
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, boasters, 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

THE 47th CHAPTER OF MIDDLE-AGED SCOUTS

CHAPTER PRESIDENT: Walter Belle
SCOUT OATH: "On my honor, during my mid-life crisis I will only buy one Model T, remarry only twice, and do my best to ignore the overwhelming sense of regret from unaccomplished goals."

We, the 47th Chapter of Middle-Aged Scouts, are excited to see Ruby Pearl Billions perform the premiere of her new cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You*. Our mission is to find something, *anything*, that can stop the encroaching ennui of a purposeless existence. We've gotten a wiggle on, hit on all sixes, and put on the ritz, all to no success. Perhaps Ruby's singing will relieve us, if only for a short moment, of the feeling that we're no longer playing to win, but instead playing *not to lose*.

We want to join the Society of Swell Adventurers. We know at least one member will be attending tonight: professional daredevil Bruce Hunter. Adventuring could rid us of the despair of growing old, because a fella can't grow old if he's eaten by a puma.