



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!

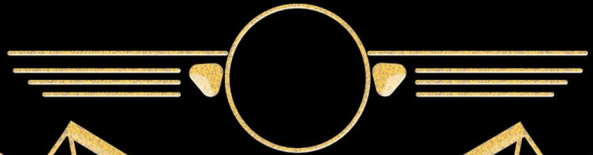
We always encourage dressing up!

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



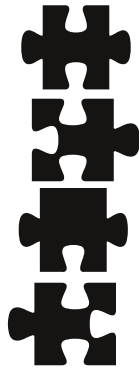
Absent treatment: Dance with a timid partner

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

RONALD RILEY

PROFESSION: Novelist

FAVORITE SAYING: Horsefeathers!

FAVORITE COLOR: Rose red

FAVORITE SMELL: Rose red

I'm always writing in the backroom of Frankie's Fix. It's a misconception that all writers are splifficated drunks. It's the spirit of this place, not the *spirits* per se, that moves me in my writing. But tonight! Tonight! My lovely wife Dr. Sarah Riley is buying. The luxuries of being a writer. So cheers!

Sarah came here from the gala for Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders naming Blake Billions the head of the organization. I wasn't invited.

I recently published my novel, *The So-So Stagby*, which did not sell as well as I would have liked. I am currently working on my magnum opus, which is a trilogy of novels: *Very Loud on the Eastern Front*, *The Fruits of Fury*, and *A Very Long and Confusing Day in Dublin*.



STOP!



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



RONALD RILEY

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was always at Frankie's, and I tried to sell him my book a number of times. We also went to the same church.

So old Blake's bit the dust. Better off dead, I say. Last Monday, I caught Sarah and Blake making out in the back of our Model T. And how! Fella was having an affair with my wife, so I'm pleased he's gone. Didn't say I killed him. Just that I'm pleased.

My wife Sarah paid for my novel *The So-So Stagby* to be published, and I think she's annoyed that not one copy has been sold. She also says my work is insipid driveling trash and obviously plagiarized. But why listen to her? She snores and smacks her gum. But she sure is rich! And she always carries around bottles of poison, which can be rather useful.

I see a lot of goings-ons at Frankie's juice joint. That copper Maxine Powers once slid Blake a thick envelope scrawled with the words "blackmail money" across a table sticky with old liquor. Blake pulled his ear. Maxine winked. Then Blake said, "Thanks for the blackmail money." Artists don't make a dime. That's my secret. If you don't make money, you've got nothing to lose. Except your wife, I guess.

WHAT YOU DRINK TO FORGET: Whatever Sarah will pay for.



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RONALD RILEY

From the back of the speakeasy, I've been watching the panic unfold with my keen writer's eye. I have a sixth sense: sight. I saw Ruby Pearl kiss her reflection in a mirror. I saw Frankie have a conversation with a bottle of moonshine. I saw Bruce Hunter doodle little pictures of dragons on napkins. I'm a regular hard-boiled private eye.

Before Blake died, this evening was delightfully romantic. Not because of my wife, Sarah, of course. I came here for another woman: Professor Agatha Quinn! No one tell Sarah, though, I need the money.

I heard through the grapevine that Sam Gardens was blackmailing Blake on account of Blake stealing a Picasso. I wish I had the smarts to blackmail a billionaire. Sam's got gumption and guile.

This murder is wonderful inspiration for a novel. If I write it into my next masterpiece, it could make me a famous author!