

ACT II

(LEMON is alone onstage, holding a quilt he's found in the trunk.)

LEMON. "Enter, Ebenezer Scrooge!" No. "Enter, Ebenezer Scrooge!"

(FORSTER enters.)

FORSTER. I spotted you sneaking away. What are you up to? Giving up that infantile magazine *Punch* for the linen trade? Or is that too much to hope?

LEMON. This, my dear Forster, is the next ghost: the Ghost of Christmas...something-or-other.

FORSTER. To be played by you?

LEMON. Of course.

FORSTER. My dear fellow, your appearing as a wispy ghost of anything would be an unparalleled accomplishment. Unless it's the Ghost of the Unleashed Christmas Appetite.

LEMON. Your ghosts may be grim apparitions from a fiery hell - as befits your combustible disposition. My ghosts, on the other hand, are avatars of goodness, hope, and light.

FORSTER. Goodness and hope, perhaps. Hmmm. Where did you find this?

LEMON. At the bottom of the trunk.

FORSTER. Pardon me, Lemon, but the thought of you reducing the poor trunk of Dickens' Theatricals to matchsticks in order to drape yourself in a bedcovering and run around as a ghost - well, it's droll. You should put it in the next edition of *Paunch*.

LEMON. That's *Punch*.