

CHANCELLOR: *(in the voice of Frank Nelson throughout) Yeeees?*

MALTOF: Chancellor, I found these Federation agents lurking in the Diplomatic Corps.

CHANCELLOR: Good heavens! Do you have anything to say for yourselves?

KIRK: Well... yeah. Chancellor, we are here to help you.

VOGHOS: As if.

(GUARDS begin to shout angrily.)

CHANCELLOR: Silence...

SPOCK: Chancellor, we have detected an antimatter asteroid on a collision course with Kronos. Planetary obliteration is imminent. With your assistance, we may be able to-

CHANCELLOR: Oh, please. Is that the best you can come up with?

SPOCK: I beg your pardon?

CHANCELLOR: I mean... where's the drama? The intrigue? The romance?

UHURA: *(exasperated, baffled)* There is an *asteroid* hurtling through space towards your planet.

CHANCELLOR: Well, you're certainly entitled to your own opinion.

MCCOY: Alright, listen bub-

KIRK: Chancellor-

CHANCELLOR: I'll have no more of these Federation fabrications. Do you honestly think I would believe these outrageous claims?

KIRK: But-

CHANCELLOR: Even if it *were* true, the Klingon Empire would have no need for assistance from your pathetic Federation. Besides, you can't honestly think that I would give a second thought to any *alleged* threat to our very existence, when there are far more important things like imperial tax codes and military expense approvals to deal with. Please, I'm a politician! *(to GUARDS)* Lock them up!

KHARTHAK: No!

(The GUARDS point their weapons at the AWAY TEAM, surrounding THEM.)

CHANCELLOR: They can't have come here alone. Dispatch a warship at once to destroy their vessel. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some very important corporate bribes to accept.

KLINGON
CHANCELLOR