

# **"THE DAMNED UNITED"**

screenplay

by

Peter Morgan

From the novel by

David Peace

1 EXT. ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974) 1

Heavy leaden skies over the arachnoid stands and floodlights of Elland Road stadium: home to Leeds United football club.

And rain. Sheets of angry, Yorkshire rain.

TITLE: "THE DAMNED UNITED"

2 INT. BOARDROOM - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974) 2

Flashlights pop as DON REVIE, (late 40's), the most successful manager in English football, walks out in front of a pack of newspaper and TV REPORTERS. He is flanked by the Chairman of Leeds United, (MANNY CUSSINS, 60's), and several other white-haired blazer-wearing members of the Board.

REVIE

I'm just going to make a brief statement.

CAPTION: "JULY 4th, 1974"

REVIE stands under a large trophy cabinet, filled with the silverware he has won. REPORTERS wait: intimidated. Cowed.

REVIE (cont'd)

Yesterday afternoon at 3.00, I accepted the FA's offer to become the next manager of the England national football team.

A gasp among the JOURNALISTS. A burst of flashlights. The BOARD MEMBERS look down at the floor in silence. Bereaved fathers losing their favourite son.

REVIE (cont'd)

Obviously that involves me leaving Leeds United after 13 happy and successful years, which makes me very sad. I'd like to think I have built the club into a family and there must be sadness when anybody leaves a family. However, when one man goes, another steps into his place. I know who I think that person should be, the man to replace me, and I shall make my feelings clear to the directors. Thank you. No further comments.

REVIE turns and walks out, a volley of REPORTERS shouting questions...

FADE TO BLACK:

3 EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY - (1974) 3

We're in a car. Tarmac passes beneath us. Roadmarkings.

OVER THIS: the sound of a flat Teeside voice, singing along with Frank Sinatra on the radio...

VOICE (V.O.)  
"Fly me to the Moon.."

4 INT. CAR - DAY - (1974) 4

Two young BOYS, (12, 9) stare out of car windows. Raindrops on the panes of glass. Their father, BRIAN CLOUGH, (39), slick, modern, cocky, handsome. About as big a contrast to DON REVIE as it's possible to find, is up front. Driving..

CLOUGH  
(singing)  
"And let me play among the stars.."

SIMON  
When are we there?

CLOUGH  
Any moment now. On the right.  
(singing)  
"Let me see what spring is like..."

The car turns a bend, and suddenly the floodlights and stands of a football stadium come into view. The BOYS' eyes widen.

BOY 1  
There it is! Dad! There it is!

The BOYS smile in excitement.

CLOUGH  
(singing)  
"..on Jupiter and Mars.."

'LEEDS UNITED FOOTBALL CLUB' written on the side of the stadium. CLOUGH smiles, then puts his foot down. The car accelerates past the turning. The BOYS' smiles fade.

BOY 1  
Where are you going? Dad? You've missed it.

CLOUGH  
We've something else to do first.  
Won't take long.  
(singing)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

CLOUGH (cont'd)

"In other words, hold my hand. In other words, darling kiss me..."

The MUSIC continues as the car drives on, turning into the MUSIC of a television program..

5 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY - (1974)

5

The 'CALENDER' front title sequence, a Yorkshire TV current affairs program. We're in a TV studio. The presenter is AUSTIN MITCHELL, (40)..

MITCHELL

Today we welcome Brian Clough as he starts his new job as manager of Leeds United, taking over from Don Revie - the most successful manager in the club's history, under whom Leeds have won everything..

CLOUGH

..not QUITE everything. Not won the European Cup...

MITCHELL

...but pretty much everything else. Daunted?

CLOUGH

Daunted? Not at all, Austin. Looking forward to it.

MITCHELL

The biggest challenge of your life, and you'll be without Peter Taylor, for the first time. Your lifelong professional colleague.

CLOUGH

Yes, Pete's at Brighton now. He had the opportunity to come with me, but Brighton was his choice. Leeds was mine.

MITCHELL

A surprising choice, some might say. Because you've been very vocal in your criticism of them over the years.

CLOUGH

I have.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

You've accused players of dirty tactics, cheating, dissent, foul play. You called Norman Hunter, Norman "Bites yer legs" Hunter, you've said Peter Lorimer falls when no one touches him...

CLOUGH

And I was right.

MITCHELL

I'm curious. Why do you now show such alacrity to joining them after such vituperative criticism of them for so long?

CLOUGH

Goodness, it's going to take me half an hour to explain all those words for a start.

Laughter from the camera CREW..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Football is a beautiful game, Austin. It needs to be played beautifully. I think Leeds have sold themselves short...

5A

INT. REVIE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

5A

CLOUGH's interview continues on a TV in a sitting-room, where it is being watched by Don Revie, sitting in an armchair...

CLOUGH (ON TV)

*..they've been champions but they've not been good champions in the sense of wearing the crown well. They've not been loved. But then that's hardly surprising, given the type of operation there's been in place there.*

5B

INT. YORKSHIRE TV STUDIOS - DAY

5B

CLOUGH continues...

CLOUGH

Football clubs are like families, footballers are sensitive people. I'd like to bring a little warmth into the set-up...

(CONTINUED)

5B CONTINUED:

5B

MITCHELL

"That type of operation?" I presume  
you're referring to Don Revie..

CLOUGH

I am..

5C INT. REVIE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

5C

REVIE continues to watch the TV...

MITCHELL

*..who has long been regarded as a  
father figure in Leeds. And now you're  
coming in as the outsider, the enemy  
even, after all the things you've said  
in public, coming in and taking over  
as STEPfather.*

5D INT. YORKSHIRE TV - SAME TIME

5D

MITCHELL looks up at CLOUGH...

(CONTINUED)

5D

CONTINUED:

5D

MITCHELL

Don't you expect some degree of  
resentment to this?

CLOUGH

I would accept and expect a  
strangeness, initially, it's perfectly  
normal. But it won't be long before  
they realise I'm a fair man. A kind  
man. And maybe under me they can  
experience what it's like to be in a  
happy family, after all.

MITCHELL

How can you be sure they weren't happy  
with Don all along?

CLOUGH

They wouldn't have played football  
that way if they were happy.

5E

INT. REVIE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

5E

DON REVIE's eyes burn with indignation. He picks up a  
telephone, and angrily starts to dial..

6

EXT. TRAINING FIELD - DAY - (1974)

6

Here they are. The Leeds PLAYERS. Long hair and long faces.  
Surly. Truculent. Dangerous.

Out on the practice pitch. In the rain. Some doing warm-up  
exercises. Others milling dangerously in groups. Their names  
on their purple track suits.

HUNTER, LORIMER, GILES, BATES, GRAY, CLARKE, BREMNER, MCQUEEN

7

EXT. CAR PARK - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974)

7

CLOUGH's car pulls up. He and his sons get out. A few waiting  
press. Cameras. Lights. A few FANS with autograph books.

JIMMY GORDON

Where have you been, boss?

JIMMY GORDON, CLOUGH loyal trainer, his face creased with  
anxiety..

JIMMY

Directors have been waiting more than  
an hour. C'mon..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY GORDON leads CLOUGH past the training pitch. CLOUGH looks out..

(CONTINUED)



CLOUGH

Morning lads! Lovely Yorkshire weather!

(gestures shivering)

I tell you makes me want to jump on a plane right back to Majorca!

CLOUGH laughs. The PLAYERS stare in silence. Squinting in the drizzle. Condensation coming from their mouths.

JOHNNY GILES stares. BILLY BREMNER spits and continues talking disrespectfully.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Not much of a welcome, was it? And not so much as a smile from Johnny Giles.

JIMMY

You're five days late!! And did you really need to say that about Majorca?

(beat, changing the subject)

You know he was Revie's first choice for getting your job.

CLOUGH

Who? Johnny Giles?

CLOUGH looks over at GILES, who turns away, resumes training....

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Was he now? And Bremner?

JIMMY

Club Captain. Don's son and heir. His first born. You're never going to get any love from him.

BREMNER, a flint-eyed Scot, stares at CLOUGH..

CLOUGH

Great. Here's to happy fucking families.

JIMMY GORDON leads CLOUGH and his BOYS down a corridor, where countless photographs of DON REVIE hang on the walls. Holding silverware.

They pass an open door, with a sign outside, 'MANAGER. Mr. DON. REVIE.' CLOUGH stops. Looks at the sign.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

Then pushes open the door..

9 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974) 9

CLOUGH walks into the manager's office. The empty chair. The bare desk. His desk. Don's desk.

CLOUGH takes a seat in the chair.

Presently, a middle-aged matron, JEAN REID, Don Revie's faithful SECRETARY for 13 years, appears in the doorway..

CLOUGH  
Any chance of a cup of tea, duck?

JEAN  
They're waiting for you. Upstairs.

CLOUGH swings his feet on the desk.

CLOUGH  
Who's that?

JEAN  
The Directors.

CLOUGH  
For me? Why?

JEAN  
For the board meeting.

CLOUGH  
Let them wait. Now, how about that cup of tea?

CLOUGH smiles sweetly, but JEAN stares at CLOUGH. She pointedly doesn't move. CLOUGH lowers his feet.

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
All right, I'll go then. Wouldn't want to get off on the wrong foot.

CLOUGH walks over to the door. Looks at the desk.

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
Who's desk is that, love?

JEAN  
Yours, Mr. Clough.

CLOUGH  
Not mine. I didn't put it there, did I?

JEAN  
Mr. Revie's.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

Let's get rid of it then, shall we?  
Chairs, too. The whole bloody lot.  
Think it would be best if there were  
nothing of his left here.

CLOUGH reaches the door..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Were you his secretary?

JEAN

I was. For thirteen happy years.

CLOUGH

What's your name, pet?

JEAN

Jean, Sir. Jean Reid.

CLOUGH

In which case, no offence duck, but  
there's nothing I want typed on paper  
from you other than your resignation.

She gasps..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

And you can change the locks on your  
way out. Don't want the ghost of  
troubled Don popping in now, do we?  
Rattling his chains. Scaring my young  
ones.

CLOUGH puts his arms protectively round the BOYS, and leads  
them out of the door. JEAN REID stares, visibly shaken.

Half-a-dozen white-haired patriarchs sit at a large table.  
Matching blazers and matching brass. MANNY CUSSINS, SAM  
BOLTON, BOB ROBERTS, SYDNEY SIMON, PERCY WOODWARD.

Aldermen and Rotary club members. Masons and businessmen.

CLOUGH enters the boardroom. Indicates to JIMMY GORDON to  
look after the BOYS outside. Inside: matching curtains and  
carpets.

CUSSINS

Come in, Brian.

CLOUGH sits down at the head of the table. Rubs his hands  
together..

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

What? No one going to offer me a drink? Like an undertakers in here.

The DIRECTORS shoot looks at one another.

CUSSINS

Why did you do it?

CLOUGH

Do what?

BOLTON

The *interview*. For Yorkshire TV.

CUSSIN

We've had a phone-call.

BOLTON

Not so much a phone-call. Bloody tirade.

CUSSINS

From Don. They only went and rung him. And ran some of your quotes by him. About how unhappy the players were. What "bad champions". Looking for a response.

BOLTON

(shudders to himself)

Bloody got one, as well. He's gone berserk.

CLOUGH

He had it coming. He shouldn't have done that piece in the Mirror should he? Saying he thought I was a daft choice.

BOLTON

He's entitled to his opinions.

CLOUGH

And I'm entitled to mine.

CUSSINS

(barks, flame on)

And I'm entitled to MINE.

The room falls silent. That got everyone's attention.

(CONTINUED)

CUSSINS (cont'd)

I hired you to do this job because I think you're the best young manager in the country...

CLOUGH

Thank you. I'm the best old one, too.

CUSSINS

...I also did it under the assumption that you'd be coming here wanting the best for the club. For the city of Leeds. So why do I still get the feeling this is all about you and Don?

CLOUGH

Of course it's just about me and Don. Always has been. But instead of putting frowns on your foreheads, o ye elders of Leeds, in your blazers and brass fucking buttons, it should put big white Colgate smiles on your big white faces, because it means I won't sleep and won't eat until I take whatever that man's achieved and beaten it -- beaten it so I never have to hear the name "Don Fucking Revie" again -- beat it so the only name anyone sings in their Yorkshire ale houses, raising their stinking jars to their stinking mouths, is Brian Clough. Brian Clough uber fucking alles. Understand?

The blazers and brass buttons, WHITE-HAIRED ELDERS of Leeds stare at one another.

CUT TO:

12 INT. FRONT ROOM - CLOUGH'S HOUSE - DERBY - NIGHT - (1968) 12

CLOUGH sits glued to a wireless in his front room.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

..Ladies and Gentlemen, the draw for  
the third round of the FA Cup will now  
commence..

CLOUGH's eyes widen: he calls out to the others..

CLOUGH

C'mon, Pete!

WHITE-HAIRED ELDER

Number twenty-two..

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Derby County, second division..

CLOUGH

Here we go. That's us..!

CAPTION: "SIX YEARS EARLIER"

PETER TAYLOR, seven years older than CLOUGH, his closest  
friend, his only true friend, appears breathlessly in the  
doorway back from a fish and chips run...

..followed by BARBARA, Clough's wife, and the three  
children..

WHITE-HAIRED ELDER (ON RADIO)

*Number six..*

ON TV: the BLAZER-WEARING ELDER calls into the microphone..

BLAZER-WEARING ELDER (ON RADIO)

*Leeds United!*

RADIO COMMENTATOR

*Against mighty Leeds United..!*

CLOUGH and TAYLOR cry out in shock..

CLOUGH

Leeds..!

TAYLOR

Fucking hell..!

CLOUGH

Don Revie's Leeds! Top of Division  
One! Here we bloody come!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

The telephone rings. CLOUGH picks it up..

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
(already knowing it'll be  
SAM LONGSON)

What do you say to that, Mr. Chairman?

13 INT. SAM LONGSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - (1968)

13

He's right. It's SAM LONGSON, Chairman of Derby County, (60's) looks like Krushchev, cue-ball head, voice like a power-drill, a tough haulage millionaire..

UNCLE SAM  
I can hear the cash registers now!

CLOUGH  
Happy days, Sir. Happy days.

UNCLE SAM  
You're not wrong, Brian. Take the family out for a meal. Go to The Mumtaz. Tell 'em I'm paying.

14 INT. CLOUGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT - (1968)

14

CLOUGH hangs up the phone..

CLOUGH  
Put the fish and chips in the bin.  
Tonight's on Uncle Sam. We're going  
posh. Chicken fucking bhuna in town.

General excitement. Everyone starts putting on their coats.

15 EXT. BASEBALL GROUND - DERBY - DAY - (1968)

15

CLOUGH stands with two men in overalls, indicating a fading 'Visitors' sign...

CLOUGH  
Right, you two, I want Billy Bremner  
and Johnny Giles to be able to read  
THAT...  
(indicates door-frames)  
And this woodwork has seen better  
days..



16 INT. BASEBALL GROUND - DERBY - DAY - (1968)

16

'Crash', the following morning, CLOUGH bursts through swing doors, and into corridors with the CLEANERS...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

CLOUGH

Spick and span, understand? Wash these walls down. Give the floors a proper polish.

17 EXT. PITCH - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1968)

17

CLOUGH inspects the pitch with the HEAD GROUNDSMAN..

CLOUGH

I want it perfect. Like a fucking carpet. We've got proper footballers coming. Who know how to keep the ball on the deck.

GROUNDSMAN

Well, you can't fucking train on it then.

18 EXT. PITCH - PUBLIC PARK - DERBY - DAY - (1968)

18

The Derby PLAYERS train on a football pitch in a public park. CLOUGH turns to TAYLOR..

CLOUGH

You know he'll be making a file on us. A dossier.

TAYLOR

Who?

CLOUGH

Don Revie. Prepares a file on every game. Leaves nothing to chance. Knows every opponents formations. Strategies. Everything.

TAYLOR

I've heard he's a superstitious twat.  
(calling out)  
Ey..! Help him, someone HELP him..!

CLOUGH

We grew up just a few streets apart, you know. In Middlesborough, close to Ayrsome Park. He'll have known my street, Valley Road - probably bought sweets from Garnetts Factory, where my dad worked.

TAYLOR

Heard he wears the same suit to every game. His "lucky blue suit".

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR (cont'd)

And he doesn't care for ornamental  
birds. C'mon, who's covering him...!

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

The best manager in the country, Don  
Revie. Played for Sunderland, like me,  
as a centre-forward, like me, and  
England, like me.

TAYLOR

(shouting out)  
C'mon, give it and go!

CLOUGH

Peas in a pod, me and Don. Two peas in  
a fucking pod.

19 INT. CORRIDOR - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1968) 19

CLOUGH in early. Before anyone. In shirtsleeves, sweeping  
corridors. Straightens photos on the wall.

20 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1968) 20

CLOUGH polishing the sign, 'VISITORS' on the dressing-room  
door.

21 INT. BATHROOMS - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1968) 21

CLOUGH on his knees, scrubbing, cleaning baths in the  
visiting team's washrooms.

22 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1968) 22

CLOUGH puts on his suit. Ties his tie. He takes a bottle of  
vintage red wine from a cupboard.

He places the bottles on his desk. Then puts two cut crystal  
glasses on his desk. His and Don's.

A flicker of jealousy on PETER TAYLOR's face, almost like a  
wife - hurt that his friend is making such an effort for  
someone else.

A knock on the door. JIMMY GORDON appears in the doorway..

JIMMY

They're here!  
(a confused look)  
Well, almost..

23 EXT. CAR PARK - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1968)

23

CLOUGH rushes out of the doors, straightening his cuffs, straightening his hair, buttoning his jacket. First out to greet the arriving team.

He turns the corner to see the LEEDS COACH a hundred yards down the street, the PLAYERS getting off the coach and walking towards him..

CLOUGH  
What are they doing?

JIMMY  
They've run out of petrol.

TAYLOR  
No, it's that superstition, isn't it?  
Every away cup ties, Revie makes them  
walk the last hundred yards.

TAYLOR mutters under his breath, "Soppy twat".

CLOUGH cranes his neck. Watches DON REVIE, 40's. Thick-set. Severe, forbidding, intimidating, in a huddle with his coaching staff, Les Cocker and Syd Owen. His henchmen. His assassins. His "Goodfellas". His right and left hand.

CLOUGH walks towards him. Hand outstretched..

CLOUGH  
Welcome to Derby, Don. Pleasure to  
meet you. I'm Brian Clough.

But REVIE walks past without shaking hands, without talking, without even breaking stride..

..and disappears into the stadium, deep in conversation with Les Cocker and Syd Owen.

CLOUGH stares. Hand still outstretched. He looks over at PETER TAYLOR, who can't help smiling, 'Forget it'.

TAYLOR and JIMMY GORDON walk off, but CLOUGH still stares at REVIE in disbelief.

24 EXT. DUG-OUT - TOUCHLINE - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1968) 24

The LEEDS PLAYERS run out onto the pitch: HUNTER, MADELY, BREMNER, GILES, REANEY, JONES, in a line, waving to the crowd, turning North, South, East, West...

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR rubs his hands in excitement, "Here we go". But CLOUGH is miles away. Still cannot let the insult go. He stares over at the visiting team dug-out..

(CONTINUED)

REVIE and his lieutenants. Whispering among themselves. Huddled in thought. Huddled in strategy. Huddled in malevolence.

Presently, the game starts. A roar from the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

"Beeeeeep", the REF's whistle blows. A Derby PLAYER rolls in agony, cries out, a terrible, cynical challenge. Horrified, JIMMY GORDON and PETER TAYLOR up on thier feet in protest..

TAYLOR

Referee..!

CLOUGH looks over to REVIE's bench. Sees REVIE and SYD OWEN quietly applauding the Leeds PLAYER. Encouraging more of the same. As the Derby PLAYER is stretchered off..

Presently, RRROOOOAAAARRRRR goes up. Goal Leeds. REVIE and his henchmen get to their feet. Applauding. 1-0.

TAYLOR and JIMMY GORDON immediately start shouting out encouragement to the Derby PLAYERS, new instructions, as the game restarts..

TAYLOR (cont'd)

C'mon, keep your shape! Close him down!

JIMMY

Think, Alan! To feet!

TAYLOR

Now sent it out wide!

CLOUGH doesn't join in. He continues to stare at REVIE in his dugout.

Suddenly:

"Beeep!", whistle! Penatly Leeds! CLOUGH leaps off the bench in outrage. Screaming, on his feel, protesting in disbelief..

CLOUGH

What? He didn't fucking touch him!  
Ref! He DIVED! He fucking dived!

REVIE shaking hands with his COLLEAGUES. Smiling amongst themselves. Congratulating themselves. Celebrating.

The inevitable roar as Leeds convert, followed by, "Beeeeeep", the sound of the final WHISTLE. CLOUGH stares in disbelief. Robbed. Deflated.

The REFEREE blows the whistle for the end of the game.

CLOUGH watches as REVIE and SYD OWEN brush past, shaking PETER TAYLOR and JIMMY GORDON's hands, (assuming TAYLOR's the manager), on their way to the dressing-rooms, their minds already on their next game...

CLOUGH stares as they go..



25 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DERBY - LATE AFTERNOON - (1968) 25

The two empty glasses waiting on the table.

CAPTION: "DERBY 0 - LEEDS 2"

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

Didn't say good-bye. Or pay me the  
respect of staying for a drink.  
Couldn't wait to get away.

Through the front door we see: DON REVIE, SYD OWEN and LES  
COCKER walking to their bus, chuckling to themselves, deep in  
discussion, already thinking about the next match.

TAYLOR

Bloody cheats and all. Neither of  
those goals should have been allowed.

But CLOUGH doesn't hear...

CLOUGH

Just going to have to beat them, Pete.  
Beat him it's the last thing I do.

TAYLOR

We need to get into the same division  
first.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

We need someone with a good head.  
Experience.

TAYLOR

I know. Our lot were like headless  
chickens out there today.

CLOUGH turns to TAYLOR...

CLOUGH

First thing Monday morning, I want you  
to go and find me that player. A wise  
head.

TAYLOR opens his mouth, is about to protest..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

And don't worry about the money.  
That's my problem. Just you go and  
find him.

CLOUGH's face: watching the Leeds PLAYERS board the bus...

CUT TO:

CLOUGH's face: staring out at the Leeds PLAYERS waiting on  
the training pitch. A deep breath.

CLOUGH

Right. Better go and make myself  
known.

CLOUGH removes his jacket. JIMMY GORDON and CLOUGH's SONS  
watch as he walks out onto the training pitch...

CLOUGH walks out into the drizzle and towards the LEEDS  
PLAYERS..

CLOUGH

(up-beat, clapping hands)  
All right, gentlemen, gather around,  
please.

The players truculently gather round. CLOUGH watches them,  
notes their mood, then..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

I might as well tell you now.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You lot may all be internationals and have won all the domestic honours there are to win under Don Revie, but as far as I'm concerned, the first thing you can do for me is to chuck all your medals and all your caps and all your pots and all your pans into the biggest fucking dustbin you can find because you've never won any of them fairly. You've done it all by bloody cheating.

Silence from the PLAYERS..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Mr. William Bremner. You're the captain. And a good one. But you're no good to the team and you're no good to me if you're suspended. I need you fit for every game, and I want good, clean, attractive football from my captain. Setting an example.

CLOUGH turns to PETER LORIMER.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Mr. Lorimer, I hope you were listening because you're as good a footballer as I've ever seen, but you know how I feel about the way Don let you harangue referees, fall over when you've not been touched, protesting and pointing, trying to get other players booked. We'll have no more of that.

CLOUGH turns to JOHNNY GILES..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

And you, Irishman. God gave you skill, intelligence, and the best passing ability in the game. What God did not give you was six studs to wrap around another player's knee.

GILES

I don't know what you're talking about.

CLOUGH turns to NORMAN HUNTER...

CLOUGH

But you do, though, "Bites yer Legs".

(CONTINUED)

HUNTER

People kick me, I kick them back.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

Not with me as manager. Do that on my watch, you'll be fined and stuck in the reserves.

(to all the PLAYERS)

Things are going to be a little different around here. Without Don. Might feel a little strange at first. Might pinch a little. Like a new pair of shoes. But if you want your grandchildren to remember you for being something other than the dirty buggers you all were, if you want to be loved as REAL champions, WORTHY champions, you're going to have to work. And improve. And change.

(nods to JIMMY GORDON)

Now let's start off by playing some seven-a-sides.

PLAYERS stare at one another. Bristling. Disbelieving looks.

BREMNER

Don never did that.

CLOUGH

Well, I'm not Don. And from now on I never want to hear that man's name again. Ever. Next player who mentions it, or what he did or didn't bloody do in the good ol' days, will spend a week cleaning my boots.

(clapping hands)

Seven-a-side. Keep it nice and clean, and sensible. No fifty-fifty's.

CLOUGH sees that one side is a man short..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Right, I'll play myself. You might learn something, Irishman. Two hundred and fifty-one goals in two hundred and seventy-four starts.

CLOUGH skillfully traps the ball between his feet, flips it up onto this head - down onto his chest, then "WHAM" volleys it into a distant goal..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Like to see Don fucking Revie do that, eh?

CLOUGH removes his track suit trousers, rolls his neck. JIMMY GORDON quickly divides the players into two teams, blows the whistle..

(CONTINUED)

The game starts. CLOUGH, leading by example, anxious to prove himself, is soon darting about, calling out...

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
(clapping hands)  
Here, son. To feet. Keep it simple.  
Think and give. On the deck. Nice and  
crisp. Yes, to me, Sniffer. To me.

CLARKE passes the ball. But it's a fifty-fifty. Another player bears down on CLOUGH..who refuses to pull out..

"CRUNCH", a bone-shaking tackle from "BITES YER LEGS".

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
Oh, Jeeeeeesussss!!!

CLOUGH is flattened. Rolls around on the floor. JIMMY GORDON runs up to NORMAN HUNTER..

JIMMY  
Fucking matter with you? He said no  
fifty-fifty's.

HUNTER aggressively steps forward. Nose to nose. He is immediately flanked by other aggressive Leeds PLAYERS. Crowding the referee. Intimidating him.

HUNTER  
What are you going to do about it?  
Book me?

JIMMY GORDON backs off, visibly frightened. CLOUGH lies on the floor. In agony. Holding his knee.

CLOUGH listens to the PLAYERS laughing at him. Disrespecting him. His face darkens.

BREMNER  
(mimicking)  
"Two hundred and fifty-one goals in  
two hundred and seventy-four starts."

The sound of coarse, cruel laughter among the LEEDS PLAYERS. JIMMY GORDON appears, CLOUGH's two SONS in tow..

JIMMY  
I've got what you were looking for.

JIMMY holds up a large parcel wrapped in brown paper. CLOUGH's expression changes.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

CLOUGH  
What about the petrol?

JIMMY  
In the boot of the car.

CLOUGH  
Good lad.

29 INT. CORRIDOR - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974) 29

CLOUGH limps down a corridor. In a thunderous mood. Holding the parcel. PEOPLE scatter.

30 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974) 30

The door flies open. CLOUGH storms into his office. He walks over to the desk. DON REVIE's desk.

He unwraps the parcel, and takes out an axe.

CLOUGH  
Stand back.

CLOUGH's SONS watch as their father violently swings the axe down onto the desk. The sickening sound of splintering wood.

31 EXT. ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974) 31

CLOUGH watches the desk burn in a small bonfire outside. MANNY CUSSINS and several DIRECTORS walk out.

They are surprised to see CLOUGH by the fire holding an axe...

CUSSINS  
Everything all right?

CLOUGH  
(sunny, waving with the  
axe)  
Fine thank you, Mr. Cussins.

CLOUGH smiles politely, then turns, and walks to his car. The DIRECTORS watch..

CUT TO:



32 INT. CLOUGH HOUSE - DINING-ROOM - DAY - (1968) 32

"Rrrriinnnggg", the phone rings. CLOUGH and his FAMILY are having Sunday lunch. BARBARA CLOUGH looks up..

BARBARA

Not now, love - please?

"Rrrriinnnggg". The phone rings. CLOUGH tries to ignore it.

CLOUGH

But it might be Pete.

BARBARA

(rolls eyes)

Of course it's Pete.

"Rrrriinnnggg", CLOUGH tries to eat, then..

CLOUGH

But it might be important.

(to NIGEL)

C'mon, eat your carrots. For your Mother.

CLOUGH gets up. Walks out of the room..

33 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - HALL - DAY - (1968) 33

PETER TAYLOR, similarly in disgrace with his family, similarly unable to go a single Sunday lunch without calling CLOUGH, whispers down the phone, terrified of his wife..

TAYLOR

You asked me to find a player with a good head. Experience.

(whispering, furtive)

I've found one! He's perfect. Dave Mackay.

CLOUGH

Dave Mackay?!? He's a hundred and fucking fifty.

TAYLOR

I admit he's not young.

CLOUGH

Not young? He's old as fucking time!

TAYLOR

But he's clever, keeps the ball well. And passes it better than anyone alive.

(CONTINUED)

A voice calls from TAYLOR's dining-room..

LILIAN (O.S.)

Pete...! That's enough! Come back!

TAYLOR

(looks left and right)

He's the one, Brian.

CLOUGH

You sure?

TAYLOR

Never been more sure of anything in my life.

CLOUGH

All right, I'll talk to Longson in the morning.

TAYLOR

We haven't got until morning. Hearts have already made him an offer. Want him as their manager. Apparently they've already agreed terms.

CLOUGH

Well, what did you fucking call me for then?

TAYLOR

Because when I asked Bill Nick how done the deal was - he said ninety-nine per cent.

CLOUGH's face.

CLOUGH

Meaning he hasn't signed.

TAYLOR

Exactly.

BARBARA CLOUGH rolls her eyes, puts down her cutlery, and calls out..

BARBARA

All right, Brian. Enough. Come back now..

No answer. BARBARA tuts to herself. Gets up from the table. She walks out of the dining-room, calling out..

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

BARBARA (cont'd)  
C'mon, that's enough...

35 INT. CLOUGH HOUSE - HALL - DAY - (1968)

35

..and into the hall. BARBARA stops. She looks left and right.  
No sign.

BARBARA  
Brian..? Love..?

36 OMITTED

36

37 EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE - DAY - (1968)

37

CLOUGH and TAYLOR emerge from a roadside cafe and walk towards their car. They've missed Sunday lunch. So it's Crisps. Sweets. Fizzy drinks. Almost childlike. Happier in one another's company than with their own families.

CLOUGH  
Where would we play him?

TAYLOR  
In the middle of the park. Somewhere he can see everything, use his loaf, and tell the kids what to do.

CLOUGH  
We'll play him as a sweeper, then.

TAYLOR  
(eating crisps)  
Aye.

They climb into the waiting car...

CLOUGH  
Won't have to run about too much. And what's all this I hear about a tie shop?

TAYLOR  
He's got a tie shop, hasn't he? In London. Which he spends two days a week at.

CLOUGH starts the engine...

CLOUGH  
Fucking tie shop?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

It's his "nest egg". For the future.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

No one's going to be wearing fucking ties in twenty years time.

CLOUGH and TAYLOR both giggle. Like kids. The car pulls off...

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Hope his footballing brain is better than his business brain.

CLOUGH's car pulls up outside a house in a quiet terraced road in North London. TAYLOR checks it against the address on a piece of paper. The two men get out of the car...

CLOUGH

You know it's illegal. To sign someone on the sabbath.

TAYLOR

Is it?

(immediately cautious)

Then perhaps we should just shake on it today? And sign tomorrow?

CLOUGH

What? And let Hearts in again in the morning? Fuck off.

(producing contracts)

I'm not leaving here without a signature.

CLOUGH and TAYLOR walk up the garden path..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You'd bloody DO that, too - wouldn't you? Come all this way, then just "shake hands"?

(shaking head)

Dear oh dear. What would you DO without me?

TAYLOR

Hey, you would never have FOUND him if it weren't for me.

CLOUGH stops, rings the doorbell. Looks at TAYLOR.

CLOUGH

Good job we're both wearing ties.

(CONTINUED)

'Snap', the door opens to reveal DAVE MACKAY, a thick set, dark-haired bull of a man, with a thick Scots accent. CLOUGH smiles ear to ear..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Jehova's Witness, Dave! May the Lord be with you!

MACKAY

Who the bloody hell are you?

CLOUGH

My name's Brian Clough, and I once had the pleasure of playing for England against you in an Under-23 match.

MACKAY

I remember you now. You had a black eye, a right bloody shiner.

(a beat)

And never stopped fucking talking! What are you doing here?

CLOUGH

Come to talk to you about the Promised Land, Dave. Land of Milk and Honey. It's a little place up the M1 called Derby.

(a beat)

May we come in?

CLOUGH, TAYLOR and JIMMY GORDON training with the Derby PLAYERS. SAM LONGSON, (late 60's), Chairman of Derby County approaches, visibly angry..

UNCLE SAM

Dave Mackay??

CLOUGH

You don't look happy, Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM

I'm not. What were you thinking? Going over my head like that? Why didn't you call?

CLOUGH

Because you'd have said 'no'.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE SAM

Bloody right I'd have said 'no'. The man's bloody crocked.

CLOUGH

Pete reckons he's good for three more years.

UNCLE SAM

Is he fuck. He's broken more bones than Evel Knievel.

CLOUGH

Trust me, Mr. Chairman. It's money well spent.

LONGSON turns and double-takes....

UNCLE SAM

And who the FUCK are they?

CLOUGH

That'd be Messrs. McGovern and O'Hare.

MCGOVERN/O'HARE

Afternoon/Hello!

UNCLE SAM

(almost passing out)

Where did they come from?

CLOUGH

My old stomping grounds. Hartlepoons and Sunderland. Very reasonable, too.

CLOUGH smiles..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Just doing what's best for the club.

UNCLE SAM

That'd be MY club, Brian. MY club.

'Flash', DAVE MACKAY, JOHN MCGOVERN and JOHN O'HARE wearing Derby strip, poses under the Derby County sign for photographs with CLOUGH and TAYLOR..

41 EXT. PITCH - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1968)

41

CLOUGH and TAYLOR watch from the touchline as their new team led by MACKAY plays in a match. CLOUGH watches in admiration...

(CONTINUED)



41 CONTINUED:

41

CLOUGH

You're a genius, Pete. Bloody genius.  
How did you see it?

On the training ground: DAVE MACKAY, barrel-chested and older, voice like a bullhorn, is already bossing about the young players, urging them to "think"..

TAYLOR

Dunno. It was just obvious. McGovern  
in midfield, Mackay at the back,  
O'Hare up front. The skewer isn't it?  
In the shish kebab.

CLOUGH watches MACKAY passing the ball, creating space..

CLOUGH

It's beautiful. A thing of fucking  
beauty!!

CLOUGH grabs TAYLOR's head, kisses him. OVER THIS: we fade in the roar from the crowd...

42 EXT. DUGOUT - CARLISLE - DAY - (1968)

42

CAPTION: 'CARLISLE'

GOAL!! Derby score. CLOUGH and TAYLOR leap to their feet.

43 EXT. DUGOUT - BURY - DAY - (1968)

43

CAPTION: 'BURY'

GOAL!! Derby score. CLOUGH and TAYLOR leap to their feet.

44 EXT. DUGOUT - HUDDERSFIELD - DAY - (1968)

44

CAPTION: 'HUDDERSFIELD'

GOAL!! Derby score. CLOUGH and TAYLOR leap to their feet.

45 FLICKERING ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: - (1968)

45

Of DERBY winning the championship. Of NEWS STATIONS  
announcing it in the Midlands.

46 INT. SAM LONGSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

46

A large, swanky house, as befits the multi-millionaire owner  
of a successful haulage business.

(CONTINUED)

SAM LONGSON, BRIAN CLOUGH, PETER TAYLOR and DAVE MACKAY are all celebrating with all their families.

The trophy is centre-stage. CLOUGH sings a Sinatra classic..

CLOUGH

"Love and marriage, love and marriage,  
it's an institute you can't  
disparage.."

To everyone's amusement: CLOUGH sings to PETER TAYLOR, not his own wife..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

"Try, try, try to separate them, it's  
an illusion. Try, try, try and you  
will only come to this conclusion.."

In another corner: MACKAY is amiably ribbing LONGSON..

MACKAY

..."the man's crooked", "older than  
time" "broken more bones than Evel  
Knievel?"

LONGSON

All right, I admit it, I was wrong.

LONGSON starts eating his trademark felt hat. Much cheering as he munches in disgust and swallows with difficulty.

Suddenly, DAVE MACKAY looks up, sees the television. Calls for quiet!!

ON TV: a live awards presentation. From London. DON REVIE is being presented with an award...

REVIE

*..for Leeds to win the First Division  
title, and for me to be named as  
English Manager of the year...feels  
like a dream come true...*

CLOUGH watches. His expression changes. His eyes burn into REVIE's.

CLOUGH

You enjoy it, Don. Go home, put your  
feet up and fucking enjoy it. There's  
a good lad. Because we'll be in the  
First Division next season. And we're  
going to have you!

Loud CHEERS from LONGSON, TAYLOR, MACKAY and CLOUGH. OVER  
THIS: we fade in the sound of roaring...

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED: (2)

46

CUT TO:

47

EXT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY - (1974)

47

ARCHIVE TV FOOTAGE: Wembley Stadium on Charity Shield day.  
The opening of the 1974/5 season.

## COMMENTATOR'S VOICE

*The twin towers of Wembley Stadium,  
the cathedral of English football on a  
glorious late-summer's day... good  
afternoon everyone, it's the Charity  
Shield, the opening Saturday of the  
1974 season, and a first chance to get  
a look at Brian Clough's Leeds...*

48 INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY - (1974)

48

DON REVIE is being interviewed by a TV JOURNALIST in sheepskin coat and headphones..

JOURNALIST

Will you be supporting Leeds today, Don?

REVIE

You'd expect nothing less having been their manager for 13 years. But the fact is I'm here today as manager of England...

JOURNALIST

Do you have any advice to give your successor, Brian Clough, before his first game?

A mischievous smile barely perceptible of REVIE's face..

REVIE

Win. The people of Leeds are used to winning.

49 INT. WEMBLEY DRESSING-ROOM - DAY - (1974)

49

CLOUGH with the LEEDS TEAM in the dressing-room before kick off. PLAYERS changing. The stink of Ralgex. PHYSIOS bandaging the injured. JIMMY GORDON massaging one or two players.

CLOUGH

Right, the team for today is: Harvey in goal, Reaney, Cherry, Bremner, McQueen, Hunter, Lorimer, Clarke, Jordan, Giles, Gray.

CLOUGH folds a piece of paper. A flicker of vulnerability.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Obviously all eyes will be on us to see how things have changed. Without Don. What might be different under me. Let's show them some of the things we've been working on. Our changes in attitude, too. Our new outlook. New discipline. New approach.

(a beat)

Let's see some of you playing with a smile.

Team talk over: the PLAYERS put on their shoes. Make final preparations.

49A INT. TUNNEL - WEMBLEY - DAY - (1974)

49A

The two teams are limbering up in the tunnel. CLOUGH takes his place ahead of BILLY BREMNER..

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

Of course, it goes without saying I'd like you to continue as Club Captain.

Silence. BREMNER continues to limber up...

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You know, son, I've nothing but the highest regard for you as a player.

They PLAYERS get the instruction to walk out, towards the roar of the crowd...

CLOUGH (cont'd)

In fact, I wrote you a card saying as much. Did you not get it? From Majorca?

The roar of the CROWD grows louder...

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Saying how excited I was to be taking this job. How much I thought we could achieve together. And inviting you and your family down to our place in Calla Major any time you like?

BREMNER

Never got it.

They walk out into the ROAR of the crowd....

50 EXT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY - (1974)

50

DON REVIE sits in the stadium watching as:

CLOUGH leads his Leeds PLAYERS out. 67,000 FANS screaming and shouting.

A stony-faced BREMNER behind him.

51 EXT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY - (1974)

51

CLOUGH's face in close-up. Singing the National Anthem.

He sees REVIE in the crowd.

CLOUGH's eyes.

REVIE's eyes.

All around them, (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) 67,000 belting out "God Save The Queen". But there might as well not be.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

It's just REVIE and CLOUGH.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: the National Anthem finishes. A great ROAR goes up.

52 INT. COMMENTATOR'S BOX - WEMBLEY - DAY - (1974) 52

The game is underway. The T.V. match COMMENTATORS can hardly believe what they are seeing, (we catch snippets of FLICKERING ARCHIVE FOOTAGE on their monitors)...

COMMENTATOR

*Kevin Keegan goes to ground....rolling around on the pitch....that almost looked like Johnny Giles's fist made contact with Kevin Keegan's face...it was!...the referee's pulled out his book...now a fight has broken out!*

53 EXT. PITCH - DAY - (1974) 53

On the pitch: BREMNER and KEEGAN have started fighting..

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

*Billy Bremner of Leeds and Kevin Keegan of Liverpool have come to blows...*

54 EXT. DUG-OUT - DAY - (1974) 54

CLOUGH watches from the dug-out. Unable to believe his eyes..

CLOUGH

For fuck's sake..

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

*...the referee is talking to his linesman..! He's sending them off! The referee is sending off both players..*

55 EXT. PITCH - DAY - (1974) 55

BILLY BREMNER walks off, angrily removing his shirt..

56 EXT. WEMBLEY - DAY (1974) 56

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: Liverpool lift the CUP aloft. Delirious cheering from their FANS...



57 EXT. ROADSIDE - COUNTRY - DAY - (1974)

57

The Leeds coach had pulled up and the players are all having a piss-break. Among them CLOUGH..

CLOUGH  
(over his shoulder)  
Because losing wasn't enough, was it?  
You only had to be the first  
Englishman to be sent off at Wembley.

Our CAMERA widens to reveal BILLY BREMNER pissing in line with NORMAN HUNTER and JOHNNY GILES..

BREMNER  
(through gritted teeth)  
Not fucking English.

CLOUGH  
There I am making a big song and dance  
to the media about our new approach.  
Our new attitude. Our new ethics. And  
you turn the place into fucking  
Verdun. My CAPTAIN.

Silence. CLOUGH shakes himself dry.

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
What am I going to do if they suspend  
you? You're my best player. I tell  
you, I've a mind to fine you two weeks  
wages!

BREMNER  
You can't do that! Mr. Revie always  
paid all our fines.

CLOUGH  
Well he's not fucking here now, is he?

BREMNER  
No, he's not.

BREMNER, GILES AND HUNTER turn. Walks back towards the bus.

BREMNER (cont'd)  
More's the fucking pity.

CUT TO:

58 INT. REVIE'S OFFICE - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1969)

58

DON REVIE's face: he watches through a window in Elland Road, as....

59 EXT. CAR PARK - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1969) 59

The Derby Coach arrives. Hydraulic brakes HISSSSSSSS. Doors open. Boots, shoes, walk down steps.

BRIAN CLOUGH, PETER TAYLOR and the Derby Army disembark. CLOUGH's face: as he looks up at the writing on the side of the stadium. LEEDS UNITED F.C.

60 INT. DRESSING-ROOM - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1969) 60

Some PLAYERS getting dressed. CLOUGH, TAYLOR and JIMMY GORDON massaging others. Shin-pads. Water-bottles.

CLOUGH

Right, last time there was a whole division between you and Leeds. Not now. Not today. Today we're here as Second Division champions, and equals with Leeds. John McGovern and Billy Bremner, EQUALS. Kevin Hector and Johnny Giles, EQUALS. Alan Hinton and Peter Lorimer, John O'Hare and Paul Madely. EQUALS. Now, c'mon, chins up. Chests out. We can take this fucking lot.

The PLAYERS clatter out, studs rattling down the tunnel, into the roar of the CROWD..

CAPTION: LEEDS 5 - DERBY 0

61 INT. HOTEL/PUB - DERBY - NIGHT - (1969) 61

CLOUGH and TAYLOR in a deserted bar. Alone. A television plays in the corner. DON REVIE's face on TV...

DON REVIE (ON TV)

*...obviously it's a terrific achievement for Derby, being promoted to the First Division, but the truth is Leeds United have an unfortunate habit of reminding them just how far they still have to go..*

TAYLOR

Arrogant twat..

CLOUGH

But he's right. Five nothing. They made us look like fools today. And what was John O'Hare doing? Letting Madeley bully him like that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Push him around. Madeley's half his bloody size. O'Hare needs to toughen up. He's from Scottish dockyards, isn't he? And what about John McGovern? He was useless in the middle. Who's idea was that?

TAYLOR

Yours.

CLOUGH

He was all over the place. Like the Wandering Jew. Giving the ball to anyone BUT his own. We need a ball player, a natural in midfield. Who'll hold onto it. Keep possession. We're giving it away too easily.

TAYLOR

Someone like Colin Todd.

CLOUGH

(sharp intake)

Oooh, now you're talking. Lovely pair of feet.

TAYLOR

I've heard he wants out of Sunderland, too. They're all jumping ship up there.

CLOUGH thinks for a moment, then...

CLOUGH

Well, go on then. Sign him.

TAYLOR

What? We can't. Longson's already told us. Club's in debt.

CLOUGH

Bollocks to that. I've not brought us all the way to the First Division just to sit there mid-table, and be cannon fodder for sides like Leeds. Sign the man.

TAYLOR

Hang on, hang on, careful...

CLOUGH

I'll handle bloody Longson.

62 EXT. TRAINING GROUND - DERBY - DAY - (1972)

62

CLOUGH is working a session with the Derby PLAYERS. A car screeches into the car park behind. A red-faced, apoplectic SAM LONGSON gets out..

UNCLE SAM

A hundred and seventy grand?!? For  
Colin fucking Todd?!?

CLOUGH

Correction, the ALMIGHTY Colin Todd.  
The best technical footballer in the  
country.

UNCLE SAM

A salary of three hundred quid a week?  
You can't pay a footballer that!!

CLOUGH

That's the way things are going, Uncle  
Sam. Football's all about money now.

UNCLE SAM

I told you never to go over my head  
again.

CLOUGH

Had no choice. Windows opened up. You  
were in the bloody West Indies.

UNCLE SAM

Windows? You mean there were others?!?

CLOUGH

Messrs. Gemmell and Hennessy.

Two PLAYERS turn and wave to LONGSON..

GEMMELL/HENNESSY

Afternoon!/Hello!

UNCLE SAM

(eyes popping/apoplectic)  
For fucks SAKE!

CLOUGH

Let me ask you a question, Uncle Sam.  
What did you come into football for?

UNCLE SAM

To support the football club in MY  
HOME TOWN. The club I've supported ALL  
MY LIFE.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

Well, I'm sure we all admire your loyalty...

UNCLE SAM

What I DIDN'T come into it for was to be lectured by a cocky little twat from the North East.

CLOUGH

But the way I see it, there's no point being in this game unless you want to beat the best, and be the best, and that's all the people of Derby want. To see their team on top of the tree, Derby, Derby Uber Alles, and if it's really their interest you have at heart, not just impressing your friends in the Director's box, I suggest you keep your eyes on your road haulage business, keep your opinions to yourself and start signing some fucking cheques, there's a good lad. Leave the running of this football club to the professionals.

UNCLE SAM

But professionals DON'T run the club, Brian, the Chairman does. And if it's true, that football is all about money, and that's the way it's going, that's suits us Chairmen just fucking fine..because we're the ones who've got it.

SAM LONGSON lights a cigar, and walks off.

EXT. CAR PARK - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1972)

The Leeds coach pulls into the Derby car park. Doors open. DON REVIE and SYD OWEN disembark.

Followed by the Leeds PLAYERS. Smoking. Side-burns. Long-haired assassins one and all.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - (1972)

CLOUGH and TAYLOR watch from an upstairs corridor window..

CLOUGH

See they've driven all the way into the car park this time.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

TAYLOR

It's not a cup game, is it?

CLOUGH and TAYLOR look at one another, "Nutter".

65 INT. DRESSING-ROOM - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1972)

65

An atmosphere of expectation and excitement.

Outside, the sound of the crowd. The sound of tannoy announcements. CLOUGH goes to JOHN MCGOVERN..

CLOUGH

You know what your job is today?

MCGOVERN

Yes, Boss. Stay in position. Keep the shape. "Stop being the Wandering Jew".

CLOUGH

Good lad. And enjoy it. You deserve to. You've worked hard this week.

CLOUGH moves to JOHN O'HARE.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Clear about what you're doing today?

O'HARE

Be big. Be strong. Any chance I get, flatten Paul fucking Madely.

CLOUGH

Good lad. He bullies you, you bully him back. And near post for the corners we worked on.

O'HARE

Yes, Boss.

CLOUGH moves to another PLAYER. (his new signing, COLIN TODD)

CLOUGH

Understand what I want from you today, son?

TODD

(smiles)

I should, Mr. Clough. It's simple enough.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

CLOUGH

Go on, let's hear it.

TODD

"To be Colin fucking Todd, the best technical footballer in the country."

Laughter in the dressing-room.

CLOUGH

There, how could you forget that? Now come on..

(clapping hands)

Up and at 'em!

CLOUGH holds the door open, shaking each and every one of the PLAYERS' hands as they clatter out into the tunnel..

66

EXT. TOUCHLINE - DAY - (1972)

66

CLOUGH sits in his dug-out. While JIMMY GORDON and TAYLOR are calling out instructions to the Derby players on the pitch...

CLOUGH stares at REVIE and his lieutenants in their neighbouring dug-out.

Presently...CLOUGH's view, and our frame is filled by two wheel-chairs carrying disabled/learning difficulties FANS wearing rosettes...

The wheel-chair FAN looks at CLOUGH for a beat, then violently shakes a rattle...

WHEEL-CHAIR FAN

COME ON LEEDS!!!!

CLOUGH's face: shocked. Then, all of a sudden....

"RRRRROOOOOOAAAAARRRRRR", a roar goes up. Goal Leeds. REVIE and his henchmen leap to their feet, delighted. Applauding.

The WHEEL-CHAIR FAN screams with delight. Makes a 'wanker' gesture in CLOUGH's face.

CLOUGH's face: darkening like thunder.

67

INT. DRESSING-ROOM - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1972)

67

CAPTION: "HALF-TIME: DERBY 0, LEEDS 1"

The DERBY PLAYERS sit in the dressing-room. Shaking. Terrified. Trying to hide, find shelter, find protection.

(CONTINUED)

Already fearing the rocket they will get, the lash of his tongue..

Presently, the door opens, and CLOUGH walks in, carrying a bottle of brandy, Remy Martin.

CLOUGH

Congratulations, lads! Beautiful! That was as perfect a half of terrible football as I've ever seen. The plan you've obviously been hatching to get me the sack has worked a treat, so you deserve a little celebration...

CLOUGH pours brandy into a tea-cup, gives it to a PLAYER..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You do want me to get the sack?

MCGOVERN

No, Boss.

CLOUGH

Then why the fuck did you give it to their most dangerous player, Johnny fucking Giles?

MCGOVERN

I didn't see him.

CLOUGH turns to another PLAYER, (JOHN O'HARE), pours him a shot of cognac...

CLOUGH

You want me to get the sack, Mr O'Hare?

O'HARE

No, Boss.

CLOUGH

That open goal? Looked like a deliberate fucking miss to me. A miss to get your manager the sack.

CLOUGH turns to a third PLAYER, (COLIN TODD), hands him a cup..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You do want me to get the sack, Mr. Todd?

TODD

No.

(CONTINUED)



CLOUGH

No what?

TODD

No, Boss.

CLOUGH

The amount of bloody money I paid for you, I must have been out of my mind. You can't even keep on your feet.

TODD

No, Boss.

CLOUGH turns, and faces the room.

CLOUGH

You've all done a terrific job of getting me the sack. So I'm not letting you out of here for the second half, until you've finished the bottle.

The PLAYERS stare at one another, holding their drinks.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

DRINK!!!

The PLAYERS nervously down their drinks. CLOUGH exits..

CLOUGH walks out to see PETER TAYLOR and JIMMY GORDON waiting - who were listening through the door..

TAYLOR

You can't do that!!

CLOUGH winks...

CLOUGH

Can't I? Just you fucking watch me!!

CLOUGH storms off. PETER TAYLOR is left alone. Looks pale. Momentarily holds his chest...

JIMMY

You all right?

TAYLOR

Yeah....fine.

TAYLOR indicates JIMMY's cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Giz a fag.

69 INT. TUNNEL - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1972) 69

The Derby PLAYERS run out, belching, watched and encouraged by PETER TAYLOR...

JIMMY GORDON emerges from the dressing-room, holding the empty bottle of Scotch...

JIMMY  
(to TAYLOR)  
Where's he gone now?

70 INT. MANGER'S OFFICE - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1972) 70

CLOUGH pacing in his office. Unable to watch. Like an expectant father.

Presently the building reverberates with a large...

RRRROOOAAAARRRRRRRRR.

A goal. But scored by whom? Derby or Leeds?

CLOUGH looks up at the clock. The clock on the wall shows it's 4.20.

Visibly anxious, CLOUGH starts pacing again. Presently, another deafening...

RRRRROOOOOAAAARRRRRRR

The building is almost brought to it's foundations..

CLOUGH looks up. Desperate to know. Derby or Leeds?

But it's only 4.35. Game still not over. Not by a long way.

CLOUGH carries on pacing. Walks from one side of the room to the next. Left to right. Right to left.

Then, another stadium-shaking..

RRRRROOOOOAAAARRRRRRR

CLOUGH looks up at the clock. 4.55.

This is intolerable. The game must be over now.

CLOUGH cannot bear it a moment longer. He opens the door.

71 INT. CORRIDORS - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1972)

71

CLOUGH walks down a corridor. Then runs. Then checks himself. Slows down. Dignity. Dignity. But still walks as fast as he can.

CLOUGH turns a corner to the dressing-rooms and the tunnel, then sees PETER TAYLOR up ahead entering the tunnel from the pitch with several Derby PLAYERS..

CLOUGH stops. TAYLOR looks up. Sees CLOUGH. Their eyes meet. CLOUGH's eyes. TAYLOR's eyes.

Words are not necessary. TAYLOR's smile says it all. CLOUGH runs towards TAYLOR. The two men embrace.

CLOUGH  
And..?

TAYLOR  
2-1!!!

CLOUGH  
Who scored?

TAYLOR  
O'Hare. A brace. Oh, Brian, you should have seen his first. Turns Bremner inside out, nutmegs Madeley for good measure. It was beautiful. You'd think he'd been born in Rio de Janeiro, not Aber-bloody-deen..

CLOUGH and TAYLOR walk off down the corridor.

TAYLOR (cont'd)  
What made you go for the Brandy?

CLOUGH  
They were just nervous. Shitting themselves. You could tell.

TAYLOR  
You're a bloody genius. I tell you what, Bri - if we can beat this lot, we can go all the way.

- 72 A TELEPROMPTER RATTLES ACROSS OUR SCREEN: 72  
Derby win against Ipswich Town - 1-0
- 73 DERBY FANS CELEBRATING 73
- 74 A TELEPROMPTER RATTLES ACROSS OUR SCREEN: 74  
Derby win against Sheffield United - 4-0
- 75 DERBY FANS CELEBRATING 75
- 76 A TELEPROMPTER RATTLES ACROSS OUR SCREEN: 76  
Derby beat Huddersfield Town - 3-0
- 77 DERBY FANS CHANTING 77
- 78 ARCHIVE TELEVISION FOOTAGE - (1972) 78  
A NEWSREADER announces that Derby County have won the First Division Championship.
- 78A INT. BASEBALL GROUND - CHANGING ROOM - DAY - (1972) 78A  
The DERBY PLAYERS celebrate in a communal bath, holding the trophy, drinking champagne. Spraying one another with water.
- 79 EXT. DERBY STREET - DAY - (1972) 79  
CLOUGH, TAYLOR and ROY MACFARLAND hold aloft a large trophy, travelling on board an open-top bus, through Derby. The whole town has taken to the streets.
- 80 EXT. DERBY STREET - DAY - (1972) 80  
CLOUGH, still celebrating, and still surrounded by PLAYERS and FANS

CLOUGH

Derby County winning the championship is a victory for decency, for honesty and for football. Because they don't pull shirts, or nudge people in the back in the box.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOUGH (cont'd)

They don't protest every decision,  
chop, hack or bully - unlike some  
teams I could mention - beginning with  
the letter 'L'..

JOURNALISTS laugh...

CLOUGH (cont'd)

If you ask me, the best thing for  
British football, the quickest way to  
clean it up, would be fore dirty sides  
like Leeds to be sent down for a spell  
in Division Two.

81 EXT. REVIE'S HOME - LEEDS - DAY - (1972)

81

DON REVIE speaking to JOURNALISTS outside his home..

REVIE

I haven't personally heard Mr. Clough's comments, but they have been reported to me, and our solicitors are looking into them. If I could offer Mr. Clough some advice ...I think he'd be better off keeping his opinions to himself...some of these allegations against Leeds United and his fellow professionals are an absolute disgrace...

82 AND WE'RE INTO A QUICKFIRE MONTAGE OF:

82

CLOUGH appearing on half-a-dozen TV shows. Quick, controversial, charismatic, witty. A natural media star, (we intercut our actor with the genuine archive footage)

CLOUGH

Don Revie? Ooooh.  
(shudders playfully)  
Don't mention that name to me.

DAVID FROST

It's really like the other House of Commons. You hate to mention him. Why?

CLOUGH

I hate to mention him why? Because he's a very talented man and I don't like him.

The audience laughs.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

He's a very, very talented man and his record is unsurpassable. But I just happen not to like him. And I don't like the way he goes about football either. Football is a game of opinion and there are perhaps people in your profession who don't like the way you do your bit.

DAVID FROST

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

And er... it makes the game go round.  
Half the country don't like a Labour  
government. It just happens that the  
other half do.

DAVID FROST (ON TV)

Why don't you want me to ask why you  
don't like him?

CLOUGH (ON TV)

Because I can't tell you. It's  
impossible. We'd get closed down,  
David.

JOHN SADLER, pipe smoking football journalist, sits in a  
television studio, (CALENDER)..

JOHN SADLER

Brian, you've been called big-headed,  
arrogant, brash, the lot -

CLOUGH

By your profession, John, yeah.

JOHN SALDER

Sure. And a whole of it right too.

CLOUGH

And a whole lot of it wrong.

JOHN SALDER

Fine. I'll concede that. So how would  
you define your approach to  
management, apart from being  
brilliant?

All laugh.

CLOUGH

(laughing, rubbing eye)

Good lad. Thank you for the  
compliment. It's very, very difficult  
when you get asked a question like  
that.

DAVID COLEMAN, black and white footage, speaking into a  
bakolite telephone..

COLEMAN (ON TV)

You've achieved something here that  
most managers struggle for years to  
achieve this. It's come to you very  
young. Are you surprised?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CLOUGH sits at home, his SON on his lap.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

Suprised, David..but more than surprised, delighted. It's nice isn't it. For the good guys to win for once.

COLEMAN

Which for you was the most important match to win and the best performance from your point of view...

CLOUGH

Beating Leeds United, obviously. Always a particular pleasure that.

COLEMAN

Brian, you've also done it on comparatively small gates, which I know has niggled you a little bit during the season.

CLOUGH

Niggled me, David, it's absolutely made me blazing. To be honest, I know what I want to achieve, I know what the people of Derby want us to achieve, but when you've got a chairman not wanting to put his hand in his pocket...

MICHAEL PARKINSON, the highest rating talk show on TV..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You ever see eighty five or perhaps ninety percent of chairmen talking - I'd love a few chairmen on your programme occasionally - I believe the very sight of them brings the game into disrepute (some clap in the audience). And every time they open their mouths it kills it. Because the very thing they've given me a lot of stick about over the years - about talking too much and going on television too much, there are the very people who can put two words together and its rather embarrassing to me that a man - or men - can stop me talking to people like you. I love football. It's deep, it goes right down through. It's in every nerve, vein, you name it. It consumes me. And when I have to come and talk about I like the passions of football to come out. Because there are not enough in the game.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH (cont'd)

I like a bit of the honesty, I like a bit of the truth. I accept without any shadow of a doubt that I talk too much, apart from on this show.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Laughter.

\*

PARKINSON (ON TV)

How do you react when someone says "Boss, you're doing it wrong?"

CLOUGH (ON TV)

I say, "How do you think it should be done?" We talk about it for twenty minutes, then we decide I was right.

BLACK AND WHITE ARCHIVE TV FOOTAGE OF MOHAMMED ALI

MOHAMMED ALI

*..the world knows who I am. The world knows I talk a lot.*

(MORE)

82

CONTINUED: (5)

82

MOHAMMED ALI (cont'd)

*But there's some fellow in London,  
England named...."Brian Clough"...*

*(audience laughter)*

*Anyway I heard all the way in America,  
They say he's another Mohammed Ali.  
Well, there's just ONE Mohammed Ali. I  
want you to know...*

*(jabbing finger)*

*Clough...you are not taking my job.  
I'm the talker. Now, Clough...enough.  
STOP IT!*

83

INT - CLOUGH'S HOUSE - DERBY - DAY - (1973)

83

CLOUGH and TAYLOR, surrounded by FRIENDS and FAMILIES, with flowers, telegrams, bottles of champagne, boxes of cigars. Watching the Mohammed Ali on television.

TAYLOR

Are you going to stop it?

CLOUGH

No, I want to fight him!

They roar with laughter. Cheers and celebration. Everyone roughing up CLOUGH's hair, patting him on the back.

CUT TO:

84

INT. FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION HQ - LONDON - DAY - (1974)

84

The QUEEN's face. Full-frame. Beside her PRINCE PHILIP.

A portrait of Her Majesty the Queen and HRH the Duke of Kent hangs on an oak-pannelled wall: the Patron and the President of the Football Association..

Beneath the portrait: a long table in a boardroom. An austere six-man disciplinary committee of the FA. Blazers and buttons. Whiskers and power.

Aldermen, Freemasons, Generals, white-hair and golden buttons. Admirals, Presidents and Vice-Presidents.

Sitting in front of the committee...

BILLY BREMNER and BRIAN CLOUGH. Like schoolchildren..

(CONTINUED)

COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

William Bremner, your conduct in the Charity Shield match was deplorable and cannot be tolerated.

CLOUGH

It was.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

We understand Leeds are taking disciplinary action against you internally, however the Football Association has to be seen to make an example. We have therefore decided to impose a fine of five hundred pounds..

CLOUGH's face: a victorious look.

CLOUGH

Thank you..

COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

...and a suspension until September 30th...

"Bang", he brings down a gavel. CLOUGH's face: the smile fades..

CLOUGH

(disbelieving laugh)

What? September 30th? That's more than a month? Thats six bloody weeks??

COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

I'll make it seven if you carry on with language like that..

CLOUGH

C'mon, double the fine. Treble it. Anything. Don't suspend him for that long. He's my Captain. The best player I've got.

The COMMITTEE MEMBERS get to their feet and walk out.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED: (2)

84

CLOUGH's face: OVER THIS: the sound of a ringing phone. The sound of a familiar voice at the other end..

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Hello?

85

INT. DRAGONARA HOTEL - CLOUGH'S ROOM - NIGHT - (1974)

85

CLOUGH in his cheap hotel-room. PETER TAYLOR's voice the other end..

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

CLOUGH  
I suppose you've heard!

86 INT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - SAME TIME - (1974)

86

TAYLOR freezes, hearing the voice, (we intercut as necessary for the remainder of the call)..

TAYLOR  
God...what time is it?

CLOUGH  
Suspended for eleven bloody games!!

TAYLOR  
I know. You're buggered. Billy Bremner's the heart and soul of that team.

CLOUGH  
Plus Mike Jones and Eddie Gray are injured.

TAYLOR  
Like I said. You're buggered.

CLOUGH  
What do I do, Pete? I need new players. Tell me who to buy.

TAYLOR  
No, Brian.

CLOUGH  
Help me. C'mon, we'll sort this place out together. You and me. Turn it around.

TAYLOR  
It's too late. I'd have helped you once. But not now. Not after what was said. We're on our own now. Each man for himself. Remember?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

"Click", TAYLOR hangs up. CLOUGH stares at the receiver.

86A OMITTED 86A

86B OMITTED 86B



87 EXT. CAR PARK - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1974) 87

The same sign as earlier.

"MR. D. MACKAY - MANAGER".

CLOUGH stares at the sign as he parks his car in the space beside it. A stab in his heart.

88 INT. BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1974) 88

CLOUGH walks along a corridor. Sees the PLAYERS training outside. HIS players. DERBY players.

To one side, MCGOVERN and O'HARE. CLOUGH looks out at them. He winks, discreetly at them. They look back, and nod.

Then get back to work.

The sound of laughter. The camaraderie of a family. What a contrast to Leeds.

CLOUGH walks along a corridor with photos on the wall. Framed photos of HIS victories.

HIS club. HIS family. HIS home.

89 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1974) 89

CLOUGH walks into the office to see DAVE MACKAY behind his desk. Who gets to his feet. Extends his hand.

MACKAY

Well, look who it is! Come to raid my larder? Or just missing the place?

CLOUGH

McGovern and O'Hare. I've spoken to them on the phone. They want to come and play for me.

(CONTINUED)

MACKAY

Aye, and you can have 'em. A hundred and fifty thousand pound for the pair.

CLOUGH

Cheeky sod! They're not worth a penny more than seventy.

MACKAY

But you're desperate now, aren't you? Having lost to Stoke and Birmingham..

(a beat)

All, right, since it's you..I'll knock ten grand off.

CLOUGH

Give you a hundred grand.

MACKAY

One thirty. Final offer.

CLOUGH is about to explode, then..

CLOUGH

All right. Done.

The two MEN shake hands. Barely.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

So? Enjoying yourself?

MACKAY

Two wins from two. What's not to enjoy? You?

CLOUGH

Loving it. Different class, Leeds. Proper club. BIG club.

MACKAY

Demand results there, though, Brian.

CLOUGH

Hey, it's 'Boss' to you.

MACKAY

Not any more.

CLOUGH

I bought you when you were crocked, you fat bastard. And gave you the two best years of your career. It will always be 'Boss' to you.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (2)

89

CLOUGH walks to the door. He turns, and indicates the desk.

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
Ever tempted to burn that bloody desk?  
Chop it up and burn it?

MACKAY  
Why would I do that?

CLOUGH  
Exorcise the bloody place. Get rid of  
me.

MACKAY  
Why? You're not here anymore, are you?  
Be a waste of a perfectly good desk.

90

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY - (1974)

90

CLOUGH driving his car. Clenching the steering wheel in fury.

CLOUGH  
Fucking Scot.

91

INT. DRAGONARA HOTEL - BAR - DAY - (1974)

91

It's late: JIMMY GORDON with CLOUGH in the bar..

JIMMY  
McGovern and O'Hare? Can't believe he  
actually sold them to you. It must be  
true, then..

CLOUGH  
What?

JIMMY  
The rumour that he's after buying  
Duncan Mackenzie. It's why he needs  
the money.

CLOUGH  
Who's Duncan Mackenzie?

\*

OVER THIS: the sound of a ringing phone...

92

OMITTED

92

93 OMITTED 93

94 EXT/INT. VICTORIA HOTEL - SHEFFIELD - DAY - (1974) 94

DUNCAN MACKENZIE, long-haired, chain-smoking, bemused, stands in the lobby of the hotel. OVER THIS: we hear...

CLOUGH (O.S.)

Is that Duncan Mackenzie?

MACKENZIE (O.S.)

Yes. This is he.

CLOUGH (O.S.)

Now listen to me. You go get your coat and your skates on because you're coming to meet me at the Victoria Hotel in Sheffield in half an hour. And Duncan?

MACKENZIE (O.S.)

Yes, Mr. Clough.

CLOUGH (O.S.)

Bring a bloody pen, because you're signing for Leeds United today.

95 INT. BAR - VICTORIA HOTEL - SHEFFIELD - DAY - (1974) 95

'Pop', a WAITER uncorks champagne, pours it into glasses. CLOUGH and his three sheepish new signings: MCGOVERN, O'HARE and DUNCAN MACKENZIE sit uneasily in the bar.

CLOUGH

Congratulations, lads!! My first signings for Leeds. My Leeds United. Playing with flair and winning with honour. Winning the 'right' way. And winning the admiration of fans all over Europe because...

MCGOVERN

Because of the way we play.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

Because of the way we play!!!

MACKENZIE lights a cigarette..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

We're going all the way, lads. Inter Milan, Barcelona. We're going to win silverware Don Revie could only dream of.

MCGOVERN/O'HARE

Yes, Boss.

CLOUGH

And you, Mr. Mackenzie, you scored twenty-eight goals last season. You'll score me twenty-nine goals this.

MACKENZIE

Yes, Mr. Clough.

CLOUGH

Do you know how many goals I scored before I got injured?

MACKENZIE

I'm sorry, Mr. Clough. I don't.

CLOUGH

Two hundred and fifty-one.

MCGOVERN and O'HARE privately exchange looks, "Here goes".

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Do you know how many games it took me?

MACKENZIE

I'm sorry, Mr. Clough, I don't.

CLOUGH

Have a guess. Go on...

O'HARE mouths "Two hundred and seventy-four"..

MACKENZIE

Three hundred?

MCGOVERN closes his eyes, "Moron."

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

*Two hundred and seventy-four!* Now what do you think about that?

MACKENZIE

Is that a record, Mr. Clough?

CLOUGH

(rolling eyes)

'Course it's a bloody record.

CLOUGH shoots a look to the others..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You know what ELSE you lot can do that's even more important? You can be my eyes and ears in that dressing room.

MACKENZIE/O'HARE

Yes, Mr. Clough/Yes, Boss

CLOUGH

Need to know what they say about me. Who's making trouble. Who the ringleaders are.

MACKENZIE

Yes, Mr. Clough.

CLOUGH

Want you to help me clear this place out. Make it MY team, understand. OUR team. Clean it up and clear it out once and for all.

MACKENZIE

Yes, Mr. Clough.

CLOUGH indicates MACKENZIE's drink..

CLOUGH

Now c'mon, drink up. We're off to meet the press.

MACKENZIE

Yes, Mr. Clough.

MACKENZIE knocks back his champagne..

CLOUGH

And Duncan..?

MACKENZIE

Yes, Mr. Clough?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

95

CLOUGH

It's "Boss" from now on. There's a good lad.

MACKENZIE

Yes, Mr. Clough.

CLOUGH sighs and goes. MCGOVERN and O'HARE roll their eyes. MACKENZIE stubs his cigarette, and hurries after them..

96 EXT. ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974)

96

"Flash", photographs are being taken by PRESS of the three new signings, DUNCAN MCKENZIE, JOHN O'HARE and JOHN MCGOVERN, all wearing Leeds shirts.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: they are being watched from a distance by several Leeds SENIOR players..

97 INT. ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974)

97

CLOUGH walks through a corridor, brushing past JOHNNY GILES, BILLY BREMNER and several other SENIOR PLAYERS. An intimidating atmosphere..

BREMNER

What the hell did you buy them for?  
Waste of bloody money.

CLOUGH

Duncan Mackenzie scored twenty-eight goals last season. John O'Hare and John McGovern are both internationals.

GILES

We've got two strikers, Alan Clarke and Mick Jones, they're internationals, too.

CLOUGH

And one's injured and the other's fucking suspended.

BREMNER

Maybe if you spent a little more time here on the training ground with us, you wouldn't need to buy Derby "rejects".

(a beat)

We've a game Saturday. Against Queens Park Rangers. Or had you forgotten?

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

I haven't forgotten.

GILES

Well, you haven't told us a single thing about how QPR will play. Mr Revie would have files and dossiers prepared. Had the reserves playing the Rangers way all week. Had the first team looking out for this and that.

CLOUGH

Bollocks to Mr. Revie! You're professional footballers. Stop Stan Bowles! That's all you need to know about QPR. And I don't have to justify myself to you. Not how or when I conduct training. Not who I buy or pick to play.

GILES

No. Not to us. But come Saturday afternoon, there'll be 40,000 people here who you DO have to justify yourself, to.

GILES, BREMNER et al walk off. CLOUGH left, staring.

OVER THIS: a large RRRRROOOAAARRRR. GOAL.

INT. LEEDS DRESSING-ROOM - DAY - (1974)

The LEEDS PLAYERS trudge in, after the game. Angry. Heads hung low. Begin to strip off.

CAPTION: "QPR 1, Leeds 0."

CLOUGH enters. Visibly gutted by the result, but now's not the time to show it..

CLOUGH

Sorry, lads.

CLOUGH walks round the dressing-room, shaking hands individually, patting PLAYERS on the back...

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You were robbed out there today. Broad bloody daylight. That was never a penalty.

CLOUGH's tone is sensitive. Tactful. Considerate.

(CONTINUED)



CLOUGH (cont'd)

Stan Bowles? Diving like that? Man's  
a disgrace..

But several of the LEEDS PLAYERS refuse his hand. Or freeze  
at his touch. Turn away from him..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

I've spoken to the referee already.  
Given him a piece of my mind. And come  
Monday morning, mark my word, I shall  
be taking this further...

The LEEDS PLAYERS stare at one another. Shoot one another  
looks.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Anyway, I want you all to know, I'm  
not in the slightest bit critical of  
your performance today. Not a bit of  
it. You were terrific out there...

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED: (2)

98

NORMAN HUNTER spits in contempt. GILES turns and walks out, into the showers.

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
I couldn't ask for more effort.  
Commitment.  
(tailing off)  
Passion.

The LEEDS PLAYERS follow. Finally O'HARE and MCGOVERN, too.

A deathly silence. CLOUGH is left alone in the dressing-room.

OVER THIS: the sound of a ringing telephone. A gruff VOICE answers..

REVIE (V.O.)  
Hello?

98A

INT. CLOUGH'S ROOM - DRAGONARA HOTEL - NIGHT

98A

It's the middle of the night. CLOUGH speaks into the phone, visibly the worse for wear from alcohol...

CLOUGH (V.O.)  
You must be loving this. Loving every  
minute.

98B

INT. REVIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - (1974)

98B

DON REVIE's face, half-asleep. Visibly irritated. He sits up in bed. A stout Yorkshire matron wakes beside him.

REVIE  
Who is this?

CLOUGH  
Watching it all fall apart. It's Brian  
Clough.

REVIE  
What?

CLOUGH  
They won't play for me. Your boys.  
Your bastard sons. And never will.

REVIE  
Are you drunk, man? It's two in the  
morning. What do you want? Why are you  
ringing me here?

98C INT. DRAGONARA HOTEL - NIGHT - (1974)

98C

CLOUGH

They're loyal to you. Thought you'd like to know that. Loyal to Big Daddy Don..

REVIE

For God's sake go to sleep. Where's you dignity, man? And don't call here again.

"Click", REVIE hangs up. CLOUGH stares at the receiver.

99 OMITTED

99

100 EXT. CAR PARK - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1973)

100

The Leeds Coach arrives at Derby. Hydraulic brakes hissssssss. Doors open. Boots, shoes, walk down steps.

DON REVIE, SYD OWEN and the Leeds PLAYERS disembark.

HARVEY, REANEY, CHERRY, BREMNER, HUNTER, LORMIER, CLARKE, JORDAN, GILES, GRAY walk towards the Derby dressing-rooms..

101 INT. BOARDROOM - BASEBALL GROUND - SAME TIME - (1973)

101

SAM LONGSON stands by the window, looking out into the car park. He sees the Leeds United PLAYERS. Reads their mood.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Their faces. Their focus. Their murderous intent.

A flicker of concern on SAM LONGSON's face. He thinks, then calls out to his SECRETARY..

LONGSON

Get me today's team sheet, will you?

He lets the curtain fall..

102 INT. CORRIDOR - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1973)

102

SAM LONGSON walks through corridors of Elland Road, carrying the team sheet. Walking towards the dressing-rooms. He turns a corner and runs into CLOUGH..

CLOUGH

What's up, Uncle Sam? Bit below stairs for you here, isn't it? Taken a wrong turn somewhere?

LONGSON

Just seen the team sheet. Hinton, O'Hare, Todd, Mackay.

(looks left and right)

That's our strongest side.

CLOUGH

Of course it's our strongest side. It's Leeds United. Would you prefer I sent out the apprentices?

LONGSON

We're at Juventus mid-week. Semi-final of the European Cup. Biggest night in the club's history!! Couldn't you just field...

CLOUGH

What?

LONGSON

Y'know...

CLOUGH

A weaker side? Am I hearing right? Is the CHAIRMAN of this football club seriously asking his manager to LOSE?

LONGSON

You know what I mean..

CLOUGH

Against their biggest rivals?

(CONTINUED)

LONGSON

The Chairman of this football club is asking his manager to be *pragmatic*. Manage his resources. Prioritise. We've embarked on a huge program of refurbishment and improvements. New stands. Better floodlights. We need a good run in Europe to pay for it.

CLOUGH

I'm going to pretend I didn't hear a word of this.

CLOUGH turns to walk away. LONGSON calls after him..

LONGSON

(checking watch)

We've still got twenty minutes before kick-off. I'd reconsider if I were you. I wouldn't want my employer to be unhappy..

CLOUGH

My employer?

LONGSON

Chairman of Derby County. And Chairman LONG before you ever showed up.

CLOUGH

That's right. You were Chairman of Derby County before I came here. I remember that. When Derby County were at the fucking foot of the Second Division, when nobody had heard of them for twenty years and nobody had heard of Sam bloody Longson ever. Full stop. And that's where you'd still fucking be if it wasn't for me; at the foot of the bloody Second Division, where nobody remembered you and nobody had heard of you. There would BE no Derby County without me, no league title, no Champions of England; not without Brian Clough.

A door opens and PETER TAYLOR walks out in time to hear...

LONGSON

I'm going to give you some good advice, Brian Clough.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

102

CONTINUED: (2)

102

LONGSON (cont'd)

No matter how good you think you are, or how clever, or how many fancy new friends you make on the telly, the reality of footballing life is this: the Chairman is the boss, then come the directors, then the secretary, then the fans, then the players, and finally, last of all, bottom-of-the-heap, lowest of the low, the one in the end we can all without, is the bloody manager.

LONGSON turns and storms off. TAYLOR looks at CLOUGH..

TAYLOR

What have you done now?

CLOUGH doesn't answer, and storms off in the opposite direction. TAYLOR is left alone, visibly anxious.

103

EXT. PITCH - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1973)

103

CLOUGH watches from the touch-line as the game is in progress. "CRASH", a Leeds PLAYER scythes into a Derby PLAYER. "BEEEP", the referee blows his whistle. CLOUGH and leaps off his bench in fury. Shouting abuse..

CLOUGH

You're a bloody disgrace! You should be in the book for that, Cherry!

"BEEEP", the referee blows his whistle. REVIE smiles to himself as a Derby PLAYER is carried off on a stretcher.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You're an animal. A fucking animal, Hunter!

SAM LONGSON watches from the director's box. He closes his eyes. PETER TAYLOR witnesses this..

"CRUNCH", another brutal tackle, another whistle. Another Derby PLAYER hobbles off the pitch. Blood streaming from a cut to his head..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

I'll see you in fucking court, Lorimer!

CLOUGH's eyes meet REVIE's eyes along the touchline.

104 EXT. PITCH - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1973)

104

Afterwards: the LEEDS and DERBY players file off the pitch.  
BREMNER brushes roughly past CLOUGH...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

BREMNER  
(under his breath)  
Good luck in Europe..

CLOUGH turns, 'What?' BREMNER, GILES, HUNTER, LORIMER carries on walking down the tunnel. Laughing to themselves..

CLOUGH is joined by TAYLOR and JIMMY GORDON.

105 INT. DERBY DRESSING-ROOM - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY - (1973) 105

Afterwards: the Derby dressing-room looks like the Emergency Room at a hospital..

Casualties. Blood. Stitches. Swellings. At least half-a-dozen PLAYERS are injured. Some on stretchers.

CLOUGH stares in horror at the wreckage from the doorway. SAM LONGSON appears beside him. Stares at CLOUGH..

LONGSON  
You fucking idiot.

LONGSON turns and walks away. CLOUGH turns to survey the carnage in the dressing-room. Like a battlefield.

CLOUGH's eyes meet TAYLOR's.

106 ARCHIVE TELEVISION NEWS FOOTAGE

106

*The most important night in Derby's history as the Derby players arrive in Turin to play against mighty Juventus..*

107 INT. CLOUGH HOUSE - NIGHT - (1973)

107

BARBARA CLOUGH and the children. Huddled together round the television. Eating supper. Watching the Juventus game on TV.

BARBARA  
There's Dad, look!

BARBARA and the KIDS watch intently. But JUVENTUS score one goal. Then another. The final whistle. JUVENTUS win 3-1.

BARBARA (cont'd)  
Pity.

BARBARA gets to her feet...

BARBARA (cont'd)  
All right. Bed time! Everyone clean your teeth!

(CONTINUED)



107

CONTINUED:

107

SON

Wait...! Look...!

ON TV: CLOUGH is in the tunnel. Speaking to a television REPORTER.

CLOUGH (ON TV)

Disappointed? Not a bit. My players were heroic out there tonight. Effectively we were playing the Italian champions with a reserve team. That many of our first team are injured...

108

INT. TUNNEL - JUVENTUS - NIGHT

108

CLOUGH continues. PETER TAYLOR stands beside him, visibly pale, stressed...

CLOUGH

...it's what happens if you have a Chairman who authorizes a multi-million pound refurbishment of the director's box and hospitality suites before he pays for a proper squad. Suppose it depends on your priorities. Players or prawn sandwiches? I know which I'd prefer. I know which honest, working class Derby supporters would prefer, too..

A commotion breaks out. TV JOURNALISTS ask questions, sensing a great story. CLOUGH continues answering as, beside him, (unseen by anyone else)...

...TAYLOR is white-faced, holding his chest.

CUT TO:

109

INT. DRESSING-ROOM - DAY - (1974)

109

CLOUGH pouring brandy into a glass. DUNCAN MACKENZIE, JOHN O'HARE, and JOHN MCGOVERN sit in front of him. Visibly uncomfortable.

MCGOVERN

Billy Bremner, Boss.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

Who else?

MCGOVERN

Norman Hunter.

CLOUGH

Who else?

MCGOVERN

Eddie Gray.

CLOUGH

Who else?

MCGOVERN

Peter Lorimer.

CLOUGH

What are they saying?

This falls to MACKENZIE, who knocks back his drink. Trembling hands. Dutch courage.

MACKENZIE

That you're never here.

(a beat)

That they're worried about the future.

(a beat)

That you're just going to fill the place with more Derby players.

MCGOVERN

And that all thing's considered they were all a lot happier under...

CLOUGH

Under who?

MCGOVERN dries. Cannot find the words..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

*Don Revie?*

(CONTINUED)

MACKENZIE, MCGOVERN, O'HARE avoid his eyes..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Is that what they say?

MCGOVERN

Yes, Boss.

CLOUGH

That he's the boss? The Guvnor? The Capi di Tutti Fucking Capi?

MCGOVERN

Yes, Boss.

O'HARE

And that they miss the bingo.

CLOUGH

The *bingo*?

MCGOVERN

And the carpet bowls.

CLOUGH

*Carpet bloody bowls?*

MCGOVERN

It helps them relax before a game.

MCGOVERN and O'HARE stare at one another..

O'HARE

That it, Boss? Can we go now?

CLOUGH stares, lost in thought: the three PLAYERS go. The door closes. CLOUGH is left alone.

Then he gets up, and in a terrifying flash of rage, picks up his glass and throws it against the wall..

CLOUGH walks out into the car park, then he stops in his tracks when he sees..

JOHNNY GILES, BILLY BREMNER and NORMAN HUNTER (among others), with their GIRLFRIENDS and WIVES and KIDS, being shown brand new cars by a SPONSOR.

CLOUGH takes JIMMY GORDON aside..

CLOUGH

What's all this?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Club cars. Complimentary for the senior payers. Brand new.

CLOUGH sees BREMNER, GILES and HUNTER trying out the sports cars. His smile fades. He walks up to the REP from the CAR FIRM..

CLOUGH

Nice to meet you, pet. Now, you can take your lovely sports cars, and put 'em back on your transporter..

REPRESENTATIVE

What?

BREMNER

What are you talking about? These are ours!

CLOUGH

You'll have complimentary cars when you deserve a compliment. Right now you don't deserve a complimentary bicycle between you.

CLOUGH takes the KEYS and gives them to the REPRESENTATIVE..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Complimentary cars when you're not suspended..

(indicates BREMNER)

...and when you lot start winning some games..

(indicated GILES and HUNTER)

CLOUGH goes back to his own car..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

If I had my way, you'd WALK to the ground and back every game..

CLOUGH gets into his car, and roars out, past glowering BREMNER, glowering GILES, glowering HUNTER, glowering GIRLFRIENDS and WIVES.

CLOUGH's car pulls up outside his house in Derby. He closes his eyes. Breathes a private sigh of relief. Home. At last.

Safe. Surrounded by people who love him.

112 INT. CLOUGH HOUSE - NIGHT - (1974)

112

CLOUGH walks into his house.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

BARBARA

What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in that hotel in Leeds?

CLOUGH

I couldn't stand it for another night.

CLOUGH takes off his coat...

BARBARA

What? So you drove all the way? What time will you have to get up in the morning...

CLOUGH

Half five.

CLOUGH bends down. Kisses his wife.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You smell nice.

BARBARA

Do I?

CLOUGH

Forgotten what a woman smells like.

BARBARA strokes his head.

BARBARA

Not like bloody men. That's for sure.

113 OMITTED

113

114 INT. SONS' BEDROOM - CLOUGH HOUSE - NIGHT - (1974)

114

CLOUGH looks into his SONS' room. The eldest is fast asleep, but the youngest says, 'Dad?'

CLOUGH

You still awake? You should be asleep.

NIGEL

Tell us a joke, Dad?

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

A joke? All right. There's this bloke walking about in London, when all of a sudden, the city gets hit by a Russian 'A' bomb. Booooooooooom.

CLOUGH sits down, strokes his son's head..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

And all the buildings have fallen down. And all the people are dead. And now this bloke is the only man left in the whole of London.

CLOUGH continues stroking his son's hair..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

And he suddenly feels very, very lonely because there's no one else to talk to. Nobody else but him.

CLOUGH's SON falls asleep. CLOUGH doesn't notice..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

So he decides that he's had enough, that he can't bear being this lonely, and so he climbs up to the top of the one building still standing. The Post Office Tower. And then he jumps off. And he's falling down, down and down and down, the sixteenth floor, the fifteenth floor, the fourteenth, and that's when he hears the phone ringing...

CLOUGH looks down. And gets two unexpected shocks.

The first is that his SON is already asleep. The second is, there is a tear running down his own cheek.

The LEEDS PLAYERS clatter off the pitch. Covered in mud. Walking in silence. No smiles. Heads hung low..

CAPTION: "LEEDS 0 - MANCHESTER CITY 2. LEEDS ARE NOW FOURTH FROM BOTTOM"

JIMMY GORDON is waiting for CLOUGH..

JIMMY

The Chairman wants to see you. Said it was important. Right away.

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED:

115

CLOUGH's face: already fearing the worst.



116 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BOARDROOM - DAY - (1974)

116

CLOUGH walks along the corridor. Past the photographs on the wall. The trophies in the cabinets. The pictures of a smiling DON REVIE - mocking him.

CLOUGH shoots his cuffs. Rolls his neck. A boxer on his way to the ring. A gladiator on his way to the circus.

He knocks on the door, and walks in. MANNY CUSSINS, SAM BOLTON and a third man. A stranger.

BOLTON

About bloody time.

CUSSINS

Where you been? I was about to send out a search party.

CLOUGH

Look, Mr. Cussins, I know it's not been the best of starts, but in my defence, there are a couple of things I'd like to say...

CUSSINS

This is Martin Hughes. He runs Mercedes here in the North.

CLOUGH

(double-takes)

What?

CUSSINS

We hear that's what you like to drive. A Mercedes?

CLOUGH

It's..what I used to drive at Derby. Yes.

CUSSINS

Well, we can't have Leeds United being outdone by Derby County, can we? So Martin here is going to take you over to his showroom and get you sorted out.

They begin to walk to the door. CUSSINS puts his arm round CLOUGH...

(CONTINUED)

CUSSINS (cont'd)

Also we figured if you were sitting in a spanking new car yourself, you might be a little more bloody lenient with your senior players, who've kicked off, as you can imagine - being denied what's rightfully theirs.

BOLTON

Never come between a footballer and his motor!

CLOUGH

No.

BOLTON

Especially not Billy bloody Bremner.

CLOUGH smiles nervously, visibly relieved...

CLOUGH

Is that it, then?

CUSSINS

Why? You look white as a ghost, man.

CUSSINS tightens his grip again, arm round CLOUGH. Unmistakably intimidating..

CUSSINS (cont'd)

What did you think we'd asked you up here for?

CUSSINS's eyes. CLOUGH's eyes. The air crackling with menace and intent.

CUT TO:

117 OMITTED

117

118 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

118

CLOUGH visits PETER TAYLOR in a large, crowded ward of old, infirm, dying people. It's a shock.

CLOUGH

Heart attack, eh?

TAYLOR

Had it three weeks ago, they reckon.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (cont'd)

They ran all kinds of tests. Asked me  
about my diet and my family history.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (cont'd)

I told them the only thing they needed to know was that I share my professional life with Brian Clough. That seemed to satisfy them.

CLOUGH manages a smile. Moved.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

I'm only half-joking, you know. Have we still got jobs?

CLOUGH

We have. Longson's tried to put a gagging order on me, of course.

(mimics)

"Any further utterances in public or appearances in the media by Brian Clough will be met with instant dismissal."

TAYLOR

Well, I hope you take notice. And act accordingly.

CLOUGH

Would you like to hear my contrite reply?

CLOUGH pulls out a letter..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

"Due to the complete breakdown in communication with the chairman, Peter Taylor and I find it is impossible to continue our good work for Derby County. We therefore wish to tender our resignations with immediate effect."

TAYLOR

(horrified)

WHAT??!?

CLOUGH

What do you think?

TAYLOR

I don't want to resign.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

No. Nor do I. Don't worry, they'll never let us. We just won them the championship. But it will strengthen our position and force them to get rid of Longson.

TAYLOR

What? Oh, no, Brian. They'll never do THAT. He's Chairman.

CLOUGH

I can't do it, Pete. I can't work with my hands tied, a Chairman telling me what I can or cannot do.

TAYLOR

You're picking the wrong enemy. The enemy's not Longson. It's Revie. And your obsession with Leeds.

CLOUGH

Don't be daft. We won the league, Pete. We're top dogs in Derby now. And Longson can't stand it. That's the problem.

TAYLOR

No, it's not. It's YOU. This monster in you. This mad ambition. It comes and goes. Sometimes it's good...a fire, that stirs everything up, and then there's this...this thing that takes you over...and destroys everything that is good in your life.

TAYLOR's face...

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Please tell me this letter is just a draft. You haven't sent it. Because I'll be out in a couple of days...let me talk to them.

"Crash", door fly open. CLOUGH storms down a corridor.

119 INT. BOARDROOM - BASEBALL GROUND - DAY

119

"Bang", CLOUGH crashes into the boardroom. When they see CLOUGH, voices fall silent. They stiffen..

CLOUGH

What are you doing? You weren't supposed to accept our resignations.

LONGSON

'Shouldn't bloody well offer them, then.

CLOUGH turns to the other DIRECTORS...

CLOUGH

I only did because of HIM!

(points at LONGSON)

You can't get rid of us. It'd be a disaster for the club. For the whole of Derby.

LONGSON

You can't keep shooting your mouth off the way you have been...or issuing these ultimatums..

The board stare at one another, avoid eye contact..

LONGSON (cont'd)

With great reluctance your resignations have been accepted.

CLOUGH

You can't do this! It's madness!

LONGSON

The decision stands. And don't even think of a settlement. You're getting nowt.

CLOUGH

We're going to create a footballing dynasty here. Derby could be one of the greats alongside United, Liverpool, Leeds..

CLOUGH stands in the middle of the room. Speechless.

LONGSON

Car keys on the table and out!

CLOUGH stares in disbelief at the other BOARD MEMBERS..

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

CLOUGH

Does none of you have the guts to stop  
this?

LONGSON

Now! And don't show your faces here  
again!

CLOUGH stares in disbelief at the assembled board members of  
Derby County..

ROY KIRKLAND, ROBERTSON-KING, KEELING, SAM LONGSON, et al.  
Blazers and brass buttons. The sound of clearing throats..

119A ARCHIVE NEWS FOOTAGE - (1973)

119A

News footage: Prime Minister Ted Heath announcing blackouts  
due to the oil crisis. Britain is plunged into power-cuts.

And total darkness. Three days a week.

120 OMITTED

120

120A OMITTED

120A

121 OMITTED

121

122 INT. CLOUGH HOUSE - DERBY - NIGHT - (1973)

122

TAYLOR walks through the open door.

A meeting is underway in the CLOUGH house.

In the hall: CLOUGH's three CHILDREN stare through banister railings..

The smoke-filled front room is packed with FRIENDS, RELATIVES, LAWYERS, DERBY COUNTY CLUB EMPLOYEES..

Newspapers are strewn over the table. CLOUGH sits in the corner, being given counsel by SOLICITORS. JIMMY GORDON reads out a letter from the DERBY PLAYERS...

JIMMY

"To the directors of Derby County Football Club. We, the undersigned players, are unanimous in our support and respect for Mr. Clough and Mr. Taylor and ask that they be reinstated as manager and assistant manager of the club."

Cheers and celebrations. CLOUGH is congratulated. Handshakes. Hair ruffled..

JIMMY (cont'd)

"Signed by John O'Hare, Roy MacFarland, Colin Todd, Archie Gemmill, Kevin Hector, Alan Hinton.."

TAYLOR

But not Dave Mackay.

(CONTINUED)



Silence. All voices stop. Heads turn.

TAYLOR (cont'd)  
Who's just accepted the job.

Deathly silence. The crowds part. CLOUGH sits up, and stares..

CLOUGH  
What? Dave MACKAY?

TAYLOR  
It's in the evening paper.

CLOUGH  
I signed that fat fuck - saved his professional life. Gave him two more years as a player, as my captain. Dave Mackay?

(a beat)  
He wouldn't fucking DARE!

CLOUGH sees the paper. "MACKAY TO BE DERBY MANAGER". CLOUGH's face. Devastated.

TAYLOR  
Why did you do it? I love this place, Brian. I'm happy here. So are you.

CLOUGH  
It's not over yet, Pete. The lawyers are issuing a writ tomorrow. Against Longson. The players are calling a meeting. There's talk of them coming out on strike. There's protest marches scheduled for this week-end.

TAYLOR  
Why couldn't you just have kept your mouth shut? We'll never find anywhere like this again.

TAYLOR stares. Worried. At that moment, BARBARA sticks her head outside.

BARBARA  
(holding phone)  
Mike Bamber on the phone?

CLOUGH  
Who's Mike Bamber??

TAYLOR  
Manager of Brighton and Hove Albion. Someone who wants to offer us a job.

(CONTINUED)

122

CONTINUED: (2)

122

OVER THIS: the sound of a referee's whistle..

123

OMITTED

123

124 EXT. DUGOUT - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974)

124

With a loud ROAR the game against Luton gets under way.

CLOUGH takes his seat alone in the dugout. Unseen by him, in the stands behind him...

DON REVIE arrives, shaking hands, taking a seat.

Immediately, as soon as they see REVIE, the LEEDS FANS start cheering, "There's only one Don Revie.."

CLOUGH turns, to see REVIE. Waving back. Acknowledging the crowd.

The LEEDS FANS chant, "There's only one Don Revie!"

In the directors' box, MANNY CUSSINS notes the reaction of the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

124

CONTINUED:

124

In the press boxes, the JOURNALISTS and TV COMMENTATORS also note the reaction of the crowd...

CLOUGH's face: stinging with humiliation. And as if that weren't bad enough...

"RRROOOOAAARRRRR", Luton score a goal.

In the director's box: MANNY CUSSINS' face..

125

INT. TUNNEL - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974)

125

Afterwards: CLOUGH and the PLAYERS walk down the tunnel to see MANNY CUSSINS and SAM BOLTON waiting. Grim-faced.

CUSSINS

Players Lounge, Brian. Ten minutes.

CLOUGH opens his mouth, is about to reply, but CUSSINS has turned and walked away.

126

INT. PLAYERS' LOUNGE - ELLAND ROAD - DAY - (1974)

126

CLOUGH walks in as several players walk in, too. CLOUGH takes a seat. CUSSINS calls for quiet...

CUSSINS

This is the worst start to a season Leeds has had in twenty years. Four points from five games? Second from fucking bottom? What's going on? As far as I can I see, there's no relationship, no understanding between players and management. Not a healthy one, anyway.

PLAYERS heads low. Avoiding CLOUGH's eyes.

BREMNER

Perhaps if Mr. Clough were to step outside, we would all feel a little more like speaking our minds.

CLOUGH can't help smiling..

CLOUGH

(under his breath)

You bastard.

Of course, CUSSINS will reprimand him. Refuse his request. CUSSINS looks at WOODWARD and BOLTON. Then..

(CONTINUED)

CUSSINS

All right. If you wouldn't mind,  
Brian? Just for a minute or two?

CLOUGH cannot believe his ears. What?? He gets to his feet.

CLOUGH

As you wish.

CLOUGH walks out of the room. DUNCAN MACKENZIE watches.  
Visibly shocked.

CLOUGH closes the door behind him. He stands in the corridor  
outside. From inside, we hear..

BREMNER (O.S.)

No one likes him. The atmosphere in  
the dressing-room is non-existent.  
We're not allowed to mention Mr.  
Revie's name...

GILES (O.S.)

He's banned us from doing all the  
things we used to do...like playing  
bingo and carpet bowls...

BREMNER (O.S.)

Tactically, he's never prepared, never  
tells us how he wants us to play...

HUNTER (O.S.)

You know he's just itching to bring in  
a whole lot of new players..

CLOUGH looks out of the window to see DON REVIE signing  
autographs, shaking hands with adoring LEEDS FANS outside..

VOICE

What's going on?

CLOUGH turns to see JIMMY GORDON..

CLOUGH

The last two words of every story ever  
written is what's going on. "The  
fucking end."

BREMNER (O.S.)

What I want to know is why, after all the thing he's said about us, did you appoint him in the first place?

CLOUGH

I'm about to go home and work out how much I want in severance pay. Don't worry, I'll make sure your job is safe.

JIMMY

I'm not staying here without you. No bloody way.

CLOUGH

Then I suggest you go home and do the same.

BREMNER (O.S.)

What me and the lads are trying to say, Mr. Cussins, is that compared to Mr. Revie - he's just not good enough...

CLOUGH: a dagger in his heart..

CLOUGH

Come on.

CLOUGH turns, leading JIMMY GORDON away, then he stops. Having seen something through a window..

Outside: DON REVIE walks down into the car park and towards his car - cheered and clapped every step of the way by LEEDS FANS..

The Messiah of West Yorkshire...

CUT TO

Seagulls wheeling. CLOUGH's car pulls up in a hotel car park. He and PETER TAYLOR get out on a road overlooking the sea..

CLOUGH looks around at his surroundings. The OLD PEOPLE. The retirement home feel.

CLOUGH

(singing)

"Oh, I don't like to be beside the seaside.."

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

C'mon, just give it a chance.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

*Brighton and Hove Albion?* Have you seen where they are? Bottom of the third division.

TAYLOR

And we can get them out of there. Like that. We did it with Hartlepoons. We did it with Derby.

CLOUGH

We cared about Hartlepoons and Derby. We're from the North, Pete. What do we care about Brighton? Bloody Southerners. Look where we are. We're almost in France.

TAYLOR

Hey, they've got money, this lot. And ambition. And get a lungful of that air. It'd be good for my health.

CLOUGH

You can't manage a team that's not your own people. Not what you know. Anyway the Protest Movement in Derby is still in full flow. We could still get our jobs back.

TAYLOR

No, we won't. It's over, Brian. They'll never take us back. Not now.

CLOUGH

What about proper clubs? Like Manchester United? Or Spurs? Or England, now Alf's gone. Wouldn't you fancy that?

TAYLOR

No one's rung, have they? You've scared them all off.

CLOUGH

It's only been a couple of weeks.

TAYLOR

C'mon. Just listen to them? Please? For me?



129 INT. BRIGHTON HOTEL - DAY - (1974)

129

MIKE BAMBER and HARRY BLOOM, Brighton Chairman and Vice-Chairman, likeable men, (for the first time NOT in blazers and brass buttons), sit opposite CLOUGH and TAYLOR...

(CONTINUED)

BAMBER

Sign today, I'll give you a bonus of seven grand. Each.

TAYLOR

Seven grand? Y'hear that, Brian?

BAMBER

Plus a salary that exceeds by twenty percent what Derby were paying you.

TAYLOR

Very generous, Mike. Terrific.

CLOUGH

But those are first division wages.

BAMBER

First division's where I want this club to be.

CLOUGH

Are you sure you can afford it?

BAMBER

Are you sure you're worth it?

CLOUGH

Cheeky sod.

BAMBER offers his hand. CLOUGH stares at it..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

We're going to need a holiday first.

BAMBER

Take as long as you like.

CLOUGH

Two weeks. Somewhere hot. On you.

BAMBER doesn't even flinch. Smiles..

BAMBER

I'll even throw in the bloody trunks.

CLOUGH and BAMBER shake. TAYLOR beams with delight. OVER THIS: we fade in the sound of classical Spanish guitar..

Shimmering heat. Azure skies. Packed sandy beaches.

We're in a resort in Southern Majorca. Calla Millor.

(CONTINUED)

Red-faced Brits. Sausages and chips. Beer and sun tan lotion. \*

On the beach, BARBARA CLOUGH is playing with the three CLOUGH  
KIDS in the shallow water. They wave over to Brian. \*

CLOUGH, sitting in the sand, sunning-himself. (Reading a  
newspaper about DON REVIE's flirting with the England job). \*

131	OMITTED	131	*
132	OMITTED	132	*
133	OMITTED	133	*
134	OMITTED	134	*
135	OMITTED	135	*
136	EXT. HOTEL - MAJORCA - DAY - (1974)	136	*

A blazer with buttons. A red-faced, official-looking MAN in his mid 50's, being pointed onto a beach by a hotel EMPLOYEE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Red-faced, perspiring, ARCHER nods. Starts walking onto the beach.

137 EXT. BEACH - MAJORCA - DAY - (1974) 137

KEITH ARCHER walks across the beach, the scalding sand, sweating under the merciless sun...

Until he finds CLOUGH. ARCHER takes out his handkerchief, mops his brow.. \*

ARCHER

You're a hard man to find, Mr. Clough.

CLOUGH

Who's looking? \*

ARCHER

My name's Keith Archer. Secretary of Leeds United football club. \*

CLOUGH looks up, can't help smiling.. \*

CLOUGH

Then what are you doing here, Keith? \*  
Because from what I'm reading in my \*  
paper, and from what I hear on the \*  
jungle drums, you've got a bit of a \*  
problem at home with your manager \*  
flirting with the England job. \*

ARCHER

He's not flirting.. \*

CLOUGH

(indignant, pointing to \*  
newspaper) \*  
'Ey, it says it right here. \*

ARCHER

He's taken it. \*

CLOUGH turns, squints in the light.. \*

ARCHER (cont'd)

Which bring me to the point of my \*  
visit. \*

BARBARA and PETER TAYLOR look over from the beach, concerned. \*  
KEITH ARCHER smiles nervously, politely raising his hat... \*

137A OMITTED

137A

138 EXT. BEACH - MAJORCA - (1974)

138

Seagulls wheeling. Two tiny specks on the beach in the distance, arguing. Silhouettes against the setting sun..

TAYLOR

Bloody hell. But we HATE Leeds. \*

CLOUGH

It's the top flight, Pete. The First Division.

TAYLOR

But we've given Brighton our word. And they've paid us the money.

CLOUGH

We can pay BACK the money. Bollocks to bloody Brighton. \*

(laughing now, a  
dismissive wave) \*

I'd go mad. We'd ALL go mad down there. \*

TAYLOR

Please...give it a year. Give it a chance. \*

CLOUGH

A year? It'd be death. Death for us all.

TAYLOR

Mike Bamber is a good man..

CLOUGH

Oh, do me a favour..

TAYLOR

He had faith in us, offered us a job when no one would.

CLOUGH

He offered us a job. And now someone else has offered us a better one..and not just anyone. The best team in the country. C'mon, Pete, you know what that means.. It'd be the Charity Shield at Wembley in a months time. The European Cup after..

TAYLOR

Yes, but even if we won them it would always be Revie's achievements. HIS team.. \*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

138

CONTINUED:

138

TAYLOR (cont'd)

(fretting)

I can't do it. I gave Brighton my  
word.

\*

(CONTINUED)



CLOUGH

What? And you'd sooner fester down there? With all those fucking Tories? In that blue-rinse retirement home by the sea?

TAYLOR

Yes, Brighton is a small club..

CLOUGH

Fucking midgets.

TAYLOR

But at least we'd be together, you and me. We could build them up. Make them our own. Like we did with Hartlepoons. Like we did with Derby.

CLOUGH

And then what? Bottle again as soon as it comes to the big time. That's always been the trouble with you, Pete. No ambition.

TAYLOR

And that's the trouble with you. Too much ambition. Too much greed. Too much everything.

CLOUGH

You knock it, but it's done you proud over the years. My "ambition". Without me - you'd still be stuck in Burton Albion. On the arse of the footballing earth.

TAYLOR

But without you I'd still have a job in Derby. A job and a home that I love.

(a beat)

Yes, Brian - you're the shop window, I'll grant you that. The razzle and the bloody dazzle. But I'm the goods at the back. And without me, without someone to save you from yourself, you're not just half..

(tapping brain)

...you're nothing.

TAYLOR starts to walk. CLOUGH calls after him..

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

I'm nothing? I'm nothing?? Don't make  
me laugh? So what does that make you,  
Taylor? Something?? You're half of  
nothing!! Nothing's parasite! A big  
fat pilot fish that FEEDS on nothing!!  
A **bloody** nobody!! The forgotten man!!  
History's fucking afterthought!!

\*

\*

TAYLOR walks off, leaving CLOUGH...

TAYLOR

Well, let's see, shall we?

139

OMITTED

139

140

INT. BOARDROOM - ELLAND ROAD - EVENING - (1974)

140

The LEEDS BOARD MEMBERS' faces: MANNY CUSSINS, SAM BOLTON, KEITH ARCHER, SYDNEY SIMON, PERCY WOODWARD, etc

CUSSINS

Let's be honest. It's not working, is it?

CLOUGH

What's not working? I haven't been here five minutes, so how can anything be working yet?

CUSSINS

Still...the players aren't happy. We're not happy.

CLOUGH

So what do you want to do about it?

CUSSINS

If it's not working, then we'll have to part company.

CLOUGH

Fine. It'll cost you twenty-five grand.

The Leeds BOARD MEMBERS choke...

CUSSINS

What? For six weeks work?

CLOUGH

Plus three and a half grand for Jimmy Gordon. And an agreement that Leeds United will pay both our income taxes for the next three years.

The Leeds BOARD MEMBERS choke...

CUSSINS

That's bloody criminal.

CLOUGH

No, what's criminal, Mr. Cussins, is the way you as Chairman asked me to leave the room like that in front of the players. Your MANAGER. Going behind my back like that.

CUSSINS

I admit, that was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

And you can throw in the Merc and all.

BOLTON

What?

CLOUGH

Might be a bit flash for a man out of a job, but the truth is, I've grown to like it.

CUSSINS

Who the bloody hell do you think you are?

CLOUGH

Brian Clough. Brian Howard Clough.

CUSSINS

Aye. No danger of me forgetting THAT name in a hurry.

CLOUGH and his SONS are packing together CLOUGH's belongings in a couple of boxes. A knock at the door..

DUNCAN MACKENZIE comes in, in track suit, a cigarette in hand. Ready for the day's training..

MACKENZIE

Just wanted to say, it's not right. They should have given you more time.

CLOUGH

Good lad.

MACKENZIE

Not just me that feels that way, either.

CLOUGH

The sad thing is, it won't work. You can't change a manager like a pair of socks. It'll happen once, to me - and never again.

CLOUGH shakes CLARKE's hand.

'Rrrrinng', the phone rings. CLOUGH turns and picks up the phone. He listens, then..

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
All right. But you'll have to make it quick.

CLOUGH hangs up. Looks at his SONS..

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
Something we have to do on the way.  
Won't take long.

142 OMITTED

142

143 INT. YORKSHIRE TV STUDIOS - DAY - (1974)

143

CLOUGH sits in make-up. The door opens and AUSTIN MITCHELL, the same presenter as earlier, sticks his head round the corner..

MITCHELL  
Thanks for agreeing to this.

CLOUGH  
No problem.

CLOUGH smiles. Uncharacteristically vulnerable.

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
Go easy on me, though. There's a good lad.

144 INT. YORKSHIRE TV STUDIOS - DAY - (1974)

144

CLOUGH is led into the studio, and onto the 'Calender' set, chatting to the SOUND MAN.

CLOUGH's microphone is fixed, he is shown to his seat beside the PRESENTER's. Then CLOUGH notices a third (empty) seat beside his..

CLOUGH  
What's this? We expecting guests?

Then CLOUGH looks up to see a distinctive BLUE BLAZER, with gold buttons approaching the set...

Blue blazer. DON's blazer.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH's face falls as DON REVIE and AUSTIN MITCHELL turn the corner, in conspiratorial conversation, and out to the seats..

It's a set-up! CLOUGH looks over at AUSTIN MITCHELL and the crew, who shiftily avoids CLOUGH's eyes..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

You *bastards!*

REVIE is put in the seat beside CLOUGH. Avoiding CLOUGH's eyes. REVIE rolls his neck, crosses his legs. Vast, intimidating REVIE. Ready for battle.

Suddenly, the theme music plays, the FLOOR MANAGER counts down..

FLOOR MANAGER

Five, four, three..

The PRESENTER looks up..

MITCHELL

Good evening. Tonight the football world was stunned by the news that Brian Clough has been sacked as manager of Leeds United. We'll be talking not just to Brian Clough, but also to the man he replaced, who's success he couldn't emulate, Don Revie.

MITCHELL turns to CLOUGH..

MITCHELL (cont'd)

To Brian Clough first of all. What's your reaction to being sacked in this fashion?

CLOUGH

Obviously, Austin, my initial reaction is one of shock at finding myself here with Revie...

REVIE

See? Not so easy to make accusations when it's to someone's face...

CLOUGH

...but in answer to your question, six weeks is hardly a long time to be given a chance in any job. I would hope Revie would get a lot longer time in his.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Do you consider it was possible to step into your shoes, Don Revie? To replace you?

REVIE

Being very, very honest, I think it was a difficult job for anyone to do. But I do feel Brian Clough, I won't call him Clough because I won't take him down like that..

CLOUGH

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)



REVIE

...I do feel he made it harder for himself than he need have.

CLOUGH

How did I do that, Don?

REVIE

Shooting his mouth off about how dirty my players were.

CLOUGH

Well, you WERE dirty, Don!

REVIE

That's not true. The last four seasons, we've topped the charts for entertaining football.

CLOUGH

And before that, you also topped ALL the disciplinary charts. You should have been docked points and sent DOWN to the second Division.

MITCHELL

And in fact, you went on record and said so, Brian Clough. Again and again. That Leeds should, in fact, be relegated.

CLOUGH

And I was right.

MITCHELL

Do you think that might have hurt your chances of success when you then came to manage them?

REVIE

Of course it did! The things he said? Why, man? Why did you take the job in the first place?

CLOUGH

Because I thought it was the best job in the country.

REVIE

Of course it was the best job in the country.

CLOUGH

I was taking over the League Champions.

(CONTINUED)

REVIE

You were. You were taking over the  
best bunch of players you'd ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

And I fancied winning the league, and winning Europe, and doing it better than you.

REVIE

There's no way you COULD win it better.

CLOUGH

But that's the only hope I've got.

REVIE

I only lost four matches..

CLOUGH

Well, I can only lose three.

REVIE

No, no, no, no.

CLOUGH

And still play attractive, clean football. Without cheating!

REVIE

See, there he goes again..

MITCHELL

Listening to you, I am struck that this is not just a business matter for you both. It's more than that. It's personal. Am I right?

CLOUGH

Well, we're very different people, Don and I. We have different styles. In football and in life. I'm a warm man. An idealist. I do believe in faeries, and that is my outlook. Don is different. There's a hardness to him. A hardness. Maybe he's not even aware of it. But he's a cold person.

REVIE

You don't KNOW me!

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

And that lack of warmth. That coldness was there. Permeated the club when I arrived.

REVIE

I totally refute that. The atmosphere at Leeds was like a family. A happy family. You ask any of my players. I signed most of them personally. Knew their backgrounds. Their parents. Their streets. I was a father to them. In that club every morning. Massaging those boys. Did you do that for them?

CLOUGH

They would never have let me.

REVIE

Did you try? You didn't even try. I soaped those boys down with my own hands. You just went to Leeds with no thought for the club, no thought for the players. Just on some kind of mad personal vendetta with me.

CLOUGH

Well are you surprised? What else was I going to do?? After what you did...

REVIE

What did I do?

CLOUGH

C'mon, Don. You know exactly.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH (cont'd)

4th March 1968. See? I even remember the date. You came to Derby County, the third round of the FA Cup, and you refused to shake my hand.

AUSTIN MITCHELL looks up. The CAMERAMEN look up.

REVIE

Never! Matter of principle! I always shake the other manager's hand!

CLOUGH

You shook Peter Taylor's hand, and my trainer, Jimmy Gordon's.

REVIE

Then I probably didn't see you!!

CLOUGH

No, you saw me Don. But considered me beneath you. Looked down on me. And dismissed me. Just like you did every other club and every other manager in the country.

(CONTINUED)

REVIE

Never would I knowingly refuse to shake a colleague's hand. The truth is, I probably just didn't know who you were.

CLOUGH

(a knowing smile)

"Didn't know who I was!" Pull the other one.

REVIE

It's the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

(blurts out)

Well, you certainly know it NOW.

All heads turn. That came out unintentionally loud.

REVIE

Oh, we ALL know it now.

(a beat)

We know you as the man who's constant outbursts, his defaming of fellow professionals, have brought this game, this beautiful game into disrepute. Who had one of the best jobs in the country, at Derby, and managed to get the sack. Who had one of the best partners in the game, in Peter Taylor, and threw him away. Who was given the greatest gift in British football Leeds United, a team that in ten years hasn't finished outside the top four, and took them to the bottom of the first division. Yes, it's fair to say we all know who you are now.

AUSTIN MITCHELL's eyes widen.

MITCHELL

OK, gentlemen, we're going to have to leave it there..

CLOUGH

Well, let's see where we are in a year's time, Donald Revie.

REVIE

Dear oh dear..

CLOUGH

Let's see where we both are in five!

AUSTIN MITCHELL

That's it for tonight's show. I'd like to thank Brian Clough and Don Revie for joining me...

REVIE

Thank you, Austin.

The show wraps up. Theme music starts playing. REVIE removes his microphone, turns and walks out.

CLOUGH is left staring, hollow-eyed. Wishing the ground would swallow him up..

145

OMITTED

145



146 OMITTED 146

147 INT. CLOUGH'S MERCEDES - DAY - (1974) 147

"LEEDS UNITED FOOTBALL CLUB" written on the side of the stadium.

CLOUGH's car driver past.

147A INT. CLOUGH'S MERCEDES - DAY - (1974) 147A

Inside the car: CLOUGH drives, staring at the road ahead.  
Talk on the radio of CLOUGH's dismissal..

CLOUGH

Boys? Do you think your old man is a fool?

SIMON/NIGEL

No.

CLOUGH

You're wrong. He bloody is.

A silence. CLOUGH continues to drive.

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Who is the least mature person in this car? Who most needs to bloody grow up? Who's been making a right arse of himself the past few months?

The BOYS can't help laughing..

CLOUGH (cont'd)

Who fancies a trip to the seaside? To see Uncle Pete?

NIGEL/SIMON

Me!

CLOUGH

Me, and all.

CLOUGH's foot hits the floor.

148 EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY - (1974) 148

CLOUGH's Mercedes heads 'South', and accelerates into the distance.

149 EXT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - BRIGHTON - DAY - (1974) 149

PETER TAYLOR is working in the garden. He looks up to see CLOUGH standing in the gate to his house..

TAYLOR looks at CLOUGH. Their eyes meet. A poignant moment.

TAYLOR  
They've kicked you out, already?

CLOUGH  
They have.

TAYLOR  
So how long was that?

CLOUGH  
Forty-four days.

TAYLOR  
Impressive.

TAYLOR strains not to show his satisfaction..

TAYLOR (cont'd)  
So what are you doing here?

CLOUGH  
Don't make this difficult for me,  
Pete...you know why I'm here...and I  
won't bloody grovel.

TAYLOR shrugs, "Please yourself". Turns and starts walking inside.

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
All right. I'm grovelling. I'm on my  
knees.

TAYLOR turns. Sees CLOUGH on his knees. Begging for forgiveness.

TAYLOR  
"I apologize unreservedly for being a  
twat".

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH  
I apologize for being a twat.

TAYLOR  
"Unreservedly."

CLOUGH  
(through gritted teeth)  
Unreservedly...

TAYLOR  
"Because I can't do it without you."

CLOUGH  
Because I can't do it without you.

TAYLOR  
"I'm nothing without you."

CLOUGH  
I'm nothing without you.

TAYLOR  
"Please, please baby, take me back."

CLOUGH  
Fuck off..!

CLOUGH tails off, realizing he has no option..

CLOUGH (cont'd)  
"Please, please baby, take me back."

CLOUGH's sons watch from the car as PETER TAYLOR opens his arms, and the two MEN fall into an embrace.

But in the clench, TAYLOR's smile fades, his expression suddenly becoming serious.

TAYLOR holds CLOUGH tight, and whispers...

TAYLOR  
You'll only fuck me up again, won't you?

CLOUGH  
I love you, y'know.

TAYLOR  
I know. But it won't stop you.

A beat. CLOUGH thinks, then..

(CONTINUED)

CLOUGH

So? Would you sooner go through it all  
without me?

TAYLOR's face: freeing and condemning himself at once..

TAYLOR

Never.

Our CAMERA slowly pulls back: over the Brighton landscape, as  
CLOUGH and TAYLOR disappear into TAYLOR's house..

CAPTION 1: "DON REVIE FAILED AS ENGLAND MANAGER."

CAPTION 2: "HE WENT TO SAUDI ARABIA, WHERE HIS CAREER ENDED  
AMONG ALLEGATIONS OF FINANCIAL MISDEALINGS".

CAPTION 3: "BRIAN CLOUGH AND PETER TAYLOR WERE REUNITED..

CAPTION 4: "THEY TOOK OVER NOTTINGHAM FOREST WHERE THEY WON  
THE EUROPEAN CUP IN 1979.."

CAPTION 5: "..AND AGAIN IN 1980."

CAPTION 6: "BUT IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE TAYLOR AND CLOUGH FELL  
OUT AGAIN."

CAPTION 7: "PETER TAYLOR DIED OF A HEART ATTACK BEFORE THEY  
COULD MAKE UP."

(CONTINUED)

