

HUNTSMAN AND SONS

Written by

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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...

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

Revolting 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.

20 EXT. HUNTSMAN - DAY.

20

The discreet, classy shop-front of a tailors shop on London's Savile Row. The awning reads: "HUNTSMAN. ESTABLISHED 1849."

Jack's classic Bristol CAR pulls up outside and Jack alights.

21 INT. HUNTSMAN - DAY.

21

A couple of WELL-DRESSED TAILORS nod respectfully to Jack.

WELL-DRESSED TAILOR
Arthur is in the dining room, sir.

22 INT. HUNTSMAN DINING ROOM - DAY.

22

Arthur, now late 60s, sits alone at a large table. He wears GLASSES. Before him: an exquisite DECANTER, a BRANDY SNIFTER and a leather bound FILE. There are twelve empty chairs.

JACK
Arthur.

ARTHUR
Galahad. Finally. The others were concerned that we may be making a double toast.

There's another brandy at one seat. Jack sits down here and retrieves a pair of GLASSES like Arthur's. He puts them on.

JACK'S POV: The previously empty seats are now occupied -- by TEN GENTLEMEN, wearing wonderful suits and identical glasses.

Jack exchanges nods of greeting with them. Then his eyes alight on the single EMPTY SEAT. His face registers dismay.

JACK
So I take it that it's Lancelot we're drinking to.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry. Now we're all present... Gentlemen, I'm thankful to say that it's been seventeen years since we last had occasion to use this decanter. And, as ever, the circumstances make even a 1815 Napoleonic brandy taste bitter. Lancelot was an outstanding agent and a true Huntsman, and he will be sorely missed.
(raising his glass)
To Lancelot.

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 eaves-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, Egg.

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.

61 **EXT. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY COURTYARD - DAY.**

61

Jack lies on the ground. It wasn't the longest fall, but he's not in a good way. He's not getting up right now. With his last energy, he grabs his CUFF-LINK and squeezes it.

62 **INT. PROFESSOR SWANSON'S OFFICE - DAY.**

62

There's an elegant CIGARETTE LIGHTER on the floor. The thugs are running to the broken window, taking aim, when: WOOF! The lighter EXPLODES.

63 **EXT. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY COURTYARD - DAY.**

63

FLAME billows from the broken window. Other windows blow out. Jack tries to get up, but he's blacking out.

JACK

Oh bugger.

He presses his watch and collapses.

64 **INT. VALENTINE'S HQ - DAY.**

64

Valentine is pacing angrily. Gazelle sits at a computer.

VALENTINE

Sounded like an explosion. Did our guys have explosives?

(off his head shake)

Great. Fuck! Fuck that guy. Whoever he is, I'm gonna... He made me kill Professor Swanson! I goddamn loved Professor Swanson.

GAZELLE

Good news is, we know the emergency and surveillance systems work.

VALENTINE

Know what's not good? "my colleague died". You heard the guy. This is an organization, and they're all over us. Whoever you spoke to --

GAZELLE

I told you, I made contact with the KGB, M16, Mossad and Beijing. They all insist he wasn't one of theirs.

VALENTINE

Beijing. It's so freaky how there's no recognizable name for the Chinese secret service. Now, that's what you call secret, right?!

(MORE)

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.

69 INT. MUSIC VENUE - ITALY - NIGHT.

69

By the stage door, a LIMO waits. Elton John forges towards it through a crowd of FANS, assisted by TWO VENUE SECURITY GUYS.

70 INT. LIMOSUINE - NIGHT.

70

Elton gets in and the car pulls away. Now, his eyes widen: Gazelle is sitting opposite him.

ELTON

Who the fuck are you?!

(seeing Gazelle's legs)

Sorry, but this is my fucking car --

(to the driver)

Stop! Driver! Stop! Parlo Inglese?!

Fucking stop!

GAZELLE

No need. My boss is staying at a Villa just along the coast. He's dying to meet you.

Elton is about to unleash hell, then he sees Gazelle's GUN.

ELTON

Oh fucking hell. I'm going to fucking die now, aren't I?

Gazelle takes a bottle of SODA from the ice bucket.

GAZELLE

No way. My boss adores you. Drink?

71 INT. DORM - NIGHT.

71

Three empty beds in here now, the mattresses bare. Eggsy lies on his bed, exhausted, playing with his dog. Everyone else is playing charades. Roxy's up.

EVERYONE

A play! Three words! Whole thing!

Roxy mimes sitting, checking her watch, tapping her foot.

HENRI

Troilus et Cressida!

CHARLIE

Waiting for Godot!

ROXY

Yes! Charlie got it!

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.

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 arsehole!
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!

76

INT. SICK BAY - NIGHT.

76

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.

EGGSY

Just because I didn't go to private school doesn't mean --

CHARLIE

Oh no, I'm sure you're highly educated. What have you got? A vocational diploma in carjacking? A B-Tec in impregnating ugly girls round the back of a bus shelter?

Eggsy sits up, hackles rising. Fist clenching. Roxy shoots him a look. He swallows his fury and looks away. Not today.

81 EXT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

81

A palatial estate. Establishing.

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

82

Jack, in a green smoking jacket, follows A BUTLER. The Butler is wearing an EAR-PIECE like the one Professor Swanson wore.

As they near the dining room, TWO ATTRACTIVE YOUNG ASSISTANTS pass. They wear EAR-PIECES. One holds a pile of PAPERWORK.

83 INT. VALENTINE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

83

A magnificent dining room, the large table formally set for two. Valentine sits here, dressed extremely casually. The Butler opens the door and announces Jack.

BUTLER

Mr. Roman DeVere.

VALENTINE

Hey, man. Sorry I didn't feel the need to dress up.

JACK

Think nothing of it.

VALENTINE

I don't know how it is in England, but over here it's considered a little bit bourgeois.

JACK

I've always felt that over-dressed is preferable to under-dressed. When one is a guest, that is.

Jack undoes his tie, sits. Valentine pours him wine.

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.

Eggzy 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.

89 INT. DORM - NIGHT.

89

Eggsy, Roxy and Charlie sleep. All other beds are empty now.

90 EXT. NEWS CONFERENCE - DAY.

90

Valentine talks to a large gathering of INTERNATIONAL PRESS.

VALENTINE

In the past, I've gone on record saying that I want to make a difference. It's a phrase you hear a lot. And what tends to follow it are actions that have very little net effect on our daily lives.

(a beat)

Well... I'm here to put my money where my mouth is. And right into the pockets of the man and woman on the street. Every year, each of us spends on average nearly two thousand dollars on cell phone and internet usage. It is my privilege to announce: those days are over.

A curtain behind Valentine swishes open to reveal: a huge SCREEN. On it, an image of A SATELLITE in SPACE.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

From tomorrow, every man, woman and child who so desires can claim a free sim card and usb stick, compatible with any phone, any computer, in order to utilise my communications network. For free.

(There is wild APPLAUSE)

And now I'd like to introduce you to the spokesman for this venture -- a man who we were all very happy to learn was simply a victim of bad reporting: David Beckham!

David Beckham walks out to WILD CHEERING.

91 INT. JACKS STUDY - DAY.

91

Jack is at his computer, watching the news report.

BECKHAM (ON TV)

Not half as happy as I am!

(pausing for LAUGHTER)

But today isn't about me. It's about the incredible generosity of this man right here. You heard him! Free calls. Free internet. For everyone. Forever.

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...

95 INT. LULU'S - NIGHT.

95

Lady Sophie, in the flesh. Dancing in a classy nightclub, full of well-dressed YOUNG PEOPLE.

We pull back, out of the front window of the club, to...

96 EXT. LULU'S - NIGHT.

96

The queue outside. More well-dressed YOUNG PEOPLE wait to get in. Even the BOUNCERS look elegant. Charlie and Roxy are at the back of the line, both impeccably dressed.

Presently, Eggsy arrives. He stares at the queue in dismay. He's wearing DESIGNER SPORTSWEAR. Charlie laughs loudly.

ROXY

Ignore him, Eggsy.

CHARLIE

Yeah, ignore me, you look great. If you're going to a gypsy wedding.

EGGSY

Fuck off, these crepes cost three hundred quid! Nike Le Bron X! And I dunno why you're so smug. You look like you're trying to pull the Queen Mother.

CHARLES

The Queen's third cousin, actually.

He's at the front of the queue now. He hands the bouncer his INVITATION and moves past with a smirk. Roxy shows hers, and the bouncer ushers her in. At Eggsy's, however, he hesitates.

BOUNCER

I'm afraid I can't let you in, sir. We have a strict dress code.

ROXY

We're together.

The bouncer shrugs apologetically.

EGGSY

Just go in, Roxy. Thanks anyway.

CHARLIE

Aw, you ruined my plan! I was going to let you talk to Lady Sophie first and then swoop in to rescue her once she was sufficiently disgusted.

And with that, Charlie swans inside. And Eggsy walks away.

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?

EGGSY

I'm not really in the mood, thanks.

Jake pushes the phone at Eggsy, making him look.

101 **INT. LULU'S STORE ROOM - NIGHT.**

101

Lady Sophie whispers something to Charlie. He whispers back. Then Lady Sophie stands up and rearranges her dress as the two Bouncers burst in and throw a SACK over Roxy's head.

They drag her out. Sophie follows, leaving Charlie alone.

Moments later, Arthur enters, looking furious. Charlie miserably does up his trousers, humiliated.

102 **EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT.**

102

Eggsy looks away from the phone, not cheered up at all.

JACK

Charlie didn't even make it to the real test. Gave his identity away mid-fellatio.

EGGSY

No one expected me to pull Lady Sophie, did they? They didn't even expect me to get in.

JACK

It didn't matter who any of you ended up with. The test always ends the same way.

EGGSY

Oh yeah? And the back up is always a chavvy waitress is it? Or was she just for me? Admit it, Jack -- I'm not like you. I'm not like any of you. Just give the job to Roxy. I don't belong at Huntsman.

JACK

The results of your tests suggest otherwise. Come on. Let's go.

EGGSY

Were you listening? I don't wanna go back.

JACK

Then come with me, instead. I want to show you something.

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.

Eggzy 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.

Eggzy 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.

110 INT. BERRY BROTHERS AND RUDD - DAY.

110

A beautiful wine shop. Eggsy looks around, confused.

 EGGSY
Exploding liquid in the bottle?

 JACK
Don't be silly. That's made by
Floris, next door. And it smells
good enough to be aftershave.

Jack leads him to a flight of back stairs leading downstairs.

111 INT. BERRY BROTHERS PRIVATE DINING ROOM.

111

There's a dining table down here, elaborately set. They sit.

 JACK
Here's the one place we can go for
a good meal and a fabulous drink
without having to watch our
tongues. Now, there's no point
looking like a gentleman if you
can't eat like one. But it's not
hard. Once everyone is seated, you
unfold your napkin and place it on
your lap.

Jack demonstrates. Eggsy follows suit.

 JACK (CONT'D)
If you leave the table during the
meal, you lay the napkin casually
on the table. Don't re-fold it.

Eggsy nods, listening intently. A WAITER appears at his
shoulder with a silver tray of BREAD ROLLS.

 JACK (CONT'D)
One serves oneself when offered a
dish in this way. But if the dish
is placed on the table, you offer
it to your immediate neighbors
before taking your own portion.

Eggsy nods and takes a bread roll.

 JACK (CONT'D)
Always break bread with your hands,
never cut. And this is a butter
knife. The only one to remember.
 (holding his up)
The rest of the cutlery is easy:
start on the outside, work your way
in with each course. And never let
anyone describe you as "H.K.L.P".

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?

VALENTINE
You'll be hearing from us very
soon. I guarantee it.

He takes off the morning jacket -- chalked for alterations -- hands it to the tailor and heads for the door.

As Valentine leaves, he is discretely followed by UNDERCOVER SECURITY MEN we had previously taken to be casual customers.

As soon as they've all left, the tailor ushers Eggsy into the dressing room, and Jack urgently resumes his conversation.

JACK
And if MI5 don't bite?

Jack listens to the reply, sighs. He removes his glasses.

116 **INT. HUNTSMAN FITTING ROOM - DAY.**

116

Jack enters to see Eggsy admiring the beautiful SUIT that is hanging here, feeling the fabric. In awe.

JACK
So. Are you back in?
(off Eggsy's eager nod)
Excellent.

Jack gets out his lighter and shoots Eggsy with a dart. And we fade to black.

117 **EXT. COLOMBIAN STREET - DAY.**

117

An ECU of a HANDWRITTEN NOTE. It reads: "YOUR PASSPORT IS UNDER THE MATTRESS IN THE MASTER BEDROOM AT 188 CAHILLA STREET. IF YOU'RE NOT BACK AT BASE IN 24 HOURS, YOU ARE OUT."

We pull back to see that the note has been stuck to Eggsy's forehead. He's still out cold. Pulling further back, we see that he is naked... And lying in the road. We can hear a loud HONKING. It wakes Eggsy up.

The honking is coming from A POLICE CAR. Eggsy gets unsteadily to his feet, utterly confused... He rips the note from his forehead and reads it as he approaches the cop car.

A COP leaps out, gun on Eggsy. Eggsy puts his hands up.

COLOMBIAN COP
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Cover your balls!

EGGSY
I don't speak your language.

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?

Eggys un-cuffs the Cop, who climbs out.

EGGSY

No! I'm on your side. I'll let you go. But I need your gun.

COP

You try to kill them? You crazy.

The cop leans into the car. He opens the seat to reveal:
A hidden cache of GUNS.

COP (CONT'D)

But doing something I would love to do. Take your pick.

124 INT. OIL RIG CONTROL CENTER - DAY. 124

Roxy tries the radio. It's dead. She tries a few other buttons. All dead. There's no power.

125 INT. GALLEY - DAY. 125

Roxy opens the fridge, the cupboards. They're empty.

On the counter are a few LADS' MAGAZINES. Roxy reads the date on the cover of one. It says: OCTOBER 1992.

She looks at the others, with an expression that betrays her heart sinking feeling: this rig has been decommissioned.

She rummages under the sink and finds: a pad of STEEL WOOL for scrubbing pans. She looks pleased, leaves purposefully, taking the wire wool and magazines with her.

126 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY. 126

Roxy enters. The beds are bare. She begins to search the room. There are no clothes in the closets or drawers.

But in one drawer, she finds: a TV REMOTE. She kisses it. Then she rips open the back panel, tips out the BATTERY.

127 INT. DRILLING PLATFORM - DAY. 127

Over the pile of magazines, Roxy fiddles with the wire wool and the battery, concentrating hard. Suddenly: SPARKS!

In moments, one of the magazines is ON FIRE. She picks it up.

128 EXT. ASCOT RACES, ROYAL ENCLOSURE - DAY. 128

Beautifully dressed aristocrats enjoy mingling, champagne and horse racing. In that order. Some wear EARPIECES.

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.

Pulling back further still, we see a HELICOPTER approaching.

133 **INT. MANSION MASTER BEDROOM - DAY.**

133

A GORGEOUS WOMAN is asleep here. Eggsy creeps towards her.

Holding his breath, he slips his hand under the mattress. It's unbearably tense. The woman stirs...

And wakes up! Face to face with Eggsy. Panicking, he grabs the mattress and yanks it up, tipping her to the ground.

EGGSY

Sorry!

The bed base is exposed. There is nothing there.

The woman SCREAMS, trapped under the mattress. We can hear the thundering of many, many heavy FOOTFALLS, men running.

And now Eggsy can see them: FOUR GUARDS, running, guns drawn, and a well-dressed older man, CARLOS PERES.

The woman finally wriggles from beneath the mattress. Seeing the men coming, she dives back under it, taking cover.

Eggsy draws his gun, but he is well and truly fucked.

134 **INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY.**

134

Jack wears his glasses, on a call.

JACK

Think he's headed for the airport?

135 **EXT. SECRET BASE AIR STRIP - DAY.**

135

Merlin and Arthur wait outside, both on the call to Jack.

MERLIN

It's possible. Arthur's updated MI5. Should be the boot up the arse they need. I'll keep you posted.

JACK (V.O.)

Don't take your eyes off him, please. Not until he's in custody.

ARTHUR

Agreed.

(removing his glasses)

A-ha. Here she is.

Roxy walks triumphantly towards them.

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

Eggzy enters. Arthur is playing with Eggzy'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.
(Eggzy does)
Now shoot JB.

Eggzy 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.

Eggzy 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.

Eggzy grabs the dog and runs from the room. Arthur just
watches him go. Then he picks up the phone.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Merlin, bring Roxy in, please. And
contact the agents. We'll hold her
swearing-in ceremony in an hour.

137 INT. SECRET BASE - DAY. 137

Eggsy gets into a Bristol car and begins to hot-wire it. His
little dog watches from the passenger seat.

138 EXT. SECRET BASE - DAY. 138

The Bristol speeds out of the hangar and races away.

139 INT. EGGSY'S MUM'S FLAT - DAY 139

The doorbell RINGS. Michelle answers it, to see: Eggsy. His
dog at his side. Michelle throws her arms around him.

MICHELLE
Oh my god, where have you been?
I've been so worried!

Now he sees her black eye. Anger rising.

EGGSY
Where is he?

MICHELLE
I'm fine, Eggsy. Don't get
involved. Let me make you a tea.

EGGSY
No, I should never have left you
alone. This stops right now. Look
after the dog. I'll be right back.

140 EXT. PUB - DAY 140

Dean and his Gang Boys are sitting outside, drinking. The
Bristol pulls up. To their disbelief, Eggsy opens the window.

EGGSY
Oi. Dean. Can I have a word?

DEAN
Only if you get out that poncy car
first. And only if the word is "ow,
you broke my nose."

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.

154 INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

154

Eggsy freaks out.

EGGSY

Noooooooooooooooooooooo!

155 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT.

155

Valentine and Gazelle walk away.

VALENTINE

Meh. I liked that guy. Feel like I
coulda talked him round.

GAZELLE

Not worth the risk, though.

VALENTINE

Yeah. So. Let's head for home. Send
out the countdown clock. Party
starts tomorrow.

156 INT/EXT. JACK'S CAR/SAVILE ROW - DAY.

156

Jack's car screeches around a corner, races up the street.

Eggsy is driving, in shock. He pulls up outside Huntsman. The
shop is closed, but there's a light on upstairs.

157 INT. HUNTSMAN DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

157

Arthur stands at the fireplace. The decanter is on the table.

EGGSY

Arthur, Jacks dead!

ARTHUR

Galahad. Galahad is dead. Hence we
have all just toasted him.

EGGSY

Then you know what that maniac is
doing! How many people round the
world have those sim cards? If they
all go homicidal at the same time --

ARTHUR

Indeed. And thanks to Galahad's
recording, we have Valentine's
confession. The intelligence has
been turned over to the relevant
authorities. Our work is complete.
And a most distinguished legacy for
our fallen friend it is, too.

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

Eggsey 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.

Eggys 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!

180 INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY.

180

Eggsy slams the Guard against the wall.

EGGSY

Roxy, Delta position! Quick!

He throws a right hook and the guard is out cold. But now MORE GUARDS are running towards him.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

Roxy?

Eggsy runs in through the doorway and slams the door shut just in time. The guards try to enter, but Eggsy's locked it.

181 EXT. SKY - DAY.

181

Roxy's eyes are beginning to roll back in her head as she loses consciousness. She's spinning even faster than before.

EGGSY (V.O.)

Delta!

With all her remaining will, Roxy gets her legs straight and thirty degrees apart, arms back. Her spin slows.

She blinks back to full awareness, finally righting herself. Then she opens her parachute.

Seconds later, the SATELLITE EXPLODES.

182 INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY.

182

Merlin, his computer before him, punches the air.

MERLIN (V.O.)

Yes!

183 EXT. SKY - DAY.

183

Relief floods Roxy's face as she slowly descends.

ROXY

Eggsy?

184 INT. SECURITY LOCK - DAY.

184

Behind Eggsy, the guards BANG to get in. In front of him is another door. BUTTONS beside it. Eggsy punches them.

EGGSY

Well done Rox, nice work. Merlin,
how the fuck do I get out of here?

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?

188 INT. COUNTRY MANSION BANQUET HALL - NIGHT. 188

A group of OLD WHITE MEN in suits leap up from a table.

MERLIN (V.O.)
I can't shut down the server
remotely in this little time.
You'll have to do it manually.

189 INT. EMERGENCY STAIRS - NIGHT. 189

A group of suited POLITICIANS run down the stairs.

MERLIN (V.O.)
The prison cells are in front of
you. I'm opening them.

190 INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY. 190

FOUR SNOOTY-LOOKING WOMEN barricade themselves in.

EGGSY (V.O.)
Who's in the cells?

191 INT. DAVID BECKHAM'S CAR - DAY. 191

David Beckham looks at his phone. Then he accelerates hard.

MERLIN (V.O.)
I don't know, but you've got to get
them to help you.

192 INT. PRISON BLOCK - DAY. 192

Eggsy stands at the beginning of the row of cells.

EGGSY
Help me do what?!

Suddenly there's a symphony of CLUNKS. Locks unlocking.

193 INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY. 193

Merlin clicks away furiously on his computer.

MERLIN
Get back into that tunnel.

194 INT. PRISON BLOCK - DAY. 194

We track along the row of open cells to reveal, emerging from
inside: Elton John, JAMIE OLIVER, USAIN BOLT, LADY GAGA.

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...

Until Eggsy angles the First Guard's gun and shoots the Fourth Guard. He falls heavily on Gaga. She tries to get out from under him, but she seems injured.

205 INT. BEND IN THE TUNNEL - DAY. 205

Usain rounds a bend to see a fork in the tunnel ahead of him.

MERLIN (V.O.)
Take the right!

206 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY. 206

Valentine surveys the security camera output. Usain running.

VALENTINE
Gazelle? He's in service tunnel D.
He's going for the fuse box. Run!

207 INT. BEND IN THE TUNNEL - DAY. 207

Gazelle bounds into view. He can see Usain ahead of him. He puts on a burst of speed as he runs for the right fork.

GAZELLE
I see him.

208 INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY. 208

Eggsy succeeds in knocking out the First Guard with the butt of his own gun and races to help Jamie...

...Who is just now being disarmed by the second Second Guard. The guard pushes Jamie away and he smacks back against a wall, hitting his head. He crumples to the ground, out cold.

The Second Guard, now missing several fingers, struggles to get a grip on his gun, his eyes on Eggsy.

209 INT. TUNNEL FORK - DAY. 209

The best race we have ever seen is taking place, as Gazelle closes in on Usain.

MERLIN (V.O.)
Keep going! Door on your left!

Usain puts on a spurt of speed and finally reaches the fuse-box room. He runs in and slams the door in Gazelle's face.

Gazelle rattles the handle, furious. It's now locked.

210 **INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY.**

210

The Second Guard, his trigger control sorely lacking now, is firing wildly at Eggsy until -- BOOM! He's shot...

...By Gaga, still on the ground, unable to get up, but now armed with the late Forth Guard's gun.

SMACK!! Elton head-butts the Third Guard, putting him down.

Eggsy examines the guns while Elton frees Gaga. She winces.

GAGA

Nope. You better leave me here.

EGGSY

Shit. They're all out of ammo.

Eggsy moves off down the tunnel fast, followed by Elton.

EGGSY (CONT'D)

How'd you learn to fight like that?

SIR ELTON

Training with my body guards. And watching Dynasty.

But now Eggsy is distracted. As he walks, he pulls out his phone. The countdown clock says 00:00:19. Nineteen seconds...

211 **INT. HUNTSMAN JET - DAY.**

211

Merlin has the same countdown in a window on his screen.

MERLIN

Usain? Do you see it?

212 **INT. FUSE BOX ROOM - DAY.**

212

More cupboard than room. Behind Usain, one of Gazelle's BLADES stabs through the door like a sword, just missing him.

USAIN

They're not marked!

MERLIN (V.O.)

Then turn them all off!

213 **INT. A NEW CORRIDOR - DAY.**

213

Eggsy and Elton make a beeline for a HEAVY SECURITY DOOR. It's locked. Suddenly a light goes out. Eggsy tries again.

EGGSY

We're here! Still locked!

214 INT. FUSE BOX ROOM - DAY. 214

Usain shuts off switches, trying to avoid the blade that is now punching repeatedly through different points in the door.

 USAIN
 I'm trying!

215 INT. CONTROL ROOM CORRIDOR - DAY. 215

There's a THUNK from the security door. It's unlocked! Eggsy and Elton grab it, struggling to pull it up manually.

 MERLIN (V.O.)
 Nine seconds! Usain, you did it!

216 INT. FUSE BOX ROOM - DAY. 216

Usain punches the air.

 USAIN
 Wooo!

Unthinkingly, he steps back... And one of Gazelle's BLADES comes straight through the door... and straight through him.

217 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY. 217

Valentine watches calmly as the heavy security door rises. A COMPUTERISED VOICE is now doing a countdown.

 COMPUTERIZED VOICE
 Three...

Eggsy slides under the door. His eyes meet Valentine's.

 COMPUTERIZED VOICE (CONT'D)
 Two...

 VALENTINE
 Hey, valet boy. Just in time to
 witness the birth of a new world.

 COMPUTERIZED VOICE
 One.

Eggsy's eyes widen as... A BANK OF MONITORS come to life: images from all around the world show RIOTS breaking out.

218 INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY. 218

AN OLD MALE NEWS ANCHOR gets up from his chair, a mad look in his eye. A WEATHER GIRL rushes into view and loops the CABLE from her clicker around his neck, starts choking him.

- 219 EXT. THAI MARKET - DAY. 219
People attack each other.
- 220 EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - DAY. 220
Tourists attack each other.
- 221 EXT. AN AMERICAN GUN SHOW - DAY. 221
Everyone starts shooting each other.
- 222 INT. PHOTO SHOOT - DAY. 222
The KARDASHIANS and their REALITY FILM CREW scrap violently.
- 223 INT. PUB - DAY. 223
Dean, the Gang Boys, Ryan and Jamal are in deadly combat.
- 224 INT. EGGSY'S MUM'S FLAT - DAY. 224
Eggsy's mum looks crazed as she tries to break down a door.
Behind it, we can hear Eggsy's little sister, SCREAMING.
- 225 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY. 225
Eggsy rushes Valentine and begins punching him.

 EGGSY
 How do I turn it off??

 VALENTINE
 You don't. Override is voice
 activated. My voice. And it can
 detect if I'm under duress.

Eggsy drops Valentine and runs to the desk, desperate.

 MERLIN (V.O.)
 He's right, I can't override it.
- 226 INT. TUNNEL - DAY. 226
Gazelle is running up the tunnel.
- 227 INT. VALENTINE'S HQ LOBBY - DAY. 227
The Texan lies asleep, oblivious. The rest of the Elite are
watching the MONITORS here and celebrating.

235 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY. 235

The text on the monitor says: "ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO
SELECT ALL? YES/NO". The "YES" box turns red.

VALENTINE

Okay!

Valentine rushes over, smacks his palm on a BIOMETRIC READER.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Richmond Valentine. Override code
three two ninety nine.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Login accepted. Confirm that you
wish to turn off signal to sims.

VALENTINE

Yes!

236 INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY. 236

The homicidal Weather Girl drops the News Anchor.

237 EXT. THAI MARKET - DAY. 237

Everyone in the market who is left standing, stops fighting.

238 EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - DAY. 238

The Tourists stop fighting... And hug one another.

239 EXT. AN AMERICAN GUN SHOW - DAY. 239

Everyone at the gun show is dead except one OLD MAN. He drops
his gun, confused.

240 INT. PHOTO SHOOT - DAY. 240

The Kardashians and their film crew stop fighting.

241 INT. PUB - DAY. 241

A lot of casualties in the pub. The survivors stop fighting
and try to help one another.

242 INT. EGGSY'S MUM'S FLAT - DAY. 242

Michelle suddenly comes to her senses. She climbs through the
smashed door, grabs her baby from the cot and hugs her tight.

243 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY.

243

Valentine looks urgently to Eggsy.

 VALENTINE
I've turned off mine, you turn off
yours!

 MERLIN (V.O.)
Uh... Eggsy? I think it's too late.

244 INT. VALENTINE'S HQ LOBBY - DAY.

244

The Elite Guests are gathered around the monitors, confused.
From one a BLOODIED TV REPORTER is reporting breathlessly.

 TV REPORTER
...No idea what just happened...
But it seems to be over...

Tchaikovsky's 1912 Overture begins to play and...

...the Guests' heads begin to EXPLODE.

245 INT/EXT. HEAD EXPLODING MONTAGE - DAY.

245

Around the world, the heads of Valentine's chosen BLOW UP.

-- The Old White Men

-- The suited Politicians

-- The Snooty-Looking Women

-- David Beckham

-- Everyone in Valentine's lobby. It's strangely spectacular.

246 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY.

246

On the security camera monitors, Valentine can see what's
happening in the lobby, and he is livid.

 VALENTINE
Fuck you!

He places his hand back on the biometric reader. Eggsy shoves
him away and they struggle, Valentine trying to reach it.

247 INT. CONTROL ROOM CORRIDOR - DAY.

247

Outside the control room, Elton John is valiantly fighting
Gazelle, trying to stop him from getting in. But Gazelle
flings Elton aside and slips under the gap in the door...

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.

Eggzy 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.

Eggzy 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.

Eggzy 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 mews 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.