Hugh Mann: Excuse me, are you a relative of Doctor Cadaver?

Red Herring: Yes! I am Sir Red Herring! The Doctor was one of my vict- I mean cousins!

Hugh Mann: A feeling gnawed at my subconsciousness, like a rat chewing on a wire, but the rat is a mechanical death rat, and the wire is my subconsciousness.

Hugh Mann: I had this feeling that Sir Red Herring might be the murderer!

Hugh Mann: My condolences for your loss Sir, do you mind if I ask you a few questions?

Red Herring: Who do you think you are? You…

Red Herring: …Snivelling…

Red Herring: …Insipid…

Red Herring: …Nincompoop!

Hugh Mann: I then realized I had become inadvertently engaged in a bout of verbal sparring. The games purpose was convoluted, but the rules simple. String together insulting adjectives and nouns, and repeating an opponents jab results in immediate loss. I would have to prove myself to this loquacious loser.

[player makes insult in game reminiscent of Monkey Island insult dueling or Sly 3 pirate insults]

Red Herring: Hah! You think you can best me in linguistics you…

Red Herring: …Frivolous…

Red Herring: …Blue Pilled…

Red Herring: …Pillock!

[Player males another insult]

Red Herring: I’ve heard better lexicographical skills from a gnat! You’re nothing but a…

Red Herring: …lily-livered…

Red Herring: …lickspittle…

Red Herring: …loser!

[If player repeats one of Red Herrings insults]

Red Herring: Ah-HAAAAH!!! You’ve violated the one rule of verbal sparring! You can’t repeat an innnsult! Get away from me you dog!

[If player successfully makes it through verbal sparring]

Red Herring: Hmmm, well-played detective. I didn’t know there was another human being in existence so intellectual as myself.

Hugh Mann: Well, I am an alien so that might explain why I can outsmart you puny humans.

Red Herring: I beg your pardon?!

Hugh Mann: I said I am sesquipedalian. Now, if I may ask you some questions.

Red Herring: Very well…

[If player tries to talk to Red Herring after failing verbal sparring and has no banana]

Red Herring: Go away, you banana-lacking scamp!

[If player has banana]

Hugh Mann: Want a banana?

Red Herring: Oh good heavens, my innards!

[Red herring then dies and ragdolls]

[If player passed verbal sparring and is able to continue questioning]

Hugh Mann: Tell me about yourself.

Red Herring: I’m a killer!

Hugh Mann: …

Red Herring: Of bananas I mean! I could eat them all day long! Unfortunately, I have eaten so many that if I have one more I will die instantly!

Hugh Mann: What do you know of the other residents in this house?

Red Herring: Which one specifically?

Hugh Mann: Marvin Green.

Red Herring: The mute, my cousin rented out an extra room to him, housing being scant and all. He always has his nose in a geography book. I know the little brat never got along with him for some reason.

Hugh Mann: What about Timmy Cadaver?

Red herring: That little hellion is a blight upon humanity. If ever there was a baby that needed kicking it was surely him! Spends all day on his computer or yelling obscenities at passersby!

Hugh Mann: And Violet Cadaver?

Red Herring: Ah, the Doctor’s niece. That little harlot is always T-posing around wherever she pleases! Her uncle would always give her money, no questions asked! I’d be careful around her though, many suitors have fallen under her vapid spell…

Hugh Mann: What about the deceased?

Red Herring: My dear cousin Doctor Cadaver… An odd man, I mean who puts on a tacky jacket, hangs themself and then walks over to their bed? Still, he let me stay here until I got back on my feet.

Red Herring: I got on the wrong end of the crypto market I’m afraid…

Hugh Mann: What were you doing last night?

Red Herring: I was having dinner with the Doctor; the food was to DIE for!

Red Herring: We conversed briefly, but unfortunately, the Doctor didn’t want to… *hang out*! Muahahahahaaa!

Hugh Mann: And what did you converse about?

Red Herring: Oh, we didn’t discuss anything of… “importance”.

[If player doubts Red Herring]

Hugh Mann: Doubt!

Red Herring: I asked about his vast wealth, but every time the subject was broached, the Doctor would get… *choked up*! EEHEHEHEHEHE!!!

[If Player accepts Red’s claim]

Hugh Mann: That makes sense!

Red Herring: YOU FOOL! I mean- You *full*-y considered my answer!

Hugh Mann: I had the feeling I was being plaid for a fool.

Hugh Mann: What happened after that?

Red Herring: Once he had eaten the Doctor went to bed, and I retired to my room.

Red Herring: I was uhhh, reading… Definitely not writing.

[If player believes him]

Hugh Mann: And what were you reading?

Red Herring: Jetpack sex erotica!

Hugh Mann: Ah, a man of culture!

[If player doesn’t believe him]

Red Herring: Oh, you got me! I was writing fanfiction shipping myself and my cousin’s wealth!

Hugh Mann: So, you were fantasizing about Doctor Cadavers money?

Red Herring: Yes, but that doesn’t mean anything! You have nothing!

Hugh Mann: Let me ask you one last question then…

Hugh Mann: I knew I would have to be smart with my inquisition. Herring lives up to his name in both slipperiness and hue. I came up with a masterful plan for getting this loquacious loser to confess. A plan so perfect that if it were a painting, the Mona Lisa would appear as a childs drawing in comparison.

Hugh Mann: …

Red Herring: …

Hugh Mann: …

Red Herring: …

Hugh Mann: DID YOU KILL DOCTOR CADAVER!?!?!?

Red Herring: AAAH you caught me you nave! I just wanted to have enough money so I could perform tax evasion!

Red Herring: I am destitute, so I have no income to stow away! Do you know how embarrassing it is to be a villain who has no money to siphon from the tax base?!

Hugh Mann: You killed a man so that you could have enough money to evade taxes?

Red Herring: Well I-

Hugh Mann: Good enough for me! Take him away boys!