
JULIA CHILD'S APRON



In addition to her work at WGBH, it's rumored that Julia Child manufactured American desserts for a popular sitcom—we'll have to thank her for being a friend! There's a list of those desserts nearby... if you combine it with this script fragment, you'll be golden.

This puzzle requires information that can only be found near the Christian Science Plaza.

INT.: The Kitchen. D, R, B, and S empty the fridge. Director's
Note: Numbers indicate which camera and angle got the best shot.

D:

Remind me again why we have to sample every single one of these?
I feel like I've gained **three** pounds just looking at them. (1,1)

S:

(Carrying plates she's warmed) Pussycat, if I'm going to win the
Daughters of Sicily bakeoff, I need the perfect dessert. So less
whining and more dining. (2, 5)

R:

Ooh, staying up late to eat dessert! This reminds me of the time
back home when we'd decorate **gourds and nuts** for the Hollow-Ween
Festival. (3, 2)

B:

...honey, I don't want this to **mushroom** into a long story, but
don't you mean *Hallo-ween*? (3, 4)

R:

No, *Hollow-Ween*. That was when we competed to see who could grow
the hollowest, emptiest, **hardest fruit**. (2,3)

S:

Too bad it wasn't the hollowest, emptiest, hardest head. They'd
have to **ban** you for being a professional. (2, 8)

D:

MA!

(To R)

It certainly seems like a **one-of-a-kind** holiday. (1, 5)

B:

Ooh, speaking of holidays, did I ever tell y'all about how they
still throw a **party** in my honor in Chattanooga every August?
(1,8)

D:
Oh, really? What for, being the **first person** to get arrested for driving with your top down? (5, 1)

R:
(*Giggles*) Oh, I'm sure that's not it! (1,3)

B:
...no, she got it right. But the Sheriff-a very **sweet Spanish** fella-was a darlin' about it. In fact, he still writes. (1,2)

S:
...I gotta hand it to you. Just when I think you've hit **peak** floozy, you somehow manage to get yourself into an entirely new position. (2,1)

B:
...I got arrested for that in Chattanooga, too. Took me ages to get that **twist** out of my back. (1,1)

D:
(*With her fork **flipped***) Look, can we please get back to choosing the best dessert before we need to start taking penicillin? (3,2)

R:
Oh, I don't know. We've already had **too much**, I don't think I can eat another bite. (1,4)

S:
If you say so. I guess I won't win the **cash** this year after all. (1,4)

B:
What cash? I thought the Daughters of Sicily just gave a **boring** old trophy to the winner. (2,1)

S:
Ordinarilly they do. But this year some **famous lady** donated \$10,000 to go to the winner. (2,5)

D:
(*Kicking into high gear*) All right, less whining, more dining! Come on, dessert's not Ma's strong **suit**, mangia, mangia! (1,5)

(*The scene fades on the women enjoying their **plain Floridian** dessert with gusto*) (1,1)