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FAKULTAS KEGURUAN DAN ILMU PENDIDIKAN
UNIVERSITAS PGRI ADI BUANA SURABAYA

Kampus I : Jl. Ngagel Dadi III-B/37 Telp. (031) 5053127, 5041097 Fax. (031) 5662804 Surabaya 60234
Kampus II : Jl. Dukuh Menanggal XII Telp. (031) 8281181, 8281182, 8281183 Surabaya 60234.

<http://kip.unipasby.ac.id/>

FORMAT REVISI SKRIPSI

Nama Mahasiswa : Khairunnas Nur Putranto
NIM : 155300043
Program Studi : Pendidikan Bahasa Inggris
Tanggal Ujian Skripsi : 7 Februari 2019
Judul Skripsi : Heroism of Gary Eggsy in Kingsman 2 The Golden Circle Movie (2017)
Pembimbing I : Dyah Rochmawati, S.Pd., M.Pd
Pembimbing II : Dra. Joesasono Oediarti. S. M.Pd

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Batas waktu revisi skripsi: 2 (dua) minggu dihitung dari waktu ujian skripsi.

Dosen Penguji I,

Dr. Endang Mastuti Rahayu, M.Pd

Dosen Penguji II,

Dra. Joesasono Oediarti S, M.Pd



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Kampus II: Jl. DukuhMenanggal XII Telp. (031)8281181, 8281182, 8281183 Surabaya 60234.
<http://fkp.unpasby.ac.id/>

RECORDS OF THESIS SUPERVISION SESSIONS

Student's Name : Khairunnas Nur Putranto
Student's Reg. Number : 155300043
Department : English Education
Title : Heroism of Gray Eggsy in Kingsman 2 The Golden Circle Movie (2017)

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Advisor I,

Dyah Rochmawati, S.pd., M.pd
NIDN 0719117001

Advisor II,

Dra. Joesasono O.S., MPd
NIDN 0710046702

Acknowledged by:
Dean of FKIP,

Dr. Suhari, S.Pd., M.Si.
NIP. 196801031992031003

**MOVIESCRIPT KINGSMAN 2 THE GOLDEN CIRCLE
MOVIE 2017**

Charlie : Eggsy. You mind if i share your cab?

Eggsy : Charlie?

Charlie : It's ironic, isn't it? You look like a gentlemen, i look like a pleb. If i was you, i'd unlock your cab.

Eggsy : Pete, get us out of here!

Charlie : You think that shit's gonna work this time? You're way out of your depth.

Eggsy : Fuck!

Charlie : Take him out!

Eggsy : Merlin! We've got a Code Purple. My driver's down. Permission to blow these fuckers away.

Marlin : Denied. Cannot be contained. Head south, I'm clearing the route.

Eggsy : Shit! Merlin, I'm entering Hyde Park. Can I get on with it?

Marlin : Dark zone confirmed. Permission to fire.

Eggsy : Oh, thank fuck for that!

Marlin : No time to relax. Police are right behind you. You have 30 seconds before they reach your position. Go directly to Rendezvous Swan.

Eggsy : Merlin, you do realize I haven't even got a windscreen right now?

Marlin : I seem to remember from your training you were rather good at holding your breath. It wasn't a revenge mission. Charlie could've just killed you immediately. Not boasting, but I trained him well enough that even he wouldn't mess that up.

Eggsy : Merlin, I'm sorry, we're gonna have to do the debrief tomorrow. I've got to get to a dinner tonight... and if I miss it, let's just say Charlie might as well have killed me.

Marlin : Well, if you can't wait for the police to clear the park... there's another way out in the corner.

Eggsy : Fuck!

Marlin : How important is that dinner?

Eggsy : Let me show you. For fuck's sake! Babe. I'm home! I'm here.

Tilde : What the hell happened?

Eggsy : It's a long story that deserves a kiss.

Tilde : Not even JB would kiss you right now.

Eggsy : If you really love me, just one little kiss. You were really gonna do it?

Tilde : Yeah.

Eggsy : Now, that is true love right there. Amazing. I'm gonna go get changed.

Eggsy, Tilde, Brandon, Jamal : Happy birthday to you!

Eggsy : And Tilde made that for you herself, bruv.

Brandon : Mmm-hmm. The royal baker's not available.

Tilde : Oh, shut up, Brandon. Especially if you want some of this.

Brandon : Oh! Wait. Is that that Swedish stuff right there? Yes.

Jamal : No, no. I ain't drinkin' none of that. Last time here, I was wrecked, man.

Liam : Yeah, but that's 'cause you were a lightweight, Jamal.

Eggsy : No, no, babe, I'm good. Not for me, thank you.

Brandon : Oh, what? What's going on, man?

Eggsy : I'm meeting her parents for the first time tomorrow night.

I wanna make a good impression, so what? Oh, yeah, Jamal, are you free to dogsit JB tomorrow night while we're there?

Jamal : Ah, sorry, bruv, I've got to look after my nan tomorrow. But Liam's free, though.

Eggsy : Oh, yeah?

Liam : I can't, mate. I'm allergic to dogs. Bullshit. Dogshit, actually.

Eggsy : That leaves you, Brandon. What you doing tomorrow night?

Brandon : Yeah, I'll look after your dog, mate, but I got one condition.

Eggsy : What's that?

Brandon : You have a drink with us. Yeah.

Liam, Brandon, Jamal : Yeah. Got to do it, babe. Got to do it.

Eggsy : Brandon, happy birthday!

ALL: Happy birthday.

Poppy : My drugs are everywhere. They were never my thing... but here I am, running the biggest drug cartel in the world. The only downside is having to live in the middle of nowhere. You know, these ruins are technically undiscovered. I just added a few touches to remind me of home. I grew up on all that awesome 50s nostalgia. Grease. American Graffiti. Happy Days. But I digress. The thing you need to understand is the hard work and ingenuity. it took to achieve a global monopoly. on the drug trade. And that's all on me. Not to toot my own horn. I just think it's really important for new recruits to understand... the history of The Golden Circle. So. Lifelong friends, huh? Charles, do you think your buddy here is worthy of joining us?

Charles : Ms. Poppy, I would not have brought him all the way to see you if I didn't think so.

Poppy : Excellent. Well, you hungry?

Angel and Charles : Starving.

Poppy : Wonderful! Right this way. Make yourselves at home. So, fellas... I have a couple of things that I wanna clarify. You understand that in The Golden Circle... my authority is never to be questioned, right? And the importance of following orders? Do you understand that? And the value of loyalty? It's easy to nod, isn't it? I don't like easy. I like proof. What's your name?

Angel : Angel, ma'am.

Poppy : Angel, baby. Hey. Your old pal, Charles, has messed up. That's all I'm gonna tell you, 'cause that's all you need to know. So put him in the mincer, okay?

Charles : No, Miss Poppy!

Poppy : Good job! See my salon across the way? Head there for your makeover.

Tilde : Eggsy, I hope you're hungry.

Eggsy : Oh, babe, I was gonna grab breakfast at work. This looks lovely, but I'm running late.

Tilde : I just thought maybe we could practice? For tonight.

Eggsy : . Practice? Mm-hmm. Eating?

Tilde : You said you've never eaten at a palace before. And Pappa is sort of picky about table manners.

Eggsy : Well, as it happens, babe, I've got this shit on lock. I know what every single one of them knives and forks is for.

Harry : This is a butter knife. It's the only one you need to remember, the rest of the cutlery is easy. You start from the outside, and you work your way in with each course. And never let anyone describe you as "H.K.L.P."

Eggsy : What's that?

Harry : "Holds knife like pen." A habit erroneously believed to be upper class dining etiquette. It is quite the opposite. White wine, pudding wine, red wine, water and pop. Or whatever tippie takes your fancy.

Eggsy : Am I supposed to wait for everyone else to be served before I start eating?

Harry : Only if the dish being served is cold. Or if the Queen is present. Otherwise tuck in.

Eggsy : Got to be honest... never really thought the royalty bit would be relevant. Harry would've been chuffed.

Tilde : Oh. I wish I could've met him.

Eggsy : You miss him too, don't you, Mr. Pickle? Mmm? Mr. Pickle says, "Yeah." Hey, no, no, sit down, I'm fine. I'm fine. Have a good day.

Tilde : Okay.

Arthur : Ah, Galahad! You're late. We were wondering if you'd had a second encounter with Charlie.

Eggsy : . I wish. I'm looking forward to finishing him off.

Arthur : All right, gents. Merlin, come in. Galahad and Lancelot, please remain for Merlin's debrief. Everyone else, reconvene at 1900 hours.

Marlin : So... the man who attacked Galahad in the taxi was Charlie Hesketh. Rejected Kingsman applicant turned bad. We last saw him back at Richmond Valentine's HQ. Like everyone else there... Charlie had a security implant in his neck. A weakness we had no choice but to exploit.

Eggsy : Hey, Merlin. Still fucking spectacular, eh? Come on, guys, loosen up. We saved the world.

Marlin : Yeah. Unfortunately, Galahad, you also saved Charlie. When you electrocuted him, you damaged his implant. Instead of his head exploding... he only lost an arm and his vocal chords.

Eggsy : Fucker should be thanking me

Arthur : And now he's back for revenge?

Marlin : We don't think so, sir. We believe he's being recruited by an unknown organization. Lancelot?

Roxy : Got the police autopsy reports from Charlie's colleagues in the SUVs. They're not just goons for hire. Fingerprints removed. Teeth filed smooth. I did a face recognition. Nothing. And that thing? A cosmetic tattoo made of 24-carat gold. They all had them. Seems like we're looking at some kind of underworld organization.

Angel : Senora Poppy has sent me for my makeover.

Robot : Follow me. Please take your shirt off.

Poppy :) It's beautiful, isn't it? Not that. This.

Song : The sun is out The sky is blue Bon appetit. There's not a cloud To spoil the view But it's raining Raining in my heart Oh, misery, misery What's gonna become of me? Raining in my heart

Poppy : How is it?

Angel : It's delicious.

Poppy : Welcome to Golden Circle.

Eggsy : Mmm. (SPEAKING SWEDISH)

Tilde Father : I think we should do you the favor of conversing in English, yes. So, tell me... what do you do?

Eggsy : I work for Kingsman, the tailors, Your Highness.

Tilde Father : You may address my daughter as "Your Highness."

Please address the Queen and myself with "Your Majesty."

Tilde : Pappa, this is a family dinner. not some state function.

Tilde Father : Well then, Eggsy. What do you make of the current situation in the Indian financial markets?

Eggsy : Uh... Well... I don't think we can underestimate the impact of ECB's quantitative easing measures. And of course, the liquidity wave from the US Federal Reserve rate hike... getting pushed back.

Tilde Father : Frida Kahlo.

Eggsy : Well, other than the 1939 acquisition by the Louvre... she wasn't really acknowledged until the new Mexicanisimo art movement... of the late 1970s.

Tilde Father : Moorish revival.

Eggsy : Ah. The Palazzo Sammezzano. In Tuscany. Beautiful.

Tilde Father : Bluetooth technology.

Eggsy : . Which, of course, got its name from the legendary Danish king... Harald Blatand, whose name translates to "Bluetooth" in English. And the Bluetooth logo is his initials in Norse runic symbols. And, as I'm sure you know... the Bluetooth logo is his initials... in Norse runic symbols.

Roxy : Oh, my God, Eggsy. Why isn't he eating his fucking pudding? I need to research this gold tattoo. I found records of other people with the same body modifications. All of them have high level involvement... with crime and international drug trafficking. And there's rumors of something called The Golden Circle.

Eggsy : You are the best.

Roxy : Best agent or best friend?

Eggsy : Both.

Brandon : Come on, JB. Give it a rest, mate. Stop scratching the door. I'm gonna get the blame now. There you are. Happy? With the decks and all that. Shit, boy! What the... Do you reckon, JB... model material?

Tilde Father : I must say, you're really not as I expected.

Eggsy : Well, thank you very much... Your Majesty.

Brandon : Eggsy? Is that you, mate? What the fuck is going on here? You a gangster now or something? Fuckin' hell. Is that Tilde's mom and dad's house? Tell you what. Whatever you're doing, I want in.

Eggsy : Put it down! I said, put it down now! Shut it! Fucking shut it! I beg your pardon? Shut it! Shut it now!

Brandon : All right, mate. Chill your boots.

Tilde : Eggsy!

Eggsy : what... Oh, no. Oh, my God, no. I'm so sorry.

Brandon : You shut up and all. You got me in enough trouble.

Arthur : The next order of business... Agent Percival. Arthur. Oh, fuck.

Poppy : Yep. Kingsman is crumpets. Like toast, but British. And to say thank you... I got you a present, Charlie. My guys made you this. Bigger, badder, better. I call it... ARMageddon. Let's see if your game improves. Ouch.

Eggsy : Someone decides to wipe out every Kingsman property... every agent, and somehow... conveniently, you weren't at home.

Marlin : I could say the same thing about you.

Eggsy : What, you think I'd kill Roxy? And my mate, Brandon, and my fucking dog?

Marlin : No. You think I would? This thing... hacked us. Clearly, this arm can be remotely controlled. I'm only alive because my address wasn't on the database with the agents. Whoever Charlie's working with doesn't think that mere staff are missile-worthy.

Eggsy : This ain't funny. Roxy is dead! Everyone's dead! Gone! Do you even care?

Marlin : Pull yourself together. Remember your training. There's no time for emotion in this scenario. Now... as all surviving agents are present, we follow the doomsday protocol. When that's done, and only then... you may shed a tear in private.

Eggsy : Okay. What's the doomsday protocol?

Marlin : We go shopping. We're from Kingsman. We'd like to buy some wine. And use tasting room number three, please. Not one of my predecessors has ever been in this situation before. Thank God. A-ha. Remember this?

Eggsy : : Yeah, how could I forget?

Marlin : Whatever's in that safe is the answer to all our problems. Huh.

Eggsy : Is that it?

Marlin : I suppose that must be upper-class humor. I don't get it.

Eggsy : Me neither. What the fuck are we supposed to do now?

Marlin : I think we should drink a toast to our fallen comrades.

Eggsy : To Roxy.

Marlin : Roxy. Ooh. To Arthur.

Eggsy : Arthur. Mmm. Should we do one for JB?

Marlin : I think we should.

Marlin : I should have seen it coming. Charlie, the taxi. It's all my fault.

Eggsy : No, that's bullshit, Merlin. It ain't all your fault. You're the best, bruv. Honestly, without you... I'd have lost it a long time ago.

Marlin : I think we should drink to Scotland.

Eggsy : I think we've probably had enough, to be honest.

Marlin : You're probably right.

Eggsy : Merlin.

Marlin : Aye?

Eggsy : I think we're going to Kentucky.

Marlin : Fried Chicken? I love fried chicken.

Eggsy : No, proper Kentucky. Look.

Marlin : You know what else I love? Country and western music.

Country roads Take me home To the place I belong

Tourism Guide : Oh! Here's where we leave the casks to age.

Unfortunately, we can't go in, as it's a temperature-controlled environment. So let's move on to our world class stud farm... and meet three of our Kentucky Derby winners.

Eggsy : Biometric security scanner just to protect a few old barrels of whiskey? Pull the other one, love.

Marlin : Got it.

Eggsy : Are you getting anything?

Marlin : Not yet.

EGGSY: Fucking hell.

MERLIN: It's a shame it's not scotch. Hang on. According to this, there's a huge underground structure right beneath us. And if my calculations are correct... This... is the way in.

Eggsy : Fucking hell, Merlin. Shit.

Tequila: You know, my mama... she always told me... us southerners get our good manners from the British. I was thinkin', ain't that a pity. Y'all didn't keep nothing for yourselves. Y'all ain't never heard of knocking before you enter?

Marlin : Well, actually we had an invitation. Didn't we?

Eggsy : Yeah. Oh, did you now? Yeah.

Eggsy : It came in the shape of a bottle. We're from the Kingsman tailor shop in London.

Marlin : Maybe you've heard of us?

Tequila : Oh, the Kingsman. Huh. That's where y'all got them fine suits and them fancy spectacles y'all got on?

Marlin : Exactly.

Eggsy : That's right.

Tequila : Y'all look damn sharp. Let me see if I got it right, here. You want me to believe that it's normal for a tailor... to hack through an advanced biometric security system... with nothing but a little bitty old watch on? I can promise you... that dog don't hunt. So why don't you go on and get down on your knees... and tell me who you really work for. That's 1963 Statesman Reserve. You just made it personal.

Eggsy : Who the fuck are you?

Tequila : A bottle in a secret wall. You really expect me to take that seriously? See, I think your story's horse shit. Y'all just trying to cover for a failed rescue mission. You here for the lepidopterist, ain't you? Okay, so your mystery bottle, huh? Look anything like that, right there?

Eggsy : Yes. Same brand, much older.

Tequila : All right. Let's see here. You know why the measurement of alcohol content's called "proof"?

Eggsy : Oh, fuck off!

Marlin : Oh, for Pete's sake.

Tequila : See, comes from back in the old days... when pirates wanted to test the strength of their rum. They used to pour a little bit out on gunpowder. That'll make you wanna slap your mama right there, boy. And if the gunpowder, if it burnt when they set it alight... they considered it proof... that their rum was good and strong. But see, I ain't got no gunpowder on me, do I? But I'm pretty sure you boys'll make just as impressive of a sound... when I set your balls on fire.

Or you could just tell me who the fuck y'all really are... and how the hell y'all found us.

MERLIN: Look, for the last time, we have nothing to protect but our honor. So you can take your cheap horse piss that you call whiskey... which, by the way, is spelled without an "e"... and is

nothing compared to a single malt scotch... and you can go fuck yourself.

Tequila : What about you?

Eggsy : Me?

Tequila : Yeah.

Eggsy : No, I love a Jack and Coke, bro. But I do agree with the part where you go fuck yourself.

Tequila : All right. Y'all ain't got nothing to protect other than your honor. Let's see what happens when we change things up.

Eggsy : Fuck me.

Marlin : Harry?

Tequila : Y'all got three seconds to tell me the truth.

MERLIN: Wait. No.

Eggsy : Harry!

Tequila : He can't hear you. But I can, so talk.

Marlin : No!

Eggsy : Get down, Harry!

MERLIN: Harry! Harry!

Tequila : That's two.

Marlin : Harry! Harry!

EGGSY : Harry!

Tequila : Three.

Ginger : Stop! Their story checked out. I opened our doomsday scenario locker and that umbrella was in it. Kingsman. It's got our logo on it. I'm really sorry.

Tequila : My apologies, boys. I hope there ain't no hard feelings. I was just doin' my job. Welcome to the Statesman, independent intelligence agency. Just like y'all, I reckon. But our founders went into the booze business. Thank the sweet Lord above. This is Ginger Ale. She's our strategy executive.

Ginger : Hello.

Tequila : I'm Agent Tequila.

Eggsy : This is the part where you untie us.

MERLIN: Thank you.

Eggsy : Harry.

Harry : Hello.

Eggsy : Hello, mate.

Marlin : Harry. How do you do?

Harry : Have we met before?

Eggsy : Harry, it's okay. It's fine. They know that we know you.

Harry : I think there must be some mistake.

Marlin : It's been such a long time, Harry. I need to get my brogues resoled.

Eggsy : Yeah, and my oxfords are done in as well.

Harry : Why are you telling me about your shoes? I'm a lepidopterist.

Eggsy : You're a what?

Harry : I study butterflies.

MERLIN: Well, you wanted to be before you joined the army, but... Harry, look at me. It's good to see you. We'll be back soon.

Tequila : So these fellas right here are our doomsday protocol?

Ginger : Turns out, our founder's tailor was Kingsman.

Eggsy : What the fuck have you done to him?

Ginger : Nothing. Only tried to help him. He's got retrograde amnesia. Now, we knew from his eyeglasses that he was intelligence. We just didn't know whose.

Marlin : How did he get here?

GINGER: What the hell? Tequila, I'm getting a crazy spike... of extreme low frequency waves 11 miles from here. I'm gonna need you to escort me there immediately. I need your alpha gel.

TEQUILA: I'll go check the church.

GINGER: We developed our alpha gel technology for our own agents. in the event of a head shot. The gel protects the brain. Then, in the lab, we use nanites... micro-bots, to repair tissue damage. There are side effects. Partial amnesia... regression to the younger self. With no idea who he was, there was nothing we could do. But now you guys are here... there's a good chance we can bring him back.

POPPY: You're late. Why are you still wearing that?

Charlie : Until you get rid of the perimeter landmines... I'll keep wearing the suit, thank you very much.

POPPY: Scaredy-cat. Shut up and sit down. Let's go!

CHARLIE: Crocodile Rock, please.

Elton : Fuck you!

Poppy : Hey, hey, Elton, language. Okay, as fabulous as your catalogue is... I think I want to hear some Gershwin.

Charlie : I still can't believe... you got away with kidnapping Elton John.

Poppy : I know! But with Valentine abducting those celebrities... it seemed silly not to take advantage of the confusion.

Charlie : Shit. Has Elton got the blue rash?

Poppy : Lights. Hey, Elton. Have you been a bad boy again? You're lying. Look at your hands.

Elton : What is it?

Poppy : It's proof that my plan is gonna work. It's also the first sign of a slow and horrible death. Don't worry, I can fix it. Tell me who you partied with.

Elton : It was Angel.

Poppy : Huh, not very angelic. Gonna have to clip his wings.

Tequila : Close the door behind you.

Champ : At what point are you going to start behaving like a Statesman, Tequila? You wanna go back to being a rodeo clown?

Tequila : No, sir. I apologize, sir.

Champ : I'm Champagne. But anyone who knows what's good for him... calls me Champ. Sorry for your troubles. As your American cousins... I'm placing all of Statesman's considerably larger resources at your disposal. Can you imagine us in the clothing business? Now, how can I help you?

EGGSY: First of all, I've got to thank you for saving Agent Galahad.

Champ : Wait. You said that you were Galahad.

Tequila : Oh, no, he's talking about the butterfly guy. That used to be his handle.

EGGSY: Galahad always said, "You've got to look at the bigger picture..." "ask 'why' as well as 'who'." So if someone wanted to take out Kingsman... then they've got to be planning something major.

Champ : So what do you know?

Eggsy : They're a drug cartel, we think.

The name Golden Circle keeps coming up.

Champ : Mmm. We'll look into them. What else?

Eggsy : One of our former trainees is working with them. Charlie Hesketh. Total prick.

Champ : You got any promising leads on him?

Eggsy : His ex-girlfriend. I've been tracking her through social media. We believe she's still in contact with him. And she's going to Glastonbury Music Festival.

Champ : Oh, good. Agent Tequila, break out your dancing shoes. You have a new mission.

Tequila : Yes, sir.

CHAMP: Hold up. You feeling okay?

Tequila : I'm a little tired, but fine, thanks. Galahad, you ready?

CHAMP: Your face... You got...

Tequila : What the fuck?

CHAMP: Oh, shit. Head to the sick bay. Have Ginger check you out. Hey, give him your glasses. You're in luck, kid. Put 'em on. You get our finest senior agent to join you instead. Right now, he's in our New York office. Galahad, meet Agent Whiskey.

WHISKEY: Kid... looks like we're hookin' up with a chick at a rock concert. My favorite kind of mission. I'm sending my jet to pick you up.

GINGER: We've dealt with this kind of amnesia before. Harry's like a computer that needs to be rebooted. We need to recreate a shock or trauma from his past... to trigger his memory.

MERLIN: I hope you're right.

Harry : Uh, excuse me. There seems to be some sort of a problem here. Help! Somebody! What the hell is going on? Help me! Help! Oh, God! Stop! Fuck!

Marlin : Get him out now.

Ginger : No, no, wait. His instincts are gonna kick in.

Marlin : No. I'm sorry to do this. Are you okay?

Harry : What happened?

Marlin : Harry, you've forgotten who you are. We thought this might jog your memory. Look, when you were young, you had a choice. To either be a lepidopterist or to join the army. You chose the army. That led to Kingsman. You became a Kingsman agent.

Harry : I doubt whether I'd work for anyone who drowns their employees. I want to go home. I want my butterfly collection. I want to see Mother.

GINGER: There's nothing more we can do. It's time to let him go.

EGGSY: Babe, I wish I could stay longer, but I've got to go on with this mission.

Tilde : Wait, wait, wait. Before you go, I wanna show you something.

EGGSY: Aw!

Tilde : I know he could never replace JB... but... Oh, my days. I hoped he might make you happy. And give you another reason to come back home soon.

Eggsy : I love him. But I don't need another reason to come home.

Whiskey : I apologize. Just waiting for my friend.

Eggsy : I'll be back as soon as I can, I promise.

Tilde : Got to go save the world?

Eggsy : Yep.

Tilde : Well, if you save the world... you know what that means.

Eggsy : Yeah, all right. Bye, buddy. Got the passes from my contact. You're gonna love Glastonbury.

Whiskey : Well, that's the easy part, kid. Take a look in the glove box.

EGGSY: Fucking hell, bro. Thought everything was supposed to be bigger in America. Is this why you overcompensate with these massive cars?

Whiskey : Goes on your finger. The surveillance tracker is in the tip. Apply light pressure for three seconds to release it.

EGGSY: Okay, so according to her Instagram feed... Charlie's ex-girlfriend is up ahead at the VIP bar. Which one of us is gonna plant the tracker?

WHISKEY: I say we both make an approach... whoever gets on best, goes for it. Well, it doesn't have to be a competition, bro.

Eggsy : Why don't we just go up to her... shake her hand, pat her on the back, whatever, you know. Job done.

Whiskey : The hand is not a mucous membrane, Eggsy. Neither is the back.

They teach you anything at Kingsman?

Eggsy : What are you talking about?

Whiskey : Our trackers are designed to enter the bloodstream. They circulate harmlessly, providing full audio and GPS.

EGGSY: Mucus membrane. That's like up the nose, isn't it? What the fuck am I gonna do? Stick my finger... It's not just inside the nose, is it?

Whiskey : No, Eggsy, it ain't.

Eggsy : Fuck.

Whiskey : All right, I'll take the first crack. Watch and learn, buddy.

Eggsy : Good luck.

Whiskey : Miss, I beg your pardon. Now, I don't wanna pester you... but I just have to know, what time are you playing?

Clara : I'm not in a band. Oh, God. Who did you think I was? Please don't say someone ghastly.

Whiskey : God damn it, now I feel like a fool. I just assumed that a woman with your charisma... well, she just had to be somebody. Right.

Clara : Thank you.

Whiskey : No, it's okay. I know you didn't mean to make me feel like a dumb-ass. So I'll let you make it up to me by letting me buy you a drink.

Clara : Follow my finger.

Whiskey : What are we doing?

Clara : Swiping to the left. What, you don't do Tinder in America?

Whiskey : Tinder what?

Eggsy : Do you know, I think it's probably a generational thing. It translates as "Go away, old man."

Whiskey : Be good, be cool.

Eggsy : Bye.

Clara : Thank you for that. I'm Clara.

Eggsy : River. Bloody hell, is that the time? You know what, I'm so jetlagged I don't know if I'm coming or going.

Clara : Where've you been? Anywhere nice?

Eggsy : South America. Been spending a bit of time out there. Training with the shaman, and trying to really connect with my spirit animal.

Yeah. I'm a crow. And, hang on, let me guess...

Clara : No.

Eggsy : Jaguar.

Clara : What? No! Oh, my God! Yes? How did you even know that? Look, it totally is. Check it out.

Eggsy : Oh. Ino Moxo. Black jaguar. Very nice.

Clara : You know what? I wanna buy you a drink.

MERLIN: Eggsy sent this

from Glastonbury. And #bluerash is trending on Twitter.

Have you found any correlation between these cases?

Ginger : Only recreational drug use. Ah. I know. Not very Statesman-like. Tequila here... he is our resident bad boy.

Marlin : You don't think this could be related to The Golden Circle, do you?

Ginger : A drug cartel poisoning its customers? Doesn't make sense. Mmm.

CHARLIE: Poppy, would you pass the sugar, please?

POPPY: Okay. But it's really bad for you. Eight times more addictive than cocaine. Five times more likely to cause death. But it's legal... so, you go ahead. Knock yourself out. Don't get me started on tobacco and alcohol. Peddle that stuff and you're in Fortune 500. But me? No! I'm out here hiding in the middle of nowhere. Homesick. Because I sell drugs.

Charlie : Oh, Pops. You're doing this because you're homesick?

POPPY: Yes. I want freedom. I want fame. Our profits were 250 billion dollars last year. I am the most successful

Businesswoman in the world, but nobody knows who I am.

Charlie : Pops, Pops. It's not long now, eh? You're right, thank you.

ANGEL: Sorry to interrupt you. You wanted to see me, Madam Poppy?

Poppy : Yes, Angel. In The Golden Circle... we do not sample the merchandise... and we do not break the rules. Which is why I

have invested in robots... because they are so much more reliable and trustworthy than human beings.

Elton : Oh! Oh! Oh, no. Whoa! Whoa!

CLARA: Sorry we never found your friends.

Eggsy : Well, we all go on our separate journeys... but, ultimately, we'll all arrive at the same destination.

Clara : Shall we check my tent? See if they're there?

Eggsy : Uh... Yeah.

Clara : Oh, come on.

Eggsy : Wow. This is amazing.

Clara : Come on.

Eggsy : Uh, you know what, I'm busting for a pee actually.

Clara : You could do it on me if you want.

Eggsy : Uh... Maybe in a bit. Give me a sec, yeah?

Clara : Okay, but hurry up, River. Been waiting all night for you to at least kiss me.

EGGSY: Hi, babe.

Uh, bit of a nightmare. I've got to sleep with a target... but I won't do it, unless you agree that it's all right.

Tilde : You've got to be fucking kidding. What was I, target practice?

Eggsy : Babe, surely it's better that I'm honest with you... rather than me doing it and not telling you. Kind of got a bit of a "save the world" situation here.

Tilde : How the fuck is screwing someone gonna save the world?

Eggsy : Well, it's a bit complicated... but trust me, I would not be doing it if I didn't have to. Babe, please believe me.

I love you. You are the person I wanna spend the rest of my life with.

Tilde : Is that a proposal? Because I think I'd give you permission. Having that security, knowing that we were committed... In that context, yeah. Yeah, I'd feel different.

Eggsy : Right. Well, I mean... I want to be with you, but being a public figure, babe... like a prince... It's a bit of a factor, you know, what with my job and stuff. Oh, no, no, no, come on. Okay. Uh, look, we need to talk about this properly. Just give me five minutes, okay?

Tilde : Don't put yourself down, Eggsy. I'm sure you can last longer than that.

Clara : What's the matter?

Eggsy : Nothing. I just feel that our spirit animals need more time to get in sync... and find a harmonious bond on the spiritual plane. Totally. Yeah?

Clara : Or we could just... fuck?

Eggsy : Clara, I don't think I can. But you know what? My crow is looking for a place to nest.

MERLIN: Good work, Eggsy! Tracker fully functional.

Ginger : Don't worry, I've been through this with Whiskey before. Nice to be working with an agent who knows what he's doing.

CLARA: Wow, Mr. Crow. My turn.

EGGSY: I'm sorry. I can't. I'm in a relationship.

Clara : That's adorable. Listen, so am I. What happens at Glasto, stays in Glasto.

Eggsy : I can't. Bye, Clara.

Motor Manor Hotel...

Eggsy : Yeah, can you put me through to Princess Tilde, please.

Receptionist : Oh, actually, sir, I'm just looking at my computer... and I'm afraid that the princess is already checked out.

EGGSY: Thank you. Fuck! Harry. What's going on?

Harry : I was just packing. Look at these lovely toiletries Merlin very kindly gave me as a leaving present. Here, try this aftershave.

Eggsy : Yeah, I know, Harry. I'm wearing it. Listen, you can't just give up.

Harry : Give up? No, on the contrary. I'm about to achieve my dream. Researching rare butterflies alongside some of the finest minds in entomology.

Eggsy : You know, you may as well have me stuck up on this wall. 'Cause you're never gonna find a butterfly more interesting than me.

Harry : Sorry?

Eggsy : When you and I first met, I was just, like, a maggot. Maggots turn into flies.

Harry : Perhaps you mean larva.

Eggsy : Larva, yeah, okay. Whatever. The point is... everyone wanted to squash me. But not you. You helped me to become a caterpillar. And now I've got wings. I'm flying higher than I ever dreamed. And that is all thanks to you.

Harry : I hate to seem rude, but I need to finish packing and get some sleep.

Eggsy : Harry, you can't just walk away. Kingsman needs you. The whole world needs you. I need you.

Harry : Eggsy, whoever the Harry was that you knew, he's gone, I'm afraid. Goodbye.

Eggsy : That's not a martini.

Bartender : It is in Kentucky.

Eggsy : Fair enough.

HARRY: Here's to you, Eggsy. You're exactly what Kingsman needs.

This is Princess T.

Please leave a message.

Eggsy : Can I have another martini, please? Sure. Thanks. You know what? That was the best martini I've ever had. Keep the change.

Bartender : Thanks.

EGGSY: It's all right. Don't panic. Just thought I'd bring you a little leaving present. What do you think? He's lovely, isn't he? Would you like to hold him?

Harry : Hello.

Eggsy : Do you think I should shoot him?

Harry : Are you quite mad? What? What's the problem? No! You can't!

Eggsy : Eh? What?

Harry : No, you'll have to shoot me!

Eggsy : Shoot you? Well, I will shoot you.

Harry : No. No one's sick enough to shoot a puppy!

Eggsy : Well, what about you, Harry? You were sick enough to shoot a puppy! Do you remember?

Harry : It was a blank.

Eggsy : Yes, Harry. Yes!

Harry : It was a fucking blank!

Eggsy : That's right.

Harry : It was a blank! I would never hurt Mr. Pickle!

Eggsy : Yes, Harry!

Harry : He lived to a ripe old age! He died of pancreatitis! You're not Mr. Pickle.

Eggsy : Hello, Harry.

Harry : Eggsy. Valentine has to be stopped.

Eggsy : No, I know.

Harry : He has a device.

Eggsy : It's all right. It's sorted. Don't worry. We got a lot of catching up to do.

Marlin : Well, well. I suppose I should cancel that taxi.

HARRY: Yes. If you don't mind... Merlin.

Marlin : Welcome back... Galahad.

EGGSY: Now that we've finished the debrief, Harry...

here's a couple of welcome back gifts. First up... a brand-new Kingsman watch. Advanced software, it can hack into anything with a microchip. It is the bollocks. And Merlin...

MERLIN: I made you these.

Harry : A-ha. Thank you, Merlin, Eggsy. How do I look?

Villain : You look... Like some faggot lookin' for an eye fuckin'. Now... why don't you get out of our bar... before I take out your other one?

Whiskey : Now, is that any way to welcome a visitor from out of town, moonshine?

Villain : Okay. Suck my southern dick... bitch.

Harry : Oh, I don't think that'll be necessary. Good day, sir.

Citizen : Well? What are you ladies waitin' for?

Harry : Manners... maketh... man. Do you know what that means? Then let me teach you a lesson. Are we going to stand around here all day? Or are we going to...

Whiskey : Well, pick him up. Now, that is not what I call a Kentucky welcome. Manners maketh man. Let me translate that for you.

Harry : What's wrong with me, Merlin? I thought you fixed me?

Marlin : Well, we rebuilt your neural pathways. But it'll take time to get your coordination back.

Harry : And the phantom butterflies?

Marlin : You will experience episodes... lapses of clarity. You'll be back to normal soon.

Whiskey : Whoo. I feel like a tornado in a trailer park.

CHOIR: Television

Golden Circle proudly presents Mr. President, my name is Poppy Adams. I believe the UN has no teeth. So I've selected you, as leader of the free world, to receive this communication. And I invite you to begin negotiations... on the largest scale hostage situation in history. A few weeks ago, an engineered virus was released... contained in all varieties of my product. Cannabis, cocaine, heroin, opium, ecstasy... ..and crystal meth. Some of you are already infected. And this is what you can expect in the coming days. After a brief incubation period... victims present with stage one symptoms.

A blue rash. Next... second stage symptoms appear. Mania... as the virus enters the brain. Very distressing to the victim and those around them. Stage three... Paralysis. Muscles enter a state of catastrophic seizure.

And once the muscles of the thorax become affected... breathing becomes impossible... leading to a very nasty death within 12 hours. But I have good news to the millions already affected. It doesn't have to be this way. I have an antidote.

Elton : What have you done to me, you fucking bitch?

100% effective... and ready to ship out worldwide at a moment's notice. Get out of my room!

You have my word. Get out! I will do this... if the following conditions are met. Get out of my fucking room! First, you agree to end the war on drugs, once and for all. All classes of substance are legalized... paving the way to a new marketplace in which sales are regulated and taxed... as per alcohol. And second, my colleagues and I receive full legal immunity. Meet my terms... and I look forward to helping you keep our beloved country great... boosting our ailing economy, and easing spending on law enforcement. Or continue this blinkered, outmoded... and, frankly, disastrous exercise in prohibition... and live with blood on your hands. Save lives. Legalize.

Jamal : I told you that shit was no good for you.

REPORTER: Who is Poppy Adams? After graduating Harvard Business School... Adams was briefly held for serious mental health issues... before disappearing without a trace.

Clark : Intelligent, ambitious, ruthless, lacks empathy, superficial charm. All the elements of a great CEO. Or a psychopath.

Reporter : Following the broadcast of Adams's message to the president... there were scenes of chaos today... at medical centers across the country and around the world.

DOCTOR: We have no more beds available. The hospital is at full capacity. The blue rash is now being renamed. "The Dancing Disease"... as victims begin to exhibit stage two symptoms.

Ginger : Let's prep the cryo unit.

MERLIN: You want to freeze him?

GINGER: Exactly.

REPORTER: Victims of the virus caused by contaminated recreational drugs...

flooded hospitals and clinics in fear for their lives.

REPORTER 2: Curfews and no travel orders are being considered as authorities assess the scale of the disaster.

REPORTER 2: But there has still been no official response from the president... who remains locked in emergency talks.

Presiden : Prepare a presidential decree. Tell intelligence and law enforcement to stand down. We're gonna dance to this lady's tune.

FOX: Good. We can make this work. We spin it that it's not a matter of negotiation with terrorists.

Presiden : No, what I'm proposing... is we appear to agree to her demands

to prevent global panic... and then let the junkie scum go down in flames. Huh? Huh? Yeah. Take Poppy Adams and her so-called Golden Circle down with them. No drug users, no drug trade. It's a win-win situation here.

Fox : But, sir, we're not talking about a handful of hostages. We could be looking at the deaths of hundreds of millions worldwide.

Presiden : Hundreds of millions of criminals, burdens to society. Am I right, McCoy?

McCoy : Absolutely, sir.

Fox : But, sir, that's... What about people who were just experimenting? Folks who self-medicate? Functioning professionals? Kids?

President : Oh, spare me the crap, Fox. The fact is, this presidency has just won the war on drugs.

McCoy : Congratulations, sir. Thank you.

And that deserves a toast.

Fox: This is totally unethical, sir.

President: Fox, shut up! McCoy, declare martial law. We need to keep control, commandeer stadiums, schools, civic centers... order a press blackout. And put the military on standby to round these junkies up.

Champ : Whether they broke the law or not, those victims are human beings. Tequila. He's a great guy. And a great agent. Right now, he's lying in deep freeze waitin' on our help.

Whiskey : We can't make this personal, sir.

Champ : Personal? Agent, we can't stand by and let folks like him die. These people, we're their only hope. Now, we have to find that antidote. Poppy's stockpiles, well, they could be anywhere.

Harry: She must have some on hand. Locate Poppy... and obtain a sample for analysis. Maybe it can be replicated.

Ginger: Sorry to cut in, guys. But Charlie is on the phone with his girlfriend. Looping you in now.

Clara: Don't worry. I'm on a payphone... covered in a fucking blue rash.

Charlie : Why didn't you tell me?

Clara : All you said was, "Don't take any drugs." It was a music festival for fuck's sake.

Charlie : Fuck. Shit. Shit! Okay. Listen. You need to get to the lab in Italy. Do you remember where we went skiing?

Clara : Yes. Yes, I remember.

Charlie : Yeah. Meet me there and I'll give you the antidote.

Clara : Okay.

Champ : All right. Jet's ready. Whiskey, Galahad, get to Italy.

Whiskey : You two need to fix this code name thing. And with all due respect, sir... I don't think Galahad senior is ready to return to fieldwork.

Champ : I did actually mean... Of course.

Harry : And with all disrespect... I'm not going anywhere without him. Brains, skills... skipping rope?

Whiskey : It's a lasso.

Eggsy: Whatever. Come on.

Champ : Go on. Vamoose.

Whiskey: Yes, sir.

Charlie : Drink it. Wow.

Clara: It's working already. Thank God.

Ginger : Agent Whiskey. Antidote confirmed at the target's location. Good luck.

Whiskey: Hold up. We need you down here, Galahad. To secure the control room.

Eggsy: Probably a good idea, Harry. Call you from the top, yeah? Hey!

Harry : So sorry about this. At the controls. In position.

Eggsy : Keep this cable car here till we get back.

Harry: Roger that, Eggsy.

Eggsy : Clara's definitely here. We're getting warmer.

Harry : Harry Hart, Harry Hart, super spy, super spy.

Eggsy : Looks like we've got a door.

Ginger: Yep.

Marlin : There you go.

Whiskey : I'll cover.

Eggsy : Hi, there. Whew. Sorry I'm late. You guys did not make this place easy to find.

CS antidote : Who are you?

Eggsy : I'm here to collect this antidote.

CS antidote : For Singapore?

Eggsy : Yeah.

CS antidote : You are Wu Ting Feng?

Eggsy : Yes.

Charlie : Hey, how are you still alive?

Clara : River, what are you doing here?

Charlie: River?

Eggsy: Hi, Clara. What happens at Glasto, stays in Glasto.

Charlie : You motherfucker!

Eggsy : Bye, Charlie.

Charlie : Sound the alarm! You fucking cockroach! Jam the door!

Ginger : Give...

Charlie : Fuck!

Whiskey: Galahad, we're coming. All clear at the bottom?

Galahad, come in! Charlie : Open the fucking door. They've locked. Open the door!

Eggsy : Harry, come on, we're in. Let's go.

Harry : Away, butterflies.

Eggsy : Butterfly? No, Harry. You've got to shut the doors, please. Come on. We've gotta go now. Please! Shut the fucking door, Harry! Harry, are you there? Well done, Harry. Good. Thanks, man.

Charlie : Come on. Now!

CS antidote : It's done.

Charlie : Thank you.

Eggsy : You all good down there, Harry?

Harry : All clear.

Charlie : Hello, Eggsy. Enjoy the ride, bruv.

Harry : All the buttons are dead. Controls gone. Everything's in shutdown. You're on your own, Eggsy.

Charlie : What the fuck is that?

Harry : Oh, my God.

Eggsy : You've gotta be fucking kidding!

Villager : Jesus fucking Christ! What the fuck is that? What the hell is that? Shit! That's the first decent shit I've had in three weeks.

Eggsy : Harry, meet us at the emergency rendezvous point.

Harry : Roger that. Got you on the GPS.

Eggsy: So weird to think this tiny thing could save the world. Let me have a look.

Eggsy : Harry.

Harry : Am I late? You found the antidote.

Whiskey : Get down!

Eggsy : You fucking dickhead!

Whiskey : Fuck you! I just saved your life!

Eggsy : Yeah, and cost millions of people theirs!

Whiskey : All right, they're going for cover and reloading. I'll fix their wagons. Cover me, boys!

Harry : Wait. Eggsy, I think he could be working for the other side.

Eggsy : What the fuck is wrong with you? You're having a brain fart! Look! Does that look like he's working with them? Harry, are you seeing butterflies again?

Harry : I know what I'm seeing.

Whiskey : Good job he didn't need our help. Thank fucking Christ I didn't need any backup! I'm out of ammo! Troop carrier coming in. What've you got?

Eggsy : Fuck! Shit! There's a fuck ton of 'em!

Whiskey : What is this? Looks like you packed for a fucking slumber party, not a mission!

Eggsy : And they've got fucking Gatling guns!

Villain : You have 10 seconds to surrender before we open fire!

Eggsy : Guys, hurry up!

Villain : 10!

Whiskey : Hey!

Villain : 9!

Whiskey : Butterfly guy!

8!

Whiskey : You don't look like Ginger fixed you right. I said I'm empty!

7!

Whiskey : Give me yours.

6!

Eggsy : Harry, give him the fucking gun!

5!

Eggsy : Harry, no!

Villain : Oh, fuck it! Fire!

Eggsy : Harry, get down! I mean, honestly, Harry, what the fuck is wrong with you?

Harry : He broke the vial on purpose!

Eggsy : You're a fucking idiot! You're out of control, Harry!

Harry : If we made it out of here, he was gonna kill us both!

Eggsy : For fuck's sake, it looks like he wouldn't have fucking had to! Oh, ye of little faith.

Eggsy : This does not mean you're off the fucking hook!

Harry : We need to go dark. We don't know who else at Statesman could be working against us.

Eggsy : Shit! This is all my fault. You weren't ready for the field and I pushed for it!

Harry : He showed his hand. You think he'd have let us live? You should be thanking me for saving our arses!

Eggsy : Saving our arses? Try saying that to fucking Whiskey! You are unbelievable! Marlin, can you hear me?

Merlin: Yes, Eggsy.

Eggsy : Whiskey's down. He's been shot.

Marlin : What happened?

Eggsy : He got caught in the crossfire. I've applied the alpha gel. We'll bring him in. But first, I've gotta find a way to get back up to that lab

and retrieve more antidote.

Clara: Charlie, what's happening? Where are you?

Charlie : Everything's under control.

Charlie : I'm sorry, Charlie. I'm so sorry. Please don't tell Poppy it was me they followed.

Charlie: Don't worry, darling. What happens in Italy... stays in Italy.

Clara : Thank you.

Eggsy : Merlin, change of plans. Wu Ting Feng, Singapore. Who?

Eggsy: Exactly. It's the only lead we've got.

Harry : So I suggest you find out who he is. Come on.

Ginger : Wu Ting Feng, he's an assistant at a law firm.

Merlin: Let's get through their firewall.

Ginger: Yep. Merlin... have you ever wanted to do more than this?

Marlin : Are you serious?

Ginger : Yeah.

Marlin : This is vital. Without us, they'd be lost.

Ginger : I know, but you know what I mean. Get out there in the field.

Marlin : Well, have you ever asked?

Ginger : Of course I have. But every time an agent's position has come up... Whiskey has voted against me.

Marlin : No.

Ginger : Yeah. Wait, wait, wait. Look, check it out. Email in from Poppy,

from a senior partner at the firm.

Marlin : They're coordinates. Cambodia? You have any reconnaissance drones down in Asia?

Ginger: Sure do. Sending them in right now.

News anchor 1: The government today urged. Golden Circle victims... to report to the temporary field hospitals now set up across the country.

News anchor 2: The president's handling of the crisis has been commended by other world leaders.

Presiden : Damn. Politics has never been so easy. Oh, Jesus, Fox.

Fox : What? Oh, God. Like I said, sir... this affects all people from all backgrounds.

Presiden : disappointed, Fox.

Disappointed and disgusted.

Fox : Mr. President, I routinely work a 20 hour day for you, 7 days a week. Maybe some can do that without chemical help. Countless people are going to die. You can save them, sir. Innocent people like me.

Presiden : Not that innocent.

Ginger : He looks great.

Marlin : Good. Good news, gentlemen. He'll be back on his feet in no time.

Eggsy : I'm not certain

Harry : that's a good idea.

Marlin : What do you mean? I shot Agent Whiskey. Deliberately.

Marlin : What, why?

Harry : He was working against us. And until we find out why, I say we trust no one.

Eggsy : Merlin, Harry's sick. This whole thing is my fault. I thought he was ready. I'm sorry, I've got to take this.

Harry : Listen to me. This is not about my mental health. If there's a chance there's a double agent in our midst... or worse, if Statesman itself has a dark agenda... we have to safeguard this mission. We both know the president wants these victims dead.

Eggsy : Hey, baby.

Tilde : Hey.

Eggsy : Fuck.

Marlin : Look, Harry, I trust you. I always have. But it's about this situation. We need Statesman's resources. And I need to know that you are fit for work.

Eggsy : Babe, why didn't you call me?

Tilde : Are you the banana man?

Eggsy : Listen, we're on the verge of finding an antidote. It's gonna be all right.

Marlin : Now, look left for me.

Harry : There's nothing wrong with my brain.

Marlin : Look right. Can you remember the headline when you uncovered that spy ring in the Pentagon?

Harry : The football. England beat Germany, 5-1.

Marlin : Thatcher's assassination attempt.

Harry : Charles and Di's wedding.

Tilde : Hey, Bjorn Borg.

Eggsy : Babe, if you can hear me, I want you to know that I love you.

And if we get through this, and you'll have me back... I wanna be with you. No matter what. I promise I won't let you down. It's all gonna be all right.

Marlin : My favorite singer.

Harry : I don't bloody know. How would I know that?

Marlin : It's John Denver.

Eggsy : Merlin! Have you got eyes on that location yet? Soon. The reconnaissance drone's about an hour away. Which gives us

time to sort out... Bollocks, we haven't time for anything. I'm leaving now. With or without you.

Lawyer : Hello!

Guard : Identify yourself.

Lawyer : My name is Stacey Prewitt. I'm Ms. Poppy Adams' attorney.

Guard : Poppy, you expecting a lawyer tonight?

Poppy : Oh, yes. Please send him in. But don't forget to reactivate the landmines.

Poppy : My lawyer is bringing you the document right now. Hurry up. And once you countersign, it becomes an executive decree... and you can't back out, and then I release the antidote.

Presiden : Can you give me any assurance you can get it out there in time? And where's it gonna come from? How long it'll take to distribute?

Poppy : I wouldn't worry about that. I have secure stockpiles... hidden in every major city worldwide. And when I enter the access code... my fleet of drones will distribute the antidote immediately. So don't dilly-dally signin' that document 'cause time is running out.

Presiden : You dumb bitch!

Harry : You all right? What was that phone call you got?

Eggsy : Let's not, Harry. I don't think you'd sympathize... and I'm not really in the mood for a lecture.

Harry : All right. How about a martini? For old times' sake? Yeah, all right.

Eggsy : I had a girlfriend. I lost her. And it broke me. And now, if this mission fails... she's gonna die. I know it's against Kingsman rules, having a relationship.

Harry : When I was shot... can you guess what the last thing was that flashed through my mind? It was absolutely nothing. I had no ties. No bittersweet memories. I was leaving nothing behind. Never experienced

companionship... never been in love... and in that moment... all I felt was loneliness... and regret.

Eggsy : I'm sorry.

Harry : Don't be. Just know that having something to lose... is what makes life worth living. Now, let's go and save your girl.

Eggsy : I missed you, Harry.

Marlin : Gentlemen. I hate to break up a party. We're nearly there, so I suggest we get ready. Follow me. Oh, yes.

Whiskey : Hello, gorgeous. I'm Jack. What's your name? How would you like to ride home on a real cowboy? I got a six pack of cold ones on ice and my roomie's out all night. So you can scream my name as loud as you need to, sugar.

Ginger : I hate to do this to you, Jack.

Whiskey : Who's this pretty lady?

Ginger : She's dead. Cops said wrong place, wrong time.

Whiskey's wife : Hey, honey. I'm heading to the grocery store.

Whiskey : Ginger. Goddamn butterfly guy shot me in the fucking head.

Ginger : Why would he do that?

Whiskey : Well, I'm guessing you didn't fix him right. And where the hell is he?

Ginger : He's on his way to Cambodia with Eggsy and Merlin. That's where Poppy's base is.

Whiskey : Eggsy's gonna need backup.

Ginger : Yes, he is.

Whiskey : Get the Silver Pony on the runway and ready to take off.

Eggsy: Hey, hey. Looking good, Merlin.

Marlin : Feeling good, Eggsy. Right. This is yours. That's for you. Press the "S". Minesweeper. Courtesy of Statesman.

Eggsy: And what about these?

Merlin: Careful. Those are hand grenades. As discussed... this is for the endgame. I'm entrusting it to you. And I'm entrusting this... to me.

News anchor 1: Millions of Golden Circle victims worldwide... are now entering stage three paralysis.

News anchor 2: In his latest statement... the president promised he was doing everything in his power... to speed up negotiations and save lives. But fears are growing that for many, it may soon be

too late. Our thoughts and prayers are with the victims. God help us all.

Harry : Right. This is where we split up. Pincer movement.

Merlin, you're with me. Eggsy, you signal when we're in position.

Merlin: Don't move. You move, we die. Luckily, I have this. This spray will freeze the trigger mechanism... give us a split second.

So on the count of three... what I want you to... Merlin!

Eggsy : Merlin, what the fuck have you done?

Marlin : Our journey together began many years ago... when your father did the same thing for us.

Harry : Our journey began with a mistake I made. Give me the can. That's an order.

Marlin : Can's empty. Split second's over. You two need to get going.

Eggsy : No, no, no. There's got to be another way.

Harry: He's right. Mission comes first.

Eggsy : Bollocks, mission comes first!

Marlin : Eggsy! This is no time for emotion. Remember your training. Or we all die. Now get on with it.

Harry : Do as you're told. Move it! Go.

Harry : It's been an honor.

Marlin : Good luck. Almost heaven West Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains Shenandoah River

Guard : Poppy, come in.

Poppy: Roger. Life is old there

Guard: Are you expecting another lawyer? Older than the trees

Guard: There's a guy here singing.

Marlin : Younger than the mountains

Poppy : Singing?

Marlin : Blowin' like a breeze Country roads Take me home To the place I belong

Poppy: Bring him to me.

Marlin : West Virginia Mountain mamma Take me home Country road

Guard 2: Poppy, we got a situation here.

Marlin : Country roads Take me home To the place I belong West Virginia Mountain mamma Take me home Country roads

Poppy: Ooh. He stepped on a land mine. Can we get somebody out there to clean that up? Hello? Crap. We're under attack. Code five. Code five.

Guard : You two, off your fuckin' asses. Guard the door. Sir Elton, stay here. We're under attack.

Elton : Is it a rescue attempt?

Guard : Might be. Yes!

Elton: Wednesday, Wednesday Wednesday, Wednesday Wednesday, Wednesday Wednesday night's all right Hey

Guard : Isn't that supposed to be Saturday?

Elton : What day is it today?

Guard : Wednesday.

Elton : Exactly!

Guard : Elton, just calm down.

Elton : Fuck you!

Guard: Stay there, Elton.

Elton: Fuck off! Or i'll fuck you up. Fuck me. Holy cow.

Poppy : Get this out of here. Go!

Harry: Eggsy, get the case. You are going to tell me... what the access code is.

Poppy : Come on, Jet. Good girl. Motherfucker! Get out of the way, Elton.

Elton : Stay down. It's not allowed to hurt me.

Harry : Thank you.

Elton : Fuck you, Poppy! Fuck you, Poppy!

Poppy : Fuck you, Elton. Kill Elton John.

Elton : Fuck!

Harry : Elton, take the ball. Thank you.

Elton : Now, go off and save the world.

Harry : If I save the world, can I have two tickets to your next concert?

Elton : Darling, if you save the world, you can have a backstage pass.

Fuck you.

Eggsy : Time's up.

Charlie : Fuck!

POPPY: Bennie, Bennie, Bennie! Get them!

Got it.

Charlie: Kill him, Bennie!

Harry : Here, heel! Heel! Good boy! Come on!

Eggsy : Give me the code.

Charlie : No. We're not done yet.

Eggsy : Lucky for you, Charlie... one of us understands what it means to be a gentleman. Let's make this fair. Give me the code!

Charlie : I can't. Only Poppy knows it.

Eggsy : Well, then you're no use to me, are you? For the record, Charlie... I'm more of a gentleman than you'll ever be. But right now, it's time to drop the gentle bit. This is for Kingsman. For my mate Brandon. For Roxy. For JB. And for Merlin. Good night, bro.

Poppy : Hey, fellas.

Harry : You're going to give us the code.

Poppy : Mmm. Or what? 'Cause you don't seem like the kind of gentleman who would hurt a lady.

Harry : Perhaps not. Call me old-fashioned... I don't consider genocide especially ladylike.

Eggsy : Right. Enough small talk. Give us the code.

Poppy : Sure. No. I don't think so.

Ooh!

Ow!

Eggsy : Heroin. You know, where I come from... this shit you've been peddling's ruined a lot of lives. But yours is even more deadly. But it feels so nice, it's gonna make you lower your guard. Mmm.

Harry : Our colleague, Merlin, may he rest in peace... managed to synthesize your horrible little formula... and speed up its effects. So I would say you have just under eight minutes... before paralysis sets in and your breathing stops. But, of course, you know all about that.

Eggsy : So here's the deal. You release the antidote worldwide, and we make sure you get a dose.

Poppy : I have to give you

the code to live? Honey, you're so smart. You should work for me.

Eggsy : Right. Give us the code.

Poppy : Why not? The decree's getting signed soon. anyhoo. Um. It's "Viva las vegan." Get it? "Viva las..." Come snuggle with me. I like you.

Harry : I don't think that's terribly likely. She's od'd. You gave her too much.

Eggsy : Did I? You know, I really don't have as much experience with all this drug stuff... as people think. Better be the right code.

Harry : "Viva las..."

Whiskey : So? Don't move, kid. You try anything funny, and I'll turn this thing electric. Now give up your guns, fellas. Slide 'em over.

Eggsy : Whiskey. We are all on the same side here. You've had a head injury. The exact same thing happened to Harry. You're havin' some sort of brain glitch.

Whiskey : Nope. My brain's all good, kid. And you know what? I reckon the same was true for your friend Harry over here. Real fine instincts, I'll give him that. So stay still... or I'll dice him up so small, you can take him home in a bucket... and still have room for what's left of your buddy, Merlin.

Eggsy : Well, that's just fucking great. You're working for the president?

Whiskey : That asshole? Hell no. It's a matter of personal principle, agent. No more drug users. And the Statesman share price rockets.

Eggsy : So those are your principles? Making money? Our agencies were founded to uphold peace. To protect the innocent.

Whiskey : Do you wanna know who was innocent? My high school sweetheart. Love of my life. Pregnant with my little boy. He'd be about your age now... if his mama hadn't got caught in the crossfire... when two meth head freaks

decided to rob a fucking convenience store. A world without those people in it... sure smells like peace to me. You break the law... you pay the price. Good riddance... to all of them. That's

why I got to destroy that case. Now slide it over, Agent Galahad. Thank you.

Eggsy : Do you know what, Harry? I think he's got a point. I think it sounds like a bright idea. Put alpha gel on that, dickhead. "Viva las vegan. " This one's for you, Merlin.

Reporter : It's a day of worldwide celebration as millions rejoice... after they or their loved ones were saved from death.

Female news anchor: Distribution of The Golden Circle antidote continues... and field hospitals are emptying... as victims return to their homes tonight, cured.

Ginger : From now on, Tequila, I suggest you stick to booze.

Fox: The president actively sanctioned the deaths of hundreds of millions of people... and lied to the public. I am proud to be responsible for his impeachment... and I will do everything I can to ensure a smooth transition of power.

Champ: In honor of this historic occasion, we have purchased... a distillery in Scotland. This shows the world... that Kingsman is now joining the liquor business. Before we were cousins. Now we're brothers, working side-by-side. All our resources are now yours. You can rebuild. Tequila : Yeah, y'all shittin' in high cotton now.

Champ : Agent Tequila, this is a formal occasion... where's your tie and jacket?

Champ : Sorry, sir. Maybe the Kingsman boys can dress you properly. To our union!

ALL: To our union!

Champ : Final order of business... we would be honored if one of you would be our new Agent Whiskey.

Tequila : Yeah, this two Galahad thing is just fucking confusing. Well, I'm very honored...

Ginger : Champ... I'd like to throw my hat in the ring.

Champ : All right! Statesmen, the vote. Looks like she's in. Have a seat. To Agent Whiskey!

All : Agent Whiskey!

Cheers!

Eggsy : Are you sure I don't look like a dick?

Harry : Look in the mirror. What do you see?

Eggsy : Someone who can't believe what the fuck is going on.

Harry : I see a man who is honorable... brave... loyal... who's fulfilled

his huge potential. A man who's done something good with his life.

Eggsy : I owe you everything, Harry. Thank you.

Harry : Don't mention it. You ready?

Eggsy : Not a doubt in my mind.

Harry: As one of our founding Kingsman once said... this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning.

Yeah!!

