



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!**

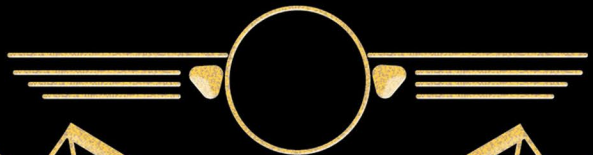
We always encourage dressing up!

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

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## 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

# ALEXANDRA BELLE

**PROFESSION:** Debutante

**FAVORITE SAYING:** Oh say can you see!

**FAVORITE COLORS:** Red, white, and blue

**FAVORITE SMELL:** America

I love my country! I reckon if the Founding Fathers put into the Constitution that we as a continent may not drink, then by the grace of God, I will not drink!

I arrived here with my husband Walter Belle, bless his heart. We came from the gala for Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders naming Blake Billions head of the organization. I'm on the board. I love charity work. I think it's great for my complexion.

Blake brought us from the gala to Frankie's Fix to celebrate. Blake wanted to hear his wife Ruby Pearl sing in the debut of her cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You*. I still can't believe Blake brought me to a *speakeasy*, of all places! This place is full of splifficated drunks, sinners every one. It's time to turn people away from the bottle and convert them to the Temperance Movement!

On the other hand, maybe it's ladies' night. I wonder if New York Egg Creams are half price.





# STOP!



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



# ALEXANDRA BELLE

**HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW:** Blake Billions was on the board with me at Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders.

Well, I declare. A fella has died! This is what happens when zozzled drunks run the roost. Everything goes cattywampus and someone gets murdered.

Now, I may not sin by drink, but I certainly sin by flesh! I'll come clean to y'all. I've not been faithful to my fella Walter. I have another gentleman on the side: Charlie "Goose" Johnson. I love Charlie *and* I love Walter, bless their hearts. They're both struggling small business owners. I'm unreasonably wealthy, so I find the need for cash pos-i-lute-ly adorable.

Walter, bless his heart, makes a living conning folks, and Charlie has a small arts and arms franchise. Charlie was going to sell Blake a sizable shipment of arts and arms tonight. Shame his deal was dead the second Blake was bumped off. Charlie's in a tight spot. He's got a stack of student loans to pay off. That's why I quit school in the fourth grade.

I'm a sap for arms of any breeding. I conceal and carry a shotgun at all times. Folks always ask me where I keep such a large firearm on my person, so I smile and say, "That's for me to know and you don't want to find out."

**WHAT YOU DRINK TO FORGET:** New York Egg Creams



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# ALEXANDRA BELLE

Walter, bless his heart, was a scout and loves showing off his merit badges. It's rather embarrassing. We'll be at a dinner party and he'll bring out his merit badges for camping, bugling, plumbing, basketry, murder. What a wet blanket.

What's more, Walter's murder merit badge only included strangulation. What an oversight in education: there are so many unique ways to kill a fella! I penned a letter to the scouts urging the organization to extend the types of homicides required to achieve the badge. I didn't get a reply, and I'm still in a hissy.

Although I'm having an affair with Charlie, I keep up appearances with Walter, bless his heart, to protect the sanctity of marriage. Also, I paid a heckuva lot of blackmail money to rich old Blake to keep hush-hush about my affair. I wouldn't want all that good dough to go to waste.

Walter is a bit of a devil himself. I overheard him plotting to kill Charlie! Walter sure gets my goose sometimes. But I'll have the last laugh: I bought Charlie and me two one-way plane tickets to Zanzibar. We leave tomorrow! The two of us will be gone before Walter can even lift a finger.