BLAKE BILLIONS

PROFESSION: Professional Billionaire
FAVORITE SAYING: Don't take any wooden nickels
FAVORITE COLOR: Green
FAVORITE SMELL: Dough, gams, and newly minted coin. Especially unmarked bills.

Frankie's Fix is the bee's knees. I'm always here when my wife Ruby Pearl sings. She's always singing. She'll be eating lobsters dipped in gold, and between bites, she'll break out into "Tea for Two."

Ruby's the fame and I'm the fortune. She loves the money I inherited from my caring, but thankfully deceased, mother and father. I love the flash of the paparazzi.

Frankie has the best moonshine in town. I'm Frankie's richest customer, which obviously makes me his favorite.

Tonight I'm celebrating being named head of Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders. Dr. Sarah Riley and I came here straight from the gala. In recognition of the honor, the committee of DBWOB bestowed unto me a plaque and a medal and a key to the city and a statue of myself and a yacht.

TO DO: Wave your money around. Exclaim, "look at all my money!" Whisper to someone, "I have a secret. Do you want to know what it is?" And when they nod, shout out: "I'm so fat with dough my pants don't fit!"
SECRET TO DO: The actor will give you a secret cue phrase. After you hear it, die as dramatically as you are comfortable with.

BLAKE BILLIONS

Horsefeathers! I’m dead!

To Do: You are no longer Blake. Blake is dead. Who killed him? Best go find out.

GRAY GARDENS

PROFESSION: Still relevant singing starlet of the silent silver screen
FAVORITE SAYING: By the belly of Taft!
FAVORITE COLOR: The bright blinding light of fame
FAVORITE SMELL: Honeydew

I've been to Frankie's Fix thousands of times, and how! But I prefer not to say my age. A woman never gives away that secret. A flapper might, but not me.

I'm not the funny old bird people say I am. I was relevant 30 years ago, and I'm still relevant now. I single-handedly won women the right to vote. And now I have a respectable second husband. A reverend. Very ritzy. It is true that his hands are clammy, his cane is ugly, and his breath smells awful--but otherwise he's very swanky.

I'm here to see my daughter Ruby sing in the premiere of her new cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You*. I'm proud that Ruby married Blake Billions. He's got so many good qualities. He's got a wealth of kindness, a wealth of knowledge, and last and most importantly, a wealth of wealth.

Ruby lights up the room like a billboard. But I'll outshine her when I get *my* chance in the spotlight. Frankie and I grew up together, so I'm sure he'll let me onstage.

TO DO: Make business cards out of napkins and hand them out. You're a professional starlet and you *will* find an agent after all these years.

GRAY GARDENS

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was my daughter Ruby Pearl's husband. Blake also attended my husband Sam's church.

A rich fellow is dead. What a shame. What a misfortune to society! On the other hand, that big cheese Blake was blackmailing me. Just for my $100,000 in unpaid parking tickets! It might be cheaper to pay for the tickets, but I'm not good with money.

People are always stealing my money. I was once hustled by a fridge salesman named Walter Belle. In my opinion, anyone who sells kitchen appliances is a con man. Can't trust anyone with a mixer.

My husband Sam and I pass most of our days tending to our garden. We grow all sorts of things: tomatoes, carrots, peppers, chives, nightshade. We find that nightshade is the best way to keep the rabbits out.

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Another glass of champagne.

TO DO: Who else in this speakeasy is a thief? Everyone here looks suspicious.

If and when Ruby Pearl tries to sing--beat her to it! The louder the better. *Twinkle Twinkle Little Star* is my favorite.

GRAY GARDENS

I'm upset that Frankie didn't come through and make me the star I was always meant to be. What a sap.

I'm a good eavesdropper. Earlier this evening, I overheard Dr. Agatha Quinn crying in the bathroom whining about how she's broke. I just sat on the toilet until she left.

I love dancing, but with Sam I'm always getting absent treatment. I thought when I married him he would be an upgrade from my first husband. But now, I think that I should've stayed married to my first husband. That maybe I shouldn't have murdered him.

I'm not the only murderous one here tonight, so don't pin Blake's death on me because I murdered someone a few years ago. Just last week I was sipping my iced tea at The Fat Cat country club, and next thing you know, Bruce Hunter sat down next to me after his game of golf. He leaned in close, tapped his nose, and whispered: "Maxine Powers paid me a thousand dollars to bump off Blake." Bruce is a common torpedo! A real assassin!

TO DO: Talk to Maxine and Bruce about their services. Perhaps you need a third husband.

BRUCE HUNTER

PROFESSION: Professional Adventurer
FAVORITE SAYING: Pos-i-lute-ly
FAVORITE COLOR: Fuchsia
FAVORITE SMELL: Lollipops

I ab-so-lute-ly love Frankie's Fix. Frankie is the genuine article. We belong to the same country club: The Fat Cat. I'm also a lifelong member of The Society of Swell Adventures. One day I hope to travel to Zanzibar and return to America and tell people I've been to Zanzibar. I don't particularly want to actually go to Zanzibar.

I don't like dangerous situations. I'm not fond of the wet and cold. I'm afraid of hunting. I'm also afraid of spiders, thunderstorms, and darkness. The Society of Swell Adventurers is doing their yearly review and I'm afraid they will kick me out for being drab.

My old professor Agatha Quinn showed me her ancient switchblade from south New Jersey earlier tonight. The Society of Swell Adventurers would let her in in a heartbeat. She'd probably be named President Swashbuckler in a week.

I came here tonight because going to a speakeasy will be impressive for my adventuring resume. Also, it doesn't involve me going outside.

TO DO: Convince people you are exciting by making up adventure stories to tell people. Like when you wrestled a rhino. That sounds believable.

BRUCE HUNTER

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: We went to the same country club: The Fat Cat.

Blake and I weren't close: I only saw him at The Fat Cat. I'm a busy fellow. After golfing at the country club, I zip over to The Society of Swell Adventurers. At the Society last Tuesday, I met a man named Walter Belle who has a merit badge for murder. The exciting people you meet in this life!

I've turned this speakeasy into a personal Zanzibar: I'm an explorer on the prowl. I may be afraid of hunting, but I love hide and seek. In my travels about the room, I discovered that Reverend Sam's cane hides a knife! Two months ago, I ordered a pocket knife from the Sears Roebuck Catalogue to make myself more daring. I carry it with me everywhere I go. But in comparison to Sam's knife, mine looks flimsy.

I also found some love letters from Ronald Riley. They are very--how should I say--carnal in nature. The letters aren't addressed to anyone, but I would assume they're meant for his wife Sarah.

A few people might've seen me hiding behind chairs and under tables, but that's the price you pay for valuable information.

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: A martini, stirred not shaken

TO DO: Hide behind furniture and eavesdrop on conversations. If anyone catches you, tap your nose and say, "Men can reason and thus provide a challenge that no animal can contend with." Then run away.

BRUCE HUNTER

It's time to tell the truth. I golfed my way into The Fat Cat. I golfed my way into The Society of Swell Adventurers. Frankly, the only thing I'm decent at is golf. It's the most dangerous game I've ever played. I'm worried that I'll get kicked out of all my thrilling clubs for not being properly sensational. Maxine Powers even paid me a thousand dollars to bump off Blake, but I was too scared to commit first degree murder.

Gray Gardens and I are always chatting at The Fat Cat after I play golf. I found out last Friday that Blake was blackmailing Gray Gardens for $100,000 on account of Gray's unpaid parking tickets. After she told me, she finished her iced tea in one big slurp.

I checked my breast pocket a few minutes ago, and realized that I've lost my pocket knife. The last time I was sure I had it was before Blake was murdered. I hope no one steps on it.

TO DO: Look for your lost knife.

If anyone asks you about golf, hide behind a piece of furniture.

MAXINE POWERS

PROFESSION: Woman of the law
FAVORITE SAYING: Don't be the bunny
FAVORITE COLOR: Blue
FAVORITE SMELL: Metal

I'm a copper, see? I joined the police force because I love the shine of the badge, like how a magpie loves a diamond. I *stayed* in the police force because I love the corruption, like how a politician loves a diamond.

Nobody likes a copper in a speakeasy, no way, no how. But even coppers have to drink a little moonshine now and then. I'm not here to arrest anyone tonight. Not even if someone gets murdered, see? It's my day off.

I may not be serving or protecting, but that doesn't mean I can't do a little side business. I'm here to talk to Frankie and see if we can't get something cooking. I know Frankie from way back. We went to the same kindergarten, see?

TO DO: Do your secret handshake with Frankie.

Then wipe off your hands. You don't like getting your hands dirty. *Metaphorically.*

MAXINE POWERS

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: I met Blake Billions at an Orphans Feeding Orphans fundraiser.

Old Blakie Boy's dead. Everyone's crying for a rich bloke, see? They shouldn't. Pah! Murder doesn't shock me. Nothing shocks ol' Maxine. I'm hard-boiled.

Blake was blackmailing me, see? He knew about my bootlegging business. But he was also blackmailing Professor Agatha Quinn. She came over to the station last Monday and we had a heart to heart. I gave her a tour of the office: our newest typewriters, the water cooler, the barrels of confiscated alcohol we keep around for personal consumption. Agatha despises moonshine, though: she's a member of the Temperance Movement. So the dame slapped me and left in a huff.

Stealing confiscated barrels of alcohol from the police station to bootleg is difficult work. Not every fellow is cut out for it, see? But I think Frankie and I will do just fine, just fine. As long as no one else catches Frankie spitting in the drinks, that liquor will sell like hotcakes.

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Straight moonshine. I always use a straw.

TO DO: If anyone mentions that you were blackmailed, divert attention away by revealing that Agatha was blackmailed too, and probably for even more money.

Also, If anyone tries to edge in on your business with Frankie, don't give them any piece of the pie.

MAXINE POWERS

I'm in a lather because my moonshine business with Frankie has become public knowledge. Hopefully all the fellas and flappers in this speakeasy are shady enough to look the other way, so Frankie and I will still make a fortune bootlegging.

Frankie needs that dough to pay off his gambling debt to Reverend Sam Gardens. In the order of $1,000, see? Frankie's always bluffing go when he should be fishing. Lucky for me, I've got a mountain of money in the bank from stealing money from the Orphans Feeding Orphans charity. I'm on the board. I run my bootlegging business with Frankie for the thrill, not for the dough. The thrill insofar as I don't get my hands dirty. I leave the homicidal work to Frankie.

Speaking of people I use as hitmen, I paid Bruce Hunter a thousand dollars to bump off Blake. If it was him who killed Blake tonight, I might have to ask for a refund because this turned out to be a darn right mess.

As a woman of the law, I'm currently investigating a hot blooded murderous love triangle. I'm after Walter Belle, who's in the mood to kill the man who's having an affair with his wife. I've always wanted to say, "It was a crime of passion, see?" and then blow a smoke ring.

Blake also wanted me to arrest the fortune teller Darla Drew Ackard for swindling him, but Blake's dead so I consider that case closed.

TO DO: Hand out IOU arrest warrants to people you will arrest when you're back on duty.

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.

TO DO: Practice your secret handshake with Maxine. Make up a few moonshine names that sound fun.

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

TO DO: Ask if anyone has lost a whole lot of dough.

If anyone tries to move in on your business with Maxine, don't let them gain an inch.

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!”

TO DO: Avoid Sam. You don’t have $1,000!

If you see Ronald Riley, mention Agatha Quinn a lot and see if he responds. Do the same when you see Agatha.

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.

TO DO: Ask people how the Bible ends. If they tell you, cover your ears and say "spoilers!"

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

TO DO: Talk to Maxine and Frankie. Maybe they need a third partner in their bootlegging business.

If anyone asks you to say a few words about Blake, say, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Now let's keep drinking! Zoom, zoom, vroom, vroom!"

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.

TO DO: Get your $1,000 back from Frankie.

RUBY PEARL BILLIONS

PROFESSION: Singer and Starlet
FAVORITE SAYING: You slay me!
FAVORITE COLOR: Gold
FAVORITE SMELL: Seabreezes. The drink, not the wind.

I'm here tonight to sing! It's the premiere of my cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You.*

I can't believe my mother Gray Gardens is here. She's a washed up singer who thinks she's still relevant. She's an old prune pit. But of course she's here; Frankie's speakeasy is the best around.

But enough about my mother. I'm the livest wire in town! I've got a rich husband: Blake Billions. I'm famous. Nothing can go wrong tonight! I'm here to sing, and everyone loves a star.

Especially Hilda Higgins, my number one fan. Hilda loves my singing, and she worships me. She once stole one of my shoes. She might've sneaked in tonight, because sometimes the police aren't able to keep her away. I've got a restraining order against her for stalking me, but now and again she manages to slip through.

TO DO: Deputize members of the crowd to be your private security detail.

RUBY PEARL BILLIONS

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was my husband.

Oh no, oh no! Everything went wrong. Blake is dead! Who will marry me now that I'm a widow? My life is kaput. I'm going to sell my wedding ring for at least twice its original value. I'm not asking for anything less. I'm not a sap.

And get this: I wasn't Blake's only dame! Three days ago, I caught Dr. Sarah Riley stepping out of my bathroom shower. She had used my shampoo! That bottle cost $50 an ounce!

How dare Blake cheat on *me*. That chunk of lead! I *did* only marry Blake for the money and to further my career--a billionaire and a starlet, a tabloid dream--but still, Blake could have been the real deal. I think I'm going to almost maybe cry.

I searched through Sarah's bag before Blake was murdered to see if she had stolen any more of my shampoo, and I found a bunch of bottles labeled with XXX, skull and crossbones, and red lettering spelling out "This Bottle Contains Deadly Poison." I left them there because they weren't my shampoo.

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Seabreezes

TO DO: Exactly who is everyone in love with? And who is everyone *really* in love with? See who's available. Find out who's rich.

RUBY PEARL BILLIONS

I saw Ronald Riley and Professor Agatha Quinn smooching in the corner a few minutes after I arrived. Why is everyone having an affair except me?

Bruce Hunter and I belong to the same country club: The Fat Cat. I confided in him last week that I once accidentally sang a note so high that I killed a fella. Broke his brain right in two. Some men are as breakable as glass.

I carry a little pistol under my hat. But I figure, if all I need to do is sing to kill a fella, why do I even bother? I was chatting with Bruce before Blake was murdered, and I saw a glint of steel from inside his breast coat pocket: a knife. Bruce's singing voice is horrendous, so I can understand the need.

TO DO: Every time you talk to Ron, mention Agatha and wink, and visa versa.

DR. SARAH RILEY

PROFESSION: Doctor of Medicine
FAVORITE SAYING: It's probably nothing serious.
FAVORITE COLOR: Turquoise
FAVORITE SMELL: Caramel

I always thought I'd marry someone intelligent. Perhaps not as intelligent as me, but someone with some smarts. My husband Ronald is a novelist. I like that faraway look writers get. It makes me think they're daydreaming of dough. Just like me! I'm always thinking about money.

Ronald is always at Frankie's Fix pretending to write. Tonight I'm here supporting the arts, and by that I mean buying drinks for Ronald, who is a drunk slosh-bucket.

I arrived here from the gala for Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders naming Blake Billions the head of the organization. Frankie's Fix is Blake's favorite speakeasy, and his wife Ruby Pearl is singing tonight in the debut of her new cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You.* We've come here to celebrate Blake's victory and the many other awards that he received: a plaque and a medal and a key to the city and a statue of himself and a yacht.

Before I walked in, I spotted Gray Gardens parking in a tennis court. I do hope she reserved the court. It's common courtesy.

TO DO: Write prescriptions for cash.

DR. SARAH RILEY

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was my secret lover.

Blake! My lover is dead! I met Blake at Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders, and soon there was no boundary between us.

Now I'm stuck with only my husband Ronald. I paid for his book *The So-So Stagby* to be published and it hasn't sold a single copy. What a chunk of lead. I need a fella that lights me up like a billboard. I'm a modern independent woman; I'm always getting fined by the beach police for wearing short swimsuits. I could divorce Ronald, of course, but he makes fried chicken to die for.

People may call me a terribly immoral person, but at least I don't have to stay moral to keep my job. Professor Agatha Quinn told me in confidence that she has an immorality clause in her contract with her university. She can be fired for having affairs, spoiling the ending of movies, even robbing banks. If I had a contract like that, I would be shown the door after the first day! I've killed 10 patients, but to be fair only 8 were accidents. I also carry bottles of poison in my purse, but that's neither here nor there.

Also, I just saw Frankie spit in a drink. Who knows where his mouth has been!

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Whiskey sours

TO DO: Find people who are rich, are willing to buy you nice things, and are still alive.

DR. SARAH RILEY

I'm astounded no one here has died of alcohol poisoning. If anyone *does* die, I mean, again, that would be very embarrassing and damaging to my reputation. I became a doctor to help people. Help themselves. Help make me rich.

Earlier this evening, I was talking to Bruce Hunter about his adventures on the golf courses of Zanzibar. I don't believe that he's brave enough to have actually gone to Zanzibar, but I do believe that he's played golf. He asked me if I had seen his lost knife. I asked him what it looked like and he replied, "sharp."

Three days ago, I was at Blake's mansion and Ruby Pearl caught me stepping out of her shower. I had used up a bottle of her swanky shampoo, and Ruby got herself quite in a lather. Ruby nearly shot me with a little pistol she always keeps under her hat. I almost got bumped off covered in bubbles.

After the last DBWOB board meeting, I talked to Blake about my work as treasurer for the organization. He always gave me stacks of cash and I'd put the money into the DBWOB super secret safe vault. Blake's entire fortune will go to DBWOB: he sure did love doctors, and it showed. He loved doctors *a lot*. He always told me, "When I'm gone, all the money's in your hands."

TO DO: Rave about Blake's commitment to DBWOB to anyone who will listen.

PROFESSOR AGATHA QUINN

PROFESSION: Archeology Professor
FAVORITE SAYING: Get a wiggle on!
FAVORITE COLOR: Chartreuse
FAVORITE SMELL: Freshly cut limes

Frankie's Fix, what a den of sin. I'm a staunch supporter of Temperance: I despise alcohol. It makes folks too giddy. I've come here tonight to stop everyone from drinking.

I work at the university as an archeology professor. It's not as exciting as when I was out in the field searching for the Ark of the Covenant and fighting off Germans, but a job's a job.

On my way here, I picked up an artifact from the collection of eccentric heiress Duchess Valentine. After tonight's festivities, I'm going to put it on display at the university. The piece is an ancient switchblade from south New Jersey. I'm very excited, as the switchblade will complete the university's New England weapon collection.

TO DO: Rally for Temperance. Hand out leaflets made out of napkins. Make a sign!

PROFESSOR AGATHA QUINN

HOW YOU KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake and I met at an art gallery.

My goodness, Blake is dead! That was unexpected. I wonder if his widow Ruby Pearl Billions will be at all upset, considering they only married each other to further both their social standings. They are always written up in the papers: the billionaire and the starlet, a dream made in tabloid heaven. Blake made Ruby rich, and Ruby made Blake famous.

For a billionaire, Blake had a strange penchant for blackmailing the public. Even me! It's on account of, shall we say, a very close relationship. And if this close relationship were to come to light, it would be terribly bothersome given the immorality clause in my contract with the university. I can be fired for having affairs, spoiling the ending of movies, even robbing banks!

I swear, that fella was blackmailing the whole town. He couldn't have done it for the dough. I think he liked blackmailing folks because he enjoyed the smell of unmarked bills and the surprise of mysterious envelopes stuffed with cash. He sure was an egg.

WHAT YOU DRINK TO FORGET: Stale water

TO DO: Make up stories about when you were on archeological digs that sound eerily similar to famous movie plots.

PROFESSOR AGATHA QUINN

Rumor has it that Blake gave Sarah a stack of cash and told her, “When I’m gone, all the money’s in your hands.” I would love being handed a pile of dough. Some people get life handed to them on a silver platter. I once lived next to this little girl Hilda Higgins who got her mother to pay for everything from her bicycles to her blackmail!

Copper Maxine Powers is also swimming in cash. She works at a charity called Orphans Feeding Orphans. I’ve never heard of a charity with a more modest proposal.

I, on the other hand, am broke as a bucket. I used up my savings out in the field digging through ruins and hacking through Germans. It doesn’t help my finances one bit that I’m having an affair with a penniless fella, Ronald Riley. His wife Sarah should give him a bigger allowance.

TO DO: Nonchalantly ask people for money. Start with Sarah--she got all that money from Blake.

RONALD RILEY

PROFESSION: Novelist
FAVORITE SAYING: Horsefeathers!
FAVORITE COLOR: Rose red
FAVORITE SMELL: Rose red

I'm always writing in the backroom of Frankie's Fix. It's a misconception that all writers are splifficated drunks. It's the spirit of this place, not the *spirits* per se, that moves me in my writing. But tonight! Tonight! My lovely wife Dr. Sarah Riley is buying. The luxuries of being a writer. So cheers!

Sarah came here from the gala for Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders naming Blake Billions the head of the organization. I wasn't invited.

I recently published my novel, *The So-So Stagby,* which did not sell as well as I would have liked. I am currently working on my magnum opus, which is a trilogy of novels: *Very Loud on the Eastern Front, The Fruits of Fury,* and *A Very Long and Confusing Day in Dublin.*

TO DO: Find an agent for your next novel.

RONALD RILEY

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was always at Frankie's, and I tried to sell him my book a number of times. We also went to the same church.

So old Blake's bit the dust. Better off dead, I say. Last Monday, I caught Sarah and Blake making out in the back of our Model T. And how! Fella was having an affair with my wife, so I'm pleased he's gone. Didn't say I killed him. Just that I'm pleased.

My wife Sarah paid for my novel *The So-So Stagby* to be published, and I think she's annoyed that not one copy has been sold. She also says my work is insipid driviling trash and obviously plagiarized. But why listen to her? She snores and smacks her gum. But she sure is rich! And she always carries around bottles of poison, which can be rather useful.

I see a lot of goings-ons at Frankie's juice joint. That copper Maxine Powers once slid Blake a thick envelope scrawled with the words "blackmail money" across a table sticky with old liquor. Blake pulled his ear. Maxine winked. Then Blake said, "Thanks for the blackmail money." Artists don't make a dime. That's my secret. If you don't make money, you've got nothing to lose. Except your wife, I guess.

WHAT YOU DRINK TO FORGET: Whatever Sarah will pay for.

TO DO: You dropped some important letters that you don't want the wrong fella or flapper to find. Important letters that may or may not profess profound love. Nonchalantly ask if anyone's found letters from "Ronald." Not that you wrote them, just curious.

RONALD RILEY

From the back of the speakeasy, I've been watching the panic unfold with my keen writer's eye. I have a sixth sense: sight. I saw Ruby Pearl kiss her reflection in a mirror. I saw Frankie have a conversation with a bottle of moonshine. I saw Bruce Hunter doodle little pictures of dragons on napkins. I'm a regular hard-boiled private eye.

Before Blake died, this evening was delightfully romantic. Not because of my wife, Sarah, of course. I came here for another woman: Professor Agatha Quinn! No one tell Sarah, though, I need the money.

I heard through the grapevine that Sam Gardens was blackmailing Blake on account of Blake stealing a Picasso. I wish I had the smarts to blackmail a billionaire. Sam's got gumption and guile.

This murder is wonderful inspiration for a novel. If I write it into my next masterpiece, it could make me a famous author!

TO DO: Quote lines from your favorite books, films, radio serials, plays...and then say smugly, "I wrote that."

WALTER BELLE

PROFESSION: Confidence man….shhh, just say I sell fridges.
FAVORITE SAYING: Sorry, honey, the bank's closed.
FAVORITE COLOR: Emerald
FAVORITE SMELL: Belgian chocolate

I love a swinging spot like Frankie's Fix. I love rubbing shoulders with the big cheeses in town and sipping sarsaparillas. This speakeasy is a great place to pick up saps. My dame Alexandra Belle is no sap, for the most part, and she sure is sweet as syrup.

I'm terrific at talking my way into getting what I want: diamonds, jewelry, money. It's my specialty, so to say. I hear there's some gullible fellas and flappers here tonight. I'd love to get some dough out of those cookies, if you know what I mean. What I mean is, I'd like to con them out of all their money.

But if anyone asks, I'm a fridge salesman.

I came here from the gala for Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders. My wife is on the board. I love DBWOD. They say the richer a fella is, the more easy cash falls out of his pockets.

TO DO: Find gullible people and sell them fridges you don't have.

WALTER BELLE

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: We were both members of The Fat Cat country club.

That big cheese just curdled. I had planned to sell Blake a fake fridge tonight, but now that Blake's stuck in a fridge at the morgue, my con's kaput. It's a crying shame. I was hoping to get a big score tonight. Blake was the perfect target, a real gullible fella.

I was rummaging through Frankie's lost and found box looking for unclaimed valuables when I came across an envelope labeled "To B from M." It was labeled "blackmail money" and was full of cash, which I pocketed immediately.

Charlie "Goose" Johnson is our local arts and arms dealer. Both Goose and I were hoping to strike a deal with Blake tonight. But as it happened, we both backed the wrong horse--seeing as Blake's pushing up daisies. Goose and I had a friendly rivalry going as to who could squeeze the most dough out of Blake. And by a friendly rivalry, I mean a near murderous feud. I have a scout merit badge for strangulation, so Goose better watch his six.

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Fine red wine

TO DO: Ask Charlie why he's named "Goose."

WALTER BELLE

My dame Alexandra was having an affair with Goose! That's the real reason I'm here tonight. I came to cook Charlie's goose! I'm here to kill him! Goose's arts and arms business specializes in knives, though, so maybe Goose stabbed Blake. I don't want to be next.

What's more, Blake was blackmailing Alexandra over her affair with Goose. Alexandra's always getting herself into a squeeze. Drives me batty.

Earlier this evening, I caught Frankie putting shards of a broken bottle in his pocket. "Want to keep the place looking spiffy," he said. I can't believe he hasn't ripped a hole in his trousers yet.

Bruce Hunter bluffs almost as well as I do. We're both members of the adventure club The Society of Swell Adventurers. He confided in me last Thursday that he golfed his way into every club he's ever been a member of. Frankly, the only thing he's decent at is golf. It's the most dangerous game he's ever played.

TO DO: Find out if Charlie has a knife with him.

DARLA DREW ACKARD

PROFESSION: Fortune Teller
FAVORITE SAYING: It's a little hazy, but…
FAVORITE COLOR: Opal
FAVORITE SMELL: Lemon

I don't want to give anyone the heebie-jeebies, but I'm clairvoyant. I can tell the future! The cards have something for everyone, so they say.

I love Frankie's Fix. It's the bee's knees! I'm here to tell fortunes tonight. The Fix is a fabulous joint to pick up new clients. The only drawback of telling fortunes in a speakeasy is that the Tarot cards can get sticky with old moonshine if I'm not careful.

Strange thing is, my fortunes always seem to come true once people have had a few drinks. Funny, isn't it?

TO DO: Tell as many fortunes as possible. Usually you have to make things up, but that's just the way it goes.

You do have *one* portentous fortune tonight, and that's that someone is going to die!

DARLA DREW ACKARD

HOW YOU KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: I defrauded Blake Billions using clairvoyance.

Blake Billions is dead! I saw this fella's murder coming a mile away. But everyone dies eventually, don't they?

Using my obviously very real powers of seeing into the future, I swindled Blake for everything I could squeeze out of him. I told Blake that the Tarot cards wanted him to give me $1,000 in cash and a Model T. So he gave me the dough and the car. He only realized later that I'd conned him. Thankfully because he's dead, he can't be mad now.

Last week, I went to Reverend Sam and Gray Gardens' conservatory. It houses all sorts of plants: tomatoes, carrots, peppers, chives, deadly nightshade.

In the corner of Frankie's is a box full of unsold copies of Ronald Riley's book *The So-So Stagby*. On the first page a little line reads, "All copies of this book published and paid for by his wife Dr. Sarah Riley." Below that in even finer print another line reads, "Your book is terrible, Ronald."

WHAT YOU DRINK TO FORGET: A sidecar with extra lemon

TO DO: Tell everyone that you foretold Blake's death, and that they should be very careful, lest they be next! Make sure they know that *you* didn't necessarily kill Blake, even if you *knew* he was going to die.

DARLA DREW ACKARD

Last Friday, Ruby Pearl walked into my salon and I gave her a psychic reading over a crystal ball. Afterwards, she clasped my hands and confessed that she'd once killed a fella by singing a note so high that she broke his brain in half. This isn't a confessional: I'm not a priest! But I'll gobble up any secret I hear.

I saw it in the stars that Gray Gardens has a terrible secret. She is a murderer! I also read the police report and deduced that no one accidentally dies of a gunshot wound. Also, Gray Gardens told me. But mostly it was the stars.

Dr. Sarah Riley came into my salon last week, and I read her palm. Her money line was very long. Rumor has it that Blake left his entire fortune to her, telling her, "When I'm gone, all the money's in your hands."

TO DO: Use your skills as a forensic psychic detective to read people and find clues.

CHARLIE "GOOSE" JOHNSON

PROFESSION: Arts (and Arms) Dealer
FAVORITE SAYING: I'm hitting on all sixes!
FAVORITE COLOR: Ivory
FAVORITE SMELL: Shoe polish

The old juice joint! Time to loosen the tie. Frankie's is a swell place to pick up new clients. Speakeasies are filled with folks from all walks of life, from the rich fat cats to the seedy con men. Everyone needs a drink! I sell to anyone who will buy. But while I'm looking for fresh customers, I'm not opposed to drinking a bottle or two of moonshine myself. The hair of the dog always pleases this puppy.

I don't just specialize in art; I also specialize in arms. The sort of arms a fella's mother warned him about. Let's just say: I'm a bit of a powder keg. I could explode any minute. I sell weapons.

TO DO: Find buyers for arts and arms.

CHARLIE "GOOSE" JOHNSON

HOW I KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: I came here tonight to sell Blake Billions a cache of arts and arms.

That rich son of a gun died! A month back, Blake stole a Picasso from a gallery of mine. He couldn't be bothered to take out his wallet, so instead he took the painting off the wall and walked out the door. Reverend Sam Gardens got wind of the whole shebang and blackmailed Blake over it. I didn't get the Picasso back. What's more, I didn't get a cut of Sam's blackmail money either, which I find frankly unsportsmanlike.

I came here tonight to sell Blake an expensive cache of arts and arms. Specifically, a set of spiffy knives. I deserved the money from that sale. Blake owed me. Walter Belle and I had a friendly rivalry--or rather, a blood feud--over which one of us could squeeze the most dough out of Blake. Walter was planning to con Blake, but now that Blake's kicked the bucket, neither of us are getting paid. I've got student loans to pay off! But you can't make a deal with a dead man.

A lot of fellas ask me where I got the name Goose. It's a tragic story. I was orphaned at age four because my parents were killed by a pair of geese. I bear the name to remember them by. I don't like to talk about it.

WHAT I DRINK TO FORGET: Hair of the dog

TO DO: Get your fair share of the blackmail money from Reverend Sam.

CHARLIE "GOOSE" JOHNSON

Walter has reason to be upset besides losing out on a deal with Blake. I've been having an affair with his wife Alexandra Belle! Walter caught Alexandra and I kissing by candlelight a few nights ago. He got himself all in a lather. Real upset. Alexandra slapped him and stormed off. She's a bearcat, alright.

I found two one-way plane tickets on the floor. Alexandra and I are flying to Zanzibar. I didn't know I was going to Zanzibar. I'll have to ask Alexandra about that.

My arts and arms business has recently expanded into knives and negative space, revolvers and Rembrandts. I've worked hard to get to where I am in my career, and I'm angling for a promotion from my mob boss.

TO DO: Ask Alexandra about your plane tickets to Zanzibar.

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.

TO DO: Rally for Temperance! Hand out leaflets made out of napkins. Make a sign!

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

TO DO: Find other people having affairs and give them a high-five. Rumor has it Blake had a mistress. Named Dr. Sarah Riley. Blake was having an affair with Sarah.

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.

TO DO: Find other people who enjoy dangerous weapons as much as you do: guns, knives, cannons. If you seem suspicious, just fan yourself and say, "Why, aren't you precious?"

If Walter, bless his heart, does anything suspect, swoon to distract him.

HILDA HIGGINS

PROFESSION: Ruby Pearl Billion's Number One Fan
FAVORITE SAYING: Ruby Pearl, you're here!
FAVORITE SMELL: Ruby Pearl
FAVORITE COLOR: Ruby

I can't believe I'm here to see Ruby Pearl, in the flesh! She's such a doll, and she's only inches from my face. Her voice is brilliant. I've memorized every Ruby Pearl record. I have a stuffed Ruby Pearl plush toy. I have Ruby Pearl bedding. I have one of Ruby Pearl's shoes.

Frankie's Fix is fantastic! My mom doesn't let me drink, and neither does the government, but that's okay with me. I *am* only eleven and a half. I'll have time to get rummy drunk when I'm twelve.

I'm keeping an eye out for any coppers. Last time they saw me this close to Ruby, they arrested me.

TO DO: If anyone tells you you look too young to be in a speakeasy, reply: "Stranger danger!" or "I will tell on you to my mom." or "I'm here on official school report business."

HILDA HIGGINS

HOW YOU KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake Billions was Ruby Pearl's husband. He was also blackmailing me.

I'm sad that Blake Billions is dead, I guess? But I'm relieved Ruby Pearl didn't get murdered. Now that her husband Blake is gone, though, her heart must be broken in two. She needs a new love of her life. She could marry my mom and come live in our house, if she wanted. I wouldn't mind.

Blake was blackmailing me on account of the time I was arrested by the police for "stalking" Ruby. I only wanted to make sure that Ruby was sleeping well at night, every night, from outside her bedroom window.

Walter Belle showed me all his nifty scout merit badges. He's got ones for camping, bugling, plumbing, basketry, murder. I've thought about joining the scouts, but I don't need The Man telling me how to live my life.

I was squirreled away under the bar when I heard Frankie and copper Maxine Powers sealing the deal on their mutual moonshine business. When I grow up, I want to be a mob boss.

WHAT YOU DRINK TO FORGET: Orange juice

TO DO: Make a list of your top Ruby Pearl songs. Then get Ruby to sing your favorite and get an autograph.

HILDA HIGGINS

Tonight has been the bee's knees! I watched Ruby Pearl perform and I got to drink as much orange juice as I wanted.

Last week, Dr. Sarah Riley cured me of a deadly strain of cooties with an advanced immunization termed circle circle dot dot, now you have a cooties shot. Then she gave me a lollipop. It was raspberry, my favorite! Then she told me she's killed 10 patients, 8 accidentally. I've decided I don't want to be a mob boss anymore, I want to be a doctor.

When I grow up, I'm going to be a big cheese. Right now my mom doesn't let me have anything dangerous. She only let me start sharpening my pencils yesterday. My mom does pay for my blackmail though, so that's swell.

When I was sneaking into Frankie's Fix through the kitchen window in the back, I tripped over a pocket knife that still has its tag from the Sears Roebuck Catalogue. I took it so I can impress the eighth graders at school tomorrow.

TO DO: If anyone asks you about the knife you took, make a face and say, "My mom won't know, she's not here!"

Also, if anyone says that Ruby Pearl killed Blake, make up slanderous maggoty lies about their grandmothers. Or call their grandmothers slanderous maggots. Either way, you have to defend Ruby Pearl's honor.