

# “Homefront”

Credits:

**Featuring The Voice Talents Of:**

*Introductory Narrator - Bentre Sadow*

*Telaris “Mav” Cantor - Hades*

*Main Narrator - Tasha’Vel Versea*

*Idris Adenn - Takagari “Darkhawk” KogaRyn*

***Technical Credits:***

Original Script Treatment - Etah Obsidyn

Script Revision 1.1 - Bentre Sadow

Audio Mixing/Editing - Etah Obsidyn

Script Feedback - Etah Obsidyn, Hades, Takagari “Darkhawk” KogaRyn, Tasha’Vel Versea

Further Script Revisions - Bentre Sadow

Broadcasting Technical Advisor - Tasha’Vel Versea

Post Production: Bentre Sadow

Featuring *Title Music* from the *Homefront* (2011) Original Soundtrack

By composer Matthew Harwood

**ADAPTED FOR AUDIO PRODUCTION FROM A FICTION BY THE VOICE:  
THE OPENING FICTION OF *GREAT JEDI WAR XIV: HOMEFRONT***

**Mav:**

"PEACE IS A LIE. THERE IS ONLY PASSION."

**Introductory Narrator:**

"Had he ever known peace? He really wasn't sure. The pain, THAT was relentless. He had memories of a time before, but they were a fog in his mind that faded to nothingness.

"There was just pain.

"Pain sharpened by his hatred, a hatred for those who had placed him in these chains. Hours became days. Days became weeks. Yet, the pain remained. The only respite to be found was in the embrace of the void, in moments of unconsciousness where neither body nor mind could process what was happening."

**Mav:**

"THROUGH PASSION, I GAIN STRENGTH."

**Introductory Narrator:**

"His hatred was his passion, his strength, and his will to live. He had begged and pleaded for the respite of death, but he had been denied repeatedly. He was given to suffering. He had even been denied the refuge of dreams. The pain seemed to lace itself into every part of his body and his soul. There was no void or emptiness in the black.

"The man found ways to hurt him here as well.

"The image of his tormentor had been burned into his mind. The auburn hair, the amber eyes, yet his name was lost in the torment and the rage."

**Mav:**

"THROUGH STRENGTH, I GAIN POWER."

**Introductory Narrator:**

"The man possessed strength. He possessed a power over him.

"Oligard. That was the name of his tormentor. There were many faces who delivered pain, but all acted with the authority of his enemy. Only when Rath Oligard stood before him would the pain recede. The questions were meaningless now. Whatever answers could be provided would only been in the form of hoarse whispers and pitched squeals."

**Mav:**

"THROUGH POWER, I GAIN VICTORY."

**Introductory Narrator:**

"He would find victory in ruin - their ruin. He wanted his enemies to experience pain as he had, to feel it as though it were their own. Oligard sought the plans, the resources and the secrets of the Brotherhood. This brought forward a familiar twinge. Brotherhood. Where were his brothers now while he remained in chains? The pain returned then, searing through his veins. He tried and failed to spit out the taste of bile that was once again gnawing at the back of his mouth."

**Mav:**

"Through Victory my chains are Broken."

**Introductory Narrator:**

"He found himself being rescued. Hands removed his restraints for the first time in months. Yet, the hate was all that was left of him. His name had been burned away. His ambitions were gone. His power had been stripped away as he was dragged from captivity. The days of torture had undone the man he had once been. It did not strip away the hate though. It was all he had. It was all that he was. It was all that he could become."

**Mav:**

**The Force shall free me.**

**Main Narrator :**

3 weeks earlier; Arx System; The Dark  
Ascent; Above Eos City"

**<THE SOUND OF A SEAT BEING LEANED BACK>**

***Main Narrator:***

“The Grand Master leaned back upon the Iron Throne, and lowered his hand. Sprawled before him, the form of Ewant Taelyan was relaxed and still. The Deputy Grand Master lay upon the cold stone floor. His memories had been vivid, as vivid as though he had experienced them for the first time.”

“Only one had shown any significant reaction to the screaming and convulsions of Ewant. Members of the Royal Guard had been posted along the perimeter, but had done nothing to intervene moments ago when Taelyan had cried out. Another ten of their number stood at the ready, in case the Elder should lash out.”

***Mav:***

“Your time in captivity and your pain have given you great strength.”

***Main Narrator:***

“Taelyan did not respond. He did not even lift his head to look at the Grand Master.”

**<Heavy, pained breathing is heard>**

***Idris Adenn:***

“My lord, his strength has left him unable to pull a lightsaber to hand. I have seen it myself.”

***Main Narrator:***

“Ewant’s eyes followed the lightsaber as it rolled across the floor before him. The Grand Master’s lip twitched in irritation.”

***Mav:***

“The Force is more complicated than you can possibly comprehend, Adenn.”

**Idris Adenn:**

“But the body isn’t. He needs to rest. He needs food and drink. He needs a warm embrace and the comfort of dreamless sleep. Most of all he needs to be released from these... chains. He will not recover like this,”

**Narrator:**

“The Grand Master gave a slight smile.”

**Mav:**

“Yes, *this is true.*”

**<sound of chains hitting the ground>**

**<sound of someone helping another up. Shuffling and grunts of exertion.>**

**Mav:**

“Ensure his needs are seen to. He is to be free to return to his duties as HE sees fit. His hate will fuel his actions from now on.”

**Narrator:**

“Idris offered an armored hand to help Evant to his feet. In that moment, the Deputy Grand Master locked eyes with his mentor. The hatred in Evant’s eyes only caused Telaris to smile wider.”

**Mav:**

“All according to plan.”

**Narrator:**

“Alone at last, Telaris returned to his meditative state. Deep meditation comprised a large portion of his time these days, always in the silent solitude between messages that merited his consideration.

“The time would soon be at hand. For years, he had been pushing his mind out into the cosmos and for years it had been showing him this. Time itself was his to see through, to know, to shape. The seeds he had been tending for so long would bear fruit. Just as he had planned.

“His eyes opened.

The Grand Master pulled a small holocron from his robes. The object rotated in the air, spinning above his hand. Through the Force, he stopped its momentum before grasping it tightly. At a simple gesture, a guard approached.”

**<sound of rustling cloth>**

***Mav:***

“Take this to the Seneschal. He will know what to do with it.”

***Narrator:***

“The guard bowed and carefully took the holocron before rushing from the room.”

***<sound of booted feet walking away>***

***Mav:***

“It is time for the new Sith Empire to flourish. MY Sith Empire.”