MAIN ROAD. WE ARE IMMEDIATELY HIT WITH AN OVERWHELMING CACOPHONY OF SOUND. CARS AND BUSES RUSHING PAST, CROWDS BUSTLING AND CHATTING, DOGS BARKING, HORNS HONKING, A SIREN BLARING

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] Why is everything so LOUD? What is going on today?? It's like someone's turned the volume right up.

FX: PNEUMATIC DRILL STARTS

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] WHAT IS THAT NOISE?? EXCUSE ME, SIR, WHO AUTHORISED YOU TO MAKE THAT NOISE??

FX: PNEUMATIC DRILL STOPS

BUILDER: Lewisham London Borough Council.

FX: PNEUMATIC DRILL STARTS

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] I have to get... out of here...

FX: SANDRA OPENS A DOOR AND DUCKS INTO A CAFÉ. A SPEAKER PUMPS BASSY MUSIC OVERHEAD. CACOPHONY OF BACKGROUND CHATTER, PLATES AND CUTLERY CLANGING. A TRAY IS DROPPED, CAUSING A MASSIVE CRASH.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] [Gasps] It's all too much. [Shouting] Excuse me, could somebody turn the volume down? And is there really any need to have the big light on?? My... my tights are so ITCHY. How can anyone stand to wear these? It's like fire ants eating my legs. I... I'm so tired. I...

FX: CUT TO SANDRA COMING HOME. SHE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

SANDRA: [In Norah's voice] [Gasps at the noise]. OK, I'm going to do what Norah suggested and just... wait this out. In a dark room with a cold cloth on my head. I can't help but feel I've got the raw end of the deal. Norah's probably having a lovely, relaxing day.

ATMOS: NORAH'S BEDROOM

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] Do no not look at your mum's genitals. Do not look at your mum's genitals. Do not look at your mum's genitals. Fuck you, Wilder!

ATMOS: TIP

WILDER: Hey!!!

TOY SOLDIER: Hey, what, Sir?

WILDER: No idea, just had the eerie sense that someone somewhere was saying “fuck you Wilder”.

TOY SOLDIER: That seems statistically likely, sir! Right. We’re ready to go, sir! So you’ll get in the driver’s seat...

WILDER: Just for the record: awesome.

TOY SOLDIER: Taking one rubber duckie in the passenger seat. Meanwhile my men will strap this firework we found to the roof.

WILDER: That seems like an insanely dangerous thing to leave at a tip. Who does that?

TOY SOLDIER: Dangerous, but efficient, sir! We’ll light the fuse and you should be propelled to the main road, where you can fly onto the back of an unsuspecting vehicle, cut yourself loose and hitch a ride home.

WILDER: Great. Excellent. I approve this plan. But... wait... what will happen to you?

TOY SOLDIER: [Taken aback] Me, sir?

WILDER: Yeah... how will you get back?

TOY SOLDIER: Well... I suppose I’ll just stay here, sir.

WILDER: At the tip? What if they incinerate you?

TOY SOLDIER: That would be a very dark ending for a kids’ movie, sir!

WILDER: Look, I can’t just leave you here! That’s psychopath behaviour and I’m just a harmless weirdo. Also the cutting myself loose bit sounds a bit above my pay

grade. No, I need my best man on the job. Come with me. I'll... I'll leave the rubber duckie.

DUCKIE: [Sad quack]

TOY SOLDIER: [Moved] Sir... it would be my honour to accompany you to your new life.

WILDER: Just... give me a minute to say goodbye, OK?

TOY SOLDIER: Of... of course, sir.

WILDER: [To toys] Well, gang... this is it. I want to say what a pleasure it was spending so much time with you. Cordelia off Buffy The Vampire Slayer Funko Pop... Mint-in-sealed-box Doctor Robotnik figurine... and Rubber duckie in the shape of Solid Snake from Metal Gear.... I think I'm going to miss you most of all.

OMNES: [Improvised toys angrily yelling at Wilder and begging for their lives].

WILDER: God – letting go of childish things is so much harder when they're begging you for their lives. Well, I'd... uh better hit the road. Good luck, fellas. [Mutters] Sorry.

FX: DELOREAN DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

TOY SOLDIER: Ready, men? Light the fuse!

FX: FUSE LIGHTING AND BURNING DOWN – ROCKET TAKING OFF, CAR

WHOOSHING

WILDER: AARRRRRRRRGH I FORGOT HOW MUCH I HATE FIREWORKS!

ATMOS: BUSY RESTAURANT

SOPHIE: [Muttering to self sarcastically] Oh a busy restaurant. Great choice of venue for your autistic client, Mandy. Next time let's do it at a children's birthday party set at a vacuum cleaner testing centre. OK, I should be fine as long as I say as little as possible. Just smile, nod and get out of here before anyone finds out about your grubby little inner monologue.

MANDY: [Sickly sweet] SOPHIE! There you are, sweetheart! [Exaggerated baby voice disappointment] Aaaw. No cake today?

SOPHIE: [Flatly] Oh. Right. Yeah. That's a thing I do.

FX: **PING**

MANDY: [Squeals] Where were you hiding that? Jam roly poly! My favourite! Om nom nom nom! Oh you ARE bad! Come on, you. I've got a table right there with Mum and Dad. They said you've been at a sleepover with some other autistic girls. Isn't that lovely?

SOPHIE: It's... something.

MANDY: Tim! Joanna! Look who I found!

FX: **CHAIRS BEING PULLED BACK**

JOANNA: [Like she's talking to a toddler] Hi, sweetheart, how was your sleepover? Did you make any new friends?

TIM: [Equally patronising] I'd say so. She's been there all week! They're her [really pleased with himself] new special interest.

MANDY: Oh, that's wonderful news, Sophie, it's so GOOD to make new friends. It's SO important for our recovery, isn't it? So I take it you're doing better? No more... little whoopsies?

SOPHIE: I-

JOANNA: She's been doing SO much better, hasn't she, Tim? Lots of baking. We haven't had any incidents at all, have we?

TIM: Absolutely not. That outburst was a one off. All the excitement of the situation, you know?

SOPHIE: Well-

MANDY: Fantastic. That's so great to hear. We all know what happened wasn't ideal, but actually, I think we can make it work for us. It could make for a very inspiring recovery story.

SOPHIE: But-

TIM: We were thinking exactly the same. Weren't we, Joanna?

SOPHIE: Were we??

JOANNA: Totally. We're SO in sync. We show the reality of what people with autism and, their normal families go through with these meltdowns.

SOPHIE: Wait, no, that's not what I...

MANDY: Oh GOOD, we're all on the same page. Now – it won't be an easy road, but that could be... our unique selling point! I was thinking, we pitch a sequel to the documentary. We could call it "All Better Now: For Real This Time". It could chart Sophie's journey from social media darling to documentary star to public disgrace and then... bam! Her redemption arc.

SOPHIE: [More upset] My... redemption arc??

JOANNA: Yes! I love that for her! She can show the world how much she's changed for the better.

SOPHIE: [Desperately] No... I... you can't...

TIM: Totally agree. We show that she's really, really sorry – and that nothing like that will EVER happen again.

SOPHIE: Oh my GOD do you people ever SHUT THE FUCK UP???

ATMOS: RESTAURANT COMES TO A DEAD STANDSTILL

JOANNA: [Hissing] Sophie – please. You're making a scene.

TIM: This is a joke. She's just joking. Aren't you, Sophie?

SOPHIE: Oh, now I'm in the room, am I, Dad?

TIM: [Taken aback] Of... of course you're in the room. We're all here to talk to you!

SOPHIE: No. You're here to talk *about* me as if I'm not even bloody here – and in insipid toddler voices. You sound like a fucking ad for laundry detergent. [Mimicking ad in

baby voice] Are you a mucky pup who's made an ooey gooey sticky wicky mess?

Are you a widdle baby who's also in charge of the weekly shop?

JOANNA: Sophie! Don't talk to your father that way. He's just trying to support you.

SOPHIE: Oh is he? Is he trying to support me? That's funny – I seem to remember a certain set of parents who paid off their mortgage with my paycheque. But yeah, YOU'RE supporting ME.

JOANNA: [Outraged] Sophie!

TIM: Young lady, that is private family business.

SOPHIE: Sure, sure, we wouldn't want people thinking you were exploiting your autistic child now, would we?

MANDY: Oh dear. Perhaps this meeting was premature. I can see Sophie's still... working through her little issues.

TIM: We are SO sorry, Mandy.

JOANNA: Yes, please don't go. Have some cake. She'll behave – won't you, Sophie

SOPHIE: No, MANDY, she will not behave. And you can't have any of MY cake. You don't deserve any of my cake. In fact, I'm taking my cake and going home. There'll be no cake for anybody. You happy, now, Mandy? You've ruined cake.

TIM: Maybe you do need some more rest. Perhaps getting you home is a good idea.

SOPHIE: I'm not going anywhere with you two... ghouls.

JOANNA: [Hurt] Sophie. How could you say this to us?

SOPHIE: How could I SAY it? How could you DO it? How could you DO this to me?

TIM: That is so unfair. We were only ever trying to help you.

SOPHIE: No. You weren't. You were only ever trying to help yourselves.

MANDY: I think that's a bit...

SOPHIE: Oh do one, you... you fucking haircut. You know, for the longest time, I thought I was a fuckup. I thought I'd done something horribly wrong and ruined my life and I had to earn it all back. But you know what I just realised? I don't want it. I don't want any of it. And I don't want any of you.

MANDY: What's wrong with my haircut?

JOANNA: Sophie – if you walk out of this restaurant, don't even think about coming home.

SOPHIE: [Sadly resigned] It was never home.

JOANNA: Sophie! SOPHIE!

MANDY: I can't believe she took the cake!

ATMOS: **ROOF**

BUMS: OK, so the laser didn't work. Neither did the Nerf gun, the cement cannonballs or yelling at the asteroid to go away. So I'm thinking maybe we could use stronger language. We could say, like, you cuntin' eyeball, you motherfucking piece of shit, you eyesquirt. That's not a swear word, but it sounds demeaning.

HORB: FUCK OFF, ASTEROID!

BUMS: Yeah! FUCK OFF ALL THE WAY BACK TO... FUCTOWN! POPULATION
FUCK... OFF!

HORB: Nope.

BUMS: Nope, that's not worked. It was worth a try. [Long, awkward pause] Hold on a
minute... Horb... I've just remembered... I'm magical!

HORB: What??

BUMS: Yeah! I know it sounds mad but... I have magic powers.

HORB: I... know. That's literally the whole reason we know each other. Did this only just
occur to you?

BUMS: And I can do movie magic, like the Weta workshop, but better and real.

HORB: Yes... again – is that not what this whole Home Alone thing is?

BUMS: Uh... no they're just normal house traps.

HORB: Jesus Christ.

BUMS: I could just, let me think, like... I could magic up a nuclear missile. There's loads
of movies with them in! That should be easy.

FX: PING

HORB: BUMS! YOU'RE A GENIUS! I mean, no, not at all. But well done!

BUMS: Now all we have to do is [sings] push/the button/blow that eyeball right up.

[Speaking] Couldn't get it to scan.

HORB: Great! Yes! Let's nuke that motherfucker back into the stratosphere! Now who's laughing, eyeball? [Laughs maniacally again]

BUMS: Ok, but I'm just going to say this, first, let's just have a go on the zipline

HORB: What? Bums, no, we don't have time for... Bums...

BUMS: I'm already on the zipline! Come on!

HORB: BUMS!!

FX: BUMS GRABBING HORB AND GOING DOWN THE ZIPLINE

BUMS: Weee!

HORB: NoooHOW DID YOU TAKE ME WITH
YOU YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH HANDS!

FX: ZIPLINE COMES TO AN ABRUPT STOP

HORB: We're stuck!!

BUMS: Oh yeah. That always happens.

HORB: What do you mean, always? Never mind – Bums, we need to get to that button!

BUMS: Uh... Pix? Are you fixed yet?

PIX: [Singing] Gabbamcgee / deflibbetyjee / Deboobedibobbedibeeeeee....

BUMS: I don't think Pix is fixed.

FX: HAMSTER NOISES

BUMS: HERBERT!

HORB: For the last time, it's Horb! HORB!

BUMS: No Herbert is my hamster! Herb, Horb. Horb, Herb.

HORB: I am officially in the world's stupidest situation.

BUMS: Herb, buddy! I knew you'd come to rescue me! I need you to go over there and push that big red button. Then I need you to go and get help. Herb! He's bit me! Why's he bit me? Why are you biting me?

HORB: And now he's running off. Perfect. Is he... giving you the finger?

BUMS: [Defensively] No! That's a hamster salute!

HORB: [Resigned] OK, sure.

BUMS: Speaking of which, I don't think I can hold onto you for much longer.

HORB: How is that speaking of which?? Wait... what do you mean you can't...? Bums, you are the only thing standing between me and certain death!

BUMS: Yeah, the thing is, mate, as you pointed out. I need both arms to hold onto the zipline. It's nothing personal.

HORB: But... but certain death!

BUMS: It's not THAT far down. And you look like you'd bounce. You've got that bouncing physique. You know when you look at people, you're like "They'd bounce"? It's you, you'd bounce, you're going to bounce. Don't worry about it.

HORB: THAT'S NOT HOW BEING A PERSON WORKSSSSSSSSSSSS [Horb yells the last word as he's dropped from a great height].

FX: **NASTY CRUNCH AS HORB HITS THE GROUND**

BUMS: He didn't bounce.

HORB: [Weakly] Owwww.

BUMS: You walk it off, mate, yeah.

HORB: [With his last strength] Bums... You have... to stop... the asteroid...

BUMS: Oh yeah! Heh I'd forgotten about that. Well there's not much I can do from up here. We really should have waited until AFTER we stopped the asteroid to play on the zipline. This is bad disaster planning. Who came up with this?

HORB: No... shit... Well... I hope... it was worth... the apocalypse...

BUMS: Yeah. Probably not, really. It's not a great zipline. Well. Maybe someone will come along to save us. I bet Norah's on it.

ATMOS: **BATHROOM**

FX: **PEEING**

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] Ew ew ew ew ew ew ew ew ew.

FX: WIPING

NORAH: [In Sandra's voice] EW EW EW EW EWWWWWWW...

ATMOS: MAIN ROAD, FIREWORKS DELOREAN FIZZING

SOLDIER: Not far now, sir! I'll be cutting us free in just a... oh... oh dear God...

WILDER: Is that a good "oh dear God" or an "oh dear God" "oh dear God"?

SOLDIER: That depends. How do you feel about the total obliteration of life on this planet?

WILDER: Uhhh... unfavourable?

SOLDIER: Then it's an "oh dear God" "oh dear God", sir! There appears to be an eyeball-shaped asteroid heading toward Earth.

WILDER: Wait, what??? But somebody is going to stop it, right?

SOLDIER: According to my intel, all other units are currently unresponsive, sir!

WILDER: All of them?? Even Norah??

SOLDIER: Especially Norah. I believe there is an ongoing attempt by one group member...

WILDER: Oh good!

SOLDIER: A Private Bums?

WILDER: FUCK!!! Oh God, so you mean it's up to me? What do I do? What do I do?

SOLDIER: You... you're not going to do anything, sir!

WILDER: Hey, now I know Marnie thought I couldn't handle myself but I can be very useful in certain...

SOLDIER: Sir, I need you to do exactly what I say. On the count of three, you're going to jump out the DeLorean.

WILDER: What?? Why??

SOLDIER: Just trust me, sir. I don't have time to explain.

WILDER: That looks... perilous.

SOLDIER: Do you want to save the world or not, sir?

WILDER: Uh... I mean, I do, but also I'm not even wearing leathers. I will just go splat.

SOLDIER: For fuck's sake, sir! THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE WORLD RESTS ON YOU NOT BEING A LITTLE MANBABY!!!!

WILDER: OK fine. Jeez, what a guilt trip. Alright, on the count of three. I'm going to tuck and roll. Tuck and roll. Any second now.

SOLDIER: Sorry, sir. This is for your own good! It's... been an honour serving you. Goodbye, sir.

WILDER: Wait, no don't shove me-aaaargh even as a toy I'm feeble!

FX: WILDER BEING SHOVED FROM THE CAR, TUMBLING

WILDER: I DON'T KNOW WHAT TUCKING AND ROLLING IS! OW!!! OW!!! OWWWWW!!!!

Oh that actually didn't hurt at all, because I'm still a toy. Those were anticipatory

“ows”. I feel a bit silly now. Oh hey, and I’m back at Pix’s. How’s that for convenient timing? Wait, what’s the soldier doing? He’s not cutting himself loose! Why isn’t he cutting himself loose? Soldier! SOLDIER! No. YOU CAN’T! He’s headed straight for the asteroid. Oh God...

FX: **ROCKET DELOREAN ROCKETING INTO SKY, HITTING ASTEROID AND EXPLODING**

WILDER: Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo soldier! [Wilder starts weeping] He dd it! He sacrificed himself to save us all! Oh this would have had a lot more emotional impact if I’d given him a name. [Downcast] He was my last toy. Is this the end of my childhood?

FX: **SITCOM LAUGH TRACK**

WILDER: Where the fuck did that come from?

ATMOS: **PIX’S LIVING ROOM**

PIX: Well that was the worst 12 hours ever.

WILDER: Yeah, I’m completely traumatised.

SOPHIE: I ruined my entire life.

PIX: Oh, Foetus, no...

SOPHIE: I did. I said things I didn’t even know I meant. I got kicked out of home, sacked by my agent and I’m all alone. I’m fucked. I’m completely fucked. Let’s just hope

Mum and Dad respond to one of my 5000 apology texts and we can put this behind us. Oh God, what if they never speak to me again?

PIX: Would that be so bad? They sound like the douchebags to end all douchebags.

SOPHIE: Of COURSE it would be bad – they're my PARENTS, Pix. Family is everything.

WILDER: [Gently, quietly, to Pix] Pix, she's not ready.

PIX: Foetus, this is our fault. We got carried away. We shouldn't have pushed you to confront people.

SOPHIE: [Heavy sigh] It's not. You didn't know I had that meeting. I should have said I was sick. I should have run away. Yeah! I should have dyed my hair blue and moved to Estonia. What am I going to do now?

PIX: Hey. HEY. Listen to me. You are going to be just fine. Whatever happens... I've got you.

SOPHIE: I can't ask you to take that on. I can't ask you to take me on,

PIX: You didn't. I offered. You're not on your own and you have somewhere to live, alright? I've got you.

SOPHIE: [Crying] Thank you. I... just thank you.

WILDER: Yeah... I also got kicked out of my house and don't have a job.

PIX: I'll help you download Zoopla.

BUMS: Well I had a great time! I made a new friend, and we really bonded, and when the ambulance bounced him away, he gave me the Hamster Salute.

WILDER: What??

PIX: All I know is I was forced to sing about my feelings all day and I came back around to find Bums had completely destroyed the house.

BUMS: Heh. Yeah I did do that. I can't deny it. Your singing was nice, though. I liked the one about Wilder.

WILDER: Huh????

SOPHIE: Speaking of Wilder – we know it was a rough one for you. Not that you didn't deserve it.

WILDER: Why hasn't Sophie's spell worn off yet?

SOPHIE: It has.

WILDER: So... this is just who you are then?

PIX: Hell yeah, it is. Proud of you, babe.

SOPHIE: [Sincerely this time] I learn from the best.

WILDER: So circling back to this song about me...?

SOPHIE: [Rescuing Pix] We know how sad you are about... Soldier. You really should have given him a name.

WILDER: [Sadly] I know.

PIX: So we snuck off back to the tip and...

PIX & SOPHIE: [At the same time] We got the rest of your toys.

BUMS: [Speaking at the same time] We played in the rubbi...got the rest of your toys!

GRAMS: **EMOTIONAL MUSIC SWELLS**

FX: **RUMMAGING THROUGH BOX**

WILDER: Oh my God, you guys... I... I can't believe you did this. This is so sweet. This is so thoughtful. This is...

GRAMS: **MUSIC ABRUPTLY STOPS**

WILDER: So not my stuff. This is half a hand whisk. This is a broken Hello Kitty bike lamp. This is... a dead vole???

BUMS: Glad you like it.

PIX: It's the thought that counts.

WILDER: IS IT??? This never would have happened on Norah's watch! When is she getting back from her Mum's?

ATMOS: **NORAH'S MUM'S HOUSE**

FX: **NORAH KNOCKING ON BEDROOM DOOR**

NORAH: Mum... I'm me again. I'm here to erase your memory. [No reply] Mum?? [No reply] Mum, are you in there?

FX: DOOR OPENING

SANDRA: Ah, Norah, there you are.

NORAH: There I am? I've been hammering the bloody door down.

SANDRA: I didn't hear you. I was working. And now I've got to get to work. I have a LOT of explaining to do.

NORAH: Uh... OK, sure. But, wait I should probably erase the last 12 hours for you. It's bad enough that I have to live with the memories.

SANDRA: I'm very late, Norah. I don't have time for any memory wiping.

NORAH: [Shuddering] Please don't say "wiping".

FX: SANDRA TRYING TO WALK PAST NORAH

NORAH: Woah, wait, Mum. MUM! Jesus, where's the fire?? Look, hey – woah, hey! Take a beat. Stop! Mum! Why don't you want your memory erased?

SANDRA: I'm too busy to talk about this right now.

NORAH: Uh, you don't think we *have* to talk about it??

SANDRA: [Coldly] I've given this enough of my attention.

NORAH: [Like she's been slapped] Wow. Uh... OK. Yeah. Fine.

SANDRA: I've got to go.

NORAH: Of course you do. That's *your* superpower, isn't it Mum? Avoiding the fucking conversation.

SANDRA: [Snapping] Do not swear at me! I am your MOTHER!

NORAH: Then fucking act like it! Just once, act like it!

SANDRA: If you're going to get hysterical then I'm not going to talk to you.

NORAH: You're not going to talk to me no matter what I do! [Vulnerable, like a disappointed child] You really didn't learn anything. Did you? Even after *being* me for 12 hours, you didn't learn a damn thing about me. [Resigned] There is nothing that will ever make you see me. Is there. This... is a lost cause.

SANDRA: I have to go.

FX: SANDRA QUICKLY WALKING AWAY AND SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND HER. THE CAR STARTING UP

NORAH: [Quietly starts to cry].

ATMOS: HOSPITAL – BEEPING MONITORS, DOCTORS AND NURSES BUSTLING ABOUT

VERIT@S: Heyyyy pal...

HORB: [Struggling] Hey, Verit@s.

DOCTOR: Well hey there, sleepy head. Got a visitor I see!

VERIT@S: What's the damage, doctor?

DOCTOR: [Prompting Verit@s] You're next of kin, right?

VERIT@S: Are doctors supposed to wink??

DOCTOR: Oooh it doesn't matter, it's just a silly rule. I'll spill the tea. Horb is going to be just fine. It's psychosomatic.

HORB: Psychosomatic?? Both my legs are broken!

DOCTOR: I'd suggest a nice walk.

HORB: Again... both legs – broken.

DOCTOR: Perhaps some gentle yoga?

HORB: HOW??

DOCTOR: If none of that works, there's always mindful colouring.

HORB: BOTH MY ARMS ARE BROKEN! ALSO WHAT??

VERIT@S: Thank you, doctor, we'll... definitely do that.

DOCTOR: Happy to help.

HORB: You didn't help! Verit@s, where is he going?? He didn't help!

VERIT@S: He can't help. The neurotypicalism has spread. It's now rampant in hospitals. The best he can do is give you bad advice he got from his weird aunt Judith who thinks crystals help her Crohn's Disease.

HORB: We have to stop this.

VERIT@S: You're absolutely right. They're going to have to get a move on with the weapon.

HORB: You think these people should have a WEAPON? I'd gesture at my body being in a full cast but I LITERALLY CAN'T.

TANNOY: This is a message for Doctor Hoyland. Your oncology patients need their hourly reminder to think positively.

HORB: [Darkly] Prepare the weapon.

GRAMS: **END MUSIC**

SOPHIE: It's A Superpower?? is powered by The Daily Tism – a satirical website by and for autistic people (poor things). No AI technologies were used in the making of this show. If you'd like us to make more, please support us on Patreon to hear the whole show early and ad-free, go to Patreon dot com / thedailytism. Starring Sarah Amero, Alasdair Beckett-King, John Butler, Guy Kelly, Stuart Laws, Georgia Mackenzie, Lizzie Schenk and Abigail Weinstock. Guest starring Gabby Hutchinson-Crouch as Mandy and Grace Jarvis as Marnie. Special guest appearance by Patton Oswalt as Herbert. I've been told I'm not allowed to hyperventilate with excitement in the actual credits. 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 cafe music by Pro Sound Effects (PSE). Artwork and logo design by Fraser Geesin.

Now piss off, the lot of you. Yeah, too far. I'll find a balance.

BUMS: Is there an election? I forgot to vote again, I'm sorry, I know that's bad. I'm being a bad citizen.

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: Pain in the face has never been a big deal for anyone, and now you're acting like "uhh the worst thing ever's happened to me". Like, it's not for me to say but grow up a bit.

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: That Home Alone kid was lethal. Cannot believe he got away with it. I, if I was the police at the end of it, 'd've gone "Yeah, sure, I'm arresting the burglars, but I'm arresting this kid as well cos there's something not right about a kid that can think of all that stuff. Where is Verit@s anyway?"

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: Oh yeah, that always happens. There should be like a warning, like a sign when you get on it that just says "Warning: You're gonna get stuck half-way".