

ANDREW: Before we begin, a quick note. *It's a Superpower??* is a show by, for, and about autistic people. Plus five neurotypicals who keep leaving us Instagram comments telling us our autism is no laughing matter. This episode contains material some listeners may find disturbing, including discussions of drug use, ABA, and disco hairdressers. I'm only doing this because they told me I'd get to meet Alasdair Beckett-King.

GRAMS: PREVIOUSLY ON MUSIC INTO THEME SONG

BUMS: Previously on *It's a Superpower??* Everyone went out and left me home alone.

BUMS: (Flashback) I'm home alone! Well, better start building some burglar traps.

BUMS: And it was a bit scary at first. But then I made a new friend!

[FLASHBACK TO BUMS GRIEVOUSLY INJURING HORB]

BUMS: Oh and I found my hamster. For a bit.

HERBERT: (Flashback) You are the worst hamster owner ever.

BUMS: Uhhh... not really sure what the others were up to.

WILDER: (Flashback) Aaargh I forgot how much I hate fireworks!

SOPHIE: (Flashback) Oh my God, do you people ever shut the fuck up?

NORAH: (Flashback in Sandra's voice) Do not look at your mum's genitals. Do not look at your mum's genitals. Do not look at your mum's genitals!

BUMS: Apart from Pix. Turns out she's a really good singer. Especially when she's singing about Wilder!

PIX: (Flashback, singing) I need a man... baby!

WILDER: Wait, I missed that! Bums, play that again! PLAY THAT AGAIN!

BUMS: Sorry mate, I've got no idea how to do that. Annnnnnyway... not much else happened.

MARNIE: (Flashback) I've made up my mind. I can't waste any more of my life on you.

NORAH: (Flashback) That's your superpower, isn't it, Mum? Avoiding the fucking conversation.

SOPHIE: (Flashback) I'm all alone

PIX: (Flashback) Whatever happens, I've got you.

FX: **ROCKET**

WILDER: (Flashback) No! Soldier!

BUMS: There was something I was supposed to do now... uh... oh yeah! Of course. Play the Thong Song!

GRAMS: **THEME SONG**

BUMS: The Daily Tims presents – It's a Superpower?? Chapter Six – Custard Phone!!!

ATMOS: **PIX'S HOUSE, EARLY MORNING**

FX: ANGRY BANGING ON THE DOOR

WILDER: [Yawning, stretching] Why does every day here start with some fucker pummeling the door down?

PIX: [Also waking up] It never did before you lot showed up.

FX: MORE ANGRY BANGING ON THE DOOR

PIX: Alright, alright, keep your tits on.

FX: DOOR OPENING, VERIT@S AND HORB BURST IN [PRODUCTION NOTE, HORB IS USING A POST-LEG-BREAKING WHEELCHAIR FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON

SOPHIE: [Yawning] Guys, what's going on? Oh my God, what happened to you??? I mean I know you're not supposed to ask that but JESUS, what *happened* to you???

HORB: Bums. Bums happened to me.

WILDER: That shouldn't be a complete explanation and yet...

BUMS: Horb! Mate! Cool full-body cast. You look, like, properly injured.

VERIT@S: He IS, like, properly injured. Is Norah here?

SOPHIE: Uh... she's here but... she's not in the best state. I think she needs a lie in. Or a lobotomy.

VERIT@S: [Yelling up the stairs] Norah?? NORAH???

PIX: GOD so much yelling whyyyyyy?

NORAH: [Coming down the stairs] Can I get five fucking minutes?? What is it???

VERIT@S: What is it??? Just the entire fabric of reality crumbling into neurotypical pandemonium. Do you have the first idea of how dire things are getting out there? While you're all dicking about with movie magic and "self-development" instead of working on a weapon, The Grand Neurotypical is consolidating her power! She's getting stronger by the minute!

HORB: And doctors are giving REALLY bad medical advice.

PIX: What else is new?

NORAH: Hey, listen, lady! You don't get to storm in here yelling and demanding and scaring Bums!

BUMS: Yeah! Wait, hang on, am I scared?? Huh. I didn't notice.

NORAH: You're the ones who wanted magical powers. We didn't ask for any of this. So get your own hands dirty for once because we are NOT your staff.

PIX: Hell yeah, Norah!

WILDER: Yeah, Norah, you tell her. I'll watch.

SOPHIE: Oh GOD so much confrontation. Can we just say this is all my fault and stop fighting?

VERIT@S: You think we're happy with the situation?? None of us wanted things to be this way, but here we are. You have our magic. You hold all the cards.

BUMS: That's a point, if we're magicians, why haven't we learned any card tricks?

WILDER: Not now, buddy, you're breaking the dramatic tension.

VERIT@S: I can't believe what I'm hearing! You're being asked to save the whole world! Do you not realise what an honour that is?

NORAH: Oh, it's an honour? The one thing I wanted from this support group was to learn how to stop taking on the world's problems. But no, you and your New Showing Up at the Arse Crack of Dawns...

WILDER: Nice.

NORAH: ...You had to come along and ruin everything! Well I've had enough. If you don't like it, speak to my fucking manager. OH NO WAIT, THAT'S ME!

WILDER: In the best possible way, I think we've just found the origin of the phrase "bloody Norah".

VERIT@S: [Trying a new tack] Norah. Look. I'm sorry. We've been asking a lot of you and perhaps my tone could have been more conciliatory.

NORAH: Or less cunt.

VERIT@S: Or that. But that doesn't change the fact that we need to find The Grand Neurotypical and take her down, otherwise all this will become permanent. Is that what you want?

NORAH: It doesn't seem to matter what I want, does it? I wanted my mother to understand me. I wanted a husband who supported me. I wanted to never see my mum's gubbins. You know what? Put someone else in charge. I'm going on strike.

BUMS: Uh oh, that's what MY mum sounds like right before she gets on the wines.

PIX: Uh, Norah? Like, love this for you... I'm just wondering if this is really the best time oh wow that's a potent death glare.

WILDER: I know I'll regret saying this but Norah – take a chill pill!

FX: _____ **PING**

WILDER: Ohhh I made a literal chill pill. Well – are you more relaxed?

NORAH: No, but I AM freezing cold??

WILDER: That still counts! Do not use this as evidence of my incompetence!

SOPHIE: I'll lead the project.

PIX: You sure about this, Foetus?

SOPHIE: Yes. I can totally do this. And honestly, I need the distraction. Neither of my parents have texted me back since The Incident and there's only so much I can hyperventilate.

VERIT@S: Thank you, Sophie. See, everyone? Sophie's HELPFUL.

SOPHIE: I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for Norah. We've been putting too much on you, Norah. It's time for the rest of us to step up. And if it gives me an excuse to

put my phone on silent and shove it in the back of a cupboard for the day, that's just an added bonus. Plus, who else is going to do it? [Sarcastic] Wilder?

WILDER: Hey! You know, I did single-handedly save us all from an eyeball-shaped asteroid.

PIX: Wasn't that the toy soldier you didn't bother to name, not even posthumously?

SOPHIE: You'll have your weapon by the end of the day.

PIX: Jesus, ever heard of under promising and overdelivering?

SOPHIE: [More firmly] You will have your weapon by the end of the day. But we're not tracking down The Grand Neurotypical. You two are going to do that.

VERIT@S: Us? But we don't have any powers. If we get caught, we could get seriously hurt.

HORB: [Sarcastic] Oh yeah, we wouldn't want anyone to get seriously hurt.

SOPHIE: Great. That's settled then.

VERIT@S: Is it??

HORB: [Grumbling] I think there might still be an unbroken rib or two.

NORAH: Pix, where's your weed? I would very much like to get blasted.

PIX: Uh, sure, babe. Far be it from me to discourage you but – are lawyers allowed to smoke weed?

NORAH: Fuck being a lawyer. Fuck everything.

BUMS: Yep. Any second now she's going to start ranting about that good-for-nothing father of mine.

HORB: Is she going to be OK?

WILDER: Norah, I don't wish to be an alarmist but the guy in the full-body cast is concerned for your wellbeing.

NORAH: I'm going to be fine. For the first time in my life, I think I'm going to be jussst fine.

PIX: Great. Well, the stash is in the kitchen in the jar marked "weed". Knock yourself out. We'll just be... uh... following Foetus's instructions... I guess.

SOPHIE: I've got this. Verit@s, Horb, let us know when you've found her. We'll be ready to fight.

WILDER: Uh... I'm really more of a lover than a fighter.

BUMS: I'm really more of a lay-er-in-bed-er-er-er-r. I really lost control of the word "bed".

VERIT@S: Fine. We'll see what we can find out.

HORB: Oh good. More mortal peril.

SOPHIE: Come on, gang. Let's go!! Group high five?

PIX: Not unless you're prepared for a five-person pile up.

VERIT@S: Alright, we're off. Sophie-

SOPHIE: I won't let you down.

FX: SIGNALS SMASH CUT

SOPHIE: Soooo... any ideas at all... any time now...

FX: TUMBLEWEED

ATMOS: STREET

HORB: Well now the fuck what? Where do we even start?

VERIT@S: Fucked if I know. Asking “where do neurotypicals like to go?” seems redundant.

HORB: Yeah, they're everywhere. The freaks.

VERIT@S: I guess we just... go into the first aggressively neurotypical place we see and just... ask around?

HORB: That doesn't narrow it down. On this street alone, you've got disco skating, disco bowling, disco bingo... Is that a disco GP??

VERIT@S: Horb, look!

HORB: Disco hairdresser?? This is the worst apocalypse ever.

VERIT@S: Yep. It's horrible. Trying to hear the small talk over all that background noise. It'll be crawling with them. Someone in there will know something.

HORB: [Still grumbling] Would have preferred a zombie apocalypse. Even a zombie MUSICAL would have been better than this.

FX: THUMPING DISCO MUSIC FROM THE OUTSIDE, DOOR OPENING, MUSIC AND BACKGROUND CHATTER UNBEARABLY LOUD

HAIRDRESSER: Hi!!! Here for a lop'n'bop?

HORB: [Shrieks]

VERIT@S: Ignore him. He was just jumpscared by... you and everything you stand for.

HAIRDRESSER: Uhhh...

VERIT@S: Never mind. We're actually looking for someone...

HAIRDRESSER: Uh, sure. Who are you looking for? Emmy does a great snip'n'dip.

VERIT@S: That's the tricky bit. We're not exactly sure who she is.

HAIRDRESSER: Ummm... I'm not sure what you mean. I've got a walk-in appointment now for a shave'n'rave?

HORB: Good GOD no!

VERIT@S: We're looking for the woman who's... making everything happen. All this... exciting... yeah. Do you have any idea who I'm talking about?

HAIRDRESSER: Oh! [Realising] Oh... Yes. I think I know who you mean. At least, there are rumours around the salon. But then when aren't there rumours around the salon?

HORB: [Sadly] I want to go home.

VERIT@S: Yes! Anything you can tell us to set us on the right path. We want to... thank her? Maybe exchange some pleasantries about the weather?

HAIRDRESSER: Well. You didn't hear it from me, but... There MIGHT be a way to track her down. Only... it's not going to be easy.

VERIT@S: Great! What is it?

HAIRDRESSER: A scavenger hunt. A series of clues hidden across the city. If you can solve the riddles, it'll get you where you need to go. [Conspiratorially] Here's the first envelope. But just a heads up – they're HARD. Like, really hard. Many have tried and failed.

HORB: I... I guess we'll give it a go.

ATMOS: STREET

FX: ENVELOPE BEING OPENED

VERIT@S: [Reading] A thing autistics can't look into, A lens you can and cannot seen through, Pods of people in the sky, I'm talking about the... oh come ON.

HORB: It can't actually be The London Eye! It's got to be a misdirect!

FX: SMASH CUT

ATMOS: THE LONDON EYE, CROWDED, NOISY

VERIT@S: Yeah, no, it was fully The London Eye. Look, here's the clue right behind the ticket booth.

HORB: But... but I was promised a challenge! The first thing I'm going to do when we're in charge is rewrite this scavenger hunt!

VERIT@S: Let's just solve the next riddle and get out of here. [Reading] If riddles more are what you seek, A night of glamorous mystique, in the Museum of Natural History, you must solve a... ARE THESE FOR FUCKING REAL??

HORB: It's not a clue if you STRAIGHT-UP SAY THE NAME OF THE LOCATION!! The one time we DO need them to speak in riddles.

VERIT@S: This woman is a monster. We need a weapon YESTERDAY.

HORB: [Darkly] Agreed. Thank God Sophie's on it.

FX: **SMASH CUT**

ATMOS: **PIX'S LIVING ROOM, DEAD SILENCE – LIKE, CRICKETS**

SOPHIE: We just need, like, any ideas. Seriously – there are no bad ideas.

NORAH: Not as easy as it looks is it? [Norah tokes self-satisfiedly on her joint].

SOPHIE: Come on, gang. It's been an hour!

WILDER: It's only been an hour??

BUMS: Ooh, ooh.

SOPHIE: Yes, Bums?

BUMS: I... just thought making that noise would lead to an idea.

SOPHIE: And?

BUMS: Ummm... ooh! OOH!

SOPHIE: [Optimistically] Yes??

BUMS: Nope. Doesn't work. If anything my brain's more confused now, because it's like "Oh we've had an idea, but hang on, I don't know what the idea is. But the idea must have come from me, so why don't I know it?"

PIX: Fucking HELL! It shouldn't be this hard to come up with literally anything. We're not even restricted to movie magic anymore! Why can't we think of a thing?

NORAH: I have an idea!

SOPHIE: Norah – thank GOD. Please – go ahead.

NORAH: We need snackssssss.

SOPHIE: [Excited] Right! OK, so, like... would the snacks contain some sort of poison? How would we make her eat the snacks?

NORAH: Nooooooooo I mean snacks for Norah!

PIX: Kitchen, third cupboard on the left.

NORAH: Third what on the what? [Giggles]

SOPHIE: Someone get Norah some snacks so we can get back to work. And Wilder, can you please pay attention? Stop scrolling on your phone!

BUMS: I wonder if The Grand Neurotypical has a phone.

PIX: Of course she has a phone, Bums. Everyone has a phone. She probably spends all day making unsolicited video calls.

SOPHIE: Please – I'm begging you all to focus. I made some pretty wild promises...

NORAH: Promises. Am I saying that right? Pro-my-sez. Prom-i-seez? [Giggles hysterically].

WILDER: Oh brother.

SOPHIE: We have to think of a way to get to her. If only there was something we knew she'd definitely use.

BUMS: [Sincerely trying to work it out] Yeah. Something she'd always have on her. A bit like her phone. Something like that. That ballpark.

PIX: It feels like we're circling it. It's probably not helping that Norah's hotboxed the room.

WILDER: Drawing a blank here. I can't think of anything I use more than my phone.

SOPHIE: Don't worry, guys. We'll get there. So, what's like a phone, but not a phone.

NORAH: Oh for God's sake! Make a weapon out of her phone! [Norah giggles maniacally.]

SOPHIE: Norah! That's it! That's brilliant!

NORAH: What is? What did I say? We should get some snacks.

PIX: NORAH YOU ARE LITERALLY MAGICAL!

NORAH: Oh yeah! [In silly voice] Let's have a little rummage through the Mum Bag?

FX: RUMMAGING

NORAH: Crisps! All the flavours of crisp history! Crispory! [Norah laughs hysterically]

PIX: Norah, if you eat those crisps within earshot, I can't be held responsible if you happen to get murdered - by me.

WILDER: I will be her alibi.

NORAH: Ugh, fine. I'll dig out some quiet foods.

FX: **RUMMAGING**

SOPHIE: We just have to figure out how to turn her phone against her.

WILDER: Oooh, we could spam her from unknown numbers. Her anxiety will be so high, she won't be able to function!

PIX: Pretty sure that only works on us.

BUMS: We could prank call her? Like hi... this is... uh...

WILDER: Bums?

BUMS: No, it's got to be something stupid.

PIX: We could call her and make a really... loud... noise?

NORAH: Oh my God, Sophie! Sophie! Sophie! Remember when you were like "there are no bad ideas"? [Giggles hysterically] TURNS OUT THERE ARE MANY BAD IDEAS! [Mimicking the group] "Oooh let's call her and send water through the phone so she gets squirted right in the face! That'll wash her face for her!" [Norah dissolves into giggles again].

SOPHIE: That's... unfortunately the best plan we currently have.

PIX: Hmmm... it's actually not half bad.

WILDER: In that it's fully bad?

PIX: Not squirting her with water, obviously. But what if we *could* send a substance through the phone— something that would incapacitate her without hurting her. Sophie, you're pretty good at portals, right?

SOPHIE: Aaw you noticed. I've been working really hard on portals.

NORAH: [Completely hyper] A* for Sophie! Wooooooooooooo!

WILDER: This is actually... kind of brilliant? Any of us any good at science?

OMNES: [Improvised "nopes"]

SOPHIE: Well great. We've picked an excellent time to buck a stereotype. Guys, we NEED to get our shit together. Do you want to spend the rest of your lives being forced to attend hokey, themed events?

ATMOS: **LARGE ECHOEY BUILDING**

VERIT@S: Through here – in the main hall. Ugh, I've been magically dressed like a 1920s flapper. Cringe.

HORB: It's alright for you! You try wearing a vest over four broken ribs. Anyway, aren't you usually dressed like a 1950s housewife?

VERIT@S: Keep making fun of my dress sense if you want there to be zero mystery in this murder mystery. Look! Under the giant whale, next to that long table! That's got to be our man!

HORB: How come he gets a deerstalker hat? I want a deerstalker hat!

VERIT@S: Come on!

HORB: [Muttering] At least a trilby or a fedora.

GRAMS: HUGH FLOUNDER THEME

HUGH: Welcome to the Murder Mystery in the Museum of Natural History! My name is Hugh Flounder, internationally renowned Private Investigator. I am here to guide you through this complex crime – every bit as intriguing as my most famous case, *Murder of a Famous Bastard*, as you'll have all heard in my podcast. [Pause, sad] Sorry I was just, um. People normally go "oooh".

VERIT@S: I don't really listen to podcasts.

HORB: I do but I've never heard of you.

HUGH: [Disappointed] Oh. Well, uh, check it out if you can. Maybe give me a five-star review? Only if you're enjoying it though, no pressure. [Energy back up] In this murder mystery you play at your peril, for the cost of failure is death!

HORB: Will everyone please stop threatening me with death??

HUGH: DO YOU MIND? I'm doing my thing! You are trapped in here for as long as it takes to solve the case, and I might not help you. I might mislead you; I might trick you; I

might distort your very concept of reality. I might wait until you're distracted and steal your wallets.

VERIT@S: What??

HUGH: [Sadly] There's not a lot of money in podcasting. [Back on] To our case! We join our characters the night before the death. One victim, and twelve guests, enjoying a final meal together at Va Dinci's-

VERIT@S: Oh, so, The Last Supper?

HUGH: N- no, um.

VERIT@S: Why are they all sitting on one side of the table, then?

HUGH: [Rallying] Your job is to figure out who is the murderer.

VERIT@S: So, Judas.

HORB: No wait, I think it's a trick question. Because Judas didn't technically murder Jesus, he just betrayed him.

HUGH: [A little ashamed] Uh, no yeah, it's Judas, it's totally Judas.

HORB: Really???

HUGH: Yeah. Sorry.

VERIT@S: Let's go!

FX: THEY LEAVE THE ROOM

HUGH: Wait, no, c'mon, guys, don't go! I had a whole thing planned! I was going to sing you a song! There were dance moves! DANCE MOVES! [Calling after them]
WHAT IF IT WAS A DISCO MURDER MYSTERY?? Don't forget to check out my podc- and they're gone.

ATMOS: **PIX'S LIVING ROOM – DEAD SILENCE AGAIN**

WILDER: I've got it! What if... we sent perfume down the phone, leaving her with a headache that lasts... [dramatic pause] for hours!

PIX: Again, Wilder, everything we hate, she loves! All you've done is given her a thoughtful Mother's Day present.

WILDER: Fine! What about that dye they put in security tags? Then everyone would... uh... think she shoplifted her sweater.

SOPHIE: [Sarcastically] She won't know what hit her.

BUMS: Oooh! What if we send that dye that turns the pool water blue when you pee? Then everyone will think she's pissed herself in the swimming pool!

SOPHIE: One, that's not a real thing. Two, she's not IN a swimming pool. And three... that's NOT A REAL THING!!

FX: **BUTTHOLE WALKING IN**

NORAH: BUTTHOLE! Butthole is here! Butthole will have many good ideas, won't you, Butthole?

BUMS: It's a silly name for a cat, Butthole...

FX: **BUTTHOLE LICKING [SORRY]**

NORAH: Oh MAN! She got my custard!

WILDER: So? Just magic up another custard!

NORAH: But I wanted THAT custard!

BUMS: What's wrong with that custard?

NORAH: Butthole's licked that custard!

WILDER: Correction – Butthole's licked her butthole, THEN licked that custard.

BUMS: [Getting genuinely wound up] I don't care! There's a simple rule – you don't waste custard!

NORAH: Custard is starting to sound REALLY weird. Custard. Cusst-ard...

PIX: WILL EVERYONE STOP SAYING "CUSTARD"!!

SOPHIE: Custard... CUSTARD!! Oh my GOD! CUSTARD!!

PIX: Or just say it loads more, I guess.

SOPHIE: No – Pix!! Custard!!!

NORAH: Yep, definitely sounds weird. Crust...hard... OH MY GOD, BECAUSE CUSTARD SETS AND GETS A HARD CRUST!

SOPHIE: YES!! Norah is right!

BUMS: About it being called crustard? Because I've spent my whole life saying "custard"!
[Chuckles] That's so embarrassing. What am I like?

SOPHIE: No not about "custard", that's insane. About custard setting.

PIX: Oh my God...

WILDER: Norah! You beautiful... baked... boffin!

SOPHIE: We can send the custard through the phone as a liquid. Then we just... uh... need to chill it for six hours. Balls.

NORAH: You should just give her a giant chill pill. [Norah sparks up again]

PIX: Call me crazy but... uh... *could* we give her a giant chill pill?

BUMS: We could mash it up and put it in the custard, like when Mum hides my medicine.

WILDER: OK so – we send custard down the phone to her – infused... with chill pill. That I invented! NOW who's incompetent?

PIX: Still you.

SOPHIE: YES!!! This is brilliant. This is a job for... Custard Phone!

ATMOS: **STREET, RIVERSIDE**

HORB: I really hope this is the last one. You try pushing a wheelchair with two broken arms. Say... would you mind pushing me? Just for a bit?

VERIT@S: I need my hands for opening the clues.

HORB: Right. Yeah. Makes sense. [Pause] Wait, does it??

FX: OPENING ENVELOPE

VERIT@S: They thought from skies that planes would fall, its monument is half a ball, this hub of leisure I call home, you'll find me in the... honestly, who even calls it the Millennium Dome anymore?

HORB: The fucking O2 arena?? That's all the way back where we came from! If I have to wait for one more bus with a vacant wheelchair or pram space! Yes, that's one space for EITHER NEED! This Grand Neurotypical has a lot to answer for!

VERIT@S: Oh that wasn't her, that's just regular ableism.

HORB: Well ableism is BAD, I've decided, and I'll be putting a stop to it.

VERIT@S: You do that. In the meantime, though, how are you on boats?

HORB: Constantly anxious. Sweating profusely. Physically sick. Pretty much the same as I am on land.

VERIT@S: We'll get whatever tourist boat comes along next. I think that's one now!

FX: PARODY ABBA SONG MUSIC GROWING CLOSER

VERIT@S: Ugh, The Grand Neurotypical's chaos is everywhere. It's one of those Godawful ABBA cruises.

FX: BOAT DOCKING

SWEDISH MAN: Two for the river cruise?

VERIT@S: Yes please. Is there going to be enforced dancing?

SWEDISH MAN: Not at all. In fact, if you don't sit perfectly still, we will electric shock you.

HORB: What??

VERIT@S: Oh no...

SWEDISH MAN: If you get hungry during the journey, we will electric shock you – having said that, today's special is mac and cheese...

HORB: Cool!

SWEDISH MAN: With lots of little green bits in it.

HORB: Oh NO...

SWEDISH MAN: And if you try to pick them out, we will electric shock you.

VERIT@S: Horb... I don't think this is an ABBA cruise.

GRAMS: PARODY ABBA SONG

SWEDISH MAN: An ABBA cruise? Heavens, no. What gave you that impression? This is an ABA cruise. Don't worry – it's not the bad ABA with electric sho- oh no wait, sorry, it is.
[Laughs] My bad.

HORB: Yep – ableism – definitely not a fan.

GRAMS: ABBA PARODY MEDLEY MUSIC TO SHOW PASSING OF TIME

SINGING: Don't go causing a commotion / please suffer quietly / Look into my painful eyes /
one look you're desensitised / Shocking you till you can act like I want you to /
Shocking you, soon you'll behave in the Waitrose queue / If you fear me, still you
must come near me ABA / She's not a baby, make her eat her gravy, ABA /
Mamma dear, there she goes again / My my, how can you restrain her / Mamma
dear, on her toes again / My my, like a dog we'll train her.

FX: HORB AND VERIT@S DEPARTING THE BOAT

SWEDISH MAN: Goodbye! Don't forget not to bother anyone with your autism!

HORB: [Muttering] I'll show you bothering you with my autism.

VERIT@S: Forget it, Horb. The ABA cruise is a symptom of something bigger. To kill it... we
have to kill the source.

HORB: You mean figuratively, right? I'm just going to assume you mean figuratively.

VERIT@S: It's this way! Follow the sound of the TV and the radio being on at the same time.

FX: VERIT@S AND HORB RUNNING / WHEELING TOWARD THE INCREASING
CACOPHONY OF NOISES – THE TV, THE RADIO, MUSIC THUMPING, A
LARGE CROWD ALL CHATTERING, WHOOPING, SHRIEKING - IT'S
PANDEMONIUM

VERIT@S: In there! The main arena!

FX: DOORS OPENING

VERIT@S: Ho-ly fuck.

HORB: Jesus. How many people do you reckon that is?

VERIT@S: It's got to be at least 20,000. Don't draw attention to us. Just – stay back, stay hidden and watch.

HORB: Verit@s, I think I've been a pretty good sport about everything, but even I have limits and we are... potentially going to reach them at some point.

VERIT@S: Shh...

GRAMS: STRICTLY-COME-DANCING-STYLE MUSIC

FX: CROWD CHEERING AND CLAPPING ALONG OUT OF TIME

HORB: Eugh so much flashing lighting! And why are they all clapping out of time??

VERIT@S: The first guy to start clapping did it and they all synced to him even though he was clearly objectively wrong.

HORB: Sheeple!

SFX: LOUDSPEAKERS VOICE EFFECT

ANNOUNCER: [Geordie accent] Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome, the one behind all the delightful mayhem you've been loving – make some noise...

VERIT@S: MORE noise??

SFX: LOUDSPEAKERS VOICE EFFECT

ANNOUNCER: For our magnificent thought leader...

HORB: What the fuck is a “thought leader”?

HORB: It’s The Grand Neurotypical! UGH so many sequins! She’s like a human disco ball!

VERIT@S: She’s dancing onto the stage. I have never hated anybody more.

CROWD: [Frenzied whooping, cheering – “we love you”]

SFX: **SPEAKING THROUGH MIC**

GRAND NT: Thank you! Thank you! You’re too kind! Thank you! I love you too! I “live laugh love” you.

VERIT@S: Oh VOM.

GRAND NT: Thank you.

CROWD: [Quietens down]

GRAND NT: You’re all here today to celebrate me and the changes I’ve been making to our broken society. I commend you for that. I want you each to turn to your neighbour and give them a pat on the back.

VERIT@S: EW.

CROWD: [Confusion, people bumping into each other as everyone turns to the wrong neighbour]

HORB: She didn’t specify a direction and there’s not a single person with a clarifying question.

GRAND NT: My work is just beginning. I have many more exciting changes to unveil. Perfume pumped out on every bus. Round the clock karaoke, and all the songs are Adele. Double, no triple the amount of labels in clothes. But, my beloved devotees, I stand before you today with news that will shock and outrage you. I have had word that a renegade group of “Neurodiversity activists”...

CROWD: [Booos and hisses]

GRAND NT: Have been plotting against me and my spangly utopia.

CROWD: [Cries of outrage]

GRAND NT: These people, these... NAs – are a bunch of troublemakers. They believe they have autism, despite being nothing like my nephew, who has the REAL autism. The kind you see gazing off into the middle distance on charity leaflets. [Tearfully] Look at his confused face. Well don't worry, little buddy. When I'm in charge, you'll be cured! And while the images are on the screen, scan the QR code to follow me on Insta. We cannot let these lawless bandits win. They pose a threat to our very way of life. It is for that reason, that I offer a bounty for their capture. In a moment, I shall unleash the biggest hen party in the history of the universe.

CROWD: [Whoops and screams with enthusiasm]

HORB: Oh. Dear. God.

GRAND NT: If you look under your seats, you will find your uniforms.

FX: RUMMAGING UNDER SEAT

VERIT@S: A feather boa, a sash that says, “slag of honour” and a pair of penis antlers.

HORB: What are penis antl- oh exactly what they sound like.

VERIT@S: They’re literal dickheads.

GRAND NT: The hen party will spread throughout the city until it reaches the treasonous
heathens, and will trap them in the festivities, forcing them to... [dramatic pause]
join in!

CROWD: [In an absolute frenzy now]

GRANT NT: Find them and bring them to me and you shall be rewarded with suspiciously
vague riches.

HORB: Well this is terrible. Terrible, awful, horrendous, ghastly, disastrous, beastly...

VERIT@S: Come on, we’d better go and warn them – before you run out of synonyms.

HORB: What if their weapon isn’t ready?

VERIT@S: It will be. You saw how seriously Sophie was taking it. She’ll have kept everybody
on track. You’ll see.

FX: DOOR UNLOCKING AND OPENING

HORB: GUYS! GUYS?? WE CAME TO WARN YOU THAT... Where the hell is
everybody??

SFX: MUFFLED CHANTING AT START SO YOU CAN'T MAKE OUT THE WORDS,
GROWING LOUDER AND CLEARER AS HORB AND VERIT@S GET CLOSER
TO IT

FX: LIVING ROOM DOOR OPENING

OMNES, GANG: CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG!

BUMS: [Glugging].

HORB: Is that...

VERIT@S: Everyone but Bums pouring custard into a phone? Yes.

HORB: So that's...

VERIT@S: Bums holding the phone to his mouth and necking the custard coming out of it?
[Wearily] Yeah.

OMNES, GANG: CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! YEAHHHHHHHHH! CUSTARD PHONE!
CUSTARD PHONE! CUSTARD PHONE!

VERIT@S: ENOUGH!!!!

OMNES, GANG: [Abrupt silence].

VERIT@S: THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING INSTEAD OF INVENTING A WEAPON??
CUSTARD PHONE???

WILDER: No no, you misunderstand. The weapon IS Custard Phone.

SOPHIE: It's much less stupid than it looks and sounds and is.

PIX: Not THAT much less.

NORAH: And it's a new, fun way to enjoy crustard. CRustard? Crustard.

BUMS: I don't feel well. I don't know why...

VERIT@S: Well it's a fucking joke! This is what you've come up with? This... wet dream for stoners?

PIX: Thank you, marijuana.

VERIT@S: We came here to warn you – we found The Grand Neurotypical. We know what her plan is. She's sending out a mass hen party to hunt you down. Look!

PIX: Penis straws, a candy thong and an inflatable man who looks like he takes inflatable steroids.

WILDER: I can't be at a hen party! What if they think I'm a stripper and begin ripping off my clothes in a Prosecco-fuelled frenzy??

PIX: Chances seem slim.

WILDER: It's not funny, Pix. I could be in serious danger. I'm a prime hunk of... meat.
Alright, I hated myself before I even finished the sentence. Actually, I hated myself before I even STARTED the sentence.

HORB: Don't you get it?? Thanks to you, we're doomed to a life of hairdressers offering a short back and sides and a cha cha slide!

SOPHIE: What?? Look – I don't know what you want from us. You asked for a weapon and we delivered a weapon! A delicious weapon!

VERIT@S: If she captures you now, you will lose. And then nobody can stop her. Life as we know it will be over. SO EXCUSE ME FOR NOT DOING CARTWHEELS FOR CUSTARD PHONE!

BUMS: Hey! Hey! No! You do not have a go at Custard Phone!

NORAH: Yeah! What did Custard Phone ever do to you? WE SHOULD MAKE NACHOS!

VERIT@S: You lot really are the worst. A bunch of total screwups. A drooling heap on the floor of the opium den.

HORB: Ohhhhhh this is SO much worse than if we'd just been banished.

PIX: Would you two SHUT UP?? Have you stopped for one second to think that we might actually have a PLAN for Custard Phone? I can't believe I just said that sentence my life is so stupid.

VERIT@S: A PLAN FOR CUSTARD PHONE??? DO YOU EVEN HEAR YOURSELF?

PIX: No, because I can't hear a thing over all your BLOODY YELLING. Ugh, when people act like this, it just makes me want to... I just want to...

FX: **GROUND SHAKING VIOLENTLY**

WILDER: Uh... Pix... is this a magical meltdown? Because we haven't had one of those yet and I can't imagine they're super happy fun times.

PIX: No... no it's not... it's... [realising, happiness rising] something much better!

Quick. Everybody hold hands. Aaw sweet that Bums ran straight to Wilder.

VERITAS: Pix? What are you doing? You can't run away from this. The problem isn't going to disappear just because you're hiding in your...

FX: **PING**

FX: **CALM, TRANQUIL FOREST SOUNDS**

SOPHIE: [In wonder] Paracosm! We're in Pix's paracosm!

MOAN: Hello everybody! I suppose you'll be wanting the tour.

GRAMS: **END MUSIC**

BUMS: It's A Superpower?? is powered by The Daily Tims – a satiri... a sat... it's a website by and for people with autism.

NORAH: [Wearily] Autistic people. Poor things.

BUMS: Oh yeah. And we made this show without using AI.

WILDER: AI???

BUMS: It says "AI".

NORAH: A – I, Bums.

BUMS: Ohhhhh I thought we were leaving out Alasdair and I was like "bit harsh, but OK."

NORAH: Shall I just finish us off?

PIX: TITLE OF MY SEX TAPE.

WILDER: Hey!

NORAH: Fuck's sake. As Bums was trying to say - no AI technologies were used in the making of this show. If you'd like us to make more, please support us on Patreon to hear the whole show early and ad-free, go to Patreon dot com / thedailytism. Starring Sarah Amero, Alasdair Beckett-King, John Butler, Guy Kelly, Stuart Laws, Georgia Mackenzie, Lizzie Schenk and Abigail Weinstock. Special guest appearance by Tilly Gibbs as Butthole. Special guest appearance by Mark Watson as Hugh Flounder. Check out his podcast Murder of a Famous Bastard to enjoy an actual murder mystery – just hang on to your wallets. 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. ABA medley inspired by a Daily Tism article by Elsa Williams. Hugh Flounder theme by Mat Ryer. Original music and scoring by Sara Gibbs and Frankie Lowe. Sound engineering by Frankie Lowe. Editing and sound design by Dave Bulmer. Sound effects by Pro Sound Effects (PSE). Artwork and logo design by Fraser Geesin.

BUMS: NOW can we listen to the Thong Song?

PIX: No!

BUMS: Mate! That's a cool full-body cast, can I sign it? You look like you're properly injured, like you're the sort of person that would never bounce in a thousand years. Some people, I don't know if you know this, some people bounce. Like, they've just got this, like, feel to them and they don't really get injured. You look like you don't bounce. You look like you hit the ground, and you get properly injured.

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: Yeah, wait, hang on, am I scared? Did I get scared? I have no idea.

BUMS: Yeah, wait, am I scared? It's never really, I'm not in contact with that sort of... am I scared? I'm scared of the future I guess, not in this exact moment.

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: I just thought that making that noise would lead to an idea, like I've tricked my brain into being like "Ooh, he's got an idea!" and then the brain would be like, "and here it is!" But...

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: No, it's got to be something stupid like... "I'm the butcher. And I've got an issue with my meat." Heh heh.