

Frank Herbert's  
Children of Dune

PART TWO  
by

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Based on the Novels:

Dune Messiah & Children of Dune  
by  
Frank Herbert

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FIRST REVISED DRAFT

## ACT 1

FADE IN

EXT. ROCKY TERRAIN SOMEWHERE - DAY

Dawn is breaking over this desolate wilderness. A landscape of red rocks thinly covered by wiry bushes and scrub thorns. Inhospitable terrain. Ominous. Suddenly...

A BOY and a GIRL come scrambling up a rocky hill. Wearing desert stillsuits and traditional, if somewhat elegant... *Fremen* robes.

They're running hard. As if...pursued.  
And as they get closer, it's obvious...

The children are TWINS. Teenagers. Maybe sixteen.  
Delicate features. Distorted now by fear.

The girl keeps looking over her shoulder.  
Straining to see whatever it is that's after them.  
Something not far behind... something that...

ROARS. A terrifying, beastly scream. Excited. Bloodthirsty.  
The boy pulls her forward, urging her to go faster. But...

A piece of her robe catches and tears on the vegetation.  
A scrap of embroidery float to the ground.  
The royal seal of HOUSE ATREIDES.

The girl looks back one more time. A fatal mistake.  
Because that's when....

SOMETHING POUNCES! Dragging her down.  
Her neck snaps instantly.

The boy gets a few steps further. But it's a futile effort.  
He is brought down in an orange blur of dust and blood.

EXT. NEARBY PLATEAU - SAME

A SARDAUKAR soldier stands alone. Smiling with professional satisfaction as he watches...

POV...two "LAZA" HUNTING TIGERS in the distance.  
Ferocious sabre toothed brutes.  
Feeding on their prey until...

He presses some commands on the communicator he's holding.  
A quiet, chime-like beeping interrupts the animals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both stop instantly. Looking up from their victims.  
Poised, alert, as if awaiting further instructions.

ON THE HORIZON...a 'thopter approaches fast.  
The Sardaukar looks up. He can SEE...

The seal of House Corrino emblazoned on its side.

INT. 'THOPTER - SAME

PRINCESS WENSICIA scans the desert below. Next to her...  
TYEKANIK, her trusted Sardaukar aide-de-camp.  
Piloting the 'thopter.

TYEKANIK

Flawless execution. It appears your  
patience is about to be rewarded,  
m'Lady.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

I've waited fifteen years for  
another opportunity to attack the  
Atreides, Tyek. Patience has been  
my only nourishment.

TYEKANIK

Our allies on Arrakis continue to  
instigate civil unrest. Alia's hold  
on power is beginning to slip,  
(looking down at the tigers)  
And now we have the means to deal  
with Muad'dib's twins. I I hope  
m'Lady is satisfied.

Her stare hardens with venomous contempt.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

I'll only be satisfied when every  
bastard Atreides is crushed beneath  
the jack-boots of a Corrino  
Sardaukar.

And she casually reaches for a small device just like the one  
the Sardaukar used in controlling the tigers.

Tyek eyes her suspiciously. But before he can object...  
She enters a commands on the communicator.

EXT. DESERT - SAME

The Sardaukar trainer is watching the tigers when he HEARS... That chime-like beeping.

IN THE DISTANCE...the tigers are instantly alert. Suddenly they leap in his direction.

The Sardaukar sees them coming. He calmly tries to override their commands with his own console. But the tigers ignore his signals. They just keep coming. Faster and faster.

The Sardaukar realizes he's been betrayed. He looks up at the 'thopter hovering some distance away. Then he bravely turns to face the onslaught. He knows it would be futile to run.

INT. 'THOPTER - SAME

Wensicia watches impassively as the tigers strike.

TYEKANIK

(appalled)

Sardaukar never reveal secrets,  
Princess.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Neither do dead men.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

The Laza tigers make short work of their trainer as...

Wensicia's 'thopter veers away toward the horizon. And that's when...

A CHOIR OF VOICES starts chattering all at once.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

The dissonant chorus continues. Strange words. Incomprehensible languages.

The atmosphere in this room is humid and dense. And in it... Faces. Dim and indistinguishable. Spectral, tortured faces. Distorted by intense emotions. And in the middle of them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA. Older now. In her early 30's. Still achingly gorgeous. But tormented by the rage of noise swirling around her. She looks utterly lost, desperately confused...until...

The face of DUNCAN IDAHO appears among the mob. But unlike these others, he is serene. Concerned, and sympathetic.

IDAHO

Alia.....

Suddenly, the turgid atmosphere evaporates. And with it, the noise. And the faces... Which dissolve to REVEAL...

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENTS/ROYAL KEEP / ARRAKEEN - DAY

Alia comes out of her trance to FIND... She is alone. All the faces are gone. All except Idaho's.

There he is. Across the room.

ALIA

Duncan....love....

She moves toward him. Almost stumbles. Clearly intoxicated. He rushes to support her. Unable to hide his frustration. As he leads her to a couch...

IDAHO

You've taken too much Spice again.

ALIA

I've opened a bottomless pit. A swarm of locusts flies up to harass me. Why can't I see it, Duncan? Why?

IDAHO

See what?

ALIA

The future. It's there, Duncan. Just out of reach. Why am I always being pulled back?

IDAHO

Perhaps you should ask yourself why it's necessary to see it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

Don't patronize me.

IDAHO

I don't patronize. I care.

ALIA

You fear! That's it, isn't it?

IDAHO

I don't want...to lose you.

For a moment, she is disarmed. By his honesty.  
By those metallic eyes boring into her.  
She can't hold the stare.

She gets up. Goes unsteadily to her balcony.  
And she stares down over the city.

The prayer chants reverberate across the Temple Plaza as...  
Thousands of pilgrims mill about waiting for blessing.  
Nearby...

Arrakeen traders and merchants work the edges of the crowd.  
Like predators feeding on a herd. And everywhere...

Qizarate Priests and Imperial soldiers.

ALIA

Why is she coming, Duncan? Why now?

IDAHO

So that's it.

ALIA

After all these years...why has my  
mother chosen to come now!?

IDAHO

Muad'dib's children are almost "of  
age". She hasn't seen them since  
they were infants...

ALIA

(impatient)

Reason for me, Duncan. Be my mentat  
for a moment, not my husband. Tell  
me what the danger is.

Idaho comes to her. He tenderly turns her face toward him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IDAHO

And if I reasoned there was no  
danger, would you accept it?

Alia stares at him a moment. Expression hardening.  
This isn't what she wants to hear. She pushes away.

ALIA

No Bene Gesserit acts without  
preordained plans, Duncan, without  
well-planned deceit. And my mother,  
for all her renowned independence,  
is still a Bene Gesserit adept.

And she stares out the balcony again. This time looking to  
the sky. As if she could see...

EXT. SPACE

...where a Guild HEIGHLINER moves into orbit above ARRAKIS.  
A strange sight. Because...

Unlike before, there are now strange white wisps forming in  
the planet's atmosphere. Cottony threads of moisture.  
Floating serenely over several regions of the desert.

VOICE

Clouds...

INT. JESSICA'S QUARTERS/HEIGHLINER

It's Lady Jessica. Staring out portals at the fabled planet  
below. Clearly unnerved by the sight.

JESSICA

Moisture in the air!

GURNEY

Seems almost a sacrilege.

He moves up behind her.

JESSICA

You sound like a Fremen.

GURNEY

I've not forgotten the years I  
spent among them...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GURNEY (cont'd)

I've not forgotten the honesty of their ways.

JESSICA

There are times I wish I'd never learned them,

(beat)

I hate this planet, Gurney. It took both men I loved.

GURNEY

And it's still a place of danger, m'Lady. The rumors of assassination plots are too numerous to ignore. Stilgar has sent word that Fremmen may even be involved.

(off her look)

Desert partisans who blame you for Paul's interference in the ecology of this planet.

JESSICA

I'm so weary of rumors, Gurney.

GURNEY

They are the life-blood of this empire, I'm afraid. Reason enough this trip should be delayed...

JESSICA

I must see my grandchildren. I must know if they are...well.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DESERT - DAWN

The sound of heavy breathing obscures all other sounds except...

The soft grinding hiss reminiscent of...a worm. And in the distance...racing across the crest of a dune...

Someone is running. Fast. And hard.

CLOSER....

It's a boy. A teenager. Maybe sixteen. Handsome. Strong. Deep blue unblinking eyes. Piercing intensity.

He's sprinting effortlessly across the sand. His lean, almost naked body gleams unnaturally in the early light. As if his skin was coated with something.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He hurdles dunes with astonishing grace. Almost gliding.  
Covering great distances with extraordinary speed.  
Until...there, in the distance...

A squat ridge of mountains cuts the horizon.  
A barren, ugly fortress. A grotesque ruin of nature.  
And very familiar.

There is screaming there. Harrowing, ghostly cries of terror  
and agony. As if the memory of some terrible slaughter were  
being carried away on the wind.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DESERT SIETCH - DAWN

The boy is here now. Moving swiftly through these excavated  
corridors and sculptured rooms that suggest a Fremen Sietch.

The place seems abandoned...except for...  
Those vaporous screams reverberating against the rocks.

IN THE DISTANCE...the dim light of a glowglobe spills into  
the hallway from some unseen room.

The boy approaches...tentatively.  
Finally turning the corner into...

INT. SANDTROUT PEN

A huge CORRAL OF SAND. Confined by sheer rock walls on all  
sides. And underneath the sand...

Something moving. Swimming.

The boy approaches cautiously. Staring down at the obscure  
creatures moving under the sand. Fascinated. Enchanted.

He dips a hand into the silica and...  
A sudden swarm of movement gathers around it.

The boy quickly withdraws his hand.  
And that's when he SEES...

A man. Across the canal. A Fremen. Meditation posture.  
Impervious to his surroundings until...

MAN

Here I am. Here I remain. A slave  
to the fate I helped make.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He finally looks up. It's PAUL! Muad'Dib.  
Just as he was years ago. *Before he was blind!*

PAUL

It's up to you now...son. The  
Golden Path. The path I couldn't  
take...

Suddenly....a squall of wind obliterates the sietch.  
Leaving only...

The boy. LETO. Paul and Chani's son.  
Except he's no longer in the caves.  
He's now at....

EXT. SIETCH TABR - DAWN

...sitting on a ledge overlooking the endless desert.  
Staring at...

A delicate, gorgeous BUTTERFLY perched on the rock in front  
of him. Posing there serenely, its wings gracefully swaying  
in an unseen breeze. An anomaly in this environment.

Leto's preternatural poise is obviously owed to his father.  
The intimidating clarity of his stare...to his mother.  
His concentration on the butterfly never flags until...

VOICE

Leto...

Suddenly the butterfly takes flight. Revealing behind it...

Leto's twin sister, GHANIMA. Watching her brother with  
affection and curiosity.

LETO

I was hoping to see a worm.

She sighs. Comes over to sit with him.

GHANI

You know they never come close  
enough to see anymore...

And they stare out across the desert. Once uninterrupted all  
the way to the horizon. Now mottled with patches of green.

GHANI

The water has driven them away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO  
Everything is changing...too fast.

GHANI  
You've had another vision, haven't you?

LETO  
(nodding)  
My skin was not my own. I was running across the desert...so fast...running and running...  
(turning to her)  
...to Jacarutu.

She stiffens. The word disturbs her for some reason.

LETO  
I saw him there. Again. Our father...

GHANI  
Are you sure it was him?

LETO  
(nodding)  
And he talked about the Golden Path.

GHANI  
It frightens me, Leto. I'm afraid of what it could mean. About you. About me...

LETO  
We are not like Alia, Ghani.

GHANI  
Are you sure?

He doesn't answer.

GHANI  
Will you tell our grandmother all this...when we see her?

LETO  
Should I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GHANI

(a beat; then)

It might be wise to understand her  
better before we allow her to  
understand us.

And Leto clearly agrees with her.

*THWOP*

*THWOP*

*THWOP*

The undeniable sound of 'thopters cuts the air.

There they are. Cresting a dune. Still some miles out.  
But approaching fast.

Leto takes Ghani's hand. She grips it tight.

GHANI

They've come for us....

LETO

...haven't they, Irulan?

And they turn to SEE HER. Behind them.  
In an entrance to the sietch.

She is clearly older now. Dressed less formally than before.  
But still elegant even in these more functional clothes.  
Still beautiful.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE DESERT - MORNING

Only an occasional patch of green interrupts the beige carpet  
below as...

An Atreides 'thopter makes its way across this endless ocean  
of dunes. A flank of escort 'thopters pursues nearby in a  
watchful, defensive formation.

INT. LEAD 'THOPTER - MORNING

Leto is at the helm. Expertly piloting the 'thopter.  
An alert Fedaykin co-pilot is next to him.  
Behind them...Irulan sits with Ghani.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRULAN

...I expect you both to be courteous and respectful. None of your sly irony or cryptic comments. She's a Bene Gesserit and she'll know if you're keeping things from her.

GHANI

Why should we keep anything from her?

LETO

Do we have anything worth keeping?

IRULAN

That's what I mean, Leto. Stilgar and I have about reached our limits with your wit...

LETO

(interrupting)  
Wormsign...

And he points to the horizon.

IRULAN

I don't see anything.

But Leto does. He veers his machine hard right. Not a word to his co-pilot or the escort 'thopters out the window.

EXT. THE DESERT - SAME

Frantic radio chatter from the other 'thopters accompanies their sudden change in course as...

They race to keep up with Leto who is now headed toward....  
WORMSIGN. Now definitely visible. Heading this way.

INT. LETO'S 'THOPTER - MORNING

Leto masterfully dives to skim the sands only a few feet from the ground. Making his Fedaykin co-pilot visibly nervous. Irulan, too.

But Ghanima is like her brother. Calm and non-chalant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEDAYKIN CO-PILOT  
 (trying to be diplomatic)  
 Perhaps a slightly higher altitude  
 would be advisable, m'Lord...

LETO  
 My father loved being this close to  
 the ground when he flew.

IRULAN  
 And, of course, you know this  
 intuitively, don't you? Just as you  
 knew how to fly...without any  
 instruction....

LETO  
 Don't forget your Bene Gesserit  
 training, stepmother. Fear is the  
 mind-killer...

GHANI  
 I'm afraid she's about to let it  
 pass through her...

Ghani lets the double entendre sink in as...  
 Irulan white knuckles her seat.

EXT. THE DESERT - MORNING

The 'thopter is so close to the ground it's kicking up  
 dervishes of sand. And...

The vibrations are drawing the worm to it.  
 On a direct intercept course. Closer and closer...

INT. THE 'THOPTER - SAME

The radio chatter is increasing in urgency.  
 Leto ignores it. He is too focused on...

The wormsign just up ahead. Slinking across the desert floor  
 like some growing scar.

LETO  
 Magnificent creature. Have we  
 forgotten....?

Suddenly...the Worm explodes out of the sand like a missile.

INT./EXT. LETO'S 'THOPTER/THE DESERT - MORNING

The escort 'thopters quickly fan out in different directions.

But instead of turning away, Leto pulls up radically.  
His 'thopter ascends. Directly over the worm.  
Which is coming straight at it...

...the gaping maw and flashing teeth of the creature coming  
up fast underneath. Closer and closer...

LETO  
Beautiful...

GHANI  
...simply beautiful.

The Fedaykin co-pilot is wide-eyed.  
Irulan is paralyzed with terror. But...  
Leto never loses concentration.  
He maintains his ascent without flinching.

Finally, the worm topples over.  
Pitching to the ground like a felled Sequoia.  
And as it dives into the sand to swim away...

LETO  
Bless the maker and his water.  
Bless his coming and his going. May  
his passing cleanse the world. May  
he keep his world for his people...

GHANI  
Bi-la kaifa.

FEDAYKIN CO-PILOT  
Bi-la kaifa.

IRULAN  
That wasn't funny.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - DAY

A convoy of Imperial SHUTTLES wends its way down the  
boulevard that leads to the...

ROYAL KEEP. Looming over the city like a colossus.

INT. HOVER CARRIAGE SHUTTLE - SAME

Leto and Ghani are sitting together. He is captivated by...  
The blur of city life outside the window. But...

Ghanima is more interested in...  
Irulan. Sitting opposite them.  
Engrossed in one of her ever-present books.

GHANI  
You're nervous, aren't you,  
stepmother?

IRULAN  
Why should I be?

GHANI  
You haven't seen her for many  
years.

IRULAN  
Your grandmother and I had...an  
unsettled relationship.

GHANI  
But you wanted her affection,  
didn't you? Her respect...

Irulan is annoyed by the intimacy of the question.  
But resigned to it.

IRULAN  
Affection wasn't possible...under  
the circumstances.  
(beat; then quietly)  
But I am due some respect...after  
all this time.

She holds Ghanima's stare. Refusing to concede her dignity.  
Leto pays no attention. Something outside has caught his eye.

ON THE STREETS (POV)...A BLIND MAN is walking among the  
crowds. A blind man being led by a Fremen youth. His clothes  
are ragged and dusty. His face is leathery and scarred.

The BLIND MAN turns. As if he can see Leto's shuttle.  
As if he can see young Leto inside...

...who instinctively backs away from the window...into the  
shadows...but never taking his eyes off the street...or the  
blind man being swallowed up in the crowd.



EXT. ROYAL KEEP....LATER - DAY

Alia is waiting as the shuttle arrives.  
Several priests are nearby. Bowing reverentially when...

Leto and Ghanima emerge from the vehicle. Irulan following.  
They greet Alia with the familiar Fremen gesture.

ALIA  
I heard about your little stunt in  
the desert.

LETO  
(mock offended)  
I'd prefer to think of it as expert  
flying.

ALIA  
(to Ghanima)  
With your encouragement, of course.

GHANI  
Our father's memories are very  
instructive...

Alia just glares at them both. Then...

ALIA  
Well, I suppose I should be  
thankful I don't have to tell your  
grandmother you were lost to a worm  
on the day she was supposed to meet  
you...

GHANI  
That would have been an unpleasant  
task, wouldn't it?

Alia exchanges a look with Irulan.  
A competitive moment of tension between them.

ALIA  
I see your stepmother has told you  
how I expect you to behave...

And she marches off toward the palace.

Ghani and Leto exchange a sly look. Which is not lost on  
Irulan who gives them both a stern frown.

INT. CORRIDORS /ROYAL KEEP....MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Leto and Ghanima accompany Alia down these quiet hallways. Except for the occasional Fedaykin bodyguard, the place is empty.

ALIA

It is rumored my mother has resumed her allegiance to the Bene Gesserit ...and you both know what the sisterhood thinks about those of us who are pre-born...

LETO

You want us to pretend to be something we're not...

ALIA

I expect you to protect yourselves. No more talk of your father's memories or his spirit or his animus, do you understand!?

GHANI

Surely one can distinguish between pre-born...

LETO

...and abomination...

ALIA

For some it's a distinction without a difference. And for us that is dangerous.

GHANI

What if she's simply coming as mother, as grandmother, not as Bene Gesserit inquisitor?

LETO

You share her memories, Alia. Her motives can't be that complex.

Alia stops dead in her tracks.

ALIA

If my mother was not complex, neither of you would be here.

The twins can't help being a little taken aback by her intensity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

She would never have betrayed her training. She would never have had a son! I would have been her first born...not your father. And none of *this*...

(waving her hand)

...would ever have happened.

Her eyes flare. The tone of her voice sinks grimly.

ALIA

I warn you! Enemies often appear as angels. I hope you two can tell the difference.

And she moves off swiftly. Leaving them in her wake. As they watch her go...

GHANI

(a whisper)

We're going to lose her.

LETO

We already have.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TEMPLE PLAZA, ARRAKEEN - DAY

A huge crowd has gathered. City Fremen. Off-world pilgrims and tourists. Merchants. The ubiquitous military, bureaucracy and of course...

Priests. Qizarate priests. Everywhere. Watching....

JESSICA'S SHUTTLE drift to a stop at the terrace steps where...

Irulan waits with Leto and Ghanima. Stilgar is with them. Surrounded by bodyguards, ministers, functionaries...and more priests. And among them...

JAVID. That desert Fremen who helped the smugglers steal a worm some years ago. A boy then. Now a man. Handsome and keen-eyed. Never taking his eyes off...

Alia. Surrounded by a cadre of AMAZONIAN BODYGUARDS. Intimidatingly beautiful and brawny women who survey the area with icy stares.

Alia stiffens noticeably as the shuttle opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jessica steps into the harsh sunlight. Followed by...  
Gurney. And a troop of Atreides soldiers. All armed.

As soon as the crowd sees her, people fall to their knees.  
A hush falls over the plaza.

Stilgar is the first to approach. Part of the protocol  
apparently. He smiles warmly for a second then...  
Kneels humbly in front of Jessica.

JESSICA

Stil, please...

She takes his hands. Pulls him up.  
The affection for each other in their eyes is obvious.

STILGAR

On the first day you came here many  
years ago, Muad'Dib told me his  
father said beauty had finally  
arrived to hold back the wilderness

A complex smile sweeps over Jessica.

STILGAR

In his honor, may I borrow your  
Duke's words today?

JESSICA

Good friend. Good friend....

STILGAR

The Imperial Regent, m'Lady.

And he steps aside now in favor of Alia.

Jessica steps forward to her daughter.  
The two women do not speak at first.  
They seem to be sizing each other up.

And Jessica seems startled.  
Almost frightened by the sight of...

Duncan Idaho. A man she saw killed in the desert.  
Now staring back at her with metallic eyes.

Jessica quickly stuffs down the anxiety.  
Reaches out to Alia..

...who tries to maintain a regal formality.  
But finally, she surges forward into Jessica's embrace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

It's been so long...

Jessica holds her daughter tightly. But...  
Her eyes are immediately drawn to...

Leto and Ghanima. Standing obediently next to Irulan.  
Curious and hesitant expressions.

Alia can sense her Mother's distraction.  
She pulls away abruptly.

ALIA

Of course, you recognize your  
grandchildren...

Jessica steps forward to them. But...

They keep her at bay with formal Fremen gestures.  
And in this public forum, she has no choice but to respond.

JESSICA

I hope we can find time to shed  
formality and finally get to know  
each other...

It's an awkward moment. No one knows quite what to say.

Alia signals with her eyes to the young Priest, Javid...  
....who quickly steps forward to the crowd...

JAVID

The mother of our Lord has returned  
to us.

And a spontaneous, unison cheer wells up from below.  
A deafening roar that sweeps through the city.  
It makes Jessica cringe noticeably.

LETO

You must offer them your blessing,  
grandmother

JESSICA

(to Alia)

You know how much I hate this  
ritual hypocrisy.

GHANI

They expect it, grandmother...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

You would have done it for Paul...

In the silence that follows, Jessica turns to survey the crowd. Noting the pilgrims, the off-worlders, the merchants. The open displays of water-wealth. The "green" everywhere.

This is not the "dusty little garrison town" she once knew. And it makes her uneasy.

There is MOVEMENT in the crowd.  
The blur of a stillsuit here.  
The swish of a desert cape there.

Jessica catches Gurney's eye. Remembers his warnings...  
"...rumors of assassination plots."  
"...Fremen may even be involved."

But Jessica remains calm. Raising her outstretched arms in ritual Fremen blessing.

JESSICA

(ancient Chakobsa language)

Lak al mithra Mua'dib. Essa lak lan  
musta al preja d'el trial-ama.

(translated)

*May the peace of Muad'Dib reside in  
the hearts of all men. And tame the  
passion of all our enemies...*

CROWD

(in unison)

Bi-la kaifa...

But suddenly...A SHOUT!

VOICE

MOTHER...

It came from the crowd. Someone in the crowd. Calling out.

VOICE

Reverend Mother...!

The crowd shuffles. The official party on the terrace stirs.

A MAN steps forward. Out of the crush below. A BLIND MAN.  
The one Leto saw out the window of his shuttle.  
Being led by a young Fremen boy to the lower steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

(to Alia)

What is this...?

But Alia remains silent. Staring at the blind man with icy eyes.

BLIND MAN

I bring you a warning. The blessings of Muad'dib have been corrupted.

Jessica looks around.  
Priests are murmuring angrily.  
Fedyakin shuffle nervously. But...

No one moves without a signal from...  
Alia. Who is seething, but doing nothing as...

BLIND MAN

The *religion* of Muad'Dib is *not* Muad'Dib. He renounces it...as he renounces...you. All of you!

And he waves a bony finger at the royal entourage.

And now Jessica can hear the whispers, the hushed awe...  
coming from the crowd....

VOICES

Muad'Dib...Muad'Dib...

BLIND MAN

(shouting to the crowd)  
Muad'Dib is dead! And sand will cover this place. Sand will cover you...

But then suddenly....

WOMAN

(screaming)

ASSASSIN!!!!!!

SHOTS ring out. Fremmen maula pistols from the sound of it.  
Loud ricochets "ping" off the steps and walls.

Gurney grabs Jessica. Drags her down.  
Idaho does the same with Alia.  
Yanking her under cover as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fedaykin bodyguards surround Leto and Ghanima.  
Imperial soldiers leap down the steps of the terrace.

More shots. Now there is screaming everywhere.  
People are falling. People are running.

JESSICA

Take them alive!!!! Alive.....

Chaos and pandemonium. A virtual stampede erupts as the  
terrified crowd flees helter-skelter in all directions.

Jessica frees herself from Gurney's grasp to stare down at  
the riot. But what she's looking for is gone.

The Blind Man has vanished.

EXT. CITY STREETS....SERIES OF SHOTS

Several men are running for their lives.

A couple look like desert Fremen.  
The others look like city dwellers.

A mob of pilgrims chases one into an alley.  
There is no escape. The crowd moves in.  
Starts to beat him unmercifully until...

Fedaykin troops arrive to back off the mob and arrest him.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SAME

Another desperate fugitive flees into...

INT. SMALL CAFE/STORE

The owner and his wife are terrified.

FUGITIVE

GET OUT! GET OUT!!!

They do. Out the door. Just as...

Fedaykin troops move in from several directions.  
The fugitive can see them out the window.  
There is no escape.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He pulls a small canister from his pocket.  
Presses it against his chest.  
Throws back his head and...

FUGITIVE  
(screaming)  
JACARUTU!!!!!!!!!!

EXT. THE STREET

The cafe/store suddenly explodes in a giant fireball.  
Several Fedaykin are blown away.

The others are driven to the ground as....

EXT. THE CITY (POV FROM SHIELD WALL) - DAY

Smoke rises from the neighborhood like an angry snake. The  
sounds of screaming and shouting and sirens follow into the  
air as...

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT 1

## ACT 2

FADE IN

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS....LATER - DAY

Jessica, Gurney and her servants are hurried down these hallways by Fedaykin bodyguards. Stilgar is with them.

So is Javid. That young Qizarate priest.

JESSICA

...I heard the voices...in the crowd. Calling out. Calling out Muad'dib....

STILGAR

No one knows where he comes from or what his motives are. He simply calls himself the Preacher.

JAVID

Just another psychotic pilgrim, Reverend Mother. Don't trouble yourself with the likes of him.

INT. PRIVATE QUARTERS /ROYAL KEEP - DAY

Stilgar and the servants bring Jessica and Gurney in. As the servants scurry about with baggage...

JAVID

We want you to be as comfortable as possible. Please let us know if we can do anything for you...

Jessica manages a courteous smile. The fawning priest bows formally and curtly signals to the servants who hurry out of the room after him.

JESSICA

(to Stilgar)

People think he's Paul, don't they, Stil? This Preacher...

Stilgar is obviously made nervous by the question.

STILGAR

Some do. Some...need to.

JESSICA

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILGAR

His kind are blown in from the desert every day. Messianic vagabonds...

JESSICA

And is it customary for my daughter and her Qizarate priests to tolerate such outright heresy?

STILGAR

Her priests would like to flay him alive for the heresy he spews. But she won't allow it. She says he's harmless.

JESSICA

It's because she thinks it might be true. Isn't it?

A beat. Then...

STILGAR

I wouldn't presume to know what's in the Regent's mind.

Jessica clearly isn't satisfied with this evasion.

GURNEY

Paul's gone, m'Lady. He walked into the desert, blind, alone.

STILGAR

Shai-Hulud came for him. He is gone.

And Jessica finally nods sadly.

STILGAR

I want to supervise the interrogation of the ones we took in the streets...

As he starts to leave...

JESSICA

I'd like Gurney to go with you. If that's agreeable...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILGAR

It would be my honor. It's too long since I've had the advantage of Gurney Halleck's advice.

And the two men go off. Glad to be together again. Allowing Jessica to...

...notice the room for the first time. Relatively empty. Simple furnishings. More like the private quarters in a desert sietch than the apartments of a royal palace.

She moves about the room slowly. Quietly. Drinking it in. Until she finds...

A small green necklace. In a small jewel box. Chani's necklace. The one the old Reverend Mother used to christen her as Sayadina at Sietch Tabr. The one Chani gave to Paul.

And Jessica recognizes it instantly. Her hand closes tightly around it. Holding it to her heart. A wave of emotion sweeps over her.

Jessica takes a deep breath. Trying to calm her nerves. And that's when...

LETO

This was their room.

He's in the doorway. With Ghani. Silhouetted against the light from the hall.

GHANI

Alia kept it exactly as they did.

For a moment, Jessica is too startled and nervous to say speak.

LETO

We used to play here when we were little...

GHANI

...it made us feel close to them.

And the two of them come toward her.

GHANI

For a moment, you almost imagined that's who we were...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO

...didn't you? You almost let  
yourself believe we were Father and  
Mother.

Jessica smiles inscrutably.

JESSICA

It was not an unpleasant moment.

She sits in one of the chairs. Beckoning to them.

JESSICA

Come. Let me see you better.

They come to her. Allowing her to touch them each.  
A soft caress of a cheek. A gentle clasp of a hand.

JESSICA

I've missed so much...

Jessica is flooded with emotions...which she struggles to  
control. And the twins realize it.

LETO

You've never been far from us,  
Grandmother...

GHANI

Your presence is always strong  
within us both...

Jessica's expression darkens slightly as she studies them.  
She's scrutinizing. Analyzing. And...

They know it. Yet, neither Leto or Ghani withdraw.  
They simply smile warmly. Openly. Unafraid. Until...

ALIA'S VOICE

I thought we agreed to let her rest  
first...

There she is. Coming across the room toward them.

JESSICA

Nonsense. Seeing my grandchildren  
is all the rest I need.

But Alia fumes. This is not the way she wanted things to go.  
And the twins sense it immediately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO

There will be time enough for our  
reunion, grandmother.

GHANI

Now's the time for you and your  
daughter.

For a moment, they remain there with Jessica.  
Holding her hands...and her stare. Until finally...

They break off with Fremen gestures.

Jessica studies Alia who glares at the twins as they leave.  
When they're gone...

JESSICA

They are...complicated...

ALIA

What did you expect? They are  
Muad'dib's children.

JESSICA

And he would be proud. You've done  
well.

For a split second, Alia's tension evaporates.  
She allows a small smile to pull at her lips.

JESSICA

You're looking wonderful, darling.

She comes closer to Alia. Clearly inviting intimacy. But...

ALIA

I do my best. The people expect it.

Her tone is proper again. Formal.  
Jessica holds back.

INT. TERRACE/PALACE KEEP - DAY

Overlooking the Grand Reception Hall...  
...which is *immense*.

Great gashes of sunlight stream in from narrow windows  
hundreds of yards long that rim a vaulted ceiling almost too  
high to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The human bureaucrats, guards, priests and servants below are dwarfed by the size of the place. Mere ants creating intricate patterns of movement back and forth across...

...a seemingly limitless marbled floor of intricate design and artistry that vanishes into the dim, almost ephemeral perimeters of the hall.

CAMERA FINDS...Jessica. Walking with Alia along the terrace hundreds of feet above the hall.

JESSICA

The reclamation proceeds, I see.

ALIA

Paul used to say the only permanence is change.

JESSICA

I wasn't prepared for how fast the desert is retreating.

ALIA

Only the great Mother wilderness of the south remains untouched. We still meet with some resistance...

JESSICA

As I've noticed...

ALIA

Some of the older Naibs have withdrawn from our counsel. Taken their tribes to the far regions,  
(beat)  
We're better off without them.

JESSICA

Though some remain to attack you directly...

ALIA

We know how to deal with our enemies.

Implacable words. Grim tone. Betrayed, however, by her tentative eyes.

The few servants up here bow deferentially, averting their gaze as Jessica and Alia pass. It makes Jessica visibly uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

It must be so hard for you...the  
responsibility...the loneliness...

ALIA

What can you know of loneliness?

JESSICA

(after a beat)

I've had my share.

Alia stops. Turns to her mother. Her stare hardens.

ALIA

Is that why you've finally returned  
then? Because you're lonely?

JESSICA

I came to see my grandchildren. To  
see you.

ALIA

Don't try to conceal anything from  
me, Mother. I can read truth in the  
slightest tick of human behavior.  
This was your "gift" to me.  
Remember? It's in my blood. In my  
blood before I was even  
born...thanks to you.

JESSICA

Alia...

ALIA

Don't interrupt! I am the Regent of  
this Empire. I rule in Paul's name  
for his children. I am the supreme  
authority here...

Jessica is startled by this abrupt display of temper.  
She notices...

Servants are scurrying away. Pretending to be busy. But  
really removing themselves from a scene they should not  
witness.

And Alia instantly realizes the line she's just crossed.  
For a moment, her facade of strength cracks.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ALIA

You abandoned me, Mother. Left me here... alone...to fend for myself after Paul died. I was only fifteen. Fifteen!

JESSICA

You had Stilgar. Duncan. The Council of Naibs. No one could challenge you.

(beat)

You knew how I felt about this place...

ALIA

And yet here you are. After all these years. To judge me.

JESSICA

Not to judge. To observe.

ALIA

By observing you judge. Just like that wicked Bene Gesserit bitch who taught you. We were right to kill her. Abomination. That's what she called me...

Something frantic is now lurking behind her eyes.

JESSICA

I can't undo the past...

ALIA

But I can influence the future. Paul taught me that well enough.

JESSICA

Be careful, Alia, please...

ALIA

That's what you're afraid of, isn't it? You're afraid I have his power...his vision...

And she masks her insecurity with a haughty smile.

But Jessica sees right through it. She comes over. Takes her daughter's face in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

No, darling. I'm afraid...you'll  
get lost trying to achieve it.

She has touched her daughter's greatest fear.  
And Alia trembles...with anger, with frustration.

ALIA

I love you...  
(beat)  
I hate you...  
(beat)  
I'll never forgive you.

And she turns her back on her mother.  
Leaving her mother there alone...

...to watch Alia as she goes. Measuring the emotional  
distance that clearly separates them. Forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - EVENING

A carnival of fanatic pilgrims, curious "tourists",  
dislocated desert Fremmen, and the merchants who prey on all  
of them.

Ill-fitting faux stillsuits are the fashion. Water waste is  
everywhere.

Obsession with fortune-tellers and oracles is rampant.  
There are kiosks and storefronts devoted to nothing else.

MERCHANTS

(series of shots)  
I have vials of water from the  
reservoirs of Sietch Tabr...  
guaranteed...

My hawks can bring your prayers to  
heaven...

This cloth was touched by Muad'Dib  
himself...

But the cries of Muezzins from the towers of the Temple  
Palace are stark reminders that this is still a society  
governed by severe tradition and despotic ritual.

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA - EVENING

Pilgrims crowd into this massive square bordered by the colossal Palace Keep and Alia's intimidating Temple of the Faithful.

Priests line the stairs of the Temple.  
Accepting alms and penances.  
Offering benedictions.

VOICE  
BLASPHEMERS...!

A hush falls over the plaza. In the crush of dusty, sweating humanity...

That blind mystic, the Preacher, and his young Fremen guide make their way up the Temple steps. Ignoring or unaware of the occasional whisper...

VOICES  
Muad'Dib...

...or the reverential touch from some unfamiliar passerby.

PREACHER  
IDOLATORS! You fool yourselves with images of things you can't possibly understand. You cripple yourselves before these...  
(pointing at the priests)  
...toads of ritual and ceremony, addicted to their own holiness.

The crowd stirs. The priests seethe.  
But no one makes a move against the Preacher.

PREACHER  
They give you only fear. And in return you give them obedience. But I give you...a warning.

IN THE CROWD...DUNCAN IDAHO.  
Stillsuit and robe hiding his identity.  
Gently slipping forward. Closer to the steps.  
Closer to a good view of the Preacher.

PREACHER  
Those who accept self-deception shall perish by that deception...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now he turns. Looks in the direction of Idaho.  
As if he could see him. As if he recognized him.

PREACHER

And those who pray for dew at the  
desert's edge shall bring forth the  
deluge....

VOICE

Damn him...

And suddenly...CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL....  
ALIA. She's now on...

INT./EXT. BALCONY, ROYAL APARTMENTS - SAME

...high above the crowds below that are now parting like a  
river around a dam as the Preacher is led out of the Plaza.

ALIA

Damn him...damn him...

Alia is visibly outraged. And her anger makes her vulnerable  
again to that haunting choir of...

Voices in her head. Speaking all at once.  
Unfamiliar languages. Incomprehensible words.  
A chaos of noise that's driving her mad.

Her head pounds. She stumbles back into her apartment.

Pressing her fingers into her skull in a futile attempt to  
relieve the pain. The only thing that stops it is...

JAVID

M'Lady...

He's there gently touching her arm.  
Speaking softly. Tenderly....

JAVID

Don't torture yourself. He is mad.  
A mere thunderclap in the night.  
Startling for a moment, then gone.  
Come back to the balcony...  
come...let me show you who is the  
real storm...come...

And he urges her back to the balcony.  
And as they step into the light...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A unison murmur becomes a unison gasp becomes a unison cry of ecstasy...

CROWD

Alia...Alia...Alia....

JAVID

You see?

And Alia is rejuvenated. She swells with renewed confidence. Her breathing quickens. Almost as if...she was becoming sexually aroused.

The voices of the crowd drive out the demons of her mind. And she raises her arms in blessing.

And then...Javid takes her by the arm. Aides her back into the apartment.

ALIA

You always know the right thing to do, don't you?

JAVID

I can't bear to see you suffer.

ALIA

Then if I asked you to kill him, would you?

JAVID

I wouldn't hesitate. But...I would advise against it.

She bores into him with those intense eyes of hers.

JAVID

I'd say it's not time to move against the Preacher yet. Let him gain some currency. Let our enemies rally to his ideas. The man has flaws. When the time is right, they can be used to discredit him. Better he is disgraced than martyred.

Alia studies her young acolyte approvingly. And she reaches out to stroke his cheek tenderly.

ALIA

You are always good medicine for my distress, Javid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAVID

Whatever the cause of that  
distress, M'Lady.

There is a compassion in his voice that hints of a deeper  
relationship between these two than would seem appropriate.

She leans in. Kisses him sweetly on the lips.  
He doesn't back away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDORS/PALACE KEEP....LATER - EVENING

Idaho is returning from his reconnaissance on the streets.  
Shedding his robe and stillsuit hood as he comes.  
But he is slowed by sounds coming from...

The apartments at the end of the hall.  
Where a door is slightly ajar.

It sounds like crying...or moaning.

Idaho approaches silently. Expression darkening as he gently  
inches back the door to SEE...

Alia. And Javid. On the bed across the room. Wrapped in each  
other's naked embrace. Oblivious in their frenzied passion.

INT. ROYAL APARTMENTS - SAME

At the climax of her ecstasy...Alia looms over Javid like a  
predatory bird. Her pants are low, hoarse, almost dissociated  
from her self.

ALIA

Such a beautiful boy...

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT 2

## ACT 3

FADE IN

EXT. WORM CORRAL/SALUSA SECUNDUS - DAY

An adolescent WORM swims just below the surface of these acres of sand. Leaving its wake as it goes. But it's a lethargic, aimless pattern. Pitiful to watch.

Which is what PRINCE FARAD'N is doing now. Making notes in a small book or diary. By the canals of water which define the worm's "cage".

FARAD'N

Like the desperate pacing of giant cats in the zoos of ancient times.

His mother's aid-de-camp, the Sardaukar Tyekanik, is with him.

TYEKANIK

I wouldn't know. I'm not the scholar you are, young Prince.

FARAD'N

Back and forth. Back and forth...  
until they made themselves sick.  
Just like this worm...

(beat)

Just like my mother...with her  
futile schemes to regain power for  
House Corrino.

Farad'n is eighteen now. Leaner and clearly stronger than the fleshy boy who couldn't/wouldn't excel in Sardaukar training.

But his eyes still betray a sensitivity, an introspection that marks him for an intellectual, not a killer.

TYEKANIK

Your mother is... an ambitious woman, my Prince.

FARAD'N

Her ambitions tend to be undisturbed by reality, I'm afraid.

TYEKANIK

You don't share her desire to reclaim your grandfather's throne for yourself?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARAD'N

Only a fool covets power without  
appreciating its delicate uses...or  
fearing it's inherent perils.

Tyekanik levels his young Prince with an admiring stare.

TYEKANIK

I remember enough of my history to  
recall a similar remark...made by  
an ancient philosopher named  
Machiavelli...

FARAD'N

The world of Shaddam IV remains  
only in the texts of crumbling  
history books. We hate the Empire  
that defeated it, but we have no  
idea what we'd like in its place.

TYEKANIK

The kind of society we once had, I  
assume.

FARAD'N

My mother may believe that's  
possible, Tyek. But anyone who has  
read Machiavelli can't deceive  
himself with such nonsense.

And he makes more notes as he watches the worm grind its way  
haphazardly. Back and forth. Back and forth.

INT. GREENHOUSE.....ROYAL KEEP/ARRAKEEN - EVENING

This is the place Jessica discovered the first day she  
arrived at the Palace with Paul so many years ago. Then, it  
was perhaps the only oasis of green on the entire planet.

Jessica is here. Meditating over the still-glorious profusion  
of exotic plants and flowers. Overwhelmed by the scents that  
soak the atmosphere...by the memories that flood her mind.

And then...IRULAN appears in the doorway.

IRULAN

Reverend Mother.

Jessica turn's. Extends a hand to greet her "daughter-in-law"  
as Irulan glides elegantly into the room.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

IRULAN

They told me I might find you here.

JESSICA

(looking around)

I was afraid it would be gone.

IRULAN

Paul...

(beat; then correcting herself)

...Muad'Dib would never have permitted that. He said your promise to the old housekeeper, Mapes, would never be broken.

JESSICA

Seems a little silly now, though, doesn't it? Considering the changes everywhere...

IRULAN

People don't visit like they used to. Still, it remains a symbol.

JESSICA

Symbolism is everywhere these days. Just like these weeds...

She turns back to Irulan.

JESSICA

I am truly happy to see you, Irulan. Your devotion to my grandchildren has been a comfort to me.

IRULAN

They are the source of my happiness...

JESSICA

And occasionally your exasperation, I hear.

IRULAN

They are...strong willed.

JESSICA

As I would have expected. Considering...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRULAN

And what else do you expect,  
Reverend Mother? *Considering...*

And the two women lock eyes. A moment of mutual scrutiny.

IRULAN

I am...was a Bene Gesserit. Trained  
just as you were. I know plots  
within plots, feints within feints.  
I suspect the sisterhood has never  
lost interest in the children's  
bloodlines...

(beat)

...although they would never  
confide as much to a defector like  
me.

JESSICA

Isn't it ironic, Irulan? We are  
both Bene Gesserits who deserted  
our sisterhood for the same reason.  
Love. Love of men...who are now  
dead.

Irulan has to steel herself against the emotions Jessica is  
causing. Feelings for Paul...

IRULAN

I did love your son, Jessica.  
Although he never loved me. I would  
have made him a good wife. Instead,  
I've satisfied myself being a good  
teacher to his children...and  
friend.

JESSICA

And I have come to respect you for  
that.

IRULAN

I warn you...nothing...nothing will  
ever harm them...as long as I can  
prevent it. Do you understand?

And Jessica nods.

LETO'S VOICE

Maybe it'd be better if I never  
became Emperor...

CUT TO:

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENTS/PALACE KEEP - DAY

He is sitting lotus-position across from...

Jessica. Stiff and formal in her high backed chair.  
Clearly uncomfortable.

LETO

I'm being selfish, I know. But I  
think it's necessary for me...and  
Ghani...to have the freedom to  
learn how to live with what we are.

JESSICA

And what are you, Leto, that you  
need this time to learn about  
yourself?

LETO

Why don't you tell me?

Jessica studies him. Refusing to be baited.

LETO

Isn't that why you're here?

JESSICA

You remind me of your father.

LETO

And...my grandfather? My namesake.  
Your beloved Duke..."

Jessica hesitates. Now it's Leto's turn to study her.

LETO

Such an admission would be  
complicated, wouldn't it? We might  
have to enter a realm of intimacies  
that would make us both  
uncomfortable...

JESSICA

In a way I find it reassuring. That  
he lives on in you.

LETO

(almost to himself)  
How little you understand how he  
lives on in me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

*Is that what you're struggling  
with?*

She's using the VOICE. The arcane Bene Gesserit method of control and manipulation using overtones and vibrations. In this case subtle and discreet. Just enough to be effective. But Leto recognizes it for what it is, of course.

LETO

To know the future is to become trapped by it, Grandmother. My father knew it, but he couldn't escape it. I want more freedom than that. A universe of surprises... that's what I pray for.

JESSICA

Is such a universe possible? For someone like you?

LETO

Possible?  
(beat)  
Yes. But is it desirable?

Leto's stare turns inward.

LETO

I have a difficult decision to make, Grandmother. Do I accept the Atreides mystique? Do I dress myself in our myths, live for my subjects...die for them...?  
(beat)  
Or do I take another path. A Golden Path...that might change me...  
(beat)  
...that might change human destiny. Forever.

JESSICA

I don't understand.

LETO

I know you don't. Because you don't understand time.

JESSICA

I can help you, Leto.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO

On the *contrary*, Grandmother.

And now...he uses the VOICE! Sophisticated. Practiced.

LETO

*It is I who will help you.*

Jessica is impressed...and a little frightened by his skill.

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS - SAME

Outside Jessica's quarters.

CAMERA FINDS...Alia. In the shadows near the door. Listening to the soft voices of Jessica and Leto on the other side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE TWINS' ROOMS/PALACE KEEP - NIGHT

Alia is glaring at Leto and Ghanima who are calmly playing a version of the old game of chess. Ignoring Alia...much to her growing anger.

ALIA

I want to know what she said. I want to know what she expects.

LETO

I don't think she knows for sure.

A blindingly fast pace on the chessboard. Pieces are being moved seemingly without any thought.

ALIA

You're being coy.

GHANIMA

If you want to know how coy he is, play this game with him

Move. Countermove. Move. Countermove. And yet not one piece is taken. It's like they can read each other's mind.

ALIA

This is not a game!

The twins finally look up from the chess set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

We must work together...

GHANIMA

We?

ALIA

Otherwise we are vulnerable...

LETO

To what?

ALIA

To the forces conspiring against us. Powerful forces that want to destroy House Atreides.

LETO

Grandmother is Atreides.

ALIA

She is Bene Gesserit! And we, have to work together to divine their schemes...

GHANIMA

You want us to engage in the Spice Trance.

Leto slams a piece down. As if the idea alarmed him.

ALIA

Don't turn your backs on your heritage. Your father was the greatest man in history. He gave you wonderful talents. They could be put to great use. Why won't you use them?

Leto turns to his Aunt. Nails her with a hard stare.

LETO

You just want us to see things you can not, isn't that it?

Alia lowers her tone of voice. Trying to be reassuring. Trying to be persuasive.

ALIA

There is nothing to fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO  
Isn't there?

And he nails her with a hard stare.

GHANIMA  
Other lives hover in the enigma of  
our consciousness, Alia. Shared  
lives. It is the curse of all pre-  
born...

LETO  
They are the real danger. Not our  
Grandmother...  
(beat)  
...you should know that better than  
most.

Alia stiffens with rage she can no longer control.

ALIA  
One day each of you will come face  
to face with the horror of your own  
existence. One day you will cry out  
for help. One day each of you will  
find yourself...alone...

But it's Alia who sounds like she's crying out for help.  
The twins' expressions can't conceal their compassion.  
But they don't respond.

Alia storms out of the room.

GHANIMA  
What if she's is right?

Leto doesn't answer. He makes a game-move instead.

LETO  
Check.

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENTS....LATER - NIGHT

She is leaning against the window sill. Pale and weak.  
Forcefully gripping the sill as...

The rage of noise in her mind torments her.  
That CHORUS OF VOICES. All talking all at once.

Her head pounds as tries to stifle the mental chaos with deep  
breaths and low moans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA  
Please....please....

But nothing works. She staggers back into the room.  
Into...

A swirl of faces. Floating in the atmosphere around her.  
Spectral, tortured faces. Dim and unrecognizable.  
Confronting her with strange words.  
Incomprehensible languages. Until...

Laughter suddenly cuts through the noise.  
Basso profunda laughter. Distant at first...  
But getting louder and louder. Closer and closer.

The other voices become agitated.  
Their pleading more frantic.  
But the laughter gets louder.

It starts to dominate the other voices.  
Overpowering them with its vehemence, its intensity.

And there...in the murkiness, a figure forms.  
A swirling red cyclone. Forging itself in the spectral mists.  
Becoming more distinct as the laughter gets closer. And  
then...

VOICE  
Out! Get out! All of you...OUT!

And now the other voices fade. Dissolving into a howl of wind  
that sweeps through the room.

And his laughter rocks the room. Familiar laughter.  
A familiar voice.

VOICE  
So, granddaughter, you finally meet  
the spiritual gom jabbar.

And Alia stares in horror at that reddish storm forming in  
front of her. Becoming corporeal. Becoming...a face. A man.

The BARON HARKONNEN.

END ACT 3



## ACT 4

FADE IN

EXT. IMPERIAL PLAZA - NIGHT

Empty except for a few fanatics prostrating themselves in front of the Temple. Lost in their messianic delirium.

The Imperial guards posted at strategic points ignore them.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENTS /ROYAL KEEP - NIGHT

She is listening patiently as Gurney paces across the room. Stilgar sits nearby. Inscrutable as ever.

GURNEY

It was meant to look like rebel  
Fremen. Tribes harboring resentment  
toward the Atreides and the changes  
to Arrakis.

STILGAR

But I don't believe it.

JESSICA

Why?

Gurney and Stilgar exchange a nervous look.

STILGAR

During interrogation, the ones we  
captured cried out the name...  
*Jacarutu...*

Jessica startles.

STILGAR

...and then died.

JESSICA

(to Stilgar; shocked)  
You tortured them!?

GURNEY

Post hypnotic suicide compulsion,  
m'Lady. The sound of the word  
itself. It simply stopped their  
hearts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Leto and I heard rumors of Jacarutu Sietch when we first came here. We could never find out if the place actually existed.

STILGAR

The name Jacarutu is a synonym for evil, Jessica. The Iduali tribe came from there.

And as he talks...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DESERT

Someone is running. Fast. And hard. The sound of heavy breathing obscures all other sounds except...

The soft grinding hiss reminiscent of...a worm.

STILGAR'S VOICE

They were water stealers. The most heinous criminals under Fremen law. "The first and greatest sin"....

Dunes are hurdled with astonishing grace. Distant rock formations are approached and passed with unnatural speed until...there, in the distance...

A squat ridge of mountains. Sitting alone in the desolation. A barren, ugly fortress. A grotesque ruin of nature.

*This is the same place Leto has seen in his vision.*

STILGAR'S VOICE

The other Fremen tribes finally banded together to make war on Jacarutu.

There is screaming in the mountains. Harrowing, ghostly cries of terror and agony. As if the memory of some terrible slaughter were being carried away on the wind.

STILGAR'S VOICE

The Iduali were slaughtered. Their water spread upon the sands. Their sietch was declared taboo. No Fremen is allowed to look for it.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENTS - NIGHT

She is listening with rapt attention to Stilgar's tale.

STILGAR

But legend persists that not all the Iduali were wiped out. That some escaped...to become known as the Cast Out.

JESSICA

And you think these... "cast out" might have been responsible for what happened the other day?

STILGAR

The possibility makes my blood run cold.

GURNEY

If the Cast Out exist, they would surely camouflage themselves as something else.

STILGAR

We would not permit them to live if we knew.

JESSICA

Gurney, contact your old smuggler allies. The ones in the deep desert. See what they" know of Jacarutu...and the Cast Out.

And she moves off to the windows.

JESSICA

If such a people still exist, they could turn out to be our greatest threat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARRAKEEN CITY (FROM SHIELD WALL MOUNTAIN) - NIGHT

The white noise of the metropolis is punctuated by...  
Evening prayer chimes ringing out from the temple.

INT. DIRTY APARTMENT - SAME

Barren and unkempt. Somewhere deep in the city's interior. Several men are in hushed conversation as they share a meager meal of bread and fruit. Among them...

MURIZ. Looks like a smuggler.

NAMRI. A desert Fremmen. Wild-eyed and intense.

NAMRI

The Atreides' man, Halleck, is being sent to the desert to ask questions. Sooner or later he will encounter someone who can be bought...

MURIZ

Then we must make sure he buys the right answers.

And that's when CAMERA FINDS....

TARIQ. The young Fremmen escort to the one they call The Preacher. Sitting next to...

JAVID! Alia's priest acolyte lover.

JAVID

Alia's paranoia grows stronger by the day. In her madness, she sees enemies everywhere. And her only solution is more and more repression.

MURIZ

Exactly as we want. The more terror we sow, the more fear and confusion we harvest. The more severe Alia reacts, the more Fremmen she drives into the South, and the sooner they will openly rebel.

TARIQ

And now all the Atreides are on Arrakis...

NAMRI

All the water in one cistern...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARIQ

(to Muriz)

What shall I do with the blind  
fool, Father?

And he nods towards another room of the house.

MURIZ

He can still be useful. Take him  
into the desert until we need his  
"sermons" again.

A menacing chuckle escapes Muriz as he smiles at Namri who  
nods agreement.

MURIZ

Out of chaos comes civil war.  
Fremen and Atreides destroying each  
other.

NAMRI

The water of our enemies will feed  
our revenge...

MURIZ

...our suffering will be repaid a  
thousand fold...

Muriz puts his hand into the center of the group.  
Each of the men clasps it in ritual fashion.

MURIZ

Jacarutu...

ALL

Jacarutu...

And CAMERA MOVES AWAY TO...

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - SAME

...where a lone figure sits meditating. It is the PREACHER.  
And he seems oblivious to the conspiracies in the next room.  
Because beyond those sightless, black holes that were eyes...

A desert storm rages...

EXT. THE DESERT - DAWN

...a deafening tornado of wind and sand.  
Racing across the dunes with enormous speed.

Coming faster and faster but suddenly...  
Changing. Transforming. Becoming...

A delicate, gorgeous BUTTERFLY.  
Landing on a rock in front of...

Leto. Who is sitting with Stilgar.  
On a ledge of a small mountain.

The Shield Wall surrounding Arrakis is a just a black blur to  
the East. The wind-kicked desert is spread out endlessly to  
the West.

Neither one of them speaks for a moment.  
Leto seems transfixed by...

...that delicate butterfly, resting there so peacefully,  
wings gracefully swaying in an unseen breeze...until...

STILGAR

(re the butterfly)

It comes as if you summoned it.

Leto's reverie is interrupted. He turns to his mentor.  
Studies him with an expression wiser than his years.

LETO

*It summoned me, Stil.*

STILGAR

Then may I ask why? We risked a  
sand crossing at night. Without  
bodyguards...

LETO

Come, Stil...how often do you ride  
the sands any more...when you want,  
where you want, calling a worm  
instead of travelling with a flock  
of 'thopters. How often do you just  
arm the thumper... and go? Like the  
Fremen you used to be...

STILGAR

Used to be?

A silence descends. Leto turns back to the butterfly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO

In many corners of the universe this delicate thing is considered a wondrous beauty. But here, it's a symbol of the corruption infecting Arrakis. It wouldn't exist but for the changes we're forcing onto this place.

STILGAR

Changes inspired by your father...

LETO

That's the official Stilgar speaking. The government Stilgar. The Fremen Stilgar is still repulsed by this alien life, isn't he?

Stilgar doesn't answer.

LETO

I have a serious problem, Stil.

STILGAR

So I've gathered.

LETO

The trouble with me is the trouble with this place,  
(beat)  
My father left so many things undone...

STILGAR

I don't understand.

LETO

A good ruler doesn't need to be a prophet, Stil. Not even god-like. A good ruler needs to be sensitive ...to the ones he rules.

STILGAR

The ancient meaning of our Fremen word Naib is "servant of the Sietch".

Leto unsheathes his crysknife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO

The crysknife dissolves when the owner dies...

STILGAR

It is our legend.

LETO

Muad'dib has dissolved. But his crysknife has not...

Stilgar is not sure where Leto is going with this.

LETO

A new path must be taken, Stil. A path that may require me to demystify my own father, to destroy his legacy.

Stilgar stiffens. With confusion. With anger.

STILGAR

These are not sentiments I'd share with your aunt or her priests, young lord.

Leto turns to Stil. Eyes burning with an intensity that makes even this calloused Fremen nervous.

LETO

Beware Alia, Stil. She is no longer your friend.

And that's when the butterfly suddenly leaps from the rocks, flying straight up into the air. Up and up until it's invisible.

LETO

You must promise to protect Ghanima. If anything should happen to me, anything, my sister will be your only hope.

Stilgar is deeply disturbed by Leto's remarks.

INT. IRULAN'S APARTMENTS/ROYAL KEEP - DAY

One of the servants is holding up what looks like a Fremen tunic. A plain cloth shirt of simple tailoring. But...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

There is something familiar about it. Something about the ornamental embroidery that makes it unique. Not unlike...

...the shirts those children were wearing on Salusa Secundus the day they were killed by Princess Wencesia's tigers!

IRULAN

I don't like it.

She approaches from across the room. Fingers the tunic's material as the servant holds it.

IRULAN

Why would the Corrino family send gifts to Muad'Dib's children?

IDAHO

An attempt to curry favor with the future Emperor and his sister...

He is with another servant who is holding some Fremen robes. More gifts.

IRULAN

You don't believe that any more than I do, Duncan.

And Idaho doesn't pursue it.

IRULAN

Nothing is ever as it appears with my sister. Even an innocent gift of clothing can be dangerous.

(to the servant)

I want these examined thoroughly and a report brought back to me before they are given to the children. Is that understood?

The servants nod and hurry out of the room with the clothing. Irulan can feel the hot intensity of Idaho's stare. But she doesn't turn to him.

IRULAN

I can feel your suspicion, Duncan. You're wondering if there is something more complex in my motives, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IDAHO

The history of what brought a  
Corrino Princess into the Atreides  
family is not easily forgotten,  
m'Lady.

IRULAN

Plans within plans, is that it,  
Mentat? You doubt my allegiance to  
this family.

IDAHO

Allegiances...once changed, can  
change again.

IRULAN

If I were you, I would search my  
own house for changed allegiances.

And she leaves him there alone.  
Analyzing what she just said.

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENTS....LATER - NIGHT

She is sitting alone in the dark. Staring at...nothing.

In some kind of trance. Eyes fogged with spice intoxication.

ALIA

...I had full consciousness long  
before birth. The knowledge of all  
the lives that came before...the  
genetic river flowing in my  
veins...the Reverend Mothers...the  
Atreides... my entire heritage...  
alive in me. Ever present...

(beat)

I had no defense against their  
invasion of my mind...

VOICE

And so you are stalked by fear.

The deep, basso profunda rumble of...Baron Harkonnen.

ALIA

Fear...always fear. Of the  
judgment. The pre born are...  
possessed. They are...abomination.

BARON HARKONNEN

Bene Gesserit rubbish!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And there he is! His grotesque face floating like some predatory spectre behind Alia.

BARON HARKONNEN

If you succumb to the fear it will defeat you.

ALIA

The trial of abomination ends with...death.

BARON HARKONNEN

But we won't let that happen, will we?

ALIA

We? You're dead. I killed you.

BARON HARKONNEN

Yes, you clever little minx. You killed me. And yet here I am.

Alia is struggling emotionally. It's obvious in her expression. She's fighting it...

ALIA

Go away...please, go away....

BARON HARKONNEN

But you need help, granddaughter. The others in here want your entire consciousness. They want to drive you out.

And now, he floats around to face her. Becoming fully corporeal as he comes. Becoming more and more... real

BARON HARKONNEN

But I only want a tiny little corner of my own...an occasional moment with your senses. An occasional taste, an occasional... touch...

His voice trembles with excitement.

BARON HARKONNEN

No one ever needs to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

No...no. You murdered my father.  
You tried to destroy my family. You  
would have killed Paul...

BARON HARKONNEN

Oh yes. All that. Of course, I  
would have killed you. You and your  
brother stood in my way. But that's  
old business. You won! I'm dead,  
thanks to you, darling. I have only  
a fragile existence. A mere memory-  
self within you. You are alive. I  
am yours to command. And how little  
I ask in return...

ALIA

Mine...to command?

BARON HARKONNEN

Yours, my precious girl. Think of  
what we can accomplish together.  
Your power. My experience. There  
will be nothing standing in our  
way.

And he starts to move toward her. And as he does...

He starts to dissolve. Becoming a thick, blood-red mist.  
A burgundy cloud that sweeps over Alia. Enveloping her.

ALIA

The voices in my mind...

BARON HARKONNEN

...will be silenced.

ALIA

My enemies...

BARON HARKONNEN

...will be destroyed.

And their voices are starting to blend.  
To become one.

ALIA/BARON HARKONNEN

No one will stand in the way of our  
powers. From this moment on, the  
future is ours.

END ACT 4

## ACT 5

FADE IN

EXT. GARDENS...PALACE KEEP - DAY

An exquisite terrace of exotic plants and flowers.  
Shaded by billowing, multi-colored silk awnings.

The distant noise of the city is barely audible from this  
lofty botanical refuge.

JESSICA

I never should have left here. It  
was a cowardly thing to do.

She is marveling at the greenery here. No longer an oddity in  
the open atmosphere of Arrakis.

GHANIMA

Why do you blame yourself?

And she is sitting on a bench nearby.  
Busying herself making a garland of flowers.

GHANIMA

You lost so much here. I know it.  
Leto knows it. Even Alia must know  
it...in her way.

The mention of Alia forces Jessica to close her eyes.  
To calm herself with meditative breathing.

Ghanima watches...with a knowing, intuitive stare.

GHANIMA

It helps, doesn't it?  
(off Jessica's look)  
The litany against fear. You were  
thinking it, weren't you? "Fear is  
the mindkiller...."

Jessica admits it with a nod. Comes over to sit with Ghani.

JESSICA

Ghani, I...have decided...  
(beat)  
I wish you to know my fear.

Ghani puts down the garland. Studies her grandmother...  
...affectionately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Just before we came to Arrakis...  
the first time...I brought a  
Reverend Mother to meet your  
father. He was only a boy...

GHANIMA

I remem...  
(beat; catching herself)  
I've been told.

Jessica lets this pass.

JESSICA

The Reverend Mother tested your  
father...

GHANIMA

To see if he was human....

JESSICA

To see if he was...exceptional. And  
he was. Born out of his time...a  
Kwisatz Haderach before they...  
we...were ready. There were fears  
he would be corrupted. That he  
might be...

GHANIMA

Abomination.

Jessica sighs deeply. The memory of all this is not pleasant.

JESSICA

The Reverend Mother brought a nerve  
induction box. Tested Paul with it.  
She held a gom jabbar at his throat  
to enforce it.

As Jessica talks, a strange thing happens to Ghanima.  
Just like her father, Paul, all those years ago...

She feels the pain. In her right hand.  
As if it were in that horrible black box.

JESSICA

There was nothing I could do but  
wait. He might have failed. He  
might have died. I was forbidden to  
interfere...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now Jessica notices Ghani wincing.  
Staring at her right hand as if it were burning.

GHANIMA

But he survived.

And the memory of pain vanishes from her expression.

JESSICA

Of course, you remember this in a  
way I cannot...

GHANIMA

And that's what you fear, isn't it?  
The memories I have inherited. The  
possibility of possession. The  
possibility of... abomination.

JESSICA

Not you. I'm sure of that...now.

GHANIMA

But you're not sure about Leto.

JESSICA

(a beat; then)

Is he ready, Ghani? Leto. Is he  
strong enough to withstand what's  
coming?

GHANIMA

What is it that's coming?

JESSICA

The Golden Path?

Ghani startles.

JESSICA

Leto used those words. When he and  
I were together...

It takes a while for Ghani to answer. But finally...

GHANIMA

He has visions...of a pilgrimage  
deep into the desert. A journey to  
a far away place where he...

(beat)

...where he talks to our father  
about how things must change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Change...how?

GHANIMA

He can't tell me. I think he's  
holding things back from me.

Jessica sinks back into herself a little.  
A tear escapes her eye.

Ghanima takes her grandmother's hands in hers.

GHANIMA

But I know this, Grandmother. It is  
not possession. It is not  
abomination.

And she reaches over to Jessica's face.  
Takes away the tear with her finger...

GHANIMA

And when it is my brother's turn to  
be tested, he will survive. Just as  
our father did.

...and she licks the tear away.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARDS...CORRINO CITADEL/SALUSA SECUNDUS - DAY

Servants are moving crates of foodstuffs from trailers to the  
kitchens. Vegetables, breads, fruits.

The bleats of penned animals cry out from the barns attached  
to the building.

CAMERA FINDS...Princess Wensicia moving through the activity.  
Examining the food. Accompanied by her aide-de-camp,  
Tyekanik.

TYEKANIK

Our sources inside the Atreides  
palace assure me the clothes were  
delivered, m'Lady. It is your  
sister who has refused to give them  
to the children.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Damn her!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TYEKANIK

The catalyst is well hidden. The best Imperial security will never discover it. Sooner or later Irulan will have no justification for withholding the "gifts".

She seems mollified by her aide's answers. But her expression darkens when... She glances over at...

THE WORM CORRAL (POV)...in the distance. Farad'n is there. Making notes as usual.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

You're sure he doesn't know?

TYEKANIK

He knows only that we sent the Atreides twins tokens of our esteem and good wishes in his name,  
(beat)  
He seems curious about the girl, Ghanima. Our reports from the Arrakeen have intrigued him.

And that's when a BUTCHER comes out of the barn. Dragging a small goat on a chain. Bringing it to Wensicia for approval.

As the Princess moves over to inspect the animal...

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Just make sure Farad'n knows nothing of our plans until it's done. He doesn't have the stomach for it.

She nods to the butcher who pulls a long knife from his belt. He moves over the goat to kill it...but...

Wensicia grabs his hand. Takes the knife from him.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

My son loves to eat well, Tyek, but he's not capable of doing what it takes to get the food.

And with that she leans down and slashes the animal's throat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

A smuggler camp hides in the shadows of a huge dune. Several tents. A 'thopter or two. And lots of armed men. Including...

Gurney Halleck. Sitting with a group of others. Watching them eat. Keeping his own counsel until...

Another Smuggler approaches.

SMUGGLER

We have arranged for someone to take you deeper into the desert, Gurney Halleck. He will help you find what you're looking for.

Without another word he moves off to one of the tents. Gurney gets up to follow.

INT. SMUGGLER TENT....MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Gurney pulls back the flap to find several smugglers sitting together. Talking quietly. When they hear him come in...

They stand. Moving aside for the man who's come to guide Gurney. And that man steps forward into the dim light so his face is visible for the first time.

It's NAMRI! Javid's father. One of the Cast-Out! One of the conspirators who swore revenge on the Atreides. He's with a young WOMAN. Her name is...SABIHA.

ALIA'S VOICE

How dare you!

INT. ROYAL KEEP/ARRAKEEN - DAY

It's Alia. Pacing back and forth in front of... Jessica. With Ghanima and..

Leto...who is holding one of those Fremmen tunics sent as gifts from House Corrino. Fingering it gently. Something about it intrigues him.

ALIA

These robes are gifts from Prince Farad'n. A gesture of goodwill. An opportunity to ease tension between the Houses...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She is raving at...Irulan...who is standing defiantly across the room.

ALIA

Javid arranged for this himself.

And they all look over at the young Qizarate priest nearby.

JAVID

With the Regent's approval, of course.

Jessica makes particular note of this exchange.

IRULAN

I had to satisfy myself.

ALIA

Satisfy yourself!?

IRULAN

...that there was no subterfuge. No danger.

ALIA

You insinuated yourself into a diplomatic matter that's none of your business!

IRULAN

The safety of the twins is every bit my business!

ALIA

You bloodless bitch. Who do you think you are?

The room is stunned silent by this invective.

ALIA

A shriveled excuse for a female. A dried up mannikin stick. A palace mockery...

JESSICA

Alia...

Irulan is stung by the vilification.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

How is it I'm blessed with such an extraordinary counselor as you, Irulan? What devious finger of fate changed you from Corrino toad into simpering Atreides sycophant!?

IRULAN

That's enough.

ALIA

No, it's not nearly enough. From now on my niece and nephew are no longer under your care.

IRULAN

You can't do that!

ALIA

I AM THE REGENT OF THE EMPIRE! I am their guardian. I rule here in their name...

And that's when Alia carelessly reveals her weakness. A simple thing. Just a gesture....

A hand to the temple. Two fingers rubbing an invisible itch. Just as... *Baron Harkonnen* used to do.

Across the room... Jessica is riveted. She instantly recognizes the Baron's influence on her daughter. It's all she can do to keep from crying out. But...

JESSICA

Perhaps... you should rest, Alia.

ALIA

Rest? How can I rest when I'm surrounded by incompetent fools? Do you see what's become of my world, Mother? Do you see the chaos we must endure?

JESSICA

Yes, I see it. I'm afraid I see it all too clearly.

And that's when Alia realizes the gesture she's been absently making. She quickly pulls down her hand.

ALIA

Get out! All of you. Out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Irulan marches out of the room without another word.  
Shaken but not broken.

Leto and Ghanima follow sadly.

Finally, Jessica slowly gets to her feet.  
Comes toward Alia...

...who turns her back and goes to the window.

And Jessica finally turns to leave. And as she goes, she  
can't help but feel...Javid's stare...from across the room.

INT. IRULAN'S APARTMENTS....MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Irulan is alone. Trying to stuff down her anger, her hurt  
when...

Jessica hurries in. Unannounced.  
And before Irulan can speak...

JESSICA

You must forgive my daughter,  
Irulan. She has let temper get in  
the way of judgement this  
afternoon...

But what she's really saying is conveyed with subtle almost  
imperceptible Bene Gesserit hand signals. Finger movements  
that "sign" a language only the adept can understand.

JESSICA

You are in serious danger, Irulan.

And Irulan picks up on the signals immediately.  
She smiles. Graciously leads Jessica to some chairs.  
As she speaks, her fingers twitch with subtle movement.

IRULAN

Is it what we've feared?

JESSICA

I want to deny it, but I can't.  
Something deep within has taken  
control of her. She's slipping  
away...

IRULAN

Abomination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

There's no telling what she might do now. To you...and the children.

IRULAN

What do we do?

JESSICA

You must take the twins into the desert. To Stilgar at Sietch Tabr. Do you have men you can trust?

IRULAN

(nodding)

Fedaykin. Loyal to me because of my devotion to Muad'dib's children.

JESSICA

Then do it. Now. And without Alia's knowledge.

And Irulan stands. A pleasant smile. A casual tone of voice. Just in case spies are listening.

IRULAN

(forced formality)

Thank you for your concern. Reverend Mother. I will let Alia know I bear no ill feelings because of her harsh words.

But their fingers speak differently.

JESSICA

You must not fail.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - EVENING

Teeming with activity. The hustle of merchants and tourists. The procession of pilgrims to the Temple Square...and...

A small group of Fremen. Hurrying down a boulevard together.

Irulan. With Leto and Ghani. Accompanied by discreet Fedaykin bodyguards. All wearing simple Fremen clothes. Avoiding eye contact. Sticking close together until...

Leto tugs on his sister's robe. Points across the street where...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A caravan of traders is moving a cargo of off-world merchandise into the city. A crowd follows, excited by the array of exotic goods. Especially...

A cart carrying animal cages. And in those cages... TIGERS! Laza tigers. Just like the ones who killed those children on Salusa Secundus.

And standing next to those cages, discussing the animals with a young Fremmen man, is *Muriz*. The smuggler conspirator who was plotting against the Atreides.

Leto and Ghani exchange a look. Something passes between them. Something only they can share. But they're interrupted when...

Another Fremmen intercepts their party. Speaks quietly and quickly to Irulan and her Fedaykin.

FREMEN

We have a shuttle waiting.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - EVENING

Irulan and the twins come around a corner to find a hover shuttle being loaded with luggage and supplies. But as everyone hurries aboard...

Leto can't help NOTICING...

Some men crossing the intersection up the street. A young Fremmen. Leading... *a blind man*. The Preacher...

...who pauses and looks down the street as if he can see. He seems to "stare" at Leto...who doesn't turn away until...

IRULAN

Leto, hurry!

And when Leto looks back...the Preacher is gone.

END ACT 5

## ACT 6

FADE IN

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA...ARRAKEEN - DAY

The square is packed with pilgrims and supplicants. All chanting and praying. A unison chorus...

CROWD

Alia...Alia...Alia...

INT. PALACE KEEP - DAY

Alia enters from the terrace where she conducts her weekly convocations. Dressed in her religious robes. Trailed by...

...a cadre of her Amazon bodyguards. One of whom, ZIA, is keeping pace with a clearly furious Alia.

ZIA

We believe they were spirited out of the city by Fedaykin loyal to Irulan. Probably from Sietch Tabr. As long as they're under Stilgar's protection we can do nothing, m'Lady.

ALIA

(ice cold fury)

This was my mother's doing.

(to the Amazon)

I want anyone who had anything to do with this arrested and brought to me. I will make an example of all who defy me.....

And she turns a corner into her apartments and slams the door behind her.

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENT....MOMENTS LATER

She's in a rage. Tearing off her sacramental robes. Tossing them to the floor in a heap.

ALIA

I want her dead. I must be rid of her. Now!

Suddenly, she is staggered by the pain in her head. That cacophony of voices overwhelming her mind.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The room darkens and swirls. She must grab on to a piece of furniture for support. And then...

BASSO VOICE

Not yet.

The voices suddenly recede. Shriveling into terrorized shrieks...as if fleeing something. Fleeing...

BARON HARKONNEN

Patience, my dear. Patience and calm. That's the palliative for fury and despair.

And there he is. Forming in red mists around her. Glowing obscenely. Like an aroused giant squid. Tentacles of scarlet miasma embracing her.

ALIA

Everyone is turning against me...

BARON HARKONNEN

Do not despair, child. There are many clever ways to rid oneself of a troublesome witch...

ALIA

Your efforts to the contrary, I suppose...

BARON HARKONNEN

Unfortunately my efforts were, shall we say, interrupted. By a wonderfully cruel and devious little girl...

ALIA

Ha!

BARON HARKONNEN

You took great pleasure in the act, as I recall. I had to admire your ruthlessness. Had you been only a few years older...

ALIA

Why am I listening to you, perverted old fool?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARON HARKONNEN

Because I'm here to help you.  
Because I'm the only one you can  
trust.

Alia collapses on a couch.  
Buries her face in the pillows there.

The Baron hovers over her.  
Shrouding her with the murk of his spirit.

BARON HARKONNEN

Why don't we call in that lovely  
boy. Hmmm? The priest. Javid. Mix  
business and pleasure perhaps...

And as his corrupt chuckle fills the room...  
He dissolves in a crimson fog.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAWN

And in the distance...racing across the crest of a dune...  
Someone is running. Fast. And hard.

CLOSER....

It's Leto. Sprinting effortlessly across the sand in the  
early light. Hurdling dunes with astonishing grace. Almost  
gliding. Covering great distances with extraordinary speed.  
Until...there, in the distance.^.

That familiar squat ridge of mountains cuts the horizon.  
That barren, ugly fortress. A grotesque ruin of nature.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SANDTROUT PEN/DESERT SIETCH - DAWN

That huge CORRAL OF SAND he visited earlier. Confined by  
sheer rock walls on all sides. And underneath the sand...

Something moving. Swimming.

Leto approaches cautiously. Staring down at the obscure  
creatures moving under the sand. Fascinated. Enchanted.

He dips a hand into the silica and...  
A sudden swarm of movement gathers around it.  
Only this time, Leto does not withdraw his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

Leto...

He finally looks up to SEE...  
Ghani! Across the canal.

Suddenly....a squall of wind obliterates the sietch. Leaving  
only his sister. Standing on a ledge overlooking...

EXT. SIETCH TABR - DAWN

...framed on this cliff by the comforting routine of Fremen  
activity on one side and the ominous destiny of the desert on  
the other.

Ghanima slowly comes over to sit with her brother.

GHANIMA

Stilgar has doubled our guard.

And they both turn in unison to see numerous Fedaykin  
sentries posted in the nearby nooks and crannies of rocks.

LETO

Maybe he thinks we need  
protection...from ourselves.

They share a look. Many things passing between them.  
Many private thoughts, many private feelings...  
Many private plans.

GHANIMA

You were having another vision....

LETO

Events are moving faster than we  
anticipated. We have to go now,  
Ghani. To Jacarutu. To find the one  
they call the Preacher.

GHANIMA

Are you sure he'll be there?

LETO

(a beat)  
I'm sure.

GHANIMA

Your...vision?

He nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ghani looks away. Clearly fighting to control the riot of emotions going on inside of her.

LETO

We can't turn back now, Ghani. We have to finish this. Muad'dib, the god, must be destroyed. We must find the Golden Path.

GHANIMA

It's a dangerous path.

LETO

It's the way out of the trap. He saw it at the end. His last vision. He knew it was possible. That is why he left. He left... it to us...

GHANIMA

I'm afraid.

LETO

Fear is the mind killer.

GHANIMA

I will face my fear...

LETO

I will let it pass through me... He takes her hand. She clasps his firmly.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND HALL, TEMPLE PALACE - DAY

Brilliant, hot daylight streams in through the open doors as...

A heavily guarded cluster of poor and humble supplicants is brought in for ritual petitions and entreaties.

Around the room, courtiers, priests, bureaucrats and armed guards watch with quiet, even condescending murmurs and gestures.

AT THE THRONE....

Alia sits with Jessica. Surrounded by...  
A cadre of Alia's amazonian bodyguards...  
Who survey the room with intense stares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duncan Idaho stands patiently behind Alia...  
 Javid is here, too, casting a wary eye over the crowd.

Alia stands, signalling the room to quiet down.  
 Which it does immediately.

ALIA

Even though she is not of council  
 any longer, I have asked Lady  
 Jessica, adored mother of Muad'dib  
 and the Regent of this Empire, to  
 render the first judgement in honor  
 of her return to us.

And the room shuffles with anticipation as Alia sits. Jessica  
 watches her with cold, analytical eyes...

IN THE ROOM...

One of the priest/advocates brings forward a tall handsome  
 man...who is carrying a baliset.

PRIEST/ADVOCATE

We bring before the holy family a  
 Kadashian troubadour. A miserable  
 wanderer who has lost everything  
 but the clothes on his back and now  
 must beg the court for....

JESSICA

(standing; interrupting)  
 I would prefer to hear the man's  
 plea in his own words. Priest.

The priest/advocate stutters and stammers.  
 Unaccustomed to this challenge of his authority.  
 But he bows obsequiously and steps back.

Jessica signals with a gesture for the troubadour to speak.

TROUBADOUR

I am Tagir Mohandis, holy Mother. A  
 wretched pilgrim who has been  
 relieved of his meager wealth by  
 Arrakeen bandits. A humble peddler  
 of songs and poems, begging the  
 mercy of Muad'Dib for passage home.

JESSICA

These bandits, they beat you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROUBADOUR

No, gracious Mother.

JESSICA

Then how is it they robbed you of  
your purse?

The troubadour shuffles embarrassedly. But finally...

TROUBADOUR

Where I'm from, we are not used to  
the potent spice beer of Arrakeen.

A dismissive ripple of laughter sweeps through the courtiers.

JESSICA

Can you play that baliset, Tagir  
Mohandis?

TROUBADOUR

As well as the great Gurney Halleck  
himself...some say.

JESSICA

We shall see.

And she gestures for the man to start playing.  
As she returns to sit next to Alia...

The troubadour unstraps his baliset and plucks a soft,  
sensuous melody that is both accomplished and provocative.  
The effect on the court is immediate. Everyone is captivated.

Except for Jessica. She can't help noticing...

Alia's obvious agitation. The jerking knee.  
The fidgeting fingers. The roving stare...

...scanning the crowd. As if looking for something.

Jessica concentrates her gaze upon the assembly of  
petitioners...all seemingly focused on the troubadour and his  
hypnotic playing.

But suddenly, there is movement in the crowd.  
A jostle of bodies. A swirl of clothing.

Just then...a scuffle breaks out in the crowd.  
There is pushing and shoving and harsh words as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A rail-thin, dirty desert Fremmen pushes his way into the open. Several priests are trying to restrain him but he fights them off.

FREMEN

I am Ghadean Al-Fali...Naib of  
Sietch Gara Kulan...

PRIEST/ADVOCATE

My ladies, do not listen to this  
man. His appeal is not approved...

AL-FALI

I am here concerning a matter of  
the desert!

And this brings an immediate hush to the room.  
Alia and Jessica exchange a look.

JESSICA

A "matter of the desert" is a  
concern of great magnitude  
...*Fedaykin*.

AL-FALI

Yes, m'Lady. I am Fedaykin. Once  
offering his life at the side of  
Muad'dib.

ALIA

This is not the proper forum for...

JESSICA

(cutting her off)

We will hear this matter of the  
desert.

The crowd shuffles. The priests murmur nervously.  
The Fedaykin steps forward.

AL-FALI

We have abandoned our friend, the  
desert, Holy Mother. Shai Hulud no  
longer roams the sands. He can not  
be found except in the Empty  
Quarters far from our people...

ALIA

The superstitious of the inner  
desert have always feared the  
transformation of our land...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL-FALI

A land where nothing grew. Now  
there are plants. They spread like  
maggots upon a wound. There are  
clouds in the sky! And rain.  
*Rain!!!* Precious Mother of  
Muad'Dib, *rain* from the skies of  
Dune. It is death to us all.

ALIA

We do only what Liet and Muad'dib  
intended us to do. Would you  
challenge their holy words?

JESSICA

And what of the worms, then?

ALIA

There will always be some desert.  
Some worms,

AL-FALI

As go the worms, so goes the spice.  
And if the spice does not flow,  
what coin do we have to buy our  
way?

ALIA

Silence!

She jerks out of her chair. Comes forward.

ALIA

These are matters of state! And you  
will NOT challenge the wisdom of  
this government to do what it  
decides is best.

And something is happening to Alia. Something terrible.  
Her voice is suddenly deeper, more violent, more...male.

ALIA

The rabble of the desert must be  
made to comply with our judgement.  
It is we who rule here, not the mob  
of the sands...

JESSICA

(Chakobsa)

No! Onsar akhaka seliman aw  
maslumen!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

*"Support your brother in his time of need."*

JESSICA

There are those of you who fear I have retimed to Arrakis as Bene Gesserit. That I've abandoned my loyalty to the Atreides partnership with the desert. But since the day the Fremen gave life to me and my son, I have always been Fremen. And I will always be. Fremen!

ALIA

Quiet!

JESSICA

We cannot abandon the desert. My daughter is lying. The worms will not survive if the desert shrinks. She knows this! Spice production will slow until it is only a fraction of what it has been. And when that happens...

ALIA

WE'LL HAVE A CORNER ON THE MOST VALUABLE COMMODITY IN THE UNIVERSE!!!

That was the BARON talking. Jessica turns to her daughter with icy eyes.

JESSICA

We'll have a corner on hell!

And that's when...A SHOT rings out. Jessica goes down!

Panic and pandemonium. There is screaming. Scuffling. Jessica looks up. And is horrified to SEE...

Alia staring down at her. But it's not quite Alia. The Baron Harkonnen is visible in her expression.

ALIA/BARON HARKONNEN

Now you know, Atreides bitch!

The Fedaykin Al-Fali rushes to Jessica. Pulls her up. She pulls on her robe. A hole where the missile went through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Fedaykin...we who have been  
scorched know how to stand back to  
back...

AL-FALI

I have men here, m'Lady.

ALIA

Seize the Fedaykin. He has tried to  
assassinate the royal family.

JESSICA

FEDAYKIN...FOLLOW ME!

An with that, a swarm of desert Fremen fight their way  
through the crowd. Joining Al-Fali. Surrounding Jessica.

Alia's guards and Amazons move in.  
But the Fedaykin hold them off...

...fighting their way to the door where...  
Jessica looks back one last time to SEE...

Alia.. On the throne. Locking eyes with her mother.  
An insane glare. Tormented and terrifying.

The Fedaykin spirit Jessica out the door into the city.

END ACT SIX

## ACT 7

FADE IN

EXT. SIETCH TABR - EVENING

A gloomy twilight settles over the sietch.  
Fremen children are helping prepare the communal meal.  
And among them..

Leto and Ghanima. Distinguished by the clothing but...  
Doing their share regardless of their heritage.  
But as they work...

LETO

(quietly to Ghani)  
Stilgar's eyes are everywhere...

And Ghani casually scans the rocks, the ledges, the doorways.  
Fremen men make no effort to conceal their position.  
They are there for one purpose only.  
To protect the twins.

GHANIMA

Have you noticed that one?

A slight head turn indicates a young Fremen man nearby.  
Pretending to be casual. But clearly keeping his eye on them.  
The same Fremen who was with those *tigers* in Arrakeen.

LETO

One who's gone over to our enemies.

GHANIMA

No doubt about it.

They continue to prepare the table. Putting food and dishes  
at their appropriate places. When they've finished...

LETO

We're delaying the inevitable.

Ghani meets his stare. Sighs deeply. Then nods.

ANOTHER ANGLE: The sietch from a rocky ledge. (POV)

Two Fremen bodyguards watch the activity below.  
Particularly the twins. Moving toward the ovens where...

The twins are momentarily lost in a crush of women and  
children.

INT. STORAGE ROOM/SIETCH TABR - SAME

Leto and Ghani hurry in. Pulling off their more formal shirts as the come.

Leto pulls out a bag hidden behind some rocks.  
Retrieves those Fremen robes sent by the Corrinos.  
As the two of them put them on...

GHANIMA

(re the clothes)

I find it ironic that we're using  
gifts from our enemies as means of  
escape.

GHANIMA

But you're enjoying the charade  
nonetheless.

She nails him with a penetrating stare.

LETO

You know me too well.

GHANIMA

Yes. Too well. That is why you must  
promise we'll only be as reckless  
as necessary.

LETO

Only as necessary.

And he flashes a charming smile that only partially conceals  
a mischievous excitement.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE/SIETCH TABR....MOMENTS LATER

Those Fremen bodyguards are nervously moving from perch to  
perch. Trying to get an unobstructed view of the twins.

But they're nowhere to be seen. Because...

EXT. SIETCH TABR - SAME

They're now moving among the other children disguised by the  
Fremen robes they're now wearing.

No one pays them any attention. Everyone is too busy.  
No one sees them disappear behind a stony archway.

EXT. SIETCH TABR....MOUNTAINS....LATER - EVENING

Darkness is coming quickly.

Leto and Ghani emerge from an almost invisible cut in the rockface. Step out on to a ledge. Hiding in the shadows. Surveying the desert beyond.

LETO

No one saw us.

GHANIMA

But it won't be long before the alarm goes out.

LETO

They'll spend precious time searching the Sietch first. If we hurry we can make those dunes...  
(pointing)  
...before Stil sends men out here.

And the two of them start down the rocks. Staying close in. Staying in the shadows.

FROM A DISTANCE...POV...

They are virtually invisible.

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENTS/ROYAL KEEP - EVENING

She is wild with fury as she sits at her desk. Putting her signature to...

ALIA

... an Official Warrant for the arrest of Fedaykin Al-Fali and his confederates from Sietch Gara Kulan.

With a flourish she throws the warrant at... Javid...who is waiting beside her. With other priests and amazons.

Idaho is across the room. Watching this angry ceremony with a complex expression.

ALIA

Post it in every city. Send word to every sietch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA (cont'd)

The conspiracy to murder the Imperial regent and kidnap the mother of Muad'Dib will be crushed without mercy.

Javid and his cohort hurry out of the room. And once they're gone...

Alia looks to Duncan. Who is simply staring at her with those gray metallic Tleilaxu eyes.

ALIA

Are you looking at me, or analyzing me, Duncan?

IDAHO/GHOLA

I'm gathering data.

ALIA

You must find her, Duncan. You must find her and return her to me. Surely your data points to the danger I'm...we're in.

IDAHO/GHOLA

You expect me to kill her, don't you?

She comes over to him. Her tone is silky. Her eyes are pleading, vulnerable.

ALIA

I lost my temper, Duncan. I know it was a mistake. But I can fix it. It was an accident of fatigue. Nothing more. I can make everyone understand. Everyone...except her.

IDAHO/GHOLA

Surely she would not turn against you. She is your mother.

ALIA

She's Bene Gesserit...!

And her tone reverts to anger instantly. And she turns away.

ALIA

... no matter what she said in there. Those damnable hags would love nothing more than to put me to the test.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA (cont'd)

My mother will act against me if she believes it's in the best interests of her precious Sisterhood. Count on that.

She regains control. Comes back to him.

ALIA

Please, Duncan. You're the only one I can truly trust. You're the only one who loves me enough...

And she falls into his arms. Holding her face against his chest. Like a little girl looking for comfort.

For a long time he just stares at her. Then...

IDAHO/GHOLA

No harm must come to House Atreides. No matter what the cost.

And she looks up at him.

ALIA

Thank you, Duncan. Thank you.  
(beat)  
Where will you take her?

IDAHO/GHOLA

It's better you don't know. That way you'll be able to testify honestly before any Truthsayer.

And a sly smile sweeps over Alia.

ALIA

Clever. Very clever. I knew I could rely on you.

And she leans up. Kisses him.  
A prolonged and tender embrace until..

He breaks it off. Turns to hurry from the room.  
But as he goes...

He brushes at his eye. Quickly...so Alia doesn't see.  
Tleilaxu eyes are not immune to tears, apparently.

Once he's gone...a voice speaks to Alia.  
A distant, ominous voice.

BARON HARKONNEN'S VOICE

You handled that well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA  
GO AWAY!

Across the room, that amazonian bodyguard, ZIA, thinks she's talking to her.

ZIA  
M'Lady?

Alia realizes her faux pas.

ALIA  
(to the Amazon)  
Go with him. You know what to do.

A sinister smile tugs at the Amazon's cheeks.

ZIA  
(leaving)  
As you wish, m'Lady.

When she's gone....

Alia remains there. Alone in the middle of the room.  
Alone...and frightened...and alone.

She goes over to her desk. Stares down at all the official documents awaiting her attention and...

...collapses in her chair. Soon her body starts to tremble and shudder. She can't hold back the flood of emotions any longer.

She sweeps all the papers to the floor.  
Puts her head down on the desk...and weeps.

Somewhere that hideous basso voice starts to laugh.  
Louder and louder.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

The Fedaykin Al-Fali and his Fremen brothers hustle Jessica...covered with a threadbare desert robe...down these narrow alleys until they come to...

INT. SAFE HOUSE...SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY - NIGHT

Another Fremen hurries to answer the urgent knocking. When he opens the door...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AL-FALI

We honor the ways of the fathers.

The Fremmen nods. Backs off as the Fedaykin and Jessica hurry in. And Jessica recognizes the Fremmen as soon as she sees him.

JESSICA

I know you. You are Leam of Sietch Tabr.

LEAM

I was your student, holy mother. I am blessed to be at your service.

JESSICA

I wish no harm to fall on your house or your family...

LEAM

My home is a sanctuary to any who call from the desert.

AL-FALI

We can rest here until arrangements are made to get you out of the city.

JESSICA

Alia's agents must be swarming everywhere by now.

AL-FALI

No doubt.

LEAM

But we have agents, too, Reverend Mother. We'll know hours before they get within a mile of here.

And he leads them into his humble home. Offering them seats on rough cushions. And without a word...

Several Fremmen women appear with food and drink. Hovering around Jessica with deference and humility.

AL-FALI

We will leave the city before dawn. Take you to a little known Sietch to the far south. You'll be protected there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

For how long?

AL-FALI

There is a gathering of forces,  
m'Lady. I never thought I'd live to  
see this, but events have overtaken  
us all. Unless something is done,  
civil war is inevitable.

And Jessica nods sadly.

JESSICA

We must get a message to Stilgar at  
once. He must call for a Council of  
Naibs. We must bring a Trial of  
Possession against Alia.

Al-Fali and Learn exchange a look.  
A look of sheer terror.

JESSICA

It is our only hope of averting a  
war.

AL-FALI

You know what that will mean,  
Reverend Mother. She is...after  
all...your daughter.

JESSICA

I know what it means.

(beat)

But Alia has made her choice. There  
is no turning back now.

END ACT SEVEN

## ACT 8

FADE IN

EXT. SIETCH TABR - PRE-DAWN

The moons have waned. That utter stillness that precedes first light is ominous.

Stilgar is standing on a ledge.  
Staring out at the empty desert.

His expression is stern and focused until...  
A young Fremen man comes out to him.

FREMEN

We found some of their clothes in  
the storage room off the  
bakeries...but we're certain  
they're no longer in the Sietch...

STILGAR

They've gone into the desert for  
sure.

FREMEN

Alone!?

STILGAR

They know more about desert  
survival than most Fremen...

FREMEN

But our search parties can't find a  
single trace of their passage.

STILGAR

They won't. Unless the children  
want us to, they won't.

EXT. RED CHASM SIETCH - PRE-DAWN

A 'thopter lands expertly in a cut of rocks almost too small  
for it. But as soon as it's on the ground...

A swarm of Fremen emerge from the rocks to camouflage it with  
sand colored tarps as...

Al-Fali and Jessica emerge with the other Fedaykin who saved  
her. They are hurried inside...where...

INT. CORRIDORS/RED CHASM SIETCH - PRE-DAWN

Fremen are everywhere. Fedaykin, no doubt.  
Hard men. Of the deep desert, not the city.

They stand back deferentially as Jessica passes.  
But their stares are narrow, suspicious.

JESSICA

(quietly to Al-Fali)

They do not appreciate my presence  
here.

AL-FALI

These are puritans, Reverend  
Mother. What they do not like is  
what's become of their revolution.

JESSICA

Then I must convince them that  
neither do I.

Just then they're interrupted by another Fremen...

FREMEN

A messenger has arrived under  
immunity from Stilgar. It is  
urgent.

And he exchanges a look with Al-Fali that puts the older man  
on extreme alert.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE QUARTERS/RED CHASM SIETCH...MOMENTS LATER

Jessica is ushered past the curtains with Al-Fali to SEE...  
A MAN in hooded robes waiting on the other side of the room.

JESSICA

You have a message from Sietch  
Tabr?

The man turns. It's IDAHO!

Al-Fali immediately goes for his crysknife. But...

JESSICA

Fali...hold! He travels with  
Stilgar's countenance.

Al-Fali freezes but keeps his knife poised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IDAHO

Your grandchildren are missing.

JESSICA

(stiffening)

Alia.

IDAHO

No. Stilgar suspects they may have seen this crisis coming. He fears they've gone into the desert. I am to bring you to him as soon as possible.

AL-FALI

You can't go with him, Holy Mother. He is...a Ghola.

JESSICA

He was my Duke's most trusted warrior. He died once saving Muad'Dib's life...and mine.

AL-FALI

But he is...he is Alia's husband...

JESSICA

He is still Atreides!

(beat)

It's my daughter who is not.

And she and Idaho share a long, heavy-hearted look. Finally...

IDAHO

We haven't much time, m'Lady. Alia's reach is sure to extend here eventually...

JESSICA

What about these Fedaykin who helped me?

IDAHO

Alia has issued a warrant against them. Crimes against the Imperium.

JESSICA

Of course she has.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IDAHO

But Stilgar offers sanctuary if  
they can get to Tabr.

Jessica turns to Al-Fali.

JESSICA

Then that is what you will do. When  
Imperial agents find this place,  
there must be nothing left but the  
wind howling through the rocks.

AL-FALI

As the Holy Mother commands.

And they move quickly to the door.

EXT. RED CHASM SIETCH....MOMENTS LATER

Another 'thopter is already running at the back of the sietch  
when...

Idaho hurries Jessica from the rocks to it's door.  
But just as she is about to go in...

JESSICA

(to Al-Fali)

Ya hya chouhada...

*"Long live the fighters of Muad'dib".*

AL-FALI

May Shai Hulud clear the path  
before you.

INT. THE 'THOPTER

Jessica hurries in to take a seat.  
But she is stunned to FIND...

ZIA...Alia's amazonian bodyguard.  
Sitting behind the co-pilot's seat...  
...where Jessica is supposed sit.

But before Jessica can object...  
Idaho takes the controls.  
Begins the 'thopter's ascent.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAWN

A dim purple stain on the horizon heralds the coming sunrise. Idaho's 'thopter swoops down across the sands. Skimming them like a gull on the ocean.

INT. THE 'THOPTER

Jessica divides her attention between Idaho piloting and... The Amazon, ZIA, who never speaks. Never moves. But finally...

JESSICA

This is not the course for Sietch  
Tabr, is it, Duncan?

After a beat.

IDAHO

No, m'Lady. It's not. Another beat.

JESSICA

Are you going to tell me where  
you're taking me?

IDAHO

It's best you don't know.

This is the only moment the Amazon moves.  
Just slightly. A twitch. Almost imperceptible...  
Except to Jessica. Who senses it behind her.

JESSICA

I have spent many nights reviewing  
the mistakes I made with my  
daughter, Duncan...

IDAHO

There have been many, m'Lady. And I  
repeated most of them.

JESSICA

She will not survive the Trial of  
Abomination, Duncan...

IDAHO

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

She is doomed.

IDAHO

Yes.

And that's when...this happens all at once...

Zia nimbly lurches forward.  
Flashing a long sword-like knife.

Jessica feels it coming.  
Ducks just in time.  
Just as...

Idaho lashes out with his own knife and...  
Slashes Zia's throat.

The Amazon falls back in her seat. Stunned. Disbelieving.  
But unable to say anything because she has no more voice.  
Blood seeps through her fingers as she desperately gasps.

But Idaho is instantly on his feet.  
Jessica grabs the 'thopter controls as...

He drags the dying Amazon out of her seat to the rear.  
Releases the hatch allowing the door to fly open.  
And with a quick shove...

He throws the near-dead body out into space.  
As he returns to his seat and resumes control...

JESSICA

You were meant to kill me...

IDAHO

And then she was meant to kill me.  
All part of Alia's plan.

After they take a moment to catch their breath...

IDAHO

When Alia gets word that her Amazon  
is missing she will scour the  
planet looking. There will be no  
haven for us...anywhere.

JESSICA

Then where can we go?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

IDAHO

Somewhere even Alia won't think to look.

And he reaches for the controls.  
Plots a new course.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAWN

As Idaho's 'thopter speeds away across the dunes...

Two figures emerge from their hiding place under the sands.  
So expertly buried, not even a trained Fremen eye would notice...

Leto and Ghani materializing. As if being created somehow by the desert itself. They huddle together, watching....

...the 'thopter disappearing over the horizon.

GHANIMA

I don't think they saw us.

LETO

I don't think they were looking for us.

Ghani turns to the dawn.

GHANIMA

We don't have much time.

And without another word, they emerge completely from the sands and renew their trek.

EXT. THE DESERT....SERIES OF SHOTS - DAWN

Leto and Ghani in the desert. Pushing forward. Never pausing. Finally struggling up the side of a massive dune...where...

LETO

(pulling off his stillsuit  
mask)

We have to make those rocks before sunrise. Search parties will certainly come this far now...

Ghani nods. But just as they're about to set off again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A gust of wind sweeps up the dune and over them.  
And in that wind...

A strange howl. Eerie and frightening.  
Hard to tell how distant.

GHANIMA  
That's not a worm.

LETO  
But an animal.

GHANIMA  
More than one.

And he urges her onward.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKFALL....SOMEWHERE - DAWN

A lone figure is huddled in the rocks here.  
Wrapped in Fremen robes covering a stillsuit.  
Staring out over the desert. And...

Holding some kind of device.  
Looks like some kind of communicator.  
Strangely familiar.

The figure manipulates the controls and the device emits a  
quiet chime-like beeping. Also familiar.

And then...the figure stands. Surveys the terrain.

It's PALIMBASHA. That young Fremen man who was with the cast  
out Muriz and the tigers in Arrakeen. The same Fremen the  
twins recognized at Sietch Tabr.

He continues to manipulate the communicator as...

EXT. THE DESERT...ELSEWHERE - DAWN

The twins make it to those rocks they saw.  
But just as they're about get into the shelter...

That HOWL again.

LETO  
Closer now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GHANIMA

Much closer.

And now they can HEAR...

Footfall. Heavy footfall. Animal footfall.  
The steady elegant gait of something four-legged.  
And fast!

LETO

Run, Ghani... RUN!

And he drives his sister up the rocks.  
Refusing to stop even when..

She stumbles forward...ripping her stillsuit on the rocks.  
And now they can HEAR...

Panting. Animal efforts. Just below.

But just above them...there is a small cut in the rocks.  
Sanctuary. If they make it...

GHANIMA

I'm caught....

Her robe is caught on a rock.  
Leto slashes at her with a cysknife.  
The robe tears. She is free. But...

A hideous wail cuts the air.  
A terrifying, bloodcurdling scream.

Suddenly Ghanima feels herself shoved from behind.  
As if by supernatural force...and she flies forward into...

INT. TINY CAVE - SAME

...just inside that cut in the rocks. She stumbles forward.  
Banging her head hard against the stone wall.

She collapses in a heap. Dazed and bloody.

OUTSIDE....the screams of incensed animals fill the air.

Stunned and disoriented, Ghani struggles to her feet.  
Grabs the cysknife from her belt and realizes...  
She is alone. Leto is not here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OUTSIDE...a ghastly shriek rings out.  
Can't tell if it's human or animal.  
It seems to go on forever and then...

Nothing. Just silence. Horrible silence.

Ghani waits. Hoping, praying for some sign from her brother.  
But there is none. And..

Her leg throbs with pain. She grabs the gash there.  
Tries to staunch the blood with her fingers.

And slowly she weakens. Succumbing to shock.  
She sinks back against the rocks.  
And the last thing she SEES...

The ferocious, bloodthirsty snarl of a GIANT TIGER.  
Trying to poke its head into the cave. And then...

EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

END PART TWO

Written by: John Harrison  
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