



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

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.



STOP!



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



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 Catalog 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



My Dearest Bunny,

I love you so much that I wrote you a poem:

*Should I correlate you to summer's day?
But you are more beautiful and have a better climate.
Wind shakes May's flowers with super strength,
And summer hasn't paid its rent and will be evicted.
Sometimes in summer it's really hot outside,
And a lot of the time there are clouds.
Also, beautiful stuff quits being beautiful
By accident or because people get old.
But YOU will be beautiful forever,
So hold onto that.
Oh, and by the way, you're immortal now,
Because I wrote this poem about you.
So as long as people can read,
And as long as you don't burn this,
You can't be killed except metaphorically.
Swell, huh?*

*I hope you liked it,
XOXO
Ronald*





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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.