



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!

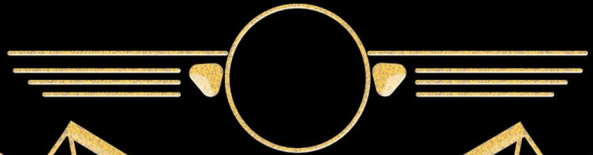
We always encourage dressing up!

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

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?



STOP!

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

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.



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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.