

D U N E

by  
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Based on the book by Frank Herbert

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Misher Films  
New Amsterdam Entertainment  
Paramount Pictures

*"He who controls the spice, controls the universe."*

THE PARAMOUNT MOUNTAIN LOGO

FADES INTO:

A BLACK ANVIL OF A MOUNTAIN on the Imperial prison planet...

1 EXT. SALUSA SECUNDUS - NIGHT 1

A frightening, fire-forged, obsidian world. A subtitle flashes:

*PLANET SALUSA SECUNDUS - 10,191 A. G.*

We look out from the hold of a huge frigate upon a landing field as 5,000 of the most fearsome soldiers in the universe march toward us into the ship, their armor encased faces little more than scowling death masks. Meet THE SARDAUKAR, warrior fanatics born and bred to do one thing: kill.

Their commander COLONEL BASHER oversees the mobilization under a flag emblazoned with a GOLDEN LION THRONE. We don't know where the Sardaukar are going or why, but you wouldn't want to be there when they arrive.

CUT TO:

2 FLASHES OF A DESERT PLANET 2

*...kangaroo mice hop across the sand, leaving erratic tracks... solemn, silent figures carrying glowglobes surround us... a slashing rock formation marks the desert horizon... water drip, drip, drips from an etching of a worm-like creature on the wall... a beautiful girl with blue on blue eyes looks back upon us with love and says...*

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

Muad'dib.

3 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - CALADAN - NIGHT 3

A teenage boy, not yet a man, snaps awake. Meet PAUL ATREIDES (17). It takes him a moment to absorb where he is, the dream still with him. Paul looks around what could be any teenager's room, only most of it has been packed up into crates emblazoned with the RED ATREIDES HAWK. His clothes, shield belt and boots are arranged neatly beside the bed.

A knock on the door and it opens. Paul's mother LADY JESSICA steps in, a woman with the untouchable majesty of a virgin Goddess and the seductive wiles of a courtesan.

JESSICA

Paul, you overslept. Hurry and dress.

4

EXT. CALADAN CASTLE - DAY

4

Jessica leads Paul down a cloister open to lush, immaculate gardens, a world away from the harsh environment Paul was just dreaming about. White orchids cascade down the ancient columns. A subtitle reads:

*PLANET CALADAN - ANCESTRAL HOME OF  
HOUSE ATREIDES*

Jessica looks tense, frightened even, as if she's marching her son into the jaws of something terrible. Two black-robed ATTENDANTS escort them, the tendrils of mystical tattoos curling up their necks and over their hands.

PAUL

I had another dream about Arrakis.

JESSICA

Well tomorrow you'll see it for real.

PAUL

There was a girl this time. Her eyes were this...

Jessica stops, cutting him off. Her own eyes are filled with fear.

JESSICA

Paul, you need to focus. This meeting is serious. Promise you'll remember what I taught you.

Paul glances back at the two attendants, their witch-like presence unnerving.

PAUL

What is this about?

JESSICA

Just promise me.

Paul nods. A dark feeling settling inside his chest.

5 INT. CHAMBER - CALADAN CASTLE - DAY

5

Spare, dim -- a place of private worship. Jessica leads Paul inside. Waiting there, like black cats, are four more attendants. We hear harsh words spoken in an ancient dialect:

MOTHER MOHIAM (O.C.)  
 (in Chakobsa)  
*Leave us.*

Paul sees a severe old crone sitting at a table in the corner, mystical tattoos covering her face like black ivy. REVEREND MOTHER GAIUS HELEN MOHIAM.

The attendants file out past Jessica, who stays at the door reluctant to leave her son. Mohiam waves her away, dismissive.

JESSICA  
 I love you, son.

She casts one last fretful look and leaves, shutting the door behind. Paul tries to mask his intimidation.

MOTHER MOHIAM  
 Do you know who I am?

PAUL  
 Reverend Mother Gaius Helen Mohiam,  
 Supreme Head of the Bene Gesserit  
 Order and the Emperor's personal  
 truthsayer.

MOTHER MOHIAM  
 That's right, boy.

PAUL  
 With respect, I'm no more a boy  
 than my mother is one of your  
 servants out there. We're the son  
 and mistress of a Duke. Address us  
 as such, or not at all.

MOTHER MOHIAM  
 (smiling)  
 Headstrong. Good. You'll need to  
 be. Come here.

She nods to a seat across from her. Paul takes it and notices an ancient GREEN CUBE on the table. Mohiam turns the mysterious artifact so that a pitch-black opening faces Paul. No light appears to enter it.

MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)  
Put your hand in the box.

Paul studies the opening, unable to see what's inside. He looks up at the old witch, wary.

PAUL  
Why?

MOTHER MOHIAM  
*Hand in the box.*

The subtle shadings in her voice force his hand uncontrollably inside. Paul looks up, feeling violated. She just used THE VOICE on him.

PAUL  
There's nothing in there.

Mohiam smiles, tattoos twisting around her mouth.

MOTHER MOHIAM  
You're wrong.

She gets up and circles toward him, Paul's fear ratcheting with her every step. She stops behind him, looming for a moment, then brings a bony finger sheathed with a broach-like poison needle to his neck. The GOM JABBAR.

MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)  
Pain, boy. Pain is in the box. And if you withdraw your hand, you die.

Paul looks at the green box, his hand inside. He suddenly feels his hand start to ache.

PAUL  
It burns.

MOTHER MOHIAM  
Good.

The pain intensifies. He starts to sweat.

PAUL  
Why are you doing this?

MOTHER MOHIAM  
Ever sift sand through a screen? We Bene Gesserit sift people to find humans.

Paul doesn't understand.

MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

We need to see what control you  
have over your animal instincts.  
Over your mind.

Paul's arm starts to shake. He can feel the skin start to peel from his hand.

PAUL

I can't--

He almost withdraws his hand. Mohiam pinches the Gom Jabbar to his neck.

MOTHER MOHIAM

Don't make your mother mourn you.

Paul shuts his eyes, desperately trying to endure the pain. He feels the flesh of his hand fall off the bone. He starts mumbling to himself a litany...

PAUL

*Fear is the mind-killer. The little-  
death that brings total  
obliteration. I will face my  
fear...*

The pain is excruciating.

6

EXT. CHAMBER - CALADAN CASTLE - DAY

6

Jessica mumbles the same litany, knotted in fear and worry.

JESSICA

*...and when the fear has gone past,  
only I will remain.*

She looks to the door, the attendants guarding it. It opens, Mohiam stepping out alone.

Jessica's heart sinks -- until Paul steps out behind. He looks shocked and shaken by his ordeal.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Paul! I'm sorry, I--

Jessica rushes to him. Paul warns her back.

PAUL

Don't.

He shoots her a harsh look and storms off. Jessica watches him go, anguished with guilt.

MOTHER MOHIAM

That boy withstood more pain than any child I've tested. You trained him well, Jessica.

JESSICA

So the bloodline's intact?

MOTHER MOHIAM

Yes, despite your intransigence.

JESSICA

My Duke wanted a son.

MOTHER MOHIAM

A Bene Gesserit exists to serve her sisterhood, not her heart. We instructed you to produce a daughter.

JESSICA

I know I upset the order of things.

MOTHER MOHIAM

The order of things? You could have jeopardized *everything*. We were one generation away. Now...

JESSICA

We have Paul.

Mohiam snorts.

MOTHER MOHIAM

Your Duke has an heir. The sisterhood doesn't know what we have. Only when that boy takes the final test will it be known if he's our Kwisatz Haderach.

Mohiam stares at Jessica darkly.

MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

But first he must survive Arrakis.

JESSICA

What do you mean?

MOTHER MOHIAM

Don't pretend you don't know what your love has set in motion. A great tragedy awaits your family out there. Terrible things.

Jessica steels herself. She somehow knew this day was coming.

JESSICA

What can I do?

MOTHER MOHIAM

Haven't you done enough already?  
The best you can hope for is to  
salvage your son.

JESSICA

And for my Duke?

By Mohiam's look -- nothing. Jessica's heart shatters.

7

INT. TRAINING HALL - CALADAN CASTLE - DAY

7

Paul sits at a long table staring at his hand, curiously unscathed from the box. Behind him, an ugly lump of a man with an inkvine scar rumbles through the door with an armload of weapons and a nine-stringed baliset slung over his shoulder. Meet GURNEY HALLECK, the Atreides master of arms. He clears his throat. Paul doesn't bother looking back.

PAUL

I know, I know. I'm sitting with my  
back to a door.

GURNEY

How many times do I have to school  
y' lad? What if I was a Harko  
assassin?

PAUL

I'm pretty sure the Harkonnen don't  
sneak around with a baliset on  
their back. I could hear it  
twanging against your shield belt  
halfway down the passage.

Gurney drops the instrument and growls. With deceptive quickness, he draws his crescent-bladed KINDJAL and charges Paul, punching the force button on his shield belt. A shimmering force field ("personal shield") unfurls around him as he stampedes across the floor.

Paul has just enough time to punch on his personal shield before Gurney comes swinging, his blade repelled with a  
STATIC CRACK!

Paul barrel-rolls away and picks up his own Kindjal. Mentor and student each set themselves, the day's lesson now begun.

GURNEY

Paaaah! A great fighter like your father would never let his shield do the work.

PAUL

I'm not in the mood today, Gurney.

GURNEY

Mood! Our enemies won't ask what mood you're in. Now fight me!

Gurney attacks, savagely swinging his kindjal. Paul dodges and parries, mostly playing defense. He's quick and scrappy, but Gurney's fearsome strength and skill is too much. Paul jumps atop the long table to put some breathing room between them.

PAUL

I think you're just wound up because we're about to see the man who gave you that scar.

GURNEY

I'm wound up 'cause Dune is one of the most dangerous mantraps in the universe. Y' need to be ready!

Gurney cuts the cord of a glowglobe chandelier. It drops. Paul jumps back as it comes crashing onto the table, missing him by inches.

PAUL

Whoa! Gurney.

GURNEY

Expect only what happens in a fight. That way you'll never be surprised.

Gurney jumps atop the table and comes again. Paul is beat back, overmatched, Gurney's fierce blows cracking against Paul's personal shield. He's finally knocked back to the table's edge when suddenly...

Paul dodges Gurney's swing, spins around him, and flips Gurney to the tabletop, cracking it. The impact jars the kindjal from Gurney's clutch. Paul stands over him with a big grin.

PAUL

You look surprised.

Riled, Gurney jackhammers his elbow and the TABLE COLLAPSES. They both go tumbling to the floor, Gurney flipping out a dagger-like SLIP TIP concealed in his sleeve. Before Paul knows what's what, Gurney has penetrated Paul's personal shield, bringing the blade to his face.

GURNEY

The shield turns the fast blow,  
admits the slow slip-tip.

PAUL

I guess on Arrakis I'd be dead.

Gurney slashes Paul's cheek, drawing blood. He rolls off and they drop shields.

GURNEY

Let that scratch be a reminder of  
what cheek should be facing the  
door next time.

Paul touches his cheek and looks at his bloody fingers, a little stunned.

GURNEY (CONT'D)

I can sense the play in you, lad,  
and I'd like nothing better than to  
join in. But this move isn't play.  
The Harkonnen will have their  
knives out. For your father, your  
mother, and you.

8 INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY

8

An intimidating, vaulted audience chamber mostly in shadows. The doors open and a young man strides in, dangerous looking and face filled with ambition. FEYD-RAUTHA HARKONNEN (20) A subtitle reads:

*PLANET ARRAKIS - FIEF HOLDING OF  
HOUSE HARKONNEN*

A BASSO VOICE BOOMS from across the space. BARON VLADIMIR HARKONNEN, his eyes twinkling in the dark. He plays with a small orange vial, which he fiddles up and down his fat fingers.

BARON HARKONNEN

Feyd, my darling nephew. Join us.  
We were just about to start on some  
business.

(to the chairs)

Proceed gentlemen.

Feyd walks over to the Baron's desk. Occupying two of the suspensor chairs arrayed before it are TWO ARRAKEEN BANKERS.

ARRAKEEN BANKER 1

We know it's a delicate time,  
Baron. The charges of corruption.  
Being stripped of Arrakis. No one  
benefitted more from your control  
of the spice than we.

ARRAKEEN BANKER 2

But it's time to settle accounts.

ARRAKEEN BANKER 1

Twenty billion solaris to be exact.

ARRAKEEN BANKER 2

I'm sure you can appreciate with  
the handover tomorrow and your  
return to Giedi Prime that we're  
feeling a little...

BARON HARKONNEN

Say it.

ARRAKEEN BANKER 1

Exposed.

The Baron prowls from the shadows behind his desk, a massive massive man with a scowl like a shark. His black boots tread a cushion of air, his enormous bulk buoyed by the gravity-fluxing properties of a SUSPENSOR SUIT visibly glowing under his whale-skin cloak. He throws his intimidating bulk in front of Banker 1.

BARON HARKONNEN

Feel exposed, do you?

Banker 1 is too intimidated to speak. The Baron circles behind their chairs fixed on his little vial. Inside is SPICE.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

It's a funny thing about spice. The  
substance is exalted for its  
properties to expand one's  
consciousness. Yet I've often found  
those who traffic in it to have a  
very narrow view of things.

ARRAKEEN BANKER 2

I don't get your meaning, Baron.

BARON HARKONNEN  
Mentat, expand their minds.

The Baron looks to someone standing discretely in the wings -- a slender, short man with an effeminate face, his mouth smeared red with sapho juice. Meet PITER DE VRIS, a Mentat, the Baron's human computer.

PITER  
The calculation is obvious. Spice is the key to trade and travel in the universe. To everything. Why would the Baron, after eighty years of Harkonnen rule, just walk away from the one planet where it can be found?

ARRAKEEN BANKER 2  
(to the Baron)  
But the Emperor cast you out. The Landsraad High Council endorsed his decree.

BARON HARKONNEN  
So they did.

He nods to Feyd who LOOPS A COIL OF SHIGAWIRE around Banker 2's neck and strangles him in front of his horrified colleague. The Baron turns to him.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)  
Let me tell you what it means to settle accounts. 10,000 years. That's how long my House has been waiting to settle ours.

ARRAKEEN BANKER 1  
What are you talking about?

BARON HARKONNEN  
Exactly what you've come to discuss. Your 20 billion solaris. I haven't paid you for one simple reason: the money's tied up in another venture. One you can either be a partner in...

He nods to the corpse.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)  
Or not.

ARRAKEEN BANKER 1  
 (terrified)  
 What's the venture?

BARON HARKONNEN  
 The end of House Atreides.

He and Feyd exchange a dark look.

9

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - CALADAN - DAY

9

A stick-figure man with a drooping mustache and a diamond tattoo of Imperial Conditioning on his forehead attends to Paul's wound. His long black hair is caught in a silver ring at his shoulder. Meet DR. WELLINGTON YUEH.

PAUL  
 Ouch, Yueh. Easy.

DR. YUEH  
 Keep still.

PAUL  
 Focus, fight, stay still. Can't anyone make up their mind around here?

DR. YUEH  
 Your father just wants you prepared for what's to come.

PAUL  
 Then maybe he should show up and prepare me himself.

Paul pulls away and goes to one of the stacks of boxes, a picture of PAUL AS A BOY and his father, YOUNG DUKE LETO, on a fishing boat holding up a catch.

DR. YUEH  
 You know it's a busy time.

PAUL  
 Whatever, doc. We both know you're Imperially conditioned to protect him.

DR. YUEH  
 You mean incapable of hurting him. It's different.

PAUL

There's always an excuse. Last month it was the pundi rice stocks, today it's the move, once we're on Arrakis I'm sure it'll be something else.

Yueh looks to the bloody wad of cotton in his hand.

DR. YUEH

Your father is doing his best. It can't be easy, all the demands upon him. I know for me, there was probably no more terrible instance of enlightenment than the one in which I discovered my father was a man - with human flesh.

10

INT. DUKE'S BEDCHAMBERS - DUSK

10

Jessica stands in a sheer, sexy robe staring out the balcony door into the falling rain. A web of ancient, mystical Bene Gesserit tattoos cover her delicate back.

LETO (O.C.)

I don't know which is the greater sight...

A tall, commanding, noble-featured man makes an entrance. DUKE LETO ATREIDES. He comes up to Jessica and trails his hand along her slender back.

LETO (CONT'D)

You in that robe or our last blush of rain.

They smile at one another lovingly and gaze out upon the lush, epic beauty of Caladan beyond. Spectacular fjords terraced to the water with rice paddies fill the vista. A steady stream of starships, lighters and frigates can be seen blasting off from the spaceport in the distance.

JESSICA

I'll miss this place. It was a good home.

LETO

We're making a lot of sacrifices, I know.

Mohiam's prediction flashes across Jessica's face.

JESSICA

Leto, my love--

LETO

I think there's one we should no longer make. After we secure our position on Arrakis -- be my Duchess. Marry me.

Jessica smiles, then a sadness fills her.

JESSICA

You know as well as I the political leverage your open hand gives us over other members of the Landsraad hoping for an alliance. I don't need your name to know you love me.

LETO

What about our son?

JESSICA

Paul understands.

LETO

Does he? I hate that I have to push him so hard. The burdens of stepping into my shoes I wouldn't wish upon the boy anytime soon.

He sees the turmoil in Jessica's eyes.

LETO (CONT'D)

What's wrong, my love?

JESSICA

You're a good man. Come.

She pulls him out onto the balcony and into the rain. They look up into it, the glorious, fat raindrops splashing off their faces for what could be the last time in their lives.

11 EXT. CALADAN ORBIT - SPACE

11

THE DUKE'S STARSHIP LIGHTER boosts from Caladan's blue-hued atmosphere toward a colossal, several miles long cylindrical space ship -- a SPACING GUILD HEIGHLINER. Its outer shell consists of large drawer-like sections that extend out, allowing ships like the Duke's vessel to dock in one of the empty slips in the heighliner's hold.

12

INT. DUKE'S STARSHIP LIGHTER/HEIGHLINER HOLD - SPACE

12

Leto, Jessica, Gurney, Yueh and Paul gather in the royal travel cabin. Paul gawks out the window, awe-struck as they dock into their slip among hundreds of other spaceships. Leto slides up next to his son.

LETO

(re: Paul's scar)

I see Gurney got one of his points across. Delicate as ever.

PAUL

Just Gurney being Gurney.

LETO

Yes, but I know I haven't been as present as we'd both like. That's going to change once we land on Arrakis. Everything will.

PAUL

What do you mean?

LETO

It's not just the Harkonnen we have to worry about, son. It's the planet itself. Sandstorms, spice smugglers, the giant sandworms. There are a thousand ways to die, and a thousand deserts to die in. I'm going to want you beside me.

PAUL

What, don't you think I can handle myself?

LETO

I know you can. That's why I need you to help me govern. Are you up for it?

Paul nods, at once exhilarated and terrified.

Everyone gets ONE LAST LOOK AT CALADAN as the hold section retracts back into the main body of the heighliner -- SEALING THEM IN. Jessica looks mournful.

GURNEY

Don't be glum, m' Lady. Parting with friends is a sadness. A place is only a place.

Jessica doesn't look like she believes it.

Paul peers out the window at the INNER CORE OF THE HEIGHLINER, a vast open shaft running up the length of it. He turns to his father.

PAUL

Do you think we'll see a Spacing Guild navigator?

LETO

No. No one does. Not even the Emperor. That's how the Guild maintains its monopoly. The closest you'll get is a glimpse of one of their shuttles.

He points to a NAVIGATOR'S SHUTTLE flying by, orange lights flashing. Paul watches it swoop up the core of the massive heighliner and vanish into a mysterious chamber at the top.

LETO (CONT'D)

Besides the Emperor and the Landsraad, no one in the Imperium has more power. Nothing in the universe moves without the Spacing Guild.

PAUL

But they can't move without spice.

LETO

That's exactly why Arrakis is so important.

PAUL

When do we get there?

LETO

We already are.

He nods out the window at...

THE HEIGHLINER HOLD YAWNING OPEN

Its slowly extending section reveals the Atreides' majestic, blue-hued homeworld replaced by a fractured, desolate sandball hanging in space.

WELCOME TO ARRAKIS, otherwise known as DUNE.

Gazing at it Paul looks scared.

13 EXT. DUNE - DAY 13

The Atreides lighter swoops down over a vast, alien desert.

14 INT. ATREIDES LIGHTER - DAY 14

Paul, nose pressed against the window, peers out at the ocean of sand stretching as far as the eye can see. The spacecraft banks over a massive rock formation -- the RIDGE WALL -- and begins to descend. Sprawling out within the ridge wall's dusty basin are the city districts and landing field of ARRAKEEN.

15 EXT. LANDING FIELD - DUNE - DAY 15

Atreides guards armed with heavy-duty LASGUNS strapped to their forearms like giant claws escort Leto, Jessica, Paul, Gurney and Yueh down the lighter's ramp. Everyone wears personal shields, including Paul, who's immediately overwhelmed by the blast-furnace heat and blowing dust. He sees...

The landing field crawling with IMPERIAL GUARDS, also armed with lasguns. The "thwock-thwock" of patrolling ornithopter gunships ('thopters) echoes overhead.

Paul's jaw tightens as he sets his first foot on Arrakis, the peril of their situation sinking in. Their delegation is met by a grizzled old man, his eyes two pools of alertness in a deeply seamed face, lips stained red by sapho juice. Meet THUFIR HAWAT, Leto's Mentat.

LETO

So, Thufir, how goes the war of assassins?

HAWAT

Ongoing, m' Lord. Assaying and mitigating dangers on Arrakis is a little like catching scorpions in a den of snakes.

He points to the Imperial Guards everywhere.

HAWAT (CONT'D)

I'm afraid the Emperor insisted only his people be present in securing the landing field. I protested vigorously but...

LETO

I've experienced your protests myself. No doubt you chewed off a few ears.

HAWAT

Until I have everyone safe inside Arrakeen Keep, you and your family are exposed to a degree we've never allowed.

LETO

We both anticipated this would be a moment of truth.

HAWAT

I still don't have to like it.

Leto pats Hawat on the shoulder.

LETO

Neither do I, old friend. But Arrakis is waiting.

Leto nods Paul and the others to follow. The group heads toward the edge of the landing field where the EMPEROR'S SHUTTLE is touched down as the centerpiece of a military-style handover ceremony in front of a brooding fortress with massive gates, shield shimmering from top to bottom...

THE KEEP

An assembly of serious-faced onlookers under holographic banners of every stripe stand in the courtyard before it awaiting the Atreides delegation.

As Paul and the others make their way across the landing field, he clocks THE BARON HARKONNEN'S STARSHIP LIGHTER on the far edge, Harkonnen soldiers aligned under the green and black griffin crest scowling back at them.

16

EXT. KEEP GATES - DAY

16

Leto leads his delegation to a red carpet assembly of the LANDSRAAD HIGH COUNCIL, 100 representatives from planets all over the Imperium. Leto whispers some last words to Jessica.

LETO

No one reads men like you. Keep an eye out.

Jessica nods, taking her place with Paul, Gurney, Hawat and Yueh among the assembly.

PAUL  
(nudging Gurney)  
That him?

He looks at Piter De Vris, Feyd and BEAST RABBAN, Feyd's thuggish older brother, opposite them across the way. Beast gestures to his cheek, mocking Gurney's scar.

GURNEY  
If not for your father I'd jump  
over there and rip the bastard's  
throat out.

Paul's eyes go from Beast to Feyd, who stares back with a murderous look.

Leto steps up to an empty dais opposite Baron Harkonnen. They lock eyes, the hate of a long simmering feud between them.

BARON  
The Great Red Duke. How fitting  
that the rivalry between our two  
houses plays out upon the biggest  
prize in the universe.

LETO  
Is that your opening salvo, Baron,  
or shall I hold my breath?

BARON  
I'd savor as many breathes as you  
can take. You never know which one  
will be your last.

COUNT AND LADY FENRING, the Emperor's royal advisors, approach Jessica. Bene Gesserit tattoos curl up Lady Fenring's neck and hands.

LADY FENRING  
Lady Jessica, my sister.

JESSICA  
Lady Fenring, my sister.

LADY FENRING  
The Count and I wanted to wish you  
and your family well.

She folds Jessica's hand into her own, her touch impressing upon Jessica what cannot be said in front of the Count.

LADY FENRING (CONT'D)

I left a gift in the Keep that should bring fond memories of Caladan.

JESSICA

How considerate, thank you.

Suddenly all eyes turn. Everyone bows as...

A slim strident figure comes stepping down the shuttle ramp. THE EMPEROR. He's trailed by a lean and remote SPACING GUILD REPRESENTATIVE, Mother Mohiam, and his beautiful daughter PRINCESS IRULAN. The Emperor steps onto the dais between Leto and the Baron, his coterie settling several paces behind.

LETO

Your Majesty.

BARON

M' Lord.

EMPEROR

Duke. Baron. Do you have the seal?

The Baron paws at a necklace he wears and turns it over to the Emperor. On the necklace is THE IMPERIAL SEAL OF ARRAKIS.

EMPEROR (CONT'D)

(to all assembled)

Behold! He who carries this seal carries Arrakis in fief.

Jessica scans faces in the crowd for enemies.

EMPEROR (CONT'D)

I entrust it to you Duke, witnessed this day, 10,191 A.G, by members of my royal court, the Spacing Guild, and the Landsraad High Council. May the spice continue to flow!

The Emperor leans down and loops the seal around Leto's neck.

EMPEROR (CONT'D)

(privately to Leto)

I'm glad you're here, dear friend. No doubt this world will prosper under your touch.

The two Mentats, Hawat and Piter De Vris, stare each other down. Piter smirks, his teeth stained red.

The ATREIDES FLAG is raised on the landing field flagpole, the red hawk crest flapping proudly over everyone...

EMPEROR (CONT'D)

I give you Duke Leto Atreides of Arrakis!

The Landsraad give a long, rousing ovation. Paul shakes hands with a throng of well-wishers. He catches eyes with Irulan, the Emperor's daughter, who gives Paul a polite nod.

Jessica EYES THE EMPEROR with great interest, cataloguing his every nuance in movement and expression. She becomes intrigued by a VEIN ON HIS TEMPLE that begins to bulge and betray -- ever so slightly -- a rapidly escalating pulse rate. The Emperor turns his head ever so slightly then catches himself, an aborted glance at...

THE BARON HARKONNEN

Who somehow seems attuned to catching it. Satisfied, the Baron nods to Feyd, Beast and Piter that it's time to go. They march off toward their waiting ship.

Jessica catches her breath and looks back for the Emperor, catching eyes with Mohiam who steps to his side. Mohiam and Jessica lock eyes, Mohiam's look confirming everything Jessica is thinking. Above her, the holographic Imperial banner shimmers a GOLDEN LION THRONE -- the same crest under which the fearsome Sardaukar were mobilized back on Salusa Secundus.

17 INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - NIGHT

17

Leto and Hawat hold the floor before an emergency meeting of grimly serious men -- staff officers, aides, specialists. Gurney and Jessica among the participants. Paul stands in back, the air tense.

LETO

We have more to worry about than Harkonnen... the Emperor.

All the air leaves the room. Leto catches eyes with Jessica.

LETO (CONT'D)

It's no secret his Majesty is threatened by my standing within the Landsraad. If they ever rallied behind one of their own, his power could be challenged.

(MORE)

LETO (CONT'D)

It seems this appointment to Arrakis is just cover for a plot with the Harkonnen to remove a common enemy.

GURNEY

If that's true, that means Sardaukar.

STAFF OFFICER

Sardaukar! My Duke, we won't last long if we have to face the Emperor's soldier fanatics this far from Caladan.

JESSICA

Perhaps that was the plan.

HAWAT

No. Sending Sardaukar is a big gamble. If any of the Great Houses within the Landsraad find out the Emperor's moving on other members in stealth, they won't need the Duke to rally behind.

PAUL

Unless...

All eyes fall on Paul. Leto smiles.

LETO

Go ahead, son.

Hawat wants to hear this.

PAUL

(nervous)

The Sardaukar weren't going to leave any witnesses.

A heavy silence settles over the room.

GURNEY

So how do we defend against these sons of bitches?

LETO

Caladan gave us sea and air power. Arrakis has its own assets. Desert power. Thufir.

Hawat takes the floor.

HAWAT

The one thing to remember is we're playing from behind. Our advance forces have two weeks on planet, the Harkonnen eighty years. That said...

He switches on a solido projection, basically a hologram, showing the Keep in 3-D detail.

HAWAT (CONT'D)

We have three lines of defense. The first is Arrakeen Keep. The Emperor could drop ten legions of Sardaukar at our doorstep. As long as the shields are up, the Keep remains impregnable.

Hawat switches the projection to a view of Arrakeen and its surrounding basin.

HAWAT (CONT'D)

Beyond the gates we have the city of Arrakeen. In the last few hours we've eliminated many top people in the Harkonnen spy machine. Most in the entrepreneur class. What's critical now is finding agents of our own.

GURNEY

What about the spice smugglers?

LETO

Good. If anyone knows which way the wind blows, it's our friends in the black market. Reach out to them as soon as we break.

GURNEY

Aye.

Paul's head is spinning. Hawat again switches the projection to that of the whole planet, basically one vast desert.

HAWAT

Lastly, beyond the ridge wall there's the desert, and with it spice. Control of spice production gives us a card with the Spacing Guild, and that gives us a card against the Emperor.

(MORE)

HAWAT (CONT'D)

Our success hinges on consolidating our grip on the mining operations out there. We must do this quickly.

LETO

What about the Fremmen?

Hawat nods to one of the gathered men.

HAWAT

Idaho.

A handsome, sunburned man takes the floor. Meet DUNCAN IDAHO (30s), the great Ginaz Swordsman.

DUNCAN

I made contact with the native desert tribes, collectively known as the Fremmen. They've mostly tried to stay under the Harkonnen radar, keeping to their own territory out of range of all but the most intrepid smugglers. When the Fremmen did come into contact with Harkonnen forces, an event I witnessed first hand, it wasn't pretty. You were right, Duke. The Fremmen are fierce. And no one knows this planet better. They'll make formidable allies if we can rally them to our side.

LETO

You say if?

DUNCAN

They don't trust off-worlders, especially after the Harkonnen. And their sietches are scattered and unmapped so it's impossible to even say how many exist.

GURNEY

I hear they drink the blood of their dead. That true?

DUNCAN

I didn't see anything like that. But they do write poems to their knives.

The room laughs. Leto is impressed.

LETO

I like these people. Is there anyone who can help us appeal to them?

DUNCAN

There is one man...

18

EXT. THOPTER PAD - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY

18

Cantilevered out from the highest point on the Keep over the dusty city below.

A sandy bearded man in a desert robe and STILLTSUIT -- a body hugging garment that recycles the body's moisture into drinkable water -- waits in front of the DUKE'S THOPTER. Leto, Paul and Gurney walk up, also in stillsuits. Meet DR. KYNES, the Imperial Planetologist, looking less than thrilled to be there.

LETO

Dr. Kynes. Thanks for flying out with us today.

KYNES

The Emperor advised me to assist any way I can.

GURNEY

The Emperor?

Paul and Leto catch eyes. Leto's look says play it cool.

LETO

Yes, as Imperial Planetologist Dr. Kynes has spent his entire life mapping out the riches and ecology of Arrakis.

KYNES

The riches are the ecology, Duke. You'd be well advised to remember that.

GURNEY

(riled)  
Here now!

LETO

Easy Gurney. He's lived long under the Harkonnen. How is he to know we're not them.

KYNES

How indeed?

Paul stares at Kynes' piercing blue on blue eyes.

PAUL

Are you a Fremmen?

KYNES

You mean my eyes? No. Spice saturation happens to anyone who spends enough time in the desert. It will even to you, young man.

Something intrigues him about Paul's stillsuit.

KYNES (CONT'D)

Your stillsuit. It's fitted slip fashion at the neck. Who told you to do that?

PAUL

It seemed the right way.

Kynes stares at Paul like a puzzle piece falling into place.

KYNES

It's the Fremmen way. Properly suited you won't lose more than a thimbleful of moisture a day. Everything else is recycled back into your catchpocket.

He points to a tube at the catchpocket. Gurney sniffs at his own. It reeks of recycled sweat and urine.

GURNEY

You mean we're supposed to drink from it?

KYNES

Be grateful. Without a stillsuit, a man caught in the desert is as good as dead.

(to everyone)

Spice might be the most valuable substance in the rest of the universe, but here on Arrakis it's water.

19 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY 19

Folds of sand stretch into infinity. The Duke's thopter comes beating overhead.

20 INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - DAY 20

Paul takes in the epic desolation of the open desert, a vastness that frightens him. He sits beside Gurney, who fiddles uncomfortably with a half-mask. Kynes is up front next to Leto, who pilots the aircraft. Kynes points to something in the distance.

A PLUME OF SAND.

KYNES

There. Harvester blow.

The thopter banks off in the direction of the blow.

21 INT. GREAT HALL - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY 21

A grand, balconied reception hall with enormous columns. House servants unpack the china. Jessica looks on, preoccupied. She looks at her hand thinking about Lady Fenring and goes.

SHADOUT MAPES, an older blue on blue eyed housekeeper, watches Jessica duck out into the passageway...

22 INT. CENTRAL STAIRS - DAY 22

A steep, endlessly winding staircase running from the base of the Keep to the thopter roof. Jessica ascends, exploring. She passes Dr. Yueh on a landing with an armload of books.

JESSICA

Good morning, Dr. Yueh.

YUEH

Lady Jessica. How do you find our new home?

JESSICA

Still finding it.

Yueh watches her continue up the steps.

23 INT. SOUTH WING - DAY

23

Jessica turns a corner and comes upon a metal staircase spiraling up to an OVAL DOOR. A PALM LOCK is where a door handle should be...

She looks back over her shoulder to see if she's alone, then climbs the steps to the door. She presses her palm against the lock. Nothing.

She stares at her palm with great concentration, recalling Lady Fenring's touch...

JESSICA'S PALM PRINT TRANSFORMS

She presses it back to the lock, it clicks, and the oval door splits into four sections, opening like an iris to...

24 INT. CONSERVATORY - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY

24

Jessica enters a breathtaking greenhouse crowded with exotic wet-climate plants. In the center of the room is a FOUNTAIN. She steps to it, dipping her hand in the cool water. On a planet starved for water, this room shocks Jessica.

Something rustles in the greenery, then a clock-set watering arm lifts and mists some fern trees. Beyond the ferns Jessica spots WHITE ORCHIDS from Caladan.

Jessica goes to the cascading orchids. They hang just out of reach. She overturns a stray pot and uses it as a footstool. Reaching the orchid plant she searches around it for a note. Nothing.

She almost gives up when she notices a leaf attracted to her movements. She wands her hand and THE LEAF WANDS WITH IT. Brushing her finger along the surface of the leaf, she exposes a hidden message:

**Beware an agent within your walls.**

Jessica goes tense. She senses someone behind her.

JESSICA

You're Mapes. The housekeeper.

She turns and finds Mapes standing among the greenery.

MAPES

In the desert it is said possession of water in great amount can inflict a person with fatal carelessness.

JESSICA

I think it's obscene, this place.  
Arrakeen's poorest can't even  
afford water for their children.

MAPES

The Baron thought it amusing.

JESSICA

You followed me. Why?

MAPES

They said you're a weirding women.

Mapes unsheathes a CRYSKNIFE, its milk-white blade  
glittering. She advances upon Jessica, blade menacing.

MAPES (CONT'D)

This is a crysknife. Carved from  
the tooth of Shai Hulud. A thing no  
off-worlder can see and expect to  
live...

She stares at Jessica with intense blue on blue eyes, then  
turns the weapon handle outward and offers it to her.

MAPES (CONT'D)

But for the one who brings the  
Mahdi.

Jessica takes the crysknife, heart skipping a beat.

25

INT. DUKE'S THOPTER/EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

25

Paul and company take in the scene. A SPICE HARVESTER siphons  
through a burnt-orange vein of spice in the sand like some  
giant, industrial mosquito. As it collects and separates the  
spice, sand is spewed into the air from a spout in back  
creating the plume.

KYNES

Rich vein of spice by its color.  
They'll keep mining until the last  
minute.

GURNEY

Last minute before what?

KYNES

Sandworms. That's what the spotters  
are for. They're watching for  
wormsign.

He points to THREE THOPTER SPOTTERS circling high overhead.

LETO

The worms always come?

KYNES

Always. They're attracted to anything rhythmic on the surface. Mining drives them crazy. There's a carryall wing circling somewhere close. It'll lift the harvester off at a moment's notice.

Gurney looks out for it. The carry-all's nowhere to be seen. Paul's eyes stay on Kynes, fascinated by this man.

26 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY 26

The thopter swoops in for a closer look, passing through the sand plume. Spice-laced dust swirls into the cabin.

27 INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - DAY 27

Everyone covers his nose and mouth. Paul coughs, triggering...

PAUL'S VISION

*Dunes crest and break, something underneath disturbing sand the way a big fish disturbs the water when swimming just under the surface. It's a SANDWAVE...*

Paul snaps to, unsettled. He looks to Gurney, Leto, even Kynes, all focused on the harvester below.

PAUL

I think there's a worm coming.

Kynes looks to him.

KYNES

How do you know what to look for?

The radio crackles.

RADIO (O.S.)

Wormsign! Wormsign! Southwest about fifteen kilometers.

Everyone looks out the window. The desert is still, with only a slight rippling of sand in the distance. The beginnings of a sandwave.

RADIO (CONT'D)  
 Contact fix in... six minutes  
 minus.

Kynes turns to Paul, intrigued.

KYNES  
 The Fremmen call the sandworm Shai  
 Hulud. They consider it a God.

Paul is strangely unsettled.

28 EXT. OPEN DESERT - MINUTES LATER 28

The harvester continues to siphon up spice as the thopters  
 circle overhead...

29 INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - DAY 29

Paul looks out the window at the APPROACHING SANDWAVE. Dunes  
 crest and break, the worm disturbing sand the way a big fish  
 disturbs the water when swimming just under the surface --  
 exactly like his vision.

GURNEY  
 The carryalls usually cut it this  
 close?

He looks out for it, still missing.

KYNES  
 Not if they're still flying.

Leto looks at his RADAR DISPLAY, sees a swirling patch of  
 purple to the south.

LETO  
 What about this sandstorm to the  
 south?

Kynes glances at the display.

KYNES  
 It'll pass us. The big Coriolis  
 storms are what you want to watch  
 out for. They blow up to 700  
 kilometers an hour, loaded with  
 everything loose in their way.  
 They'll shift at a moment's notice  
 and etch your aircraft to slivers.

GURNEY

This desert sounds like a holiday.

The radio crackles.

RADIO (O.S.)

Contact now... 3 minutes minus.  
Where's that damned carryall!

KYNES

These are big aircraft. A lot of things vanish into the desert, but carryalls are not one of them. Something's happened.

GURNEY

The Harkonnen.

That's enough for Leto. He grabs the radio set.

LETO

(into radio)

Attention! This is your Duke. I want that harvester evacuated now. That's an order. Get two spotters to the rear hatch. We'll take the front with the third.

He slams it down.

KYNES

We can buy some time with a thumper.

PAUL

What's a thumper?

30

EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

30

The Duke's thopter touches down on a dunecrest and a door slides open. Kynes jumps out carrying a THUMPER over his shoulder -- a stake-like device that he plants in the sand. He flips the latch and it switches on, emitting a low throbbing lump... lump... lump... lump...

He races back to the Duke's thopter and it lifts off leaving the thumper staked on the surface. A light flashes with each lump like a beacon.

CUT TO:

31 THE APPROACHING SANDWAVE 31

It slowly begins to change course from the harvester blow in the distance to the thumper flashing atop the dunecrest.

32 INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - DAY 32

Paul, Gurney, Leto and Kynes watch the sandworm change course as the thopter swoops in over the harvester.

LETO  
Alright, let's get those men.

33 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY 33

The Duke's thopter lands near the front of the harvester next to one of the smaller spotters. Leto, Kynes, Gurney and Paul hop out onto the soft sand. Crewmen come out of the hatch, one after the other, lugging steel crates of spice.

LETO  
What are they doing?

KYNES  
The Harkonnen executed entire crews  
for leaving this much spice behind.

Leto strides up to the crewmen and knocks the crates out of their hands. The spice goes spilling back into the sand.

LETO  
Forget it. We can always come back.  
Just get on those thopters.

Kynes watches the Duke curiously. He didn't expect this. The crewmen race to the thopters. Gurney starts loading them in but it becomes clear that...

KYNES  
There's not enough room for all  
these men.

GURNEY  
Then we'll make it.

Gurney starts shoving crewmen back onto the desert surface.

GURNEY (CONT'D)  
Alright you sanddogs -- Back out!  
Back out! We need to strip this  
thopter.

Gurney and Kynes start stripping the Duke's thopter. First Fremkits, spare stillsuits, thumpers -- anything loose is tossed out.

Leto sees this and turns to Paul.

LETO

We need someone tracking that sandwave.

PAUL

On it!

CUT TO:

34 EXT. HARVESTER - DAY

34

Paul scales up up up a ladder. He gets to the SPOTTER CAGE and sees the sandwave just in time for it to sweep over the thumper, silencing it, then suddenly diminish and disappear altogether. The worm is gone!

Paul takes in the eerily calm desert, a calm broken by the jetpod blast of an aircraft. Both spotters covering the rear hatch lift off past him, jam-packed with men. Paul looks down to the desert surface and sees half a dozen crewmen left behind.

35 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

35

Leto is in the remaining spotter, unbolting seats and throwing them onto the sand to make room for more men. Across the sand Gurney and Kynes pack crewmen into the stripped thopter. Leto looks around for...

LETO

Paul?

Paul comes booking around the side of the harvester with the LAST SIX MEN. He runs up to his father.

PAUL (O.C.)

It's gone. It ate the thumper and left.

Kynes notices the SAND START TO QUAKE AROUND THEM.

KYNES

No! It's just gone deep!

GURNEY

What do you mean gone deep?

Leto catches on and he and Paul start desperately herding men into the spotter. It's chaos.

LETO

Everyone on. Let's go!

Gurney crams in his last man, not much space left. He loses his footing as the aircraft rocks upon the turbulent sand.

Leto slaps the spotter pilot's door, the aircraft packed full.

LETO (CONT'D)

Hit it! We'll take the rest.

The spotter lifts off. Leto, Paul and the last two crewmen make a mad dash for the Duke's thopter.

Gurney jumps into THE COCKPIT and starts flipping switches.

GURNEY

This is gonna be tight.

Kynes watches Leto, Paul and the two crewmen book it across the sand, the desert surface starting to collapse on their heels. A crewman falls. Leto drags him up...

LETO

Hit it, Gurney!

Gurney slams the stick and the wings start beating furiously. Leto, Paul and the two crewmen all tumble into the thopter just as it starts to lift off...

Paul nearly slips out, both Kynes and Leto grabbing him, sand whirlpooling beneath his dangling feet. The thopter gains altitude fast as Paul looks back to see...

THE HARVESTER SWALLOWED WHOLE

...by the roaring, snapping jaws of a GIANT SANDWORM breaching the desert surface.

Paul looks back to Kynes who has a big grin on his face. He looks from Paul to his father, impressed as hell.

KYNES

Not the Harkonnen indeed.

A spare echo of Paul's room on Caladan. Paul buttons up a formal jacket, as dashing as we've seen him. Lady Jessica steps in, also dressed for the evening.

JESSICA

That must've been terrifying today.  
You alright?

PAUL

I'm here, aren't I?

JESSICA

Hawat's men found the carryall.

PAUL

The Harkonnen?

She nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)

They don't waste time.

JESSICA

Your father told me you saved quite  
a few men out there. You saw the  
worm coming.

PAUL

(thrown)

Honestly I'm not sure what I saw.

JESSICA

What do you mean?

PAUL

It came to me like... a vision.

Jessica takes this in. The boy had a vision! He studies her, sensing an agenda.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What happened to me out there,  
mother?

JESSICA

Your first time in the desert. They  
were mining spice. It was probably  
everywhere. You know how it affects  
perception, especially on  
someone...

PAUL

What?

JESSICA

More evolved.

PAUL

Is that what the Reverend Mother was about? To test if I was evolved enough?

They lock eyes -- a stalemate.

JESSICA

Paul, I hate that I put you in that position -- but it's the Harkonnen now, the Emperor, they're what you need to be focused on. If there's a spy in our circle, then we must be extra vigilant. Especially at the reception tonight.

37

INT. GREAT HALL PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN KEEP - NIGHT

37

Paul, his personal shield shimmering, makes his way past lasgun carrying Atriedes guards lining the passageway. Guests for the reception bottleneck at the great hall door where Hawat's men block its entrance with weapons snoopers. Paul tries to cut the line but is blocked by Hawat.

HAWAT

Hold it.

He snaps over a guard with a weapons snooper.

PAUL

Hawat it's me.

HAWAT

Sorry, Paul. Only the Duke will be carrying tonight.

Paul hands over a slip-tip.

PAUL

You see assassins around every corner.

HAWAT

I've served three generations of Atriedes. I'd like to serve four.

They swap a look of great respect and Hawat nods Paul past.

Glittering with decoration and crowded with distinguished, formally attired guests. Paul turns heads as he enters, eyes boring down on him from all sides, an undertow of hostility behind all the smiling masks.

Paul threads through the crowd clocking anyone suspicious: a leathery-faced STILLSUIT MAKER who keeps dabbing his sweaty brow, a knot of SHADY BUSINESSMEN who laugh a little too loud, the banker we saw with the Baron earlier eying Paul and whispering to a FEMALE COMPANION.

Paul spots Duncan Idaho talking to Kynes across the room, their body language conspiratorial. A meaty paw falls on Paul's shoulder and spins him around. It's Gurney.

GURNEY

Someone you should meet, lad.

He stands beside a shady-looking character with a scorched eye socket fitted with a metal Tleilaxu eye. ESMAR TUEK.

GURNEY (CONT'D)

This is Esmar Tuek, the smuggler.  
He's a power among his kind.  
There's not a scoundrel on Arrakis  
he doesn't know.

TUEK

You're the Duke's son, yes?

PAUL

Paul Atreides. Gurney here trying  
to recruit you?

TUEK

Actually I'd like to recruit him.  
My fleet could always use another  
good captain. Be a shame to see a  
man like this go to waste.

PAUL

How is serving my father going to  
waste?

TUEK

Rumor in the districts is your  
family's rule here won't last long.

Paul takes offense.

PAUL

Who's spreading these rumors? You?

GURNEY

Easy, lad. Tuek's not the enemy.

PAUL

No? If he knows something and won't help us, what is he? Excuse me.

He shoulders past, riled and on edge. He searches the crowd and approaches Dr. Yueh chatting up a couple guards.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You seen my father, Yueh?

YUEH

He's over there. The locals are getting a little too familiar if you ask me.

Yueh points to Leto surrounded by a group of men, among them a WATER SHIPPER, Duncan and Kynes walking up.

Paul goes over to the group and listens in...

WATER SHIPPER

...Impossible! There's not enough water. I should know. It's my business.

LETO

What do you think, Dr. Kynes? You're the expert. Would it ever be possible to green Arrakis?

KYNES

Change the ecology? It's highly unlikely.

Paul sees Kynes catch eyes with someone over his shoulder. He turns. Shadout Mapes stands there holding a tray with flutes of water.

MAPES (O.C.)

Water, m'Lord?

Her fathomless blue on blue eyes unsettle him.

PAUL

Thanks.

He takes a flute and pulls a POISON SNOOPER from his waistcoat, attached by a chain like a timepiece, then wands it over the glass. The snooper's dial indicates all clear and Paul takes a sip. He looks over his glass at...

Jessica across the room, watching his interaction with Mapes with great interest. Paul looks back to Mapes who continues to just stand there, staring...

MAPES

And He will know our ways...

CLINK-CLINK-CLINK

Glasses clink for a toast. The room quiets as Leto takes the floor. By the time Paul looks back to Mapes, she's gone.

LETO

It's a privilege to be among you now, a citizen of Arrakis. A citizen. Remember that. While I'm also distinguished with the title of fief holder and governor, I did not come here to count my holdings or to prove my power. I came to Arrakis to make a home. To live with my family. We Atreides have come for the long term, and I will govern as such. Those who have under my predecessor conducted their business with only short term interest -- squeezing profit out of misery or disrespectful, destructive practices -- will have to change their ways, or they will find no place for themselves on the new Arrakis. I will always act as a citizen first, and I expect all of you to do the same.

Jessica sees smiles wiped from many faces. The crowd does not like this message. Leto raises his flute.

LETO (CONT'D)

Let us toast...

All the guests follow suit.

LETO (CONT'D)

To the future of Arrakis -- Here I am and here I shall remain!

Paul scans the room, cataloguing potential enemies. His eyes fall on a PARTYGOER BEHIND LETO who pulls something from his pocket. Paul sees the glint of a tri-barrelled shield penetrating MAULA PISTOL.

PAUL  
 (pointing)  
 Assassin!

Everyone screams and ducks. Leto is shielded by guards. Hawat jumps the guest and wrestles away the weapon.

39

INT. PAUL'S BEDCHAMBERS - ARRAKEEN KEEP - NIGHT

39

Paul kicks off his boots, shaken and upset by the assassination attempt. Leto is at the door, trying to calm him.

PAUL  
 What was Hawat thinking? We should never have had that party.

LETO  
 It was my call. We have to go about our business. We can't hide.

PAUL  
 Maybe we should. You know what they're saying in the districts?

LETO  
 I do. I told you this would be dangerous.

PAUL  
 You never said it was a trap. What if something happened to you?

LETO  
 Then you'll take the reins and run Arrakis, just like you were taught.

PAUL  
 I don't want the reins. I want you here. I mean, why'd we even come to this place? The spice? The money?

LETO  
 Paul, you know that's not what we're about.

PAUL  
 What then?

Leto steps up to Paul and removes his DUCAL RING, the most precious of Atreides family heirlooms. He holds it up.

LETO  
When you look at this, what do you see?

PAUL  
I don't know. The family crest?

LETO  
Look harder.

Paul's too frustrated to play this game.

PAUL  
I don't know, it's a ring. What do you want me to see?

LETO  
That it's more than just the Atreides symbol of power. It's a reminder of our duty. A duty to honor our ancestors, be just to our people, and sacrifice to forge a better world. The past, present and future -- that's what this ring represents. What we Atreides must always consider.

PAUL  
Is that what you considered when you chose not to marry my mother?

Paul goes to his dresser and rips off his jacket. Leto moves to go, pausing at the door.

LETO  
I know it's hard right now to understand some of the things I have to do, son. Someday you will. I just wanted to say you were impressive today. I'm proud of you.

He goes.

Paul stops and looks at the picture of he and his father fishing on the dresser. He suddenly feels like a jerk.

40 INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

40

The would-be-assassin is tied to a suspensor chair, Hawat and Gurney over him.

GURNEY

You tried to take out my Duke. My Duke!

Hawat holds up the maula pistol.

HAWAT

How'd you get this in here? Was it hidden? Someone give it to you?

The assassin says nothing. He's unreadable.

41 INT. PAUL'S BEDCHAMBERS - ARRAKEEN KEEP - NIGHT 41

The Keep shields cast a blue shimmer across the dark room, Paul in bed unable to sleep. A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT slides open in the headboard behind him and out slips a lethal-looking sliver of suspensor-buoyed metal no more than five centimeters long, keyed to attack anything that moves. A HUNTER-SEEKER.

Paul catches the SHADOW OF THE HUNTER-SEEKER ON THE WALL and catches his breath. It swings toward the slight movement and comes hovering in front of Paul's face, it's hole-boring tip just inches away. The seeker holds there, waiting for Paul's next sound or movement...

Paul remains perfectly still, afraid to even blink...

42 INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT 42

Gurney kicks the assassin's chair, slamming it into others.

GURNEY

Talk!

Hawat steadies it and gets in the assassin's face.

HAWAT

One more time. Who sent you? Who's the agent? Who's coming?

The assassin stays defiantly silent.

GURNEY

I think we're done with foreplay.

He flicks out a slip tip.

HAWAT

See that? We might not be the  
Harkonnen, but our knives are just  
as sharp.

The assassin steals a glance at a GLOBE-ENCASED TIMEPIECE  
chained to Hawat's vest.

Hawat catches this and looks at the 30-hour Arrakis-time  
clock face. It's 30 SECONDS TO MIDNIGHT. Something clicks.

Hawat looks to the door as Leto walks in...

HAWAT (CONT'D)

Duke, it's a diversion!

43 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

43

Jessica checks in on the cleanup after the reception. Outside  
the window she notices the glimmering KEEP SHIELDS FLICKER  
THEN DIE.

JESSICA

Oh gods.

44 INT. PAUL'S BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT

44

Pitch black as the shields go dead, the hunter-seeker still  
floating in front of Paul's face as he lies in bed. KICKING  
HIS FOOT, he ever so slightly knocks a bowl of fruit off a  
bedtable, sending a scatter of fruit rolling across the  
floor...

The hunter seeker immediately arrows for the motion and bores  
into a rolling piece of fruit, TURNING ITS FLESH TO MUSH. It  
emerges out the other side and swivels its attention back to  
the bed, PAUL NO LONGER THERE.

The hunter seeker lifts, scans the darkness, and starts  
slowly quartering the room like a blind predator sniffing out  
its prey. IT PASSES PAUL standing perfectly still in the  
deeper shadows. Suddenly FOOTSTEPS come from outside his door  
and the door lever twists...

The hunter seeker's tiny motion sensor swings its lethal nose  
around. The door opens and the hunter seeker attacks whoever  
is entering...

Paul vaults across the room, faster than he's ever moved --  
almost supernaturally fast -- and grabs it by its silvery  
tail, smashing it against the wall inches from LADY JESSICA'S  
FRIGHTENED FACE. He looks to his mother, both shaken.

45 INT. INNER GATE COURTYARD - NIGHT

45

Leto, Hawat and a company of Atreides Guards -- everyone wearing personal shields -- spill from a passageway into a dark courtyard. They find a slew of murdered Atreides Guards slumped in front of the OPEN SHIELD ROOM DOOR. A phosphorescent gas still lingers in the air.

HAWAT  
Chaumurky gas.

LETO  
Be ready, men. The agent could  
still be around.

Leto and Hawat race through the mess of bodies into...

46 INT. SHIELD ROOM - NIGHT

46

The scene of a scuffle, several SHIELDSMEN dead. The shield generator has been sabotaged, panel still sparking. A shout from outside:

ATREIDES GUARD  
Duke!

They look back at the ENORMOUS KEEP GATES across the courtyard. Four crackling lasbeams start cutting through.

LETO  
Get that shield up, Hawat!

Leto rushes out, leaving Hawat scrambling over the shield panel. He needs a key for an override and looks to the shieldsman on the floor, something clutched in the corpse's hand. Hawat pulls back his fingers to find a SILVER RING worn by Suk doctors to tie back their hair. Yueh!

47 INT. INNER GATE COURTYARD - NIGHT

47

Leto and his men set themselves for what's coming behind the gates.

LETO  
They're coming, men! Get ready

Hawat comes racing out, Yueh's ring in hand.

HAWAT  
Duke!

BOOM! THE GATES BLOW!

Chunks of obliterated gate repel off everyone's shield.

Hawat, shieldless, is struck in the head and knocked to the ground. The last thing he sees before losing consciousness is...

A column of fearsome SARDAUKAR marching through the smoke. They're led by Feyd and Colonel Basher, the monster of a man from Salusa Secundus...

One of the Sardaukar blasts a shielded Atreides guard with a lasgun and both men are obliterated. The shield/laser explosion knocks nearly everyone to the ground, wiping out a swath of men.

COLONEL BASHER

No lasguns! They're wearing shields!

The Sardaukar whip out their blades and charge. Leto raises his own.

LETO

Here we are and here we shall remain!

He charges his Atreides fighters into the Sardaukar onslaught. The two waves crash into each other as personal shields crackle, kindjals swing, and slip-tips slash...

Feyd fights impressively beside Colonel Basher and the Sardaukar, an equal among born and bred killers. He has his sights set upon...

Leto takes on Sardaukar left and right, but the surge of endless attackers through the gate is too much. His forces are quickly being overwhelmed.

48

INT. THRONE ROOM PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

48

Paul and Jessica race down a passageway and run into Gurney, Duncan and Kynes coming up the central stairs. All but Jessica and Kynes wear personal shields.

GURNEY

The Sardaukar are here.

PAUL

Where's father?

GURNEY

Giving 'em hell. We need to get y' to safety.

JESSICA  
 (re: Kynes)  
 What's he doing here?

DUNCAN  
 Any friend of the Fremmen is a  
 friend of ours.

GURNEY  
 There's a thopter on the roof.

PAUL  
 I'm not leaving my father.

Paul pushes by and runs off down the central stairs.

JESSICA  
 Paul!

GURNEY  
 I'll get him. Just move your tails.  
 Duncan--

DUNCAN  
 See you on the roof.

Gurney runs off after Paul.

49 INT. GREAT HALL PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 49

Leto and his decimated ranks fight in retreat, Feyd and Colonel Basher's forces right on their heels. A fresh wave of Atreides fighters come swarming down the passage and take up the fight, holding off the Sardaukar just long enough for Leto to make it to...

50 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT 50

Where hundreds of Atreides guards lay in wait with lasguns on the floor and balconies. They secure the doors behind Leto, who barks to a lieutenant.

LETO  
 Get those shield scrubbers set!

Leto's men throw down SHIELD SCRUBBERS in a semi-circle in front of the doors, threshold-like devices they bolt to the floor. Each one is switched on emitting an electrostatic field like a floating pane of glass.

The doors pound and heave from the battle in the passage. Screams and slaughter behind. Everyone watches the doors with baited breath.

PAUL (O.C.)

Father!

Paul spills out from the central stairs among the reinforcements.

LETO

Paul?

Suddenly the doors BREAK OPEN and Sardaukar surge into the hall. Passing through the shield scrubbers, THEIR PERSONAL SHIELDS SHORT OUT. Leto barks to everyone carrying a lasgun.

LETO (CONT'D)

Blast them!

Atreides guards strafe the shieldless Sardaukar with searing las-bursts. In seconds the great hall becomes a shooting gallery. The Sardaukar who make it through the first barrage meets a wall of swinging kindjals. For the first time Leto's men seem to have the upper hand.

Gurney comes huffing and puffing out of the stairwell. He sees Paul racing up to Leto.

GURNEY

By the Great Horn of the Mother!  
Stop will y' boy!

Leto plays field general, directing his forces' fire. Paul races up.

PAUL

What can I do?

Gurney is right behind.

LETO

Nothing. Gurney -- get him out of here!

GURNEY

Getting m' Duke!

Paul resists.

PAUL

No. I'm not leaving you. Let me stay and fight.

The south WALL EXPLODES and a second wave of Sardaukar spill into the hall. Feyd and Colonel Basher lead the way.

Leto can sense the tide turning. Colonel Basher and a wedge of Sardaukar drive toward them, chopping through the tangle of bodies as if clearing wheat.

FEYD

There. The Duke!

Leto squares up to Paul and looks him in the eye.

LETO

Son, listen! If anything happens to me you're the last of our line. Go with Gurney. Take care of your mother. Promise me. Promise me!

Paul nods, scared and confused.

Gurney collars him and he's dragged to the stairwell. The last thing Paul sees as they turn the corner is...

Leto charging Colonel Basher to hold him off. A fierce blow knocks him off stride and he turns to Feyd, attacking from behind, the two lost among a sea of battle...

51 INT. THOPTER PAD PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

51

Jessica, Duncan and Kynes crouch at a door and peer out onto the thopter pad. Paul and Gurney race up.

GURNEY

Why the hell aren't y'--

Duncan throws Gurney against the wall and covers his mouth.

DUNCAN

Old friends.

He points outside...

The THOPTER PAD is crawling with Harkonnen soldiers and a few Sardaukar. BEAST RABBAN is ripping down the Atreides flag. PITER DE VRIS shoots off a flare signaling the Baron.

Jessica looks to Paul for news about Leto. Paul avoids her gaze, catching eyes with Kynes. He puts a fatherly hand on Paul's shoulder.

KYNES

Your father is right to get you and your mother to safety, son.

Gurney unsheathes his kindjal and nods to Duncan, who pulls out both a double-bladed GINAZ SWORD and maula pistol.

GURNEY

We're gonna keep 'em busy. Get your tails to that thopter.

52 EXT. THOPTER PAD - NIGHT

52

Piter steps up to Beast with a gloating look, victory theirs. THWICK! A poison dart lodges in Piter's eye and he staggers back screaming and groping at his face.

Beast turns to see...

Gurney and Duncan come charging from the shadows like two men possessed, darts flying from Duncan's maula pistol.

GURNEY

Remember us, y' Harko dogs!

Beast looks back to Piter, who drops dead on the pad.

Duncan goes straight for the Sardaukar, taking them on in a ballet of swordsman/marksmanship -- slicing, spinning and shooting over his shoulder.

Gurney plows through Harkonnen soldiers like a raging bull, his sights set on Beast.

53 INT. CENTRAL STAIRS - NIGHT

53

What's left of the Duke's forces fight on the steps, ceding only the ground the Sardaukar take with blood. Leto takes on both Feyd and Colonel Basher at once, their kindjals crossing violently...

DR. YUEH appears on the landing over Leto's shoulder, his long black hair flowing over his shoulders. He aims a maula pistol... THWICK!

The fired dart senses Leto's personal shield and pulls up almost to a stop, like a hummingbird suspended, and slowly creeps through the shimmering force field, until it pricks the Duke in the back.

Leto seizes up as the drug takes effect. Basher knocks away his kindjal and boots him back.

Leto turns and sees Yeuh holding the maula pistol, his expression tortured.

LETO

Yueh?

YUEH

Forgive me, my Duke.

Feyd pulls a slip-tip and jumps Leto...

54 INT. THOPTER PAD PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

54

Paul looks back, as if he can feel Feyd's blade twisting in his father's chest. Jessica and Kynes watch every last enemy converge on Gurney and Duncan, their diversion creating a clear path to the thopter.

KYNES

Let's go!

He grabs Paul and they make a run for it...

55 EXT. THOPTER PAD - NIGHT

55

Beast whips out his kindjal and braces for Gurney, who stampedes for him. Out of the corner of his eye he sees...

Paul, Jessica and Kynes racing across the pad for the Duke's thopter.

BEAST

They're making an escape!

A Sardaukar sights up with a lasgun and Gurney jumps him, the lasblast blowing a hole clear through the thopter pad at their feet. Gurney and the Sardaukar both go plummeting through...

Paul, Jessica and Kynes jump into the thopter only to find FOUR HARKONNEN SOLDIERS laying in ambush. THWICK!

A poison dart flies at Paul but KYNES JUMPS IN FRONT, taking it in the chest and tumbling out of the thopter dead. The Harkonnen soldiers jump them. Suddenly...

EVERYTHING SLOWS. SOUNDTRACK DROPS. JESSICA'S PUPILS DILATE.

*She perceives what's unfolding before her almost frame by frame... a hand gripping her shoulder... a Harkonnen soldier reaching for a slip-tip... the trigger of a maula pistol being squeezed... the dart propelled from its chamber...*

JESSICA REACTS

Ducking the dart as it thwicks by then cutting all three men down with MAPES CRYSKNIFE in a blur of dazzling, almost supernatural moves. Paul looks on, shocked by her lethal display. He doesn't know it, but he just witnessed a secret, ancient form of Bene Gesserit combat -- THE WEIRDING WAY.

Beast looks through the hole in the pad at Arrakeen below, assuming Gurney has plunged to his death. He looks up as...

Feyd, Basher and more Sardaukar come racing onto the thopter pad. They see Paul and Jessica escaping.

FEYD

Over there! The thopter!

They charge for them but Duncan jumps in front and blocks them, fighting them back.

PAUL

Duncan!

Idaho shouts back at Paul and Jessica.

DUNCAN

Go! Get out of here!

Paul doesn't want to leave him behind but Jessica drags him into the cockpit. Paul starts flipping switches and the jetpods flare, wings start beating. He gives a last look back and sees...

Duncan overwhelmed by Feyd, Beast and the Sardaukar.

Paul hits it and the thopter lifts off under a barrage of lasblasts...

56

INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - NIGHT

56

Paul behind the controls as the Keep falls behind them.

JESSICA

Look!

She points to the BARON'S STARSHIP LIGHTER, touching down on the Arrakeen landing field. THREE ATTACK LIGHTERS speed out of its hold.

Paul banks the thopter hard right and heads for the...

57 EXT. RIDGE WALL - NIGHT 57

The attack lighters fire rockets which stream across the sky. Paul's thopter threads through a cleavage in the ridge, the rockets slamming and exploding against the rock wall.

58 INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - NIGHT 58

Paul looks back. The lighters swoop over the ridge wall, still after them, still firing rockets.

Paul jerks the controls back and forth, evading the rockets, explosions rocking the thopter. He looks ahead across the ocean of desert.

PAUL

We're not gonna last long doing  
this.

He looks at his RADAR DISPLAY, sees a swirling patch of purple to the south. A sandstorm. He changes course toward it, the night lighting up as rockets stream by.

JESSICA

You know what you just turned us  
into?

He stares ahead, eyes hard.

59 EXT. OPEN DESERT - NIGHT 59

The aircraft race through an increasingly unsettled desert, sand swirling off the dune tops, rockets exploding around it. Paul's thopter speeds toward a 1,000 foot wall of howling, thrashing sand.

A CORIOLIS SANDSTORM!

60 INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - NIGHT 60

Paul redoubles his grip on the controls.

PAUL

Hold on!

Jessica braces herself as...

THE THOPTER SLAMS INTO THE SANDSTORM WALL

- 61 EXT. SANDSTORM/OPEN DESERT - NIGHT 61  
Two of the closing attack lighters pursue Paul's thopter into the storm.
- 62 EXT. DUKE'S THOPTER - NIGHT 62  
The thrashing sand strips the painted Red Atreides Hawk crest off the side of Paul's thopter.
- 63 INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - NIGHT 63  
Paul leans on the controls with all his might, trying desperately to keep the aircraft from cracking apart. Emergency lights flash from every display.
- 64 EXT. SANDSTORM - NIGHT 64  
The sand chokes up one of the pursuing lighters' jetpods and it loses control, spinning into its wingman. BOTH LIGHTERS EXPLODE!
- 65 INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - NIGHT 65  
Paul sees them gone from his display. The thopter shutters violently. Sensors beep like crazy. The storm rips his aircraft apart.
- 66 EXT. SANDSTORM/OPEN DESERT 66  
The last lighter turns back before flying into the deadly storm.
- 67 INT. DUKE'S THOPTER - NIGHT 67  
Paul continues to wrestle the controls.
- PAUL  
If I can just get us above the  
storm ceiling!
- The windscreen shatters sand starts to whip in, blinding the cockpit, choking them both. Through the howling storm Jessica sees...
- GROUND FAST APPROACHING

JESSICA

Paul!

But it's too late...

68 EXT. SANDSTORM/OPEN DESERT - NIGHT 68

The thopter clips a dunecrest, a wing shearing off, then SLAMS INTO A VEIN OF SPICE. Sand and spice whip in through the shattered windows.

69 INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - NIGHT 69

The Baron prowls through the door with guards, buoyed by his suspensor suit. He approaches Colonel Basher, Dr. Yueh and a body under a sheet.

BARON HARKONNEN

Is that him?

Basher throws back the sheet revealing LETO'S CORPSE. The Baron gazes over the body of his foe and smiles.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

The Great Red Duke. Not so great today, are we?

He throws back the sheet further to uncover the hand with the Ducal ring. IT'S GONE.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

Where's the ring!

He turns to Feyd who looks at Yueh, the doctor's hair wild and disheveled. The Baron stalks up.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

YUEH

I delivered my half of the bargain. It's time to deliver yours.

The Baron narrows his eyes.

BARON HARKONNEN

Remind me, how was it we bent your Imperial Conditioning?

YUEH

You took my wife.

BARON HARKONNEN

Oh, yes. I told you I'd free her from her agony and permit you to join her.

The Baron smiles.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

So join her.

He grabs Yueh by the throat and crushes his neck with one squeeze. He dumps Yueh's corpse to the floor.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

Never trust a traitor. Even one you created.

(to a guard)

You. Guard. The ring.

The guard fishes Yueh's pockets and pulls out the Ducal ring. He delivers it to the Baron.

FEYD (O.C.)

Uncle.

Feyd and Beast stride in.

BARON HARKONNEN

Ahhh Feyd, darling. What of the boy and the witch?

FEYD

Lost into a Coriolis sandstorm. Two of our aircraft were shredded in pursuit. I'm certain they're dead.

BARON HARKONNEN

Nothing is for certain. What does Piter calculate as their chance for survival?

Feyd and Beast exchange a look.

FEYD

Piter's dead.

The Baron flirts with an emotion, then shrugs.

BARON HARKONNEN

Looks like I'm going to need a new Mentat.

CUT TO:

70 PAUL'S VISIONS

70

*...Leto's corpse on the throne room floor... Jessica gives birth to a baby girl in a cavern... the desert burns... Fremmen fighters chant "Muad'dib!" from the dunes, las-guns raised over their heads... kangaroo mice hop across the sand, leaving erratic tracks...*

THIS BLEEDS INTO

71 INT. THOPTER - DAY

71

Real kangaroo mice hopping across the sand in front of Paul's nose as he wrenches himself awake, spitting out sand and spice. He's still belted in the upturned thopter, half buried in sand, the world around him is flipped upside down. He looks for Jessica but part of the cockpit is torn away.

Paul rips off his belt and drops down.

PAUL

Mother!

He scrambles among the wreckage and finds Jessica, unconscious but alive in the sand.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Wake up! Wake up!

He digs the sand away. She stirs.

JESSICA

We made it?

PAUL

Not yet.

72 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

72

Folds of dunes extend in every direction. Jessica watches Paul strip the thopter of anything they need -- water canteen, pack, thumper, maula pistol.

PAUL

Damn it!

He throws down two shredded stillsuits.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Useless.

He grabs binoculars from the pack and scales the tail section of the thopter, rising from the wreckage like a mast. He scans through the binoculars and sees...

A SLASHING ROCK FORMATION marks the desert horizon, a second echo of Paul's Caladan dream.

Paul drops the binoculars, thunderstruck. He's seen this before, and that's where they're going.

73 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

73

Paul and Jessica cross a vast plain of desert, two specks in a sea of sand...

Paul leads them, the pack and thumper slung over his shoulder, his eyes an inward stare focused only on their survival. Jessica looks back at the downed thopter now a kilometer or two behind them.

PAUL

Don't look back. All we have now is what's in front of us.

74 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

74

A dunetop in the foreground frames the scene, as Paul and Jessica continue to trek across the dunes. Unbeknownst to them, the little granules of sand on the foreground dunetop START TO SHAKE...

We catch up with Paul and Jessica, now less than a kilometer from the slashing rock which is actually the apex of a massive range of formations. Paul notices the SAND TREMOR beneath their feet.

JESSICA

Is that--

He looks back and spots a SANDWAVE rushing toward them.

PAUL

Let's move!

Jessica runs. Paul stakes the thumper in the ground, flipping the latch, then runs off after.

Lump... lump... lump... lump...

CUT TO:

Paul and Jessica claw their way up and down undulating dunes, the sandwave closing...

The throbbing thumper finally goes quiet and Jessica looks back, the sandwave vanished into the rumbling desert.

JESSICA  
(relieved)  
It's gone.

Paul realizes it's gone deep.

PAUL  
No. Run! Run!

They're clearing the last 200 meters when the sand starts to whirlpool beneath their feet. Jessica falls and Paul drags her up. The desert surface heaves, lifting them up up up...

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Here we go!

The wave of displaced sand flushes them toward the rocks, sending them tumbling through a split in the formation...

75 EXT. SLASHING ROCK FORMATION (TUONO BASIN) - CONTINUOUS 75

Paul and Jessica tumble to a stop with the flood of sand, the enormous worm blocked off by the split in the rock. Paul looks to his mother, both out of breath.

PAUL  
You okay?

She nods, shaken. Paul jumps up and surveys the basin in front of them, a craggy expanse of tortured rock.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

JESSICA  
I need a second.

PAUL  
We don't have one. Get up.

He turns to grab her.

JESSICA  
Paul--

PAUL

You want your baby to live, listen  
to me. Now get up!

Jessica looks shocked. She touches her belly, her secret not yet showing. The Duke's child, carried inside.

JESSICA

How did you know?

PAUL

You said yourself. This desert. The  
spice. It's everywhere. I've  
evolved.

It sinks in. Jessica braces for what's next.

JESSICA

What else have you seen, Paul?

He turns away, stares hard-eyed into the basin.

PAUL

Father's dead.

Jessica accepts this like a slap. Grief overwhelms her. Paul looks back to her, steeling himself against any emotion, locked in on the task at hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We need to move.

JESSICA

Why? So we can die somewhere else?

PAUL

To find the Fremmen.

He reaches out his hand. Jessica takes it and gets to her feet. Her eyes jump at something on the ledges behind him.

Paul turns, looks up, and sees about 20-30 silhouetted figures staring down upon them, every one sleek and muscular, not an ounce of wasted fat on them. They draw crysknives from their robes.

Jessica whips out her own, ready for anything. A voice rumbles from the tallest among them -- STILGAR, the tribe leader.

STILGAR

So it is you. News across Arrakis  
is that a weirding woman and her  
son are dead in the desert. You  
might yet still be...

Out of nowhere another dozen or so Fremmen surround them at  
close range, among them the BEAUTIFUL GIRL from Paul's  
Caladan dream. Paul's eyes go wide. Meet CHANI.

CHANI

What are you looking at? Move!

She jabs her crysknife at him. Paul, head spinning, looks to  
Jessica who nods. They move.

76 INT. ENTRANCE PASSAGEWAY - SIETCH TABR - DAY 76

Robes swish against rock in a narrow, dark tunnel lit by  
glowglobes. Stilgar and his troop of Fremmen march Paul and  
Jessica by the point of crysknives. The Fremmen throw back  
their hoods, remove their half-masks and relax their  
discipline. They're home. The passageway spills into...

77 INT. MAIN CAVERN - SIETCH TABR - DAY 77

A soaring, cathedral-like space covered in ancient etchings.  
Hundreds of living quarters look out over us, light  
flickering from their doorways. The cavern bustles with  
weavers, bird sellers, stillsuit makers, spice packagers.  
Heads turn as Paul and Jessica are marched past...

Paul takes in all the blue on blue eyes staring back at them,  
some hostile, some surprised, all curious.

DEOCIES (O.C.)

Stilgar!

Stilgar's procession is stopped by a fierce group of men  
blocking their way. A father and son -- DEOCIES and JAMIS --  
lead the group. Deocies (60s) gives the impression of a high-  
ranking elder. Jamis (40) is a battle-scarred veteran  
warrior.

DEOCIES (CONT'D)

Those off-worlders cannot be here.

STILGAR

As naib of this tribe, I determine  
that. The Reverend Mother wants to  
see them.

DEOCIES

For what?

STILGAR

They fit the legend.

The men with Deocies are taken aback, their hostility now hesitation. Jamis sizes Paul up and down.

JAMIS

(incredulous)

She thinks that one is the Mahdi?  
He's hardly a man.

STILGAR

Whatever he is, Ramallo will  
decide. Now step aside.

DEOCIES

No. This is a mistake. They'll lead  
the Harkonnen right to us. Destroy  
everything we've worked to keep  
secret.

PAUL

The Baron thinks we're dead.

JAMIS

Silence! You have no place to speak  
here!

DEOCIES

Think about it, Stilgar. The Mahdi  
is supposed to rightly guide us,  
not put the whole tribe in danger.

Stilgar considers this. He looks to Paul, nods for him to speak.

PAUL

We have nowhere else to go. The  
Harkonnen took everything. Killed  
my father. He hoped we could be  
allies.

DEOCIES

Allies? What do we care about your  
off-worlder rivalries. Destroy each  
other, please. Long after you  
leave, we Fremmen will still be  
living on Arrakis.

PAUL

The Harkonnen will never leave. Not as long as there's spice. Not unless someone makes them.

JAMIS

Who? You?

PAUL

We hate the Harkonnen as much as you do. Perhaps we can together.

DEOCIES

You hear how our "Mahdi" speaks, Stilgar? How the one who would lead us to peace and paradise wants us to follow him into war. He's a pretender!

Jamis raises his crysknife.

JAMIS

Enough! May thy knife chip and shatter!

Before Paul knows what's going on, Jamis is attacking. He punches at the force button on his shield belt -- only to discover he's NOT WEARING ONE.

PAUL

Great.

He ducks Jamis' wild swing just in time to barrel roll away, echoes of his duel with Gurney. The crowd clears for the fight.

JESSICA

Paul!

She tosses over Mapes' crysknife as Fremmen pull her back. Paul looks at it, then to Stilgar among the crowd.

PAUL

We didn't come here to fight you.

STILGAR

Jamis called the amtal challenge. It must be.

Paul gets a handle of the unfamiliar weapon as Jamis charges again. Their blades cross, Jamis ferociously knocking Paul back, back, back. He looks like a schoolboy compared to the much bigger Jamis...

Jessica watches with fear and anticipation. She catches eyes with Deocies, who smiles, certain of his son's victory...

Paul does everything he can to duck, dodge and dance around Jamis' fierce attack. After side-stepping a blow, Paul tries to jump on his back but Jamis peels him off and hurls him into the crowd...

On the ground Paul looks up at a mass of blue-eyed faces looking down on him, Chani among them. Before he can catch his breath the crowd surges him back towards Jamis...

Jamis rushes again but this time Paul charges back, screaming like a savage. They crash into each other and exchange furious blows. Paul slashes Jamis on the shoulder, infuriating the Fremen warrior. Jamis comes roaring back, striking his crysknife down on Paul's, the blow shattering it...

Paul staggers back, now defenseless, his weapon now just a serrated stump. Jamis charges for what looks to be the fatal blow when...

EVERYTHING SLOWS. SOUNDTRACK DROPS. PAUL'S PUPILS DILATE.

*He perceives what's unfolding before him almost frame by frame... sweat coming off Jamis' neck... the crysknife coming down on his neck... his own not anywhere close enough to defend it... Jamis' feet both off the ground...*

PAUL REACTS

In a whirl of the weirding way he ducks the swinging blade, swipes Jamis' legs out from under him, sends the Fremen to the ground, and pins his crysknife wielding arm under his knee. Paul poises his own shattered crysknife to Jamis' throat.

PAUL

Yield!

The Fremen cackle. Stilgar steps up.

STILGAR

Fremen don't yield, boy. Any challenge in the sietch must be a fight to the death.

Paul looks back to Jamis, who's still trying to free his arm and fight.

PAUL

I don't want to kill this man.

STILGAR

You must, or you yourself will be  
killed.

Paul looks to his mother. She sees Jamis pry free his blade-welding arm. He swings!

JESSICA

Paul!

Paul catches Jamis' wrist and jabs his shattered crysknife in his chest. Jamis gasps and starts clawing at Paul's arm, the broken knife not making it a clean kill. Paul stares into the man's deep blue eyes as his writhing and agony slowly subsides, and death takes its grip. This is Paul's first kill.

He staggers back, horrified, and looks around at all the strange, quiet faces. Paul drops the crysknife and drops to his knees.

Crumpled there, it all becomes too much and tears begin rolling down his cheeks. Tears for this dead warrior... for his lost friends... for his murdered father and fallen House.

FREMEN (O.C.)

(awestruck)

He gives water to the dead.

The Fremen observe his crying with a mix of curiosity, reverence and awe. Chani is especially moved. Murmurs of "Mahdi" roil through the crowd.

Jessica looks back to Deocies. He doesn't cry, but his pain is evident.

78

INT. REVEREND MOTHER'S PASSAGEWAY - SIETCH TABR - DAY

78

Paul and Jessica stand outside the doorway of an inner chamber, still under Fremen guard. The rock walls are covered in etchings of Fremen mythology. Paul notices an etching of a WORM AND HUMAN MERGED AS ONE.

PAUL

Shai Hulud.

Stilgar steps out.

STILGAR

The Reverend Mother will see you  
now.

79

INT. REVEREND MOTHER'S CHAMBER - SIETCH TABR - DAY

79

Stilgar leads Paul and Jessica into a sacred chamber, vigil glowglobes everywhere. Four young women wearing robes not unlike Mohiam's attendants on Caladan hover over a deathbed. In it is REVEREND MOTHER RAMALLO, a shriveled old woman in a white gown covered head to toe in mystical tattoos.

RAMALLO

Andiq la ashu. "In bad times there are no brothers." Yet here you are, seeking us. Come closer, boy.

Stilgar nudges Paul over. Paul steals a look with Jessica as he goes, his last brush with a Reverend Mother still fresh.

RAMALLO (CONT'D)

Sit.

Ramallo pats the ground beside her. Paul sits and recognizes a curious face among the young girls around the bed. CHANI. Paul's expression betrays him and Ramallo sees it.

RAMALLO (CONT'D)

Do you know that girl?

PAUL

No.

RAMALLO

But you recognized her?

PAUL

I saw her in a dream.

The other girls gawk at Chani, who blushes.

RAMALLO

How fitting. You were dreaming of us, we were dreaming of you. Or at least what we think you are.

PAUL

What am I?

She takes his hand.

RAMALLO

*He will come, the son of a weirding woman from another world, and we will know Him by how he knows our ways... Have you ever before fought with a crysknife?*

Paul shakes his head. Never. She cocks her head, intrigued.

RAMALLO (CONT'D)

*The desert will deliver Him to us,  
a great leader who will guide us  
rightly, and he will deliver unto  
us peace and paradise. We call Him  
the Mahdi.*

Paul looks to Jessica, threads coming together. Mahdi is what they were just whispering.

RAMALLO (CONT'D)

You were driven to our sietch by a sandstorm, yes?

PAUL

The Harkonnen had a little bit to do with it as well.

RAMALLO

And Shai Hulud blessed your arrival.

PAUL

You mean the worm that tried to eat us?

Ramallo smiles. She looks to Jessica.

RAMALLO

Is that your mother over there?

He nods.

RAMALLO (CONT'D)

Come here, woman.

Jessica steps over and kneels beside the bed. Ramallo puts her hand to Jessica's face and traces down to her collar where she sees evidence of tattoos.

RAMALLO (CONT'D)

The test will be yours, not your son's. But you already knew that didn't you?

JESSICA

Yes.

Paul and Jessica lock eyes. How does she know?

RAMALLO

I'm glad it will be me who gives  
it, I will die soon anyway.  
(to the girls, Stilgar)  
Prepare her for the ceremony.  
Stilgar prepare our people.

Chani and the other attendants escort Jessica out the door,  
Stilgar following. Paul is left alone with the Reverend  
Mother. He notices a Gom Jabbar on her dressing table.

PAUL

What's going to happen to her?

RAMALLO

What will happen will happen.

PAUL

But if I'm this... Mahdi. Shouldn't  
you be testing me?

She points to a SMALL SKIN SACK, perhaps twice the size of a  
human head, sitting in a wet basin.

RAMALLO

Whether we accept you as our leader  
is her test. How you lead us is  
yours.

PAUL

And if I lead you rightly?

RAMALLO

*Only if the Mahdi is true, will He  
return to where he was delivered,  
and become one with the desert.*

80 INT. GATHERING CAVERN ENTRY - DAY

80

A crush of solemn, silent Fremen carrying glowglobes herd  
down a passageway, Paul and Stilgar among them. Yet another  
echo of Paul's Caladan dream. They emerge into...

81 INT. GATHERING CAVERN - NIGHT

81

An amphitheater-like space carved into the side of a cliff  
with a slab of rock cantilevered out over the open desert  
like a stage. At least 2,000 Fremen are already assembled  
there, looking out at the curtain of stars. With all the  
glowglobes they look like a mass of fireflies.

Deoceis eyes Paul as he and Stilgar take their places behind an ALTAR on the slab. Stilgar raises his hand and the cavern quiets to a hush.

STILGAR

We are people of Misr. Since our  
ancestors fled the Niloctic  
al'Ourouba we have known flight and  
death. The young go on so that our  
people shall not die.

The assembled Fremem toss their glowglobes into the air, the suspensor-buoyed orbs of light left floating overhead. All eyes turn to a DOORWAY WITH ELABORATE CARVINGS OF SHAI HULUD. Out comes...

Mother Ramallo in full Reverend Mother dress. She's followed first by her attendants, Chani among them, then by Jessica wearing a ritual robe, her face drawn upon in henna as if marking future tattoos.

The procession moves toward the slab and comes upon the altar in front of Paul. He and Jessica catch eyes. The fact she looks terrified instantly worries him.

Ramallo takes her place at the head of the altar. Chani and the attendants lay Jessica upon the altar and take their place behind Ramallo.

Taking in this arrangement, Paul's worry heightens. Ramallo turns to the gathering of Fremem.

RAMALLO

For a thousand generations the  
Fremem have been waiting for the  
Mahdi, the one who will guide us  
rightly to a better life. He may  
finally be among us...

She gestures to Paul. The cavern rumbles with expectation.

RAMALLO (CONT'D)

Now is the time where prophecy  
meets truth and water meets flesh.  
Where the memories of our tribe and  
the strength of its Reverend Mother  
must be passed to ensure the future  
of our people.

She nods to Chani who speaks aloud with only the slightest quiver in her voice.

CHANI

Watermasters, come forward.

TWO MALE WATERMASTERS carrying the sack from Ramallo's chamber come forward. They deposit the sack into Chani's hands and take their place behind Paul.

CHANI (CONT'D)

Is there water?

WATERMASTERS

There is water, but we cannot drink of it.

CHANI

Is there spice?

WATERMASTERS

There is spice, the kiss of Shai Hulud.

Jessica and Paul lock eyes. Chani hands the sack to Ramallo, who holds it over her head.

MOTHER RAMALLO

Blessed be the Water of Life, the water that is greater than water, the water that frees the soul. If you be a Reverend Mother and your son be our savior, it opens the universe to you. If not, it will close on you forever. Let Shai-Hulud judge now.

Paul turns to Stilgar, his worry now spiking.

PAUL

What does she mean close on her forever?

STILGAR

It's pure spice. Taken directly from the worm. Very lethal.

Paul jumps up but is slammed down by the watermasters behind.

STILGAR (CONT'D)

It is hers to pass now.

PAUL

Not just her.

The child!

Ramallo turns the sack's hornspout onto Jessica's lips and...  
SHE DRINKS!

Jessica immediately starts gagging and convulsing. The Fremens look on with more curiosity than mortal concern. Paul watches helpless...

Jessica's head kicks back, eyes going shock-wide. HER PUPILS DILATE and flood with the blue of TOTAL SPICE SATURATION. The flood spills over, like ink spilling over white paper, until her eyes are nothing but deep blue orbs...

Jessica SNAPS FROM HER TRANCE. Her haunted blue eyes adjust to the new world before her. She touches at her pregnant belly, frightened for a moment, until she senses that the baby made it though...

Paul clocks this, sighing with relief.

Chani removes Ramallo's still, delicate hand from Jessica's forehead, the old Reverend Mother slumped DEAD beside the altar. She nods to Stilgar.

STILGAR

(somber)

The memory has been passed. The Mahdi is with us.

Stilgar turns to Paul, takes a knee and bows. All the Fremens do the same, even Deocias, albeit reluctantly.

Paul looks to Jessica, the last one left standing. She too takes a knee and bows.

With everyone's head bowed, Chani steals a glance at Paul.

82

INT. REVEREND MOTHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

82

Jessica holds the sack that almost killed her, empty of its water. Paul enters as she sets back upon the wet basin, etchings of worms everywhere.

PAUL

So the worm is the spice. The spice is the worm. No wonder they worship the creature.

JESSICA

Now they worship you.

PAUL

What do you think? Am I what they say I am?

JESSICA

All that matters is the Fremmen  
think so.

Another veiled answer. Paul pushes back.

PAUL

What matters to the sisterhood?

Jessica hesitates.

JESSICA

I don't know what you mean?

PAUL

Whatever you did on the thopter pad  
I did facing Jamis. The box. The  
visions. These are Bene Gesserit  
tricks.

JESSICA

(lying)

There were things I wasn't supposed  
to teach you. That's why Mohiam  
came down. She wanted to see for  
herself...

PAUL

Why?

Jessica turns away.

JESSICA

I love you. I want you to survive.

She looks back. At least that's the truth.

PAUL

One day, mother, you'll have to  
choose between protecting them and  
protecting me.

83

INT. PAUL'S QUARTERS - SIETCH TABR - DAY

83

Etchings cover the walls. Paul tries on a brand-new Fremmen-  
made stillsuit, fitting it slip fashion at the neck.

CHANI (O.C.)

What was it like?

Paul turns to find Chani at the door.

CHANI (CONT'D)  
Shedding water.

                  PAUL  
You mean crying?

She nods.

                  PAUL (CONT'D)  
Fremen don't...

She shakes her head as if it's a ridiculous question.

                  CHANI  
We're trained very young not to  
waste our water. If it happens it's  
the greatest gift a Fremen can  
give. That's why...

Chani offers Paul a bundle wrapped in cloth. He unwraps it  
and finds a CRYSKNIFE, it's milk-white blade glittering.

                  CHANI (CONT'D)  
I'm Chani. This blade was my  
father's.

Paul looks from the knife to the beautiful elfin face staring  
back at him.

                  PAUL  
I'm honored. Thank you. What  
happened?

                  CHANI  
He was murdered by the Harkonnen.  
Same night as your own.

                  PAUL  
Animals. Was he in Arrakeen?

Chani hesitates.

                  CHANI  
He was with you.

                  PAUL  
Me?

                  CHANI  
They say he died helping you  
escape.

Paul runs through that night in his head. It hits him.

PAUL  
Dr. Kynes?

CHANI  
Among our people he was known as  
Liet. He was a great leader.

PAUL  
Chani, I'm sorry. I...

CHANI  
What's done is done. My father  
saved you for a reason...

84 EXT. OASIS - DAY

84

Chani leads Paul down a steep, narrow crevice open to the sky. Paul is surprised to see a Fremen-made moisture trapping device, one of a dozen linked down the chasm.

PAUL  
What are those?

Chani smiles mysteriously. They come to an archway down the crevice where the moisture trap gallery ends, a pipe from above filling a COLLECTION TANK with water drip by drip.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I haven't seen this much water  
since leaving Caladan.

CHANI  
Is that your homeworld?

PAUL  
It was.

CHANI  
Do you miss it?

PAUL  
My friend Gurney used to say  
"parting with friends is a sadness.  
A place is only a place."

CHANI  
For us, a place can mean  
everything. Come.

She leads him through the archway to a ridge overlooking a VALLEY LUSH WITH VEGETATION, as green and beautiful as any Garden of Eden.

CHANI (CONT'D)  
My father's life's work.

Paul laughs, awestruck. Thousands of plants are arranged in neat rows, planted in DEWCUPS that catch the morning condensation. It's a magical place.

PAUL  
Chani, this is incredible.

CHANI  
There are oases like this hidden all over Arrakis.

PAUL  
If anyone knew your secret...

CHANI  
My father said it will take fifty generations, but eventually our people will transform the desert into a paradise, with water that flows open to the sky.

Paul takes in their dream. Chani watches him curiously.

CHANI (CONT'D)  
What was it like? Your homeworld?

PAUL  
Blue. Much of it covered by wide swaths of water called oceans, so big you can't see from shore to shore.

Chani closes her eyes and tries to imagine an ocean.

CHANI  
I can't imagine it. Tell me more.

PAUL  
There was rain too. Water that would fall in great sheets from the sky. When I was little I liked to go running around in it.

He gazes at Chani, her eyes shut tight, a look of rapture on her face. She looks radiant, beautiful, pure.

CHANI  
To collect for drinking?

PAUL  
To play.

Chani opens her eyes and catches him gazing. They have a moment, something electric between them. She turns away embarrassed.

CHANI  
If you're going to lead us, you  
need a Fremen name.

PAUL  
Like what?

CHANI  
Anything of the desert.

Paul thinks.

PAUL  
What do you call that mouse? With  
the tracks everywhere?

Chani smiles.

CHANI  
We call that one... Muad'dib.

Paul catches his breath. That was the moment from his Caladan dream.

PAUL  
Then Muad'dib it is.

85 INT. EMPEROR'S PALACE - KAITAIN - DAY

85

The Emperor, Count and Lady Fenring, Mother Mohiam, and Irulan gather on a sweeping terrace overlooking a polished, glittering CITYSCAPE. The Imperial Assembly building crowns the skyline. Welcome to the political center of the universe.

BARON HARKONNEN  
Quite the view, your Majesty.

The Baron strides up in his suspensor suit like a tiger on the prowl. He's accompanied by Feyd and Hawat.

EMPEROR  
Is that Leto's Mentat?

BARON HARKONNEN  
You said I could seize anything in  
the Atreides' possession. A  
Mentat's no different.

The Emperor steps up to Hawat.

EMPEROR

I had great respect for your Duke.  
He was a formidable adversary.

BARON HARKONNEN

Not formidable enough.

The Emperor glares at the Baron. He points to the Ducal ring hanging from a necklace around his fat neck.

EMPEROR

I don't like how you're flaunting  
your victory, Baron. It makes me  
look permissive.

BARON HARKONNEN

Paaaah! The other Great Houses  
expect nothing less. Tell him  
Mentat.

HAWAT

As far as the other Great Houses of  
the Landsraad are concerned you've  
called the Baron here to discipline  
him for the infraction against your  
decree. Beyond that they accept  
what happened on Arrakis as kanly  
between rivals -- the inevitable  
end of a blood feud.

EMPEROR

So that's that.

BARON HARKONNEN

Not quite. There's the little  
matter of compensation.

EMPEROR

We've eliminated a mutual rival.  
I've given you Arrakis. What else  
do you want?

The Baron stalks over to Feyd and Irulan. He rests his giant hands on each of their shoulders.

BARON HARKONNEN

They'd make quite a fetching  
couple, don't you think?

EMPEROR

Take your hand off my daughter,  
Baron.

The Baron removes his hands.

BARON HARKONNEN

So we Harkonnen are good enough to kill your quarry, but not sit at your table and pick its bones.

EMPEROR

Such a marriage will never happen.

BARON HARKONNEN

You're not considering the possibilities, Emperor. A union between our two houses would tip the balance of power against the Landsraad and Spacing Guild in our favor. Yes, they control trade and travel. But you have the Sardaukar. I have the spice. And there's nothing without spice.

EMPEROR

You only have Arrakis because I allow it. I can always send the Sardaukar to remove you.

BARON HARKONNEN

Perhaps that was true before. Feyd.

FEYD

If you move your forces against us now, the Landsraad will learn you moved against Leto. It won't take them long to realize they're all vulnerable. How long do you think before they finally band together and remove you?

The Emperor seethes, backed into a corner. Mohiam leans in and whispers into his ear.

BARON HARKONNEN

Don't listen to that witch!

MOTHER MOHIAM

What are you afraid of, Baron?

BARON HARKONNEN

Now that I control Arrakis, nothing.

(to the Emperor)

You want to regain your hold, Emperor, you can either accept an alliance or risk an Imperium-wide war.

EMPEROR

If it's war you desire, Baron--

IRULAN

Enough!

The Baron turns to her, his fat fingers toying with the Ducal ring around his neck.

IRULAN (CONT'D)

This is not just my father's decision. It's mine.

BARON HARKONNEN

Is that so? And what, my dear princess, can I do to convince you of my nephew's worth?

IRULAN

Prices across the Imperium are as high as they've been in millennia because of all the maneuvering on Arrakis. The poorest planets and systems are suffering. Open up the flow of spice. Relieve their burden.

EMPEROR

Irulan!

IRULAN

No father. If this will ensure peace, I'll freely give my hand. But make no mistake, Baron, before there's any alliance the spice must flow.

The Baron looks like a cat who just ate the canary.

BARON HARKONNEN

Who's going to stop it?

86

EXT. SLASHING ROCK FORMATION (ATTENDENT ROCK) - DAWN

86

Dawn breaks over the desert like an exploding atomic. Paul stands atop the iconic rock and takes it in, his robe fluttering in the wind, his hair blowing -- a hero's moment.

He takes out a canister and opens it. Inside an orange powder. SPICE. It gets picked up in the wind and goes swirling into the air. Paul inhales deeply, triggering...

87 RISE OF MUAD'DIB MONTAGE

87

*Paul and Stilgar look over a map of Arrakis, POINTING OUT HARKONNEN TARGETS...*

*Chani teaches Paul how to plant a dewcup in the oasis, THEIR FIRST TOUCH...*

*Jessica gets HER FIRST FACE TATTOO, on the forehead and bridge of the nose. It looks painful but she stares straight ahead...*

*Jessica is swarmed by children, now Reverend Mother. Their little hands touch her FULLY PREGNANT BELLY...*

*A leaner and meaner Paul leads Stilgar and a small force of Fremens to ATTACK A HARKONNEN DESERT OUTPOST...*

*Paul teaches Chani how to shoot a lasgun in Tuono basin, THEIR CHEMISTRY BUILDING...*

*Jessica gives birth to a baby with HAUNTED BLUE EYES. This is ALIA, PAUL'S SISTER...*

*A bearded and spice blue-eyed Paul leads Stilgar, Chani and a large force of Fremens to ATTACK A HARKONNEN SPICE PATROL...*

*Jessica, her face now covered in tattoos, leads a group of young girls through the oasis giving a lesson. One of the girls looks back at Alia, NOW TWO YEARS OLD, following them...*

*Paul and Chani tumble into his quarters, KISSING FOR THE FIRST TIME, swept up in love and war...*

88 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

88

TWO HARKONNEN CARRYALL WINGS and a sortie of FIVE ARMED SPOTTERS approach a huge vein of spice, like a swirl of caramel in the sands. From the air the desert appears still, not a living thing in sight...

The spotters stay high overhead as the carryalls circle down to the spice bed. The first touches down upon the surface, drops its harvester, and quickly lifts off...

The second carryall touches down nearby when...

BOOM!

A sandmine blows the harvester in its clutch to bits. The gutted aircraft lists in the air for a moment, then goes flaming into a dunetop. Suddenly...

HUNDREDS OF FREMEN FIGHTERS throw back cloaks and sprout from the surrounding dunes, laying in wait under the sand -- Paul, Chani, and Stilgar among them...

They whip out lasguns and start BLASTING EVERYTHING -- the remaining harvester, the carryall, the spotters -- lasbolts crackling in every direction...

A spotter is blown out of the sky. Another is clipped and sent spinning to oblivion. The surviving three fire back, ROCKETS SENT SLAMMING into the dunetops...

Fremen fighters are wasted in exploding plumes of sand. They continue to shoot back, downing a third spotter...

Paul and Chani square off against the remaining carryall as it swoops around to retrieve the harvester, blasting at it relentlessly. They shear off its wing and the huge aircraft SPIRALS RIGHT FOR THEM...

PAUL

Move!

Paul grabs Chani's hand and they RACE OUT OF ITS PATH. The carryall comes crashing where they were, exploding in a giant ball of fire...

Stilgar and a wave of fighters swarm the stranded harvester, massacring anyone who spills from its blazing hatches with their crysknives...

Paul and Chani come striding from the smoke just in time to see the last spotter crash. A cheer goes up from all the surrounding dunes...

The Fremen pump their lasguns over their heads and start chanting "Muad'dib!" "Muad'dib!" "Muad'dib"...

Paul turns to Chani and THEY KISS, the desert burning around them.

89

INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY

89

The Baron circles around Feyd and Beast, who stand at attention. Hawat watches from the wings.

BARON HARKONNEN

What was a nuisance is now a serious problem, Feyd. These desert savages aren't just costing us billions of solaris, they're disrupting the entire flow of spice off this planet.

(MORE)

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

If we don't put an end to it, the leverage I had against the Emperor will be lost. I will not lose my path to the throne.

FEYD

Your path? I thought I was marrying Irulan?

BARON HARKONNEN

So you are -- the instrument of my design. And when we take power you'll play the tune I tell you to play. Now bring me Muad'dib.

Feyd bristles at the notion he's not his own man.

FEYD

We're trying. He and his fighters hide in the desert. The people protect him.

BARON HARKONNEN

Then try harder. Turn his people against him. Put a boot to their necks, Feyd. Put a boot to their necks and twist!

Feyd gets the message and leaves with Beast. Only the Baron and Hawat are left.

HAWAT

You should take precautions with that one, master.

BARON HARKONNEN

What are you babbling about?

HAWAT

Your nephew's ambitious. And shrewder than you think. I find it probable he'll try to put a slip tip in your back before long. He is a Harkonnen after all.

BARON HARKONNEN

Ha! You still have a lot to learn about what it means to be Harkonnen, Mentat. That boy's a mere branch of a tree that I water.

90 INT. SIETCH TABR - DAY

90

Packed with Fremmen pilgrims who've travelled from all across Arrakis. The crowd parts as Paul and his fighters return victorious. Some of the fighters wear Harkonnen helmets as trophies. Others shoulder steel crates of spice or sacks of water. The last of the procession carries the cloth wrapped bodies of the fallen. The pilgrims reach out for a touch of Muad'dib as he passes through.

Paul, Chani and Stilgar stop in front of a group of fierce-looking warriors led by KORBA. He kneels before them as do his men.

KORBA

I am Korba, naib of Sietch Makab. I come with fifty of my best men, across many thumpers of desert. We ask to join the forces of Muad'dib.

He offers Paul his crysknife.

PAUL

Keep it, Korba. You'll be shedding Harkonnen water with it soon enough. As you will with one of these. Welcome to the fight.

He offers Korba his lasgun and looks to Stilgar.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Stil, see these men get settled.

He takes Chani's hand and they go, the crowd again parting for their Mahdi, bodyguards keeping the worshippers at bay.

JESSICA watches this play out from the wings, unsettled by something she can't quite come to terms with. Deocies steps up beside her.

DEOCIES

Your son's become quite the leader. I hope he knows where he's leading us.

He looks at her as if they're in sync. Jessica shoots him a rattled look and goes.

91 INT. REVEREND MOTHER'S PASSAGEWAY - DAY

91

Jessica comes upon her chamber doorway, her attendants grouped outside.

JESSICA

Why aren't you preparing my robes?

They look spooked.

ATTENDANT 1

She's in there.

Jessica looks at the door. Alia.

92

INT. REVEREND MOTHER'S CHAMBERS - DAY

92

Jessica steps in. ALIA, a two-year old with soul-piercing, almost demon-like blue eyes, hovers in the corner by the dressing table.

ALIA

My brother disturbs you, doesn't he?

Jessica sees the Gom Jabbar fastened to Alia's finger.

JESSICA

Alia! Take that off!

She rushes over and relieves her daughter of the weapon. Alia grins with black amusement. If there's anyone who knows how to use a Gom Jabbar it's this child.

ALIA

It's funny you think I could hurt myself with that.

JESSICA

I don't care. You're still a child.

ALIA

A child who shares the ancient consciousness of every Reverend Mother is far from being a child. Even they know that.

She nods to the door and Jessica's attendants.

JESSICA

Then at least let me pretend.

ALIA

Why? You shouldn't feel so guilty about your creations.

She stares at her mother. Even Jessica can't take that gaze. She looks away.

JESSICA

If there's guilt, it's the burden  
I've put on you both. You for  
everything you know, Paul for  
everything he doesn't.

ALIA

Tell him then.

JESSICA

I can't. He's too caught up right  
now. It might push him over the  
edge.

ALIA

You mean he'd reject you.

Jessica nods.

JESSICA

The Fremmen were always supposed to  
be the tip of a spear. Paul was  
meant to use their power to secure  
our future, not his power to secure  
theirs. I see my son every day  
losing himself more and more to  
these wild people and their dreams.

ALIA

There you go, pretending again.

JESSICA

What are you talking about?

ALIA

It's not Paul losing himself that  
worries you, its you losing control  
of Him to the Fremmen.

Jessica looks violated. Alia nailed it.

93

INT. PAUL'S CHAMBERS - SIETCH TABR - DAY

93

Chani takes down her raven hair. Paul comes up behind and  
pulls her close, burying in his nose.

PAUL

There's nothing better. The desert  
in your hair, the spice.

CHANI

I want to cut it off. It just gets  
in the way.

PAUL

Of what?

She looks back, playful.

CHANI

Killing Harkonnen.

They kiss. She turns, her hands grasping at his side. He howls in pain and jumps back.

PAUL

Kull wahad!

Chani looks at her hand, soaked in blood, then at Paul's side -- seared by a lasblast.

CHANI

You're hurt, my love.

PAUL

It's fine.

CHANI

No, it's not. Take that off.

Chani gets a rag and soaks it in a basin of water. Paul peels off his stilsuit, his bare torso a topography of battle scars. She dabs the wound.

CHANI (CONT'D)

Why don't you ever say something?

PAUL

I don't want our people to see me bleed.

CHANI

You're their leader, Paul. Not their God. Not Shai Hulud.

She gestures to an etching of a giant sandworm on the wall. Paul goes over to it and takes in the mythology, the iconography of the creature.

PAUL

You mean until I become one with the desert.

CHANI

You're one with your people. Isn't that enough?

He stares at the worm, eyes burning with fervor. None of it's enough.

94 EXT. KEEP GATES - DAY

94

A contingent of lasgun carrying Harkonnen soldiers parade a roundup of frightened blue-on-blue eyed men and women into the courtyard in front of the Keep gates. Feyd, awaiting their arrival, looks on as Beast lines them up against a wall. He approaches one of the older suspects -- Shadout Mapes.

FEYD

You look like a wise woman. Where can I find Muad'dib?

Mapes just stares back, defiant. Feyd steps back and SHOOTS HER without hesitation. He addresses the lineup, a message also intended for the gathering crowd.

FEYD (CONT'D)

Starting now any Fremmen suspected of protecting Muad'dib will be shot on sight. I ask again, where is he?

No one in line says anything. Feyd nods to Beast who MOWS THEM ALL DOWN. Feyd scans the crowd, Tuek among the onlookers.

FEYD (CONT'D)

The smuggler. Bring him over.

Harkonnen soldiers pull Tuek over.

FEYD (CONT'D)

You and your kind are done trading with the Fremmen. Try and we'll shoot down your ships, leave every one of your men for worm food. You want to make money on Arrakis, find us Fremmen rebels. The Baron will pay for every one you bring in -- dead or alive. The greatest reward, 20 million solaris, for the head of Muad'dib.

CUT TO:

95 PAUL'S VISIONS

95

*...a sortie of thopters rage across the desert... rockets slam into rock..*

*a cavern shudders with explosions, rubble collapsing on screaming Fremmen... women and children flee the burning sietch, slaughtered as they run out... Feyd walks among the devastation...*

BACK TO:

96 EXT. SLASHING ROCK OUTCROPPING (ATTENDENT ROCK) - DAY 96

Paul snaps out of his spice trance, horrified by what he's just seen.

97 INT. GATHERING CAVERN - SIETCH TABR - DAY 97

Paul and Chani stand before the sietch leaders -- Jessica, Stilgar, Deocies, Korba and a handful of others.

PAUL

The Harkonnen are coming. I've seen it. We have to leave the sietch or we'll all be slaughtered. Tell everyone to pack up only what they can carry. We leave for Habbanya Ridge tonight.

DEOCIES

Tonight, that's insane!

STILGAR

Muad'dib, that's thirty thumpers to the South. Deep worm territory.

PAUL

Exactly. The Baron will never think we'd risk it.

JESSICA

But If a patrol spots us...

PAUL

It won't.

DEOCIES

These are the whims of a madman!

CHANI

Respect, Deocies.

DEOCIES

No. Muad'dib says the Harkonnen are coming for us. They're coming for him!

(MORE)

DEOCIES (CONT'D)

Why don't you go south with your fighters and leave the rest of us in peace?

PAUL

The Harkonnen are coming whether I'm here or not.

DEOCIES

Yes, and didn't I warn of it? You've brought nothing but misery and danger to our doorstep.

PAUL

I'm leading us to something greater.

DEOCIES

Tell that to all the innocents whose blood is being spilled on the streets of Arrakeen. They died for what? Nothing but a vendetta between those who don't belong here.

PAUL

I've seen the future, Deocies. I know where I'm taking my people.

DEOCIES

Do you? Because I'm not even sure you see what you say. Stilgar, ask yourself -- who needs who here. This man tells us to shoot down aircraft, we obey. He tells us to attack, we attack. He's tricked us into thinking he gives us power when it's we, the Fremmen, who give it to him!

Deocies draws his crysknife and points it at Paul. Korba and the bodyguards converge on Deocies with their own blades.

PAUL

I have no time for this.

Paul waves his bodyguards away. They obey.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Get out of my sight.

## DEOCIES

No. My son was right to challenge you. You're a false prophet. May thy knife chip and shatter!

Deocies roars and charges Paul, who doesn't move. Chani steps in and in two moves shatters Deocies's blade and throws him on the ground at Paul's feet, her boot to his throat. Paul stands over him.

## PAUL

Red Chasm Sietch is five thumpers West. By the time I get back to my chamber you better be on your way. I never want to see your face again.

He nods to Chani and she releases her boot. Deocies stumbles up, humiliated, and slinks out. Paul turns to the council.

## PAUL (CONT'D)

We leave at sundown. No one is to be left behind. Tell them Muad'dib commands it.

98

EXT. DEEP DESERT - NIGHT

98

Two moons illuminate a vast, unbroken swath of sand. The lump... lump... of a thumper can be heard in the distance. We swoop over a giant dunecrest to reveal...

## A FREMEN CARAVAN OF THOUSANDS

Moving in silence in a single file line. They step carefully in one another's footprints, the clinking of water rings the only sound beside the thumper, carrying everything they can from Sietch Tabr. It's a sight to behold...

Korba and the rest of Paul's bodyguards flank the caravan, lasguns ready and eye on the sky. Chani and Stilgar lead each flank, thumpers over their shoulders...

Paul treks up front, leading the exodus. Jessica walks behind him, Alia in a sling on her back. She sees...

THE HUMP OF A SANDWORM breaching the dunes to the west, diverted by the blinking thumper in the distance...

99 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAYBREAK - DAY 99

Dawn spreads over the shattered outline of cliffs across the basin, touching everything with pink. A single man treks across the lonely desert...

DEOCIES

The sound of an approaching aircraft raises alarm. He picks up his pace looking every which way until he sees...

A SMUGGLER'S SHIP

100 INT. SMUGGLER'S SHIP - DAY 100

Tuek stands behind his pilot, his metal eye zeroed in on the lone Fremen in the desert now racing to get away as they swoop down upon him.

TUEK

Take him alive.

101 EXT. HABBANYA RIDGE - DAY 101

A jagged spine of primordial black rock. Paul and Chani shepherd the Fremen into the mouth of their new sietch. Paul stops Stilgar.

PAUL

Get the people settled then meet us back out here. We leave at sunup.

STILGAR

For what?

PAUL

There's something I need to do. Something you need to witness.

Stilgar heads inside. Jessica comes up.

JESSICA

What do you mean? What are you going to do?

PAUL

*Only if the Mahdi is true, will He return to where he was delivered, and become one with the desert.*

JESSICA

What?

PAUL  
I'm going to ride Shai Hulud.

JESSICA  
The worm? That's insane. Chani,  
tell him.

CHANI  
It fits the legend.

Jessica can't believe what she's hearing.

JESSICA  
You can't.

PAUL  
My people need to know they're  
being led rightly.

JESSICA  
Your people? You're a Duke's son.  
An Atriedes! Not a Fremmen.

PAUL  
Not a Fremmen? I'm the Fremmen  
leader. I'm the Mahdi!

JESSICA  
(blurting out)  
The Mahdi is a lie!

Paul and Chani look thunderstruck. Jessica knows she just  
crossed a line. Paul stares at his mother with hard eyes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
The Mahdi, that's just a story  
planted by the Bene Gesserit. So we  
could use the Fremmen. So they would  
follow our creation.

PAUL  
Your creation? You mean...

JESSICA  
You Paul. What Mother Mohiam was  
testing for. A male Bene Gesserit.  
An all powerful being we'd control.

CHANI  
Control for what?

JESSICA  
To lead. Not just the Fremmen, but  
the whole universe.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

That's who you are, Paul. The Kwisatz Haderach. The one who can see into that dark place no one else can see.

PAUL

My visions.

JESSICA

You were the sisterhood's way into power. They bred you, over 10,000 years, manipulating bloodlines, arranging marriages. You were built. And I trained you. No one knows more about what you're capable of, or what you're destined for, than me. I'm telling you, if you ride that worm, follow this path of the Mahdi to its end, it'll kill you. Don't martyr yourself for a lie.

Paul looks defiant.

PAUL

Whatever those witches thought they built, they were wrong. If I die out there today, I die a Fremmen. That's the one truth that I know.

Paul storms off. Chani shoots Jessica a tough look, then goes after him. Jessica is left knotted in anger, guilt, worry.

102

EXT. DEEPEST DESERT - DAY

102

Paul stands shoulder to shoulder with Chani and Stilgar on a dunetop, a thumper planted in the undulating plain before them. Lump... lump... lump... lump...

STILGAR

You've come far since the first time I saw you. Now Shai Hulud is the hunted.

He slaps Paul on the shoulder for good luck. Paul turns to Chani, her eyes dancing with admiration.

CHANI

I look forward to telling this story to our little ones.

Paul smiles and she gives him one last long hug. The desert heaves in the distance and a SANDWAVE starts to build, the worm approaching...

103 EXT. SMALL ROCK OUTCROPPING - DAY 103

Jessica watches with Korba and Paul's bodyguards. She looks from the sandwave to Chani and Stilgar running from Paul's position toward them...

104 EXT. DEEPEST DESERT - DAY 104

Paul is alone on the dunetop, digging in and readying his WORM HOOKS. The thumper throbs in the background as Paul stares at the sand beneath his boots, the grains starting to tremble...

105 EXT. SMALL ROCK OUTCROPPING - DAY 105

Chani and Stilgar run up to Jessica and the others. They see the sandwave plow into the thumper, Paul just a spec on the horizon. The desert goes silent as the worm goes deep...

106 EXT. DEEPEST DESERT - DAY 106

Paul steadies himself, the desert now QUAKING VIOLENTLY. He stares at the sand starting to whirlpool in front of him, trying to gauge where the worm will breach. He reacts just as...

A GIANT SANDWORM blows from the surface, jaws roar...

Paul leaps upon the monster's segmented body, catching it with his hooks...

HE'S ON THE WORM!

107 EXT. SMALL ROCK OUTCROPPING - DAY 107

Jessica and the others catch their collective breath. Chani and Stilgar whoop with pride. Korba and the bodyguards fall to their knees with reverence. Jessica looks terrified...

108 EXT. DEEPEST DESERT - DAY 108

The sand worm bucks and thrashes. Paul's ALMOST FLUNG OFF, losing grip of one of the hooks.

After a tense couple of seconds he regains his grip and uses his hooks to scale atop the worm's back, near its head, where he harnesses in for the ride...

109 EXT. SMALL ROCK OUTCROPPING - DAY 109

Jessica and the others are moved by the sight. Paul is just a fly spec upon the monstrous creature's back, the totality of its 400-meter-long body now fully visible, the worm roaring to the sky...

110 EXT. DEEP DESERT - DAY 110

A sortie of twenty Harkonnen thopters rage low across the desert surface, nearly clipping dunetops as they swoop across the undulating landscape.

111 INT. FEYD'S THOPTER - FLYING 111

Feyd pilots, leading the assault, Beast beside him. He looks back to Deocies, fresh inkvine whiplashes welting his body and face. He looks self-hating and defeated.

112 EXT. DEEPEST DESERT - DAY 112

Chani, Stilgar, Korba and the others wander the dunes looking for Paul.

STILGAR

You see him?

Korba shakes his head.

CHANI

Look!

She points to a figure that emerges from behind a dunetop. It's Paul, face flushed and stillsuit dusted with sand. He looks transformed, like the embodiment of the desert itself, as fully Fremen as any man has or will ever be.

Jessica gazes upon her son with awe.

113 EXT. DEEPEST DESERT - DAY 113

Paul and the others trek back to Habbanya Ridge.

STILGAR

Muad'dib.

Stilgar points to a SMUGGLER'S SHIP circling overhead.

PAUL  
Smugglers.

114 EXT. SKY OVERHEAD - DAY 114

The smuggler's ship sees a lone Fremen, waving it down.  
CHANI. Suddenly lasblasts fire from the dunes, tagging it...

115 EXT. DEEPEST DESERT - DAY 115

Paul and company watch the ship go spiraling out of the sky, trying to make a crash landing. It disappears behind a dunetop...

116 EXT. DOWNED SMUGGLER'S SHIP - DAY 116

Paul, Stilgar, Chani, Korba and others attack the disabled ship, crysknives raised. Hatches swing open and crewmen tumble out, maula pistols in hand, putting up a last defense against the Fremen...

In the haze of smoke, Paul and his fighters hack down the smugglers. Paul looks through and sees the silhouette of a burly figure holding his own against two, three, four Fremen, killing them all...

Paul rushes the figure crysknife up, ready to take him on when the figure turns and Paul recognizes a familiar ugly lump of a man with an inkvine scar...

PAUL  
Gurney?

Gurney, about to pull a trigger of his own, can't believe his eyes.

GURNEY  
Paul?

Paul shouts to his men.

PAUL  
Stand down! Stop the fighting!

GURNEY  
You heard him. Weapons down, y' dogs. These are friends.

Everyone puts down their weapons, wary. Gurney pulls Paul into a bear hug embrace.

GURNEY (CONT'D)  
I can't believe my eyes! Paul  
Atreides.

PAUL  
As you can see, my back is toward  
no door.

GURNEY  
Ha! The universe is full of doors.  
I just crashed through one I  
thought closed forever.

Stilgar comes up.

STILGAR  
You know this man?

JESSICA  
Gurney!

Jessica runs from the smoke and hugs him a little too tight.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing with the  
smugglers?

GURNEY  
Only friends I thought I had left.  
You know, Paul, your father  
would've never attacked unprovoked  
like that.

PAUL  
He would if he knew you were  
hunting his son.

GURNEY  
What do y' mean?

PAUL  
Muad'dib. I'm the man you're  
looking for.

Gurney's jaw drops.

117 INT. GURNEY'S SHIP - DAY

117

Everyone looks relaxed as they cruise over the peaceful desert. Stilgar reaches for a control. Gurney slaps his hand away.

GURNEY

Don't touch what y' don't know. Y' silly bastards already knocked us out of the sky once today.

PAUL

It's good you could get it flying again. Our fight could use an aircraft like this.

GURNEY

Look at y'. A man now. A wanted man at that! Your father would have been proud.

PAUL

He'd be glad we're reunited.

GURNEY

Can't tell y' how many sleepless nights I had thinking I failed him. Failed you and your mother here. Only one thing kept me from tumbling into a spice stupor out in the pylons. The day I'd get my revenge.

PAUL

And how exactly were you planning that?

Gurney gives a wolfish grin, his inkvine scar rippling.

CUT TO:

118 SMUGGLER'S COMPARTMENT

118

Gurney pulls a panel from the floor. Stashed inside, draped over something, is the Atreides family flag. Paul touches the hawk crest.

PAUL

I thought they burned them all.

GURNEY

As a smuggler I was able to procure  
a few things from the family  
archive.

He yanks back the flag to reveal BALLISTICS. Paul looks up to  
Gurney, speechless.

GURNEY (CONT'D)

The Duke is dead. Long live the  
Duke.

The Atreides are back in business. Chani comes up behind  
them, her face ashen.

CHANI

Muad'dib. You need to see this.

CUT TO:

119 COCKPIT

119

Paul and Gurney come running in. They near Habbanya Ridge and  
pass over a BURNING OASIS BELOW.

PAUL

The sietch...

120 EXT. HABBANYA RIDGE - DAY

120

They rush down the ramp of Gurney's landed ship to find the  
sietch laid to waste, charred bodies everywhere. Paul, Chani,  
Stilgar and the others run off into the smoldering ruin.  
Gurney takes in the massacre. Jessica calls out desperately,  
searching...

JESSICA

Alia!

Clawing over rubble Paul stumbles upon a body that catches  
his breath. DEOCIES. Paul backs away, his face a shattered  
mask. He bolts...

Jessica sees Paul stumbling her way, tripping over corpses,  
his eyes crazed with grief and guilt. She grabs him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Paul, stop! Where's Alia? Did you  
see what happened to Alia!

PAUL

I did this.

JESSICA

What?

PAUL

Bringing them here. I saw this, but what I saw was wrong! Oh Gods. I need to see... I need to see into that dark place no one else can see!

Jessica knows exactly what he's talking about.

JESSICA

Paul, no!

PAUL

It's what you always wanted.

JESSICA

You could die.

He rips from her grasp and races to Gurney's ship.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Paul!

Before anyone knows better the ramp is up and jetpods flaring.

Chani, picking through the rubble, sees Gurney's ship streak across the sky...

121 INT. MAIN CAVERN - SIETCH TABR - NIGHT 121

Paul races into the old sietch -- eerie, dark and lifeless...

122 INT. GATHERING CAVERN - NIGHT 122

Paul finds a glowglobe and turns to the Reverend Mother's doorway with the elaborate sandworm carvings. He heads down into the blackness...

123 INT. REVEREND MOTHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 123

Paul enters and scans the room. He goes to the wet basin and the Water of Life sack, full of the spice poison. He grabs it and DRINKS. Paul shudders and convulses and staggers out...

124 EXT. SIETCH TABR - NIGHT 124

Paul stumbles out into the dunes in the grip of his spice agony and collapses into...

CUT TO:

125 PAUL'S WATER OF LIFE VISIONS 125

*...Feyd sits across from Alia. Whatever she's just told him brings a smile to his face... a message delivered to the Emperor in Kaitian. He reads it and looks up at members of the Landsraad High Council screaming over each other in the Imperial Assembly, the universe in Chaos... hundreds of warships spill from a Spacing Guild Heighliner and mass above Arrakis... Paul gazes out from the Attendent Rock, a hero's moment, waiting for something to come...*

126 INT. REVEREND MOTHER'S CHAMBER - DAY 126

Glowglobes everywhere, a place of vigil. Paul is laid out in a coma. Chani caresses his hair. Jessica comes in with a meager bowl of food and sets it next to Chani, who hasn't eaten in days.

JESSICA

Any change?

Chani shakes her head.

CHANI

Right now I hate our Fremen ways. Everything is taken, yet I cannot cry.

JESSICA

It's a proud custom for a proud people.

CHANI

But it's our custom that put him here.

JESSICA

No. It's my fault. I was selfish. This whole thing happened because I loved my Duke. Because I defied my destiny, yet couldn't accept my son's. Paul loves you, Chani. Know that. And he was right. You were his destiny all along.

Chani reaches her hand out over Paul. Jessica takes it.  
Everything is forgiven.

127 INT. REVEREND MOTHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 127

Chani lies asleep next to Paul. He stirs and his hand meets hers. Chani wakes.

CHANI

Paul!

Paul bats his eyes open, straining to see. Chani embraces him.

PAUL

Chani?

She holds him tight.

CHANI

I'm right here, my love. I'm right here.

128 EXT. REVEREND MOTHER'S PASSAGEWAY - DAY 128

Chani escorts Paul, still weak from his coma, up the passageway. Stilgar greets them before entering the Gathering Cavern. Paul looks anxious about how he'll be received.

PAUL

I failed the tribe.

STILGAR

The Mahdi was always a man. Come.

129 INT. GATHERING CAVERN - DAY 129

Paul, Chani and Stilgar emerge from the Reverend Mother's passageway. Paul sees something in the desert that astonishes him...

STILGAR

They've been holding vigil.

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF FREMEN have gathered, with thousands more streaming in from all over.

Jessica steps up to Paul from behind.

JESSICA

They want to hear from their Mahdi.  
We all do.

She bows to her Mahdi. Paul is grateful for the gesture. All is forgiven.

PAUL

Alia's alive. We're going to get her.

He takes his first unassisted step, then another, until he's striding out onto the slab over the sea of worshippers. There's a hush.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We are people of Misr. Since our ancestors fled the Nilotic al'Ourouba we have known flight and death. But that history ends today. As I speak forces are gathering above Arrakis. Forces that mean to exterminate our people once and for all. They come because our rebellion has made the powers in this universe confront a frightening revelation: He who can destroy a thing has absolute control over it. We control the spice and that is something our enemies will never accept. We have one chance to survive their onslaught -- that's to strike first, all the tribes united, bringing all the forces of the desert. Now I need you to go. Go back to your sietches and villages across Arrakis and tell our Fremen brothers and sisters what I tell you now. What we will tell the universe: "Here we are, and here we shall remain!"

The Fremen roar, battle ready. Cheers of "Muad'dib!" echo to the sky. Gurney looks around at his new comrades, loving it. He starts to cheer along.

GURNEY

Muad'dib! Muad'dib! Muad'dib!

130

EXT. RIDGE WALL - DAWN

130

Paul, Gurney and Stilgar are perched along the rim of the massive rock formation and scope out enemy positions below.

BINOCULAR POV: the EMPEROR'S SHUTTLE flies down over Arrakeen. An Imperial frigate serves as a command post in the middle of the landing field, off-loading thousands of Sardaukar. Shields shimmer around everything -- the men, the ships, the landing field, the Keep.

GURNEY

Five legions of Sardaukar at least.  
Everything is shielded like we  
thought. No Landsraad forces yet.

They duck back behind some rocks.

PAUL

The Landsraad are waiting.

STILGAR

For what, Muad'dib?

PAUL

To see the Emperor do what they'd  
rather not.

Paul looks over his shoulder at a HUGE SANDSTORM rolling in from the open desert.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Only they won't be able to see  
anything until it's all over.

He looks back to his two lieutenants. Good men both.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We strike when the storm hits.  
It'll scrub out their shields just  
long enough for us to get inside  
that Keep. Get everyone into  
position.

Stilgar nods and scrambles off. Gurney is reluctant to leave Paul's side.

GURNEY

I keep wondering what your father  
would say if he was here to see y'.

PAUL

He'd say - bring the power of the  
desert.

131

INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY

131

The Baron prowls in with Hawat, Feyd and Beast expecting him.

BARON HARKONNEN

What did you do! What did you tell  
the Emperor that he thinks he can  
come here with the whole universe.

Feyd appears in no mood to be scolded by this man.

FEYD

You did this to yourself, uncle.

He nods to the corner and Alia, who dangles her feet  
girlishly from a suspensor chair. The Baron is instinctively  
repulsed.

BARON HARKONNEN

Who's that?

FEYD

I discovered her among the massacre  
at Muad'dib's sietch, not a scratch  
on her. She claims to be his  
sister.

ALIA

Hello, grandfather.

The Baron looks at Alia, incredulous.

BARON HARKONNEN

What did she say?

FEYD

You heard her.

Alia smiles at the Baron, her freakish blue eyes unnerving  
him.

BARON HARKONNEN

Whatever this creature's told you,  
she's clearly demented.

ALIA

No more demented than you forcing  
yourself upon the Reverend Mother.

The Baron reels back, shocked she knows this.

BARON HARKONNEN

Impossible! How does she --

Feyd relishes his discomfort.

FEYD  
 (to Alia)  
 Cousin, tell the Baron here who  
 your mother is.

Alia raises her arm and points at the Ducal ring strung  
 around the Baron's fat neck. Hawat takes a step back,  
 shocked.

BARON HARKONNEN  
 No.

FEYD  
 Lady Jessica survived that  
 sandstorm.

ALIA  
 (sing-songy)  
 And not just her.

The Baron narrows his eyes. Hawat's mind races.

BARON HARKONNEN  
 Leave us. Leave us now!!!

Everyone leaves, Feyd shutting the door behind with a cunning  
 smile. The Baron menaces toward Alia...

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)  
 Who else knows about this, little  
 girl?

Alia shakes her head. No one. A murderous smile curls across  
 his lips.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)  
 Good. Let's keep it that way. A  
 little secret between family.

The Baron inches closer.

ALIA  
 You want to know another?

He's upon her now, his elephantine body in position to crush  
 her tiny frame.

BARON HARKONNEN  
 Yes, tell me.

In almost a whisper...

ALIA  
You're going to die.

Alia springs up like a viper and STICKS THE BARON IN THE NECK with the Gom Jabbar. He wobbles back in his suspensor suit clutching his neck, gasping, his neck and face turning black.

132 EXT. THOPTER PAD - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY 132

Colonel Basher greets the Emperor as he strides off his shuttle flanked by Imperial Guards. Mother Mohiam, Irulan, the Spacing Guild Representative, Count and Lady Fenring all follow.

COLONEL BASHER  
Welcome back, m' Lord.

133 INT. THRONE ROOM PASSAGEWAY - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY 133

The Emperor and Colonel Basher lead the procession down the passageway, the Emperor taking control.

EMPEROR  
Once this storm blows through I  
want your Sardaukar to start wiping  
these Fremmen from Arrakis.

They come upon Feyd, Beast and Hawat, who stand outside the Great Hall.

EMPEROR (CONT'D)  
Where's the Baron?

Feyd nods to the closed doors.

134 INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY 134

They all enter to find THE BARON'S FAT CORPSE floating prostrate in his suspensor suit. Alia stands beside him, looping the Ducal ring around her neck. The Emperor turns to Feyd who looks unsurprised, even amused.

EMPEROR  
What the... Who is this child?

Alia stares at Mohiam and smiles.

ALIA  
She knows.

The Reverend Mother steps up studying the girl. It hits her.

MOTHER MOHIAM  
 (horrified)  
 It can't be.

ALIA  
 Am I not the daughter you wished  
 for Lady Jessica?

The Emperor looks confused.

FEYD  
 The Baron failed you, your Majesty.  
 The Duke's mistress lived. As did  
 his son. You know him by his Fremen  
 name.

EMPEROR  
 Muad'dib!

Hawat catches his breath. His Duke lives?

ALIA  
 That's right. Paul Atreides lives.

Alia points out the window. A SWIRLING, THRASHING SANDSTORM  
 rushes upon the ridge wall...

ALIA (CONT'D)  
 And he's coming to kill you all.

BOOOOOOOOOOM!!!

135 EXT. LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - DAY 135

THE RIDGE WALL EXPLODES, Gurney's ballistics blowing a HUGE  
 GAP IN THE ROCK. The obliterated rock crushes thopters and  
 shatters whole barracks of Sardaukar. Before the dust  
 settles...

THE SANDSTORM BLOWS IN through the gap and overwhelms the  
 basin. Shields all across Arrakeen START TO FIZZLE OUT,  
 shorted by the storm's static electricity, the Keep shield  
 the last to go...

136 INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY 136

The Emperor and company watch this gathered at the windows.

COLONEL BASHER  
 Our shields!

FEYD

The storm's scrubbing them out.

SPACING GUILD REPRESENTATIVE

What if the Fremen attack?

EMPEROR

They wouldn't dare. Not against this army. They're just trying to scare us.

MOTHER MOHIAM

Where's the girl!

She points to where Alia was standing. She's vanished.

EMPEROR

(to Mohiam)

Find her. She couldn't have gone far.

Mohiam goes.

IRULAN

What do we do now, father?

Lady Fenring sees something out the window that shocks her.

LADY FENRING

Oh my Gods. Look!

Three thrashing black silhouettes appears in the gap -- taller than any building -- GIANT SANDWORMS.

137 EXT. LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - DAY

137

PAUL STANDS ASTRIDE ONE OF THE WORMS, the desert blowing them in. He jumps off his ride as the three sandworms thrash onto the landing field and start trampling Sardaukar, crushing thopters, and toppling Imperial ships...

Sardaukar scramble to mobilize a defense, their lasblasts useless, pinging off the sandworms' exoskeletons. Suddenly...

THOUSANDS OF FREMEN WARRIORS come charging from the sandstorm. It's a fearsome sight, an army of desert warriors in half-masks and cloaks, their battle cry feral, their crysknives raised. If the Sardaukar have nightmares, this is their worst. Stilgar, Chani, Jessica and Gurney charge among them...

They join Paul who leads the wave of Fremen crashing into the decimated, but still formidable Sardaukar ranks fighting off the worms. Kindjals and crysknives fly as the worms and sandstorm rage on around them...

138 INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY

138

The Emperor absorbs the Fremen onslaught, his vision of easy victory shattered.

IRULAN

Let's evacuate. Come back with the Landsraad and reinforcements.

SPACING GUILD REPRESENTATIVE

Nothing can fly in a storm like this.

Feyd steps up, the only one still confident.

FEYD

If we hold out until the storm passes the shields will be restored. After that, we'll have every force in the universe to come down and back us.

EMPEROR

But they're almost upon the Keep.

FEYD

They'll never get inside.

Feyd looks to Colonel Basher.

FEYD (CONT'D)

Gather every man you have and follow me.

Feyd leads out Basher and his men. Hawat is left unattended still processing what to do.

139 INT. SOUTH WING - DAY

139

Mohiam moves down a passageway, trailing the echo of girlish giggles, Alia playing some game. She turns a corner and sees the spiral staircase to the conservatory, airlock door left open...

140 INT. CONSERVATORY - DAY 140

Mohiam enters the greenhouse, wall to wall with a dense tangle of greenery. She wades through the foliage, catching glimpses of movement out of the corner of her eye. Little girl giggles come from all around her...

MOTHER MOHIAM

This isn't a game, child!

141 EXT. KEEP GATES - DAY 141

Paul joins Stilgar, Chani, Gurney and Jessica in driving the decimated Sardaukar back, back, back into the courtyard in front of the Keep gates. It looks like an easy run-up to the gates when...

Basher and a fresh force of Sardaukar come sweeping around both sides of the Keep, surprising Paul's forces on two fronts. This throws the Fremen into confusion and stalls their advance as...

Paul and Basher's forces clash violently in the courtyard. Stilgar and Basher come up against each other and go toe to toe, two of the fiercest warriors in the fight going kindjal to crysknife...

142 INT. INNER GATE COURTYARD - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY 142

Hundreds more Harkonnen soldiers stand at the ready behind the gate. Feyd rushes into the shield room, where SHIELDSMEN punch furiously at buttons to restore the shields.

143 INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY 143

The Emperor watches the battle below. Irulan points to the clearing sky.

IRULAN

The storm is passing.

144 EXT. KEEP GATES - DAY 144

After an exchange of furious blows, Stilgar strikes down Colonel Basher and the last of the Sardaukar defense crumbles.

PAUL

Hurry!

Paul's forces surge to the gates and start cutting away at them with lasguns...

BOOM! THE GATES BLOW!

Paul looks through the clearing smoke and locks eyes with Feyd, who hurls his kindjal. The blade comes twirling through the air at Paul...

THE SHIELDS POP ON!

The kindjal repels off the shield inches from Paul's chest, and goes clattering to the ground.

145 INT. INNER GATE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 145

Feyd stalks toward the blasted open gate, only the shimmering shield between his army and Paul's, the Keep again impregnable. He smiles at Paul victoriously.

Paul steals himself for defeat when he sees something that surprises him.

Feyd catches Paul's turn of expression and looks over his shoulder at...

HAWAT RACING FOR THE SHIELD ROOM with a lasgun, blasting anyone in his path.

FEYD

Stop him!

Everyone turns and starts strafing Hawat, who staggers, his body seared and bloody, into the shield room...

HAWAT

For my Duke!

146 INT. SHIELD ROOM - CONTINUOUS 146

With his last breaths he fights off multiple shieldsmen and blasts away the control panel, dying in the process...

147 INT. INNER GATE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 147

Paul and Feyd both watch as...

THE SHIELDS FLICKER OFF!

Paul roars, leading his Freemen horde through the gates. They quickly overwhelm the wall of Harkonnen soldiers.

Feyd sees Paul slashing through bodies to get to him and slips back, disappearing into the chaos...

148 INT. CONSERVATORY - DAY

148

Mohiam continues to hunt for Alia. Something rustles in the ferns, spooking her, then a clock-set watering arm lifts and mists some plants. A giggle from behind and Mohiam turns...

Alia plays by the fountain, not a care in the world.

MOTHER MOHIAM

Abomination!

ALIA

You should welcome me. I was born inside our mind. You and every other Reverend Mother.

Mohiam suddenly grasps her skull, burning inside. Alia stares at her with a ruthless intensity.

MOTHER MOHIAM

Get out of my head creature!

Mohiam thrusts out her arm, her eyes becoming blue tempests. Alia crumples.

149 INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

149

Paul and his forces swarm through the doors, chopping through what remains of the Sardaukar and Harkonnen soldiers. The momentum is now completely with the Fremen. Jessica pulls up, troubled.

CHANI

What is it?

JESSICA

(sensing)

Alia!

Gurney and Stilgar fight side by side. Gurney wastes a man and pulls out the ATREIDES FLAG.

STILGAR

What's that?

GURNEY

A message to the universe. The Atreides are back.

He runs off...

Paul sees Feyd across the fighting, waiting for him at the foot of the central stairs. Feyd punches on his PERSONAL SHIELD and invites Paul to attack. Paul raises his crysknife...

PAUL

May thy knife chip and shatter!

He charges, out for blood. They clash!

150 INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY 150

Imperial guards surround the Emperor. Irulan catches eyes with the Spacing Guild Representative, both sensing defeat. Count and Lady Fenring stare with terror at the doors...

151 INT. CENTRAL STAIRS - DAY 151

Paul and Feyd duel each other up the stairs, Paul's ferocity off-set by Feyd's precision attack, the axis of their battle changing back and forth. They get to the landing where Yueh once emerged.

FEYD

This is where it happened. Where I took your father's last breath. Where should I take yours?

This only stokes Paul's rage more. He and Feyd cross blades into the passageway...

152 INT. CONSERVATORY - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY 152

Jessica and Chani race in, find Mohiam over Alia.

CHANI

Alia!

Jessica uses THE VOICE.

JESSICA

*Get away from her, you bitch!*

Mohiam reels back uncontrollably, like a puppet yanked by its strings.

153 INT. THRONE ROOM PASSAGEWAY - DAY 153

Paul and Feyd continue their epic battle down the passageway, Paul attacking Feyd like a rabid animal, Feyd biting back.

154 EXT. THOPTER PAD - DAY 154

Gurney clips the Atreides flag to the flagpole cord when...

CRACK!

An inkvine whip wraps Gurney's ankles and his legs are yanked from underneath him, the big man getting a chin full of thopter pad. He looks up and sees...

BEAST RABBAN

BEAST

And I thought we burned every last flag.

He unsheathes his kindjal and charges...

Gurney struggles to unwrap himself from the whip, the inkvine poison burning his fingers. He frees himself just in time to dodge Beast's swinging blade...

Gurney barrel rolls to his feet, snaps up his kindjal and takes on Beast. The two big men trade heavy blows until Gurney gets Beast turned around, loops the flagpole cord around his neck and boots him off the roof...

BEAST'S FALLING BODY RAISES THE ATREIDES FLAG!

Beast snaps his neck at the exact moment our flag is flying proudly over Arrakeen. Gurney shouts down at Beast's corpse from the pad.

GURNEY

Now that's how we raise flags on Arrakis!

155 INT. CONSERVATORY - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY 155

Chani gathers up Alia. Mohiam sneers at Jessica.

MOTHER MOHIAM

You're a traitor to your sisterhood.

JESSICA

Even if I gave them what they  
always wanted.

It hits Mohiam...

MOTHER MOHIAM

You mean?

JESSICA

The Kwisatz Haderach lives. And  
you'll never control him.

156

INT. THRONE ROOM - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY

156

Paul and Feyd spill in through the doors still matching  
blows, going back and forth, two rams locking horns. Irulan  
is shocked by the desert warrior Paul has become. The Emperor  
turns to one of his guards.

EMPEROR

Kill him.

The guard steps up and aims his maula at Paul as he fights...

BLAM!

A las-blast wastes the guard. Chani runs in, lasgun smoking,  
along with Gurney, Alia, Jessica and Mohiam, her hands tied.

Paul looks back, momentarily distracted. Feyd knocks his  
crysknife away. Paul backpedals, weaponless and exposed. Feyd  
smirks and charges for the death blow. Suddenly...

EVERYTHING SLOWS. SOUNDTRACK DROPS. PAUL'S PUPILS DILATE.

*He perceives what's unfolding before him almost frame by  
frame... Feyd bearing down... everyone watching... the  
kindjal mid-swing... a slip-tip drops from Paul's sleeve,  
Gurney style...*

PAUL REACTS

In a blur of the weirding way Paul evades the swing and takes  
Feyd down, sneaking a slip-tip inside Feyd's personal shield  
as they hit the floor. Feyd FALLS ON THE BLADE and gasps,  
Paul twisting it until he's dead.

Gurney whoops.

Stilgar races in with the rest of the Fremen force.

Paul -- now a bloody, sand-caked, wild-eyed savage -- picks up his crysknife and stalks up to the Emperor, the tip of the blade stopping just against the Emperor's neck.

PAUL

You're next.

EMPEROR

Killing me will do nothing to stop what's to come.

PAUL

And what's that?

EMPEROR

You think the powers in this Imperium are going to cede the most precious substance in existence to a horde of savages?

PAUL

They don't have a choice.

EMPEROR

But they do. Rain hell. They'll keep coming until your little dream of a paradise is crushed.

PAUL

Then we'll go to their planets and crush theirs!

EMPEROR

With what? A few thousand savages and some worms?

PAUL

You think the storm has passed? Think again.

Paul steps aside and points out the balcony. The Emperor's face falls. He sees...

MILLIONS OF FREMEN

Mobilized in the desert, assembled as far as the eye can see. Every tribe on Arrakis, every flag. Their chant thunders from below: "Muad'dib!" "Muad'dib!" "Muad'dib!"

ALIA

Brother?

Alia steps up and hands Paul the Ducal ring.

ALIA (CONT'D)

Looks like the war has just begun.

Paul slips on his father's ring and gazes out the balcony, taking in the scene: The obliterated ridge wall, the wreckage of starships, Arrakeen ablaze, corpses everywhere. The panorama of their destruction starts to sink in.

He looks back inside, taking in the faces of his Fremen family -- Chani, Stilgar, Korba, Jessica, Gurney. Something clicks in Paul and his eyes fall to the crest on his father's ring. To Alia...

PAUL

Our father once said this ring was more than a symbol of power.

ALIA

What do you mean?

Paul turns and strides up to the Emperor, who's still defiant.

PAUL

There's another way.

157 INT. DUKE'S BEDCHAMBERS - ARRAKEEN KEEP - DAY

157

Paul slides on a jacket similar to the one his father wore at the handover two years earlier. Chani tries to button it but her hands tremble too much. Paul takes her hands into his and steadies them.

CHANI

I know you love me.

PAUL

Only you. Remember that.

He kisses her. As they part Paul sees...

TEARS ROLLING DOWN CHANI'S CHEEKS

It's the first time she's ever cried. Paul's heart breaks.

158 EXT. LANDING FIELD - ARRAKEEN - DAY

158

An echo of the first handover ceremony in front of the Keep gates, the battle-dead and debris cleared away. The Atreides flag flies overhead as the Emperor, ashen and defeated, slinks up the ramp of his shuttle. He takes with him the SEAL OF ARRAKIS, a symbol of legitimacy no longer needed by Paul.

Mother Mohiam and the Fenrings follow, Mohiam glancing back at...

Paul, the Spacing Guild Representative now at his side.

PAUL

I promised the Fremmen flowing water  
here open to the sky and green  
oases rich with good things. But  
there will always be desert on  
Arrakis. The Guild will get its  
spice.

SPACING GUILD REPRESENTATIVE

(threatening)

Let's hope so. We don't want any  
more... upheaval.

The Spacing Guild Representative steps back, leaving only Paul next to Irulan under the holographic Imperial banner. Irulan takes his hand, a silk sash binding their wrists in marriage.

Chani watches this and tries to keep a brave face. She stands with Jessica, Alia and the Spacing Guild Representative five paces back.

The shuttle ramp lifts and Gurney roars.

GURNEY

Long live the Emperor!

Stilgar and the legions of battle-ready Fremmen roar back.

FREMAN

Long live Paul Muad'dib!

Paul looks upon his people, then to Chani, the weight of the world between them. Jessica leans in to her.

JESSICA

(whispering)

That princess might have his name,  
but history will call you his wife.

Chani looks back to Paul, the strength and love in her expression telling him it's okay, everything will be okay...