

Comedy

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A KLINGON IN LOVE

By Tara Meddaugh

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ARLEN, a man in his 20s-60s, is dressed up as a Klingon, head to toe, at a Star Trek Convention. He speaks to Trish, a woman who is wearing a Star Fleet officer uniform.

ARLEN

I know it seems crazy that a Klingon would fall for a star fleet commander, but...crazier things have happened on the Enterprise, right? We're not talking DS9 or Voyager here. We're talking Gene Roddenberry, old school, Jim and Picard. You remember Kirk and the green alien? Data searching for human emotions? You know what I'm saying. You get it. Who cares if our blood's different colors? Who cares what the rest of them think. We're in love. I wanna...I wanna tell Mr. Sulu selling \$50 pictures over there—tell him about how you switched your phaser from Kill to Stun when you saw me. I wanna interrupt Dr. Crusher's speech to tell the world how your hair smelled like apples when you leaned down to fix my mask. I wanna kiss you in a pile of tribbles for the whole convention to see! We're different—I know, I know. You're a communications officer with blonde hair and legs to your neck. I'm a 24rd century ogre with a bad temper and breath to match. But we're a plot line, baby. Don't you see? Klingons used to be enemies with you but now we're on Star Fleet—doesn't that give you hope? For all races? For you and me? Come on, baby...Meet me after the Charity Auction for a drink at Ten Forward. Will you do it? For love?