

THEOGONY

SCREENPLAY BY GIOVANNI ZELKO

(BASED ON A STORY BY GIOVANNI ZELKO & MARK SCHWARTZ)

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FADE IN:

EXT. DAY. FARMING VILLAGE. SUDAN. 1970.

The camera pulls away from an ECU of a SOLDIER's black skin to reveal him holding a bloodied machete. A subtitle on the bottom of the screen reads: "**ETHIOPIA, EAST AFRICA, 1975**" Automatic gunfire is heard in the distance followed by screams, more gunfire, and then silence. We follow this soldier who walks towards a simple earthen hut, his machete raised. He enters swinging, we hear horrible screams, and then silence. A military truck pulls up and stops in front of the hut as he exits. The COMMANDER in uniform shouts at him and other machete-wielding soldiers nearby in the village. He is speaking his native African language.

COMMANDER

(subtitles)

We must all leave here at once!
Troops are coming! Burn
everything!

The troops immediately finish their ghastly work by spraying gasoline out of plastic bottles onto the huts before lighting them on fire. The soldiers begin piling onto the truck to depart and the truck pulls away. As the truck exits the village, a woman carrying a baby in her arms runs out of a burning hut where she was hiding, her skirt on fire. The Commander stops the truck, pulls out his pistol, and fires multiple bullets into the woman, striking her down.

COMMANDER

(continuing;
subtitles)

Filthy San!

The baby she held screeches beneath her fallen body. The commander fires a couple more shots into the lifeless body of the mother, but the baby continues to cry out. The commander is about to get out of the truck to finish the job when his driver gets his attention by grabbing his forearm. The commander looks at his driver with a wide-eyed crazed look.

DRIVER

(subtitles)

Sir! The troops are getting
closer! We must go!

The commander nods, closes the truck door, and the truck pulls away in a cloud of dust and smoke.

The camera lingers on the body of the fallen mother in front of her burning village. We continue to hear the cries of her baby.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL. UNITED STATES. 2008.

ECU of a map of the Great Rift Valley. The slow dissolve of the burning village disappears. The camera slowly zooms out to reveal the map of Africa.

EVE

(offscreen)

Order emerges out of Chaos.
Nowhere on this planet is that more true than the African Rift Valley. It stretches from Eritrea in the North to Mozambique in the South. The oldest bones of our descendants have been found there, some 195,000 years ago. Genetic data corroborates the mitochondria results, placing the root of the human family tree in Africa within the past few hundred thousand years.

CUT TO:

ECU of EVE, an African American woman in her late thirties with distinct African features and beautiful dark black skin. Wearing a business suit, she is standing on a podium in front of a giant projected image of the map of Africa.

EVE

Furthermore, the oldest genetic lineages are found in people living in eastern and southern Africa. The San Bushmen of the Kalahari have some of the oldest genetic markers in the world. These populations have maintained a direct mitochondrial link back to Eve, the individual female who lived in Africa 150,000 years ago, uniting everyone around the world in a shared maternal history. Any questions so far?

CUT TO:

The large lecture hall reveals 300 attentive students, writing notes feverishly in their notebooks or laptops. A few students raise their hands. A subtitle reads: "**Present Day, University Of California, Berkeley**". Eve nods to a student near the middle of the class.

STUDENT D:

How did genetic researchers make the great leap forward in tracking human migration versus, say, archaeology? Or paleanthology?

EVE

Ah, the great debate of "Stones, Bones, and DNA." Good question. The answer is, oddly enough, evolution. But not genetic evolution. Science evolves from research to research, decade to decade, century to century. We build on the facts gathered from the scientists who worked before us. It wasn't until 1987, 20 years ago right here at Berkeley, that Dr. Rebecca Cann established and proved the Eve theory using mitochondrial research. Hopefully, some of you in this very class will advance the field of genetic research, and build your work on top of Dr. Cann's work, and my generation's work.

Eve chooses another raised hand.

STUDENT Q

Are history and language studies also critical in genetic mapping?

EVE

Yes, of course. It's a huge mosaic with many different pieces coming together to form a complete picture. As geneticists, we are limited by our specific field of study. We take history, archaeology, and languages into account in our interpretations. Our unique contribution is our ability to trace genealogy--actual biological relationships.

(more)

EVE (cont'd)

That is how geneticists can study mitochondrial DNA from humans around the world and conclude that we are all the recent descendants of a mitochondrial "Eve."

STUDENT E:

Is "Mitochondrial Eve" the first human on earth?

EVE

No. Although we are all descended from that single woman, that does not mean she was the first human. At present date, the oldest fossil of modern human is dated around 195,000 years old. So, at least 50,000 years would have to go by before "Mitochondrial Eve" would be born.

STUDENT A:

If all of our ancestors lived in Africa 60,000 years ago, does that mean that the billions of people around the world today are the product of only 2,000 generations?

Eve clicks her pointer and the screen shows the spread of humans out of Africa to cover the world.

EVE

Yes, that's right. Only 2,000 generations populated our planet in a virtual eye-blink of the world. There were no modern humans living outside of Africa 60,000 years ago.

STUDENT B:

So, before modern man left Africa 60,000 years ago, did we all look the same?

Eve clicks her pointer again, this time beginning a montage of different ethnic faces from different corners of the world: South African, Ethiopian, Indian, Japanese, Eskimo, Navajo, Mayan, Italian, Moroccan, German, etc.

EVE

Another good question. Yes. The small proportion of the genetic variation that distinguishes human populations from one another, such as skin and eye color, hair texture, height, etc., has been debated endlessly. What is more important and needs to be stressed is how much alike we all are. The human genetic code, or *genome*, is 99.9% identical throughout the world. We're talking about a .1% difference in our DNA that is responsible for individual physical trait differences that took place within the past 30,000 years, as seen in our fossil record. It was the fragmentation of human groups as a result of the last ice age that produced the distinct "racial" morphologies we see in modern humans, and not hundreds of thousands of years of separate evolution. That is how and why, in a nutshell, we are all different: short/tall, fat/thin, white/black and on and on. *Viva la diferance!*

The class chuckles at their professor's little joke. One student, ARNOU, is not laughing. {*We'll be seeing more of him later.*} He stands up to get her attention and raises his hand to speak. He has a determined look in his piercing eyes and set jaw. He is handsome with long blonde hair, blue eyes, and a strong build. He speaks with a French accent. Eve acknowledges him.

ARNOU

Where exactly in Africa was the oldest human fossil you mentioned found?

EVE

If you give me one second, I can do better than tell you, I can show you... here. "Omo Kibish," 195 thousand years ago.

Eve uses her laptop to zoom into the specific area on the giant projected map behind her. A star appears with the following text: "**Omo Kibish: 195,000 years ago**".

As Eve explains the history of the area, she becomes a bit sad.

EVE
(continuing)
The San Bushmen, who have the oldest genetic markers in the world, once thrived in this area of Ethiopia.

A photo of a San Bushman and woman appears next to the text.

EVE
(continuing)
However, the relatively recent migratory waves of Bantu-speaking populations from central Africa during the past 2,000 years have overrun the San people, forcing them out of their lands, pushing them further south. There are only a few pockets of the San people living in East Africa today. Recent wars, famines, and widespread disease have further shrunk their numbers... It is truly a shame that the cradle of humanity is reduced to such conditions.

ARNOU
Aren't you from Ethiopia, near Omo Kibish? That makes you one of the San, right?

Eve is obviously stunned and blind-sided by the odd question. His piercing eyes stare at her, making her even more uncomfortable.

EVE
(hesitating)
No... No, you're misinformed. I was born and raised in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORNING. NAVAL AMPHIBIOUS BASE, CORONADO CA.

300 SOLDIERS stand at attention on a wide open black asphalt area between military buildings. Soaking wet, they are wearing combat boots, fatigue pants, and white t-shirts.

Subtitle reads: "**Naval Special Warfare Command, Coronado California**". One soldier in the front line, TRAINEE LEADER, shouts out as INSTRUCTOR J-ROD walks by the trainees to stand before them.

TRAINEE LEADER
(shouting)
In-struc-tor J-Rod!

ALL TRAINEES
(shouting)
Hoo-yah! In-struc-tor J-Rod!

Instructor J-Rod is a silver haired Lieutenant in his late 50's. At a compact height of 5'9", he is in excellent shape with piercing eyes and a dark complexion. This man commands respect from everyone. He is a wolf.

INSTRUCTOR J-ROD
"Train the best. Discard the rest." That is our motto here. As this is your first day of BUDS INDOC, I want to make sure you ladies are in the right place. The U.S. Army Rangers are considered one of the world's greatest commando units ever assembled. They train for only 8 weeks. The U.S. Marine Core shapes their men into killing machines in only 11 weeks. Sea, Air, Land Commandos... "SEALS", require 27 weeks of basic training followed by six months of further training before active service is seen. This training is considered the most difficult in the world. If this does not suit your schedule, back out now. Is that clear?

ALL TRAINEES
Hooyah instructor J-Rod!

INSTRUCTOR J-ROD
Drop!

TRAINEE LEADER
Drop!

ALL TRAINEES
Drop!

All 300 men simultaneously drop into a push-up position and wait for the next command. J-Rod waits for a few moments, scanning the wet group before him.

J-ROD
Push em out! Last man moving wins.

TRAINEE LEADER
Push ups!

ALL TRAINEES
Push ups!

TRAINEE LEADER
Down!

ALL TRAINEES
Down! One! Down! Two!

Instructor J-Rod surveys the men as they count them out.

J-ROD
Silence!

The men immediately silence themselves as they continue their push-ups. J-Rod is standing in front of the men, his chest puffed out, as he begins to speak. His eyes scan the men before him.

J-ROD
(continuing)
For those here who have been in a fog and do not know who I am, listen carefully. My name is Jose Rodriguez, but you will call me Instructor J-Rod.

ALL TRAINEES
Hooyah Instructor J-Rod!

J-ROD
Most of you here will learn to curse that name in your sleep. That's good. I am not here to make friends. I am here to test you, by any and all means at my disposal. In 1971, before any of you ladies were born, I was the navy lieutenant and platoon commander of Whiskey Platoon, SEAL Team One.

(more)

J-ROD (cont'd)

Many SEALs, myself included, went back for seven tours. Seven tours, gentlemen. Warriors love war. They fight for God, Country, and their team. Soldiers fight for themselves and wanna go home to their warm beds. I am here to find out which men are warriors, and which ones are soldiers. Is that clear?

ALL TRAINEES

Hooyah!

J-ROD

Recover!

TRAINEE LEADER

Feet!

ALL TRAINEES

Feet!

All three hundred men snap up to a standing position of attention in one fluid motion. They behave as one. They look as one. J-Rod notices a young man in the back not standing at attention. J-Rod singles him out.

J-ROD

You! Sleepy head! Grab your boat crew and take an ice-dip!

The soldier and seven other men fall out of formation and sprint in line over to a black inflatable boat that is full of water and crushed ice. One by one, fully clothed, they dive in and out. Shivering, they fall back into line and stand at attention.

J-ROD

(continuing)

I don't like you pussys. You're soft. This country is churning out a bunch of soft, creamy pussys. There is a war raging out there and some of you will be this nation's best. Most won't. This is a life and death test here, boys, not some bullshit waste of my time. I will have your respect and attention at all times.

(more)

J-ROD (cont'd)
I am sending you off to kill and
be killed. Is that clear?

ALL TRAINEES
Hooyah, instructor J-Rod!

As J-Rod continues his speech, we cut to different faces of
the soldiers as he says each word.

J-ROD
There are less than 2,000 active
SEALS in the theatre of war today.
In my day, I was considered by
many in the U.S. armed forces, as
well as the Vietkong, to have been
the finest jungle warrior in Nam.
The finest. I served covertly in
Laos, Cambodia, and all over Nam
in dozens of operations. Whiskey
Team was always successful. My
enemy respected me. They feared
me. I kept them awake at night.
I expect the same respect and fear
from you pussys.

ALL TRAINEES
Hooyah!

J-ROD
Warriors, gentlemen. We build
warriors here, not soldiers.
Everyone. Ice-dip.

The entire company lines up and dives into the ice bath as J-
Rod continues his banter.

J-ROD
(continuing)
During the past forty years since
the SEALs began operations, dozens
of SEALs have been killed or
wounded in action in Nam,
Grenada, Beirut, Panama,
Afghanistan, and Iraq. Not one
SEAL, gentlemen, not one was left
behind, ever, dead or alive. That
is character. Doing the right
thing in the face of death. Don't
confuse survival with performance.
Cowards survive.
(more)

J-ROD (cont'd)
 Warriors perform. The TEAM is everything, and character is everything to a SEAL TEAM. An individual is nothing without his team. An individual cannot take down a giant on his own. But a SEAL TEAM can. Is that understood?

ALL TRAINEES
 Hooyah, instructor J-Rod!

J-ROD
 Gentlemen. You are cold and wet. Get used to it. Add sandy, tired, and miserable to that list. Today, we begin.

ALL TRAINEES
 Hooyah instructor J-Rod!

CUT TO:

Montage of the company swimming, running, crawling, boating, push-ups, etc. One man, ZEUS, a blonde-haired, blue-eyed warrior, is clearly dominant. Over these images, we hear J-Rod's voice over:

J-ROD
 (voice over)
 Character, Respect, Loyalty, Courage, Self-Sacrifice, Leadership, Determination, Teamwork, and a NEVER-QUIT Attitude. These qualities are upheld by the SEALs as paramount, and these qualities are what we test here at BUDS, not how fast you swim or run. We see what you are made of. Nothing we do to you here will compare to the physical and mental trauma the SEAL Teams encounter on any given mission. Those of you here who become SEALs will one day remember I said that. In the weeks that follow, I will break the will power, heart, spirit, and bones of almost every one of you standing here before me. Becoming a SEAL is not for everyone.

(more)

J-ROD (cont'd)

The 300 men here will eventually be only ten, or six, or none. I have no quota. Most of you don't have what it takes to be SEALs. That's a fact. You simply need to say "I Quit."

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. SEAL TRAINING BASE.

The company is gathered in full dive gear, at attention before J-Rod. Clearly only half of the men who started now remain.

J-ROD

Less than half this class remains. Those that do make it through the 30 months of training that it takes to become a SEAL will have the honor of joining the most elite fighting force on this planet. You will become one of the finest warriors this human race has ever known. You will become a SEAL.

CU of one trainee's face. It is Zeus. His eyes pierce back at J-Rod with confidence and unflinching determination. J-Rod notices.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. WASHINGTON D.C. APARTMENT.

Sitting at a grand wooden desk in a study whose walls are lined with books, SAM, a silver haired gentleman in his sixties, is painting a miniature figure in his hands. A CU of the figure reveals it to be a crusader knight with sword raised high. The classical music playing in the background is suddenly interrupted by a phone ringing. Putting the soldier down and taking off his glasses, Sam picks up the phone.

SAM

Yes? Very well. The theatre is ready. The play will begin shortly.

Hanging up, he places his glasses back on, picks up his crusader knight, and continues painting.

We hear the sound of a phone ringing, but Sam ignores it this time.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. ATLAS GYM OFFICE.

Sound of phone ringing. CU of hand reaching down to pick up phone. Atlas raises it to his ear. Behind him is the giant logo of his gym: Atlas holding the Earth on his shoulders with the name of the gym above the Earth, ATLAS WORLD GYM.

ATLAS

Atlas World Gym, can I help you?

A COLLECTION OFFICER is on the other line.

COLLECTION OFFICER

Yes, sir, this is Paul calling from Horizon Financial Collection Agency. May I speak to a Mr. Atlas...

ATLAS

(irritated)

Yes, this is Atlas. I just got off the phone with one of you guys yesterday. I know I'm late on my payments. I'm working on it.

COLLECTION OFFICER

Well, sir, I am calling on a separate item of the same matter. This is the in-house legal department representing AMA Medical Services. Our company, as of 9:30 A.M. this morning, has gone ahead and placed a lien on your business, "Atlas World Gym." You have 60 days to pay off the principal of your debt or we will initiate a foreclosure settlement, essentially closing your business...

After a long pause of silence, Atlas speaks into his phone.

ATLAS

You've already taken my house, my cars, my life.

(more)

ATLAS (cont'd)

I won't let you have the last thing I'm holding onto. Every penny this gym makes goes to hospital bills. It's keeping my little girl alive, you monster.

COLLECTION OFFICER

Sir, that is all well and good, but in 60 days from today, you will either pay off your debt or we will close your busine...

Atlas slams down the phone. Fuming, he stares at the phone. A knock on his office door turns his attention.

ATLAS

Come in.

A cute, bubbly female trainer, Josey, pops her head in.

JOSEY

Hi, Atlas. Got a minute?

ATLAS

(forcing a smile)

Sure, Josey. Anything for you.

JOSEY

(squirming)

Atlas, I wanted to come and tell you in person, because I, well, I...

ATLAS

Go on. Don't be nervous. Let me know what's up and I'm sure we can work it out.

JOSEY

I took a job at another gym starting tomorrow. There.

ATLAS

(upbeat/positive)

Listen, I know it hasn't been all that busy around here lately, especially with less people hiring trainers, but things will pick up. I'm sure they will. We're just in a slump. You're my best trainer.

(more)

ATLAS (cont'd)
With Shelly and Karen leaving in
the past few months, I really need
you. You're my best female
trainer!

JOSEY
(feeling guilty)
I'm your *only* female trainer.
Was. I'm sorry, Atlas. But...

ATLAS
(defeated)
Don't be sorry. I understand. Go
ahead. Good luck with your new
job.

JOSEY
Thanks, Atlas. Thanks for all
your help the past few years. I
wish I could stay.

ATLAS
Yeah, me too.

Josey waves a small goodbye and heads back out the door. As
she is halfway out, she turns and pops her head back in.

JOSEY
Oh, Atlas?

Atlas perks up for a moment, thinking she's reconsidered.

ATLAS
Yes, Josey?

JOSEY
The women's toilet is backed up
again. I thought you should know.

ATLAS
Thanks.

JOSEY
Bye.

Josey finally exits the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. SPACE. CGI ENVIRONMENT. SLOW-MO.

The mythical, gigantic Atlas is running through space, enraged. Screaming, he slams his mighty fist into an asteroid that heads his way, pulverizing it into dust.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. UNIVERSITY ARCHED WALKWAY.

With briefcases in hand, Eve and Dr.KEY, a silver-haired older man in his 60's, are walking together on campus in the midst of a sea of students. Dr. Key is the head of the Genetic Research Department.

DR.KEY

Excellent lecture today, Eve. I'm glad I dropped in. You have a way with students.

EVE

(flattered)

Thanks to you, Doctor. I learned from the best.

DR.KEY

Me? I never could get away with giving a five page assignment on a Friday due Monday! I'd have a mutiny! But you, they admire and respect you.

EVE

It's because they know I'm hip to the new game of plagiarism. They don't have time to buy a similar paper online or hire a student from Bombay to write it for them. It's kind of honor amongst thieves.

DR.KEY

Like I said, one tough cookie!

EVE

Yeah, right!

DR.KEY

So, how's the research coming along? Have the two of you made any headway in ironing out the wrinkles?

EVE
(smiling)
Wrinkles? I wish it were that simple. I think we hit a wall. A formidable one.

DR.KEY
Life is full of walls, but there is always a way around, over, or through them. If it were easy, everyone would take your path. No, after all these years of stubborn hard work, I'm sure you'll succeed. You'll have a break-through.

EVE
I have some ideas we haven't tried out yet.

DR.KEY
How so?

EVE
The hyper-genes we're trying to create self-destruct because we've been using conventional genome markers.

Dr. Key's interest has been piqued and he stops walking to listen more carefully.

DR.KEY
(curious)
Right. And?

EVE
So, I've been fiddling with altering the mitochondrial genome to see if I can tap into some unchartered sequencing that enables rebirth of cells.

DR.KEY
(concerned)
Fascinating. But I wouldn't waste too much of your time trying to awaken Lazarus.

Dr. Key forces a smile and continues walking again. He deftly changes the subject.

DR.KEY

(continuing)

So how is "super-man?" I haven't seen him in a few weeks. Buried in books?

EVE

(smiling)

Not quite. He's been training very hard down at the track these days. I'm going for a jog at the track in a little bit. I think better when I'm running! Wanna join me?

DR. KEY

(chuckling)

No, but thanks. My knees gave up on me twenty years ago! Give Adam my best. I'll probably see you both at the lab over the weekend. Have a good run.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. GARDEN OF EDEN. CGI ENVIRONMENT. SLOW-MO.

In the bliss of the Biblical Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve are frolicking in the wilderness. Laughing, playing, and running through sun-filled fields of orchards, streams, and waterfalls, they are truly in paradise.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. UNIVERSITY TRACK AND FIELD ARENA.

ECU of a shot putt, pull out to reveal athlete throwing the shot putt, followed by quick cuts of runners, javelin thrower, and then a discus thrower, ADAM, a tall African man in his mid 30's with jet-black skin and a sculpted athletic torso. Releasing the discus far into the air, he watches it fly. Squinting his eyes, he lets out a smile and clenches his fist before running to retrieve it.

CUT TO:

ECU of discus in grass in the foreground as Adam, in partial silhouette, walks towards it. **Frazier Lens** Adam leans down to pick up the discus.

ADAM
(excited)
God damn!

Adam playfully and skillfully spins it in his hand as COACH walks over, flipping through some pages on his clipboard.

COACH
Fantastic, Adam! Hell of a throw!
That's a new record for you!

ADAM
I got the world in my hand, Coach!

COACH
We gain a few more feet by next
Saturday for the Olympic scouts,
and you'll be able to show the
world what you've got!

ADAM
(excited)
I know it, Coach. This is my last
shot at the Olympics. Not getting
any younger. I know I got it in
me. I can feel it in my
fingertips.

COACH
Good. That's what I wanna hear.
Hit it hard tonight at the gym,
but keep an eye on your shoulder,
o.k.?

Adam has become distracted and is looking past Coach. Coach notices, and both their heads slowly follow something off-screen as it moves.

CUT TO:

CU/SLOW MOTION of Eve running towards and past camera so that every angle of her muscle-toned body can be seen.

CUT TO:

From between the shoulders of Adam and Coach, we see Eve sprint by. The two men turn to continue watching her as she ends her sprint nearby them. Shaking off the run, she heads in their direction.

ADAM
Coach, I never get tired of seeing
her run...

COACH
Hell of a woman. Hell of a woman.
Body and brains.

ADAM
Yup.

COACH
She could be my doctor any day of
the week. You're the luckiest guy
in the world, man.

Coach pats Adam on the shoulder.

ADAM
(smiling)
I know it. Thanks, Coach.

Eve enters frame, walks up to Adam and kisses him.

EVE
Hi, Coach.

COACH
Hi, Eve. Hope you're taking care
of my number one man, here.

ADAM
Hey Coach, we gotta go. Eve and
I are delivering a lecture later.

COACH
I'll see ya tonight at the gym.

ADAM
See ya, Coach.

The two men extend arms forward to shake hands.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. SPACE. CGI ENVIRONMENT. SLOW-MO.

Forming out of light in the midst of the cosmos, we see Zeus raising his arm up as electrical energy crackles through his body. Throwing his arm forward, he releases a bolt of lightning out of his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. COASTAL BEACH.

Thunder rumbles and a flash of white light bursts, revealing a cloudy sky. Another rumble of thunder is heard, followed by a crackle of lightning. The camera pans down to reveal a deserted beach. Far off in the distance, the form of a lone man running can be seen. Another crackle of lightning.

CUT TO:

ECU of group of legs running. Pan up legs slowly to reveal blue U.S. NAVY shorts and shirtless sculpted torsos of the 30 remaining trainees. Camera settles on their laser-focused faces. As the men are running, we hear Instructor J-Rod's voice:

J-ROD
(voice over)
I'm old enough to be your
grandfather, have arthritis in
most my joints, jungle-rot on my
feet, shrapnel in my gut, and **I**
can pass this test. I'm looking
for warriors today. I want
records broken, men.

CUT TO:

Zeus running towards camera. Camera zooms out as he approaches, revealing a hand holding a stop watch in the lower left corner of the screen. Reaching an orange cone, Zeus screams and leans his body forward, collapsing on the sand. Coughing, Zeus vomits up his breakfast. The camera dollies around to reveal J-Rod and a few other instructors. They are all watching on in disbelief. One instructor, DAVIS, is keeping score of the times and is holding clipboards and stopwatches. J-Rod is looking at Zeus in disbelief. J-Rod's surprise at Zeus's ability impresses us.

J-ROD
Holy mother of God, Davis. His
name, again?

Camera wrack focuses to Zeus running and diving into the ocean to begin the swim. Wrack back to J-Rod who looks at his watch, making sure it's right.

DAVIS
"Zeus," sir. He's a first-time
INDOC.

J-Rod looks away from Zeus and turns his attention to Davis.

J-ROD
Where are the rest of 'em?

Instructor Davis raises his binoculars in the direction from where Zeus ran.

CUT TO:

POV of binoculars as they go from out of focus to focus on a staggered group of 9 ATHLETIC MEN in Navy shorts running ahead of the pack.

CUT TO:

Davis lowering the binoculars, still stunned.

J-ROD
How far off is the next group,
Davis?

DAVIS
A little less than a mile, sir.

They both simultaneously turn towards the ocean, where Zeus is still swimming the breast-stroke out to sea.

J-ROD
(in disbelief)
We'll see how he does on a long
distance run in full gear, soaking
wet and cold after no sleep for
two days.

DAVIS
Something tells me he won't flinch.

J-Rod calls back over his shoulder to another officer.