

ELLIPSIS

1) *Black Forest Mini Cheesecakes*

24 vanilla wafer cookies	1 (8 ounce) container sour cream
2 (8 ounce) packages cream cheese	2 tablespoons white sugar
1 ¼ cups white sugar	1 1/3 cup cocoa powder
2 tablespoons all-purpose flour	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 eggs	1 can cherry pie filling, chilled
½ teaspoon almond extract	

- 1) Heat oven to 325 F. Line muffin cups with foil bake cups. Place one vanilla wafer (flat-side down) in bottom of each up.
- 2) Beat cream cheese in large bowl until smooth. Add sugar, cocoa and flour; blend well. Add eggs; beat well. Stir in sour cream and almond extract. Full each muffin cup almost full with butter.
- 3) Bake 20 to 25 minutes until set. Remove from oven; cool 5 to 10 minutes. Spread heaping teaspoon sour cream topping on each cup. Cool completely in pan on wire rack; refrigerate. Just before serving, garnish with cherry pie filling. Cover; refrigerate leftover cheesecakes.

2) *Movie Script (Bridget Jones's Diary)*

[Bridget Jones: Great. I was wearing a carpet.]

Uncle Geoffrey: There she is! My little Bridget!

Bridget Jones: Hi, Uncle Geoffrey! Ha ha!

Uncle Geoffrey: Hmm. Had a drink? -No. No? Come on, then.

[Bridget Jones: Actually, not my uncle. Someone who insists I call him uncle... while he gropes my ass... and asks me the question dreaded by all Singletons.]

Uncle Geoffrey: So... how's your love life?

Bridget Jones: Super. Thanks, Uncle G.

Uncle Geoffrey: Still no fellow, then, eh?

Una: You career girls! Can't put it off forever. Tick-tock, tick-tock!

Bridget Jones: Hello, Dad.

Mr. Jones: Hello, darling.

Bridget Jones: How's it going?

Mr Jones : Torture. Your mother is trying to fix you up with some divorcee.

Bridget Jones: Uhh.

Mr. Jones: Human-rights barrister. Pretty nasty beast, apparently.

Bridget Jones: Hoo. Ding-dong. Maybe this time Mum had got it right.

Pamela Jones: Mark?

Bridget Jones: Maybe this was the mysterious Mr. Right... I'd been waiting my whole life to meet.

Mr. Jones: You remember Bridget.

Bridget Jones: Maybe not.

Pamela Jones: She's used to run around your lawn... with no clothes on, remember?

Mark Darcy: Uh, no, not as such.

Una: Come and look at your gravy, Pam. I think it's going to need sieving.

Pamela Jones: Of course it doesn't need sieving. Just stir it, Una. Yes, of course. I'll be right there.

Sorry. Lumpy gravy calls.

Bridget Jones: -So... uhm --

Mark Dracy : So.

Bridget Jones: You staying at your parents' for New Year?

Bridget Jones: -Yes. -Mmm.

Mark Darcy : You?

Bridget Jones: -Oh, no, no, no. I was in London at a party last night... so I'm afraid I'm a bit hung over. Wish I could be lying with my head in the toilet, like all normal people. New Year's resolution: drink less. Oh, and quit smoking. Mmm. Ha. -Oh.-Oh. Ha. And keep New Year's resolutions.

Mark Darcy: Oh.

Bridget Jones: And, uh... stop talking total nonsense to strangers. In fact, stop talking, full stop.

Mark Darcy: Yes, well, perhaps it's time to eat.

Bridget Jones: Mmm.