

MALTOF

CADETS (minus KHARTHAK and MALTOF): *(laughing)* Ooh... *(It takes MALTOF a second to get the joke and comprehend that THEY are laughing at HIM. But when HE does, HE is not happy.)*

MALTOF: *(to other CADETS)* Shut it! *(The other CADETS' laughter dies away slowly. HE tries to find a clever comeback.)* Yeah, well... Teeth-brusher!

CADETS (minus KHARTHAK and MALTOF): *(quickly chanting)* Teeth-brusher. Teeth-brusher.

MALTOF: *(chuckling)* Federation scum...

*(MALTOF proudly struts away, congratulating himself. KHARTHAK shrugs.)*

KHARTHAK: *(almost to himself)* Just because you don't understand something, doesn't mean you have to fear it.

*(MALTOF hears and stops short.)*

MALTOF: *(defensively)* I don't fear *anything*, sandwich-eater.

CADETS (minus KHARTHAK and MALTOF): *(quickly chanting)* Sandwich-eater. Sandwich-eater.

MALTOF: *(HE holds up a hand and silences the other CADETS.)* It's weak-boned Klingons like you who would see the Empire fall to ruin. We've all heard the rumors of these so-called "antimatter storms" wreaking havoc near the edge of Klingon Space.

*(The other CADETS all nod and grunt in agreement.)*

MALTOF: It's pretty clear that it's *your* precious Federation behind it! But has the High Council done anything about it?

*(The other CADETS think for a second.)*

MALTOF: No!

*(The other CADETS all shake their heads and grunt.)*

MALTOF: They're all too afraid of the Federation! Well, trust me, *(HE stands up on a table triumphantly.)* when I'm in charge, that will all change!

KHARTHAK: *(sighs, disinterested)* Get down from there, Maltof. You'll hurt somebody.

*(MALTOF jumps down from the table athletically and sneers mockingly at KHARTHAK, who doesn't even look up from his logbook.)*