

Huntr/x: Dissonance

Written by A. Arrow

EXT. SEOUL STADIUM - NIGHT

The sky glitters with shards of gold light – fragments of the Honmoon barrier drifting like meteors. Below, a MASSIVE CROWD roars in anticipation.

FANS
(chanting)
HUNTRIX! HUNTRIX! HUNTRIX!

A giant LED screen ignites. The silhouette of three figures rises.

CELINE (V.O.)
Hunters have always been chosen.
Their voices are shields, their
songs
our last defense against the demon
king, Gwi-Ma.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - THE FIRST FILM'S CLIMAX
JINU sacrifices himself, giving his
soul to Rumi. The Saja Boys dissolve
into ash. The Honmoon flashes
GOLD... then fractures.

CELINE (V.O.)
We thought the Golden Honmoon was
within our reach.
But sometimes... even victory leaves
scars.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. SEOUL STADIUM - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

HUNTR/X (RUMI, MIRA, ZOEY) step out in dazzling new costumes. Confetti cannons blast. The crowd ERUPTS.

Music kicks in – their single **"GOLDEN."**

RUMI
(singing)
I was a ghost. I was alone...

The performance is electric. Fans WAVE LIGHTSTICKS.

ABOVE THEM – the Honmoon flickers in the night sky, unstable. Golden light splinters into prismatic shards.

CELINE (backstage, worried)
The seal isn't complete...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEOUL STADIUM - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - LATER

Bobby scrolls through fan metrics on his phone, ecstatic.

BOBBY

Trending #1 in 42 countries!
Girls, I love you - I might actually
cry.

Huntr/x enters, breathless from the stage. Rumi coughs
slightly, hiding it. Mira and Zoey don't notice.

MIRA

Did you see the fans?
Felt like the whole world was
glowing.

ZOEY

We're unstoppable.

RUMI

(forcing a smile)
...Yeah. Unstoppable.

Celine joins, grave.

CELINE

The barrier is unstable.
Jinu's sacrifice delayed Gwi-Ma, but
it didn't seal him out.
Until your voices are truly
united...
the Golden Honmoon will remain
unfinished.

Rumi stiffens, hearing Jinu's name. Mira and Zoey glance at
her - subtle doubt still in their eyes.

BOBBY

(trying to cut the tension)
Okay, okay - love the drama, but you
know
what cures unstable barriers?
Vacation!
I booked us two weeks at Korea's #1
spa resort!

MIRA

(flat)
Couch. We're going to the couch.

ZOEY

Couch. Couch. Couch. Couch!

They skip off chanting. Rumi lingers behind.

RUMI
(quietly, to herself)
If we're united...

Her hand brushes the demon marks on her arm.

EXT. TV STUDIO - STAGE DOORS - NIGHT

Crowds pour out BUZZING, dreamy smiles on their faces. A TEEN GIRL drops her Huntr/x lightstick, stares at her empty hand like she can't remember why she carried it.

TEEN GIRL
(soft, dazed)
Do I... like someone?

Her FRIENDS giggle, unbothered, drifting away.

Across the street: BOBBY, with an iced Americano and a face mask half-peeling off, hustles to catch Huntr/x.

BOBBY
There you are! Okay - debrief:
V.I.D.A. is trending in
twelve galaxies and three sandwich
shops. But so what?
You're still queens of Earth. We
pivot, we promo, we-

He stops. Fans walk by humming "ECLIPSE," eyes glassy.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(rattled)
Why do I suddenly feel... chill?
Like nothing matters?
Is this what relaxing is? I hate it.

ZOEY
(peering at him)
Blink twice if you're possessed.

MIRA
He's too hydrated to be possessed.

RUMI glances back at the studio doors, at the echoey chorus spilling out.

RUMI
We need to rehearse.

CUT TO:

INT. PRACTICE STUDIO - NIGHT

Mirrors. Water bottles. Scuffed tape on the floor. Huntr/x warms up, harmonizing the last chorus of "GOLDEN."

HUNTR/X
(singing; tight blend)
We're going up, up, up- it's our
moment-

The harmony SHIMMERS... and a fourth, impossible VOICE threads between theirs - ancient, breathy, heartbreakingly beautiful.

Rumi flinches, hand to her ear.

MIRA
Did you just go fourth-part on us?

ZOEY
That was... illegal.

RUMI
I didn't- That wasn't me.

The phantom VOICE returns. The studio lights FLICKER. Rumi's eyes cloud-

FLASH:

EXT. GRASS COURTYARD - CENTURIES AGO - NIGHT (VISION)

THREE ANCIENT HUNTERS sing under lanterns. Their voices braid a silver veil. A small child cries in a doorway. One hunter reaches - then forces herself back to the melody. Tears shine.

BACK TO:

INT. PRACTICE STUDIO - NIGHT

Rumi stumbles. Mira catches her.

MIRA
Hey. Stay with me.

RUMI
(shaken)
I heard them. The ones before us.
All of them.

ZOEY
As in... ghosts?

RUMI
Memories.

The studio door swings open. CELINE enters with a stack of worn songbooks.

CELINE
You're hearing the Choir of the
Forgotten.

She lays a cracked talisman on the piano. Inside, a pressed blue petal.

CELINE (CONT'D)
We used to call this the Lacuna
Bloom.
A flower that drinks sorrow.
V.I.D.A. has learned to sing like
it... to make the world forget.

MIRA
Forget what?

CELINE
Pain. Fear. Love that hurts.
The bonds that tie us to the
Honmoon.

Rumi watches the petal, hearing faint, overlapping lullabies.

RUMI
If people stop feeling... they stop
needing us.

ZOEY
(hand up)
Devil's avocado: maybe a break from
pain is good?

CELINE
Numbness isn't peace.
It's silence where a song should be.

The lights cut OUT. A beat. They flicker back – a HAIRLINE
CRACK splits the mirror.

BOBBY (O.S.)
(from hallway; whisper-shout)
That's fine! Mirrors are basically
optional!

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTR/X APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The famous COUCH. Pizza boxes. A whiteboard labeled
"Operation: Prism???"

Mira draws a triangle, Zoey adds sparkles. Rumi paces.

ZOEY

(writing)

Counter-harmony plan:

One - diagnostics. Two - vibe snipe.

Three - snacks.

MIRA

Focus. We test a counterline near
their set.

Quiet, contained, surgical.

BOBBY

(entering with cucumbers on his eyes)

I'm hearing "illegal street
performance,"

and I love the grit.

Also, does anyone else smell
lavender or is that just me?

RUMI

If we can weave their dissonance
into our blend,

we might stabilize the fractures.

ZOEY

Cool, cool. If we break the
universe, we blame Bobby.

BOBBY

What? I'm a 34 short. I can't carry
a universe.

Celine looks at Rumi.

CELINE

If you start hearing too many
voices, stop.

Your voice is the anchor. Don't let
theirs drown it.

RUMI

I won't.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONGDAE - ALLEY STAGE - NIGHT

Street lights. Food carts. A POP-UP SHOWCASE: V.I.D.A. stands on a low platform. The crowd is tight, intimate, phones up.

VEL - precise and predatory grace. ISA - soft smile, dagger eyes. DANA - a stillness that pulls.

VEL
(to mic; gentle)
We're V.I.D.A. Breathe with us.

Song: "**ECLIPSE (ACOUSTIC)**" - bare vocals, dangerously pure.

Around them, tension drains from the crowd like air from a lung.

At the alley's mouth: Huntr/x. Hoodies up. Earpieces in.

MIRA
(murmur)
On my count.

ZOEY
(tiny fist pump)
Sneak sing.

Rumi closes her eyes. The phantom choir rises again. She breathes... then nods.

MIRA (CONT'D)
Three... two... now.

Huntr/x layer in a **counterline** - soft, interlaced thirds - threading through V.I.D.A.'s melody.

For a WONDROUS SECOND, the two harmonies mesh - a glittering suspension chord that makes the HONMOON SHARDS above the city shiver... and steady.

Vel's eyes SNAP to the alley mouth.

VEL
(into mic; amused)
Found us.

V.I.D.A. shift key on a dime. The crowd sways. Huntr/x feel a tug, like undertow.

ZOEY
(grim)
They modded mid-phrase. That's illegal.

MIRA
Hold the line.

RUMI hears the Choir like a storm. Voices press to the glass of her skull – mothers, sisters, strangers who died singing. She clamps down, sings louder.

A LITTLE GIRL in the crowd blinks, remembering something, reaches for her mother's hand–

Isa cuts in, purring a countermelody. The mother's gaze slides away again.

ISA
(to Rumi, sotto; mic off)
You could stop hurting today.

Rumi's jaw clenches. She sings the anchor note. The air trembles.

The CROWD'S HUMANS start to hum with Rumi – a few notes, defiant.

Vel nods to Dana.

DANA
(whisper, almost kind)
Shh.

They drop a **hush cadence** – a velvet glide. It pours like anesthetic.

Huntr/x stagger. MIRA looks at Zoey – and doesn't recognize her.

MIRA
(disoriented)
Where's... my part?

ZOEY
(to Mira)
Hey. It's me. It's–
(searching)
Why can't I remember the dumb owl
joke?

Rumi pushes more power... the phantom choir shouts back. Too many voices.

RUMI
(to herself)
My voice. My voice.

She changes tactics – decreases volume, tightens vowel. A narrow, exact tone. The notes *click*.

For a heartbeat – CHORD LOCK. The crowd inhales, present again.

Vel tilts her head. Smiles, truly delighted.

VEL
(mic on)
Clever.

V.I.D.A. CUT the song. Instant silence. The crowd sways, dazed again.

VEL (CONT'D)
Thank you for being brave tonight.
We'll take your worry now. You won't miss it.

Vel's gentle SPEAKING cadence threads a new spell. Hands drop. Phones lower. Faces go calm.

Mira grabs Rumi's wrist.

MIRA
We're losing them.

RUMI
Not tonight.

Rumi steps forward. No mic. Just voice.

RUMI (CONT'D)
(singing, bare)
Don't let the ache go quiet.

A few heads turn. The lyric passes like a hand-squeeze.

ZOEY
(joining; soft harmony)
Hold what hurts and stay.

MIRA
(reluctant, then sure)
We can sing and still be scared.

The three-part harmony blooms, small but stubborn. It doesn't erase pain. It sits beside it. The crowd wavers.

Vel looks at Rumi – recognizes the leader.

VEL
(to mic; cordial)
Rumi.

RUMI
Vel.

VEL
You'll tire first.

RUMI
Maybe.

A tense smile between queens. V.I.D.A. fade into the side street, dissolving into the crowd like ink in water.

The audience blinks – a few cry. A mother hugs her daughter tight, like remembering anew.

ZOEY
(hoarse whisper)
We did... something.

MIRA
Not enough.

Above them, the Honmoon shards quiver – one crack edges wider.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CELINE'S WORKROOM – NIGHT

Books. Charms. Scores pinned to corkboards. A city map with glowing THREADS of resonance.

Celine traces three bright lines converging over NAMSAN TOWER.

CELINE
They're building toward a mass erasure.

BOBBY
(panicking quietly)
Mass... as in crowds? As in venues I have permits for?

CELINE
If they sever enough bonds at once, the Honmoon will thin.
Not a breach. A quiet going-away.

ZOEY
(eyes wide)
That's so much worse than screaming.

MIRA
Then we stop them before the tower.

CELINE
With what?

Everyone looks to Rumi. She stares at the map – at three lines becoming one.

RUMI

We need a resonance they can't
dissolve.
Something that invites pain to sing.

BOBBY

(scribbling on a napkin)
"Invite pain to sing" is a terrible
tour slogan.

ZOEY

(to Rumi; small)
Can you do this?

Rumi doesn't answer. The phantom choir hums under her skin.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - "THE FORGETTING"

- V.I.D.A. clips flood socials. #EclipseChallenge: fans film themselves "letting go" – deleting photos, dropping journals in bins, smiling too wide.
- A BARISTA pauses mid-latte art, stares out the window, forgets the order, shrugs.
- A COUPLE at a crosswalk let go of each other's hands at the same time, dazed, step apart.
- BOBBY at a spa, fully robed, cucumber slices askew, suddenly sits up, rips them off, RUNS.

BOBBY (V.O.)

No no no nope nope– I am anti-zen!
Anti-zen!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rumi alone against the city, the Honmoon shards hanging like a broken chandelier. She hums a scale; the choir answers with hundreds of variations. Too many.

She opens her palm. The Lacuna Bloom petal (from Celine's talisman) floats in it.

FLASH:

INT. PALACE HALL - NIGHT (VISION)

A younger VEL - in hunter garb - sings with two sisters in a grand chamber. Their voices tremble. Guards shout. The sisters falter; Vel pushes harder, voice shredding. A DARKNESS brushes their song. The chamber snuffs out.

BACK TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rumi breathes, shaken by empathy she didn't want.

A SOFT FOOTSTEP. Mira emerges, carrying two convenience-store triangle kimbap.

MIRA

Picked the least sad flavor.

She offers one. Rumi takes it.

RUMI

Mira... when you looked at me in the alley...
did you forget me?

MIRA

(concedes)

For a second. Felt like waking from a dream
and not remembering if you had one.

RUMI

That's how they win.
Not by beating our voices - by untying us.

MIRA

Then tie harder.

Beat. They eat in silence, city wind whipping.

MIRA (CONT'D)

I trust you.
Even when I hate that I do.

RUMI

I'll make that worth it.

A PHONE DINGS - ZOXY on text, an all-caps flurry:

ON SCREEN: "VIDA POP-UP // SUBWAY LINE 2 // 8AM // BRING THROATS"

Rumi and Mira exchange a look.

MIRA
Breakfast battle?

RUMI
(grim smile)
Breakfast battle.

SMASH TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Commuter crush. Coffee. Announcements ping. V.I.D.A. has set up on the opposite platform - minimalist, no mics, just them.

Vel hums one note. The STATION QUIETS like a held breath.

Huntr/x elbow through to the front edge. Zoey shoves a bagel into Mira's hand, slaps honey on Rumi's throat.

ZOEY
Carbs and lubricants. Go.

MIRA
(deadpan to Zoey)
You're my favorite medic.

Across the tracks, Vel meets Rumi's eyes. A slight, acknowledging bow.

VEL
(calling across)
We're not your enemy.
We're the silence after the storm.

RUMI
Then why does it sound like
drowning?

The arriving TRAIN SCREECHES - a metallic dissonance chord. V.I.D.A. uses *it*, folds the screech into their harmony. The crowd sways, lulled.

ZOEY
They're sampling reality. Rude.

MIRA
We sample back.

Huntr/x start - tight, percussive consonants that play *against* the screech, transforming the noise into rhythm.

Rumi's eyes flare with a calm, singular focus. The phantom choir rises - this time, she doesn't fight it; she *conducts* it, ushering two or three lines, no more.

The STATION'S HUMANS begin to hum along – low, human, imperfect. A man tears up. A woman squeezes her satchel, breathes.

Isa watches, frustrated. Dana tilts her head – intrigued.

Vel, unwavering, sings a *drop-out cadence* – offering the crowd blissful blankness.

Rumi answers with a **counter-lyric**:

RUMI
(singing, clear)
Keep what made you cry.

ZOEY
(singing)
It's where the light gets in.

MIRA
(singing)
Don't throw your pictures out.

The TRAIN ARRIVES. Doors open. The spell breaks in the shuffle – reality intervenes.

People look up, surprised to find tears on their faces, step into the cars holding hands, texting loved ones, a thousand tiny choices to remember.

Across the tracks, V.I.D.A. step back from the edge, unreadable.

VEL
(to Rumi; quiet)
You'll break before we do.

The next train ARRIVES on Huntr/x's side – a WALL OF PEOPLE separates the groups. When it passes, V.I.D.A. is gone.

ZOEY
I really hate how cool they leave.

MIRA
We bought time.

Rumi leans against a pillar, drained but steady.

RUMI
Next time, we don't just hold them off.
We hold them with us.

BOBBY (O.S.)
 (panting, out of breath)
 Girls! The label just called – World
 Harmony Festival advanced
 the sister-stage lineup to *tomorrow*
 and guess who's closing?
 Also I lost a cucumber slice in my
 shirt.
 That's unrelated but relevant to my
 panic.

Mira and Zoey groan. Rumi looks up at the dangling Honmoon
 shards through the station skylight.

They flicker – and for a second, align into a **PRISM**.

RUMI
 (under her breath)
 Not golden. Not yet.

INT. HUNTR/X APARTMENT – NIGHT

Huntr/x lounge on the COUCH, but none of them are relaxing.
 The TV plays clips of V.I.D.A. on repeat – their acoustic
 subway set has gone viral.

REPORTER (ON TV)
 The new trio V.I.D.A. has captivated
 millions overnight,
 sparking what fans are calling "The
 Eclipse Movement."

Clips of fans smiling eerily, shredding diaries, deleting
 photos.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
 Supporters say it's about "letting
 go" and "forgetting pain."
 But psychologists warn of a
 concerning wave of
 voluntary amnesia.

Mira SNAPS the remote off.

MIRA
 They're stealing our fans right out
 from under us.

ZOEY
 (low)
 And maybe our friends too.

She gestures – BOBBY is on the balcony, humming "Eclipse,"
 phone glowing with V.I.D.A. clips. His eyes are half-lidded.

RUMI
(alarmed)
Bobby.

She goes to him, touches his shoulder. He startles – then blinks, confused.

BOBBY
Whoa. Okay. Wow. I was... vibing. Did I miss snacks?

MIRA
(shaking her head)
He was gone.

CELINE
It starts small. But once they've taken enough, you don't come back.

ZOEY
(to Rumi)
We have to stop them before they make Bobby forget about corn dogs.

BOBBY
Wait– I'd never forget–
(beat, suddenly unsure)
Corn... what?

Everyone freezes. Bobby blinks, trying to remember.

ZOEY
(panicked)
OH NO. It's worse than we thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEOUL STREETS – NIGHT

A HUNTR/X POSTER, freshly defaced. Someone has spray-painted "ECLIPSE ERA" across it. A group of TEENS walk by singing V.I.D.A.

TEENS
(singing softly)
Forget your tears, forget your fight...

Rumi lingers behind Mira and Zoey, watching the teens' eyes – not cruel, just hollow. Her reflection in the glass has the same emptiness.

She grips her jacket tight.

FLASH -

INT. GRAND HALL - CENTURIES AGO (VISION)

The three ANCIENT HUNTERS again - Vel, Isa, Dana, but human, alive.

They argue in whispers mid-song, one faltering. Their shield flickers.

A DEMON SURGE crashes through. The harmony collapses.

BACK TO:

EXT. SEOUL STREETS - NIGHT

Rumi gasps, nearly stumbling. Mira steadies her.

MIRA

Again?

RUMI

They were... like us. Hunters. Before.

ZOEY

Wait, wait, wait. Are you saying those three girlboss demons are our... failed cousins?

RUMI

(haunted)

They failed - and became this.

Mira looks out at the hollow-eyed teens disappearing into the night.

MIRA

If they turn the whole world into that, there won't be anyone left to sing for.

CUT TO:

INT. WORLD HARMONY FESTIVAL HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Execs in suits watch V.I.D.A. clips on a massive screen. The three demons are poised, radiant, terrifyingly perfect.

EXEC #1

They're undeniable. We're moving them to prime slot.

EXEC #2

What about Huntrix?

EXEC #1
They've had their time.
The world wants something new.

They stamp a SCHEDULE: V.I.D.A. CLOSING HEADLINERS.

CUT TO:

INT. CELINE'S WORKROOM - NIGHT

Celine pins the schedule to her corkboard. Huntr/x lean in.
The map's glowing resonance lines converge on the FESTIVAL.

CELINE
This is it. Their stage will be the
conduit.
A mass erasure. If they succeed—

ZOEY
Bye-bye Honmoon. Bye-bye couch.
Bye-bye everything.

MIRA
Then we cut them off before they get
there.

CELINE
You can't fight them head-on yet.
Not until your voices unify.
If you fracture, the Honmoon
fractures with you.

All eyes on Rumi. She looks away, unable to promise.

RUMI
Then we learn fast.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEOUL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Huntr/x stand at the edge of a high building. Below,
a CROWD gathers for a secret midnight pop-up: V.I.D.A. again.

Their harmonies rise — hypnotic, delicate.
The CROWD sways, forgetting everything else. A GIRL lets go
of her dog's leash.
The dog whimpers, lost.

Rumi flinches, hearing the phantom Choir overlap. She nearly
doubles.

MIRA
Rumi! Stay with us!

ZOEY

(grim)

We jump in now, or they win.

Huntr/x step onto the ledge, ready to dive down—

Vel glances up, directly at them. Her smile is knowing, almost pitying.

VEL

(to mic; soft)

Rumi.

The name cuts through the music. Rumi freezes.
The phantom voices inside her swell to a deafening roar.

The Honmoon shards above FLICKER violently.

CELINE (V.O.)

(warning)

If they drown her voice...
the Honmoon will drown with it.

Rumi clutches her throat — teetering between voices.

EXT. SEOUL ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Rumi teeters, drowned by the phantom Choir. The HONMOON SHARDS above judder.

MIRA

Rumi! Breathe. Anchor to me.

ZOEY

And me. Take my note.

Zoey hums a low A, Mira stacks a third. Rumi locks on, exhales — the voices thin to a manageable hum.

Across the street, V.I.D.A. finishes their pop-up to rapturous, eerie calm. Vel glances back once — queen recognizing queen — then the trio melts into the alley.

The Honmoon shards settle... cracked, but holding.

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE — "RISING DISSONANCE"

- V.I.D.A. guerilla performances multiply: rooftops, galleries, trains. Each time, faces soften into that blissful blank.
- Huntr/x counter-sing in parks and under bridges; small crowds wake, cry, hug.
- Bobby alternates between hyper-manager and slippery trance,

humming "ECLIPSE" whenever he's alone. He tapes a sticky note to his phone: "NO ECLIPSE AFTER 7PM."

– Rumi journals voice patterns and draws a PRISM over the Golden sigil. Her entries smear as the phantom Choir overprints in her handwriting.

– Celine pins festival logistics on a cork map: resonance threads converge on the WORLD HARMONY grounds.

END MONTAGE.

INT. PRACTICE STUDIO - DAY

A wheezy upright piano, mirrors, scuffed tape. Huntr/x run drills. Rumi pulses a metronome tone; Zoey claps clave; Mira dances razor-precise footwork.

CELINE

You're aligning head, heart, body.
Again.

Rumi's eyes flick. A phantom voice crashes in – a centuries-old soprano, grieving.

Rumi's timing lurches.

MIRA

Hey. We can't be perfect. We can be precise.

ZOEY

Or weirdly precise and turbo cute.

RUMI

(frustrated)
I'm trying.

CELINE

Try less. Choose more.

Celine offers the cracked talisman – the Lacuna petal inside.

CELINE (CONT'D)

When they pull – don't block.
Curate.

Rumi nods, breathes. She sings a single vowel. The phantom choir edges in; she lets only two lines thread her tone.

Chord lock. The mirrors BREATHE. Mira and Zoey grin.

BOBBY (O.S.)

(bursting in)
Hi! Bad news, medium news, great news:

Bad – festival moved V.I.D.A. to
closing headliners.
Medium – we're still second-to-last.
Great – I bought us matching
compression socks.

ZOEY
You're... the weirdest angel.

BOBBY
Also I'm fine. Totally. See?
(wobbly grin)
"Eclipse" is just a bop. I like
bops.
I'm a bop guy.

His smile falters. Rumi clocks it. She steps close.

RUMI
Stay with us.

BOBBY
I am. Totally.
(beat)
What's a corn dog?

Mira and Zoey gasp.

ZOEY
We're doing an intervention.

MIRA
After rehearsal.

ZOEY
A rehearsal intervention.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE PROMENADE – EVENING

A golden-hour crowd. V.I.D.A. floats onto a minimalist
platform. Vel raises a hand; the murmur hushes. Their
three-part **WHISPER CADENCE** begins.

Huntr/x arrive, hoodies up. Bobby wears sunglasses and holds
a laminated "I AM NOT LISTENING TO VIDA" card.

BOBBY
(to passing stranger)
Hi – is there anywhere here that
sells memories?

STRANGER

(beat)

Like... merch?

BOBBY

(almost cries)

I don't know.

Onstage, Dana's tone pours like warm anesthetic. Rumi inhales – the Choir pushes, but she picks two threads, sets tempo – a new counter.

RUMI

(to the girls; low)

Stagger entries. I carry. Catch me on the triplet.

MIRA / ZOEY

Copy.

They enter: soft, human, stubborn. The two harmonies brush...

A HOMEMADE CHOIR emerges as people start to hum, individuals choosing to remember. A TEEN clutches a journal to her chest. A FATHER texts his kid.

Vel's expression tightens – then she smiles, delighted again.

VEL

(into mic)

They think they can hold you when you fall.

ISA

We let you land without pain.

DANA

Don't you deserve to rest?

The crowd sways. Huntr/x push – precision, not volume. The cord between them tightens.

For a heartbeat: PRISM GLIMMER in the sky.

Bobby blinks, gasps.

BOBBY

Oh! Corn dogs are sticks with joy!

He sobs happy, then clutches Rumi.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I just remembered: you liked the mustard.

RUMI
 (tear-twinkly)
 I still do.

Vel marks this – the way Rumi centers everyone else.

VEL
 (to mic; soft)
 Beautiful.

She steps back. V.I.D.A. exit – not defeated, but recalibrating.

ZOEY
 Did we... win?

MIRA
 We didn't lose.

BOBBY
 (suddenly calm)
 I want a corn dog and a nap and...
 a brand deal with whichever brand
 makes the nap.

CELINE (O.S.)
 Gather.

Celine appears, grave.

CELINE
 Midpoint victory, not a war won.
 They'll pivot. Expect cruelty
 wrapped as kindness.

ZOEY
 That's like... my DMs.

CELINE
 Stay funny. It's proof you're alive.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTR/X APARTMENT – NIGHT

Whiteboard now reads: "PRISM PHASE." The trio sprawls on the couch post-battle. Rumi stares at the ceiling, hearing a faint trio of ancient girls laughing – then crying.

RUMI
 (soft)
 They weren't evil then.

MIRA
 They're evil now.

ZOEY
We can hold both.

The TV pings: FESTIVAL PRESS CONFERENCE LIVESTREAM. V.I.D.A. in perfect tailoring.

PRESSER HOST (ON TV)
Closing headliners V.I.D.A. share
their mission—

VEL (ON TV)
We sing for mercy. To spare you from
hurting.

ISA (ON TV)
You've carried so much.

DANA (ON TV)
Let us carry the rest.

Rumi's jaw sets.

RUMI
We don't let them carry us anywhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. FESTIVAL PRE-SHOW ARENA - AFTERNOON

Open-air arena, sound checks, techs. Huntr/x step onstage for a pre-show. Fans shout their names — but fewer than before, and some chant "V.I.D.A."

FAN POCKET
(calling)
Save your tears — Eclipse!

ZOEY
(to Mira)
I don't love this timeline.

MIRA
We rewrite it.

Huntr/x launch into a **new counter-song** — "**KEEP WHAT HURTS**" — a mid-tempo anthem that explicitly invites memory. Rumi sings:

RUMI
(singing)
Keep what made you tremble—
we can sing it till it mends...

Mid-chorus, the stadium lights FLICKER. A SUBHARMONIC grinds under the floor — V.I.D.A.'s *backline rig* feeding a hidden

hum through the power grid.

MONITOR TECH
(panicked)
We're clean on our board— they're
injecting upstream!

CELINE
(to herself)
They've learned infrastructure.

Rumi braces — selects a tight overtone series, sings *above* the hum. Mira locks body to beat; Zoey knits lyrics over the top.

For a glorious minute: the crowd is theirs. People cry and grin and text and hold hands.

MIDPOINT IMAGE — The PRISM HONMOON flashes clearly for the first time, almost whole.

Back rail — Vel watches, expression unreadable. Isa leans close, murmuring. Dana's eyes shine with something almost mournful.

VEL
(sotto, to her)
Hear the iron in her vowels?
She is not only human.

Isa's eyes sharpen.

ISA
The mark in the voice.

Dana closes her eyes like a prayer.

DANA
She's carrying too much.

The song ends. Thunderous applause — the most Huntr/x has felt in days.

BOBBY
(to camera guy)
Did you get the part where I cried
handsomely?

CAMERA GUY
I got the mucus too.

BOBBY
Perfect.

BACKSTAGE. Rumi smiles – then a cold shiver. The phantom choir surges, not theirs – *V.I.D.A.'s* memory of the palace. A door slams inside her skull. She staggers.

MIRA

Rumi?

RUMI

I'm fine.

But she isn't. Isa's whisper seems to coil in her ear: "You could rest."

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL – FESTIVAL BACKSTAGE – CONTINUOUS

Rumi steadies against a wall – breathes – pulls only two threads – manages. When she looks up, Vel stands at the landing above, not approaching, simply... there.

VEL

You treat them gently.

RUMI

They're not cargo.

VEL

They're drowning in weight.
You teach them to swim. We drain the sea.

RUMI

You erase the ocean.

VEL

Oceans drown girls like us.

A beat. Compassion flickers in Vel's eyes; it makes her scarier.

VEL (CONT'D)

You won't last the full set tomorrow.

RUMI

Try me.

VEL

I hope you prove me wrong.

Vel goes, her grace an elegy for a self she lost.

Rumi sags against the railing, shaken harder by the sincerity than any threat.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE – "ESCALATION"

- Festival promos pump V.I.D.A. as "the mercy you deserve."
- Huntr/x's numbers wobble; hashtag wars turn toxic.
- Bobby, with headphones blasting Huntr/x only, wades into a V.I.D.A. merch tent, buys NOTHING, exits sweating.
- Celine unrolls an old score: "Echo Rite." Notes scrawled by an ancestor. She photocopies it, hands to Mira and Zoey.

CELINE (V.O.)

If she drowns, you must sing without
her long enough
to throw her a rope.

- Rumi trains alone, practicing letting go of 90% of the phantom choir, holding only what she invites. It costs her.

END MONTAGE.

INT. GREEN ROOM – NIGHT (EVE OF FESTIVAL)

Huntr/x in robes, steaming mugs, honey, sliced ginger. The room hums with distant bass from other stages.

ZOEY

Okay, grounding question – favorite
bathhouse snack?

MIRA

Cider and eggs. Don't @ me.

RUMI

(smiles)
Cider and eggs.

BOBBY

(ghosting in the doorway)
Cider and eggs?

They grin. Family.

Bobby turns – his phone flashes "V.I.D.A. LIVE – PRIVATE."
His eyes glaze. He steps out as if sleepwalking.

ZOEY

Bobby?

No answer.

MIRA

I've got him.

Mira slips out.

CUT TO:

INT. STAFF CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Mira follows Bobby through a maze of halls into a dim VIP lounge. On a small stage, V.I.D.A. sing for a tight circle of execs - a *targeted erasure* set.

Bobby drifts closer to the stage like a moth.

MIRA

Bobby!

Mira lunges - two SECURITY DEMONS in suits step between. She flashes steel in her eyes; they flinch... then hold.

ISA

(to mic; sweet)

He's so tired.

MIRA

He's ours.

VEL

He's his.

Mira snarls - then does something she hates - sings, alone, raw, off-mic.

MIRA

(singing, honest)

Stay. We need you to stay.

Bobby blinks. Mira's voice is not perfect; it's *her*. He stumbles back, out of the velvet field.

BOBBY

(small)

I didn't mean to-

MIRA

We know.

She drags him out. Vel watches them go, an old sorrow moving like weather across her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORLD HARMONY FESTIVAL - SUNSET

An aerial of the grounds - rivers of people, stages like altars. The PRISM HONMOON flickers in pieces above, flashes of gold trying to hold.

SUPER: "WORLD HARMONY FESTIVAL - DAY ONE"

INT. MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Pre-headliner slot. Huntr/x steps into a cathedral of light. The crowd is a sea of faces – some hungry, some hollow.

RUMI

(to mic)

We don't sing to make you forget.
We sing to help you remember you can
carry it.

A murmur goes through the audience – gratitude, resistance, confusion.

FIRST SONG: **"KEEP WHAT HURTS"** – now bigger, tighter. The field hums with thousands of small human choices.

Mid-song – the stage power *dim dips* – a ripple. Rumi sings above it, selecting narrower harmonics. Mira improvises footwork; Zoey knits a rap about being brave in ugly ways.

They land it. The crowd ROARS.

ZOEY

(breathless, to Rumi)

That felt like winning.

RUMI

Don't say it.

SECOND SONG: **"WE STAY"** – a hushed anthem built to thread into silence, not shout it down.

Halfway... the SUBHARMONIC returns, uglier. V.I.D.A. has dropped a *phase-inverted hum* through the grounds.

Rumi braces – the phantom Choir slams into her. She picks two threads – then a third forces in. Her breath catches.

MIRA

Rope!

Mira and Zoey execute the "Echo Rite" – sustained intervals designed to float Rumi back to center. It works – for three bars. Then a *disembodied whisper* (Isa) brushes Rumi's ear:

ISA (V.O.)

Rest.

Rumi's grip falters. The crowd's faces blur; she sees those ancient girls again – young Vel at the palace, crying as she chooses the song over the child at the door.

Rumi chokes. The note fractures.

ZOEY
Recover! Recover!

Rumi's mic POPS with feedback – a harsh, demon-taste crackle. And in that microsecond... the audio picks up a **subharmonic overtone** unique to her demon heritage.

On the big screens: a spectrum bloom – a line no human voice should produce.

The crowd GASPS. A murmur becomes a wave.

CROWD POCKETS
She's- / Demon? / Is she-

RUMI
(barely)
I-

She looks out – thousand eyes. On the back rail – V.I.D.A. stands, still. Vel's face is unreadable. Isa's is ruthless. Dana's is heartbreak.

Celine's hand flies to her mouth.

Mira moves in front of Rumi like a shield. Zoey moves to her side.

MIRA
We're with you.

ZOEY
We don't run.

The SUBHARMONIC surges. The Honmoon shards spiderweb. Above, the PRISM falters.

CELINE (O.S.)
(to the monitor tech)
Cut the feed- not the mics- cut the screens!

The big screens go black. The murmuring becomes chaos.

BOBBY (O.S.)
(to security)
Move the barricades- give them space!

Rumi trembles – voice a tatter. People are shouting. Others are crying. A chant starts and dies.

VEL (O.S.)
(mic, from a side stage)
We'll take it from here.

All heads swivel. On a flanking platform, V.I.D.A. bathed in soft light, like saints in a cathedral.

ISA
You can sleep now.

DANA
We'll hold the hurt.

Their voices float out – sweet, narcotic – a tide pulling everything and everyone to stillness.

The crowd quiets. Security relaxes. Even technicians sag.

Rumi stares, helpless, hollowed by exposure and that terrible relief in the air.

RUMI
(a whisper)
Don't take them.

No one hears.

Mira and Zoey look at her – not doubting *her*, but crushed by the size of this. They take her hands.

MIRA
We hold you.
They don't.

ZOEY
But we might not hold *all* of this...
alone.

Rumi nods, tiny.

Onstage, V.I.D.A. bask in the adoring hush – not gloating: *believing*.

VEL
(to the crowd)
Sleep.

People start sitting down, like a mass bedtime.

The PRISM HONMOON cracks again. A SHARD falls – burns out before it hits the ground, like a shooting star dying.

Rumi flinches – like a piece of her went with it.

CELINE (O.S.)
(into comms)
Evacuate. We regroup.
They've turned the festival into a
ritual site.

BOBBY (O.S.)
 (into comms)
 Copy, evacu-

He stops mid-word. His eyes go glassy again - the song has him. He sways where he stands.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 (soft)
 Sleep.

Mira grabs him, shakes.

MIRA
 Bobby! Look at me!

He blinks, unfocused, then clings to Mira like a child.

BOBBY
 I'm so tired.

ZOEY
 We get him out now.

The three pull him. Rumi moves like she's wading through syrup.

V.I.D.A. watches. Vel's gaze stays on Rumi. Not triumph. Something like mourning.

CUT TO:

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - STAGING LANE - MINUTES LATER

Huntr/x pile into a golf cart with Bobby. Techs run. Fans lie down peacefully on the grass as if they've chosen to nap under the stars.

The golf cart zooms. The PRISM flickers overhead, failing.

RUMI
 (to Celine; desperate)
 What do I do?

CELINE
 (pained truth)
 I don't know.

A silence like grief.

ZOEY
 (small)
 We don't have them.

MIRA
Not tonight.

On the horizon, the SIDE STAGE lights glow like altar candles, V.I.D.A.'s lullaby rolling over the city.

Rumi turns, watches the sleeping crowd, the dying light above, the trio on the altar.

A single tear tracks. Her jaw tightens around a terrible choice she hasn't yet made.

RUMI
(under breath)
You won't erase them.

She doesn't know how. She says it anyway.

The cart speeds into the dark.

WIDE: The festival ground – an ocean of people easing into blank serenity. Above, the PRISM HONMOON spiderwebbed, one sharp crack away from collapse.

OUT. FADE

ACT II END OF

EXT. SEOUL – BACK ALLEY – NIGHT

The golf cart skids into a shadowed alley. Huntr/x pile out with BOBBY half-asleep. The HONMOON SHARDS overhead flicker, spiderwebbed.

ZOEY
(whispers)
They're erasing the whole city.

CELINE
Not just the city. If the Prism
collapses–
the barrier dissolves everywhere.

Rumi trembles, marks glowing faint under her hoodie.

RUMI
Then we have to end it tonight.

MIRA
(bitter)
End it with what voice? They exposed
you.
And maybe they were right.

Rumi flinches. Zoey steps between them.

ZOEY

Enough! They only win if we believe
their lies.
We need a plan.

CELINE

A song the Prism's never heard.
Built on nothing hidden.

They look at Rumi. She swallows.

RUMI

Then... no more secrets.

Her jacket slips; the patterns blaze down her arms. Mira and
Zoey see them fully for the first time.

A silence. Bobby blinks awake, eyes wet.

BOBBY

(soft)
You're still my girls.

Mira exhales like she's been punched.

MIRA

You idiot. You should've told us
sooner.

Rumi nods, tears burning.

ZOEY

Then it's settled. Our final set is
all of us.
Nothing hidden.

Celine presses into their hands the faded score – "ECHO
RITE," now re-scored with Rumi's edits.

CELINE

Sing this. Fuse it with your own
words.
If there's a Prism to be made, this
is how.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEOUL SKYLINE – PRE-DAWN

V.I.D.A.'s lullaby echoes across skyscrapers. Drones project
their faces on high-rises: serene saints, promising rest.
Thousands of people sleepwalk through intersections,
peacefully lying down on asphalt.

The Prism Honmoon above hangs by a thread, half-cracked moon of fractured glass.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - WORLD HARMONY FESTIVAL - MORNING

Huntr/x lace boots, tighten belts. Their new costumes: stripped-down, raw, less sparkle - battle uniforms.

MIRA

No tricks. Just us.

ZOEY

Then we better be enough.

Rumi closes her eyes - phantom Choir rushes in - this time, she breathes and lets them settle. They orbit her voice like planets.

RUMI

(quietly to herself)

You're not here to drown me. You're here to sing with me.

The phantoms hum in sympathy.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORLD HARMONY FESTIVAL - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

The grounds glow like a necropolis of lanterns. Tens of thousands sit motionless. V.I.D.A. float at center stage in white silks, harmonies braiding.

VEL

Lay it down. Lay it all down.

ISA

We will keep it safe.

DANA

You are free now.

Their triad expands. The Prism overhead shudders.

A SECOND STAGE ignites in blinding gold - HUNTR/X, stepping forward, raw and furious.

The crowd stirs, some blinking out of trance.

RUMI

(to mic)

We don't lay it down. We lift it up.

Huntr/x launch into their final song - **"THIS IS WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE"** - the fusion of "Echo Rite" and their new

lyrics. Broken glass projected huge behind them, refracting into prisms of color.

EXT. FESTIVAL - INTERCUT

The battle becomes a war of resonance.

- V.I.D.A.'s lullaby smooths pain to nothing.
- Huntr/x's anthem shouts that pain IS part of the song.

Crowds sway between - some falling asleep, some rising to scream, some torn in two.

ZOEY

(rapping)

Why did we cover up the colors in
our head?
Let 'em cut the air like glass
instead!

MIRA

(belting)

Scars ain't shame, they're battle
paint!
I'm still here, I won't faint!

Rumi sings with phantom choir threading in - the voices of lost Hunters centuries old. For the first time, she doesn't fight them. She *leads* them.

RUMI

(singing)

This is what it sounds like!
Truth after all this time!

The crowd ROARS. Color ripples through the Prism overhead.

VEL staggers mid-note. ISA clutches her mic, distraught. DANA's tears streak but she keeps singing.

VEL

(to Rumi, across stage)

You'll burn out. You can't hold them
all!

RUMI

(singing, through tears)

Not alone. Never alone.

Behind her, Mira and Zoey lock shoulders to hers. Their three voices braid with the phantom Choir.

The Prism glows BRIGHTER - starting to heal.

ISA
(screams into mic)
No!

ISA unleashes a subharmonic shockwave. Fans clutch ears.
Bobby staggers.

Rumi nearly buckles – until she feels Bobby's hand on the stage edge, trembling but reaching.

BOBBY
(yells)
You're not alone, Ru!

She steadies – pulls Isa's overtone into her chord, twisting it into harmony. Isa gasps, undone by hearing her own rage redeemed as music.

Dana's knees hit the stage. Tears flood. Her voice falters.

DANA
I just... wanted it to stop.

ZOEY
(to her, between lines)
Then sing it raw. With us.

Dana chokes – then releases a note not of erasure but grief. It threads in. The Prism flashes.

Vel, last standing, eyes like storms.

VEL
I gave everything for silence.
And you tell me noise is holy?

RUMI
(singing)
Broken glass still shines.

Vel screams – her voice splits into knives of sound. The Prism fractures again, on the brink.

Rumi screams back – the phantom Choir behind her, ancient girls whose voices were silenced, now roaring through her.

RUMI
(sings)
When darkness meets the light–
THIS IS WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE!

BOOM – the Prism HONMOON erupts into a full SPECTRUM DOME of refracted light, sealing the sky. The crowd gasps awake, flooding with memory – joy and pain – but alive.

Vel collapses, shaking, staring up at the Prism.

VEL
(a whisper)
It's... beautiful.

The stage goes silent. The audience ERUPTS in sobs and cheers.

Huntr/x stand trembling, holding hands, sweat and tears streaming.

Bobby stumbles onstage, ugly crying.

BOBBY
You guys. My girls. My legends.
Couch time? Please?

Rumi laughs through tears. Mira pulls Zoey and Rumi into a crushing hug.

MIRA
Never hide again. Got it?

RUMI
Got it.

ZOEY
Also... can we finally do bathhouse?

They laugh, exhausted.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOMEN'S BATHHOUSE - DAY (EPILOGUE)

Huntr/x soak in steaming pools, towels on heads. Bobby sits outside in a robe with a corn dog, beaming.

ZOEY
Ohhh. Why did it take us two movies
to get here?

RUMI
Worth the wait.

MIRA
Don't get used to it. Couch next.

They clink cider bottles.

RUMI
To scars. To songs. To the Prism.

ALL
To Huntr/x.

FADE UP to the PRISM HONMOON glowing whole and golden above
Seoul.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD: HUNTR/X WILL RETURN

END.