### **🎥 TV NEWS SEGMENT (Live Broadcast)**

**[ON-SCREEN: NEWS STUDIO – SPLIT SCREEN: Anchor on one side, footage of security tackling the satay vendor on the other]  
[LOWER THIRD: “PRESIDENT ARSYAD SURVIVES ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT”]**

**ANCHOR:  
Good evening. In a disturbing escalation of recent national tensions, President Arsyad narrowly survived an assassination attempt this last night during mediation talk. The attacker—a man disguised as a satay seller—lunged at the President with a knife before being tackled by Paspampres.**

**Just days months earlier, the nation was shaken by the sudden death of the Vice President, leaving a critical power vacuum. With no VP currently installed, any successful attack on the President could have triggered a constitutional crisis.**

**Joining us now is political analyst Dr. Rendra Prakoso. Doctor, with the VP position vacant, how close were we to a national meltdown today?**

**[ON-SCREEN: Expert in small box overlay]  
EXPERT:  
Very close, actually. Had President Arsyad been fatally wounded, we’d have entered an automatic power transition protocol. In such cases, the military might temporarily assume control until a new election is organized. But without a clear line of succession, the situation would’ve been politically volatile, especially with economic recovery still fragile.**

**ANCHOR:  
And the fact that the attacker was a street vendor—does that speak to a broader intelligence lapse or something more symbolic?**

**EXPERT:  
Both. It’s symbolic of brewing discontent among the grassroots, but it also highlights a potential lapse in crowd vetting during public events. The attacker exploited the President’s reputation for mingling with common citizens—something that was previously seen as a strength.**

**ANCHOR:  
Strong words. The President is back at work, but this incident leaves deep questions about national security—and the urgent need for a new Vice President.**

**INT. PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE – MORNING**

*The room is quiet, well lit. A large Garuda emblem looms behind the President’s desk. GENERAL WIRAWAN stands stiffly at attention. PRESIDENT ARSYAD sits calmly, fingers steepled, eyes sharp.*

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
 General Wirawan… what’s your opinion on my new nuclear weapon?

*A heavy silence. Wirawan shifts slightly, clearly uncomfortable.*

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
 With all due respect, Mr. President… building nukes violates the ASEAN convention.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
 Your main duty is to protect the country. Its people.  
 Am I right?

**GENERAL WIRAWAN** *(reluctantly)*  
 Yes, Mr. President.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
 Without nuclear weapons… if we go to war with a nuclear power, how long do we last?

**GENERAL WIRAWAN** *(quietly)*  
 It would be over before it even starts.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
And everyone we ever cared of, died.

*A beat*

Now that we have them… how long would the war last?

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
 There won’t be a war. No one—nuclear or otherwise—will dare.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** *(nodding)*  
 Exactly.  
 The nuke… is for peace.

*A pause.*

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (CONT’D)**  
 It’s dangerous—yes. And I hate that something so destructive must rest in the hands of one man.  
 But we *needed* it.

*Wirawan is stunned. His face goes pale as he absorbs the gravity of it.*

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (CONT’D)**  
 Now… let’s talk about Arya.

*The President leans forward, voice cold.*

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (CONT’D)**  
 He tried to kill me. Twice.  
 If I’m going to catch him… I’ll need your help.

*A beat. The room is silent again.*

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (CONT’D)**  
 You’ll keep your job, General.  
 But I expect your loyalty… to this nation. Not to fear. Not to ego.

*Wirawan gulps and slowly nods.*

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
 Understood, Mr. President.

**EXT. HALIM PERDANA KUSUMA AIRPORT – MORNING**

A sleek **Elite Force SUV** pulls up to the tarmac. **CAPTAIN NYOMAN** steps off a military jet, sunglasses on, suitcase in hand. He’s greeted with a crisp salute by an **Elite Force Officer**.

**ELITE OFFICER**  
 Welcome back, Captain. And congratulations—after twenty years, you finally caught him.

**CAPTAIN NYOMAN** *(smirking)*  
 Yeah, after everything we’ve been through. And in between all that?  
He was in Dubai… Racing with princes, living a good life.

*They both laugh briefly as they walk toward the car.*

**CAPTAIN NYOMAN**  
 Now catch me up. What happened while I was gone?

*The officer opens the car door for him.*

**ELITE OFFICER**  
 Sir… the President was stabbed. Inside the palace.

*Nyoman pauses for a beat, then gets in the car.*

**CAPTAIN NYOMAN** *(grumbling)*  
 I was away one month... and the President gets stabbed?

*They pull out from the tarmac. Nyoman leans back, muttering:*

**CAPTAIN NYOMAN (CONT’D)**  
 One more day away… and this republic would’ve been history.

**INT. DARMAWAN BANK HEADQUARTERS – BOARDROOM – EARLY MORNING**

The morning sun casts long shadows through the tall glass windows of the Darmawan Bank skyscraper. Inside the sleek, high-level boardroom, **MR. DARMAWAN** sits at the head of the table, flanked by his **Board of Directors**. **RAKA**, sharp in a suit, sits beside his father.

The room is tense.

**MR. DARMAWAN**  
 Two assassination attempts on the President in two months...  
 This country is balancing on the edge of a blade.

**DIRECTOR 1**  
 We’re concerned about market stability, Sir. If panic sets in...

**MR. DARMAWAN**  
 Yes. A stock market collapse. A bank run. That’s what I’m afraid of.

*The meeting continues. As the clock hits 9:00 AM, the main screen lights up—****IHSG opens.*** *The index dips sharply.*

**DIRECTOR 2** *(grimly)*  
 As expected… red across the board.

*Suddenly, the door bursts open. A* ***FINANCIAL ANALYST*** *rushes in, out of breath.*

**FINANCIAL ANALYST**  
 Sir—our bank is under attack. It’s a financial assault. Coordinated.  
 Short selling, false rumors... it's spreading fast!

*Raka immediately grabs the remote and switches the screen to* ***Darmawan Bank’s stock ticker.*** *The graph plunges second by second.*

**RAKA**  
 They're targeting us directly. Look at that slope—it’s not natural.

**MR. DARMAWAN** *(sternly, to his secretary)*  
 Call the exchange. Get trading on our stock **paused immediately**.

*The secretary nods and rushes out as the tension in the room spikes.*

**INT. DARMAWAN BANK HEADQUARTERS – BOARDROOM – MOMENTS LATER**

The trading halt has been triggered. A tense silence settles over the boardroom as the screen freezes with Darmawan Bank’s stock price suspended.

**MR. DARMAWAN** *(leaning forward, eyes burning with resolve)*  
 This isn’t just about market volatility anymore. This is **an attack**—on us, on national stability.

**DIRECTOR 1**  
 Should we consider government intervention?

**MR. DARMAWAN**  
 No. If we run to the government now, it sends the wrong message.  
 Panic spreads. Confidence drops. We look weak.

**RAKA**  
 Then what’s the play?

**MR. DARMAWAN** *(calm, deliberate)*  
 We fight back.

He stands and walks toward the screen, tapping the paused ticker.

**MR. DARMAWAN** (CONT’D)  
 We have the liquidity. We have the reserves. We buy when they sell.  
 Let them short us into the ground—**we’ll make them bleed for it.**

**DIRECTOR 2**  
 That’s risky, Sir. If we miscalculate—

**MR. DARMAWAN** *(cutting in)*  
 If we do nothing, we lose anyway. I want them crushed. I want every fund and every shadow account behind this to suffer **maximum loss**.

*He turns to his executive team.*

**MR. DARMAWAN** (CONT’D)  
 Mobilize our buyback teams. Coordinate with our partner institutions.  
 I want a **wall of bids** waiting the second trading resumes.

**RAKA** *(quietly impressed)*  
 You’re going to turn the bear trap on them.

**MR. DARMAWAN**  
 Exactly.  
 *Let’s see how brave they are when the market turns against them.*

**INT. DARMAWAN BANK HEADQUARTERS – BOARDROOM – CONTINUOUS**

Tension still hangs in the room. The executives sit in silence, the weight of the crisis heavy. Mr. Darmawan walks back to the table and rests both hands on the polished wood.

**MR. DARMAWAN**  
 All of this—stock buybacks, holding the line—it’s meaningless if people start lining up at our branches.

**RAKA**  
 A bank run?

**MR. DARMAWAN** *(nodding)*  
 Even the strongest bank will fall if confidence breaks. We need to get ahead of it.

He turns to his Head of Operations.

**MR. DARMAWAN (CONT’D)**  
 Ensure every single branch is stocked with enough cash. Triple the normal reserve. I don’t care what it takes—**make sure nobody walks away empty-handed.**

**HEAD OF OPERATIONS**  
 Understood, Sir. But if withdrawals spike nationwide...

**MR. DARMAWAN** *(interrupting, quietly)*  
 I’ll open my personal reserve accounts.

**(the room stills)**

**MR. DARMAWAN (CONT’D)**  
 Offshore, diversified, untouched for decades. It's time they serve their real purpose.

**DIRECTOR 1**  
 You’re talking about your private fund? The one nobody’s ever seen?

**MR. DARMAWAN** *(without flinching)*  
 I built that war chest for a moment like this. If we go down, we don’t just lose a bank. We lose trust in the entire financial system.  
 I want every concerned party—from nervous grandmas in Surabaya to foreign investors in Singapore—**to get their money if they want it.**

**RAKA**  
 Even if it bleeds your reserves dry?

**MR. DARMAWAN**  
 Better to bleed for a week than collapse forever.

**He looks around the room.**  
 Call the logistics team. Move the cash. Quietly. If we do this right, nobody will even panic.  
 *Confidence is our most valuable asset.*

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – DAY**

A single light bulb buzzes overhead. The *satay seller* suspect sits handcuffed at the table, visibly nervous. Chief Bima stands in the corner, arms crossed. Lola sits across from the suspect, flipping through a report file.

**LOLA**  
 (quietly, reading)  
 Molar x-rayed and cleaned. No cyanide capsule found.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
 (nods)  
 Good. Let’s begin.

Bima steps forward, placing both hands on the table and leaning in. The suspect flinches.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
 Tell me. Names. Who gave the orders?

The suspect hesitates, eyes darting.

**SUSPECT**  
 Nyoman. Captain Nyoman... from the Elite Force.

Bima’s eyes narrow. Lola lowers the file slowly, stunned.

**LOLA**  
Captain Nyoman? He just came back from Dubai after catching a criminal that’s been on the run for twenty years.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
 (frowns deeply)  
 Nyoman? That fat one?

**LOLA**  
 (smirks)  
 Honestly, I’ve always felt he wasn’t exactly... elite material.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
 (grim)  
 I’ve wondered that myself. His record was never stellar. I was surprised when the top brass decided to replace me with *him*.  
 But... I let it slide. Because the Elite Force had you.

**LOLA**  
 (suspiciously)  
 Wait. You *knew* something was off?

**CHIEF BIMA**  
 I had my doubts. But I couldn’t just upend the chain of command without evidence. Replacing the captain of the Elite Force isn’t exactly easy.

He stands upright, pacing for a moment. Then he turns to Lola, voice lower, more serious.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
 If I were you... I’d take a very close look at that criminal he brought in.

**LOLA**  
 (staring ahead, absorbing the implication)  
 Understood.

**INT. NYOMAN’S OFFICE – AFTERNOON**

The office is dimly lit, with Jakarta’s golden afternoon sun casting long shadows. Trophies from shooting competitions and old photos of Nyoman in uniform line the shelves. Captain **Nyoman**, recently returned, lounges behind his desk with a smug air.

**LOLA**  
 (calm but firm)  
 Captain, I’d like more details on the suspect you brought in from Dubai. The one you claimed was a fugitive for twenty years.

Nyoman leans back in his chair, spinning a pen between his fingers.

**NYOMAN**  
 Ah, the little girl got promoted while I was away, huh?  
 (grinning)  
 Sorry. That kind of intel’s for captains and above only.

He chuckles like it’s a joke, but his eyes don’t smile.

**NYOMAN**  
 You’re dismissed, *Aurelia*.

Lola stiffens. Shock flickers across her face. She stands there for a beat too long, then straightens.

**LOLA**  
 It’s *Lola*, sir.

Nyoman smirks, leaning forward slightly.

**NYOMAN**  
 Of course it is.

They stare at each other in silence for a moment, the tension thick.

**LOLA**  
 (resolute)  
 Understood.

She turns and walks out, jaw clenched.

**AFTER CREDIT SCENE**

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – NIGHT**

Inside the HQ’s operations room, the lights are low. A few monitors hum softly. **Lola**, still in her Elite Force jacket but with messy hair and dark circles under his eyes, sits beside **Raka**, who’s scrolling rapidly through files.

**LOLA**  
 (grumbling)  
 Captain Nyoman’s password isn’t working anymore. Locked out. Typical.

**RAKA**  
 (skeptical)  
 You sure you typed it right?

**LOLA**  
 Come on, it just 6 numbers.  
 (beat)  
 Guy’s got no imagination.

**LOLA**  
 What *did* you find?

**RAKA**  
 (taps a file on another lieutenant’s desk)  
 Left open, rookie mistake. I saw the rap sheet: infanticide, rigged gambling tournaments, massive embezzlement.

**LOLA**  
 (disbelief)  
 That's... extreme. And they already set a court date?

**RAKA**  
 (grim)  
 Two days from now. Fastest trial I’ve ever seen.

**LOLA**  
 (suspicious)  
 This smells off. Very off.

**RAKA**  
 (smiles, energized despite exhaustion)  
 Then let’s crash the courtroom. See what Captain Nyoman's been hiding.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**INT. TV STUDIO – DAY (INTERCUT MONTAGE)**

A talk show rolls footage. The anchor’s voice overlays real interview cuts.

**TV HOST (V.O.)**  
 Today, panic briefly hit the nation, but Darmawan Bank seems to be holding strong.

**EXT. SURABAYA BRANCH – DAY**

An elderly woman speaks to a news crew, cheerful despite the sun.

**OLD LADY**  
 Three hours of queuing, but I got all my deposit back! WhatsApp said the bank’s going bankrupt. Nonsense!  
 (chuckles)  
 These hoaxes are more dangerous than thieves.

**EXT. JAKARTA BRANCH – ANOTHER INTERVIEW**

A tired man with a towel around his neck drinks from a bottle of tea.

**MAN**  
 Queue was crazy. But I got every rupiah. That WhatsApp message? Total hoax. People should go to jail for that.

**CUT TO:**

**TV COMMERCIAL**

Upbeat music. A group of **young girls in a stylized Navy uniform**—cheerful, full of energy—dances in front of a Darmawan Bank headquarter.

**NAVY GIRL (SINGS)**  
 🎵 Don’t panic, don’t fear—Darmawan’s always here! 🎵  
 🎵 From the sea to your street, our service can’t be beat! 🎵

**TEXT ON SCREEN:**  
 *Darmawan Bank – Your Fortress in the Storm.*

**FADE OUT.**

**INT. COURTROOM – DAY**

A row of **stern judges** sit at the front. The **HEAD JUDGE** bangs the gavel.

**HEAD JUDGE**  
 We now begin the trial of Xavier Wijaya, charged with treason, embezzlement, and infanticide.

**Raka** and **Lola** sit quietly in the audience.

**SFX: Door creaks open. Chains rattling.**

The **defendant is led in**—it’s **Xavier**, older, grayer, but unmistakably the same man Lola saw on her family photo. Her expression drops.

**LOLA**  
 (breathless)  
 Dad?!

**The courtroom murmurs.**

**Captain Nyoman** stands and reads from a statement.

**CAPTAIN NYOMAN**  
 Twenty years ago, Xavier vanished with gambling funds.  
 But prior to that, we believe he murdered hischild.  
 (holding up a photo)  
 This little girl, unconscious, taken from Kenanga 12.  
 Her name was Amelia. She was never seen again.

**Raka turns to Lola. Her lips part slightly.**

**Another witness is escorted in—an older woman.**

**WITNESS**  
 I lived across Kenanga 12. That morning… there was a fight.  
 Then a man in police uniform carried Amelia out.  
 They never came back.

**The Prosecutor stands, now fuming with confidence.**

**PROSECUTOR**  
 Xavier Wijaya is accused of:  
 — Embezzling millions via illegal race betting.  
 — Fleeing abroad under false identities.  
 — The murder of his child, Amelia Wijaya.  
 We request the **death penalty.**

**Gasps ripple through the room. Lola stands.**

**LOLA**  
 Permission to speak, Your Honors.

**The court quiets. The judges nod.**

**LOLA**  
 I am **Lieutenant Lola Lux**, Elite Force.  
 But my real name... is **Amelia Wijaya**.  
 (holds up photo)  
 This is me. The girl from the photo.  
 I'm not dead. The charge of infanticide is a lie.

**The entire room freezes. Even Xavier looks stunned.**

**RAKA**  
 (quietly, wiping forehead)  
 Oh my God…

**The Prosecutor nearly drops his papers.**

**PROSECUTOR**  
 This… this is nonsense! Where’s the proof?

**Lola steps forward, handing a sealed file to the bailiff.**

**LOLA**  
 This is a certified DNA match.  
 Recovered from a bloodstain on the wall of Kenanga 12.  
 Tested last week. Verified.

**The judges whisper among themselves. The Head Judge reads.**

**HEAD JUDGE**  
 The charge of infanticide is hereby dismissed.  
 Xavier Wijaya will be remanded for charges related to financial crimes.

**Nyoman watches from his seat, smirking ever so slightly.**

**The courtroom buzzes. Reporters frantically type.**

**LOLA**  
 With your permission, Your Honors… I wish to speak to the accused in custody.

**HEAD JUDGE**  
 Permission granted.

**He bangs the gavel.**

**HEAD JUDGE** (CONT'D)  
 Court adjourned.

**INT. COURTROOM – MINUTES AFTER ADJOURNMENT**

The **judges have left**, murmurs rise across the courtroom. Xavier is being led away. **Lola** still stands frozen from her bold confession. She watches Xavier go, emotions turbulent. **Xavier turns**, confused, stunned.

**XAVIER**  
 (staring at Lola)  
 She’s… my daughter?  
 She looks exactly like Luna...

He’s pulled away before he can say more. The room starts to clear.

**RAKA**  
 (quietly, stepping beside her)  
 That stunt might get you fired, you know.  
 And that’s *exactly* what Nyoman wanted.

**Lola**  
 (still processing)  
 I know…

**RAKA**  
 (sighs)  
 But hey—your dad just escaped the death penalty.  
 That’s a win in my book.  
 Don’t worry, I’ll hire the best lawyer in Jakarta for him. Pro bono.

**Lola finally turns to him, her voice low but resolute.**

**LOLA**  
 Thank you, Raka.  
 But first…  
 We’ll meet him now.  
 *My dad.*

**They walk off together, the courtroom behind them fading into silence.**

**INT. COURT HOLDING CELL – LATE AFTERNOON**

**Xavier** sits on a bench, hands cuffed in front of him. **Lola and Raka** steps in, composed but intense. They stands just outside the bars.

**LOLA**  
Dad, how did you end up in Dubai?

**XAVIER**  
 (sighs, voice calm but distant)  
 On race day… I was kidnapped.

**LOLA**  
 (kneels slightly to his eye level)  
 Kidnapped?

**XAVIER**  
 I don’t know who they were.  
 But they spoke with thick Balinese accents.  
 Rough. Fast. Like they were trained.

**FLASHBACK — DARK VAN — blurry, tied Xavier, unknown men shouting.**

**XAVIER (V.O.)**  
 I escaped a few hours later… bleeding, dazed—only to find the house already swarmed by police.

**FLASHBACK ENDS**

**XAVIER**  
 And there… was **Nyoman**.  
 He told me… you had died.

**Lola** visibly swallows her breath.

**XAVIER**  
 Then came Arya.  
 He said this had to be revenge—his rival targeting me.  
 Claimed I wasn’t safe anymore.  
 He helped me flee Indonesia. Said I needed to disappear.

**LOLA**  
 So he sent you to the Middle East?

**XAVIER**  
 To the Arab Peninsula.  
 I did what I knew best—**Tafheet**. Racing, Drifting. Chaos driving.  
 One day, a Sheikh saw me.  
 He wanted me to train his son. I did.  
 The pay was insane.  
 Then another Sheikh hired me. Then another.  
 After a while, I forgot what pain felt like.

**Lola looks at him—conflicted, sympathetic, suspicious.**

**XAVIER**  
 But then...  
 One day I saw a **Vios**—*my Vios*—racing against a Rimac and a McLaren on YouTube.  
 I knew.  
 Something big was coming.

**LOLA**  
 (softly)  
 So you came back?

**XAVIER**  
 No.  
 *You* called first.  
 Then... bang-bang-bang—Nyoman.  
 Same man who told me you were dead.  
 Same man knocking on my door in Dubai.

**He leans closer. Eyes sharp now.**

**XAVIER**  
 It was a setup.  
 From the beginning.  
 And now…  
 I think you're in the middle of it.

**Lola clenches her jaw, then stands.**

**LOLA**  
 Then we’ll blow it open.  
 One piece at a time.

**INT. COURT HOLDING CELL – MOMENTS LATER**

**Lola and Raka** stand just outside the bars. **Xavier** sits on the bench inside, eyes locked on Lola—tears barely held back.

**XAVIER**  
 You look just like your mother...  
 I’ve always wanted to see you all grown up.  
 It’s the only thing I ever truly wanted in this life.

Lola blinks back tears, silent.

Xavier’s gaze shifts to Raka.

**XAVIER**  
 And you—Raka, right?  
 Are you her boyfriend?

Before Raka can even open his mouth—

**LOLA**  
 (firmly)  
 No. Not boyfriend.

Xavier chuckles, a bittersweet sound.

**XAVIER**  
 (laughing softly)  
 That’s *exactly* what your mom said  
 when people asked about our relationship.

**A GUARD** steps in.

**GUARD**  
 Alright, time’s up.

Raka reaches into his wallet, casually trying to slide some bills into the guard’s hand.

**LOLA**  
 (snaps)  
 No, Raka!

Raka stops, grins awkwardly, and puts the money away.

**XAVIER**  
 (smiling faintly)  
 Still her father, after all.  
 Proud of you, Amelia.

Lola nods once, eyes burning.

**AFTER CREDIT SCENE – INT. ELITE FORCE HQ, OPERATIONS ROOM – NIGHT**

Lola, now in uniform and all business, stands before a young **Elite Force Officer** at the command terminal.

**LOLA**  
 I need a detachment stationed outside Xavier’s cell.  
 Effective immediately. Reinforce his safety.

**ELITE OFFICER**  
 I’m sorry, Lieutenant. Orders like that require Captain Nyoman’s approval.

Lola narrows her eyes, then leans in.

**LOLA**  
 Then here’s your new approval chain—  
 *Chief Bima* sent me.

Beat.

**LOLA (CONT’D)**  
 The inmate is his best friend.  
 And more importantly, he’s a *key witness* in all recent terrorist attack.  
 Do you want to be the one who let him die?

The officer pauses, processes, then nods.

**ELITE OFFICER**  
 Understood.  
 We’ll dispatch two operators to the courthouse jail tonight.

Lola gives a curt nod, turns to leave—her silhouette sharp in the blue lights of the ops room.

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – MAIN BRIEFING ROOM – MORNING**

The tension in the room is thick. A few Elite Force officers stand silently around the edges as **Captain Nyoman**, smug and composed, stands at the front. **Chief Bima** and **Lola**, both in full uniform, face him.

**NYOMAN**  
 By authority vested in me as Acting Commander of the Elite Police Force…  
 Lieutenant Lola Lux, alias Aurelia Wijaya, you are hereby stripped of all rank and commissions. Effective immediately.

Lola stiffens. She doesn’t protest.

**NYOMAN (CONT’D)**  
 And Chief Bima…  
 You are suspended from duty until further notice.

**CHIEF BIMA** *(stepping forward)*  
 You forget your place, Captain.  
 I still outrank you.

**NYOMAN** *(smirking)*  
 Do you?  
 You personally vouched for Lola's admission—*with forged credentials.*  
 You backed a civilian without verified lineage, without proper background check.

**(beat)**  
 You compromised the integrity of the Elite Force.

**CHIEF BIMA** *(furious)*  
 You’re twisting protocol to your own benefit.

**NYOMAN**  
 Maybe.  
 But you know the rules. I can't strip your rank, but I can *ground* you—  
 until a direct order from *President Arsyad* overrides mine.

Lola looks at Bima, eyes filled with guilt.

Then Nyoman presses his **radio** calmly.

**NYOMAN (into radio)**  
 Withdraw all units guarding the courthouse detention cell.  
 Effective immediately.

A silent beat. Lola’s expression hardens as realization sinks in.

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – HALLWAY – MOMENTS LATER**

Lola follows **Chief Bima** out of the briefing room. Her face is pale, her posture rigid with guilt.

**LOLA**  
 Sir—Chief, I’m so sorry.  
 I didn’t know it would affect *you*. I never wanted this to happen...

She nearly chokes on her words. Bima stops walking, turns to her.

**CHIEF BIMA** *(calmly)*  
 Xavier is more than an old case file to me.  
 He was one of my closest friends... before everything went sideways.  
 If I were in your shoes, I would’ve done the same.

**(soft smile)**  
 I raised you to follow the truth, not the politics.

Lola’s eyes well up slightly.

**CHIEF BIMA (CONT’D)**  
 Now if you’ll excuse me...  
 I need to pull some strings.

He pulls out his phone and steps away. The camera lingers on Lola’s worried expression as we *cut to*—

**INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE – PRIVATE MEETING ROOM – CONTINUOUS**

**President Arsyad**, composed in a dark suit, is shaking hands with a *foreign delegation* — diplomats and business leaders from another country.

Chief Bima’s call buzzes on his phone.

The President sees the name.  
 He frowns. He cannot answer.  
 He slides the phone face-down as flashes from cameras go off in the room.

**CUT BACK TO:**

**INT. HQ – HALLWAY – SAME TIME**

Bima ends the call, unreadable.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
 He’s tied up.  
 For now... Xavier’s on his own.

**EXT. ELITE FORCE HQ – LATE AFTERNOON**

Lola exits the building with clenched fists, her badge and rank stripped. She hesitates, pulls out her phone, and dials.

**LOLA**  
 (into phone)  
 Raka, can you pick me up?

**INT. RAKA’S OFFICE – SAME TIME**

Raka is in a sharp shirt, surrounded by his analysts, Bloomberg terminals glowing behind him.

**RAKA**  
 I’m in the middle of something, Lola—can’t you ride the Ducati?

**LOLA**  
 I *borrowed* it from impound. They’re asking for it back. I’m out of options, Raka.

**(pause)**  
 Something big just happened… I’ll explain in the car.

**RAKA**  
 (beat)  
 Alright. I’m on my way.

**INT. RAKA’S CAR – DUSK**

The city passes by. Tension fills the silence. Lola sits quietly, lost in thought. Raka glances at her.

**RAKA**  
 You gonna tell me what’s going on?

**LOLA**  
 Nyoman pulled my badge. Chief Bima’s suspended.  
 All for defending someone I’m still trying to figure out how to forgive.

**RAKA**  
 And you think it stops there?

She stays silent.

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

They arrive. A crowd has formed. Fire trucks wail in the distance. The *boarding house is in flames.*

Lola steps out in shock, eyes wide.

**LOLA**  
 (softly)  
 No safe place left…

**RAKA**  
 (serious now)  
 You’re staying with me.

Lola doesn't argue. Just nods once.

**INT. RAKA’S CAR – NIGHT – ON THE ROAD TO HIS HOUSE**

The glow of the city lights reflects off the windshield. Raka drives in silence for a moment, then speaks up, careful with his words.

**RAKA**  
 You should call Admiral Bambang.

Lola turns to him, surprised.

**LOLA**  
 He’s Navy. This isn’t his jurisdiction.

**RAKA**  
 Maybe not. But he respects you. And he’s not part of Nyoman’s little empire.

Lola nods slowly. She pulls out her phone and dials.

**INT. ADMIRAL BAMBANG’S OFFICE – SAME TIME**

The Admiral picks up with his usual calm authority.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
 Lola? I heard what happened. Tell me everything.

Lola gives a brief but urgent summary.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
 (sighs)  
 Martadinata’s still under repair, won’t sail for at least a month. But you’re not out of options.

(beat)  
 Call Captain Arman. Tell him I sent you.

**INT. RAKA’S CAR – MOMENTS LATER**

Lola dials. Captain Arman picks up almost instantly.

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
 Lieutenant Lola Lux? I’ve been following the court case. Admiral Bambang already briefed me.

**LOLA**  
 Sir, Xavier’s security is being pulled. I need help.

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
 Martadinata won’t be moving for weeks—but listen, I *do* know the courthouse guards. In fact, I’ve got three seamen ready. You remember them?

**LOLA**  
 The ones who detained Raka?

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
 (laughs)  
 Exactly. Time for them to redeem themselves. I’ll send them to secure Xavier—immediately.

**LOLA**  
 Captain, thank you. I—

**CAPTAIN ARMAN**  
 Say no more. This is a Navy matter now. Let them try and stop us.

**INT. RAKA’S FAMILY HOME – EVENING**

The mansion is quiet but heavily guarded. Upstairs, a maid finishes preparing a cozy guest room—fresh linen, folded towels, a vase of white flowers. Downstairs, *Ms. Darmawan* walks past the grand staircase and spots *Raka* watching Lola settle in.

**MS. DARMAWAN**  
 (sternly, to Raka)  
 Don’t even dream of coming close to her room tonight.

**RAKA**  
 (smirking)  
 Wouldn’t dare, Ma.

**INT. LIVING ROOM – LATER**

*Lola* sits on a velvet couch, still in partial uniform, her eyes tracing the elegant décor. *Ms. Darmawan* joins her with a cup of tea.

**LOLA**  
 (sincerely)  
 Thank you, Bu Darmawan. You’ve done more than I could ever ask. But… I think staying here might put your family in danger.

**MS. DARMAWAN**  
 (calmly)  
You are not alone, Lola. You’re family now.

**LOLA**  
 (smiles)

**MS. DARMAWAN**  
 (calmly)  
There are guards patrolling every corner, we’ve dealt with threats before. And after what happened at court, the Elite Force has dispatched their men outside. You’re safe here.

*Lola’s brows furrow. That last part clearly unsettles her.*

**LOLA**  
 (tense)  
 The Elite Force? Outside *this* house?

*She glances at Raka, then back at Ms. Darmawan.*

**LOLA**  
 I’m sorry, Bu. We must leave. Now.

*Ms. Darmawan’s expression tightens, but she nods without argument. She recognizes the urgency in Lola’s voice.*

**MS. DARMAWAN**  
 Then don’t waste time. And Raka—take the H3 this time.

**RAKA**  
 (playfully)  
 You act like I’d take the Mustang during a manhunt.

**MS. DARMAWAN**  
 (deadpan)  
 I *know* you would.

*Lola gives a small laugh, the first real one in hours.*

**INT. RAKA’S SUV – NIGHT – MOVING**

The city lights blur past as *Raka* drives with one hand on the wheel, eyes scanning for tails. *Lola* sits beside him, tense but alert.

**RAKA**  
 Should I bring you to Fey’s?

**LOLA**  
 (shakes head)  
 Fey’s Elite Force. I trust her with my life—but if she harbors me now, her career might be over.

*Raka exhales slowly, then smirks a little.*

**RAKA**  
 Just as I thought. Good thing I have a backup plan.

**LOLA**  
 (turns to him)  
 What backup plan?

**RAKA**  
 A safe place. Although not exactly comfortable. I was saving it as your birthday surprise… but I guess we’re improvising.

**LOLA**  
 (surprised)  
 My birthday was a few days ago.

**RAKA**  
 (grinning)  
 I know. That’s is for your other birthday.

**EXT. KENANGA 12 – NIGHT**

They pull up to a two-story house tucked discreetly between larger properties. It looks freshly restored—clean walls, but totally dark.

**LOLA**  
 This house... it looks brand new.

**RAKA**  
 Better than new.

*He unlocks the door and they step inside. The interior is unfinished, but usable.*

**RAKA**  
 Reinforced doors, bulletproof windows, fire suppression system. Water and electricity are up. Internet and water heater will be installed next Tuesday, though—so, cold showers until then.

**LOLA**  
 (curious, touched)  
 You did all this... for me?

**RAKA**  
 Just wanted you to have a place where no one could touch you. And hey—there’s a saying: *the most dangerous place is often the safest.* I’m going to test that theory.

*Lola lets her guard down for a moment—just a flicker—and gives a rare, quiet smile.*

**AFTER CREDITS – INT. KENANGA 12 – NIGHT**

*Lola walks through the renovated house, quiet and dimly lit. She enters the bedroom—clean, pristine… but there’s only a bed frame. No mattress, no sheets, nothing.*

**LOLA**  
 (sighs, mutters)  
Of course. No bedding. I guess I’ll take the couch.

*She heads to the living room and lies down on the plush couch, pulling her jacket over herself. She closes her eyes, visibly exhausted.*

**CUT TO – INT. RAKA’S CAR – CONTINUOUS**

*Raka is driving when sudden realization hits him like a lightning bolt. He grabs his phone and quickly dials.*

**RAKA**  
 (frantic)  
 Crap. Crap! Lola!

**BACK TO – INT. KENANGA 12 – LIVING ROOM**

*Lola’s phone vibrates on the table. Groggy, she reaches for it and answers without opening her eyes.*

**LOLA**  
 (half-asleep)  
 Hello…?

**RAKA (through phone)**  
 Lola! I’m so sorry—I forgot the bedding! And the futon! It was supposed to be next week—I—

**LOLA**  
 (still lying down, calmly)  
 Even your couch is more comfortable than the bed at my old boarding house.

*A beat of silence, then she adds, a little sharper:*

**LOLA**  
 Also... no phone while driving.

*She hangs up before he can respond. Lola pulls the jacket over her shoulders tighter and lets herself drift back to sleep, a faint smile forming.*

**FADE OUT.**

**AFTER CREDITS 2 – INT. COURTHOUSE JAIL CELL – NIGHT**

*The small cell now looks almost crowded. Xavier sits on the lower bunk, rubbing his temples, while the three seamen stand rigidly inside, taking up space.*

**XAVIER**  
 (sighs)  
 Gentlemen… I’m trying to sleep. Could you please… go?

**SEAMAN 1**  
 Respectfully, sir—our orders are to protect you. Whatever the cost.

*Xavier gestures to the small barred window of the cell door, where another* ***guard*** *is visible, leaning on the outer wall.*

**XAVIER**  
 The guard from last night stands out there. Isn’t that enough?

*He looks at the closest seaman, narrowing his eyes.*

**XAVIER**  
 You. Why are *you* inside my cell?

**SEAMAN 2**  
 (saluting slightly)  
 Orders, sir. We are to remain in the cell with you.

*Xavier blinks slowly, then mutters under his breath:*

**XAVIER**  
 (first beat)  
 This is absurd…  
 (second beat)  
 Your captain really does hold a grudge.

*The three seamen remain completely unmoved, staring straight ahead like statues. Xavier lies down, defeated.*

**XAVIER**  
 Just don’t snore.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**Episode 4 - INT. KENANGA 12 – EARLY MORNING**

*Sunlight creeps through the reinforced windows. The house still smells faintly of fresh paint and sawdust. Raka steps in with a futon rolled under one arm and a plastic bag of breakfast in the other.*

**RAKA**  
 (panting slightly)  
 Got you a futon. A spring bed might attract… the wrong kind of attention. Especially with Elite Force guys lurking around my neighborhood.

*Lola, already freshened up and dressed, sips a glass of water by the kitchen counter. She looks calm but alert.*

**LOLA**  
 I know.  
 (pauses)  
 I didn’t turn on the lights last night. Figured it’s best if people think the house is empty.

**RAKA**  
 (half-smiling)  
 Smart. You always are.

*He sets the futon down and grabs a bite of his own breakfast.*

**RAKA**  
 So… what’s the destination?

*Lola places the empty glass in the sink, her face turning more serious.*

**LOLA**  
 The courthouse.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE DETENTION AREA – MORNING**

*Lola and Raka arrive. Three seamen, clearly worn out, are stationed inside the cell with Xavier. One of them tries to stifle a yawn but fails.*

**RAKA**  
 (stifling a giggle)  
 You guys look like zombies. Didn’t sleep, huh?

**SEAMAN 1**  
 Captain’s orders, sir. We’re to guard Mr. Xavier at all times.

**RAKA**  
 Alright, listen—at ease. I’m Captain Raka, BIN. While Captain Arman’s not around, you take orders from me.

*The seamen exchange glances—relieved. A brief moment of camaraderie settles in.*

**RAKA**  
 Duty roster—one stays, the rest rotate. Sleep, eat, clean up. I brought you guys breakfast, futons, and fresh shirts. Don’t make me look bad in front of my fiancée.

*The last line makes Lola raise an eyebrow.*

**LOLA**  
 Fiancée?

**RAKA**  
 (quickly)  
 Figure of speech.

*The seamen chuckle as they gratefully accept the supplies.*

**LOLA**  
 (smirking)  
 So you remembered futons for them… but not for me?

**RAKA**  
 (half-grinning)  
 They stood guard all night. You just... on the couch.

*Lola playfully punches his arm as they enter the cell, their bickering lightening the tension.*

**INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE – STRATEGIC MEETING ROOM – DAY**

*President Arsyad sits at the head of the table, sharp in demeanor but calm. Chief Bima and General Wirawan stand before him. On the table are printed news clippings—headlines like: “Elite Force Officer Dismissed in Forgery Scandal,” and “President’s Adjutant Implicated.”*

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
 (holding up a headline)  
 So... the media already turned this into a scandal. I’ve read the reports, but I need to hear it from you directly, Bima.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
 (steady but somber)  
 Yes, Sir. The documents were forged under my watch. I gave a personal guarantee for Lola’s academy admission. I take full responsibility.

*President Arsyad sighs, then looks him in the eye.*

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
 I could reinstate you today. But with Nyoman in charge, will the Elite Force even listen to you?

**CHIEF BIMA**  
 Only if Nyoman is out of the way. Otherwise... it’ll be chaos. No discipline. No unity.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
 (curt)  
 Nyoman’s a hero in the public eye. I can’t dismiss him without solid legal grounds—unless you want a civil war in uniform.

*There’s a tense pause before General Wirawan leans forward with a thoughtful grin.*

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
 Well then... how about we try something unconventional?

*Bima and Arsyad glance at him.*

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
 You join us in the Army—temporarily. Technically, I can assign you a provisional rank and put a detachment under your command. Some of those boys in Elite Force used to be ours. If we’re taking you, it's just a... realignment.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
 (skeptical)  
 A backdoor solution.

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
 Call it practical. You’ll have the authority. You’ll have the men. And Nyoman? He won’t see it coming.

*Chief Bima doesn’t answer yet. He glances at the President, who folds his arms and watches closely.*

**INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING CELL – DAY**

*The seamen have stepped out to rest. Inside the dimly lit cell,* ***Lola*** *quietly speaks with* ***Xavier****, who’s seated on the bench, hands clasped. The door creaks open.*\*

**Dedi** walks in, arm around his wife **Euis**. He freezes upon seeing Xavier. Xavier looks up—his eyes widen slightly.

**DEDI**  
 (stunned, voice low)  
 X… it’s really you.

*A heavy silence. Xavier slowly stands, emotion creeping into his face.*

**XAVIER**  
 I thought the worst of you all these years. I blamed you. But it wasn’t you, was it?

*Dedi says nothing. Xavier continues, guilt heavy in his voice.*

**XAVIER**  
 I should’ve followed you back then… not Arya.

*Dedi steps forward, placing a firm hand on Xavier’s shoulder.*

**DEDI**  
 You were young. And angry. We all make mistakes.

**EUIS**  
 (stepping in, sharp but not unkind)  
 You never listened, Xavier. We warned you. Arya wasn’t just trouble—he was poison.

**XAVIER**  
 (softly, ashamed)  
 He ran the gambling ring. I was his cash cow… and I let it happen.

**EUIS**  
 (nods sadly)  
 And now it nearly cost you your life. But it’s not too late to make it right.

*Lola observes quietly, watching the long-buried pain between them unfold. A flicker of understanding crosses her face.*

**INT. COURTHOUSE HOLDING CELL – DAY**

*The atmosphere softens as* ***Euis*** *opens a paper box and holds it out to* ***Xavier****. The familiar aroma fills the cell.*

**EUIS**  
 (smiling gently)  
 X… remember this? Nasi Goreng. Your favorite.

*Xavier hesitates, his expression softening. He slowly takes the box, the warmth and scent triggering old memories.*

**XAVIER**  
 (sincerely)  
 Thank you…

*He picks up a plastic spoon and takes a bite.* ***Lola*** *watches from the corner, subtly alert. She leans toward* ***Raka****, who stands nearby.*

**LOLA**  
 (quietly)  
 Should we… worry about poison?

**RAKA**  
 (grinning)  
 Relax. It’s safe.

*Xavier chews slowly, savoring the taste. A smile breaks across his face for the first time.*

**XAVIER**  
 (mouth full)  
 Still delicious. Better than anything I’ve had in years… those Arabs never get this right.

**DEDI**  
 (laughing)  
 Of course not! That’s Luna’s recipe, remember? Euis used to learn cooking from her every Sunday.

**XAVIER**  
 (chuckling softly)  
 Yeah… she used to burn the shallots every time.

**EUIS**  
 (playfully)  
 Only once! Okay—maybe twice.

*Lola relaxes, sensing the layers of pain beginning to peel back into something more human. She glances at Raka, who nods—progress.*

**INT. HOLDING CELL – DAY**

*Xavier finishes the last bite of his nasi goreng. The air feels lighter now, but* ***Lola’s*** *mind is still racing. She turns to* ***Euis****, firm and curious.*

**LOLA**  
 Euis… what did you mean earlier—by “deal with the devil”? You were talking about Arya, right?

**EUIS**  
 (nods, growing serious)  
 A few months before the championship… your dad wrecked his car. Pretty bad. He was desperate—no money, no time.

*She looks to* ***Xavier****, who lowers his eyes, ashamed.*

**EUIS**  
 Then Arya showed up—offered him a car. That’s when he got the Vios. And not just any Vios… it was *unbelievably* fast. After that, your dad got close to Arya. Too close.

**XAVIER**  
 (sighs)  
 I kept saying the imported parts worked like magic. I thought he was just helping a friend… I didn’t know the cost.

**EUIS**  
 (softly)  
 But I knew. I warned him. Arya was running gambling rings, even back then. But your dad… he was too proud. Or too desperate.

*A pause. Then Lola looks Euis straight in the eye.*

**LOLA**  
 Would you be willing to testify? Be a key witness in our case?

**EUIS**  
 (steady)  
 Yes. Whatever it takes.

*Raka, leaning against the wall, suddenly looks up—concerned.*

**RAKA**  
 Wait… with you out of the Elite Force, Lola—we don’t have the Witness Protection program anymore.

*Silence falls for a beat. The weight of the risk sets in.*

**After Credit 1: INT. KENANGA 12 – LIVING ROOM – EVENING**

*Lola’s phone buzzes. She checks it and reads the message silently, then looks up at Raka.*

**LOLA**  
 Chief Bima just texted. He’s been given a provisional Army rank and a detachment. Technically, they’re not supposed to leave the barracks… but the President gave him special permission. Discreetly, of course.

**RAKA**  
 (disbelieving)  
 So he gets boots on the ground, and we can’t even get a lawyer to pick up the phone.

*He throws his phone on the couch in frustration. Lola raises an eyebrow.*

**LOLA**  
 Still no luck?

**RAKA**  
 (sighs)  
 My dad’s secretary reached out to a few of our regular lawyers. Most of them handle civil stuff—contracts, property disputes, that kind of thing. The rest? They either said they’re not equipped for international criminal cases… or they don’t want to touch anything involving Elite Force internal affairs.

*He slumps into the couch. Silence for a beat.*

**LOLA**  
 Then maybe it’s time we talk to Adrian.

*Raka looks at her, puzzled.*

**LOLA**  
 He knows the structure of the armed forces better than anyone we know. And he has connections in legal and intelligence circles too.

**RAKA**  
 (grumbling)  
 Fine. I’ll text him now.

*He pulls out his phone and sends a quick message. The reply comes almost instantly.*

**RAKA**  
 (reading aloud)  
 “Come to Halim Airbase tomorrow. I’ll wait for you there.”  
 (smiling)  
 Guess the pretty boy’s still got our back.

**LOLA**  
 (grinning)  
 Let’s hope he’s not wearing white shoes again.

**AFTER CREDIT 2 – INT. HOLDING CELL – MORNING LIGHT**

*Xavier and Dedi stand side by side, facing Lola and Euis. Xavier has a slight grin. Dedi claps a hand on his shoulder.*

**XAVIER**  
 We talked.  
 (beat)  
 One more race—Sentul. When I’m out. We’ve got to settle this fair and square.

*Euis gasps and stares at Dedi.*

**EUIS**  
 Seriously? Another race? You two never learn...

*Her eyes dart to Lola, hoping for backup.*

**LOLA**  
 (sighs, mutters)  
 This time... no more betting.

**DEDI**  
 (grinning)  
 Deal.  
 (beat)  
 Loser treats us all to Pecel at Mbok Joyo.

*Everyone chuckles. Even Lola cracks a reluctant smile.*

**XAVIER**  
 And this time, I’m bringing my own wheels.

**EUIS**  
 (exasperated)  
 Boys will be boys...

*Fade out with lighthearted music, the cell door clanking shut behind them.*

Episode 5 -

**INT. HALIM AIRBASE – MORNING**

*An* ***armoured SUV*** *rolls through the security gate. RAKA flashes his* ***Elite Force civilian contractor ID****. Beside him,* ***LOLA*** *sits calm and observant, in batik.*

**GUARD**  
 You’re expected, Sir. Marshall Eko Santosa is waiting inside.

**INT. BRIEFING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER**

*Air Marshal* ***EKO SANTOSA****, mid-50s, sharp and composed, greets them. With him is a* ***stoic Air Force lawyer****, Major Haris, papers in hand.*

**EKO SANTOSA**  
 Captain Raka. Officer Lola. Thank you for coming.

**AIR FORCE LAWYER**  
 (clears throat)  
 We’ve reviewed the case. Charges include impersonating an officer, unauthorized use of government aircraft, discharge of a training missile—injuring civilians in the process.

**RAKA**  
 (confused)  
 Wait, that Sidewinder… that was a *dummy*, right? Why did it fire?

**LAWYER**  
 It was a **training round**. It launches, but won’t explode.  
 If it were a live warhead… the Indolux 333 would be *gone*.

**RAKA**  
 (grimaces)  
 Noted.

**LAWYER**  
 That said, these charges normally carry a minimum **five-year sentence**.

*Lola stiffens. Raka frowns.*

**LAWYER**  
 But—President Arsyad has issued an **amnesty**. You’re clear of all criminal liability.

*Raka exhales. Lola quietly smiles.*

**LAWYER**  
 Only one thing remains. Budget discrepancy. F-16 flight hour costs around **Rp100 million**. The missile? **Rp500 million**.

**RAKA**  
 (smirks)  
 Where’s the nearest ATM?

**LAWYER**  
 You won’t need it.

*He gestures behind him.* ***ADRIAN*** *stands in the corner, arms crossed, looking a bit awkward.*

**LAWYER**  
 The bill has already been paid—by this gentleman.

*Raka turns to Adrian. A quiet nod of gratitude is exchanged.*

**RAKA**  
 Appreciate it, man.

**ADRIAN**  
 Just don’t shot another plane.

**INT. AIRBASE – LEGAL BRIEFING ROOM – DAY**

*Major* ***Haris****, the Air Force legal officer, sets down a thick folder. His expression is serious but calm.*

**MAJOR HARIS**  
 After reviewing the documents you submitted, I can confirm — the alleged crimes happened two decades ago.  
 They’ve all passed the statute of limitations... except one: murder. But in this case, it was proven false.

*He looks up at Lola.*

**MAJOR HARIS** (CONT’D)  
 Your father is a free man. Legally, he shouldn’t be detained at all.

*Raka clenches his jaw. Lola frowns in disbelief.*

**LOLA**  
 Then Arya... he’s also off the hook?

**MAJOR HARIS**  
 (nods reluctantly)  
 Unless you can prove a more recent crime — and back it with solid evidence — he walks free too.

*A heavy silence falls. Then* ***Adrian****, leaning against a wall, checks his phone.*

**ADRIAN**  
 Bank Darmawan stock just bounced back to its pre-attack level.  
 That kind of recovery doesn’t happen naturally…  
 Arya’s probably bleeding money behind the scenes. That gives us a trail.

**RAKA**  
 (grinning slightly)  
 If he used a broker to pull this off and didn’t pay them properly, we’ll find someone willing to talk.  
 I’ll reach out to the Exchange, see who’s shorting my stocks.

**ADRIAN**  
 Exactly. Guys like Arya? They don’t play fair.  
 And dirty money always leaves a footprint.

*Lola nods, her resolve hardening.*

**LOLA**  
 Then that’s where we hit him. We follow the money.

**INT. AIRBASE – LEGAL BRIEFING ROOM – CONTINUOUS**

*Adrian steps away from the screen, thoughtful.*

**ADRIAN**  
 There’s more. Nyoman — he’s in a strategic position.  
 He can mobilize the Elite Force. And if he senses we're close, he could erase everything... including witnesses in their custody.

*Lola’s eyes widen. Without hesitation, she pulls out her phone and starts typing.*

**RAKA**  
 You're messaging Chief Bima?

**LOLA**  
 Yeah. I'm ordering the immediate transfer of all terrorist suspects from Elite Force custody to Army detention.

*She waits... a moment later, a reply buzzes in.*

**LOLA** (CONT’D)  
 (reading aloud, stunned)  
 He just got word... the Elite Force detention center is burning.

*Everyone freezes. The silence is chilling.*

**ADRIAN**  
 That pirate — he mentioned something about Nyoman, didn’t he?

**RAKA**  
 (turns to him)  
 He did. You think he’s still alive?

**LOLA**  
 Last I heard, Navy took him into custody.  
 If that’s true... maybe all this wasn’t for nothing.

*Major Haris leans forward, nodding in agreement.*

**MAJOR HARIS**  
 He is a key witness.  
 If we can secure his testimony, it could crack Nyoman wide open.

*He opens a new document on his tablet.*

**MAJOR HARIS** (CONT’D)  
 I’ll draft an official request. Something with enough weight to land on the President’s desk.  
 We can’t just storm in and arrest someone like Nyoman — we need this to be airtight.

*Lola nods, her expression grim but focused.*

**LOLA**  
 Make it fast. If Nyoman torched a detention center, he won’t hesitate to do worse.

**INT. AIRBASE CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY**

*Major Haris looks over documents, then glances at Lola.*

**MAJOR HARIS**  
 Have you checked who bought or rented the tanker?

**LOLA**  
 It’s registered in Bermuda. The ownership’s buried. Practically impossible to trace.

*Suddenly, Raka jumps from his seat, holding his phone.*

**RAKA**  
 Guys! You’re not gonna believe this—just got word from the exchange. Five brokers were shorting my dad’s stocks. They haven’t made a single cent and now they’re in hot water with the exchange!

*He swipes on his phone and shows them the screen.*

**RAKA (CONT'D)**  
 The orders came from a foreign institution—Bermuda again. Name’s **FTCEX**. Supposedly a crypto exchange, but I swear it’s just a sketchy casino for laundering money.

*Lola immediately texts Chief Bima.*

**LOLA (texting)**  
 "Is it possible to ask Interpol to raid FTCEX, a crypto casino based in Bermuda?"

*A moment later, Chief Bima replies.*

**CHIEF BIMA (text reply)**  
 "FTCEX operates legally under Bermuda laws. Interpol can’t touch them. Sorry."

*Lola sighs, then types again.*

**LOLA (texting)**  
 "Then what about raiding **Kamboja 12**?"

*Raka, peering over her shoulder, raises an eyebrow.*

**RAKA**  
 Kamboja 12? That’s not even a home. No family photos, no mess. That place was staged—way too clean.

*A new message comes in from Chief Bima.*

**CHIEF BIMA (text)**  
 "Good call. I’ll prep a team."

*Major Haris raises an eyebrow.*

**MAJOR HARIS**  
 You do realize police can’t just raid private property without a court order?

**LOLA** *(deadpan)*  
 Chief Bima’s not with the police anymore. He’s Army now.

*Haris sighs and rubs his temple.*

**MAJOR HARIS**  
 That’s... double illegal.

**INT. AIRBASE HALLWAY – DAY**

**LOLA**  
 Then me and Raka will go to Kamboja 12 ourselves. We’re civilians—no one else needs to get fired over this.

**MAJOR HARIS** *(exasperated)*  
 Please, for once, don’t use your connection to President Arsyad to pull off another amnesty over an amnesty...

**RAKA** *(grinning as he runs beside Lola)*  
 We won’t! Promise!

**EXT. KAMBOJA 12 – AFTERNOON**

*The house is eerily quiet. A dusty stillness hangs in the air. Raka parks the car across the street.*

*Lola hops over the fence with surprising agility, followed by an army* ***sergeant*** *in plain clothes.*

*She creeps toward the window, peers inside.*

**LOLA** *(quietly)*  
 Smells like bleach. Too clean. Arya’s clearing his tracks.

**EXT. KAMBOJA 12 – SIDE YARD – MOMENTS LATER**

*Raka chats with a* ***gardener*** *tending the neighboring yard, handing him a folded Rp100,000.*

**RAKA**  
 Any idea who owns the place?

**GARDENER**  
 No clue. Been empty for five years. But a few days ago, someone did stay there—a man, with a quiet, black sports car.  
 Then yesterday, some guys came—took out a few sofas, deep cleaned everything.

**RAKA**  
 You catch the plate?

**GARDENER** *(shrugging)*  
 Nah, I forgot. Should’ve taken a picture...

*Lola rejoins them.*

**LOLA**  
 I checked the plate from that Sentul video. Totally fake.

**RAKA** *(smirking)*  
 Come on, it’s Arya. You expect him to flash real ID everywhere?

*He pauses, eyes lighting up.*

**RAKA (CONT'D)**  
 Wait. What if we brute force it? There can’t be that many **Rimac** owners in Indonesia.

**LOLA**  
 That’s a long shot. Arya might not even register the car under his name.

**RAKA**  
 Trust me. Cars like that don’t just “sail in.” Customs will have the list. Ask the dealership too. Naya can help us.

*Lola considers this, her skeptical expression softening into a grin.*

**INT. ARMY HQ – LATE AFTERNOON**

*Chief Bima calls Lola while scanning city records.*

**CHIEF BIMA (on phone)**  
 That house? It’s legally owned by an old lady in South Jakarta. Planning to sell it, but no takers. I’m sending a team to check on him now.

**AFTER CREDIT SCENE**

**INT. CAHAYA’S HOUSE – AFTERNOON**

*Cahaya lounges on her couch, phone in hand. She texts Lola with a puzzled face.*

**CAHAYA (texting)**  
 *Sis, there's a good-looking Army officer standing at my gate.*  
 *He said Colonel Bima sent him to ensure my safety.*  
 *What exactly is going on? 👀*

**INT. HALIM AIRBASE – LOADING BAY – SAME TIME**

*Lola, walking past crates and gear, chuckles when she sees the message. She replies:*

**LOLA (texting)**  
 *It’s part of the witness protection program.*  
 *Your mom is a key witness now, remember?*

*A moment later, another buzz from Cahaya.*

**CAHAYA (texting)**  
 *Can I give him coffee or tea? ☕🍵😇*

*Lola grins, slowing down to reply. Then she pauses — something catches her eye.*

**LOLA (texting)**  
 *Wait... you just called me “Sis”?*

**INT. CAHAYA’S HOUSE – SAME TIME**

*Cahaya smirks at her screen before typing back.*

**CAHAYA (texting)**  
 *Yeah, you were almost adopted by Dad.*  
 *Our parents were besties.*  
 *So yeah. You’re my sister. Get used to it.*

**INT. POLICE HQ – LOADING BAY – CONTINUOUS**

*Lola stops walking. She smiles warmly. Types a single message:*

**LOLA (texting)**  
 *😄*

**AFTER CREDIT SCENE 2**

**EXT. KENANGA NEIGHBORHOOD – NIGHT**

*The narrow streets are quiet under dim orange streetlights. Crickets chirp. The camera follows an OLD SECURITY GUARD (60s) doing his regular patrol with a flashlight and thermos in hand.*

**OLD GUARD (muttering to himself)**  
 *After all the renovation... everything rebuilt, everything new...*

*He stops in front of* ***Kenanga House No. 12****. The house is clean now, repainted, gates fixed, still dark.*

**OLD GUARD (narrating, to himself)**  
 *But that figure... still shows up.*

*The camera slowly pans to the balcony of Kenanga 12.*

*A* ***shadowy figure*** *stands perfectly still behind the curtain, watching.*

*The old guard takes a step back, trembling slightly. His hand tightens around his flashlight.*

**OLD GUARD (shivering)**  
 *I swear... she’s not even blinking.*

*He walks faster, muttering prayers.*

**OLD GUARD (V.O.)**  
 *Kenanga 12 is cursed. And I’m not staying another shift if they don’t bless this place.*

*The camera lingers on the figure as it* ***tilts its head*** *ever so slightly. Static hum creeps into the soundtrack.*

**SMASH CUT TO BLACK.**

***Episode 6 - MORNING – KENANGA 12***

The morning sun filters through the trees lining the quiet Kenanga neighborhood. A neighbor slowly jogs past the infamous house as Lola sits on the curb with her phone, sipping coffee.

**LOLA** (reading a text)  
Okay… 25 Rimac owners in Indonesia. None under the name Arya Wicaksana.

She forwards the list to Chief Bima with a short note:

“Received from Naya. Will start checking addresses one by one.”

**RAKA** (stretching beside her)  
Can we narrow it down by color? His was matte black, right?

**LOLA** (shrugs)  
Could be wrapped. You can make a Rimac look like a Upin-Ipin car if you want. Doesn’t prove anything.

**RAKA**  
Fair. Then let me talk to Naya.

Lola hands over her phone. Raka steps aside to make the call.

**RAKA (ON PHONE)**  
Naya, cross-check those 25 VINs with your database. Look for anything off—no records, no import logs, even if it's registered under another name. I’m betting Arya’s car is the ghost in the system.

Cut to: Lola gets another message from Chief Bima.

“That South Jakarta homeowner checks out. Bought the house for his son, who moved abroad after a few months. She’s been trying to sell it, but no one bites.”

**LOLA** (to herself)  
So Arya squatted in a forgotten rich kid’s house. Clever.

She glances toward Raka.

***AFTERNOON – KAMBOJA 2***

The street is quiet as Raka parks his car just down the block. He eyes the house, then turns to Lola.

**RAKA**  
Something still doesn’t sit right. Let’s go back in.

**CUT TO: OUTSIDE THE FENCE**

Raka points at the old iron gate.

**RAKA**  
See any signs of forced entry?

**LOLA** (scanning)  
Not that I can tell. But this is Naya’s specialty, not mine.

**RAKA** (nodding)  
Still, looks clean. No scratches, no dents. Let’s climb.

They both hop over the fence and carefully approach the house.

**RAKA** (pointing at the garage)  
Check the door. Anything?

**LOLA** (after a quick glance)  
Nope. Still looks factory tight.

**RAKA**  
Front door?

**LOLA**  
Same. Not a scratch.

**RAKA** (thinking aloud)  
So Arya had the key. Maybe through a property agent... or some other trick we haven’t figured out.

A loud voice suddenly interrupts them.

**NEIGHBOR (O.S.)**  
MALING! MALING! (THIEVES!)

Lola freezes.

**LOLA**  
Oh no… I don’t have my ID.

A small crowd starts forming fast, some holding broomsticks. Raka flashes his Elite Force badge.

**RAKA**  
Wait! I’m with the Elite Force. We’re conducting an official investigation.

**MOB GUY**  
Come with us. Pak RT needs to see this.

***INT. PAK RT’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM***

Pak RT, a stern man with glasses and suspicion in his eyes, holds Raka’s badge up to the light.

**PAK RT**  
This says civilian contractor. You’re not even an agent. That’s shady.

**RAKA** (thinking fast)  
Okay—okay, you got me. But she is Navy.

He nods at Lola, who shoots him a “don’t you dare” look.

**LOLA** (gritting teeth)  
Raka...

**RAKA** (scrolling through his phone)  
Look!

He shows Pak RT a **Navy recruitment video** from YouTube. Girls in crisp sailor uniforms dance on the deck of **KRI Brawijaya**, the camera cuts to **Lola** saluting proudly in full Navy regalia.

**RAKA**  
That’s Captain Lola Lux. You’re looking at the commanding officer of our newest flagship: **KRI Jayawijaya.**

**LOLA** (dryly)  
That’s... classified.

Pak RT stares, eyes wide.

**PAK RT**  
Masya Allah... I saw this on TikTok last week!

He softens, finally buying the story.

**PAK RT**  
Okay. If it’s for the country, I’ll help. What do you want to know about Kamboja 2?

***INT. PAK RT’S LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON***

Pak RT sits across from Lola and Raka, still slightly skeptical but cooperative. Lola leans forward, polite but firm.

**LOLA**  
Pak, do you happen to know the history of Kamboja 2?

**PAK RT** (thinking)  
Hmm... about fifteen years ago, a wealthy family lived there. Quiet people. Didn’t join arisan, rarely talked to anyone. But I do remember... military officers came by often.

**RAKA** (raising an eyebrow)  
Military?

**PAK RT**  
Yes. Black SUV, tinted windows. The type that don’t like small talk.

He adjusts his glasses, lowering his voice.

**PAK RT**  
Then one day, an ambulance came. Word was, the lady of the house passed away. Not long after, the house was empty. Some say the man moved abroad. But I wasn’t RT back then, so I can’t say for sure.

**LOLA** (nodding)  
Understandable. What about recently? Anything strange the past few days?

**PAK RT**  
Well... I can’t say for sure. I did see a few men in uniform—Army, I think—checking out the property.

Lola and Raka exchange a look—clearly, it was us, when we tried to check the place.

Suddenly, Lola’s phone buzzes. It’s a message from Naya.

**Naya:** “Got something. One Rimac VIN isn’t in the police database. Private sale, track use only. Registered under a South Jakarta address.”

**LOLA** (eyes lighting up)  
We got a hit. One Rimac sold for track use only. No police record.

**RAKA** (already standing)  
South Jakarta? That’s our cue.

**RAKA** (to Pak RT)  
Thank you for your time, Pak. You’ve been very helpful.

Lola gives a polite nod as they step out quickly. Once outside:

**RAKA**  
Let’s go check that address. If it’s Arya’s, we’ll know soon enough.

***After Credit 1: INT. RAKA’S CAR – MOVING – LATE AFTERNOON***

Lola scrolls through her phone, then looks at Raka, amused.

**LOLA**  
Raka… why Jayawijaya?

**RAKA** (grinning)  
I don’t know, it just rhymed with Brawijaya. Sounded majestic enough, right?

**LOLA** (shaking her head with a smile)  
Raka, Navy flagships are named after historical leaders from the archipelago. You should’ve gone with Raden Wijaya or Sultan Agung. Jayawijaya is a mountain…

**RAKA** (shrugging)  
Well, lucky for us, Pak RT isn’t a naval historian.  
(grins)  
Besides, he was already dazzled by Captain Lola Lux’s big salute. After that, it was easy for him to believe anything I said.

**LOLA** (mock stern)  
Next time, stick closer to the truth. It’s less work for me.

**RAKA** (teasing)  
But not nearly as fun.

Lola rolls her eyes but hides a smile, then looks back at her phone as the cityscape slides past the window.

***AFTER CREDIT SCENE 2***

**INT. LUXURY SHOPPING MALL – DAY**

Lola walks ahead, browsing racks of stylish outfits. Raka follows, looking like he just lost a bet.

**LOLA**  
Most of my clothes got torched in the boarding house fire. I need to restock... like, everything.

**RAKA** (frowning)  
What about the evidence for your case?

**LOLA** (grins)  
Relax. That stuff’s safe with me. Triple-locked and waterproof.

Cut to: Lola holding a long shopping list. Raka glances at it, eyes widening.

**RAKA**  
Is this a shopping list or a war crime? Daylight robbery!

**LOLA** (teasingly)  
It’s volunteering. Think of it as... national service.

She holds up two pairs of shoes—one sparkling Louboutin, the other an elegant Jimmy Choo.

**LOLA (CONT'D)**  
Be honest. Louboutin or Jimmy Choo?

**RAKA** (deadpan)  
Fladeo. Or Yongky Komaladi. Final offer.

**LOLA** (pouts dramatically)  
Rakaaa…

His phone buzzes. A message from **Ms. Darmawan**:

“Make sure she has everything she needs. And make sure she doesn’t look like a pauper!”

Raka sighs in defeat, lifts his gaze to Lola, who’s already flashing her cutest smile.

**EXT. MALL PARKING LOT – LATER**

Raka walks to the car, arms overflowing with branded shopping bags. A security guard gives him a respectful nod.

**SECURITY GUARD**  
Wah, belanja banyak banget, Pak?

**RAKA** (mumbling)  
Tolong... panggil ambulans dompet saya...

Lola follows behind, sipping boba tea, totally content.

*EPISODE 7*

***EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA – SOUTH JAKARTA – DAY***

A quiet upscale neighborhood. A few ARMY SOLDIERS stand by as Raka and Lola approach a modest yet well-kept house. Lola is in casual and Raka looks uneasy.

**RAKA**  
(under his breath)  
Feels a bit much for a door knock.

**LOLA**  
(serious)  
Not when the suspect is a terrorist.

They reach the door. Lola rings the bell. A moment later, an ELDERLY LADY opens it. She’s dignified, wearing simple but elegant clothes. Her eyes widen slightly at the sight of soldiers but she remains composed.

**ELDERLY LADY**  
Can I help you?  
(pause, then sighs)  
Let me guess… my son’s gotten himself into trouble again, hasn’t he?  
(she smiles wearily)  
What is it this time?

Lola and Raka glance at each other, momentarily stunned.

**Lola**  
Ma’am… may we come in? There are some things we’d like to ask—just to clarify.

**ELDERLY LADY**  
Of course. Please… come in.

**INT. LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER**

A simple but cozy room. Family photos line the shelves. The air smells of jasmine tea. Lola and Raka sit opposite the lady.

**LOLA**  
Do you know who owns a black Rimac Nevera?

**ELDERLY LADY**  
(smiles faintly)  
My son. Why?

**Lola**  
How is your son, if we may ask?

**ELDERLY LADY**  
(sighs)  
He’s brilliant. Always has been. But trouble follows him like a shadow. Gambling, shady friends…  
(shakes her head)  
He changed after marriage. Became more responsible, stopped the gambling, started focusing on business. I thought he’d finally settled.

**LOLA**  
Then she must’ve been good for him.

**ELDERLY LADY**  
(tears lightly in her eyes)  
She was. A beautiful soul.  
(pause)  
But… she passed away. Lung cancer. One day she was laughing and healthy. Next, a strange wart on her nose, and then… stage four.  
The doctors said pollution ruined her lungs. Her body just… didn’t respond to anything.  
(sniffs)  
It happened so fast.

Raka notices a framed wedding photo on the shelf. The setting is clearly not in Indonesia—mountains and lakes in the background, elegant Western décor. It’s Arya, younger, cleaner-looking, smiling with a woman in a white dress.

**RAKA**  
Is that… Arya’s wedding?

**ELDERLY LADY**  
Arya?

She stands and takes a closer look at the photo.

**ELDERLY LADY** (CONT’D)  
Yes… that's him. But he wasn’t calling himself Arya back then.

**LOLA**  
(softly)  
So you are Arya’s mother.

The woman nods slowly, her gaze distant.

**LOLA**  
Do you have any idea where he might be now?

**ELDERLY LADY**  
He stayed here last night.  
(sighs)  
But this morning… he was gone. Left before I woke up.

**LOLA**  
(quietly frustrated)  
I shouldn’t have gone shopping last night…

The old lady glances at her, curious.

**LOLA**  
(serious again)  
Ma’am, would you be willing to help your country?

**ELDERLY LADY**  
(chuckles softly)  
How can someone like me help a country?

**INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE – AFTERNOON**

In a secured conference room, PRESIDENT ARSYAD sits at the head of the long table, flanked by ADMIRAL BAMBANG, GENERAL WIRAWAN, CHIEF BIMA, and MARSHAL EKO. The air is tense. Papers, digital dossiers, and a steaming pot of coffee sit untouched.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
(slow, measured)  
I’ve summoned Nyoman. Sent three calls. He’s not answering.

Silence follows. The generals exchange glances.

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
Then we stop waiting. Permission to launch a direct assault on the Elite Force HQ.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG**  
(grimly)  
If we do that, and even one of them resists, it won’t just be an arrest—it’ll be a bloodbath. Possibly civil war.

**MARSHAL EKO**  
What about a surgical extraction? We pull Nyoman from his home before sunrise.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
He’s not that careless. That man would booby-trap his own cat if it meowed too loud.

A beat. The tension is palpable.

**RAKA**  
(speaking up, a little nervous)  
Mr. President... Generals... if I may?

The officers look at him. Arsyad gives a slight nod.

**RAKA**  
(opening documents folder)  
Lola and I compiled the full Elite Force roster. I’ve sorted their branches—Army, Navy, Air Force. Each name here came from a unit you already command.

He slides the paper forward. The room leans in.

**RAKA (CONT'D)**  
Instead of attacking them with outsiders… we use their own brothers-in-arms.   
We surround the HQ with personnel from their original units.

General Wirawan nods slowly, scanning the names.

**GENERAL WIRAWAN**  
Hmm. Some of these are my boys from Papua...  
(reads further)  
...a few Navy operators—Makassar.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Marshal Eko. Get them here. Quietly. Tonight.

**MARSHAL EKO**  
(nods)  
We’ll have the Hercules ready within the hour. This will be done before dawn.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
Better a long night than a long war.

The room falls into silence again, this time with a sense of direction. President Arsyad locks eyes with Raka.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Tomorrow, we bring back control. Quietly… and honorably. Let’s hope they remember who they were before the uniforms changed.

Raka gives a small nod. Lola places a hand on his shoulder, proud but still focused.

**EXT. HALIM AIRBASE – EARLY MORNING**

The sky is still faintly dark, touched by the first hues of sunrise. Halim is alive with coordinated activity—rotors whirring, wheels screeching, boots hitting tarmac. Soldiers from all over the archipelago disembark one after another, some still half-asleep from the long flight. Others are already focused, helmets on, gear secured.

**CHIEF BIMA**, in full combat uniform, oversees the operation. His presence is calm but commanding, the kind that makes young soldiers straighten up just by proximity. He walks along the lines, inspecting the arriving troops as they quickly move toward armored personnel carriers lined up and waiting.

**CHIEF BIMA (to a radio officer)**  
Ensure all platoons are marked and assigned to their branches. No confusion on the field. We’re not here to fight... we’re here to end a fight.

**SOLDIER (saluting)**  
Yes, Sir.

**EXT. ELITE FORCE HQ – MORNING**

The morning sun struggles to break through the tension in the air. Around the high-security perimeter, barricades have been placed. Soldiers of the Elite Force, armed and wary, take positions. Some are confused. Others tense. All are waiting.

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – BRIEFING HALL**

NYOMAN stands at a podium inside the main hall, facing his assembled men and women. His voice echoes with righteous indignation. ARYA stands behind him, silent but alert.

**NYOMAN (COMMANDING)**  
Comrades…  
I never imagined the day would come when we, the shield of this nation, would be cast as the villains.  
When loyalty is punished… and corruption is paraded as justice.

They’re out there now. Surrounding us. Not because we’ve done wrong—but because we stood too tall, spoke too loud, dared to protect this country in ways others couldn’t.

They call us dangerous. Rogue. But I ask you this:  
When the cities burned… who stepped forward?  
When the cowards in parliament hid behind protocol… who picked up the rifle?

He points to them, sweeping his hand across the room.

**NYOMAN (CONT’D)**  
You did.  
We did.

And now, they want to erase us. Replace us with obedience. Weakness.  
They don’t fear what we’ve done—they fear what we could still do.

So today, we don’t lower our heads. We stand our ground.  
Not for me, not even for you—but for what we represent.

Loyalty. Strength. Sacrifice.

Whatever happens next—history will remember us. As protectors. As patriots.

Thunderous applause echoes through the room. Some soldiers shout affirmations. Others stay quiet, unsure. ARYA watches them, his eyes flicking with unease.

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – PRIVATE OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER**

The HQ now sits encircled by the quiet presence of the Armed Forces. APCs and light tanks are in defensive formation. No weapons raised, but the message is clear: the standoff is real.

Inside the compound, ELITE FORCE members are already in position—rooftops, hallways, guard posts. Tension simmers beneath their silence.

The door closes. Silence. ARYA and NYOMAN are alone. Arya removes his cap and sits, breathing heavily.

**ARYA**  
They bought it. For now.

**NYOMAN**  
They want to believe. That’s enough to buy time.

**ARYA**  
You saw the tanks out there. The airspace's locked. There’s no winning this.

Nyoman nods, calm but grim.

**NYOMAN**  
I know. This isn’t about winning anymore. It’s about... bargaining. Fear gives us leverage.

**ARYA**  
We don’t need victory. We need tickets. Safe passage. Overseas.  
No headlines, no heroics. Just... out.

**NYOMAN**  
(leans in, cold)  
Let them think we’re ready to die for this.  
Let the President lose sleep over another Thamrin bombing.  
Then when they come offering a quiet solution... we take the deal.  
No blood spilled. Just two ghosts disappearing.

**ARYA**  
And the men?

**NYOMAN**  
They’ll be fine. They followed orders. We’ll spin it clean.

They exchange a long look. Not as comrades—but as men trapped by their own ambitions, now trying to survive them.

**EXT. ELITE FORCE HQ – MORNING**

The sun has risen, casting long shadows over the tense battlefield. The compound is fully encircled now—tanks angled in tight formation, APCs humming, soldiers crouched behind cover. Overhead, helicopters hover like watchful predators.

From his command vehicle, **CHIEF BIMA** steps out, megaphone in hand. His voice booms across the silent standoff, calm yet resolute.

**CHIEF BIMA (MEGAPHONE)**  
To all Elite Force personnel: this is your final warning. Lay down your weapons. Open the gates and surrender peacefully. No one here wants bloodshed.

A beat of silence. No reply. No movement from the building. Just the whir of rotor blades and the collective breath-hold of dozens of soldiers.

**CHIEF BIMA (low, to his radio operator)**  
Issue the warning shot. Aim high. Make it loud.

**EXT. SKY ABOVE – MOMENTS LATER**

A single thunderous boom echoes across Jakarta as a warning shot slams into the empty ground near the perimeter—dirt and dust blast into the air like an alarm bell.

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – WAR ROOM**

Inside, chaos stirs. **NYOMAN** slams his radio down on the table, enraged. **ARYA** stands nearby, tense, watching the moment spiral.

**NYOMAN (yelling into the radio)**  
You see?! You see?! They’re not here to negotiate! They want to erase us!

He spins to his troops, fury in his voice, desperation masked as righteousness.

**NYOMAN (to his men)**  
DEFEND YOURSELVES! This is no longer justice—it’s survival!

**EXT. ELITE FORCE HQ – LATER THAT MORNING**

The HQ now sits encircled by the quiet presence of the Armed Forces. APCs and light tanks are in defensive formation. No weapons raised, but the message is clear: the standoff is real.

Inside the compound, ELITE FORCE members are already in position—rooftops, hallways, guard posts. Tension simmers beneath their silence.

A young Elite Force **SNIPER**, posted in a watchtower, peers through his scope. His eyes widen slightly.

**SNIPER (to his spotter)**  
That's... that's Haris. From the 3rd battalion.

**SPOTTER**  
No kidding?

**SNIPER**  
Yeah. Navy boys are here.

A few beats of silence. Neither speak. Then the spotter mutters:

**SPOTTER**  
Feels wrong pointing a gun at someone who used to share a foxhole with you.

Elsewhere, in a hallway, two Elite Force **INFANTRYMEN** check their gear. One of them, a former Army sergeant, glances out a narrow window.

**INFANTRYMAN 1**  
That patch… that’s my old unit from Makassar. Never thought I’d see the day they’d be coming for us.

**INFANTRYMAN 2 (gruffly)**  
Orders are orders.

**INFANTRYMAN 1**  
Yeah... just feels like the world turned upside down.

**EXT. ELITE FORCE HQ – SAME TIME**

Gunshots erupt from the upper windows—quick bursts. No real aim. Warning shots back. Nervous, defiant. The Armed Forces duck but hold position. No one is hit.

**CHIEF BIMA** watches grimly, lowering his binoculars.

**CHIEF BIMA (into comms)**  
They fired first. I repeat: they fired first.

He walks toward a nearby tank commander, his face solemn.

**CHIEF BIMA (quietly)**  
Get ready to breach.

**EXT. ELITE FORCE HQ – FRONTLINE – MOMENTS LATER**

The situation is on the brink of collapse. Tension crackles in the air. Suddenly, a **black armored car** screeches to a halt near **Chief Bima's command post**. Raka and **LOLA** steps out—beside her, **Arya’s mother**, calm but visibly anxious, holds her handbag tight.

Lola walks up quickly to Chief Bima.

**LOLA**  
Pak Bima, let me try something. Please.

Chief Bima hesitates, then nods and hands her the megaphone.

**LOLA (into megaphone)**  
Arya Wicaksana. Someone wants to speak to you.

She gently turns to the elderly woman and nods. The woman takes the megaphone, her voice trembling but firm.

**ARYA’S MOTHER**  
Aryo, Nak, please. Surrender. This doesn’t have to end in blood.

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – OBSERVATION ROOM – SAME TIME**

Arya hears the voice. He flinches, stunned. Emotions flood his face. He grabs the radio, voice unsteady.

**ARYA (radio)**  
I’m not surrendering. If you want peace, let my mother come inside. I won’t speak to anyone else.

He glances at **Nyoman**, who eyes him with suspicion. Arya doesn’t notice the subtle nod Nyoman gives to a comms operator.

**EXT. ELITE FORCE HQ – FRONTLINE**

Before Arya’s mother can respond, **muzzle flashes burst from HQ windows**—Elite Force opens fire again.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
Civilians take cover! Get her out of here!

Chaos erupts. Soldiers duck and respond with suppressive fire—but still holding back a full assault.

Suddenly, **RAKA** is holding a pistol, arm extended—pointed directly at **Arya’s mother**.

Soldiers whirl around, shouting—dozens of rifles now trained on Raka. Lola spins, eyes wide.

**LOLA**  
Raka! What the hell are you doing?! STOP!

Raka ignores her. He looks up toward the HQ—he knows Arya is watching. He shouts, voice loud and unhinged.

**RAKA**  
Arya! You know me!

A pause—just enough to hush the chaos.

**RAKA (CONT'D)**  
You remember I shot you before? In that passenger jet? I’ll do it again now! I will shot your mom.

Silence.

**RAKA (snarling)**  
Surrender, or your mother dies!

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – OBSERVATION ROOM**

Arya stares at the monitor—his mother, standing still, Raka’s gun aimed straight at her head—soldiers shouting, Lola screaming.

His breath shortens. Panic. Desperation. Then clarity.

**ARYA**  
(whispers)  
They’re not going to hurt her... Look at them. They’re protecting her.

He stares at the ring of army soldiers now forming a shield around his mother—guns still pointed at him, not at her.

**ARYA**  
They care more about her than I ever did.

He turns to Nyoman, pale and shaking.

**ARYA (resolute)**  
I’m done. I’m going out. It’s my mom, Pak Nyoman. She’s the only one I have left.

**NYOMAN (coldly)**  
You’re going to throw everything away—for one woman?

**ARYA**  
Not just a woman. My mother.

He turns, pushing past officers and racing to the front door. His footsteps echo in the corridor. The entrance is in sight—he can see sunlight—he can hear her voice faintly calling his name—

**INT. HQ – FOYER – CONTINUOUS**

Arya’s hand touches the door handle pushes it open.

**ARYA (softly)**  
I’m coming, Bu...

**BANG!**

Arya’s body jerks forward—a gunshot rings out. .

Behind him, **Nyoman** stands with his pistol raised, smoke curling from the barrel. His eyes—cold, unflinching.

Arya falls forward, crumpling.

**EXT. ELITE FORCE HQ – SAME TIME**

Lola and the others hear the shot. Raka’s eyes widen. The old lady screams—

**ARYA’S MOTHER**  
Aryo!!

**INT. HQ – FOYER – MOMENTS LATER**

Arya lies on the floor, eyes open, confused. He tries to crawl, hand stretched toward the light seeping in under the door.

His lips move, barely audible:

**ARYA (gasping)**  
Bu... I’m sorry...

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – FOYER – MOMENTS AFTER ARYA IS SHOT**

Stunned silence.

Several **Elite Force members**, still at their posts, stare blankly at the yard where Arya collapsed. The shot still echoes in their minds.

**SOLDIER 1 (whispering)**  
He shot... civilian?

**SOLDIER 2**  
That was Arya, right? He was unarmed...

They glance at one another. Doubt creeps in.

**SOLDIER 3 (murmuring)**  
When I saw the Navy boys out there... I knew something didn’t feel right. This... isn’t what we signed up for.

**SOLDIER 4 (quietly)**  
We were supposed to serve the country, not follow a madman.

A moment passes. Then, one soldier slings his rifle off, walks calmly down the hallway, passing others. He turns a corner—arrives at the **command room** where Nyoman is reloading with trembling hands.

**SOLDIER 1 (firmly)**  
Pak... I surrender.

He sets down his gun on the floor with a loud clunk.

Nyoman stares in disbelief.

**NYOMAN**  
What are you doing? You can’t walk out now!

**SOLDIER 1 (quietly)**  
You already lost, sir. The moment you shot him.

He turns his back and walks away.

**INT. ELITE FORCE HQ – VARIOUS LOCATIONS – MONTAGE**

One by one, other soldiers follow. Some leave their guns behind. Others simply walk outside with hands raised. Army and Navy soldiers greet them with firm, respectful restraint.

The once-dedicated Elite Force begins to dissolve.

**INT. COMMAND ROOM – FINAL MOMENTS**

Nyoman sits alone. Sweat pours from his forehead. The gun still in his hand.

Heavy footsteps. The door opens. It’s **Chief Bima**, flanked by two armed soldiers.

Nyoman looks up—then down at his gun. He exhales. And slowly, deliberately, places it on the table.

**NYOMAN (softly)**  
I surrender.

**EXT. ELITE FORCE HQ – COURTYARD – MOMENTS LATER**

The chaos has died down. Smoke lingers in the air. Soldiers and former Elite Force members are now milling about in eerie quiet.\*

Suddenly—

**A CRY cuts through the silence.**

It’s the trembling voice of an old woman, falling to her knees.

**OLD LADY**  
My son… my son…

Her voice is raw, breaking. It echoes through the courtyard like a wound left open.

Lola stands beside her, frozen. Raka looks away, jaw clenched.

Then—

**MEDIC (O.S.)**  
He’s still alive! We’ve got a pulse!

Everyone turns. Two medics rush forward to where Arya lies in the dust, blood pooling beneath him. One checks his neck, the other opens a trauma kit.

**MEDIC #2**  
He’s losing a lot of blood—move, now!

They lift Arya gently onto a stretcher. He groans, barely conscious, eyes fluttering open for a second before rolling back. The medics secure him and rush toward the waiting ambulance.

The old lady sees him being carried past and reaches for him instinctively, but Lola gently pulls her back.

**WIDE SHOT:**

The courtyard full of soldiers. Surrendered men. Guns laid down. The flag still flies.

And a single cry echoes across the silent battlefield.

**AFTER CREDITS SCENE  
INT. ISTANA MERDEKA – PRESIDENT’S OFFICE – NIGHT**

A quiet, wood-paneled room. Outside the windows, Jakarta glows under the night sky. PRESIDENT ARSYAD stands by his desk, hands behind his back. Across from him sits CHIEF BIMA, still in his dusty uniform, face worn but proud.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Technically… during your term as my personal adjutant, you held the rank of one-star general.

(He turns, locking eyes with Bima.)

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (cont’d)**  
But when you took command of that raid… you were acting as a Colonel. That’s regulation.

**CHIEF BIMA** (nods)  
I’m aware, sir. I don’t mind. Rank means less than doing what’s right.

A beat. The President walks over, picks up a small box from his desk, then sits.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Well, I’ve thought about that. I’m reinstating you—back into my adjutant, commanding the Elite Force.

**CHIEF BIMA** (pauses)  
With respect, sir… maybe the Elite Force isn’t what this country needs anymore.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (smirks slightly)  
Let me be the one to think about that… later.

They share a look of mutual respect.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (softly)**  
What I do know—without a doubt—is that you deserve one more star on your shoulder.

He slides the box across the desk. Bima opens it: inside, a gleaming silver general’s star.

He closes the box, expression unreadable.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
Thank you, Mr. President.

The President smiles, leans back in his chair. Outside, distant thunder rumbles, or maybe it’s just the city, never sleeping.

**FADE OUT.**

**AFTER CREDITS SCENE 2  
INT. ISTANA NEGARA – SMALL RECEPTION ROOM – DAY**

A quiet, sunlit room. The OLD LADY sits across from PRESIDENT ARSYAD. Her eyes are tired, her hands wrinkled but steady. A cup of untouched tea rests before her.

**OLD LADY**  
Mr. President… I came not to defend my son… only to apologize. For what he’s done. For the lives shaken by his choices.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (gently)  
I appreciate your honesty, Ibu. But I cannot interfere with the judicial process.

**OLD LADY** (quietly, almost breaking)  
I understand… but I’m a mother. I’m afraid. Will they… give him the death penalty?

A pause. President Arsyad studies her for a long moment, then reaches into his desk drawer. He pulls out a folder stamped with a red seal: **KEPPRES – KEPUTUSAN PRESIDEN**.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD** (calmly)  
This… was signed a few days ago.

He slides the document toward her.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (cont’d)**  
We are abolishing the death penalty in this country.

The old lady gasps softly, hand to her chest, eyes widening.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (cont’d)**  
Not for your son. This decision was already underway.

A beat. He leans forward, his tone firm but warm.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (cont’d)**  
The truth is, I made this choice after meeting delegations from the South. After hearing the pain in their voices—not just victims, but the families of the condemned. I realized... there must be a better way to correct a soul than to end it.

**OLD LADY** (softly)  
So there’s still hope… for my son?

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
There’s always hope, Ibu. But it must come through justice… and redemption.

She nods, a tear rolling down her cheek. President Arsyad gently stands and bows slightly.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD (cont’d)**  
Let history be harsh when it must, but let the state be wise when it can.

The scene fades as the old lady clasps the folder, holding it close—not as a pardon, but as a thread of grace.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**AFTER CREDITS SCENE 3  
EXT. Warteg Officer’s Lounge – LATE AFTERNOON**

Golden sunlight spills over the humble warteg. Soldiers are packing up equipment in the background. RAKA and LOLA sit on a bench, both holding bottled tea, exhausted but alive.

**LOLA** (teasing but still stunned)  
You… pointed a gun at Arya’s mom. Are you out of your mind? You risked your own life just to force a surrender. The Army could’ve shot you on the spot!

**RAKA** (grinning smugly)  
Please… the Army shoots me? Elite Force would’ve gone full rogue. Civil war. Nobody wants that. I played the odds.

**LOLA** (raises eyebrow)  
Still crazy. And where did you even get that gun?

**RAKA** (nonchalantly)  
It’s a prop, leftover from the cowgirl’s music video. Doesn’t even shoot blanks.  
(he holds it up and spins it on his finger)  
Also… I don’t actually know how to shoot a real one.

**LOLA** (blinks, stunned)  
You pointed a fake gun… at an old lady… in front of the entire armed forces.

**RAKA** (shrugs with a smirk)  
Well, from that distance, how could they tell? As long as Arya believed it, it worked.

**LOLA** (mutters to herself)  
Unbelievable…

Suddenly, CHIEF BIMA walks by, arms crossed. He stops and looks directly at Raka.

**CHIEF BIMA**  
Raka.

**RAKA** (jumps slightly)  
Y-yes, sir?

**CHIEF BIMA**  
Just so you know—pointing a gun, even a toy one, at someone... that’s technically a crime.

A beat of silence. Raka gulps.

**CHIEF BIMA (cont’d)**  
But… just this once…  
(smirks slightly)  
I’ll let it slide.

**RAKA** (relieved)  
Thank you, sir. Deeply appreciated.

**CHIEF BIMA** (walking off)  
Next time, just stick to pretending you're brave… not reckless.

**LOLA** (grinning at Raka)  
You really are insane, you know that?

**RAKA** (sips his tea)  
Takes one to know one.

**FADE OUT.**

**FINALE – INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, PRIVATE OFFICE – NIGHT**

A quiet, dimly lit room. The mood is calm but heavy with unspoken weight. PRESIDENT ARSYAD sits behind his desk, composed as ever. CHIEF BIMA stands at attention nearby—his uniform crisp, and now bearing **two gleaming stars**.

LOLA enters, still his formal attire, but she stands proud.

**PRESIDENT ARSYAD**  
Lola Aurelia Wijaya.  
You’ve proven yourself again. The nation owes you more than a medal.

(He nods toward Bima, then back to her.)  
If you wish to be reinstated into Elite Force… the door is open.

LOLA gives a respectful nod, keeping her expression unreadable.

**ADMIRAL BAMBANG** (from the corner of the room, smiling warmly)  
But if Elite Force ever bores you…  
The Navy would be lucky to have you.  
We can start you as a **Captain**—effective immediately.

LOLA looks between the President, Chief Bima, and the Admiral. She smiles, slightly… but says nothing.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**[END OF EPISODE]**

**AFTER CREDIT SCENE 4 - INT. COFFEE SHOP – DAY**

Lola and Raka sit at a table, a bunch of **housing brochures** spread out in front of them—clusters, apartments, and cozy homes. Lola flips through with mild disinterest. Raka looks more eager.

**RAKA**  
There’s plenty of room at my dad’s place, you know.  
The garage alone could house a marching band.

**LOLA** (shaking her head)  
No thanks.

**RAKA**  
What about **Kenanga 12**?  
You liked the garden there.

**LOLA** (dryly)  
That’s my dad’s house.

**RAKA** (grinning)  
Xavier’s in Dubai. It’s not like he’s gonna drop by unannounced.

From a short distance, **Mrs. Darmawan** sips her tea, listening in with a smile. She joins the conversation casually.

**MRS. DARMAWAN**  
Don’t worry, sayang. We’ve got plenty of options.  
**PI, PIK, Kelapa Gading—** you name it!  
You just focus on being happy, hmm?

Lola looks at her, half-smiling. Raka slides another brochure across the table.

**RAKA** (teasing)  
Come on. Pick one before I suggest a treehouse in Sentul.

Lola laughs softly.

**AFTER CREDIT SCENE 5 – INT. LUXURIOUS DUBAI PENTHOUSE – NIGHT**

Pan over a gleaming skyline. Inside, golden lights, marble floors, quiet jazz in the background. XAVIER storms in, tossing his blazer onto a chair.

**XAVIER**  
Jamal!

A well-dressed butler hurries in—mid-50s, calm but visibly emotional.

**JAMAL**  
Master X…? Where have you been?  
I thought I’d never see you again.

**XAVIER** (smirking)  
Indonesia.  
Meeting my daughter.

Jamal freezes, eyes wide.

**JAMAL**  
Your… daughter?

XAVIER casually takes a photo from his wallet. It shows MR. & MRS. DARMAWAN in formal wear, LOLA and RAKA standing beside them—Lola glowing in a red dress. Xavier is in Raka’s right, hand resting on Raka’s shoulder.

Jamal slowly nods, the realization hitting.

**JAMAL**  
Ah… I see.

He straightens, shifting back into formal mode.

**JAMAL**  
While you were away, your parcel arrived.  
Direct from Stuttgart.

He reaches for a small, elegant box and presents it.

**XAVIER** (accepting it)  
Perfect.

**CUT TO – INT. PRIVATE GARAGE – MOMENTS LATER**

Jamal and Xavier walk side by side into a pristine, climate-controlled garage. Spotlights come alive, revealing a brand new **Porsche 911 Turbo** in green, still in delivery wrap.

**XAVIER**  
Ship this beauty to Jakarta.  
Next week.

Then book me a flight.

**JAMAL**  
First class, sir?

**XAVIER**  
Of course.

(He looks at the car, a sly grin forming.)

**XAVIER**  
Someone challenged me to a race.

**FADE OUT.**