



welcome to
FRANKIE'S FIX

tonight's entertainment stars
MISS RUBY PEARL

in the premiere
of her cabaret show

**A CUP OF COFFEE,
A SANDWICH, AND YOU**





COSTUMES!

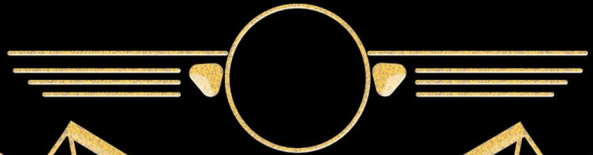
We always encourage dressing up!

It is not necessary or required to costume yourself in order to participate in the game. However, if you'd like to add to the experience, here are some ideas:

LADIES: The classic 1920's look is the flapper. Fringe, shorter skirts, sequins and flair, pearl necklaces, headband like headpieces. Or perhaps you are more of an everyday gal: longer skirts, bows and ties at the neck and "waist," cloche hats, gloves. Dropped waists and geometric designs — art deco for both!






GENTLEMAN: Double breasted suits, regular suits, button downs, bow ties, fedoras, slicked back hair, bowlers, boaters, pinstripes, suspenders, newsboy caps, vests, arm garters for rolling up your shirt.






NON-BINARY: Mix and match from either the above, or perhaps go the writer-route, with a sweater vest or cardigan over a button-up and a newsboy cap and bow tie. As in every era, people were playing with how they expressed themselves.



SUSPECT NOTES

1920'S SLANG

	Absent treatment: Dance with a timid partner
	Applesauce: Nonsense!
	Bearcat: A fiery woman
	Bee's knees: Fantastic
	Big cheese: An important person

	Bird: A (usually odd) person
	Bootlegging: Selling illegal alcohol
	Bump off: Murder
	Chunk of lead: Dull, unattractive
	Dough: Money

WALTER BELLE

PROFESSION: Confidence man....shhh, just say I sell fridges.

FAVORITE SAYING: Sorry, honey, the bank's closed.

FAVORITE COLOR: Emerald

FAVORITE SMELL: Belgian chocolate

I love a swinging spot like Frankie's Fix. I love rubbing shoulders with the big cheeses in town and sipping sarsaparillas. This speakeasy is a great place to pick up saps. My dame Alexandra Belle is no sap, for the most part, and she sure is sweet as syrup.

I'm terrific at talking my way into getting what I want: diamonds, jewelry, money. It's my specialty, so to say. I hear there's some gullible fellas and flappers here tonight. I'd love to get some dough out of those cookies, if you know what I mean. What I mean is, I'd like to con them out of all their money.

But if anyone asks, I'm a fridge salesman.

I came here from the gala for Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders. My wife is on the board. I love DBWOD. They say the richer a fella is, the more easy cash falls out of his pockets.



STOP!



D°N'T BE A SAPI!
WAIT UNTIL INSTRUCTED
T° TURN THE PAGE.



WALTER BELLE

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: We were both members of The Fat Cat country club.

That big cheese just curdled. I had planned to sell Blake a fake fridge tonight, but now that Blake's stuck in a fridge at the morgue, my con's kaput. It's a crying shame. I was hoping to get a big score tonight. Blake was the perfect target, a real gullible fella.

I was rummaging through Frankie's lost and found box looking for unclaimed valuables when I came across an envelope labeled "To B from M." It was labeled "blackmail money" and was full of cash, which I pocketed immediately.

Charlie "Goose" Johnson is our local arts and arms dealer. Both Goose and I were hoping to strike a deal with Blake tonight. But as it happened, we both backed the wrong horse--seeing as Blake's pushing up daisies. Goose and I had a friendly rivalry going as to who could squeeze the most dough out of Blake. And by a friendly rivalry, I mean a near murderous feud. I have a scout merit badge for strangulation, so Goose better watch his six.

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Fine red wine



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WALTER BELLE

My dame Alexandra was having an affair with Goose! That's the real reason I'm here tonight. I came to cook Charlie's goose! I'm here to kill him! Goose's arts and arms business specializes in knives, though, so maybe Goose stabbed Blake. I don't want to be next.

What's more, Blake was blackmailing Alexandra over her affair with Goose. Alexandra's always getting herself into a squeeze. Drives me batty.

Earlier this evening, I caught Frankie putting shards of a broken bottle in his pocket. "Want to keep the place looking spiffy," he said. I can't believe he hasn't ripped a hole in his trousers yet.

Bruce Hunter bluffs almost as well as I do. We're both members of the adventure club The Society of Swell Adventurers. He confided in me last Thursday that he golfed his way into every club he's ever been a member of. Frankly, the only thing he's decent at is golf. It's the most dangerous game he's ever played.