

D U N E

Part Two

by

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ACT 1

FADE IN:

97 OMIT

98 INT. ARRAKEEN PALACE - AFTERNOON

The Atreides banner is cut loose from its stanchions.  
It floats to the ground in a heap. Replaced by...  
The blue Griffin crest of House Harkonnen.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

A Palace under occupation. Harkonnen troops everywhere.  
An oppressive presence.

98 INT. ROYAL MARTMENTS - SAME

BARON HARKONNEN is horizontal. Mid-air in his suspensor unit.  
Asleep. But...

He is not resting comfortably. In fact, it looks he's  
having nightmares. His body twitches. His eyes flutter.  
And there behind him...

Jessica. Right next to the Baron's face. Moving in on him.  
And then...next to her...Paul. Also closing in...until...

The Baron jerks awake. Screaming. Waving his arms frantically  
in front of him. And now next to him...

...not Paul. His nephew....FEYD. Is that a smirk on his face?

FEYD

Another bad dream, Uncle?

BARON HARKONNEN

Indigestion. That's all. Miserable food  
here...can't wait to be off this foul  
planet. What are you doing here, boy?

FEYD

They're dead, Uncle. The Bene Gesserit  
witch and her son. Both dead.

The Baron's eyes suddenly sharpen their focus.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

FEYD

We discovered a Fremmen sietch not far from where our 'thopter was supposed to crash. They'd been rescued by that Atreides snake, Duncan Idaho. The ecologist, Kynes, was with them.

BARON HARKONNEN

The Emperor's man?

FEYD

(nodding)

We killed Idaho. Captured Kynes. The witch and her son were last seen driving a 'thopter into a sandstorm.

BARON HARKONNEN

You've seen the bodies?

Feyd hesitates. Them...

FEYD

They're most certainly dead.

BARON HARKONNEN

You've seen the bodies!?

FEYD

Nothing survives one of those storms, Uncle. The wind was over eight-hundred kilometers an hour. Nothing survives.

99 EXT. ARRAKIS DESERT - NIGHT

And buried in the sand almost completely...

The 'THOPTER in which Paul and Jessica fled. What little can be seen is bent, ripped, crushed. "Nothing survives...".

But they have survived. PAUL is leaning against the bulkhead. Bruised. Dried blood around his forehead and mouth. But conscious and alert. Staring at...

Men. Hooded men. Caped men. standing shoulder to shoulder. Hundreds of them. Swaying back and forth on the desert. Like a reflection in water.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

VOICES

Mah'di...mah'di...mah'di...

But then...

DUKE LETO

On Caladan we ruled from the air and the sea, Paul. But here on Arrakis, you need desert power...

He is here. Alive. Looking at Paul.

VOICES

(off camera)

Mah'di...mah'di...mah'di...

DUKE LETO

...desert power, Paul. It's waiting. Waiting for you.

Is this the past? The future? One in the same?

VOICES

(off camera)

Mah'di...mah'di...mah'di...

VOICE

Tell me about the waters of your homeland, Muadib...

It's that GIRL. The one Paul has seen before in his visions. The same serene, hypnotic blue eyes. And then...

JESSICA'S VOICE

How long have I been asleep?

His eyes instantly focus. Snapping out of the vision.

There she is. Leaning against the wrecked hull of the 'thopter. Slowly sitting up.

PAUL

About eight hours. The storm finally passed a little while ago.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

A long silence descends. Unnaturally still until...  
He pulls out a LETTER from the packet Idaho gave him.

PAUL

It was Yueh. He's the one who betrayed  
us.

He hands her the letter. She scans it quickly.

PAUL

They had his wife.

A moan of utter despair escapes her. But then...  
She looks up to SEE....

Paul. Toying with his father's DUCAL RING.  
Turning it in his hand over and over.

JESSICA

You should put it on, Paul. You're the  
Duke now.

But he just shoves it back in his pocket instead. Gets up...

PAUL

We have to get out of here.

...reaches across her for a hiking-type knapsack.

PAUL

I found supplies stowed in a compartment  
by the hatch. Stillsuits, vision goggles,  
paracompass...

JESSICA

But where will we go?

PAUL

To find the Fremmen.

JESSICA

Fremmen?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

PAUL

We're going to need them to take back Arrakis.

And before she can question this, he's already pulling off his clothes.

100 OMIT

101 EXT. DESERT.....MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Paul stops. Uses his paracompass to calculate their location.

JESSICA

How do we know which way to go?

PAUL

South.

JESSICA

But that's into the deep desert.

PAUL

There were rumors about sietch communities there. That's where we'll find them...or die trying.

And he turns to go. But...

Jessica is slow to follow. A wave of nausea sweeps over her. She tries to swallow it down but it's too late. She doubles over and vomits. Dry, retching heaves.

Paul hurries back to her. Holding her until the spasms subside.

JESSICA

I'm alright...alright...it's the stress...I'll be fine...

She gives him a reassuring smile and gets to her feet. Together they head off across the wilderness.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

A102 OMIT

102 OMIT

103 INT. ROYAL LIBRARY, IMPERIAL PALACE - EVENING

The doors slam open. Princes Irulan sweeps into the room.  
Followed by a nervous, pleading Lady In Waiting.

LADY IN WAITING

...please...your Majesty, please...you  
must control your anger...

Irulan ignores her. Because ACROSS THE ROOM....  
The Emperor is working with Count Fenring.

IRULAN

Did you think I wouldn't find out!? Or  
did you think I'd just be too simple  
minded to see the truth?

The Emperor and Fenring exchange a furtive glance. Then...

EMPEROR

What happened on Arrakis was beyond my  
control, Daughter. An ancient feud  
between royal houses...

IRULAN

Don't patronize me, Father. Isn't it bad  
enough that you used ma?

EMPEROR

Used you?

IRULAN

Sending me to the Duke as a token of your  
support. Making me the courier of your  
"esteemed respect" while you were  
plotting behind his back...

EMPEROR

That's enough.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

IRULAN

...or was that your idea, Fenring? It would be something your perverse mind would suggest.

EMPEROR

Watch your tongue, girl...

IRULAN

And what will you do, if I don't? Send me into the desert to die like that poor boy and his mother..

EMPEROR

No one sent them anywhere. They fled...despite the Baron's efforts. He assures me he did everything he could to secure them from harm.

IRULAN

You were involved, Father. I know you were. Or at least you did nothing to prevent it....

EMPEROR

Enough!

His face is flushed with fury now.

EMPEROR

There will come a time, Daughter, when you will have to shed this naiveté of yours and learn what it means to rule an empire.

IRULAN

(after a beat...)

And when that day comes, Father, you may learn to regret it.

And with that she storms out of the room.

104 EXT. ARAKIS DESERT...SERIES OF SHOTS - PRE-DAWN

Paul and Jessica in the distance. Barely visible. Just dots on this endless fabric of sand. And then...

CLOSER. Trudging along wearily. Stumbling occasionally. The sand hisses softly with their footfall. The only other sound is their breathing.

105 EXT. THE DESERT - PRE-DAWN

A deep purple glow stains the sky to the East.  
Jessica is laboring mightily to keep up with Paul...

JESSICA

Paul...I need to rest...

He stops. Scans the horizon. Searching for some sign of shelter where they could make camp. And that's when he SEES...

Something flying in the sky. Moving in an erratic fashion. Can't tell how close or far away. Jessica sees it, too.

JESSICA

Patrol!?

PAUL

Too close, I think. A bird. Bat, perhaps.

JESSICA

This far out?

PAUL

Must be rockfall nearby.

IN THE SKY (POV)...the bird or bat veers off. Heads south. Disappearing behind a high DUNE in the distance.

PAUL

C'mon.

And he moves off toward the dune where the animal vanished. Jessica steels herself and follows.

106 EXT. DUNE.....LATER - PRE-DAWN

Paul and Jessica struggle up the shifting sands. It's like climbing molasses. Sometimes they're knee-deep.

But they finally reach the top. And they can SEE....

A rock outcropping. There...in the distance. Just a mound really, but..

PAUL

Enough for shelter. Several more kilometers, that's all.

He scans the horizon. A shard of sunlight knifes the sky.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Hurry. It'll be daylight soon.

And he heads down the dune. Jessica right behind.

107 EXT. ROCKFALL.....SHORT TIME LATER - PRE-DAWN

They reach the rocks. Jessica collapses. But...

Paul moves into a crevice. Looking around.  
There's a small overhang here.

PAUL

We'll have some shade in here. If there  
are any patrols this far out, they'll  
have a tough time spotting us.

Jessica nods. And Paul goes to work.

He pulls out a Small silk-pack. A stilltent inside.  
But when he moves under the overhang to set it up...

He NOTICES something in the rock. Small HOLES.  
Unnatural in their symmetry. They look almost...drilled.

Paul pokes a finger in one. Feeling the smooth, tubular  
shape.

PAUL

(to himself)

Man-made...

CUT TO:

108 EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGES - DAY

Explosions and chaos. Harkonnen FIGHTER AIRCRAFT mercilessly  
strafe the side of the cliffs.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

109 EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

A group of men huddled here. Watching the devastation in the  
distance. Among them...

GURNEY HALLECK. And the smuggler, TUEK.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

GURNEY

Those are the last of my troops. We have to do something...

TUEK

It's over a day's march from here.

GURNEY

You have 'thopters. You could ferry us there right now.

TUEK

You only have hundred men left. Some wounded. All exhausted. Do you really wish to take on the Baron now?

He's right. And Gurney knows it.

TUEK

You can't settle a score if you act before you're ready, Gurney Halleck. Move cautiously. Your day of revenge will come.

GURNEY

They knew exactly where to hit us.

TUEK

You were betrayed.

GURNEY

Yes...We were betrayed!

An awful hardness sweeps over him. Cold and bitter.

GURNEY

And I should've killed her while I had the chance.

SMASH CUT TO:

JESSICA'S FACE.

110 INT. STILLTENT - AFTERNOON

She's sleeping fitfully until....

She comes awake with a start. Remembers where she is. But when she looks around, she realizes...she's alone.

JESSICA

Paul?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

She starts to get up. But a sharp pain seizes her.  
She doubles over. Trying not to gag.

She takes long, deep breaths.  
Trying to subdue the nausea.

111 OMIT

112 EXT. ROCK LEDGE - AFTERNOON

The sun is lower in the sky now. Throwing deep, ragged  
shadows across the golden carpet of sand.

C.U. PAUL'S FACE. He's sitting here. Silent. Still.  
Like a statue carved from stone. His eyes unblinking.  
Staring at...

A small MOUSE. Sitting on a rock. Alert and vigilant.  
Staring back at Paul. Unafraid.

It's as if the two of them are having some deep but unspoken  
conversation until...

The mouse curls it's long tail over it's back and vanishes  
behind the rock.

BEHIND PAUL...Jessica comes out of the stilltent. Approaches.  
Quietly. Cautiously. But he hears her.

PAUL

(without turning)

It'll be night soon. We'll move on.

JESSICA

Did you get any rest?

PAUL

Some.

(beat)

How are you feeling?

JESSICA

Better. I'll try not to slow us down as  
much tonight.

A beat. Then...

PAUL

How is my sister?

Jessica literally jerks. She looks almost afraid of him now.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

PAUL

I'm having dreams again. Visions. Even when I'm awake...

(beat)

I've seen her, Mother. Inside of you...

JESSICA

Even your father didn't know.

PAUL

Why not?

JESSICA

There...wasn't time.

And she looks away. Fighting back tears.

Paul holds up his right hand. The one that was "burned" in the Gom Jabbar test. He winces with the memory of the pain.

PAUL

What have you done to me?

JESSICA

I...gave birth to you.

PAUL

A freak.

JESSICA

NO! Not a freak.

PAUL

Then what!?

Jessica is silent. Can't think of an answer.

PAUL

This place is changing me. It's the spice. In the food we've been eating. The air we've been breathing. I can't escape it...

They sit there silently a moment. Then...

PAUL

It's almost dark. I'll strike the tent.

And he moves off. Leaving her alone with her thoughts. And her fears.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 EXT. THE DESERT...SERIES OF SHOTS - SUNSET

PAUL and JESSICA forging onward. Step by agonizing step.  
Up one dune...and down another...

...the trail of their footprints erased almost instantly by  
indifferent desert winds.

VOICE

Such a pity.

SMASH CUT TO:

114 INT. DUKE LETO'S FORMER OFFICE...ARRAKEEN PALACE - NIGHT

BARON HARKONNEN is floating in his suspensors.  
His fat nephew RABBAN a step behind.

BARON HARKONNEN

...a pity you had to get mixed up in this  
business, Doctor.

He's staring across the room at...

DR. KYNES. Sitting on a chair. Disheveled and exhausted.  
Two Harkonnen guards flank him.

KYNES

I am not mixed up in it, Baron. I am the  
Emperor's servant. Nothing more...and  
nothing less.

BARON HARKONNEN

You didn't lead them to that warren of  
Fremen scum?

KYNES

That was Idaho's idea. He had forged a  
friendship with them...

BARON HARKONNEN

Yes, yes...we know all about Idaho's  
efforts on the Duke's behalf. A foolish,  
desperate gambit. Where were those Fremen  
trash when he needed them, eh?

Kynes remains passive. Though his mouth tightens.

BARON HARKONNEN

So...what will you say, Doctor? When the  
Emperor questions you about what happened  
here...what's your impression?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

Kynes meets the Baron's hard stare. After a moment...

KYNES

The desert is an indiscriminate  
executioner, Baron.

The Baron stiffens. Trying to divine Kynes' true meaning.

BARON HARKONNEN

Well...I suppose that Bene Gesserit whore  
and her spawn have found that out,  
haven't they?

And he signals the guards who brusquely hurry Kynes out of  
the room. As the Baron watches them go...

BARON HARKONNEN

(quietly to Rabban)

Be sure he recalls his flimsy denials  
when he's face to face with death's  
smile.

115 OMIT

116 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

An ocean of DUNES. Rising and falling almost as far as the  
eye can see. An occasional rock outcropping here and there.  
But in the distance...

A HEAD slowly rises above the crest. of a dune.  
Thrusting into the night sky...millimeter by millimeter.

It's PAUL. With JESSICA right behind. Struggling to the  
dune's meridian. Pausing there...out of breath.

Jessica grabs for her sip-tube.  
She only takes a tiny swallow.

PAUL

Drink it all. The best place to conserve  
water is in your body. The stillsuit will  
do the rest.

Jessica nods. Sees the wisdom of what he's saying.  
She drinks more...while...

He surveys the landscape with his goggles.

DESERT (POV)...an endless sea of silica waves. Except for...  
A cut of rocky hills...to the East as Paul pans.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

PAUL

If we stay on this dune, we can make those mountains before sunrise.

JESSICA

Is that a good idea?

PAUL

It's the most direct path.

And he presses on. She follows.

117 EXT. THE DUNE - DUSK

Rivulets of sand cascade down its sides with each step they take. The rock formation is up ahead. But...

Suddenly...Jessica's left leg sinks into the dune up to her thigh. She loses her balance. Starts to fall.

JESSICA

PAUL...

He whips around. Sees her falling.

He lurches back. Grabs her arm at the last moment. An avalanche of sand flushes down the side of the dune.

Paul holds her desperately until the sands settle. For a moment the two of them just sit there. Stunned by the close call.

PAUL

That shouldn't have happened. I was careless about these dunes...  
(staring down at the landslide)  
I lost our pack.

But there's no time to worry about it now. Because... They suddenly HEAR that unmistakable sound. That growling, churning HISS.

PAUL

Worm! It must have heard the sand fall.  
Run! RUN!

118 EXT. DESERT FLOOR...SERIES OF SHOTS

Paul and Jessica run for their lives. Behind them... That awful HISS is getting louder. Louder. But...

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

JESSICA  
I CAN'T SEE IT! I CAN'T SEE IT!

PAUL  
DON'T STOP!

He drags Jessica along. She's not going to make it.  
The HISS is getting louder and louder. Finally...

119 EXT. ROCKY FORMATION

He climbs into a crevice. Reaches back and pulls her in.  
They turn just as...

The WORM erupts behind them. The terrible maw of its  
monstrous mouth waving back and forth beside the reeks.

Jessica is bug-eyed. Awed and terrified by a sight she never  
could have imagined. Paul holds her close. Pressing her into  
the rocks where the WORM can't reach.

They are buffeted by the gale of its exhalations as it waves  
back and forth looking for them. But then...

THU-THUMP...THUMP.....THU-THUMP  
THU-THUMP...THUMP.....THU-THUMP

IN THE DISTANCE. But they can feel it nonetheless.

The WORM suddenly veers away from the rocks.  
Moving impatiently toward the sound.

THU-THUMP...THUMP.....THU-THUMP  
THU-THUMP...THUMP.....THU

It stops abruptly.

JESSICA  
A thumper?

PAUL  
Someone called it away...

They huddle there. Listening...listening...  
The HISS is receding. Moving away from them.

PAUL  
Did you smell it? The cinnamon smell?

JESSICA  
The spice.....

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Everywhere. When the worm came.

And his mind is racing.

JESSICA

Paul...

He turns to SEE what she's looking at.

JESSICA

Steps. They mark the way up these rocks.

She starts to climb...

JESSICA

Man-carved without a doubt.

And he follows. Up and up...to...

120 EXT. ROCKY BASIN

...at the top of the hill. Like a small bowl.

Jessica and Paul emerge through a tiny canyon between the rocks. Stopping dead as they stare out at...

An oasis of PLANET. Strange and exotic plants. Each with its own dew collector. Trembling in the moonlight.

PAUL

There would have to be people for this many plants to survive.

JESSICA

Fremen?

PAUL

We have to find them.

But suddenly there's a rustling sound around them. Can't tell where it's coming from. And a man's voice.

VOICE

Most intruders here regret finding the Fremen.

And that's when Paul and Jessica SEE THEM. In the rocks. Strange and ominous figures. Hooded and cloaked. Paul and Jessica are surround.

END ACT 1

ACT TWO

FADE IN :

121 EXT. ROCKY BASIN - NIGHT

Paul and Jessica scan the rocks around them.

VOICE

Do not run, Intruders. There is no  
escape. And you'll only waste your water.

Where is that voice coming from? None of the figures  
surrounding them are moving. They're just standing there.

PAUL

(hushed)

Fremen. I'm sure of it.

ANOTHER VOICE

I say we take their water and be on.

JESSICA

(whisper)

That ones to our left. The first...over  
there...I think...

And she nods to her right almost imperceptibly.  
Without a word, Paul and Jessica separate.  
Splitting up as a target. But that's when...

A dark, cloaked figure emerges from the shadows.  
Hooded so that only the eyes are visible.  
Deep, endlessly blue eyes.

Jessica tenses up. Ready for a fight. But...

PAUL

I know you. You are...Stilgar. The Fremen  
who came to see my father with Duncan  
Idaho.

And the figure takes another step forward.  
Pulling back his hood and the scarf around his face.

Paul's right. It is STILGAR.

STILGAR

That was a sloppy crossing you made from  
the crash. You called a worm...

PAUL

You've been watching us? All that time?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

JESSICA

We...never saw you.

STILGAR

You weren't meant to.

OTHER VOICE

We're wasting time here, Stil.

STILGAR

This is the boy Liet told us to seek!

Another rustle in the rocks. Jessica and Paul exchange a quick glance. Jessica is clearly measuring the situation.

OTHER VOICE

How can we be sure? We don't have time for the test

STILGAR

Be quiet, Jamis...

(then...to Jessica and Paul)

As you can hear, I have a problem to solve. My people are cautious and pragmatic. Good qualities in the desert. Better sometimes to miss an opportunity than to invite disaster. Your only value at the moment is the water in your flesh...

OTHER VOICE

You know the law, Stil. We can't stay out here arguing all night about it.

STILGAR

Yes...the law...

There is a tense moment. No one moves. And then this happens...all at once....

Jessica slumps. Stilgar instinctively steps forward. Paul jumps back and...

Jessica moves under Stilgar. Like a phantom. She grabs him around the neck before he can react.

ON PAUL...leaping up the side of the rocks until... Another ROBED FIGURE springs up in front of him. Pointing a GUN of some kind at him.

But Paul jukes right then left. And the man goes down under a barrage of blows he never sees.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

Tiny explosions and ricochets suddenly pock mark the rocks around Paul. Others are firing at him! But...

He grabs the weapon from the felled Fremen and vanishes into the darkness.

ON JESSICA...a choke hold on Stilgar.  
AROUND THEM...the other FREMEN are closing in. But...

JESSICA  
(with the VOICE)  
Tell them to stop hunting my son

STILGAR  
LEAVE THE BOY ALONE! Great gods, why  
didn't you say you had the weirding  
ways...

JESSICA  
Tell them all to come down from the  
rocks. All of them. And don't think I  
don't know how many there are.

STILGAR  
You can kill me. But you'll never get  
through us all. What of your son then?

122 EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - SAME

ON PAUL...hidden in the rocks. Raising the purloined gun.  
Aiming it right at Stilgar.

BELOW...Jessica pushes Stilgar into the rocks.

JESSICA  
Tell them...!

STILGAR  
(calling out)  
LEAVE OFF.

A murmur of discontent rustles through the Fremen.

STILGAR  
DO YOU HEAR ME? CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S A  
BENE GESSERIT!?

This startles the Fremen.

123 EXT. ROCKY BASIN - SAME

She spins him around to face them.  
Still with a vice-like hold on him.

JESSICA  
(calling out to all of them)  
Is this the way you welcome friends of  
Liet?

The Fremmen shuffle nervously at the mention of Liet.

JESSICA  
IS IT!?

STILGAR  
The Shadout Mapes said you were a  
formidable one. And now I'm living  
proof...

Jessica seizes the moment.

JESSICA  
Miseces preja. Andral tre pera!

Someone gasps out loud among the Fremmen.  
They all take another step back...as if in awe.  
Whatever she said has had a profound effect on them.

STILGAR  
(to his people)  
As leader of this tribe, I am offering  
the weirding woman and her son sanctuary.

Murmuring among the Fremmen.

STILGAR  
(to Jessica)  
No Fremmen anywhere will lay a hand on you  
while you have my protection.

JESSICA  
For how long?

STILGAR  
Long enough.

Jessica hesitates.

STILGAR  
Don't be a fool, woman! You're fugitives  
from the Harkonnen. Don't be fugitives  
from us as well.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

After a long beat...

JESSICA

Agreed.

...and she finally lets Stilgar go. And he turns to face her.

STILGAR

Merciful God...HAH! I've heard of the weirding way...imagine what a man can do with it....

And he's laughing now. Jessica simply glares at him.

JESSICA

(cool)

No doubt we have much to teach each other.

And Stilgar laughs again. Clearly admiring her spirit.

STILGAR

(calling to Paul)

Come down, boy. Your mother has shown her worth.

JESSICA

He won't move unless I say so.

STILGAR

Discipline. Good!

124 EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - SAME

Paul remains motionless. Weapon still ready.

JESSICA

PAUL! PAUL!

GIRL'S VOICE

(calling out)

He is here!

Paul whips around. She's right behind him. Aiming one of those projectile weapons at him.

Paul's eyes almost bug out of his head. It's that GIRL! The one from his dreams.

GIRL

(calling out)

He is unharmed. We're coming down.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

It's her for sure. Staring at him with mesmerizing blue eyes.

GIRL

You took the most difficult way up here.  
I'll show you an easier way down...

125 EXT. ROCKY BASIN - SAME

Jessica and the others watch as...

The GIRL leaps down rock-over-rock...with the grace of a gazelle. Some giggles ripple among the Fremmen as they watch...

Paul following...stumbling...awkward.  
When the two of them reach the others...

STILGAR

(to the girl)

Made a lot of noise climbing, didn't he?

GIRL

He has much to learn.

And she glances at Paul...  
...who flushes with chagrin.

NEARBY...two other Fremmen are helping a comrade down from the rocks. The one Paul beat up and disarmed.

STILGAR

Can you travel, Jamis?

JAMIS

Surprised me. That's all. Was an  
accident. I can travel...sure...

It's the man who was arguing with Stilgar earlier.  
The one who wanted to kill Jessica and Paul.

STILGAR

(to others)

Larus, Farok...hide our tracks. We have  
two with us now who are not trained.

(to everyone else)

In squad line...with flankers. Let's  
move. We have to make Cave of Ridges  
before full sun.

Then...to the girl...

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

STILGAR

(re Paul)

Chani...you're responsible for him...

PAUL

My name is Paul.

STILGAR

Only until we give you a new one.

And he moves out. Keeping Jessica with him.

The rest fall in. Military fashion.

The girl, CHANI, turns to Paul.

CHANI

Follow me. Do exactly as I do.

She moves away. And as he dutifully follows after her...

126 EXT. DESERT...SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

Stilgar leads the Fremmen across the vast expanse of rolling dunes. Their formation is tight. From a distance they could be mistaken for a single, living creature.

CLOSER...they look like a caravan of bedouins.

Marching silently...in unison. Except for...

Two men at the back of the line. Dragging their robes across the sands. Covering all traces of their passage here.

CAMERA FINDS...Jessica. Marching a few steps behind Stilgar. Trying to keep his pace. But clearly exhausted. Behind her...

Paul. Occasionally glancing back to SEE...

Chani. Right behind him. Her eyes riveted to him.

UP AHEAD...a long, severe ridge of mountains.

127 EXT. MOUNTAINS.....SOMETIME LATER - PRE-DAWN

The Fremmen are climbing a narrow path to a small plateau. Stilgar pauses points.

IN THE DISTANCE...a deep, wide basin of sand.

Surrounded by mountain walls.

STILGAR

Across there is home. Sietch Tabr. We'll be there tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Tomorrow? But that must be hundreds of kilometers from here.

STILGAR

It will be a hard ride.

Paul and Jessica exchange a curious look. "A hard ride?"

CHANI

(urging them forward)

Sun will be up soon. Patrols sometimes come this far. We can't let them see us...

And they follow Stilgar and the others to...

A SLIT in the mountain wall. A crevice so well disguised as to be almost invisible if you didn't know where to look. They have to turn sideways to fit through.

128 INT. MOUNTAIN PASSAGES (CAVE OF RIDGES)..SERIES OF SHOTS

Several Fremen glowglobes cast eerie shadows on the walls. Stilgar leads them through these rocky corridors. Moving like a colony of ants until they reach...

129 INT. CAVERN (CAVE OF RIDGES).....MOMENTS LATER

A large open area. Columned by ancient rock formations. A small "balcony" to the outside allows a dusty shaft of light to penetrate the darkness.

The Fremen immediately separate into small groups. Settling into apparently familiar niches and corners.

Some climb into small "berths" carved into the walls. Others congregate together by the pillars.

Chani leads Jessica and Paul to a small nook.

CHANI

When you give us your stillsuits we will recover your water for you.

She hands them some other Fremen clothes.

CHANI

And here is some food...

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

She presses leaf-wrapped morsels into their hands.  
Paul takes a bite. It's tough. Really tough.

PAUL

Spice!

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

CHANI

(defensively)

We don't have delicacies from the cities like you're used to.

PAUL

It's fine. Fine.

And he gamely chews on.

Chani moves away to another nook. Unwraps the robes around her. Letting them fall to the ground in a gentle heap. She pulls off her stillsuit...

...as everyone else is doing. No one seems at all self-conscious about his nakedness. Including Chani. Until...

She feels Paul's stare. He can't take his eyes off her sinewy, athletic form. It makes her shy. Self-conscious.

She quickly pulls on the rest of her clothes.

JESSICA

She's the one, isn't she?

Paul turns to see her. Close behind him now.

JESSICA

The one you've seen in your dreams. I can tell by the way you stare at her.

PAUL

I don't know what it means.

JESSICA

Be careful, Paul. We're new to these people...as they are to us. Everything we say and do must be careful.

PAUL

Predicting the future...then plotting to make it so

She feels the challenge in his tone.

JESSICA

These are superstitious people. If we are to survive, it would be best to accommodate their legends.

A soft VOICE begins to CHANT somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

VOICE

Duy yakha hin mange. Duy punra hin mange.

CHANI

Bi-la kaifa...

The chant reverberates in this hollow cavern. Soft and low. Like a Catholic rosary, or Hindu mantra.

Paul is mesmerized. Watching the Fremmen sway back and with their ritualized vespers...until...he NOTICES...

JAMIS. The Fremmen he bested in the rocks when they were captured. Across the cavern. Staring at him with cold, aloof eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

130 EXT. DESERT - DAY

Heat. Incredible heat. The sands shimmer as if they were wet. The sky is a monochromatic silk of glowing white.

And there...in the distance...a dot on this dry canvas... A MAN. Staggering. Stumbling. Step after painful step.

CLOSER...

It's DR. KYNES. The Imperial Planetologist. His face bruised and swollen. Dried blood caked around his eyes, nose and mouth. He's not wearing a stillsuit

His skin is sunburnt raw. He's delirious.

KYNES

I am the steward of the sand. I am a desert creature...desert creature...

And that's when he sees...

BIRDS. High overhead. Circling lazily on the up-drafts. He knows what they're waiting for.

One of the birds cries out. As if impatient for him to get on with his dying. But...

KYNES

(yelling at the birds)

NOT FINISHED YET. STILL HAVE WORK TO DO...

And suddenly...the ground under him shudders. Kynes stops dead. Afraid.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

KYNES

....pre-spice mass....can smell it...  
have to get away from here...have to get  
away...

And he trudges on. Continuing with his rapid-fire delirium.

KYNES

...our first goal is grassland...start  
with poverty grasses...upland forests  
next....then a few bodies of open  
water...must create a true sirocco...a  
moist wind...we need more life!

He stumbles and falls. Several birds swoop down to land  
several yards away. They stand there staring at him.

Kynes sniffs the air. Then turns to the birds.

KYNES

We're changing everything! Right under  
their noses. Changing it forever...

Suddenly...the ground under him shudders again.

The BIRDS squawk. Take flight in unison.  
As if spooked by something unseen. Something terrifying.

And Kynes' eyes go wide. Instantly clear and aware.  
The delirium vanishes. He knows what's happening.

KYNES

...the pre-spice mass...

And that's when the sand shifts and bounces.  
Like dirt on a drumhead.

And then...the noise. A low rumbling...getting louder and  
louder...becoming a roar. And now the ground is shaking...  
rocking...the dunes rolling like waves on the ocean.

KYNES

I AM A DESERT CREATURE!

But his words are cut off...

BAAAAAVVVVVVVOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM.

The earth explodes!

END ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN:

131 INT. CAVERNS

Paul comes awake abruptly. The room around him is swaying. Like the rolling aftermath of an earthquake.

Jessica is staring back at him. Wide-eyed and tense as... The rumbling and trembling slowly subside.

Some Fremen are awake, calmly talking. Others are still asleep. As if nothing at all were happening. But...

Chani is gone. Nowhere to be seen.

132 EXT. BALCONY - AFTERNOON

Paul pulls back the tarp to FIND HER. With Stilgar. And several other Fremen. Talking quietly among themselves. Pointing to...

A huge flume of sand and smoke...like a tornado...rising in the East behind the mountains. Almost like the cloud of a thermonuclear blast.

STILGAR

(turning to Paul)

Spice blow. Somewhere to the east. There will be a large field from the looks of it.

And he leads the men back into the cavern.

CHANI

We'll have to send gatherers before Harkonnen pirates come for it.

PAUL

You...harvest the spice?

CHANI

For bribes to the Spacing Guild.

(off his look)

It's Liet's wish. We pay them to keep our skies free of their satellites...so that no one can know what we're doing here.

(off Paul's look)

You will learn.

133 INT. CAVERN

She comes through the curtain. Paul right behind her.  
And they suddenly come face to face with...JAMIS.  
Backed up by a crew of other young men.

JAMIS  
I invoke amtal.

ACROSS THE ROOM...Stilgar interrupts his conversation with  
the men...

STILGAR  
Jamis...

...and Jessica quickly moves over to join them.

JESSICA  
What's this?

STILGAR  
Jamis is one to hold a grudge. This is  
his way of dealing with what happened the  
other night...

JAMIS  
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! There was witch-force  
at Tuono Basin. That's how he bested me.

STILGAR  
You must not interfere. Jamis has called  
him out.

JAMIS  
Amtal! It's my right!

There's a rustling of Fremen robes behind them.  
Tension mounts. A palpable mood of anticipation.

JESSICA  
(turning on Jamis)  
You're starting something here you're  
going to regret...

JAMIS  
Stilgar...

STILGAR  
(to Jessica)  
You must step back...

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

JESSICA

(ignoring him)

...if you know what's good for you, you will find an honorable way to leave off this thing...

She's using the VOICE on him. Just a little. But the effect is instant. Jamis grabs his ears.

JAMIS

Silence. I invoke silence. She's trying to put a spell on me...

Stilgar steps between them. A severe expression.

STILGAR

If you try that again, we'll know it's your witchcraft.

(beat)

I won't be able protect you or the boy anymore.

Chani gently tugs on Jessica.

CHANI

Come. You can't stop this.

Jessica glances at Paul. He's hyper-alert. Perhaps even afraid. But he nods reassuringly to her.

As if on cue...everyone backs away from Paul and Jamis. Forming a ritual circle around them.

Jamis quickly strips down to nothing but a loincloth. He's a vine of muscle tissue. Not an ounce of body fat.

Several Fremen help Paul off with his clothes. Stilgar pulls a milky white dagger from his robes.

STILGAR

A crysknife. Our ritual weapon.

(handing it Paul)

Use it well.

And he backs away. Leaving Paul alone to face Jamis.

JAMIS

May your blade chip and shatter.

And he starts circling. Paul counters. The room is silent. At first their feints are slight. Tentative. Neither one willing to commit.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

JAMIS

I'm going to bathe my knife in your  
blood.

And he jukes his way toward Paul. Confusing him.  
Faking a thrust to the left, then slashing from the right.

But Paul slips past him with a fluid, startling maneuver.

PAUL

First, you must find my blood.

Jamis charges again.

134 ...SERIES OF SHOTS

Paul and Jamis engaging, then backing off.  
A flurry of kicks. Slashes. Stabs. Blocks.  
A confusion of arms and legs flying together.

ON JESSICA...face tightening. Eyes unblinking.

ON THE FLOOR...Jamis pounces. A blindingly swift maneuver.  
The crowd gasps as his knife thrusts toward Paul's chest.

But suddenly...Paul jerks left. And Jamis cries out...  
Everything gets deathly quiet.

Jamis looks down at his blade hand. Bleeding profusely.  
For the first time doubt and terror sweep over him.

PAUL

DO YOU YIELD!?

A unison cry from the crowd.  
Jamis glares at Paul.

JAMIS

YIELD!?

STILGAR

(calling out)

THERE IS NO YIELDING. IT'S TO THE DEATH,  
BOY!

Paul turns to Jessica.

JESSICA

He's never had to kill...

Stilgar turns on her. A look of utter disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

STILGAR

Then...he'd better learn.

And Jamis screams in rage. Flies at Paul in a fury. The attack is relentless. Paul does his best to counter. But Jamis smells weakness now. He's wild with bloodlust.

Finally, Paul slips under him. Manages to flip Jamis backwards. Throwing him into a wall.

Jamis is stunned. Groggy. But Paul doesn't attack. An uncomfortable murmur sweeps through the Fremen.

STILGAR

(muttering)

Finish it. Don't toy with him...

But Paul still won't move. And the discontent among the Fremen is growing. And Paul can feel it.

Suddenly...Jamis shrieks. Leaps across the room. And... Mid-air...he shifts his knife from one hand to the other. Almost invisibly!

Jessica grabs Stilgar's arm.

But Paul saw it. He drops his shoulder at the last minute. Jamis lands on him. They fall. Someone screams. The room is silent. Until...

Paul abruptly shoves his way out from under Jamis. Turning him over in the process. His crysknife buried in Jamis' chest.

For a moment...no one says anything. Jessica bows her head sadly.

A group of Fremen rush on to the floor. Jamis' body is hurried away into a dark corridor.

Paul just stands there. Sweating. Heaving with fatigue. His eyes wide with adrenaline.

VOICE

Him against Jamis...and not mark on him.

More murmuring in the crowd. And...

Jessica can literally feel it. The admiration. The awe of it. She notices Chani...and Stilgar...staring at...

Paul...who is beginning to swell with triumph. Beginning to sense the effect his victory has had.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

She finally steps forward. Speaking quietly into his ear while he drinks in the approbation....

JESSICA

So...how does it feel...now that you're a killer?

He jerks. Stung severely by her scornful, unequivocal reality check. But before he can respond...

She vanishes into the crowd surging toward him.

135 EXT. CAVERN BALCONY.....MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

Jessica is alone here. Lost in troubled thought when... Stilgar comes through the tarp. Approaches quietly.

JESSICA

This didn't have to happen.

STILGAR

It is our way.

JESSICA

Your..."way"...? Killing each other?

STILGAR

No man recognizes leadership without the challenge of combat.

He bores into her with those cobalt eyes.

STILGAR

We have a legend among us...that a voice from the out-world will come. The Mah'di. He will hold the key to our future. It is said that a Bene Gesserit will be his mother. A Sayyadina. Friend of God. And she will bring him to us.

(beat)

There have been rumors about you and your son. From the city. From Mapes. Liet...

JESSICA

You hope I am that one...? That Paul is...?

STILGAR

I hope...and I fear.

(off her look)

If it's true, your boy will have to call me out one day. Challenge me for the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

STILGAR (cont'd)  
 leadership of the tribe.  
 (beat)  
 It is our way.

Before Jessica can respond...  
 Chani slips through the curtain.

CHANI  
 The huanui is prepared. It's time.

136 INT. CAVERN

The Fremen have gathered in ceremonial formation at the far end of the room. Stilgar is there with Jessica. As Paul and Chani approach...

The tribe parts. Allowing her to lead him to...

A SMALL PIT. Filled with what appears to be boiling oil of some kind. And in the pit...another small vat.

As Chani and Paul wait there...Stilgar begins a ritual chant. Soon the room is filled with the tribes low, moaning voices. And that's when...

Several Fremen emerge from another chamber. Carrying a BODY wrapped in a white shroud.

The body is brought to the pit. Unwrapped. JAMIS. He's placed in the inner vat. And a cover is put in place.

STILGAR  
 Giudichar mantene. From water does all life begin...

VOICES  
 Bi-la kaifa...

STILGAR  
 The flesh belongs to the person, but his water belongs to the tribe...

VOICES  
 Bi-la kaifa...

STILGAR  
 I was a friend of Jamis. When the hawk plane fell upon us at Hole-in-the-Rock, it was Jamis who pulled me to safety...

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER VOICE

I was a friend of Jamis. When our water went below minimum at the siege of Two Birds, Jamis shared.

ANOTHER VOICE

I was a friend of Jamis. When the Patrol caught us at Bight-of-the-Cliff and I was wounded, Jamis drew them off so I could be saved.

OTHER VOICES

I was a friend of Jamis.  
I was a friend of Jamis.

And then...all eyes turn to Paul. They expect him to join in. But he clearly doesn't know what to do. The moment is pregnant with apprehension until finally...

PAUL

(stepping forward)

I...was a friend...of Jamis. He taught me that...

(long beat)

...when you kill, you pay for it.

A strange rustling sweeps through the Fremens. Hushed whispers cut through the silence.

VOICES

He sheds tears...

It's true. Glistening tears are streaking down Paul's face.

VOICES

He gives water to the dead!

Hands reach out to touch him.  
As if some blessing were to be had.

VOICE

I touched his cheek. I felt the gift.

STILGAR

Watermaster!

Another man emerges from behind the pit. He's carrying two sacks filled with liquid.

WATERMASTER

Jamis carried thirty-three liters of the tribes water. Counted and measured.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

Stilgar takes the sacks. Turns to Paul.

STILGAR

Combat water is entrusted to the winner.  
Because you fight without stillsuits, you  
may regain the water you lost fighting.

VOICES

Bi-la kaifa...

Stilgar offers a sip-tube to Paul...who recoils slightly.  
The Fremen stir.

Jessica nods to Paul. "Drink it".  
And Paul reluctantly does.

STILGAR

May you guard it for the tribe. Preserve  
it against loss. May you be generous with  
it in time of need. May you pass it on in  
your time for the good of the tribe.

Paul takes the sacks.

VOICE

Needs a naming now, Stil.

STILGAR

Yes. It's time.

And he steps forward. Studying Paul. Finally...

STILGAR

What would you have us call you, young  
Atreides? By what name do you wish Fremen  
to know you?

Paul takes a moment. Then...

PAUL

What do you call the little mouse? The  
one in the desert...the one that jumps?

The crowd murmurs approvingly.

STILGAR

Muad'dib? Is that the name you wish?

PAUL

Yes.

Hushed murmuring through the room.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

STILGAR

Muad'dib. Wise in the ways of the desert.  
 Hiding from the sun. Travelling at night.  
 Muad'dib is clever and strong. We call  
 him a "teacher of boys". A fine choice.  
 From now on you will be addressed as  
 Muad'dib.

VOICES

Muad'dib...Muad'dib...Muad'dib...

...growing louder and louder.

VOICES

Muad'dib...Muad'dib...Muad'dib...

And then...Paul turns to Chani.  
 Holding out the water sacks.

PAUL

I...don't know how to carry them.  
 Will you...hold them for me?

The room goes utterly silent. Everyone looks around.  
 Paul has just done something totally unexpected.

Chani is flustered. She doesn't know how to react.  
 She looks to Stilgar for guidance.

STILGAR

Muad'dib does not yet know the meaning of  
 certain things among us. But he will  
 learn.

Chani nods. But she is blushing now. She takes the sacks.  
 Quickly backs away...never making eye contact with Paul.

But Jessica has noted this encounter carefully.  
 Gauging its subtle impact on the Fremmen...  
 ...now whispering excitedly among themselves.

DISSOLVE TO:

137 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

IN THE DISTANCE...an endless carpet of sand.  
 Buffeted by the wind. And somewhere in the distance...

THU-THUMP...THUMP...THU-THUMP

Faint, but distinct.

THU-THUMP...THUMP...THU-THUMP

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

CAMERA FINDS...Paul and Jessica. With Chani and the others.  
Staring out at the emptiness from a nearby dune.

CHANI

Wait for my signal. Then...you must do  
exactly as I do.

(beat)

Your lives will depend on it.

THU-THUMP...THUMP....THU-THUMP

Jessica and Paul exchange a nervous look.  
And that's when...

THU-THUMP...THUMP....THU-THUMP  
THU-THUMP...THUMP....THU...

Silence all of a sudden. But then...they HEAR...  
That sound. That unmistakable grinding HISS...  
A WORM!

CHANI

There!

She points to movement in the distance.  
Paul and Jessica's eyes go wide as they...

SEE IT (POV)....a terrifying undulation.  
Weaving among the dunes. Coming faster and faster.  
That hiss growing louder. Louder!

They all wait with bated breath.  
Jessica and Paul are paralyzed with fear.

CHANI

Don't move. This is the moment of  
greatest danger...

And then...

There it is! Sweeping across the dunes like a spawning  
whale...only many, many times larger. Coming closer. Closer.  
But the most amazing thing is...

STILGAR IS RIDING IT! He's actually on top of it.  
Pulling on long rods hooked into the beast's side.  
A magnificent sight. An unbelievable sight.

ON JESSICA AND PAUL...gaping with amazement as Stilgar guides  
the worm toward them. Guiding it with those hooks somehow.

The Fremmen suddenly crouch in sprinting positions.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

CHANI

Get ready!

Paul and Jessica are ashen. But...  
They do their best to imitate the Fremmen.

Suddenly, one of the Fremmen starts making an excited  
clicking sound with his mouth. And...

The Fremmen leap forward.

CHANI

NOW!

And she urges Paul and Jessica out of their hiding place.  
They join the others. Running along side the worm.

The Fremmen are hooking into it with their own rods.  
Being yanked violently off the ground.

And as they're swept along, they plant their feet.  
Pulling themselves up the side of the beast step by step.

ON CHANI...with Paul and Jessica. Sprinting along the "belly"  
of the creature...which is outpacing them easily.

CHANI

FASTER....FASTER...

ON STILGAR...tugging at his "reins".  
Turning the creature in a semicircle.

ON JESSICA....reaching for the hands of Fremmen stretching out  
to her from above. They grab her. Yank her up.

ON CHANI AND PAUL...racing along side the worm.  
Chani now has her own hooks out....and...

She flings them into the side of the beast. They hold!  
She is abruptly dragged forward...and as she goes...

She grabs Paul around the waist. He is lifted off his feet.  
Hands from above reach down and drag him up.

The Fremmen pull him into a tight bundle with Chani and  
Jessica. He is giddy with excitement. But...

His hood flutters sloppily around his head.

Chani quickly reaches for his cloak. Only those mystical eyes  
of hers can be seen under her hood. And Paul can't take his  
eyes off them.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

CHANI

You're wasting moisture, Muad'dib. You must do as I've shown you. Bring the fold of your hood down over your forehead. Leave only the eyes exposed.

He nods like a reprov'd child. Up ahead....

STILGAR

(yelling)

ACH, HAIIIIII-YOH!!!!

FREMEN

ACH, HAIIIIII-YOH!!!!

And suddenly it seems as if the worm accelerates. Jessica holds tight to the man in front of her. Exhilarated but terrified.

Paul...on the other hand...is transported. His eyes are almost glowing with excitement as...

The Worm turns away. Speeding off into the vast emptiness. With its cargo of human beings.

An exhilarating....almost indescribable image.

DISSOLVE TO:

138 EXT. SIETCH TABR MOUNTAINS: ARRAKIS DESERT - PRE-DAWN

Fremen sentries scan the horizon alertly from perches hidden among the rocks...until one of them spots...

Stilgar and the others. On foot now. Marching in disciplined single file toward the cliffs.

A bird-like whistle chirps from the cliffs. Again. And again. And Jessica and Paul are amazed to SEE...

More Fremen. Emerging from the crannies and nooks of the mountainside. Wives. Children. Friends. Coming out to greet the returning travellers.

A139 EXT. CANYON, SIETCH. TABR MOUNTAIN - PRE-DAWN

Jessica and Paul follow the Fremen through these narrow rocky corridors. Weaving through the labyrinth until they finally emerge into...

139 EXT. SIETCH. TABR VALLEY...MOMENTS LATER - PRE-DAWN

A huge basin nestled in the shadows of mountain walls.  
The place is filled with Fremmen. There must be hundreds.  
Engaged in all kinds of communal activities.

Some are cooking. Some working with children. Some working  
with tools...or weapons. A complex and organized society.  
But what's even more astonishing is...

The CARVINGS on the side of the mountain walls.  
Enormous columns and pillars. Doorways and entrances.  
Ancient and eroded. But artistry of the highest order.  
Evidence of an enduring...if primal...culture.

And carved out of the middle of the mountain...like some  
mystical leviathan...a STATUE. A man. Made faceless by years  
of brutal desert climate, but still awesome...even  
frightening. Holding out its hands as if in prayer.

An instant hush sweeps across the valley when the Fremmen  
SEE...

Stilgar and his two unfamiliar companions.  
Coming into the valley.

Paul is transfixed by the statue.

PAUL  
What is that...?

CHANI  
The one who will come. Mah'di...

STILGAR  
(announcing to the crowds)  
It's been a good march. The desert was  
kind. Shai-hulud was generous. There will  
be spice for the bribes.

A murmur of relief spreads through the crowd.

STILGAR  
(to Paul and Jessica)  
I'll find people to show you to your  
quarters.

As he moves off to confer with other Fremmen...  
Paul and Jessica can feel their stares.

All those penetrating blue eyes. Watching them....  
But that's when Paul NOTICES...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

Stilgar and two Fremmen. Talking urgently to Chani.  
Handing her something. A piece of clothing.

PAUL

It's the gatherers Stilgar sent to the  
spice blow.

ON CHANI (POV). Her shoulders sink. A small moan escapes her.  
And finally...she moves away into a rocky corridor. Alone.

Paul starts to go after her but...

STILGAR

Give her a moment, Muad'dib. Liet is  
dead.

(off Paul's look)

We found his remains at the spice blow.

JESSICA

Dr. Kynes is dead?

ANOTHER FREMMEN

Harkonnen treachery.

STILGAR

She loved her father very much.

Paul and Jessica exchange a look.  
Chani was Dr. Kynes' daughter.  
Liet's daughter.

140 EXT. GARDEN - PRE-DAWN

Paul navigates his way through a narrow rock passage to  
FIND...

Small desert plants are everywhere. In carefully manicured  
beds. Like an oriental meditation. An astonishing sight.

And...Chani. Sitting on a rock bench.  
Staring out over this desert oasis.  
She feels his presence.

CHANI

Tell me about the waters of your  
homeland, Muad'dib.

Just like in his dreams.

He approaches quietly. Finding another bench to sit several  
yards away. She never looks at him. For a long time, gentle  
breezes are the only sound...until...

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

PAUL

(after a beat)

We had rivers of it. Great, flowing veins of water. From the snows of mountains into lakes so wide you couldn't see the other side. Oceans of water. Our home was on the coast. Great waves would hurl themselves into the cliffs...they used to put me to sleep. But the thing I remember most were the rains. So gentle, so clean. Air so heavy afterwards you could lick it....

A deep longing sigh escapes Chani. She gets up slowly. Goes over to a struggling little bush. Strokes it tenderly...almost like a pet.

Paul just watches her. Marvelling at her.

CHANI

My father had a dream, Muad'dib...a dream that one day...we could change this place. Make it more like your homeland...

PAUL

We will, Chani. I can see it...

She turns. Probing him with those limpid, mesmerizing eyes.

Somewhere a cry echoes through the canyons of sietch. Like the call of a Muezzin.

Without a word...Chani gets up. Moves off to another entrance into the caves.

Paul follows her.

141 INT. SIETCH TABR...CORRIDORS.....MOMENTS LATER

Somewhere...a sound like dripping echoes. Somewhere else... A strange, hypnotic CHANT.

The passages seem to be getting narrower and narrower. The ceilings lower and lower.

Paul has to crouch as Chani leads him through a thin slip of rock where he can feel a cool moist breeze on their faces.

PAUL

(hushed)

Windtrap.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

CHANI

Plenty of moisture this morning. My  
father is at peace...

And they finally emerge into...

142 INT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

A large underground LAKE. Placid. Like glass.  
Glowing magically from some unseen source.

Paul is dazzled and stunned by the sight.

CHANI

We have thousands of such caches. Only a  
few of us know them all.

PAUL

I...know this place.

CHANI

No off-worlder has ever seen it.

PAUL

(insistent)

I have! In my dreams.

And he steps up to the water.

In the distance...that Fremen chanting echoes through the  
caverns like an hallucination.

VOICES

(distant)

Mahdi...mahdi...

Chani steps up next to Paul. Stares down into the water.

CHANI

This is the water we will use to change  
the face of Arrakis. As...my father taught us.

C.U. CHANI. A tear finally escapes from her eye.  
Dropping slowly into the water.

CHANI

The voice from the out-world will  
come...the Mah'di. We will make a  
paradise of Arrakis...and no man shall  
ever want for water again.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

C.U. PAUL. Staring into the rippling water.

FREMEN

Mahdi...Mahdi...Muad'dib...Muad'dib...

That wonderful, hypnotic chanting reverberates with bizarre but enchanting harmonics. Louder and louder.

And Paul can SEE THEM now.  
In the reflection of the water.  
Lifting their arms to him. Reaching out...

He looks up...and they're there!  
All around the lake! Swaying.  
Just like in his visions.

Paul raises his hand. Touches the air in front of him.  
And IT RIPPLES LIKE THE WATER. And the room vanishes.

The lake is gone. It's the desert now.  
An endless, rippled sea.

And that's when...the DUNES start moving toward him.  
Tidal waves of sand. Except...it's not sand.

It's WORMS. Hundreds of them. Moving together side-by-side.

And riding on top of them...crysknives stabbing the sky with fanatic enthusiasm...

FREMEN. An army of them! Riding the worms!  
Coming faster and faster....

C.U. PAUL. Staring in awe at the hordes coming at him.

FREMEN

Muad'dib...Muad'dib...Muad'dib...

END ACT 3

ACT 4

143 FADE IN: INT. ROYAL LIBRARIES/IMPERIAL PALACE - NIGHT

Massive bookshelves everywhere. Tables piled with texts. And IRULAN...reading what appears to be an ancient manuscript of some kind when...

A gentle knock at the door interrupts her.

IRULAN

Come.

A startlingly beautiful young WOMAN slips into the room.

WOMAN

You summoned me, Highness.

IRULAN

I have a special errand for you, Farrah.

FARRAH

I am here to serve, m'Lady.

IRULAN

I'm sending you to the Harkonnen planet, Giede Prime. To insinuate yourself among the fat Baron's family. His nephew, Feyd, the narcissistic type, should be especially amenable to your expert charms.

FARRAH

How will you want me to use him?

IRULAN

I want to know what happened on Arrakis the night Duke Leto and his family were killed. I want to know how it was planned, who was involved. And I want to know who the Harkonnen allies were.

FARRAH

I will do my best.

IRULAN

I've no doubt of that.

A dark, sensual smile sweeps over Farrah as she slips back into the shadows. Leaving Irulan alone with her books...and her schemes.

144 EXT. DESERT FLATS.....SOMETIME LATER - MORNING

The sun is brutally hot. But...

IN THE DISTANCE...FREMEN are working the sands.  
Sweeping it with strange tools.

STILGAR'S VOICE  
Should be any minute now...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

145 EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - SAME

Paul and Stilgar. Hidden among the rocks. With more Fremmen.  
Staring out as...

(POV)...their compatriots continue to work the desert floor.  
And soon...

THWOCK...THWOCK...THWOCK...

The sound of a 'thopter cuts the dead-still air.  
Stilgar points to the sky.

ON THE HORIZON...a Harkonnen 'thopter. Battle colors.  
Swooping over a mountain cliff. Bearing down on the desert.

PAUL  
Just as you said, Stil.

STILGAR  
Harkonnen greed for spice is the most  
reliable beacon in the universe.

The Fremmen working the sands start to run.  
But strangely inept and disorganized. Unlike Fremmen.

146 EXT. DESERT FLATS

The 'thopter easily corrals the men on the sand.

Harkonnen troops disembark the 'thopter and surround them.  
For a moment it looks like an easy capture. Until...

The sand comes alive! Fremmen erupt out of the ground like  
missiles. Dozens of them. Shrieking like banshees.

The air is instantly filled with dust and sand.  
The Harkonnen are wiped out where they stand.

147 EXT. ROCKY LEDGE

Stilgar is watching patiently as...

A Fremen in the distance turns to raise his crysknife triumphantly.

STILGAR

(to Paul)

We didn't even have to damage the 'thopter. The men will fly it to our caves at Bight.

Paul nods.

STILGAR

Now...put your hand up. Feel the air.

Paul does what he's told.

PAUL

A storm.

STILGAR

Very good. How soon?

PAUL

Soon. If we leave now, well stay ahead of it.

Stilgar smiles proudly. Then turns to another Fremen.

STILGAR

(to Fremen)

See to the Harkonnen water...then pile the bodies.

(to Paul)

We'll let the storm clean up the evidence.

He and Paul exchange a smile...then...  
They slip away from the ledge.

148 INT. ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

GLOSSU RABBAN...aka the Beast...aka Baron Harkonnen's nephew...is storming down the corridors of the Atreides' former home. Accompanied by a Harkonnen Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

....they were scouting a spice bed west of the Shield Mountain when they sighted

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT (cont'd)

Fremen poachers trying to harvest. That was our last communication. There was no mayday. No evidence of wreckage when we went to investigate...

RABBAN

(raging)

That's the third 'thopter this month...

LIEUTENANT

The patch they were scouting turned out to be mock-spice. Probably a plant to lure them there....

RABBAN

FREMEN SCUM!!!!

149 INT. COURTYARD...ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

Harkonnen guards are everywhere. Looks like martial law. A contingent of highly armed soldiers immediately surround...

Rabban...coming down the steps from the palace. Sweating almost instantly in this heat.

RABBAN

Who is the commander of that squadron?

LIEUTENANT

Freck, sir. Highly decorated. Much respected....

RABBAN

Kill him.

The Lieutenant swallows hard.

RABBAN

Mount his body in the barracks so all can see what happens to commanders who can't command!

150 EXT. PALACE WALLS - DAY

The massive gates to the Palace swing open. Allowing Rabban and his growing entourage of bodyguards to come into the streets where...

A CROWD has been gathered...cowering under the glare of more Harkonnen soldiers. Some are crying...some are wailing in unknown tongues as they reach out to...

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

A row of men and women. On their knees.  
Bloody and bruised. Obviously victims of torture.

As Rabban and his cadre approach the prisoners...

LIEUTENANT

We took these in a raid last night.  
Village near the Rimwall. Known to be  
desert sympathizers.

MAN

Mercy...Governor...we are refugees. Our  
homes are destroyed...we need work...we  
need food....

RABBAN

LIAR! Spies...that's what you are. Spies  
for the Fremmen scum who raid my spice  
warehouses...who destroy royal equipment.

MAN

No...Governor...we are poor...we have no  
weapons...

Rabban kicks the man in the face to shut him up.

LIEUTENANT

He was trying to dispose of this when we  
caught him.

The Lieutenant hands Rabban a Fremmen crysknife.  
Rabban takes it. Holds it up to the crowd.

RABBAN

Send word to the filth of the desert.  
Tell them what you witness here....

He grabs the kneeling prisoner by the hair.  
Yanks his head back violently.

CAMERA FINDS...a young WOMAN and her two children in the  
crowd. She turns their faces into her dress.

RABBAN

Tell them this is what awaits them...

MAN

MUAD'DIB!!!!!!!!!!!!

But his cry is cut short by the swipe of Rabban's blade.

SMASH CUT TO:

151 BARON HARKONNEN'S FACE...

Smiling hideously as he stares at...

A HOLOVID IMAGE playing out in front of him. Documentary footage of Beast Rabban personally executing Fremen prisoners in the streets of Arrakeen.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL....

152 INT. BARON'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS...HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

The Baron is suspended by his gravity-nullifying suspensors. Glee fully watching his nephew at work while...

A timid boy-slave cowers in front of him. Massaging his feet. The Baron finally looks up when...

FEYD, his other nephew, enters the room with...

FARRAH...that stunning young woman "spy" Princess Irulan sent here. She looks flushed.

BARON HARKONNEN

Put "that" away and come here, Feyd. I want you to see this.

Feyd urges a disappointed Farrah back out the door. Crosses to his uncle where to sees the ugliness on in the holovid.

BARON HARKONNEN

The latest love letter from your brother.

FEYD

Appears to be enjoying himself.

The Baron snaps off the holovid.

BARON HARKONNEN

The moron's appetite for killing never Ceases to amaze me.

A petulant frown sweeps over Feyd.

FEYD

By the time he's finished there won't be a population left to rule.

BARON HARKONNEN

Cheer up, lovely boy. I merely allow him to brutalize them. To savage them until...you arrive. The handsome

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

BARON HARKONNEN (cont'd)

Feyd...come to rescue them from the Beast Rabban. They'll be ripe for you, lovely boy. You will be their savior. There will be cheering in the streets. You can give them your brothers head as a gift, if you like.

His eyes gleam maniacally. He takes Feyd's face in his hands.

BARON HARKONNEN

And then you will squeeze...like the grips of a vice. So our treasuries become fat with the profits of spice...

And he starts laughing. Loudly. Outrageously. But somewhere...

Loud voices are chanting. Drowning him out.

153 OMIT

A154 EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - NIGHT

Scores of chanting Fremen men are stomping the ground ritualistically in front of the Mah'di statue as...

Somewhere a VOICE calls out over the chanting.

VOICE

You are the voice from the outer world.  
You are the prophet brought to us by  
Shai'hulud. You must take your place,  
Muad'dib. We've waited long enough....

The Fremen part...allowing another to move forward.  
Can't see the face for the Fremen robes covering him until...

He looks up. Drops the robe.  
It's STILGAR! Crysknife in hand.

STILGAR

No man recognizes leadership without the  
challenge of combat.

VOICES

(unison)

It is the way! Call him out, Muad'dib.  
You must do it. Call him out...call him  
out...call him out....

(CONTINUED)

A154 CONTINUED:

There is blood-lust in the voices.  
And Stilgar raises his crysknife.  
Prepared to fight.

The Fremmen chanting gets louder and louder until...  
It begins to sound like the wail of a violent wind.

SMASH CUT TO:

B154 INT. STILLTENT - SAME

CLOSE ON PAUL...terrible indecision and fear in his eyes.  
Until...

STILGAR'S VOICE

What do you see, Muad'dib...?

And Paul blinks. Turns. Coming out of a VISION.  
Stilgar is now right beside him. They're in...

The noise of a terrible desert storm rages outside.  
The warm light of a glowglobe is the only comfort.

STILGAR

...when you go away like that? Where is  
it you go?

PAUL

Many places, Stil. Many roads.  
Many...choices.

And he picks up a piece of leaf-wrapped food.  
Chews it slowly.

STILGAR

These choices...good or bad?

PAUL

Hard to know sometimes.

Stilgar frowns. The answer is unsatisfactory.

STILGAR

Either they're good choices or they're  
bad.

A monstrous howl of wind buffets their tent.

PAUL

Aren't you ever afraid, Stil?

STILGAR

Of storms?

(CONTINUED)

B154 CONTINUED:

PAUL  
Of the future.

STILGAR  
The future...just is...Muad'dib.

And he turns away to sleep.

Another particularly loud howl outside reminds Paul of where he is. He puts another piece of food in his mouth. And that vacant stare returns.

154 EXT. IMPERIAL PALACE....PLANET KAITAIN - DUSK

To establish.

155 INT. CORRIDORS...IMPERIAL PALACE - DUSK

The REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM is hurrying down these dark passages with several aides.

A Bene Gesserit novitiate waits by some large oak doors. When the Reverend Mother arrives...

BENE-GESSERIT #1  
He is waiting, Reverend Mother.

REVEREND MOTHER  
Who else knows he's here?

BENE GESSERIT#1  
No one, Reverend Mother. He made it clear on his arrival we were to summon you and no other.

156 INT. IMPERIAL LIBRARY - DUSK

Dark. Shadowy.

A MAN stands alone at the far end of the room. Studying a book. When he hears the Reverend Mother and her aides enter...

MAN  
The other witches must leave.

REVEREND MOTHER  
As you wish.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

She signals to her aides who quickly leave the room.  
The man finally turns.

He's a GUILD AGENT. It's obvious from his dress. From his hooded eyes. His hairless skin. He is a walking cadaver. Repulsive in appearance. Yet impossible not to look at.

He moves over to some comfortable chairs where...  
The Reverend Mother joins him.

REVEREND MOTHER

This visit is as indiscreet as it is unexpected.

GUILD AGENT

Matters such as this leave no time for formalities.

REVEREND MOTHER

Let's hope the Emperor's curiosity isn't aroused.

GUILD AGENT

The Emperor's suspicions are easily moderated by his dependence on our services.

REVEREND MOTHER

As you're so fond of reminding us.

The Agent smiles sardonically. But it swiftly fades.  
He leans closer to the Reverend Mother.  
She strains not to recoil.

GUILD AGENT

The Navigators are concerned.

REVEREND MOTHER

Concerned?

GUILD AGENT

They are...disturbed about the future.  
There is a problem on the horizon.

REVEREND MOTHER

What kind of problem?

GUILD AGENT

They are troubled by a nexus they can't fully explore. An intersection of events, a meeting of countless delicate decisions beyond which lies a path they can not see.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

REVEREND MOTHER  
And where is this nexus?

GUILD AGENT  
Planet Arrakis.

The Reverend Mother stiffens...but quickly calms herself.

REVEREND MOTHER  
House Harkonnen controls Arrakis now. The  
Atreides are dead.

GUILD AGENT  
It is not a matter of feuding royal  
Houses. We sense a higher order  
interfering.

The Reverend Mother nods. Considering all this.

REVEREND MOTHER  
A misstep could be catastrophic.

GUILD AGENT  
Then we understand one another.

REVEREND MOTHER  
Completely. We will do what we can.

The Agent stands. Bows formally and the two of them hurriedly  
leave the room together. But...

The Reverend Mother stops abruptly. Listening carefully.  
The Guild Agent senses something wrong...but...

REVEREND MOTHER  
I thought I...felt something...

And she shakes it off. And as the two continue to the door...

GUILD AGENT  
The Spice must flow.

REVEREND MOTHER  
The balance of power must be maintained.

Neither of them is ever aware that...

Princess IRULAN...motionless, hardly breathing...is hidden in  
the shadows among the pillars. Listening to everything they  
say. She has overheard it all.

END ACT 4

ACT 5

157-158 OMIT

FADE IN:

A159 EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

A 'thopter is crashed and burning.  
The Harkonnen symbol is visible on the side.

CAMERA MOVES OFF TO FIND....

Harkonnen and Fremmen. Hand to hand. Brutal and bloody.  
The Harkonnen are in disarray. Firing lasguns wildly at...

Fremmen fighters who seem to materialize out of thin air.  
And in the middle of it...

A Harkonnen SOLDIER is yelling frantically into his  
communicator.

SOLDIER

...they're like ghosts...  
everywhere...they just keep  
coming...'thopter disabled...need  
immediate evacuation...need immediate...

He never finishes. Because he SEES...

PAUL. Emerging through the smoke. Coming straight for him.  
The Soldier is paralyzed by the vision. Unable to move.  
Something about Paul's eyes...boring into him...

(CONTINUED)

A159 CONTINUED:

And before the Soldier regains his senses...  
Paul slashes his throat.

STILGAR  
(rushing up to him)  
We're ready, Muad'dib.

Paul doesn't react at first. He's still too adrenalized...

STILGAR  
Muad'dib...it's time.

...but he finally comes out of it.

STILGAR  
We must hurry.

And the two of them sprint away.

B159 OMIT

C159 OMIT

D159 EXT. DESERT.....MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

IN THE DISTANCE...the 'thopter wreckage still smoulders.

CAMERA FINDS...Stilgar leading Paul and the Fremen guerillas  
away. Marching silently in disciplined formation.

Suddenly...the garrison is rocked by a series of massive  
explosions. The whole place is going up.

But the Fremen never look back. They hardly even flinch at  
the concussions. They just keep on going.

DISSOLVE TO:

159 INT. JESSICA'S QUARTERS...SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

Jessica is standing alone in the center of the room.  
Virtually naked except for modest, gossamer shrouds draped  
over her breasts and around her hips.

She's examining herself. Breathing in deep, practiced  
rhythms. Gently massaging the slight swelling of her lower  
abdomen...where her daughter grows...until she HEARS...

CHANI'S VOICE  
(almost a whisper)  
Sayyadina...

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

JESSICA  
(after a beat)  
I'm awake, Chani.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

The curtain across the entrance parts. Chani steps in.

JESSICA

Has there been any word? A courier,  
perhaps...

CHANI

No. The raids are in the Haaga Basin.  
They won't risk communication until  
they're deep across the bled.

Jessica nods. Disappointed. But Chani remains.  
Jessica feels the stare. Makes her self-conscious.

CHANI

Forgive me, Sayyadina.

JESSICA

Is there something else?

CHANI

No...no.  
(beat)  
It's just your...skin...

JESSICA

My skin?

CHANI

We've heard the stories about off-  
worlders...the ones who come from water  
planets...skin so moist...it's like  
cream...  
(beat)  
Muad'dib's skin is like that.

JESSICA

(tensing up)  
Paul...Muad'dib is still a boy.

There's something snappish, almost reproving in her tone of  
voice.

JESSICA

(catching herself)  
I mean...he still has the glow of youth.

CHANI

Yes.

And it's clear she's taken note of it. And likes it.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

CHANI

I say my prayers for his safe return.

JESSICA

We both do, Chani.

There's tension here. Chani feels it.  
Something competitive. Something...female.

Chani slips back out through the curtain.  
Jessica's expression darkens with complex feelings.

160 OMIT

161 INT. IMPERIAL LIBRARY - DAY

A huge, round CONFERENCE TABLE dominates the room. Swarms of servants and aides bring food, drink or paperwork to...

The NOBLES at the table. Formally dressed. Regal and aloof.

NOBLE

...quarterly production estimates are  
falling far short of our quota  
requirements...

ANOTHER NOBLE

...there has been a significant loss in  
equipment, further reducing the amount  
available for export...

CAMERA FINDS...the EMPEROR. Flanked by...  
The Reverend Mother on one side.  
Count Fenring on the other.

EMPEROR

(cold; deliberate)

House Harkonnen continues to insist that  
all necessary steps are being taken to  
subdue the aboriginal unrest which has  
been exacerbated recently by reports of a  
religious prophet...appearing in the  
desert to incite restlessness and  
disorder....

NOBLE

Are we being asked to indulge the decline  
in our income because of some messianic  
nonsense?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

A hush falls over the room. This kind of open challenge is unusual, apparently.

REVEREND MOTHER

Many outworld populations are infected with myths such as these, M'Lord. The poorer planets. They amount to minor nuisances for the most part. Ephemera... which can often be...manipulated...

NOBLE

But the methods House Harkonnen has employed since reassuming control of Arrakis could, in fact, be fueling these legends instead of smothering them....

The Emperor is growing visibly impatient.

EMPEROR

Legends and myths will not be allowed to disrupt the spice. If House Harkonnen does not maintain order, it will suffer consequences beyond its imagination. The spice must flow!

His severe tone seems to mollify the nobles temporarily.

EMPEROR

Then...if there's nothing more...

(no response)

Gentlemen...the pleasures of Kaitain await.

The meeting comes to an end. Servants and aides rush to the table. Assisting the Nobles as they chatter among themselves. Somewhere...lilting music begins.

ON THE EMPEROR...lost in troubled thought.

COUNT FENRING

They fear there is more to this trouble than simple religious fervor, Majesty.

EMPEROR

So do I.

(beat)

We must keep that fat Baron on a short leash, Fenring. Our involvement in his nasty business is a delicate matter.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

COUNT FENRING

When the time comes, Majesty, I'll make  
sure his leash not only restrains  
him...but strangles him.

DISSOLVE TO:

162 EXT. DESERT (POV) - DAY

Several unmarked 'thopters are tethered near a small compound  
of stilltents. Some sort of strange bazaar seems to be going  
on. FREMEN AND SMUGGLERS. Bartering animatedly.

Fremen are loading large pallets into the 'thopters.

STILGAR

(off camera)

...we get supplies we need, the smugglers  
transport our spice tribute to the cursed  
Spacing Guild...

REVEAL...Paul and Stilgar. Watching from a nearby mountain.

STILGAR

The Emperor never knows.

PAUL

Bribes are dangerous, Stil. They have a  
way of growing larger and larger.

Stilgar stiffens. Unaccustomed to such contrariness.

STILGAR

The safe way is the slow way, Muad'dib.  
Bribes keep the skies of our sietches  
clear. Bribes buy us time.

ON THE DESERT FLOOR (POV)...

The Smugglers and Fremen are concluding their business.  
And among the smugglers...TUEK.

ON PAUL...looking harder. He recognizes Tuek from the banquet  
at Arrakeen Palace.

And that's when he SEES...

DESERT FLOOR (POV)...

GURNEY HALLECK...among the smugglers. Or...was it?  
He's suddenly gone. Vanished through a 'thopter hatch.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

BACK ON PAUL...jerking up. Straining to get a better look.  
The Fremens are moving away from the 'thopters.  
Smugglers are boarding. No sign of Gurney.

STILGAR

(noticing)

Something wrong, Muad'dib?

Paul puts the goggles down. Disappointed.

PAUL

I thought...I saw someone I knew...one of  
my father's men...a friend...

STILGAR

I'll call the men. Tell them to hold the  
Smugglers' departure...

But Paul grabs his arm. Holds him back.

PAUL

No, Stil.

(off Stilgar's look)

Let them go. I...must have been  
mistaken...

Stilgar finally nods. Moves away to the other men.  
Leaving Paul staring at the desert floor where...

...the smugglers are preparing to depart.

PAUL

(to himself)

Gurney...

A deep longing in his eyes.

END ACT 5

ACT 6

163-166 OMIT

A167 FADE IN: EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A cluster of STILLTENTS is set up in the moonshadow of a gnarled rockfall.

Fremen sentries sit silently in small groups.  
Eyes riveted to the perimeter of camp.

B167 INT. LARGE STILLTENT - SAME

A dozen elder Fremen (Naibs) sit in a semi-circle on the ground. Staring at Paul in front of them. Stilgar behind him.

PAUL

...you've heard the voices from your sietches. They say Mahdi has come. But you...the Naibs of your tribes...are still cautious. You resist. But I'm offering you the future. The future as Liet saw it...

NAIB

How do you know what Liet saw?

PAUL

Because I've seen it myself!  
(putting a hand to his forehead)  
Here...  
(putting the hand to his heart)  
...and here.

General rustling through the room.

PAUL

And once we rid Arrakis of the vile Harkonnen, we will complete his dream. I promise this. Arrakis will become the paradise Liet imagined.

ANOTHER NAIB

You'll never rid Arrakis with guerilla raids, boy. It will take all-out war.

PAUL

That's why we're preparing now.  
Disrupting the spice production. Stealing  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B167 CONTINUED:

PAUL (cont'd)

their equipment. That's why I'm asking for hundreds of your best young men. I want to give them the weirding way...so they can come back to you and train hundreds more...so those hundreds will train hundreds more. And hundreds will become thousands. The Fedaykin! A force to rival the dreaded Sardaukar. A force that will terrify the Emperor himself!

This sends a tremor through the Naibs.

NAIB

You intend to bring the wrath of the Emperor down on Arrakis?

PAUL

The Emperor's wrath has already visited here. In Harkonnen disguise. And when we prove it, the Emperor will be finished!

Grumbling and caution among the Naibs. This is making them extremely uncomfortable.

STILGAR

(to Paul; softly)

Slowly, Muad'dib. Don't frighten them with your passion...

PAUL

(calmer)

My father told me once that here on Arrakis one needed desert power to rule. YOU ARE DESERT POWER. And nothing will stop you. If you believe. Believe!

A fanatic fire is burning in Paul's eyes. It makes the Naibs uneasy....even as it inspires them.

Stilgar moves forward.

STILGAR

It will be dawn soon. We all must rest. The ride back to our sietches will be long and dangerous. We need time to consider what Muad'dib is proposing.

The Naibs nod. Grateful to Stilgar for his wise intervention at the moment. They start to rise and disassemble. But as they do...

STILGAR

Before you retire, Paul Muad'dib offers each of you a gift...

(CONTINUED)

B167 CONTINUED:

This stops them cold.

Several younger Fremmen enter with small sacks of water which they present to each Naib. The Naibs hesitate.

PAUL

It is my wish that these waters mingle with yours as a gesture of my loyalty to the Ichwan Bedwine....the brotherhood of all Fremmen on Arrakis.

The Naibs finally accept.

And after they're gone...

STILGAR

This will take time. These are not rash men.

PAUL

What will it take to convince them, Stil?

STILGAR

(after a beat)

You still have many tests ahead, Paul Muad'dib.

And something passes between them. Something ominous.

167 EXT. IMPERIAL GARDENS (POV) - SAME

The EMPEROR is having an intense conversation with...  
COUNT FENRING.

IRULAN'S VOICE

My father's patience is wearing thin.

168 EXT. BALCONY, IMPERIAL PALACE - SAME

She's at the window. Staring down.

IRULAN

These...troubles on Arrakis are proving difficult to manage...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

IRULAN (cont'd)  
 (a whisper to herself)  
 ...and our time is growing short...

She comes away from the windows.  
 Over to a Lady-in-Waiting.

IRULAN  
 I want you to make arrangements for a  
 trip to Giede Prime.

LADY  
 (shocked)  
 M'lady?

IRULAN  
 The Baron's nephew is having a birthday  
 celebration. The Emperor ought to be  
 represented, don't you think? I'm in the  
 mood for a party.  
 (to herself)  
 And besides, it's time to shed some  
 naiveté.

But her expression makes it obvious she's got more than a  
 party on her mind.

SLAAAAMMMMMMMM

169-170 OMIT

171 INT. IMPERIAL LIBRARY - EVENING

The Emperor blasts through some heavy oak doors.  
 Count Fenring and that timid Lady-in-Waiting in tow.  
 Followed by the Emperors personal valets.

EMPEROR  
 She's not going!

COUNT FENRING  
 Majesty, perhaps there are...hmmmmaaa....  
 subtleties to this arrangement we aren't  
 considering, hmmmm?

The Emperors valets struggle to help him out of his formal  
 regalia as he storms around the room.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

COUNT FENRING

(approaching)

It's rumored the Baron intends to move on his nephew Rabban...and soon, aaahhhmmm? A gesture of his control.

EMPEROR

It will be a gesture too late. The fat fool's allowed things to deteriorate beyond redemption.

At his desk...the Emperor spoons out some shimmering golden powder...spice, no doubt...into a glass, filling it with water from an ornate silver pitcher.

EMPEROR

What about the Spacing Guild?

COUNT FENRING

They're being careful to appear neutral, of course. Which brings us, hmmm aaahhh, back to Irulan.

EMPEROR

I'm not going to allow that headstrong, meddlesome child loose in Babylon. My God, what a catastrophe that would be. The eldest daughter of the Imperial house, ensnared by the likes of Harkonnen and his dreadful progeny.

He takes a long drink. It seems to calm him.

COUNT FENRING

Yes, catastrophe, indeed. But perhaps a seducer could be seduced, hmmm?

The Emperor glares at him. Fenring quickly signals the others to leave. And once he's alone with the Emperor...

COUNT FENRING

The more we know of the Baron's schemes, the more we are prepared for the endgame. Our operatives on Giede Prime, have limited access. Your daughter, on the other hand, has proved quite adept at intelligence gathering, hmmm? Gently chaperoned, I should think shed prove quite useful...once again, hmmm?

The Emperor thinks this over. Sees wisdom in Fenring's suggestions.

172 OMIT

173 INT. SIETCH TABR - EVENING

There is much activity. Fremen moving purposefully.

CAMERA. FINDS...Jessica. Coming down these stone corridors until she comes to...

174 EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY.....MOMENTS LATER

A crush of Fremen men and women part. Allowing Jessica  
Jessica pushes through a to FIND...

A small group of men gently putting down a stretcher with an  
OLD WOMAN riding on it. The dense tenting over the stretcher  
is pulled away...and the men help her to her feet.

As the old woman gets her bearing, the first person she sees  
is...Jessica.

MOTHER RAMALLO

Ah...so you're the one.

CHANI

Jessica of the Weirding, our Reverend  
Mother Ramallo.

The old woman moves forward slowly. Her deep, totally blue  
eyes have an intense, penetrating clarity.

MOTHER RAMALLO

Mapes said you were beautiful....

(beat)

She also said she pitied you.

JESSICA

I need no one's pity.

A tense rustle through the Fremen.

MOTHER RAMALLO

That remains to be seen.

And she moves off under her own determined power.  
The Fremen part deferentially as she goes.

175 INT. JESSICA'S QUARTERS...SIETCH TABR.....LATER

Mother Ramallo and Jessica are seated across from each other.  
Fremen women are serving food and coffee.

MOTHER RAMALLO

...time was I could do twenty, thirty  
thumpers without so much as a nap.  
Now...I have to be carried everywhere  
like a dirty still tent. Growing old is a  
curse...

She turns to the others.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

MOTHER RAMALLO

Tell the others were not to be  
disturbed.

The women nod. And after they're gone...

MOTHER RAMALLO

There's much talk of you in the sietches.  
I hear the people speaking of the Mahdi.  
I hear them shout the name...Muad'dib...

JESSICA

He is a natural leader. Like his father.  
The men admire his courage.

MOTHER RAMALLO

It will take more than courage to survive  
what's coming. Your experience in  
Arrakeen should have taught you that.

(beat)

The boy...he knows what it is that's  
happening here?

JESSICA

He is...aware.

MOTHER RAMALLO

You've exploited our legends well.

JESSICA

We had to survive.

MOTHER RAMALLO

And you may...for awhile.

(off Jessica's look)

But remember this, the very legend that  
protects you can also destroy you.

176 EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY.....SOMETIME LATER - PRE-DAWN

Fremen families are gathering for the main meal of the day.

Chani is working with some other women preparing food when...  
A bird-like whistle chirps in the distance. Again. And again.

The women look around excitedly. None more than Chani.  
And there...coming through the rocks into the sietch...

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

PAUL, STILGAR and the others. Fremen men and women rush across the sietch to greet them.

Paul catches sight of Chani. Waiting modestly at the side of the crowd. Watching him. Smiling broadly. And his face lights up as soon as he sees her. But then he looks up to SEE...

177 OMIT

178 EXT. ROCK BALCONY - SAME

Jessica with Mother Ramallo.  
Looking down on the reunion.

MOTHER RAMALLO

You have started a thing, Jessica  
Atreides, a thing we may never be able to  
control. You...and your son...whatever he  
may be...

And she moves off. Leaving Jessica alone.  
Staring down at Paul...and Chani.

179 EXT. SIETCH TABR WALLEY.....LATER - PRE-DAWN

Fremen families have settled in for the big meal of the day.  
And happy reunions with the returning warriors.

CAMERA FINDS...

A long shadow sweeping across some rocks.  
A graceful figure. Gesturing to the sky. Slowly...

The figure appears in front of the rocks. A Fremen PUPPET.  
A face of utter serenity. Almost like the Mahdi statue.  
Long flowing robes hanging down.

It's being operated by a Fremen elder.  
Who is chanting some ancient myth as...

Children watch with rapt attention.

And then...like magic...more Fremen puppets appear beneath  
the bigger ones robes. Rising up out of the sand like  
phantoms. Small, primitive but highly expressive puppets.

And all of a sudden, these puppets open up. And from  
inside...clusters of lush, green twigs emerge.

The puppetmaster continues his chant.  
Gesturing now to REVEAL...

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

PAUL. Walking across the sietch in the background.  
Framed by the Mahdi statue behind him.  
Seeing the performance. Not quite sure what it means.  
But somehow aware he is being included in the ritual.  
Aware that the children are all now staring at him.

180 INT. JESSICA'S QUARTERS - PRE-DAWN

Jessica is sitting with some coffee when...  
Paul slips through the curtain.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

PAUL  
How are you feeling?

JESSICA  
Well.  
(beat)  
Tired sometimes.

He comes over to her. Gently lays his hands on her abdomen.

PAUL  
Healthy.

JESSICA  
And growing fast.

After a beat...

PAUL  
I saw the one they call Reverend Mother.

JESSICA  
Yes. She came from a southern sietch.

PAUL  
Why?

JESSICA  
To see me. To see you.

PAUL  
She's Bene Gesserit.

JESSICA  
One of our...missionaries.

Paul simply nods. As if confirming something he already suspects.

PAUL  
Convenient...

He falls back on her couches. A long, weary sigh escapes.

JESSICA  
Stilgar says you've learned much.

PAUL  
He's tougher than Hawat ever was.

They allow themselves a brief but melancholy smile.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Chani is happy to see you, I noticed.

She watches for his reaction. But he only nods vaguely. There's something on his mind.

PAUL

Why didn't you marry him, Mother?

Jessica is caught off-guard by the non-sequitur. But...

JESSICA

Because I loved him.

(off Paul's look)

As long as your father remained unmarried, some of the Great Houses could still hope for an alliance through marriage. We both knew what that meant. There were no illusions...

PAUL

You would have allowed it?

JESSICA

I would have encouraged it.

PAUL

Politics...

JESSICA

Yes. Politics.

A lesson there, she intends. But Paul just frowns. Contemplating the implications.

181 EXT. SIETCH GARDENS - PRE-DAWN

The hint of light makes this place seem almost magical.

Paul finds Chani here. Tending her plants. He sits quietly on a bench a few yards away. It's so quiet. Just the whisper of a gentle breeze. And then...

PAUL

While I was on the hajra, I had dreams about this garden. Except, it wasn't here. It was...somewhere else.

CHANI

(without turning to him)

Was I there?

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Yes. And...there were children. Playing.  
Very happy...

CHANI

A wonderful dream.

PAUL

Chani, do you think it's possible to love  
someone enough that you'd be willing to  
give that person up?

She stops what she's doing. Confused by his question.  
But after a moment...she turns to him.

CHANI

I think there are times when it's  
necessary to share the one you love...  
with things greater than both of you.

Their eyes are locked in silent communication.

182 OMIT

A183 EXT. MOUNTAIN LEDGE; SIETCH TABR - DAWN

Jessica moves out from the shadows.  
Stares down at the desert floor where...

Paul and Chani are walking together.  
Moving away from the sietch together.

ON JESSICA. A tapestry of conflicting emotions playing out  
across her face.

B183 EXT. ARRAKIS DESERT.....SHORT TIME LATER - DAWN

A stilltent is set up near a small mound of rocks.  
And sitting outside it....

Two FIGURES. Alone in this vast loneliness.  
Chani and Paul.

An occasional dry breeze chafes their skin.  
Their robes billow gently while...

Chani draws in the sand with her crysknife.

CHANI

...everything is connected. One thing to  
another. The living and the dead. The

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B183 CONTINUED:

CHANI (cont'd)

animate and the inanimate. A system. All parts functioning to serve the whole. The parts must remain healthy so that the whole may survive. The whole must survive so that the parts can remain healthy. Just as Liet taught us.

She takes a long, deep breath.

CHANI

Smell it?

PAUL

Cinnamon.

C.U. THE DRAWING IN THE SAND. Chani pokes at it again with her crysknife. Adding texture and dimension.

CHANI

The pre-spice mass is below us. Maybe a hundred feet or more. But ripe. The Maker has left her nest long ago. Her children have joined together for survival.

C.U. THE SAND DRAWING. A large circle with a WORM outside. Moving away. Leaving a cluster of larvae inside.

CHANI

They have grown. They're losing water now. It will mix with their waste. When enough has accumulated, a giant bubble of foam will heave up with tremendous force....

PAUL

A spice blow...

CHANI

(nodding)

Trading places with the sands above. The sun and heat will dry it out. And soon...

Paul picks up handful of sand.  
Lets it flow through his fingers.

PAUL

The spice.

CHANI

Treasure of the universe.

PAUL

The worm is the spice...

(CONTINUED)

B183 CONTINUED:

CHANI

The spice is the worm.

She studies him...like a patient teacher.  
Watching the illumination spread over his acolyte's face.

CHANI

So now you know.

(beat)

Many of the little Makers will die in the  
blow. The rest will swim off to become  
Shai-hulud. The Great Worm. We may  
capture a few. Keep them stunted...for  
the Water of Life...

Paul looks up from the drawing. Intrigued  
But Chani only smiles.

CHANI

That's enough for now.

CLOSE ON PAUL. Studying the sand drawing. Awed by this  
revelation. Exhilarated by the possibilities...until...

He looks up. Chani is no longer there.  
She's at the stilltent. About to go in.  
Inviting him with her eyes.

He slowly gets up to follow her. And...

C.U. THE SAND DRAWING....being erased by the wind.

DISSOLVE TO:

C183 INT. STILLTENT - DAWN

Soft early morning light makes the fabric of the tent seem to  
glow.

Paul and Chani are wrapped up in each other's arms.  
Making tender but passionate love.

Their eyes never close. Never once looking away from each  
other. Never once breaking their transcendent euphoria...  
until finally...

183 INT. STILLTENT - DAY

Paul jerks. Blinking rapidly. Coming awake.  
It takes him a moment to realize...

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

There's someone else here. Sitting a few yards away.  
Watching him. His eyes slowly adjust to the light.  
And he SEES...

Reverend Mother Ramallo.

MOTHER RAMALLO

When religion and politics ride in the  
same cart...the whirlwind follows.

Her voice has a strange hissing quality.  
Paul can't take his eyes off her.

MOTHER RAMALLO

You are the Kwisatz Haderach, boy. The  
one who can be many places at once.

And her voice is like the wind. A deafening shriek.

MOTHER RAMALLO

You are the whirlwind...

And that's when...

184 INT. STILLTENT - EVENING

Paul jerks awake. Blinking rapidly. Coming awake.  
Like a time loop. It takes him a moment to realize...

There's someone else here. Sitting a few yards away.  
Watching him. His eyes slowly adjust to the light.  
And he SEES...

CHANI

It's almost night, Muad'Dib. Time to  
return to the sietch.

And he notices the covers she's placed over him to keep his  
naked body warm.

CHANI

You've been dreaming...

He reaches out for her. And she comes to him.  
Takes his head in her lap. Holding him tight.  
Stroking him tenderly. And for the moment...

He feels peace.

END ACT 6

ACT 7

FADE IN

185 EXT. HARKO CITY - DAY

Capital of Giede Prime. Harkonnen home planet  
A dark, menacing landscape of sharp edges...  
...chaotic style.

186 OMIT

187 INT. GYMNASIUM...HARKONNEN PALACE - DAY

Feyd is sparring with several of his well-built friends.

Baron Harkonnen is with Count Fenring and the Princess.  
In the royal box overlooking the gym.

IRULAN

We must congratulate you on the  
perfection of your heir, Baron.

BARON HARKONNEN

He will face his one hundredth slave-  
gladiator in the arena this afternoon.

IRULAN

He appears ready.

She is studying Feyd carefully. Watching every ripple of his  
muscles...every nuance of his expression.

BARON HARKONNEN

(to Count Fenring)

Well then, perhaps we can take this  
opportunity to conduct our conversations.  
We have much to discuss....

COUNT FENRING

Indeed.

(turning to Irulan)

If that meets with your approval, m'Lady.

IRULAN

I'm quite entertained here.

COUNT FENRING

Fine.

BARON HARKONNEN

By your leave then...

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

And he bows slightly to the Princess. She does the same. Cool formalities. And as Count Fenring and the Baron move off, she turns back to...

THE GYM (POV)...

...where Feyd is stretching his supple, well-defined body. He pauses when he NOTICES...

Irulan. Fixing him with a serene but penetrating stare. And he likes it. His muscles tense. His breathing quickens.

FARRAH...Irulan's spy...steps out of the shadows to join her. The two of them share a knowing look.

SMASH CUT TO:

A BODY HITTING THE GROUND

188 EXT. GARDENS...SIETCH TABR

A young Freman slowly gets to his feet. Turns to... PAUL. And behind him...

More young men. Jessica steps forward among them. Stilgar watches nearby.

JESSICA

Too impatient, Farok. You move too soon. Try again.

Paul steps forward. The young man, Farok, meets him. For a moment, nothing happens.

JESSICA

That's right. Watch his posture. Even the slightest change in his breathing gives you advantage...

Another pause...and then Paul does an astonishing thing. He turns his back on Farok. He and Jessica exchange a look.

For a moment, Farok is confused. But he calms himself and...

Attacks! Everything slows down. Paul remains frozen. Farok flies silently toward him. But...

Paul ducks and spins at the last possible moment. He sensed Farok's approach without seeing it. He's so fast it's hard to tell exactly how he's countering. But...

Farok is once again flat on his back.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

JESSICA

(to the others)

If you learn the weirding way...you will triumph. Even in the darkest room...even against the most silent enemy.

Paul reaches down to Farok.

PAUL

Better, Farok. You'll have it soon.

But as he pulls his friend up....  
The room gets suddenly quiet.  
And everyone turns to SEE...

Another group of young FREMEN. Across the room.  
Tense and aggressive. Staring at them.  
One of them finally steps forward.

OTHEYM

I am Otheym. These are my brothers...from  
Sietch Gara Kulan. We've come to find the  
one who calls himself Muad'dib.

Farok and the others close ranks around Paul.  
Otheym and his "brothers" tense up.

Stilgar steps between the two groups.

STILGAR

You're a long way from your tribe,  
Otheym.

OTHEYM

We have come to join your crusade. We  
want to learn the weirding way...we want  
to become Fedaykin.

STILGAR

You have the blessing of your Naib?

OTHEYM

We do.

Paul finally steps out from his group. Otheym and the others  
shuffle nervously. "Could this really be the Mahdi?"

But Otheym meets Paul's stare. He knows Paul is the one.

OTHEYM

We will make good fighters, Muad'dib.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

PAUL

I believe you.

(turning to the others)

Let their waters join ours.

And the two groups move together. Embracing.  
Paul's eyes find Stilgar...who nods and smiles.

189 INT. CORRIDORS...HARKONNEN PALACE - DAY

Vast...and empty hallways. The place has the feel of a  
mausoleum. Besides the occasional (heavily armed) sentry...  
there is no one else around...except...

Baron Harkonnen. And Count Fenring.  
Walking side by side.

BARON HARKONNEN

What more would the Emperor have us do?  
The north is regularly swept by our  
patrols. The southern desert in  
uninhabitable.

COUNT FENRING

Who says the southern desert in  
uninhabitable?

BARON HARKONNEN

Your own planetologist, Dr. Kynes...

COUNT FENRING

But...hmmahh...Dr. Kynes is dead...

BARON HARKONNEN

Yes. Unfortunate accident, that.

COUNT FENRING

There have been so many unfortunate  
"accidents". Hmm? Makes the Emperor  
unhappy, Baron. Invites scrutiny.

BARON HARKONNEN

The only scrutiny the Emperor should  
worry about is his involvement in the  
Atreides affair.

Fenring stiffens.

COUNT FENRING

Be careful, Baron.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

BARON HARKONNEN

After all, what other House would have been willing to humiliate itself so the Emperor could rid himself of a troublesome Duke?

COUNT FENRING

He's been asking himself that very question...recently.

This stops the Baron dead in his suspended tracks.

BARON HARKONNEN

Are you suggesting the Emperor contemplates a move...against me!?

COUNT FENRING

Speculation is not a worthy science, Baron. Hmmmaaahhh, better we spend our energy on what's most important. The spice must flow! Hmmm?

And Fenring moves on. The Baron has no choice but to follow.

COUNT FENRING

I must say I've always found Harkonnen architecture rather...curious....

Not quite an insult. But certainly not a compliment.

190 INT. JESSICA'S QUARTERS...SIETCH TABR

She and Paul are sitting with Mother Ramallo and Stilgar.

STILGAR

...Harkonnen patrols are taking more risks. Coming deeper into the southern regions than ever before. Sooner or later our bribes to the Guild won't be enough to protect us.

The mood is somber. Everyone seems to know the inevitable. None want to say it, though. Finally...

STILGAR

Then it is agreed. We move with the next moons. When the Harkonnen find this place, there must be nothing left but the wind howling through the rocks.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

Mother Ramallo turns to Jessica.  
They exchange a deep, meaningful look.

Jessica takes the Reverend Mothers hands in hers.  
Nods gently. And...

MOTHER RAMALLO  
(to Stilgar)  
Summon Chani.

Stilgar nods. And he gets up to leave. Paul follows.  
Leaving Jessica alone with the older woman.

MOTHER RAMALLO  
There is no turning back now.

She leans back. Closes her eyes.  
And a long, tired sigh escapes.

191 INT. CORRIDORS.....SIETCH TABR...SERIES OF SHOTS

Mother Ramallo...assisted by Chani...leads Jessica, Paul and  
Stilgar through these dim, narrow passages. Seems they're  
going deeper and deeper into the mountain.

Their mood is subdued. One might even say...reverential.  
They finally turn a corner into...

192 INT. WORM CHAMBER

...a small, dark room. A deep pit of sand in the middle.  
Surrounded by a rocky moat of WATER. And standing there...

Two Fremen in ceremonial, hooded robes. Can't see their  
faces. They look like monks....or executioners.

Mother Ramallo and the others step out on to a balcony  
overlooking this pit. Looking down to SEE....

The sand moving! Rippling like the undercurrents of an ocean.  
Something is alive under there.

MOTHER RAMALLO  
(calling out)  
Are the watermasters ready?

The two "monks" step forward.  
Mother Ramallo nods to Chani...

...who moves off to a stone staircase and descends into the  
chamber to join the "monks".

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

Stilgar puts a gentle hand on Paul's shoulder.  
Pulls him back into the shadows to watch.  
Jessica with Mother Ramallo remain.

BELOW...Chani picks up a large, leather sack.  
Waits at the edge of the moats as...

MOTHER RAMALLO

Subdue the maker.

The "monks" move to some gates at either end of the moats.  
Turning large valves on the wall. The gates rise noisily.  
And...

The sand pit is flooded with water! Suddenly...

The creature under the sand starts to thrash.  
The water begins to churn violently until...  
The creature explodes into the air.

It's a STUNTED WORM! In a frenzy now.  
Lurching back and forth.  
Trying to escape!

But there is no escape. The water now covers the entire floor  
area. Rising higher and higher.

The worm whips itself across the pit. A hideous, gurgling  
scream rings out from it's mouth.

The "monks" step into the water. Wading slowly toward the  
worm which is rolling itself over and over in a futile,  
disoriented attempt to flee the wetness.

The "monks" approach cautiously as the worm starts to weaken.  
And finally...they pounce. Grabbing it at each end.  
Holding it down. Drowning it!

It's a fierce struggle. But the "monks" are obviously  
practiced at this. The worm doesn't have a chance. And that's  
when...

Chani leaves her perch. Steps into the water to join them.  
She wades forward carefully as...

The "monks" drag the dying, shuddering worm over to her.  
She fearlessly stands in front of them.  
Holding open the sack.

Finally...the "monks" lift the worm out of the water.  
It writhes viciously one last time as...

Chani forces the sack over the worms mouth.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

The worm spasms. A blackish BILE spills into sack.  
And then...it goes still.

Chani slips the sack off the limp worm.  
Turns to the balcony. Holds up the sack.

ON THE BALCONY...Mother Ramallo grips Jessica's arm.

MOTHER RAMALLO

May Shai-hulud have mercy on both of us.

END ACT 7

ACT 8

FADE IN:

193 EXT. HARKO CITY - NIGHT

The cacophony of celebration is everywhere. Music. Shouting.

194 OMIT

195 INT. ROYAL BATHS &amp; SPA - EVENING

Heavily armed bodyguards back away from the door as...

The Baron leads Count Fenring and Princess Irulan in to SEE...

FEYD. Across the room. Being helped out of his battle uniform by several trainers. He's covered in sweat and blood.

BARON HARKONNEN

My boy...my lovely boy...such a magnificent display...

In the distance, the arena crowd is still roaring.

BARON HARKONNEN

...listen to the people, boy. That's for you. For your magnificent courage. They adore you. Isn't that right, Count Fenring? Feyd the hero.

Fenring nods politely. But Irulan never breaks eye contact with Feyd.

BARON HARKONNEN

One hundred kills. HA! One hundred...!!!

And the distant crowd roars again. But it begins to change. It's becoming more like...

196 EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - NIGHT

FREMEN CHANTING. A great crowd of them has gathered here. Moaning in a low, unison hum. The sound is eerie. Across the sietch...

A slow PROCESSIONAL is making its way through the crowd. Fremen children. Carrying glowglobes. Leading...

CHANI...who is carrying the sack with the water of life...toward...

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

Mother Ramallo. Holding a long ceremonial staff. With Jessica. On a small stone "temple" near the Mahdi statue. Paul and Stilgar are behind them.

When Chani arrives, she joins them. And Stilgar steps forward to address the crowd.

STILGAR

When night falls again, we must leave  
this sietch that has sheltered us so  
long. We must go south. Into the deep  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

STILGAR (cont'd)  
 desert...where the demon Harkonnen will  
 not pursue us.

The chanting intensifies.

STILGAR  
 But our Reverend Mother can not survive  
 another hajra. So that we do not have to  
 make the journey without her strength and  
 guidance, Sayyadina Jessica has consented  
 to undergo the rites at this time.

The chanting seems to respond.

STILGAR  
 This is dangerous. Jessica may fail...

Paul and Jessica exchange a nervous look.

STILGAR  
 And so that we don't lose all, Chani,  
 daughter of Liet, will be consecrated as  
 Sayyadina, friend of God.

Mother Ramallo steps forward with Chani.

MOTHER RAMALLO  
 Chani has returned from her hajra. She  
 has seen the waters.

And Chani holds up that leather sack in which she caught the  
 worms convulsions. The crowd below her really stirs now.

MOTHER RAMALLO  
 I consecrate the daughter of Liet in the  
 Sayyadina.

FREMEN VOICES  
 She is accepted.

And somewhere...music starts to play.  
 Loud, dissonant music.

197 OMIT

198 INT. PASSAGEWAYS...HARKONNEN PALACE - SAME

The noise of delirium in the streets echoes down these cold  
 corridors as...

Irulan makes her way through dim pools of light to...

199 INT. ROYAL BATHS...HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

...where Feyd stands naked in a shallow pool. Being bathed in sweet oils by several young female attendants. Among them... Farrah. The spy Irulan sent here.

He stops and turns when he feels the presence of... The Princess. Standing in the doorway. Watching him.

Feyd doesn't blink. He's not embarrassed or ashamed. He turns to face her. Never taking his eyes off her as...

She comes across the room to him. Takes the jar of oils from Farrah. Begins applying it to Feyd's shoulders and chest.

Farrah and the other women slowly recede into the darkness.

And outside the noise of the convulsing city continues. Slowly transforming back into...

200 EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - NIGHT

...gentle, hypnotic Fremen chanting. The room vibrates with its warm sound.

201 EXT. BALCONY...SIETCH TABR VALLEY - SAME

Chani comes forward to Jessica who is now sitting on a small carpet across from Mother Ramallo.

CHANI

Here is the water of life. The water that will free your soul. If you are a Reverend Mother, the universe will open to you. Let Shai-hulud judge now.

And she offers the spout of the leather sack to Jessica. The chanting in the room becomes monotone, quiet.

CHANI

(whispering to Jessica)  
You must drink it now.

Jessica takes the spout in her mouth. Sips tentatively. But Chani suddenly squeezes the sack and...

A giant gush of liquid explodes into Jessica's mouth. She almost gags. But instead, she swallows it down.

And the effect is almost immediate. Intense pain!

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

PAUL

What's happening to her?

STILGAR

The waters poison...until she changes  
it.

Paul lurches toward his mother. But Stilgar holds him back.

STILGAR

The thing must take its course. There is  
nothing we can do. If she is a true  
Reverend Mother, she will survive.

ON JESSICA...gripping the carpet on which she sits.  
Her breaths are short and desperate.

The Fremen chanting is louder now. Jessica's eyes open.

Everything around her (POV) is slowing down. And a strange  
darkness descends until there is nothing, no one.

A202 EXT. DARK LIMBO

Jessica appears to be floating in space.

And then the darkness starts to change. Swirling like smoke  
around her. Punctured by tiny but blinding pinpricks of  
light. Like distant stars. Except...

They're not stars. They're not even light.  
They seem to be organic. Molecular.  
Congregating in bizarre, but fascinating patterns.

Then...in the distance...a VORTEX appears. An endless, black  
storm. Exploding within with violent flashes of light.

Jessica recoils instinctively.  
Terrified by its deafening screaming roar.  
It's coming closer...closer...

VOICE

You can not go there.

It's Mother Ramallo's voice.

MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE

That is the place we cannot look. The  
place only the Kwisatz Haderach may go...

Jessica is buffeted by the gale force.

(CONTINUED)

A202 CONTINUED:

MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE

You must turn away, Jessica, or it will drive you mad.

Jessica tries to turn away, but the force is too strong until...

Someone takes her hands. And she turns. It's Mother Ramallo. But the old woman has changed. She is young now. The way she must have been when she was Jessica's age.

YOUNG MOTHER RAMALLO

Don't be afraid. I have much to show you.

And an amazing thing happens. Their hands, their arms begin to melt together. Becoming one.

YOUNG MOTHER RAMALLO

Here is my life, Jessica of the Weirding. And the lives that have come before. They are yours now...

Jessica's eyes roll back in her head as the blending of their bodies continues.

But suddenly the Young Mother Ramallo recoils. A terrible revelation sweeps over her. Her eyes are flaring with fear.

YOUNG MOTHER RAMALLO

You're pregnant! You should have told us. Holy Mother...what have we done?

And now Jessica is afraid, too. As Young Mother Ramallo evaporates...

YOUNG MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE

This changes you both...

...another form appears before Jessica. Floating in front of her. An amorphous, translucent evanescence. Glowing from within but changing color rapidly like some agitated amoeba.

A face struggles to appear in the ephemera. Forming like a reflection in calming lake water. An ageless face. Pre-born and ancient at the same time. Staring right through Jessica. But the expression is confused, disoriented...frightened

A voice cries out somewhere. Like a frightened child.

MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE

Take her into your arms. She must see all that we see. That is the only way you can save your daughter...

(CONTINUED)

A202 CONTINUED:

Jessica is enveloped in a whirlwind of light and sound.  
Whipping around her like a vicious hurricane.

Jessica reaches out and pulls the form to her breast.  
Wrapping it protectively in her arms.

MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE

You must change the waters, Jessica.  
Change them now.

And suddenly...Jessica's body trembles and shakes.  
And she starts to glow. From the inside out.  
And that's when...

She screams. And the scream multiplies...becoming many  
voices...a million voices...crying out somewhere...becoming..

202 INT. CORRIDORS, HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

...the cries and shouts of people...yelling and shouting in  
the distance. Drunk on liquor, narcotics and frenzy.

There's a couple lurking in the shadows. Lost in carnal  
pleasure. Violent. Aggressive.

CAMERA MOVES PAST THEM TOWARD...

203 INT. ROYAL BATHS...HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

Feyd is lying on an ornate couch.  
His eyes heavy-lidded as if in a stupor.

His head in...Princess Irulan's lap.  
She is massaging his temples.

FEYD

....the plan was perfect in its  
simplicity and viciousness...

IRULAN

Of course it was. You helped your Uncle  
design it, didn't you?

CAMERA MOVES IN ON IRULAN...as Feyd drones on.

FEYD

...Duke Leto thought he was gaining  
control of Arrakis...but he was only  
being fattened up for sacrifice...

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

IRULAN

And the kill...Feyd, tell me about the  
kill.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

FEYD

Swift and merciless. The Atreides never had a chance. The Sardaukar had the palace sealed within hours.

IRULAN

(almost a whisper)

The Sardaukar...

FEYD

I sent the final communique to your father myself...

CLOSE on Irulan. Her eyes cold and hard.

SMASH CUT TO:

204 EXT. BALCONY...SIETCH TABR VALLEY - NIGHT

Chani lurches forward with the leather sacks of water. Allowing Jessica to cough and convulse into them. After a moment...

Jessica sits back. Her breathing returns to normal.

PAUL

Mother...Mother...

JESSICA

(weakly)

Yes...

And she looks over at Mother Ramallo. Motionless. Eyes closed. Not breathing.

JESSICA

Mother Ramallo is gone...  
But she remains.

Chani smiles broadly. As if somehow they all have passed through an extraordinary ordeal.

STILGAR

(to Jessica)

You have changed the waters. Now we know you can not be false.

And he nods to Chani...who offers the changed water to Paul. He hesitates. But...

STILGAR

Drink it, Muad'Dib. You delay the rites.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

Paul looks to Jessica. She smiles reassuringly as her eyes close slowly and she falls into a deep narcotic slumber.

Paul takes the spout into his mouth. Chani presses down. And a flood of the water rushes into him.

VOICES

Mah'di...Mah'di

Chani gets up. Holds up the sacks for everyone to see.

CHANI

The Reverend Mother has changed the Water of Life. It's now safe for us to drink.

She passes it down into the people. And a great roar of voices erupts.

205 INT. ROYAL BATHS...HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

Outside...the wilding continues.

Feyd is burying his face in Irulan's neck. Trying to make love to her. But...

She deftly maneuvers to keep him at bay...all the while making it seem that she's participating...

IRULAN

...and the son...and his mother...the Dukes concubine...and her son...what did you do with them...?

FEYD

(drunk on passion)

Lost. In a storm. Devoured by the desert.

IRULAN

You found their bodies? You disposed of them?

FEYD

Never found them...

IRULAN

Never found the bodies?

FEYD

Worms got them for sure...

Feyd presses himself on her more but she doesn't even know he's there. A strange revelation is sweeping across her face.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE ROOM...Farrah appears. Makes eye contact with Irulan...who encourages her with a nod and...

Farrah comes over. Slides on to the couch with them.

Feyd is surprised but delighted.  
He starts making love to Farrah, too.  
And as his head slides down her breast into her hips...

Irulan nods slightly to Farrah then silently slips away.

206 INT. CORRIDORS....HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

Irulan slips out of the baths. Straightening her clothes with a disgusted shudder. And that's when she SEES...

Fenring. Staring at her from the shadows at the end of the hall. Something unspoken passes between them before...

She vanishes into the darkness.

207 EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - DAWN

Fremen are dancing everywhere. Wild and uninhibited.  
Like Sufi dervishes. Sensual...and transcendent.

Others are coupling in various groups. Large and small.  
A consensual, communal orgy.

208 INT. PAUL'S CHAMBERS...SIETCH TABR - PRE-DAWN

Chani and Paul are lying together on the pallet of cushions and blankets. Both clearly intoxicated. But...

PAUL  
You're trembling.

CHANI  
I'm afraid.

PAUL  
Of what?

CHANI  
Of you. You...make me...see things....

PAUL  
What do you see?

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

CHANI

I see us...together...there is a great storm. I have a child in my arms. Our child, Muad'Dib. It's not a dream...

PAUL

I know you, Chani. I've always known you. We've sat on a rock above the sand, and I've eased your fears. We've caressed in the dark of the sietch. We've grown old together...

He pulls her in his arms. Kisses her tenderly.

PAUL

You are my Sihaya...my desert spring.  
You are my only peace.

And she folds herself deep within his arms. And sounds of the Fremmen orgy echo down the caverns toward them. Getting louder and louder...

SMASH CUT TO:

209 EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - DAWN

The bacchanal rages. The Fremmen are lost in delirium  
CAMERA moves through the frenzy until it FINDS...

PAUL. Standing immobile in the center of the room.  
Watching as...

A gale wind suddenly rushes through the cavern. Sweeping away the Fremmen. They simply evaporate. Like smoke by a fan.

In their place. Another tribe appears.  
Swaying and stomping in another ritual.  
But this one is violent. Warlike. Bloodthirsty.

VOICES

MUAD'DIB...  
MUAD'DIB...

And then...another wind wails...WIPING this away.  
Leaving in its place....

Bodies. Slaughtered bodies. Women weeping over dead men.  
Orphaned children crying over inanimate parents.

ON PAUL...eyes ablaze with messianic fever.  
Covered with blood. Surveying the dead as...

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PULLS BACK....farther and farther.  
Hundreds of dead. Thousands of them...  
Reflected in...

His eyes. HE JERKS forward. He's in...

210 INT. PAUL'S CHAMBERS...SIETCH TABR

Chani is there. Holding him. He's bathed in sweat.  
Shivering feverishly. Moaning in terror.

PAUL  
Jihad is coming!

She holds him close. Trying to ease his trembling.  
But his eyes are wide with terror.

END PART TWO

WRITTEN BY: JOHN HARRISON  
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