

DUNE

Screenplay by  
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Based on the novel 'Dune' by FRANK HERBERT

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Revisions

Final Shooting Draft

TITLES ON BLACK, APPEARING ONE AFTER THE OTHER

\*

**Prologue about SPICE TBD**

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FADE IN:

\*

1 DREAM SEQUENCE: EXT. ARRAKIS - END OF DAY

1

*The planet Arrakis, as seen from space.*

*Track across its endless windswept terrain.*

*We glide into a low-hanging dark cloud that's generated by a massive mining vehicle, a HARVESTER, kicking up glowing flecks of SPICE. We PUSH through the SPICE, creating a dreamlike swirl of orange flakes.*

*Through the swirl WE REVEAL a SECOND HARVESTER airborne, being hauled by a powerful CARRYALL.*

*ON THE GROUND - HARKONNEN SOLDIERS flanking the harvester, leading the industrial nightmare through the darkness. One of them holds a massive flag bearing the HARKONNEN EMBLEM.*

*Now these soldiers are observed through the P.O.V. of a thermal scope. Reveal that this scope is attached to a strange MISSILE LAUNCHER, one of multiple cloth-shrouded weapons being wielded by a small band of blue-eye FREMEN FIGHTERS taking cover behind a sprawling black rock. A young female fighter, CHANI, is among them; along with a man who we will know later as JAMIS. A closer look at Chani.*

*Flickering Fremen PLASMA LASERS lance up at the second Crawler, EXPLODING it and the Carryall that carries it.*

*Rockets are launched from the Harvester to retaliate, incinerating several of the Fremen in a brutal strike.*

*The few surviving Fremen run for cover through a CREVASSE in their rocky position. Last through this opening is Chani. Before she disappears into this underground opening, Chani turns to look back with soul-piercing eyes, straight at us.*

CHANI

Paul...

2A INT. CALADAN CASTLE, PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

2A

*In the wee hours of the night, PAUL ATREIDES, 16 years old, wakes up, startled by the dream.*

*He sits in his bed... troubled.*

TITLES: CALADAN \*  
 HOMEWORLD OF HOUSE OF ATREIDES \*  
 YEAR 10191 AG \*

2C INT. CALADAN CASTLE - ROOM OVERLOOKING VALLEY - MORNING 2C \*

LADY JESSICA, 35, sits a table laden with food. Crystal \*  
 glassware. She's looking out at the beautiful valley. Wistful \*  
 for the paradise she must soon leave behind. \*

PAUL (O.S.) \*  
 Mother. \*

She turns to see Paul crossing the room to join her. As he \*  
 takes his seat at the other end of the table and begins \*  
 piling food on his plate... \*

JESSICA \*  
 It's good you're up early. Your \*  
 father wants you in full dress \*  
 before the Emperor's Herald \*  
 arrives. \*

PAUL \*  
 Full dress. Military? \*

JESSICA \*  
 Ceremonial. \*

He slumps a bit at that. Much rather be in military... \*

PAUL \*  
 Why do we have to go through all \*  
 this, when it's already been \*  
 decided? \*

JESSICA \*  
 Ceremony. \*

Paul can't help but smile at that. His mother has a way of \*  
 thinking two steps beyond him at all times... \*

Jessica pours a glass of water for him. He reaches across the \*  
 table, expecting her to hand it to him, but she doesn't. \*  
 Instead, she puts it down right in front of her. \*

Paul knows what she's doing, and he's in no mood. \*

PAUL \*  
 I just woke up. Can I please-- ? \*

JESSICA

If you want it, make me give it to  
you. Use the Voice.

A heavy sigh from Paul. Then... fine. He shrugs. Whatever.  
Looks right at her, and in a mocking impression of some kind  
of growly wizard...

PAUL

GIVE ME THE WATERRRRRR.

Lady Jessica is not amused. Not giving him any reaction.  
Okay. She wins. He takes a moment to collect himself, then  
stares at the glass, and:

PAUL (CONT'D)

(intently)

Give. Me. The Water.

Nothing happens. He puts his hands up, like... "I tried."

JESSICA

The glass can't hear you.  
Command me.

There's authority in her voice. It shakes him out of his  
impetuosity. A cleansing breath. He closes his eyes. Draws  
on something within himself.

His eyes open, focused on Jessica:

PAUL

*GIVE ME THE WATER.*

*His words ripple through the air, folding in and around  
themselves, a hundred whispers but only one voice. It's  
nothing you've ever heard a human do.*

Jessica watches her own hand as it reaches for the glass. Her  
mind struggles to defy his command. *Has he done it...?*

She lifts the glass, begins to move it to him... and then  
stops. Puts the glass down. His Voice wasn't strong enough to  
break her. But she's pleased.

JESSICA

Almost.

PAUL

Almost?

He reaches far across the table and grabs the glass.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Better than anyone *else* has ever  
 done.

JESSICA  
 Better than any man has ever done.

Touché. He lifts his water glass to that, then drinks. And  
 shovels more food in his mouth. Still boyish.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 You look tired. More dreams?

He hesitates a moment too long before he gives her the lie:

PAUL  
 No.

2D EXT. CALADAN TARMAC - DAY

2D

Several Atreides flags flapping in the wind.

Paul squints at a distant spaceship in the bright morning  
 sky. It comes in fast.

The huge Imperial Spacecraft lands. Its door opens: a red  
 carpet deploys automatically, rolling at high speed across  
 the tarmac.

A phalanx of dignitaries gets out, men and women in varying  
 degrees of ceremonial dress, and led by strikingly formal man  
 carrying an ornate SCROLL.

They stride across the tarmac. On each side, ATREIDES  
 OFFICERS in formation. Waiting at the end of the red carpet:

DUKE LETO ATREIDES in ceremonial noble dress. A soldier's  
 build and a poet's eyes. At his side, LADY JESSICA.

To their left and right, THUFIR HAWAT, unmistakably a  
 Mentat... and GURNEY HALLECK, who is as sour and  
 uncomfortable as his Duke is warm and welcoming.

Leto keeps his eyes straight forward, but:

LETO  
 (whispers to Gurney)  
 Smile, Gurney.

Gurney's scowling face doesn't change.

GURNEY  
 (whispers back)  
 I *am* smiling.

Which makes the Duke *actually* smile, which makes Gurney actually smile juuust a little too.

LETO  
 How much will they spend traveling here for this formality?

The question jolt's Hawat's mind into Mentat functioning. His eyes roll back as he calculates.

HAWAT  
 (eyes flickering)  
 Three Guild Navigators, fifty-two parsecs...figure a hundred and forty decagrams of spice...a total of one-point-four-six million solaris, round-trip.

Leto and Gurney sigh.

At the end of the Atreides lineup... PAUL, in ceremonial dress, staring at this curious retinue in front of him.

Among them are royal courtiers of some kind, as well as a woman in what appears to be religious garb. She keeps her eyes cast to the ground.

The procession stops a respectful distance from the Duke, and the man with the scroll says, in a loud, officious voice:

HERALD OF THE CHANGE  
 By the grace of Shaddam IV of House Corrino, Ascendant to the Golden Lion Throne and Padisha Emperor of the Known Universe, I stand before you as Herald of the Change.

He gestures to those who have accompanied him.

HERALD OF THE CHANGE (CONT'D)  
 We are witnessed by members of the imperial court, representatives of the Spacing Guild, and a sister of the Bene Gesserit.

The RELIGIOUS WOMAN finally lifts her eyes to see JESSICA staring right back at her. *They share a similar kind of adornment to their clothing. As if part of the same order.*

The Bene Gesserit woman does not look down anymore. And you would be forgiven to think she did not come here to witness the signing of a document... *but for something else.*

HERALD OF THE CHANGE (CONT'D)

House Atreides is one of oldest and most respected members of the Landsraad. In the wake of the failure of House Harkonnen, the other Great Houses have turned to you in hope. Shaddam IV agrees.

With a flourish SNAP, the Herald unfurls the SCROLL.

HERALD OF THE CHANGE (CONT'D)

House Atreides will immediately take control of Arrakis and serve as its steward. Do you accept?

Leto steps forward, and the Atreides TURN AS ONE to face him.

LETO

For centuries, House Atreides has stood for honor. Not only for itself, but for the benefit of all. Now the Emperor gives us his unconditional trust. He wants us to BRING PEACE ON ARRAKIS!

That was no mere formality. That was passion. And we can see in the faces of the Atreides men... *they love their Duke.* Paul feels it too. His father is a great man. *An intimidatingly great man.*

LETO (CONT'D)

We are House Atreides. There is no call we do not answer. There is no faith that we betray. The Emperor asks us to lead.

(beat)

House Atreides... ACCEPTS.

With one voice, the officers shout out:

OFFICERS

*ATREIDES! ATREIDES! ATREIDES!*

The Herald is pleased. He gestures for Duke Leto to approach. Leto takes the ceremonial quill and signs the scroll.

Then the Bene Gesserit sister steps forward and lights a small stick of wax, muttering a prayer to herself as the wax drips into a pool on the scroll.

HERALD OF THE CHANGE

Your seal.

Duke Leto holds up his hand. On it, a SIGNET RING. He presses it carefully into the wax.

THE BENE GESSERIT looks at Jessica once more... then casts her eyes toward PAUL... then back to Jessica.

Jessica tries to keep her composure, but *a message has just been sent*. And whatever it is, *it has frightened her*.

Leto pulls his ring away from the seal. The Herald checks it, is pleased, and then quickly rolls the scroll back up.

HERALD OF THE CHANGE (CONT'D)

The Emperor has assigned a Judge of the Change to oversee the transition. The Judge will meet you upon your arrival.

DUKE

So... it's done?

The Herald looks right into the Duke's eyes. The hint of an unsettling smile on his face.

HERALD OF THE CHANGE

It's done.

2B EXT. CALADAN - DAY

2B

Lush mountains. A ear-splitting noise breaks the silence.

A FIGHTER SPACECRAFT flies by at high speed and ridiculously low altitude, then does a brutal maneuver between rocks, leaving only echoes of thunder in the valley.

1A INT. CALADAN MILITARY HANGAR - MORNING

1A

The Fighter lands with reckless speed but great precision, in a military hangar.

Nearby, a squad of ATREIDES COMMANDOS are prepping equipment: Swords, lasguns and rocket-launchers. Armor and shield generators. Survival gear. They radiate calm confidence. Comrades-in-arms who have come through many battles together.

A powerfully large man, DUNCAN IDAHO, in his pilot's uniform, helmet tucked under his arm, is circling the ship with an OFFICER (LANVILLE) and TWO TECHNICIANS.



DUNCAN  
Stabilizers still too loose.

LANVILLE  
We'll dial 'em in.

Duncan lays one huge hand on Lanville's shoulder.

DUNCAN  
Dial faster.

Lanville grin and nods. Duncan turns to his commandos to give more instructions, then sees:

DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
PAUL!

Paul's been waiting at the entrance of the hanger. Duncan runs to him and wraps the boy in a hug.

PAUL  
Duncan.

DUNCAN  
(pushing Paul back)  
You put on muscle!

PAUL  
I did?

DUNCAN  
No. Try eating something.

Paul's laugh is short: his mood is too serious for joking. He checks to make sure no one's in earshot.

PAUL  
So... you're going back to Arrakis tomorrow. With the advance team.

DUNCAN  
Yeah.

Paul screws up the courage to ask the impossible. Then:

PAUL  
I would like you to take me with you.

DUNCAN  
You do? Oh. Too bad. Because no.

PAUL  
Duncan--

DUNCAN \*  
 You trying to get me court- \*  
 martialled? \*  
 (he studies Paul) \*  
 What's going on? \*

PAUL \*  
 Can I trust you with something? \*

DUNCAN \*  
 Always. You know that. \*

PAUL \*  
 I've been having dreams. \*  
 About Arrakis. \*

1C DREAM SEQUENCE: EXT. ARRAKIS DESERT - DAY 1C \*

*On the surface of a sand dune, orange SPARKS. Dancing into \*  
 the air, shining in the sun like orange snowflakes. SPICE. \**

PAUL (V.O.) \*  
 I saw the spice sands in the deep \*  
 desert. The Fremmen, fighting for \*  
 their lands. \*

*We see glimpses: HARVESTERS. HARKONNENS. THE FREMMEN AT WAR. \**

PAUL \*  
 And there's... \*

*CHANI LOOKS RIGHT AT US. \**

CHANI (V.O.) \*  
 (whispering) \*  
 Paul... \*

PAUL \*  
 ...there's a girl. \*

DUNCAN \*  
 Now we're talking... \*

*Paul doesn't react to Duncan's humor, lost in his visions. \**

PAUL \*  
 I saw the Harkonnen legions... \*



1G INT. KYNES'S LABORATORY CORRIDOR (ARRAKIS) 1G \*

*Dead soldiers lie scattered across a sandy stone floor.  
Duncan lies among them.* \*

CALADAN MILITARY HANGAR \*

PAUL \*

I saw you lying dead. Fallen in  
battle. Your face clean-shaven. \*

Duncan is briefly shaken -- but Paul's last words flood his  
face with relief. He claps his hands. \*

DUNCAN \*

Whew! Okay! Not gonna die!  
(points to his beard) \*

I shave for no man! \*

PAUL \*

Duncan... \*

DUNCAN \*

That's why you want to come with  
me! Listen. Dreams make good  
stories. But everything important  
happens while we're awake. Because  
that's when we make things happen. \*

He claps Paul on the arm and heads back to his men... \*

DUNCAN (CONT'D) \*

I hope the girl part's true! \*

Paul stays behind, lost in his thoughts, out of arguments. \*

There's only one person left to ask. \*

22 EXT. CALADAN'S CLIFFTOPS - DUCAL CEMETERY - DAY 22 \*

An ancient graveyard overlooking the sea. \*

DUKE LETO is carefully wiping stray dirt from a gravestone,  
on which is carved a bas-relief of a man fighting a giant  
bull. \*

He sees PAUL walking to join him. Pleased at the sight of his  
son. \*

LETO \*

I miss him. \*

A last look at the grandfather's gravestone. \*

LETO (CONT'D) \*  
That damned bull. \*

Leto looks around him. The serenity of the Atreides cemetery. \*

LETO (CONT'D) \*  
I wish we could bring them all with \*  
us. \*

The centuries old tombstones. \*

PAUL \*  
You don't think we'll ever come \*  
back? \*

LETO \*  
I think Arrakis is far away. \*

It takes all Paul's courage to pronounce the next lines. \*

PAUL \*  
Father, I'm here to ask you to join \*  
Duncan Idaho's scout mission on \*  
Arrakis. I'd be an asset to him. \*

LETO \*  
Out of the question. You'll travel \*  
to Arrakis in a few weeks, like the \*  
rest of us. \*

Leto looks at his son directly in the eyes. \*

LETO (CONT'D) \*  
You know why. \*  
(the obvious) \*  
You're the future of House \*  
Atreides, Paul. \*

Paul sighs. He has heard that before. \*

LETO (CONT'D) \*  
I understand your impatience. When \*  
we get to Arrakis, I want you to \*  
have a seat on my council. It's \*  
time to teach you how we lead. \*

PAUL \*  
Great leaders are raised in the \*  
mud, not around tables. \*

LETO \*  
Don't throw my words back at me. \*  
You have responsibilities Duncan \*  
Idaho will never have. \*

PAUL \*  
Grandfather fought bulls for sport! \*

LETO \*  
Yes. \*  
(re: the tombstone) \*  
And look where that got him. \*

PAUL \*  
What if I'm not? \*

LETO \*  
Not what? \*

PAUL \*  
The future of House Atreides. \*

Leto takes a deep breath. He needs to change the tone of this \*  
conversation. He raises his hand, his SIGNET RING glinting. \*

LETO \*  
I told my father I didn't want this \*  
either. \*

Paul is surprised by this revelation. \*

LETO (CONT'D) \*  
I wanted to be a pilot. \*

PAUL \*  
(astonished) \*  
You never told me that. \*

LETO \*  
My father said, A good man doesn't \*  
seek to lead. He's called to it, \*  
and he answers. \*  
(gently) \*  
If your answer is no, you'll still \*  
be the only thing I've ever needed \*  
you to be -- my son. \*

Leto looks into Paul's eyes. Means this from his heart. \*

LETO (CONT'D) \*  
I found my own way to it. You might \*  
find yours. \*

Paul absorbs that, moved by his father's honesty. \*

LETO (CONT'D) \*  
(to the tombstones) \*  
In their memory, give it a try. \*

Paul's heart is broken, but his father has moved him. \*

PAUL \*

I will. \*

3A INT. CALADAN BARRACKS - OFFICERS' MESS - NIGHT 3A \*

Duncan's send-off party is in full roar. Three dozen officers of the Atreides legions are cutting loose, hair tousled and jackets unbuttoned. Drink flows freely. Leto is with them, celebrating with his men. Their leader, but also *one of them*. Gurney Halleck plays the baliset as two men dance on a table like cossacks. \*

LETO \*

To Duncan's last night on Caladan! \*

The men CHEER and toast! \*

CUT TO: \*

GURNEY HALLECK sits alone on a bench, glowering into his beer, and plunking with one hand on his baliset. \*

Duncan drops down beside him. \*

DUNCAN \*

Gurney Halleck. You look grouchy.  
To Arrakis! \*

He clunks mugs in a one-sided toast, spilling beer. \*

GURNEY \*

You think we've won something? \*

DUNCAN \*

Hey. We did. Our star is rising! \*

GURNEY \*

So it is. The other Great Houses trust and admire us. And the Emperor is a jealous man. So. Maybe he's giving Arrakis to us. \*

(beat) \*

Or maybe he's giving us to Arrakis. \*

Duncan stares at Gurney, disturbed. \*

DUNCAN \*

Did you tell the Duke? \*

GURNEY \*

He knows. He -- He's right here. \*

Duncan looks up. There stands Leto. The Duke speaks in lowered tones, for their ears alone:

LETO

The Emperor is no stranger to treachery. Nor the Harkonnens. We have to be ready for anything. But this is our time. The Atreides never back down from a challenge. And when we prevail, it will mean a better life for the people of Arrakis. For all of us. Until then-- we keep our spirits up for the men. Hmm?

Gurney nods reluctantly. Fine. He'll stop grouching. He toasts Leto, who then turns to Duncan.

LETO (CONT'D)

Duncan, you're a fine fighting man. But you look like a barbarian. (he grins) Tonight, that beard comes off.

Duncan's grin ratchets down a few notches. *Oh, shit.*

Gurney hands the Duke a trimmer. Duncan starts to rise, but Gurney and Lanville have him by the arms. The room erupts in laughter as Leto steps in.

23A EXT. CALADAN TARMAC - DAWN

23A

From high above, we look down at the tarmac, as Duncan's men are getting into the STEALTH SHIP.

We see the unmistakable figure of DUNCAN IDAHO from behind as he strides toward the ship. Then something makes him stop.

He turns and looks up, and we see now: he's clean shaven.

REVEAL: Paul, looking down at Duncan from a castle window.

Duncan holds a hand up in goodbye. And in that moment, both of them want Duncan's words to be true: *maybe Paul hasn't seen the future, but only what might be.*

CUT TO

Duncan's Spacecraft takes off in a brutal swirl of dust, vanishing into Caladan's blue sky. Paul is left behind, sad.

FADE TO BLACK.



22aaB INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME 22aaB

Soldiers and servants are helping Paul to move his belongings out of his quarters.

22aaA INT. PAUL'S STUDY- DAY 22aaA

Paul's study has been mostly packed in boxes.

Paul is reading a book about FREMEN, fascinated. Beside him, a FILMBOOK HOLOGRAPHIC DOCUMENTARY shows a distant cloaked silhouette walking in the desert, using strange erratic patterns. A FREMEN, using the sandwalk. The image is old, of bad quality.

FILMBOOK (V.O.)

The Fremen, the native tribes of Arrakis, use the sandwalk to avoid worm attacks. Sandworms are drawn to rhythmic noises. The sandwalk is designed to emulate the natural sounds of the desert... (etc.)

Paul tries to mimic the sandwalk.

14 INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY 14

Paul stands in a fencing practice room, a sword in his hand. Dressed for practice, breathing deeply, sweat on his brow. He faces a battered old target dummy.

He lunges in a precision attack, his arm strong and sure. Recovers -- and attacks again. Paul feels a presence but doesn't turn. Someone else is in the room.

GURNEY

Don't stand with your back to the door. How many times do we need to tell you?

PAUL

I could tell it was you by your footsteps, Gurney Halleck.

Paul turns.

Gurney stands behind him. His arms are full of swords and knives in scabbards.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Are you the new Weapons Master?

His tone is teasing. Gurney grins. He's the closest thing to a friend Paul has among his father's retainers. Gurney knows Paul since he was born and loves him like if he was his own son.

GURNEY

With Duncan Idaho gone, I must make  
do as best I may.

He lays the weapons out on a table in matched pairs.

GURNEY (CONT'D)

Choose your blade.

PAUL

Not today. Without Duncan, what's  
the point?

Gurney picks up a rapier and without warning, he throws it in Paul's direction. The blade *thunks* deep in the wooden table beside Paul and stands quivering.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That is rude.

Paul drops his practice weapon and grabs the rapier.

Gurney activates his shield. A shimmering force-field appears around him, then fades into invisibility. Paul follows suit.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Old man.

Gurney lunges forward. Their blades clash.

Paul STRIKES, rapidly -- his blade making splashes of light in the air where Gurney's shield blocks the blow --

Then he lunges more slowly -- and slips his rapier into Gurney's shield. Only the slow blade penetrates.

They fence -- a sparkle of energy where their shields intersect -- until Paul attempts another slow attack. Gurney grabs Paul's blade in his gloved hand, lunges through Paul's shield and SLAPS PAUL'S FACE with the flat of his blade.

Paul jerks back, shocked. Rubbing his cheek. Gurney glowers.

GURNEY

Never let a man inside your guard!  
Even in sport! Not even me!

PAUL

I guess I'm not in the mood today.

Gurney appears to become genuinely angry.

GURNEY

Mood?! What has mood to do with it?  
You fight when the necessity  
arises, no matter your mood! Now  
*fight!*

He attacks fiercely, his sword snaking into Paul's shield.  
Paul falls back, hard-pressed. Backed up against the table.

Paul rolls across the table-top and comes up on the far side  
with a dagger in his free hand. Two weapons now.

GURNEY (CONT'D)

Come on!

He leaps over the table. His rapier a flickering flame.  
Paul's in trouble. He takes a deep breath.

Paul executes a surprising combat move.

He deflects Gurney's blades, gets inside his guard -- and his  
blade stops, quivering, an inch from Gurney's throat.

PAUL

I have you.

GURNEY

Aye. But look down, m'lord.

Paul glances down without lowering his sword. Gurney has a  
dagger in his left hand, the blade an inch from Paul's groin.

GURNEY (CONT'D)

You'd have joined me in death.

He grins and deactivates his shield, sheathing his blades.  
His menacing aspect melting away.

GURNEY (CONT'D)

I see you found the mood.

Paul sighs and puts away his own weapons.

PAUL

Will it be that bad?

GURNEY

Bad is a child's word. You don't  
get it, do you? You don't really  
understand the grave nature of  
what's happening to us.

(MORE)

## GURNEY (CONT'D)

For eighty years Arrakis belonged to House Harkonnen! Eighty years! Owning the spice fields! Can you imagine the wealth? Now they are losing Arrakis... to us. You need to be ready. -- Your eyes. I need to see it in your eyes! You never met Harkonnens before. I have. They're not human. In the slave pits of Geidi Prime, Rabban Harkonnen himself killed my family and he gave me this scar to remember him by.

He fingers the inkvine whip scar along his jawline.

## GURNEY (CONT'D)

And I will never forget.

- 19 SPACE - GIEDI PRIME 19
- A charcoal-gray world orbits a cold blue sun.
- SUPER: GIEDI PRIME - HOMEWORLD OF HOUSE HARKONNEN
- 20A EXT. CITYSCAPE OF GEIDI PRIME'S CAPITAL 20A
- A synthetic megalopolis with rivers of plastic. A ship is landing inside some artificial mountain.
- 21A INT. HARKONNEN PALACE - CORRIDOR - DAY 21A
- "BEAST" RABBAN HARKONNEN strides down a passageway.
- He is a giant, raised in Harkonnen savagery. For him, cruelty is not a choice but the way of the world. The strong survive.
- He passes masked guards. Terrified slaves standing against the walls like furniture. These things are ordinary to him.
- 21B HARKONNEN BATHS 21B
- Rabban strides into the palace's richly tiled bath-house. A wide doorway looks into a STEAM ROOM filled with white vapor.
- Outside the steam room stands PITER DE VRIES, a human stiletto. He is a MENTAT, his mind trained to superhuman acuity -- and dedicated to sadism in all its forms.
- As Rabban walks up, Piter nods at the steam room. *In there.*

Rabban stops outside the doorway.

RABBAN  
Milord Baron.

BARON HARKONNEN (O.S.)  
Rabban.

The deep, resonant voice emerges from the steam. The vapor billows as something moves inside -- and we catch a glimpse of the steam bath's occupant: the BARON VLADIMIR HARKONNEN.

He is mountainous. Six hundred pounds of soft, naked flesh. Despite his vast bulk he considers himself beautiful. His movements are sensual.

RABBAN  
The last of our ships have left Arrakis. It's done.

BARON HARKONNEN  
Very good.

He waves Rabban away in a billow of steam.

RABBAN  
Uncle. How can we let this happen?

A fresh BLAST OF STEAM boils into the steam bath, drowning out Rabban's question with a loud HISS. Rabban tries again.

RABBAN (CONT'D)  
How can the Emperor give everything we've built to that *Duke*?

PITER  
Don't be too sure it's an act of love.

Rabban looks at Piter as though her were a strange insect. He replies to the Baron.

RABBAN  
What does he mean?

The Baron's voice issues from the mist:

BARON HARKONNEN  
When a gift is not a gift?

The clouds part and we see him: water beading on his smooth, corpulent face. He speaks slowly.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

To break a virtuous man, give him a burden too heavy to bear. A lesser man would drop it: but a good man will carry it 'til it crushes him.

5 EXT. SPACE - CALADAN ORBIT 5

A HEIGHLINER maneuvers over CALADAN.

A minuscule egg-shaped SHUTTLE emerges from the Heighliner like a seed and falls toward the planet.

6 INT. CASTLE CALADAN - MEDITATION ROOM - NIGHT 6

In a wide room of zen simplicity, Jessica sits in meditation. Her posture perfect. Her eyes closed.

She is emotional. Striving to calm her heart, to slow her breathing.

Jessica finds stillness. Her heartbeat slows. Her breathing slows...and stops. For a moment it seems time itself stops, with a *crackle* like ice. As if she has turned to stone.

THUNDER RUMBLES overhead. Jessica's eyes open.

7 EXT. CASTLE CALADAN - NIGHT 7

The SHUTTLE settles on a landing pad on the castle's terrace.

A gangway lowers from the shuttle outside. Six women in Bene Gesserit robes descend the ramp. The REVEREND MOTHER follows, her sure strong steps belying her age.

9 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 9

Paul lies sleeping. He stirs in his sleep. Eyes darting beneath closed lids.

*INSERT - A DREAM OF CHANI*

*Shallow focus. In golden light, CHANI gazes into our eyes from kissing distance. Her eyes impossibly blue.*

JESSICA (PRE-LAP)

Paul. Wake up.

## BEDROOM

Jessica stands over Paul in the dark room. The moon through the rain-streaked glass paints them in rivulets of light.

For a moment Jessica looks down at her sleeping son. His eyelids flutter in the grip of his dream.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Paul.

His eyes open. Half-asleep. Confused.

PAUL

Mother. What's wrong?

She takes a uniform from his closet and lays it on his bed.

JESSICA

Get dressed and come with me.

Her voice tight with controlled emotion. She turns and exits.

9A	INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT	9A	*
	Paul is now pulling on the stiff military dress of Atreides nobility. Black with silver trim, a hint of military style. The green Atreides hawk emblazoned on his jacket.		* * *
	As he walks down a long corridor, Paul sees two figures waiting for him, silhouetted by the light at the end of this dark tunnel.		* * *
	His mother and a mysterious man with a diamond tattooed on his forehead, DOCTOR WELLINGTON YUEH.		* *
	PAUL		*
	What is this?		*
	Lady Jessica is trying not to look afraid, but she's failing.		*
	JESSICA		*
	The Reverend Mother Gaius Helen Mohiam is here. She was my teacher at the Bene Gesserit school. Now she is Truthsayer to the Emperor himself.		* * * * *
	(beat)		*
	She would like to meet you. She wants to know about your dreams.		* *
	PAUL		*
	How does she know about my dreams?		*

Jessica smooths Paul's uniform, trying to ignore his accusation, but he brushes away her hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Why is Doctor Yueh here?

JESSICA

I'll give you a moment.

She steps away a short distance, leaving Paul with Dr. Yueh, who offers his longtime patient a warm smile.

DOCTOR YUEH

Hello, young master. Your mother asked me to check your vitals.

He takes Paul's pulse. Paul speaks in a whisper so Jessica won't hear.

PAUL

What is happening?

Yueh shakes his head. He doesn't know. He whispers, inches from Paul's ear, as he continues his examination. His technique is Eastern: he touches centers of power on Paul's body that some would call *chakras*, listening meditatively.

DOCTOR YUEH

I am only a doctor of the Suk School. But I know a little of the Bene Gesserit. They say they exist to serve -- but, meaning no disrespect to your lady mother -- they also serve their own designs.

PAUL

What are you saying?

DOCTOR YUEH

Go carefully.

(more loudly)

His heart is strong as ever, my Lady.

Jessica arrives at their side, nodding her appreciation. She makes elegant SIGN LANGUAGE MOVEMENTS with her left hand (subtitled): **"Tell no one of this."**

Yueh gives a slight bow and retreats down the corridor. Paul looks after him in confusion. Jessica reaches out to touch him one last time.



JESSICA

Paul, please.  
 (then, intensely)  
 Remember your training.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

With that, she OPENS the door to:

10

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

10

Jessica leads Paul into the library -- wooden shelves heavy with ancient books. Suspensor lights hover in the gloom.

Paul is mystified about the purpose of this midnight awakening.

He finds the REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM, waiting for them. She sits in a heavy wooden chair, her aged face ghostly against her black cloak. Her eyes glitter as she studies him.

Jessica curtsies to the old woman. Paul is astonished by this meekness in his mother. He studies the Reverend Mother.

She takes the measure of him in turn. His stance. His stare.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

Defiance in the eyes. Like his father.  
 (to Jessica)  
 Leave us.

Jessica turns to go, reluctantly. She pauses by Paul.

JESSICA

You must do everything the Reverend Mother tells you.

She hurries out. Paul glares at the Reverend Mother.

PAUL

You dismiss my mother in her own house.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

*COME HERE.*

The command cracks like a whip, her voice suddenly more than human. Compelling obedience irresistibly. This is THE VOICE. Paul crosses the room to her, helpless to resist. Shaken.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

*KNEEL.*

Paul fights to remain on his feet -- but he cannot resist the command. He goes to his knees before the old woman.

PAUL

How dare you use the Voice on me?

\*  
\*

She lifts a green metal cube, six inches tall, from the folds of her robes. Sets it on the arm of her chair. One side opens into a black interior which no light can illuminate.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

Put your right hand in the box.

She speaks in an ordinary voice now. Paul doesn't comply.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

Your mother bade you obey me.

The invocation of his mother moves him. Reluctantly Paul puts his hand in the box.

The old woman leans forward, placing her hand beside Paul's neck. A glint of metal. He starts to turn his head --

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

*STOP.*

He freezes. Breathing hard. We see a long gleaming NEEDLE, rock-steady in the old woman's hand. Almost touching him.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

I hold at your neck the gom jabbar.  
A poison needle. Instant death.  
This test is simple. Remove your  
hand from the box, and you die.

PAUL

What's in the box?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

Pain.

Paul stares at her incredulously. This is madness.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

No need to call the guards. Your  
mother stands outside that door.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Jessica stands with her back to the door like a sentry.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (V.O.)  
No one will get past her.

Jessica's face is taut with terror. Her son's life hangs in the balance. She begins to whisper the Litany against Fear:

JESSICA  
I must not fear. Fear is the mind-  
killer. Fear is the little death  
that brings obliteration.

IN THE LIBRARY

Paul stares at the Reverend Mother apprehensively. And suddenly he feels it: a tingling sensation in his fingers that makes his breath catch. He hisses in pain.

PAUL  
Why are you doing this?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
An animal caught in a trap will  
gnaw off its own leg to escape.  
What will you do?

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Jessica's voice shakes as she whispers the Litany.

JESSICA  
I will face my fear. I will permit  
it to pass over me and through me.

IN THE LIBRARY

Sweat beads on Paul's forehead as the pain grows into agony. He moans through clenched teeth. His left hand balled into a white-knuckled fist, his arm trembling. *Pain!*

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Jessica closes her eyes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
And when it has gone past I will  
turn the inner eye to see its path.

IN THE LIBRARY

Paul trembles. The gom jabbar glints against his neck. The Reverend Mother's eyes burn into him. He is panting.

INSERT: Paul's hand inside the box. Like a hand in a bonfire. The skin blackening. Splitting.

Paul CRIES OUT involuntarily. The Reverend Mother hisses:

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
Silence!

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Jessica's voice rises --

JESSICA  
Where the fear has gone there will  
be nothing!

IN THE LIBRARY

Paul shudders in excruciating pain. Locking eyes with the old Reverend Mother. At the very edge of his endurance.

INSERT: Paul's hand. Crisp flesh falling from charred bones.

Paul shuts his eyes. His mouth opens in a silent scream.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
Enough!

The pain cuts off at once. Paul's eyes snap open with a gasp.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Jessica opens her eyes.

JESSICA  
Only I will remain.

IN THE LIBRARY

The Reverend Mother stares at Paul as he gasps in relief: sweaty, breathing hard.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
No woman-child ever withstood so  
much. I must've wanted you to fail.  
(MORE)

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

Take your hand from the box, boy,  
and look at it.

Reluctantly Paul complies -- sure he will see a ruined stump.  
But his hand is unmarked. He wiggles his fingers, amazed.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

Pain by nerve induction.

He stares at her, his curiosity overriding his anger. The  
Reverend Mother smiles, concealing the box in her robes.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

Like sifting sand through a screen.  
We sift people. If you were unable  
to control your impulses, like an  
animal -- we could not let you  
live. You inherit too much power.

PAUL

Because I'm a Duke's son?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

Because you are Jessica's son.  
You have more than one birthright,  
boy. You've proven you can rule  
yourself. Now you must learn to  
rule others. It's something none of  
your ancestors learned.

PAUL

My father rules an entire planet.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

He's losing it.

PAUL

He's getting a richer planet!

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

We'll see.

\*  
\*

Paul stares at her, disconcerted. What does she mean?

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Jessica stands rigid, serene. Waiting.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jessica!

Jessica goes in, fear on her face. At the sight of Paul, her  
face floods with relief.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)  
Your mother was tested thus, when  
she was your age.

Paul feels his mother's presence behind him.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)  
Tell me about these dreams.

Paul hesitates. This old woman knows all his secrets.

PAUL  
I had one tonight.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
What did you see?

INSERT: The luminous face of the girl from his dreams.

PAUL  
A girl. On Arrakis.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
Have you dreamt of her before?

PAUL  
Many times.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
Do you dream things that happen  
just as you dreamed them?

PAUL  
Not exactly.  
(ALT:)  
Sometimes.

\*  
\*  
\*

The Reverend Mother stands, looks up at Paul with glinting eyes.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
Goodbye, young human. I hope you  
live.

She leaves, followed by Jessica. We stay with Paul.

11

EXT. CASTLE CALADAN - TERRACE LANDING PAD - NIGHT

11

Jessica walks Reverend Mother back to her ship in the fog.  
Her fear and relief have given way to cold anger.

\*  
\*

JESSICA  
Was this necessary?

\*  
\*

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
You chose to train him in the Way,  
 in defiance of our rule. He wields  
 our power: he had to be tested.

(wearily)  
 So much potential, wasted in a  
 male. You were told to bear only  
 daughters! But you in your pride  
 thought you could bring forth the  
*Kwisatz Haderach*.

JESSICA  
 (with a touch of fire)  
 Was I wrong?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
 (with matching heat)  
 You're lucky he didn't die in that  
 room.  
 (more quietly)  
 If he is the One, he has a long way  
 to go. His Sight is barely  
 awakened. And now he goes into the  
 fire. But our plans are measured in  
 centuries: we have other prospects,  
 if he fails his promise.

Her words drain the defiance from Jessica's eyes.

JESSICA  
 Do you see so little hope?

Mohiam also softens: a hint of compassion in her stony face.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM  
 On Arrakis, we have done all we can  
 for you. A path has been laid.  
 Let's hope he doesn't squander it.

MOMENTS LATER

Jessica stands in the fog in her hooded cloak, watching the  
 shuttle lift off. Drops sheet off the ovoid spacecraft and  
 dance in the floodlights. The ship rises into the clouds.

Jessica turns to walk back inside -- and finds Paul standing  
 behind her, a ghost in the fog. Staring at her. They face  
 each other uncertainly, ten feet of empty space between them.

Jessica throws back her hood.

JESSICA  
 Paul. I'm so sorry.

PAUL  
I could have died.

JESSICA  
I know. It's a terrible ordeal.  
But there are reasons...

PAUL  
What does it mean? That I could be  
the One?

She stares at him. Caught off-guard.

JESSICA  
You heard.

She swallows hard and chooses truth.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
The Bene Gesserit serve as powerful  
partners to the Great Houses, but  
there's more to it.

PAUL  
You steer the politics of the  
Imperium from the shadows. I know.

She blinks at that. He sees so much! But she presses on:

JESSICA  
You don't know everything. For  
thousands of years, we've been  
carefully crossing bloodlines to  
bring forth...

PAUL  
(in disbelief)  
...the One?

JESSICA  
(nodding)  
A mind powerful enough to bridge  
space and time. Past and future...  
who can help lead us into a better  
future. We think he's very close  
now. Some believe he's here.

Paul is stunned. He looks around, seeing every part of his  
life in a new, bewildering light. His mother suddenly a  
strange, alien presence.



PAUL  
 All part of a plan.  
 (long beat)  
 Do you... love my father?

JESSICA  
 Yes!

He hesitates to ask the next question, looking very young.  
 Jessica's face crumples.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Oh, Paul.

She strides across the space between them and throws her arms  
 around him. They cling to each other in the downpour. On  
 Paul. On Jessica.

11A EXT. CALADAN CASTLE - MORNING 11A

The Caladan Castle above the ocean in the morning light.  
 The flag of the ATREIDES family in the wind is being removed.

22aA INT. GREAT HALL - DAY 22aA

Servants lower a mounted bull's head into a case. Leto and  
 Jessica look on. Around them, the castle stands cavernous and  
 empty.

Paul close behind, observes his mother.

Servants come to say goodbye, weeping and embracing them. The  
 Atreides are beloved: their household is a family. Jessica  
 tears up. Leto comforts her.

Paul joins them.

The bull head's case is being closed.

22A EXT. CALADAN'S SHORE - SUNSET 22A

Paul stands on a windy beach. Huge waves crashing on the  
 shore. He looks up:

A huge cargo ship takes off: the Atreides fleet taking leave  
 of its homeworld. Wind plucks at Paul's clothing as another  
 ship rises off the ground.

Paul takes a knee to curl his fingers into the water.

He looks out across the sea at the sun sinking below the horizon. His last sunset in the land of his birth.

MATCH CUT TO:

24 EXT. ARRAKIS - DEEP DESERT - DAWN 24

SUPER: ARRAKIS

A bright star crosses the sky: a distant spacecraft.

A MAN crosses the dune sea -- walking strangely, in broken, erratic strides. He wears a close-fitting STILLSUIT to protect him from this lethal landscape.

He is walking toward a massive rock formation that looks like the back of some gigantic elephant.

In the rock's shadows, THREE SILHOUETTES are waiting for him: FREMEN in stillsuits.

The man throws off the mask of his stillsuit, revealing a fierce dark beard. This is STILGAR, 45, master of the desert and a leader among the Fremen.

High above, he sees the Guild Heighliner in orbit -- pale in the dark blue sky, like another moon. As he watches, the ships of the Atrides fleet begin to emerge.

STILGAR

So. He has come.

25 EXT. ARRAKEEN LANDING - DAY 25

A sprawling spaceport: miles of concrete landing pads and cavernous hangars. There are spaceships large and small, and ORNITHOPTERS: aircraft that beat their wings like insects.

The Atrides flagship touches down. The largest ship in view.

On the perimeter of the field, Arrakeen natives have turned out to watch the Atrides arrive: thousands of people outside the barricades, huddling in the shade of the fences.

26 INT. ATREIDES FLAGSHIP - BOARDING RAMP 26

Flanked by bodyguards in combat armor, Leto, Jessica, Paul, and Gurney stand in darkness in the ship's landing bay. Waiting for the gangway to open. An ATREIDES OFFICER, LANVILLE, gives an order to the guards.

LANVILLE

Shield.

The guards activate their individual shields.

In the shadows, Jessica reaches for Leto's hand. He squeezes her hand in his. Gives her a little smile.

A seam of light opens. The gangway lowering to the tarmac.

They squint in the sunlight. Gasp at the blast-furnace air. Heat ripples off the pavement. Dust eddies around their feet.

GURNEY

"My lungs taste the air of Time,  
Blown past falling sand..."

Paul stares into the blazing day. A new world before him.

An ATREIDES BAGPIPE PLAYER exits the ship, under the sun blaze, playing a brief tune, like some call. He stops.

27

EXT. LANDING FIELD

27

Dozen of other bagpipes can be heard in the distance, answering to the lonely player. Nearby, the Atreides legions are marching out of troop carriers and forming up. An impressive force in combat gear: light armor, helmets, swords and daggers.

Engulfed by dust, a familiar silhouette welcomes them, Thufir Hawat. He smiles as Paul steps forward to clasp his forearms fondly.

PAUL

Thufir Hawat.

HAWAT

Young master! How does it feel to  
walk on another world?

PAUL

I'm excited to say the least!

Hawat hugs Paul. Bows to Jessica. Clasps forearms with Leto.

LETO

How are you, old friend?

HAWAT

My Lord, my advance team has  
secured the city. We're still  
smoothing out a few rough spots.

Across the wide tarmac rippling with heat, the CROWD stands watching, in hooded cloaks and dusty masks of a dozen designs. Alien and strange. Worlds away from the elegant Atreides in their pristine uniforms.

28 ORNITHOPTER PAD

28

Hawat leads Paul and Jessica toward Duke Leto's personal ornithopter: a craft both luxurious and powerful.

As Paul and Jessica step out of the shadow of the flagship, a CHEER goes up from the throng outside the fences.

HAWAT

Don't be fooled by the welcome.  
They follow their old masters'  
rules. Mandatory attendance.  
That's Harkonnen love out there.

Some of the crowd point at Jessica and Paul -- shouting with religious fervor. *Lisan al-Gaib! Lisan al-Gaib!* Paul frowns.

28B EXT. LANDING FIELD, BESIDE ATREIDES ARMY FRIGATES

28B

Leto and Gurney head toward the ATREIDES TROOPS, aligned under the shadow of huge war frigates.

The Arrakeen crowd watches as one occupying army is exchanged for another.

Leto walks past the Atreides soldiers, reviewing the ranks: they stand ramrod-straight in the punishing heat. Their eyes following Leto with total devotion.

Leto and Gurney greet the division commander, clasping arms and smiling like brothers. Leto turns to look over the men. An expectant hush hangs in the air. Gurney's voice rings out:

GURNEY

*Atreides!*

The troops respond with an exuberant cry, raising their fists to the sky. Their massed voices echo from the distant cliffs.

Powerful horns resonate from the top of the frigates, mistreating everybody's ear-drums.

Here is a mighty military machine. A new power on Arrakis.

29

INT. ORNITHOPTER - CONTINUOUS

29

Hawat takes a seat beside the PILOT. Paul and Jessica sit in back. As the engines spin up, Paul stares out at the crowd.

PAUL

They were pointing at us. What are they shouting?

\*  
\*  
\*

JESSICA

*Lisan al-Gaib*. Voice from the Outer World. It's their name for *messiah*.

\*  
\*  
\*

She speaks quietly, for Paul's ears alone.

\*

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It means the Bene Gesserit have been at work here.

\*  
\*  
\*

PAUL

Planting superstitions.

\*  
\*

JESSICA

Preparing the way.  
(beat)  
These people have been waiting for centuries for the *Lisan al-Gaib*. They look at you and see the signs.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Paul looks away from his mother.

\*

PAUL

(darkly)  
They see what they've been told to see.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

But Jessica just looks at her boy with quiet pride, her faith in him unshaken.

\*  
\*

Interrupting this moment, Hawat looks back over his shoulder as the ornithopter's motors power up.

HAWAT

Let's get you out of the sun. The heat can kill in this place.

30

INT./EXT. ORNITHOPTER (IN FLIGHT)

30

The ornithopter lifts off, beating its powerful wings as it rises away from the spaceport. A squadron of ornithopter gunships lifts off with them and flies escort.

As they rise, we see the vastness of the desert around them.

As a wider vista opens up, they see a giant rocky rampart in the distance.

Paul marvels at the sight. Turns to stare at a new wonder:

ARRAKEEN: a low, sprawling metropolis of sloping concrete, with occasional spires of carved stone. A city that bows to the force of the desert by echoing its shapes.

Hawat's ornithopter and its escorts converge on the Residency, a brutalist palace of sloping concrete planes in the center of the city. Twenty DATE PALM TREES stand in the courtyard.

33 INT. RESIDENCY - GREAT HALL - DAY 33

Cyclopean in scale, built to last ten thousand years.

Thufir Hawat, Paul and Jessica walk in with guards.

38 EXT. RESIDENCY BALCONY - DAY 38

A lofty balcony overlooking Arrakeen. Leto and Gurney look out through high-tech binoculars. Heat ripples off the concrete.

Leto scans the city: austere lines, deadly heat waves, dusty land and dusty sky melted together. The Duke notes the unexpected SILENCE of this metropolis, almost admires it. Almost.

LETO  
It's so quiet.

\*  
\*

GURNEY  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
That's what worries me too.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The men lower their binoculars to look at each other with shared concern.

LETO  
Our two most vulnerable points are the spaceport and the refinery. I want you guarding them around the clock. If we can't harvest spice and ship it off-world, we're dead here.

Officer Lanville moves forward from a small group of nervous servants.

LANVILLE

My Lord, the sun is too high now.  
We have to seal the doors.

Leto grins and sighs.

LETO

What do they say about this hell  
hole again?

GURNEY

"To shower, you scrub your ass with  
sand," my Lord. That's what they  
say.

LETO

That's what they say.

35 INT. RESIDENCY - PAUL'S NEW ROOM - DAY 35

Paul stands in a beautifully designed room. The bed has a carved headboard: an Asian-styled relief of fish in swirling waters. A shaft of sunlight fills the room with gold. Paul gazes out the window at the alien skyline of Arrakeen. Spice particles dance in the wind.

34 INT. NORTH WING - CORRIDOR 34

Paul walks down a corridor decorated with a long FRESCO of a SANDWORM among rolling dunes. He looks at it in amazement.

37 INT. DINING HALL - DAY 37

A formal dining room with a table long enough to seat thirty. The mounted BULL'S HEAD lies face-up on the table. A guard stand by the door.

Eight Arrakeen women in servant dresses stand in a row. Hawat leads Jessica in and gestures at the women.

HAWAT

Candidates for housekeeper, my  
Lady.

He bows and leaves her. Jessica walks up to the women. They drop to their knees and prostrate themselves, startling her.

JESSICA

Oh. Is this Arrakeen custom?

One woman looks up: a weathered old woman of unknowable age, with wise eyes and a blunt demeanor. Her lean body corded with muscle. She is the SHADOUT MAPES.

SHADOUT MAPES

My Lady, the Harkonnens demanded it.

JESSICA

Please rise.

The women comply. Jessica walks down the row, studying each in turn. When she gets to the Shadout Mapes she lingers. Observing her with hyper-awareness. Her eyes. Lips. Hands.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What is your name?

SHADOUT MAPES

The Shadout Mapes, my Lady.

Jessica doesn't take her eyes off Mapes.

JESSICA

The rest of you may go.

The other women file out, leaving Jessica and Mapes alone. There's a tension between the two of them, like gunfighters.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

*Shadout*. That's an old Chakobsa word. *Well-dipper*. (in chakobsa, subtitled) *You're Fremmen*.

(CHAKOBSA TRANSLATION)

She Fremin. (Phonetic: she FRE-min)

SHADOUT MAPES

(startled)

You know the ancient tongues.

Jessica registers that. The Missionaria Protectiva at work. Still she watches Mapes warily, as if she were a wild animal.

JESSICA

I know many things. I know you have a weapon concealed in your bodice.

Mapes trembles in superstitious dread, lowering her eyes.

SHADOUT MAPES

I meant no offense, my Lady!

The guard promptly reacts. Jessica stops him with a discreet hand signal from Atreides Battle Language.



JESSICA  
 (hand signal, subtitled)  
*Not now.*

Jessica speaks sternly, her body preparing for action:

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 If you mean to harm me, I warn you:  
 whatever you're hiding won't be  
 enough.

The Shadout Mapes's eyes rise to meet Jessica's, awed.

SHADOUT MAPES  
 The weapon is meant as a gift,  
 if you are truly the One.

Slowly she reaches into her dress. Pulls out a knife and draws it from its sheath -- revealing a milk-white blade, slightly translucent. Wickedly sharp. It's beautiful.

SHADOUT MAPES (CONT'D)  
 Do you know this?

Jessica gazes at it in wonder. This is a mythical object.

JESSICA  
 It's a crysknife.

SHADOUT MAPES  
 Do you know its meaning?

Jessica feels her way forward carefully, sensing the significance of the moment.

JESSICA  
 (hand signal to the  
 guards, subtitled)  
*Be ready for violence.*

The guard is on edge, ready to draw his sword.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 It's a maker of...

Mapes WAILS in ecstasy. Jessica trails off, startled.

SHADOUT MAPES  
 A Maker of the Deep Desert!  
*Sayyadina!* When one has lived with  
 prophecy for so long, the moment of  
 revelation is a shock. *Sayyadina.*  
*Lisan al-Gaib.* The Mother and the  
 Son!

She sheaths the knife and presses it into Jessica's hands.

SHADOUT MAPES (CONT'D)  
It is yours. Tooth of Shai-hulud.

Jessica is troubled by Mapes' fervor.

37A EXT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY COURTYARD - SAME MOMENT

37A

Paul walks in the courtyard. Two rows of tall palm trees stand under the brutal sun. Paul touches one of the tree, looking at its fronds moving slowly in the wind. Paul notices few people press against the fence, gazing at the trees, praying. Some shout at him: *Lisan Al Gaib! Lead us to paradise!* Paul hears them and becomes uncomfortable.

RESIDENCY GARDENER (O.C.)  
You shouldn't be outside at this  
hour of the day.

An old GARDENER wearing sun protective clothes and a wide hat, is taking care of one of the tree.

PAUL  
What about them?

RESIDENCY GARDENER  
Pilgrims. They don't care about  
heat strokes.

PAUL  
I didn't know date palms could be  
found here.

RESIDENCY GARDENER  
These aren't indigenous. Imported a  
long time ago. They can't survive  
without me! Each one of these  
drinks every day the equivalent of  
five men. Twenty palm trees. A  
hundred lives.

PAUL  
Should we remove them?

The gardener touches one of the tree with affection, smiling.

RESIDENCY GARDENER  
No! These are sacred. Old dream.

38aA INT. LETO'S OFFICE - DAY

38aA

A large office and receiving room for the use of the governor of Arrakis. Leto stands in front of the wide worktable, flanked by Gurney and Hawat. A few technicians of Hawat's team stand by.

They're all looking at an ornate CHEST sitting on the table. The chest had been sealed closed. An envelope hanging from the latch reads *LETO*. Leto steps forward and opens the chest.

It's full of *severed human fingers*.

For a moment Leto stands staring, tendons taugth in his neck. Then he steps back. Tears the envelope from the chest, opens it and reads the note within.

LETO

*My dear cousin Leto. Welcome to Arrakis. There's a lot to learn. I thought I'd give you a few pointers. Baron Vladimir Harkonnen.*

Gurney examines one of the fingers: an index finger, its fingertip stained orange.

GURNEY

Spice workers.

42AC EXT. GEIDI PRIME - ESTABLISHING

42AC

\*

Harkonnen Military Fleet is on stand by above Geidi Prime.

\*

The dark ovoid Bene Gesserit ship flies through it.

\*

42AD INT. HARKONNEN THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

42AD

\*

A *BLACK RUBBER HUMAN SPIDER* is eating flesh on the floor.

\*

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (O.C.)

\*

The thing must go.

\*

PITER (O.C.)

\*

You can speak without fear. Our pet doesn't understand your language.

\*

\*

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (O.C.)

\*

(using the Voice)

\*

*GET OUT.*

\*

The Rubber Human Spider leaves the room like a zombie.

\*

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM.

It understands.

The Reverend Mother Mohiam stands like a column of obsidian in the Baron Harkonnen's throne room.

The Baron sits with Piter. The Baron seems gracious. Piter, on the other hand, is tense.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

Activate the cone of silence.

The Baron waves at Piter. An electronic curtain surrounds the trio.

BARON HARKONNEN

What is the Emperor's message?

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

He will strengthen your hand.

The Baron can barely hide his excitement.

BARON HARKONNEN

With his Sardaukar army.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM

It must never be known. As far as the Great Houses are concerned -- what you do, you do alone.

The Reverend's tone shifts subtly: she is playing her own hand now.

REVEREND MOTHER MOHIAM (CONT'D)

Duke Leto Atreides means nothing to our Order, but his wife is under our protection, and by extension, her son. You may not harm them. Allow them the dignity of exile.

Piter is about to protest, but the Baron extends his arms widely in acceptance, rudely obscuring his Mentat.

BARON HARKONNEN

House Harkonnen would never dream of violating the sanctity of your Order. You have my word. We will not harm them.

She studies him. He's suddenly become a closed book. *Dangerous, but this is necessary.* She nods to him and takes her leave.

The moment the door shuts behind her, Piter turns to the Baron. Frustrated.

PITER

If the Duke's son lives --

BARON HARKONNEN

No Atreides will live.

PITER

My lord, you gave your word to the Witch. And she sees too much.

BARON HARKONNEN

I said I would not harm them. So I shall not. But Arrakis is Arrakis. The desert takes the weak.

And now the Baron begins to RISE INTO THE AIR, his hands out to the side, palms forward, like some horrible mockery of Christ.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

My desert. My Arrakis. My Dune.

47BB EXT. ARRAKEEN - NIGHT 47BB  
Moons over Arrakeen.

47B PAUL'S DREAM: EXT. ARRAKIS DESERT - DAY 47B  
*Paul follows Chani in a narrow passage between huge rocks.*  
*Chani shows him a little nest of desert mice. They are close to each other. First intimate moment.*

47BA INT. RESIDENCY, PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 47BA  
Paul is dreaming.

47C PAUL'S DREAM: INT. ARRAKIS, DARK ROOM 47C  
*A little plate with some spice powder on it.*  
GURNEY (O.S.)  
*They say: everybody here is addicted to it.*

*An index comes into frame and grabs some grain with its tip.*

*GURNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*They say: it's everywhere. In the*  
*food. In the air.*

\*  
\*  
\*

*A man in shadow takes some spice powder with his index, and brings it to his mouth. We finally see Gurney's face. He is wearing Fremen clothes and is very dirty, with long grey hair. He smokes SPICE with a strange narghile.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

*GURNEY (CONT'D)*  
*I say it's good for the spirit.*

\*  
\*

*He has blue Fremen eyes.*

\*

42BB OMITTED 42BB

42BC OMITTED 42BC

42B OMITTED 42B

44 INT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - WAR ROOM - MORNING 44

We follow Paul into a conference room dominated by a long table, where Leto's staff officers sit -- including Hawat, Lanville, and Gurney Halleck. Gurney grins as Paul enters.

*GURNEY*  
*Paul Atreides! Late to his first*  
*strategy meeting! Sorry to drag you*  
*out of bed.*

Chuckles and applause around the table. These officers love Paul as they love his father. Gurney pats his shoulder.

*PAUL*  
*(in Gurney's ear)*  
*Thanks for the humiliation old man.*

Paul takes a seat beside his father's.

Leto enters, the burden of leadership lying on his shoulders like a visible weight. He nods to his staff officers, meeting their eyes in turn. Sits at the head of the table.

*LETO*  
*Let's get started. Thufir.*  
*Operations.*

HAWAT

I secured a copy of the Harkonnens' account books.

That gets a reaction. A triumph of spycraft.

HAWAT (CONT'D)

The Harkonnens took ten billion Solaris out of here every year.

The number hits the room like a bomb. A muted gasp of shock and awe. The officers sit up straighter in their chairs.

In Leto's eyes there is a sudden flare of hope.

GURNEY

"For they shall suck of the abundance of the seas and the treasure hid in the sand."

Paul studies the officers' faces acutely. Reading the room.

HAWAT

We won't see profits like that for a while. Not with the equipment they left us.

LETO

How bad is it?

45

EXT. ARRAKEEN LANDING - TARMAC - DAY

45

Hawat leads Leto, Paul, Gurney, and the other staff officers up to a SPICE FREIGHTER in a secured hangar.

The ship's cavernous cargo hold yawns open.

HAWAT

These are spice silos. We must fill every crate.

PAUL

All of them?

HAWAT

Every twenty-five standard days.

A small stack of spice containers sits at the far end of the cargo hold, under armed guard.

HAWAT (CONT'D)

Harkonnen sabotage slows us down.

PAUL

How can this stand? Isn't there a Judge of the Change to oversee the transition?

GURNEY

Who did the Emperor appoint?

HAWAT

Dr. Liet Kynes. Imperial Ecologist. Been here twenty years. Eccentric, from what I'm told.

LETO

I want to see the harvesting fields for myself.

HAWAT

I wouldn't recommend that my Lord.

LETO

Have The Judge of the Change accompany us. We will make our case and at the same time have some Imperial protection.

GURNEY

A hostage. I love it.

The THUMPING OF ORNITHOPTER WINGS turns their heads. A wing of THREE ORNITHOPTERS swoops toward them at speed.

Gurney looks tensely at Hawat. Hawat touches his transceiver.

HAWAT

He's here, my Lord!

The lead ornithopter comes in fast and low. Flares its wings dramatically and touches down lightly in a combat landing. Hawat's security personnel rush to check the aircraft.

The pilot's door opens and Duncan Idaho climbs out. He is transformed: scruffy, stubbled and sun-blasted. He wears a Fremen stillsuit and robes. He wears a long sword like a knight, with a two-handed cruciform hilt.

Three FREMEN disembark from his ornithopter.

Members of Hawat's security force approach. The Fremen watch them warily. Idaho reassures them in their own language:



IDAHO  
 (in Chakobsa)  
*Go with them in peace.*

(CHAKOBSA TRANSLATION)  
 Jila hiyak sa fadla.  
 (PHONETIC: JI-la hi-yak sa  
 FAD-la)

He greets Hawat's men as they arrive with casual authority:

IDAHO (CONT'D)  
 Treat them well. These are friends.

The Fremmen allow Hawat's security team to lead them aside.

The other two ornithopters land behind Idaho; squads of Fremmen get out and fan out watchfully across the tarmac. They are lean desert warriors, male and female, proud and silent.

Idaho walks toward Paul and the others with the smile of a conquering hero. Paul runs to meet him: they hug.

PAUL  
 Duncan!

IDAHO  
 I swear you're taller.

PAUL  
 Well, you smell much worse.

Gurney and Duncan clasp arms.

IDAHO  
 I have so much to tell you.

Leto looks at the Fremmen standing on the landing field behind Idaho and a spark of hope kindles in his eyes.

46 INT. RESIDENCY - LETO'S OFFICE - DAY

46

Duke Leto and his lieutenants gather around the table to hear Idaho's tale. The atmosphere is informal: Leto sits, but others stand or lean on crates. They talk rapidly, excited:

IDAHO  
 For four weeks I lived with the Fremmen, in a community called a *sietch*. Hidden in the desert. Stilgar, the leader of that *sietch*, has come with me to meet you, Sire.

LETO  
 This *sietch*. How was it hidden?

IDAHO  
Underground. Arrakis is full of  
caverns.

PAUL  
How big was the place?

IDAHO  
I'd say ten thousand people.

A murmur of astonishment around the table. Duncan grins.

IDAHO (CONT'D)  
And there are *hundreds* of sietches.

LETO  
*Millions* of Fremen.  
(to Hawat)  
You were right.

Hawat smiles proudly.

HAWAT  
The Harkonnen estimate was fifty  
thousand on the whole planet!

IDAHO  
The Fremen watched me search for  
them for days. I never saw them.  
Finally they sent a warrior out to  
kill me. I'll tell you, I've never  
been so close to dying. There are  
no finer fighters in the Imperium.  
They fight like demons.

Leto's face is flush with excitement.

LETO  
Well done.

IDAHO  
Thank you, milord.

SPECIALIST (O.S.)  
Sire!

One of Hawat's SPECIALISTS brings in the Fremen leader:  
Stilgar, the man we saw in the desert before. He is proud and  
stern-faced. In his hands he holds a sheathed CRYSKNIFE.

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)  
He has a knife he won't surrender,  
Sire. He won't let us inspect it.

Idaho leans close to Leto and whispers urgently:

IDAHO

A crysknife. Sacred to his people.

LETO

Let him pass!

Stilgar enters. He is followed by two Fremen warriors: a man and a woman. Both lean, dark, and poised as dancers.

Paul is fascinated: here is a Fremen leader, a warrior. Stilgar's eyes touch on Paul as well: son of the Bene Gesserit, who some call the *Lisan al-Gaib*.

LETO (CONT'D)

Stilgar. Welcome. I respect the personal dignity of any man who respects mine.

Stilgar bends over and spits on the table. A gasp of outrage. Gurney leaps up snarling, a hand on his sword.

IDAHO

*HOLD!*

(to Stilgar, cordially)

Thank you, Stilgar, for the gift of your body's moisture. We accept it in the spirit in which it is given.

And he spits on the table in his own turn. Duke Leto looks at Stilgar and Duncan, and spits on the table with a wry look.

LETO

Diplomacy!

The Atreides officers chuckle -- but not Stilgar.

LETO (CONT'D)

I'm glad you've come. I think your people and mine have much to offer one another.

Stilgar looks back at him without warmth.

STILGAR

You are Outworlders, come for the spice. You take it, giving nothing in return.

Paul stares at Stilgar, moved by his words.

PAUL

It's true.

Gurney bristles at Stilgar's arrogant air.

LETO

I know you've suffered under the  
Harkonnens. Name what you want.  
If it is in my power to grant, I  
will give it and ask for nothing.

Stilgar considers this gravely.

STILGAR

I ask this: Do not seek our  
sietches or trespass in our lands.  
The desert was ours long before you  
came. Come and dig your spice. But  
when you have it, go back to this  
side of the Shield Wall. Leave the  
desert to the Fremmen.

GURNEY

You will address the Duke as "Sire"  
or "My Lord..."

LETO

Gurney.

(to Stilgar)

The Emperor has given me Arrakis as  
my fief, to rule and protect.  
I cannot promise not to travel in  
the desert, if duty compels me: but  
your sietches will be yours forever  
-- and you will never be hunted  
while I govern here.

Stilgar weighs these words and finds them worthy. He nods.

STILGAR

That is honorable.

Stilgar bows his head solemnly.

STILGAR (CONT'D)

That is all I have to say to you.

PAUL

(impulsively)

Won't you stay? We would honor you.

Stilgar's eyes find Paul. He gives a minimal nod of respect.

STILGAR (CHAKOBSA TRANSLATION)  
 Honor requires that I be Heshiigiishii. (PHONETIC: he-  
 elsewhere. shii-GII-shii)  
 (in Chakobsa, subtitled)  
*I recognize you.*

Paul frowns, not understanding the words. Committing them to memory. Stilgar turns without further ceremony and strides back to his ornithopter, his Fremen bodyguard following him.

GURNEY  
 I don't like him.

Leto watches Stilgar go. He looks at Hawat, who has watched these proceedings.

HAWAT  
 Our plan bears fruit...

LETO  
 But it will take time.

HAWAT  
 Yes, it will take time.

47 EXT. ARRAKEEN BARRACKS - DUSK

47

Paul, Gurney, and Idaho sit in a military barracks. Reunited friends with tales to tell. Drinking wine.

Idaho pulls out a rugged instrument and passes it to Paul.

IDAHO  
 This is for you. A paracompass. The moons here have magnetic fields, so a simple compass needle won't point north. It takes a clever piece of clockwork to sort it out.

Paul turns the paracompass in his hands, admiring it.

PAUL  
 The Fremen make these?

IDAHO  
 And stillsuits, and sand compactors  
 ...all kinds of ingenious things.

GURNEY  
 What the hell's a sand compactor?

Idaho pulls a stubby pistol-shaped device off his belt and hands it over with a grin.

IDAHO

That's a sand compactor.

Gurney examines the strange tool dubiously.

GURNEY

My God, man, you've gone native.

PAUL

You admire them.

IDAHO

I do. They're fierce, but loyal.  
Attuned to the desert. Part of it.  
It's part of them. Wait 'til you  
see. It's beautiful out there.

48A EXT. SPACEPORT - MORNING

48A

Several old and rusty HARVESTERS are on repair. Very few CARRYALLS grab harvesters and take off with them.

A little convoy of flying carryalls bring harvesters toward the open desert.

48 INT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - AIRCRAFT BAY - MORNING

48

Duke Leto and Paul emerge from the Residency, followed by Gurney. All three wear stillsuits and desert gear. They approach a waiting ornithopter.

There stands DR. LIET KYNES. A tall, lean woman in her forties who exudes pride and intelligence. She has the shocking blue eyes of spice saturation. She is dressed in a stillsuit and desert robes. Atreides troops stand by with drawn swords and live shields.

GURNEY

The Judge of the Change, Sire.  
Dr. Liet Kynes.

She nods solemnly, meeting Leto's eyes boldly.

KYNES

My Lord Duke. Welcome to Arrakis.

PAUL

You're the Imperial Ecologist.  
Thank you for the stillsuits.

KYNES

They are of Fremmen make. The best.  
With your permission, Sire, I must  
check the integrity of your suits.

She moves toward Leto without waiting for an answer.

The guards leap forward -- Gurney whipping his sword from its sheath by instinct -- but Leto holds up a hand.

LETO

It's all right.

He opens his arms, letting Kynes inside his guard. Close enough to kiss or kill. She checks his stillsuit swiftly and efficiently, making many small adjustments.

KYNES

A stillsuit is a high-efficiency filtration system. It cools the body, and recycles the water lost to sweat and other bodily fluids. Without one of these you wouldn't survive two hours, even in the morning. Your body's movements provide the power.

She shows Leto the filter and nose-plugs in his hood.

KYNES (CONT'D)

In the open desert you wear these nose plugs and this filter across your face. In good working order, your suit won't lose more than a thimbleful of water a day.

Leto nods his thanks. Intrigued by this strange woman.

KYNES (CONT'D)

Let's have a look at you, lad.

She quickly inspects Paul's suit -- with growing perplexity. Everything is perfect, not a strap out of place.

KYNES (CONT'D)

You've worn a stillsuit before?

PAUL

This is the first time.

KYNES

Your desert boots are fitted slip-fashion at the ankles. Who taught you to do that?

PAUL  
It seemed the right way.

KYNES  
It is the right way.  
(quietly in Chakobsa,  
subtitled)  
*He shall know your ways as  
though born to them.*

(CHAKOBSA TRANSLATION)  
Ruha leda gefthek sahiimbit  
qullaha hiyak. (PHONETIC: RU-  
ha le-da GEF-thek sa-HIIM-bit  
QUL-la-ha hi-yak)

Paul studies Kynes curiously. Sensing something.

PAUL  
Are you Fremmen?

KYNES  
I am accepted in both sietch and  
village. But I remain an out-  
worlder in the Emperor's service.  
Now. Come and see the spice sands  
on which your livelihood depends.

She turns to the ornithopter. Paul and Leto exchange glances  
-- sensing hidden depths in this Imperial Planetologist.

51 INT./EXT. LETO'S ORNITHOPTER (IN FLIGHT) - DAY 51

Leto's ornithopter flies over a rolling sea of endless dunes.  
Paul stares.

PAUL  
What would you do if your  
ornithopter went down out here?

KYNES  
You wouldn't want to go down out  
there. It's worm territory.

GURNEY  
Dust cloud!

LETO  
I see it.

KYNES  
That's one of your harvesters.

Leto flies toward a SPICE CRAWLER, a massive harvester on  
caterpillar tracks, sixty meters long. It's creeping across a  
SPICE BED -- a rust-red patch of melange in the desert. Its  
stack throws a plume of yellow sand high into the air.



Three tiny one-seater ships -- SPOTTERS -- circle overhead.

KYNES (CONT'D)

A rich spice bed, by the color. If you get a little higher you'll have a better view.

Leto makes an elegant U-Turn and brings the aircraft to a higher altitude.

KYNES (CONT'D)

There, you see the spotter aircraft, looking for wormsign.

LETO

Wormsign?

KYNES

A sand wave moving toward the crawler. Worms travel deep but get closer to the surface when they attack. If you are patient, we should see one.

Paul notices Kynes' last words: she seems please by the worm's menace.

GURNEY

A worm always comes?

KYNES

Always. They're drawn by rhythmic noises.

PAUL

Why don't we shield the crawlers?

KYNES

A shield's a death sentence in the desert. They attract the worms and drive them into a killing frenzy.

She breaks off as the Duke kicks on the jet brakes. The ship bucks as its wings elongate and cup the air. The craft becomes a full "thopter" as the Duke banks it, holding the wings to a gentle beat, pointing with his left hand off to the east beyond the factory dune crawler.

LETO

Is that a worm?

Where the dunes recede in curves to the horizon, a straight track cuts through them: a wave-crest approaching, the way a fish disturbs the water when swimming beneath the surface.

KYNES

A big one. You have good eyes.

She leans back and selects a frequency, looking at a grid chart on a roller over their heads. Speaks into a microphone:

KYNES (CONT'D)

Calling crawler Delta Ajax niner.  
Wormsign warning! Acknowledge.

After a moment a reply crackles back, casual and laconic:

CRAWLER RADIOMAN (V.O.)

Who calls Delta Ajax niner? Over.

GURNEY

They seem pretty calm about it.

KYNES

(into microphone)

Unlisted flight, Imperium business.  
Wormsign north and east of you  
three point seven kilometers.

SPOTTER ONE PILOT (V.O.)

Delta Ajax niner, this is Spotter  
One. Wormsign confirmed. Stand by  
for contact fix.

(a crackle of static)

Worm is on intercept course your  
position, contact in six minutes.

CRAWLER RADIOMAN (V.O.)

Copy, Spotter One.

GURNEY

What happens now?

KYNES

They'll call the carryall to lift  
the crawler. They'll harvest right  
up to the last minute.

Leto cranes his head around. He banks the 'thopter past the crawler's sand plume. Scanning the horizon.

KYNES (CONT'D)

There.

The carryall appears in the distance, flying slowly toward the harvester. It seems this is no emergency for them.

The wormsign keeps coming, on a direct course to the crawler.

CARRYALL PILOT (V.O.)  
Alpha Zero on approach. Prepare for  
docking.

CRAWLER RADIOMAN (V.O.)  
Copy. Delta Ajax niner crew, be  
ready for docking.

SPOTTER ONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Contact in four minutes.

CARRYALL PILOT (V.O.)  
Docking sequence initiated. Brace  
yourself.

The carryall hovers on top of the harvester and launches its  
anchors. But one of the four anchors stays stuck.

CARRYALL PILOT (V.O.)  
We have an issue with one of the  
anchors. Stand by.

He doesn't sound so casual anymore. Gurney sits forward.

The broken anchor doesn't budge.

The wormsign keeps coming.

CRAWLER RADIOMAN (V.O.)  
Alpha Zero. We're waiting.

CARRYALL PILOT (V.O.)  
Hydraulics are dead. We won't make  
it. You'll need to evacuate.

CRAWLER RADIOMAN (V.O.)  
(urgently now)  
You're out of your mind! We're not  
going out there! All call. All  
call. Any carryall in the sector  
please respond.

PAUL  
Is there any way to kill that  
thing?

KYNES  
Short of atomics? No.

SPOTTER ONE PILOT (V.O.)  
Contact in THREE minutes.

Leto and Gurney come to battle stations like the veteran  
soldiers they are.

LETO  
How many men on that crawler?

KYNES  
Crew of twenty-one.

LETO  
Our ships can take six each.

PAUL  
That's still three short.

LETO  
We'll find a way.

He brutally pushes the ornithopter's commands. The ornithopter dives at high speed toward the crawler. Leto grabs the microphone.

LETO (CONT'D)  
This is Duke Leto Atreides. We are coming down to take off Delta Ajax niner's crew. We'll put down on the west.

He lands his 'thopter deftly despite the buffeting winds. His two escort craft land nearby. Paul looks out at the escorts.

PAUL  
A shield generator weighs a hundred kilos.

Leto looks at him with fierce approval.

LETO  
Yes! Gurney, have our escorts throw out their shield generators.

GURNEY  
Yes Sire!

LETO  
Paul stay behind and help the workers to get in!

PAUL  
Yes Sire!

Gurney opens the door and climbs out into the wind, running to the escorts. Paul is shocked by the scent on the air.

KYNES  
Contact in two minutes.

Paul jumps out onto the sand.

52 EXT. SPICE CRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

52

The spice bed is cinnamon-red underfoot. Paul's feet sink deeply into it: it *sounds* different from sand. He touches the sand. Orange spice particles glow out of it. On Paul:

                  CHANI (V.O.)  
                  (whispering)  
                  Paul...

ON LETO: Inside the ornithopter, Leto gets impatient: no one is outside yet.

                  LETO  
                  Where are they?  
                  (into the mic)  
                  Delta Ajax niner! Put seven men  
                  each in my ships!

                  CRAWLER RADIOMAN 2 (V.O.)  
                  We got a full load of spice! We  
                  can't just leave it!

                  LETO  
                  (shouting into the mic)  
                  Damn the spice! I want every man  
                  off that crawler. Now!

The crawler's crew tumbles out onto the sand. Kynes looks at Leto in startled admiration. *Here is a leader of men.*

BACK TO PAUL: in the distance, the approaching wormsign is clearly visible. Paul shouts at the spice workers stumbling through the dust. The Carryall flies away slowly.

                  PAUL  
                  THIS WAY! Seven there! Seven in  
                  here!

They run past him gratefully, in desperate haste.

Then a GUST OF WIND slashes across the spice bed -- and COATS Paul's face and body with a fine dust of *melange*.

Paul's breath catches. His pupils dilate. His heart POUNDS. Paul fall on his knees. Paul sees something we don't see.

He is terrified. We hear POWERFUL BENE GESSERIT GHOST VOICES.

*BENE GESSERIT GHOSTS (V.O.)*  
*KWISATZ HADERACH! LISAN AL GAIB !*  
*KWISATZ HADERACH! LISAN AL GAIB!*

\*  
\*

DUKE LETO'S ORNITHOPTER

Kynes wrestles the back seat out of the aircraft and throws it on the sand. Spice workers crawl in and sit on the deck.

Gurney arrives beside her. Sees Paul missing. He spins.

GURNEY

Paul!

Paul, on his knees, is a tiny inert figure almost under the spice crawler's caterpillar treads.

The worm is almost upon them. The other ornithopters are lifting off.

ON PAUL

He is lost in his vision, beside the crawler. The worm bearing down on him.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 (in trance)  
*I recognize your footsteps, old man.*

As Gurney drags him to his feet, shaking him from the vision.

GURNEY

We have to run, Paul! Now!

The hissing of the great worm through the sand fills the air. A tidal wave of sand about to break over them.

DUKE LETO'S ORNITHOPTER

Leto lifts off with the ramp down, jets screaming. Eyes locked on his son. Driving the aircraft to its limits.

The sand wave subsides as the worm dives under the crawler.

Leto slides the ornithopter sideways with consummate skill. Paul and Gurney run out of the dust and leap onto the ramp. Gurney grabs a rail with one hand and Paul with the other.

GURNEY (CONT'D)

Go go go!

Leto gives it everything. The overloaded ornithopter claws for altitude, jets burning, wings beating. Metal CREAKS dangerously. Turbines whine like banshees...

The crawler falls away below them --

THE WORM ERUPTS. Swallowing the entire spice crawler in a gulp, its cavernous maw rising out of the desert like a nightmare toward the struggling ornithopter.

Clinging to Gurney, Paul stares down into that mouth in a semi-trance. Smelling the spice on the worm's hot breath.

And then they're away, watching the Worm sink back into the sand, swallowing all their treasure.

Paul sees Kynes muttering under her breath with religious fervor, her eyes on the worm below:

KYNES

Bless the Maker and His Water.  
Bless the coming and going of Him.  
May His passage cleanse the world  
and keep the world for His people.

The rescued spice workers, out of breath, are praying.

53

EXT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - AIRCRAFT BAY - DAY

53

Duke Leto and Paul get out of Leto's ornithopter and walk toward the Residency. Leto speaks sternly to Paul:

LETO

You cannot take such risks. You  
have responsibilities.

PAUL

I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

LETO

Go!

Paul leaves, shaken. Beside the ornithopter, Kynes stands watching. Leto strides towards her.

LETO (CONT'D)

Everything they left is in  
shambles. It's plain to see. We've  
been set up to fail. When you  
report to the Emperor, you must say  
the rules weren't followed.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KYNES

All I can report is what I saw.  
That carryall was not sabotaged,  
just old. The desert isn't kind to  
equipment.

LETO

(A darker tone)  
You know what'll happen if I fail  
to get spice production back on  
track.  
(a beat)  
The Harkonnens will return.

KYNES

I'm not here to take your part.  
Arrakis has seen men like you come  
and go.

She's about to add something, like "you're no different;" but  
bites her tongue.

Still, Leto reads the fear in her eyes. *The Harkonnens.*

55A

EXT. SALUSA SECUNDUS - MILITARY SPACEPORT - DAY

55A

A harsh planet, its stony ground raked by strong winds. This  
is a massive military base. Scores of gunships and troop  
carriers are grounded here. Ornithopters buzz overhead.

Gigantic Imperial flags flutter in the wind, bearing the  
Emperor's crest: a golden lion.

SUPER: SALUSA SECUNDUS

Thousands of warriors in armored suits kneel on the tarmac.  
They are SARDAUKAR, the Emperor's elite soldiers.

They are pale-skinned and bearded, their hair worn long.  
Where the Atreides troops have an air of gallantry about  
them, these are savages: eyes full of aggression and  
bloodlust, empty of compassion. They were bred for murder.

A cadaverous PRIEST sings a litany in some foreign tongue --  
the sounds menacing and strange.

VICARS walk the rows of soldiers with BOWLS OF BLOOD. Dipping  
their thumbs, they daub each Sardaukar's forehead and tongue.

The blood flows from the sliced throats of prisoners  
crucified upside down at the edge of the field.



A BASHAR of the Sardaukar, an officer, leads Piter de Vries on an inspection of the troops. Even Piter is daunted.

SARDAUKAR BASHAR

You outnumber the Atreides three to one. Still you come to us.

PITER

The Atreides legions are the finest in the Imperium. Trained by Gurney Halleck and Duncan Idaho.

The Bashar spins on him with a snarl, making Piter step back.

SARDAUKAR BASHAR

We are the Sardaukar. The Emperor's blades. All who stand against us fall.

PITER

Just so. Three battalions. As agreed.

The Sardaukar finish their ritual. They rise in unison and thrust their swords into the air with a cry. Piter flinches.

SARDAUKAR BASHAR

The Emperor commands it. It is done.

55 INT. PAUL'S ROOM - SUNSET

55

Paul sits on his desk chair as Doctor Yueh examines him. Jessica stands beside him, concerned.

DOCTOR YUEH

Spice is a psychoactive chemical. You seem to be sensitive to small doses. A liability on Arrakis. You'll be fine.

JESSICA

Thank you, Dr Yueh.

He nods respectfully and exits. Paul looks at his mother.

PAUL

This wasn't an allergic reaction. I inhaled spice and I had visions. With my eyes wide open.

JESSICA

What did you see?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

55AAB EXT. ARRAKIS - DESERT - MORNING

55AAB

*Chani is silhouetted by the rising sun behind her, creating a beatific halo. The young woman looks right at us with her otherworldly blue eyes. She smiles.*

CHANI (V.O.)  
*Some of my people thought a savior might never come.*

*She leans in close, as if to kiss "us", Paul.*

CHANI  
*But not me.*

*But then Chani darkens.*

CHANI (CONT'D)  
*I knew.*

*Shink.*

CHANI (SNEERING) (CONT'D)  
*I knew you couldn't stay the hell away.*

*And now we/Paul look down to find the hilt of a CRYSKNIFE sticking out of our own chest.*

*Paul falls on his knees (like he did in the desert).*

55AAA INT. FREMEN HOUSE, ARRAKIS - DAY

55AAA

*Jessica is holding a baby in her arms. The baby is wrapped in Fremen clothes. Jessica's face is covered with ancient Fremen words written with dark henna. A crysknife by her side.*

BACK TO PAUL AND JESSICA IN PAUL'S BEDROOM.

Paul stares at her, shaken.

PAUL  
 I know you are pregnant.

Jessica stares at Paul in dread, hand going to her belly. Her voice a whisper of disbelief:

JESSICA  
 You can't know that. I barely know that. It's only been a few weeks...

55aB INT. RESIDENCY CORRIDOR 55aB

Jessica in tears walks in the corridor, trying to control her emotions: Paul is the One!

BENE GESSERIT GHOST VOICES \*  
 HE IS THE ONE! KWISATZ HADERACH! \*  
 LISAN AL GAIB! \*

55aA INT. MAIN HALL - SUNSET 55aA

Paul stands staring at a huge worm fresco in the hallway, his face troubled.

The Shadout Mapes comes down the hall. In a glance she takes in his turbulent emotion. She pauses at his side.

SHADOUT MAPES  
 You are touched by *Shai-Hulud*.

She lays a hand on his shoulder, indifferent to protocol.

SHADOUT MAPES (CONT'D)  
 The vision is a gift. Don't be afraid to see.

She walks on. He looks after her in astonishment.

58 EXT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - BALCONY - DAY 58 \*

Paul looks out over the city. And to the dunes beyond. \*

LETO (O.S.) \*  
*Lisan al-Gaib.* \*

Paul turns to see his father join him. \*

LETO (CONT'D) \*  
 That's what they call you, isn't it? Voice From the Outer World. \*

He sees something in Paul's face. His jaunty tone sobers. \*

LETO (CONT'D) \*  
 It troubles you. \*

PAUL \*  
*Legend* is a pretty word for a *lie*. \*

LETO \*  
 I think you're afraid it might be true. \*

Paul lowers his eyes, startled by how much Leto sees. But this his father. And he trusts him more than he trusts anyone. He bares his heart.

PAUL

How can I make my way if my destiny was written before I was born?

Leto joins him at the railing to look out over Arrakis.

LETO

If I tell you one day you'll find yourself on a mountaintop -- what does that change? You still have to climb the mountain.

(beat)

Destiny grants us nothing -- and takes nothing away. We have to fight and bleed for the future we want. Because when all's said and done, there's only one way to find out if a prophecy is true.

(turns to Paul)

We earn it.

Paul nods. Like a weight has been lifted.

And their formality gives way to a hug. Because Paul is scared. And Leto knows.

And loves him no matter who he's meant to be. Prophecies be damned.

61 INT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - PAUL'S ROOM - NIGHT 61

Paul wearily strips off his uniform. Lost in thought.

Doctor Yueh appears in the doorway. He sets a white tablet on a tray on the nightstand. Paul nods.

58A INT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - WAR ROOM - END OF DAY 58A

Duke Leto stands in front of Duncan Idaho. Leto communicates with precise hand signals using THE ATREIDES COMBAT SIGN LANGUAGE. We can read the translation with subtitles.

**Leave at dawn. Give this message to the FREMEN.**

The Duke gives him a tiny object.

**Trust no one.**

Duncan bows and leaves. Leto stays alone, lost in thoughts.

60 INT. ARRAKEEN LANDING - BARRACKS - NIGHT 60

Gurney leans his baliset against his shoulder. His callused fingers draw mournful arpeggios from the strings.

The troops listening.

GURNEY

(singing)

*I remember salt smoke from a beach  
fire,  
The seagulls crying on the  
strand...*

64 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 64

Leto and Jessica lie in bed. A tense frown on Leto's brow.

GURNEY (V.O.)

(singing)

*Now worlds away, in stranger skies,  
They call no more, they call no  
more.*

JESSICA

You have to sleep.

She reaches for the silver tray on her bedside table: a sleeping pill from Doctor Yueh.

LETO

Not like that.

She smiles, knowing what he wants.

JESSICA

Close your eyes.

He obeys. She lays her fingers on his temples, her thumb on his third eye, and hums softly, a beautiful, hypnotic drone.

Instantly Leto's breathing deepens. The lines in his face smooth away. A smile touches his lips...and he's asleep.

GURNEY (V.O.)

(singing)

*I remember perfume on a silken  
veil,  
Lovers' arms pale against the  
dusk...*

Jessica lies back. She lays a hand on her belly with a listening expression, meditative. She smiles serenely.

GURNEY (V.O.)  
*Now worlds away, those winsome  
 ladies  
 They call no more, they call no  
 more.*

She takes her sleeping pill and closes her eyes.

GURNEY (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
*I remember garrisons of old  
 campaigners, Years washed with  
 weariness and wine... Now worlds  
 away, the wars forgotten...*

64A OMITTED 64A

64B OMITTED 64B

65 EXT. RESIDENCY - NIGHT 65

One by one the lights in the windows go out. The house shields shimmer in the moonlight.

GURNEY (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
*They call no more, they call no  
 more.*

67 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HOURS LATER 67

Leto awakens with a little gasp of anxiety. The room is dark now. The city outside is silent.

He looks at Jessica: she sleeps deeply beside him. His eyes stray out the window. Far away, on the Shield Wall cliffs, a FLICKERING LIGHT draws his attention. He gets out of bed, staring at it. It's barely visible at the edge of the window.

68 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT 68

Leto walks down a hallway to a wide window with a clearer view of the Shield Wall. The flashing light is unmistakable: *Blink-squirt, flicker, flash.* A signal!

From a roof nearby he sees another light flash in answer. He frowns. What does it mean?

A strange MEWLING NOISE turns his head. An odd animal sound. Inside the house. He switches on his shield. Draws his knife. Follows the sound, touching his transceiver as he goes:

LETO  
Security. Security. Hawat.

No answer. A faint hiss of static.

Something moves in the shadows: a figure, dragging itself along the floor. A knife jutting from its back. A trail of blood stretching away behind.

It's the Shadout Mapes. Dying by inches. Leto kneels beside her. Turns her on her side. Her eyes find his in the dark.

She mumbles some inaudible words.

She dies. Leto looks down the passageway in alarm. He runs.

69 INT CORRIDOR ADJACENT TO SHIELD GENERATOR - NIGHT 69

Swift and silent, Leto races to the door of the Shield Generator Room. The door, clearly labeled, stands ajar. Inside, the massive generators are still humming. Power on.

BEHIND LETO

A DART PISTOL comes to bear and FIRES. A dart shoots out. As it approaches Leto's shield it opens tiny wings and slows, swooping like a swallow through the shield at low speed --

-- then folds its wings and DIVES INTO HIS BACK.

Leto stiffens as the drugged dart takes effect. He spins -- but his legs buckle. He staggers and slides down the wall to the floor. Knife clattering from nerveless fingers. Leto is paralyzed.

Doctor Yueh walks in.

71 INT. ARRAKEEN LANDING - BARRACKS - NIGHT 71

Long rows of steel bunks. Gurney Halley lies sleeping beside his regiment. A LIEUTENANT bursts in and shakes him awake.

72 EXT. ARRAKEEN LANDING - NIGHT 72

Gurney and his men spill out into the night, pulling on jackets and belts.

In orbit overhead they can see the running lights of a colossal Guild Heighliner -- and from that mighty ship a VAST HARKONNEN WAR FLEET is issuing: big frigates, fast gunships, troop carriers. Quartering the sky in their hundreds.

Gurney stares at the sight and despair fills his face.

GURNEY

God in Heaven. Get everything with  
guns off the ground!

The spaceport control tower BLOWS UP in a brutal and spectacular explosion.

73 EXT. ARRAKIS ORBIT 73

Below, the night side of Arrakis is a sea of darkness. The massive explosion of the spaceport control tower illuminates the desert. The shadow of a huge Harkonnen Frigate glides in the foreground.

74 EXT. ARRAKEEN LANDING - NIGHT 74

Gurney and his men run toward one of the Atreides frigates. The ship explodes. The whole spaceport is being bombarded.

Gurney leads his men across the tarmac, swords drawn, shields on. Troopships are spilling Harkonnen soldiers ahead of them.

Gurney charges three Harkonnen soldiers. A swift exchange of blades -- and Gurney kills the Harkonnens, taking an enemy sword as last one falls.

He looks around. His men vastly outnumbered. Harkonnen raining down all over the spaceport. He roars like a lion:

GURNEY

WITH ME! WITH ME!

He charges, a sword in each hand, a wolfish smile on his face. And his men follow him into the jaws of hell.

74A EXT. ARRAKEEN - NIGHT 74A

A flock of Harkonnen troopships land around the residency.



75 EXT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - NIGHT

75

The Atreides house guards are holding against the Harkonnens, bodies piling up at their feet. Then Sardaukar begin dropping from the sky. They join the battle. Atreides guards fall. The invading force breaks through. Into the Residency.

76 SERVICE CORRIDOR

76

Duke Leto sits slumped against the wall, shield deactivated. Yueh stoops over him. Leto tries to rise and cannot move.

DOCTOR YUEH

I'm sorry, my Lord. I am. But I've made a bargain with the Baron.

LETO

Why...?

DOCTOR YUEH

I had no choice. The Harkonnens have my wife. Wanna.

He is in agony at the thought, tears streaming down his face.

DOCTOR YUEH (CONT'D)

They take her apart like a doll. I will buy her freedom. And you are the price. But you and I will make another bargain, between us.

He pulls the Ducal signet ring off Leto's hand. Holds it up.

DOCTOR YUEH (CONT'D)

For Paul. I will do what I can.

The thought of his family drives Leto to desperation. But his paralysis is deepening and he cannot speak.

DOCTOR YUEH (CONT'D)

And you will kill a man for me.

Leto stares at him, not understanding.

DOCTOR YUEH (CONT'D)

I'm going to replace the peg tooth in your mouth.

He holds up a new false tooth.

DOCTOR YUEH (CONT'D)

If you bite down hard, this tooth will crush.

(MORE)

## DOCTOR YUEH (CONT'D)

Breathe out, and you will fill the  
air with poison.  
It will be your last breath. But if  
you choose your moment well  
...it will also be the Baron's.

66 INT. RESIDENCY - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 66

Paul stirs in his sleep. Eyes moving under closed lids. An Harkonnen soldier opens his door.

66A *INSERT: CHANI* 66A

*She looks at him in the warm light of the sun, so close.*

*CHANI*

*Paul. You need to wake up.*

80 EXT. RESIDENCY - NIGHT 80

The date palms out front are on fire, casting a lurid light over the scene.

There are hundreds of soldiers flooding into the house. Harkonnen ornithopters landing in the streets below.

This is a massacre. In a courtyard Atreides soldiers lined up on their knees. The Sardaukar begin to BEHEAD THEM with methodical swiftness. Rabban takes part in the execution with bloodthirsty zeal.

78 INT. RESIDENCY CORRIDOR - NIGHT 78

Duncan Idaho's shadow appears into the hallway.

He sees a Sardaukar at the end of the corridor. He switches on his shield, as two other Sardaukar run toward him.

Idaho slips through the Sardaukar's guard and kills them.

A fourth Sardaukar fires TWO DARTS from a SLOW-DART PISTOL: they slam into Idaho's shield and begin to tunnel inward...

Idaho slashes one dart with his sword, destroying it. Parries a blow from the Sardaukar who fired it -- then slashes the other dart out of existence just before it punches through. He leaps and strikes the Sardaukar down.

78A INT. RESIDENCY, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 78A

Duncan runs into the Duke and Jessica's bedroom. Empty.

78B INT. RESIDENCY, PAUL'S BEDROOM -NIGHT 78B

Duncan enters Paul's bedroom. Paul isn't there anymore.

86 INT. ORNITHOPTER (GROUNDED / IN FLIGHT) - NIGHT 86

Jessica and Paul are loaded roughly into an ornithopter by a DEAF TROOPER with a scarred face and TWO OTHER TROOPERS.

The troopers wrestle them into seats and strap them down.

FIRST TROOPER

We'll drop 'em in the desert.  
Someplace the worms'll get 'em.

SECOND TROOPER

Why not just cut their throats?

FIRST TROOPER

It's the Duke's family. We could  
face a Truthsayer for this. Gotta  
be able to say we didn't kill 'em.

The Second Trooper pilots. The First Trooper and Deaf Trooper sit in the copilot and navigator positions, respectively.

Paul and Jessica are immobilized. Ankles bound. Hands tied behind them. Jessica still gagged. They look in horror at the devastation of Arrakeen. The impossible multitude of Harkonnen troops and warships.

Their eyes meet. A calm descending on both of them. This is life or death. Their minds shift into higher levels of thought. Bene Gesserit awareness. Mentat calculation.

Paul twists away. Behind his back he flashes a hand signal.

PAUL

(hand signal, subtitled)  
*The scarred trooper is deaf.*

Jessica turns to study their captors. The ornithopter. She sees a BLACK DIAMOND OF THE SUK SCHOOL etched on the back of the seat in front of her. Something's stashed under the seat.

The ornithopter lifts off.

A haunting HARKONNEN GUN SHIP, THE PLAGUE, hovers over the city, pouring hell.

87 EXT. SHIELD WALL - NIGHT 87

The ornithopter passes over the Shield Wall into the desert. In the distance we see Arrakeen Landing on fire.

81 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 81

Idaho crawls on the edge of a landing pad where a Harkonnen military ornithopter has landed. The aircraft is protected by several guards. Idaho comes down on top of a soldier and stabs him through the top of his head. Turns and cuts down four others without mercy.

Terrorized, the rest of the soldiers move away.

Idaho gets in the ornithopter and lifts off, mechanical wings kicking up dust.

As he rises above the next landing pad, he fires every rockets he's got on Harkonnen Troop Transports.

An enemy frigate spots him and immediately fires.

Duncan avoids the missile by diving toward the surface of the city, hiding at a lower level into an atrium filled with Harkonnen troops.

He spins around firing at the troops and rushes at high speed into a street, as the atrium explodes, bombed by the frigate.

The street is a dead end.

His ornithopter brutally stops and does a radical vertical maneuver to get back to the surface, as massive explosions eradicate what's left of the atrium. \*

Being hunted by the frigate again, Idaho launches his ornithopter at high speed toward the edge of the protective wall of the war-torn city.

Reaching the edge, he barely avoids several missiles, dives and disappears into heavy clouds of dark smoke.

He finally escapes.

93 EXT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - BALCONY - NIGHT

93

Harkonnen warships hang triumphant over the war-torn city. Weapons fire and cries of agony ring out in the streets.

Piter de Vries stands watching with a bound and battered Thufir Hawat, guarded by four Sardaukar. Piter is gloating.

PITER DE VRIES  
Checkmate, old friend.

Hawat, humiliated, doesn't answer.

88 INT. ORNITHOPTER (IN FLIGHT) - NIGHT

88

The ornithopter holds its heading, leaving the Troopers little to do. They turn. Their eyes finding Jessica.

FIRST TROOPER  
I never had a highborn. You?

SECOND TROOPER  
Bene Gesserit ain't all highborn.

FIRST TROOPER  
Highborn enough for me.

The Deaf Trooper reads lips; he's followed this exchange.

DEAF TROOPER  
Let's feed the cub to the worms and  
give her a long goodbye.

Paul studies the First Trooper with Bene Gesserit intensity. His eyes. His lips. His hands. The pulse in his neck.

PAUL  
Don't you dare touch my mother!

The Deaf Trooper gets up and kicks Paul in the stomach. Paul grunts in pain, gasping for air.

DEAF TROOPER  
Don't talk.

The ornithopter enters the desert proper, low over the dunes.

Paul slows his breathing. Masters his body. Gets his breath. Beside him, Jessica sees what he's about to do and stiffens. He's not ready. She tries to catch his attention in vain, doing precise hand signals.

JESSICA  
 (hand signal, subtitled)  
*Don't do this. You are not ready!*

Paul focuses on the First Trooper.

PAUL  
 (attempting the Voice)  
*REMOVE HER GAG.*

No effect. The Deaf Trooper backhands Paul across the face. The First Trooper taps the Deaf Trooper on the shoulder.

FIRST TROOPER  
 We're far enough out. Let's toss  
 the boy.

The Deaf One nods and hauls the side door open: wind buffets through the ornithopter as it skims the dune-tops. Paul looks at his mother.

JESSICA  
 (hand signal, subtitled)  
*Your pitch was too high.*

The First Trooper leans over Paul and unstraps him from the seat. As soon as his buckles are loose, Paul tries again.

PAUL  
 (using the Voice)  
*REMOVE HER GAG.*

Perfect tone. His voice echoes with unnatural authority.

As if it were his own idea, the First Trooper turns to Jessica, pulls his knife and cuts her gag free.

Too late, the Deaf Trooper sees what he's doing. He pulls the First Trooper away. They stumble back, struggling.

JESSICA  
 (using the Voice)  
*KILL HIM. NOW.*

Instantly the First Trooper plunges his knife into the Deaf Trooper's throat.

The Deaf Trooper stands like a statue, the knife jutting from his throat. Paralyzed. The First Trooper stares at his hands, horrified by his own actions. A SOB bursts from him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 (using the Voice)  
*SET US FREE.*

The First Trooper unlatches Jessica's seat harness. He yanks his knife from the Deaf Trooper's throat. Blood gouts from the deaf man's neck. He sways but does not fall.

The First Trooper kneels and cuts Paul's ankles free -- but then the Second Trooper abandons the controls, rushes back and shoves the First Trooper aside.

Desperately he tries to gag Jessica again. His clumsy struggles keeping her from speaking.

The ornithopter's AUTOPILOT kicks in: SAFE LANDING PROTOCOL.

Paul leaps from his seat, hands still bound behind him. He kicks hard into the Second Trooper's solar plexus, his foot digging deep and doing damage. The Second Trooper doubles over -- and Paul kicks him out of the moving ornithopter.

A KNIFE whistles toward Paul's neck: the First Trooper returning to the fight. Paul throws himself backward, dodging the blow, but falls to the deck.

The First Trooper comes for him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

*STOP!*

The First Trooper freezes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

*CUT ME LOOSE.*

Swiftly and efficiently he cuts the bonds on her ankles, and then on her wrists.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

*GIVE ME THE KNIFE.*

The First Trooper begins to weep. He gives her the knife. Instantly Jessica rams the blade up under the Trooper's chin into his brain, and yanks it free again. He falls dead.

The Deaf Trooper, bled out on his feet, collapses beside him.

Jessica bends over Paul with the knife and frees his hands.

The ornithopter, unpiloted, settles to the desert floor.

90 INT./EXT. ORNITHOPTER - NIGHT

90

Jessica and Paul pick themselves up. On the horizon, many miles off, they can see the Shield Wall that shelters Arrakeen. Explosions flash above the wall.

She reaches under the diamond mark left by Yueh. Pulls out the bundle under the seat: a compact, well-made BACKPACK.

Jessica opens the pack. A little light illuminates inside. Paul studies the contents.

PAUL

It's a fremkit. Fremmen survival gear. It'll give us a chance.

Suddenly a HARSH VOICE squawks over the ornithopter's communicator: a guttural string of strange syllables.

JESSICA

Harkonnen battle language. They're demanding a counter-phrase.

The harsh voice speaks again. More demanding now.

Suddenly the displays of the cockpit avionics go red. Warning labels with threatening symbols.

PAUL

They've crippled the ship.

JESSICA

They'll be on their way.

They clamber out of the ornithopter.

91 EXT. SAND DUNES - NIGHT

91

Paul and Jessica runs away from the ornithopter.

They find themselves on a rise: in one direction, Arrakeen burns, convulsed by war. In the other, a sea of dunes rolls away to the horizon. They're totally exposed. They press into the dunes, barefoot in the sand in the dark. Paul lugs the fremkit. The wind picks up, spice-dust swirling around their feet. Paul and Jessica stare at the city on fire.

94 INT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - DINING HALL - NIGHT

94

Baron Vladimir Harkonnen sits at the head of the table, under the mounted bull's head. He wears a Harkonnen uniform with military trim for his day of triumph.



Before him is laid a lavish dinner for one: a steaming roast, cheese and wine. He eats the roast directly from the platter with fork and carving knife, breathing like a buffalo.

Arrakis-born servants stand ready at either side, petrified. Guards stand with their backs to the walls.

BARON HARKONNEN  
(with his mouth full)  
You have a good kitchen, cousin.

He directs his words to the far end of the table -- where Duke Leto sits, naked, chained to a chair under the portrait of his father. He is slumped over, still woozy from Yueh's drug: the Baron just a blur to him at the head of the table.

Outside the high windows, the night of Arrakeen is torn by violence everywhere the eye touches. Columns of smoke rise over the city, lit from below by lurid red flames.

Piter enters with Doctor Yueh. They stop beside the Baron.

PITER  
Milord Baron. Doctor Yueh.

BARON HARKONNEN  
(with his mouth full)  
The Traitor! What do you want?

DOCTOR YUEH  
I jammed their comms and lowered the shields. I delivered the Duke and his family.

He glances uneasily at the far end of the table, where Leto stares at him glassily from beneath his tousled hair.

The Baron squints at Doctor Yueh's face, drawn and tragic.

BARON HARKONNEN  
The bargain to the letter! And what was I to do for you?

DOCTOR YUEH  
Deliver my Wanna from her agony.

BARON HARKONNEN  
Ah. Yes.

The Baron stabs his fork into the roast and rises, his feet briefly leaving the floor as his suspensors overcompensate.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)  
I said that I would set her free.  
That you could join her.

He reaches out and takes Doctor Yueh by the hair. His grip shockingly strong. Yueh gasps.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)  
So join her.

He lifts the carving knife and SAWS OFF YUEH'S HEAD. So brutally and swiftly that Yueh has no time to struggle. A spray of blood spatters the servants, who dare not move.

The Baron shows Yueh's head to Piter and lets it fall.

He swings the knife slowly around, theatrically, to Leto.

The Baron walks slowly down the long table with floating strides, dragging the knife-point along the table.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)  
What's next?

Leto lifts his head to stare at the Baron. Eyes focusing now. There is death in his look. He is a chained lion.

Instantly the Baron's hand goes to his belt and activates his shield. Piter giggles. Angry, the Baron prowls closer.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)  
For centuries we traded blood for  
blood. But no more. Your son is  
dead. Your concubine is dead.  
Tonight House Atreides falls.  
Your bloodline ends forever.

Leto lowers his head. Taking a moment for his grief and rage. We see a brief mental image of Paul and then, one of Jessica.

LETO  
(under his breath)  
Here I am, here I remain.

The Baron grabs Leto's hair and drags his head up. The carving knife at the ready. Leto takes a deep breath.

BARON HARKONNEN  
What did you say?

Muscles clench in Leto's jaw. A tiny *crunch*. Leto opens his mouth -- and blows out a cloud of poisonous vapor.

The vapor is slowed by the Baron's shield, revealing its curving boundary. Penetrating only partially.

The Baron leaps backward, retching and screaming. He slaps his suspensor system into overdrive and shoots up to the ceiling, tumbling head over heels.

Below him the vapor spreads across the room with shocking rapidity -- guards and servants falling dead in a wave from one end of the hall to the other. Piter among them -- his face twisting into a spectacular rictus.

More guards rush inside -- and fall dead in their turn.

HARKONNEN GUARD

GAS!

The doors slam shut from the outside.

95

INT. STILLTENT - DAWN (BEFORE SUNRISE)

95

Dim light filters through the tent walls as the sky brightens outside. Sand hisses softly over the tent.

Paul unpacks the fremkit, taking inventory. Laying out items.

PAUL

Sand compactor. Paracompass.  
Thumper. "Maker hooks," whatever  
they are. *The Manual of the Desert*.  
No stillsuits. The one thing we...

His breath catches. Beneath the manual there is a folded slip of paper bound in a ribbon. Paul unfolds the paper. Inside he finds a transmitter. The paper itself is a handwritten note in elegant calligraphy.

PAUL (CONT'D)

This is Doctor Yueh's handwriting.  
(reading)  
*"There is an Atreides transmitter  
in the Fremkit. If anyone survives.  
They'll find you."*

Paul pulls it out -- and at the end of the ribbon dangles Leto's SIGNET RING.

They both stop breathing. Paul takes the ring off the ribbon and hands it to Jessica. Heavy, ancient, obviously authentic. It means death. They both know it. Tears shine in Jessica's eyes as she struggles for control. Her chin trembles.

Paul unfolds the paper. Inside he finds the compact edition of the Orange Catholic Bible that Yueh gave him. The paper itself is a handwritten note in elegant calligraphy.

Jessica gives a short, sharp wail and covers her mouth.

Paul watches the sand hissing over the tent, darkening the interior as it covers the translucent fabric.

Jessica curls up and sobs. The love of her life gone forever.

96 INT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - DINING HALL - SUNRISE 96

Duke Leto Atreides lies back in the chair, eyes open, looking at eternity. A white dust covering him and his surroundings.

Around him, an apocalyptic sight: dozens of bodies scattered across the floor, frozen in contorted positions like the dead of Pompeii. Amongst them, Piter de Vries.

Harkonnen guards enter the hall in sealed spacesuits -- wheeling a filtration device to purge the air of poison.

A sinister sound -- like ice breaking up on a lake in winter. The soldiers look up.

The Baron's massive body is glued to the high ceiling, curled up like a gigantic dead spider. Suddenly it begins to move, crawling monstrously down the wall.

The soldiers step back in superstitious dread. The Baron, his face hidden under his cloak, crawls out of the room. The soldiers exchange terrified looks.

95A EXT. STILLTENT - DAWN (BEFORE SUNRISE) 95A

The windblown sand covers the last of the tent's exposed surface, concealing it completely. The sand keeps coming.

95B INT. STILLTENT - SUNRISE 95B

Dark now. Paul illuminates a glowglobe that fills the tent with a dim green radiance. An eerie and unsettling light. Spice particles dancing in the light.

Jessica sits up. Struggling to comprehend what has happened. Still wracked with grief. But Paul is remote. Analytical.

Paul closes his eyes. Seeing patterns. Awareness expanding.

*Flashes of orange SPICE VISION pulse through his awareness in the scene that follows. Glimpses of possible futures.*

95C SPICE VISION: EXT. ARRAKIS - DESERT - DAY

95C

*A vision of the future, Paul's most distant yet.*

*We're looking at Chani, who's standing at the edge of some natural wonder overlooking a vast swath of desert.*

*She seems more mature than in previous visions, and is now dressed in a long linen dress.*

CHANI

*Lisan al Gaib.*

*Chani lovingly motions for us to join her.*

CHANI (V.O.)

*Bless your coming and going.*

*As we approach this overlook, we begin to hear what sounds like ROARING.*

CHANI (V.O.)

*May your passage cleanse the world.*

*Chani points down at what's happening below, asks us a question:*

CHANI (V.O.)

*Will you keep it for your people?*

*Rather than finding an adoring crowd, what we see is nothing short of HELL, a ferocious BATTLE TO THE DEATH between thousands of FREMEN FIGHTERS and even more SARDAUKAR WARRIORS.*

*The scene is one of endless blood and screaming and fire and terror.*

*A WARRIOR KILLS EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH, WITHOUT ANY MERCY.*

*WE FINALLY SEE HIS FACE.*

*IT'S PAUL.*

95E EXT. CALADAN - OPEN BAY OF WAR SPACECRAFT

95E

*An army of Fremmen are cheering at their leader who's standing in the opened door of a spacecraft, hovering above the soldiers.*

*We get closer and see that the dark leader figure is Paul, flanked by Chani and other soldiers.*

*CLOSER LOOK AT Paul, dark and silent.*

95B INT. STILLTENT - SUNRISE

95B

PAUL SNAPS BACK TO REALITY.

He shakes his head in bewilderment.

PAUL (V.O.)

*My father is dead. Why can't I cry?*

He closes his eyes as spice visions shake him, like a drug altering his awareness.

He glares at her with cold intensity. Jessica is shocked by this turn in him. His coldness.

JESSICA

Paul...

PAUL

There's something awakening in my mind.

He sounds half-mad. Jessica recoils, afraid of the visionary light in his eyes. Afraid of what he sees.

She looks at him closely. He's trembling. His eyes far away.

JESSICA

You're afraid. What do you see that you fear?

PAUL

(in a rising frenzy)

Holy war. Spreading across the universe like unquenchable fire. A warrior religion that waves the Atreides banner. Fanatical legions worshipping at the shrine of my father's skull. A crusade. In my name. My name. That's the future. It's coming.

JESSICA

Paul.

CHANI'S VISION

*Paul!*

She grabs him by the shoulders. Anchoring him.

JESSICA

Your name is Paul. Paul Atreides.  
You are the Duke Paul Atreides.

He looks up his eyes are shining with tears.

PAUL

(using the Voice)  
GET OFF ME!

Jessica moves back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You did this to me! You BENE  
GESSERIT. You made me a freak!

\*

Jessica slowly goes back closer to him. She pulls him into her shoulder, holding him. He bursts into sobs, finally. She cries with him.

98

EXT. KYNES'S HOME - DAY

98

A house high up on the edge of the city, with commanding views. Accessible on one side from the street and on the other side from the desert. The home of Liet Kynes.

Kynes stands on the terrace, looking out at the Harkonnen war fleet in the skies of Arrakis. Her face is grim.

Her eyes widen as a Harkonnen ornithopter swoops directly toward her -- flares its wings in a daredevil maneuver -- and lands lightly on the ledge in front of her house.

Duncan Idaho gets out, haggard, and ROARS:

IDAHO

Kynes!

Kynes's hand goes to the hilt of a crysknife sheathed at the small of her back.

KYNES

It's not safe for you here.

Idaho draws his sword. Trembling with rage. Spits the words:

IDAHO

Will you tell the Great Houses of  
the Landsraad how we were betrayed?  
How the best of them was murdered  
here?

KYNES

I am commanded to say nothing.  
To see nothing.

Idaho stares at her bleakly as the import of that sinks in.

IDAHO

The Emperor sent us here to die.

Kynes lowers her head. Speaks almost to herself:

KYNES

God created Arrakis to test the  
faithful.

99 INT. STILLTENT - DAY

99

The dark tent is dimly lit by a pale glowtab. Scant beads of condensate form on the tent wall and drip into a reclamation system. Jessica lies sleeping.

Paul is looking at his father's ring.

He slowly put it on his finger.

We hear a signal from the transmitter.

She wakes to see Paul bending over the water reclamation system.

PAUL

Someone is near. You need to drink.

He detaches the catchpocket and hands it to her: a scant offering of water. She drinks half of it and hands it back. He finishes it. Both look haggard: skin dry, lips cracked.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here.

He picks up a SAND COMPACTOR and turns to the tent door. Opens the sphincter door.

A trickle of sand pours in -- but Paul activates the sand compactor: its electrostatic field repels the sand and causes it to pack more tightly. He tunnels toward the surface.

100 EXT. ARRAKIS DESERT - SUNSET

100

Sand dunes glow in the light of an orange sunset. The twin moons rising in the sky. Silence and stillness.



A sudden movement: a minuscule animal, a DESERT MOUSE with impressive huge ears, climbs a dune.

The mouse reaches the top of the dune where a faint evening mist is blowing. It stands up in the wind, opening its ears wide like sails: capturing moisture. Tiny beads of water catch in the fine hairs and form droplets. The mouse drinks.

A MOVEMENT IN THE SAND nearby sends the mouse scurrying off.

Paul burrows up out of the sand with the compactor. Looks around. Ten feet away, the desert mouse stands frozen. For a moment they look at each other. The mouse hops away.

Paul climbs out. Reaches down into the hole again and pulls out the Fremkit pack. Reaches down one more time and drags Jessica out. She comes out drawing a trailing strap behind her.

AN ORNITHOPTER approaches, fast and low. Nowhere to run.

The ornithopter flares its wings aerobatically and touches down light as a feather. Paul bursts into a smile.

PAUL  
That's Duncan!

Idaho swings out of the pilot's seat. His eyes wide with astonishment and joy. He runs to them across the sand. Throws his arms around them. His voice husky with emotion.

Tears rise in his eyes. He takes Paul by his shoulders.

IDAHO  
Paul. I'm so sorry. Your father...

Duncan stiffens in realization. Drops to his knees.

IDAHO (CONT'D)  
Sire. Milord Duke.

He presses his forehead to Paul's hand, overwhelmed. Jessica lays a loving hand on Duncan's head.

101 INT. IDAHO'S ORNITHOPTER - NIGHT

101

Paul and Jessica clamber into the rear seats -- and find Kynes sitting in the co-pilot's seat.

Idaho passes a ration kit back to Paul and Jessica. They pull out water flasks and ration bars, and drink thirstily as Idaho takes the controls and lifts off.

JESSICA

Dr. Kynes.

IDAHO

She's found us a place to hide.  
And friends to watch over us.

Paul looks out the windows at the ornithopters flanking them.

PAUL

Fremen?

KYNES

People I trust.

PAUL

(to Idaho)

Is there anyone else left?

Idaho shakes his head grimly. Remembering the carnage.

IDAHO

I listened on the combat channels.  
Gurney gave 'em hell at Arrakeen  
Landing, but lost the day.  
They must have landed ten legions.  
Hundreds of ships. There were  
Sardaukar with them. At least two  
battalions.

JESSICA

You're sure?

IDAHO

You cross swords with a Sardaukar,  
you know it.

JESSICA

So. The Emperor's taken a side.  
What says the Judge of the Change?

Kynes looks back at her sadly.

KYNES

My title is hollow. The Emperor  
forbids me to say anything at all.

PAUL

Yet you risk your life to help us.

102 EXT. ROCKY PROMONTORY - DAWN 102

Swiftly the Fremen cover the ornithopters with camouflaged tarpaulins and anchor them to the ground.

KYNES

We have to get inside. There's a storm coming.

Paul looks: far off he can see the storm as a column of darkness blotting out the stars. At its edge the stars shine blood-red through a haze of sand and dust.

The Fremen find a subtle marking on the rock. Using sand compactors they dig down until a DOOR is revealed. The Fremen work a hidden latch. The stone slab swings inward, revealing a corridor. Kynes leads them inside.

102A INT. RESEARCH STATION - NEXUS - DAY 102A

A huge circular chamber with a central pillar of stone. Passages lead away to laboratories and other facilities.

Rough-hewn vents open in the rocky ceiling: warm, indirect sunlight shines through some fissure high above. The floor is drifted with sand. Kynes nods at her Fremen escort.

103 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 103

Kynes leads Paul, Jessica, and Idaho through a door. They are accompanied by two Fremen: TANAT and SHAMIR. They enter a wide hall: lights flicker on. They see science facilities on each side: botanical labs, chemistry labs, storerooms.

KYNES

Tanat, will you find stillsuits to fit our visitors? Shamir, coffee service, please.

SHAMIR

Yes, Liet.

The Fremen hurry off with unquestioning obedience. Paul watches this curiously.

PAUL

Who are you to the Fremen?

Kynes smiles slightly and does not answer.

Idaho, ever cautious, prowls across the station, peering into laboratories. Hands on his weapons. Kynes looks at Paul.

KYNES

Do you know what this place is?  
It's an old Ecological Testing  
Station. They were meant to tame  
the planet. Free the water locked  
beneath the sands. Arrakis could be  
a paradise. The work had begun. But  
then we discovered the *spice!* And  
suddenly no one wanted the desert  
to go away.

104 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 104

Duncan Idaho wanders into a lab where DESERT-ADAPTED PLANTS grow under glass domes -- not in soil but in sand. He walks the rows in quiet wonder, hand on his sword-hilt.

105 INT. LABORATORY OFFICE - DAY 105

A square chamber carved from bedrock, lit by glowglobes. A row of metal file cabinets stands against one wall.

In the middle of the room, a desk with a milk-glass top shot full of yellow bubbles is ringed by four suspensor chairs. Kynes sits at the desk with Paul and Jessica.

Tanat returns and lays two bundled stillsuits and their fremkit on a shelf for them.

KYNES

Thank you, Tanat.

Tanat exits. We glimpse Idaho taking up a guard position outside the office as the door closes.

PAUL

Do you know what the Great Houses fear most? Just what's happening here. The Sardaukar picking them off one by one. Only together can they stand against the Imperium. Would you bear witness? Testify that the Emperor moved against us here?

KYNES

If they believed me...there would be general warfare between the Great Houses and the Emperor.

JESSICA

Chaos. Across the Imperium.

PAUL

But suppose I presented the Emperor  
with an alternative to chaos. The  
Emperor has no sons. Only  
daughters.

The audacity of his words takes their breath away.

KYNES

You'd make a play for the throne?  
You're a lost boy, hiding in a hole  
in the ground.

Paul's voice cracks like a whip:

PAUL

You will call me *my Lord* or *Sire*.  
(more gently)  
Fremen speak of the *Lisan al-Gaib*,  
the Voice from the Outer World who  
will lead them to Paradise.

Jessica frowns. Paul is accepting the religious mantle. A  
dangerous game. She murmurs:

JESSICA

Careful...

But Kynes looks away, shaken. Her heart wants to believe.

KYNES

Superstition.

PAUL

I know you loved a Fremen warrior,  
and lost him in battle. I know you  
walk in two worlds and are known by  
many names. I know your dream.

Kynes stares at Paul, suddenly vulnerable.

PAUL (CONT'D)

As Emperor, I could make a Paradise  
of Arrakis with a wave of my hand.

105A INT. NEXUS - DAY

105A

Kynes's Fremen companions -- six warriors, men and women --  
sit drinking coffee from little silver cups.

A quiet *SCRAPE* makes them all freeze like deer. A spill of  
sand from the vents overhead draws their eyes.

We tilt up to see SARDAUKAR dropping through the vents, falling in slow motion on suspensors.

We track them as they fall -- fifty Imperial soldiers -- landing lightly on the chamber floor. They look around.

The Fremmen have vanished. One of the Sardaukar stoops to pick up a silver coffee cup -- a trickle of coffee in the bottom. He frowns thoughtfully --

-- and the Fremmen ERUPT FROM THE SAND all around the Sardaukar, KNIVES DRAWN! They leap into battle like dervishes, six against fifty. Fighting with superhuman skill.

106 INT. LABORATORY CORRIDOR - DAY 106

Duncan Idaho looks up as one of the Fremmen comes in from the Nexus -- and falls on her face, a knife in her back.

Sardaukar pour through the door behind her. Twenty of them. Idaho looks at them and sees his death. A strange wild joy starts up in him. So this is how it ends.

He SLAPS the door behind him twice. Draws his sword and walks to meet the enemy.

107 INT. LABORATORY OFFICE / CORRIDOR - DAY 107

Hearing the clash of steel, Paul leaps up and opens the door.

Halfway down the hall, Duncan Idaho stands against a wall of Sardaukar -- his longsword slashing, his shield sparkling.

There are five Sardaukar dead at Idaho's feet already, but there's still fifteen more trying to kill him. Swords and daggers snaking into his shield. Idaho fights like a god of war. His blade too fast to follow. There's freedom in knowing this is his last stand. He ignores the damage he's taking.

But as Paul watches, a Sardaukar sword rams through Idaho's chest and out of his back. Idaho kills the Sardaukar but staggers to one knee. Another knife rams into him. Idaho kills one more Sardaukar... and falls, dying.

Paul pulls his knife and leaps forward with a cry.

PAUL

Duncan!

JESSICA

Paul, no!

She drags him back into the office.

The Sardaukar advance down the hallway toward them.

Kynes slams the door and locks it. Paul throws himself against the door with a howl.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He's gone!

Kynes swings a steel file cabinet away from the wall, revealing a dark narrow passage. She grabs their stillsuits and fremkit from the shelf. Hands them over.

KYNES

Come!

They hurry through. She swings the door shut behind them: it closes like a bank vault, a thick slab of steel.

HALLWAY

The Sardaukar reach the Laboratory Office door and find it locked. The lead Sardaukar pulls out a laser cutter to cut through the door...

...and behind them, impossibly...Duncan stands up.

A sword through his body. A dagger in his shoulder. He sways on his feet as he lifts his long sword.

The Sardaukar turn. Duncan pulls the sword out of his chest as he walks toward them. Dread fills their eyes.

Duncan goes to his death with a roar, his longsword blazing.

108 INT. LABORATORY PASSAGEWAY - DAY

108

Kynes leads Paul and Jessica swiftly down a narrow tunnel. Glowtabs light up at their approach and go dark behind them.

They come to a fork in the tunnel. Kynes points one way.

KYNES

Follow the arrows. You'll find a desert-rigged thopter ready to fly. That storm out there's your best shot. Above five thousand meters, they're mostly dust. Climb into it. Stay on top. You might just live.

JESSICA  
You're not coming with us?

KYNES  
It only seats two. I'll get to the next station and report this attack to the Landsraad.

JESSICA  
How?

KYNES  
(she grins)  
I'm Fremmen. The desert's my home.

PAUL  
Thank you. Good luck!

KYNES  
Good luck!

She disappears down the other passage.

Paul and Jessica turn and press into the dark -- following the dim arrows that light up before them and fade behind.

108A INT. LABORATORY CORRIDOR - DAY 108A

Duncan lies dead, surrounded by nineteen fallen Sardaukar.

109 INT. CAVERN HANGAR - DAY 109

Paul and Jessica enter a cavern where a small ORNITHOPTER -- sits in a pool of light from an opening in the roof. It's a fast, delicate craft compared to the military airships we've seen previously: its cockpit a bubble of glass.

They stow their equipment in the ornithopter and climb in. Paul adjusts the pilot's seat. Tests flight controls.

111 EXT. ROCKY SPIRE - DAY 111

The sun still low in the sky. The cloud-wall of the storm looms apocalyptically near, wild with lightning.

Kynes emerges from a rocky spire, rigged for the desert in stillsuit and robes. A fremkit on her back. She looks out across the desert: in two places WORMSIGN is closing in, drawn by the active shields nearby.



She moves away from the rocks along the ridge of a sand dune. As she walks she takes two MAKER HOOKS from her belt and telescopes them to full length. Surveying the desert.

She watches the light ornithopter flown by Paul and Jessica mount into the sky and race for the storm. A moment later, THREE MILITARY ORNITHOPTERS lift off in pursuit. She frowns.

Suddenly THE BLADE OF A DAGGER ERUPTS FROM KYNES'S CHEST. She screams and tumbles down the dune, losing her maker hooks.

A SARDAUKAR ASSASSIN walks down the dune after her with a bloody blade. At the bottom Kynes lies gasping for breath, reaching for her cysknife which has fallen out of reach.

She looks up. Watches the Sardaukar come. Sand slipping down the dune face under his boots.

He stops, standing over here with a cruel sneer.

SARDAUKAR ASSASSIN

Kynes. You betrayed the Emperor.

Kynes hears a sound the Sardaukar fails to notice: a HISS of sand beneath them, growing louder.

She begins to pound the sand with her fist, a steady drumbeat. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

She snarls at her killer.

KYNES

I serve only one master. His name  
is *Shai-Hulud!*

The desert opens up beneath them as a SANDWORM surfaces, its great maw open wide. It devours them both in a flood-tide of sand and sinks back down into darkness.

112 INT. ORNITHOPTER - DAY

112

Paul pushes the power bar forward and pulls back on the yoke. The little ornithopter's engines whine as it dashes for the storm, sinking them into their seats as it climbs.

JESSICA

Jet-flares behind us.

Paul looks back. Sees three Harkonnen 'thopters in pursuit.

He slams the power arm forward. The 'thopter leaping like a frightened animal across the sky. Ahead of them, the rust-colored cloud wall of the sandstorm. Big as a hurricane.

Each of the pursuing ornithopters fires a MISSILE. The three missiles track them and close fast. COLLISION WARNINGS whine inside Paul and Jessica's cockpit.

Paul banks closer to the cloud wall, watching the altimeter. 3000 meters and climbing...

JESSICA (CONT'D)

We're not high enough!

He weaves desperately: but the missiles track the ornithopter easily. Closing fast. They're not going to make it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Paul...!

Paul twists the yoke -- and *BANKS THEM INTO THE STORM-WALL*.

The storm tumbles the ornithopter like a leaf in a gale. The wings buckle dangerously. Paul closes the aircraft's wings.

The missiles follow into the hurricane -- and they, too, are snatched from their courses and hurled chaotically away. They explode, painting ribbons of fire through the storm.

The Harkonnen ornithopters break off: the sandstorm is death.

Paul and Jessica are crushed into their seats by their ornithopter's spin. Sand *SINGS* against the fuselage. Paul fires jets in bursts. Slowing their rotation.

Visibility drops to zero. Only the wash of dust over the windscreen and the green light of the instrument panel.

Paul eases the wings open to short stubs, struggling for control -- and the engines die. (Instruments retain power.)

The only sounds are the wind, and creaking metal, and sand scouring the hull. The altimeter still spins: tumbling chaotically, they are rising. Climbing past 4000 meters.

PAUL

I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer.

\*

Jessica hears him and joins him, in an attitude of prayer:

PAUL & JESSICA

Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear...

Paul fights to controls the tumbling ornithopter, flying dead-stick. The engines are out.

113 EXT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - DAY 113

The Harkonnen Dreadnought still hovers over the great house. Harkonnen guards stationed at every door. In total control.

114 INT. ARRAKEEN RESIDENCY - BATH ROOM - DAY 114

The Baron reclines in a high-tech tub filled with a viscous orange fluid. He's coated to the collarbones.

One of his cheeks is spiderwebbed with white threads, like cracks in an old painting. The after-effects of the poison.

Two teenage SLAVES tend to him: a boy and a girl, both very pretty, in revealing tunics. Both terrified. The boy feeds the Baron fruit from a platter while the girl dabs tentatively at his craquelured cheek with a medical swab.

Rabban enters and approaches the tub. Averting his eyes.

BARON HARKONNEN

So?

The female slave touches the Baron with a swab and he jerks away in pain, slapping the swab from her hand. She cringes.

RABBAN

We chased them into a Coriolis storm. Winds at eight hundred kilometers an hour. Nothing survives such a storm. They are dead. It is a certainty.

The Baron takes a deep breath.

BARON HARKONNEN

So it's done. At last.

He beckons to the slave girl to resume her ministrations.

BARON HARKONNEN (CONT'D)

Send word to Giedi Prime to begin selling our spice reserves. Slowly! We don't want the price to fall. You cannot imagine what it cost me to bring such force to bear here. I want you squeeze, Rabban. Squeeze hard.

RABBAN

Yes, Uncle. And the Fremmen?

BARON HARKONNEN  
The Fremmen? Kill them all.

125 INT. ORNITHOPTER (IN FLIGHT) - DAY 125

The altimeter reads 8000 meters.

On Paul.

KYNES (V.O.)  
Above five thousand meters, they're  
mostly dust. Climb into it. Stay on  
top. You might just live.

PAUL (V.O.)  
*8000 meters. We're still climbing.*

Dust has penetrated the cockpit. It swirls across the deck  
and hangs in the air, laden with spice -- orange motes  
drifting before his eyes. Jessica coughs in the dust.

PAUL (V.O.)  
*I'll need to time the top of the  
vortex. I can see it. It will be  
there... In few seconds... I can  
see it....*

Paul opens the wings. It takes all his strength. They creak  
and whine -- but they unfurl.

126 EXT. DUST STORM - DAY 126

The little ornithopter breaks out of the vast storm, miles  
up. Banking away from the hurricane into blue skies.

The aircraft's glass bubble has been scoured to a milky  
translucence by dust. The wings are bent and trembling. The  
engines choked by dust compacted hard as concrete.

The ornithopter is a glider now.

127 INT. ORNITHOPTER (IN FLIGHT) - DAY 127

Descending silently and swiftly, Paul sees warning lights  
multiply across his instrument panels as systems fail.

PAUL  
As soon as we're down, run for the  
rocks.

Jessica nods, bracing herself against the fuselage.

128 EXT. DESERT - DAY

128

The ornithopter skips across the sand, struts breaking, wings crumpling, and comes to a stop tilted onto one side.

Paul and Jessica climb out, grab their gear, and run -- struggling through the deep soft sand toward the rocks. Halfway to the ridge they hear the deep HISS of sand...the rending of metal behind them as a worm takes the wreck.

Only when they reach the rocks do they look back -- in time to see a huge wormsign disappearing into the deep desert. The sun beats down. Heat shimmers off the rocks and dunes.

Jessica peels off her nightgown. Paul turns his back and undresses. They slither into stillsuits.

CUT TO

They are ready to go.

PAUL

Now we have to find the Fremmen.

128A EXT. ROCK RIDGE - DAY

128A

Paul walks followed by Jessica. He's lost in thoughts.

VOICE (O.S.)

My dear friend.

128B EXT. ARRAKIS DESERT - DAY

128B

From Paul's point of view, we're sitting inside a cave.

We turn to see a rugged male Fremmen named JAMIS, who instantly puts us at ease with his calm and pleasant demeanor.

Jamis looks now very close to camera...

JAMIS

Deep in your heart you know it's not you. You are not the One. Don't take that burden on your shoulders. You are free. I'll show you the ways of the desert. Come with me.

129 EXT. ROCK RIDGE - DAY

129

Paul and Jessica work their way along the rocky ridge, staying close to cover -- until the ridge peters out. They gaze across a four-kilometer stretch of open sand to a rock formation on the far side. Paul studies the paracompass.

Jessica stares across the sand through binoculars.

JESSICA

There's greenery over there.

She passes the binoculars to Paul. He peers through them, seeing cactus and sage growing high in the rocks.

PAUL

That has to mean people.  
We'll cross after dark. Like the  
Fremen do.

131 EXT. ROCKY RIDGE - NIGHT

131

The stars are out. Both moons nearly full, painting the desert with blue light.

PAUL

Remember. Walk without rhythm. Like  
the Fremen do. Erratic movement.

\*  
\*

He demonstrates. Step-step...step-drag...wait... She follows. Together they cross the sand under the moonlight, side by side. The extraordinary skill of their bodies pressed into service in a strange new motion. They leave strange tracks.

They continue sandwalking, without rhythm. It's exhausting.

A low HISSING. Jessica points. Far off, WORMSIGN: a wave of sand cresting nearer. They stave off panic and keep walking.

Fatigue makes Paul stumble onto a plain of hardened sand. *BOOM BOOM!* His steps echo like explosions across the plain.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Drum sand!

The worm, which had been headed for the thumper, immediately changes course and drives straight for them.

JESSICA

Run!

They run, heedless of the drum sand, raising an unholy thunder. The worm gaining on them. They run into sand, then into pea gravel that rolls underfoot. The worm still gaining.

As they reach the rocks on the far side, Paul stumbles and falls. Jessica runs on without him before she realizes Paul's been left behind. She turns back.

Paul rises to his feet as the sandworm surfaces -- the first time we've seen a worm's mouth fully revealed. A vast half-circle of death ringed with crysknife teeth in the moonlight.

Paul stands frozen in front of it. Its spice-laden breath washes over him.

A distant THUDDING echoes across the sand. A thumper!

The giant eyeless beast turns away, submerging and questing away across the sand after that rhythm. Paul and Jessica watch the worm go.

They turn back to the rock outcrop.

They climb upward.

132 EXT. ROCKY BASIN - NIGHT

132

At the top they find a natural amphitheater with rough rock walls and a floor of sandy earth. PLANTS are growing here: sage and saguaro and mesquite among the jagged stones.

PAUL  
Someone called it.

Paul makes a hand signal: we are not alone.

Quiet STIRRINGS all around them. Dozens of silhouettes rise against the stars. They are surrounded by an entire tribe!

Paul and Jessica spin, seeking escape -- but there's no way out. They are encircled. They stand back-to-back.

STILGAR (O.S.)  
Do not run. You will only waste  
your bodies' water.

Four ATTACKERS move forward, hands on their knives, to claim the interlopers' lives.

PAUL  
Stilgar!

A startled silence.

STILGAR (O.S.)

Hold!

The Attackers stop advancing. Stilgar walks out into the moonlight to face Paul. Paul meets his eyes.

PAUL

I was there when you came to my father's council. With Duncan Idaho. You know me.

Stilgar studies his face in the moonlight, and nods.

STILGAR

This is the Duke's son.

One of the four attackers, a rangy wolf of a man with a bristling beard, snarls in answer. This is JAMIS.

JAMIS

Why are you waiting? We need their water.

\*  
\*  
\*

STILGAR

This is the boy I told you about. The chosen one. We can't touch him.

\*  
\*  
\*

FEMEN WOMAN (NAME?)

*How can he be the Lisan Al Gaib?*

\*  
\*

FREMEN MAN

*He hasn't proven himself.*

\*  
\*

JAMIS

They are weaklings!

\*  
\*

STILGAR

Jamis, hold. That was a brave crossing they made in the path of Shai Hulud. He does not speak or act like a weakling. Nor did his father.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JAMIS

My thumper saved his life. Come to your senses, Stilgar. He's not the one.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JESSICA

We have powerful friends. If you help us get offworld, to Caladan -- you'll be well rewarded.



STILGAR

What wealth can you offer beyond  
the water in your flesh?

Stilgar clenches his jaw.

He does know the law.

He considers Jessica and Paul, and passes sentence.

STILGAR (CONT'D)

The boy is young. He can learn.  
Liet favors him. He may have  
sanctuary. But the woman is  
untrained and too old to learn our  
ways.

Stilgar looks at Jessica with grave courtesy.

He reaches for his crysknife.

Jessica flashes into motion: trapping his hand, pummeling his  
body. She spins him around. The knife she seized from the  
troopers on the ornithopter flashes into her hand.

In a moment she's backed up against the cliff, Stilgar pinned  
before her in a chokehold, her knife at his throat.

Paul darts for the shadows. Jamis leaps to intercept him.  
Paul kicks him in the solar plexus, chops his neck with  
perfect precision, and catches his pistol as it falls.

The Fremmen swiftly close in on Jessica, weapons ready -- but  
she tightens her grip until Stilgar shouts:

STILGAR (CONT'D)

Back, you dogs! She'll cut my  
throat!

Paul swarms up the rock face until he finds a ledge that will  
hold him. He crouches in the shadows, controlling his  
breathing. The pistol aimed at Stilgar.

PAUL

One move and you die.

STILGAR

(to Jessica)

Why didn't you say you were a  
weirding woman and a fighter?

JESSICA

The conversation ran short.

She bears down on his neck until he cries out again.

STILGAR

Peace, woman! I judged hastily.

The words send a superstitious shiver through the tribe.

Cautiously Jessica releases Stilgar. He steps free and calls out to the tribe.

STILGAR (CONT'D)

(in Chakobsa, subtitled)  
*The night is fading. We must reach Sietch Tabr. The fates of these strangers will be decided there. Until then they have my countenance! My word is on them.*

(to Jessica)

Tell your boy to come down. He made more noise than shai-hulud climbing that cliff.

(CHAKOBSA TRANSLATION)

Zeyaashaha gumih. Oma jiladha a-Sich Tabra. Ru vaanar liikasat ziha dimadhagas chos. A-vannat belilii hiyak! Ukairibii unak.

(PHONETIC:ze-YAA-sha-ha QU-mih. o-ma JI-la-dha a-SICH TAB-ra. ru VAA-nar LII-ka-sat zi-ha DI-ma-dha-gas CHOS. a-VAN-nat BE-li-lii hi-yak! u-KAI-ri-bii u-nak.)

Fremen rush into the shadows and help Jamis to his feet.

JESSICA

Paul. Come down.

ON THE LEDGE

Paul stands, lowering the pistol. A SLIM YOUNG WOMAN rises from the shadows beside him, masked by her stillsuit. Her crysknife shines in the moonlight. This is CHANI.

CHANI

I would not have let you hurt my friends.

She opens her stillsuit mask to look at him curiously.

CHANI (CONT'D)

They say you are the *Mahdi*. But you look like any boy.

Paul stares at her: at a face he knows as well as his own. The girl of his recurring dreams. Chani smiles.

CHANI (CONT'D)

You chose the hardest way up. Follow me.

132A EXT. ROCKY BASIN - NIGHT

132A

Chani leaps lightly down the rocky slope to rejoin the others. Paul slides down behind her, less gracefully.

Stilgar points at the maula pistol in Paul's sash. Beckons for it. Paul glances at Jessica. She nods. He gives it up.

STILGAR

You will have your own maula  
pistol, when you've earned it.

Stilgar tosses the gun to Jamis, who holsters it furiously.

STILGAR (CONT'D)

Chani. Take charge of the  
newcomers. See that they are safe  
on the journey.

The girl nods. Paul's eyes go to her. *Her name is Chani!*

JAMIS

(roaring)  
I will not have them!

STILGAR

Jamis! I have spoken. Be still.

JAMIS

No. You talk like a leader. But the  
strongest leads! She bested you. I  
challenge her! I invoke the amtal!

A murmur of shock and excitement among the Fremen.

STILGAR

You may not challenge a *Sayyadina*.

JAMIS

Then who will fight in her name?

STILGAR

Jamis. Don't do this. The night is  
fading.

JAMIS

Then Al-lat, the Sun, will witness  
this death. Where is her champion?

All eyes turn to Paul. He finds himself stepping forward.

Jamis snarls in satisfaction. This is what he wanted. He begins to strip off his stillsuit.

JAMIS (CONT'D)  
I accept her champion!

132B EXT. ROCKY BASIN - PRE-DAWN

132B

The Fremmen have cleared the ground of a rocky platform. Jamis paces the circle, a crysknife in his hand. Eager to fight.

Jessica watches in dismay as preparations are made for her son to fight this seasoned warrior. The sky grows lighter in the east: the gray twilight before dawn.

Paul is facing a wall, lost in thoughts. He has a sudden vision.

PAUL'S VISIONS

*Paul fights with Jamis. Paul feels a pain in his chest. He has been stabbed. He falls on his knees. Jamis holds a crysknife with blood on it.*

PAUL SNAPS BACK TO REALITY.

Paul removes his gear and gets ready for the fight. He feels alone like never before. He looks at his father's ring and puts it back in one of his pockets.

Chani comes beside him.

CHANI  
I don't believe you are the Lisan  
Al Gaib. But I want you to die with  
honor.

She places her own crysknife in his hands.

CHANI (CONT'D)  
This crysknife was given to me by  
my great aunt. It's made out of a  
tooth of Shai-Hulud. The great  
sandworm. This will be an honor for  
you to die holding it.

JAMIS (O.S.)  
Where is the outworlder?!

CHANI  
Jamis is a strong fighter. He won't  
let you suffer.

PAUL  
Chani...

CHANI

Yes?

Paul considers telling her about his visions... Paul looks at Chani in the eyes. She is troubled. A strange intimate silence between them.

PAUL

I... Never mind.

Chani walks Paul to the circle. Paul steps into the circle, weighing the strange knife in his hands. He tosses and catches it a few times to get the feel.

JAMIS

May thy knife chip and shatter!

Paul salutes with his knife in the chivalric manner. They begin to circle one another.

JAMIS (CONT'D)

You should welcome my blade! This world will kill you. Quicker this way.

He attacks immediately and repeatedly: swift brutal blows, each one a killing stroke. He is utterly confident: taller, stronger, contemptuous of this weak foreign boy.

But in Paul, Jamis has met a level of training the Fremmen have never seen. Paul evades and deflects every attack without breaking a sweat, calm and steady. Each time his counter-attack is exquisitely graceful, on-target...

...and slow. Timed as if Jamis wore a shield. Each time Jamis jerks away in time to survive.

Swiftly it becomes plain that Jamis is badly overmatched. He is tiring, covered with sweat, while Paul is unruffled.

He lunges -- and Paul meets his arm with the point of his blade, dealing a nasty wound. Jamis leaps back with a snarl.

PAUL

Do you yield?

A murmur of protest among the Fremmen. Stilgar speaks up.

STILGAR

The boy doesn't know our rule. There can be no yielding under the amtal rule. Death is the test of it.

*Kill or be killed.* Paul swallows hard and comes on guard.

The fighters clash again and again. Every time Paul proves untouchable, but fails to strike a killing blow.

STILGAR (CONT'D)  
 (quietly, to Jessica)  
 Is he toying with him?

JESSICA  
 (under her breath)  
 No. Paul has never killed a man.

Stilgar's eyes widen as he understands what he's seeing.

Jamis makes a savage, desperate run at Paul. He leaps, spinning in the air -- *and as he spins his knife switches hands, striking from a new angle --*

But Paul has seen the switch. He too switches knife hands -- blocking Jamis's knife arm with his empty hand. With the other he drives his knife under Jamis's ribs into his heart.

A gout of blood slashes across Paul's body.

Paul steps away like a matador as Jamis crashes to the floor.

A few Fremen rush in, wrapping Jamis in a plasticine sheet.

132C            MINUTES LATER - DAWN (BEFORE SUNRISE)            132C

The light of daybreak grows stronger in the East. Chani looks at Paul with something like awe.

The Fremen flock around Paul, congratulating him, touching him. Marveling at his skill. A glow of pride creeping across Paul's face. This combat is sacred to them. He is accepted.

STILGAR  
 You are one of us now. A life for a life. Come with us to Sietch Tabr. The night is flown: We must travel under the sun.

Jessica is troubled. Seeing her son become a killer, a tribesman among these savage people...

JESSICA  
 Paul needs to get offworld. You must have ways. Smugglers. Ships...

PAUL  
 No.

She looks at her son. Paul's eyes flash in the light of the breaking day. His vision is clear.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The Emperor sent us to this place.  
And my father came -- not for the  
spice, but for the strength of  
these people. I am the Duke now.  
And my road leads into the desert.  
I can see it. If you'll have us.

Jessica nods. Not understanding, but trusting him. Paul looks at Stilgar.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We will come. And learn your ways.

\*

133

EXT. ROCKY RIDGELINE - DAWN

133

The tribe moves single file along an elevated ridge. Stilgar leads: at the tail of the column, three Fremmen carry Jamis's wrapped body. A treasure of water.

In the middle of the column, Paul clutches at Jessica's arm. Staring at the sun. She turns to look.

Far-off, silhouetted against the sunrise, a SANDWORM passes, traveling on the surface. On its back, hanging on with "maker hooks," FREMMEN are riding -- robes fluttering in the wind.

Paul and Jessica watch the worm pass by in awe. Paul turns to whisper to his mother in fierce triumph.

PAUL

Desert power!

She smiles in the golden light, making his heart skip a beat. This is the image from his visions. The dream girl.

CHANI

This is only the beginning.

She turns and walks on across the rocks in the golden light. He follows. Around them the sands stretch toward the horizon. Toward a future he cannot see.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.