

RUBY AND THE LAMP
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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL. ROOM 19 - AFTERNOON

Inside a hotel room: small luggage opened up.

An unmade bed,

Open bottles of Scotch.

A messy floor. The occupants of the room are gone.

Two KNOCKS on the door.

RUBY
(out in hallway)
Housecleaning!

RUBY (20s) opens the door.

Her uniform hugs her body so much if it was any tighter, she might suffocate. She's got a nice figure, she does her best to cover up as much as the uniform allows.

She pushes in her cleaning cart, full of vacuum hoses and cleaning agents.

Ruby puts a CLEANING sign on the doorknob. Shuts the door.

She puts on her MP3 headset, and listens to some classical music.

The music drowns out the vacuum's loud sound.

SERIES OF SHOTS

--Ruby cleans the bathroom sink.

--Disposes of the trash.

--She makes sure the white hotel towels are clean white and PERFECTLY straight.

--Scrubs the stool with Scrub A Dub Bowl Cleaner.

--Leaves a new Cherry Aroma air freshener in the electric socket near the light switch. Turns off the light.

--Clears off the display of empty scotch and vodka bottles off the table.

--Dusts off and wipes down the table.

Satisfied, she goes to her tablet, and checks off ROOM 19.

As she is about to leave, she sees:

On the night stand beside the bed: One more empty vodka bottle next to a glass genie lamp and the courtesy phone.

She walks over to the night stand, takes the vodka bottle. There's a fourth left.

She feels the weight, turns her head to make sure the door is closed.

She undoes the cap and promptly takes a swig.

The good stuff packs a punch. She gloats over the bottle.

RUBY
(to herself)
Whitney's..Never heard of this
brand before...

Chugs down the rest, smacks her lips. Her eyes fall on the genie lamp.

She smiles, goes to her cart. Puts the empty vodka bottle with the other trash.

She heads towards the door, with her cart.

Stops, glances back to the genie lamp. Shrugs. With a light laugh, she beelines to the object.

She picks it up, studies it. Looks closer.

A small smudge of dust. She freaks, wipes it off with part of her apron.

Places it back.

As she walks away, her right foot bumps into the guest's open luggage, partially under the bed.

She bends down, reaches to close the zipper when she sees a small set of small cut diamonds.

A nametag on the luggage: "W. Earle"

Behind her, a mist rises from the genie lamp.

She observes one of the diamonds. Her eyes light up as much as the light that sparkles on the stones.

The mist goes over to a closet.

CLOSET

The mist come in through the blind slits; fills out a pressed suit.

ROOM 19.

Avoiding temptation, she returns the stones where she found them.

She zips up the suitcase.

The closet door opens.

With no socks or shoes, shirt or tie, The GENIE (mid 20s) steps out in only a dark grey jacket and dress pants.

He's not a buff guy.

The Genie reaches in the breast pocket and puts on a pair of glasses.

Ruby stares at him, shocked. She nervously turns off her player.

RUBY

I'm sorry. I didn't know
anyone was -

GENIE

Before I return back into the lamp, I will grant three wishes. All three wishes must be spoken aloud and all three must not be reckless random thoughts. Begin.

RUBY

Excuse me?

GENIE

I will grant three wishes. All three wishes must be...

RUBY

Yeah, I got that part. You for real?

GENIE

Of course.

RUBY

Right. You a guest here? This your room?

GENIE

If I said yes to both, your next question would be...what?

RUBY

Um...what are you doing in the closet?

GENIE

Watching you drink my booze and inspect my property.

Ruby's face drains of color. The Genie steps towards her.

GENIE

(threatening)

Or maybe you'll get lucky and I'm just a peeper who likes watching the help do her thing.

RUBY

If you won't report me, I
won't report you.

GENIE

No. Not good enough.

RUBY

What then?

Genie peers at her nametag. Winks playfully.

GENIE

Ruby. I like that.
Call me Gene.

RUBY

Yeah. Like Genie.

Genie nods in disapproval at the word 'Genie'.

RUBY

You prefer...

Glances over to one of the empty bottles in her cart.

RUBY

Jinn?

GENIE

Gene will be fine.

RUBY

Okay, Gene. How do we solve
this?

GENIE

I already told you.

Holds up three fingers.

RUBY

Right. Okay..tell you what. I
wish...

(small laugh)

That you would look like the
guy that my best friend dates.

GENIE

Close your eyes, don't peek.

RUBY
Yeah, right.

GENIE
Close your eyes, don't peek.

Playfully, RUBY closes her EYES.

GENIE
Open them.

She opens her eyes. The Genie still wears the suit and glasses, but now he's more tall, lean and buff.

Ruby motions for more.

Genie complies, flashes off a six pack.

GENIE
Two left.

RUBY
You are for real.

GENIE
Two left.

RUBY
Okay.

She holds up the empty Vodka bottle.

RUBY
I wish for this to have my
name on it, be filled up with
more vodka, and never get
empty again!

She eyeballs the bottle in her hand. It is now full.
Her mouth opens wide in amazement.

RUBY
This crappy job, minimum wage.
I'm going to give these jerks
my two weeks notice, I'm going
to soak up the sun in Maui!

GENIE

Is that your wish? Wouldn't you settle for world peace, save the whales, or anything nice like that?

RUBY

That a joke?

GENIE

No. In all my years, not one person has ever wished for anything that could benefit others. It's all what's in it for them.

RUBY

Darn skippy. And if I got a huge payout, I could save the whales, the dolphins, the god damn tuna fish. Buy stuff, lots of stuff, more stuff than I know what to do with, invest money to get more money, beach house, ten cars, whatever! You feel me?

GENIE

You can only wish for one thing.

RUBY

That's right. But can one thing be a thousand? A million things?

GENIE

Yes. But what about..a sick relative?

RUBY

Pay the hospital to give them a state of the art cure!

GENIE

Resurrection of a dead friend or relative?

RUBY

Uh, no. That's creepy. I want cool stuff. Good stuff. See that?

She points to the closed suitcase.

RUBY

I just want diamonds. I want emeralds. Rubies, like my name. I want it all, ten million. No- eleven! Eleven million uncut diamonds, emeralds and rubies!

GENIE

You sure?

RUBY

Yes! Right now! I wish for it right now!

Within seconds, small bright stones rain down in the room all around her.

She dances in joy as the hail of various gems fill the room.

The suit falls to the floor, empty.

Ruby glances over to the genie lamp, the mist going back into it.

She laughs, and takes her full vodka lifts it up in celebration.

She guzzles a good portion of the vodka.

She lets half of it drench her employee outfit.

When the bottle is empty, she lifts it again.

She puts the bottle to her lips. The bottle is full again.

Ruby falls down, cushioned by the multitude of riches around her. She's already knee deep.

When she takes her third chug of bottomless vodka, a few of the small stones get in her hair. One of them

almost pokes her left eye out. Another stone scrapes her left hand, draws blood.

She looks around the room. The room is halfway filled with a mix of rubies, diamonds and emeralds.

Like sand in an hourglass, they keep multiplying at an alarming rate.

She puts the bottle down; the bottle overflows with vodka, and never empties.

LATER

Three knocks on the door.

MAID# 2
Housecleaning!

The door opens. The sound of a million stones, like marbles, snow down on top of the new MAID (20s).

As the stones and vodka pour out, light comes into the hotel room.

Exposed, Ruby's dead hand, next to a never- ending flow of vodka and glass genie lamp.

FADE OUT.