

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 3: Dancing with the Enigma

Scene 1: Volkov Manor Ballroom

MIRAGE

(to herself)

Orion, huh? Now *there's* a mystery I'd like to get more acquainted with. Everything else about this entire event, as magnificent as it is, has felt rather cold and uninviting to me so far, even a bit intimidating at times. This Orion fellow was my first direct encounter in the thick of the Underworld, and instead of being repulsed, I was...intrigued. So much so that I decided this gentleman *could* be the one to help Sabiq Price break out of her shell, as it were, and help me get over my initial nerves before I start focusing on my *true* purpose for being here. I wanted to focus on acting the part of the beguiling "Miss Price" for a little while longer, anyway. On top of all that, I had the sneaking suspicion that I recognized Orion from somewhere, but I just couldn't quite put my finger on it yet. This was starting to get interesting!

While I waited, I retreated to the background again, even though I was standing a little closer to the crowd this time. I had decided not to move so Orion could find me more easily when he came back with whatever "elegant refreshment" he was about to offer me.

VOLKOV

Miss Price??!

MIRAGE

(to herself)

[gasp] That startled me, especially since I had never talked to anyone else here except Lechenault and Orion. 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. Could this be Volkov? His pointy ears, pale grey skin, and sharpened canines clearly displayed his vampiric nature. He was speaking to a blue-green, one-eyed figure that I clearly recognized: Vraxx! Had they been chatting there this whole time? They weren't looking right at me though, so perhaps they were *not* talking about me? I decided to focus my attention on them for the moment.

VOLKOV

Misprice my own security? Come now, Lord Vraxx. You know that, despite the extravagances you see here, I am much more meticulous with my economic allocations than you have just suggested. Or perhaps it was wishful thinking on your part?

VRAXX

When I asked about exactly *how* the asset was relocated, you *intentionally* skipped some crucial details! Just to name a few: Who did you get to move it? What were their names? Who else saw them on the way? Who was driving the vehicle? Was it rainy outside? Who asked about it? Has it been used since I last saw it? I want answers, Vampire, and I want them now.

VOLKOV

Oh gracious, you are dreadfully tiresome about this whole affair! I've never asked you to place your *outright* trust in me, indeed I never expect that from you. But surely after all these years I have gained your confidence in conducting mutually beneficial business such as this?

VRAXX

I cannot be too careful with this! Who knows what you could have done to sabotage MY plans. If it weren't for the fact that I

originally had *Thatch* on the job, I wouldn't have even approached you!

VOLKOV

It appears that was a crucial error on your part, especially if you never wanted to entrust the asset to my care in the first place.

VRAXX

My hands were tied, don't you see? He was the only man I had on deck for the job when it needed to happen! If I weren't so busy, I would've done it myself.

VOLKOV

(sighs)

Would it put your little hissy fit to an end if I were to provide you the exact current location of the asset?

VRAXX

Grrr...If you must know...yes it would. You'll finally be of actual use for once. My matters are not of those second rate casual jobs your Empire does.

VOLKOV

You assume too much about my nonchalance, my uniocular accomplice. But, since you insist, let us discuss this later tonight at the...

ORION

(to Mirage)

We hope our absence was not terribly bothersome to thee, dear lady.

MIRAGE

(a bit startled, disappointed to be interrupted at such an important moment)

Oh! Um...no, of course not. I'm glad you're back! Of course!

ORION

Be that as it may, please allow this sip and spread to act as
our recompense.

MIRAGE

(to herself)

The glass Orion brought me sparkled like the vast desert sands I remembered from my past life. To accompany this "sip," as he called it, Orion produced a gleaming deviled egg, which I immediately took and ate. The deviled egg's soft, innocent appearance was shattered as soon as an unexpectedly spicy flavor shot straight into the back of my mouth and nose. (To Orion, mouth full of spicy devilled egg) Mmphhh! Ahh! (swallows) Ah! Ugh... (coughs, nose is especially irritated). Mmmm... Oh my...

ORION

Ah, so it is true thou art not familiar with the particular horseradish blend employed by the Volkov household. Not to worry, madam. The drink we have provided should assuage the sinuses.

MIRAGE

(still suffering)

Oh! T-thanks! (takes the drink and starts to gulp it down quickly)

ORION

(urgently, before the drink is all gone)

Slowly would be the best approach. (she drinks it more slowly)
That is it. We would loathe to have to leave thy presence once more just to have to fetch another beverage for thee, though it would certainly be our pleasure.

MIRAGE

(finishing up her drink)

Oh, thank you so much, Orion! That did help a lot! Wow! That was...unexpected...

ORION

Many things are, dear lady. Our sincere apologies. Perhaps it was far too bold of us to produce such an acquired taste for thee.

MIRAGE

Oh, not at all! I can handle far more than you know!

ORION

Is that so? Then perhaps once the lady has recovered from this particularly piquant appetizer she can do us the honor of showing us precisely what she is capable of?

MIRAGE

(intrigued)

What did you have in mind?

ORION

Well, it seems we both prefer to keep to ourselves in such crowded environments, however...

MIRAGE

(coy)

You walked up to me without any prompt. How is that keeping to yourself?

ORION

(without missing a beat)

There are some forces in this universe that even we are unable to resist.

MIRAGE

(blushing, having too much fun)

flattered chuckle Well, how shall I prove the extent of my power, mere mortal?

ORION

If the proposition is not too bold, shall we allow that scene over there to act as our stage?

MIRAGE

(narrating)

Seeing Orion again made me forget all about Volkov and Vraxx. It looks like they are *still* chatting away though, maybe even arguing, judging by Vraxx's expression. That could be the lead I need to find the scythe's location. Should I turn Orion down politely? I told myself I'd have the time of my life here, but I'm also here because of work, and I might not get this opportunity again.

ORION

Thy face appears pensive, dear lady. Is something the matter?

MIRAGE

(snaps out of it)

Oh! It's quite alright. I was just thinking about...um...work.

ORION

...Ah. It can take its toll on us all, especially for newcomers.

MIRAGE

What makes you think I am a newcomer?

ORION

Several things, actually, if thou wilt allow us, madam. Thy earlier habit of keeping to thyself, as we've established, as well as the fact that we've never seen thy presence at any Underworld function before. This is supported by the fact that thy introduction was as an informant for Queen Nai, as well as the Zhaktarian pin thou dost begrudgingly bear. Those in such positions tend to be less acquainted with the rest of us.

MIRAGE

And yet, here I am.

ORION

Indeed, madam. Here thou art.

MIRAGE

(narrating)

After some thought, I figured Volkov and Vraxx would be at this party all night, and the night was still young. Besides, this is Volkov's house. It's not like he would be leaving anytime soon.

I didn't want to part from Orion any more than he did. (to Orion) You are quite right, Orion. This is my first time here, and I'm going to make the most of it. Let me show you what I can do!

ORION

Please do, dear lady. Please do.

Fun House Trap starts playing.

MIRAGE

(narrating)

Like an elegant gentleman, he took my gloved hand and led me to a spot on the dance floor right as the band started playing a particularly funky waltz groove that really got me in the mood to get moving! I took a quick gander at the musicians. They were certainly talented, even if they looked rather strange. The best way I could describe them would be bat ghosts with a bit of wolf mixed in somewhere. Ghost Wolf-bats? Bat ghost-wolves? Eh, what's the difference anyway.

As soon as Orion had picked a spot for us, he took the lead by giving my hand a gentle tug, pulling us into a dance position. It had been quite a while since I last did anything like this, but I'm a good improviser, and Orion was a gracious lead. Our feet stepped lithely to the slow waltz beat, accenting the faster beats with little side steps and twists. Like two sides of the same rubber band, we pushed and pulled each other with inexplicable unity, like it was the most natural thing in the world! I really wish I could have seen Orion's face, but something told me he was just as delighted as his handsome mask suggested.

ORION

No one informed us that we had chosen a brilliant star as a
dance partner.

MIRAGE

It seems the stars are smiling down on you tonight.

ORION

An all too seldom occurrence.

MIRAGE

(jokingly)

Perhaps our meeting was destiny.

ORION

Perhaps the cacophony of the cosmos needed a little more harmony
to keep things in check.

MIRAGE

Perhaps *you* need to keep *yourself* in check! Another word out of
you and I just might take off to the skies in delight!

ORION

Would that we could both escape to a universe all our own.

MIRAGE

Could get a bit boring with just the two of us, don't you think?

ORION

Thou art objecting to such a notion?

MIRAGE

Well...

ORION

We thought not.

MIRAGE

For someone who admitted to being shy, you certainly are a bold
one tonight!

ORION

We never admitted to being shy, madam. We just like to keep to ourselves in this sort of environment...But of course thy presence changes the very nature of the environment, doesn't it?

Music ends.

MIRAGE

(narrating)

What a delightful adventure! A moment later, the band started a more subdued tune, which allowed both of us to catch our breath a bit.

Music: Lunge Act

ORION

Now that we've gotten to know each other somewhat, we confess thou hast us at a bit of a disadvantage.

MIRAGE

Oh?

ORION

Thou hast the advantage of knowing who we are, but we have not yet had the privilege of *thy* introduction.

MIRAGE

Well, if you know of my connection with Nai, then surely you've heard my name.

ORION

True, but it hardly seems proper to make assumptions based on that alone.

MIRAGE

(playfully)

Alright, since you ask I'll say it for you: Here, I am called Sabiq Price.

ORION

Here?

MIRAGE

Just borrowing that phrase of yours. You do have such a peculiar way with words, you know.

ORION

We are all too aware, though thou art the first person we've met with the moxie to point it out so soon.

MIRAGE

Boldness begets boldness, I suppose.

ORION

True enough. But, since this is more the occasion for pleasant banter than it is for monologues and life stories, the answers thou seekest will have to wait for a more suitable time and place.

MIRAGE

Such as...?

ORION

Perhaps a question best left for the universe to answer. After all, was it not thy notion that it brought us together in the first place?

MIRAGE

Do you usually rely so heavily on the supposed "threads of destiny"?

ORION

More than we would care to admit.

MIRAGE

My, Orion, you are an enigma!

ORION

An unfortunate label we are grateful to bear.

MIRAGE

I'll have you know, *Mr. Enigma*, that my work often puts me in the company of criminal investigators, so if there's any dirt to be found on you, I can find out about it.

ORION

Of that we can both be certain.

MIRAGE

(narrating)

I couldn't really think of another witty remark after that. I suppose I was getting rather comfortable in Orion's arms, and decided to just let the music do the talking for us. He seemed to feel the same. I've often been told that moments of comfortable silence is a sign of emotional security in any relationship. I can't remember how long it had been since I felt that way with anyone. There must have been something in the air that night. Or, more likely, something in the drinks.

The night wore on in this state of bliss. I don't think much more was said that hadn't already been said, but it was all fun banter anyway. At times I wondered what other people in the party were thinking of us...of me. Such thoughts never lasted long enough for me to dwell too much on them. I was having a tremendously good time!

After a few more dances, I was starting to get a bit weary, and Orion offered to accompany me for the rest of the evening, at least until I had recovered enough for another dance or two.

ORION

Perhaps, Miss Price, it would be thy desire to be introduced to some of our associates? Or perhaps thou hast more interest in a tour of Volkov Manor? The host is always...happy to show more of his wealth to visitors (not true at all).

MIRAGE

Oh! That's very kind of you. I certainly didn't want to be presumptuous, you know, given my station in all this.

ORION

It is no trouble at all, Miss Price. In fact, there is Volkov now. Good evening, charming host!

VOLKOV

What is it this time, Orion?

ORION

Volkov, allow us to introduce to thee Miss Sabiq Price.

Credits

BARON

That concludes the third episode of *Brawlhalla: Underworld*, a fan-made serial audio drama produced 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
Mirage BHH as Agent Mirage,
Tilty as Volkov,
InsanityisHope as Vraxx, and
Mya as Orion

The script for this season was written by Baron Dipitous, with 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 and editing.

The artwork for this episode was a joint effort by
Cizerna (Volkov design),
Pixel (Scene 1 background)
Maryyah (Mirage design),

Pat Hyena (Vraxx design),
Smokeystitched (Scene 3),
Tataia Furquim (Orion design), and
Tolsquish (Scene 1 characters, Scene 2)

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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MIRAGE

I'm not sure what you're getting at--wait, where are we going?
Are we not going back to the party?

ORION

We are, Miss Price, but we hope the lady wouldn't mind a
little...detour.

MIRAGE

Won't this get us in trouble?

ORION

Thou speakest as if thou, thyself, aren't one to flirt with
danger.

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

...in the Valhallan Underworld.

[music credits: Black Cat, Under the Gun, Enigma, Fun House
Trap, Lunge Act]