Violet Cadaver: Well hello there big boy, what’s your name?

Hugh Mann: Actually my surname is Mann, because I am a man!

Hugh Mann: Boob Mammary, at your service!

Violet Cadaver: Ha ha ha! You silly little goose! I’m Violet, Violet Cadaver.

Hugh Mann: You must be the Doctor’s teets. I mean niece.

Violet Cadaver: Yes, my poor, poor uncle is now dead! And now I’m all alone and sad since my parents aren’t home…

Hugh Mann: From the moment I laid eyes on her, I knew this dame would be trouble. Her cold lifeless eyes felt like they were drawing me in to her luscious maw.

Hugh Mann: I am not a hitman!

Violet Cadaver: What a shame, I was hoping you’d want to “hit it”…

Hugh Mann: Perhaps some bread can keep you company?

Violet Cadaver: Oh my god I am a total trollop for bread! Perhaps there’s some way I can “thank” you…

Hugh Mann: Do you mind if I ask you some questions?

Violet Cadaver: Hmm, I think I’ll need a bath to jog my memory. If you’d like you can join me, and I’ll answer any question you desire…

Hugh Mann: Very well.

Hugh Mann: No dice foul temptress!

Hugh Mann: What can you tell me about the other residents?

Violet Cadaver: Which one did you have in mind?

Hugh Mann: Sir Red Herring

Violet Cadaver:

Hugh Mann: What were you doing last night?

Violet Cadaver: