



THE BUSINESS BOYS

Written & Created by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DAVE'S HOME — MORNING — WEST VILLAGE, NYC

A beautiful spring day. Blossoming trees, crisp air, bike bells, light glinting off windows.

It's the kind of morning that belongs in a Ralph Lauren ad.

DAVE (40s, sharp suit, half-awake dad energy) stands in the doorway adjusting his collar.

He's prepped for business, but his eyes are somewhere else.

DAVE (V.O.)

Some of us don't know where to look to find beauty.

Let me tell ya... it's everywhere.

You just have to look carefully.

I can find it almost everywhere I look—
especially during the springtime.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Today is going to be a good day.

Oh yeah. I can feel it.

INT. DAVE'S HOME — KITCHEN — MORNING

Coffee brews. Sunlight floods the countertops. DAVE stands in front of the mirror, adjusting his tie.

DAVE

(to the man in the mirror)

Honey?

LAURA (O.S.)

Yep, love! I'm down here, having a low-fat latte.
Would you like one too?

The sound of designer heels clicking down the mahogany floor.

DAVE

Yes, dear! I'm about to go.
You know, the big day is today.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Should I take the kids to school?

LISA (12), bright and dramatic, runs in.

LISA

No no, Daddy! Danny's mom is taking us!

A basketball bounces. BRYAN (10), aka BB, charges in.

BRYAN

I hate that Danny boy. He's a freak!

LISA

He's not a freak, you are! He's cool—and the shit!

BRYAN

Yeah, well, you're Wright, cause you're a freak
too. Freak!

LAURA (O.S.)

BB!

LAURA enters—stylish, sharp, all working-mom glow and discipline.

LAURA

BB, what did I tell you about playing ball in the house?

BRYAN

...No ball in the house.

LAURA

Exactly. Now don't be mean to your sister.
You're going with Danny's mom. She's already waiting.

DAVE

Bye, kids! Have a nice day at school!

LISA & BRYAN

Bye, Mom! Bye, Dad! And Daddy—good luck with your meetings today.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREETS — MORNING

A sunlit Manhattan morning. Brownstones, boutique cafés, fashion-forward dog walkers.

DAVE walks briskly in a crisp blazer, coffee in hand, earbuds in.

DAVE (V.O.)

Since I was a little boy, I had a clear vision
of what a perfect home should look like.
High ceilings. Big windows. No clutter.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But no one tells you—
when you grow up, you forget what you loved.
You just try not to drown in bills.

He stops. Inhales deeply. Spring in New York. He wants to
believe in the day.

EXT. IN FRONT OF "INTERIOR" DESIGN OFFICE — MOMENTS LATER

A modest but elegant storefront on a leafy block.
Large white lettering: INTERIOR — Design. Defined.

Dave unlocks the glass door and walks in.

INT. INTERIOR DESIGN — RECEPTION AREA — CONTINUOUS

Polished wood floors. Tall windows. Modern furniture.
Tidy—but you can feel the tension of an overworked dream.

LILLY (30s, dry humor, great hair, zero patience for fools) is
at her desk with a smoothie and sarcasm.

LILLY

You're late for someone pretending to have it all
together.

DAVE

Morning, Lilly. You look aggressively well-rested.

LILLY

I slept five hours and had a turmeric situation.

He heads toward his office, passing a wall of half-finished mood boards.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE — MOMENTS LATER

Dave drops into his chair. Opens his laptop.

Invoices. Past-due emails. Empty project folders.

DAVE (V.O.)

Two years ago, I left a big firm to do this on my own.

I had a vision. A brand. A plan.

He scrolls. Bills. More bills.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And now... I have debt.

He shuts the laptop. Leans back. Stares at the ceiling.

DAVE

(to himself)

Maybe it's time to sell.

INT. INTERIOR — RECEPTION — MOMENTS LATER

Dave reappears, grabbing his coat.

DAVE

I'm heading to the deli. You want anything?

LILLY

Caesar salad. Light dressing. No drama.

DAVE

Wish me luck.

LILLY

You'll need it.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE — DELI STREET CORNER — LATER THAT MORNING

DAVE exits a small deli, balancing a smoothie, salad container, and iced coffee.

He turns—nearly crashes into a man in sunglasses and a vintage designer jacket.

DAVE

Oh—sorry! My bad!

STEVE

Not at all. You multitask like a man in debt.

DAVE

Excuse me?

STEVE

I've seen that look before.

It's the "please love my business even if I'm losing sleep" look.

DAVE

Do I know you?

STEVE

Possibly. Claude and Marcel's launch party?
You were in a very flattering navy blazer.

DAVE

Hair and pet shop?

STEVE

Yes. The very gayest of business models.

DAVE

Right... yeah.

You're the one who kept calling the wall sconces
"horny."

STEVE

They were. Still are.

They walk side-by-side without realizing it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Steve Chain. Newly doomed heir to the

East Coast's most uptight furniture empire.

DAVE

Dave Miller. Independent designer.

Trying not to drown in invoices.

STEVE

Perfect. You design. I distract.

Let's meet. Talk shop. Blow something up in
marble.

Dave smirks, almost charmed—almost.

DAVE

You have a card?

Steve hands him one. It's metallic. Unnecessarily heavy.

STEVE

Text me. Let's elevate your midlife crisis.

DAVE

We'll see.

STEVE

That's what they all say.

Until they're picking out wallpaper named "Disco
Fog."

Steve walks away.

Dave stares at the card. Blinks.

DAVE

What the hell just happened?

INT. INTERIOR DESIGN — DAVE'S OFFICE — AFTERNOON

DAVE is back at his desk, still holding STEVE'S metal business card like it might explode.

LILLY walks in, chewing on a pen.

LILLY

Salad success?

DAVE

I got stopped. Or... discovered.

LILLY

Discovered like... you got scouted?

Or discovered like... your fly was down?

DAVE

I ran into a guy. Steve Chain.

LILLY

Steve Chain sounds like a guy who sells protein powder or... ropes.

DAVE

He's actually taking over his family's interior firm.

Wants help. New York expansion.

LILLY

What's the catch?

DAVE

He's charming, dramatic, wildly confident.
And possibly the human version of a disco ball.

LILLY

So... you loved him.

DAVE

No. I tolerated him. With interest.

LILLY

I'm intrigued.

DAVE

Don't be. We'll see what happens.

LILLY

If he brings budget, I'll buy glitter.

INT. STEVE'S LOFT — NIGHT

STEVE is sprawled on a plush couch, scrolling Instagram. A glass of wine, a tiny dog, a mess of mood boards everywhere.

VOICEMAIL plays from DAVE.

DAVE (V.O.)

Hey Steve. It's Dave from Interior.

You mentioned meeting? Let's talk.

My office tomorrow, 2 p.m.? I'll have Caesar salad and boundaries.

STEVE smiles.

He pets the dog like it just closed a business deal.

STEVE

Tomorrow it is.

INT. INTERIOR — NEXT DAY — AFTERNOON

STEVE arrives. In leather. Wearing sunglasses indoors.

LILLY nearly drops her green smoothie.

LILLY

You must be Steve.

STEVE

You must be Lilly. You're prettier than your sarcasm suggested.

LILLY

I'll pretend that's not deeply confusing.

STEVE glides into DAVE'S office like he owns the place.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE — CONTINUOUS

DAVE stands to greet him.

DAVE

You're punctual.

STEVE

I've been told it's intimidating.

DAVE

Good. Let's talk.

They sit. A beat.

STEVE

I need help. Actual design work. Taste. Execution.
My family business is... aggressively beige.

DAVE

What's in it for me?

STEVE

Partnership. Exposure. Growth.
And maybe a reminder of why you loved this in the
first place.

DAVE

That sounds dangerously inspiring.

STEVE

Also, I'm offering money.

DAVE

Sold.

STEVE

I like a man with flexible values.

They shake.

DAVE

Let's try this.

A pilot project. A test.

STEVE

I brought one.

He slides a file across the desk.

STEVE (CONT'D)

A new event venue. It's... complicated.

DAVE

Why?

STEVE

Because it's owned by my parents.

DAVE

Of course, it is.

EXT. EVENT VENUE — DAY

An old, slightly crumbling art deco space in Chelsea.
Posters from past shows, now sun-bleached and curling.

DAVE and STEVE stand in front of it.

STEVE is jazzed. DAVE is... suspicious.

DAVE

This is the venue?

STEVE

Isn't she fabulous?

DAVE

She needs therapy.

STEVE

I brought the floorplans.

And champagne. One of those was for you.

INT. EVENT VENUE — INSIDE — CONTINUOUS

Dusty chandeliers. Velvet curtains. A faint scent of bad decisions.

DAVE walks the perimeter, assessing.

DAVE

You're serious about reviving this?

STEVE

I'm serious about being taken seriously.

DAVE

Who's the client?

STEVE

My mother. And New York's queer elite.

DAVE

No pressure.

STEVE

If this goes well, we go big.

DAVE

And if it doesn't?

STEVE

We pretend we were doing performance art.

INT. DAVE'S HOME — LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

LAURA is typing on her laptop while LISA and BRYAN argue in the background.

BRYAN

She said I look like a dehydrated mushroom!

LISA

I said your HAIRCUT does.
Don't twist my insults.

LAURA

Guys! Boundaries, please.
Can I just get ten minutes of peace?

The kids grumble and vanish upstairs.
She exhales. Then she hears the DOORBELL.

She opens it to find DAVE.
Hair slightly mussed. Tie loosened. A bit breathless.

DAVE

I miss this house.

LAURA

You live here.

DAVE

I miss being here.

A beat.

LAURA

Want to stay for dinner?

DAVE

More than I want to admit.

She lets him in.

INT. VENUE — RENOVATION MONTAGE — DAYS PASSING

- DAVE sketches by hand. STEVE paces, gesturing with flair.
- LILLY holds up wallpaper samples.
- QUEER WORKERS hang lights and sip iced lattes.
- FABRIC gets measured. GLITTER explodes.
- STEVE does a trial run with a DRAG QUEEN named MADONNA DELUXE, who vogues across the floor.
- LILLY deadpans: "I've seen worse."

INT. INTERIOR DESIGN OFFICE — DAY

DAVE walks in looking... alive.

LILLY

You're glowing.

DAVE

I am not.

LILLY

You are. Did Steve touch your soul?

DAVE

He's exhausting. And weirdly inspiring.

LILLY

Sounds like a crush.

DAVE

Stop.

LILLY

Starting to feel like we're...
actually, building something again.

DAVE

We are.

She smiles.

LILLY

About damn time.

INT. VENUE — NIGHT — THE BIG GAY PARTY

Lights flicker. Champagne flows. Drag queens vogue.
A pet flamingo in heels flaps near the bar.

MADONNA DELUXE (the DJ) spins a remix of "I'm Still Standing."

STEVE looks like he was born for this party.

DAVE looks like he was dragged through it by glitter wolves.

DAVE

(shouting over music)
Why is my drink... glowing?

STEVE

It's vodka with glitter dust and maybe detergent.

Just go with it!

MONTAGE — PARTY MAYHEM:

- DAVE gets pulled into a dance circle by CHARDONNAY and MADONNA DELUXE
- STEVE vogues flawlessly.
- A guy in feathers kisses STEVE.
- LILLY watches, smirking.
- SOMEONE mistakes DAVE for a “bisexual architect from Tok-tok.”
- DAVE slow-dances with a senator.

STEVE

(to Dave)

You're kinda killin' it out here.

DAVE

(drunk)

I think I just danced with a senator.

STEVE

As you should.

EXT. VENUE BALCONY — LATER

The music fades. Glitter clings to everything.

DAVE and STEVE sit, slightly buzzed, looking out at the city.

STEVE

You know... you're better when you stop pretending.

DAVE

Pretending what?

STEVE

That you're not lost.

That you're fine.

That this is just about work.

DAVE

You don't know me.

STEVE

No.

But LILLY does. Your kids do.

Laura used to.

A beat.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And I'm in love with Lilly. There. I said it.

Not because she's cool or terrifying in heels—
but because she sees me.

Even the idiot I'm trying not to be.

DAVE

I love my wife.

Even when she doesn't see me anymore.

Even when I barely do.

I love her. And I miss my kids.

I miss who I was when I showed up for them.

He takes off his shoes. STEVE lights a cigarette but doesn't smoke it.

They sit quietly.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm done pretending.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE — THE NEXT MORNING

DAVE wakes up on the couch. Hair wild. Pillow stuck to his cheek.

A NOTE on the table, in Laura's handwriting:

**"See you at the event tonight.

Don't forget to feed the dog.

And maybe feed your honesty too."**

He blinks. The dog stares at him.

He nods.

DAVE

...Okay.

INT. STEVE'S LOFT — SAME

STEVE wakes in a guest bed. Confetti in his hair. One shoe on.

The little dog from his magazine shoot licks his face.

STEVE

I know, I know. I'm a mess.

He pets the dog.

STEVE (CONT'D)

But I think I'm getting better.

INT. EVENT VENUE — EVENING — THE BIG LAUNCH EVENT

Music thumps. Spotlights sweep the venue.

Everything looks flawless. But behind the scenes...

Everyone's looking for someone:

- LAURA walks with purpose, scanning the crowd.
- DAVE slips through a hallway, rehearsing words.
- STEVE scans the crowd for LILLY.
- LILLY sips red wine and tries not to run.

STEVE'S PARENTS arrive—chic, confused, overwhelmed.

STEVE'S MOM

Where is my son? This place is a drag circus.

STEVE'S DAD

I like Instagram.

STEVE'S MOM

You don't even HAVE Instagram.

INT. VENUE — BACKSTAGE

BRYAN (aka BB) sips champagne, just a little too proud.

LISA finds him, horrified.

LISA

Are you drunk?

BRYAN

I'm twelve and thriving.

LISA

Oh my god. Come here.

They hide behind a curtain and have the deepest sibling talk yet.

BRYAN

I miss when we all liked each other.

LISA

I do too.

BRYAN

What if we tell them?

LISA

All of it?

BRYAN

All of it.

LISA

Let's go find Mom and Dad.

INT. STAGE — NIGHT — LAURA'S SPEECH

LAURA steps on stage. Everyone applauds. Lights up.

She stands at the mic, breath held.

LAURA

This project nearly broke me.

Not because of the work—

but because I forgot to rest. To feel. To forgive.

CUT TO: A mirror in her dressing room earlier that night.

She'd looked at herself. The word echoing in her head: **Worth it.**

LAURA (V.O.)

I thought success meant having no cracks.

But it turns out, light needs a way in.

She finishes the speech.

Applause. A moment.

She steps down—searching. For DAVE.

She finds him... standing with STEVE and LILLY.

Everyone's trying to speak at once.

DAVE

I need to say something—

STEVE

Lilly, I—

LAURA

Dave, wait—

STEVE'S MOM

STOP! Stop it, all of you!

Silence.

STEVE'S MOM (CONT'D)

Is this what New York does to people?

TikTok, drag shows, poly-parenting chaos?

STEVE'S DAD

I think it's fun.

LAURA

She's right. We're acting like children.

She turns to her kids.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Except you. You two are holding this family together.

She turns to DAVE.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I don't know what's happened these last days—

and maybe I never asked.

But I love you. I really, really do.

DAVE

I love you too.

And I'm sorry I was a mess.

LAURA

It's New York. We're all messes.

DAVE

Even if I *had* kissed someone, I—

LAURA

Don't. You didn't.

We're clean. Let's stay that way.

They hug. The kids join.

STEVE stands nearby. LILLY next to him. He turns to her.

STEVE

You're the only one who's ever seen the idiot I
really am.

And still made me feel like I could be something.

LILLY

You already are something.

STEVE

Then be my plus-one in the real world?

LILLY

We'll see.

STEVE

That's what Dave said.

LILLY

You really are exhausting.

They lean in. Kiss.

STEVE'S MOM claps slowly.

STEVE'S MOM

I'm still not sure what this is, but fine.

STEVE'S DAD

I love Elton John!

MUSIC BLASTS: "I'm Still Standing."

Everyone starts dancing. Glitter rains.

DAVE (to STEVE)

You know... if I were gay—

STEVE

Oh god.

DAVE

I'd pick you. Great cheekbones.

STEVE

Thank you. I am a man's man.

DAVE

A manly man.

STEVE

Who wears glitter.

DAVE

Napoleon wore glitter.

STEVE

I AM NAPOLEON!

Everyone laughs, dances, embraces.

The camera pulls back from the joyful chaos...

FADE OUT.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"To everyone reinventing, rediscovering,
and dancing their way through the mess—
you're doing just fine."

THE END.