

OUR ANCESTOR

Pilot: "Fish Out of Space"

Revised Draft
3/24/2026

[Dialogue in brackets is spoken in an extinct language.]

ICE AGE OPEN

TUNDRA - DAY (13,000 YEARS AGO)

A windswept, icy, and shrubby tundra.

A PRIMITIVE FIGURE (20s, ancient furs, weathered skin) crouches in the tall grass. Beside them is their CHILD (6), mimicking their parent's stillness.

The child pulls out a hand-carved BONE FIGURINE. They hand it to their parent, whose fingers close over the child's small hand with a desperate squeeze of ownership and protection.

A distant mammoth TRUMPETS. A mammoth herd is on the move. The parent nods to their child. The hunt begins.

BERINGIA - MOMENTS LATER

The prehistoric land bridge connects Siberia to Alaska.

A massive, obsidian SPACECRAFT erupts from the permafrost. It hovers, before shooting into the clouds.

Then, a smaller obsidian ship crashes down, ejecting blinding water onto the camera. It soon clears up to reveal--

BERING SEA - DAY (2030)

Where there once was a land bridge is now an endless ocean. Little Diomed Island's rocky shore is in the foreground.

The water surges. The ship RISES from the depths, then glides towards the island, shredding seawater.

LITTLE DIOMEDE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

INGALIKMIUT CHILDREN are playing on the beach. They suddenly freeze in their tracks, staring at the hovering monolith.

The ADULT VILLAGERS rush from their homes. They form a defensive perimeter, brandishing weapons. Tense silence.

The ship lands. Its ramp lowers with a foggy hiss.

A deep elephant trumpet. Out of the fog STOMPS an adolescent WOOLLY MAMMOTH. It's shaggy and nervous by the sea air.

Behind the mammoth, the primitive figure emerges. Their hair is long and matted and now in their 30s.

The villagers lower their weapons. The sight of a person in traditional, yet ancient, garb confuses them.

A LITTLE CHILD (6) breaks from the crowd and runs to the figure. Driven by curiosity, the child embraces the figure.

The figure freezes. The touch triggers a...

FLASHBACK - INAUDIBLE POV

A similar child looks up with tears. The figure's hands reach out as they are pulled upwards by an invisible force.

Next to them, a levitating baby mammoth cries out in terror. Below, their PARTNER desperately holds the child back.

BACK TO PRESENT

The figure grips the child tightly... too tightly. The child begins to squirm, then wails in distress.

A PARENT rushes in and pries them away from such iron grip.

The figure's eyes are frantic. They reach into a belt pouch and pull out a sleek HEXAGONAL-DEVICE.

The figure points it at the children. The device lights up. Confused, the figure hits the device like it's broken, but the intent is lost. To the villagers, it looks like a weapon.

A rock is thrown and hits the figure's arm, catching blood. Another is thrown at the mammoth. Others hit the ship's ramp. The villagers surge forward, forcing the "aliens" backwards.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The figure and the mammoth stumble inside. The ramp seals. Through the viewscreen, we see rocks thrown at the hull.

The figure stands at a full-body scanner while the mammoth huddles in the corner. They place a hand on their trunk.

PRIMITIVE FIGURE
[Everything has changed. Nothing
has changed.]

The figure leans forward, arms extended, like they're flying.

THE PACIFIC - CONTINUOUS

The ship banks hard, engines igniting with a flare. It streaks away from the island, disappearing into the horizon:

TITLE CARD: **OUR ANCESTOR**

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

LITTLE DIOMEDE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

A jagged stone sits on the shore, waiting for the waves to take it away. A dark smear of blood dries against it.

A salt-crusted hand of the six-year-old child picks it up. They look towards the horizon where the ship vanished, then turn to another hand reaching for it. They give it up to--

INT. LAB UNIT - DAY

DR. SAYER (geneticist in their 40s), now holding the bloody rock in their gloves, in a lab unit.

In the computer, under "Name of Subject," Sayer types "Bering" as an answer.

DR. SAYER (V.O.)
You said the rock's from space or
the blood on the rock's from space?

Sayer works in a hazmat suit. They lift biological material from the porous rock then feed the sample into a SEQUENCER. The machine hums near a monitor processing genome data in real-time.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT - MORNING

A HOLOGRAPHIC GLOBE rotates on the dashboard. Data streams pulse as the ship's computer maps the terrain below. The cursor locks onto a stretch of the SIBERIAN TUNDRA.

DR. SAYER (V.O.)
(into a headset)
It's unlike anything I've ever seen-

EXT. SIBERIA - NOON

Outside the ship, BERING (the primitive figure now with a name) steps out onto a cliff's edge, looking down at a nomadic settlement.

Below, indigenous children in bright parkas play in the snow. One child holds up a small DOLL. Bering watches with a mix of recognition and grief.

Bering reaches into a fur pocket and pulls out the bone figurine. It is weathered, but identical to the doll below.

Bering's hand trembles. It's a mix of recognition that feels like a punch and a grief that feels like drowning.

BERING

[I'll search every single children
in the whole world to find you...]

A single tear falls on the figurine.

One child, a LITTLE BOY (5), wanders too far from the group, chasing a wind-blown DOLL.

The doll tumbles over and snags on a root above a steep ravine. The boy reaches for it. His boots slips.

THE CLIFF

Bering's pupils dilate. They react immediately.

VOICE (V.O.)

(over radio)

It's extra terrestrial?

Bering slides down the embankment with grace.

THE RAVINE

The boy's fingers graze the doll just as their cliff CRACKS. He begins to slide.

Bering anchors their hand into the snow. With another hand, Bering catches the boy by his parka hood and hauls him up.

DR. SAYER (V.O.)

Still human.

The boy freezes, staring up at this fur-clad giant. The doll is in his hands.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A police full-body SKETCH OF BERING is pinned on a BULLETIN BOARD. Next to it is a large facility.

A LAB ASSISTANT stares at a monitor with genome data while Dr. Sayer reads some documents.

ASSISTANT

The markers are... abnormal. It's Haplogroup L0, but... no mutations. No modern drift. It's like looking at a master copy of genetics.

DR. SAYER

Compare it to the Denisovan Root.

The Assistant's hands fly across a keyboard.

ASSISTANT

Running the global ancestry database.

DR. SAYER

Buying 23 and Me and Ancestrydotcom may have been a moral problem...

ASSISTANT

...but it ain't our problem.

Sayer and their Assistant fist bump.

On the monitor, a GLOBAL ANCESTRY DATABASE appears as a silhouette of Earth. A single dot ignites at the center of the Bering Sea.

Suddenly, millions of dots explode outwards from that single dot. They spiderweb across North America, down through the Andes, across the Pacific, into the heart of modern-day Asia, every continent is touched, even Antarctica.

The screen begins to flicker with MATCH notifications. Thousands per second.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Doctor... Every indigenous nation in the Americas. Russia. Half of Polynesia. Almost all of the Han populous. Friggin' Antarctica.

DR. SAYER

I didn't ask the right question. Is this rock a fossil of *Genghis Khan*?

ASSISTANT

This...?

EXT. GENGHIS KHAN STATUE COMPLEX, MONGOLIA - DAY

A 131-foot stainless steel giant of GENGHIS KHAN on horseback looms over the vast steppe. Sunlight reflects off its metal.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
This would make Genghis Khan
jealous...

Dozens of TOURISTS swarm the base, posing for selfies and peering out from the viewing platform on the horse's mane.

Suddenly, the WIND vibrates the area. The obsidian aircraft streaks low across the sky, too fast for the naked eye.

CLUNK.

The ship's wing clips the statue's head. It sheers off and tumbles into the visitor center below.

The tourists scatter in mass panic. Their screams are drowned out by the sonic boom of the ship.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the ship, the atmosphere is strangely calm.

The mammoth sits at a console. Their trunk taps a glowing interface.

A holographic projector whirs to life, displaying a 3D image of the statue as it appeared seconds ago: proud, intact, and monumental. The mammoth lets out an inquisitive trumpet.

Bering looks at Khan's hologram. A chuckle escapes them.

BERING
[Indeed. That statue should be of
you and me! Yana and me...]

EXT. MONGOLIAN FIELDS - MOMENTS LATER

The ship shadows a herd of wild Przewalski's horses. They are a dusty tan blur, racing across the fields.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

A hologram of the running horses flickers on the console. Mammoth YANA's trunk mimics the gallops.

BERING
[Beautiful creatures. But they're
not your family, Yana. You'd have a
hard time keeping their pace.]

Yana lets out a trumpet in disagreement. They begin to GALLOP in place. Their weight makes the ship shudder and groan.

The bone figurine slips from Bering's pocket, clattering across the deck.

BERING (CONT'D)
[Our ship's no good place to pace!]

Yana stops, huffing. With delicacy, their trunk curls around the figurine and lifts it. They press it into Bering's hand. Bering stares at the ancient face of the doll.

BERING (CONT'D)
[Will my child find me before I?
Same to your herd?]

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

The facility is dark but the glow of the Global Ancestry Map. The countless dots representing Bering's descendants look like a galaxy superimposed over the Earth.

Sayer stands alone, mesmerized by the sheer density of data.

DR. SAYER
It all trails back to one person...

Sayer looks at their own hand, then at a sterile lancet.

DR. SAYER (CONT'D)
Am I the end of the line...?

They prick their finger. They smear a drop of deep red blood onto a glass slide and feed it into the sequencer.

The machine whirs. On the main monitor, two DNA helixes appear side-by-side. Left is SUBJECT BERING (ROOT). Right is SAYER (CURRENT).

The computer begins a PROBABILITY OVERLAY. A percentage counter on the screen climbs rapidly: 42%. 84%. 96.9% Match.

Sayer watches the monitor, heart hammering.

Suddenly, the lab door groans open. Sayer jumps, immediately yanking cables from the primary monitors. The screens flicker and die.

The Assistant is by the door, silhouetted by the hall light.

DR. SAYER (CONT'D)
What are you doing this late at night?

ASSISTANT
I forgot my journal. Doctor.
What... are you doing?

DR. SAYER
Undoing.

ASSISTANT
Correction: What are you undoing?

DR. SAYER
Humanity's journey to becoming lemmings.

The Assistant steps forward. Their eyes drop to Sayer's hand. A fresh blood stain blooms through Sayer's band-aided finger.

ASSISTANT
The band-aid sure is a bloody coinkydink. It seems you are the one who's falling off a cliff.

Sayer stands tall, blocking the Assistant's view. The air is thick with the threat of a career death.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
...and you still can fire me... off a cliff.

DR. SAYER
Let's just leave this as a cliffhanger.

The Assistant lingers, then turns towards the door. They stop at the doorway.

ASSISTANT
You know what them drug dealers say?

DR. SAYER
Don't get high on your own supply.

The Assistant departs. The heavy door clicks shut.

Sayer exhales. They walk over to the bulletin board where Bering's sketch is pinned. Sayer touches their own face.

Their hand then travels to the charcoal-style rendering of our ancestor.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT - EVENING

Bering operates the ship, physically wearing it with arms spread wide and torso twisting to bank the craft. The ship mimics their every move, but the response grows sluggish.

DR. SAYER (V.O.)
But I am your supply...

On the console, an alien hologram displays a fuel gauge as the liquid light drains into a void.

The floor tilts. The engines drop an octave. They are losing altitude.

Bering flaps their arms frantically, trying to force a lift from the dying thrusters.

The ship's internal gravity fails. Bering falls on the floor.

A warning siren erupts. The emergency hatch blowout triggers. A force field coats around Bering as they get sucked into the night air, falling through the sky like a tattered leaf of fur and obsidian.

Yana wails.

INT. MOSQUE ALMATY - CONTINUOUS

In the quiet courtyard, ASIM (50s, in a kalpak hat) and his nephew KAIRAT perform their ablutions at the fountain. The air is still and in peace with the Isha prayer.

THUD. The ceiling groans. Dust rains down. Asim and Kairat look up, shaken by the alien sound.

EXT. ALMATY OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

Miles away, the ship streaks across the grassy meadows. It hits the grass, skipping once like a flat stone before carving a long smoking trench into the earth.

Inside, Yana is thrown against the bulkhead. Yana lets out a muffled trumpet as the ship skids to a halt. The ramp seals shut, burying Yana.

Silence, broken only by the cracking of cooling metal.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ALMATY OUTSKIRTS - EVENING

The aircraft lies motionless, looking like a beached whale on the grassy meadow. A hiss of steam escapes a puncture in the hull.

Suddenly, the buckled metal groans. A shaggy mammoth trunk punches through a seam in the debris, waving frantically as it tastes the fresh air.

EXT. MOSQUE ALMATY - NIGHT

The marble walls reflect the moonlight. Its golden dome silhouetted against the snow-capped peaks of the mountains.

INT. MOSQUE ALMATY - CONTINUOUS

Kairat sprints up the winding stone stairs. Asim follows, clutching his side and huffing.

ASIM
(in Kazakh; subtitled)
Get down from there before you
break your spirit!

KAIRAT
(in Kazakh; subtitled)
I must know what's up there. It
must be from the spirits.

ASIM
Nothing's up there.

Kairat reaches the landing and stops dead. A hole has been punched through the ceiling, letting in a shaft of moonlight. Below the wreckage, a shadowy figure unfolds themselves from the darkness, standing tall.

KAIRAT
Maybe not nothing... but someone.

Asim catches up, gasping for breath, then freezes.

ASIM
Oh God...

Bering steps into the light. Asim and Kairat stare, paralyzed; this is the first time anyone has seen an "alien Eskimo" who walked out of their history books.

KAIRAT

Are they... Nenet? Evenk? Why are they wearing heavy furs in May?

ASIM

Look in their eyes, Kairat.

KAIRAT

Those eyes are old souls, but their body is younger than you, uncle.

Asim gives a offended look. Bering senses no weapons and slowly raises their hands in a universal gesture of peace. The Hex-device on their belt chirps with an alien sound that echoes in the quiet prayer hall.

KAIRAT (CONT'D)

I don't recognized that symbol in my religious studies class...

ASIM

Perhaps this is where your survival classes should be put to the test instead...

Asim flinches as Bering takes a step forward, but he stands his ground. Konakjaylylyk. In his faith, hospitality to the stranger is sacred. He reaches into his coat and pulls out a small piece of Boursak fried bread.

ASIM (CONT'D)

As-salamu alaykum.

Bering tilts their head. The phonics are alien, but the tone of greeting resonates. They take the bread. They sniff it, the smell of oil and wheat triggering a flash of memory: modern grain, modern fire, but old-time community.

The peace is shattered by the piercing wail of POLICE SIRENS echoing from the street. Blue and red lights pulse against the stained-glass windows.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - POV

Bering is yanked upwards by an invisible force. Below, their partner screams as they desperately hold back their child.

The blue sky blackens into the cold vacuum of space. Bering's fingers claw at the air, catching only the freezing wind before the spacecraft swallows them.

Blinding lights inside the spacecraft. Bering is splayed on a metallic floor. Shadowy captors shift lights in the same blue and red strobe as the police sirens.

BACK TO PRESENT

Kairat lunges forward, grabbing Bering's arm.

KAIRAT

Come! If they take you to the
station, you'll never leave. You'll
be a lab rat!

Asim, Kairat, and Bering scramble towards the back entrance.

A STRAY CAT hisses from atop a dumpster.

Bering stops dead. Their pupils dilate. They drop into a predatory crouch, fingers hooking into the asphalt.

ASIM

Leave the furball alone. We have to
move!

Asim pulls Bering into a battered LADA SEDAN. They all pile in. Asim fumbles with the keys, the engine coughing to life just as the radio begins to crackle with urgent reports.

EXT. MOSQUE ALMATY - NIGHT

The Lada screeches away from the rear of the mosque, its headlights off, disappearing into the shadows of the narrow alleyways.

INT. LADA SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

Bering sits in the backseat, looking out. On the dashboard, the radio crackles with the frantic voice of a news report.

REPORTER (V.O.)

(in Kazakh; subtitled)

...conflicting reports from the
mosque. Some witnesses describe a
meteorite punching through the
dome, while others are claiming
they saw a caveman fall from the
sky or we're doomed-

Kairat abruptly twists a knob, cutting the reporter off. He plugs his phone into the deck. Electronic beats thump through the car's speakers.

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INAUDIBLE POV

A younger, devastated Bering peers through the bars of a cage. A shadowy, towering CAPTOR stalks past the cell. Their silhouette is cold and mechanical. In the corner of the high-tech prison, a baby Yana flicks their trunk hopelessly.

PRE-LAP: The whir of an automatic car window rolling down.

BACK TO PRESENT

Bering jolts, startled by the sudden rush of cold air and the hum of the window opening beside them.

ASIM
(in Kazakh; subtitled)
Need some fresh air?

KAIRAT
(in Kazakh; subtitled)
They may need some space.

Bering glares at the two men in the front seat.

KAIRAT (CONT'D)
Uncle, they're staring. Do you
think they understand us?

Asim glances in the rearview mirror, meeting Bering's gaze.

ASIM
They understand kindness, Kairat. A
language older than any border.

Asim reaches back, offering the remains of the Boursak bread.

Bering hesitates, then takes it with a calloused hand. They tap the Hex-device on their belt. It glows.

BERING
[Your fire smells of the Earth. But
your birds, they scream of metal.
When did the Earth accept this?]

Bering points towards the fading police sirens. Kairat looks at the device. His teenage curiosity conquers his fear.

KAIRAT
What phone do you have?

Bering looks on, confused.

ASIM
What network do you use? Maybe we
can set you up with a phone plan
that gets you back with your folks?

Bering does not answer. Instead, they mimic the high-pitched wail of the police sirens they heard moments ago.

FLASHBACK - INAUDIBLE POV

A younger Bering lies strapped to an experiment table. A shadowy figure looms over them, wielding a tool that looks like it's designed to probe the very soul.

KAIRAT (V.O.)
Maybe we should call the hospital?

ASIM (V.O.)
Yeah... A mental hospital.

BACK TO PRESENT

Bering watches the city lights blur into a sea of stars. They press their hand against the car window, feeling the combustion engine. It's primitive compared to their ship.

ASIM
Probably not something you get to ride everyday, huh?

KAIRAT
Wait until we introduce them to social media.

ASIM
Let's start with something simple... like the internet.

PRE-LAP: *The Flintstones* theme song.

INT. FAMILY HOME - KAIRAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kairat and Bering hunch over the laptop.

ON THE SCREEN: *The Flintstones*, "Little Bamm-Bamm" episode.

Barney Rubble weeps with joy as he finds a basket on his doorstep. Inside is a baby with white hair and a tiny club named BAMB-BAMB.

Bering leans in. They see the MAMMOTH VACUUM CLEANER in the background as a cartoonish parody of Yana.

BERING
[Is this a dream...?]

Bering pulls out the figurine. They hold it up to the screen, comparing the hand-carved face to cartoon Bamm-Bamm.

ON THE SCREEN: Barney lifts Bamm-Bamm into the air. The baby giggles and playfully smashes a club against the floor, shaking the cartoon house. The LAUGH TRACK laughs.

Bering flinches at the canned laughter. To them, it sounds like screaming.

Bering reaches out, their fingers grazing the glass. They touch the image of the baby.

KAIRAT

What are you doing? This is not a touchscreen...

BERING

[My baby is trapped in this box!]

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - POV

The real child, shivering in the tundra, hands Bering the figurine. Only the sound of the wind.

BACK TO PRESENT

ON THE SCREEN: the mammoth vacuum makes a silly trumpet sound.

Bering's face twists from hope to insult.

Asim walks into Kairat's bedroom.

ASIM

Cartoons aren't going to help. Open the translator app.

Kairat pauses the cartoon and opens a translation program.

KAIRAT

Say something. Anything.

Bering leans in, their expression skeptical at the machine.

BERING

[You'd be better off teaching me your language from scratch.]

The software processes, then spits out an error: LANGUAGE NOT RECOGNIZED.

ASIM

Technology always failing us. Let's try it the old-fashioned way.

Asim drops a PICTURE DICTIONARY onto the table. Kairat flips through the pages until he reaches the section on Identity. He points to two clear illustrations of a man and a woman.

ASIM (CONT'D)

Which one are you? Man or woman?

Bering looks at the two figures, then back at Asim with a knowing smirk. They place their palm flat across the center of the page, covering both images simultaneously.

KAIRAT

Just like my classmates!

ASIM

Well, that answers that.

Bering takes control of the book, flipping through the pages. They stop abruptly at a section filled with CHILDREN. Bering's hands begin to shake with a surge of excitement, recognition, and grief warring in their eyes.

ASIM (CONT'D)

You're right. Those are Kairat's "classmates."

Bering continues to turn the pages, more slowly now, until they land on the Animals section. They stop on an ELEPHANT. Their finger tenderly traces the trunk.

KAIRAT

I wish that was my classmate.

ASIM

We'll leave that as the elephant in the room for now.

Bering turns the final few pages until they reach a section on the arctic. They see an Inuit family by a snowy horizon. A sentimental look washes over Bering's face. They lay their hand gently over the family, trying to feel their warmth.

Bering touches the bone figurine by their side.

Outside, the muffled sounds of Almaty from cars to sirens vibrate through the walls.

THWACK. In the kitchen, INZHU (50s, funny woman and Asim's wife) drops a handful of flour onto a stone counter. The white powder puffs into the air. She rolls the dough. The rolling pin echoes in the quiet room.

Bering closes their eyes. The rolling pin becomes the sound of a stone grinding against a floor.

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. TRIBE CAMP - DAY (13,000 YEARS AGO)

The air is sharp, tasting of ice and willow smoke. No sirens. Only a WOMAN (20s, fur-clad) humming a wordless song.

She sits by a small fire, using a flat river stone to grind dried roots into meal. Crush and drag.

A teenage Bering sits across from her, carving the very bone figurine we just saw. Their hands are stained with ochre.

BERING

[We eat meat to gain meat in our muscles. We eat bones to have stronger bones. Can we eat love to love more?]

Bering stops carving. They press a soot-stained thumb against the Bering's forehead as a blessing of soot and sweat. Bering looks on, bewildered.

BACK TO PRESENT

Inzhu towers over Bering in a trance.

INZHU

(in Kazakh; subtitled)

I don't think you seem to like the smell of my cooking.

KAIRAT

You're not alone...

INZHU

Just like Kairat, I can go out and get what you want. And it looks like you like cold food. If it jogs your memory of home.

ASIM

Good idea, honey. Maybe a taste of home will help them remember.

EXT. ALMATY OUTSKIRTS - SAME TIME

The smoking trench is now a hive of activity. Blue and red police lights strobe against the tall grass.

An officer speaks into their radio.

OFFICER

Besides a spacecraft, any reports
of a zoo missing an elephant?

The officers are investigating elephant tracks heading
towards the city.

INT. ALMATY MARKET - DAY

To Bering, the outdoor market is a sensory overload with the
smell of roasted meat, vendors shouting, and a sea of bright
parkas. Asim and Kairat lead Bering through the crowd.

Inzhu stands by a produce stall, clutching a reusable bag.
She spots them and waves, but her smile falters as she sees
Bering's predatory posture. Bering does not understand the
prices, but they do understand the hunt. They are tracking
the movement of the crowd like a wolf in a sheepfold.

INZHU

You brought them in broad daylight?

KAIRAT

Better than when we met them at
moonlight.

ASIM

Building trust is letting them see
where the food comes from.

They pass a butcher's stall where a BEEF CARCASS hangs from a
hook. Bering freezes. Their hand instinctively goes to their
belt, searching for a knife that is not there. Their pupils
dilate.

KAIRAT

No no no. We use the paper. See?

Kairat holds up a tenge note, but Bering ain't following.
Their eyes have locked onto a LIVE GOAT tethered to a post
near a pile of cabbage. To Bering, this is a stationary prey.

FLASHBACK - INAUDIBLE POV

Bering looks to their left at a group of fellow prehistoric
hunters with rocks in hand. They look to their right at a
group of other hunters brandishing spears.

BACK TO PRESENT

Before Asim can grab their arm, Bering drops into a crouch.

INZHU

Wait-!

Bering LUNGES. In one terrifying motion, they vault over a crate of fruits and tackle the goat to the cobblestones. Their hands find the animal's throat with lethal precision.

The merchant screams. A pyramid of fruits collapses, sent rolling under the feet of panicked shoppers.

Bering looks up from the struggling animal, chest heaving. They look at Asim and Inzhu with a sense of pride, waiting for the tribe to begin skinning the goat.

ASIM

We'll give them our family phone plan, so next time they can FaceTime us instead.

INZHU

Let's go elsewhere where we're less fishy...

INT. ALMATY FISH MARKET - DAY

On the counter sits a frozen slab of QUAKE or raw fish.

KAIRAT (O.S.)

Bazar jok. Besides meaning "no market," it really means "no worries."

Kairat holds out a cup of AKUTAQ or Alaskan ice cream. He licks a polite spoonful, but Bering grabs the cup and bites a massive chunk out of the frozen fat.

Bering's eyes widen. They clutch their temples, face contorting in a freezing shock. BRAIN FREEZE.

INZHU

Brain freeze is proof that one has a brain. Whether it's a brain that works or not is up in the air...

Beside the ice cream is a dense mix of whipped animal fat and dark tundra berries. Bering ignores it, their attention snared by a piece of DRIED SALMON. Their calloused fingers trace the orange texture with reverence.

INZHU (CONT'D)

Recognize this?

Bering lifts the dried fish, sniffing the deep scent of smoke and salt.

FLASHBACK - INAUDIBLE POV

Inside a smoke-filled hut, the tribe sits in a circle, laughing as they tear into a fresh catch.

BACK TO PRESENT

Bering nods slowly, placing a protective palm over the fish. A claim of kinship.

KAIRAT
(to a vendor)
We'll take all the frozen char and
the seal oil!

The vendor looks at Bering's ancient furs, then at the tenge notes in Kairat's hand. As they pack the food, Bering lets out a breath of relief.

INZHU
For someone who fell out of the
sky, you still need to hunt for
your food.

The market goes silent. Every shopper and vendor in the vicinity stops. They turn, their eyes locking onto Bering.

VENDOR
You're... you're the angel who fell
out of the sky and onto that
mosque?

The symphony of commerce dies.

A grandmother in a floral headscarf drops her basket of radishes. A teenager lowers his phone with its lens now trained on Bering.

TEENAGER
(pointing)
The one from the news!

The crowd surges. Like anywhere, this city is looking for a miracle. Hands reach out, fingers grazing Bering's sleeves, trying to touch the alien angel.

WOMAN
Bless my child!

OLD MAN
Where is your mothership?!

BUSINESSPERSON

Where is the treasure?!

To Bering, this feels like a wolf pack closing in. They drop into a defensive crouch and expose their teeth in a snarl.

ASIM

Back away! They're no saint.

KAIRAT

Uncle, they're going to crush us!

Suddenly, a LITTLE GIRL (5) ducks under Asim's arm. She is wearing a bright parka and holding a plastic horse. While the adults scream and grab, she simply walks up and wraps her small arms around Bering's knees.

Bering freezes.

FLASHBACK - POV

It is now audible.

A similar child looks up with tears. The figure's hands reach out as they are pulled upwards by an invisible force.

Below, their PARTNER desperately holds the child back. Next to them, a levitating baby mammoth cries out in terror.

BACK TO PRESENT

The crowd is suddenly drowned out by the crunch of timber and glass. One wall of the fish market buckles inwards as Yana thunders into the square. Shaking off colorful shards, the creature trumpets in triumph.

The crowd erupts into a chaotic stampede, except for the teenagers including Kairat. Inzhu drags Kairat away.

Bering, drops into a protective crouch with the Little Girl tucked against their knees.

Bering gently uncurls their fingers from the girl's shoulders and nudges her back towards her paralyzed PARENTS. The child looks back at the "angel" before being scooped up into her mother's arms.

BERING

Yana!

Bering lunges forward and embraces the mammoth's trunk.

FLASHBACK - POV

It is now audible.

A younger, bruised Bering huddles in the corner of a cell, desperately hugging a terrified baby Yana.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. FAMILY HOME - DAY

The front door bangs open as the family stumbles inside, breathless and loaded with supplies.

Inzhu marches in first, dropping a heavy grocery bag onto the wooden table.

INZHU

Beef!

Asim follows right behind her, slamming his own bag down.

ASIM

Goat!

Kairat brings up the rear, clutching a leaking bag with a grin.

KAIRAT

Fish!

Bering walks in last, their hands empty and their eyes scanning the room for exits.

A shadow falls over as the mammoth follows. Their massive shoulders splintering the doorframe as they wedges themselves into the living room.

Inzhu slams down the beef in the sink. They look at Yana.

INZHU

Wash! You wash now!

Yana's trunk snakes over the counter. They coil around the heavy meat and lifts it.

Kairat watches the mammoth vacuum from *The Flintstones* on their phone.

Bering sees Kairat's phone and rolls their eyes.

She shoves a plastic basin and a kettle of warm water towards Bering.

Bering flinches. The steam from the kettle smells of the earth. They look at their hands, stained with the market goat's blood, and slowly dip them into the water.

Asim pulls a massive pot onto the stove.

ASIM

Let's feed the guest real food!

The kitchen becomes a sea of steam.

Inzhu rolls out the dough. Yana watches the movement. She reaches out with her trunk, gently pressing her weight onto the rolling pin, helping Inzhu flatten the sheets of pasta with a force no human could match.

INZHU

(to Yana)

Thank you to my favorite child.

KAIRAT

Hey!

The cooking is a dance that Bering watches with recognition.

FLASHBACK - INAUDIBLE POV

A younger Bering sits in a smoke-filled hut. A woman with identical movements rolls a flat stone over grain. The smell of woodsmoke and rising dough fills the air.

BACK TO PRESENT

The table is covered in a DASTARKHAN or a feast of kings, sitting on pristine, white cloth.

A massive platter of BESBARMAK is placed in the center: a mountain of boiled beef and horse meat piled high over squares of handmade pasta, glistening with onion gravy.

Inzhu drops a pile of BAURSAK or golden, puffy fried bread beside Bering's hand.

Bering looks at the mountain of meat. Their pupils dilate. They don't wait for a fork because they don't even know what it is. They plunge their hand into the pile. They tear a chunk of fatty horse meat and shove it into their mouth.

The taste of salt, fat, and the deep, gamey mineral of the plains hits them like a physical blow.

To Bering, the steam is the smell of a dead tribe's laughter. They tear the horse meat with a reverence that looks like hunger but feels like prayer.

A single tear hits the white cloth.

KAIRAT (CONT'D)

They're remembering...?

Bering grabs a handful of the pasta and meat. Instead of eating, they turn and offer the dripping handful to Yana.

The mammoth's trunk curls around Bering's hand, taking the offering with a gentle, huffing breath.

BERING

[The fire... it's how I remembered.
The blood... how have I forgotten.]

Bering reaches into the Besbarmak platter, dipping a pinky into the pool of red gravy. They lean over the white cloth.

Asim reaches out to stop the mess, but Inzhu's hand finds his. She shakes her head slowly, recognizing the creative trance in Bering's eyes. She lets the white fabric become the canvas for a dead world.

With steady, primal strokes, Bering paints a map of 13,000 years: a many-legged vessel, a field of stars, and the sunken land bridge. Through the swirling steam of the feast, their hand captures the terror of the hunt and the cold vacuum of space. They draw a final line connecting a small human figure to a mammoth, then pull away, leaving their life story bleeding into the family's fibers.

INZHU

I... I don't know what any of this means. Do you, Kairat?

KAIRAT

Me and my classmates read at a fourth-grade level, auntie. Don't expect me to read a tablecloth.

Inzhu and Kairat turn to Asim with expectant grins. Asim shifts uncomfortably.

ASIM

Just because I collect vintage comics and win Monday's trivia does not make me a-

Asim stops mid-sentence. His eyes dart across the red stains like he's deciphering a rare comic. He traces the jagged line of a lost land bridge, the swirling vortex of a spacecraft, and the needle-like marks of alien bioengineering. Slowly, the logic clicks into place.

ASIM (CONT'D)

It's an origin story. The first origin of all origins. They were a hunter and gatherer from a tribe, stalking a mammoth herd.

(MORE)

ASIM (CONT'D)

But the hunt went wrong. This swirling circle? That's a craft from outer space. They were abducted, pulled into the sky while their partner and child chased after them on the ice.

Asim's finger moves to the dark, boxed-in hatch marks on the cloth.

ASIM (CONT'D)

They were held in a ginormous ship. They bonded with the baby mammoth there. They carved sketches into the cage to remember Earth.

He traces the chaotic red streaks in the center of the table.

ASIM (CONT'D)

The captors forced them into a cage match to the death, but they seized the moment. They staged a revolt, freed the other captives, and took control of the ship. They drifted for years, where they mastered technology we can't even dream of. When they were sick, an alien doctor changed their blood and they haven't been sick since.

His voice trembles as he reaches the end of the line.

ASIM (CONT'D)

They returned to Earth to look for their family on the land bridge. But it's now gone, replaced by the sea. It melted thousands of years ago...

KAIRAT

(to Bering)

You're... thousands of years old?!

INZHU

The woolly mammoth in our living room wasn't a big enough clue?

Bering ignores them, their eyes locked on the solitary figure of the child they drew at the start of the timeline. They tap it urgently.

INZHU (CONT'D)

The passage of time... isn't obvious to them yet. They think their child is waiting for them.

Kairat dips his own finger into the red gravy and begins painting a massive swarm of tiny stick figures surrounding Bering's drawing of the child.

KAIRAT

Why would a single kid from the Ice Age matter when you have millions of grandkids right now? Look! We're the sequel!

INZHU

I don't think they understand that. But whenever they come around to learning an existing language, I cannot wait to share the good news of their billion grandchildren.

Bering places the figurine in the center of the table. They point to the figurine, then to the broken ribs in Asim and Kairat's hands.

BERING

[You share the same blood. But you do not share the same soul. You sit at the same fire, but you do not watch each other's backs.]

Bering takes Asim's hand and Kairat's hand, forcing them to press their palms together over the figurine.

BERING (CONT'D)

[In my world, if the child falls, the tribe falls.]

Asim looks at Kairat. He feels the weight of the bone figurine between their palms as a reminder of what family is.

With one swift swipe of their palm, Bering smears the "grandchildren," leaving only the original figure of their child untouched.

INZHU

Well, like most grandparents in the world, their grandchildren don't take the time to ever visit them. They will have to come to them. It's unlikely children will crash in to see the ultimate grandparent.

Suddenly, the front door is kicked open. A police squad rushes in, silhouetted by the strobing blue and red lights of several police cruisers outside.

The Dastarkhan table is upended as the police squad swarms the room. Tactical flashlights cut through the steam of the Besbarmak, blinding Asim and Inzhu.

OFFICER

(in Kazakh; subtitled)

Hands where we can see them! Nobody move!

Bering does not understand the words, but they recognize the STANCE. The officers' rifles pointed at Yana are held like spears. Bering's pulse quickens. The high-pitched whine of the police sirens outside begins to merge with a distant, trumpeting sound in their mind.

KAIRAT

Hands where we can see them, but not trunks!

Yana swipes away the rifles with their trunk.

INZHU

Don't shoot! They're not a monster!

As an officer lunges forward with heavy-duty zip-ties, the clack of the restraints triggers a snap to the past.

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

The tundra of snow and blood.

A younger Bering, wielding a flint-tipped spear, screams as HUNTERS from a rival tribe encircle the mammoth herd. They are fast, ruthless, and efficient.

A baby mammoth wails, its tiny legs churning through the permafrost. The hunters hurl bolas, the weighted cords whistling through the air like the sirens of the future. One cord wraps around a mammoth's leg, bringing the beast down with a bone-shaking thud.

Bering watches, powerless, as the herd is fragmented by superior speed and coordination.

BACK TO PRESENT

The living room wall EXPLODES outwards.

Yana has seen enough. The adolescent mammoth charges through the brick and mortar, their tusks catching the light of the police strobes. They form a path through the police cruisers.

Bering vaults onto Yana's shaggy back in one fluid motion. They look back at the family.

BERING
As-salamu alaykum...

Bering rides Yana away from the officers chasing on foot.

FLASHBACK

Baby Yana and their mammoth herd run away from the hunters.

KAIRAT (V.O.)
We... are of the same herd.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

New markers appear on Kazakhstan on the Global Ancestry Map.
Dr. Sayer taps their finger on Kazakhstan.

DR. SAYER
I've heard enough.

Sayer puts a pin on Kazakhstan on the bulletin board's MAP.
They walk by Bering's sketch, which now has "Our Ancestor"
handwritten on top.

END OF SHOW