



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

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

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

REVEREND SAM GARDENS

PROFESSION: Reverending

FAVORITE SAYING: Rats!

FAVORITE COLOR: Black

FAVORITE SMELL: Leather on old Bibles. Smell every one before mass.

I feel as if I am in a brothel. I haven't broken the law since, well, since this morning, but that's all hush-hush now, hear me? I don't like breaking the law in *public*, with the *populace* watching. I have a reputation to uphold. But like the good father I am, I'm here to support my daughter Ruby Pearl as she takes the spotlight and sings her heart out. Her new cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You* opens tonight.

My wife Gray Gardens thinks she can still sing too, poor bunny. Good God. Doctor told me her arthritis broke her vocal cords. But I'll never stop loving her: what a star!

I recognize a fair number of these flappers and fellas from church. They are dressed much differently now than they were on Sunday.

I recently acquired an antique cane from a small shop in a back alley. The handle is a secret knife! My wife Gray must think I look rather dashing with it: our marriage is as perfect as the pure driven snow in New York City.



STOP!

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

REVEREND SAM GARDENS

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake Billions was my daughter Ruby Pearl's husband.

Blake doesn't need a doctor, he needs a priest! Good thing I'm here. Poor fella's dead! Everyone's in such a rush these days. Want their murders done right quick, just like their funerals.

Blake was my son-in-law, but the fella only married Ruby because Ruby's famous. Blake was a chunk of lead. So I never felt too sore about blackmailing him.

Earlier this evening, I heard Maxine Powers and Frankie discussing a bootlegging business venture. I'd wager they could make a lot of dough.

Also, I just saw Frankie spit in a drink. What sort of speakeasy is this?

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Holy water



STOP!



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REVEREND SAM GARDENS

Frankie and Maxine won't let me in on their moonshine business. Who needs to be a big cheese liquor tycoon anyhow? Besides, Frankie's always having to pick up after splifficated bums. This evening, I saw him pick up a broken bottle and shove shards of glass into his pocket. Trying to make the place look spiffy, I suppose. I'm surprised the fella hasn't ripped a hole in his trousers.

But Frankie might as well have a hole in his pant's pocket: the fella owes me \$1,000. We were betting at cards and he fished when he should have gone. Now that I think about it, I'm not sure why Maxine is going into business with a sap like Frankie. I found a bank statement under a table belonging to Maxine: she's got a million dollars in her account. Jeepers creepers! The account's named "Stolen Money from Orphans." I wonder what that's about.

IN ACCOUNT WITH
ENBURG B
 SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

NAME Maxine Powers

ADDRESS San Francisco, CA

NAME OF ACCOUNT STOLEN MONEY FROM ORPHANS

[illegible]

IF YOU SHOULD LOSE THIS BANK STATEMENT, WE ARE NOT LIABLE IF
EVERYONE FINDS OUT THAT YOU STOLE MILLIONS FROM ORPHANS.