

Ransom Mission: The Hit-men and the Annoying Girl

EPISODE 01 - SERIES 01

Welcome to the UK, Dummies

written by

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WELCOME TO THE UK, DUMMIES

EPISODE 01 - SERIES 01

INT.INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

The airport is bustling with activity, passengers wandering through the terminal. Announcements echo about flights, and customs officers are checking bags and IDs. There's a mix of people: some are in a hurry, while others enjoy their time before boarding. Security is watchful, and luggage passes through X-ray machines.

In the middle of the airport, we see Siraj al-Din (a tall, muscular man wearing shiny black sunglasses) and Jackie (a short but agile young man) walking together.

Behind them are Christina (a beautiful young woman in an elegant red dress) and Shuaib (a regular-looking guy walking with a goofy, crazy gait). They all move in sync, as if they are runway models.

Siraj al-Din notices a boy filming his mother. He approaches, lifts the boy with one hand, and speaks in a silly, crazy tone:

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(in a goofy voice)
Hey, kid! Film us while we walk!

THE BOY
(scared)
Okay, sir! Just put me down!

Siraj al-Din smiles, gently places the boy down, and returns to his spot with his team.

The boy starts filming them as they walk in a dramatic, exaggerated fashion, posing like celebrities or fashion models.

the four characters start acting like the worst hit-men ever, with every move showing their lack of experience and intelligence.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(trying to sound smart:)
Alright, team! When we enter the gate, the first thing we do... is order pizza!

JACKIE

(shocked)

Pizza? In the airport? We're here
on a mission, genius!

CHRISTINA

(laughing)

Pizza sounds great! But no olives,
I don't want to stain my fancy
dress.

SHUAIB

(jumping with excitement)

I want extra spicy! So much spice,
the whole airport might catch fire!

SIRAJ AL-DIN

(overly excited)

And that's our awesome team! Ready
to complete the mission... or eat
until we're full!

EXT. THE OUTSIDE OF INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - UNITED KINGDOM -
DAY.

Passengers are exiting the airport and heading towards taxis.
Some are getting in, while others wait for cars to arrive.

Suddenly, Siraj al-Din appears with Shuaib, Jackie, and
Christina. They walk towards the curb.

Siraj al-Din spots an empty taxi and gestures to Shuaib.

SIRAJ AL-DIN

(calmly)

Shuaib, go grab that taxi.

Shuaib starts running towards the car but suddenly trips and
falls to the ground, grabbing his leg in exaggerated pain.

SHUAIB

(in dramatic pain)

A Man down! Tell my wife I love
her... And tell my kids, if you
touch my PlayStation, I'll haunt
you forever!

Siraj al-Din looks at him in confusion, shaking his head,
then turns to Jackie.

SIRAJ AL-DIN

(bewildered)

Jackie, go get the car.

Instead of walking calmly, Jackie suddenly leaps onto the hood of the car, then stands on the roof, staring at the driver with a wild expression.

JACKIE
 (crazily)
 In the name of crime and civilized
 madness, I command you to drive us
 now!

Siraj al-Din puts his hand over his face in embarrassment.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
 (to himself)
 What is this madness?

He turns to Christina.

SIRAJ AL-DIN (CONT'D)
 Christina, can you handle this?
 Talk to the driver, please.

CHRISTINA
 (smiling)
 Of course, my pleasure.

Christina walks to the driver and speaks quietly. After a few moments, she turns back to the group.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 (confidently)
 Everyone, get in.

Jackie jumps down and gets into the car. Meanwhile, Siraj al-Din grabs Shuaib by the leg and drags him towards the taxi.

SHUAIB
 (dramatically)
 I don't want to follow the light! I'm too young to die!

Siraj al-Din picks him up, opens the car door, and throws him inside. Shuaib falls on Jackie, who tries to speak.

JACKIE
 (surprised)
 Oh, I got hurt!

Siraj pulls out his gun and points it at Jackie's neck.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
 (sarcastically)
 If you finish that sentence, you'll
 know what real pain is.

Siraj sits beside them while Shuaib is awkwardly lying on top of Jackie.

Christina sits in the front seat next to the driver

INT. INSIDE A TAXI - DAY

The taxi moves slowly through the city streets, while the driver glances back at the passengers in the rear-view mirror, confused.

In the backseat, Shuaib suddenly hits Jackie on the head for no reason. Christina sits beside them holding a basket full of eggs. Siraj al-Din is seated in the front seat, watching silently.

JACKIE

(shocked)

Why did you hit me, Shuaib? What did I do?

SHUAIB

(in a goofy tone)

Honestly, I don't know. I just felt like hitting you. Maybe I had a bad dream last night.

JACKIE

(laughs sarcastically)

Oh, so you hit me because of a dream? You've lost your mind!

SHUAIB

(seriously)

Yes! The dream was terrifying... I saw you eating pizza without cheese!

JACKIE

(shocked and laughing)

Pizza without cheese? Shuaib, that's your nightmare?!

CHRISTINA

(laughing)

Come on, no fighting! I've got a better idea!

She opens the window and starts throwing eggs at cars and pedestrians.

DRIVER
(stunned, looking in the
mirror)
What are these people doing?!

Siraj al-Din silently watching, shaking his head in disappointment.

EXT. IN FRONT OF A VILLA - DAY

A grand villa stands tall amidst a sprawling green garden. Tall trees and carefully arranged flowers beautify the area, while a luxurious fountain takes center stage at the entrance.

Expensive cars are lined up outside, including sports cars and SUV s, their shiny colors reflecting the opulence of the owners. Bodyguards in black suits stand in front of the villa gates, their eyes scanning the area, ready for any command.

INT. INSIDE THE VILLA - DAY

The interior mirrors the same luxury seen outside. The grand entrance is adorned with a plush carpet that stretches down the hallways.

Crystal chandeliers hang from high ceilings, casting a glow on the walls adorned with rare paintings.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - THE VILLA - DAY

In the living room, leather sofas take center stage, accompanied by a large glass coffee table. In the corner, a classic piano adds a touch of elegance.

INT. DINNING ROOM - THE VILLA - DAY.

vary from large dining halls furnished with rich wooden.

INT. BEDROOM - THE VILLA - DAY

tables to modern bedrooms complete with velvet headboards and silk sheets.

INT. GIGI'S ROOM - THE VILLA - DAY.

Gigi's room is cozy and soft, perfectly suited for a 12-year-old girl.

The walls are painted a light pink, decorated with small drawings.

The bed is covered in plush velvet blankets, and beside it is a small bookshelf filled with toys and books.

Gigi, a short girl with long, smooth hair, sits at her small desk playing a crossword game on her laptop.

GIGI
(talking to herself while
playing)
Hmm... A four-letter word starting
with 'S'... Easy! 'Sail'! I'm a
genius at this game!

GIGI (CONT'D)
(laughs)
This is easier than any homework...
Mom should see me now!"

Gigi taps away at the keyboard confidently, enjoying the simple challenges the game presents.

INT. THE PARENTS' ROOM - VILLA - DAY.

The master bedroom is spacious and furnished with luxury.

The large bed is covered in an ivory silk coverlet, and on the sides are elegant bedside tables adorned with stylish lamps.

The massive wardrobe is filled with fancy clothes.

Jack stands next to his wife, helping her fold and organize clothes into the closet.

Jack a man in his mid-forties, tall with an average build.

He has a calm and intelligent personality, often using light humor when speaking with his family.

He carries a deep sense of responsibility toward his family, always willing to help with even the smallest tasks.

He shows clear concern for balancing work with family time and loves being a part of his daughter Gigi's life despite his busy schedule.

His personality is flexible and supportive, and he approaches things with optimism and a smile.

Layla is a woman in her early forties, with a strong and wise personality.

Her eyes reflect both tenderness and firmness.

She pays attention to the smallest details in her home and family and is highly organized. Layla is committed to teaching Gigi values and the balance between fun and seriousness, but she also knows how to create a warm and joyful atmosphere at home.

She is understanding and loving, always working to maintain strong family bonds

JACK

(smiling)

We need to buy a new closet; this one's completely full.

LAYLA

(laughing)

Maybe... Or maybe we just need to get rid of some of these clothes we never wear!

JACK

(sarcastic)

Oh, so a cleaning spree? Should we have Gigi help?

LAYLA

(affectionately)

Gigi? Impossible! You know how she loves staying on the computer all day.

JACK

(fondly)

True, but we should plan some family time soon. This week's been full of work.

LAYLA

(seriously)

Yes, we need to talk to Gigi about balancing her time between games and other activities.

JACK

(while organizing his clothes)

I agree, but let's start by organizing this mess before we make any plans.

INT. GIGI'S ROOM - THE VILLA - DAY.

Gigi shuts off her laptop after a few minutes of playing.

She walks to the center of the room, standing with her hands on her hips, looking around, speaking to herself in a determined tone.

GIGI
(strongly)
What am I supposed to do now?

Suddenly, Gigi bolts toward the bed, running like lightning. She starts jumping on the bed with excitement, shouting loudly.

GIGI (CONT'D)
(excited)
I'm jumping on the bed!

She increases the pace of her jumps, breathing quickly, as if she can't stop.

GIGI (CONT'D)
(louder)
I'm still jumping because I have
nothing else to do!

After a few moments, Gigi throws herself onto the bed, lying flat.

She stares at the ceiling, speaking in a bored and frustrated tone.

GIGI (CONT'D)
(bored)
My life is so dull... I wish I
could live a life full of
excitement and adventure.

Her eyes shift toward the phone sitting on the wooden desk nearby.

A bold idea begins to form in her head.

GIGI (CONT'D)
(thoughtful)
What if a group of idiots kidnapped
me? I'd stay with them for a few
days, then come back home... maybe
end up in jail? Or a vacation in
the Maldives after Dad pays the
ransom!

Gigi jumps off the bed and heads toward the phone, her face lighting up with excitement.

GIGI (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I've got it! I'll post an ad on that crime website, offering myself for kidnapping... but I'll pick a gang that's different from the ones I see in the movies.

Gigi grabs her phone and starts typing the ad, but we can't see what she's writing. She sends it, then looks at her phone with pride.

GIGI (CONT'D)

(happily)

Done! Tomorrow's going to be a brand-new day, full of excitement and adventure!

Gigi puts her phone aside and walks out of the room, leaving the space quiet for a few moments.

INT. ORDINARY APARTMENT / NIGHT

The living room is modest and simple, featuring an old couch in the center of the room, a small table cluttered with leftover coffee cups and scattered papers.

The TV is placed in a corner, and the monotonous sound of a series fills the air.

The walls are painted in a dull color, and the lights cast a faint yellow glow.

Nothing stands out about the apartment; it feels like any other ordinary place.

INT. LIVING ROOM / NIGHT

WIDE SHOT OF THE ROOM:

Christina and Jackie are sitting on the couch, staring at the TV while sobbing intensely, as if someone just passed away.

Opposite them, Shuaib is jumping in the air, kicking and dodging as if he's wrestling with an invisible opponent.

Then he dramatically throws himself on the floor as if someone punched him hard.

On the table, Siraj al-Din sits on a wooden chair, staring at his laptop screen while munching on a bag of chips.

He watches their bizarre behavior with a look of bewilderment, then shakes his head and says:

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(sarcastically)
Sometimes I wonder about your criminal abilities. How did you gain a reputation in the underworld?

CHRISTINA
(bursting into tears again)
(angrily)
Shut up! Her lover died!

JACKIE
(sobbing and gasping)
And... her dog too!

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(raising his eyebrows)
Her dog?...

CHRISTINA
(nervously)
It's not a dog... it's a... tree!

JACKIE
(bursting into absurd tears)
Her dog turned into a tree! This series is so sad...

Siraj al-Din turns to look at Shuaib, who is still punching the air and "taking hits.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(talking to himself)
And you... I can't even begin to describe your behavior... it sums everything up.

He turns back to his laptop.

The camera zooms in on the screen, showing him browsing a crime-related website.

Suddenly, he notices an advertisement for "Gigi" and clicks on it, starting to read intently.

His facial expression gradually changes to a wide smile...

SIRAJ AL-DIN (CONT'D)

(happy tone)

Bingo...

(As calling out to his
teammates)

Come here, we've got an interesting
offer!

CHRISTINA

(without taking her eyes
off the TV, nonchalantly)

Just accept it and tell us later...
I want to see her marry his best
friend.

JACKIE

(eyes full of tears)

Me too... I want to see how this
scene ends.

(excitedly)

Look! She's going to hit him with
that bat!

Christina lightly taps Jackie on his head .

CHRISTINA

(confused)

What's wrong with you? Are you
blind, or do you see things we
don't? They're just flowers!

(annoyed)

Shut up and let me watch this
wedding.

Jackie turns toward Shuaib, who's still fighting his
invisible opponent.

JACKIE

(curiously)

Who's winning?

SHUAIB

(panting as he responds)

A tie... We're in the final
round...

At that moment, Siraj al-Din stands up, walks over to Shuaib,
and kicks him hard, causing Shuaib to fall to the floor,
groaning in pain.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
you lost the round... Now, get up.

SHUAIB
(from the floor, painfully)
Okay...

Siraj al-Din grabs the remote control and turns off the TV.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(calmly)
The wedding's over. Follow me.
We've got an offer.

Christina stands up, muttering unintelligibly, her face showing clear discontent.

Meanwhile, Jackie jumps off the couch, hugging Siraj al-Din leg, begging

JACKIE
(pleading)
Please! Give me the remote!

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(firmly)
No.

He heads towards the kitchen, Jackie dragging behind him like a child clinging to his leg.

Moments later, Shuaib gets up from the floor and follows them. They all gather in the kitchen, standing in utter silence.

INT. THE KITCHEN / NIGHT

Siraj al-Din looks at them, standing beside the table, and points to a picture of a young girl on his laptop screen.

The picture reads "Gigi" in bold letters, with details about her wealth and family.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(seriously)
Dear foolish comrades, this is our
ticket to becoming rich.

Jackie leans in closer, reading the amount written in the details.

JACKIE
 (astonished)
 Who's the idiot paying 300 dollars
 for his daughter?

SHUAIB
 (shrugs hesitantly)
 Maybe he's rich...

SIRAJ AL-DIN
 (smirking slyly)
 (calmly)
 He's not just rich... He's one of the
 top ten wealthiest people in the
 city.

Everyone stares at Siraj al-Din in surprise, then starts
 talking excitedly and chaotically.

CHRISTINA
 (scratching her chin
 thoughtfully)
 Okay, how do we kidnap her? We go
 to school, hide behind the bushes,
 and jump on her?

JACKIE
 No, no, no. We dress up as
 janitors, carry a big bag. When she
 comes out of school, we ask, "Is
 this your dog?" And when she gets
 close... we bag her!

SHUAIB
 (shakes his head
 vigorously)
 No, genius. We wait by her car,
 slash the tire... when she tries to
 change it, we come and say, "We're
 here to help"... then...

JACKIE
 (interrupting)
 Then we kidnap the car with her in
 it!

CHRISTINA
 (confused)
 And how do we get to her in the
 first place? Are we riding bicycles
 behind her?

SHUAIB

No, we buy a doll that looks like her and put it in the car. When she sees her doll... she'll be so happy she'll come to us!

Siraj al-Din gently taps his head with his hand several times, his face filled with disbelief at their stupidity.

SIRAJ AL-DIN

(sighs)

Sometimes I wonder if we're actually a gang..

As they continue to talk foolishly, tension rises between Jackie and Shuaib.

JACKIE

(angrily)

The bike plan is way better than your dumb tire-slashing idea!

SHUAIB

(getting closer)

Really? Then come and try it yourself!

JACKIE

(challengingly)

With pleasure!

Christina steps back, watching them.

CHRISTINA

(whispering)

Oh my God, here they go..

Jackie suddenly jumps at Shuaib, but Shuaib sidesteps, causing Jackie to crash into the dining table and fall to the ground.

He quickly gets up and starts circling around Shuaib, trying to grab him.

SHUAIB

(laughing mockingly)

Is that all you've got?

Jackie lunges at him, but Shuaib ducks, making Jackie fly over him and land on his back.

Shuaib immediately jumps over him, but Jackie rolls away, causing Shuaib to bump his head on the table.

JACKIE
 (laughing)
 Are you okay? I didn't mean for you
 to hurt yourself!

SHUAIB
 (rubbing his head in pain)
 Oh, now you're in trouble!

Christina watches from the back as the silly fight unfolds.

Shuaib starts running in circles around the kitchen, with Jackie chasing him, then suddenly stops, making Jackie bump into his back, and they both fall to the ground.

They start hitting each other , shoving each other childishly.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
 (shouting)
 Enough! Stop it!

They freeze, breathing heavily, staring at each other.

JACKIE
 (smiling)
 Draw?

SHUAIB
 (fist-bumps Jackie)
 Draw.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
 (with a sly smile)
 Come closer, guys... I'll explain the
 plan.

Christina, Jackie, and Shuaib slowly approach, their eyes wide with curiosity, inching closer and closer to Siraj al-Din until they are just a step away from him, leaning in eagerly to catch every word.

As Siraj al-Din begins to speak, we start to pull back from the scene.

With each step we take backward, the details of Siraj al-Din's speech fade bit by bit, leaving only his serious expression and confident hand gestures visible in the frame.

He whispers to them in an enthusiastic tone, as if revealing a crucial secret, yet we can no longer hear anything.

From afar, we see the trio's expressions shift as he continues speaking.

Christina furrows her brows, mutters something under her breath, then nods in agreement.

Jackie opens his mouth in astonishment, then closes his eyes, focusing on Siraj al-Din as if he's listening to music.

Meanwhile, Shuaib crosses his arms over his chest, nods slowly, and a sly smile forms on his lips.

We observe the scene from a distance, their gaze fixed on Siraj al-Din, who continues to speak passionately, as we move further and further away until none of his words can be heard.

Yet, their facial expressions say enough... something big is about to happen.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL COURTYARD - THE NEXT DAY.

A WIDE SHOT

the bustling middle school courtyard filled with kids.

Children gather in different groups, playing, laughing, and talking animatedly.

Some are tossing small footballs back and forth, while another group sits on the edge of the courtyard, eating snacks and chatting loudly.

Laughter rises occasionally, and there's a vibrant energy all around.

A young girl giggles as she chases after a friend who's trying to escape her.

Another boy stands by the school fence, talking seriously to his friend who's showing off his skill at catching a small ball with one hand.

Meanwhile, a group of boys stand nearby, excitedly planning a new game, their faces glowing with anticipation.

Suddenly, a sleek black car pulls into the schoolyard, capturing the attention of most of the children who stop what they're doing to watch curiously.

The car comes to a slow stop in front of the school entrance.

Gigi, steps out of the backseat gracefully.

She's dressed stylishly, her posture exuding confidence and boldness.

She glances briefly at her personal driver, who lowers the window.

GIGI
(speaking mischievously)
Don't bother picking me up. I'll go
home with my friends.

DRIVER
(seriously)
I'll drive all of you, Miss Gigi.

GIGI
(smiling with more
mischief)
No... we'll take the bus.

DRIVER
(sighs)
Alright, but make sure to tell your
father.

GIGI
(looking at her phone)
I'll call him later... See you.

DRIVER
(smiling warmly)
Goodbye, Miss. Enjoy your time.

The driver rolls up the window and gently presses the accelerator.

The car starts moving away slowly, all eyes still following it.

As soon as the car leaves the courtyard, Gigi smiles slyly and then dashes quickly toward the school entrance, passing by the other students without looking back.

GIGI
(whispering to herself)
Finally...

She runs towards the door and slips inside just as the **bell** rings, announcing the start of classes.

Kids scatter in all directions, rushing into their classrooms.

The courtyard is left completely empty, with only the school guard strolling slowly, glancing around curiously, unaware of what just happened.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL COURTYARD - AFTERNOON.

the school bell ringing loudly, signaling the end of the school day. Suddenly, the main school door bursts open, and students rush out like a surging wave, running and shouting excitedly, pushing each other to reach the gate as quickly as possible.

Laughter and playful teasing fill the air, as small groups of kids try to outpace each other.

One student jumps over his friend to get ahead, while another tries to weave through the crowd with swift movements. The sound of backpacks bumping into each other and children's shoes skidding on the concrete surface creates a chaotic yet joyful symphony as they all race towards freedom outside the school.

Amidst the frenzy, Gigi steps out of the gate with steady, calm strides, a stark contrast to the madness around her. She walks slowly, holding her bag on her shoulder, her eyes scanning the area as if searching for something specific.

She pauses for a moment at the gate, glancing around, only to be surprised by a sleek black **Clio** car parked on the roadside. The front window slowly rolls down, revealing Siraj al-Din, dressed in a black outfit resembling a bodyguard's attire, with sunglasses covering most of his face.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(in a formal tone)
Miss Gigi, your father sent me to
pick you up.

Gigi smiles slyly, adjusts her bag on the other shoulder, then opens the car door slowly and sits beside him.

GIGI
(with a conspiratorial
smile)
Alright, but first... take me for a
ride.

SIRAJ AL-DIN
(with calm confidence)
I know a place where you can have a
lot of fun.

Gigi raises an eyebrow as she looks at him, her smile turning more suspicious.

GIGI
(whispering mischievously)
Then... take us there.

Siraj al-Din closes the window and steps on the gas pedal.

The car starts moving slowly at first, then picks up speed, leaving the school behind as Gigi looks out the window with a hidden smile, as if she knows something exciting is about to happen.

The black car gradually disappears down the busy street, and the camera stays focused on it until it's completely out of frame, ending the scene with the now-empty road and the school gate, which has returned to its usual calmness.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shuaib and Jackie are standing face to face, eyes filled with determination as if preparing for an epic showdown. Suddenly, Shuaib lunges at Jackie and pushes him hard.

JACKIE
(stumbling back)
Hey! What's your problem?!

SHUAIB
(yelling angrily)
You stole the last chocolate piece
from the fridge, you jerk!

JACKIE
(defensively)
I didn't! Maybe it was that mouse
you saw last night!

SHUAIB
(pointing at him)
A mouse doesn't leave the wrapper
neatly arranged like a professional
-like you!

The two start exchanging slow and goofy blows, as Shuaib slaps Jackie's face gently, and Jackie returns with a weak punch on the shoulder, as if they're children playing a who laughs first game.

Their movements are slow and ineffective, almost as if they're afraid of really hitting each other.

Christina sits on the couch, watching the scene in annoyance, her arms crossed and her eyes rolling in frustration.

CHRISTINA

(grumbling)

For the last time... neither of you is anything like Al Capone. You're just clowns! Knock it off!

Shuaib and Jackie pause for a moment, then look at Christina as if they didn't understand what she just said.

SHUAIB

(confidently)

I'm the most dangerous gangster here!

JACKIE

(mockingly)

You? You don't even know how to hold a gun properly!

SHUAIB

(exclaiming excitedly)

I know everything! Tell me again, who's the most famous gangster of all time?

JACKIE

(smiling mischievously)

Al Capone, of course!

SHUAIB

(shaking his head)

Wrong! It's James Bond!

JACKIE

(eyes wide in shock)

James Bond is not a gangster; he's a secret agent!

SHUAIB

(determined)

But he has fancy suits, cars, and guns! That's enough to be a gangster.

CHRISTINA

(grumbling even more)

Oh my God... You're really the dumbest duo ever. You know what? Even that mouse in the fridge is smarter than you two!

At that moment, Shuaib bursts out in anger, picks up Christina's shoe lying beside the couch, and raises it high.

SHUAIB
(shouting)
I'll teach you a lesson, Jackie!

He starts chasing Jackie around the room, swinging the shoe in the air, but Jackie dodges awkwardly and runs around the furniture, jumping over the couch, then dashing towards the kitchen.

CHRISTINA
(screaming from behind,
chasing after them)
Give me back my shoe! You idiots!
Stop it!

JACKIE
(laughing while running)
Shuaib, that's Christina's shoe,
have you lost your mind?

SHUAIB
(running after him)
You'll get a taste of this shoe
before I return it!

They continue with their ridiculous chase, Shuaib desperately trying to hit Jackie with the shoe, and Christina hopelessly running behind them, shouting loudly as they circle around the room repeatedly.

The camera moves along with them, capturing every leap, dodge, and Christina's exasperated shouts

CHRISTINA
(screaming in frustration)
That's my favorite shoe, you
morons! Stop before I go crazy!

INT. THE KITCHEN / NIGHT

Jackie stops, panting heavily, and Shuaib stands behind him, still holding the shoe, while Christina holds her head in despair. The apartment door swings open suddenly, and Siraj enters, gently pushing Gigi forward.

She walks in calmly, looking around briefly. She spots Shuaib and Jackie fighting foolishly.

Shuaib is lightly choking Jackie, while Christina is hitting Jackie with her shoe slowly, as if performing a boring chore.

GIGI
 (speaking sarcastically,
 with her hand on her hip)
 You're the worst gang I've ever
 seen in my life.

Siraj glares at his team members, speaking in a loud and angry voice.

SIRAJ
 (shouting)
 Did you hear that?! We're now a
 laughing stock! We're a joke even
 to little girls!

Gigi turns to Siraj, raising an eyebrow with a sly smile.

GIGI
 (calmly)
 Mr. Kidnapper, please, take me to
 my room.

At this moment, Shuaib and Jackie stop their ridiculous fight and approach Gigi competitively, each trying to appear more competent, lightly pushing each other.

SHUAIB
 (nudging Jackie with his
 elbow)
 I'll be the one to escort her!

JACKIE
 (bumping him with his
 shoulder)
 No, no! I'll take her. I'm better
 at handling this.

SHUAIB
 (shouting)
 Handling? We're talking about
 walking, you idiot!

JACKIE
 (confidently)
 And I'm the best at even walking!

The argument quickly escalates into another silly fight.

They push each other comically, each trying to shove the other away from Gigi, while she watches them with amusement.

Christina sighs and approaches Gigi, holding her hand gently, as if taking a little girl to her room.

CHRISTINA
(speaking softly)
Come on, I'll take you to your
room.

Christina leads Gigi down a short hallway toward an open room. As they walk, Gigi looks back at Siraj, talking with a mixture of calmness and sarcasm.

GIGI
(calmly and mockingly)
Mr. Kidnapper, with all due
respect, your team is pathetic. I
won't even rate your team on the
crime site.

Siraj smiles warmly as he sits on a nearby chair, watching Shuaib and Jackie still tussling on the ground like children, their arms and legs tangling haphazardly.

SIRAJ
(muttering to himself)
Pathetic team? Maybe, but they're
one of a kind.

He turns his gaze toward the room, where he sees Christina quietly stepping out and closing the door gently behind her.

She glances at him, raising her eyebrows in obvious frustration.

CHRISTINA
(muttering)
I have no idea how you manage this
gang.

Siraj and Christina exchanging glances, while in the background, Shuaib and Jackie continue their fight, as if they're in a crucial battle, but their every move is slow and laughably pathetic.

FADE OUT.