

TITLES ON BLACK, APPEARING ONE AFTER THE OTHER

**Prologue about SPICE TBD**

FADE IN:

DREAM SEQUENCE: EXT. ARRAKIS - END OF DAY

*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...

INT. CALADAN CASTLE, PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

He sits in his bed... troubled.

INT. CALADAN CASTLE - ROOM OVERLOOKING VALLEY - MORNING

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 WATERRRRRRR.

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.