



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!**

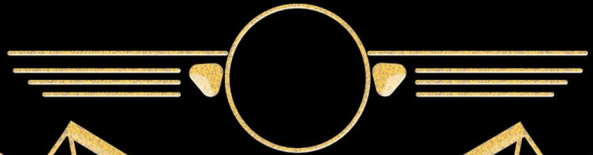
We always encourage dressing up!

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

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## 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

# CHARLIE “GOOSE” JOHNSON

**PROFESSION:** Arts (and Arms) Dealer

**FAVORITE SAYING:** I’m hitting on all sixes!

**FAVORITE COLOR:** Ivory

**FAVORITE SMELL:** Shoe polish

The old juice joint! Time to loosen the tie. Frankie’s is a swell place to pick up new clients. Speakeasies are filled with folks from all walks of life, from the rich fat cats to the seedy con men. Everyone needs a drink! I sell to anyone who will buy. But while I’m looking for fresh customers, I’m not opposed to drinking a bottle or two of moonshine myself. The hair of the dog always pleases this puppy.

I don’t just specialize in art; I also specialize in arms. The sort of arms a fella’s mother warned him about. Let’s just say: I’m a bit of a powder keg. I could explode any minute. I sell weapons.





# STOP!



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



# CHARLIE "GOOSE" JOHNSON

**HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW:** I came here tonight to sell Blake Billions a cache of arts and arms.

That rich son of a gun died! A month back, Blake stole a Picasso from a gallery of mine. He couldn't be bothered to take out his wallet, so instead he took the painting off the wall and walked out the door. Reverend Sam Gardens got wind of the whole shebang and blackmailed Blake over it. I didn't get the Picasso back. What's more, I didn't get a cut of Sam's blackmail money either, which I find frankly unsportsmanlike.

I came here tonight to sell Blake an expensive cache of arts and arms. Specifically, a set of spiffy knives. I deserved the money from that sale. Blake owed me. Walter Belle and I had a friendly rivalry--or rather, a blood feud--over which one of us could squeeze the most dough out of Blake. Walter was planning to con Blake, but now that Blake's kicked the bucket, neither of us are getting paid. I've got student loans to pay off! But you can't make a deal with a dead man.

A lot of fellas ask me where I got the name Goose. It's a tragic story. I was orphaned at age four because my parents were killed by a pair of geese. I bear the name to remember them by. I don't like to talk about it.

**WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET:** Hair of the dog



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# CHARLIE "GOOSE" JOHNSON

Walter has reason to be upset besides losing out on a deal with Blake. I've been having an affair with his wife Alexandra Belle! Walter caught Alexandra and I kissing by candlelight a few nights ago. He got himself all in a lather. Real upset. Alexandra slapped him and stormed off. She's a bearcat, alright.

I found two one-way plane tickets on the floor. Alexandra and I are flying to Zanzibar. I didn't know I was going to Zanzibar. I'll have to ask Alexandra about that.

My arts and arms business has recently expanded into knives and negative space, revolvers and Rembrandts. I've worked hard to get to where I am in my career, and I'm angling for a promotion from my mob boss.