

Above Average

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/33025276) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/33025276>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationship:	No Romantic Relationship(s) , Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit , Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Screenplay/Script Format , Podfic Welcome , Crack Treated Seriously , Sitcom , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings , Alternate Universe - Modern Setting , Alternate Universe - Modern with Magic , 30 aus in a trench coat , Podcast , Oblivious TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Siren Wilbur Soot , Magical Girl Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Attempt at Humor
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Above Average
Stats:	Published: 2021-08-04 Words: 2461

Above Average

by [fensandmarshes](#)

Summary

It's an early morning in the Watson household - BIRDS CHIRP faintly from outside the window, an ALARM BEEPS, and TOMMY, our hero who is ever so slightly above average, is in bed.

Tommy GRUMBLES, disgruntled. We hear him HIT THE ALARM CLOCK to snooze it; the ALARM SHUTS OFF.

Or: the pilot episode to a podcast in which everyone around Tommy has Something Going On, and Tommy simply refuses to notice.

Notes

- I am using [this site skin](#) and did not make it myself!! (And this will look far better with site skins enabled.)

- On that note: first time using a work skin, and I am manually inserting So Many paragraph tags. If there is a mistake, simply Look Away. Please.

- This is the script to an **audio-only work**, not a screenplay. This is mostly because I know

how to edit audio.

- (Look, I might try to produce it. I might not. We shall see.)

- Don't criticise my gay little paranthetical asides. /lh

- Heavily inspired by the Tumblr post linked in the Related Works section!

- Inspired by [my ideal dream smp modern au \[...\]](#) by vvcantwrite

INT. TOMMY'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

It's an early morning in the Watson household - BIRDS CHIRP faintly from outside the window, an ALARM BEEPS, and TOMMY, our hero who is ever so slightly above average, is in bed.

Tommy GRUMBLES, disgruntled. We hear him HIT THE ALARM CLOCK to snooze it; the ALARM SHUTS OFF.

TOMMY

(indistinct)

Fucking hell.

We hear Tommy RATTLING AROUND HIS ROOM - he OPENS A CUPBOARD. He GRUMBLES INDISTINCTLY. He OPENS HIS LAPTOP and checks Discord - we can hear him CLICK, TYPE A MESSAGE, RECEIVE A DISCORD NOTIFICATION. Tommy SNORTS, then CLOSES THE LAPTOP again.

The sounds of Tommy preparing for his day FADE OUT as we play the **OPENING CREDITS**.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Tommy's FOOTSTEPS draw us into the living room/kitchen, where the family has congregated to prepare for the day - well, 3/4 of them. WILBUR is choosing between boxes of cereal in the cupboard, while TECHNO is eating a plate of toast. We hear Wilbur RATTLING BOXES, and Techno MUNCHING HIS TOAST.

WILBUR

(too cheery for this early in the morning)

Ayup.

TOMMY

(energy levels much more appropriate)

Bitch.

WILBUR

Lovely to see you too, O brother o' mine.

TECHNO

(horrifyingly Californian)

Morning Tommy.

TOMMY

(clearly still half-asleep)

Why're you American?

TECHNO

I ask myself that question every day.

Wilbur CLOSES THE CUPBOARD, having selected a cereal, and POURS SOME OUT INTO A BOWL.

WILBUR

Any plans?

TECHNO

School, I'd hope.

WILBUR

Hey, you never know. Thought I'd ask.

(pause)

Tommy might be in his anti-school arc.

Techno SNORTS. We hear him TAKE ANOTHER BITE. Suddenly, Techno's phone chimes - it's his MAGICAL GIRL BAT SIGNAL ALERT.

TECHNO

(trying to sound casual)

I should get going.

WILBUR

What?

TECHNO

(lying, badly)

I've gotta - school project. About -

Tommy and Wilbur speak in time with Techno, both having heard this before.

ALL

Anime history.

WILBUR

(only half joking)

You know you can just say if you wanna go watch hentai without us.

TOMMY

What's hentai?

TECHNO

Aaaand I'm out of here.

Techno's CHAIR RASPS against the floor as he stands.

TOMMY

No, really, what's -

The DOOR SLAMS.

TOMMY

(whining)

Wilbuuur -

Wilbur LAUGHS.

WILBUR

Not a chance.

TOMMY

This is bullying. You're a bully. You ever get told that, Wilbur? You're (an absolute -)

WILBUR

(over)

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Tommy SPLUTTERS.

TOMMY

I'm telling Phil.

(pause)

Where is he, anyway?

Wilbur OPENS THE FRIDGE to fetch the milk, then CLOSES it.

WILBUR

I dunno. Sleeping in?

TOMMY

Lame. Lame starts with an L, that's what I always say.

WILBUR

As I'm all too aware.

Wilbur **CROSSES THE ROOM TO THE SINK**, where he **URNS ON THE TAP**. The moment water begins running, a **HAUNTING SONG** is able to be heard - we hear Wilbur **CATCH HIS BREATH** and shut off the tap abruptly.

WILBUR

(voice echoing a little more than he'd like)

You didn't - hear that, did you?

TOMMY

Hear what?

WILBUR

(trying very hard to sound normal)

Nothing.

Slowly, slowly, he **URNS ON THE TAP AGAIN**. The **SONG FADES IN**, as do **WHISPERS**:

CHORUS OF SIREN PROPHETIC WHISPERS

(prophetic whispery voice)

You will be needed soon, mer-child.

WILBUR

(whispering)

Can it wait?

CHORUS OF SIREN PROPHETIC WHISPERS

Not for much longer.

Wilbur **SHUTS OFF THE TAP AGAIN**. Tommy continues eating his cereal.

TOMMY

Where did you go the other day, by the way? When it was all rainy and shit? I was looking, but couldn't find you.

The SILENCE lasts a little too long to be comfortable.

WILBUR

Uh, I was - One of my mates from theatre called me. Y'know how it is.

(unconvincingly)

I'm a busy guy, you know.

Tommy SNIFFS.

TOMMY

Yeah, whatever. See ya.

WILBUR

(somehow subdued)

Yeah. Bye.

We move with Tommy: he PICKS UP HIS SCHOOLBAG and his FOOTSTEPS are heard, followed by the sound of the DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING. A surge of MUSIC indicates the transition to the bus stop.

Tommy's FOOTSTEPS approach TUBBO. As we approach him, we can hear him SCRIBBLING IN A NOTEBOOK and SPEAKING ON HIS PHONE.

TUBBO

Yes, this is Consultant Smith -

(pause)

Yeah, it's - it might be the override that's the problem, sir.

His phone rings with a SINISTER RINGTONE - Tubbo likes it when things are thematically appropriate.

TUBBO

(smoothly)

Let me put you on hold for a second, Mr Director.

His phone BEEPS as he switches calls.

TUBBO

Hey, boss, yeah, it's Toby - I think we can prevent the bluecoats intercepting us if we build a failsafe so that they can't override our transmission.

His phone beeps again, this time with an OFFICIAL-SOUNDING RINGTONE. Look, having them very, very distinct helps him make sure he doesn't answer with the wrong honorific, okay?

TUBBO

Let me put you on hold for a second, boss -

BEEP.

TUBBO (CONT'D)

Yes, Director, Consultant Smith again - no, sir, I'm really sorry, I know this is a little unprofessional, but it's not a good time -

TOMMY

(interrupting him)

Tubbo, mah frieeend!

Tubbo startles, and we hear him JUMP. He hastily SHOVES SOMETHING INTO HIS BAG.

TUBBO

Tommy, mah frieeend!

They both LAUGH, and we hear them undertake a secret handshake like the nerds they are - a FISTBUMP, several CLAPS, and then both of them MIMIC AN EXPLOSION.

TUBBO

How've you been, bossman?

TOMMY

(heaving a sigh)

I have been coping with the many, many demands of my popularity ... so many dates to plan, Tubbo, just so many.

Tubbo SNICKERS.

TOMMY

(scowling)

Hey!

TUBBO

I didn't say a -

TOMMY

(darkly)

You thought it.

TUBBO

Sure, sure.

TOMMY

Soooo, um, what've you been up to?

Tubbo has been working on a project for a highly classified spy organisation. He has also been working on an project from a very, very secret criminal organisation, which is attempting to sabotage said spy organisation. Even he's not quite sure which side he's on. We hear him SHUFFLE HIS FEET as he contemplates his many allegiances.

TUBBO

Uh. No major projects. No big secret webs of lies, you know me - um, this assignment I've got for comp-sci is pretty neat.

TOMMY

(grand)

Infodump away.

TUBBO

(stalling as he tries to come up with a story)

It's about, um -

THE BUS ARRIVES. Tubbo breathes a SIGH OF RELIEF. We hear them get on - their FOOTSTEPS go from crunching on the pavement to echoing just slightly on the bus's floor. They continue speaking, but the bus is filled with CHATTER.

TOMMY

Sounds very cool. The project.

TUBBO

It's pretty average.

The BUS PULLS AWAY.

INT. HALL - MORNING

Tommy and Tubbo navigate a bustling school hallway, filled with echoing CHATTER. It's louder than either of them would like.

TOMMY

(raising his voice to be heard)

Where the fuck is he?

TUBBO

Who, Ranboo?

TOMMY

No, Tubso, the other - Yes Ranboo.

TUBBO

Hey, you could've specified -

TOMMY

I don't like saying his name. Voldemort-type fucker.

TUBBO

(just barely restraining a heavy sigh)

He said he'd be in B2.

TOMMY

(disgusted)

Of course he did. Fucking terrible choice of room.

TUBBO

You said last week that B2 was your favourite.

TOMMY

People change like the tides in the ocean -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM B2 - MORNING/SOME PRIMORDIAL DARKNESS

It is dark in B2. You can't usually hear darkness, but trust me - you know it's dark. There is an UNHOLY CHANTING reverberating throughout the room, and a fire is BURNING somewhere. A GUST OF WIND sweeps through the room. RANBOO's chanting fades in:

RANBOO

[insert Enderian ritual chanting here]

UNDERNEATH, we can hear Tommy and Tubbo's VERY MUFFLED VOICES, slowly growing louder.

TOMMY

- keeps making these jokes about fucking a fish?

TUBBO

Wilbur does that.

Ranboo doesn't seem to notice; his chanting has not faltered. As Tommy and Tubbo draw closer, we can make out their FOOTSTEPS.

TOMMY

(under Ranboo's chanting)

Well, it's fucking weird, is what it is.

TUBBO

(under Ranboo's chanting)

Yeah, Wilbur - hey, can you hear that?

Ranboo abruptly CUTS HIMSELF OFF:

RANBOO

Wuh-oh.

While Tubbo and Tommy continue speaking, we hear Ranboo rush around to remove all evidence of whatever arcane ritual he was conducting:

TOMMY

Hear what?

Ranboo's FRANTIC FOOTSTEPS can be heard as he moves around the room.

TUBBO

I thought I heard - I dunno.

The FLAME SOUNDS stop - Ranboo has extinguished the sacrificial brazier.

TOMMY

(affectionate, though he's not about to admit it)

Your ear thingie playing up again? Tinny - tiny -

TUBBO

(amused)

Tinnitus.

We hear DRAWERS BEING OPENED AND CLOSED as Ranboo stows his materials away.

TUBBO

But no, I don't think it was - *Oh*.

(he cuts himself off)

RANBOO

(under his breath)

[Enderian chanting of a different variety]

At Ranboo's commands, the **ARCANE HUMMING OF THE VOID** fades away.

TOMMY

(fond)

You are such a fucking weirdo, man.

TUBBO

Oi, says the guy whose brother is -

Ranboo **OPENS THE SLIDING DOOR.**

RANBOO

(in the tone of one pretending very hard that they were not just performing an arcane ritual)

Hey guys! What's, uh, what's popping?

TOMMY

(disgusted)

Please tell me you don't fucking say that.

RANBOO

Not usually, no.

TOMMY

Well.

(awkward silence)

You could be worse, I guess.

RANBOO

True. That definitely is something I could do.

(pause)

Be?

It's all very, very awkward. Tubbo **CLAPS HIS HANDS**, then **CLEARs HIS THROAT.**

TUBBO

How's your day been, then?

RANBOO

(hastily)

Incredibly unremarkable. Just totally average. Nothing interesting, just ... average things.

Tommy SNORTS.

TOMMY

Sucks to be you. Imagine not just being above average in everything you do.

RANBOO

Oh, no, no, I'm - totally normal, in every way.

TOMMY

(inexplicably self-satisfied)

That's what I thought, bitch.

TUBBO

(with an eye-roll so intense that we can hear it in his voice)

Yes, yes, we're all very, very normal.

(unconvincingly)

No highly classified secret organisations here.

RANBOO

What?

TUBBO

What?

TOMMY

(blissfully oblivious)

Well, gentlemen - Ranboo, you should know you're not included -

RANBOO

(under Tommy's continued speech)

There's literally no one else here!

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I have an assignment due.

We hear him CRACK HIS KNUCKLES, and a chair RASPS AGAINST THE GROUND as he pulls it out and SITS DOWN. He begins to HUM THE ABLE SISTERS to himself.

RANBOO

(under his breath and Tommy's humming)

I just actually can't believe he still hasn't worked it out, actually.

TUBBO

(also very quiet, and very wry)

Your weird magic stuff or my weird hacking stuff?

RANBOO

(forgetting to be quiet)

See, that's what I mean - he's got options and he still hasn't gotten either!

Tommy's HUMMING STOPS.

TOMMY

Huh?

TUBBO

Nothing.

TOMMY

If you say so.

He GOES BACK TO HUMMING - a different tune, this time, as he has moved onto the WII SHOP THEME. Tubbo breathes a not-so-subtle SIGH OF RELIEF, which is unwise, but unavoidable.

The room's ambience fades, and a TICKING CLOCK signals the passage of the school day as we

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL GATES - AFTERNOON

CHATTER fills the air as the SCHOOL BELL RINGS; there is a celebratory feel, as everyone has once again survived their school day. Tubbo's many unusual talents, and their myriad of unusual applications, have gone unnoticed; Ranboo has not been asked once whether he is actually an ender-walker from another realm doing his best to make it in ours; Wilbur, who APPROACHES FROM BEHIND TOMMY, has not been called out for sprouting scales every time he submerges himself in water. Tommy, for his part, turned his Literature assignment in on time. Truly, a captivating protagonist.

WILBUR

(taking only Ws)

Tommy!

TOMMY

(long-suffering)

Hello Wilbur.

They FALL INTO STEP. The CHATTER FADES as they walk further away from the school gates.

TOMMY

(his capitalisation audible)

So, see any - any Hot Women today?

WILBUR

What did I say about objectification, again?

TOMMY

(begrudging)

It's not so poggers.

(pause)

See any -

(barely holding himself back from saying "hot fish")

cool, uh, ecosystem jars?

WILBUR

(more than a little delighted)

You remembered?!

TOMMY

(Definitely Not Fond)

Well, you never shut up about them.

WILBUR

I, uh - Well, as a matter of fact, I did. I told Quackity mine was the coolest I'd ever seen and he took it as a challenge, so now we're engaging in healthy competition.

There is the distinct sound of Techno's MAGICAL GIRL DE-TRANSFORMATION, over to the left, hidden in the bushes. Neither Wilbur or Tommy seem to notice it. Under Tommy's next words, someone STUMBLES OUT OF THE BUSHES.

TOMMY

That's so fucking -

TECHNO

Sounds awfully capitalist of you, Wil.

WILBUR

(so determined to contradict his brother that he's willing to go to such extremes as jumping to capitalism's defence)

So what?

TOMMY

Hey, did anyone else hear that weird chimey sound?

TECHNO

(ignoring Tommy)

There is no ethical consumption under (capitalism.)

WILBUR

(over Techno)

How dare you call my jars unethical?

TOMMY

No? Okay.

TECHNO

I'm just saying, the so-called free market isn't as virtuous as popular culture likes to depict it, and emulating it in casual or non-business environments contributes to its glorification -

WILBUR

Yeah, yeah, okay, but consider this: I really wanna have a better jar than Quackity.

There's a pause as Techno contemplates that.

TECHNO

... whatever. Uh. Good luck, I guess.

WILBUR

Oh, I won't need it.

TECHNO

(darkly)

That's what they all say.

Tommy GROANS and begins SINGING THE ABLE SISTERS again to block out his bickering brothers; it grows LOUDER AND LOUDER until it is all we can hear. Underneath it, we

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON HOUSEHOLD - AFTERNOON

The DOOR SLAMS OPEN. Tommy is still SINGING THE ABLE SISTERS, now in time with the actual song, which is tinnily superimposed over the entire scene - he is listening to it through his earbuds.

WILBUR

Phil, we're home!

TECHNO

I honestly don't know if he's been around today.

There is a CACOPHONY OF SOMETHING FALLING OVER from upstairs. Tommy PULLS OPEN A CUPBOARD, having not heard the sound over the continued VERY LOUD ABLE SISTERS THEME.

TOMMY

(scowling)

Hey, which one of you fucks ate the last of the digestives?

WILBUR

(muffled by Animal Crossing)

Techno, did you hear -

TECHNO

(similarly muffled)

I did, yeah.

We hear WINGBEATS. Tommy RESUMES SINGING ALONG to his music. ABLE SISTERS GROWS LOUDER.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Another successful day at school for the Above Average Boy. After all, I only take dubs.

PHIL

(VERY muffled by Animal Crossing)

Hiya guys - have a good day?

TOMMY (V.O.)

It's hard, having to live my life while those around me are simply unable to comprehend my massiveness and coolness, but I make do.

WILBUR

(in the tone of one pretending they did not just hear their father's wingbeats)

Yeah, lovely.

PHIL

Good, good.

TOMMY (V.O.)

And who knows? Someday, these mere mortals may be able to comprehend how cool I am. Why? Well, I'm TommyInnit.

ABLE SISTERS INCREASES IN VOLUME AGAIN. The END CREDITS play, set to its exuberant tune.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!