

# Intro

## **BARON**

Welcome to *Brawlhalla: Underworld*, a fan-made serial audio drama produced and directed by Baron Dipitous, inspired by the video game *Brawlhalla* by Blue Mammoth Games, as well as original setting and character concepts by Akiko Sama.

Episode 2: Enter the Underworld

## Scene 1: Mirage's Flat

### **MIRAGE**

(to herself)

Heels? Check. Make-up? Check. Dress? Oh yes! Helloooooo gorgeous! You know, I wear a lot of hats as a private eye. Quite literally at times. It can be fun, but nothing brings me greater pleasure than playing the part of a femme fatale for a night out, especially when I've got this lustrous black dress to show off a shiny new persona. I decided to top off my ensemble with a white fur boa wrapped around my shoulders. Sabiqa Price is looking as dark and dangerous as the Underworld itself. I couldn't be more ready.

*Knock at door.*

The knock at the door came just moments after I had thoroughly examined and approved my new look. I'll admit the arrival of Nai's butler did startle me a little. I'll also concede that at least *some* of my evening's confidence would have to be fabricated, but I'm good at that. The phrase, "fake it 'til you make it" comes to mind. Time to meet my two-way ticket to the Underworld.

*Door opens.*

### **MIRAGE**

Right on time, I see.

**LECHENAULT**

Good evening, madam. I am Lechenault. I was instructed to pick up a certain lady at this address. Might I ask your name?

**MIRAGE**

Fatima Sabiq, of course. A friend of Nai's.

**LECHENAULT**

Hmm...I see. I'm begging your pardon, madam. I seem to have approached the wrong door. I'm looking for a woman with another name.

**MIRAGE**

Oh! Right. Of course. I must have been distracted after hearing about an entirely different, but no less alluring, lady. You may call me Sabiqa Price.

**LECHENAULT**

(not amused)

You catch on quickly, Miss Price. It appears I am to be your escort for the evening. Allow me to take you to our chauffeur.

We can continue our conversations in the comfort of our conveyance.

**MIRAGE**

Lead the way, Lechenault.

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

Nai's butler offered me his arm, and we walked to the limousine waiting for us outside. My escort had a bit of grey hair, and his stern, tan complexion showed evidence of decades of secrets locked behind a stiff upper lip. Thankfully, his black suit, bowtie, and top hat didn't at all clash with my outfit. Nai was right: He was a bit older, and certainly more formal in manner than I might have chosen for myself, but a girl could do much worse for an evening such as this.

## **Scene 2: Limousine**

*Sounds of getting in the car.*

**LECHENAULT**

We are ready, Sam. Depart.

**SAM**

Right away, sir.

*Car starts and moves.*

**MIRAGE**

Wow! Look at this fancy ride! You fellas really know how to treat a girl right.

**LECHENAULT**

My lady did mention that you might be pleased with the accommodations.

**MIRAGE**

Indeed! Is this how you people live all the time?

**LECHENAULT**

That brings us to the vital topic at hand, Miss Price. We need to take this time to discuss your role for tonight.

**MIRAGE**

My role?

**LECHENAULT**

It will take more than a different name and fancy deportment to keep your true identity safe. Do you have a story for your chosen alias? You will be in contact with many dangerous people, you know.

**MIRAGE**

Certainly! I am a friend and informant of Nai.

**LECHENAULT**

Mhmmm... I'm afraid you'll need something more substantial, Miss Price. Not to worry, my lady has ordered me to do my very best to ensure you are adequately prepared for an evening in the Underworld. If you'll allow me, I'd like to provide an alternative background for your consideration.

**MIRAGE**

Aren't we concerned that the driver, Sam, might hear?

**LECHENAULT**

You are good to be cautious, but I can assure you Samuel is under my charge and Queen Nai's employ. You may trust him as much as you seem to trust me.

**MIRAGE**

Excellent. Let's hear what you've got, then.

**LECHENAULT**

Miss Price, you are employed as a secretary in the local police force, someone who has access to information regarding law enforcement movements and reports in Valhalla.

**MIRAGE**

I suppose I do see enough of the officers in real life to make that part convincing.

**LECHENAULT**

In addition, you are connected with Queen Nai in that she has hired you to share information you have access to with her, and by extension, with the Zhaktarian Empire.

**MIRAGE**

You don't mean to suggest that I was bribed?

**LECHENAULT**

Among the syndicates, you'll find that information and results are valued far higher than the means employed to provide them.

**MIRAGE**

Okay, fair enough. That does make me wonder how many "double agents" you guys might actually have that none of us are aware of.

**LECHENAULT**

You understand, of course, that we are not at liberty to discuss that matter further, Miss Price. Be reminded that my lady is doing you a tremendous favor by allowing you to make use of her invitation.

**MIRAGE**

And I couldn't be more grateful, for several reasons!

**LECHENAULT**

Upon entering the manor, you will be introduced and announced as my lady's associate from within the police force. I trust this role won't be too much of a concern for you.

**MIRAGE**

Oh! A formal announcement upon arrival? They don't mess around with these things! I *might* have a problem though with people possibly asking me directly for police secrets.

**LECHENAULT**

That is...highly unlikely. Once people understand who you report to, they will know the appropriate channels they must use to get the information they need, *if* they have the proper connections. Which reminds me, you will need this.

**MIRAGE**

What's *this* ugly thing?

**LECHENAULT**

By order of Lord Vraxx, any member of the Zhaktarian Empire is to don one of these pins as a form of solidarity when they attend a public event in the Underworld.

**MIRAGE**

Looks more like a form of branding.

**LECHENAULT**

I suppose...depending on the meaning you intended.

**MIRAGE**

I really don't want to have to wear this. The red and gold draws too much attention and just doesn't work with my skin tone.

**LECHENAULT**

Lord Vraxx has insisted on this policy, so I must enforce it. Otherwise, I can order Sam to turn around.

**MIRAGE**

Ugh, fine. I'll pin it on. It's almost like he's afraid other groups will "steal" his people or something.

**LECHENAULT**

I can see why you'd get that impression.

**MIRAGE**

Sounds like there are some intriguing politics going on here.

**LECHENAULT**

It can certainly seem that way, but the Underworld's basic hierarchy is clear. There hasn't been a noticeable disruption of power in decades. Therefore, everyone is either satisfied with their position in the syndicates, or they simply cannot or would not rock the boat, as it were.

**MIRAGE**

Perhaps you could explain to me who's who, before we arrive?

**LECHENAULT**

I hope you'll forgive me, Miss Price, but I must refrain from sharing specific details like that. Information is power, but power is dangerous. We are both low enough on the syndicate ladders to benefit more from ignorance than from knowledge.

**MIRAGE**

I'm still here for my *actual* job, you know!

**LECHENAULT**

I understand, Miss Price, but I must insist upon my reticence. You'll have plenty of time to observe the dynamics of power for yourself as soon as we arrive at Volkov Manor.

**MIRAGE**

(slightly annoyed)

...Fine.

**LECHENAULT**

I knew you would understand.

**MIRAGE**

Doesn't mean I have to like it.

**LECHENAULT**

No, certainly not.

**SAM**

Shall I start approaching the manor now, sir?

**LECHENAULT**

Only if the lady has no further questions.

**MIRAGE**

Oh, just one more, actually: I don't need to stand with you the whole time, do I? If possible, I'd like to be able to look and chat around on my own.

**LECHENAULT**

If you wish, I would be willing to allow that. I can certainly find ways to keep myself busy. However, I'm sure my lady has already cautioned you about the danger of any amount of attachments or connections here.

**MIRAGE**

Yes, yes, I'm a smart girl. I know better than to become entangled in the dealings of the Underworld. Just let me have my fun!

**LECHENAULT**

As you like, Miss Price. As soon as you wish to go home, you will find me lingering near the doors that lead to the valet. I will point those doors out to you once we enter the main foyer, at which point I will leave you be.

**MIRAGE**

Sounds perfect! Go in, have the time of my life, find what I'm looking for, get out. Nice and easy.

**LECHENAULT**

Pull into the manor at your convenience, Sam.

**SAM**

Right away.

*Car sounds.*

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

This is it, then. Sabiqa's big break into the high society of the low-lifes in the city. Her big--and *only*--break. I have two objectives here: Find out where the Scythe of Horus is located, and be the best ephemeral coquette I can be. I was going to make sure that I went in and out with elegant panache! And that Scythe, or at least a vital clue to its whereabouts, would be heading out the door with me, right under the noses of Valhalla's most wanted.

## **Scene 3: Volkov Manor**

*Car slowing down.*

**SAM**

Alright, here we are.

**SAM** gets out, goes around, and opens the car door for **LECHENAULT** and **MIRAGE**.

**LECHENAULT**

(getting out of the limo)

Thank you, Sam. I will send for you when we are ready to depart.

**SAM**

Roger that.

**MIRAGE**

(getting out of the limo)

Thank you, Sam.

**SAM**

My pleasure. Enjoy yourself.

**MIRAGE**

I plan to.

Car door shuts, and **SAM** drives off.

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

Volkov Manor was quite a sight! Looking at it, you'd think a nobleman from Transylvania had established himself in Long Island, New York. It has all the imposing austerity of the Gothic aesthetic, melded with all the exhilarating vitality of modern times. It took my breath away in both awe and excitement. I think it was excitement more than anything, because despite the fact that I was about to be surrounded by organized criminals, I was getting positively giddy as Lechenault and I approached a set of side doors. I tell people I'm not a silly little girl, but sometimes I wonder, and laugh at myself for it.

It seemed odd at first that everyone, including Lechenault and I, was going inside the manor through some side doors, but the

reason became quickly apparent. We ended up at the top of the grand staircase in the foyer, waiting in a line for people to be announced upon their descent.

**ANNOUNCER**

Boss Sidra of the Corsairs, escorted by her bodyguard, Teros!

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

The foyer was magnificent! The grand staircase descended into the churning sea of black coats, white shirts, and the bright, glittery colors of various dresses. Overlooking the entire scene, even above our vantage point atop the staircase, were a dozen or so ledges near the ceiling where grotesque stone gargoyles leered over the otherwise brilliant environment. It almost felt like they were watching Lechenault and myself. I could hear music coming from what looked like a large ballroom next to the foyer. I certainly knew where I was going once I was free from Lechenault's side!

**ANNOUNCER**

Hattori and Jiro of the Yakuza!

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

This time I paid more attention to the people walking down the stairs. I saw the back of a large minotaur in a tux, followed by a pair of slender figures. The woman's skin looked especially pale, with her bare arm emerging from a deep red dress and wrapped around the arm of her escort's dark suit. The Yakuza, huh? Not sure I've heard of them. I'll have to remember to look them up later.

**ANNOUNCER**

Ragnir of the Fangwilds!

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

Quite the diverse crowd here! The announcer had just proclaimed the arrival of a humanoid dragon named Ragnir Malakkar Rex, whom

I had heard of before. His red, reptilian frame was hard to miss, even from behind. I know he's responsible for a number of livestock thefts in recent months, but who knows what else he's involved in, being part of this crowd?

**ANNOUNCER**

(confused about announcing a hecking cat)

Uh...the cat? Alright. (announcing) The cat Dander, escorted by Azoth of the Zhaktarian Empire!

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

Proof that even the most intimidating criminals have a heart, to a point. Azoth is a recurring skeletal villain in Valhalla and who knows where else. He's known to disappear for long periods of time, and it seems no one knows exactly when he departs or returns. That cat, Dander, seems to really like him, but surely it deserves better than Azoth, right?

**LECHENAULT**

Miss Price, we are about to be announced. You would do well to look a little less dazed while we descend the steps.

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

I followed Lechenault's advice as he handed the announcer a card from his pocket. I guess it had our names and titles on it.

**ANNOUNCER**

Sabiqa Price, constabulary correspondent for the Zhaktarian Empire, escorted by Lechenault, butler to Queen Nai of the Zhaktarian Empire!

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

For being such lowly grunts in this great gang of faces, we seemed to have one of the more lengthy titles. Then again, I

suppose the higher ups don't need so much introduction among their own people.

#### **LECHENAULT**

The door over there in that corner, that's where you will find me when you wish to depart. Once we reach the main floor, you are free to mingle and observe at your leisure.

#### **MIRAGE**

Thank you, really. (to herself) Okay, at last I'm here. Now let's see if you're here, "Lord Vraxx." Ugh...this will be the one time I give that despicable despot the respect he wants.

We were fashionably late, but it seemed the party had only just begun, which meant I had plenty of time to have a little fun while I got used to the place. Besides, I needed to do *something* to calm my nerves. It all felt so surreal to me. Amidst the exciting racket and fancy clothes, my mind couldn't stop dwelling on the fact that I was in a completely different world, one with a surface so polished I could almost see myself fitting in among them...if that glitzy sheen weren't only skin deep. For the first time, I felt very much like a sheep in wolf's clothing, and I didn't know whether to be frightened or thrilled!

I grabbed a drink from a pointy-eared servant as I made my way to the ballroom. I'm a bit of a sucker for a good dance, and the music kept drawing me in. I didn't think it was possible for the impressive foyer to be upstaged by anything else this place had to offer, but I was proven wrong. The ballroom had to be the grandest space in the entire manor! My eyes were first drawn to the profound amount of gold leaf coating the decorations along the moldings and ceiling. These provided extravagant frames for the massive frescos, which depicted numerous cherubs and imps in the middle of some sort of eerie ballet, or was it a wild chasing game? If so, who was chasing who? Along the walls, immense mirrors were placed between a few giant portraits of what I must assume to be ancestors of the manor's owner. There was a regal beauty to every depicted lord and lady, even if

there was something...off...about each one. The occasional horns and sharp teeth were obvious, but in other cases the difference was almost imperceptibly subtle...

There weren't as many people in the ballroom as I expected, and even fewer were actually dancing. I guess the evening was still quite young. The temperature in the room was sure to pick up as the night went on. Besides, the smaller crowd gave me a chance to admire the marble floor for a moment. It was so smooth and polished that I could clearly see the fold of every dress and the glint of every cufflink in the floor's reflection, almost as if the Underworld itself was barely concealing a more sinister dimension beneath it.

Joining the dance certainly sounded delightful, but I didn't yet have a proper dance partner. Besides, it would be best to stand to the side and listen a while before I really put myself out there. I wasn't about to let the drinks get to my head just yet. The small bits I heard in that first little while were further proof that I had entered a fascinating foreign domain.

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#### **CASPIAN**

...I don't care what Gramps says, I'd much rather be out stealing beards than being stuck with this tiresome tripe. Even my great-uncle Vladimir would agree with me. That's him up there. He never did forgive the artist who failed to include his cloven hooves.

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#### **SIDRA**

RainCloud has really outdone themselves this time!

#### **JHALA**

I quite agree! It took some convincing, since I didn't think it was really my style, but I'm very pleased with the results!

**SIDRA**

They certainly know how to compliment your dreads, girl! I'll have to let Val know. Oh! There she is over there, with her shiny new bodyguard! As for you, Xull! I have to say, you clean up pretty good!

**XULL**

(grumbling)  
Oh, shut up.

**SIDRA**

(teasing, probably winking)

Aww, always the sweetheart! If you'll excuse me... (approaching Val) Oh, Val!

=====

**VOLKOV**

I can assure you, my good friend, it is perfectly secured.

**VRAXX**

(skeptical)

You say that as if I have any good reason to trust you.

**VOLKOV**

(aloof, confident)  
And yet...

**VRAXX**

Don't you be snide with me, vampire. This party will go seamless as per my vision, and you best not do anything you'll regret.

**VOLKOV**

Then we are quite fortunate that current circumstances can prevent this exchange from escalating.

**VRAXX**

(raised voice)

Mess this up for me and I will personally----

**VOLKOV**

Please, please, not here.

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**AZOTH**

...that Old Law can be such a chore, I swear.

**DUSK**

Surely there's a provision for good behavior?

**AZOTH**

There is, but...

**MORDEX**

You don't quite follow it, do ya?

**AZOTH**

I'm getting there, Octavius! I'm doing the best I can with Dander here.

**DUSK**

Might need a few more feline friends, if that's the case. Perhaps you could approach Asuri and...

**AZOTH**

I-I'd rather not. My last discussion with her didn't go too well, I'm afraid.

**MORDEX**

Hah! Of course not! You've got no guts, Azoth!

**AZOTH**

...I really wish I could refute that.

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**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

Indeed, frighteningly fascinating. I was so enthralled I must have taken a few habitual sips from an empty glass before I realized I had already finished my drink. With a disappointed sigh, I left my post as an eavesdropping wallflower to find further refreshment. I knew the evening had just begun, but after listening to some of these conversations, I was starting to feel like I wanted out of this den of wolves. The fact that there seemed to be literal wolves here didn't help my nerves. Still, I thought I played it pretty cool while I walked across the room in search of a wandering servant with a tray. To my relief, I found one. I casually set my empty glass down and reached for the last available drink, but a white-gloved hand got to it first.

**ORION**

Oh. We are deeply sorry, madam.

**MIRAGE**

(to herself)

The fast-handed gentleman highlighted his dark suit and white vest with a sky-blue necktie, loosely tied around his collar. That same blue was wrapped around his dark fedora, which was further adorned by a matching blue rose pinned to the brim. His defining feature, however, was the fact that he concealed his face behind a smiling, golden mask. In any other setting, I might find it rather unsettling, but somehow it gave him an air of genuine, jovial charm. (to Orion) Oh no, sir, it's okay. I'll just find another.

**ORION**

A fine lady like thee should suffer no inconvenience. We promised this glass to an associate of ours, but please allow us to make the same promise to thee.

**MIRAGE**

That...that is kind of you, sir.

**ORION**

May we beg thy leave while we reluctantly fulfill a brief obligation, and then take great pleasure in providing thee a refreshment that is more befitting of thy elegance?

**MIRAGE**

(coyly)

I suppose I can allow it this once, *if* I can coax out the name of my golden-masked guardian.

**ORION**

Ah, but how could we spurn such a bewitching, charming damsel? Excuse us, if it please thee, dear lady. But, prior to a fleeting absence, we'll tell thee this: Here, we are called Orion.

## Credits

**BARON**

That concludes the second episode of *Brawlhalla: Underworld*, a fan-made serial audio drama produced and directed by Baron Dipitous, inspired by the video game *Brawlhalla* by Blue Mammoth Games, as well as original setting and character concepts by Akiko Sama, which are being used for this project with Akiko's consent.

This episode starred  
MirageBHH as Agent Mirage,  
SargentSalty as Lechenault the butler,  
Pat Hyena as Sam the limo driver,  
darthMIMI as the Announcer of Names,  
Shwerpy as Caspian,  
An Anonymous Pie as Sidra,  
Saturn as Jhala,  
darthMIMI as Xull,  
Tilty as Volkov,  
InsanityIsHope as Lord Vraxx,  
AKnightsGambit as Azoth,  
Dough as Dusk,  
Kitanic as Mordex, and

Mya as Orion

Special thanks to Captain Moneybags and Pat Hyena for assistance with writing and characterizations, to Daevon971 for providing story assistance and for his role as art lead, and to darthMIMI for assistance with audio clean-up.

The artwork for this episode was a joint effort by  
Cizerna (Volkov design),  
LeBruskii (Scene 2, Scenes 3 & 4 backgrounds),  
Lieutenant Lore (Mordex design),  
Maryyah (Designs for Jhala, Mirage, & Sidra),  
Pat Hyena (Designs for Azoth & Vraxx),  
Oir (Lechenault design),  
Saturn (Scenes 1 & 5),  
Tataia Furquim (Designs for Dusk & Orion),  
& Tolsquish (Designs for Capsian, Sam, Xull; Scenes 3 & 4 characters)

The music playing during this episode's intro was "The Twilight Grove: VBI Discussion," arranged by LeBruskii. The music playing during these credits was composed by Catfoodinator.

Be sure to check out Brawlhalla: Underworld on Amino, Instagram, Reddit, & Twitter at "BrawlUnderworld" or "BrawlhallaUnderworld" for more information and some behind-the-scenes content such as concept art and interviews with the cast and crew.

Cast & crew social media links, as well as additional music credits are listed in this video's description. To conclude, please enjoy this teaser for the next episode.

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**VOLKOV**  
Miss Price??!

**MIRAGE**  
(to herself)

[gasp] ...Had I been found out?? I anxiously looked around for the source of the exclamation. It had come from a man who bore a strong resemblance to the ballroom portraits.

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Thank you very much for listening, and we'll see you next week...

...in the Valhallan Underworld.

Music

The Black Cat

Chromatic2Fugue\_Classical\_Rousing (w/Baron beatboxing)

Under the Gun

Enigma