

BEYOND

KNIGHT'S HAVEN

"Scientific Curiosity"

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FADE IN:

INT. ALIEN APARTMENTS - CORRIDOR

A CHALNOTH and a Deltan step out of a room into a corridor. The Deltan is beautiful, intelligent and businesslike. This is ILYRA. The Chalnoth leans over her as she busily writes down information on a PADD.

CHALNOTH
Perhaps we could do this
again...later?

ILYRA
I'm fine, thank you.

The Chalnoth snarls. That was not the answer he wanted.

CHALNOTH
What's that supposed to mean?

ILYRA
(politely)
If you don't mind, I really must
get all of this down.

The Chalnoth grabs her and slams her into the wall. His eyes are locked on her PADD.

CHALNOTH
What are you doing?

ILYRA
(smiles innocently)
Writing down the conclusions of
my research.

He blinks, then realizes.

CHALNOTH
You mean...that was research?

ILYRA
(nods)
I'm a xenobiologist. I specialize
in the biology of alien races.
The Deltan Science Ministry has
a complete... biological
profile...on literally thousands
of different species.
(huskily)
But we still have *much* work to do.

Ilyra shakes his hand vigorously.

ILYRA
 Thank you for your co-operation.
 You were a most interesting
 specimen.

A TAMARIAN walks by. Ilyra slips out of the Chalnoth's grasp to walk over to him. The Chalnoth snorts, irritated, and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN APARTMENTS - CORRIDOR

Similar corridor. The Tamarian and Ilyra are deep in conversation.

TAMARIAN
 Kadir beneath Mo Moteh!

ILYRA
 I have no idea what you're saying!

TAMARIAN
 Kiteo, his eyes closed!

Ilyra frowns, out of ideas. Then she lights up and kisses him.

TAMARIAN
 (leers)
 Darmok and Reena at Lazabe.

ILYRA
 (smiles)
 That's better!

Ilyra takes his arm.

ILYRA
 (beaming)
 I love facilitating inter-species
 communications.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN APARTMENTS - PERSONAL ROOM

A JEM'HADAR strides in, with Ilyra behind.

JEM'HADAR
 Stop irritating me. I am not
 interested in your affections.

ILYRA
 (teasingly)
 But it'll be fun.

JEM'HADAR

Jem'Hadar have no need for fun.

ILYRA

Okay. Think of it as...a battle.

JEM'HADAR

I do. It is a struggle of our
twill wills, and mine shall
emerge victorious.

ILYRA

(wryly)

Oh. You want to conquer me. And
then what?

JEM'HADAR

(irritated)

This is futile. The Founders in
their infinite wisdom decided the
Jem'Hadar have no need for
reproductive organs.

An awkward moment.

ILYRA

Oh.

Ilyra backs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN APARTMENTS - CORRIDOR

Ilyra, walking down a corridor with an ANTICAN.

ILYRA

Anticans eat their mates? That
is so interesting.

(beat, realizes)

Excuse me...

She walks off. The Antican grins after her.

ANTICAN

She'll be back. Women can't
resist being eaten.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN APARTMENTS - PERSONAL ROOM

Ilyra and a SHELIAC enter a room. The Sheliak turns around,
a strange black form. Ilyra looks up him and down for
identifiable features, but cannot find any.

ILYRA
 (shrugs)
 Well, I've always liked a challenge.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN APARTMENTS - CORRIDOR

Ilyra is walking down the corridor. A FERENGI chases after her.

FERENGI
 Excuse me! Excuse me, Deltan lady!

Ilyra turns around.

FERENGI
 I understand you are offering
services to many of the occupants
 here?

ILYRA
 (smiles)
 I'm glad to know people talk
 about me!

FERENGI
 (leers)
 Perhaps you could offer me
 your...talents?

ILYRA
 (shrugs)
 Oh, I studied Ferengi years ago.
 They were all boring.

FERENGI
 (exasperated)
 Boring! But - what about oo-mox?
 Surely you have a, uh, scientific
 concern in exploring this, um,
 phenomenon...

ILYRA
 (yawns)
 My freshman year at the Science
 Ministry all over again? No
 thanks. You know what's fun?
 Pandronians.
 (smirks)
 Detachable limbs have their charms.

Ilyra walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAGRA II

As seen in *Star Trek: The Next Generation* - '*Skin of Evil*'.
Nothing about this place has changed since we last saw it.

Ilyra leans over the lake of black muck with the weird
semi-humanoid shape of ARMUS.

ILYRA
So you're an incarnation of pure
evil? That is so interesting.

ARMUS
I could kill you in an instant!

ILYRA
But then I couldn't amuse you,
could I?

ARMUS
You cannot amuse me.

Ilyra's eyebrow arches.

ILYRA
Says you.

Ilyra is sucked into the lake.

ARMUS
Commence amusement!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VAGRA II - SOME TIME LATER

Ilyra is thrown out, coated in black muck. Groggily, she
reaches for her PADD and starts writing.

ARMUS
That amused me. Did it amuse you?

CUT TO:

INT. DELTAN SCIENCE MINISTRY - ASSESSOR'S OFFICE

A large, spacious, Art Deco building. Numerous paintings
of space, galaxies, and Deltan scenery adorn the wall.
Most prominent is one of Delta IV's Blue Moon. All are
exquisitely done. A middle-aged Deltan woman, the ASSESSOR,
sits behind a desk. She is reading a PADD. Ilyra stands
before her.

ASSESSOR

Very impressive, Ilyra. The
Science Ministry will be pleased
with these findings.

(beat)

Is there anything we can do for you?

ILYRA

Mm. Well, there's a special
assignment that I'd quite like to-

ASSESSOR

(frowns)

How 'special?'

ILYRA

(excited)

So special it will push the
boundaries of our discipline!

ASSESSOR

(sighs)

Alright. What is it?

Ilyra smiles. Off her expression:

FADE TO BLACK.

STAR TREK
KNIGHT'S HAVEN

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