



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!

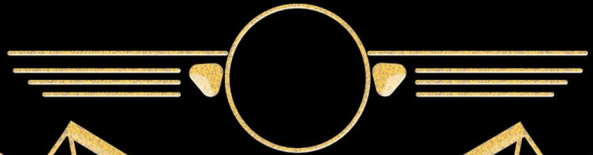
We always encourage dressing up!

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, boosters, 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

THE FAT CAT COUNTRY CLUB

REQUIREMENT FOR MEMBERSHIP: Not being poor

CLUB MOTTO: "Et populum poorum are gross"

CLUB FISH: Gold

We adore Ruby Pearl Billions. She has a swell voice, but we chiefly adore her because she is disgustingly wealthy. As a rule we only associate with people who own at least two yachts. We are so rich that it's hard for us to even see the destitute, so it's not unusual for us to run over a poor fella while driving our Model Ts. Conveniently, the law does not apply to us. Most flappers or fellas would be nervous with a copper in a speakeasy, but officer Maxine Powers is a personal friend of ours. A friend we bribe monthly.

We go to Frankie's Fix twice a week. Frankie doesn't own two yachts, but his bootleg whiskey is the best this side of the Mississippi. The poor are also here, unfortunately, but our butlers keep them at bay.