## ****Chapter 1: “Heroes’ Night” (With Terror Attack)****

### ****Scene 1: Spectacular Opening & First Shot (Pages 1–3)****

1. **Full-page spread** of Merdeka Palace courtyard at night, spotlights cutting through haze, fireworks frozen mid-burst.
   * **Caption:** “Jakarta, Heroes’ Day, 2029.”
2. **Series of tight panels** on the dais:
   * **President Ramadhan** at the podium.
   * **Chief Bima** as adjutant.
   * **First Lady Maya**, flanked by **Fey** at her side.
3. **President (speech):** “On this Heroes’ Day… we renew our pledge: to crush terrorism in every corner of our nation…”
4. **Sudden pop-panel:** a single silenced gunshot cracks.
   * **SFX:** “PTK!”
   * **Caption (bottom):** “FLASHBACK—Twelve hours earlier…”

### ****Scene 2 (Pages 4–7): Flashback—Early Morning Prep****

**Page 4: Lola’s Morning**

* **Panel 1:** Alarm clock reads **05:30**. Lola’s hand slaps at it amid rumpled sheets.
* **Panel 2:** She’s in her bathroom, slicking back hair, pulling on her tailored blazer over a crisp blouse.
* **Panel 3:** In the mirror, she practices one-liners—“You just picked the wrong detective to underestimate.”
* **Caption:** “Lola Lux: Elite undercover investigator, dawn-to-dusk style and substance.”
* **Visual:** Lola stands beside her sport bike—a gleaming Ducati red machine with black frame and silver accents. Morning light glints off the fuel tank.
* **Action:** She zips up her black leather jacket, slides on her red-tinted visor helmet, and swings a leg over the seat.
* **Caption:** “06:00 AM. Lola Lux—ready to burn daylight (and rubber).”

**Page 5: Fey’s Morning**

* **Panel 1:** Outside a dusky nightclub at **05:45**, Fey jogs up the back stairs in a tracksuit, earbuds in.
* **Panel 2:** Inside her dressing room, she swaps jogging gear for a skirt, tests the concealed earpiece.
* **Panel 3:** She flips through her setlist—each song title annotated with a “drop” of intel.
* **Caption:** “Farah ‘Fey’ Pramesti: Field intel operative—building her network before the city wakes.”

**Page 6: Naya’s Morning**

* **Panel 1:** At **06:00**, Naya enters the forensic lab, greeted by humming centrifuges and flickering screens.
* **Panel 2:** She lays out pastel sketchpads beside microscope slides and her cracked-screen smartphone.
* **Panel 3:** On her phone, she runs a live facial-analysis app; the result reads “Match.”
* **Caption:** “Ni Naya Laksmi: Forensics & data analysis—quiet brilliance in cold fluorescent light.”

**Page 7: Formation of the Pact**

* **Splitscreen:** All three converging on the police HQ steps at **06:30**—Lola in her blazer, Fey in her suit, Naya carrying her kits.
* **Inset panels:**
  + Lola gives a confident nod.
  + Fey adjusts her earpiece.
  + Naya tucks a sketchpad under her arm.
* **Centered caption:** **“Pretty Detective Pact—sunrise solidarity against every doubt.”**

### ****Scene 1: Raka’s Mountain Descent****

**Page 1 (3 panels)**

1. **Splash panel (full width):** Dawn light over a winding mountain pass—Raka’s black Ford Mustang hugging the curves, engine roar lines radiating.
2. **Interior shot (left):** Raka’s hand on the gearbox, sunglasses reflecting the road.
3. **Close-up (right):** His smirk as he shifts into a lower gear—ready to play.

### ****Scene 2: Adrian’s City Commute****

**Page 2 (3 panels)**

1. **Wide panel:** Silver Mercedes SLK gliding through Jakarta’s morning traffic, skyscrapers looming.
2. **Interior shot:** Adrian calmly adjusts his tie, eyes on the traffic light ahead.
3. **Detail:** The SLK’s emblem gleaming—he’s in total control.

### ****Scene 3: Sparks Fly****

**Page 3 (4 panels)**

1. **Two-tiered split:** Raka’s Mustang and Adrian’s SLK approach the same on-ramp from opposite sides.
2. **Medium shot:** Both drivers glance over, recognition—and challenge—in their eyes.
3. **Dialogue (Raka, thought bubble):** “Nice ride, pretty boy.”  
   **(Adrian, thought bubble):** “Let’s see what you’ve got.”
4. **Close-up of feet:** Both right foot down on the gas pedal.

### ****Scene 4: Street Race****

**Page 4 (4 panels)**

1. **Side-view tracking shot:** Mustang vs. SLK barreling down the avenue, speed lines blurring the street lamps.
2. **High-angle:** Horns honk, cars slip aside to let them through.
3. **Interior dual shot (split-page):**
   * Raka grins wildly.
   * Adrian keeps his cool, eyes narrowed.
4. **SFX:** “VRROOOOOOOMMM!”

### ****Scene 5: Traffic-Light Ambush****

**Page 5 (5 panels)**

1. **Wide panel:** Mustangs and SLK side-by-side pull up to a red light at a busy intersection.
2. **Sudden inset:** A flash of **Ducati red** zips between them.
3. **Medium shot:** Lola in full leathers, red-tinted visor down, roaring past—her bike the epitome of silent menace.
4. **Dialogue (Lola, shouted):** “Move it!”
5. **Close-up:** Adrian’s startled eyes behind his sunglasses.

### Scene 6: Distraction & Glimpse

**Page 6 (4 panels)**

1. **Point-of-view (Adrian):** He spots two young women walking along the campus sidewalk—one in the lead (Fey), hair cascading, mischievous smile; the other (Naya) clutching her sketchpad.
2. **Inset (Adrian, thought bubble):** “Who is that girl? She’s… really cute.”
3. **Cut to Raka:** “Shit, I’m too fast” Then swerves hard enter his university.
4. **Detail:** Mustang tires screech, smoke curling as Adrian’s attention momentarily wavers.

## Scene 8: Stranded & Intercepted (Page 8)

1. **Panel 1 (wide):**  
   – Raka stands beside his crumpled Mustang, hands on hips, watching Lola’s Ducati fade into the distance.  
   – **Raka (thought):** “Who the hell was that?”
2. **Panel 2 (medium):**  
   – Adrian leans against the SLK’s dented door, glancing at the police radio handset Lola dropped.  
   – He picks it up, fiddles with the channel knob.
3. **Panel 3 (insert close-up):**  
   – Speaker crackles to life with Lola’s voice:

**Lola (over radio):** “Intel, I’ve got eyes on the campus sector—Fey, Naya, need backup, coordinates now.”

1. **Panel 4 (split):**
   * **Left (Raka):**

**Raka (calling out):** “Campus sector? Who’s that?”

* + **Right (Adrian):**

**Adrian (frowns):** “I’ve never heard of her.”

1. **Panel 5 (full-width):**  
   – Both men share a look under the morning light—curiosity and opportunism mixing on their faces.  
   – **Caption:** “Two rich boys. Two busted rides. One unheard-of detective calling the shots.”

### Scene 9: Campus Harasser Operation (Pages 9–10)

**Page 9**

1. **Splash panel:** Fey and Naya crouched behind a low wall in front of the campus arts building.
2. **Panel:** Naya’s phone pings—facial recognition match confirmed from yesterday’s assault.
3. **Panel:** Fey spots a lone figure lurking by the dorm entrance, silhouetted under a streetlamp.
   * **Fey (whisper):** “That’s our guy. He’s been following freshmen for days.”
4. **Panel:** Naya grips her sketchpad, finger on a traced escape route.
   * **Naya:** “On my mark…”

**Page 10**

1. **Wide panel:** Lola’s Ducati roars into frame, headlights cutting through the morning mist.
2. **Panel:** Fey and Naya jump to their feet, relief and excitement on their faces.
3. **Panel:** Lola brakes hard, bike sliding to a stop feet from the harasser—he whirls in surprise.
4. **Two-tier inset:**
   * **Top:** Fey’s triumphant grin as she jams a recorder in the suspect’s jacket pocket.
   * **Bottom:** Naya snaps a photo of his face with her phone.
5. **Bottom caption (across both pages):** **“With suspect secured, the Pretty Detective Pact strikes again.”**

## Scene 10: Campus Convergence (Page 11 Only)

1. **Panel 1 (wide):**  
   A quiet campus in the morning, police tape fluttering. Lola’s Ducati and a squad car flank the sidewalk. Fey and Naya stand over the kneeling, handcuffed suspect.

* **Panel 4 (insert close-up):**  
  The suspect’s defeated face, evidence taped to his jacket—Naya’s handiwork.
* **Panel 5 (split):**
* **Left (Lola):** Flips her visor up, helmet under arm, eyes the two men arriving.

**Lola (calm):** “Campus harassment ring—case closed.”

* **Right (Fey & Naya):** Fey glances at Naya and smiles; Naya nods, holding up her sketchpad.

**Fey:** “Evidence’s solid, eyewitness and audio-visual confirmed.”

* **Panel 6 (full-width, silent):**  
  Raka and Adrian stand a few paces back, watching the trio work. No words yet—just the three detectives’ confident stances and the two rich strangers sizing them up.

## Scene 11: “Badge and Beauty” (Pages 12–13)

### ****Page 12****

1. **Panel 1 (wide exterior):**  
   – The imposing façade of Jakarta Metro Police HQ at dawn.  
   – Lola’s Ducati, Fey’s heels-clicking stride, and Naya’s purposeful walk flank the prisoner in handcuffs.
2. **Panel 2 (entry hall):**  
   – Triple-arched glass doors whoosh open.  
   – A line of officers at the reception desk all freeze mid-motion—cups of coffee hovering in mid-air.
3. **Panel 3 (reaction shots, split into three inserts):**
   * **Insert A:** A burly sergeant’s jaw dropping.
   * **Insert B:** A rookie’s eyes widening behind his radio mic.
   * **Insert C:** A veteran detective leaning on a file cabinet, simply staring.
4. **Panel 4 (medium):**  
   – Lola, leather jacket unzipped to reveal her badge and slim holster, leads the group.  
   – **Lola (quietly to Fey):** “Keep him talking. We’ll process him up front.”
5. **Panel 5 (medium):**  
   – Fey in her mini skirt, casually flipping a notebook open.  
   – **Fey (murmur):** “He says he’s been stalking freshmen for weeks—thank god we caught him.”
6. **Panel 6 (medium):**  
   – Naya, in her blazer over a tank top, holds up her sketchpad.

## Scene 12: “Orders & Goodbyes” (Page 13)

1. **Panel 1 (medium, Chief Bima’s office):**  
   – Chief Bima stands by the window, arms behind his back, the early morning sun casting long shadows.  
   – The girls—Lola, Fey, Naya—stand in front of his desk, looking proud and slightly cheeky.
2. **Panel 2 (medium):**  
   – Bima turns around, half-scolding, half-smiling.

**Chief Bima:** “You three—good work. But next time, wear something less... beach club.”  
– The girls giggle in response.

1. **Panel 3 (split):**
   * **Left (Fey, playful):** “Sir, if we wore uniforms, that perv would still be hiding in the bushes.”
   * **Right (Naya, shrugging):** “He was stalking girls in skirts. We used ourselves as bait, that’s all.”
2. **Panel 4 (medium, Chief Bima serious now):**  
   – He raises a hand to silence them.

**Chief Bima:** “Enough jokes. I have news... I’ve been promoted. Starting next week, I’ll be serving directly under the President.”

1. **Panel 5 (reaction shots – split of three):**  
   – **Lola (eyes widen)**: “Wait, what?”  
   – **Fey (shocked):** “You’re leaving us?”  
   – **Naya (bittersweet):** “So... this team’s breaking up?”
2. **Panel 6 (medium):**  
   – Chief Bima sits at his desk, unfolding a letter.

**Chief Bima:** “Your new supervisor will be Commissioner Nyoman from Bali. Highly qualified.”  
**Chief Bima (cont’d):** “Fey—you’re assigned to the First Lady’s personal protection detail.”  
**Chief Bima:** “Naya—you’ll transfer to Denpasar tomorrow.”

1. **Panel 7 (close-up on Lola):**  
   – She tenses slightly, eyes narrowing.

**Lola:** “And me?”

1. **Panel 8 (medium):**  
   – Bima slides a folder across the desk.

**Chief Bima:** “You’ll help secure the Hero’s Day event at the Palace. We’ve heard rumors... and I trust you to sniff out trouble.”

1. **Panel 9 (wide):**  
   – Naya salutes playfully, holding back a tear.

**Chief Bima (softly):** “Naya—go pack. Your flight’s early.”  
– She nods, then turns to hug Fey and Lola. Silent goodbyes.

## Scene 13: “Dressing Up the Dysfunction” (Page 14 — 4:00 PM)

1. **Panel 1 (wide interior):**  
   – A **luxurious Jakarta home**, flooded with late afternoon golden light.  
   – Elegant modern batik on the walls, marble floors, and a full tea service on the table.  
   – **Raka** sits with his shirt half-buttoned, sipping espresso. His stylish **mother**, flawless as ever, checks her reflection in a compact mirror.

**Caption:** “4:03 PM. Menteng.”

1. **Panel 2 (medium shot, Mom glaring):**

**Mom:** “Dropped out in the U.S. Didn’t finish here either. What do you actually plan to finish, Raka?”

1. **Panel 3 (Mom continues):**

**Mom:** “Last night you didn’t even come home. Let me guess—Arab flight attendant? That Hong Kong girl?”

1. **Panel 4 (Raka smirking, unfazed):**

**Raka:** “Nope. Bandung girl.”  
– **Mom (off-panel):** “Another girlfriend?!”

1. **Panel 5 (Dad enters with quiet gravitas):**  
   – He’s in a formal **black batik shirt**, holding a sleek **invitation card** embossed with the Presidential seal.  
   – He calmly puts on a luxury wristwatch.

**Dad:** “As long as he’s not flirting with my customer service girl again, I’m good.”

1. **Panel 6 (Mom, furious):**

**Mom:** “That little scandal nearly destroyed our name. People still gossip in arisan!”

1. **Panel 7 (Dad, ignoring her tone):**

**Dad:** “We’re expected at the Palace by sunset. Boy—you're driving.”  
– **Raka** grabs his car keys, puts on his sunglasses without a word.

1. **Panel 8 (full-width exit shot):**  
   – **Mom struts off** in heels and a flowy designer dress, **LV Monogram tote** on her arm.  
   – Raka follows casually, looking like trouble in luxury form.  
   – **Caption:** “Even in chaos, the rich never miss a party.”

## Scene 14: “Soft Landing” (Page 15 — 4:10 PM)

1. **Panel 1 (interior, cozy luxury):**  
   – A warm, minimalist **modern living room** with soft beige tones and clean wood furniture.  
   – **Adrian**, bandaged hand and all, sits sheepishly on the couch with a blanket draped over his shoulders.  
   – **His mom**, elegant in a simple cream blouse, kneels beside him with a worried smile.

**Caption:** “4:10 PM. South Jakarta.”

**Mom:** “You’re lucky you got out without a scratch. But honestly, street racing, Adrian?”

1. **Panel 2 (his dad enters):**  
   – Dressed in a crisp navy shirt and slacks, **his father** holds a folded report.  
   – He’s the picture of calm, with a sly smirk.

**Dad:** “Police said you crashed because you saw a college girl.”

1. **Panel 3 (mom lights up):**  
   – Hands to her cheeks, positively glowing.

**Mom:** “Oh, you’re finally noticing girls?”  
**Mom (cont’d):** “We need to hold a thanksgiving!”

**Caption (small):** “Adrian has never dated before.”

1. **Panel 4 (Adrian slumps):**  
   – Totally flustered, hiding behind the blanket.

**Adrian:** “Please stop.”

1. **Panel 5 (dad, mock-serious):**  
   – Sits beside Adrian, arms crossed like he’s about to pitch an idea.

**Dad:** “You should take your Master’s at that campus. Date her properly.”

1. **Panel 6 (Adrian, wide-eyed):**

**Adrian:** “What is happening…”

1. **Panel 7 (mom, checking her phone):**  
   – Calmly reminding them both, as if none of this just happened.

**Mom:** “Enough matchmaking. We have the president’s invitation. Let’s not be late.”

1. **Panel 8 (family heading out):**  
   – All three walking down their driveway in tasteful evening attire.  
   – Adrian straightens his tie, still a little stunned.  
   – Their car—a sleek but understated European sedan—waits in the driveway.

**Caption:** “Two loving parents, one stunned introvert, and a presidential party to crash.”

### ****Scene 15: "Unusual Resistance" (4:30 PM)****

* **Panel 1 (Wide shot):**  
  – The **First Lady** is preparing for the **President's speech**. **Fey** is checking the **First Lady's safety**, ensuring everything is in place.  
  – **Lola** in her police uniform patrolling the perimeter, ensuring the area is secure. Meanwhile, **Chief Bima** is going through safety reports.

**Fey (to First Lady):** “Madam, we need to put on your bulletproof strike plate. It’s important for your safety.”

* **Panel 2 (Close-up on the First Lady):**  
  – The **First Lady** looks at the **bulletproof inset** with **displeasure**. Her expression is one of resistance, as she looks down at the armor in her hands.  
  – She **delicately** adjusts her clothing, checking her appearance in a mirror nearby.

**First Lady (slightly annoyed):** “No. This is my favorite dress, and that strike plate will ruin my shape.”

* **Panel 3 (Close-up on Fey’s face, trying to remain calm):**  
  – **Fey** is **frustrated** but trying to keep a professional demeanor. She is not used to dealing with someone who is so particular about their appearance, especially in a dangerous situation.  
  – **Chief Bima** overhears the conversation, giving the First Lady a **stern look** from a distance.

**Fey (firmly):** “Madam, your safety is our priority. You can’t think about your appearance right now. The situation is serious.”

* **Panel 4 (Wide shot):**  
  – **The First Lady** stands firm, still looking at the **bulletproof strike plate** with reluctance. She crosses her arms as **Fey** looks on, caught between **duty** and **respect** for the First Lady’s wishes.  
  – **Lola**, who is patrolling the area nearby, watches the exchange with a smirk, already feeling the tension in the room.

**First Lady (smiling mischievously):** “I’ve always been told I look my best when I’m not dressed in strike plate, Fey.”

* **Panel 5 (Close-up on Chief Bima, shaking his head):**  
  – **Chief Bima**, overhearing the conversation, mutters to himself, his frustration showing.

**Chief Bima (quietly):** “We’re about to face a major security threat, and this is what we’re dealing with…”

* **Panel 6 (Wide shot):**  
  – **Fey**, although still a bit exasperated, nods in agreement, not wanting to push too hard. She hands the **First Lady** a **slightly modified version of the strike plate**, one that is lighter and less obtrusive to her appearance.  
  – The **First Lady** reluctantly puts it on, but she still clearly feels the discomfort.

**Fey (softly):** “Fine, but just know that this is for your own good, Madam.”

* **Panel 7 (Close-up on the First Lady, adjusting the armor but still pouting):**  
  – **The First Lady** adjusts her outfit with a sigh but is clearly unhappy. She turns toward **Fey** with a small smile.

**First Lady (pouting):** “I suppose we can’t take chances, can we?”

**Panel 1 (split panel - vertical half-half):**  
– Left: **Lola**, in a dim locker room, pulls on a sleek **dark navy evening gown** with a subtle slit and hidden holster. Her expression is focused, hair tied up sharply.  
– Right: **Fey**, in a well-lit presidential suite dressing area, wears a **modest-yet-fitted kebaya-inspired evening dress**, discreet earpiece in place. Her posture is poised.

**Caption:** “5:20 PM. The calm before the storm.”

**Panel 2 (wide shot):**  
– **Lola**, now fully dressed, walks alone along the palace **garden perimeter**, heels crunching softly on gravel.  
– She checks her phone, switches to radio, and scans the perimeter with cold precision.  
– In the background: early guests begin to arrive, media setting up.

**Lola (radio):** “Sector 3 clear. No crowd buildup.”  
**Voice on comm:** “Copy, Detective Lux.”

**Panel 3 (interior, soft golden light):**  
– **Fey** gently helps the **First Lady** adjust a brooch.  
– The First Lady beams, lovingly showing Fey a snapshot on her camera.  
– **Chief Bima** stands at a discreet distance, flipping through a **security report folder**.

**First Lady:** “They said I should’ve worn something tighter—but this is perfect, right?”  
**Fey (smiling):** “Ma’am, you’d outshine the entire ballroom even in your pajamas.”

**Panel 4 (close-up):**  
– **Chief Bima**, eyes narrowed, taps a page on the report.  
– We see a **classified-looking intel sheet**. Key items include:

* “Anonymous tip — high-value target event. Likelihood: credible.”
* “Unidentified individual seen near rear generator route.”
* **“Mysterious helicopter over Monas — 2 days ago, unregistered.”**

– Behind him, **Fey’s smile fades slightly** as she glimpses the file from behind.

**Chief Bima (quietly):** “We’re on full alert tonight. Even whispers feel loud.”

**Panel 5 (transition back to Lola):**  
– Lola moves into the palace from the back. She passes by floral arrangements, notes a man adjusting something near a decorative pillar.  
– Her hand subtly shifts toward her hip.

**Lola (thought bubble):** “He’s not staff. Wrong shoes.”

**Panel 6 (back with Fey):**  
– Fey, calm and composed, taps her earpiece while keeping her smile for the First Lady.  
– The First Lady puts on perfume, chatting about candid shots she wants of the president.

**Fey (comm whisper):** “Tell Lux we might have a shadow in the floral crew. Proceed quiet.”

**Panel 7 (both girls again, split screen):**  
– Lola casually follows the man from a distance, expression unreadable.  
– Fey closes the suite door behind the First Lady, then subtly pulls a small stun device from her clutch.

**Caption:** “Beauty may distract. But these women are watching everything.”

### ****Episode 2: "The Storm Brews" (Part 2)****

### ****Scene 1: "The Canapé" (4:45 PM)****

* **Panel 1 (Wide shot):**  
  – The **presidential event** is in full swing, and guests mingle, enjoying hors d'oeuvres.  
  – **Raka** is seen with a **glass of champagne**, looking a little out of place in the crowd of political figures and officials.  
  – He spots **Lola**, dressed in her sleek **dark navy evening gown**, standing alone by a column.

**Raka (thinking):** “Who is this girl? She’s... different.”

* **Panel 2 (Close-up on Raka):**  
  – **Raka** steps forward and strikes up a conversation with **Lola**. He gives her a charming smile, clearly **smitten** by her.  
  – **Lola** glances at him, unimpressed, her focus more on the **perimeter**.

**Raka:** “I don’t think I’ve seen you around before. Are you new to this... security gig?”

* **Panel 3 (Close-up on Lola):**  
  – **Lola** shrugs, clearly uninterested, keeping her cool despite his persistence. She responds curtly while scanning the crowd.  
  – **Raka** keeps pushing, not taking the hint.

**Lola (thinking):** “This guy has no idea. He’s just another rich playboy with nothing to offer.”

* **Panel 4 (Wide shot):**  
  – **Raka’s mom**, a **stately woman** in her late 50s, is nearby, watching. She’s proud but stern as she observes Raka’s flirtations.  
  – She steps over and interrupts the conversation, giving **Lola** a smile.

**Raka’s Mom (warmly):** “I see you’re getting to know my son, dear. He’s always had an eye for pretty girls.”

* **Panel 5 (Close-up on Lola’s face):**  
  – **Lola** raises an eyebrow, not impressed by Raka’s persistence and his mom’s overly doting nature. She smiles, then walks away to continue her duties.  
  – **Raka’s Mom**, still smiling, turns to **Raka** with a warning look.

**Raka’s Mom (teasing):** “She’s a good girl, Raka. Don’t flirt with her too much.”

**Raka (grinning):** “I’m just trying to make some friends, Mom.”

### ****Scene 5: "Old Friends, Old Rivals" (5:30 PM)****

* **Panel 1 (Wide shot):**  
  – **Adrian’s dad** and **Raka’s dad** are standing by the refreshment table, engaging in a conversation. The two men, have a well-worn rivalry, one that has been present since their youth. Both are **successful**, but their competition runs deep.  
  – They don’t notice **Adrian** walking up, his attention distracted by **Fey**, who’s near the **First Lady**.

**Adrian’s Dad (boasting):** “My boy Adrian’s been making waves in the business world, taking after me, of course. The future’s bright for him.”  
**Raka’s Dad (smirking):** “Yes, yes. But we can’t ignore how my son’s becoming a force in his own right—Raka’s living life with style, learning how to balance both work and play.”

* **Panel 2 (Close-up on Adrian’s face):**  
  – **Adrian**, now caught in the conversation, feels **uneasy**. He glances over at **Fey**, who is standing near the **First Lady**, talking to her.  
  – **Adrian**’s eyebrows furrow in confusion as he sees **Fey**, the girl that distracted him earlier, now acting as a bodyguard for the **First Lady**.

**Adrian (thinking):** “Wait… What is she doing here?”

* **Panel 3 (Wide shot):**  
  – **Raka**, overhearing the conversation between his father and Adrian’s dad, tries to suppress a grin. It’s clear that their rivalry and personal history weigh heavily on their conversation.  
  – **Raka’s Dad**, ever proud of his son, **brags** about Raka’s “ability to juggle it all” while his dad smiles smugly.

**Raka’s Dad (grinning):** “Raka’s always been good with people. He knows how to make an impression, how to close the deal.”

### ****Scene 2: "The Feeling of Something Off" (5:00 PM)****

* **Panel 6 (Wide shot):**  
  – **Lola** is now outside on the **perimeter**, checking security around the **presidential stage**.  
  – **Her gaze shifts** toward **above Monas**—a subtle yet unsettling presence.  
  – She mutters under her breath to herself.

**Lola (softly):** “Everything’s quiet… but something feels off. That damn helicopter...”

* **Panel 7 (Close-up on Raka):**  
  – **Raka**, still lingering at the event, catches her words and steps forward with a smile. He thinks he's offering an insightful comment.

**Raka:** “It could be a laser guided weapon. They could target from the top of Monas. You never know.”

* **Panel 8 (Close-up on Lola, serious):**  
  – **Lola** looks at him in disbelief, rolling her eyes. Then, a moment of realization hits her—something’s wrong.  
  – **She starts to sprint** toward Monas, determined to check it out.

**Lola (thought bubble):** “No... I’ve got to check Monas. Something’s not right.”

### ****Scene 3: "The Climb" (5:10 PM)****

* **Panel 9 (Wide shot):**  
  – **Lola** rushes toward the **Monas** entrance. The **elevator** is locked down.  
  – She turns to look up at the towering monument, realizing she’ll need to take the **stairs** to reach the top.  
  – **Lola** starts climbing the stairs without hesitation.

**Lola (thinking):** “There’s no time. I’ve got to move fast.”

* **Panel 10 (Wide shot):**  
  – **Raka**, meanwhile, is at the **Monas entrance** and **bribes a security guard** to unlock the elevator. The guard, looking skeptical, takes the money.  
  – **Raka** is in a hurry, climbing into the elevator.

**Raka (to security guard):** “Just get me to the top. I’ll make it worth your while.”

### ****Scene 6: "Chaos Unleashed" (5:45 PM)****

* **Panel 4 (Wide shot):**  
  – Suddenly, the sound of **gunshots** rips through the air, causing instant panic. The room erupts in chaos.  
  – **Chief Bima** instinctively moves toward the **President**, covering him with his body as a shield.  
  – **Fey**, reacting quickly, pushes the **First Lady** to the floor, protecting her from the incoming shots.

**Bima (shouting):** “Stay down, Mr. President!”

* **Panel 5 (Action shot):**  
  – **Fey**, in a **split-second decision**, throws herself over the **First Lady**, covering her with her own body. The chaos of the room makes it hard to see where the shots are coming from.

**Fey (thinking):** “Stay safe, Madam.”

* **Panel 6 (Wide shot):**  
  – The **shooting** stops abruptly as the **chaos escalates**. A **sudden hush** falls over the room, and people begin to **search for the shooter** in confusion.

- not knowing what to do. **Adrian**, feeling helpless, rushes toward **Fey** and the **First Lady**.

### ****Scene 7: "The First Lady's Curiosity" (5:50 PM)****

* **Panel 7 (Wide shot):**  
  – **The First Lady**, still shaken but alive, cautiously rises from behind the cover of **Fey**’s body. She looks around at the **chaos**, her curiosity piqued. Despite the danger, she **wants to see** what’s going on.  
  – **Chief Bima**, struggling to protect the **President**, shouts for the First Lady to stay down, but she **gently pushes** herself up, intent on getting a closer look.

**First Lady (softly):** “What’s happening? I need to know...”

* **Panel 8 (Close-up on the First Lady):**  
  – **The First Lady**, driven by **curiosity**, makes the fateful decision to step out of cover and look toward the **perimeter** of the room.  
  – As she moves to the side, an **unexpected second shot** rings out from the shadows.

**First Lady (shocked, gasping):** “No...”

* **Panel 9 (Action shot):**  
  – The **First Lady** is struck by the **second bullet**, and she **collapses** immediately, falling to the floor.  
  – **Fey** and **Chief Bima** dive to protect her, but the damage is done.  
  – The chaos intensifies as security and the presidential team struggle to gain control of the situation.

**Bima (shouting):** “No!”

### ****Scene 8: "Aftermath" (6:00 PM)****

* **Panel 10 (Wide shot):**  
  – The room is filled with panic and confusion. **Adrian** try to help, but the situation is **beyond their control**.

– **Fey**, still by the **First Lady**, is trying to assess her condition.

* **Panel 11 (Close-up on Raka and Adrian):**  
  – **Raka** stands frozen, unsure how to respond. **Adrian**, shaken, steps forward. He finally realizes the gravity of the situation and takes a deep breath.

**Adrian (thinking):** “What have I gotten myself into?”

### ****Episode 2, Part 3: "The Shooting Chaos"****

**Panel 6 (Wide shot):**  
– **Lola** arrives at the **top of Monas**, out of breath and dizzy but just in time to witness the **first shot fired**. The **shooter** is already in the midst of a struggle with **Raka**, who is **fighting back** but **overpowered**.  
– **Lola**, realizing what's going on, tries to **tase** the shooter, but **misses**, getting **tased** herself instead.  
– **Raka** is still engaged in a desperate battle with the shooter.

**Lola (frustrated, as she tries to aim the taser):** “Gotcha! No—!”  
**Lola (shocked, as she’s tased):** “Ahh!”  
**Raka (struggling, muttering under his breath):** “Not now, come on…”

**Panel 7 (Wide shot):**  
– **Lola**, still **incapacitated**, lies on the ground, **unconscious** from the taser shock.  
– The **shooter** turns and takes aim again.  
– **Raka**, in desperation, looks over and spots **Lola’s gun**, which is still on her thigh.

**Raka (thinking, in shock):** “No, not like this!”

**Panel 8 (Close-up on Raka):**  
– **Raka** grabs the **gun**, his hands shaking and unsure. He fumbles with it, not knowing how to operate it, as he **frantically checks** it in a panic.  
– He presses the trigger repeatedly, but the gun **doesn’t fire**. He desperately tries to figure out how to switch off the safety.

**Raka (frustrated, muttering):** “Come on, come on... Just fire, damn it!”

– His eyes widen as he realizes the **safety is still on**, and he **tries to figure out how to turn it off**.

**Raka (muttering, panicked):** “What the hell? How do you... turn this damn thing off?”

**Panel 10 (Wide shot):**  
–The shooter is **firing the second shot**—this time hitting the **First Lady**, who **falls** immediately.

– **Raka**, realizing he’s wasting precious seconds, **clubs the gun** into the **shooter’s head** with all his strength. The **shooter** collapses, unconscious.  
– **Raka** stands over the shooter, panting heavily, clearly rattled by the experience. He looks to **Lola**, still unconscious, then to the **First Lady**, her life slipping away.

**Raka (panting, exasperated):** “I... I did it...”

**Panel 10 (Close-up on Raka’s radio):**  
– The **radio crackles** to life. **Chief Bima’s voice** comes through, scolding **Lola** for leaving her post during the chaos.

**Chief Bima (on the radio, stern):** “Lola! What the hell are you doing? Get back to your post immediately!”

**Panel 11 (Close-up of Raka, answering the radio):**  
– **Raka**, still trying to process everything, presses the radio button, his voice hoarse from the adrenaline.

**Raka (into the radio, calm but urgent):** “She’s out cold, Sir. But we’ve found the shooter. He’s here on Monas.”

**Panel 12 (Wide shot):**  
– **Chief Bima** listens to the radio, his expression hardening. In the background, we see other officers preparing to move in.  
– **Raka** stands over the **shooter**, breathing heavily, and glances at **Lola**, who is still lying unconscious. The **First Lady** is nearby, but her fate is already sealed.

**Chief Bima (into the radio, grimly):** “Understood. Get her back to safety, and secure that shooter. I’m on my way.”

### ****Episode 3: "The Aftermath"****

**Scene 1: National Coverage – Daytime TV Studios, Jakarta**

**Panel 1 (Split panels – various news anchors):**  
– TV stations are in full emergency coverage mode.  
– Different anchors with somber expressions, breaking the news across Indonesia.  
– Chyron reads: **“TRAGEDY ON HERO’S DAY: FIRST LADY KILLED IN TERROR ATTACK”**

**Anchor 1:** “We bring you breaking news—during the President’s Hero’s Day speech, a sniper attack claimed the life of the First Lady...”  
**Anchor 2:** “Sources confirm the shooter was found atop Monas, where he was overpowered by an unidentified civilian...”  
**Anchor 3:** “This is the worst terror incident on Indonesian soil since...”

**Panel 2 (Inside a war room-style crisis center):**  
– Ministers, generals, and national police chiefs are all gathered around a large screen replaying aerial footage and zoom-ins from different media angles.  
– No one is speaking, just watching silently.  
– Chief Bima is in the room, still in his batik, arms crossed, jaw clenched.

**Panel 3 (Presidential Palace – Private Office):**  
– The **President**, still in formal wear, sits silently on a couch, holding his wife’s **camera**.  
– His face is blank, shocked, distant.  
– An aide tries to speak but stops, unsure what to say.

**Caption:** “No speech. No orders. No press conference.”  
**Caption (cont):** “Only silence.”

**Panel 4 (Outside the Presidential Palace):**  
– Reporters swarm the palace gates, cameras flashing, microphones raised.  
– Police hold back the crowd.  
– Protesters are starting to gather, confused and angry.

**Protester Sign:** “WHO LET THIS HAPPEN?”  
**Caption on TV:** “Suspect apprehended... motive unknown... conspiracy theories already spreading.”

**Scene 2: Social Media & Public Reaction – Montage**

**Panel 5 (Phone screens & social feeds):**  
– Tweets, Instagram posts, and TikToks flood in.  
– Hashtags trending: #HeroDayTragedy, #FirstLadyForever, #SniperFromMonas  
– Wild theories swirl online: “Inside job?”, “Foreign involvement?”, “Laser weapon from above?”

**Tweet:** “Why did the First Lady leave her hiding spot? Was it safe?”  
**TikTok Caption:** “Footage of the attack – warning: graphic ⚠️ #HeroDayTragedy”

**Panel 6 (Jakarta skyline – dusk):**  
– Flags are flown at half-mast.  
– The city, usually bustling, feels eerily quiet.  
– Lola sits alone on her sportbike, helmet off, face solemn, watching a giant LED billboard displaying the First Lady’s photo with a black ribbon.

**Lola (thinking):** “I should’ve been there.”

**Scene 3: Interrogation Room – Night**

**Panel 1:**  
– The sniper is in a dark holding cell.  
– A cold metal table, a bright light overhead.  
– Two officers watch him from behind the one-way mirror.

**Officer 1:** “Still not talking.”  
**Officer 2:** “Just keeps smiling. Like he knows something.”

**Panel 2:**  
– Close-up of the sniper smiling calmly, mouth twitching.

**Panel 3:**  
– Suddenly he jolts, foam forming at his mouth, eyes rolling back.  
– One officer rushes in, the other screams into his radio.

**Officer:** “He bit something—medic!! He bit something!!”

**Panel 4:**  
– Medics arrive too late.  
– The body lies still, corner of his mouth bloody with foam.

**Caption:** “Cause of death: cyanide capsule. Hidden in his molar.”

**Scene 4: 3 Months Later – Presidential Press Room**

**Panel 5:**  
– The **President**, looking older, gaunter, and emotionally hardened, addresses the nation.  
– A black-and-white portrait of the First Lady behind him.  
– He’s in a stark military-cut suit now.

**President:** “Three months ago, terror took away our peace… and my partner in life.”  
**President (cont.):** “Today, we fight back.”

**Panel 6 (Split panel with reactions from Lola, Raka, Adrian, Bima, Naya):**  
– The whole nation watches.  
– Lola in the precinct. Raka at home. Adrian in his office. Naya in Bali.

**President (VO):** “I have signed Executive Order 17. Beginning today, a special task unit shall be formed—**Kode Garuda**—an elite, unsupervised force.”  
**President (VO cont.):** “It will be unshackled by the bureaucracy. Answering only to me.”  
**Caption:** “Elite Force, only the finest of Police, Army, Navy and Air force.”

**Panel 7 (Final Panel Tease):**  
– Masked elite operatives stand in formation under a large Garuda emblem.  
– The lighting is dramatic, suggesting secrecy and raw power.

**Caption:** “Kode Garuda has risen.”

**Panel 8:**  
– The President sits alone in his dimly lit private chamber, tie loosened, eyes weary.  
– He watches a calming nature video on YouTube — waves crashing, birds chirping — trying to find peace.  
– Suddenly, an unskippable **girl band ad** explodes onto the screen.

**SFX (from phone):** “🎶 BOUNCY POP GIRLZ – ‘Gila-Gila Kamu!’ Out Now!”  
**President (murmurs):** “...seriously?”  
(He closes his eyes for a moment, letting the absurdity pass.)

**After credit (cutaway panel):**  
– **Interior – Bali Police HQ.**  
– **Commissioner Nyoman**, early 40s, sharp in a crisp uniform, stands alone in his quiet office.  
– He's holding a formal **promotion letter** with the police seal. We see the heading:

“Surat Penugasan: Kepala Kepolisian Resor Denpasar”

– Nyoman furrows his brow, flipping the letter over like it might be a mistake.

**Nyoman (muttering):** “Strange… I was supposed to fly to Jakarta.”  
(beat)  
“Why Denpasar?”

### ****Episode 3: “A City in Mourning”****

#### ****Scene 1: Arrival of the New Commissioner****

**Panel 1:**  
– Wide shot of **Soekarno-Hatta International Airport**, hazy gray skies.  
– **Commissioner Nyoman** (a different one — **short, fat, early 50s**, with a no-nonsense attitude and sweat already forming on his brow) is stepping off a domestic flight.  
– He's flanked by aides, dragging a suitcase and mopping his face with a handkerchief.

**Caption:** “Jakarta, Three Days After the Attack”

**Panel 2:**  
– In the car on the way to the Jakarta Metro Police HQ.  
– Radio plays somber instrumental music.  
– Outside the car: black-and-white banners, street memorials, giant posters of the **First Lady** with flowers and candles.  
– **Nyoman** looks uncomfortable — not with grief, but with the responsibility he now bears.

**Driver:** “No handover with Chief Bima, Sir. He’s been moved to the Palace for full-time duty.”  
**Nyoman (mutters):** “Tsk. Typical Jakarta. Always a mess when it matters.”

**Panel 3:**  
– Inside the car, Nyoman reads a briefing folder with photos of Lola, Fey, Naya, Raka, Adrian.  
– Next to it, a folder marked: **“Kode Garuda – Presidential Directive.”**

**Nyoman (thinking):** “Pretty faces, messy files... This city needs a mop.”

**Panel 4:**  
– Shot of **Jakarta Metro Police HQ** draped in black cloth. Officers salute as Nyoman steps out of the car.  
– His assistant whispers: “Media’s waiting. And some of your officers too.”  
– Nyoman sighs.

**Nyoman (thinking):** “I just landed, and I’m already at war.”

### ****Episode 3, Part 2: “Raka’s New Ride”****

#### ****Scene 2: Busted Mustang, Busted Trust****

**Panel 1:**  
– **Raka** stares at the busted Mustang, parked sadly in his family’s garage.  
– His dad off-panel: “You crashed it. You fix it. End of discussion.”  
– Raka rolls his eyes, muttering: “Rich parents. Poor taste in sympathy.”

#### ****Scene 3: Flirty Setup****

**Panel 2:**  
– Raka, dressed sharp, in a posh **bank lobby**, chatting up the **customer service girl** (CSG), young and flirty, sipping iced coffee.  
– Hidden in his hand is a **tiny wireless dongle**.

**Raka:** “Dinner at Le Quartier tonight? Just us and some... fine encryption?”  
(She giggles, flattered.)

#### ****Scene 4: Digital Chaos****

**Panel 3:**  
– The next morning, **Raka’s father** walks into the office. His staff looks like they’re in DEFCON 1.

**Staff 1:** “Sir, the reserve account is gone. One **billion dollars** just vanished.”  
**Staff 2:** “All transactions encrypted. We’re locked out.”

Staff 3: “our stock price plummeted.”  
**Dad:** “What?! CALL EVERYONE!”

**Panel 4:**  
– Montage of intense **video calls** to Microsoft, Amazon, NVIDIA, AMD.  
– Super serious tech reps say: “No suspicious activity,” “Cluster usage normal,” etc.

#### ****Scene 5: Return of the Billions****

**Panel 5:**  
– That afternoon, the staff stares in shock as all funds reappear, one by one.  
– A senior IT guy mutters: “Everything’s back... even with interest.”

**Dad (thinking):** “Someone wanted to prove a point.”

#### ****Scene 6: A Father’s Hunch****

**Panel 6:**  
– A week later. Dad sitting in his home office, drinking tea with his wife.  
– Looking at HR reports and CSG’s name circled. Next to it, a photo of Raka talking to her in the lobby.

**Dad (thinking):** “So that’s why he was suddenly interested in ‘finance’…”

### ****Episode 3, Part 3: “The Art of the Deal”****

#### ****Scene 7: Profit & Punishment****

**Panel 1:**  
– Raka arrives home, parking a **brand-new F-150 Raptor**, looking smug.  
– His dad watches from the balcony, arms crossed, not amused.

**Dad:** “Oh, so you shorted the stock and made a killing. Brilliant.”  
**Raka:** “Tactical market repositioning.”

#### ****Panel 2:****

– Inside the luxurious living room. Raka sits casually; Dad is pacing angrily.

**Dad:** “Do you remember when you invited the entire customer service department for a private party?”  
**Dad:** “The next morning our Bandung branch had to shut down!”

**Raka (grinning):** “That was a legendary night.”

#### ****Panel 3:****

– Dad slams the table. A mix of anger and genuine frustration.

**Dad:** “Now this again?! Even worse!”  
“How the hell did you crack 512-bit encryption overnight?!”

#### ****Panel 4:****

– Raka leans back smugly, takes a sip of soda.

**Raka:** “The password was mom’s birthday.”

#### ****Panel 5:****

– Mom enters in style, holding a box of macarons, clearly in a good mood.

**Mom:** “Darling, stop chewing the boy out.”  
(Dad points at her, eyes wide.)

#### ****Panel 6:****

– Mom sits, looks calm and elegant.

**Mom:** “You buy stocks when the price tanks. Why can’t our son do the same?”  
“We’re just one big capitalist family.”

**Dad:** speechless, mouth slightly open.

#### ****Panel 7: Flashback panel****

– **3 hours earlier**: Raka handing over keys to a **Lamborghini Temerario**, all white, with **custom LV interior trim**. Mom’s eyes sparkle like a girl on her birthday.

**Raka:** “You deserve better than a Macan.”

#### ****Panel 8 (Present):****

– Mom gives Raka a wink while Dad rubs his forehead in defeat.

**Raka (to himself):** “Always play the long game.”

### ****Episode 3: Final Scene – “Orders from Above”****

**Panel 1:**  
Elite Force Headquarters – night. The building stands tall and shadowed, the city lights glowing faintly in the background. A new flag is hoisted with the emblem of the elite unit.  
**Narration (caption):**  
"Three months after the tragedy, the police force has split..."

**Panel 2:**  
Inside the station—rows of officers in sleek, dark uniforms line up for a briefing. Their outfits look more tactical, with subtle military influence. Rank insignias are different. A wall chart shows the new structure: 'Captain', 'Lieutenant', 'Operative', etc.  
**Narration (caption):**  
"The newly formed Elite Force... answers only to the top."

**Panel 3:**  
Captain Nyoman (the fat one) in his office, now wearing a black uniform with silver-lined shoulder epaulettes. His desk is spotless except for a blinking secure phone.  
A wall behind him bears the Elite Force's emblem: an eagle clutching a lightning bolt.

**Panel 4:**  
Nyoman picks up the phone, sweat slightly beading on his forehead. We don't see the caller, only vague speech bubbles like:  
"...Static... signal clear... assignment begins..."

**Panel 5:**  
Close-up on Nyoman’s face, lit only by the monitor. His expression is unreadable.  
**Nyoman:**  
"Yes... yes, understood."

**Final Panel – Cliffhanger Splash:**  
Outside the station, in the shadows, a figure watches from a rooftop through binoculars. We can't see their face. They mutter into a radio:  
**??? (radio):**  
"Target confirmed. Operation to proceed as planned."  
**Narration (caption):**  
"To be continued..."

### ****EPISODE 4 – SENTUL CIRCUIT START****

**Panel 1:** (Adrian grips the wheel of his cerulean blue McLaren 750S, face focused. Cahaya, toned and tanned, sits beside him with a relaxed yet sharp demeanor. They’re mid-drift around a corner.)  
**CAHAYA**:  
You call that a drift?  
**CAHAYA (cont’d)**:  
No wonder you crashed into Raka last time. You're fighting the car, not dancing with it.

**ADRIAN (nervous laugh)**:  
I thought I was doing okay...

**Panel 2:** (A matte black Rimac Nevera suddenly overtakes them from behind, dangerously close. Cahaya’s eyes narrow.)  
**CAHAYA (fierce)**:  
That’s not racing — that’s playing dirty.  
**CAHAYA (cont’d, yelling at comms)**:  
Adrian! Pit. Now.

### ****CONFRONTATION SETUP****

**Panel 3:** (Adrian tries to keep pace with the Rimac, struggling.)  
**ADRIAN (gritting teeth)**:  
He’s fast... can’t even get close!

**CAHAYA** (already unbuckling her harness):  
Then switch seats. I’m driving.

### ****IN THE PIT – CONFRONTATION BEGINS****

**Panel 4:** (Cahaya pulls up, brakes screech. She exits before Adrian can.)  
**ADRIAN**:  
Wait, I should—  
**CAHAYA (firm)**:  
You’re my student.  
**CAHAYA (cont’d)**:  
My student, my responsibility.

**Panel 5:** (Cahaya walks up to the Rimac. Arya steps out casually, resting one hand near his belt — subtle, but he’s drawing a pistol. Cahaya’s stance turns sharp. Arya pauses, then slowly holsters it.)  
**CAHAYA (shouting)**:  
Are you drunk!? That was suicide driving!

**ARYA (charming smile)**:  
I just wanted a closer look...  
**ARYA (cont’d)**:  
...at a beautiful car.  
**ARYA (smirks)**:  
And the beautiful driver behind the wheel.

**Panel 6:** (Cahaya, caught off guard, blushes slightly, then quickly regains composure.)  
**CAHAYA (cooling down)**:  
Just… be careful next time.  
**ARYA (grinning)**:  
Will do. But only if you let me buy you a coffee.

**CAHAYA (sighs)**:  
Fine. One coffee. But no racing on the way.

**Panel 7:** (Adrian walks over, confused.)  
**ADRIAN**:  
Is it defused?

**CAHAYA (nodding)**:  
Yeah. We’re going to the café.

**ARYA (teasing Adrian)**:  
Boyfriend?

**CAHAYA (matter-of-fact)**:  
Student.

**ARYA (chuckling)**:  
Figures. Rich boys always trying too hard to impress their coach.

**Scene: A cozy but dimly lit café near the track. Jazz music playing faintly. The aroma of freshly ground beans in the air. The three sit at a small corner table.**

**Arya Wicaksana**, polite but with slightly unsettling calm, sips his espresso with perfect posture. His eyes never blink too long, and his tone is warm, even friendly—but it’s the kind of friendly that keeps you on edge.

**Cahaya**, usually full of fire, sits across from him, her arms crossed and jaw slightly clenched, pretending to enjoy the coffee. She can't quite explain why the guy unnerves her, but he does. She's sharp—and this guy is too smooth.

**Adrian**, next to her, fidgets with a sugar packet, glancing between the two of them. He’s never seen Cahaya act this serious before.

**Arya:**  
"Funny, isn't it? How something as simple as a cup of coffee... can be the start of something beautiful. Or something absolutely terrible."

**Cahaya (coldly):**  
"Depends on who’s holding the cup."

**Arya (chuckles softly):**  
"Exactly. Life’s about control. Who holds what… and who spills it."

**Adrian (trying to cut the tension):**  
"So, uh… what do you drive when you’re not playing bumper cars with my McLaren?"

**Arya (still smiling):**  
"Depends on the job."

**Scene: Lola’s office.**

Lola, in full police uniform, now more suspicious than ever, sits back in her chair, tapping her fingers on the edge of her desk. Her eyes keep flickering between the file and her phone, waiting for Naya's reply. She lets out a soft sigh, muttering to herself as she contemplates her next move.

**Panel 1:**  
Lola’s mind is clearly racing. She picks up the file again, her lips curving into a slight smirk. She’s onto something. **Lola (thinking to herself):**  
According to Chief Bima, Captain Nyoman was supposed to be burly, strong... highly capable.  
But this Nyoman? He’s too fat to be capable. What gives?

She places the file down with a thud. Her thoughts shift.

**Panel 2:**  
Lola quickly taps her phone and dials Naya, then waits for it to ring. A flashback takes us to Naya, sitting in her Bali office, which looks far more relaxed than Lola’s Jakarta headquarters.

**Panel 3:**  
**Naya** on the other end of the phone, looking casual but a little flustered. She’s staring at her own computer screen, a report pulled up.  
**Naya (over the phone):**  
"Hey, Lola. It’s been quiet here... The only crime this week was a tourist’s sandal getting stolen. Nothing really significant to report to Commissioner Nyoman."

Lola’s brow furrows at the mention of *Commissioner* Nyoman in Bali. She feels something is wrong here.

**Panel 4:**  
Lola leans back in her chair, looking at the phone screen, a realization dawning on her.  
**Lola (thinking to herself):**  
Wait a minute... the same Nyoman is both in Jakarta... and in Bali?  
Is there more than one Captain Nyoman?

**Panel 5:**  
A split screen of **Commissioner Nyoman** in Bali – the burly, capable version – and **Captain Nyoman** in Jakarta – the rotund, slow-moving version. The stark difference between the two figures is glaring.  
**Lola (thinking):**  
Two Nyomans... One’s burly and active, the other’s... a joke. What’s going on here?

**Panel 6:**  
Lola picks up her phone and types a quick message to **Naya**:  
"Something’s off. There’s more than one Nyoman. Check his records in Bali. I need answers."

**Panel 7:**  
As Lola sets down the phone, she stands up and walks over to the window, looking out across the city. The sun is beginning to set, casting an orange glow over the skyline.  
**Lola (thinking to herself):**  
I don’t like this. Nyoman’s got something to hide... and I’m going to find out what it is.

**Scene: University Cafeteria – Noon**

**Panel 1:**  
[Wide shot of a lively campus cafeteria. Raka, casually dressed with messy hair, is laughing with a few classmates around a table.]  
**SFX:** Buzz Buzz (Raka's phone vibrating)  
**RAKA (grinning):**  
"There’s always something more exciting than cafeteria food."

**Panel 2:**  
[Medium shot. Raka standing, slipping his phone into his pocket, giving a casual salute to his friends.]  
**CLASSMATE WITH GLASSES (teasing):**  
"Your favorite’s on today. You really leaving already?"  
**RAKA:**  
"Catch you guys later."

**Panel 3:**  
[Side view. Raka walking through a crowded campus hallway. Students laugh, chat, and move around him, but Raka looks slightly distracted, thoughtful.]  
**NARRATION (Raka's thoughts):**  
"From the son of a billionaire... to a part-time trouble-shooter for a detective.  
Guess life's never boring."

**Panel 4:**  
[Closer shot. Raka pushing open the heavy door of the Elite Force building. The noise of campus life fades behind him.]  
**NARRATION (Raka's thoughts):**  
"What kind of chaos is she dragging me into this time?"

**Scene: Lola’s Office – Moments Later**

**Panel 5:**  
[Inside Lola’s slightly messy but busy office. Lola stands near her desk, arms crossed, waiting as Raka walks in, eyebrows raised.]  
**LOLA (serious, no-nonsense tone):**  
"I need you to break into Captain Nyoman’s phone."

**Panel 6:**  
[Close-up on Raka’s face, a mischievous smirk growing.]  
**RAKA:**  
"...Now this is better than cafeteria food."

She turns to Raka, who’s still half amused from the cafeteria sprint, and drops a black, slightly scratched phone onto the table between them.

**Lola:** “I stole this from Captain Nyoman. I need you to crack it.”

**Raka** raises a brow, eyes glinting. “Stole? I thought you were the law.”

**Lola:** smirking “I am the law. But I trust my gut more than rank. Something about him smells off — and not just the cologne.”

He picks up the phone, wipes a fingerprint off it with his sleeve, and inspects it. “Alright, let’s try the classics. You got his file?”

She slides over a printed dossier. Raka flips through it quickly.

“Birthday, wife’s birthday... classic captain stuff.”

He types in a few guesses. No luck.

Then suddenly—

**BEEP.**

The phone unlocks. And instantly—

**♪ Aku seorang kapiten ♪**

—**blasts loudly** from the speaker. That cheerful, looping nursery rhyme fills the room.

Both Raka and Lola **jump** in surprise.

**Raka:** “Why is his ringtone a kid’s song!?”

**Lola:** already scrambling to lower the volume “Shut it off, shut it off! I thought you were a hacker, not a DJ!”

**Raka:** “I am! But I wasn’t expecting... this.”

They both stare at the phone, now silent.

A second of stillness.

**Lola:** “Okay... either he’s a lunatic, or he’s hiding something behind a nursery song.”

**Raka:** grinning “Or both.”

She exhales and leans closer. “Let’s see what the Captain is really hiding.”

**Raka leans back in Lola’s chair, pops his knuckles, and types:**

**"akuseorangkapiten"**

...

**Nothing.**

He frowns, double-checks spelling, tries:

* **"AkuSeorangKapiten"** (with caps)
* **"aku\_seorang\_kapiten"**
* **"AKU123KAPITEN"**

**Still locked.**

Suddenly — BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!  
The phone starts blaring the actual **"Aku Seorang Kapiten"** tune at full volume — complete with cartoonish marching sound effects.

Lola slams the phone face down on the table, wide-eyed.  
**Lola:** “What did you do!?”

**Raka:** “I don’t know! I was just—trying stuff!”

Across the screen flashes a message:

**Too many attempts. Access temporarily locked.**

Then, a pop-up:

**This device is under special surveillance. All activities are monitored.**

Lola and Raka freeze.

**Lola:** “Wait. Special surveillance? Who’s watching this thing?”

**Raka:** “Forget the password. This phone just told us it’s a trap.”

They look at each other, realization setting in.

Whatever secrets Captain Nyoman is hiding…  
**he’s expecting someone to come looking.**

**INT. CAPTAIN NYOMAN'S OFFICE – LATE AFTERNOON**

Lola peeks through the frosted glass. No sign of Nyoman.

**Lola (whispering):** “Coast’s clear.”

Raka follows behind her, clutching the phone like it’s radioactive.

**Raka:** “This feels like breaking into the teacher’s lounge.”

**Lola:** “We’re not breaking in. We’re… un-breaking.”

They slip into the office. It smells faintly of coffee and lemongrass air freshener. A calendar featuring a Komodo dragon hangs on the wall, next to a crooked nameplate: CAPTAIN NYOMAN.

Lola carefully places the phone back on his desk — right where she swiped it earlier.

**Raka:** “All good?”

**Lola (adjusting the phone):** “Just… like it was never gone.”

As they turn to leave, they hear footsteps outside. Both freeze.

**Raka (panicking):** “Bathroom. Where’s the bathroom?!”

Lola pulls him into a utility closet just in time. The door clicks shut behind them.

**Captain Nyoman enters the office.**

He hums softly — the same nursery tune.  
He reaches for his phone…  
Pauses.

**Nyoman (muttering):**  
“Strange... feels like someone’s been in here.”

He sniffs the air like a bloodhound. Shrugs. Then unlocks the phone effortlessly. The screen lights up with a custom lockscreen image: a chubby Komodo dragon wearing a police cap.

Inside the closet, Raka and Lola are silently holding their breath.

**Raka (whispering):** “Tell me again why I’m not getting paid for this.”

**Lola (whispering):** “Now owe me Louboutins.”

**Cut to black.**

**INT. UTILITY CLOSET – CONTINUOUS**

It's dark. It’s cramped.  
Raka and Lola are practically nose to nose, chests brushing, her thigh against his.

**Raka (barely whispering):**  
“Did they build this for documents or dating?”

**Lola:**  
“Say another word and I’ll cuff your mouth shut.”

Outside, Captain Nyoman is still humming “Aku Seorang Kapiten” while scrolling his phone. It feels eternal.

Inside, Raka shifts slightly. His elbow grazes her waist.

**Lola (tense):**  
“Don’t. Move.”

**Raka (hushed, joking):**  
“Too late. I think I touched—”

**Lola:**  
“If you finish that sentence, I’ll end your bloodline.”

Another hum. Another second.  
Finally, the sound of a door opening. Then: silence.

They crack the closet door open. Coast is clear.

They stumble out in relief—  
**SLAP!**  
Lola plants one right on Raka’s cheek.

**Lola:**  
“That’s for touching my butt.”

**Raka (rubbing his face):**  
“It was an accident!”

**Lola:**  
“So was your birth.”

Suddenly, Raka notices something.

**Raka:**  
“Wait… his computer’s still logged in!”

They dash to the desk.  
**Lola:**  
“If we get this now—”

The screen goes black. Auto-lock.

**Raka (groaning):**  
“You’ve got to be kidding me…”

He stares at the password prompt, thinking. Then a spark.

He hums softly, “Aku seorang kapiten…”  
One by one, he presses the first **six keys** that match the notes on the digital keyboard.

Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo—

**ENTER.**  
The screen flashes — access granted.

**Lola (eyes widening):**  
“Did you just—”

**Raka:**  
“Nursery rhymes, baby. Never underestimate ‘em.”

**Cut to: A desktop full of restricted files... one marked: "DENPASAR TRANSFER.pdf"**

**INT. CAPTAIN NYOMAN’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS**

**Lola** swiftly plugs in her flash disk and begins copying the contents of the locked folder. Her fingers are fast, precise.

**Lola (focused):**  
“We’ll go through these later. For now, I just need—”

She stops when she notices **Raka** is no longer looking at the files.  
Instead, he’s opened the browser.

**Raka (low voice):**  
“…He left his WhatsApp Web logged in.”

Lola peers over his shoulder, eyes narrowing.

**ON SCREEN:**  
A WhatsApp chat refreshes on its own.  
A new **message pops up** from an unsaved number:

“I’m still in Sentul until tomorrow, please come here.”

**Lola:**  
“Sentul? That’s near the racetrack.”

**Raka:**  
They exchange a look.

Then suddenly — another message arrives:

“Come alone. The shipment must move before morning.”

**Lola (whispering):**  
“This isn’t just corruption. This is organized.”

**Raka:**  
“Should we tell Bima?”

**Lola:**  
“Not yet. Not until I know who this Nyoman really is…”

She ejects the flash disk and looks to Raka.

**Lola:**  
“We’re going to Sentul.”

**Cut to: EXT. POLICE HQ – NIGHT**

As the two sneak out, the light in Nyoman’s office flicks back on.

**From inside the room, the nursery rhyme begins to play again...**

“Aku seorang kapiten…”

**INT. RAKA'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT**  
Raka sits on the couch, a frozen bag of peas pressed against his face. Lola stands nearby, arms crossed, watching him with a smug grin.

**LOLA**  
Two punches, two bruises. That’s what you get for groping and almost kissing.  
(smirks)  
Lucky for you, it makes the perfect disguise. Pervert face, activated.

**RAKA**  
(grimacing)  
I didn’t grope, your butt just got in the way!

**LOLA**  
(sweetly)  
Oh? Want me to test your reflexes again?

**RAKA**  
(nearly whimpering)  
Police brutality at its finest. Let's focus. We need a car. Something normal-looking for Sentul.

**LOLA**  
Your Mustang is totalled, right?

**RAKA**  
Yeah. And my dad won’t get me a new one. I might’ve cost him a billion dollars...

**LOLA**  
(raising an eyebrow)  
Might?

**RAKA**  
Anyway, I still have the F150, but it’ll stick out like a sore thumb.

**LOLA**  
Let's go see your dad’s collection.

**INT. RAKA’S FAMILY GARAGE – LATER**  
Rows of sleek, extravagant supercars line the private showroom. Lola’s eyes widen. Raka walks ahead, pointing.

**RAKA**  
That’s the Hurracan—off limits. And that’s the McLaren, also off limits.

**LOLA**  
Hmmm...

She glides past the flashy cars, unimpressed.

**RAKA**  
I was thinking... maybe an elite force interceptor? Something with stealth? Night vision? Missile pods?

**LOLA**  
(snorts)  
Relax, 007.

**EXT. POLICE IMPOUND YARD – NIGHT**  
An old XP90 **Toyota Vios** sits under a flickering lamp. Its once-proud racing livery is faded, the body a bit battered.

**LOLA**  
(grinning)  
Here it is. A veteran of the Sentul track, now forgotten by time.

**RAKA**  
You’re joking. This junker?

**LOLA**  
No one suspects a thing. It hides in plain sight.

**RAKA**  
How are we gonna hide in this?

Lola doesn’t respond. She walks to the trunk, pulls something out—

**A BRIGHT BLUE TAXI SIGN.**  
She hands it to Raka.

**LOLA**  
Like this.

**RAKA**  
(staring at the sign)  
You're evil.

**LOLA**  
(smiling)  
And you love it.

Episode 4

### ****EPISODE 4 – RACETRACK CONFRONTATION & CHASE****

#### ****Panel 1:****

**[Wide shot of the racetrack under a hazy sun. Adrian’s cerulean blue McLaren 750S speeds past a curve. Arya, watching from the pit lane, smokes a cigarette, eyes intense.]**

**CAPTION:**  
Sentul Circuit – 10:40 AM

**ARYA (thinking):**  
Almost time...

**[Arya glances at his matte black Hublot nervously.]**

#### ****Panel 2:****

**[Inside the track: Raka’s XP90 Toyota Vios with faded racing livery clumsily navigates a corner. Lola sits in passenger seat, unamused.]**

**RAKA:**  
Ugh. Everyone’s passing us like we’re a slow GoCar!

**LOLA (deadpan):**  
At least GoCar drivers know how to brake before a corner.

#### ****Panel 3:****

**[Arya gets into his matte black Rimac Nevera, pulls down his sunglasses, smirking.]**

**ARYA:**  
That Vios looked familiar… Let’s see who is behind the wheel.

#### ****Panel 4:****

**[Arya’s Rimac overtakes Raka’s Vios aggressively, inches from scraping their bumper. Raka jolts the wheel.]**

**RAKA (yelling):**  
WHAT THE HELL!?

**LOLA:**  
That’s not racing, that’s a threat.

#### ****Panel 5:****

**[Mid-track. Lola signals to Raka to stop. The Vios halts in the middle of the tarmac.]**

**LOLA:**  
We’re stopping. Let’s talk face to face.

**RAKA:**  
On the track!?

#### ****Panel 6:****

**[The Rimac and McLaren roll to a stop. Raka storms out, face red. Cahaya exits the McLaren calmly, intercepting.]**

**CAHAYA:**  
Easy. What’s going on?

**RAKA (shouting):**  
That psycho tried to kill us!

#### ****Panel 7:****

**[Arya slowly exits his Rimac, resting a hand casually near his belt. Then subtly starts drawing a pistol.]**

**ARYA:**  
Maybe you need thicker skin.

#### ****Panel 8:****

**[Raka freezes. Lola swiftly draws her sidearm, pointing it at Arya.]**

**LOLA:**  
Police! Drop it!

#### ****Panel 9:****

**[Arya locks eyes with Lola. For a second he’s frozen. Then recognition.]**

**ARYA (tense):**  
Ah... the famous detective. This just got complicated.

#### ****Panel 10:****

**[Arya turns fast and runs into the Rimac. Tires screech as he speeds off.]**

**LOLA (shouting):**  
ADRIAN! I’m ordering you—CHASE HIM!

#### ****Panel 11:****

**[Adrian scrambles into his McLaren. Lola jumps into passenger seat. Raka and Cahaya dash to the Vios.]**

**RAKA (out of breath):**  
We’ll back you up!

#### ****Panel 12:****

**[On Jagorawi Toll Road. Rimac blazes ahead, weaving through traffic. McLaren struggles to keep up. Inside, Lola’s frustrated.]**

**LOLA:**  
Left lane! No—next exit! Faster!

**ADRIAN (tense):**  
I’m trying! This guy’s a ghost!

#### ****Panel 13:****

**[In the Vios, struggling to maintain speed. Raka’s sweating.]**

**RAKA:**  
We’re not gonna catch him in this grandma car!

**CAHAYA (grinning):**  
My dad win a championship in one of these.

#### ****Panel 14:****

**[Interior of Vios. In a seamless mid-drive move, Cahaya climbs over and switches seats with Raka. He clumsily slides under her.]**

**CAHAYA:**  
It’s not the car. It’s the girl behind the wheel.

#### ****Panel 15:****

**[Now with Cahaya driving, the Vios darts faster, taking aggressive lines. They start gaining.]**

**RAKA (shocked):**  
Holy—what did you do to this car!?

**CAHAYA:**  
Just gave it back its pride.

#### ****Panel 16:****

**[At an intersection, a police officer stopped them. The road was restricted to odd only registration plate. Arya’s Rimac however, is free from that restriction]**

**LOLA (frustrated):**  
Damn it! He’s gone!

#### ****Panel 17:****

**[Silence in the cars. Everyone is breathing hard. Cahaya grips the wheel tightly, eyes still scanning.]**

**CAHAYA (quietly):**  
We’ll get him next time.

Epilogue

#### ****Panel 1:****

**[A dimly lit office. Captain Nyoman sits in his chair, alone, sweating slightly. The only light is from his desk lamp and the soft blue glow of a phone screen.]**

**SFX (Phone Vibrates):**  
bzzzz bzzzz

#### ****Panel 2:****

**[Close-up of the phone screen. An unknown caller ID: “🔒 Unlisted Number.” Nyoman hesitates, then answers.]**

**CAPTAIN NYOMAN (nervously):**  
...Halo?

#### ****Panel 3:****

**[His expression drops. Beads of sweat on his temple. Someone is speaking on the other end, but we don't hear it—only his reaction. His hand grips the armrest.]**

**UNKNOWN CALLER (off-panel speech bubble, spiky outline):**  
<We told you she was a problem. Handle it.>

#### ****Panel 4:****

**[Extreme close-up on Nyoman’s furious, shadowed eyes. The line has gone dead. He slams the phone down.]**

**CAPTAIN NYOMAN (gritting his teeth):**  
Lola... dasar sialan.

### ****AFTER-CREDITS SCENE – RAKA’S ROOM (A.K.A. MINI HOTEL SUITE)****

#### ****Panel 1:****

**[Wide shot of Raka’s absurdly luxurious bedroom. It’s like a hotel suite—plush sofas, a huge TV, a minibar, even mood lighting. Adrian lounges with his feet up. Cahaya sips from a can of Pocari Sweat while looking at the decor. Behind them on the wall are cute framed photos of Raka as a kid—one in a tux, one with a missing front tooth, and another with a paper crown, one shows teenage Raka inside a Cessna cockpit, smiling with a headset on. On the desk nearby, a PC setup with a flight joystick and throttle, maybe even rudder pedals on the floor.]**

**LOLA (sarcastic):**  
Wow. Do all spoiled brats live like this?

**RAKA (grinning):**  
Just the elite ones.

#### ****Panel 2:****

**[Lola stands, tugging down her blouse slightly, looking around.]**

**LOLA:**  
Where’s the toilet?

**RAKA (nervous):**  
Uhh—not that one! Use the guest toilet near the minibar!

**LOLA (already walking away):**  
Relax. I’m not made of porcelain.

#### ****Panel 3:****

**[Inside the en suite bathroom. Lola swings the door open with swagger—only to freeze instantly. Her pupils shrink. A tiger lies across a fluffy golden pet bed, staring lazily at her. Its tail gives a single flick.]**

**SFX:** GGRRRRRRRR...

#### ****Panel 4:****

**[Lola BURSTS back into the room, slamming the bathroom door behind her. Her hair’s frazzled. She’s missing her pants. Face bright red. Everyone turns toward her.]**

**LOLA (yelling):**  
RAKA!!!

#### ****Panel 5:****

**[Everyone is frozen. Adrian’s bottle tips over. Cahaya raises an eyebrow. Raka’s eyes go wide with panic.]**

**RAKA (alarmed):**  
Oh no—Did you scare him!?

#### ****Panel 6:****

**[Lola, crouched behind the couch, peeks out in fury. She's clearly shaken.]**

**LOLA:**  
Scare HIM!? There’s a TIGER in your toilet!

#### ****Panel 7:****

**[Raka raises his hands as if to calm her down, sheepish smile creeping in.]**

**RAKA:**  
He’s chill, really. He’s on a vegan diet now. Just eats tempeh and dragonfruit.

#### ****Panel 8:****

**[Lola hurls a throw pillow at Raka. Adrian laughs silently into his hoodie. Cahaya facepalms like she’s seen this before.]**

**LOLA:**  
You can’t just keep a tiger without a license!!

**Raka (shrugs):** “It’s Jakarta. Who doesn’t bend a few rules?”

#### ****Panel 9:****

**[Final panel: The tiger is still inside the bathroom, peacefully yawning. Meanwhile, Lola storms off to get her pants back. Raka leans in toward Adrian and whispers.]**

**RAKA (whispering):**  
…Think I should tell her about the cheetah in the kitchen?

**ADRIAN (deadpan):**  
Not tonight, man.

**After Credit 2**

Scene: Raka’s matte black Ford F150 parked outside a modest **kos-kosan** (boarding house), night has fallen. Raka leans against the truck, reading a crumpled service bill while Lola unlocks the front gate.

**Raka (grumbling):**  
"Coilovers, spark plugs, tires, oil... labor... twenty five million rupiah??"

**Panel 2:**  
Lola glances back at him, one foot already inside the gate, a teasing look in her eyes, cheeks slightly pink.

**Raka (deadpan):**  
"You're paying for this, right?"

**Panel 3:**  
Close-up of Lola, flipping her keys on one finger with a knowing smirk.

**Lola:**  
"You've seen something no man has ever seen..."

**Panel 4:**  
Raka’s face goes red as Lola casually disappears behind the gate, door creaking shut.

**Lola (off-panel, playful):**  
"So I guess that’ll foot the bill."  
**SFX:** Click! **(gate locking)**

**EPISODE 5 - Scene: Halim Airbase – Late Morning**

**PAGE 1: OUTSIDE HALIM AIRBASE – ENTRANCE / PARKING AREA**

**PANEL 1**  
Wide shot of Lola on her red Ducati pulling up to the parking area. The Airbase signage and hangars are in the background. Raka is locking his rugged Ford F-150.  
**CAPTION:** Halim Perdanakusuma Airbase, Jakarta.

**PANEL 2**  
Lola removes her helmet, hair slightly tousled. She squints at Raka, confused.  
**LOLA:**  
Raka? What the hell are you doing here?

**PANEL 3**  
Raka casually leans against his truck, grinning. He holds up his phone to show her a message.  
**RAKA:**  
Got a text—from the President.

**PANEL 4**  
Close-up of the phone screen. A simple message is shown: “Come to Halim – Arsyad.”  
**LOLA (off-panel):**  
The President?

**PANEL 5**  
Raka shrugs, casual.  
**RAKA:**  
I thought it was some prank. Didn’t reply.  
But I flashed it at the guard...  
(the next line in a smaller font)  
…and he just opened the gate like I was a general or something.

**PANEL 6**  
Raka scratches his head, joking but a little weirded out.  
**RAKA:**  
I mean, what’s going on between me and President Arsyad?

**PANEL 7**  
Lola smirks, tilting her head toward a hangar marked “Elite Force.”  
**LOLA:**   
I’m on official business.  
We’re meeting in there.

### ****PAGE 2: HANGAR ENTRANCE****

**PANEL 1**  
The hangar door creaks open. Adrian steps out in a light utility uniform, accompanied by a young airman.  
**ADRIAN:**  
Hey. You two made it.

**PANEL 2**  
Raka is stunned, pointing at Adrian dramatically.  
**RAKA:**  
Wait—Adrian?! What are you doing here?

**PANEL 3**  
Adrian adjusts his glasses coolly.  
**ADRIAN:**  
Technically? I work here.

**PANEL 4**  
Raka, skeptical.  
**RAKA:**  
As what? A fighter pilot?

**PANEL 5**  
Adrian smirks, half-proud.  
**ADRIAN:**  
I arm the Air Force.

**PANEL 6**  
Raka leans back, raising an eyebrow.  
**RAKA:**  
Like… weapons?

**PANEL 7**  
Adrian walking toward the hangar.  
**ADRIAN:**  
Like system. Missile. Guidance. Drones.  
I’m the boring guy in the cool room.

**PANEL 8**  
Lola walks past them both, toward the hangar interior.  
**LOLA:**  
Let’s not keep the others waiting.

**PANEL 9 (larger panel)**  
All three walk into the hangar. Inside: fighter jet under maintenance, drones, crates labeled “GARUDA CLASSIFIED,” silhouettes of high-ranking officers. Atmosphere turns serious.  
**CAPTION:**  
Whatever this is... it’s bigger than any of them expected.

(Background: F-16 jets lined up with weapon racks nearby. Raka, Lola, and Adrian walk across the tarmac.)

**Panel 1:** [Raka, shading his eyes against the sun, points at two Sidewinder missiles — one with a blue band, one with orange.]

**RAKA (curious):**  
"Hey, Adrian... why does that Sidewinder have a blue band and the other one’s orange?"

**ADRIAN (adjusting glasses, calm):**  
"Blue band is GMTR, for training. No explosives. Orange band, means... boom."

**Panel 2:** [Raka grins mischievously and sneaks closer to the blue missile, pretending to tinker with it.]

**LOLA (warning tone):**  
"Raka, don't even think about it—"

**SFX:** (Tiny clink noise from Raka touching the missile.)

**Panel 3:** [Enter FEY, arms crossed, wearing a practical armorer's outfit. She catches Raka red-handed.]

**FEY (dryly):**  
"Touching military hardware without clearance? Bold move."

**RAKA (startled, then smirking):**  
"Well hello there. Didn't know the Air Force had such... charming enforcers."

**FEY (raising an eyebrow):**  
"Well, I was supposed to be stuck managing traffic at Tomang.   
Now? Thanks to a certain President, I'm the armorer at the elite force."

**RAKA (grinning wider):**  
"Sounds like a promotion to me."

**Scene: Inside a secured briefing room.**  
(The three are escorted into a secured office where the President — calm but stern — waits.)

**Panel 4:** [PRESIDENT addressing them with gravitas.]

**PRESIDENT:**  
"My movements were supposed to be classified.  
Yet the enemy always seems one step ahead."

**LOLA (arms folded, serious):**  
"Internal leak."

**PRESIDENT (firm):**  
"Exactly.  
You three are the only ones outside my inner circle who know this."

**Panel 5:** [Adrian frowning thoughtfully, tapping his chin.]

**ADRIAN:**  
"Best countermeasure?  
Fake plans, fake movements...  
Keep the real ones buried."

**Panel 6:** [PRESIDENT nods approvingly.]

**PRESIDENT:**  
"That's why you're here.  
I need chaos on my side."

**Panel 7:** [Raka leaning back, cocky grin.]

**RAKA:**  
"Chaos is my middle name."

**LOLA (grumbling under her breath):**  
"Pretty sure it's 'headache.'"

**ADRIAN (adjusting his sleeve, murmuring):**  
"...Technically, Raka doesn't have a registered middle name."

**RAKA (mock offense):**  
"Bro. Stop flexing your Wikipedia brain."

**Scene: Halim Airbase – After the briefing**  
[The President sits confidently inside Raka’s F-150. Lola revs her Ducati, ready behind.]

**PANEL 1:**

**Wide shot — Raka’s F-150 looks hilariously out of place next to military hardware. Lola on Ducati behind.**  
[A security guard hesitantly approaches, frowning at the F-150.]

**GUARD (nervous):**  
"Sir... this isn’t... regulation..."

**PRESIDENT (grinning):**

**Angle: Eye-level but a little low to make the President look imposing/funny.**  
"Relax. You see nothing."  
(leans closer, mock-serious)  
"Or I'll sign a Keppres transferring you to janitor duty."

**GUARD (snapping to attention):**  
"Sir yes sir! Enjoy your ride, sir!"

**Scene: On the road – Moments later**  
**Medium shot inside F-150** — [Raka drives. The President casually leans back, window half-open.]

**PANEL 2:**  
[SFX: CRACKLE (radio)]  
**RADIO OPERATOR (urgent):**  
"Emergency! Presidential convoy car caught fire en route to Palace! Repeat—"

**PANEL 3:**

**Close-up — The President’s face, serious but calm.**

* Background: blurred flashing lights of an emergency car behind.

**Angle:** Slight tilt for urgency.

[President exchanges a worried glance with Raka.]

**PRESIDENT (quickly):**  
"Pull over at that shopping mall!  
Blend into the crowd!"

**PANEL 4:**

**Scene: In front of a huge shopping mall – Noon crowd**  
**Wide crowd shot** —

Big banners of the girl band everywhere (green and black theme).

* President already halfway into the crowd, smiling mischievously.
* Raka trying to catch up.

[A girl band conference, posters of idols everywhere. Crowd packed with green and black clothes.]  
[President slips into the crowd, grinning.]

**PRESIDENT (whispering to Raka):**  
"Nothing hides a tiger better... than a jungle of weeaboos."

**RAKA (half laughing, half panicking):**  
"We're gonna get mobbed, old man..."

**PANEL 5:**  
[Lola hurriedly radios Nyoman.]

**Medium shot** —

* Lola with her helmet off, using a walkie-talkie.
* Worried expression.
* Mall chaos blurry in the background.

**LOLA (serious):**  
"Captain Nyoman! The President's blending with civilians at the mall!  
Send backup to secure him!"

**NYOMAN (radio crackle):**  
"Got it.

Medium shot -

* Lola catching up with the president

**After a few minutes, NYOMAN (radio crackle):**

“Suspect is wearing green and black!  
Backup dispatched!"

**Scene: Moments later – Total chaos**  
[Local police swarm the scene, overreacting.]

**PANEL 6:**

**Chaotic wide shot —**

* Local police grabbing everyone in green and black outfits.
* Girls from the idol group crying/confused.
* Weeaboos protesting.

**Angle:** Low shot to exaggerate the madness.

[Policemen are grabbing everyone wearing green and black — the girl band idols, their fans, even random passersby.]

**POLICE OFFICER (shouting):**  
"Green and black! Round ‘em all up!"

**PANEL 7:**

**Medium shot —**

* The President handcuffed, deadpan look.
* Shopping bag with idol merch dangling from his wrist.

**Angle:** Straight on, but tight framing to make him look squeezed and pathetic in a funny way.

[A handcuffed President, still holding a shopping bag, deadpans at Lola.]

**PRESIDENT (wry):**  
"...Guess I'm officially a weeaboo now."

**PANEL 8:**  
[A teenager nearby, snapping photos, laughs.]

**Small panel** —

* Teenager taking a selfie with the arrested President in the background.

**TEENAGER (laughing):**  
"Even uncles can be weeaboos these days!"

**LOLA (facepalming, muttering):**  
"This... is going in the report."

### Scene: Presidential Palace – Night

(Inside a grand but slightly tense meeting room. Heavy drapes. Dim lights.)

**Panel 1:**  
[Wide shot: President sitting at the head of a long table. Raka, Lola, and Adrian seated across him.]  
**PRESIDENT** (serious):  
"We embarrassed ourselves today. It can't happen again."  
**PRESIDENT** (leaning forward):  
"It's time we finish this. Once and for all."

**Panel 2:**  
[Close-up on Adrian adjusting his glasses, thinking deeply.]  
**ADRIAN** (calm, strategic):  
"We need to fish out the mole."  
**ADRIAN** (slightly smiling):  
"And to catch a whale... you don't toss pebbles."  
**ADRIAN** (direct):  
"We'll need the most valuable bait."

**Panel 3:**  
[Medium shot of Raka, frowning, crossing his arms.]  
**RAKA** (sarcastic):  
"Let me guess. You’re gonna volunteer me as the worm?"

**Panel 4:**  
[Lola smirking, glancing sideways at Raka.]  
**LOLA** (teasing):  
"Well, you're flashy enough to get eaten first."

**Panel 5:**  
[Medium shot, President chuckling but quickly turning serious again.]  
**PRESIDENT** (firm):  
"No. I will be the bait."

**Panel 6:**  
[Reaction shot — shocked faces: Raka nearly falls off his chair, Lola wide-eyed, Adrian frozen.]  
**RAKA** (blurting out):  
"Are you nuts?!"

**Panel 7:**  
[Close-up: President smiling grimly.]  
**PRESIDENT** (soft but heavy):  
"This country has no place for cowards. Not even at the top."

**Panel 8:**  
[Wide panel — all of them, momentarily silent, realizing the gravity of the plan.]  
**NARRATION (Adrian’s thoughts):**  
"If we fail... it won't just be the presidency at stake. It'll be the soul of the country."

### After Credit Scene: Fancy Café – Daytime

**Panel 1:**  
[Wide shot: Raka sitting at a café table across from the girl band's slightly stressed-out manager. On the table: a briefcase wide open, filled with cash.]  
**MANAGER** (sweating, adjusting tie):  
"One billion... just for a concept pitch?"

**RAKA** (grinning lazily, sipping coffee):  
"Down payment. We'll sort the rest after the debut."  
**RAKA** (leaning back):  
"The theme: sexy cowgirls. Boots, hats. You get it."

**Panel 2:**  
[Close-up: Manager holding the cash nervously, glancing around.]  
**MANAGER** (muttering):  
"Green and black to... cowgirls?"  
**MANAGER** (forced smile):  
"We'll... make it work."

**Panel 3:**  
[Medium shot: Raka pulling out his phone, showing a picture.]  
**RAKA** (casually):  
"Also. Two of my friends wanna learn the dance."  
**RAKA** (smirking):  
"They're a little... mature. But still pretty cute."

**Panel 4:**  
[Close-up on Manager’s deadpan face, twitching eye.]  
**MANAGER** (flat voice):  
"Of course they do."

**Panel 5:**  
[Wide shot: Raka standing up, tossing a black business card on the table.]  
**RAKA** (cheerfully):  
"See you at the first rehearsal next month!"

SFX: Clack! (business card hitting the table)

**Tone note:**

* Keep Raka's vibe very effortlessly chaotic but charming.
* Manager's vibe should be half crying internally, half too broke to refuse.
* This sets up a hilarious situation for next episode (older girls trying to keep up with idol training 😂).

### After Credit Scene 2: Raka’s Mansion – Poolside – Afternoon

**Panel 1:**  
[Wide shot: A luxurious poolside. A bunch of cheerful girls in cow-pattern bikinis pose and splash around. Raka stands at the pool's edge, holding a drink, looking both shocked and impressed.]  
**RAKA** (deadpan):  
"...This is not what I meant by 'sexy cowgirls.'"

**Panel 2:**  
[Medium shot: Manager (nervously sweating) standing next to Raka, papers in hand.]  
**MANAGER** (awkwardly):  
"You said sexy. You said cow. We delivered."

**Panel 3:**  
[Close-up: Raka handing out wads of cash to the excited girls like party favors, a big grin growing on his face.]  
**RAKA** (laughing):  
"You know what? I'm not even mad."

**Panel 4:**  
[Wide shot: Girls giggling, lounging on pool floats shaped like cows. Raka lounges back on a chair with sunglasses, drink in hand, while the manager wipes sweat off his forehead, defeated.]  
**RAKA** (relaxing):  
"Best miscommunication of my life."

**Tone notes:**

* Raka looks relaxed, rich, and chaotic as always.
* Manager’s expressions = regret and existential crisis.
* Girls should look happy and playful — no awkwardness, just silly fun.

**EPISODE 6:**

**Panel 1**  
Medium shot: Lola stands beside a sleek armored vest on a mannequin, gesturing as she explains. The President listens attentively. Raka and Adrian stand nearby, observing.  
**LOLA (professional tone):**  
"This is the newest armor from Irwan Enterprise.  
Lightweight, breathable, and resistant to assault rifle fire."

**Panel 2**  
Side view: Raka leans toward Adrian, raising an eyebrow, smirking slightly.  
**RAKA (low voice, teasing):**  
"Irwan Enterprise? Why not your dad’s company?"

**Panel 3**  
Close-up: Adrian turns to Raka with a flat, ice-cold stare. The light catches just enough of his eyes to show his seriousness.  
**ADRIAN (calm, blunt):**  
"Because we're more in the killing business."

**Panel 4**  
Wide shot: The room falls momentarily quiet. Even Raka’s smile fades a little. Lola taps the vest calmly, breaking the silence.  
**LOLA (focused):**  
"And tomorrow, we’re in the surviving business."

**Tone:**

* Adrian’s line should hit like a cold knife — reminds readers that behind his polite appearance, he comes from a darker background.
* Lola balances it by bringing the mood back to focus.
* Raka's face can show a rare glimpse of seriousness after Adrian’s comment.

### ****Scene: Same Room, Later That Night****

**Panel 5**  
Medium shot: Adrian steps aside from the others, casually texting on his phone.  
**[Adrian’s phone screen, texting:]**  
**ADRIAN:**  
Not coming home tonight. Big day tomorrow.  
**[Reply from Adrian's Dad:]**  
Leaving for Dubai. Clean Energy Conference.

**Panel 6**  
Over-the-shoulder shot: Raka, sneaky grin, peeks at Adrian’s phone from behind.  
**RAKA (teasing):**  
"Wait… clean energy? Since when do arms dealers go green?"

**Panel 7**  
Close-up: Raka now texting on his own phone.  
**[Raka’s phone screen:]**  
**RAKA:**  
Dad, do you know about Clean Energy thing in Dubai?  
**[Reply from Raka’s Dad:]**  
It’s not clean energy. It’s tax engineering.

**Panel 8**  
Side view of Raka, blinking in mild confusion, still typing.  
**RAKA (thinking):**

"Why’s Dad not going, then? He loves playing with his tax returns..."

[Raka’s phone screen:]

**RAKA (texting):**

*Dad, why didn’t you go?*

**[Reply from Raka’s Dad:]**

*I'm a financier.*

**RAKA (deadpan, muttering):**

"...Right. Of course."

**Panel 9**  
Wide shot: Raka steps out onto the palace balcony under moonlight, dialing with a sly grin.  
**[Raka’s phone, texting:]**  
**RAKA:**  
Hey, Manager-san.  
Let’s warm things up. How about a soft launching party tonight?

### ****Scene: D-Day – Event Venue (Backstage)****

**Panel 1:** Adrian stands in a clean suit with clipboard in hand, cool and professional. The Manager looks frazzled.

**MANAGER (grumbling):**  
"The cow-pattern duo is still at Raka’s place. This won’t fly."  
**ADRIAN (calmly):**  
"The contract clearly states full team, or the deal's off."

**Panel 2:** Manager rubs his temples while Adrian holds up his phone showing a countdown timer. **MANAGER (sighing):**  
"You’re really pushing this..."  
**ADRIAN:**  
"Brand integrity. Or no billion-rupiah debut."

**Panel 3:** Manager turns dramatically to Fey and Lola, both clearly unprepared, mid-sip of coffee in casual wear.  
**MANAGER (pointing):**  
"You two! Into uniform. Now!"

**Panel 4:** Adrian unfurls two glossy posters: one says “Fey-Fey the Silent Sniper” and the other “Lola the Lightning Lass!”  
**ADRIAN (with a smug smile):**  
"Already pre-printed. Crowd loves mysterious newcomers."

**Scene: Backstage Makeup Room**

**Panel 1:**  
[Lola and Fey sit side by side in front of a mirror. Lola’s in partial costume, staring at herself in disbelief.]  
**LOLA (grumbling):**  
"This is it. My legacy: viral dancing cop in a miniskirt."  
**FEY (smirking):**  
"Deep down, I always wanted to be in a girl band."

**Scene: Outside the Palace – Service Entrance**

**Panel 2:**  
[The palace gates open as a catering van rolls out. Behind the wheel: the President, grinning in a cheap wig and fake mustache, wearing an anime-print T-shirt.]  
**PRESIDENT (to guard):**  
"Keppres #77: Presidential right to go incognito."  
**GUARD (sighing):**  
"...Again, sir?"

**Scene: Performance Hall – Later That Evening**

**Panel 3:**  
[The girl band takes the stage to a cheering crowd. Lola and Fey are mixed into the formation, blending in, slightly awkward.]  
**ANNOUNCER (V.O.):**  
"Please welcome... the debut cowgirl squad!"  
**SFX:**  
BANG! MUSIC STARTS

**Panel 4:**  
[Lola and Fey move through the choreography, scanning the crowd while doing their gun-slinging motions. The President is dancing along in his seat, loving it.]  
**NARRATION:**  
"One shot at cover... one shot to save him."

**Panel 5:**  
[In the middle of a spin, Lola’s eyes lock onto a man near the side exit, pulling out a weapon.]  
**LOLA (shouting):**  
"NOW!"

**Panel 6:**  
[Fey and Lola simultaneously break formation, draw prop guns—modified real ones—and fire. The would-be assassin drops. The crowd freezes, stunned.]  
**SFX:**  
BLAM! BLAM!  
**SFX:**  
THUD!  
**PRESIDENT (calmly, while still clapping):**  
"Bull’s eye!."

**Scene: Performance Hall – Moments Later**

**Panel 1:**  
[The show is over. The crowd is dispersing. Fey is urgently escorting the President toward the backstage exit.]  
**FEY (worried):**  
"Mr. President, please move! You're still exposed!"

**Scene: Outside the Hall**

**Panel 2:**  
[A few suspicious men, clearly associates of the shooter, are panicking. They shove through the crowd and jump into a small Wuling EV parked at the curb.]  
**SFX:**  
SLAM! (doors shutting)  
VROOOM! (tiny electric motor whirring loudly)

**Panel 3:**  
[Adrian is already in motion, sprinting after them while speaking into his earpiece.]  
**ADRIAN (urgent):**  
"Target is a white Wuling EV! North exit!  
Lola, Raka — intercept!"

**Scene: Outside the Venue – Parking Area**

**Panel 4:**  
[Lola dashes toward her Ducati, throws on her helmet in a smooth motion, and fires up the engine.]  
**SFX:**  
VRAAAAM!  
**LOLA (focused):**  
"Copy that. Moving in!"

**Scene: Nearby Street – Strategic Intersection**

**Panel 5:**  
[Raka sits behind the wheel of his F-150, engine idling, casually watching the intersection. He spots the Wuling speeding toward him.]  
**RAKA (muttering to himself):**  
"That... is definitely gonna hurt my insurance."

**Panel 6:**  
[Without hesitation, Raka slams his F-150 into gear and rams the tiny Wuling EV with the side of his truck in a brutal but controlled move.]  
**SFX:**  
CRUUUUNCH!!  
THUD!

**Scene: Aftermath**

**Panel 7:**  
[Smoke and debris. The Wuling is wrecked but intact enough that the suspects are trapped inside, groaning. Raka casually steps out of the truck, sunglasses still on, looking smug.]  
**RAKA (grinning):**  
"Congratulations... you just got financed."

**After Credit Scene: A Few Days After D-Day**  
**Location: Raka’s Dad’s Bank HQ – Morning**

**Panel 1:**  
[TV screen in a posh office showing a flashy teaser: “COMING SOON – GIRLBANK! Sponsored by Darmawan Bank.”  
Raka’s dad (in suit, stern face) watches silently, arms crossed.]  
**RAKA’S DAD (grimly):**  
"What is this nonsense...?"

**Panel 2:**  
[Cut to the bank lobby: A massive crowd of excited fans lines up, holding ID cards and forms. Banners read “Special Promo with Girlband!”]  
[Members of the girl band are behind desks in bank uniforms (with cowgirl hats), processing accounts, smiling awkwardly.]  
**FANBOY (to teller):**  
“Please open five accounts... one for each member!”  
**SFX:**  
CLICK CLACK (keyboard sounds)

**Panel 3:**  
[Lola, in girl band uniform but clearly not enjoying this, types slowly while muttering under her breath.]  
**LOLA (deadpan):**  
"I didn’t sign up for this..."

**Panel 4:**  
[Raka’s dad stands at the balcony above, watching the lobby scene unfold. His stern expression softens.]  
**RAKA’S DAD (smirking slightly):**  
"...Maybe the boy is onto something."

**After Credit Scene 2: Few days Before D-Day**  
**Location: Concert Hall – Rehearsal**

**Panel 1:**  
[Lola and Fey dressed in rehearsal outfits (track pants + crop tops), blending in with the girl band. Everyone is dancing; Lola and Fey are watching the routine while catching their breath.]  
**LOLA (whispering):**  
"Okay, if I take the left edge, I’ll have full view of the front row and balcony."  
**FEY (nodding):**  
"I’ll cover backstage and the side exits. These cowgirl moves are surprisingly tactical."

**Panel 2:**  
[The dance instructor claps and resets the group. Lola and Fey join in again, now syncing with the rest, but eyes constantly scanning the hall.]  
**DANCE INSTRUCTOR:**  
"One more time from the gun-twirl sequence! Make it pop, girls!"  
**SFX:**  
TWIRL! SLIDE!

**Panel 3:**  
[Fey points at the upper gallery while sipping water. Manager approaches, curious.]  
**FEY (to manager, casual tone):**  
"Hey, just a thought — maybe we move the lighting rig to the far right corner? Better symmetry."  
**MANAGER:**  
"That’s… oddly specific. But okay."

**Panel 4:**  
[Lola looking at the VIP area while stretching.]  
**LOLA (smirking to Fey):**  
"Strategic surveillance with jazz hands. Who knew?"  
**FEY (grinning):**  
"Girl band by day, bodyguards by debut."

**Episode 7 Scene: Street outside shopping mall – after Wuling EV crash**

**Panel 1:**  
[Wide shot. Lola arrives on her Ducati with flashing police bikes behind her, a small convoy forming.]  
**SFX:** VRROOOM!  
**NARRATION:**  
Reinforcements from the local PD poured in. But deep down, they all knew... something felt off.

**Panel 2:**  
[Inside the Wuling EV, close-up of the suspect — slight smirk, blood on his forehead, unshaken.]  
**SUSPECT (muttering):**  
"Too late. The plan is already moving. Nothing you do can stop it now."

**Panel 3:**  
[Cut to Adrian, standing by the crash site, checking his buzzing phone. His face turns pale.]  
**SFX:** BUZZ BUZZ  
**Text Message (from Dad):**  
"Plane hijacked. Don’t come home. Go to Halim Airbase."

**Panel 4:**  
[Medium shot — Adrian grabbing his radio, urgent tone.]  
**ADRIAN (radioing):**  
"All units, priority one!  
Dad’s plane has been hijacked — repeat, hijacked!  
Everyone, head to Halim Airbase immediately. For your safety and his."

**Panel 5:**  
[Close-up of Raka, processing the information, determined expression.]  
**RAKA (muttering):**  
"Like hell I’m sitting this out."

**Panel 6:**  
[Raka throws a leg over Lola’s Ducati behind her, she looks back at him, surprised.]  
**RAKA (grinning):**  
"Move over, princess. My truck is too slow and Halim won't wait."  
**LOLA (gritting teeth, annoyed but focused):**  
"Touch my waist and you’re walking."

**Panel 7:**  
[Dynamic action panel. Lola floors it, Raka holding the back handle awkwardly, Ducati speeding down the road toward Halim Airbase.]  
**SFX:** VROOOOOOMMMMM!!

**Scene: Parking lot**

Panel 1:  
[Interior of a simple parking lot. A plain white catering van with “ISTANA RASA CATERING” written on it is parked. Fey stands around, vigilant. Adrian, looking concerned but composed, is talking directly to the President, who’s casually sipping coffee.]  
**ADRIAN:**  
"Sir, I need to get to Halim fast. The others are on their way."  
**PRESIDENT:** (nodding)  
"Take the catering car."

Panel 2:  
[Adrian blinks, unsure if the President is joking. The President already tosses him the keys.]  
**ADRIAN:**  
"Is this... really protocol?"  
**PRESIDENT:** (grinning)  
"It's presidential improvisation. And nobody suspects the chicken satay guy."

Panel 3:  
[Adrian gets into the driver’s seat.]  
**ADRIAN:** (sighing)  
"...Right."

Panel 4:  
[The van pulls out of the hall. Adrian, driving with intense focus, mumbles under his breath.]  
**ADRIAN (muttering):**  
"This better be the first and last time I go to battle smelling like satay."

**Scene: Halim Airbase – Main Gate & Hangar**

**Panel 1:**  
[Exterior shot of Halim Airbase. Lola’s Ducati skids to a halt. Raka, still wearing a full-face helmet, gets off briskly.]  
**BASE GUARD:**  
"Ah, Pak Adrian? Commander’s expecting you!"  
**RAKA (under helmet):**  
"Yup."  
(Small mutter)  
**RAKA (muttering):**  
"...Close enough."

**Panel 2:**  
[Raka pulls out a sleek, laminated ID. A close-up shows it's issued by Elite Force HQ with his name and photo. He flashes it at the guard post outside a large hangar marked “GARASI KHUSUS - UNIT GARUDA.”]  
**GUARD:**  
"...Welcome, Sir. Proceed."

**Panel 3:**  
[Raka walks into the hangar. Inside, mechanics and ground crew are bustling. Two F-16s are parked under floodlights, being armed with missiles. Airmen loads Sidewinder with a blue band. Then, a sharply dressed **Base Commander** walks in briskly, saluting.]

**BASE COMMANDER:**  
"Pak Adrian! We received word from your father—he asked us to ensure your safety here. You're in good hands."  
**RAKA (muffled behind helmet):**  
"Right... thanks." (sweating slightly)

**Panel 4:**  
[Lola pulls off Raka’s helmet from behind, revealing his face. The Commander looks confused.]  
**LOLA:**  
"That's not Adrian. This is Raka. Adrian's on his way—probably using the President’s food truck."  
**BASE COMMANDER (embarrassed):**  
"Ah... I see. My apologies."

**RAKA (thinking):**  
"...They're prepping for real intercepts. This isn't a drill."

**Panel 5:**  
[Still in the hangar. Raka, now confidently walking toward the nearest jet technician, flashes a random card.]  
**RAKA (serious):**  
“BIN. I need a two-seater F-16. Armed. Now.”  
**TECHNICIAN (uncertain):**  
“Uhh… loaded with Sidewinders?”  
**RAKA:**  
“Training round will do. This is an observation mission.”

**Panel 6:**  
[Nearby, a young Air Force personnel whispers to the technician.]  
**AIRMAN (whispers):**  
“I saw this guy with the President earlier... he even drove him out in a truck. Must be legit.”  
**TECHNICIAN (reluctantly):**  
“…Fine. We’ll get the Viper ready.”

**Panel 7:**  
[Raka walking in a flight suit, zipping it up. Lola stands behind, still unsure.]  
**RAKA (excited):**  
“C’mon, Lola. Let’s go watch a real intercept.”  
**LOLA (annoyed):**  
“Wait—have you ever flown an F-16 before?”  
**RAKA (grinning):**  
“Only in Flight Sim.”  
[SFX: VRRROOOM—burner ignites behind them]

**Panel 8:**  
[The F-16 roars down the runway, afterburner blazing, Lola in the backseat with an expression of disbelief. Raka’s face is filled with childlike glee.]  
**RAKA (over radio):**  
“Tower, this is... uh… Garuda Spectre. We’re airborne.”

**Panel 9:**  
[Sky above Java. Two F-16s tailing the **Indolux 333**, a commercial wide-body jet. The fighters are sleek, professional.]  
**FIGHTER PILOT (radio):**  
“Indolux 333, this is TNI AU. You are ordered to descend and divert to Halim. Respond.”  
**SFX (radio static):**  
KZZZHHHH... —thzz— under maintenance— kkk...  
**FIGHTER PILOT:**  
“Radio issues. Not good.”

**Panel 10:**  
[Back at Halim Airbase. A **food catering truck** parks haphazardly. Adrian jumps out, flustered but composed. His elegant-looking mom steps out right after him, concerned.]  
**ADRIAN:**  
“Marshall!”  
**Marshall (approaching):**  
“Adrian. We’ve already scrambled intercept. Also, your friend from BIN’s in the air too.”  
**ADRIAN (realizing):**  
“Wait—Raka?!”

**Panel 11:**  
[Inside the base operations center. Tension builds. Radar screens glowing.]  
**Marshall (stern):**  
“I’ll order him down. This is no time for joyriding.”  
**ADRIAN (cutting in):**  
“Sir—wait! I know your pilots are among the best in the world…”  
**ADRIAN (intense):**  
“But the enemy likely knows every tactic and procedure we’d use.”

**Panel 12:**  
[Adrian gestures toward a live radar screen showing Raka’s F-16 approaching from an odd angle.]  
**ADRIAN:**  
“Raka’s an antique... unpredictable. They won’t see him coming. Let them work together.”  
**Marshall (arms crossed, deep in thought):**  
“…Hmph.”  
[No dialogue, just a pensive look.]

**Panel 13:**  
[Inside the lead fighter cockpit, pilot tense. His radar blips — a third F-16 is approaching rapidly with full afterburner.]  
**FIGHTER PILOT (radio):**  
“Base, who’s that coming in fast from the south? He’s not in the stack!”  
**BASE COMMANDER (radio):**  
“That’s our... third asset. Call sign: Freelance. He’s unconventional.”  
[The pilot squints in disbelief.]

**Panel 14:**  
[Adrian, still inside the command center, watches the screen. Indolux 333 hasn’t responded. The comms officer speaks up.]  
**COMMS OFFICER:**  
“Fourth call, no response. They’re ignoring all radio frequencies.”  
**ADRIAN (murmuring):**  
“They’re stalling…”

**Panel 15:**  
[Raka’s F-16 catches up from an unexpected angle, slightly above and to the side. Inside his cockpit, he flips a few switches. Lola sits behind him, strapped in and tense.]  
**RAKA (radio):**  
“Let me persuade them.”  
**LOLA:**  
“You sure can force them to Halim?”  
**RAKA (grinning):**  
“I have my own procedure.”

**Panel 16:**  
[Raka opens his comm line directly to Indolux 333. His targeting HUD locks onto one of the engines. A low TONE beep sounds as the Sidewinder lock confirms.]  
**RAKA (radio, stern):**  
“Indolux 333, this is Garuda Spectre. Sidewinder lock acquired. Land immediately at Halim or we will open fire.”  
**SFX:**  
BEEEEEEP— (missile lock tone)

**Panel 17:**  
[Lola’s eyes widen as she hears the tone. Sweat beads on her forehead.]  
**LOLA:**  
“You’re not really gonna fire, right? What if this ploy fails?”  
**RAKA (calmly):**  
“Blue band, Lola. It won’t fire.”  
[Beat panel: silence except for the hum of the engine and the missile tone.]

**Panel 18:**  
[Raka leans into the mic with a dramatic pause.]  
**RAKA:**  
“…Fox Two.”  
**SFX:**  
WHOOSH—  
[A Sidewinder launches from under Raka’s wing, streaking forward like a comet.]

**Final panel of the page:**  
[A wide shot: the missile struck the Indolux 333 engine. Inside the plane, lights flicker. In the cockpit, panic spreads on the hijacker.]  
**LOLA (from Raka’s back seat, half-screaming):**  
“YOU SAID IT WON’T FIRE!”  
**RAKA (panicking):**  
“It shouldn’t.”

[Inside the Indolux 333 cockpit, the hijacker panic as alarms blare and the plane shakes from the impact.]  
Hijacker Pilot **(shouting):** “**SIDEWINDER?!** That’s the new SOP for a broken radio?!”  
[They’re scrambling for control as fire warning lights blink.]

**Panel 20:**  
[Cut to Raka’s F-16 cockpit. He’s yelling in glee, gripping the stick like it’s a game controller.]  
**RAKA (excited):**  
“I KNEW IT! That got their attention!”  
**LOLA (panicked):**  
“Raka, are you out of your mind?! You just shot a hijacked plane!”

**Panel 21:**  
[Back at the Halim control tower. Adrian stands, both hands on his head, yelling at the screen as the radar blips start to change direction.]  
**ADRIAN:**  
“THAT IDIOT JUST SHOT MY DAD!!”

**Panel 22:**  
[Wide panel — the smoking engine of Indolux 333, trailing black smoke, begins a wide turn. The hijackers are forced to stabilize. Lights flash “EMERGENCY LANDING PROCEDURE.”]  
**RADIO CHATTER (from fighter):**  
“Indolux 333 turning east… Looks like they're headed for HPK…”  
**CONTROLLER:**  
“Emergency declared! Clear the runway!”

**Panel 24 (closing page panel):**  
[Exterior — Indolux 333 now limping toward Halim Perdana Kusuma (HPK), smoke trailing from the side, with Raka’s F-16 flying above protectively. Lola is wide-eyed.]  
**RAKA (radioing):**  
“Target subdued. Bringing our guest home.”  
**LOLA (deadpan):**  
“You are a dead man...”

**Panel 25:**  
[On the tarmac at HPK. Fey and her Elite Force team stand ready, weapons lowered but alert. A fire truck and medical team wait in the background. The damaged Indolux 333 taxis slowly toward them, smoke trailing from one engine.]

**SFX:** WHIRRR... CLANK... HISSS

**FEY (radioing):**  
“Visual on target. Prepare for extraction and arrest.”

**Panel 26:**  
[Inside Adrian’s phone. A message pops up from Dad with a photo of the messy cabin.]

**TEXT MESSAGE (Dad):**  
“Some lunatic from the Air Force just Sidewindered our engine. Luckily, a hero on board subdued the hijackers. We’re safe.”

**Panel 27:**  
[Back to the runway. The plane stops. Tension hangs in the air. The cabin door slowly opens with a metallic hiss.]

**SFX:** KRRREEK...

**Panel 28 (close-up):**  
[Emerging from the shadowy doorway... it's **Arya Wicaksana**, calm, with a subtle, eerie smirk. He steps down casually, raising his hands — unarmed, as if surrendering, but with that glint in his eye.]

**ARYA:**  
“Good evening. I believe you were expecting someone else?”

**Panel 29 (reaction):**  
[Split panel — Fey’s eyes narrow in shock, Adrian stares at the screen in disbelief, and Raka in the cockpit mutters under his breath.]

**FEY (low):**  
“Arya...”

**ADRIAN (off-panel, muttering):**  
“No way.”

**RAKA (helmet still on):**  
“Of course it’s him. Who else could make a plan like this?”

**PAGE TITLE:** AFTERMATH

**Panel 1:**  
[TV screen in a cozy living room. A news anchor with perfect hair smiles behind a flashy headline. Below it, a news ticker scrolls.]

**TV ANCHOR (cheerful):**  
“Breaking: Crypto billionaire and environmentalist **Arya Wicaksana** hailed as hero for saving passengers during luxury airliner hijacking!”

**TV HEADLINE:**  
“Crypto Savior Stops Hijack!”

**NEWS TICKER (below):**  
— Indolux Air 333: All-first-class flight hijacked mid-air — Rogue Air Force pilot fires Sidewinder — Plane forced to land —

**Panel 2:**  
[Inside Adrian’s upscale living room. The TV is still on, but everyone’s attention is elsewhere. Adrian sits on the sofa looking drained. Lola slouches with crossed arms. Fey stands by the window, tense. Raka’s legs are on the table, biting a pen.]

**LOLA:**  
“So after all that... Arya gets to be the hero?”

**Panel 3:**  
[Raka tosses the pen across the room in frustration.]

**RAKA:**  
“He hijacked a plane with billionaires in it! How does that turn into good PR?”

**Panel 4:**  
[Fey crosses her arms, staring at the floor, her voice calm but bitter.]

**FEY:**  
“Because the truth doesn’t sell as well as a savior story.”

**Panel 5:**  
[Adrian leans back on the couch, looking up at the ceiling, trying to stay composed.]

**ADRIAN:**  
“At least my dad’s okay.”

**Panel 6 (close-up on Adrian):**  
[His tone changes — quiet and reflective, as he looks toward a nearby chess board.]

**ADRIAN (small text):**  
“But in chess... even the king... is just another piece.”

**AFTER CREDIT SCENE**

**Panel 1:**  
[Cozy living room, night. A man in a hoodie sits cross-legged on a couch, scrolling YouTube on a big smart TV. The screen shows a popular Indonesian dashcam channel.]

**YOUTUBE TITLE ON SCREEN:**  
“Insane Street Race! Rimac vs McLaren vs... Vios???”

**Panel 2:**  
[He clicks play. The footage shows a shaky dashcam capturing a Rimac blasting past on Jagorawi toll road, then a McLaren, and finally—unbelievably—a XP90 Vios in faded racing livery in hot pursuit.]

**Panel 3 (close-up on the guy, leaning forward with disbelief):**  
**GUY:**  
“That Vios? But… how!?”

**AFTER CREDIT 2**

**Panel 1:**  
[Interior – A sleek hospital room or private recovery suite. Adrian’s dad is seated calmly, one arm in a sling, a glass of infused water on the side table. Raka stands before him, sweating nervously.]

**RAKA (bowing slightly, speaking fast):**  
“Sir, I—I really didn’t mean for the sidewinder to actually launch! It was supposed to be a bluff! Just tone! Just tone!”

**Panel 2:**  
[Adrian’s dad looks at him coldly. He doesn’t yell—just icy disappointment.]

**ADRIAN’S DAD:**  
“And yet it flew.”

**Panel 3:**  
[Raka tries to laugh it off, rubbing the back of his neck.]

**RAKA:**  
“But you’re safe now, right? And technically, that missile did save the plane... kinda...”

**Panel 4:**  
[Adrian’s dad leans back, not amused.]

**ADRIAN’S DAD:**  
“It wasn’t the missile. It was Arya who took down the hijacker. That’s what the headlines say.”

**Panel 5:**  
[Raka’s smile fades. He mutters, frustrated.]

**RAKA (small text):**  
“Stupid Rimac-driving poser…”