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APPENDIX

THE SAMPLES

NO.	Dialogues
1.	<p>Morton: My apologies, Your Grace. Security's paramount right now. It's a secret that you're visiting with the general. We can't be too careful with these Boers and their guerrilla tactics.</p> <p>Orlando: Too careful? Looks like this place could use a lot more care.</p> <p>Morton: Begging your pardon, sir, but these concentration camps are the reason we're winning this war. This way.</p>
2.	<p>Conrad: Why are we here, Mother?</p> <p>Emily: Do you remember why King Arthur and his knights had a round table? Because it meant that all men were equal. It's important that people born into privilege lead by example. That's why your father and I are patrons of the Red Cross.</p>
3.	<p>Shola: Welcome home, Your Grace.</p> <p>Orlando: Thank you, Shola.</p>
4.	<p>Kitchener: Morton, look after young Conrad for us, will you?</p> <p>Morton: It will be my pleasure, my lord.</p>
5.	<p>Tsar's Wife: Why would we go to war over something so trivial?"</p> <p>Nicholas: Because we gave Serbia our word. And besides, I hate the kaiser. It will be good for his oversized ego to match his undersized hand.</p> <p>Rasputin: A wise decision, my tsar. The soul of Russia is safe in your hands.</p>
6.	<p>Conrad: Father, your wishes were only granted because of my age. There's nothing you can do to stop me now. All I ask for is your blessing, at least.</p> <p>Orlando: I'm sorry, Conrad. But you're asking for the one thing that I cannot, and I will not give you.</p>
7.	<p>Wilhelm: Are you sure?</p> <p>Erik: Yes, my kaiser.</p>
8.	<p>George V : My idiot cousin, the kaiser, has finally shot himself in the foot. You've hit a six with this telegram, old boy. Kitchener would be proud. Well, I think champagne is in order.</p> <p>Orlando : Uh, thank you, Your Majesty, but I vowed not to drink until Conrad has returned safely from the war.</p>
9.	<p>General : King George is waiting for your response, Mr. President.</p> <p>Wilson: But how can this telegram be real? Not even the Germans would be this stupid.</p> <p>General : But, sir... I'm not doing a damn thing till I have undeniable proof.</p>
10.	<p>Conrad : What's your name?</p> <p>Archie Reid : Lance Corporal Reid, sir.</p>
11.	<p>Archie Reid: Conrad has sent me to see the duke.</p> <p>Shola: And your name, sir?</p> <p>Archie Reid: Good question. It's a complicated answer. I can only tell the duke in person.</p>
12.	<p>Forrest: That runner was actually a British spy. He was bringing me vital information. Our country needs what he was carrying, and I therefore need six volunteers. You will accompany me to retrieve what's left of him as soon as it's dark.</p> <p>(A soldier steps forward to volunteer)</p> <p>Forrest: Very good, lad. Who else? Sergeant?</p> <p>Sergeant: You five (pointing to soldiers in the line). One step forward.</p> <p>March! Five more brave volunteers, sir.</p>
13.	<p>Morton : What?</p> <p>Erik : Apologies, my Shepherd, but I have disturbing news.</p>
14.	<p>Orlando : Why did you kill my friend?</p> <p>Princip : It was the alcohol. I was overcome. I'm just a simple Serb.</p>
15.	<p>Orlando : Thank you, my friend.</p> <p>Shola : My pleasure.</p>
16.	<p>Orlando: Ah... Ambassador.</p> <p>Ambassador: Is she dead?</p> <p>Orlando: No. She has an extreme case of hypoxia. She'll be fine, and so will you, as long as we have an honest conversation.</p> <p>Ambassador: What you're lookin' at is the lady you strangled.</p>
17.	<p>Conrad : My lord, it would be my honor to volunteer.</p> <p>Kitchener : Honor? Fine words, young Conrad. But there lies the problem. Legally, you're not old enough to join up.</p>

18.	Nicholas : I, Nikolai Aleksandrovich Romanov, Emperor of Russia, do hereby declare my irrevocable determination to renounce the throne for myself and my descendants... immediately.
19.	(Kitchener's Letter for Orlando Oxford) Kitchener : My dear Oxford. I wanted to apologize for our recent fracas .
20.	Orlando : ...up there, I feel free. Conrad : Yes, I'm very much looking forward to my first solo flight.
21.	Orlando : My father also brought me here for my first suit. Kingsman, the world's finest tailor.
22.	Orlando : "An independent intelligence agency operating at the highest level of discretion, above the politics and bureaucracy of government run spy organizations. To that end, I have acquired this shop."
23.	Orlando : "Sergeant, I'm here on behalf of the Red Cross, and I'd like to speak with General Kitchener."
24.	Kitchener : Oxford! Orlando : Kitchener. (laughs) Kitchener : Well, so glad we share the same tailor.
25.	Conrad : As I'm not allowed to join up, may I at least go with you? Kitchener : Conrad, you know your father made me swear that I would... Orlando : Protect my son at all costs.
26.	Orlando : You have to stay with me, Darling? Emily : Protect our son . Protect him from this world.
27.	Conrad : "Oh, come on, Father. It's a big world out there. Sooner or later, you're going to have to let me enjoy it, even if, you know, even if you don't want to."
28.	Orlando : Nanny Watkins. My study in five minutes.
29.	Conrad : Lieutenant Oxford reporting for duty, sir. Administrator : Ah, yes. Oxford. Lucky man. You've been assigned back to London.
30.	Conrad : What's your name? Archie Reid : Lance Corporal Reid, sir. Conrad : Follow me.
31.	Morton : I'm terribly sorry, my lord. I would help, but I'm definitely... definitely more of a soldier than I am a sailor. Kitchener : Well, go outside, man, and get some air. Morton : Quite right.
32.	Morton : Princip, my wee bear. Are you ready to prove Kitchener's concerns are justified? Princip : Yes, I am, my Shepherd. And I will not let you down.

THE KING'S MAN SCRIPT

Shola: Your Grace.

(South Africa, 1902)

Orlando: Sergeant, I'm here on behalf of the Red Cross, and I'd like to speak with General Kitchener.

British Soldier: There is no General Kitchener here.

Morton: Your Grace? Your Grace? Let... Let him in.

Orlando: Well, if Morton's here, then Kitchener can't be far away.

Morton: My apologies, Your Grace. Security's paramount right now. It's a secret that you're visiting with the general. We can't be too careful with these Boers and their guerilla tactics.

Orlando: Too careful? Looks like this place could use a lot more care.

Morton: Begging your pardon, sir, but these concentration camps are the reason we're winning this war. This way.

Kitchener: Orlando. Our knight in shining armor. Thank you for coming.

Orlando: What's going on, Kitchener? It seems that you've been somewhat liberal with the truth.

Kitchener: Time has not been kind here.

Orlando: Well, you'll have to explain that to Emily.

Kitchener: On my return to England, it will be my first port of call.

Orlando: She's outside, with Conrad.

Conrad: Why are we here, Mother?

Emily: Do you remember why King Arthur and his knights had a round table? Because it meant that all men were equal. It's important that people born into privilege lead by example. That's why your father and I are patrons of the Red Cross. Helping others, not hiding behind our status. Never forget that. Hmm? I'm just going to check on your father. Stay here, Conrad.

Conrad: This terrible war would be over, Shola, if King Arthur and his noble knights were still here.

Shola: (CHUCKLES) Of course. And which one would you be?

Conrad: I'd be Lancelot. Conrad ma Father would be Arthur. Mother, Guinevere. And you, the mighty Merlin.

Shola: Really?

Emily: This is ridiculous. We're wasting precious time. Look around, people are dying. We have emergency supplies from the Red Cross.

Kitchener: Thank God she's on our side.

Orlando: Well, on my side, at least.

Kitchener: She's more of a force (than any of our enemies. (CHUCKLES)

Enemy: There's General Kitchener.

Kitchener: Well, open the gates! Bring in those supplies!

Orland: Emily!

(GUNSHOT) (GROANS) (PEOPLE CLAMORING)

Shola: Lie down until I get back. (GUNS FIRING)

Orlando: Go back to Conrad.

Enemy: Go to hell, Kitchener. (YELLING)
 SHOLA: I got him! Stop fire!
 Orlando: Emily!
 Soldiers: Cease fire! (FIRING STOPS) (GROANS)
 Orlando: Emily. Darling, I'm here. I'm here. Darling, I'm here. That's it. I'm here. You have to stay with me. You have to stay with me, Darling?
 Emily: Protect our son. Protect him from this world. And Never let him see war again. Promise me.
 Orlando: I promise.
 (12 years later) (ENGINE WHIRRING)
 Orlando: You know, Conrad...
 Conrad: Hmm?
 Orlando: ...up there, I feel free.
 Conrad: Yes, I'm very much looking forward to my first solo flight.
 Orlando: Remember what happened to Icarus, Conrad, when he flew too close to the sun.
 Conrad: Well, I remember him needing to escape, no?
 Orlando: (LAUGHING) Well, he got burned. I think we both see that story differently.
 Shola: Welcome home, Your Grace. Shola
 Orlando: Thank you, Shola.
 Orlando: Afternoon, everyone.
 All servants: Afternoon, Your Grace.
 Conrad: Ready for your maiden flight yet, Shola?
 Shola: Well, if God wanted man to fly, he would have given him wings.
 Conrad: Yes, I suppose. You drive Father's car?
 Shola: Mmmhmm.
 Conrad: You haven't any wheels.
 Orlando: Nanny Watkins. My study in five minutes.
 Polly: Your Grace.
 Polly: Your Grace.
 Orlando: I should be reprimanding you for your insolence. Your opinion behind closed doors is one thing, Polly, but I will not tolerate such demonstrations in front of my household.
 Polly: I'll play by your rules when you play by mine. Do you really think you can keep secrets from me?
 Orlando: What do you mean?
 Polly: Once again, you've turned down Cousin Felix's invitation for Conrad to stay with him in Russia.
 Orlando: And how do you know that?
 Polly: Us nannies love a good gossip. And we've all notice that you've no problem with Felix traveling here, but you seem to have a problem with Conrad traveling there. Or anywhere, for that matter.
 Orlando: Yeah. Guilty as charged. Well, I'm sorry. I should have discussed it with you.
 Polly: Has all this flying around in circles made you forget your manners?
 Orlando: Well, what have I done now?
 Polly: You haven't even offered me a drink.
 Orlando: Oh, yes, I'm sorry.
 Polly: And if we had discussed this, what would my opinion have been?
 Orlando: You think that my fear for Conrad's safety is a weakness.
 Polly: Fear is natural. The problem is, the more you fear something, the more likely it is to come true.
 Orlando: Hmm. So, then, we're both in need of a nanny.
 Polly: So it would seem.
 (SHOLA YELLS) (BOTH GRUNTING)
 Shola: Higher!
 Conrad: Can you fight with only one arm?
 Shola: Oh, yes. If I had someone left to fight.
 (GUNSHOT)

Polly: Shola. Do you really think a knife can beat a bullet? This is how people are fighting nowadays. Now, clean yourselves up before this afternoon's appointment.
 Orlando: My father also brought me here for my first suit. Kingsman, world's finest tailor. (BELL DINGING)
 Orlando: Morning.
 Kingsman Tailor: Your Grace. Fitting room number one is ready for you.
 Orlando: Thank you. Well, here we are.
 Orlando: I wish your mother could see you now. con She would've been so proud.
 Conrad: I hope so, Father. Although, I might get more use out of a shooting suit or a smoking jacket, you know. Whatever might help in the pursuit of fine birds. Oh, come on, Father. It's a big world out there. Sooner or later, you're going to have to let me enjoy it, even if, you know, even if you don't want to.
 Orlando: You know, Conrad, our ancestors, they were terrible people. They robbed, lied, pillaged, and killed, until one day, they found themselves noblemen. But that nobility, it never came from chivalry. It came from being tough and ruthless. Back then, to be called a "gentleman" would have been a death sentence. Not the mark of honor it is today. We are Oxfords, not rogues.
 Kitchener: Oxford!
 Orlando: Kitchener (LAUGHS)
 Kitchener: Well, so glad we share the same tailor.
 Orlando: Indeed. Well, the Kingsman clientele is enough to make any club envious.
 Kitchener: Mmmhmm. Oxford, can I borrow you for a moment? Is there somewhere private?
 Tailor: May I suggest the pattern room upstairs, sir.
 Kitchener: Perfect.
 Kitchener: Conrad, this is Morton, my aide de camp.
 Kitchener: Morton, look after young Conrad for us, will you?
 Morton: It will be my pleasure, my lord.
 Orlando: Good.
 Kitchener: I gather you turned down our Austrian friend Archduke Ferdinand's invitation to his shoot. Surely your pacifism doesn't extend to a few birds, does it?
 Orlando: Us bumping into each other here was no coincidence, was it?
 Kitchener: Walls have ears in Whitehall these days. Which is why I felt Kingsman a safer place for a chat.
 Orlando: Mmmhmm.
 Kitchener: I'm worried that Ferdinand's political ambitions may be putting him in danger. I need you to do me a small favor.
 Orlando: What sort of favor?
 Morton: So, you're serious about being a soldier?
 Conrad: Oh, yes.
 Morton: Which regiment?
 Conrad: Uh... Grenadiers.
 Morton: Grenadiers. Well, when the time comes, contact me. I'll see what I can do.
 Orlando: Conrad. You're going to need that shooting suit after all.
 (MACHINERY RUMBLING) (ALARMED BLEATING)
 Grigori Rasputin: My Shepherd. I have a Fabergé egg made especially for you. And look inside. A little replica of Angus, your favorite goat.
 Morton A.K.A The Shepherd: You're late. Take a seat. What is trust? Hmm? Trust is having confidence in the honesty of another. That will be our weapon to change the world. Who do I trust? Animals. They never let me down, and they follow my commands blindly. The question I now have is can I trust you to behave like

them? Open the boxes in front of you. These rings will be the symbol of membership to my flock. Put them on, and you will share in our successes. But, break my trust, and inside you will find my final gift to you.

Rasputin: A tortoise? Am I not worthy of a better animal?

Princip: Rasputin, I have a bear. I will happily exchange it with you.

Rasputin: Yes, Princip. I will be the great bear of Russia.

Erik: Take what you believe is yours. And by all means, treat our Shepherd with the same respect you hold for that joke of a man who calls himself your tsar.

Mata: Go ahead, Rasputin, take it. I dare you.

(SHEPHERD CHUCKLES)

Morton: Now, now, Mata and Erik. We are a team. And Rasputin here... (CHUCKLES) ...is like my beloved Angus. (CHUCKLING) (ANGUS BLEATS)

Morton: Always butting and fucking. (BLEATING) But do not mistake fondness for weakness, you late Russian fuckstick!

Rasputin: As everybody knows, the tortoise eventually wins the race.

Morton: Now... (HAWKS, SPITS) ...my spy, or should I say my mole, in the British government informs me that Kitchener is concerned for the safety of the Archduke Ferdinand. Princip, my wee bear. Are you ready to prove Kitchener's concerns are justified?

Princip: Yes, I am, my Shepherd. And I will not let you down.

Morton: Damn fucking right.

(BANGS TABLE) (RHYTHMIC BANGING)
(PEOPLE CHEERING)

Orlando: Does that make sense to you, Ferdinand?

Ferdinand: Ah, now I understand why you accepted my shooting invitation. I didn't really believe Kitchener's scare tactics. Harping on about my being in danger.

Orlando: Well, only a fool ignores a friend's warning, Ferdi. Is it really too much to ask? I think you should come back with me and hear what he has to say.

Ferdinand: Turning you down is a hard task. I will give you my decision tonight.

Orlando: Good.

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

Orlando: Drive! Drive! (INDISTINCT SHOUTING)

Ferdinand: I come here on a visit of goodwill, to be greeted by bombs? (DIGNITARIES CHUCKLING) Yes. (CLEARS THROAT)

Ferdinand: (MUFFLED) It gives me special pleasure...

Orlando: I... I shouldn't have brought you here. We need to get home, where I can protect you.

Conrad: What...I just protected you. I don't need protecting.

Orlando: Yes, you do, Conrad. I'm sorry, but you think you know what the world is like, but the truth is, you're just a boy who has no idea what men are capable of.

Conrad: What? Watching my mother die wasn't a good enough introduction?

(LIVELY MUSIC PLAYING IN DISTANCE)
(BREATHING SHAKILY) (HORN HONKS)

Man 1: Are you sure this is right?

Man 2: Just follow my orders. Take the first left.

Man 1: It's a dead end, you fool. I knew this was the wrong way.

Man 2: I meant the next left.

Orlando: Stop arguing. We're sitting ducks here. Get this car moving now. (PEOPLE SCREAMING)

Conrad: Father, it's terrible about Ferdi and Sophie. We're safe now, aren't we?

Orlando: Yes, but for how long? I'm beginning to understand what Kitchener was so afraid of. Already there are rumors the Austrians are mobilizing their army. They don't believe this assassin acted independently. And neither do I.

Conrad: It's just Serbia. I mean, it's such a small part of the world. Why do they care?

Orlando: Well, because small things can grow into big problems. You see, years ago, there were three young cousins. The eldest was a real troublemaker...

George: Put my soldier back!

Wilhelm: There are no rules in war.

Nicholas: I'll teach you war, Wilhelm! (ALL GRUNTING)

Orlando: Their grandmother was Queen Victoria...

Queen Victoria: Nicholas. Enough!

Orlando: ...who kept them in line. They grew up to become Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, Tsar Nicholas of Russia, and King George of England (LAUGHING)

Orlando: And now, poor Ferdinand's assassination has given the moronic kaiser a reason to reignite their childhood feud.

Conrad: But surely they've matured enough to avoid a war?

Orlando: One would hope so. And, thankfully, we have our own King George to help keep the peace.

George: Ah. There it is. Look at us. Three young cousins who thought they knew how to rule. But now the soldiers are real. Get two copies of this photograph made and have them delivered with these letters immediately.

Kitchener: I'll have Morton see to it personally.

George: Excellent.

Kitchener: Your Majesty.

Wilhelm: Erik.

Erik: My kaiser.

Wilhelm: "Restraint is a virtue. Remember your duty." His Majesty, my cousin, the king of England, strongly suggests we do nothing.

Erik: Remember how Prince George used to enjoy it when your English mother and her English doctors would torture you? kaiser George would tease you about your... deformities.

Wilhelm: Yeah, yeah. Yeah.

Erik: And don't forget that sniggering at his side was your little Russian cousin, Tsar Nicholas.

Nicholas: Cousin George is imploring self-restraint against our other cousin, the moronic kaiser.

Tsar's Wife: King George has always protected our interests. Why would we go to war over something so trivial?

Nicholas: Because we gave Serbia our word. And besides, I hate the kaiser. Tsar to wife. It will be good for his oversized ego to match his undersized hand. (GIRLS CHUCKLE)

Rasputin: A wise decision, my tsar. The soul of Russia is safe in your hands.

Erik: The world will laugh at you for not keeping your word and standing by the Austrians. Ignore the English king.

Wilhelm: Tell George to mind his own business, ja? Huh? (LAUGHING) If I want a war, then I will have it.

Kitchener: As Russia's ally, we have no choice but to join this war.

Orlando: I don't understand. The kaiser and the tsar have both ignored the king's wishes. Why?

Kitchener: That's a good question.

Morton: I...With all due respect, sir, this debate should happen after we have won the war. The prime minister is waiting. And we're late.

Kitchener: Morton's right.
 Conrad: My lord, it would be my honor to volunteer.
 Orlando: Honor?
 Kitchener: Fine words, young Conrad. But therein lies the problem. Legally, you're not old enough to join up.
 Orlando: Hmm. But still young enough to believe it's an honorable thing to die for one's country.
 Kitchener: The object of war is not to die for one's country, but to make the enemy die for theirs.
 Commanding Soldier: Fix bayonets! (WHISTLE BLOWS) (SOLDIERS SHOUTING) (GUNFIRE) (SOLDIERS GROANING) (PANTING)
 Morton: Not even I could have imagined a war like this. (GUNFIRE AND EXPLOSIONS) What I thought would take a decade for us to achieve has taken two short years. We have drained Europe's resources and millions have died pointlessly.
 Soldier: Fire!
 Morton: We have broken the trust between the people and the inbred monarchs who only rule due to their fortunate birth. Do you know who hates King George more than the kaiser? Me. The English monarchy has oppressed my beloved Scotland for over 700 years and it is time for retribution. We will pull Russia out of our war and unleash the full might of Germany to destroy England. Rasputin, are you ready to begin the demise of King George?
 Rasputin: Thy will be done, my Shepherd.
 Conrad: They've started conscription.
 Orlando: Yes, I'm well aware of that, Conrad. And?
 Conrad: Well, it was bad enough I didn't join when it was voluntary...
 Orlando: Conrad, this is not a war. Do you understand? It's not like any war that we've ever seen.
 Conrad: I don't care! I should be fighting.
 Orlando: It's not fighting. It's dying. Much like this conversation.
 Conrad: Tell that to Kitchener.
 Orlando: You're still too young, Conrad.
 Conrad: But everyone's lying about their age. They're all going over.
 Orlando: I know. And I know you want to fight. It's a testament to your character and I'm proud of you for it.
 Conrad: Yes, but look what I was given. In the village.
 Orlando: It's the symbol of a coward.
 Conrad: And I should suffer such humiliation?
 Orlando: Reputation is what people think of you. Character is what you are.
 Conrad: Victoria Cross. Is it yours?
 Orlando: Yes. When I was young, like you, I wanted to serve my country. But soon I began to question what right we had to take the land, riches, and the lives of people who were only defending their homeland. Every man I killed, I killed a piece of myself. Maybe having a feather would have been better. So, the next day, I put down my rifle and I picked up a stretcher. I should've been given the Cross for saving lives, not taking them.
 Conrad: As soon as I replace this with my own medal, I'll join the medical corps.
 Orlando: I have informed Kitchener of your intention of joining up. And he has assured me that he will not let you slip through.
 Rasputin: I have a vision. This boy is the symbol of the soul of Russia. You must save Russia. You must pull out of the war to save your son's life.
 Nicholas: This is nonsense.
 Rasputin: You dare to question the vessel of the Lord? You dare to risk your son's life?

Tsar's Wife: Nicholas, come to your senses now. Please. Please.
 Cousin Felix: My dear cousin Conrad. It has been too long since we last saw each other and I'm sorry I'm only writing to you now, but...in these difficult times, I'm not sure whom I can trust.
 Rasputin: Welcome back.
 Cousin Felix: For a while now, I've harbored my suspicions of this so-called priest, Rasputin. He has the tsar under his spell, both spiritually and through opium, and has persuaded him to withdraw from the war. The tsar intends to announce this in his New Year's speech.
 Conrad: Cousin Felix sends his regards.
 Orlando: Oh.
 Cousin Felix: I hope your father's influence can help.
 Kitchener: Morton, any ideas?
 Morton: Well, sir, in my opinion, this is a very grave situation. We can trust absolutely no one. I suggest we assemble an elite squad of men, we go to Russia, and we sort it out ourselves.
 Kitchener: Agreed. See to it immediately.
 Conrad: As I'm not allowed to join up, may I at least go with you?
 Kitchener: Conrad, you know your father made me swear that I would...
 Orlando: Protect my son at all costs. Where do you want to go, Conrad?
 Conrad: Russia.
 Orlando: Why?
 Conrad: To help Cousin Yusupov deal with Rasputin. Con He's going to force Russia out of the war.
 Orlando: Kitchener, have you killed so many men that you're now relying on boys to run your military intelligence?
 Morton: How dare you speak to...
 Orlando: Shut up, Morton. Conrad, we're leaving. Now!
 Morton: Your lordship?
 Kitchener: Let's just hope we don't make such a mess of things in Russia.
 (In the ship)
 Morton: One more dispatch box for tonight, sir.
 Kitchener: Damn it, Morton. How much do you expect a man to read?
 Morton: I'm terribly sorry, my lord. I would help, but I'm definitely... definitely more of a soldier than I am a sailor.
 Kitchener: Well, go outside, man, and get some air.
 Morton: Quite right.
 Kitchener: Five million dead. May God forgive me.
 Conrad: First Ferdinand, and now Kitchener. This was not an accident. Kitchener was your friend. Not to mention this country's last hope. How can you be so calm?
 Kitchener's letter: My dear Oxford. I wanted to apologize for our recent fracas. In my opinion, Conrad is a fine young man.
 Conrad: He was betrayed. We must do something.
 Kitchener's letter: Always ready to face the world.
 Conrad: No, don't ignore me, Father. You know it's true. You cannot keep running away from problems.
 Kitchener's letter: But I shall, of course, respect your wishes and do everything I can to keep him out of harm's way.
 Conrad: I don't believe it was a German mine. There is something more afoot. And what if you're successful? What if you're successful and keep me locked away as the world burns?

Kitchener's letter: If all parents shared your outlook, there would be no wars. But until that day comes, I will no doubt be kept busy. I remain your friend, Kitch.

Conrad: Your incessant need to protect me will not redeem your own failure to protect Mother. I'm sorry, Father.

Orlando: No, no. I'm sorry. Follow me.

Polly: Well, about time. Welcome to the club. Is he part of the briefing?

Orlando: Yes. Take a look. You see, this war has made me realize that we cannot rely on politicians to do their job properly. So, I decided that we should do something about it.

Conrad: This isn't making any sense to me, Father.

Orlando: Let me explain. My reputation is of a man not wanting to be involved, which means that my character finds it much easier to be involved unnoticed. Just like domestic servants everywhere who are seen but not heard. Essentially invisible. Unless they're part of the Oxford family, of course. Shola and Polly have gathered a network of domestics such as the world has never seen. While British intelligence listens at keyholes, our people are actually in the room.

Conrad: Very clever.

Orlando: Hmm. Now, after Ferdinand's assassination, I visited Gavrilo Princip in his prison in Sarajevo. (GRUNTS) (GASPING) (OXFORD GROANS)

Princip: Thank you.

Orlando: Why did you kill my friend?

Princip: It was the alcohol. I was overcome. I'm just a simple Serb.

Orlando: A very expensive ring for such a simple Serb. Ah, and a secret compartment. That smelled of almonds. Therefore, cyanide. Princip's ring proves he was not acting alone. There is, as you say, Conrad, more afoot.

Polly: Indeed. Your cousin's letter made us extend our network to Russia and it paid off. The tsar's nanny found a ring in Rasputin's chambers. Identical to Princip's, but with a tortoise instead of a bear.

Orlando: Then I think we must go to Russia immediately and find a way to interrogate this monk.

Polly: But by all accounts, Rasputin is unbreakable. As long as he's alive, the tsar will never change his mind and with Russia out of the war, England is doomed.

Shola: My lord. One life to save millions.

Orlando: So, the only way to honor the vow I made to your mother is to break the vow I made to myself. I'm afraid we have no other choice. It is time for us to kill Grigori Rasputin.

Polly: Rasputin has accepted an invitation to your cousin's Christmas ball. The tsar's nanny informs me of Rasputin's weakness for sweet cakes. And even sweeter boys.

Shola: So, after the main course is served, Conrad will entice Rasputin to a private dessert in the summer room, where nanny's legendary Bakewell tart, laced with poison, will be waiting for him.

Orlando: Polly, get baking. Yes. And don't forget the poison. Get him to eat the cake. Understand?

Conrad: Yes, Father.

Orlando: Good. Tonight we will be rogues, not Oxfords. Russia MC: Our guest of honor, Father Rasputin.

Rasputin: (DOOR OPENS) Are you waiters or Englishmen? Whatever you are, get me a fucking drink.

Orlando: Are you a monk or a ballet dancer? I see you've mastered the Beryozka glide. Why don't you glide over there and get me a fucking drink?

Rasputin: Englishmen. I like the English. But it's a long way to come for a Christmas party.

Orlando: Well, for me, yes. But not for my son, who is certainly a lot more fun than I am in these dark days. I'm looking for someone who can help me gain an audience with the tsar. Perhaps you can be of assistance.

Rasputin: But I am just a humble monk.

Orlando: Mmm, a humble monk that this whole room reveres or fears.

Rasputin: I only make decisions when my stomach is full or my balls are empty.

Orlando: Well, thank God dinner is being served.

Rasputin: So, uh, your father tells me you like to have fun.

Conrad: Yes. I believe I'm sufficiently open-minded. What is it that you Russians do that an Englishman can enjoy?

Rasputin: Well, everything. Food, music, ballet, tobacco, art. But most of all... we like to fuck like tigers. Is that something an English boy might enjoy?

Conrad: Yes.

Rasputin: Hmm... But tonight, I do not want to teach. Change seats with your father.

Conrad: I'm so sorry if I have offended you.

Rasputin: Only if you consider being boring offensive. Now do as you're told.

Conrad: Yes.

Conrad: (SOFTLY) Sorry, Father. He wants us to swap places.

Orlando: Excuse me, forgive me. Forgive me. This leg is a fearful curse.

Rasputin: You know, if I didn't know any better, I'd say your son was trying to fuck me.

Orlando: More likely you were trying to fuck him. Your reputation precedes you.

Rasputin: Well, if you know so much about my reputation, put your leg in my lap. I may be able to fix it.

Orlando: Here?

Rasputin: Not here. Somewhere private, of course.

Orlando: Here we are.

Rasputin: You are expecting someone?

Orlando: Yes, our nanny is a wonderful cook, so she's made this cake as a gift for our host, the prince.

Rasputin: Please, take your trousers off and sit down.

Orlando: Certainly.

Rasputin: I will make the room warm for you. In summer, I come here with my young friends. Swim naked in the bathing pond, then come inside and fuck in front of the fire.

Orlando: Naturally. Ah, there we are. Trousers off.

Rasputin: Mmm. (GROANS)

Orlando: Steady.

Rasputin: Blood is life. Its flow is healing. And I can teach it where to flow.

Orlando: Hmm... Oh. Hmm.

Rasputin: Your wound was fixed superficially and with very poor needlework.

Orlando: Hmm.

Rasputin: This cake is good, no?

Orlando: Yes. It's Bakewell tart. It's my favorite. We can eat it together when I put my trousers back on.

Rasputin: No. Well, to do this properly, I will need energy. (SNIFFING) Hmm... It's very good.

Orlando: Hmm.

Rasputin: Very English.

Orlando: Yes. It's very English.

Rasputin: Hmm. (CHANTING DEEPLY) (CHUCKLES) (WHISPERING)

Conrad: What's that noise? We should go in.

Shola: No, no. It's Rasputin, not your father. I think it's the poison killing him. (CONTINUES CHANTING) (GRUNTS) (OXFORD GROANING)

Rasputin: Relax. Let the blood flow. Let me lick your wounds.

Orlando: Yes.

Rasputin: Trust me. Trust me.

Orlando: Oh, God. Oh, my, I can see it.

Rasputin: Trust me. Don't worry, I will help you, and you will help me. (MUMBLES) Why do you want to see the tsar? (MUMBLES)

Orlando: The tsar needs to stay in the war.

Rasputin: What makes you think he won't?

Orlando: I'm told he's being influenced.

Rasputin: Good. Now we are getting somewhere. So, if you really want your leg fixed, tell me the truth. Why are you here?

Orlando: I'm here...

Rasputin: Because?

Orlando: Because...

Rasputin: Because?

Orlando: Because...

Rasputin: Because?

Orlando: Because I'm going to kill...

Rasputin: I apologize. Your cake... did not agree with me. (THUDS) (GROANS) Come! We must ice your leg. Only two minutes in the cold water, and you will be like a new man.

Orlando: My... My leg...

Rasputin: Yes...

Orlando: is healed.

Rasputin: Yes.

Orlando: Yes.

Rasputin: Walk to me. (MUMBLES, CHUCKLES) No. No, no, no. Not the cane. Leave the cane.

Orlando: Oh, yes.

Rasputin: Leave the cane.

Orlando: (LAUGHING) I didn't believe you.

Rasputin: Come to me. Come to me.

Conrad: Why is Father laughing?

Shola: I have no idea.

Rasputin: Now let the cold... Russian water... heal you forever. Come. Come. Come. Come.

Orlando: Oh!

Rasputin: Come. Come. Yes. Yes, yes.

Orlando: It's freezing.

Rasputin: Let Mother Nature work her magic. (SHIVERING) Two minutes. Two minutes, and you will be healed. You will be healed. Bakewell tart. Tell me, a lot of almonds in Bakewell tart. What other ingredients in Bakewell tart?

Orlando: I have no idea. I'm not a cook.

Ras: Well, I am. And I also know what else smells like almonds. Cyanide! (OXFORD GRUNTS) If you really knew my reputation, you'd know I take a little poison for breakfast...

Conrad: He's in trouble.

Rasputin: ...to keep myself immune. Now, that's more like it. Time to dance... on your graves.

Shola: Go and help your father. (YELLING) (BOTH GRUNTING)

Conrad: Father. Father. Oh, God. You're freezing. Father, are you all right? Breathe.

Orlando: I'm so cold. I'm so cold.

Orlando: Shola. Do it. Do it! Do it!

Rasputin: Shoot me. (GUN CLICKING) Please kill me. (GUN CLICKING) Beautiful boy. (BONES CRACKING) (GROANS) (RASPUTIN YELLS)

(RUSSIAN FOLK MUSIC PLAYING) (GRUNTING) (GROANING)

Rasputin: I fixed your leg. Which is more than I can say for your son's neck. (OXFORD YELLS) (STRAINING) (BOTH YELL) (YELLING) (SCREAMING)

Orlando: Thank you for my new leg. (GRUNTS) (GROANS) Are you all right?

Conrad: I'm fine. Thank you.

Orlando: No. Thank you. You saved my life.

Conrad: And you, mine. What about Shola?

Orlando: Oh. He'll be all right. He just needs to sleep it off. (GUNSHOT)

Polly: Why is it that boys are always so messy? Pick him up. It's time to go.

Morton: You have got to be fucking kidding me! (BLEATING) I want you to pick up where Rasputin failed. I don't care about your ideology or your politics. Just start your fucking revolution and get Russia out of my war, Comrade Lenin.

Lenin: Yes, my Shepherd. When my revolution is complete, the flocks left will be so powerful, your one problem will be finding my equal to balance from the right.

Conrad: What's wrong with him?

Shola: Today your father broke his vow of pacifism.

Conrad: But it was the right thing to do.

Shola: Right or wrong, it doesn't make it any easier.

Polly: (SINGING) Happy birthday to you

Shola: (SHOLA JOINS IN) Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, Happy birthday to you

SHOLA: Good boy. (ALL EXCLAIM) (LAUGHING)

Orlando: To my son.

Conrad: Thank you.

Orlando: Today, you proved yourself a man and you've made us all very proud. A toast to our successful mission and my new leg. (ALL LAUGHING)

Orlando: Happy birthday, Conrad.

Polly: Happy birthday.

Conrad: Thank you, Father. (LAUGHING) I'm glad that we can finally see eye to eye.

Orlando: Well, we can now. (CHUCKLING)

conrad: Now that I've blown out 19 candles, I'm sure you'll give me your blessing as I join up and finally fulfill my duty to my country.

Orlando: Conrad, you've just exceeded your duty to your country. My wishes have nothing to do with your age.

Conrad: Father, your wishes were only granted because of my age. There's nothing you can do to stop me now. All I ask for is your blessing, at least.

Orlando: I'm sorry, Conrad. But you're asking for the one thing that I cannot, and I will not give you. (MAN SHOUTING COMMANDS)

Erik: My kaiser. Our naval blockade around England has sunk another American passenger ship. The American president could soon run out of patience and if they join the war on England's side, we will be defeated.

Wilhelm: There are no rules in war. And making England starve to death is worth the risk.

Erik: Hmm...But if you send this, it will mitigate the risk.

Wilhelm: Are you sure?

Erik: Yes, my kaiser.

Wilhelm: Get me Zimmermann. (PHONE RINGING)

Zimmermann, telegraph the following.

Zimmermann: Send this immediately. Use the kaiser's toplevel encoding. (BEEPING)

Officer: Gentlemen, we have a priority one intercept. Whatever you're doing, cease now. We need this code cracked pronto.

Rita: Tea?
Officer: Please.
Orlando: Good job, Rita.
Polly: This code is what the kaiser has been using. It must be unbelievably important.
Can you break it?
Trainer: One! Two! Three! Four!
Polly: I'll need a lot more information.
Trainer 1: Keep your eye on the enemy!
Trainer 2: Aim rifles to the left!
Trainer 3: Fire!
Polly: Thank you.
Trainer: What makes the grass grow?
Cadets: Blood! Blood! Blood!
Trainer 4: What're you gonna do?
Cadets: Kill! Kill! Kill!
Shola: Here's your tea.
Drill Commander: Quick! March!
Ludendorff: Mmmhmm. Ja. I am using the cipher. Is the eight a "Z" or is it an "R"? (GRUNTS IN FRUSTRATION)
Chaplain: Godspeed to you all. And remember... "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."
Cadet: What does that mean?
Conrad: "It's sweet and proper to die for one's country."
Shola: Direct from Germany.
Polly: Thank you.
Ludendorff: (ON RECORDING) Ja. I am using the cipher. Is the eight a "Z" or is it an "R"? A "Z." Thank you.
Polly: I've cracked the code. It's from Arthur Zimmermann, the German Secretary of State in Berlin to their ambassador in Mexico City. He proposes an alliance with Mexico. Germany wants to divert America's attention, so they're asking Mexico to invade America. In print, there.
Orlando: So, when President Wilson sees this, then he has no choice, but... He has to enter the war.
Polly: And the war will be over.
Orlando: Well done. Oh, my dear Polly. (CHUCKLING) Well done, you. (LAUGHING)
You are incredible. And there's hope for Conrad.
George: Well done, Oxford. My idiot cousin, the kaiser, has finally shot himself in the foot. You've hit a six with this telegram, old boy. Kitchener would be proud. Well, I think champagne is in order.
Orlando: Uh, thank you, Your Majesty, but I vowed not to drink until Conrad has returned safely from the war.
George: Why didn't you mention that earlier? I'll make sure the only action your boy sees is sharpening the general's pencils.
Orlando: (LAUGHS) I'm not sure that's cricket.
George: Orlando, you know how many boys' lives you've saved with this telegram? At least let me save one. So, now that Conrad's safety is assured... to peace in our time.
Orlando: To peace in our time.
American general: King George is waiting for your response, Mr. President.
Wilson: But how can this telegram be real? Not even the Germans would be this stupid.
American General: But, sir... I'm not doing a damn thing till I have undeniable proof.
Wilson: Douglas. Statesman on the rocks, please. (INDISTINCT CHATTER)
Conrad: Lieutenant Oxford reporting for duty, sir.
Officer: Ah, yes. Oxford. Lucky man. You've been assigned back to London.
Conrad: Sir, there must be some mistake.

Officer: No. Fortune favors the brave or those under the king's gaze.
Conrad: Sir.
Trainer: Attention!
Conrad: Lance corporal.
Reid: Sir.
Conrad: What's your name?
Reid: Lance Corporal Reid, sir.
Conrad: Follow me.
Reid: Shola, I presume.
Shola: Yes.
Reid: Conrad has sent me to see the duke.
Shola: And your name, sir?
Reid: Good question. It's a complicated answer. I can only tell the duke in person.
Shola: Well, I still need a name.
Reid: This is gonna sound stupid. But according to Conrad, I'm Lancelot. You're Merlin, and I'm requesting an audience with King Arthur.
Shola: Follow me, sir.
Orlando: "Doubts persist as to telegram authenticity. "Worried Wilson won't go to war." Idiots and fools. There's nothing left to debate. Polly, do you think we can extend our network to the White House?
Polly: Most of their household staff were trained in England, so it shouldn't be a problem.
Orlando: Right. Well, let's get to work, then.
Polly: I'll get on to it right away.
Orlando: Thank you.
(KNOCK AT DOOR)
Orlando: Yes, come in.
Shola: Your Grace. We have a visitor.
Orlando: Who is it?
Shola: A friend of Conrad saying he's Lancelot, asking to see King Arthur.
Orlando: What? (CHUCKLING) That brings back fond memories. Um... Show him in, would you?
Shola: Yes, sir.
Reid: Sir.
Orlando: Who are you?
Reid: Lance Corporal Reid of the Black Watch, sir.
Orlando: So then why are you wearing a Grenadier officer's uniform? (SIGHS)
Reid: This, uh... This will explain it better than I can. It's a wee bit surreal, sir.
Orlando: Hmm. Odd. It's a letter from Conrad. You're Lancelot.
Conrad: Dear Father. I, too, can play games. I've swapped places with Archie Reid, the man in front of you.
Orlando: Archie?
Conrad: He's a good man...
Reid: Yes, sir.
Conrad: ...who is simply following my orders and is possibly as confused as you are. Please ensure my actions don't get him into any trouble. Tomorrow I finally fulfill my wish to go to the front. And in the meantime, I enclose a poem which I thought you might appreciate.
Orlando: "Bent double... "like old beggars under sacks... "Knockkneed, coughing like hags... "we cursed through sludge... "Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs... "And towards our distant rest began to trudge. "Men marched asleep. "Many had lost their boots, but limped on... "bloodshod. "All went lame, all blind. "Drunk with fatigue... "deaf even to the hoots... "Of tired outstripped five nines "that dropped behind."
Sergeant Major: New lads, Welcome to the front line. This trench will be your home for the next six...
Soldiers: I don't bloody believe it. Runner!

Sergeant Major: Come on, lads! Well, come on, lads!
 Cover the man! Cover the man! Fire!
 Soldiers: Keep running!
 Sergeant Major: Hold your fire! Good effort, men. This war never stops surprising me. A German wavin' a Union Jack! What's next?
 Captain Forrest: Allow me to answer that, Sergeant Major.
 Sergeant Major: Fall in!
 Captain Forrest: That runner was actually a British spy. He was bringing me vital information. Our country needs what he was carrying, and I, therefore, need six volunteers. You will accompany me to retrieve what's left of him as soon as it's dark.
 Forrest: Very good, lad. Who else? Sergeant?
 Sergeant Major: You five. One step forward. March! Five more brave volunteers, sir.
 Forrest: Excellent. We move out at midnight.
 Forrest: Hold your fire. If they hear us from the trenches, we'll be fired upon from both sides.
 Trooper: Boom.
 Trooper: Please... Please don't.
 Conrad: I'm so sorry.
 Soldiers: What was that?
 German soldiers: It's over there.
 Conrad: Don't shoot! No!
 British Soldier: Cease fire!
 Man: First time out here, lad? Hey. Whoa, whoa, whoa. Same side. Thank God for the Union Jack, eh? I can honestly say that my first time was worse than losing this leg. (CHUCKLES)
 Conrad: I'm so sorry, I shouldn't be the one crying.
 Spy: Come over here and help me out. I'm freezing. Come here. Come on.
 Conrad: I thought... I thought I knew what I wanted. My father warned me. My father warned me. I... I didn't listen... and now it all makes sense. I didn't even get to say goodbye.
 Spy: Well, I suggest we solve both our problems, yeah? Look I need to get this to high command. The contents could help end this bloody war. As I won't be walking any time soon, I suggest you finish the mission and go home to a hero's welcome.
 Conrad: No, no. No. Off we go to a hero's welcome. It's okay. I've got you.
 Spy: Shit. Hurry!
 British Soldier: Covering fire! Give them cover, lads! Fucking move! Take out the machine gunner!
 Soldier: Cover him! Go! Run!
 Soldier 1: Let's go, man! Run!
 Soldier 2: Run! Run! Run!
 Soldier: You all right? You all right? Jesus Christ! You were amazin'! I've never seen anything like it. What the bloody hell were you doing over there in the first place?
 Conrad: You better ask him. Ask him. He'll explain everything.
 Soldier: He took the full force of that blast, sir.
 Soldier: Yeah. But at least you made it back, son. I tell you, if that ain't worth a Victoria Cross, I don't know what is.
 Conrad: I must carry on the mission. We need to get this to high command immediately.
 Soldier: I'll take you there myself. What's your name, soldier?
 Conrad: Archie. Lance Corporal Archie Reid.
 Atkins: Archie Reid, did you say?
 Conrad: Yes. That's right.
 Atkins: Lance Corporal Archie Reid? Atkins Dog Platoon, First Battalion, the Black Watch?

Conrad: Aye.
 Atkins: Is that your best Scottish accent? You're not Archie Reid. Lance Corporal Archie Reid's a friend of mine. And I've been looking for him all night. So who are you?
 Conrad: Yes, yes. You're right. There's a simple explanation. I'm not Archie Reid.
 Atkins: Fuckin' German spy.
 Conrad: I'm Conra...
 Reid: Your son was killed in action, sir.
 Orlando: What? Polly. Polly. My son. Why?
 Orlando: "If in some smothering dreams... "you too could pace "Behind the wagon that we flung him in... "And watch the white eyes writhing in his face... "His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin... "If you could hear, at every jolt... "the blood, come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs... "Obscene as cancer... "bitter as the cud... "Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues... "My friend... "you would not tell with such high zest... "To children ardent for... "some desperate glory "The old Lie... "Dulce et decorum est... "Pro patria mori." It is sweet and proper to die for one's country.
 Nicholas: I, Nikolai Aleksandrovich Romanov, tsar Emperor of Russia, do hereby declare my irrevocable determination to renounce the throne for myself and my descendants through this instrument of abdication... immediately.
 All russian: Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Polly: (SOFTLY) The documents Conrad recovered turned out to be the German ambassador's original handwritten telegram that I cracked. It's the concrete proof America needed.
 Shola: America will now have to join the war. Conrad succeeded where we all failed.
 Erik: My Shepherd.
 Morton: There is a code of honor, and using a distraction to your own advantage breaks that code.
 Morton: What?
 Erik: Apologies, my Shepherd, but I have disturbing news. While your plan for Russia has been a great success, my plan to keep America out of the war has backfired. The American president is about to be given the actual telegram I forced the kaiser to send. Such undeniable proof could provoke the Americans into entering the war.
 Morton: En garde. I like a man who will admit to his mistakes, I do. But I like more a woman who can fix them. Have our American friend Dupont get Mata into the White House. Time for you to work your magic on the president, Mata. Now, go on. It's time to show the president who the real boss is.
 Polly: Will Your Grace be having tea?
 Orlando: It's scotch time.
 Polly: Twenty Four hours a day.
 Orlando: For the last time, I don't want any fucking tea!
 George: Neither do I.
 Orlando: Sir.
 George: Though it looks like you could use a strong one to sober up.
 Orlando: I'm afraid it'll take more than that, sir.
 George: Oh, well, maybe this will do the trick. Russia's pulled out of the war. The British Empire faces imminent defeat. America still refuses to join. I personally telephoned President Wilson. He didn't deign to receive my call.
 Orlando: Hmm. So, they got to him as well.
 George: Indeed.
 Orlando: Hmm.

George: The kaiser's blockade is working. The people are hungry. The next revolution might be here. I've even been advised to change my German surname Saxe Coburg to Windsor. More English.

Orlando: I'm afraid, then, sir that England is doomed.

George: I wanted to give you this. For Conrad. A true hero. A man who knew his duty.

Polly: Enough of this self-pitying poppycock. If it were just you, you and I, in our grief, I'd say do as you will. Drown in drink, and I'd join you. But he's watching. And he would have been such a better man. But he can't. He won't be that. Not anymore. So, you must, in his stead, be the man your son would have been. Regretfully, I can no longer remain in your service. Forgive me, my lady. My heart is broken as well.

Orlando: Polly. Polly. I do not accept your resignation. But... I will accept a very strong cup of tea.

Polly: Looking better, Your Grace.

Orlando: Feeling better, Polly. So, what have I missed?

Polly: We followed your last sober order and extended our network to the White House. The president's butler informed us that since receiving the telegram Conrad recovered, the president hasn't been himself.

Wilson: This may be the proof I asked for. But remember my election promise. Out of the war, not in. Douglas, get me a Statesman on the rocks, now!

Polly: Constantly engaged in top-secret conversations with his embassy in London. And ignoring all advice to go to war.

Orlando: And do we have someone in the embassy?

Polly: Of course.

Ambassador: Mr. President... I don't know how to proceed. We're meeting to discuss her new demands.

President: I see.

Ambassador: She was very convincing.

Polly: And she suggests we make an unannounced visit at 3:00.

Orlando: Right, well. We had better get a move on, then.

Orlando: Good afternoon. Please inform the ambassador the Duke of Oxford is here to see him.

Secretary: Yes, Your Grace.

Secretary: Mr. Ambassador.

Orlando: Why did you kill my friend?

Princip: It was the alcohol. I was overcome.

Mata: Thank you for your time, Mr. Ambassador.

Orlando: Hmm.

Mata: If you wouldn't mind...

Orlando: I'm sorry. I couldn't help admiring your scarf. An exquisite cashmere.

Mata: Yes, it's very rare.

Orlando: Hmm. Do you know the test of a truly pure cashmere?

Mata: A ring.

Orlando: Mmmhmm. Yet, happily, you do not wear one.

Mata: You are mistaken.

Orlando: Now that is disappointing.

Mata: But this is not.

Orlando: I believe it's ungentlemanly to hurt a woman, but since the fate of the world hangs in the balance, I'm going to bend the rules. Now tell me who's behind this, or so help me you'll never breathe again.

Mata: You will have to kill me.

Orlando: Ah... Ambassador.

Ambassador: Is she dead?

Orlando: No. She has an extreme case of hypoxia. She'll be fine, and so will you, as long as we have an honest conversation.

Ambassador: What you're lookin' at is the lady you strangled. She filmed herself seducing the president and

is now blackmailing us to not even think about entering the war. We cannot risk the integrity of the U.S. presidency.

Orlando: I'm sure.

Ambassador: Now, if we can get that negative, then we will happily join England and put Germany out of business.

Orlando: Well, I suggest you interrogate her. And I'll follow up on this.

Tailor: This is cashmere from the Kamaliro goat. It's very rare.

Orlando: Where does it come from?

Tailor: Mr. Collins, cashmere book number one, please.

Tailor: Thank you. It comes from here. The only place in the world where the Kamaliro goat breeds.

Orlando: Excellent. Shola, we're going into the cashmere business

Orlando: I can see six men guarding the lift. Ah... If you can call it that.

Polly: Give the word and their numbers will be reduced.

Orlando: Oh, no, Polly. The film's negative is going to be up there. And that's our real prize. If these guards are alerted, then I don't think we'll make it up. It's vital that we control this lift. This is called a parachute. It means that one can jump out of a plane safely. So, tomorrow at dawn I'll fly the plane over the mountain and Shola will jump out. You land with the parachute, take control of the lift, and then you fire this flare. It's a signal to me, by which time I'll have landed the plane, made my way over to the bottom of the lift, while Polly provides cover.

Shola: Sir, I could do anything for you, but I cannot jump out of an airplane. And it's not that I wouldn't try. It's that I know I'd let you down.

Orlando: Yes. Well, I appreciate your fear of heights, but I am the only one who can fly. So...

Polly: But you wouldn't have to land the plane. You just have to land yourself.

Orlando: Hmm. Well, it, um... It would be bad form to ask a man to do something that I wouldn't do myself. All right, Shola, get ready for my signal. We go at dawn.

Orlando: Shit! Shh. That's it. That's it.

Morton: Answer the question, Dupont. Do you know where Mata is?

Dupont: No. I...

Morton: Well, you fuckin' should. Because I sent her to the American Embassy, and she hasn't been seen since! Do you see this? If the American president thinks he can fuck me too, he is very much mistaken. Take this negative to the press, and it will ruin his reputation. War will be the last thing on the Americans' mind. And when the scandal is over, make sure the new president is in our pocket! Go on. Run! Run! All the way to the White House.

Shepherd guard: Let's check the other side. Let's go around to the south.

Dupont: Make it snappy, pal!

Shepherd Guard: Hey!

Dupont: What the hell?

Dupont: Buddy, what's the holdup?

Shepherd Guard: Look!

Polly: There's the signal. Get to the lift. I'll cover you.

Sherperd Guard: Up on the hill!

Dupont: Who the hell is that guy?

Polly: Shola! Stop fuckin' about! Get on that counterweight!

Dupont: Oh, fuck! Oh...

Orlando: Thank God you're here. This plan hasn't exactly gone by the numbers. Polly. Do you have the film?

Polly: I have the negative in my hand, Your Grace.
 Orlando: Well done.
 Shola: So we have what we came for.
 Orlando: Yes. But the cause of all this mayhem is still in there. Enough of dealing with tentacles, Shola. It's time to cut off the head.
 Shola: It's good to have you back, sir.
 Morton: You have got to be fucking kidding me. The thorn in my side has just been a peace-loving English rose. The Duke of Oxford. Good day to you, sir! You are the very symbol of everything I'm tryin' to destroy. Aristocrats like you stole my parents' mill in Scotland when I was a lad. Entitlement has "title" in it for a reason, no? Huh! I'm gonna fucking love killing you. Come to papa, you posh prick!
 Shola: I'm out.
 Morton: The sound of silence. It's my understanding that you, Duke, are a formidable swordsman. What say we end this shite as gentlemen? After all, manners maketh man.
 Orlando: A gentleman does not hide in the shadows.
 Morton: Aye. Surprise.
 Orlando: Morton.
 Morton: You see, a little misplaced trust allows one to get away with murder. This debate should happen after we have won the war. I suggest we go to Russia, and we sort it out ourselves. And in poor Kitchener's case, quite literally.
 Orlando: Spoken like a true traitor.
 Morton: As far as I'm concerned, his blood... ..that's on your grubby hands.
 Morton: Two on one? Behaving like a true gentleman.
 Orlando: You're delusional. And you've killed millions.
 Morton: What say one more, for good measure? Hey! Come on, old man. Get up. I said, get up! Fuck this gentleman shite. Fuck's sake. You bastard. Give my regards to dear old Kitch, yeah? You can't do it. You can't let me fall. It goes against your every belief. You are a pacifist. (IN ENGLISH ACCENT) And I'm now completely reliant on your mercy, old boy.
 Orlando: You're right. I shouldn't let you fall. Only now I have become the man that my son would have been.
 Morton: You... (SCREAMING)
 Shola: Sir.
 Orlando: Shola, are you all right?
 Shola: We've been through worse, Your Grace.
 Orlando: So, you'd jump in front of a bullet for me, but not out of an airplane?
 Shola: So it would seem. (CHUCKLES)

Orlando: Thank you, my friend.
 Shola: My pleasure.
 Orlando: So, Shola.
 Shola: Hmm?
 Orlando: How are we going to get down from here?
 Wilson: Come in.
 Douglas: Mr. President, Chef has made your favorite peanut butter cookies.
 Wilson: Thank you. Oh...
 Wilson: Get me the generals, immediately. We're goin' to war!
 George: This victory is all down to you and your fine son, Conrad.
 Orlando: And the courage of so many others, sir.
 George: Of course. Britain thanks you. And I thank you for ensuring that I didn't meet the same fate as my cousins. King. Wilhelm's abdication was understandable, but what happened to Nicholas... was despicable.
 Orlando: It was, sir. Ox
 George: I owe you a great personal debt that I still have my crown.
 Orlando: In that case, would you meet me tomorrow at Kingsman, 3:00?
 George: A tailor shop?
 Orlando: Yes, sir. Number 11, Savile Row.
 Orlando: All of us here today are united, sadly, in losing our sons and friends in this terrible war. What happened to this generation of young men must never happen again. I believe the terms of Versailles are too onerous, too extreme, and could precipitate another war. What the world needs is an organization that can channel its resources towards preserving peace and protecting life. An independent intelligence agency operating at the highest level of discretion, above the politics and bureaucracy of government-run spy organizations. To that end, I have acquired this shop. And I propose that we become the founding members of the Kingsman agency. My code name will be... Arthur. And if you agree to join me, you may turn over your place card, where you will find your own code name.
 Polly: I am Galahad.
 Reid: I am Lancelot.
 Ambassador: I am Bedivere.
 George: I am Percival.
 Orlando: Excellent. And this is Merlin, who will be our quartermaster. May our sons and friends rest in peace. And long live the Kingsman.
 ALL: The Kingsman.