
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, 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:
Ordinarily 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)