

Frank Herbert's
Children of Dune

PART ONE
by

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Based on the Novels:

Dune Messiah & Children of Dune
by
Frank Herbert

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ACT 1

FADE IN

1 EXT. A BATTLEFIELD...SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE- EVENING 1

A dirty sun is setting. Casting an eerie glow over...

The aftermath of a battle. A vast scene of carnage.
Gettysburg on the remote planet of NARAJ.

VOICE

*Twelve years of war. Twelve years
since Emperor Shaddam IV was
defeated and Paul Muad'dib's wild
Fremen spread out across the
universe...*CAMERA MOVES across these killing fields. Distant explosions
and shouting indicate some fighting is still going on.

VOICE (CONT'D)

*...exterminating all that remained
of the old Imperial armies, routing
the allied forces of the Great
Houses...colonizing the planets of
the known universe one-by-one under
his rule.*Bodies are everywhere. The dead and dying. Sardaukar troops
of the former Corrino Emperor, Shaddam. Thousands of soldiers
from some unknown national force.

CAMERA FINDS...

A cluster of Fremen troops from Planet Arrakis.
Chanting triumphantly Grand a banner of HOUSE ATREIDES.

VOICE (CONT'D)

*Where once stood a boy, now stands
an Emperor. Where once stood a man,
now stands a god.*

FREMEN

Muad'dib...
Muad'dib...
Muad'dib...CAMERA FINDS....FAROK. A Fremen Commander. Staring out over
the slaughter. His expression is hard. Inscrutable.

A Fremen Lieutenant approaches. Accompanied by...

(CONTINUED)

A predatory looking PRIEST. Wearing the distinctive, brightly colored ceremonial robes of the omnipotent religious class called the Qizarate.

LIEUTENANT

The Sardaukar Colonel has been captured and executed. The Regional Governor is suing for surrender. Terms are being delivered...

PRIEST #1

And the conversions have begun. Anyone refusing the peace of Muad'dib will be executed immediately. It is written...

Farok glares contemptuously at the Priest.

LIEUTENANT

Sir...your...son.

Farok turns.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

He's been wounded.

For the first time Farok's expression cracks.

ANOTHER ANGLE....

Defeated PRISONERS are lined up on their knees. Being executed one-by-one. While NEARBY...

Another group of vanquished SOLDIERS lies face down on the bloody earth as Qizarate Priests make dramatic ritual gestures over them.

PRIESTS

(chanting)

All glory to Muad'dib. All honor be to the oracle and the wisdom he dispenses. Blessed be the peace of Muad'dib...

Farok passes by quickly, but his pace slows as... He approaches a small group of Fremmen warriors. And...

A BOY. Maybe eighteen. Squirming in agony on the ground. Trying to touch his face but restrained by his compatriots.

BOY

My eyes...my eyes...!!!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

3.
1

They finally pull his hands away so Farok can see.
The boy's eyes have been blasted away.

Farok groans. Kneels down to pull the boy into his arms.

BOY (CONT' D)
I'm blind! Father....I'M BLIND!!!!

And Farok pulls him close. Holding him tight.
Trying to subdue their mutual trembling.

BOY (CONT'D)
Don't give me to the desert,
Father. Please....!

Farok can't control himself any longer.
He throws back his head and screams....

FAROK
MUAD'DIB.....!!!!!!

Like a curse.
And that's when...

A rickety CART piled high with bodies is dragged past CAMERA
by prisoners in chains.

VOICE
*If history teaches us anything it
is simply this: every revolution
carries within it the seeds of its
own destruction. And empires that
rise...will one day fall.*

A human SKULL falls from the carrion.
No one makes any attempt to retrieve it.

But CAMERA FOLLOWS as it bounces and rolls along the rocky
ground. Finally landing...in a puddle.

At the feet of...A MAN.

CAMERA PANS UP TO REVEAL...

2 EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - EVENING

2

A DESERT FREMEN. Dusty and windblown as if just arrived from
a long journey across the dunes. His face, hard and
weathered, is mostly hidden under a stillsuit mask and desert
robe. But there's something about the eyes...those deep blue,
piercing eyes. They are familiar. They are the eyes of...

(CONTINUED)

PAUL ATREIDES. Muad'dib. Staring down at the skull until...

Hands reach in to snatch up the skull.

A MERCHANT. Wiping it off.

MERCHANT

Forgive me, desert one. It fell
from my shop. I meant no offense...

(holding up the skull)

A heretic from Geide Prime, eh?

Refused the peace of Muad'dib.

He hurries back to a SMALL KIOSK at the edge of the street.
A display of HUMAN SKULLS is lined up neatly on its shelves.

MERCHANT

Perhaps one for you? A souvenir of
your pilgrimage here to the holy
capital, Arrakeen? I sell them
cheap...

Paul doesn't answer. But he moves closer.
Examines the wares this merchant is selling.
And as he does...

A pair of QIZARATE PRIESTS pass behind him on the street.
The Merchant bows obsequiously. Gesturing deferentially.

Paul notes this display of effacement.
But when the Priests are gone...

The Merchant turns aside. Spits on the ground.
He meets Paul's stare. All smiles again.

MERCHANT

Perhaps something else, then,
desert one? A reading from the
Tarot? A blessing from the Book of
Alia?

But the clarion call of DISTANT BELLS distracts them both.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL....

The CITY OF ARRAKEEN. A chaotic bazaar of off-worlders and
natives. Religious fanatics and petty merchants. Beggars and
traders. Coexisting uneasily in this human stew.

Fortune-tellers openly offer Tarot readings. Peddlers sell
spice beer and food. And pilgrims seeking the peace of
Muad'dib flood down streets and alleys into...

3 EXT. THE PALACE SQUARE - EVENING

5.
3

A massive open-air plaza. Bordered on one side by the colossal ROYAL KEEP. And on the other...

An awesome TEMPLE...where muezzin-like chanting from the its towers summons "he crowd flooding into the square...unaware that...

Paul, the Atreides Emperor, is walking among them. Observing everything with those hawklike eyes. While...

Fedaykin BODYGUARDS shadow his every move. Recognizable only by hands poised on Crysknives and... Paul's occasional nod of silent acknowledgment.

AT THE TEMPLE...

Mammoth doors open and a procession of Priests and Acolytes march out to the terrace. A hush descends over the plaza as...

A young WOMAN in regal robes emerges from the temple. Gliding effortlessly between priests and acolytes who genuflect as she passes.

VOICES IN THE CROWD

(hushed; awed)

It's her! The holy sister...

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

And she reaches the edge of the terrace. Stares down at the throng. Barely 16, but with the poise a woman twice her age, I and the confidence of several lives' worth of experience.

For a long moment nothing happens. No one moves. And then...

ALIA

In the beginning we were all empty.

CROWD

(unison)

Ignorant of all things.

ALIA

We did not know the power that resides in every place...

CROWD

And in all time.

(CONTINUED)

ALIA

He is the power...that awakens the
soul.

CROWD

And brings us joy.

Somewhere music starts to play.
Somewhere chanting rings out.

ON PAUL...as he watches the crowd stir around him.

CROWD (CONT'D)

(chanting)

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

4 INT. CORRIDORS...THE ROYAL KEEP....LATER -LATE AFTN.

4

Paul...escorted by his bodyguards...comes down this endless
hallway. Shedding his robe as he goes. Pulling away the loose
buckles of his stillsuit until...

STILGAR...his loyal mentor from the desert days...suddenly
falls in beside him.

STILGAR

I suppose you feel it's unnecessary
to inform me of these walkabouts...

PAUL

You'd only try to stop me. Again.

Stilgar is accompanied by KORBA. A former Fremen of Sietch
Tabr. Now wearing the robes of a high-priest in the Qizarate.

STILGAR

The streets are dangerous,
Muad'dib...

PAUL

The truth is in the streets, Stil.
Not in the parade of sycophants who
flutter around this palace with
their meaningless statistics and
empty ritual.

KORBA

Ritual is the whip by which men are
enlightened, Muad'dib.

(CONTINUED)

Paul stops. Withers Korba with a hard stare.

PAUL

Tell me, Korba, when was it that you reinvented yourself from Fremmen Fedaykin to religious fanatic?

KORBA

The day you defeated Shaddam and his armies, Muad'dib. The day I saw the future.

Paul continues- to stare at Korba. Hard to tell whether his expression is one of pity...or contempt.

STILGAR

This city is filled with adventurers, Muad'dib. Not to mention agents of the Spacing Guild, the Bene Gesserit, the former Imperial family.

PAUL

Surely they'd conspire to something a little more elegant than assassination on the streets of Arrakeen.

Finally, he continues his way down the corridor.

STILGAR

You are vulnerable, Muad'dib. No matter how powerful you've become. There is no escape from this simple fact.

And Paul finally stops. Turns to Stilgar.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

You're right about one thing, Stil.
There is no escape.

And he moves off without another word.
But he can't help NOTICING...

PRINCESS IRULAN. Staring down at him from a balcony
overlooking this corridor. Gorgeous. Seductive. But...

Paul's expression is cold and blank. He carries on in the
opposite direction. Hardly acknowledging her existence.

5 INT. ROYAL CHAMBERS....LATER - EVENING

5

GLOWGLOBES illuminate the relatively empty space and simple
furnishings. Looks more like private quarters in a desert
Sietch than the bedroom of an Emperor.

The gentle "swish" of an air-lock accompanies a door panel
sliding back to REVEAL...

Paul. Moving quietly into the room. Towards ...

CHANI. His beloved concubine. On their bed.
Behind a shroud of gauze sheers.

He stares down at her moment. Expression softening with the
simple sight of her. But then...

CHANI

I'm not asleep.

He pushes aside the sheers.
Sits next to her. Strokes her hair.

PAUL

I thought the doctors said you were
supposed to rest.

CHANI

As long as you insist on wandering
the city like some off-world
pilgrim, I'll never be able to
rest.

PAUL

Are you going to lecture me, too?

She doesn't answer. She simply gets up and goes to the tea-
service across the room.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT' D)

While I was walking, I stepped in a puddle. An open pool of water. In the street...

CHANI

Muad'dib has brought many wonders to Arrakis, the people say...

Now Paul gets up. Goes to the window where he can SEE...

The city of Arrakeen spread out across the valley. So much larger than it used to be. So much more crowded.

But that's not all. Everywhere there is evidence of... GREEN. Trees. Gardens. Orchards even.

PAUL

"Muad'dib spends water like a madman." That's what they say, Chani. The old Fremmen. I hear them. In the streets...when I walk. "We've become water-fat", they say. They resent the "wonders" I've brought to their desert.

Chani brings him a small cup of hot tea.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do you know what I'd pay to end these wars? To separate myself from this damnable myth I've become?

CHANI

What's to stop you? Command it. After all, you are the Emperor.

PAUL

An excuse. That's what I am. For zealous priests and witless bureaucrats. Even if I vanished tomorrow...the revolution would follow my ghost.

A uneasy quiet descends as they listen to the evening religious calls wafting over the city.

CHANI

This is not a clean place, Muad'dib. It's time to return to the desert.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to her. Pulls her close.

CHANI
We were happy there. Before
(looking around)
...all this. We had time then. Time
for us...and...
(looking away)
...our son.

He quickly leans down. Tries to silence her with a kiss.
But she pulls away.

PAUL
It's not your fault, Chani.

CHANI
It's been so long. Maybe too long.

PAUL
It will happen...When the time is
right...
(beat)
...when the time is right.

CHANI
And when will that be?

Paul doesn't answer.

CHANI
Why are you afraid, Muad'dib?
(off his look)
Whenever we talk about this, you
pull away...

He doesn't answer. But it's obvious something is going on
inside of him. Something he wants to tell her...but can't.

SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE...a voice cries out.
Like a prayer. Or...a summons.

DISTANT VOICE
Muad'dib....

Was it really there? Or was it just the wind?

CHANI
The tribes expect you to return to
them, Muad'dib. You belong to us...

(CONTINUED)

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5 CONTINUED:

10A.
5

PAUL
I belong to...a vision...
He pulls her close. Holding tight as...

(CONTINUED)

Pink Revisions Mar. 19, 2002 11.
5 CONTINUED: 5

He stares out the window. Eyes wide and unblinking. Staring at something only he can see. Something beyond the Shield Wall that surrounds the city.

A gust of wind blows in through the window. The room darkens. Everything suddenly evaporates! The room. Chani. Dissolving away to become...

6 EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT 6

Bathed in the blue and green light of the twin Arrakis moons. The endless sea of dunes....

...sweeping past Paul with astonishing velocity. As if time and space were moving around and through him. A blur of landscape enfolds him. And in that blur....

VOICES. Strange, complex voices. A dissonance of words. Ephemeral, disembodied...getting louder and louder as...

MOUNTAINS appear in the distance. A squat ridge of rock. Sitting alone in the desolation. A barren, ugly fortress. A grotesque ruin of nature. Growing out of the horizon like some malignant tumor. Getting bigger and bigger as...

The voices get louder and louder until...

BOY'S VOICE
Father...

SMASH CUT TO:

7 INT. SEITCH CORRIDORS - NIGHT 7

Dark. Empty. Dimly lit by some unseen source. Abandoned. A *ghost-sietch*...

Paul is inside now. Moving through this maze at incredible speed. A voice calls out...in a whisper.

BOY'S VOICE
I'm waiting...

Paul moves from corridor to corridor. An endless journey. Leading nowhere. Until...

There...in the distance...the dim light of a glowglobe spills into the hallway from some unseen room.

BOY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I'm ready...

(CONTINUED)

And Paul comes to an abrupt halt outside a small door beyond which...

A teenage boy is sitting. Meditation posture.
Staring at Paul with penetrating eyes.

BOY
To know the future is to be trapped
by it...

Paul comes into this tiny room. Closer to the boy.

BOY
But knowing there's a trap is the
first step in evading it...the
first step along...

A strong gust of wind howls through the rocks...

BOY
...the Golden Path.

Paul tries to speak. His mouth opens. But no words come out.

BOY
Don't be afraid, Father. The answer
is sitting right in front of you.

...and the boy begins to dissolve in the wind...

BOY
I am the answer. And I am
ready...Father....

...until he vanishes completely. And that's when...

Another squall of wind obliterates the sitch.
REVEALING...

Paul gasps. As if coming up for air.
His eyes are open...but they aren't focused.
Slowly he becomes aware of his surroundings.

He is in his bed. Chani is asleep next to him.

The howl of the wind recedes. Dwindling into the breezes that
stir the curtains across the room.

(CONTINUED)

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8 CONTINUED: 8

Paul's mouth is dry.
His eyes are haunted.

CUT TO:

9 INT. CORRINO CITDEL/SALUSA SECUNDUS - DAY 9

Monochromatic colors. Functional furniture.
The absence of art or comfort.
A place of...exile.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
Everywhere we turn his power
confronts us. Just when you think
you have him skewered, that's the
moment you find him unwounded.

The Reverend Mother is older now, but still the bird of prey
she's always been. Her magisterial poise has given up nothing
to age.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
We're dealing with a Messiah!

Another woman moves in behind the Reverend Mother.

PRINCESS WENSICIA (CONT'D)
(dripping with sarcasm)
You don't launch a frontal attack
on a Messiah. Even if you succeed,
his martyrdom remains.

She is a small-boned, slender woman. But with fierce,
unblinking eyes that miss nothing. Familiar to look at.
Because...

She is Corrino. Daughter of the deposed Emperor Shaddam. A
harder version of her sister, Irulan. And next to her...

EDRIC
So what do you suggest, Princess?

That's a Spacing Guild "Steersman". Swimming in a transparent
carriage of orange spice gas. A hairless mutant; still human,
but evolved now to include finned feet and vents on his neck
resembling...fish gills.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Something subtle. Something...
unexpected.

SCYTALE
A ghost, perhaps...

They all turn to SEE...

A bland, ROUND-FACED MAN. Not too tall. Not too short.
In fact, there is almost nothing distinguishing about him.
In a crowd he would be almost invisible. Looking like...
Almost anyone.

SCYTALE
Let us face the situation...

He stops abruptly. Can't help chuckling to himself...

SCYTALE
Did I say "face...the situation?"
Forgive me. The pun simply slipped
out...

The others are not amused.

SCYTALE
Let us...*examine* the dilemma
pragmatically. The Emperor Muad'dib
has many powers...many assets...

EDRIC
He who controls the Spice, controls
the universe.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
But he is human. And because he is
human, he has weaknesses.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
Get to the point, Wensicia. I
haven't travelled all the way to
the edge of the universe to discuss
philosophical nonsense with...
(looking at Scytale)
...with a Face Dancer.

The disgust in her tone is not even thinly veiled.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCESS WENSICIA
You've travelled all this way
because the Bene Gesserit are
desperate to regain control of
Muad'dib's bloodline...
(turning to the Steersman)
...while the supposedly impartial
Spacing Guild wants to break his
monopoly on Spice.

EDRIC
Because without it we can not
navigate space. Without it, the
Bene Gesserit lose their powers of
truth sense. Without it, billions
of Imperial citizens would die of
addictive withdrawal...

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
As long as he controls Arrakis, he
dominates spice production. And we
are at his mercy.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
And I intend to destroy that
domination...and return the
Imperial throne to Planet Kaitain
and the Corrino family...*WHERE IT
RIGHTFULLY BELONGS!*

She must take a deep breath to regain her composure.

(CONTINUED)

EDRIC
And you intend to accomplish this
with...a ghost?

PRINCESS WENSICIA
A very special ghost.

10 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER/SALUSA SECUNDUS....MOMENTS LATER 10
- DAY

Dark. Barren. Except for...

A single AXOLOTL TANK. A shiny, metallic *artificial womb*.
Suspended in in the middle of the room.
Lit by a single beam of light.

Wensicia leads the Reverend Mother and Edric
The Reverend Mother and Edric approach cautio
Scytale moves up to the tank.

SCYTALE'S VOICE
Face dancers, sex toys,
technicians, musicians...

The tank seems to glow unnaturally. And INSIDE:

A HUMAN BEING. Unconscious. Even unformed in
But human, nonetheless.

SCYTALE
...whatever the need, we have the
breed.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
What does this have to do with
ridding humanity of the curse of
Muad'dib?

Scytale turns to Wencisia...who gives him an approving nod.

Scytale passes his hand over a control panel at the edge of
the tank. Almost instantly...

The tank ascends from the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Righting itself until it is perpendicular, it's glass shield slowly clearing to REVEAL...

...THE BODY INSIDE. A MAN! Something vaguely familiar about him. Becoming more and more recognizable as the glass clears.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)
Good Gods...

SCYTALE
Good chemistry is more like it.

And now the man's FACE is clear...and recognizable.

EDRIC
Duncan Idaho!

PRINCESS WENSICIA
One of Duke Leto Atreides most trusted advisors. One of Paul Muad'dib's most beloved friends and teachers.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
But Duncan Idaho is dead. Killed by your father's Sardaukar.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Even in defeat, my father's men did not abandon wisdom, Reverend Mother. A few precious pieces of Idaho's ruined flesh were saved. Hidden away, awaiting the right time, the right place.

SCYTALE
It was difficult work, but the results are here to behold.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
A perfect duplicate. A perfect ghola....

The Reverend Mother is fascinated and repulsed. She can't resist touching the glass in front of the ghola.

EDRIC
Does it...know?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
The question is...does it *remember*?

(CONTINUED)

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10 CONTINUED:

17A.
10

SCYTALE
Only what we've conditioned it to.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCYTALE (cont'd)
It has no memory of who it once
was...
(almost to himself)
...unfortunately.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
The perfect gift for a lonely
Emperor. A time-bomb. Waiting for
the trigger to set it off.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
You intend to...*kill* the Atreides?

PRINCESS WENSICIA
With that bastard out of the way, a
struggle for power will ensue.

EDRIC
But...that will mean...chaos. Spice
production will be disrupted.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
EXACTLY!

A stunned hush sweeps through the room.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Learn the lesson my father ignored.
It is NOT who *controls* the Spice
but who can *DISRUPT* the Spice who
controls the universe.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
And that would be...you.

Wensicia answers with only the slightest smile.

Edric and Reverend Mother exchange a nervous look.
Wensicia is proposing something truly radical.
And dangerous.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
So, then, our business here is
clear...

SCYTALE
And dirty...

EDRIC
What makes you think Muad'dib will
ever accept such a gift?

(CONTINUED)

PRINCESS WENSICIA
I think we'll let you and the
Spacing Guild take care of that.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
And what of this..."trigger"? The
device to set the time-bomb off?

Wensicia simply turns to Scytale.

SCYTALE
Leave that to me.

And as CAMERA MOVES IN ON...the Idaho ghola...

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT ONE

ACT 2

FADE IN

11 EXT. THE DESERT - EVENING 11

Vast and intimidating. A blanket of silica to edge of the sky. Bloody streaks of the sunset kiss the edges of deep, black shadows that trail the migratory dunes.

THWOMP

THWOMP

THWOMP

The monotonous beat of a THOPTER breaks the silence as it sails into view. Flying low over...

Rock outcroppings which dot the landscape. Sheltering windtraps that feed veins of irrigation ditches which spawn the oases of green below. Intermittent patches of life...

12 INT. THE THOPTER - SAME 12

Chani rides in the front.
A dark mood marring her soft features.

CHANI'S VOICE

Blisters on the sand...

Next to her, one of her Fedaykin bodyguards.
Piloting the machine.

FEDAYKIN PILOT

For some, change is not easy to
accept.

And Chani's expression says the change isn't easy for her
either.

13 OMIT 13

14 INT. PRIVATE QUARTERS/SIETCH - SAME 14

Chani is in the center of the room.
Sitting on a bed of cushions.

CHANI

...test after test and
still...nothing. I am healthy,
strong. No matter what they do, the
doctors can't find the reason why
I'm unable to conceive...

She appears on the verge of tears...
...as she looks up at...

An OLD WOMAN across the room. Frail and petite.
But with stern, icy eyes. An indomitable presence.
A Fremen Reverend Mother, no doubt.

(CONTINUED)

The old woman remains unmoved. Rigid.
Watching Chani. Like a mother with a child.

REVEREND MOTHER
What does Muad'dib say?

REVEREND MOTHER
He is...afraid. Afraid for me...if
I have another child. I can feel
it.

The Reverend Mother's expression now seems to soften.
Her body language relaxes...a little.

REVEREND MOTHER
He may be right to fear...

She comes to sit with Chani.

REVEREND MOTHER
Someone has been feeding you...a
poison...

Chani startles.

REVEREND MOTHER
It is the only possibility left.

CHANI
But the doctors have never found
evidence...

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND MOTHER
They wouldn't. It's traces are
subtle, confusing. Of the most
sophisticated chemistry. Beyond
their knowledge...
(beat)
Surely from off-world...

Chani remains silent. Shaken by what this may mean.

REVEREND MOTHER (CONT'D)
There are remedies...

Chani meets her stare. Hopeful.

REVEREND MOTHER (CONT'D)
An ancient Fremen diet that might
overcome the contraceptive's
effects. But it would be dangerous.
It would require you to eat greater
and greater quantities of spice. If
you conceive, it would accelerate
your pregnancy....

She lets this hang.

CHANI
What choice do I have?

After a beat...

REVEREND MOTHER
None.

Chani remains silent. Taking it in.
Calculating the consequences. Finally...

REVEREND MOTHER (CONT'D)
But the question remains. Who has
been able to feed you this
contraceptive for so long?

Chani's eyes turn icy cold.
She knows.

15 EXT. THE PALACE SQUARE...ARRAKEEN - EVENING 15

Those prayer chants cry out from the towers of the Temple.
A flood of pilgrims pours into the square from every street.

CAMERA SWEEPS OVER THE PLAZA toward the Palace.
Up it's colossal walls to...

16 INT. IMPERIAL COUNCIL CHAMBERS - SAME 16

...where IRULAN stands on a balcony. High above the throng.
Staring down at the masses converging like an army of ants.

Stilgar passes behind her. Carrying a folder of official
documents to a Council Table where...

Alia is sitting. With Korba.

STILGAR

...the Great Houses are still
demanding that a Constitution be on
the agenda at the next convention
of the Landsraad...

ALIA

It's nothing but a ruse. Contrived
by enemies of House Atreides to
conceal more sinister motives.

KORBA

Our commanders say there is
agitation for such a code even at
the furthest reaches of the
Empire...

ALIA

They simply want to put Muad'dib's
power in a cage of legalities. A
formal limit to the Imperial will.

STILGAR

Be that as it may...it's an issue
we can't ignore any longer.

(CONTINUED)

IRULAN

Perhaps we could offer the
appearance of a constitution.

Everyone turns to her as she rejoins the meeting.
Surprised by her comment.

IRULAN

Something ceremonial. It doesn't
need to be real.
(beat; off their looks)
Deceit, after all, is a legitimate
tool of statecraft.

Alia chuckles aloud.

ALIA

Bravo, *sister-in-law*. I couldn't
have said it better.

There's no hiding the disdain in Alia's voice.

KORBA

Yes, perhaps something at the local
level. Something impotent.
Virtually meaningless...

ALIA

No! Atreides power must never be
marginalized by the chaos of
democracy!
(turning to Irulan)
Even the 'appearance' of it.

Everyone is surprised by her vehemence.
A teenager she is. Innocent she is not.

ALIA

I'm sure my brother agrees...

Everyone turns to...

PAUL. Across the room. Paying little attention. Just standing
at the windows. Staring out across the city to the Shield
Wall mountains...and the desert beyond.

(CONTINUED)

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A harsh wind blows in through the window.
Erasing the voices in the room behind him.
And now the room itself is fading away.
Leaving Muad'dib alone in...

17 EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT 17

...watching the endless ocean of dunes speed by him at
astonishing speed until...

...that ugly squat of mountains he saw in his last vision
appears again in the distance.

SMASH CUT TO:

18 INT. SEITCH CORRIDORS - NIGHT 18

BOY'S VOICE
You can't wait, Father...

The ghost-sietch. Paul is inside now. Moving through this
maze at incredible speed. Until...

...he comes to an abrupt halt outside a small room where...
A teenage boy is sitting. Meditation posture.

BOY
Don't be afraid. The answer is
right in front of you.

Paul tries to speak. His mouth opens. But no words come out.

BOY (CONT' D)
But you must decide....

And suddenly, the room blurs. The Boy dissolves....

VOICE
Muad'dib...

And suddenly...Paul is back in...

19 INT. IMPERIAL COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY 19

And everyone is staring at him.

STILGAR
...you must decide, Muad'dib.

Finally...

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Alia knows my mind. I forbid a constitution. Order in Council, this day etcetera, etcetera. Are you recording this, Irulan?

IRULAN

Yes, m' Lord...

Her voice is frigid with resentment at the menial task assigned to her. But she dutifully makes notes in a large journal.

PAUL

We will deliver the formal declaration when...
(turning to them)
...the Guild Ambassador arrives to present his credentials.

An abrupt hush descends over the room. Heads turn. Hands fidget. No one says anything. They're all too stunned by this decision to comment.

PAUL

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

And everyone begins hurrying out of the room. Everyone except...Stilgar.

STILGAR

A Guild Embassy, Muad'dib? Here on Arrakis?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

The ancients used to say...keep your friends close, but your enemies closer.

STILGAR

The Council of Naibs is not going to like this, Muad'dib. We remember well how the Guild brought those who oppressed us. How they blackmailed us for spice to keep our secrets from our enemies...

PAUL

Do you think I've forgotten, Stil?

A dark frown settles over Stilgar.

STILGAR

This decision troubles me, Muad'dib. There is something...reckless about it.

Paul reaches over. Lays a hand gently on Stilgar's shoulder.

PAUL

Not reckless, Stil. Necessary. You will know the reasons soon enough. I trust you'll convince the Naibs of the wisdom in this.

Stilgar knows it's too late to argue the matter now. He bows and leaves Paul alone...

...staring out at the chaos he has created.

IRULAN'S VOICE

A Guild Ambassador...here on Arrakis. Muad'dib's decision strikes some as mysterious...even dangerous.

Irulan sits alone at a writing table in her room. She looks ready for bed. Her hair is down. She's wearing delicate, one might even say, sexy nightclothes. But...

She is a portrait of loneliness. Writing carefully in a gilded journal of delicate paper.

(CONTINUED)

IRULAN'S VOICE
But nothing Muad'dib decides is
ever mysterious. Even his breathing
seems calculated.

(CONTINUED)

IRULAN'S VOICE

*It is only for us mere mortals to
struggle with... "why?"*

Suddenly...

Someone yanks her head back by the hair.
Chani.

CHANI

I should spill your water on the
sand for what you've done.

She presses her Chrsyknife hard against Irulan's throat.

CHANI

I know it was you, Irulan. You're
the only one who could have hidden
the poison...

A moment passes between them. Irulan is defiantly silent.

CHANI

Don't lie. You will insult me if
you lie...

IRULAN

It's my right to bear the royal
heir!

CHANI

It is your duty to play a role.
Nothing more.

IRULAN

I AM HIS WIFE!

CHANI

You have his name! I am the one he
calls wife.

Chani is in hot rage. She could do it. She could kill Irulan.
Right here. Right now. No remorse. And Irulan knows it.
But...

IRULAN

Do you think you're the only woman
who truly loves him?

(CONTINUED)

Chani studies her rival. Acknowledging the bitter honesty of Irulan's feelings. Her hatred mitigates...slightly. She finally lowers her knife.

CHANI

No.

(beat)

But I'm the only woman he loves.

And this cuts Irulan to the quick. Her lips tremble with frustration, humiliation.

IRULAN

I could cuckold him. Dare him to expose me...

CHANI

Cuckold him all you like. He won't deny you. But no child, Irulan. Ever!

Irulan's eyes start to fill up. The hopelessness of her situation is undeniable. Because, in the end...

IRULAN

I don't want other men...

Irulan can't hold Chani's unyielding Fremen stare. There is a long silence...until...

CHANI

It is a pity. What you off-worlders call...ironic. You are the perfect wife for an Emperor, Irulan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHANI (cont'd)
Beautiful. Educated. Witty and
sophisticated. More than most men
should ever hope for in a woman.

IRULAN
And yet...less than one man could
ever want.
(beat; then turning
away..)
Once the daughter of an Emperor.
Now nothing but...a convenience...

Chani steels herself against the pity she feels growing for
this poor lonely woman.

CHANI
My doctors are very clever, Irulan.
The next time I visit them they
will be looking for your dirty work
in my blood. If they find it, I
will have yours on this floor
before the second moon rises.

And she hurries out of the room.
Leaving Irulan in her usual state.

Alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. TRAINING FACILITY/SALUSA SECUNDUS - DAY

21

A military camp from the looks of it.
Spartan and rudimentary.

IN A SPARRING CORRAL...A corps of Sardaukar troops.
Exercising and training. Among them...

A SMALL BOY. FARAD'N. Maybe five years old. Dressed like the
men. Standing with a Trainer as the others work out.

The boy doesn't look particularly happy to be here.
He winces visibly whenever one of the men takes a hit.
And he looks over longingly toward...

PRINCESS WENSICIA...

...sitting in the shade of a ROYAL PAVILION. Surrounded by
her secretaries and attendants. Studying documents. Her
expression cold, analytical. Animated only when she looks up
to SEE...

(CONTINUED)

Little Farad'n being led into the center of the corral by his Trainer.

WENSICIA

What do you think, Tyekanik? Does my little Prince have what it takes to lead an army of Sardaukar one day?

A Sardaukar Captain steps up to the Princess. Watching with her as the boy attempts to spar with his Trainer. A clumsy, tentative performance. In a word...whimpish.

TYEKANIK

There are many ways to lead an army, Princess. Being a warrior is only one of them. And not necessarily the best.

WENSICIA

Of course, one must have an army to lead...

And she turns to SEE...

The SILHOUETTE of a MAN. Staring out the window of a plain, stone citadel in the distance. Watching these meager troops going through the motions out here on the training field. It must be the former Emperor, SHADDAM...

...dwarfed by the huge windows that frame him. A lonely, pitiful sight until...an aide arrives to lead him away and draw the curtains.

TYEKANIK

Muad'dib's decision to accept a Guild Ambassador is causing much unrest on Arrakis...

WENSICIA

(pleased)
As we knew it would...

TYEKANIK

There is growing dissent among some desert Fremmen. Our spies are well informed about who they are.

(CONTINUED)

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21

WENSICIA
Good. Make sure the Face Dancer
gives the names to our "little
friend" in Arrakeen.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WENSICIA

Once he is insinuated into
Muad'dib's palace...we will light
the fuse. The Idaho gholia will do
its work...

TYEKANIK

This is a delicate business,
m'Lady. Muad'dib is the best chess
player in the universe. We can
never be sure how many moves ahead
of us he is.

Before Wensicia can respond...

She's distracted by CRYING. It's the boy.
Running across the field to the pavilion.

FARAD'N

Mamma....mamma....

And he flings himself into Wensicia's lap.
Weeping uncontrollably.

WENSICIA

What's this?

TRAINER

(approaching)

I'm sorry, Princess. We were
teaching him a defense maneuver....

Wensicia waves him off abruptly.
Pulls up Farad'n's head roughly.
His nose is pouring blood.

WENSICIA

Crying? The future Emperor crying?

FARAD'N

I don't want to be Emperor. Let
someone else do it...

WENSICIA

Nonsense! Wipe you face.

She thrusts a handkerchief at him.

WENSICIA

Get back to the men. You want them
to think you're weak? You want them
to laugh at you?

(CONTINUED)

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21 CONTINUED:

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21

FARAD'N
I don't care.

WENSICIA
Well, I do.
(to the Trainer)
Take him back. Make him do it
properly this time.

And she turns her son around by the shoulders.
Shoves him toward the Trainer.

The boy reluctantly goes. Looking back.
Beseeching his mother with his eyes. But...

She has already turned and is marching away with her
entourage towards the citadel.

She never looks back at her son.

22 EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - NIGHT 22

Crowded with people. Returning to the streets after fleeing
the heat of the day. And moving among them...

SCYTALE. The Tlielaxu face dancer.

23 INT. SMALL HOME....LATER - NIGHT 23

Someone outside is knocking urgently.

FAROK...the Fedaykin Commander from the battle on Naraj comes
down the hall to his door. Opens it slightly to SEE....

SCYTALE. Back in his own persona.

SCYTALE
Farok...of Sietch Tabr?

Farok says nothing.

SCYTALE
I honor the ways of the fathers...

(CONTINUED)

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23

Spoken like a password. Farok's eyes light up.
He opens the door fully.

FAROK
Hurry. The "eyes of Muad'dib" are
everywhere.

24 INT. FAROK'S PARLOR....LATER - DUSK

24

Tight. Spare. Low ceilings. Close walls.

Farok brings food and drink to Scytale who is sitting on
cushions in a corner of the room.

FAROK
These are cushions once occupied in
Sietch by Muad'dib. During the days
when he taught us the weirding
ways...

SCYTALE
It's been some time since you've
seen him?

FAROK
I think he's forgotten I ever
existed.

And there's obvious pain in his words.

Somewhere...MUSIC starts playing. Soft, gentle music.
A Baliset. Scytale turns to SEE...

A young man in the next room. Playing. He has no eyes!
FAROK'S SON. The same young man who was wounded at Naraj.

SCYTALE
(re the boy)
He is...blind.

FAROK
(nodding)
At the battle of Naraj.
(beat)
I wonder if Muad'dib knows how many
have been maimed in his name...

And that's when a YOUNG WOMAN comes over to Farok's son.
Wiping his face. Especially around the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

SCYTALE

And that is Otheym's daughter.

FAROK

Lichna. If you bring her to
Muad'dib, he will never refuse to
see her.

Scytale nods and smiles.
Just what he wanted to hear apparently.

He studies Lichna. Watching every movement carefully.
As if memorizing her...everything about her.

There is something slow and labored about her movements. And
when she looks across the room, the narcotic haze in her eyes
tells the tale.

FAROK (CONT'D)

A semuta addict....No other woman
of the Sietch would have my son as
he is. But I couldn't leave him to
the desert. Even I violated the old
laws.

SCYTALE

The laws of men have gone. The laws
of a god have replaced them.
A deep sigh escapes Farok.

FAROK

We were a noble people once. We had
a proper sietch. I owned a
Crysknife, my own share of spice...
(beat)
...and then, the Mahdi came. With
his witch mother. And he promised
to fulfill Liet's prophesy. And we
followed. And the desert changed.

SCYTALE

And you joined his jihad...

FAROK

Do you know why? I heard there was
a thing called...a sea. Men came
back from Muad'dib's wars, and they
said they had seen it.

SCYTALE

And did you find your sea?

(CONTINUED)

FAROK
(nodding)
It healed me of Jihad. Now I'm
ready to help rid the universe of
the cancer that is Muad'dib.

The young woman in the next room starts singing along with
the baliset. A soft, alto moan. Sensual. Hypnotic.

SCYTALE
You already have.

Without another word, he raises his arm. A tiny glistening
NEEDLE shoots out of his sleeve. Before Farok can react...

The needle is imbedded in his neck. Farok's eyes blink.
His mouth falls open. But the poison is instantaneous.
Not a sound escapes. He is paralyzed.

Scytale gets up and comes over. By the time he gets there...
Farok's eyes are glass. He is already dead.

Scytale turns to the other room. To Faork's son.
And Otheym's daughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN

26 EXT. SPACE ABOVE ARRAKIS 26

A Guild Heighliner has settled into orbit around the planet. Shuttles, cargo freighters, and Atreides military escorts hover around it like bees outside a hive.

27 INT. BENE GESSERIT FRIGATE - SAME 27

The private chambers of Reverend Mother Mohiam. Engaged in some deep Bene Gesserit meditations when...

A door slides open and several Novitiates hurry in.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
(awakening; irritated)
What is the meaning of this!?

The Novitiates have no time to answer. Because...

A cadre of Fedaykin sweep into the room. Unannounced and uninvited. Followed by...

A bald Priest of the Qizarate. Stern. Officious. Arrogant.

PRIEST #2
Helen Gaius Mohiam of the Bene
Gesserit...

The Reverend Mother doesn't answer.

PRIEST #2 (CONT' D)
You have violated Muad'dib's
eternal order never to set foot on
Arrakis again.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
I am not on Arrakis. I am in free
space.

FEDAYKIN COMMANDER
There is no such thing as free
space where Muad'dib rules.

And he signals the others to arrest the old woman.

28 INT. THRONE ROOM/ROYAL KEEP - DAY

28

Paul is on his Throne. Alia on one side. Chani, the other. Irulan below and to his right. Stilgar standing in front. They're all staring out at...

A procession of GUILD AGENTS. Flanking a Steersman's carriage. Moving in ritual formation past...

Qizarate Priests. Korba among them. Bureaucrats. Servants. And...Fedaykin bodyguards everywhere.

The Steersman's carriage hisses to a stop several yards from Paul's throne. The orange gas inside clears a little to REVEAL...

EDRIC. The mutant Guild Ambassador.

EDRIC

I abase myself before the Emperor.

PAUL

We're told your name is Edric.

EDRIC

I beg permission to present my credentials...

One of the Guild Agents steps forward. Carrying an ornate tablet. Trimmed with gold leaf. Covered with tiny jewels.

Korba steps out from the Priest class. Accepts the book.

PAUL

We welcome you to our court, Edric of the Spacing Guild...and to a new understanding between us.

EDRIC

Please allow me the honor of presenting his Majesty with a small token of our esteem.

The Guild Agents now stand aside to REVEAL...

A MAN in a long black robe. Stepping forward among them. The cowl is pulled back. It's the Tleilaxu ghola. IDAHO. A unison gasp sweeps over the room.

But Paul remains inscrutable. Locking eyes with the impenetrable stare of the ghola's cold METALLIC EYES.

(CONTINUED)

EDRIC

According to our investigators,
this one was killed here on
Arrakis. The body recovered after
the unfortunate conflict between
Houses Arteides and Harkonnen.
Terrible wounds required many
months of regrowth by Tleilaxu
technicians. We acquired him as a
gift befitting an Emperor...

PAUL

I seem to recall an ancient human
myth about a Trojan horse...

EDRIC

This gift has only the kindest
intent, Majesty. To please your
memory.

The hint of a smile pulls at Paul's face.

PAUL

What is your name, ghola?

IDAHO/GHOLA

They say it was Duncan Idaho.

Stilgar turns abruptly to Paul. Face strained with disgust.

STILGAR

Idaho is dead, m'Lord. This...
thing is a horror. Send it away.

But Paul restrains him with a gentle wave of the hand.

PAUL

(to the ghola)
And do you enjoy the name?

IDAHO/GHOLA

It stirs up curious feelings...

PAUL

You don't know who you are?

IDAHO/GHOLA

I know nothing of my past, Sire.

It is hard for the ghola to keep his eyes on Paul.
His gaze keeps shifting to...

(CONTINUED)

Alia. Who seems equally intrigued.
Paul can't help but notice.

PAUL
(to Edric)
How was this one trained?

EDRIC
It amused the Tleilaxu to train him
as...a Mentat.

STILGAR
I beg you, m'Lord, let me take its
water.

But Paul ignores him. A tense silence descends over the great hall. Everyone waits for Paul's decision about this aberration standing in front of him. Finally...

PAUL
Find quarters in the Keep for the
ghola, Stil. We accept this gift in
the spirit with which its given.

And he bores into the Guild Ambassador with those startling eyes. Makes the Ambassador squirm.

EDRIC
Majesty...there is the matter of
Reverend Mother Mohiam. She was
removed from om Heighliner by your
neutrality...

ALIA
Be careful, Ambassador. To be
neutral is to be indifferent. You
would do well to dissociate
yourself from those who have proven
they are not.

Edric stirs up his spice gas with his shuddering.
He's flustered by Alia's effrontery.

PAUL
(amused)
As you will learn, Edric, my sister
has the pulse of the court. Be
advised.

(CONTINUED)

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ON ALIA...paying no attention. She is too fascinated by...

The Idaho ghola. Who remains where he stands.
Staring back at her with those steely eyes.

29 INT. PRISON CHAMBER/ROYAL KEEP....LATER 29

A cage like cell sits alone in the middle of this barren
room. Fedyakin guards are stationed nearby. And INSIDE....

The Reverend Mother Mohiam sits. On a bench. Alone.
Reading her Tarot.

ACROSS THE ROOM...Irulan approaches.

The Guards step aside deferentially.
Opening a gate to the cage so Irulan can enter.
And once inside....

IRULAN

Reverend Mother, I shudder to see
you in such circumstances.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

I've been in worse.

And she signals Irulan with a slight gesture of her fingers.
Irulan signals back...and sits on a stool nearby.

OUTSIDE...the guards watch the two women.
Listening to every word.

IRULAN

(re the Tarot)

Have they answered your questions?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

Answers only breed more questions.

IRULAN

What's important is how one
navigates between the two.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
So, you haven't forgotten
everything we taught you.

Small talk. But the reality is...

The Reverend Mother's fingers are moving animatedly.
Speaking in signs only a Bene Gesserit can understand.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
(signing with fingers)
Does the Emperor know you're here?

IRULAN
(signing back)
Of course. His "eyes" are
everywhere.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
Then we haven't much time. We
understand the concubine has
learned of the contraceptive.

IRULAN
She has changed her diet to adapt.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
Then we must adapt as well.
(beat)
If the concubine conceives you will
introduce an abortifact as soon as
possible...

IRULAN
You want me to...kill the child?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
We can not risk a Fremen strain in
the bloodline.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (cont'd)
An heir to the throne from that
source must be prevented at all
costs.

IRULAN
Then...who?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
The sister...

IRULAN
Alia!?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM
The girl is ripe, I'm told. We must
consider the possibilities...before
she sinks into abomination.

A look of horror and distress is sweeps over Irulan.
This is not something she ever considered, apparently.

SMASH CUT TO:

30 OMIT 30
31 INT. GYMNASIUM/ROYAL KEEP - DAY 31

Alia is here. Virtually naked. Bathed in sweat.
Sparring with...

A fighting droid. A glistening, prismoid dervish of blinking
lights and razor sharp swords spitting out at unexpected
moments from unexpected sources. Some real, some illusory.

Alia brilliantly parries the droid's thrusts.
Countering its moves gracefully, expertly.
But each time she does...

The droid increases speed and maneuverability.
Its weapons emerge at a faster tempo.
This is no game. A misstep could be fatal.

Several times Alia is driven back...off balance...defensive
moves barely keeping pace with the droid's attack...until...

She counters with extraordinary athleticism and finesse.
Dodging the droid's true weapons. Slipping through the
counterfeits to...

Touch the kill target.

(CONTINUED)

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The droid's lights flash wildly...and then dim.
It retreats into peaceful repose. And that's when..

(CONTINUED)

Alia becomes aware of Paul. Standing in the doorway
Staring at her. Expression strained and tense.
Stilgar is with him. And so is...

The Idaho ghola.

PAUL

Do you know how dangerous that was?

ALIA

Eleven lights! Eleven! The finest
swordsmen in the Imperium have
never gone against more than nine.

Paul storms into the room. Grabs Alias robe from a chair.
Throws it at her.

She can't restrain a vulgar laugh as she slips it over her
gleaming body, knowing full well the discomfort it has caused
these men.

ALIA

Do you mind telling me why you've
invaded my privacy like this?

STILGAR

Spice gatherers have found the body
of a young woman in the desert. A
Fremen.

ALIA

A Fremen?

PAUL

Decapitated. And her hands were
removed.

Alia is intrigued.

ALIA

Someone's afraid she'd be found
before the desert did its work...

STILGAR

And they didn't want her to be
identified.

PAUL

I want you to examine the scene the
way our mother taught us. My
`thopter is waiting.

(CONTINUED)

And he summarily turns to leave.

PAUL
You will take the ghola mentat with
you.
(teasing)
I assume you can handle him...

Before Alia can object, Paul is out the door.
Leaving his sister standing there.
Still panting from exertion. And from...

(CONTINUED)

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...the heat of the ghola's stare. He remains in the doorway. Expressionless. Inscrutable. Never taking those metallic eyes off her.

For the first time, Alia is self-conscious.

32 INT. CORRIDORS OUTSIDE GYMNAISUM....MOMENTS LATER 32

Stilgar accompanies Paul as they leave the Gym.

STILGAR
May I speak candidly, Muad'dib?

PAUL
The day you mince your words, Stil,
the Spice will cease to flow...

STILGAR
She needs a mate, Muad'dib. Surely
you can see it...

PAUL
Oh, I see it, Stil.

STILGAR
There will be trouble if she's not
wed. And soon.

PAUL
Anyone in mind?

STILGAR
(a beat; then...)
Someone with an ocean of
patience...

The two of them just stand there a moment pondering this. But then...they start smiling. And soon they are laughing.

33 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT 33

Alia in stillsuit is kneeling beside a BODY. Headless. Handless. But clearly A WOMAN.

Alia just stares at the body. Hardly moving. Lost in some strange reverie, trying to divine what happened here.

NEARBY...several `thopters are idling. Guards at the alert. Medics and functionaries milling around, watching her.

The ghola, Idaho, stands a few feet behind her. Studying Alia...until....

(CONTINUED)

IDAHO/GHOLA
Poisoned.

ALIA
How can you tell?

She looks up. Meets the cold stare of those metal eyes.
He kneels down next to her. Picks up the corpse's arm.

IDAHO/GHOLA
The molting on the skin. Clearly
the effect of rapid neurologic
atrophy. A Tleilaxu specialty.

Alia studies him as he studies the body. Watching every of
shade of his expression, every nuance of his gesture. He
intrigues her.

ALIA
Tleilaxu!? Face Dancers?

IDAHO/GHOLA
This is a dead Fremen girl, m'Lady.
What if there are no women reported
missing among the Fremen?

And off Alias look...

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. MUAD'DIB'S OFFICES/ROYAL KEEP - NIGHT

34

He is alone. Staring out the windows when...
A door opens behind him. Stilgar enters
With a Fedaykin. And...

A young WOMAN. Lichna. Otheym's daughter!
Except there is something different about her.
Something subtle. She doesn't seem...drugged.

STILGAR
Otheym's daughter, m'Lord.

Paul turns to face her. She comes forward so he can see her.
He studies her carefully. But the young woman doesn't flinch.

PAUL
It's been many years since I've
seen you...

(CONTINUED)

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34 CONTINUED:

47A.
34

LICHNA
And my father.

(CONTINUED)

Paul nods sadly.

LICHNA

I must beg Muad'dib's forgiveness
for this intrusion but...I am the
smoke which banishes sleep in the
night.

Paul and Stilgar exchange a look.
They understand immediately what this means.

PAUL

(leading her to a couch)
Sit and deliver your warning then.

LICHNA

You must visit my father. As soon
as possible, m'Lord. There is a
plot against you...

PAUL

There are many plots against me...

LICHNA

This is a Fremmen plot, Majesty. My
father has information for you. But
he is weak. He is sick. He needs
you to visit so he can tell you.

Paul and Stilgar exchange another look.

PAUL

Why not tell you so you can tell
me?

LICHNA

He feared I might be captured
before seeing you. If I know
nothing, I can divulge nothing. He
would still live to try again.

Paul studies Lichna more. Does he suspect a counterfeit?
After a beath, though....

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
(to Stil)
We will leave for Otheym's tonight.

Lichna suddenly leans forward to Paul.
The Fedaykin springs toward her. But...

Paul waves him off. Because...
The young woman simply takes hold of his hand to kiss it.

LICHNA
Otheym has missed his old friend...

And Paul holds her hand. Won't let it go.

A moment passes between them. As if each knows something
ominous but won't say it.

And with that, she's up. The Fedaykin leads Lichna out of the
room. Once she's gone...

PAUL
A Face Dancer.

Stilgar is startled.

PAUL (CONT'D)
And a good one, too. Even I wasn't
sure until the last moment.

STILGAR
(starting to move)
I will have them take its water.

PAUL
No, Stil! This must play out...the
the way I've seen it.

And Stilgar can't help letting go a long, fatalistic sigh.
He knows it would be useless to argue.

36 EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - EVENING 36

Somewhere...those Muezzin chants from the Temple ring out.
And those ritual bells summon the faithful.

37 EXT. ANOTHER STREET....LATER - EVENING 37

Quieter. A residential area. The air thick with blown sand.
A single public glowglobe down the street is the only light.

Somewhere voices are arguing in one of the homes here....

WOMAN'S VOICE

....there's dust everywhere. You
think water falls from the sky? If
dust gets in, moisture gets out...

Suddenly the woman is at the window of the home behind Paul.
She leans out to grab the shutter. And she SEES

Paul. Dressed in stillsuit robe and cloak again.
Their eyes lock. Does she recognize him?

WOMAN

(angrily)

Some of us haven't forgotten the
old ways...!

And with that, she slams the shutter closed. Tight.

Paul's eyes soften a bit. As if smiling under his facemask.
Then...

...he turns to mark two Fedaykin bodyguards loitering
casually nearby. They NEVER NOTICE...

KORBA. That unctious priest. Watching from the shadows.
He turns to a boy. Maybe ten years old. A Qizarate acolyte.

KORBA

Let the others know, Javid.
Muad'dib is in the streets.

The boy nods. Moves away quickly while Korba watches as....

Paul moves over to another home where he knocks on the door
quietly. After a moment, it opens. A small DWARF peeks out.

DWARF/BIJAZ

So...you've come, then.

38 INT. OTHEYM'S HOUSE - EVENING

38

Paul follows the dwarf down the corridor. A dark, gloomy place. Barren except for the hooks and rods in the wall where pictures once hung.

IN THE PARLOUR...a man sits on cushions in the dim light. It is OTHEYM. Muad'dib's old friend from Sietch Tabr. Now a shell of his former self. Thin, weak. Coughing. Face criss-crossed with scars of battle.

His woman is nearby. Serving him food and drink. When the dwarf brings Paul in....

(CONTINUED)

OTHEYM
(eyes brightening)
I see you once more, Muad'dib.

PAUL
Answering the call of a Fedaykin.

And he comes over to hug his old friend.

PAUL
I carry your water burden, Otheym.
Command me.

Otheym takes his old friend by the hands.
Tears welling up in his eyes until...

A coughing fit seizes him. Paul backs off as the woman puts
bowl under his face. Waits until it subsides.

OTHEYM
I caught the spitting disease on
Tarahell. The tribe will collect my
water soon...

PAUL
Let me summon my doctors.

WOMAN
We've had doctors. As good as any
Maud'dib could provide...

Otheym quiets her with an angry gesture.
There is no time for that apparently.

OTHEYM
There is treachery, Muad'dib. I'm
ashamed to say it. Fremmen plot
against you. They want time to
stop. They want the world the way
it used to be...

WOMAN
Otheym has allowed them to think he
shares their feelings...

(CONTINUED)

OTHEYM

Bijaz has told me their names.
(he nods to the dwarf)
He was a gift to me after our
victories on Tarahell.

DWARF/BIJAZ

I am a person not a gift. Weak of
muscle but strong of mouth. Cheap
to feed but costly to fill. Empty
me as you will, Sire.

OTHEYM

He always prattles on like this.
But he is a good spy. You must take
him, with you tonight. Our enemies
will simply think I'm, selling him
to you...because I need money,...

And another coughing fit overtakes him..

BIJAZ

(to Paul)

There's always a time for endings
...and those are often called
beginnings. So let us begin to go.

WOMAN

This is no time for your stupid
riddles.

BIJAZ

I'm riddled with conundrums, am I
not? To be gone is to be by-gone.
Let bygones be bygones. And Bijaz
and Muad'dib must be gone by now.

OTHEYM

He is right, Muad'dib. It is not
safe for you to be here.

PAUL

These are troubled times, old
friend.

OTHEYM

Fremen know what to do in time of
trouble, Muad'dib.

(beat)

But it was better when. we were
alone in the desert. With only
Harkonnen as enemies.

(CONTINUED)

Paul touches his old friend's face one last time. Then he turns and moves off down the corridor. The dwarf follows.

BIJAZ
There's a thin line between enemy
and friend. Where that line stops
there's no beginning and no end....

39 EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE OTHEYM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

39

Paul comes out the door. The dwarf in tow.
As they hurry up the street...

BIJAZ
Bygones be bygones. Let them fall
where they may. This has been a
dirty day...

But suddenly Paul stops. Looks around.

Not a soul in sight. No one. And...
No sign of his bodyguards. Anywhere!
The streets are deserted.

An eerie spectral wind howls down the alleys.

BIJAZ
The wind speaks of demons...

PAUL
That is not the wind...

And he's right. Another sound is growing in the wind.
A weird disturbing HUM. A grinding of some kind.
Getting louder and louder....

...no longer a hum. Now a screeching wail. The buildings
around them starts to shake. The ground is suddenly
vibrating.

BIJAZ
(shrieking)
STONE BURNER!!!!!!!!!!!!

Paul grabs the dwarf. Throws him to the ground.
Falls on top of him just as....

A blinding PILLAR OF FIRE erupts somewhere nearby.
Blowing up through the streets hundreds of feet in the air.
With a DEAFENING ROAR that doesn't end.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

54.
39

For a split second everything freezes. Turns photonegative.
And then...

Everything goes white.

END ACT THREE

ACT 4

FADE IN

40 EXT. ARRAKEEN CITY - NIGHT 40

That funnel of fire leaping into the sky can be seen from the Shield Wall mountain. The earth is spitting flame. An entire neighborhood seems to be engulfed. Sirens are blaring as...

`Thopters swoop down from every direction. Spraying searchlights all over the city.

41 EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN - SAME 41

Military transports scream down the streets. Armed troops fan out.

ANOTHER ANGLE...

A `thopter settles down in the middle of a street. Fedaykin disembark. Weapons drawn. Protecting...

Stilgar...who moves swiftly to a Commander and other Fedaykin already manning a barricade preventing anyone from going in or out of the area.

FEDAYKIN COMMANDER

(seeing Stilgar coming)

It was in the old quarters. Stone burner for sure...

STILGAR

(urgent)

Muad'dib. What about Muad'dib!?

FEDAYKIN COMMANDER

We are just entering the area now.

Before the Commander can utter another word... Stilgar and his men cross the barriers into the danger zone.

42 EXT. OTHEYM'S STREET - SAME 42

Smoke and fires everywhere. People screaming.

CAMERA FINDS....

Paul. Under some rubble. Pulling himself up. The dwarf, Bijaz, under him. Whimpering like an animal.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE
(nearby)
MY EYES...MY EYES...I CAN'T
SEE...I'M BLIND....THEY TOOK MY
EYES!!!!

PAUL
(calling out; with the
VOICE)
STAY WHERE YOU ARE. ANYONE WHO CAN
HEAR ME...DO NOT MOVE! HELP IS ON
THE WAY.

And now another voice is calling out.

VOICE
M'LORD...IS THAT YOU!!!???

PAUL
OVER HERE...I'M HERE....

And now a stampede of footsteps rumbles through the night.
And in the dust and smoke...a squad of Fedaykin emerge.
Stilgar is with them and...

They swiftly surround Paul and the dwarf.

PAUL
(to a Fedaykin)
Take this one and get him to the
Keep immediately.

He means the dwarf. But the Fedaykin leader is frozen.
A look of horror sweeps across him as he stares at Paul.

PAUL
Do it, Fedaykin! Do it now!

The Fedaykin is stunned. But he signals to some men to stay
with Paul as...

He grabs the dwarf and disappears up the street.
And that's when...

STILGAR
M'Lord...your eyes...

And Paul steps forward to him. His face visible clearly in
through the smoke for the first time. His eyes are...burned!

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
My eyes are gone, Stil.

STILGAR
Muad'dib...oh gods, Muad'dib...

PAUL
(gently)
Be calm, Stil. They've blinded my
body. But not my vision...

He turns looks around...

THE NEIGHBORHOOD (PAUL'S POV)....

...almost an infrared vision. Every detail is there.
The destroyed buildings. The wounded and the maimed.
The Fedaykin... pouring in from every direction.

But it's PAUL'S PRESCIENCE that's seeing this.
Not his sight.

PAUL
(calling to Fedaykin)
There are men waiting for your
help, Fedaykin. There and there...

And he points directly to the fallen wounded.

STILGAR
Muad'dib... the law...

PAUL
We live by Atreides law now, Stil.
None of these men will be taken
into the desert. Any one who wants
will be fitted with Tleilaxu eyes.
My expense...

And with that, he walks off the way Stilgar came.
Unassisted. As if he really can see.

PAUL'S POV...

...as he passes more Fedaykin arriving on the scene. They
can't help backing away. They can't believe what they're
seeing. And they are frightened...

...by the sight of his wounds, but even more by the fact that
somehow *he can still see*.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 EXT. PALACE KEEP - DAWN 43

A squad of `thopters approaches the palace in formation.
One of them veers down to a private landing pad.
The others maintain defensive positions.

44 INT. PALACE KEEP....MOMENTS LATER 44

Chani is hurried inside from the landing pad by a cadre of
bodyguards. They move her swiftly down...

45 INT. PALACE CORRIDORS - DAWN 45

She can't help noticing the averted stares, the whispered
murmurs, the tense posture of servants, bureaucrats...and
priests...so many priests. A feeling of dread is palpable.

46 INT. ROYAL CHAMBERS - DAWN 46

She is brought into the room to find...

Stilgar. Conferring with some aides.
Qizarate priests murmuring off to one side.
And Irulan. Alone at the foot of the bed...where...

Paul is staring at some distant place only he can see.

Chani approaches. Intimidating Irulan with a hard stare.
The Princess slowly backs away into the shadows as...

Chani comes to the bed. And Paul knows she's there.
He turns to look at her.

PAUL

Beloved...

He can see that it's her. It's all she can do to maintain her
composure. Because...

His eyes are totally black now. Not a trace of the Fremen
blue remains. There is no iris. No pupil. Nothing left but
wet ebony orbs. Focused on....what?

PAUL

I'm sorry. There was no way to
spare you this...

She leans into him. Kisses him tenderly.
Most especially around those eyes.
She can barely keep from crying.

(CONTINUED)

ACROSS THE ROOM...Stilgar signals everyone to leave.
And once they're gone....

CHANI
You knew this would happen...

PAUL
It had to be.

CHANI
Why? Why?

And she almost sounds...angry.

PAUL
For our son.

She pulls away. Her hands instinctively covering her belly.

CHANI
How long have you known?

PAUL
I have always known. It was just a
matter of...when. Forgive me,
Chani. There was no way I could
spare us this. I waited as long as
I could...

And he reaches out to touch her hands. And he smiles.
Nothing else matters to him at the moment.

PAUL
(holding her tight)
We're going back to our desert,
Chani. Back to the sietch where our
son will be born.

CHANI
I'm afraid, Muad'dib. I suddenly
feel like we have...so little time.

PAUL
We have eternity.

(CONTINUED)

CHANI

You have eternity. I have only now.

He holds her as if she might break apart if he lets go.
A single tear escapes. Gliding slowly from his face to the
pillow. Chani never sees it.

47 INT. SIDE ROOM/PALACE KEEP....SOMETIME LATER - DAY 47

The little dwarf Paul got from Otheym is alone when...

Alia arrives. The Idaho ghola is with her. The dwarf begins
to hum nervously and nonsensically as soon as he sees her.

ALIA

You are Bijaz.

BIJAZ

Would I were bijou and not Bijaz. A
jewel is prettier than a horse's
ass.

ALIA

You're a mockery, then. A trick of
nature. Meant to confuse and annoy.

BIJAZ

Annoy yes. Confuse no. Is wind a
trick?

ALIA

Then you are the wind?

BIJAZ

No, I am words in the wind. Words
that are names. Names that are
death.

(looking at Idaho)

He knows.

ALIA

What does he mean?

BIJAZ

What I mean is what I say. And what
I say is what I mean. Time for
accounting. Unless you came just to
mock me.

ALIA

My brother says you know the names
of the traitors.

(CONTINUED)

BIJAZ
Poor Muad'dib. Poor Bijaz. Betrayed
and betrayer. Together at last.

And the dwarf smiles broadly. A silly, pathetic grin.
Aimed directly at...the Idaho ghola.

48 INT. CORRIDORS/PALACE KEEP....MOMENTS LATER 48

Alia and the Idaho ghola. Moving purposefully away from
Bijaz's cell.

ALIA
So, is he telling the truth?

IDAHO/GHOLA
Why would he lie?

ALIA
He has another agenda.

IDAHO/GHOLA
How do you know?

ALIA
I...sense it.

IDAHO/GHOLA
Senses are dangerous. They can be
fooled.

ALIA
Only a machine functions without
senses. Are you a machine, ghola?

IDAHO/GHOLA
I am a Mentat. I trust logic and
statistics...

ALIA
...not mysticism and prophecy.

And the ghola stops abruptly. And she knows why.

ALIA
My brother had a Mentat teacher who
talked like that...

IDAHO/GHOLA
(a beat; then...)
Hawat.

(CONTINUED)

ALIA

You remember.

IDAHO/GHOLA

You did that on purpose.

ALIA

You remember.

IDAHO/GHOLA

No. I feel. There is a difference.

ALIA

Is there?

He doesn't answer. And suddenly...

He's perspiring. That veneer of Mentat calm has cracked.
His mouth is dry. His expression is strained.

ALIA

It frightens you, doesn't it?

(off his look)

The memory. You're afraid you'll
remember who you were.

IDAHO/GHOLA

No ghola has ever been restored to
his former being, child.

ALIA

I am no child! I awakened to
consciousness in my mother's womb.
I have memories of many women alive
inside of me. I know what they
knew. I feel what they felt....

IDAHO/GHOLA

Your memories may be old. But your
body is still a child's. You must
be careful...how you use it.

She whips a hand out to slap him. But...
He catches it. Just millimeters from his face.

She lashes out with the other hand. He catches it, too.
She struggles. He holds her.

ALIA

No one has ever spoken to me like
that!

(CONTINUED)

IDAHO/GHOLA
I only speak the truth.

She glares at him. Flushed with anger. And fascination.
And he glares back. Aroused by her spirit. Her scent.

ALIA
The truth can be dangerous, ghola.
But I can handle it.
(beat)
Can you?

And she pulls away before he can answer. Leaving him there.
Watching her go. Provoked by her comment. But perhaps...

...even more provoked by Alia herself.

SMASH CUT TO:

49 OMIT 49

50 INT. CORRINO CITADEL/SALUSA SECUNDUS - NIGHT 50

TYEKANIK, Princess Wensicia's Sardaukar commander, at
attention. Delivering a report.

TYEKANIK
Palace Fedaykin are everywhere...

(CONTINUED)

TYEKANIK (CONT'D)
...by the time Alia is through, a
common pickpocket won't be safe.

And that's when Wensicia passes behind him.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Fools even had a stone burner and
couldn't succeed.

TYEKANIK
Our spies have no idea who was
responsible. It could have been
Fremen rebels from the deep desert,
it could have been an element
within the Qizarate itself. We may
never know.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
What about Scytale?

TYEKANIK
He maintains his masquerade as
Otheym's daughter.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
And the dwarf?

TYEKANIK
Confined to the Keep. None know
where...except the Imperial family.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Then our plan is still in tact.

PRINCESS WENSICIA (CONT'D)
The longer the Palace is obsessed
with this attack, the longer
Muad'dib won't smell the fuse
that's been lit right under him.

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT FOUR

ACT 5

FADE IN

51 EXT. PLANET CALADAN....DEEP SPACE 51

A shining, multifaceted pearl in the void. Vast blue oceans separate three massive continents of green. A triangle of moons floats serenely above the thick atmosphere of clouds which surrounds the globe like a protective shield.

52 EXT. CASTLE CALADAN - DAY 52

Ancestral home of House Atreides. A magnificent structure built into monumental cliffs overlooking an endless sea. Something indestructible, something eternal about it.

53 OMIT 53

54 INT. LADY JESSICA'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS - DAY 54

Feminine decor. Elegant but tasteful and warm. Flowers everywhere. Sunlight flooding the room through... Windows open to the sea...where...

Jessica stands waiting. Older now, but no less beautiful than when Duke Leto first saw her. Poised, graceful. A queen...in person if not in title.

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA

He's alive! Gurney tell me he's
alive.

Gurney Halleck...former warmaster of Duke Leto Atreides
appears behind her. His expression is strained.

GURNEY

He is alive. But...

Now she turns to him.

GURNEY

...he...is blind.

Jessica's posture weakens. She moves to one of her chairs.
Sits carefully. Maintaining her composure at great cost to
her nervous system.

GURNEY

It was a stone burner. Stilgar
suspects it was...Fremen.

JESSICA

Fremen!?

GURNEY

Renegades. Unhappy with Muad'dib's
rule. Stil says they have names.
Otheym's dwarf has told them. An
inquisition is underway.

JESSICA

Alia...Chani....?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA (cont'd)

GURNEY

All safe.

Jessica seems relieved. But...

JESSICA

He's....blind...?

GURNEY

(carefully)

There are rumors, that Paul can
still...see...despite his
blindness. His vision-sight.

(beat)

They say it's a miracle...

She looks over at him. An enigmatic expression.

JESSICA

...and another brick for the myth
of Muad'dib...

GURNEY

M' Lady?

JESSICA

Make arrangements with the Guild
Ambassador for transport to Arrakis
as soon as possible...

GURNEY

I don't think that would be wise.

JESSICA

It was only a matter of time before
something like this happened,
Gurney. It may not be long before
it happens again.

GURNEY

And you would not want to encourage
it.

(off her look)

Forgive me, M'Lady, but those who
would rid themselves of Muad'dib
would only be more provoked by the
arrival of his mother.

She turns away, knowing he is probably right.

(CONTINUED)

GURNEY
If Paul needs you, he will surely
send for you.
(beat)
Otherwise, it's best to stay away.
For the time being.

A deep sigh escapes Jessica. And she returns to those windows
overlooking the sea.

(CONTINUED)

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JESSICA
(almost to herself)
When religion and politics ride in
the same cart, the whirlwind
follows.

55 EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

55

The twin moons of Arrakis spill blue and green light across
the endless waves of dunes. Everything is still. Lifeless.
Until...

Something moves. There in the distance. A dervish.
Racing across the dunes with astonishing speed.
Distant at first, but getting closer.

A WORM. With a lone Fremen figure visible on top of it.
It's Paul. Guiding it like the veteran he is toward...

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

56 EXT. THE ROCKFALL - NIGHT

56

Paul is now standing beside it. Staring up at it.
The wind howls. And in the wind...a voice.

VOICE
Father...

57 INT. SEITCH CORRIDORS - NIGHT

57

The ghost-seitch. And...

Paul. Moving through this familiar maze of hallways.
Toward...

The dim light of a glowglobe spilling into the hallway from
some unseen room.

Paul approaches...tentatively...
...finally turning the corner into the room where...

A man is sitting. Meditation posture.

VOICE
We go forward...we come back.

...and the man turns. It's Paul, himself!

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
Don't be afraid...

But suddenly, Paul changes. Transforms into...

The BOY Paul has seen in his earlier visions.
But not for long.

BOY
The answer is right in front of
you.

Something is happening to this boy.
Something growing. Around his face.
A NEW SKIN. Changing...mutating...

BOY
The Golden Path. It's the only way,
Father...

Suddenly a strong gust of wind howls through the rocks.
Obliterating the sietch. Leaving only...

Paul...

58 INT. PAUL'S CHAMBERS/ROYAL KEEP - NIGHT

58

...alone at the window. Bowing his head. Shuddering.
As if coming out of a deep dream.

VOICE
What troubles you, m'Lord?

The Idaho ghola is behind him. Sitting few feet away.

PAUL
The future...

IDAHO/GHOLA
You are drunk on too much time.

PAUL
I'm drunk on too much...me.

(CONTINUED)

BIJAZ' VOICE

To endure oneself is the most
difficult task in the universe.

That's the dwarf. Sitting on Paul's chair across the room.
Wrapping Paul's robe around himself. Posing like a child...

BIJAZ

Take it from one who knows how to
endure.

Paul ignores him. He just keeps staring out with those ebony
eyes that see nothing...and everything.

PAUL

Do you know how many have died
since I became Emperor?
(no answer)
SIXTY ONE BILLION!

IDAHO/GHOLA

Even your empire will live its time
and then die.

Paul turns to the ghola. Dead eyes meeting dead eyes.
And yet both probing to very core of each other's being.

PAUL

And that is why you're here, isn't
it?

Bijaz starts humming in that nonsensical way of his again.

IDAHO/GHOLA

Is that what you've seen? In your
visions...?

PAUL

It's obvious to anyone who can see.
It's what the Tlielaxu have written
on you. To kill me.

BIJAZ

Can one kill a god?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
Who says I'm a god?

BIJAZ
Those who worship you, Majesty.
They eat in your name. Make love in
your name. The roof of the smallest
building can't be raised without
invoking the blessings of Muad'dib.

PAUL
We are turning the people into
slaves...

IDAHO/GHOLA
And slaves always revolt.

BIJAZ
It's revolting to see what's
revolting to be. Take it from me.

Paul smacks the silly dwarf with the back of his hand.
The dwarf wilts. Jumps off Paul's chair like a chastened
animal. As he goes...

BIJAZ
Better a slave than a man who
doesn't know how to be free.

Paul turns back to stare out over the city he has created.

PAUL
(almost to himself)
We'll be a hundred generations
recovering from Muad'dib's jihad.

IDAHO/GHOLA
There is no other way?

PAUL
There is...another way.

But his tone is tormented with ambivalence. And then...

PAUL
What is it, Stil?

Stilgar is standing in the doorway. Unannounced.
No one heard him come in. But Paul knew...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

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58

STILGAR
We have just received word...from
Salusa Secundus.
(beat)
Shaddam is dead.

SMASH CUT TO:

59 INT. CORRINO CITADEL/SALSA SECUNDUS - DAY

59

A funeral honor guard of Sardaukar elite.
In full formal regalia. Standing watch over...

The FUNERAL BIER of former Emperor SHADDAM IV.
An ornate carriage draped in Corrino colors.

NEARBY...a visibly furious Princess Wensicia Corrino.
Glaring at...

...a paltry and dismal parade of MINOR DIGNITARIES. Passing
the remains of this once most powerful ruler of the known
universe.

Wensicia's son, FARAD'N, fidgets apathetically beside her.
TYEKANIK, her aide, stands dutifully behind him.
And sitting next to Wensicia...

PRINCESS IRULAN. The only one here who seems genuinely
suffering any loss.

Wensicia seems especially annoyed with Irulan's obvious if
subdued mourning. And her displeasure is only amplified
when...

One of the dignitaries approaches Irulan in particular.

DIGNITARY
On behalf of the people of Yorba,
Highness, I offer our deepest
condolences...and a heartfelt wish
that Emperor Paul Muad'dib look
kindly on his devoted subjects in
the fifth system...

This is finally too much for Wensicia to bear.
She leaps to her feet. Storms out of the hall.

60 INT. WENSICIA'S LIBRARY....LATER - DAY

60

She paces the room like an enraged cat.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCESS WENSICIA

Not one Major House represented.
Not one!

ACROSS THE ROOM...

Her aide, Tyekanik, waits patiently while...

Edric, that repellent Guild Ambassador, squirms in his gaseous carriage.

EDRIC

Muad'dib wouldn't allow any formal delegations, m'Lady. As far as he was concerned, your father died the day he was defeated on the Arrakeen plain.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

My father was the eighty-first Padisha emperor! A colossus! Who is this...this...bastard Atreides but some bedouin charlatan who dupes everyone with the pretense of mysticism, the charade of prophecy.

EDRIC

Do not underestimate the power of Muad'dib's prescience, m'Lady. Your father did, to his great misfortune.

This only infuriates Wensicia more. She hurls what must be a priceless vase across the room. It shatters loudly on the wall....next to the Ambassador's carriage.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

My father was betrayed! By you and your simpering Spacing Guild. By those witches of the Bene Gesserit. And for what? For Spice! You abandoned your Emperor for Spice!

EDRIC

We can not guide our ships without it, M'Lady....

(CONTINUED)

Wensicia takes a deep breath. Regains control.
Nails the mutant Ambassador with a hard stare.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
And that is why you will help me
kidnap a worm. And bring it here.

For a moment, Edric is stunned silent. But as the reality of
what she's saying sinks in, he begins to squirm in his spice
gas.

EDRIC
I mean no disrespect, Princess,
but..take a worm from Arrakis?

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Even if the Idaho ghola succeeds,
there is still the sister to
contend with. We must be prepared
with other means of diminishing
Atreides power.

Edric looks to Tyekanik. The idea seems so ludicrous he can't
help laughing.

EDRIC
You want to bring a worm...here!?

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Salusa Secundus could prove
hospitable to the great worms of
Arrakis. If they thrived, a new
spice cycle could begin...and...

She lets the idea take root in Edric's imagination.

(CONTINUED)

EDRIC
Atreides monopoly would be broken.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Plans within plans...

EDRIC
If Muad'dib ever suspected such a
gambit, he would smash this planet
and the Corrino name into oblivion.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
We are already in oblivion!

EDRIC
Perhaps we should take this
opportunity to enlist Irulan to
your enterprise. We understand your
sister is...vulnerable...at the
moment...

PRINCESS WENSICIA
That dismal bitch can't even
compete with a dirty Fremmen harlot
for the Atreides' bed. The sooner
we're rid of him, the sooner I'm
rid of her.

And she turns back to Edric.

PRINCESS WENSICIA
Kidnap a worm from Arrakis....

EDRIC
The Spice...must flow.

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT FIVE

(CONTINUED)

ACT 6

OVER BLACK....

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

The unmistakable sound of a "thumper".
 The device used in the desert...
 To call a worm.

FADE IN

61 EXT. THE OPEN DESERT - NIGHT

61

Somewhere in the deep south. No sign of Muad'dib's ecological transformations here. Not even a thought of green. This is the miserable wilderness of Arrakis lore. Endless, lifeless silica...except for...

A small wave on the horizon. Barely visible at first.
 But definitely there. WORMSIGN. Moving toward...

A NEARBY DUNE...and a cluster of men.
 Smugglers. Overlooking...

A maze of DITCHES. Carved out of the plain in front of them.
 A CORRAL. Maybe a quarter mile wide. Clearly man-made.

IN THE DESERT...the wormsign approaches.
 A moderate size worm from the looks of it.
 An adolescent, perhaps.

The men watch with intense concentration until...

The worm intersects a perimeter ditch about a mile away.
 And once he does...

One of the smugglers presses a small hand-held device.

ON THE DESERT (POV)...

A small explosion in the distance sends several clouds of sand into the air on either side of the perimeter ditch.

The worm feels the vibrations. Slows its pace.
 But it's too late. Because...

(CONTINUED)

WATER begins pouring into the ditch from some unseen underground reservoirs. Creating a poisonous barrier to...

The worm...which stops abruptly. Rising out of the sand like an ICBM missile. Towering angrily over the moat that blocks its way. Then...

....diving back into the sand. Swimming away in the opposite direction. Right into the maze of man-made canals.

And on a signal from the smuggler next to him...

More small explosions ring out in the night. And... Water suddenly begins to flow into all the ditches.

The worm is frantic now. Swimming chaotically from one end of the maze to the other. Desperately looking for escape, but unwilling to cross any water. It's trapped. And that's when...

The rotary roar of a MILITARY TRANSPORT sweeps in over the dunes. A huge crab-like cargo ship lurches up from behind a rockfall not too far distant.

The smugglers on the dune watch as...

The transport arrives. Hovers over the corral. Bay doors in its belly open wide and...

A massive mechanical NET drops to the sand. Driver droids at each end burrow into the ground. Pulling the netting down tighter over the area.

The worm's movements are more and more frenzied. But the net keeps digging in. Pulling tighter until...

The worm is immobilized in a tiny area of the corral.

ANOTHER ANGLE...ANOTHER DUNE...IN THE DISTANCE...

A small group of men watch the operation with vision goggles. Among them...

(CONTINUED)

Several Sardaukar operatives recognizable from Tyekanik's troops on Salusa Secundus. They're with several other men. Smuggler allies, no doubt.

And one of them is JAVID. Korba's acolyte. Watching the worm capture with an unblinking stare. Murmuring to himself...

JAVID

(like a prayer)

Blessed be the cast-out of
Jacarutu. For their revenge will be
swift and merciless....

62 INT. CORRIDORS ROYAL KEEP/ARRAKEEN - DAY

62

Paul hurries down these endless corridors.
Fedaykin bodyguards a respectful few feet behind.

Qizarate Priests and other functionaries pause and bow as he passes. Awed by the sight of this blind man moving as if he can still see.

63 INT. ROYAL CHAMBERS - DAY

63

Paul enters to find...

Several Fremen doctors. Across the room.
Huddling around the bed where...

Chani is sitting. Visibly pregnant now.
As Paul goes to her...he is intercepted by Stilgar.

STILGAR

(to Paul; hushed)

The doctors say her metabolism is
accelerated. The pregnancy is
proceeding much faster than normal.
It will be...a dangerous birth.

Paul nods. As if he already knew. He hurries to the bed and sits gently next to Chani.

CHANI

Beloved....I'm sorry I've
distracted you...

And he holds her close.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

PAUL
If only you could distract me
forever...

CHANI
My body is confusing me, Muad'dib.
My life burns faster. I am so
hungry. Always hungry...

Paul nods. As if he already knew.
He looks over to Stilgar.

PAUL
Make arrangements, Stil. We leave
for the Sietch as soon as possible.
The baby will be born there.

He turns to the ghola. Bores into him with those eerie eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Inform my sister.

Stilgar and the ghola exchange a silent, ominous moment.
The ghola quickly leaves the room. And...

Stilgar signals the others to do the same.

PAUL (CONT' D)
(to Chani)
We will return to the desert, my
love. Things will be better
there...

But he doesn't sound as if he really believes it.

64 INT. CORRIDORS/PALACE KEEP....LATER - EVENING 64

The Idaho ghola is coming down these corridors when...
He hears voices. Nearby. Strange, disembodied voices.

He moves toward the room where they seem to be emanating.
And he can SEE...

65 INT. ALIAS CHAMBERS - SAME 65

Alia. With her back to the door. She seems to be talking with
someone. But there is no one else in the room. Still...

Those strange voices are coming from somewhere. And as the
ghola moves closer to the edge of the door, he realizes...

(CONTINUED)

The voices are coming from Alia! Odd, incomprehensible words, bizarre phrases. Not Alias voice at all. Other peoples' voices. Like she's speaking in tongues until...

She turns. SEES HIM there in the doorway.
Her eyes are hooded, watery. Like...she is drugged.

ALIA

How long have you been. there?

IDAHO/GHOLA

Long enough. Where are your servants? Your bodyguards...?

ALIA

I...sent them away...

She sways...like a drunk.

IDAHO/GHOLA

Are you sick, m'Lady?

ALIA

You don't know what it's like to hunt the future....

IDAHO/GHOLA

You've taken spice. A large dose.
Too large...

ALIA

....my brother needs me, Duncan...

The ghola stiffens at the mention of the name...

ALIA (CONT'D)

...they've made him a god and now he's trapped...my vision is incomplete...I need to remember the future....

IDAHO/GHOLA

I' m going to summon the doctors.

ALIA

No! Don't leave me. I just need to rest...to rest....

She moves over to a couch to sit.
But she collapses before she can get there.

(CONTINUED)

The ghola rushes to catch her.
He lays her gently on the couch.
Stares down at this woman/child.
A riot of emotions raging within him.

But she doesn't notice. She's drifted off.
Into a spice dream. And that's when...

Someone laughs. A tiny, grotesque little laugh.

The ghola gets up. Hyper-alert and ready to fight.
But whoever it was that laughed now starts humming.
A dissonant, nonsensical humming...that could only be...

Bijaz. Stepping out of the shadows across the room.
Coming toward the ghola. Still humming...

And the effect it has on the ghola is obvious.
He is paralyzed. Aware but immobilized.

IDAHO/GHOLA

What...are you doing to me?

BIJAZ

I am playing. I was made to play.
You were made to be played....

The ghola fights the influence Bijaz's strange humming is
having on him. But it's no use. He can not react.

BIJAZ

We had a terrific struggle with
you. The flesh did not want to come
back...

A horrible realization sweeps over the ghola.

IDAHO/GHOLA

You are Tlielaxu...

BIJAZ

Born and bred. In the same tank.
Just we two. First me, then you.

The little dwarf comes closer and closer.
Humming as he goes. Right up to Alia.
The ghola can only watch.

He never realizes that...

SCYTALE (as Lichna, Otheym's daughter) is in the background.
Watching from the shadows. A sardonic smile on her lips.

(CONTINUED)

Bijaz reaches down. Strokes Alias hair. Her face.
The gholas are struggling to free themselves from paralysis.

(CONTINUED)

IDAHO/GHOLA

You are trying to awaken violence
in me...

BIJAZ

Oh, not yet, not yet. The script
has been written but the stage is
not set....

And he pads over to the ghola with his wobbly dwarf walk.

BIJAZ

But one day soon the Emperor will
come to you...hmmmm

His words are sing-song. Interlaced with humming.
Sweat forms on the ghola's face. But he can not move.

BIJAZ

...a mask of grief obscuring his
face. He will give water to the
dead, as they say in this place....

The dwarf moves around behind the ghola.

BIJAZ

...and he'll say "she is gone". She
is gone. And then you...will
finally know what you're expected
to do...

And Bijaz hums himself back into the shadows...
...where Scytale/Lichna waits.

BIJAZ

Now it's time to forget what you
will remember when day becomes
night. For getting is not having
until the words are right.

And his humming vanishes with him.
He and Scytale/Lichna disappear into the dark. And...

The ghola is released from his trance.
Shaking his head as if coming out of a dream.

He clearly doesn't remember the encounter.
All he remembers is...

Alia. Still on the couch. Still lost in a narcotic coma. But
her eyes suddenly open. And they soften when they see him.

(CONTINUED)

ALIA
Do you know what loneliness is,
ghola?

IDAHO/GHOLA
(after a beat)
I believe I have some notion of it.

She reaches up to him. Tenderly touching his face.

ALIA
What do you see with those eyes?

IDAHO/GHOLA
What everyone sees.

ALIA
Not enough...not enough...

And she buries her face in his arms.
He is stunned. Uneasy with this intimacy.
But he can do nothing but hold her.

ALIA
I didn't want to be different...
Duncan...but I'm sister to an
Emperor who's worshipped as a god.
People fear me. I didn't want to be
feared...I wanted to be able to
laugh. I just wanted to be...loved.

And the moment overwhelms them both.
She pulls him to her. He doesn't resist.
Their eyes close...as their mouths meet.

Somewhere...in the distance...Bijaz laughs.
A tiny, grotesque little laugh.

Idaho and Alia never hear it.

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT SIX

ACT 7

FADE IN

66 INT. IRULAN'S APARTMENTS/ROYAL KEEP - MORNING

66

Brilliant sunlight streams in through huge windows.
The echoes of prayer calls waft in from the city outside.

Irulan is at her dressing table. Brushing her hair.
Attended to by several ladies-in-waiting when...

Paul suddenly appears in the doorway across the room.

PAUL

We are leaving for the Sietch this
morning.

Irulan turns. Sees him there.
She quickly dismisses her servants.
And when they're gone....

IRULAN

And I'm being left behind....

PAUL

Appropriate, I'd say...considering
what you've done...

Irulan starts to stand...

IRULAN

I never wanted to hurt Chani.
Or...you. I just wanted...

But he silences her with a gesture of the hand.

PAUL

I've given orders no harm is to
come to you...
(beat)
...no matter what happens.

There's a strange fatalistic tone to his voice.
And Irulan senses it immediately.

IRULAN

Is she...?

PAUL

She is well. For the moment.

He approaches her. She is tense. Expectant.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D)
I've been cruel to you, Irulan.

IRULAN
I don't want your pity.

PAUL
I'm offering none. I'm simply
telling you the truth. You were
destined. A condition I understand
only too well. Destined to be
used...

IRULAN
By you.

PAUL
By your father. By the Bene
Gesserit. By the Spacing Guild. To
save them. From me.

He reaches out. Touches her face.
Her breathing quickens...

PAUL (CONT'D)
And they'll get their wish. Though
not exactly as they'd like...

IRULAN
I don't understand...

PAUL
The time of plots and revenge is
coming to an end. You must have a
chance to find peace. I'm going to
give you that chance.

She is fighting back tears. Using every bit of her breeding
and training to maintain her composure.

PAUL (CONT'D)
It's ironic, but your selfish,
clumsy attempts to mother the
Imperial heir actually prolonged
Chani's life....
(beat)
...and for that, I am grateful.
Forever.

And then he does something completely unexpected.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

He leans down to her. She steels herself for what's to come.
But what comes is so startling, so unexpected...
She is completely unprepared...

He kisses her. Tender. Almost loving. And then...

He leaves. So quickly she has no time to react.
She just sits there. The taste of him fresh on her lips.

67 INT. IMPERIAL MILITARY HANGAR - DAY

67

Clusters of Priests and Bureaucrats chatter away nervously as they watch...

The royal entourage board various `thopters and shuttles for the trip into the desert.

CAMERA FIND...

Paul. With Stilgar, Chani and Alia.
The Idaho ghola is with them.

A cadre of Fedaykin bodyguards surrounds them.

STILGAR

(to Paul)

Muad'dib, is it truly necessary to take...them?

And he indicates...

ANOTHER TRANSPORT shuttle across the hangar where...

The the little dwarf Bijaz is being escorted into the ship.
And with him...

Lichna. Otheym's daughter. Or rather...
Scytale. The face dancer posing as Lichna.

PAUL

They have their parts to play,
Stil. Just like you and me.

And before Stilgar can argue with him further...

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to the others)

Chani and I will take this one....

And he means the `thopter parked nearby

(CONTINUED)

STILGAR
Muad'dib...

PAUL
I know the way better than anyone,
Stil. Except you, perhaps...

STILGAR
Then let me pilot you, m'Lord.

PAUL
No, Stil. You must remain here. As
we agreed.

Stilgar looks to Chani....
...who simply nods in support of Paul.

PAUL
I wager we'll be there before the
rest of you. Any takers?

But no one steps up. Paul can't help laughing.
He gestures to Chani...who mounts the `thopter steps.
But before he follows...

Paul turns to Alia.

PAUL
(quietly)
Time to settle accounts.

She nods. And he takes her hands in his.
Staring hard at her with his dead eyes.
As if he might never "see" her again.

And then he quickly turns away.

68 EXT. THE DESERT....LATER - DAY 68

The vast desolation. Spread out to the horizon. The
repetitive "thwop...thwop...thwop" of Paul's `thopter is the
only sound.

69 INT. PAUL'S `THOPTER - SAME 69

He is piloting confidently. Chani beside him.

CHANI
It's been a long time since I've
seen you this happy.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
You're not afraid?

CHANI
If you had not wanted to fly, then
I would have been afraid.

And he reaches out to her. And she takes his hand.
Presses it against her abdomen where he can feel...

The movement of the child inside her.

PAUL
Ah...little ruler of the universe.
Don't be in such a hurry. This
moment is ours...

He smiles at Chani. Then turns back to the desert.

PAUL (CONT' D)
Home.

And she looks. Sees nothing at first.
But then she realizes....

It's there. On the horizon. Growing larger and larger as they
approach. Those unmistakable mountain formations...

Sietch Tabr.

70 INT. PRIVATE APARTMENTS SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY - EVENING 70

Korba, that Qizarate Priest, is on the bed. Enjoying the
pleasures of a young off-world "escort". She is beautiful and
submissive until...

The doors suddenly burst open. A contingent of Fedaykin storm
into the room uninvited.

KORBA
What is the meaning of this!!??

But the Fedaykin do not answer. Instead...

That beautiful young escort quickly slips from the bed.
Gathers her clothes and hurries to the door. Just as...

Alia appears there. She nods slightly to the courtesan...

...who has now clearly been in on this set up.
And when she leaves...

(CONTINUED)

ALIA
You have plotted against Muad'dib,
Korba. You have conspired against
your Emperor. You are under arrest
for treason.

Korba is desperately trying to cover his nakedness.

But Alia signals the Fedaykin to shackle him.
As they drag him out...

KORBA
I am a Fremmen. I demand to be
judged by Fremmen law...

ALIA
You will be, Korba. You will be.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. SIETCH TABR - EVENING

71

A scorpion makes its way through the rocks and sand as...
Chani pokes and prods it. Directing its path with a stick.

She is sitting on a cliff on the outside of the sietch.
A clear view of endless desert in front of her where...

A storm is gathering. An Arrakis storm. A coriolis wind.
The most dangerous thing on the planet. Except a worm.

The Idaho ghola appears behind her at the mouth of the
sietch. Watching for a moment before....

He finally comes over to sit with her.

(CONTINUED)

CHANI

I used to hunt these here when I
was little. It's amazing the simple
pleasures one has as a child...

(looking up)

But the desert is leaving now.
Taking simple pleasure with it....

The wind kicks up. Blowing sand "surf" against the rocks
below.

CHANI

I wonder if my father would approve
of the future he inspired...

IDAHO/GHOLA

A storm comes, m'Lady.

Chani moves her stick. Allowing the scorpion to scurry safely
to the shelter of rocks. And she looks over at the ghola.

CHANI

I am a desert creature, ghola. I
know when to hide.

He can't argue with her, of course.

IDAHO/GHOLA

Paul told me he would join you as
soon as the Naib council
concluded...

He stops himself abruptly. Shocked into silence.

CHANI

You called him Paul. His Atreides
name.

IDAHO/GHOLA

(a beat, then...)

I...did. A memory intruded where
none should have been...

CHANI

Then there are more.

He doesn't answer.

CHANI

And it frightens you.
(off his look)
Duncan's memories. They scare you.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

IDAHO/GHOLA

Are they Duncan's memories? Or the
inventions of the ones who made me?

(CONTINUED)

73 INT. PAUL'S QUARTERS/SIETCH TABR....LATER - EVENING 73

Outside in the corridors, there is much commotion.
A lot of hushed conversation.
A lot of hurrying back and forth.

But Paul remains motionless on his cushions.
Lost in a meditative trance.
Impervious to the clamor.

As CAMERA MOVES IN on his face....

SMASH CUT TO:

74 EXT. STREETS OF ARRAKEEN....SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT 74

Chaos and pandemonium.

IN A SMALL TAVERN...a group of men meeting around a table are surprised by an invasion of Fedaykin. A few try to flee but they are captured. The others are brutally herded to the door.

IN AN OPEN MARKET PLACE...troops corral the public there and summarily arrest several men. Dragging them away against their will...against the objections of others.

IN A RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD...Fedaykin are dragging suspected conspirators out of homes. Men are yelling.

Women and children are crying.

75 INT. PRISON CELL/ROYAL KEEP, ARRAKEEN - SAME 75

The Reverend Mother tries to busy herself reading her Tarot. But she is frustrated by what the cards are showing her.

She continues to turn cards over. But the expression on her face indicates the symbols there are confusing, ominous.

And that's when she looks up to SEE...

Stilgar. Just inside the doorway. Pulling a crowsknife from his belt. Coming for her...

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

Stilgar raises the knife and...

93.

76 INT. BIRTHING ROOM...SIETCH TABR - NIGHT 76

Chani screams. Delirious with pain. There is little the midwives can do except offer soft encouragement.

77 INT. PAUL'S QUARTERS/SIETCH TABR - NIGHT 77

He can hear her screams echoing down the stone corridors of the sietch. But he remains motionless. Lost in meditation. And now...somewhere...there are different screams.

78 INT. PRISON CELLS, PALACE KEEP - SAME 78

It's Korba. Shrieking as a crew of Qizarate priests pull him backwards into...

A FREMEN DEATH STILL. The stone coffin used to "take one's water"...*after death*.

Korba struggles. Refusing to submit quietly.

But the priests are too strong. They pull the stone lid of the still across the coffin. Sealing Korba inside the broiling oven as...

...his agonized screams reverberate down the stone corridors of this prison. Out the barred prison windows where...

79 EXT. PALACE SQUARE - NIGHT 79

Across the empty Temple Plaza. Floating up to...

80 EXT. BALCONY/ROYAL KEEP, ARRAKEEN - NIGHT 80

Alia stands here listening to the screams. Her expression is impenetrable as she stares out over the city toward...

81 INT. GUILD AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT 81

Edric floats serenely in his gaseous carriage until... Violent commotion outside his door distracts him. And he looks up to see...

A squad of Fedaykin storming into the room to... Smash his carriage and drag him to the floor where... He thrashes like a asphyxiating fish.

82 INT. IRULAN'S APARTMENTS/ROYAL KEEP - NIGHT 82

The sounds of screaming and violence outside the windows transforms into the soft desperate whispers of...

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 94.
82

Irulan's weeping...as she sits...head in hands...dwarfed by this huge room. Sequestered and isolated. Alone.

83 INT. PAUL'S QUARTERS/SIETCH TABR - NIGHT 83

All the noise, all the chaos, all the confusion slowly evaporates. Replaced by a thick, precarious silence.

Paul remains absolutely still. A statue...except for... The single tear forming at the edge of his dead eye.

Suddenly the silence is broken. By a single cry...

 CHANI' S VOICE
 (in the distance)
 MUAD'DIB.....

And the tear falls.

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT SEVEN

ACT 8

FADE IN

84 INT. CORRIDORS, SIETCH TABR - NIGHT 84

Fremen. Men. Women. Children. Watching silently as...
Paul slowly comes toward the Birthing Room where...

The Idaho ghola waits. With Fedaykin guards.
With Midwives and their bloody hands and clothes. And...

Lichna, Otheym's daughter.
And Bijaz, the dwarf.

IDAHO/GHOLA
(stepping forward)

It was the birth, m'Lord. They said
her body was drained by the speed
of it...

85 INT. BIRTHING ROOM 85

Paul slips through the curtains. Accompanied by the ghola and
the midwife...

...who leads him to a creche and two beautiful infants.

MIDWIFE

These are your children, Muad'dib.
Both are alive and strong.

PAUL

Children?

He reaches instinctively to the ghola for support.

MIDWIFE

Twins, m' Lord.

PAUL

I never saw...children...

And Paul reaches out to touch them. Both are staring up at
him with alert, knowing eyes.

Finally, he turns away to...

Chani...on a small pallet. Draped in white robes, stained
with her blood.

(CONTINUED)

Paul approaches slowly. Leans down over her.
Caresses her nose, her chin, her eyes, her lips...

She is pale. Barely conscious. But she can see him.
And she manages a weak smile.

PAUL

Beloved...forgive me. There are
some things no one can bear.
Problems in this universe for which
there are no answers...for which
nothing can be done. Nothing...

She reaches out. Pressing a finger tip to his lips to make
him stop.

He grabs her hand presses it to his mouth.
Kissing it.

CHANI

Nothing in this universe is as
great as my love for you...

Their eyes meet one last time. And a long sigh escapes her.
And as Paul stares down at her....

HIS VISION (POV) GOES BLACK. A slow dimming through murky
vague shadows as her face fades into utter darkness.

After a moment, Paul leans back. Turns to the others.
Takes a step forward towards the ghola and...stumbles.

IDAHO/GHOLA

(rushing to him)

M'Lord...you can not...see...

Paul grabs the ghola's face. Holds him tight.

PAUL

She is gone...

And the ghola stiffens. Something inside seizes him.
Something inescapable. Something unrelenting.
Sweat forms in large beads on his face.
He begins to shake.

ACROSS THE ROOM...

Lichna and Bijaz can barely conceal their tension.
The face dancer's breathing accelerates.
The dwarf start humming...

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT' D)

She is gone....*Duncan*.

And the ghola jerks. Grabs his knife.
Raises it to strike.

A unison gasp rushes through the room.
Fedaykin lurch forward. But...

The ghola lashes out with the blade.
Spinning on his heels and...
Burying his knife in...

BIJAZ' THROAT! So fast the dwarf doesn't know what happened
at first. But then...

The little man staggers. Gags. Waves his hands spastically.
Slams into the wall behind him...then slides to the floor.

The room is deathly silent...until...

PAUL (CONT'D)

This was the moment you came back
to me, *Duncan*.

But suddenly there's commotion behind them. A woman screams.
Everyone turns to SEE...

Lichna...Otheym's daughter. Standing over one of the babies.
The female one. Holding the ghola's bloody knife above it.

LICHNA

Stay where you are! All of you! I
warn you...a face dancer can move
faster than you can possibly
imagine.

And to the horrified astonishment of everyone but Paul...
Lichna transforms. Becoming...Scytale again.

SCYTALE

So...it is truly you, *Duncan Idaho*
of the *Atreides*. A ghola can regain
his past. Tell me, what do you
remember...?

Idaho hesitates.

PAUL

Tell him.

(CONTINUED)

IDAHO/GHOLA

Everything. My childhood, my youth,
my...death...

SCYTALE

We did it! We did it! Majesty,
don't you see what this means? You
can have her back. Your beloved
Chani. The proof is standing right
in front of you. Duncan Idaho. We
can restore the flesh and the
spirit. We can RECREATE HER!

PAUL

This was your plan all along.

SCYTALE

Plots within plots, m'Lord. You
should know this better than
anyone. We have been trying for
decades to achieve this! Damn
Wensicia and her petty plots. Damn
those Bene Gesserit witches, those
impotent Spacing Guild mutants. How
mundane their ambitions. How
trivial their lust for power...for
spice. Damn them! HA!

Paul glares at Scytale. But he can't see him.
He is helpless to do anything. *He can't see him.*
His vision has died with Chani.

SCYTALE

Make an alliance with us, Muad'dib.
The Tlielaxu. Let us restore your
precious Chani. Live content and
safe for the rest of your life.
With her, with your children...

IDAHO/GHOLA

M'lord...please...don't listen to
this blasphemy. Let me kill him...

SCYTALE

Don't move, Duncan Idaho. You kill
me you'll be killing Muad'dib's
children...

(to Paul)

You can feel it, can't you,
Muad'dib? You can feel her touch
again, can't you? You can hear her
calling your name...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCYTALE (cont'd)
(changing his voice to
sound like Chani...)
Muad'dib....

Paul is paralyzed. Frozen with fear. With blindness.
Frozen by the temptation. But suddenly...

Another voice calls out.

VOICE
Don't be afraid....*father*.

Paul slowly turns. Looking for the source of the voice.

BOY'S VOICE
I am here, father. As you knew I
would...

And now Paul knows where it's coming from.
The creche. One of the children. The BOY.
Laying there. Staring at....

Paul...who can't see him but he can hear him.

BOY
We go forward...we come back...

And suddenly...everything in the room slows down.
All the movement. Scytale's speaking. All slowing down.

And the room fades away. Replaced by a stunning kaleidoscope
of...time. Faces...places...sounds...

Atreides, Harkonnen, Fremem, Jessica, Gurney, Stilgar.
The sietches, the palaces...the desert...

A pandemonium of images and noise climaxing with...
Duke Leto's face...becoming Paul's face...becoming...

A boy's face. The one Paul has seen in his vision.
The one in that unknown sietch.

BOY (CONT'D)
We are pre-born, Father. My sister
and I. Thanks to our mother...and
the Spice. Thanks to you...

And suddenly...the Birthing Room reappears.
Slowly fading back in. Becoming visible again. Except...

FROM A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE. The baby's perspective!
The baby's POV!

(CONTINUED)

ACROSS THE ROOM (POV)...Paul is looking at CAMERA.

BOY'S VOICE

Yes, it's me, father. My eyes. Let
me see for you.

And Paul turns to....

Scytale. Nearby. Knife to the female infant.

SCYTALE

Let us give you back a life
Muad'dib. Let us give you back your
love. I can do it. I can bring her
back!

BOY'S POV...back and forth.

Paul...to Scytale...back to Paul.

BOY'S VOICE

Use my eyes, father....

And suddenly...Paul moves. So fast it's almost a blur.
His hand goes to his crysknife. It comes out of his sheath.
The blade leaps from his hand and...

CAMERA WHIP-PANS (POV)...

The knife flies through the air. Slams into Scytale's eye.
The face dancer's head jerks. His hands launch into the air.
Dropping the knife.

Scytale stands there a moment. Puzzled and confused until..
He falls face forward. Dead before he hits the floor.

AND THE POV FADES TO BLACK
And then...after a moment...

THE ROOM FADES BACK IN.
But it's no longer the boy's POV.

PAUL

The children...the children!!!

And he stumbles forward. Reaching out.
Trying to feel his way until...
Idaho intercepts him.

IDAHO/GHOLA

They are safe, Muad'dib. Both safe.

And he leads Paul to the creche. Takes his hands.
Puts them on the babies so he can be sure.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
I meddled in the future, in all
possible futures...trying to create
them. Instead, they created me...
and I became trapped...

BOY'S VOICE
But knowing there's a trap is the
first step in evading it...the
first step along...

A strong gust of wind howls through the sietch...

BOY'S VOICE
...the Golden Path.

Paul tries to speak. His mouth opens. But no words come out.

BOY'S VOICE
Don't be afraid, Father. The answer
is right in front of you.

The room is still and quiet. The only movement comes from...

The twins. In their creches. Staring at directly into their
father's sightless eyes.

PAUL
(after a beat)
Finally...I am free.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

A86 EXT. THE DESERT SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

A86

The twin moons bathe the sand in color.

In the distance...a lone figure climbs a massive dune.
Struggling against the sand. Struggling alone...and blind.

It's Paul.

And when he reaches the crest of the dune, he stops.
Lets the wind beat against him.

And somewhere in the wind is another sound.
A familiar sound. That unmistakable grinding HISS of...

A WORM. Getting closer and closer.
Louder and louder until...

(CONTINUED)

Blue Revisions Feb. 27, 2002
A86 CONTINUED:

101A.
A86

It suddenly blasts out of the sand in front of Paul.
A monstrous Arrakis totem. Thrusting into the sky with a
deafening roar.

PAUL
Finally...I am free.

And that's when the worm topples over on him.

86 EXT. CITY OF ARRAKEEN - DAY 86

Prayer chants ring out over the city. Thousands of pilgrims
pour into the plaza in front of the palace. Just as before.

VOICE
They say he has gone on a journey...

87 INT. BALCONY...ALIA'S CHAMBERS, ROYAL KEEP - DAY 87

She is here staring down at the throngs below.
Idaho is behind her.

IDAHO
...into the land where men walk
without footprints...

(CONTINUED)

ALIA
Was he truly blind, Duncan? His
vision sight, was it truly gone?

IDAHO
He told me it was and...I believed
him.

ALIA
Then he is gone.

IDAHO
He will not be found. Yet...all men
will find him.

ALIA
I wonder if that is what he wanted.

They stand there in silence a long moment. And then...

ALIA (CONT' D)
I need you Duncan. More than ever,
I need you now. Stay with me.

And he steps forward to her. Answers her by taking her hands
in his.

88 EXT. CORRINO CITADEL/SALUSA SECUNDUS - DAY

88

A cross-hatch of canals filled with water...
...which define a huge corral where...

The adolescent WORM captured from Arrakis is being released.
Bursting free from its web of restraining cords.
Thrashing forward with a plaintive cry.
Burying itself in the shallow sand.

CAMERA FINDS...

Wensicia. On the balcony of the Citadel.
Staring out at the leviathan's tortured movement.

Her Sardaukar aide-de-camp moves in behind her.

TYEKANIK
You should be giddy with your
success, Princess. We have a worm.
The freak Atreides is gone...

PRINCESS WENSICIA
But his children live...

(CONTINUED)

TYEKANIK

...inheriting an Empire left to a
confused and lonely girl.

Wensicia encourages herself with the possibilities.
Her eyes go hard with determination.

PRINCESS WENSICIA

By the time I'm through they'll
have nothing to inherit but chaos.
And then we will strike again.

(CONTINUED)

Pink Revisions Mar. 19, 2002
88 CONTINUED:

103.
88

And she turns watch...

Farad'n. Her son. Playing on the lawn
Studying some kind of butterfly.

PRINCESS WENSICIA (CONT'D)
Patience be my ally. There will be
another Corrino on the throne. The
Spice will flow. The Atreides will
fall.

And off her fierce, unblinking stare....

FADE TO BLACK

89 OMIT

89

END PART ONE

Written by: John Harrison
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