All right, all right. All right, all right.

Never say no.

Well, this is Kingman's defining moment, Marv.

If they win, they guarantee themselves a spot in the playoffs.

Everybody get on the King's back and I'm going to lead you to the promised land.

- All right? On one, on one. Ready?
- Break!

Go deep.

Watch your left!

Let's go!

Pick him up. Pick him up.

Sanders. Sanders.

Go wide!

Hut-hut!

Hut!

All right, here's Kingman. Drops back in the pocket.

He's got Sanders wide open in the end zone.

Kingman is on the run.

He's inside the five.

He stiff-arms. It's the Kingman swing.

And he is in! Touchdown, Rebels.

They've won it.

What a tremendous play by Kingman, Marv.

But I have to wonder, yesterday he was...

The King does it again!

- Go Joe!
- Go Joe!
- Never say no!
- Never say no!

Yeah!

WZPZ FM.

Hey, Boston. Happy New Year.

And a special shout out to our Rebels.

Don't party too hard, boys.
You're going to need all your strength
to bring home that championship.
- Enjoy your drink.
- To us.
Hope it's okay.
I'm telling you guys,
these aren't the normal onion rings.
They got garlic and mint leaves.
I mean, like, beluga caviar.
Hey, Coop. Coop, check it out.
- See the hottie? 12 o'clock, tan dress?
- Oh, yeah.
I think she said
you have a killer smile, bro.
I do.
You should go talk to her.
- You think so?
- I know so. Come on.
Get in there. Get in there.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, swamp mouth.
Use some of this. Chicks dig it.
- Webber, you got a pen?
- Why?
Because you might want
to take some notes.
What's up?
Webber!
I told you, they bumped up shoot.
I have to catch last flight to Paris.
But Tatianna will miss you.
The King doesn't want his queen
to miss him too much.
So I got you a little something special.
- Close your eyes.
- Okay.
Tatianna, Tatianna. Which one?
Which one?
No peeking.
Dreams are on Joe tonight, honey.
Happy New Year.
- Channel?
- Or Chanel.
Whoa, Sanders.
Where you going?
Just past your bedtime?
Yeah, well, you know,
it's New Year's Eve.
Want to go home,
hug the wife, kiss the kids.
All right, thanks for coming.
Happy New Year.
- All right, Happy New Year.
- All right, see you at practice.
- All right, see you.
All right, Joe. Come on, it's real funny.
Now, just give me back the wallet,
all right?
I'm looking to confiscate
Sanders' man card,
but his wife, Maria,
has already done it.
- Yes, really...
- Come on. Get a life, Sanders.
Oh, you call this "life"?
That ain't life, Joe.
Oh, you call this "life"?
That ain't life, Joe.
- Whatever.
- He's mad. That was funny, man.
- Who's ready to party?
- I am.
Party!
Yeah!
Where can I get a man card?
- Why? The night is still young!
- We can walk Spike.
- Play the guitars, Joe. Come on.
- We were just bonding.
- I love that idea.
- We're starting to jell.
- Call me.
- Joe...
We were doing so good.
Hey, Spike. There's my boy.
Haven't seen you all night.
Do you know who the greatest quarterback of all time is?
Just checking. Let's go! Huddle up!
Can you feel it? Can you smell it?
Do you believe it?
Z-slant Mississippi! On three. Ready?
Break! Hut! Hut! Hut!
Come on, Spike.
We need a football biscuit.
Oh, that's a good one.
Oh, this is a good one.
Kingman drops back, he's...
Oh, defenders are coming around.
Post pattern, Spike. Post pattern.
He throws.
Touchdown! They're going crazy.
Crazy.
Gracias, Rosa. Enjoy your vacation.
What do you want to do, Spike?
What do you want to do today?
It's a new year.
You want to play football?
You want to go for a walk?
You want to watch the new ESPN
special profile on Joe Kingman?
I know you do. Me, too. Watch. Watch.
Here we go.
Attaboy.
Blessed with crazy strength and
ridiculous agility...
Ridiculous.
...Joe Kingman could have succeeded
on talent alone.
But what really sets
this future hall-of-famer apart
is his passion for the game.
And no one sums it up better
than Joe himself.
- Wait a minute, that's not what I said.
- Listen, listen.
- What I said was this. Life...
- Life...
...holds many pleasures for me.
... holds many pleasures for me.
- But...
- But...
...nothing...
... nothing...
... nothing beats the thrill...
... nothing beats the thrill...
... of playing on that field...
... of playing on that field...
... every Sunday.
... every Sunday.
- Football is my life.
- Football is my life.
- Beyond the field...
- Beyond the field...
... nothing else matters.
... nothing else matters. Watch this.
Nothing.
If nothing else really matters,
why does that championship ring
elude Kingman?
Some of the experts say
it's because he's too selfish.
I mean, think about it...
How does that sound, Stuey?
Joe, you're a 30-something now,
not a 20-something.
The clock is ticking, Joe.
Ticking on your career.
Blah, blah, blah...
You come talk to me when you have
your own action figure, Stuey.
- Yeah?
Pardon me, Mr. Kingman.
I have a visitor here at reception.
- A Peyton Kelly, sir.
- I don't know any Peytons.
A young lady.
- Is she cute?
- Oh, exceedingly so, sir.
Well, what are you waiting for, Larry?
Send her up.
He never says "no."
I am the king. Thank you very much.
Hmm.
Look out.
Hello.
- Goodbye.
Hey!
Look, kid, I don't do Girl Scout cookies, okay?
You don't get abs like these eating Peanut Butter Patties, you know?
Go ahead, hit me. Come on!
Give it a shot. Come on.
It's ridiculous, isn't it?
Bye-bye.
It's ridiculous.
I don't know what it is you're selling.
Look what I have, here's a hundo.
I don't want any money. I want...
I know. I know what you want. I get it.
It's what the world wants.
An autograph of Joe Kingman.
They all want it, eight to 80.
You'll probably go sell it, but I'm going to give it to you for free.
Because I'm Joe Kingman, humanitarian.
Happy New Year. I'll be right back.
You have a bulldog. Come here, boy.
You're so cute.
Easy, easy.
He's a very vicious attack dog.
Yeah. He's going to lick me to death.
Listen, you just can't come walking into strangers' homes like this.
There are a lot of weirdos out there in the world.
- Didn't your mom ever teach you that?
- Yeah.
- Well, where is she?
- On an airplane.
On an airplane?
Well, who are you here with?
My father.
Well, you better go get him, because I'm sure he's looking for you.
- He's not looking for me.
- How do you know?
Because he's looking at me.
What?
Hi, we've never met before.
You were married to my mom, Sara.
Sara Kelly?
My name is Peyton. I'm your daughter.
No. No. Nope. No!
No. Time out.
Sara and I never had a kid.
- She wrote you a note.
- Wrote me a note.
"Joe, I know this is a big surprise,
but Peyton is your daughter.
"I need you to watch her for a month.
It's an emergency.
"I'll explain everything
when I get back. Sara."
You sure got a lot of pictures
of yourself in here.
You expect me to believe
you're my kid, based on this?
- Anybody could have written this.
- Oh, yeah.
I've also got this.
It's my birth certificate.
Birth certificate?
- Your name is on it.
- My name is...
My name?
Awesome!
Ready? Break!
My name's not on this.
"Joseph Kingman."
Hut! Hut! Hut!
- We've got a situation.
- Touchdown!
Fix it.
Oh!
Don't you think
you should have told me about this?
- I didn't know.
- You didn't know you had an ex-wife?
That was a long time ago.
We were crazy in love, but too young.
Didn't even last longer than a year,
and we never had a baby.
Okay, but for argument's sake,
is there the teeniest, tiniest possibility
that this child could be yours?
Think hard.
I don't know.
We got the separation,
the divorce was final,
she came by to pick up
a few of her things and then we...
We...
Is anyone else hungry?
- Hungry?
- Joe...
When did this, "We... We..."
Is anyone else hungry" happen?
About eight, nine years ago.
- How old are you, kid?
- Eight.
Congratulations, Joe.
This isn't happening to me.
Muffin, just talk to your Auntie Stella.
Hmm?
It says here that your mom
is not coming back for a month.
She's on her way to Africa.
What kind of a selfish,
self-centered person dumps their kid...
She's on a water sanitation project
bringing fresh drinking water
to the drought-ravaged children
of the Sudan.
If I had a dime
for every time I heard that one.
So on her way to save the world,
your mom just suddenly decided
to leave you here?
I begged her. I said,
"Well, why don't I stay with my father?"
And she said, "Well, baby, he doesn't
know about you yet. " And I said...
I get it. I get it.
So, who else can you stay with?
I got it. I got it. I'm a genius.
Sara has a sister.
Goombah, Grip, Grime... Carmen!
- Karen.
- Karen. What about her?
She's...
She's dead.
Oh, that's convenient.
What?
How do we get in touch
with your mom?
- Her cell won't work in Kassala.
- Email?
They don't have Internet there.
How did you get here again?
We flew to Boston together,
and then she put me in a car.
And the car just magically
dropped you off at some man's house?
- Not some man. My father.
- So you say.
- Want a paternity test?
- Yes. That's a great idea.
Let's do that. No problem.
I don't like needles.
So if they don't take blood, no problem.
Not in the middle of negotiating
our Fanny's deal, it's not.
These things never stay quiet,
trust me.
If she does turn out to be yours,
you'll look like a guy
who had a kid and ditched her
and you can
kiss your mega-bucks goodbye.
- Stella.
- Hmm.
We don't even look alike.
Oh, no. Not at all.
- Thanks a lot for the heads up, Larry.
- Hey, I told you she was cute.
I'm late.
Let's go. No huddle.
- No back seat.
- So what? Get in the car.
If you get in an accident,  
the air bag will hurt me.  
Oh, come on, I don't have time  
for the safety lesson, please!  
Come here.  
So late.  
I've got four weeks  
to make up for eight years,  
so let's get started, shall we?  
I'm going to ask you some questions  
and you're going to give me  
some answers, okay?  
Now, for example,  
if you asked me what my favorite thing  
to do was, I would say ballet.  
So what's your favorite thing to do?  
That's easy. Play football.  
Football.  
Come on!  
If you could only save one thing  
in a fire, what would it be?  
My Heisman.  
No, wait... I know.  
My limited edition  
Joe Kingman sneakers.  
Come on, horseradish.  
No more questions.  
Just one more question.  
What's the best thing  
that's ever happened to you?  
Listen, I got a question for you.  
Why didn't your mom  
just bring you here herself?  
Want a cookie?  
No, I don't want a cookie.  
Stop trying to change the subject.  
But you said you were hungry.  
- And I made them special for you.  
- Fine, fine.  
- Now, about your mom.  
- I told you, it was last-minute.  
I just can't believe that the Sara I knew  
would just let her daughter  
show up at my doorstep alone.
I know what happened.
- You do?
- Yeah.
- She's gained a lot of weight.
- No.
What's she pushing now? About 180?
Deuce?
Let's go.
What do you think, you're some roaming free safety or something?
This is "cover-two," little lady, so stay close.
Are you okay?
Do I sound okay?
What did you put in those cookies?
- Milk, flour, eggs and cinnamon...
- Cinnamon!
Cinnamon? I'm allergic to cinnamon.
- Oh, I'm sorry.
- All you got to say is, "I'm sorry"?
I sound like this, "I'm sorry"?
Cinnamon!
I'm allergic to nuts.
Joe. Joe, don't forget I got that publicity shoot set up for you today.
- You have to be there this time.
- I'll be there.
What do you think,
I'm stupid or something?
Stop touching me.
Stop eating so much.
- You're late, Joe. That's a $500 fine.
- Start a tab.
Hey, sorry. Excuse me. Sorry.
King's here, Danville. I got it.
King's here.
Get a submarine sandwich and a diet soda.
All right, let's go. Sixty-six seam, slot left on three, on three. Ready?
All right, let's go. Sixty-six seam, slot left on three, on three. Ready?
Suffering succotash,
Sylvester,
something seems to be wrong with your mouth.
I said sixty-six, slot seam left on three.
On three. Ready?
Hey, Joe.
Looks like you got a rogue fan.
- I'm not a fan. I'm Joe's daughter.
- What's everybody staring at?
I didn't know Joe had a kid.
Yo, I don't think Joe knew Joe had a kid.
- Stay here.
- Yes, sir.
Hat.
Give me this!
Here's what you got to read right there.
You all set?
Here we go. And three, two, one... Go!
Boston Rebels! Experience the heat!
Boston Rebels! Catch the magic.
Boston Rebels! Feel the...
Wait a minute. Who writes this?
Hey, let's get Joe.
He won't be expecting it.
We'll put ice in his bath.
Coop, look. Look real close.
Joe is in an ice bath.
- Well, we'll put colder ice in it.
- Glove.
Yeah.
Webber, think about this.
Big surprise, eh, Kingman?
More like a safety blitz.
Yeah, well, you should be happy.
I remember how happy I was when my kids were born.
Yeah, but you knew they were coming.
Yeah, well, either way, she's here now.
What's your name, sweetheart?
- Peyton.
- Peyton, that's cute.
- Hi, Peyton.
- Hi.
Oh, that's cool. Like... Like, Peyton Manning?
No, dude. It's like Walter Payton, right?
No. Peyton Rous.
- Who's that?
- He won the Nobel Prize.
For what team?
In medicine.
He's not even a football player. That's stupid.
"Stupid" is a mean word.
- No, it isn't.
- Yes, it is.
- No, it isn't.
- Yes, it is.
- Isn't.
- Is!
- Isn't.
- Is!
Quiet. Both of you. Step away from my pants.
Awkward.
Hey, sweetie, it's okay. See, those are Monroe's very special underwear. You see, he needs to wear them every game, or he thinks we won't win.
- Oh.
Hey, I'm on SportsCenter again. I'm hungry. Please don't touch anything. Stand right here. Tonight's Tuesday. We're going to carbo-load. Twenty-twenty-sixty ratio. What?
Hey, do you have any Jell-O? I want some Jell-O. Like I said, please don't touch. Fingerprints. I don't like fingerprints. Stand right here, don't do anything. I'm not giving you 28 grams
of empty carbohydrates.
We do not do simple sugars
in this house.
But I'm a kid and kids love sugar.
I mean, the simpler the better.
Well, my dad never let me have sugar.
Oh, is that why you never smile?
Mmm.
Listen, you better eat your food
before it gets cold.
But it's as big as a mountain.
Listen, if you're going to make the pros,
you have to get your appetite up.
Let's go. Eat.
You got a little...
- A little something right here.
- What?
I got what?
I'm going to go and wash the dishes.
You can eat.
And finish eating.
I don't have a guest room
because I don't like guests.
But you can sleep here.
- What's this?
- That is a universal remote.
It controls the world.
And you don't need to touch it.
What's the "romance" button for?
The romance button
is for a little Valentine's Day magic.
Turn... Turn this off. Turn it off.
Turn it off.
Turn it off. Press the button.
Turn it off.
Stop touching things.
Aren't you going to tell me
a bedtime story?
Bedtime story... Bedtime story.
Yeah.
The Big Bad Wolf
blew down the Grammy's house
and ate the Goldilocks
and then there was something
about the porridge.
The end.
Good night.
I mean a real bedtime story, Joe.
A bedtime story is supposed
to make you feel peaceful.
I'll show you.
Lean back, relax,
and listen to the story.
Fine. Fine. I'm going to listen
to this one time, then that's it.
Then you go to sleep.
Do you understand me?
Once upon a time there was a princess
and she had a lot of beautiful dresses.
She had a pink dress, a red dress,
 a blue dress, a green dress,
 a purple dress,
 - an orange dress, a yellow dress...
 - I get it. I get it. I get it.
A lot of dresses, a lot of colors.
So what?
So each dress had a secret power.
The pink dress,
which had pink sparkles all over it,
 could make her fly.
And the blue dress,
which had blue sparkles all over it,
 could make her tiny.
And the green dress,
which had green sparkles all over it,
 could make her sleep.
Whoa!
Hey, baby.
Why didn't you answer me
when I called?
I was starting to get worried.
I'm sorry. I forgot I had
my phone turned off from the flight.
Well, I'm just happy that you got
there safely. So, how's it going?
Great. Well, the food's not so hot,
but my room is huge.
Well, that's very cool,
but how's the ballet?
I mean, is it as good as they promised?
Too soon to tell.
Hey, listen, sweetie, it's almost
time for my flight to take off,
but I will call you
as soon as I can, okay?
I miss you so much already.
E-mail me lots of pictures.
And Peyton, I love you.
I love you, too. Bye.
Is there a ballet school close by?
Spike?
Why is my dog in a dress
with pink nail polish?
He's learning Swan Lake.
Do you know how to fix
a ballerina bun?
Do I look like I know
how to fix a ballerina bun?
My mom says we're not supposed to
pop our knuckles.
Well, your mom
didn't sleep on a hard sofa
instead of her specially designed
$10,000 orthopedic bed
made by Dr. Johan Gustavo,
of Switzerland.
- What's... What's with the Beethoven?
- It's Tchaikovsky.
- Do you listen to this every morning?
- No.
Sometimes I listen to Bach,
or Rachmaninoff...
Do you have an iPod?
Because I'm going to buy you one.
Immediately. Right now.
I'm going to buy you an iPod.
Until then...
Whoa...
What is this?
My Bedazzler.
Doesn't Camille look pretty?
A Bedazzler?
And that's why I use
tuna for protein and flavor.
Mmm.
- Gross.
- Little liquid chickens.
Yeah, that's my favorite.
Joe's juice.
Okay. That's enough.
I'm gonna need you to drink up.
You'll be running the 40
in under 4.5 in no time.
That smells worse than school food.
You know, speaking of school,
why aren't you in it?
- I'm on break.
- In January? No you're not.
Yes, I am. I go to a magnet school,
so I have January off.
Really? Well, guess what?
I'm not on break.
As a matter of fact,
I'm on the opposite of break.
So I'm gonna need you
to come over here,
put some hustle in it,
and drink your breakfast.
- Peyton, stop messing around.
- What?
Peyton!
No!
Nice.
That's real nice.
- You know what a playbook is?
- I'm guessing it's a book with plays?
Oh, I get it. The Xs are for kisses
and the Os for hugs.
Wrong! The X's mean
"stay out of these areas of the house. "
The O's mean "open access. "
For example, you want to go
to the kitchen, straight buttonhook.
But now you go to the kitchen, big X.
Off limits. No access.
Can't go there, because you made
a mess in the kitchen.
Do you understand?
No trick plays, no flea-flickers. Got it?
Got it. No flea-flickers.
This is your game plan.
Learn it. Live it. Love it.
That's it, boys.
Practice is over.
Pick a nanny, Joe.
- I'll take the one at...
- Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Don't you think
you should ask some questions first?
I've got great instincts.
The one on the end, Stella.
Edna.
The other end, Stella.
Blondie, you're up.
Oh, no. No.
The King picked me!
We are going to be just like sisters!
Oh, my goodness.
You start tomorrow.
Hey. You're going
to the opening tonight, right?
It's my restaurant.
Oh.
Well, what are you
going to do with her?
I don't know.
Hi. Hello.
Welcome, Mr. Kingman.
- The Maloofs!
- About time, there, Joe.
You made it. Have fun.
- Yeah.
- Enjoy yourself.
- Hey, Joe.
- Hey, man.
- How you doing?
- Hey.
- Jo Jo!
- Hey, nice to see you.
Hey, everything's on Joe tonight.
And that's exactly what I said.
I told them.
I said, "Listen, I'm the greatest."
The purple or the yellow?
Hmm.
Mmm?
Mmm.
That's what I was thinking, too.
I'll be back.
Water the lawn. Water the lawn.
Hey, great night, Mr. Kingman.
Indeed it was, Jay. Indeed it was.
Hey, Joe! This way!
Number one on the field
and number one in your heart.
I've got sunshine
On a cloudy day
Yes, I do.
When it's cold outside
I've got the month of May
I guess you'd say
What can make me
What can make me
feel this way
My girl
Joe?
My girl
Talking about my girl
My girl... Peyton!
Joe?
Joe. Joe, where are you?
There you are.
Joe, I thought you forgot about me.
Peyton! Peyton! Peyton!
Hey, Joe, is that your daughter?
- Peyton!
Hey, Joe, you forget something?
Father of the year!
Yesterday, Fanny's Burgers
agreed to hand out
your action figure
with every order of fries.
But do you think
they're going to want a spokesman
who forgot his child in a bar?
Hmm?
My mom says that Fanny's
makes kids fat and gives them gas.
Well, your daddy's agent says
Fanny's makes him fat with cash.
Now, I have to put together
a press conference, do some cleanup.
I'm the janitor, Joe's the mop,
and Peyton's the mess.
What?
- Something funny, Larry?
- Just a little throat tickle, sir.
Well, get it fixed.
Right here. Chop-chop.
You got a station wagon, Stella?
No, you did.
Say "bye-bye" to being
the Big Bad Dad of Boston.
Oh, no.
Oh, yes.
You want me to sign that?
Peyton, sweetie, be a good girl
and cooperate with your daddy
and Auntie Stella will get you a nice
new BlackBerry with a Bluetooth.
And an upgrade
on your next international flight.
I'm eight.
Listen, Bratty McPain-in-the-Butt,
you will do whatever it takes
to help your father.
I'll pay for the therapy.
Listen, Peyton,
what Stella's trying to say here is
this right now is crunch time.
So, if something's bothering you,
then all you got to do...
Let's keep it bottled up
until after the playoffs.
Fine.
On one condition.
No nanny.
No way.
Hey...
- Let's go. Come on.
- I'm feeling a little dizzy, Joe.
Everything's all...
- Dizzy?
- I think it might be
from that funny yellow soft drink
Joe gave me last night.
What was it called again?
Margarita?
- You wouldn't.
- You wouldn't.
Try me.
Good morning, Joe. I'm ready to start!
Hey, Cindy!
You're fired.
Bye.
Joe! Joe!
Hey, Joe,
how can you remember the plays
when you can't remember
you have a daughter?
Joe, what is an 8-year-old girl doing
in a nightclub at 3:00 in the morning?
Thank you. Thank you guys
so much for coming out.
Ladies and gentlemen.
Ladies and gentlemen,
thank you so much for coming.
Great questions, by the way.
Thank you.
As you all know by now,
I've recently learned I'm a father.
And clearly,
I'm still getting the hang of things.
That's not an excuse, Joe.
But you better believe that Peyton's
nightclub evenings are behind her.
Because from now on, we're both
going to be going to sleep early, right?
Now, who's number one on the field
and number one in your heart?
Let's go.
Can I say something, please?
No. Let's go.
Hi, everybody, I'm Peyton,
the one who'll be going to bed early
from now on.
My dad didn't have much of
a heads-up on this whole father thing
and he is still
getting the hang of things.
But it's like everything else in his life.
He never says "no."
I mean, he's teaching me
that you can do anything
if you've got motivation
and determination.
And the place where that starts
is right here, in the heart.
You're the world's greatest father.
That was good.
- That was really good.
- It's going to cost you.
...two, three, four, grand pli...
There you go, there you go.
And...
Come on, this isn't a sport.
Football. Football's a sport.
Excuse me. Hi. Can I help you?
Hello. This is Peyton.
- Hi.
- And she's here for this.
So, I guess I'll be back
in a couple of hours. Bye.
Well, class started 15 minutes ago,
and we don't accept students
without an audition
and that happened last month,
so I'm really sorry.
I'm sure maybe we can
work something out?
Money's no object,
as you probably know.
Okay, the thing is
that this is a professional school, and...
- That's very nice.
- Thank you.
Go change, go on, go change.
Let me see how she does today. Okay?
All right.
Maybe I'll... I'll try and...
We'll get somebody...
The moms sit over there.
Excuse me. Thank you.
And one, two, three, very long...
Come on, come on.
And one, two, three, four.
Open up, like a princess, chin up.
Thank you.
Beautiful class, everybody. Beautiful.
Peyton, come here.
Can I tell you that that was so, so good.
Peyton, come here.
Can I tell you that that was so, so good.
Thank you.
Our next big performance
is in three weeks.
But if you promise me that you're going
to work extra, extra, super, super, hard,
we'd love to have you.
- I'll come every single day.
- All day, every day.
Well, it is a ballet school,
not a childcare facility.
And when we make a commitment
to a student,
we ask that the parents
make a commitment to the school.
Can you do that?
Well, I think you can make
a little exception for me.
- And why is that?
- You don't know who I am?
No.
I'm Joe Kingman, baby!
The quarterback of the Boston Rebels.
Number one on that field
and number one
in your pretty little heart.
"The King of the Gridiron."
"Never-Say-No Joe?"
No? Nothing?
Odd.
- Well, don't you know who I am?
- No.
I'm Monique Vasquez,
the lady with the ballet school,
the one that doesn't accept
any new students full-time
unless she knows for a fact
that the parents are going to help out.
Let's go.
Who doesn't know
who Joe Kingman is?
She must be living under a rock.
Raef will take it this time.
- He shoots! Come on!
- Got it.
- Yeah!
I didn't see what happened
to Paul Pierce.
We'll be right back
- after a word from our...
- Let's go, Paul!
I can't believe they came from 10 down.
Hey, keep this clean. Use the napkins.
Don't look at me like that.
Use a napkin.
Yeah, you tell him. You tell him, Spike.
Mean old Daddy.
Let's get Webber.
Webber, you want a soda?
Huh?
Yeah. Yeah, thanks.
Oh...
- That's refreshing.
- Good one.
What's up, Joe?
I don't know, Coop. What do you think?
That's a $40,000 couch.
I asked you to be careful!
- Which bathroom should I use?
- The one off the trophy room.
Come on, Pierce!
Paul Pierce comes down with the board.
The man's a beast.
You saw that, Joe. You saw that.
That's why the Celtics are my team for life.
Celtics got this one locked up.
Hold on, hold on...
Wait a second. Wait a minute.
Little bit more.
Stop growling. Hold on.
One, two, three.
What did I do?
Let's go, Paul Pierce.
Time to come through.
- Okay, here we go, baby. Here we go.
- Three seconds left.
Welcome to
the Magical World of Ponies.
What happened?
Get it back! Get it back!
Get the game back!
Get the mechanicals!
The mechanicals.
The mechanicals, Joe!
- What are you doing?
- I'm trying! I'm trying!
It's right there. See?
Unbelievable!
We missed it!
- You gotta celebrate.
- Peyton.
What did I do?
Thanks, Joe. Let's go, guys.
Wait. Where are you going?
You don't have to leave.
Where are you guys going?
- I got to get home to...
- Where?
Nothing.
What did I tell you about touching the remote?
Just got to add a little bit
of bubble bath.
Not too much. That's good.
Perfect.
This could take a while.
But what really sets
this future Hall of Famer apart...
Passion for the game.
Spike, you know the rule,
no barking when I'm on TV!
Spike!
Spike?
What happened?
Spike.
Peyton?
Peyton! Peyton!
Peyton!
I'm not going to yell.
We're going to have a very calm
And rational discussion
about all...
You Bedazzled my football.
You guys comfortable? My pillow.
King on the couch!
This is ridiculous.
Never
say...
No! No!
I have to warm up.
I have to practice.
I have a playoff game this weekend.
Do you...
Do you know what that means?
My guess is that it means
you have a playoff game this weekend.
My dog, my bed, my car, my TV,
my stereo...
Is nothing sacred?
My towel! My towel.
This is all mine! It's all me!
It's all mine! This is all me!
This is my towel.
Hi, everybody, I'm Marv Albert,
along with Boomer Esiason.
We're here in the Mile High City
where Denver hosts Boston
in the first round of the playoffs.
In what should be
a tremendous showdown.
We have a rematch
of last year's Conference Final
in which Denver narrowly escaped
with a 34-30 victory.
He has the tight end screen,
he side-arms it.
The catch made by Cooper.
Cooper on the run, picks up a blocker.
And now, directing traffic...
Nice cut. Cooper down the sideline!
And he's bounced out of bounds!
Yeah! I did it again!
Oh, our boy looks great today.
He's going to look even greater
lounging poolside
at the new Blake resort.
Let's just see how many Fanny's
kiddie meals he sells first.
Fanny.
Do you work at Fanny's Burgers?
I own Fanny's Burgers, honey.
My mom says...
I mean, my dad says
your chili cheese fries rock.
Yeah, they do! They rock. Come on!
Kick it!
Kingman out of the gun,
takes a look.
He has Sanders wide open.
He's not going that way.
Marv, I've never
seen a quarterback
who doesn't trust his wide receivers
with a game on the line like this.
Touchdown! It's all over!
Boston has defeated Denver.
All on the legs of Joe Kingman,
Boston advances
to next week's divisional playoffs
for the second year in a row.
Now, will this be the year the King takes them all the way?
Peyton, are you okay?
Why are you still here?
I guess Joe's running a little bit late from practice.
What, two hours late?
That's unacceptable.
Come on, sweetie. Let's go.
Hey, King.
No, I'm the king. You're the king.
Don't do it, Elvis!
Don't jump.
Mr. Kingman?
Oh, no. Peyton.
Hey.
Yeah, I guess practice ran a little longer than expected. Thanks, Bo.
- Mr. Kingman, we need to talk about...
- You know what?
Why don't you just call me Joe?
Stop it. Stop it.
Mr. Kingman,
I informed you from the start that we are a ballet school, not a daycare center.
Yeah! I got that. Mental note.
I'm glad you told me. Now I know.
Ballet school, not a daycare facility.
Sure, let me hook you up for your time, though.
Peyton, go grab a hundo out of my bag. It's in my wallet, around the corner.
I just knew you were one of those parents.
One of what parents?
The kind who thinks that his life is more important than anybody else's.
Look, lady.
I don't know what kind of parent I am. All I know is I have an entire team...
Scratch that, an entire city depending on me.
Yeah, you also have a daughter
depending on you
not to only take care of her,
but to care about her. Okay?
- Listen, I care about Peyton.
- Then prove it!
- I got it.
- Hey, sweetie!
Your father here was telling me
how excited he is
to finally fulfill the commitment
he made to support the school.
And guess what?
I've got the perfect job for him.
Cool.
No, no, no. Absolutely not.
You're completely insane.
You're a freakishly large man
and you're telling me you're incapable
of playing a tree? Come on.
No, what I'm telling you is
I am a serious athlete.
Not a ballerina.
You do me a favor, mamita?
Can you please hold this for me?
Thank you so much.
Trust me, no one is ever going to
confuse you with a ballerina, okay?
And now,
I need you to be an enchanted tree...
I'm not going to be an enchanted tree.
I'm a quarterback!
I'm the only one that talks.
Up!
...around and... Oh, my God, no, no...
Please, come over here.
Wasn't so bad.
We're just warming up, so come on.
Hey, so what were you saying about
ballet not being a real sport?
Hmm?
It wasn't... It wasn't so bad.
You see, ballerinas can leap
as high as you can,
but when they go down,
they go down in pli.
And they hold and hold.
And then they go en pointe
for hours and hours.
So, if ballet were easy,
they'd call it football.
Yeah. Right.
Yeah, right.
Listen, Mr. Kingman,
your daughter has all the makings
to be a professional dancer.
She has passion, talent, discipline.
I guess she inherited more
than just your charm.
You see?
Let's try that one again.
Where were you last night?
You missed a great fight.
Hey, man,
you look like you were in a fight.
I was doing some stuff.
Well, you could've called.
You never call anymore.
Dude, stop being such a chick.
Never thought someone so little
could be so much work, huh?
You don't know the half of it.
- Hello?
Hi!
Listen, I finally got to a phone.
I want you to tell me everything.
I don't know where to start.
How about those pictures
you promised me?
E-mail me right now.
I have to see you.
Okay, hold on.
I just sent them.
You're breaking up. I love you.
Wait, wait. No, no, Peyton! Honey...
I love you, too.
We need to talk. Follow me.
I need my bed back.
Wow! That is awesome! I love it!
Love it. I love this room.
This is awesome.
It's beautiful.
- Thanks, Joe.
- You're welcome.
Look, P, you know the whole
"playbook for the house" thing?
No more buttonhooks in the kitchen.
Right. No more buttonhooks.
You see, the quarterback
is supposed to know the playbook
better than anybody.
But you and I,
you've been playing kid your entire life.
I just joined the dad team,
and I'm still learning all these plays.
No kidding.
All right.
Listen, sometimes a quarterback
has got to think on his feet
and call an audible, okay? And...
Here, this.
When the linebackers
are creeping up to blitz
And all of a sudden
you've got to call an audible
to change the play,
and you go around and you score!
He scores.
All right, it's kind of like, just like in life.
Sometimes things
get thrown at you unexpectedly.
Then you got to call an audible.
You got to learn on the go.
- Just like us. Okay?
- Okay.
Number one on the field,
and number one in your heart.
- Now, number one on your toothbrush.
- That's funny.
My teeth are really white.
Ding!
That's ridiculous.
No, that's not. That's awesome.
What's the best thing that's ever happened to you?
Well, I...
You have one incoming message.
Hold that question, all right?
This is the King. Do your thing.
Hey, baby, it's Tatianna.
I'm in Boston. I be there 6:00.
Tatianna!
Tatianna's coming at 6:00.
I got plenty of time! It's 5:45!
Who's Tatianna?
I got 15 minutes.
- Who's Tatianna?

Listen, she's a friend.
I'm gonna need you to clean up all this.
Take all this, take it down, and...
Hide it in your room.
And you go, too.
And you play hide-and-seek with that,
and just make sure they're all gone.
Is Tatianna your girlfriend?
Do you mind?
No, no, no, no, maybe, yes.
Hi, you must be Melanie.
Joe has told me so much about you!
- I'm Tatianna. What are you?
- Peyton. Joe's daughter.
Joe's daughter?
Mmm-hmm.
- How old are you anyway, four?
- How old are you, 40?
- I'm 21.
- Are you Joe's long-lost daughter, too?
Joe!
Bonsoir, Tatianna.
Baby, welcome back!
You look trs... Gorgeous!
- I know.
- I see you've already met...
Peyton.
Peyton, yes.
I don't know what she's told you.
'Cause she has
such a wild imagination.
Either way,
we have a lot to discuss over dinner.
Where are we eating?
You are going to eat
over at the Jensens', across the hall.
It's just like a restaurant over there.
Only not so much.
We going to miss you
at dinner tonight.
It was a shock at first,
but nothing's changed.
Nothing's changed.
Is your coat Bedazzled?
Peyton.
Wait a minute.
I'm still Joe.
Still the king.
You drive station wagon.
What? A station wagon?
That's not my car.
Somebody's fired.
I'm Joe Kingman and somebody's fired.
- Mr. Kingman, wait! Mr. Kingman.
- What?
I'm sorry, but I guess Peyton's
allergic to our dog.
Oh, she's allergic to the dog.
She's allergic to the dog.
Oh, really?
Well you're not allergic to Spike.
Excuse me.
- Bed. Now.
- I'm not even tired.
- Well, I am. Go to bed.
- To think you walked out on my mom
just to hang around
with the sorry likes of that.
What did you just say?
- To think you walked out...
I didn't walk out on your mom.
She walked out on me.
Oh, really?
Because she said
you were self-centered. And selfish.
And that everything
always had to be about you.
She said your head was so swollen,
she was surprised
they made a helmet big enough to fit.
She said that?
And more.
You know, it's all coming back to me.
Of course. Everything.
All the talking and the arguing
and the complaining.
And you know what?
You're just like her!
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah!
You think you're right about everything!
- Just like her!
- What else?
You scrunch your nose
when you get angry just like her!
Keep it coming.
You're always working on me
with those big brown eyes...
Well, I actually like that, it's really cute.
But it doesn't matter,
because it's just like her!
Is that all you got?
And then you get inside
people's minds,
and you drive them crazy!
Just like her!
Well, at least I got a mind,
because if I didn't, I'd be just like you!
Well, I'm lucky, because as far as
I'm concerned, you are nothing like me!
- Good! Because I am sick of it here.
- What do you want from me?
Don't turn your back on me, little lady.
Tell me what you want!
My mom!
Hey, open the door.
Thanks a lot, Spike.
Traitor.
Any advice?
Are you lonesome tonight
Do you miss me tonight
Are you sorry we drifted apart
Does your memory stray
To a bright sunny day
When I kissed you
and called you sweetheart
I wonder why I am
Singing this for
When you will not even
Open the door
I don't want to see you.
Well, how about you open the door
with your eyes closed?
See, that wasn't so bad.
Is your heart filled with pain
Shall I come back again
Tell me dear
Are you lonesome tonight
Won't you open your eyes
Give your dad a surprise
Tell me Peyton
Are you lonesome tonight
There they are. Big and brown.
Do I really have my mommy's eyes?
Yeah. You bet.
You also have
her crazy long eyelashes, too.
And every time you bat those things,
there's a huge hurricane in Hawaii.
See, look at that.
Three houses just blew away on Oahu.
It's on the news.
My mom said she fell in love with you
because of your guitar playing.
That you sounded just like Elvis.
- Well, what do you think?
- I think she was tone-deaf
and you sound more like
a wounded moose than the King.
A wounded moose?
Mmm-hmm.
Like...
Like that?
There's that smile
I've been waiting for.
I would do anything to
keep that beautiful smile on your face.
Anything?
Quiet!
Quiet! I said quiet!
Let's go!
Everybody, I need a tight
formation, right now, in front.
Tight formation, everybody.
Calling an audible.
Fifty-nine razor. What would...
I am serious! Everybody huddle up...
Little girls don't speak "football," Joe.
Hey, I didn't say break.
You call your dad Joe?
Hmm.
Come here.
What am I, two feet tall? Peyton!
Watch out!
Watch my legs, I got million-dollar legs.
What's that number?
Get out of here! You're in my way!
My legs! I got to play on Sunday.
Hello? I need help. I need help!
Get off me! Everybody off...
Me first! Me first!
Excuse me.
- I'm world-famous. I'm a celebrity.
Maybe a smidgen of the cream.
Very good tea.
Would you like a little bit of tea?
- Thank you for saving me.
- You're welcome.
Totally out of my league.
Only mothers can do this stuff.
Not necessarily.
I mean, it's true
that mothers are definitely smarter
and kinder and funnier,
and for the most part
better at everything.
But can I tell you something?
I wouldn't underestimate
the power of the father.
- The power of the father.
- Sure.
Dads are great for picking you up
and dusting you off.
They give you the courage to do things
They give you the courage to do things
that you never thought you could.
My father took me
to my first ballet class.
Lucky for us he did.
What?
Nothing.
Do we have any product for this?
My doll has hair plugs for some reason.
Joe, they've got Camille
fingernail polish!
- No way.
- Way!
Nice shade. What is that?
Powder-puff pink?
I got a question. Do your toes match?
Hey. Hey, relax. Relax. Cut it out.
He can't help it.
Somebody stole his man card.
All right, all right, all
right, all right. Listen up.
Indianapolis claims that they're
going to send us on a long vacation.
- But who's about to go fishing?
- They are!
- Who's about to hit the links?
- They are!
- Who's going to win the championship?
- They are!
- We are?
- We are!
- Ready!
- Break!
Your turn, little one.
I can't do it. I'm not big enough.
My shoulders aren't strong enough.
Little one. You can do it.
Your strength is in here.
- Are you ready?
- Okay.
Let's do it.
- There you go. You're doing it.
- Yeah, it's moving.
Hey, Joe.
Attaway, P.
And one. Higher.
Point those toes, please.
Everybody together. Much better.
No, no, no, no, no, no...
Instinct.
And a three. And one...
And...
Hey. You've got my time, cutie-pie.
Yeah...
Boston Rebels. Catch the spirit.
Hey, Peyton. Come here.
You are so busted! Get over here!
- Hey...
- Get him!
Fire!
- Fire!
- Fire!
Good one.
Boston beats Indianapolis.
The Rebels will advance on
to next Sunday's conference finals...
Look at this. Look at this.
Artwork in the locker, huh?
I definitely say
she's breached the final frontier.
That's our game plan.
See, I especially like the Xs and Os
down there.
Oh, no, those are hugs and kisses.
Hugs and kisses. All right. All right.
Is Spike wearing a tutu?
No, no.
No, that's one of those...
That's one of those doggy supports.
Hey, P. P! Hey, P.
Give these to Monique, okay?
There she is.
You good?
Miss Monique. These are for you.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
- Are you ready for your big debut?
- Yeah.
- There you go, P.
- Thank you.
No, no, no. Joe. Joe, this is for you.
No. No, in case you forgot,
I'm a "freakishly" large man
and these are "freakishly" small tights.
Hurry up, offense. No huddle.
- Hey, guys.
Let's go.
Come on.
Come on. Come on.
- Please. Get dressed.
- No, listen to me. There's no...
How's it going?
Full house.
- Oh, no.
- Hey.
You know, Joe, I'm not feeling so good.
We should just go home.
Yeah, let's go home.
Did I just hear the girl who forced me
to learn pirouettes give up?
But I didn't think there were
going to be so many people.
You just have pre-game jitters,
that's all.
All athletes have those.
- Even me.
- You do?
Come here, honey. Stand up.
We've worked way too hard
to quit now.
I know.
All right, all right. All right.
Listen, I don't care how ridiculous
either of us looks out there, okay?
We're going to go out on the stage,
and we're going to dance our tutus off.
- Because my daughter's no quitter.
- No, she's not.
And she never says no.
Okay.
Excuse me, ma'am.
Have you seen Joe Kingman?
Oh. Wait, no wait.
That is the stupidest outfit
I've ever seen.
Stupid is a mean word, Mr. Cooper.
I didn't say "stupid. " I
said "stupidest. " Look it up.
Hey, Sanders.
What are you guys doing here?
What are we doing here?
Joe, did you really think the team
was going to miss this?
Yeah, you should've said no, Joe.
You should've said no.
Did you say "team"?
Hmm.
Joe.
- P.
- Monroe.
Bye.
Did you say "team"? Or...
Don't panic. No panic.
Power of the father.
Power of the father.
Power of the... You're panicking.
- Wow.
- Look at that one.
Wow. That's incredible.
So
beautiful.
- Bravo! Bravo!
- Bravo! Bravo!
Little one!
Well, Boomer, 
after their impressive victory today
Joe Kingman and all of Boston
will finally get the chance 
at that coveted trophy, which has 
eluded them for all these years.
Aw, there's my number-one
quarterback.
We did it! We're going!
You may be the world's
greatest football player,
but I'm the world's greatest agent.
What's up?
We're about to make
Tiger's endorsements
look like minimum wage.
All you have to do is,
A, win the championship game...
Details.
B, right after you win,
look straight into the camera 
and say,
"I'm going to Fanny's Burgers."
- That's it. An instant 25 million.
- Hamburger.
Stella, for the record, Fanny's
makes kids fat and gives them gas.
Zip it before I tie another one of
those things around your mouth.
"I'm going to Fanny's Burgers."
Twenty-five million. Done.
I'm going to Fanny's Burgers.
Two and one to the front.
Get ready...
Spike, what are you doing?
Oh, my God. I'm sorry, guys. I didn't...
"Please be our lunch date.
X- O-X-O, Peyton and Joe."
- Hi!
- Hey!
Okay. Thank you.
You were freakishly large.
I agree.
No, I'm not. Don't say that.
- You guys good?
There's the guy right there.
What did I tell you?
I agree that you are freakishly large.
That's not funny.
Hey, Joe! Joe, man!
Number one.
- Joe, Joe, Joe...
- Joe, Joe, Joe...
- Is it always like this?
- Nah.
What, you have a big game coming up?
- Yeah, the championship.
- That's exciting.
Eight years old and already going to big events like that, huh? I like it.
Yeah, unfortunately Peyton's going to be home by then.
Her mom gets back from Africa in a few days.
Well, can't you just go home after the game?
No, I have to get back before she does.
What did you say?
You said you'd have to get back before she does?
Mmm?
Isn't your mom picking you up?
- Well...
- Peyton.
I was planning to tell you, Joe.
I really was, but...
Actually, it's a really funny story.
You're going to love it.
- It's just LOL...
- Quit stalling.
I'm supposed to be studying at a special ballet program this month but instead,
I snuck away to come meet you.
You ran away?
You ran away?
- Yummy dessert.
- Is your mom even in Africa?
- About that...
- What have you done?
Okay, I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation and everybody...
The press is going to eat me alive.
What a stupid, stupid, stupid thing for you to do.
Did you ever stop and think about how this was going to impact me?
Oh, stop it.
That's not going to work this time.
You're in serious trouble.
Okay, she's sweating like crazy.
She's coughing. Her lips are swelling.
Okay, she's sweating like crazy.
She's coughing. Her lips are swelling.
Oh, come on. Don't fall for that.
She's a little world-class performer.
I don't think she's acting right now.
Give me one second.
- Are you allergic to something?
- Nuts.
Did you know that?
The dessert has nuts.
Take her to the hospital. Come on.
Hospital. Where's the nearest hospital?
Ninth and Woodrow. I'll get the car.
Where you going?
What are you doing?
Move, move! Move!
Excuse me, sir.
Help! My daughter needs help! Help!
What do we got here?
- Help. She's allergic.
She can't breathe.
She's allergic to nuts.
Looks like an anaphylactic reaction.
Set her down.
- She can't breathe.
- Baby. Baby, open up your mouth.
Airway's almost closed. Let's move her.
- Ten liters non-rebreather mask.
- Peyton. Peyton.
I'll show you to the family waiting room. It's going to be fine. They're going to take good care of her. She'll be okay. Peyton Kelly's father? I'm Peyton's dad. Your daughter is responding well to the treatment. We're going to keep her overnight just to be sure, but she's going to be fine. 
- Thank you so much. Thank you.
- You were really, really lucky this time.
- She's going to be all right.
- Yeah.
Okay. Please tell me Peyton's all right. She's going to be... She's going to be fine. The doctor says that she's going to be fine. You're lucky I haven't called the police.
- Karen?
- I got home early, and I see you and Peyton. Your faces plastered on the front of every magazine. I called Peyton a hundred times yesterday. She didn't answer. I flew out here, got off the plane, and I see all of this on the news. Karen? Is that all you can say for yourself, is "Karen"?
- I... I thought you were dead.
- I can assure you, I'm not dead.
- How did you find her?
- I didn't. She found me. Wait a minute. Is Peyton's mom still in Africa? She didn't tell you, did she? Joe, Sara died in a car accident six months ago.
Oh, Peyton.
So when we got to Boston,
I put you into the car service.
I sort of e-mailed
and changed the drop-off location.
The driver took me to Joe's.
Where does everybody
at your ballet school think you are?
In Africa with you.
The most important thing
is that you're okay.
But we're going to discuss
everything else when we get home.
- Home?
- Yes.
As soon as Peyton's strong enough,
we're going to go home.
Hold on a sec. You can't come in here
and think she's going to go home...
You know what? We're going to discuss
the travel plans a little later.
Right now,
Peyton needs to get some rest.
I'm telling you.
It's terrible timing.
It's absolutely terrible timing.
With the...
I'm gonna go
get everybody some coffee.
- Do you want some coffee?
- Double non-fat latte.
Okay. Okay.
Forget about timing.
I don't care about the game.
I just care about her.
All right. I understand.
But if you could just leave it to...
- Can we talk?
- Yeah.
She's asleep. It's okay.
Here.
We're all good.
Are you saying you want Peyton
to live here with you?
Yes, that's exactly what I'm saying. You haven't even been in her life. That's not my fault.
I didn't even know she existed! And we've come such a long way in a short time.
What, you mean since a month ago when you left her in a bar? I am not the same man that I was.
Or an hour ago when she almost died on your watch? This is not about you.
This is about Peyton, what's best for her.
And she needs to be in a stable home with someone who's known her her whole life.
Peyton needs her father.
She needs me.
Of course. It'll be a huge distraction.
And ugly.
Child custody fights always are.
Joe will be dragged through the mud.
His endorsements torpedoed.
He's worked too hard to have it end like this.
I just don't see him getting through this.
My hard work goes down the drain.
This is exactly the sort of thing that could end his career.
That's not your decision to make.
Sara appointed me her guardian.
I missed eight years of Peyton's life.
And I'm not going to miss any more.
And I will fight for this.
Oh, that would be a great thing to put her through, don't you think?
Do you have any idea how to take care of a child?
I've been doing it for a month now!
And look where we're standing, Joe.
Hey, P, you're awake.
How you feeling?
- I'm okay.
- I want to go home.
- Okay.

No problem. Doctor said you could come home tomorrow.
Then we can go home.
I want to go home now with Aunt Karen.
P, if it's...
If it's what I said at the restaurant, honey, I didn't mean that.
I just want to go home with Aunt Karen.
I never should've come here.
Take care of her, will you?
Hey, you know who lives in this building?
Joe Kingman, the quarterback.
How about that, huh?
Come on, Spike.
Spike.
Spike, not tonight. Come on, Spike.
Spike, there's nothing under there.
She's gone. Come on.
Is that her bag?
"What's the best thing that's ever happened to you?"
"Dear Joe, I have written this letter a thousand times
"but I could never find the right words.
- "We have a daughter."
We have a daughter.
- Her name is Peyton.
- "Her name is Peyton."
She's like you in so many ways, athletic, headstrong...
Hi, this is Peyton and Karen.
Leave us a message. Bye.
I'm so afraid you'll be angry with me and not want anything to do with her.
We had already decided to go our separate ways.
I rationalized that I was doing the right thing in keeping her from you.
You were just starting out
in your career.
A child would have been
such a distraction.
Idiot.
He's open, Joe. Sanders is wide open.
Hi, this is Peyton and Karen.
Leave us a message. Bye.
Hey, just calling to say that...
Spike, he misses you and...
I mean, Spike really misses you, he...
Sounds like someone else
misses her, too.
Oh, hey.
Sanders, I was just...
I was talking to...
Tell me what I'm supposed to do.
Well, the only thing you can do
is make sure
that she knows you love her
and that nothing's
ever going to change that.
And then when she's ready,
she'll find you again.
- You know, I owe you a big "thank you."
- Oh yeah? For what?
Just for catching everything
I've thrown at you all these years.
That's what friends are for.
Hey, old man.
Are we ready to win the big game?
Hold on a second, Joe.
Can we have a word with you?
Word has it that your daughter
is no longer staying with you.
How much easier will it be for you
to focus on football
without the distraction
of an eight-year-old?
She's not a distraction.
She's my daughter.
I'd want her here with me
even if it meant I'd never play
another football game again.
There's nothing that I love more than my daughter. Nothing.
Here we are as the two biggest rivals in football square off for their chance to etch their names in sports history. You know,
and I think the question today, Marv, is will Joe Kingman finally get a chance at glory? Or will New York win their third title in the last four years?
- Come on, let's go.
- Let's go, Joe.
Third and long for the Rebels. Here's Kingman... Back to throw. Oh, he's drilled by the linebacker, Drake.
New York has recovered the fumble. Boomer, Kingman is way off his game today. This is not the same Boston team we've seen march through the playoffs.
You know Marv, I can't explain this. You know Marv, I can't explain this.
I mean, he's missing wide-open receivers. He's been sacked four times, and he looks like he's distracted to me. So whatever that distraction is, he's got to put it aside. He owes it to his teammates and the fans of the Boston team to play it and lay it on the line. Your guy's not looking so hot. How long has it been since you've had one of your own Fanny's burgers?
Mmm.
Too long, is my guess. Deflects right lead,
speed left squirrel. On one. Ready?
The Rebels
trailing seven-three.
Less than a minute remaining
in the first half.
Kingman has his team at the line.
Cooper, wide right,
shifts back to tight end.
Signal's called, and here's Kingman.
Yes, go!
Kingman on the run.
He is crushed.
"Crushed" is right, Marv.
Drake, the linebacker for New York,
is having a whale of a football game.
They are on a mission
to shut Kingman up.
Welcome to the championship game,
Kingman.
Who's the king now, Joe? I am!
Come on, Joe! Get up, Joe!
- Yeah, baby! Let's go!
- Get Danville.
Hold on for a second, Marv.
Joe Kingman is still down.
It looks like he was hit by a truck.
Believe me, I know. I've been there.
This hit is not going to be easy
to come back from.
So, Boomer, you never want to
speculate as to the extent of the injury.
They're being very careful,
as you can see,
lifting Joe Kingman onto that gurney.
Well, they really can't evaluate him
on the field.
They want to do that
in the locker room.
Some way, Joe Kingman
is going to have to find a way
to get back on this field.
- Don't worry, he's tough.
- He better be.
Oh, he is. Tough as nails.
And there's the backup quarterback, Danville, taking the knee, so that does it for the first half. This is not good for the Rebels. They have got to hope that Kingman can find the strength to come back.
- All right, what's going on here?
- It doesn't look good, Coach.
He's got a separated shoulder, bruised ribs. I think he's done.
Joe, it's your call.
If you think you can handle it, then...
What do you say?
Put Danville in.
That's the best thing for the team.
Can you believe this?
It looks like Danville, the backup quarterback, is checking in.
He hasn't played all season.
Can you say, "Nightmare scenario for Boston"?
He's coming back out, right?
You know how important this deal is.
Sam, baby. Not to worry.
Our Joe's not a quitter.
Go, Boston.
So, it's all in the hands of the backup quarterback, Danville.
And he's in trouble, and down he goes.
Joe Kingman must be banged up pretty bad.
If not, he would never let Maddox take him out of the championship game.
Turn them off.
I said turn them off!
Hey, Joe. You got money on New York or something?
Peyton? Come here.
It's okay.
Please tell me you're not on the lam again.
No, this time she brought the warden with her.
- What are you guys doing here?
- I called an audible.
See, I thought you'd be better off without me.
But judging by the butt-whupping you got out there, I guess I was wrong.
I love you, Daddy.
I want to come home.
I love you too, Peyton.
I love you so much.
She needs her father.
She needs you, Joe.
Are you serious?
- Yeah.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- Come here!
- Daddy, can't breathe.
- Joe, can't breathe.
Me either.
So, why aren't you out there playing?
I thought the team would be better off without me.
I didn't come all this way to see my dad sit out the big game.
I'm really banged up, P.
Did I just hear the King give up?
We've worked way too hard for you to throw in the towel now.
My dad's not a quitter.
And he never says no.
I have an answer to your question, P.
Win or lose today, you're the best thing that's ever happened to me.
Marv, what is this?
There's some sort of commotion down by the tunnel.
Time! Time!
And it's Joe Kingman. He's come out!
What a moment for Kingman, his teammates,
and certainly Boston's fans.
- Joe! Joe! Joe! Joe! Joe!
- Joe! Joe! Joe! Joe! Joe!
All right. All right. Coach, your call.
Your team.
All right. Train red two.
Fifty win pass zebra. All right?
Hey, hey, hey, come on! Nobody look
at the clock! Look at me! Look at me!
We got plenty of time,
and I'm going to tell you why.
You know why?
Because the Rebels never say "no."
Break!
Come on, Joe! Destroy them!
With only a minute remaining,
Kingman would have to put together
the drive of the century.
He'll have to march
the Rebels 65 yards.
Boomer, he has no timeouts remaining
and they need
a touchdown for the win.
Down set!
All right,
Kingman makes changes at the line.
Go Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!
Back 88.
Back 88!
Hut-hut! Hut!
Kingman. Back to throw.
He's forced out of the pocket.
And now flips it...
Webber with the catch!
But he cuts inside.
Does not go to the outside.
Can't get out of bounds
to stop the clock.
Webber needed
to get out of bounds.
He knows
that they don't have any timeouts left.
Now, it's up to Kingman to get
his team to the line of scrimmage
and call a play quickly.

Black! Fifty-nine razor!

Take Drake!

Now second down with
Out of the shotgun.

Can't find anybody, he's on the run.

There's the "Kingman Swing."

Kingman with some fancy footwork.

Fancy? The King looks
downright graceful all of a sudden.

He's to the 25... The 20...

He took a hard hit! Oh, man!

Knocked out of bounds at the 17.

Come on, Joe. Get up. Get up, Joe!

Can he get up, though?

That's the question.

Yeah!

I'll tell you, Kingman
continues to show his toughness.

And, Marv, with four
seconds left to go in the game,

I don't know a quarterback
who doesn't live for a moment like this.

Come on, guys. Come on, team.

Come on.

Come on, Rebels!

You can do it!

Come on, number one!

Great block, Webber. Great block.

It has come down to this.

With time for one last play,

Kingman brings his team to the line.

Can he pull off yet another miracle?

Marv, this is Joe Kingman's
moment. Can he deliver?

This is the stuff
that legends are made of.

Come on, Daddy!

Check 52! 52!

I'm going to show you
who the real king is, Joe.

You about to get done lit up, son!

What? Are you stupid or something?

"Stupid" is a mean word!
Hut-hut! Hut!
Stay off my quarterback!
In what could be
the final play of the season
Kingman looking downfield.
He has Sanders.
It is caught!
Touchdown!
Boston has won the championship!
Let's go watch my MVP
take your 25 million, shall we?
An incredible ending
to a magnificent career.
Joe Kingman, finally a champion.
Okay, Joe. This is it.
"I'm going to Fanny's Burgers. "
Hey, Joe Kingman,
you've just won the championship,
so what are you going to do now?
I'm going to take my daughter home.
Daddy, you won the championship.
Oh, Peyton,
I've won much more than that.
Yeah!
And cut!