

KHARTHAK, VOGHOS

(KHARTHAK runs in and stumbles forward through the line, winded. Unlike the others, KHARTHAK is dressed in the attire of a young human office worker: shirt, tie, and thick-rimmed glasses. HE has a satchel hastily slung over one shoulder. As HE comes forward, the other CADETS stifle their laughter.)

VOGHOS: Kharthak... this is the third time you've been late. You are a disgrace to your entire species. What was it this time?

KHARTHAK: I'm sorry. I was just-

VOGHOS: No wait, don't tell me. Let me guess... you were... taking a shower... or brushing your teeth... or some other *filthy* human activity. *(HE sneers.)* Disgusting. You and your hygiene... it makes me sick. *(HE shakes his head, disappointed.)* Now where was I? Ah! Yes. Mission assignments. *(HE grins wickedly. The CADETS all groan.)* Quiet, swine! *(THEY are silent in a snap.)* Maltof, you shall restock the tribble traps with fresh cheese. *(MALTOF beams and high-fives his neighbor.)* Durthog, you shall enforce the noise ordinance at the Temple of Eternal Silence.

DURTHOG: *(loudly, happily)* Oh boy!

(VOGHOS looks at DURTHOG sternly and opens his mouth as if to say something before shaking his head dismissively and moving on. DURTHOG continues beaming excitedly.)

VOGHOS: Tagroth, you shall travel to the tropical resort planet Klingon Sandals and report on their all-inclusive spa and buffet. *(TAGROTH and DURTHOG clasp hands and jump up and down excitedly.)* And... Kharthak. *(increasingly sinister)* You shall journey through the Desert of a Thousand Knives to the Cave of Despair in the heart of the sulfur lagoons of Gorath and bring back the head of that monstrous saber bear, the mIl'oD, that is rumored to live within... *(suddenly as cheerful as it is possible for a Klingon to be)* So - you have your assignment. I'd advise you all to get started right away.

(The CADETS busy themselves at their desks, packing, pulling books, etc. KHARTHAK, after a short stunned pause, rushes forward to intercept VOGHOS.)

KHARTHAK: *(nervously)* Uh, excuse me. Hi, Mr. Voghos... sir. Hi. Uh... *(VOGHOS stops and sighs, shaking his head. HE begins to walk to other way, quickly followed by KHARTHAK, who tails after.)* ...I was wondering if maybe... if maybe I could... switch assignments.

(VOGHOS stops suddenly and turns around sharply.)

VOGHOS: What did you say?

KHARTHAK: *(gulps)* I was... *(HE breathes to muster confidence and rushes through his request.)* wondering if it would be possible to fulfill my mission requirement through a more diplomatic channel.

(VOGHOS scoffs, but seems entertained by the precocious request. HE looks at KHARTHAK as one would a dog that has just performed a mildly amusing stunt.)

VOGHOS: *(mockingly cordial)* Oh... my... well, let's see what we have. *(HE flips through the paper on his clipboard quickly, without even turning his head or breaking eye contact with KHARTHAK, then answers gruffly.)* No. *(HE begins to exit again. KHARTHAK runs around and intercepts HIM yet again.)*

KHARTHAK: Or... what about a cultural study? I'd be more than happy examine the civilization of say... the United Federation of Planets. *(The CADETS gasp. VOGHOS recoils in shock. HE recovers and steps closer, grabbing KHARTHAK by the tie and towering over HIM.)*

VOGHOS: Now, you listen here, you khaki-wearing runt!

CADETS (minus KHARTHAK): *(in a quick, taunting chant)* Khaki-wearer! Khaki-wearer!

VOGHOS: *(holds up a hand for quiet)* Silence! *(to KHARTHAK)* Your sick infatuation with the Federation has gone far enough. If you do not wish to achieve honor for yourself, you should at least want to bring honor to your family! You think this "Federation" is so much better than us because of their "art", and "science", and "respect for life"... well, you listen here, you worthless pig, because I'm only going to say this once:

KLINGONS ARE MISUNDERSTOOD (p. 152)

VOGHOS: ~~WE CAN CONQUER, CLAIM OUR GLORY,
TAKING PLANETS LIKE THEY'RE FREE.
WE CAN RULE OVER THE GALAXY AS KINGS.
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL OF THE STORY,
FOR THERE'S SOME WHO DISAGREE.
AND IT'S HIGH TIME THAT YOU REALIZED ONE THING:
KLINGONS ARE MISUNDERSTOOD.~~

~~THE HUMANS THINK WE'RE PRIMITIVE,
MERE MINDLESS TROGLODYTES.
BUT IF THEY GOT TO KNOW US,
THEN THEY'D SEE THAT WE'RE ALRIGHT.
FOR ANYTHING THE FEDERATION
THINKS THAT IT CAN DO,
THE KLINGON EMPIRE SURE CAN DO IT TOO.
YES, WE MIGHT SEEM A LITTLE MEAN
TO BLAST OUR FOES TO SMITHEREENS,
BUT WE'RE NO BUNCH OF PHILISTINES.
WE'RE HIGHLY CULTURED!
THEY THINK WE'RE UNSOPHISTICATED.
WE KNOW WE'RE JUST UNDERRATED.
KLINGONS ARE MISUNDERSTOOD.~~