

THE CLUE COLLECTIVE

Welcomes You to the Benefit for

ORPHANS FEEDING ORPHANS





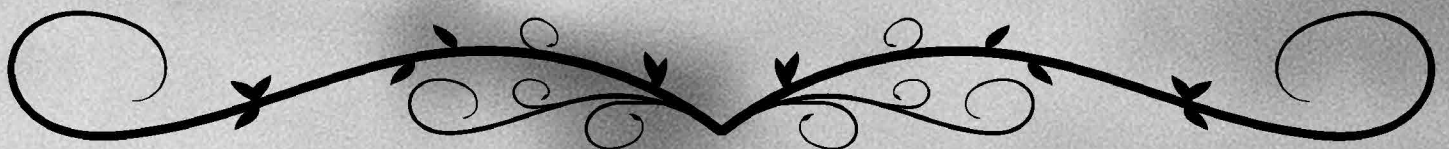
Costuming

Below are suggestions if you decide to dress up:

The show takes place at a fancy masquerade gala, and your characters are celebrities, celebrity personalities, and other very wealthy people. Break out your best red carpet looks.

No matter your pronouns, black tie evening wear is appropriate -- think Oscars, Met Gala, prom. Ball gowns, tuxes, dressing to the nines. Or be meta and wear something casual that is a parody of fancy dress.

It's also a masquerade ball, so feel free to break out a favorite mask-- Venetian style.



Suspect Notes

Sir Wilbert Wordfellow

PROFESSION: Poet

GREATEST FEAR: Obscurity

FAVORITE QUOTE: "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."
(Shakespeare)

Greetings! My name is Sir Wilbert Wordfellow,
And I'm a poet of great renown.
Last year the Queen of England knighted me,
And I got to hang out with her corgis.

I'm far superior to Robert Frost.
He took the road less traveled by, and I
Took the regular road. Now I'm rich,
And Robert Frost is dead.

Orphans Feeding Orphans is a great charity.
I hope people donate lots of money,
So those orphans don't go hungry.
Their parents will always be dead, but their
Stomachs will always be full.

I'm here researching the appendix
For Alistair's autobiography.
(Which I'm ghost writing for a handsome fee.)
Tonight I'm going to eavesdrop
To uncover sordid secrets.

Stop!

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Sir Wilbert Wordfellow

HOW I KNEW ALISTAIR: I ghost wrote Alistair's autobiography.

Death has had his day. It's for the best:
Alistair hated orphans and was a pest.
And he never tipped his waitress.

His company Stellar Interstellar's moon rocks were fake.
Alistair put NASA logos on backyard stones with tape.

But the joke's on Alistair, you see.
I plagiarized his entire autobiography.
Unless he defeated the Confederacy,
Alistair isn't President Ulysses S. Grant.
But both Grant and Alistair aren't alive,
So for my fake book I won't apologize.

Alistair was a merciless legislator,
And he'd kill to win the election.
He was running against Gary Washington,
And there was sure to be lots of gore.

Lorenzo Valentino is stealing props
From "Everyone Has Amnesia."
I bought the show's first script from eBay
(The one where everyone forgets everyone's birthday),
And I'm excited to add it to my collection's display.

Stop!

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Sir Wilbert Wordfellow

Alistair had the last laugh, though.
I wasn't paid for the book I wrote.

To the Old Money country club Alistair gave a million and eight,
So in his honor it installed a lavish commode.
There's a urinal named "The Fountain" from Tate,
And a toilet named "America" of solid gold.

The bathroom's locked. But for his autobiography,
Alistair, for research, gave me a restroom key.
He always used that toilet and no other,
Because it has a wine bar. And only that wine he was drinking,
Because the restaurant Salt gave him food poisoning.

My next novel is a work of fiction.
It's called Romeo and Juliet.
(No relation to Shakespeare's hit.)
For research I've crafted a lengthy list
Of all the poison that exists.

Matilda Zuckerborgough's app Poise was popular
Until it was reported that her poison distributor
Was arrested for insider trading.
So her stocks that had soared before
Have now hit the metaphorical floor.
Matilda's headed for the poorhouse door.