Part Two

by

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Based on the novel by Frank Herbert

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FADE IN:

OMIT

INT. ARRAKEEN PALACE - AFTERNOON

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

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...


INT. ROYAL MARTMENTS - SAME

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

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

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

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

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

FEYD
Another bad dream, Uncle?

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

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

The Baron's eyes suddenly sharpen their focus.

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

BARON HARKONNEN
The Emperor's man?

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

BARON HARKONNEN
You've seen the bodies?

Feyd hesitates. Them...

FEYD
They're most certainly dead.

BARON HARKONNEN
You've seen the bodies!?

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

EXT. ARRAKIS DESERT - NIGHT
And buried in the sand almost completely...

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

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


(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

But then...

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

He is here. Alive. Looking at Paul.

VOICES
(off camera)
Mah'di...mah'di...mah'di...

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

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

VOICES
(off camera)
Mah'di...mah'di...mah'di...

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

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

JESSICA'S VOICE
How long have I been asleep?

His eyes instantly focus. Snapping out of the vision.

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

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

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

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

He hands her the letter. She scans it quickly.

PAUL
They had his wife.

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

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

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

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

PAUL
We have to get out of here.

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

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

JESSICA
But where will we go?

PAUL
To find the Fremen.

JESSICA
Fremen?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

OMIT

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

Paul stops. Uses his paracompass to calculate their location.

JESSICA
How do we know which way to go?

PAUL
South.

JESSICA
But that's into the deep desert.

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

And he turns to go. But...

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

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

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

She gives him a reassuring smile and gets to her feet.
Together they head off across the wilderness.
A102 OMIT

102 OMIT

103 INT. ROYAL LIBRARY, IMPERIAL PALACE - EVENING

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

LADY IN WAITING
...please...your Majesty, please...you must control your anger...

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

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

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

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

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

EMPEROR
Used you?

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

EMPEROR
That's enough.

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

EMPEROR
Watch your tongue, girl...

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

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

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

EMPEROR
Enough!

His face is flushed with fury now.

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

IRULAN
(after a beat...)
And when that day comes, Father, you may learn to regret it.

And with that she storms out of the room.

EXT. ARRAKIS DESERT...SERIES OF SHOTS - PRE-DAWN

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

CLOSER. Trudging along wearily. Stumbling occasionally. The sand hisses softly with their footfall. The only other sound is their breathing.
A deep purple glow stains the sky to the East. Jessica is laboring mightily to keep up with Paul...

JESSICA
Paul...I need to rest...

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

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

JESSICA
Patrol!?

PAUL

JESSICA
This far out?

PAUL
Must be rockfall nearby.

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

PAUL
C'mon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
PAUL
Hurry. It'll be daylight soon.
And he heads down the dune. Jessica right behind.

EXT. ROCKFALL.....SHORT TIME LATER - PRE-DAWN
They reach the rocks. Jessica collapses. But...
Paul moves into a crevice. Looking around.
There's a small overhang here.

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

Jessica nods. And Paul goes to work.
He pulls out a Small silk-pack. A stilltent inside.
But when he moves under the overhang to set it up...
He NOTICES something in the rock. Small HOLES.
Unnatural in their symmetry. They look almost...drilled.
Paul pokes a finger in one. Feeling the smooth, tubular shape.

PAUL
(to himself)
Man-made...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGES - DAY
Explosions and chaos. Harkonnen FIGHTER AIRCRAFT mercilessly strafe the side of the cliffs.
PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - DAY
A group of men huddled here. Watching the devastation in the distance. Among them...
GURNEY HALLECK. And the smuggler, TUEK.
109 CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

He's right. And Gurney knows it.

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

GURNEY
They knew exactly where to hit us.

TUEK
You were betrayed.

GURNEY
Yes...We were betrayed!

An awful hardness sweeps over him. Cold and bitter.

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

SMASH CUT TO:

JESSICA'S FACE.

110 INT. STILLTENT - AFTERNOON

She's sleeping fitfully until....

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

JESSICA
Paul?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

OMIT

EXT. ROCK LEDGE - AFTERNOON

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

Like a statue carved from stone. His eyes unblinking.
Starring at...

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

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

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

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

    PAUL
    (without turning)
    It'll be night soon. We'll move on.

    JESSICA
    Did you get any rest?

    PAUL
    Some.
    (beat)
    How are you feeling?

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

A beat. Then...

    PAUL
    How is my sister?

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

(CONTINUED)
PAUL
I'm having dreams again. Visions. Even when I'm awake...
(beat)
I've seen her, Mother. Inside of you...

JESSICA
Even your father didn't know.

PAUL
Why not?

JESSICA
There...wasn't time.

And she looks away. Fighting back tears.

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

PAUL
What have you done to me?

JESSICA
I...gave birth to you.

PAUL
A freak.

JESSICA
NO! Not a freak.

PAUL
Then what!?

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

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

They sit there silently a moment. Then...

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

And he moves off. Leaving her alone with her thoughts. And her fears.
113  EXT. THE DESERT...SERIES OF SHOTS - SUNSET

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

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

VOICE
Such a pity.

SMASH CUT TO:

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

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

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

He's staring across the room at...

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

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

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

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

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

Kynes remains passive. Though his mouth tightens.

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

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

**KYNES**
The desert is an indiscriminate executioner, Baron.

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

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

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

**BARON HARKONNEN**
(quietly to Rabban)
Be sure he recalls his flimsy denials when he's face to face with death's smile.

**115 OMIT**

**116 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

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

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

He surveys the landscape with his goggles.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

JESSICA
Is that a good idea?

PAUL
It's the most direct path.

And he presses on. She follows.

EXT. THE DUNE - DUSK

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

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

JESSICA
PAUL...

He whips around. Sees her falling.

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. DESERT FLOOR...SERIES OF SHOTS

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

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

PAUL
DON'T STOP!

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

EXT. ROCKY FORMATION

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

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

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

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

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

IN THE DISTANCE. But they can feel it nonetheless.

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

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

It stops abruptly.

JESSICA
A thumper?

PAUL
Someone called it away...

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

PAUL
Did you smell it? The cinnamon smell?

JESSICA
The spice.....

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PAUL

Everywhere. When the worm came.

And his mind is racing.

JESSICA

Paul...

He turns to SEE what she's looking at.

JESSICA

Steps. They mark the way up these rocks.

She starts to climb...

JESSICA

Man-carved without a doubt.

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

EXT. ROCKY BASIN

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

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

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

PAUL

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

JESSICA

Fremen?

PAUL

We have to find them.

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

VOICE

Most intruders here regret finding the Fremen.

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

END ACT 1
FADE IN:

121 EXT. ROCKY BASIN - NIGHT

Paul and Jessica scan the rocks around them.

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

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

PAUL
(hushed)
Fremen. I'm sure of it.

ANOTHER VOICE
I say we take their water and be on.

JESSICA
(whisper)
That ones to our left. The first...over there...I think...

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

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

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

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

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

Paul's right. It is STILGAR.

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

PAUL
You've been watching us? All that time?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JESSICA
We...never saw you.

STILGAR
You weren't meant to.

OTHER VOICE
We're wasting time here, Stil.

STILGAR
This is the boy Liet told us to seek!

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

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

STILGAR
Be quiet, Jamis...

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

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

STILGAR
Yes...the law...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BELOW...Jessica pushes Stilgar into the rocks.

       JESSICA
       Tell them...!

       STILGAR
       (calling out)
       LEAVE OFF.

A murmur of discontent rustles through the Fremen.

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

This startles the Fremen.
EXT. ROCKY BASIN - SAME

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

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

The Fremen shuffle nervously at the mention of Liet.

JESSICA
IS IT!?

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

Jessica seizes the moment.

JESSICA
Miseces prejia. Andral tre pera!

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

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

Murmuring among the Fremen.

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

JESSICA
For how long?

STILGAR
Long enough.

Jessica hesitates.

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

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

After a long beat...

JESSICA
Agreed.

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

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

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

JESSICA
(cool)
No doubt we have much to teach each
other.

And Stilgar laughs again. Clearly admiring her spirit.

STILGAR
(calling to Paul)
Come down, boy. Your mother has shown her
worth.

JESSICA
He won't move unless I say so.

STILGAR
Discipline. Good!

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - SAME

Paul remains motionless. Weapon still ready.

JESSICA
PAUL! PAUL!

GIRL'S VOICE
(calling out)
He is here!

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

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

GIRL
(calling out)
He is unharmed. We're coming down.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

EXT. ROCKY BASIN - SAME

Jessica and the others watch as...

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

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

    STILGAR
    (to the girl)
    Made a lot of noise climbing, didn't he?

    GIRL
    He has much to learn.

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

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

    STILGAR
    Can you travel, Jamis?

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

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

    STILGAR
    (to others)
    Larus, Farok...hide our tracks. We have two with us now who are not trained.
    (to everyone else)
    In squad line...with flankers. Let's move. We have to make Cave of Ridges before full sun.

Then...to the girl...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

STILGAR
(re Paul)
Chani...you're responsible for him...

PAUL
My name is Paul.

STILGAR
Only until we give you a new one.

And he moves out. Keeping Jessica with him.
The rest fall in. Military fashion.
The girl, CHANI, turns to Paul.

CHANI
Follow me. Do exactly as I do.

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

EXT. DESERT...SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

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

CLOSER...they look like a caravan of bedouins.
Marching silently...in unison. Except for...

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

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

Paul. Occasionally glancing back to SEE...
Chani. Right behind him. Her eyes riveted to him.

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

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

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

IN THE DISTANCE...a deep, wide basin of sand.
Surrounded by mountain walls.

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

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

STILGAR
It will be a hard ride.

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

CHANI
(whispering, urging them forward)
Sun will be up soon. Patrols sometimes come this far. We can't let them see us...

And they follow Stilgar and the others to...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chani leads Jessica and Paul to a small nook.

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

She hands them some other Fremen clothes.

CHANI
And here is some food...

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

PAUL
Spice!

(continued)
CHANI  
(defensively)  
We don't have delicacies from the cities like you're used to.

PAUL  
It's fine. Fine.

And he gamely chews on.

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

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

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

She quickly pulls on the rest of her clothes.

JESSICA  
She's the one, isn't she?

Paul turns to see her. Close behind him now.

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

PAUL  
I don't know what it means.

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

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

She feels the challenge in his tone.

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

A soft VOICE begins to CHANT somewhere.

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

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

His skin is sunburnt raw. He's delirious.

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

And that's when he sees...

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

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

KYNES
(yelling at the birds)
NOT FINISHED YET. STILL HAVE WORK TO DO...

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

Kynes sniffs the air. Then turns to the birds.

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

Suddenly...the ground under him shudders again.

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

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

KYNES
...the pre-spice mass...

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

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

KYNES
I AM A DESERT CREATURE!

But his words are cut off...

BAAAAAVVVVVV00000000OMMMMMMMMM.

The earth explodes!

END ACT 2
FADE IN:

INT. CAVERNS

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

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

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

Chani is gone. Nowhere to be seen.

EXT. BALCONY - AFTERNOON

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

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

STILGAR
(turning to Paul)
Spice blow. Somewhere to the east. There will be a large field from the looks of it.

And he leads the men back into the cavern.

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

PAUL
You...harvest the spice?

CHANI
For bribes to the Spacing Guild.
(off his look)
It's Liet's wish. We pay them to keep our skies free of their satellites...so that no one can know what we're doing here.
(off Paul's look)
You will learn.
INT. CAVERN

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

JAMIS
I invoke amtal.

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

STILGAR
Jamis...

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

JESSICA
What's this?

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

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

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

JAMIS
Amtal! It's my right!

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

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

JAMIS
Stilgar...

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

Stilgar steps between them. A severe expression.

STILGAR
If you try that again, we'll know it's
your witchcraft.
(beat)
I won’t be able protect you or the boy
anymore.

Chani gently tugs on Jessica.

CHANI
Come. You can't stop this.

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

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

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

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

STILGAR
A crysknife. Our ritual weapon.
(handing it Paul)
Use it well.

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

JAMIS
May your blade chip and shatter.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

PAUL
First, you must find my blood.

Jamis charges again.

...SERIES OF SHOTS

Paul and Jamis engaging, then backing off.
A confusion of arms and legs flying together.

ON JESSICA...face tightening. Eyes unblinking.

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

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

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

PAUL
DO YOU YIELD!?

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

JAMIS
YIELD!?

STILGAR
(calling out)
THERE IS NO YIELDING. IT'S TO THE DEATH, BOY!

Paul turns to Jessica.

JESSICA
He's never had to kill...

Stilgar turns on her. A look of utter disbelief.

(CONTINUED)
STILGAR
Then...he'd better learn.

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

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

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

STILGAR
(muttering)
Finish it. Don't toy with him...

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

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

Jessica grabs Stilgar's arm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

More murmuring in the crowd. And...

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

Paul...who is beginning to swell with triumph.
Beginning to sense the effect his victory has had.
She finally steps forward. Speaking quietly into his ear while he drinks in the approbation....

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

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

She vanishes into the crowd surging toward him.

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

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

JESSICA
This didn't have to happen.

STILGAR
It is our way.

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

STILGAR
No man recognizes leadership without the challenge of combat.

He bores into her with those cobalt eyes.

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

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

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

STILGAR
I hope...and I fear.

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

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

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

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

CHANI
The huanui is prepared. It's time.

INT. CAVERN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VOICES
Bi-la kaifa...

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

VOICES
Bi-la kaifa...

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

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

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

OTHER VOICES
I was a friend of Jamis.
I was a friend of Jamis.

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

PAUL
(stepping forward)
I... was a friend... of Jamis. He taught me that...
(long beat)
... when you kill, you pay for it.

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

VOICES
He sheds tears...

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

VOICES
He gives water to the dead!

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

VOICE
I touched his cheek. I felt the gift.

STILGAR
Watermaster!

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

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

(CONTINUED)
Stilgar takes the sacks. Turns to Paul.

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

VOICES
Bi-la kaifa...

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

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

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

Paul takes the sacks.

VOICE
Needs a naming now, Stil.

STILGAR
Yes. It's time.

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

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

Paul takes a moment. Then...

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

The crowd murmurs approvingly.

STILGAR
Muad'dib? Is that the name you wish?

PAUL
Yes.

Hushed murmuring through the room.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

...growing louder and louder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

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

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

Faint, but distinct.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

CHANI
Wait for my signal. Then...you must do exactly as I do.
(beat)
Your lives will depend on it.

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

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

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

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

CHANI
There!

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

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

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

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

And then...

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

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

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

The Fremen suddenly crouch in sprinting positions.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHANI
Get ready!

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

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

The Fremen leap forward.

CHANI
NOW!

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

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

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

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

CHANI
FASTER....FASTER...

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

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

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

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

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

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

His hood flutters sloppily around his head.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

He nods like a reproved child. Up ahead....

STILGAR
(yelling)
ACH, HAI IIII-YOH!!!!

FREMEN
ACH, HAI IIII-YOH!!!!

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

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

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

An exhilarating....almost indescribable image.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

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

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


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

Jessica and Paul follow the Fremen through these narrow rocky corridors. Weaving through the labyrinth until they finally emerge into...
EXT. SIETCH. TABR VALLEY...MOMENTS LATER - PRE-DAWN

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paul is transfixed by the statue.

PAUL
What is that...?

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

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

A murmur of relief spreads through the crowd.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

Paul starts to go after her but...

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

(off Paul's look)
We found his remains at the spice blow.

JESSICA
Dr. Kynes is dead?

ANOTHER FREMEN
Harkonnen treachery.

STILGAR
She loved her father very much.

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

EXT. GARDEN - PRE-DAWN

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

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

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

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

Just like in his dreams.

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

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

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

Paul just watches her. Marvelling at her.

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

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

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

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

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

Paul follows her.

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

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

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

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

PAUL
(hushed)
Windtrap.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

And they finally emerge into...

INT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

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

Paul is dazzled and stunned by the sight.

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

PAUL
I...know this place.

CHANI
No off-worlde has ever seen it.

PAUL
(insistent)
I have! In my dreams.

And he steps up to the water.

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

VOICES
(distant)
Mahdi...mahdi...

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

FREMEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FREMEN

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

END ACT 3
FADE IN: INT. ROYAL LIBRARIES/IMPERIAL PALACE - NIGHT

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

A gentle knock at the door interrupts her.

IRULAN
Come.

A startlingly beautiful young WOMAN slips into the room.

WOMAN
You summoned me, Highness.

IRULAN
I have a special errand for you, Farrah.

FARRAH
I am here to serve, m'Lady.

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

FARRAH
How will you want me to use him?

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

FARRAH
I will do my best.

IRULAN
I've no doubt of that.

A dark, sensual smile sweeps over Farrah as she slips back into the shadows. Leaving Irulan alone with her books...and her schemes.
EXT. DESERT FLATS.....SOMETIMES LATER - MORNING

The sun is brutally hot. But...

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

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

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - SAME

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

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

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

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

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

PAUL
Just as you said, Stil.

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

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

EXT. DESERT FLATS

The 'thopter easily corrals the men on the sand.

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

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

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

Stilgar is watching patiently as...

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

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

Paul nods.

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

Paul does what he's told.

PAUL
A storm.

STILGAR
Very good. How soon?

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

Stilgar smiles proudly. Then turns to another Fremen.

STILGAR
(to Fremen)
See to the Harkonnen water...then pile the bodies.
(to Paul)
We'll let the storm clean up the evidence.

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

148 INT. ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY

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

LIEUTENANT
....they were scouting a spice bed west of the Shield Mountain when they sighted (MORE)
CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT (cont'd)
Fremen poachers trying to harvest. That was our last communication. There was no mayday. No evidence of wreckage when we went to investigate...

RABBAN
(raging)
That's the third 'thopter this month...

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

RABBAN
FREMEN SCUM!!!!

INT. COURTYARD...ARRAKEEN PALACE - DAY
Harkonnen guards are everywhere. Looks like martial law.
A contingent of highly armed soldiers immediately surround...

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

RABBAN
Who is the commander of that squadron?

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

RABBAN
Kill him.

The Lieutenant swallows hard.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:


As Rabban and his cadre approach the prisoners...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RABBAN
Tell them this is what awaits them...

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

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

SMASH CUT TO:
BARON HARKONNEN'S FACE...

Smiling hideously as he stares at...

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

PULL BACK TO REVEAL....

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

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

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

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

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

BARON HARKONNEN

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

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

BARON HARKONNEN

The latest love letter from your brother.

FEYD

Appears to be enjoying himself.

The Baron snaps off the holovid.

BARON HARKONNEN

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

A petulant frown sweeps over Feyd.

FEYD

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

BARON HARKONNEN

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

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

Loud voices are chanting. Drowning him out.
There is blood-lust in the voices. And Stilgar raises his crysknife. Prepared to fight.

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

SMASH CUT TO:

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

STILGAR'S VOICE
What do you see, Muad'dib...?

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

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

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

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

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

STILGAR
These choices...good or bad?

PAUL
Hard to know sometimes.

Stilgar frowns. The answer is unsatisfactory.

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

A monstrous howl of wind buffets their tent.

PAUL
Aren't you ever afraid, Stil?

STILGAR
Of storms?
CONTINUED:

PAUL
Of the future.

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

And he turns away to sleep.

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

EXT. IMPERIAL PALACE....PLANET KAITAIN - DUSK
To establish.

INT. CORRIDORS...IMPERIAL PALACE - DUSK
The REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM is hurrying down these dark passages with several aides.

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

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

REVEREND MOTHER
Who else knows he's here?

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

INT. IMPERIAL LIBRARY - DUSK
Dark. Shadowy.

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

MAN
The other witches must leave.

REVEREND MOTHER
As you wish.

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

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

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

REVEREND MOTHER
This visit is as indiscreet as it is unexpected.

GUILD AGENT
Matters such as this leave no time for formalities.

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

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

REVEREND MOTHER
As you're so fond of reminding us.

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

GUILD AGENT
The Navigators are concerned.

REVEREND MOTHER
Concerned?

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

REVEREND MOTHER
What kind of problem?

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

REVEREND MOTHER
And where is this nexus?

GUILD AGENT
Planet Arrakis.

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

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

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

The Reverend Mother nods. Considering all this.

REVEREND MOTHER
A misstep could be catastrophic.

GUILD AGENT
Then we understand one another.

REVEREND MOTHER
Completely. We will do what we can.

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

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

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

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

GUILD AGENT
The Spice must flow.

REVEREND MOTHER
The balance of power must be maintained.

Neither of them is ever aware that...

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

END ACT 4
FADE IN:

EXT. THE DESERT - NIGHT

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

CAMERA MOVES OFF TO FIND....

The Harkonnen are in disarray. Firing lasguns wildly at...

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

A Harkonnen SOLDIER is yelling frantically into his communicator.

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

He never finishes. Because he SEES...

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

...but he finally comes out of it.

STILGAR
We must hurry.

And the two of them sprint away.

OMIT

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

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

(Continued)
The curtain across the entrance parts. Chani steps in.

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

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

Jessica feels the stare. Makes her self-conscious.

CHANI
Forgive me, Sayyadina.

JESSICA
Is there something else?

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

JESSICA
My skin?

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

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

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

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

CHANI
Yes.

And it's clear she's taken note of it. And likes it.
159 CONTINUED:

CHANI
I say my prayers for his safe return.

JESSICA
We both do, Chani.

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

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

160 OMIT

161 INT. IMPERIAL LIBRARY - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Emperor is growing visibly impatient.

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

His severe tone seems to mollify the nobles temporarily.

EMPEROR
Then...if there's nothing more...
(no response)
Gentlemen...the pleasures of Kaitain await.

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

ON THE EMPEROR...lost in troubled thought.

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

EMPEROR
So do I.
(beat)
We must keep that fat Baron on a short leash, Fenring. Our involvement in his nasty business is a delicate matter.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT (POV) - DAY

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

Fremen are loading large pallets into the 'thopters.

STILGAR
(off camera)
...we get supplies we need, the smugglers transport our spice tribute to the cursed Spacing Guild...

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

STILGAR
The Emperor never knows.

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

Stilgar stiffens. Unaccustomed to such contrariness.

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

ON THE DESERT FLOOR (POV)...

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

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

And that's when he SEES...

DEsert FLOOR (POV)...

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

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

STILGAR
(noticing)
Something wrong, Muad'dib?

Paul puts the goggles down. Disappointed.

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

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

But Paul grabs his arm. Holds him back.

PAUL
No, Stil.
(off Stilgar's look)
Let them go. I...must have been mistaken...

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

...the smugglers are preparing to depart.

PAUL
(to himself)
Gurney...

A deep longing in his eyes.

END ACT 5
A cluster of STILLTENTS is set up in the moonshadow of a gnarled rockfall.

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

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

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

How do you know what Liet saw?

Because I've seen it myself!

Here...

...and here.

General rustling through the room.

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

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

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

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

This sends a tremor through the Naibs.

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

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

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

STILGAR
(to Paul; softly)
Slowly, Muad'dib. Don't frighten them with your passion...

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

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

Stilgar moves forward.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
This stops them cold.

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

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

The Naibs finally accept.

And after they're gone...

STILGAR
This will take time. These are not rash men.

PAUL
What will it take to convince them, Stil?

STILGAR
(after a beat)
You still have many tests ahead, Paul Muad'ib.

And something passes between them. Something ominous.

EXT. IMPERIAL GARDENS (POV) - SAME

The EMPEROR is having an intense conversation with...

COUNT FENRING.

IRULAN'S VOICE
My father's patience is wearing thin.

EXT. BALCONY, IMPERIAL PALACE - SAME

She's at the window. Staring down.

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

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

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

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

LADY
(shocked)
M'lady?

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

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

SLAAAAMMMMMMMM

INT. IMPERIAL LIBRARY - EVENING


EMPEROR
She's not going!

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

COUNT FENRING
(approaching)
It's rumored the Baron intends to move on
his nephew Rabban...and soon, aahhhmmmm?
A gesture of his control.

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

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

EMPEROR
What about the Spacing Guild?

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Emperor thinks this over. Sees wisdom in Fenring's
suggestions.
There is much activity. Fremen moving purposefully.

CAMERA. FINDS...Jessica. Coming down these stone corridors until she comes to...
EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY.....MOMENTS LATER

A crush of Fremen men and women part. Allowing Jessica to find...

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

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

MOTHER RAMALLO
Ah...so you're the one.

CHANI
Jessica of the Weirding, our Reverend Mother Ramallo.

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

MOTHER RAMALLO
Mapes said you were beautiful....

(beat)
She also said she pitied you.

JESSICA
I need no one's pity.

A tense rustle through the Fremen.

MOTHER RAMALLO
That remains to be seen.

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

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

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

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

She turns to the others.  

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MOTHER RAMALLO
Tell the others were not to be disturbed.

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

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

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

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

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

JESSICA
He is...aware.

MOTHER RAMALLO
You've exploited our legends well.

JESSICA
We had to survive.

MOTHER RAMALLO
And you may...for awhile.

(off Jessica's look)
But remember this, the very legend that protects you can also destroy you.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

OMIT

EXT. ROCK BALCONY - SAME

Jessica with Mother Ramallo.
Looking down on the reunion.

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

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

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

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

CAMERA FINDS...

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

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

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

Children watch with rapt attention.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
179 CONTINUED:

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

180 INT. JESSICA'S QUARTERS - PRE-DAWN

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PAUL
How are you feeling?

JESSICA
Well.
   (beat)
Tired sometimes.

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

PAUL
Healthy.

JESSICA
And growing fast.

After a beat...

PAUL
I saw the one they call Reverend Mother.

JESSICA
Yes. She came from a southern sietch.

PAUL
Why?

JESSICA
To see me. To see you.

PAUL
She's Bene Gesserit.

JESSICA
One of our...missionaries.

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

PAUL
Convenient...

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

JESSICA
Stilgar says you've learned much.

PAUL
He's tougher than Hawat ever was.

They allow themselves a brief but melancholy smile.

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
Chani is happy to see you, I noticed.

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

PAUL
Why didn't you marry him, Mother?

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

JESSICA
Because I loved him.
(off Paul's look)
As long as your father remained unmarried, some of the Great Houses could still hope for an alliance through marriage. We both knew what that meant. There were no illusions...

PAUL
You would have allowed it?

JESSICA
I would have encouraged it.

PAUL
Politics...

JESSICA
Yes. Politics.

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

EXT. SIETCH GARDENS - PRE-DAWN

The hint of light makes this place seem almost magical.

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

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

CHANI
(without turning to him)
Was I there?
CONTINUED:

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

CHANI
A wonderful dream.

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

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

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

Their eyes are locked in silent communication.

182 OMIT

A183 EXT. MOUNTAIN LEDGE; SIETCH TABR - DAWN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chani draws in the sand with her crysknife.

CHANI
...everything is connected. One thing to
another. The living and the dead. The
(MORE)
animate and the inanimate. A system. All parts functioning to serve the whole. The parts must remain healthy so that the whole may survive. The whole must survive so that the parts can remain healthy. Just as Liet taught us.

She takes a long, deep breath.

Chani

Smell it?

Paul

Cinnamon.

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

Chani

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

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

Chani

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

Paul

A spice blow...

Chani

(nodding)

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

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

Paul

The spice.

Chani

Treasure of the universe.

Paul

The worm is the spice...
CONTINUED:

CHANI
The spice is the worm.

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

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

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

CHANI
That's enough for now.

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STILLTENT - DAWN

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

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

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

INT. STILLTENT - DAY

It takes him a moment to realize...

(_CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Reverend Mother Ramallo.

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

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

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

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

MOTHER RAMALLO
You are the whirlwind...

And that's when...

INT. STILLTENT - EVENING

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

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

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

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

CHANI
You've been dreaming...

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

He feels peace.

END ACT 6
185 EXTERIOR HARKO CITY - DAY

A dark, menacing landscape of sharp edges...
...chaotic style.

186 OMIT

187 INTERIOR GYMNASIUM...HARKONNEN PALACE - DAY

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

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

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

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

IRULAN
He appears ready.

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

BARON HARKONNEN
(to Count Fenring)
Well then, perhaps we can take this
opportunity to conduct our conversations.
We have much to discuss....

COUNT FENRING
Indeed.
(turning to Irulan)
If that meets with your approval, m'Lady.

IRULAN
I'm quite entertained here.

COUNT FENRING
Fine.

BARON HARKONNEN
By your leave then...

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

THE GYM (POV)...

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

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

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

A BODY HITTING THE GROUND

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


JESSICA

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

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

JESSICA

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

Another pause...and then Paul does an astonishing thing. He turns his back on Farok. He and Jessica exchange a look. For a moment, Farok is confused. But he calms himself and...

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

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

Farok is once again flat on his back.

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
(to the others)
If you learn the weirding way...you will
triumph. Even in the darkest room...even
against the most silent enemy.

Paul reaches down to Farok.

PAUL
Better, Farok. You'll have it soon.

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

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

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

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

Stilgar steps between the two groups.

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

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

STILGAR
You have the blessing of your Naib?

OTHEYM
We do.

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

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

OTHEYM
We will make good fighters, Muad'dib.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PAUL
I believe you.
(turning to the others)
Let their waters join ours.

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

INT. CORRIDORS...HARKONNEN PALACE - DAY

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

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

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

COUNT FENRING
Who says the southern desert in uninhabitable?

BARON HARKONNEN
Your own planetologist, Dr. Kynes...

COUNT FENRING
But...hmmahh...Dr. Kynes is dead...

BARON HARKONNEN
Yes. Unfortunate accident, that.

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

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

Fenring stiffens.

COUNT FENRING
Be careful, Baron.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

This stops the Baron dead in his suspended tracks.

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

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

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

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

Not quite an insult. But certainly not a compliment.

INT. JESSICA'S QUARTERS...SIETCH TABR

She and Paul are sitting with Mother Ramallo and Stilgar.

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

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

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

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

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

MOTHER RAMALLO

(to Stilgar)

Summon Chani.

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

MOTHER RAMALLO

There is no turning back now.

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

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

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

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

INT. WORM CHAMBER

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

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

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

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

MOTHER RAMALLO

(calling out)

Are the watermasters ready?

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

MOTHER RAMALLO

Subdue the maker.

The "monks" move to some gates at either end of the moats. Turning large valves on the wall. The gates rise noisily. And...

The sand pit is flooded with water! Suddenly...

The creature under the sand starts to thrash. The water begins to churn violently until... The creature explodes into the air.

It's a STUNTED WORM! In a frenzy now. Lurching back and forth. Trying to escape!

But there is no escape. The water now covers the entire floor area. Rising higher and higher.

The worm whips itself across the pit. A hideous, gurgling scream rings out from it's mouth.

The "monks" step into the water. Wading slowly toward the worm which is rolling itself over and over in a futile, disoriented attempt to flee the wetness.

The "monks" approach cautiously as the worm starts to weaken. And finally...they pounce. Grabbing it at each end. Holding it down. Drowning it!

It's a fierce struggle. But the "monks" are obviously practiced at this. The worm doesn't have a chance. And that's when...

Chani leaves her perch. Steps into the water to join them. She wades forward carefully as...

The "monks" drag the dying, shuddering worm over to her. She fearlessly stands in front of them. Holding open the sack.

Finally...the "monks" lift the worm out of the water. It writhes viciously one last time as...

Chani forces the sack over the worms mouth.
CONTINUED:

The worm spasms. A blackish BILE spills into sack.
And then...it goes still.

Chani slips the sack off the limp worm.
Turns to the balcony. Holds up the sack.

ON THE BALCONY...Mother Ramallo grips Jessica's arm.

MOTHER RAMALLO
May Shai-hulud have mercy on both of us.

END ACT 7
FADE IN:

193 EXT. HARKO CITY - NIGHT
The cacophony of celebration is everywhere. Music. Shouting.

194 OMIT

195 INT. ROYAL BATHS & SPA - EVENING

Heavily armed bodyguards back away from the door as...
The Baron leads Count Fenring and Princess Irulan in to SEE...

FEYD. Across the room. Being helped out of his battle uniform by several trainers. He's covered in sweat and blood.

BARON HARKONNEN
My boy...my lovely boy...such a magnificent display...

In the distance, the arena crowd is still roaring.

BARON HARKONNEN
...listen to the people, boy. That's for you. For your magnificent courage. They adore you. Isn't that right, Count Fenring? Feyd the hero.

Fenring nods politely. But Irulan never breaks eye contact with Feyd.

BARON HARKONNEN
One hundred kills. HA! One hundred...!!!

And the distant crowd roars again. But it begins to change. It's becoming more like...

196 EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - NIGHT

FREMEN CHANTING. A great crowd of them has gathered here. Moaning in a low, unison hum. The sound is eerie.
Across the sietch...

A slow PROCESSIONAL is making its way through the crowd. Fremen children. Carrying glowglobes. Leading...

CHANI...who is carrying the sack with the water of life...toward...

(CONTINUED)
Mother Ramallo. Holding a long ceremonial staff. With Jessica. On a small stone "temple" near the Mahdi statue. Paul and Stilgar are behind them.

When Chani arrives, she joins them. And Stilgar steps forward to address the crowd.

STILGAR
When night falls again, we must leave this sietch that has sheltered us so long. We must go south. Into the deep (MORE)
CONTINUED:

STILGAR (cont'd)

desert...where the demon Harkonnen will not pursue us.

The chanting intensifies.

STILGAR

But our Reverend Mother can not survive another hajra. So that we do not have to make the journey without her strength and guidance, Sayyadina Jessica has consented to undergo the rites at this time.

The chanting seems to respond.

STILGAR

This is dangerous. Jessica may fail...

Paul and Jessica exchange a nervous look.

STILGAR

And so that we don't lose all, Chani, daughter of Liet, will be consecrated as Sayyadina, friend of God.

Mother Ramallo steps forward with Chani.

MOTHER RAMALLO

Chani has returned from her hajra. She has seen the waters.

And Chani holds up that leather sack in which she caught the worms convulsions. The crowd below her really stirs now.

MOTHER RAMALLO

I consecrate the daughter of Liet in the Sayyadina.

FREMEN VOICES

She is accepted.

And somewhere...music starts to play.

Loud, dissonant music.

OMIT

INT. PASSAGEWAYS...HARKONNEN PALACE - SAME

The noise of delirium in the streets echoes down these cold corridors as...

Irulan makes her way through dim pools of light to...
INT. ROYAL BATHS...HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

where Feyd stands naked in a shallow pool. Being bathed in sweet oils by several young female attendants. Among them... Farrah. The spy Irulan sent here.

He stops and turns when he feels the presence of...

Feyd doesn't blink. He's not embarrassed or ashamed. He turns to face her. Never taking his eyes off her as...

She comes across the room to him. Takes the jar of oils from Farrah. Begins applying it to Feyd's shoulders and chest.

Farrah and the other women slowly recede into the darkness.

And outside the noise of the convulsing city continues. Slowly transforming back into...

EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - NIGHT

gentle, hypnotic Fremen chanting. The room vibrates with its warm sound.

EXT. BALCONY...SIETCH TABR VALLEY - SAME

Chani comes forward to Jessica who is now sitting on a small carpet across from Mother Ramallo.

CHANI
Here is the water of life. The water that will free your soul. If you are a Reverend Mother, the universe will open to you. Let Shai-hulud judge now.

And she offers the spout of the leather sack to Jessica. The chanting in the room becomes monotone, quiet.

CHANI
(whispering to Jessica)
You must drink it now.

Jessica takes the spout in her mouth. Sips tentatively. But Chani suddenly squeezes the sack and...

A giant gush of liquid explodes into Jessica's mouth. She almost gags. But instead, she swallows it down.

And the effect is almost immediate. Intense pain!

(CONTINUED)
PAUL
What's happening to her?

STILGAR
The waters poison...until she changes it.

Paul lurches toward his mother. But Stilgar holds him back.

STILGAR
The thing must take its course. There is nothing we can do. If she is a true Reverend Mother, she will survive.

ON JESSICA...gripping the carpet on which she sits.
Her breaths are short and desperate.

The Fremen chanting is louder now. Jessica's eyes open.

Everything around her (POV) is slowing down. And a strange darkness descends until there is nothing, no one.

A202 EXT. DARK LIMBO

Jessica appears to be floating in space.

And then the darkness starts to change. Swirling like smoke around her. Punctured by tiny but blinding pinpricks of light. Like distant stars. Except...

They're not stars. They're not even light.
They seem to be organic. Molecular.
Congregating in bizarre, but fascinating patterns.

Then...in the distance...a VORTEX appears. An endless, black storm. Exploding within with violent flashes of light.

Jessica recoils instinctively.
Terrified by its deafening screaming roar.
It's coming closer...closer...

VOICE
You can not go there.

It's Mother Ramallo's voice.

MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE
That is the place we cannot look. The place only the Kwisatz Haderach may go...

Jessica is buffeted by the gale force.

(CONTINUED)
A202 CONTINUED:

MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE
You must turn away, Jessica, or it will drive you mad.

Jessica tries to turn away, but the force is too strong until...

Someone takes her hands. And she turns. It's Mother Ramallo. But the old woman has changed. She is young now. The way she must have been when she was Jessica's age.

YOUNG MOTHER RAMALLO
Don't be afraid. I have much to show you.

And an amazing thing happens. Their hands, their arms begin to melt together. Becoming one.

YOUNG MOTHER RAMALLO
Here is my life, Jessica of the Weirding. And the lives that have come before. They are yours now...

Jessica's eyes roll back in her head as the blending of their bodies continues.

But suddenly the Young Mother Ramallo recoils. A terrible revelation sweeps over her. Her eyes are flaring with fear.

YOUNG MOTHER RAMALLO
You're pregnant! You should have told us. Holy Mother...what have we done?

And now Jessica is afraid, too. As Young Mother Ramallo evaporates...

YOUNG MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE
This changes you both...

...another form appears before Jessica. Floating in front of her. An amorphous, translucent evanescence. Glowing from within but changing color rapidly like some agitated amoeba.

A face struggles to appear in the ephemera. Forming like a reflection in calming lake water. An ageless face. Pre-born and ancient at the same time. Staring right through Jessica. But the expression is confused, disoriented...frightened

A voice cries out somewhere. Like a frightened child.

MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE
Take her into your arms. She must see all that we see. That is the only way you can save your daughter...

(CONTINUED)
Jessica is enveloped in a whirlwind of light and sound. Whipping around her like a vicious hurricane.

Jessica reaches out and pulls the form to her breast. Wrapping it protectively in her arms.

MOTHER RAMALLO'S VOICE
You must change the waters, Jessica. Change them now.

And suddenly...Jessica's body trembles and shakes. And she starts to glow. From the inside out. And that's when...

She screams. And the scream multiplies...becoming many voices...a million voices...crying out somewhere...becoming...

INT. CORRIDORS, HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

...the cries and shouts of people...yelling and shouting in the distance. Drunk on liquor, narcotics and frenzy.

There's a couple lurking in the shadows. Lost in carnal pleasure. Violent. Aggressive.

CAMERA MOVES PAST THEM TOWARD...

INT. ROYAL BATHS...HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

Feyd is lying on an ornate couch. His eyes heavy-lidded as if in a stupor.

His head in...Princess Irulan's lap. She is massaging his temples.

FEYD
....the plan was perfect in its simplicity and viciousness...

IRULAN
Of course it was. You helped your Uncle design it, didn't you?

CAMERA MOVES IN ON IRULAN...as Feyd drones on.

FEYD
...Duke Leto thought he was gaining control of Arrakis...but he was only being fattened up for sacrifice...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

IRULAN
   And the kill...Feyd, tell me about the kill.

(CONTINUED)
FEYD
Swift and merciless. The Atreides never had a chance. The Sardaukar had the palace sealed within hours.

IRULAN
(almost a whisper)
The Sardaukar...

FEYD
I sent the final communiqué to your father myself...

CLOSE on Irulan. Her eyes cold and hard.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY...SIETCH TABR VALLEY - NIGHT

Chani lurches forward with the leather sacks of water. Allowing Jessica to cough and convulse into them.
After a moment...

Jessica sits back. Her breathing returns to normal.

PAUL
Mother...Mother...

JESSICA
(weakly)
Yes...

And she looks over at Mother Ramallo. Motionless. Eyes closed. Not breathing.

JESSICA
Mother Ramallo is gone...
But she remains.

Chani smiles broadly. As if somehow they all have passed through an extraordinary ordeal.

STILGAR
(to Jessica)
You have changed the waters. Now we know you can not be false.

And he nods to Chani...who offers the changed water to Paul. He hesitates. But...

STILGAR
Drink it, Muad'Dib. You delay the rites.
204 CONTINUED:

Paul looks to Jessica. She smiles reassuringly as her eyes close slowly and she falls into a deep narcotic slumber.

Paul takes the spout into his mouth. Chani presses down. And a flood of the water rushes into him.

VOICES
Mah'di...Mah'di

Chani gets up. Holds up the sacks for everyone to see.

CHANI
The Reverend Mother has changed the Water of Life. It's now safe for us to drink.

She passes it down into the people. And a great roar of voices erupts.

205 INT. ROYAL BATHS...HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

Outside...the wilding continues.

Feyd is burying his face in Irulan's neck. Trying to make love to her. But...

She deftly maneuvers to keep him at bay...all the while making it seem that she's participating...

IRULAN
...and the son...and his mother...the Dukes concubine...and her son...what did you do with them...?

FEYD
(drunk on passion)
Lost. In a storm. Devoured by the desert.

IRULAN
You found their bodies? You disposed of them?

FEYD
Never found them...

IRULAN
Never found the bodies?

FEYD
Worms got them for sure...

Feyd presses himself on her more but she doesn't even know he's there. A strange revelation is sweeping across her face.

(CONTINUED)
ACROSS THE ROOM...Farrah appears. Makes eye contact with Irulan...who encourages her with a nod and...

Farrah comes over. Slides on to the couch with them.

Feyd is surprised but delighted.
He starts making love to Farrah, too.
And as his head slides down her breast into her hips...

Irulan nods slightly to Farrah then silently slips away.

INT. CORRIDORS....HARKONNEN PALACE - NIGHT

Irulan slips out of the baths. Straightening her clothes with a disgusted shudder. And that's when she SEES...

Fenring. Staring at her from the shadows at the end of the hall. Something unspoken passes between them before...

She vanishes into the darkness.

EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - DAWN

Fremen are dancing everywhere. Wild and uninhibited.
Like Sufi dervishes. Sensual...and transcendent.

Others are coupling in various groups. Large and small.
A consensual, communal orgy.

INT. PAUL'S CHAMBERS...SIETCH TABR - PRE-DAWN

Chani and Paul are lying together on the pallet of cushions and blankets. Both clearly intoxicated. But...

PAUL
You're trembling.

CHANI
I'm afraid.

PAUL
Of what?

CHANI
Of you. You...make me...see things....

PAUL
What do you see?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHANI
I see us...together...there is a great storm. I have a child in my arms. Our child, Muad'Dib. It's not a dream...

PAUL
I know you, Chani. I've always known you. We've sat on a rock above the sand, and I've eased your fears. We've caressed in the dark of the sietch. We've grown old together...

He pulls her in his arms. Kisses her tenderly.

PAUL
You are my Sihaya...my desert spring. You are my only peace.

And she folds herself deep within his arms. And sounds of the Fremen orgy echo down the caverns toward them. Getting louder and louder...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SIETCH TABR VALLEY - DAWN

The bacchanal rages. The Fremen are lost in delirium. CAMERA moves through the frenzy until it FINDS...

PAUL. Standing immobile in the center of the room. Watching as...

A gale wind suddenly rushes through the cavern. Sweeping away the Fremen. They simply evaporate. Like smoke by a fan.

In their place. Another tribe appears. Swaying and stomping in another ritual. But this one is violent. Warlike. Bloodthirsty.

VOICES
MUAD'DIB...
MUAD'DIB...

And then...another wind wails...WIPING this away. Leaving in its place....

Bodies. Slaughtered bodies. Women weeping over dead men. Orphaned children crying over inanimate parents.

ON PAUL...eyes ablaze with messianic fever. Covered with blood. Surveying the dead as...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CAMERA PULLS BACK....farther and farther. Hundreds of dead. Thousands of them... Reflected in...

His eyes. HE JERKS forward. He's in...

INT. PAUL'S CHAMBERS...SIETCH TABR


PAUL
Jihad is coming!

She holds him close. Trying to ease his trembling. But his eyes are wide with terror.

END PART TWO

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