



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!

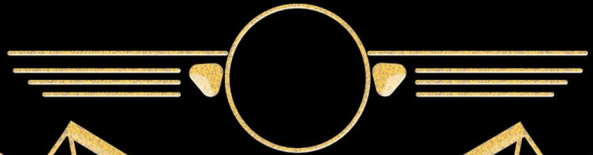
We always encourage dressing up!

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

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

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.



STOP!



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



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.



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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!