

ANDREW: Before we begin, a quick note. *It's a Superpower??* is a show by, for, and about autistic people who aren't cute enough to get a show on a mainstream channel. This episode contains material that might be disturbing, including mentions of animal death, scary monsters, and super creeps. Look, I'm the rock podcast bloke. They knew what they were getting when they asked me.

GRAMS: PREVIOUSLY ON MUSIC LEADING TO THEME SONG

PIX: Previously on *It's A Superpower??* Horb and Verit@s were extremely RUDE – again.

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

PIX: Norah finally had enough of their shit.

NORAH: (Flashback) You know what? Put someone else in charge. I'm going on strike.

PIX: Actually, Norah finally had enough of everyone's shit.

NORAH: (Flashback) Crustard? Crusstard? Crustard!

PIX: To shut them up, Foetus promised to invent a weapon to humanely trap The Grand Neurotypical. After a few teething problems, we devised the weapon to end all weapons.

GANG: (Flashback) Custard phone! Custard phone! Custard phone!

PIX: A weapon that's woefully unappreciated in its time.

VERIT@S: (Flashback) This is what you've come up with? This wet dream for stoners?

PIX: She says that like it's a bad thing. Verit@s was such a pain in the arse that I had to bring everyone into my paracosm just to get away from her yelling. Oh yeah, and the giant hen party being thrown in our honour.

GRAND NT: (Flashback) The hen party will spread throughout the city, until it reaches the treasonous heathens, and will trap them in the festivities, forcing them to... join in!

PIX: Looks like we're settling in here for the next little while, so we should all be in for a nice, chill time, right? RIGHT?

WEREWOLF: AWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

WILDER: What... was that?

PIX: Nothing! Nothing! Quick, play the theme song.

GRAMS: THEME SONG

PIX: The Daily Tism presents: It's A Superpower?? Chapter Seven – Deeply Ironic Monsters

ATMOS: PEACEFUL FOREST, BIRDS SINGING, GENTLE BREEZE IN THE TREES

PIX: Everyone, this is Moan! Moan, everyone!

OMNES: [Improvised reactions as if they're meeting him for the first time].

MOAN: Really? We met at last week! At the community centre?

OMNES: [More apologetic awkward reactions, trying to place him].

MOAN: I'm the first magical creature any of you ever met!

SOPHIE: Uh...

MOAN: I sprouted wings and flew off right in front of your faces?

WILDER: Hmm...

MOAN: Of course. Why would anyone remember grumpy, hairy little Moan? Story of my life.

NORAH: In our defence, we did have quite a lot on our minds.

BUMS: Yeah and usually I don't remember stuff because there's nothing on my mind, like, at all.

MOAN: Oh well, I suppose I'd better give you the tour - not that you deserve it. Before we get going, I'd like to remind everyone to save their questions for the end, refrain from swearing and –

WILDER: Why no swearing?

MOAN: What did I just say about questions??

PIX: Oh brother, you've done it now.

WILDER: I... I'm sorry, I was just...

MOAN: Oh you were "just" were you? Think the rules don't apply to you? Think you're special?

PIX: Oooh burn, Wilder.

NORAH: Yeah, he's got you nailed.

WILDER: Why is someone always complaining about me??

PIX: So close to getting it...

MOAN: To answer your unsolicited, nay, explicitly prohibited question, swearing gets the fauns all riled up. Causes a riot. Now, IF there are no more interruptions, I'd like to get on with the tour.

WILDER: But... but I have so many clarifying questions. Pix, what kind of paracosm doesn't allow clarifying questions?

PIX: The kind that's uh... shut up.

WILDER: [Splutters in outrage] Well... well... you can just... just... [unable to think of anything, Wilder blows a raspberry].

NORAH: If you two insist on constantly negging each other, can you at least be coherent??

MOAN: Exactly! I can't work under these conditions!

SOPHIE: Ignore them. Please go on, Moan, we're really enjoying the tour.

MOAN: Well that's disingenuous, I haven't even started the tour. Oh alright. Now – as you can see, everything in this here paracosm is designed for maximum comfort. Don't be fooled by the rustic look of the place. These mushrooms? They're beanbags – and when you sit on them, they remove all physical pain.

FX: **NORAH SINKING INTO BEANBAG**

NORAH: Oh my God! Is THIS what being a person is supposed to feel like? This is incredible!

MOAN: Oh you just wait until you try the moss that whispers personalised bedtime stories as you fall asleep. Oh and I almost forgot, you each get a set of robes that envelop you in the warmth of a mother's love...

NORAH: Wait, MY mother's love?

MOAN: No, no, just the concept of A mother.

NORAH: Phew OK then.

FX: **GANG PUTTING ON ROBES**

OMNES: [Improvised reactions to how great the robes are].

NORAH: Oh my God, it's like wearing a hug. A lovely, solicited hug. Yeah, that's right. Some of us like hugs.

SOPHIE: Wow THIS is a mother's love? My mum hugs me like I'm vaguely contaminated.

WILDER: This is what it feels like to have a girlfriend before she gets to know me.

BUMS: Ehh... I've had better.

MOAN: On your left is the Glade of Goodies. Everything you see is edible. We just ask that you...

BUMS: OH MY GOD!

PIX: Bums, no!!

FX: **SPLASH!**

MOAN: Refrain from jumping in the chocolate river. Have you never read Charlie and the Chocolate Factory??

BUMS: This is chocolate??? That's even better!!

WILDER: Better than what?? What did you think it was???

MOAN: Get him out of there before he gets scathingly sung about by a racial stereotype!

NORAH: Uh... Bums? The chocolate river is full of toilet monsters!

BUMS: [Shrieks]

FX: **BUMS COMING OUT OF THE RIVER, DRIPPING WET**

BUMS: [Shivering] Can I have another robe please?

PIX: You couldn't have taken off your robe before jumping in?

BUMS: There was no time! I had to get in!

MOAN: Fine, here you go. But if you mess this one up, you're not getting another. They don't go on trees you know!

BUMS: Yes they do! There's a robe tree just over there!

FX: **FOUNTAIN NOISES, SOFT AT FIRST THEN GETTING LOUDER AS THEY**
APPROACH

SOPHIE: Uh... as lovely as this all is, shouldn't we be leaving now? It's chaos out there in the real world and we're the only ones who can IS THAT AN ACTUAL SHERBET FOUNTAIN??

MOAN: Excuse me, I thought I said no quest...

PIX: That's nothing! Watch what happens when I press this button!

FX: **FIZZING SOUNDS SHOOTING INTO THE AIR FOLLOWED BY SOUNDS OF CRACKLING SPARKS**

OMNES: [Improvised ooohs and ahhhs]

NORAH: Is it raining glitter??

PIX: It sure is! Catch some on your tongue!

FX: **FIZZING SOUND**

NORAH: Oh wow! It tastes exactly how childhood birthday excitement feels, but without the aftertaste of crushing disappointment!

MOAN: EXCUSE ME! Now you're just doing your own tour!

PIX: Sorry, sorry, Moan –

NORAH: Sophie's got a point, though. If the whole episode with Custard Phone taught us anything it's that we can't shirk our responsibilities. And that Bums can consume an ungodly amount of custard without dying.

WILDER: Uh... counterpoint. In here is lovely, cosy and delicious. Out there is fraught with roving gangs of women shouting "woop woop!" and looking for some poor man to scalp. Why would we go back out there?

PIX: I'm with Wilder. No, I mean, I'm not WITH Wilder, obviously.

NORAH: Are you... blushing?

PIX: Shut up!

BUMS: I reckon we should stay here where everything's food and leave everyone else to it. Let the dice fall where they crumble. Crumble!

WILDER: What???

PIX: He's agreeing with us.

NORAH: OK, but hiding in here isn't going to solve anyth... IS THAT A LIFESIZE MY LITTLE PONY???

MOAN: No! No no no, that's a lifesize Our... Diminutive Foal. No affiliation whatsoever! AND NO MORE QUESTIONS!!!

ORANGEJILL: Hi! I'm Orange...Jill? Yeah that'll do. Maybe we could braid each other's hair and then I could take you on a ride to the Cotton-candy Clouds of Calm Contemplation!

NORAH: I guess we could stay... for a little bit...

SOPHIE: Not you too, Norah! I thought we were a team on th... OH MY GOD A
GINGERBREAD HOUSE! AN ACTUAL GINGERBREAD HOUSE!

MOAN: If you'd just let me finish – that's where you'll be staying.

SOPHIE: IN THE GINGERBREAD HOUSE???

MOAN: Anything you eat will grow right back.

BUMS: HOUSE! HOUSE! HOUSE!

WILDER; So it's settled. We're staying.

SOPHIE: I guess it couldn't hurt... for a little bit.

MOAN: Well that's the first good choice I've seen you make. Honestly, you lot are the
worst.

BUMS: [Mouth full of gingerbread] Yeah. We get that a lot.

MOAN: I suppose there's no point in doing the whole tour if I can't keep you focused. Just
don't come crying to me when you need help at night and Grumble's asleep on
the job.

NORAH: Why would we need help at night??

MOAN: Well – goodbye then. [Darkly] And good luck.

NORAH: Again, why would we need luck??

MOAN: [Chuckles darkly and walks away]

BUMS: Bye, Groan!

ATMOS: FOREST, NIGHT, FIRE CRACKLING

PIX: ...The next morning, the woman awoke to find... [dramatic pause] her dog's severed head in the sink... and a note that read... [dramatic pause] "it wasn't the dog that licked your hand".

OMNES: [Noises of disgust and upset]

WILDER: That was HORRIBLE. Why would you tell us that story??

SOPHIE: [Weepily] The poor dog. I hope he didn't suffer.

NORAH: Did they find this dog murderer and bring him to justice?

BUMS: Who licked her hand? Because sometimes I don't notice I'm licking my own hand.

WILDER: WHAT???

BUMS: Like, if I've got ice cream on it. Or I don't, but I remember a time I DID have ice cream on it.

PIX: It's a classic campfire horror story! Fine! Someone else tell one.

BUMS: I've got one!!

WILDER: Oh God. I suppose it can't be any worse than Decapitated Lassie.

BUMS: [In a scary voice] You're staying in a tent... with three other people. And you don't know any of them!

OMNES: [Gasps of terror].

BUMS: Drinking water... but it comes from an outdoor spigot!

OMNES: [More horror].

BUMS: It's just a three-minute walk... to our eco-friendly outhouse!

OMNES: [Pure terror now]

PIX: That's not a campfire horror story!

BUMS: Oh sorry, I thought you said campING.

SOPHIE: I don't understand why we're even telling horror stories. It seems out of place here, where nothing bad ever happens. Yep – the safest place on Earth.

WOLF: [In distance] Awoooooooooooooooooooooo...

NORAH: What was that?

PIX: [Sleepily] Nothing. Probably just an owl.

WOLF: Awooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

NORAH: That... sounds like a pretty wolfy owl???

WILDER: It also sounds like it's getting closer...

PIX: Nahhhh don't worry about it.

WOLF: [Right by them now] Awooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

FX: GROWLING AND GNASHING

OMNES: [Improvised reactions of terror!]

SOPHIE: OH MY GOD WHAT IS THAT THING???

NORAH: IT'S A WEREWOLF BUT HE'S MAKING ME FEEL, LIKE, SO SELF-CONSCIOUS!!!

BUMS: Heh. He's got Wilder! Bad luck, mate.

PIX: OK, guys, stay calm.

WILDER: STAY CALM??? STAY CALM??? ARE YOU THE ONE HE'S ABOUT TO...

FX: **WOLF BITING WILDER**

WILDER: OW!!! HE BIT ME!! PIX! YOUR PARACOSM BIT ME!!! THE LITTLE F-

OMNES: FAUNS!!!

PIX: Don't worry! This happens all the time. It'll all be over soon, just...

WILDER: WHAT WILL BE OVER SOON?? WHAT KIND OF UTOPIAN IMAGINARY DREAM WORLD IS THIS??

PIX: Ah. So, um... yeah... it's no big deal but sometimes, my imagination can get a little... out of control.

SOPHIE: How out of control?

PIX: Well...

WILDER: What's happening to me? I'm suddenly hyper-aware of my every flaw and foible...
even more so! Was I always this hairy??

BUMS: Not far off.

WILDER: Oh God... I'm becoming so... so much more... self... aware... aware...
AWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

NORAH: What's wrong with him?? Pix??

PIX: Nothing, nothing, he's fine. He's just been bitten by... [dramatic pause] the Self-Awarewolf.

GRAMS: **DRAMATIC END OF FIRST ACT CUE**

WILDER: AAAWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I PRESENT MYSELF LIKE A SILLY JOKE MAN
THEN EXPECT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLYYYYYY! Oh GOD this is AWFUL!

SOPHIE: Pix! You said this happens all the time??

PIX: Oh yeah. Not gonna lie, it's not my fave.

NORAH: How do we get him out of it?

PIX: We... can't.

BUMS: So he's like this forever?? Cool! A pet werewolf! Always wanted one of them!

PIX: Nah he'll be alright.

BUMS: [Disappointed] Oh.

SOPHIE: But you said –

PIX: WE can't get him out of it. The only way out is for Wilder to face his own flaws.

NORAH: OK, so he's like this forever.

BUMS: Yesssss! He's like it forever! He's not a was-wolf, he's a werewolf forever!

WILDER: NOOOOOOOOOO-WOOOOOOO! This would be so much easier if my biggest flaw wasn't my inability to face my flaws!

NORAH: Oh for God's sake, Wilder. Nobody's perfect. Just acknowledge each flaw without judgment and tell yourself you'll do better next time.

WILDER: Oh, I should JUST do that? Should I JUST?? OH I'M SUCH A HAIRY, HAIRY MAN!

SOPHIE: Wilder! Acknowledge your hairiness without judgment!

WILDER: I CAN'T!

NORAH: The men are SO fragile!! BEING A HAIRY MAN ISN'T EVEN CONSIDERED A BAD THING!!

WILDER: It... it isn't?

PIX: No. Some women like it. I mean... Some other women. Gross women who aren't me.

NORAH: It's just hair, Wilder. It's evolution's way of keeping you warm, cosy and, apparently, sexually attractive to Pix.

PIX: I SPECIFICALLY SAID NOT ME!!!

NORAH: Sure, Jan.

BUMS: What, is her name Jan? I've been calling her Pix! Sorry, Jan.

WILDER: PLEASE DO KEEP UP YOUR RIDICULOUS CONVERSATION WHILE I TURN INTO A HIDEOUS INTROSPECTIVE HE-BEAST!

SOPHIE: Wilder, the hair isn't even permanent! You're just like that because you're a monster.

WILDER: I'M A MONSTER!!! [Wilder is inconsolable]

BUMS: Honestly, mate, I think you look better like that. More extinguished.

WILDER: OK. OK, Wilder, they're right. It's only hair. It's not a bad thing. If this was a room full of furies, you'd be cleaning up right now. Look... it's all soft and downy – like a little duckling. A cute little duckling. Hey there, little buddy...

PIX: What... is he doing?

SOPHIE: Aaaw he's stroking his own arm.

NORAH: This is so what needs to be happening right now and yet SO uncomfortable. Keep going, Wilder!!

FX: **PING**

WILDER: I'm... slightly less hirsute!

SOPHIE: It's working!

WILDER: Why am I not completely back to normal?? What does it take??

PIX: I don't know, facing more than one superficial, temporary flaw?

NORAH: Seriously, Wilder. Did you think it would be that easy? The bar is in hell for you people.

PIX: Amen, sister.

WILDER: AWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO I expected Marnie to be there for me unconditionally while I forgot basic things like her work drinks and her birthday and her kiwi allergy...

SOPHIE: Uh... OK, Wilder, you just need to accept your flaw without judgment. Well... maybe a *little* judgment.

PIX: Yeah, man, kiwi allergies can be fatal. Like, is she OK?

WILDER: OH GOD I'M THE WORST!

NORAH: Is... is that a no??

WILDER: She's fine, she carries an EpiPen.

PIX: [Sarcastic] Oh, well that's alright then.

NORAH: Fine, so you can't accept this particular flaw without judgment. But you still have to face it.

WILDER: You're right! I'm horrible! I feel HORRIBLE! AWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

PIX: Stop thinking about how YOU feel, you arse.

FAUNS: [Shocked gasps]

PIX: How do you think Marnie felt?

WILDER: It was hard to tell – her head was the size of several watermelons. Which, incidentally, she's also allergic to. I can't be blamed for forgetting THAT one, though. I mean, who's allergic to watermelons??

SOPHIE: Oh no! He's getting even hairier.

BUMS: Don't try to fight it, Wilder! You've never looked better! [To self] In your face, Herbert.

NORAH: Wilder for the love of God, dig deep. How do you think Marnie felt EMOTIONALLY?

WILDER: Uh... not good?

SOPHIE: Keep going...

WILDER: She probably felt scared...

NORAH: Uh huh...

WILDER: Like, really scared. She probably... [Wilder chokes up] I can't. I can't think about how I made her feel... it's too... it's too... AWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

NORAH: He's more hair than man! He's just a big hairy pile of neuroses!

PIX: [Unconvincingly] Yeah... really sexually unattractive...

NORAH: Keep it in your pants, Pix.

SOPHIE: You can do this, Wilder. You can do it, because it means you'll do better next time.
If you confront your failings with Marnie, you won't be doomed to repeat them.

WILDER: I... I won't be doomed?

NORAH: No, of course not. We all have agency over how we process our mistakes and
when we break the cycle.

WILDER: Seriously? Why don't more people know about this??

PIX: Wilder, is this really the first time you're encountering the concept of emotional
development?

WILDER: [Defensively] No! I just thought it was a thing other people said to sound smug.

SOPHIE: Ugh, he's a lost cause. You know what, Wilder? Fine. Don't do any introspection.

WILDER: Oh thank GOD!

SOPHIE: Enjoy the rest your life as a horribly self-aware wolf guy who lives in Pix's brain.

WILDER: NOOOOOOOOO-WOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

PIX: Wilder does NOT live in my brain rent-free. It's bad enough that he lives in my
house rent-free!

WILDER: Fine! OK I guess Marnie must have felt... [voice cracks] She must have felt so
hurt. Like I didn't care about her at all. Sure, I probably have ADHD, but I also
know that and never got any help.

NORAH: There it is.

WILDER: I could have gone to one of the many GP appointments she booked me. Yeah, the ADHD waiting list is hell, but that's no excuse not to get on it. I just... I didn't want to take meds and do occupational therapy and find out... [Wilder starts crying] And find out that it wasn't ADHD, it was just me.

SOPHIE: This is great, Wilder.

WILDER: IS IT??? IS IT GREAT, SOPHIE???

SOPHIE: How do you think that felt for Marnie?

WILDER: Crushing. She was doing everything she could to support me and I wouldn't budge an inch. And I wouldn't talk about it. I just kept avoiding it and hoping she'd let it go. I forgot so many important things. Not just day-to-day things like doing the shopping, paying bills or picking up her new EpiPen after she used the first one on the kiwi attack –

PIX: Jesus, Wilder.

WILDER: I forgot all three of our anniversaries. I forgot about her mum's cancer surgery and instead of asking about it, went on a 30-minute rant about the Sonic the Hedgehog movie – I mean really, did we need two Jim Carreys? And why was his friend a policeman? But there's a time and a place, Wilder! Oh God, the allergy thing must have felt like... like I didn't even care enough to make sure I didn't accidentally kill her. Oh God, that must have hurt her so badly. She must have been gasping for breath and terrified for her life and thinking "Wilder didn't love me enough to remember this one thing". [Wilder is beside himself now]. The

autism support group was her last-ditch attempt to get through to me. Even up until the last second, she was still desperately trying to save the relationship and what did I do? Called her with what sounded like some phony excuse about a robot car. Yeah, it happened to be true, but I hadn't exactly earned any credibility.

PIX: Also that does sound objectively insane. There's probably a viral Reddit thread about you.

WILDER: So yeah, I'm a dick. And I lost an amazing woman because of it – but I also hurt her deeply, in ways I'll never be able to repair and in ways she'll probably carry with her for the rest of her life. And I am so, so sorry.

FX: **PING**

NORAH: Wilder! You're back to normal!

BUMS: Oh MAN! You guys ruin everything.

PIX: That was... surprising.

SOPHIE: That was really brave. We're all so proud of you.

PIX: Alright, let's not go nuts.

WILDER: [Shaken] Can nobody perceive me for a little while? I feel very naked right now.

NORAH: You ARE very naked right now. Turning into a werewolf ripped your robe to shreds.

BUMS: You're not having mine. Groan said I can't have another.

PIX: I, personally, am horrified.

SOPHIE: Is that why you can't stop staring?

PIX: I'm not staring, I'm... rubbernecking. At this penis-y car crash.

WILDER: Will everyone please stop analysing my normally hairy genitals?

NORAH: I had the Mum Bag on me when Pix brought us here. There's got to be something for... ah ha!

WILDER: Is this a blouse?? Why are there so many ruffles??

NORAH: Use it or lose it, buddy.

WILDER: Ugh, fine I'll cover my... ARE THESE LEGGINGS??

SOPHIE: Come on, guys. The party's over. We need to find a way out of here.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Sophie... Soooooophie...

SOPHIE: What was that?

PIX: Ah...

NORAH: Oh man, what "ah" is it this time??

SOPHIE: That sound... That beautiful carefree sound... are you guys getting the uncontrollable urge to follow it?

NORAH: Well...

WILDER: No, Sophie, because that is bonkersaurus!

PIX: Oh boy.

NORAH: Pix?

PIX: As I said, the paracosm sort of takes on a life of its own.

WILDER: You didn't think to mention that before some of us got turned hairy, naked and ashamed?

NORAH: Lying on the bedroom floor?

PIX: It wasn't anyone else's business before I had to bring in you... you... interlopers.
Look. It's all going to be OK – but, and don't get mad, we're each going to be tested.

YOUNG SOPHIE: [Singing playground chant in distance]

BUMS: Nobody said there would be a test. I can't do tests. I've got a note from my mum.

SOPHIE: That sound... I need to follow that sound...

NORAH: Pix, should she follow the sound?

PIX: I don't think she has a choice.

FX: TINKLING

SOPHIE: The path... it's lighting up ahead of me... It wants me to... I need to...

WILDER: Is it ever a good thing when someone is lured down a mysterious path in a trance-like state by a creepy singing little girl?

BUMS: Definitely! All the best horror movies start like that.

FX: TINKLING AS SOPHIE TREADS THE PATH, THE OTHERS FOLLOW

YOUNG SOPHIE: [Singing and laughing get louder]

SOPHIE: [Tearfully] Oh my God. Hey there...

YOUNG SOPHIE: Hi, Sophie.

NORAH: Sophie, you know her?

YOUNG SOPHIE: Of course she does.

SOPHIE: She's me. She's... my inner child. Oooh I get it. This is one of those "letters to my younger self" things where I impart my wisdom!

PIX: Noppppppe.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Yeah... that's not how this is gonna go down.

SOPHIE: It's not??

PIX: Everyone, this is Sophie's Inner Child of Innovative Chiding.

NORAH: So this place is just full of deeply ironic monsters?

PIX: I wouldn't say FULL of them.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Girl, please. You don't have any wisdom to impart. You're a mess. You're people pleasing yourself into an early grave. Your headstone's gonna say "rest in peace – no worries if not".

SOPHIE: I'm not sure that's quite f-

YOUNG SOPHIE: Oh you don't think that's fair? OK – name one thing you've done in the past decade that's been for you.

SOPHIE: Uh... well... there was my documentary.

YOUNG SOPHIE: That was for literally everyone *but* you. How many nights did you lose sleep, worrying about how they were portraying you and the questions they were asking you and where this was all going? Did you ever once consider quitting??

SOPHIE: No, because... because I'm reliable! There's nothing wrong with being reliable.

YOUNG SOPHIE: There is if you're reliably a doormat. And I get it, babe. It's a trauma response. But it doesn't work. It only lets people walk all over you until...

SOPHIE: Don't say it.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Until it all gets too much and you...

SOPHIE: Please not this again.

YOUNG SOPHIE: You don't want to look at it? Well sorry, that's not how things work in here.

SOPHIE: Pix, I officially hate your paracosm.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Roll the clip!

BUMS: Oh cool, a movie! I've been really wanting to rewatch Home Alone recently. And I don't know why, but it's just been, like, itching at the brain.

NORAH: Bums – shhh. Sophie's going through a thing.

BUMS: [Sulking] Everyone's always going through a thing.

SOPHIE: We can't watch this. It's... full of swearing.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Nice try. I've bleeped the swearing out.

SOPHIE: FAUNS!!

FX: PROJECTOR FAN

ATMOS: PLAYBACK MOVIE OF AWARD CEREMONY

PRESENTER: And the award for The Most Inspiring Young Person With Different Abilities goes to... Sophie Blake and her documentary All Better Now!

FX: CROWD CHEERING

AWARD SOPHIE: Oh wow, thank you so much! Uh... obviously this is such an honour. I'd like to thank... uh...

SOPHIE: [Present] I don't want to see this.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Oh no? Let's take a closer look, shall we? Who is it you keep glancing at?

SOPHIE: [Present] Nobody. I'm not glancing at anybody.

NORAH: Is that your mum and dad?

SOPHIE: [Present day – defensively] Yeah? And? I have a mum and dad. So what? Who doesn't?

BUMS: Orphans.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Pretty defensive aren't you? Shall we zoom in on their mouths?

PIX: Oh mate...

SOPHIE: [Present] So? They helped me write my speech. And they were helping me remember it. There's nothing wrong with that!

WILDER: Christ, Sophie. Even I think you're in denial. I – Wilder – think you're in denial.

NORAH: Sophie... your mum is literally "tits and teeth"ing you.

AWARD SOPHIE: I'd like to dedicate this award to my parents, who are here to support me tonight, like they always do...

PIX: Jesus, your parents wrote that??

SOPHIE: [Present] They were helping...

AWARD SOPHIE: They're my inspiration, my rock, my heart.

BUMS: I'm not sure how to say this Sophie, but I think you might have an unhealthy relationship with your parents. [Beat] What??

AWARD SOPHIE: I wouldn't be where I am today, an inspiration to children with autism everywhere... a role model... a... I...

SOPHIE: [Present] [Tearful] Please, please, PLEASE don't make me watch this bit.

AWARD SOPHIE: I mean, no, I'm not a role model. That's... it's just not honest.

PIX: Whoops. Mum and Dad didn't like that.

AWARD SOPHIE: I'm not All Better Now. I'm not All Better Now at all. I didn't want to come here tonight. I didn't want to be perceived by a whole crowd of people. I didn't want people scrutinising me to see if I reacted appropriately to "winning" or "losing".

NORAH; A lot of furious mouthing coming from the helicopter parents.

AWARD SOPHIE: In fact, I had a massive meltdown, like, 10 minutes ago? And then I was forced to come on stage anyway and talk to a whole crowd of people, despite having been promised that the whole point of this documentary was to educate people about the realities of "living with autism".

SOPHIE: [Present] Oh no...

PIX: HELL YEAH!

AWARD SOPHIE: You people want the reality? This is the [BLEEP] reality. I'm a [BLEEP] disaster. This whole documentary is a phony work of [BLEEP]. I didn't have any say in what went into it and it's MY autism, for [BLEEP] sake.

WILDER: Mum and Dad are looking pretty murderous. Who's the scary-looking lady with the Fisher-Price haircut and her head in her hands?

SOPHIE: [Present] That is – was – my agent.

AWARD SOPHIE: So yeah, I guess I want to dedicate this award to all the autistic kids out there who think the goal is to be all better. That's not realistic for us. That will never be realistic for us. I am a [BLEEP] MESS. And you'll probably be a [BLEEP] mess when you grow up too. But that's OK, because in the [BLEEP] mess, you'll find...

GRAMS: MUSIC PLAYING SOPHIE OFF

AWARD SOPHIE: Hey! I'm not done!! [Shouting to be heard over the music] I SAID IN THE [BLEEP] MESS YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT REALLY WORKS FOR YOU! WHO YOU REALLY ARE! DON'T LET ANYONE ELSE, ESPECIALLY A BUNCH OF [BLEEP] NEUROTYPICAL INDUSTRY [BLEEP] TELL THE WORLD WHO YOU ARE! AND DIFFERENT ABILITIES?? WHAT KIND OF ABLEIST [BLEEP] [BLEEP] IS THE [BLEEP] FOR [BLEEP] [BLEEP]??

BUMS: Oh cool, they're dragging her away.

WILDER: Sophie... this is incredible!

NORAH: Agreed. Iconic behaviour.

PIX: [Mistily] My child. My beautiful child!

SOPHIE: [Present] Wow I've seen the clip, like a million times but I've never really SEEN it before.

WILDER: Ha! Did you really fight off security and run back to the mic?

BUMS: Ooh you took a chunk outta him! You could give Herbert a run for his money!

SOPHIE: [Present] [Slightly amused] I did.

PIX: Did you just kick Ant and Dec in their shared dick??

ANT AND/OR DEC: Ooow, she kicked me right in the Byker Groves!

AWARD SOPHIE: AND ANOTHER THING! THEY MADE ME WEAR [BLEEP] PANTYHOSE!
PANTYHOSE!!! YOU CAN'T PUT AN AUTISTIC GIRL IN [BLEEP] PANTYHOSE!!!
MY [BLEEP] FEELS LIKE A YEAST INFECTION TIMEBOMB, AND THAT'S
BEFORE WE EVEN GET TO THE [BLEEP] [BLEEP] [BLEEP]... GET YOUR
[BLEEP] HANDS OFF ME YOU BUNCH OF [BLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP].

SOPHIE: [Present] Yeah, that's when they cut the live feed.

OMNES: [Everyone claps and whoops and cheers]

BUMS: That... was even better than Home Alone.

YOUNG SOPHIE: There. Was that so bad?

SOPHIE: No... I guess it wasn't.

YOUNG SOPHIE: So why were you so scared to look at it?

SOPHIE: Oh I don't know. Probably because I was afraid I'd look terrible.

YOUNG SOPHIE: That's not why. Be honest with me – be honest with yourself.

SOPHIE: Do I have to?

YOUNG SOPHIE: What choice do you have? I'm you.

SOPHIE: [Sighs heavily] OK fine. I didn't want to look, because I was afraid *they'd* look terrible. My mum and dad. Because then I'd have to admit...

PIX: Go on Foetus. I've been there and I promise what's on the other side of it is freedom.

NORAH: Same, love. The only way out is through.

SOPHIE: I'd have to admit that they're HORRIBLE parents.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Hallelujah!

SOPHIE: Did... did you – we – know this?

YOUNG SOPHIE: We did. When you were my age, you knew how unfair they were to you. You didn't have language for it, but you knew how they made you feel. Remember how you used to fantasise about being adopted and taken far, far away so you never had to see them again?

SOPHIE: Isn't that just normal kid stuff?

YOUNG SOPHIE: It's not secure kid stuff. It's not happy kid stuff.

SOPHIE: So what... what happened to me?

YOUNG SOPHIE: They beat it out of you.

SOPHIE: Hey – come on. They never beat me.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Not physically. But they criticised, they withheld, they made little comments, they labelled you difficult, sensitive, a crybaby.

SOPHIE: [Tearfully] Yeah.

YOUNG SOPHIE: And slowly, slowly, you started carving off bits of yourself to make them comfortable. You used to run and dance and laugh. Remember how you used to do those things? Remember how free you felt? Until...

SOPHIE: Until Dad called my running “gimpy”.

PIX: [Gently] God.

SOPHIE: And Mum said my dancing made me look like a bear who’d just been stung by a bee.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Yep – and you never did that again.

SOPHIE: And my laugh. Even my laugh wasn’t good enough. Dad said it was like a pneumatic drill to the brain.

YOUNG SOPHIE: You rehearsed a new laugh for weeks. A quiet laugh. Now every time you find something funny, you think about what your laugh should sound like. They took away everything that made you you. They made you terrified to take up space. They made you flinch and fawn and cower.

SOPHIE: But... but they’re my parents. I’m supposed to love them unconditionally.

YOUNG SOPHIE: No. They’re supposed to love *you* unconditionally. They’re the adults.

SOPHIE: I... oh GOD.

YOUNG SOPHIE: You used to bubble with joy and curiosity and, yes, magic. They squished that down until you were terrified to express anything authentic. Until the pressure got so much that you... well, you saw the reel. I think it’s high time you told yourself the truth about them – even if that changes everything forever. Whatever comes next can’t be any worse than how things have been. Say it. Go on, just say it. It’ll be OK.

PIX: It's OK, Foetus. We've got you.

NORAH: We do.

WILDER: Me too. My support would have a lot more gravity if I wasn't dressed like Jareth the Goblin King.

SOPHIE: My... my parents are abusive.

YOUNG SOPHIE: There it is.

SOPHIE: They're Autism Parents. They hate me for my disability, ignore my struggles then exploit me for money and clicks and sympathy. They don't care about me. They only care about what use I can be to them. The second I disobey them, it's a discard. I haven't spoken to either of them since that meeting. They haven't reached out AT ALL. Look at all these unanswered texts, calls...

WILDER: Oof.

YOUNG SOPHIE: Don't you think it's time you got reacquainted with me? Don't you think it's time you got acquainted with YOU?

SOPHIE: Yes. Yes I do. I just... I don't know how.

YOUNG SOPHIE: I can't tell you that bit. That's the long, hard path you have to walk now.

SOPHIE: I was afraid you'd say that.

PIX: But you won't be walking it alone.

NORAH: Absolutely not.

WILDER: Not for one second.

BUMS: Oh WHAT?! How far is this path? My legs are tired! I want to go home! And so do my legs.

NORAH: It's a metaphorical path, Bums.

BUMS: As in, it turns into a butterfly?

SOPHIE: So... this interaction hasn't fixed me.

YOUNG SOPHIE: I'm afraid not. But it's set you in the right direction.

SOPHIE: Huh. That seems... less satisfying. Narratively speaking.

YOUNG SOPHIE: That's life.

SOPHIE: Thank you, Young Me. Thank you for everything. Can I hug you?

YOUNG SOPHIE: I thought you'd never ask.

BUMS: [Giggling] Wilder's crying!

WILDER: I'm not crying! I'm allergic... to strong emotion.

PIX: Nobody give him an EpiPen!

WILDER: Oh ha ha.

NORAH: Are you OK, Sophie?

SOPHIE: No.

PIX: You will be.

SOPHIE: I know. [Sophie lets out a big, shaky sigh] OK. Right. Well, that's the next ten years of therapy covered. Pix, which way is out? We need to get moving before the next...

FX: **GHOSTLY SOUNDS**

WILDER: A GHOST!!! AN ACTUAL GHOST!!!!

PIX: [Wearily] Wilder, get out from behind Norah. It's not here for you.

WILDER: Uh, I'd still rather hide behind Norah. For... uh... her protection.

SOPHIE: We still doing that? OK.

NORAH: It's looking at me. It's... beckoning. I'm not the best at reading facial expressions but uh... that smile seems menacing. Pix, is that smile menacing?

PIX: Yeah, this one isn't nice. Sorry babe.

WILDER: Oh THIS one isn't nice. The first one BIT me but THIS one isn't nice.

NORAH: I feel a strange mix of nostalgic and regretful. I'm... thinking about everything I've lost over the last year. All the dreams I had to let die. Who are you? Why are you doing this to me?

WRAITH: I am the Wraith of Wasted Potential.

BUMS: Yes! I'm safe! Mum says I've never had any.

WRAITH: I am here to show you all that you have longed for and lost.

NORAH: So you're here to rub my nose in my mistakes? Fine. Cool. OK let's get it over with. Show me all the moments my life could have taken a different direction if I'd just tried a bit harder.

WRAITH: As you wish.

FX: SQUIGGLY SOUND TO INDICATE MAGICAL IMAGES

GHOSTLY NORAH: Hey, sorry, I'm a bit early...

PIX: Oh my GOD Norah, I can't with the suit! You look like Hillary Rodham Clinton!

SOPHIE: Hell yeah she's showing us your mistakes. Your FASHION mistakes!

GHOSTLY BOSS: Take a seat, Norah. So you've been with us... six months now?

GHOSTLY NORAH: That's right.

GHOSTLY BOSS: And how do YOU think it's going?

GHOSTLY NORAH: Uh... pretty well I think. I've worked on some high-profile cases and I was instrumental in winning the judgment for... You're shaking your head.

GHOSTLY BOSS: The thing is, Norah, you're a great lawyer.

GHOSTLY NORAH: Well, thank you, I...

GHOSTLY BOSS: [Makes noise to silence her] God gave you two of these and one of these for a reason.

PIX: Amazing that his ears and his mouth were only the second grossest things he could have pointed to.

NORAH: [Mortified] I don't want you guys to see this. I don't want to see this.

GHOSTLY BOSS: We've been getting some complaints that you're... not a team player.

GHOSTLY NORAH: Oh? How so?

GHOSTLY BOSS: For example, leaving every evening at 5pm on the dot.

GHOSTLY NORAH: Oh God, I'm so sorry. I thought that's when the work day ended. I must have got it-

GHOSTLY BOSS: Theoretically, yes. But let's just put it this way. If I were hoping to make a good impression at a new job, I'd be staying late and brown-nosing.

OMNES: [Reactions of outrage].

NORAH: I know. I really fauned up.

SOPHIE: We're not outraged at you! We're outraged on your behalf! He just said you're a great lawyer and now he's punishing you for not picking up on some arbitrary unwritten rule.

GHOSTLY NORAH: I just thought... I mean, I only leave when I've finished all my work for the day.

GHOSTLY BOSS: Then perhaps you don't have enough work to do.

GHOSTLY NORAH: I'll... I'll try harder. I'll stay longer. I'm so sorry.

GHOSTLY BOSS: That's what we like to hear. I mean, you wouldn't want us to think you're not serious about this job, would you?

GHOSTLY NORAH: No, of course not! I'm very serious about this job.

GHOSTLY BOSS: Excellent. Well, with a bit of effort and some work on your people skills...

PIX: Ooof, right in the autism.

GHOSTLY BOSS: You could be a Junior Partner some day.

WILDER: Even I know that's a backhanded compliment.

FX: SQUIGGLY SOUND TO INDICATE MAGICAL IMAGES

BUMS: Oooh next episode.

NORAH: At least Bums is enjoying this.

PIX: Oh my God, who's the dweeby little briefcase?

NORAH: That... is my ex-husband, Mike.

GHOSTLY NORAH: Mike!! You won't believe it! I'm up for Junior Partner!! It's between me and Brian Bodringham but I can't see him getting it, because he's been using those cotton bud ear things you're not supposed to put in your ear and leaving them all round the offi... are you OK?

GHOSTLY MIKE: [Avoidantly] Yep. I'm fine.

PIX: Uh... well that's not the reaction you want.

GHOSTLY NORAH: I've upset you. What's wrong? How can I fix it?

SOPHIE: How can YOU fix it??

GHOSTLY MIKE: It's nothing, really. [Spitefully] Well done on your "almost" promotion.

WILDER: Woah, what the...?

GHOSTLY NORAH: [Small] Are you mad at me?

GHOSTLY MIKE: No, Norah. I'm not mad at all. I just would have appreciated you checking if I'm in the headspace to hear this.

GHOSTLY NORAH: You're right. I'm sorry.

PIX: WHAT???

SOPHIE: Ohhh I really want to do some punching.

WILDER: I also want Sophie to do some punching.

GHOSTLY MIKE: You KNOW I didn't get the promotion I went for three years ago and now you're rubbing it in my face.

GHOSTLY NORAH: I'm sorry, I didn't think... I didn't realise you were still upset about that.

GHOSTLY MIKE: Of course I'm still upset about that! How do you think I feel now that you might get a promotion?

GHOSTLY NORAH: I mean, we're in different fields. And you earn so much more than me. I've worked so hard for this I... [Choked up] I had hoped you'd be happy for me.

GHOSTLY MIKE: Ugh great, now I feel guilty for being a bad partner.

WILDER: EVEN I KNOW HE SHOULDN'T BE PUTTING THIS ON YOU!

GHOSTLY NORAH: I'm sorry. You know that's not what I mean. You're a great partner.

GHOSTLY MIKE: Don't patronise me.

PIX: Can you do anything right around him?

GHOSTLY MIKE: This is just like when you beat me at Monopoly. First you thrashed me when I just wanted a nice, close game so I could feel good about myself...

SOPHIE: Then be better at Monopoly, mate.

GHOSTLY MIKE: Then you made such a big deal of it, apologising the whole time. It made me feel like an abuser.

WILDER: If the tiny metal shoe fits...

GHOSTLY MIKE: This is great. Just great. I feel awful. I'm going to bed.

BUMS: Ghostly Mike! That's the first thing you've done that I agree with.

GHOSTLY NORAH: Please, Mike, I'm really sorry... I...

FX: SQUIGGLY SOUND TO INDICATE MAGICAL IMAGE CHANGING

GHOSTLY NORAH: ...told Mum I didn't get the job.

GHOSTLY MIKE: Hmm.

GHOSTLY NORAH: Yeah, she went ballistic, obviously. Started yelling about the state of my cuticles for some reason. So then I ended up, like, apologising to her, comforting her-

GHOSTLY MIKE: [Cutting her off, in Eeyorish tone] Yeah.

WILDER: Oh come ON, mate.

GHOSTLY NORAH: What.

GHOSTLY MIKE: What do you mean, "what"? I'm listening to you, aren't I?

PIX: Is he??

GHOSTLY NORAH: Are you??

GHOSTLY MIKE: Why are you having a go at me??

GHOSTLY NORAH: [Calmly] I'm not having a go, I'm saying I don't feel heard.

GHOSTLY MIKE: Nothing I do is good enough for you is it? Well why don't you just give me a script and tell me what it is you want to hear and I'll say it.

GHOSTLY NORAH: [Almost in tears] I just want you to support me.

GHOSTLY MIKE: No. You just want me to feel bad for being a rubbish husband. I'm...

SOPHIE: Oh he's not...

NORAH: Yeah, he is.

GHOSTLY MIKE: Going to bed.

BUMS: Classic him! He's made my favourite bit his catchphrase!

WILDER: What is it you think you're watch- never mind. Is there anything this little worm boy won't strop off to bed about? Oh there he goes. Good job, mate. Off you f-

OMNES: FAUNS!!!!

WILDER: Right, right, sorry. God, this turd, though. By comparison, I'm a prince.

NORAH: I'd say more of a knave. Or a court jester.

PIX: Or the guy who collects raw sewage from the villagers to reuse for agricultural purposes.

BUMS: Or for fun!

FX: SQUIGGLY SOUND TO INDICATE MAGICAL IMAGE CHANGING

FX: HAMMERING ON DOOR, DOOR SWINGING OPEN

GHOSTLY NORAH: [In floods of tears] Mum... [more vulnerable] Mummy?

GHOSTLY SANDRA: [Coldly] Norah, calm down. What will the neighbours think?

PIX: Oh she did NOT just ask you that.

NORAH: Yeah. There's another catchphrase for you Bums.

BUMS: Wicked!

GHOSTLY NORAH: What... what will the neighbours think?? My whole life is falling apart!

GHOSTLY SANDRA: What have you done now?

GHOSTLY NORAH: I haven't done... I... I just need to stay for a while. Please. I've got nowhere else to go.

GHOSTLY SANDRA: What's wrong with the home you share with your husband?

GHOSTLY NORAH: [In a small voice] I can't live with him anymore.

GHOSTLY SANDRA: [Calmly] Why? Does he hit you?

SOPHIE: [Devastated] Oh Norah.

WILDER: Oh my God.

PIX: Norah. I...

BUMS: [Solemnly] I don't like this show anymore.

NORAH: [Trying to hold in tears] Please don't be nice to me right now.

GHOSTLY NORAH: No! No, it's nothing like that.

GHOSTLY SANDRA: So what? He's cheating on you?

GHOSTLY NORAH: Not that I know of, but-

GHOSTLY SANDRA: Drinking? Gambling? Running up debts in your name?

GHOSTLY NORAH: [Defeated] No.

GHOSTLY SANDRA: Then what could be so bad that you can't go home and work it out?

GHOSTLY NORAH: I...

PIX: He's a pathetic little manbaby? And not in a good way?

WILDER: [Hopeful] There's a good way? Let me grab a pen...

GHOSTLY NORAH: I just can't.

GHOSTLY SANDRA: Is this about your "autism diagnosis"? Because honestly, Norah, you can't just uproot your whole life because you tricked some dodgy psychologist into telling

you what you wanted to hear. It's like you've joined a cult where you all think you have autism.

GHOSTLY NORAH: I don't HAVE autism, I AM AUTISTIC.

BUMS: Hang on, wait, which one is which again?

GHOSTLY SANDRA: This is exactly what I mean. You sound completely brainwashed. Is this what Mike's been having to deal with? Because frankly I wouldn't blame him if he refused to take you back.

GHOSTLY NORAH: I don't WANT him to take me back.

GHOSTLY SANDRA: Well you're not staying here. I have my own life now. I use your room for hot pilates and I'm NOT looking after you again. You can easily afford to rent your own place on your salary.

GHOSTLY NORAH: Yeah... about that...

GHOSTLY SANDRA: What. Have. You. Done?

NORAH: [Sobs and gasps].

SOPHIE: ENOUGH!!! Wraith of Wasted Potential, enough! Can't you see she's had enough?

PIX & WILDER: [Improvised joining in yelling at the Wraith].

BUMS: Yeah! Leave her alone, Wraith! Go back to Christmas doors where you belong!

NORAH: [Touched] Thanks, Bums. I think.

WILDER: What were you even supposed to learn from that? I didn't see any wasted potential. All I saw was a series of lucky escapes.

PIX: Seriously, I don't know who's the bigger piece of work, your ex or your mum. You live with her??

NORAH: Unfortunately I do.

PIX: We've got to get you out of there.

SOPHIE: Yeah, seriously. You did ABSOLUTELY nothing wrong. Those two are F-

OMNES: FAUNS!!!!

SOPHIE: Well, quite.

NORAH: [Recovering] Maybe... maybe that's what I was supposed to learn. Potential doesn't mean anything. It's just potential. It's neutral. The situation can unfold in a positive or negative way. So yeah, it's lost potential but also...

PIX: Very much good riddance?

NORAH: I'd say so, yes. It's weird, I remember those situations so differently. I remember feeling like I was hysterical, crazy, demanding, a failure, an embarrassment. How did I let such horrible people dictate my self-worth?

SOPHIE: Happens to the best of us.

PIX: Trauma, baby!

SOPHIE: So Wilder, Norah and I have all been through the wringer. That just leaves Pix and Bums.

WILDER: Bums? What's the paracosm going to do to Bums? Torture him with the little clown cars driving round and round his brain?

BUMS: I hope so!

SOPHIE: No I'm pretty sure I know what's coming for Bums.

PIX: Title of my sex tape.

WILDER: Nice.

NORAH: Get a room!

FX: GROWLING, THRASHING

BUMS: Oh no...

TOILET MONSTER: WHERE IS HE? THE ONE YOU CALL "BUMS"?

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

TOILET MONSTER: BUMS! MY OLD NEMESIS. CHOSEN AT BIRTH BY NOMINATIVE DETERMINISM!

BUMS: I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!!!

TOILET MONSTER: YOUR NAME IS NOT SWEDISH. OR HUNGARIAN. IT WAS I WHO NAMED YOU BUMS! MUAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

BUMS: [Confused] D... dad??

TOILET MONSTER: [Dropping the oversized act, baffled] No, not d- what are you talking about?

BUMS: Mum never told me who my dad was. She just said he was a piece of sh- oh my God, all the pieces fit!

TOILET MONSTER: BUMS, I AM NOT YOUR FATHER!

WILDER: That was actually the original line from The Empire Strikes Back but test audiences hated it.

TOILET MONSTER: I AM THE ONE THING YOU FEAR. TO DEFEAT FEAR ITSELF, YOU MUST DEFEAT ME.

BUMS: WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT???

NORAH: He means you have to fight him.

BUMS: I don't want to fight him! He's big and has too many arms and might get slime on me! I don't want slime on me! I hate slime! It's my least favourite sort of liquid!

PIX: Uh... once again, title of my sex tape.

SOPHIE: [Laughs a genuine, joyous, unbridled laugh.]

BUMS: YOU'RE LAUGHING? I HAVE TO FIGHT THE TOILET MONSTER AND YOU'RE LAUGHING?

WILDER: It's pretty funny, Bums.

PIX: Yeah, we're about to watch a man named Bums wrestle a Toilet Monster for his freedom.

NORAH: Bums, there's no way around it.

BUMS: Mum?

NORAH: It's got to be you, Bums. This is YOUR test.

BUMS: But...

FX: BUMS PULLS OUT CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER

NORAH: Is that an actual note from your mother?? This must be decades old. Do you just carry it around everywhere? "Dear teachers, please don't make Bums do tests, it's really not fair. I mean, look at him."

BUMS: I never know when I'm going to need it! Alright. I... I can do this. I can be a big, brave boy.

OMNES: [Reactions of horror not dissimilar to when Bums said "mummy".]

BUMS: BUUUUUUMMSS!

FX: A LONG-ISH STRUGGLE ENSUES

OMNES: [Gang shouting improvised encouragement at Bums]

SOPHIE: BUMS! THE RIVER! PUSH HIM IN THE RIVER!

TOILET MONSTER: I DO NOT FEAR YOUR RIVER OF EXCREMENT – FOR I AM THE TOILET
MONSTAAAAAAAARGH

FX: SPLASH

TOILET MONSTER: What's this? CHOCOLATE?? Conveniently the one thing that can kill a Toilet Monster! No... NO... NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

BUMS: [As if wiping brow] Phew. What a way to go.

SOPHIE: Death by chocolate.

BUMS: That is AMAZING – did you just make that up?

SOPHIE: No??

WILDER: Chocolate is the only thing that can kill a toilet monster?? You know what? Fine.

PIX: I'm more concerned about Bums thinking the Toilet Monster was his dad.

BUMS: It made sense.

PIX: ...Did it??

WILDER: I mean, it's like someone left a chocolate river right there, just so he could drown in it. Mad. Anyway. Pix – I guess it's your turn to be tortured.

PIX: Tested!

WILDER: Same same.

MOAN: Pix's turn to be tortured, you say?

PIX: [Wearily] Hey Moan. Is it morning already??

MOAN: It is. WAKE UP GRUMBLE YOU LAZY SOD, YOUR SHIFT' I'S OVER.

GRUMBLE: [Snores, grunt, goes back to sleep].

PIX: Let's just get this over with. What's my test?

MOAN: Your test...

PIX: Uh huh...

MOAN: Is...

PIX: You're really milking this huh.

MOAN: I don't get to do this a lot! Fine. All you have to do to leave the paracosm is...
[long suspenseful pause] walk through this door.

SOPHIE: That's... that's it? Walk through a door?

MOAN: Yep.

NORAH: Pix, your paracosm is rigged in your favour.

SOPHIE: Well – what are you waiting for? Open the door!

PIX: Yeah...

MOAN: [Evil little chuckle]

NORAH: What's the problem?

PIX: Huh? Nothing...

BUMS: Do you not know whether to push or pull? Just try both until someone gets annoyed and does it for you.

PIX: No... it's not that...

WILDER: Oh...

NORAH: "Oh"?? What "oh"??

WILDER: This is Pix's test. She has to choose to leave the paracosm and go out into a chaotic and unknown reality.

SOPHIE: So?? What's the problem??

WILDER: The problem is Pix's entire deal is escaping reality into her lovely safe imagination. Uh... in theory.

MOAN: Yep. To get out of here, all Pix needs to do is *want* to get out of here.

NORAH: Are you telling me we all just went through all of that just so Pix could be the kid refusing to go down the metaphorical waterslide?

BUMS: THERE'S A WATERSLIDE FULL OF BUTTERFLIES??

PIX: Can you all give me a minute?? I'm thinking!!

SOPHIE: What's there to think about?? People out there need us!

PIX: Hmm...

WILDER: Yeah, keep piling on the pressure. That will help.

NORAH: Pix – what is it out there that you're so afraid of?

PIX: I'm not afraid. Shut up. YOU'RE afraid. Shut up.

WILDER: So open the door.

PIX: I WILL JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE JARETH!!!

BUMS: Seems to me like whatever's out there can't be scarier than what's in here.

NORAH: Ugh Bums for crying out- oh wait, that was a good point, actually. Sorry, Bums.
Force of habit.

WILDER: It's not about danger. It's about control.

PIX: Also I'm pretty sure nothing in here can actually hurt us.

WILDER: I GOT BIT!!!!!!!!!!

PIX: Nothing in here can hurt anyone except Wilder.

SOPHIE: Listen, Pix, I don't exactly relish the idea of going out into a neurotypical hellscape
to battle through a magical hen party...

NORAH: I don't even want to battle through a regular hen party.

SOPHIE: But this isn't just about us. This is about all neurodivergent people everywhere.
We're fighting for a better world – for everybody.

PIX: Counterpoint – not my problem.

NORAH: [Gently] You don't mean that.

WILDER: No. She doesn't.

PIX: Oh do I not? Thanks Goblin King Mansplain. Maybe, actually, the world hasn't done a whole lot for me so forgive me if I'm not tripping over myself to rush out and risk my life to defend it.

SOPHIE: But that's the point. You're not rushing out to save a world that's hurt you. You're doing it to create a world that stops hurting people like us. One we can all live in. Isn't that worth it?

PIX: I...

MOAN: Oh I should have mentioned, there's a timer on that thing. In one minute, it will disappear, leaving you all trapped in here forever.

PIX: ONE MINUTE?? But that's not enough time! JUST GIVE ME SOME FUCKING TIME!!!

MOAN: Oh no.

FX: RUMBLING SOUND OF DISTANT HOOVES, BLEATING, GROWING CLOSER

NORAH: The fauns!!!

BUMS: OH I HATE FILLING THOSE OUT!

PIX: Alright. I can do this. I can... I can... I CAN'T DO THIS.

WILDER: Pix, listen to me. Whatever is out there, however scary or horrible or PENIS STRAWS, we will face it – together.

NORAH: We love you, mate.

SOPHIE: We really do.

BUMS: [Sadly] I love waterslides.

PIX: [Moved] You guys... I mean except for Bums and like 50% Wilder but otherwise, you guys... OK. Alright. I can do this. WE can do this.

OMNES: [Improvised encouragement for Pix].

PIX: [Effortful noises as she wrestles with the door].

FX: DOOR SWINGING OPEN

PIX: Everyone, follow me through before it disappears or we get speared by one of the angry fauns.

FX: FIVE MAGICAL TRANSFERRING SOUNDS AS THE GANG EXIT THE PARACOSM ONE BY ONE

PIX: I did it!! We did it! We made it out!!

WILDER: Where are we? Is this the Horniman?

BUMS: [Giggles] Little horny man!

WILDER: I never thought I'd be the one to say this but grow up!

SOPHIE: The Horniman is a museum, Bums.

BUMS: That'll explain why I've never heard of it. But what a view though. You can see the whole city! Was it always that pink?

NORAH: Oh... my... God...

GRAMS: EXTREME PERIL MUSIC CUE

GRAMS: END MUSIC

PIX: It's A Superpower?? is powered by The Daily Tism – a satirical website by and for autistic people (poor things). No AI technologies were used in the making of this show. If you'd like us to make more, please support us on Patreon to hear the whole show early and ad-free, go to Patreon dot com / thedailytism. Starring Sarah Amero, Alasdair Beckett-King, John Butler, Guy Kelly, Stuart Laws, Georgia Mackenzie, Lizzie Schenk and Abigail Weinstock. Special guest appearance by Fred Armisen as The Toilet Monster. Yes, that's right – Fred Armisen came back. Look at us, swinging some dick. Created by Sara Gibbs and Andrew Hickey. Written by Sara Gibbs. Directed by Sara Gibbs with Sarah Amero. Produced by Sara Gibbs with Hare Lockwood and Sarah Amero. Additional material by Sarah Amero, Andrew Hickey, Gabby Hutchinson-Crouch, Guy Kelly, Stuart Laws, Hare Lockwood, Laura Richmond and Joe Wells. Script editing by Sara Gibbs, Andrew Hickey and Gabby Hutchinson-Crouch. Original music and scoring by Sara Gibbs and Frankie Lowe. Sound engineering by Frankie Lowe. Editing and sound design by Dave Bulmer. Sound effects by Pro Sound Effects (PSE) and Fred Armisen. Artwork and logo design by Fraser Geesin. Standing around uselessly by Wilder. Surprise, surprise!

WILDER: Hey!! Even in the credits I don't get any credit!

BUMS: Dan... Dad, is it Dad? It's not Dan. Dan didn't name me Dad... Dad! Dad named me Bums!

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: I hate slime! It's my least favourite sort of liquid. Custard, slime, cum. I'll do one without cum.

FX **BEEP**

BUMS: Custard, slime, mousse. I hate mousse. Is that a liquid?