



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!**

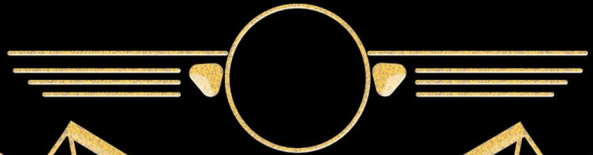
We always encourage dressing up!

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

# 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.





STOP!



D°N'T BE A SAPI!  
WAIT UNTIL INSTRUCTED  
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# 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



# STOP!

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# 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.