

In my spacious office in the NFL's Carolina Panthers stadium, my singing cell flashes my boss' name. "Hey Beth! I thought—"

"Sophee. Listen. Taxiing for takeoff, so I gotta talk fast. A colleague of mine from the Red Sox just called. They need a therapist for an injured player. I recommended you. Told him you're the best in the business." Beth talks *so* fast, I barely keep up. "It's a one-time thing and I'm fine with it as long as he doesn't try to steal you. If he does, don't accept and tell me. I'll cut off his pee-shooter. Ha! See what I did there? Pee, not pea. Crap! Flight attendants walking this way. Anyway, fleece 'em on your fee. They're desperate. Gotta go."

"But ... oh ... have a great—" The line dies. "Month." I pull the phone from my ear and stare at it, processing everything my boss just said.

Seconds later, my cell jingles its merry tune again. "Sophee Sanders."

"Dr. Sanders? This is Olivia Thomas, Administrator of Behavioral Health with the Boston Red Sox." Olivia's tone is overly professional, haughty even. Off-putting, frankly. "Are you familiar with *Scott Manchester*?" She emphasizes his name reverently, as if I should be impressed. I roll my eyes. *Please*. I've been surrounded by pro athletes since I was eighteen. Trust me when I tell you, they're just people. Some are grounded, easy to get along with, others are egocentric and difficult. Most are a confused combination of both, depending on the day and who's in front of them. And all are too young to sort it out until they're several years in. Where Manchester falls on that spectrum, I have no idea.

"The pitcher?" I confirm.

"Yes."

"I'm familiar with the name. How can I help you?"

Of course I've heard of Scott Manchester. Everyone's heard of Scott Manchester. A lock