

THE HOUSE OF LILIES

A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with intricate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral patterns extending from the center.

EPISODE 001: "One Bad Apple"

Written by F.V. Everleigh

The globe-trotting curator for the Vatican's secret Erotic Archives becomes embroiled in a centuries-old war between a magical bordello of immortal courtesans and the fraternal order sworn to destroy them.

F.V. Everleigh
fveverleigh@gmail.com
fveverleigh.com
@fveverleigh

1 EXT. GULF OF MEXICO, 1727 - NIGHT

1

SUPER: 1727 Gulf of Mexico

A devastating hurricane threatens to rip apart the French ship LUXURIA. Waves roar across the main deck. The few weary crewmen that have not been washed overboard are in the fight of their lives.

LE CAPTAINE (40) yells an unintelligible command at LIEUTENANT (35) as a blast of water covers the ship and another crewman vanishes.

LIEUTENANT
Le Captaine! She's coming apart!

LE CAPTAINE
Call on the passengers to help us
make a stand.

LIEUTENANT
No use! They're all women!

LE CAPTAINE
It's an order!

FLORA (~30) overhears, crouching behind a door that threatens to shear from its hinges in the howling wind.

LIEUTENANT
Nothing but playthings for pirates!
I'd sooner--

CRASH! The Lieutenant is swallowed by the angry sea.

Flora looks down into the hold where a few other women are huddled. They share a knowing look before Flora stands and bravely makes her way across the main deck to Le Captaine.

LE CAPTAINE
Mademoiselle!

Flora's calmness is unnerving as she quiets Le Captaine with a finger to his lips. Six other women now stand behind her. We'll know them as THE NIGHT LILIES.

CREWMAN
Aloft and strike the yards!

Rather than heed the command, the Night Lilies form a circle and assume the Magistra Position (right hand over the heart, left hand over the sex like many statues of Venus) and begin to chant in unison.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

ALL NIGHT LILIES

Ela Déa Orea. Ela Déa Orea. Ela Déa
Orea.

Above them, the clouds part and the full moon peeks through. The storm calms, leaving the remaining crew baffled, but grateful.

Noticing the entrance to the Mississippi River over his shoulder, Le Capitaine is overjoyed.

LE CAPITAINE

Turn her starboard!

The Luxuria shrinks into the distance. In its wake, a nude figure surfaces (KALLA, Immortal, looks ~30) to hover just above the water.

Draped in Spanish moss, fingernails like talons. Occult tattoos cover her chest and stomach, emanating a blue glow.

Le Capitaine sees the blue glow in the distance but cannot make out what it is.

As Kalla gets to the entrance of the river, a dozen alligators shove off into the water toward her. Rather than threatening, they organize, following behind in unspoken obedience.

2 EXT. PORT OF NEW ORLEANS, DOCKS - NIGHT

2

Hundreds of boats clot the ramshackle port as if you could walk on foot across the entire river without getting your feet wet. But it is eerily quiet.

18th Century party music in the distance. The faint reddish glow of the burgeoning city.

Kalla navigates silently between the ships before stepping onto the muddy shore. The alligators toss and roll like puppies chomping at the water.

Stooping, Kalla scratches one on the chin and dismisses them with a kiss on the snout.

3 EXT. OLD FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

3

Candlelit raucousness spills from every pub and whorehouse. Pirates and criminals carouse.

4 INT. LAFITTE'S PUB - NIGHT 4

PIRATE 1

I hear Philippe has sent another
shipload of mad-mwah-zells meant to
civilize the likes of us.

PIRATE 2

The scoundrel can keep his cunts.

Pirate 2 pulls barmaid BEATRICE into his lap.

PIRATE 2 (CONT'D)

Virginity is prized by fools. I
prefer me cunts to have a few gray
hairs. Means they know a thing or
two.

Beatrice pours the contents of a stein between her breasts,
grabs Pirate 2 by the back of the neck and shoves his head
into her cleavage.

PIRATE 1

Aye! Survived Puerto de la Mar ONLY
to drown in Beatrice's tits!
Cheers, mate!

Through the window we see--

5 EXT. OLD FRENCH QUARTER - CONTINUOUS 5

--Kalla strolls naked down the middle of the street. Her
tattoos no longer glow. Catcalls come from every window and
door, but she's undaunted. In control.

As she passes a man and his PROSTITUTE holding up a
whorehouse wall, she plants a passionate kiss on him.

PROSTITUTE

Don't expect any coin for that!
He's on my ledger tonight.

Kalla whisks the Prostitute into an embrace and smothers her
in a kiss while shoving her hand down the man's trousers and
bringing him to climax.

As Kalla continues on, the man collapses in a spent heap and
the Prostitute stares after her in aroused disbelief.

6 EXT. MAISON DES LYS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 6

The full moon bathes the Southern mansion in softness, giving
the balcony's wrought iron the delicate appearance of lace.

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6 CONTINUED: 6

We'll come to know this as the magical bordello, Maison des Lys (The House of Lilies).

7 EXT. MAISON DES LYS COURTYARD - NIGHT 7

The seven Night Lilies are relaxing from the long journey, silently sipping wine and feeling rather satisfied. Flora fans herself in the balmy night air.

On a pedestal between them sit seven slices of the golden Apple of Discord, arrayed in a star pattern. Eerily, they begin to shimmer, quake and magically collect together into a whole apple with an inscription on it: KALOS (in Greek)

Abruptly, LUISA (~30, wild-eyed, brooding eccentric) JUMPS to her feet, dropping her glass with a reverberating shatter.

We see Kalla step from the shadows into the courtyard. She doesn't look happy.

The women stand, their heads bowed.

FLORA
Mon dieu! It has been ages.

Kalla approaches Flora until their faces are just inches apart. The tension melts. Flora kneels in reverence, giving tacit permission for the others to do the same.

ALL NIGHT LILIES
(in unison)
Kalla.

Again, the tattoos glow blue - all springing to life, animated by the worshipful adoration of the Night Lilies. The energy swirls into--

The TITLE CARD

8 EXT. VATICAN - PRESENT DAY - ESTABLISHING 8

The intimidating, ostentatious grandeur looms over a thousand tourists waiting in line.

9 INT. CONFSSIONAL - VATICAN - DAY 9

Music: female cover of "It's a Man's World" (James Brown) as JULIA DUECROCI (25, Very short hair/shaved head, James Bond swagger with emotional armor to match) confesses to CARDINAL BALSAMO (45, father figure, doting and dangerously over-protective.)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

She gleefully recounts her sins as they are shown in flashback.

JULIA

Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. It has been four days since my last confession. While in Las Vegas, I was consumed by the deadly sin of pride.

SMASH CUT TO:

10 INT. ALEXANDER MCQUEEN BOUTIQUE - LAS VEGAS - (FLASHBACK) 10

A too-hip employee helps Julia shrug into a perfectly tailored masculine suit jacket without a shirt underneath. They both admire the fit in the mirror.

(END FLASHBACK)

SMASH CUT TO:

11 INT. CONFSSIONAL - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

11

JULIA

And also greed.

SMASH CUT TO:

12 INT. UPSCALE LAS VEGAS CASINO - (FLASHBACK)

12

A manicured hand with glittering purple fingernails makes a mountainous inside bet at a roulette table. It's Julia in her new jacket.

Other players excitedly toss chips on the pile just before the croupier waves them off and spins the wheel.

It feels like the marble is never going to drop. When it finally does, Julia wins big.

(END FLASHBACK)

SMASH CUT TO:

13 INT. UPSCALE LAS VEGAS CASINO BAR - (FLASHBACK)

13

Julia sees SARA (30, drop-dead gorgeous) bellied up to the bar. Sara's red-bottom Louboutin stilettos are the signal that this is the woman Julia's been sent to meet.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

JULIA (V.O.)
I may have taken the lord's name in
vain.

JULIA
Goddamn.

SMASH CUT TO:

14 INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS 14

BALSAMO
And?

Balsamo knows Julia has saved his favorite part for last. He reaches a hand under his cassock and pleasures himself.

JULIA
There was some lust.

SMASH CUT TO:

15 INT. SARA'S LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - (FLASHBACK) 15

The Las Vegas strip glitters in the window as Julia vigorously uses a strap-on to have sex with Sara whose red-bottom stilettos are high in the air. As Sara climaxes--

MATCH CUT TO:

16 INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS 16

--Balsamo finishes.

Julia stuffs a handkerchief through the lattice between them.

JULIA
Oh, I brought you something.

SMASH TO

17 INT. SARA'S LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS - (FLASHBACK) 17

Sara opens the safe and extracts a gold half-moon shaped item, barely larger than the palm of her hand.

Julia inspects it. She's curious, if a little disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SARA
Not what you expected.

JULIA
It's not my usual... What is it?

SARA
A five thousand year old slice of
apple.

JULIA
O...k...

SARA
Greek myth says it belonged to The
Hesperides - The Night Lilies.

Still unsatisfied by the explanation, Julia pulls out her
phone and sends Sara \$1,650,000.00 with an app.

18 INT. CORRIDOR - VATICAN - DAY - PRESENT

18

The oppressive baroqueness frames Julia and Balsamo as they
stroll together. Balsamo holds the apple slice, admiring it.

BALSAMO
Elegantly simple. More beautiful
than I anticipated.

An enormous tapestry depicting "The Temptation of Eve" hangs
on the wall. Balsamo pages it like a curtain to reveal a
space-age door and security terminal.

Each placing a hand on the terminal screen, they say in
unison:

JULIA
Timshel.

BALSAMO (CONT'D)
Timshel.

On the screen beneath their hands, a digital graphic of two
circles overlap to form a vesica piscis, which is then eaten
by a snake (an infinity ouroboros). The door slides open
admitting them to--

19 INT. LUXURIA OBJECTUM PROHIBITORUM VATICANO - DAY

19

--The "Archive of Prohibited Lustful Objects" is a collection
of erotic artifacts that spans centuries. If Robert Langdon
and Christian Grey co-owned a museum, this would be it.

It is off-the-record - like a Vatican Area 51 - and Balsamo
is in charge. Julia is his trusted curator - an Indiana Jones
of naughty relics.

(CONTINUED)

SUPER: Luxuria Objectum Prohibitorum Vaticano (Prohibited Lustful Objects)

They WALK & TALK as they pass various antiques:

JULIA
Father, something's bothering me.

A display of ancient scrolls.

JULIA (CONT'D)
The heresy of Sappho. Catherine the Great's furniture.

Elaborate chairs and tables with bold, lewd carvings.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Dildos dating back to the Bronze Age...

A dizzying array of phalluses.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I understand keeping this stuff locked away to protect the morals of the faithful...

An empty glass case stands ajar. Perfect for displaying a slice of golden apple.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(looking at the apple slice)
I'm not sure how THIS is worth risking my eternity.

Balsamo proudly puts the apple slice in the case, but lingers without shutting the door.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I love my job and the privileges that go with it. But we're playing with literal fire. The type of precision we're dealing with--

BALSAMO
And we are a Swiss watch. I will not let you burn in Hell.

JULIA
I could get hit by a bus before you can absolve me. My mother--

BALSAMO
That's not going to happen to you.

JULIA

Sometimes I think my family's penance should be paid by now. Who even remembers what we did?

BALSAMO

I fear such a debt can never be fully paid. Enjoy it. Lust is a DEADLY sin. You are the only one in the world for whom the Church looks the other way.

JULIA

I'm not convinced the Church knows I exist.

BALSAMO

Think of your legacy. Angels kneeling at your feet.

JULIA

For a slice of apple.

Balsamo plucks the relic from its perch.

BALSAMO

Do you see this?

JULIA

It's a K.

BALSAMO

Kappa.

He places it in Julia's hand.

BALSAMO (CONT'D)

Part of an inscription. KALOS. "To the Most Beautiful".

The slice glimmers as Julia inspects it.

BALSAMO (CONT'D)

Eve's temptation. The judgment of Paris. Snow White! This is one seventh of the Apple of Discord.

JULIA

It's real?

BALSAMO

Which means the Goddess is also real.

His tone turns vicious as he snatches the relic back from her.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BALSAMO (CONT'D)

(seething)

It belongs here because Aphrodite
IS Lust. And THIS is part of the
vile engine that powers every
shameful act of her depravity. We
have no higher goal than to recover
all its pieces and destroy it.

He calms, slightly, as he puts the object back in the glass
case.

BALSAMO (CONT'D)

Thanks to you, we are one-seventh
closer than we have ever been

(beat)

In centuries.

He shuts the door, locks it, crosses himself and prays
silently as if his life - and the fate of the world - depends
on it.

20 INT. CARDINAL BALSAMO'S OFFICE - DAY

20

Oddly modern and banal. Clinically organized. The romantic
view of Rome through the window looks like a painting.

With the satisfying pop of breaking a wax seal, Balsamo opens
an official communication. Julia stands at his desk, awaiting
her orders.

BALSAMO

Seems an American bishop has
passed. His estate includes an
impressive collection of Venetian
testicle jewelry. Renaissance.

JULIA

He must have been the belle of the
balls.

BALSAMO

You'll need finesse on this one.
Lots of Church feathers I'd rather
not see ruffled.

He taps a few keys on a laptop.

BALSAMO (CONT'D)

I've sent the dossier and
arrangements.

The sound of an incoming notification. Julia's phone confirms
an Alitalia flight from Rome to New Orleans.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

BALSAMO (CONT'D)
 Ever been to the Big Easy?

21 EXT. ROMI'S 3RD FLOOR APARTMENT - NEW ORLEANS - MORNING 21

A three story Spanish-style building typical of the French Quarter. First floor retail sign: Parfumerie Montagne.

A mule and carriage amble by, then a black sports car with tinted windows blasting "bounce music". A woman with too many Mardi Gras beads and a "hand grenade" cocktail twerks in the street.

22 INT. ROMI'S 3RD FLOOR APARTMENT - MORNING 22

Curled up asleep next to the toilet is ROMI MONTAGNE (25, no filter - fewer boundaries. Party to survive, survive to party) with a fistful of pizza and a plastic "go cup" spilled next to her. Two empty rum bottles in the trash can.

She stirs, manages to stumble to the balcony. Weather: 100% chance of back-sweat. A hundred disparate French Quarter sounds compete for her attention.

Obliterated from a night of partying, she pulls out a cigarette, but finds no lighter. She heads across the street to--

23 INT. THE ONE-EYED DOG - DIVE BAR - MORNING 23

--Saloon doors and poker machines. Cracked flat screen playing Saints football recaps. Open 24/7. Every drink is a double, except doubles, which are quadruples.

Bartender MICHAEL (30, looks 50. Too much beard for the health department) gives Romi an enormous Bloody Mary before she can form the words to order one. He slaps two aspirins on the bar.

After fumbling for the hot sauce, Romi adds too much to the drink, pops the pills, chases them with a few gulps and feels immediately brighter.

Before she leaves with the drink in hand, Michael tops it off with more vodka. Without a word, she "blows him a kiss" with the Bloody Mary, nabs a book of matches and exits.

MICHAEL
 Uh, g'morning!

24 INT. ROMI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 24

While in the shower, Romi reaches out for sips of Bloody Mary, even managing to smoke a cigarette without it getting soaked.

25 INT. PUB - THE BRASS MONKEY - MORNING 25

A bar barely big enough for three monkeys, brass or otherwise. Tuba player slumped in a corner still wearing the tuba. MARIA (40, Bartender for life) reads a book.

In a tank top, open vest and flowing wild-print skirt, Romi pops in to trade her empty cup for a full one.

ROMI
(pointing at tuba player)
Skittles alright?

MARIA
Between shifts in the Square. Needs
some A/C, I guess. Turkey 101?

ROMI
Unless you got anything stronger.

MARIA
I do, but it ain't cheaper.

ROMI
101's fine. How's Sophie?

Maria pours Wild Turkey 101 into two plastic cups and tops them both with ice before pushing one toward Romi.

MARIA
Mom's in remission! She's back at
the shop. Go say hi.

They "cheers".

26 INT. SEAUXPHIE'S JUNQUE - MORNING 26

Antique shop.

If SOPHIE (70, neighborhood grandma) could just sell 50% of her inventory, she could classify as a hoarder. Antiques unique and often worthless. Vintage clothing she'll never part with. Framed black and white photographs of the city by her daughter, Maria.

The bell on the door jingles as Romi enters.