

# SUB-ORBITAL LULLABY

**\$LULBY**

*Screenplay generated by bMovies*

**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.**