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!


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 athleticism and sneers mockingly at KHARTHAK, who doesn't even look up from his logbook.)