



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!

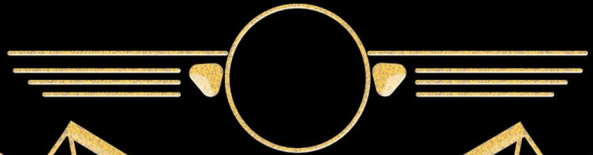
We always encourage dressing up!

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, boosters, 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

RUBY PEARL BILLIONS

PROFESSION: Singer and Starlet

FAVORITE SAYING: You slay me!

FAVORITE COLOR: Gold

FAVORITE SMELL: Seabreezes. The drink, not the wind.

I'm here tonight to sing! It's the premiere of my cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You*.

I can't believe my mother Gray Gardens is here. She's a washed up singer who thinks she's still relevant. She's an old prune pit. But of course she's here; Frankie's speakeasy is the best around.

But enough about my mother. I'm the livest wire in town! I've got a rich husband: Blake Billions. I'm famous. Nothing can go wrong tonight! I'm here to sing, and everyone loves a star.

Especially Hilda Higgins, my number one fan. Hilda loves my singing, and she worships me. She once stole one of my shoes. She might've sneaked in tonight, because sometimes the police aren't able to keep her away. I've got a restraining order against her for stalking me, but now and again she manages to slip through.



STOP!



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



RUBY PEARL BILLIONS

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was my husband.

Oh no, oh no! Everything went wrong. Blake is dead! Who will marry me now that I'm a widow? My life is kaput. I'm going to sell my wedding ring for at least twice its original value. I'm not asking for anything less. I'm not a sap.

And get this: I wasn't Blake's only dame! Three days ago, I caught Dr. Sarah Riley stepping out of my bathroom shower. She had used my shampoo! That bottle cost \$50 an ounce!

How dare Blake cheat on *me*. That chunk of lead! I *did* only marry Blake for the money and to further my career--a billionaire and a starlet, a tabloid dream--but still, Blake could have been the real deal. I think I'm going to almost maybe cry.

I searched through Sarah's bag before Blake was murdered to see if she had stolen any more of my shampoo, and I found a bunch of bottles labeled with XXX, skull and crossbones, and red lettering spelling out "This Bottle Contains Deadly Poison." I left them there because they weren't my shampoo.

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Seabreezes



STOP!



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



RUBY PEARL BILLIONS

I saw Ronald Riley and Professor Agatha Quinn smooching in the corner a few minutes after I arrived. Why is everyone having an affair except me?

Bruce Hunter and I belong to the same country club: The Fat Cat. I confided in him last week that I once accidentally sang a note so high that I killed a fella. Broke his brain right in two. Some men are as breakable as glass.

I carry a little pistol under my hat. But I figure, if all I need to do is sing to kill a fella, why do I even bother? I was chatting with Bruce before Blake was murdered, and I saw a glint of steel from inside his breast coat pocket: a knife. Bruce's singing voice is horrendous, so I can understand the need.