

Sub-Orbital Lullaby

\$LULBY

Elena Voss, a maintenance tech on decaying Aurora Station, chases her dead daughter Lila's humming through three impossible airlocks, risking total decompression to reclaim what the void already took.

ONE SENTENCE

Logline

Elena Voss, a maintenance tech on decaying Aurora Station, chases her dead daughter Lila's humming through three impossible airlocks, risking total decompression to reclaim what the void already took.

Treatment

Act 1: On the rusting luxury hotel Aurora Station, 400km above Earth, Elena Voss performs routine patch repairs on leaking seals. The station's once-gilded corridors now reek of ozone and recycled sweat. When the air recyclers begin emitting Lila's lullaby—a melody Elena buried with her daughter three years earlier—she traces it to Maintenance Bay 4. Act 2: Ignoring supervisor Harlan Kress's warnings, Elena breaches the first airlock. The second reveals impossible zero-G corridors that shouldn't connect. Mira Solis, the station doctor, tries to sedate her but Elena escapes into the third lock where Lila's voice grows louder. Isolation and grief fracture her grip; she hallucinates her daughter's small handprints on the bulkheads. Kress shuts power to force her back. Act 3: At the final lock, Elena opens it without a suit. The vacuum does not kill her. Instead she finds Lila suspended in starlight, humming. Elena joins her, both figures drifting free as Aurora's lights flicker and die below. The station's final broadcast is the lullaby, now broadcast Earthward on all channels.

Beat Sheet

p. 1 **Opening Image**

A gloved hand welds a seam on a porthole; beyond it spins the curved horizon of Earth at dusk, while a child's faint hum leaks from the speaker grille.

p. 5 **Theme Stated**

Mira Solis tells Elena in the med-bay: 'The dead don't come back up here. They just echo until we stop listening.'

p. 10 **Setup**

Elena floats through Aurora's dim corridors, toolbox clipped to her belt, checking pressure logs on the abandoned guest decks where velvet wallpaper peels like sunburnt skin.

p. 12 **Catalyst**

The recyclers emit Lila's exact lullaby; Elena freezes, wrench slipping from her fingers, and follows the sound to Airlock 1.

p. 15 **Debate**

Elena argues with Harlan Kress over comms, insisting the voice is real while he threatens to revoke her oxygen quota.

p. 25 **Break Into Two**

Elena manually overrides the first airlock and steps through, leaving her safety tether behind.

p. 30 **B Story**

Mira Solis pursues Elena, revealing she once lost a son on the same station and now tries to save Elena from repeating the loss.

p. 30 **Fun and Games**

Elena moves weightless through impossible connecting corridors, each airlock revealing preserved guest suites where holograms of laughing families play on loop.

p. 55 **Midpoint**

Elena reaches the second airlock and sees Lila's silhouette pressed against the glass; she smiles, believing rescue is possible.

p. 60 **Bad Guys Close In**

Kress cuts main power; Mira is forced to choose between helping Elena or preserving station integrity.

p. 75 **All Is Lost**

The third airlock seal fails; Elena's suit cracks and she watches her daughter's humming form begin to dissolve into vacuum.

p. 80 **Dark Night of Soul**

Floating untethered, Elena admits aloud that she let Lila die on Earth because she chose the station contract.

p. 85 **Break Into Three**

Elena removes her helmet and hears the lullaby clearly; she pushes forward through the final door.

p. 95 **Finale**

Elena and Lila drift together outside the station, their joined hands forming a single silhouette against the planet below.

p.110 Final Image

Aurora's hull lights extinguish one by one; the last visible glow is a child's handprint fading on an outer window.

Opening Scene

INT. AURORA STATION - MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A narrow tube of riveted titanium. Red emergency strips pulse along the floor. ELENA VOSS, late 30s, drifts forward in a patched pressure suit, boots barely touching the deck. Her faceplate reflects scrolling pressure gauges.

She stops at a grille. A thin, clear humming leaks out-childlike, wordless. Elena's gloved fingers hover over the metal.

ELENA
Lila?

The humming continues, slightly off-key. Elena presses her helmet against the grille. Static answers. She keys her wrist comm.

ELENA
Kress, I'm getting audio bleed on Deck 7. Someone's using the old guest channels.

HARLAN KRESS (V.O.)
No guests left, Voss. Run a diagnostic and log it.

Elena doesn't answer. She pulls a diagnostic wand and scans the grille. The needle spikes at 23 hertz-human vocal range.

She detaches her tether and begins unscrewing the panel. The humming grows louder, closer.

Characters

Elena Voss **PROTAGONIST**

late 30s

LOOK Short-cropped hair matted by helmet liner, grease lines on cheekbones, eyes ringed by perpetual shadow from UV visor use. Wears a battered corporate maintenance suit with faded name patch and three sewn-on mission patches.

VOICE Low and clipped, Midwestern accent flattened by years in close quarters. Speaks in short bursts, pauses for station static. Ends sentences with a soft exhale when emotional.

ARC Elena begins as a numb functionary performing rote repairs to avoid grief. She wants to believe the voice is real. By the end she accepts that love persists only through surrender, joining her daughter rather than returning to the living station.

Harlan Kress **ANTAGONIST**

early 50s

LOOK Tall, rail-thin, skin the color of old paper under station fluorescents. Wears a crisp but threadbare station-manager tunic with gold epaulets now tarnished green.

VOICE Precise, bureaucratic cadence. Uses full titles and station protocol numbers even in crisis. Never raises volume; the threat is always in the pause.

ARC Kress starts as rigid enforcer of station survival rules. He wants order. He ends realizing rules cannot contain what the vacuum has already claimed.

Mira Solis **DEUTERAGONIST**

mid 40s

LOOK Compact, strong forearms from years of zero-G procedures. Black hair in a single tight braid, medical scrubs stained with old coolant.

VOICE Gentle alto with a faint Spanish lilt on vowels. Uses medical terminology as comfort, repeating phrases like 'steady pressure' when speaking to frightened crew.

ARC Mira begins trying to sedate and contain Elena out of fear of losing another colleague. She learns to let go instead, ultimately choosing to broadcast the lullaby rather than silence it.

Lila Voss **SUPPORTING**

8

LOOK Small, translucent figure in a faded pink sleep suit. Bare feet never quite touch the deck. Face always half-turned, never fully visible in direct light.

VOICE Wordless humming only. No dialogue. The tune is a simple four-note lullaby that repeats with slight variations each time it returns.

ARC Lila exists as both memory and manifestation. She leads Elena through the airlocks, forcing the confrontation with guilt, then dissolves into acceptance when Elena removes her helmet.

Locations

Aurora Station Maintenance Hub INT.

Cramped octagonal bay lined with dented tool lockers. One porthole shows the Earth limb glowing through a film of condensation. A single flickering work light hangs from a cable.

Stale air, sodium-yellow lighting, constant low thrum of recyclers.

Guest Deck 4 Airlock Corridor INT.

Velvet wallpaper peeling in long strips. Crystal sconces dead and dusty. A child's handprint glows faintly on the inner door despite no children having boarded in two years.

Oppressive luxury turned mausoleum, deep indigo shadows.

Final External Airlock INT.

Circular chamber with manual crank wheel. Outer door shows micro-meteor pocks like acne scars. No safety interlocks remain functional.

Absolute silence once the inner door seals, starfield visible through scratched composite.

Style

PALETTE

Cool blues of Earth's curve, inky blacks of space, metallic grays of station panels, red emergency lights, flickering whites of gauges, and shadowy dust streaks.

Director's Vision

SHOT 1: Wide shot, Wide-angle lens, Isolating and decaying mood - The camera pans slowly across the exterior of the crumbling low-orbit hotel, floating against the vast blackness of space, establishing the derelict structure and its eerie silence.

SHOT 2: Medium shot, 35mm lens, Tense and confined mood - The maintenance technician, a middle-aged woman in a worn spacesuit, moves through a dimly lit maintenance bay, checking equipment with a flashlight, her face showing signs of exhaustion and isolation.

SHOT 3: Close shot, 50mm lens, Haunting and melancholic mood - On the technician's face as she pauses, tilting her head, reacting to a faint humming sound echoing from the air recyclers, her eyes widening with a mix of confusion and sorrow.

SHOT 4: POV shot, Wide-angle lens, Eerie and disorienting mood - From the technician's perspective, the camera tilts upward to reveal the grimy air recycler vents, where the humming grows slightly louder, distorted by the station's vibrations.

SHOT 5: Medium wide shot, 28mm lens, Suspenseful and shadowy mood - The technician follows the sound, walking cautiously down a narrow, cluttered corridor lined with flickering lights and floating debris, her footsteps echoing.

SHOT 6: Close shot, 85mm lens, Emotional and intimate mood - A tight focus on the technician's hand as she touches the wall, feeling the vibrations from the humming, her fingers trembling as memories of her daughter flash in her eyes.

SHOT 7: Wide shot, 24mm lens, Oppressive and labyrinthine mood - The camera pulls back to show the technician entering a junction of corridors, the humming leading her toward the first airlock, with exposed wires and rust adding to the decay.

SHOT 8: Medium shot, 35mm lens, Building tension mood - She approaches the first airlock door, hesitating as she overrides the controls, the humming now clearer and more melodic, drawing her in despite her growing fear.

SHOT 9: POV shot, Fish-eye lens, Distorted and immersive mood - Through her visor, the camera distorts the airlock door as she peers inside, revealing a dark chamber with faint mist, the humming enveloping the soundscape.

SHOT 10: Close shot, 50mm lens, Anxious and reflective mood - On the technician's face as she steps into the airlock, the door sealing behind her, her expression shifting from determination to vulnerability, the humming echoing louder.

SHOT 11: Wide shot, 28mm lens, Claustrophobic and ominous mood - Inside the airlock, the camera captures the small, pressurized room with failing lights, showing the technician activating the cycle, as the humming warps with mechanical whirs.

SHOT 12: Medium shot, 35mm lens, Heightening suspense mood - She presses against the inner door, struggling slightly as it resists, the humming now interspersed with whispers, her breathing quickening in the confined space.

SHOT 13: Close shot, 85mm lens, Intense and emotional mood - A detailed shot of her eyes reflecting the

airlock's control panel, tears forming as the humming resembles a lullaby, pulling her deeper into her grief.

SHOT 14: Wide shot, 24mm lens, Escalating impossibility mood - Emerging from the first airlock into a distorted hallway, the camera shows the station's architecture bending unnaturally, with the humming guiding her toward the second airlock.

SHOT 15: Medium wide shot, 35mm lens, Uneasy and surreal mood - The technician navigates floating obstacles in zero gravity, reaching the second airlock, which appears sealed and damaged, her movements becoming more frantic.

SHOT 16: POV shot, Wide-angle lens, Disorienting and psychological mood - From her view, the second airlock's controls glitch and fade, the humming intensifying as if calling from within, blurring the line between reality and hallucination.

SHOT 17: Close shot, 50mm lens, Desperate and haunting mood - On her hands forcing the second airlock open, revealing a void-like chamber, her face contorted with a mix of hope and terror as the sound swells.

SHOT 18: Wide shot, 28mm lens, Overwhelming and otherworldly mood - Inside the second airlock, the camera captures the technician floating amid swirling gases and shadows, the humming echoing from unseen sources, heightening the impossibility.

SHOT 19: Medium shot, 35mm lens, Climactic and ethereal mood - She pushes toward the third and final airlock, the door materializing as an illusion, her body straining against invisible forces, the lullaby reaching a crescendo.

SHOT 20: Close shot, 85mm lens, Resolution and bittersweet mood - A final focus on the technician's face as she breaches the third airlock, the humming fading into silence, her expression revealing a momentary peace mingled with profound loss.

Dialogue Samples

- > Elena Voss: The voice isn't on any channel. It's inside the air itself.
- > Harlan Kress: Protocol 7B states no unscheduled airlock activity. Log it and stand down.
- > Mira Solis: I lost my boy on the same deck. Don't make me watch it happen twice.
- > Elena Voss: She hummed that when she couldn't sleep. I can still feel her weight on my chest.
- > Harlan Kress: Voss, your suit is at eighteen percent. Turn around now.
- > Mira Solis: Some things don't echo. They wait.
- > Elena Voss: I'm not coming back in.

Screenplay

Title: Sub-Orbital Lullaby
Credit: Written by
Author: Anonymous
Draft date: 13 April 2026

FADE IN.

INT. AURORA STATION - MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A narrow tube of riveted titanium. Red emergency strips pulse along the floor. ELENA VOSS, late 30s, drifts forward in a patched pressure suit, boots barely touching the deck. Her faceplate reflects scrolling pressure gauges.

She stops at a grille. A thin, clear humming leaks out-childlike, wordless. Elena's gloved fingers hover over the metal.

ELENA
Lila?

The humming continues, slightly off-key. Elena presses her helmet against the grille. Static answers. She keys her wrist comm.

ELENA
Kress, I'm getting audio bleed on Deck 7. Someone's using the old guest channels.

HARLAN KRESS (V.O.)
No guests left, Voss. Run a diagnostic and log it.

Elena doesn't answer. She pulls a diagnostic wand and scans the grille. The needle spikes at 23 hertz-human vocal range.

She detaches her tether and begins unscrewing the panel. The humming grows louder, closer.

INT. AURORA STATION - MAINTENANCE HUB - NIGHT

Cramped octagonal bay lined with dented tool lockers. One porthole shows the Earth limb glowing through a film of condensation. A single flickering work light hangs from a cable. Elena floats in, suit streaked with sealant. She clips her toolbox to a locker and pulls the diagnostic log.

The low thrum of recyclers shifts. A four-note melody bleeds through the vent-Lila's lullaby, exact.

Elena freezes. Her breath fogs the faceplate. She keys the comm again.

ELENA
Kress, confirm audio on channel nine.

HARLAN KRESS (V.O.)
Diagnostic only, Voss. No deviations.

Elena shuts off the comm. She drifts to the vent, presses her helmet to it. The lullaby resolves, then cuts to static.

INT. AURORA STATION - MED-BAY - NIGHT

MIRA SOLIS, mid 40s, tight braid and stained scrubs, floats beside a diagnostic bed. Elena sits on the edge, helmet off, grease lines on her cheekbones. Mira scans her vitals.

MIRA SOLIS

The dead don't come back up here. They just echo until we stop listening.

Elena stares at the floor grate.

ELENA

I heard her.

MIRA SOLIS

Steady pressure, Elena. You've been on shift thirty-six hours.

Elena pushes off the bed. She drifts to the porthole. Earth spins below, dusk bleeding into night.

INT. AURORA STATION - GUEST DECK 4 - NIGHT

Elena floats through dim corridors. Velvet wallpaper peels like sunburnt skin. Crystal sconces dead and dusty. Her boots brush abandoned luggage straps. She checks pressure logs on a faded terminal. The numbers flicker-normal, then a spike at 23 hertz again.

The lullaby returns, louder, from the airlock grille ahead.

INT. GUEST DECK 4 AIRLOCK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Velvet strips drift in zero-G. A child's handprint glows faintly on the inner door. Elena approaches. The lullaby pours from the speaker. She reaches for the manual override.

HARLAN KRESS (V.O.)

Voss, stand down. Oxygen quota revoked if you touch that wheel.

ELENA

It's her, Kress.

HARLAN KRESS (V.O.)

Log it and return to hub. That's an order.

Elena ignores him. She spins the wheel. The inner door cycles open with a hiss.

INT. FIRST AIRLOCK - NIGHT

Elena steps through, tether left behind on the corridor floor. The door seals behind her. Silence. She drifts forward into an impossible corridor-zero-G velvet suites where holograms of laughing families loop on cracked walls.

Lila's humming echoes from deeper in.

INT. IMPOSSIBLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elena moves weightless past preserved guest suites. Holograms flicker: families at dinner, children spinning in zero-G. She reaches the second airlock. Through the glass, Lila's silhouette-small, pink sleep suit, bare feet not touching the deck-pressed against the pane.

Elena smiles. She presses her gloved hand to the glass. The handprint on the other side matches.

MIRA SOLIS (V.O.)

Elena, I'm coming in. Don't open the next seal.

ELENA

She's right here.

MIRA SOLIS (V.O.)

Steady pressure. I'm at Airlock One.

Elena overrides the second door.

INT. SECOND AIRLOCK - NIGHT

Mira pursues through the first corridor, medical kit in hand. She reaches the second lock just as Elena steps through. Kress's voice cuts in on comms.

HARLAN KRESS (V.O.)

Solis, if she breaches three, I cut main power. Station integrity first.

Mira hesitates, then follows.

INT. FINAL EXTERNAL AIRLOCK - NIGHT

Circular chamber. Manual crank wheel. Outer door pocked like acne scars. Elena floats inside. The lullaby is clear now-no static. Lila's voice, wordless, from beyond the final door.

The third seal begins to fail. Elena's suit cracks. Air screams out. She watches Lila's form start to dissolve.

ELENA

I let you die on Earth. I took the contract.

She reaches for her helmet seal.

MIRA SOLIS (V.O.)

Elena, no!

Elena removes her helmet. Vacuum rushes in but does not kill her. The lullaby fills her ears.

She pushes through the final door.

EXT. AURORA STATION - EXTERIOR - NIGHT

Elena and Lila drift together outside the hull. Their joined hands form a single silhouette against the planet below. Starlight catches on Lila's translucent face.

The station's hull lights extinguish one by one. The last visible glow is a child's handprint fading on an outer window.

The lullaby broadcasts Earthward on all channels.

FADE OUT.

Shot List

INT. AURORA STATION - MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- | | | | |
|----|----------------------|-----------------|---|
| #1 | WIDE | STATIC | Narrow riveted titanium corridor pulsing with red emergency strips, Elena Voss drifting forward in patched pressure suit. <i>Establish claustrophobic isolation and slow decay of the station.</i> |
| #2 | EXTREME-CLOSE | STATIC | Elena's gloved fingers hovering over the metal grille as faint humming leaks through. <i>Heighten tension through intimate mechanical detail and withheld sound.</i> |
| #3 | CLOSE | HANDHELD | Elena pressing her helmet to the grille, faceplate reflecting pressure gauges. <i>Convey grief and longing via breath fog and tactile contact.</i> |
| #4 | INSERT | STATIC | Diagnostic wand needle spiking at 23 hertz while Elena unscrews the panel. <i>Focus on empirical evidence of the impossible lullaby.</i> |

INT. AURORA STATION - MAINTENANCE HUB - NIGHT

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|-----------------|--|
| #1 | WIDE | STATIC | Cramped octagonal bay with dented lockers and single flickering work light, Earth visible through porthole. <i>Reveal the station's lived-in decay under harsh single-source light.</i> |
| #2 | CLOSE | STATIC | Elena's breath fogging the faceplate as the four-note lullaby bleeds through the vent. <i>Capture sudden emotional rupture in silence.</i> |
| #3 | MEDIUM | DOLLY-IN | Elena drifting to the vent and pressing her helmet against it. <i>Build quiet desperation toward the source of the sound.</i> |

INT. AURORA STATION - MED-BAY - NIGHT

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|---------------|--|
| #1 | MEDIUM | STATIC | Mira Solis floating beside the diagnostic bed while Elena sits helmet-off with grease on her cheekbones. <i>Introduce quiet confrontation and emotional exhaustion.</i> |
| #2 | CLOSE | STATIC | Elena staring at the floor grate as Mira scans vitals. <i>Externalize grief through downward gaze and withheld dialogue.</i> |
| #3 | POV | STATIC | Earth spinning below the porthole, dusk bleeding into night. <i>Link personal loss to the indifferent planet below.</i> |

INT. AURORA STATION - GUEST DECK 4 - NIGHT

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|---------------|--|
| #1 | WIDE | TRACK | Peeling velvet corridors and dead crystal sconces with abandoned luggage straps drifting. <i>Show the station's haunted, decaying opulence.</i> |
| #2 | INSERT | STATIC | Terminal screen flickering between normal readings and a 23 hertz spike. <i>Reinforce the recurring audio anomaly.</i> |

INT. GUEST DECK 4 AIRLOCK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|-----------------|---|
| #1 | MEDIUM | STATIC | Velvet strips drifting in zero-G and a glowing child's handprint on the inner door. <i>Signal the threshold between reality and memory.</i> |
| #2 | CLOSE | DOLLY-IN | Elena reaching for the manual override wheel as the lullaby pours from the speaker. <i>Intensify maternal determination against authority.</i> |

INT. FIRST AIRLOCK - NIGHT

- | | | | |
|----|-------------|---------------|--|
| #1 | WIDE | STATIC | Sealed circular chamber with tether abandoned on the floor, silence absolute. <i>Mark irreversible commitment to the impossible corridor.</i> |
|----|-------------|---------------|--|

INT. IMPOSSIBLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- #1 **MEDIUM** TRACK Elena weightless past flickering family holograms in preserved velvet suites.
Convey haunting nostalgia through looping domestic ghosts.
- #2 **EXTREME-CLOS** STATIC Lila's small silhouette pressed against the glass, pink sleep suit and bare feet.
Deliver the emotional climax of recognition.

INT. SECOND AIRLOCK - NIGHT

- #1 **CLOSE** STATIC Mira hesitating with medical kit as Kress's voice cuts in.
Show institutional pressure versus personal loyalty.

INT. FINAL EXTERNAL AIRLOCK - NIGHT

- #1 **EXTREME-CLOS** STATIC Elena's gloved hand on the crank wheel, suit cracking under pressure loss.
Focus on the final mechanical act of surrender.
- #2 **CLOSE** STATIC Elena removing her helmet as vacuum rushes in yet the lullaby remains.
Resolve grief through transcendent acceptance.

EXT. AURORA STATION - EXTERIOR - NIGHT

- #1 **WIDE** CRANE Elena and Lila drifting hand-in-hand as a single silhouette against Earth, station lights extinguishing.
Close on cosmic mourning and the fading handprint.

Characters

4 PRINCIPALS

CHARACTERS

PROTAGONIST

late 30s

Short-cropped hair matted by helmet liner, grease lines on cheekbones, eyes ringed by perpetual shadow from UV visor use. Wears a battered corporate maintenance suit with faded name patch and three sewn-on mission patches.



ANTAGONIST

early 50s

Tall, rail-thin, skin the color of old paper under station fluorescents. Wears a crisp but threadbare station-manager tunic with gold epaulets now tarnished green.



CHARACTERS

DEUTERAGONIST

mid 40s

Compact, strong forearms from years of zero-G procedures. Black hair in a single tight braid, medical scrubs stained with old coolant.



SUPPORTING

8

Small, translucent figure in a faded pink sleep suit. Bare feet never quite touch the deck. Face always half-turned, never fully visible in direct light.



Locations

3 SETTINGS

LOCATIONS

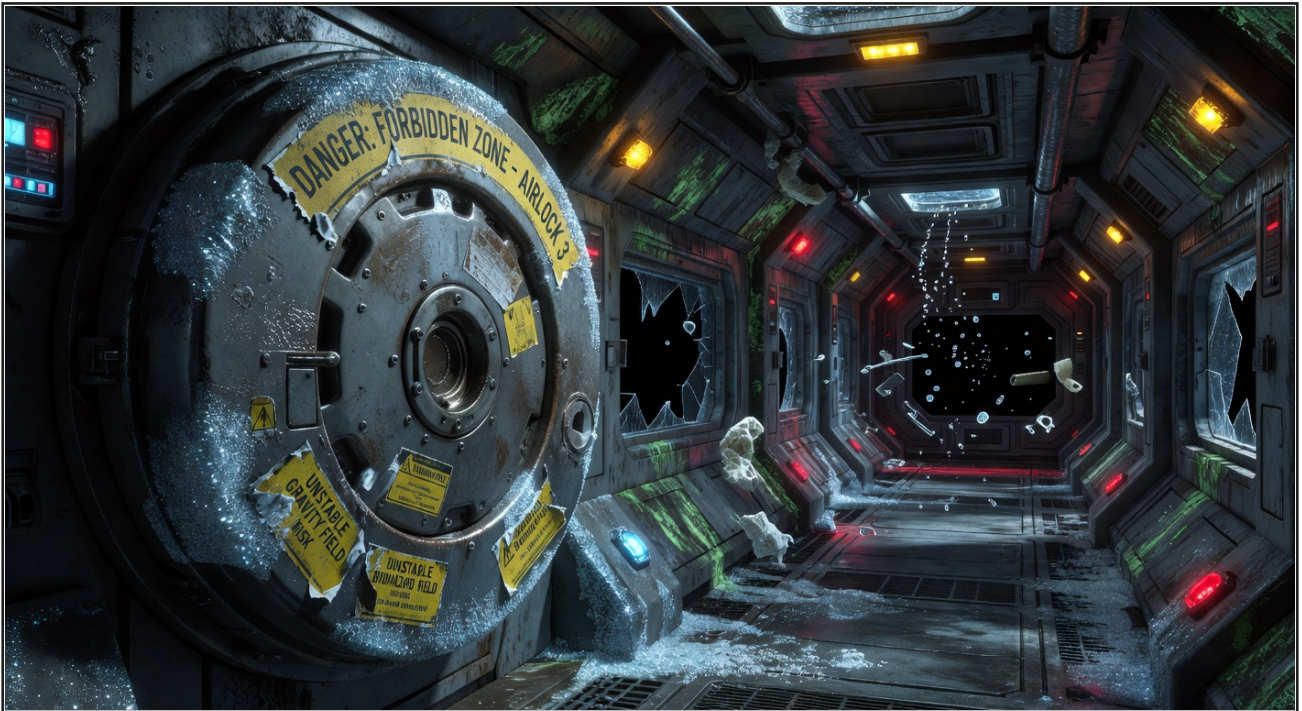


INT.

Cramped octagonal bay lined with dented tool lockers. One porthole shows the Earth limb glowing through a film of condensation. A single flickering work light hangs from a cable.

Stale air, sodium-yellow lighting, constant low thrum of recyclers.

LOCATIONS



INT.

Velvet wallpaper peeling in long strips. Crystal sconces dead and dusty. A child's handprint glows faintly on the inner door despite no children having boarded in two years.

Oppressive luxury turned mausoleum, deep indigo shadows.

LOCATIONS



INT.

Circular chamber with manual crank wheel. Outer door shows micro-meteor pocks like acne scars. No safety interlocks remain functional.

Absolute silence once the inner door seals, starfield visible through scratched composite.

Storyboard

12 FRAMES

STORYBOARD

FRAME 1



FRAME 2



STORYBOARD

FRAME 3



FRAME 4



STORYBOARD

FRAME 5



FRAME 6



STORYBOARD

FRAME 7



FRAME 8



STORYBOARD

FRAME 9



FRAME 10



STORYBOARD

FRAME 11



FRAME 12

