
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

FRANKIE

PROFESSION: Speakeasy owner
FAVORITE SAYING: Now you're on the trolley!
FAVORITE COLOR: Orange, because it doesn't rhyme with anything
FAVORITE SMELL: Fresh hops in the sunlight

Welcome to my spiffy speakeasy, friends, companions, no cops! Welcome to Frankie's Fix! No wet blankets in this establishment, hear? Drink up, I know some of you will! I've got all the finest homemade brews a fella, dame, or freak could ask for! Come in, come in, drink up, drink up! The moonshine is flowing!

Ruby Pearl Billions is the entertainment for tonight. She's singing the premiere of her cabaret *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, And You.* I feel as if I should be excited.

Gray Gardens, Ruby's mother, is here to watch her daughter perform. That lady's always trying to get a gig, but she's so uptight she brings her own silverware. She won't use ours: she says it's sticky. Crazy old bird.

I have a strict no cops policy, except for Maxine Powers. We have a business arrangement to discuss.

STOP!

DON'T BE A SAP!
WAIT UNTIL INSTRUCTED
TO TURN THE PAGE.

FRANKIE

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake Billions was my best customer at the Fix. Not my favorite, just my best.

Always hate to see a rich fellow go. They're good for business, you know. Blake told me many secrets over many an empty bottle, and I listened because I wanted a good tip. And my listening paid off! Now I have the secrets *and* the dough.

Turns out Blake once stole a Picasso because he couldn't be bothered to take out his wallet to pay for the thing. Instead he took it right off the wall and walked out of the gallery doors with it. Maxine Powers was there and could've arrested him, but sometimes she doesn't give a fig.

Before I opened the bar this evening, I found a wad of dough stuffed into an envelope labeled "for B from M." I put it in the lost and found.

Also, I spit in the drinks.

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Homemade moonshine

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FRANKIE

Folks are always dropping bottles in my speakeasy, and I have to spend half the night picking up broken glass. And shooing cats! Earlier this evening, I heard a cat yowling down a side hall and went to throw it out. Instead, I found Gray Gardens practicing her vocals. Surprised by my presence, she cried out, “Oh! I thought you were the ghost of my first husband, come back to avenge his murder!” She explained, “I murdered him.”

This is rather embarrassing, but a couple of weeks ago I was playing cards with the Reverend Sam Gardens, and now I owe him $1,000. I bluffed go when I should have fished. Big mistake.

I saw a few bottles roll out of Dr. Sarah Riley’s bag: they were all labeled with XXX, a skull and crossbones, and red lettering spelling out “This Bottle Contains Deadly Poison.” Sarah *is* the master of disaster: rumor has it she’s killed a pile of patients. Then I saw Ronald Riley sneak off with a few of his wife’s poisonous pills. I’m sure if Ronald had asked his wife for the pills, she would’ve given them to him herself. Communication is the bedrock of marriage!

Many years ago, I had a summer romance with a Southern debutante named Alexandra Belle. I ran into her a couple of days ago, and she told me she was going to flee America. I took her hands in mine, held them to my heart, and shouted, “Hooey! These colors don’t run!”