

Old-Time Prophet to His Mission High

Dramatis Personae

The Flying University of Landsraad

Atreides College

Paul Muad'Dib – A fresher; the Messiah

Future-Paul – [should ideally be played by the same person as Paul, but this may be hard.]

Leto Atreides – Duke of the College

Professor Thufir Hawat – Paul's tutor

Duncan Idaho – 'loose' graduate student

Doctor Yueh – College Chaplain

Gurney Halleck – Paul's scout (and musician extraordinaire)

Jessica – Paul's College mother

Alia – Paul's sister

William Laurence – Captain of Dragon

Temeraire – College dragon

Harkonnen Hall

Vladimir Harkonnen – Baron of the College

Piter De Vries – Senior Tutor

Others

Emperor Shaddam IV – Vice-Chancellor

Two Sardaukar – The Proctors

K(e)yens – a planetologist

Non-University Characters

Some Fremen – bat people dwelling in the desert

Saracen – homicidal goose

With attendant Chorus of Sandworms

I: Atreides College is about to move to the desert of Arrakis. We find out protagonist in a tute.

Paul: Professor Hawat, why is the College moving? Isn't it fine where it is?

Thufir: Young man, inter-collegiate politics are very complicated, though you will come to understand them in the fullness of time. For now, it would suffice for you to know that the Vice-Chancellor has granted us the airspace over Arrakis from the Harkonnens. As you know, that's the only place where aether can be mined, and it will of course mean that we are now the overseers of the distribution process.

Duncan sweeps in.

Duncan: Paul, why are you asking that old fart questions? I know everything you really need to know. Come, let me show you the sights.

They walk up to Laurence and Temeraire, who is flapping his wings and continues to do so.

Duncan: Paul, this is Laurence.

Laurence: How do you do.

Duncan: He's the one in charge of Temeraire, the dragon who keeps the college aloft.

Temeraire: [insert witty line]

They walk off.

Paul: So where does Temeraire sleep at night?

Duncan: Normally he doesn't. But this one time, at band camp, I slipped in some sleeping pills into his Pimm's. I was grounded by Leto, the Duke, for an entire month!

Paul: Really! You're so lucky, what's it like below the clouds?...

They drift away into the distance talking to each other and laughing...

II: Harkonnen Hall: the great rival college to Atreides. Vladimir and Piter enter (audience boo).

Baron: Tell me again, my dear Piter, how we're going to utterly crush the puny Atreides and their upstart college once and for all?

Piter: Well, my Baron, once the Atreides have settled in, a trusted member of their college will allow the proctors, disguised as Harkonnen students, to enter and wreck havoc. Really, my Baron, now that we have got the Vice-Chancellor and his proctors on our side, surely it can only be a matter of time before Leto is begging at your feet.

Both cackle maniacally.

III: Atreides College, above the desert Arrakis.

Gurney: Rise and shine, master Paul. Welcome to Arrakis!

*Consider yourself ...at home,
Consider yourself ...one of the Atreides,
We've journeyed a long ... long way,
And here... Dune... is where we're going to stay.*

*Consider the spice: now ours!
The aether I've heard ... is what it's often called,
It powers our spells ... so well,
These plot ... points ... I now shall cease to tell."*

Actually I was wondering if you'd like your room cleaned?

Paul: Well, I was up all night writing a panto so I would rather like some sleep.

Gurney: Alas, the Duke wishes to see you immediately.

Paul gets up and goes to the Duke Leto.

Leto: Paul, I am your father.

Paul: WHAT!?!?!

Leto: It is left as an exercise for the audience to insert a witty explanation here. But, if anything should happen to me, I want you to take care of the college.

IV: *At the rear-gate of the Atreides College there are some suspicious goings-on. Dr Yueh opens the gate and let the proctors in. <<<suspenseful music>>>*

Dr. Yueh: Quickly, this way!

Dr. Yueh, flanked by the proctors, confronts Leto.

Leto: Yueh, you've betrayed me!

Yueh: Oh no I haven't.

Leto: Oh yes you have! *[Repeat ad nauseam]*

Yueh: Well if you insist then ... seize him!

Senior Proctor: On charges of throwing eggs and flour, per Landsraad University Regulation Number 392532-32 Section 3-2... <cut-scene> -2.(ii) line 429, you are hereby fined 4 shillings and threepence and will be detained until further notice.

They drag Leto off.

Leto: But I was just baking a cake!

V: *In the desert. Jessica is tapping her foot unconsciously.*

Paul: But Jessica, how did we end up here in the desert all of a sudden?

Jessica: The Powers That Be decided skipping to this scene was the best way to conserve plot momentum.

Paul: How thoughtful of them, I could go without watching the destruction of my college.

Jessica: Well, personally, I was getting a bit bored.

Paul: Hey, could that hissing noise be a sandworm?

They run, pursued by sandworm chorus.

VI: *Still in open desert.*

Jessica: Paul, this is planetologist K(e)ynes: he's agreed to help us.

K(e)yne: So, you two are on the run from the Proctors, eh? Tsk, tsk. Still, I may be able to help you. I've been studying and have some links with the Fremen, a local indigenous bat-like people. I think they may be prepared to offer you shelter if you'll conform to their customs.

Jessica: Gee, thanks, Milton!

VII: *Fremen dwellings.*

Fremen: We've heard of the legend of the Messiah, the *Lisan al-Gaib*, who shall come among us and have the power to do the impossible - with the aid of aether.

Paul: If I travel back in time, and make out with myself, would that count?

Fremen: ...not quite what we were expecting, but yes.

A future Paul enters.

Future-Paul: Hi, I'm you from half an hour hence, and trust me, you're going to enjoy this...

VIII: *Yet another part of the desert.*

Fremen: <movie-trailer-y voice> There is a Great and Terrible Sandworm in these parts, or so I've heard tell. And yet none of my brave Fremen brothers who have gone to seek it have ever returned.

Paul: I shall seek this monster, and overcome it to show that I am the Messiah and can tame any worm of the desert.

Paul plants a thumper, and attracts Saracen.

Paul: That's not a sandworm, it's just a goose!

He tries to pet Saracen; Saracen attacks; Paul flees.

IX: *The Capital City. The Baron, Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, and Alia are present.*

Alia: Hello, grandfather.

Baron: Honestly, do you really expect me to remember every bastard child of every bastard child I've ever sired?

Alia: No, granddad, I expect you to die.

She kills him. Paul and the Fremen enter, riding Sandworms.

Paul: You will yield the Imperium to me.

Vice-Chancellor: Do you mean the University?

Paul: eh...yes, that's the one.

Vice-Chancellor: Why should I?

Paul launches into a song, supported by the Sandworm Chorus.

*Welcome to my seat of power on Desert Arrakis
I hope that you've enjoyed your stay so far
I see you've lost a lot of water.
It is quite dry, you're quite thirsty,
But I assure you it's pleasant enough.
Just remember to wear your stillsuit
And maybe you'll live to see us next week...*

Chorus:

*I would bow to you,
But I'm way too great for you,
Even my Fremen think I'm Godly,
I'm not surprised if you agree.
If you could find some way to be
A little bit less afraid of me
You'd see the visions that control me from inside my head
Say I shouldn't kill you ... yet.*

*I made this half-gander half-sandworm monster to scare you
And I get the feeling that you don't like it
What's with all the screaming?
You like sandworms, you like goslings,
Maybe you don't like monsters so much*

*Maybe I used too many goose-heads
Isn't it enough to know that I ruined some aether, making a gift for you?*

Chorus

*Picture the group of you stranded without your precious dose of spice,
While up above the dunes my Fremen squads destroy the aethersphere.
So all you fools who live your foolish lives may find it quite a nuisance
When you all drop dead – you're addicts to the core.*

*You know it isn't easy making death-threat ultimata.
So maybe you could cut me just a little slack:
Would it kill you to surrender?
I've been patient, I've been gracious
And this desert is covered with worms
Hear them hissing, my hungry children
So maybe you should stay and have another drink and give me all the power.*

Chorus

Vice-Chancellor: Oh well, alright then.

FINIS
(with apologies)