Arc 3

**Episode 1. EXT. MERDEKA PALACE – EARLY MORNING**

Jakarta is just waking up, but the streets in front of **Merdeka Palace** are already packed. Protesters from **10 major universities** hold up signs:

“NO TO NUKES!”  
“SAVE OUR FORESTS!”  
“DOWN WITH Irresponsible MINING!”

Chants echo across the boulevard. Riot police are present, calm but alert.

**INT. MERDEKA PALACE – PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE – CONTINUOUS**

Inside, **President Arsyad** sits at his desk, his complexion pale, hand occasionally reaching for a glass of warm tea. Despite visible exhaustion, he is reading reports. The room is quiet until **Chief Bima** enters with a folder.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
Mr. President. A formal letter from the DPR. They request an audience. Today.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (nods slowly)  
I expected that.

Another **general** enters, saluting.

**GENERAL Wirawan Suryadi**  
Sir. With respect—protesters are gathering. Tensions are rising. We recommend you board an APC to reach the DPR building. We have tanks standing by on the palace perimeter.

The room falls silent. All eyes on the President.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (without looking up)  
I’m tired...  
But not hiding.

He looks to the general.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Prepare the **helicopter**. I’ll go **above the noise**, not through it. This isn’t a warzone. It’s my country.

Chief Bima exchanges a glance with the general, who quietly salutes and exits.

Outside, the protest grows louder as the camera pans up to reveal a **helicopter preparing** on the palace helipad.

**EXT. DPR BUILDING – Late afternoon**

**President Arsyad**, looking pale and tired, steps out of DPR building, flanked by **Chief Bima** and a couple of aides. The sun is setting. Cameras flash. A throng of **national and international reporters** surges forward behind a rope line, microphones raised.

**REPORTER 1** (shouting)  
Mr. President! Is it true the DPR demanded your resignation?

**REPORTER 2**  
How do you respond to the allegations of misuse of military force?

**REPORTER 3**  
What will happen to the nuclear drone program?

President Arsyad adjusts his batik, straightens up, and gives them a calm, tired smile.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
I still have a desk at the palace. I still have work to do.  
So yes—  
(beat)  
—I keep my job.

Laughter ripples through some reporters. Cameras click faster. Chief Bima subtly nudges the team forward as the President walks past the press line, still composed, still steady, as if nothing ever shook him.

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – Next Morning**

The desk lamp casts a warm glow over a messy pile of reports. **Lola**, in uniform, rubs her temple and sighs. She taps at her computer, flipping through files, frustration brewing.

**LOLA**  
Raka… can you help me for a sec?

**RAKA (V.O.)** (from the phone, distracted)  
Can’t right now, Lo. Swamped. What’s up?

**LOLA**  
I was digging into Xavier’s case... and this weird PDF popped up from Nyoman’s archive.  
It’s password protected.

She took screen shot. The file is simply labeled **"XAVIER\_FINAL"**.

**RAKA (V.O)**  
I’ll take a look at it tonight, promise.  
Just... don’t poke it too hard for now. And please be careful, okay?

**LOLA (half-joking)**  
When am I not careful?

Before Raka can reply, her **phone buzzes**. She checks it. Her expression sharpens.

**LOLA (serious)**  
It’s Bima. Wants me in his office. Immediately.

She grabs his jacket go, the password prompt quietly blinks.

**INT. ELITE FORCE HEADQUARTERS – BIMA’S OFFICE – DAY**

Second Lieutenant **Lola Lux**, crisp in her uniform, walks briskly down the hallway. She pauses when she sees a **mud-splattered F-150 Raptor** parked outside. She smirks.

**LOLA**  
(That’s Raka’s car... What happened.)

She knocks, enters.

**LOLA**  
Second Lieutenant Lola Lux, reporting as ordered, sir.

**BIMA** (without looking up)  
At ease. We've reviewed your records:  
Graduated top 5 from the academy.  
Transferred to Elite Force on merit.  
And recently... took command of a warship under fire.

He finally looks up, smiling proudly.

**BIMA (CONT'D)**  
For courage, leadership, and extraordinary service...  
Effective today, you are promoted to **First Lieutenant.**

The door behind her creaks open. Applause. She turns—\*

**Raka**, in casual wear.  
**Mr. and Mrs. Darmawan**, beaming.  
Even **Captain Arman**, leaning on crutches.

Lola blinks, caught off guard.

**LOLA**  
You guys are the urgent business?

**RAKA** (clapping slowly)  
Congratulations, First Lieutenant.

**LOLA** (grinning smugly)  
One more jump and I’m a Captain. You better salute me by then.

**RAKA**  
(leans in, mock-serious)  
Technically, ship captain is equivalent to Colonel.  
Still a long way to outrank me.

**LOLA**  
(punches his arm lightly)  
Says the guy who needed a side quest just to graduate.

Everyone laughs. Bima shakes his head, smiling.

**BIMA**  
Enjoy the moment, kids. Promotions don’t come with days off.

**INT. BIMA’S OFFICE – LATER**

Lola stands at attention, her tone steady but with a hint of defiance.

**LOLA**  
Permission to speak freely, sir?

**BIMA** (nodding)  
Go ahead.

**LOLA**  
I want to ask about Xavier Wijaya.  
Was he… really killed in racing accident?

Bima goes still. His fingers, which were fidgeting with a pen, stop.

**BIMA**  
Lola…  
Please stop digging into that name.

**LOLA**  
But why? The file was hidden inside Nyoman’s drive. Someone didn’t want it to be found.

**BIMA** (firm, almost pleading)  
Because it’s dangerous. Way too dangerous.  
People involved in that case—some are dead, some wish they were. I’m telling you this as someone who cares about you. Drop it.

Lola clenches her jaw, a storm behind her eyes.

**BIMA (softer)**  
You’ve already survived things you shouldn’t have. Don’t push your luck.

A heavy silence hangs between them. Lola gives a reluctant nod, but the fire in her gaze doesn’t die.

**AFTER CREDIT – INT. OFFICER’S LOUNGE WARTEG – DAY**

*The humble warteg is unusually quiet.* ***ADMIRAL BAMBANG****, in full Navy blues, sits across from* ***LOLA*** *and* ***RAKA****, enjoying hot tea.*

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
 Lola Lux, the nation’s favorite cop. You're famous now.  
 We’d be honored if you'd appear in our Navy recruitment campaign.  
 Photoshoot on the **KRI Brawijaya**, of course.

**LOLA**  
 (smiling politely)  
 Thank you, Sir. Sounds exciting.

*RAKA raises an eyebrow. A beat of silence, then he leans in, grinning.*

**RAKA**  
 Admiral, with all due respect… I’ve got a better idea.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
 Oh?

**RAKA**  
 Give me **two weeks**, and your permission to use the **Brawijaya**.  
 No regular ad. I’ll handle the concept, direction, even production.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
 (raising an eyebrow)  
 And you’re promising…?

**RAKA**  
 That your enlistment numbers will *go through the roof*.

*A pause. The Admiral studies him. Then, with a chuckle, he nods.*

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
 Alright. Two weeks. Don’t sink my ship.

*Raka flashes a cocky smile. He pulls out his phone and sends a message:*

**TEXT TO MANAGER-SAN:**  
 *"We have a new concept: NAVY."*  
 *—sent with a smiling emoji.*

*Raka leans back, smug. Lola sips her tea, suspicious but intrigued.*

**Episode 2 - INT. RAKA’S ROOM – NIGHT**

The room hums with the quiet fan of Raka’s computer. Lola hands over a flash drive with a hesitant look.

**LOLA**  
This is the file I found. From Nyoman’s stash. It’s password-protected.

Raka plugs it in and double-clicks the PDF. A prompt appears.

**RAKA**  
Let’s try something obvious first.

He types:

aku seorang kapiten  
AkuseorangKapiten  
Kapiten123

Nothing works.

**RAKA** (grumbling)  
Of course it’s not that easy. If Nyoman used a password, brute-force might be the only way.

He opens a terminal window, types in a few commands, and starts the brute-force program.

**RAKA**  
Now we wait.

Beat.

He leans back, glancing at Lola’s face in the screen’s reflection.

**RAKA**  
You know, I could probably get more by just reading your life file.

He pulls up her basic government dossier. Scrolls through.

**RAKA (reading aloud)**  
Playgroup: HappyLand...  
TK: Bumblebee...  
SD, SMP, SMA: all in South Jakarta. Huh.

He narrows his eyes.

**RAKA**  
Wait, Panti Kasih orphanage listed address was South Jakarta, right?

**LOLA** (nods)  
Yeah… why?

**RAKA** (already typing)  
Let’s check HappyLand first. Only one listed—it’s in North Jakarta. Makes sense if that’s where your family lived.

Types again.

**RAKA**  
But Bumblebee… is in Tangerang.

He turns to her, suspicious.

**RAKA**  
You telling me a South Jakarta orphanage drives a 5-year-old across the city to Tangerang daily?

**LOLA** (frowning)  
Maybe… the school was moving to Tangerang? Or maybe I’m remembering it wrong.

**RAKA**  
No way. You don’t move orphans around like VIPs. Something’s off, Lola. Real off.

He closes the dossier.

**RAKA**  
Let’s go back. To the orphanage. Tomorrow.

Lola hesitates—but nods. She knows he’s right.

**EXT. LOLA’S BOARDING HOUSE – MORNING**

Raka waits outside in his matte-black F150, engine humming. Lola walks out in casual clothes—jeans, sneakers, hair tied up. She hops in.

**RAKA**  
Morning, Letnan. Ready for a nostalgia trip?

**LOLA**  
Let’s just get it over with.

**INT. F150 – MOVING – LATER**

The city drifts by. Lola is quiet, watching Jakarta blur past. Raka grips the wheel, frowning slightly.

**RAKA**  
Y'know... I’ve been thinking. Visiting the orphanage might be pointless. Too many hands in that place since then. Records could be gone or... sanitized.

**LOLA** (raising a brow)  
So?

**RAKA**  
Let’s go to Bumblebee instead. The kindergarten.

**EXT. TK BUMBLEBEE – LATE MORNING**

A cozy school tucked between suburban shops. A faded bumblebee mural decorates the gate. Parents with toddlers are milling around.

**INT. SCHOOL OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER**

A cheerful **HEADMISTRESS** in her 40s greets them warmly.

**HEADMISTRESS**  
Looking for a school for your little one?

Raka chuckles; Lola does not. She flips out her Elite Force badge.

**LOLA**  
We’re here for records. Twenty years ago.

The headmistress blinks, flustered.

**HEADMISTRESS**  
Oh! I—yes. Please follow me.

**INT. RECORDS ROOM – MOMENTS LATER**

The room smells of old paper and mothballs. The headmistress flips through yellowed files and photo albums.

**HEADMISTRESS**  
I wasn’t around back then, but we do keep some archives. No digital, unfortunately.

She scans a dusty register.

**HEADMISTRESS**  
No "Lola Lux" here. Not in the lists.

**LOLA**  
Any orphans? Girls? Around five or six?

**HEADMISTRESS**  
Hmm… wait. We do have a class photo. One of the few that survived. It’s not in great shape, but—

She pulls a worn photo from a folder and hands it over.

**RAKA**  
Let’s see it.

They study the faded image. Some faces are blurry. But then—

**LOLA** (quietly)  
That’s me.

She points. A little girl. Straight black hair. Recognizable eyes. Underneath the photo is a name:

**AURELIA**

Raka and Lola exchange a look.

**RAKA**  
Aurelia... not Lola?

The headmistress flips open a thin file.

**HEADMISTRESS**  
Here. “Aurelia Wijaya.” There’s an old home address… and a guardian’s contact name.

She hands the file over. Lola scans it—then freezes.

**LOLA**  
Bima.

Her voice is a whisper. Shock. Confusion. Then anger slowly sets in.

**RAKA** (low)  
Chief Bima?

Lola just nods, her hand gripping the edge of the folder tightly.

**EXT. STREET NEAR BUMBLEBEE – DAY**

The Ford F150 hums along modest backstreets. Lola’s face is tense, staring out the window.

**LOLA**  
Let’s go straight to the address.

**RAKA** (grinning)  
Not before Soto. There’s a warung nearby that tastes like heaven.

**LOLA** (annoyed)  
You’re unbelievable.

**EXT. OLD ORPHANAGE – LATE AFTERNOON**

A modest, aging building. A rusted swing squeaks in the breeze. Children’s laughter echoes faintly.

**INT. ORPHANAGE FRONT ROOM – MOMENTS LATER**

An elderly **CARETAKER** with soft eyes and silver hair approaches, warm but weary.

**CARETAKER**  
Oh—are you looking to adopt?

**LOLA** (showing her badge)  
No. I’m looking for files. About a girl—Aurelia Wijaya.

The caretaker stiffens slightly, her eyes narrowing in recognition.

**CARETAKER**  
Aurelia... the little girl who couldn’t even read her own name. Always called herself... Lola.

Lola’s eyes flicker. A breath catches.

**LOLA**  
Can you tell me how she came here?

**CARETAKER** (sits, slowly recalling)  
She was brought in by a young policeman. Tall, quiet man. Carried her in his arms. She was maybe four or five... bruised, shaken, wouldn’t speak. He said her parents died in a racing accident. Asked us to shelter her.

**RAKA**  
Why didn’t he take her in himself?

**CARETAKER**  
He said he was single... not ready to raise a child. But he came often. Watched her from afar. Always brought something. Dolls. Books.

Lola listens, silent. A strange weight pressing on her chest.

**CARETAKER**  
Then one day, maybe six months later, he came again. Said he was taking her. Took her by the hand and left. But—

She stands, walks to an old drawer, and after some effort pulls out a slim envelope.

**CARETAKER**  
He left this behind. Said if she ever came back… maybe it would help.

Lola opens it—carefully, like peeling away a scar. Inside is an old **birth certificate**. Name: Aurelia Wijaya. A different date of birth. Different even from her official ID.

She stares, disoriented. The paper trembles in her hands.

**LOLA** (softly)  
It’s not just my name. My birthday’s different.

Raka looks over her shoulder. He frowns.

**RAKA**  
So they rewrote you.

Lola clutches the document, her whole identity starting to feel like a façade. She breathes in hard, trying to stay composed.

**INT. ORPHANAGE – EVENING**

The sun is dipping. Warm gold light cuts across the old wooden walls. Lola clutches the birth certificate and photo, hesitation in her eyes.

**LOLA**  
May I… take these home? Just to study. I promise I’ll return them.

The **Caretaker** looks uneasy, holding the envelope protectively.

**CARETAKER**  
These are precious memories… part of our records.

Raka steps forward, calm and reassuring.

**RAKA**  
I understand. But she’s not just anyone. She is Aurelia. And she’s an officer now. You can trust her. The documents will be safe.

The caretaker looks at Lola—sees the same little girl in her eyes. Slowly, she nods.

**CARETAKER**  
Alright. But bring them back, okay?

**LOLA** (softly)  
I will.

**INT. LOLA’S BOARDING HOUSE – NIGHT**

The room is dimly lit. A small fan buzzes. Lola sits at her desk, the old envelope open, contents carefully spread out. The birth certificate. The class photo from Bumblebee.

She opens a drawer and pulls out a copy of the same photograph she had kept all these years. She places them side by side.

Her fingers tremble slightly.

Two identical photographs. Same row of children. Same building behind them. Same shy little girl—her—near the edge. But only one has the name “Aurelia” beneath it.

**LOLA** (whispering)  
They erased her.

She looks at her current ID card. Name: Lola Lux. Birthday: August 17th.

Then at the certificate: Aurelia Wijaya. Birthday: May 5th.

Her breath grows shallow.

A soft knock of rain begins outside.

Lola sits back, lost in thought, holding the photo to her chest like a relic from a life she never knew was hers.

**AFTER CREDITS – INT. RAKA’S CAR – NIGHT, DRIVING**

The mood is calmer now. City lights pass by as Raka drives. Lola sits beside him, quiet, arms crossed, half-lost in thought.

**RAKA**  
So… Aurelia, huh?

Lola side-eyes him, saying nothing.

**RAKA (grinning)**  
Aurelia the jellyfish.

**LOLA**  
What?

**RAKA**  
You know, soft, mysterious, floats around looking harmless… but get too close, zap!—stings like hell.

**LOLA (dry)**  
You’re one to talk. Walking disaster in sunglasses.

**RAKA**  
Still better than Jellyfish Girl.

**LOLA (muttering)**  
I should’ve left you in that brig.

They both chuckle, the tension easing. The city hums outside.

**Episode 3 - INT. LOLA’S BOARDING HOUSE – MORNING**

Lola’s phone buzzes. Groggy, she reaches for it.

**TEXT FROM RAKA**  
Happy birthday.

Lola blinks, confused. Checks the date. Not her birthday. Then it hits her—

May 5th.  
Her real birthday.

She sits up slowly, eyes a little wide. Staring at the birth certificate still lying on her desk.

Phone buzzes again.

**RAKA (TEXT)**  
Also—my rig cracked the PDF. Took days, but it worked.  
The password was simple. Funny, huh?

He doesn’t say what the password was.

**LOLA (calls him immediately)**  
Raka—meet me. Now. I need to go to Panti Kasih. We need to talk about what’s in that file too.

**RAKA (on call)**  
I’m literally closing a deal right now. Can we do this tomorrow?

**LOLA (firmly)**  
This isn’t something we sleep on.

**RAKA**  
I know. But you’ve waited 20 years. One more night. Tomorrow—I’ll drive.

Lola hangs up, frustrated but silent. She looks back at the birth certificate. Then at a small mirror.

Her voice is quiet. Resolute.

**LOLA**  
Happy birthday, Aurelia.

**INT. DPR RI – HEARING ROOM – DAY**

A long mahogany table stretches across the room. **Members of the DPR** sit facing a delegation. At the center: **Mr. Darmawan**, calm and commanding. Beside him, **Raka**, bored but alert in a crisp shirt, no tie.

They wait. Raka leans in to whisper, low but sharp:

**RAKA**  
So… we’re here to bribe Parliament?

**MR. DARMAWAN** (without turning)  
No.  
This is a **lobby**, not a bribe.  
There’s a fundamental difference.

**RAKA**  
(quiet scoff)  
We financed the smelters. They pollute the rivers, wreck forest—  
And now we’re here to clean up their mess… politically?

**MR. DARMAWAN** (calmly sipping water)  
That's part of our job, Raka.  
When they fail, we **pay**.  
Then we make sure they **pay us back**. With interest.

Raka watches his father, torn between admiration and discomfort. He glances around at the stone-faced legislators gathering papers and nodding across the room.

**RAKA**  
(sighs)  
You sure we’re the good guys?

**MR. DARMAWAN**  
(smiling faintly)  
No.  
But we’re the ones who stay in the room when things go wrong.

The gavel slams. The hearing begins.

**INT. DPR HEARING – LATER THAT DAY**

The tense discussions are winding down. The **committee chair** lowers his mic.

**COMMITTEE CHAIR**  
We will not recommend shutting down the smelters.  
But from this day forward, all operations must include proper **water treatment infrastructure**.  
Your consortium will **finance** that.

Muted grumbling. Papers are exchanged. It's done.

**EXT. DPR PARKING LOT – MOMENTS LATER**

Raka and Mr. Darmawan exit the building. Flashbulbs flicker, but they ignore them. Once in the quiet of the parking lot:

**RAKA**  
Well... at least they didn’t ask to shut everything down.

**MR. DARMAWAN** (putting on his sunglasses)  
Of course not. Too many jobs at stake.

**RAKA**  
Still. We have to finance their water treatment systems now?

**MR. DARMAWAN** (with a smirk)  
Yes. And in the next round, **we make sure no one gets money without proving they’ve built one**.  
That’s called leverage.

**RAKA**  
(sighs)  
And you’re fine with that?

**MR. DARMAWAN**  
As long as they **pay us back**, I’m **very** fine.

They walk toward the car. A long pause.

**RAKA**  
You're terrifying, you know that?

**MR. DARMAWAN**  
That’s why they listen.

**EXT. DPR COMPLEX – PARKING AREA – CONTINUOUS**

As Raka and Mr. Darmawan head toward their car, they spot **Adrian** exiting another wing of the building, flanked by his father and a few military aides. Adrian notices them and waves. They meet halfway.

**ADRIAN**  
Just wrapped up. **Jahanam** got greenlit. Strategic national programme status. Full funding. Long-term R&D guarantee.

**RAKA** (raising an eyebrow)  
You still calling it Jahanam?

**ADRIAN** (smiling coolly)  
Just marketing. The name Jahanam sends shivers before it even launches. Fear is a great deterrent.

**RAKA** (chuckling)  
Sure. You’re gonna scare them with branding.

**ADRIAN**  
Worked on you, didn’t it?

They share a dry laugh. A moment of silence as they look back at the towering DPR building.

**ADRIAN**  
So... how’s work?

**RAKA** (sighing dramatically)  
Life’s unfair. Payday comes once a month... bills show up every week.

**ADRIAN** (deadpan)  
You wanted to be a civilian hero.

**RAKA**  
No, I wanted to be **left alone** in a garage full of supercars.  
Now I have meetings... and consequences.

**MR. DARMAWAN** (dryly)  
Welcome to the adult world, son.

They all share a quiet laugh, the kind that carries the weight of wars, politics, and bureaucratic victories. The camera pulls back slightly as Jakarta traffic hums in the background.

**EXT. WARTEG OUTSIDE ELITE FORCE HQ – LUNCHTIME**

A humble warteg, nicknamed Offier’s Lounge, bustles with the noise of lunchtime crowds and clinking utensils. Steam rises from hot dishes. At a quiet corner table, **Lola** eats alone, scrolling through her phone in peace, her uniform jacket draped beside her.

**VOICE (O.S.)**  
“Lola... Aurelia Wijaya.”

The voice is soft but unmistakably chilling. **Lola freezes.** Her spoon slips from her fingers and clatters onto the plate.

She looks up slowly. A shadow looms. A piece of paper drops beside her. On top, a checklist:

* **Water treatment for smelters: MANDATORY**
* **Forest replanting CSR: MANDATORY**
* **Nuclear weapons: UNCHECKED**

A voice continues, cool and amused:

**ARYA**  
“Our country’s getting cleaner. Only one box left.”

Lola looks up fully. It’s **Arya**. That unmistakable, smug smile on his face. Her breath catches. Instinctively, she reaches for her holster—**empty.**

**ARYA**  
“Lola... Aurelia Wijaya.  
You were supposed to be dead twenty years ago.  
And yet… here you are.”

He slides a **photo** across the table. It's **Lola’s childhood home**, long gone, buried in memory. It hits her like a gut punch.

**ARYA (calmly)**  
“Don’t bother. That burly guy at the door, the skinny man two tables down—  
They’re mine.”

Lola's eyes flick around. She's surrounded, no other officer in sight. Her jaw clenches.

**LOLA**  
“What do you want.”

Arya leans in slightly, still smiling, speaking low.

**ARYA**  
“It’s not about what I want.  
It’s about what you want.  
I think you’ve always wanted someone...  
to walk you down the aisle.”

He lays a **small folded paper** on the table—**a phone number** — **and Lola’s gun.**

**ARYA**  
“Call when you’re ready.”

\*With that, **Arya vanishes** into the crowd like smoke in the wind. Lola stares at the number, hands trembling. Her past crashing into her present. Her breath uneven. Memories flood in—faces, shadows, her old name. \*

**INT. RAKA’S ROOM – NIGHT**

The only light comes from Raka’s monitor. Lola sits beside him, quietly listening. Raka scrolls through Xavier’s decrypted file, a mix of betting tables and coded entries.

**RAKA**  
Look at this… Xavier always had the odds. House never bets this way unless it’s rigged. He won just enough to keep it looking fair. But if he lost…

He hesitates.

**RAKA (softly)**  
The dealer would’ve cleaned up big time.

Lola frowns, trying to connect the dots.

**LOLA**  
So he wasn’t just betting. He was being used.

Raka nods, clicks to the next page but quickly freezes.

**RAKA**  
Don’t scroll further.

**LOLA**  
Why?

**RAKA (firm)**  
Just… don’t.

Lola gives him a hard look and scrolls anyway. Her breath catches.

It’s a photo. A messy room, furniture overturned, blood on the wall, and in the middle of it all—a little girl, unconscious, in torn clothes.

The image is tagged: “Jl. Kenanga 12 – North Jakarta.”

**LOLA (whispers)**  
That’s… that’s me.

**EXT. KENANGA 12 – LATE NIGHT**

Raka’s car slows to a stop in front of a derelict house. The front gate hangs loose, the yard overgrown with weeds. A thick silence fills the air.

**RAKA**  
Place looks abandoned.

**LOLA (calmly)**  
It’s not. Not in my head.

She steps out. Raka follows, hesitating as they near the entrance. He instinctively puts an arm out to stop her.

**RAKA**  
Lola, this is still a crime scene. It’s… frozen in time.

**LOLA (quietly)**  
Exactly why I need to see it.

She steps forward, crossing into the ruins of her past. Raka stays by the gate, unsure.

**LOLA (calling out, smirking)**  
What? I thought you’re my bodyguard. Or are you scared of ghosts?

**RAKA (grumbling)**  
I’m just saying… someone here might need a therapy budget. Or a bonus.

**LOLA**  
I guess someone needs to fly business again.

**RAKA**  
Tch. I earn my own money now, remember?

Lola chuckles softly. The wind picks up. The gate creaks. Inside, the past awaits.

**AFTER CREDITS SCENE  
EXT. KENANGA 12 – LATE NIGHT**

Crickets chirp faintly. The air is thick and still. An OLD SECURITY GUARD in a faded blue uniform walks past the gate, dragging his feet, flashlight lazily sweeping the sidewalk.

**OLD SECURITY GUARD (grumbling to himself)**  
Still standing, huh? That cursed place… always gives me the creeps.

He pauses. Up on the **second floor**, a faint **light flickers on**—barely visible through cracked curtains.

In the window, a **slim shadow moves**. A **female figure**, standing still for just a second too long. Her head turns slowly toward the street.

The guard freezes.

**OLD SECURITY GUARD (whispering)**  
Luna…? Now haunting this place?

The light goes out again. Darkness.

The old man mutters a prayer, backing away slowly.

**OLD SECURITY GUARD**  
Poor girl… may you rest someday.

He walks off down the street.

**INT. KENANGA 12 – CONTINUOUS**

Inside the ruined house, the figure is still there. It’s **Lola**, standing in the dark, looking at what used to be a child’s bedroom. Her face is half-lit by her phone screen as she quietly whispers:

**LOLA (softly)**  
So this… was home.

Episode 4

**INT. LOLA’S BOARDING HOUSE – DAWN**

Lola is seated at her laptop, face dimly lit by the screen. Coffee half-drunk, her eyes scan rows of encrypted or classified files in the police server.

She types keywords: “Race betting,” “Xavier,” “Illegal Gambling,” “Arya.”

File after file returns with a red banner: **CAPTAIN LEVEL ACCESS OR ABOVE.**

Then… a flicker of something.

**LOLA (V.O.)**  
(quietly reading)  
“Arya Wicaksana... person of interest in unlicensed betting operation. Known associate of Captain Suryana…”

She freezes. Her pulse quickens. She clicks further…

A pop-up error: “**CAPTAIN LEVEL ACCESS OR ABOVE**.”

She tries another route—indirectly—chasing metadata.

One by one, she sees it: every officer who work on Arya’s case ended up marked in red. Footnotes like:

* “Lt. Hadinata – vehicle accident, paralysis.”
* “Kompol Sinta – burned in house fire.”
* “Ipda Rendy – found drowned.”

**LOLA (V.O.)**  
...This isn’t a coincidence.

The screen goes dark for a second—just a flicker. Lola sits back, suddenly feeling watched.

**INT. CHIEF BIMA’S OFFICE – DAY**

Lola stands across from Bima, tense but composed. She places Xavier’s decrypted file on the desk between them.

**LOLA**  
I want the truth, Chief. What really happened? What’s in this file?

Bima sighs, heavy with the weight of old secrets.

**BIMA**  
Xavier made a deal with the devil. He was supposed to throw the final race—someone had bet heavily against him. But Xavier... he wanted to win the championship.

**LOLA**  
Then why target me?

**BIMA**  
They were going to kidnap you, to force Xavier to lose. But something went wrong. Instead, they tried to kill you... and kidnapped Xavier. Dedi won that race. The rest is history—Xavier vanished.

Lola’s eyes narrow, confused and angry.

**LOLA**  
So it was Dedi?

**BIMA**  
No. I was a broke officer, fresh out of the academy. But Dedi, he used his prize money to pay your hospital bill. He tried to adopt you... but I was scared.

He lowers his gaze, conflicted.

**BIMA (CONT’D)**  
Whoever did this—they weren’t done. I feared for your life... and Dedi’s. So I gave you a new identity. I pulled every string I could, moved you to another orphanage. Buried your past.

Lola is silent. The weight of her stolen childhood settling in.

**LOLA**  
Was it Arya?

**BIMA**  
Most likely. But we never had enough evidence. And Arya... he doesn’t leave loose ends.

He leans closer, more serious than ever.

**BIMA (CONT’D)**  
Listen to me, Lola. If the Elite Force finds out your papers are fake, your career’s over. And out there... no one will protect you.

Beat. Lola clenches her fists, torn between duty, identity, and survival.

**INT. Elite Force HQ – FORENSIC LAB – DAY**

Naya stands in front of a projected wall diagram of Kenanga 12. She speaks to Lola, arms crossed.

**NAYA**  
Most of the evidence is too degraded. But we did find blood traces on the wall—DNA confirms it’s yours. Whoever hurt you… it happened there.

Lola takes that in with a blank face, but her knuckles tighten around the edge of the table.

**INT. RAKA’S OFFICE – DAY**

Raka lounges in front of his monitor. He’s got a video call window open with a clean-cut man in a shirt and tie.

**BANK OFFICER (ON SCREEN)**  
Kenanga 12 was foreclosed after no claims were made. Technically, it’s still under Xavier Wijaya’s name. Since he’s legally declared deceased, ownership’s in limbo.

**RAKA**  
And the insurance?

**BANK OFFICER**  
Frozen. No next of kin ever filed a claim. It’s a ghost file now.

Raka smirks, spinning a pen in his hand.

**RAKA**  
Good. Keep it that way.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KENANGA 12 – DAY (MONTAGE)**

Construction workers silently clean shattered glass. Wallpaper is peeled away. Bloodstains scrubbed. A small crack in a child’s bedpost is left untouched.

On the wall, where photos once hung, a frame is replaced—empty, for now.

Outside, a truck unloads fresh flowers. A quiet, elegant restoration underway.

**INT. RAKA’S CAR**

Raka looking out toward the house from a distance.

**RAKA (V.O.)**  
Happy birthday, Aurelia.

He then drives off.

**[After-Credit – Back Service Entrance, Merdeka Palace – Dusk]**

The camera follows a group of **foreign dignitaries** being respectfully escorted out through the **palace's discreet service entrance**. The muffled sound of student protesters still echoes from the blocked main gate.

**President Arsyad**, accompanied by **Chief Bima**, gives the dignitaries a polite smile and a firm handshake. Once the last envoy leaves, the President sighs and turns to Bima.

**President Arsyad:**  
"I'm tired, Bima. Saying the same thing over and over to every envoys, diplomats, ambassadors who's visited this place lately..."

**Chief Bima** offers a dry chuckle, glancing toward the distant protests.

**Chief Bima:**  
"Of course they’re all shocked, sir. You have nukes now."

Arsyad pauses, looking out across the palace courtyard, his voice calm but resolute.

**President Arsyad:**  
"You know me, Bima. Personally."  
"I’d never use those nukes. That’s not what they’re for."  
"They’re for peace. Not just for Indonesia... but for all of ASEAN."

Bima nods solemnly. The camera lingers on the President’s thoughtful face as the Indonesian flag waves behind him in the dusk light.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**Episode 5**

**INT. MERDEKA PALACE – Morning**

The air is thick with tension. Protesters gather outside the gates, chanting loudly, demanding justice. Inside the palace, President Arsyad sits at a large wooden table, surrounded by his trusted advisors. General Wirawan Suryadi stands at attention, clearly agitated. Chief Bima, calm and thoughtful, watches quietly.

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
Firmly  
Sir, we cannot allow this. These protesters are a threat to national security. They’ve already stormed the gates of Merdeka Palace. If we don’t act now, we risk losing control of the situation. We should use force to subdue them immediately.

President Arsyad leans back in his chair, his expression composed but resolute.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Calmly  
No. We will not use force. The people have the right to protest. But if they wish to speak with me, I am ready to listen. We will open the gate and grant them an audience.

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
Visibly frustrated  
Sir, it’s too risky. They are already growing bolder. If we allow them inside the palace, we could be inviting chaos. What if they try to incite violence? It’s not just a protest; it’s a power grab.

Bima interjects, his voice steady but full of conviction.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
Thoughtfully  
General, the students are the future of this country. If we shut them out, we risk losing their trust. Their concerns are valid—this protest isn’t just about anger; it’s about a future they believe in. If we show them respect now, we might earn their loyalty in the future. They deserve to be heard.

The room falls silent as President Arsyad carefully considers both perspectives.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Finally speaking  
How many universities are represented?

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
With a heavy sigh  
Ten, sir. Ten major universities. Each one has sent their representatives.

President Arsyad stands slowly, his posture calm and dignified.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Resolutely  
Then let’s open the gates. We’ll grant them an audience—ten representatives, one from each university. We will hear them out.

The atmosphere in the room is tense, but the President’s decision is final. General Wirawan, clearly uneasy, nods stiffly. Chief Bima offers a small but respectful smile, sensing the wisdom in the President’s approach.

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
Reluctantly  
Understood, sir. But I still believe this is dangerous.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Firmly  
We will take every precaution. But this is the right decision. The people have spoken. It’s time we listen.

**INT. ADMRIAL SURYANA’S DETENTION CELL – Morning**

Lola steps into the stark, cold room. Admiral Suryana sits in front of her, calm and collected. His posture is rigid, the air of experience surrounding him. Lola places a file on the table between them: **Xavier’s file**.

**LOLA**  
You know him, don’t you? (she slides the AI-generated image across the table)  
This man... Arya.

Admiral Suryana looks at the image without blinking. His expression is unreadable, almost detached.

**ADMIRAL SURYANA**  
Yes. I knew him. He was a acquaintance of mine.

Lola's mind races. She watches his reaction closely. She thought this would be harder to get out of him.

**LOLA**  
Shocked  
You knew him? An acquaintance? You took this photo, didn’t you?

Suryana gives her a small smile, but it’s more of a smirk—a knowing, seasoned smirk.

**ADMIRAL SURYANA**  
I’ve never taken a picture like this with him. But yes, I know him.

Lola digs deeper, her eyes narrowing.

**LOLA**  
And his gambling ring? You know about it?

**ADMIRAL SURYANA**  
Casually  
He stopped gambling long ago. He's an investor now. (pauses, glancing at her)  
**RAKA**  
Sarcastic  
You’d call him a... crypto casino owner, actually. Nice upgrade. Must’ve been a good hustle.

Raka, who’s been listening in, speaks up from behind her.

**LOLA**  
Crypto casino, huh?

**LOLA**  
Do you know his current address?

Suryana doesn’t miss a beat. His tone is matter-of-fact.

**ADMIRAL SURYANA**  
Without hesitation  
Yes. It’s Jl. Kamboja 2. You’ll find him there.

Lola, shocked at the ease with which Suryana provides the information, feels the weight of the moment. But her instinct tells her something is off.

**RAKA**  
Lowering his voice to Lola  
This is too easy. Are you walking into a trap?

**LOLA**  
Eyes fixed on the file  
I need to know... and this is the only lead we have.

**Episode 6 - INT. ARYA'S HOUSE – Day**

A sleek, minimalistic mansion in a quiet elite neighborhood.

Lola and Raka arrive outside Arya’s residence, their bodies armored beneath their clothing. Around the perimeter, unmarked cars and undercover **Elite Force** agents monitor everything through earpieces, watching for any signs of danger.

The house is imposing but well-kept. As they approach the front door, Arya opens it, greeting them with a warm, almost familiar smile.

**ARYA**  
Smiling  
I’ve been expecting you. Come in.

Lola and Raka exchange a wary glance but step inside.

**INT. LIVING ROOM – Day**

Arya sits casually on the couch, offering them drinks. The tension in the air is palpable, as though they’re dancing around something unspoken.

**ARYA**  
Teasing  
So, Lola... are you ready to call that number?

Lola’s heart races. She’s been resisting, but now she’s on the edge of something far bigger than she anticipated. She glances at Raka, who watches her carefully.

**LOLA**  
Pausing, then shaking her head  
I don’t know who that is... It’s not an important person.

Arya raises an eyebrow, clearly not convinced. He leans in, watching her closely.

**ARYA**  
Teasing  
You sure? I’m sure you know... it’s been so long since you last talked to them. Don’t you want to hear their voice?

Lola's hand twitches toward Raka’s phone, the temptation rising. She takes a deep breath and finally picks it up, dialing the number from the file. The phone rings...

**INT. PHONE CALL – MOMENTS LATER**

The call connects. The line crackles before a voice answers with a thick, made-up Arabic accent.

**XAVIER (over the phone)**  
In an affected accent  
Hello...?

Lola freezes. She recognizes the voice, even though it’s slightly distorted. Her pulse quickens.

**XAVIER**  
Surprised, then chuckles  
It’s been too long since I received a call from Indonesia.

Lola’s eyes widen. This is real. This is happening.

**LOLA**  
Stunned  
It’s you... Dad? Xavier?

**RAKA**  
Raka grabs the phone, speaking clearly into it.

We’re calling for a girl. Her name is Lola... Aurelia Wijaya.

There’s a sharp silence on the other end.

**XAVIER (coldly)**  
Yelling  
How dare you impersonate my daughter who died twenty years ago!? Trying to scam me for money?!

The sound of something being knocked over comes through the phone, and then a loud, angry shout in Arabic.

**XAVIER (yelling)**  
Arabic Who the hell are you!?

The call cuts off abruptly. The phone falls silent.

**INT. LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER**

Lola’s face pales. Arya smiles faintly as he watches her. His demeanor shifts to something far more menacing now.

**ARYA**  
Softly  
Not only Xavier’s life... but President Arsyad’s life is in your hands, Lola.

Lola stands frozen, speechless. Raka clenches his jaw, but a look of realization crosses his face.

**RAKA**  
Quietly  
We’ve walked straight into their game.

**EXT. ARYA’S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS**

Elite Force agents have already heard the conversation and are springing into action.

**AGENT (IN EARPIECE)**  
We need to move now—get to Merdeka Palace. This could be an imminent threat.

Lola rushes toward the car parked down the block, but Arya appears at the door, speaking loud enough for her to hear, his voice chillingly casual.

**ARYA**  
smirking  
Do you really think protests this scale just… happen? Someone is always paying the bill—especially when there’s **nasi bungkus** involved.

Lola freezes for a half second—her mind connecting dots. Raka throws open the car door. No time to argue.

**RAKA**  
Let’s go!

They jump in and speed off. Arya watches them disappear into the corner, arms crossed, the sunlight casting sharp shadows across his face.

**ARYA**  
satisfied murmur  
How predictable.

**INT. ISTANA MERDEKA – Afternoon**

Inside the grand hall of the palace, the atmosphere is surprisingly warm. **President Arsyad** sits at a long table with ten **student representatives**—one from each university. Books, notes, and cups of kopi litter the table as passionate but respectful discussion flows.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
laughing  
If only Parliament debated like this, we’d have passed a hundred reforms by now.

The students laugh along, clearly enjoying the rare chance to be heard.

**DOORS BURST OPEN – CHIEF BIMA STORMS IN**

**CHIEF BIMA**  
Sir! We need to move you to a secure location. Now.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
calmly sets down his coffee cup, annoyed  
Bima... I'm speaking to the future of this nation. The only thing you need to secure is satay. For everyone.

The students cheer, a mix of disbelief and admiration. **General Wirawan** stands silently behind the President, not saying a word but scanning every corner, his body stiff with tension.

**EXT. ISTANA MERDEKA GATES – SAME TIME**

The protest outside has calmed, but the tension remains. The wide avenue is eerily quiet. A row of students sits on the asphalt in front of the palace gate, flanked by tanks and armored vehicles. Cameras from distant rooftops zoom in. No one moves.

A sleek, black SUV screeches to a halt. **Lola** and **Raka** step out, surveying the scene. Lola wears a tactical shirt over her Elite uniform. Raka adjusts his ever-gaudy Breitling, squinting toward the gate.

**RAKA**  
whispers quietly, into Lola’s ear

**LOLA**  
focused  
Go.

**RAKA**  
nods, smirks  
Service entrance?

**LOLA**  
smiling  
Our usual door.

They hear some commotion, Lola and Raka rushes inside.

**INT. ISTANA MERDEKA – DINING HALL – MOMENTS EARLIER**

The smell of grilled satay fills the air. Students laugh, a little awkwardly but excited. **Chief Bima** watches like a hawk as trays of food are brought in.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
(quietly to aide)  
Double-check the charcoal packs, the sauces, everything. I want this satay safer than the nuclear codes.

He personally inspects the skewers before giving a nod. An aide ushers the students into the **dining hall**, where warm plates await.

**INT. ISTANA MERDEKA – MEETING ROOM – SAME TIME**

**President Arsyad** leans over a table, speaking with **General Wirawan**.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Arya’s just trying to rattle us. He doesn’t have the reach to—

SUDDENLY, a **man** in palace staff uniform steps into the room.

**MAN**  
softly  
Permisi...

Before anyone reacts, the man **lunges forward and plunges a knife into President Arsyad's side**. Chaos explodes.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
(grunts in pain, collapsing)

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
MEDIC! NOW! CODE RED! PRESIDENT IS NOT BREATHING!

General Wirawan pulls out his walkie-talkie, barking orders.

**GENERAL WIRAWAN (CONT’D)**  
All tank crews—stand by. Repeat—state of emergency!

The **attacker is gone**—vanished as fast as he appeared.

**After Credit: INT. DINING HALL – SECONDS LATER**

An aide rushes in. **Chief Bima’s** expression drops. He shoves past chairs and dishes and sprints toward the meeting room.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
How the hell did he get a knife past security?!

He stops, remembering. Eyes widen.

**CHIEF BIMA (TO HIMSELF)**  
Satay seller... of course. A kitchen knife. No one even questioned it...

**Episode 7 - EXT. ISTANA MERDEKA – Service GATE – Late Afternoon**

Lola and Raka sprint inside, the palace grounds are in chaos. The radio on Lola’s chest crackles: officers yelling, overlapping commands, screams.

**INT. ISTANA MERDEKA – HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS**

Lola bursts through gilded doors, running toward the meeting room. Raka’s close behind. They round the corner—

**INT. MEETING ROOM – SAME TIME**

—and find **President Arsyad** lying on the floor, **blood pooling** around him. General Wirawan barking order behind him. Guards are trying to secure the area.

**LOLA**  
screaming  
Bapak Presiden!!

She drops to her knees, sobbing. As she leans closer—\*

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
softly  
Sst… don’t cry, Lola. I’m just playing dead.

His eyes open. Weak smile. He unbuttons the bloodied batik shirt—revealing a **body armor**, stained and slightly damaged. A puncture bleeds near the ribs.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (CONT’D)**  
It hurts like hell, but he missed the heart. Good enough.

Lola gasps in relief. Raka exhales, shaky.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (CONT’D)**  
Raka... take this.

He reaches into his jacket and hands Raka his **official Presidential badge**—heavy, polished, and unmistakable.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (CONT’D)**  
Use this. Take control of the situation. Get order back.

**RAKA**  
(confused, hesitant)  
But—she’s the armed force, not me.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
It must be used by a civilian. It’s the law.

A moment passes. Then medics arrive, quickly tending to the President. Raka clutches the badge, stunned.

**LOLA**  
Raka… go.

He nods. Determined. The game just changed.

**EXT. ISTANA MERDEKA – COURTYARD – NIGHT**

The atmosphere is electric. Students are huddled, scared but defiant, sitting cross-legged just outside the gate.

**TANKS move forward**, their treads grinding over the cobblestone, positioning to flank the group of seated student protestors. The students don’t move. Fear, but also determination, is in their eyes.

**INT. TANK COMMANDER'S HATCH – CONTINUOUS**

A **YOUNG TANK GUNNER**  listens to conflicting chatter on the radio:

**GENERAL WIRAWAN (RADIO)**  
All units, Move forward. Subdue if necessary.

**TANK GUNNER**  
Sir, look! Elite Force—dead ahead!

**EXT. PALACE GATE – CONTINUOUS**

From both sides of the palace, **Elite Force operatives** in black gear emerge in formation. They take up position **between the tanks and the students**, forming a tense human barricade.

The Tank Commander squints—recognizing someone.

**TANK COMMANDER**  
Wait… that’s Agus. He used to sit right where you’re sitting.

A long beat. The Gunner looks at him, uncertain.

**TANK GUNNER**  
Orders?

*Silence.*

**EXT. ISTANA MERDEKA – ENTRANCE STAIR – SAME TIME**

Suddenly, **RAKA bursts onto the front palace stair**, the spot where President Arsyad often addresses the nation. He raises the **Presidential badge high**, yelling into his radio and toward the crowd:

**RAKA (yelling at a radio)**  
Everyone—eyes here! At the palace stair!

The students turn. Cameras turn. Spotlights catch his silhouette—messy hair, fierce gaze, badge in hand.

**RAKA**  
President Arsyad gave me this badge himself!  
I speak on his authority.  
**Stand down. All of you. Now.**

A hush spreads. Even the tanks pause again. But—

—But **two military officers appear behind Raka**, gripping his shoulders—not roughly, but with uncertainty. Their orders are to stop him from stealing the spotlight. But they see the badge. They hesitate. They know this isn’t right.

**1ST Soldier (quietly)**  
You’re not supposed to be here.

**2ND Soldier (conflicted)**  
He has the badge…

They hold his shoulder, but don’t drag him away. They just **stand frozen**, unsure. Do they silence him—or listen?

The moment hangs—on the edge of chaos or clarity.

**TANK COMMANDER**  
I’m not doing this. No way.

He pulls the brake. **The tank lurches to a stop**. One by one, the other tanks hesitate, confused. The engines continue to growl, but the advance halts.

**EXT. ISTANA MERDEKA – ENTRANCE STAIR – NIGHT**

Raka stands firm, the Presidential badge raised high. The two Army soldier gripping his shoulders remain frozen in doubt. Tension crackles in the air—then—

**STATIC.**  
The radio on one of the officers’ belts **crackles to life.**

**LOLA (V.O., over radio)**  
This is Lieutenant Lola Lux.  
**The President is fine.**

A stunned silence follows. All heads turn—

**From behind Raka**, a door opens. Out steps **PRESIDENT ARSYAD**, limping, **arm draped over Lola’s shoulder for support.** Medics flank them. The President’s **torso is bandaged**, blood still visible on the edges, but his expression is calm, resolute.

In his other hand, **he carries a megaphone.**

He gently takes it, raises it to his mouth.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (firm, steady)**  
Soldiers…  
**At ease.**

The moment is electric. **One by one, soldiers stand straight—then salute.** Even the tanks power down. The Elite Force drops to a ready rest. The tension melts.

**EXT. COURTYARD – STUDENT LINE – CONTINUOUS**

The students begin rising, stunned. A few cry quietly. Others raise fists in silent solidarity.

**EXT. ISTANA MERDEKA – STAIR – CONTINUOUS**

President Arsyad raises the megaphone again. His voice is strained, but firm.

**To my young brothers and sisters outside these gates—**

**President Arsyad makes a short but stirring speech—praising youth, unity, and dignity.**

A silence follows. Then: **cheers**, soft at first, growing louder. The tension lifts. The **protest begins to disperse peacefully**, students shaking hands with officers, some helping clean up. The tanks start reversing slowly.

**Raka turns slightly, looking at Lola.** She gives him a nod.

**The people won. For now.**

**Scene: Aftermath – In the Briefing Room**

In a quiet, private meeting with **Chief Bima**, **Lola**, and **Raka**, the President sips warm tea, wincing a little.

Lola leans in, “Sir… why did you play dead?”

President Arsyad replies dryly, “So I wouldn’t get stabbed again.”

Raka chuckles, but the President winces again and opens his shirt slightly. “Still got through, though! I thought that armor was rated for assault rifles!”

Chief Bima sighs, “Rifle damage and stab wounds are completely different, Pak. You’ll need stab-proof armor next time.”

The President smirks, “Good to know. Add it to the shopping list.”

Arsyad turns to Raka with a tired smile.

“And Raka… you were President for one minute. Yet you saved thousands of lives.”

They share a dry laugh. A moment of silence as they look back at what just transpires.

Then, President Arysad’s face turns serious.

“When I was lying there... pretending to be out cold... I overheard something.”  
He pauses. “**General Wirawan.** On the phone.”  
A beat.

“‘Damn it, Arya—your plan was to make him resign, not kill him!’”

**[After-Credit Scene – Bima’s Office, Morning]**

Chief Bima stands in a his office, phone in hand, looking increasingly uncomfortable.

**Voice on the Phone (Secretary of Finance):**  
“Chief Bima! I just reviewed the APBN report—where is this satay party listed?! It’s not there!”

Bima rubs his forehead, silently mouthing an apology.

**Secretary of Finance (continuing, frustrated):**  
“You’re the only person in Indonesian history who managed to turn a satay party into a **national incident**!”  
“And don’t even get me started on the clean-up costs—it’s in the **billions**! Do you realize this is now officially the most expensive satay party in history?!”

Bima glances toward the camera, muttering:

**Chief Bima (dryly):**  
“…But the satay was good.”

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**[FLASHBACK – Moments Before the Chaos Outside Merdeka Palace]**

Raka and Lola are driving towards Service Entrance of Istana Merdeka. The camera zooms in as Raka leans close to Lola and whispers:

**Raka (whispers):**  
“The tank and APCs are in position. If someone gives the order… they’ll move, and massacre.”

Lola’s eyes widen slightly. She nods once, understanding the gravity of the situation.

**Raka (quiet but firm):**  
“Then have the Elite Force—especially your Army boys—on standby. Position them near the armor. Quietly.”

Lola nods and quickly radios the command. Cut to outside, near the protesting students. Amid the rising tension, several members of the Elite Force, dressed in combat gear, move into discreet positions near the tank and APC. They don’t raise their weapons—just standing there, calm but ready, like a silent warning.