Interior Locker Room: Team in purple and black jerseys sit, preparing for the coming game. Players are tying their boots and taping their wrists. One player strikes another with jabs, testing the strength of his pads. The room is mostly silent. Two heavy metal doors open, Team Captain Thran Occasus-Palpatine enters with the coaching staff and the other captains. He clutches a roll of papers in his hand. The staff takes up a position in front of a holo-screen that shows various Huttball plays.

Thran: Alright, huddle up team. Take a knee.

The players reluctantly begin to gather and take a knee. Thran paces in front of a the holoscreen

Thran: We are minutes away from marching out onto that field. For many of you this is the biggest moment of your careers...Ladies and gentlemen, we’re not just going out to play a game.

 Those animals in the other locker room are ready to kill every last one of us. I’ve seen their stats; you’ve seen their stats. Let’s not lie to each other. They are better than us. They are bigger. They are stronger. They are faster.

 The Frog-Dogs aren’t taking that field to just have fun. They know losing isn’t fun. They will do everything in their power to prevent that from happening. But they want way more than a W. They are gunning for each and every one of us. They want to take more from us than just a trophy. They want to take our pride. They want us to leave with our heads hanging low.

 Some players roll their eyes, others hang their heads. One drapes a towel over their head.

Thran: Out there on that field...Those you may call friends from your home clans will see you as the enemy. They will not pull punches. They will not play by the rules. They will hit hard. They will offer us no quarter.

 Good. We don’t need it. You see, the Frog-Dogs already know they’re a better team than us. The data shows that. But there is something they don’t know. All this data, all these analytics don’t account for...

 Thran beats on his chest.

Thran: Heart. For the Humans among us, though it is the same for many species, the heart is the strongest muscle in the body. It is tireless. Relentless. It’s for that reason that we use the heart as a metaphor for conviction, for tenacity, for courage, for passion, for strength.

 The Sith among the players begin to perk up. Some lean forward as he begins to talk. Some nod with him as he speaks.

Thran: It is not our speed, our physical prowess, or our cunning that will bring us through this battle. It is out heart. The passion we take with onto that field is our strength. That strength will give us the power to crush the Frog-Dogs. Our heart...our heart will bring us victory. Inner Peace will not serve you here. We aren’t showing down with the Jedi of Odan Urr. We’re face to face with some of the most heinous that the Brotherhood has to offer. When we hit that field, we’re going to show the Frog-Dogs what having heart means. We are going to meet their strength with strength of our own! It will not be easy. We are in for a real fight. We will bleed. But we will make them bleed more! When their bodies have slowed and weakened from the Hell we have put them through and when their minds are dull from being battered by an unstoppable force, our hearts still be beating strong. Steadfast. Unyeilding.

Kanal: Yeah!

Rayne: We’ll show them what it means to be a Rotworm!

Qormus: ROTWORMS!

 The players start to move. They elbow each other. Some jump up and down. The silence of the locker room has left.

Thran: This game...this isn’t about who’s bigger or who’s stronger. It is about who has more heart. I know what we have. You know what we have. When that final horn sounds, regardless of what the scoreboard says, if have played with all the heart we have. We will be the real victors. We will leave here with our heads high, knowing that we went out onto that field and gave it everything we had. We will know that we fought the odds. We will know our power. We will know that we stood face to face with those monsters and we didn’t break. We will know who are.

Raleien: WHO ARE WE?

Players: ROTWORMS!

Thran: I can’t hear you.

Players: ROTWORMS!

Thran: Good. You know who you are. The time has come for us to go out there and remind the Frog-Dogs! It’s time to go out there and show them who we are! It’s time to go out there and show the Galaxy who we are! It’s time for us to go out there and show all of them just how much heart we have. We are Rotworms!

Players: WE ARE ROTWORMS!

 The Players are on their feet. The energy in the room is evident. Players put on their helmets and headbutt one another. They gather in a circle around Thran. They all put their hands in the middle. Thran places his hand on top of the pile.

Thran: WHO ARE WE?

Players: ROTWORMS!

Thran: WHAT DO WE HAVE?

Players: HEART!

Thran: WHO ARE WE?!

Players: ROTWORMS!

Thran: WHAT DO WE HAVE?!

Players: HEART!

 The players are in a frenzy. They rock and sway.

Thran: ON THREE, WE GO TO WAR! ON THREE, WE TELL THEM WHO WE ARE! ON THREE, WE GO OUT THERE AND SHOW THEM WHO WE ARE! ON THREE, WHO ARE WE? ONE...TWO...THREE

Players: ROTWORMS! (Roaring)

 The players all raise their hands and cheer. Thran goes through the door first. They rush to the door behind him, ready to take the field. Through the locker-room doors is a darkened corridor. The roar of the crowd can be heard, slightly muffled. It grows with each step towards the bright lights of the field. At the end of the hall two guards hold them from entering the field. Close up of Thran, his green eyes show determination. The team lines up behind him, waiting to be unleashed. They are held for 10 seconds. Slow-motion shot of Thran, taking a deep breath, closing his eyes, and exhaling.

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 The Guards nod that they are clear to enter the stadium. Thran turns to the team, they are stirring with fury. As each player passes Thran to take the field, he hits them on the chest. After each tap, the players rush the field like bolts from a blaster.

Thran: HEART! HEART! HEART! HEART! (repeat for each player)

 As the last player takes the field in front of him, a guard passes over a large white wampa fur jacket. Thran slips it over his shoulders. The other guard hands him a pair of flashy sunglasses. He puts them on, tipping them up onto his nose. He rushes out behind them. As he passes through the threshold of the field, bright lights wash out to white.

Warlord Thran Occasus-Palpatine (Sith) / [House Caliburnus](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/caliburnus-878d2ed5-e2e7-42cc-9a9f-089ab075a004) of [Clan Scholae Palatinae](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/scholae-palatinae) [SA: VII] [GMRG: VI] [SYN: III] [INQ: IX]

SBx2 / GCx3 / SCx5 / ACx4 / DCx7 / GNx6 / SNx5 / BNx5 / Cr:3D-5R-8A-14S-21E-9T-9Q / PoBx2 / CFx300 / CIx143 / CEx125 / CGx20 / SI / LSx10 / SoLx4 / S:5Al-3D-1Do-4Dk-7Rm-8P-17U-5B-18Dec-17Aff-3Cr-14En

{SA: MVF - MVH - MVHL - MVL - MVLD - MVLO - MVPH - DPCM - DPCP - DPE - SVHL}

[Legacy of Palpatine](https://wiki.darkjedibrotherhood.com/view/Legacy_of_Palpatine)