**OBLIVITY TRAILER**

By Rob Stringer

FALCONER: When you’re hurtling towards Pluto in a one-person pod at a rate of several thousand miles per hour, you find yourself thinking a lot about space.

Mostly about how there’s sod all of it in a one-person pod. My foot’s itching like hell and I *can’t quite*… Ugh.

“Try to get some sleep” they said as they slammed the hatch on me, but honestly - that pre-flight safety briefing was hardly a lullaby. Navigation malfunction; space debris collision; oxygen depletion; and at least fifty more ways to perish that I’ve never even heard of.

They were very reassuring of course; showed me what to press if I found myself in any serious danger.

But as robust as the on-board safety equipment may be, I honestly can’t think of a scenario in which I’d find much use for an inflatable slide.

BEAT

The oddest thing is how quiet it is. There’s a *weight* to it. It’s like-

Oh come *o*n! I’m trying to scratch this blasted itch with my other foot, which is harder than you’d think in combat boots – and yes, it *was* me who insisted on them, and yes, they *are* impractical… But they’re… Familiar. OK?

Maybe you just need a distraction. I suppose you *could* read the briefing – yes, I know you were going to wait a few hours, to give yourself something to look forward to, but go on – spoil yourself. Oh, you’re too kind.

**FX: BEEP BEEP**

Here we go… “Stationed at Research Base Persephone… Oversee operations…” Ah, here we are.

‘You will be leading a crew of… three’. Oh.

Is that it? No backgrounds, psych-profiles, headshots? How am I supposed to make narrow-minded assumptions if I don’t even know what they look like?

‘Exobotanist; astrochemist; engineer. Note: crew includes one cybernetically enhanced individual’ – well. Should be pretty obvious who that one is at least.

Well, plenty of time to get to know each other. They must be an elite sort too, working in such a remote outpost. Takes a certain resilience to cope with that sort of isolation. Most people (STRAINING AS SHE ATTEMPTS TO SCRATCH ITCH) would go quite -

Ha! Yes! Got it! Take *that*, you vile, mutinous itch! *That’s* what you get for taking on Commander Falconer!

What was I- Oh yes - most people would go quite doolally.

BEAT

It’s actually a privilege when you think about it. The very edge of the ‘Sys. And besides, it’s temporary, and in a few months I’ll be back where I belong.

Oh! There’s more. ‘Handover notes from the former Base Commander’.

It just says ‘Best of luck’.

Well that’s nice.

Yes.

This is probably going to be fine.

ROB: Oblivity. A new comedy series touching down soon. Visit oblivitypodcast.com.

END