

Eddie sits in a recliner, crutches leaning nearby. The doorbell rings. He groans, swinging his good leg to the door.

EDDIE
Who the hell...?

SYLVIA (O.S.)
Eddie! Open up!

SYLVIA, EDDIE'Ss manager, bursts in, sharp, confident, carrying a sleek leather portfolio.

SYLVIA
Hey superstar, how's my MVP?

Eddie smirks weakly.

EDDIE
Could be better. Could be worse.
Depends who's asking.

SYLVIA
Touché. Well... I've been on the hunt
and today I brought someone who's
gonna make it a lot better.

She gestures behind her. Enter DR. Chloe HART (30s), hotter than the usual, poised, polished, carrying a small medical kit.

EDDIE
(skeptical)
Another new name? Where's Dr. Kay at?

SYLVIA
(sighs)
Kay retired... lives in Oklahoma now.

EDDIE
Who retires and moves to Oklahoma?!

CHLOE
That's what I said.

Marcus snickers.

SYLVIA
Apparently, people do. But trust me,
Chloe here is top of her field. She
knows exactly how to get you back on
the court.

Eddie studies Chloe, cautious.

EDDIE

So you say... I'm really not trying to risk my career

CHLOE

I understand. It's natural to be guarded. We'll go step by step, okay. That's the mantra from now on. I know your history, your injury, your style of play... I'll work with you, not just for you.

Eddie hesitates, arms folded, weighing the promise.

EDDIE

Alright... I'll give it a shot. But I'm not here for experiments. I want results.

CHLOE

That's exactly what I'm here for. Step by step remember, no shortcuts.

EDDIE

Step by step, huh? Sounds safe enough... for now.

Sylvia claps him on the shoulder and heads toward the door.

SYLVIA

I'll check in later. Just focus on recovery.

EDDIE

What you think I've been doing, Sylvia? Sitting with this broke ass knee for fun?

SYLVIA

Damn... attitude.

(then; to Chloe)

Fix this man fast please, his mood swings are killing me.

CHLOE

I got you, girl.

Eddie watches Sylvia leave, then looks back at Chloe. She gestures to the portable therapy setup she brought with her.

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