

HUNTSMAN AND SONS

Written by

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April 2013

1

EXT. MOROCCAN PALACE - DAY.

1

We fade up on a yellow WALKMAN, and hear Deee-Lite's "Groove is in the Heart".

It belongs to A GUARD practicing his dance moves outside a remote MOORISH PALACE. ANOTHER GUARD is more chilled. Until:

On the horizon: a HELICOPTER comes in fast and low, FOUR ARMED MEN hanging from it, on ropes. They wear gas masks.

The men shoot both Guards. Then they blow out the windows and swing inside, expertly releasing from their ropes.

Moments later, the palace windows BLOW OUT. Fire and smoke billow. Through the comms, we hear, over gunshots:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Area secured... Eyes on the  
target... Target secured.

We move in through a broken window to find...

2

INT. PALACE STUDY - DAY.

2

The four operatives, tying A TERRORIST to a chair. The first operative performs a swift body check, then removes his gas mask. This is JACK LINCOLN, 32, handsome, calm and assured.

Another man removes his mask. Late 20s, black, good-looking. His code name is MERLIN. He nods respectfully to Jack.

A second follows suit. Early 20s, white, well-groomed, oozing aristocratic confidence. He'll come to be known as LANCELOT.

It takes a nudge from Merlin to prompt the third to remove his mask. This is LEE, 22 - rugged face, army haircut and strong London accent. He looks to Jack, apologetic.

LEE  
Sorry, sir.

Jack draws a GUN and addresses his captive in perfect Arabic.

JACK  
We know there's a second attack  
planned today. I need the location.  
It'll take five shots to take you  
beyond repair, so I suggest you  
answer quickly.

Still no response. Jack shoots him swiftly in both legs. The Terrorist screams and slumps forward.

JACK (CONT'D)  
That's two. You don't want to find  
out where I'll put the third.

Jack aims for the Terrorist's groin. The Terrorist sits up. He's smiling. Between his teeth he holds: A GRENADE PIN.

Without hesitation, Lee dives onto him, with a warning cry.

LEE  
Grenade!

It DETONATES. Lee and the Terrorist are killed instantly.

Jack, Lancelot and Merlin are blown back by the force, but thanks to Lee, they're alive. They pick themselves up.

JACK  
Shit. I missed it. How did I  
fucking miss it?

MERLIN  
Time was of the essence, sir. Could  
have happened to any one of us.

JACK  
If it had been one of the trainees,  
it would have been forgivable.

Jack glances regretfully at Lee. Then gathers himself.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Where does this leave us, Merlin?

MERLIN  
Lee was the stronger candidate,  
sir. As I believe he just made  
evident. But Hugo's test  
performances have been flawless.

Merlin indicates Lancelot. Jack extends his hand to him.

JACK  
Welcome to Huntsman.

INT/EXT. TAXI/COUNCIL ESTATE - NIGHT.

A bleak, run-down estate. A LONDON TAXI pulls up.

No ordinary cab - the interior looks like a gentlemen's club. Jack sits with a dignified older gent, ARTHUR, 50s. Arthur gazes out of the window with a look of disgust.

ARTHUR  
Revolted place.

JACK  
We won't be here long.

ARTHUR  
I still dispute whether we need to  
be here at all.

JACK  
"Rules are rules." That's your  
motto, isn't it, Arthur?

ARTHUR  
The rules are for gentleman.

JACK  
They're for Huntsmen.

ARTHUR  
And that young man wasn't one.

JACK  
Not yet. But he behaved as much  
like a Huntsman as any of those  
smug elitists the others put  
forward for the job. If it weren't  
for him, I wouldn't be here.

ARTHUR  
Is that what's troubling you,  
Galahad? Or the fact that your  
little experiment failed?

JACK  
With respect, Arthur -- you're a  
snob.

ARTHUR  
With respect?

Jack opens the car door and climbs out.

JACK  
The world is changing. There's a  
reason aristocrats developed weak  
chins.

4

**INT. COUNCIL FLAT - DAY.**

4

The front room of a small but neatly-kept flat. On the wall  
is a large framed shopping-mall portrait: Lee in army uniform  
with his wife, MICHELLE, 20s, and their little son, EGGSY, 4.

JACK (O.C.)  
We very much regret that your  
husband's bravery can't be publicly  
celebrated. I hope you understand.

On the floor, Eggsy plays with POKEMON CARDS, desperately  
trying to ignore the conversation, determined not to cry.

MICHELLE (O.C.)  
 How can I if you won't tell me  
 anything? I didn't even know he  
 wasn't with his squad --

Now we see Jack and Michelle, sitting close by. Jack holds  
 out a beautiful MEDAL. She takes it, studies it.

JACK  
 I'm so sorry I can't say more. But  
 I'd like to present you with this.  
 It's a Guinevere Cross. Very rare,  
 and to those who know what it is,  
 very highly respected.  
 (Michelle hands it back)  
 I know it's not much comfort. But --  
 See on the back here? That's my  
 number. As a more concrete gesture  
 of gratitude, I'd like to offer...  
 Let's call it a favour.

MICHELLE  
 What do you mean?

JACK  
 The nature of it is your choice.  
 Just tell the operator "oxfords not  
 brogues," then I'll know it's you.

MICHELLE  
 Sorry, what? Who the hell are you?

JACK  
 Someone well-placed to help. But  
 I'm afraid I can offer only one  
 favour. So you may want to save it  
 for an emergency.

Jack holds the medal out to her again. She just stares.

MICHELLE  
 I don't need your help. I need my  
 husband back.

She gets up, walks to the door and opens it. Jack stands. He  
 looks at Eggsy, who stares doggedly at his cards. Jack lays  
 the medal on the Pokemon cards. Eggsy picks it up.

JACK  
 What's your name, young man?

LITTLE EGGSY  
 Eggsy.

JACK  
 Take care of that, Eggsy. And take  
 good care of your mother, too.

5        EXT. MOUNTAIN CHALET - DAY.

5

A magnificent CHALET nestled near a snowy forest. ARMED GUARDS linger outside. Under a CAPTION: "17 YEARS LATER".

6        INT. CHALET - DAY.

6

Lavish decor, at odds with its occupants -- a hooded MAN tied to an art deco chair, surrounded by FIVE GOONS.

The BIGGEST GOON carefully removes the hood, revealing the prisoner. This is PROFESSOR ALAN SWANSON, 40s. There's gaffer tape over his mouth. The goon starts to gently peel it off.

BIGGEST GOON

So sorry, Professor Swanson. Just a tiny bit more, I'm trying not to --

The tape is half off now. The goon tugs gingerly at it.

SWANSON

For god's sake, just rip it off!

BIGGEST GOON

I'm under very strict instructions not to hurt you, but --

The goon complies, wincing. Swanson doesn't flinch.

SWANSON

Look, you've made a mistake. I'm a university lecturer. I've got no money.

BIGGEST GOON

God no, this isn't about money. You're in no danger, our boss just wants to talk to you. He's a fan.

SWANSON

Am I meant to find that reassuring?

GOON

Let me get you a drink. You're a whiskey man, right? Hey, Red? Can you get a selection of our finest single malts, please?

Another Goon - RED - hustles out. Suddenly, Swanson's expression shifts: first relief, then anger.

SWANSON

Wait, is this one of those prank TV shows?

## BIGGEST GOON

Look, you'll have a drink, our boss will be here soon, he'll explain everything. Honestly, our whiskey selection? You will shit. We got a 1943 Dalmore that's just --

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. The confused Goon goes to answer it.

It's Lancelot. Late 30s now, and wearing an excellent suit, he's even more dashing and assured than in his youth.

## LANCELOT

I suppose asking to borrow a bowl of sugar is a step too far?

Before anyone has a chance to respond, Lancelot draws his WEAPON and shoots every goon in the room. Stone dead.

## LANCELOT (CONT'D)

Professor Swanson. I'm here to take you home.

## SWANSON

This... isn't a TV show, is it.

Behind him, Red re-enters carrying a TRAY of various rare malt whiskies. Seeing the carnage, he reaches for his gun --

But Lancelot spins around, shoots Red dead and lunges just in time to catch the tray in his free hand as Red crumples.

## LANCELOT

1943 Dalmore. It'd be a sin to spill any, don't you think?

Suddenly there's another KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Lancelot -- still holding the whiskey in one hand -- readies his weapon.

Suddenly, from another room, a male figure cartwheels in with unbelievable speed and agility. He wears a pair of paralympic-quality RUNNING BLADES. This is GAZELLE, 30s.

Before he can react, Gazelle amputates Lancelot's gun hand with a graceful arc of one - apparently razor sharp - blade.

Lancelot drops the whiskey in shock. Gazelle catches it...

...And continues to hold it steadily throughout the brief but intense fight that ensues. Lancelot gives it his best, but he's no match for Gazelle and his fearsome samurai running blades. The whiskey survives. Lancelot, alas, doesn't.

Swanson reacts in stunned shock. Gazelle casually strides away to answer the front door.

It's his boss, VALENTINE. He's a Mark Zuckerberg type, 20s. Valentine takes the whiskey, opens it and sniffs it happily.

VALENTINE  
My kind of welcome.

Then, taking in the carnage, and Swanson's haunted face, he moves to a nearby counter where he pours two glasses.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)  
Looks like Professor Swanson could use a drop, too.

Gazelle slices the terrified Swanson's ropes, freeing him.

Valentine heads over with the whiskey. He hands a glass to Swanson, apologetic, and then downs his own in one.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)  
I'll never get used to bloodshed.  
Makes me very nervous.  
(awkward pause)  
Looks like we have that in common!  
(pausing for a laugh that doesn't come)  
Truly, I mean you no harm. I've read all your papers, watched all your interviews. Like, I adore you, and wanna help you and I am so sorry you had to witness all this violence due to our unwanted guest. I promise you, by the time I've found out who he works for, you and I will be best of friends.

7      **INT. EGGSY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

7

The photograph we saw before of Lee and his family stands propped up against a wall. We can hear GUNFIRE.

Eggsy, now 21 and looking like someone who'd mug you for your phone, lounges on his bed, playing Call of Duty. From O.S. over the gunfire, we hear:

MICHELLE (O.S.)  
Eggsy! I said come here!

With a sigh, Eggsy pauses the game.

8      **INT. EGGSY'S MUM'S FLAT - NIGHT.**

8

Eggsy enters. The room is now dirty, dilapidated. Michelle looks worn down, slovenly. She's slumped on the couch, smoking, flanked by two shady men: DEAN, 42 and KENZIE, 27.

A TODDLER in a sagging diaper wanders around aimlessly.

MICHELLE  
You got any Rizlas, love?

EGGSY

No.

DEAN

Go and get us some, then.

EGGSY

Get 'em yourself.

MICHELLE

Oi. What've I said about talking to Dean like that?

Eggsy looks at Dean with distaste, then nods at Kenzie.

EGGSY

Three's a crowd, innit. Why don't Dean's poodle go?

Dean stands up. He's big, intimidating. He produces a TEN POUND NOTE from his pocket and forces it into Eggsy's hand.

DEAN

Get your mum the Rizlas and some beers and I'll tell you what: while you're gone we'll show her three can be good company.

Eggsy struggles to control his impulse to deck Dean.

MICHELLE

Give him twenty, Dean, then he can buy himself a drink and all.

She whispers something in Dean's ear. He smiles, pulls out another tenner. Reluctantly, Eggsy takes it.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Cheers, love. And do me a favour, can you take your sister? She's doing my head in.

Seething, Eggsy scoops up the toddler and storms out.

9

**EXT. COUNCIL BLOCK HALLWAY - NIGHT.**

9

Eggsy stands in a windy, graffitied walkway, stabbing at an ELEVATOR BUTTON. In his arms, his sister begins to grizzle. Eggsy takes off his hoodie and wraps it around her.

EGGSY

That's better, innit?

He pushes the button again. Still nothing. Eggsy kicks the elevator door and heads for the urine-puddled stairwell.

10        EXT. COUNCIL BLOCK HALLWAY - NIGHT.

10

An identical cold, dirty walkway. Eggsy stands at the open door to a flat talking to an elderly Indian lady, MRS JOSHI.

MRS JOSHI

Oh come on Eggsy, not again.

EGGSY

I'll only be twenty minutes.

She takes Eggsy's sister. He kisses them both on the cheek.

11        INT. PUB - NIGHT.

11

A grim pub. Eggsy sits in a corner drinking with two mates -- RYAN and JAMAL.

RYAN

If Dean treats your mum so bad why don't she leave him?

JAMAL

Low self-esteem, that's her problem.

RYAN

Fuck off, why would she have low self-esteem? Eggsy's mum's fit.

Eggsy's not really listening. He stares into his pint.

EGGSY

One of these days... I'm gonna smash his face in.

JAMAL

Are you mental, cuz? He'd just get that lot to do you and pretend he didn't know nothing about it.

Without really thinking, Jamal points over at a bunch of SIX GANG MEMBERS at a nearby table. They notice.

FIRST GANG BOY

What you saying, blud?

SECOND GANG BOY

Think you can chat shit about us and we won't do nothing just cos our guvnor's banging Eggsy's mum?

EGGSY

Pretty much, yeah.

The first boy stands up and walks over to the table. He looms over Eggsy, huge. Eggsy's mates freeze. Jamal hisses to him.

JAMAL  
 Leave it, fam. Let's just go. They  
 ain't worth it.

A tense stand off for a beat. Then Eggsy gets up and heads  
 for the door. His friends follow, relieved. The Gang JEER.

12      **EXT. PUB - NIGHT**

12

Eggsy, Ryan and Jamal swagger out, trying as hard as they can  
 not to look like they've retreated.

RYAN  
 Yeah. Weren't worth it.

Jamal nods in agreement. He and Ryan both pull up their hoods  
 before they walk on. Eggsy doesn't follow them -- he walks  
 towards the curb instead, stops at a PARKED CAR.

EGGSY  
 Why you walking? It's freezing.

He produces a set of CAR KEYS and starts to unlock the car.

JAMAL  
 Who's car's that?

Eggsy gestures back towards the pub and grins.

EGGSY  
 His, innit. Took the keys out his  
 pocket when he come over.

RYAN  
 Shit, son!

The boys all explode into laughter and pile into the car. The  
 doors slam shut, Eggsy guns the engine and the gang burst out  
 of the pub just in time to see Eggsy pulling out.

FIRST GANG BOY  
 You're fucking dead!

Eggsy throws him a "wanker" hand gesture as he tears away.

13      **INT/EXT. CAR/STREETS - NIGHT.**

13

The car roars through the streets.

Inside, the boys laugh uproariously.

RYAN  
 Floor it, Eggsy!

JAMAL  
 If they don't kill you, Dean will.

EGGSY  
The only person with the right to  
kill me is whoever actually paid  
for this car.

Suddenly, A SIREN. FLASHING LIGHTS.

EGGSY (CONT'D)  
Shit.

JAMAL  
Did you have more than two pints?

EGGSY  
Like that's my biggest problem.

14     EXT. RUN-DOWN STREET - NIGHT.     14

Eggsy slams the car into reverse and guns into a side street.

15     INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT.     15

The TWO COPS watch, incredulous and grudgingly impressed.

DRIVING COP  
Bloody hell.

SHOTGUN COP  
(into the radio)  
Requesting back up --

16     INT/EXT. CAR/SIDE STREET/ALLEY/STREET - NIGHT.     16

Eggsy roars backwards up the side street.

Tension and excitement in the car now. Suddenly a SECOND  
POLICE CAR looms into view.

Eggsy turns sharply onto a PEDESTRIAN ALLEY.

JAMAL  
The fuck are you doing?

EGGSY  
Feds car can't get down here.

He's absolutely right. The police car slows, then drives on.

Inside, the boys laugh hysterically.

Eggsy backs fast out of the alley, onto another street, a  
broad grin on his face, until: A FOX runs across the road.

Eggsy swerves to avoid it... And loses control. The car  
hurtles towards the pavement and hits a LAMP-POST.

SMOKE pours from under the hood. The first police car turns into the street, sirens blaring.

17        INT. CAR - NIGHT.

17

The airbag has inflated. Eggsy struggles behind it, trying to get his seat-belt undone.

RYAN

Dickhead!

JAMAL

Foxes are vermin, cuz! You should've driven it over!

Eggsy's seat-belt is jammed. Outside, a second siren howls.

EGGSY

I should've done a lot of things.

I'll sort this. Get out.

(off their confused looks)

I said get out.

They do. As they run, Eggsy accelerates violently, SMASHING into the Police Car, giving his friends an escape route.

18        EXT. JACK'S MEWS HOUSE - DAY.

18

A charming London mews. The camera cranes down to a copy of A TABLOID NEWSPAPER lying outside the front door of one house.

The door opens and a hand picks it up. We jib up to reveal Jack, now 49, sporting a beautiful tailored dressing gown.

He smiles as he reads the headline -- "BIKINI READY! KIM KARDASHIAN LOSES 15LBS" -- then shuts the door.

19        INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY.

19

As we follow Jack inside, we realize that the mews house is, in fact, huge -- the whole row has been knocked through.

In Jack's study area, a classic silver TEAPOT and bone China cup stands on his desk. The walls are covered in FRAMED TABLOID NEWSPAPER HEADLINES. Each more trivial than the last.

Jack discards his tabloid, settles at his computer and starts to read the Financial Times online while sipping his tea.

We track in to his wrist to see: a magnificent Dent WATCH, so thin that it looks painted on. Suddenly, the face glows red.

Jack presses a button on the watch and hastily gets up.



JACK'S POV: the other agents have brandy snifters too. They raise them solemnly, then down the brandy in one.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

To matters practical, before we disperse. One: Galahad will take over Lancelot's current mission. Two: I intend to begin the selection process for Lancelot's replacement tomorrow. I expect each of you to propose a candidate and have them report to UK HQ no later than nine PM GMT. Thank you.

JACK'S POV: The other agents acknowledge the order before removing their glasses. As they do, they disappear from view.

23

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY.

23

Eggsy is sitting in front of A POLICEMAN and POLICEWOMAN, staring at a DOCUMENT that lies on the table between them.

EGGSY

I just wanna get this straight, right? If I sign this, and then I tell you who stole the truck with all them flat screen TV's last month, you give me full immunity.

POLICEMAN

That's right. And the alternative is, you go down. And you're looking at eighteen months. At least.

EGGSY

I can just walk right out of here?

The officers nod. Eggsy smiles, signs the document and hands it over. The officers stare, waiting with baited breath.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

The person who stole the truck is... the person you're looking at right now.

(getting up)

Nice doing business with you.

The Policeman leaps up and slams Eggsy onto the desk.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

Oh come on, bruv! A deal's a deal.

POLICE MAN

Doesn't work like that. Nice try, though.

POLICE WOMAN

You can give us names, or we can just bin it. It's up to you.

EGGSY

I wanna exercise my right to make a phonecall.

The policeman lets go of him.

POLICE MAN

I hope it's to your mum to say you're going to be eighteen months late for dinner.

Eggsy reaches inside his tee-shirt for the gold chain he's wearing. Hanging off it is the Guinevere Cross.

24

INT. HUNTSMAN DINING ROOM - DAY.

24

Arthur passes Jack the file. Jack opens it. Behind Arthur, a beautiful, ornate antique MIRROR transforms into: A SCREEN.

ARTHUR

Lancelot was investigating a group of mercenaries experimenting with biological weaponry.

ON THE SCREEN: a horrific image of NAKED, BLOODIED AFRICAN MEN. They appear to be trying to eat one another.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Uganda, 2012. Synthetic cathinones.

JACK

Like bath salts? The street drug?

ARTHUR

They put it in the water supply at a guerilla army base... Rage... Cannibalism. Multiple fatalities.

ON THE SCREEN: a room filled with bullet-riddled CORPSES.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Chechnya, 2013. Insurgents turned on one another. Indisputably caused by our mercenaries. But this time, no trace of chemicals of any kind.

JACK

Unconnected with the first attack?

ARTHUR

All their attacks were unconnected. And none could be linked to any one political interest.

JACK

Well they are mercenaries... So,  
what happened to Lancelot?

ARTHUR

I'm afraid this is where the story  
becomes a little... odd.

On the screen: A photo of the high-security MOUNTAIN CHALET.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

He tracked them to this property,  
in Argentina. And while he had them  
under surveillance, he became aware  
that they'd effected a kidnapping.  
He tried to execute a solo rescue  
mission. Failed. This was his last  
transmission...

On the screen: words appear. "KIDNAP VICTIM IS PROFESSOR ALAN  
SWANSON."

JACK

Doesn't sound especially odd. Who  
is he?

ARTHUR

Some climate change doom-sayer.  
Expounds something called Gaia  
Theory. Overpopulation as a virus,  
earth trying to heal itself or some  
such. What's curious is that he's  
not actually missing. This is him.  
In London this morning.

On the screen: a CCTV IMAGE OF THE PROFESSOR appears.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Well, it's all yours. And don't  
forget your membership proposal.

Arthur slides the file to Jack, who stands to leave.

JACK

Nine PM at base. Absolutely.

ARTHUR

Try picking a more suitable  
candidate this time.

JACK

(amused)  
Seventeen years... And still,  
evolving with the times remains an  
entirely foreign concept to you.

25      INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY.

25

With some uncertainty, Eggsy dials the number on the back of the medal. It rings. Eggsy reacts in surprise and delight.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Customer complaints, how may I help you?

EGGSY  
Ummm, my name is Eggsy Price and... Sorry, Chester Price. And I'm up shit creek. I'm in Camberwell police station and... My mum told me to call this number if I ever needed help. And... Yeah. I need help. So... Hello? You still there?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
I'm sorry sir, I think you have a wrong number.

EGGSY  
Wait! Wait! Oxfords not brogues?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Certainly, sir. Please hold.

Questionable lounge music plays down the phone. The longer Eggsy stays on hold, the more surreal this all seems to him.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Thank you for holding, sir. Your complaint has been duly noted, and we hope that we have not lost you as a loyal customer.

The line goes dead. Eggsy's face falls. Great.

26      INT. POLICE STATION - DAY.

26

The policeman we saw before is filling in paperwork. The PHONE RINGS on his desk. He answers. Listens a moment. Then:

POLICEMAN  
You what??... I... Yes. Yes, I totally understand.

He really doesn't.

27      EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY.

27

It's raining. Eggsy exits. Jack is outside, in his CAR.

JACK  
Eggsy! Would you like a lift home?

EGGSY  
Who are you?

JACK  
The man who got you released.

28      INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY.

28

Eggsy has never seen a car like this before.

EGGSY  
Is this a kit car?

JACK  
Its a Bristol. One of the finest examples of British engineering.

EGGSY  
So it's shit, then.

JACK  
It's only seven minutes to your flat from here. Do you really want to spend it talking about my car?

EGGSY  
How do you know where I live?

JACK  
When are you going to ask me a more interesting question?

EGGSY  
Alright, here's two. Who the fuck are you and how'd you get me out?

JACK  
Badly phrased, but a good effort. My name is Jack Lincoln, I work for a London tailors called Huntsman and I gave you that cross. Your father saved my life.

EGGSY  
You were in the army? Like, an officer?

JACK  
Not quite.

EGGSY  
Never met anybody who knew my dad. 'Cept my mum, obviously. Listen, can I buy you a drink, though? Like, to say thank you?

JACK  
Splendid idea.

They pull up outside the dodgy pub Eggsy was at last night. Jack reaches into the back seat for an UMBRELLA.

EGGSY  
Yeah, no... Not here. You won't like it, trust me.

JACK  
Nonsense. It says they have draught Guinness. What more can one ask?

29

INT. PUB - DAY.

29

The pub is empty. Eggsy's face floods with relief. At the bar, the BARMAN eyes Eggsy suspiciously.

EGGSY  
Two halves of Guinness.

JACK  
(handing over a TENNER)  
Make it two pints, please.

EGGSY  
Cheers. So, where were you posted, you and my dad? Iraq or something?

JACK  
I'm sorry, Eggsy. Classified.

EGGSY  
I thought my mum had been on the crack pipe when she told me about the number. Feel guilty now.

They take their drinks to a corner table. Jack downs half of his Guinness. Eggsy sips his.

JACK  
So. Want to know something about your dad? The day he died, I missed something. And if it weren't for your dad's courage, my mistake would have cost the lives of every man present. So I owe him. He was a brave man. A good man. And having read your files, I think he'd be bitterly disappointed in the choices you've made.

EGGSY  
Whoa, hold the fuck up. You can't just say shit about me like that!

JACK

I can and I will. Huge IQ, great performance at primary school... Then it all went tits up. Drugs, petty crime, never had a job...

EGGSY

Think there's a lot of jobs going round here, do you?

JACK

Doesn't explain why you quit the paras. You were halfway through training. And doing brilliantly, I might add. But you gave up.

EGGSY

Because my mum went mental? Banging on about losing me as well as my dad. Didn't want me being cannon fodder for snobs like you. Judging people like me from your ivory towers with no thought about why we do what we do. We ain't got much choice, you get me? And if we was born with the same silver spoon up our arses, we'd do just as well as you. If not better.

Eggsy's so worked up that he hasn't even noticed that the six Gang Boys have come in. And they're looking right at him.

FIRST GANG BOY

The fuck are you doing here? You taking the piss?

Eggsy leaps up. Jack doesn't move. Eggsy tugs his sleeve.

JACK

Some more examples of young men who simply need a silver suppository?

EGGSY

No, there are exceptions. Come on.

Jack watches apathetically as the gang walk towards them.

JACK

Nonsense, we haven't finished our drinks.

The barman watches too, anxious. He's not going to intervene. The gang reach Eggsy and Jack's table.

FIRST GANG BOY

I told Dean what you done. He said that makes you fair game. He don't give a shit what your mum says.

JACK

Listen, boys, I've had a really frustrating day. Whatever your beef with Eggsy is -- and I'm sure it's well-founded -- I'd appreciate it enormously if you could just leave us in peace until I've finished this lovely pint of Guinness.

The boys exchange incredulous looks.

SECOND GANG BOY

Better get out the way, grandad, or you're gonna get hurt and all.

EGGSY

He ain't joking. You should go.

A beat. Then Jack gets up, retrieves his umbrella and heads for the door.

FIRST GANG BOY

You want another rent boy, they're on the corner of Smith Street!

The gang all LAUGH. Jack doesn't react, keeps walking. He reaches the door...

And bolts it shut. He turns back around to face them.

JACK

Manners maketh the man. Do you know what that means?

(off the stunned silence)

Then let me teach you a lesson.

Eggsy watches, staggered, as Jack approaches First Gang Boy.

JACK (CONT'D)

Well? Are we going to stand around all day or are we going to fight?

The gang are just about to erupt into shocked laughter when -- CRACK! Jack lands a mighty right hook, followed up by a swift elbow to the jaw. The Boy goes down like a sack of potatoes.

A beat -- disbelief -- then the rest of the gang rush Jack... And there follows the most one-sided five-on-one fight we've ever seen. Jack systematically beats the crap out of the remaining Gang Boys, using a breathtaking combination of exceptional fighting skills and incredible SPY GADGETS.

Jack's UMBRELLA turns out to have a multitude of functions.

Two boys have KNIVES - a MAGNET in Jack's watch disarms them.

One boy grabs Jack's wrist to get the watch -- it gives him an electric shock.

At one point, Jack sees the Barman getting out his phone... Jack gets out his LIGHTER... Which releases a DART. The dart flies into the man's neck, and he collapses.

In no time, all six gang boys are on the floor, out cold.

Eggsy stares at Jack. Jack meets his eye, apologetic.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Needed to let off a little steam. Heard this morning that a friend of mine died. He knew your father, too, actually. Funny.

Eggsy glances over with concern at the unconscious barman.

JACK (CONT'D)

He'll be alright. Just a tranquilizer. With a little something thrown in to blank a couple of hours memory. Not terribly different to what they give you at the dentist.

He pulls out his lighter again... and points it at Eggsy. Eggsy backs away, hands held up defensively.

JACK (CONT'D)

I do apologize, Eggsy. I shouldn't have done this in front of you.

EGGSY

No, please! I won't say nothing, I swear! If there's one thing I can do it's keep my mouth shut. Ask the feds! I've never grassed anyone up!

JACK

You won't tell a soul, is that a promise?

EGGSY

On my life.

Jack lowers the lighter and claps Eggsy on the shoulder.

JACK

Much appreciated, Eggsy. And you're right about the snobs. But there too, there are exceptions. Best of luck with everything.

Close on Valentine, holding up a photograph of Lancelot. Then he sighs, puts it down. We can't see who he's talking to.

VALENTINE

Great. You don't know, the CIA don't know, no one knows who this guy is. Fine. Seriously, it's fine. Well, it's not actually fine. But it's not why I'm here.

He puts the photograph away in a briefcase, then leans in.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Look, you know me. Money has never been my issue. All I ever heard at Princeton was how lucky I was to inherit an oil fortune. So I went to MIT instead, and then my tech company is worth more than my oil company, knock myself off the Forbes top spot, yada yada. Point is, you know where the profit went.

(a beat)

Tried to save the planet. Climate change research, lobbying. Years of work. Billions of dollars. And you know why I quit? Because last time I checked, the planet was still screwed. So here's my epiphany: money can't solve this. The idiots who call themselves politicians have buried their heads in the sand, stood for nothing but re-election. The last two years, I've looked for a real solution. And I found it. And if you really want to make the world a better place, listen the hell up, very carefully, because I'm gonna tell it to you.

We pull back to reveal that Valentine is in The Oval Office, talking to THE PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT

Go on, Mr Valentine. As usual, I'm all ears.

31 **INT. EGGSY'S MUM'S FLAT - SUNSET.**

31

Michelle and Dean are watching TV, Dean playing a game on his Iphone, Michelle texting. Eggsy's sister sleeps beside them.

The door opens and Eggsy enters. Michelle and Dean leap up.

MICHELLE

Where the hell have you been?! Gone all night, all day, I've been worried sick, Mrs Joshi said --

She breaks off in shock as Dean punches Eggsy. Hard.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Dean!

Dean proceeds to beat the crap out of Eggsy. Eggsy tries to fight back, but Dean is huge. Michelle screams in protest.

DEAN

Shut your mouth! I've had it with him. He needs to learn some respect. Winding up my business associates, nicking their car!  
(to Eggsy, punching him)  
And now your mate's gone and put four of 'em in hospital. Who is he? Who was you with in the pub?

EGGSY

No one!

DEAN

You're gonna fucking tell me or I'll rip your head off, I swear.

As Dean punches Eggsy again, we track past Dean's fist... and land on a tiny DOT on Eggsy's shoulder. Right where Jack patted him. We track in until darkness fills the screen...

32

INT. JACK'S STUDY - SUNSET.

32

...And track out again to reveal that we are now in Jack's study. He's hanging up a FRAMED NEWSPAPER HEADLINE beside the others. "BIKINI READY! KIM KARDASHIAN LOSES 15LBS". The sound of Dean's assault is clearly audible in here.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Dean, stop it! Eggsy, tell him!

EGGSY (V.O.)

I don't know what he's talking about, I wasn't with no one!

CRUNCH. The sound of another strike. Then Eggsy, GROANING. Jack raises an eyebrow and walks calmly over to his desk.

On Jack's computer we see FILES showing information on half a dozen YOUNG SOLDIERS. Jack closes them all. Now there's just a MICROPHONE ICON and a SOUNDWAVE BOX, moving in synch with the audio transmitted from Eggsy's home.

DEAN (V.O.)

I could kill you, and the world wouldn't even notice.

Jack clicks on the microphone icon and leans in closer.

JACK

But I would.

33        **INT. EGGSY'S MUM'S FLAT - SUNSET.**

33

The assault is on hold. Dean, Michelle and Eggsy look around, baffled. Jack's voice is coming from every electronic item.

JACK (V.O.)

I have enough evidence on your activities to have you locked away for the rest of your life, Mr. Dean Anthony Baker. So I suggest you leave the boy alone or I will be forced to deliver it to the appropriate authorities.

DEAN

What the fuck is going on?

Taking advantage of Dean's confused state, Eggsy heaves himself to his feet and bolts for the front door.

JACK (V.O.)

And I suggest that from now on that you treat Michelle with the respect that she deserves. Over and out.

The sound from the TV resumes. Dean gets up to examine it. Michelle is glazed, in shock. What the hell just happened?

34        **EXT. HUNTSMAN - NIGHT.**

34

Eggsy stands outside the closed store, peering in. Jack is inside, sitting on a sofa. Eggsy tries the door. It's open.

35        **INT. HUNTSMAN - NIGHT.**

35

Eggsy looks around, out of place. Jack stands to greet him.

JACK

Glad you made it. Follow me.

36        **INT. FITTING ROOM - NIGHT.**

36

Huntsman's lavish fitting room. There's a LIFE-SIZE WOODEN HORSE in here. Jack steers Eggsy towards a mirror.

JACK

What do you see?

EGGSY

Someone who wants to know what the fuck is going on?

JACK

I see a young man with potential. A young man who is loyal.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Who can do as he's asked. Who wants to do something good with his life. Did you see the movie Trading Places?

EGGSY

No.

JACK

What about Nikita? The Dirty Dozen?  
 (Eggsy shakes his head)  
 Pretty Woman?  
 (Eggsy looks affronted)  
 Alright. My point is, the lack of a silver spoon has set you on a certain path. But you needn't stay on it. If you're prepared to adapt, and learn, you can transform.

EGGSY

Like in My Fair Lady?

JACK

Well, you're full of surprises. Yes. Like My fair Lady. Interested?  
 (off Eggsy's nod)  
 Good. See that horse? Get on it.

EGGSY

Are you taking the piss?

Jack doesn't answer. Eggsy climbs on, self-conscious.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

What's this for?

JACK

So that a gentlemen can see how his new jacket hangs when mounted. Now give it a kick and say: "tally ho."

EGGSY

Fuck off!  
 (off Jack's silence)  
 "Tally ho."  
 (nothing happens)  
 What does that do?

JACK

Nothing, I just wanted to see how you were at following orders.  
 (a beat)  
This, however...

Jack smiles and pats the horse's flank three times...

And the room begins to SINK! Eggsy looks around in wonder.

EGGSY  
What is this place?

JACK  
The finest tailors in London.

EGGSY  
No, I mean... all this?

JACK  
Since 1849, Huntsman have clothed the world's most powerful individuals. And at the close of World War One, the notion was conceived that the wealth and influence of our connections could be channeled for the greater good.

The room stops moving. Jack motions for Eggsy to dismount. Then he opens the door. On the other side is now...

37      **INT. MONORAIL TERMINUS - NIGHT.**      37

A sleek chamber, like a mini subway platform. Eggsy boggles.

JACK  
And so began our other venture. An independent, international intelligence agency operating at the highest level of discretion... Above the bureaucracy and politics that undermine the integrity of government-run spy organizations.

Suddenly, NOISE. A capsule-like CARRIAGE shoots in. Stops. A door slides open. Jack steps in. Eggsy follows, mind blown.

38      **INT. MONORAIL CARRIAGE - NIGHT.**      38

There are four reclined seats inside. Jack and Eggsy sit.

JACK  
The suit is a modern gentleman's armor, and the Huntsman agents are the new knights. Seatbelt?

Eggsy fumbles with his belt as the carriage glides into the tunnel... And then they hurtle away at unfathomable speed.

EGGSY  
Holy shit.

JACK  
Don't worry, it's perfectly safe. Standard mag-lev system -- magnets.  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Our vacuum tunnel just makes it a little nippier. But it rarely goes above mach one. Are you alright?

EGGSY

Where are we going?

JACK

HQ. We're recruiting a new member, and the selection process is about to begin. If you agree, I'd like to put you forward as my proposal.

The carriage comes to a sudden stop.

39        **INT. SECRET BASE TERMINUS - NIGHT.**        39

A much larger chamber, with a huge door at the end of it. Eggsy and Jack alight and head for the door. It opens onto...

40        **INT. SECRET BASE HANGAR - NIGHT.**        40

A vast underground hangar. A Bondaholic's wet dream. A BLENHEIM BOMBER and F2 FIGHTER hang from the vaulted ceiling. Eggsy can't believe his eyes as he follows Jack past one amazing thing after another: CARS, GADGETS, JET-PACKS.

JACK

Before you make your mind up, there's something you need to know.

EGGSY

As if I'm going to bail out now!

He gestures around at all the cool stuff.

JACK

Your father tried out for membership of Huntsman. He was on his final field test when he died. This business isn't without risks.

EGGSY

You think I have anything to lose?

Jack nods, a little wistfully. Understands.

JACK

Then let's get you signed in.

41        **INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT.**        41

Eggsy and Jack enter the rec room to see EIGHT YOUNG MEN AND THREE YOUNG WOMEN standing around, chattering excitedly.

Merlin is here, too. Mid 40s now, and even more handsome and poised. He marks the CLIPBOARD he's holding, smiles at Jack.

MERLIN

Galahad. Late again.

JACK

(to Eggsy, explaining)  
My code name... Good luck.

Jack pats Eggsy on the shoulder and leaves, looking back like a parent dropping his kid on the first day of kindergarden. Eggsy hovers awkwardly, then gravitates over to the others.

MERLIN

Attention!

Everyone leaps to attention. Eggsy is beside a small, mousy American girl: ROXY, 22. She doesn't take her eyes off Merlin, but discreetly pats Eggsy on the back, reassuring.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

Ladies and Gentlemen, now we're all here: welcome. My name is Merlin. And you are about to embark upon what is arguably the most dangerous job interview in the world. Failure in any of the tests you'll undergo over the coming weeks will mean you lose your chance at this job. But I need you to be aware that you could lose a great deal more.

(gesturing to the wall)

Can somebody tell me what this is?

Hanging up is: A BODY BAG.

One man puts up his hand quickly. Aristocratic good looks, well-groomed, supremely confident. This is CHARLIE, 23.

CHARLIE

A body bag, sir.

MERLIN

Correct. Charlie, isn't it?

CHARLIE

Yes, sir.

MERLIN

Excellent. On the table, you will find a marker pen. Use it to write your name on the bag, plus contact details for your next of kin. And in a moment, the rest of you will collect your body bags from that closet over there, and you will do the same.

(MORE)

MERLIN (CONT'D)

By doing so, you acknowledge the risks you face. You also acknowledge that you will never discuss your time here, even with your families. You break this rule, you put them at risk.

(to Charlie)

Well, what are you waiting for?

Charlie breaks from the group and heads for the body bag.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

Why is this process so dangerous? Because the job you are competing for is a hundred times more so. If you're not up to it, we'd prefer to know now, and not later, when the lives of others may depend on it. Does anybody want out?

The candidates' eyes dart around the room. Anybody moving? Eggsy's eyes meet Roxy's. They both look away quickly.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

When you're done with your bags, bed. The dorm is down the hall. Long day ahead tomorrow. Fall out!

Merlin leaves the room and everyone hurries to the closet.

A tall attractive Danish blonde, AMELIA, 23, gets there first and starts passing out the bags to the first four in line: ULRICH (macho, German), KENJI (slim, Japanese), ANTON (Eurotrashy, Italian) and SABA (tough-looking, Ethiopian).

At the back of the line, Roxy shakes Eggsy's hand.

ROXY

Roxanne. But call me Roxy.

EGGSY

I'm Eggsy.

ROXY

Eggy?

EGGSY

No, Eggsy.

Charlie, standing close by, done with his task, overhears.

CHARLIE

Where did they dig you up?

ROXY

You know we're not allowed to discuss who proposed us.

The boy in the line ahead of Roxy has been eves-dropping. This is HENRI -- 21, French, handsome, well-bred. He's pegged Charlie as the alpha male, and is keen to forge an alliance.

HENRI

No need to bite his head off.  
Charlie's only making conversation.  
That's right, Charlie, no?  
(shaking Eggsy's hand)  
I'm Henri.

Two more boys -- RUFUS (rugged, blonde, South African) and AJIT (good-looking, Indian) -- join the group. They've already got their bags. Rufus has two and hands one to Henri.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Thank you. Guys, this is "Eggsy".  
This is Rufus and Ajit. So, Eggsy,  
are you Oxford or Cambridge?

Rufus and Ajit stifle a laugh. Charlie smirks, too.

EGGSY

Neither.

CHARLIE

Harvard?

The others grin. These four are really bonding now.

RUFUS

Wait, I think we may have met...  
Did you serve me at the McDonalds  
in Gatwick airport?

EGGSY

No. But if I had, I'd've given you  
an extra helping of secret sauce.

He mimes wanking onto a burger. There's a silence.

CHARLIE

Definitely Harvard.

Henri, Rufus and Ajit explode into sycophantic laughter and head for the table with their bags.

ROXY

Just ignore them.

Amelia approaches, carrying the last three body bags. She hands one each to Roxy and Eggsy.

ROXY (CONT'D)

Thanks. Amelia, isn't it?  
Amelia, Eggy.

AMELIA  
Hey Eggy. Don't take any notice of those guys.

ROXY  
That's what I told him.

A suave Persian boy hands Amelia the pen. This is OMAR.

OMAR  
For you, bebe.

Amelia smiles pleasantly and passes it to Eggsy instead. Roxy turns around, presents her back for Eggsy to use as a writing surface and looks back seductively over her shoulder.

ROXY  
Here, use me.

AMELIA  
She means to write on.

EGGSY  
I know.

He leans the bag on Roxy. He writes "EGGSY PRICE". His hand shaking a little, he adds: "MOTHER: Michelle PRICE."

ROXY  
It's just scare tactics. Classic army technique. Nobody's gonna die.

Eggsy glances up at Rufus, Ajit and Henri, currently hooting with laughter at something Charlie has said.

EGGSY  
Shame.

42      INT. ARTHUR'S BASE OFFICE - NIGHT.

42

The same layout as the London dining room, only everything is Zaha Hadid-style modern. Jack and Arthur sit half-watching a SCREEN with a live feed of the rec room, the sound low.

ARTHUR  
Felt sorry for the boy, did you?

JACK  
No.

ARTHUR  
Well you should now. He'll find this humiliating. Still, at least you didn't propose a woman. I mean, what is going on?

Jack indicates the screen, Charlie is holding court.

JACK

Hmm. And that's your proposal?  
Charlie, is it? All the right  
credentials besides having any  
understanding of the real world.  
He'll be a perfect replacement for  
you one day.

Arthur mutes the sound from the screen completely.

ARTHUR

I believe we're here to discuss new  
intelligence on the mercenaries?

JACK

Absolutely. The mountain property  
where Lancelot died was purchased  
eighteen months ago. The funds were  
transferred from a numbered account  
at the BGK bank in Moscow.

ARTHUR

Then that's as good as a dead end.

JACK

Why?

43

INT. PRIVATE BANK - FLASHBACK - DAY.

43

ARTHUR -- younger here -- stands over a RUSSIAN BANK MANAGER,  
a GUN to the man's head. On the desk is a LIST OF NAMES.

ARTHUR

I'll ask you one more time: do any  
of the organizations on the list  
hold an account with you?

RUSSIAN BANK MANAGER

We don't discuss our clients.

ARTHUR

This is your last chance.

He readies the trigger. CLICK. The man doesn't flinch.

RUSSIAN BANK MANAGER

We don't discuss our clients.

Arthur holsters the gun, circles the desk and takes a seat.

ARTHUR

Excellent. I'd like to open an  
account, please.

44        INT. ARTHUR'S BASE OFFICE - NIGHT.

44

Arthur has just finished telling Jack this story.

ARTHUR

And that is why we bank with them.  
Not to mention that their fire-wall  
makes the KGB's look flimsy. You're  
looking at a physical break-in, and  
even that's ambitious.

JACK

To Moscow it is, then.

45        EXT. SECRET BASE - NIGHT.

45

Jack exits. The base is huge, isolated, surrounded by woods.

There's an AIRSTRIP here, a beautiful BRISTOL JET on the  
runway. Jack strides towards it.

46        INT. DORM - NIGHT.

46

A windowless army barrack-style dorm room with a WET ROOM  
area at one end -- HAND SHOWERS and TOILETS, all barely  
divided by low walls and barely concealed by a low BASIN  
COUNTER along the front. Privacy is going to be scarce.

The recruits enter. All but Eggsy have SUITCASES. They stream  
to the beds. Amelia, Saba and Roxy bag beds up one end.

CHARLIE

Oooh. All the girls together.  
Planning a little action?

ROXY

Why, do you need some tips?

Eggsy finds one bed left, between Roxy and Anton. Anton  
unfolds a VELVET GARMENT, puzzled. There's one on every bed.

Eggsy unfolds his. It's a VELVET JUMPSUIT.

ANTON

What the hell is this??

OMAR

Regulation gear, I guess? But why  
velvet? So heavy!

EGGSY

And hot.

CHARLIE

The Siren jumpsuit. Winston  
Churchill designed it for himself.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Not that I'd expect you foreigners to know.

EGGSY

I'm English.

CHARLIE

I wasn't even talking to you. I think it goes without saying that you wouldn't.

Eggsy's discomfort increases as everyone starts changing for bed. Not only is he without a case, but everyone seems entirely relaxed about undressing in front of one another.

Especially Roxy. She removes everything but her briefs, and starts casually rummaging in her case. She looks to Eggsy.

ROXY

Where's your stuff?

EGGSY

No one told me to bring anything.

ROXY

That sucks. Wanna borrow something to sleep in?

She throws him a tee-shirt and smiles at him warmly. He smiles back, grateful, but trying to avert his eyes.

Suddenly, the lights turn off. There's a collective GROAN.

AMELIA

Looks like it's bedtime.

Everyone climbs into bed. Eggsy lies staring into the darkness for a while before closing his eyes.

47 **INT. MERLIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT.**

47

Merlin puts on his glasses and settles at his computer. On the monitor are: BLUEPRINTS for a building.

48 **INT. HUNTSMAN JET - NIGHT.**

48

The beautifully panelled and upholstered interior of the jet. Jack sits alone, sipping a drink. His watch FLASHES. He slips on his glasses and looks over to an empty seat.

JACK'S POV: Merlin is now sitting in the seat.

MERLIN

Arthur instructed me to brief you on infiltrating the GBK mainframe.

JACK

Fire away.

Under Merlin's V.O., we now see the mission plan playing out:

49

**MONTAGE: INT/EXT. RUSSIAN BANK - DAY.**

49

-- The GBK bank building. WELL-DRESSED RUSSIANS enter. One is a TALL WOMAN -- fur coat, gloves, large pricey HANDBAG.

MERLIN (V.O.)

The bank opens at eight AM. The ladies' is on the sixth floor.

-- The woman enters a beautifully-appointed elevator.

-- In a TOILET CUBICLE, she looks up at: an AIR VENT.

MERLIN (V.O.)

The vent is above the last cubicle.  
The shaft will take you as far as  
the East fire escape.

-- She removes her coat to reveal a fitted black sweater and ski pants... and a rather manly body. Then she tears off what we now realize is A WIG, and A LATEX MASK. This is JACK.

-- He climbs into up the ventilation shaft, crawls along.

-- He drops silently from a ceiling vent and races upstairs.

MERLIN (V.O.)

The vault is two floors up... On  
the north side of the building.

-- On a landing, Jack applies a thick layer of PURPLE RESIN to his palms. Then opens the window here and climbs out.

-- He inches toward the corner of the building, the mystery resin somehow making his palms adhere to the masonry.

MERLIN (V.O.)

The security corridor is unmanned  
until eight fifteen AM... But the  
laser field will be active. Your  
access point will be three point  
two metres from the end.

-- Jack slips in through a window. LASER BEAMS crisscross a corridor, a-la Oceans 12/Entrapment. He expertly negotiates his way down it, leaping, ducking, slithering. Impressive. He stops in the middle and gets a GADGET out of his bag.

-- In a stark SERVER ROOM, a HOLE is cut into the ceiling. A CLAMP bites the hole. A CABLE is looped through the clamp.

MERLIN (V.O.)  
 You'll have five minutes. Get in,  
 get the info, get out.

Jack drops down, now improbably wearing a harness. He stops neatly above a computer and begins to tap at the keyboard.

50      **INT. HUNTSMAN JET - NIGHT.**

50

Jack looks to the holographic Merlin, aghast.

JACK  
 That sounds exhausting.

MERLIN  
 Do you have a better plan?

JACK  
 As a matter of fact, I do.

Merlin shrugs. Then he looks at his watch. And VANISHES.

51      **INT. DORM - NIGHT.**

51

Eggsy is asleep. Suddenly: a GRINDING NOISE. His eyes open.

Above him, the ceiling of the dorm room is scrolling open like a car sun-roof. It moves a couple of feet, then stops.

A split second later: a tidal wave of WATER explodes through the gap and CRASHES into the room!

Everyone scrambles out of bed. The water is already knee deep on the floor and still sluicing down from above.

CHARLIE  
 It's a test! Look for a way out!

Henri, closest to the door, lunges for the handle, struggles.

HENRI  
 It's locked!

CHARLIE  
 No, it's the pressure, pull harder.

Rufus and Ajit join Henri in pulling the door, while Amelia, Omar, Anton and Saba move to the walls, pounding them.

KENJI  
 The floor! Look under the beds!

Kenji dives under water. Ulrich follows.

Roxy climbs onto her bed, which is situated under the open part of the ceiling, under the gushing waterfall.

ROXY

There's no other opening! We've got to go through it! Give me a leg up!

Eggsy climbs onto her bed and complies, but as Roxy moves into the flow, she is violently thrown back by the force... And they both fall, landing in the now waist-high water.

As she swims away, fighting the current, Eggsy looks around, assessing his next move. He sees: Charlie, by the showers.

EGGSY

Roxy! Amelia! Try the bathroom!

But they can't hear him over the gushing water. Eggsy swims over. Charlie is trying to rip a HAND-SHOWER off the wall.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

Breathing tube?

CHARLIE

In the loo! It's the only way.

EGGSY

The loo?

CHARLIE

Toilet. Lavvy. Shitter. Whatever you chavs call it.

EGGSY

I know what one is, I meant --

The shower comes away. Charlie hastily unscrews the head.

CHARLIE

Stick this in it, go past the U-bend: limitless air supply. Simple physics. Spread the word.

Charlie smugly dives under water. Eggsy yells to the group.

EGGSY

Grab a shower, shove it in the bog!

Everyone swims over, fast. Eggsy tears a SHOWER from the wall, unscrews the head and hands it to Roxy and Amelia.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

We'll have to share, take it in turns to breathe!

The others get to work pulling the remaining hand showers from the wall, then diving under the water with their hoses.

Eggsy doesn't have one. The water is nearing the ceiling now. He takes a deep breath and dives under.

UNDERWATER: Eggsy swims for the toilets. Everyone is clustered there, taking turns to breathe. Charlie and Henri share a hose. Eggsy taps Charlie, desperate for air. Charlie makes a shooing motion, passes it to Henri instead.

Eggsy swims up to the surface. There's only an inch of air at the ceiling now. He takes a last, desperate gasp before the water finally rises again, and there is no air left.

Eggsy panics. He's running out of breath when he glimpses his reflection in the MIRROR running along the side wall. A FLARE of light catches his eye. He swims towards the mirror.

Eggsy touches his fingertips to it. An odd double-reflection.

Eggsy's eyes widen. And we pull back, through the mirror, to see: it's a two way mirror. The dorm is a giant tank, built in cavernous OBSERVATION ROOM. Merlin is in here, watching.

With all the strength he can muster, Eggsy RIPS a BASIN free and heaves it at the mirror. And again. Until it SHATTERS...

Water floods through into the Observation Room, creating a powerful current that drags the candidates...

52

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT.

52

...And washes them out of the dorm, onto the floor of the observation room, gasping like fish from a broken fish tank. Merlin surveys the group.

MERLIN

Congratulations to all of you on completing your first test. And in particular, to Charlie... And Eggsy. Who it seems has some experience with two-way mirrors.

(off Charlie's proud grin)  
I'd wipe that smirk off your face if I were you, and show some respect. Not everybody passed.

Eggsy follows his gaze, and reacts in dismay.

Amelia is still in the dorm, lying in a corner. Motionless.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

Training begins tomorrow, which I will have nothing to do with. Watching people train is boring. When you see me, it means there's a test. Your real dormitory is across the hall. Get some sleep.

They leave in somber silence. Eggsy last, glancing back at Amelia in disbelief. And TWO MEN enter, carrying her bodybag.

53 INT. LAVISH RUSSIAN LIVING-ROOM - DAY.

53

An expensively furnished living-room. TWO CHILDREN in expensive clothes squeal with delight as a clown wearing make-up and a carnival mask finishes an elaborate BALLOON LION. We may or may not recognise the clown immediately as Jack.

He passes it to the smaller child, who bounces happily, and then talks gently to the other child in Russian, subtitled.

JACK

What animal would you like?

CHILD

Penguin!

JACK

Penguin! My favorite!

SMALLER CHILD

Lion is my favourite! Nanny, look!

We pull further back to see a young Russian NANNY sitting nearby. She doesn't look happy. She stares at:

Jack's belt. The handle of a GUN is clearly visible.

JACK

Shall we show Daddy? Hold it up to my little camera, he can see it.

He points to a FLOWER in his lapel. The children giggle.

CHILD

That's not a camera, silly!

54 INT. PRIVATE BANK - MOSCOW - DAY.

54

The Russian Bank Manager from Arthur's flashback is at his desk, sweating. On his computer, two windows are open -- one data, the other live video of his kids and Jack-the-clown.

BANK MANAGER

I've got it! I've got it. Okay. I'm sending it now to the file drop you gave me. And you will leave?

55 INT. LAVISH LIVING-ROOM - DAY.

55

Jack glances at his watch. It flashes. Jack smiles.

JACK

Yup. Just finishing a penguin.

A few more twists, and he hands it to the delighted child.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 I have to go. Lovely to meet you!

Jack stands and walks away, waving cheerfully as he leaves, to loud "awww"s of protest from the children.

56

**EXT. SECRET BASE - TRAINING AREA - DAY.**

56

The recruits (in jumpsuits) follow Merlin past an ASSAULT COURSE, to a row of KENNELS containing PUPPIES of all breeds.

MERLIN  
 As some of you learned last night,  
 team work is paramount at Huntsman.  
 But I need you all to learn that.  
 Before we do the assault course,  
 you're each going to pick a puppy.

He gestures to them to approach the pens. We follow Eggsy down the row of eager puppy faces. A tiny PUG cocks its head.

MERLIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 From here on in, wherever you go,  
 your dog goes. You will care for  
 it. You will train it. Your dog is  
 your responsibility at all times.  
 Choose your puppy.

A CLATTER of cage doors, BARKING. Charlie, Henri, Rufus and Ajit bag the service breeds: LABRADOR, COLLIE, ALSATIAN. Panicking, Eggsy grabs the pug. Roxy grabs a STANDARD POODLE.

EGGSY  
 A poodle?

ROXY  
 What? They're gun dogs. Oldest  
 working breed. Easy to train.  
 (looking at his dog)  
 A pug?

EGGSY  
 It's a bulldog, innit?  
 (off her head-shake)  
 It'll get bigger, though, won't it?  
 (another head-shake)  
 Shit.

MERLIN  
 Attention!

Everyone stands to attention, dogs running around their feet.

MERLIN (CONT'D)  
 The last candidate to complete the  
 course goes home. GO!

Everyone rushes for the assault course. Eggsy looks down... then back to the kennels: his dog is still there. Lying down.

Charlie, Henri, Rufus and Ajit leap onto the first obstacle, YELLING instructions. Their dogs race off in every direction. Charlie catches his, smacks it on the muzzle.

CHARLIE

No! Bad. Stay.

Roxy, Kenji, Ulrich, Saba, Omar and Anton show more patience, coaxing their dogs gently. But it's anarchy. Suddenly, they all turn to stare at something...

Eggsy is approaching in a classic slow movie power walk of heroic determination. The Right Stuff. Armageddon. Reservoir Dogs. Only slightly undercut by the little pug head poking out of the collar of Eggsy's shirt.

Eggsy leaps onto the first obstacle. Hand's free, it's easy. He continues, passing all the other recruits. Forges ahead.

Charlie, Henri, Rufus and Ajit try fruitlessly to copy him. Henri tries to stuff his wriggling Doberman into his shirt.

Charlie has his shirt off and is trying to tie his Alsatian to his back in a papoose. It scrabbles unhappily.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Christ! I swear, if this bastard scratches me again...

Eggsy continues around the course, perfectly focussed. The pug looks about as happy as a pug ever can.

Across the field, Ajit chases after his escaping Labrador.

At the last obstacle, Merlin waits with a clipboard.

57

INT. HUNTSMAN DINING ROOM - DAY.

57

Jack and Arthur are at the table.

JACK

The name on the account is fake.  
It's entirely untraceable.

ARTHUR

No surprise there. What else?

JACK

Multiple regular payments to the mercenaries. Again, no surprise. But there were a lot of other rather large recent payments to individuals. Rather prominent individuals.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
Scientists, doctors, academics,  
artists, authors. A few of them  
quite well known.

ARTHUR  
How bizarre.

JACK  
That wasn't even the most  
surprising discovery. That would  
have to be the very large payment  
made to Professor Alan Swanson.

ARTHUR  
You mean from Professor Swanson.  
Ransom money.

JACK  
No, I don't.

58

INT. DORM - NIGHT.

58

Everyone is asleep. Their dogs sleep too, in training crates  
at the end of each bed. One crate is empty, and the bed  
behind it - Ajit's bed - is empty as well, and stripped bare.

The crate at the end of Eggsy's bed is also empty, But  
Eggsey's dog is asleep, curled up on the bed.

Suddenly: WATER rains down on Eggsy! He sits up, terrified --  
not again!!

Charlie is running away with an empty BUCKET. Henri, Rufus,  
Ulrich, Omar and Kenji practically wet themselves laughing.

Eggsey leaps up and runs at Charlie, livid. In a flash, Roxy  
is out of bed. She pulls Eggsy away.

ROXY  
Eggsey, forget it. Seriously. You'll  
get thrown out. It's not worth it.

EGGSY  
Maybe it's worth it to me! Maybe I  
don't care if I get kicked out!

ROXY  
But maybe I care. Maybe I want a  
little bit of real competition,  
here. If you're gone: way too easy.

Her jokey bragging makes him smile. He lets her push him back  
to his bed. His expression turns serious now. He whispers.

EGGSY  
Why are you being nice to me?

ROXY

Because I'm nice. And because ten years ago, I'd have been the one getting ostracized.

(seeing his blank look)

Made to feel different. Just for having a vagina.

EGGSY

Fuck off!

ROXY

I didn't mean you have a vagina. That came out wrong.

They both laugh. Eggsy climbs into his bed, feeling better.

59     EXT. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY COURTYARD - DAY.     59

A beautiful courtyard on the historic campus. Establishing.

60     INT. PROFESSOR SWANSON'S OFFICE - DAY.     60

Swanson is wearing a BLUE-TOOTH EAR-PIECE, carrying a CUP OF TEA, as he enters. He drops the tea in shock as he sees:

Jack. Sitting calmly in an armchair.

SWANSON

Who are you? Get out!

Jack leaps up, grabs him by the collar. Swanson WHIMPERS.

JACK

My colleague died trying to rescue you and I'm sure you saw how well trained he was. So I suggest you tell me who kidnapped you and why they paid you to keep it quiet.

SWANSON

Excuse me?? I have no idea what you're talking about. Now please --

Jack slaps him. Swanson starts to scream.

JACK

Man up, I barely touched you! Christ's sake, I didn't even --

Suddenly, Professor Swanson's head SPONTANEOUSLY EXPLODES. Literally. We're talking Scanners, here. Jack is thrown back.

The back window SHATTERS and TWO ARMED THUGS burst in. They open fire as Jack drags himself to the front window behind him and hurls himself through it.



VALENTINE (CONT'D)

(mercurial, he darkens)  
Keep looking. I'm sitting here  
waiting to push the button on phase  
two. It's way late to be doubting  
who we can trust.

(a beat)

Not happy, Gazelle. Not even a bit  
happy. Know what? Fuck it. We're  
gonna need to speed things up.  
Bring the product release forward.

GAZELLE

We're only halfway into production.  
Speeding it up will cost a fortune.

VALENTINE

Like I care! Just get it done!

65 INT. KIT ROOM - DAY.

65

A TABLE here bears PISTOLS and WEBBING. Also, incongruously,  
colorful HELIUM ANIMAL BALLOONS. Merlin picks up a PISTOL.

MERLIN

This is our standard issue pistol,  
made for us by Purdey and Sons of  
London. As you see, it also fires a  
shotgun cartridge for messy short-  
range situations. Please note that  
today you won't use that function.  
Take a gun, webbing, and two  
balloons. And leave your dogs here.

66 INT. SHOOTING HANGAR - DAY.

66

A MAZE -- like a laser-tag scenario, but much more elaborate.  
The candidates follow Merlin in, wearing the webbing. Each  
has two balloons tied to them, floating above their heads.

MERLIN

Shoot other people's balloons.  
First to lose both is out. As is  
anyone who hits a person. And by  
"out", I mean going home.

SABA

Wait... These are real bullets.

MERLIN

Well spotted, Saba. Now, on the  
first signal, scatter. On the  
second, the hunt is on.

A KLAXON sounds and the candidates race for the labyrinth.  
Balloons bob above the walls. Eggsy ducks as low as he can.

Charlie and Henri creep together, in some kind of truce.  
 Ulrich climbs up into a small TOWER structure.  
 A SECOND KLAXON sounds. Then there is silence.  
 POP! One of Eggsy's balloons bursts. POP! Roxy loses one too.  
 Up in the tower, Ulrich is taking pot shots at everyone...  
 But now he's the prime target. From their various locations,  
 every candidate now has his or her sights trained on Ulrich.  
 Everyone fires. POP! POP! Both of Ulrich's balloons go...  
 Then he is HIT in the chest. He FALLS from the tower.  
 ANOTHER KLAXON sounds. It's over. Everyone runs over to where  
 Ulrich is lying, groaning. Merlin approaches, too.

ANTON

Medic! We need a medic!

MERLIN

No we don't. Unlike Churchill's jumpsuits, ours have Kevlar woven into them. The fall probably hurt more than the shot. Just as well you were the first to lose both balloons, Ulrich. You can recuperate at home instead of our sick bay. And Anton? That was your bullet, so pack your bags.

67

INT. SICK BAY - DAY.

67

Jack is in a sick bay bed. Merlin is here, and they're watching a screen playing footage of Professor Swanson's head exploding, in super-slow motion, on a loop.

MERLIN

You felt heat?

JACK

Heat. Yes. But mostly pain.

MERLIN

Are you familiar with pyroclastic density currents?

JACK

Something to do with volcanoes?

MERLIN

Exactly. Superheated gas and matter. Stand downwind in the wrong conditions and your brain can cook fast enough to shatter the skull.

JACK

Right. Only there was no superheated gas and matter. Just an unoccupied room with a very agitated academic in it.

MERLIN

I'm told even academics contain fluid and soft tissue. Question is, how did it get superheated?

Arthur enters.

ARTHUR

How are we? Shaken and stirred?

JACK

Never been better.

MERLIN

Four broken ribs, multiple lacerations and concussion. Needs to stay at least forty eight hours.

ARTHUR

Still significantly healthier than poor old Professor Swanson. Who perished in a tragic gas leak, by the way. There was talk of an autopsy, but I dealt with it. So, what do we have?

(looking at the screen)

Good grief.

On the screen, Swanson's head slowly explodes again.

JACK

I ran a communications trace. The Prof received a blank text to his mobile. Just before his head blew.

Merlin touches the screen. The video freezes. It's at an especially amazing moment in the earliest stage of explosion. Merlin points to the blue-tooth earpiece Swanson is wearing.

MERLIN

Swanson's phone earpiece. Rigged to deliver intense heat directly into the ear canal. Triggered by a text.

JACK

Let's trace that text. ASAP.

A large venue somewhere in coastal Italy. ELTON JOHN is just finishing a performance on stage. The huge CROWD going wild.



KENJI  
How the hell would that have been  
Troilus and Cressida?!

Everyone LAUGHS. Eggsy looks over, totally excluded.

72

**EXT. SECRET BASE - DAY.**

72

All the dogs sit obediently in a neat line. Watching...

The recruits scale the side of the building. Clearly they are using the same special purple resin we saw Jack use earlier. Eggsy is doing well. Saba is struggling. Merlin shouts up.

MERLIN  
Remember: relax to release, tense  
to hold. The resin responds to your  
neurotransmitter chemicals.

Saba's hands peel away from the building and she falls...  
Lands heavily on the ground. The dogs run over and sniff her.

MERLIN (CONT'D)  
That'll do for today. Saba -- pack  
your bags. Everyone else, wash your  
hands, then straight to room nine.

Everyone gets down, hurries off. Eggsy stops to help Saba up.  
She's clutching her back, in some pain from her fall.

SABA  
Leave me. Go wash your hands.

Eggsey wipes his hands on his trousers, smiles at her and puts  
his arm around her for support her as she limps slowly back.

73

**INT. PAIN TEST ROOM - DAY.**

73

Eggsey, Roxy, Charlie, Henri, Omar, Rufus and Kenji sit  
anxiously in SPECIAL CHAIRS with HANDLES on the arm rests.  
They grab their handles and exchange uneasy looks.

Merlin moves over to a PULL SWITCH on the wall.

MERLIN  
First to let go goes home.

Merlin throws the switch.

Everyone reacts in AGONY. Teeth gritted, spines arching.

Rufus lets go of the handles and leaps up out of his seat.

While the others continue to endure their suffering, Merlin  
points to the door and Rufus leaves, ashamed.

Roxy and Eggsy are side by side, Roxy slumped, hair damp.

EGGSY  
No, I'm done.

Roxy looks over to him, shakes her head, unable to speak.

Eggsy tries to remove his hands from the handles... But they are glued there by the resin he failed to remove earlier.

EGGSY (CONT'D)  
Shit.

One by one, the others let go: Kenji... Omar...

Eggsy tries again to remove his hands, but he can't.

Henri lets go... Then Roxy...

Just Eggsy and Charlie now. The others watch them intently. Eggsy starts howling, writhing in his chair.

Charlie grits his teeth... But can't take it. He lets go.

A split second later, Eggsy passes out.

Merlin throws the switch.

Eggsy is slumped forward, not moving. Roxy rushes for him, checks his carotid pulse. Charlie saunters over and yanks his arm. Eggsy's hand remains stuck to the handle.

Charlie grabs Eggsy's hand and peels it carefully away from the handle. He holds up Eggsy's limp hand in angry triumph: The palm is covered in purple resin.

CHARLIE  
He cheated! Look!

MERLIN  
He won. Take him to the sick bay.

CHARLIE  
This better not get him out of the general knowledge test tomorrow.

74

INT. SICK BAY - NIGHT.

74

Eggsy wakes up in the sick bay. He looks around to see his dog asleep on the end of his bed... And Jack in the next bed.

JACK  
It's not normally this crowded.

EGGSY  
What are you doing here? You okay?

JACK  
 Excellent, thanks. No... Actually,  
 not so excellent. Worried. About  
 you. About throwing you into this  
 situation. And how you've been  
 treated by the others. So: guilty.  
 Rather unhappy and guilty. Or is  
 that "TMI" as you young folk say?

EGGSY  
 I've never said "TMI".

JACK  
 It means "too much information."

EGGSY  
 I know... Listen, don't stress. You  
 gave me a chance. I'm just sorry I  
 ain't gonna make it. Tomorrow I'm  
 out of here for having "F.A.I".

JACK  
 What?

EGGSY  
 "Fuck all information". We've got  
 the general knowledge test.  
 (spotting Jack's Ipad)  
 Actually, can I borrow your Ipad? I  
 could revise a bit.

JACK  
 (handing it over)  
 I'm impressed. That shows spirit.  
 Determination.

EGGSY  
 It shows blind fucking optimism.  
 That lot have had years of the best  
 education money can buy and I'm  
 pissing around on the internet like  
 I can catch up in a few hours.

Arthur and Merlin enter. Arthur looks at Eggsy.

ARTHUR  
 What's he doing here? Get him out.

JACK  
 It's okay. He's trustworthy.

Arthur shrugs and Merlin activates the SCREEN by Jack's bed.  
 A photo appears: Valentine.

MERLIN  
 Ta da. Richmond Valentine.  
 Philanthropist and tech  
 billionaire.

EGGSY

I know him! Their phones are shit.

Jack, Arthur and Merlin look at him sharply.

JACK

Shut up, Eggsy.

(to Merlin)

Wait, you traced the text to him personally? Or to his company?

MERLIN

It came from a number registered to a charitable foundation he runs. Climate change research. Billions of dollars went through it over the last decade, then for the last two years, nothing. And not a single current registered employee. Either he lost interest in saving the earth or we're looking at a major tax dodge that's never been investigated.

ARTHUR

This fellow is extremely well-connected. Well placed to pursue his own agenda, whatever it may be.

JACK

Whatever it is, he considered Professor Swanson's life a fair price for keeping it quiet. Any further updates on the other abductions?

MERLIN

We're up to twenty three at the last count. Scientists, doctors, academics. No obvious link with Swanson or Valentine, but it's too much of a coincidence to discount.

ARTHUR

Still, the whole business has been rather overshadowed by the celebrity disappearances.

JACK

There are more? Since Elton John?

EGGSY

Elton John disappeared?

JACK, ARTHUR AND MERLIN

Shut up, Eggsy.

ARTHUR

Two more. Stephen Hawking this weekend. And Lady G'Gar today.

EGGSY

Gaga.  
(off their looks)  
Sorry.

JACK

I think it's time for Valentine and I to have a tête-à-tête.

75

INT. LUXURY PRISON CELL - DAY.

75

The most luxurious prison cell we've ever seen. If it weren't for the bars that divide it from the corridor outside, it would look like a suite in one of the world's finest hotels. There doesn't seem to be anyone in here.

Valentine approaches carrying a silver DOMED SALVER.

VALENTINE

Sir Elton? I have your dinner! Had it flown in directly from London.

SPLAT. Something brown hits Valentine in the face. It looks worryingly like shit.

And now Sir Elton John storms towards the bars, incandescent.

ELTON

And I have your fucking dinner!  
Flown in directly from my asshole!  
Want some more?!

He's holding A TURD in his hand. He flings it at Valentine.

This time, Valentine dodges it and backs away from the bars.

VALENTINE

It's... From your favorite Indian restaurant.

ELTON

You can stick it down the end of your fucking cock, you fucking psycho! Let me out! NOW!

VALENTINE

I told you. You can go home any time. If you agree to the conditions.

ELTON

Well I don't fucking agree! I am never, EVER going to fucking agree!

Jack is asleep. It's dark, beside the glow from the Ipad in Eggsy's hand. He's chanting softly under his breath.

EGGSY

Armenia: Yerevan. Australia:  
Canberra. Austria: Vienna.

Jack blinks awake. He can hear Eggsy, and it's annoying.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

Azerbaijan: Baku. Bahamas: Nassau.

JACK

What the hell are you doing?

EGGSY

Trying to learn all the capitals.  
They always ask that shit in  
general knowledge tests.

JACK

Do it in your head. You know the  
trick? Make up something to link  
the words. Sillier the better. If  
it makes you laugh, you'll always  
remember it. Name a country.

EGGSY

Okay... Bahrain.

JACK

Capital city, Manama. I think of  
two sheep in a field, and it's  
raining. One says: "baaa! Rain!"  
And the other starts doing a little  
dance to the Muppet song.

(waving his arms stiffly)

Manama-na. Doo-doo doo doo doo.

Eggsy grins. Jack lies back down, pleased. Closes his eyes.  
Eggsy is silent for a while. Then loudly bursts out LAUGHING.

JACK (CONT'D)

Eggsy!

EGGSY

Sorry. I just thought of a really  
funny one for Armenia.

JACK

Okay, I tell you what -- if you get  
some sleep now, I'll lend you my  
lucky pen to do the test with.

Jack scrabbles on the bedside table and grabs a MONT BLANC  
PEN. He tosses it onto Eggsy's bed.

Eggsy picks it up, looks at it suspiciously. It's a nice pen.

EGGSY  
How lucky is it?

JACK  
Very lucky. Go to sleep.

Eggsy shrugs, puts the Ipad aside and lies down to sleep.

77      **INT. CLASSROOM - DAY.**      77

The candidates scribble away furiously at their exam papers.

Eggsy stares miserably at his. All the answers are blank. At Eggsy's feet, his little dog looks up at him wistfully.

Suddenly, the Mont Blanc pen begins to vibrate. Eggsy inspects it, curious. It looks normal. He draws a scribble.

Suddenly it begins to vibrate again... And starts writing by itself, quickly, dragging Eggsy's hand along.

It writes: "WINSTON CHURCHILL FAILED HIS A-LEVELS. DIDN'T STOP HIM FROM SAVING ENGLAND. EVERYBODY DESERVES A CHANCE."

Stunned, Eggsy picks up the pen. He peers at the nib.

78      **INT. SICK BAY - DAY.**      78

Jack is now dressed and sitting in the chair by the bed, ANOTHER PEN in his hand, a sheet of paper before him and his phone propped up. On the phone's screen we see:

A slight fish-eye view of Eggsy's staring EYE. Then his FACE. An amazed, grateful smile spreading across his lips.

The image from the pen camera moves away from Eggsy's face to land instead on: The first QUESTION on Eggsy's exam paper.

Jack starts to write.

79      **INT. CLASSROOM - DAY.**      79

Eggsy scribbles away happily. Or rather, the pen does.

80      **INT. DORM - NIGHT.**      80

Six beds are empty now. Eggsy is back in his own bed. Roxy is reading. Charlie kicks the leg of Eggsy's bed as he passes.

CHARLIE  
You're a fucking cheat. When I find out how you did it, you're screwed.



JACK (CONT'D)

Thank you for your invitation. I must say I wasn't expecting such a prompt reply to my request.

VALENTINE

Well, I gotta admit: I was intrigued to meet you. There aren't many billionaires I don't know.

JACK

I don't doubt it.

VALENTINE

So, I had my people look into your accounts. Obviously. That's some pretty old money you're from. How'd your family make it?

JACK

Property, mostly. Property and the markets. Nothing questionable, if that's your concern.

VALENTINE

Listen, you ask me, all money is dirty. I'm just into finding out what caliber of person you are. I'm sure you get that.

JACK

I most certainly do.

The butler re-enters carrying MCDONALDS on a silver salver. Jack doesn't flinch.

JACK (CONT'D)

The Big Mac, please.

VALENTINE

Good call. But for me, you can't beat two cheese burgers, with secret sauce. Goes great with a '55 Haut Brion.

Jack takes a sip of his wine.

JACK

A classic pairing. And may I suggest twinkies and a 1937 Chateau Yquem for pudding?

VALENTINE

Great idea. So, let's talk. You wanna donate to my foundation... You are aware that I've wound things down in that area?

JACK

Climate change is a threat that affects us all, Mr Valentine. And you're one of the few powerful men who seems to share my concerns.

VALENTINE

A billion is a lot to offer any organization. Especially one that's been inactive for two years.

JACK

About the right amount to get it kickstarted again? That's my hope.

VALENTINE

I shut it down because I didn't get anywhere. Every bit of research pointed to the same thing.

JACK

That carbon emissions are a red herring and we're past the point of no return no matter what remedial actions we take?

VALENTINE

You know your shit.

JACK

There are times when I envy the blissful ignorance of those less well-versed in their shit. As Swanson always said: "humankind is the only virus cursed to live with the horrifying knowledge of its host's fragile mortality."

VALENTINE

Professor Swanson, man. I was bummed about that. Loved that guy.

JACK

Who didn't.

VALENTINE

Yeah. It's funny, not a lot of people have heard of him.

(then, pointed)

You a fan of spy movies, Mr DeVere?

JACK

These days they're all a little serious for my taste. But the old ones... marvelous. Give me a far-fetched, theatrical plot any day.

VALENTINE

Right! The old Bond movies. Man. When I was a kid, that was, like, my dream job. Gentleman spy.

JACK

I always felt the old Bond movies were only as good as the villain. As a child, I rather fancied a future as a colorful megalomaniac.

VALENTINE

Well. Isn't it a pity we both had to grow up.

(finishing his burger)

Let's have dessert in the drawing room.

84

INT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT.

84

Valentine is seeing Jack out at the front door.

VALENTINE

Gimme a little time to think on your proposal, okay? My people will be in touch.

Jack leaves and Valentine shuts the door. Then he pulls out his phone and makes a video-call to Gazelle.

GAZELLE (ON PHONE SCREEN)

Well?

VALENTINE

Definitely.

GAZELLE (ON PHONE SCREEN)

Want me to follow him? I was gonna go get the next person on your list tomorrow, but I can reschedule.

VALENTINE

No need. Nano-tracker gel in the Haut Brion. We'll know his every move. At least until he has a shit.

85

INT. HERCULES PLANE - DAY.

85

Eggsy, Roxy, Charlie, Henri, Omar and Kenji are here, wearing HALO parachuting suits. Roxy has her eyes closed.

ROXY

Fuckfuckfuckfuck.

EGGSY

What? Don't like heights?

ROXY

Yeah. It's okay, I've done it before. Which is probably why, come to think of it.

Before Eggsy can respond, Merlin stands, addresses them all.

MERLIN

Listen up! Your target is a red "H" -- that's H for Huntsman. Your mission is to land in it without the radar detecting you. If I read you on radar or you do not land in the H, you will not be joining the H. Understood?

Everybody murmurs their assent. Merlin grabs a loop and puts on a HELMET. The candidates follow suit.

The back of the plane opens.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

Dropzone coming up. Twenty seconds.

A BEEP begins, counting down. Everybody charges to the hatch.

Merlin strolls past them, jumps out first.

Then one by one, the rest pile out. Eggsy goes second to last, Roxy behind him. She clings to the door frame. Eggsy pats her on the back before he jumps.

Roxy closes her eyes and, reluctantly, follows.

86

**EXT. THE SKY - DAY.**

86

The six candidates plummet through the sky. Insanely high up.

Merlin is already out of sight.

Eggsey surveys his HEADS UP DISPLAY. He locates the H, and begins to enjoy the flying sequence, everyone jockeying for first position, trash-talking through the comms.

CHARLIE

Cheer up, Eggsy! I'll get the kettle on when I land, have a nice cup of tea waiting for you.

HENRI

I don't know, Charlie. It might get cold.

EGGSY

Didn't know Charlie knew how to work a kettle.

KENJI

Don't worry, I'll be down there first to show him.

Suddenly, Merlin's voice cuts in.

MERLIN (V.O.)

My my, you're all very cheerful. Did you really think this was going to be straightforward?

(a nerve jangling beat)

Any idiot can use a heads-up display. A Huntsman agent needs to be able to solve problems under pressure. Like what to do when one of your group has no parachute.

KENJI

Which one?!

ROXY

Who?

HENRI

What do we do?

MERLIN (V.O.)

I told you: aim for the H, come in under the radar. And I hope not to be scraping one of you up. But if I do, and it's from inside the H, please know I'll be very impressed.

EGGSY

Everybody listen! I've got a plan -- pair off! Grab the closest person.

Nobody argues. Henri grabs Charlie. Roxy grabs Omar. Eggsy reaches out for Kenji.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

Kenji?

Kenji is panicking. The ground now seems far closer now. Gripped by fear, Kenji pulls his rip-cord. Nothing happens. He and Eggsy lock eyes. Kenji tries again.

Kenji's PARACHUTE opens and he disappears from view.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

Shit! We're an odd number now, Kenji, you wanker!... Quick, make a circle!

Roxy grabs Eggsy's hand. With his free one, he grabs Charlie.

CHARLIE

Fuck off, Eggsy! We'll all die!

EGGSY

We pull our cords one by one. Soon as we know who's fucked, person on their right grabs them.

MERLIN (V.O.)

Good plan, Eggsy. You have thirty seconds. Hurry.

CHARLIE

Me first.

Charlie doesn't wait for a response. He pulls his cord. His chute opens and he shoots upwards.

Henri goes next. His chute opens too.

Omar's chute also opens.

Just Eggsy and Roxy left now. Roxy is petrified.

EGGSY

Hold me tight. It'll be okay.  
Promise. Yours first, okay?

Roxy nods. They hold each other. Eggsy pulls Roxy's cord.

Roxy's chute opens and they both fly up.

Eggsy struggles to hold on to her. He ends up clinging to her leg. Roxy is screaming.

They hit the ground hard.

We pull back to see: they are the only ones in the H. Merlin is standing nearby. He walks over.

MERLIN

Congratulations. You two managed to set a record. Opening at three hundred feet was pretty ballsy.

Omar lands in the H. Followed by Henri and Charlie.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

I should fail the rest of you. You opened too early, people. You were all over that radar. But given the circumstances I'll let you all off.

(Kenji lands behind him)  
Except Kenji. Pack your bags.

Kenji walks away from the group, ashamed.

EGGSY

Sorry sir, but why the fuck did you choose me as the gimp? Am I the expendable candidate?

MERLIN

Don't bellow, Eggsy. If you have a complaint, whisper it in my ear. Come on. Don't be shy.

Eggsy approaches him, nervous now. He gets close. He's about to whisper to Merlin... when Merlin whispers to him instead.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

You really need to take that chip off your shoulder.

He pulls Eggsy's cord. The chute opens, sending him flying.

87

EXT. CALIFORNIAN DESERT - DAY.

87

The middle of nowhere. A MOTORBIKE tears across the sand, the rider cutting loose, doing tricks, just for the hell of it.

Suddenly a HELICOPTER appears. The Biker changes direction.

The helicopter banks, follows him. Is this a chase now? Finally, the helicopter lands.

The rider stops, takes off his helmet. He is DAVID BECKHAM.

From nowhere, a BLACK 4X4 drives towards him, fast.

Gazelle gets out of the helicopter. Beckham calls out to him.

BECKHAM

Oh come on, this is one of my few escapes. Just take your picture and then get lost, alright?

GAZELLE

I'm not paparazzi, Mr Beckham. I'm here to collect you.

BECKHAM

What? Who are you?

Two SECURITY GUARDS burst from the 4X4 and charge at Gazelle.

SECURITY GUARD

You! Step away from Mr. Beckham!

To everyone's surprise, Gazelle begins to run towards them. He bounds into the air, and with a flying kick...

Slashes the throat of one of the Security Guards. The Guard crumples to his knees, clutching his neck, then collapses.

The Second Security guard reaches for his weapon but... a roundhouse move from Gazelle leaves him cleanly beheaded.

Beckham is terrified. He holds his hands up in surrender.

GAZELLE

My boss will explain everything.  
And there's a lovely bottle of  
Chateau Petrus on board, your  
favorite. I mean you no harm.  
Please know that as long as you get  
in the helicopter, I'm under very  
strict instruction not to hurt you.

BECKHAM

Really?

Gazelle nods reassuringly, and Beckham walks towards him.  
Reaching Gazelle's side, Beckham kicks him in the balls.

BECKHAM (CONT'D)

So I can do that?  
(Gazelle nods, in pain)  
And I could do it again? And you're  
not allowed to retaliate?  
(heading for the chopper)  
How long's the journey?

88

INT. HUNTSMAN GENTS LOO - DAY.

88

We hear a toilet FLUSH. And Jack exits the cubicle. Arthur is  
here, washing his hands. Jack joins him.

JACK

Valentine was on to me, Arthur. I  
think it's time to get MI5 onboard.

ARTHUR

We can't make the same mistake we  
did with Bin Laden pre 9-11. Look  
how long it took the agencies to  
act on our information, and he was  
a known terrorist, for gods sake.  
We need something concrete first.

JACK

He didn't let me out of his sight.  
All I got was this. On the way in.

Jack takes his phone from his pocket, shows it to Arthur:

A PHOTO of Valentine's Assistants. Jack zooms in on the  
paperwork one of them is holding. Top of the pile: AN  
INVITATION TO ROYAL ASCOT.

ARTHUR

Excellent. Only a few days until  
he's on our home turf, then. We can  
keep tabs on him, gather some more  
intel. Oh, and in case you hadn't  
heard, some football type has gone  
missing now.



The crowd GO CRAZY. Jack pauses on a C/U of Beckham. He's wearing an EARPIECE. Jack puts on his glasses, calls Arthur.

JACK

Arthur. Seen Beckham? Back, saying he was never gone. Wearing an earpiece. Swanson all over again.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

Let's try to avoid having his head explode this time, shall we?

JACK

I doubt I'll get to him. He has a twenty four hour security detail. I'm more concerned about Valentine putting his technology in millions of people's homes, their pockets. We've seen what it can do.

ARTHUR

That technology requires an earpiece. We've no reason to suspect this scheme is connected.

JACK

Regardless... I don't like it. Let's get hold of one of these things and have Merlin analyze it.

92

**EXT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY.**

92

A small council estate shop. A rowdy CROWD outside jostle to get in. Eggsy's friends Jamal and Ryan are among the throng.

At the door, Eggsy's mum Michelle, phone in hand, struggles.

RYAN

Oi, Mrs P! You get one?

MICHELLE

Yeah. Been queuing all day.

JAMAL

(pointing to his eye)  
You get that in there?!

MICHELLE

No. You heard from Eggsy?

RYAN

Nah. But don't worry love, he'll turn up soon. He always does.

93

INT. REC ROOM - DAY.

93

Eggsy, Roxy and Charlie are watching TV NEWS. Merlin enters.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

...Similar scenes played out worldwide, as shops ran out of the sim cards and usb sticks within hours of receiving new deliveries.

MERLIN

Thought we were done for the day, did you? We're not. Go and put on your best clothes.

EGGSY

I've only got what I came in.

MERLIN

I'll authorize the bursar to give you some funds. You can buy yourself something on the way.

ROXY

On the way to where?

MERLIN

London. Lulu's nightclub, to be precise. You're going to use your NLP training to win over a selected target whose photo is now on your bed. And when I say "win over", I mean it in the biblical sense.

94

INT. DORM - NIGHT.

94

Eggsy, Roxy and Charlie run to their beds and grab the PHOTOGRAPHS waiting there. Eggsy shows Roxy his: a VERY PRETTY POSH GIRL. Text reads: "LADY SOPHIE MONTAGUE-HERRING"

EGGSY

Easy. Posh girls love a bit of rough.

CHARLIE

We'll see about that, won't we.

Charlie shows Eggsy his photo: It's the same girl.

ROXY

We certainly will.

Roxy holds up her photo. It's Lady Sophie again.

We move into the photo and match cut to...



97

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE CLUB - NIGHT.**

97

A SIGN outside the back-door reads: "LULU'S - NO ENTRANCE. DELIVERIES DURING OFFICE HOURS ONLY." Eggsy is here, trying to pick the lock. Not having much luck. Suddenly the door swings open violently, hitting him.

A pretty waitress, 20s, holding an unlit cigarette and a lighter, stares at him in surprise. This is POPPY. When she speaks, it's with an accent similar to Eggsy's.

POPPY

Shit, sorry! You alright?

EGGSY

Yeah. Don't suppose you wanna turn a blind eye if I come in this way?

POPPY

(lighting her cigarette)  
They'll only chuck you out, dressed like that. Anyway, place is full of arseholes. Unless you were planning to rob it, I wouldn't bother.

Eggsy can't help but smile. She's cute.

EGGSY

Ain't totally full of arseholes. You're in there.

She smiles back and takes off her apron.

POPPY

Not for long. Early shift today. Knocking off soon, if you wanna take me for a drink.

(off his hesitation)

Listen, when I said about what you was wearing... I meant from their point of view. Personally, I think you look fit as.

EGGSY

You ain't bad yourself. Look, my mates are in there. How about you let me in now, and tomorrow I'll take you wherever you want?

She thinks on this a moment. Then she smiles at Eggsy, and holds open the door for him.

98

**INT. LULU'S SERVICE CORRIDOR.**

98

Eggsy heads down the corridor past CRATES OF CHAMPAGNE. He passes a store room. Over the pounding of MUSIC from the club beyond, we can hear MOANS coming from inside. Eggsy peeks in.

Behind a stack of wine crates, there's an intense threesome going on: Lady Sophie, Roxy and Charlie.

Eggsy has lost. He's out. He storms towards the exit, stealing a bottle of Champagne as he passes.

At the door, Poppy is putting out her cigarette.

EGGSY  
Know what? Fuck it, babe. Let's have that drink.

99

**INT. POPPY'S DODGY FLAT - NIGHT.**

99

Eggsy and Poppy fall in through the door, drunk.

She pushes him to the couch, pulls off her top, puts her hand down his pants as they kiss. He's lost in the moment until:

POPPY  
You work for Huntsman, don't you?

EGGSY  
For who?

POPPY  
It's alright babe, you can tell me, I won't tell no one. They always send people to Lulu's.

EGGSY  
Dunno what you're on about.

She pulls away, looks apologetic. Then speaks in Russian.

POPPY  
I'm sorry.

Suddenly, THREE BIG RUSSIAN GUYS burst in from another room and swarm Eggsy. One throws a hood over Eggsy's head.

100

**EXT. RAILWAY TRACK - NIGHT.**

100

Eggsy is tied to a railway track. The Three Russian Guys and Poppy stand over him. Poppy now speaks in a Russian accent.

POPPY  
We've been monitoring the Huntsman shop, Eggsy. We saw you there. This doesn't have to be so hard.

EGGSY  
I told you, I work for the post office! I drop stuff off all over London. Whoever you think I am, you've got the wrong bloke.

POPPY  
You went in to Huntsman one night,  
and didn't come out again.

There's a distant HONK. A train coming. Eggsy starts to cry.

POPPY (CONT'D)  
Is Huntsman worth dying for?

EGGSY  
Just let me go! Please!

POPPY  
You don't have to die. Do you work  
for Huntsman!?

The TRAIN is in view now. Eggsy just SOBS.

POPPY (CONT'D)  
Last chance!

Poppy and the Guys back away. The train looms. Eggsy SCREAMS.

Just as the train is about to hit him, the section of track  
that Eggsy is tied to DROPS abruptly.

Eggsy is now three feet below the track, concrete walls on  
either side of him. The train THUNDERS overhead.

Just the clear night sky above Eggsy now. Silence. And then a  
GRINDING NOISE as his section of track RISES back into place.

Poppy and the Men are gone. Standing in their place is: Jack.  
He smiles and starts to cut Eggsy free.

JACK  
Congratulations! Bloody well done!  
And the tears -- incredible acting!

EGGSY  
I wasn't fucking acting!

He gets up, furious. Jack looks taken aback.

JACK  
Are you alright?

EGGSY  
What? No! Of course I'm not! What's  
wrong with you?!

Jack pulls out his phone and presses PLAY on a video. ON THE  
SCREEN: footage of Charlie, Sophie and Roxy.

JACK  
Maybe this'll cheer up you a bit?



103

INT. JACK'S MEWS HOUSE - NIGHT.

103

Eggsy is looking at all the stupid headlines on Jack's wall. Jack points to the recently added one about Kim Kardashian.

JACK

That was the headline the day after I diffused a dirty bomb in Paris.

He points to another: "BRANGELINA TO BUY 22M LONDON PAD?"

JACK (CONT'D)

Broke up an undercover spy ring at the Pentagon.

He points to an old, yellowed one: A picture of BOY GEORGE beside the headline "SEX? I'D PREFER A NICE CUP OF TEA!"

JACK (CONT'D)

Foiled the assassination of Margaret Thatcher. My first mission.

EGGSY

Not everybody would thank you for that one.

JACK

The point is, Eggsy, nobody thanked me for any of them. The front page news on all these occasions was celebrity nonsense, because the nature of Huntsman is that our achievements remain secret.

EGGSY

And this is supposed to make me want to stay?

Now Jack fixes two glasses of whiskey as he talks.

JACK

People like Charlie are all ego. They're after glory. And that's not Huntsman. The best we can offer is the warm glow of a job well done. A job that matters a great deal... You're not lazy, Eggsy. If you wanted an ordinary life and an ordinary job, you'd have got one, despite your protestations. I saw it in you as soon as I met you. You were looking for something more.

Jack hands Eggsy a whiskey and he downs it in one.

JACK (CONT'D)

No, no. One may down brandy, but whiskey is sipped. This is a 1943 Dalmore, the finest single malt. It should be drunk with a splash of room-temperature water, never with ice, and it should be savored. Let it comfort you with a slow hug, not a quick fuck.

EGGSY

See?! I don't know this stuff! I don't know shit! Maybe be I am looking for something more out of life -- doesn't change the basic fact that I don't fit in!

JACK

Oh for god's sake. All that can be learnt. It's what you have naturally that can't.

EGGSY

You lot had a lifetime to learn it.

JACK

Stop whining, will you? Plenty of us didn't. Arthur didn't. Like most snobs, he came from perfectly humble roots. He started out at Huntsman as a bloody pattern cutter! Tell you what, get some sleep -- guest room's on the left -- and tomorrow, you'll give me a day of your time. Then decide. Deal?

Jack holds out his hand. Eggsy hesitates. Then shakes it.

104 EXT. ST. JAMES' AVENUE - DAY.

104

A wide shot. Jack and Eggsy walk down the street.

EGGSY

So, are you going to teach me how to talk "proper" as well? Like in My Fair Lady?

JACK

Don't be absurd. Being a gentleman has nothing to do with one's accent. It's about being at ease in one's own skin. Now, your suit will be ready by lunch. But the accessories are just as important.

105 INT. LOBB SHOE SHOP - DAY.

105

An incredibly classy men's shoe shop. The STAFF greet Jack warmly as he and Eggsy enter.

Jack picks out a pair of Oxfords.

EGGSY  
Oxfords not brogues.

JACK  
Very good.

In the FITTING ROOM, Eggsy tries them on. They look weird with the track suit bottoms he's wearing.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Huntsman has long enjoyed a relationship with certain other places serving gentlemen's needs. These are no ordinary Oxfords. Do your best impression of a German aristocrat's formal greeting.

Eggsy looks uncertain, then does a Nazi salute.

Jack rolls his eyes, stands up and clicks his heels together. A BLADE snaps out of the toe of his shoe.

JACK (CONT'D)  
In the old days they had a phone in the heel, as well. Blade's coated with Polonium, so be careful.

Eggsy clicks his heels. His own blade pops out.

EGGSY  
How do I get it back in?

JACK  
Very carefully.

Jack stamps his heel. The blade retracts.

106 EXT. SWAINE ADENEY BRIGG - DAY.

106

A 250 year old leather-goods emporium. Jack and Eggsy enter.

107 INT. SWAINE ADENEY BRIGG - DAY.

107

Jack shows Eggsy a very cool-looking BRIEFCASE.

JACK  
They used one like this in From Russia with Love. But this model has many more features.

Eggsy is distracted by a beautiful WHEELED BAG nearby.

EGGSY

Do I need a briefcase? Could I use one of these instead?

JACK

My boy, if you become a Huntsman you can have the pick of anything you like, and Merlin will conform it to Huntsman specifications.

They look at the UMBRELLAS and WALKING STICKS.

EGGSY

I always wanted a sword stick.

JACK

Oh, we have those. But why bring a knife to a gunfight?

(he cocks an umbrella)

More lethal than an M16 assault rifle, but in the right hands, the perfect way to stay dry. If only the Americans could comprehend that.

108     **EXT. TURNBULL AND ASSER - DAY.**     108

The venerable shirt-makers.

109     **INT. TURNBULL AND ASSER - DAY.**     109

Eggsy is trying on a SHIRT in the fitting room.

JACK

A gentleman always wears a double cuff. And these are made with reinforced cotton to handle the Huntsman cuff-link. May feel a little stiff at first -- there's kevlar woven into the thread. But you'll be glad of it if you should ever need it. You like this one?

Eggsy admires himself in the mirror and nods. Then, pensive:

EGGSY

I feel bad. You buying me all this stuff. I'll pay you back.

JACK

Oh nonsense. It's not as if I have anyone else to spend money on. And as they say, you can't take it with you when you go.



EGGSY  
What's that?

JACK  
"Holds knife like pen". A habit  
erroneously believed to be upper  
class dining etiquette. It is quite  
the opposite.

The waiter returns with a SOUP TUREEN. Eggsy serves himself.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Excellent.

EGGSY  
Do I wait 'til everyone's been  
served to start eating?

JACK  
Only if the dish being served is  
cold, or if the Queen is present.  
Otherwise, tuck in.

Eggsy starts eating his soup, scooping it towards himself.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Other way. Always push the spoon  
away from you.

Eggsy jokily picks up the bowl and brings it to his mouth.

EGGSY  
This is okay though, right?

JACK  
Actually if you're in Japan, it's  
absolutely the done thing.

112     **EXT. HUNTSMAN SHOP - DAY.**     112

Jack pauses dramatically outside the shop.

JACK  
Now for the piece de resistance!

113     **INT. HUNTSMAN SHOP - DAY.**     113

Jack leads Eggsy to the fitting room. One of the TAILORS  
stops them. He addresses Jack.

TAILOR  
I'm so sorry, sir, but a gentleman  
is completing his fitting. Fitting  
room two is available, if you like?

JACK

One does not use room two when  
popping ones cherry. We'll wait.

The fitting room door opens and Valentine steps out in  
Huntsman's finest morning suit. Jack stays cool.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's not often that I'm the one who  
looks under-dressed.

VALENTINE

Mr. DeVere! What a coincidence! You  
are totally why I'm here! There I  
was, admiring your smoking jacket,  
and I suddenly realized it was the  
same cut as my father's. He always  
had his suits made here. And  
apparently you gotta have one of  
these crazy penguin costumes for  
Ascot. So here I am! What are you  
doing here?

(he looks at Eggsy)

This your son?

JACK

My new valet. I'm just introducing  
him to my tailor.

VALENTINE

Another coincidence! Me too.

He indicates Gazelle, now emerging from the changing room.  
Jack maintains his composed smile and slips on his glasses.

114     **INT. HUNTSMAN DINING ROOM - DAY.**

114

On the screen: footage of Valentine on the shop floor, as  
recorded live now by Jack. Arthur puts on his own glasses.

ARTHUR

I know, I know. Don't spook him. I  
spoke with him, and you're right --  
he's onto us. We can't go to Ascot,  
but MI5 can. I'm contacting them  
now. You win, Galahad.

115     **INT. HUNTSMAN SHOP - DAY.**

115

Jack continues his polite talk with Valentine.

JACK

Have you had a chance to think any  
further on my proposal?



COLOMBIAN COP  
 (in English)  
 Cover you balls you English pig.

Eggsy does as he's told. The Cop pulls out HANDCUFFS, but before he can use them, Eggsy punches him out cold. Eggsy leans down to study the Cop's BADGE.

EGGSY  
 Colombia!?

118      **INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY.**      118

Another HANDWRITTEN NOTE. It says: "YOUR PASSPORT IS ON DECK FOUR. IF YOU'RE NOT BACK AT BASE IN 24 HOURS, YOU ARE OUT."

We pull back to see that it is taped to the chest of a naked, sleeping Roxy. She wakes up, reads the note.

**INT. CORRIDOR - DAY.**

Roxy exits the storage room and stumbles into a corridor. Seeing a BIN, she pulls out the BIN-LINER and makes a poncho.

119      **EXT. COP CAR/COLOMBIAN STREET - DAY.**      119

Close on the INSIGNIA on the cop car door. We jib up to reveal: Eggsy, in the driver's seat, now wearing the Cop's uniform. He punches the address into the SAT NAV.

EGGSY  
 Piece of piss.

He turns on the radio and the sirens and speeds away.

120      **INT. MORE CORRIDORS - DAY.**      120

Roxy explores another corridor. A SIGN with an arrow points to "DECK FOUR". She follows it.

121      **EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY.**      121

Roxy steps outside. At her feet she sees: her PASSPORT. Then she looks up and her face falls.

We pull back to reveal: She is on an isolated OIL RIG.

122      **EXT. COLOMBIAN MANSION - DAY.**      122

The cop car pulls up.

Inside, Eggsy uses the Cop's phone to get online. ON THE SCREEN: we see the home-page for "GOOGLE TRANSLATE."

Moments later, Eggsy is knocking on the huge front door. It opens to reveal an incredulous INTIMIDATING MAN. Eggsy speaks to him in European Spanish, subtitled.

EGGSY

I have a need to check your house.

The man laughs. Eggsy pulls out the phone, tries again.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

I must search inside your house.

INTIMIDATING MAN

(In Spanish, subtitled)

Is this a joke?

EGGSY

Hold on, repeto?

INTIMIDATING MAN

(in English)

Respect??

EGGSY

Aaaah, no, I... Repeto? "Repeat?" I didn't understand. Look, may I --

INTIMIDATING MAN

Maybe you will understand this.

The Man slams the door shut... And then all hell breaks loose. MACHINE GUNS open fire. Eggsy scrambles into the car and reverses as it is riddled by a hail of bullets.

123

**EXT. CAHILLA STREET - DAY.**

123

A safe distance from the mansion, Eggsy gets out of the car. A MUFFLED SCREAM is coming from the trunk. Eggsy opens it to reveal the Cop, in his underwear, handcuffed.

COP

What the fuck is going on?

He sits up. Seeing the mansion up the street, he laughs.

COP (CONT'D)

Crazy gringo. You try to go there?

EGGSY

They have my passport.

COP

This is house of Carlos Peres.  
Cartel leader. Maybe biggest in  
Colombia. You work for him?

Eggysy un-cuffs the Cop, who climbs out.



VALENTINE

Noah had a chance to make the world  
a better place but he blew it. I  
mean, mosquitos? Ticks? Really?

Now we see that he is flirting with a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. She  
laughs appreciatively, then gives him a teasing smile.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I've not seen you watch a single  
race yet. I'm not sure why you  
bothered coming here today.

VALENTINE

People to see, you know. But it's  
always nice to mix business with  
pleasure.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I have an instinct that's something  
you're extremely good at.

VALENTINE

I think my reputation precedes me.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

It does indeed... I hope you'll  
forgive me, there's something I  
really must do.

Valentine looks perplexed. Did he misread her signals? Then  
suddenly the woman leans in, kisses him passionately...  
Until they're interrupted by a SUITED OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL

Mr Valentine, sir. Their Royal  
Highnesses will speak with you  
now.

He throws the woman an apologetic "whatcha gonna do?" look.

129

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY.

129

The woman gets into the driver's seat of Jack's car, wiping  
her mouth. She claws at her face, tears off her LATEX MASK.  
It's Jack! He puts on his glasses.

MERLIN (V.O.)

Nice work. Last agent who used one  
of those swallowed the damn thing  
before he could plant it. The  
tracker's working.

JACK

(in the woman's voice)  
At least until he takes a shit.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (He fiddles with his  
 NECKLACE; his voice  
 returns to normal)  
 Sorry.

MERLIN  
 We've started coating the trackers  
 with a constipating formula. Buys  
 us at least thirty six hours.

JACK  
 Any news on Eggsy?

MERLIN (V.O.)  
 Nothing on either of them yet. What  
 happened to MI5? No sign of anyone?

JACK  
 Arthur was right first time --  
 dragging their heels, as usual. The  
 head of it was there looking as if  
 he didn't have a care in the world  
 besides whether his horse won. You  
 monitor Valentine, I'll go home and  
 slip into something more  
 comfortable.

130      INT. COLOMBIAN MANSION - WALK-IN WARDROBE - DAY.      130

The window in here is covered with A THIN WIRE MESH SCREEN.  
 Outside, we see the silhouette of a SILENCER PISTOL.  
 Then -- PFFT -- a bullet comes through the screen.

Eggsy's hand, wrapped in his police shirt, snakes through the  
 hole, expanding it, until he can reach through to the CATCH.

Eggsy pushes the screen. It lifts. He climbs into the room.

131      INT. MANSION FIRST FLOOR LANDING - DAY.      131

Eggsy creeps along the landing, peering into the bedrooms.

A HUGE CARTEL GUARD is coming up the stairs.

Eggsy times his run perfectly, meeting the Guard with a  
 jujitsu neck-hold that prevents him from making any noise.  
 The Guard struggles, trying to shake Eggsy off, but Eggsy  
 hangs on until the guard drops to the floor, unconscious.

132      EXT. OIL RIG - DAY.      132

The oil rig is now a BLAZING INFERNO.

We pull back further to reveal Roxy in a SMALL INFLATABLE  
 LIFEBOAT. She's waving her arms, passport in hand.



MERLIN

And two minutes to spare! Very well done, Roxy.

ARTHUR

Indeed. Heartiest congratulations, and welcome to Huntsman. Our tailors aren't accustomed to making ladies' suits, but I'm sure they'll rise to occasion.

Arthur holds out his hand. Roxy shakes it uncertainly.

ROXY

Eggsy hasn't made it back?  
(off his head shake)  
But he's okay?

ARTHUR

We've not had any word. What's the matter? You should be celebrating.

A JET appears on the horizon. Merlin's watch flashes. He dons his glasses to take a call.

MERLIN

Yes, Control? Yes, I see it.  
(To Arthur)  
We have an unidentified plane approaching, looks like it's intending to land. Get clear.

The three of them begin to run as the Jet bears down on them, A BLACK GULF STREAM, unbelievably loud. Running in the other direction, ARMED HUNTSMEN SECURITY rush out towards it.

The jet lands and comes to a stop right next to them.

The jet DOOR opens. Security train their rifles.

Suddenly, a bound, gagged Carlos Peres is hurled from the jet. Seconds later, Eggsy emerges.

EGGSY

Hope you don't mind I brought Carlos. Just thought if he was gonna do time, he should do it here. Learn something about the effect his trade has on the end user. Am I late?

Everyone gapes at him. Roxy runs forward, jumping over Carlos Peres to hug Eggsy. He looks at Arthur and Merlin.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

I hope nicking a plane's not against the rules. It's just that you forgot to hide my passport.

ARTHUR  
(knowing full well)  
Did we?

MERLIN  
You're within the time, Eggsy.

ARTHUR  
So. The tests continue.

MERLIN  
Tonight?

ARTHUR  
Let them shower and change first.

136

INT. ARTHUR'S SECRET BASE OFFICE - DAY.

136

Eggsy enters. Arthur is playing with Eggsy's dog.

ARTHUR  
He's very sweet. What's his name?

EGGSY  
JB.

ARTHUR  
As in James Bond?

EGGSY  
No, as in Jason Bourne.

ARTHUR  
Jolly good. It pains me to admit  
it, Eggsy, but you've done better  
than I could ever have imagined.

He draws a GUN and points it at Eggsy, who doesn't flinch.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Take it.  
(Eggsy does)  
Now shoot JB.

Eggsy tries to hide his horror. He raises the gun and aims it  
at his dog. The dog walks up to the barrel and licks it.

Eggsy lowers the gun in despair. No way he can do this.

From another room, we hear: A GUNSHOT.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
At least the girl has some balls.

Eggsy grabs the dog and runs from the room. Arthur just  
watches him go. Then he picks up the phone.



EGGSY

That's five words. But no worries.  
About time you hit a man instead of  
a bird. Tell your muppets to go  
inside, and I'll get out the car.

Dean nods and the Boys all run inside. Seconds later, they  
appear at the pub window, craning for a good view.

DEAN

Come on then, you little prick.

Eggsy smiles calmly and reaches for the door handle. THUNK.  
The lock clicks shut. Eggsy tries to pull it. It won't budge.

Dean looks at him, incredulous.

Eggsy reacts in total dismay and puzzlement as -- ROAR! --  
the engine starts. And the car pulls away!

The Gang Boys LAUGH loudly. Dean yells after him.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Chicken shit! Come back when you've  
grown a pair!

141     **INT. BRISTOL CAR - DAY**     141

Eggsy is seething. Nothing he does has any effect. Pedals,  
steering wheel, gear stick -- they're all locked in place.  
And still the car keeps driving.

142     **EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY**     142

The Bristol comes hurtling down Jack's mews. Jack is standing  
at his front door, holding a REMOTE CONTROL.  
The car stops sharply beside him.

JACK

If there were such thing as an  
ejector seat, I'd be using it right  
now. Get out.

143     **INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY.**     143

Jack shuts the door and rounds on Eggsy.

JACK

You threw away your greatest  
achievement over a fucking dog. And  
then you stole one of our cars.  
Thanks for humiliating me.

EGGSY

If you think it's alright to shoot  
a dog just to get a fucking job,  
then I'm happy I humiliated you.  
I'm only sorry I didn't do worse.

Jack grabs Eggsy by his collar and marches him to the loo. He  
kicks the door open to reveal: A MOUNTED TAXIDERMY DOG.

JACK

You're right! And the guilt never  
left me, but I understood the  
importance of following orders, and  
Mr Pickle here reminds me of that  
every time I take a shit.

EGGSY

You shot your dog and had it  
stuffed, you sick fuck!?

JACK

No. I shot my dog. And then I  
brought him home and continued to  
care for him for the next eleven  
years until he died of  
pancreatitis. It was a blank,  
Eggsy. It was a fucking blank.  
(off Eggsy's silence)  
And do you remember Amelia?  
(off his nod)  
She works at our tech department in  
Berlin. She's fine. Limits must be  
tested, but Huntsman only condones  
risking a life to save another.

EGGSY

Oh yeah? Like my dad saved yours?  
Even though your fuck up cost his?

This hits Jack hard. His emotional dam finally breaks.

JACK

And as long as I live, I'll never  
forget it. Never forgive myself.  
Can't you see that? That all I've  
ever wanted is to make it right  
somehow? Can't you see that  
everything I've done is about  
trying to repay him? By giving his  
son a new life. The life he so  
dearly wanted for himself.

EGGSY

(moved, softening)  
I'm sorry. You gave me a chance.  
I'll always be grateful for that.

(MORE)

EGGSY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take what you taught me  
and try and do something good with  
my life. For my dad. And for you.

(a beat)

Shall I take the car back now?

They are interrupted by a SIGNAL from Jack's watch. He puts  
on his glasses, throws Eggsy an apologetic look.

JACK

(on the phone)

...You're joking! Where the hell  
were MI5?!... Any idea of the  
destination?... Well there are  
dozens of airports in Kansas, do we  
know which one?... I'm on my way.

(glasses off, to Eggsy)

I'm sorry, I need to go. Look, I'll  
be back in a couple of days. Stay  
here 'til then. I'll call Merlin,  
and when everything's calmed down,  
I'll take you in and finesse  
things. If we're lucky, we may be  
able to secure you a job in admin,  
or train you up as a pilot.

EGGSY

Thank you. Honestly. I'll do  
anything. I'll be a cleaner, even.

144 **EXT. CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR - DAY.**

144

Think the church from November Rain, only much bigger.  
We swoop in and see A LARGE SIGN: "AMERICA IS DOOMED".  
Inflammatory slogans appear on smaller POSTERS all over.

MERLIN (V.O.)

From everything I can find online,  
the Church of the Saviour is some  
kind of hate group. You inside now?

145 **INT. CHURCH - DAY.**

145

The rally has begun. The CHURCH LEADER, 60s, is bellowing.

CHURCH LEADER

Watch the news! AIDS, floods, the  
blood of the innocent spilled...  
And yet there are those who doubt  
that this is the wrath of God??

The CONGREGATION jeer in agreement. Jack is here trying his  
best to blend in. He puts on his glasses and scans the room.

CHURCH LEADER (CONT'D)  
 Our filthy Government condones  
 sodomy, divorce and abortion... And  
 yet some still doubt that this is  
 the work of The Antichrist?

146     **INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT.**

146

Eggsy is using Jack's computer to check his Facebook. Posts saying "where da fuck r u???" etc. Suddenly, a WINDOW pops up: a LIVE VIDEO showing what Jack is seeing. Audio, too.

CHURCH LEADER (V.O)  
 To those I say: you may not be a  
 fag, a Jew, a nigger, or a whore  
 who has congress out of wedlock...

Jack's is looking around the room, now focussing on HIDDEN CAMERAS. There are many. Then he looks back to the pulpit.

CHURCH LEADER (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 You may not yourself be a dirty  
 foreigner, a perverted Catholic or  
 a murdering soldier...

147     **INT. CHURCH - DAY.**

147

The Church Leader is getting louder.

CHURCH LEADER  
 But if you enable those who are:  
 GOD. HATES. YOU. And he will SMITE  
 your sons and daughters and he will  
 rejoice in your tears!

The crowd CHEERS. Jack looks around again. No Valentine. He gets up to leave. A BLONDE WOMAN beside him gives him a look.

BLONDE WOMAN  
 Hey! What's your problem?

Jack leans in and whispers to her as he slips past her.

JACK  
 I'm a Catholic whore currently  
 enjoying congress out of wedlock  
 with my black, Jewish boyfriend who  
 works in a military abortion  
 clinic. Hail Satan and have a  
 lovely afternoon, madam.

148     **INT. CONTROL WINNEBAGO - DAY.**

148

A trailer full of EQUIPMENT. MONITORS show live feed from the cameras in the church. Valentine is here with Gazelle.

VALENTINE

Start the test! Quick, before he leaves. Wait! Put your earpiece in!

GAZELLE

We're well out of range. 1000 feet?

VALENTINE

Listen, if I'm wrong about the range, I'm the one who's screwed. So I'm not taking any chances.

(Gazelle puts his on)

Okay. Go.

(Gazelle taps some keys)

Now let's just hope enough of these freaks have our sim cards.

149 **INT. CHURCH - DAY.**

149

Jack is edging down a side-aisle towards the exit as the Church Leader continues.

CHURCH LEADER

And to those who would threaten our first amendment rights, I say --

He stops. There's a strange high-pitched WHINE coming from multiple directions. He gets his PHONE out, perplexed.

In the congregation, everyone is having a similar reaction. The whine continues. A few people checking their PHONES, too. In the aisle Jack staggers, feeling peculiar.

The Church Leader tears the CROSS from the wall behind him. Then he locks eyes with a HEAVY-SET MAN in the front row...

And charges at him, IMPALING him with the cross.

A second later, all hell breaks loose and the congregation begin to VICIOUSLY ATTACK one another. Several have GUNS.

A TALL MAN charges at Jack. Jack draws his own gun and pistol whips the man, knocking him to the ground...

But then he keeps hitting him. Can't stop. Whatever these urges are, Jack is affected too. He ranges into the melee.

150 **INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY.**

150

Eggsy watches the mayhem onscreen, dumbstruck.

It's wholesale slaughter, but Jack's trained killer status is distinctly apparent: he's cutting his way across the room, taking people down, leaving a trail of bodies behind him.

Eggsy clicks something that looks like a communication icon.

EGGSY

Jack? Can you hear me? What are you doing?! What's happening?

151 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY.

151

Valentine and Gazelle watch, pleased.

VALENTINE

Bingo! Nailed it! Response rate: one hundred percent.

GAZELLE

Hmmm. But these guys were pretty aggressive already. God hates this, god hates that...

VALENTINE

But they liked each other just fine. It works, damn it.

GAZELLE

I'm just saying if you'd chosen, like, Buddhists or something...

VALENTINE

The fuss that woulda caused is the last thing we need this close to V day. Everyone thinks these guys are nuts already. It's perfect. And we even got to wipe out the Huntsman.

GAZELLE

Not yet...

152 INT. CHURCH - DAY.

152

Jack is choking the Church Leader to death.

Behind him, a woman repeatedly slams another woman's head into a pew, until she is suddenly shot in the head.

Jack drops the dead Church Leader and turns to see that he and an ARMED MAN are the last two standing. Jack draws his gun and shoots, but he's out of ammo.

The man fires, misses. Now he's out of ammo too... and Jack is upon him with a SILVER CANDLESTICK. WHAM. He goes down.

It's quiet now except for the WHINE. Suddenly, it STOPS.

Coming back to his senses now, Jack surveys the scene. And he's horrified. He hears Eggsy's voice.

EGGSY (V.O.)

Jack? Jack! Can you hear me?

JACK

They did something to me. To everyone. I... I've got to get out.

153

EXT. CHURCH - DAY.

153

Jack bursts out into the open, only to see: Gazelle sprinting towards him, gun aimed. Valentine walks behind, leisurely.

GAZELLE

Drop your weapons.  
(Jack drops his gun)  
All of them.

VALENTINE

Judging by the fact that he used a candlestick for his last kill, I'm thinking he's outta tricks. Am I right or am I right?

JACK

What did you do to me? I had no control. I would never... I killed all those people. I wanted to.

VALENTINE

Clever, isn't it? In simple terms, it's a neurological wave that triggers the centre of aggression and switches off inhibitors.

JACK

Transmitted through your nasty free Sim cards, I assume.

Valentine starts to laugh.

VALENTINE

You know what this is getting like? It's getting like those old movies we both love. Like, I'm gonna tell you my whole plan and then I set up an absurdly convoluted way of killing you that you find an equally convoluted way of escaping.

JACK

Sounds good to me.

VALENTINE

Like I said. It's a shame that we both had to grow up.

He nods to Gazelle and Gazelle shoots Jack dead.



EGGSY

That's it?

ARTHUR

Sit down, boy. See this? It's an 1815 Napoleonic brandy. It is only drunk when we lose a Huntsman.

(filling two snifters)

Galahad was fond of you and on this occasion, I feel it acceptable to bend the rules. Join me in a toast.

Eggsy takes the snifter. They both sit, then raise their glasses. Arthur downs the brandy in one. Eggsy does the same.

EGGSY

Jack told me you don't like to break rules, Arthur. Why now?

Eggsy stares at the mantel over the fireplace. Tucked behind a vase, is: AN EAR-PIECE. Arthur follows his gaze and smiles.

ARTHUR

You really are jolly good, Eggsy. Perhaps I'll make you my proposal for the Galahad position. If we can see eye to eye on certain... political matters.

He places a PEN on the desk.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Can you guess what this might be?

EGGSY

Yeah. Jack showed me one when we went shopping. Activates the poison that was clearly in my suspiciously un-smooth brandy. I'll be dead ten seconds after you click it.

ARTHUR

Oh, bravo!

EGGSY

Valentine won you over. Somehow. But not Jack. So you let Jack go to his death.

ARTHUR

I know Jack too well. He's accused me of being closed minded, but he's an intractable bugger himself. And a sentimental one. I elected not to even try. His dissent would have put us all at risk.

Eggsy eyes Arthur's hand on the pen.

EGGSY

But you think I might... Agree. To turn a blind eye to Valentine wiping out... How many people? Millions? You haven't told the authorities at all, have you?

Arthur cocks his head, smiles. Eggsy is correct.

ARTHUR

They're all on board. Grateful to Valentine for solving the issues that they promised they could fix but deep down knew they could not. Once he explained, I understood.

158

INT. HUNTSMAN PATTERN ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY.

158

Valentine is pitching his ethos to Arthur. He comes over as fiercely intelligent, reasonable, charismatic.

VALENTINE

Earth is a self-regulating system, but anthropogenic forcing has interfered by changing the external boundary conditions. Man's agriculture and industry has altered and depleted forty percent of the planet's surface. The human body is another self-regulating system. When a virus interferes with its functions, either the virus is destroyed, or the host is destroyed.

ARTHUR

Either way, the virus dies.

VALENTINE

Mankind is that virus. Population growth is out of control. Even if you take climate change from the equation, the point of no return passed a long time ago. Fact is, we're only sixty years away from running out of space to grow enough food to sustain this horde of ours. Fifty years from having depleted the seas of all edible seafood. Whether we starve ourselves to extinction, or our carbon emissions raise temperature to uninhabitable levels first, the outcome is the same. The virus dies.

159

INT. HUNTSMAN DINING ROOM - PRESENT - DAY.

159

Arthur has just finished recounting this to Eggsy.

EGGSY

So Valentine proposes to take care of the population problem himself.

ARTHUR

If nobody does, nature will do it for us. Sometimes a culling is the only way to ensure a species' survival. History will come to regard Valentine as the man who saved humanity from extinction.

EGGSY

And he's picking and choosing who gets culled is he? All his rich mates, they get to live. And all the people he rates as clever or talented, he's keeping them safe whether they agree with him or not.

ARTHUR

And you, Eggsy. In Jack's honour, I'm inviting you. A new world will rise from the ashes, and you can be part of it. Time to make your decision.

EGGSY

I'd rather be with Jack, thanks.

ARTHUR

So be it.

Arthur clicks the pen. Nothing happens.

EGGSY

The problem with us common types is that we're light fingered.

Arthur starts to wretch.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

Huntsman's taught me a lot. But sleight of hand... I had that down already.

Arthur collapses. Eggsy grabs the ear-piece from Arthur's ear and the PHONE from his pocket.

ON THE PHONE: A COUNTDOWN CLOCK. 08:42:59. Seconds ticking.

160 INT. SECRET BASE HANGAR - NIGHT.

160

Eggsy has his hands up. Roxy has a gun on him while Merlin examines Arthur's phone and ear-piece.

MERLIN

Okay Lancelot, put it down. It's verified.

Roxy lowers the gun. Eggsy lowers his hands.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

Arthur's phone is receiving update texts about getting to safety. There's not a lot of time.

EGGSY

What are you gonna do?

MERLIN

God knows who's in Valentine's pocket and who's not. We have no choice but to deal with this ourselves.

EGGSY

Do you mean... Me as well?

Merlin glances at the clock, then back to Eggsy, indicating an odd-looking RETRO EXO-SKELETON CONTRAPTION on a shelf.

MERLIN

Load that into the plane.

ROXY

Where are we going?

MERLIN

Valentine's base. He's sent the coordinates in a group text, inviting his chosen people to join him there if they don't have a safe retreat of their own.

161 EXT. VALENTINE'S MOUNTAIN BASE - NIGHT.

161

We follow a PRIVATE JET flying towards a huge MOUNTAIN.

Inside, the pilot looks nervous -- it looks as if he is about to crash into the rock-face...

...But it's a PROJECTION. The jet flies straight through.

162      INT. VALENTINE'S BASE - NIGHT.

162

The Jet lands. Smartly-dressed GREETERS, wearing ear-pieces, walk over to welcome the newcomers.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT.

Banks of TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT in here. On a MONITOR, a live feed of a landing strip. The pilot, PASSENGERS and Greeters.

Valentine is in here with Gazelle.

VALENTINE

How many more are we expecting?

GAZELLE

Not many. Most have their own bunkers. I figure we're just getting the really nervous ones.

163      INT. HUNTSMAN JET - SUNRISE.

163

Merlin is in scientific mode, dissecting the inner workings of the PHONE and HEADSET as Roxy and Eggsy watch.

MERLIN

It seems the earpiece can emit some kind of counter-signal to ensure the wearer is unaffected by the waves from the sim cards.

ROXY

The ones that turn everyone into a psycho-killer.

MERLIN

Quite. Presumably it's just a precaution. And as I suspected, it can also super-heat the wearer's soft tissue, in the event that they blab to the wrong people.

EGGSY

How does this help us right now?

MERLIN

It doesn't. I'm just tinkering while I wait for the phone to reverse-locate the most accessible satellites in Valentine's chain.

EGGSY

So we take out the satellites.

MERLIN

We'll only have time to take out one.

(MORE)

MERLIN (CONT'D)

But that'll break the chain and stop the signal. And you'll have dealt with Valentine before he can do anything about it.

EGGSY

Wait, how do we take out a --

A RED LIGHT starts to flash, and Merlin interrupts.

MERLIN

Got it. Brace yourself for landing.

Through the plane window, all Eggsy can see is a DESERTED ROAD in the middle of nowhere. They're landing on it.

164

**EXT. DESERTED ROAD - SUNRISE.**

164

Eggsy and Roxy disembark, confused and apprehensive. Merlin follows, carrying the odd Exoskeleton that Eggsy retrieved.

MERLIN

Lancelot, put this on.

ROXY

What is it?

MERLIN

It was developed as part of Reagan's Star Wars project, but ultimately rejected. It's quite basic, but it should still work.

Roxy reluctantly gets in. Merlin operates some VALVES. A HISS of gasses, and huge METALLIC BALLOONS start to inflate.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

When you reach the edge of the atmosphere, the balloons will implode. So you'll need to deploy your missile just before that.

ROXY

The edge of the atmosphere??

MERLIN

After you've deployed, you'll need to release for your descent. Fast.

Roxy starts rising, balloons near full. Eggsy grabs her hand.

EGGSY

You can do this.

She smiles gratefully, nods. And he lets go. Roxy lifts off.

MERLIN

Stop gaping, Eggsy. Time is not our friend. Go and get ready.

165 INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY.

165

Merlin throws Eggsy a SUIT-BAG. Eggsy looks inside, is moved.

EGGSY

The clothes Jack bought me.

MERLIN

You're getting in on Arthur's invitation. You need to blend in.

EGGSY

And once we're inside?

MERLIN

No we. Once you're inside, I need you to connect me to the mainframe.

166 EXT. SKY - DAY.

166

Roxy is getting higher and higher. Not enjoying it at all. Suddenly, there's a voice on her comms.

EGGSY (V.O.)

Rox? It's me. How's the view?

ROXY

Hideous.

167 INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY.

167

Eggsy stands at a mirror, wearing the Huntsman GLASSES to communicate, doing up his tie. He looks good.

EGGSY

I never got a chance to say... Huntsman are lucky to have you. I'm glad you became Lancelot.

ROXY (V.O.)

Wish I could say the same right now.

MERLIN

You're doing great. Not much further to go. You're up next, Eggsy. Valentine's base is in that mountain.

(off Eggsy's alarm)

(MORE)

MERLIN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, that's just a cloaking device over the entrance. Smoke and mirrors.

Shadows fill the plane as they swoop inside the mountain.

168     **EXT. SKY - DAY.**     168

Roxy tries to sound cheerful.

ROXY

Good luck!

169     **INT. VALENTINE'S BASE - DAY.**     169

The Huntsman Jet has landed. Eggsy and the HUNTSMAN PILOT and CO-PILOT get out and are met by the eager Greeters. Eggsy hands over his phone to one of them. She taps the keypad to check something on it, then hands it back to him.

FIRST GREETER

Follow me, sir. And your pilots are most welcome to make themselves at home in the staff refectory.

One Greeter ushers the Pilots away to a SECURITY SCANNER as the First Greeter walks Eggsy to ANOTHER SECURITY SCANNER.

FIRST GREETER (CONT'D)

Just a formality. I'm sure you've adhered to our no-weapons policy. I do apologize for the inconvenience.

EGGSY passes through the scanner.

The Greeter leads Eggsy to a waiting MINI-MOKE. They get in and drive off.

170     **INT. VALENTINE'S HQ LOBBY - DAY.**     170

They drive into a vast lobby. It looks like the lobby of a five star hotel. Numerous members of THE ELITE gathered here.

Eggsy gets out and strolls through the room, doing a great job of looking like he belongs. He passes a sumptuous buffet. He's eyeing a CARVING KNIFE on it when A BUTLER approaches.

HQ BUTLER

Would sir like a drink?

EGGSY

Dalmore whiskey, no ice. And a splash of room temperature water.

The Butler looks impressed. Eggsy walks off and continues to subtly scope out the room. Finally he spots: A TEXAS OIL BARON sitting alone on a couch, using a LAPTOP.

Eggsy makes a beeline, takes a seat beside him. The butler serves Eggsy his drink. Eggsy nods his thanks, takes a sip. Then he raises his glass in toast to the Texan.

EGGSY (CONT'D)  
Society is dead. Long live society.

TEXAN  
Amen to that! My oil won't be worth shit, but I'll be king of Texas!  
Bobby Getty.

The Texan offers his hand. Merlin comes on to Eggsy's comms.

MERLIN (V.O.)  
Stop fucking about.

171     **INT. SKY - DAY.**     171

Roxy scans her heads up display.

ROXY  
Got a fix on the satellite.

172     **INT. VALENTINE'S HQ LOBBY - DAY.**     172

Eggsy shakes hands with the Texan.

EGGSY  
Edmund Knight. King of Norfolk, in the not-so-United Kingdom.

They both laugh. Eggsy indicates the man's laptop.

EGGSY (CONT'D)  
How do you get on line? I couldn't.

TEXAN  
Yeah, wifi's down for security. Valentine's my nephew, lent me one of his. Private network, I guess.

EGGSY  
Ah. Do you need a light?

TEXAN  
What? I ain't got a cigare--

Eggsy shoots him with a dart from his LIGHTER. He snatches the laptop from the slumped Texan, quickly inserts A DONGLE.

Eggsy gets up... And is floored by a PUNCH!  
He looks up to see: Charlie. Charlie leans down, talks low,  
the carving knife we saw before pressed to Eggsy's throat.

CHARLIE

There's no way anyone would want a  
low life you to be part of the new  
world. So I assume you cheated your  
way to becoming a Huntsman.

EGGSY

Eh?? What are you doing here?

CHARLIE

My family were invited. Obviously.  
(seeing Eggsy reach for  
his pocket)  
Not so fast!

Charlie reaches into Eggsy's pocket and pulls out: a bottle  
of aftershave. He smirks, relieved and amused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hoping to mask your stench, were  
you? You'll need this even more  
when you're rotting in jail.

Eggsy wriggles away, squeezes his cuff-links and...  
BOOM! The bottle EXPLODES in Charlie's hand.

GUESTS run, GUARDS run over. The time for blending in has  
passed. Eggsy slips the laptop behind the couch and runs too.

In the chaos, he manages to lose his pursuers. At the edge of  
the room, he slips through a SERVICE DOOR.

173     **INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY.**     173

Eggsy runs down the tunnel, Merlin in his ear.

MERLIN (V.O.)

I'm in. Give me a second.

174     **EXT. SKY - DAY.**     174

The quality of light is getting very weird up here.

ROXY

Eggsy, I'm scared. Listen, if I  
don't survive the fall --

175     **INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY.**     175

Eggsy talks to her as he runs.

EGGSY

Don't even start. You'll do great girl. Just remember, if you go into a flat spin, relax all your muscles and figure out which way's up before you correct. And if you can't, assume delta position.

176     **EXT. EDGE OF THE ATMOSPHERE - DAY.**

176

It's crunch time.

ROXY

You're a good friend, Eggsy.

MERLIN (V.O.)

Good luck, Lancelot. Fire in three... two... one! Go!

Roxy FIRES HER MISSILE.

MERLIN (V.O.)

And release, now!

Roxy pulls the release bar... And begins to plummet.

177     **INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY.**

177

Eggsy sprints down the tunnels. He stops at a DOOR, pulls it open. Only to be confronted by: A GUARD.

The Guard lunges for him and they begin to FIGHT.

178     **EXT. SKY - DAY.**

178

Roxy starts to SPIN as she falls. And her spin gets faster.

ROXY

Aaaah! Flat Spin!

179     **INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY.**

179

As the punch-up between Eggsy and the Guard continues, he shouts out encouragement and guidance to Roxy.

EGGSY

Relax! Arms, legs, spine, let it all go loose! Know your direction?

ROXY (V.O.)

No! I'm gonna black out! My head!



MERLIN (V.O.)  
 I'm working on that door, wait.  
 Once you're through, you'll pass  
 through some kind of cell block.

The door behind him is starting to come off its hinges. Just in time, the door in front of him CLICKS open.

185 INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - DAY.

185

Valentine is at a bank of SCREENS showing various SATELLITES. Gazelle approaches and whispers to him.

VALENTINE  
 Well, just hold whoever the fuck it  
 is there. It's not like he can do  
 anything from the prison sector.  
 Did you see this, by the way?

On one screen, BITS OF DESTROYED SATELLITE float peacefully.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)  
 Bunch of amateurs just took out  
 Google Earth.

GAZELLE  
 Any more missiles that we know of?

VALENTINE  
 No. But I'm not taking the risk.  
 Bring the countdown forward to...  
 Let's see. Know what? Fuck it. If  
 people aren't someplace safe by now  
 they must like living dangerously.  
 Signal is go in five minutes.

Gazelle nods and takes a seat at another console.

186 INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY.

186

Merlin looks at his screen.

MERLIN  
 Oh shit. Wrong satellite.

187 INT. PRISON BLOCK ENTRANCE.

187

Various PRISON GUARDS lie unconscious in Eggsy's wake. Hearing Arthur's phone VIBRATE, Eggsy gets it out.

The phone screen reads: 00:04:49 The seconds ticking down.

EGGSY  
 Merlin? You seeing this?



195      INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY.      195

Valentine screams at Gazelle.

                         VALENTINE  
                         Shit! Freeze the cell override!

196      INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY.      196

Merlin pounds a key, then smacks his forehead in frustration.

                         MERLIN  
                         Damn. I can't open any more. You  
                         got enough people?

197      INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY.      197

Eggsy stares, bemused, at Elton, Jamie, Usain and Gaga.

                         EGGSY  
                         Who's in the mood for saving the  
                         world? I need to get past the  
                         guards to Valentine's control room.

                         JAMIE  
                         They gave me some stuff to cook  
                         with. Wait, I'll get the knives.

He sprints back to the cell. Eggsy turns to Usain.

                         EGGSY  
                         You and Jamie stick with me.  
                         (to Gaga and Elton)  
                         You two, create a distraction.

                         SIR ELTON  
                         Fuck you.

                         EGGSY  
                         I just bloody let you out!

                         ELTON  
                         Create a fucking distraction!  
                         Cheeky little bastard.

                         EGGSY  
                         Alright fine, look -- you do what  
                         you want. Come on.

The group starts to move swiftly towards the door at the end of the hall. Jamie catches up to them, armed with his KNIVES.

As they pass the remaining locked cells on the other side, other still-trapped CELEBRITIES, yell words of encouragement.

ADELE  
Fucking kill him!

STEPHEN HAWKING  
Good. Luck. Everybody.

198     **INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY.**     198

Gazelle looks bleakly at a SECURITY CAMERA MONITOR.

GAZELLE  
I'm gonna deal with this myself.

VALENTINE  
I guess we should have had more security.

As Gazelle leaves, Valentine flicks a switch and an insanely REINFORCED DOOR slams down. No one is getting through that.

199     **INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY.**     199

Merlin looks anxiously at his computer.

MERLIN  
Valentine's shut his security door.  
We've got to figure out a way in.  
We've got two minutes.

200     **INT. PRISON BLOCK ENTRANCE - DAY.**     200

Eggsy moves fast towards the door, followed by the others.

EGGSY (V.O.)  
Rox? I need a favour. I'm sending you my mum's number. Please warn her. Just in case. Tell her to lock herself away from the baby.

201     **EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - DAY.**     201

Roxy has now landed. Happy to be back on terra firma.

ROXY  
I'll do it right now. Good luck.

202     **INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY.**     202

Merlin studies the map on his monitor.

MERLIN  
There's a fuse box in the tunnel.  
You can disable the security door.

203     INT. SECURITY LOCK - DAY.

203

Eggsy and the others stand at the door. We can hear the Security Guards on the other side, trying to get in.

EGGSY

There are a lot of guards... Okay, Here's what we're gonna do: me, Jamie and Elton engage them. We're gonna fight our way to the control room. Gaga, don't fight if you don't want to.

LADY GAGA

Oh, I'll fight, don't worry.

Eggsy hands his GLASSES to Usain Bolt.

EGGSY

Usain, put these on. You'll hear my colleague through them. Follow his directions and run like the wind.  
(to Merlin, over comms)  
Usain is handling the fuse box, got that Merlin?

MERLIN (V.O.)

Roger that. Can you hear me Usain?

USAIN BOLT

Loud and clear.

EGGSY

Everybody ready?

Everyone nods. Eggsy opens the door...

204     INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY.

204

FOUR ARMED GUARDS are here now, and all hell breaks loose. Eggsy wrestles the First Guard. Bullets spray all over. Thank god for Eggsy's kevlar. The guard yells to his cohorts:

FIRST GUARD

Don't shoot the celebrities!  
Valentine will kill you!

Usain breaks away and begins to run as Elton, Jamie and Gaga attack the other guards. Jamie is terrifyingly fast with his knives. The Second Guard loses several fingers.

Elton is a revelation -- a shockingly dirty fighter, biting and clawing as he wrestles the Third Guard to the ground.

Lady Gaga kicks the Fourth Guard in the balls, but he just picks her up and carries her back towards the cells...















248 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY.

248

Gazelle runs at Eggsy. An incredible FIGHT ensues. Valentine runs to the controls, puts his hand on the reader.

VALENTINE

Richmond Valentine. Code: ten ten.  
Cancel override. Re-start sims.

Eggsy and Gazelle's fight grows ever more intense.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Stress detected. Please repeat.

We intercut between the epic fight and Valentine's repeated and increasingly desperate attempts to enter the system.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (CONT'D)

Login accepted. Confirm that you  
wish to start signal to sims.

Finally, Eggsy kills Gazelle. He's never going to be able to reach Valentine in time to stop him from speaking.

Eggsy pulls off one of Gazelle's BLADES and throws it --

VALENTINE

Ye--

The blade comes sailing through the air and IMPALES Valentine. He lets out a gurgling death rattle.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Stress detected. Please repeat.

Eggsy reacts: total relief. It's over.

249 EXT. ISOLATED HIGHWAY - DAY.

249

Roxy is sitting by the side of a deserted highway. The Huntsman Jet lands right beside her.

250 INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY.

250

Roxy climbs onboard. Eggsy and Merlin are waiting for her.

MERLIN

Welcome back, Lancelot.

ROXY

Thank you, Merlin.

MERLIN

Actually... It's Arthur now. I'm  
honoured to report that our fellow  
Huntsmen voted for me to take over.

ROXY  
 Congratulations!

MERLIN  
 In other good news, it would appear  
 that none of their heads blew up.  
 The organization is clean.  
 (a beat)  
 And now Lancelot is with us, I  
 shall conduct my first order of  
 official business. Eggsy... I'd  
 like you to be our new Galahad.

He holds out his hand. Eggsy shakes it, overjoyed.

MERLIN (CONT'D)  
 Welcome to Huntsman!

Roxy throws her arms around Eggsy, hugs him.

251     **EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY.**     251

Jack's news house. Under a CAPTION: "TWO WEEKS LATER."

252     **INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY.**     252

A FRAMED TABLOID HEADLINE reads: THE SPY WHO SAVED THE WORLD!  
 Beside it is a nice photo of JACK.

We pull back to see: it is hanging on the wall, being looked  
 at by Michelle. Eggsy holds his sister. JB the dog is nearby.

MICHELLE  
 Did he really do it single-handed?

EGGSY  
 Must have. I'm sure the papers have  
 reliable sources of information.

Eggsy smiles a private little smile to himself.

MICHELLE  
 What an amazing bloke. Getting you  
 a job in the tailors, leaving you  
 this place. It's like he was our  
 guardian angel.

Eggsy nods. That part, at least, is true.

The DOOR BELL rings. Eggsy hands his sister to Michelle.

EGGSY  
 I'll get it, mum.

253 INT. JACK'S ENTRANCE HALL - DAY.

253

Eggsy answers the door to see... Dean. Dean reacts in shock at seeing Eggsy looking so good.

EGGSY

Dean, what a pleasant surprise!  
Time for those five words.

And with that, Eggsy punches him hard. He goes down.

DEAN

Aaah! You broke my nose!

EGGSY

Yep. Those are the ones.

Dean gets up and moves to throw a punch when suddenly his eyes close and he crumples to the ground again.

In Eggsy's hand: Jack's LIGHTER. Eggsy put on his glasses.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

Control? This is Galahad. There's a huge turd on my doorstep that needs cleaning up before me and my mum take the dog for a walk. Cheers, bruv. Over and out.

Eggsy smiles, the door slams shut and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

254 POST CREDITS EXTRA SCENE: EXT. COLOMBIA - DAY.

254

Much as Eggsy did before, Dean wakes up in the street, naked and utterly confused.

The Colombian Cop we met earlier approaches him with a smile, his handcuffs at the ready.

COLOMBIAN COP

Hola! Been expecting you. A little friend of mine tells me you work in the drug trade.

And off Dean's horrified reaction, we're gone.