

ANDREW: Before we begin, a quick note. *It's a Superpower??* is a show by, for, and about autistic people, and is funded by our backers on Patreon. Because if there's one demographic who has a lot of money to throw at us, it's other autistic people. This episode contains material some people might find disturbing, including the c word, mention of pegging, and Wilder in a teeny-tiny thong. Calm down, Pix, the episode hasn't even started yet.

GRAMS: PREVIOUSLY ON MUSIC INTO THEME SONG

NORAH: Previously on *It's A Superpower??* Five strangers met at an autism support group, got out-of-control magical powers and were tasked with saving the world from a neurotypical supervillain – as you do.

SOPHIE: (Flashback) No. No Way. Uh-uh. I can't stop a Grand Neurotypical. I can't even stop apologising.

NORAH: We had to get good enough at magic to create a weapon to defeat her – and hand over our powers to people who will use them responsibly. Not that WE haven't been using them responsibly.

SOPHIE: (Flashback) Oh God I've made so much cake!

SOPHIE: (Flashback) You're a cartoon princess!

ARMY OF BUMS: (Flashback) Bums... bums... bums...

WILDER: (Flashback) (sing-song) You're gonna see your mum's genitals.

NORAH: Our magical training involved a LOT of introspection and personal development.
Bums was also there.

PENN: (Flashback) Hey buddy! Fetch!

FX: BALL BEING THROWN AND BUMS RUNNING

BUMS: Yay! I got it! I got it!

NORAH: We briefly got trapped in Pix's paracosm – but we fought our way out and found ourselves in the centre of a catastrophic magical hen party. A bunch of other stuff happened, but honestly if you haven't listened to the rest of the series, you're not going to understand what's going on anyway.

BUMS: Ohhhh is THAT why?

NORAH: No, Bums. That's not why. Anyway, go back and listen to the whole show in the correct order, you weirdos. While we wait, I'll just play the theme song.

GRAMS: THEME SONG

NORAH: *It's A Superpower??* Chapter Eight – The Five Per Cent

ATMOS: CITY – A RAUCOUS HEN PARTY IN FULL SWING

WILDER: Look what she's done to the city! She's turned the Shard into a giant dildo! She's turned the Gherkin into a giant dildo! Anything remotely phallic is now a giant dildo!

PIX: How the fuck are we meant to find The Grand Neurotypical in all this? It's pecker pandemonium!

SOPHIE: I was thinking erectile dysfunction.

PIX: NICE!

NORAH: I don't think we'll have any trouble finding her. Look. The mobile cocktail bar, the group of women in flower crowns, that convoy of L-plates...

WILDER: I've always wondered what those are for! Like, when you get married, do you automatically know how to drive? And I've just realised it's a sex thing. As you were.

NORAH: Everyone seems to be heading in the same direction. Toward the... the...

BUMS: Massive boobie!!!

NORAH: Grow up, Bums, that's not a... oh no wait you're right. My bad.

PIX: She's turned the O2 Centre into a humongous tit!

WILDER: [Sarcastic] Oh no. How terrible.

SOPHIE: [Confused] Yeah. Terrible.

NORAH: OK. So we know *where* we're going. But how are we going to get there unnoticed? There's a bounty on our heads – and we're not exactly subtle.

SOPHIE: I've got it!

FX: _____ **PING**

SOPHIE: Here – now we'll blend right in.

NORAH: A sexy cowgirl? Really? At least nobody can see it's me behind this mask. How come Pix gets a comfy robe?

PIX: I would *merrily* swap the gunk on my face for the lasso. Spa days are such a con. Does anyone else always feel like they're doing relaxing wrong?

WILDER: Where are my clothes?? WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES??

SOPHIE: [Suppressing a laugh] You've got *some* clothes.

NORAH: I don't know what's funnier, the teeny tiny Speedo or the teeny tiny bow tie.

PIX: Yeah, you look DISGUSTING.

WILDER: Hey!! I'm vulnerable right now. You've exposed my soft underbelly.

NORAH: Uh... Pix, you've got a little steam coming out the top of your head.

PIX: Yeah, Wilder's naked form is giving me a headache.

BUMS: Why am I dressed like a pencil?

SOPHIE: I couldn't bring myself to sexualise you.

BUMS: Heh. Fair enough. Me neither, to be honest. Ugh.

NORAH: Ugh, it'll take an age to get there on foot.

BUMS: Of course it will if you're just using one foot. Aren't you supposed to be the smart one?

SOPHIE: We're going to have to hitch a ride. Let's see... party bus?

OMNES: [Improvised viscerally rejecting the party bus]

SOPHIE: Uhh... so I guess that rules out party boat and party limo...

WILDER: Can we all agree on a hard nope to a party *anything*?

PIX: That somewhat limits our options...

WINE GUY: Wine and cheese tasting! Roll up for the wine and cheese tasting tour!

NORAH: [Perking up] Wine?

BUMS: [Delighted] CHEESE?

SOPHIE: Tour? Where are you headed?

PIX: Who cares? He has wine and cheese!

WILDER: This is where everyone goes "for God's sake, focus" right? Because we wouldn't want it to be one rule for me and another for her, would we?

PIX: Wouldn't we?

NORAH: Guys, please, you're ruining Wine and Cheese Day! Having said that [sigh] where *are* you headed?

WINE GUY: Same place as everyone else. The Millennium Melon.

PIX: NICE.

WINE GUY: Ahh so you're also followers of our thought leader? Don't you love all the wonderful changes she's been making?

BUMS: [Mouth full of cheese] I'm starting to.

NORAH: [Sipping on wine] Same!

WINE GUY: Yep! And today is a glorious day – today she will punish the traitors and absorb their energy, solidifying her position as the unquestioned ruler of the world.

SOPHIE: [Weakly] Yaaaay.

WILDER: When you say “punish the traitors” do you mean that in a cutesy reality-game-show way or a heads-on-a-pike way? Just out of curiosity – definitely not out of abject terror. OW! Why are you all kicking me?

WINE GUY: Oh, I think she's just going to slowly and painfully drain them of their magical essence and then discard their useless corpses.

WILDER: [Muttering] Great, even my corpse is useless.

NORAH: [Forced] That sounds great! Good for her! Girl power!

SOPHIE: Yeah, love me a public execution. Slay, queen. Literally.

PIX: Some of them definitely deserve it.

BUMS: Totally. I wouldn't want to be whoever those traitors are.

WINE GUY: You alright, mate? You're looking a little peaky. Is it the Gorgonzola?

WILDER: No, no it's me I'm just a bit...

PIX: He missed this morning's tanning sesh. Yeah, totally hungover from uh... part... y...ing?

SOPHIE: [Unconvincingly] Oh absolutely. The postman and the Deliveroo driver arrived at the same time. It was a total... uh... rave up. Yeah, he really discoed on down.

WINE GUY: [Suspicious] Hmmm... Well, you're in the right place. Nothing cures a hangover like good old hair of the dog.

BUMS: Eating that won't help. Not if it's anything like the hair of the hamster.

WILDER: DUDE!

WINE GUY: [Suspiciously] You know... you lot are taking things very literally...

SOPHIE: Noooooo, we're not doing that. That's a thing people with autism do and we're definitely not people with autism! YUCK!

BUMS: That's right! We're AUTISTIC! See? I listen.

PIX: Oh for fuck's SAKE Bums!

WINE GUY: It's... it's YOU!! YOU'RE THE TRAITORS!!! I HAVE THE TRAITORS!!! NOW I WILL BRING YOU TO OUR MAGNIFICENT QUEEN AND SHE WILL REWARD ME WITH INFINITE RICHES I COULDN'T POSSIBLY SPEND IN MY LIFETIME BUT PLAN TO HOARD ANYWAY SO I FEEL BIG AND IMPORTANT MUAHAHAHAHA.

NORAH: Ooookay, we need to take this guy out. We need a spell that will...

FX: SHOVE, WINE GUY SCREAMS, FALLS TO THE FLOOR

OMNES: [Everyone reacting with shock and admiration to Sophie having pushed the wine guy off the cart].

BUMS: [Impressed] Wow, Sophie! You just shoved him right over!

SOPHIE: That felt quite good! I told you I was born to bully.

WINE GUY: [Calling after them] How dare...? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

SOPHIE: [Calling back] We're taking your wine and cheese cart! Literally!

PIX: Yeeessssssss Sophie!

SOPHIE: What happened to Foetus?

PIX: You have officially outgrown Foetus.

BUMS: Now you are Leg-us.

NORAH: Guys we're nearly there. Ugh so many competing noise sources! Why do they DO that? Do one thing or do nothing!

FX: DISTANT THUMPING MUSIC, CHATTER, WHOOPING ETC.

WILDER: I'd just like to point out that there is still time to turn around, leave the country and take on new identities.

BUMS: There'll be plenty of time for that when we're useless corpses.

NORAH: Bums, do you know what a corpse is?

BUMS: [Enthusiastically] Nope! But I can't wait to find out!

SOPHIE: Norah, have you still got the Mum Bag?

WILDER: When does she ever not have the Mum Bag? Honestly, how do you lug that thing around?

NORAH: Basic upper body strength.

WILDER: OUCH!

NORAH: You'll live. Sophie - what do you need?

SOPHIE: Binocular me.

FX: **RUMMAGING**

NORAH: Here you go. God this thing has everything we could ever need. Makes me wonder why we don't use it to get out of every scrape we find ourselves in. Anyway – what do you see?

SOPHIE: OK, so the whole boob is under heavy guard.

PIX: Title of my sex tape.

WILDER: Excellent.

SOPHIE: Shit. It looks like she's got the cops onside.

PIX: ACAB, man.

NORAH: Ah fuck. Let me see. Oh. OH! [Laughing] It's OK. Those aren't real cops. Those are hot cops.

BUMS: Hot cops?? Like on Death in Paradise?

NORAH: Strippers. Exotic dancers. Crotch-thrusters. Hence why they are all, in fact, hot.

SOPHIE: Eh. If you say so.

PIX: Let me see! [Looking through binoculars] Oooh. I begrudgingly retract my ACAB.

WILDER: Excuse me, hot or not – which is still in dispute - we still have to get past them.

PIX: Maybe we could go under them.

WILDER: Oooh now there's an idea. What if we tunneled under the hot cops and... this is another sex thing. Damnit, Pix!

NORAH: I didn't have you pegged as a bottom.

PIX: Please don't say "pegged" and "bottom" around Wilder and a top.

NORAH: Why, am I giving you ideas?

BUMS: [Cheerfully] I have no idea what anyone's talking about.

SOPHIE: Ugh, there's no getting through their line of defence. Even if they're not real cops, there are thousands of them! At least they're not armed.

PIX: Oh I think they're packing.

PIX & NORAH: [Both snort laugh]

WILDER: I can't believe I get to say this, but GROW UP, girls. What we need is a massive distraction.

BUMS: Like a squirrel playing outside their window?

SOPHIE: Hmm... I think you're on to something...

BUMS: YES! RELEASE THE SQUIRREL!

SOPHIE: Not you, Bums. Wilder. We need a distraction. A MASSIVE distraction. What, or who, are the hot cops likely to focus their attention on? [Singing wedding march tune] Dum dum de dummmm...

NORAH: Oh my God, Sophie – you really are a genius!

SOPHIE: Thank you, thank you, it's nice to be appreciated in my time.

PIX: We need a giant bride! One that they won't be able resist dancing at!

BUMS: Oooh I've got it!

WILDER: Have... you?

BUMS: Trust me, guys.

NORAH: Uh, Bums, whatever you're planning to do, maybe we should have a chat about it first? Take a vote?

FX: **PING**

BRIDEZILLA: ROAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRR! MY CENTREPIECES!!!

NORAH: Oh for crying out... Bridezilla? Really?

GRAMS: **STRIPPING MUSIC**

FX: **STOMPING, SCREAMING**

WILDER: In Bums's defence – she's doing the job.

PIX: Yeppp. I mean those hot cops are definitely distracted.

SOPHIE: She just ate three of them... wait... Four.

PIX: What a waste.

BRIDEZILLA: RAAAAAAAAAAWR! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN EVENING GUEST!

NORAH: Oh no! What if they had hot families??

WILDER: They don't appear to be dead, just mildly gnawed on. Which some men like. Not me, obviously. But you know, people like that exist. SHUT UP!!

PIX: We didn't say anything!!

WILDER: I was talking to me.

BRIDEZILLA: RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWR THE OPEN BAR'S CLOSING IN 20 MINUTES!!!

NORAH: Everyone change into hot cop outfits. They seem to have an access-all-areas pass to this cursed festival.

FX: **PING**

WILDER: This is somehow even more degrading than the tiny bow tie.

NORAH: Let's sneak past them before they regroup and... oh wow, the ones who haven't been eaten yet are still trying to give her a lap dance.

BUMS: Yep. It's the circle of life. Hey, isn't it funny that we could have just zapped ourselves here?

OMNES: [Groans of realisation]

SOPHIE: Guys I found a way in! Round the back!

PIX & WILDER: Weeeeeeeeey.

WILDER: Damnit, Pix!

PIX: Yeah, we did NOT plan that.

NORAH: Does anyone else want to stand next to The Thirsty Twins?

PIX: We're not related. No reason. Shut up!

FX: FIRE DOOR OPENING, EVERYONE PILING THROUGH

ATMOS: ECHOEY HALLWAY

SOPHIE: I think if we keep following the fire escape, we can get to the main stadium without being seen. Then we can get the lay of the land and... [dramatic pause]
commence Operation Custard Phone. I don't even feel silly when I say it anymore.

BUMS: I feel hungry and a bit tummy sick.

GRAMS: **THUMPING DISCO MUSIC GROWING LOUDER AS THEY APPROACH**

NORAH: Through this door! Follow the aggressively souped-up bassline!

FX: **DOOR CREAKING OPEN**

GRAMS: **DRAMATIC MUSIC CUE**

ATMOS: **INCREDIBLY LOUD STADIUM, THUMPING MUSIC, LOUD CHATTER,**
BUBBLING OF HOT TUB

WILDER: Fuuuuuck me.

MAN: Isn't it incredible, brother? You're just in time to hear our leader speak from her
holy Hot Tub of Homogeny! What I wouldn't give to bathe in her beatific bacteria –

PIX: Oh bloody hell.

MAN: But alas, only her most dedicated disciples were chosen.

PIX: That's a lot of dedicated disciples stewing in each other's juices.

MAN: Yes! They're cleansing their sweat from the Blessed Beer-Pong Battle.

NORAH: Eugh!

MAN: Silence! She's about to speak!

GRAMS: **STRICTLY-STYLE MUSIC**

WILDER: My eyes! My brain! SO MUCH NOISY FLASHY!

ANNOUNCER: Laaaadies and gentlemen, boys and girls, hens and mens...

PIX: Make it stop!

ANNOUNCER: Introducing the woman of the hour – our benevolent thought leader... PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR... AUNTIE VAXXXXXX!

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

GRAMS: MUSIC TO INDICATE END OF ACT 1

CROWD: AUNTIE VAXX! AUNTIE VAXX! AUNTIE VAXX!

PIX: Auntie Vaxx? Where have I heard that bef... ohhhh...

SOPHIE: Oh... OH...

NORAH: It's her! The autism aunt who tried to infiltrate our support group! SHE'S the Grand Neurotypical!

SOPHIE: She must have been standing right outside the room when we got our powers!
That's how she got hers! In retrospect, that seems totally obvious!

BUMS: Woah! I never would have guessed this – not in a million years. What a twist!

WILDER: So by trying to prevent the prophecy, Verit@s and Horb made sure it was a... self-fulfilling prophecy? Hmmm?

OMNES: [Improvised groans]

PIX: What do you want? Applause?

WILDER: I was going for laughter but I'll take applause. Any kind of external validation, really, I'm not fussy.

CROWD: AUNTIE VAXX! AUNTIE VAXX! AUNTIE VAXX!

NORAH: I have to say, as horrible as it is, Auntie-Vaxx is a much better name than “The Grand Neurotypical”. Those New Dawns really are terrible at naming things.

FX: HOT TUB BUBBLING LOUDER, AUNTIE-VAXX RISING FROM THE STEAM,

CROWD ROARING

AUNTIE-VAXX: Thank you! Thank you! I’m delighted so many of you beautiful people came out here tonight to see my vision through. Well done you. The rest will be hunted down and... gently reeducated.

BUMS: I already did three extra years, how much more reeducated could I be??

AUNTIE-VAXX: However.

CROWD: [Confused and anxious – “however”??]

AUNTIE-VAXX: I sit before you in the Holy Hot Tub of Homogeny disappointed. The traitors whose capture I ordered over 24 hours ago are still on the loose. In fact, I have it on good authority that not only were they discovered and managed to get away – but that they made off with an entire cart-load of cheese. We can only assume they were planning to feed it to children, as we all know cheese causes autism.

BUMS: Huh. That explains it.

WILDER: No it doesn’t, Bums, that’s complete misinform- never mind we don’t have time.
Sure, Bums. Cheese causes autism.

BUMS: Yessssss! I’m going to get SO autistic!

AUNTIE-VAXX: In fact, they were last seen heading towards this very room.

CROWD: [Frenzied whispers and murmurs as they digest this]

SOPHIE: Uh oh...

PIX: [Hissing] Wilder! Stop sweating!

WILDER: Stop sweating?? How am I supposed to stop sweating??? What are you t- STOP SWEATING?? WHAT IS THIS THE PIZZA EXPRESS IN WOKING???

AUNTIE-VAXX: If I know my enemy, and, uh, I think I do, these neurodiversity activists, these NAs, will make themselves known. They bloody love making a big show of themselves.

WILDER: Hey! That's only partially true!

AUNTIE-VAXX: All we have to do is wait. And as a reminder of why we're all doing this – here is a photo of my nephew with autism.

GRAMS: **SAD MUSIC CUE**

CROWD: Aaaaaaaaaw

PIX: THAT'S her nephew?? That's a fully grown man in a Star Trek t-shirt!

BUMS: Yeah – he looks my age!

WILDER: Which is...???

SOPHIE: NOW what do we do? If we make a move, we're playing right into her hands... but if we don't...

NORAH: Then we're sitting ducks. I don't think we have a choice, guys. Whatever we do, it's only a matter of time before we get caught. We might as well do it now.

WILDER: Now as in, like, two weeks from now or now as in not at all, ever?

NORAH: Come on, Wilder. What are we supposed to do? Cower in the corner and hope it all goes away?

WILDER: Is... that an option?

NORAH: Look, guys. I know I was pretty fed up the other day. I know I said I didn't want to lead and you have every right to tell me to sit the fuck down, especially as Sophie's been doing such a good job. But, if you'll have me, I'd like to, maybe, sort of... uh – I mean I don't want to usurp Sophie I just...

SOPHIE: Oh thank GOD!!! Everybody, Mum's back!!!

OMNES: [Improvised delight at Mum's return] [Descends into chanting] Mum! Mum! Mum!

NORAH: For the last time, I'm not...

PIX: Don't fight it – just be Mum.

BUMS: Unless my actual mum shows up, in which case I never called you that and you can't prove that I did.

NORAH: Ugh fine. But when this is over, I'm never helping anyone again.

PIX: Sure, Jan.

BUMS: Wait, Norah's name is Jan? I thought Pix was Jan! I'm so confused!!!

WILDER: So what's the plan, Jan?

BUMS: WHO IS JAN??

NORAH: OK here's what I propose – we need to get as close to the stage as possible without being noticed. That will, unfortunately, mean... joining in.

PIX: Norah, no.

NORAH: I'm sorry, there's no other way.

WILDER: There's got to be. Maybe we could dig through hell for a couple of Millennia?
Come up the other end?

PIX: Are we still talking about pegging?

SOPHIE: Norah's right. It's like they say in therapy - the only way out is through. To be clear, through the hen party, not whatever Wilder said about pegging. So we just act casual and...

BUMS: [Blows out loud fart sound]

SOPHIE: Bums what are you doing?

BUMS: I'm whistling.

WILDER: Very casual, mate.

PIX: How do we even know what we're going to be joining in with? Where's the itinerary? WHERE'S THE ITINERARY??

NORAH: This is a neurotypical hen party. The only predictable thing about it is the hourly whip round for more Prosecco. We're just going to have to... take each thing as it comes.

WILDER: Oh God.

PIX: [Horny] Oh God.

NORAH: Be spontaneous.

SOPHIE: Oh GOD.

NORAH: Calmly adapt to each new situation.

PIX: OH GOD!!!

NORAH: When we're close enough to the Hot Tub of Homogeny, we'll surround her in a circle and...

BUMS: Turn the water blue so everyone thinks she's peed in it?

SOPHIE: FOR THE LAST TIME NO!

BUMS: But she's in a pool now! You said!

NORAH: Maybe next time. This time, bam – Custard Phone!

OMNES: CUSTARD PHONE!

NORAH: Are we all in?

SOPHIE: I'm in.

PIX: Ugh. I hate you all. But I'm in.

WILDER: I suppose if I stay behind, I'll look like a right cunt. Alright, I'm in.

BUMS: Again, I'm easy.

NORAH: Good enough. OK, stay close together and follow me.

BUMS: [Bums, singing totally made up Bond theme] James Bond, James Bond, James Bond, James Bond, He wears a suit and kisses ladieeeeees in the snowwww/And they don't seem that into it/But he does it cos he's/James Bond, James Bond/James Bond James Bond/James Bon-

NORAH: Bums, stop it. That's not even the Bond theme tune.

BUMS: Even being a spy is no fun.

PERFUMER: Alright babes, you here for the perfume-making workshop?

WILDER: Is it too late for me to choose looking like a right cunt?

NORAH: We'd love to join in your perfume-making workshop. We love us some unpredictable strong smells. Perfume me up... babe.

PERFUMER: Oh my GOD babes, we're going to have so much fun! Don't be shy, everyone, get in really close so you can properly enjoy every single smell.

SOPHIE: [Weakly] Yaaaaay.

PERFUMER: Now. The first thing to choose is a base. Take a good, long whiff.

WILDER: Do I have t-oh dear GOD. AN ATTACK! A CHEMICAL ATTACK! I mean... an attack... on all other perfumes. Because we're... not beating this one? [Wilder tries to stifle a perfume-induced coughing fit].

SOPHIE: [Breathing in deeply, then coughing – close to tears] Lovely.

PERFUMER: What are you getting from that, babes?

SOPHIE: Uhhh... a headache?

PERFUMER: Ummm... no, bad luck babe, it's patchouli.

PIX: [Muttering] Yeah, patchouli AWFUL.

NORAH: Shhh!

PERFUMER: Now we're going to add in some contrasting scents.

NORAH: Oh good! More smells on top of the original smells!

PERFUMER: There! Now have another huff on that. What are you smelling?

BUMS: Uh... the perfume, like you told us to. What a stupid question.

WILDER: He means... uh... hints of... um... the duty-free shop they make you walk through to get to your gate, as if flying isn't stressful enough.

PERFUMER: [Becoming suspicious] None of you seem to be enjoying this perfume-making experience.

NORAH: No, no, we're having a great time! It smells just like an unsolicited hug from my Great Aunt Ida...

PERFUMER: Hold on a minute...

PIX: Uh... Norah, I think we've been rumbled.

BUMS: She told us to hold on a minute! Let's just wait to see what she says.

PERFUMER: Dislike of delightful fragrances? An inability to hide your true feelings? STRANGE WHORLS OF HAIR?? [Pause] You! Catch!

FX: PERFUMER THROWS A PERFUME BOTTLE, WILDER SHRIEKS AND MISSES THE CATCH. IT SHATTERS ON THE FLOOR!

PERFUMER: I KNEW IT!

WILDER: That doesn't prove anything! Anyone would react like that if someone suddenly lobbed a glass bottle at them... filled with EUGH GOD I CAN'T PRETEND! IT BURNS, IT BURNNNNNS...

PERFUMER: IT'S YOU! YOU'RE THE NAs! TRAITORS! TRAITORS!!!

SOPHIE: Balls. Ma'am, I've generally stopped apologising for myself since the whole cake debacle but uh... I'm at least a little bit sorry about this?

PERFUMER: About what?

FX: SOPHIE GRABS A BOTTLE OF PERFUME AND SPRAYS IT IN THE WOMAN'S FACE

PERFUMER: [Screams and coughs]

SOPHIE: Now, guys, run!

WILDER: Sophie! What the hell??

SOPHIE: Too far?

WILDER: No, not at all, you just got some on me!

BUMS: So that's where the saying "in your face" comes from. You learn something new every day.

PIX: Do... you???

NORAH: Great job, Sophie! But guys, that was a really close call. Whatever's next, we need to be cool and collected and...

ART TEACHER: You lot here for the life-drawing class?

NORAH: OH NO!!!!

PIX: Oh YES...

BUMS: Calm down, Norah, you just *draw* the bowls of fruit. They don't make you eat them.

PIX: That's still life, Bums.

BUMS: Yeah, of course it's still life... we're not dead. I don't think? I'm still not 100% clear on that.

WILDER: No, Bums... actually, you know what? I don't want to ruin the surprise.

ART TEACHER: Everyone grab an easel and some charcoal – our model is just about to disrobe.

BUMS: Is he here to deliver the fruit? Is that why he's wearing a robe? So he doesn't get fruit all over his... [Bums gasps] OH MY GOD! THE FRUIT DELIVERY GUY IS NAKED! [Bums giggles uncontrollably] I CAN SEE HIS THING!!! I CAN SEE HIS THING! AND HIS PENIS! I CAN SEE HIS PENIS AS WELL! OH MY GOODNESS ME!

SOPHIE: Eeeeeeeeeeeew!

PIX: Yes... ew.

WILDER: [Insecure] Yeah, totally unimpressive. I mean, obviously I only have one point of comparison...

NORAH: Guys, it'll be fine. All we have to do is sit here, staring at the living, breathing naked man who can also perceive us and accurately draw his genitals in a way that doesn't cause any offence.

SOPHIE: Or...

FX: SOPHIE SMASHING EASELS OVER PEOPLE'S HEADS

NORAH: Or you could just bash everyone over the heads with your easel.

WILDER: Seriously, Sophie, who the fuck are you?

BUMS: Duh, this is Sophie. You've spent the whole week with her. Unless... [epiphany]
THIS is Jan!!!

PIX: No.

NORAH: Follow me - before we draw any more attention to ourselves.

BUMS: Yeah and before we draw that man's penis.

PIX: Uh, lads, we're getting VERY pointed at and whispered about. And not just the
normal autistic background level getting pointed at and whispered about.

FX: SQUEAKY ZORB BALL ROLLING UP

HORB: [Stage whisper] Guys. Hey, guys! In here!!

BUMS: [Shrieks] AAAARGH! A TALKING BUBBLE!

HORB: I'm not a talking bubble, you... you... goober. It's me – it's Horb! Over here! No-
don't look *behind* the bubble, I... I'm *in* the bubble!

BUMS: You're going to need to be more specific, mate.

PIX: Oh my God – It's... Horb in a Zorb!

HORB: Very funny. Yes, Horb is in a Zorb. It's a convenient disguise, it prevents further
injury and somehow society is more accommodating to giant bubbles than it is to
wheelchair users. Now, quickly, everyone get inside.

FX: DISTANT YAPPING

ATMOS: INSIDE THE BUBBLE

PIX: Oh I like THIS. It's like a sensory-deprivation bubble! I mean I'd like it a lot better if you all weren't also in here.

NORAH: Good job, Horb! What a weird deus ex-machina!

HORB: Not a deus ex-machina. Definitely not a deus ex-machina. It makes perfect sense for there to be Zorbing at a hen party, so there!

SOPHIE: All we need to do now is Zorb our way to the front of the crowd...

HORB: ...Where Verit@s will be waiting. Once you've got The Grand Neurotypical trapped, it's time to hand over your powers. We can take it from there.

OMNES: [Silence].

NORAH: Oh... right – yeah. In all the madness I'd forgotten about handing over our powers.

SOPHIE: I feel weirdly sad. I thought I'd be relieved to give them up but now...

PIX: Yeah. I mean, we knew this was coming but I guess I didn't realise it would be so soon.

WILDER: This is the first time in my life I've ever felt special. What am I going to be without magic? Just some... some GUY???

BUMS: Don't be sad, guys. It's not like we won't still be able to do magic.

PIX: That's... exactly what it's like.

BUMS: Oh, WHAT??? WHY DIDN'T ANYBODY SAY???

HORB: I know it must suck but it's for the greater good. This is how it was always meant to be. It's destiny. Fate. Kismet. Predetermin...

PIX: OH MY GOD, STOP.

HORB: In any case, I'm sure you're all itching to get back to your regular lives.

OMNES: [Aggrieved silence].

WILDER: Yeah. Can't bloody wait.

HORB: Well, at least the next bit will be easy. It's not like people are going to stand in the way of the only giant bub...

ANNOUNCER: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! IT'S TIME FOR ONE MINUTE OF... BUBBLE
MAYHEM!!!

HORB: Uh oh...

ANNOUNCER: IN YOUR ZORBS, GET SET, ROLLLLLLLLLL...

GRAMS: **BOOMING MUSIC**

FX: **SCREAMING, LAUGHTER, WHOOPING, ZORB BALLS EVERYWHERE,**
KNOCKING TOGETHER

HORB: [Responding to each collision] Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! THIS IS NO LONGER
PREVENTING FURTHER INJURY!

BUMS: To be fair, getting horribly injured is kind of your thing, mate.

NORAH: We can do this. We just need to coordinate all of our body movements in order to propel the Zorb.

PIX: EVERY SINGLE WORD OF THAT WAS STUPIDER THAN THE LAST!

SOPHIE: Usually I'm on board with your plans, Norah, but we can't even coordinate a group high-five.

WILDER: Or, indeed, a regular high-five.

BUMS: Uh, guys...

NORAH: Quiet, Bums, I'm trying to think.

BUMS: Yeah, cool, no, what I was going to say wasn't really important.

NORAH: I reckon if we all start kicking at once...

BUMS: It's just that uh... we're still magical, right?

NORAH: Yes, Bums, for now – but we have to get to the front to hand over our magic. I know it's hard, but please do try to keep up.

BUMS: Oh. OK. I mean, there's probably a good reason we're not using our magic and I just haven't thought of it.

OMNES: [Dead silence].

WILDER: I can't believe I'm saying this but... Bums – you're a genius!

BUMS: It's taken you this long to notice? I don't want to be mean, but you guys can be a little slow on the uptakes.

NORAH: That's... actually kind of hard to argue with right now. So I'll just... uh...

FX: **PING**

SOPHIE: Nice! Great job, Bums! Kind of embarrassing for the rest of us, to be honest.

BUMS: Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!! Come on guys, we're here now – we might as well have fun!

PIX: You know what? Fuck it. When in Rome. Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

OMNES: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

HORB: OW! OW! OW! OW!

SOPHIE: We're nearly at the front! We only have one more Zorb to get past! The one with the... oh shit!

WILDER: Is that...?

NORAH: I think it is! Herbert??

BUMS: No, you guys, that's not Herbert, cos Herbert is small.

SOPHIE: Pretty sure that's Herbert, Bums. He's got the same flash of white across his left eyebrow.

BUMS: Does he?? Huh. I never noticed that.

WILDER: You really ARE the worst hamster owner ever!

BUMS: Oh well. OK, well I guess it must be him. Look - he's smiling at me!

PIX: I'm pretty sure he's baring his teeth.

BUMS: Herbert! Buddy! You alright in there? I know how much hamsters hate running around and around in wheels!

WILDER: Maybe next time get a stick insect.

HERBERT: I'm better than ever, BUDDY! Auntie-Vaxx made me big and mighty! She promised me a giant cage and infinite sawdust and all the babies I can store in my capacious cheek pouches. Plus I finally get to destroy you! [Herbert laughs maniacally]

BUMS: Uh... Norah? Can you make him small and not horrible again?

NORAH: On it.

FX: PING

BUMS: Thanks. [Weakly calling after Herbert] You're alright, mate. We'll... uh... come back for you later. He'll be fine.

NORAH: OK, guys... I think this is it.

SOPHIE: [Tearfully] Oh my God.

PIX: I can't believe this is about to be over. However it ends, it's about to be over.

WILDER: We'll always have Paracosm.

BUMS: Yeah – and magic powers.

SOPHIE: Again, Bums – no.

BUMS: CRAP!!!

NORAH: So here's the plan. Bums – you go that way. Sophie, that way. Pix, sneak around the front, I'll go in through the back...

PIX & WILDER: Weeeeeeeeeey. [Beat] DAMNIT!

NORAH: Wilder – sorry, but you're going to have to be a Butler in the Buff again – just for a few minutes.

WILDER: Why has it always got to be me! Why can't it be... well not Bums. Why can't it be Horb??

HORB: [Feebly] Owwww...

WILDER: So this is all I am to you people, is it? A mindless sex object.

PIX: Pretty much.

WILDER: Wait, what?

FX: **PING**

NORAH: Everyone – take a phone. We can use them to communicate right up until the moment of attack. Wilder – once everybody is in position, you approach her carrying this tray holding one final phone. You tell her there's an unexpected call for her. She'll love that.

WILDER: But circling back to the sex object thing for just one second...

SOPHIE: Oh for God's sake, if we live through this, you two can bang it out later. Just...
warn us first, so we can be out.

PIX & WILDER: [Improv – both spluttering indignant protests]

SOPHIE: Right now, we need everyone to focus. And if we don't make it, it's been a blast. A
life-ruining, terrifying – wonderful – blast.

NORAH: Same but we're going to be fine, Sophie. We're all taking this seriously. Now let's
custard her up real good.

OMNES: [Everyone agreeing, hyped up].

NORAH: Now – on the count of three, everyone go.

HORB: [Weakly] What... About... Me...?

NORAH: Uh... you stay here and try not to close your eyes for too long. OK, one, two, ...
annnnnd they're all gone. I said on "three"! Ah fuck it.

FX: **NORAH STEALTHILY MOVING THROUGH CROWD**

NORAH: [Speaking into phone] OK, I think I've found a good spot. What about you guys?

SOPHIE: I've got a clear shot to the left of her. Wilder?

WILDER: I'm at the front of the crowd ready to approach.

PIX: I've got Wilder's butt. I mean BACK! I've got Wilder's BACK!

NORAH: I don't see Bums! Does anyone have eyes on Bums?

PIX: FOR GOD'S SAKE, I MISSPOKE!

BUMS: Uh, I think I might be lost.

NORAH: Bums – she's the evil supervillain on a giant stage in a massive hot tub. How can you possibly be lost? Describe your surroundings.

BUMS: I'm in a room with a big microphone... oooh and a big button. I wonder what happens if I...

NORAH: BUMS, NO!

SFX: LOUDSPEAKER

BUMS: PUSH IT! OH AWESOME!! HELLO EVERYBODY! I AM YOUR GOD!

CROWD: [Murmuring, unrest – they're getting rumbled].

SOPHIE: Bums – you've got to cover your tracks! Quickly – put on a Geordie accent and make an announcement!

SFX: LOUDSPEAKER

BUMS: YEP! WILL DO! UH... AN ANNOUNCEMENT... UH... HMMM...

NORAH: For God's sake, stop answering us!

CROWD: [Becoming even more agitated]

BUMS: I'VE GOT IT! [Clears throat – TERRIBLE Geordie accent] JADIES AND
LENTILMEN, LEND ME YOUR EARS, FOR I GOT A ROCKIN' DEAL FOR YOU
ON FOG ON THE TYNE IS ON BYKER GROVE!!!

SFX: **LOUDSPEAKER**

WILDER: Nope.

PIX: Fucked it.

NORAH: Ah shit. We're going to have to change the plan. Wilder – you need to make your move NOW.

WILDER: NOW?? As in some indeterminate time in the future that a more capable version of me will magically be able to handle?

SOPHIE: FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WILDER, DON'T MAKE ME KICK YOUR ASS!

PIX: Protect your ass. You'll need that.

WILDER: Alright, I'm going, I'm going.

FX: **CROWD HUSHES, WILDER SHUFFLES FORWARD, BUBBLING OF THE HOT TUB INTENSIFIES**

WILDER: Alright, Wilder. You're fine. This is fine. You're just on stage... in front of 20,000 people... and you don't know your lines... and also you're in your underpants.
WAIT NO THIS ISN'T FINE, THIS IS A STRESS DREAM!

AUNTIE-VAXX: Hmmm... pasty... doughy... walking on his little tippy toes... I smell a Neurodiversity Activist!

CROWD: [Boos, jeers etc.]

WILDER: [Mumbling] I'm here to deliver a thing.

CROWD: [Improvised booing – “can’t hear you!”]

AUNTIE-VAXX: Speak up, puny man!

PIX: Anyone else starting to like her?

WILDER: [Mumbling] I’m here to deliver a thing. Take it.

NORAH: Wilder, no – we need Bums to complete the circle! You need to stall - annnnd he’s just giving her the phone. Perfect.

AUNTIE-VAXX: Oh this is *adorable*. This is your big move is it? A phone?? Oh honey, those aren’t scary for me like they are for you. Uh, OK – why don’t you give me your little phone?

WILDER: I’m trying to but you won’t stop patronising me long enough to bloody take it!

AUNTIE-VAXX: [Snatching the phone] Uh, hello, yes – I’d like to report the world’s most pathetic attempt at a coup.

WILDER: Uh, guys, no pressure but this is, like, really embarrassing. And very dangerous. But also REALLY embarrassing.

SOPHIE: I don’t think he can stall for much longer. Or – for any length of time at all.

PIX: TITLE OF HIS SEX TAPE! No, it’ll be fine. Our fates just rest on Bums finding his way out of that room before...

HOT COP: [In Pix’s ear] Well hello there.

PIX: Fuck.

AUNTIE-VAXX: HOT COPS! SEIZE THEM!

OMNES: [The gang each being captured in their respective locations],

NORAH: I... they've got us. I can't believe they've got us.

PIX: Really??

SOPHIE: Yeah, honestly that did seem like the most likely outcome. Hence my somber tone.

WILDER: I guess this really is it. Nobody's going to swoop in at the last second and save us. We're done for.

NORAH: [Stepping forward to face Auntie-Vaxx] Alright. You've got us. We... We surrender.

SOPHIE: Like hell we do!

PIX: Yeah, what the fuck, Norah?

NORAH: Just... before you do away with us, would you grant us our last request of... telling us what it is you're about to do?

WILDER: Uh... I don't want to know. Would you hot gentlemen mind unhanding me so I can briefly block my ears?

SOPHIE: Oh Norah, I hope you know what you're doing.

AUNTIE-VAXX: I don't know. That sounds an awful lot like a "reasonable adjustment".

CROWD: [Boos and jeers – someone yells "WOKE NONSENSE"]

NORAH: No no, not a reasonable adjustment. Consider it our final wish.

AUNTIE-VAXX: Hmm... well alright. I guess I can allow it. I'm not a monster.

WILDER: [Mumbling] Agree to disagree.

AUNTIE-VAXX: Very well. I'll be dunking you in the Hot Tub of Homogeny where I'll be absorbing all of that delicious magical energy and using it to remake the world in my image. You will come out the other side...

WILDER: [Fearfully] Lifeless corpses?

AUNTIE-VAXX: Heavens no! You'll come out... one of us.

CROWD: [Cheers frantically]

NORAH: Yeah, no that's even worse.

PIX: No way! That is NEVER happening!

SOPHIE: You'll have to kill us first!

WILDER: Yeah, you'll have to kill them first!

NORAH: Wilder!

WILDER: Ugh fine, I'll step up to the moment. Over my dead body!

NORAH: Well then – I think I speak for all of us when I say a hearty “fuck you”.

OMNES: [Improvised gang telling Auntie-Vaxx where to go]

AUNTIE-VAXX: [Triggered] HOW DARE YOU? YOU DON'T GET TO SPEAK FOR MY NEPHEW
WITH AUTISM! THAT'S MY JOB! HOT COPS! TAKE THEM INTO CUSTODY!

BUMS: [From high up] NO!!!! WE'LL MAKE *YOU* CUSTARDY!

GRAMS: **HEROIC MUSIC**

OMNES: [Exclamations of relief and recognition that Bums has showed up].

AUNTIE-VAXX: Huh???

FX: **BUMS LAUNCHES HIMSELF DOWN A ZIPLINE**

BUMS: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE I'M REALLY GOOD AT MAKING
ZIPLIIIIIIIIIIINES!!!!

FX: **BUMS CRASHES INTO THE GRAND NT, SENDING HER SPLASHING.**
BEFORE HE JUMPS OUT TO TAKE HIS POSITION

NORAH: NOW!!

FX: **THE SOUND OF CUSTARD SPURTING FROM FIVE DIFFERENT PHONES,**
CHAOS, SCREAMING, AUNTIE-VAXX STRUGGLING

AUNTIE-VAXX: [Thrown] THIS is your big prophecised weapon? Custard?

SOPHIE: Custard PHONE.

AUNTIE-VAXX: You do realise I can just wade right out of here, right?

PIX: You could – if we hadn't infused the custard with enough chill pill to... set a large
amount of custard.

GRAMS: **DRAMATIC MUSIC**

FX: **BLIZZARD BEGINS THAT LASTS FOR REST OF SCENE, CUSTARD**
SOLIDIFYING

AUNTIE-VAXX: No... NO!!!! I'm trapped! I... I'm...

BUMS: Hoist with your own blizz-ard.

WILDER: That doesn't work, Bums, because it wasn't HER blizzard to begin with and...

BUMS: Hoist with your own crust-ard!

WILDER: [Resigned sigh] OK.

AUNTIE-VAXX: What are you going to do to me?

PIX: Oh you want to know what's going to happen to you? I don't know, sounds an
awful lot like a reasonable adjustment.

SOPHIE: Pix, don't gloat – it's not classy.

PIX: Just one more?

SOPHIE: I can't stop you.

PIX: [Blows a massive raspberry – comedically long. Just, like, the longest raspberry
ever raspberried. The raspberry peters out.]

SOPHIE: You done?

PIX: [Pix's raspberry lets out one last squeak] Now I'm done.

SOPHIE: We're going to do what we always planned to do – hand over our powers to the good 5%, who are going to release you into the wild.

AUNTIE-VAXX: Oh? And who might that be? The Social Justice League?

VERIT@S: No, that would be us.

OMNES: [Improvised everyone being relieved to see Verit@s]

NORAH: Verit@s! Thank God! Verit@s is here. Verit@s – we're ready to hand over our magic. The rest is up to you. As long as the blizzard keeps the custard cold, she'll be trapped. After that, you'll need to capture her and release her humanely. We don't have a plan but...

VERIT@S: Don't worry, we do.

NORAH: Oh, yeah, of course. I mean, after that it's not going to be *our* plan is it? Because we won't be part of this anymore.

VERIT@S: Norah, you've already done so much. I never thought I'd say this – especially to you lot – but the entire planet is going to be better off because of you.

WILDER: And the rest of us, right? RIGHT???

NORAH: Thanks, Verit@s.

WILDER: RIGHT????

NORAH: So what do we have to do?

VERIT@S: I think you know. You were always the most powerful one. Your instincts haven't failed you yet, so... [emotional] follow them now.

NORAH: [Also emotional] From one leader to another - thanks for everything.

HORB: [Clears throat] No it's fine no need to thank me – not like I sacrificed anything.
EXCEPT FOR ALL MY BONES!

WILDER: Why don't the men get any appreciation around here?

PIX: Truly a mystery.

NORAH: Guys – it's time. Everyone stand in a circle around Verit@s and Horb.

SOPHIE: [Breathes in shakily] One last spell.

BUMS: One last spell! Before we get to be lifeless corpses!

PIX: Oh GOD, I'm even going to miss Bums.

WILDER: I wish I'd done some cooler stuff while I was magical but I couldn't be bothered and now it's too late. The Wilder Gunning story.

PIX: I'm sorry, hold up, Wilder is your FIRST NAME??? And your surname is somehow EVEN SILLIER???

SOPHIE: Wilder Gunning. WILDER GUNNING. Is this guy for real?

NORAH: I have to agree with Pix, Wilder, that's a ludicrous name.

BUMS: So silly, mate. What were your parents even thinking?

AUNTIE-VAXX: WILL YOU LOT GET THIS OVER WITH? THIS IS THE MOST I'VE EVER LISTENED TO A PERSON WITH AUTISM AND I HATE IT SO MUCH!

PIX: Alright, alright, we're doing it. Well, men – I guess we're going over the top.

WILDER: [Emotional] Good luck everyone.

GRAMS: EMOTIONAL BLACKADDER-FINALE-STYLE MUSIC

NORAH: OK, everybody – hold hands and close your eyes. Find your inner glowy orb.

FX: EVERYONE LIGHTS UP ONE BY ONE

SOPHIE: [Emotional] Remember when that used to be hard?

PIX: [Also emotional] Title of Wilder's sex tape.

NORAH: OK – now feel around for each other's orbs.

PIX: [Still emotional] Stop making this so easy.

NORAH: And now... we merge our energies.

FX: GLOWING SOUND INTENSIFIES AS THE GROUP LIGHTS UP

NORAH: It's time to make the transfer. Everyone, put one hand on Horb's back, the other on Verit@s'.

FX: LOTS OF AWKWARD SHUFFLING AND KNOCKING AS IT'S MORE DIFFICULT A GROUP MANOEUVRE THAN IT SOUNDS.

NORAH: Now focus on pouring the magical energy into them. Ready? One... OK, see now you didn't even wait for two!

FX: A SURGE OF ENERGY

GRAMS: DANGER / ACTION MUSIC CUE

HORB: Oh my God.

SOPHIE: Norah? Something... something...

NORAH: I know! Something's wrong... I'm feeling a massive block.

PIX: Seriously – you're making this SO easy. Like, it's hard to believe you're not doing it on purpose. But also, I know what you mean... I think... I think...

NORAH: It's Verit@s. Something about her energy is blocking me. I...

WILDER: I can't keep my magic on her. It's all being drawn to Horb?? What's happening??

BUMS: I'm glad someone asked. I've been confused for about a week now.

HORB: Verit@s? Why am I... What's happening?? I thought you said... I...

VERIT@S: Be quiet. Hold still. Sorry about this, Horb. This was the only way.

HORB: What was the only way? I don't understand... I [Horb screams. It's genuinely scary].

NORAH: She's... She's grabbing on to Horb... Oh God... Oh no... This is all wrong!

SOPHIE: I feel it too... it's like... he's a vessel for our magic – she's... piggybacking? It all has to go through him? But... why?

PIX: This is giving really bad vibes, guys.

WILDER: I can't hold on much longer.

PIX: [Yawning] Title of your...

FX: PIX COLLAPSES

WILDER: Sex...

FX: WILDER COLLAPSES

SOPHIE: Pix? Wilder? Woah...

FX: SOPHIE COLLAPSES

BUMS: Night night.

FX: BUMS COLLAPSES

FX: END OF MAGICAL SURGE, END OF HORB SCREAMING – BLIZZARD IS STILL RAGING

NORAH: Guys! Stop collapsing! [Weakly] Verit@s? What's happening? What are you...?

VERIT@S: Give me one second, honey, I've got to take care of our friend here.

NORAH: Oh, thank God. Yes – please do take care of her. She's a monster, but she deserves basic rights-

FX: **SOUND OF RAY GUN FIRING UP**

NORAH: Oh God. OH GOD! VERIT@S NO! WHAT ARE YOU... NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

AUNTIE-VAXX: [Screams] TELL MY NEPHEW WITH AUTISM I WAS RIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

FX: **AUNTIE VAXX BEING VAPORISED**

NORAH: What have you done? Verit@s WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? We were going to
release her humanely!!

VERIT@S: I don't remember agreeing to that.

NORAH: [Genuinely betrayed] I thought you were the good guys!

VERIT@S: Welllll good and bad are subjective.

NORAH: You're... YOU'RE the monster! All this time, we thought it was The Grand
Neurotypical – but it was you. It was you all along. Which, in retrospect, also
seems pretty obvious. Just tell me why.

VERIT@S: Like I told you, we're saving humanity from themselves. The neurotypicals have
had their run of things for too long. Look at the mess they've made of the world.

NORAH: Oh my God. You're an Aspie Supremacist??

VERIT@S: Well duh. I mean, we complained non-stop about the neurotypicals. What did you
guys think that was?

NORAH: Jokes. We thought we were making jokes.

VERIT@S: Oh this is no joke. We've been building a secret army – and all we needed was a little... magic? Cheers for that, by the way! I can't believe you boobs gave up actual magic powers. What a bunch of chumps!

NORAH: Horb?

HORB: [Shaken] I didn't know. [World crumbling in on him] I swear, I didn't know.

VERIT@S: A useful idiot.

HORB: Wow, OK.

VERIT@S: [Nonchalantly] I needed somebody pure of heart to act as a vessel blah blah blah et cetera.

HORB: So you used me?

VERIT@S: You can cry into your magic powers. You're welcome by the way.

NORAH: You don't have to do this.

VERIT@S: Don't I? Look what the neurotypicals just tried to do to us. Look what they've ALWAYS done to us.

NORAH: So that's it? Fight fascism with more fascism?

VERIT@S: Pretty much, yeah. But, given that you've just handed over every last drop of your magic – again, wildly stupid – bravo – there's nothing you can do to stop me.

NORAH: Wow – I mean I thought you New Dawns sounded like a cult but you are off the charts.

VERIT@S: [A terrible laugh] The New Dawns? The NEW DAWNS? Girl, I was fucking with you. As if we'd give ourselves such a stupid name. It's juvenile. It's beneath us. Don't you get it yet? [A genuinely terrifying moment] We are The Five Per Cent.

NORAH: The Walliams one???

VERIT@S: Come on Horb – we have work to do. Later, losers. Enjoy spending the rest of your life dining out on the sad anecdote about that one time you were briefly powerful.

NORAH: No... no...

FX: VERIT@S AND HORB DISAPPEAR IN A WHIRLWIND OF SNOW. THE BLIZZARD ENDS, LEAVING NORAH THE LAST CONSCIOUS ONE, BROKEN ON THE FLOOR

NORAH: No...

FX: FLASH FORWARD

ATMOS: NORAH'S MUM'S HOUSE

FX: KNOCK ON BEDROOM DOOR

NORAH: Mum? [No response] That was the last of my stuff. I'm leaving now. [No response] I'll leave my key on the coffee table. [Nothing] Are you seriously not going to come out and say goodbye? [Nothing] You're still avoiding me. Of course you are. [Sighs heavily] Alright, Mum. I guess I shouldn't have hoped for better.

FX: FOOTSTEPS AS NORAH STARTS TO WALK AWAY

SANDRA: Norah, wait. You're right. I... I've been avoiding you.

NORAH: Yeah, no shit, Mum. That's just what you do though. It's what you've always done.

SANDRA: That's not true. I've always shown up for you. It wasn't easy raising you by myself and God knows I'm not perfect but I did it, didn't I? Did you ever go hungry?

NORAH: No.

SANDRA: Did you ever go without clothes? Shelter? Education?

NORAH: No. I didn't.

SANDRA: So what did you want from me that you didn't get?

NORAH: I wanted my feelings to matter as much as everybody else's. I wanted you to love me for who I was, not who you wanted me to be. When I hurt, I wanted you to comfort me. No, you know what? I would have settled for you just *believing* me. [Crying now] Even now, even now you've been in my shoes and know what it physically feels like to be me, you've been avoiding me for weeks because you STILL can't muster the slightest bit of empathy. I love you, Mum, but I can't keep coming to you with a begging bowl. You hurt me. I keep letting you hurt me.

SANDRA: I...

NORAH: I need you to know that whatever you say next will determine whether we even have a shot of having a relationship in the future.

SANDRA: [Beaten] I know that. Norah... I haven't been avoiding you because I can't empathise. I've been avoiding you because [tearful] I've been so ashamed.

NORAH: [Beat] Excuse me what?

SANDRA: I had no idea how hard things were for you. I had no idea how painful everything was. You suffer so much that I couldn't get through 12 hours in your body. I couldn't get out of bed.

NORAH: [Taking it in] OK...

SANDRA: I had no idea how much looking after you need. You can't possibly live independently.

NORAH: Wait, that's not the lesson.

SANDRA: Of course it is! I'm not getting any younger, Norah! Who's going to take care of you when I'm dead?

NORAH: Well I imagine it won't be your problem, seeing as how you'll be dead.

SANDRA: Don't be glib, Norah. You need help. You're broken. You're so, so broken.

NORAH: [In her full power now] I am NOT broken.

SANDRA: Listen, Norah – love – I know you've had a falling out with Mike but that's no reason to throw away your entire relationship. Mike is a guarantee for the future. You're so young – what happens when you get worse? What happens when-

NORAH: Mum, enough.

SANDRA: I'm just trying to look out for you.

NORAH: OK, well the way you do that isn't working for me. You need to learn a new way to relate to me – and *you* need to do that work. I'm not parenting you through it.

SANDRA: What are you saying?

NORAH: I'm saying that you're my mum and I'll always love you. But until you figure out how to stop repeatedly hurting me, I can't be around you.

SANDRA: So you're punishing me?

NORAH: No, Mum. I'm not punishing you. I'm protecting myself.

SANDRA: Norah! Don't go! I know you think your friends will look after you, but it'll be too much for them. They'll leave you. They'll all leave you.

NORAH: I don't expect anyone to look after me. For the first time in my life, I'm looking after myself. And it starts with this. [Voice cracking] Bye, Mum.

FX: NORAH LEAVES, CLOSING THE DOOR SOFTLY BEHIND HER

ATMOS: PIX'S LIVING ROOM

WILDER: Hey, Norah, any more heavy boxes need lifting? Because, uh, I'm totally up for lifting some heavy boxes.

NORAH: No, we moved them while you were hiding in the loo waiting for all the heavy boxes to get cleared out so you could pretend to offer help without losing face.

WILDER: [Squeaky voice] Wh-how very dare...! So they're definitely all gone?

BUMS: You know what would have been really helpful?

SOPHIE: Magic?

BUMS: I was going to say someone big and muscly but magic would have been good too.

PIX: Does anyone else still automatically go to do magic, like, all the time?

OMNES: [Improvised everyone agreeing sadly]

NORAH: Remember the time Pix's nightmares came to life?

SOPHIE: And the time Norah got blasted but still managed to be helpful?

BUMS: And the time I turned Wilder into a potato while he slept every night?

WILDER: Hehe yeah. Wait, you did WHAT??

PIX: The worst bit is the feeling of helplessness. Knowing Verit@s and The Five Percent are out there, plotting to take over the world and there's nothing we can do to stop them. That, and having to get up for snacks instead of just zapping them out of thin air. I can't believe I didn't listen to my instincts.

NORAH: We all ignored our guts when it came to her. She was... very convincing.

SOPHIE: She wasn't though, was she?

NORAH: Well... at least next time, we'll know better?

SOPHIE: What, next time the fate of the world rests on whether or not we get tricked into handing magical superpowers to an evil Aspie Supremacist?

NORAH: Yep... then.

BUMS: Yeah. I'm still not clear on what an Appsy Superwhatsit is.

SOPHIE: Aspie Supremacists are the worst of both worlds, Bums. They're ableist toward people with higher support needs but think their neurology makes them superior to neurotypicals.

BUMS: Huh???

WILDER: They think they're better than everybody.

BUMS: Wha?

NORAH: [Wearily] They're the baddies, Bums.

BUMS: THANK YOU! Was that so hard to explain? [Pause] You know what I still don't get?

PIX: It might be quicker if you list what you *do* get...

BUMS: If they're the baddies, how come we made all the same jokes as them? You know, about the neurotypicals...

NORAH: That is... an uncomfortably valid question, Bums. I think we're all going to need to reflect on that. I guess my answer would be, when you're in a minority, you make fun of systems of power. And neurotypicals are the ones with all the power. But you don't fight that by oppressing them back. That's when resistance becomes fasci-Bums, are you still listening?

BUMS: Uhhh you lost me at "reflect".

SOPHIE: So what happens now? We just forget the whole thing and carry on with our sad little lives?

WILDER: Hey! [Sadly] Oh yeah, my life is pretty sad.

NORAH: I don't think I can just move on.

WILDER: Ugh I was afraid you were going to say that.

SOPHIE: I don't think I can do it either.

WILDER: Great.

PIX: Same.

WILDER: Of course.

BUMS: To be honest, I've already forgotten what we're talking about.

WILDER: So how do you propose we go about stopping them? We don't have any magic! Or jobs. Or basic functioning skills.

NORAH: I don't know yet. I just know we have to try.

WILDER: WHY ARE YOU PEOPLE ALWAYS MAKING ME TRY??

PIX: The Five Percent are a problem for another day. Today, let's just celebrate. A toast!

FX: PIX TAPS FORK ON SIDE OF GLASS

OMNES: [Everyone reacts in sensory horror]

PIX: Sorry, sorry! [Toasting] To my new housemates, Norah and Sophie! A sentence I never thought I'd say, but what can I tell you? I've grown accustomed to your faces. Welcome to Casa Pix, fellow societal rejects. I hope... UGH so sincere – gross. FINE. I hope you feel as at home here as I do now – for the first time ever.

SOPHIE: [Tearfully] Pix...

PIX: Don't you dare make a big deal of this. I'll thump you.

WILDER: I'll raise a glass to that. And you know, I'm still looking for a place...

PIX: [Interrupting] And we wish you the best of luck in your house search.

BUMS: Uh, you forgot to toast Herbert.

PIX: And our new housemate, Herbert. I will now have to spend my entire life making sure Butthole doesn't eat him

BUTTHOLE: [Chirps hopefully]

PIX: But he's still safer here than he would be with Bums.

BUMS: [Raising his glass] Cheers!

OMNES: Cheers!

FX: **GLASSES CLINKING**

OMNES: [Improvised reactions of pain]

SOPHIE: You OK, Norah?

NORAH: Yeah. Totally. I think I just need some air. I'll be back in a few.

FX: NORAH WALKING OFF

SFX: VOICES GROWING MORE DISTANT AS NORAH WALKS AWAY

BUMS: Hey guys, remember the time I swapped Wilder's toothpaste for antiseptic cream?

WILDER: Wait, that was YOU? That wasn't even magical!

BUMS: You had to be there.

WILDER: I WAS there! I had a mouthful of antiseptic cream!

ATMOS: OUTSIDE, PEACEFUL, BIRDS SINGING

NORAH: [Takes a deep breath in and out – Just for this moment, she's content. She's free]

FX: BEEP BEEP [SAME SOUND EFFECT AS EP 2], LARGE BUS PULLING UP ON GRAVEL DRIVE

NORAH: Oh my God. It can't be... I thought... Oh my GOD.

FX: BUS DOOR OPENING

DRIVER: Alright, love.

NORAH: It's you.

DRIVER: It's me. Need a ride?

NORAH: Does this mean?

DRIVER: It's still your bus, Norah.

NORAH: [Amazed – delighted] It's still my bus...

GRAMS: **END MUSIC**

NORAH: We hope you've enjoyed season one of It's A Superpower??, powered by The Daily Tism – a satirical website by and for autistic people (poor things). This show was proudly human and autistic made by a small team of independent creatives. If you'd like us to make more, please spread the word! Tell someone you think would enjoy this, leave a 5* rating, review us, grade us – aaaand I'm star pupling again. If you have the means and want to help fund our work, sign up to our Patreon for a bunch of bonus content from the site, and to get season two before anybody else. Go to Patreon dot com / thedailytism. This season starred Sarah Amero, Alasdair Beckett-King, John Butler, Guy Kelly, Stuart Laws, Georgia Mackenzie, Lizzie Schenk and Abigail Weinstock. Guest stars were Fred Armisen, Tilly Gibbs, Gabby Hutchinson-Crouch, Grace Jarvis, Penn Jillette, Hare Lockwood, Patton Oswalt and Mark Watson. OK, now we're just flexing. Created by Sara Gibbs and Andrew Hickey. Written by Sara Gibbs. Directed by Sara Gibbs with Sarah Amero. Produced by Sara Gibbs with Hare Lockwood and Sarah Amero. Additional material by Sarah Amero, Andrew Hickey, Gabby Hutchinson-Crouch, Guy Kelly, Stuart Laws, Hare Lockwood, Laura Richmond and Joe Wells. Script editing by Sara Gibbs, Andrew Hickey and Gabby Hutchinson-Crouch. Original music and scoring by Sara Gibbs and Frankie Lowe. Sound engineering by Frankie Lowe. Editing and sound design by Dave Bulmer. Sound effects by Pro Sound Effects (PSE). Artwork and logo design by Fraser Geesin. BOOM. And that's how you read the credits. Norah out.

BUMS: Is he here to deliver the fruit? Is that why he's wearing a robe, so he doesn't get fruit on –
oh my... Oh my God the fruit delivery guy is naked! [giggles] I can see his thing! I can see
his thing clear as day! Right next to his penis!

FX **BEEP**

BUMS: (Geordie accent) OK I will gan doon the toon, like, have a go on the photocopiah!

FX **BEEP**

BUMS: (Geordie) Weeeeeeee I'm really good at making ziplines! I'm still a Geordie! I'm doing a
Geordie accent noo!

FX: **BEEP**

BUMS: Hey guys, remember the time I swapped Wilder's toothpaste for antiseptic cream? Well
lucky you, you had the least septic mouth of all time. Prank backfired on me.