

INT. SHIP'S BRIDGE

Lieutenant Commander Cassandra, Cassie, Hayle (30) is sat in the captain's chair, gripping the sides as her ship is thrown around.

We join during a battle for which our hero's ship is obviously outmatched.

Explosions rock the bridge.

CASSIE

Reroute power from main engines, boost power to the shields.

EXT. SPACE

The other ship is firing phasers at the Federation ship and dodging almost every return blast.

INT. SHIP'S BRIDGE

The bridge is rocked by blasts from the mystery assailant

ENGINEERING CREW MEMBER

I'm trying, Captain, but I can't get the matrix to respond - it's jammed.

CASSIE

Get it done, Lieutenant.

ENGINEERING CREW MEMBER

Aye, Captain. If I can just reroute the...

Around them control panels explode and crew are thrown back, visibly wounded

CASSIE

Damnit.

She rushes over and pushes the engineering crew member out of the way, vigorously jabbing at the control surface.

It stubbornly refuses to cooperate. A red message, "JAMMED", flashes on the screen.

CASSIE

What's wrong with this thing?!

EXT. SPACE

The mystery assailant fires a volley of phasers at our hero's ship, the shields flicker and then falter.

From the enemy ship an energy build up sound can be heard and then two bright flashes of light as photon torpedoes are fired.

They streak over to Cassie's ship and, with no shields, it's a sure kill. They rip through the hull and the ship starts to explode.

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We watch as Cassie, still standing at the engineering console, is surround in explosions and then a brilliant white light... Which fades to reveal Cassie still standing in the same position, the recognisable lines of a holodeck in the background.

JESSICA HAYLE (O.S)

That's the third time you've failed the scenario, Cassie.

Cassie turns and we see a woman dressed in a Starfleet uniform, Jessica Hayle (50) - although, curiously, it is an older style uniform with no rank identifiers.

JESSICA

(cont)

Each time at exactly the same moment.

CASSIE

(angry)

I don't understand what this is meant to teach me. If I can't reroute the power then we lose the shields and then the ship.

Jessica smiles, seeing something Cassie obviously doesn't.

JESSICA

What was your training at the Academy, Cas.

CASSIE

You know that. Transwarp theory. What's that got to do with anything?

JESSICA

You just said "If I can't reroute the power". Do you have any training on power distribution systems?

CASSIE

Not exactly...

Suddenly the penny drops. Cassie nods.

CASSIE

(cont)

I think I understand. Each time I rush to help the engineer. But he's trained in power distribution systems, I'm not.

I should stay in command and trust that my crew can do their jobs.

Jessica smiles widely and puts her hand on Cassie's shoulder

JESSICA

A good captain knows that they can't do everything... be everywhere. There are some things you have to just trust that your crew can do.

CASSIE

Thanks, mom.

They briefly hug.

ADMIRAL JACK POPE (O.S)

Admiral Pope to Lieutenant Commander Hayle

Cassie taps her communicator

CASSIE

Go ahead, Admiral.

JACK

Report to my office, Cassie.

CASSIE

Acknowledged.

Cassie turns to her mother.

CASSIE

See you later, mom.

JESSICA

I hope it won't be too long, I get so bored.

They both quickly embrace again and Cassie walks away, towards and past the camera.

We stay looking at Jessica as we hear the sound of doors opening and closing.

CASSIE (O.S)

Computer, end program.

The lights dim on the holodeck as the program shuts down. Jessica waves slightly before she, too, flickers like the hologram she is, and fades away.

EXT. STARFLEET ACADEMY - DAY

Short establishing shot of a very busy, bright and prosperous Starfleet Academy.

INT. ADMIRAL POPE'S OFFICE