

**I N S T I N C T**

*A original four-part Miniseries  
written by*

Leonard Sanftenschneider

PILOT EPISODE:  
*"LAST CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING GOOD"*

(First 10 Pages)

Inspired by real events

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Leonard Sanftenschneider  
Falkstraße 15, 44809 Bochum, Germany  
Leonardcs@gmx.net  
+49 171 3685092

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INT. KID'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A warm, cozy German kid's bedroom in the 1960s. Tin toys and wooden trains are scattered across the floor.

In the middle of this childish chaos sleeps:  
SAMUEL HALLMAYER, nine years old, blond hair.

The door opens, casting a bright strip of light into the room. His mother, MARIANNE HALLMAYER (34, working class housewife), stands in the doorway.

MARIANNE

Hey, get a move on, buddy.

(leaving)

C'mon, up an' at 'em.

Samuel pulls the heavy blanket over his head.

INT./EXT. HALLWAY / FRONT YARD - EARLY MORNING

Samuel, bundled up in a thick winter coat, kneels by the door, struggling to tie his blue shoes. A loud honk blares from outside, and Samuel starts to panic.

Marianne rushes over and kneels down in front of him.

MARIANNE

Here, lemme do it.

(ties his shoes)

And remember what I told ya-  
no dawdlin', pay attention in  
class, and-

SAMUEL

(rolling his eyes)

Don't talk to strangers. I know,  
Mom.

Marianne gives him a small smile and kisses his forehead. Then she swings the front door open, revealing the school bus waiting outside. The front yard is blanketed in snow.

Samuel steps outside while Marianne racks her brain, trying to think if she's forgotten something.

MARIANNE

Oh, and Samuel!

Samuel pauses and turns back to her.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Have fun!

INT. SCHOOL BUS - EARLY MORNING

Samuel walks down the aisle of the school bus, taking off his winter jacket as he goes. But he can't find whoever he's looking for. Instead, he spots only an empty seat.

GIRL (O.C.)  
Tom's sick.

Samuel turns to the GIRL sitting a few rows behind him.

SAMUEL  
What?

GIRL  
Tom's sick. He ain't comin' today.  
(then)  
My dad said so.

Samuel is about to reply when the girl gets distracted by her friends. Samuel shrugs slightly and sits in the empty seat.

He looks around absentmindedly and spots another BOY, wearing a bright yellow sweater, sitting alone in his seat. Samuel hesitates, then stands and walks over.

SAMUEL  
Hey, I haven't seen you here  
before. You new?

The boy doesn't react.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
Can I sit here?

The boy shrugs.  
Samuel sits down and looks at him.

He notices some bruises on the boy's arm, which the boy quickly hides under his sleeve. Samuel considers saying something but stays quiet for a while.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
I like your sweater.

The boy looks away but can't hide a tiny smile.

BOY  
(barely audible)  
Thanks.

Samuel grins, satisfied. Then he looks past the boy. Beyond him stretches the snowy panorama of a 1960s mining town. Huge smokestacks belch smoke over a patchwork of makeshift houses. Snow, soot, and ash fill every crevice.

But if you look closely, *glimpses of Christmas decorations peek out between buildings for just a moment*. Each time Samuel spots a new decoration, his eyes light up with curiosity and wonder.

INT. CAR - MORNING

A HAND fidgets toward the GLOVE COMPARTMENT. Hesitates. Lowers it again. The MAN in the smoke-filled car looks up.

He's several cars behind the school bus. The bus turns, but all cars behind keep going. The man hesitates again, growing more nervous.

Finally, he flicks on his turn signal.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The kids have a short walk from the bus stop through the gray snow to the school. Samuel and the boy walk silently side by side.

After a while, Samuel musters the courage to speak again-

SAMUEL  
What's your name?

The boy stays silent, staring at the ground. Samuel hesitates, then stops and holds out his hand.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
I'm Samuel.

The boy looks at the hand uncertainly, thinking about responding.

At that moment, a car slows beside them and finally stops. Someone rolls down the window and smoke drifts out.

MAN (O.C.)  
Hey, you boys ain't cold?

Samuel ducks his head and turns away from the man. He takes the other boy by the shoulder and keeps walking.

We hear the man mutter under his breath, then step on the gas, keeping pace with the boys. The man wears a cap pulled low over his face, hiding his identity.

With his free hand, he strokes his patchy beard and reaches for the passenger seat.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Got somethin' for ya-

He opens the glove compartment.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HALLMAYERS' LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Marianne and Samuel are setting the table when the doorbell rings. Marianne glances at the clock, her eyes widening in shock.

MARIANNE  
Comin'!  
(to Samuel)  
Quick, grab the plates!

Samuel dashes back to the kitchen and grabs as many plates as he can carry. ERICH (11, Samuel's brother) joins in and takes some plates from Samuel. Samuel tries to stop him, and in the struggle, one of the plates falls to the floor and shatters.

ERICH  
Nice work.

SAMUEL  
I-I didn't do that! You did!

Marianne groans in annoyance and grabs a hand broom.

MARIANNE  
Kids, quit fightin'.

Marianne starts sweeping up the shards.  
The doorbell rings again.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
I'll be right there!  
(to her kids)  
Show me your best behavior,  
alright?

The two kids glare at each other stubbornly.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Alright?!

BOTH KIDS

Yeah.

HEINRICH (mid-30s, Marianne's husband) walks in and grabs a beer from the fridge.

HEINRICH

Don't get all worked up, hon.  
You want me to get the door?

MARIANNE

Not yet.

HEINRICH

(sits down, opening his  
beer)

Alright.

The doorbell rings again.

MARIANNE

Comin'!

EXT. HALLMAYERS' SINGLE-FAMILY HOME - EARLY EVENING

Marianne opens the door for ERIKA SENDBERG (late 20s) and GERD MEYER (mid-30s).

MARIANNE

Hey, you two!  
Sorry it took so long.

She immediately hugs them both.

ERIKA

It's okay.

GERD

No problem. Nice out here.  
Very... frosty.

The three laugh briefly, a little tense, then head inside.

INT. HALLMAYERS' KITCHEN / LIVING ROOM - LATER EVENING

Dinner is over.

Samuel plays alone with a new metal toy bus, while Gerd, Heinrich, and Erich sit in front of the tube TV watching soccer.

Erich watches the two closely, cheering when they cheer, scolding when they scold—but always a beat later, like he's trying to mimic their reactions.

After a while, Gerd leans forward a bit.

GERD  
So... Heinrich.

HEINRICH  
Yeah?

GERD  
How's it goin' with you and... you know.

HEINRICH  
(takes a swig of beer)  
Good.

GERD  
(leans back)  
Alright.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Marianne does the dishes, Erika helps. Erika leans back thoughtfully and takes a sip from her wine glass.

ERIKA  
And what if I mess something up?

Marianne keeps washing without skipping a beat.

MARIANNE  
What could ya mess up?

ERIKA  
I dunno... what if I say something the wrong way and then they hate me forever?

Marianne chuckles.

ERIKA (CONT'D)  
What?

MARIANNE  
You think too much. That...  
That's instinct. A *good instinct*.  
Follow it and you can't go *wrong*.

Erika wants to say more but stays quiet. Instead, she lets her eyes wander around the room.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

So... how do you like it here with us?

A brief, tense silence. Marianne keeps washing dishes without pause.

ERIKA

It's... nice. You've got a real sweet family.

(then)

How... how's it going with you and Heinrich?

MARIANNE

What d'ya mean?

ERIKA

Ya know... you know.

Marianne keeps washing, but slows slightly for a moment.

MARIANNE

Good.

(then)

It's good.

INT. CAR - LATE EVENING

Erika and Gerd sit silently side by side.

Erika stares out the window at the same cityscape that had so fascinated Samuel, but her gaze is absent... doubtful.

Gerd keeps sneaking quick, uncertain glances at her. He wants to say something, but stays quiet for a while.

GERD

So... how...

(hesitates)

How'd you like tonight?

Erika isn't sure what he means and thinks for a moment.

ERIKA

(runs her hand along his arm)

Good. It was nice.

Gerd glances at her hand for a moment, tensing slightly.

GERD

And... have you thought about it yet?

Erika gently takes her hand away.

GERD (CONT'D)  
I just mean... I don't wanna stress  
ya out.

ERIKA  
I know.

GERD  
*But* I don't see nothing standing in  
our way...  
(hesitates a bit)  
Or is it your job?

Erika puts her hand back on his arm.

ERIKA  
I just need a little time, alright?  
Just... not long-just a bit.  
(looks back out the  
window)

GERD  
Okay.  
(then)  
So... it's your job then?

ERIKA  
(sighs)  
Gerd, geez.

GERD  
Sorry, I...  
But I could earn enough money for  
both of us and the family.  
(then)  
You wouldn't have to do that job.  
Wouldn't you rather have a real  
family life -and you'd be a great  
mom- than... than just be a kids' cop  
for the WKP?

ERIKA  
Just a kids' cop?

GERD  
Sorry, I meant-

ERIKA  
(interrupts)  
What did you mean?

Gerd stays silent for a long moment.  
Then he gives a gentle smile.

GERD

I mean... I get how unfair the whole  
thing is for you.  
But wouldn't you rather be  
somewhere that ain't unfair? Where  
folks actually like you?

Erika gives him a small smile but quickly gets distracted  
again.

ERIKA

It ain't unfair... not that I ain't  
respected or anything. I get along  
with everyone. It's...  
(thinks a moment)  
It's good. You don't gotta worry.

GERD

Okay.  
(beat)  
Reconciled?

Erika runs her hand along his arm again.

ERIKA

Reconciled.

Gerd stares at the road, then starts grinning.

GERD

So... how d'we celebrate this  
reconciliation?

Erika lets her hand wander from his arm down to his leg.

INT. ERIKA AND GERD'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The alarm goes off. It's around five in the morning.  
Within seconds, Erika's out of bed and shuts it off.

She glances at Gerd. He rolls over, snoring.  
Then she heads into the adjoining bathroom. We hear the  
shower turn on.

INT. ERIKA AND GERD'S BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Erika puts on a top that looks like part of a uniform but has  
no official markings. Ties her hair back tightly.

As if approving her own look, she nods quietly to herself and leaves the bathroom.

INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING

Erika, all dressed up, sits beside her sleepy boyfriend in the car. Even though he's wearing a proper jacket, he still has his pajama pants on underneath and yawns as he drives.

When they reach the precinct, they share a quick goodbye kiss.

GERD

Say hi to your coworkers for me.

ERIKA

(gets out of car)

Sure I will.

EXT. PRECINCT - EARLY MORNING

Erika approaches the main entrance of the large precinct, but hesitates and stops. She watches Gerd's car until it finally turns away.

Then she moves away from the front and walks down a small alley beside the building.

EXT. PARKING LOT / BACK OF THE PRECINCT - EARLY MORNING

Erika finally reaches a small, deserted lot at the back of the building. She stops in front of a small metal sign and enters the door next to it.

On the sign, in blocky green letters, it reads:  
"WEIBLICHE KRIMINALPOLIZEI" (German for: "Female Criminal Police").