

Selina Mandrake - *The* Slayer

About this screenplay

[Tagline: “Caught between post-Modernism and the New Age”]

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[**Note:** This is a tribute/parody of [Buffy, the Vampire Slayer](#) and of other sources of inspiration such as the Star Trek franchise (primarily [Deep Space Nine](#)) as well as other sources.]

[**Note:** style note, when the vampires and demons in the story talk in a dramatic and phony tone it is placed in “ALL CAPS” (inspired by the talk of [Death in the Discworld series](#)). When they talk non-dramatically and honestly, it is placed in proper capitalisation.]

Abstract

[Selina Mandrake ([Emma Watson](#)) was a geeky Anglo-American girl in her high school senior year in 2011 California, who thought that the show *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* was fictional. However, one day she was approached by a mysterious goth man calling himself "The Guide" ([Wil Wheaton](#) ; [wilwheaton.net](#)) who told her that she was none other than Buffy Mageia, **The Slayer**, a legendary heroine who was destined to slay many notable vampires and demons, culminating in none other than The Master, the vampire with the oldest soul. See how she managed to do so, despite being completely non-violent, and even supportive of the demons she encountered.

This is a parody of the television series [Buffy the Vampire Slayer](#), while referencing other pieces of popular culture, and has many ties to my previous screenplay, [Star Trek: “We, the Living Dead”](#). It’s far-fetched, but, on the other hand, conveys some serious messages and insights.]

Selina in History Class

[Selina Mandrake (played by Emma Watson) is sitting in a classroom taking notes, the other students are paying attention, and taking notes as well. Selina is an attractive (but not overly so) girl in her high school senior year, who has immigrated to California from England.]

Selina’s Internal Dialogue: [In her native English accent] Wow! Why did I have to major in history. All we learn about is minutae of obscure political documents

from modern times. Like that's going to help me become better prepared for being a [Near](#) East Archaeologist . Maybe I should have majored in maths... or physics... or something.

Selina's Internal Dialogue: Not to mention that I am way out of vicinity from the Near East. If only I could study somewhere in the Middle East. Turkey... Egypt... Israel... mmm...

In the hallway

[The bell rings and many school kids are walking out of the classroom, including Selina. She has an empty hour. As she walks in the hallway, she is sometimes greeted by “Hi, Selina!”, “What’s new?”, etc. and answers briefly. She finds Jessica and Jonathan standing next to Jessica’s locker and approaches them.]

Selina: Oh, there you are. Hi Jess, hi Jon.

Jessica: Selina! I see you’ve survived History class.

Selina: Yeah, I’ll take it one lesson at a time, I guess.

[Jonathan hugs Selina from the side and eventually leaves.]

Selina: So how are you two love-birds doing?

Jessica: Oh, this and that, discussing computers endlessly as usual.

Selina: [Sarcastically] Geeks!

Jessica: Heh, like you’re not a geek too.

Selina: I is! [[lolcats](#)]

Jessica: And we is too.

Selina: True.

Selina: This reminds me. I really should update my [Mandriva](#) system at home. I have not in several days, now. And to think I originally had my friend Aaron install Mandrake Linux for me, because I thought it was cool that it was called the same as my last name.

Jessica: Heh, maybe you should become Selina Mandriva now.

Jonathan: Or Selina [Mageia](#).

[Selina bursts out laughing.]

Selina: That sounds like a name of a vampire slayer... or a vampire.

Jonathan: Or both.

Selina: Yeah. I told you about how I was nicknamed “Puffy” and then “Buffy” during one summer camp, right?

Jessica: Yes, many times.

Selina: Yeah, I found it amusing at the time. For a while afterwards, I insisted that my friends call me “Buffy” until I realised it was silly, and went back to “Selina”.

Jessica: Anyway, I’m off to gym.

Selina: Bye, love you!

[Selina is reading a book and says to herself out loud]

Selina: Selina “Buffy” Mandrake. **The** Slayer. I like the sound of it.

Selina at Home

[Selina enters her house, she goes to her room and drops her backpack. Afterwards, she goes to the kitchen, opens the refrigerator’s door, and pours a glass of juice. She drinks some of it.]

Selina: What a day!

[After a few more arrangements, she goes to a desktop computer, turns on the screen, and moves the mouse. It’s a screen of Linux with [Pidgin](#) (a chat client) running. Selina scrolls the Pidgin contact list a little, finds someone called “Mosheh Ben-Amram” and double clicks his icon. A window pops up.]

Selina: [On pidgin] Hi Mosheh!

Mosheh: Good day, Selina.

Selina: Yes, it was pretty good. How was your day?

Mosheh: It was fine. Business is as usual.

Selina: That’s good.

Mosheh: Yours?

Selina: Well, the highlight is that my friends and I decided that I should probably change my name to Selina Mandriva or even Selina Mageia, and become a mighty vampire slayer.

Mosheh: Hmm... interesting.

Selina: Yes, “Selina ‘Buffy’ Mageia, *The* Slayer”. Don’t you like the sound of it?

Mosheh: Heh, maybe.

Selina: BTW, when are you going to finally come here to California?

Mosheh: In time. I like it here, in the meanwhile.

Selina: OK. Listen, I need to go and eat supper, so we’ll talk later.

Mosheh: Bye!

[Selina turns off the computer screen.]

Selina’s internal dialogue: OK, let’s see what there is to eat.

Meet the Guide

[Selina is back at school, and is walking in a corridor, smiling. She opens a door and the corridor is empty except for “The Guide” (= wilwheaton.net) , an attractive Goth-style man, who is standing there watching her with a grave facial expression.

Selina looks at him, smiles and walks towards him. As she passes him he says in a dramatic voice:]

The Guide: MAGEIA!

[Selina turns around hesitantly.]

Selina: What?!

The Guide: BUFFY MAGEIA! THAT IS YOUR DESTINY. AND I SHALL BE YOUR GUIDE.

Selina: I don’t know how you heard of what happened the other day, but it’s just a joke. My name is Selina Mandrake.

The Guide: YOU KNOW YOU’RE REALLY BUFFY MAGEIA. AND BEING **THE** SLAYER IS YOUR DESTINY.

Selina: OK, I think you take Buffy way too seriously. I am not really a vampire slayer, and vampires and the other demons that you could see there don’t really exist.

The Guide: [Giggles] THE PORTRAYAL OF BUFFY, THE VAMPIRE SLAYER IN THE TELEVISION SHOW WAS VERY EXAGGERATED. THE REAL BUFFY IN QUESTION IS AN INCOMPETENT SLAYER. EVEN I AM BETTER THAN HER.

The Guide: YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, POSSESS FAR GREATER POWERS AND ARE **THE SLAYER**. [his eyes are lightened with fire.]

[Selina is startled.]

Selina: OK, how did you do that fire in your eyes thing.

The Guide: MAGIC. MAGIC PERMEATES THE UNIVERSE.

Selina: This must be some kind of trick. [She starts walking in the corridor . The Guide is following her.]

Selina: Please don't follow me. [She opens a door to another corridor]

[In the corridor there's a scared and screaming high school girl (called Karen) to the left, and a blood thirsty vampire with his fangs out to the right. The blood thirsty vampire approaches the girl.]

Selina: [She screams] Oh my God!

[The Guide quickly moves her away, and throws a small wooden stake at the vampire's heart. The vampire shrieks and evaporates into dust. The girl looks at him and faints.]

[Selina is startled and looks around while holding her fingers to her mouth. The Guide moves towards the fainted girl, he makes a gesture around her eyes with his hand, grabs her hand and guides her through getting off the floor. Karen wakes up.]

Karen: [Looks at Selina] Oh, hi! I remember you from History class...

Selina: [Uncomfortably] Yes, I'm there.

Karen: We're also in the same French class, I think.

Selina: [Swallowing her speech] Oui...

Karen: Well, I'd better be going. [She looks at the Guide] Wow! Your Goth friend is really cute. Bye, see you.

Selina: Bye!

[Karen leaves.]

Selina: Oh my God, oh my God. Magic.

Selina: OK, this cannot be happening. I must be dreaming that. [She pinches various parts of her body. The Guide hits her strongly on her arm.]

Selina: Ouch! OK, I'm not sleeping. Maybe I'm crazy. This seems like [Schizophrenia](#). Maybe I've been unhappy lately, and too much stress, or maybe it's genetic...

The Guide: YOU ARE NOT CRAZY, MAGEIA!

Selina: OK, OK. Tell you what? I'll play along... but even if I am **The Slayer**, I won't be a good one. I'm not into martial arts, and I'm really clumsy. As much as I like playing Basketball (and I do), I royally suck at it...

The Guide: BUFFY, YOU WON'T NEED MY MEDIOCRE SLAYING SKILLS. YOU POSSESS FAR GREATER POWERS. THE DEMONS WHO ARE YOUR ENEMIES SHALL BE SLAIN BY YOU QUICKLY, CULMINATING IN NONE OTHER THAN **THE MASTER**, THE VAMPIRE WITH THE OLDEST SOUL.

Selina: Wasn't he slain at the end of the first season?

[The Guide looks at her unamused.]

Selina: OK, got it - it wasn't real.

The Guide: YOU WILL ALSO SLAY DEMONS QUICKLY WITH YOUR MIND AND DELEGATE SLAYING AS MANY AS YOU LIKE TO FRIENDS OF YOURS.

Selina: Can I befriend demons?

The Guide: OF COURSE! DEMONS, DEVILS, AND SATANS WILL BEFRIEND ANY LIVING ORGANISM AND IT'S A HARMLESS-AT-WORST FRIENDSHIP.

Selina: Smashing! I'll guess I'll just try to be mentally prepared for slaying such demons as the one we just saw and that you slew.

The Guide: NO. FAR MORE POWERFUL DEMONS THAN THAT INCOMPETENT ONE.

Selina: OK, that's really comforting.

Selina: Well, I guess I'll just go, and make the most out of the rest of this recess. Maybe I'll go take a walk or just surf the Internet aimlessly.

The Guide: SOUNDS LIKE AN EXCELLENT WAY TO GET PREPARED FOR YOUR DESTINY, MAGEIA.

Selina: Well, slayer or not - I'm still just Selina Mandrake. Well, see you Mr. Guide.

The Guide: MAY THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE MAGICAL FORCES OF NATURE GUIDE YOU.

Selina's Date at Night

[Selina and a boy she's on a date with (Matthew) are sitting on a bench in a park, and are finishing eating a pizza tray. Selina looks around thoughtfully.]

Matthew: Selina, do you want the last slice?

[Pause for a moment]

Selina: What? [She turns to face Matthew.]

Matthew: The last slice, would you like to eat it?

Selina: Ah, no, that's OK - I'm full.

Matthew: OK, I'll eat it later.

Matthew: You seem distracted.

Selina: Yeah, I have a lot on my mind.

Matthew: Anything you'd like to share?

Selina: Nah, it's not something I can actually share. [She looks around and turns back to face Matthew] I probably was an awful date tonight - so self-centred, so non-talkative. You probably think I'm always like that. And Matthew, frankly, you were really great tonight.

Matthew: I don't think you have been a bad date, Selina. [Selina smiles. Matthew moves the pizza box to his other side, and gets closer to Selina.]

Selina: OK, let's improve this date even more.

[She closes her eyes and Matthew reaches to kiss her. Selina kisses him back. The Camera moves upwards.]

John and Alan

[Selina is sitting at a library doing her maths' homework with many pencils scattered around the table, pages with equations, etc. .]

Alan: [From the distance] Hey, where can we find Miss Selina Mandrake here?

Librarian: [From the distance] She's right there.

Alan: Thank you, madame.

[Alan and John approach. They are two young British men, dressed in cheap, commercial, clothing.]

Alan: Hello, Miss Mandrake. I'm Alan. [she shakes his hand.]

John: John. [shakes his hand.]

Alan: We're mighty vampires.

Selina: [Amused] Selina Mandrake, mighty pirate.

John: Wow! You've played the [Monkey Islands](#) too? That's so cool.

Selina: Yes, I have. How may I be of service?

Alan: Well, according to the Codex, we're supposed to be slain by you.

Selina: Well, Codex or not, I have no intention of directly slaying vampires, because even if they are blood sucking parasites, I'm not too big into initiatory force and all.

John: Hey, we are completely non-violent vampires. We don't suck blood.

Selina: I thought all vampires suck blood.

John: Bullocks, hen. Vampires come in all shapes and sizes.

Selina: Lovely, so I guess I'm not going to slay you.

John: Sounds good.

Selina: Anyway, I see you come from the old mother land.

John: Yes, we are British blokes, all right. Lots of vampires are Brits. I'm from [Yorkshire](#) and Alan here...

Alan: Yo!

John: Alan is from London.

Selina: Great. It's too bad so many Americans are oblivious to all the great British culture. America is too culturally inbred.

Alan: Totally! Like many of the people we talked to have not watched **all** of the skits of [Monty Python](#).

[Selina smiles.]

John: Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition!

Alan: I know: [suicide squad!](#)

[Selina is startled. Alan and John take two pencils, put the pencils to their hearts and say.]

Alan: All dead! [gives John a high five.]

Selina: Wait! These pencils are made out of wood.

John and Alan: OH NO! WE HAVE BEEN SLAIN BY BUFFY MAGEIA, THE SLAYER.

[They cry and evaporate into dust.]

Selina: Oh, crap! [She touches the chairs where they sat with her finger.]

Selina: Dust!

[She gets up. and moves out of the frame.]

Selina's Voice: Mrs. Chu, do you know where I can find a small broom?

The Guide about John and Alan

[Selina is walking down the hallway from the library frustrated. The Guide approaches her.]

The Guide: MAGEIA! CONGRATULATIONS, THE VERY POWERFUL VAMPIRES JOHN AND ALAN HAVE SUCCESSFULLY BEEN SLAIN BY YOU.

Selina: What? They? Very powerful? I cannot believe it.

The Guide: LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING. JOHN AND ALAN WERE NOTORIOUSLY DEADLY AND DANGEROUS.

Selina: If you say so.

The Guide: BUT THE WORST IS AHEAD OF YOU!!

Selina: Yes, I figured it out, thanks.

Selina: Mr. Guide, I hope I'm not going to let you down, in vanquishing the rest of the vampires.

The Guide: AND OTHER DEMONS.

Selina: Yes, quite a weird lot this supernatural underworld seems to be.

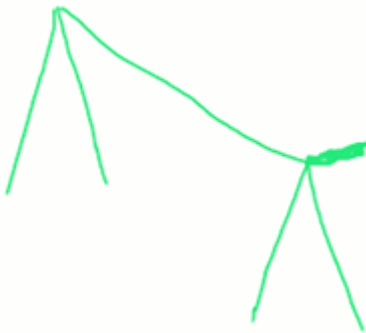
The Guide: REALITY IS WEIRD, MAGEIA. FAREWELL FOR NOW.

[They walk away in different directions.]

Selina and the Demon Fron

[Selina is walking towards a bench in a park, holding several newspapers, and a pair of scissors. She sits on the bench and start preparing some paper-cuttings.

Fron, a demon with four long stick legs and a short neck steps into the frame.



Selina notices him, is startled and says:]

Selina: Why, hello there! You seem out of place for this fine location. Are you looking for me?

Fron: NO, I AM NOT.

Selina: OK, if you say so.

[Selina returns to cutting, then she finds something interesting to read in the newspaper, and sits reading it.

Fron is hanging about and eventually approaches Selina and extends his neck towards the paper and through it until he faces Selina's face.]

Fron: [YOU ARE PAST REDEMPTION!](#)

Selina: And you have ruined my newspaper.

Selina: Didn't you say you were not looking for me?

Fron: THE TIME WAS NOT RIGHT. THERE IS A TIME FOR EVERYTHING. A TIME TO BE BORN, A TIME TO DIE...

Selina: And a time to quote [Ecclesiastes!](#)

Fron: PRECISELY.

Selina: Anyway, I am pleased to meet you, Mr....

Fron: FRON...

Selina: OK, Mr. Fron. I am Selina. Since you have a newspaper around you, maybe you'll enjoy some paper decorations.

Fron: PERHAPS I SHALL.

Selina: OK, let's start with a flower. [She cuts the newspaper using a scissors to form a flower.]

[Fron moves his eyes to different places in his neck.]

Fron: Wow, this is a nice flower.

Selina: It is. OK, next - how about I'll cut here and here and here.

[Camera zooms in to reveal a swastika around Fron's neck.]

Selina: A [swastika](#). Something mystical for a mystical creature like you.

Fron: WHAT?! NO!!! I HAVE A VULNERABILITY FOR SWASTIKAS!

Selina: OK, fair enough, let me remove it, I'm just going to have to rotate it a bit.
[She rotated the swastika.]

Fron: NO!! YOU FOOL! A ROTATED SWASTIKA IS FATAL FOR ME. I MUST NOW PERISH. I HAVE BEEN SLAIN BY BUFFY MAGEIA - THE SLAYER!!!

[Fron dissolves into air leaving the newspaper with the hole in the air.]

Selina: Wow, I was kinda beginning to like that old chap.

[Rises up.]

Selina's internal dialogue: Well, I'm no longer in the mood for doing paper cuttings. Let's put this newspaper in the paper waste.

[She goes away.]

Playing Basketball

[Selina, Matthew, Jessica and Jonathan are playing Basketball over one basket on a court. Selina is breathless.]

Selina: Time out, time out [does a T with her hands.]

[She breathes heavily.]

Selina: Wow, I am getting killed here.

Jonathan: Crushed here!

Selina: Yeah, completely squashed here.

Matthew: Slain here.

[Cut to Selina's face. She seems startled.]

Selina: Slain?

Matthew: Heh, yes, like a vampire is getting slain.

Selina: Tell you what? I'm not feeling too well. You can continue to play without me. Bye, I'm leaving. See you. Love you.

[She walks away looking worried.]

Selina's internal dialogue: Wow, why me? Why me? This is maddening.

Selina and The Three

The Battle

[There are three young men dressed as Klingons who fight with [Bat'leth](#) in the park. Selina is passing by and shakes her head in disapproval. The three notice Selina, and quickly run to her.]

Warrior #1: HAIL THE SLAYER, WE ARE BUT YOUR HUMBLE SLAVES!

Selina: [Shocked] And who might you be?

Warrior #1: WE ARE [THE THREE](#) - THREE VAMPIRE BROTHER WARRIORS, WHO HAVE BEEN FIGHTING SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME.

Selina: And yet you are Klingons...

Warrior #2: WE CAN ASSUME ANY FORM.

Warrior #1: YES, WE CAN FIGHT USING ANY WEAPON, AND WE ARE MASTERS OF THEM ALL.

Selina: So you can fight with something that's not a Bat'leth?

Warrior #1: OF COURSE, FOR EXAMPLE, WE COULD FIGHT USING THE HUGE SWORD!

Warrior #2 and Warrior #3: YEAH, THE HUGE SWORD!

The Three: [in unison] HUGE SWORD!

[Warrior #1 snaps his fingers, and some of these ridiculously large swords from [World of Warcraft](#) appear on the ground.]

Selina: Wow, can you fight using them?

The Three: [non-dramatically] Eh, eh, we cannot lift them.

Selina: Guess not. [Puts her palm on her eyes.] Maybe try something smaller and not as heavy.

Warrior #2: YES, SMALLER.

Warrior #3: AND NOT AS HEAVY.

Warrior #1: YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT THE SMALLEST... YET DEADLIEST WEAPON FOR A MIGHTY VAMPIRE WARRIOR... THE WOODEN TOOTHPICK!

[The three cry "yeah". Warrior #1 snaps his fingers and the huge swords are replaced by small wooden toothpicks.]

Selina: Toothpicks? Have you blokes been watching too much [Sesame Street](#)?

Warrior #1: WHY, OF COURSE! EVERY MIGHTY KLINGON WARRIOR HAS WATCHED SESAME STREET.

Selina: Mighty Klingon vampire warriors who have watched Sesame Street... this decade royally sucks!!

Selina: Fine, I don't care that you're going to slay yourselves using toothpicks, despite claiming to be the greatest fighters in history - you brought it on yourselves. Just do it here on the trail where no one will care about the dust from your bodies.

[She guides the three to the trail, where they make some battle cries and then hurl the toothpicks with great speed at each other's hearts.]

Warrior #1: WHAT A DAY TO FIGHT USING TOOTHPICKS!

[They look at each other]

The Three: [In unison] Oh, oh.

The Three: WE HAVE BEEN SLAIN BY BUFFY MAGEIA, THE SLAYER. [There is a bright greenish-yellowish triangle extending from their bodies and extends outwards, and then they perish and evaporate into dust.]

[Selina watches this and is frightened.]

Selina: Whoa! Oh well, served them right.

[She walks away. Her mobile phone rings.]

Selina: [On the phone] Hello?

Selina: Oh, hi, Jess!

Selina: In a park...

Selina: Well, it was a good day for some Klingons I met to die.

Jessica on the phone: Sel, you're getting strange lately, but you are becoming more amusing in the process.

Selina: Tell me about it! By the way, apparently, we will never be able to truly appreciate Sesame Street until we watch it in the original Klingon.

Jessica on the phone: [Laughing] I guess I'll never understand.

[Selina exits the frame]

The Guide After The Three

[The guide is standing on a trail in the park waiting. Selina approaches him]

The Guide: CONGRATULATIONS MAGEIA! THE THREE HAVE BEEN SLAIN BY YOU!

Selina: Yes, I know. It was not too hard, but I was surprised there are Klingon vampires.

The Guide: YOU SHOULD NOT BE SO NAIVE IN THE FUTURE. VAMPIRISM HAS BEEN A SCOURGE ALL ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.

The Guide: BUT SOON YOU MUST FACE AN EVEN MORE CHALLENGING ADVERSARY - AN INFAMOUS DEMON OF MUCH POWER.

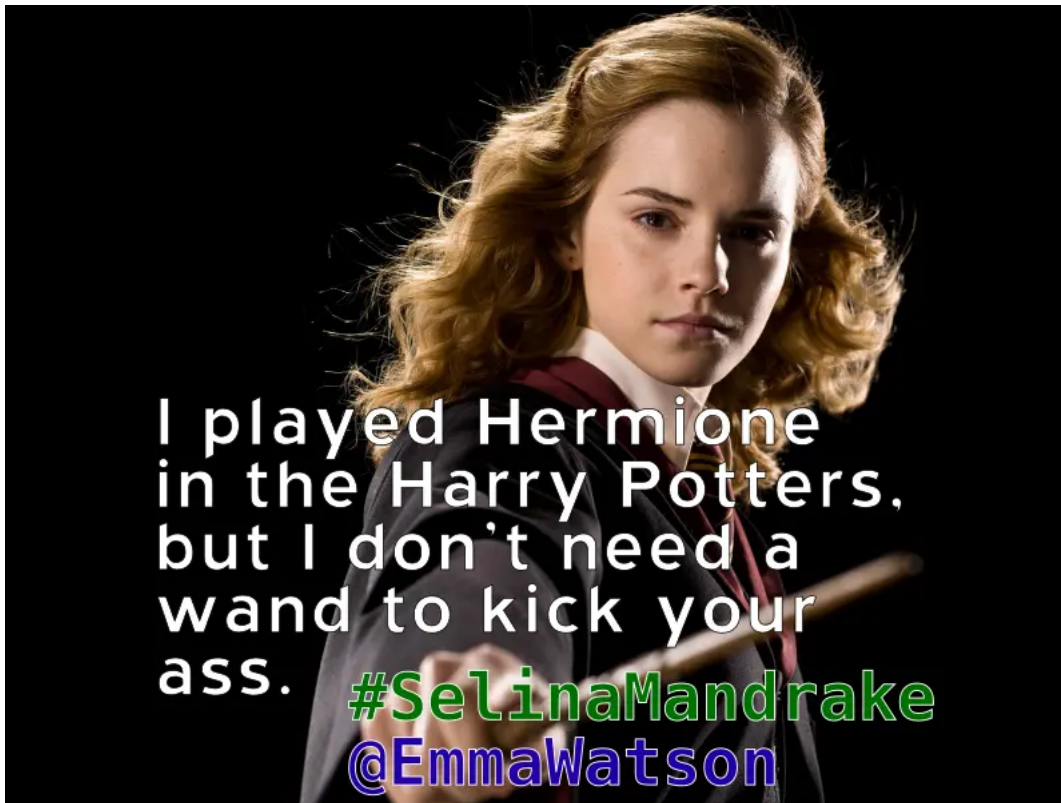
Selina: Really? How is he called?

The Guide: HE MUST NOT BE NAMED, FOR HE CAN TELL WHENEVER HIS NAME IS BEING UTTERED.

Selina: Got it. I shall do my best to slay him. I don't suppose his name is [Voldemort](#), right?

[Cut to The Guide, he is unamused and angry looking.]

Selina: Oh well, guess I won't need a wand for this one.



Selina: Bye, Mr. Guide. [She walks away.]

The Guide: FAREWELL, MAGEIA! AND REMEMBER THAT SLAYING IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.

[Cut]

Selina's 18th Birthday Party

The Birthday Cake

[Selina is standing near a cake decorated with the number 18 in the centre and 18 lit candles around the edge. Many of her friends gleefully standby.]

The crowd: Happy birthday, Selina!

[After a few tries Selina manages to blow out all the candles.]

The crowd: May your wish come true! [Selina is smiling, says "Thank you" and walks away.]

[Matthew approaches Selina]

Matthew: Birthday kiss? [Selina smiles and they kiss.]

Selina: Well, I'm gonna go grab something from the kitchen — feel free to cut the cake.

[Selina walks away.]

Selina Meets Mephiqoleth

[Selina goes to the kitchen smiling, opens the refrigerator's door and takes out some refreshments and arranges them on the table and then she opens a cupboard's door only to discover a small human-like demon inside.]

Selina: Why, hello there! I guess you did not RSVP.

Mephiqoleth: MAGEIA!

Selina: Judging by the recent happenings, I guess that's me.

Selina: So what shall I write on your name tag?

Mephiqoleth: MY NAME IS MEPHIQOLETH.

Selina: Ah, hah. [Trying to write on the name tag.] Emm, Ee, Pee...

Mephiqoleth: IT IS WRITTEN IN LESHON HAQODESH.

Selina: "Leshon Haqodesh"? The holy tongue? Do you mean...

Mephiqoleth: YES!!!... [HEBREW!](#) [Non-dramatically] I am [Jewish](#).

Selina: Jewish? But you're not human.

Mephiqoleth: THERE ARE JEWS OF MANY SPECIES.

Selina: Really? That's great - can I have a Jewish lady-cat? I want one so she can mother cute little Jewish kittens.

[Cut to Mephiqoleth - he is unamused.]

Selina: You are not amused, demons are never amused. I should have learned that by now.

Selina: In any case, what is it that you want from me?

Mephiqoleth: MAGEIA, YOU ARE NOW EIGHT AND TEN YEARS OLD - YOU ARE NOW A WOMAN!

Selina: So I've suddenly become a woman at 18? I'm only one day older than yesterday, and I had my period for many years now, and...

Mephiqoleth: YOU MUST TEST ME! I POSSESS POWERFUL MYSTICAL POWERS, AND YOU MUST SEE IF THEY ARE POWERFUL ENOUGH FOR YOU.

Selina: They are. I believe you.

Mephiqoeth: NOT SO QUICKLY. MY GREATEST MYSTICAL POWER, WHICH FEW OTHER DEMONS POSSESS, IS MY TELEPORTATION ABILITY. I CAN TELEPORT YOU ANYWHERE.

Selina: Really? Like where?

Mephiqoeth: ANYWHERE YOU WANT!

Selina: OK... well, I'm feeling adventurous. Therefore... give me the crème-de-la-crème, the cat's whiskers, the [face that launched a thousand ships](#)...

Mephiqoeth: YOU DO NOT MEAN... **THE AMBER!**

Selina: Yes, the Amber. The Amber being...

Mephiqoeth: ...THE MYSTICAL CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE AND BEYOND.

Selina: Yes! Smashing!

Mephiqoeth: YOU WILL LIKELY NOT SURVIVE THE AMBER.

Selina: Oh, try me.

Mephiqoeth: VERY WELL.

Selina: Just one thing, can you please wait with teleporting me to **the Amber** until Spring break, so I can get ready and try to safely return back home?

Mephiqoeth: OF COURSE: FOR I AM TIMELESS. FAREWELL, MAGEIA, I SHALL MEET YOU AGAIN DURING THIS SO-CALLED "SPRING BREAK" WHEN YOU ARE MORE PREPARED. UNTIL THEN, MAY YOU BE WELL.

[Mephiqoeth fades away into thin air leaving Selina amused.]

Selina: Well, I suppose a one way trip to the Amber is also a fine Birthday present.
[She smiles]

Jessica's voice from the main hall: Selina, is everything OK, why aren't you coming back? Don't you want some cake?

Selina: Yes, sorry, I'm coming, I'm coming. [She takes the tray and leaves the frame]

So what are you going to do in spring break?

[Selina, Jessica and Jonathan are standing near their lockers arranging stuff.]

Jessica: Spring break at last!

Jonathan: Yeah, thank God.

Selina: Yes, I could use some rest too.

Jessica: So, Selina, what are your plans for the vacation?

Selina: Oh, I'm going on a trip.

Jonathan: Really? A trip.

Selina: Yep, a trip.

Jonathan: Where?

Selina: Oh, it is going to be a surprise. [The bell rings] Home time, bye!!! [She walks away.]

[Jessica and Jonathan look at each other]

Jonathan: What an exit!

Jessica: Yes... [she sighs].

Mephiqoeth does his magic

[Selina is wearing a backpack full of various trip utilities and wears a pouch bag, and approaches the cupboard of Mephiqoeth. She opens it. Mephiqoeth is there.]

Mephiqoeth: I SEE YOU ARE READY, MAGEIA.

Selina: Yep! Got my traveller's checks, some dollars, my mobile, my passport, some water, some snacks, some sunscreen. Not sure if all that will help with surviving The Amber, but I can always hope.

Mephiqoeth: I COULD HAVE USED MY CONJURING SPELLS TO CONJURE THEM FOR YOU.

Selina: Well, as someone who saw enough of your demons' lot's shenanigans, **and** some episodes of [Sabrina](#), there's no way I will trust such magically conjured goods.

Mephiqoeth: YOU MAY BE RIGHT. MAGIC CAN BE A DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD.

Mephiqoeth: BUT BACK TO BUSINESS. ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT ME TO TELEPORT YOU TO THE AMBER?

Selina: Positive. Do your worst!

Mephiqoeth: Fair enough.

[Mephiqoeth raises his hands and says in Hebrew, as the Hebrew letters (in the modern Hebrew alphabet) appear on the highlighted floor, with a darkened room and the Hebrew letters of the spoken message expand outward.]

Mephiqoeth: ...אלוהי אברהם, יצחק ויעקב, שגר את באפי מאגיה, הקוטלת, אל... [The god of Abraham, Yitzhak and Yaakov, please teleport Buffy Mageia, The Slayer, to...]

Selina: Whoa.

Mephiqoeth: האמבר... [The Amber]

[Selina dissolves.]

Selina in the Amber

[Seen through Selina's Eyes, the scenery morphs into the untidy living room of, in midday, in a "villa" in [Ramat Aviv Gimmel](#), Tel Aviv. The birds are chirping outside and there's a feeling of tranquillity.]

[Cut to Selina inside the house. She looks around]

Selina: That's the Amber? It's pretty nice here. Hope I'm not trespassing.

[The door gets unlocked and opens. Mrs Mendelssohn enters.]

Mrs. Mendelssohn: [Startled] Why hello there. Who might you be?

Selina: Oh, Selina Mandrake. At your service! Nice to meet you! [She approaches Mrs. Mendelssohn, and extends her hand.]

Mrs. Mendelssohn: Nice to meet you, too: Mrs. Catherine Mendelssohn.

Selina: Nice to meet you. [They shake hands] Just a question: [She looks around] where am I?

Mrs. Mendelssohn: In the Mendelssohn residence.

Selina: Which is in?

Mrs. Mendelssohn: Tel Aviv?

Selina: Tel Aviv, Israel?

Mrs. Mendelssohn: Indeed.

Selina: Oh cool! [She wears her cap hat.]

Selina: I heard Israel looks the best in the spring.

Mrs. Mendelssohn: Yes, it does.

Selina: Well, good bye. I'm going to go. Farewell.

Mrs. Mendelssohn: Good bye.

[Selina exits]

Mrs. Mendelssohn: [To herself] What a strange girl. Better have a talk with Yaron about inviting his friends over.

Selina's impressions from Israel

[Selina is standing in the living room holding a remote control to the television showing photos from her trip to Israel.

The television is showing a photo of [the Beit She'an excavations](#).]

Selina: And this is Beit She'an, which is a huge excavation site, in which I spent a lot of time. I ended up touring along with them...

[Selina presses the button, and a photo of Selina wearing sunglasses along with a group of Israeli soldiers (without guns), both male and female, who are crowded and stand next to Selina.]

Selina: Yes, soldiers, and it may seem surprising to the uninitiated, but most of the soldiers in the Israeli streets don't carry guns, and there are plenty of civilians without guns too. This group was escorted by an armed escort, who was not actually a soldier.

Selina: Anyway, the soldier I spent the most time talking to was a military programmer, who wrote "boring dot-NET code" at work, but we found a common language talking about computers and software and Linux and stuff like that.

[Selina presses the button, and a photo of the River Jordan appears.]

Selina: This is the [River Jordan](#), which is not too impressive. I recall that it took us several minutes to cross the [Rhine](#) by train, while it took me less than a minute to walk across the Jordan by foot. Anyway, I had a fun time [kayaking](#) there.

[Selina presses the button, and a long shot of a view from the [Jerusalem promenade](#) is shown.]

Selina: Yes, [Jerusalem](#) - a beautiful city, definitely. That put aside, what they say about the atmosphere and the air feeling “holy” is true. It is intoxicating. It’s like... you don’t belong there. It can drive a sane person mad. I don’t understand how people can live there.

[Selina presses the button, showing some photos of [Jaffa](#) and Tel Aviv at night.]

Selina: The famous Tel Aviv and Jaffa night life.

Jessica’s Voice: [from behind] OK, Selina, hold it, hold it.

Jessica’s Voice: You said you were going on a trip, but to **Israel**? Like - seriously?

Jessica’s Voice: I mean, we are clueful enough to know that it’s not a constant battle zone, like some people may be misled to believe, but still!

Selina: Yes, yes, I know. But I still wanted to go, and also got a free ticket.

Jonathan: Really? Who gave it to you?

Selina: Oh, a secret admirer.

Matthew: Heh, anyone I should know about?

Selina: He’s not that kind of secret admirer.

[Selina walks to kiss Matthew, and they kiss.]

Selina: Well, I’m going to the kitchen for a sec, then we will continue. Hang on!

[Selina walks out of the frame.]

Selina slays Mephiqoleth

[Selina goes to the kitchen and opens the cupboard revealing Mephiqoleth.]

Mephiqoleth: MAGEIA!

Selina: Hi! Thanks for the trip.

Mephiqoleth: I SEE YOU HAVE SURVIVED THE AMBER.

Selina: I did - yes.

Mephiqoleth: DO YOU NOW BELIEVE HOW POWERFUL I AM?

Selina: Well... are you sure you teleported me to the exact location of **The Amber**, you know, the mystical centre of the universe?

Mephiqoleth: THE VERY EXACT POSITION.

Selina: Not off by about a 100 kilometres?

Mephiqoleth: NOT EVEN A QUARK'S DISPLACEMENT.

Selina: Well... then I am not convinced. I would expect The Amber to be something like Jerusalem's [Temple Mount](#) or the Middle land in China, or maybe the centre of mass of the universe — not some house in Northern Tel Aviv that no one heard about.

Selina: So I am not convinced. But I brought you some cheesy souvenirs.

[Selina puts a small [Tembel hat](#) on top of Mephiqoleth's head and gives him a small shirt that reads "My slayer went to Israel and all I got was this stupid T-shirt."]

Selina: Hope it fits. [She turns away.]

Mephiqoleth: THE PROPHECIES OF THE CODEX HAVE COME TRUE: I HAVE BEEN SLAIN BY BUFFY MAGEIA, THE SLAYER. [He dissolves into air, leaving the hat and the shirt to fall into the cupboard.]

Selina: Hey, my name is Selina... oh.

Is Mosheh Ben-Amram the Jewish Prophet?

[Selina is sitting next to her computer at home with Firefox browsing [the Hebrew Wikipedia](#). She keeps highlighting words and hovering over them to find translations using a Firefox extension.

There is a signal, and the Pidgin icon in the status bar starts blinking. Selina clicks it.]

Mosheh Ben-Amram: [on IM] Hello, Selina! How are you doing, today?

Selina: I'm fine. Trying to contribute to the Hebrew Wikipedia. These [Affixes](#) are driving me crazy.

Mosheh Ben-Amram: Heh, עברית קשה שפה, but there are worse.

Mosheh Ben-Amram: ?האם את מדברת עברית? [= "Do you speak Hebrew?"]

Selina: Qtsath, or as some new speakers will say: "Qetsath". Heh.

Mosheh Ben-Amram: Yes, one of the first words you have to learn to say, and it's already a [Shibboleth](#).

Selina: Emeth. [= "True."]

Selina: BTW, are you actually Mosheh Ben-Amram (= Moses) the Hebrew prophet?

Mosheh Ben-Amram: I won't deny that I am.

Selina: Hah!

Mosheh Ben-Amram: There are quite a few other people called "Mosheh Ben-Amram" in the Israeli phone directory.

Selina: Yes, I can imagine that.

Selina: Actually, judging by recent happenings, learning Hebrew may be the least of my problems.

Mosheh Ben-Amram: Anything you'd like to talk about?

Selina: No, I don't expect you to believe me, anyway. Any more than the amount that I'll believe you if you told me you were actually the Jewish prophet.

Mosheh Ben-Amram: Yes, well, I have some business to tend to. Good luck with the Hebrew Wikipedia. סעו לשלום - המפתחות בפנים! [= "Drive safely, the keys are inside." [Reference.](#)]

Selina: Thanks, and let me figure out what you just wrote, heh.

The Gathering of Vampires in the Hall

The Guide Telling Selina About the Vampire Gathering

[Selina is walking down the hallway with her backpack. The Guide joins her.]

The Guide: HELLO MAGEIA!! YOU ARE NOW READY FOR YOUR PENULTIMATE CHALLENGE.

Selina: Hi, Mr. Guide. Thanks for the heads-up. Anything more you can tell me about it?

The Guide: INDEED, I CAN. SEE, A VERY LARGE GATHERING OF SOME OF THE MOST POWERFUL AND DEADLIEST VAMPIRES HAVE GATHERED IN YOUR SCHOOL'S HALL AND THEY MUST BE SLAIN BY YOU.

Selina: You do not propose I burn it, do you?

The Guide: OF COURSE NOT! I TRUST YOU CAN USE YOUR SUPERIOR SLAYING SKILLS IN ORDER TO ERADICATE THE EVIL OF THESE BLOOD HUNGRY DEMONS.

[They hear a commotion from the hall's door.]

Selina: OK, here it is. Should I enter?

The Guide: YOU MUST.

Selina: OK, here goes nothing - see you on the other side.

[Selina enters]

Selina Handling the Gathering of the Vampires

[Cut to the hall. A large number of vampires are there. Selina enters and they all pay attention and start clapping and howling.

Selina takes the stand, amused.]

Selina: Greetings, fellow adventurers. My name is Selina and judging by recent developments, [I am your god](#). "Goddess"?

Selina: For your information, if you're not gods, then [you will die](#).

[The vampires laugh, cheer and howl.]

Selina: You seem to be in a good mood, which is a good thing. So how can I serve?

The crowd: Hail the Slayer! We want to be slain by you.

Selina: But why? You should be proud of your vampire heritage. Vampires rule.

[The crowd cheers.]

Selina: [Vampires of the world, unite!](#)

[More cheering.]

Selina: [You have nothing to fear](#) - not even fear.

[Louder cheering.]

Selina: Go claim your rightful place in the universe.

[The crowd starts whistling.]

Selina: So now it's your turn - start thinking for yourselves, take initiative, and be good living undead instead of slain ones.

The crowd: Yeah, yeah, sounds good.

Selina: The gods help the vampires who help themselves.

Selina: OK, who volunteers to take it over from here?

[Steven, a vampire, boards the stage.]

Steven: Thank you Ms. Mandrake for the inspirational speech. I think I will organise a dance now.

Selina: Sounds good.

Steven: Thank you. Put on the music!

[Music starts playing like [Steven Ballmer's "Developers, Developers, Developers, Developers"](#) only saying "Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah".]

Selina: What? Oh no, turn it off, if the religious students hear it, I am going to be history.

[She searches for the source of the music.]

Steven: OK, now we do the Stake...

[He pulls out a stake and stabs his heart. The other vampires do the same.]

Selina: No, don't do that.

[All the vampires burst into dust while the sound is still playing.

Selina is shocked, and eventually finds a way to turn off the music.]

Selina: Oh, Jeeze. This cannot be happening.

Selina: And how am I going to clear all this dust? If they find the hall in such a mess, then I'm going to be dead.

[The Guide enters through the door.]

The Guide: CONGRATULATIONS, MAGEIA, ALL THESE VAMPIRES HAVE BEEN SLAIN BY YOU.

Selina: Yes, and it made this hall a big mess.

The Guide: Fear not.

[He meditates, does a gesture with his hand, and makes the dust and stakes disappear.]

Selina: Wow! OK, I guess that's one less thing to worry about. Now I'm still shocked, so I'm going to buy myself some juice and relax.

The Guide: OK, NEXT YOU MUST CONFRONT... **THE MASTER!!**

Selina: I see. THE MASTER. [in a fake dramatic voice]

Selina: Well, see you, Mr. Guide.

The Guide: FAREWELL, MAGEIA, AND REMEMBER TO BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

The Master

[Selina runs into The Master, a big man with a stern look.]

The Master: Greetings, Ms. Mandrake! I am glad to meet you so I can fulfil my destiny.

Selina: I presume you are...

The Master: The Master. This is right. The vampire with the oldest soul.

Selina: And I'm supposed to slay you?

The Master: That is correct.

Selina: Well, even though I think you demons' lot are complete freakshows, you seem amusing and interesting, so I have no intention of slaying you as long as you remain harmless to me physically.

The Master: Fair enough. [Starts walking with her.] So, Ms. Mandrake, how have you been doing lately?

Selina: Oh, you know - the usual: school, leisure, fixing computer problems, hanging out with my friends, slaying demons. The works? How about you Mr...

The Master: Oh, call me Karl.

Selina: Karl, heh. I always thought it would be befitting for the Master to be Karl the Great, you know... [Charlemagne](#).

The Master: Mhmm...

Selina: "Mhmm"?? Hold it, you are Charlemagne! Wow, that's so cool.

Selina: Tell me: how did you become a vampire? And surely you cannot be the vampire with the oldest soul! And did you ever come to educate your descendants? After all, you forefathered the better half of the European nobility. I want to hear all about it!

The Master: SILENCE, SELINA! YOU HAVE REVEALED MY TRUE IDENTITY AND NOW I MUST PERISH, FOR NO ONE HAS DONE THAT UNTIL NOW. THE PROPHECIES OF THE CODEX HAVE COME TRUE - I HAVE BEEN SLAIN BY THE SLAYER. AWWWWWWWWWWWW!

[His soul leaves his body with many effects, many of Selina's schoolmates watch the show with interest. Eventually the Master's body drops dead on the floor intact.]

Selina: Oh, God! I cannot believe it.

[Selina reaches out to touch the body using her hand, and the body evaporates.

The spectators start clapping and whistling. Selina bursts into tears and leaves the scene.]

Talk with the Guide after the Master

[Selina is still crying, while exiting the door - The Guide is there.]

The Guide: MAGEIA! I SEE THE MASTER HAS BEEN SLAIN BY YOU.

[Selina cries]

The Guide: HERE! HAVE A HANDKERCHIEF.

[Selina takes the handkerchief and cries into it.]

Selina: Mr. Guide, how do you think I feel after I slew one of the most notable men in the middle ages? This whole slaying business is taking its toll too much.

The Guide: INDEED, MAGEIA! SLAYING IS DIFFICULT.

The Guide: NOW I NEED TO TELL YOU THAT IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING.

Selina: What?? [she gets angry]

The Guide: YES, THE MASTER IS JUST ONE OF THE FOUR MOST LEGENDARY TERRAN VAMPIRES. THE OTHER ONES ARE: THE RIDER, THE VAMPIRELLA WITH THE OLDEST BODY; THE INTEGRATOR, THE VAMPIRE WITH THE OLDEST COMBINATION OF THE SAME BODY AND THE SAME SOUL; AND THE SLAYER - THE FIRST VAMPIRELLA TO HAVE SLAIN ANOTHER VAMPIRE.

Selina: Hold it, hold it, **hold it!** I am **The Slayer!**

The Guide: THAT IS CORRECT. A VAMPIRE CAN ONLY BE SLAIN BY ANOTHER VAMPIRE, EXCEPT FOR THE LAST STANDING VAMPIRE WHO WILL BE SLAIN BY THE CHILD OF HIS TWO FAVOURITE CHILDREN. [Reference: [Lion King opening](#).]

The Guide: VAMPIRELLAS MAKE SOME OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE SLAYERS.
[his eyes lighten up.]

Selina: So I've been a vampire all along, and now I have to get myself slain? What the hell?

Selina: No way... no way... no freakin' way.

Selina: Tell you what! I quit! I am no longer **The Slayer**. I just wanna be plain old Selina Mandrake — human being.

The Guide: AS YOU WISH.

[A door opens and an awfully looking unkempt woman runs with a knife in her hand towards The Guide and Selina.]

Selina: Aaarrgh! [She quickly runs to hide behind the guide.]

[The Guide pulls out a [crossbow](#) from his coat, loads it with an arrow, and shoots the unkempt woman in the heart. She evaporates into dust.]

Selina: Oh my god, oh my god. What was that?

The Guide: [In a non-dramatic tone] That was The Slayer.

Selina: So you slew The Slayer?

The Guide: No, we both did.

Selina: Whoa, what?

The Guide: [he packs his crossbow] I have a gift for you [gives her a small fancy chest].

Selina: I'm probably going to regret it.

[She opens the chest and at one side there's a fancy and translucent [1d10](#). Selina takes it out and smiles. She then opens the other compartment and sees a plastic card that reads "Vampire", she turns over the card and sees an ID photo of her with the labels «Selina Mandrake ; "buffy" ; The Dispeller»]

Selina: Hold it, hold it, so now I am still a vampire and am "The Dispeller"? Who will slay me?

The Guide: Do not worry about it. [He takes out a mobile phone and calls, the phone answers.]

The Guide: Mosheh! How are you doing? How is the Mrs.? All's well?

Selina: Mosheh?

The Guide: [to Selina] ...Ben-Amram.

Selina: Mosheh Ben Amram... oh, God! How could I've been so naïve! [To the Guide] Give me the phone, I want to give this so-called prophet of the Jewish people a piece of my mind for all the hardship he has done to me. [She tries to reach the phone, the Guide does not let her]

The Guide: [On the phone] Yes, she passed with blazing colours...that's great... sounds good... OK, I'll tell her... [hangs the phone.]

Selina: Hrrrrrrrrrrggggh...

The Guide: OK, Ms. Mandrake, I hope you have a nice summer vacation, and do not worry about what the future holds for you as a vampire. It may not be what you think.

Selina: I will lose my mind if I don't tell anyone about what happened to me this year.

The Guide: Then tell!

Selina: Oh well, I guess the most that can happen is that my friends are going to think that I am crazy.

The Guide: Yes, I will leave you alone now to your normal life. [He walks away.]

The Guide: Oh, and, by the way, I kinda lied earlier.

Selina: About what?

The Guide: About my slaying abilities. I'm actually a pretty good slayer - all things considered.

[Selina looks bewildered.]

Selina: but... but... you're a...

The Guide: a guy? Well, it doesn't matter much for slaying. [A child](#) once slew two mighty superpowers.

The Guide: Farewell, Ms. Mandrake.

Selina: Bye...

Selina meets Mosheh and Aharon

The Essence of Being a Dispeller

Selina's voice: I took The Guide's advice and invited Jessica, Jonathan and Matthew to come over to my house, and started telling them the whole story, after

telling them they may decide whether to believe me or not. They found it incredibly funny and burst out laughing several times.

Selina's voice: They said that whether it was real or not, it was a blast hearing it, and that I should write it and publish it online.

[Selina is walking in a nice park.]

Selina's voice: Matthew and I got accepted into different universities, so we parted ways. Jessica, Jonathan, Matthew, and I are still chatting over the Internet and stuff. Meanwhile, I started studying Near East Archaeology in my university in California, and now have to learn Sumerian, Akkadian, Phoenician, and Aramaic, at least for now.

Selina's voice: I need to study [Cuneiform](#) and it is driving me mad, so I'm looking for a pastoral place to study it. This park is really lovely.

[Mosheh and Aharon, who resemble Moses and Aaron from the Bible, approach Selina from a different pathway. They are wearing backpacks.]

Mosheh: Oh, there she is. [they approach her].

Mosheh: Hi, Ms. Mandrake? Nice to meet you. I am Mosheh Ben-Amram - this is my brother, Aharon. [they extend their hands.]

[Selina looks angry. Cut to a long shot of the trees.]

Selina's Voice: [In a loud and angry tone] You bloody fucks!!!

[Cut to Selina standing next to Mosheh and Aharon.]

Selina: I can't believe you people... you... vampires.

Selina: I want to kill you, I so am, but it will probably be futile, because if you survived until now, there's no way I can hurt you at all.

Mosheh: Well, not physically, but you certainly can mentally.

Selina: Mr. Mosheh - this is not the time to make such silly jokes.

Selina: Tell me one thing: why me? **wha - hy** me? Why was I chosen to be **The Slayer** and then, the... the...

Aharon: The Dispeller!

Selina: Exactly. Was it destiny? [starts crying] Was it fate? Did I want to?

[Mosheh and Aharon drag Selina to a bench, where she sits down and weeps.]

Selina: And what kind of slayer cries like a baby?

Mosheh: Here, have a handkerchief.

Selina: Thank you. [Weeps into the handkerchief.]

Mosheh: And don't worry, Selina, some of our most admired and toughest male warrior vampires, had cried in less aggravating conditions than yours. We are all human.

Selina: [cries some more] OK, I'm the Dispeller, now what do we do?

Mosheh: Whatever you want.

Selina: Should I dispel stuff?

Mosheh: You already did, but it was done by vampires, both human and non-human, since the beginning of the universe.

Selina: Then why do they need me?

Mosheh: Well, how should I start. I gather you've watched [Star Trek: Deep Space Nine](#)?

Selina: I did, great show. Hold it, hold it! Not their prophets and the [Vedeks](#) and [Kai Winn](#), and...

Mosheh: Yep, they are all real to an extent - minus some Hollywood deviations, and exaggerations.

Selina: Oh God... who is probably Don Knuth, right. I know the ["Knuth is not God"](#) meme.

Mosheh: Well, according to the prophets he is "The God" and "The Neo-Tech God".

Selina: Why Neo-Tech?

Mosheh: Because we are part of ["The Neo-Tech conspiracy"](#) for establishing the Semitic culture".

Selina: Wasn't it established thousands of years ago?

Aharon: Well, like the prophets would say "Before? After?".

Selina: Got it.

Selina: OK, so people dispelled in the past, and they needed me as some kind of role model to look up to, in order to dispel. How lame!

Selina: But what were these slaying tests, and The Guide, and these weird demons, and... God, they made me feel so helpless, and mad, and sad, and... all for becoming a silly [Bajoran](#) god?

Selina: [she stands up] Couldn't you have given me a written examination?

Mosheh: That would not be adequate for us. See, as vampires, we constantly have to deal with a lot of emotions and frustrations in our personal and professional lives. Dispelling is not always easy, and you are going to encounter many obstacles along the way from envious people, who are threatened by what you say, or stubborn people, or sycophants, or even people who care about what you say or have important amendments.

Mosheh: Dispelling is not just fun and games, you know.

Selina: I see. [Selina giggles.]

Mosheh: I should also tell you about the [Q continuum](#).

Selina: Yes, I gather it existed, only it seems that the Qs cannot be omnipotent, because it's a logical and mathematical impossibility.

Mosheh: They are not. They are regular humanoids, or other aliens, who have ascended to be vampires and Qs, and who possess extremely powerful (but not omnipotent or "supernatural") technology.

Selina: I see. Did they provide the special effects?

Mosheh: You guessed it.

Selina: OK, I'm still mad at you. But since I still find all this fascinating (I have to, as a wannabe Archaeologist and stuff), I'm going to continue talking to you, despite being mad.

Mosheh: Sure. You may wish to know that the Bajoran scholars considered dispelling as the next logical level after slaying.

Selina: And The Slayer was Buffy from the show?

Mosheh: No. The fictional Buffy Anne Summers was a mighty slayer, but she was just The Vampire Slayer. The Slayer and the concept of slaying predates her.

Selina: I see. So whom do I have the dubious honour to succeed?

Mosheh: This is a complicated story, but let me ask you: have you read the novel [The Three Musketeers](#)?

Selina: By [Dumas](#)? Of course! ... What?! [Milady de Winter](#)?! She?!

Mosheh: The more accurate story is a bit more complicated, but maybe you'd like to hear it from a more authoritative source.

Selina: From whom?

Mosheh: Look behind you.

[Selina turns around and notices Kate ([Gabrielle Anwar](#)), an attractive, black-haired, white, woman, looking in her thirties or forties or so.

.]

Selina: [sheepishly] Hi, who might you be?

Kate: [excited] Oh Selina, I feel like I've known you all my life. [she runs to hug Selina. Selina reluctantly lets her hug her.]

Selina: OK, OK, but who are you Ms....

Kate: Oh sorry, [lets herself go of Selina] I am Kate.

Selina: Nice to meet you, Ms. Kate.

Kate: Well, I've been known by various last names in previous lives, but Kate always stayed the same.

Selina: Previous lives? Oh, I suppose you remained young...

Mosheh: ...Or became younger.

Selina: Yes, yes, OK. So which life are we talking about?

Kate tells her story

Kate's Early Life

Kate: My first. Well, I was actually born Kate Hampshire, an Anglican baby born to English parents on French soil. I grew up among French children, who welcomed me as their own, but when my parents and I returned back to England when I was 5 years old, I was ridiculed for my French, and so wanted to hear nothing of it, until I was older and had to relearn French much more painfully.

Selina: But you still had a trace of a French accent...

Kate: Precisely.

Kate: Anyway, as opposed to Dumas' description, I was a brunette, for which some no-goodnicks from my whereabouts, ridiculed me for being of Jewish descent, but

eventually, I knew not to care. There were plenty of other brunette girls among my friends, anyway.

Kate: Anyway, my father wanted me to learn the proper Christian law and ethics, so he taught me how to read English, and told me to read the Bible. I grew to love it, and considered the various characters there as my friends.

Kate: Moreover, I organised various shows of the Bible, by children at the local parish, often with a lot of humour thrown in, in order to captivate the crowd. Our minister believed that this was blasphemous, so he summoned the local Bishop to see, who not only enjoyed our shows, but also told the reverend that we were making the Bible something living and dynamic, and so it should be encouraged.

Kate: As a result, I quickly became notorious for my shows, which also captured the attention of the local nobility, the Lords of Canterson. The older brother, who liked me so much, became infatuated with me, courted me, and eventually we got married.

Kate: We led a happy marriage, but it was terminated shortly after that, when the lord, my husband, became sick, and then died. It was not my fault, but I was devastated from it, and after recovering, told the lord's younger brother, the now honourable Lord James Canterson, that I was going to relocate to Paris, France, for a change of scenery. He agreed.

Kate: As a result, I, as Lady Canterson, arrived at Paris to try my luck in finding a new life. I was able to make a small profit teaching English and the English bible to many students who were eager to learn, but my social life took a turn, to the worse, at first. You see, I kept telling the various people at parties and other social events of my previous life as an entertainer and also reciting some of my takes on Biblical things with improvisations. Many men and women found it amusing and liked me, but a minority of the women started spreading rumours that I killed my husband, and was actually glad he died, and were trying to put me down.

d'Artagnan's Advice

Kate's voice: At one point, I could not take it anymore, and I went to a corner couch, sat down, and started crying. I was joined by [d'Artagnan](#), a young (about my age), and promising, guard at the des Essarts' company of guards, who was a big fan of me and my stories about what happened in the Bible, and he asked me:

[Showing the couch]

D'Artagnan: Milady, que se passe-t-il? [= "Milady, what's the matter?"]

Milady Kate: Rien [= "nothing". She is crying.].

D'Artagnan: Il y a évidemment quelque chose qui ne va pas. Pourquoi pleurez-vous? [= “something is obviously the matter. Why are you crying?”]

Milady Kate: D'accord. Comme je ne porte plus le deuil et que je semble heureuse, les autres femmes croient que j'ai tué mon mari. [= “OK. The other women think I killed my husband because I'm now no longer grieving and because I seem happy.”]

D'Artagnan: Sottises! On peut à la fois être triste et heureux pour des raisons différentes. [= “nonsense. You can be sad and happy at the same time, for two different things.”]

Milady Kate: Oui, oui. [= “yes. yes.”]

D'Artagnan: Laissez-moi vous dire ceci [takes her hands]. Je comprends que vous soyez troublée, mais sachez que ces personnes ne vous veulent que du tort et vous ne devriez pas laisser les paroles grossières ou méprisantes vous affecter. Vous valez mieux que ça. [= “Let me tell you this . It's OK to receive insults, it's OK to be offended, but you need to know that ultimately the other person just does not mean well, and that you should not get them to hurt you. You're better than that.”]

Milady Kate: M. d'Artagnan, vous êtes très sage pour votre âge. [= “M. d'Artagnan, you are quite wise for your age.”]

D'Artagnan: Merci, Milady. Je tâcherai que ça ne me monte pas à la tête. [= “Thank you, Milady. I will not let it go to my head.”]

[They both smile.]

Kate and d'Artagnan's Friendship

Kate's voice: D'Artagnan and I became good friends: I taught him English and the Bible, and he told me of some of the things he learned as a noble, and what happened at the guards, and helped me improve my French. We ended up falling in love and having an affair, and while we did not go public about it, we did not really hide it either, and pretty soon everyone knew, and many single people and couples were jealous of us. But we didn't care.

Kate's voice: I should also tell you about [the Queen, Anne of Austria](#). She was a beautiful woman, but needy and jealous and wanted the King, Louis XIII, to love her, without her doing anything to deserve it. The King and his prime minister, Cardinal Richelieu, despised her for her incompetence, which made her feel even more deprived of love that she supposedly deserved. I sometimes had to provide support for some of her maids, who were offended by her abuse, and ended up giving them d'Artagnan's advice, which I noticed had made them quickly lose their job, and then meeting me and telling me how relieved they were.

Kate's voice: In any case, I was expecting d'Artagnan to propose soon after all that, when it was announced that the [conquest of La Rochelle](#) was about to take place, and that d'Artagnan will relocate there. I was somewhat worried for his future, and thought we would have to part soon.

Kate's Assignment

Kate's voice: However, nothing prepared me for the time when my maid woke me up in the middle of the night and informed me that two of the King's Musketeers were at the door. I wondered why. The Musketeers told me the king asked to see me, so I wore a plain dress, and they took me in a carriage to the palace. They escorted me to a room where I saw the king sitting at an armchair, as well as d'Artagnan, and his good friend and mentor, [Athos](#), standing at a corner.

[Showing the scene at the Palace.]

Louis XIII: [In English with a French accent] Hello, Lady Canterson. You know M. d'Artagnan and M. Athos.

Milady Kate: [A little worried] I do, nice to meet you again.

Louis XIII: Please meet his eminence.

[Cardinal Richelieu ([Patrick Stewart](#)) turns to face them.]

Milady Kate: His eminence! Oh no, oh no... if it's about my relationship with M. d'Artagnan, then - it was all my fault - I can return to England, and...

Cardinal Richelieu: Lady Canterson, we have known about your affair with M. d'Artagnan for a long time, and we do not disapprove of it, but that is not why you are here. In fact, we brought you here, in order to slay [Lord Buckingham](#), so he won't interfere with our planned attack of La Rochelle.

Milady Kate: Kill Lord Buckingham?

Cardinal Richelieu: I said "slay" - not "kill". There is a difference as you shall see.

Cardinal Richelieu: We have failed at convincing Lord Buckingham that he should refrain from attacking us, which will cause many innocent lives to be lost and so we have to resort to take him out of the equation.

Louis XIII: Here's the deal: you will carry these three letters signed by his eminence, by the King of England and by me, that will instruct whoever reads them to do everything within reason to assist you in your mission. M. Athos and M. d'Artagnan will escort you, and they will protect you with their lives if necessary.

Louis XIII: The plan is: go to your house and take the belongings you care about; take a fast carriage to Calais and cross the channel; once in England, find some people you know to help you find a body similar to Lord Buckingham, find someone who will take the blame for it (your king will make sure nothing bad happens to him), slay Lord Buckingham, and take a carriage with him to Plymouth where you will board a ship to the British colonies of America, and both start a new life. Is that clear?

Milady Kate: Yes, your majesty. [She bows.]

[Milady Kate, Athos and d'Artagnan leave.]

Kate's voice: So we did it all, despite some minor setbacks, in part due to me bitching about the whole situation. We contacted Lord Canterson, who volunteered one of his trusted soldiers for the job. And travelled to [Portsmouth](#) where Lord Buckingham was about to leave.

[Showing the cabin of Lord Buckingham. He is standing there. Adam, Lord Canterson's soldier, enters with a rifle and points it at Lord Buckingham.]

Adam: Greetings, your highness! I can shoot you now, but I won't.

Lord Buckingham: I believe you. What is it that you desire?

[Milady Kate enters, followed by Athos, d'Artagnan and Lord Canterson who are dragging a body.]

Milady Kate: Greetings, Lord Buckingham! We shall travel together to Plymouth, in order to board a ship to the New World, where we will be a couple at least until our arrival. Consider yourself slain and reborn.

[Turns to face d'Artagnan]

Milady Kate: I guess we part now.

D'Artagnan: Yes.

Milady Kate: I loved you.

D'Artagnan: I loved you too.

[They hug.]

Milady Kate: [to Lord Buckingham] Shall we? [She puts her hand in his.]

Kate meets Dumas

Kate's voice: We boarded the ship and started a new life at what became the United States of America. I kept in touch with Mr. George Smith, as he was now called for a while until he no longer needed me. I was also eventually indoctrinated as a vampire, for whom the fact that she once slew the 1st Duke of Buckingham was merely an anecdote.

Kate's voice: But all this changed shortly after the publication of *The Three Musketeers* in the 1840s. Having dismissed Alexandre Dumas as a second-class writer of popular books, I was surprised that many people approached me in my new life as Mrs. Kate Black requesting that I will slay them. Eventually, I found out about the novel, sent a letter to M. Dumas that I was coming to visit him, and travelled by ship to France to meet him at his home in Paris. This is what happened.

[Cut to Alexandre Dumas' Home]

Dumas: Good morning, Madame Black, I have heard so much about you, but have no idea why you would like to meet me, all of a sudden.

Kate: M. Dumas... I am going to kill you. Physically! For what you have done to me.

Dumas: But, Madame, why?

Kate: How shall I put it? For your information, I was once Lady Kate Canterson and...

Dumas: [Interrupts her] Oh, non! C'est un impossible. You are the... real Milady de-Winter!

Dumas: Oh, this is a great honour. Where are my manners? Milady, do you want some cake, some biscuits, some tea? I have excellent wine too. Please! Sit down. [Kate reluctantly sits down. Dumas is busy making arrangements for taking care of his guest.]

Dumas: Please, tell me all about it.

Dumas' Advice

[Later on that evening.]

Kate: [Drunk] M. Dumas, you treated me really well today, but now what do we do... about... about... about the people who are asking me to slay them.

M. Dumas: [Not as drunk] Madame, just tell them that you no longer will slay. That you quit being a slayer, and that they should deal with their troubled life themselves.

Kate: Mr. Dumas, sounds like a good idea. You are a very wise man for your age. [She falls asleep.]

[Cut to the morning. Kate is sleeping on a bed in Alexandre Dumas' house. Birds are chirping outside, and everything is pastoral.]

Kate: [Wakes up] Hmm... [Hangover] Ow, ow, oh! [She rises up and washes her face.]

[Cut to a different room in Dumas' house, he is sitting there drinking tea.]

Alexandre Dumas: Bonjour, Madame Black. I see you have slept well.

Kate: I have, thank you.

Alexandre Dumas: I enjoyed hearing your story last night.

Kate: And I was happy to tell it. [She pours some water and drinks it.] Thanks for the hospitality. And for the useful piece of advice which I now recall.

Alexandre Dumas: You are most welcome, Madame. Now please - stay for breakfast.

Kate: Thank you, Monsieur. I shall stay. No wine this time, though.

[Dumas smiles and Kate laughs.]

Alexandre Dumas: Yes, no wine. Now, Madame, would you like to hear some ideas I have for a new novel?

[Close-up on Kate, she is grinning mischievously.]

From Slayer to Dispeller

[Cut to the bench with Selina, Kate, Mosheh and Aharon.]

Kate: Well, I quit slaying, at least in its extreme form of faking one's death, but still maintained the status of being The Slayer in the real world. While neither France nor England wanted to consider Milady de-Winter as their own, they both wanted to claim me.

[Cut to Selina: she has tears of excitement.]

Selina: Beautiful story.

Kate: Yes, well, that was how The Slayer came to be, but now we started a new age where dispelling is preferred. So I pass the baton to you, and finally have some peace.

[Selina hugs Kate and bursts into tears.]

Mosheh: Vampirellas are cute, are they not?

Aharon: And they make some of the best slayers — and apparently dispellers too.

From Dispeller to Selina

[After a while]

Selina: I'm OK, I'm OK.

Selina: Fine, fine. I'll be The Dispeller. [she stands up] I'll dispel lots of bad idioms, and falsehoods [gesture with her hand] being Selina Mandrake - **The Dispeller...**

Selina: Oh, who am I kidding? That is so not me. I don't want to be worshipped as a profile or a goddess or whatever. Can't I just be Selina... Mandrake? The wonderful me? The individual? Can't I dispel the whole thing?

Aharon: I knew you can do it, Selina.

Mosheh: [tears of joy on his eyes] yes, indeed. See, one of the prophecies given by the Bajoran Prophets was that one day the Bajorans themselves will no longer need them. Kai Winn predicted that the Dispeller will finally put the whole ordeal to rest. So the Bajorans have placed the orbs on public display for everyone to experience and talk to the Prophets, but will no longer take such prophecies seriously. The Prophets of the wormhole will continue to be an active field of research for the Bajorans and the Q Continuum, but won't be considered an object of worship.

Mosheh: Tomorrow's day in Bajor will not be "The Day of the Dispeller", but rather "The Day of Selina Mandrake", the wonderful, beautiful, intelligent, and, as some Americans will say, "awesome", young woman, but an individual, and not a mere label.

Mosheh: In the meanwhile, people all across the universe, are rethinking their long-term personality and behaviour. As hard-to-fathom Q is, he is still just humanoid, who while jump-starting the alien civilisation that became the Q Continuum, and has been considered The Invisible, admits that after 6 milliard years, it is a good idea to stop appearing blasé, and show some emotion and compassion for his friends, including his former wives and his children.

Selina: So Q has children?

Mosheh: Indeed.

Mosheh: Moreover, [Kahless](#) was revealed to having been alive in the quadrant all the time under his true (but constantly disputed) identity. He was not as capable a physical warrior as was once reported (and certainly isn't now) — just someone who knew how to avoid fighting, and reach a middle ground without anyone getting hurt, and nor is he as impressive physically as reported back then. He returned in "The Day of The Living Dead" to guide the Klingons back into rationality and carefulness instead of what became their traditional stubbornness and haste.

Mosheh: Furthermore, here on Earth, we start to realise that instead of the “Eye for an eye” and “May my soul die with Philistines” adages, which cause everyone to suffer and be resentful, it is time to adopt a more rational and compassionate idiom, as exemplified by the noble practice of [Saladin](#), which yields far better long-term results.

Mosheh: Finally, we admit to ourselves that sometimes [amateurs](#) (being people who like what they do, people who don't play by the rules, and finally people who are not professional) can compete with the large budgets and high discipline of professionals, and even exceed it, because they can deliver more and at greater capacity, tend to think outside the box, and simply tend to avoid the many invisible rules that plague more professional structures.

Mosheh: The so-called New Age is finally arriving, and we are about to establish the worldwide Neo-Semitic culture, based on diversity, cross-pollination, acceptance, tolerance, rationality, and life.

[Cut to Selina.]

Selina: [Wipes some tears from her face] Beautiful - I am glad I proved of service.

Selina Gets Help with her Cuneiform Homework

Selina: Anyway, even if I am a vampirella, or a heroine, or a Q, or whatever, I still have my responsibilities as a student of Near East archaeology. And that means - cuneiform!

Aharon: Ah, cuneiform. That brings back memories.

Mosheh: Yes, lots of memories.

Selina: Heh, pleasant memories?

Mosheh: Well: nostalgic ones, but not really pleasant ones. You see, the western Semitic people, primarily those who spoke the various Hebrew languages and Aramaic, had mostly converted to use the Alphabet, which appeared like a sloppy,

hard to read, and a poor man's writing system. They often used it to write about anything including drinking, being happy and jolly, spreading vicious rumours, erotica, and even incest.

Mosheh: Some peoples used it as one of their technological and strategical advantages, and made sure to pass many important messages.

Mosheh: On the other hand, Cuneiform had originally been created for Sumerian, which many considered as a holy and mystical language that must be kept alive, and was adopted for Akkadian and its essentially identical variations of Babylonian and Assyrian, which reflected an old and no longer usable Semitic dialect, that most people on the street did not know or liked.

Aharon: Yes, this whole issue ended when everyone started to learn and use Aramaic, which was spoken and written by many people, stretched into all directions, incorporated many foreign words, and developed dialects, sub-dialects and personal idioms. Incredibly similarly to what is happening with English today.

Mosheh: Yes, the age when Aramaic became the Lingua franca was wonderful. So although Aharon and I had to learn Cuneiform, we now realise how much we detested it.

Selina: OK, but it is still of utility for me as an Archaeologist.

Kate: And we can help.

Selina: You too? [Selina looks at her.]

Kate: Of course! See, my obsession with the Bible continued throughout my life, and later on I became a scholar: first as a married woman who just frequented universities and learned things from the male professors and students; later on, as someone who helped some professors with their research, and eventually got credited; and as time progressed, I got a B.A., and then a Ph.D., and am now a professor.

Selina: Wow, that's great.

Kate: And I studied Cuneiform and the memory is still fresh.

Selina: Smashing! OK, so I gather you can help me get ready for the test?

Aharon: We will be delighted. Vampires still have responsibilities as normal human beings, and we always try to prioritise assisting a fellow vampire.

Selina: Great! OK, let's start. OK, show me some glyphs and ask me about how to pronounce them, and what they mean and where.

Kate: OK, let's start... [she takes Selina's book and covers the page] What is this glyph?

Selina: Bugger me if I know, heh.

[Kate, Mosheh and Aharon laugh.]

Selina: OK, let me guess...

[Camera moves up, end credits.]

[END.]