

LAWRENCE

No, my friend, a bet's a bet. Loser leaves town. It's time I packed up and moved on.

(The doorbell rings.)

I'm sure that's the Jackal right now, here to gloat over his victory, no doubt.

ANDRE

May I at least trip him as he enters?

LAWRENCE

Oh, please do.

(It is not FREDDY at all, but CHRISTINE who stands there distraught.)

CHRISTINE

Oh, Dr. Shüffhausen!

(She bursts into tears and runs to him. He puts his arms around her and leads her to a chair.)

LAWRENCE

(back in character)

My dear, what's the matter?

CHRISTINE

I know what you said, but I just had to see him again... I thought I was in love with him. I went back to the hotel... and he was in my room, and we... and we...

LAWRENCE

... I see.

CHRISTINE

(nods)

I mean, except for the little concussion, it was really quite romantic. At least I thought it was. But then we fell asleep, and when I woke up, he was gone. He took my money, my jewelry, my traveler's checks, even my little change purse. What kind of man would do something like that?

LAWRENCE

What kind, indeed... Monsieur Andre –

ANDRE

Consider it done.

(ANDRE exits.)

CHRISTINE

I'm beginning to think he could walk all along, that he made up this whole thing just to get to me and my money... It was all my savings, the prize money, everything – fifty thousand dollars!

LAWRENCE

But I told you I'd waive my fee.

CHRISTINE

It had already gotten here. I had it in my bag. What am I going to tell my father?
Some of that money was his.

(She breaks down again. LAWRENCE looks at her, makes a decision, then speaks into an intercom:)

LAWRENCE

Please have my car brought around.

(He moves to the safe, opens it, removes a large amount of cash and puts it in a briefcase.)

CHRISTINE

What are you doing?

LAWRENCE

Simply covering your losses.

CHRISTINE

But you're not responsible. How could you have known?

LAWRENCE

Any good-looking psychiatrist should have seen he was a charlatan. In any case, it's cheaper than a malpractice suit, which I've no doubt you would win.

(He closes the briefcase and hands it to her with some keys.)

My car's out back. You can call and let me know where to pick it up.

CHRISTINE

I don't feel good about taking your money.

LAWRENCE

I feel good about it. Now go.

CHRISTINE

(looks at him)

Sometimes I wish I...

LAWRENCE

Yes?

(She seems momentarily troubled by something. We should not know what. A moment, and she pushes it away.)

CHRISTINE

If you're ever in Cincinnati, would you give me a call?