**EPISODE 8 – Arc 2 Begins**  
Opening Sequence: Missile Test

**Panel 1:**  
Wide shot of the sleek, imposing **KRI R.E. Martadinata** cutting through calm seas.  
Caption: Off the coast of Indonesia...

**Panel 2:**  
Interior shot of the ship's combat information center (CIC).  
Adrian stands in front of the firing console. Calm. Focused.  
Various navy officers glance toward him, waiting.

**Panel 3:**  
Close-up on Adrian’s hand hovering over a glowing red button.  
Countdown text overlaid: 5... 4... 3... 2... 1...  
**SFX:** BEEP...

**Panel 4:**  
His finger presses the button marked: “FIRE.”

**Panel 5:**  
Outside view — a vertical missile bay opens with mechanical precision.  
**SFX:** FWOOOOOOSH!!  
A sleek missile labeled “JAHANAM” launches into the sky with a trail of fire.

**Panel 6:**  
Split panel — missile arcing high over the ocean / target barge far away, a rusted silhouette.

**Panel 7:**  
Impact — A fiery explosion engulfs the target. Water and smoke shoot into the air.  
**SFX:** BOOOOOOM!!

**Panel 8:**  
Inside the CIC, applause breaks out. High-ranking navy officials smile and nod.  
No dialogue — just clapping hands and a proud atmosphere.

**Panel 9:**  
Adrian watches calmly, slightly smiling. Mission accomplished.

**Panel 10:**  
Top-deck view — Adrian walks toward a waiting navy helicopter.  
Rotor blades spin. Sea wind catches his coat.

**Panel 11:**  
Wide shot from behind — Adrian climbs into the chopper as it begins to lift off, with the Martadinata shrinking below.

### ****Scene: Raka’s Family Garage – Early Morning****

Interior. The luxury garage glistens with polished supercars: a McLaren, a Ferrari, a Porsche, all lined up like sleeping beasts. At the far corner, awkward and dusty, sits the old XP90 Toyota Vios with faded racing livery. Raka’s mom enters, in yoga gear, coffee in hand. She stops short, eyeing the Vios with horror.

**Raka’s Mom**  
“Astaga, Raka. What is that doing in here?!”

**Raka** (poking under the hood, unfazed)  
“Hey, be nice. She’s a hero. Saved lives last month.”

**Raka’s Mom** (deadpan)  
“She’s an eyesore in a room full of supercars.”

**Raka** (grinning)  
“She’s Indonesian soul in a Japanese body.”

She groans and walks away, muttering something about inheritance and bad taste. Raka hops into the driver’s seat and tries to start the car. It sputters... then nothing.

**Raka**  
“Hmm... Come on, girl. Don’t embarrass me.”

He pops open the glove box, fiddles near the fuse area.

**Raka** (to himself)  
“Cahaya did push you like a race car. Probably blew a fuse or two…”

He reaches inside—and something flutters out...

**Raka** (picking it up, mutters)  
“…What the hell? This… kinda looks like Lola?”

He snaps a picture with his phone and sends it to her via chat. Seconds later, his phone rings.

**Raka** (answers casually)  
“Yo—”

**Lola** (on phone, urgent)  
“Where did you get that photo?”

**Raka** (surprised by her tone)  
“It was in the Vios. Glove box.”

**Lola** (cutting him off)  
“I’m coming over.”

Call ends. Raka looks confused. Beat.

### ****Scene: Raka’s Garage – 20 Minutes Later****

Lola’s Ducati screeches to a stop outside. She enters in full Elite Force uniform, a folder in her hand. She doesn’t even take off her helmet right away. Raka steps back instinctively.

**Raka**  
“Whoa, you teleported or—”

**Lola** (removes helmet, dead serious)  
“Show me the photo.”

Raka silently hands it to her. She pulls out another one—same man, same little girl, different day.

**Lola** (quietly)  
“I didn’t know there was a second photo…”

**Raka**  
“Who is he?”

**Lola** (hesitates, then speaks softly)  
“My dad.”

**Raka**  
“…And that little girl?”

**Lola** (looks at him)  
“Me.”

Beat. A long silence hangs between them. The air feels heavier.

**Raka** (gently)  
“Why was this photo in this car?”

**Lola**  
“That’s what I’m trying to figure out.”

She looks at the Vios with new eyes—less annoyance, more wonder. The hum of silence. A ghost from the past sits quietly between them.

### ****Scene: Raka’s Garage – Moments Later****

Lola kneels in the passenger seat of the Vios, her brows furrowed. Raka watches silently nearby, sensing the gravity of her mood. She opens a small plastic compartment below the dashboard, wiping off a layer of dust. Inside, faint but still legible, is a childlike scribble written with a permanent marker.

**Lola** (softly)  
“…This was my lucky charm.”

She traces her finger over the writing.

**Lola**  
“I wrote this on my dad’s car. I was just a kid. I thought if I wrote something like this... he’d be safe during races.”

She pulls out the photo she brought earlier. Flipping it, she checks the back. The handwriting matches.

**Lola** (half-smiling, half-choked)  
“…It’s mine.”

Without another word, she takes out her phone and snaps a photo of the VIN plate.

**Lola** (texting Naya)  
“Need you to run a VIN check. XP90 Vios. Sending details now. Thanks.”

She hits send, staring out the windshield quietly. The car, once just a beat-up impound, now feels sacred.

### ****Scene: Posh Café – Late Morning****

The clinking of cutlery and soft jazz fills the air. Raka sits across from Lola at an outdoor table, surrounded by wealthy patrons and stylish decor. A waiter arrives, setting down a small mountain of gourmet dishes in front of Lola, along with an expensive-looking iced coffee and a paper bag packed with takeaway boxes.

**Raka** (wide-eyed)  
“…You’re feeding a precinct or starting a black market?”

**Lola** (smiling sweetly, unbothered)  
“They said the lobster’s seasonal. Gotta stock up.”

Raka sighs dramatically, slumping back in his chair.

**Raka**  
“Unbelievable. You’re worse than my mom at Plaza Indonesia.”

**Lola** (munching calmly)  
“Maybe I’m just preparing for the apocalypse. Gourmet-style.”

Beat. Raka studies her expression for a moment. The humor fades slightly.

**Raka**  
“Hey… Can I ask something? Your parents?”

Lola pauses. She sips her drink, then sets it down carefully.

**Lola**  
“Mom died giving birth to me. Dad was a racer. Died in a racing accident. After that, I was placed in an orphanage.”

**Raka** (softly)  
“I’m sorry…”

He hesitates.

**Raka**  
“Thing is… there’s no sign of any crash damage on that Vios. The frame’s clean.”

Lola’s eyes narrow slightly. Her chewing stops.

**Lola**  
“…I guess we have another case then.”

She wipes her lips with a napkin, voice suddenly firm, eyes focused.

**Lola**  
“And it starts now.”

### ****Scene: Panti Kasih Orphanage – Midday****

The sun casts a warm glow over the modest building. Kids run around playing. Lola and Raka step out of the F150. Lola holds several takeaway bags. As they approach, the head caretaker—an older woman with kind eyes—greets them at the gate.

**Caretaker** (smiling warmly)  
“Lola! Oh my dear, look at you now. Still wearing that scowl when you’re serious.”

**Lola** (grinning)  
“Some things never change, Bu. I brought lunch. And dinner. And maybe breakfast too.”

She hands over the takeaway bags. Kids cheer from behind the gate. The caretaker chuckles and ushers them in.

### ****Scene: Inside the Orphanage Office****

Raka browses old photos of Lola on the walls while Lola speaks with the caretaker.

**Caretaker**  
“You always had someone watching over you. We never knew their names. But every month—new clothes, school fees paid, better meals. You were the only girl here with a laptop.”

**Lola** (softly)  
“I always thought it was just the government.”

**Caretaker**  
“No, dear. A benefactors, same schedule. But they insisted on staying anonymous.”

Raka turns around, thoughtful.

**Raka**  
“Cahaya mentioned something weird the other day… she said her dad once won a racing championship. In a Vios, similar to your dad’s.”

Lola’s eyes narrow slightly. Raka’s voice drops, serious.

**Raka**  
“That car has a longer story than we thought.”

### ****Scene: Outside Orphanage, Later****

Raka and Lola stand near the F150, Lola holds her old orphanage ID card, looking distant.

**Raka**  
“Let’s ask Cahaya about her dad. She might know more.”

**Lola**  
“I’ll call Adrian too. We’ll need him.”

**Raka**  
“He’s still in that classified Navy thing, right?”

**Lola** (nodding)  
“Yeah. He’ll come when he can. Until then, we dig.”

They get into the car. The engine still refuses to start. Raka thumps the steering wheel. Lola smirks.

**Lola**  
“Guess the mystery wants to stay a mystery a little longer.”

### ****After Credit Scene****

Location: Lola’s boarding house, late at night. The room is dim, lit only by the glow of her phone screen. Lola, still in uniform, lies on the couch with a cold drink beside her.

**[Text message appears on screen from Naya]**

“Ran the VIN. Nothing. It’s not in the national database. Like it never existed.”

Lola frowns. She immediately taps to call.

**Lola**  
“Nay, this is big. Can you come to Jakarta?”

**[Naya on speaker, casually chewing something]**  
“Business trip? Then I expect business class.”

Lola sighs, turns toward the camera like she knows what’s coming, then texts someone.

**[Cut to: Raka’s phone buzzing beside his bed]**

**[Text from Lola]**

“Buy Naya a business class ticket. Tomorrow. Or else.”

Raka (off-screen):  
“What the—?!”

Lola smirks in the dark.

**Lola** (to herself)  
“She’s worth it.”

### ****Episode 2 — Opening Scene****

**[EXT. TOLL ROAD – EARLY MORNING – MOVING SHOT]**  
The city skyline blurs as the Ford F150 cruises on the expressway toward Soekarno-Hatta Airport. The morning light hits the windshield, illuminating Raka’s annoyed expression as Lola sits beside him, cool as ever, sipping on iced coffee and scrolling through her tablet.

**Raka**  
(grumbling)  
“I still don’t get why I have to pick her up. I already bought the business class ticket!”

**Lola**  
(teasing)  
“She’s not just anyone. Naya is... thorough. You’ll thank her later.”

**[INT. F150 – CONTINUOUS]**

Lola flips the tablet toward Raka for a second. On-screen: a list of names and job titles from Nyoman’s decrypted flash drive.

**Lola**  
“Found this in Captain Nyoman’s computer. File labeled ‘VIP Protocol.docx’. Matches with the flight manifest of Indolux 333… including Mr. Darmawan, your dad. Nearly everyone listed was on that flight.”

**Raka**  
(squints at screen)  
“But no Arya?”

**Lola**  
(shakes head)  
“No mention. Which makes me think—he might’ve replaced Mr. Darmawan. Maybe the file’s outdated.”

**Raka**  
“Or maybe smarter than that. You don’t put your own name on the guest list if you’re planning a party.”

Lola pauses, considering it. Raka has a point.

**Lola**  
“…Still. Something’s off. That’s not just sloppy—it’s deliberate.”

The sound of a plane roaring overhead briefly fills the silence as they approach the airport interchange.

Lola stares ahead, eyes narrowing.

**Lola**  
“We’ll ask Naya. If anyone can dig deeper, it’s her.”

### ****Episode 2 – Scene: Early at the Airport****

**[EXT. SOEKARNO-HATTA TERMINAL 3 – DROP-OFF AREA – MORNING]**

A F150 parks smoothly at the curb. Raka sharply and casually dressed and Lola in full uniform step out. The airport is still relatively quiet, the morning crowd just starting to form.

**[INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL – WAITING AREA – MOMENTS LATER]**

They sit near a quiet corner with coffee in hand, keeping a low profile. Lola scrolls through photos on her phone. Raka is deep in thought.

**Lola**  
“So here’s what I don’t get. Commercial cockpit doors are reinforced. Locked mid-flight. How did Arya open it?”

**Raka**  
(mutters)  
“He either had help… or tech we don’t know about.”

**Lola**  
(shrugs)  
“Or someone on the inside. There’s always someone on the inside.”

**Raka**  
(quietly, as he types a message)  
“Maybe we should ask someone who knows how the doors work...”

He presses send. Lola notices.

**Lola**  
“Who are you texting?”

**Raka**  
“A friend. She’s cabin crew for Indolux.”

**[INT. AIRPORT – AIRSIDE SECURITY GATE – SHORTLY AFTER]**

Raka and Lola flash their **Elite Force ID**. The guard nods, steps aside.

**Raka**  
(grinning)  
“I gotta say, this badge is really growing on me.”

**Lola**  
(rolling her eyes)  
“Don’t push your luck.”

**[INT. AIRSIDE – HANGAR AREA – CONTINUOUS]**

They walk briskly across the tarmac toward a wide body **Indolux jet**, parked with ground crew preparing for departure. The plane gleams in the morning light. A few airport staff glance at them, but nobody dares to question uniformed Lola and confident Raka.

**Raka**  
(quietly, to Lola)  
“She’s on prep duty for this flight. If anyone knows how to bypass the cockpit door, it’s her.”

They approach the boarding stairs of the Indolux jet—crew members look up, surprised.

**Raka**  
“Hi. I’m looking for Alya.”

**[INT. INDOLUX JET – CABIN – CONTINUOUS]**

Raka steps into the pristine, luxurious cabin. A stunning **Middle Eastern flight attendant**, tall and poised in heels and a perfectly tailored uniform, greets him at the door. Her name tag reads “**Alya (علياء)**.”

**Alya**  
(smiling warmly)  
“Raka. Long time no see.”

Then she notices **Lola** stepping in behind him, wearing her police ID badge clipped to her jeans. The smile fades. The air tightens.

**Lola**  
(sizing her up, muttering to Raka)  
“Great. Arab boobs and butts.”

**Alya**  
(icy smile, overhearing)  
“Qatari, actually. Not Arab. And I see Jakarta still breeds A-cup officers.”

Raka freezes between them.\*

**Raka**  
“Okay. Let’s all just—maybe—keep the claws in? For now?”

**Lola**  
(crossing her arms, defiant)  
“We just need to talk. About the cockpit protocol. Indolux 333.?”

**Alya**  
(still cool)  
“It’s better to talk it to the captain!”

Lola glares at both of them, then reluctantly steps aside to the galley area, arms still folded.

**[INT. INDOLUX JET – CABIN – MOMENTS LATER]**

Raka is now seated across from **Alya**, the elegant Qatari flight attendant. The **captain**, an older Indonesian man with a calm demeanor, joins them. Lola stands nearby, arms still crossed but listening closely.

**Raka**  
“I need to understand your cockpit security protocol. On Indolux 333—how could anyone open that door mid-flight?”

**Captain**  
(flatly)  
“They couldn’t. Not without our consent. The cockpit door is **reinforced, bulletproof**. Unless someone brings an **RPG**, it won’t budge.”

**Alya**  
(nods)  
“There’s a **digital keypad** outside. Even if you enter the right code, it triggers a **request** inside. One of the pilots must manually allow the door to unlock.”

**Captain**  
“And if both pilots are incapacitated, there's an emergency override—but it’s only known to internal security. That list is tightly controlled.”

**Lola**  
(cutting in)  
“So either someone inside let them in... or the hijacker already knew the override.”

**Alya**  
(smiling slightly)  
“Or maybe he didn’t need to. Maybe the cockpit wasn’t locked to begin with.”

Everyone goes silent. That possibility hangs heavy in the air.

**Raka**  
(quietly, thinking aloud)  
“Which means either collusion... or something else entirely.”

**[EXT. HALIM AIRBASE – TARMAC – DAY]**

The sun is high as **Indolux 333** sits quietly on the far end of the airstrip, surrounded by caution tape and technicians swarming around its body. A few panels are open. Tools clatter in the background.

A black Ford F150 pulls up. **Lola**, **Raka**, and **Naya** step out. Naya is in her uniform, her sunglasses catching the glare of the sun. She looks around and cracks her neck.

**Naya**  
(smirking)  
“Business class was acceptable. Don’t expect me to fly economy again.”

**Lola**  
(grinning)  
“Then solve the case fast, or I’m sending you home in baggage.”

They walk toward the aircraft. A technician salutes and lets them into the secure perimeter.

**[INT. INDOLUX 333 – FORWARD CABIN – MOMENTS LATER]**

Inside the aircraft. Some interior panels are removed. The cockpit door is closed but marked with orange evidence tape. Naya slips on a pair of gloves and begins examining the frame.

**Naya**  
(serious now)  
“Sturdy composite. Reinforced titanium. Damage patterns suggest someone tried to force it.”

She points to faint scuffs near the locking bolts.

**Naya**  
“But this… this isn’t enough. You could throw a grenade at this thing and it would still hold.”

**Raka**  
“Could it have been unlocked?”

**Naya**  
“Not unless someone inside did it. Or someone knew a way around the lock… a way I haven’t seen before.”

She glances at Lola, then to Raka.

**Naya**  
“Question is—how did Arya open a cockpit door that was never supposed to open?”

A heavy silence follows. The mystery deepens.

**[INT. ELITE Force HANGAR – HALIM AIRBASE – DAY]**

The hangar is dimly lit and secure. Inside, **the Indolux captain** sits alone in a holding cell, arms crossed, expression unreadable. A couple of **elite force officers** stand nearby, frustrated. One shakes his head at **Lola**.

**Officer**  
“He’s not talking. Not even asking for a lawyer.”

Lola exhales sharply, arms folded, watching through the one-way glass.

**Raka**  
(leaning in, casual)  
“You guys tried the classic way?”

**Lola**  
(annoyed)  
“An officer isn’t allowed to do that.”

**Raka**  
(grinning)  
“Good thing I’m not an officer.”

He winks and strolls into the interrogation room before Lola can protest.

**[INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – CONTINUOUS]**

Raka steps inside and slams the chair back into position with a loud scrape. He sits down across from the **captain**, eyes sharp.

**Raka**  
(loud and theatrical)  
“You people are either forgetful or just bad at this. You remember nothing? You know nothing?”

The captain remains calm, but something shifts behind his eyes.

**[INT. OBSERVATION ROOM – MOMENTS LATER]**

Lola watches, puzzled, as the conversation is silent behind the glass. **Five minutes pass**. The captain suddenly smiles, laughing lightly as Raka gets up and walks out.

**[EXT. HANGAR – OUTSIDE THE CELL – MOMENTS LATER]**

Raka rejoins Lola, looking satisfied. She raises an eyebrow.

**Lola**  
“Well?”

**Raka**  
(smirking)  
“It was Arya. He ordered the whole thing. When the Sidewinder hit the engine, he stayed cool. Told the First Officer to input the override code. Then sweet-talked the captain until he opened the cockpit himself.”

**Lola**  
(surprised)  
“He opened it… willingly?”

They both glance at the monitor where the captain is now smiling to himself like he just got away with something.

**Lola**  
(squinting)  
“What did you mean by ‘classic way,’ Raka?”

Raka just shrugs and walks away with a smug look, leaving the question—and its implications—hanging in the air.

**[AFTER CREDITS – INT. INTERROGATION ROOM]**

**On Screen: “Calling: MRS. CAPTAIN”**

A beat, then a warm, confused voice answers.

**Wife (V.O.)**  
“Hello?”

**Raka**  
(cheerfully)  
“Good evening, Ma’am. Sorry for disturbing your night. I got your number from Alya. I believe your husband is in... an unfortunate situation?”

**Wife (V.O.)**  
(tense)  
“Who is this?”

**Raka**  
“Someone who can help you get your husband out of trouble… but I need you to help me first.”

**[INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – SHORTLY AFTER]**

Raka’s phone on speaker. The **captain** is listening, his eyes wide as her voice comes through, gentle but firm.

**Wife (V.O.)**  
“Sayang… please. Just tell them what they want to know. You’re not a soldier. You’re a father. Don’t throw your life away for that man.”

The captain’s expression cracks. He leans forward, shoulders heavy.

**Captain**  
(softly, finally)  
“Okay… okay. I’ll talk.”

**After Credit 2**

**[INT. FORD 150 outside the Elite Force hangarr in Halim Airbase]**

Raka holds up his phone screen to Lola with a smirk.

**Raka**  
“I just wired her 100 million as proof. Told her I’ll send the rest—one billion total—if her husband sings.”

**Lola**  
(deadpan)  
“You bribed the wife of a hijacker?”

**Raka**  
(cheerfully)  
“Technically, I incentivized a conversation.”

Lola looks at Raka, stunned.

**Lola**  
“Can’t believe that worked.”

**Raka**  
(sipping coffee)  
“Never underestimate the power of love… and a little cash.”

**[AFTER CREDITS 2 – INT. RAKA’S GARAGE – NIGHT]**

The old Vios sits silently under a single overhead light, its weathered body surrounded by advanced forensics tools. Naya kneels beside it, focused, as she works her portable fingerprint scanner across the dashboard, steering wheel, and rearview mirror.

Lola watches from a few steps away, arms folded. Raka leans on his phone nearby, chewing on a toothpick.

**Naya**  
“Got several prints. Let me cross-check them.”

She taps a few times on her laptop, and the system begins to process.

**[MATCH FOUND]**

On screen: RAKA DARMAWAN. Confirmed.

**[MATCH FOUND]**

LOLA LUX. Confirmed.

**[MATCH FOUND]**

CAHAYA P. Confirmed.

**[MATCH FOUND]**

Chief Bima. Confirmed.

**[MATCH FOUND]**  
**XAVIER WIJAYA – Status: MISSING PERSON**

Lola’s eyes widen. Her lips part in disbelief.

**Lola**  
(quietly)  
“Xavier… That’s my dad.”

Raka slowly turns his head toward her, stunned.

**Naya**  
(looking up)  
“There’s no doubt. He was in this car.”

Lola takes a slow breath, trying to steady herself.

**Lola**  
“Then he’s not dead. And if he’s not dead… someone’s been hiding him.”

She looks at the Vios again, this time with a deeper gaze—less nostalgic, more determined.

**Lola**  
(quietly)  
“I need answers.”

### ****EPISODE 3 – "Shadows of the Past"****

**[EXT. RAKA’S HOUSE – MORNING]**

A sleek black SUV rolls up to the front. Adrian steps out in a crisp casual shirt, waving. Lola and Raka wait by the gate, ready.

**ADRIAN**  
“Ready to visit Cahaya?”

They hop into the SUV. The vehicle pulls away through quiet suburban streets.

**[EXT. CAHAYA’S HOUSE – LATER]**

A humble yet neat middle-class home with potted plants on the porch and sunlight streaming through lace curtains. A warm, lived-in vibe.

Cahaya opens the door, dressed casually but neat. She grins seeing them.

**CAHAYA**  
“Well well… Jakarta’s finest. Come in.”

Inside, the home feels cozy. There’s the faint smell of brewed coffee. Footsteps shuffle from a hallway. DEDI PERMADI, a man in his early 50s wearing a thin house robe, enters the room, still half-asleep. He freezes when he sees Lola.

**DEDI** (stunned)  
“Luna…? Luna, how are you here?”

Everyone goes silent. Cahaya blinks in confusion.

**CAHAYA**  
“Dad? That’s not—wait, what?”

Lola gently steps forward, unsure.

**LOLA**  
“I’m not Luna… My name’s Lola. Daughter of Luna and Xavier Wijaya.”

Dedi stares at her like he’s seen a ghost. He slowly sits down, visibly shaken.

**DEDI**  
“You’re… their daughter? But—.”

**RAKA** (to Adrian, under his breath)  
“This just got complicated.”

Lola nods, then takes out the old photo from her jacket. The one with the Vios.

**LOLA**  
“I found this. In the fuse box of that car. The one my dad used to race. I think… you knew them. Can you tell me what happened?”

Dedi looks at the photo for a long time. His hands tremble.

**DEDI**  
“Yes. I owe you the truth.”

**[INT. CAHAYA’S LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER]**

The mood is quieter now. Dedi has brought out an old, worn **photo album** and places it gently on the coffee table. The others gather around. He opens it carefully.

**DEDI** (pointing to a photo)  
“This was… back then. Your father, Xavier. That’s you, Lola. Just a little girl. And that’s me… and my wife, when she was pregnant with Cahaya.”

The photo shows the four of them standing in front of two identical race car. They're all smiling, young, and full of dreams.

**DEDI** (softly)  
“Your dad… was more than a rival. He was my best friend. We raced together, trained together. That championship season? We were tied in points going into the final race. Whoever won that last one… would take the title.”

He flips the page. There’s a picture of a racetrack, dated and sun-faded.

**DEDI** (voice tight)  
“But Xavier didn’t show up. No one knew why. I tried calling him, even called a police officer we both knew — Ipda Bima. Nothing.”

**RAKA**  
“What did you do?”

**DEDI**  
“I raced anyway. I won. Took the title. And then… I retired.”

**CAHAYA** (genuinely surprised)  
“You never told me this.”

**DEDI** (bitter smile)  
“I thought it was in the past. But seeing Lola… it’s like everything came back.”

Lola studies the photo album with quiet intensity.

**LOLA**  
“Why didn’t he show up?”

**DEDI**  
“I don’t know. But if Xavier disappeared that day… maybe it wasn’t by choice.”

Silence falls over the room. The photo album rests open between them, a relic of buried history.

**LOLA** (resolute)  
“Then it’s time to find out what really happened.”

**[INT. CAHAYA’S LIVING ROOM – LATER THAT EVENING]**

Dedi continues flipping through the album. The air is heavy with memories. Lola is silent, processing.

**DEDI**  
“Before the race, I went to check on Xavier. He didn’t show, didn’t call… Something felt wrong. I told Ipda Bima.”

**LOLA** (softly)  
“Bima… The name sounds familiar.”

**DEDI**  
“He was a close friend to us both. He went to Xavier’s house that morning.”

**[FLASHBACK – EXT. XAVIER’S HOUSE – YEARS AGO]**

The front door is broken. Inside, the house is **completely trashed** — furniture overturned, drawers pulled out, signs of struggle.

Ipda Bima stands there, stunned. Then, search the house. In one of the bedrooms, little **Lola** is found unconscious on the floor.

**[BACK TO PRESENT – CAHAYA’S LIVING ROOM]**

**DEDI**  
“Xavier was gone. The house was a mess. But they found you, Lola… unconscious. You were hospitalized for days. No one could reach Xavier.”

**LOLA** (quietly)  
“I… I don’t remember that. I’ve always wondered why there’s this blank space.”

**RAKA**  
“You were too young. Probably your mind just blocked it out.”

**DEDI**  
“I told Bima I’d take care of you. I was ready. But… the law didn’t allow me to adopt you.”

**CAHAYA** (sadly)  
“You tried?”

**DEDI**  
“I did. But in the end, Bima had to bring you to an orphanage…”

Lola looks down, her jaw clenched. A fire begins to light in her eyes.

**LOLA**  
“So someone made sure my dad disappeared… and kept me from remembering.”

**RAKA**  
“Then this isn’t just a cold case anymore. It’s your case now.”

**[INT. DEDI’S GARAGE – LATER]**

The garage door rolls open, revealing an **old race-prepped Toyota** Vios. Stripped interior, roll cage installed, loud livery colors fading with age. The driver-side door proudly bears the name: **“D. PERMADI”**, and underneath it in smaller text: **“C. PERMADI”**.

**DEDI**  
“Here she is. My old warhorse.”

Lola steps forward, wide-eyed. The car stirs something in her. She traces her fingers gently over the vinyl lettering.

**CAHAYA** (smiling)  
“I trained in that car. Dad made me do figure-eights before I could even ride a scooter.”

**RAKA** (grinning)  
“Now it makes sense why you drive like a maniac.”

**LOLA**  
“May I check the VIN?”

**DEDI**  
“Sure, knock yourself out.”

Lola crouches and pulls up a flap on the frame, wiping off the dust to reveal the **Vehicle Identification Number**. She takes a photo, sends it to Naya instantly.

**DEDI**  
“But don’t get your hopes up. Race cars like this? They’re not road legal. Your dad an I built them by stripping stock cars. Never registered with the police. The VIN might not even be in the system.”

**LOLA**  
“Still worth a shot. You never know what got left behind.”

**[INT. ADRIAN’S BLACK SUV – PARKED OUTSIDE CAHAYA’S HOUSE – DAY]**

The three of them climb back into the car. Adrian starts the engine quietly. Raka yawns. Lola stares out the window, thinking hard.

**LOLA**  
“Alright. Suspect number one…”

She turns to face the boys, her tone suddenly sharp.

**LOLA (CONT’D)**  
“...is Dedi. Cahaya’s dad.”

**ADRIAN** (surprised)  
“What? But he seemed so warm—”

**RAKA**  
“Motif?”

**LOLA**  
“Plenty. He was my dad’s closest friend, rival, and the last one to benefit from his disappearance. He got the title, the spotlight… and my dad? Vanished.”

**RAKA**  
“Come on, he wanted to adopt you.”

**LOLA** (serious)  
“Exactly. And he tried to adopt me, too. Why? Guilt? Control? Or… did he know something?”

**ADRIAN**  
“You think he did something to Xavier?”

**LOLA** (calm but cold)  
“I don’t know yet. But if there’s one person who would’ve known where Xavier went, it’s the man who suddenly became champion because he didn’t show up.”

They all fall silent for a beat. The car pulls away slowly from the quiet neighborhood, tension rising.

**[INT. RAKA’S GARAGE – DAY]**

The garage door creaks open. Raka and Lola and step in—only to stop short. The XP90 Vios is gone.

**RAKA**  
“What the—where’s the car?!”

**LOLA** (tense)  
“Please tell me it didn’t get stolen…”

Before panic fully sets in, they hear a voice behind them.

**MS. DARMAWAN (O.S.)**  
“Relax, kids. I had the technician take it for repairs.”

They turn. Ms. Darmawan steps into the garage, holding a receipt.

**MS. DARMAWAN (CONT’D)**  
“I thought it was Lola’s, so I asked Pak Sugeng to make it work again.”

**RAKA** (dryly)  
“It is hers. By all rights now.”

Ms. Darmawan smirks, handing Raka a folded invoice.

**MS. DARMAWAN**  
“You didn’t even pay the last bill, by the way. Shame on you.”

Raka opens the invoice, sighs in frustration.

**MS. DARMAWAN (CONT’D)** (softening)  
“But don’t worry—I already paid it. For Lola.”

Just then, the technician pokes his head into the garage.

**TECHNICIAN**  
Fuel pump’s busted. I’m heading out to buy a new one. Be back in an hour.

He leaves. The garage falls into a quieter buzz—Naya is kneeling near the Vios’s usual spot, a small forensic kit open beside her.

**NAYA**  
Still at it. Got a few hair strands off the drivers seat. Lola, I need yours to compare.

Lola hands her a strand from her ponytail. Naya seals both samples.

**NAYA (CONT’D)**  
Also… something interesting.

She waves the others over to where the Vios’s driver-side door was. She holds a special UV flashlight and flicks it on. The pale beam scans the door’s inner edge.

Slowly, faint markings emerge— A name:

**“X. Wijaya”**

Everyone falls silent. Lola stares, eyes wide.

**LOLA** (softly)  
“...My dad’s name.”

The light hums quietly in Naya’s hand, illuminating a past that refuses to stay buried.

**[AFTER CREDITS – INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE – PRIVATE BRIEFING ROOM – NIGHT]**

A sleek room with minimal lighting. PRESIDENT ARSYAD sits at the head of a long conference table. Across from him stands ADMIRAL BAMBANG, uniform pressed sharp, holding a sealed dossier marked “CONFIDENTIAL.”

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
Mr. President, this is the final report on the Jahanam missile trials.

He slides the file forward. President Arsyad opens it, flipping through photos and technical readouts.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (calmly)  
Can it carry... a nuclear payload?

The room goes still. Admiral Bambang hesitates—then gives a small but firm nod.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
Yes, sir. The system is compatible.

President Arsyad closes the folder, hands resting on top. He looks directly at the admiral.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Then I want to see it. Live. At sea. Before I sign anything.

Admiral Bambang shifts, visibly uncomfortable.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
With all due respect, sir... a live-fire test of this magnitude is not without risk. Especially for a Head of State—

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (cutting him off, gently but firm)  
Admiral. I trust our Navy. Completely.  
Let them show me what Jahanam can really do.

Beat. Admiral Bambang nods, understanding the order is final.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
Yes, Mr. President.

Fade out as the night deepens over the palace.

**After Credit 2 - INT. UNIVERSITY THESIS DEFENSE ROOM – DAY**

Small room. A long table. **Raka Darmawan**, unbothered in his casual batik and sunglasses (yes, indoors), sits across from a panel of stern-faced professors.

On the projector:

**“Exploit of Human Psychology on Cyber Security”**  
By: Raka Darmawan  
**Page count: 9**

One professor clears his throat.

**PROFESSOR 1**  
Mr. Darmawan, this... “thesis” is the **thinnest in our university's history**.

He holds up the printed copy like it's a lost receipt.

**PROFESSOR 2**  
You never showed up for any guidance session.  
No formatting. Grammatical errors everywhere.  
Your reference list is... basically a tweet, and the wordings, Chat GPT.

Raka shrugs with a lazy smile.

**PROFESSOR 3 (Reading the Thesis)**  
Broke into a **major bank**, made a transfer without anyone noticing.  
Then hacked the **Elite Force mainframe**, pulled out classified data.  
And oh—**stole and flew an F-16.** First try.

**RAKA**  
You saw the news, right?

A silence. The professors glance at each other.

**PROFESSOR 3** (murmuring)  
All... verified.

The panel looks around. A pause. Then, without a word, one of them reaches for a big red stamp.\*

**STAMP!**

**PROFESSOR 1**  
Lulus.

**PROFESSOR 2**  
Lulus.

**PROFESSOR 3**  
…God help us. Lulus.

Raka stands, stretches. Grabs his thesis casually like it’s a takeout menu. Walks out with a smirk.

As he exits, we hear a student peeking through the door whisper:

**CURIOUS STUDENT**  
That’s... Garuda Spectre?

**[After Credit – Raka’s Garage, Underground Garage]**

The camera pans across a dimly lit garage. The battered XP90 Vios sits parked under a hanging work light. Pak Sugeng, sleeves rolled up, wipes his hands with a rag as he leans over the engine bay, muttering to himself.

**Pak Sugeng:**  
"Ini turbo... intercooler-nya juga... semua komponen ini mahal semua. Siapa yang modif mobil beginian?"

He pulls back, squints at the racing ECU, and smirks.  
"Modifikasi kayak begini… ini bukan Vios sembarangan. Ini mobil mahal nyamar jadi murah."

He chuckles and shakes his head, walking off.  
“Dasar anak-anak gila...”

Camera lingers on the Vios badge, still slightly crooked from all the action.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**Episode 4 - [INT. RAKA’S ROOM – DAY]**

RAKA stands in front of a mirror, adjusting his graduation regalia. He looks unusually serious as he checks the fit of his sash and cap. His phone is already in hand.

**RAKA** (calling)  
Lola! Come on, came for my graduation photoshoot, will you?

**[INT. POLICE DATABASE ROOM – SAME TIME]**

LOLA sits in front of a multi-monitor setup, eyes glued to scrolling police records. Her hair is slightly messy, jacket tossed over the chair. She’s clearly been at this a while.

**LOLA** (without looking up)  
Busy. Trying to trace Ipda Bima. I owe him more than I thought.

**RAKA (V.O.)**  
Wasn’t he “Ipda” like... 20 years ago? He’s probably a commander by now.

Lola pauses. Her fingers freeze over the keyboard.

**LOLA** (quietly, to herself)  
...Of course.

She quickly updates the search query, now filtering for senior ranks and past titles. A moment later, several “Bimas” appear on screen.

**LOLA**  
Too many Bimas. But this one…

She clicks on a file. A profile opens—complete with a photo. It's her former mentor, now a president’s adjutant. His achievements fill the screen: anti-terror ops, major busts, internal affairs missions.

Then her eyes lock onto one old entry at the bottom of the file.

**UNSOLVED CASE:** Xavier Wijaya – Reported Missing.  
**Status:** Cold. Officially listed as a kidnapping during a robbery. No resolution.

Lola leans back slowly, her face clouded with mixed emotions.

**LOLA** (softly)  
Why didn’t you tell me, Bima...

**[INT. POLICE DATABASE ROOM – CONTINUOUS]**

Lola stares at the cold case file on screen, lips pressed tightly. She mutters under her breath, more to herself than to anyone else.

**LOLA**  
As a junior officer… I can’t just walk up to the President’s adjutant and question him about a case that went cold 20 years ago. Not without solid proof...

She shuts the file and turns slightly toward her phone. Dials Raka.

**LOLA**  
Raka? Please pick me up at the office. I need to visit Tanah Kusir.

**RAKA (V.O., confused)**  
Tanah Kusir? Okay… wait, why?

**LOLA**  
Just do it. And—send your gardener there too, with shovel.

A beat. Silence. Raka’s brain is buffering.

**RAKA (V.O.)**  
Uhh… okay?

Lola hangs up without explaining further, eyes still fixed on the glowing monitor, determination slowly hardening across her face.

**[EXT. TANAH KUSIR CEMETERY – LATE AFTERNOON]**

The golden sunlight cuts through a row of somber trees. A gentle wind rustles the leaves. MANG USEP, Raka’s loyal gardener, stands with a shovel in hand, clearly uncomfortable. RAKA and LOLA walk slowly toward two modest graves.

**LOLA** (quietly)  
This is my father’s grave… and next to it, my mother’s. I used to visit every month.

She turns to Raka, offering a soft, teasing smile.

**LOLA**  
Now I want to introduce you to them, Raka.

Raka gulps, but before he can react—

**LOLA** (grinning)  
I’m joking.

**RAKA**  
No, no, no... I’m not doing this. This is totally taboo! I’m not disturbing anyone’s grave!

**MANG USEP**  
Aduh, Neng Lola… urang mah teu berani! (Miss Lola, I don’t dare!)

**LOLA** (muttering)  
I haven’t even said anything, and these guys are already complaining.

**RAKA** (nervously scratching his head)  
Doesn’t the police have like… X-rays? Ground radar? Something less... horror movie?

**LOLA**  
We do. Ground-penetrating radar can confirm if a coffin is there.  
But it can’t tell you what’s inside it.

A tense pause. Lola’s voice softens, almost pleading.

**LOLA**  
Please, Raka. This is not just a hunch.

Raka breathes out hard, pacing.

**RAKA**  
Fine. But they do the digging. And I don’t want to see what’s inside.

Lola nods gratefully. Mang Usep quickly finds two local gravediggers. They prepare the site, whispering prayers. Tension builds as they work. Eventually—

**GRAVEDIGGER**  
There’s a coffin. We’ve hit it.

They clear the soil and unearth the weathered wooden box. Lola’s hands tremble. She steps forward, then halts, heart pounding.

**RAKA** (from a distance)  
You sure about this?

Lola closes her eyes. Turns around.

**LOLA**  
Open it.

The gravedigger performs a short prayer, then slowly cracks the coffin open. A heavy moment of silence—

**GRAVEDIGGER** (shocked)  
Kosong! It’s empty!

**RAKA** (springing up)  
What?!

He rushes over despite himself. Sees it: nothing but old dust and air. Lola stares at it, speechless.

**LOLA** (voice breaking slightly)  
So all these years...  
Every time I visited… every prayer I whispered…  
It was for nothing?

The wind picks up. A flower from the adjacent grave tumbles across the stone. Lola stares into the coffin, the truth beginning to reshape her memories.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**[AFTER CREDIT SCENE – INT. RAKA’S CAR – NIGHT]**

The car is quiet. Streetlights glide past the windows. RAKA keeps glancing at LOLA, who sits in silence, her expression unreadable. The events at the cemetery still weigh heavily.

LOLA pulls out her phone. She opens a chat window. Her fingers hesitate for a moment… then she types:

**Lola:** Pak Bima, I need to ask you. The Xavier Wijaya case. I know something is wrong.

A moment passes. Then a reply appears:

**Bima:** I’m busy. Preparing security for the next presidential trip.

**Bima:** Please stop digging. If you expose this, 20 years of work will be for nothing. It’s too dangerous.

Lola stares at the screen, heart pounding. She quickly types again:

**Lola:** Why did you report it as a racing accident?

She hits send. The message shows one tick… then nothing. A beat later, her screen confirms:

**You have been blocked.**

She blinks, stunned. Raka notices her expression shift.

**RAKA**  
Lola? What happened?

But before she answers, her phone pings again — this time, a message from NAYA.

**Naya:** VIN not found. Dedi’s Vios isn’t in the police database. Not street legal.

**Naya:** Also… hair sample confirmed.  
It’s from your dad.

Lola’s hands tremble slightly. She lowers the phone to her lap. Her eyes fix on the passing lights outside — but her mind is spiraling.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**[AFTER CREDIT 2 – EXT. DARMAWAN RESIDENCE GARDEN – DAY]**

A light breeze flows through the backyard. A **PHOTOGRAPHER** captures a group shot: **RAKA** in his graduation regalia, standing with **MR. and MS. DARMAWAN**, and **LOLA** at his side in a beautiful kebaya. Everyone smiles, though Lola’s is slightly strained.

As the last shutter click sounds, **RAKA’S PHONE RINGS.** He steps aside and answers casually, unaware of the name flashing across the screen: **PRESIDEN ARSYAD.**

**RAKA**  
(into phone)  
Halo, Pak Presiden! Thank you, sir. Yes, we just finished—

A pause. Raka’s eyes widen slightly, but he keeps a cool tone.

**RAKA**  
Five days at sea? With you? Of course, it’s an honor, sir.  
(brightens, but confused)  
Bring who, sir?

Cut to Raka lowering the phone and glancing at Lola.

**RAKA**  
He said to bring my little girlfriend.  
(grins)  
I think that’s you.

Lola raises an eyebrow, arms crossed.

**LOLA**  
Five days leave? I don’t know, Raka… I’m close to something big.  
(suddenly thoughtful)  
But... if Bima will be there… that’s my chance. I could confront him face to face.

Raka slings an arm over her shoulder playfully.

**RAKA**  
So… is that a yes?

Lola gives a reluctant smile.

**LOLA**  
It’s a "maybe." But if I go… I’m not bringing a swimsuit.

They laugh, but there's a knowing tension between them. As they walk back toward the house, the camera lingers on Lola's face — calculating, driven.

**FADE OUT.**

**Episode 6**

**[EARLY MORNING – EXT. PRESIDENTIAL RESIDENCE – DAY]**

A black SUV stops by the service gate. **RAKA** steps out in a relaxed linen shirt and cargo pants. **LOLA**, in a simple but sharp jacket and jeans, checks her bag for essentials. The gates open slowly. **PRESIDENT ARSYAD**, in a navy blue bomber jacket and aviators, approaches with a coffee in hand.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Morning, kids. Hope you packed light.  
Today’s destination—**Pondok Dayung Naval Base.**

RAKA looks surprised but intrigued. Lola simply nods, serious as ever. The car door closes, and they drive off.

**[EXT. PONDOK DAYUNG NAVAL BASE – LATER THAT MORNING]**

The **KRI MARTADINATA**, towering and sleek, is moored majestically. Naval officers stand at attention. Reporters and **TV crews** with mics and cameras scramble for positions along a marked safe perimeter.

A red carpet leads to the ship’s gangway. President Arsyad exits the car first, greeted with salutes. **RAKA and LOLA** follow behind, drawing curious glances from the media.

**[INT. KRI MARTADINATA – COMMAND DECK]**

Inside the pristine control room, **ADRIAN**, wearing a white shirt with a Martadinata patch and headset, smiles as he welcomes them.

**ADRIAN**  
Welcome aboard. We’ve been prepping for this week.  
Let me introduce you to my team.

He gestures to a few NAVAL ENGINEERS and IT SPECIALISTS monitoring live feeds and performance dashboards.

**ADRIAN (CONT’D)**  
We’ll give you a full tour today… she’ll show her teeth.

**[EXT. KRI MARTADINATA – DECK – MOMENTS LATER]**

With all guests on board, the **mooring lines retract**, and the missile destroyer **slowly pulls away from the dock**. The hum of powerful engines builds beneath the deck.

A navy officer shouts commands. Reporters document the moment, panning their cameras as the **Martadinata heads for the high seas** under escort by smaller patrol ships.

**RAKA**  
(grinning to Lola)  
Still think this is just a vacation?

**LOLA**  
(deadpan)  
If this ship has a brig, I might need it later.

**[INT. KRI MARTADINATA – BRIDGE – EARLY MORNING]**

The early dawn glow pierces through the bridge windows. **CAPTAIN ARMAN WIRATAMA**, stern and composed, sips black coffee when a junior officer rushes in, headset in hand.

**YOUNG OFFICER**  
Captain! Distress call from MT. Lautan Emas—commercial oil tanker.  
Coordinates confirm: **under pirate attack**. They’re requesting immediate assistance!

Captain Arman’s face tightens. He pulls up a tactical map.

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
Closest Navy asset… it’s us.  
(checks radar)  
Too perfect. Feels like bait.

Behind him, **ADMIRAL BAMBANG** enters with a grim look. Then, **PRESIDENT ARSYAD** walks in, still adjusting his coat. The room stiffens.

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
Mr. President, I suggest we reroute to base.  
Let **KRI Brawijaya**, stationed east of here, engage the threat.  
This might be an ambush.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
(turns slowly to them)  
Then let the pirates ambush a warship for once.

Silence. The crew exchange nervous glances.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
Sir, with all due respect—please use the helicopter return to Jakarta.  
We’ll dispatch our team, you’ll be safer—

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
(interrupts, voice firm)  
If I flee, what message does that send?  
I’m not a mascot in a suit.  
I am the President of the Republic of Indonesia.  
And today, I’m staying right here.

He steps closer to the screen showing the tanker's location.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (CONT’D)**  
Let’s see how our **Jahanam** works...  
when it’s pointed at real enemies.

Arman and Bambang exchange a look—one part admiration, one part concern.

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
Aye, Mr. President.  
All crew—**battle stations!**

**[EXT. KRI MARTADINATA – MAIN DECK – MOMENTS LATER]**

Alarms ring. Sailors rush to their positions. Hatches close, radars swivel, and defensive systems arm. On the flight deck, a helicopter crew stands ready for recon.

**NARRATOR (V.O.)**  
A head of state aboard a destroyer.  
A pirate threat in disputed waters.  
And a missile—unproven in battle.

As the ship slices through the sea, the **Indonesian flag flaps wildly** above.

**[INT. KRI MARTADINATA – PASSAGEWAY – CIVILIAN QUARTERS – DAY]**

Military personnel escort **Raka**, **Lola**, **Adrian**, and the rest of the civilian crew to their assigned quarters.

**RAKA**  
(whining)  
Come on… I didn’t come all the way out here to nap in a metal box!

**LOLA**  
(calm but firm)  
It’s for your own safety. This isn’t a movie set.

Adrian, visibly annoyed, slouches onto his bunk beside a humming equipment case.

**ADRIAN**  
We built half the systems on this ship.  
You’d think they’d let us watch them work.

A sailor closes the hatch with a firm CLANK. The room trembles lightly—**the ship’s engines surging to full throttle.**

**[INT. BRIDGE – MOMENTS LATER]**

On the command deck, **President Arsyad** stands with arms folded, watching the radar. The **TV crews** scramble to film from safe corners, catching real-time footage of the Martadinata surging toward the **oil tanker**, which is encircled by three pirate boats.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
(grumbling, but impressed)  
These broadcasts will flood recruitment offices.

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
Target in visual range.

He presses the intercom.

**CAPTAIN ARMAN (CONT’D)**  
Fire warning shot.

**[EXT. OCEAN – AHEAD OF MARTADINATA – CONTINUOUS]**

A deafening **BOOM** echoes as the **76mm gun** fires a round into the water near the pirates. But the response is vicious: a **rocket-propelled grenade** launches from one of the boats, narrowly missing the hull.

**[INT. CIVILIAN QUARTERS – SAME TIME]**

The explosion rocks the cabin. **Raka** covers his ears.

**RAKA**  
(grumbling on the lower bunk)  
That better be the Oerlikon…

**LOLA**  
(standing near the bulkhead, arms crossed)  
If it is, it means the pirates fired first.

She peers upward as if trying to see through the deck.

**LOLA (CONT’D)**  
Where is Bima? I don’t see his name on the manifest.

**[EXT. KRI MARTADINATA – MAIN GUN DECK – CONTINUOUS]**

The **Oerlikon Millennium CIWS** bursts into life, shredding a pirate vessel’s engine with pinpoint accuracy. The remaining boats weave desperately to escape.

**[INT. BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS]**

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Let’s end this quickly. Can we use the Jahanam?

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
Negative, sir. Target’s too close to the tanker.  
But we have a clean shot with the 76mm.

The captain gives a nod. Another deafening BOOM.

**TACTICAL OFFICER**  
Direct hit. Enemy vessel destroyed.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
(coolly)  
The other two are retreating. Cowards.

**[INT. CIVILIAN QUARTERS – MINUTES LATER]**

The tension in the air loosens. Raka exhales, staring at the ceiling.

**RAKA**  
(sighing)  
All that firepower and I get front row to a steel wall.

**LOLA**  
(still thinking, distracted)  
No Bima on the ship… That’s not right.

She pulls out her phone and stares at Bima’s last message.

**[INT. KRI MARTADINATA – BRIDGE – MOMENTS AFTER THE ATTACK]**

Cheers erupt across the ship. Over the comm, the **oil tanker captain’s voice** comes through, hoarse and grateful.

**TANKER CAPTAIN (V.O.)**  
Thank you, Martadinata. You saved our lives.

**CREWMAN (O.S.)**  
Man overboard! Pirate in the water!

Crewmen rush into action, launching a **rescue boat**. They recover the wounded pirate.

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
Get him to the brig. No heroics.

**[EXT. OCEAN – MARTADINATA NEARS THE OIL TANKER]**

President **Arsyad** steps onto the rear deck, flanked by **Admiral Bambang**, senior officers, and a flock of **TV reporters**. The massive **oil tanker** looms nearby, easily dwarfing the Martadinata.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
(to the cameras, grinning)  
Let’s give them a wave. Make it look presidential.

He raises his arm proudly, flanked by fluttering flags and saluting sailors. The oil tanker glides parallel.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
(squinting upward)  
Makes us look like a rubber boat…

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
All the better. David just beat Goliath. Great for the polls.

**[EXT. SHIP DECK – CONTINUOUS]**

Suddenly—**the tanker shifts**. Slowly, but deliberately, it inches closer. Metal **groans**. Then—**SCRAAAAPE!**

The tanker’s hull grinds along Martadinata’s port side. The entire ship **lurches violently**.

**[INT. CIVILIAN QUARTERS – SAME TIME]**

The impact throws **Lola** hard against a bulkhead. A sharp THUD. She crumples, dazed—blood trickling from her forehead.

Across the room, **Raka** half-wakes from his nap, tossed but mostly unharmed.

**RAKA**  
(still groggy)  
What the hell…?

**[INT. BRIDGE – SAME TIME]**

The impact slams **Captain Arman** across the deck—he hits the console hard and groans. Red alarms flicker. Crewman scramble to regain control.

**Crewman 1**  
We’ve got hull damage on port! Minor flooding in compartment six!

**Crewman 2**  
It’s not just drift—that tanker changed course!

**Crewman 3**  
Radio is dead!

**[EXT. REAR DECK – CONTINUOUS]**

The celebration turns to **chaos**. The president grabs a railing, still upright, glaring at the tanker now scraping past.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
(alarmed, to Admiral)  
Is this sabotage?

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
Sir… we may have walked into a trap.

**A**fter Credit :** EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE – SERVICE ENTRANCE – Morning**

The hum of a car fades into the distance. Rain threatens but hasn’t fallen yet. A dim yellow light casts long shadows. **Chief Bima** stands alone by the service gate, his hands behind his back, the faint outline of a pistol under his jacket. He watches the taillights disappear into Jakarta’s silence.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
(low, to himself)  
Leaving through the service gate...  
Like a man sneaking out of his own house.

He sighs, eyes still on the empty road.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
You used to walk out the front door, chest high, the whole nation watching.  
Now you slip away in the dark…  
...with that reckless kid as your shadow.

Beat. He tightens his grip behind his back, brows furrowed.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
I pray you know what you're doing, Pak.  
Because if anything happens to you...  
this country won’t just lose a president.  
It’ll lose its last bit of hope.

The wind shifts. Bima doesn't move.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
God help us all.

### ****EPISODE 7 – THE TRAP****

**[EXT. KRI MARTADINATA – STARBOARD SIDE – MOMENTS LATER]**

The groaning hull settles. Smoke wafts from the scrapes. Alarms blare, damage control teams rush. Suddenly—\*

**RADAR Operator (O.S.)**  
Contact! Two fast-moving vessels from the tanker’s far side!

**[EXT. SEA – WIDE SHOT]**

Two **pirate ships** emerge from the tanker’s shadow, flanking Martadinata on both sides like wolves circling wounded prey.

**[INT. BRIDGE – CHAOS]**

**Crewman**  
How did we not see them?! Were they hiding behind the tanker?!

**CAPTAIN ARMAN (dizzy)**  
It was a setup...

**[EXT. OIL TANKER – UPPER DECK – CONTINUOUS]**

Dozens of **pirates rappel** down lines from the tanker’s catwalks onto the Martadinata. Cover fire from the flanking boats rains onto the ship.

**[INT. REAR DECK – MOMENTS LATER]**

Still stunned, the **President**, **Admiral**, and **TV crew** are surrounded at gunpoint. Gunmen bark orders in a foreign accent.

**PIRATE COMMANDER**  
Grab the president! Get the cameras! Show the world who really holds the leash!

The crew resists—but are overwhelmed. In under 3 minutes, the bridge loses control of communications and rear deck is overrun.

**[INT. CIVILIAN QUARTERS – BELOW DECK]**

Raka tries to steady Lola, who wipes the blood from her forehead, barely standing. Chaos echoes above. Then—heavy footsteps approach.

**LOLA (hoarse)**  
They’re boarding us.

Raka grabs a fire axe off the wall. Lola steadies her sidearm, grimacing.

**RAKA**  
You said I’d be safe down here!

**LOLA**  
Welcome to the real Navy.

**[EXT. KRI MARTADINATA – WIDE SHOT]**

Once the pride of the Navy, the **Martadinata** is now adrift. Its decks are scarred, crew detained, its chain of command shattered.

### ****EPISODE 7 – CONTINUED: "COMMAND"****

**[INT. HALLWAY – BELOW DECK – NIGHT]**

Alarms echo. Red emergency lights flash. Raka, supporting a bleeding Lola, stumbles through the corridor toward the sickbay.

**RAKA (worried)**  
Hang in there. Just a little more...

**[INT. SICKBAY – MOMENTS LATER]**

The room is overcrowded with wounded sailors. Medics shout over each other. The **captain** lies unconscious on a stretcher. Blood stains the floor. One medic is crying.

**RAKA (to medic)**  
Who’s in charge here?!

**MEDIC (shaking)**  
No one... Everyone’s either injured or missing... Command is gone...

Lola, still dizzy, nods to Raka, pressing his arm.

**LOLA (weakly)**  
Go. I’ll manage... Check the bridge...

**[INT. BRIDGE – MINUTES LATER]**

The bridge is chaos—flashing lights, warning buzzers, crew yelling without orders. Raka bursts in, stunned by the disarray. Through the window, he sees the **tanker pulling away**, towering and ominous.

Then—he notices something:

**RAKA (muttering)**  
It’s riding high... it’s empty... A decoy.

He rips his ID lanyard from under his shirt and holds it up.

**RAKA (commanding voice)**  
Captain Raka of BIN! I’m taking temporary command of this ship!

The room falls into stunned silence.

**YOUNG SEAMAN (hesitantly)**  
He came with the president... Seems legit...

**RAKA (sharply)**  
Status report—now.

**SEAMAN**  
Thirty-two injuries. Engines down. Comms are dead. VLS tubes are damaged. No command left, sir.

**RAKA (decisive)**  
Then we fix the damn radio. We’re blind and deaf out here. If we don’t call for help—we’re sitting ducks.

He turns, eyes scanning the console and shattered windows.

**RAKA (to himself)**  
Either we get help… or we finish this alone.

He looks back at the crew, steadier now.

**RAKA**  
I’ll tour the ship. You—start diagnostics. I want status on propulsion and radar within the hour.

The bridge crew snaps to attention. Something is shifting aboard the Martadinata: hope.

### ****EPISODE 6 – CONTINUED: “THE SHIP FIGHTS BACK”****

**[INT. ENGINEERING – BELOW DECK – NIGHT]**

Sweat drips from engineers working under flickering lights. Sparks fly as they weld, curse, and yell. Raka steps in, eyes scanning the chaos.

**RAKA (firm but calm)**  
I need engines online in 30 minutes—no compromise.

Some engineers glance at him, startled. He gestures to idle crew nearby.

**RAKA (to crewmen)**  
You three—get in there and assist. You’re sailors, not tourists.

**ENGINEER (nodding)**  
Aye, sir!

**[INT. DAMAGE CONTROL STATION – MOMENTS LATER]**

Crew douses smoke, checks water pressure valves, and patches hull leaks. Raka walks through, clapping one on the shoulder.

**RAKA**  
You’re doing good work. Hold it together just a little longer.

A tired crewman manages a smile.

**[INT. GUN CONTROL – MIDSHIP]**

Technicians reload the Oerlikons and inspect the barrels. Raka checks the feed belt himself.

**RAKA**  
Make sure every gun is fully loaded. I want those pirate boats chewed up if they return.

**TECHNICIAN**  
Yes, sir. We’re on it.

**[INT. MISSILE BAY – ADRIAN’S TEAM ROOM]**

Adrian is knee-deep in cables and control modules. His team works in silence and focus. Raka steps in.

**RAKA**  
Adrian—we’ll need the Jahanam missile ready to fire. Those cannons can’t dent a tanker.

**ADRIAN (without hesitation)**  
Understood. My team’s on it. Targeting is live, safeties off once you give the word.

They exchange a brief nod of trust.

**[INT. BRIDGE – SHORTLY AFTER]**

A seaman greets Raka the moment he enters.

**SEAMAN**  
Sir—communications are back.

**RAKA**  
Good. What about engines?

**ENGINEER (on comms)**  
Main engine restored, sir. We can sail.

**RAKA**  
Then we pursue.

He grabs the radio and speaks with conviction.

**RAKA (on radio)**  
Naval Command, this is Acting Captain Raka Darmawan of BIN on the KRI Martadinata. We’ve been ambushed. The President, Admiral Bambang, and senior officers have been taken. The captain is incapacitated. I am assuming command.

Pause. The line crackles, then a stunned voice from HQ responds.

**ADMIRAL (on comms)**  
Understood, Raka. We will dispatch Brawijaya battlegroup. The President’s safety is paramount. Hold your course.

**RAKA (nodding)**  
Thank you, Admiral.

**[INT. BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS]**

Raka switches channels to open broadcast.

**RAKA (into mic)**  
This is Acting Captain Raka of the KRI Martadinata. Cease movement and surrender. We have the Jahanam missile locked on target. This is your only warning.

Silence. No response.

**RAKA (to self)**  
So be it.

He turns to the crew.

**RAKA**  
Maintain course. I’ll check on the rest of the ship again.

He steps out, steady and focused—not just a passenger anymore, but a captain in spirit.

### ****INT. NAVAL COMMAND WAR ROOM****

The room buzzes with controlled urgency. Officers crowd around consoles and monitors. One of them hands a report to the ADMIRAL Suryana. He adjusts his glasses and frowns.

**ADMIRAL**  
Verify the identity of Acting Captain Raka Darmawan. I want confirmation from BIN immediately.

### ****INT. BIN HQ – INTEL DIVISION – CONTINUOUS****

A dimly lit office full of glowing monitors. A BIN OFFICER in plain clothes answers the secure line.

**BIN OFFICER**  
Raka Darmawan? Give me a second.

He types furiously, cross-referencing databases.

**BIN OFFICER (flatly)**  
Negative. No operative—real or under cover—has ever used that name. He’s not in our system.

A beat. Then he pauses, eyes widening.

**BIN OFFICER (lower voice)**  
Wait… That name did pop up once. Sidewinder Incident—classified file. He wasn’t an agent. He was the problem.

### ****BACK TO: NAVAL COMMAND WAR ROOM****

The Admiral’s face tightens as the BIN officer continues over the encrypted line.

**BIN OFFICER (on comms)**  
Now let me get this straight… you’re telling me he’s in command of the Martadinata?

A tense silence in the room. The Admiral exhales sharply.

**BIN OFFICER (on comms)**  
You know the firepower she carries. You do know that ship can wipe a small country off the map, right?

The admiral slowly sits down, absorbing the weight of the situation.

**BIN OFFICER (on comms, more pointedly)**  
Admiral Suryana… we’re not starting a war today, are we?

Admiral Suryana doesn’t answer—just stares at the real-time map of Martadinata’s location as a red triangle begins to close in on the blinking blip labeled KRI MARTADINATA.\*

### ****INT. KRI MARTADINATA – WEAPONS CONTROL BAY – DAY****

Raka inspects the Oerlikon guns, now fully loaded. He smiles slightly, nodding to the gun crew.

**RAKA**  
Good work. These will keep them off our backs.

He walks toward Adrian, who’s busy working on a terminal next to the VLS tubes.

**ADRIAN**  
Only one of the Jahanam missiles is launch-ready. The others… not so much.

**RAKA** (concerned)  
What do you mean?

**ADRIAN**  
We might be able to fire a second—might—but there's a real chance it’ll explode on launch. Damage to the tubes is serious.

**RAKA**  
Understood. We’ll keep that one in reserve. Let’s not light up our own deck just yet.

### ****INT. NAVAL COMMAND – COMMUNICATIONS STATION – CONTINUOUS****

A YOUNG SEAMAN at the Martadinata’s comm station receives a secured transmission. He listens, eyes widening, then salutes toward the screen.

**NAVAL COMMAND (V.O.)**  
Attention KRI Martadinata. You are hereby ordered to detain the imposter Raka Darmawan immediately. He is not a recognized officer. This order comes from the Admiral Suryana himself.

### ****INT. KRI MARTADINATA – BRIDGE – MOMENTS LATER****

Raka returns, unaware. He takes a breath and grabs the shipwide comm mic.

**RAKA (shipwide)**  
Crew of Martadinata. You’ve all fought bravely. We’ve taken a hit, but we’re not broken. They took our president. Our admiral. They tried to sink this ship—and failed. Now it’s our turn. We’re going after them.

He slams his hand down on the control panel.

**RAKA (shipwide)** (firmly)  
All hands—battle stations!

Around the ship, alarms sound. Sailors rush. The crew cheers, rallying behind the bold young leader.

Lola sit on her bunk in sick bay, listening with pride—but also a hint of worry.

### ****INT. BRIDGE – MINUTES LATER****

Three SEAMEN exchange looks. One steps forward, hesitant.

**SEAMAN #1**  
Sir… we just received orders from Naval Command.

**RAKA** (calmly)  
Let me guess.

He raises his hands slightly before they can say more.

**RAKA**  
I’m to be arrested for impersonating an officer.

The seamen nod reluctantly.

**RAKA** (to all)  
You’re good men. You followed me when no one else would. I won’t resist.

**SEAMAN #2** (quietly)  
We’re sorry, sir. We don’t agree with this. But it’s orders.

**RAKA**  
Looks like I’m headed for the brig after all.

The crew salutes him before leading him away—like a hero and not a prisoner. The bridge falls silent, except for the distant hum of engines and tension in the air.

### ****INT. KRI MARTADINATA – CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SICKBAY – DAY****

Raka, hands cuffed, escorted by two seamen, passes the sickbay. Through the open door, he spots **Lola**, sitting upright on a gurney, her head bandaged but alert. The sight stops him in his tracks. He nods toward the door.

**RAKA**  
Give me a minute.

The guards exchange looks and, after a moment, one nods. Raka steps in.

### ****INT. SICKBAY – CONTINUOUS****

Lola looks up at him, surprised but still composed. Raka kneels beside her.

**RAKA (softly)**  
Hey. I saw your head earlier... glad you’re okay.

She smiles faintly, then frowns at the cuffs.

**LOLA**  
They locked you up?

**RAKA** (shrugs)  
Apparently I’m a national security risk.

(he leans closer)  
But listen, Lola you’re the only standing officer from the Armed Forces aboard. They need leadership. They need you.

Lola swallows her hesitation. Raka holds her gaze, intense but encouraging.

**RAKA**  
You’re not just good at this. You belong here. Don’t let them steer this ship back to base without fighting back. That’s your call now.

### ****INT. KRI MARTADINATA – BRIDGE – LATER****

Lola steps onto the bridge. The atmosphere is tense. Officers glance at her bandaged head, the badge in her hand. She walks to the central console, takes a breath, and activates the main comm.

**LOLA (to Naval Command)**  
2nd Lieutenant Lola Lux of Elite Force, reporting for duty.

There’s a beat of static. Then, the voice of the **Admiral** cuts through, incredulous.

**ADMIRAL** Suryana **(V.O.)**  
Elite Force? 2nd Lieutenant? You’re telling me there’s no higher-ranking officer aboard?

A junior officer quietly confirms it to the Admiral.

**BRIDGE SEAMAN**  
Sir, she’s the only Armed Forces officer left standing.

**ADMIRAL** Suryana **(V.O.)** (after a pause)  
...Understood.

(a sigh)  
2nd Lieutenant Lola Lux, by authority of the Indonesian Armed Forces, you are hereby granted field promotion to Acting Captain of KRI Martadinata.

Lola stiffens slightly, stunned, then stands at attention.

**ADMIRAL** Suryana **(V.O.)**  
Your orders are to return the ship to base, immediately.

The bridge crew glances at Lola. Some hopeful, others conflicted. Lola lowers her badge slowly, fingers curling around it.

**LOLA (quietly, to herself)**  
Let’s see if I really belong here…

### ****INT. KRI MARTADINATA – BRIDGE – MOMENTS AFTER FIELD PROMOTION****

Lola stands still, her new authority hanging heavy in the silence. The crew is tense. A few glance at each other, uncomfortable. A senior petty officer approaches and hands her a tablet.

**PETTY OFFICER**  
Ma’am, status report. Engine is stable. Comms at 80%. Oerlikons are reloaded. One Jahanam ready, second still under risk of VLS tube collapse.

Lola scans the tablet, her brow furrowed. Her hands tremble just slightly. The officer waits, expecting orders.

**LOLA** (quietly)  
I… need to consult someone.

### ****INT. BRIG – LATER****

Raka sits on a bench, still cuffed, his posture relaxed but thoughtful. The heavy door creaks open. Lola walks in, alone.

**RAKA (lightly teasing)**  
Didn’t expect the captain herself to make a house call.

**LOLA**  
I don’t know what to do. I got the promotion, but I didn’t get the manual.

She walks closer, voice more serious now.

**LOLA**  
My gut tells me to pursue the tanker. But Command wants us back. I’m torn.

Raka leans forward, the humor gone.

**RAKA**  
You’re not wrong to hesitate. But think: those battlegroup—they’re a day away. By the time they arrive, the tanker will be gone. Way beyond radar range.

(beat)  
Martadinata’s not just a ship. It’s the only ship that can save the President right now.

### ****INT. BRIG – CONTINUOUS****

Lola exhales slowly, then walks to the door and signals to the guard.

**LOLA**  
Release him. Effective immediately, Raka Darmawan is reinstated as Acting First Officer.

The guard looks shocked but obeys. Raka stands, rubbing his wrists.

**RAKA (dryly)**  
Back on deck. I guess I’m too handsome for prison.

### ****INT. BRIDGE – SHORTLY AFTER****

Lola and Raka step in together. The crew immediately takes notice. Lola raises her voice.

**LOLA**  
Crew of the Martadinata—gather for briefing.

### ****INT. WAR ROOM / BRIDGE – MOMENTS LATER****

A tactical display lights up the room. Crew gathers around. Raka stands beside Lola, back in action.

**LOLA (firmly)**  
Naval Command ordered us to return to base.

(she pauses, breathes)  
But if we do… we abandon President Arsyad. And this ship’s pride.

Whispers ripple through the crew. Lola looks around—her voice now resolute.

**LOLA**  
That’s not who I am. And I don’t think that’s who you are.

(beat)  
We pursue the tanker.

A silence… then someone claps. Then more. Cheers erupt in the room. Morale is surging.

**RAKA (to Lola, quietly)**  
You just became a real captain.

### ****AFTER CREDITS – INT. BRIG – NIGHT****

Dim lighting. The hum of the ship echoes in the background. Raka sits across from the **pirate**, who now looks more like a disgruntled mercenary than a fanatic. He's bruised, arms crossed, and leans against the cold metal wall.

**RAKA**  
One moment I was hailed as a hero.  
Next moment, I’m in chains—because some admiral couldn’t handle initiative.

The pirate chuckles bitterly.

**PIRATE**  
Welcome to the Navy.  
They call it a “drill”… tanker piracy exercise.

He mimics air quotes, then sighs.

**PIRATE (CONT'D)**  
Then someone panics. People die. And suddenly I’m a criminal.

Beat.

**RAKA**  
Who ordered this… “exercise”?

The pirate leans in, grinning.

**PIRATE**  
You're smart. You know it wasn’t just one man.

He pauses—like he’s weighing the cost of betrayal. Then he shrugs, as if it doesn't matter anymore.

**PIRATE (CONT'D)**  
The one who gave me the green light?  
A man named **Nyoman**.

He draws out the name slowly.

**PIRATE (CONT'D)**  
Thick Balinese accent. Always talks like he’s your friend...  
until you’re in the brig.

Raka leans back, eyes narrowing. The camera lingers on his expression—calm, but calculating.

### ****CUT TO BLACK.****

**TEXT ON SCREEN:**  
“Nyoman…”

### ****AFTER CREDITS 2 – INT. CIC – Next morning****

The Combat Information Center (CIC) glows in low red lighting. Radar screens hum with life. **Raka** and **Adrian** stand over the main console. Behind them, **Lola** leans silently against a console, arms crossed, her head still bandaged.

**SEAMAN**  
Ma’am, the tanker’s still on radar.

The tanker blip crawls away across the screen. Tension thickens.

**LOLA**  
(quietly, frustrated)  
Why aren’t we catching up?

**SEAMAN**  
The damage from the crash compromised our top speed, ma’am.

**RAKA**  
That tanker’s empty. It’s riding high and light—that’s why it’s fast.

Beat.

**ADRIAN**  
At least we’re still gaining… slowly.

Lola frowns. She knows time is running out.

**LOLA**  
Our fuel is limited, and theirs, enough for a trip around the world. We’ll be dead in the water.

**RAKA**  
Then we need to act before that happens.

**ADRIAN**  
They won’t kill the president.  
They know if they do, we’ll fire the Jahanam—no hesitation.

Adrian glances at the missile control status.

**ADRIAN (CONT’D)**  
He’s their insurance.  
And I’d bet anything some high-level terrorist brass are on that tanker with him.

Suddenly, a sharp ping on the radar.

**SEAMAN**  
New contacts—fast movers. Two Airforce Sukhoi fighters, coming in hot, flying formation.

Everyone in the CIC straightens. Adrian breaks into a grin.

**ADRIAN**  
Cavalry’s here.

**RAKA**  
(smiling)  
Your dad sent them?

Adrian gives a small shrug, smug.

**ADRIAN**  
I called in a favor.

**AFTER CREDIT 3  
INT. KRI BRAWIJAYA – BRIDGE – NIGHT**

The radar screen glows softly. Officers quietly go about their duties. The atmosphere is tense but professional. A COMMUNICATION OFFICER approaches the **Captain of KRI Brawijaya**, a seasoned, steady-eyed Navy man in his late 40s.

**COMM OFFICER**  
Captain, update received from Martadinata. Course correction noted—still in pursuit of the tanker.

The captain nods and leans on the console, his eyes narrowed at the digital chart.

**CAPTAIN BRAWIJAYA**  
So… they didn’t turn back after all.

He exhales, half a smile forming.

**CAPTAIN BRAWIJAYA**  
(to himself)  
I don’t like that order from Admiral Suryana anyway.

He turns to his officer with a firm voice.

**CAPTAIN BRAWIJAYA**  
Keep receiving their position every hour. No need to stop. That ship…  
He pauses, choosing his words with quiet respect.  
That ship is the sharpest blade we have at sea right now.

He leans closer to the map, tracing Martadinata’s trajectory.

**CAPTAIN BRAWIJAYA**  
Mark my words—  
Martadinata’s not just afloat.  
She’s hunting.

Beat. He adds quietly—more to himself than anyone else:

**CAPTAIN BRAWIJAYA**  
And they’d be fools not to let her.

**Episode 7**

**INT. KRI MARTADINATA – BRIDGE – Morning**

The radar screen hums softly. Lola stands at the command post, eyes fixed ahead. A faint crackle—

**SEAMAN**  
Sir—Radio! Naval Command coming through!

Everyone turns. Lola nods. The radio comes alive with the sharp voice of **Admiral Suryana**.

**ADMIRAL SURYANA (RADIO)**  
Captain Lola. By this hour, you are expected to be docked at Pondok Dayung.  
Explain your failure to follow a direct order.

A beat of silence. Then—Raka steps forward to the comms.

**RAKA**  
This is Raka Darmawan speaking, Admiral. We’re still at sea, maintaining radar contact with the tanker.

A tense pause on the other end.

**ADMIRAL SURYANA (RADIO)**  
What?! You were ordered to the brig! How did you—Where is Captain Lola?  
Is this a mutiny aboard a TNI-AL warship?

Lola steps closer, calm but unshaken. Raka doesn’t wait.

**RAKA**  
Captain Lola is here. She’s fine. And I told her—  
To hell with your order.

Gasps ripple across the bridge. But before the admiral can roar back, a muffled voice echoes from the background on his side of the radio.

**STAFF OFFICER (OFF-RADIO)**  
Admiral—Sir—you need to see this. The news. Now. It’s super important!

A moment of confusion. Then static, as the line goes silent. Everyone on Martadinata looks around, uneasy.

**LOLA**  
(turning to Raka)  
What now?

**RAKA**  
Something just changed.

**INT. KRI MARTADINATA – BRIDGE – NIGHT**

The radar pings again. Two fast-moving blips appear overhead. A voice comes over the radio—calm, confident.

**RADIO – VOICE (HIU)**  
This is Hiu, flanked by Orca. Sukhoi squadron in formation.  
KRI Martadinata, may we be of assistance?

Lola blinks, still in awe. Her mouth opens slightly as she stares at the radio.

**LOLA**  
(whispers to Adrian)  
What... what should I even command them?

Before Adrian can answer, Raka steps forward, casually picking up the radio with a grin.

**RAKA (RADIO)**  
This is Garuda Spectre. We need eyes on that tanker—close-up recon.

A beat. Then excited static flares up on the line.

**HIU (RADIO)**  
Garuda Spectre?!  
Freelance?  
Sir—it’s an honour. You're the talk of the Air Force these days!

The bridge crew stare at Raka in disbelief. Even Lola’s eyes widen.

**ADRIAN**  
(mutters)  
Of course you have a callsign...

Raka just smirks.

**RAKA (RADIO)**  
Glad to hear that, Hiu. Wish the circumstances were better...  
But I owe you a drink.

**HIU (RADIO)**  
Copy that, Spectre. We’ll paint the sky for you.

The Sukhois roar overhead, streaking into the morning.

**EXT. DECK OF THE TANKER – DAY – BROADCAST LIVE ON TV**

The camera shakes slightly as the image cuts in—LIVE. The President of Indonesia, **President Arsyad**, stands on the open deck of a massive tanker, hands bound but head held high. The wind rustles his shirt. Surrounding him are armed men in black, and in front of him stands a short, masked man draped in ceremonial black robes, resembling a judge. He speaks with a thick Balinese accent, theatrical in tone.

**MASKED JUDGE**  
People of the world...  
Today, we deliver justice to a tyrant in a tailored suit.

He raises a stack of papers and begins to read dramatically.

**MASKED JUDGE (CONT'D)**  
President Arsyad. You stand accused of sins against humanity.  
First... **Mining rare earth metals**, destroying your own mountains.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
(calmly)  
Technology is the right of all nations. We mine to build, not to destroy.

**MASKED JUDGE**  
Second... **Mining radioactive material**. You risk your people’s future for glowing stones!

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
We needed energy—to end poverty and darkness across our islands.

**MASKED JUDGE**  
Third... **Building smelters** that choke your air, drown your rivers.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Local smelters ensure cheap materials for our people. Independence begins with industry.

**MASKED JUDGE**  
Fourth... **Coal power plants**, in an age of climate collapse!

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
We need coal before we can transition. There’s no clean future if the present is starving.

The judge glares, breathing heavily behind the mask. Then lowers his voice for the last charge.

**MASKED JUDGE**  
Finally... **Nuclear weapons**.  
You prepare for war. You betray peace.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
The North. The West. The South—they are all nuclear powers.  
In any conflict... we will not be hilariously outgunned.

A tense silence. The camera zooms slightly on the masked man’s face as his breath quickens, disturbed by Arsyad’s resolve.

The screen flickers. Headlines explode across social media. People across the archipelago stare, horrified, at what they’re witnessing.

**EXT. TANKER – DAY**

The roar of **two Sukhoi fighter jets** shakes the sky above the tanker. They slice through the clouds like sharks in formation. A terrified crewman rushes up the deck to find **Arya**, who’s watching the live broadcast being recorded.

**SEAMAN**  
(urgent)  
Pak Arya! Those Sukhois—they’re from **TNI-AU**!

Arya narrows his eyes at the jets streaking above them.

**ARYA**  
(grimly)  
Sukhois? This far from shore?  
They don’t just wander this far...  
(snarling)  
We’ve been spotted.

Just then, another crewman scrambles onto the bridge, out of breath.

**CREWMAN**  
Sir! **Martadinata** is in hot pursuit. Just **15 miles** behind!

Arya slams his fist on the console, furious.

**ARYA**  
Damn it!  
That admiral had one job—to send that ship home.  
And he failed!

The jets circle the tanker, their shadow sweeping over the deck. One of them banks low.

**INT. MARTADINATA – BRIDGE – SAME TIME**

The radio crackles to life as **Hiu** reports in, voice steady.

**HIU (RADIO)**  
Martadinata, this is Hiu.  
Visual confirmed. The **President is alive**.  
They appear to be **recording him**, possibly for broadcast.

Lola grips the railing, tension all over her face. Raka and Adrian stand beside her, eyes locked on the radar.

**RAKA**  
They’re trying to end the show before we close the gap.

**EXT. TANKER – DAY**

Arya watches the Sukhois circling overhead. He turns sharply to his crew.

**ARYA**  
Cold start’s over. **Activate our defenses.**  
Launch the swarm.

With a hiss of hydraulics and the whine of servos, a **drone catapult system** unfolds from the tanker’s rear. One drone lifts into the air… then another… and another… until a **swarm of divebomb drones** fills the sky like a cloud of angry hornets.

**INT. MARTADINATA – BRIDGE**

The **radar screen** starts lighting up with dense, fast-moving blips. A **young radar operator** looks up, pale.

**RADAR OPERATOR**  
Captain... I’ve never seen anything like this.  
A **cloud** of objects rising from the tanker… I can’t even tell where the Sukhois are!

The radio crackles.

**HIU (RADIO)**  
Martadinata, this is Hiu.  
Those are **divebomb drones**. Old concept—**effective against a capital ship**.  
We’ll take down what we can, but some will get through.  
**Prepare your defenses.**

**EXT. SKY ABOVE TANKER – CONTINUOUS**

The Sukhois swoop and dive, launching m**issiles** and cannons into the mass of drones. A dozen explode midair… but two dozen more rise in their place.

**INT. MARTADINATA – GUN DECK**

The **Oerlikon cannons** roar, tearing through wave after wave of drones—but the sky is thick with targets. Debris rains onto the deck as near-misses slam into the sea. The ship shakes.

**HIU (RADIO)**  
Martadinata—we’re **out of missiles**.  
They're still coming.  
We’re getting overwhelmed.

**INT. MARTADINATA – BRIDGE**

The room is shaking. The radar is a blur of movement. Everyone’s shouting over one another—until **Orca’s voice cuts in.** Calm but urgent.

**ORCA (RADIO)**  
Sir, I’ll try to **jam** them. Might confuse their signal, break formation.

Adrian grabs the radio, voice sharp and forceful.

**ADRIAN**  
**Might?!** Just **jam them now!**  
(to engineer)  
**Jammer on—maximum power!**

The **engineer hesitates**, glancing at his console.

**ENGINEER**  
At max power… **our radar will go blind**.  
We won’t see anything!

All eyes turn to **Lola**, her hand hovering over the command console. A split second of doubt—then clarity in her eyes.

**LOLA**  
Do it. **Jammer ON.**

**INT. MARTADINATA – RADAR ROOM**

The screen goes static. Noise fills the room. Everyone holds their breath.

**EXT. SKY ABOVE THE SEA**

The drones begin to wobble mid-air. One crashes. Then another. Like a cascade, they begin to **spiral out of control**, diving randomly or plummeting into the sea like birds shot from the sky.

**INT. MARTADINATA – BRIDGE**

Cheers erupt. Some crew slam their hands on the console in relief.

**RAKA**  
It worked. They’re losing signal!

**ADRIAN**  
(to Lola, with awe)  
That was gutsy, Captain.

Lola exhales slowly, gripping the rail.

**LOLA**  
Let’s make sure the next decision isn’t our last.

**INT. MARTADINATA – BRIDGE**

Just as the crew breathes a momentary sigh of relief, a **seaman at the forward post** speaks up—urgently.

**SEAMAN**  
Captain! **Small boat launched** from the tanker—heading **straight toward us!**

**LOLA**  
On screen!

The camera zooms in. The boat races across the waves at top speed, foam spraying behind. Onboard are **President Arsyad, Admiral Bambang**, several **Martadinata officers and crew**—visibly shaken, battered… but alive.

**SEAMAN (CONT'D)**  
Sir—**no one’s at the helm!**

Lola’s eyes go wide. She slams her hand on the console.

**LOLA**  
Collision course... if that boat hits us—

**EXT. SKY ABOVE – SUKHOIS CIRCLING**

Hiu and Orca spot the commotion and radio in.

**HIU (RADIO)**  
Martadinata, we see the boat.  
It’s your people. Looks like they **escaped**.  
We believe the **enemy's neutralized**.  
But... another boat just launched from the tanker’s **far side**.  
We’re low on fuel—we trust your crew can handle it.

**ORCA (RADIO)**  
Good luck down there.  
**Returning to base.**

**INT. MARTADINATA – BRIDGE**

The runaway boat barrels toward the destroyer. Distance shrinking fast.

**SEAMAN**  
Impact in thirty seconds, Captain!

Lola takes a deep breath—then shouts, full command mode.

**LOLA**  
**Hard to starboard! Now!**  
Match their speed—sail parallel to them!  
Get the **helicopter airborne**. And launch **rescue boats**—move!

Alarms blare. The Martadinata lurches as it turns sharply, avoiding the speeding boat by meters. Helicopter blades spin to life above deck.

**EXT. SEA – CONTINUOUS**

The Martadinata cruises alongside the rogue boat. A **SAR helicopter** hovers above as a **rescue RHIB (Rigid Hull Inflatable Boat)** launches from the port side.

Rescue crew leap into action. Ropes are lowered. Soldiers haul the president and survivors aboard—wet, cold, but safe. Admiral Bambang looks up at the warship with a tear in his eye.

**INT. MARTADINATA – BRIDGE**

Lola watches the screens. Raka leans beside her, still processing.

**RAKA**  
That boat didn’t just drift.  
**Someone launched it... on purpose.**

Lola nods slowly. Her voice grim.

**LOLA**  
And someone else... is trying to escape.

**EXT. KRI MARTADINATA – DECK – SUNSET BLEEDING INTO NIGHT**

President Arsyad, still wet from the rescue, stands supported by a medic. Admiral Bambang, resolute as ever, salutes the crew. Lola approaches and salutes formally, then offers him the command of the ship.

**LOLA**  
Sir, with respect, the Martadinata is yours.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG** (shakes his head with a rare smile)  
You’re a **fine captain**, Lola.  
She stays in your hands.

Lola swallows hard, moved, but nods professionally.

**INT. BRIDGE – MOMENTS LATER**

The **radar systems flicker** back online. A blip appears. A **crewman leans forward** in shock.

**CREWMAN**  
Ma’am... Battlegroup has arrived.  
Brawijaya’s here—along with two escorts.

The radio crackles to life.

**BRAWIJAYA CAPTAIN (RADIO)**  
Martadinata, this is Brawijaya.  
Status? Do you require assistance?

**LOLA (RADIO)**  
Good timing.  
We lost radar earlier... but there was **a small boat** that launched from the tanker—fast-moving.  
We’ve lost track of it. Unknown direction.

**BRAWIJAYA (RADIO)**  
Understood. Launching helicopters now.  
We’ll fly **search circles** until further notice.

**INT. CIC – BRIDGE**

A **new alert** sounds. The tanker—its systems still partially running—is starting to move, **fast** across the current.

**CREWMAN**  
Captain, the tanker—  
No one's steering it, but it's moving at speed. No signs of power shutoff.

Lola looks to the President.

**LOLA**  
Mr. President... should we deploy the **Jahanam** missile?

The room falls silent. The most powerful missile Indonesia ever built, now an option hanging in the air.

President Arsyad closes his eyes for a second. Thinking.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
No.  
The tanker is no longer a threat.  
Using the Jahanam now... would just leave **scars on the ocean**.  
Too many have suffered already.

He turns to Admiral Bambang, who nods once.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
Martadinata, relay to Brawijaya:  
**Assemble a boarding team. Secure the tanker.**  
Bring her back to port... in one piece.

**EXT. SKY ABOVE – NIGHT**

A **helicopter from Brawijaya** arcs across the moonlit waves, moving toward the drifting giant of a tanker—silent now, save for the sound of rotors and sea wind.

**EXT. NAVAL BASE – PONDOK DAYUNG – DAY**

Flags flutter, brass gleams in the sunlight. A full ceremonial lineup awaits. **Admiral Suryana** stands tall at the front, flanked by senior officers and press crews, ready to reclaim face in front of the nation.

A transport rolls in. From it disembark: **President Arsyad**, bandaged but upright; **Admiral Bambang**, stone-faced; and **Captain Arman**, on crutches but dignified.

They are saluted formally.

Behind them, **Raka** and Acting **Captain Lola** walk side-by-side, battered but calm. The air grows cold.\*

**ADMIRAL SURYANA**  
Raka Darrmawan... Acting Captain Lola Lux...  
By authority of the Navy, I order your **immediate detention**.  
Charges include: **mutiny**, **impersonating an officer**, **disobedience of direct orders**, and **endangering the ship and its crew**.

Gasps ripple across the officers. A squad of **military police** steps forward.

But then—

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (roaring)  
**BELAY THAT ORDER!**

Everyone freezes.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (marching forward)  
You... **Vice Admiral Suryana**.  
I hereby **charge you with treason**.

Shock. Absolute silence.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (voice low, dangerous)  
My **kidnapper** spoke freely.  
I heard of your **collusion** with my own ears.

He turns—

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
**Bima!** Seize him.

From the crowd, **Chief Bima** steps forward, eyes like steel, and personally signals the guards.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
Admiral Suryana... you’re under arrest.

Guards take hold of the stunned Admiral. The press flashes go wild.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (stepping closer)  
Admiral... you have a **lot to answer for**.

**AFTER CREDITS SCENE – AIRBASE LOUNGE – NIGHT**

A cozy, dimly lit military lounge. The sound of soft jazz and clinking glasses. **Raka** sits on a worn leather couch, surrounded by **four TNI-AU pilots** in flight suits, still smelling faintly of jet fuel.

One of them, **Hiu**, lifts his glass and gestures toward Raka.

**HIU**  
Gentlemen, meet the legend himself.  
They call him... **Freelance**.

**RAKA** (grinning, correcting)  
Nah. It’s **Garuda Spectre**.

The pilots whistle, impressed.

**HIU** (chuckling)  
You don’t just pick a callsign like that.  
**You earn it.**

**ORCA** (leaning back, pointing)  
This guy?  
Only **civilian in the world** to **steal, fly, kill, and land** in an F-16...  
**On his first day** in the damn cockpit!

Laughter explodes around the room.

**RAKA** (standing up, carrying a heavy crate)  
Well, guess what?  
**Beers are on me**.

He drops the crate onto the table with a satisfying thud. Bottles clink invitingly.

**HIU**  
Well... I got **no assignment tomorrow**.  
A sip or two won’t hurt.

**ORCA**  
It should be illegal here, but we just saved the president, remember?

The fourth pilot raises his hand sheepishly.

**YOUNGER PILOT**  
Uh... I start my shift in three hours.  
Make mine **orange juice**.

Everyone bursts into laughter, clinking glasses and bottles as the camera pans out—

—from this band of unlikely brothers, united by fire, flight, and fate.

**AFTER CREDITS SCENE 2 – Elite Force OFFICE – NIGHT**

Dim lights. **Adrian** leans against a computer, arms crossed, still brooding.

**ADRIAN**  
They **played us**.

He zooms in on drone flight data. A new realization forming.

**ADRIAN** (CONT'D)  
Only **one in a hundred** had explosives.  
It wasn’t an attack... it was a **distraction**.  
To make us **jam ourselves**.  
We blinded our own radar—just long enough...  
for them to **slip away**.

Raka sits on the edge of the table, sipping cold coffee, unbothered but thoughtful.

**RAKA**  
President Arsyad said the name **Arya**.  
If that’s who I think it is...  
Then yeah—  
we’re not just dealing with a terrorist.  
We’re up against a **damn war strategist**.

Adrian clenches his fist slightly, frustrated by the clean getaway.

Across the room, **Lola**, half-listening, is lounging with a smug little grin. She’s scrolling on her tablet—looking at naval ranks and ship specs.

**RAKA** (smirking)  
You look... awfully chill for someone who just committed high-seas mutiny.

**LOLA** (absently)  
Mutiny? Please.  
We saved the President, exposed a traitor, and kicked drone-ass.

She taps on a picture of a luxurious officer’s cabin.

**LOLA** (CONT'D)  
I’m just wondering...  
how big my **cabin** would be if I get promoted.  
Maybe... I’ll even get a **chauffeured Land Cruiser**.

Raka and Adrian exchange a look—half admiration, half disbelief.

**ADRIAN**  
You’re thinking perks?

**LOLA** (smirking)  
Of course.  
What’s the point of heroism if you can’t **upgrade your mattress**?

The three of them fall into tired, knowing laughter... but the flicker of Arya’s name still lingers in their minds.

CUT TO BLACK.