

Frank Herbert's
Children of Dune

PART THREE
by

JOHN HARRISON

Based on the Novels:

Dune Messiah & Children of Dune
by
Frank Herbert

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FIRST REVISED DRAFT

ACT 1

FADE IN

EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - DAY

A full-on riot is underway. A pitched battle between desert malcontents and Imperial loyalists.

Vandalism and larceny are rampant. Stores are looted. Merchant stalls are destroyed. Buildings are on fire.

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA, ARRAKEEN - SAME

Chaos and pandemonium. A massive crowd is marching on the palace. There is fighting and shouting...until...

The gates to the Palace Keep swing open.
A juggernaut of Imperial Military Fremmen emerge and...

...descend into the crowd with merciless ferocity.

Panic ensues. The terrified crowd tries to flee.
People are trampled, beaten.

EXT. BALCONY/ROYAL KEEP - SAME

Alia is staring down at the riot with narrow eyes.
Gripping the railing so hard her arms are quivering.

With a scream of frustration she spins around to SEE...

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENTS/ROYAL KEEP

...cowed priests and bureaucrats. Watching her sweep into the room like a banshee.

Only Javid...standing apart...remains calm and introspective.

ALIA

Well!? Who is going to explain this to me? Who is going to tell me why there is rioting in my streets? Why my name is being used as a curse?

One obsequious priest steps forward.

PRIEST

Your holiness must not allow these petty disturbances to worry you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

Petty!?

ANOTHER PRIEST

The work of outsider agitators. A small minority of rabble rousers who are stirring up trouble... because they can...

A general murmur of agreement sweeps through the room.

ALIA

You simple fools. All of you. FOOLS! The royal twins are missing from Sietch Tabr. Lady Jessica has been abducted off-world. Rebel alliances are being formed by tribes to the south. We have anarchy in the streets of Arrakeen....

The priests are agitated.
The bureaucrats are flustered.

ALIA

The foundation of your world is cracking. But outsiders are not responsible. The corruption is festering within! Do you hear me!? Within!? You are to blame. All of you!

Javid surveys the room of intimidated advisors and sycophants. No one dares utter a word of protest.

Alia she simply glares at them. Passing a look over everyone that would drive them screaming for the door...if they hadn't already averted their eyes.

ALIA

And none of you even has the nerve to challenge what I say. Ha!

And now she starts to laugh. A strange, horrible laughter that frightens everyone more than her anger.

And then, just as suddenly, she stops.

ALIA

Get out. All of you. The sight of you revolts me. GET OUT!....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And the men hurry from the room. Only Javid remains.

JAVID

Perhaps you should rest, m'lady. It is difficult to think clearly when one is exhausted by stress.

ALIA

Leave me. I'm fine.

Javid backs obediently off. But as soon as he's gone...

BARON HARKONNEN'S VOICE

Such a pity. Did you have to send him away?

ALIA

I'm not in the mood to indulge your lurid perversions tonight...

BARON HARKONNEN'S VOICE

Are they mine, or simply yours in disguise? After all, I'm only enjoying what you started.

And there he is. That vaporous projection of her madness. Floating around her like some toxic shroud.

ALIA

Is that so?

BARON HARKONNEN

Don't forget, child. I'm not really here. I'm simply the manifestation of what you already are.

ALIA

Cursed. That's what I am. By you and your corrupt influence in my blood...

INT. CORRIDORS OUTSIDE ALIA'S APARTMENTS - SAME

Alia's voice can be heard inside. Only her voice. Arguing with...who? Talking with...who?

CAMERA FINDS...

Javid. In the shadows by the door. Listening to Alia rant and rave in the next room. A sinister smile on his face.

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENTS/ROYAL KEEP

She is pacing now.

ALIA

...and now I'm alone. Surrounded by chaos...

BARON HARKONNEN

Never fear chaos, darling. It's often the breeding ground of the most brilliant deceptions. Confusion serves best those who cause it.

(beat)

Now...as to being alone...

ALIA

I warn you, if you persist I'll take a sedative.

BARON HARKONNEN

Ah very well, then. Another time...

And he starts to fade. And Alia collapses in a chair. Angry, exhausted...alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DESERT/ARRAKIS - EVENING

That cut of rocks where Leto and Ghanima tried to escape the tigers sits like a lone sentinel in the wilderness.

EXT. ROCKFACE - EVENING

The wind makes a mournful, dissonant music skirting the crevices and trenches of this inanimate tomb until...

Something stirs within that tiny cave where Ghani fell. A shadow appears in the shadows. A girl's face. Bloody and scratched.

Ghanima. Clothing torn and filthy. But still alive. Peering out cautiously. Searching for signs of...

GHANIMA

(almost a whisper)

Leto...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But the wind is the only answer.
And that's when she SEES...

A tiger. Clearly dead. Wedged into the rocks below.
Twisted and bent, as if having fallen.

A bloody wound in its chest indicates it was stabbed.
Perhaps by Leto? Sacrificing himself to save his sister?

A fury of emotions swells up inside Ghani.
She grabs for her crysknife and lunges for the beast.
Stabbing it over and over until her rage is spent. Then...

She falls back against the rocks. Gasping for breath.
Trying desperately to hold back the tears.

Finally, she calms herself enough to get to her feet.

GHANIMA

(at the tiger)

May the wind strip the flesh from
your bones...

A Fremen curse...which only delivers a fleeting moment of
satisfaction.

She quickly sheathes her knife and begins the cautious climb
down to the desert floor. Measuring her steps carefully,
painfully. She's never aware that...

A dark silhouette is watching her. Hidden in the rocks above.
Unmoving and silent. Waiting until...

She reaches the sands and begins a long, lonely trek. Alone.

Finally, the silhouette turns. Steps out of the shadows.
It's Leto. Still alive! But...

He makes no attempt to signal his sister.
He never calls out. Instead...

LETO

(hushed)

May Shai Hulud clear the path
before you. *Secher Nbiw*. When we
meet again...

And with that...he turns.
Goes the opposite way.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CORRINO CITADEL/SALUSA SECUNDUS - DAY

That ugly imposing fortress. Alone but for the village of service buildings and military bunkers that surround it.

PRINCESS WENSICIA'S VOICE
Why does he make us this offer?

INT. ROYAL APARTMENTS/CORRINO CITADEL - DAY

She is standing by massive windows that overlook the Secundus plains.

TYEKANIK
It's said Idaho has fallen into
disfavor with his Lady Alia...

He approaches from across the room. Carrying reports.
Behind him...

Prince Farad'n is studying maps and documents at a huge table. Seemingly disinterested in the conversation.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
There is subterfuge linking this
chain of events. I'm sure of it...

TYEKANIK
The rumors of trouble on Arrakis
cannot be ignored, Princess.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
What does our man inside the palace
say? The Priest...Javid...

TYEKANIK
Officially, that Lady Jessica has
been kidnapped by Fremen fanatics
in open rebellion against the
Imperium. Unofficially, it appears
Alia's plan to murder her own
mother and husband has failed.

Wensicia considers this. Calculating the possibilities.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Who else knows they are requesting
sanctuary here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYEKANIK

The Spacing Guild, of course. They are would arrange transport with Idaho's bribes. The Bene Gesserit will surely be informed, if they don't know already...

FARAD'N

Then Alia will be forced to implicate us in this adventure.

Wensicia and Tyek turn. Surprised by his intrusion into the discussion.

FARAD'N

She will have to make it appear as if we arranged the whole thing.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Then we should refuse them safe harbor. Return them to Arrakis. Wash our hands of the entire matter...

FARAD'N

On the contrary, Mother! Perhaps we should think of Lady Jessica's visit as... an endowment not a threat.

He speaks more to Tyekanik than his mother now.

FARAD'N

...fortune to be banked for uses yet to be determined.

Tyek and Wensicia exchange a look.

FARAD'N

The woman has many talents, I've read. Perhaps they could be of use to us...

PRINCESS WENSICIA

You mean to you...

FARAD'N

I see no reason why I shouldn't continue my education...by all means necessary.

And he returns to his papers. Feigns detachment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Any woman who can seduce Duke Leto
Atreides and a planet of desert
Fremen is not a person to be
trifled with.

FARAD'N

Are you suggesting she might try
to...seduce me?

Mock astonishment in Farad'n's tone of voice.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Don't play the fool, Farad'n.

FARAD'N

I'd say she's probably a little old
for that...

PRINCESS WENSICIA

With a Bene Gesserit, nothing is
certain.

TYEKANIK

She'd be a dangerous...guest.

FARAD'N

But...a grateful one.

And he heads for the door. Leaving his mother and the
Sardaukar to ponder the logic of what he's suggesting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARRAKIS DESERT - NIGHT

The mountain walls of Sietch Tabr can be seen in the
distance. Bathed in the lights of Arrakis' twin moons.

EXT. SIETCH TABR - NIGHT

The outskirts. Small ledges and slipfaces are the only
indication of the society on the other side of these
mountains. But there is laughter as...

A pretty young Fremen girl emerges from one of the crevices
and leaps her way playfully over the rocks. Leading and
teasing...

A young Fremen man who is pursuing her. Overheated by
exertion and desire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's Palimbasha. The Fremmen who controlled those Corrino tigers that attacked the Atreides twins. Chasing the giggling girl up the side of the mountain until...

She allows him to catch her. And kiss her.

ANOTHER ANGLE (POV)...

Palimbasha whispers seductive persuasion to the girl who giggles evasively but is obviously willing.

Someone is watching them. Someone close.
And getting closer.

A figure slowly appears in the rocks nearby.
Silently making its way up the cliff face.

It's Ghanima. Enfeebled by her trek across the sands.
Wounded, famished and dehydrated.

But her eyes still seethe with luminous intensity and purpose
as she stares out...

ACROSS THE ROCKS...where she can SEE...

The girl and Palimbasha. He is caressing her.
And she responds. Pulling at him.
Loosening his clothes.

ON GHANI. Stalking them.
Closer. Closer.

The girl wraps herself around Palimbasha.
Giving in to her passion... as he is already lost to his.
And then...

All of a sudden he jerks up.
An astonished look on his face.

GIRL
(giggling)
No...no...not fair...I'm not
finished yet...

But that's when she notices...

Blood! Seeping through his lips.
And he starts to cough.
And his eyes glaze.

Suddenly, he jerks again. And this time...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A strangled scream escapes.
And he starts to fold up in her arms.

She can't hold him. He slides down her.
And that's when she SEES...

Ghanima. Standing right behind him.
Yanking her crowsknife from his back.

She is staring straight into the girl's eyes.
A terrifying, cold-blooded gaze.

GHANIMA

You may let go of him now. He is
dead.

And that's when the girl starts screaming.
And Ghanima faints with weakness.

CUT TO:

INT. SIETCH TABR - EVENING

A small room. Fremen women hurry in and out.
Taking away bowels and rags soaked with...

....Ghanima's blood and perspiration. She is lying on a
pallet. Delirious with fever. Trembling with weakness.

Irulan sits on the bed with her. Holding her hand.
Stoking her hair.

Stilgar stands alone in a corner of the room.
Watching the women attend to this dying girl.
Who moans and cries. In fear. In despair.

GHANIMA

Leto....

A Fedaykin approaches. Speaks in a hush to Stilgar.

FEDAYKIN

We've confirmed that it was
Ghanima's knife that killed
Palimbasha...

STILGAR

And the communicator he was
wearing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEDAYKIN

Off-world manufacture, for sure. We found the transceiver implanted in the animal's neck. We also found this...in the desert.

And he presents Stilgar with a small piece of Fremen robe. Surely a piece of clothing Leto was wearing. It is shredded and bloodied.

Stilgar can't contain a deep sigh of grief. He crushes the rag into a tiny ball in his hands.

STILGAR

(indicating Ghani)

The women are not certain she'll live through the night...

FEDAYKIN

Should I arrange transport to the palace...?

IRULAN

No!

The men give her their attention.

IRULAN

Whoever would benefit from the death of these children will not rest unless they're sure they succeeded.

STILGAR

(agreeing with her)

Until the time is right, she is safer here than anywhere else.

The Fedaykin nods. And hurries out of the room. Leaving Stilgar clutching that rag of Leto's. Staring at Ghani...struggling to survive.

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENTS/ROYAL KEEP - DAY

She is sitting in a formal chair. Staring hard at... An Imperial Fremen Captain. Dirty and tired. Clearly arrived from the desert.

Several advisors...including Javid stand nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREMEN CAPTAIN

Stilgar refuses to allow Ghanima to travel...saying she is not strong enough...saying her safety cannot be guaranteed. He has offered sanctuary...

JAVID

He is Naib of the Sietch. We cannot overrule his wishes.

ALIA

We'll see about that.

FREMEN CAPTAIN

The activities at Tabr are curious and provocative. No one is allowed to visit or depart without Stilgar's permission. Communications with the Palace are curt and perfunctory...

ALIA

They're planning to go over to the rebels?

JAVID

Unlikely, m'Lady. We know Stilgar has initiated dialogue with the insurgent Naibs to the South, but only as emissary...

FREMEN CAPTAIN

Something else, m'Lady. A party of Tabr Watermasters was seen spreading water remains upon the sand in the middle of the day...

The room shuffles nervously.

FREMEN CAPTAIN

Someone was disposed of who deserved the ultimate condemnation.

Javid's eyes narrow. Clearly logging this information as significant. Finally...

ALIA

(to the Captain)

Continue your surveillance of Sietch Tabr. I want to know who is coming and who is going.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA (cont'd)

I want to know where all
communications are directed. And I
want to know the name of the one
whose water was cast out.

The Fremem Captain bows formally and leaves the room.
And upon a signal from Alia...

...so do the rest of the advisors. Leaving her alone.
With Javid.

ALIA

Stilgar knows something of Leto's
fate. And he's keeping it from me.

JAVID

We have no information supporting
that suspicion.

ALIA

It's the only explanation.

JAVID

But why would he keep it from you?

ALIA

Knowledge of what happened to Leto
could be a powerful negotiating
tool for the one who possesses it.

And that's when another voice rings out.

BARON HARKONNEN'S VOICE

Very good, darling. Very
perceptive...

Alia's hand impulsively leaps to her temple.
Rubbing it with that indisputable Harkonnen gesture.

BARON HARKONNEN'S VOICE

Do not make the same mistake that I
did...

Alia looks up and SEES HIM. Across the room.
A vague transparency. But real enough for her.

ALIA

Yes. The bodies....

JAVID

M'Lady....?

She finally focuses on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARON HARKONNEN

Remember how I miscalculated...

ALIA

...when Lady Jessica and my brother were left to the desert... everyone assumed they were dead...

BARON HARKONNEN

...a tragically fatal misjudgment...

ALIA

... a mistake I do not intend to repeat.

She pulls down her hand. Stiffens her posture.

ALIA

If Leto is dead, I want to see the body.

JAVID

That may not be possible. The storms...worms...

ALIA

I want to see the body!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

A lone figure sits at the crest of a colossal dune. Dwarfed by the endless wilderness surrounding it. But calm, unafraid.

CLOSER...

It's LETO. Contemplating the endless waves of beige spread out in front of him. Finally...

He picks up a handful of sand. Lets it slide through his fingers like dust in an hourglass. His skin itches with the sensation.

He picks up more sand. Rubs his hands with it.

LETO

My skin is not my own....

And that's when...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

The Golden Path is dangerous, son.

Leto looks up. Nearby...

A MAN is sitting on the dune. Staring back at him.
It's PAUL. Muad'Dib himself.

PAUL

It's the choice I could not make. A
desert storm that can't be
stopped...

Suddenly a strong wind sweeps across the dune.
And in the wind...a noise. A hiss.
The unmistakable sound of...

A WORM.

PAUL

You will become that storm, son.
The whirlwind. And nothing will be
able to stop you. Not even
yourself....

The dune under Leto begins to sway and rumble.
But the boy doesn't move. But when he looks back...

Paul is gone. Only that gorgeous desert BUTTERFLY remains on
the spot where Paul was. -

The sound of the worm is getting closer and closer.
But Leto never takes his eyes off the butterfly...even as...

It suddenly takes flight. Lifting into the air and hovering a
moment... almost as if beckoning to Leto. Summoning him.

The sound of the approaching worm is almost deafening now.
But Leto remains transfixed on that butterfly as it...

...floats away to the south. And finally...

Leto gets to his feet. Turns calmly to see the worm
approaching. Closer. Closer....

He fastens the mask of his stillsuit.
Assumes the traditional Fremen stance.
Readies his "maker" hooks. And at the last moment...

Leto lashes out with his hooks...and is dragged up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE WORM...

Leto mounts it with practiced ease.
And once he has his footing...

He pulls on his maker hooks. Urging the worm to turn.
To turn in the direction that butterfly took.

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

Leto commands the worm like a Fremen twice his age.
Confident. Determined.

But on the horizon...a faint stain of light heralds another
dawn.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMALL ROCK OUTCROP....LATER - PRE-DAWN

Leto dismounts masterfully. Half-burying himself in the
sands. Waiting until...

The worm...now free of its human irritant... sulks back into
the ground and glides away.

EXT. THE DESERT....LATER - PRE-DAWN

Leto struggles up the face of a massive dune. Careful not to
cause an avalanche that would surely bury him forever. But
just as he nears the crest...

He collapses with exhaustion. Gasping for breath...
Until he looks up to SEE...

That wonderful BUTTERFLY again. Waiting for him at the top of
the dune. Wings softly floating back and forth. Urging him to
keep coming.

And Leto does. Pulling himself up to the dune's ridge
where...

The butterfly takes flight to REVEAL...

There, in the distance, that squat ridge of mountains.
That ugly fortress that Leto has seen in his visions.
It can only be one place.

LETO

Jacarutu.

EXT. JACARUTU - DAWN

Leto can be seen approaching swiftly.
Trying to outpace the sun.

He climbs the stones expertly, silently.
Hurrying into the shelter of...

A fairly large CAVE opening where..

He drops his Fremk.it. Pulls off his mask.
And moves in to scout the surroundings.
And almost immediately he NOTICES...

Small shelves and ledges carved out of the stone.
And man-made markings. On the rock walls.
Crude but apochryphal drawings of...

War. Slaughter. Fremmen versus Fremmen.
The legend of the Iduali tribe.
The myth of Jacarutu.

INT. JACARUTU SIETCH....MOMENTS LATER - DAWN

Empty and quiet.

The cut of the walls, the arches and doorways indicate a
Fremmen community of some kind. But there's a mustiness, a
thickness to the air that suggests this place is infrequently
occupied.

And somewhere....ghostly cries of terror and agony.
Perhaps it's only the wind howling down these corridors.

Leto moves from corridor to corridor.
A seemingly endless maze.

The further Leto goes, the more obvious it becomes that...
This is the sietch of his vision.
The place he's been seeking.

And there... in the distance...the dim light of a glowglobe.
Spilling into the hallway from some unseen room.

Leto approaches. Tentatively.
Finally turning the corner into...

INT. LARGE CHAMBER

...what appears to be some kind of animal corral. A cluster of small sand "cribs". Hedged by thin irrigation canals filled with water.

Leto kneels down by one of the pens.
There is movement under this sand.
Swift, fleeting movement.

LETO
Sandtrout...

VOICE
So, you know your desert farming,
young Atreides.

Leto turns. And now he can feel...

The eyes. Everywhere around him.
In the darkness. In crevices. Behind rocks.
Blue, unblinking eyes. Staring at him.

But Leto doesn't move. He makes no attempt to escape.

VOICE
That's right, Atreides. Don't be
foolish. We have your water in our
cup.

And something pricks Leto's neck. A sharp, burning sting.
His legs are suddenly rubbery.

He staggers. Grabs for the wall.
But it's too late.
He goes down.

DISSOLVE TO:

END ACT 1

ACT 2

FADE IN

INT. SIETCH JACARUTU - EVENING

Barren except for several dim glowglobes. And....
Leto. Alone his pallet of cushions and blankets.

He slowly regains a groggy consciousness. Trying to focus on
his surroundings. Trying to divine where he is now.

He pulls himself up. Steadies himself with some deep breaths.
And that's when he notices...

A woman. Sitting in front of him.
Studying him with wide, curious eyes.

WOMAN

You would be Leto. Son of
Muad'dib...

It's the young woman who was with the smugglers in the
desert. The ones who were Gurney Halleck's guides.

WOMAN

I am Sabiha. I am meant to watch
over you.

LETO

And kill me, no doubt, if I try to
escape.

And he tries to get up.

SABIHA

That won't happen.

And she's right. He is too wobbly and weak.
He falls back in a daze.

And Sabiha reaches for a small bowl of gruel next to him.

SABIHA

Drink...

And she proffers the bowl to his lips.
And he's too weak to resist.

He swallows a large gulp and...
Falls back in a faint.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDORS, PALACE KEEP/ARRAKEEN - NIGHT

Alia hurries down this dimly lit hallway.
Accompanied by her amazon bodyguards.

And a cluster of nervous priests.
Including Javid.

PRIEST

He was assassinated by Fremen
bandits from a Sietch near Habbanya
Erg. He was travelling with
diplomatic immunity when they
attacked...

And they turn a corner into...

INT. SMALL CHAMBERS/PALACE KEEP - SAME

....where another group of priests maintain a vigil over...

A body laid out on a table there. A Qizarate PRIEST.
Bloody, bruised. Brutally murdered.

As Alia and the others approach...

PRIEST

They carved blasphemy into his
skin, m'Lady. Horrible, profane
curses...about you and your
family...

Javid pulls back the clothing and reads...
Symbols. Carved upon the man's chest and abdomen.

JAVID

*Cursed be the name Atreides.
Burning be on you for the
abomination you have visited on our
desert. You shall have no soul, nor
spirit. You shall not be permitted
to come up from the depths...*

PRIEST

The obscenities of desert rebels,
holiness.

Alia is almost shaking with fury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

No mercy. An example must be made to warn other tribes what awaits them if they persist in this insurrection.

And with that she sweeps out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - EVENING

Javid...under a heavy Fremen cloak...makes his way anonymously through the crowds. Ducking into...

A DARK ALLEY...

...where he comes to a small apartment at the end. After his soft, signifying knock...

The door opens. And he's quickly ushered inside by... MURIZ. That conspirator who met with Javid earlier.

INT. DINGY APARTMENT....MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

Javid and Muriz are conversing quietly while other men sit and watch nearby.

JAVID

...her madness deepens with each passing hour. By the time she's through, even the vile Harkonnen would be a welcome relief.

MURIZ

Then our efforts are being rewarded. The more the repression, the greater the rebellion. The greater the rebellion, the sooner our enemies slaughter each other.

And the men across the room murmur approvingly.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT SIETCH SOMEWHERE....LATER - NIGHT

The tribe is gathered for the communal meal. A peaceful, idyllic ceremony attended by all. Men, women, children....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then...

The sounds of 'thopters. Not just a few.
An entire squadron. Imperial insignia.
Beating the air with their engines.

The sound quickly overwhelms the cries of the Fremen.
Fleeing to shelter...as...

A barrage of missile fire rains down on the sietch.
There is nowhere to hide.

The mountain begins to crumble under the massive firepower
being levelled at it. And all who live within it are quickly
gunned down or entombed in what little is left.

And yet somehow, a deafening unison scream rings out above
the noise. A tribal death-rattle. Speeding across the desert
like a vicious wind to...

INT. SIETCH JACARUTU

...where Leto awakens suddenly in his small, dark room.
Lying on a pallet of cushions.

The echo of a scream evaporates in the distance as...

His eyes slowly focus. He is disoriented.
Light-headed. As if...drugged.
But finally he SEES...

Someone standing in the doorway.
Obscured by shadows.

LETO
Gurney Halleck.

And the man steps into the light. It is Gurney.

GURNEY
They told me it was you...

LETO
I wasn't expecting to find you
here...

GURNEY
Smugglers brought me. Friends of
old friends. Searching for
answers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO

And finding only more questions,
eh, Gurney-man?

Gurney startles.

GURNEY

The rumor in the wind is that you
are dead, boy.

LETO

Oh...I'm very far from dead... He
tries to move. But stumbles.

LETO

...although I'm not quite myself at
the moment...

Gurney hurries into the room. Helps Leto sit up.

GURNEY

How did you get here, boy?

LETO

I followed my father. And he meets
Gurney's incredulous stare

LETO

He told me to come. In my visions.
He called me from here...

But he's weak. Groggy.
And he drifts off again.

GURNEY

How is it you know the name,
Gurney-man? A name only Muad'dib
used to call me...

LETO

The lives of my father and
grandfather are strong within me...

Gurney holds him. Studies him.

GURNEY

(to himself)

The question is, how strong?

INT. SIETCH JACARUTU - SAME

Gurney is sharing a meager meal with Namri and several other smugglers who brought him here.

NAMRI

...there is no word about the Reverend Mother or Idaho. But now that they're gone, there is no one to restrain Alia. Her forces are probing deeper and deeper into the southern regions, attacking rebel sietches wherever she thinks they are. And still there are riots on the streets of Arrakeen itself.

Gurney shakes his head sadly.
Visibly disturbed and depressed.

GURNEY

What about the boy?

NAMRI

The sister, Ghanima, insists she saw him killed. But Alia refuses to believe it. She wants to see a body.

A gloomy silence descends. Until finally...

GURNEY

We'll stay here until the boy is strong enough to travel.

NAMRI

Travel...where?

GURNEY

To Sietch Tabr. To Stilgar...
(beat; then to himself)
...the only one left.

The smugglers are uncomfortable with Gurney's attitude.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - EVENING

Remains of a formal meal are spread out on a long, ceremonial table. On one side...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stilgar. Irulan. And a cadre of Sietch elders.
Across from them...

Alia, Javid and her cabinet of priests and bureaucrats.
All under the watchful gaze of...

Imperial Fremem troops loyal to Alia.
And fearsome desert Fedaykin loyal to Stilgar.

In the background, the community of Sietch Tabr observes from
rocks and gazebos, from doorways and caves.

ALIA

If you hadn't taken them from the
city in the first place, this never
would have happened...

IRULAN

Are you so sure?

STILGAR

The peace and quiet of the Sietch
seemed a better haven for the royal
heirs than the anarchy of Arrakeen.

ALIA

You took them without my
permission!

IRULAN

I am their guardian, Alia.

ALIA

Were their guardian. Look how well
you performed your task. The future
of House Atreides, and you let them
sneak out of here like fugitives
from a penal colony.

(turning to Stilgar)

Both of you!

STILGAR

If I recall there was another
Atreides child who lived in our
Southern Sietch. She, too, was
quite clever at evading her tutors
and bodyguards...

Alia ignores the obvious reference to herself.
In fact, she doesn't even seem to recognize it as such.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

And just how long were you going to keep Ghanima's condition from me?

STILGAR

Until we were certain she would survive.

(beat)

The authors of this vile conspiracy surely have many spies. In many places...

And his meaning is clear enough. Alia's expression darkens.

ALIA

You have no right to hold her here.

IRULAN

We have every right to protect the royal heir!

ALIA

Are you suggesting that she won't be safe at the Palace with me!?

IRULAN

I am demanding she not be used as a pawn in a civil war!

ALIA

The longer you keep her here, the longer both sides of this conflict will claim she is. being used!

She turns to Stilgar.

ALIA

You can't be a peacemaker if you are holding a bomb, Stilgar. Now that she is recovered, you know as well as I that Ghanima must be returned to the court.

All eyes are on Stil. It's in his hands now. And finally...

STILGAR

She's right, Irulan. As long as I designate Sietch Tabr neutral territory, no violence may be committed here by or upon any party to this conflict.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILGAR (cont'd)

Holding Ghanima against the Imperial Regent's will would be considered abduction.

IRULAN

But it's Alia who is abducting her, if you let her go.

STILGAR

Not if you go with her.

Alia's eyes widen. But before she can object... Stilgar rises. Announces to the table and everyone else.

STILGAR

As Naib of this Sietch, I release Ghanima into the custody of the Imperial Regent. But...on the condition that Princess Irulan accompany her. If any harm should come to either the Princess or the royal heir...the neutrality of this tribe will be forfeit. Allegiance to the Imperial throne will be disavowed.

And he turns to Alia for her consent. She is trapped. She must agree.

ALIA

Alright, then. Agreed! I want the girl ready in one hour. We leave for Arrakeen immediately.

And she stands. Whirls around and leaves the valley. Javid and the other officials follow.

STILGAR

Forgive me, Irulan. I've just put you in grave danger.

IRULAN

Don't worry, Stil. I have many ways of taking care of myself...and Ghani. Besides, I'll wager we're both more valuable to her alive than dead.

STILGAR

She'll have no one else to blame now. And she knows it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LETO'S ROOM SIETCH JACARUTU - NIGHT

The atmosphere is humid and dense. A miasma.
And floating in it...

Faces. Dim and indistinguishable. Spectral, tortured faces.
Distorted by intense emotions. Mouthing strange words.
Incomprehensible languages.

Hands reach out. Clutching. Grabbing.
Trying to reach...

Leto. Lying on his pallet of cushions.
Tormented by the rage of noise swirling around him until..

He suddenly jerks himself awake.

The turgid atmosphere disappears.
And with it, the noise.
The faces dissolve.

His eyes to slowly focus to SEE....
Sabiha sitting near him.

LETO

What are you doing to me?

SABIHA

Keeping you comfortable.

And he notices the bowls of food they've been feeding him
next to his pallet.

LETO

Spice essence...

She doesn't answer. But he knows it's true.
He shakes his head. Trying to fight off the effect.

SABIHA

They say you have voices in your
head. Like your Aunt. They say you
might be mad...

LETO

Does that frighten you?

She shrugs indifferently.

SABIHA

Should it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leto manages a weak smile. He likes her attitude.

SABIHA

The question is, does it frighten
you?

Leto tries to concentrate on her. But...

The room swims. Colors are indistinct. Bleeding from one to
another as if liquefied. Sounds are distorted and
exaggerated. His own breathing is amplified...

And that's when he is seized by a flood of pain.
Starting in his stomach, but swiftly spreading.
And as he swoons back on his pallet...

INT. CORRIDOR, SIETCH JACARUTU

Sabiha hurries out of the room to FIND...
Narori. Watching from the shadows.
As they stare in at Leto on the floor...

NAMRI

He's deep into it now.

SABIHA

The more we feed him the deeper his
trance.

NAMRI

...the greater the madness.

SABIHA

Perhaps we gave him too much.

She sounds almost sympathetic.

NAMRI

We'll give him as much as it takes.

SABIHA

If the Atreides man, Halleck,
discovers we've induced a spice
trance...

NAMRI

It will be too late. For both of
them.

And Sabiha turns back to watch...

INT. LETO'S ROOM

...Leto squirming on his pallet.

That chorus of voices cries out for attention in his mind.
And those tortured faces float around him in the mists of
this room until...

Leto moans. And...

EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

END ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN

EXT. CORRINO CITADEL/SALUSA SECUNDUS - DAY

TO ESTABLISH

INT. CORRINO CITADEL/SALUSA SECUNDUS - DAY

Jessica and Duncan Idaho are sitting side by side on a bench. They are not bound. But they are clearly prisoners. Armed Sardaukar guards flank them.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

I warn you, any attempt at witchery
will result in immediate execution.

She is on a "throne" across the room. An inquisitor pose. Enjoying the reversal of fortunes the situation implies.

IDAHO

We are seeking safe harbor, not an
opportunity for treachery.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

So you say. And why should we risk
sheltering fugitives from the
Imperium?

JESSICA

Who says we are fugitives?

Wensicia's aide-de-camp steps forward.

TYEKANIK

Your confrontation with Alia is
already taking on mythic
proportions, Lady Jessica. Several
Fremen tribes are known to be in
open revolt against the Qizarate*
Civil war seems imminent.

JESSICA

My grandchildren will prevent that.

FARAD'N

Not if they're dead.

He enters the room unannounced.
Wensicia stiffens. Tyekanik grimaces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARAD'N (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to bear this news, Lady Jessica, but your grandson is the victim of a well-planned assassination plot.

He glares at his mother.

JESSICA

Assassination?

FARAD'N

Reports indicate the Atreides twins went missing from Sietch Tabr. They were attacked in the desert.

JESSICA

Attacked?

FARAD'N

By tigers...

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Farad'n!

FARAD'N

...animals bred and trained here on Salusa Secundus.

Jessica looks between Farad'n and his mother. One glance tells her everything she needs to know.

FARAD'N

The sister, Ghanima, apparently made it back to the Sietch to describe what happened.

JESSICA

And the Regent of House Corrino was aware of this plot?

Before Wensicia can answer...

FARAD'N

She planned it!

PRINCESS WENSICIA

How dare you!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARAD'N

I'll dare quite a few things from now on, Mother. You've been quite adept at making decisions in MY NAME...decisions which I find extremely distasteful...

Wensicia sputters. Looks to Tyek...who can say nothing.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

You insolent...bastard!

FARAD'N

Let's not discuss your weaknesses, Mother. Let's discuss my future.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

I forbid you to speak any further!

FARAD'N

You forbid nothing. As heir to the throne of House Corrino, I am now the author of my own decisions.

JESSICA

Then the first one you must make is to kill me...

This brings the conversation to an abrupt halt.

JESSICA

...because I will not rest until House Corrino is destroyed for what it's done to my family.

Farad'n moves closer to her. Speaks to her as if no one else were in the room.

FARAD'N

I have no intention of killing you. I want to... learn from you.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Farad'n...don't be a fool...she is a witch!

FARAD'N

(ignoring her)

An endgame is near, Jessica Atreides. Events on Arrakis are spinning wildly out of control.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARAD'N (cont'd)

We can retreat and watch the Empire collapse on top of us...or we can offer each other sanctuary.

(off Jessica's look)

I protect you from Alia's reach...and you protect me from the consequences of my mother's misguided actions.

JESSICA

And how will I do that?

FARAD'N

By announcing publicly that we did not kidnap you...as Alia is now alleging. That you came here of your own free will. An emissary of the Bene Gesserit, if you will. Sent to take over my education. And that you hold me blameless for what happened to the twins on Arrakis.

JESSICA

And in return?

FARAD'N

My mother is to be stripped of all accounts and privileges of House Corrino. She will no longer be sovereign regent of this family. She is from this moment forward... *banished!*

Wensicia is out of her chair now.
Screaming at Tyek. At the Sardaukar.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Arrest him! As Regent of House Corrino, I order you!

But Farad'n simply smiles. Turns to face them.

FARAD'N

Yes. Arrest me. Play into our enemies' hands. Do exactly what Alia Atreides expects you to do...

No one moves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARAD'N

...let her blame us for the
assassination of the royal heirs,
let her accuse us of murdering the
Holy Mother. Let her wail in grief
for the husband who died on Salusa
soil. Give her the reason to...
*crush House Corrino once and for
all!*

Wensicia is paralyzed. With anger. With fear.
She scans the room. Searching for support.
But there is none.

FARAD'N

Tyek, you and my mother are under
house arrest. I promise no violence
will occur to either of you
...unless you invite it.

Without a word...Wensicia flees the room.
Farad'n signals the Sardaukar...

...who move immediately to escort Tyekanik out the door.
When they're gone...

FARAD'N

Now, perhaps together we can devise
a reasonable solution to the
disaster your daughter is hatching.

JESSICA

Did you kill my grandson?

A simple question. Requiring a simple answer.

FARAD'N

I knew nothing of the plot against
your grandchildren.

A beat as she studies him. She is reading him.
Assessing his honesty. And he is an open book.

JESSICA

You want me to teach you as the
Bene Gesserit are taught.

FARAD'N

An offer I cannot resist.

CUT TO:

INT. JACARUTU SIETCH - NIGHT

Leto is on his pallet. Clearly intoxicated with spice.
Slowly his eyes open and he looks around.

He is alone. The girl, Sabiha, is gone. But..

Those strange, horrible voices are clamoring for attention.
And those desperate spectral faces hover ominously...until...

That strange, skeletal BUTTERFLY suddenly floats down from
some unseen entry. Settling on the ground in front of Leto.

The faces dissolve.
The voices fade.

The butterfly's wings sway gently in an unseen breeze.
It seems to be staring right at Leto. And then...

The walls of the Sietch suddenly disappear.
Evaporating as if they were nothing but drawings in space.
And Leto now finds himself...

EXT. THE DESERT

...lying atop a huge dune. In the bright daylight.
Staring out at...

...an ocean of GREEN. A verdant-carpet putrid with dense
emerald color where once there was nothing but clean, arid
desert.

Leto stares at this corruption of the sand with a heavy
narcotic gaze until...

The butterfly suddenly takes flight.
Leto struggles to turn his head.
To watch it go. And now he SEES...

Worms. Everywhere. Dead. Giant rotting carcasses!
Decaying in the merciless sun. Lashed to the ground by...

...tentacles of green vines. Creeping over the decomposing
flesh like cancer. And then...

The FACES return. Screeching across the landscape from all
directions. A mad chorus of voices. Growing louder and
louder. The same noise that drove Alia insane.

Leto grabs his ears. A futile attempt to shut out the noise.
But it's no use. The sound gets louder and louder. And now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sky is suddenly a storm of color and image.

Leto lurches to his feet and screams in agony. And the sound he makes is the most terrifying of all. Something more than human. Almost like...a worm itself. The cry of the desert. And then...just as suddenly...

Everything is silent. The voices are gone.
And so are the worms. And...

INT. JACARUTU SIETCH - NIGHT

Leto is back in his small room. Alone again, except for...

Sabiha. His smuggler guard. Sitting a few yards away.
Holding a pistol. Eyes wide with terror.
Completely unnerved by his behavior.

After a moment...

LETO

Put the weapon away...Cast Out.

Sabiha hisses involuntarily. But she doesn't move.

LETO

That is what you are, isn't it?
Adopting the chameleon colors of a
smuggler tribe in order to keep
your true identity secret...

SABIHA

The surest way to keep a secret is
to let people think they already
know the answer.

LETO

Legends to frighten children. Taboo
places never to be visited...

SABIHA

Allowing us to survive. Trading
spice...

LETO

And that's not all, is it?

Her eyes narrow. Her hand tightens around the pistol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO

You're breeding sand-trout. I've seen the holding pens. Selling worms off-planet. You hope to break the Atreides' monopoly on spice...

SABIHA

It is dangerous for you to know these things.

LETO

More dangerous for you.
(off her look)
None of your worms survive long away from Dune...

SABIHA

Not yet.

LETO

Not ever.

And he reaches over for that bowl of spice essence.

SABIHA

You are already saturated with spice...

LETO

And it can no longer harm me.

And he takes a long drink. Stares at her with hard eyes.

LETO

(with the VOICE)

*I have survived the crucible,
Sabiha. I have silenced the voices
within who would have possessed me.
Only I remain now. To do what I
must do.*

SABIHA

And what is that?

LETO

Save the desert.

And he slowly comes over to her. She stiffens. He reaches for her weapon. She doesn't resist. She is helpless now at his touch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDTROUT CORRAL/JACARUTU SIETCH - NIGHT

Leto slips through the tunnel into the room with the holding pens. Those clusters of small sand "cribs". Defined and hedged by the irrigation canals of water.

Leto kneels down by one of the pens.
Watches the movement under the sand.
Swift, fleeting movement.

And then...he does a startling thing...
He reaches out with one of his hands.
Burying the arm up to the elbow in the sand.

And the dervishes beneath the sand become more agitated.
Swimming around in a frenzy until...

They begin to collect around Leto's arm.
But he doesn't move. He waits and watches as...

One of the sandtrout slides onto his fingers.
Up over the back of his hand to his wrist.
Flattening out as it spreads...until...

Leto finally pulls his arm from the sand.
And he stares excitedly at...

The thin, glistening membrane of the sandtrout tissue.
Merging with his own skin!

LETO
My skin is not my own...

He gets to his feet. Slips off his clothes.
And steps into the sand...

...which begins to swirl around his feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONSERVATORY, CORRINO CITADEL/SALUSA SECUNDUS - DAY

A bright, airy room. No furniture.
More like an exercise studio.

Jessica is sitting on a simple chair in the middle of the room. Watching...

Farad'n. Holding his arms straight out in front of him.
Attempting a Bene Gesserit exercise she is trying to teach him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It must be particularly sophisticated one because he is immobile. The only sign of effort is his expression. Finally...

FARAD'N
I can't do it!

And he deflates.

JESSICA
You can. You will.

FARAD'N
But they don't change. My hands don't change...

JESSICA
Patience. Concentrate on visualizing the flow of time: infancy to age, age to infancy. If you demand it of your senses, your hands will change.

He tries again. Concentrates. But after a moment, he drops his arms.

FARAD'N
They don't change.

Jessica sighs.

JESSICA
It would have been better to begin this when you were young. I'm surprised you never asked for a Bene Gesserit teacher before now. They would have leaped at the opportunity to put you in their debt...

FARAD'N
My mother...had other training in mind for me when I was younger.

JESSICA
You can still learn...

FARAD'N
...if I'm patient.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

(nodding)

You must learn to consider... the union of opposites.

Farad'n studies her. She is sending him a signal. And he knows it.

FARAD'N

I know what I intend to get out of this relationship, Jessica. What is it that you expect?

She takes a moment. Parsing her thoughts so they are spoken with the proper emphasis, the desired effect.

JESSICA

Our houses are at their crossroads, Farad'n. Families turned against themselves. Weakened from within. We each confront the greatest danger from those closest to us.

FARAD'N

But I've banished my mother.

JESSICA

While I, on the other hand, cannot banish my daughter.

FARAD'N

What do you expect me to do about her?

JESSICA

Nothing...about her...

And she uses the VOICE. Gently. Subtly. Just enough for him to start getting it.

JESSICA

Recognizing the essential instability of our universe, you must learn how to make it your own creation. It is the Bene Gesserit way.

FARAD'N

The union of opposites....
(beat; then revelation)
Your granddaughter....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

An alliance between the houses
could be beneficial to both.

FARAD'N

An alliance...through marriage?

Farad'n is clearly intrigued.

FARAD'N

Would it be possible?

Jessica's silence speaks volumes. And she changes the subject
in order to emphasize it.

JESSICA

You must learn each and every
muscle as if it were a single
string on a baliset. When you learn
to play them individually, you will
know how to play them together.

After a beat...

FARAD'N

Patience...

And he raises his arms again.
Trying hard to "change" his hands.

IDAHO'S VOICE

The idea repulses me.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSICA'S QUARTERS/CORRINO CITADEL - DAY

She is sitting by the window. Staring at...
Idaho across the room. Standing rigid. Formal.

JESSICA

Surely your Mentat reasoning can
see the value of it.

IDAHO

That an Atreides would willingly
marry into the House that vowed its
destruction...it's madness.

JESSICA

My son did exactly that when he
married Irulan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IDAHO

Politics ruled that decision. And it averted a war.

JESSICA

Surely you can see the similarity to our present situation.

IDAHO

Do you really think Alia would agree to a marriage between Ghanima and Farad'n?

JESSICA

She is the reason you must be the one to deliver this proposal.

(off his surprise)

She loved you once, Duncan. There is a part of her that still does. You are the only one who might reach the part of her that still knows who she is...

IDAHO

She is lost to me. You witnessed the evidence of that yourself.

JESSICA

You could be saving the life of Muad'Dib's daughter, Duncan.

And he calculates this.

JESSICA

As long as Ghani lives, she is a threat to Alia. But if we can make my daughter believe her niece is the means to eliminate an even greater threat, we can save her life. And buy ourselves precious time.

IDAHO

An uncertain gambit at best.

JESSICA

The only gambit we have at the moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACARUTU SIETCH - NIGHT

Sabiha, the Cast Out woman who was guarding Leto, is sitting in the small room where he tricked her and escaped. She looks dazed. Disoriented.

Just outside...

GURNEY

How could she let him escape?

And he's talking to Namri...who is with him.

NAMRI

She says he used witchcraft on her.

GURNEY

No witchcraft. He used his grandmother's Bene Gesserit tricks on her.

NAMRI

We have searched the sietch. He is nowhere to be found. Gone to the desert for sure.

GURNEY

Get word to the others. They must find him and bring him back.

NAMRI

That's not possible.

(off Gurney's look)

A storm is coming. We've been tracking it the past few hours. No one will venture out until it passes.

Gurney glares at Namri. Rage building.

NAMRI

A boy like won't survive long in the open desert.

GURNEY

A boy like that may be capable of more than you could ever imagine...

And he storms off down the corridor.

NAMRI

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GURNEY

To look for the lad.

But Narari steps in front of him.

NAMRI

That cannot be permitted.

There's a steeliness in Namri's tone now.
Something has changed all of a sudden.
Gurney now feels threat directed at himself.

NAMRI

There are those among us who feel
you've already seen too much here.

And he pulls a pistol from his robe.
Realization is slowly sweeping over Gurney.

NAMRI

Cursed be your name, Atreides.
Burning be on you for the
abomination you have visited on our
desert. You shall have no soul, nor
spirit. You shall not be permitted
to come up from the depths...

The curse of the Cast Out.

GURNEY

You intended to kill us both. All
along...didn't you?

NAMRI

Sooner or later. We had to be
certain first...

GURNEY

Of what?

NAMRI

That he was truly Muad'Dib's son.

GURNEY

But now you've lost him.

NAMRI

We can let the desert render its
judgement on him. You, however,
must meet a different fate.

He urges Gurney down the corridor with the barrel of his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gurney has no choice but to comply.
He marches down the hallway until...

NAMRI

In here.

Gurney turns a corner into a small room.
Stepping ahead of Namri just enough so that...

...when Namri follows..

Gurney spins abruptly. Catches Namri's gun with his robe.
A muffled shot rings out as...

Gurney yanks Namri forward with a powerful jerk.
Ramming his knife into the man's chest at the same time.

Namri tries to cry out. But his diaphragm is pierced.
He has no air. He collapses against Gurney...

...who drops him quickly to the floor and slashes his throat.

For a moment, everything is quiet. Gurney doesn't move.
And then, when he's satisfied no one has heard the
commotion...

He drags Namri's body into a corner.
Starts pulling off his robes.

Then he covers the corpse with cushions and an old rug.

EXT. JACARUTU SIETCH....MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Gurney emerges from a thin cut in the rocks.
Wearing Namri's robes now.

IN THE DISTANCE...

He can see the faint signs of the storm.
Still some distance away. But approaching fast.

Gurney covers his face with the robe...
..and hurries down to the desert floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

That storm is raging across the landscape.
Violently dragging tons of the desert with it.
The noise is unbearable. Like the roar of a million monsters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But there is a man...standing on a dune. Watching it come.
Buffeted by the increasing winds. But not moving.

It's Leto. Bracing himself for the onslaught.

LETO

The only thing that doesn't fear an
Arrakis storm is the worm.

And as he waits...

He holds up his hands. Both are covered with the gelatinous
membrane of the sandtrout. Both mottled with new skin. The
union of his own with the worm larvae.

And then he turns back to SEE...

The storm. Obliterating the horizon.
Bearing down on him like an enraged beast.

Louder and louder.
Closer and closer...

LETO

I will not fear. Fear is the mind
killer. I will face my fear. I will
let it pass through me...

END ACT 3

ACT 4

FADE IN

INT. ALIA'S QUARTERS/ROYAL KEEP - EVENING

Alia is framed against the windows of her apartments. Floor to ceiling slits in the wall that only allow laser-like shafts of harsh Arrakis sunlight into the room.

She is just an outline against the brightness. The light creates an eerie halo around her. Obscuring her face as she...

...stands there reading what looks like an official document.

ACROSS THE ROOM...

Idaho waits at attention. Under the watchful gaze of...

Alia's Amazonian bodyguards. And a cluster of priests. Javid among them. He and Idaho occasionally meet eyes. Mutual suspicion. The silence merciless. Until finally...

ALIA

I assume you see merit to this marriage proposal...since you gambled your own safety to deliver it personally.

IDAHO

Merit..and risk. You must judge which bears the greater weight.

ALIA

My priests object to the idea.

IDAHO

Because they are myopic and parochial...

The priests stir behind him. Clearly indignant.

IDAHO

...interested only in preserving their own power.

ALIA

Be careful, Duncan. You already stand on the precipice...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IDAHO

It's no secret desert rebels probe your defenses with increased success. Riots here in Arrakeen are subject of much discussion off-world. Whispers of weakness and disarray are spreading among the Great Houses...

ALIA

Rumors! Encouraged by our enemies to inspire doubt and fear.

IDAHO

The jackals are gathering, Alia,
(beat)
An alliance between Corrino and Atreides could serve as a reassurance. And a warning.

Alia is clearly weighing the options. Finally...

ALIA

(to the priests)

Prepare a formal response to House Corrino. We will allow negotiations for a union between Ghanima and Prince Farad'n to begin. But make it clear Atreides interests will dominate.

And she waves everyone out of the room.

ALIA

Leave me. Only my husband may remain.

The priests murmur unhappily as they shuffle out. And once they're gone...

ALIA

My mother is behind this, isn't she?

No answer.

Alia steps forward. And for the first time... Her face is visible. And it's changed. It's harder now. Less...feminine.

Idaho's startled reaction is obvious. He can't help it. The Baron's influence is clearly overwhelming within her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA

I should have you executed for what you did.

IDAHO

My diplomatic immunity as Corrino envoy would make that an unwise decision. Besides...

(beat)

...you tried that already.

And there's another tense moment of silence. And then..

ALIA

Why did you come back here?

IDAHO

My allegiance to House Atreides would permit nothing less.

ALIA

I played no part in your decision?

Idaho pauses. Emotions are raging within him.

IDAHO

I struggled not to allow it.

She is visibly disappointed and hurt. But she maintains her composure^

ALIA

You can't remain at the Keep. I must banish you for your treachery. Otherwise, people will question my judgment. My...ruthlessness.

IDAHO

A quality you must demonstrate often these days, no doubt.

ALIA

These difficult...lonely days, Duncan...

She seems to be weakening to her need of him. Giving in to the memory of what they once meant to each other.

She steps forward to him. Dangerously close...emotionally. For both of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA
 (almost a whisper)
 I've missed you so...

IDAHO
 I miss you, as well...

And he means it in a way she may only vaguely be aware of anymore. Because...

Something abruptly snaps her out of the moment.
 A murmur. A growl. Buried deep in her consciousness.
 Objecting forcefully to the intimacy reawakening here.

Her hand goes to her forehead with that unmistakable Harkonnen gesture. And Idaho knows she's gone.

IDAHO
 Where would you have me go?

ALIA
 Sietch Tabr. Neutral territory.
 Stilgar is trying to broker peace
 between the Qizarate and the
 rebels. Perhaps your mentat
 qualities can be useful...
 (beat)
 At least you'll be safe there.

And she turns quickly. Goes back to the windows.

Idaho remains a moment. Staring at the solitary silhouette that was once his wife. And then...he hurries to the door.

EXT. THE DESERT - EVENING

The storm has ended. An eerie silence has descended. Nothing moves. The wasteland is inanimate. Until...

A patch of sand begins to vibrate.
 Something moves under it.
 Grinding and pushing.
 Digging its way out.

Leto! As if coming out of a deep hibernation. Survivor of an Arrakis storm. And...

Transformed!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That second skin formed on his arm by the sandtrout has spread. Across his body, part of his face. Fusing with his own tissue to create a new kind of membrane.

And he is not afraid. Instead, he seems stimulated.

LETO

My skin is no longer my own. And
with that...he starts to run.

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

Leto racing along the sands with superhuman speed.
Covering enormous distances in no time.
An amazing display of mutant powers.
And then...

He comes to an instant stop atop a huge dune.
He is breathing hard but not out of breath.
He is more exhilarated than tired.

He turns. Surveys the distance he has just come.
His eyes widen with wonder and excitement.

He turns back. Sees the endless desert in front of him.
And he takes off. Across the spine of the dune.
Until he reaches its drop-off. And...

He leaps. Into the air. Propelling himself with extraordinary
power. Landing finally on another dune.

He tumbles in a roll but comes up standing.
And when he regains his balance...

He starts laughing. Harder and harder. Louder and louder.
He can't help himself. He actually does a little jig.
And then...

He takes off again. Down the slip-face of the dune.
Covering the length of it in several long, bouncing strides.

And when he hits the desert floor, he speeds off toward the
horizon. Trailing a wake of dust as he goes. Laughing like a
man suddenly liberated from all physical restraint or
emotional anxiety.

EXT. DESERT ROCKS... SOMEWHERE ELSE - EVENING

A man emerges from a hidden shelter. Pushing through mounds of sand that have collected against these stone walls. Probably from the storm.

It's Gurney. Dust-covered and bleary-eyed.

He takes a moment to get his bearings. Surveying the terrain carefully.

Something catches his eye in the distance. Something moving across the sand.

Gurney stares hard at it. Something doesn't make sense. Whatever it is appears to be covering great distance. At extraordinary speed. It's no worm!

And that's when a gentle breeze wafts across Gurney. And in that breeze...

The sound of laughter.

INT. GARDENS, PALACE KEEP/ARRAKEEN - DAY

Ghani is here. Staring out at the stark brown monolith of the Shield Wall Mountain ringing the city. A shadowy leviathan rimmed by the setting sun.

VOICE

Here you are...

It's Irulan. Coming across the terraces toward Ghani.

IRULAN

Must you insist on sneaking away like this...?

GHANIMA

I still feel him, Irulan. His presence. Sometimes I think I even hear his laughter in the wind...

IRULAN

...mocking your decision to marry Farad'n, I hope.

GHANIMA

Why should he mock it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRULAN

I can not stand by and let you be used as a pawn in Alia's schemes....

GHANIMA

Is that what you think? That I'm being used? That I've agreed to this marriage as part of some conspiracy...with Alia!?

IRULAN

No. But I know you, Ghani. There is more to your decision than anyone else believes...

GHANIMA

Alia wants my grandmother back. Farad'n is simply the means.

IRULAN

But what do you want?

Ghani turns to her. Her eyes are ice-cold.

GHANIMA

Farad'n's blood on the wedding sheets. Not mine.

And she heads back inside. Leaving Irulan with a stern reminder of the steely personality of this slender young girl.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL APARTMENTS/CORRINO CITADEL - NIGHT

Dark. Gloomy. A lone figure rocks back and forth in a huge overstuffed chair.

It's Wencisia! Disheveled and distracted. Dirty tears streak down her pale face. Her hair is wild and unkempt.

She is pounding her fists into her lap. Over and over and over....

INT. JESSICA'S CHAMBERS/CORRINO CITADEL - NIGHT

She is asleep, restlessly, when...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens. A dark figure moves inside swiftly.
Hurrying silently across the room to her bed.

And Jessica is suddenly awake. But she doesn't move.
She remains still, inanimate until...

The figure is close enough and...

She springs. Leaping forward with speed and precision.
The figure is thrown to the bed beneath her.

It's Farad'n. Eyes wide with fear...and excitement.
Jessica releases the death grip she has on his throrax.

JESSICA

I could have killed you!

FARAD'N

It moves! Of itself!

And he holds up his hand.

FARAD'N

I saw it devolve into a chubby
little fist. Just like when I was a
baby. And I remembered what that
was like. As clear as it was
yesterday. My memories are...alive
inside me...!

Jessica sits back. Studies him.

JESSICA

And the lesson is...?

FARAD'N

My mind controls my reality!

And he stands up. Moves away from the bed.

FARAD'N

I wanted to believe you and yet I
didn't. I couldn't. I didn't truly
think it was possible. And then...
my mind melted away. I gave up
fighting you...and it happened.

He studies his hand. And as he does...

It changes. Transforming from the mature, veined hand of a
man to the puffy, formless nub of a child. And then back
again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARAD'N
(laughing)
It moves of itself.

JESSICA
It wasn't me you were fighting...

FARAD'N
It was myself...all that I've
learned...all the nonsense I've
imprisoned myself with. I feel like
I'm being reborn... standing on the
threshold of...something
extraordinary.

JESSICA
Para-bindu balance. But only at the
threshold.

He turns to her. Smiles knowingly.

FARAD'N
Patience.

JESSICA
Yes. Patience.
(beat)
Remember, it is one thing to gain
control of your perceptions. It is
quite another to gain control your
desires.

FARAD'N
And if I succeed?

JESSICA
You will find reality to be quite a
bit different than you thought.

And he thinks this over. Trying to divine her meaning.
But the promise of his new "powers" is too intoxicating.

FARAD'N
We will continue my training...even
after we get to Arrakis?

JESSICA
(nodding)
You will need it there more than
ever.

And he is satisfied. But they are suddenly interrupted by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A HIDEOUS SCREAM!

Jessica and Farad'n leap to their feet in time to see...

CRAAAASSSSHHHHH!

Something explodes through the windows across the room.
Shattering glass and wood.

A body! Tethered to a long rope which...
...yanks it back violently to smash into the wall.

And now they can see who it is.

Wensicia! Eyes bulging. Mouth frothing.
Twitching spastically as muscles involuntarily contract.
She's already dead.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT SIETCH - NIGHT

Somewhere in the southern regions.
Recently abandoned because...

The place is devastated. As if there's been a terrible battle
here.

CAMERA FINDS...

Stilgar and a handful of Fedaykin bodyguards.
Marching through the devastation. Listening to...
The tribal elders. Accompanying them.

NAIB

All of our terraforming machinery
was demolished, the water caches
spilt and poisoned. Every garden
was destroyed...

NAIB #2

And this is not the only Sietch
where such attacks have occurred.
If this continues, the planetary
transformation will be set back at
least a decade.

NAIB

Most of the refugees are heading
for the northern sietches. Some to
the cities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAIB #2

But many are surely going south to
join with rebel forces.

(off Stilgar's look)

They see it as a sign our work here
is not pleasing to Shai-Hulud...

And the prospect troubles Stilgar greatly.
He moves further into the sietch and comes to...

A piece of tree. Like a palm. Ripped out by its roots.

STILGAR

Alia?

NAIB

Would she destroy her own property?

STILGAR

To blame it on the rebels.

NAIB #2

There are no rebels operating in
this region.

STILGAR

A worm, then?

STILGAR

(looking around)

Even a worm couldn't have caused
this havoc.

NAIB #2

And a worm would never come near
our reservoirs. The water would
poison it.

NAIB

A monster! That's what it was.
Released from the chaos to torment
us. A desert demon.

Stilgar turns back to look at the devastation.

STILGAR

There are no such things as desert
demons.

But the expression on his face says even he isn't sure.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREMEN CAMP/THE DESERT - PRE-DAWN

A cluster of stilltents is parked in the shelter of a large dune. Several Fremen stand guard at the perimeter when...

A strong wind sweeps across the sands.
Bringing with it a strange, unearthly howl.

The Fremen guards are suddenly alert.
That was not a desert sound they recognize.

INT. STILGAR'S TENT - SAME

He is sleeping uneasily when...that same wind rattles his tent. And that howl sweeps over him like a nightmare.

WIND

Stilgar.....

He startles awake to SEE...
A dim figure at the edge of the tent.
Hard to tell whether it's inside or outside.

FIGURE

When religion and politics ride in
the same cart, the whirlwind
follows. It's coming, Stil. The
whirlwind. You must not fear it.
When the time comes, you must
become part of it.

STILGAR

How will I know when that time is?

FIGURE

You will see a sign.

And suddenly, a tornado is loose inside the tent.
Stilgar is forced to cover up or go blind with sand.
And then...just as suddenly, the wind stops.

EXT. STILGAR'S TENT

He pushes out through the flap to find....
Nothing. The desert is quiet and still. Except for...

An eerie dust dervish in the distance.
Moving away behind a dune.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DESERT

A giant worm traverses the sands. Slowly grinding its way south into the vast desolation. Riding it, guiding it into the wilderness is...

Tariq. One of the Cast Out conspirators. Muriz's son.
And...the Preacher's guide...

...holding fast to his maker hooks while...
The blind mystic holds on to him.

But something in the distance catches Tariq's eye.
Something alien. Standing alone in the desert.
Unknown. Unmoving.

Tariq turns the worm directly toward whatever, whoever it is.

It's a MAN. Rigid and stationary. Making no attempt to move.
Making no effort to hide or escape. Simply waiting in place
as...

The worm gets closer and closer...until...bearing down on him
like a giant tanker. Until...

It stops! Just in front of him. Stops dead.
Refusing to move any further.
As if commanded to halt.

Tariq is nearly paralyzed with Superstitious dread.

PREACHER

What is it Tariq? Why have we
stopped?

Tariq stares down at the figure standing calmly in front of
the leviathan.

TARIQ

A desert demon... in human form...

And the man looks up.
It's Leto.

LETO

There are no such things.

END ACT 4

ACT 5

FADE IN

INT. STILGAR'S CHAMBERS/SIETCH TABR - DAWN

Stilgar is here. Glancing back and forth between a Fremen woman bringing spice coffee and food and...

Duncan Idaho. Sitting across from him.
Waiting patiently until the woman leaves.
And when she does...

STILGAR
You'll forgive me for reminding you
that we are speaking about your
wife.

IDAHO
She is possessed, Stil.

STILGAR
Many say it...

IDAHO
I have seen it!

Stilgar sips his coffee. Labors over the terrible implications of this.

STILGAR
A difficult thing to prove...

IDAHO
But there is a means of doing so.

STILGAR
The Trial of Possession is a
dangerous undertaking. Its
consequences are...irrevocable.

IDAHO
The opportunity for a trial was
lost some time ago. Her priests
would never allow it now, and you
know it. You have only one choice,
Stil...

And he bores into Stilgar with those grey metallic mentat eyes. Stilgar knows immediately what he's suggesting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILGAR

Sietch Tabr is neutral territory.
I've given my word.

IDAHO

Then you must leave!

Stilgar stiffens. His anger is building.

STILGAR

A Ghola like you does not tell a
Fremen Naib what he must do!

Idaho suffers the insult without comment. Instead...

IDAHO

You can not remain neutral any
longer, Stilgar. You must ally your
tribe with the rebel forces.

STILGAR

Never. Rebellion against the sister
of Muad'Dib would bring the
greatest dishonor I could imagine.

IDAHO

There is no more sister of
Muad'Dib. She is gone. Lost to the
evil that possesses her. And as
long as you refuse to believe it,
you wear its collar.

Stilgar is on his feet. This last remark was an insult he can
not abide.

STILGAR

Enough! You are a guest of my
tribe, Idaho. I've given you my
countenance. But I swear, if you
provoke me further with talk of
insurrection, I will have your
water.

And he exits the room without another word. Leaving Idaho to
choose between difficult and terrible alternatives.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAWN

Leto stands atop a dune. Staring out at...

A worm. Burying itself slowly in the sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leto watches as it finally disappears then..
...turns to the Preacher. Sitting nearby.

LETO

(coming over)

Your guide has released the worm.
We have some time before he
returns.

PREACHER

You made it stop. The worm obeyed
your command...

LETO

Yes.

And he sits next to the Preacher...
...who turns his eyeless sockets toward him.

PREACHER

They say Leto Atreides is dead.
Killed by Corrino treachery...

LETO

A myth I've allowed to persist.
Until I was ready...

PREACHER

For what?

LETO

To undo what's been done in your
name...

(beat)

...Father...

The Preacher doesn't move.

PREACHER

You have no idea who I am.

And Leto reaches into his robe for a small pouch.
Inside it...

A ring. The seal of House Atreides.
Leto takes the Preacher's hand.
Slides the ring on.

It fits! Perfectly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO

Your ring, Father. Passed from Duke
Leto to you. And then, to me.

The Preacher touches the ring with his free hand.
Gently, respectfully. But then...suddenly...

He grabs Leto's wrist and holds it tight.
Feeling the texture of the mutant skin. And then...

He reaches out. Takes hold of Leto's face.
Feeling the aberration growing there.

PREACHER

Hu zein!

"This is no good".

LETO

Koolish zein!

"This is all the good we may ever have."

And he turns back to the desert where...

Tariq is now visible. Trudging silently along the sands.
A dim spectre against the pre-dawn staining the horizon.
Returning to them from releasing the worm.

PREACHER

How far has it gone, this thing
you've done to yourself?

LETO

I am a desert creature.

PREACHER

Was there...no other way?

LETO

There was only one way to bring the
Golden Path.

PREACHER

(turning away)
You cannot control the future.

LETO

A man named Muad'Dib should have
heeded that advice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PREACHER

Do you think Muad'Dib couldn't see this thing you want to do? Do you think he didn't confront the possibility?

LETO

Muad'Dib was afraid...

And the Preacher hisses involuntarily.

PREACHER

He was trapped by his own prophecy. The victim of what he knew. He could not choose....

LETO

So, I have chosen. To make a place where mankind may create its own future. From moment to moment. Free from the terrible purpose of one man's vision. Free from the perversion of the prophet's words. From the awful stranglehold of a future pre-determined!

IN THE DESERT...

Tarig is closer now. Looking up at Leto and the Preacher. Slowing his pace as he comes.

PREACHER

This does not belong to me.

He pulls the Atreides ring from his hand. Shoves it back to Leto.

But Leto won't let go of the mystic's hand.

LETO

How many times I've sat alone...on dune just like this. Imagining a night like this. With...my father. Just the two of us. Talking. Laughing. How many nights I fell asleep on the hard rocks of the sietch dreaming of his arms around me, sheltering me from everything I was afraid of, everything I couldn't understand...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The desert is utterly still and silent.
And Leto turns to SEE...

A tear in one of the Preacher's dead eyes.

PREACHER
Are you still a good Fremmen?

LETO
Yes.

PREACHER
Then will you permit a blind man to
go into the desert finally...to let
him find peace on his own terms...?

A long beat. And then...

LETO
Not yet.

And he reaches out. Caresses the Preacher's wind scarred
face. Wiping away the tear. A moment of quiet tenderness.
And then...

Something startles them. Both Preacher and Leto.
Something in the air. They smell it at the same time.
And they know what it is.

PREACHER
(softly)
Body shield. Armed.

And Leto looks down the dune at...

Tariq. Now on his knees. Arms crossed across his chest.
Chanting softly to himself.

TARIQ
*Cursed be the name Atreides.
Burning be on you for the
abomination you have visited on our
desert...*

But before he can finish the curse...

Leto bounds down the dune with superhuman grace..
So fast he is only a blur. And...

With a single swipe of his arm...
He decapitates Tariq!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The young man's body remains frozen in neurological shock for a moment until it finally falls over.

Leto rips the shield from the corpse's belt and...
...hurls it into the air. And a moment later...

An explosion cuts the silence.
Hundreds of safe yards away.

Leto bounds back up the dune to the Preacher.

LETO
He was willing to sacrifice himself
to kill us both.

PREACHER
It will call a worm...

LETO
Then we shall ride it.

PREACHER
Where?

LETO
To retrieve Gurney Halleek.

And he helps the Preacher to his feet.
And they stand there waiting as they hear...

That unmistakable grinding hiss in the distance.
A worm.

EXT. BALCONY, SIETCH TABR - EVENING

Fremen sentries hidden in the rocks signal the sietch with familiar whistling calls as...

A 'thopter from Arrakeeti arrives and lands softly on the desert floor.

CAMERA FINDS...Idaho. Coming out into the light from between the rocks to SEE...

Javid. Alia's lover/priest. Disembarking the 'thopter.
Hurrying toward the rocks with several aides.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS/SIETCH TABR....LATER - EVENING

Stilgar and the other elders are listening patiently as...
Javid lectures them from across the table.

JAVID

...eight of nine new settlements
have been abandoned. Many of the
old sietch communities are becoming
overrun with refugees....

STILGAR

You don't believe the reports of a
Desert Demon...

JAVID

This is the work of the rebels bent
on overthrowing the Holy Regent and
returning Arrakis to the old ways.
They must be dealt with quickly and
severely.

STILGAR

And the Qizarate is working toward
that end I assume...

JAVID

It is not enough. The Holy Regent
demands that you abandon your
pledge of neutrality. Ally your
forces with hers to put an end to
this damnable rebellion.

STILGAR

Alia is Fremmen! She knows she can
not make such a demand of me, or
any other Naib.

And that's when Idaho enters the room.
His presence suddenly changes the dynamic.

Javid chokes down his anger.
The other priests appear frustrated.

JAVID

You can no longer remain above the
fight, Stilgar. Your feeble
attempts to mediate have
accomplished nothing. It's time for
you to choose. Are you with the
Empire...or against it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILGAR

This is not a choice I will make
because some fop of a priest
demands it.

JAVID

May I remind you that I speak for
the Holy Regent...

STILGAR

You can speak for whomever you
wish. There is only one voice that
matters in this sietch. Mine!

Javid flushes with rage. In desperation he turns to Idaho.

JAVID

Perhaps the royal consort can talk
some sense into this obstinate
fool.

IDAHO

I can do better than that.

And without warning...Idaho pulls his knife.
Before anyone can stop him he leaps forward and...
Impales...Javid!

The priest gags and coughs. He cannot breathe.
He just stares at Idaho with an astonished grimace as...

IDAHO

(to Javid)

Stilgar will make his choice now.

...the light in Javid's eyes dims and goes out.
Idaho drops him unceremoniously.

STILGAR

IDAHO!!!

Idaho's act is so shocking, no one seems to know what to do.

STILGAR

You have violated sanctuary. You
defiled the honor of my people!

IDAHO

No, Stil, I have just cut the
collar from around your neck.

And he turns to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In a white-hot rage, Stilgar leaps across the table.
Catches Idaho by the scruff of the neck.
Whips him around and...

Drives his chrysknife into Idaho's chest.
Someone screams. But...

Idaho just smiles. A tight, thin smile tugging on his lips.

IDAHO
That was the right choice, Stil.

And as he crumples to the ground...

IDAHO
Two deaths for the Atreides. The
second for no better reason than
the first.

And now the room erupts. The priests flee to the doorways.
Fremen try to block them but..

STILGAR
No! Let them go.

He stands there between Alia's lover and husband as...
...his fellow elders crowd in around him.

STILGAR
(staring down at Idaho)
We have been given a sign. He
forced our hand. Now Alia will be
forced to move against us.

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENTS/PALACE KEEP - DAY

She is sitting in one of her royal chairs. Listening to...
One of the Priests who was with Javid at Sietch Tabr.

PRIEST
...he has taken the tribe into the
desert. No one knows where, but
their only refuge will be the
rebels....

ANOTHER PRIEST
It might be argued that as Naib
Stilgar had to protect the honor of
the sietch, avenge the threat to
his neutrality. Idaho acted
impulsively, m'Lady. He...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA
...was my husband!!!

She stands. Steps toward the priests...
...who cower noticeably.

ALIA
Kanly! Vendetta. On Stilgar and all
of his tribe that have joined him.
Let them be hunted down like desert
rabbits. I want their skins when
they are caught.

And the priests hurry from the room.

For a moment she just stands there. Alone. As if waiting..
But there is nothing. Just desolate silence.

ALIA
(calling out to the room)
Nothing to say, Baron!? No cryptic
remark? No perverted suggestions?

Nothing. Not a sound.

ALIA
So this is what it comes to? No
lover to console me...no husband to
advise me.

She is yelling now at the empty room.
But no answers back.

ALIA
I am alone.

And she sinks back into her chair.

ALIA
Duncan...why...why?

No answer still. From anywhere.
And finally she starts to weep.

ALIA
Damn you. DAMN YOU!!!!!! DAMN YOU
ALL!!!!

END ACT 5

ACT 6

FADE IN

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

A worm makes its way across the wilderness.
Traversing the sand with ease and speed.

CLOSER...

There is a man riding it. Gurney Halleck!
Riding it as if he were a Fremen.
Guiding it towards...

EXT. SMUGGLER'S SIETCH - NIGHT

A small unimpressive mountain cluster where...

...smuggler LOOKOUTS hidden in the rocks scan the desert and
skies for signs of intruders. One of the sentries spots...

WORMSIGN. In the distance. Moving away.
Burying itself as it goes.

But there is something else.
Something moving on the sands.
Too small to identify. A mirage perhaps.

VISION GOGGLE (POV)...

It's Gurney. Making his way on foot now toward the sietch.

EXT. SMUGGLER SIETCH....LATER - NIGHT

Gurney climbs a stony path into the side of the mountain.
Marking his steps like a man returning home.
As if somehow he was familiar with this place.

But as he comes to a small cave opening...

VOICE

That's far enough.

And Gurney stops. Extends his arms to show he is unarmed.
He doesn't seem surprised or afraid.

INT. SMUGGLER SIETCH....MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

A small group of smugglers is gathered here.
Conversing quietly. Cleaning weapons.
Sharing food and drink.

A few are weighing and inventorying sacks of what must be
spice...ready for shipment. But everyone stops when..

Gurney is brought through the room to...

A smuggler sitting at a stone table.
Studying some papers.

SMUGGLER ESCORT

(to man at the table)

This is the one we took on the
south face. He came across the bled
from the False Wall...

The smuggler at the table studies Gurney carefully.

SMUGGLER

They say you rode a worm here.

GURNEY

A twenty thumper ride.

SMUGGLER

And yet you are not Fremmen.

GURNEY

They taught me well.

And the smuggler gets up from his table.
Comes around to stand in front of Gurney.
Eyeing him up and down. Finally...

SMUGGLER

Rumors across the desert say you
are dead...Gurney Halleck.

And Gurney allows himself a slight smile.

GURNEY

There are many who wish it were
true.

SMUGGLER

The sons of Esmar Tuek are not
among them, old friend.

INT. CORRIDORS/TUEK'S SIETCH....LATER - NIGHT

The smuggler is leading Gurney down these narrow hallways.

TUEK SON

My father often spoke of the adventures he had with you...before you became reunited with Paul Muad'Dib and Stilgar's Fremens.

GURNEY

I scoured many sands with Tuek after the Harkonnen invasion. I've never forgotten the refuge he gave me and my men. There are fond memories of those times.

TUEK SON

Times have changed.

GURNEY

And not for the better, I'm afraid. I need refuge once again.

TUEK SON

And you are not the only one.

And he leads Gurney to a small room where...

INT. SMALL ROOM/TUEK'S SIETCH - NIGHT

...the Preacher sits. Silent and unmoving. Staring in the direction of...

Gurney. In the doorway. Astonished. And that's when someone else moves out the shadows.

LETO

We've been waiting for you, Gurney-man.

And he removes his robe hood. Gurney recognizes him instantly and he involuntarily takes a step back.

The mutation of Leto's skin has continued. It encroaches even farther into his face now.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA/ARRAKEEN - DAY

Ceremonial guards ring the outer perimeter of the plaza.
But backing them up...Imperial Fremen soldiers.
Strategically placed. Omnipresent.

Priests and bureaucrats stand in ritual formation at the top
of the plaza steps. Flanking...

Alia. Regally dressed. Standing next to...
Ghanima. Also formally attired. A bride-to-be.

And they are surrounded by Alia's amazon bodyguards.
But for all this pomp, this display of Imperial formality...

The plaza is otherwise...empty.
Not an ordinary citizen to be seen... anywhere.

A caravan of Imperial shuttles comes to a stop at the top of
the plaza terrace. The doors to the lead shuttle open and...

Prince Farad'n steps out. Accompanied by...
Several Sardaukar troops. Bodyguards. But...
Unarmed!

Following Farad'n out of the shuttle...Lady Jessica.

ON ALIA...stiffening as soon as she sees her mother.

There is a tense moment as no one moves.
The plaza is eerily quiet.

Farad'n looks around. Making note of the empty square.
Jessica, too, scans the area. Marking all the sycophants.
Logging the lack of celebration and excitement.

Farad'n finally makes eye contact with...Ghanima.
He bows respectfully toward her.
She only nods slightly in return.

INT. TUEK'S SIETCH - EVENING

Gurney is alone now with Leto and the Preacher.

GURNEY

How did you know where to look for
me?

LETO

My father told me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GURNEY

Your father?

And he can't help glancing over at...

The Preacher. Sitting alone across the room.
Lost in thought or meditation.

LETO

In the desert, sheltered once is
sheltered always. After the
Harkonnen invasion, these were the
men who protected you before you
were finally reunited with
Muad'Dib.

GURNEY

(nodding)

A reunion that allowed me to join
his rebellion against Shaddam and
the Imperial forces...

LETO

Another rebellion awaits you,
Gurney Halleck.

GURNEY

My loyalty remains with House
Atreides.

LETO

I am House Atreides.

GURNEY

And what of your Aunt?

LETO

My Aunt is gone. Lost to forces she
couldn't control. Lost to forces
who want to destroy the Atreides.

Gurney is still awed by the changes in Leto.

GURNEY

What have you done to yourself?

LETO

I have made a choice. Accepted a
destiny you can't possibly
understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GURNEY

My eyes can see it. But ray mind
refuses to believe it.

LETO

Believe it, Gurney. Remember the
words of my father, and of my
grandfather, your Duke. They spoke
to you of desert power...

And the words have a galvanizing effect on Gurney.
As if Paul himself were speaking to him again.

He can't help looking over at...

The Preacher. Silent and unmoving.
Staring out through sightless orbs at...nothing.

LETO

I am desert power! And nothing can
stop what is about to happen.

THU-THUMP

THU-THUMP

THU-THUMP

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

The sound of a thumper booms across the stillness of the
desert. Calling a worm, no doubt. But...

It is not the traditional thumper of Fremen lore. It is...

Leto himself. Stomping the ground with one of his feet.
Pile-driving a summons to Shai-hulud as...

ACROSS THE SANDS...

Gurney waits with the Preacher on a nearby dune.
Waiting and watching until...

There...on the horizon...a worm surfaces.
Summoned by Leto's call. Moving toward him.
Faster and faster...

And as Gurney watches in astonishment...

Leto attaches himself to the side of the beast.
With his bare hands!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GURNEY

Great gods...

And he looks over at the Preacher...

...who says nothing. But...

There is hint of a smile on his ravaged face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT SIETCH SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

The sietch is teeming with rebel warriors.
Chanting softly. Fremmen battle prayers as...

Stilgar is in council with other Naibs on a terrace
overlooking these legions.

STILGAR

...you have forces scattered across
the southern bled. You hit and run
as you please then vanish back to
sietches she'll never find...

NAIB

A tactic we learned from the
Atreides in the war against the
Harkonnen and Shaddam.

STILGAR

Alia is weakened by madness.
Distracted by the destruction of
Imperial oases...

NAIB

She still commands the Imperial
armies, Stil.

STILGAR

Retreated to the city. Trapped
behind the Shield Wall where they
are vulnerable.

The Naibs start murmuring among themselves.

NAIB #2

Our smuggler allies tell us the
price on your head keeps going up,
Stil...

And the men all laugh at the seeming futility of the idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILGAR

Then I say send men to summon
worms. Let us and go to Arrakeen to
collect it.

And the idea both excites and intimidates the Naibs.

EXT. SHIELD WALL MOUNTAIN/ARRAKEEN - DAWN

A WORM. (POV)...in the distance. Diving into the sands.
Leaving a stormy wake as it turns its massive body and sulks
its way back toward the wilderness.

CAMERA FINDS....

Leto. With Gurney and the Preacher.
Watching the worm retreat into its sandy sanctuary.

LETO

I envy its freedom. To vanish into
the desert, the only trace of one's
passage easily erased by the next
wind...

PREACHER

If one is lucky, the winds of time
will do the job.

And Leto turns. Stares down at Arrakeen.
Spread out in the valley below.

LETO

I want you to come to the city with
me. Preach again on the streets of
Arrakeen.

For a moment the Preacher is quiet. But then...

PREACHER

There are things that remain to be
said.

Suddenly...a stiff wind sweeps across the rocks.
Gurney hides his face in his cloak to protect it.

But when he looks up...Leto is gone.
Gurney never saw him leave.
And the Preacher's not talking.

END ACT 6

ACT 7

FADE IN

EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - DAWN

Prayer-chants echo from the Temple towers across the
???xxx???
...which is coming alive with merchants, traders, pilgrims
and...

Two desert Fremen. Making their way across the boulevards.

CLOSER...

It's Gurney Halleek. With the Preacher. Desert robes covering
their faces so as to not attract attention. They're never
aware that...

A MAN in the crowd has recognized them.
A roan who now follows them...

...down the streets...around a corner...
...into an alley...where he WATCHES...

EXT. ALLEY - DAWN

Gurney giving a few coins to a woman at the door of a
building at the end of the street. She nods respectfully and
shows them inside.

ON THE MAN...who is following them.
It's MURIZ. Tariq's father. One of the Cast Out.

EXT. SMALL MOUNTAIN/THE DESERT - DAWN

An Imperial outpost. Sentries in the rocks scan the desert
with vision goggles - until one of them is startled to SEE...

A huge cloud of dust on the horizon. Growing larger.

SENTRY #1
(calling to his friend)
Manuut!

Another sentry comes over.
Sees the cloud in the distance.

SENTRY #2
A storm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENTRY #1
(stunned; terrified)
Not a storm...

Sentry #2 focuses his goggles.
And what he sees astonishes him.

THE DESERT (VISION GOGGLE POV)....

Something is emerging through in that wall of dust.

WORMS. Hundreds of them. Moving in formation through the sand. Getting closer and closer. And riding these worms...

FREMEN. Rebels. And in the lead...Stilgar!

INT. SMALL APARTMENT/ARRAKEEN CITY - DAWN

Gurney paces like a caged animal. Occasionally pulling back the window seal to glance outside.

ACROSS THE ROOM...

The Preacher sits quietly. Facing Gurney as if he can see him. And finally...

PREACHER
Don't be afraid, Gurney-man.

Gurney turns. Surprised by the appellation only Paul once used.

PREACHER
There is nothing you can do to hasten what is meant to be. When it's time, he will find us.

Gurney comes over. Sits opposite this strange mystic. Studies him carefully.

GURNEY
Who are you?

PREACHER
No more than what you see.

GURNEY
I've heard what they say about you.
About who you really are...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PREACHER

Who I am doesn't matter anymore.

GURNEY

Tell me. I must know. Are you Paul?
Are you Muad'Dib?

The Preacher doesn't answer. He simply "stares" at Gurney with those sightless orbs. But finally...

PREACHER

Paul Atreides is no more, Gurney-
man. The desert winds have erased
all traces of his passage here. And
soon, Muad'Dib must follow.

Gurney is distressed. But there is nothing more to be said.

PREACHER

I am hungry.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDORS...PALACE KEEP - DAY

Outside...the cacophony of wedding festivities fills the air.
Music. Dancing. Singing...

...echoing down these massive stone passages.
Which are empty except for...

Imperial guards manning their posts.
Stoic and alert....until...

Suddenly...a strange wind blows through these hallways.
An eerie gust accompanied by a vague, spectral howl.

The guards exchange a nervous look.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR...PALACE KEEP - SAME

Another gust of wind surprises the guards here.

GUARD

Did you feel that?

GUARD #2

Like...something moved past me...

But as they look around...there is nothing. No one.
The hallway is empty.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR___PALACE KEEP_____MOMENTS LATER

Yet another burst of wind ruffles the uniforms of the guards here. Moves the tapestries on the wall. And this time...

One of the guards sees or thinks he SEES...

A blur (POV). Speeding through the shadows.
Turning a corner into...

INT. STAIRWAY...PALACE KEEP - SAME

The guard races around the corner. Weapon raised.
But...

There is nothing.

INT. GHANIMA'S CHAMBERS/ROYAL KEEP - DAY

She is passive and introspective as servants and dressers hover around her like drones in a hive. Bringing her clothes. Brushing out her hair. But...

Her eyes leave no doubt about the steely intentions breeding in her thoughts. More than once she glances over at...

The ceremonial crowsknife laid out on her bed.
Waiting to be attached to her robes.
Where it will be within quick, easy reach...

But then...a strange gust of wind startles the servants.
And then another. And in the wind, a sound. A word.

WIND
Secher Nbiw...

And Ghanima stiffens.

GHANIMA
(to her servants)
Leave me!

But her servants are confused.

GHANIMA
Do as I say!

Everyone hurries from the room.
And when she's finally alone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leto steps out of the shadows across the room.

The sight terrifies Ghanima. She lunges for her crysknife. Prepares to defend herself.

LETO
No need of that with me, Ghani...

And she recognizes the voice.

GHANIMA
Leto...

And he comes forward to her.

LETO
Our plan worked.

And the reality of it finally sinks in. She rushes into his arms.

GHANIMA
You're alive. I knew it. I felt it.

She moves her hands across his skin, his face. And he allows her to study the changes that have come over him, allows her to come to grips with what has happened to him.

LETO
I'm so sorry, Ghani. I had to let you think I was dead. It was the only way I could...
(beat)
...start what must now be finished.

And he holds her tight.

INT. ALIA'S APARTMENTS/ROYAL KEEP - DAY

She is surrounded by priests and bureaucrats. Amazon bodyguards stand vigilantly nearby.

PRIEST
...there is nothing to stand in their way, Holy One. Nothing but open desert between the rebels and the city...

PRIEST #2
We must mobilize Imperial troops to intercept them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But before she answer...

A noise from outside interrupts them.
The sound of a crowd. Or a mob!
Chanting. A word. Or..a name!

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

Gurney hurries back to the hovel where he left the Preacher.
Carrying a bundle of some food when...he hears it, too.

DISTANT CROWD
Muad'Dib.....

INT. HOVEL APARTMENT....MOMENTS LATER

Gurney is in the doorway. Staring in.
The place is empty. The Preacher is gone.

Gone to...

EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - MORNING

...where people part like the sea before Moses. Astonished
and afraid of this blind mystic walking without guidance
as...

...he attacks the merchant stalls that line the avenue.

PREACHER
BLASPHEMERS....!!!!

With strength and agility belying his physical stature, he is
wrecking their kiosks as he goes....

PREACHER
IDOLATORS....

...tearing away fabrics in a rage. Hurling merchandise into
the streets. Smashing images of Muad'dib, of Alia. Crushing
supposed relics under his boots.

But no one makes a move to stop him. Because...

A crowd is growing behind him. Following with curiosity.
With excitement. With awe!

EXT. ARRAKEEN STREETS/ELSEWHERE - SAME

Gurney is sprinting down these streets. Desperate to find the Preacher. But everywhere he looks...

There is no sign of him.

CROWD

Muad'Dib...

And he turns. In the distance he can SEE...

The spires of the Temple Plaza.
It's where the yelling comes from.

EXT. BALCONY...ALIA'S APARTMENTS

She is staring down at the Temple Plaza where...

A tired desert-ravaged man is leading a crowd of pilgrims, fanatics and curiosity seekers into the square.

PRIEST

His words are sacrilege. His
presence must not be tolerated.

PRIEST #2

You must give the order, Holy One.
You must send us to take him...

But Alia is paralyzed with indecision.
Her hand instinctively goes to her temple.
That unmistakable Harkonnen gesture. And she hears...

BARON HARKONNEN'S VOICE

(in her mind)
Caution, darling. Do not act
impulsively.

ALIA

(to her priests)
Not yet.

PRIEST

He is an outrage to the religion of
Muad'Dib.

BARON HARKONNEN'S VOICE

(in her mind)
But that's the point, darling.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARON HARKONNEN'S VOICE (cont'd)

We must know for sure whether he
really is your brother, mustn't we?
It would not do to make a martyr of
him just yet...

And Alia does just that. Steps forward on the balcony.
Stares down at...

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA - SAME

...where the Preacher has mounted the steps. Confronting a
squadron of Qizarate priests who have gathered there to block
his way. Waiting for a sign, a signal allowing them to rush
forward and kill this heretic.

But there is no sign. No signal.
The Preacher just stands there.
Mocking them with his silence.

And the effect on the crowd is electrifying.
An intense, galvanizing hush descends.

NEARBY...Gurney pushes through the crowd. Trying to get
closer to the plaza steps. Never aware that...

ACROSS THE PLAZA...

Muriz, that Cast-Out conspirator, is also in the crowd.
Slowly making his way closer and closer.

VOICE

(somewhere in the crowd)

Muad'Dib...

ON THE STEPS...

The Preacher finally turns. Everything is deathly quiet.

PREACHER

Who is it that calls for Muad'Dib?

ANOTHER VOICE

Help us, Muad'Dib.

OTHER VOICES

Deliver us, Muad'Dib...give us your
words...Muad'Dib...

PREACHER

Muad'Dib's words are the wind. They
vanish like water on the sand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PREACHER

(cont'd)

I'll give you Muad'Dib's words.
I'll rub your faces in them!

The crowd around him is awed and appalled.
Tension in the air is stifling.

PREACHER

I am the voice from the wilderness.
I bring you warning. The waters we
spread upon the desert have become
blood. Blood upon the land that was
once clean and pure. We have
provoked the desert. Forsaken its
ways...

IN THE CROWD....

Gurney continues to push forward. Frantically trying to get
to the Preacher.

ACROSS THE SQUARE...

Muriz, too, inexorably inches his way closer and closer.

PREACHER

...we have succumbed to mindless
ritual and seductive ceremony. We
have placed faith in those who
crush dissent, enrich themselves
with power, commit atrocities, all
in the name of righteousness...*all*
in the name of Muad'Dib...

A sea of faces pushes forward to hear these prophetic words.
Wide-eyed, sweaty faces. Overcome with zeal. Angry with
resentment. The faces of disciples. The faces of assassins.

And one of those faces is...

ALIA! In Fremien disguise! Pushing her way through the crowd.
Determined to see this madman up close, to hear his words.
Desperate to experience his awful charismatic power.
To know if...he really is Paul.

PREACHER

We have fouled the nest. And it is
killing us.

Shouts of horror sweep across the plaza.
Cries of shame.

EXT. BALCONY...ROYAL KEEP - SAME

Jessica has heard the commotion outside.
She comes out of her apartments.
Stares down at the plaza where...

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA - SAME

The Preacher's voice rings out over the crowd.

PREACHER

But...I have seen another path. A
golden path. The path Muad'Dib
could not take.

Behind him, the Qizarate Priests can hardly contain
themselves.

PREACHER

I have stood upon the sand. I have
seen a beast rise up. And upon the
head of that beast is the name of
salvation. Come to spill water upon
the sand. Come to lead us back to a
dry and thirsty land...

VOICE

(in the crowd)
The Desert Demon.

PREACHER

The whirlwind! Shai-Hulud.

IN THE CROWD...

Gurney is almost to the steps.

NEARBY...

Muriz, too, has pushed through to the edge of the crowd.

PREACHER

Only one blasphemy remains...

And he takes a step down to the crowd.
Down toward...

ALIA...

She has now reached the foot of the steps.
Staring up at the Preacher with amazement... with fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PREACHER

And that blasphemy is...ALIA.

The crowd erupts. Screaming and shouting. But...
The Preacher lurches forward and, without seeing...

He grabs Alia by the arm. Speaking quietly.
Pitching his voice for her ears alone.

PREACHER

Forgive me...*Sister*.

The crowd is pushing and shoving.
A unison roar rises up.

Alia pulls away. Falling back into the crowd with horrible
revelation. It is Paul! It is her brother.

IN THE CROWD...

Gurney shoves forward. In time to SEE...

Muriz. Lunging toward the Preacher.
And he's got a knife.

Alia sees it, too, at the same moment.
But it's too late.

Muriz drives his knife into the Preacher's chest.
Before anyone even realizes what's happened...

MURIZ

Cursed be the name Atreides!

The mystic madman falls to the street in a rush of blood.

For a split second, the crowd is too stunned to move.
But then...

A woman howls. Then another. And another.
And now the entire mob is screaming.

ON ALIA...paralyzed with shock...until...
Arms reach out to grab her. One of her Amazons.
Pulling her away. Dragging her back into the sea of bodies.

Muriz bashes his way through people around him.
Fighting his way out of the plaza.

But...Gurney catches him from behind. And he nearly
decapitates the man by slashing his throat.

INT. JESSICA'S BALCONY PALACE KEEP - SAME

She stares down at the riot in the square.
She has seen it all. There is nothing she can do except...

Give water to the dead. A single tear escapes her eye.
And as she turns away from the balcony...she SEES...

Irulan. Across the room. Standing alone.
Reading the horror in Jessica's face.

She bows her head.
And starts to tremble.

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA - SAME

Gurney is fighting his way back to the spot where the
Preacher lays dying...when...

All of a sudden...a violent wind roars through the plaza.
A whirlwind...driving people to their knees in terror.

But just as suddenly, it subsides.
And there... at the foot of the steps...

A man is cradling the Preacher in his arms.
Hooded with Fremmen robes that cover his face.

The Preacher looks up to SEE.
Leto. Holding him. Staring down at him.
Tears from his eyes glistening the mutant skin.

But a serene smile sweeps over the Preacher as he caresses
that skin.

PREACHER
It's in your hands now....son.

And he dies. And Leto throws back his head...and howls.
A scream so loud, it drives the crowd back again.

And that whirlwind roars through the plaza again.
But when it subsides this time...

ON GURNEY...looking up. Gaping at the spot where Leto held
his dying father.

But they are gone.
Both of them.

END ACT 7

ACT 8

FADE IN

EXT. SHIELD WALL MOUNTAINS - DAY

A military observation post in the rocks.

Alia is here. Surrounded by her guards.
And the Imperial troops that man the place.

ALIA

What are they waiting for?

They're staring out at the plains running up to the Shield Wall mountains. The open plains where...

An ARMY of REBEL FREMEN. A frightening phalanx poised in combat formation. Led by Stilgar, no doubt.

But not attacking. Not moving.
Just waiting...

COMMANDER

They've been there several hours.
No communication. No change in position.

ANOTHER COMMANDER

It's as if they're daring us to confront them. Challenging us to commit our troops, our 'thopters...

ALIA

Which is exactly what we won't do.

Her advisors are perplexed.
She turns to her priest aides.

ALIA

Send word to the palace. The wedding celebrations are to begin immediately.

(turning back to the
rebels in the desert)

Let them bake on the plains beyond the Shield Wall. Once Houses Atreides and Corrino are united, there will be time enough to deal with them...

INT. THRONES ROOM/PALACE KEEP....MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The room is filled with priests, ambassadors, bureaucrats and aristocrats.

ON THE THRONE....

Alia tries to calm herself as she watches...

Jessica and Farad'n arrive with their paltry entourage from Salusa Secundus. And an ominous silence descends as...

Jessica and Alia exchange a hard stare.
And then...

Irulan enters. Alone.
Without Ghanima.

ALIA
(rising)
Where is she!?

But before Irulan can respond...

One of the massive doors at the back of the hall explodes off its hinges. Flying into the room as if hurled by some... monster.

The assembled guests scream and scatter as...
A frightening wind blasts through the room.
And in its wake...

Ghanima enters the hall.
With her brother, Leto, on her arm.

The crowd is stunned silent.

LETO
Behold me, family. I am Leto...lion
of Atreides. Returned from the
desert to announce...Secher Nbiw.
The Golden Path. To rid humanity of
the perversions done in Muad'Dib's
name. To save it from the
Abomination known as...Alia.

Alia lurches forward. Screams at her bodyguards.

ALIA
SIEZE THEM!

And her Amazons move in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leto leaves Ghanima.
Rushes forward to meet them.

They attack him from all sides.
A flurry of fists, feet, swords and knives.

But Leto is a blur. Dodging and weaving. Disarming and
pummelling. A blinding whirlwind of kicks and punches.

Several Amazons are finally able to penetrate close enough to
seize him...all at once. But...

With a roar that shakes the walls...Leto throws them off.
They crash into the walls like dolls.

With a banshee shriek...Alia leaps from the throne.
Flies across the floor to attack Leto herself.

And she is a Virago. Matching him thrust for thrust.
Kick for kick. She fights like a woman...possessed.

And Leto holds back...as if unable...or unwilling to
retaliate full-force against his own flesh and blood.

The room is amazed by the sight...until...

Leto finally tires of delaying the inevitable.
Alia makes one last desperate lunge with her knife and...

Leto grabs the weapon bare-handed!
Holding it so tight Alia can't move.
And with his other hand...

He lifts her off the floor. High over his head and...
Throws her clear across the great hall.

The crowd gasps in awe and fear as...
Alia crashes to the ground in a daze.

LETO

The time has come, Aunt. You must
face the future...

Alia struggles to her knees.

ALIA

I'LL DRINK YOUR BLOOD...

And a torrent of profanity and hatred spew from her mouth.
A rage of foreign words and foul gestures....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIA
*COTI MAR MELASSA. BENE FALL TREY NA
 MATINAE PRONOSA....*

Blood flies from her cut lips as she screams in many languages... and many voices not her own.

The crowd backs away in horror.
 Some make signs to ward off evil.

Jessica can't take it any longer.
 She pushes forward into the room...

JESSICA
 Alia...please...stop it...stop
 yourself...

And Alia does stop. Turns to her mother. And the look on her face is more horrible than anything she's said or done.

ALIA
 You sorry bitch. You Bene Gesserit
 whore. Did you think you could
 escape my vengeance? Did you think
 I was defeated forever...?

And this is the most horrible thing of all.
 It's not Alia's voice any more. It's Baron Harkonnen.

ALIA/BARON HARKONNEN
 I have her, Daughter! Your precious
 Alia. She's MINE! I HAVE WON!

JESSICA
 NO!

GHANIMA
 Demon! Let her make her own
 choice...

And for a split second, Alia's face softens.
 The tender innocence returns as she stares at Jessica.

ALIA
 Mother...help me...

But Jessica is paralyzed.

LETO
 Help yourself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Alia's body spasms. As if some-thing has grabbed her.
As if forces within are fighting for control.

And that CHORUS OF VOICES begins howling inside her again.
That deafening, maddening dissonance.
All talking at once. Louder and louder.

Alia grabs her head. Tries to shut them out.
But it's no use. They simply intensify.
Alia cries out in pain!

With jerking, twitching motions, she starts to move.
Pushing herself forward. Step by agonizing step.
Fighting whatever it is that's holding her back.

As the room watches in appalled silence...

Alia finally begins to trot. And then to run.
Faster and faster. Toward the windows.

BARON HARKONNEN'S VOICE
(in her mind)
NO! DARLING, NO! STOP! STOP...I CAN
HELP YOU, I CAN SAVE YOU...

But Alia refuses to listen.
She runs faster and faster.
Until finally.

CRAAAAASSSSSHHHHHHH!!!!!!

She throws herself out the windows.

EXT. TEMPLE PLAZA - SAME

The shattering glass echoes across the plaza like an
explosion. But it's followed by utter silence as...

Alia's body arches through the air like a dying bird.
Plummeting down...down...the side of the Palace.

Smashing on the terrace steps with hardly a sound.

INT. THRONE ROOM - SAME

Silent. Deathly silent. No one moves. Except...
Irulan. Who comes forward to Jessica. Wraps her in her arms.

Farad'n stands apart. Astonished and appalled by what he's
just seen. But his eyes meet...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ghanima's. And her look is intimidating.
To say the least. But...

She doesn't linger long on Farad'n.
She turns away to SEE...

Leto. In the center of this great hall.
Dominating it now by his sheer presence.
Alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LANDING FIELD/ARRAKEEN CITY....SOMETIME LATER - DAY

Jessica and a small entourage are preparing to board their
shuttle to space...and a Heighliner trip back to Caladan.

Irulan and Gurney are with them.

JESSICA

(to Gurney)

You will not change your mind and
return with me to Caladan?

GURNEY

I must remain here, m'Lady. At
Sietch Tabr...with Stilgar. He will
need my help to bring peace back to
this land.

And Jessica knows it's useless to argue.

JESSICA

(to Irulan)

And you?

IRULAN

I have no home but here. Besides
there will be children. Again. And
they will need me...

And Jessica understands. She and Irulan salute each other
with the traditional Fremen gesture. And then finally...

She goes to Gurney. Kisses him tenderly.

JESSICA

Dear friend...dear friend...

And then she turns. Hurries away to her shuttle before her
emotions overwhelm her.

EXT. THE DESERT - EVENING

Just beyond the Shield Wall.

CAMERA FINDS...

Stilgar. With other Naibs.
Camped outside a council tent when...

A strong wind sweeps down from the mountains.
And the men look up to SEE...

Leto. Emerging from cloud of sand.
Coming toward them. Carrying a small sack.

But as he gets closer it's clear...
He's not wearing a stillsuit. Instead...

His mutant skin has grown to cover all but his eyes and
mouth. Creating a natural stillsuit. When he gets to the
men...

LETO
(presenting the sack)
Alia's water.
(Stilgar recoils)
Take it into the desert. Spread it
upon the open sand in the mid-day
sun.
(beat)
It is our way...

And Stilgar can't argue. He reluctantly takes the sack.

LETO
You're going back to Tabr...

STILGAR
I wish to return to the old ways.

LETO
The desert is dying, Stil.

STILGAR
And the Fremmen as well...I'm
afraid.

LETO
We are about to go through the
crucible, Stil. But we'll come out
of it. We always arise from our own
ashes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETO (cont'd)
(off Stilgar's look)
Everything returns later...in its
changed form.

And he takes from his pocket...
The Atreides ring.

STILGAR
That was your grandfather's ring.
Your father's...

LETO
And the Fremens now.

He takes an astonished Stilgar's hand and puts it there.

LETO
To remind you of Muad'Dib. To
remind you that all humans make
mistakes. And all leaders are
human...

And with that, he turns. Walks away into the desert.

EXT. SHIELD WALL MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

IN THE DISTANCE...(POV)....

A dervish moves across the sands.
Covering enormous territory at great speed.

Ghanima is here. Staring out at the dervish.
Following its journey...deeper and deeper into the desert.

Farad'n appears behind her. Moving up to join her on the
ledge. He, too, sees the dervish on the horizon.

GHANIMA
He runs and runs and runs. And when
he has exhausted himself, he
returns to me...'puts his head in
my lap and asks me to help him find
a way to die.

FARAD'N
But why does he want to die?

GHANIMA
To save himself from the sacrifices
he will have to make. Sacrifices
for the future of all of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARAD'N

Then, there is a place for me in
this future?

Ghani turns to him. Smiles gently.

GHANIMA

Your blood was spared the day Leto
came back to me.

FARAD'N

And what of our marriage then?

GHANIMA

As my mother was not wife, you
shall never be husband.

FARAD'N

Politics...

GHANIMA

Politics. But over time, perhaps
there may be love.

And she turns back to watch that dervish in the desert.

GHANIMA

Which is more than my brother will
have.

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

Leto. Running so fast he's a blur as...
Ghanima's voice goes with him...in the wind.

GHANIMA

One of us had to accept the agony.
And he was always the stronger.

And that's when Leto vanishes over a dune.

THE END

Written by: John Harrison
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