

CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE
Oh, Dr. Shiiffhausen!

LAWRENCE
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
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

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. LAWRENCE looks at her, makes a decision, then speaks into an intercom:)

LAWRENCE
Please have my car brought around.

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. 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.

< OVER >

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?

LAWRENCE
Of course.